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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

JULY
25 CENTS

Earl
Christy

JEANETTE
MAC DONALD

The
Amazing Story of
MAURICE CHEVALIER

Why the Stars
Quit Those
FREAK DIETS

A recommendation from salespeople in the leading stores of America . . .

Even the briefest shopping list these days means a considerable expenditure of time and money. One like this, for instance—

"Silk-and-wool shirts for Bunny . . . Golf sweater for Will . . . Lingerie for new evening dress . . . Sport frock for Country Club . . ."

Why, these things may cost you \$100, or more — as well as three or four hours of hard shopping. And how *very* costly they are, if they are quickly ruined by a disastrous washing. Or even if a "nearly-safe" soap destroys the freshness of their color and texture.

Nice things needn't be
an extravagance

But *if* these things wear and *wear*, and keep their good looks, their cost is unimportant in the long run even if you've paid a lot for them. And here is where the advice of salespeople can help you.

What these much-traveled
shoppers found

Salespeople have very definite ideas about the safe way to wash fine fabrics. When several young women recently traveled all over the country, shopping everywhere in the leading stores, they discovered that an overwhelming majority of salespeople were recommending Ivory — especially for finer things.

For those little
silk-and-wool shirts

As the saleswoman in one of Chicago's finest department stores said, "Always use Ivory and tepid water to wash

"To be safe — wash fine things with Ivory"

baby woolens. Ivory is so pure that it keeps them nice and soft. A stronger soap hardens and harms the wool."

And your own
pastel-tinted underwear

"Ivory is the only soap we advise for fine underwear," said the head of the lingerie department in one of New York's famous stores. "Other soaps are likely to be a little harsh. We have found from experience that Ivory is a mild soap which cleanses delicate fabrics perfectly — and yet will not fade the colors."

To make washing safe
for golf sweaters

"Ivory Soap is the best thing to use for sweaters," said a salesman in a leading Philadelphia store to a customer recently. "Other soaps are almost always too strong. They fade colors and then we have lots of customers coming back with complaints. Ivory is pure. We have used it in our household for 27 years for everything — it's always safe."

The salespeople in the fine stores of your own city will tell you that if you use Ivory, lukewarm water, and reasonable care — your silks will wear longer, woolens will be softer, colors will stay fresher . . . Certainly it's a simple way to make your clothes-budget go farther!

Free—A little book, "Thistledown Treasures, — their selection and care," gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VV-70, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



— kind to everything it touches —

99 ⁴/₁₀₀ % pure

"Pink tooth brush" at my age!

...not so good...not so good...not so good...

YOUR gums may be tender at twenty or firm and healthy at fifty-five. They may be soft and flabby, or firm and healthy, and their health depends directly on the care that you give them.

"Pink tooth brush" is not a serious trouble in itself. Often, it is true, it is the forerunner of worse disease, and from neglect of soft and flabby gums, gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhoea may follow.

But to prevent "pink tooth brush" with massage and Ipana Tooth Paste, is a simple and a wise precaution.

A tinge of "pink", however slight, upon your tooth brush, is a sign the gum structure is weak and that your gums are not getting exercise that vigorous chewing of harder foods would give them.

The soft foods we eat today are the great enemies of healthy gums and sound teeth, but Ipana and massage afford you sure protection. Dentists recommend Ipana to thousands of patients because it contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic long used by the profession in treating gum disorders!

So bring Ipana to the aid of your gums when and while you clean your teeth! Simply brush your gums; or massage them with your fingers, lightly at first, then harder. Ipana's ziratol content speeds the blood! Wastes and poisons are swept from the tiny capillaries of the gums! Soon they regain their normal hardness and firmness!

And while Ipana keeps your gums in health, it cleans the teeth to sparkling, flashing whiteness! Its taste is delight-

fully refreshing and it gives an instant feeling of cleanliness to the whole mouth!

A good dentist and a good tooth paste are not luxuries

From now on, make Ipana the tooth paste of your family and yourself! It may cost a few cents more, but its formula is modern and scientific—its double protection well worth the slight difference in price!

Stop by at your druggist's and get the

large-size tube—don't wait for the sample. Tonight, begin the full month's test. And forget your dental cares!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. 470
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name

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IPANA Tooth Paste

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THE SIGN OF GOOD TIMES



** Keep in touch with your favorite stars and forthcoming Paramount Pictures by listening to the Paramount-Public Radio Hour, each Saturday Evening 10-11 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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GREAT ENTERTAINMENT
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PARAMOUNT PICTURES**

¶ No more delightful way to spend a summer afternoon or evening than at the theatre nearest you that plays Paramount Pictures. You'll always find it cool and comfortable inside and you'll always find a great show — some of the best Paramount Pictures ever are being released now and right through the summer. A partial list is at the right. The titles cover everything you need to know about them because they're all *Paramount*. Winter time, summer time, any time —

"WITH BYRD at the
SOUTH POLE"

• • •
NANCY CARROLL in
"THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY"

• • •
CLARA BOW in
"TRUE TO THE NAVY"

• • •
JACK OAKIE in
"THE SOCIAL LION" and
"THE SAP FROM
SYRACUSE"

• • •
WILLIAM POWELL in
"SHADOW OF THE LAW"

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"THE BORDER LEGION"

• • •
GEORGE BANCROFT in
"THE CAVEMAN"

• • •
"DANGEROUS NAN
McGREGG"

"If it's a
Paramount Picture
it's the
best show in town!"

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Pictures
PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

ACQUITTED—Columbia.—Underworld drama with a real punch. Sam Hardy is more amusing than ever. (Feb.)

AFTER THE FOG—Beacon Prod.—If you like relentless drama about cruel husbands and martyred wives, you'll like this. (Jan.)

ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in crook picture made from Veiller's play, "Chatterbox." A comeback for Ben, and Bebe at her best. (June)

★ **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**—Universal.—Remarque's sensational war book, made into one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Powerful drama of war as it really is. (June)

★ **ANNA CHRISTIE**—M-G-M.—The Great Garbo talks—and remains great! A faultlessly directed picture with superb characterizations by Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler and George Marion. (March)

ANYBODY'S WAR—Paramount.—The *Two Black Crows* join the army, with mildly amusing results. (June)

APPLAUSE—Paramount.—When this is good, it's very, very good and when it's bad it's—you know, Helen Morgan, in a role which does not take advantage of her unique talents, does some brilliant work none the less. (Jan.)

AVIATOR, THE—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton is afraid of anything that goes up. Fatsy Ruth Miller is the hero-worshipping girl friend. Need a few laughs? (April)

★ **BAD ONE, THE**—United Artists.—Dolores Del Rio as a cafe singer and dancer, teamed with Eddie Lowe, who also sings delightfully. Adventurous, romantic story that you'll like. (June)

BARNUM WAS RIGHT—Universal.—Miss this one unless you're one of those people old P. T. was talking about. (Feb.)

BATTLE OF PARIS, THE—Paramount.—Gertrude Lawrence, stage favorite, does none too well in a trite musical comedy. Snap into it, Gertrude, and show 'em what you can do when you try! (March)

BEAU BANDIT—Radio Pictures.—Yeh, Rod La Rocque with a Spanish accent again. Doris Kenyon sings beautifully. Old-fashioned Western. (April)

★ **BE YOURSELF**—United Artists.—Fanny Brice falls for a boxer who falls for a gold-digger. Another "My Man" plot. Only fair. (April)

BECAUSE I LOVED YOU—Aafa Tshis.—Interesting because first made-in-Germany talker shown in America; 65 per cent dialogue, German, of course. Part Talkie. (April)

BENSON MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount.—Another elegant Van Dine murder mystery. Suave Bill Powell, as detective *Philip Love*, gets his man. See it. (May)

ROMANCE OF THE WEST—Hammond Prod.—Pistol crack, and Jack Perrin resumes the gal from the Mexican joint. And bye and bye it ends. All-action and all-talkie, but why? (May)

★ **BIG PARTY, THE**—Fox.—A Sue Carol picture, but they handed it to Dixie Lee. Heap of comedy, some true love and villainy. (April)

BISHOP MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Murder a la *Mother Goose*, with Basil Rathbone *Philo Vance* this time. Plenty of thrills. (Feb.)

BLAZE O' GLORY—Sono Art.—World Wide.—One of those leopard pictures—it's spotty. Some of the spots are good and some are bad. Eddie Dowling shows a nice personality and a good singing voice. (March)

BROADWAY HOOVER, THE—Columbia.—You'll like Marie Saxon, musical comedy star, in her first talkie. A stimulating back stage comedy. (March)

BROADWAY SCANDALS—Columbia.—Version No. 999 of *Love Behind the Scenes*—with music. A new lead named Jack Egan looks like Buddy Rogers and sings nicely. Carmel Myers glitters as the vamp. (Jan.)

BURNING UP—Paramount.—Your money's worth in entertainment. A neat little comedy with some thrilling racing sequences and that admirably natural actor, Dick Arlen. (March)

CAUGHT SHORT—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, rival boarding house keepers who play the stock market. Anita Page and Charles Morton are young lovers. Good, rough fun. (June)

CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M.—This ninety-ninth carbon copy of "The Broadway Melody" is pleasant enough. Bessie Love, Charles King, and the Moran-Dressler comedy team. (May)

CHILDREN OF PLEASURE—M-G-M.—All about a song-writer's sorrows. Noteworthy only for Lawrence Gray's singing of two hit numbers and the swell work of Wynne Gibson, a new screen face. (May)

CHINA EXPRESS, THE—Sovkino.—Foreign rough stuff, but tremendously exciting. Action occurs on a fast train in China. *Silent*. (May)

CITY GIRL—Fox.—Originally begun as a silent picture ("Our Daily Bread") by Director F. W. Murnau. Gets off to a powerful start, but turns talkie and collapses. Charlie Farrell and Mary Duncan are fine. Part Talkie. (March)

GLANCY IN WALL STREET—Edward Small Prod.—The recent stock market debacle is material for gags. It's a comedy. (April)

COCK O' THE WALK—Sono Art.—World Wide.—Pretty sad affair, in which Joseph Schildkraut does his worst. Myrna Loy attractive. (June)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND—Universal.—When, and if you see this, you'll know where to send them on their next trip—one way! (May)

★ **CONDEMNED**—United Artists.—A beautiful and thrilling story, crammed with action and romance. You'll like Ronald Colman's sophisticated yet appealing portrayal. And Dudley Digges, Ann Harding and Louis Wolheim are grand. (Jan.)

COURAGE—Warners.—Charming picture about seven interesting youngsters and their extravagant mother, well played by Belle Bennett. Leon Janney fine as *Bill*, the youngcst. (June)

COURTIN' WILDCATS—Universal.—"Hot" Gibson tames a Wild West shrew, modern version. Mildly entertaining. (March)

CRAZY THAT WAY—Fox.—Bubbling comedy about two lads in love with a blonde who loves another. Joan Bennett wears beautiful clothes beautifully. (May)

CUCKOOS, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nonsensical musical comedy featuring comedians Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Check your critical goggles and prepare to laugh uproariously. (June)

CZAR OF BROADWAY—Universal.—A not-so-good imitation of that fine picture, "Street of Chance." Not bad, if you haven't seen the original. (June)

DAMES AHOY—Universal.—Glenn Tryon in a smart-cracking sailor role. But the dialogue writer didn't feel funny that day. (April)

DANCE HALL—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake is grand as the youngster who hunts the local dance hall where Olive Borden, in a blonde wig, is a hostess. Amusing. (Feb.)

DANGEROUS FEMALES—Paramount—Christie.—A hilariously funny two-reeler. And why not, with both Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cavorting in their best manner? (Feb.)

Do Not Miss These Recent Pictures

"Anna Christie"

"The Rogue Song"

"Sarah and Son"

"Song o' My Heart"

"The Love Parade"

"Such Men Are Dangerous"

"The Vagabond King"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—The famous old romance of a poor gambler revived gracefully but not excitedly. Harold Murray sings well and Stepin Fetchit sings. (Feb.)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—Universal.—John Boles and Laura La Plante in a story of the birth of the *Marseillaise* that just misses being a thrilling picture. John sings superbly. (Jan.)

★ **CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Mark, compelling drama with a war background. An important picture, although too drab to appeal universally. Chester Morris is a magnificent *Grisha*. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

THE SCREEN'S MOST
 LOVABLE BANDIT
 CONTINUES HIS
 ADVENTURES
 IN OLD
 ARIZONA
 IN THIS
 GREAT
 OUTDOOR
 MOVIE-TONE
 ROMANCE



THE ARIZONA KID *with*
WARNER BAXTER
 AND **MONA MARIS**

Greater than "In Old Arizona" and "Romance of the Rio Grande"—two pictures that established Warner Baxter as the supreme lover in outdoor roles.

An ALFRED SANTELL production



FOX
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 Harley L. Clarke
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Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the
Real Critics

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

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

The \$25 Letter

Narberth, Pa.

EVERY salesman in the world ought to see George Arliss do his stuff in "Disraeli." His poise! His self-control! When we can pull that ourselves, our sales will jump—and the pay gold with it.

But I didn't go to see "Disraeli" expecting it to be educational. I'm a home lover, and when I'm on the road there is no favorite easy chair for me after supper. But the next best bet is a good talkie, and my favorite stars make me feel at home while the show lasts. I can't see my own little wife and colt every night, but my favorites cheer me up and give me the pep to hit the road in the morning.

God bless 'em. They're the finest, best neighbors in the world to a man who has to travel.

D. G. FOLTS.

The \$10 Letter

Quincy, Mass.

SOME pictures are indecent, if viewed that way. So is Life. People fear that Youth will be corrupted. Youngsters knowing nothing of life cannot possibly put an immoral interpretation upon a picture; such would indicate an already corrupted mind.

Before long, the motion picture industry should stand accredited for helping to banish hypocrisy from the general attitude towards life, and enabling the youngsters to cope with it, refute the evil, and profit by a forewarning of pitfalls.

Having a conscience, few of us need interpreters to safeguard our morals. Obscenity in pictures causes most of us to avoid parallel experiences.

M. K. COLLINS.

The \$5 Letter

Louisville, Ky.

THERE'S one fault to be found with the screen today, and that is, it depicts women of tarnished character too alluringly, particularly so for young people.

Frequently the young and beautiful heroine, after years of riotous living, is pictured just as beautiful as ever. The handsome hero comes along, takes her away from "that kind of life," and they live happily ever after.

Now that happens once in a while, but not often. The picture people so often howl about not being able to show "life as it really is," Well, if they would show the results of life as they really are, they would be getting closer to realism. Faces do reveal so much! One can't live, as lots of people do live, and not show it.

PEGGY MILLER.

RAMON NOVARRO is head man this month, and Ruth Chatterton is head girl. She outdistances Garbo by a few laps, but only a few!

Ramon has scored with his voice. "Son of the Gods" proved that Dick Barthelmess is still a "favorite son" and he follows closely on Ramon's heels.

What a stir and storm the Gaynor-Farrell singing and dancing team has started! Many letter writers are clamoring for the old Charles and Janer of "Seventh Heaven" and "Street Angel," but pictures like that can't be found very often.

If you think his fans are forgetting Nils Asther, well, you don't know the depth of their loyalty. They want him to overcome his accent, but accent or not, silent or talking, they want him.

Joan Crawford, Mary Brian and Nancy Carroll rank high. William Powell, Billy Haines, John Boles, Al Jolson, Maurice Chevalier, El Brendel, and Philippe De Lacy, for his fine acting in "Sarah and Son," are way up among the popular boys.

The voice of "Anna Christie" still reverberates through our mail. "Sarah and Son," "The Rogue Song," "Montana Moon" and "Seven Days' Leave" are the other most talked about pictures this month.

Asther, Come Back to Us!

Duncan, Okla.

IF any man equals Greta Garbo in attraction, it is Nils Asther. They are of the same unusual quality. How I would love to see, and *hear*, them play together!

The loyalty of old friends is yours, Nils. Keep on studying English. I am sure there are many others besides myself who are wishing you luck and hoping for your re-appearance soon.

JANELL CIFERS.

Those Talkie Talkers Again

New York City.

I CERTAINLY agree with E. A. Adler in the May PHOTOPLAY. Can't something be done to stop giggling gals from discussing what "he said" and then what "I said" at the most dramatic moment in a picture? And can't they be made to park their jaw-breakers and peanuts with the ticket-taker before they go in? Can't somebody do something?

DISGUSTED DAN.

They're Not Working for the Same Company

Arlington, Tex.

WHY should beautiful Vilma Banky be exiled because of her Hungarian accent, and incomparable Emil Jannings returned to Germany because of his accent, and handsome and talented Nils Asther refused a contract because he has an accent? And then they take an actress like Ruth Chatterton, with her marvelous voice and beautiful enunciation, and give her a rôle in "Sarah and Son" where she has to *affect* a foreign accent! Certainly it is beyond me!

M. H. SHRYOCK.

Sarah Takes a Bow

Webster, Mass.

IT was not Ruth Chatterton I was witnessing in "Sarah and Son," but *Sarah Storm*, the world- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142]

Let this *thrif* dentifrice buy your cold cream

So many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of 50 cent dentifrices. Cold Cream, for example. Talcum. Handkerchiefs. Hose.



One
trial convinces you of its
exhilarating after effect



YOU probably know that wonderful feeling of mouth cleanliness and exhilaration that follows the use of Listerine.

Now that delightful sensation is brought to you by Listerine Tooth Paste—25 cents the large tube.

Try it one week. Note how quickly it cleans. How it removes all traces of discoloration and leaves teeth

gleaming. How it invigorates the entire oral tract. Millions, finding that Listerine Tooth Paste gives such pleasant results, have rejected older and costlier favorites. The average saving is \$3 per year per person.

We'll wager that once you try it, you, too, will be convinced of its merit. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

The Girl on the Cover

JEANETTE MacDONALD says she has an Irish temper, Scotch thrift, and is as absent-minded as the professor that kissed the cat good night and put his wife out the front door!

Most beautiful stars will admit they have the dispositions of angels. Maybe, oh, just maybe, they will confess to an "eentsie-teentsie" bit of temperament—just *se grande artiste* coming to the surface, you know.

But Jeanette, of the red-gold hair and the sea-green eyes, has an indestructible sense of humor and she knows she isn't an Elsie Dinsmore.

All of the lucky stars in the skies must have been clustered directly over her during the making of "The Love Parade," her debut in the talkies. She was guided through the first intricacies of the cinema by no less a master than Ernst Lubitsch.

"The Vagabond King" followed. "Let's Go Native," and "Bride 66," the Hammerstein production for United Artists, claimed her talents in rapid succession.

Now she is working with Lubitsch again in another light opera. Jack Buchanan, the English stage star, is her leading man. You saw him on the screen with Irene Bordoni in "Paris."

JEANETTE was born in Philadelphia, of Scotch, Irish and English ancestry. She thinks there is no thrill in the world like returning to the home town, important and successful.

She began her stage career in the chorus. She is proud of beginning there, for she knows now just how necessary each minor member of a big troupe can be. She "crashed" the footlights during the last, fading days of the statuesque "lady of the ensemble," the tall but attractive girls who could not dance, but could wear clothes beautifully and drove down Riverside Drive in their own Rolls Royces.

Jeanette says she will never forget her embarrassment at displaying her own humble undergarments in the dressing room before these gilded lilies. Bloomers and cotton vests were all she could afford, and she always explained to the girls that she had just rushed over from her gymnasium class!

With her first salary check she bought some grand silk underwear, and undressed with a flourish!

In her very first show she understudied the prima donna, and used to pray every night that the lady would come down with a bad cold—nothing serious like pneumonia, just bad enough to keep her out of the theater for a few nights! But the star was healthy, and never missed a performance.



Confesses Her Faults and
Laughs at Her Own Shortcomings

Last Minute News

"Tol'able David," Dick Barthelmess' famous silent picture, will be made into a talkie by Columbia. They're now searching for a young actor to play the lead.

Roy D'Arcy, the villainous and dental prince of "The Merry Widow," has been divorced for the second time by Mrs. Laura Rhinock Guisti.

Lowell Sherman will direct himself and Bebe Daniels in "Lawful Larceny." It was Sherman's greatest stage success on Broadway some years ago.

It will probably be Mrs. Ben Lyon by the time you read this. Bebe Daniels chose June 14 for her wedding to Ben, after an engagement of over a year.

Paramount is not exercising its option on Dennis King, star of "The Vagabond King." He got \$8,500 a week for that job, and is now playing the same rôle on the London stage.

"Liliom," the play which made Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut famous in the American theater, will be "Devil With Women" on the screen by Fox. Charlie Farrell and Rose Hobart (from the stage) have the leads.

The strain of making his first talkie, "The Unholy Three," was too much for Lon Chaney. He's taking a two-months' holiday before starting his next picture.

Otis Skinner is to make his great stage success, "Kismet," as a First National talkie.

"I used to think that I would have one of those overnight successes if I only got my chance," she said. "It was lucky for me that the chance never arrived. I was still in my 'teens, and the star rôle was that of a sophisticated married woman. I would have looked too ridiculous."

BUT the driving ambition, the grim determination to "get somewhere," was never dampened through her early, lean stage days. She had reached stardom on Broadway when she was lured to Hollywood with a lucrative picture contract. She had appeared in a long succession of musical stage hits—among them "Marjolaine," "Oh, Kay," "Tip-Toes," "Boom-Boom," and "Yes, Yes, Yvette."

Now that she has become a motion picture star she is not content to coast along, but she plans to win new laurels.

Jeanette believes that a star, to remain successful in talkies, should know at least two foreign languages. Spanish is particularly advisable, she thinks, since there are so many theaters wired for sound in the Latin Americas and Spain. So she is diligently studying Spanish.

BUT, returning to the faults—and the faults of a beautiful lady are always more interesting than her virtues—she tells an amusing story about her forgetfulness.

One of the boys from the set told her that she would have to work late that night. Jeanette, just coming from the projection room where she had been listening to playbacks, nodded. Her mind was on the playbacks and not on the boy.

That night she was furious when she was reminded that she would have to return to the studio. It was outrageous, she said, that she should have to work late without any notice. Things reached a deadlock. The boy swore that he had told her, and Jeanette was just as positive that he hadn't. No one on the set could figure which one was doing the fibbing!

And she holds grudges! She admits she can't help but gloat over the very grand stage actress who ritzed her consistently during her early days in the theater—and who is now, in Hollywood, glad to play any kind of rôle.

But her faults, which are not so heinous after all, are more than counterbalanced by a gorgeous sense of humor.

JEANETTE is unmarried, and lives with her mother. But there is a fiancé, very much in the picture.

She vows she will not "go Hollywood."

Threesome

Perhaps you'll never make a hole-in-one. Most golfers don't. (It's one of several things they have in common.) But there's another, more delightful tie that binds . . . the universal appreciation of what a good cigarette can add to the pleasure and enjoyment of the game. Camels are fragrant, refreshing, mellow . . . a welcome third to the most thrilling twosome.



**Pep for
FLAVOR
Bran for
HEALTH
in these**

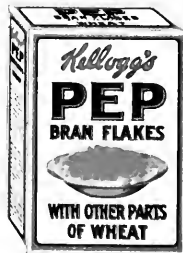
**BETTER
BRAN FLAKES**

PLUNGE into work or play with zest. Keep fit and healthy with Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes.

Just taste these *better bran flakes*. A marvelous combination. All the glorious flavor of PEP. All the food-strength of whole wheat. And the healthful properties of bran. There's just enough to be mildly laxative—to help keep you fit and regular.

Ideal for summer-time breakfasts. Cooling for lunches in the heat of the day. With milk or cream a wonderfully balanced food for the children's supper. Their marvelous flavor makes them a taste-treat. Any time. Anywhere. You'll say Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are the best bran flakes you ever ate.

Sold in the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



**Kellogg's
PEP
BRAN FLAKES**

IMPORTANT—Kellogg's *Pep Bran Flakes* are mildly laxative. *ALL-BRAN*—another Kellogg product—is all bran and guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation.

Muffins Nut Sticks and Cookies

*Just right to serve
with salads, cold meats
and iced drinks*



Try Grandma Sally Blane's muffins.
They're delicious!

BEFORE I give you this month's recipes I want to tell you a little story that may make you laugh a bit, as it did me.

The story appeared in a London paper, "Tid-Bits," but it's very like the sort of thing they tell on young American brides whose acquaintance with kitchens before marriage is often limited to the making of an occasional pan of fudge.

A bride had propped open her cook book next to the stove, and followed directions carefully, but in spite of her zeal she had been unsuccessful. Sobbing, she went to her mother for comfort. "I can't understand it," she wailed. "The recipe clearly said: 'Bring to a boil on brisk fire, stirring for two minutes. Then *beat it* for ten minutes' . . . and when I came back it was all burned to a cinder!"

Now that I've warned you not to follow any recipe too literally, I want to give you two new muffin recipes. Freshly baked muffins do add so much to the cold supper or the salad lunch.

The first one is for pecan muffins, and is Sally Blane's contribution. As you know, Sally is a Radio Pictures player, and is the sister of Polly Ann and Loretta Young. You saw Sally not so long ago with Rudy Vallée in "The Vagabond Lover."

Sally Blane Muffins

1 cup white flour
1 cup graham flour
1/2 cup chopped pecan meats
1/4 teaspoon salt

2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 cup milk
2 eggs
1 heaping tablespoon butter

Mix the chopped nuts with the dry ingredients. Add milk. Beat eggs well, and add to mixture. Melt the butter and stir in last. Half fill muffin tin, place in warm oven and bake twenty minutes.

The second recipe is for plain muffins:

Carmel Myers Muffins

2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 eggs
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Add milk, well-beaten eggs and melted shortening. Mix well, and half fill greased muffin tin. Bake in warm oven twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Corinne Griffith's Nut Sticks

Work into a pint of flour, one-half teaspoon butter. Add rounding teaspoon baking powder and half teaspoon salt. Mix thoroughly, and add enough sweet milk to roll into a light dough. Roll out the mass until about one-quarter inch thick. Brush lightly with milk, and spread with chopped hickory nuts or almond kernels, pressing nut meats into the dough by rolling on kneading-board. Mold strips of the dough into thin sticks, lay in greased shallow pan, and bake to delicate brown.

Junior Coghlan loves fruit cookies, and this is the recipe his mother sent me so that other children may enjoy them, too.

Fruit Cookies

1 1/2 cups brown sugar
1/2 cup butter
3 eggs
1 scant teaspoon soda in
a little hot water

1 cup currants
1 cup raisins
1 cup chopped nut meats
1 teaspoon allspice

Cream sugar and butter, and add the eggs. Then mix in other ingredients, and add enough flour to make a stiff dough. Drop with teaspoon on greased pan, being careful not to drop cookies too closely together. Bake in a moderate oven.

Even people with healthy appetites grow just a little critical of food during warm weather. The palate demands a tillip. Next month I'm going to tell you about other tempting dishes to help you plan your summer menus.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

DANGEROUS PARADISE—Paramount.—Taken from Conrad's South Sea yarn "Victory." Begins well but goes astray. Dick Arlen and Nancy Carroll good, as always. (Feb.)

★ **DEVIL MAY CARE**—M-G-M.—A moving picture that both moves and talks. Swift and colorful romance, with Novarro giving one of the finest performances of his career and Dorothy Jordan and Marion Harris scoring heavily. Some well vocalizing. (Feb.)

★ **DIVORCEE, THE**—M-G-M.—Don't miss this. Norma Shearer great. Chester Morris gives swell performance. Fine direction, gorgeous clothes. (June)

DOUBLE CROSS ROADS—Fox.—A gang of thieves and a mess of machine guns. But Robert Ames as the boy and Lila Lee as the girl decide to go straight. Entertaining, at that. (May)

DUDE WRANGLER, THE—Mrs. Wallace Reid Prod.—A bang-up Western comedy done *maquà camera gusto*. Children can safely take their parents. (Feb.)

EMPIRE BUILDERS, THE—Carlbad Prod.—An unintentional burlesque on "The Covered Wagon." But Tom Santschi—remember him?—proves he is still a real he-man actor. (Jan.)

FIGHTING LEGION, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard scores as an outlaw who follows his better impulses. Dorothy Dixan provides the romance. Ridin', fightin' and comedy. Worth your money. (May)

FORWARD PASS, THE—First National.—A bright, entertaining film, well acted by Loretta Young, Fairbanks the Younger, Guinn Williams and Peanuts Byron. Doug is one movie football hero who doesn't bring on blind staggers. (Feb.)

FRAMED—Radio Pictures.—Evelyn Brent in an underworld story that gets across. Good trick climax. See it. (April)

★ **FREE AND EASY**—M-G-M.—Buster Keaton's first big talkie. A whizzing comedy that takes you to a big sound studio. With Anita Page and Robert Montgomery to serve the romance, how could you go wrong on this one? (May)

GAY MADRID—M-G-M.—College whoopee in Spain, played with duels and guitars. How that gamon Novarro swashbuckles and sings! Again he sercades Dorothy Jordan. (May)

★ **GENERAL CRACK**—Warners.—John Barrymore's famous voice is heard from the screen for the first time in this highly-colored and very entertaining costume drama. John is fine and Marian Nixon leads an excellent supporting cast. (Jan.)

GIRL FROM WOOLWORTHS, THE—First National.—That White girl comes through with a snappy number every time and this is one of the snappiest. Watch Rita Flynn, a newcomer. (March)

GIRL IN THE SHOW, THE—M-G-M.—A charming little backstage story, which, for a wonder, isn't punctuated by theme songs and huge stage shots. (Feb.)

GIRL OF THE PORT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nevertheless you'll enjoy Sally O'Neil's slick performance. (March)

GIRL SAID NO, THE—M-G-M.—Whizzes along at breakneck speed. Wild Willie Haines kidnaps the girl he loves, and Marie Dressler becomes amiably sophisticated, as usual. (April)

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL—Paramount.—Everyone except ex-president Coolidge had a hand in the making of this—and it shows. But big names aren't enough and even an Eddie Cantor comedy bit can't save this feeble effort. (Jan.)

GOLDEN CALF, THE—Fox.—Mediocre. Sue Carol, as an efficient but unattractive secretary who makes herself over into a belle, redeems it a little. So does El Brendel's comedy. (May)

GRAND PARADE, THE—Pathe.—A sad little yarn about a boarding house slaver who loves a minstrel man who loves a burlesque queen. Helen Twelvetrees out-Gishes Lillian as the heroine. (Feb.)

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—First National.—Made from the grand old play. Dorothy Mackaill overacts as a flip society lass, and Ian Keith is hammy as her reformer. (May)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Warners.—George Arliss is great as the sleek Rajah. The producers didn't make the most of this. (May)

GUILTY—Columbia.—Mediocre melodrama of circumstantial evidence. But Virginia Valli, John Sainpolis, and John Holland are good. (June)

HALF WAY TO HEAVEN—Paramount.—This romantic story with a carnival background is one of Buddy Rogers' best and Buddy crashes through with a virile performance. (Jan.)

★ **HAPPY DAYS**—Fox.—A corking review, starring the pick of the Fox lot. A bunch of entertainers help an old showman save his troupe. That's the story, told with singing, dancing, comedy and romance. (May)

HARMONY AT HOME—Fox.—Want a good, hearty laugh? See this comedy of family life. Wm. Collier, Sr., long-time stage favorite, makes an elegant screen debut. The girls will go for Rex Bell in a big way. (March)

HEARTS IN EXILE—Warners.—Gradually it sneaks up on us—Dolores Costello, lovely though she is, is not an actress. A poor picture. (Feb.)

★ **HELL HARBOR**—United Artists.—Lupe Velez in a rôle that fits like a Sennett bathing suit. Grand melodrama peopled with descendants of Spanish pirates and an American sailor to rescue the girl. (April)

HELLO, SISTER—James Cruze Prod.—Sentimental, but sprinkled with humor. Olive Borden is the flapper who reforms for a million dollars. Lloyd Hughes is the nice boy who loves her. (May)

HELL'S HEROES—Universal.—Peter B. Kyne lathered this gritty tale of the desert and Charles Bickford does more than right by the leading rôle. Very real. (March)

HER UNBORN CHILD—Winsor Picture Plays, Inc.—Grimmer side of sex. Sad faces, sad scenes. Excuse us for yawning. (April)

HE TRUMPED HER ACE—Sennett-Educational.—Howling short comedy about bridge-maniacs. (May)

HIDEOUT—Universal.—James Murray glowers. Kathryn Crawford sings nicely. It's kinder not to go on. (May)

HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont.—British-made film about a hypothetical next World War. World politics and inventions of year 1940 are ingeniously envisioned. Interesting. (June)

HIS FIRST COMMAND—Pathe.—A pretty story affair with the exception of some spectacular parade-ground shots and William Boyd's new and pleasing talkie personality. (Jan.)

HIS GLORIOUS NIGHT—M-G-M.—All talk and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Due largely to the fact that he is required to chatter continually, John Gilbert's first talkie appearance is disappointing. (Jan.)

HOLD EVERYTHING—Warners.—Joe E. Brown is great. Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs. But it could have been better. (June)

HOLD YOUR MAN—Universal.—Tsch, tsch—and just when Laura LaPlante was coming along so nicely, too. Miss this one. (Jan.)

HOLLYWOOD STAR, A—Educational-Sennett.—Two reels of hilarious satire about a Western star who makes a personal appearance at a small town theater. A bull's-eye. (Jan.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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A PANIC OF LAUGHS



The Perfect Comedy Team

Marie DRESSLER

and **Polly MORAN** in

CAUGHT SHORT

with
ANITA PAGE

Adaptation and
Dialogue by
WILLARD MACK
Directed by
**CHARLES F.
RESNER**
Suggested by
**EDDIE
CANTOR'S**
book.

From wash-boards to Wall Street — from cleaning up in the kitchen to cleaning up in the stock market! What a riot—what a scream—what a panic of laughs—are these two rollicking comedians as they romp their way through the merriest, maddest picture you ever saw. How they put on the ritz while the money rolls in! Then came the dawn—and back to the soap suds with Marie and Polly. Don't, don't, DON'T miss seeing "Caught Short".

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

HONEY—Paramount.—"Come Out of the Kitchen," stage play and silent movie, made into a talkie. Light comedy, pleasing songs. Nancy Carroll and amazing little Mizzi Green. (April)

HOT DOGS—M-G-M.—A distinct novelty, this short subject, with an all dog cast, which makes it the first all-barkie. (March)

HOT FOR PARIS—Fox.—Good, rough fun, conducted by Raoul Walsh in his best Cock Eyed World manner. Vic McLaglen, El Brendel and Fifi Dorsay—all elegant. (Feb.)

HURRICANE—Columbia.—This old-fashioned sea yarn seems new and stimulating midst the present crop of talkie-dance-trombones. It's a clean cut and convincing thriller and Hobart Bosworth is just elegant. (Jan.)

IN THE NEXT ROOM—First National.—A murder mystery that thrills. Jack Mulhall, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads. (Jan.)

IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?—Warners.—The answer is emphatically "No!" As an actor Ted Lewis is a fine saxophone player. (Jan.)

ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners.—Monte Blue, Betty Compton and Noah Beery do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results. (June)

ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE—First National.—Scientifically this fantastic melodrama is a triumph; conversationally, not so hot. Noah Beery, Jason Robards and Virginia Valli handle the leads well. (Jan.)

IT'S A GREAT LIFE—M-G-M.—A riotous comedy of the life of a vaudeville sister team as portrayed by the Duncan sisters who ought to know. Rosetta and Vivian deliver snappily and Larry Gray clicks again. (Jan.)

JAZZ HEAVEN—Radio Pictures.—If your resistance is low you may be touched by this sentimental little tale about a song writer and the girl who helps him make good. Pathos by John Mack Brown and Sally O'Neil and comedy by Joseph Cawthorne. (Jan.)

JOURNEY'S END—Tiffany Productions.—Unforgettable war story, from play of same name. Grim happenings in a front line dugout under bombardment, relieved by carefully planned humor. Excellent cast. (June)

KING OF JAZZ—Universal.—Pretentious, all-Technicolor, Paul Whiteman revue. Unusual color and lighting effects, splendid choruses. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, and the Whiteman Band. (June)

LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount.—Good entertainment. George Bancroft in a crude but wealthy holder who goes in for culture, under Mary Astor's inspiration. There's a thrilling fight. (Jan.)

LADY TO LOVE, A—M-G-M.—The stage play, "They Knew What They Wanted," made censorship-proof. Vilma Banky, Edward G. Robinson, and Robert Ames form the triangle. Some splendid acting. (April)

LAST DANCE, THE—Audible Pictures.—Cinderella in modern dress. Quickie (not very goodie) about a taxi-dancer's rise to fortune. Distinguished by Vera Reynolds' grand voice and acting. (March)

LAUGHING LADY, THE—Paramount.—Chatterton and Brook, now and forever! What a team! A vital, brilliantly directed story with superb work by the aforementioned pair. (March)

LET'S GO PLACES—Fox.—Our old friend, Mistaken Identity Plot. Funny as the dickens, and at least two songs will keep you humming. (May)

LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE—Paramount.—Horse opera, but dressed up in snappy dialogue and played convincingly by Dick Arlen, Mary Brian, Harry Green, Regis Toomey and Fred Kohler. You'll like it. (May)

LILES OF THE FIELD—First National.—Carine (Orchid) Griffith in tights and doing a tap dance! Her sprightliest film since "Classified." Comedy, pathos and some good modern music. (Feb.)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—First National.—Eddie Buzzell, musical comedy star, and George M. Cohan music redeem this. Otherwise just another race-track yarn. (April)

LOCKED DOOR, THE—United Artists.—An exciting melodrama rained by weak dialogue. Noteworthy only because it brings Barbara Stanwyck to the talking screen. (Feb.)

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox.—A Zane Grey epic garished with theme songs. George O'Brien as the picturesque ranger hero and Sue Carol the pretty heroine. (Jan.)

LONG, LONG TRAIL, THE—Universal.—Fast moving Western drama. Hoot Gibson goes over big in his first all-dialogue. (Jan.)

LOOSE ANKLES—First National.—So farcical that it goes a little lame. Loretta Young and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are the principals, but the comics run away with the honors. (May)

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Light, but you'll like it. Another song-writer story, with Technicolor review scenes, theme songs and wisecracks. (April)

LOST ZEPPELIN, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—This has lots of good points, but plot isn't one of them. Some fascinating scenic effects. Conway Tearle, Ricardo Cortez and Virginia Valli line up in the old triangle formation. (Feb.)

Get Your June Puzzle Pictures!

If you haven't the June copy of PHOTOPLAY that needn't prevent you entering the great \$5,000 prize contest.

A set of the June Cut Puzzle Pictures, together with the rules, will be mailed you free, on request.

Just drop a postcard to
Cut Picture Puzzle Contest
Photoplay Magazine,
919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

LOVE COMES ALONG—Radio Pictures.—Too bad to hand Bebe this after "Rio Rita." Life on the Mexican water front, made more endurable by that Daniels girl's thrilling voice. (Feb.)

LOVE, LIVE AND LAUGH—Fox.—From New York to the battlefields with a tear every step of the way. George Jessel scores as the little Italian hero. (Jan.)

LOVIN' THE LADIES—Radio Pictures.—Claptrap farce, but it's nice to see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson together again as screen billers-and-coopers. (May)

LUMMOX—United Artists.—Winifred Westover is superb in this Fanny Harst tale. She holds up a somewhat jerky, mauldin film. (April)

MAID TO ORDER—Jessie Weil Prod.—Come out, Julian Eltinge, we know you all the time! The famous female impersonator grown matronly, in a badly put together production. (March)

MAMBA—Tiffany Prod.—Advertised as the first all-Technicolor drama. War between British and German troops, and an East African native revolt. Jean Hershold does brilliant work. (May)

MAMMY—Warners.—Al Jolson rises above his story and makes an entertaining movie. A minstrel piece, with Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser. Irving Berlin tunes. (June)

MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE—Warners.—The Barrymore profile in slapstick! He's a good farceteer in this ridiculous story of an English lord who attended the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides love interest. (June)

MAN HUNTER, THE—Warners.—A beach-combing melodrama, that totters to a feeble end. Rin-Tin-Tin is the star. (June)

MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND, THE—Paramount.—A fine, wholesome picture in spite of its sophisticated theme. Mary Brian and Frederic March are admirably cast. (Jan.)

MATCH PLAY—Sennet-Educational.—Giggles for golfers. Walter Hagen, British "champeen," and Leo Diegel, American "champeen," are featured. They're not actors, but no one expects that. (April)

MELODY MAN, THE—Columbia.—Pleasantly sentimental story about the conflict of youth and old age. William Collier, Jr., Alice Day, and a good performance by John Sainpols. (May)

MEN WITHOUT WOMEN—Fox.—Dealing with the horrible death of a group of men trapped in a submarine. Griuesome, but stunningly realistic. Ace performances by Kenneth McKeena and Frank Albertson. (March)

MEXICALI ROSE—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck's second film appearance. Mexican border melodrama, and pretty good entertainment. (April)

MONTANA MOON—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, still untamed, on a ranch. And what a tango she does with Ricardo Cortez! Johnny Mack Brown, the boy. Proflesome. (April)

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Kettle Creek.") That Ken Maynard can ride! The rest is negligible. (May)

MOUNTED STRANGER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson, the *Riding Kid*, avenges a murder and meets romance. (April)

MURDER ON THE ROOF—Columbia.—A well-cast thriller. Crime high up among the pent-houses. (April)

MURDER WILL OUT—First National.—Thrills and mystery against high society background. Good acting. Elaborate settings. Jack Mulhall, Lila Lee and Noah Beery. (May)

NAVY BLUES—M-G-M.—Bill Haines is a scream as a fresh cob who steals Anita Page from her happy home. (Jan.)

NIGHT RIDE—Universal.—Yarn about a hard-boiled gangster and a harder-boiled reporter, with Joseph Schildkraut and Edward Robinson leering at one another for dear life. (March)

NIX ON DAMES—Fox.—Cross-section of life in a theatrical boarding house. See 'em eat, sleep, stage and love. Most of the players are from the stage and they're real troupers. (Jan.)

NO, NO, NANETTE—First National.—A good girl-and-music picture with fine Technicolor trimmings, but notable chiefly for its rapid fire succession of laughs. Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire sing the leads. (March)

NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A—First National.—Tired of players who burst into song? Then you may like this. Billie Dove in gorgeous clothes. Basil Rathbone, the faithless husband, and Kay Francis a vamp. (June)

NOT SO DUMB—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Dulcy.") This was a swell play, a swell silent picture—and now it's a swell talkie. Marion Davies is at her sparkling best. And you oughtn't to miss Donald Ogden Stewart's talkie debut. (Jan.)

OFFICER O'BRIEN—Pathe.—Glorifying the American cop as impersonated by William Boyd. Mildly exciting entertainment. (Feb.)

ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT—United Artists.—Lillian Gish in her first phonoplay, aided by O. P. Heggie and Marie Dressler. The love story of a young princess and her tutor. (June)

ON THE BORDER—Warners.—Armidia sings. Rin-Tin-Tin acts with intelligence. Smuggling Chinese across the Mexican border. Forget it. (April)

ON THE LEVEL—Fox.—Gusty, lusty melodrama, with laughs and thrills. Victor McLaglen fine in usual he-man rôle. Lilyan Tashman a gorgeous lady-crook. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

What Every Girl Should Know

No, not sex. Not a little booklet laded out by mamma to little daughter, behind the drawn blinds of the old family parlor.

What every modern girl should know is how to be herself.

Do you know how to be yourself? Do you really?

Do you know how to buy the latest, smartest clothes on a budget income?

Do you know the best and most becoming way to do your hair?

Do you know what perfumes Park Avenue is using and the latest shade in nail polishes?

Can you cook a mean beefsteak, when you want to, and get it to the table with a few vegetables and shortcakes on the side, in twenty minutes flat?

Can you walk into any party and be the belle of the ball? And can you run the party if need be?

The new Smart Set brings you stories of girls like yourself. Aid on girls' problems. Humor and romance and pictures. Plus, also, the best fiction of the month, love stories of youth and romance.

Are you acquainted with the right end of asparagus and do you know when to invite him in and when to put him out?

In other words, do you know all the things the new Smart Set can teach you?

The new Smart Set is the one magazine, the only magazine, planned and edited for the modern girl.

Gone are the patterns. Gone are the stuffy handcrafts, the care and feeding of babies. Gone are all the things that appeal to older, settled women.

The new Smart Set is a magazine of youth—written by girls for girls. Eager girls. Ambitious girls. Romantic, spending girls. Girls who now are thinking chiefly of boy friends and jobs but who, some day, will find the only boy, and marry, and be the mothers of tomorrow.

BUY THE CURRENT SMART SET

SHOOT A QUARTER AND BECOME THE SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN

The NEW SMART SET

The Young Woman's Magazine

ON SALE NOW!



Shall I Tan?

I DON'T believe anybody really knows just what started the frenzy for sun tan that reached its height last summer. I have been told that as early as 1926 one of the prominent cosmeticians was asked by a famous actress to blend a new make-up that would set her apart from other women and make her more attractive and alluring.

After much mixing and experimenting, a sun tan make-up was evolved, with such flattering results that the cosmetician was asked to create similar make-up blends for many of her other customers.

That was the first faint rustle of a vogue that has threatened to turn a large part of the feminine (and even masculine) population into dusky-skinned sun-worshippers. Sun tan cosmetics were first put on the French market and then introduced in American beauty salons. Many of them were designed to simulate a tan, but preparations were rapidly added to supplement a natural sun tan and make the process of tanning a safe and painless one.

Whether or not one acquires a tan is entirely a matter of preference. We are going to be more sane about this whole sun tan business this summer. We are not going to make the fetish of it that it threatened to become last season.

You won't need to feel out of the mode if your skin is as fair as the proverbial lily. A fine-grained, pearl-pale complexion can never be anything but beautiful, and the girl who possesses such a skin will always be among the fortunate ones.

Neither are you going to think it necessary to bronze your skin until it becomes coarse and harsh, just because Miss Smith has decided that is the thing for her to do.

I am sure that this year each of us is going to decide what is most becoming and best for herself, and be guided by that alone. If, like me, you love outdoor life and the freedom of going without a hat, you know that inevitably you must acquire some degree of tan. If, also like me, you don't believe that your

own skin can stand a great deal of coarsening and that a deep tan would be unbecoming, you are going to protect yourself before you go into the sun and wind by applying some of the excellent preparations created for that purpose, by generous applications of powder, and by systematic after-treatment to prevent discomfort and injury to the skin.

THERE is a glow that comes from air and sun and healthy, outdoor living that appeals to us all and beautifies as nothing that comes out of a beauty salon can do. But it can't be acquired in a day. Don't make the mistake of confusing *sunburn* and *sun tan*. Sunburn is always ugly and uncomfortable, and frequently dangerous. The faint flush that quickly fades into a tan is one thing; the deep burn that blisters and injures the skin and upsets the whole system is quite another.

If you are not used to much outdoor life, if you are just emerging from your winter cocoon of layers of clothing, be careful before you expose yourself to the sun for long periods. Ordinarily, five or ten minutes a day, for the first week or ten days, is long enough to remain in the direct rays of the sun, until your skin is more used to exposure. This gradual tanning

process gives the best results with the least injury to the skin. The use of protective preparations, creams and unguents and oils, reduces the danger and damage from too much exposure to the sun's rays. But it is wise to acquire one's tan rather slowly, in any case. Over-exposure to glare often affects the eyes, and hair that is sunned too suddenly and rashly is apt to become faded and brittle.

This whole matter of tanning is not nearly so complex as it may sound. It's really just the old, old story that I have stressed so often—that while a little of anything may be very helpful in achieving beauty and charm and health, too much of that same thing may be ruinous.

In connection with this fascinating quest for beauty that we all follow, I often think of a little boy I knew.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

A STAMPED, self-addressed envelope will bring you my reducing booklet, or my leaflet on general care of the skin and treatment for blackheads and acne. You may have both, if you need them! There is no charge. Write me about your problems, but don't forget to enclose a stamped envelope if you want a personal reply. Needless to say, all correspondence will be held in strict confidence. Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Blonde, Brunette, Redhead, or Brownette!

Do You Know
Your Color
Harmony

in

Make-Up

as all Hollywood Screen Stars Do?

Permit Filmland's Make-Up Genius, Max Factor, to Reveal to You Hollywood's Make-Up Secret... the One Way to Double Your Beauty and Vividly Emphasize Your Personality.

IN HOLLYWOOD, to please the screen stars, a new kind of make-up has been perfected for day and evening use. A new magic to emphasize beauty, allure and personality.

And now it is offered to you.

A Society make-up... powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials, created in varied color harmonies to blend perfectly with every variation of complexion coloring.

Now, like the screen stars, you may emphasize your own personality and individuality by having your own color harmony in make-up... and Max Factor, Hollywood's King of Make-Up, will analyze your complexion and chart your make-up color harmony... free.

An Amazing Discovery

In his Studio work, under the blazing "Klieg" lights, Max Factor discovered the secret of perfect make-up. Cosmetics must be in perfect color harmony, otherwise



Joan Crawford
M.G.M. Star
Klieg



Ren. Adreani
M.G.M. Star
Blonde



Anita Page
M.G.M. Star
Blonde



Dorothy Sebastian
M.G.M. Star
Brownette

odd, grotesque effects result... and beauty is marred. So today, in all the motion picture productions, faultless beauty is insured by Max Factor's Make-Up.

Based on this same principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor produced Society Make-Up for day and evening wear. Powders, rouges, lipsticks and other essentials in correct color harmonies for every variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette. Society Make-Up created a sensation in Hollywood. Almost instantaneously leading stars and thousands of other beautiful women adopted it.

Learn Hollywood's Make-Up Secret

Now you may learn what Hollywood knows about make-up. Max Factor will reveal to you this new secret of beauty. He will analyze your complexion and suggest the one color harmony in make-up that will magically emphasize your beauty, charm and personality. To gain the greatest beauty, you must individualize your make-up. Even similar types... for example, Dorothy Mackaill and Phyllis Haver, both blondes, require slight changes in make-up color harmony.

What a wonderful opportunity!... to secure personally from Filmland's genius of make-up, a beauty secret prized by stars of the screen. Now it is yours. Free... and you will also receive a complimentary copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". Fill in coupon, mail today.

- Not Every Blonde...** should use the same color harmony in make-up.
- Not Every Brunette...** should use the same colors in rouge, powder and lipstick.
- Not Every Redhead...** should risk beauty to hap-hazard selection of colors in cosmetics.
- Not Every Brownette...** should dare to use the rouge and powder of her blonde sister.



Raquel Torres, M.G.M. Star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King applying the correct color harmony tone in Max Factor's lipstick.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars"... HOLLYWOOD

*96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-7-

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose to cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Matte
Fair		Color Lashes
Medium		Day
Dark		SKIN
		Color Hair
		Day
		Even
		Normal
	AGE	
	18	
	25	
	35	
	45	
	55	
	65	
	75	
	85	
	95	

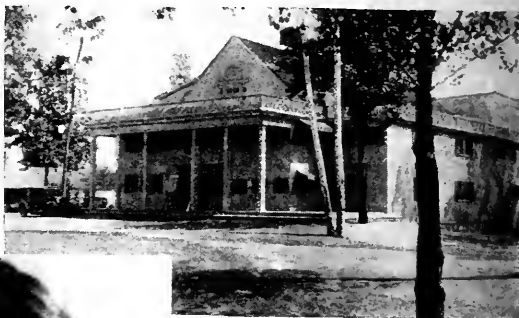
Answer with Check Mark

CELEBRATING DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S

Fortieth Anniversary

THE MODEL LAKEWOOD THEATRE AT SKOWHEGAN, MAINE
EQUIPS ITS DRESSING ROOMS WITH THESE FAMOUS
CREAMS AND LOTION

Perfect Cold Cream
Perfect Vanishing Cream
Perfect Cleansing Cream
Vivatone



CLAIBORNE FOSTER, bright particular star of the Lakewood Theatre, is well-known to Broadway for her outstanding performances in "The Patsy," "Other Men's Wives," etc.

The Lakewood Theatre is one of the conspicuous successes in the Little Theatre Movement. The charming colonial building (shown above) is thronged each night with smart theatre lovers from the fashionable New England coast resorts. The season is from May to October... new plays are given each week starring well loved Broadway players... if you're touring New England this summer don't miss this unique and lovely spot.

DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL'S Perfect Cold Cream has been used for forty years by famous stage stars. The constant application of grease-paint and make-up necessitated by their profession, makes the use of a pure emollient afterwards an absolute essential to keep the skin fresh and fair and free from clogging.

Actresses are notable for their lovely skins... constant care with fine, pure products does it... will do it for you, too. Now that the Daggett and Ramsdell family has grown to four equally lovely products, any woman can give her skin correct modern care easily and quickly at home. Follow these directions:

Daily night massage: apply Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream generously and massage the skin of face, neck and shoulders thoroughly with a rotary motion. Wipe off with tissues. If the tissues look dirty, apply the cream again and wipe it off.

Daytime care: in the morning a quick application of the dainty new Perfect Cleansing Cream. It liquefies instantly, cleanses and soothes. Wipe off and apply a pad saturated in Vivatone. Let the Vivatone dry, and apply a whisk of Perfect Vanishing Cream. Then your powder and make-up—you'll be delighted with the velvety smoothness of your skin after even one such treatment!

All Daggett and Ramsdell products in the smart new 1930 packages you see in the picture, can be obtained anywhere at the same prices you have always paid.

The DEBUTANTE Kit

50 CENT TRIAL OFFER



Send 50 cents direct to Daggett & Ramsdell, 2 Park Avenue, New York, for this smart little kit. Contains regular sizes of all four lovely products... enough for several complete facials described on this page. Read the new beauty book in the kit. It will help you to have the dainty cleanliness, the smooth skin that makes any woman more alluring. Send the coupon right now, while you think of it.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. G-7
2 Park Avenue, New York City

Enclosed find 50 cents for The Debutante Kit

Name.....
(Print)
Street.....
City.....
State.....

THE blonde meteor of the talking screen, lovely Joan Bennett, has broken records in her rush to stardom. The youngest of the three handsome and talented daughters of Richard Bennett, she was an instantaneous hit in "Bulldog Drummond." Since then she has been bombarded with rôles. But on this page she decides to take a day off for some tennis



Joan Bennett was born in Palisades, N. J., Feb. 27, 1911. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 108 pounds; has blonde hair and blue eyes. She has been married and divorced; has a daughter



Otto Diez

Clara Gordon Bow was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 2, 1905. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, has red hair and broken eyes. She is unmarried.

HAPPY over her new slenderness and busy on the good old Paramount lot, Clara Bow decides to call it a day and get herself a few gallons of the famous California sunshine. The roguish-eyed one, slim and full of paprika, is welcomed by her fans in "True to the Navy."



IS this a new rôle for little Loretta Young? There seems to be a dash of sophistication! Perhaps it's because of the tuning cigarette, with the trick ash tray on the little finger. Ah, we must remember she's no flapper now, but the young matron, Mrs. Grant Withers!

Loretta Young, whose real name is Gretchen, was born in Salt Lake City, Jan. 26, 1913. She is 5 feet, 3½ inches tall, weighs 100, has 17,000 hair curlers.

A Few Gowns and Street Ensembles



June Collyer wears an evening gown of white taffeta, lined with silver cloth and embroidered with crystals. Note the contrasting shoulders. That's the subtle—and Hollywood—touch



Gazed at from the front, Sally Eilers' party dress is a very innocent white organdie scattered with pastel flowers. But look at the back! Isn't that low?

In the Latest Hollywood Spirit



This Love affair is in white pique—two piece dress with tuck-in blouse, detachable cape and tiny, tight hat. Local color is added by Bessie's red raffa parasol



Nothing staggers a stag line more than a princess gown of clinging chiffon, in dusty pink, with floating panels instead of sleeves and a skirt hung with chiffon squares in softest pastels. Olive Border is inside



Over a print dress of black, orange and white, Marion Shilling places a bolero of orange velveteen, tops it with an orange jersey turban and adds beige kid gloves and pumps of beige kid. Smart gal, Marion



Eugene Robert Richee

Fay Wray was born in Alberta, Can., Sept. 15, 1907. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 114; has brown hair and blue eyes. Married to John Monk Saunders

ADOLOROUS senorita, minus the verve and vivacity we connect with the true tropical type. This is the way Fay Wray looks in her latest rôle—opposite Gary Cooper in "The Texan." Perhaps Big Gary has changed his type and likes them a bit sad and romantic-like!

"We have
our secrets . . .
my perfume and I"

says JOAN BENNETT

"At first you think it's so naive
. . . so dryad-shy . . . discreet
. . . my new perfume, *Seventeen*.

"But what that perfume knows of
life! It tells me the strangest things
. . . hints at magic . . . sings of
Youth and its own allure . . .
invites me, dares me, lures me
. . . on and on . . . to lighter moods,
to gayer talk, to thrilling living!

"My perfume asks so much of
me! I just can't disappoint it
. . . I **MUST** be young . . .
and gay . . . forever!"



Seventeen

Seventeen . . . a fragrance so close to you . . .
so matched to your own quick tempo . . . so
right with your darriest costumes . . . you'll
never quite know if it's perfume upon you
. . . or a fragrance that's actually part of you!

*Eight glorious toiletries to keep you
radiant as *Seventeen**

The Perfume . . . of course! Inspiration for all the rest
setting the rhythm . . . guiding your mood. *Powder*
to leave upon your skin . . . the tinted sheen
the delicate texture . . . of youth. *Dusting Powder*
clean, fresh, elusive as a bath powder should be. *Toile*
If after . . . like the perfume as its shadow. *Sache*
to locate into every garment the characteristic fragrance
of you. *Compost* . . . stunningly beautiful . . . in black
and gold. *Talcum Powder* . . . soothing and refreshing
for sensitive skins. *Brilliantine* . . . to leave a shimmer
and the faintest possible scent upon your hair.

DOROTHY DIX tells

"The Real Truth about Feminine Charm"



"Miss Dix, what IS the secret of charm? Girls no prettier than I am are happily married, with dear little homes of their own. Won't the right man ever fall in love with me . . ." EVELYN S----

HERE is the real truth, Evelyn. It is femininity in a girl that arouses a man's desire to take care of her, marry her.

But first of all, you must feel your own dainty, captivating femininity before you can impress others.

Confidence of Charm

Clothes can help to give a girl this happy confidence of charm. Especially all the dainty, most feminine part of a girl's wardrobe, her lingerie, negligées, hosiery.

Lovely, soft, colorful underthings—sheer, delicate hosiery—they make you feel so utterly feminine. Irresistible! And because you have confidence in yourself, you impress others—for confidence is contagious.

But girls sometimes say, "It is so difficult to keep lovely underthings looking wonderful, colorful as

new—washing takes away color and charm."

It is true that just ordinary "good" soaps do take out some of the color along with the dirt. But this will never be the case if you wash them always in Lux. Lux is made especially to keep colors vibrantly alive, to preserve the soft, dainty texture of sheer fabrics.

YOUR SURROUNDINGS, too! Not only can dainty, colorful lingerie bring you confidence of feminine charm, but your surroundings can help you! Pretty curtains, slip covers, cushions, colorful table linens, all form part of the magic spell, when they are kept ever lovely with Lux.



DOROTHY DIX

If it's Safe in water . . . it's Safe in **LUX!**



Lace-trimmed Liogerie after 12 Lux washings—every thread in place, silk and lace fibres intact, color intact. Retains the charm of new!



Similar lingerie after 12 washings with an ordinary "good" soap—silk fibres out of place, lace damaged, lustre impaired, color off.

July, 1930

The National Guide
to Motion Pictures

[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

IF you see a picture advertised in your newspaper as "the most sensational film ever made," and "come and see wild women . . . consorting with gorillas," spiced up with illustrations of gorillas sitting with nude African women, don't encourage the producers of this picture. It is called "Ingagi." Remember the name.

In other phases of their advertising, the owners of this film use a hodge-podge of jungle shots made in Africa years ago, and some later ones made in "deepest Hollywood." They have the colossal nerve to call it "a great educational feature."

The gorilla is a fake. Just a studio bear-skin. And the "wild woman" is a Hollywood negress. No theater with any respect for the intelligence of its patrons would run this picture and use the nasty advertising suggestions of its producers.

To the credit of most of the great theater groups, including Publix, Fox, Loew, Warner-Stanley and RKO, they refused to run the picture when they found out the truth about it.

THERE is running just off Broadway in New York another picture that is fit for nothing but the ash can. It is called "Unguarded Girls" and it advertises "living models" as additional bait for smutty-minded poor fish.

It's much more respectable to be seen going into the speakeasy a few doors away from it.

If any theater owner in your town dares to run this, write to PHOTOPLAY and we will contribute to the purchase of a good rough rail to be used in the good old-fashioned manner.

EVERLYN BRENT, star, \$5 a day!
William Holden, juvenile lead, \$3 a day!

Believe it or not, but that's heaven's truth. But not in 1930, dears; not in 1930 and Hollywood. That

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK



was back in the old days at Fort Lee, N. J. It all came out on the RKO lot the other day, when Evelyn and Holden and Director George Archainbaud held a horrible truth party.

"I remember when I was glad—glad, I tell you!—to sign a starring contract for \$5 a day," Evelyn confessed.

"Uh-huh," grunted Holden, "and I remember when I borrowed ferry fare and car fare to get across to Fort Lee so I could work for \$3 a day."

"And I," crowed Archainbaud, "was satisfied that I had achieved the pinnacle of success when I signed up to direct, for \$50 per!"

"Day?" chorused the other two, aghast.
"No," roared Archainbaud. "Week!"

NOTE for statistic hounds: Every day 25,000 miles of film is run through projection machines in the theaters of the United States, enough to encircle the . . . oh, figure it out for yourself.

PRIZE censor stunt of the past few months: In a recent Western picture, the ranch owner's wife was about to become a mother. One of the cowboys said: "We must be good to Mary. She's going to have a baby."

The sensitive censors changed it to: "We must be good to Mary. She is expecting a sacred event."

SPECIAL matinées for the women of the Beyrouth, Syria, harems have been established as a regular policy by the management of the Empire.

A nickel to a doughnut there is trouble in store for those Mohammedan papas.

I GET so sick and tired of reading these sensational I love yarns in the newspapers and having the siren end of the act tacked on to Miss So-and-So, "screen

actress" or "screen star." I noted eight of these libels on the screen in the past two weeks, and in not one single case have I been able to get a record from any studio that the dame was ever inside a studio, even as an extra.

The screen folks can, as human beings, create enough trouble for themselves without the assistance of these phonies and bolonies.

CECIL DE MILLE stands out as the one director who still surrounds himself with glamor. There was a time when every megaphoner was the great god on the set. But dialogue has changed all that. The director now is just one of several. He is neither "yess-ed" nor worshipped. All except De Mille. He has as much splendor as ever.

The speeches he makes before filming a scene take longer to deliver than the scene. They go something like this:

"I want absolute quiet on this set. I don't want a word spoken. I don't want any shuffling of feet at all. If you have any moving about to be done, do it now, before the cameras begin; and this applies to everybody—stars, extras, electricians, grips, prop men, assistants—*everybody*. Did you all hear me? Absolute quiet."

And after that you're too weak to make a noise and your throat is so dry you couldn't speak if you wanted to.

YOU have heard the story of the actor who got off the street car and insisted on shaking hands with the conductor, explaining that the man might be his director tomorrow.

A verification of this came home to Edward Chandler who, eighteen years ago, was assistant to Mack Sennett, when a young girl asked him for work. He had nothing for her but he was exceptionally kind about it. Bebe Daniels never forgot the kindness, and this month she was instrumental in securing for Chandler the very best part he has had in talking pictures.

IT doesn't pay to put on airs with the Los Angeles Breakfast Club. This famous organization of ham and eggs has entertained almost every celebrity in the nation, as well as a smattering of European notables, at its eight o'clock in the morning feeds. In almost every case the guests have been on time to the very dot. And among those who have been on time are Calvin Coolidge, Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, and Madam Schumann-Heink.

Louis Bromfield, eminent author out on the Coast to write for Samuel Goldwyn, was invited to a breakfast. He arrived at nine, one hour late, and attempted a rather lordly explanation.

"Last night I slipped a note under my butler's door," he explained. "I told him to call me early, but he didn't find the note."

Then the razzberries began.

"Butler!" roared the assembled Breakfast Clubbers. "Ho, Ho, Ho!"

Bromfield will probably return to New York and write snippy pieces about uncouth Westerners.

IT hasn't been many years since Bill Powell was playing extra parts, and he swears this happened to him last week. He was walking to the studio and thinking only of his new picture. He passed in front of "Poverty Row" and heard a loud voice call: "Hey, you actors, hurry up and get on this bus if you are goin' on this location." Before he knew what he was doing Bill had climbed into the bus and was all but carried away. Just "force of habit," he explained.

ANOTHER one of those stories that show you just what sort of place Hollywood is.

Mary Pickford wanted to borrow a director from a certain company. Her representative approached the high executive of the company.

"No," said the high executive, "I'm not going to let her have the director. Why, she's never invited my wife up to Pickfair to tea!"

THE same H. E. was having a story conference. He suddenly rose and said, "Well, boys, I've got to go to a funeral. You jump in the car with me and drive down to the place and we'll talk on the way."

They did. The executive went in. The others waited. He hurried out after the ceremony, jumped into the car and said, "Well, now about that scene between the boy and the girl, I think—"

LIFE in Hollywood is all, all too complicated! Consider the Chinese restaurant which serves chop suey and chow mein, of course, and *also*: Mexican chili con carne, Danish pastry, French fried potatoes, sauerkraut and wienies on special days, spaghetti, and ham an' eggs!

LITTLE Mitzi Green, whose picture appears elsewhere in this magazine, pulled a hot one on your darling, Rudy Vallée. Mitzi, as you probably know, is a natural born mimic, a baby Elsie Janis. Her imitation of Chevalier was one of the high spots of "Paramount on Parade."

Mitzi had seen and heard Vallée and was invited to add the crooning favorite to her repertoire of impersonations. She replied, helplessly:

"What is there to imitate?"

THE studio executives gave Will Rogers a script to read. Many days passed and no word came from Rogers. At last they called him and said, "Have you read the script?"

"Sure," said Will.

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"The laugh," answered Will.

They didn't use that script.



*“You Bore Me,
Pop!”*

“SORRY, Pop, but you bore me frightfully,” says the infant Dolores Barrymore to her gurgling papa, the famous John. “Of course I’ll be a famous star! Am I not a Barrymore, plus a Costello? Run away, Pater, and sail your new boat! I’ll get along.” Mamma Dolores says nothing. She doesn’t have to. Did you ever see a more eloquent beam?

Just a Couple of Strange Episodes Which Could



She
Used
to
PRAY
for
Sinners

WHEN you see her playing a somewhat gay lady in a snappy café scene, you'd never think she is Captain Alyce McCormick. It's a far cry from Salvation lassie to screen player, and what is even more remarkable, Alyce made the transition via the Follies!

Hollywood fairly reeks with unpublished romances, but the case of Alyce McCormick is one of the most interesting. Designating her as a Salvation lassie, however, is employing license, because Alyce was an officer in the Volunteers of America rather than the Salvation Army. But it's the same thing to most of us.

Miss McCormick's name may not be as familiar as a great many others, but you may recall seeing Alyce in "Mother Knows Best," the first Fox "part talkie," in which she played the girl friend of Madge Bellamy who got married. And she has just finished a nice part in "Reno" with Ruth Roland.

The remarkable part of Miss McCormick's career is that she still retains her rank as Captain and is very proud of a commission which bears the signature of General Maud Ballington Booth. She still makes her home with her parents, both of whom are lieutenant colonels in the Volunteers, stationed in Los Angeles. And every once in a while Alyce dons the bonnet of the Volunteers and with guitar in hand sings at the meetings. She is a tremendous favorite with the officers and privates, and from General Booth down, they are watching her career with great interest.

Alyce hails from Omaha, and back in the Nebraska metrop-

olis, they still remember the pretty little red-haired girl who stood in the blue-clad circle on the street corners and sang to her guitar accompaniment in a sweet soprano. They also remember her in other sections of the middle West where she travelled with her parents.

Alyce's first memories are of the Volunteers, for she was virtually born in the service. General Maud Ballington Booth not only performed the marriage ceremony which united her parents but she also baptized little Alyce and became her godmother.

When she was in her middle teens some one nominated Alyce in a beauty contest and the first thing she knew she was "Miss Omaha." Her beauty attracted much attention in New York and she was offered a part in a Shubert musical show. Then came the Follies and the inevitable movies.

WHAT a romantic story! It could only happen in the weird and wonderful town of Hollywood, Bagdad-by-the-Pacific, where the stories of a million and one nights can be told.

You'll see "Reno," Ruth Roland's first talkie, and her first picture in years. You'll see and hear little Alyce McCormick playing a smart rôle therein.

And when you do, you can hear the thumping of the big bass drum of salvation on a city street-corner, and hear the cries of hallelujah, even as the projector grinds out the story of Nevada scandal.

That's Hollywood!

He Got No PAY for Genius



"I'd rather do it for nothing than cut my salary."

That's a favorite speech in Hollywood. For years actors and actresses have spoken the line to casting directors, but it has just been actually done for the first time. An actor really worked for nothing.

Raymond Griffith, erstwhile Sennett comedian, was sent for by Universal to play the part of the French *poilu* who dies at the hands of *Paul* in "All Quiet on the Western Front." It was just a "bit" and the company felt it couldn't afford to pay anything like the customary Griffith salary. Ray was asked to reduce it, but he countered with the famous Hollywood speech. So Universal let him do it.

Director Milestone and Griffith have been friends for years and "Millie" had told Ray about the part one Sunday afternoon at Jimmie Gleason's house. Of course, Ray had read the book, and was immediately crazy to do the part. He saw in it not only a chance to do a great piece of work, but being violently opposed to war, he also saw an opportunity of helping to make the picture a great anti-war document.

So Ray told Junior Laemmle that he would play the part for nothing and forthwith started raising a beard. In all, it took about a month of his time and if you have seen "All Quiet" it is

useless to tell you what a great job the usqueam comic did. Hollywood is still talking about it.

You have probably seen "All Quiet" by this time, and are talking about it too.

In fact, this brief scene, played in a muddy shell-hole, is probably the best played and certainly the most harrowing in the entire picture. In it Lew Ayres, as the young German soldier, shows his greatest promise—while Griffith's piece of pantomime is simply superb. If the tears haven't flowed up to this point, they gush freely when Ayres wounds his enemy, then shrieks his grief as he watches the French soldier die.

In that one bit is all the tragedy, futility and hopelessness of war. Besides being a little artistic triumph, it is as blasting a piece of anti-war propaganda as the screen has ever seen. To all this, Ray Griffith contributed his art. And the word "art" is used in its proper sense in describing this actor's work. He has been knocked about in Hollywood, partly because of his own bad judgment as a business man. But some day Griffith is going to get a real chance, and another great star will be on his way.

P. S. Universal generously provided Ray with the French uniform without any charge whatever.



Garbo *in* Curls!

THE Greta Garbo we'll see in "Romance"—the great opera singer, enmeshed in a romance that lasts through the years in the heart of a man. Watch some smart hat manufacturer put out a new bonnet on this old idea. Anything to look like Garbo! Note to hairdressers: Get out your old curling irons!

Adolphe Comes HOME!

Sick of Paris, and
over his peeve,
Menjou the Mag-
nificent gets back
on the job



ADOLPHE the suave, Adolphe the boulevardier—Adolphe Menjou is sick to death of Paris! He has come back to the Hollywood he left in high dudgeon about a year ago. He is over his peeve and his pet, and he's ready to be a good boy and make moving pictures in America again.

There are certain rôles in which Menjou couldn't possibly be out-Menjoued. And there's no reason now why Adolphe shouldn't play them—now that all the nose-thumbing is over with, and Adolphe is ready to play in our yard again.

He admits he's been peevish. This fellow of the crafty eyebrows and the worldwise mein. He once admitted to a writer that he really didn't know anything about women at all—"I only have a face that looks as though it ought to know about 'em." Well, he didn't know any more about producers, it seems.

He sailed off to Paris in pique and resentment because American producers didn't fall all over themselves with big, fat offers when his original contract had expired. He admits that he made the mistake of his life in doing so. He admits—believe it or not!—that he was getting too much money, anyway.

That was about a year ago, you may recall, when his contract with Paramount expired. He had just made some splendid pictures, and his last one—"Fashions in Love"—was particularly good. What amazement, then, when Paramount didn't renew the contract!

"I JUST didn't get an offer," he explained, bewilderedly, at the time he sailed.

He had waited for a while, in vain. The news was permitted to trickle to him, he now confesses, that he could get another contract if he'd take less money. But nothing was done about it, from either side, officially, it seems. So after waiting a while and getting asked to take a big salary by no producer, Adolphe got mad. He packed up baggage and wife, and sailed off to Paris.

"And wasn't there considerable of pique and resentment in your going?" he is asked, now.

"There was—and it was a great mistake I made. I was wrong," he says simply.

He admits that he was a bad boy, that he was getting too much money, that he had the temperamental vapors. Now 'Dolphe Menjou wants to make some good talkies for us

"Matter of fact, I realize I was getting too big a salary, then. My pictures were popular abroad, it is true, but in the States—the Midwest particularly—they weren't box-office draw enough to warrant the salary I was getting.

"**Y**ET it wasn't my fault I was being paid so much. I never asked it. It was forced on me."

In Paris, Menjou made a gesture. He contracted to act for the French Pathe pictures. He made a film, "*Mon Gars de Pere*," in French and in English. He says it was good. But working in Paris was not. "The French studios are far, far behind Hollywood," he tells you. "I am sick of Europe." And so, having made his picture, he hastened back to Hollywood.

There was no tumbling of producers with dollar-sticky offers. Oh, he had a score or so of propositions, he says—but when he finally did go to work after his return, it was only on a short contract with Paramount, to make the French and Spanish versions of "Slightly Scarlet."

Nothing at all in English, mind you.

The French-Spanish job paid him a fair salary. After that, he did nothing. He had to wait until June, there being a French option hanging over him. "I hope they don't take it up," he said then. "I don't want to go back."

"My plans? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]"

By
Harry Lang

Being the Romantic and Exciting Life Story of Maurice Chevalier—Man, Soldier, Artist

PART I



The smile that won the screen world's heart! The million candle-power, full-faced, infectious grin that lights up the face of Maurice Chevalier and makes every beholder feel good all over. The best cure for That Down Feeling!

IN the crowded lunchroom of the New York Paramount Studios, a group of men—obviously hard-headed customers, to whom the wonderland of millions was only a place where they earned their living—sat at a table near the cashier's desk over their coffee and cigars.

The door opened to admit a smooth-haired man, a little over medium height, one hand thrust deep into his trousers pocket, his eyes startlingly blue in a dark-skinned face that was rather stern in repose. But, catching sight of an acquaintance, he flashed him a sudden grin that was like a glimpse of the sun after a forty-day deluge!

One of the men at the table looked after him, shifted his cigar to a corner of his mouth and out of the other corner pronounced judgment: "*Shevally!*" he informed his companions. "S a regular guy!"

It is an opinion shared by all Maurice Chevalier's associates, from Jesse L. Lasky, who hired him, to the cameramen who shoot his scenes. "Say, there's nothin' high-hat about that

feller," one of them revealed in a burst of confidence, "like a lot o' these ninnies in pictures. Why, we was shootin' fer two days in the chewin' gum factory, an' this bird hobnobs with them workin' men, not like he was snootin' 'em, y'understand, but like he likes 'em. An' believe me, sister, they like him too. An' fer a fact," he concluded thoughtfully, "I like him myself."

"He's a good sport," said a publicity man. "A society of French War Veterans wanted to present him with a testimonial, and I dragged him down to City Hall for the ceremony. He was tired out from the French and English versions of 'The Big Pond,' and he was leaving for Hollywood next day.

"**H**ED been making trailers for me all morning, and he had plenty of other things to do, but he shifted his arrangements when I said it was important, and came.

"Well, when we got there we found that someone had gummed the works, and the Mayor wasn't there, and the whole thing was off. I wouldn't have blamed him if he'd lit into me. But when I got into the taxi with him, feeling like a prize jackass, all he said was: "Don't worry about it—it's just one of those things that can't be helped. When I get back from California, you arrange the details yourself and we'll get it done!"

These tributes will surprise no one even casually acquainted with the temperament and career of this Frenchman who, presented to American audiences for the first time in as soppy a picture as ever came out of Hollywood, rose superior to its trumpy story, took the hearts of American fandom by storm, hung up box-office records all over the country, and magnificently justified Jesse Lasky's faith in him—all through the sheer pull of a vital and engaging personality.

THERE may be many reasons why Maurice Chevalier has neither a high hat nor a swelled head, and the principal one is probably that he was born that way.

He is naturally simple and genuine, blessed with humor and common sense, with a knowledge of his own value both as man and entertainer, but no exaggerated ideas of his own importance.

In addition, the circumstances of his life have been such as to keep his feet on the ground. His has been no overnight triumph, no sudden bewildering leap into fame and fortune.

Step by step, since he was twelve, he has fought to the top.

A Chevalier of FRANCE!

By

Ida Zeitlin

He has struggled against poverty, family opposition, public indifference; against the havoc of war in his private and professional life; against the ill health produced by a shrapnel bullet in his lung. He has overcome all these handicaps and achieved such success in his work as comes to few.

All France adores him and America bids fair to follow in her wake. But Chevalier's eyes are not dazzled and his head is not turned. He is pleased by the warmth of his reception, as who wouldn't be?

But he doesn't bask in the sunlight of his own admiration. He is proud of his success, and humble at the same time.

He knows that popular favor is fickle and that he can hold the heights he has scaled only by the same persistent, intelligent effort that got him there.

SO, whether he is doing it for the first time or the tenth, he puts into every scene he plays, into every song he sings, the same energy and abandon that drew the delighted applause of his first audience when he appeared before them, an eager, green youngster of twelve, in a Parisian music hall on amateur night.

It is perhaps the same sense of responsibility—toward his family, toward his employers, toward his work and his fellow-workers, toward all his obligations, whatever their nature—that is the cornerstone of Maurice Chevalier's character.

It was laid early. He came of a family of laborers, which may partly account for his interest in the chewing gum workers. He was born, the youngest of three sons, in Menilmontant, one of the poorer and rowdier outlying districts of Paris—"a bit of an Apache neighborhood," as he himself describes it.

His father died when he was ten, and when his brothers were fifteen and twenty-four respectively.

The eldest was earning a tradesman's wage of less than two dollars a day, the second was still an apprentice, and Maurice was at school. He finished his schooling, like all French boys of the laboring classes in those days, at twelve, when he,



A family group worthy of the genius of a Whistler. Chevalier, his wife and his mother—the little Madame Chevalier of Menilmontant who encouraged her young son in his earliest stage efforts when the rest of his family wanted the boy to learn a good trade. It is one of Maurice's greatest sorrows that she passed away before his American triumphs

Chevalier—from the music hall amateur to the pet of Paris!

too, was apprenticed to a carpenter. But his soul was elsewhere.

It is true that life was no bed of roses for Maurice, but he enjoyed it, nevertheless, as children do. He played with his own gang, and avoided the others whose activities didn't appeal to him. He has been blessed with a merry heart, and two treasures besides.

One of them was his mother. He does not say, like so many stars, that he owes all he is today to his mother. He knows very well that he owes most of it to his own talent, ambition and toil. But everything that a mother can give her son in the way of sympathy, support and morale, his mother gave him.

She fought for him against his eldest brother's opposition to his stage career. She worked at night in a lace-making establishment to eke out the family income, for by the time Maurice was earning a tiny wage, one brother was married, and by the time he was making a dollar a day, he and his mother were alone.

SHE beamed over his small triumphs and comforted him when things went badly. Never once, during those dark days when they didn't know where tomorrow's food was coming from, did she utter a sound of complaint or reproach.

The habit that she formed, during the lean years, of waiting up for him at night to hear what had happened at the theater, she kept during the years of plenty; and she was never happier than when Maurice and his friends were filling the house with their clamor.

She had the joy of living to see her son hailed as the idol of the Parisian stage; and he had the joy of providing rest for her toilworn hands and peace for her anxious heart. She died while he was making his first picture in America.

"It will always be a great sorrow to me," he said simply, "that she couldn't know about all this that is happening now."

Young Maurice's second treasure was a dream—a dream in which he lived constantly and which was nourished and renewed every Sunday night, when he went with his mother or brother to the suburban music hall near their home. He longed for Sunday night as a sculptor might long for the feel of clay under his fingers. It turned mere living into a thrilling adventure.

ALL the color and wonder of existence were for him concentrated on the stage of that shabby music hall. The acrobats and singers were gods, and the world they lived in was a fairy tale.

It is no wonder, then, that he mooned on his bench at the carpenter's shop, and when he was sent on an errand, forgot to come back. For the carpenter and all his works were shadows to him, and his real life was going on inside his head, where he was tumbling with the jugglers and singing over and over the comic songs of the current music hall favorite.

From doing them in his head, it didn't take long before he

was doing them in earnest, and one day he went into solemn conference with his seventeen-year-old brother.

THEY decided to put on an acrobatic brother-act. Somewhere they found an appropriate poster, at the top of which they pasted in large letters the words, CHEVALIER BROS.—because all good acrobats were English, and all good acrobats advertised themselves as "BROS." Once that important detail was attended to, they began practising.

There is no doubt that Maurice went into acrobatics with his characteristic fervor. So vigorously did he practice that it wasn't long before he fell and hurt his leg badly enough to keep him in bed for a week.

Madame Chevalier, who up to then had watched her sons' antics with indulgent amusement, grew a little uneasy. But Maurice reassured her. "Just a little accident, *maman*. It might happen to anyone, even a very good acrobat. But it won't happen to me again."

Fortunately — for how could even the prince of acrobats compete with the singing Chevalier?—it did happen again. "Instead," he says, "of turning one somersault, I turned one-and-a-half, and instead of landing on my feet, I landed on my face." It didn't need his mother's frightened protests, when she saw his green and purple countenance, to tell him that his tumbling career was at an end. He faced the fact that he wasn't cut out for an acrobat.

But he wasted no time in lamentation. If one road was barred to him, he could concentrate all his energies on the other.

He followed the whole show on Sunday night with his usual absorbed attention, but he kept his eyes and ears glued on the singer, drinking in his songs, eating up his pantomime, and going home to imitate them to his appreciative audience of two.

At last he felt he was ready to present himself at one of the Saturday night tryouts for amateurs. He tied around his middle a pair of trousers many times too large for him; he whitened his face and reddened his nose and pushed his cap down from behind to a devilish angle. With eyes blazing and heart pounding with excitement, he walked out on the stage.

WHEN they saw him, they laughed and applauded. The boy was so small and the make-up was so grotesque! He was enchanted with the applause. He grinned at them—the same whole-souled grin through his make-up that warms the hearts of his audiences today. The applause grew louder.

Still smiling, he launched into a song. It was a rowdy song, whose double meanings were apparently not very clear to the singer. This tickled his hearers, to begin with. Besides, he sang it with such gusto and good-will, with such smiles and gestures, with such a thrill of excited happiness quivering through all his body that it communicated itself to the whole house.

When he had finished, they [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]



Evidently the wine is just terrible. At any rate, Maurice Chevalier, aged twelve and a half, is making faces at it. This picture was taken during one of his first professional appearances



If there's one thing that Clara Bow likes more than another, it's roller-skating up and down the concrete driveway outside her modest home. But when the crowd gets too thick she just retires

That Awful "IT"!

Clara Bow detests the little word that made her famous

By
Michael Woodward

CLARA BOW'S hair is red and so are her fingernails. Neither hue is nature's.

The hair was a sort of red to begin with, but Clara had varying ideas on the matter from time to time. So it's been everything from blonde to brunette.

Now it's such a red that even Katherine Albert, with all her wizardry of words, couldn't call it anything but "red red" when she tried to describe it. As for her fingernails, Clara used to polish 'em pink, but since Paris has gone in for real color, "pink" isn't the adequate word. "Red" is nearer.

Same way with portrait gallery appointments. She dodges them to the utmost, but once she's in for a sitting, she works hours at a stretch, and is the photographer's delight, because she can take and make poses easier and faster than any other professional camera-subject in or out of the movies.

Appointments are precarious affairs, for quite often she simply doesn't keep them. That's made more interviewers mad! Her idea of Heaven is a place where she wouldn't have to go to work until about one p. m. She hates mornings, except for sleeping. Noon's the time for breakfast, not lunch, she says.

She's a great traveler—on paper or imagination. She was seventeen before she took her first train ride, and now she spends much of her time planning trips she never takes. The favorite places she intends to go, but never does, are Texas, the Dakota Black Hills and Europe.

She simply adores Texas and people that come from that state but if you ask her why, she tells you she hasn't the slightest idea. She insists she's going to Europe in a few months, but she's been insisting that for a long time now.

She doesn't care for airplane riding yet when she did go up—once, at Catalina in a seaplane. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133]



Clara gets seasick but she loves the Navy!

Clara gestures with her eyebrows, yet she hasn't any. That's just one of a thousand-and-one paradoxes that make up the Bow. Her eyebrows are either shaved or plucked to a virtual nothingness. Where they once were, she wears heavy make-up—almost as heavy for street wear as for the camera.

When she talks, she emphasizes her ideas with eyebrow-movings that go even Adolphe Menjou one better, rather than gesturing with her hands.

Time and clocks are just one of the many things that make life so complicated for her. She's never on time at the studio. But when she once gets to work, she's a hound for keeping at it! It's more of a job stopping her than starting her.

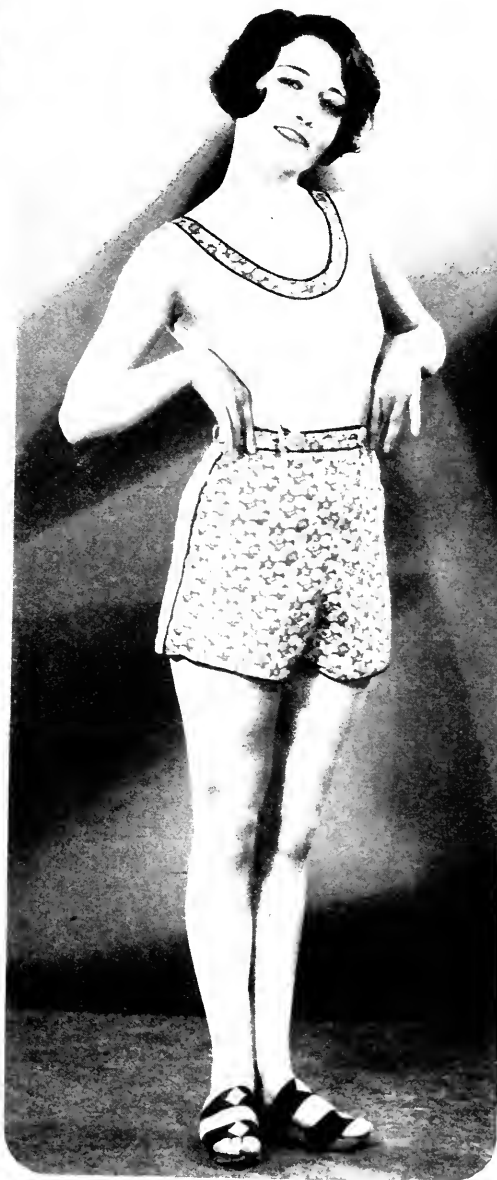


La Bow is crazy for perfumes and parlor games

The New 1930 Models of Bathing



Would you think as sweet a kid as Loretta Young would go in for double-crossing? Still, when she's as well suited as here who could blame her? The suit is of palest yellow and the line forms at the right. Yes, there's water in the pool in the background



Well, if you've been wondering what on earth to do with those old window curtains, here's thrift that's simply thrilling. Dorothy Sebastian took a plain jersey blouse, trimmed it with cretonne and added some cretonne panties. Dandy for camera swims

Togs Caught by Photoplay's Camera



When you feel that Fourth of July impulse coming on, take a patriotic tip from Josephine Dunn, for this blonde water baby wears a white jersey with snappy blue trunks and tops off with a red and white beach coat. Jo's suit is all wool but not a yard wide



You can tell a great deal about a girl from her bathing suit. No, no, not that. Let us illustrate. For all her exotic beauty, Vilma Banky's a conservative. Proof—her favorite swim suit is of gray and black wool, striped 'cross the chest and down the trousers

She Met the Microphone and It Is Hers



Gene Robert Richee

THE Ruth Chatterton of today—secure in her greatest fame after a career of fate-defying. She was a stage star at eighteen! In a forthcoming PHOTOPLAY series, Adele Whitely Fletcher will tell more of Ruth's beginnings

The Destiny Fighter

By
Leonard
Hall



*Always challenging fate,
Ruth Chatterton, at the
height of her powers,
has come through*

A Ruth Chatterton her stage public never thought to see. Emil Jannings and the emotional star in a vivid scene from her first motion picture, "Sins of the Fathers!"

IF you had swept the whole American theater with a spyglass a couple of years ago, you wouldn't have sighted a single actress with less chance of becoming a great screen figure than Miss Ruth Chatterton.

She had crossed the Great Divide of the middle thirties. About her was that faint odor of intellectuality that may be caviar to the few but is a loud and ringing curse on an artist who aspires to entertain the millions. Which she didn't! And she hadn't a bit of what writers call "color."

More serious still, she appeared to look down the nose, with a tilted lorgnette, on the motion picture. For years there had been rumors that she would make movies—but always Ruth balked at the celluloid hurdle at the last moment, and nothing came of it.

As a picture bet, a case-hardened bookmaker would have called Chatterton a long 150 to one shot, with no takers.

Well, look at her now!

A thousand marquees spatter her name nightly. A Chatterton picture pulls us in—the 120,000,000 of us who never entered far into her scheme of things. She weeps and we blubber—she puts that trick trill of hers at the end of a sentence and we roll over and play dead. She is one of the outstanding emotional actresses of the audible screen.

Well, look at her now!

CHATTERTON'S enormous success isn't a miracle, either. It isn't entirely the fact that the microphone met and married a tricky, resourceful, thoroughly trained artist of the stage.

It's just the fact that Ruth Chatterton is doing what she has done all her life—defying what seemed to be her manifest destiny. There have been few artists in all theater history who have made more of what seemed to be colossal mistakes than Chatterton. She has often lost—and yet at her next challenge to her fate she wins a bigger bet than ever.

There's never any figuring Ruth Chatterton. If you were to tell me tomorrow morning that she had signed to go to Australia as wardrobe mistress of a burlesque troupe, I shouldn't

miss a sip of orange juice. It would just be Ruthie defying her destiny again. Ten to one she'd fall into the Pacific and come up with a mouthful of pearls!

She began this business of fate-defying and "mistake"-making very early in life.

In her middle 'teens Chatterton was a nice girl of a good New York family who had attended Miss Hazen's School at Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Her path seemed as smooth as your old mill-pond. After she had been carefully smoothed and "finished," she would "come out." And after she had "come out" she would marry a nice boy. Then she would give tea parties.

Then for the first time she bucked the line of greatest resistance. On a school-girl dare she chiselled into the chorus of a musical show in Washington. A year later, still determined to swap the tea-wagon for the theater, she went into a stock company that was also training Pauline Lord, Lowell Sherman, Lenore Ulric.

Then, too, the family fortunes went on the rocks and the financial situation became acute, as the Wall Street reporters put it. Those were tragic times for

the Chattertons. Many were the weary flights of stairs that Ruth Chatterton climbed to the guarded offices of Broadway managers.

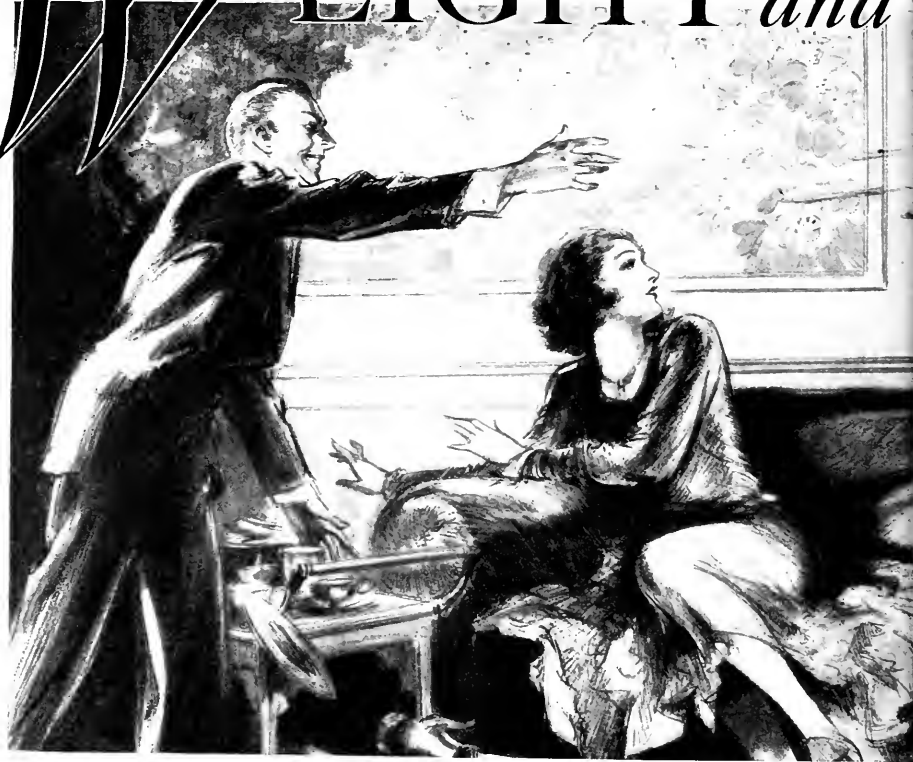
She was game. A "no" was never final to Ruth Chatterton. She always came back for more, until there was a "yes."

Then came her greatest break. She began the now historic professional association with the late Henry Miller that was to bring her stardom at eighteen.

OUTSIDE of her youthful beauty, Chatterton was anything but good copy. She was always a lot on the Maude Adams-Greta Garbo order, seldom seen and little known away from the footlights. But her lovely voice brought her thousands of school-girl crushes. Mooning maidens besieged the stage doors.

This association with Henry [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

WEIGHT *and*



THE rose and amber light of a California morning filtered through the Venetian blinds and rested upon something that had not been fashioned under the dreary surmise that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Five feet, three, of curving loveliness stirred sleepily beneath the lavender sheets, and the lustrous person of Miss Hope Galaday struggled into view.

Reeling to the center of the room she indulged in a series of lackluster exercises. There followed much squealing in a needle shower, and in twenty minutes a dewy damsel scampered downstairs and out onto the lawn.

Beneath a pepper tree gleamed a small breakfast table with its burden of pewter and linen, and after one ecstatic sniff at the fragrance of coffee, Miss Galaday hung coyly over the hedge in a blue-eyed search for romance.

It came, in the guise of Mr. Lancelot Leake, rolling up the avenue in a roadster befitting the screen's most famous man of the world. Large, impressively handsome and a shrine in the hearts of the nation's irritated wives, this daily bestowal of his rakish presence upon his best girl's table tickled his fancy; besides, the coffee was excellent. Mr. Leake beamed and kissed Miss Galaday with utter disregard for camera angles.

Then, having successfully mangled a couple of avocados, he lapsed into that state of awkwardness peculiar to the male species when their minds are encumbered with something unpleasant.

"Hum!" remarked Mr. Leake in the insinuating tone envied by lesser Lotharios the world over, as Miss Galaday helped herself to five rashers of bacon. "I dislike to mention it, but it seems to me, Hope, that you're getting fat."

The assailed lady's landscaped eyebrows slanted like a penthouse roof. "Has the fan mail gone to your head, or something?" she demanded icily.

"Fat's dangerous, my dear," said Lancelot brightly. "Degeneration of the heart and liver, dropsy, elephantiasis, and what-not."

"BUT I'm sound, you idiot," flashed Hope. "I played thirty-six holes of golf yesterday, and not another girl at the club could do it. They and their lettuce sandwiches and pineapples!"

Mr. Leake reached for the *Times*, unfolded it with exasperating dexterity and managed to convey his insulting opinion of golf by the very tilt of his immaculate head.

Miss Galaday's comelower eyes assumed a stubborn glaze. "Furthermore, I'm exactly the right weight for my height, and I refuse to take off a sixteenth of an ounce. I went hungry five years ago when I was an extra, and now that I'm a featured player I'd be crazy to follow the same diet."

"But look at the models for the underwear ads, and Rosie Redpath!"

"Oh, chase yourself!" said Hope inlegantly. "Really, Lancelot, sometimes I wonder why I'm so fond of you. All right, look at them. They probably haven't had a decent meal for days, or else they're naturally slim. And I'd like to see that Redpath creature try to follow me over the links. She and her swimless bathing suit!"

Lancelot gazed thoughtfully at a passing cloud. "The silhouette of youth is more attractive than the streamline of age," he observed.

HOPE

Illustrated by
Everett Shinn



The scene wasn't in the script and the sounds were entirely extemporaneous. A luscious cocoanut marshmallow cake, dexterously aimed, had saved the picture

A sudden spark of jealousy gave Miss Galaday the sensitiveness of a seismograph. "So you were at that Fairfax woman's reception yesterday," she declared. "It's a wonder you wouldn't have a little more pride than to fawn on these Broadway gaspers who came to Hollywood to take the bread out of our mouths." Mr. Leake rewarded her with a lopsided smile. "Not only bread," he taunted. "Don't forget your stack of wheat cakes, two pears, a pound of bacon and three gobs of marmalade, not to mention enough coffee to float a battleship. What if I did call on Miss Fairfax—isn't it only a courtesy after I've been selected to play opposite her in her first picture? An elusive personality, if you know what I mean." "Elusive! I notice Abe Zoop had no trouble in signing her. No wonder she's skinny, with the legitimate road all shot to bits."

"WELL," said the actor, rising from the table, "I call you unreasonable. You should be . . ."
"The right weight for my height, and there I stay."
"This is a man's world," Mr. Leake reminded her with intense irritation. "Any 'Advice to the Lovelorn' column proves that. It's up to you to reduce when I ask you like a gentleman."
"Not if you got on your bended knees," snapped Hope,

Lancelot Leake liked them thin. Or thought he did. You'll get a great laugh out of this little tale of diet in Hollywood

By
Stewart
Robertson

climbing into the roadster, and all the way to Culver City both parties maintained a sulky silence. "See you at lunch," said Lancelot cuttingly, as they left the car. "I suppose you'll be hungry again."

Hope watched him lounge casually over to the make-up expert's cubicle, and smiled to herself at the veneer of worldly wisdom with which he invested every

movement, for, among her secrets was the information that Lancelot had once been timekeeper for a construction company at Sleepy Eye, Minnesota.

Then she ran quickly up-stairs and surveyed herself in the pier glass on her wardrobe door.

Her figure, in its jaunty sports costume of ocean green, had both strength and suppleness; her limbs were shapely. Her face glowed rosily under a layer of healthy tan.

"Since when have calves and hips been outside the law, I'd like to know," she said aloud. "One hundred and twenty pounds, and I never felt better in my life. Lancelot's perfectly idiotic, and yet—"

THE set of scenery for "Pawns of Passion" was very much like Miss Yolanda Fairfax, who sat in the foreground, summoning all her histrionic ability in order to hide her private opinion of this business of starting work at eight-thirty A.M. The set was in Hollywood, but not of it, being a hold-over from the original stage production at the special request of its star, who figured it would bring her luck. It, too, had seen better, if not so prosperous, days.

Miss Fairfax was tiny, vivacious, highly charged with importance, and inclined to blow out a fuse if anyone crossed her. Facially unfit for the screen in its silent days, she proposed now to stagger the multitudes with a voice as silvery as the bells in Bruges Cathedral, and thereby divert attention from the fact that her profile was on the retreat. Specializing in tepid society comedy-dramas, wherein, over the waucups, she bandied the author's wisecracks as if they were her own, she had become one of Broadway's petted clothes-horses, glittering like

afternoon sun on the Pacific and just about as hard on the eyes. She put across her most devastating smile as Lancelot Leake barged onto the set in what he imagined to be a military manner, looking carefully everywhere but at her.

"Come and sit beside me, you handsome dog," she ordered, and commenced to trill a song in her most dovelike tones.

It had been Mr. Leake's intention to appear overwhelmed by surprise, and he wheeled suddenly, only to meet the curious stare of Director Adams.

"M-Morning, Joe," he said lamely. "How's your margin?"

"Narrow as a censor's mind," snapped the director. "Listen, I want to talk to you about some shadow stuff."

"Silhouettes?" queried Mr. Leake, smiling dreamily across the set. "There's a silhouette worth looking at."

THE director's eagle eye roved to where Miss Fairfax was chatting with Carlos Cabrillo, the romantic lead.

"So that's it," he said acridly. "All in a rash over that gasper, are you? All I had in mind was to play that big kissing scene against a window shade. Subtly in outline, see, because Yolanda's not so *forte* on the youthful looks."

"Youth!" scoffed Lancelot, with all the wisdom of his twenty-six years. "Any gawky girl's got that. Miss Fairfax has that spark of *je ne sais quoi*."

Mr. Adams snapped his fingers and walked over to the Fairfax throne. The star, surrounded by most of the small cast, looked up at him roguishly. "You horrid man," she pouted, "not to come to my tea yesterday."

"No entangling alliances for me," returned the director. "This all-time pals - together stuff never made a good picture. When you work for me, you work for a Simon Legree—and the result is a box office wow. You can't fraternize with me, baby."

Miss Fairfax's nose wrinkled as though in close proximity to a tannery, but she allowed her eyes to speak for her.

"And remember," advised Adams, reading their signals with inward amusement, "that in the movies you're simply another actress. Forget that you ever were Yolanda Fairfax."

"But that's the very reason I was signed," said the lady. "I fail to follow you, director."

"I expected that," admitted her mentor, "but just remember I didn't sign you. The business office did that. Here's something all you Broadway people have to realize—your rep doesn't mean a thing in what you're pleased to call 'the sticks.'"

"I should hope not! I played a year in New York, sixteen weeks in Chicago, eight in—"

THE director waved her to silence. "Listen, sweetest," he said bitterly, "in this game the big cities are just window dressing. A picture makes its profit in the hundreds of smaller towns. You click or flop exactly in proportion to what the fans in them think of you. That's why we've given you a swell cast—Carlos, Lancelot, old man Hoopole, Joyce Cleary, because their names are worth something at the ticket window."

"Why do you have to be so brutal?" flattered Yolanda. "In show business I never started a battle until at least the third week."

"I always put over the first wallop," said Adams. "It saves trouble later on."

"My contract says the supporting women mustn't conflict with my type," reminded Miss Fairfax.

"Don't worry. What I want as an offset to you is a strong, wholesome, wind-blown personality, and I've put in a requisition for Hope Galaday. How's that, Lancelot?"

"Splendid," murmured that gentleman without enthusiasm. Then, perking up as Miss Fairfax crooked a beckoning finger, he cantered over to where she stood partially concealed by a velvet curtain.

"Suppose we rehearse a bit," cooed the lady. "You know, your very name intrigues me."

SHE surveyed him through half-closed lids, in what a fresh water critic had once referred to as "the epitome of sophistication." "Lancelot, eh? I wonder, if beneath that unruffled exterior there isn't a touch of Lucifer."

Mr. Leake, who at heart was a simple creature, blushed from the depths of his time-keeper's soul.

"Byron would have looked like you if he'd worn a moustache," throbbed Yolanda, undulating toward him.

"Or perhaps it's Shelley, I forget. But anyway—kiss-s-s-s-muh!"

Abe Zoop, president of Stupefaction Pictures, faced Miss Galaday with timid desperation. "The public thinks you're getting fat," he blurted.

"The public can go sit on a tack. And you, too."

"Not me, not me," declined Abe. "Speaking personal, Hope, I think your measurements are like Venus. You're not like these other scarecrows working for me. But it's the fans that's squawking. In their letters they say you ain't fashionable."

"Well, the fans made me. I've got sense enough to know that," said Miss Galaday. "But I refuse to worry. I've saved up pretty close to ninety thousand, Abe, and I can live off the interest, if necessary. You know darn well I've never gone Hollywood."

ABE produced a hollow chuckle. "You're too smart for that," he wheezed, "and likewise, too brainy not to diet like the advisory committee says you must."

"And lose my health? You're crazy!"

"Would I be in this business if I wasn't?" moaned the president. "Be nice, now. Cut down the calories and start nibbling dry toast and carrots to please your Uncle Abe."

"I won't look like a flagpole for anybody. Why, I can take you down to the Public Library and prove that Cleopatra weighed almost a hundred and fifty, and she always had her date book filled."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]



"I'd like to come in," Lancelot timidly ventured. "Can I stop you?" parried Hope, ready to swoon from joy and lack of nourishing food

Helen Twelvetrees wonders whether to play the deuce or ace, while Sue Carol, Mark Busby and Nick Stuart look on



An Evening With Helen

By Marquis Busby

YES, they do play bridge in Hollywood, although it is among the less publicized cinematic sports. It is always a nice, quiet way of spending the evening. You don't have to think up new places to go, and you can wear your most comfortable clothes. Everything is calm and peaceful, unless you trump your partner's ace. Then, of course, the fun begins. In Chicago they shoot people for that.

In my other excursions into Hollywood night life I had escaped bridge. I did play hearts with Anita Page, and Lupe Velez showed me her card tricks. But never bridge. Then I met Helen Twelvetrees, and I learned about bridge from her.

Helen, so they tell me, is the young Lillian Gish of the screen. That should be enough to scare any man into grey hair. However, I happen to know that Lillian Gish is an exceptionally good scow even if she does suffer from a highbrow reputation. Consequently, there should be nothing wrong with a young Lillian. You couldn't say that Jetta Goudal, Margaret Livingston and Polly Moran, among my previous dating souvenirs, were Gish types. Helen would be something new in the date line.

We had made four dates before one finally took. Helen was sorry, but each night she had to work. Being a young man who was taught stick-to-itiveness in school I didn't give up. Toward the end I did begin to think that she was just an illusion—that there wasn't any such person at all. But there is, and I might say that a pleasant thing it is, too. In fact, I will say it.

We finally set the date for a Tuesday evening. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, those two old married folks, were invited in later to make up the foursome. It was really sort of appropriate, for it was at Sue's house that I first met Helen.

Helen and I were to have dinner first. It couldn't be at her house since she had just moved in, and there wasn't furniture in the dining room, or pots and pans in the kitchen, or something.

I started in time to arrive at her house by seven o'clock. It

was a good thing. Helen lives on a hill, and the streets all get confused and just stop for a good cry up there on the heights. It's worse than a cross-word puzzle.

I parked my car on a precipice, breathed a prayer for my brakes, and knocked at the door. A maid ushered me into the hall just as Helen was coming down the stairs. Helen wore a flowing gown that suited her delicate beauty. She is wearing her hair in a long, loose bob. She looks quite grown up with the new hairdress.

The Twelvetrees living room is distinctly modern—black and gold chairs and gold and black divans. A very tiny grand piano, with a keyboard two octaves less than the standard instrument, is in a corner of the room.

We had dinner at the Ambassador. Although Helen is slender she kept a watchful eye on the diet. She had a tomato juice cocktail, two lamb chops and coffee. No one cares about my figure so I ordered a *filet mignon*, potatoes and broiled mushrooms. That's a good diet, too.

“Casanova” Busby has some cards and conversation with Miss Twelvetrees

OVER the coffee Helen told me of some of her amazing experiences in pictures.

She was brought to Hollywood following a stage appearance in “Elmer Gantry.” She made her screen debut in “The Ghost Talks.”

“That picture almost ruined me as far as a screen career was concerned,” she told me. “I had to lisp, and people thought it was a natural defect in my speech. ‘Blue Skies’ helped some. Then in ‘Words and Music’ all I had to do was to peep in windows and run and tell teacher. Mayme Glutz could have done it just as well.”

Pathe uncovered a new personality in “The Grand Parade.” Helen was revealed as an excellent emotional actress. Practically every critic commented on her likeness to Lillian Gish in that. She won a long term contract with Pathe on the strength of it.

“I’ve always been told that I look like Lillian Gish,” she said. “They told me that when [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]”

NEWS!—VIEWS!—

of Stars



Vand-minn

A new stage star is outshining the million lights of Broadway! And here she is—Lillian Gish, with Walter Connolly, in a scene from Jed Harris' stage production of Tchekov's "Uncle Vanya." The critics raved!

JACK GILBERT and Ina Claire are cooing again, and many plate glass windows in Beverly Hills have been shattered by the gladsome tidings!

It happened thus. When Ina's contract blew up at Pathe and she thundered off to her beloved New York, where she is a queen in her own right, everyone said that was the end of the TEMPORARY separation between Ina and Jack. They were right! Jack and Ina found they couldn't be separated at all! From the minute she left, poor Jack was in the pouts, dol-drums and blue funks. He long-distanced her every day.

Now they're back in the old Gilbert home on the hilltop, with apparently a sportier chance for happiness than ever before.

And that's news! Good news!



P. and A.

Our Monthly Who's-It Contest. This one is entitled *The Lady in the Cheaters*. If she took off the goggles and curled the hair, you'd find it was Clara Bow! Behind her is Bill Hart, entertaining a rodeo box party

MEANWHILE, the millions of Gilbert fans, loyal to "Romantic John" during all the controversy raging about his dubious future in pictures, can take new hope.

John, who has been working hard at voice training since "His Glorious Night," which wasn't half so glorious as it might have been, will soon start back to work in "Way For a Sailor."

The star will be a swashbuckling sailor lad, and the M-G-M company will visit many ports, including Honolulu and, perhaps, Alaska and the harbor of Ilavana.

THE belief that Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez are really Mr. and Mrs. Cooper is gaining ground in Hollywood, despite all denials to the contrary.

A close friend of the Gentleman from Montana says that they have been married for a year. There is another persistent belief that Gary and Lupe bought together the big Spanish mansion which she occupies in Beverly Hills. At any rate, Gary worries about Lupe eating too many rare beefsteaks, and Lupe is trying to put some more pounds on Gary's lean frame.

Gary is at Lupe's every evening, and even goes down to Florida when location work calls her there. And Lupe—well,

GOSSIP! —

By
Cal York

and Studios



If Hollywood's famous rumorites and gossipettes can be believed, this fresh-faced and smiling youth is the new boy-friend of the goggled lady on the left. Rex Bell, Fox Western actor, looking extremely happy



P. and A.

Polly and her fourth. Pauline Frederick, admired star of the stage and screen for years, with the new husband, Hugh C. Leighton. Miss Frederick is said to be returning to the stage, not caring for the talkie angle

the little senorita hasn't even looked at another man in more than a year. Once in a while two and two make four, even in Hollywood.

SOMEONE asked Ben Turpin if he had seen "The Cock Eyed World."

"Have I?" answered Ben. "It's the only way I have been seeing it for fifty-three years!"

ONE of the strangest gestures made in Hollywood is the return of Lina Basquette. It doesn't take any magnifying glass nor a Sherlock Holmes mind to discover what has happened to Lina.

Before she left the cinema city she was a nice enough kid, rather plump, rather prone to gush a bit conversationally and, at one time in her career, given to wearing the high hat. She married Peverell Marley, C. B. De Mille's pet cameraman, and shortly afterwards had a big offer to go in vaudeville. Because she and Pev adored each other and would not be separated, Pev gave up his grinding and went into the act with Lina, although he had never been on the stage before.

Now Lina is back. She is slim as a willow tree and there is something in her face that was never there before, a strange, happy beauty. She is interested in a variety of things. She is utterly contented with the companionship that Pev gives her. She has, in short, become a poised and delightful woman, a vivid asset to any gathering.

THE press-jamming news of the month is that Clara Bow has a new boy-friend.

The much-blotted chapter of her life story headed "Harry Richman" seems to have *Finis* written at its end. The spotlight man will please focus on Rex Bell, the handsome young actor who rides bucking cayuses for Fox!



International

A girl you've no doubt been curious about. This is the young New York girl who was Rudy Vallée's wife for a few months in 1928. This picture shows her with her new husband, Lieut. Howard Coulter. The lieutenant is a Navy airman



The famous Eddie Cantor with a very lucky girl. This is Eleanor Hunt, the red-headed lady of the ensemble who was taken from the chorus to play the ingénue lead in the Ziegfeld-Goldwyn-Cantor film "Whoopie"

Why, says Hollywood, Clara has even re-bobbed her hair at his suggestion. And if that isn't love, then things have come to a pretty how-have-you-been!

To all of which we can only say ho! and add the conventional hum!

AND Clara came back from New York weighing just 110 pounds on the hoof. After a year's struggle with old man Avoirdupois the fighting red-head has him on the run. She has never looked better in her life. Paens of joy are sung every morning at Paramount. Their box-office panic has been saved from Molly O'Day's fate.

Clara attacked "True to the Navy," her first picture after a long rest, with old-time vigor. She was on the set at 8:30. It used to be noon before she got around to emoting.

Everyone is pleased but Clara's maid. The maid is worried about the loss of weight, and is trying to persuade her to go in for more malted milks.

EDDIE CANTOR was speaking into the radio.

"How do you like California?" someone asked.

"Ah, California," said Eddie, ecstatically, "all other beautiful places are just California on a bad day."

"How do your three children like it?"

"Four children," corrected Eddie.

"Four?" came the surprised answer. "There were only three when you left New York."

"Ah, California!" breathed Eddie.

THE refined and reticent Mr. Ronald Colman pulled another fast one recently. Crossing his studio maties, Mr. Ronald, advertised to holiday in Honolulu, dashed for old England instead.

Not even Sam Goldwyn's New York office knew where Mr. Ronald was during his metropolitan stay, and WERE they in a pet! My word, and a couple of ballies! Ronnie was there, and yet he wasn't there, what, what? It was all so much in character. Ronald the Reticent was hiding out. Playing hi-spy with the reporters and giving press agents the vapors.

A rumor was rife and rampant that Mr. Ronald intends

divorcing the lady who has been his wife for some years—in absentia, so to speak. While he has been laboring like a refined dockhand in Hollywood, she's been sojourning in England. You may remember that the lady turned up suddenly in Hollywood, some time ago, much to the consternation of those who thought Mr. Ronald a particularly fetching bachelor.

Then Colman denied all thought of a divorce. He is now said to have changed his mind. Could the booful Kay Francis have anything to do with it? He is said to have looked at her with anything but the conventional British boredom while they toiled together in "Raffles."

WITH very little warning, Jack Oakie descended on New York in mid-spring to film "The Sap from Syracuse"—and Oakie isn't playing *Syracuse*!

In no time at all Jack's rusty old sweat shirt became familiar along Broadway and all its alleys. It was his pleasure to eat at all the tiny beaneries where he had his Java when he was a chorus boy—only four years ago. Always gagging, always tying up traffic in the Paramount Building, always using his pet line—"Keep in Touch With Me!"—Jack had a grand time in the old town until infected tonsils laid him low just as shooting was to start.

PROBABLY the best story about Oakie and Broadway was his meeting with Helen Ford—the star of "Peggy Ann," the musical hit of some years ago from which Jack was eased for being too playful.



Do you suffer from galloping sunburn, sleepless nights, spots before the eyes? Here's a beach trick demonstrated by June Clyde of Radio Pictures. It's called the Arab neckshade, a dingus designed to protect delicate necks

Jack was a chorus man in that piece, and Ford was the star. He met her on Broadway not long ago.

"Well, Oakie," said Helen, "here you are, a big shot in the talkies. And I can't even get a good tryout in the darn things."

Oakie, the bounced chorus boy, looked solemn.

"It's tough, Ford," he said. "I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a letter to somebody or other!"

And chorus boy and star went their ways!

AND did you hear about the extra girl who got insulted when the casting director asked her if she was a linguist?

THE day will come when the Warner Brothers will learn not to let Al Jolson make speeches at his own openings. The last time Al mounted the stump he started off by stating that no movie was worth five dollars and that went for his own pictures, too. Now, a Hollywood premiere is like an old-fashioned glory meeting. Everyone is expected to shout loud praises—and Heaven help the dissenting voice.

Al was spanked by Darryl Zanuck and each of the Warner Brothers in turn and sent to bed without his supper the last time he spoke his piece. Yet when "Mammy" opened in Los Angeles who should be called upon to address the folks but Bad Boy Jolson!

This time Al devoted his entire speech to praise of "All Quiet on the Western Front"—a Universal picture. Warner Brothers, he said, deserved much credit for making the first



This is all for Art's sake! Laura Lee shivering in nice chilly water during the making of "Top Speed." The mike hangs out to listen to her chattering teeth. Left, the camera booth. Rear, a wall which hides unwanted sights

talking picture, because without that picture "All Quiet" might never have been made by Universal!

I'd hate to have to hold my breath until Jolson is asked to officiate at another Warner opening.

On the way out of the theater an autograph fiend rushed up to Jolson. As Al was signing his name in the book, Arthur Caesar leaned over his shoulder and stage-whispered: "Don't forget to put your address, Al—Universal City."

NOW Jackie Coogan is coming back to the screen. He will be quite a different Jackie from "The Kid." He's a sporty young gentleman now, and wears derby hats to premiers.

It is more than likely that he will return in the Paramount talking version of Mark Twain's immortal "Tom Sawyer." Jack Pickford was the silent Tom, several years ago.

Jackie has made several tests for the rôle, and Paramount believes that it would be considerable of a coup to bring this favorite child star back in one of America's beloved fictional characters.

IT seems to me that Mollie Merrick, the syndicate chatter writer, should get some kind of cup or plaque for this yarn. A big studio hired a famous New York playwright to write dialogue, and set him to work on a story. Seven days and seven nights he labored on the picture treatment.

The morning of the eighth day, with the script about ready, a studio assistant burst breathlessly into the room.

"Hey, you," he roared at the great author, "the boss says to quit working on that story. We don't own it!"

GEORGE BANCROFT was Hollywood's Big Mystery Man of the spring. He had the whole town winging with his tactics. You'd never take Big George for the temperamental kind, but one never knows.

The woe began when "The Caveman" was indefinitely postponed. Bancroft seemed to like the story, but before you could say Gustav Von Seyffertitz, the deal was off, and the star was reported seriously ill with laryngitis. His doctor confirmed the report. Bancroft retired to his Santa Monica home, answered no calls, received no callers. "THE PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94"

They DON'T Want To Be Stars!

By
Robert Fender

IT used to be "If a Man Bites a Dog—That's News!" But now you can tuck that one away with the lavender and old lace. Hollywood, birthplace of most new things, has delivered a bouncing, brand-new definition of that word. Suppose you read further.

Out here in this country of manly chests and feminine twitters, they have a little industry called the movies. A magic business it is, which makes princes out of poor men and lady princes out of poor gals over night. Everyone in town today is eligible to be a star tomorrow. No effort. No nothing.

All we do out here is take sun baths and play black-jack until that best guy in the wide, wide world, The Producer, says: "I want you to be a star for my company at seven thousand a week." Then we catch up on our eating and place an order for that blue Rolls we've had our eye on for so long. It's really very exciting. None of us knows when the good news is coming to us.

The point, minus furbelows, is that everyone in Hollywood considers himself good movie material. Star material, in fact, and 's just waiting around, doing this and that, until the great day when the casting directors will come to their senses and realize it, too. Scratch a truck driver here and you'll find a



Johnny Engstead bangs out publicity about the Paramount stars. Honestly, now, isn't he as handsome as any juvenile on the lot? But Johnny prefers his trusty old typewriter



Charles Welborn, a dashing young studio still cameraman, fights off picture chances. "My end of the camera is best," says he

bozo who'll confide that he can do everything Karl Dane does (wasn't *he* a truck driver once?). Make a pal of the soft drink engineer at the nearest drug store and he'll confess that everyone tells him he's funnier than Jack Oakie and would screen better.

Get the confidence of your landlady and the poor dear will let you in on the way she would play Marie Dressler rôles if she ever got the chance. Tell your postman he's a good guy and he'll come right back with: "Do you think I'd make good in the movies?" The situation, in short, is that Hollywood's population may be classed as: 1—Those already in the movies, and 2—Those waiting to get in.

What a job, then, to find someone in the hamlet who could act in the movies if he wanted to but doesn't want to! Not someone who thinks he has a chance before the cameras but one who's actually had the chance, chances in fact, and has openly sneered at the idea.

Many of Hollywood's smart and handsome boys and girls prefer to work back of the camera, thank you

That's the little assignment I gave myself the other day, a little assignment that would make Jason give up all ideas of winning the Golden Fleece and go back to his old Greek tumbling act. None too anxious to start the job, I strolled around one of the studios lately in search of a pleasanter subject.

And there, on a movie lot, of all places, came my first lead. A young man was needed to do a "bit" in a certain picture. The director, happening to be short a player, turned to a

stopped in its course and sailors at sea were battling sudden storms. My head whirled. I found a cot and lay down.

The shock of seeing and hearing someone actually turn down a chance to be in the movies nearly proved fatal. Next day, feeling stronger, I hunted up this "Scotty" person. I wanted to talk with him. If possible, I wanted to touch him.

His name, I learned, is Charles Welborn and he has photographed almost every important person in the world, not excluding Calvin Coolidge and Douglas Fairbanks. He is convinced that he has the best job in the world and the best mother (he lives with her) and the best motorboat. Known about the studio as the best looking guy out of pictures, "Scotty," nevertheless, is firm in his resolve never to turn romantic screen lover.

"Once, between pictures," he told me, "I was out of work for six months and plenty broke. They offered me a job doing dance routines and playing around in a big revue, but I told 'em I'd rather go hungry. I've had other chances to act, too, but why get started in that stuff? Give me a job where I can earn my dough!"

CHEERED by "Scotty's" confession I knocked around at other studios in search of a boy or girl who, although eligible for the screen, will have none of it. At Fox I found beautiful Noreen Phillips, private secretary to E. W. Butcher of that lot. Miss Phillips knows all about acting in the movies for the very good reason that she has acted in 'em. No sooner had she taken her job as secretary when she was besieged with requests to take a film test.

Victor Schertzinger finally turned the trick, and for two years Noreen played this part and that. She got along swimmingly and was even given an important rôle as sister to Olive Borden in "The Secret Studio," when she asked for her old job back. She's private secretary again and tickled to death to be away from the cameras.

"To my mind," she told me, "acting in films is sure death. There's nothing real about it, nothing genuine. The waiting and constant dilly-dallying kills all incentive. You begin to drift and lose all sense of security. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]



Margery Prevost, Marie's sister, came from the "Follies" to try picture acting. But she was more interested in interior decorating and found true happiness in a studio art department

good looking "still" cameraman by his side. "Jump in there, Scotty, and do it," he said. I drew closer to see how "Scotty" would take it. This was the way stars were made and I wanted a ringside seat to witness "Scotty's" opportunity. This was the stuff dreams, Hollywood dreams, were made of. "Scotty," whoever he was, now had his chance. What, I wondered, would he do with it?

I looked at "Scotty." He was smiling a dry smile. He was speaking. "Do you mean to say," he drawled, "that you want me to get out there in front of the camera?" The director assured him that that was exactly what he meant to say. "Scotty" laughed. "And be a movie actor?" he snorted. "Sure!" came the reply, "Why not?" Then "Scotty" howled. "Oh, no!" he managed between chuckles. "I'm awfully sorry," he continued, "but no, thanks!"

My throat grew dry. The studio walls, I felt, would topple down any minute now. The sun, I was sure, had



Oh, what a blonde! Noreen Phillips knows all about picture acting. She did it for two years. But she's much happier as a secretary on the Fox lot



☆ *THE FLORODORA GIRL*—M-G-M

MAKING this picture could NEVER have been work. With all those "gay nineties" gags, Marion and Lawrence and the other boys and girls must have had more fun!

It's a rollicking tale of the love tribulations of one of the original Florodora girls and a gay young blood. Marion Davies as the tomboyish chorus girl and Larry Gray as the youth whose flirtation develops into love, are delightful.

What makes the picture extra-delicious is the atmospheric stuff evolved. The bathing beach, the horseless carriage ride, the leg-o'-mutton sleeves and the rest of the gad-awful fashions for ladies, are too precious!

And of course, the Florodora number, done in Technicolor, is the beauty high-light. If you take mama and papa, don't be surprised if they break into their reminiscences.



☆ *THE BIG POND*—Paramount

CCHEVALIER clicks again! This time, in a new field—straight romantic comedy, with just a dash of song.

"The Big Pond" tells the story of a flashing but empty-pocketed young Frenchman who makes good in the American chewing gum business so that he can marry the daughter of his boss. It has pace and humor, and Maurice gets several chances to sing. Listen for "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me."

A Broadway cast, new to pictures, helps out well. You already know Claudette Colbert, opposite the star. She's fine. Another medal for Director Hobart Henley.

Paramount is mixing them up well for their new ace, the romantic panic. This is a pleasant change from the costume things. Still another slant on the fascinating Parisian.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ *LADIES OF LEISURE*—Columbia

THIS is a really fine picture. And it is a really fine picture because of the astonishing performance of a little tap-dancing beauty who has in her the spirit of a great artist.

Her name is Barbara Stanwyck.

"Ladies of Leisure" is one of those occasional wonder-moments in pictures—the coming together of a good-enough story, some keen dialogue, a first rate director and a young actress just ripe for the performance of her life. These things do happen—even in the movies!

Barbara Stanwyck plays a rather loose-living little party girl who poses for a young artist, falls in love with him, and gets him, despite his family's opposition and the pawing of an amiable bouncer who takes his girls where he finds them. Yes, the yarn is as old as that, and it is supposed to be remotely related to a Belasco stage production called "Ladies of the Evening."

But Jo Swerling gave the film snapping talk, and Frank Capra—getting better every picture—directed brilliantly. Add the almost miraculous work of the beautiful Stanwyck girl, and you have something to cable the pater about. Take six spare hankies, and wear your best admiration suit.

Ralph Graves and Lowell Sherman, heading the support, are both good.

But go and be amazed by this Barbara girl. Is this the beginning of a great career, or a flash? Wait and hope!

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

LADIES OF LEISURE THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY
THE FLORODORA GIRL THE BIG POND
THE LADY OF SCANDAL
WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU

The Best Performances of the Month

Barbara Stanwyck in "Ladies of Leisure"
Nancy Carroll in "The Devil's Holiday"
Phillips Holmes in "The Devil's Holiday"
Marion Davies in "The Florodora Girl"
Maurice Chevalier in "The Big Pond"
Claudette Colbert in "The Big Pond"
Ruth Chatterton in "The Lady of Scandal"
Basil Rathbone in "The Lady of Scandal"
John Gilbert in "Redemption"
Warner Baxter in "The Arizona Kid"
Jack Oakie in "The Social Lion"
Helen Twelvetrees in "Swing High"
Clara Bow in "True to the Navy"
Gary Cooper in "The Texan"
Warner Oland in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 140



★ THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY—Paramount

HERE'S hot news for any month. Nancy Carroll, after the whipped cream of such frothy desserts as "Sweetie" and "Honey," gets a solid, emotional rôle into which she can sink her pearly molars with some artistic zest.

In it she gives the best performance of her career!

In fact, "The Devil's Holiday" is one of those all-round fine pictures that push and haul us into talkie theaters. An exciting respite from the shushing of mystery stuff and musical ha-cha-cha.

The picture is a powerful, emotion-twisting piece of work, and in it Nancy is grander than grand and sweeter than "Sweetie." Her part demands as much subtlety of interpretation and emotional power as could be asked of any veteran trouser, and Nancy comes through.

Right beside her in the triumph is a lad who so far has had faint chances in unimpressive parts—young Phillips Holmes. He does such splendid things with an uncommonly difficult character that picture-goers will wait anxiously for succeeding work. Others in the big cast are Hobart Bosworth, James Kirkwood, Ned Sparks, Morgan Farley, Paul Lukas, ZaSu Pitts and Morton Downey. What a cast!

Edmund Goulding, creator of "The Trespasser," wrote and directed most creditably. He seems to be the one-man studio of Hollywood. He writes songs and acts, too. Maybe he tap-dances. But see Nancy's newest!



★ THE LADY OF SCANDAL M-G-M

AT last Ruth Chatterton is delivered from the bondage of tears and given a chance at high comedy! A pleasant change, and one that gives the magnificent Ruth opportunity for the lighter touch.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer borrowed her from Paramount and gave her this script, made from Frederick Lonsdale's play called "The High Road." It's high-tea British gayety. The story hangs on the marriage of an actress to a peer, and what happens through her association with his family.

Ruth plays it right up to the hilt. You'll enjoy seeing her in a theater sequence. Her good support consists of Ralph (Husband) Forbes, Basil Rathbone, Nance O'Neil, Frederick Kerr, and others. You'll see this picture because it's a chance to see Reigning Ruth in high comedy.



★ WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU—Universal

THIS was made in Switzerland by a German company. It is silent with synchronized score. Dialogue would have been useless and unnecessary.

It's an amazing spectacle. Three people trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night search party of hundreds of villagers with blazing torches. Tremendous snow slides. Breath-taking airplane stunts by the German aviator, Ernst Udet. White coldness. Pictures, grim and vital, that you'll never forget. Camera angles utterly different. The majestic beauty of the Alps. There is a pretense at story and you think there is to be a love triangle but you soon discover it's not passion at all, only the way people look at each other in Switzerland. It's much too cold for romance, but you mustn't miss this picture. *Sound.*

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

LET'S GO NATIVE—
Paramount



HIGH SOCIETY BLUES—
Fox

THIS is madness—weird, wonderful madness! Every gag in history turns up somewhere in this insane hash of song, dance and story. There's a wonderful burlesque of the old shipwreck, desert island theme. Skeets Gallagher is king of the isle, and Jack Oakie, Jeanette MacDonald, James Hall, Kay Francis and William Austin are the castaways. Terrible nonsense—and how you'll scream!

THE personal popularity of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell carries this little musical romance to what success and worth it achieves. They look adorably at each other, and do some more of what is so naively and hopefully labeled singing. Plot—Charlie's folks try to chisel into high society, meaning the old Boston Gaynors. Some laughs, some songs, and even a little acting.

REDEMPTION—
M-G-M



THE ARIZONA KID—
Fox

THIS is the first talkie John Gilbert made. It was shelved, then largely remade. As released, after a year of fussing, it is a creditable job. Gilbert does tremendous work in the final scenes of a very Russian and tragic story by Tolstoi, in which Gilbert plays dead to further his wife's happiness. Far from a great film, it proves what needed no proof—that Jack can act!

THIS is Warner Baxter's follow on his first smash talkie, "In Old Arizona," and he's just as fine and fascinating as ever. Mona Maris, opposite, is a delightful Spanish sweetheart. A great treat for Baxter fans. Scenery, Utah brand, is elegant, being designed and built by an Expert. Wilfred Lucas and Carol Lombard do well with disagreeable rôles. This is good stuff—and oh, WARNER!

THE FALL GUY—
Radio Pictures



SONG OF THE FLAME—
First National

A WHILE ago this was a popular stage play. It loses none of its charm on the screen. It is as simple as a nursery rhyme and as natural as bacon and beans, with Jack Mulhall and Mae Clarke exactly like people you've known. The yarn, which concerns a husband out of work, grows melodramatic toward the end, but there must be a plot. You'll find this entertaining.

AN operetta version of the Russian Revolution. Russia was freed by Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Beery, who sings a bass solo surprisingly! All-Technicolor, with some beautiful and stirring music, some very ham acting, some able singing and a few fine scenes. A large and elaborate picture, but it does get boring, for most of the music is familiar, and comic-opera bolshevists are silly.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

THE SOCIAL LION—
Paramount



HOP into the divver and go see Jack Oakie in this! You'll be in stitches. It's unpretentious but hilarious. Jack is the bashful village braggart. He's taken up by the country club set because he can play polo, and he goes social—and you know how this boy can go! Skeets Gallagher is an able foil. Mary Brian is the girl who loves Jack and Olive Borden is the one who doesn't.

SWING HIGH—
Pathe



PLEASANT entertainment, this story of love and intrigue among the players in an old time wagon circus. Director Santley hasn't overlooked chances for color and action. Fred Scott sings a couple of numbers that seem headed for popular hits, while a negro chorus offers a rollicking song, "Chasing the Hoodoo Away." Helen Twelvetrees is quite Gish-like as the heroine who saves her lover from the vamp.

OLD AND NEW—
Sovkino



FROM rural Russia comes a powerful silent picture telling the world by way of cloud masses, cream separators and tractors, of the glory of New Russia among the peasantry. This picture was co-directed by Eisenstein, great director of "Potemkin," and tells for propaganda purposes of the wonders of Communism among the villagers. No "story"—but if you love sheer beauty in films, don't miss! *Silent.*

TRUE TO THE NAVY—
Paramount



YOU should see Clara Bow—she's thin as boarding house soup. If Clara goes spirituelle we can't bear it! "True to the Navy," the red-head's first picture in ages, concerns a girl who had a sweetie on every ship. Then the whole fleet came in! Whoops! Entertaining, and Clara sings a hotsy song with the correct blues inflection. Frederic March seems awfully upset about being a sailor.

THE SECOND FLOOR MYSTERY—
Warners



IF you haven't read "The Agony Column," you are headed for a nice surprise here. Even if you know what's coming, there is an element of novelty that makes for good entertainment. What starts out to be a series of letters to intrigue a young lady becomes a thrilling mystery comedy. Loretta Young and Grant Withers, the newlyweds, are the people most concerned. You will like it.

THE TEXAN—
Paramount



ANOTHER of O. Henry's colorful stories of the Southwest approves first-rate grist for the talkie mill. "The Texan," a picturesque yarn, makes an excellent vehicle for Gary Cooper's taciturn charm. Fay Wray, all done up in black hair and a Spanish accent (and nice, too) is the girl. James Marcus, as a Bible-quoting Texas sheriff, turns in a grand characterization. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Why *the Hollywood Stars Quit Those Freak Diets*



Catherine Moylan, former "Follies" girl now playing in M-G-M's "Our Blushing Brides," reduces under the scientific guidance of Dr. J. E. Brady, popular Hollywood reducing expert. Dr. Brady combines cabinet baths and other treatment with corrective diet

They're still keeping their schoolgirl figures, but sanity supercedes starvation and trick methods

By
Katherine Albert

THE eighteen-day diet has about as much chance at popularity as a Democratic candidate in Illinois.

You'd as soon think of getting out the old abandoned mah jong set as of eating lamb chops and pineapple.

Joan Crawford's crackers and mustard are lonely and apart, relegated to a dusty, silent corner.

You aren't whisked away to some confidential alcove any more, to be shown little sheets of onion skin paper upon which weird menus are written.

The trick diets are gone from Hollywood! They're as dead as last year's sparrow. Sanity once more rules the film colony.

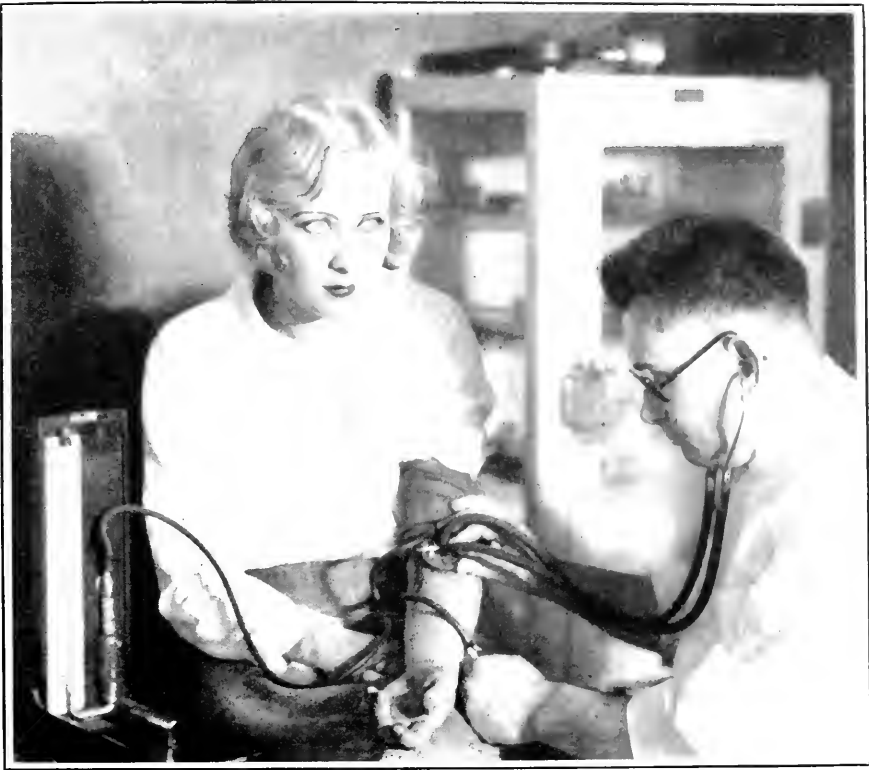
It is not because voluptuous, Turkish curves are coming in. The need for reduction is as great as it ever was. By a strange optical illusion the camera still adds ten to fifteen pounds to the human subject being photographed.

The necessity for being slender is as vital now to the screen actresses as it was a year ago or five years ago. In fact, one of the latest fads in Hollywood house construction is built-in seals in bathrooms.

It is only the freak, trick, starvation diets that have made their welcome exits. The film stars have seen how these brutal methods of taking off weight have ravished beauty. They have watched their friends lying ill because of too strenuous a diet. They know that some have died in that quest for willow-slimness. At last they are afraid. At last they are willing to listen to words of wisdom from doctors who have pleaded with them to stop the murder of their bodies.

There is much talk of diet and much dieting in Hollywood, but *not one important star or player in the town is indulging in a mad, starvation diet!*

Clara Bow became sylph-like, after being actually fat, in a few months. It was noised about that she had some mysterious secret, that



Dr. H. V. Boling thoroughly examines each patient and suits diet and treatment to the individual. He is shown here testing Gwen Lee's blood pressure. A star's work is too strenuous to permit of lowered vitality

she had found a magic potion, some strange elixir that had brought back her lithe slimmness again.

But Clara's reduction method is no secret. And you're welcome to try it if you like. She simply had a major operation and was ill afterwards for many, many weeks. She is not yet entirely recovered. A siege of hospitals will pull anybody down. It brought Clara to less than a hundred pounds.

She is dieting now, but not to get thin. In fact, she really needs a few more pounds. You probably noticed that in "Paramount On Parade." Her purpose is to regain her health and keep her strength.

SHE drinks no tea or coffee, has fruit at every meal and some sort of fruit or fruit juice between each meal. Lots of salads and green vegetables, nothing fried, no heavy meats, just fowl, fish and lamb chops. It's a trifle different from the faddist menus of six months ago, isn't it?

Nor is Clara the only one who has come to her senses. The girls have all decided that those little charts which, if followed, are guaranteed to take off just so many pounds in just so many days, passed around from one person to another, copied off the backs of old envelopes and calling cards, are perhaps perfectly all right for one person but not for everybody. They have realized that these freak methods are suicidal.

What, then, has taken the place of the freak diets? What are the stars doing to gain and keep a lovely figure? The answer is as surprising as it is sane. They are going to reputable doctors who give them thorough physical examinations first and treat each case as it should be treated.

The cottage hospital of Dr. W. D. Sansum in Santa Barbara is a Mecca for many of the Hollywood celebs. Before he prescribes a diet he gives a thorough physical examination in his perfectly equipped clinic. He is not alone a reduction specialist.

He believes that most ills respond to proper diet. He first discovers the cause of surplus weight and is guided in his treatment by these discoveries. It was he who reduced Mary Miles Minter recently, some forty pounds in two months. Louise Fazenda is one of his

patients. There are many more.

Every diet is different, since the needs of every patient are different, and yet there is more on the menu lists than the girls can eat. He insists upon three meals a day, and generous meals at that. He also believes that no diet should be lacking in sugar, as that is needed for energy. Olive oil, he says, is not necessary to the system, but a certain amount of butter is. But since each diet suits the individual they must not be passed about from woman to woman.

Dr. J. E. Brady, of Hollywood, is a popular reducing expert. He uses not only diet, but cabinet baths and electric massages. No diet that he gives smacks of freakishness. When there is a thyroid condition he works on that. He does not believe in taking off more than ten pounds a month, for the tissues must be built up as the flesh is lost, else the face and neck appear scrawny. There are three causes for fat, he says—a thyroid condition, not enough exercise, and too much rich food. Many stars are under his care.

THE H. V. Boling Clinic is another popular reducing establishment. Dr. Boling prescribes baths, massage and diet, but each patient is thoroughly examined before taking the treatments and each diet is different. Knowing the stars as he does, he makes sure that they have enough energy to carry them through the nerve-racking work they do. Their diet must be well balanced and have all the necessary elements.

There are other reducing doctors, too numerous to name. Almost every player has her favorite under whose care she is. Health is the watchword now! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



70 Readers must Win This Gold!

The Rules Are Simple

1. Seventy cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:
First Prize \$1,000.00
Second Prize 750.00
Third Prize 500.00
Fourth Prize 300.00
Fifth Prize 200.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$50 each 1,250.00
Forty Prizes of \$25 each 1,000.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and

complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

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

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

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1931, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them. They will be sent to hospitals and orphanages to gladden the hearts of sick and homeless children.

Suggestions Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the four sets of pictures are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

Follow the Arrows





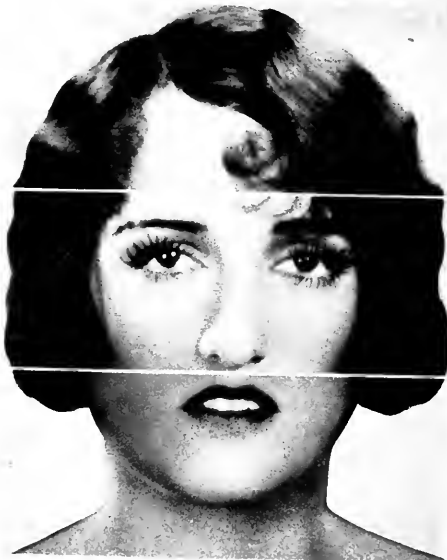
STARS rise, pop faintly, and fade from the Hollywood sky, but Dick Barthelmess goes on giving his true, fine performances — year in, year out; hot or cold; sound or silent. The indefatigable and excellent Richard has long holidays, now, but twice a year he can be depended on to give his fans a good, well-made picture.

This Way to Cut Puzzle



Turn Over

Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest



UPPER

The hair went to convent, and then to the stage.
The eyes also were convent raised.
The mouth (it's a system) was convent trained, too—
And her loveliness is warmly praised.

LOWER

The hair played in comedy with Harold Lloyd.
The eyes did their stuff in "Oh, Boy!"—
The mouth is a recent recruit from the stage.
And her talkies are really a joy.

UPPER

The hair was directed by L. Barrymore.
The eyes played Lord Nelson's girl friend;
The mouth licks a trifle, and does costume plays,
She has beauty and charm without end.

LOWER

The hair won a contest in quaint New Orleans.
The eyes are a Paramount star.
The mouth first appeared on the stage when a babe—
And—like few prodigies—has gone far!

RESUME

Two of them are married—two of them are not—
And one of the four was divorced,
And one is so often reported engaged
That we'll never believe her heart lost!
One's dark as the night, and one's fair as the day—
And the two that are left can be called just midway!



UPPER

The hair's from a state where, once, witches were hanged,
The eyes are unmarried, as yet
The mouth is reported engaged to L. V.,
But some say the report is all wet.

LOWER

The hair went to school at old Staunton M. A.,
The eyes wed a star of the stage
The mouth is six-two, as to height; and brunette -
And twenty-eight years is his age

UPPER

The hair struck his stride in a film of the war,
The eyes, for his health, once punched cows,
The mouth, without any real trouping, was trained
For the screen - this fate seldom allows!

LOWER

The hair has a very real talent for art.
The eyes with J. Gaynor co-starred,
The mouth was the ruse in the non-talking films,
For the talkies his great charm was marred!

RESUME

Three of them unmarried, and one married thrice,
Three dark-eyed, and one with blue eyes
All of them have dark hair. And one, when last wed,
Filled the whole movie world with surprise
They're all of them tall, and well built, and well bred,
And what the girls think of them we'll leave unsaid!



Nickolas Murray

IF you could see the way the fan mail about this handsome chap and first-rate actor rolls into this office, you'd rush a good-looking picture into the magazine, too. Not content with his first fine talkie performance in "In Old Arizona," Warner Baxter has gone right on consolidating his new and very thrilling success



"That's not real money," she said.
"It's counterfeit!"

The Ten-Dollar Bill

As told to

Walter Ramsey

Another True Short
Story About a Big-
Hearted Star

IT was two-thirty in the afternoon, and the solitary figure, who sat near one of the many French windows that lined the front of the *La Cazar*, was the last of the luncheon crowd.

He was immaculately dressed in the accepted mode, and seemed to permeate his surroundings with his own air of gentility. Coffee—or rather *demi-tasse*—was being served as he tapped an imported cigarette on the flat side of a gold case.

Soon he was nonchalantly brushing the napkin to his lips in a finishing gesture, and with a last glance through the partly open window, walked slowly toward the cashier's cage.

As he stood there, cane in hand, waiting for the change from the ten-dollar bill, he chanced to look up at the wall behind the cashier. What he saw was not so surprising—an old ten-dollar bill mounted on linen-board, and encased in a beautiful frame. He had seen the same thing before, but it had invariably been a one-dollar bill. Maybe it was because he, himself, had just passed a ten-spot over the counter that he questioned the girl.

"What, may I ask, is the reason for keeping part of the day's receipts in a picture frame?" he queried, drawing on his left glove.

"Oh? That?" she answered, turning to look at it herself. "That's a long story. It's not real money—it's counterfeit. Not worth a plugged nickel as far as real dough is concerned, but the Boss says it's been worth a million to him. We've got orders to tell the story to anyone who asks. Want 'a hear it?"

"Most assuredly!" came the well-modulated reply. "I would be very interested indeed."

"Well, you see, it was something like this: The Boss was once stringing himself with the idea that he was going to be a great actor. And I guess he did have one or two jobs—right here in Frisco, at the old *Harzar*. But they soon found him out, I guess, 'cause it wasn't no time 'til they gives him the gate—see?"

"But while he's on the stage doing the atmosphere, he falls in

The story of a ten-spot that was framed for good luck

with another actor who's doing small parts. Can't ever remember the other fellow's name, although the Boss mentions it at least once a week. Anyway, they became good pals while they was working together and so when this guy, whatever his name is, finds the Boss walking the street without a job, he feels sorta' sorry for him.

"Now as I remember it, Santa Claus feels so sorry for the Boss that he takes out his pay envelope, looks at the three tens he just got for the last week's work, and then with some crack to the effect that, 'This ain't much—but it's all I can spare,' the guy hands the Boss one of the ten-spots and tells him to go and get himself a real meal and keep the change. Then they go through the hand-shaking racket and part company—for good.

"O' course the Boss is all hot 'n' bothered about the dough 'cause he hasn't eaten for a couple o' days, so he heads for a restaurant right off the bat. After he'd eaten about three dollars' worth, he goes up to the cashier and hands over the ten-spot. But the gal was sorta' crafty. She gives the bill a close going over and then tells him that it's phony. Then, when he explains that it's all the dough he has, she calls the bead man of the place. And the head man calls a policeman.

"It was a pretty tough spot for the Boss, all right. He tells 'em that a friend just gave it to him, but he won't tell the cop who the friend was. Finally the owner of the place offers to let him work it out—washing dishes. It seems that their dishwasher had just cut loose for parts unknown. So the Boss sets to work in the kitchen. And boy, what I mean, that's *work!*

"Well, according to the Boss, it wasn't no time 'til he was on the job regular. And from *that* he graduates to the job of waiter. About a year of that and they make him head-waiter. See? The Boss was a striving soul, if you catch what I mean.

"Then he starts to save some of the money he earns. And he saves, and saves and *still* saves. 'Til one bright and cheery day (as the Boss tells it), he gets the chance to buy out the business. And he's got so much dough saved by now that he jumps at the

chance. Say, if this gets on your nerves, *tell me!* I don't like Cinderella stories much, myself."

"By no means! I am very interested. Please go on! It's a very touching little yarn. I almost believe it."

"Well, there ain't much left. The Boss just goes on making money and saving it until he gets the idea that he wants a bigger place. So he goes out and finds this place and spends a lot o' dough remodeling the whole thing until it looks like a swanky cafe. Pretty soon it comes to be known as *the* place to go for good food and high-powered atmosphere. The Boss still keeps this same place and he blames all his good luck on the phony ten-spot. See? Kinda' got him started in the racket. See?"

"A most interesting yarn," commented the immaculately dressed man who had been listening intently to the story. "By the way, is it that man standing over there with his back to us?"

"Naw, he ain't here now. He spends four months out of each year traveling in Europe," came the snappy rejoinder. "Say, you don't believe that fairy tale, do you?"

"Why—" hesitated her listener as he turned to leave. "I am inclined to say that it was true. Of course I am no one to judge." And with that he walked slowly to the entrance and out into the whirl of the mid-afternoon traffic.

NO sooner had he disappeared from view, than Molly (the girl at the cigar counter across the aisle from the cashier's cage) came bouncing over and asked, "Say, didn't that guy look familiar? Seems to me I saw him in 'What Price Glory?' and the same guy played in 'The Cock Eyed World.'"

"Naw, I never go to the movies. Me for the *Rose Room* and a lot of steady dancing every evening. Say . . ."

"Hurray!" interrupted the movie fan. "I remember his name now. It's Eddie Lowe! Remember him now? Why, he's a big shot, down in Hollywood, and . . ."

"Eddie Lowe? *Eddie Lowe?*" gasped the cashier. "Why, that's the guy who gave the Boss the phony ten-spot. Wait a minute—*whoa!*—well, ain't I a sap now?"

Those Honorable Japanese Stars



Three of Japan's leading film stars, who delight the young sheiks and shebas of the Flowerly Kingdom. At the left, Miss Kinuyo Tanaka, a light of the Shichiku Company. Right, the beautiful Fujiko Hamaguchi, of Nikatsu. Center, Mr. Demei Suzuki. He may just be playing a soldier with a saxophone complex. Or he may be Hon. Rudi Valleeiki!

BORN to SING!

By
Marquis
Busby

Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire playing a scene together. Talk of a romance between them is very trying, they say

Alexander Gray gave up the gadgets of engineering for the High C's

ALEXANDER GRAY comes from a long line of Pennsylvania Scotch Presbyterians, pretty stern, uncompromising folk.

But by every right Alexander Gray should be a confirmed fatalist. Fate has ruled his professional career, first on the stage and now in Hollywood.

It has been a long chain of circumstances that has brought him to Hollywood, each one linked to the other, and every one related.

Marilyn Miller, the graceful little prima donna of the Ziegfeld pageants of pulchritude, liked Alexander Gray better than any of her leading men. When she came West to make the Vitaphone production of "Sally" she requested that Gray sing opposite her. He had appeared with her in the stage production.

Gray made his test in New York, and because he didn't want to work alone, he persuaded Bernice Claire to appear with him. Bernice and he had appeared together as *Margot* and the *Red Shadow* in "The Desert Song." Bernice had no thoughts of a picture career, but she won a contract on the strength of her appearance in Gray's test.

Now, because they do not have many friends in Hollywood, Bernice and he are occasionally seen together. Not in the night clubs and theaters, but at quiet restaurants. Accordingly, Hollywood, running true to time-hallowed tradition, has begun to scent a romance. Some of the hardier have even

rumored an engagement.

Gray is not particularly pleased with the gossip that links their names.

"Bernice is my friend, one of my best friends," he said. "Fate threw us together at a very trying time for both of us. She came into the cast of 'The Desert Song' while we were playing on the road. It was her first important stage appearance, and she was facing a terrific test. The rest of the cast had been playing together for many months, and they weren't anxious to rehearse with a newcomer. I tried to help her. I knew what she was up against. I went into the production of 'Sally' under the same circumstances. I don't mean that my assistance meant much to Bernice. She worked things out for herself.

"Bernice, her brother, my wife and I became very good friends. After a long engagement in Chicago, the company was going on to Pittsburgh for a run. My wife decided to drive my car East. Bernice and I had to travel with the troupe. I persuaded her brother to accompany my wife and relieve her at the wheel.

"One afternoon, as we finished a matinee, word came of the terrible accident in a little Ohio town. My wife had been killed. Bernice's brother was very badly injured. We left in a few hours in a taxicab for Ohio, the only transportation we could get. It was a ghastly ride. I knew what was ahead of me. Bernice didn't know whether she would find her brother alive or not.

"People who are together at times like that usually become close friends. There is a bond of sympathy and understanding. We have worked together in 'No, No, Nanette' out here. Sometimes we go out together. Never to dancing places. I used to like to dance, but not since my wife has gone.

"I'm not particularly pleased that people are suggesting that I could have another romance so soon. It has only been a little more than a year. I don't believe that I shall ever marry again. I suppose that these rumors of an engagement do not actually harm either of us, but we don't like them."

Gray is not the easiest person to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

How I'd

But you'll notice
that Eddie is dumb
as an oyster on
how he "manages"
his own wife,
Lilyan Tashman



This debonair and fastidious gentleman, Mr. Edmund Lowe, has long been known as one of the most successful husbands in all filmland. His married life with Lilyan Tashman has been held up as an example to all lesser halves. For this reason our Miss Albert approached him with some very pertinent questions on the ever live and interesting subject of "Wife Management." Hear Mr. Lowe

"**B**UT I wouldn't," said Eddie Lowe, "not if I had six or six hundred wives, singly or collectively! I wouldn't manage them. They'd manage me. And that would be right.

"It's always been woman's job to manage. She's the one who is the comfort and wise helper. It all began before civilization began. It's as fundamental as plane geometry, but better understood.

"In the pioneer days, didn't man go out and till fields and fight wolves while woman stayed at home and kept the house going smoothly and saw to man's comfort when he came back all tired out?"

"Oh, so you're one of those!" I exclaimed pertly. "You're going to tell me that woman's place is in the home and that she

should simply be the little house slipper chaser for her husband. I'm awfully bored, if you don't mind."

"No," said Eddie, emphatically. "I'm not going to tell you anything of the sort. Civilization has changed a lot of things. It has, on the surface, changed man's relationship to woman. It's made our lives more complex, but it is still woman's province to manage. It is her job, after all, to hold a husband. You don't hear much about a man's holding a wife, now, do you?"

I'm always just a little petulant when I'm forced to admit anything. And I was, of course, forced to admit that. So I sat gnawing my fingers and trying to think of something clever to say while Eddie devoured a salad as if that were all he had to do in the world.

AT last I said: "The other day I was talking to Constance Bennett and she said you had to manage each man differently. That there were certain generalizations about them all but that each one required individual thought and attention, if you know what I mean."

"Certainly," said Eddie, "and all women are different, too. But you treat them all more or less like children and you get the idea of managing them out of your head, for they're smart enough to know when they're being handled.

"You simply have to be natural. You can't play a game. In the first place they know you're playing a game. And in the second place all games come to an end and love doesn't end.

"Oh yes, I believe in love, and you have to be natural and spontaneous about it. For love is like a prince with a retinue, in which are three important servants. They are honesty, unselfishness and jealousy. Yes, I said jealousy. No love is really

complete without it, but it has to be controlled. But I don't know a single love where jealousy doesn't enter into it. If it doesn't, the love is not much good.

"Honesty is most important of all. Women know when you're not honest. You have to be yourself. You simply can't play a game. That's the most important of all."

"**T**HEN you wouldn't," I began, believing myself to be very cute to think of it, "manage Dolores Del Rio, for instance, any differently from the way you'd manage Billie Dove?"

"Oh yes, I would. I'd just do it instinctively without sitting back and trying to figure it out. If I were in love I'd know the right and wrong things to do."

"All right," I said, "go ahead. Pick six women you know and

Manage Six Famous *WIVES*

As told by Edmund Lowe
to Katherine Albert

**BILLIE
DOVE**

"Billie Dove is so beautiful," says Eddie, "that I wouldn't bother about managing her. I think I'd be content to feast my eyes on her!"

**LOIS
MORAN**

"I'd keep surprising Lois," says our hero. "She has to have new interests. She has to be told what she wants, and then made to understand it"

**DOLORES
DEL RIO**

Mr. Lowe opines that Dolores is subject to flares of temperament, like all Latins. "The only thing to do then is kid her out of them!"

**CON-
STANCE
BENNETT**

"I'd try to get under Connie's sophistication," says Eddie. "I'd want to get at that true simplicity that I am sure is the real Constance!"

**COLLEEN
MOORE**

"I'd be a kid with Colleen," according to Mr. Lowe. "I'd have to enter into that marvelous play spirit of hers in order to really hold her"

**LILYAN
TASHMAN**

About his beautiful wife, Mr. Lowe let the smoke drift upward. "Why, er, Lil," he said, "well, she's all there is—there isn't any more!"

tell me how you'd manage them, how you'd be natural and spontaneous and not play games with them."

"I will," said Eddie, settling that determined jaw, and beginning with

DOLORES DEL RIO

"Dolores is the exotic type," he said. "She is a lady and loves beauty. She adores having gorgeous things around her. I'd certainly cater to her by taking an interest in good books and good music and good paintings.

"But Dolores has another side. Don't forget that she's a Latin and as fiery as all Latins are. She is subject to a million changes of mood, and much temperament which is part of her charm. The only thing to do when she gets into one of these moods is to kid her out of it. Now don't get that confused with patronizing. No woman can stand to be patronized and certainly not Dolores. You simply [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



The feminine half of the successful marital team of Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe. The fascinating Miss Tashman is one of the most able of Hollywood's actresses, is noted for her excellent taste in dress, and her marriage to Eddie Lowe has been successful to the Nth degree. As you will find, he has little to say on "managing" Miss Tashman.

They probably manage each other

That MULLIGAN Spirit!

By

Robert
Cranford

*It lured and
drove Lola Lane
from Indianola,
Iowa, to the
threshold of film
stardom*

DEAR SALLY:

—or Jenny, or Louise, or whatever your name is:

Did you ever feel like getting out in front of the congregation and dancing a Charleston, just in sheer rebellion?

And do you ever feel like taking your seventeen-dollar-a-week job and throwing it in the manager's face, because you felt it wasn't getting you anywhere, and never would?

In short, don't you feel like being yourself instead of what people or circumstances want to make you be?

Well, then, read the fable of Dot Mulligan, the Small-Town Girl who was herself, and, as a result, is getting many dollars a month and a growing spot in the Hollywood limelight!



Dot Mulligan found that she wasn't getting anywhere in particular in her home town of Indianola, Ia. So she bustled her way to the screen as Lola Lane. See that old Mulligan spirit in her eyes?

DOROTHY MULLIGAN began by being born in a town called Indianola, which is in Iowa, and has about three thousand inhabitants. Lots of other girls were born there, and are still there—not so much because they want to be, thinks Dorothy Mulligan, but because they just didn't have the courage to cash out.

Dorothy decided early in life, although she couldn't have expressed it so succinctly then, to be her own woman.

Maybe that's why it was that she scandalized the town one Sunday by waiting until church was letting out—and getting out in front of the horrified townspeople and dancing a particularly violent Charleston (which was what they were dancing at the time this happened).

"There's that Mulligan kid again," they said. "She'll never amount to anything." (As a matter of fact, Dorothy Mulligan is going back to Indianola this summer—and the townspeople are going to pay the unheard-of sum of five dollars apiece to see and compliment her. But that's later on in the story.)

In her early teens, the Mulligan kid knew she wanted to be something besides maybe a nice Indianola housewife and sewing circle member, or maybe a farmer's wife. She didn't know just what she wanted to be, but she didn't want to be what her mama and her townsfolk thought a properly-raised Indianola girl ought to be.

So she got a job in the movie house, playing the piano. For seven dollars a week. "So the Mulligan girl has settled down," they said. "Now maybe she'll marry a nice Indianola boy, and she could give piano lessons, too."

But in a little while, Dorothy Mulligan knew this was not what she wanted.

"Isn't it foolish to sit here ten or eleven hours a day,

thumping piano keys for seven dollars a week, when right before me I see girls on the screen who are making much more?" she said to herself.

So she went to the manager and quit! Quit a good job for no reason that anybody could understand—except herself, who knew that she wasn't being herself staying there.

"I don't want to be a small-town girl," said Dorothy to herself.

So her mother let her go to Des Moines, which was a big town to her. "I didn't know what I wanted to do," says the girl who was that Dorothy Mulligan, now, "but I knew I didn't want to stay in Indianola."

She went to an employment agency and sat down. The manager bawled: "Who wants a job in an ice-cream factory?" Everybody jumped up, but Dorothy Mulligan jumped the fastest. She got the job.

Fifteen a week. Here was success!—she learned how to make ice cream and cardboard boxes, and to sweep floors.

But she knew darned well that this wasn't what she wanted. Maybe some other girl might have stuck there, and become the Ice-Cream Queen of the country, with a chain of ice-cream factories or something. But it wasn't Dorothy's field. So she quit, with only forty cents in her pocket. She spent twenty-five of it for a sundae, and went back to the employment agency.

THIS time she got a job in a little notions store. It paid her seventeen dollars a week. Maybe, said Dorothy to herself, this was the beginning of a great commercial career. Who could tell? She would try it. She did—for four weeks. At the end of that time, she had saved enough to buy a new pair of shoes; had decided that commerce was not her *metier*, and had made up her mind to stay a couple of weeks longer before quitting, in order to save enough for a pair of stockings.

But the owner of the store came to her and said he had to let her go.

"Why?" demanded Dorothy.

"My wife," said the owner. "She is jealous of you. For four weeks she has been looking [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

The Story of a Girl Who Just Wouldn't Settle Down!



Such Chorus Girls!

TH**ERE** are three hundred chorus girls in Hollywood who:
 —never appear in public without their mothers
 —have never smoked a cigarette
 —have never all their

lives known the taste of liquor or gone to wild parties
 —are in bed every night at eight-thirty or even before that
 —have never been inside a night club or a speakeasy
 —have never had their pictures in the Sunday supplements
 —wouldn't know a butter and egg man even if they saw one
 —have never been mixed up in any sort of nasty scandal
 And, what's more, they're all young and beautiful!

Ah-ha, you doubt it! Very well, you old cynic! These little paragons of virtue are the Meglin Kiddies, who turn out dancing and singing revues. The babes have already made three two-reelers, "The Big Revue," "Kiddie Kabaret," and "Hello, Sunshine." They're going to make a lot more, for they sing, they dance, they play musical instruments and they even master the ceremonies.

Ethel Meglin started it some years ago by sending out kid vaudeville acts, and a few months ago Jules Burnstein saw the possibility of film material and signed them all up.

No child is over twelve. The youngest ones are four, and in that line of capering kids there are, no doubt, many stars of the future.

WH**EN** there are two hundred children on the set there are twenty teachers who instruct them in the more prosaic reading, writing and arithmetic between waltz clogs and flip flops. They would work until they dropped—these kids—but they're only allowed to dance for four hours at a time. Then they must rest for two. If you think they can't do anything the grown-ups can do, you should see the way they dash off cartwheels and nip-ups.

Because it is everybody's aim to keep them as natural and unspoiled as possible they are allowed the liberty of the lot.

When the ice cream wagon comes around they all quit work

But when Director Dallas Fitzgerald wants them together he has the orchestra start playing their numbers. They come quickly enough then. They're afraid of missing something.

The other day, right in the midst of a scene, they heard the tinkle of an ice cream wagon. Two seconds later the set was

deserted and until every chocolate and strawberry cone was finished they could not be persuaded to return. Real chorus girls are lured by *pâté de foie gras* and Lobster Newburgh. A nice gumdrop will work havoc with the Meglin kiddies.

Director Fitzgerald says: "I never want to direct another grown-up. These kids are so easy to handle. They don't get moody or cross, and I've only had one case of temperament. We took two kids out and gave them a specialty. They thought they were prima donnas and didn't want to work in the line. But we fixed that up all right. You can't spank a temperamental adult star, you see.

"I keep the kids from being spoiled by keeping them at their distance, by not making too much of them. Kids are smarter than you think and they're quick to catch on. They know just by a look in my eye when they're getting too fresh."

MR**S.** M**EGLIN** declares that it takes about three months to get a youngster who is bright and quick ready for the most difficult chorus work. In two weeks she can tell whether or not the child has ability.

The mothers are not allowed in the rehearsal hall, but they flock on the set to watch their offspring go through their paces. The mamas are as appreciative of talent as the old-fashioned bald-headed row at the "Follies."

And these babies can do anything, from the most difficult toe work to the peppiest jazz numbers.

Here are the potential Garbos, the Chattertons, the Bows of 1910 and 1950. Their dancing feet can't get too far off the ground with Director Fitzgerald to keep them in place. But their bright eyes are already focused on the stars—and they mean to be numbered among them, someday when they, too, are grown-up ladies.

Those Two GOOFY Guys



Now, now, now! Here's Mr. Stan Laurel about to begin his famous whimper because Mr. Oliver Hardy has criticized his use of the pickle-fork. Please lend Stan a hankie!

The stern Mr. Oliver Hardy. He has just detected Mr. Laurel on the point of picking his teeth in the ballroom, and is about to spank. Center, the comical boys playing straight

THREE and a half years ago Stan Laurel and Oliver "Babe" Hardy were just a couple of bright boys knocking about Mr. Hal Roach's studio. Today the world is laughing at them. They are billed over feature pictures with sex appeal heroines in theater electric. They are inserted in initial talkies of grand opera baritones. This, to their regret.

They are the comedy sensations of the season. And all because they have learned, by a lucky stroke, that the public likes to see itself caricatured on the screen; that the public can laugh at the maunderings of a fat man who shakes a warning pudgy forefinger at a sensitive simpleton who is prone to weep.

They must be a success because they are waylaid for autographs. They are asked to talk over the radio. Festive nights are given for them at leading hotels. Fans, loitering in preview theater lobbies, sidle up and ask Stan to cry. Cry like he does in pictures.

"And I don't like to cry," said Stan, wrinkling his nose over the baked barracuda.

"There, there! You won't have to cry."

Babe looked relieved, because he was in on this, too. He had laryngitis, and was eating chocolate ice cream for it.

"I don't like to cry," said Stan, smiling bravely as he forked the barracuda.

And you won't have to, or we'll know the reason why, won't we, Oliver? But Oliver was folding the rich yellow blobs of a pitcher of cream into the dark loam of the ice cream. He weighs well over two hundred and fifty, and his middle name is Norvell. He was reared to be an attorney, in Atlanta, Georgia. And he's married.

Oliver is the punctilious gentleman of the comedies; the dainty, particular dear who is social mentor for Stan. You've noticed it in their thirty-two comedies. He is the one who gently chides Stan when Stan does the wrong thing. He is the exasperated darling who puffs his cheeks and looks long and hard at Stan when, say, he drops the eclair down the hostess' back.

But Stan is the one who whimpers. He is the one who

By

Dorothy Spensley

crests his brows, blinks his eyes, gulps, draws his lips into a quivering, wounded slit, and weeps. He is the underdog with the lachrymose pan.

To us, he will always be Whimpering

Stan. Everywhere he goes they ask him to weep. That's why he doesn't like to cry. Even when he goes home at night, Lois, his four-year-old, meets him at the gate with a request for daddy to weep. His wife has laughed at his whining pan for six years.

Oliver drives a sportive coupe, and Stan a Ford. But when Stan takes the family out on a Sunday it's in a Pierce-Arrow. Who thinks of the gags?

"We both do," says Whimpering Stan, grinning.

"We both do," says Punctilious Oliver, soberly.

It takes three men to make the Laurel and Hardy comedies. Stan writes the skeleton story and takes it to the set where Jim Parrot, director, brother of Charlie Chase, another Roach comedian, and Oliver, go into a huddle.

THE laugh-getting gags are worked out as they shoot. It takes seven days to make a comedy that must elicit seventy-five laughs. They count the laughs at previews. That's what they call "clocking" a comedy. If it "clocks" less than that, something is wrong. One comedy brought one hundred and twenty laughs. A record. The comedies are usually two-reels. If they sustain the laugh interest, they are allowed to run two and a half or three.

What does the public laugh at? Homely situations, mostly. Everyday occurrences. Consider "A Perfect Day." It's built on the simple situation of a family preparing for a picnic, packing the basket, assisting gouty uncle to the balky Ford. "Night Owls" is not built so much on the antics of thieves, but rather the utter idiocy of two humans trying to enter a house without a key. Ordinary stuff. Everyday situations, but etched by comedy hands; seen through the merry squint of comedy eyes.

Whimpering Stan has more to do with the comedies than he reticently admits, it is said. It is he who plants the seed of the story and watches it bloom into something funny. A man of about forty, with blond hair and live blue eyes, he has seen plenty of stage experience. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]



Bebe and Ben



A clear-cut etching of that beautiful Daniels girl, whose voice has brought her new fame and fortune

Bebe, Mother and Grandma, who is the champion fortune teller of Malibu Beach. "Bebe," asks the soothsayer, "can this ace of hearts be that flying boy of yours that you call Ben?"

THE things Bebe Daniels loves most are beefsteak, bridge, Ben Lyon, buying antiques and being busy on the set.

She dislikes kibitzers, eggs, *poseurs*, hats and French novels. She's never been married, and she and Ben Lyon have been talking a long time, now, about getting that way. They say the only reason they're not married is because they've never found time to be. But they've bought a Rolls-Royce on a fifty-fifty basis, and that's a step. They're a great bridge team, too, and clean up at every bridge party where they're playing together.

Bridge is Bebe's main hobby now. She has lots of others, though—collecting elephants and swords and antiques, for instance. As for bridge, although she's a keen player herself, she doesn't blister her partners with hot words for misplays. "Life's too short," she says.

When she's not playing herself, she loves to watch other people play bridge. But she doesn't kibitz. And she won't tolerate a kibitzer behind her own chair, either. She can give a grand burlesque of a bridge kibitzer, though. And also of affected asses.

Food is no problem at all in the Daniels' scheme. She's one of the few lucky picture girls who doesn't have to diet to keep her

By Harry Lang

weight down. Contrariwise, she sometimes has to go to a "milk farm" between pictures to build her weight up. Beef-steaks and lamb chops are pet foods for Bebe. Rare, medium or well-done? Doesn't matter. And she loves spicy sauces.

Her tastes in food are wide. She has no extreme likes or dislikes. Why, she even likes spinach. She made herself like it because the doctor told her she ought to eat it. Now she misses it and scolds the cook when there isn't spinach two or three times a week. Eggs are out. They are not food to Bebe; they're medicine. Voice medicine. She swallows one raw, right after a heavy singing session. Her music master told her it's good for her throat, so she takes them that way.

Breakfast to Bebe is a tray in bed. Hilda brings it to her. Hilda's her personal maid; been with her nearly six years. Hilda is English, and she can't understand why Bebe drinks the "slop" she calls tea. "We English," says Hilda, "like our tea *tea*. But Miss Daniels why, she likes it so weak that it barely colors the 'ot water."

Tea weak—and coffee double strong, as a contrast. Bebe sticks to the weak tea for breakfast, and then as soon as she reaches her dressing room at the studio, she has another cup of it. But from then on, she drinks hot, black, extra strong

coffee all day long. There's a little kitchenette in her dressing quarters, and Hilda keeps the coffee going all the time.

"She's a lovely woman," says Hilda of Bebe. "When one works as intimately with a person as I have with Miss Daniels for more than five years, and still loves and likes her, that person has to be someone real."

Hilda's going back 'ome to England this year. She says she doesn't know how she'll get along without Bebe—or how Bebe'll get along without her.

Incidentally, getting back to the food topic, Bebe begins and finishes the day with a tray in bed. Hilda brings her breakfast, as I started to say—weak tea, melba toast, a bit of fruit. When Bebe goes to bed at night, no matter what the hour may be, Hilda has to bring her another tray. "A bit o' lettuce, with maybe a chicken leg or so."

SLEEP is one thing Bebe is particular about. She works hard. She knows she needs a certain amount of sleep. She loves parties, and her house is almost always the scene of a gathering of friends. But love hoopa though she does, Bebe will leave the party no later than eleven o'clock and go upstairs and to bed so she'll be fresh for the cameras by morning. The party can keep on going.

Her talkie-discovered singing voice is a treasure she guards jealously. At least one hour each day and every day—Sundays included—goes to her voice. And always with the professor by her side. She never practices alone, the professor told her not to. Anyway, she can't because she can't play the piano. She plays well the ukulele, guitar and victrola.

She believes people can't enjoy life to the fullest without having a hobby or two. Her grandma, who's eighty-three, didn't have any hobbies at all. That worried Bebe. She decided grandma ought to go in for collecting dolls. So Bebe began buying dolls for her until grandma's house is now cluttered up with them. The biggest is four feet tall. The smallest is a dead flea, dressed up in evening clothes. Incidentally, grandma weighs ninety-six. Bebe calls her "Baby," and holds her on her lap.

Bebe's own hobbies are numerous. One is collecting knives, swords, blades of all kinds. She's a great fencer herself, and foils form an important part of the cutlery collection. Elephants are another subject—she has more than two hundred of them, ranging from tiny hand-carved ivory ones to big fellows standing three feet high.

Houses and antiques are another hobby. She's built three houses and furnished them—mostly with veritable antiques of her own choosing. She loves gold furnishings, too. Her dressing room is a symphony in gold. Contrasting with her love for the antique motif in her homes is her dressing room, ultra modern in line.

Among her favorite possessions are two frames. One contains an autographed photo of Thomas Alva Edison—and she hates bright lights and has all her electric bulbs heavily shaded. The other is a frame enclosing a picture of her and the airmail pilot with whom she flew across the continent, together with several notes that were passed between them when the motor of the plane went bad.

"If this damned motor gets worse we'll have to make a forced landing," reads one note in the pilot's scrawl. Beside it is the note which Bebe passed to him a few minutes later: "How's the damned motor now?" The damned motor lasted all right, and there wasn't any forced landing.

BEBE'S an aviation enthusiast. She has a student pilot's license, and hopes to be a full-fledged transport pilot soon. Ben Lyon is teaching her. Her fearlessness helps her. Physical injury doesn't worry her at all. During her picture career, she's had twenty bones broken at various times.

Everybody knows what a sportswoman she is. Archery, fencing, swimming, riding, flying, driving, tennis—all these are among her accomplishments. She loves to drive her own car and steps on it for all it's worth. Speed is her mania. She says the speed of an airplane helps her to think fast. When she's working out a new rôle, she likes to plan it while flying. No horse is too wild for her. And she swims like a mermaid.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

A New Star Rises!

"LADIES OF LEISURE," the Columbia picture of a little trampish girl in love, was unrolling.

Halfway through, the audience choked up. Something was happening. Silence was broken by a buzz.

There was a new sensation in the world of pictures!

Not just a cry of "Wolf!"—a real, beautiful, thrilling wonder had been born.

It was Barbara Stanwyck, whose performance in "Ladies of Leisure" is one of the greatest yet given in the adolescent talkies. It is truly thrilling. A star's been born, and we are proud to cry her welcome.

Some were prepared for what the lovely Stanwyck girl had to offer. They had seen her as *Bonnie* opposite Hal Skelly's *Skid* in that great play, "Burlesque." They had heard her sing "Love's Old Sweet Song" as its second act drew to a close—and seen the ushers running down the aisle with mops to take up buckets of spilled tears. But the other millions, they hadn't known. The great body of fans, perhaps, had not even heard of this beautiful young girl who possesses emotional power and acting talent that are really amazing. They will now!



She Was One of Texas
Guinan's Little Girls

Only a few years ago, Barbara Stanwyck was just one of Texas Guinan's pretty children who get "a great big hand" for their singing and dancing. Into her lap tumbled the fine leading rôle in "Burlesque," and she caught New York's heart and fancy.

When her husband, Frank Fay, the comic, went West for films, Barbara sort of went along.

As he caught on with Warners, she fell into a film job or two. Played in "The Locked Door." Did the lead in "Mexicali Rose." And then came this rôle in "Ladies of Leisure,"—and her work that any star in the history of pictures would be proud to have done.

We're rushing this piece into the magazine to reach out our hands to the new star and say "Welcome!" With the help of Frank Capra's magnificent direction and Jo Swerling's air-tight dialogue, Barbara Stanwyck is among the elect.

So good luck, Barbara! You're in a fair way to be one of the truly greats. Keep your head! And you, Columbia, you have a gem. Treat and feed her well, give her good parts. You'll be happy, Barbara will be happy. And so will we, the fans!



SHE came to light in "The Marriage Playground." She was a hit in "Honey," with her grand clowning. And in "Paramount on Parade" she brings houses tumbling down with her Chevalier impersonation. And here is Mitzie Green, just nine, in her own Hollywood garden.

By
Elaine
Ogden

Inside the Monitor Room

IN a little room perched high above the sound stage, away from the temperament and excitement and petty chatter of the set, overlooking the beauty and glamour of the studio world, sits a solitary man anxiously toying with what appear to be four or five radio dials.

Technically, he is known as a "mixer."

They call him God around the studios and a god indeed he is, since he controls the destinies of the famous ones of film-land. All the strange and beautiful favorites who delight you are in his power. He is the *Jove* of Hollywood, the *Ilottan* of the screen world. He sits high above the stars and looks down upon them.

This little room, which contains only him and a loud speaker, is called a monitor room. It is, really, Mount Olympus and Valhalla. He sits before his row of dials. He turns one ever so slightly. He turns another. The voices from the stage below thunder out at him. He can make or break the stars.

I don't pretend to know how it's done, but I do know that that little room is more dramatic and exciting than the satin-draped dressing rooms of the stars, or the mahogany-paneled conference chambers of the executives. Fate and the mixer enact their rôles.

THIS mixer fellow is the man of the moment.

I can't go into technicalities.

The effort I made to understand and untangle the maze of such scientific phrases as "high and low frequency," "controls," "re-recording" and the rest would give me a worse headache than Hollywood gin. I can't tell you why the mixer controls the voice fate of the stars.

And, although the sound engineers are very fussy about hearing their deeds reported correctly, I can make no attempt at it.

I know only this, that I've sat breathless in that little monitor room (approached by a flight of steep stairs, barren except for the loud speaker) and felt as if I were in the presence of Fate.

When you're down on the set below you may glance up and see the mixer sitting there, an ordinary enough looking worker behind his double plate glass window. But when you're there with him, looking down upon that same set, hearing the voices



Here he sits, fussing with his gadgets high above the set—the all-powerful Man in the Monitor Room, who sees that the voices of the players come out of the horn just as sweetly as they went into the microphone. He is the uncrowned ruler of the studios, these talkie days

of the great ones below, you realize the power, drama and strange beauty—beautiful because of its very force—of the monitor room. You know that by a touch the mixer can make them. By another touch he can break them. He has more power than the camera man ever had.

Meet the new god of the studios. We unlock the door of the mystery room of the talkie stages and show you the man inside—the magician who can make or break the voices of the stars



For the voice is more important than the face in these trying days. Time was when the stars brought large red apples daily to their favorite cameraman. He was master then. Little extra girls begged for his advice about make-up and angles. Great actresses sought him out for consultations.

For he—this cameraman—could photograph a mediocre face and make it look like an angel's. By a simple twist of the lights he could turn the divine profile of a Helen of Troy into a hateful caricature.

The cameraman still has his place, of course, but the voice

has superseded the face. It is that little man who photographs the voice, the mixer, who is the big shot at the studios now.

In the old days the stars used to insist on their favorite cameraman. Now they struggle for the best mixer. Ramon Novarro has Ralph Shugart mix all his talking pictures. He will have no other. And, because Ramon is a technician as well as an artist, he works hand and hand with his mixer, and seeks him out for his words of wisdom.

Like the once all-powerful cameraman, the mixer has no illusions. He knows what he can and can't do with the voices in his power. He knows all the little speech foibles and vanities of the stars. He knows that he controls their destinies and could, if he chose, ruin any scene for them.

HIS a hard-boiled guy, this god of the high places. With very few exceptions, the mixer likes a natural voice. Maybe you've welcomed the horde of new stage folk with open arms. As a rule they are, to the mixer, just another monkey wrench in the machinery.

These "legit" people are always talking to that slightly deaf old gentleman in the last row of the gallery. They have been taught for years to throw their voices, to give volume. That's bad on the sensitive ears of the microphone. The mixer will give them all the volume they need if they'll let him. That's his little job.

As a rule, the stage people are arbitrary. They feel that they have nothing to learn. And, as a matter of fact, they have more to overcome than the screen folk. They must forget entirely the old technique. The sons and daughters of Hollywood are natural. They don't go tossing their voices all over the place.

The great stage stars, the ones who have carved their particular niches in celluloid, are the ones who have worked with the mixers and have taken their sound advice (no pun, either, there you!).

Paul Neil was the recording man on Lawrence Tibbett's "The Rogue Song." The volume of the baritone's notes shattered many a sensitive tube. Nothing, apparently, could be done about it, until at last Neil hit upon this simple and efficacious method.

I PLACED my microphones as best I could," he said. "I put the dials at what I thought the proper place. Then I went to the other side of the room, stopped up my ears and trusted to God. That's all you can do with Tibbett." And that you may take with a grain of salt, because Neil did a careful and superb job with "The Rogue Song."

Franklin Hansen, now head mixer at Paramount, who was responsible for the sound in "The Vagabond King," had like trouble with Dennis King. King is, by far, the most dramatic actor on the lot. Sometimes in just one scene his voice ranges from the lowest whisper to the highest shout, and if he were held down, if he were told to be more careful, the beauty and dramatic power of his performance would be gone. So it is the mixer's job to follow him and record him properly. The mixer must catch the low whisper as well as the high notes.

During rehearsals the mixer saw about what was expected and worked the dials accordingly, but King is an artist, an emotional artist, and he never did the scene twice alike. The mixer had to be just one jump ahead of him and try to figure out his next vocal move.

Maurice Chevalier, too, was difficult. He spoke his lines very low and quietly. He sang his songs loudly. But Ernst Lubitsch, who directed "The Love Parade," is a careful workman. He demanded absolute perfection. He insisted that every word be sharp and distinct and nothing was too difficult for him to attempt.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

It is the DUTY of Every Lover of Good Pictures



To Vote for the Best of the Year

Every Vote Counts. So
Send in Your Vote Today

HAVE you cast your vote for the best picture of 1929?
Better get busy!

Remember, the annual award of the PHOTOPLAY gold medal is the highest honor in the world of motion pictures. Moreover, it is the only award going direct from the millions of film fans to the makers of pictures.

Remember, too, the high standards of previous awards. The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor was designed as a reward to the producer making the best picture in points of story, acting, direction and photography.

PHOTOPLAY also wishes voters to consider the ideals and motives governing the picture's production.

Remember all this when you cast your vote and remember, as well, the great array of previous gold medal winners. These nine winners of gold medals present a veritable panorama of motion picture progress over the years.

Two things make the 1929 award notable. First, it is the tenth annual presentation of the medal. Second, it will probably go for the first time to a talking picture—that amazing product of the newest art whose full development has come since the last Medal was awarded.

A list of fifty important pictures released during 1929 is appended to this page. It is not necessary, of course, for you to select one of these pictures. You may vote for any picture released during the twelve months of last year.

If you want pictures to continue their upward trend in quality, here is your chance to do your share by expressing your opinion through this ballot.

In case of a tie in the voting, equal awards will be made to each of the winning producers.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.

In view of the great developments in pictures, we feel that it is your pleasant duty and real privilege to send us your ballot for the best picture released in 1929!

Winners of Photoplay Medal

- 1920
"Humoresque"
- 1921
"Tol'able David"
- 1922
"Robin Hood"
- 1923
"The Covered Wagon"
- 1924
"Abraham Lincoln"
- 1925
"The Big Parade"
- 1926
"Beau Geste"
- 1927
"7th Heaven"
- 1928
"Four Sons"

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 1929.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1929

<i>Alibi</i>	<i>Gold Diggers of Broadway</i>	<i>Saturday Night Kid, The</i>
<i>Blackmail</i>	<i>Hallelujah</i>	<i>Shopworn Angel, The</i>
<i>Broadway</i>	<i>Hollywood Rensue of 1929</i>	<i>Show Boat</i>
<i>Broadway Melody, The</i>	<i>In Old Arizona</i>	<i>Sins of the Fathers</i>
<i>Bulldog Drummond</i>	<i>Iron Mask, The</i>	<i>Sunny Side U p</i>
<i>Canary Murder Case, The</i>	<i>Kiss, The</i>	<i>Sweetie</i>
<i>Case of Lena Smith, The</i>	<i>Lady Lies, The</i>	<i>Taming of the Shrew</i>
<i>Close Harmony</i>	<i>Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The</i>	<i>They Had to See Paris</i>
<i>Cork Eyed World, The</i>	<i>Letter, The</i>	<i>Thunderbolt</i>
<i>Coquette</i>	<i>Love Parade, The</i>	<i>Trespasser, The</i>
<i>Dance of Life, The</i>	<i>Madame X</i>	<i>Trial of Mary Dugan, The</i>
<i>Desert Song, The</i>	<i>Marianne</i>	<i>Virginian, The</i>
<i>Disraeli</i>	<i>On with the Show</i>	<i>Wearry River</i>
<i>Doctor's Secret, The</i>	<i>Our Modern Maidens</i>	<i>Wild Orchids</i>
<i>Dynamite</i>	<i>Pagan, The</i>	<i>Woman of Affairs, A</i>
<i>Fashions in Love</i>	<i>Paris Bound</i>	<i>Young Nowheres</i>
<i>Four Feathers, The</i>	<i>Rio Rita</i>	

Miss Elizabeth Altemus of Philadelphia



A FAVORITE IN SOCIETY, SHE IS AN EXPERT HORSEWOMAN AND A DASHING GENTLEWOMAN JOCKEY

CLASSIC beauty, reflected in a modern mirror . . . a flawless profile, the perfect oval of a face that Phidias might have chiseled in an Athenian frieze . . . the silky chestnut hair is parted in the Grecian manner, the firm young skin is fine and lustrous as Attic marble.

Yet this classic beauty is a debutant young modern, Miss Elizabeth Altemus of an old Philadelphia family prominent since before the Revolution . . . an expert horsewoman and dashing gentlewoman jockey who rides her colors, purple and fuchsia, in many a hard-won race.

To live so actively in the open, yet to keep one's skin so radiantly smooth and fine means taking pains! Like many other lovely society women, Miss Altemus has discovered the most satisfactory complexion care.

"I have found the perfect protection, Pond's," she says. "The Cold Cream cleanses perfectly. I never use any other

The Cleansing Tissues take the cream off easily and completely.

"The Skin Freshener is well named! And the Vanishing Cream makes a wonderful powder base, especially good for evening."

You, too, should follow the four steps of Pond's swift, sure Method:

During the day first, for thorough

cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Wait to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Next—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, absorbent.

Pond—briskly dab with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, keep contours young.

Then—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.



POND'S FOUR FAMOUS PRODUCTS

SEND FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

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How to

As told to KATHERINE ALBERT by

Evelyn Brent

"A GIRL may be appealing for ever so many reasons," says Evelyn Brent, the star whose own magnetism has proved so irresistible on the screen. "But the most compelling charm of all is smooth, soft skin.

"An exquisite complexion, somehow, is *always* alluring. It attracts and holds attention as nothing else will.

"Long ago the directors in Hollywood found out that no girl could hope to win out on the screen unless she has the kind of skin that makes you fairly gasp with admiration. The close-ups, you know, are taken under glaring lights that would show up mercilessly even a tiny blemish.

"And now that the talkies are here, there

are more close-ups to face than ever, so you may be sure we all take mighty good care of our skin!

"I can't remember who began it," this charming star goes on, "but now almost every girl in Hollywood uses the same method I do—regular cleansing with Lux Toilet Soap. We find it most refreshing. Indeed it is Hollywood's favorite soap.

"So naturally when girls write to ask me the secret of being attractive, I'd like to say to every one: *Keep your skin really lovely—smooth and flawless. You can do it just the way we screen stars do.*"

Hollywood—Broadway—Europe
9 out of 10 lovely stars use
Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. On Broadway the stage stars are equally enthusiastic. And even in the European capitals the screen stars are now using this fragrant white soap.

You will be delighted with the fresh smoothness it gives *your* skin!



(Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood)

(Above) MARY BRIAN, exquisite Paramount star, in the bathroom designed by a well-known New York artist and built for her in Hollywood. She says: "A star just must have a smooth skin if she is to face those cruel close-up lights successfully. I find Lux Toilet Soap so very pleasing and soothing. I wouldn't be without it!"



Ravishingly lovely in the close-up is EVELYN BRENT!



ATTRACT



(Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood)

(Above) EVELYN BRENT, beautiful Columbia star, has a skin so exquisite she faces the glaring close-up lights with the utmost confidence. Not only in her own luxurious bathroom, but on location as well, she uses Lux Toilet Soap, for this daintly fragrant soap is *official* in all the great film studios. "The most compelling charm of all," she says, "is smooth, soft skin. You can keep your skin lovely just as we screen stars do, by using Lux Toilet Soap regularly."



AGNES AYRES is one of 511 charming Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin. "It's so soothing and refreshing to the skin," she says. "I am certainly delighted with it."

(Below) LOIS MORAN, adorable young Fox star, has the exquisite, creamy skin which is so necessary to stardom. Like hundreds of other lovely stars, she cares for her complexion regularly with Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "Nice skin is really *essential* to a star's success. Lux Toilet Soap is really a lovely soap. I depend on it to keep my skin smooth and clear."

(Photo by Clarence Hewitt, Hollywood)



LUX Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway—
and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Movie usher in one of these "intimate" theaters: "Sorry, gentlemen! The feature is over, and we've got to close the theater!"



Reeling Around

with

Dedication for a New Talkie Theater

*Within this temple of the talkie art
You'll get free coffee, and a cherry tart.*

*You'll find an art exhibit in the lobby,
And play some ping-pong, if such is your hobby.*

*The ushers have been drilled by a Marine.
Smoking's permitted in the mezzanine.*

*You're welcome, too, to dance to raddio,
And watch the ermine-coated come and go.*

*And when you've had your fun, with never a stricture,
You may (though we don't promise!) see a picture!*

Good Mean Fun

The census is reported to have played havoc in Hollywood. The Motion Picture news says one star tried to cancel her contract when she found that she would be counted as only one inhabitant of the United States. . . . Another motion picture publication says, of the new Paramount leading woman, that "Marlene Dietrich resembles Greta Garbo and the late Jeanne Eagels, and speaks perfect English." Now if she can grin like Chevalier and sing like Tibbett, I concede her a faint chance in Hollywood. . . . Edna Ferber's famous story, "So Big," was a six-reel silent picture in the old days. It is to be made a two-reel talkie. The new title, I suspect, is "Not So Big." . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer started it with its now-famous line, "Garbo Talks." Paramount is reported chiming in with "Clara Bow Sings." And that's just when the argument begins. . . . A horse named "Greta Garbo," owned by M. Lewis Chanler of France, will probably be entered in the famous Epsom Derby (pronounced "darby," as in "hat"). A chance for us Garbo-maniacs to win some dough. She'll win by a slouch!

Leonard Hall

Gag of the Month Club

This month's prize, a rubber shoe horn, is awarded to Miss Frances McCoy, Broadway actress, now a babe in the Hollywoods.

On the way out she stopped for a look at the Grand Canyon. Frances gazed in silence at the colorful gulch for several minutes. She spoke.

"Oh boy, oh boy!" said La McCoy. "They certainly do make everything in Technicolor out here!"

Getting Personal

A police station has been built on the site of Mary Pickford's Toronto birthplace. . . . Incidentally, there are thirty-seven speaking parts in Mary's new film, "Forever Yours." . . . Harry Richman, whose name seems to have been mentioned somewhere in connection with Clara Bow's, has been escorting Marion Roberts, show girl, about Broadway. . . . For the first time in five years, William Powell is appearing in a picture without his habitual moustache. . . . Sally O'Neil played in twelve talkies in a year. . . . Maurice Chevalier's favorite noon snack is Swiss cheese on rye, while Helen Morgan goes for a double portion of breast of chicken. . . . Paris will soon take the honor of having the world's largest picture house away from New York's Roxy. The Gaumont Palace is being remade to seat 8,000. Roxy's seats 6,000. . . . In Great Britain a film company is making comedy and singing shorts to be shown in saloons. Would America need that bait? . . . In mid-April "Gold Diggers of Broadway" had grossed \$2,400,000, with plenty of country precincts yet to be heard from. . . . Though happily married to Maurice Cleary, May McAvoy is studying voice, French and Spanish with an eye on a film return. . . . Hollywood was making six pictures at once, recently, each featuring scenes in New York pent-houses. Paramount started it with "The Lady Lies," with its advertising "Pent-up Pent-house Love." . . . Although C. B. De Mille has always been kidded as "The Bath Tub King," he has used tubs in only seven of his fifty-six pictures. . . . The Rialto Theater, Hamilton, O., made a tie-up with the street railway of the town by which transfers are honored for ten cents at the week-day matinees. . . .



*Some women are 30
some are 40
but some are eternal!*

Many a young-looking woman of forty praises salines for the beauty they bring her!

WHY do some women age more rapidly than others? The creams they use? The skill with which they use them?

Very probably not! For nearly all women today are skilled in the use of beauty aids — but, sad to relate, not all women pay half enough attention to the day-by-day state of their well-being.

The women who are eternally young in spirits and appearance are those who care for themselves not only from *without*, but from *within*. They keep themselves internally clean. And, to this end, they use the saline laxative whose complexion-improving qualities are internationally famous — Sal Hepatica.

To keep the body young and healthy,

the saline method is approved by physicians everywhere. Across the sea, women who value their beauty visit regularly the wonderful saline springs and spas and, on their doctors' advice, drink daily of these health-giving waters. When the course is completed their

complexions are freshened—their health improved—their joy of life increased.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your bloodstream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

Get a bottle today. Whenever constipation threatens your complexion with blemishes and "broken out" spots, take Sal Hepatica. And send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", telling how Sal Hepatica helps relieve many common ills.



* * *

BRISTOL-MYERS Co., Dept. G70, 71 West St., N. Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

* * *

Sal Hepatica

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



TWO portraits of quite a batch of young ladies. The girl on the left is a lot like the late lamented Jeanne Eagels, about the nose and brow, and there's a hint of Phyllis Haver. The lady on the right is very much Garbo. Both are Marlene Dietrich, new Paramount player from Germany. Now if she can act like her features—

Its Bubbles wash Impurities from Between the Teeth

Colgate's not only polishes the smooth outer surfaces . . . but also washes out the tiny crevices where ordinary brushing can't reach. Thus, it cleans teeth completely.

MERE surface polishing of teeth is only *half* cleansing. Danger lurks in the spaces between teeth; in the tiny fissures where food particles collect and where decay may begin.

Colgate's cleanses these hard-to-reach places. Its bubbling, sparkling foam penetrates the crevices; softens the deposits and flushes them away in a hygienic wave of complete cleanliness.

This Colgate foam is unique. Scientific tests prove that it has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading toothpastes. Its washing action is amazingly thorough. After brushing with Colgate's, your mouth *feels* clean . . . because it *is* clean . . . as no other toothpaste *can* clean.

Colgate's polishes teeth brilliantly . . . using the soft, chalk powder which all dentists use for this purpose. But any good toothpaste will polish the teeth. Colgate's, *in addition* to polishing, gives the *extra* protection of a thorough washing action which makes the cleansing operation *complete*.

Superiority in cleansing and economy have made Colgate's the most popular toothpaste on earth . . . used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice made.



Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the Largest Selling Toothpaste in the World



If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder. It has the same superior cleansing power as the cream.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, slick toothpaste having high "surface-tension" fails to penetrate deep down into the crevices, cleaning them completely where the tooth-decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's foaming "surface-tension" penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleaning them completely where the tooth-decay may lurk.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M 607, P. O. Box 175, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C. Please send a free copy of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream with this issue. How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy.

Name.....

Address.....



THE Girls and the Big Bull Fiddle—one of the remarkable chorus numbers in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's old-timers' revue called, during its production, "The March of Time." With the dancing girls on the bridge in the center, and the violin chorus below, it's a thrilling bit of music in motion

The facade of Tejero's salon on the fashionable thoroughfare Cortes Street, in Barcelona, Spain, is shown at the right. Tejero's reputation as a skin specialist gives added weight to his endorsement of Palmolive Soap, which he considers the best and the simplest way to care for the skin at home.



"How dare you mistreat your complexion

when it is so easy to use this Palmolive daily care?"

asks TEJERO of Barcelona,
distinguished beauty specialist



"Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day—and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty.

"If soap irritates your face that means that you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive . . . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin."

J. Tejero

BARCELONA

19,813 experts will tell you this

Tejero knows—as do the great experts all over the world—how much your skin needs soap and water. There are some accumulations in the pores that can only be reached by a lather such as Palmolive gives.

And if these impurities are not routed out, they soon form into tiny, hard masses which, develop into blackheads and pimples, causing enlarged pores and other blemishes to beauty.

"Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day," says Tejero, "and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty. Massage a fine lather of Palmolive

into the skin—so—rinse it off with refreshing clear water—to icy-cold temperature. A bit of my Epidermic Tejero is then refreshing. If you do this you will have a complexion smooth and naturally fresh."

The choice of specialists

Palmolive is the choice of professional beauty experts because it is made of nature's finest cosmetic oils. Its color is that of the palm and olive oils alone. Their natural odor makes the addition of heavy perfumes unnecessary. Since the days of Cleopatra these vegetable oils have been considered best for facial care.

Use Palmolive for face and bath. Try its effects for yourself. Begin right away.

No product ever had such tremendous professional approval! 19,813 beauty shops advise Palmolive Soap!



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR Broadcast every Wednesday night from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5239 A

When you write to advertisers please refer to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The Destiny Fighter

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

Miller, then an ageing matinee idol, taught her, trained her, gave her every trick of showmanship and artistry known to that able mau of the theater. She translated a beautiful play called "*La Tendresse*," by Bataille, and played opposite her mentor with great effect. No one who saw and heard her in Barrie's "Mary Rose" will ever forget that thrilling experience. Suddenly she flung herself headlong at fate again. She terminated her long association with Miller.

Then began a period of floundering that was horrible to behold. She allied herself with another management. At that time I was a practicing dramatic critic on a daily newspaper, and it was my ghastly and ghoulish duty to sit before no less than three plays she did for them in one solitary season.

I SHALL never forget that year. In one of those three terrific failures the great Chatterton came in from pattering in her flower garden—wearing spotless blue silk overalls! Somehow, those overalls made a lasting impression. They very nearly drove me out of dramatic criticism into a monastery. I was sorely tempted to let the whole matter drop.

But Chatterton had still more fate-defying to do before she came into her kingdom.

She decided to star in a musical comedy! Imagine Garbo doing a tap-dance on top of a piano and you have some notion of what that meant in the theater. But she did it—in spite of snickers, fears and wailing. The great dramatic star appeared in a musical version

of one of her comedy successes, "Come Out of the Kitchen." You recently saw Nancy Carroll in the same piece. It was called "Honey" for the talkies.

It was another night to wish for sudden death. Ruth was pretty and charming, of course—but it was just all wrong. It didn't work. Ruth fell down dancing off on one of her exits—and we all went into the night shaking our heads.

Poor Chatterton! This, obviously, was the last of her.

It was in this sad business that Chatterton met and fell in love with Ralph Forbes, a handsome young English juvenile who had appeared briefly on the New York stage in a British war play called "Havoc."

Chatterton had carried her destiny-daring up to the hilt, by this time. There didn't seem to be a single spot where she could arise and shine, after the horrors of the past two seasons. So she married Forbes, and when he went West for pictures, she went along, a faithful and loving wife.

As you remember, Forbes did well in films for a time. Trouble broke out at home—at any rate, there was a situation, and a separation. Ruth went back to the stage, on the West Coast—she did "The Green Hat" and "The Devil's Plum Tree."

Emil Jannings, at that time the Paramount toast, saw her in the latter, and wanted her for a part in "Sins of the Fathers." That broke down Chatterton's sales resistance. She might still have scowled down a producer, but

she respected and admired Jannings as an artist, and he prevailed where the cash registers had flopped. Face the camera she did, and to great effect.

The microphone enters, stealthily. The early cheer-leaders who saw Chatterton in "The Doctor's Secret" knew that a new star had arrived—a grand, tricky, emotional actress who would take full charge of the talkie situation, as she had in the brave days of old. She did, and her tremendous success and great film following are now a part of screen history. She and Forbes made it up, and since then all has been quiet on the Western front.

And there you have her today. Ruth Chatterton is in her late thirties. A trouser since early girlhood, her career has had more phases than a chameleon has colors.

She's a sensational success, and deservedly. Surely no fan in his right senses would miss a Chatterton picture. I fall into the theater when they open the doors.

IS she through making faces at fate? Is she going to make any more of those things that look so much like fatal errors?

Probably not. Known to and admired by millions, what more can there be for Ruth, now at the height of her powers?

And yet, I shouldn't like to lay any heavy wagers on the line. You can never tell about Ruth Chatterton. She may work her way to Europe as a cabin-stewardess yet—and find a million dollars in gold on the dock at Cherbourg!

Was it Luck?—or What?

EXACTLY what qualities is it in women that won them places among the stars? Lucky breaks, beauty, brains, backbone, personality, persistency, intelligence?

For many months Adele Whitely Fletcher, who has known all the important stars for years, has been going back into the beginnings of many of the favorites of today, and she presents a startling and accurate analysis of the reasons for their success.

Why do girls without a



The Author

single advantage of classic beauty or education win out while more favored daughters of fortune stumble, brokenhearted, out of camera range in a few months?

You will get a great thrill out of this series of three articles which begins in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY. It will help young women in any line of endeavor to read of the gallant battles against seemingly insurmountable difficulties which were fought by many of the stars.

And it is all true.

In the August Issue of PHOTOPLAY



America hails a clever tuck

Baggy underwear distorts the figure and is ugly always. Tight underwear fetters action and wears out quickly. By means of an easeful tuck, giving a short front and a full expanding back—anatomical rightness—the Kickernick clings coolly to the body in every position, and yet allows the utmost freedom of movement—without distressing bagginess. It's the underdress you are unconscious of. Order one full size smaller than usual from your better dealer and learn something new about comfort, durability, beauty, in intimate garments. Superbly made, in all modish models and materials—by the Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis. Popular in price. The women of America hail it as the garment of the hour. Send for booklet today.

Kickernick
PATENTED UNDERDRESS

An Evening With Helen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

I was a schoolgirl. I don't mind, for I admire her very much. But I don't want to succeed merely because I happen to resemble another star."

Helen is still black and blue from "Swing High," which she has just completed. She played a circus acrobat and she really learned the stunts. Doubles were used only when scenes were taken at the very top of the big tent.

IT is another rather general impression that Twelvrees is an assumed name. But it is real and she's fought hard to keep it. She has been told that it is too long for electric lights, but, at least, she is pretty certain that she will be the only Twelvrees in motion pictures.

There is one subject that Helen doesn't discuss—her recent divorce.

A friend is said to have told her in a sorrowful voice that she couldn't be married again for a year.

"Who cares?" asked Helen. And that was that.

There was time for just one dance before we returned to Helen's house.

"A hostess should really be home to receive her guests," she explained. "At least that's what my etiquette book says."

The Ambassador dinner bill was \$5.50. It took another \$1.50 to tip the waiter, buy back the hat, and get the car out of "hock" at the parking station.

We beat Sue Carol and Nick Stuart to the house by about thirty seconds.

"I'm the worst bridge player in the world," began Nick, after alighting from his car, just to let us know where he stood.

"Oh, no, you're not," contradicted Helen. "I stand absolutely alone."

When there seemed no possible chance of settling the argument without resorting to swords, Sue tactfully changed the subject and

talked about the new house that Nick and she had just purchased.

Helen and I played together against Sue and Nick.

We won the first rubber and Helen duly recorded it on the score pad.

Sue won the next two hands. Helen didn't record that.

"Say," complained Sue, "that's no way to treat your guests. I'm going home."

Helen and I continued to lose, so we didn't suggest playing for money. It was agreeable with Sue and Nick. They were winning at the time, but they didn't know when their luck might change.

"We're furnishing a house and we can't afford to lose money at bridge," said Sue.

The evening was brightened by the arrival of a kibitzer.

You all know a kibitzer. He's the chap that looks over your shoulder and tells you what card to play.

He's always wrong. You find out later that he thought you were playing pinochle anyway.

The kibitzer circled the table and looked in everyone's hands. Everyone sort of lost heart in the bridge game.

"Nick," said Sue, "show the nice people how well you can imitate a trained seal."

He obliged by rolling over on the floor, making a sound which he fondly believed to be the roar of a seal, clapping his hands and waving his feet.

IT wasn't so good, but we all laughed. Nick is such a nice boy. You don't want to hurt his feelings.

The kibitzer saw his golden opportunity. He took Nick's place at the table and clung onto it for dear life. Dynamite couldn't have dislodged him.

From that time on he overbid everyone, whether he had the cards or not.

Sue, always having the dummy hand with

such an ambitious partner, began to talk. Nick, out of it, drifted over to the piano and played "Am I Blue?" with two fingers.

"Use two hands," requested Sue, the optimist.

"Now play 'Am I Blue?'" said Helen, after Nick had completed his one-song concert.

Everyone was suddenly taken with hunger about this time and Helen ordered food, adding that it might be nice to have some raw fish for the trained seal. There must have been dozens of sandwiches. Mr. Kibitzer, it seems, hadn't eaten any dinner and consequently was ravenous.

I don't think he had eaten any lunch either. We began with ham and cheese sandwiches, ran out of that into chicken, and finally had to resort to just plain bread and butter.

"WHEN you come up to my house," Sue informed us, "I'll barbecue a whole steer. It will be easier."

She had begun to announce her departure at ten-thirty. At eleven-thirty she got under way. We were all invited up to her house, that is, if we didn't mind the smell of fresh paint.

I thanked Helen for a pleasant evening. It was fun, although it wasn't bridge. Anyone who took the game seriously would have been led out of the room, foaming at the mouth.

However, all of us, excepting the kibitzer, were content to be merely conversational players—much frowned upon by people with a purpose.

It would have been nice to have had a longer talk with Helen.

She has an easy, quiet way of conversing on interesting topics. But then, I was invited to call again, so I won't have to read those ads about "He wondered why he was never invited back."

By a magnificent stroke of luck I found the road that led down from the hill.

Stars of the Photoplay

Your copy of STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY, the beautiful and artistic new edition of portraits of famous motion picture stars prepared by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, is now ready. It contains more than 250 of the very latest and best portraits and short biographical sketches of favorite screen players.

Send your order
NOW
for the limited first
edition

STARS of the Photoplay is printed in rotogravure on special paper and very handsomely bound in a red and gold cover. You will be proud to own this beautiful book and will want it for your library.

Stars of Photoplay Dept.,
Photoplay Magazine,
750 North Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me my copy of the new, 1930 number of Stars of the Photoplay, for which I enclose \$1.75.

Name.....

Address.....

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

(Remittance should be made by check, or postal or express money order.)

P-JJ



Here's Economy

You get wonderful results with **Listerine Tooth Paste**—and it costs but **25¢** the large tube.

Look out, Europe, here she comes!

This is Mildred on her way to Europe—attractive, capable, the secretary of a well-known business man in Albany.

She has forgotten the sacrifices necessary to make this trip possible; the lunches she didn't eat; the little things she went without. They are all behind now. Europe and romance lie ahead.

There will be nice men on the boat who will dance with her again and again—so she thinks. *But she is mistaken. They will only dance once.*

There will be gay little bridge parties bright with badinage and the exchange of wit. *Sure there will—but she won't be included.*

Perhaps some attractive man will walk the moonlit decks with her and, recognizing the qualities that make her one woman out of a hundred, will ask her to marry him. Perhaps he will—but *the chances are against it.*

If you have ever come face to face with a real case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you can understand how it might well be an obstacle to pleasant business, professional, and social relations. It is the unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you never know when you have it. It does not announce itself to the victim. Important to remember, also, is the fact that few people escape it entirely. That is because every day in any normal mouth, conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise.

Common causes are: stomach derangements due to excesses of eating or drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

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

Since it is antiseptic, full strength Listerine checks food fermentation. It is also a remarkable germicide* which attacks infection from which odors spring. Finally, being a deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves, leaving both mouth and breath fresh, sweet, and clean.

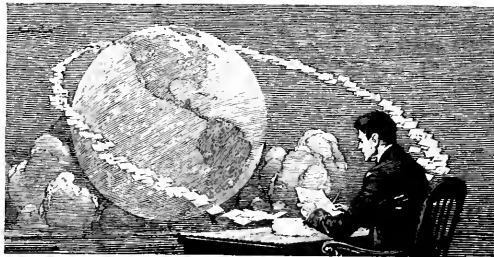
Keep Listerine handy in home and office, and drop a bottle in your bag when travelling. It puts you on the safe side; makes you acceptable to others. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of *PHOTOPLAY* to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopsis of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

PEARL HORNBUCKLE, BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—Did you know that Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan Opera star, is from your home town? Armida, a bit of Old Mexico, played the part of the Gypsy girl in "General Crack." She was born in Sonora, Mexico. She also played with Frank Fay in "Under a Texas Moon." Helen Kane has at last confessed that she was born on August 4th, 1908, in the Bronx, New York City. Now that that's settled I expect to spend a quiet summer. Helen's real name is Schoder and she is 5 feet 2, weighs 117 and has brown hair and eyes. She has appeared in "Pointed Heels," "Sweetie," and her next will be "Dangerous Nan McGrew."

PHYLLIS PIERCE, WAVERLY, MASS.—Where have you been since 1927? Didn't you read in all the papers in June of that year of the Kodak Rocque-Vilma Bank nuptials? Tsh, Tsh! I thought everyone read about that. It was one of the most brilliant weddings in the flicker colony. Al Jolson was married to Ruby Keeler, dancer, on September 21, 1928. Ruby is Al's third wife.

MARY RAMSEY, HONOLULU, T. H.—If I could only play a ukulele I would spend my vacation in Honolulu. It was H. B. Warner you saw in both pictures. He played the part of *Christ* in the "King of Kings," and *Stephen Sorrell* in "Sorrell and Son." Half of the movie public thought it was Lewis Stone. Bet you did too.

DORIS S., WICKFORD, R. I.—The capable announcer in the "Show of Shows" was none other than Frank Fay, well-known vaudeville actor and husband of Barbara Stanwyck.

S. LODGE, BLOOMINGDALE, O.—Mary Brian made her movie debut in "Peter Pan." She recently bobbed her hair and changed her type. Since then she has been a very busy young lady. Vilma Banky was born in Nagydorog, near Budapest, Hungary, on January 9, 1903. Now you figure out her age. Jason Robards was born on December 31, 1892. He is 5 feet, 10 1/2 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds.

J. M. G., QUANTICO, VA.—Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6th, 1901, and educated in the Park School and Baltimore City College. Ben entered pictures in 1923. For the past two years he has been working in "Hell's Angels," Howard Hughes' epic of the air. In the meantime he managed to appear with his fiancée, Bebe Daniels, in "Alas French Gertie." Charles Bickford, big lie-man of stage fame, was born in Cambridge, Mass., and was on the stage for 16 years, 11 years of that time spent in various parts of the country and the last 5 years spent on Broadway.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 132 before writing to this department.

In writing to the stars for photographs **PHOTOPLAY** advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

LOIS PALFREY, HOPE, N. D.—Just what is your town hoping for? Maybe for a fellow like me, eh? If it is, strike up the band and I'll be there. Getting down to business, Clara Bow has red hair. Indeed she is not married to Harry Richman. Her new boy friend is Rex Bell, who made a name for himself in Westerns. You will see him in Clara's new picture "True to the Navy." Joan Crawford played the leading feminine role in "Across to Singapore." Jeanette Loff's latest is "King of Jazz." Little Mitzi Green is just nine years old.

VIRGINIA HELM, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I agree with you, Wally Albright certainly is a cute little lad. He was born in Burbank, Calif., September 3, 1925. In private life he is Walton Albright, Jr. At this writing he is 40 inches tall, weighs 34 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. You can get a photo of him by addressing him at Culver City, Calif., enclosing 25c with your request.

LOUISA MUNDT, TAMPA, FLA.—You're all wrong, Louisa, Charles Farrell isn't sometimes called Charles Morton. Farrell and Morton are two separate and distinct young men. Charles Farrell hails from Onset Bay, Mass., where he was born in 1902. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, has brown hair and eyes, and uses his own name at all times. Charles Morton is a native of Vallejo, Calif., where he was born 24 years ago. He is two inches shorter than Farrell and his real name is Carl Mudje. He is married, while Charles Farrell is still single.

A READER OF PHOTOPLAY, CONN.—When you are a little older, I am sure you will be allowed to go to the movies more often. Now for the altitude records. Gary Cooper and Charles Farrell are standing on top of the world at 6 feet, 2 inches. Johnny Mack Brown and Alexander Gray come next. They are just two inches shorter than Gary and Charles. Ruth Chatterton follows with 5 feet, 4 1/2 inches; next comes Constance Bennett, 5 feet 4; then Fay Wray at 5 feet 3; next Bernice Claire, 5 feet 2 1/2, and lastly Mary Brian at 5 feet 2.

JEAN KILIAN, CHICAGO, ILL.—Your description fits a gentleman known as "El," in real life Elmer Brendel. He played the part of *Eric* in "Sunny Side Up." Frank Richardson portrayed *Ed* in the same picture. El has also appeared in "The Cock Eye World," "Happy Days," and the "Fox Follies of 1930."

ROSEMARY FRENCH, CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—Try these on your pianola. Bebe Daniels' first name is pronounced "Bee-bee." Maurice Chevalier's goes something like this—"She-yah-yay," emphasis on the middle syllable. The hero of the hour, John Boles, was born in Greenville, Texas, on October 27, 1899. He is married to Marcelite Dobbs and has two small daughters. Warner Baxter shares his marital bliss with Winifred Bryson. John Mack Brown is married to Jane Harriet Brown and there's a Jane junior. Bebe Daniels is engaged to Ben Lyon, and maybe they'll be married by the time this appears. Gary Cooper and Ramon Novarro are still bachelors.

M. H., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I am amazed at the accusation. I know that Bull Montana, like Lon Chaney, has been accused of being almost everything on the map but this is the first time I heard of his being Louis Wolheim. Although Bull was christened Louis Montana, he is not in any way related to Louis Wolheim. Maybe it was his pugilistic profile that confused your friend.

BILLIE MORTON, SWAMPSCOPE, MASS.—Yes, Ricardo Cortez and Adolphe Menjou did appear in a picture together. It was called "The Sorrows of Satan." Charles Morton is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and is 24 years old.

MICKY NOLAN, NEWARK, N. J.—Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18, 1905. Her new leading man in "Romance," is Gavin Gordon, recruit from the stage. Gavin was born in Chicora, Mississippi, on April 7, 1901. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and has dark hair and grey eyes. His great, great grandmother was a sister to Robert E. Lee.

A FRENCH GIRL FROM ILLINOIS.—Comment trouvez-vous les États-Unis? Ruth Chatterton began her very interesting life on December 24th, 1893, in New York City. She is married to Ralph Forbes who has made a name for himself on the stage as well as on the silent and talking screen. Is it possible that you are referring to a picture made in 1919 called "Sabara"? If so, the cast included Louise Glbaum, Matt Moore and Edwin Stevens. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., formerly Joan Crawford, was born on March 23, 1908, is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 134]

Swiftly .. in 6 places your skin grows lovelier

★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.

★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.

★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by firming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.

★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.

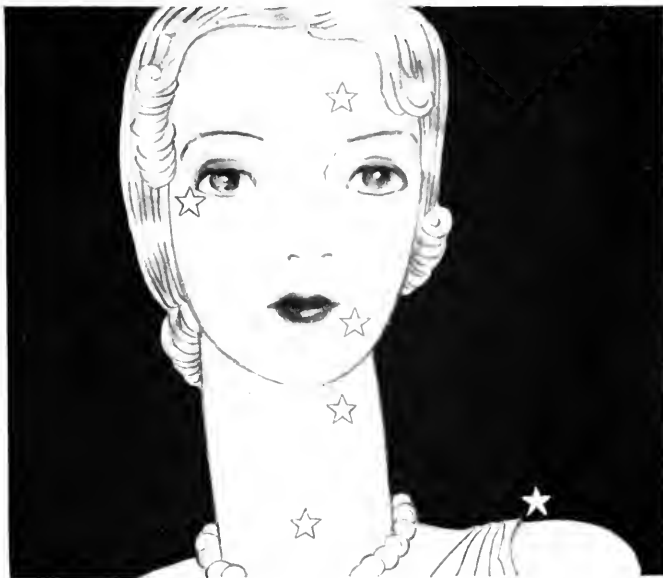
★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.

★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

BY Frances Ingram

SMOOTH as a bride's satin — gloriously fresh and clear. That can be your skin.

For my Milkweed Cream does much more than keep the texture soft and fine. It keeps the skin free from impurities. It guards against blemishes and wards off wrinkles. It gives to your skin petal-like smoothness that only a healthy skin can know.



PICTURE YOURSELF AS MY MANNEQUIN AND LEARN WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

Study, on my mannequin above, the six starred spots where lines and imperfections first appear. Scrutinize your own skin at the same six places. Then you will realize why the extra help toward a healthy skin that my Milkweed Cream brings is so vitally important in retaining the appearance of youth.

You may be older than my mannequin or your birthdays may be as few, but remember this—no matter how old you are, if your skin is kept *healthy* it is bound to look young—no matter how young you are, lines and defects begin to stamp your skin as though with years.

Guard well, then, the six starred places—the column above tells how—and your skin will respond swiftly with new charm.

With its protective and pure ingredients, Ingram's Milkweed Cream will

care for your skin as no other cream possibly can. It cleanses splendidly and smooths away roughness and blemishes. Tiny wrinkles disappear. Your skin becomes soft, clear, altogether lovely.

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NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Caveman" was tossed out, and Gary Cooper was given the rôle intended for George in "The Spoilers."

It is well known that Bancroft has not been happy lately. He seemed to want a little more money, and is said to have been irked and chivvied by the enormous salary Paramount has been paying Chevalier.

Whatever the cause, George just stepped out of the picture and the frame too, leaving the studio holding the sack. He is scheduled to start another picture July 28, of which we'll hear more later. He's one of his company's biggest box-office bets, and his contract runs till fall.

In the meantime, it would take a couple of Bill Powells as *Philo Vance* to find out just exactly what it's all about.

LILLIAN GISH has just scored the greatest personal success of the New York theatrical season now closing.

Jed Harris, the young manager who produced "Broadway," decided to stage "Uncle Vanya," a Russian play by Tchekov. He persuaded Lillian to play a leading rôle. She was not to be starred, and her salary was to be a minor consideration compared with Hollywood styles.



A great day in the life of a great actor. This picture was taken on Lon Chaney's forty-seventh birthday—and it was the day he faced the talkie microphone for the first time. Director Conway, Harry Earles and Lon himself!



She had not been on the stage since she was sixteen. Day after day Harris rehearsed her alone, then with the troupe.

Her opening night was a triumph. Ethel Barrymore was a member of the most brilliant première audience in years. Lillian gave a magnificent performance. Next day the critics raved and went into hysterics. She has never looked more beautiful. Already she is talked of as the *Desdemona* of a Harris production of "Othello."

Although warm weather was setting in, "Uncle Vanya" drew capacity audiences for weeks. And

Helen Kaiser shows you a smart and novel suit of blue tweed. The jacket is trimmed with black and white yarn embroidery. The white blouse has piping and looped ties of matching blue silk. Fetching?

Lillian is settled as a stage actress of enormous talent, and a potential star of the theater.

P. S. The wise-crackers around Broadway began giving Amos 'n' Andy a Russian tinge by saying "Tchekov and double-Tchekov."

AL COHN'S favorite is the story of the fellow with the inferiority complex who came to the Brown Derby every day and ate Napoleons.

JANET GAYNOR is pouting and manages to stir up more excitement for her size than any ten Wagnerian prima donnas. At present she is very much disturbed over "High Society Blues," her latest picture.

Janet feels that her popularity is suffering through pictures like "Sunny Side Up," "Happy Days" and "High Society Blues." Her rôles in these three musicals have been a radical departure from the wistful, pathetic type of characterization which made her famous,—and Janet feels that she should stick to what she has proved she can do.

Fox, on the other hand, maintains that she cannot play "Seventh Heaven" for every picture.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Romance never fades — in Snapshots



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KEEP YOUTH! Keep romance. Keep all these precious, fleeting moments alive forever . . . in sparkling pictures. Snapshots, captured by this conjurer of memories . . . *your Kodak!*

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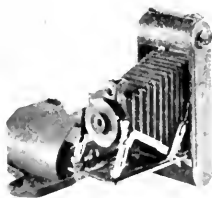
Brownies . . . genuine Eastman cameras . . . cost as little as \$2. Kodaks, themselves, may be bought for \$5. And Kodaks Petite . . . smart, compact, colorful little cameras with a touch of Paris about them are priced at \$7.50, with case.

Decide today to catch those flying moments that some day you'll want to call back again. Visit the nearest Kodak dealer —there's one not far from

you, wherever you are—and see the remarkably fine, surprisingly inexpensive Eastman cameras he has to show you.

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The camera at the left is the Pocket Kodak Jr., No. 1, for 2 1/2 x 3 1/4 pictures, \$9, with case, \$11. No. 1A, for 2 1/2 x 3 1/4 pictures, \$10, with case, \$12.50. Available in blue, brown, black and green.

NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]



Good old Pete is dead—old Pete, with the ring around his right eye, who had frisked with the kids of "Our Gang" for years. He was poisoned, and the theory is that someone had a grudge against his master, Harry Lucenay. Our Gangsters are inconsolable

Janet is quietly but very, very firmly insisting that she will make no more pictures for Fox until she is given what she feels is a suitable role—and meanwhile Fox has brought out from New York Rose Hobart, stage actress who scored heavily in "Death Takes a Holiday," a recent Broadway production. It is worth while noting that little Miss Hobart is the wistful, pathetic type, too.

At present it's hard to tell who will do what to whom and who will pay.

MILTON SILLS is not only coming back to the screen with a fat, long-term contract with Fox, but his first picture under the new contract will be a talking version of one of the most famous silents!

Sills will star in "The Sea Wolf." Do you remember what a hair-raising thriller it was with Hobart Bosworth as *The Wolf*?

Though he was out of films for more than a year on account of a serious illness, Sills scored a decided success in his first picture, "A Very Practical Joker," recently completed by Fox.

His contract was awarded on the strength of that feature.

FRANCES LEE was making a picture recently in which several very small girls were supporting her. One of them positively refused to listen to direction and, thinking to be of help, Frances inquired:

"Do you know where bad girls go?"

"Yes," replied the tot, "my big sister says they go places."

SYLVIA ULBECK, Hollywood's beauty sculptor, who rated a big story in last month's *PHOTOPLAY*, believes in a little play, too.

When she had taken no less than thirty pounds from the buxom Mary Lewis, opera star gone talkie, Mary started for a holiday in New York.

Sylvia, putting Miss Lewis on the eastbound rattler, said, "go have yourself a good time in New York, baby. Eat anything you want. Sylvia will pound it off you when you get back!"

THE Cruzes—James, and Betty Compton—have at last come to the parting of the ways. Betty has been granted a divorce. They came to the parting of the ways a year ago, too, but their roads joined again. You can't tell a thing about roads in California. Here today and gone tomorrow.

Betty and Jim, Hollywood's most prolific home entertainers, are parting the best of friends. Betty will live in Hollywood, and Jim will continue to preside over the house with the open front door in Flintridge.

Their difficulty became acute last year when Jim insisted, according to Betty, on having swarms of friends at his house every evening. Betty never had a chance to learn her lines for talking pictures.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



What Hollywood's best-dressed girls are wearing for rehearsal these sizzling days. Sharon Lynn of Fox is wearing this dance-practice affair. Black satin, with egg-shell satin trimming; black and white tie, black satin slippers and a white beret



*complete
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just three simple gestures

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NO MORE fear of perspiration odor! No more summer dresses ruined by perspiration stains!

Odorono keeps your underarm dry and sweet throughout the hottest days. It is so simple to use and so sure. A physician made it for his own use. The clear antiseptic liquid leaves no greasiness to rub off on delicate dresses, no stickiness on the underarm. Just use it this easy way:

1. PAT ON—After washing underarm

with clear water and drying, pat on Odorono with your fingers or a bit of cotton. Just pat—don't rub. Omit use for 24 hours after shaving or a depilatory.

2. LET DRY—Let the underarm dry thoroughly before clothing touches it. Any slight tingling will soon pass—just smooth over with cold cream or dust with talcum. If using Odorono Mild, let dry at least fifteen minutes. If using Odorono Regular Strength, let stay on and dry overnight.

3. RINSE OFF—If you are putting on a dress, wipe the underarm thoroughly

with a damp cloth when the Odorono is quite dry. If using at night, rinse off next morning.

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NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

"I thought conditions would change when we separated last year," said Betty, "but it didn't help matters much. I guess it's just because we don't have much in common."

Jim and Betty were married in 1925.

RONALD COLMAN is a serious-minded fellow, much of the time, but he is an able wit when the occasion offers.

He was talking with Doug Fairbanks one day, when the subject of baby stars arose. When it came to the matter of definition, Colman provided one.

"A baby star," said he, "is one who has burned her cradles behind her."

WAR broke out between two famous comedians not long ago. So far no peace treaty has been signed, and a smack on the nose may come any day.

One of the most noted low comics on the

New York stage is Mr. Bert Lahr. This year he is a riot in a musical comedy, "Flying High." Last season he mowed down the yeomanry in "Hold Everything" on the stage.

Comes Mr. Joe E. Brown playing the same part in the talkie version of the same show. Mr. Lahr charges, with some show of justice, that Mr. Brown has lifted many of his mannerisms, "unique expressions" and bits of business. This imperils, says Mr. Lahr, his future in the talkies, as film fans who do not yet know would say, after seeing "Hold Everything" on the screen, that he is just copying the methods of Mr. Brown.

So there's a big mad on, and I'd like to be around when they meet. Mr. Lahr is one of the



Smart again, after a retirement of twelve years! Jean Arthur wearing black suede gauntlets, again sported by the style-conscious. Not since war-time have black gloves been worn by those really in the know



Just to tantalize you! Fay Wray is all set for a real snowball scrap with anyone who heads her way. Fay ran into the drifts while on location in the High Sierras with the Paramount unit filming "The Border Legion," the piece by Mr. Zane Grey

funniest men in America. And I have a hunch he is in strict training for his meeting up with Mr. Brown.

IT'S not all idle vocabulary when an actor or actress protests loudly against being "typed." There's a very definite danger in being associated too closely with one rôle or kind of rôle. ZaSu Pitts had a bad break recently because of that fact.

ZaSu was cast as Lew Ayres' mother in "All Quiet on the Western Front." The part was a serious characterization, and ZaSu, being one of the ablest character actresses in the business, seemed admirable for it. But there was a hitch which no one—not even young Massa Laemmle—foresaw.

When the picture was previewed before an audience for the first time, Junior sat chewing his finger nails and doing a Ben Turpin, with one eye on the screen and the other on the audience. Enter ZaSu—on the screen—in her best serious manner. Loud and totally unwarranted guffaws from the aforesaid audience.

They gave Junior a heart attack. ZaSu hadn't done a single thing that even a master of ceremonies could call funny, but because she had been playing comedy rôles for some time her mere appearance on the screen was the signal for loud mirth. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

CHOOSE

YOUR ROUGE shades this NEW, fascinating way

Forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume



CATCH THE SPIRIT, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the individuality . . . and the difference that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat Rouge *does not blot out the skin.* The natural color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat Rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is retained when you use Princess Pat Rouge. To this natural color, Princess Pat adds. Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat Rouge seem to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain color value. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select rouge shades.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You couldn't use other shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge.

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat Summer-tan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.



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One sample free; additional samples 10c each.

Inside the Monitor Room

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

Greta Garbo has an almost perfect microphone voice—if there is such a thing. Her pitch is low, her diction clear. The mixer on her set has a Roman holiday. She speaks slowly, too, which is a great help.

IN fact, the bit players and extras with a line to read give more trouble than the stars. These folk are usually nervous and tense, eager to make a good impression on the director. They speak too loudly, they hurry over their lines. The great emotional actors and actresses—those volatile, intense ones—are also difficult.

Although Renee Adoree's voice, in the last picture she did before she went to the sanitarium, is clear and distinct, she is such an *artiste*, she throws herself so completely into her rôle, that she forgets the mike, and the mixer must be continually on the alert to record her correctly. But many little tricks can be done. In a small way you've done them yourself on your own radio. You know how you can increase and decrease the volume and tune out other sounds. That is the mixer's job.

Ruth Chatterton came to the studio one day with a bad cold. She could hardly speak above a whisper. It was the mixer's task to give her the volume she lacked. He did.

When Billy Haines began to talk on the screen it was discovered that his voice recorded a couple of tones lower than it actually was. The mixer had to bring that up.

When Buster Keaton worked in a Spanish version sometimes his accent was not perfect, so the mixer slurred it a trifle, as a cameraman soft focuses a wrinkled face and makes it look beautiful.

Clara Bow, by the way, gives the mixers very little trouble, as she speaks plainly and naturally.

You might imagine that the people who have good radio voices also have fine screen tones. Not necessarily! At the radio station you talk directly into the microphone. At the studio the little instrument of torture is many feet away. Morton Downey, who has a leading rôle in Eddie Goulding's picture, "The Devil's Holiday," came through much better when his mouth was directly in front of the mike than when it was farther away, but since he must be photographed, as well as heard, the microphone had to be in its proper place.

Helen Kane, the boob-ooop-a-doop girl, suffered in like fashion. Her voice is not loud and her radio and phonograph recording training did not help her on the sound stages.

The mixer, or, as some studios call him, the recordist (he's still just a mixer to you) must please a much more discriminating audience than the cameraman. After all, the public is sound-wise. You know a good tone when you get it on your radio. You've been educated up to recording, whereas, with the exception of a few amateur photographers, the public does not pay a lot of attention to good and bad camera work.

As a rule, any voice that is pleasing to the ear is pleasing to the microphone. A very bad voice will record badly no matter how skilled the mixer may be. The god of the high place is not a wizard after all. He can only ruin a good voice or make an ordinary one better. Several famous actors and actresses have failed before the microphone, just as many beautiful women

will not photograph. One voice of a beautiful blonde star could not be helped with any amount of skillful mixing.

The position of the mike on the set is of utmost importance, as is the volume control.

Well, then, from whence come these lords of destiny? What are their requirements? How do they get like that? Theirs must be a combination of many talents.

First of all, they must have a basic knowledge of sound technique, and after that they must have good taste and a knowledge of dramatics. They must know the lines and the music of a film as well as the players do, for it is their duty to follow every word and to pick up every cue from the various microphones placed about the set. And they must also give life and color to the recording.

A man's voice is deeper than a woman's. If a mixer recorded the two the same, the effect would be wrong. It is his job to know what is expected from each scene.

SOME mixers have worked up from other studio jobs. You'll find among them ex-cameramen, "still" men and actors. But, for the most part, they have been connected with radio broadcasting. This is good training if they bring along artistic ability.

So all those boxes of candy in the stars' dressing rooms and all those Christmas ties are little gifts to be taken to the gods. The cameraman is still on the set, but his nose is out of joint.

The red apples, these days, are for the mixer man who sits above the set all day long and listens to the voices of the great.

Your Uncle Sam Says No!



NO longer can fans with a droll sense of humor send gay but irregular envelopes like these to their favorites in the films! Though the government maintains a staff of experts to decipher trick addresses, the post office department has now ruled that all letters sent to the stars must have full and complete addresses or they will not be delivered. These three were sent to two Paramount favorites



"NOW... I can stand the Public Gaze"... Can You?

"SUMMER LEGS" ✓✓✓

—require the observance of this rule of refinement

BRONZED... or white... lithe feminine legs are lovely only when they are free of fuzzy hair-growth.

Shapeliness of limbs cannot diminish the ugliness of superfluous hair. The informality of the bareleg vogue can't excuse it. Gossamer chiffon hose cannot conceal it. That's why dainty, modern women turn to Del-a-tone Cream. There's nothing else like it, for Del-a-tone Cream, perfected through our exclusive formula, is the only *white*, fragrant cream hair-remover.

Can You Stand the Public Gaze?

If your skin is smooth and free of hair—you can meet curious eyes with poise and self-confidence. Confirm your own personal daintiness by using Del-a-tone before going barelegged, putting on sheer, all-revealing silk hose, or exposing your arms in a fluttery evening gown.

Faintly fragrant... snow-white, Del-a-tone Cream removes hair *safely* in 3 minutes or less.



Easy to use as cold cream... Del-a-tone Cream is the most pleasant *modern* way to remove superfluous hair from the legs as well as from under-arm, fore-arm, back of neck and face.



June Clyde and Arthur Lake, supported by a clever chorus, prove bow appropriate is the title of that sparkling Radio Picture, "Tanned Legs"

DEL-A-TONE

The Only *White* Cream Hair-remover

Del-a-tone has been used and recommended by physicians and beauty specialists for almost a quarter of a century.

Sales of Del-a-tone Cream during 1929 reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority; that's why.

Del-a-tone Cream and Powder on sale at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, \$1. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c. See coupon below.) Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Dept. 87, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor



TRIAL OFFER

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, Dept. 87, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

Name

Street

City

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU— Paramount

WE got all choked and tearful over this. It made us think of "The Perils of Pauline." Dr. Fu Manchu comes back to life and makes things pretty tough again for Neil Hamilton and Jean Arthur. It's grand melodramatic hokum. You'll sit pop-eyed most of the time. Warner Oland is a swell Manchu, but we hope he's really dead this time.

BORN RECKLESS—Fox

"LOUIS BERETTI" was a best seller, and in the directorial hands of John Ford we expected something superline, but it looks like they were scared of censorship. Even Eddie Lowe in the rôle of the East Side gangster fails to lift the picture into the exciting class. Lee Tracy makes the part of the reporter very real, and Catherine Dale Owen looks beautiful.

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN— Paramount

THE human side of newspaper business—a young sports writer and his movie-critic bride struggling with everything that besets young folks—love, liquor, misunderstanding, ambition defeated by laziness. Well directed by Monta Bell, and with beautiful performances by Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, with a few laughs from Charlie Ruggles.

THE FURIES—First National

MURDER in smart set—particularly the dastardly and mysterious taking-off of John Sands—is the theme of this rather heavy and wordy photographed play by Zoe Akins. Four people wanted to get rid of Mr. Sands, which makes the story. It's weighty stuff, but manages to be fairly interesting. The leads are played by H. B. Warner, Lois Wilson, Natalie Moorehead and Jane Winton.

THE BORDER LEGION—Paramount

THIS Zane Grey picture opens with several bangs. One killing right after another nearly lifts you out of your seat. This is followed by plenty of romance and adventure, in which Jack Holt, Dick Arlen and Fay Wray have much excitement. Eugene Pallette gives a splendid account of himself, too.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD—M-G-M

REMEMBER Louis Mann? In this, he goes a bit Emil Jannings in a nice way. You'll break down in sobs when Mann, as the father of an ungrateful family, sees his life in ruins, and you'll shout for joy when everything turns out all right. The yarn is as human as sentiment. Elliott Nugent, Robert Montgomery, Frances X. Bushman, Jr., Mary Doran and Leila Hyams, are grand.

HE KNEW WOMEN—Radio Pictures

YOU'LL get plenty of sophisticated chuckles out of this one, even if you do realize that it is not a movie but simply the play, "The Second Man," photographed. The dialogue is charming, brilliant and breezy, with Lowell Sherman as the amusing *roué*. There are but three others in the cast, Alice Joyce, David Manners and Frances Dade. You'll enjoy it.

THE BIG FIGHT— Sono Art—James Cruze

AN amusing enough little picture with Lola Lane and Guinn Williams doing the rôles that Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey created

on the stage. It concerns a champion boxer and his refusal to throw the fight. This blonde baby, Lola Lane, does a really swell job. The really big news of the picture is Stepin Fetchit's return. Somehow, when he's before the camera nothing else matters.

CHEER UP AND SMILE—Fox

THE heartaches and love affairs of youth are beautifully portrayed by Arthur Lake and Dixie Lee in this comedy drama. There are

NOT DAMAGED—Fox

ALL about a little department store girl who has no faith in men with money and grand pianos—even when they're Walter Byron. Lois Moran as the suspicious maiden proves she should not be cast in comedy. Robert Ames, her jealous boy friend, does as well as his unsympathetic part permits. You'll like Inez Courtney and George Corcoran, a new laugh-and-dance-team.

DANCING SWEETIES—Warners

WINNING a dancing cup, and then marrying the prettiest girl in town, may be some accomplishment, but it's nothing compared to learning how to meet the problems of the first year of married life. *Bill Cleaver*, played by Grant Withers, had to be hit pretty hard before he could see. Sue Carol, as the wife, even had to present him with twins. Edna Murphy and Eddie Phillips play the other couple.

ONCE A GENTLEMAN Sono Art—James Cruze

IF you'd like a gorgeous dish of high comedy, with just enough seasoning of the serious to make it more worthwhile, don't miss this. It's one of Eddie Horton's finest performances. That, plus Cruze's direction, makes a mighty fine film. Tells of a butler who is thrust into a masquerade as a "gentleman." Laughs range from uproar to giggles, with fine touches of pathos. Splendid supporting cast.

SWELLHEAD—Tiffany Productions

A MILDLY entertaining story of a third rate pugilist gone Tunney. It almost costs him the championship and the girl, but love triumphs after he takes the count of nine and he wins by a knockout. It never happens in real fights, but who cares? And, anyway, the big light scene is too nose-protectingly synthetic to be convincing. The supporting cast does fine work.

FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES OF 1930— Fox

BY 1930 the Fox Follies is just another revue. Good enough as such things go, but there have been so many. However, if you like revues you'll enjoy this. Some fair songs; plenty of high-light comedy by Marjorie White and El Brendel; some love story provided by William Collier, Jr., and Miriam Seegar, and a series of big spectacular scenes.

WEDDING RINGS—First National

AN intriguing name, but the film doesn't live up to it. "The Dark Swan," Pascal's problem novel about two sisters, totally opposite in type, who wanted to marry the same man, has lost much besides its original title in its transfer to the talking screen. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner do as well as the picture deserves.

THE SILENT ENEMY—Paramount

W. DOUGLAS BURDEN, hunter and explorer, produced this tale of bravery and treachery, played by real Indians. A story of the primitive Ojibway Indians' fight for food during a winter when famine threatened. Amazing animal scenes. Sound effects and specially arranged Indian music. Beautiful pictorially, educational, and fair entertainment.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



One of the great directors of the world, now sought by Doug Fairbanks to make a picture in America. S. M. Eisenstein, the Russian director of "Potemkin" and other pictures. He has worked for "Sovkino," the film company subsidized by the Soviet Republic. He is the co-director of "Old and New," reviewed in this issue

a number of unexpected twists to the story and young people will adore it. Bacalanova returns as an alluring vamp, trying to steal Arthur away from that blonde cutie, Dixie. It's lucky Arthur lost no more than his voice, but you will lose a pound laughing at him.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE—Fox

J. HAROLD MURRAY has a voice that can't fail to charm you. This story deals with him as a Yankee sailor, rescued from death for gun-running by a French girl singer, Fifi Dorsay. Scenes are laid in North Africa. Murray is worth going to see and hear and Fifi is always entertaining.

STRICTLY MODERN—First National

ADAPTED from the stage play, "Cousin Kate." Pretty obvious humor and a thin story about a sophisticated young novelist who attempts to bolster up a drooping romance and thereby finds her own. But Dorothy Mackaill plays *Kate* with a deft, light touch, and Julianne Johnston is a good foil as the jilted *Joy*. Sidney Blackmer, from the stage, is the handsome jilter.

Cotton rompers by Best & Co. Beach accessories by Saks—Fifth Avenue. Complexion by Armand. Admiration by gentlemen!



Boys will be boys,
as usual, but . . .

girls will be girls again, this summer!

*Armand Cold Cream Powder, in becoming shades, \$1.
Armand Cleansing Cream, 50c and \$1.25.*

How GAY to get back into gingham . . . and flowered prints . . . and little-girl dresses with shoulder-traps! Ask any man if these new "feminine fashions" aren't alluring! Exit The Maiden's Prayer and enter her Big Opportunity!

*Fashion demands more feminine allure—
and this includes your face!*

There's a new skin-tone in vogue today — a creamy tone like pearls or exquisite ivory velvet. It's becoming to everybody — flattering, even, because it makes the flesh seem more vividly, alluringly alive! You can give your skin this caressing quality by the simple use of two companion Armand products. They're magical! And so fine and refreshing to use!

First, Armand Cleansing Cream, the basis of the new beauty. It purges the pores, softens and refines the skin texture, preparing it for Armand Cold Cream Powder. And here's the real secret of the new creamy-toned complexion. A rich, mellow powder that you apply more evenly and smoothly—never just dabbing it on! Then it rewards you by staying there—conserving the fair freshness of your skin.

*Now, as you're planning new clothes—think of the new complexion demands,
and ask for Armand products at the beauty counter.*



ARMAND

CLEANSING
CREAM

COLD CREAM
POWDER

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Who will tell the young wife



the truth about FEMININE HYGIENE

EVEN the young wife who *thinks* she knows is likely to be wrong, especially if she has obtained her information from an older woman. Until recently there was little definite knowledge about feminine hygiene and the accompanying risks were too great for anyone's peace of mind. Why not learn the complete facts for yourself?

What physicians and nurses object to is the use of poisonous antiseptics for this purpose. And until recently, a woman usually had her choice between bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid—*both deadly poisons.*

Zonite ends such risks

The germicide and antiseptic of *today* is Zonite. For Zonite offers great germ-killing strength with perfect safety to the user. There is no danger of hardening delicate tissues or leaving areas of scar-tissue. Zonite is non-caustic and absolutely non-poisonous. *Still it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.*

Booklet for women

The modern-minded woman wants to *know the facts.* Then she can use her own judgment. So send for this authoritative booklet. Read it. Pass it along to friends. In the meantime, you will find full directions with every bottle of Zonite at your drug store. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, sunburn or skin irritations. Also as effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

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

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Paramount

TX a rambling hodge podge of story William Powell emerges with his usual laurel wreath for a good performance. You expect him to turn *Philo Vance* any minute but, instead, he commits his own murder and proceeds to play his own detective and solve it for himself. Powell, as usual, is delightful. Natalie Moorehead is sufficiently fair and foul.

THE MATRIMONIAL BED—Warners

THIS is farce run rampant. You won't believe it, but it concerns an amnesia victim who is thought dead by his wife who marries another man. The first husband returns, and from then on there's more darn fun, if you can sit through it. Frank Fay should stick to ceremony mastering. A good cast is wasted on a poor picture.

UNDER WESTERN SKIES— First National

TAKE off the whiskers. We know you. You're just another version of "The Great Divide." It seems they're going to use you more than once. "Under Western Skies" is pretty awful. Not even beautiful desert scenery in Technicolor and a splendid cast can carry this pot-boiler very far. Lila Lee is beautiful and gives a fine performance.

WE'RE SORRY

In the May Shadow Stage the title "Beyond the Rio Grande" appeared over a review. The picture actually reviewed was "Romance of the West," a Hammond Production. "Beyond the Rio Grande" is the title of a picture produced by Big Four. No hard feelings, boys!



They aren't going to make a type player of Gloria Swanson—not if she knows it. In her new picture, "What a Widow!" she's right back in an almost slapstick rôle. The young man tempting her with the cocktails is Lew Cody. It's good to see him back, after his long illness

STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY



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

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This wonderful collection is printed on a choice grade of white super paper. The outside measurement of the book is $7\frac{1}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the

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You will also find "Stars of the Photoplay" an invaluable help in the solution of moving picture star puzzles. The new \$5,000.00 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest started with the June, 1930, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Write for your copy of the "Stars of the Photoplay" now. Use

the coupon below for your convenience.

Stars of Photoplay, Dept. PH. 7-30, Photoplay Magazine,
 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me my copy of the new 1930 edition of Stars of the Photoplay, for which I enclose Check Money order for \$1.75. Send to the following address:

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Street.....

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

you always have
time to use **MUM**



MUM is applied in a moment!



Its protection lasts for hours.



A dab of snowy cream beneath the arms -- or anywhere there's need to guard against body odor -- and you're ready to go! No waiting. Nothing to dry. Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy, so it can't injure fabrics.



Make the use of this dainty deodorant a regular part of your toilette. Morning and evening. Every day. Know the joy of permanent protection!



And what complete protection! Mum neutralizes every vestige of odor. The moment Mum is applied, all odor is gone. For convincing proof of this, try Mum on the sanitary napkin. This most important use of Mum makes a woman sure of herself at all times.



Mum brings comfort and security for which most women would pay any price. Yet it costs only 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., N. Y.

The Best Records from New Pictures

By Maurice Fenton

A DISC of the month that is bound to attract picture fans is Buddy Rogers' own recording of "Any Time's The Time to Fall in Love," his song hit sung with Lillian Roth in "Paramount on Parade." On the other side he sings the Chevalier flash finale song.

Beside the Rogers record, a slew of other excellent numbers from that picture have hit the wax, including two by the great Chevalier.

The "Paramount on Parade" list follows:

Any Time's The Time to Fall in Love		
Up On Top of a Rainbow	Buddy Rogers Maurice Chevalier Colonial Club Orchestra	Columbia Victor Brunswick
All I Want is Just One	Buddy Rogers Maurice Chevalier Gus Arnheim Orchestra	Columbia Victor Victor
Dancing to Save Your Sole	Gus Arnheim Orchestra	Victor

KING OF JAZZ

Paul Whiteman and his famous band, stars of this glamorous Universal revue, play all six of the numbers here listed, in addition to recordings by the others mentioned. The "King" lineup—

Bench in the Park	By Whiteman only.	All Whiteman records
Ragamuffin Romeo	Romeo	are by Columbia
I Like to Do Things for You	Reisman's Orchestra	Victor
It Happened in Monterey	Grace Hayes Lambert's Orchestra Olsen's Orchestra	Victor Brunswick Victor
Song of the Dawn	Olsen's Orchestra	Victor
Happy Feet	Reisman's Orchestra	Victor

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD

Here's a John Boles record for you that's the best yet. This fine screen tenor improves his recording month by month.

You, You Alone For You	John Boles	Victor
------------------------	------------	--------

MONTANA MOON

The Joan Crawford starring picture gives forth two tunes. "The Moon is Low," likely hit, is particularly well sung by Cliff "Ukulele Ike" Edwards.

The Moon is Low	Ukulele Ike, vocal Frank Luther, vocal Olsen's Orchestra	Columbia Victor Victor
Montana Call	Olsen's Orchestra	Victor



Buddy Rogers Sings
for the Records!

FOR JOLSON FANS

Here's a treat for those of you who go for Al's records. He sings the six numbers here listed—all for Brunswick. Most of the numbers are Irving Berlin hits from Jolson's latest, "Mammy." Other recordings are listed here. But remember that Jolson also does the lot on Brunswick wax, accompanied by Abe Lyman's fine band.

Let Me Sing and I'm Happy	Selvin's Orchestra Waring's Orchestra Gene Austin, tenor Ruth Etting	Columbia Victor Columbia
Across the Breakfast Table	Selvin's Orchestra Waring's Orchestra Irving Kaufman, vocal	Columbia Victor Columbia
To My Mammy	Gene Austin, tenor Irving Kaufman, vocal	Columbia Victor Columbia
Dirty Hands, Dirty Face My Mammy	only by Jolson	Brunswick

FROM HOLD EVERYTHING

When the Little Red Roses Get the Blues for You	Al Jolson	Brunswick
---	-----------	-----------

THE CUCKOOS

The Bert Wheeler-Bobby Woolsey farce lets forth its first record. Bound to be more. These two are fox trots.

I Love You So Much Dancing the Devil Away	Ohman-Arden and Orchestra	Victor
--	---------------------------	--------



Dear Reader

As you turn the pages of this magazine, you see the advertising of things you need. Food, clothing, home equipment . . . all the necessities and luxuries that go to make up the fullness of modern living.

JUST consider how you rely upon these advertisements as reliable guides to the selection of worthy products.

Any product or service that you see consistently advertised in the pages of this publication is worthy in quality, honestly priced and truthfully presented.

Why? For the very simple reason that to the maker and the seller of an unworthy product, advertising presents the quickest and surest road to failure. To the misrepresented product, advertising brings a sudden and fatal storm of public disapproval. To the dishonest maker, advertis-

ing brings a constant public reminder of his dishonesty.

Truth in advertising has come to stay . . . its use is no longer dependent on the integrity of the advertiser, but on his business ability. *Nothing else pays.*

And, in addition, the publishers of your magazine make every effort to disbar from these pages any advertising that might prove objectionable or unprofitable in any way to its readers.

Read the advertisements here. They offer you a dependable short cut to the kind of merchandise you would select if you spent your day in shopping for it.



New! perfumed!
for
**NATURAL
EYELASH
BEAUTY**

THE new *Cake Winx* looks as if it had come straight from the Rue St Honoré in Paris... so smart, so sophisticated, so clever in its slim metal box. This silvery compact can't break or become messy... and you can carry it with you in an envelope purse.

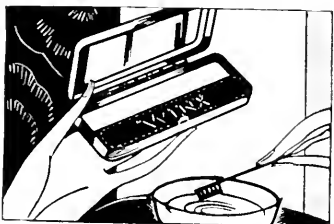
But until you use *Cake Winx* you can't judge its truly French *finesse*; it lends a dark, enticing beauty to eyes... a beauty that is absolutely natural—and so different from the "make-up" look that ordinary preparations give.

Cake Winx is easy to apply. It keeps eyelashes soft. It never burns the eyes. You must try it...

Liquid Winx—if you prefer...

Many women prefer a liquid—particularly for evening wear. *Liquid Winx* is the most popular—by far—because it gives a soft effect and is absolutely waterproof. Ross Co., 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

**...WINX
FOR LOVELY LASHES**



These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

GRACE MOORE (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is the screen's great loan from the grand opera stage. Born in Jellico, Tenn., Miss Moore sang in church choirs in her home state. Entering musical comedy, she scored tremendous successes in the great "Music Box Revues" of Irving Berlin. In 1928 she made her debut at the Metropolitan as *Mimi* in "La Boheme."



GAVIN GORDON ("Romance," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is Greta Garbo's latest leading man. Born in Chicora, Miss., young Gordon is six feet, two, with dark hair and grey eyes. He had eight years of stage experience, playing many good rôles, before entering pictures for Pathe in 1929. The droll Gavin says his favorite pastime is "spending money."



JILLIAN SAND ("Are You There?" Fox) is a young English girl who was brought over with the idea that she would go into a Will Rogers picture, but was sent into the Bee Lillie film instead. She played on the stage in London, and made several pictures in England. Her real name is Gillian Sandlands, and she was born Feb. 22, 1908.



HENRY WADSWORTH ("Slightly Scarlet," Paramount) is one of the two clever youngsters uncovered by Helen Morgan's "Applause," the other being Joan Peers. Henry is a Maysville, Ky., boy, twenty-three years old, who went for the stage deliberately. So, after touring in Chautauqua, he finally landed on Broadway, from which pictures took him.



PERT KELTON ("Sally," First National) began in show business as one of the Four Keltons, a family vaudeville turn. A natural comic and mimic, Manager Charles Dillingham picked her out and gave her a big rôle in "Sunny," in which she scored. Then she was featured in "The Five O'Clock Girl." And now she seems certain of much screen success.



PAUL CAVANAGH ("Strictly Unconventional," M-G-M) is an Englishman who made a stop in New York for just one play before hitting Hollywood. He was born in 1893, educated at Cambridge, played in the London theater and made his first picture in Great Britain in 1928. He is about six feet tall, with brown hair and grey eyes.



ELISE BARTLETT is the former wife of Joseph Schildkraut. She met and married the orchidaceous Joseph while they were acting together on the stage. Their marital career was stormy, and, after their separation, Elise decided to go in for pictures—in which she had appeared intermittently during the Schildkrauts' life together.



BRAMWELL FLETCHER ("Raffles," United Artists) is another English actor American film audiences will meet for the first time in this Colman talkie. This is his first visit to our shores, after a career in the English theater and some time spent in the British film studios. As you can see, Mr. Fletcher is very Nordically blond.



News! Views! Gossip! of Stars and Studios!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

The public knew that she was apt to do something funny at any moment and they weren't going to be caught without their laugh muscles limbered up.

The upshot of it all was that poor Junior had to rush back to the Universal lot, grab Beryl Mercer, set the cameras grinding and re-take all the scenes in which ZaSu had appeared. So if you heard that ZaSu Pitts was in "All Quiet" don't be surprised if she looks like Beryl Mercer. It is Beryl Mercer and this is why.

LITTLE Colleen Moore's seven-year dream of happiness is over.

In mid-May, she received a divorce from John McCormick, whom she married in 1923. For long the marriage was believed one of Hollywood's happiest.

In her appeal for a decree Colleen charged McCormick with cruelty, citing various occasions when he was in a surly mood, insulting to her guests and ugly to her.

McCormick did not appear to contest the suit. Several weeks ago he disappeared, and it was later learned that he had sailed for Honolulu.

So passes "a happy Hollywood home." Enters great sadness for Colleen and her devoted friends, and the chance for more "I told you so's" from critics of filmland. And the big beautiful house in Bel-Air, so recently completed, passes to other hands. Just like the new popular song, "A Cottage for Sale." We're all sorry, Colleen!

"I've discovered after all these months in Hollywood," said Ann Harding, she of the mild manner, "that the only way to get things in this business is to shout for them. The person with the best pair of lungs gets the most things!"

A BIT in Eddie Quillan's picture, "Night Work," requires the actor to give a group of children doses of castor oil. But the director decided to do away with realism for once. They used white molasses instead.

A FRIEND called Aileen Pringle on the phone.

"Miss Pringle isn't here," the maid said. "Is she working today?" asked the friend. "No, ma'am, I'll tell you. She went to a funeral this afternoon and afterwards she said she was going to a tea party."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO died "just comfortably off," according to modern standards.

His net estate amounted to \$331,693, according to a report filed by S. George Ullman, his manager, executor and friend. \$551,346 had been used to pay funeral expenses and heavy claims against the estate.

CUPID'S Newsreel—

... in London, Maria Corda, who played "Helen of Troy," says that she's willing to remarry her ex-husband, who is Alexander Korda and spells it with a K... but in Hollywood, Korda says it's a "bit too early" to speak of anything like that... Marie Prevost asks the superior court to let her be Miss Marie Prevost, dropping the name of Mrs. Kenneth Harlan... they were divorced, in January, 1929, and he's wed again... Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks pass their tenth wedding anniversary, and Doug is taking a golf vacation in Europe this year while Mary stays in Hollywood making pictures... Bert Lytell marries Grace Menken in Phila-



Costumes from Kaskel & Kaskel, Inc.

You will find lasting protection in the new fitted, softer Kotex

Kotex deodorizes; Kotex is softer, more absorbent, and thus adds both daintiness and comfort to sanitary protection.

YOU want a feeling of security and safety in sanitary protection. But you want even more than that, and Kotex gives you more.

First of all, it deodorizes, keeps you dainty, fresh, immaculate at times when that is doubly important. It is fashioned to fit securely. Under the closest fitting gown it is inconspicuous — a fact that smart women are quick to appreciate.

Lasting softness

Kotex stays soft, stays comfortable, after hours of wear. It is made of a most unusual substance, known as Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This is the very same absorbent used by 85% of our great hospitals today. It is not cotton, but a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton—with five times the absorbency.

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- 4 *Deodorizes*... safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
- 5 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

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KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any
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delphia . . . they had been engaged a year . . . and it's Bert's third marriage . . . Janet Gaynor returns to Hollywood still insisting that all this talk of a rift between her and Hubby Lydell Peck is just so much blah . . . Al St. John tells the judge he can't pay his wife the alimony he owes her because he's not working, so the judge gives him a little more time to find a job . . . Hollywood watching the progress of the Bill Boyd-Dorothy Sebastian romance . . . and Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan still going places together . . . Mrs. Lloyd Hamilton still asking the court to make Lloyd pay her that little item of \$10,000 back alimony which she's been trying to collect ever since when . . . Georgette Cohan denies she's going to marry Phil Plant, dispossessed ex-hubby of Connie Bennett.

IT sounds like what happens in Octavus Roy Cohen's famous black-life stories—but it really did happen to Stepin Fetchit . . .

A squad of police answered a riot call to a certain Los Angeles address. They found a party in progress at which the guests were of Los Angeles' best negro society. Out in the back yard, tangled up in a lot of wire around a chicken coop, lay Stepin Fetchit, and above him stood a large ebony gentleman named Simon P. Johnson. Johnson had a cudgel in his hand with which he was earnestly belaboring Fetchit.

"What's all this about?" demanded Officers Raggott and Hickey, arresting Johnson on charges of assault and possession of a gun.

"Ah nevuhd did lak dat Fetchit, now!" was all the explanation Johnson would give. Fetchit wouldn't give any further explanation himself.

Johnson was hauled away to jail. "It was wuth it," he soliloquized.

NEATEST sign of the week and observed by our confidential observer on the gate that leads to the tennis courts of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert's mountainerie: "Tennis by appointment only."

And that means you, my great big gate and buffet-supper crasher!

IF William S. Hart breaks out in one of these here new-fangled talkies before long we are not going to be that surprised.

Bill went over to M-G-M to call on Johnny Mack Brown while Johnny was working on

"Billy the Kid." Johnny took him right up close to the microphone and when Bill found it wouldn't bite he agreed to make a scene just for fun. And liked it so well that they almost had to hit him on the head to get him away from the mike.

Not long after I saw a newsreel in which Bill interpreted some Indian sign language in a deep, booming bass. He was a little bit reminiscent of the old-fashioned Shakespearean actor—which is to be understood. Bill used to play Shakespeare in his early days on the stage before he became America's best-loved Western star. But his voice is all right, and the impassive face and steely glance that made him famous are unchanged. Bet he'd be a big drawing card in a series of talkie Westerns!

BEING late for the studio, Constance Bennett was making time down the boulevard when she ran by a stop signal. A traffic officer immediately gave chase and headed her into the curb.

"Say," he said, indignantly, "didn't you see that red light?"

"Oh, was it red?" innocently inquired Connie. "Yeah," pulling out his pad, "but this ticket is pink. Try and run past that."

A NEW picture was being previewed in an outlying town.

It was a perfect artistic production, but it looked like a perfect commercial flop.

As "The End" showed on the screen, a deep bass voice in the rear of the house boomed—

"No errors. No hits. No runs!"

THE man of a thousand faces may not have as many voices, but he will do pretty well in his first talking picture.

Lon Chaney speaks as five different persons in "The Unholy Three," a talking version of one of the most successful of the old silents. Chaney will be heard as an old woman, a ventriloquist the ventriloquist's puppet, a side-show barker, and as a raucous-voiced parrot.

Opening scenes on Chaney's first picture in a long, long time were shot on the star's forty-seventh birthday.

THERE are all sorts of ways to land movie contracts, but Laura Lee found a new one. It wasn't intentional, but it worked.



A domestic scene on the set. While Director Harry Beaumont rehearses Robert Montgomery and Hedda Hopper in a bit for "Our Blushing Brides," Joan Crawford, its star, does a little hooking on a hooked rug

She was doing a bit at First National when one of the heavy microphones fell. It hit Laura on the head, knocked her out and cut a gash in her scalp.

Instead of going home, Laura insisted on working after she came to. The studio appreciated it so much they gave her a contract.

ANOTHER example of studio gameness was provided by Gavin Gordon. "Romance" was being shot at his studio. In the middle of production, Gordon found himself with a broken collar bone in an automobile crash.

His doctor advised him to wait until the injury was healed before trying to act. Gordon decided otherwise. He had a steel brace fixed, which he removed while actually before the camera. When the picture was finished, he went back to the hospital to finish recovery.

ANNA Q. NILSSON is able to walk without a cane for the first time in almost two years. Recently she went swimming in the hospital pool.

SUE CAROL has a new job.

Almost at the very instant her Fox contract expired she was signed to a "bigger and better" one with Radio Pictures. It is an open secret that neither Fox nor Sue was too happy under the old contract. She was dissatisfied with the rôles given her, and Fox used her services rather infrequently of late.

The "Chicago heiress" makes her first Radio appearance opposite Arthur Lake in "Tommy."

HAROLD LLOYD'S grand new home—remember the two pages of pictures of the place in the May PHOTOPLAY?—almost ceased to be, not so long ago.

The rubbish incinerator in the back of the house sprung a leak, or something. Anyway, it set fire to the place, and for two hours, firemen chased smouldering flames around the spaces between the Lloydian walls. Damage—\$4,000.

GET out the family spectacles and look sharp—you may see a new Colleen Moore any day now. Since Colleen and First National came to a parting of the ways there have been flocks of rumors concerning her future activities.

The most likely one has to do with Pathe and more particularly with Laura Hope Crewes, well-known stage actress. Miss Crewes rolled into Hollywood on the talkie tidal wave and rapidly established herself as a voice coach. At present she seems to be the little female Napoleon of the Pathe lot.

It is more than likely that Colleen's future pictures will be released under the Pathe banner and that Miss Crewes will replace John McCormick as Colleen's producer.

Old Cal was snooping around with his platinum carphones and he overheard Hedda Hopper and Julianne Johnston, two of Colleen's pals, conferring with the resourceful Laura. The upshot of it all was that the three of them decided to remodel Colleen.

How will you have your Moore this season—languorous and seductive in the Garbo manner or full of that old Gallic something or other a la Fifi Dorsay? Send in your requests now.

DON'T fall down in the middle of the floor and kick and scream, but Karl Dane's bedroom is decorated in robin's egg blue.

WE hate to tell you this. Somehow it upsets a precedent. But William Powell was forced to shave off his moustache for prison scenes in "Facing the Law."

He approached the gate at Paramount. The gateman looked up and—No, no, you're all wrong!



Be safe... remove cold cream the Kleenex way

BE SAFE when you remove cold cream. Don't use a method that may stretch and relax the skin . . . like coarse, unabsorbent towels. Don't use unhygienic "cold cream cloths," which usually carry bacteria *into* the pores instead of lifting impurities away.

Kleenex is safe. Great skin authorities recommend it, great beauties use it. Every Kleenex tissue comes from the box pure, soft, absolutely free from the germs that

are so dangerous to complexion beauty. And Kleenex is so *very* absorbent. The delicate tissues simply blot up the surplus cream, along with lingering bits of dirt and cosmetics. No rubbing is needed.

Kleenex tissues are becoming more and more popular for handkerchiefs. They are so fresh, clean and soft . . . and do away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering.

Doctors advise Kleenex when there's a cold, to avoid reinfection. Think how much better to use a tissue, than discard it, than a germ-filled handkerchief.

Ask for Kleenex at the toilet goods counter of any drug or department store.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues

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Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

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Lovely Helen Wright, Universal's talented new leading lady, has her own feminine reason for removing cosmetics with Kleenex: "Such lovely tints! Kleenex not only removes make-up and cleaning cream very thoroughly — it puts me in the right mood for a beauty treatment."



Helen Wright



GROW-

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow! Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows. I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "Ho", "nahs", or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa., "I certainly am delighted... people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa., "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Kaviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddleford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxuriant."

Results Evident in One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen. Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Send today. Special Introductory Price only \$1.95 NOW! Later \$3.00. Order NOW at low price.

Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

"Good morning, Mr. Powell," said the keeper of the portals, never batting an eye.

SOME of the English critics complained about the scene in the inn (in drat those ins, anyway) "Bulldog Drummond." The British critics, who should know all about such things, said no one ever sang in the tap rooms of the jolly old Empire.

Samuel Goldwyn gets back at them in a sly manner. There is another English inn in "Raftes." And in this inn there is a sign, very conspicuously displayed—"No Singing Allowed."

JOE E. BROWN told me this one about his oldest son, aged eleven. Joe, Jr., turned up one afternoon and announced that he'd had an offer to become a fight manager. Paternal inquiry revealed the fact that the fighter was an eight-year old schoolmate with pugilistic ambitions, but no manager.

Joe, Jr., aspired to the position. Joe, Sr., who learned about fighters from John L. Sullivan with whom he appeared in vaudeville, gave the kid a lot of information about the care and feeding of boxers, and the Junior Brown disappeared, apparently satisfied. The next day he came back with an elaborate training chart on which, among others, this item figured:

- Monday—no candy.
- Tuesday—candy, but no sticky candy.

WE think that all persons with artistic appreciation should know that Al Jolson has his initials embroidered in red on his shorts.
"A. J.—Just like that. On which leg, our distinguished informer neglected to say.

"DAD" Spare is dead. He was eighty-four. For more than ten years, he had been one of those mighty individuals who guard studio gates. Would-be gate crashers were always a pain in the neck to "Dad."

It used to be that he knew everybody in pictures. But talkies brought new faces and new names, and life as a gateman was getting awfully complicated for him toward the finish. A man at eighty-four isn't as quick to grasp new things as younger fellows.

And so it was that just a week before his death, this happened at the Radio Pictures studio gate, where he presided.

A woman presented herself at his information desk.
"I'm Miss So-and-So," she said, identifying herself as music critic for a certain newspaper. "I have an appointment with Everett Marshall."

Now Everett Marshall is the famous Metropolitan opera singer who had recently joined the Radio Pictures forces to sing the lead with Bebe Daniels in "Dixiana."

"Dad" Spare glared at the woman critic.
"Ain't never heard o' no such person. Ain't nobody in pictures by that name," he growled.

"But I tell you he's the famous opera singer who's working here. I am to interview him. I have an appointment, I tell you."

Her vehemence convinced "Dad" that she was just another gate crasher. Neither her own name nor that of Everett Marshall meant anything to him. Had she mentioned Bebe Daniels, he would have okehed it, but in all his eighty-four years, he had never heard of any Everett Marshall in pictures.

"Nope," he decided. "There ain't nobody here by that name."

And he wouldn't pass her in. In fact, when she demanded that he telephone in to announce her, he put his foot down and told her he'd do no such thing.

And finally, she had to go outside the studio and phone from a drugstore pay station so that the publicity department could send a man out to escort her past the glaring "Dad."

TALKIES have at last reached a "farthest north." The Empress Theater in Anchorage, Alaska, has been wired for sound. Cap'n Lathrop, its owner, gave his public "The Cocoanuts," the Marx Brothers' musical comedy, as the first talkie bill.

The Empress is the only concrete building in that frosty town of 1,800 souls. The cap'n gives two shows an evening, though it's just about as dark at noon, a lot of the time.

Moving southeast a few thousand miles, those killing Marx boys have been making another picture at Paramount's New York studio. It's a talkie version of "Animal Crackers," their latest musical comedy. There are some howls in it, believe Cal!

MARY and Doug entertained a large party of friends at Mayfair on the tenth anniversary of their wedding. Leon Errol, toast master of the evening, proposed a toast to them.

Everyone in the crowded ballroom arose and drank to their health and happiness with water, coffee, or whatever they brought with them.

UNIVERSAL'S masterpiece, "All Quiet on the Western Front," had a dandy New York premiere.

The Central, its theater, is tiny, and the office had a hard time seating all the first-nighters. A big Universal party was on hand, headed by Uncle Carl and Junior—who celebrated his twenty-second birthday sick in bed in a New York hotel! Mr. and Mrs. John Boles were on hand for the start, John having just finished a round of personal appearances with "Captain of the Guard."

But the handsomest man there was big Tommy Meighan, tanned by the Florida sun. When Cal saw him in the lobby, he was surrounded by a crowd of women, and why not? He was almost too good-looking to be true!

A FEW night slater "King of Jazz" opened at the huge 6,000 seat Roxy, and police reserves were out by noon to handle the mobs. The picture was well liked by most, but the big thrill came when Whiteman himself conducted George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue"—150 musicians going full tilt, and George himself at the piano.

Some of the higher-hat music critics spoke smoothly about it, but it was plenty good enough for your humble servant and countless thousands of other citizens.

AND the Warner boys opened a new theater on Broadway, and DID the so-called Main Stem go gala!

The street was jammed with shiny cars, and the house with celebrities. Flashlights went puff and sidewalk gapers went oo-loo-ke! Mayor Walker of New York made the opening address, dedicating the theater to the memory of the late Sam Warner.

The house, called the Hollywood, is small for a picture theater, seating only about 1,700. It is said to be the only theater so far designed expressly for the showing of talkies. And it is very gold-leafy.

"Hold Everything" was the opening picture, and all the film stars in New York graced it with their ermine and stiff shirts. A big night for New York—still the greatest hick street on earth.

JACK OAKIE was playing in a picture called "The Social Lion." In one sequence he competed in a polo game. The first day on the set Jack took a look at the ponies.

They were high-steppers and unusually frisky. Jack found his director. "Say," he said, "let's make this a skiing picture."

GRETA GARBO'S success in her first talkie set another beautiful Scandinavian girl all-a-twitter.

It's our old and beautiful friend, Greta Nissen, who hails from over the line in Norway. If a Swedish girl can go English so splendidly, so can she, for the honor of Good Old Norway.

With that in view, Greta the Nissen is bobbing around in vaudeville, hoping that managers will figure her a good talkie bet. When it comes to beauty, there are few who can touch the Norwegian belle. Now for a voice!

POOOR Cecil B. De Mille! He just has to sit up nights thinking about elaborate touches for his cinemas de luxe.

However, he's thought of a hot one for "Madame Satan," in which Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny will cavort. It is a costume ball on a Zeppelin, flying over a metropolis. When joy is at its height the Zeppelin has a crack-up, or whatever it is Zeppelins are troubled with. The whole party descends in parachutes.

De Mille believes the Zeppelin Ball to be a topper for his Cinderella ball in "Forbidden Fruit" and the Candy ball in "The Golden Bed." Certainly the screen has seen no more lavish costuming in many a day.

LOUISE FAZENDA wrapped up a piece of wedding cake at one of Hollywood's recent fashionable "splices."

"I'm going home and dream on it," she told her husband, Hal Wallis.

"If you do," he retorted, "I hope you dream of a Sennett cop."

PAULINE FREDERICK (remember when she was your favorite actress?) is now married to one Hugh C. Leighton, president of the Interstate Company of New York.

This is Frederick's fourth marital venture. She has been married to an architect, a playwright and a doctor at various times during her career. Willard Mack, you know, was the author fellow.

HOLLYWOOD is filling up with opera stars who have broken into the talkies.

But there's only one talkie player who has done the reverse. He's Fred Scott, former radio singer, who stepped from the broadcasting mike onto the Pathe sound stages, and then was engaged to sing the tenor rôle in "Salome," opposite Maria Jerizta, with the Los Angeles Opera Company.

YOU'D think that the waitresses in studio lunchrooms would get hard-boiled about actors and actresses.

Well, the other day, Mary Pickford visited Bebe Daniels at the Radio Pictures lot, and had lunch with her in the big dining room there.

And afterward, all the regular lunchers there signed a petition asking Mary never to come again at the noon hour, because the waitresses were so busy staring at Mary that they forgot about the regulars!

MR.S. THOMAS H. INCE, widow of the pioneer film producer and director, has announced her engagement to Holmes Herber.

By the terms of the will of her late husband, Mrs. Ince forfeits her principal of the \$2,000,000 estate and receives only the interest if she marries before 1931, seven years following the death of the late producer.

EVERY once in a while, "Fatty" Arbuckle raises his head out of the silences, makes a bright crack to show he's still got a sense of humor, and then subsides again.

The last time was when they were discussing the Paul Whiteman picture Universal had just finished.

"It must have cost a fortune," said Arbuckle. "About two millions, altogether," someone said.

This subject is no longer taboo



Today feminine hygiene is frankly discussed

IT used to be that feminine hygiene was not discussed. It was taboo. But in this enlightened age, it is recognized as a safeguard of modern science to woman's good health, continued youthfulness and charm . . . and very often to happiness.

But, for this vital purpose, do not experiment. Do not be misled by the extravagant claims of so-called "non-poisonous" preparations. "Lysol" Disinfectant itself is *non-poisonous* when used in proper dilution. "Lysol" is a *concentrated* germicide, and therefore gives you many times more for your money than do so-called

"non-poisonous" preparations, some of which are 90% or more of water when you buy them.

The use of the wrong antiseptic may cause serious harm. Use "Lysol." It has been relied upon for 40 years by doctors and hospitals at the most critical time of all—child-birth. Buy a bottle today—the directions with each bottle give simple, easy rules to follow. Be safe. Be sure.

A prominent woman physician gives you professional advice and specific rules in the booklet offered below. It is enlightening. It is free. Send for your copy today.



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Freckles Vanish!



Tells How to Rid Your
Complexion of These Ugly,
Rusty-Brown Spots

If you freckle easily, yet find these blemishes hard to remove, read what thousands of women do to fade out every last freckle and gain a clear, beautiful complexion. They use Othine and no longer dread the summer sun and winds.

You, too, will find that after a few nights' use of this dainty white cream even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce of Othine is needed to clear the skin of these ugly blotches.

Be sure to ask at any drug or department store for Othine—double strength. It's always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and give you a lovely, milk-white complexion.

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DOUBLE STRENGTH

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SWEETER
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When you dance, play or work—be your loveliest—use BLUE WALTZ, youth's enchanting perfume. Popular 50c and \$1.00 sizes at drug and department stores . . .

Dainty pink size at 5 and 10c stores

JOSEPH CIE, Inc., 71 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

"Hmph," grunted Arbuckle; "I'll bet Laemmle wonders whether it won't be a rhapsody in red!"

MAY 5 is the Mexican national holiday. By the end of April, Dolores Del Rio had received twenty-six different requests from Mexican cities, concerns, clubs and organizations of all kinds, to participate in the celebration of the day—by doing things like laying cornerstones, making speeches, attending functions or what have you?

She decided that she couldn't accept any one of these invitations without offending all the others. So she accepted none. Instead, she made a radio speech of her own over a Los Angeles station, calling attention to the significance of the day to her fellow-nationals.

CUT-BACKS on the Hollywood Premiere of "All Quiet on the Western Front" . . . Raymond Hatton and Wally Beery forgot their tickets . . . and had to stall around the lobby until somebody found where to put 'em . . . Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper, during the intermission, trying in vain to get to the coca cola stand . . . and being mobbed by a horde of autograph-hounds . . . must have gotten writer's cramp, they signed that many autograph albums . . . Betty Bronson left the theater in the middle of the war stuff . . . said she "couldn't stand it" . . . Lucille Gleason stayed through it and said, red-eyed, that she felt as though she'd been run over by a steam roller . . .

Lew Ayres, introduced from the stage after the picture, blushing and refusing to make a speech . . . Wolheim, however, makes one and says that after playing in "All Quiet," he's at last convinced he's working in a respectable business . . . what did he mean, anyway? . . . Lew Cody there, looking as though he's putting on weight again . . . the strange feeling, when the lads who played the various soldiers in the picture are introduced from the stage after the show's over, that they really haven't any right to be standing there, all dressed up in evening clothes . . . that they're really DEAD . . . And that's a real tribute to the makers of this film.

THE value of a screen player jumps almost overnight when he makes one big picture. Take that kid Lew Ayres, for instance.

He played the lead in one Garbo picture and then he was cast by Universal for "All Quiet on the Western Front" and put under a long term contract.

The studio got him for a very small salary because he was not well known. Just recently he has been loaned to Fox for one picture for something like \$20,000.

OWEN DAVIS is the nation's most prolific playwright. Of course, he is now in Hollywood.

The other day the phone rang at his home. A servant answered.

"Is Owen Davis in?" came a voice.

"Sorry, but he can't be disturbed. He's writing a play."

"All right," was the rejoinder, "I'll hold the wire till he's done."

COULD you qualify for a job as census-taker in Hollywood? The boys who go around finding out who lives with whom, whereabouts, and why, have a tougher time of it in the film capital than anywhere else.

For instance, if you were a census-taker would you translate Evelyn Lederer Kiefer in to the better known *nom de cinema*, Sue Carol? Would you know that a young man by the name of Niculae Pratz, living at the same address, had every right to be there because he is also Nick Stuart and Mr. Sue Carol?

Would you recognize Lillian Bohmy as Billie Dove, Ernest Brimmer as Richard Dix, and Lucille Langhanke as Mary Astor? And if you saw Lolita Dolores Asunolo de Martinez written down would you nonchalantly light a Murad and murmur "Dolores Del Rio,"—or would you head for the great open spaces where a man's a man and his name's his own?

A CERTAIN star has become a social outcast in Hollywood. When she walks down the street mothers draw their little innocent babies away from her. Old men cast reproving glances in her direction. She is not invited to the really nice parties.

There is a dark and sinister reason for all this. The star against a tea, recently, and asked for tea.

THEY do say there is real war on between C. B. De Mille and director Lubitsch, all because the latter has attempted something more daring in the way of a bath tub.

Lubitsch has had built a circular bath room, done in silver and black marble, with a black marble tub carved to fit the wall. Heretofore innovations of this character have been the prerogative of C. B., though I must say right here that the Crane Company has never recognized what De Mille has done for their business.

But, to get back to my subject, you will have to see "Monte Carlo" and "Madame Satan" to judge which director has had the finest imagination in the way of a bath tub.

AT last the secret is out as to why Dorothy Dwan refused to do any more pictures, even though her talking test was so excellent that she had three offers immediately.

She was preparing for another matrimonial step and by the time this reaches you she will be married to Paul N. Boggs, Jr.

Mr. Boggs' parents presented them with a beautiful home in Beverly Hills for a wedding present.

THIS one belongs to Eddie Cantor.

Says he: "A year ago the song writers were searching for a second verse and a chorus—now they're looking for title swimming pools and butlers."

MAX STEINER, who arranges orchestrations, is up in arms. He says he is asked to be a tailor as well as a musician. The complaint arises out of a request of Luther Keed's that Steiner give him "six more yards" when a theme song ran out before the actors finished their lines. "Six more yards, something we can chop off anywhere to make it fit." He meant six yards of film, of course.

Bebe and Ben

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

She's crazy about the water, anyway—even though she does get scusick on boats.

Much as she loves sports, Bebe has recently turned to more quiet pastimes. She doesn't want to play sports roles any more, and fears

that's what they'll give her if she indulges too much in athletics. So she reads a lot, now, and studies languages for the talkies. Non-fiction stuff—biographies—are her favorite books, and she thinks sexy French style novels are just a

waste of time and paper. She prefers reading in bed.

Bebe is one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood. She has an uncanny sense of color values, and insists on a matching color scheme in her attire. She hates hats and doesn't wear one if she can avoid it. She prefers to carry it in her hand. She owns forty-seven hats at this writing.

Her favorite colors in dress are white and pastel shades. She dislikes black. And straight lines—no frills or flounces. Shoes are a hobby—she even designs them herself and has them custom made according to her own sketches.

FLOWERS are a passion with her, and her rooms are full of them. Red roses, camellias and spring bouquets of old-fashioned posies are her favorites.

She has black hair, dark brown eyes, olive skin and a nose that's been to the plastic surgeon's twice and isn't quite what she wants yet. She's careful about having that nose photographed. Sharp profiles are "out" for this reason. Three-quarter faces, so that the curve of the cheek forms a background for the nose are as far as she cares to turn from the lens. She, like most other stars, has a good side and a bad side for the camera. The bad side is rarely, if ever, photographed.

She takes her work very seriously. So much so, that for the first few days, she's afraid to look at the "rushes," for fear she's fallen down. Finally she forces herself to watch, and from then on she's lost her nervousness. On the set, she's popular with her fellow workers. Prop-boys fight for the privilege of bringing her a chair.

She is ultra-generous. Giving presents is one of her greatest delights. She will forego making necessary purchases for herself in order to devote the time to buying gifts for her friends.

At Christmas she spends about \$20,000 for presents for her relatives, friends and acquaintances. About the studio, to prop-boys and minor workers, she hands out currency for Christmas gifts. She appears with a great sheaf of greenbacks, and starts passing them out indiscriminately. Several smart boys grab a dollar bill on one side, then scurry around to the other side of the group and get another one, because Bebe doesn't remember whom she's given one to and whom she hasn't!

She goes to church every Sunday, and is genuinely and sincerely religious. She likes to see moving pictures, either in a theater or in the big projection room in her own home. She likes music, but very little jazz. Blues singers and mammy shouters are off her list, too.

She takes sudden likes and dislikes to persons. If she likes a person, she's likely to give too much of her trust to that individual. But if she finds out her confidence has been violated, she never forgives the violator.

BEBE likes Oriental perfumes by night; light, springy perfumes by day.

She handles her own investments, and boasts that she had one of the biggest existing collections of bad stocks. Yet she's a millionaire. She loves animals, and has only one pet. That one is "Snippy," a little wire-haired fox terrier.

The thing that's made her happiest in recent times is what the advent of talkies has done for her. A falling star before sound burst into Hollywood, she emerged from the battle with the mike as one of the biggest stars of the new phonoplay.

Naturally, she's gratefully careful of the voice that's done this for her. But she's still unconvinced as to its worth. One day, Tito Schipa, visiting the studio, told her that he believed hers to be the "loveliest feminine voice on the screen." Her eyes were wet with tears in appreciation of the compliment. But afterward, she told a very dear friend: "I don't believe him." She meant it.

Oh, yes. She sings in the bathroom.

Hands always Lovely

on less than 5 minutes a day



Busy women find 4
Advantages in the
new Liquid Polish

Fashion Editor of *Femina*, *Smart French Magazine* says:

"NO WOMAN knows better than the smart Parisienne what a lovely asset her hands can be! With her unerring instinct for all the little artifices that accentuate her charm, she was quick to appreciate the flattering brilliance of the new liquid polish.

"I find four decided advantages in this delightful liquid polish. First, it is so easy to apply that it saves much precious time. Second, just one application keeps the finger tips sparkling for days and days. Third, it does not peel or discolor. Fourth, it will not make the nails brittle.

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garnet—clear and sparkling as red wine!

"With an application of liquid polish at the weekly manicure, the nails can be kept beautifully groomed with less than five minutes' care each day. Just scrub your nails in warm soapy water. Then, with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and saturated with cuticle remover, soften and shape the cuticle. A good cuticle remover is also a fine cleanser for the under-nail tip."

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How I'd Manage Six Famous Wives

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

couldn't 'there, there, little woman' her and get away with it.

"By kidding her out of her moods, I mean just not taking them seriously. Rather let her know that if these moods get too serious you'll take drastic steps. I wouldn't let her know what steps I'd take. I wouldn't know them myself. Anyhow, I'd never take them, but I'd let her think I would. And that wouldn't be a game, either. I'd do it honestly. Living with Dolores wouldn't always be calm but it would be exciting. But there is

Eventually I'd get a glimpse of that simplicity and then it would be perfect. It wouldn't be a game, a studied play by play move on my part. Love would play the game. If I did it skillfully and if I were truly in love with her I could complete the gesture. The sophistication would be there for the rest of the world, but not for me. Now, certainly there is very little sophistication about

COLLEEN MOORE

"In order to hold Colleen's love I'd be a kid with her. I'd have to enter into that marvelous play spirit in order to hold her. I'd treat her like the little girl she is, for Colleen is like her name.

"She's a fresh spring breeze. Look at the enthusiasm she gave to having that doll's house built on her place. Nothing was too much trouble. She's a child, at heart, and I'd love that in her and encourage it.

"I'd be a kid, too, and try to find new things always with which to amuse her. Behind it all there's real intelligence, and that's what makes her so charming."

LOIS MORAN

"Lois Moran is young but she has a good mind and a great capacity for the fine things in the world.

"At the moment, she dissipates her energies. She is a little arty. She has a number of divergent interests and right now she doesn't know what she wants. I'd keep constantly surprising her, for Lois has to have new interests. She has to be told what she wants and made to understand it. She is like many young girls with brilliant minds, she is still somewhat floundering and looking for a definite philosophy which she hasn't.

"I'd try to make that philosophy something worth while by continually changing my own moods, by not letting her become tired of me, by keeping abreast of her active mind. She would respond for she has a great generosity and a great capacity for affection.

"Now I've been specific, haven't I?"
There was nothing for me to do but admit it. "But," I added, "you've been talking about women you don't know as well as you know your wife. What about Lilyan Tashman? What sort of a person is she? How do you manage her or, rather, how would you manage her if you did?"

He thought for a long, long time. The cigarette smoke curled about his head. "Lil!—Well, I would—I mean I do—she's—Oh, Lord!—Lil, why—she's just all there is and there isn't any more."

BILLIE DOVE

"Billie is so beautiful that I wouldn't bother about managing her. I'd just feast my eyes upon her. She's always so calm and so poised and so restful. If you came in tired she'd say, 'Now don't worry about that income tax, darling, I know it will come out all right' and you'd believe her.

"But, you see, there I'm talking about this thing from the man's viewpoint. You see, I'm thinking about how she'd manage me, not how I'd manage her. It's that fundamental thing again. Our pioneer ancestors. It's woman's job to keep a husband.

"But one thing I know about Billie. I'd never do anything to ruffle her lovely poise and charm. I'd try to make life as happy and as peaceful for her as possible, fearful lest I lose some of the great capacity for rest and quiet that she has. I'd try to be completely unselfish, do anything I could to please her. Life would not be so peaceful if I were married to—"

CONSTANCE BENNETT

He paused to light a cigarette and I kept thinking of the things Connie had said about how she'd manage Eddie. She had told me he liked sophisticated women and that he wouldn't have a little sit-by-the-fire for a wife. She also added that if she were married to Eddie she'd try to be witty and interesting and worldly. I wonder how Eddie would feel about her. He got off to a grand start.

"Connie," he said, "is one of the most sophisticated girls I know, but behind all this brilliance she is simple and honest, and almost naive. No man likes utter sophistication in a woman. He admires it, he enjoys seeing it, but he wants to know that in his wife it's a bit of a pose. He wants a woman to drop her worldliness for him. I'd try to get under Connie's sophistication. Oh, I'd want the world to see her brilliant and witty and amusing, but I'd break down that barrier when we were alone.

"I'd find the real *her* under the externals.

Born to Sing!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

become friendly with. He is a quiet, extremely reserved person. There is tragedy still in his serious, blue eyes. His natural reserve is augmented by shyness.

He will not forget in a hurry a scene he had to play in "Viennese Nights," his forthcoming operetta with Vivienne Segal. He had to walk into a crowded cafe, down a long flight of stairs, with a woman of the streets. He had to act very drunken and make a spectacle of himself before the woman he loves.

"When we re-rehearsed the scene I had to go through it with the set crowded with extras, property men and visitors. At first I didn't

think I could do it, but I gritted my teeth and started in. I'm glad that I didn't ask everybody to leave. It was good experience for me, and it was easier when it came to filming the scene."

Again that Scotch Presbyterian training was the shadow in the background. As a child he had seen little demonstrative affection in his home. His father and mother were ideally happy, but the affectionate display of many families was missing. He grew up to hide his own feelings.

In "Viennese Nights" he is wearing a blond, curly wig. The blond hair is more becoming

to him than his own darker brown shade, but he feels very foolish about it.

"Why don't you adopt blond hair permanently?" someone asked him. "Women never hesitate to take the shade of hair that is most becoming to them. Why shouldn't a man do the same?"

"I'm afraid that I spent too many years as an engineer," he answered.

And, after all, engineering may not be the best experience in the world as preparation for singing tender love ballads in the shell-pink ear of a prima donna.

HE never thought of the stage when he enrolled in Penn State College. During his first year he tended furnaces and waited on tables to pay his expenses. In his second year he joined Delta Upsilon fraternity. It immediately became apparent that a fraternity man would have to adopt some more dignified labor than nursing furnaces and passing the boarding house hash. So he sold aluminum ware.

"How I hated it," he confessed. "I was terribly bashful to begin with, and it almost killed me to have some indignant housewife slam the door in my face."

That part of Pennsylvania must be full of indignant housewives who are paying good money to see Alexander Gray on the screen, never dreaming that they once slammed their own doors in his face.

He began to sing in college. He joined the glee club, and took part in musical shows. He never had a vocal lesson until after he had gone in business. In Chicago he worked for several years as an advertising man for motor trucks.

Then in his spare time he began to train his voice.

AT first there was little thought of the stage. He wanted to do concert work. He took up the stage as a last resort because it offered him a living, and time to continue his study of music.

His first work of any importance was in Ziegfeld shows. He was at first merely a singer, never having any lines to speak. He came to serious attention in "Sally," and won his greatest popularity during the several seasons he sang the lead rôle in "The Desert Song."



Dunedin, New Zealand

I want to hand the photoplays a large and fragrant bouquet. Don't think I am exaggerating when I say I owe my husband and home directly to their influence.

My parents used to be most unreasonably strict and they never allowed me to join in youthful jollifications, under the firm impression that the "flesh and the devil" lay just around the corner. Some few years ago, however, a friend induced them to attend the movies. Gradually it became a habit, and it changed their whole outlook on youth.

They realized that having fun and dancing does not necessarily unfit a girl for the serious side of life. So I went to dances with friends, and in due course met the boy I afterwards married.

Blessings on the movies. They gave me life.

Mrs. M. M. D.

facts

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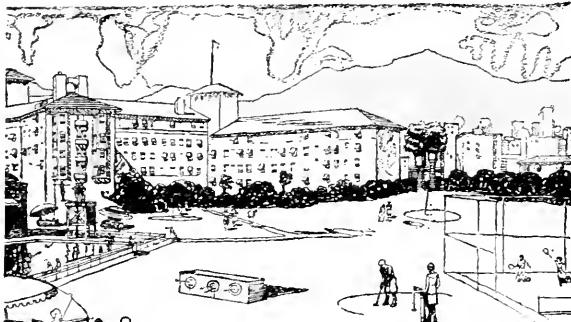
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42



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(See page 60 for full particulars regarding Contest)

This special offer is made to avoid disappointment. Many of our readers complained last year because the newsstands were sold out and in many instances we were unable to supply back copies. Take advantage of our Special Six Months' Contest rate, send \$1.25 (Canada \$1.50; Foreign \$1.75)—we will enter your subscription for 6 months, starting with the August issue, and send you the first set of Cut pictures, which appeared in June PHOTOPLAY. Use the convenient blank on page 134, this issue.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE 919 N. Michigan Avenue
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\$1.25

His sister presides over his home and takes a motherly interest in his small daughter, who is developing into quite a definite personality. His sister sings, too. Music has been a family inheritance. Their father and mother live in Philadelphia when they are not visiting in Hollywood.

Gray lives in a tiny cottage in the rear of the house. He has it fitted up with a small grand piano, a lovely desk made from an old spinet piano, and a cot that could not possibly be dignified by any other word than just that.

There is an elaborate system of buzzers from main house to cottage. One buzz means come in, and two buzzes mean stay out, for the love of Mike, or something like that.

Adolphe Comes Home!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

"I haven't any definitely," he says. "I've got all the money I want, and I'm interested only in keeping what I've got—and making the best pictures I can.

"I won't sign for anything unless I can get a good story, a good cast, good production and a good director.

"I'm not interested in being a star," he continues. "I'd rather not. A star's salary gets so big that they can't afford to spend what they should on productions.

"I'm not a fool.

"I know I made a mistake by acting as I did in going to Paris.

"But I'm back."

That Mulligan Spirit

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

through a hole in the back wall of the store, thinking there was something between us."

"Oh ho!" said Dorothy. "Then I quit." Dot Mulligan had discovered, anyway, that she wasn't cut out to be a business woman.

Then came the first ray of light. She met a woman through whom she got a chance to go on the Chautauqua circuit singing and playing piano. She liked it! Here was something in her line, it seemed.

Dorothy Mulligan was beginning to find herself. And besides, there was the queenly salary of forty dollars a week!

But week after week of the Chautauqua, and Dorothy Mulligan once again felt the walls of limitation.

Again she quit! Quit a job she really liked, because she knew she couldn't be herself by staying in it forever. Call it ambition, call it determination, call it whatever you wish, but Dorothy Mulligan quit the Chautauqua job to be herself.

Her mother insisted that she come back home and finish college. Dorothy knew that she didn't want to be a college girl above all, but one ought to please one's mother. So she found a compromise—

"I went back home with the determination to show mother that I didn't want to be a college girl."

She went to school late. She raised heck in the dorms. She cut classes and got other girls to do the same. She calculated ways to be called onto the carpet before the principal for a bawling out. And finally she was expelled.

"Oh, how I loved it," she says.

Now she made up her mind that there must be something for her in New York. She began to have an idea that stage life was her field. She wrote to Gus Edwards, a perfect

stranger, and told him that he had to see her! Then she borrowed two hundred dollars and went to New York and to Gus Edwards' house.

She must have had talent. For she became one of Gus Edwards' protégées! On the stage, Dorothy knew that now she had found what she wanted to be!

And when a four hundred and fifty dollar a week vaudeville contract came along, she was more than ever sure of it. But the vaudeville tour took her to California—and in Los Angeles she was offered a screen test.

"The moment I saw the inside of the studio, I knew that that was what I wanted."

From that moment on, Dorothy was unhappy on the stage. She wasn't being herself, once again. She had her eye always on the pictures. And at last, the break came—they needed a leading lady for "Speakeasy," and Ben Stoloff was in New York making talkie tests of actresses there.

One day, the manager of the show in which Dorothy Mulligan was playing stepped into her dressing room and said—

"There's a big movie director downstairs."

That was all he had to say. Dorothy Mulligan was herself on the instant—by rushing to meet the big movie director. Stoloff gave her a test—and she made good. Since then—

WELL, you know who Lola Lane is! The star of James Cruze's "The Big Fight," and the girl who is headed for one of the foremost places in filmdom, if the unanimous opinion of executives, directors and critics is any criterion.

Well, Lola Lane is Dorothy Mulligan.

She believes that every girl who has any spark of talent at all can only develop it by being herself everlastingly and always. When she goes back to Indianola this summer, to be the big attraction at a church bazaar for which they're going to charge the unprecedented admission of five dollars a person, she's going to advise any Indianola girl who asks her how to succeed, to be herself.

"If being yourself is being happily married to a farmer boy, then be yourself that way," Lola Lane Mulligan will tell her. "If you feel that being yourself is something else, then don't marry him. Try always to be yourself, no matter what the cost in courage to do it."

Lola Lane wants to tell every girl—not alone the girls back in Indianola, but the girls in all the Indianolas in the country, and in all the New Yorks and Chicagos and other places, too—to be themselves!



Manage THESE or they'll manage you!

THERE'S no question about it, millions of women need help! With all our new devices, they still are being bullied by dirt. Day after day, they are working too long hours... without getting much of anywhere.

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Of course our homes must be spic-and-span. That's what homes are for. Everyone knows that when woodwork and curtains and porcelain and glass get dingy, home happiness, too, may become less bright. And we can no more get along without fresh towels and sheets, and spotless table linen than we can put up with dirty clothing or unwashed bodies.

Nevertheless, now-a-days there is something wrong when "a woman's work... is never done." Two things, in fact, we venture to guess: First, the lack of a definite cleaning plan. Second, probably an incomplete understanding of the many surprising ways in which soap, the simplest and cheapest of cleansers, can be called upon to save backs and long hours.

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If you, too, have days when work piles up, then we urge you earnestly to send for our book, "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." For here are many valuable cleaning methods given in detail. And simple instructions, if you want them, for making your own efficient cleaning schedule. Use the coupon but mail it promptly.



Cincinnati, Ohio

Our hearts ache for the deaf, but there are many afflicted by the tragedy of blindness to whom talking pictures come as a heaven-sent boon.

In my family there are one totally blind person and another, partially blind, who have not gone into a theater for eight or nine years. They could not afford the prices asked for legitimate plays and were unable to see pictures. But since the advent of talkies, while they do not see the actors, thanks to the sounds and the talk they are able to follow the action of the story. And best of all, they hear the superb music.

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A Chevalier of France!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

thundered their approval and shouted for more. It didn't matter that his voice wasn't good and that he couldn't keep the pitch. It didn't matter that he couldn't follow the piano and that the piano had to follow him. He swept them away on the wave of his own joyous friendliness, and they laughed at everything, especially his mistakes.

It was his first big night, and when it was over, Heaven opened before him. The manager asked him to come back. Of course he couldn't pay him anything, but he generously offered Maurice the freedom of his stage, where someone was bound to see him eventually and give him an engagement.

Which was exactly what happened. It was a small-time artist who saw him and his possibilities, and talked to him after the show and said he thought he could get him work. Maurice ran home to his mother with the news.

By that time he had been thrown out of several trades by various disgusted employers, whose time he had wasted and whose tools he couldn't handle. He told his mother that the man had said he could make twelve francs a week (about \$2.50). That was more than he could earn as an apprentice, even if he succeeded in sticking to a job, which was doubtful.

It was a serious decision he was asking his mother to make. Madame Chevalier called in to consultation her eldest son, who stood in a father's place to the little family. Without an instant's hesitation, he said no!

Who had ever heard of an actor in the family? They had all earned their bread with their hands, and Maurice could do the same. Did his mother know what it meant to be an actor? It meant a wicked life—it meant keeping company with a set of good-for-nothing loafers who had neither money nor morals,

who were a disgrace to any self-respecting family. Let Maurice put that folly out of his head and buckle down to work like the rest of them!

Madame Chevalier looked from the stormy face of her big son into the pleading eyes of her little one. It must have been as difficult to resist his appeal then as it is now. Womanlike, having sought advice, she decided not to take it.

"He's a good boy," she said. "Let him try it, since his heart is set on it. If he fails, he always has time to be a carpenter." (It may be interesting to note in passing that before many years had gone by, this same stern brother's proudest boast was: "I am the brother of Chevalier!")

So Maurice tried it. It would be pleasant to record that his success was immediate and startling. It was neither. In his clownish make-up he scored a small hit, but the sensation of his amateur night was not repeated. However, there was no more talk of returning to a trade. It was understood between him and his mother that he was to be an actor, and that whatever difficulties had to be faced would be faced together.

HE went from one small engagement to another. There were weeks when he worked and weeks when he didn't. But, little by little, the two-and-a-half dollars grew to four-and-a-half, and one day he went over so big with the patrons of a certain music hall that its manager not only offered him a weekly salary of seven dollars, but billed him week after week in response to the demands of his admirers.

It was then that his second brother, whose earnings had helped support the household, married, so that even the fine sum of seven dollars was hardly enough to keep Madame



P. and A.

Monte Blue's beautiful family. His wife, holding Richard Blue, and her mother, Bodil Rosing, the screen actress, with Barbara Ann Blue

Chevalier from lace-making or their minds from worry. And though the seven-dollar engagement was a long one, running for several months, it came to an end at last.

There followed the most miserable period of Chevalier's existence. It was a hot summer and work was scarce. Day after day he tramped baking streets, tired and disheartened, hunting in vain for a job—any job. The depths of his wretchedness may be measured by the fact that he was ready to take what offered, even if it landed him in a carpenter's shop. The stage had been his vision of Paradise, but as between his vision and his mother, the vision would have to go.

FOR himself, it wouldn't have mattered. He could have lived happily on hot dogs and beer, and a man can always find a place to sleep. It might even have been rather romantic, a picturesque chapter in an actor's career. But what would have been fun for himself alone, was less than fun for himself and his mother together. His heart ached over her very cheerfulness in the face of privation. If she had grumbled, he would probably have borne it better.

During those days he vowed a private vow that he never broke. Whatever money he earned in the future, no matter how little, no matter how much, he would live on half of it. The other half he would put aside, so that he could be safe in the knowledge that his dependents would have something to depend upon.

The time came when there was no money in the house, and he did something that to this day he hates to talk or think about. He asked permission of a café owner to sing in the café and to pass the hat. Though he was still hardly more than a child, and was doing out of desperate necessity what many boys of his age might have done as a lark, the experience so wounded his self-respect as to leave a scar that never disappeared.

But he had lived through his darkest hour. At the end of the summer he was engaged as a sort of chorus boy for a big musical show called *La Parisiana*. His special talents soon became apparent to the manager, who decided to experiment with him. That was how it happened that young Maurice, in the same buffoon's rig that had been so popular with his less sophisticated audiences, appeared one night on the stage of a fashionable Parisian theater, and sang and gave his imitations of well-known stars with such success that his salary was promptly raised to fourteen dollars a week.

He had the satisfaction of knowing that he was earning more money at his "disreputable" calling than either of his big brothers at their highly respectable ones.

HE was then sixteen. "I think the next few years of my life are not so interesting for people to read about; though," he adds with a reminiscent smile, "they were very interesting for me to live. I did not have much trouble to secure engagements. I played in Paris and also in the provinces, and since there was not the great worry about money, I worried instead about my work.

"Not worried exactly either, you understand—but I tried always to think how I could make the people out there like me more. I was never one to run after flattery when I left the theater." He spoke with the simplicity that carries conviction. "It seemed to me always a waste of time and emotion. But as an actor, I did all in my power to please them.

"I tried to think what I would enjoy if I were sitting in the audience and the other fellow was on the stage. I wanted them to feel that I was one of them—not from a different world because the footlights came between us—but just an ordinary fellow, trying to make them laugh and have a good time."

One of the things he did to "make the people out there like him more" was to add dancing



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to his repertoire. In those days there was no such thing on the Parisian stage as a song-and-dance-man. If you were a singer, you sang, and that was the end of it.

But there came to Paris at about this time an American, who charmed the French theater-going public by executing intricate dance steps with his songs, and jiggling to the music as skillfully as he sang to it. He became the rage, and like all rages was soon being imitated in every corner of the city.

ONE of his most successful imitators was the young *comique*, Chevalier, who was beginning to be a drawing card and whom the big producers were watching speculatively. To see him in his baggy trousers and red nose tripping elegantly—with just an inspired touch of exaggeration—through the graceful measures that the American had popularized, was to see something more than an imitation. It was a kind of animated caricature, a funny picture come to life, and it brought down the house.

Once again Chevalier knew the thrill of his first night, once again the audience rose to its feet and shouted till the rafters rang, and refused to be quieted. And this time the fruits of his success were prompt and glorious. He was offered an engagement in what was then the smartest, gayest, most extravagant theatre in town—the goal of all music hall artists—the *Folies Bergères*.

During that engagement he underwent a transformation. He suddenly decided, one evening, to play a scene straight, without his ludicrous make-up. He was doubtful about the wisdom of such a step, for he had won his popularity as a clown, and that was how his public knew and liked him. Still, on this idea had occurred to him, he wanted to try. After all, what great harm could it do? If they didn't like it, he had only to run back to his dressing room to turn down again.

So he removed the false face and the rest of his disguise, donned dress clothes and stuck a straw hat down over one eye at the angle he had long since made his own, and breared out onto the stage. He felt queer, he felt unnatural, he felt just a little naked. He would have liked to dash back, but it was too late.

The ominous silence that greeted him made him feel queerer still. So, he'd been right! They didn't like him. Well, the only thing left for him to do was to sing his song and get out of their sight as fast as he could. At the first sound of his voice, at the first glimpse of his smile, there was a little stir and murmur of amazement. Why, this was Maurice Chevalier!

They hadn't realized it—they hadn't recog-

nized the zany they knew in this handsome, well-groomed youth whose smile was more dazzling than ever, now that the disfiguring mask had been removed, and whose humor and charm leaped like a living thing across the footlights, as if some veil between them had been withdrawn. It was a revelation! They must have felt that someone had been holding out on them. Their astonishment changed to delight, and their delight burst forth at the end of his song in the most frantic applause that had ever greeted him.

They wouldn't let him go back to being a clown. They wanted him as he was, with his youth and his pleasant face and his debonaire manner, in his dress clothes and straw hat, singing the sprightly songs that the French know so well how to concert!

When he saw that his work no longer needed the artificial props of costume and make-up, but could stand unsupported on its own feet, he was ready to oblige them. He would sing an occasional song in character, but for the major part of his program he gave his admirers what they wanted—Chevalier straight!

HE had gone to the *Folies Bergères*, more or less on trial, as a funny man. He emerged, a handsome young juvenile, the acknowledged male favorite of the French music hall stage, runner up to such blazing luminaries as Mistinguette and Gaby Deslys, his place in the sun assured.

It had often been rough going as he climbed, but now, looking back, it seemed almost a miracle that he could have traveled so far and so fast. He was actually doing what it is given few lucky mortals to do—living his dream—and all of life stretched smooth and golden ahead of him.

It was true that the time had come when his work must be interrupted by military service. He wasn't exactly elated at the prospect, but neither was he downcast. He would do the job that every son of France was asked to do, and then come back. He was so firmly entrenched in public favor that he knew he would be as impatiently waited for as he himself would be impatient to return.

So he began his term of service as a soldier and so, like all other years, the tragic year of 1914 dawned!

In the next installment Chevalier tells Miss Zeitlin of his war service, his severe wound, his capture by the Germans, his life in a prison camp. It's as exciting as the most thrilling war novel. Read it in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY.]

Talking of Talkies

ONE of the revelations of the talkies is the fact that the most beautiful nose in the world isn't much of an asset to an actress if she talks through it.—N. Y. Evening Post.

THE motion pictures and the talkies offer the substance out of which modern standards of conduct are chiefly made. I think they have surpassed the school or even the church in actually influencing day-to-day conduct standards. The motion picture is at once the expression of our culture, and the making of it.—Prof. Clyde L. King, Univ. of Pa.

ANYWAY, the talkies have stopped the directors from devoting miles of footage to a basket filled with puppies and a baby.—N. Y. American.

If the talkies stop emphasizing dialogue and go in for conversation; if they discard their feeble idea of keeping speakers in view; if they learn to use speech, and other sound, as

active parts in a great harmony, of which the moving picture is another part, then they will begin to make a new art of themselves.—Gilbert Seldes, dramatic critic.

THE radio and the talkies are such great educators that the people down South are beginning to learn Southern songs.—Life.

THE most dreadful failures in talkies happened when we attempted to make a "faithful" photograph of a stage play, without regard for the distinctive advantages of screen technique.—Willard Mack, playwright.

MOVIES—the fantasia of life, the dream world of a hyperbolic people.—The New Yorker.

THE advance made by the Hollywood talkies has been chiefly technical; artistically, the talkies are still in the nursery. The high praises bestowed on some of the recent pictures leaves this opinion unshaken.—The Nation.

Why the Stars Quit Those Freak Diets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

During the period of the insane craze for trick diets the restaurants along the boulevard and at the studios specialized in the faddish menus. You could, for instance, go into any one of them and say, "I want the luncheon on the fourth day" and have your lettuce leaf and pair of olives set before you. But those days are gone forever.

Francis Edwards, in charge of the commissary at M-G-M, has lived through all the fads. She has knit her brow over the demands of the eighteen-day era. She has fought her way through carloads of lamb chops and pineapple. And now she reports that not one of the girls who lunch in the commissary are on any sort of absurd diet. They all eat enough now.

NORMA SHEARER has found the solution to her particular problem by having her biggest meal at noon (vegetables, fruits, a little meat perhaps) but in the evening she dines on breakfast foods.

Anita Page has reduced considerably simply by leaving off the rich pies and pastries and cream puddings that girls of her age usually relish. Leila Hyams has given up desserts and bread and butter. She eats everything else.

Joan Crawford, who used to be one of the most ardent faddists, lunches on cottage cheese and big salad and several vegetables. At night she eats an ordinary dinner, leaving off only potatoes, sweets, bread and butter.

Garbo leaves off rich desserts, creamed dishes and butter. She usually has, at noon, a vegetable or fruit salad, Russian rye toast, vegetables, a slice of cheese and stewed fruit.

Jeanette MacDonald has a diet that might be called faddish except that no diet is really wrong if one gets enough to eat and a great enough variety of food to satisfy all the needs of the body.

Her breakfast is a fruit meal, consisting of many different kinds of fruit and a glass of milk. Luncheon is the starch meal. She has potatoes, bread and butter, vegetables, raw or cooked, tea, milk or coffee. She uses no granulated sugar at all. Even in coffee she uses honey. At dinner she has a protein meal, consisting of eggs, cheese or baked beans, meat, fowl, fish, etc.; no potatoes or bread. She may have a salad and soup with this dinner. She eats no dessert, except ice cream occasionally.

And while this may be good for Jeanette (she got it from a famous specialist), it might work havoc with you or me.

Alice White has lost considerable weight and she says it is because she has exercised. Most of the doctors prescribe a certain amount of exercise, but not too much.

Lina Basquette, who has reduced to a mere shadow of her former self, declares that it is only hard work that has done it.

MANY of the girls want to put on weight rather than take it off. June Collyer, for instance, drinks a quart and a half of milk every day. This she takes between meals and before she goes to bed at night.

There have been, in the last six months, no disastrous results from dieting. Before—ah, what a toll was taken for beauty's sake! But the little girls are slowly getting on to themselves. Their eyes are being opened.

Health is the vital requisite now. Health is what the studios demand of their stars. Health is what the stars themselves want and they have found that they may be healthy and slim at the same time. They go to masseuses to be reduced "in spots."

And so, instead of subscribing to the dictates of the mad diets, they have put themselves in the hands of reputable physicians who are wise enough to guide them to real beauty!



FROM THIS ONE LIPSTICK Your True Natural Color



How demure Tangee looks in its modest gunmetal case! How innocent! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling eyed Brunette!

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Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

THIS month of July, 1920, is the month of "Humoresque," the Cosmopolitan Production destined to be the first winner of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor for the best production of its year.

That very sentimental story of a little Jewish boy who grew to be a great artist on the fiddle pushed Alma Rubens to screen fame. Bobby Connelly played the child, and Gaston Glass the violinist grown up. And Vera Gordon won all hearts by her playing of the mother.

Burns Mantle, our boss critic, writes an excellent piece about it.

AND this is the month that we sadly chronicle the death of little Clarine Seymour, the nineteen-year-old girl picked for certain stardom by Griffith, star-maker.

Clarine was a Brooklyn girl who first appeared in public at church entertainments. At sixteen she broke in doing extra work for old Thanhouser at its New Rochelle studio.



In July, 1920, Betty Blythe was marrying Director Paul Scardon. Here's the way the noted siren looked in those days

She was a gay and beautiful child, and ultimately Griffith picked her up and gave her leading rôles.

Her last appearance was in "The Idol Dancer." Then, at nineteen, exquisitely beautiful and tabbed for fame, she was taken ill, and died in three days' time.

JULY, 1920 . . . Hot and dry, in Prohibition's first long summer. . . . Lillian Gish is laboring away in "Way Down East." . . . PHOTOPLAY discovers the first Champion Fan, Mr. Jack Jordan, of Covington, Ky., who has averaged seven picture shows a week for ten years. His favorite actor is Tom Mix. . . . Charlie Chaplin is planning a *six* reel picture, and fandom is getting agog. We say, "The title, if report be true, is 'The Kid.'" And was the report true? Oh dear, and *hooray!* . . . William Desmond, one of our handsomest heman, is a proud papa. His wife, Mary McIvor, has just had a little daughter. . . . Sessue Hayakawa says he is going to form his own film company. . . . Betty Blythe, the great vamp when vamping *was* vamping, has just married Paul Scardon, the director. . . . James

Kirkwood has left directing and is back acting. He is the human prey for Louise Glaum, arch-temptress of the Ince lot.

WE'VE just finished one of our ringing contests.

It was called "The Twelve Best Pictures I've Seen."

Miss Wanda N. Orton, of Minneapolis, won the \$25 first prize. Here is her list of the twelve best pictures she's seen—up to the summer of 1920. How many do you remember?

"The Miracle Man," "Cabiria," "The Birth of a Nation," "Carmen," "Ramona," "Mickey," "Daddy Long-Legs," "The Spoilers," "Shoulder Arms," "Broken Blossoms," "Revelation," and "Neptune's Daughter."

That's an excellent list—if memory is sharp and clear in 1930.

HOT weather pictures . . . "The Devil's Pass-Key," of Universal, is an early creation of Eric von Stroheim, and is strong enough to get a long and laudatory review. . . . Bill Hart makes "The Toll Gate" for Paramount release. Anna Q. Nilsson is the suffering lady in the case. . . . "Sex," directed by Fred Niblo, is pretty hot stuff, too. Louise Glaum is the star, and Irving Cummings is villainous. . . . Geraldine Farrar and her Lou Tellegen are in "The Woman and the Puppet." . . . Mickey Neilan makes a wild farce called "Don't Ever Marry." . . . Tommy Meighan's new one is "The Prince Chap," and Connie Talmadge breaks out in "The Love Expert," with some of Anita Loos' smarty titles.

GEORGE FAWCETT rates a long story this month.

We call him "The Grand Young Man of the Screen."

Laws' mercy! In 1930 he's even grander and younger—turned seventy now, but still working every day he wants to for any company lucky enough to get him.

In 1920, when he was a slip of a lad of sixty, with heaven knows how many years on the stage behind him, he turned to directing, and is shown putting Corinne Griffith over the jumps in an old Vitagraph called "Deadline at Eleven." Corinne played a newspaper sob-sister.

CORINNE, by the way, cracks out in a story all her own.

Its title asks "Why Bob Your Hair?" and Corinne discourses learnedly on the wisdom or dumbness of snipping off the lengthy locks.

Imagine anyone getting excited over that!

THIS month . . . Martha Mansfield has settled down to steady screen work for the Selznick Company. . . . Matt Moore gets kidded because he plays in a picture called "Don't Ever Marry," and he's the bachelor Moore boy. Sure—and he still is! . . . The students at Princeton vote Norma Talmadge their favorite star this year. . . . Bebe Daniels, not long ago just Harold Lloyd's pretty foil, is sure for stardom, says Cecil De Mille, her director. . . . Adolph Zukor has bought "Peter Pan" for Paramount to film. Now who will play *Peter*, we ask. . . . The news is out. Wheeler Oakman and Priscilla Dean have been secretly wed for some months. . . . Mae Murray now has her own company, and husband Robert Z. Leonard is going to direct her.

ROSCOE FATTY ARBUCKLE has made his first long starring picture!

It's "The Round-Up," made from the famous stage play in which Maclyn Arbutckle starred for some years.

Tom Forman, Mabel Julienne Scott, Irving Cummings and Wallace Beery are in the cast.

They Don't Want to Be Stars!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

I hated it and wouldn't return to it for anything!"

Paramount has a good looking lad, Johnny Engstead, who is of the same opinion. Johnny works in the publicity department, but he has all the qualifications of a Gary Cooper. There is a genuineness about him that has endeared him to fellow workers. It is generally felt at Paramount that Johnny has loads of stuff to offer on the screen.

But Johnny can't be bothered. "I'm in the best of all departments now," says Johnny, "and I happen to know it. Maybe I'd make more money in front of the camera, but what about ten years from now? I'm learning something where I am. I've seen several quit their good jobs in the studios to act, but in the end they all want their jobs back. I'm plenty satisfied!"

OUT at M-G-M you will find stunning Margery Prevost, sister of the famous Marie, busily working in the modern settings department. Margery is another one who could (did, in fact) but won't. Fresh from Ziegfeld's "Follies," Margery arrived in Hollywood a few years ago all ready to get famous in a movie way.

Her sister backed her and the parts began rolling in. But Margery's interest waned. Acting lost its appeal and in its place came an intense interest in interior decorating and set dressing. Against the advice of all those interested in her film career, she quit the studio cold and got a job in the interior decorating department of a large Los Angeles store. Her ingenuity at the work became known and soon the studio called her back as an authority on interior decorating. Now she is assistant to the chief, Cedric Gibbons, and is through forever with the make-up box.

"We all knock around a bit before we find what we want," Margery told me, "and that's what I was doing when I was in front of the camera. But why anyone should want to be in the movies when they could have such fascinating work as I now have is beyond me. Let 'em have their big salaries and fame and let me go right on learning to be the best decorator in the world. No more movies for me!"

Radio has a youth in Kenny Wesson whom any casting director would welcome. Kenny works in the sound department, but strictly of his own choice. He could as easily be working in front of the mikes, because the boy has all the earmarks of a born actor.

Clever he is, and easy to look at, with a sure-fire personality and an irresistible boyishness. He sings, too.

And does things with his feet!

BUT Kenny, in his own words, "would rather go to work any day than act! Working where I do," he continued, "I see how they make it. I've watched actors come and go (mostly go) for nearly ten years now, and it just makes me like my job more. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll get back to it."

I hope reformers read this article—the kind of reformers who say American youth is jazz-mad.

It was my impression, in talking with these young men and women, that they are anything but that.

On the contrary, they are almost too serious for their years.

More power to 'em for keeping their heads in this land of make-believe and phony glory. More power to 'em for upsetting the ancient Hollywood theory of: "Scratch a milkman and find a movie actor."

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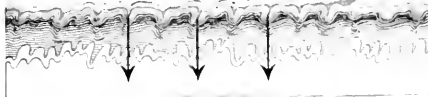
8 out of 10 hospitals use Unguentine for burns. Sunburn is not different from any other burn—and should be treated in the same careful, scientific way.

Apply Unguentine liberally, and turn the raw red into a glorious, healthful tan. Only 50 cents for the long-lasting tube. At your druggist's. Use Unguentine for burns and scalds, too, and for cuts, scratches, insect bites, etc. Take it along with you on your vacation trips. Always be prepared for sudden emergencies.



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{ epidermis, or upper skin.
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Weight and Hope

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

"Well, slender you'll get. Hope, or you're through, and we'll both lose money."

"What about this last picture?" demanded Miss Galadaya, nearer to tears than she dared show. "Wasn't I suitable?"

"Yes, but you was a piece of human flotsam!" shrieked Abe, becoming irritated. "Boxcar Annie could be a trifle plump, because once in a career you can have a part where your costume is an ootsack. From now on only forsaken wives can be plump, and you ain't the type. Roll off the weight or out of the business."

"Not an ounce," gritted Hope.

"THEN," said Mr. Zoop sternly, "I've got to tell you. At half past eleven this morning Adams put in a bid for you to play in 'Pawns of Passion,' but the advisory committee turned him down."

"I'd be opposite Lancelot?"

"You certainly would, and from what I hear that wouldn't be any too close, judging by the way this here Fairfax has him snagged. And she's got a shape like the stick on a skyrocket."

"You mean he's liable to stray?" Oh, Abe, he was saying something about my weight at breakfast, but I never really thought there was another woman behind it. I'd give up pictures, but not my Lancelot. Why, the insipid little brat. I'll scratch her eyes out!"

Mr. Zoop smirked inwardly. "Wait until the picture's finished," he begged. "You can stay on the set while it's in production, but that's the best I can do."

"But can't you make the committee change its mind?"

"No," said Abe warily, "I can't. I had to organize it because I was getting too kind-hearted. Like now. I'd weaken enough to let Adams have you, if it wasn't for them. They save me money, baby, and they've made their decision. I'm positive it's negative."

"How much do I have to take off?" asked the despairing starlet.

"Only twelve pounds," beamed Mr. Zoop, "and now that you're doing it for love, ain't it pleasurable?" Of course, it serves you right for being soft on one of these Hollywood Hamlets, because they're harder to hold than easy money."

Hope scrubbed off her make-up, ran to the parking area and nonchalantly asked for one of the studio limousines to take her home.

"Sure thing, Miss," grinned a chauffeur. "Seems queer to see you alone, but then, Mr. Leake drove away with that new Broadway headache about half an hour ago." He paused hopefully, waiting for an outburst that would provide gossip.

"Y-Yes, isn't she a darling?" cooed Miss Galadaya, her heart going numb. "I wanted him to show her some of the sights." And all the way to Beverly Hills she caroled as blithely as an opera singer on pay day, much to the chauffeur's disgust.

DISMISSING the car at her physician's office, she marched inside. Ten minutes later the doctor removed his eyeglasses and regarded her with the pitying smile he reserved for the mildly insane.

"I've known you for five years," he remarked, "and this is the first time you've been other than sensible."

Miss Galadaya exhibited the ire of any beautiful woman attributed with that unnecessary virtue.

"Isn't it sensible to try to hold your best boy friend's interest?" she flared.

"I'm concerned only with your health, and my advice is to stay the way you are."

"But only twelve pounds; that isn't much." "Not for a starlet, but then you'll want an-

other two or three, and so on. I know how it goes. Good heavens, girl, there are as many cases of malnutrition right here on Canyon Drive as on any street in the slums."

"Very well," said Hope, rising. "Then I'll have to try some quack. Do you want that responsibility?"

The doctor shrugged resignedly and reached for his prescription pad. "It won't be easy," he said, writing, "but you can try this. Here's a restricted food list. You're a pretty fine specimen, Miss Galadaya, and you can tell this Leake person, with my compliments, that he's a blamed idiot."

Hostilities commenced next morning at that popular battlefield, the breakfast table. The brazen Lancelot, his mouth half full of the Galadaya waffles, offered a little high explosive to the effect that a certain party was superb and intriguing. Hope countered with machine gun fire that no woman achieved those charms until she had passed thirty-five.

Mr. Leake, undaunted, put over a creeping barrage asserting that slinness and sophistication were preferable to youth and corpulence. Whereupon Miss Galadaya charged with the fixed bayonets of a scorned woman, routing him both from the lawn and her life.

THE week that followed saw the loss of two pounds and most of her good disposition. Eschewing golf and tennis on account of the appetite they created, masticating a flavorless diet of powdered nuts, apricots and spinach, sinking past the luscious caramels in the confectioner's window, spending hours in the nervous embrace of a reducing machine, the days dragged achingly by. Thirty additional ounces vanished during the second week and Miss Galadaya, afraid she was resembling an artist's model for Famine, retired to the solitude of Palm Springs.

The sprightly Lancelot, playing his customary glossy knave, lounged through the drawing room comedy, but once clear of the studio he became just another moth at the Fairfax flame. That shrewd lady, sensing the by-no-means latent dislike of established picture stars for the trespassers from the stage, was satisfied with this one conquest, and flouted her captive wherever it was smart to be seen.

And Mr. Leake, at first intending to use Yolanda to pique Miss Galadaya's complacency, found himself gradually mesmerized by the high and expensive Broadway polish.

But Yolanda never mentioned love, and Lancelot continued in the rôle of an admiring serf, kneeling at her tiny and inadequate feet with the faithful gaze of a hungry Saint Bernard.

"You're like a rare pearl," he whispered, as they ended a snappy sequence in the picture, "against a background of— of—"

"Proceed," encouraged Miss Fairfax, as a princess to one of the peasants.

"Of oysters," finished Mr. Leake, whose mental equipment was limited.

Yolanda's nostrils quivered with what Director Adams had come to diagnose as seething fury, but she turned a tensely smiling mask upon the Wives' Delight.

"HOW sweet," she said with dangerous softness, "I'm resting up tonight but tomorrow I will bring you something much sweeter in return."

"What's this!" cried the wounded Lancelot. "You mean I can't see you this evening?"

"I speak English, I believe," drawled Miss Fairfax, floating regally from the set, while Mr. Leake tugged at his willow leaf mustache.

The saturnine director watched this maneuver with secret satisfaction, and then de-

parted for Mr. Zoop's private refuge. Fifteen minutes of high-powered conversation brought a jovial glow to the president's circular visage. "So you want to rough up the picture, hey?" he beamed. "A head you've got, Joe, and it ain't shaped like a carrot for nothing."

"Say," grinned Adams, "the tintype can't get by without at least one good laugh, and from what I saw just now the time's ripe to pull it so it won't seem forced. Yolanda won't dare object if we change the *décor* a little, because for all her yelps about dear old New York, she'll do anything to stay in Hollywood. We'll make the closing scenes tomorrow, and I'll have her and Carlos lined up. You don't mind?"

"Mind!" chorled Abe. "Mind a director getting broke out with brains! And say, Joe, you can have Galaday for your next picture. I just got a letter from my cousin who runs one of them Fifth Avenue gown shops, and what does he tell me but that with the long skirts curves have come back, so Galaday's figure goes back on the market."

MR. LEAKE, steaming up a trifle late for the final day's work, found his magnificent magnet engaged in animated conversation with a vapid youth.

"Morning, Leaky, old thing," greeted Miss Fairfax. "May I introduce my fiancé?"

Lancelot registered a superior class of amazement and wondered why he didn't feel more blighted. "So this is—" he began.

Yolanda drew closer. "Don't you spoil this," she hissed. "He's one of the famous Bleeches of Boston, and I've been working on him for a year. When I grab him I'll be through pouring tea for a living—his people have millions!"

"Really?" drawled Mr. Leake. "And he's got adenoids in the bargain, from what I can see."

"Why, you overstuffed egg," squeaked Yolanda, and Lancelot suddenly became aware she was merely a shrill and toothy shrew. "Did you think I was trying to lasso you for a meal ticket? All I wanted was an escort, so why not Satan's stepson himself?"

Lancelot turned haughtily away. And in that moment he wondered if Hope would.

"On the set, please!" barked the director's assistant, and the day commenced with a salvo of the deft repartee in which the upper classes are supposed to indulge.

Never had Lancelot been more urban; or devastating. He foresaw the tumult in the

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My husband sleeps "somewhere in France," and I have never known that small comfort which comes from placing a wreath on his grave. But the other night, in a small movie house, I saw a woman kneel in the midst of many cross-marked mounds and place a single flower on the one which marked her lover.

I went home strangely comforted. You see, I had been that woman.

Another time I was the girl who fed hungry soldiers in France. And I have also been the woman whose man came home at last, after years of shell-shock.

I wonder if anyone knows just how much of a boon moving pictures are to us who must carry on alone. I am most grateful to be allowed the wonderful solace of good pictures.

Ann T.

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hearts of lonesome ladies, and flattered himself that he was stealing the picture.

"Here comes the blowoff," announced Adams, as the final scene was reached. "Now, Yolanda, you're seated at the tea wagon between Carlos and Lancelot. By this time the audience knows that Lancelot has trifled with you in order to steal your pearls, and that he intends to elope with your maid. Lancelot doesn't know that he's pinched only the imitations, but everyone else does. Carlos denounces him, Lancelot shrugs and watches the others go into the clinch."

"Remember to give me some footage for my moustache tickling," warned Mr. Leake. "That suave criminal stuff always gets 'em."

"You'll get yours," snapped Adams. "Now, everyone do as well as you can." He spoke sharply into a mouthpiece connected with the recording room. "Interlock!"

THE action flowed smoothly by. Yolanda, juggling the tea things so that her famous arms showed to their best advantage, divided her eyelash fluttering between the deluded Lancelot and his noble Nemesis. The scene grew thick with suspense and Pall Mall accents as Mr. Leake leered through his monocle.

"How I long for the pawst," he remarked, "in dear old Belgravia. Life and love, you know, and neither cost very much in those days."

"Perhaps this will recall it," sneered Carlos, handing him a small photograph, and Mr. Leake registered demoniacal frustration as he recognized himself in the unpopular uniform of Sing Sing.

"Damn you!" he fumed, and then, as Yolanda sprang like a startled faun into the arms of Carlos, he plucked at the ever-ready moustache, indulged in several spine curling laughs and made preparations for a debonair withdrawal.

"My best wishes, Lady Gwyneth," he said jauntily, "and may all your children—be acrobats!"

Pausing for a second to let his features register fully, he eyed the pair with an insolent triumph that turned to sudden confusion as Mr. Cabrillo's athletic arm swept toward the tea wagon.

In one graceful arc it picked up a large marshmallow cake and sailed it straight into Lancelot's astounded countenance.

Down went the exquisite menace after skittering wildly for his balance, and Miss Fairfax plunged hurriedly into her lover's lapels while the microphone picked up sounds not originally intended for it, but nevertheless quite suitable.

Mr. Leake, thinking the world had gone mad, lay where he had fallen, bellowing through his shroud of marshmallow and cocoon until the director signalled the monitor man to cut.

"HOW dare you!" roared Lancelot, rushing at Carlos. "I'll take you up a dusty road. I'll—"

"Lay off," grinned Mr. Cabrillo. "I only obeyed orders. Besides, it'll make you seem human to the audiences, and they'll like you all the better for putting some life into a tiresome play."

"I'll crumple that profile of yours," threatened the victim, "and yours, too, Adams."

"OOy!" came Abe's voice from beyond the ring of lights. "You took the slap like a hero, Lancelot, and it's a knockout, positively."

Yolanda, who had been screaming hysterically on the Bleech's narrow shoulder, came up for air with a choking gasp.

"And the way he flopped!" she shrieked. "I'll die every time I think of it! Ever see a hippopotamus going into the water? Flu-u-mp-p-p-pp! I certainly do love to see a fat man fall."

Mr. Leake ceased scraping the goo from his face, feeling his final vertebra snap under this verbal straw.

"Fat!" he almost screamed. "What do you mean, fat? I'm a big, healthy six-footer and—"

"Compared to my fiance, you're an elephant," tinkled Miss Fairfax, preparing to retreat. "Yes, dearie, that's what I said. F-A-T—fat, because no matter how tightly you button that double-breasted jacket you're still suffering from obesity."

NEXT morning, before the news of his downfall could be spread and exaggerated, Mr. Leake drove swiftly up to the Galaday bungalow and peered wistfully over the hedge at the lonesome and lovely diner.

"I'd like to come in," he ventured timidly. Miss Galaday popped out from behind the *Times*, and tried to conceal the fact that she felt like swooning, both from delight and the lack of nourishment in her attenuated breakfast.

"Can I stop you?" she said coyly, then sent a musical hail after the tablemaid. "Here's Mr. Leake—hurry up with all the things we used to have!"

They faced one another with the sudden awkwardness that precedes reconciliation.

"I—I see by the papers," remarked Hope, "that Glenna Collett has won another golf tournament."

"Splendid," said Mr. Leake with gusto. "A fine, upstanding young woman! There should be more like her."

Miss Galaday stopped suddenly in the act of spooning a measure of greyish substance from a small tin, her mouth rounded in astonishment.

"Good heavens, Lancelot, have you changed your opinion on fat since I saw you?"

"DON'T call it fat," evaded the master mind. "I dislike the word. I've been giving the matter some thought, and I've decided it was wrong. A little extra poundage is like a balance in the bank. Gives one dignity and good humor. Why, my dear, aside from looking a trifle peaked, from worry, I suppose, you're like a rare pearl against a—well, aside from that, consider your heel on my neck."

"Do you mean you really like me to be the right weight for my height?"

"Why not?" beamed Lancelot. "Particularly as I've discovered from the scales that it's just the same with me. It gives a man some comfort to know he's not a skeleton. By the way, Hope, what's that stuff you were about to put in your coffee?"

"Nothing, darling," sighed Miss Galaday thankfully, as she dropped the spoon and reached for the cream jug. "Absolutely nothing at all."

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Short Subjects of the Month

RADIO Pictures offer a novelty in short subjects this month. They are called "Humanettes," and we review the first one below.

There is interest in the fact that a new Sennett-Educational called "Fat Wives for Thin," is a little more sophisticated than most of the Old Pie-Master's product.

HUMANETTES, NO. 1

Radio Pictures

A decided novelty. A glorified puppet-show, with your favorite's head on the puppet's neck. The first one has Benny Rulin as star of a sort of revue, with a row of snappy black-outs. Benny is a dancing doll, and June Clyde and Raymond Maurel, singer, are in it. These should click.

FAT WIVES FOR THIN

Sennett-Educational

More sophistication and less slapstick than you'd expect from Mr. Sennett, the master of hurled pies in the old days. It's rib-ticklingly funny. Never has so much eating been crammed into a film, even a five-reeler. It's a roaring travesty on what non-dieting does to love.

CASH AND MARRY

Darmour-Radio Pictures

More Witwer humor, and very funny. This one concerns itself with the horseplay of some college fellers, faculty members and a pretty girl or two. And there's one howling gag you can try in your own home—if you have a party, a pretty girl, some eggs, balloons and apples!

HALF PINT POLLY

Pathé

One of the first of the promised Pathé two-reel Western talkies, with the old silent star, Tom Tyler, coming back as the hero. A high spot is the amazing trick riding of two kids, Hank and Tom MacFarlane. One's twelve, the other ten. And there's a thrilling race, too.

GETTING A RAISE

Warners-Vitaphone

This is the first of "The Potters" family series, with the clever Lucien Littlefield excellent as Pa Potter. This series holds great promise of fine family comedy, a good program-balancer. Lots of humor and some sentiment in Pa's attempts to chisel a raise from his boss.

MOAN AND GROAN, INC.

Hal Roach—M-G-M

Director McGowan's wonder kids always do pleasing, funny work. This time they're hunting treasure in the cellar of a haunted house. Mac is making another Farina out of a tiny colored child. The age of the kids makes dialogue a problem, but they are marvelously handled.

RICH UNCLÉS

Pathé

Richard Carle, old-time star of the legitimate stage, tries hard for a talkie come-back in this comedy. It's another repetition of the weary old plot where Uncle visits the newlyweds, and Husband gets mixed up with somebody else, and all sorts of that timeworn business.

COHEN ON THE TELEPHONE

Universal

Fifteen years ago this was the greatest seller in the history of the phonograph. What records it sold, and broke! Now George Sidney does it for a short talkie, and the old comedy chatter is funny, with Sidney's mugging helping out. Which shows that good comedy never dies.

ARIA FROM AIDA

Warners-Vitaphone

This short operatic number is reviewed here because it is the eleventh recorded by the great Martinelli of the Metropolitan! It was Martinelli who made the "Pagliacci" short which was on the first Vitaphone program ever shown. And the new "Aida" aria is grand.

AMERICA OR BUST

Pathé

This is Daphne Pollard's famous and furiously foolish vaudeville act inflated into an uproarious two-reeler. Daphne is the Cockney woman who finally gets into America on her seventh try—but how! She's great, and so is Dick Stuart as the immigration inspector.

EVOLUTION

Warners-Vitaphone

While this short was probably designed for the opening of the new Warner Hollywood Theater in New York, it should be most interesting everywhere. It carries the history of pictures from the earliest to the biggest Vitaphone of today. Shots of Maurice Costello, Mary Pickford, and others.

THE REDHEADS

Pathé

A musical comedy squeezed into two reels. Nat Carr is the leading comic and Charles Kaley the handsome juvenile, and a chorus of pretty girls disport legibly. It moves fast, has a pretty song or two, and a few laughs. Just an in-and-out.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Warner Brothers-Vitaphone

Robert L. Ripley, the cartoonist of "Believe it or Not" fame, offers the first of his Vitaphone short subjects along the line of his daily newspaper feature. It presents Kip himself, who explains the stuff as the picture runs along. Runs ten minutes—enough.

THE SHRIMP

Roach—M-G-M

Harry Langdon bits again, with his talking return to the slapstick type of thing in this two-reel comedy. In this, pathetic Harry is the butt and patsy of a rough boarding house—and a lot of fun is extracted from everything to good old plate-heaving.



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Shall I Tan?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

His mother was ill, and he was playing nurse for her. The doctor had left some medicine and had prescribed the dose very carefully to the youngster. But when the time came, someone notice him pouring most of the medicine bottle into his mother's glass. When he was asked why he was not following the doctor's instructions he answered that if just a spoonful would help to make her well, he thought the whole bottle would do the job more quickly, and he did want her to get well in a hurry!

That's just what most of us do to ourselves. We are so eager to see results, that we throw judgment and common sense aside.

A correspondent of the "New York Times" said in one of his articles last season, commenting on his visit to the beach at Cannes: "I believe the sun is actually burning up the brains of many of the people who are offering themselves, like human sacrifices, before it."

If it didn't burn up their brains, it certainly sent many of them away with skins like leather, hair like straw, and debilitated systems. That is hardly the formula for the beauty and health seeker to follow.

Dr. Alsop, of Barnard College, is quoted in the "New York Sun" as having said last fall that "the tanning of the body is one reason for the exceptionally high vitality and lack of

anaemia among Barnard freshmen." But she also said: "Certainly there can be an excess of sunburn or of windburn that will dry the skin. Of the two, windburn can be more harmful than sun." And she also emphasizes that while sun tanning is often both beneficial and beautifying, sunburning is the very opposite.

Most men admire delicately tinted, fine complexions, probably because they suggest femininity in contrast to the deeper-toned, coarser skin of the average man. And many, many men do not like to see their women-folk emerge from the summer many shades darker than Nature intended. So remember that, you girls who want to remain attractive to boys.

And remember, also, that the day of reckoning will come next fall. You can't be a nut-brown maid all summer, and hope to don a fair, fine skin in the fall along with your first evening gown of the winter season. Of course, if you stay in a Northern climate, you are bound to bleach out gradually to a great extent during the winter, and the bleaching and refining process can be hastened with corrective beauty treatments and preparations. But even the cosmeticians, modern magicians though they may be, can't undo what you have deliberately brought about by hours of exposure.



More protection for the delicate bathing girl. A mask which protects the eyes, ears and forehead when not in the water. Attached to the cap, it can be turned up when swimming. Leila Hyams is concealed behind it here

So, before you go in for that rich tan, be sure that you won't be sorry for it when the first dance invitation arrives in the fall. I don't think you need worry a bit about a light tan. The trend for several years has been toward natural skin tones, and many women who used to try to bleach out their necks to match their faces are now using darker tinted powders to blend the face and neck tones. Even the era of more romantic fashions in dress has not, so far, interfered with this movement toward healthy, natural tinted skins.

What the next season may bring forth, who knows? But who cares, with sanity and the sun and wind to blend this summer into a season of health and beauty.

OLIVE S:

The ordinary skin eruption responds quickly to scrupulous cleanliness and simple diet, free from too many fats, starches and sugar. Wash your forehead several times a day with soap and warm water. If you use cold cream, wipe it off with an antiseptic lotion. Keep your hair brushed back for a time, as it is heating and may spread infection. Then, if the condition does not yield, seek the advice of your physician. Perhaps the fact that you are somewhat underweight and a little run down is at the root of this trouble.

GRAYCE:

If your skin is fair, you can wear black well. White, especially if brightened by a bit of colored trimming or a string of bright beads, should be flattering. You can also wear golden brown, most shades of blue, blue-grey, flesh pink and soft rose but not deep pink or coral, and most shades of green. If your skin is sallow, you will have to avoid the yellow greens. Use a light rachel or champagne powder, a medium rouge and corresponding shade of lipstick.

NETTIE J.:

If sun tan is so becoming to you, by all means go in for it again this summer. Just use a little discretion in acquiring it. I do feel that some words of warning are in order, having once been so zealous in acquiring a tan myself that I was most uncomfortable for some days!

PERPLEXED:

At your age, your height requires a weight of about 120 pounds. That means you are not a bit overweight. If your hips are large, I have some special hip-reducing exercises that will improve them. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and repeat your request and I'll forward the reducing booklet promptly and mark the exercises you should follow.

MISS H. T.:

To be called the "Madonna" type would seem like a great compliment, to my way of thinking. But if you feel you want to be put in a more "jazzy" classification, here are some suggestions: Change your hair from a middle part to a side part. Instead of tucking it back in a knot, curl up the ends and wear it in a fluffy long bob. Use a bit of lipstick, not enough to be conspicuous, but just to emphasize the color a little. You won't need rouge, with your clear, fair skin.

Don't wear such plain, straight-line clothes. Choose styles that are a bit more "snappy" and colorful. Then, when you have done all this, you will be ready to decide whether you want to remain a "young modern" or go back to the "Madonna" type. They're both mighty nice girls.

MARY M.:

You are the olive-skinned, brunette type and can wear the following colors: ivory and cream white, mahogany and dark brown, darkest blue, dark green, warm, dark reds, terra cotta, buff and apricot, palest pink. Avoid purple and grey. Black may be becoming, if relieved with white or cream at the throat or trimmed with a color.



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MONEY FOR YOU

Turn to Page 60 Now, This Issue

Addresses of the Stars

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Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Robert Castle
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Kay Francis
Richard "Skeets"
Gallagher
Harry Green
James Hall
Neil Hamilton

O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Helen Kane
Dennis King
Jack Linden
Paul Lukas
John Loder
Jeanette MacDonald
Frederic March
David Newell
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Gray Oliver
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Regis Toomey
Fay Royce

At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Elyse Borden
Betty Compton
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro
Robert Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
Ina Claire

Alan Hale
Amy Harding
Carol Lombard
Eddie Quillan

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barry more
Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris

Al Jolson
Lurena Loy
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adore
Nils Astor
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Bery
Jack Benny
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Kathleen Gray
Marion Davies
Mary Doran
Duncan Sisters
Josephine Dunn
Cliff Edwards
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Marion Harris
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan

Buster Keaton
Charles King
Carlotta King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
Nina Mae McKinney
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramón Novarro
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Annita Page
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Sally Starr
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Roland Young

At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Joan Bennett
Fannie Brice
Charles Chaplin
Roberto Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Lillian Gish
John Holland
Chester Morris

Mary Pickford
Harry Richman
Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Louis Wolheim

At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Belle Baker
Fay Wren Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Jack Egan
Ralph Graves
Sam Hardy
Jack Holt

Ralph Ince
Margaret Livingston
Ben Lyon
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier
Marie Saxon
Johnnie Walker

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Albertson
Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Rex Bell
Eli Brendel
Warren Burke
Sue Carol
Helen Chandler
Marguerite Churchill
Mac Clark
Sammy Cohen
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorey
Louise Dresser
Nancy Drexel
Charles Eaton
Stuart Erwin
Charles Farrell
Stepin Fetchit
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
William Harrigan
Richard Keene

Lola Lane
Dixie Lee
Iwan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Kenneth McKenna
Victor McLaglen
Don Jose Mojica
Luis Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
J. Harold Murray
Barry Norton
George O'Brien
Paul Page
Tom Patricola
Sally Phipps
David Rollins
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
Norma Terris
Don Terry
Marjorie White

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

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Rita Carewe

LeRoy Mason

At Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Charley Chase
Oliver Hardy
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Our Gang
Thelma Todd

At Sono Art-World Wide, care of Metropolitan Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Reginald Denny
Eddie Dowling

Jacqueline Logan
Ruth Roland

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.

William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dayverson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Corinne Griffith
Doris Kenyon

Dorothy Mackaill
Marilyn Miller
Collen Moore
Antonio Moreno
Jack Muhlall
Donald Reed
Milton Sills
Alice White
Loretta Young

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Low Ayres
John Bole
Fithy'n Glenn
Kathryn Crawford
Lorayne DuVal
Robert Ellis
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Ottis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Scott Kirk
Natalie Kingston
Beth Laemle

Allen Lane
Laura La Plante
Jeanette Loft
Erud MacKaye
Ken Maynard
James Murray
Hoot Nolan
Mary Phillips
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Sisters G.
Clenn Tryon
Paul Whiteam
Barbara Worth

That Awful "IT"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

with Harry Richman, she got as much kick out of it as a kid with a beanshooter. But she's not hot about going up again. She has two automobiles—a limousine and a sports touring car—and (at this writing) no chauffeur. Yet she doesn't like to drive her own. But when she does, she goes like a bad west.

AND she loves boats. Sailors, too. She's never happier than when she's working in a picture about the navy, with a lot of sailors in it. In "Paramount on Parade," she sings "True to the Navy." She's a good sailor herself and doesn't get seasick even in rough weather.

Maybe it's this affinity for things nautical that makes her Malibu beach cottage her favorite place. She spends most of her spare time there, enjoying the ocean and such friends as she invites. Who they are doesn't read like "Who's Who in Pictures." She doesn't pal around much with the stars. Her closest acquaintances are likely to be extra girls and prop-boys and ordinary folk like that. Strange, but Clara, who's one of the most popular girls in the history of the screen, is one of the loneliest in Hollywood.

She doesn't go "out" much. Prefers to stay at home for her fun. Trouble is that every place she goes, she's mobbed by fans. And she doesn't like it. She usually resorts to disguises like dark sunglasses and wigs to dodge crowds.

She doesn't like the radio, but buys nearly every new dance record that's put out for her phonographs. She has three of them—a combination radio-phonograph at her in-town home, another at her beach place, and a portable phonograph in her dressing room. She rarely turns on the radio, but the phonograph is rarely still. And she likes it loud! "I've never seen a Red Seal record on her phonograph," says a friend who knows her well. Baritone recordings of popular songs seem to be her prime favorites. Leo Reisman's orchestra is her current favorite dance band.

Her greatest hero is still Charles Augustus Lindbergh, and Rudolph Valentino, in her estimation, was the greatest actor, bar none, that ever lived. Her living favorite actor is Lawrence Tibbett.

HER favorite sports are roller-skating and downhill football. She does the former up and down the driveway beside her house until the crowd of watchers gets too big. Then she goes in. When football season is on, she goes to every game she can get to—and every year, she entertains the whole University of Southern California team *en masse* at her home. Now and then, a few of them individually. Football coaches don't approve.

She's wild about dogs, but can't keep them. They either run away, get stolen or die. She's had about one hundred and fifty altogether at various times—all kinds. She has four now. No other pets, although she once owned one of those Australian honey-bears that feed on eucalyptus leaves. She got tired of it and didn't know how to get rid of it. So she gave it to a maid she didn't like and then fired the maid and made her take the honey-bear with her.

Her income is up in the thousand a week, yet she lives in a house a \$100-a-week wage-earner could maintain. She has three servants—two maids and her secretary, Daisy Devoe. Sometimes she has a chauffeur. She doesn't like many people about her in her home, and rarely gives parties or attends them.

She has little or no taste in clothes, and she has a roomful of them. The room is fitted up like the interior of a women's clothing store, with glass cases to hold all her dresses. Skirt, scarf, sweater, low-heeled sports shoes—that's

her favorite attire. She has no color likes or dislikes.

She's very fond of exotic perfumes, and has a great collection of them. She also has quite a collection of parlor games and likes to play them—things like throwing darts at a target, or rolling balls into holes, or shooting things from popguns at marks, or the sort of things one plays on boards, like paper chess and checkers. She doesn't like bridge.

Her voice is low, and when she's not excited she talks throatily and pleasantly. But let her get excited, and up goes her voice into the shrill register. She can croon songs like nobody's business, but if she tries to sing them in an arty fashion, it's not so hot. She's shrill on the high notes, but she can break your heart with a low-moaned blues song. She never thought she could sing and dance until they talked her into doing a specialty for "Paramount on Parade," and now she's delighted to find she can. Her conversation is unusually rapid and—well, peppy.

SHE doesn't go to pictures much. She doesn't like to attend the premiers of her own pictures; prefers to wait a month or so and then go incognito to watch them at a neighborhood movie house some place. When she does see a picture she likes, she sees it several times. In Hollywood, she hardly ever goes to the legitimate theater, but when she's in New York, she goes often.

She has no library to speak of at her home, yet she always seems to manage to have read the book that's being currently talked about. Probably the reason she hasn't a book collection is because she gives them away after reading them. She's generous to a fault, but hates to be thanked or complimented for it. It embarrasses her, and she doesn't know how to take it gracefully.

She likes sincere praise, though, but thinks flatterers are saps.

She gets an annual case of sunburn. She doesn't do anything to avoid it, because each year she figures: "This year I'll tan, not burn!" She loves the sunlight, but dislikes bright electric lights. All the lights in her home are soft and shaded.

Her likes and dislikes in food and drink are few. She likes chop suey. And she has tea for breakfast instead of coffee.

She dislikes personal appearances and interviewers, and would rather be a featured player than a star, because she thinks featured players can win praise by good performances, whereas a star is only talked about when she flops. She's always very nervous when starting a new production, and then draws heavily on the stock of relatives that are always by her bedside.

SHE is heartily sick of the word "IT" and wishes people would quit asking her what "IT" is, because she doesn't know, herself. She gets thousands of fan letters a week and rarely answers any of them. Nevertheless, she attaches great importance to the sentiments and opinions therein.

She hates artificiality and *poseurs*, and is herself one of the most unaffected persons in pictures.

She dislikes gossip and is unquestionably one of the most gossiped-about women in Hollywood.

She admits having been madly in love with four men—Gilbert Roland, Victor Fleming, Gary Cooper and Harry Richman. And (as this is being written) she still insists she's going to marry Richman.

P. S.—But since it was written Rex Bell seems to be the heavy boy friend. Oh, the Bow and the weather!



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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

M., PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Conrad Nagel hails from Keokuk, Iowa, where he was born on March 16, 1897. He is married to Ruth Helms, a non-professional and has one daughter.

H. E. T. LEWISTON, MAINE.—Bet you thought that Jack Holt's picture, "Vengeance," was filmed in the darkest jungle of Africa. You were many miles from home if you thought that. The picture was made just a few miles outside of Hollywood and the players were not real man-eating natives as pictured, but just a bunch of the boys with a good ol' sun-tan. Jack Holt is a native of Winchester, Va., where he was born on May 13, 1888. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 172 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Married and has two daughters and one son.

ELEANOR SMITH, WILKES-BARRE, PA.—After calling up all the jazz bands and stringed ensembles in town, I find that most of the music played in "The Haunted House," a Mickey

Mouse Cartoon, was originally written by J. W. Stallings and played by his orchestra. Among the many bars played, you heard one verse of "Old Black Joe," and 12 measures of "Nachtlof." The rest of the selection was not christened.

L. B., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I have never taken time to count all the brick-tops in Hollywood. However, here are a few.—Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, Doris Dawson, Zelma O'Neal, Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford. Some of them by nature, some of them by choice. Ann Harding is married to Harry Bannister, stage and screen actor. They have one daughter, Jane, about eight months old.

JOHN FRAIKIN, RIO DE JANEIRO.—Fay Wray is the wife of John Monk Saunders. She was born September 15, 1907, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Little Sally Starr hails from Pittsburgh, Pa., but I haven't been able to make her confess her age yet. Gertrude

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A new gang of youngsters for the screen! Hal Roach, of "Our Gang" fame, presents his "Boy Friends." At the base of the pile are David Sharpe, Mickey Daniels (you remember Mick and his freckles!) and Grady Sutton. On top is grown-up Gertrude Messinger, former child actress. Just below her are Mary Korman (once the beautiful child of the original "Our Gang") and Dorothy Granger. They'll make talkies of the doings and didoes of today's young folks

Astor is another young lady who keeps her age a secret. Well, I s'pose I shouldn't complain. I never tell my age, either.

CHICKIE RADJINSKE, EVANSTON, ILL.—Robert Agnew's latest picture is "The Woman Racket." He appears in it with Sally Starr and Blanche Sweet. Bob was born in 1899 and is still single.

MADELYNE DEMICO, POCATELLO, IDAHO.—I always like to hear from newcomers. Now I'll let you in on a little secret. These many months I have been saying that Robert Montgomery is single, and now he comes forth and tells me that he has been married to Elizabeth Allen, a non-professional, for two years. Honestly, I had to take an aspirin when I got the news. Bob was born in Beacon, New York, on May 21, 1904. Joan Crawford has dark red hair and Gloria Swanson's locks are brown. Olive Borden was born in Richmond, Va., in 1907. Her latest release is "Hello Sister," and her next will be "The Social Lion," in which she appears with Mary Brian and Jack Oakie.

CAROLYN CARTER, ATLANTA, GA.—What d'ya mean by writing to Cal York and giving me the go-by? Cal gave your letter to me, anyway. I thought everyone knew Winifred Westover. She was the former Mrs. William S. Hart, who retired from the screen about eight years ago. Miss Westover was born in San Francisco and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, but I can't give you her weight. She had to put on a lot of excess poundage in order to play the rôle of *Bertha* in "Lummox." PHOTOPLAY ran a story of her in October, 1929. Dolores Costello is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and is about 25 years old. Since the advent of the talkies, Thelma Todd has been in great demand in Hal Roach comedies, playing opposite Charles Chase. However, she will be seen in a new Nancy Carroll-Buddy Rogers picture soon.

ANNA RAGOZA, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—For an eleven-year-old young lady you sure can think 'em up fast and furious. In order to give the other fans a chance I'll just answer a few of your multitude of questions. The leading players in the "Hungarian Rhapsody" were Lil Dagover and Willy Fritsch. Joan Crawford and Kathryn Crawford are not related. Joan's real name is Lucille LeSueur. Your girl friend is all wrong. Myrna Loy is not an Indian, she is of Welsh descent and hails from Helena, Montana, Gary Cooper's home town. Sue Carol was born in Chicago, Ill., October 13, 1908. Better send your other questions in on the installment plan.

P. D. McG., LEXINGTON, KY.—There are several Kentuckites in the movies. Mary Nolan from Louisville; Alberta Vaughn from Ashland; Sally Rand from Winchester; Robert Agnew from Dayton; and Arthur Lake from Corbin. Bernice Claire was born in Oakland, Calif., March 22, 1909. She is 5 feet, 2 1/2 inches tall, weighs 116 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

LILLIAN KING, LENOX DALE, MASS.—I always try to answer all questions fired at me, providing they don't contain any high explosives. Alma Rubens played the part of *Julie* in "Show Boat." She is now appearing in vaudeville and making quite a success of it. Dolores Del Rio, who was born August 3, 1905, divorced her husband, Jaime Del Rio, in June 1928. He died six months later in Europe. Buddy Rogers is still fancy-free and uses his own name in all instances.

J. C., YOUNGSTOWN, O.—You have your little stars mixed up. It was Sue Carol and not Sally O'Neil who played opposite William Boyd in "The Skyscraper." "Jazz Heaven" was the name of the picture you described. It featured Sally O'Neil and Johnny Mack Brown. I'm not such a bad old mind reader after all, eh?

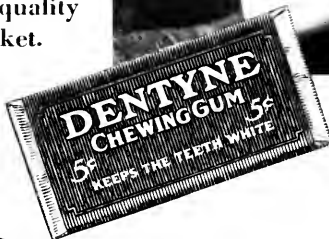
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Those Two Goofy Guys

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]



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He's a Lancashire lad, born in Ulverston, England, of professional parents. His childhood was spent in the music halls. In 1910 he came to America with Fred Karno's London Comedians. Charles Chaplin was in the troupe. Stan understudied him, and when Charlie left to go into pictures, Stan stepped into his oversized shoes. Like Chaplin, he realizes that a laugh is close to a tear, and he sprinkles his stories with the faintest suggestion of pathos.

That bristling pompadour of Whimpering Stan was arrived at by accident. He had played in a convict picture and so had Babe.

Both had shaved their heads. At the end of the picture Stan sailed for England and Oliver went vacationing. When Stan returned his hair covered his head like a porcupine's thatch. Roach saw it and that was the beginning of Stan's stylish bob.

They roister about the lot, Babe and Stan, sometimes clowning for favored visitors. Babe sings, and Stan plays the piano. They have no desire to make feature length pictures unless they find a sure-fire story. They have seen too many comedy teams hit the rocks in seven-reel specials.



P. and A.

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To Valentino's memory! The only statue ever erected to honor a motion picture actor. This shows the unveiling of the memorial by Dolores Del Rio, with Roger Burnham, the sculptor, at the right. The figure, representing "Aspiration," was given by the late star's admirers all over the country. City officials grudgingly gave it space in De Longpre Park, Los Angeles. They stipulated that it must not be a statue of the late star! Not a single great screen figure of Valentino's halcyon days attended the unveiling! No art critics have yet gone on record praising it

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

★ **ONLY THE BRAVE**—Paramount.—Mary Brian is Gary Cooper's reward for valor. Civil War setting. Good acting, much romance, pretty costumes. (April)

★ **PAINTED ANGEL, THE**—First National.—Hoopla! Billie the dove in tights, singing and dancing. Billie plays the Queen of the Night Clubs and Eddie Lowe drops his Quirt manners to be her sweetheart. (March)

★ **PAINTED FACES**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good news for the fans who've been craving for something different. A tense, refreshingly original story with a jury-room locale, and that grand comic, Joe E. Brown. (Feb.)

★ **PANDORA'S BOX**—Nero.—In case you've been wondering what happened to Louise Brooks, here she is, big as life and twice as naughty, in what was probably a good German picture before the censors operated on it. Silent. (Feb.)

★ **PARADE OF THE WEST, THE**—Universal.—The riding scenes in this Ken Maynard picture will make your hair stand on end. So will the story, but for a different reason. Not so good as Ken's last. (March)

★ **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**—Paramount.—Paramount rozes revue, using its best talent. Technicolor, stirring music, lovely voices, satire, burlesque, romance, Chevalier, Chatterton, Oakie, and lots more. Take the family. (May)

★ **PARIS**—First National.—Ooh—zat Irene Bordoni! You'll love her. And you'll love Jack Buchanan and Louise Clouser Hale—and the Technicolor effects—in fact the whole picture. (Jan.)

★ **PARTY GIRL**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A would-be sensational story with a moral ending obviously thrown in as a sop to the censors. Some good acting, however, by the junior Fairbanks and Jeanette Loff. (March)

★ **PEACOCK ALLEY**—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Maie Murray in talking version of her once famous silent film. She shouldn't have done it. But she dances well. (April)

★ **PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE, THE**—Continental.—This murder story fails to provide an alibi for existing. (March)

★ **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE**—Universal.—Famous old shocker partly remade with mixture of talk and sound. Lon Chaney still silent, however. Part Talkie. (April)

★ **PLAYING AROUND**—First National.—Alice White, Billy Bakewell and Chester Morris. Trite story, fair acting, fair entertainment. (June)

★ **POINTED HEELS**—Paramount.—With Helen Kane, a little melodrama, a little comedy, a little Sweets Gallagher and Eugene Pallette in the cast, this backstage story is sure-fire. (Feb.)

★ **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ**—United Artists.—Harry Richman warbles well in his first talkie. Harry and Jimmy Gleason play two actors. Joan Bennett at her sweetest. Lilyan Tashman amusing. Good Irving Berlin music. (April)

★ **RAMPANT AGE, THE**—Trem Carr.—A rumor that the younger generation is jazz-mad seems to have leaked through into film circles. Hackneyed story rendered amusing by lively dialogue and acting. (March)

★ **RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE**—Paramount.—The greatest sleuth of them all wouldn't recognize himself in this faint reincarnation. (Clive Brook has done bigger and better things. (Jan.)

★ **ROADHOUSE NIGHTS**—Paramount.—A pippin in melodrama, a singer with a swell comedy. Helen Morgan sings. Charles Ruggles and Jimmy Durante. Broadway's current night club pet, score enormously. (March)

★ **ROGUE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett, grand opera star, flashes across the phonology horizon, an immitable and dashing personality. Taken from Lehár's "Gypsy Love," this operetta is roistering, brilliant and dramatic—a feast for the eye and ear. (March)

★ **ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE**—Fox.—Rich and roaring melodrama. Romantic Warner Baxter in his Mexican suit again. Tony Martin, Mary Duncan, and a new cause for a heartburn named Mona Maris. Two swell songs. What more do you want? (Jan.)

★ **ROUGH ROMANCE**—Fox.—All about the gossamer of Jumbo Jacks. Helen Chandler goes Gosh. George O'Brien and Antonio Moreno don't help much. Neither do the other routines. (Jan.)

★ **ROYAL BOX, THE**—Warners.—If you Deutsch sprechen you'll like this. The first full-length talking picture in German, with Alexander Moissi and Camilla Horn. (March)

★ **ROYAL ROMANCE**—A—Columbia.—Romance and adventure in a mythical kingdom. Buster Miller gives good performance and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful. (May)

★ **RI NAWAY BRIDE**—Radio Pictures.—Murder, thieves, and a string of pearls. Chatterton melodrama trying to be light comedy. But Mary Astor is charming. (Jan.)

★ **SACRED FLAME, THE**—Warners.—On the stage this was strong and intensely tragic drama, but it has been pretty well watered for the screen. A brilliant cast, headed by Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee, and Pauline Frederick. (Feb.)

★ **SAFETY IN NUMBERS**—Paramount.—Peaches-a-cream for Buddy Rogers fans. He smokes half a dozen songs and plays an heir to big money whose worthily-wise uncle puts him in care of his "Follies" girls. (Jan.)

★ **SALLY**—First National.—The glorious, scintillating dancing of Marilyn Miller, lovely Ziegfeld star, saves this from being merely a dull transcript of an out-moded musical comedy. (March)

★ **SARAH AND SON**—Paramount.—What a characterization by Ruth Chatterton! And what a restrained and dignified performance by Frederic March! A picture you simply can't miss. (May)

★ **SECOND CHOICE**—Warners.—You won't even make this third choice. A mediocre phonology with Dolores Costello, Chester Morris and Edna Murphy. (March)

★ **DOMESTIC WIFE**—Radio Pictures.—Interesting domestic drama from stage play "All the King's Men." Lila Lee, Conrad Nagel, Hugh Huntley, Little Freddie Burke Frederick is perfect. (April)

★ **SETTING SON, THE**—Darmour-Radio Pictures.—Grandpa, rich and ailing, takes the wrong medicine. The family count chickens before they're hatched. Short comedy. (April)

★ **SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE**—Paramount.—Paré's fine play. "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" has been tenderly and effectively transferred to the screen. Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper are splendid. (Feb.)

★ **SEVEN FACES**—Fox.—Paul Muni gives seven "best performances" in one picture! Good entertainment with a novel twist. (Jan.)

★ **SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine phonology version of the old laughter-and-thrill-movoking favorite. Richard Dix again battles the microphone to a knockout finish. (Feb.)

★ **SHANGHAI LADY**—Universal.—A *fille de joie* and a crook fall in love and each pretends to be a "swell" for the other's benefit. But it's China and there's a menace. Mary Nolan is so beautiful it hurts. (Jan.)

★ **SHANNONS OF BROADWAY, THE**—Universal.—There's not a comedy team on or off Broadway that can hold a dimmer to the Gleasons—James and Lucille. Acting and dialogue are gorgeous in this phonology. (Jan.)

★ **SHE COULDN'T SAY NO**—Warners.—Winnie Lightner should have said NO when they cast her as a broken-hearted night club hostess. (May)

★ **SHIP FROM SHANGHAI, THE**—M-G-M.—Psychological dramma but it went astray. Dramatic, but sometimes distasteful. Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Kay Johnson, the latter splendid. (April)

★ **SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD**—First National.—Alice White's best talkie. Interesting studio scenes. (June)

★ **SHOW OF SHOWS**—Warners.—You'll be too busy enjoying yourself to count all the cubs in this super-revue—but they're there—27 of 'em. And besides there are stunning stage effects and dance routines, gorgeous Technicolor, and millions of laughs. (Feb.)

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SINS OF THE CRADLE—Goodwill.—Cut your throat before you see this celluloid crime—it'll save time. Its perpetrators ought to be jailed. Sound. (Jan.)

SKINNER STEPS OUT—Universal.—None other than "Skinner's Dress Suit" and still good. Glenn Tryon puts it over with a yip. (Jan.)

★ **SKY HAWK, THE**—Fox.—Fine war stuff with a charming love interest. Thrilling shots of a Zeppelin raid over London. John Garrick, a newcomer, and Helen Chandler are delightful as the young lovers. (Feb.)

SLIGHTLY SCARLET—Paramount.—Evelyn Brent as society thief on the Riviera. Her best since "Interference." Hero, Clive Brook. Eugene Palette a "wow." (April)

SO LONG LETTY—Warners.—Two discontented husbands swap wives. Charlotte Greenwood of the long legs and boisterous antics is whole show. (April)

SONG OF LOVE, THE—Columbia.—Carbon copy of the yarn used for every vaudevillean who goes talkie—but Belle Baker rises above it. She's good and so is Ralph Graves. The songs aren't. (Feb.)

★ **SONG O' MY HEART**—Fox.—John McCormack aims right at your heart with his gorgeous voice. Hit pieces, "Little Boy Blue" and "I Hear You Calling Me." Alice Joyce, and a sensational Irish kid, Tommy Clifford. Don't miss Join. (April)

SONG OF THE WEST—Warners.—All-Technicolor outdoor operetta. Ambitious, but dull. (May)

SON OF THE GODS—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as Americanized Chinese boy in slow-paced Rex Beach romance. Constance Bennett fine. Weak story. Far from best Barthelmess. (April)

SO THIS IS PARIS GREEN—Paramount-Christie.—A swell short subject burlesque of love among the apaches with Louise Fazenda as the world-weary queen of the Paris sewers. (March)

★ **SOUTH SEA ROSE**—Fox.—You won't believe in this tale for a moment—but it's grand entertainment. Lenore Ulric does everything, including the lula. A fine supporting cast including Charles Bickford. (Jan.)

SPRING IS HERE—First National.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray sing well. Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda are great. Just an average musical comedy story, but they make it good entertainment. (June)

★ **STREET OF CHANCE**—Paramount.—Here's a punchful racketeer picture that is going to give rival producers jaundice until they get a carbon copy in the can. Bill Powell's frenzied and Kay Francis' sincere emoting would be high-lights in any picture. (March)

STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL—M-G-M.—The original play, "The Circle," was subtle English comedy. The photoplay misses fire. (May)

★ **SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—A famous financier disappeared during a fight over the North Sea, and gave Elinor Glyn the basis for this brilliantly made talkie. Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen. One of the best. (April)

SUGAR PLUM PAPA—Sennett-Educational.—A short feature directed by Mack himself. Daphne Pollard and the rest of the hilarious gang. (April)

★ **SUNNY SKIES**—Tiffany Productions.—Another one of those movie versions of college life as it isn't. (June)

TALK OF HOLLYWOOD, THE—Sono Art-World Wide.—This would be the talk of any town—it's so bad. Intended as comedy, it evolves a tragedy. (March)

TEMPLE TOWER—Fox.—More Bulldog Drummond, with Kenneth McKenna instead of Ronald Colman. Burlesque and good whether intentional or not. (April)

THEIR OWN DESIRE—M-G-M.—This picture reminds us of Paris on Bastille Day—everyone in it goes wild. Norma Shearer is miscast. (Feb.)



One of the Grand Canyons of California. The cameraman shoots far down to a set for "Dancing Sweeties." Those are Sue Carol and Grant Withers waving at you

CHIROPRACTIC TAKES ANOTHER STEP FORWARD

THEY LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—M-G-M.—But not about acting. "They" being Van and Schenck, vaudeville harmony duo, who sing better than they act. And, believe it or not, Besse Love is still being noble. (March)

THIS THING CALLED LOVE—Pathe.—Delightful comedy drama, well played by Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe (in a romantic rôle for once) and ZaSu Pitts. (Jan.)

3 SISTERS, THE—Fox.—An Italian story, as native as ravioli and as colorful as a Corsican sunset. Louise Dresser gives a superb performance and is surrounded by an unusually able cast. (Jan.)

TIGER ROSE—Warners.—Lupe Velez plays the tiger, but the picture is no rose. The stage play was more popular, but no one seems to care any more whether the Northwest Mounted get their man or not. (March)

TROOPERS THREE—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Concerns both kinds of troupers—backstage and army. Slim Summerville is funny. (April)

UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warners.—Light satire on old-fashioned Mexican border melodramas. A gay and dashing Technicolor singie, with Frank Fay and Arniida. (June)

UNDERTOW—Universal.—Misguided psychological drama of life in a lonely lighthouse. Why don't they call it "Lighthouse Blues"? Mary Nolan, John Mack Brown and Robert Ellis struggle against odds. (March)

UP THE CONGO—Sono Art.—World Wide.—One more expedition into Darkest Africa. If you like them you'll like it. (April)

VAGABOND KING, THE—Paramount.—Flash and clang of sword play. Dennis King, as Francois Villon, sings and acts with operatic abandon. Gorgeous Technicolor. Liking Primi music. Jeannette MacDonald and Lillian Roth help, and O. P. Heggie is grand. (May)

VAGABOND LOVER, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rudy goes through the whole gamut of emotions without moving a muscle. But when he sings—ah, that's another story. (A better one, too.) Vallee fans will be pleased. (Jan.)

VENGEANCE—Columbia.—Melodrama with a punch. Another African native revolt. Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. (May)

VENUS—United Artists.—Connie Talmadge made this silent picture a year ago in Southern Europe. She shouldn't have. Silent. (Jan.)

WALL STREET—Columbia.—Even if you've recovered enough to hear Wall Street mentioned without frothing at the mouth, you won't like this. (Feb.)

WASTED LOVE—British International.—And wasted footage, except when Anna May Wong's unique personality flashes on the screen. Silent. (March)

WEST OF THE ROCKIES—J. Charles Davis Prod.—Bandits, fast riding heroes, pretty scenerias. Same old Western plot. (April)

WHAT A MAN!—Sono Art.—World Wide.—(Reviewed under the title "His Dark Chapter.") Reginald Denny's nice voice, and a triling story about a gentleman-crook who isn't a crook after all, provide a pleasant enough evening. (May)

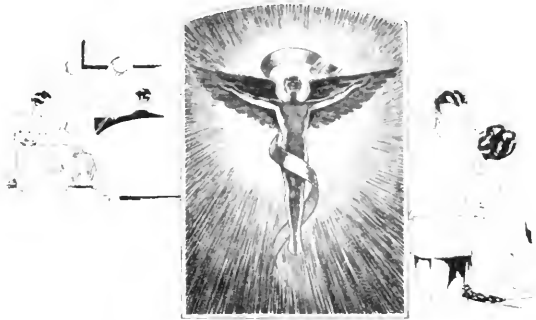
WHITE CARGO—W. P. Film Co.—Banned by Will Hays, but produced in London. Slow, badly recorded. Wasn't worth bootlegging. (May)

WIDE OPEN—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller play this somewhat vulgar but amusing comedy with a pace that keeps you roaring. (June)

WILD HEART OF AFRICA, THE—Supreme.—A glorified travelope giving the lowdown on previously unheard-of Sudanese fiends in more or less human form. Silent. (March)

YOUNG DESIRE—Universal.—Conventional story of a circus girl who loves a rich boy, but treated unconventionally. Face, color and thrills. Mary Nolan scores. (June)

YOUNG EAGLES—Paramount.—Not another "Wings." Buddy Rogers the flying hero. Jean Arthur his inspiration. Magnificent air photography, and satisfactory enough story. (May)



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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ARIZONA KID, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Ralph Block. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *The Arizona Kid*; Warren Baxter; Alona Maris; *Virginia Hoyt*; Carol Lombard; *Nick Hoyt*; Theodore Von Eltz; *Snakebite Pete*; Arthur Stone; *Pedro*; Mrs. Jimenez; *Sherrif Andrews*; Walter P. Lewis; *The Lobochee Teacher*; Jack Hervey; *His Manager*; Wilfred Lucas; *Barbender Bill*; Hank Mann; *Molly*; DeSacia Mooers; *Homer Snook*; Larry McGrath; *Stagedriver*; Jim Gibson.

"BIG FIGHT, THE"—SONO ART.—James Cruze.—From the play by Max Marcin and Milton H. Gropper. Adapted by Walter Woods. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Tiger*; "Big Boy" Guinn Williams; *Shirley*; Lola Lane; *Shag*; Stepin Fetchit; *Winn*; Edna Bennett; *Oliver*; Wheeler Oakman; *Chuck*; Ralph Ince; *Leslie*; James Eagle; *Referee*; Larry McGrath; *The Butler*; Tony Stabeneau; *Berrelli*; *The Barber*; Frank Jonasson; *Detective*; Robert E. O'Connor.

"BIG POND, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by George Middleton and A. E. Thomas. Adapted by Robert Pressnell and Garrett Fort. Directed by Hubert Henley. The cast: *Pierre*; Maurice Chevalier; *Barbara Billings*; Claudette Colbert; *Ronnie*; Frank Lyon; *Mr. Billings*; George Barbier; *Mrs. Billings*; Marion Ballou; *Pat O'Day*; *Sam Pendleton*; *Tonette*; Andree Corday; *Jennie*; Elaine Koch.

"BORDER LEGION, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Adapted by Percy Heath and Edward E. Paramore, Jr. Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin H. Knopf. The cast: *Jon Clee*; Richard Arlen; *Jack Kelle*; *Jack Holt*; *Jean Randall*; *Fay Wray*; "Fance"; *Davis*; Eugene Pallette; *John Giddens*; Stanley Fields; *Justin Sava*; E. H. Calvert; *George Randall*; *Ethan Allen*; *Sirimp*; Sid Saylor.

"BORN RECKLESS"—FOX.—From the novel "Louis Beretti" by Donald Henderson Clarke. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Louis Beretti*; Edmund Lowe; *Jean Sheldon*; Catherine Dale Owen; *Big Shot*; Warren Hymer; *Rosa Beretti*; *Marguerite Churchill*; *Bill Gray*; *Lee Tracy*; *Good News Brophy*; William Harrigan; *Frank Sheldon*; *Frank Albertson*; *Bugs*; Eddie Gribbon; *Kitty Kelly*; *Paul Page*; *Joe Bergman*; *Ben Brad*; *Fingy Moscowitz*; *Alkie Donlin*; *District Judge*; *Farrell MacDonal*; *Joe Beretti*; *Paul Porcasi*; *Ma Bretti*; *Ferike Boros*; *Neville Brock*; *Gregan*; *Joe Brown*; *The Duke*; *Pat Somers*.

"CHEER UP AND SMILE"—FOX.—From the story by Richard Connell. Adapted by Howard J. Green. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Margie*; *Dixie Lee*; *Eddie Fripp*; *Arthur Lake*; *Yvonne*; Olga Baculanova; "Whispering Jack" Smith; *Hinselt*; *Andy*; *Johnny Arthur*; *Pierre*; *Charles Judels*; *Tom*; *John Barron*; *Paul*; *Samuel Gotschell*; *Professor*; *Franklin Pangborn*; *Donald*; *Buddy Messinger*.

"DANCING SWEETIES"—WARNERS.—From the story "Three Flights Up" by Harry Fried. Adapted by Gordon Rigley and Joseph A. Jackson. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Bill Cleaver*; *Grant Withers*; *Melby O'Neill*; *Sue Carol*; *Jazzbo Gans*; *Edna Murphy*; *Mr. Cleaver*; *Tully Marshall*; *Mrs. Cleaver*; *Kate Price*; *Emma O'Neill*; *Adamae Vaughn*; "Needles" *Thompson*; *Eddie Phillips*.

"DEVIL'S HOLIDAY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Hulth*; *Holter*; *Nancy Carter*; *Doris Stone*; *Phillips Holmes*; *Jack Stone*; *James Kirkwood*; *Ezra Stone*; *Hobart Bosworth*; *Charlie Thorne*; *Neil Sparks*; *Monkey McConnell*; *Morgan Parley*; *Kent Carr*; *Jed Prouty*; *Dr. Reynolds*; *Paul Lukas*; *Edith Zeman*; *Petes*; *Charles*; *Clayton*; *Morton Downey*; *Hammond*; *Guy Oliver*; *Ant Buty*; *Jessie Pringle*; *House Detective*; *Wade Boteler*; *Madame Bernstein*; *Laura La Varnie*.

"FALL GUY, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by George Abbott and James Gleason. Adapted by Tom Whelan. Directed by Leslie Pearce. The cast: *Johnny Quinlan*; *Jack Mulhall*; *Bertha Quinlan*; *Mae Clarke*; *Dan Walsh*; *Neil Sparks*; *Charles Newton*; *Pat O'Reilly*; "Nifty" *Winters*; *Tom Jackson*; *Lottie Quinlan*; *Wynne Gibson*; *Mr. Berenowich*; *Ann Brody*; "Hutch"; *Elmer Ballard*; *Detective Keefe*; *Alan Roscoe*.

"FLORODORA GIRL, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Gene Markey. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Daisy*; *Marion Davies*; *Jack Lawrence Gray*; *DeBore*; *Walter Catlett*; *Hemingway*; *Louis John Barthelme*; *Fanny*; *Ika Chase*; *Maud*; *Vivian Oakland*; *Old Man Pell*; *Joe Brooks*; *Samuel Sham*; *Clud Allister*; *Fontaine*; *Sam Hardy*; *Mr. Uphart*; *Nance O'Neil*; *Commodore*; *Robert Bolder*; *Constance*; *Jane Kolthly*; *Mr. Caraway*; *Maudie Turner*; *Leahman*; *George Smiley*; *Greddie*; *Charles*; *Uhart Children*; *Anita Louise*; *Mary Jane Irvine*.

"FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES OF 1930"—FOX.—From the story by William K. Wells. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Art Skrensen*; *El Brendel*; *Clayton*; *Marjorie White*; *George Randall*; *Frank Richardson*; *Gloria De Witt*; *Nora Francis*; *Conrad Sterling*; *William Collier*; *Jr.*; *Mary Mason*; *Miriam Segar*; *Marvin Kingsley*; *Huntly Gordon*; *Lee Hubert*; *Paul Nicholson*; *Maid*; *Yola D'Avril*.

"FURIES, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Zoe Akin. Adapted by Boris Halsey. Directed by Alan Crossland. The cast: *Peg Sand*; *Lois Wilson*; *Oliver Redlow*; *H. B. Warner*; *Oliver McDonald*; *Theodore Von Eltz*; *Caroline Leigh*; *Natalie Moorehead*; *Guendolyn Andrews*; *Jane Win- ton*; *Harey*; *Janet Taylor Brooks*; *Dr. Cummings*; *Alan Birmingham*; *District Attorney*; *Furnell Pratt*; *Alan Sand*; *Byron Sage*; *Bellows Butler*; *Ben Hendricks*; *Jr.*

"HE KNEW WOMEN"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by S. N. Behrman. Screen play by William Jutte and Hugh Herbert. Directed by Hugh Herbert. The cast: *Geoffrey Clarke*; *Lowell Sherman*; *Alice Frayne*; *Alice Joyce*; *Austin Love*; *David Manners*; *Monica Grey*; *Frances Dade*.

"HIGH SOCIETY BLUES"—FOX.—From the story by Dana Burnet. Adapted by Howard J. Green. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Clayton*; *James Cagney*; *Janet Gaynor*; *Eddie Granger*; *Charles Farrell*; *Horace Divine*; *William Powell*; *Lois Moran*; *Heida Hopper*; *Pearl Granger*; *Joyce Compton*; *Elfr Granger*; *Lucien Littlefield*; *Mrs. Granger*; *Louise Fazenda*; *Jocelys*; *Brandon Hurst*; *Paul Pruner*; *Gregory Gay*.

"LADIES OF LEISURE"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Milton Herbert Gropper. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Kay Johnson*; *Barbara Stanwick*; *Henry Ralph Gwinn*; *Stanish*; *Lowell Sherman*; *Dot*; *Mae Clarke*; *George Strong*; *Nance O'Neil*; *Mr. Strong*; *George Fawcett*; *Charlie*; *Johnnie Walker*; *Claire*; *Juliette Compton*.

"LADY OF SCANDAL, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Albee and Frederick Lonsdale. Adapted by Claudine West and Edwin Lester. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Elsie*; *Ruth Chatterton*; *Edward*; *Basil Rathbone*; *John Hall*; *Constance*; *John Hall*; *Neil*; *Lord Trench*; *Frederick Kerr*; *Lois Crane*; *Honey West*; *Sir Reginald*; *Cyril Chadwick*; *Lady Amster*; *Effie Ellisler*; *Hilary*; *Robert Bolder*; *Alice*; *Moon Carroll*; *Ernest*; *MacKenzie Wade*; *Morton*; *Edgar Norton*.

"LET'S GO NATIVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Marion, Jr. and Percy Heath. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Joan Wood*; *Tennette MacDonal*; *Colline McGinnis*; *Jack Oakie*; *Wally Brundell*; *James Hally*; *Jerry*; *Skeets Gallagher*; *Basil Pistol*; *William Austin*; *Constance Cooke*; *Kay Francis*; *Chief Officer Williams*; *David Newell*; *Hilmore Kendall*; *Charles Sellon*; *Creditor's Man*; *Engene Pallette*.

"MATRIMONIAL BED, THE"—WARNERS.—From the screen play by Harvey Thew. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Adelphi Nobel*; *Frank Fay*; *Leonid Trebel*; *Frank Fay*; *Corinne*; *Beryl Mercer*; *Clayton*; *Carson*; *James Gleason*; *Juliet Carson*; *Flora*; *Elbridge*; *Sylvaine*; *Lilyan Tashman*; *Dr. Fred*; *Arthur Edmund Carew*; *Marianne*; *Marion Byron*; *Yvonne*; *Flora Finch*; *August Chabonnier*; *James Bradbury*; *Sr.*; *Susan Trebel*; *Vivian Oakland*.

"NOT DAMAGED"—FOX.—From the story by Richard Connell. Adapted by Frank Gay. Directed by Chandler Sprague. The cast: *Gene Slocart*; *Lois Moran*; *Charlie Jones*; *Robert Ames*; *Kirk Randall*; *Walter Byron*; *Maudie Graham*; *Inez Courtney*; *Charles George*; "Red"; *Corcoran*; *Peeltes*; *Ernest Wood*; *Jennie*; *Rhoda Cross*.

"OLD AND NEW"—SOVKINO.—Written and directed by S. M. Eisenstein and G. W. Alexandrov. The cast: *Martha Lapkina*.

"ONCE A GENTLEMAN"—SONO ART.—JAMES CRUZE.—From the story by George S. Worts. Adapted by Walter Woods. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Oliver*; *Edward Everett Horton*; *Gene*; *Madeline*; *Dolly*; *Gertrude Elliott*; *Agnes*; *Estelle Bradley*; *John Warner*; *King Baggot*; *Bannister*; *Francis X. Bushman*; *Emerson Ugelshover*; *William J. Holmes*; *Junior*; *Governor Tracy*; *Jorris*; *Cyril Chadwick*; *Byron Sage*; *Clayton*; *Charles Radstorth*; *Frederick Sullivan*; *Natalie*; *Evelyn Pierce*; *Colonel Reed*; *George Fawcett*; *Reetes*; *William O'Brien*; *Huggins*; *Charles Coleman*.

"REDEMPTION"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Living Corpse" by Esop Tolstoy. Screen play by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Fred Niblo. The

cast: *Felya*, John Gilbert; *Masha*, Renee Adoree; *Victor*, Conrad Nagel; *Lisa*, Eleanor Boardman; *Irma Padovani*, Claire McDowell; *Petukovich*, Elyse Alderson; *Arimine*, Tully Marshall; *Magistrate*, Mack Swain.

"RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Sax Rohmer. Screen play by Florence Rice and Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Dr. Fu Manchu*, Warner Oland; *Nayland*, O. P. Heggie; *Lisa Eltham*, Jean Arthur; *Dr. Jack Perry*, Neil Hamilton; *Sister*, Budsworth; *William Austin*, Fai Lu; *Evelyn Selbie*, *Fayta*, *Agatha Bartley*, Evelyn Hall; *Lady Helen Bartley*, Margaret Davis; *Inspector Harding*, Shavel Gardner; *Lauraine*, Fealy Dunbar; *Chang*, Tetsu Kato; *Al Lang*, Toku Eizuka; *Reporter*, Ambrose Barker.

"RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Elliott and J. C. Nugent. Adapted by Samuel Ornitz. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Louise Hagenkamp*, Louise Mann; *Ma Hagenkamp*, Clara Blandick; *Nick Hagenkamp*, Robert Montgomery; *Johnny*, Elliott Nugent; *Alma*, Lela Hyams; *Laura*, Mary Doran; *Ludwig*, Francis X. Bushman; *Dr. Mr. Hagenston*, Robert McWorley; *Ed Baldwin*, Doll Henderson; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Katherine*, Jane Reed; *Billy Taylor*, James Donlan; *Jennifer Train*, Jeanne Wood; *Ludwig*, as a child, Philippe De Lacy; *Johnny*, as a child, Gordon Thorne; *Katherine*, as a child, Betsy Ann Hise; *Alma*, as a child, Evelyn Mills; *Billy*, as a child, Edwin Mills; *Mr. Siraux*, Lee Kohlmar.

"SWELLHEAD"—FIFESNY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Adapted by Adele Buffington. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Johnny Tramp*, James Gleason; *Bill "Cy-Jone" Hickey*, Johnny Walker; *Mamie Judd*, Marion Shilling; *Barbara Larkin*, Natalie Kingston; *Mary*, Paul Hurst; *Clive Warren*, Freeman Wood.

"SWING HIGH"—PABLO.—From the story by Joseph Santley and James Seymour. Adapted by James Seymour. Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Maryann*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Gary*, Fred Scott; *Trixie*, Dorothy Barness; *Doc*, Max John Shodhan; *Mrs. May*, Daphne Pollard; *Pop Garner*, George Fawcett; *Kingmaster*, Bryant Washburn; *Polly*, Nell Stuart; *Boh*, Sally Starr; *Major Jones*, Little Bill; *Babe*, William Leland; *Sam*, Stephen Bostich; *Sherk*, Chester Conklin; *Bartender*, Ben Lutman; *Doctor*, Robert Edeson; *Mickey*, Mickey Bennett.

"TEXAN, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "A Double-Dared Deceit" by O. Henry. Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Erniego "Ozaro"*, *The Duke Kid*, Gary Cooper; *Conchito*, Ray Wherry; *Senora Barro*, Armina Brown; *Blanche*, Osa West; *John Brown*, James Marston; *Nick Parra*, Donald Reed; *The Duenna*, Selodad Jimenez; *Mary*, Verna; *Yola Buckland*; *Pasquale*, Cesar Vando; *Henry*, Edwin J. Brady; *Sisco*, Enrique Acosta; *Cubano*, Remundo Tirado.

"TRUE TO THE NAVY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Kerne Thompson and Doris Anderson.



Always look your best

HOLD-BOBS WIN

JUMPING after a high one—advancing to the net—dashing back—all over the court through game after game.

At the end—a smooth, perfect coiffure. The answer—HOLD-BOBS.

Because of their flexible sides—one side crimped—they easily shape to your head. Because of their small, invisible heads and their smooth, round ends—you can neither see nor feel HOLD-BOBS in your hair. Yet you don't need to worry about your coiffure during the most strenuous tennis match. You can keep your mind on the game.

No loose, straggly ends of hair will show in your eyes. You'll have a well-groomed, combed look—not a frowsy, flustered one.

Never mind about the score—the "advantage" is always yours with HOLD-BOBS.

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Blonde Brunette

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If you missed the first set of Cut Puzzle Pictures in last month's PHOTOPLAY, you can still start now and win some of the \$5,000 prize money!
You can have June's Cut Pictures free, together with the rules, by sending a postcard request to
The Cut Picture Puzzle Contest,
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"SECOND FLOOR MYSTERY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the novel "The Agony Column" by Earle Derr Biggers. Screen play by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Geoffrey West*, Grant Withers; *Marion Ferguson*, Loreta Young; *Inspector Bray*, H. B. Warner; *Ann Hattie*, Claire McDowell; *Alfred*, Sidney Bracey; *Captain Lester*, Raymond; *Colonel Norton*, Fraser; *John Luder*, Enright; *Claude King*; *Mystery Woman*, Judith Vosseli.

"SHADOW OF THE LAW"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "The Quarry" by John A. Moroso. Adapted by John Farrow. Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: *John Nelson*, William Powell; *Jim Montgomery*, William Powell; *Edith Wentworth*, Marion Shilling; *Ethel Barry*, Natalie Woodhead; *Tom*, Regis Toomey; *Pete*, Paul Hurst; *Colonel Wentworth*, George Irving; *Mike Kearney*, Frederic Burt; *Warden*, James Durkin; *Frank*, Richard Tucker; *Captain of Guards*, Walter James.

"SOCIAL LION, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Octavus Roy Cohen. Screen play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Marco Perkins*, Jack Oakie; *Cynthia Brown*, Mary Brian; *Chick*, Halday; *Skets Gallagher*; *George Stanton*, Olive Borden; *Jim Perkins*, Charles Selby; *Edith Williams*, Cyril Rouse; *Henderson*, E. H. Calvert; *Howard*, James Gibson; *Smith*, Henry Roquemore; *Schultz*, William Bechtel; *McGinnis*, Richard Cummings; *"Knockout" Johnson*, Jack Byron.

"SONG OF THE FLAME"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the opera by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein, H. George Gershwin and Herbert Stothart. Adapted by Gordon Rieby. Directed by Alan Cranston. The cast: *Irma*, *The Flame*, Bernice Clary; *Prince Valodys*, Alexander Gray; *Konstantin*, Noah Beery; *Natasha*, Alice Gentle; *Grascha*, Gene Courtney; *Count Boris*, Step Camo; *Henchman*, Ivan Linow.

"STRICTLY MODERN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "Cousin Kate" by Hubert Henry Davies. Adapted by Ray Harris and Gene Towne. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Kate*, Dorothy Mackall; *Heath Desmond*, Sidney Blackmore; *Juliana Johnson*, Judge Bertlett; *Warner Richmond*; *Bobby Spencer*, Mickey Bennett; *Mr. Spencer*, Katherine Claire Ward.

Added Dialogue by Herman Mankiewicz. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Ruby Nolan*, Clara Bow; *Gunner McCoy*, Frederick March; *Salomon Farnoch*, Harry Gray; *Edith*, Rex Bell; *Myra*, Eddie Fetherston; *Albert*, Eddie Dunn; *Peasee*, Kay Cooke; *Artie*, Harry Sweet; *Melzie*, Adele Warner; *Grogan*, Sam Hardy; *Manager Dance Hall*, Jed Prouty.

"UNDER WESTERN SKIES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the screen play by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Judith Temple*, Lila Lee; *Geoffrey Brand*, Sidney Blackmer; *Fred Kampen*, Fred Kohler; *Jose de Baga*, Vera Raymond; *Horton*, Leonard Temple; *Kenneth Thomson*; *Betty Temple*, Olive Tell; *Dr. Neil Crawford*, David Newell; *"Bazzard"* Wilkins, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Sam Brown*, Tom Dugan; *"Black"* Otto Pries; *Mrs. Temple*, Blanche Fridoria.

"WEDDING RINGS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "The Dark Swan" by Ernest Pascal. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Lucy Dike*, H. B. Warner; *Cornelia Quinn*, Lois Weber; *Ivy Quinn*, Olive Borden; *Wilfred Meadows*, Hallam Cooley; *Tom Haddon*, John Gray; *Lydia*, Kathleen Williams; *Esther Quinn*, Alison Manning.

"WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALM"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Dr. Arnold Fanck. Adapted by Dr. Arnold Fanck and Ladislav Vajda. Directed by Dr. Arnold Fanck and G. W. Pabst. The cast: *Gustav Diesel*, Mitzä Goetzl; *Otto Spring*, Lem Kofenstahl; *Ernst Udel*.

"WOMEN EVERYWHERE"—FOX.—From the story by George Grossmith and Zoltan Korda. Continuity by Harlan Thompson and Lajos Rifa. Adapted by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Charles Jackson*, J. Harold Murray; *Lila LaFleur*, Edith Dora; *Aristede Brown*, George Grossmith; *Zephyrine*, Rose Dione; *Sam Jones*, Clyde Cook; *Michel Karpulis*, Ralph K. Harll.

"YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Katharine Brush. Adapted by Robert Brownell. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Ann VanDun*, Claudette Colbert; *Tony McLean*, Norman Foster; *Pa*, Randolph Scott; *Sherry*, Rex; *Charles Rangelos*, Dr. Ed Kennedy; *Leslie Austin*; *Sherman Sister*, Four Adlai Sisters; *Doctor*, H. Dudley Hawley.

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

wearly German girl. Miss Chatterton was flawless, and I don't think any other star could have played this rôle so perfectly.

ALBERT MANSKI.

Ann Astonishes

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Born with a love of the drama, I was kept from the theater most of the time on account of prohibitive prices charged for legitimate plays. Suddenly everything changed. For the price of movie tickets I can see and hear the essence of all that Broadway has to offer.

Ann Harding and Ruth Chatterton are two of the most charming and accomplished actresses. It is astonishing that Ann Harding has not aroused more interest than she has. It seems to me that this exquisite woman has everything that should entrance the public.

MRS. H. E. KNOWLES.

That's IT, Dick

Pontiac, Mich.

Here's a big hand for Dick Barthelmeus in "Son of the Gods," a star and a picture that

have IT. It's been a long time since I could sit through a picture and not be aware of my neighbor's elbow jamming into my side, the little boy in back of me with a sack of hard candy, or the chaps who have "frogs in their throats," as I did during this picture.

C. KRAEMER.

Encore! Encore!

Buffalo, N. Y.

What a great pair Ruth Chatterton and Frederic March are! They ought to make more pictures together.

CHARLOTTA BITTNER.

And No Porters to Tip!

Brookville, Ohio.

Always I have wanted to travel—anywhere, everywhere! I have neither the time nor money. But I can and do fulfil my dreams by going to the movies.

In a few minutes I find myself under the starry skies of Western plains; in an Alaskan lumber camp; in one of New York's popular night clubs. Sometimes I am caught in a sand-



Acme

The Great Mystery Man and Disappearing Actor of Hollywood turns up in Washington, hobbing and nobbing with the lawmakers and consenting to pose with mere statesmen! George Bancroft, tiffing with Paramount, went into hiding in his California home, refusing to answer bells of any sort. All of a sudden he is discovered in the capital city. This is George with Nick Longworth, Speaker of the House. George is the one smiling

storm while crossing the Sahara, shipwrecked on a desert island, or chased by tigers, lions and savages in the jungle.

For a half-dollar, or less, and in a few hours' time, I have visited strange scenes, seen and heard the people of other lands, and experienced some very thrilling adventures.

MARTHA JENKINS.

Virginia Does Care

San Jose, Calif.

I wouldn't think of throwing a mere bouquet at Ramon Novarro. Indeed not! I want to perpetually "Say it with flowers!"

Give us more pictures like "Devil May Care," Ramon. You know, the kind that make us sit through performances and truly forget to go home.

VIRGINIA CAPRICE.

We Liked It, Too

North Berwick, Scotland.

Always sensible of the literary and artistic merit of PHOTOPLAY, I am now a fervent admirer of its originality and its human quality.

After a surfeit of "love life" stories in other publications, I found ineffable charm and exquisite sincerity in the little story in your April issue of Ramon Novarro's love for a little old lady and of the little old lady's great love for him.

MUREL H. GRAHAM.

You Said a Mouthful!

New Orleans, La.

The talkies are great, but give us more outdoor scenery and more laughter. Let Bill Haines, Jack Oakie, El Brendel, and the others make us laugh. And let John Boles, Gary Cooper and their team mates give us a thrill.

As for slang, what of it? It can't hurt, because the majority of us use it, anyhow.

R. STRAUGHAN.

For Children Only

Kansas City, Mo.

A young man who accompanied his mother to "Sunny Side Up" afterwards told his father: "I guess they thought that 'Turn on the Heat' number was hot. It was just silly, of course, but I did feel like a fool having mother there, for I know she was embarrassed."

Let's have pictures that children can take their parents to see without regret!

LUCY K. ABEL.

He's Satisfied

Birmingham, Ala.

My favorites are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. And do I like their voices? I should say I do! "Sunny Side Up" played here seven big weeks.

Continue to co-star Janet and Charlie—that's all I ask.

JAMES G. EADY.

Harry, How Could You!

Larchmont, N. Y.

Have you noticed, fans—gentlemen fans, in particular—that the talkies have spelled triumph for the male star? I have on hand a current New York newspaper and, glancing over the motion picture advertisements, I discover above the feature title such names as the following: John Barrymore, Al Jolson, George Arliss, John Boles, Lawrence Tibbett, Dennis King, Harry Richman, Monte Blue, John McCormack, etc., while the magic name of Garbo stands practically alone in defense of the feminine honor.

Ah, where are the Negris, Swansons, Tam-mages, Pickfords and Gishes of yesterday!

Can it be that man has proved his superiority in yet another line of endeavor?

J. HARRY SHALE, JR.



Who's afraid of SUNBURN?

HERE'S a girl who knows the best trick of all. Before she goes swimming she covers her tender skin with Mentholatum. Then she takes the sun gradually and gets a nice tan instead of a red-hot, scorching sunburn. Try it yourself!

protect your skin with



TUBES and JARS 30¢
LARGE JARS 60¢

The cleansing, healing service of a soap that's meant for you

Cuticura Soap

with a heritage of 50 years of highest commendation.

Sold Everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. 50c.

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Paintings, photos and miniatures. No drawing talent required. Fascinating work. Earn while learning. We teach you at home. Professional artist's outfit, employment service given. Write for free book: NATIONAL ART STUDIOS, Dept. 470, 1008 North Dearborn Street, Chicago. Send me your free booklet, "Success in Art."

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BLONDES . . . read how famous movie stars keep their hair golden

"I DEPEND on just one shampoo to keep my hair soft and silky, gleaming with golden lights, and that's Blondex," says Jeanette Loff, lovely Universal star. "Blondex quickly brings back the true color and lustrous sheen to light hair that has faded or streaked," says Mary Nolan, beautiful star, also with Universal.

Don't let your blonde hair grow dark and lustreless—keep it bright and lovely this easy way!

Blondex is safe! Contains no harmful dyes or chemicals. Brings out all the natural color and gloss of blonde hair. Prevents darkening. Fine for hair and scalp. Over a million enthusiastic users. Try it TODAY! On sale at all good drug stores.



JEANETTE LOFF
Universal
MARY NOLAN
Universal





Crashing *for the* Talkies

THIS is the story, and a picture, of a real talkie crash that will never be seen and heard on the screen!

Dick Grace probably has more wrecked planes and shattered bones to his credit than any other living aviator. He gets paid—and paid well—for cracking the planes; the cracked bones he throws in for good measure. Dick, you see, is a stunt flyer *de luxe*, and has had a hand in almost every great air picture which has come out of Hollywood.

Thus, when the moment came to film a spectacular air crash for "Young Eagles," Dick, doubling for Buddy Rogers, was called to turn the trick. Undoubtedly it meant a few smashed ribs, collar bones or legs—but that's all in his day's work.

Ten cameramen were in position. Their spot was even tougher than Dick's. They stood by their machines, barely a city lot's distance from the place where Dick was to turn an airplane into shattered timber and torn cloth. If he should miss, there might no longer be ten cameramen.

Behind the grinders stood the matter-of-fact accessories to the crash—doctors and nurses, with operating instruments, bandages and antiseptics—ready for anything; ambulance, with two motorcycle cops, waiting for a quick rush to a hospital, if necessary. There was a fire engine, ready to drench the wreck. Everything ready. Everyone waiting. The suspense was terrific. Death, too, stood by—waiting. A bystander who could not be ordered off the set. "Ready, Dick?"

"Yep."

"Ready, everybody?"

"All ready!"

Dick stepped toward his ship. At the last moment a Paramount employee dashed up, hand extended.

"Here's wishing you good luck, Dick!" came the voice.

It might have been a stab in the back. Dick glared.

"—— — ——, ——," he said; "that's the worst luck that could happen." Superstition seized him. The bravest fliers bow before it. He wanted to postpone the crash for a day, to escape the jinx. But there were dollar signs on every passing second; they prevailed on Dick to go. He muttered as he climbed in his ship.

He circled and circled. Sighted the spot—in the semicircle of cameras. Dipped his nose. Came screaming down for the crash.

Whe-e-e! Crack! It was done. Dick crawled out of the wreckage, two ribs cracked. A perfect stunt crash—perfect, but nowhere near the cameras! It was a full field distant from the spot marked X.

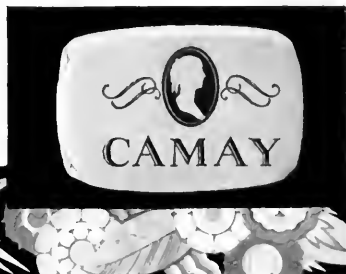
"That so and so and so on good luck wisher!—it's all his fault," Dick swore. He drew his thousand dollars for the stunt. Twice more he did it—and each time it was perfect—and within camera range. For the well-wisher was some place else.

The two good crashes are in the picture. The bad one shown above is in the ledgers for some few thousands of dollars.

And here's the payoff! At Paramount they're trying to charge up the cost of the n.g. crash against the department which claims the good-hearted well-wisher!

I'm being agreed with!

All over America girls are discovering there never before was any complexion soap so gentle as Camay



What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the only reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the

high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Lovelierness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV 70, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

REALLY, I'm so pleased! Is there anything nicer than to find yourself agreed with by people whom you respect? And girls from every part of the country write me that they are quite as enthusiastic over Camay's gentle way of caring for complexions as I am, myself!

So many of them feel this way that Camay has changed in a few short months from a name known to only a few of you, into the most talked-of complexion soap in America!

Was it the approval of America's most eminent dermatologists that started Camay towards this great success? Of course, I don't know. But it looks very much as if my announcement of its unanimous approval by 73 of these great physicians had made almost every girl want to try it.

And every girl who wants a good complexion (I'm sure there can't be one who *doesn't*, even on a desert island!) ought to want to try it, because Camay is the only complexion soap that has ever received unanimous ap-

proval from the only really qualified authorities on the care of the skin.

But I have an idea that Camay's own lovely, gentle self *really* explains its success. The very first time you use Camay, your complexion knows that it has found a friend and protector. It fairly purrs with gratitude when Camay's velvety soft lather cleanses away dust and make-up and the excess oil that pores just *will* manufacture whenever you get the least bit warm.

And, after you've used Camay for a scant week or so, you suddenly realize you've *never* before found anything like it to keep your skin fresh and clear and outdoor-looking.

I can't believe there's anybody in this whole wide country who doesn't know Camay by this time. But, if there should be, I have just this to say: Please get a cake at once and start giving your complexion a care that is not only exquisitely gentle and fragrant, but absolutely scientific as well. Isn't that a wonderful combination?

THE SHOCK OF FACING *what your figure may become*

"COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
(Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

**by refraining from over-
indulgence, if you would
maintain the modern fig-
ure of fashion**

We do not represent that smoking **Lucky Strike** Cigarettes will bring modern figures or cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a **Lucky**" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a modern, graceful form.

When Tempted

*Reach
for a
LUCKY*

instead

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough.



©1930, The American
Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST
25 CENTS



*Earl
Christy*

GRETA
GARBO

How About **MARY & DOUG?**

What **GARBO** thinks of **HOLLYWOOD**

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE...SO QUICKLY



"Please, Mister, c'n I fly it?"

At the crack of dawn, while her family still slept, this 15-year-old kid took forbidden flying lessons. "The Boys" used to call her "the headless pilot." She couldn't even see over the edge of the cockpit.

© P. Lorillard Co.

ELINOR SMITH

Eighteen years old . . . and she's risen higher than any other woman in all world history. "Born with wings," say hard-boiled pilots. "The kid's a' natural" when you put her in a plane."

But there's another young ace with that same story.

OLD GOLD hopped off just three years ago. In less than three months it zoomed into favor. In one short year it had climbed to the ceiling. Today, it holds the coast-to-coast record . . . as America's fastest growing cigarette.

For, OLD GOLD, too, is a *natural* flyer. Made of better tobaccos. Endowed by nature with a new taste-thrill. Free from irritants. More smoke pleasure. Greater throat-ease.

OLD GOLD, too, was "born with wings."



ON OCTOBER 24, 1926, the first carload of OLD GOLDS reached the Pacific coast . . . endless trainloads have been going westward ho ever since . . . with nary a cough in a carload.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD?"

"I wonder how serious
it really is". . .

"PINK tooth brush" is a disquieting trouble to face. For with it come visions of all manner of dread dental diseases that may follow.

Decisively, "pink tooth brush" does not imply that you have pyorrhoea. But it certainly does mean that your gums have begun to soften; that they have become so tender and weak that they bleed at the touch of the brush; and that they need immediate protection if they are to be rescued from the possible attack of more serious troubles!

For this purpose thousands of dentists urge massage and brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste. Millions of people have found that Ipana guards their gums while it keeps their teeth sparkling white, their mouths clean and refreshed!

As any dentist will tell you, soft foods are responsible for what amounts today to a veritable plague of gum disorders.

For this soft and creamy diet cheats the gums of exercise. The tissues grow weak and flabby, soft spots appear. The gums bleed, at first, ever so slightly. And thus gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhoea get their start.

The remedy, your dentist recommends, is massage faithfully done, and to this recommendation thousands of dentists add—"with Ipana".

With Ipana and massage, you rouse the languid circulation. You sweep wastes and poisons from the tiny cells—you quickly restore to your gums their natural strength and hardness! For Ipana contains ziratol, a stimulating hemostatic long used by the dental profession in treating gum disorders.

*A good dentist and a good tooth paste
are not luxuries*

Let Ipana keep your teeth sound and sparkling—let it stimulate your gums to robust vigor. Its ingredients are the finest and costliest; its formula modern and advanced. It may cost a few cents more but its use is sound economy.

Stop at your druggist's today and get a large tube—don't wait for the sample. Tonight, begin the full month's test. See for yourself how much healthier your gums can be, how much whiter your teeth, with Ipana's double protection.

CHECK
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
WITH

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-80
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name

Street

City State

GOOD TIMES NEWS FROM PARAMOUNT!



AND THESE GREAT PARAMOUNT STARS IN GREATER NEW SHOW WORLD PICTURES

Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Gary Cooper
Jack Oakie
William Powell
Buddy Rogers



ENTERTAINMENT news that will thrill millions! The GREATER New Show World is here! 70 Paramount Pictures strong! Attuned to these changing times. In key with this fast moving world. Under their spell you're lost to the world. Living the stories. Laughing at some plots. Thrilled to the bone with others. Charmed with the tunes in the musicals. *Delighted with everything!* It's a GREATER

New Show World now. And Paramount is leading it. Paramount—with 18 years of supremacy. Paramount—with the biggest stars. Paramount—with the keenest showmanship minds. Paramount—with the greatest resources, organization, and man power in motion pictures. Tell your Theatre Manager now you want to see all these 70 GREATER New Show World Pictures!

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXVIII No. 3

August, 1930



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The Private Life of Greta Garbo

Who is the tall, blond young man who is Greta's mysterious escort and whom Hollywood calls "The Swedish Prince"?

The real intimate story of Greta's strange home and social life is told for the first time in this most revealing article, appearing in next month's—

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Who made **SUNNY SIDE UP** the most popular motion picture of the past year? . . . YOU did—with the tickets you bought at the box offices all over the country. . . . Who made **THE COCKEYED WORLD** the runner-up? . . . YOU again—with your spontaneous approval, registered by cash paid for tickets at the box office, of the rough and ready wit and humor of McLaglen and Lowe. . . . Who were the year's favorite actor and actress? . . . Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, overwhelmingly voted the most popular in polls conducted by both the Chicago Tribune and the New York Daily News, the two largest newspapers in their respective cities. . . . Who won the coveted Photoplay Gold Medal for the past two years? . . . FOX—last year with John Ford's **FOUR SONS**—year before last with Frank Borzage's **7th HEAVEN**. . . . Who cast the winning ballots for Gaynor and Farrell? . . . Nobody but YOU. . . . Who has already decided what kind of pictures we will produce and



leading houses everywhere will feature during the coming year? . . . YOU, of course—because you have, in terms that can't be mistaken, placed your approval on what FOX has done in the past and told us what you like. . . . Will you get it? . . . Look at this line-up of new productions now on their way to you! . . . Janet Gaynor and Charles

Farrell in **OH, FOR A MAN!**—another sure-fire hit, produced under the masterly direction of the man who made **SUNNY SIDE UP**, David Butler. . . . McLaglen and Lowe chasing **WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS**—in the further rollicking adventures of Flagg and Quirt—from the story by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors of **WHAT PRICE GLORY**. Direction by Raoul Walsh. What a line-up! . . . Charlie Farrell in his greatest part of all, as Liliom,



YOU

SIXTY

OTHERS

BE

AND

MILLION

CAN'T

WRONG



in DEVIL WITH WOMEN, from Franz Molnar's international stage success.... And Charlie will also entertain you in three other great pictures during the year—THE MAN WHO CAME BACK, with Louise Huntington; THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, with Maureen O'Sullivan, the find of the year; and SHE'S MY GIRL, with Joyce Compton....In UP THE RIVER, a new kind of prison story, John Ford is striving to surpass his own Photoplay Gold

Medal winner, FOUR SONS. In this picture appears Cherie, daughter of Warden Lawes, and a great cast of established screen favorites.... Frank Barzage, Gold Medal winner of the previous year, will give you four great pictures—SONG O' MY HEART, introducing to the screen the golden voice and vibrant personality of the great Irish tenor, John McCormack—two of Charlie Farrell's new pictures, THE MAN WHO CAME BACK and DEVIL WITH WOMEN—and ALONE WITH YOU, in which Janet Gaynor will insinuate herself still more deeply into your affections....The honor most coveted by the motion picture actor is the annual award of the Academy of Motion Pictures. Warner Baxter is the latest recipient of this honor—



won by his magnificent characterization of the Cisco Kid in IN OLD ARIZONA. Warner, lovable bandit and idol of the feminine heart, will give you four big pictures.... If you saw Will Rogers in THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS, or SO THIS IS LONDON, you will cheer the announcement of two more pictures by America's



incomparable comic: A CONNECTICUT YANKEE, perhaps Mark Twain's funniest story, and SEE AMERICA FIRST.... DeSylva, Brown and Henderson—the Gilbert and Sullivan of our day—will follow their smash success, SUNNY SIDE UP with JUST IMAGINE, clever, gay, tuneful and funny. The cast will be headed by Maureen O'Sullivan and El Brendel.... We made the pictures—but YOU asked for them—and you and sixty million others can't be wrong!



FOX

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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



ACQUITTED—Columbia.—Underworld drama with a real punch. Sam Hardy is more amusing than ever. (Feb.)

ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in crook picture made from Vaillier's play, "Chatterbox." A comeback for Ben, and Bebe at her best. (June)

★ **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**—Universal.—Remarque's sensational war book, made into one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Powerful drama of war as it really is. (June)

★ **ANNA CHRISTIE**—M-G-M.—The Great Garbo talks—and remains great! A faultlessly directed picture with superb characterizations by Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler and George Marion. (March)

ANYBODY'S WAR—Paramount.—The *Taco Black Crow* join the army, with mildly amusing results. (June)

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

AVIATOR, THE—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton is afraid of anything that goes up. Fatsy Ruth Miller is the hero-worshipping girlfriend. Need a few laughs? (April)

★ **BAD ONE, THE**—United Artists.—Dolores Del Rio as a cafe singer and dancer, teamed with Eddie Lowe, who also sings delightfully. Adventurous, romantic story that you'll like. (June)

BARNUM WAS RIGHT—Universal.—Miss this one unless you're one of those people old P. T. was talking about. (Feb.)

BATTLE OF PARIS, THE—Paramount.—Gertrude Lawrence sings favorites, doing none too well in a trite musical comedy. Snap into it, Gertie, and show 'em what you can do when you try! (March)

BEAU BANDIT—Radio Pictures.—Yeh, Rod La Rocque with a Spanish accent again. Doris Kenyon sings beautifully. Old-fashioned Western. (April)

BECAUSE I LOVED YOU—Aafa Tobis.—Interesting because first made-in-Germany talker shown in America; 65 per cent dialogue, German, of course. Part Talkie. (April)

BENSON MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount.—Another elegant Van Dine murder mystery. Suave Bill Powell, as detective *Philo Vance*, gets his man. See it. (May)

BE YOURSELF—United Artists.—Fanny Brice falls for a boxer who falls for a gold-digger. Another "My Man" plot. Only fair. (April)

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

BIG PARTY, THE—Fox.—A Sue Carol picture, but they handed it to Dixie Lee. Heaps of comedy, some true love and villainy. (April)

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

BISHOP MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Murder a La *Mother Goose*, with Basil Rathbone *Philo Vance*ing this time. Plenty of thrills. (Feb.)

BLAZE OF GLORY—Sono Art.—World Wide.—One of those leopard pictures—it's spotty. Some of the spots are good and some are bad. Eddie Dowling shows a nice personality and a good singing voice. (March)

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

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

BROADWAY HOOFER, THE—Columbia.—You'll like Marie Saxon, musical comedy star, in her first talkie. A stimulating back stage comedy. (March)

BURNING UP—Paramount.—Your money's worth in entertainment. A neat little comedy with some thrilling racing sequences and that admirably natural actor, Dick Arlen. (March)

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—The famous old romance of a rivet gambler revived gracefully, but not excitingly. J. Harold Murray sings well and Stepin Fetchit sings. (Feb.)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—Universal.—John Roles and Laura La Plante in a story of the birth of the *Marsellais*; that just misses being a thrilling picture. John sings superbly. (June)

Do Not Miss These Recent Pictures

- "Anna Christie"
- "Song of My Heart"
- "Journey's End"
- "The Divorcee"
- "Ladies of Leisure"
- "The Devil's Holiday"
- "All Quiet on the Western Front"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

★ **CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHIA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Stark, compelling drama with a war background. An important picture, although too drab to appeal universally. Chester Morris is a magnificent *Gri cha*. (March)

CAUGHT SHORT—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, rival boarding-house keepers who play the stock market. Anita Page and Charles Morton are young lovers. Good, tough fun. (June)

CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M.—This nineteenth century copy of "The Broadway Melody" is pleasant enough. Bessie Love, Charles King, and the Moran-Dressler comedy team. (May)

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

CHILDREN OF PLEASURE—M-G-M.—All about a song-writer's sorrows. Noteworthy only for Lawrence Gray's singing of two hit numbers and the swell work of Wynne Gibson, a new screen face. (May)

CHINA EXPRESS, THE—Sovkino.—Foreign rough stuff, but tremendously exciting. Action occurs on a fast train in China. *Silent*. (May)

CITY GIRL—Fox.—Originally begun as a silent picture ("Our Daily Bread") by Director F. W. Murnau. Gets off to a powerful start, but turns talkie and collapses. Charlie Farrell and Mary Duncan are fine. Part Talkie. (March)

CLANCY IN WALL STREET—Edward Small Prod.—The recent stock market debacle is material for gags. It's a comedy. (April)

COCK OF THE WALK—Sono Art.—WorldWide.—Pretty sad affair, in which Joseph Schildkraut does his worst. Myrna Loy attractive. (June)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND—Universal.—When, and if you see this, you'll know where to send them on their next trip—one way! (May)

COURAGE—Warners.—Charming picture about seven interesting youngsters and their extravagant mother, well played by Belle Bennett. Leon Janney fine as *Bill*, the youngest. (June)

COURTIN' WILDCATS—Universal.—"Hoot" Gibson takes a Wild West shrew, modern version. Mildly entertaining. (March)

CRAZY THAT WAY—Fox.—Bubbling comedy about two lads in love with a blonde who loves another. Joan Bennett wears beautiful clothes beautifully. (May)

CUCKOOS, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nonsensical musical comedy featuring comedians Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Check your critical goggles and prepare to laugh uproariously. (June)

CZAR OF BROADWAY—Universal.—A not-so-good imitation of that fine picture, "Street of Chance." Not bad, but if you haven't seen the original. (June)

DAMES AHOY—Universal.—Glenn Tryon in a smart-cracking sailor rôle. But the dialogue writer didn't feel funny that day. (April)

DANCE HALL—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake is grand as the youngster who haunts the local dance hall where Olive Borden, in a blonde wig, is a hostess. Amusing. (Feb.)

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

DANGEROUS FEMALES—Paramount—Christie.—A hilariously funny two-reeler. And why not, with both Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cavorting in their best manner? (Feb.)

DANGEROUS PARADISE—Paramount.—Taken from Conrad's South Sea yarn "Victory." Begins well but goes astray. Dick Arlen and Nancy Carroll good, as always. (Feb.)

★ **DEVIL MAY CARE**—M-G-M.—A moving picture that both moves and talks. Swift and colorful romance, with Novarro giving one of the finest performances of his career and Dorothy Jordan and Marion Harris scoring heavily. Some swell vocalizing. (Feb.)

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

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

A Hundred Million Eager Hearts Await Their Coming To The Screen!

At last! AMOS 'N ANDY are to be seen as well as heard!

From their boundless empire of the air, where they hold a nation enthralled each day, these magic personalities, mightiest stars of all creation, are coming to thrill the world anew in a grand and glorious picture. Their gay cavalcade is on the way!

AMOS 'N ANDY

Spring into glamorous life in their first all talking motion picture!

Watch for **RADIO PICTURES** This Year!

The **Radio** trade-mark will be your best assurance of fine entertainment, for millions of dollars and the genius of the greatest creative minds are going into **Radio Pictures**. **AMOS 'N ANDY** is but one of the treats in store.

There's "**CIMARRON**," Edna Ferber's great epic of empire, to look forward to; **RICHARD DIX** plays the coveted role of Yoncey Croval; "**DIXIANA**," glamorous romance of Mordi Gros, brings **BEBE DANIELS**, **EVERETT MARSHALL**, Metropolitan Opera Star; Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and a thousand others. Victor Herbert's "**BABES IN TOYLAND**" is coming in lavish extravaganza. There are many others of equal interest, including Rex Beach's "**THE SILVER HORDE**" and John Galsworthy's "**ESCAPE**."

Naturally you will want to see them all! The manager of your favorite theatre is now arranging his season's bookings and will appreciate it if you let him know your wishes in entertainment. He is anxious to please you. **Tell him you want to see these great RADIO PICTURES** at his house.

R. K. O. DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
(Subsidiary of Radio Corporation of America)
 1560 Broadway, New York City



No More Custard Pies!

THERE'S a little kid out in Hollywood who's just having the time of his life again.

He's got grey hair, and the—well, ah—avoidupois that comes with age, and he goes by the name of Mack Sennett. But he's just a kid and don't let him fool you. Aw, well, he doesn't want to fool you.

"Kid?" he echoes. "Sure. Sure I am. I am. And I never want to grow up!"

He's got a new toy, has Mack Sennett. He hates to go to sleep nights, because then he can't play with these new talkies that have suddenly made life interesting for him again.

And there has come to pass one of the most remarkable metamorphoses that this mad business of movie-making has ever seen!—the rebirth of the unspeakably crude, custard-pie and slapstick Sennett comedies of the bygone years, into the deliciously sophisticated, delicately chucklesome Sennett comedies of 1930.

In no other facet of the movies has there been reflected such a change as the Sennett comedies show. Feature pictures have changed, of course, but not nearly so much.

WHY, look at the difference!

Take an old Sennett comedy, in the days when Swanson was just a bathing beauty and didn't dream of being a Marquise some day; when Chaplin was just a "funny feller" without even being known by name; when Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling, Louise Fazenda were people who put on funny make-ups and went through the motions of the slapstick era.

In those days, the brain was the least important part of an actor's anatomy. The big idea was to be hit with a slapstick or a No. 12 shoe with a foot in it as often as possible. The face was used for two purposes—to hang funny moustaches on, and to be smeared with custard pie, plaster, flour, mud, eggs or anything else that the director could think of to have thrown. Scripts were just something that had never been thought of; all they did was get the company together, throw things, have a chase and cut it into one reel.

BUT now!—twenty years later—there isn't a custard pie on the Sennett lot, except when one of the electricians brings a slab for lunch.

There's a scenario department where a staff of writers works as long and conscientiously over a plot as they do for features in the other studios. Before shooting is begun, every line, every gag, is down on paper.

There's no more Sennett stock company—although the old fox does keep one or two players under con-



The Talkie Is His New Toy!

Last Minute News

"Man Trouble"—Fox—Milton Sills, as the popular notion of a fearless gangster, is sensational in this melodrama of love, newspaper business and the underworld. Dorothy Mackaill takes second honors.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman) a daughter, the second girl in the family. Mr. and Mrs. Vidor had hoped for a boy and are unprepared with a name for the little stranger as this is written.

Claire Windsor and nine others were rescued when a power yacht rammed and sank the "Lolita," cruiser owned and sailed by Philip Plant, Claire's latest beau, in Long Island Sound. A sailor was reported missing. Plant is the divorced husband of Constance Bennett. Miss Windsor was a guest on his boat for a week-end cruise.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, at sixty-nine, sang at thirty performances at the Roxy Theater, New York, in one week, receiving \$6,000 for the engagement.

Hollywood was surprised to learn that Helene Lubitsch is suing Ernst Lubitsch, noted director, for divorce, charging that he nagged her and insulted her guests.

"Ginger" Rogers, ingenue, in "Young Man of Manhattan," was seen much in the company of Jack Oakie around New York early in the summer. "Ginger's" new picture is "Queen High." She is reported divorcing Jack Pepper, master of ceremonies.

tract—Marjorie Beebe, a true modern comedienne, and Andy Clyde, a master of characterization who dons grotesque make-ups rarely, and then only to accentuate character, and not just to look funny. As for the rest of the cast—Sennett chooses his players from the Hollywood freelances as carefully as a producer casting a great feature epic. Nick Stuart, Ann Christie, Franklin Pangborn, Ben Bard, John Darrow—these are just a few of the recognized dramatic players who have played in modern Sennett comedies.

And the plots! A fig for custard pies! The humor now is mental, psychological—not physical.

"THEY'VE got to act with this," says Sennett, tapping his forehead, "instead of with this," slapping his hip pocket. The old boy, eyes sparkling, tells about his new game:

"Talkies have brought sophistication to the two-reel comedy. Sophistication to the comedy because the audiences have become more sophisticated—talkies, the radio, magazines. And with sophistication comes subtlety of comedy, instead of a kick in the pants.

"Slapstick, custard pies, bathing girls—with talkies, they're out. When people talk, they become real, and you don't expect 'em to jump up and grab seltzer bottles and start squirting at each other. Bathing girls are out—well, because there simply isn't a place for them in my modern comedies. When there is—occasionally—naturally I use them. But not merely for artificial sex appeal; rather because they have a part in the story.

"HONESTLY, though—those custard pies and bathing girls were more of a gag than fact. I never used them so very, very much. It was just good trade-mark publicity, and we used it for that, but we used 'em mighty little in pictures, as a matter of fact.

"My ambition now is to make two-reel comedies as good as six-reel features. All casts, all sets—as expensive as the best feature sets. First-class stories. I want to tell a story as well in two reels as anybody can in five. Twenty minutes is enough to tell anything; why, you can tell the history of the world in twenty minutes. Why bore 'em with more? Real casts, real stories, real production give me a chance to use what I never could in the old days—heart interest and romance.

"I'm happy again. A few years ago—just before the talkies came in—I didn't spend two days a week at the studio. I was sick and tired of making comedies, and I let the boys make 'em. But now I spend eighteen hours a day at the lot, and I love it."



Siesta

Sometimes in the whirl of existence one likes a moment apart . . . a moment of reflection and tranquillity . . . siesta. Camels fit this mood of introspection. They are so fragrant and delightful; so unobtrusive and so satisfying. No other cigarette, at any price, gives quite so much of pleasure. . . . And no other has been so generously accepted by smokers the whole world over.





Keep the moonlight with you always

Peter had spent a restless night. He knew it couldn't be true! No one could be so lovely as Lois had seemed in the moonlight. He dreaded meeting her at the house-party breakfast. He knew he had been rather ardent—but her cool beauty, her fragrance as he held her close in the dance, had swept him off his feet.

And then she appeared. The morning sun bathed her face relentlessly—but it only enhanced the rose-tinted amber of her skin. She faced the glare—fearless of its revelations. Peter knew then, it would ALWAYS be moonlight with Lois.

● the secret that is no secret

Lois had not been born beautiful. For years she had despaired of her fallow skin, with its visibly enlarged pores.

Then she discovered that a film of Pompeian Beauty Powder in a Luscious Naturelle shade...a touch of Pompeian Bloom in a provocative Orange tint, would veil her skin in golden, satin radiance.

● it isn't hard to understand

It is only natural that millions of women should prefer Pompeian Beauty Powder.

It is as fine a powder as money can buy. It delicately perfumes...it spreads evenly...it clings for hours but never cakes. The colors are the result of years of experimenting with the blending of powders on living models. Just as Nature combines many shades to produce each complexion, so does Pompeian call upon a palette of colors to achieve five perfect blends—one of which is a flawless match for *your* skin.

● as for rouge colors

Nor is Pompeian Bloom a *solid* color!

Each color is an infinite number of living shades as softly, subtly blended as the tints of a magnolia petal. This rouge comes off easily on the puff and flows gently into the shading of the skin; it clings with velvet tenacity—and the cake never crumbles.

● and this little matter of expense

Have you puckered your brow over the growing costliness of cosmetics? Sacrificed a frock, perhaps, because of your toiletary outlay? Then you'll appreciate what the wisest shoppers have learned: That, because of the vast popularity of Pompeian Beauty Powder, it is possible to produce the purest, finest quality for the amazingly small sum of 60c.

Pompeian Bloom is also 60c, in dainty metal case with mirror and long-life puff.

● do you know yourself?

Your most potent charms? How to enhance them? Mme. Jeanette de Cordet—skilled specialist in feminine beauty—describes and prescribes for 24 types in her elaborate booklet on making the most of your looks. The coupon opposite tells how to secure it.



● send for new art panel



If you are one of the enthusiastic collectors, you'll rejoice over the 1930 Pompeian Art Panel. Gorgeously painted by Clement Domsica. Enclose 10c. You'll receive the Art Panel—Mme. de Cordet's booklet—and samples of two other toilet necessities—Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

● PRINT your name and address

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I enclose 10c (coin) for the Art Panel; the booklet "Your Type of Beauty;" and samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

★ **DIVORCEE, THE**—M-G-M.—Don't miss this. Norma Shearer great. Chester Morris gives swell performance. Fine direction, gorgeous clothes. (June)

DOUBLE CROSS ROADS—Fox.—A gang of thieves and a mess of machine guns. But Robert Ames as the boy and Lila Lee as the girl decide to go straight. Entertaining, at that. (May)

DUDE WRANGLER, THE—Mrs. Wallace Reid Prod.—A bang-up Western comedy done *magnum cum gusto*. Children can safely take their parents. (Feb.)

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

FIGHTING LEGION, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard scores as an outlaw who follows his better impulses. Dorothy Dwan provides the romance. 'Kidn', fightin' and comedy. Worth your money. (May)

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

FORWARD PASS, THE—First National.—A bright, entertaining film, well acted by Loretta Young, Fairbanks the Younger, Guinn Williams and Peanut Byron. Doug is one movie football hero who doesn't bring on blind staggers. (Feb.)

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

FRAMED—Radio Pictures.—Evelyn Brent in an underworld story that gets across. Good trick climax. See it. (April)

★ **FREE AND EASY**—M-G-M.—Buster Keaton's first big talkie. A whizzing comedy that takes you to a big sound studio. With Anita Page and Robert Montgomery to serve the romance, how could you go wrong on this one? (May)

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

GAY MADRID—M-G-M.—College whoopee in Spain, played with duels and guitars. How that Ramon Novarro swashbuckles and sings! Again he serenades Dorothy Jordan. (May)

GIRL FROM WOOLWORTHS, THE—First National.—That White girl comes through with a snappy number every time and this is one of the snappiest. Watch Rita Flynn, a newcomer. (March)

★ **GIRL IN THE SHOW, THE**—M-G-M.—A charming little backstage story, which, for a wonder, isn't punctuated by theme songs and huge stage shots. (Feb.)

GIRL OF THE PORT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nevertheless you'll enjoy Sally O'Neil's slick performance. (March)

GIRL SAID NO, THE—M-G-M.—Whizzes along at breakneck speed. Wild Willie Haines kidnaps the girl he loves, and Marie Dressler becomes amply sophisticated, as usual. (April)

GOLDEN CALE, THE—Fox.—Modifera. Sue Carol, as an efficient but unattractive secretary who makes herself over into a belle, redeems it a little. So does El Brendel's comedy. (May)

GRAND PARADE, THE—Pathe.—A sad little yarn about a headline house-slave who loves a minstrel man who loves a burlesque queen. Helen Jewettes out-Gishes Lillian as the heroine. (Feb.)

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—First National.—Made from the grand old play. Dorothy Mackall overacts as a flip society lass, and Ian Keith is hammy as her reformer. (May)

★ **GREEN GODDESS, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss is great as the sleek Rajah. The producers didn't make the most of this. (May)

GUILTY—Columbia.—Mediocre melodrama of circumstantial evidence. But Virginia Valli, John Sainpolis, and John Holland are good. (June)

★ **HAPPY DAYS**—Fox.—A corking review, starring the pick of the Fox lot. A bunch of entertainers help an old showman save his troupe. That's the story, told with singing, dancing, comedy and romance. (May)

HEARNOY AT HOME—Fox.—Want a good, hearty laugh? See this comedy of family life. Wm. Collier, Sr., long-time stage favorite, makes an elegant screen debut. The girls will go for Rex Bell in a big way. (March)

HEARTS IN EXILE—Warners.—Gradually it sneaks up on us—Dolores Costello, lovely though she is, is not an actress. A poor picture. (Feb.)

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

★ **HELL HARBOR**—United Artists.—Lupe Veler, a title that fits like a Sennett bathing suit. Grand melodrama peopled with descendants of Spanish pirates and an American sailor to rescue the girl. (April)

HELLO, SISTER—James Cruze Prod.—Sentimental, but sprinkled with humor. Olive Borden is the flapper who reforms for a million dollars. Lloyd Hughes is the nice boy who loves her. (May)

HELL'S HEROES—Universal.—Peter B. Kyne fathered this gritty tale of the desert and Charles Bickford does more than right by the leading role. Very real. (March)

HER UNBORN CHILD—Windsor Picture Plays, Inc.—Grimmer side of sex. Sad faces, sad scenes. Excuse us for yawning. (April)

HE TRUMPED HER ACE—Sennett-Educational.—Howling short comedy about bridge-maniacs. (May)

HIDEOUT—Universal.—James Murray glowers. Kathryn Crawford sings nicely. It's kinder not to go on. (May)

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

HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont.—British-made film about a hypothetical next World War. World politics and inventions of year 1940 are ingeniously envisioned. Interesting. (June)

HOLD EVERYTHING—Warners.—Joe E. Brown is great. Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs. But it could have been better. (June)

HONEY—Paramount.—"Come Out of the Kitchen," stage play and silent movie, made into a Larkie. Light comedy, pleasing songs. Nancy Carroll and amazing little Mitzi Green. (April)

HOT DOGS—M-G-M.—A distinct novelty, this short subject, with an all dog cast, which makes it the first all-barkie. (March)

HOT FOR PARIS—Fox.—Good, rough fun, conducted by Raoul Walsh in his best. Cock Eyed World man. Art (Laglen, El Brendel and Fifi Dorsay)—all elegant. (Feb.)

IN THE NEXT ROOM—First National.—A murder mystery that thrills. Jack Mulhall, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads. (June)

ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners.—Monte Blue, Betty Compton and Noah Berry do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results. (June)

★ **JOURNEY'S END**—Tiffany Productions.—Unforgettable war story, from play of same name. Grim happenings in a front line dug-out under bombardment, relieved by carefully planned humor. Excellent cast. (June)

★ **KING OF JAZZ**—Universal.—Pretentious, all-technicolor, Paul Whiteman revue. Unusual color and lighting effects, splendid choruses. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, and the Whiteman Band. (June)

LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount.—Good entertainment. George Bancroft is a crude but wealthy builder who goes in for culture, under Mary Astor's inspiration. There's a thrilling fight. (June)

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

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

LADY TO LOVE, A—M-G-M.—The stage play, "They Knew What They Wanted," made censorship-proof. Vilma Banky, Edward G. Robinson, and Robert Ames form the triangle. Some splendid acting. (April)

LAST DANCE, THE—Audible Pictures.—Cinderella in modern dress. Quicker (not very goodie) about a taxi-dancer's rise to fortune. Distinguished by Vera Reynolds' grand voice and acting. (March)

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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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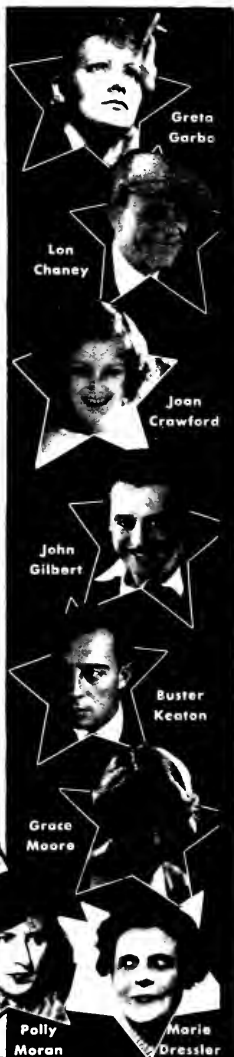
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ROAR, LION, ROAR

ANNOUNCES THE GREATEST



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again demonstrate that it is the greatest producing organization in the industry. The company that has "more stars than there are in heaven"—the greatest directors—the most famous composers—the most marvelous creative and technical resources—pledges itself to continue producing pictures as wonderful as *THE BIG PARADE*, *BEN HUR*, *THE BROADWAY MELODY*, *MADAME X*, *HOLLYWOOD REVUE*, *OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS*, *THE ROGUE SONG*, *ANNA CHRISTIE*, *THE DIVORCEE*—to mention only a few of the great M-G-M pictures that have taken their place in Filmdom's Hall of Fame. No wonder Leo roars his approval as he looks forward to the greatest year Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has ever had!



METRO-GOLD

"More Stars Than

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

PRODUCTION SCHEDULE IN ITS HISTORY

1 9 3 0 ▼ 1 9 3 1

FEATURED PLAYERS

Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Karl Dane
Mary Doran
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Gavin Gordon
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
Hedda Hopper
Lattice Howell
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Charles King
Arnold Korff
Harriett Lake
Mary Lawlor
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Andre Luguet
George F. Marion
Dorothy McNulty
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Catherine Maylan
Conrad Nagel
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
J. C. Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Gilbert Roland
Benny Rubin
Dorothy Sebastian
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Raquel Torres
Ernest Torrence
Roland Young

DIRECTORS

Lionel Barrymore
Harry Beaumont
Charles Brabin
Clarence Brown
Jack Conway
Cecil B. DeMille

A few of the big pictures to come

- Ramon NOVARRO**
"The Singer of Seville"
(Directed by Cecil B. DeMille)
- Greta GARBO**
"Red Dust"
(Directed by King Vidor)
- Marion DAVIES**
"Rosalie"
- Joan CRAWFORD**
"Great Day"
- Lon CHANEY**
"The Bugle Sounds"
- John GILBERT**
"Way for a Sailor"
- Lawrence TIBBETT**
"The New Moon"
- William HAINES**
"Remote Control"
- "Good News"
- "Trader Horn"
- "Madame Satan"**
(Directed by Cecil B. DeMille)
- "Billy the Kid"**
(Directed by King Vidor)
- "The March of Time"**
(With "more stars than there are in heaven")
- "Jenny Lind"**
with Grace Moore
- "The World's Illusion"**
- "The Great Meadow"**
- "Naughty Marietta"**
- "Dance, Fool, Dance"**
- "War Nurse"**
- "The Merry Widow"**
What Music!

and many, many more outstanding productions.

SONG WRITERS

Martin Brookes
Dorothy Fields
Arthur Freed
Clifford Grey
Howard Johnson
Jimmy McHugh
Joseph Meyers
Reggie Montgomery
Herbert Stothart
Oscar Straus
George Ward
Harry Woods

WRITERS

Stuart Anthony
Beatrice Banyard
Alfred Black

Al Boasberg
A. Paul Mairker
Brandon
Neil Brandt
Frank Butler
John Calton
Mitzie Cummings
Ruth Cummings
Edith Ellis
Joseph Farnham
Edith Fitzgerald
Martin Flavin
Becky Gardiner
Willis Goldbeck
Robert Hopkins
Cyril Hume
William Hurlburt
John B. Hymer
Marion Jackson
Laurence E. Jackson
Earle C. Kenton
Hans Kraly
John Lawson
Philip J. Laddy
Charles MacArthur
Willard Mack
Frances Marion
Gene Markey
Sarah Y. Mason
Edwin J. Mayer
John Meehan
Bess Meredyth
James Montgomery
Jack Neville
Lucille Newmark
Fred Niblo, Jr.
J. C. Nugent
George O'Hara
Samuel Ornitz
Arthur Richman
W. L. River
Madeleine Ruthven
Don Ryan
Harry Sauber
Richard E. Schayer
Zelda Sears
Samuel Shipman
Lawrence Stallings
Sylvia Thalberg
Wanda Tuschack
Jim Tully
Dale Van Every
Claudine West
Crane Wilbur
P. G. Wodehouse
Miguel de Zarraba



WYN-MAYER
There are in Heaven"



Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

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

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

The 825 Letter

Omaha, Neb.

FOR the week previous to my seeing the Dressler-Moran team in "Caught Short" I had had a series of disheartening experiences, and I was utterly miserable. The comedy was uproariously funny, and it happened to be in line with my own woes. Seen at such an angle, I got an entirely different viewpoint on my troubles. I went home in better spirits, and a day or so later my luck changed. I firmly believe that my different mental attitude helped me to attain my goal.

MARGARET MANGOLD.

The 810 Letter

Laconia, N. H.

I AM reminded of the fashionable period some years ago when large hats were in vogue and audiences were obliged to forego the pleasure of seeing the stage on account of the obstructions before them. At last some brainy person suggested flashing on the screen, preceding the show—"Ladies, kindly remove your hats." Isn't it time to get out that warning slide again, with large hats back in style?

MRS. CHARLOTTA H. TWOMBLY.

The 85 Letter

Louisville, Ky.

GIVE us more mushy pictures, with plenty of lovemaking in them—young men who promise in the moonlight to adore the girl forever. We who have been married know that it is not true, but we like to be fooled just the same.

MRS. LAURA L. HARRIS.

How About a Democracy?

San Francisco, Calif.

HOW can one compare Chevalier and Tibbett? Their points of charm are so entirely different. Chevalier, with his marvelous personality, his humor, yet no voice to speak of. Tibbett, with his glorious voice and his splendid dramatic ability.

If there must be a throne, make it big enough for two!

ROSEMARY CHESTER.

Elsie Settles It

Atlanta, Ga.

CHEVALIER is delightful, but Tibbett is dynamic in personality. In the galaxy of the world's most beautiful voices, Tibbett is King. I have only heard two in my time that could compare with him—Caruso and

THE article in June, discussing the relative acting merits of Maurice Chevalier and Lawrence Tibbett, under the title of "Two Kings—One Throne," was a regular boomerang. Whew! Imagine trying to settle such a hot dispute in a midsummer issue! And the joke of it is, we can't settle it, after all. The odds are even, for both. So we're just printing a few of the letters, to prove that each has his loyal subjects. And the carpenters, or maybe it's the goldsmiths, are now at work on the throne, making it wide enough for two.

No other male actor comes within a couple of florist shops of getting the bouquets this month that these two have had.

But Norma Shearer, for the girls, gets all the orchids. How they rave about her in "The Divorcee."

Incidentally, that picture and "The Big Pond" drew the highest praise in this month's mail. But there is great interest in the splendid war pictures, notably "Journey's End" and "All Quiet on the Western Front," in spite of their grim realism.

that magnificent Chaliapin. So one throne—one King—Tibbett!

ELSIE E. KERSEY.

How Pictures Do Educate!

Hollywood, Calif.

I SAW "The Love Parade" in almost every theater in Los Angeles and vicinity. I learned more about the transportation system in Hollywood and Los Angeles, following Maurice Chevalier's picture around, than I learned in all the ten years I have lived here.

ROSALIE VICTOR.

Well, Bill's a Nice Boy, Too

Brandon, Man., Can.

WHEN it comes to a choice between Chevalier and Tibbett, I choose William Haines for my favorite. To the discard with the others, as far as I am concerned. They can't hold a candle to Bill Haines.

M. E. JOLLOW.

Norma Steals the Show

Chicago, Ill.

HERE'S a bouquet for Norma Shearer for her amazing performance in "The Divorcee." Amazing, because in the face of the stiffest opposition—what a grand supporting cast she had!—she yet managed to run away with all the acting honors without being guilty of overacting.

ELLA KING.

Oh, These Fickle Fans!

Oblong, Ill.

NO one could possibly have been more of a Garbo fan than I was—until I saw Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee." Since then I've been busy hunting for pictures of Norma to replace those I had framed of Grctra.

MAGDELENE EINERT.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]



Buy a bathing suit with
what you save

So many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of 50 cent dentifrices. Cold Cream, for example. Talcum. Handkerchiefs. Hose.



"We all agreed

that our teeth had improved — *and found we all used the same tooth paste*"

So writes a St. Louis woman devoted to Listerine Tooth Paste because of its very definite—and apparent—results, and its welcome economy.

It is really amazing how wonderfully well Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth.

If your teeth are closely set, off color, have blemishes, and are particularly hard to whiten, try a tube of this quality dentifrice for a week or more.

You will be delighted to find how swiftly but how gently it erases discoloration and tartar, leaving the teeth snowy white and lustrous. You will like the refreshing feeling it imparts to the mouth and gums.

And you will welcome that saving of \$3 it accomplishes. In every way, you will find it the equal of dentifrices costing twice as much or more. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Make-up must be perfect to face the camera. Max Factor adds a touch to bring out Loretta Young's beauty

What Any Girl Can Do with Make-Up

the girl followed the hairdresser's further suggestions and bought a dashing suit with long, slender lines, and a daring little hat.

That should have been the happy ending. She had achieved an appearance that exactly matched the personality she had become.

IF you have ever gone to a portrait painting class, or seen a painter at work, you know how fascinating it is to "watch the likeness come." It's a matter of following bone construction, getting the right proportions, the exact curve of the eye-sockets, the nose, the mouth, the set of the shoulders. After that, such things as the line of the eyebrows and the tone of the flesh become important.

Of course, there's very little we can do about changing the bony structure of our faces and bodies or altering the proportions of our features, without resorting to surgery. But, with skilful make-up, we can work some minor miracles and get a likeness to the type we want to be. And what fun it is to "watch it come."

IKNEW a petite, fluffy blonde whose fine hair was glossy and straight as a stick. In order to carry out what she felt were the requirements of her type, she kept it carefully marcelled. She used a light rouge and the pink-toned powder that went with her natural coloring.

When she grew a bit older her hair darkened somewhat, and, of course, her experience ripened. As a sophisticated, modern young woman she was tired of the rôle of demure little blonde. But she felt she had been "typed" by Nature, so she just went along envying taller, brown- and black-haired girls who conveyed by their appearance they were thoroughly grown-up and knew what they were about.

A hairdresser to whom this girl confided her grievances, took her in hand one day. After the shampoo, she shingled the long bob into graceful lines close around the head, but with no hint of a curl. She accentuated the straight, light brows with a touch of brown eyebrow pencil. Ochre powder deepened the flesh tones and gave a becoming pallor to the unrouged cheeks. A dark lipstick brought out the curves of the mouth. Delighted with her appearance,

BUT the man who had found her interesting because she suggested sweet, old-fashioned femininity, in spite of her modern viewpoint and ways, evidently decided she was just like the other girls he knew. Even though he marvelled at the transformation, she was quick to note a subtle change in his manner. And, because she loved him and didn't want to lose him, she went right back to her old self, just as fast as her hair grew out long enough to curl again. Back to the unsophisticated sweaters and skirts and jackets. Back to pink powder and rouge, although she did decide that a bit of eyebrow pencil and lipstick added something to her former make-up—something that was very flattering.

But at least she was satisfied. She had found out what a girl—any girl—can do to change her appearance with a new coiffure, a different line in clothes, and, most important of all, a new make-up scheme.

MAYBE, like the girl whose story I have just told you, you'll be glad to go back to being your old self. But if you're not sure you're satisfied, why don't you try a few changes in make-up? Give yourself time to get used to them, and decide on the merits after the newness has worn off.

The cosmetic makers recognize this desire of most women for variety. Just a few weeks ago a well known perfumer and cosmetician told me about their new face powders. Not only have they a special blend for each type, but powders that so subtly alter the tone and tint of the skin that colors we used to think were taboo for us will be made becoming.

That's something else we have learned from the painters. They know that slight changes in tint can bring about perfect harmony of color to color.

There's a definite reason for the rosier tinted cosmetics of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

MY reducing exercises and sane menus will help you improve your figure. My complexion leaflet gives general advice, and specific treatment for blackheads and acne. A stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request will bring you either, or both, or other advice on personal problems. Address me care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK




“Please tell me ...”

JEAN CARROLL'S *Page on Hair Beauty*

How to make oily hair behave

Dear Miss Carroll: My curly hair used to be the envy of my permanent-waved, marcelled friends. But now it is oily and lifeless—not nicely straight, but simply in strings. And I'm wondering whether I'm doomed to wear a hat constantly. And why not . . . when I used to hear, “You've the most beautiful hair I've ever seen!”—Mrs. H. G., Ebsenburg, Pa.

 H. G. Please, please, don't adopt that close-fitting little hat you've threatened to wear. One of the things your poor scalp probably most needs is plenty of fresh air and sunshine!


Don't get panicky. With patience and the proper treatment, I'm sure you can revive the true beauty of your hair. You see, relaxed oil glands simply won't take correction quickly. But this is the way to help them reform—

Wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, every time a glance at the mirror hurts your pride. Yes, even if at the beginning this means a shampoo every third or fourth day! For Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is a special shampoo for oily hair . . . fresh, healthful pine tar and vegetable oils are combined with an antiseptic astringent which coaxes the lazy oil glands to tighten up and behave themselves!

And make your finger tips help too! . . . with light, lively massages that bring the warm blood into your scalp. And perhaps you should discuss your diet with your physician—you may be a bit too fond of rich foods!

No one should neglect dandruff

Dear Jean Carroll: I am having trouble with my hair—it is coming out in bunches, truly. Looking through the hair, I can see dandruff, lots of it, especially where my hair is heaviest. I have tried everything I can think of.—Mrs. A. W. A., Pittsburg, Pa.

 I don't want to alarm you, but something should be done at once. Dandruff should be checked before it becomes so serious a case. Dandruff is a germ disease and needs curing.


Doctors approve the use of Packer's Tar Soap, a standard treatment for years in dandruff cases.

Use this tonic tar soap, and massage the healthful piney lather well into the scalp—it's pure, gentle and antiseptic. (And dandruff germs *hate* pine tar.) Give two latherings every time you shampoo, with a couple of rinses after each lathering. *Do this every day* for three days just as regularly as if it were a prescription . . . Then shampoo every four or five days and later once a week.

If eight or ten Packer shampoos don't show a noticeable improvement, go to your own physician for additional help.

“Used to wave easily, now it's too dry”

My dear Miss Carroll: I've seen others get help from you—now here's my question. My hair used to wave easily when I dampened it and pressed my fingers on it. But now it's getting so dry and straight and it's breaking off. What shall I do? I've been a little afraid to use liquid shampoo—I usually use . . . soap.—Mrs. W. T., Belle Plaine, Iowa.

 I'm not going to tell you that the soap you've been using has ruined your hair—that wouldn't be true, because it is a good soap. But I do know that you would do better to use a shampoo especially prepared for dry hair like yours. And I can tell you one that any doctor would approve.

The Packer Company, makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap, have a golden colored liquid shampoo especially for dry hair—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This shampoo is made of pure vegetable oils and, in addition, it contains soothing glycerine. (You know how soft glycerine and rose water leave your hands.) You'll find that Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo leaves your hair softer and silkier than usual.

Then, I have another suggestion. Brush your hair every day with a good strong pull away from your scalp to stir up those lazy oil glands (awfully good encouragement for a natural wave).

I can't promise that this treatment will give you ringlets all over your head, but I have had letters that tell me that it has brought back a natural wave. Will you tell me how it works for you?

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—radio talks on hair beauty by Miss Carroll every Tuesday morning—for the East and Middle West over the Columbia Broadcasting System's "National Radio Home-Makers' Club" period; for the Pacific Coast, as part of the National Broadcasting Company's "Women's Magazine of the Air" (see Tuesday morning's newspapers for details).

If you have any of the difficulties described above, one of the PACKER products will help. If you have a special problem, write Miss Carroll personally. The coupon below is for your convenience.

Send for Samples
(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc.
Dept. 16 H, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose . . . cents (enclose coin, not stamps—10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3)

Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



A tuck that banishes ugliness

Smart women of America are now wearing smaller size undergarments—because of a clever tuck. A full expanding back gives to Kickernicks liberty of action and a snug fit, without bagginess. So perfectly do these models fit the form in all positions, that clumsy reinforcements are not needed to relieve strain. Long wearing garments—garments you will be unconscious of. Beautiful garments of refined workmanship. Kickernick has revolutionized the art of underdress making. A distinguished American success. Complete lines at better stores everywhere, including especially attractive and comfortable children's garments. Popular in price. Don't buy until you have seen them. Made by Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota—in smart models of modish materials. Send for booklet.

Kickernick
PATENTED UNDERDRESS

WHEN, a few years ago, Neysa McMein, the celebrated portrait painter, selected Alice Joyce as the most beautiful of twelve great beauties, she said, "When I go to heaven I want to be like her." Her first job was as a telephone switchboard operator. She started her picture work with the old Kalem Company twenty years ago

Alice Joyce was born in October, 1890, in Kansas City, Mo. She is 5 feet 7, weighs 120 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Her first husband was Tom Moore. She has been Mrs. James Regan for about 10 years. Has two daughters





Kenneth Alexander

Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City, but she doesn't say what year. Ronald Colman was born in England in 1891. Both have black hair and brown eyes, and came to movies from the stage.

IF you paid attention to the studio gossips you might take this for a snapshot from real life. Kay Francis, a successful new comer, is really posing in a scene from "Raffles" in which Ronald Colman is starred. Kay is his first brunette leading lady, and they do say the lad is quite smitten and vice versa.



JEANETTE MACDONALD marched, singing, into the talkies with "The Love Parade," and cycled. She had been on the stage for years, but looks like a permanent fixture in pictures. Here she is having a merry holiday at Palm Springs on the desert outside Hollywood

Jeanette MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18, 1907. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weighs 122, has red-gold hair and greenish-blue eyes. Unmarried.

Maybe There's An Idea For You In What



Betty Compson, in summery white. But she's prepared for chill autumn winds to come. Her novelty tweed coat is light but warm, and the detachable scarf wraps snugly around the throat. A broad belt follows the natural waistline. Her close-fitting hat is made of the same cloth



Just to be different, there's only half a jacket and therefore only one sleeve in this yellow crepe that Gloria Swanson wears in "What a Widow!" Hand-painted flowers are outlined in tiny crystals



Black chiffon, patterned in a leaf design of pale yellow, with yoke of flesh chiffon and matching flesh-colored long gloves. Worn by Ruth Roland in her new talkie, "Reno"

They're Wearing On and Off the Screen



Another hint of fall, in Miss Swanson's ensemble of black broadtail and ivory velvet. One sleeve is untrimmed, the other cuffed with fox



Alice White goes demure in a long-sleeved afternoon gown of black lace. The skirt fairly touches the ground, and even the slip is discreetly long

Do you suffer from late summer wardrobe ennui? We prescribe a new bathing ensemble. One like Lillian Roth's, of yellow and lavender jersey



Don English

Richard Arlen was born in Virginia in 1899. Jobyna Ralston, his wife, in Tennessee in 1904. Dick weighs 155; is nearly 6 feet tall, has brown hair, grey eyes

A FRIENDLY game, all in the family. At least, we hope it's friendly, because we wouldn't want any spats in the Arlen family. Dick stars for Paramount, Joby Ralston keeps house, and they both relax by playing "Doug" on this court. It's the tennis-like game Fairbanks invented

LES POUDRES COTY



"Nacrée"
"Sèverose"

FASCINATING NEW COMPLEXION SHADES

Coty creates two new face powder shades, "Nacrée" and "Sèverose"—and opens new worlds of beauty to every woman. For now that LES POUDRES COTY appear in twelve colour-perfect flesh-tones, all the smart colours of the new mode become "possible" for you. There is an appropriate tone to harmonize your complexion type with every colour.

Naturelle	Rachel No. 1	Nacrée	Rose No. 1	Coty tan	Ocre
Blanche	Rachel No. 2	Sèverose	Rose No. 2	Ocre-Rose	Mauve

ONE DOLLAR

Write for "DIVERSITY IN BEAUTY"—Coty's new guide to colour harmony. Coty, 714 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.—Place Vendôme, Paris

DOROTHY DIX says

"ROMANCE doesn't always demand Moonlight"



DOROTHY DIX, famous writer on romance and marriage

WHY is it so many girls think romance must wait for just the right moment? That moonlight, music, atmosphere are essential?

Romance is everywhere — afternoons at the beach, hiking in the country — simple picnics — all have their opportunities.

But you must always look your charming best!

You should know above all the significance of color in clothes. For you needn't wear expensive things if you know this secret.

Men Love Color

Men respond quickly to color — as the old saying goes, "It's color that takes a man's eye." Even on a picnic where old clothes are called for, avoid faded blouses, color-dimmed prints. For the loss of original color in a garment means a corresponding loss of allure.

Therefore, let me give you two simple hints —

FIRST: In even your simplest frocks, choose the pretty colors that are most becoming to you.

THEN: Guard the charm of color always from even slight fading—for there is a magnetic appeal in vibrant fresh color.

When I say this, girls often reply that frequent washings — which daintiness



Even picnics have their opportunities — and simple frocks their charm

demands—too often take the loveliness from colors. If that is the case, you have probably been using the wrong soap.

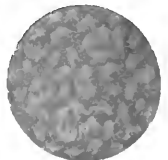
Ordinary "good" soaps are sometimes not good enough — and some of the color goes with the dirt.

To play absolutely safe, use Lux, which is made to safeguard colors. Lux has a slogan . . . "If it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux." And that's true.

AT HOME, TOO, let the charm of color add glamour to you. Even the simplest home makes a lovely frame to your

dainty, feminine self, if everything—from the cushions on the porch swing to the curtains in the living room—is kept colorful as new with Lux. Remember men love color.

DOROTHY DIX



THE SECRET OF CLOTHES APPEAL

Sample after 12 Lux washings — unfaded, live, vibrant as when it was bought, magnetism of color retained.

Sample washed 12 times with ordinary "good" soap—undeniably faded, the allure of fresh color lost!



if it's safe in water . . .
it's safe in LUX

August, 1930

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

FRIENDS of Carl Laemmle have manned the pumps and are working seriously on the suggestion that the Nobel Peace Prize for 1930 be awarded him because he produced "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Far be it from me to intimate that the jolly idea originated with anyone even remotely connected with Uncle Carl's payroll.

But that the idea was born in Hollywood I have no doubt. It is just that kind of an idea—if you know what I mean.

Three Americans—Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, and Woodrow Wilson—have received the \$35,000 check that goes along with the honor. Wilson got his for keeping us out of the War for a year or two.

IF I mistake me not didn't Laemmle's Universal Company produce one of those blood-red war pictures that were the box-office fashion in the early days of our participation in the late conflict?—the days when "The Beast of Berlin," "To Hell With the Kaiser" and "On To Berlin" helped to send our boys to the enlistment offices yelling for vengeance.

Not a word about Remarque who actually wrote the book which Director Louis Milestone translated so faithfully into celluloid with camera and microphone.

At the next National Convention of the Bull-Moose party I shall rise in my place and, with all my usual eloquence, put into nomination a presidential ticket headed by Amos 'n' Andy.

AND now China bans an American film because, they say, it's "Christian propaganda."

They simply don't appreciate our new movie code of ethics.

But you should see how the Japanese girls look in our new one-piece bathing suits.

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

JAMES R. QUIRK



"**B**OX-CAR," said Ernst Lubitsch, dot German director, to Warner Baxter (he couldn't say Baxter, so he called him Box-car), "I want you should make a test for me. I am going to make 'The Marriage Circle.'"

Baxter made the test.

"Fine, fine," said Herr Lubitsch, and the picture started. Then the great director began to find fault.

He didn't like the lapels on Baxter's coats. He bawled the actor out because he was not as adept at kissing a lady's hand as Menjou. He didn't like the way Warner opened a door. Finally, he said Baxter couldn't photograph.

Baxter gave up in disgust after three days.

The truth was that Lubitsch had been told by the studio executives to substitute Monte Blue because he was already under contract, and it would save a salary. That was five years ago.

RECENTLY, Warner Baxter was awarded the Motion Picture Academy medal for the best acting performance of the year. It was in "Old Arizona."

He met up with Lubitsch on the street a few weeks ago.

"Box-car, that was good work you did in 'Old Arizona,'" said the director. "I hope some day we make a picture together."

"What is the German word for hell?" said Baxter. "I want to tell you some place to go."

CLARA BOW has broken out again. This time it is serious. Clara is probably the last, or at least we hope she is the last, of the type of motion picture actress who disregards all laws of convention, and hopes to get away with it.

A shopgirl who has been lifted, by mere pulchritude and impish personality, from nowhere to worldwide fame. She has had no regard whatever for her

responsibilities nor for the interest of her employers. Unmanageable, talented, reckless, hard-working, unselfish, tactless, it was inevitable that the time would come when she would bring destruction upon herself.

THERE is a potential Clara Bow in every town in America. There are girls just as beautiful, just as adaptable to pictures, but the one essential ingredient to continued success, to prolonged popularity, Clara did not have—a modicum of regard for public opinion.

She paid no attention to the modern adage: "If you can't be good, be careful!"

Clara, we are afraid you are on a toboggan!

IF YOU'VE heard this one, stop me. I got it from one of the members of that night-owl firm of Winchell, Hellenger and Skolsky. I forget which.

A man walked up Hollywood Boulevard shouting at the top of his voice, "No! No! No! No!"

A cop, who had been following him, approached and asked: "What's the matter?" The man kept right on shouting, "No! No! No! No!"

"Quit that or I'll pull you in," said the cop. "What's the big idea?"

"I'm a studio 'yes man' on my vacation," he replied.

"Yell away," said the cop. "The change will do you good. When I get my two weeks I'm going to a sanitarium to cure myself of the liquor habit."

THREESE two pages of—well, anyone is entitled to his own opinion—are being scribbled on the "Golden State Limited" en route to Hollywood.

Seated opposite is a beautiful blonde.

There is a haunted look in her eyes. She was inveigled into a voice test on her last trip to Hollywood—six months ago—and she's going to listen to that test again this trip.

Although she has given up the cinema for matrimonial and geographical reasons, and has no intention of resuming her screen career and quitting writing for Ray Long, of *Cosmopolitan*—also a good editor—she cannot resist listening to the results of that test any more than she can stop looking out the car window at the Technicolor New Mexico desert.

"Let bygones be bygones," she said, as she pounded out another piece of literature. "Why rake up the past? By the way, how do you spell *vegetable*?"

Oh, yes, the lady's name is May Allison.

IT happened the other night at the Hollywood Legion Stadium, where filmland goes to see its prize fights when Tully and Gilbert are at peace. The crowds there have seen so many stars that film people are no treat at all any more. But the other night, between bouts, there was introduced from the ring, one Maurice Chevalier.

And here's the point: They stood up and cheered, and even climbed on their seats to do it! Whatever is the name of this something he's got, it's certainly high-powered.

AND while I am telling you about Chevalier, I might as well tell you what he thinks of being compared with Valentino.

"Oh, non, non, non, non," says Chevalier. "Valentino—he was a thousand times more handsomer and better actor than I could ever hope to be."

EXCERPT from advertisement in United Artists' gorgeously printed year book, offering its celluloid wares to exhibitors for 1930-31:

"Forever Yours" will be a greater drawing card than any production in which this famous star has appeared."

Blah, blah, blah,

"An announcement that will be of tremendous interest all over the world."

A Milwaukee theater owner who was going through this handsome edition of sweet promises, and who had read that Mary Pickford had just called off the picture that morning because it didn't work out, muttered one word, and laid the book down.

The word was: "Yeah?"

ANSWER to: How Could Howard Hughes Have Spent Four Million Dollars on "Hell's Angels"?

There's one scene, just a few seconds long, wherein John Darrow, as the young German Zeppelin officer, steps into the dirigible's observation car to be let down through the clouds.

That scene was shot exactly 103 times before Hughes decided it was right. Three whole days were spent taking it over and over again.

And the scene in the picture, as released, is the third of the 103 attempts, or, as we camera artists call them, "takes."

JUST before he began to film "Moby Dick" John Barrymore had a permanent wave. This is not uncommon among the male stars of Hollywood, but, mind you, only when the rôle they are playing demands it. Very often, for picture purposes, straight locks are made curly.

John went into the beauty shop and naturally demanded that he be completely alone, except for the operator, while the wave was in progress. It would be embarrassing for the great Barrymore to be caught with his hair wrapped in curlers. But this was just a dare to the other beauty experts in the shop, and the girls, along with a few dozen customers, climbed upon chairs in the other booths and watched him while he was oblivious of an audience.



ANNA Q. NILSSON, young as the little cripples of the Children's Hospital of Los Angeles, dreams of her busy years in pictures and of returning to the screen next winter. Over two years ago, while on a holiday, the kick of a horse broke her hip. At last health is returning. The kick cost her a quarter of a million in money—to say nothing of untold suffering!

Gloria, Connie &



She married the handsome Marquis de la Coudray, but she'll always be Gloria Swanson to her fan army

The Marquis

By

Ruth Waterbury

in love. Connie had possessed one husband who got an annulment. Gloria had possessed two husbands and had gotten divorces.

Connie swept into matrimony, triumphantly, glamorously. She positively detested reporters who reminded her that once she had been a dancer and that she had made a hit in the film, "Cytherea." All that was behind her, forgotten. She was only nineteen, but her career was past. She wanted nothing so much as to be Mrs. Philip Plant, young society matron.

GLORIA swept into Hollywood. That town has seen many a triumph, but never did it witness or stage such a triumph as Gloria's. The little Marquise crowned it all over the place—crowns and coats-of-arms on her stationery, crowns and coats-of-arms on her calling cards. There were many in Hollywood who would have liked to crown her, but they grinned and forgave her. After all, she was their Gloria. Many of them had known her from her early Essanay days, through her De Mille personality, during her marriages to Wally Beery and Herb Somborn. She was one of the movies' most successful stars. She was sitting on top of the world.

Certainly no four people seemed more widely separated than Mr. and Mrs. Philip Morgan Plant, living luxuriously on the Continent, and the Marquis and Marquise de la Coudray, living luxuriously in Hollywood.

That was five years ago.

Today? Today Mr. Plant has been eliminated from the picture, leaving Connie all alone, but with a million dollars. Today the Marquis de la Coudray is in Europe, leaving Gloria all alone but with her artistic career on new heights. Miss Bennett is no longer a young society matron but a rising and increasingly important picture personage. And the whispers run around Hollywood drawing rooms, tense, quick amused little whispers, "But what about Gloria, Connie and the Marquis?"

In other words, it is Hollywood's most glittering triangle.

Triangles, of course, are common as palm trees in Hollywood. You can find one on almost any lot. But this one is the most elegant one ever originated. Two of the most famous and

FIVE years ago Constance Bennett, a somewhat poor but distinguished looking young woman, married a very rich man.

He was Philip Morgan Plant, Broadway's most fabulous playboy, heir to fifteen million dollars and more spoiled than a new baby in a childless household.

Also, five years ago, Henri de Bailly de la Falaise, Marquis de la Coudray, a somewhat poor but most distinguished young man, married a very rich woman.

She was Gloria Swanson, Hollywood's greatest star, with a salary that then was approximately a thousand dollars a day. She was shortly to be offered a raise to \$25,000 a week.

Supposedly, every one of those four people was to live happily ever after. Both marriages had been love marriages. Both marriages had been most romantic. Both gentlemen were very handsome, and what the one lacked in money he made up in charm, and *vice versa*. Both the ladies were somewhat learned

The Three Sides of Hollywood's Most Glittering Triangle



Gloria Swanson's Marquis de la Coudray—or is he Connie's?



She used to be Mrs. Phil Plant, and she saw a good deal of the Marquis in Paris, did Connie Bennett

glamorous women in the world and one of the most charming men. The one woman self-made; the other self-perfected; the man born to culture and leisurely-living through generations.

Ask a question of any one of those three and their oh-so-opaque glances will tell you that gossip is just one of those dear, quaint things people will indulge in.

Surely, say their glances, there's nothing to it if a titled husband stays some six thousand miles away from his stellar wife.

REALLY, murmur their voices, it's ridiculous to notice that Miss Bennett and the Marquis got off the same train arriving at Berlin, Germany.

How stupid, gesture their hands, to think there's any meaning in Henri's and Connie's staying at the same German hotel.

How innocent, shrug their shoulders, Hank's being a witness to Connie's new Pathe contract.

But for all that, Hollywood goes on talking. It goes on talking, largely because Gloria herself gives them topics for their gossiping.

For it must have been Gloria who, unconsciously, started the surmises going last summer.

There was no Connie Bennett in Gloria's life then, but everything else was dead wrong. Gloria was no longer the biggest star on the Gold Coast—not by a long shot or several close-ups. Talkies had finally come in completely, unnerving all Hollywood. Gloria had just dropped \$750,000 on a comeback attempt with "Queen Kelly." The film was scrapped, but even if it could be redeemed and pieced together, it would be Seena Owen's picture, anyhow. Henri was in Europe and had been for many months. The future looked drab as the desert. Gloria needed love and encouragement but Henri wasn't there to give it and Hollywood has never been famous for aiding a slipping star.

If there hadn't been two other people out there at that time who were in the same state of mind as Gloria, there would be no further story to tell. But it is one of the things that make the little palm-fringed city the most romantic spot on earth that three people getting together in desperation could turn failure for all of them into success for the trio.

IT is, if you like, a triangle within a triangle, only this was not a triangle of romance but one of ambition. The other two sides of this one were Laura Hope Crews and Edmund Goulding.

Miss Crews, as you know if you've been reading press notices, was a distinguished star on Broadway when Gloria was a kid in

school. Brought to Hollywood at the beginning of the talking menace to teach starlets to elocute, she had done a good job. But it wasn't spectacular enough.

She didn't know enough producers, and the few she did know forgot about her. So, just at the time that Gloria struck her low for the year, Laura Hope Crews was ready to repudiate her middle name and go home licked.

As for Eddie Goulding, you either like him enormously or dislike him just as much. But either way, you have to admit that he is one of Hollywood's nearest approaches to genius. He either has fifty ideas a minute or none a month. He is either earning a fortune or flat broke. And last summer was one of his off-seasons. Laura Crews was about to go to Broadway and Eddie was about to go crazy.

Three artistic souls swirling about in an ebb tide, he and Gloria and Miss Crews came together. They talked over their bad fortune. They discussed the bum breaks they had known, while growing up, while struggling [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

"Hol'wood She Cookoo"

By
Harry Lang

THAT'S what the only two genuine savages in Hollywood say about the place. To you and a few million others who've never been there, Hollywood is quite likely the dream-place you hope to go to some lucky day. And to those several thousands of us who are here, it's still a darned swell place to be.

But to Mutia and Riano, two black-skinned boys from the jungles, the studio city is just one grand cumulative pain in the neck! They want to go home, to Kenya, where they came from.

Mutia wants to get back to his cattle and his three wives to whom he's been faithful all the time he's been in Hollywood.

And Riano, a fightin' fool especially when he's ginned up, wants to get back to Njokinangu, his sweetie, to whom—and the truth shall be told!—he hasn't been faithful at all! New York has its Harlem and Los Angeles has its Central Avenue; and Riano's been there.

MUTIA and Riano, you know, are the two Africans who were brought to Hollywood to act in the studio-made sequences of M-G-M's talkie version of "Trader Horn." After six months of life in the center of Hollywood's mad whirl, Mutia and Riano decided:

A—that Hollywood is *kufanu*, which is Swahili-talk and means something between wild and crazy.

B—that male movie stars don't know the first thing about what to wear or how.

C—that Greta Garbo may be the prime rave of America's movie fans, but to them, she's just a white woman with a too-thin stomach.

D—that our other lovely ladies of the screen are the same, if not worse. Mutia and Riano like bulk, not chic.

And—

E—that the sooner they get back to Africa, where life is sane and reasonable and real, the happier they'll be. Fooey and laugh for Hollywood say they, in Swahili.

It was toward the end of last year that these two were persuaded to go to Hollywood to finish the work they had started by playing some bits in "Trader Horn" when Harry Carey and Edwina Booth and Director Van Dyke were shooting it in Africa. When the company returned, they found retakes and additions were necessary, and since Mutia had become an important character, he had to be brought here.

The British [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133]



Mutia and Riano dish up a little African slumgullion in their own cabin on the Metro-Goldwyn studio lot. The two ebony boys do much of their own cooking and mending, and domestic fowl are brought to them on the hoof

Jackie's Coming BACK

By
Miriam Hughes

THERE'S a little boy outside who wants to see you. Says it's about buying some space in his school Annual."

Mike Levee's secretary speaking. Mike's a big shot at Paramount's Hollywood studio.

"Says he knows you well," continued the secretary. "Name's Coogan. Jack Coogan."

Levee saw Jack Coogan, and bought a page in Jackie's school Annual. But the important thing for us fans is that this business interview led to more important matters.

And as this is being written, Jackie Coogan, "going on sixteen," is re-immortalizing the immortal *Tom Sawyer* of Mark Twain in a Paramount picture.

It's three years since Jackie last heard the camera whirr. "Buttons" was his last picture, shot at the awkward age.

Young Coogan, one of the richest little boys in the world, is five feet tall, now—but he's still a little boy. His eyes are round and frank, and he's very much like the wonder-baby of the old days, even now. Sensitive, facile, eager, unspoiled. He's a sophomore at Loyola High School, Los Angeles. And he must make "Tom Sawyer" in vacation time, so he can go back and be an upper-classman!

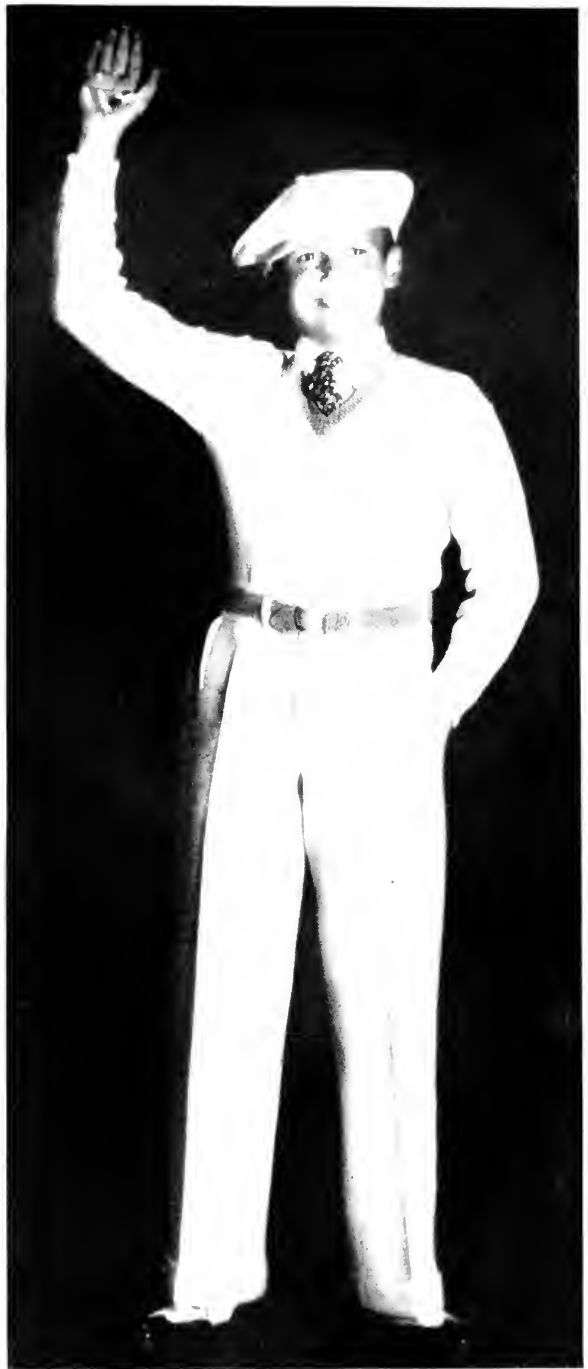
Puppy-love hasn't smitten Jackie yet. He hasn't had any time for girls, and anyway, all his schools have been strictly boy affairs.

ABOUT what he wants to do when his education is finished, Coogan is certain. He's always been sure!

"I want to go right on in pictures. That's all I've ever wanted to do," he says. "I can't wait to get back. Of course, everything is different now. You can't depend on pantomime—you've got to do things with your voice. And I think I'm going to enjoy trying it—even more than the old silent days."

And running about the handsome Coogan home is a carbon copy of the Jackie who came to glory in "The Kid." It's a little brother Robert—same clear eyes, same round face and Dutch bob. Maybe he'll try pictures, too. It would be startling to see baby Jack live again in Robert!

Hundreds of thousands of fans will look for his return. And whatever changes time has made, they can be sure of one thing. They'll find in Jackie the same grand little actor!



What the well dressed boy between the ages of fifteen will wear this summer. This adolescent fashion plate is none other than Master Jack Coogan, who even now toils on his comeback talkie, the immortal "Tom Sawyer"

And Now Something New—



Norma Drew, one of the pretty paraders, sets off a step-in and negligée set of chiffon and lace. The negligée is cleverly cut to form a short, graceful train



Pastel shaded chiffon, lace and ribbon trimmed. The robe is brocaded velvet, paneled in lace. Claire Dodd is the pretty model

A trousseau parade of lovely motion picture players in lacy lingerie, led by Joan Crawford, in her new starring picture, "Our Blushing Brides"



Blonde Gwen Lee, in black chiffon and lace nightie and robe that make her look like a fairy tale princess, and a little like Mae Murray!

A Movie "Undie" Parade

FEMININE fripperies return to the screen. Interesting news, even in these amazing years of 1929 and 1930 when sensational Hollywood comebacks have piled up thick and fast. Of course, there are still those who prefer the practical lounging pajama to the frothy and fetching negligée, the severely tailored, easily tubbed undies to these delicate, cobwebby wisps.

But—well, you know how it is yourself. Now and then you just have to throw practicality to the winds and go off on a spree of buying things you don't really have to have—or things you need, but in more extravagant versions than your purse usually allows.

The mode is with you, this season. That's your excuse, and here's your inspiration!



Joan Crawford's costume has quality, if not quantity. It's of exquisite ivory satin, with bandeau, bandings and insets of real lace. Simple lines, and simply elegant!



Walda Mansfield's hair is the color glorified by Titian. So she chooses black, beautifully patterned lace, combined with crepe de chine



Right from Mr. Ziegfeld's stage productions, Catherine Moylan took her place in the line of models, in a typically Ziegfeldian costume



What Janet Hates—In
“Sunny Side Up”

Janet Goes to WAR!

If the little
Gaynor Girl
doesn't get the
parts she wants
to play—she
just won't play
at all!

By

Harriet Parsons



What Janet Loves—In
“7th Heaven”

At the height of her popularity, with two box-office hits just completed and fan letters pouring in like the Pueblo flood, Janet Gaynor may leave the screen.

The Fox company, under whose auspices she developed from an obscure extra to one of the best-loved stars on the screen, cannot seem to handle her any longer. There are murmurs of “temperament” and “bighead”—familiar words in this industry.

As for Janet, she sits calmly on the beach at Playa del Rey, looks at the ocean, and waits for the studio to see things her way.

And the high moguls of Fox sit behind their desks, look at the production schedule for 1930-31, and wait for Janet to come to her senses.

That production schedule includes two Janet Gaynor specials—but whether Janet will ever play in them or not remains to be seen.

Janet says: “I will not make another film until I have the assurance that I will never again be required to play in a picture unsuited to my talents.”

Fox say—unofficially, of course—“If Miss Gaynor does not come around to a saner point of view we may have to find someone else to play the rôles scheduled for her.”

It all boils down to the fact that Janet is dissatisfied with the pictures given her since the talkies became established. When the craze for singing-dancing pictures began, the studios shoved anyone and everyone into musical comedy, whether or not they were suited for it. Janet, who up to that time had played

dramatic rôles, was suddenly required to burst into song and do a dance.

Well and good, Janet *learned* to sing and dance. She made “Sunny Side Up.” It was a box-office hit. But when the studio saw fit to cast her in another musical comedy, “High Society Blues,” she decided it was time to call a halt.

She says: “I can't sing and I know it. I enjoyed making ‘Sunny Side Up’ because it was something different and it was fun. But it's not the sort of thing I do best and I don't want to go on doing it.

“I did ‘High Society Blues’ against my better judgment, because the only alternative offered me was a straight dramatic rôle in a story so poor that I felt I couldn't afford to do it.” The studio, however, was perfectly satisfied with “High Society Blues” and with Janet's work in it.

NOT so Janet. So she fled to Hawaii with her mother, leaving Lyndell Peck to confront curious reporters and equally curious friends.

There, lying on the beach, Janet thought things over, and came to the conclusion that she would not make any more pictures until she could make the kind she wanted. She was happier in Hawaii, she says, than she has ever been before in her life. She stayed four weeks.

During these four weeks the studio called her frantically to come back and play the feminine lead in “Liliom.” It was a grand part. Just the sort of thing Janet had been waiting for. But she didn't come back.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Too Many Guests

A Hollywood adventure in hospitality that has ended in disaster for the host and hostess

By
*Dolores
Foster*



Betty Compson and Jim Cruze, famous for their "open house" hospitality. Along came the talkies, giving Betty a new chance, but demanding in return hours of study and concentration, time for adequate rest. And their romance ended in divorce!

THE long and happy married life of James Cruze and Betty Compson is dead.

And too many guests killed it.

Remember the silly old song—"too many parties and too many pals"? Something of the sort finished off the Compson-Cruze love story that lasted seven long and happy years.

That, and the talkies—the new deal in filmland that gave Betty so much work that hours were needed for rest and study.

What an odd and tragic freak of fate—that Betty Compson's brilliant come-back should be an indirect cause of the break-up of her home!

But you can't understand the ending of this love story without knowing the people. Let me tell you of Jim and Betty and their home as I know them.

I was introduced to James Cruze on a set. The press agent, who had brought us together, mumbled in his beard sounds that almost resembled my name. Cruze was as busy as only a motion picture director on a set can be. I registered with him as a certain Miss Oomph and I have never seen him again.

I knew Betty Compson so slightly that when, a few days ago, I came to interview her, she began her apologies, for being late, to another woman who happened to be standing by.

Yet I have, off and on during the last few years, been invited to the Cruze-Compson home at least a dozen times. I have

been invited to dinner, to tea, to open house, even for weekends. Oh, mind you, neither Miss Compson nor Mr. Cruze knew my name. It was their very dear friends who were so gracious.

It's an old Hollywood custom. "What are you doing to-night for dinner? Nothing? Great! Then come out to the Cruzes with me."

"Where are you spending your Sunday? At home? How silly! Let's run out to Flintridge and see Betty and Jim for eight or ten hours."

The Compson-Cruze estate, with its comparatively small house, was the most popular night club in town. There were no *couvert* charges. In fact the hosts paid the guests. Literally. A large money bowl filled with small change was placed on a table near the door where uninvited house guests might help themselves. Guests swarmed the house. They occupied the chairs, the grounds, the rooms. They ordered the servants about and at last some of the steady customers formed the guest association. It was a joke, of course. But a grim sort of joke.

For it was just these things that made Hollywood aware of its toast melba, drip coffee and morning paper to say, "Betty and Jim divorced. Too bad. Nice fellow. Nice girl. Shame. Thought they were so happy."

Happy? Hollywood thought they were happy and it was Hollywood that made it necessary for them to separate. It was Hollywood that, in making the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Beauty, Brains or Luck?

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

Amazing Stories of the Early Hardships and Privations of Ruth Chatterton, the Gish Girls, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer and Betty Compson



"SHE got a lucky break!" They say it of every girl on the screen, as if that told the whole story and there were no early histories of struggles, and even privations. They say it without regard for hardships and heartaches which would have broken less gallant spirits completely.

In every field the battle goes to the strong and the race to the swift. Achievement has a way of being the fruit of hard work and an indomitable courage. And the screen is no exception.

Many of the girls in the movies had to get out and be the man of their family. Perhaps this extra spur of necessity forced them on, when discouragements otherwise might have overtaken them. With mothers and, in some instances, younger brothers and sisters looking to them for clothes and food, they couldn't afford to admit defeat.

They might have married nice, home-town boys and live comparatively unknown today, far less colorful bits in the American mosaic.

But they are doers; the stuff of which successes are made. In whatever rôle they found themselves, it is most probable they would have attained some prominence.

There are, of course, many who never were called upon to shoulder a man's load, but who lived in dismal, furnished rooms and cooked frugal meals on Sterno lamps from choice, because they had the courage to strike out for themselves and forge their dreams into realities.

There is, however, not one instance where a girl of wealth has made the steep, starry grade, although countless numbers have

When the Gishes and the Pickfords lived together to save money in the old days, Mary was the household manager. Pennies and nickels were counted closely in those days

tried. In such a fight for glory, riches, strangely enough, are a handicap and not an asset.

There is no buying your way. . .

And the uphill road becomes so steep and the going so rough that it is natural enough to give up the struggle, provided you have any possible alternative. Necessity and a definite incentive must be your travelling companions.

And once you begin the ascent there is no turning back, no time out, regardless of how tired your body or how weary your spirit may become. Whatever your inclination, you must press onward or else yield your hard-won place to one of the number waiting for it, eager to take up the struggle where you have left off.

Too much has been written about the stars' jewels and loves. Too little about their courage. And it is a great pity to become so absorbed with them as spectacular personalities that we overlook them as gallant individuals.

"NOTHING today, Miss Chatterton," the agents along the Rialto used to say.

"Thank you, I'll be back tomorrow," Ruth Chatterton used to answer.

Sometimes the pavement on Broadway was soft under the summer sun. Broadway can come close to being an inferno in August. And in the sleety rains of February it is torture



When her father fell ill and the family went broke, Betty Compson, at 14, became the breadwinner as a violinist in an orchestra

“There Is Not One Instance Where a Girl of Wealth Has Made the Steep, Starry Grade in Pictures Although Countless Numbers Have Tried!”



Ruth Chatterton in the stage production of “The Man With a Load of Mischief.” Ruth had to fight every inch of the way to the top



Gloria Swanson in the de Mille “clothes-horse” phase of her career. Gloria, despite her apparent outstanding film success, has had to battle with financial troubles all through her screen years



Norma Shearer in one of her first pictures. At one time she, her mother and sister lived in one small furnished room

to wait on the corner for the ceaseless traffic to pause, especially if your suit is too thin. But in August and in February, in the rain and in the sun, Ruth Chatterton walked Broadway.

She was in her very early 'teens and she had her mother to support!

Previously, the Chattertons had accepted gracious living as a matter of course. All branches of her family were well to do. Their social status had been assured for generations.

Ruth played the piano beautifully and there had been plans for her to continue her studies in Vienna when she was sixteen.

The plans of mice and men . . .

At sixteen, Ruth Chatterton and her mother were living in a third-rate hotel in the West Forties in New York, where bottles of milk and covered dishes on window sills have had their part in many a saga of greasepainted adventurers.

At fourteen, she had faced the fact that her father had proven unequal to his responsibilities and even her mother's little fortune had been dissipated.

Immediately following the crash, Ruth and Mrs. Chatterton went to visit relatives in Washington, until they could get their bearings. And while her aunts and mother sipped tea from fragile cups and decided what was to be done about things, Ruth went out and secured an engagement as the little girl in the first act of “The Prince Chap.” Actually for that one act she was leading lady, the play's action spanning so many years that a different actress was required to portray the heroine in each of the three acts.

Imagine the amazement and the clatter of teacups when Ruth returned with her news!

Just how a totally inexperienced girl, without one drop of theatrical blood in her veins, ever secured such a part always will remain a mystery. Just how she convinced herself that she could play it an even greater mystery.

However, that was only a few weeks' engagement. The fight for glory was ahead of her. Inch by inch she made her way. The difficult experiences in New York followed.

If she ever was discouraged, no member of the family remembers it. Always she seemed to rise above things. For instance, when she was playing a small part in a Chicago stock company, a cousin went to see her in her dressing room. Her head was high. Her voice was confident.

“Within two years,” she told him, “my name will be in the electric lights on Broadway.”

It was!

It took a good part of the money Ruth had been able to save during that engagement to pay her fare and her mother's fare to New York. But she had decided that she had served a long and difficult apprenticeship. She felt the time had come to gamble. When her porter had deposited their bags in a taxi, Ruth directed the chauffeur:

“The Seymour.”

She was through with third-rate hotels and shabby living. She was going to stop at a hotel where she might reasonably expect to meet people influential in the world of the theater. She would sink or swim. But Ruth Chatterton isn't the sinking kind.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



P. and A.

About the time Mary was stopping production on "Forever Yours" in Hollywood, Doug was congratulating nineteen-year-old Diana Fishwick on winning a British golf championship

How About MARY *and* DOUG?

By *Leonard Hall*

DOUG FAIRBANKS himself started it all!

One day a royal bulletin was fired from the Palace at Pickfair. It announced, in chaste and understandable United States, that Mr. Fairbanks had decided to go to England and see himself some high-powered golf matches. And quite—except for a couple of big mashie and niblick men—alone!

No mention of Queen Mary. No plans for another royal progress like the many the famous globe-trotting team has made during the ten years of their married life.

Doug was going away alone. Think of Damon without Pythias—Amos without Andy—and you get an idea of the shock. Hollywood, home of the sly eye-wink and roguish leer, pricked up its long ears.

Doug himself had tossed the first stone into the placid millpond of his married life with Mary Pickford!

And the ripples are still spreading.

Wherever there's a fan who cherishes the memory of them during the days of their picture greatness, one question is being asked—

How about Doug and Mary?

The complete answer hasn't been written yet. It can't be. But you can bet your last smooth dime that something is happening at Pickfair—that modest, peaceful castle where Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks have ruled so urbanely for a decade. Something has happened. Change is in the air.

Of course, it would be easy to say—

That Mary didn't feel like traveling when the golf champions went to England.

That the pair felt a little marital holiday would be in order, after ten years of uninterrupted companionship. It would be easy—but it wouldn't quite fill the bill.

Too many elements have entered into the personal and professional relationships of the Pickford-Fairbanks family in the recent past.

THE talking picture was a direct challenge to Doug and Mary.

For some years each had batted out a semi-occasional picture, before the sound storm broke. They and their work began to be taken for granted, like the changing seasons, the milkman and the sanctity of Caesar's wife.

Doug and Mary, little by little, ceased to be really vital figures in the picture scene, and became symbolic of an earlier and more spacious day in films.

Then came the assault of the maddening microphone! It struck squarely at the royal family. Once the first panic had passed, the eyes of the film world turned to Pickfair.

The vassals and varlets in Hollywood, down below, were in a frenzy. How about the king and queen?

Well, we all know.

Mary shingled her hair and made "Coquette"—yes, and got a modernistic statuette for her work from the Hollywood "Academy."

It was a creditable first try, but few could be found who would agree with the Academicians that it was last year's outstanding labor before the microphone.

Then both members of the family had their fling at Shake-

What is happening at Pickfair? Rumors storm the royal castle where two once-great stars have ruled so long

pearcan slapstick with "The Taming of the Shrew"—not the big thing they had hoped to make, but lively fun.

In the onward march of pictures it didn't mean a thing. The great industry they had adorned was performing miracles overnight—and Doug Fairbanks ate an apple at his own wedding, and Mary Pickford cracked a bull whip!

And up to now—that's all.

DOUG says frankly that he doesn't want talkies, or any part of them. That he doesn't think he is fitted for the audible screen.

If he never faces a movie camera again, no one will die of shocked surprise.

Of course, he says he is hunting something called "tempo," and has talked considerably about the Russian director, Eisenstein, as a possible guide. But Hollywood is full of all sorts of tempo, and some of it is elegant. There's a feeling that Doug is fencing with a windmill.

Mary seems even more adrift.

With preparations all made for filming "Forever Yours," suddenly the wheels stopped, and lights went out on the Pickford set. A "suspension," they say. And we all might as well face the music, even if we don't feel like dancing to it.

The sober fact is that, from the greatest of stars, Mary has slipped gracefully and quietly to the estate of just another actress, gratefully and happily remembered by thousands.

So, while Doug was watching the golfing gentlemen in England, back home in Hollywood Mary was stopping work on a picture on which she banked more than we know. She is very much disappointed about the picture and about her photography.

Mary has always said she'd retire from the screen before time took the throne from beneath her.

HAS that time come?
Will she and Doug—separately or jointly—announce their passing from the active scene?

Well, three things may have already retired them! Their own weariness, a certain amount of public apathy, and an iconoclastic little dingus called a microphone.

And that isn't all that has been happening at classic Pickfair!

Tempus fugit along for kings and queens as it does for commoners. Time has been marching relentlessly for Doug and Mary.

They can paraphrase Caesar's magnificent line, and say, "You and I grow old, but the crowd on Hollywood Boulevard is ever the same age!"

You can't whip the vital statistics.

Doug grins through the middle forties, and Mary is over the half way peak of the thirties. They have been before the public so long! They're rich—and here's a significant thing! They have been bound to each other by a chain stronger than steel for ten years—the chain of public opinion!

All eyes have been on them—the shining example of a happy Hollywood family. Marriages came and went—but there were Doug and Mary! A gold fish lives a private, sheltered life compared to Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks. How unutterably galling, sometimes! Ask your old family psychologist!

And with the middle years comes a divine restlessness—a powerful yearning for liberty that is the final kicking and threshing of the youth that is passing.

And that may have come to the happy couple in the palace, too, or to half of it. That feeling [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 131]



A tender love scene that may never be seen on the silver screen! Mary Pickford and Kenneth McKenna as they appeared in "Forever Yours," Mary's new talkie on which shooting came to a halt while Fairbanks was hobnobbing with golfers in England

The PRINCE Comes

By
Grace Mack



There was a puzzled look in his eyes, as he said, "Do you know, you've changed a lot since that night I met you in Del Monte"

WHAT were perhaps the prettiest legs in the Graybar building walked unconcernedly out of Elmer Crane's private office and paused at a desk in the outer office just long enough to permit their owner to toss her notebook into the waste basket with a gesture of indifference. The legs belonged to Miss Joan Gordon, who, up to a few moments previous, had been a stenographer in the employ of Crane & Cox, contractors.

"When the boss calls you into his office and tells you you're fired, be nonchalant. *Powder your nose!*" She flippantly paraphrased the slogan of a popular cigarette as she swung open the door that hid the lavatory and took an enameled vanity from her bag.

The mirror reflected an independent young modern to whom the loss of a job was of slight importance. Nonchalantly she pulled on her hat, waved goodbye to the other stenographers and walked out of the office with her chin up. No one, watching

her exit, would have guessed that beneath the cocky, upturned hat, that looked twenty-five dollars and had cost five, was a brain that was plainly worried. Undoubtedly, Joan had missed her vocation. She should have been an actress.

Outside the office, her pretended indifference quickly wilted. "Three weeks to get a job and one week to lose it," was the disconcerting thought which passed through her mind as she pressed the elevator button. "One week's salary to pay three weeks' expenses. And it isn't that I'm such a poor stenographer," she reflected. "It was those awful building specifications. Words I never even heard of. And the crazy way he talked out of the window when he dictated, instead of sitting

to CINDERELLA

But in a Limousine,
Not a Royal
Coach



"In what way?" she asked.
But to herself, she said,
"Watch your step, Joanie.
The coach may turn into a
pumpkin any minute"

"What do you mean?" asked her companion.
"That girl there—the one with the impudent green hat."
"Why—she does look sort of familiar." Ronnie stared at
Joan. "But I can't quite place her. It looks like—"

"—me, Ronnie! Exactly the way I looked when I played
Nola in 'His Office Wife.' Don't you remember me in that
little blue suit and the turned-up hat?"

Ronnie didn't, but that was immaterial. He was one of those
young men who found it easier to say yes than to argue.

"Quick, Ronnie," she exclaimed excitedly. "Tell him to
stop." She referred to the chauffeur who had just received his
signal for a right turn. "I want to speak to that girl. I've got
a simply marvelous idea."

Joan had reached the safety zone in the middle of the street
by the time Ronnie caught up with her.

"I beg your pardon." He touched her on the arm self-con-
sciously. Ronnie was not in the habit of accosting strange

at his desk where he belonged." No wonder she got all mixed
up and couldn't read her notes.

Oh well, she tried to assure herself philosophically, there were
other jobs. The trick was to know where to look for them.

By this time she had reached Fifth Avenue. It was glutted
with five-o'clock traffic. She paused at the edge of the curbing,
trying to make up her mind whether she should be reckless and
go to a movie, or economical and take a bus ride.

As it turned out, she did neither, for just as the green lights
merged to red, Fate, in a Rolls-Royce, stopped alongside her.
"Ronnie!" The young woman in the car was saying. "Do
you see what I see?"

young ladies. "Miss Radia Benson would like very much to speak to you."

Joan had often been told that she resembled the celebrated screen star. This was the first time, however, that anybody had attempted to use it as an opening line for a pick-up. She opened her mouth to say "Run along, fresbie," but the words remained unspoken. As she looked at society's playboy with his fawn spats, chamois gloves, gardenia in the buttonhole and eyebrow mustache, feminine intuition whispered that perhaps there was some truth in the old Santa Claus gag after all.

"RADIA BENSON?" The lips which had been ready to squelch Ronnie curved into an amused smile. "Then you must be Lon Chaney in a new disguise," she kidded.

"No," replied Ronnie, who was slightly afflicted with an arrested sense of humor, "I'm not. As a matter of fact, I'm Mr. Loring, a friend of Miss Benson."

"Well, I'll say this for you, Galahad," laughed Joan, "you've got a brand new approach and just because you're so original, I'll bite. Where do we go from here?"

"Miss Benson's waiting—in her car." Ronnie gestured toward the curb.

Joan did not really believe this. But what price convention? She was only twenty-two, city-wise, and her lovely, adventurous mouth correctly classified her.

When Ronnie opened the door of the canary-colored limousine, however, she suffered a momentary qualm.

"Heaven protect the poor working girl," was the thought that shot through her mind. "She's certainly taking chances."

But, having started something, Joan was not one to turn back. She'd see it through, now. If she were bound for trouble, at least there would be some satisfaction in having made the trip in a Rolls-Royce. At the same time she was relieved when she heard Ronnie direct the chauffeur to the Ritz. She could keep straight on her geography, anyhow.

THE young woman, introduced as Miss Benson, looked less like that much-photographed person than did Joan herself. It was not until they were alone in her expensive suite, and she had removed the dark glasses and the hat which shaded her face that Joan suddenly realized that this actually was the screen star. Ronnie had been dismissed at the door, with instructions to telephone in an hour.

Joan's eyes widened unbelievably as she watched the girl fluff up her curly hair with a gesture which she had often seen on the screen. "Why, you *are* Radia Benson!" she gasped.

"Of course I am," laughed Radia. "Those dark glasses fooled you. I wear them for protection. Until I got the glasses I had less privacy than a goldfish."

"But it must be wonderful to know what a thrill people get out of seeing you—in person," sighed Joan. "Can't you just imagine how they go home and say, 'Guess whom I saw today?'"

Radia merely smiled. She seemed to be studying Joan. Finally, she said:

"How would you like to try it for a week?"

Joan had thought that she was prepared for anything, but this was so breath-taking that she could only stare at the star in bewilderment. She wondered if she had heard her correctly.

"Why—I don't believe I understand what you mean," she managed to stammer.

"I mean, how would you like to be Radia Benson for a week

—wear her clothes—ride in her car—live here at this hotel?"

"This," thought Joan, "is just another one of those crazy dreams. I'll wake up any minute now."

"YES—you're enough like me to get away with it," Miss Benson was saying, as though Joan had already consented. "If your eyebrows were shaped in a more arched line, your hair waved in a short, curly bob like mine—and with my clothes and my make-up—you could fool anybody, that is, if you're as intelligent as you look. What do you say?"

For a moment Joan couldn't say anything. The whole idea seemed so utterly fantastic.

"Are you really serious, Miss Benson?" she asked breathlessly.

"Serious? Of course I am. Do you think I would pick you up off the street and bring you here if I weren't serious. Oh, I know it must sound weird," she paused to light a gold-tipped cigarette which she took from an ornate case, "but I'll be perfectly frank with you. I'm in New York between pictures. It's supposed to be a holiday, but that's a joke. The company has kept me so busy trying on costumes for my next picture and

attending asinine publicity lunches and glad-handing everybody that I haven't had a minute to really enjoy myself."

Joan wondered just what the screen star called enjoyment.

"I had my heart all set on a lovely little yachting trip. Then one of those awful tabloids came out with headlines about my rumored engagement to Ronnie—I mean Mr. Loring. The Company simply threw a fit. You see I have a 'no marriage' clause in my contract," she explained. "Really, you've no idea how difficult it is to be always on parade—to have no life of your own at all." The poor little five-thousand-dollar-a-week star sighed wistfully.

"I can imagine," said Joan, though, of course, she really couldn't.

"In the studio I always have a double to 'stand in' for me," continued Miss Benson. "So when I saw you standing at the curbing, looking enough like me to actually be me, I thought what a marvelous idea it would be to get you to double for me while I'm here in New York. I'll pay you one hundred dollars for a week. Will you do it?"

"I'd love to—but do you think I can?" asked Joan feeling exactly as though she had been asked to double for the Queen of Sheba.

"Of course. It will be perfectly simple. You look exactly my size. You'll merely keep my fitting appointments at the costumer's and be seen going in and out of the hotel. My secretary is very clever.


She'll arrange everything and see that you are protected from telephone calls and meeting people and all that."

"I'll try anything once," said Joan recklessly.

FOLLOWED an hour with a hairdresser who knew his business, a lesson in make-up, and *presto chango*, the mirror reflected *two* Radia Bensons. Only the clever secretary knew that one of them, discreetly goggled and veiled, slipped quietly away on an unpublicized yachting party, while the other remained at the Ritz.

The next morning Joan, exquisitely attired from the skin out and tremendously thrilled from the skin in, walked out of the Ritz as casually as she had heretofore emerged from the subway station. Inwardly she was wondering what she would do if somebody stepped up to her and said: "Take off those whiskers, Joan Gordon. We know you." But, of course, nobody did.

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A New Author
for PHOTOPLAY

DIXIE WILLSON, who is today one of the best known short story writers and screen authors, knows life and knows Hollywood. She danced and sang her way to New York in musical comedy and was with Ringling Brothers' circus for three years. Next month PHOTOPLAY starts a series of Hollywood short stories by her. The first one, in the September issue, is

"A Queen Goes Fishing"

Will Norma Shearer Retire?

Read the Answer
in This Fascinating
Story of a Girl
Who Found That
Love and a Career
CAN Mix!



The star and her producer-husband, proud and happy in the discovery that their married life and their careers blend blissfully. We present Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg!

THE time has come when the Norma Shearer issue must be faced.

Coldly, the facts are these. A thoroughly inexperienced little Canadian girl went to New York some years ago, to go into pictures. She was handicapped by a beautiful face which, she was told on excellent authority, would not photograph. She had neither stage nor screen experience and knew not one single soul in any way connected with show business.

Today she is one of the greatest actresses in talking pictures. Her latest film, "The Divorcee," has broken the records set at a Los Angeles theater by "Anna Christie." And, before the talkies, she had never read a dramatic line! Now she has the poise of the Ina Claire you knew on the stage and the dramatic ability a real star should have.

She is married to Irving Thalberg and, some time in August, will become the mother of his child. Will she now leave the screen to play the rôle of a normal, happy woman?

Her life has taken one direct course. She has hewn to the line. She has the most amazing energy of anybody in pictures. Recently her doctor said, "You know, you really don't have to do everything all in one day. Why don't you learn that good old Spanish word *mañana*?"

"But I must do things," Norma said to him. "Time is so precious. I can't waste it."

Before she married she had definite ideas about love and a career. She told me once that she must relinquish love for her work, that the two did not go together. And, when she married, everybody prophesied that Norma would retire.

It is a characteristic of Thalberg's race that the men do not like to have their women work. So before they were married they discussed the all-important question of love and work.

"I think, Norma," said Irving, "that you should give up your career."

And Norma said, "I'll give it up any time you want me to do so."

That was three years ago. It has not been mentioned since, and just as soon as she finishes one picture he has plans for her for another. He is her boss, you know, as well as her husband.

If she is going to leave the screen, now is her chance to do it. She has everything she wants. She really loves Irving Thalberg, there is no doubt about that, and the child will add to her happiness. She has had her fame. She

has had her glory. Why won't she give it all up?

But right now both she and Irving are reading stories and discussing the first film she will make after the baby is born. And Norma has a reason for all this. She knows why she will not retire.

"See here," she said, "there is so much talk about combining marriage and a career, but I've a different idea about it. I believe that one should take up a career for the sake of love. Really I do.

"There is nothing so exciting as work. There is nothing so thrilling and glamorous as accomplishment. It gives you something, working does. It makes you equipped for life. It gives you strength with tenderness. I glory in women who have accomplished things. I love the working girl because I am one myself.

"THERE is a certain type of successful woman I can't abide. That is the woman who has that chin-in-the-air attitude. That mental thing that makes her say, either really or subconsciously, 'I'm economically independent. I've made a name for myself. I'm better than most men. In fact, I can do anything a man can do in a business way and I won't have any man telling me what to do.'

"That I can't abide and, I really believe, I've never been that sort of woman. Because when a man has ordered me about I've usually obeyed, and if Irving had told me to give up my work because he wanted me to do so, I would have given it up.

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By Elaine Ogden

Let's Drop In Old Cal



One old trouper "backs up" another. Norma Talmadge talking to the veteran William Farnum, with her in "Du Barry." In the theater, "up staging" means one actor forcing the rest to turn their backs to the audience to face him. In pictures it's "backing up." But Bill doesn't mind!



Just Somebody's Grandma, the kind who carries peppermint drops in her handbag for the neighborhood kiddies. Sweet old thing! But look out! Don't push her under a taxi! Because this is Lon Chaney himself in a scene from "The Unholy Three"

"WE'VE been married a year—and are still happy!" That's the cheery message Ina Claire gave the press boys some time after the Gilberts had celebrated their first anniversary of their wedding.

"Tell the world THAT!" she added. "The papers keep printing rumors to the effect that we're about to separate, but nothing about our happiness!"

A good point, Ina! Glad you brought it up!

John made no public statement.

A dozen times during the critical "first year" the betting has been Packards to kiddie-cars that the John Gilbert-Ina Claire marriage was about to blow up with a terrific crash. Such reports crossed on the cables while the Gilberts were on their honeymoon. But here they are, after all the storms—married a year and blithe about it. Gilbert is making another talkie. Ina is going on the stage in Los Angeles to be near him.

AN independent producer had a picture that needed patching up, so he sent for Arthur Caesar to do the job.

Arthur is Hollywood's best little professional insulter. The picture was run off for Caesar in the projection room.

When it was over the producer asked anxiously: "Well, what do you think of it?"

"There's a fortune in that picture!" Caesar replied.

"How do you mean?" asked the producer.

"Cut up the film and sell it for mandolin picks!" was the Caesarian crack.

THE long, bitter feud between John Barrymore and Maurice Costello is over!

John, the hatchet well buried, is now one of those trying to rehabilitate the veteran star. Already Maurice has been given a rôle in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," Brother Lionel's production at Metro-Goldwyn.

The quarrel started, you remember, when John was courting Dolores. Maurice objected strenuously—and it all ended by the elderly actor's home being broken up, Mrs. Costello siding with her daughter.

It is believed that the birth of Maurice's first grandchild—the little daughter of Barrymore and Dolores—brought the reconciliation.

VILMA BANKY is apparently through in pictures for all time. And she doesn't care! Here's why:

First, she's salted down about a half million good American dollarinos of her own. She always rather thought of pictures as a means of making much money fast. She did. When Samuel Goldwyn first brought her from Hungary, her salary was \$500, but it was whooped up after each growth in popularity when teamed with Ronald Colman.

At the end of her Goldwyn agreement, she was getting \$6,000 every week!

and Gossip With York!



A favorite star of other years returns to the screen—this time to give the world's fans her beautiful voice. None other than Elsie Ferguson, so well remembered, who is filming one of her stage plays, "Scarlet Pages," for First National



A couple of Rogers boys, loose in Hollywood for no bad reason. The one on the left, of course, is Bud. The one on the right is his younger brother, Bh., who is solemnly said to have no name but that. Paramount's signed him—probably to prevent his falling into a rival's hands

Unteamed, she was not so *forte*, and the talkies hurt. True, she tried to lick her thick accent, but anyone who heard her in "A Lady to Love" remembers that she had a long way to go. So listless was she during this film that Metro-Goldwyn didn't make a move to use her again.

ALL in all, with her accent, her heavy salary and her lack of picture ambition, the producers found no spots for her.

She wasn't angry.

She wrote a sincere letter of thanks to Samuel Goldwyn for all he had done for her—settled down, and became Mrs. Rod La Rocque in earnest.

She and Rod are happy. When he finishes his pictures they rush off to their retreat at Arrowhead Lake, and enjoy themselves.

Wilma, at heart, is a good Hungarian housewife. Down goes the curtain on a rich picture career.

Wilma's happy!

WELL, it's a frenzied summer for the stork!

In addition to the Shearer-Thalberg baby another famous infant is expected to arrive on Park Avenue, New York, almost any time.

It's the newcomer to the lavish apartment of Florence Vidor and Jascha Heifetz, noted fiddler.

Florence lives elegantly these days, in a style befitting the beautiful wife of one of the world's greatest violinists. She sees hardly any of her old picture friends, and moves almost exclusively in society and circles of the higher fiddling.

And Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor are the parents of an eight pound daughter.

GLORIA SWANSON and Ronald Colman met at a dinner party in Hollywood one evening and discovered that they liked one another.

Because they found many things to talk about they spent a good part of the evening chatting.

But that was enough for old Dame Gossip—the lady with the long ears and longer tongue. Before long Hollywood was fairly buzzing with stories of the mad infatuation of two of its most colorful figures.

Then Colman went to Europe suddenly and in his excitement forgot to remember to say good-bye to Gloria. Gloria cheerfully admitted that he didn't even call her up before he departed.

Pop! went another Hollywood rumor! Now the town has settled disappointingly back in its chair to wait for a new—and more satisfactory—topic of conversation!

MISS MURRAY has just lost another court bout. She lost a \$96,000 damage suit she had brought against L. Eccles and J. M. Ferguson, real estate dealers.

Miss Murray charged misrepresentation.



The press agent slipped this under the door as a gag, but it's a piece of advice now! Polly Moran is about to inhale a hunk of forbidden pie while in a hospital recently. But we insist that the nurse on the right be signed for pictures!

The costume ball of the future, or Cecil de Mille sein' things again! This mechanical marvel is the fancy dress ball held on board a Zeppelin in the old Plumbing-Master's new picture, "Madame Satan." Yes, sir—looks like a genuine old-time de Mille orgy!



IT'S always a tremendous pleasure to record a generous and gentle act performed by a star without the slightest thought of personal gain.

This happened when John Boles was making a personal appearance in Baltimore. A bed-ridden old lady of seventy-nine is an ardent admirer of John's. And there's no chance of her ever seeing him on the screen again.

A friend plucked up courage and asked Boles if he would mind calling on her. "With pleasure," he said, and he did call, bringing untold pleasure to the heart of his aged fan.

Not a word about this leaked out in Baltimore, nor has it since. But I can't resist telling you of John's generous, thoughtful act.

THERE is quite a definite rumor floating around that Garbo's next picture will be "Camille."

Greta is alluringly thin and certainly could put over this old war-horse of a story in a convincing manner.

JACQUELINE LOGAN sends us a few notes on the activities of our friends in London.

Jackie herself is making quite a hit in British pictures for the Gainsborough Company, and her old journalistic training is called into play in a scenario she has written for Sono Art. Her story is called "Sawdust and Satin."

Ronald Colman, says Miss Logan, tried to slip quietly into London, but it was no go.

He's so tremendously popular in his homeland that, in order to get a little peace and quiet, he had to announce that he had gone to France!

The star of the moment has been Marie Dressler. She made a personal appearance at the London Empire, where "Caught Short" was being shown, and was nearly bowled over by an ovation.

Bobbies were needed to escort Marie through the mob of fans.

Dennis King upset the fans in London, where he is playing in "The Three Musketeers," by saying he was disappointed in his picture, "The Vagabond King." He let this fall at its opening, when he appeared in person.

And Douglas Fairbanks, during his English stay, said he would like to live in England at least part of the time.

BEBE DANIELS, previous to her recent marriage, was the most showered upon young woman in Hollywood. Those stunning pre-nuptial affairs on which the society editors dote just about wore Bebe down to her warp and woof.

At the first shower Bebe found a lovely present from Ben. She thanked him for it and thought it was rather sweet. At the next shower there was a present from Ben. That evening she said: "It was nice of you, dear, to send me something, but you don't really have to."

Ben looked puzzled. "Really?" he said. "Why, I thought the groom was always supposed to send presents when the girls gave showers for you."

SEVERAL years ago Bebe and Marion Davies decided that they would go in for a little plain and fancy sewing and agreed that they wouldn't buy a single dress, but would make all of each other's clothes. Marion created a bright red moiré evening gown for Bebe. It didn't quite meet across one side so Marion attached a wreath of black velvet roses. The effect was spectacular, if nothing else.

A few nights later Marion asked Bebe to a dinner party. "And I thought," said Marion, "that you might wear your new red dress."

"Er—why—yes," said Bebe, "that would be fine. Who are you having at your party?"

Marion was amazed. "Why, you've never asked me that before," she said. "But I'm only having two other people whom you know very well."

Bebe heaved a sigh of relief. "Oh, that's lovely." And she wore the dress for the first and last time.

However, since then Marion has learned to sew and makes perfectly beautiful dresses.

Some of the loveliest things in Bebe's wardrobe have been made by Marion.

The most dramatic picture we've ever found of a first-line director moving hundreds of people in a big outdoor scene! Raoul Walsh, with arm raised, bossing an episode in his latest open air spectacle. At his right is Archie Buchanan, always his chief assistant



Two Ben Alexanders, both great. Left, at 19, in the character he plays so magnificently in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Right, at 5, as the wonder-child in that other fine war film, Griffith's "Hearts of the World"

EVERYBODY expected that Colleen Moore's divorce from John McCormick would hit her hard. Certainly the two loved each other devotedly.

But Colleen has set up an atmosphere of brilliance about her and is not letting the world know how she feels about the matter.

She is entertaining regularly with luncheons, tennis parties and buffets and is, to the casual observer, always the gayest of the gay.

COLLEEN has not yet made a new picture affiliation and she may be resting through the summer.

The supposition is that there are few companies which know how to pay a star twelve thousand five hundred a week and still make money on the picture.

There are still rumors that Colleen may sign with United Artists, where she takes her chance on the earnings.

SO many stories are told about the raw treatment accorded New York celebrities when they report for work at Hollywood studios that we were delighted to discover the following example of solicitude.

When Rube Goldberg, nationally known cartoonist, arrived on the Fox lot to aid in the making of his picture, "Soup to Nuts," he was handed one of the only two vacant bungalows at the Hollywood studio (Bee Lillie drew the other). There was much bowing and scraping on the part of the studio yes-men, and Mr. Goldberg was made to feel that he was a person of no small importance.

But the climax came when one of the underlings rushed up to him with a terror-stricken countenance and wailed: "Oh, Mr. Goldberg—your bungalow—I'm so sorry."

"There, there," said Rube, "what's happened?"

"Oh, Mr. Goldberg—it'll never happen again—I promise

you!" By this time Rube was all worked up. He had visions of fire, flood and earthquake.

"What is it?—tell me the worst!"

"Oh—h, Mr. Goldberg—I'm so sorry—they forgot to fill your fountain pen this morning!"

WELL, they come and go, but the old master, D. W. Griffith, remains an interesting and fascinating figure. Hear the story of the making of "Abraham Lincoln"—and its aftermath.

On this picture Griffith worked like a fiend. He turned out the job in twenty-nine shooting days, and with somewhat less money than he had expected. He has no illusions. He somehow felt that this might be his last great job—and he wanted it to be a glorious one. A fitting exit for the first of the giants!

When it was over, the Old Fox of Mamaroneck was ninety-ninth dead. He went away to Texas to rest. No doubt, while there, he thought of the rush and frenzy of making his talking "Lincoln"—and wondered what it would turn out to be. How they'd like it. Whether or not it would satisfy him when he saw it again.

Well—that's about all. Except that one morning a wire came from Joe Schenck, head of United Artists. It said that the picture was great, and that Griffith could work as long as he wanted to!

Who said you couldn't teach an old dog new stunts? Griffith has probably whipped the microphone to death!

YOU probably won't believe this, and we wouldn't blame you at all for that matter, but "Ginger" Rogers, Paramount's new discovery on view in "Young Man of Manhattan," is married to a fellow named Pepper.

We've restrained ourself from any reference to a "spicy marriage" since "Ginger" gets awfully mad if anyone calls her "Ginger" Pepper.

AN all-star cast testified in Los Angeles municipal court the other day against a Hindu "love seer" whose name was Raw and whose actions, it is charged, were the same.

Raw, defending himself, asserted he was intimately acquainted with Mary Pickford and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



The girl who didn't want to be known just as the daughter of a beauty! Leila Hyams and her parents, John T. Hyams and Leila McIntyre, famous in the vaudeville world

She is the Daughter of a Beauty

By
Robert
Cranford

SHE'S the daughter of one of the most beautiful women on the vaudeville stage—and she's one of the loveliest and most promising leading women in pictures.

But she got her start in public life by posing for advertisements because she didn't want to capitalize on the name and fame of her mother, Leila McIntyre! That spunk and independence no doubt had a lot to do with Leila Hyams' rapid rise in pictures—for that, indeed, is our heroine's name.

The talkies have only made her climb the faster and more interesting.

For good work in a long run of rather ordinary parts she was given the ingénue lead in "The Big House"—that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture of prison life that bids fair to be something of a sensation.

For a girl of Leila's temperament, it was a tough break to be born the daughter of important people. Her dad was John Hyams, and Hyams-and-McIntyre is a name combination that means a lot in vaudeville and stage life. But Leila didn't want to cash in on being their daughter. She is the sort of girl who wants to be something for herself.

She could have gotten a good job merely for the asking, from friends of her parents. As a matter of fact, she did! William Collier—father, not son—who knew Papa Hyams and Mama McIntyre-Hyams even before they married, gave daughter Leila a rôle in his play, "Going Crooked." Leila knew he handed her the part merely because she was her parents' child, and it pleased her. So she started out for herself.

MODELING was her entrée into capitalizing on her inherited beauty. Leila didn't want to cash in on her mother's fame, but the mother's beauty was reflected in the daughter, and she couldn't help cashing in on that. Modeling wasn't any too lucrative, though, and Leila had to live in a cheap hotel while she posed for pictures—and occasionally got a job as an extra in films. Her income was so small that she had to mend and press her few dresses constantly to keep up appearances.

Then a call came to her from a studio—came without her having to haunt casting offices to get it. And it resulted in her

first real film rôle—the lead with George Walsh in "The Kickoff."

After that, it was all berries and cream for the gorgeous blonde. Leila is a knockout, there's no denying that. Even in Hollywood, where beautiful blondes are just girls with light-colored hair, Leila is something to look at long, lingeringly and lovingly. Why, a noted portrait painter once called her "the golden girl"—which is really a grand name for this doll with the golden hair, the golden-cream complexion, and the golden lashes about those intriguing eyes of hers.

The rôle in "The Kickoff" led to better and better things. Her first real recognition came in reward for her work as leading lady opposite William Haines in "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

Leila is bound to make good, though. Besides her beauty, she's got acting ability. Inherited, a great deal of it, of course. And then, when she was just a kid, she used to sit in the wings and watch her parents and the other acts on the bill. And, being brought up in the theater, she absorbed the technique of the actor naturally. She used to act in kid theatricals—she and Fred Stone's daughter, Dorothy, and the Collier kid, Buster, and Fred Niblo. They rigged up a theater in Dorothy's attic in Armitville, where they lived. Leila used to get into Fred Stone's scarecrow costume from "The Wizard of Oz."

LEILA'S greatest pride, aside from her success, is the fact that she made that success as herself, and not as "Leila McIntyre's kid."

And that's something to say in Hollywood, where two of the favorite gods are "Pull" and "Influence," according to which side of the tracks you happen to come from!

By this time the whole world is familiar with the part that "pull" has played in many a picture career. We've all seen the wheels greased and the road rolled for many an aspiring starlet. None of this for lovely Leila! She's where she is—all on her own!

Well, you never can tell! Young Leila's parts keep getting better and better, and her beauty is superb. I don't think Leila McIntyre will feel badly when someone says, some day, "Meet Leila Hyams' mother!"



Why Nils Did Not Want to Go Back

Nils Asther and the reason he didn't want to go back to Sweden. If you don't know who she is, read the story. Oh, read it anyway!

By
Janet
French

ONLY a little less than two years ago Nils Asther's future was the most brilliant in all Hollywood.

Rumor had it that he was being groomed as a rival to the then ruling king, Jack Gilbert.

Certainly he had already produced that certain brand of hysteria that bespeaks the entrance of a new star. Fan letters poured in by the hundreds of thousands.

Wherever Nils went he was recognized, until he was to be found only in the most secluded and out of the way restaurants. Autograph seekers besieged him wherever he showed his face.

He bade fair to become one of the most glamorous of all the male stars. In a day when democracy, bounding Americanism and regular fellers were at their peak (as they still are), Nils stood out as the type of man who could inspire old-fashioned matinee idolatry.

He was exciting, mysterious, handsome, eccentric, romantic and dramatic. His past was as colorful as a Mexican sunset. Strange and vivid stories were whispered about him, and the aloofness which he affected only added to his Nordic charm.

All the old prophets said that nothing could stop the boy, that he would become as fantastically brilliant as the Latin Valentino and would be adored in much the same way.

When these things were pointed out to Nils he merely shrugged his shoulders. For, ever since his arrival in this country, he had been as unhappy as a revolutionist in a drawing room.

Nils complained of Hollywood. He didn't like the hail-fellow-well-met attitude he found everywhere. He was restless. He couldn't discover friends who satisfied him, or work that was interesting. Being classed as a great lover was torture. The cut and dried routine of American pictures bored him. Nowhere could he find peace of mind. He had one great desire—to return to Sweden and be more or less contented again.

And then came the talkies. Nils was idle for months, and at last things happened to his contract. By mutual agreement it was not renewed and he was free.

Everybody said that he would go back to Sweden. Now was his chance. Now he would not be tempted by a large salary to

stay in a country that he could not understand and that could not understand him.

And what happened? Nils did not go back. Instead he remained and did what the hangers-on of the film colony usually do. He made a personal appearance tour! The great dramatic actor appeared in American picture theaters and

clowned with the masters of ceremonies! And, upon his return to Hollywood, he took a home at Malibu Beach and sat waiting for something to happen.

You expected something else of Nils Asther. You rather thought that he would make some dramatic gesture with his life. Hurl some strange defiance in the teeth of the producers—declaim some famous last word and depart. Instead he sat, waiting to work in American pictures! At least that is what he appeared to be doing. But in order to understand his attitude you must understand the infinite patience of the Swedes and the artistic ideals of this strange man called Asther.

Now, I'm the sort of pest who is always going around reminding people of what they have once said. I've an appallingly good memory, and if ever anybody remarks to me in 1924, "I don't like sweet potatoes" and I discover the person eating them in 1930, I'm sure to recall the fact brightly and ask for an explanation.

I REMEMBERED that Nils had once confided to me that he wanted to return to Sweden, that he was unhappy in America—and I couldn't let this pass unchallenged, when the months dragged on and he did not return.

So, fixing him with my most steely gaze, I said, "Now, why didn't you go back home?"

He was amazed. "But I am at home," he said. "I've got my citizenship papers. This is my home."

"In Hollywood?" I questioned. "You're staying on in Hollywood? You're waiting around for something to happen like all the rest of the actors?"

"Yes," said Nils.

"But what about your swell misery? What about all your unhappiness? Don't tell me you've gone *Pollyanna!*"

"I'm happy now," said Nils. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



★ *THE BIG HOUSE*—M-G-M

"**T**HE Big House," based on the original story by Frances Marion, finds its inspiration in the prison riots which have colored the daily press recently.

It is a gripping presentation of the psychological drama underlying prison breaks. The three central figures are *Kent Marlowe*, a boy jailed on a manslaughter charge as a result of a drunken automobile crash (Robert Montgomery), *Butch*, a hardboiled killer with more brawn than brain (Wallace Beery), and *Morgan* (Chester Morris), forger and gentleman crook, who falls in love with *Marlowe's* sister, goes straight and turns out the best man of the lot. The cast includes Lewis Stone, George Marion, J. C. Nugent, DeWitt Jennings, Karl Dane and Leila Hyams.

The picture is masterly and intelligent entertainment.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *HOLIDAY*—Pathe

ANN HARDING, Pathe's dazzling blonde from the stage, after a couple of hopeful tries in the talkie line, at last comes into her own in this excellent picture.

They gave her a tremendous part, and she fills every inch of it. As *Linda Seton*, daughter of the very rich, whose whole life is rebellion against the golden bars of her little social world, Miss Harding does brilliantly. She is helped by an unusually fine cast. In fact, *Mary Astor*, as her soulless sister, very nearly carries off the picture. *Robert Ames*, *Monroe Owsley*, *William Holden* and *Edward Everett Horton* are all perfectly cast.

This is as fine a piece of high comedy, with tragic overtones, as the talking screen has yet held. Another justification for the mike—and another for the talented Harding.



★ *WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE*—Paramount

HERE is something far greater in scope than any motion picture writer can write for the screen.

Here is heroism, here is self-sacrifice, here is patriotism, here is adventure, with death hovering every minute over the devoted little band of Antarctic explorers that followed Commander *Richard E. Byrd* literally to the end of the earth.

To call it thrilling would not only be inadequate. It would be silly. Two of Paramount's crack cameramen went along with Byrd, one of them flying with him over the Pole itself.

When the picture shows the plane leaving Little America, the last camp, for the final dash, *Floyd Gibbons'* voice comes in to describe the action, and when you see Commander Byrd drop the American flag, laden with a stone from *Floyd Bennett's* grave, onto the Pole, you are witnessing one of the most heroic achievements in history.

Another episode which will make you gasp is that in which the occupants of the plane face the seemingly impassable mountain barriers, jettison their only food supply, and dash through a crevice of jagged ice tops thousands of feet above sea level.

Then the hazardous flight back. Food gone, wind rising, will the gas last?

It will make you proud of humanity.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE
ROMANCE THE BIG HOUSE
HOLIDAY THE UNHOLY THREE
GRUMPY

The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo in "Romance"
Lewis Stone in "Romance"
Robert Montgomery in "The Big House"
Chester Morris in "The Big House"
Bernice Claire in "The Toast of the Legion"
Ann Harding in "Holiday"
Mary Astor in "Holiday"
Lon Chaney in "The Unholy Three"
Norma Shearer in "Let Us Be Gay"
Edmund Lowe in "Good Intentions"
Bebe Daniels in "Dixiana"
Cyril Maude in "Grumpy"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 140



★ ROMANCE—M-G-M

THE rich, sweet warmth of the word "romance"—Greta Garbo has caught it all, and made it the very essence of as fine a characterization as she has ever done.

It makes no difference whether you're a Garbo fan or not, you'll love *Rita Cavallini*, the worldly yet womanly singer, as Garbo makes her live again in this phonoplay version of the story so popular on the stage and silent screen.

Comparisons are called odious. Rather, they're foolish. Whether Garbo is better in this than Doris Keane was, is, after all, a matter of individual judgment. None can say that herein Garbo has not achieved magnificent heights of portrayal without a single marring touch of histrionics. Her *Cavallini* is as adorable a woman as the screen has known.

Lewis Stone, as her current protector, is a sophisticate and a gentleman. A less experienced player might have brought hatred to the character. Stone makes it finely sympathetic. Such criticism as may be aimed at this picture will likely find its mark in Gavin Gordon's conception of the character of the young minister to whom *Cavallini* opens the doors of greater understanding. Gordon plays the rôle with much harshness and with little humanity. It is hard to believe that *Cavallini* would fall in love with a man whose soul holds so little sweetness.

It is a grand picture. A picture to stir the emotions deeply—nothing has been spared to make it pictorially perfect.



★ THE UNHOLY THREE—M-G-M

THE finest thing about this picture is that it discloses Lon Chaney's natural voice just exactly as it should be—deep, vibrant, and perfectly poised.

Chaney followers have eagerly awaited his first talking picture. Besides this, the silent version of "The Unholy Three" was one of Chaney's best, so this production was warmly anticipated.

In the rôle of the sinister ventriloquist, Chaney uses five voices, those of the barker, the ventriloquist, the dummy, the feminine voice of the old woman, and the imitation of the parrot. He actually *does* this, but the deeply satisfying thing through it all is his own voice.

A splendid cast supports, but Lila Lee's work as the crook, *Rosie*, is excellent. You'll get thrills a-plenty!



★ GRUMPY—Paramount

THE stage's most lovable old crab takes to the screen at last—and grouches his way into your heart as he did in the theater.

One could write a mess of pedantic twaddle about how much this sort of thing means to the screen. Of course it does—but equally important and vastly more pertinent is the fact that here's a grand piece of entertainment. Too many people misbelieve that "Grumpy" is just a sloppily sentimental thing about an old man. Wrong!—for in addition to the sheer delight of Cyril Maude's characterization, the plot packs a kick like a mule.

Naturally, Maude gives one of the performances of screen history. And there's no flaw in cast or production, with your Phillips Holmes taking second honors.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

HELL'S ANGELS—
Caddo
Productions



"HELL'S ANGELS," which took three years and several lives to make, is sorely handicapped. Only in spots is it great, notably in the immensity and daring of its flying stuff. Ben Lyon and James Hall, as the brothers, are splendid. Jean Harlow, newcomer, tries hard with an unsympathetic rôle. The rest of the cast is fine. Now, don't mistake. "Hell's Angels" is worth seeing. But \$4,000,000 worth?

THE TOAST OF THE LEGION—
First National



AFTER twenty-five years of vigorous life, "Mlle. Modiste," Victor Herbert's famous operetta, comes to the singing screen under this name. The great "Kiss Me Again" show is a beauty in the new medium, all in Technicolor, with good voices singing the pretty tunes. Bernice Claire scores heavily in the Fritzi Scheff rôle, and others are Walter Pidgeon, June Collyer and Edward Everett Horton.

QUEEN HIGH—
Paramount



A nice musical comedy—lots of laughs, plenty of pretty girls and some nice tunes. This sort of thing is the screen's hope in the light musical line. Charlie Ruggles and Frank Morgan are responsible for the chuckles, and Ginger Rogers' youth and charm are swell. Others who make this an unusually happy film are Stanley Smith, Nina Olivette and Helen Carrington.

SO THIS IS LONDON—
Fox



WILL ROGERS is loose among the English toffs, with side-splitting results. The droll Will is at his funniest as an American who gets unhappily mixed up with a flock of anti-American Britons. There is a tender love story, too, with Frank Albertson and Maureen O'Sullivan. Other grand actors are Irene Rich and Lumsden Hare. Rogers fans will be mad about this mad picture.

LET US BE GAY—
M-G-M



ANOTHER sophisticated drama that makes a grand follow-up for "The Divorcee." How unattractive Norma Shearer makes herself early in this picture and how beautiful she becomes! Marie Dressler gives another fine characterization, and Gilbert Emery and Rod La Rocque play important parts. After this Norma need not fear that her fans will forget her while she is off the screen for the blessed event.

BRIGHT LIGHTS—
First National



NOW we know why Dorothy Mackaill spent so much time in Honolulu. It was so she might out-hula the best of them. And she does it in "Bright Lights." This musical extravaganza, with original music, is entirely Technicolor, and gives both Dorothy and Frank Fay a fine opportunity. The result is delightful. Even though Dorothy broke a rib in making this, we think it is worth it.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

GOOD NEWS
—M-G-M



THIS one, like the pardon from the governor, came too late. "Good News" has been stolen so many times that now it's no longer news. But it is done in a sprightly manner and if you haven't seen the Varsity Drag so often that you're bored, you'll love it. It is college run rampant, with Bessie Love, Stanley Smith, Mary Lawlor, Lola Lane and Ukelele Ike helping it run.



**MIDNIGHT
MYSTERY**
Radio Pictures

WHEREIN a practical joker frames a fake murder to cure his thrill-loving fiancée of a mystery story complex. The murder turns out to be real, and the fun-loving youth almost kids his way into the chair. The cast includes Betty Compson, as a female combination of Edgar Wallace and Sherlock Holmes; Hugh Trevor, as her playful fiancé, and Lowell Sherman as the villain. Fair entertainment.

**THE OTHER
TOMORROW**
—First
National



THE ever-gorgeous Billie Dove is here involved in a triangular love affair set in the South, sah! The story is all broken out with heavy drama, but Billie is so beautiful and well-gowned and the supporting cast so serious and vigorous that the end of entertainment is fairly well served. The two gentlemen involved over Billie are Grant Withers and Kenneth Thomson.



DIXIANA—
Radio Pictures

THIS screen operetta, for which Harry Tierney has written delightful music, is a grand spectacle. And it doesn't stop at that. Everett Marshall, of Metropolitan fame, makes his screen debut, and proves he has both voice and personality. And Bebe Daniels is at her best as a circus girl of old New Orleans. With Mardi Gras in Technicolor and negro spirituals, you will be charmed by this.

GOOD INTENTIONS—
Fox



BLOOD-AN'-THUNDER mellerdrammer in swell clothes! "Good Intentions" is another crook thriller, but so well done that it's a fine piece of entertainment. Edmund Lowe is great as the master-bandit who falls in love with the society girl and—no, he does NOT reform! Instead, he and the story come to a logical ending in an exciting climax with a bullet for the final period.



**DUMBBELLS
IN ERMINE**—
Warners

ROBERT ARMSTRONG is at it again! The studios can't forget "Is Zat So?" Hence Bob as a prize fighter and Jimmy Gleason as his trainer. The story concerns the more amorous side of fisticuffs. The awfully nice little girl tries to be bad and is aided by a modern grandmother. That's Beryl Mercer and she's swell. It's a funny picture with gobs of elegant lines.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

Would You Like a New Nose?

By
Harry Lang

How Hollywood submits to
the knife of the plastic surgeon
in the name of Beauty

VIVIENNE SEGAL flashes across a Hollywood movie screen, and in the audience a man whispers to his companion:
"See her? Well, that's *my* nose she's wearing . . .!"

Cryptic? Yes—until you understand that this man is Dr. Josif Ginsburg, one of the "Beauty-Makers of Hollywood." He is a young Russian, a war-taught plastic surgeon.

He is one of that limited group of practitioners who, with knives, acids, and uncanny electrical and mechanical devices, have re-made the faces and even the figures of so many screen luminaries that you can no longer be sure where God left off and the surgeon began his handiwork!

Dr. Ginsburg alone, in five years in Hollywood, has operated on no fewer than six hundred movie people! There are others of his profession—among them, most notably, Drs. W. E. Balsinger, H. O. Barnes, T. Floyd Brown, and R. B. Griffith—in movieland. Altogether, figures show, these plastic operators have remodeled more than two thousand faces for the screen.

Of course, it stands to reason that only a small percentage of these thousands are stars. But the stars *are* among them. You'd be surprised at the famous names whose screen beauty is synthetic; who have had nose corrections, new chins, pinned-back ears, face lifts, deep acid peels, fat removals, and other operations at the hands of these specialists in putting beauty where it isn't!

ARE these people wrong? By no means. They are right. Their faces and their voices are their stock in trade. They have as much right to try to perfect their faces for their business as they have to take voice culture.

If we could look into the records, we would probably find as many New York society women in the plastic surgeons' consulting rooms.

Among the women whose names stand out are Mollie O'Day, Bebe Daniels, Fannie Brice, Ruth Taylor, Helen Ferguson, Lola Todd, Virginia Brown Faire. And the men go for it, too! Consider Georgie Price, Paul Lukas, LeRoy Mason, Georges Carpentier and Jack Dempsey.

Telling the actual names of all the stars who have been to the plastic surgeon is an impossible task. They won't admit it, except in a few isolated instances. Time was when a visit to the plastic surgeon was considered as great a secret as to get married, in filmland. It's only lately that a few of them are beginning, not only to admit that they've had their faces bettered, but to even go so far as publicly to announce it.

And, of course, the surgeons themselves keep their operating room secrets sacred. The ethics of the profession are strict. In only two ways does knowledge of a plastic operation ordinarily come to light. One is for the patient himself to tell about



it, or authorize the doctor to. The other is when an operation goes wrong, and a face-ruined patient seeks redress in the courts. This story will deal with those cases as well as those where beauty has been found. But in all fairness to the surgeons, this must be borne in mind:

That for every court case of plastic scandal that receives publicity, there have been hundreds of successful operations which remain an inviolate secret between the surgeon and his patient. It is not fair to condemn the plastic surgeons, whose success could be attested by the biggest figures in filmdom if only they would admit it, because of the few cases that went wrong.

What is the most frequent plastic operation in filmland?

Over 2,000 of our stars and near-stars have had their faces shuffled and reassembled for the screen

"Correcting bad noses," face-doctors unhesitatingly answer. The camera has a fiendishly keen eye. It catches and magnifies defects that the human eye does not notice. And here's another thing to remember—that the average movie close-up presents a star's face fourteen times magnified! There isn't a facial blemish or mark that can well escape that treatment. A slight bump on the nose assumes the proportions of Mount Everest. A button at the end of a nose, which might look merely pert to the eye, looks like a jelly doughnut in the close-up. A tilted nose, instead of being cute, looks like a rain catcher.

Take Fannie Brice. On the stage, the nose God gave her got by easily. But on the screen—well, Fannie had it trimmed a bit.

Bebe Daniels took her nose to the surgeon, too. Bebe was always pretty, but since she's had the tiniest little revision at the tip of her nose, she's prettier yet.

Belle Baker thought it over, and decided to do nothing about it. She's not in pictures any more. Vivienne Segal, on the other hand, decided that no nose was going to cheat her out of success. She went to Dr. Ginsburg. He took a piece of cartilage out of her ear, and put it where her nose was swaybacked. Now she has contracts for five pictures ahead.

Do you remember Gloria Swanson's nose when she was a Sennett bathing beauty? Recall how pronounced the up-tilt was? There's no available record that she ever underwent a plastic operation, and yet the nose looks different today. There are other screen figures whose photographs show a difference between now and then.

Harry Richman's nose, since he went into pictures, doesn't look like it did. Dr. Balsinger removed a lump from Helen Ferguson's nose. He gave Jack Dempsey the facial adornment



Here's another case—or rather, a double case: The contrasting episodes of Belle Baker and Vivienne Segal. Both were among the stage stars who heard the golden call of the talkies. Up to then, the pictures needed only beauty, and could find plenty of it. "But with the advent of the talkies," explains Dr. Ginsburg, "the need arose for talented singers and dancers. The screen found them on the stage—but found, too, that God had given them talent but forgot about their faces."

Belle Baker and Vivienne Segal came to Hollywood. Both of them had noses that didn't photograph well. Vivienne's was too much of an incurve; Belle's was on the outcurve model. Both registered splendidly in their voice tests, but not in the lens test.

which sports-writers call the mauler's putty nose, although it isn't putty at all! Georges Carpentier, when he went into films, had to have his glove-flattened nose made over, and Dr. Ginsburg did it for him.

Virginia Brown Faire had her nose straightened in 1927. Marie Wood was an extra girl who couldn't get work because her nose looked "funny" on the screen, so she had it fixed and got more jobs afterward. Le Roy Mason, who had trouble getting film jobs, finally had his pugilistic style nose rebuilt and now works steadily. Paul Lukas had the tip of his nose narrowed and won a contract with Paramount for reward.

Richard Dix's nose today isn't the same as it was when he first began starring in pictures. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



70 Readers must Win This Gold!

The Rules Are Simple

1. Seventy cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize	\$1,000.00
Second Prize	750.00
Third Prize	500.00
Fourth Prize	300.00
Fifth Prize	200.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$50 each	1,250.00
Forty Prizes of \$25 each	1,000.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and

complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

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

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

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1931, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them. They will be sent to hospitals and orphanages to gladden the hearts of sick and homeless children.

Suggestions Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the four sets of pictures are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

Follow the Arrows





"ALL I know is that you are in my arms," sings Reginald Denny to Kay Johnson in "Madame Satan," in process of manufacture by C. B. De Mille. If you are old enough to remember Wallace Reid in "The Woman God Forgot" you will notice a striking resemblance

This Way to Cut Puzzle



Turn Over

Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest



Upper

The hair is twice married—and not twenty-two—
The eyes own a dear little girl,
The mouth's a New Yorker, her orbs are deep blue,
And her red hair shows many a curl!

Lower

The hair is from Texas, her height is five-two,
The eyes were a social success;
The mouth in the state of mosquitoes was born,
But they didn't dare bite her, we guess!

Upper

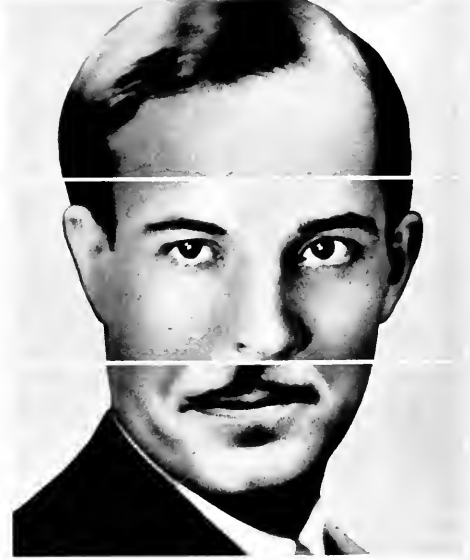
The hair has a child—though she's just one herself—
The eyes in "Peter Pan" made good,
The mouth in the town of the gangsters was born,
She's safer in calm Hollywood!

Lower

The hair in a family of actors was raised,
The eyes did their bit on the boards,
The mouth is unmarried—though suitors she has
In legions, battalions and hordes.

RESUME

Three of them are married, and two were divorced,
And one girl has never been haltered—
And each has had sudden success on the screen,
And a courage that never has faltered.
Two of them are mothers, and two have brown hair—
And one is a blonde—and that baby is there!



Upper

The hair's from old England—he's Britain's great gift,
The eyes are a present from France!
The mouth has co-starred with Joan Crawford in what
We would call his own special romance.

Lower

The hair has a voice that will make opera yet,
The eyes have a most famous dad,
The mouth as a singer of gallant, gay songs
Has made many talkie fans glad.

Upper

The hair's a six-footer, he's just twenty-two,
The eyes made their hit with a Gish,
The mouth was a dancer—he's Spanish, no less,
He's the flappers' most romantic wish!

Lower

The hair is of brown, and he's happily wed,
The eyes to Rex Ingram owe much,
The mouth saw war service and earned a wound stripe,
And his acting few others can touch!

RESUME

Just one man was born in our own U. S. A.,
Just one is unmarried, to date,
And one—this should please many ardent young fans—
Is separate, now, from his mate.
Two are very dark—we mean both eyes and hair!
And one, while not blond, is decidedly fair.



GARBO doing a warmish love scene in the filming and sounding of "Romance" which is reviewed in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. The actual temperature on the set, caused by the battery of lights, is 104 degrees. Gavin Gordon, from Mississippi, a stage actor who got a real break in this, his first picture, is aiding and abetting, while Clarence Brown bosses



The two Greta Garbos that make up one of the most romantic and glittering figures in all screen history. At the left is a plain girl, with simple tastes, who lives her own life and minds her own business. She likes children, and funny stories, and is timid in a crowd. At the right is the other Garbo—glittering, mysterious, exotic. The Greta of the screen whose allure is so powerful a magnet that she is talked about by millions of fans

What GARBO Thinks of HOLLYWOOD

A WISE man in one of his profound moments said that it isn't what people say that matters—it is what they do!

And it's lucky that this is so. For the actions of Greta Garbo, even without the speech that she withholds so energetically, gives us the key to the strange mosaic that is this stranger woman from over the Northern sea.

It has been said of Garbo that the story of her conquest of America is that of the neurotic triumphant.

Don't misunderstand the word "neurotic." A neurotic person is not always one given to neurotic tremors or other obvious symptoms. A neurosis may often find its outlet in moodiness—aloofness—and an escape into a dream world.

An escape into a dream world! Or a world of the screen?

Could Garbo love Hollywood? Does it fit into the dream world where she finds rest for her spirit? Instead of courting it, she avoids and shuns it. She takes no part in its life. The beauties of our Western land leave her unmoved. She was not even impressed by the noble, majestic Yosemite. She ordered her chauffeur to drive faster through its glories.

"Those mountains are pretty high," was her comment.

The obvious thing to say is that she is two personalities rolled into one.

There is that person up there on the screen. And then there is the Swedish

girl called Greta who likes her native food and loves anchovies, is always cold, suffers from insomnia, wears bedroom slippers between scenes, loves jazz music but hates dancing, is five feet, 6 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and wears size seven double-A shoes, likes solid substantial furniture and hates feminine geegaws, but adores children, has a big hearty laugh, likes to hear funny stories, invests her money wisely and is frugal as a Scotchman, but is terrified of meeting strange people and is actually timid and embarrassed in a crowd.

The screen Garbo is somebody else, a vague, exotic mystery woman.

It is not true that the publicity department has built up a Garbo myth, but it is true that the busy press-agents at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have helped the idea along. And the fact that she does not grant interviews and that she draws within herself and keeps secluded is as good a stunt as sending a lion around the world. However, Garbo really IS mysterious, although she hates the legend about herself.

What goes on within her mind as she paces up and down the set, back and forth, you nor I will ever know. She may be thinking the most profound of thoughts. She may only be wondering if her herring will be chopped properly for dinner. It is more amusing to believe that she is contemplating life and cosmic love.

By Katherine Albert

The first time I saw her was a month or so after she had arrived. She was just another stock actress on the lot and she was bewildered.

She looked at me with those strange, sad eyes and said, "Oh, dis studio, it is so beeg. In my poor leetle country the studios, dey are not so beeg. My leetle country is a sad leetle country. Here everyone says, 'Hello, you feel good?' Even the mothers, dey say to the leetle children, 'Darling, are you happy?' When I have children of my own I will say to dem, 'Darling, are you happy?' I like that."

But she didn't like Hollywood. She was bewildered by it. She would take to her heart none of its people. The other actresses tried to be nice to her. She smiled her wan little smile and kept away from all their activities.

Apparently Garbo didn't like anything. She was utterly miserable and utterly lost. Because of the publicity that was sent out about her, she began receiving fan letters before she appeared on the screen. Once she said, "But who are dese people who write to me? Dey do not know me. Perhaps I am very bad girl. Perhaps dey would not like to get letter from me."

"And what do you do with the letters?" I asked.

"I throw dem all away." Thus she dispensed with a sacred gesture of stardom.

She pined, in those days, for Sweden. "Here it is so beeg," was her constant complaint. She begged to be allowed to go back home never to return, but the studio was beginning to realize that they had in her a rare property that would, perhaps, develop into one of the greatest personalities of the screen.

So they clung to her while she spoke tenderly of my "poor leetle country" and could find no joy in the bright, hot days of California and the teeming, happy life of the studio.

But Garbo has remained in Hollywood. She made but one trip to Sweden and returned. She is not ready to go back there to live. So how has she adjusted herself?

Since one cannot talk to her one can only surmise how she feels by the gestures she makes. If you believe your copy book, these actions speak louder than words.

Now the great Garbo walks on the set. She is always on time. They have no difficulty with her and, although she has been credited with the words, time and time again, she has never said, "I t'ank I go home."

There is always a great deal of fuss about Garbo on the set. There is a little flurry of excitement when she comes among the workers. When she does a great emotional scene black flats are set up around her to ward off the prying eyes of the electricians, prop boys and others. The greatest of directors says to her, "Now, Miss Garbo, are you comfortable? Do you think this scene should be played like this or do you feel it another way?"

And when these things happen, one look at Garbo's face will tell you what is going on in her mind. A little amused, whimsical smile plays across her features. She looks at the director, almost with disgust and with a great deal of ironic humor. She knows that only a few years ago she was a little nobody.

She is secretly amused at all the ballyhoo about herself. The glamor that has been thrown up [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Next Month—

PHOTOPLAY begins a series of stories titled "The Private Life of Greta Garbo." It is the most intimate insight into the home life and friendships of this famous screen star ever written. Do not miss it for it is full of

—Surprises



Never let it be said that Richard Barthelmess is a star afraid to share his spotlight with a couple of handsome pals! When Dick started "The Dawn Patrol," two good-looking leading men, Neil Hamilton and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., were engaged to support him. And here they are!

By
Marquis
Busby



Give Me Moore!

Of course it was bound to happen sooner or later! This stepping out with the beauties of the film colony is risky business for any susceptible young man. There's an awful chance of developing serious trouble under the left ribs!

And it took a blind date to do it. My evening with Grace Moore was all arranged through a mutual friend. I had never met her. I had never heard her in opera. I had seen pictures of her, but newspaper portraits all look alike—it might be the Roosevelt Dam and it might be Miss America.

Now, in college, I always steered clear of blind dates. Your fraternity brother would fix it up with a "keen number" of his acquaintance. Your hopes would be all built up, and the girl would turn out to be a museum curiosity with squint eyes and gopher teeth.

I was quite sure that Grace Moore would be a lovely girl. Picture contracts running way up into five figures a month are

not handed out to girls that don't qualify as to pulchritude, but still it all was an intriguing uncertainty. Exciting, too. I had never spent an evening with a famous opera prima donna. Oh, once I had lunch with Jeritza—me and twenty other people.

I was elected to be the village boy that showed the city gal the Hollywood bright lights—and they're pretty bright. Hollywood is no town to hide its light under a bushel. Miss Moore had never been to Montmartre, the Ambassador, the Roosevelt, or any of the night clubs. In all of my other dates the girls knew the rounds as well as I, and probably better.

In a way, stepping out with Grace Moore is a bit like dating the Queen of England. Only nicer, although in justice to Mary I must say I've never been out with her.

No star in Hollywood lives in more regal splendor than Miss Moore.

Never having been known to have the slightest sense of direction, I fully expected to get lost trying to find her home. She lives on a huge estate, a big hacienda on a hilltop, with acres of grounds stretching away on either side. But you couldn't get lost. You can see the lights of that house for five miles. I'll bet on a clear night you could lean from the seventieth floor of the Chrysler Building in New York and count the candles on the dining room table.

As you approach the estate the landscape takes on a feudal look. There is an unlighted country road, and tenant houses.

Don Juan's fatal moment! In spite of his customary leer, our hero fell easy prey to the charms of Grace Moore, Metropolitan Opera star in Hollywood to sing for the screen

It was bound to happen!
"Casanova"
Busby goes on a blind date with Grace Moore—and falls hard!

In fact, it looked as if the Chic Sale Foundation had done some missionary work in the neighborhood. You leave the valley and start

climbing a narrow, winding road, lined with spruce trees. There are signs that read—"No trespassing—police dogs loose." That's enough to scare anybody away. A mile and a half up the road you drive through the great gates and you are in the courtyard of the Moore Manse.

The house is one of those places where you come in upstairs and then go downstairs. A maid ushered me into the hallway where I was turned over to the Number Two Secretary. After a short period of waiting in a library, the Number One Secretary took me into the big living room. Both of the Secretaries were charming. I had time to admire the view from the windows, glance at the pictures of opera stars on the open grand piano and a well-worn score of "The Love of Three Kings." There was a roaring fire on the hearth. It smoked a bit. Whoever made that fire was a bum Camp-Fire Girl.

THEN I met Grace Moore.

"I didn't mean to give you the smoke cure," she said by way of greeting.

I said something incoherent and not too bright. My breath was taken away.

Now most opera stars run to bosoms, girth and the grand manner. Not Grace Moore. She is young, slender and lovely, with dark blonde hair. She wore a white velvet dinner gown, and a cloak of the same material trimmed with a band of bronze ostrich plumes. And jewels, there must have been \$100,000 worth—a diamond and { PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117 }

Flashing

"HALL the new star!"
"This girl bears watching."
"A brilliant personality in
the film firmament."
"Here's star material or we never
saw it."

A movie reviewer without these old stock phrases is about as effectual as a romantic hero with a stutter.

You'll find these bright sallies set up in type in every self-respecting newspaper and magazine office. When a critic can't lay his hand on them he gives up journalism and goes in for some comparatively honest profession like safe-cracking.

The public is eager for new stars. So are the producers. The studios publicize new faces and the little Cinderellas to whom they belong are petted, feted and receive good salaries. Then what happens? Where are some of the brilliant actors and actresses who bear watching? You'll have to wear your specs to find them.

Great actors and actresses many of them are. Others not so good—just lucky, or unlucky, enough to be cast in one outstanding film. And then—puff!—the little light is out.

What has become of Dorothy Burgess, Ruth Taylor, Nils Asther, Molly O'Day, Stepin Fetchit, Baclanova, Camilla Horn, Gareth Hughes, Don Terry and more—many, many more who lived on the screen for such a little while? But, more important still, why did they fail to keep faith with their public, with their producers and with themselves?

Hollywood has an answer. It shrugs its shoulders and says, "Oh, So and So was just a flash in the pan."

A flash in the pan. Why?

THE case of little Ruth Taylor is an outstanding example. You know her story. You remember the publicity ballyhoo, the elaborate personal appearance tour. The blazing headlines, "Unknown picked for leading rôle in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.'" The interviews. The spotlight.

You also remember the film. It failed for a number of reasons. The

Everyone predicted a long and brilliant film career for little Betty Bronson, after her hit in "Peter Pan." But, like many others, she turned out to be a one-rôle star

Why did these glamorous youngsters rocket through the film heavens—and fail?



No more beautiful girl than Camilla Horn ever flashed into Hollywood. But after a picture or two, fate and the talkies licked her



One of the greatest natural actors the screen has seen, Stepin Fetchit just couldn't be good! Now he is exiled to short comedies

in the Pan

By

Katherine Albert



book was too well known. *Lorelei Lee* had found her way into too many trite imitations before the picture was released. Yet Ruth came through. She gave a good performance. It was not her fault that the picture was unsuccessful.

But, for this failure, Ruth took the rap. She was the fall guy. The potential star sank into photoplay oblivion through no fault of her own. Now she is in New York—married and very happy.

SEVERAL months ago all the old critic phrases were dusted off for Dorothy Burgess. Well, here *was* a personality! Here *was* something brilliant come to the screen. Surely, oh surely, the leading woman in "In Old Arizona" would rise to the pinnacle of fame. But she hasn't.

The story is as strange and ironic as any ever told in the cinema capital. It concerns a little Spanish girl, Maria Alba, Dorothy Burgess and the picture, "In Old Arizona." The film played the heavy.

Maria was given the rôle. She played it for a couple of weeks only to have the executives realize that her natural Spanish accent could not be sufficiently understood. An American stage actress, Dorothy Burgess, was given the rôle.

And what of Maria? Hers was a heart-breaking task. It was her duty to sit on the set and coach Dorothy in the Spanish accent. To watch another girl do the rôle she loved. To see another girl in her costumes, made especially for her, and to look on while a hairdresser arranged for Dorothy the coiffure that Maria had created for herself.

Maria did this job uncomplainingly and Dorothy contributed to the screen a flashing performance. Then what? Dorothy

was a type. She was not pretty in the accepted Hollywood sense. It was difficult to find parts that suited her. After many hectic scenes (the company says that Dorothy was unreasonable, and she accuses them of pettiness) her contract was allowed to lapse. She is now doing a part at Pathe and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Ruth Taylor was fine in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." But the film flopped at the box-office, and, as often happens to a player, Ruthie didn't come back



Don Terry made a brilliant beginning in "Me, Gangster," and he seemed certain to succeed. But he proved too much a type to land often



Baclanova, the Russian tigress who flashed in the Hollywood jungles so briefly. There's a chance, however, that she'll return to us

The Big Broadway Star Wanted to Help Poor Little



Just a

By

Eleanore Griffin

Eva retired to her make-up box and dabbed at her eyes. She was so little and pitiful looking that Roger thought she was crying, but Eva was really making some small adjustment on her eyelashes.

There had been much publicity over the advent of Roger Blake in talking pictures. He had been quite excited over his reception. Screen celebrities met him at the station. He was driven to his hotel preceded by two motorcycle policemen with sirens screaming, and over the hotel entrance was a banner bearing the words, "Welcome, Roger Blake."

HE had been a sensation last season on Broadway, and had been brought to the Coast by one of the biggest companies for a picture. He was not exactly handsome, but he had something—a combination of pathos and humor that had been found irresistible. Funny little mannerisms that went straight to the heart.

He strolled over to Eva. "I'm awfully sorry. He shouldn't have talked to you that way."

"Of course, he shouldn't, but he did, and he probably will again. I have to work," replied Eva. Then she sighed. "They will be showing that part in the projection room tonight. I wish I dared to go. I've never seen myself on the screen."

"I'm going. Do you want to come with me?"

"Oh, I'd love to."

In the projection room they saw Eva for a brief instant obliterate the form and features of the leading lady and then pause, dismayed. Again Roger renewed his first impression. She was cute. And with the peculiar psychology of Hollywood, because Eva was there with Roger Blake, the director and the assistant noticed that Eva Moore was a cute little trick. "How about that Moore girl for the manicurist in the barber shop scene tomorrow?" asked the director. "O. K.," agreed the assistant.

The next day Eva was moderate in her gratitude, if not

"Pst!" went the girl in the sports coat. "That's Eva Moore herself! She'll be a sensation! And that's Blake behind her. Didn't she steal his cake?"

EVA was very small, very blonde, had huge blue eyes and a mouth that couldn't decide to be sullen or smiling. The first time Roger Blake laid eyes on her, he said, "Gee, but she's cute." Eva was an extra then. In fact, she had just been most effectively and profanely "bawled out" by an irate assistant director when she nonchalantly walked directly in front of the leading lady in a scene. Roger was visiting the set.

Eva—She Was So Pretty, and Helpless, and Cute!



Cute Trick

actually haughty, when her first bit was proffered. She was going to dine with Roger Blake that evening, and she saw to it that the director, the assistant and every last extra on the set knew it. If the electricians had evinced interest in anything but the prospects of overtime for the week, they might have been included in the secret.

They dined that night at the Ambassador. Eva basked serenely in the atmosphere of good food, music, and importance. Everyone knew Roger. Eva was presented to countless celebrities, and hoped no one recognized her fluffy pink evening outfit as a veteran of many ballroom sets.

"You look like a little wild rose," Roger told her. "Why have they passed you up so far, baby?"

Should she offer the excuse offered by almost any girl in Hollywood when someone inquires why success has not singled her out, "Because I wouldn't let the producer, director, assistant, or casting director, respectively, make love to me"? She decided that, for Roger, that was not such a good answer, so she merely shrugged and dimpled as at a bit of illatery.

THE news spread quickly on the lot that Roger Blake had fallen hard for a little blonde extra girl no one had ever heard of, but the executives were quite unprepared for his demand that she be given the ingénue lead in his picture.

They pointed out to Roger that while he was an idol on Broadway, he was an unknown, a beginner as far as the screen was concerned. And pictures were shown in thousands of places where Broadway was less than a street. Undoubtedly, he had the personality to put over the picture, but why take a needless risk? He must have a carefully selected supporting cast—a cast with names. The ingénue part was important—and who was this Eva Moore? Sure, she was cute—but could she be cute before the camera?

"I'll teach her. Let me give her two weeks of coaching

Hands reached out to touch Eva—to shake her hand. There was a demand for autographs. And Roger, standing in the background, felt small, and out of it

and you won't know the kid. She's cute, she's clever and she's a good little kid. You give her a chance, or I'll go back to New York."

"Well . . . All right, but if the picture's a flop you're through in Hollywood."

"I don't know anything about flops," said Roger Blake.

Eva didn't know what work was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]

A Chevalier

Chevalier—giving the world both barrels of his tremendous personality, his zest, his charm! This is the straw-hatted Maurice who stormed and took America, also New York

By

Ida Zeitlin



MAURICE CHEVALIER was born in Montilmontant, the youngest of three sons in a family of laborers. His father died when he was ten, and when he had finished his schooling at twelve, he was apprenticed to a carpenter.

But his heart was elsewhere—on the stage of a small music hall of his neighborhood. There, at twelve, he made his debut as an amateur! Soon he was a poorly paid comedian, touring the halls. A few years later he adopted the conventional dress and the straw hat that mark his stage work today—and almost overnight became the toast of the Folies Bergères and the pet of Paris. Then, as success dawned, he entered the service of France as a common soldier.

It was the tragic war year—1914!

AUGUST, 1914. War burst over a horrified world, and the boys who were making ready to embark on the adventure of life took arms and went forth on the great adventure of death, instead.

To Maurice Chevalier the call came while he was serving the regular period of military duty required of all young citizens of France.

The German tide rolled Southward—mighty, irresistible. To stem it, France's standing army was rushed to the North, there to fight as long as might be while other classes were called to the colors and the full military might of the Republic was marshalled.

Much has been written of Britain's little army of "Contemp-

tibles," whose dogged, fighting retreat from Mons kept the German army from the Channel ports. The army of France was larger, and it, too, fought an equally courageous, though losing fight, stretched far across the Motherland from Belgium to the Swiss border.

We have not heard quite so much of these gallant *poilus*, in the pitiful blue coats and red trousers of peace time, who stood against the field-gray masses until Papa Joffre could rally his strengthened forces and roll the enemy back from the Marne.

But a young war poet wrote well of this first French army—the flower of the nation's youth, who first met the enemy horde and made their country like a castle—

"Their breasts the bulwark, and their blood the moat."

In this first army, that melted away like the snow of spring, Chevalier served as a private in a regiment of infantry.

In those fearful, tragic early weeks of war there were no set engagements, with names that now have a place in history. It was one long battle—never ending, day and night. The French army fought, and then retreated, still fighting—hurled backward by the might of the great gray war machine from the North.

In one of those nameless battles of 1914 Chevalier fell, wounded in the chest by shrapnel. His right lung was pierced. The wound might well have been mortal.

In the days of that terrible retreat warfare was still open—the retiring French had not even a protecting shadow between their bodies and the terror of the shells. When Chevalier's company found a roadside ditch in their path, it was as though God's arms had opened to receive them.

Dizzy and sick, Maurice managed to pick himself up and tumble into the poor shelter with his comrades, dimly realizing

of France

PART 2

Maurice Chevalier Goes to War—and Comes Back to Cap- ture Paris with His Smile

that later he might drag himself to the dressing station farther back.

But he soon saw that his presence with his friends was only a hindrance. He stumbled and fell in agony. Anything, he thought, would be better than this torture.

DELIRIOUS, he climbed from the ditch and started back—fell, rose again, wavered a few steps, fell unconscious. He did not know that bayonets were flashing in the shelter he had just left, and that his comrades were killing and being killed as the German wave rolled over them.

He lay like one dead, on that pitiful battlefield, his life saved by the same freak of fate that had taken his fellow soldiers' lives.

When Chevalier recovered consciousness, he was in the field dressing station he had been trying so desperately to reach.

But he didn't stay there long. Within a few hours it was captured by the Germans, and the wounded were placed on hospital trains and sent, as prisoners of war, to the hospital in the city of Magdeburg.

So ended Maurice Chevalier's active service for France in the Great War.

No "hero," in the abused sense of the word, this smiling fellow. He was a soldier of his country when the call came. He faced the enemy bravely, interposing his body between the Northern host and his country's heart. In the heat of battle, he fell, gravely wounded. Could any man do more?

A brave man and a good soldier. Those two titles belong to Maurice, and no man can ask for better.

The German shrapnel that entered Chevalier's lung more than fifteen years ago is still there—sometimes stationary, sometimes roving. Sometimes troublesome, more often not.

The doctors at Magdeburg decided it would be less dangerous to leave it where it was than to operate. When questioned as to whether he thinks they were right, Chevalier shrugs his shoulders.

Shrapnel in the lung is no unmixed blessing, but it might very well have been worse if they'd tried to remove it. It no longer bothers him actively. He is conscious of it on rainy days, and it prevents him from dancing as energetically as he once did.

BUT what he probably regrets most is that it put an end to his boxing activities. He had been one of the best amateur boxers in France, and had kept in trim by sparring so vigorously with professionals that he sometimes had trouble repairing his damaged face sufficiently to present it to his audiences.

He is still an ardent fan, and may frequently be seen at boxing matches, accompanied by a slim, dainty young woman, whose glowing, dark eyes follow an exciting bout with the intelligence of a *connoisseur* and an enthusiasm hardly less than her husband's.

In connection with his boxing prowess, a story is told, too good to be omitted here. It happened

in wartime, after his return to Paris, when the well-known piratical tendencies of Parisian taxi-drivers were uncontrolled. The particular robber, who had taken Chevalier and the lady he was escorting to a popular café in the heart of an Apache section, demanded something so grotesque in the way of fare that his passenger never a man to be bamboozled even by a taxi-driver—laughed in his face and offered him what he considered a reasonable fee.

The taximan eyed it, spat with great deliberation, and delivered himself of a stream of crackling language intended to convey his excessively low opinion not only of Chevalier and all his ancestors, but of the lady with him, who, he stated, was, in point of fact, no lady.

Chevalier knocked him down, and an unsympathetic crowd



The young prisoner of war. Chevalier at the German prison camp of Alten Grabow in 1916, after he had been wounded and captured in one of the 1914 battles



King of the Paris music halls! Chevalier during his early fame in the French capital, when he was as much one of the city's great sights as Montmartre and the Eiffel Tower

gathered—the taximan was one of their own, and the stranger was far too well dressed to take their fancy. As he tried to force a lane through the jeering throng, there loomed in his path a vaguely familiar and unattractive face which he suddenly recognized as that of a notorious bad man who went by the appealing name of *Zuzu des Batignolles*.

Beginning at his patent leather shoes and traveling upward to his top hat, Zuzu took Chevalier in, while the crowd held its breath in gleeful expectancy. At last his narrowed eyes met those of his enemy. "So you're the guy," he croaked, "that cuts everybody."

"No," answered Chevalier, "I don't. But neither do I allow anyone to insult a lady under my protection."

But Zuzu wasn't going to have his big scene ruined. "So you're the guy—" this

time he bellowed it, crouching a little and thrusting his ugly jaw under Chevalier's nose. "—that *cuts* everybody!"

A moment earlier, searching vainly out of the tail of his eye for a policeman, Chevalier hadn't the faintest notion how he was going to get his companion and himself out of this mess. Now he stopped thinking, and acted almost automatically. To a boxer that jutting chin was a thing of beauty, "a gift," as he himself described it later, "dropped straight from heaven."

His elbow jerked back, his fist shot forward, and the next second Zuzu lay sprawling in the gutter among his stupefied admirers, while an elegant young gentleman and his girl went sprinting down the street as fast as their legs would carry them.

WHILE Chevalier lay in the hospital at Magdeburg, too sick to know or care what was going on about him, the military authorities reported him as missing. For three months his mother had no word from him—for three months Paris hummed with conflicting rumors of his fate—he had been killed, he had been captured, he had lost his sight, his arms or his legs had been amputated.

At the end of three months a letter to his mother got through, putting an end to conjecture and relieving her heart of its blackest dread. And now, as never before, her son might rejoice in that early resolve of his to save half of whatever money he might earn—for it was thanks to that resolve that his mother was spared the misery of want while he was gone.

From the hospital he was sent to a prison camp where, with fifteen or twenty thousand fellow prisoners— [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Monsieur and Madame Chevalier sitting before one of the mammoth posters which heralded the appearance of the star at the far-famed Casino de Paris

Valentino's Memory

The Valentino Association is evidence that his art and his kindness still survive

WHILE preparations were being made this Spring in Hollywood to commemorate Rudolph Valentino's birthday, May 6, by the unveiling of a memorial statue to his memory—a symbolic piece of sculpture called "Aspiration," which does not bear any likeness to Valentino personally—the Valentino Association commemorated his natal day in England in a way they felt was characteristic of the real Valentino.

The sum of three hundred pounds was collected and a check for that amount presented to the Vice-Chairman of the Italian Hospital in London. It will be used for the complete renovation of the children's ward, which is now re-christened the "Valentino Ward." A new ultra-violet ray lamp for surgical treatment was also bought, inscribed with the star's last words:

"I want the sunlight to greet me."

Shortly after Valentino's death, on August 23, 1926, an actress gave a slanderous interview to the London press. Apparently, she thought she saw a chance to get some lurid publicity.

It was more of a chance than she reckoned for. Her confessional memoirs of the "Great Sheik" were neither to her credit nor to his. Moreover, they were not true.

But Valentino's friends were not dead. In a small town in England, there lived a lady who knew all about Valentino. She resented the slanderous statements made by the inventive actress.

So she took a train to London, and Valentino's niche among the immortals began to be carved out. She confronted the actress in her apartment and asked her to retract her false statements. The girl refused.

Up to that time the lady had lived a life of retirement, but now she called in the reporters and gave her first interview. Her admiration for Valentino's work and what she felt to be his true nature went deeper than an infatuation for the turn of his lip, or the lobe of his ear. Since he could no longer speak for himself, she would be his champion against any one who fatten-

ed her publicity by defaming his memory.

The lady's interview proved a complete alibi for Valentino as to time and place. After it had appeared in the papers she, as well as the editors, were surprised to find hundreds of letters pouring in from every part of Great Britain, the Dominions over the seas and America. All were full of praise and thanks for the action of Valentino's champion.

From the great correspondence that developed from this chivalrous action, the Valentino Association was formed, to protect and perpetuate his memory.

AS the membership grew, the Association dues were set aside to create a Valentino Memorial Fund. The problem of just what to do with the fund began to puzzle the Association, and that is how they learned about a secret kindness of the great star.

Remembering that Valentino was an Italian by birth, the lady, who was now secretary of the fund, looked in the telephone book to see if there was an Italian hospital in London. There is. It takes patients of all nationalities and denominations.

By an odd coincidence, Valentino himself had once discovered it, quite by accident. He was searching for an address in that part of London one day and asking the way, was told it was in the square "near the Italian hospital."

He was alone at the time and one of his sudden impulses to do something generous came over him.

He entered the door of the hospital with eager steps.

THE institution was run by an order of nuns, and one of the sisters asked him what he wanted. Valentino was a little embarrassed. He said it was nearing Christmas and he wondered if he could help in any way to make it happier for those in the hospital—especially the children's ward.

The sister smiled sadly and shook her head. The hospital was very poor, she said. They could not do anything for the sick that Christmas, and as for the children's ward, there was none. The children all had beds in the adult wards.

Valentino dashed out of the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]



He is now remembered for other things besides the turn of his lip, the slumberous eyes, the handsome physique

Hollywood's Beaches Flash With Color This Season!



COLOR and individuality are the two keynotes of this year's bathing suits, as far as our movie girls are concerned. They either design them themselves or call on the studio artists, and all the creations are gay with bright colors. These are the models chosen by Joan Crawford and Raquel Torres.



Dumb and nervous interviewer: "Oh, —er— Miss Bow— is there anything— er— unusual I could tell my public about you?"

Reeling Around with Leonard Hall

Our French Pal

*It gripes my innards when I hear
So many call him "Shevalier."*

*And out they go into the alley
Who do no better than "Shevalier."*

*And one gal set my bangs afire
By speaking of our "Shevalier."*

*So in a simple case like this
Where few can click and most must miss—*

*Believe me, I am never sorry
That I just call the old boy "Morry!"*

Anything for a Laugh

A screen actress, says the Town Crier, is suing her husband for divorce, charging extreme cruelty. He tried to make her learn the alphabet. . . . And did Earle Hampton tell you about the new Hollywood hit whose head bloated to the point where she needed Grandeur double-width film for her closeups? . . . Ernest Vilchez, signed to do Spanish versions in Hollywood, is said to be the "John Barrymore of Spain." All right, son, let's see your nose! . . . At a benefit in New York not long ago Warner Brothers contributed a new short, showing the American Flag in Technicolor. And the program read "The Star-Spangled Banner— Courtesy of the Warner Brothers." . . . Walter Winchell says an extra girl called up the head of a casting department. The conversation ran like this—"Oh, Mrs. Rose, have you anything for me today?"—"NO!"—"But Mrs. Rose, do you think you will have anything for me this week?"—"NO!"—"But Mrs. Rose, you never have anything for me!"—"Oh, don't bother me!"—"Oh, all right. Goodbye, Mrs. Rosenberg!"

Russian Wins Prize!

Reeling Around's Gag of the Month Prize—this month it is two quarts of slightly used tempo—goes for the first time to a Russian!

The Lucky Man is Serge Mikhailovitch Ivan Eisenstein, famous Muscovite director of "Potemkin," now in this country to show Paramount some directing. He was guest

of honor in New York at a typical movie tea party—crowds, chatter, gush, drivel, cocktails, sandwiches and 500 deadly hores.

"Mr. Eisenstein," drooled one woman, "I think what Russians REALLY lack is a sense of humor!"

"Ah, yes," said the director, looking over the motley, mewling mob. "Well, they'll laugh when I tel. them about this party."

Getting Personal

The man who posed as the make-up expert with Gary Cooper on the *Saturday Evening Post* for May 24 was John McCallum, a character actor who plays bits in pictures. He says he recently co-starred with Cooper in "The Post." . . . Greta Garbo and George Bancroft were chosen as their favorite screen actress and actor by the Class of 1930 at Princeton. Good old Nassau! "Disraeli" was voted the best of the year's pictures. . . . Joan Crawford's favorite fruit is rhubarb, either in pie or in the nude. . . . Stunt fliers who used to get \$50 a day in pictures are now asking \$200. Reason—in order to keep within microphone range they have to fly within 500 feet of the ground—so low as to be very dangerous. . . . Over 17,500 extras are now listed at the Central Casting Office in Hollywood, and now and then one gets work. At least, it gives them a chance to say "movie actress" when the police ask their business. . . . William S. Hart was once a mail clerk. . . . Merchants of Stryker, O., are showing a talkie free each Wednesday night at the town's theater. This is to drum up trade from neighboring farmers. . . . Charlie Chaplin gets over 5,000 press cuttings a month from his three clipping bureaus. . . . Earl Carroll, casting his new "Vanities" revue in Hollywood, wired to Hollywood for beautiful chorus girls! "It seems that all the beauty in the world has gone talkie," says Earl. . . . The former Kaiser of Germany is anxious to have talkies shown at his Doorn castle. Installation costs \$2,000, and the apparatus will be difficult to install. So he still sees silent pictures. . . . Winnie Lightner's sister, Theo, in vaudeville with Winnie as the Lightner Sisters, has opened an actors' agency in Hollywood. . . . Jetta Goudal's favorite flower is the pink carnation. . . . A small phonograph record of Valentino's voice, which he made for his own amusement in 1924, is to be offered for sale to the public. . . . According to the State Industrial Commission of California, there were sixteen fatal accidents during the making of motion pictures in 1929. Nine persons were permanently disabled, and 1,272 men and women checked in at the doctor's for this reason or that.



VOTE NOW

Balloting for the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is on. Clip This Ballot—Send it in!

IT is time to vote NOW!

It is the pleasant duty and real privilege of every true lover of the motion picture to help award the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor to the best picture released during 1929.

Thousands of ballots are pouring into the offices of this magazine. We urge you to have your voice in this outstanding award in the film world. Literally millions of fans have a voice in the choice.

So fill in the ballot printed on this page, clip it, send it along, and so do your share in rewarding good work well done!

Remember the high standards of previous awards. The PHOTOPLAY Medal was designed as a reward to the producer making the best picture in points of story, acting, direction and photography.

PHOTOPLAY also wishes voters to consider the ideals and motives governing the picture's production.

Remember all this when you cast your vote and remember, as well, the great array of previous gold medal winners. These nine winners of gold medals present a veritable panorama of motion picture progress.

Two things make the 1929 award notable. First, it is the tenth annual presentation of the medal. Second, it will probably go for the first time to a talking picture—that amazing product of the newest art.

A list of fifty important pictures released during 1929 is printed on this page.

It is not necessary, of course, for you to select one of these pictures. You may vote for any picture released during last year.

If you want pictures to continue their upward trend, here is your chance to do your share by expressing your opinion through this ballot.

In case of a tie in the voting, equal awards will be made to each of the winning producers.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.

Winners of Photoplay Medal

- 1920
"Humoresque"
- 1921
"Tol'able David"
- 1922
"Robin Hood"
- 1923
"The Covered Wagon"
- 1924
"Abraham Lincoln"
- 1925
"The Big Parade"
- 1926
"Beau Geste"
- 1927
"7th Heaven"
- 1928
"Four Sons"

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 1929.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1929

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>Alibi</i> | <i>Gold Diggers of Broadway</i> | <i>Saturday Night Kid, The</i> |
| <i>Blackmail</i> | <i>Hallelujah</i> | <i>Shopworn Angel, The</i> |
| <i>Broadway</i> | <i>Hollywood Revue of 1929</i> | <i>Show Boat</i> |
| <i>Broadway Melody, The</i> | <i>In Old Arizona</i> | <i>Sins of the Fathers</i> |
| <i>Bulldog Drummond</i> | <i>Iron Mask, The</i> | <i>Sunny Side Up</i> |
| <i>Canary Murder Case, The</i> | <i>Kiss, The</i> | <i>Sweetie</i> |
| <i>Case of Lena Smith, The</i> | <i>Lady Lies, The</i> | <i>Taming of the Shrew</i> |
| <i>Close Harmony</i> | <i>Last of Mrs. Chynecey, The</i> | <i>They Had to See Paris</i> |
| <i>Cock Eyed World, The</i> | <i>Letter, The</i> | <i>Thunderbolt</i> |
| <i>Coquette</i> | <i>Love Parade, The</i> | <i>Trespasser, The</i> |
| <i>Dance of Life, The</i> | <i>Madame X</i> | <i>Trial of Mary Dugan, The</i> |
| <i>Desert Song, The</i> | <i>Marianne</i> | <i>Virginian, The</i> |
| <i>Disraeli</i> | <i>On with the Show</i> | <i>Wearly River</i> |
| <i>Doctor's Secret, The</i> | <i>Our Modern Maidens</i> | <i>Wild Orchids</i> |
| <i>Dynamite</i> | <i>Pagan, The</i> | <i>Woman of Affairs, A</i> |
| <i>Fashions in Love</i> | <i>Paris Bound</i> | <i>Young Nowheres</i> |
| <i>Four Feathers, The</i> | <i>Rio Rita</i> | |

New Fashions for your Skin

by MRS.
ADRIAN ISELIN
II



"NEW FASHIONS for your skin, to go with the new fashions in frocks. When fashions change, our faces must change, too! Yesterday the keynote was smartness. Today it is charm . . . loveliness, romance, the fascination of the eternal feminine. White shoulders gleaming in the ballroom . . . fair faces shadowed under the new wide hats . . . skin fine as silk, lustrous as pearls, delicately tinted as flowers.

"Sun-tan? Yes, if you really must—but guard the fragile texture of your skin with utmost care! For sun-tan as a fad is passing. From the smartest bath-

*Skin fine
as Silk*



ing beach in Europe, Deauville, comes this dictum, "Three things a beautiful woman has which are white: her skin, her teeth and her hands."

"Everyone returning from Paris tells of the extraordinary pains the Famous Forty, who set the fashions, are taking to keep their skin dazzlingly fine and fair. And smart American women are following the lead of these chic Parisiennes. On the grass

*That
Alabaster
look*



courts at Piping Rock; watching the polo at Narragansett Pier; taxi-ing by air-plane between New York and Newport, as they all do constantly; at the Saratoga races; on the yachts at the Cup Defender trial races—everywhere one sees the importance given to the protection of the skin.

"I always use Pond's four famous preparations because they provide in the simplest, purest form these four essentials of home care.

"To keep the skin like silk . . . Pond's Cold Cream, the lightest and most exquisite obtainable, for immaculate cleansing several times a

*Fresh
Natural
Color*



day and always after exposure.

"To give that alabaster look of utter daintiness . . . Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softest, safest, super-absorbent for removing cream.

"To assure fresh natural color, Pond's Skin Freshener, which banishes all oiliness and shine and keeps the skin looking radiantly young.

"To bestow a peach-bloom finish . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream, so delicate that only the daintiest film is needed for powder base and all-important protection from sun and wind.

*A Peach-Bloom
Finish*

And precious, too, to keep hands smooth and white.

"Try them, all four! Follow Pond's Method from today—and persevere! Here's to your charm and your success!"

Madeleine d'Enghel Iselin

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

RECAPTURED LOVE—Warners

DON'T let the silly title mislead you. This is a bright little yarn about a married man who revives his youth with a cabaret dancer. The dialogue is sparkling, and Dorothy Burgess gives a characterization so realistic that you feel as if you've known her all your life. John Halliday is swell, too. You'll like this.

NUMBERED MEN—First National

THIS is from the play "Jailbreak." Bernice Claire, Conrad Nagel, and Raymond Hackett are excellent in the leading rôles, and Ralph Ince, the villain, and Ivan Linow, the heavy, are exceptionally good. Fair entertainment.

SHE'S MY WEAKNESS—Radio Pictures

CAN'T you imagine what Arthur Lake does with this rôle of the youth with a virulent attack of adolescent love, complicated with meddlesome parents? It's made to order for him. Sue Carol helps along splendidly, and with the fine help of a well chosen cast, achieve a phonoplay that'll make you happy.

TRIGGER TRICKS—Universal

THIS is a typical Hoot Gibson Western with a few new angles to brighten up the aged business of the hero outsmarting the bad man and getting the girl in the last ten minutes of play. Sally Eilers plays her real life rôle—that of Hoot's girl friend—and plays it excellently. And if dear old Jack Richardson isn't still villainous as he did in the days of Warren Kerrigan! The dialogue is a bit poky.

BACK PAY—First National

WITH Corinne Griffith retiring, this last picture comes along to plague her exit from the active photoplay scene. For, in spite of Corinne's almost overpowering beauty, this film just isn't there. The story itself is weak and frayed, and Corinne's voice is deadily interesting. Too bad. Let's forget it!

NIGHT WORK—Parhe

THE latest Eddie Quillan picture leaps from wild farce to melodrama to comedy drama and back again—but if you don't mind this kind of mental hop-scotch you'll find it good entertainment. Most of the action takes place in an orphanage and there's some kid stuff that will make a hit with audiences. A fat youngster named George Billings waddles away with several scenes.

THE RIGHT OF WAY—First National

THEY'RE dusting off all the old ones and dressing them up with fine words. Here's your friend, "The Right of Way," with Conrad Nagel in a fur cap and Loretta Young as the beautiful Canadian girl. The story starts out with a flurry of interest, but something happens to it along toward the end that makes you wish you'd stayed home.

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT—First National

THIS is another of First National's gorgeously dressed, sumptuously mounted and very slow-paced operettas taken from the theater. It positively glitters, and some of its Technicolor is grand, but it is a ponderous piece of business. Vivienne Segal, Walter Pidgeon, Allan Prior and Myrna Loy sing the leads, and Louise Fazenda and Ford Sterling try hard for laughs. But the pace is funereal.

HOT CURVES—Tiffany Productions

YOU will like Benny Rubin in this. In fact, you will cry with him, for he plays a sympathetic, humorous rôle. And it's not what you think it is, unless you know your baseball vernacular. That cunning little comedienne, Pert Kelton, plays opposite Benny, and Mary Carr, Alice Day, Natalie Moorehead, John Ince and Rex Lease help.

THREE FACES EAST—Warners

THIS was a great stage play. It was fine silent stuff. But now, in this latest manifestation *a la* talkie, it comes out very confus-



Pictures' latest Boy Wonder! Leon Janney, who did such fine work in "Courage" that Warner Brothers signed him to a contract that will bring him \$300,000 in four years. He will make a Tarkington "Penrod" story into a talkie, for one

ing. They tried to make it ultra-mystifying for the audience, apparently, but they got the cast that way, too, it seems. It's too bad, but things like that sometimes happen to pictures.

BORDER ROMANCE—Tiffany Productions

THIS is rather a jumble of cattle rustling, love making beneath the Mexican moon, love stricken heroes and shooting affrays on the border, but one contribution does stand out and shine—that of little Armida, the dark-eyed Mexican who has the leading rôle. Senor Don Terry, the leading man, is quite amateurish, and the story gallops all over the place in a silly way, but this Armida is a knockout.

THE MAN FROM WYOMING—Paramount

THERE is so much real charm in some of the scenes of this war picture with a Western title that it's a pity it falls short of its own standard. But Gary Cooper has a quality of tenderness and sincerity that grows with each performance he gives, and John Collyer is grand. You should see it.

TOP SPEED—First National

A MUSICAL comedy, with emphasis on the comedy. Jack Whiting, of the stage, is a personable hero and Bernice Claire sings like the proverbial lark. But to us the whole thing is simply a framework for the antics of Joe E. Brown and Frank McHugh. The highlight is a thrilling speed-boat race.

WILD COMPANY—Fox

THIS would be just another one of those younger generation, wayward son of a rich father films, if it were not for the acting of Frank Albertson. This eighteen-year-old high school kid gives as clean-cut a performance as you'll see in many a moon. H. B. Warner, as the father, is his usual suave self.

LADIES IN LOVE—Hollywood Pictures, Inc.

A PICTURE that provokes laughter—but at the wrong moments. The plot centers about a radio broadcasting studio. A musician composes a song which is crooned over the air by a girl singer. They meet and fall in love. That's the plot, but there are several counterplots, all flimsy. Alice Day, Johnny Walker and James Burtis do what they can with it.

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—First National

THIS famous old Belasco drama has been good entertainment for many a year and it doesn't fail us now, though Ann Harding gives it its real zest. However, a fine supporting cast—gamblers, cheaters, and *Girl of the Golden West* match their wits in cheating, but a strange destiny works a surprising finale. Don't miss your old favorite.

WAY OUT WEST—M-G-M

HERE'S another Billy Haines picture. The title of which lets you in on the big secret that Billy is a smart city slicker who becomes a cow-hand, wears woolly chaps and teases the boss, who turns out to be—guess what!—Lila Hyams. It's one of the funniest Haines opi in a long time and you'll enjoy it.

THE BAD MAN—First National

SCORE one more for Mister Walter Huston! Swaggering lustily through this sage-smelling melodrama of tangled loves and intrigues, he makes a well-worth-the-time picture out of something that might have flopped but for his presence in the cast. You'll get a kick out of this while Huston's *Bad Man* is on the screen—and praise Allah, that's most of the time.

THE SEA BAT—M-G-M

NOT quite bad, but oh how much better it could have been! Another of these raw-life-in-the-tropics affairs, with a giant and ill-tempered fish thrown in for added menace. Charles Bickford does the best he can as an escaped convict masquerading as a missionary. Others in the cast are Raquel Torres and Nils Asther. It's just another talkie, ho hum!

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Columbia

TANGLED love affairs in American military circles in Haiti make this into a murder mystery with a few dashes of humor. On the stage it was British military circles in India. Aileen Pringle, now the beautiful blonde, does fine work as the selfish wife who commits murder and then kills herself, while Helen Johnson and Grant Withers are good in support.

if
you
like
Lemon!

**THE AMAZING NEW
TASTE SENSATION**

Inimitable... juicy... rich with an incomparable flavor... like the fruit itself... Lemon Life Savers are winning a nationwide popularity overnight... the flavor actually *flows* from these delectable drops.

Perfectly packaged... sealed tightly for protection... now in the famous Life Saver shape... these little fruit rings come for your approval... fresh... dainty... tantalizing... an amazing new taste sensation. Also Orange, Lime and Grape.

*fruit
drops...*



with
the
HOLE



MAYBELLINE products may be purchased at all toilet goods counters. Identify the genuine by the Maybelline Girl on the carton.

MAYBELLINE CO., Chicago

This delicately perfumed cosmetic *instantly* makes the eyes appear larger and intensely *interesting!* It deepens the color and imparts a wonderful brilliance that vivifies the expression, at the same time giving new loveliness to all the tones of the complexion.

Applied lightly for daytime use and with somewhat deeper shading in the evening, the four colors of Maybelline Eye Shadow are most effectively used as follows: Blue is to be used for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. If you would make the most of your appearance, a thrilling discovery awaits you in Maybelline Eye Shadow. Incased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity at 75c.

*Lashes Appear Longer by Using
Maybelline Eyelash Darkener*

Dark, luxuriant lashes are essential to feminine beauty and Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is the choice of millions of women the world over. A few simple brush strokes of either the Solid or Waterproof Liquid form and the magic of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is achieved instantly. This easily applied, perfectly harmless beauty aid, in Black or Brown, will delight you, particularly when applied after Maybelline Eye Shadow. Be sure to insist upon *genuine* Maybelline. Price 75c.

*and Maybelline
Eyebrow
Pencil*

Neatly lined, perfectly formed eyebrows — every woman desires them for the added expression they lend. They are not difficult to acquire with the new style, indestructible Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. You'll like this pencil — you'll love its smoothness and cleanliness — it's so easy to use. Colors, Black or Brown, 35c.



Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER EYESHADOW EYEBROW PENCIL

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes

Gloria's New Coiffure

Gloria has upset the hair styles again! It's an old Swanson custom! This time, however, Gloria's change of coiffure fashion is good news for lots of people. For the hairdressers — to whom the girls will flock to have their locks put up "the way Gloria wears hers in 'What a Widow!'" And for the hairnet makers, whose business was knocked to bits by the bobbed hair mania which swept the world. But only fairly long hair can be arranged this way



Here's the way Gloria's new hair dress is done. First, part the hair on the left (see profile view). The hair to the left of the part is combed toward the back and pinned flat, while the long hair to the right of the part is brushed around the head from left to right. This long swirl, kept low (see back view), continues around to the left to cover hair on left of part. The swirl is then brushed over the part and is held on the right side by the ornament

▲ Pictures by
Russell Ball



THE WAY to be

As revealed to KATHERINE ALBERT

by

Lila Lee

"EVERY normal girl wants to be captivating," says Lila Lee, the girl whose dark fascination has made her an adored favorite on the screen. "And every girl can be if only she will keep her skin always lovely.

"For smooth, soft skin has an *irresistible* charm—a charm which every screen star, certainly, knows she *must* have.

"Hollywood directors discovered long ago that only with ravishingly beautiful skin can a girl win her way into the

public's heart, and hold her popularity.

"When you face the glare of the great close-up lights, you know that even the tiniest flaw in the skin is fatal! So you see why smooth, fine-textured skin is especially important to a star!

"A few years ago some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap and now most all

of us do—and are delighted with it!

"Its lather is so quick and gentle, and it keeps the skin smoothly clear—with that soft, glowing look that is so *tempting*.

"Naturally, my advice to the girl who wants to be winning is *take regular, intelligent care of your skin!*"

Hollywood—Broadway—European Stars—use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. *All* the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms!

The lovely Broadway stage stars, too, have discovered that Lux Toilet Soap gives their skin just the gentle care that is required to keep it exquisite.

And now the European stars are using this fragrant white soap! You, too, will want to try it. Order several cakes—today.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull, Hollywood

AILEEN PRINGLE, the star whose loveliness wins hearts by the thousand, says: "Smooth, exquisite skin is a screen star's most priceless possession! Make-up is of little help under the great close-up lights. Her skin must be genuinely lovely! Lux Toilet Soap keeps mine petal-smooth."

Laura La Plante, lovely Universal star, is one of the alluring stars who depend on this fragrant white soap for complexion beauty: "Like those very expensive French soaps, it gives my skin a marvelous softness."



Photo by Ray Jones, Hollywood

LUX Toilet Soap . . .

WINNING . . .



MARGARET LIVINGSTON, charming Columbia star: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth!"



DOROTHY REVIER, popular Columbia star: "The nicest soap I ever use! It's really delightful!"

LILA LEE, irresistibly beautiful favorite of the screen, in the luxurious bathroom designed for her by a well-known artist and built in Hollywood. At home, as in her dressing room on location, she cares for her exquisite skin with Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "A screen star's skin *must* be so smooth and flawless, it is not strange we all use Lux Toilet Soap!"

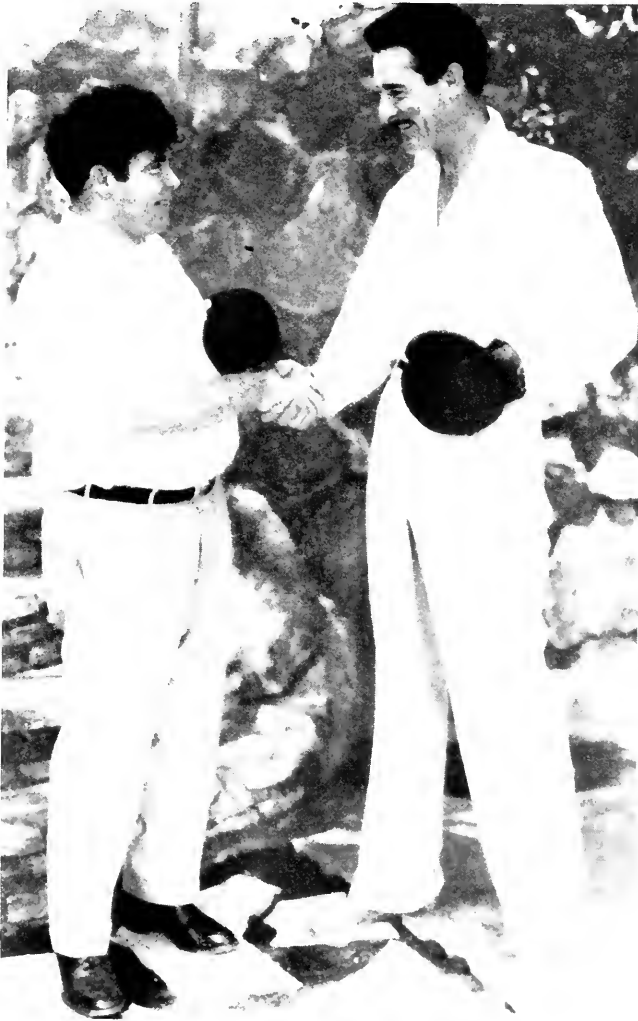
Luxury such as you have found only in fine

Photoplay Magazine, Hollywood

French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



P. and A.

Do they mean it? Jack Gilbert and his old enemy, Jim Tully, hobo author, shaking hands on the Metro lot and saying they're glad they'll be in the same talkie. Friends now? Look at the way those two left fists are cocked ready to throw. Dear, dear!

Gloria Swanson and Charles Chaplin. So Mary and Gloria were haled into court and testified briefly and positively that Raw was wrong and that they'd never even heard of him.

Chaplin evaded court process servers for four days. And when he did finally take the stand, he gave the courtroom a laugh.

"Where do you live?" he was asked.

"Beverly Hills."

"What's the address?"

"Er—well—I guess I must have an address, but I can't remember it."

Well, what's your phone number?"

"Ah—uh—I can't remember that, either."

He, too, said he'd never heard of Raw.

But here's the truth about Charlie's address and phone number: It's not that the comedian doesn't know them. He was merely protecting himself by "forgetting" them on the stand, for if they had been published, his phone and doorbell would have been clanging constantly, thanks to cranks who pester movie folk.

THE Lila Lee-James Kirkwood unhappiness broke into the courts at last. Sad—and also inevitable.



The girl who picked up the great leading rôle in "Liliom" when Janet Gaynor pouted and laid it down. The beautiful Rose Hobart, who was on the New York stage in "Death Takes a Holiday" when signed for pictures

When Lila and Jim separated he made it clear he would go to any lengths to prevent her from getting custody of their child. And he refused absolutely to give her a divorce, even when all chance for a reconciliation had gone glimmering.

At last he seems to have given in on the divorce matter, and not long ago sued for a decree, charging that Lila deserted both the child and himself. And Kirkwood further says that a financial settlement has been made out of court, and that Lila has agreed to let him have the child.

Meanwhile, Miss Lee's attorney says she will file a counter suit.

One of those unhappy things that break out in Podunk as well as in Hollywood—only oftener, perhaps, in Podunk!

VARIETY says a Los Angeles city editor sent a reporter to check up on a Will Hays film conference. The leg-man reported to his superior that the confab was about adultery.

"Well, what did they say about it?" asked the boss.

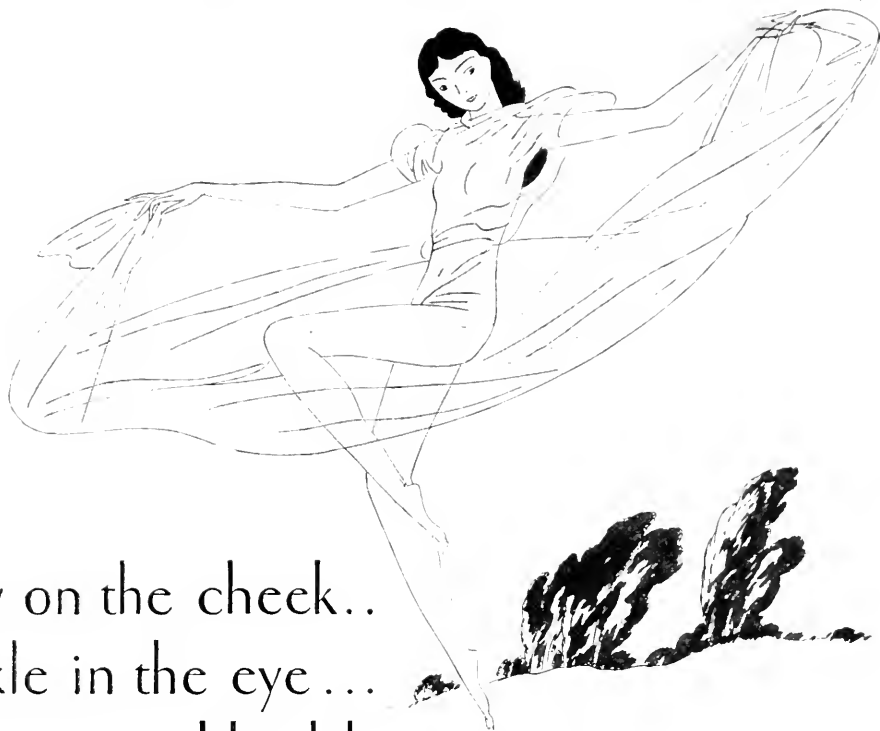
"Why," answered the reporter, "they were against it."

ALICE WHITE is just plain sore. Her emotion is nothing so elegant as anger. That girl is mad.

Here's the story:

Seems as how Alice bought herself a lot of new clothes, among them a handsome black lace gown. Alice paid a lot of money for the dress and it looked awfully good.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Glory on the cheek.. Sparkle in the eye ... Health

How a saline helps as much or more than the finest creams

FAITHFUL as they may be to their creams and cosmetics, many women still meet their mirrors with displeasure. Blemishes mar their beauty. Charm is overcast.

Yet it's folly to frown on beauty jars and boxes when they bring no loveliness that lasts. For the fault most likely lies in the failure to keep internally clean. Without internal cleanliness no complexion can approach perfection. And the way to it is safe and simple—the saline method with Sal Hepatica.

Yet not as a competitor does this famous laxative enter the lists of beauty aids—but as a potent champion of their effectiveness.

Sal Hepatica sweeps away the poisons that bring blemishes to the cheek. It

banishes the shadow of acidosis. It brings, instead, a skin of flawless fineness and the sparkle of brilliant health.

Seeking loveliness by the saline method is not new. For generations physicians, both here and abroad, have urged this natural means to beauty and well-being. The famous saline spas

—Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden—regularly draw the fashionable and distinguished people from the four corners of the earth to "take the cure".

Under the saline method, constipation, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication disappear. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom. For salines, by purifying the bloodstream, do generous good to the entire body.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better it makes you feel, and how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G80, 71 West St., N. Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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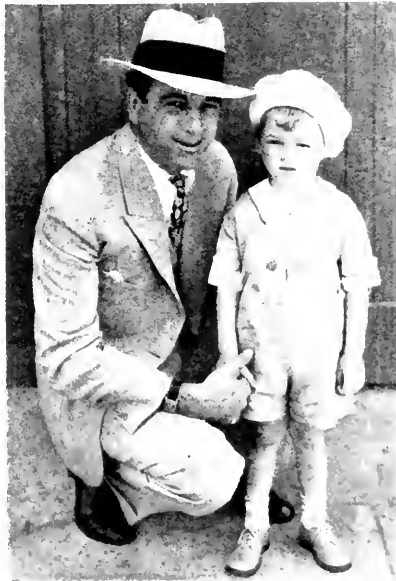
Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



P. and A.

China's greatest actor listens to a playback of his own voice under the auspices of Mary Pickford! This is Mei Lan Fang, who made a three months' tour of this country last winter at the head of his own company. He will remain in Hollywood awhile studying motion pictures, but has no intention of working there himself



Isn't Kenyon a big boy now? Milton Sills, happy in his successful comeback and new contract at Fox, with his son, Master Kenyon, of course, is at least half the property of Doris Kenyon, Mrs. Sills. And the lad surely looks like his beautiful mother, of the theater and screen!

In the meantime it was learned that Constance Bennett spends a quarter of a million dollars a year on bodily covering.

That makes Connie the best dressed woman in pictures.

The Mayfair party arrived. Alice wore the black lace dress. Constance wore a white satin gown.

A few days later an item appeared in one of the gossip papers to the effect that the most stunning and best gowned woman at the Mayfair was Constance Bennett in a black lace gown and a long bob.

"Don't you see?" Alice wailed. "That was me. That was me in the black lace dress and they thought it must be Constance because she spends so much money. It isn't fair and I'll make that paper retract that statement if it's the last thing I ever do in this life!"

NEW YORK continues to run wild with picture actors, as usual. If they are not working in the East, they're playing, or taking a last look at Broadway before sailing for foreign parts.

Gwen Lee popped into town, and did a few night clubs and saw the sights, but admitted that she liked Hollywood a lot better. (Could Jack Oakie's presence in New York have had anything to do with Gwen's flying trip? Oh, tut, tut!)

Why, in one night club these misty old eyes saw Sally O'Neil and Rudy Vallée at a table—and Rudy had more eyes for Sally than for the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

It Gives Your Teeth A Double Cleansing!

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam cleans the spaces between teeth. Note how thoroughly Colgate's active foam penetrates into the crevices, cleaning them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam cleans the spaces between teeth. Note how thoroughly Colgate's active foam penetrates into the crevices, cleaning them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps into tiny crevices, washing out decaying particles as well as polishing the surfaces...thus cleansing teeth completely.



IT is easy to fool yourself that you have really cleaned your teeth, after vigorously scrubbing the outer surfaces until they sparkle.

But unless you use a dentifrice like Colgate's, whose active foam penetrates the spaces between teeth, and the tiny fissures where food

particles collect, and washes out these hard-to-clean places, you haven't done a complete job of cleansing. Your teeth, though pearly white, are only *half* clean!

Not all dentifrices are able to clean these crevices equally well. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any leading toothpaste... hence, Colgate's cleans best. Its lively, bubbling foam creates a remarkable property which enables it to penetrate into tiny spaces, softening the impurities and literally flooding them away in a wave of cleanliness.

Thus Colgate's cleanses the teeth completely... washing out the crevices as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Why not give your teeth this *double* protection?

Colgate's is the largest selling toothpaste in the world today. More dentists recommend it than any other.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder... it has the same high cleansing ability as Ribbon Dental Cream.



FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-904, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name
Address

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]



You've heard slangsters speak of "doggy" previews, but this is the first one you've really seen! "The Dogville Murder Mystery," one of those all-barkie dog comedies, is being shown for the cast. In the first row, Charles Bickford, Karl Dane and Anita Page with their pets

girls in the revue. Buddy Rogers was at the same place—and being a very good boy, too.

When they get away from the studios they sure do like to have good, clean fun. And why not?

THE elegant Constance Bennett is reported pouting at Pathe.

Her present salary is said to be \$1,750, sloping up to \$5,000 weekly at the end of the contract.

That, thinks Connie, is not enough. Pathe thinks it is, inasmuch as they have done a lot for the girl with boosting and bonuses.

There have been rumors that Connie was going a good deal uptown since she swept into Hollywood like a queen—with her servants, her Paris clothes, and her alimony of about a million. Maybe this is the result.

WELL, "Hell's Angels" finally opened—and *how* it opened. Not in years has there been such excitement along the Boulevard.

The day was made hideous by fleets of enormous trucks tearing up and down and depositing mammoth sun arcs on every available inch of curbing. Early in the afternoon the professional onlookers began to foregather in front of Grauman's Chinese, and by evening Hollywood's main street looked like Paris on the first day of the Revolution. Griffith in his palmist and most spectacular days couldn't have done a more thorough job.

Huge arc lights played across the sky in moving lanes of light. Airplanes swooped hither and yon, dropping flares and parachutes. The boulevard was a solid mass of cars, moving at about the speed of Howard Hughes directing a picture. Mobs milled up and down the pavements. Whole families lunged out of windows.

Kenneth Harlan tries again. Ken and Miss Doris Hilda Booth, of Somerville, Mass., as they applied for a marriage license in Los Angeles. He was formerly married to Flo Hart, and later to Marie Prevost. Harlan is 34, Miss Booth 23



P. and A.

Mothers told their first-born in hushed voices: "Remember this night, my son." And when the stars began to draw up in front of the Chinese Theater in their limousines there was a panic the like of which hasn't been seen since the Chicago fire.

Women screamed, policemen bellowed, children were trampled under foot, strong men fainted—and a pleasant time was had by all. Many of those attending the opening had to abandon their cars several blocks from the theater and tramp the rest of the way on foot, only to find themselves blocked by the seething mob of fans in the forecourt of the Chinese. More fun!

THE showing of the picture was preceded by a Grauman super prologue that was apparently achieved by laying end to end all the

vaudeville acts, circuses and musical comedies at large in these United States. In addition to which Harry Green introduced Frank Fay, who introduced Col. Roscoe Turner, who introduced his pet lion, Gilmore. Turner, who did some of the flying in "Hell's Angels," arrived in Hollywood just in time for the opening, after setting a new one-stop flight record from New York.

Eventually they got around to showing the picture.

And at 1:30 A. M. those who had not been trampled to death during intermission were able to go forth and say they had seen "Hell's Angels."

Note—the airplane scenes in the picture were wonderful; otherwise not so hot.

BILL HART paid a visit to King Vidor during the filming of "Billy the Kid." A very gushing actress rushed up to him and said: "Why, hello, there, Mr. Hart. When I last saw you you were playing the title rôle in such and such a Broadway production."

Hart withered her with a look. "Yes, madame," he said. "And that was just 32 years and 10 months ago."

THEY notified Polly Moran that she should take her twelve weeks lay-off. Polly went into Mayer's office.

"Mr. Mayer," she began, "I wish you could see your way clear to lending me to another company during my lay-off. My expenses are pretty heavy and I need the money."

Mayer looked stern. "Why should I lend you to another company? We've built up your name, given you good parts and good publicity and now you want another company to cash in on that. As a matter of fact, I just wrote you a letter this morning."

Polly's face went pale and she began check-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



"There is one item of my home treatment which never varies—the preliminary cleansing of the skin with pure soap and water at least twice a day. For this purpose I always recommend Palmolive Soap."

Antoine

5 RUE CAMBON
PARIS



"The vegetable oils of Palmolive Soap leave the skin soft, refreshed, responsive"

says ANTOINE
celebrated beauty specialist of Paris

"SOME clients seem to think," says Antoine of Paris, "that my treatment will give them a beautiful complexion with no more effort on their part than an occasional visit to my salon. 'You compliment me too much, madame,' I say. 'It is necessary for you to do your share between visits to my salon.'"

Antoine continues by stressing the need for soap and water cleanliness . . . and he prescribes, for this purpose, "just one soap—Palmolive."

"Its delicate yet penetrating lather," he says, "is the most effective means of clearing away every trace of dust and rouge and powder from the tiny pores of the skin."

Beauty specialist to Paris society

Paris society, New York society, the better figures in the theatrical world, form Antoine's exclusive clientele. He is one of the most far-famed of all Parisian beauty specialists with a reputation which extends to both England and America.

Antoine has, of course, experimented with various home beauty methods to determine which would be best. And he is convinced that nothing is so satisfactory as Palmolive.

Palmolive is pure. Its color is the natural color of olive and palm



oils. The natural odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes. It contains no other fats whatever.

And more than 23,720 beauty experts recognize its special advantages. They find that it cleanses as other soaps can not—that it removes impurities *without skin irritation*. Never has any product, of any kind, had such tremendous professional endorsement. This is the kind of endorsement—and the only kind—which women can trust, because it is the recommendation of those who know.

Here is the famous treatment

Massage a lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the pores for two minutes. Then rinse it away with warm water, till you can actually feel the pores being freed of impurities, dirt, make-up. Then rinse with cold water. There! Isn't that refreshing?

"I always recommend Palmolive Soap," says Antoine. And his clients find it ideal for the bath, as well. You will, too.

Olive oil, as combined with palm oil in Palmolive Soap, produces a lather which brings out natural loveliness. It protects the skin . . . is safe, soothing, delicate.

Retail Price 10c



5237B

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAf and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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Let's Drop In and Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

ing up on option time. Mayer rang for his secretary and asked her to bring the letter he had dictated to Miss Moran.

He handed it to Polly. It read: "Enclosed please find check for \$5,000, a bonus given because of your very excellent work in 'Caught Short.'"

They carried Polly out swooning!

SVEN GUSTAFSSON is in London. Which means that Greta Garbo's brother is in the British capital, and getting quite a lot of notice. He looks like his famous sister, with the same coloring, eyes and even the eyebrows. He also acts, both on stage and screen, and he doesn't care for parties or mingling with new people. His chief enthusiasms are for languages, books, English clothes, the theater—and his sister. That can't be held against him. Do we hear any bidding in Hollywood for the handsome Sven?

IN Gary Cooper's new picture, "The Man from Wyoming," June Collyer plays the lead. She also gives one of the most ardent and sincere performances of her career and they say that there's a reason for this.

Some people are prone to pass the whole thing off like this: "June and Gary admire each other tremendously." But the fact remains that Gary's eyes light up when he sees her and they were always chatting together on the set.

"**COME** home—all is forgiven" or words to that effect. Anyhow Tom Mix's divorced wife forgave her eloping daughter, Ruth, when the seventeen-year-old girl married Douglas Gilmore.

Doug played the English army officer who treated Jean Harlow like she wanted to be treated in "Hell's Angels." Ruth's mama objected because Ruth was so young and had a promising career ahead of her. So the couple just upped and ran away to Arizona.

ERNST LUBITSCH, the director of the most sophisticated films that ever came out of Hollywood, has been sued for divorce by his wife, Helene. She charges a lot of things. Lubitsch should know about marriage and divorce. He's directed enough pictures concerning them.

AS we think sadly of the death of Rudolph Valentino four years ago, let us give a thought to his brother, Guglielmi, who is now fighting as best he can for something from Rudy's estate. Guglielmi is a pleasant, simple chap who left a comfortable government job in Italy to come to Hollywood some years ago.

After Rudy's passing someone talked the

surviving brother into letting a plastic surgeon try to remodel his nose so that it would be acceptable to the camera. He went through several such operations, until his nose was ruined and his wallet, too. Poor Guglielmi! He should have stayed in his own sunny land, working for King and Mussolini.

TWO stars of another day have been appearing in a stage show around New York. Agnes Ayres and Herbert Rawlinson have

wardrobe, and every time she appears in her new invention traffic is stopped for miles around. Reading from top to bottom the ensemble consists of a blue flannel jacket with natty brass buttons, and a pair of jaunty flannel trousers, cut fuller than a gentleman's nether covering. The sky-piece is a gob's cap, worn at a rakish angle.

BILLIE DOVE is in a fortunate position at the moment. She has a number of pictures yet to be released by First National through the summer and fall months, so she does not feel the necessity of working during the hot weather and she is now taking the first vacation that she has had in many years.

The Caddo Productions purchased her contract from First National so that she did not have to make the remaining pictures there and she will begin her work with Caddo in the early fall. Howard Hughes, millionaire producer head of Caddo, evidently thinks a lot of Billie.

MARY LEWIS, the beautiful opera star now making her first single for Pathe, is just getting over a big mad.

While she was making a quick trip abroad to visit her family, following the sudden death of her foster father, someone started a story that she had turned down a chance to play the lead in a French film called "La Belle Helene" because Helene was to appear wearing practically no clothes! All of which was news to Mary, who hadn't even heard of such an offer. Pathe was upset, as the rumor got about that her contract with them was off.

But it blew over, and a slim and radiant Mary Lewis is preparing to sing merrily into the mike out at Culver City!

THIS sort of thing is bound to happen in Hollywood. Colleen Moore, who has just been divorced from John McCormick, gave a party one fine evening and among the guests were Jack Pickford, Marilyn Miller, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels. Jack was once married to Marilyn.

Then he was engaged to Bebe. Ben was engaged to Marilyn after she and Jack separated and now he is married to Bebe. Just one happy family!

When Mary Pickford walked into Colleen's living room and saw the four together she burst into loud guffaws—if you can imagine Mary guffawing—and said to Colleen, "Good Lord, you haven't got Owen Moore hidden in the bushes somewhere, have you?" Owen was Mary's first husband.

{ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110 }



Just another phase of the world-wide results of motion pictures, showing what Hollywood is doing to Tokio. It has been seventy-six years since Admiral Perry made Japan safe for Americans. Now someone will have to make Cherry Blossom land safe for the Mikados. Four little maids of Japanese motion picture studios demonstrating the broadening influence of that grand old missionary, the Rev. Mack Sennett. Now a kimono is just another mother Hubbard to these four little maids

been laboring in a piece called "Jungle Love"—no doubt one of the classics.

"**THE** show must go on" theory has been rather cheapened by many maudlin movie plots, but there are many incidents to prove that the ancient adage is true.

Mary Astor, who has faced dreadful tragedy this year and bravely continued her career, fainted on the "Holiday" set at Pathe. She refused to be sent home, or have undue fuss made about her.

She knew that every effort was being made to finish the picture that day. In a few minutes she went on with her scene, as if nothing had happened at all.

BY this time we're getting worn down to the warp and woof from saying that Clara Bow isn't like other girls. But it's still true. It's a good thing, for there is always something new to say about the famous sorrel-top.

Clara has created her own summer sports



The GODDESS who fell *FLAT*

The Detroit papers called her one of Michigan's prettiest girls. At college they nicknamed her "The Goddess." Everybody predicted great things for her. Popularity. A career. Successful marriage. But she didn't live up to a single prediction. As the saying is, she "fell flat."

Of course she did! So would any girl *with the same trouble she had.*

The only one who doesn't realize that he or she has halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the victim. Social ostracism follows. Don't fool yourself that you are always free of this trouble. That is folly. Surveys show 1 person out of 3 is a victim—due to the fact that the mouth is the constant scene of germ activities, many of which result in bad breath.

Keep yourself ever free of halitosis by the systematic and frequent use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash. Though safe and pleasant, Listerine is an active germicide* which immediately attacks the cause of odors. Then being a powerful deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves.

Keep Listerine handy and use it before any engagement, that you may appear at your best. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

50c-quality
LISTERINE
Shaving Cream
Now 25c

*Listerine kills the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest killing time science has accurately recorded.)

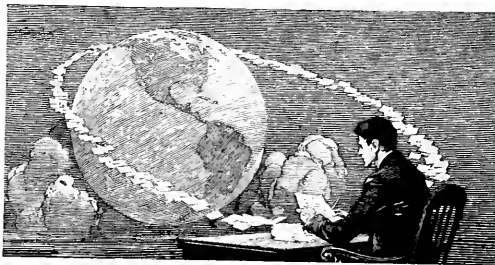
FOR HALITOSIS . . . LISTERINE . . . THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Z. H. W., LONDON, ENG.—Your favorite countryman, Ralph Forbes, made his entrance into the world September 30, 1901. He reaches 6 feet in height, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. Before joining the flicker colony, Ralph appeared on both the English and American stages. He has been married to Ruth Chatterton since 1924.

M. GORSEY, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Now to hop back to the U. S. A. That cute little vest pocket edition, Dorothy Lee, is just 5 feet short and tips the scales at 97 pounds.

E. A. K., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Why the sudden interest in the marriage license bureau? Loretta Young is married to Grant Withers; Charles Morton to Lyla Medona, and James Murray to Lucille McNames. Dorothy Mackaill is divorced from Lothar Mendes. Buddy Rogers and Catherine Dale Owen are still single. Catherine hails from Kentucky, where she was born about 25 years ago. She is 5 feet, 6½ inches tall, weighs 128 and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

A DENNIS KING FAN, BROOKLINE, MASS.—A bromide would be good for a case like yours, m'dear. I never heard such raving. Dennis King, the target of your outburst, first saw light in Warwickshire, England, in November, 1897. He is almost a six footer, weighs 155 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. This may quiet your nerves a little. He is married to Edith Wright. At this writing Dennis is appearing on the stage again in London.

M. MCM., NEW YORK.—Sidney Blackmer is a native of North Carolina, where he was born in 1894. He was married to Lenore Ullric in July, 1929. Buddy Rogers is 6 feet tall. Norman Kaiser is the real monicker of Norman Kerry.

T. J. C., NEWARK, N. J.—Before you and the fifty million other PHOTOPLAY readers, I salaam and beg forgiveness for saying that the beautiful Vilma Banky was a native of Sweden, when she really comes from Nagyudorog, Hungary. If you fans would give me a break and not rave so much about the Glorious Garbo, I wouldn't be thinking of Sweden when my mind should be elsewhere. Greta Nissen hails from Norway.

EMP, EL CENTRO, CALIF.—You were right in two instances. Gwen Lee and Lilyan Tashman are the same height. They both reach 5 feet, 7 inches, while Sally Blane stops at 5 feet, 4. Gwen is about 24 years old. Ronald Colman is separated from his wife, Thelma Kaye. You will soon see him in "Raffles" with Kay Francis. Ronny is 5 feet, 11 inches tall.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 122 before writing to this department.

In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

MARY STRAUSS, CALUMET, MICH.—Little Vera Reynolds was born in Richmond, Va., November 25, 1905. She is 5 feet tall, weighs 90 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. She is married to Robert Ellis.

MARIE BRIDA, WATERLOO, CONN.—You girls have evidently come to the conclusion that as long as Janet Gaynor is in a picture, Charles Farrell must be part of the scenery too. You are wrong this time. Charles Morton and Barry Norton were the two youths who appeared with Janet in "Four Devils."

JOAN JORDAN, RHUDDLAN, WALES.—You will find Joan Bennett's address under "Addresses of the Stars," listed elsewhere in this issue. Joan is a native of Palisades, New Jersey, where she was born February 27, 1911. She is 5 feet, 5, weighs 108 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She is divorced from John M. Fox and has one daughter, Adrienne. Joan's two sisters, Constance and Barbara, are also in pictures.

S. DUDLEY, BRADENTON, FLA.—Back in 1920, Hope Hampton and Henry Woodward appeared in "The Tiger Lady." "Lupe Velez" next picture will be "The Storm." Evelyn Brent boasts of Tampa, Florida, as her home town.

LOVELLA SCHMIT, DEMAREST, N. J.—I simply can't disclose my real name. After slaving all these years, I am convinced that I must have been christened "Gutta Work." William Powell, the man of your dreams, is a native of Pittsburgh, where he made his world entrance July 29, 1892. Bill is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. He is divorced from Eileen Wilson and has one son. In 1922 he entered pictures after spending several years on the stage. Leslie Fenton, who deserted the screen about a year ago, is now enjoying a hiking expedition which will take in the principal cities of Europe. Maybe when he has wearied of the scenery, he will return to the screen.

MATT, ORILLIA, WASH.—You little kiddier. Of course Clara Bow wasn't in the Duncan Sisters' picture "It's a Great Life."

GRACIELA, HAVANA, CUBA.—Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenk were married October 20, 1917. Warner Oland is a native of Sweden. (I'm not quoting Garbo this trip.) The following girls were Baby Wampas Stars in 1924: Julianne Johnston, Dorothy Mackaill, Eleanor Fair, Ruth Hiatt, Lucille Rickson, now deceased, Clara Bow, Marian Nixon, Margaret Morris, Gloria Grey, Hazel Keener, Carmelita Geraghty, Blanche McHaffey and Alberta Vaughn.

SLIM, ARAPAHOE, NEBR.—As long as I communicated with your friend Diane last month I will give you a break this time. Lawrence Gray was born in San Francisco, July 27, 1898. He is 5 feet, 10; weighs 155 and has brown hair and green eyes. He is still a bachelor. Tell Diane that Ivan Ledebef is a Lithuanian who came to America in October, 1925. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 148 and has black hair and dark brown eyes. He speaks eight languages, which makes him a good bet for the talkies.

TWO MOVIESOUT SOPHS, COLUMBUS, MISS.—What are the chances of my getting an introduction to the fifteen hundred members of the M. S. C. W. (Mississippi's Sweetest Collection of Women)? Although they are just too be-u-tee-ful to be true, Maurice Chevalier's pearly grinders are his own. John Boles only had to rely on a double for the German version of "Rio Rita." Jawn handled the English version himself. I'm a firm believer that one question brings on a hundred others. Beautiful Billie Dove was Jack Holt's "Light of the Western Stars" in the silent days.

EUYTHE MORTON, EAST ST. LOUIS, MO.—The theme song of "Hearts in Exile," was "Like a Breath of Springtime." Richard Arlen, whose family tag is Van Mattemore, hails from Charlottesville, Va. He is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 155 and has dark brown hair and blue-gray eyes. He is about 30 years old and is married to Jobyna Kallston.

A. M. BUEHLE, DAYTON, O.—Gosh, can't you give the young folks a chance? Joan and young Doug are one of the most devoted couples in the movie colony. They have been married for over a year and there is no such thing as a separation between them.

DUDLEY DUNLOP, ANDOVER, MASS.—Ralf Harold played the part of Mike Padella in "Officer O'Brien." Ralf seems to be a specialist in that type of rôle.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]

**KEEP YOUR SKIN
HEALTHY
IN 6 VITAL PLACES
WATCH IT GROW..**

Clearer, lovelier!

says Frances Ingram

YOUR skin can be so clear, so satiny smooth and soft and young—if only you will use my Milkweed Cream and my special method to keep your skin healthy!

For Milkweed Cream is a marvelous corrective for the complexion. When you use it, you will understand my enthusiasm—you will see how its delicate oils cleanse the skin exquisitely and how its special toning ingredients help the health of skin as no other cream possibly can.

Let me show you how Milkweed Cream brings health and loveliness to your skin.

First, study carefully the six starred places on my famous mannequin—the places where lines and imperfections first appear to steal away your youth and beauty. Then, scrutinize your own skin at the same six spots. Is there a tiny, thread-like wrinkle here? A blemish there? Take steps to banish them, now!

The Milkweed Way to Loveliness

First apply Milkweed Cream generously upon your skin (preceded by bathing with warm water and pure soap if your skin is oily). Leave it on for a moment to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and lighter film of Milkweed Cream and with upward and outward strokes pat gently into the skin at the six places starred on my mannequin.

All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50¢, \$1 and \$1.75. If you have any special questions on skin care, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday 10:15 A.M., (E.D.T.) on WJZ and Associated Stations.



MY MANNEQUIN SHOWS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging creases' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.



Frances Ingram, Dept. A-80,
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Flashing in the Pan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

that studio holds an option on her services. But Hollywood believes that Dorothy gave her best when she played "Arizona."

CERTAINLY no one is to blame for the failure of Stepin Fetchit but the gentleman of color himself. And here is a fine artist. I'm not kidding.

He had what all great artists have, the ability to be completely natural and utterly simple on the screen.

But naturalness and simplicity were not the gods of his private life. The boulevards rang with Stepin Fetchit stories.

His fleet of cars, his two footmen in red and green costumes, his disregard for speed and liquor laws.

The studio could not conform. It seemed that a stupid director insisted upon having his actors on the set at nine A. M., at which hour the rare spark of Stepin's genius did not burst into flame. If it pleased him to wander off the set and make personal appearances at a local theater he did so without consulting anybody.

Nor could he be made to realize that he was being paid to act. Stepin acted only when inspired.

Sometimes he had to wait for inspiration for days.

Fox decided to struggle along without Mr. Fetchit's services and now you can hear that tired voice and see that sloping forehead only in Hal Roach's comedies. How long this studio will put up with Step remains to be seen.

The sensation of "Hearts in Dixie" was, I'm afraid, just a flash in the pan and it was all his own fault.

THE "type" actors and actresses usually fare very badly. They appear in one rôle that suits them and then—no more.

There is Don Terry, the brilliant youngster in "Mc, Gangster" who was so typed that only especially written rôles suited him, and he was not of sufficient box-office value to merit them.

There is Karl Dane, a one-rôle actor. He played the tobacco-chewing riveter in "The Big Parade." He's been playing it ever since in different costumes, but he doesn't fool anybody.

He had but one rôle to give to the screen. He gave. Dane's star has set because he was merely a type.

And there is the tragic story of Margaret Mann, who flashed into fame in "Four Sons," selected by PHOTOPLAY readers as the best picture of 1928. She achieved her remarkable success in middle life in a picture exactly suited to her talents. And then there were no more.

She was bewildered by this strange situation. Long after "Four Sons" was almost forgotten, she used to find her way to the publicity department and inquire pitifully, "Doesn't anybody want to talk to me? Doesn't anybody want to use a picture of me? Isn't anybody interested in me any more?"

They didn't have the heart to tell so elderly and so sweet a lady that she was merely a flash in the pan—a type who happened to strike her stride too late. She is an extra woman now.

ALL the old predictors got together on Sue Carol's career. She was the real thing. She had everything.

And while she was under contract to Douglas MacLean, there were more demands upon her than she could meet.

She was drawing a small salary and being loaned at an enormous one.

It wasn't right, thought Sue, so she broke her contract with MacLean and signed with Fox. But something that the psychologists can explain better than I made producers not half so anxious for her when she was free as when she had been bound to MacLean. Sue has passed the peak, and rumor has it that Fox won't renew her contract.

SEVERAL months ago her husband, Nick Stuart, was let out at the same studio. I may be wrong, but I'll bet a couple of oranges and a pineapple or two that the executives were hurt



There's a trick to this black crepe dress, worn by Betty Gardé of "Queen High." When the bolero jacket is removed—there! you have a smart informal dinner gown

because Nick and Sue married secretly without telling their best friends.

Nor were their pictures made together any too successful.

They were too engrossed in young love to give much thought to careers.

The talkies have taken some of the old favorites. They have also swept aside many of the brilliant newcomers. Nils Asther leapt into fame—a brilliant actor, a heart-throb lover.

His fan mail was enormous. His following rivaled John Gilbert's.

But his accent was bad. He was a flash in the pan.

Baclanova was another. And Camilla Horn.

They may all work again. Baclanova, in fact, has a rôle in a Fox picture. But I feel sure that the golden opportunity is lost.

The public is fickle, particularly with its newer favorites.

As whimsical as Barrie himself is the fate of the Barrie heroes and heroines. Little Betty Bronson, who remains for me (and for you, too, I imagine) *Peter Pan*, has never lived up to her promise.

There's a reason for this.

Peter Pan was a foolproof rôle. It was tailor-made for Betty, but she was not wise enough to resist temperament, nor great enough as an actress to play other parts convincingly. She, too, is a one-rôle actress. And she has played that rôle.

Esther Ralston—ah, the charm of her in "Peter Pan"! On the strength of it she was starred by Paramount and they do say that Esther might still be a star had it not been for her husband, George Webb, who started to manage her career.

With few exceptions, like John McCormick, Colleen Moore's husband, and Walter Morosco, Corinne Griffith's, this is not a successful combination.

Greatest of all the Barrie players, perhaps, was Gareth Hughes. His *Sentimental Tommy* was one of the perfect gestures of the cinema world.

But he lived on the screen for one brief moment and then sank into obscurity.

MARY BRIAN, alone, seems to have survived. She played *Udny* in "Peter Pan" and *Grizelle* in "Sentimental Tommy." She is still rated as a first-class leading woman.

Mary Duncan, she of "The Shanghai Gesture," came to the screen too late for the technique she brought it. She insisted upon wearing the absurd negligees of another era and the symbol of great emotion to her was the heaving bosom.

The picture public had long since grown tired of Theda Bara.

The short career of Ruth Elder was an experiment. Her pretty face and her world-wide publicity were not enough. And Molly O'Day, the great actress of "The Patent Leather Kid," could not combat obesity.

Lina Basquette, the victim of too much publicity before she was ready for it, is now in vaudeville with her husband, Peverell Marley, one time camera man for Cecil De Mille. Eve Southern, too tall and too much of a type, found work only at a small studio after she played in "The Gaucho."

THE flash in the pan—it is a symbol of Hollywood, a sudden, intense town that makes brief, decisive gestures. What children of the cinema now on the crest of the wave will fall heir to the title?

Winifred Westover? Will she find other work now that "Luminox" is released? Or is she merely a type?

And Raquel Torres, the brave little troupier of "White Shadows in the South Seas"? After months of inactivity she has been cast in "The Sea Beast."

It is her crucial test. Will Edwina Booth be able to stand her ground after "Trader Horn"?

Had she remained at United Artists that vivid child, Lupe Velez, might have been a flash in the pan.

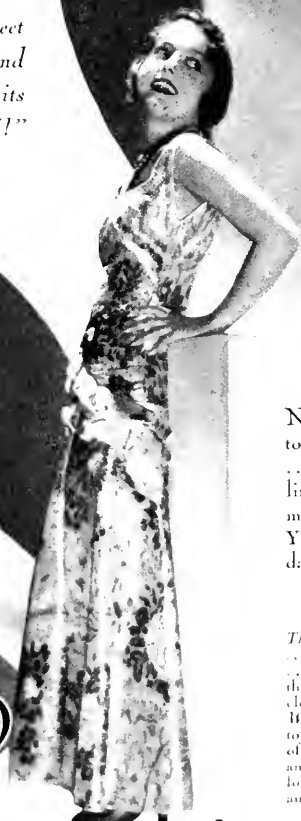
But she has signed a five-year contract with Universal and that studio is placing all their hopes upon her.

But there will be other bright young people who will rise and fall after one great picture and the critics will continue to hail new stars and insist that So and So "bears watching."

"It's like me as my shadow"

says BETTY BRONSON

"Only, my shadow follows . . . this new perfume leads me! On and up . . . to new imaginings, to quicker thought, to lighter laughter. My new perfume commands me to keep step with Youth! Sweeps me into its glorious rhythm . . . who'd want to escape? Not I! I intend to wear this buoyant perfume always . . . to meet life under its dauntless spell. I intend to grow no older than its name, its mood . . . both are SEVENTEEN!"



Not a new idea . . . to match your perfume to yourself . . . but a new conception of you . . . is Seventeen. A modern you . . . a sparkling you . . . with sudden notes of tender meaning . . . and always, always, ever . . . a YOU whose mood, whose dreams, whose daring, can never grow older than Seventeen!

Eight Toiletries!

... exquisitely scented with the fragrance of Seventeen.
The Perfume . . . of course! Inspiration for all the rest . . . setting the rhythm . . . guiding your mood. *Powder* . . . to leave upon your skin . . . the tinted shen . . . the delicate texture . . . of youth. *Dusting Powder* . . . clean, fresh, elusive as a bath powder should be. *Toilet Water* . . . like the perfume as its shadow. *Sachet* . . . to breathe into every garment the characteristic fragrance of you. *Compact* . . . stunningly beautiful . . . in black and gold. *Talcum Powder* . . . soothing and refreshing for sensitive skins. *Brilliantines* . . . to leave a shimmer and the faintest possible scent upon your hair.

Seventeen

Beauty that is envied everywhere

LORETTA YOUNG
First National Pictures, Inc.

STRIKINGLY smart sports costumes, trailing evening gowns so alluringly feminine—such fashions as these were made for beautiful women. For women who possess that much-to-be-desired “rounded slowness” of youth.

Today, graceful curves and the radiant glow of health are necessary to look well in the new modes.

And most women can achieve this fashionable figure by wise dieting. . . .

But avoid strenuous, starvation menus. They often destroy beauty. No doubt you know girls who complain of dizziness while dieting, Of headaches, of listlessness. Often they lose their color, the complexion becomes sallow and tiny lines of age appear.

The reason for this is that most reducing diets lack roughage. Without roughage, the symptoms and evils of improper elimination are inevitable.

Yet they are easy to avoid. Just add two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN to the Diet Daily. It is not fattening—yet it is guaranteed to relieve and to prevent all danger of improper elimination.

In addition, Kellogg's ALL-BRAN helps prevent dietary anemia. It contains iron. This

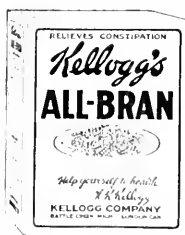
In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage



mineral restores color to the complexion, bringing the glow of radiant health. Eaten with fruit juices or milk, important vitamins are introduced to balance the diet.

You will like the many ways Kellogg's ALL-BRAN can be eaten without adding many calories to the menu. In clear soups—in fruit juices—on salads. Cook it in muffins, breads.

Isn't this better than taking pills and drugs that only bring temporary relief—and are often harmful? Keep healthy by making Kellogg's ALL-BRAN a part of your diet every day. It is recommended by dietitians. You'll like the improvement in both texture and taste. Ask for it in the red-and-green package—made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

“Keep Healthy While You
Are Dieting to Reduce”

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. P-8
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet
“Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce.”

Name _____

Address _____



"Thank goodness, I only have to think about dialogue lines and not figure lines!" says little Mitzi Green

Three Recipes for Those Who Like SWEETS

sweetened and flavored, between and on top. Garnish with candied cherries. As soon as cool, remove centers, and fill with whipped cream, forcing the cream through a pastry bag and tube.

Pineapple Pyramids

- 1 can sliced pineapple
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1/4 cup sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 3 tablespoons granulated gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 pint cream
- 1 glass red Bar-le-Duc currants

Drain canned pineapple from the syrup. Chop fruit fine. To fruit pulp add pineapple juice, lemon juice, sugar, salt, and gelatine which has soaked in water fifteen minutes.

Heat mixture until gelatine has dissolved. Remove from stove, set in pan of cold water, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in cream, beaten until stiff, and currants. Turn into slightly oiled mold and chill thoroughly.

Sweet Potato Waffles

- 1 cup mashed sweet potatoes
- 1 cup bread flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup melted butter
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg

Mix the potatoes, flour, sugar, butter and milk, in the order given. Add yolk of egg, beaten until thick, and then egg white, beaten until stiff.

The waffle iron should be well heated on both sides and thoroughly greased. Put a tablespoonful of mixture in each compartment near center of iron, then cover, and mixture will spread to just fill. Turn almost as soon as filled and covered. Serve with maple syrup.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

REMEMBER Mitzi Green and her chant of "I know a secret, I know a secret," which amused us all so in the Paramount picture, "Honey"?

Well, I've discovered one of Mitzi Green's secrets. She has a natural affinity for sweet things. Her favorite dishes are Almond Tarts, Pineapple Pyramids, and Sweet Potato Waffles!

I have found that nine-year-old prodigies aren't the only ones who like sweets, so I asked Mitzi to send along her favorite recipes.

And as the radio announcer says in introducing Amos 'n' Andy: "Here they are."

Almond Tarts

- 4 eggs
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup grated chocolate
- 1/2 cup blanched Jordan almonds, finely chopped
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 3/4 cup cracker dust

Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon colored. Add sugar gradually, and fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Add chocolate, almonds, baking powder and cracker dust. Bake in buttered round pan, cool, split, and put whipped cream,

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Why Nils Did Not Want to Go Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

"You see, I was miserable in my work. I was thoroughly discontented with every part I was given to do—except 'Sorrell and Son.' I hated being the great lover. I loathed being under contract and having to do whatever they said I was to do. I know what I can do best, and it is not what I was told to do. I'd rather never work again—never!—than to be so miserable.

"**W**ORK means everything to me. I can't be happy when I'm untrue to what I believe is the right sort of work for me. M-G-M kept giving me the wrong kind of parts. They wanted to make me a great lover. I was handed scripts that were absurd.

"Just to finish out my contract I did a part in 'The Sea Bat.' I hated it, but I wanted to leave amicably, so I took it.

"But now I'm free. Now, I can do what I choose!

"They wanted me to do a part in 'The Eyes of the World.' I thought I would like it at first.

"I read the script. I thought it was bad. It was not my type of thing. I will never again play a rôle I don't like!"

"And you mean to say that you'll wait right here until you find just what you like?"

"Can't you see?" he went on. "Can't you see that there is no happiness for me, just misery, in doing a rôle that doesn't suit me? I'd rather make a living digging ditches or running a grocery store—in fact, I might open up

one out at Malibu—than in doing something in which I'm not true to myself, not sincere."

It is the artist's attitude. I've known but a few who had it. But I have known a few. Writers who wouldn't change a comma in their copy even to have their books published by the best houses.

Musicians who would starve before they would add popular selections to their programs. Of this type is Nils Asther. The uncompromising artist.

"But how long will you wait?" I asked.

"Two years—maybe. I'm financially able to wait for two years and longer. I've turned down a lot of offers because I couldn't bear the stupid scripts."

"All right," I said. "You've answered me that. You've told me about taking out your citizenship papers, but you haven't told me why. You haven't told me the real reason that you wait in America for the rôles that you want to play to come along."

He started to answer, and just at that moment we looked up, and there was Vivian Duncan.

I had my answer!

She sat down at the table with us—vivid, laughing—a complement to the restraint that has always been a part of Nils Asther.

A strange attachment this—but one that must go much deeper than the eye can penetrate. Over a year ago their first engagement was announced and broken. Nils told me then that she was the one girl in the world for him

but that their viewpoints about life had kept them apart.

They met again and another engagement was announced.

Vivian and Rosetta are living at Malibu, too. Apparently Vivian has changed. They ride horseback together—Nils and Vivian. They swim together. They are not to be seen at the various whoopee parties around town. For there, is between these two, a deep understanding.

The mysterious Swede and the lively American comedienne. And Nils is happy.

HE wants but two things of life—so he told me two years ago—work that satisfies him and a woman who is both sweetheart and companion at the same time.

He has found the woman; and as for the work, he has the patience of a great artist. That work, he is sure, will come. In the meantime he can fill in with a vaudeville sketch that he is taking to New York shortly. And he can wait. He can wait until he finds the great things that are right for him to do. He is much happier waiting than he is making a compromise with himself and doing rôles that are hateful to him. And that is why he has stayed in America and that is why he is happy.

"But," I persisted, "when are you two going to get married?"

Nils laughed. Vivian giggled. "In 1940," she said, "so that people can say, 'Ah-ha, the Asther-Duncan romance is on again!'"

Too Many Guests

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Flintridge home a road house, had put Betty in the place where she "just couldn't bear it any longer."

Days went by when she had not a moment to herself. Hours and hours of her time were spent in entertaining the guests that overran the house.

Many of them were people she didn't know. Jim marched to bed when they became too numerous and too noisy.

And yet it was Jim's fault that they were there. They are his life. Yet he always marched off to bed when he grew tired, leaving Betty to smile and be charming.

FOR Betty knows more of real hospitality than Jim.

Before they were married, she and her mother maintained a large, comfortable home on Hollywood Boulevard. Their friends knew that dropping in time was from five-thirty to six. Promiscuous dinner invitations were never extended. Betty entertained lavishly, but her parties were invitational and she did the inviting. She knew her guests—at least by sight.

There is, you must admit, a certain dignity in this.

It is not strange that she found herself wondering how much longer she could bear it in the house that knew no quiet. And it was she who had to cope with it all. It was she who had to order the food and pacify the servants and see that there was money in the money bowl.

And her pretty evening frocks hung dejectedly in her closet. Only sports clothes and other unconventional attire is correct at Flintridge. She did not go to theater parties. She was never seen at a Mayfair dance. They sel-

dom attended an opening. Cruze, in white duck trousers and shirt open at his dark throat, sat in his seething home waiting for parties to come to him. Which they did!

It didn't matter so much when Betty was making a young fortune in quickies. A quickie means ten days chalked off your life and no effort required. The picture people can play the parts assigned to them by Poverty Row while making the blindfold test.

But suddenly Betty staged a comeback. She was called by one big studio after another and had more real, vital parts than she could handle. The talkies presented new requirements. She had to study lines. Where was she to concentrate? In a house that harbored hundreds of roistering, idle guests?

Lines to memorize. Scenes to be thought out. And always there were people, people, people. There was laughter at breakfast. Jokes at luncheon. Gaiety at dinner. And every time Betty heard the purr of another car turning into the driveway and every time she was called upon to smile and extend a gracious hand to a new arrival, she felt she "just couldn't bear it another minute."

They talked it over calmly, Betty and Jim. At first Betty suggested a five or six months temporary separation.

"Don't you see, Jim," she said, "it's the only way. I can't stand this. I can't bear it. You and I have a perfect understanding. We know each other well. We admire and respect each other, but this can't go on."

Jim didn't think much of the idea. He tried to mend his ways. They began by stopping their Sunday "at homes." That was impossible. People came anyway. Might as well try to close down all Hollywood as put a "No Admittance" sign over the Cruze front door.

That didn't work, and they talked of divorce—always calmly and sensibly. But it seemed so wrong that these two, so compatible in most ways, should separate permanently. So Betty took an apartment in town for a month.

YOU probably remember that episode, now over a year ago.

The newspapers jumped on the story, and issued the usual form letter announcement that James Cruze and Betty Compton had separated. It wasn't so. Jimmy and Betty remained on the most friendly terms—saw each other often—soon were back together again.

And the world, following its usual habit, forgot all about it.

But the damage had been done. Every possible solution had been tried. Every compromise that either could think of had been attempted.

But Jim must have his friends and friendly whoopee—Betty must have her hours for rest and study away from the unceasing grind of the sound stages where she is so much in demand.

And so another home smashed into smithereens—a home that was so solidly built with understanding, tolerance and good cheer. Cruel and unhappy things came out in court—there were stories for a few days—the world and its talkies marched on.

But two wonderful people are going separate ways who might have been together, save for two reasons. One—too many guests at all hours.

And second—the invention of the thing that allowed motion pictures to talk, and give an actress new and greater fame!

I Saw a Miracle of Beauty Happen in Hollywood



Photo by Clarence Bull

"She's wonderful now", cried Frank Beers, M-G-M Casting Director, to BESSIE LOVE, M-G-M star and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King.

She was just like a dozen other girls, but Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Wizard, by the flattering touch of make-up, transformed her into a ravishing beauty . . . almost instantly.

As told by . . .

BESSIE LOVE

M-G-M Star

to Florence Vondelle



Revealing a Secret of how every girl may obtain New Beauty and New Personality

WE were in the casting director's office, where we had stopped for a minute on the way to the set. Faces, one by one, peered in inquisitively, apprehensively and hopefully, expressing mingled emotions as they were scrutinized by the casting director. But not one paused for more than a minute, for the director, not satisfied waved them on.

"What is the part", inquired Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, who had come in a few moments after me.

"Oh! it's just a 'hit', but she must have personality. And all the girls that answered the call this morning look the same to me. I must have some one, too . . . and quickly."

"A dozen girls are still waiting in the lobby; perhaps there's a possibility among them", suggested Max Factor. "Shall we look?" "Okay! But I'm pessimistic."

Max Factor stepped into the lobby, and in a few minutes returned with one of the girls.

"Here's a young lady who looks like somebody else, not herself . . . if you know what I mean; and if you can see through the "off-color" make-up. Now we'll clean it all off and see if I'm a good detective."

The magic make-up box of Max Factor flew open, and in a few seconds a cream deftly manipulated had removed every speck of "paint and powder."

Then he started all over. A little foundation, a few touches of rouge; now powder, lipstick . . . all blending together beautifully with the natural colorings of the girl. Then to the eyes . . . and how he brought them out. They sparkled and danced with invitation.

"Look! Here she is herself," exclaimed Max Factor.

Like a miracle, she had been transformed into a fascinating beauty. Her allure and personality, hidden before by her own

grotesque application of cosmetics, now shone forth radiantly and vividly, emphasized and enhanced by the magic of make-up by Max Factor. The effect was electric . . . the girl herself was vibrantly aware of her new magnetism.

"She's wonderful now", cried the casting director. To the girl he said, "Report to Stage 12 at once."

To every girl, to everywoman, to *you* . . . Max Factor now offers to tell Hollywood's Make-Up secret. Through the courtesy of this magazine you are offered a priceless gift . . . like a screen star, you will receive your own complexion analysis, your make-up color harmony chart, personally from Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King.

In Society Make-Up . . . powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up requisites . . . Max Factor has produced an everyday make-up for everywoman based on his famous discovery of cosmetic color harmony, which is the beauty magic in Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively in every picture released from Hollywood.

Now you'll discover why your powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials must be in color harmony with your complexion. You'll discover how to individualize your make-up to accentuate your personality and magnetic attraction. You'll discover that the magic of Society Make-Up as created by Max Factor can perform a miracle of beauty for you, too. And if you mail the coupon now you'll also receive Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . FREE.



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Dear Sir. Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light	Blue	Maize
Fair	COLOR LASHES Dry	
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Only
Dark		Only
Sultry		Large
Olive	Answer in spaces with check mark	

Name _____
 Address _____
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MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

Would You Like a New Nose?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

Perhaps you've noticed. But when you meet Dix face to face, you can discern a slight scar toward the end of the nose. He refers to it as "my bum nose," and it's reported that he's considering another operation.

Otto Lederer is beginning to think he made a mistake when he had his nose changed. Otto had been getting a lot of Jewish comedy roles, because his nose fitted the parts so well. But Otto had aspirations toward "straight" roles, and he felt that his nose was dooming him to play Hebrew comics forever.

So he took the nose to Dr. Ginsburg and had it trimmed.

Soon afterward, Warner Brothers called him. "Hurry over," they said, "we have a part for you."

Proudly, Otto presented his new nose to the casting executive, who forthwith howled in grief.

"What *have* you done?" he cried. "Now we can't use you. We had another Jewish comedy part, but your nose is out of character now!" And the same sort of thing has happened too many times since then for Otto to be any too happy over his new face.

LOLA TODD, who was a Wampas Baby Star in 1925, had a nose correction performed by Dr. Balsinger.

So did Duane Thompson, and Mrs. Harry Langdon, among others. And so did scores of extra girls and boys.

Here's another side of the picture. In 1914, Mrs. Syd Chaplin—Charlie's sister-in-law—went to Dr. Griffith for a nose correction. It wasn't long afterward that the newspapers told of the filing of a \$100,000 suit against the doctor. Mrs. Chaplin charged he had ruined her nose completely, instead of making it look better.

He replied that it was her own fault—that the operation had been a perfect success, but that she had picked at the bandages and caused the trouble of which she complained. The thing took up a lot of newspaper space for a while, and then was settled out of court. It is reported that Mrs. Chaplin collected some \$10,000 from an insurance company.

Then there was the case of Thais Valdemar. She had a nose-and-lip remodeling operation done by Dr. Ginsburg.

Eventually, the doctor sued for \$500 for his services.

She entered a unique defense. "I can't feel kisses any more," she claimed.

That case, too, was settled out of court.

And there's a persistent rumor, which has seen print at times, that a Hollywood girl had a tragi-comic sequel to her plastic surgery quest for beauty. She went, so the story goes, to a plastic surgeon to have dimples put in her cheeks, but something went wrong, and when the bandages were taken off, her face was set in a horrible smile. It stayed with her forever—awake or asleep, sad or happy, no matter what the circumstances, there was that everlasting grin.

IT'S a sad story—but to tell the truth, no public record can be found to shed a ray of fact on it.

Plastic surgeons insist that no such thing could have happened.

However, there are several other mishaps that did.

In 1927, William Scott, actor, sued Dr. Griffith for \$100,000, charging that the surgeon had cut away too much of his nose.

And in 1925, Lucille Woodward, actress, demanded \$25,000 from Dr. Balsinger, because, she said, in removing superfluous tissue from about her eyes, he had left her left eye with no more expression than a dead halibut's!

Aside from nasal operations, those most common among film people are the ones which have to do with remodeling of the chin and ears.

"Flop ears" sent Rudy Valentino to the plastic surgeon. Before the operation, they stuck out like a mad elephant's. The surgeon pinned them back, and Rudy became the great sheik. After his death, his brother—Alberto Guglielmo—had screen aspirations. He, too, believed that plastic surgery might help his looks, which weren't the par of Rudy's to begin with. Alberto had Dr. Balsinger do a remodeling job on his face. That was in 1927, but as yet Alberto hasn't been any second Rudy, new nose or not.

One of the most publicized cases of plastic surgery in the movies, undoubtedly, is Mollie



William Harrigan of Fox pictures. But just twelve years ago he was Capt. Bill Harrigan, commanding the third battalion of New York's 307th Infantry. It was Bill's battalion that went to the rescue of "The Lost Battalion." And one of his company commanders was Capt. Eddie Grant, third baseman of the New York Giants, who was killed during the Argonne fighting. Think of this when you see Bill the Actor

O'Day's effort to lose poundage. In 1928 she announced she was going to have her appendix out—and added that she hoped the ordeal would also take off some of the fat about which producers were shaking their heads. She went to the hospital, and people wondered.

A little later, Mollie admitted to the world that she had had pounds of excess tissue carved from her hips and legs! This is one of the most difficult and dangerous operations in plastic surgery. Many of the best surgeons will not undertake it, holding it non-effective as well as perilous. "The fat comes back almost immediately after this sort of operation," one explained.

The instances of facial remodeling wherein names cannot be mentioned, in Hollywood, are innumerable. There is, for instance, the handsome male leading light who has a nose built up with paraffin!—and another who has a chin

similarly molded with injected wax, so he looks like a he-man instead of one of those weak-chinned individuals. There are countless players who have had their "sail ears" pulled back out of the wind. And the number of facial lifts and deep peels are beyond all calculation.

THE facial lift calls for the cutting away of tissue at the ear and the sewing together of the wound, which, automatically, pulls up the flabbiness of the face and removes years from the looks.

"It's safe to say," admitted one of Hollywood's foremost plastic conjurers, "that the majority of women over thirty in pictures have had facial adjustments of some sort."

By deep peel, the plastic surgeon doesn't refer to that comparatively simple thing they call a "peel" in the beauty shops. The plastic surgeon's peel uses carbohic acid to burn away the skin on the entire face and usually the shoulders, neck and back and down a way on the chest. When this burn heals a new tissue forms—smooth, blemish-free, unscarred, unwrinkled and unmarked by freckles and discolorations.

It is called a new skin—but it isn't actually. It is scar tissue.

The suffering that is undergone in Hollywood in this endless quest for greater beauty is beyond estimation. So is the amount of money that's spent on it. The prices of the operations vary widely—depending both on the nature of the work and on the prominence and affluence of the patient. But certain it is that the plastic surgeons are making dollars while the screen shines.

And much of the work is in vain! Not that it doesn't ordinarily accomplish its object of beautification—but because plastic surgery cannot give a person talent.

"Many of our patients," confided one surgeon, "have what might be called the 'plastic surgery complex.' They come for operations again and again—always a new operation, a new change in appearance. Many of the points they ask to have corrected are such infinitesimal blemishes that they really don't matter at all. The truth is that these persons have made of plastic surgery a subconscious excuse or alibi for their failure in the films, for their continuance of the effort to land in the movies.

"Unfitted for pictures, they won't admit it to themselves or to others. Instead, they offer the excuse that they have some facial defect that keeps them out—and they go to have it corrected.

"When they still can't make the grade, they pretend to discover a new, hitherto overlooked blemish, and go to the surgeon again and again.

WHIV, directors have stopped telling aspirants that it is because of a poor nose, or bad chin that they can't use them. They used to do that.

"Say it was a girl, and the casting director, too tender-hearted to tell her she was no actress, told her instead that she had a nose that wouldn't photograph.

"The same girl would come back, two weeks later, with a remodeled nose.

"I've spent lots of money, and suffered much pain to have my nose corrected," she'd say. "Now, where's my job?" That left the director in a tough spot.

"But even though the directors have stopped using that excuse, I notice that the screen aspirants themselves use mirror-analysis—try to find their facial shortcomings, and then come to us and buy our services in the hope that, beautified, they may attain screen fame."

VACATION

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Modess Compact was especially created to assure the inconspicuousness so necessary with closely fitted afternoon and evening gowns. The Compact is simply regular Modess, gently compressed.

Most women have found that their requirements are best satisfied by regular Modess for ordinary use, with a smaller supply of Modess Compact for special occasions.

This offer enables every woman who acts promptly to learn at our expense the convenience and desirability of Modess and Modess Compact.

This new TRAVEL PACKAGE FREE to acquaint every woman with the sensationally popular MODESS COMPACT

AS you probably know, we announced early in the year a thinner Modess suitable for sheer, closely fitting gowns, but having the same high absorbency as regular Modess. It is called Modess Compact. Three Modess Compacts were packed in each box of regular Modess.

This refinement has been so appreciated and the demand for Modess Compact so overwhelming that we are introducing a new Travel Package containing six Modess Compacts. During July and August, this new twenty-five-cent box will be given absolutely free to purchasers of regular Modess.

OUR OFFER

Buy two boxes of regular Modess, value forty-five cents each, at the special price of 79 cents. You will receive free, the twenty-five-cent Travel Package

containing six Modess Compacts.

You will find this small, thin box admirably suited to go in your traveling case or week-end bag—a real convenience for vacation or brief visits. That is why we call this unusual offer "Vacation Special."

These three packages, two box-



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2 Boxes Regular Modess <small>12 in each Box</small>	90¢
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ALL for 79¢

es of regular Modess—considered by those who use it the finest, most comfortable and efficient product available—and the useful Travel Package, will be particularly appreciated this summer.

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SO MUCH... to do outdoors... under summer skies! So much to miss... if you're afraid of water, wind, sun... on your face... your neck... your hands!

Play... but play safe... use Frostilla! A few fragrant drops... then dismiss all fears... no wind-drying, or water-chapping, or sun-burning.

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The Best Records

from New Pictures

By

Maurice Fenton

The Best Sellers of the Month: "It Happened in Monterey," from "The King of Jazz," "Sweepin' the Clouds Away," from "Parade," and "The Moon is Low," from "Montana Moon."

HELEN KANE fans will be glad to know that the pouting baby singer has crashed through with another double-faced record for their delight.

Both songs are from Helen's new picture—

DAINGEROUS NAN MCGREW

Dangerous Nan	Helen Kane	Victor
McGrew	Helen Kane	Victor
I Owe You	Helen Kane	Victor

Those who like to hear Buddy Rogers' young voice give off a song or so—and those who are just Rogers' crushes and like a record of his for company—can get two new ones.

This time America's Boy Friend records two of his songs from the picture—

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

I'd Like to Be (A Bee in Your Boudoir)	Buddy Rogers	Columbia
My Future Just Passed	Buddy Rogers	Columbia

THAT "HONEY" SONG

Two new recordings have been made of "Sing, You Sinners," that sensationally effective spiritual that Lillian Roth gave off in "Honey."

The records are

Sing, You Sinners	The Revellers	Victor
	Belle Baker	Columbia

The Revellers' recording is especially fine.

THE KING OF JAZZ

It Happened in Monterey	Jesse Crawford	Organ	Victor
	Regent Club	Orchestra	Brunswick
Song of the Dawn	Burnett's	Biltmore	Brunswick
Ragamuffin	Paul Whiteman	and Band	Columbia
Romeo	Paul Whiteman	and Band	Columbia
I Like to Do Things for You	Paul Whiteman	and Band	Columbia

Here are some excellent recordings from the Whiteman-Universal picture. Particularly those by the old master himself—who begins where all other modern bandmasters leave off in the matter of arrangements.

UNDER A TEXAS MOON

Under a Texas Moon	Gene Austin	(vocal)	Victor
	Nawahi's	Hawaiians	Columbia

This record marks the first use of Hawaiian



Helen Kane Records
Two More!

instruments in recording motion picture music as we know it at present—via the talkies.

And it's very effective. The number, of course, is the very sweet piece used all the way through Frank Fay's first starring picture.

THE BIG POND

You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me	Ben Bernie's Band	Brunswick
	The High Hatters	Victor
	Belle Baker (Vocal)	Brunswick
	Paul Whiteman's Band	Columbia
Livin' in the Sunlight	Ben Bernie's Band	Brunswick
Lovin' in the Moonlight	Paul Whiteman's Band	Columbia
	Bernie Cummins' New Yorker Orchestra	Victor

How the companies rush to get the Maurice Chevalier song hits on the wax! They just can't wait. All these recordings are orchestral fox trots with the exception of Belle Baker's warbling. Maurice's recordings will probably be along by next month.

IN GAY MADRID

Into My Heart	Nat Shilkret's Orchestra	Victor
	Paul Specht's Orchestra	Columbia
Santiago	Paul Specht's Orchestra	Columbia
Dark Night	Nat Shilkret's Orchestra	Victor

The boys hop right after Ramon Novarro numbers, too. They remember the enormous success of "Pagan Love Song," one of the great early theme song hits.

These three are from the latest Novarro romance, played by two big-league recording bands. Maybe Ramon will sing for us soon.

AN OLD
BEAUTY
SECRET



EVERYONE knows that the real fascination of any charming woman centers in her possession of a pair of pretty lips. Keep lips young and you keep them pretty. And here's just about the easiest and most inexpensive way yet discovered. All there is to it is to chew Wrigley's—oh, say, about ten minutes a day. Note the added elegance in texture and charm of contour that find their alluring way to your lips. It's all based on the simple theory that the ordinary daily diet does not furnish a sufficient amount of chewing and that Wrigley's supplies this need. Without this your lips become dry and old, and heavy furrows creep about the mouth stealing your youth. Enjoy Double Mint—it's a delicious new style peppermint.

Chew WRIGLEY'S every day—FOR LOVELY LIPS

"Now I can stand the Public Gaze"



Can You?

When you slip your beach coat from your shoulders and your bathing suit seems all too brief . . . When you tee off in front of a watchful gallery and the sunlight glances on your stockingless legs . . . When you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock and your dress is sleeveless . . .

You can meet such moments with non-chalant poise if your skin shows no trace of ugly superfluous hair.

The Secret of Charm

It's so easy to keep your under-arm, fore-arm and legs free of fuzzy growth when you use faintly fragrant Del-a-tone Cream. (Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.)



Perfected through our exclusive formula, Del-a-tone has the distinction of being the first and only white cream hair-remover

Easy to apply as cold cream, Del-a-tone actually removes hair safely in 3 minutes or less. When you see how smooth and clean it leaves your skin you will understand why actresses and society women, who are constantly in the public gaze, consider it an indispensable aid to loveliness.

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The Only White Cream Hair-remover



Del-a-tone Cream or Powder at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in 1/2 lb. plain wrapper, \$1. Money back if desired. Address: Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Department 88, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superior—that's why.

Trial Offer

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, Dept. 88, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

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Clip and Mail TODAY

These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

INEZ COURTNEY (First National) peeped from the screen in a tiny rôle in "Song of the Flame," and was immediately liked. She has had and is to have more and better parts. Inez has long been known as one of the very best of Broadway's dancing comediennes. She did two comedy dances with Gus Shy in "Good News" that were famous. Pictures were sure to get her.



FRED SCOTT ("Swing High," Pathe) is a newcomer who'll go far, with his fine tenor voice. While he was studying with Bebe Daniels' singing teacher, Bebe liked his voice and got him a small part in "Rio Rita." On the strength of that, and tests, he got the lead opposite Helen Twelvetrees in Pathe's big circus film. A good contract was his reward for that.



FRANCES DADE ("Raffles," United Artists) was a young stock actress—twenty-two, blonde and pretty—when Samuel Goldwyn signed her up for the new Colman picture. Regular Cinderella story. She was picked from a class of over 300 girls. After finishing in "Raffles," she went into "He Knew Women," Radio picture. Goldwyn then renewed her contract.



DAVID MANNERS ("He Knew Women," Radio Pictures) is one of the screen's buddingest juvenile actors, having done grand work in that masterly Tiffany, "Journey's End." Born in Nova Scotia in 1902, David was a successful stage juvenile for some years. He was on the way to a Honolulu honeymoon when hired for "Journey's End." Now he's made in films.



MARY LAWLOR ("Good News," M-G-M) is another Broadway musical comedy lead to strike out for the Gold Coast to catch some of the talkie money. She has for some time been in great demand for girly plays in New York, and created the "Good News" lead she is now playing on the screen. You'll like Mary—she is one of the stage's prettiest and very best.



ROBERT WOOLSEY ("The Cuckoos," Radio Pictures) has been teamed with Bert Wheeler in all his Radio Picture appearances. They cicked in "Rio Rita," did "The Cuckoos," and will next be seen in "Dixiana." Bobby, like his partner, Bert, is a veteran young comic of the Broadway stage. He has appeared in innumerable musicals, last with Wheeler in "Rio Rita."



IRENE DUNNE (Radio Pictures) is slated for big parts at this studio. She is mentioned for the feminine singing lead in "Babes in Toyland" and "Present Arms." Irene is another of New York's favorite musical comedy prima donnas. Golden haired and blue eyed, she has had many Broadway successes. One of her first hits was in "Sweetheart Time."



GUS SHY ("Good News," M-G-M) is another graduate of the stage production of "Good News." This seems to be their month in this department. Gus has been clowning around for a long time, but he scored sensationally in this success, and followed it with another wow in the comedy rôle in "New Moon," the beautiful operetta. Then films nabbed him.



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Short Subjects of the Month

IT is becoming more and more evident that one of the chief functions of the short subject in the talkies is to discover new talents for longer pictures—chiefly comic.

This month Helen Broderick, comedienne, is "discovered" in a picture way, though she has long delighted stage audiences.

NILE GREEN

Warners-Vitaphone

This eight-minute comedy serves to show that Helen Broderick, a tall comedienne who gets off excruciating sarcasms from a solemn face, is a great picture bet. She's well known in vaudeville and musical comedy. This short concerns her adventures seeing Egypt with a helpless guide.

THE CHUMPS

Sennett-Educational

A laugh-crammed story of honeymooners from the country who get square with city slickers who cheat them at cards. Marjorie Beebe, now Sennett's ace comedienne, is fine as the bride, and Andy Clyde—he'll kill you!—and Franklin Pangborn are fine. And unusually good recording.

HAY WIRE

Metro-Roach

Laurel and Hardy, whatever other comics do, keep up the old tradition of slapstick, knockabout comedy with sound. To them, a kick in the pants is still the funniest thing in the world—and maybe they're right. At any rate, they have a lot of grief putting up a radio aerial.

MER BASHFUL BEAU

Universal

This is about the best of Arthur Lake's comedies to date. Arthur is a bashful adolescent who tries feebly to make love to his sweetie in the face of papa's opposition. Jealousy enters, and there is a big ruckus in an ice cream parlor that is funny. If you like kid stuff, here it is.

HEARTS AND HOOFS

Pathe

This is a Rodeo Comedy—with less comedy, and more attention paid to romance, song and dance. Cornelius Kefe, Mona Rico and Fred Warren have the featured rôles. Miss Rico, as a gypsy, gives off a bit of singing and dancing that pleases, but the short is not too good.

COLLEGE CRUSHES

Sennett-Educational

Nick Stuart, who's developing into a full-fledged Sennett comedian, collaborates with Marjorie Beebe to give much-needed medicine to the college bully. Funny, fast moving and not offensively "collegiate." Lincoln Steadman and Andy Clyde round out a snappy and talented cast.

MICKEY THE ROMEO

Radio Pictures

The Toonerville Kids are at it again. This time, headed by Mickey McGuire, they include in the oldest of comedy situations—the chase. What a chase it turns out to be! Just

'round and 'round an amusement park. Although it is not as funny as the last few, kids will like it.

FAST WORK

Metro-Roach

One of the best two-reel talking comedies yet turned out! Charlie Chase has a certain hit in this baby. It is a rip-roaring, cleverly turned comedy of mistaken identities, with Charlie doing splendid work, and June Marlowe opposite. This is a credit to Roach.

THE STILL ALARM

Warners-Vitaphone

This howling short was made from the best comedy scene in the famous "Little Show," Broadway revue, and has the original leading comedians, Fred Allen and Clifton Webb. It's a silly piece of business, with all being nonchalant while the building burns. You'll enjoy it.

RESOLUTIONS

Paramount

The star of this two-reel comedy is Billy House, the huge singing comic well known in vaudeville. This picture has to do with adventures while trying to two-time his wife on New Year's Eve. Billy is tremendously funny, and if he sings too loudly stop your ears.

PEACE AND HARMONY

Jack White-Educational

The good old domestic squabble is trotted out again to make laughter in this two-reeler. Most of the way it is kitchen slapstick, with a few good dialogue laughs by the plump little Eddie Lambert. Each member of the cast gets at least one good sock in the nose.

A BATTERY OF SONGS

Warners-Vitaphone

This is interesting because of its two personalities—Waite Hoyt, the Detroit baseball pitcher, singing—J. Fred Coots, composer of many popular song hits at the piano. And in the short is one Miss Costello, a hoop-doooper who won a prize imitating Helen Kane.

SHE'S A HE

Universal

A fairly pleasant number in the Sunny Jim series, featuring that awfully funny little kid with the top-knot. Jim is forced to pretend he's a girl because his visiting auntie likes little girls better than little boys. He gets great fun out of the notion.

PALOOKA FLYING SCHOOL

Radio Pictures

Presenting Russ Brown—and keep an eye on this fast-cracking lad for pictures! Russ is a former member of the vaudeville team of Brown and Whitaker, and is now in "Flying High," Broadway musical comedy. In this he plays a comic instructor in a big flying school.

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Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

IT certainly pays to have an idea of what you want to do before you start doing it! Edmund Goulding's work directing Nancy Carroll in "The Devil's Holiday" proves that all over again. He was just eighteen days shooting that excellent talkie, and went only slightly over the budgeted cost—\$250,000.

The first cut version was ready just two days after the last scene was shot—and a final cutting only snipped 100 feet from that footage. Also, there were no retakes, nor added scenes.

That, friends, is some kind of a record! Gus, will you kindly have some sort of medal struck off for Eddie Goulding?

THAT "bon homme," Maurice Chevalier, had Hollywood standing on its ears during his one man show in a Los Angeles downtown theater.

Ben Bernie's band, no less, provided the music. The opening night had been set for a Sunday evening, and film society arriving in full evening regalia. Emily Post could have told them that it isn't quite the thing to wear evening duds on a Sunday night, but Hollywood, the old insurgents, wore 'em anyhow.

NO more wisecracks!

That is the basis on which Mary Nolan and Universal made up.

Mary promised to be a better girl, the story says. Deference to Junior Laemmle, and no harsh kidding behind the backs of the bosses. So Universal opened its arms, and all was merry and bright!

SOMETIMES an overzealous friend may accomplish more harm than good. When the studio was getting ready to cast "Journey's End," Barry Norton had a great yearning to play the part of the young juvenile in that picture.

He learned all of the dialogue and he talked to all of his friends about it. One woman, who has some connection with a fan club, conceived the idea of having all of Barry's admirers write to the director about casting him for the part.

This they did by the hundreds and the result was that Barry was not even given a chance for a test.

LITTLE Renee Adoree is back

home from the sanatorium where she has been for the past few months.

She is still confined to her bed, however, and sees only a very few visitors.

GRETA GARBO may be surprised to hear it but she is the leading woman in a picture called "When Lights Are Red," which isn't nearly as exciting as its title.

S. S. Millarde, a firm believing in pepping up the screen, bought one of the Swedish star's very old European pictures, originally titled something else entirely. Greta's supporting cast consists of Einar Hansen, the young actor who met an accidental death in Hollywood several years ago, and Werner Kraus. Garbo was exotic in those days, too, but not the calm, poised woman of the world she is today.

But the combination of Greta Garbo and "When Lights Are Red" attracted considerable attention on Main Street, Los Angeles, where people are looking for sensations, anyhow.

CUPID has sneaked up on Catherine Dale Owen, beautiful blonde leading woman of "The Rogue Song" and other pictures.

She is expected to announce her engagement soon to a young New York bond salesman.

During her Hollywood sojourn she was seen places often with Prince Youcca Troubetsky—who may now be "carrying a torch," as old Broadwayites say about a lover left out in the cold.

A GOOD many of the more delicate ladies of filmdom were not able to sit through the entire filming of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

But we hardly thought that a big he-man like Grant Withers would have to be led out gently but firmly.

There is something to be said in extenuation of Grant. He had been flying all afternoon—stunting with a friend. He had gotten home late and did not have time to eat dinner before going to the theater.

NEW YORK has been a few per cent agog over the strange case of one Gina Malo.

When Lily Damita decided to step out of the musical hit, "Sons o' Guns," and go to Paris for a rest, a hunt for her successor was started. In Paris a beautiful young lady named Gino Malo was found and signed for the Damita role.

When she arrived in New York, with great trumpeting by the press agents, Broadway watchdogs were greatly struck with her resemblance to one Janet Flynn, who had been an obscure New York show girl of a couple of seasons back.

They tried to trap La Belle Malo in all sorts of ways and they all failed. She just rattled French and looked imploringly for her manager for relief from these impossible Americans!

Yet a large percentage of Broadway says Gina Malo is the former Janet Flynn. Gina Malo says she is Gina Malo, Paris born.

Her managers say nothing. But, oh, how broadly they do grin!

WILL persistence win?

Blanche Mehaffey had an idea.

Film luck hasn't been any too hot for her. So she thought it over. She decided some things were wrong.

So she dyed her hair and changed her name to Joan Alden. She figures the two changes will change her luck.

A NOTHER dream shattered!

Fred Kohler, when he gets his "heavy" make-up on, may throw all sorts of fears and terrors into the hearts of the heroes he menaces on the screen, but to Hollywood burglars he's just another householder.

The other night, for the third time in a few months, his house was robbed!

OF course there is nothing unusual about a movie star wanting to take a trip around the world.

It's quite a simple matter. You just engage the royal suite on the Borengaria and have forty cameramen at the docks.

Chaudette Colbert and her husband, Norman Foster, who has been playing in "June Moon" in New York, are going about it in a different way. No fuss and feathers about this trip. They are sailing on a freighter. Long, lazy days on the water, plenty of time to rest and think.

Hollywood is pretty upset over such informality!

Beauty, Brains or Luck?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

Gilbert Miller, Henry Miller's son, was stopping at the Seymour. He wired his father he had found the actress to play the daughter in "Rainbow." Henry Miller met Ruth and approved his son's judgment.

If her part in that play was comparatively small, it was, nevertheless, her voice and her face and her little gestures that audiences remembered after they had left the theater.

FAME wooed her. She played in "Daddy Long Legs." She played in "Come Out of the Kitchen." The powerful bulbs that spelt out her name over the marquee of the theater spilled their light on the dark pavements of Broadway.

There were those who said Ruth Chatterton was "upstage." They're likely to say that on Broadway unless you qualify as their idea of a good sport. And Ruth never did. While she was under the Miller management, she never was seen along Broadway or in any public place.

Furthermore, she was busy. She studied voice culture. She continued with her music. She translated many plays from the French and helped rewrite many of her greatest successes.

Also, having accumulated her fortune in the theater, she helped finance some plays. One play, into which she put forty thousand dollars, failed. But no one ever heard her utter one word of complaint. She is a thoroughbred.

And now the screen is richer because of her coming, because of such brilliant portraits as her "Madame X," her "Laughing Lady," and her "Sarah Storm."

But perhaps, after all, they are right when they say of Ruth Chatterton, "she got a lucky break!" For it is a great deal to be born with such a high spirit that no matter what life holds, you are not found wanting.

THE boy-man of the Gish girls' childhood was the Gerry Society. In the wings of strange theaters, in the long, dark corridors of cheap hotels, Lillian and Dorothy looked fearfully behind them. The Gerry Society would get them if they didn't watch out. It was a very real bogey that easily might have interfered with earning their living.

Undoubtedly it would have been difficult for Mrs. Gish to satisfy the authorities that the lessons she taught her daughters between matinee and evening performances and on trains were enough.

It would have been difficult for anyone to believe that they could grow up as they have, as intelligent and well informed as though they had attended regular classes in the best schools of the country.

Even as very little girls, Lillian and Dorothy dreamed of a future when they would be leading ladies, able to keep their mother in a gracious home. But they more than just dreamed.

When Dorothy was only four she knew the meaning of responsibility.

She stood alone on the drafty stage and the shadows made terrifying shapes. She was homesick. And it was evident from the way the stage manager pulled at his braces that she wasn't saying her lines to suit him.

Her hair was like spring sunshine and hurt pride trembled at the corners of her baby mouth.

"Please," she said, and her voice was a whisper, "let me alone for a little while and then I can do it."

She knew her mother hadn't let her go off on tour with their roomer, who was leading lady in this "East Lynne" company, because she had any choice in the matter. And cer-



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tainly she knew that, hard as her mother worked as demonstrator in a department store, leaving a darty to look after her and Lillian and the flat in which they took roomers, there never was enough money to pay all the bills.

Later, Mrs. Gish and Lillian and Dorothy all travelled together, playing parts in the same company.

Then sometimes Lillian would be left somewhere in school for a few months. Or Dorothy would be left behind in a classroom, depending upon the plays in their repertoire.

IT was when Lillian was in Ohio at school and Mrs. Gish and Dorothy were on tour together that Dorothy awoke one night to find her mother raving in delirium. They took Mrs. Gish to the hospital, very ill with intermittent fever. Late the following night the company moved on to the next town. Dorothy had to go, too.

There was no one to play her part and, with hospital expenses to be met, her salary was doubly needed.

"Go back . . . go back . . . go back," the wheels of the train seemed to roar that night. Dorothy could not sleep. Fear laid cold fingers on her heart. And she had to go on and on, always further away from her mother. In the weeks that elapsed, before Mrs. Gish recovered sufficiently to join her, Dorothy learned more about emotions than little girls of nine are supposed to know.

The young poet, John V. A. Weaver, has written a poem about one of Dorothy's experiences, which has been included in his book of verse, "To Youth." For those who haven't read it, it follows:

Bowl-and-Pitcher Holiday

(For Dorothy Gish)

No more troupin' with kids for me, that's final.
God knows the life is tough enough, anyways . . .

You see, I'm out with a turkey*—"Her First False Step."

This little Dorothy, she's six years old,
And talk about your troupers! There she is,
Sleepin' on day-coach seats, or in hotels
Cockroaches wouldn't live in. And for dinner

Many's the time one dry ham sandwich
And maybe a couple of apples . . . and the
theaters! . . .

Honest, the louisest route of one-night stands
Anywheres in the sticks . . . and Christmas
week

Twelve shows . . . But all the while never
a yip
Outa the kid. Brother, that's troupin',
that is!

Now, in the last act, it's supposed to be
Christmas, and the kid enters—you remember?

Of course, we never carried a Christmas tree,
But she was supposed to act like it was there.
Well, then, we get to Fond du Lac, Wisconsin,

And, bein' it's really Christmas, the rest of
the troupe

They get a bright idea. They're goin' to
give

The kid a celebration, to make her happy.
So then, Dorothy's goin' along, as usual,
Doin' her stuff real good. And the third act,
She starts to gallop on in her big scene—

And there's a real tree standin' on the stage,
Lit up with candles, and hung with all the
fixin's!

She takes three steps—and her eyes starts
to pop.

She stops dead in her tracks, tries to go on
Sayin' her words—and gives a couple of
gulps,

And busts out cryin'. And she cries, and
cries,
Watchin' the tree. And the audience all
laughin',

And me dried up, with lumps stuck in my
throat . . .

Finally, they have to ring the curtain down.
I tell you, it ain't fair to have a little
Yellow-haired kid puttin' things in your
head,—

Things you gave up many's the year ago.
You got to be hard-boiled to stand the gaff!

Next time, by God, they got to use a midget!

*Third- or fourth-rate road company.

DOROTHY GISH says that whenever household budgets are mentioned she remembers that summer, not so very long ago, when the Gishes and the Pickfords (only in those days the Pickfords were the Smiths) lived together in order to reduce their overhead and pull through the slack season on the little they had been able to lay by.

Both Mrs. Pickford and Mrs. Gish used to listen to Mary's advice. For even when Mary was ten years old it was evident she knew what she was about. A little pucker between her eyes, the stump of a pencil grasped in her stubby fingers, Mary would sit for hours over the kitchen table, computing how much could be spent on this and how much on that. Excellent training for a girl who was one day to be one of the richest self-made women in all the world.

And, poor as they were that summer, Lillian and Dorothy and Mary and Lottie managed to see every worthwhile play in New York.

Mary's efficiency and aggressiveness again . . . They would go to the box-office of the theaters, all four of them blonde and one a trifle taller than the others, and Mary, presenting her card, would ask if the management recognized professionals.

Her card read:

GLADY'S SMITH

Little Red Schoolhouse Company

Needless to say, if the house was crowded to capacity that day the man in the box-office told them to come around another time.

A native business sense, combined with the personality Mary always has possessed—plus the responsibility she knew as man of the family, Jack being considerably younger—might have been expected to bring her outstanding success even without her divine spark. No wonder her name has a place in every language and her image a place in many hearts.

GLORIASWANSON remains a brilliant star, not only because she is a great actress but because she is the stuff of which big business men are made, a streak of the gambler running through her make-up like the streak of lean in bacon.

Years ago, with keen vision, Gloria realized that she must stake her claim to continued popularity on firmer ground than as a mannequin for bizarre costumes. It isn't exaggerating to say Gloria would have been all through if she had failed in her first dramatic rôle. She risked her half loaf to prove herself an artist.

And she made good. Today her early posters have been obliterated by memories of her *Subway Sadie*, *Madame Sans Gene*, *Sadie Thompson*, and her work in "The Trespasser."

It appeared Gloria was to be rewarded for the chances she had taken to make herself truly great. Paramount offered her a new contract at an enormous sum.

Gloria refused to sign that contract. She was ambitious to produce her own pictures. She signed with United Artists, although she received only a fraction of the sum Paramount would have paid her, plus a percentage on her profits.

Almost everyone felt she had made a serious mistake. They said no woman could shoulder a financial responsibility that would irk a high financier, worry about the thousand and one details of production and at the same time, do justice to herself as an artist.

Gloria, in the last few years, has worked

unendingly. She has conferred with her executives while still wearing her greasepaint between scenes, or over luncheon at her suite in the studios. She has spent her week-ends at her country place with directors and authors as house guests, and the talk has been of the picture in the making and the one to follow.

Immediately after "The Loves of Sonya," it looked as if the calamity howlers were right. Certainly the picture was not the expected success. Rumor said Gloria was heavily in debt.

It was likely enough. It was necessary for her to maintain a high scale of living and her overhead was tremendous. Furthermore, she is naturally extravagant.

She sold her country estate. She disposed of her pent-house twenty odd stories above Fifth Avenue. With dogs and baggage, children and servants, she departed for California. And her detail worry and financial responsibility were exaggerated by the urgent necessity of her next picture being an unusual success—and a talkie.

If you've seen "The Trespasser" you know how magnificently she has come through. And you may well marvel, as I do, that in spite of the countless and ceaseless demands made upon her energy and time, not the least of which have been her two children to whom she is devoted, Gloria somehow, some way, found time to study singing.

There seems no limit to her prowess. Yet she is small and softly spoken, and more often than not a little wistful and sad.

IN Canada, Norma Shearer must have spent a good part of her time reading success articles. They always emphasize the importance of grasping opportunity. And that's exactly what Norma did when a post-war depression sapped her father's business, and she and her mother and sister, Athole, landed in New York to pave their own way to success.

All three lived in one small, furnished room and every mouthful they ate brought them nearer the end of their little bank account.

Norma haunted agencies and earned some money posing for advertisements. But she had to pick her way carefully. There are as many unscrupulous agents as there are scrupulous ones. Only a girl with a good head on her shoulders runs this gamut unscathed. Some of the agents insist the girls take lessons in modeling from them, and for these lessons they charge a comparatively exorbitant sum. Other agents are far too interested in the girls personally.

Through the agent Norma had chosen as decent and honest, she heard that a director in one of the motion picture studios was to pick twelve girls for a day's work. With Athole she hurried to this studio. As usual, a call for a dozen girls found hundreds waiting. Norma and Athole stood lost in the shuffle.

The director began to make his selection, pointing out one girl after another and counting as he did so "one . . . two . . . three . . ." and so on to "eleven" . . .

And in that crowd he well might have chosen twelve girls without even seeing the Shearers. One chance remained.

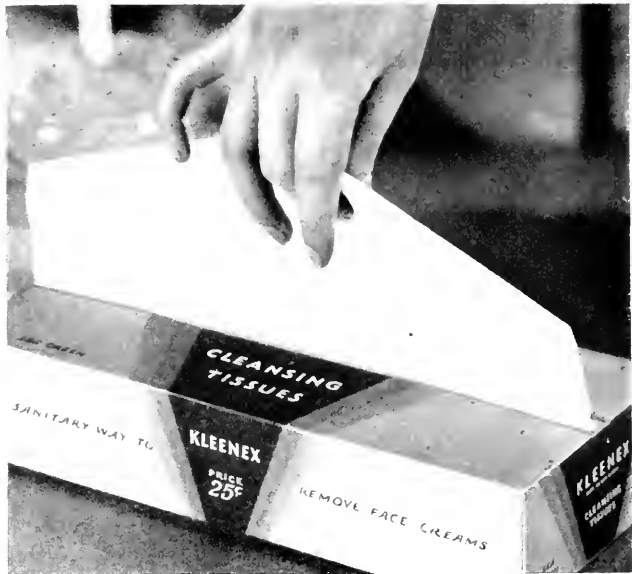
NORMA coughed. Loudly. Deliberately. The director looked in her direction. His finger shot out. "Twelve," he said.

Norma grasped her opportunity. Nor was she satisfied with that coup, either. She convinced the director he needed Athole, too.

However, don't let any inspirational success story tell you Norma Shearer coughed her way to fame. Before she came to the day of signing her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer she needed every ounce of pluck, perseverance and ambition she possessed.

Even after she had made her first success in "The Stealers," Norma had plenty of hardships. Her agent, overestimating her success, placed too high a price on her services.

"Thumbs down on Shearer," said the resentful producers. "She's holding out for a helluva lot of money. Who does she think she is?"



You'll enjoy the Kleenex way to remove cold cream

KLEENEX makes it so pleasant to care for your skin the proper way! With this smart box filled with exquisite tissues on your dressing table, you'll never be tempted to use a towel to wipe away cold cream! You'll never

think of rubbing your delicate skin with a germ-laden "cold cream cloth."

And do you know how dangerous these wrong methods can be? An unabsorbent cloth or towel leaves part of the cold cream in the pores, and with it tiny bits of dirt and cosmetics. That's what starts pimples and blackheads!

Even hard rubbing can't remove all the impurities, when you use an unabsorbent cloth. And this hard rubbing is injurious. Stretches the skin. Relaxes it. And so induces large pores and premature wrinkles.

Kleenex just can't irritate in any way. It's so soft, so readily absorbent. It *flots* up every bit of surplus cream, and lifts impurities from the pores.

More and more people are using Kleenex for handkerchiefs. It's especially valuable for colds, to avoid reinfection. Kleenex comes in pure, lovely tints and white, at drug and department stores.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 1918

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name _____
City _____
Address _____



"I USE KLEENEX for removing cold cream because the tissues are so very absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary."

Claud Boardman

FRECKLES



A Simple, Safe Way to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There is no longer the slightest need of being ashamed of your freckles, since it is now an easy matter to fade out these homely, rusty-brown spots with Othine and gain a clear, beautiful complexion. After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream you will find that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It's simpler than more than an ounce of Othine is needed to clear the skin of these unsightly blotches.

Be sure to ask at any drug or department store for Othine—double strength. It's always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not remove every last freckle and give you a lovely, milk-white complexion.

OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH

BECOME A MOTION PICTURE CAMERA MAN!



EARN \$60-\$250
A WEEK

PREPARE NOW to enter the BIG, UN-CROWDED FIELD of Motion Picture Photography—opportunities everywhere in movie studios, news films, educational or industrial work.

YOU CAN QUALIFY QUICKLY AT HOME!

Through Home Study Course in Motion Picture Photography you can quickly qualify for a well-paid position.

Send Today for Free Book—Our FREE Book gives full details about the ever growing field of photography—shows how you can quickly become a: () Motion Picture Cameraman or () Projectionist, () Still Photographer or () Photo-finisher. Send for it TODAY!

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. P-1220, 10 West 33rd Street, New York City

To have success almost within your grasp and then have it elude you, leaving you in the same half bedroom and wearing the same little tailored suit growing more and more shabby at the seams and elbows, is an acidic test for your metal. But Norma Shearer managed to live through this experience and keep inviolate her *elan* and her fresh youth.

WHEN Betty Compson was a little girl in Salt Lake City the neighbors used to borrow her as often as her parents would let them. There was something about her heart-shaped face, her silver blonde curls, her bottomless blue eyes and her little girl hands upon the bow of her violin, not to mention her music, that made her the neighborhood darling. Her days were happy and carefree. Her home was typical of thousands of comfortable homes scattered all over the country. And Betty was her parents' star of hope. They planned and saved for the day when she would study at the Conservatory.

Then Mr. Compson fell ill. Whatever money had been saved dwindled alarmingly. Doctor bills and druggist bills. Betty watched her mother grow old. There were no more violin lessons. And when Betty picked up her violin, only the sad little tunes seemed to have survived.

"You'll have to be brave," neighbors told her the day she stood beside her mother in the parlor, heavy and sweet from the funeral flowers. "You'll have to be the man of the family now." Betty only nodded. She couldn't get her voice over the great ache in her throat.

Little did those well meaning neighbors know how truly they spoke. At fourteen, Betty was literally "the man of the family"—the breadwinner.

She was too young to leave school. Whatever she did she had to do after three o'clock. So she played her violin in an orchestra. And when acts that needed no accompaniment were on she managed to do her homework.

The little money in the bank was almost gone. Every month, perforce, inroads had been made upon it. Even Betty's musical scores were scribbled with her frantic calculations. So much for the butcher and grocer, so much for rent, so much for light and heat, a mere pittance for clothes . . . but it wouldn't prove.

As a child Betty had learned the old proverb, "*One door never closes but another opens.*" So she waited, and sharpened her eyes for the opening of another door.

An act that had been booked at the theater where she played failed to materialize. Betty begged to go on in its place. It was her chance to make more money. It was the opening of that other door she always had heard about.

Without enthusiasm the manager agreed.

"You'll have to fix yourself up with different clothes," he said, looking over her little black dress, shabby these days even for the school-rooms.

Fix herself up with different clothes! Of course! But how? Her one dress was even shabbier. Ever since she had been playing in that theater Betty had envied the actresses their sparkling gowns. And she had listened, down there in the orchestra pit, for the swish of their fine silk skirts.

Word got about that Betty was to appear in an act that night. Betty's schoolmates attended in an enthusiastic body. The "Standing Room Only" sign hung beside the box-office. The manager rubbed his hands appreciatively.

Two page boys changed the announcements at the corners of the stage. *The Vagabond Violinist* read the placards.

The theater darkened. The curtain rose. There, in a pool of golden light, stood Betty in rags and tatters, a gay scarf tied about her soft hair, her violin beneath her chin. Without benefit of silk or satin, without benefit of jewels or paste, she had achieved a becoming costume.

She smiled like a frightened doe. But her fingers were firm on her bow. Her violin sang of her heartaches . . . of her young wisdom . . . of her shining dreams. And when she had finished the applause boomed like the waves of the sea.

She received a contract to go on tour, but she was inexperienced about such things and agreed to pay her own travelling expenses. With her mother she sat up all night in day coaches. They snatched what sleep they could. They cooked scanty meals in hotel rooms except when there wasn't money for any dinner at all. No sacrifice was too great if they could continue together. But jumps between towns became longer and engagements became shorter. The little salary could not be stretched any further. Mrs. Compson had to go back home. And, lonely, Betty had to travel on.

SHE reached Seattle. Outside of the station the bright sunshine suddenly revealed how shabby her dress had become. It was gritty from the dirt of trains and there were little threadbare spots where her valise and violin case had been carried against it. However, a new dress was out of the question. From her last stop Betty had sent her mother a money order and she wouldn't receive her money for the Seattle engagement until the end of the week. In the meantime she had to live.

Then, in a shop window, she saw a necklace of blue beads. They were the blue of the sea when it lies beneath azure skies. Without any thought of the meals they would deny her, Betty went in the shop and bought them.

NEXT MONTH—Still More Remarkable Stories of Five Picture Stars of Today

HOW Betty Compson became a nursemaid to save up for her fare home, and what happened when a rich man's son fell in love with her. How Ann Harding quit the home of her army colonel father and became an obscure typist, and how she broke into pictures reading current novels to make extra money to live on. How Clara Bow has fought to make up for the lean years, and had to borrow clothes from her relatives. How Alice Joyce, now of Park Avenue, supported herself from early girlhood. How Estelle Taylor posed as a hat model so she wouldn't have to return to a small-town home, and then got down to her last nickel, which she spent for an apple and a bottle of milk.

In the Sept. Issue—Out Aug. 15

They did help her eyes. They did help her dress. What if her purse was lighter? It had been a long, long time since she had owned a trinket.

Whatever economies she had to practice until pay-day, she would practice willingly.

It was with a lighter step she proceeded to the theater.

"Compsion?" queried the doorman "Betty Compsion?"

She nodded, elated. She was beginning to be known.

He handed her a telegram.

She slashed at the terrifying yellow envelope.

It was from the booking office. They were sorry, but times were bad and they would be obliged to cancel all bookings.

She stood alone in the maelstrom of that strange street. There was nowhere she could go. The fare to Salt Lake City was sixty dollars. And, opening her purse, her trembling fingers counted three single bills and less than a dollar in change. . .

Valentino's Memory

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

place. He cancelled his appointment and hurried around London all afternoon.

Then trucks and wagons began to arrive at the hospital and unload bundles and boxes, the drivers insisting to the bewildered sisters that all this was really meant for them. Finally, Valentino himself arrived to assure them that everything was all right. All the baskets and crates and packages belonged there. He explained he had sent them.

It was a wonderful time, especially for the Sheik who played Santa Claus for the children and brought them toys. There were presents for everybody.

"Whom do we thank for all this happiness?" one of the sisters asked.

"I would like to do all this without a name," the star said.

"But we want to pray for you," the nuns persisted.

Valentino smiled his gratitude but shook his head.

THEN, suddenly, a young nun recognized him from his picture, which was on all the billboards in London.

"It's Rodolpho Valentino," she cried.

Valentino looked dismayed and disappointed.

He begged them not to let any word of it get into the papers. He explained, earnestly, a little sadly, that he was able to do so little as a private person and that he would enjoy the memory of all this so much more if it remained just a personal thing.

It would have made a wonderful publicity story, but it never appeared.

The Valentino Association heard about it for the first time when they went to the hospital to see what they could do in his memory. Now the answer was easy. They created a children's ward and dedicated it in honor of *St. Theresa de Lisieux*, the little Carmelite nun.

The Valentino Association is now flourishing. It stresses the more spiritual side of his character, his generosity and kind-heartedness. In order to preserve his art and maintain his vivid personality before the public, his pictures are shown every year under their auspices, and great crowds flock to see them.

The lady who founded it with her gallant defense of his name and reputation has a small place in her house set apart in his memory. There she keeps the pale blue silk shirt and sash he wore in one of his pictures. His make-up box is there, just as he left it the last day on the set, with a bit of pipe tobacco still in the pouch in one of its compartments. These were bought at auction when the things he once owned and used brought fabulous prices.



A LADY and her BEAUTY are soon parted

IT doesn't take long for delicate skin to develop large, conspicuous pores. And enlarged pores make the loveliest complexion look coarse, old.

But now it's easy to avoid enlarged pores. Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion will keep your skin delicately textured, fine and fresh. And if the pores are already large, Texture Lotion will gradually reduce them to their normal size.

But that isn't all. Texture Lotion cleanses your skin thoroughly, and, unlike many liquid cleansers, it does not dry even a sensitive skin. Texture Lotion picks up every imperceptible particle of dust or grease. It removes the last suggestion of stickiness after any sort of facial cream has been used, leaving your skin exquisitely clean, gloriously cool, refreshed, tingling with life.

Ask for Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion at your favorite drug or department store. There are two sizes: \$1.00 and \$2.00.

DOROTHY GRAY

685 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Paris • Chicago • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Washington • Atlantic City

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When **SUNBURNT**
run for

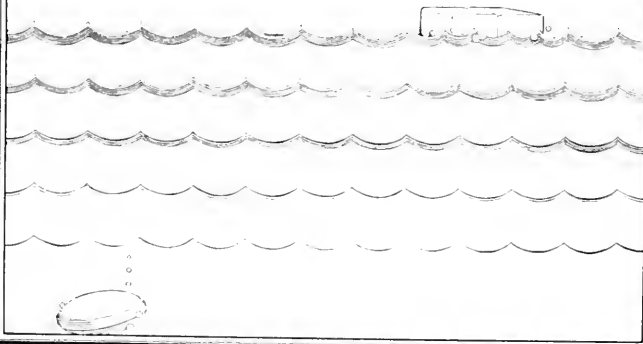


TUBES and JARS 30¢
LARGE JARS 60¢

It is NOT TOO LATE to Enter PHOTOPLAY'S \$5000 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest. See Page 124 for Special 6 Months Contest Subscription Rate and Handy Blank.

You never lose Ivory
in your bath —
it floats!

99 44/100 % PURE



Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

this season. So many of us are wearing brighter colors and gayer patterns that our skins must be made to glow in harmony. We aren't willing to let our clothes pale us out of the picture.

But it's nice to know that if we get tired of glowing brightly, we can turn about and make ourselves just as interestingly subdued as we want to be.

Because we girls of 1930 have waked up to make-up!

BARBARA JOAN:

Your blackhead treatment does not sound very effective. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, repeating your request, and I'll forward my leaflet on treatment of blackheads and acne. For stubborn cases there are a number of excellent blackhead preparations on the market. The advertising columns of PHOTOPLAY are always your safe guide in selecting toilet preparations and cosmetics.

Pearl or light champagne face powder is a better choice for you than rachel. A medium carmine rouge, applied lightly, ought to strike the right balance between the too-bright color you dislike and the paler shades you find inadequate. There is such a comprehensive range of rouge shades that you will have no trouble in finding the right one.

FREDDY:

I think you are making a mistake in refusing invitations to go swimming. That is the very exercise you need to improve your figure, although judging by your height and weight it seems to me you are exaggerating this fault. Select a plain, dark bathing suit that will make you look and feel inconspicuous. Then get out on the beach and have a good time.

JULIE G.:

I can't advise you to go to New York without sufficient money to tide you over the first few months, in addition to railroad fare and tuition fees. After you have become acquainted with the city and properly established, you could probably find some part-time work, but I doubt if you could earn enough in that way to pay for your entire maintenance. Since you are alone and have no one to consider but yourself, you may be willing to take the chance of living on what you can earn in your free time and of going back to stenography full time if the need arises.

I like your courage and ambition, but I want to warn you that, like all big cities, New York is a difficult place for a young girl with inadequate means. I suggest you consult your local Y. W. C. A. or similar organization for advice on living quarters and employment opportunities in New York before making any definite plans.

UNHAPPY:

There's no reason for you to remain unhappy. All you want right now is a chance to go to parties and dances, to mingle with young people and make friends. Then you are foolish not to accept the invitations of this boy who likes you and wants you to meet his friends, just because he is a year younger than you are. You say that his friends are older, but you hesitate to accept the attentions of a boy who seems so young. I certainly don't think you should overlook this opportunity to meet young people who interest you. If there is no other reason for refusing this boy's invitations, start right now to accept them.

EVELYN:

In addition to blues and greens, these colors should be becoming to you: pale pink and rose, clear yellows, orchid, black, white, black and white combinations, pale gray, bronze and dark browns.

Unchanging Beauty for your Fingertips

GLAZO POLISHES, *which never vary their tones, are the smartest colors you can wear*

A professional water wave occasionally, aided by your own efforts, should result in a soft, natural ripple in hair that is already inclined to wave.

ALICE M.:
You don't have to "make conversation," Alice. Let the boys do most of the talking. They like to, as a rule! The reason you can't forget yourself when you are with boys is because you are trying to be a different person, one you think will appeal more to a boy. And of course, you have to keep concentrating on that girl you are trying to be.

Talk about the movies you have seen, the book you just finished, the tennis match you are going to. Be natural, and then you will enjoy your "dates." And, what is equally important, so will the boy. Just try it.

JOAN T.:
From your description, Joan, these are the colors you can wear: pale green, dark greens that are not olive in tone, pale blue and all clear blues, black of high lustre, rose taupe, dark brown, flesh pink, very pale yellow. White will be most becoming when trimmed with a color, or worn with jewelry that adds the color note.

Your proportions and measurements are splendid for a growing girl.

EMILY N.:
Yes, pale blue is a favored color this season, and one made-to-order for a blue-eyed blonde like yourself. And why shouldn't you wear all-white? As long as we have summer weather the all-white costume will always be popular. The white pique hat you describe is just the right one for a white crepe sports dress. It sounds like a most attractive ensemble.



1
The delicate sheath of Glazo that gives your fingertips loveliness by day . . .



2
. . . retains the same charming tone by evening light. Glazo's smart colors . . .



3
. . . never vary with a change of light. The beauty it brings is constant, and lasts for a week or more.



Only with Glazo will your fingertips be constantly smart

Glazo liquid nail polish, in a few moments' time, brings to your nails a lovely delicate sheen that lasts a week or more. It never peels, and it never verges on artificiality.

And Glazo's smart colors never change their tone, regardless of varying lighting conditions. Other polishes, pleasing by daylight, take on a different and disappointing cast by candlelight or electricity. Glazo alone, because scientifically made so, remains unaffected.

With Glazo on your nails, your fingertips will always be lovely, will always be admired.

Be sure to see Glazo's Lipstick Reds—Flame, Geranium and Crimson—three new nail polishes that harmonize with the popular lipstick shades. With a "light" lipstick, use Glazo Flame. Use Geranium with a "medium." And with a "dark" lipstick, use Glazo Crimson.

These Lipstick Reds, as well as the standard Glazo shades, may be found at all toilet-goods counters.

Give Me Moore!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

emerald necklace, and more bracelets than Margaret Livingston wore the night we went slumming in Los Angeles.

We had dinner at 8:30 in the rather baronial dining room. Everything that is served in that house is raised right on the ranch. Grace brought her own chef from Italy, and Hollywood has never tasted such food. There was an avocado cocktail, a bortsch soup, squash, peas and escalloped egg-plant, cold asparagus and coffee. No dessert. Some concession has to be made to diet, although the secret of the Moore lissomeness is exercise and sun baths.

From the dining room we could see a circle of lights, Los Angeles, Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

"We're not in America tonight," said Grace. "Let's have a toast to Paris. That's Montmartre below us, and that lighted spire you see is really the Eiffel Tower."

Well, a young lady with imagination!

OVER the dinner table she told me of her early life in a little Tennessee town, and her boarding school days at Chevy Chase, in Washington, and how she had run away from school to go to New York.

"I couldn't imagine staying in Tennessee and marrying one of the local beaux. So I left Washington for New York with exactly ten dollars. I went to the Martha Washington Hotel and from there to the apartment of a girl I knew. All the time they were searching the town for me. In a short time I had a job at seventy-five dollars a week."

Her first smashing triumph was at the Music Box. She was the sensation of New York, but she had her eyes on the Metropolitan. And then her voice began to fail her because she had sung the same songs in the same voice for so long. Dr. Marañón, now at M-G-M to train stellar throats, and a famous teacher in



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GLAZO Coupon

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ80
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Plain Perfumed

I enclose six cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely Eloquent Hands," (if you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

"I'd no more carry a lipstick than a hair brush"



Says
MYRNA LOY

"I don't have to carry a lipstick with me," explains the charming actress whose lovely lips fascinate countless film fans. "Before going on the lot or out for the evening, I simply make up my lips with Kissproof. That's my assurance that they will look their best—and keep looking their best—all day or evening long."

"See the Kissproof lips of Miss Loy in 'The Great Divide,' and remember that she is but one of the 5,000,000 women who have found that they can leave their lipsticks at home—free themselves from constant 'making up'—if they use Kissproof.

Follow their example and you'll find that this lasting waterproof lipstick will do more than stay on—it will flatter your lips tremendously, making them glow with natural beauty.

Kissproof is available at toilet counters everywhere. *Black and Gold Case, 50c; Squirrel Case, 75c.*

Kissproof

BUNIONS GO QUICKLY!

PEDODYNE the new scientific solvent process softens the torturing pain of the most sensitive bunion almost instantly, and reduces the enlarged, distorting growth so quickly you'll soon have slantly feet and wear smaller, trimmer shoes with ease and comfort.

MAKE THIS TEST AND PROVE IT!

Just mail the coupon below—Try Pedodyne on your own bunion and prove the quick, sure, amazing results.

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. 342-H
180 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

"I want to try Pedodyne." There is no obligation. Address—
Name.....
Address.....

TURN YOUR SPARE OR FULL TIME INTO MONEY

With our Christmas Box Assortment which contain 21 Cards and Folders in dainty water color designs, beautiful engraving and embossing, tip-on illustrations, sparkling raised gold metallic effects, marvelous creations in parchment and deckle edged fold-overs—very rare and desired with you ready for a charming surprise. \$2.95. FOR 41—OUR BEST! YOU SEE, WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES.

For full particulars and FREE SAMPLES, write immediately to
Waltham Art Publishers, Dept. 67, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

Does Your Mirror Reflect Rough Pimply Skin?

Then Use **CUTICURA**

And Have a Clear Skin!

Price 25c. each. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 6B, Malden, Mass.

New York, brought back her voice. She feels that she owes him a debt that can never be repaid.

Then two years of study in Europe, and a debut at the *Opera Comique*, where Mary Garden had scintillated before. Garden, by the way, is one of her closest friends. And both believe that there is nothing like a sun bath to keep a prima donna looking like a Folies queen. Then, at last, the Metropolitan, the night of nights when she sang *Mimi* in "La Boheme."

GRACE didn't want to come to Hollywood. She was to sing "Louise" in Paris this spring. She has a villa on the Riviera, but she is practical, too. Why not make a lot of money? France is always there.

Her first picture will be "Jenny Lind." Then "The New Moon," with Lawrence Tibbett as her co-star. After that, "The Merry Widow." A whole basketful of talkie plums is showered in her lap.

At ten o'clock we started for the Montmartre. We went in Grace's limousine, driven by an imported French chauffeur who in some uncanny way learned all the roads but can speak no English. Another chauffeur followed, driving my car. It was like leading a parade. Grace was going on to Malibu Beach later on, and didn't want to return to the ranch. She couldn't very well take me to Malibu, and she couldn't gracefully ask me to walk back for my car.

Over her light wrap she wore an ermine coat. I didn't like to mention it, but that was a bit insulting. Most girls realize that it is a sort of affront to a gentleman to take two coats—even if it is a cold night.

At Montmartre we had a couple of dances to Ben Bernie's marvelous music. Ben came over and spoke to Grace. She had known him in New York. By that time she was in a mood to see the town. We paid something like \$4.75 at Montmartre for something or other, and started for George Olsen's Night Club.

"About once a year I feel like this," she said. "I want to go touring, and stay about half an

hour in each place. My chauffeur will think he is driving me about Paris."

It was nearly midnight when we reached the Olsen Club. The place was packed. People were almost hanging from the chandeliers. It was an impressive entrance we had. If the orchestra had just been tipped off I'm sure it would have played "Pomp and Circumstance."

Grace was easily the most stunning woman in the place. We ordered. I know you won't believe this, but Grace ate an apple. A friend of mine who has been places and seen things said that this is quite the thing in Europe. I had chicken salad, which I didn't want, but it was the first thing I thought of. I don't like apples, and two people at the same table eating apples would have started a riot.

"I like this place," she confessed. "It's gay. It makes me think of New York."

Under the mellowing influence of a good dinner, gay music, and, of course, the apple, we became very good friends. In fact, an hour after I had first met the lady I felt as if I had known her always.

At two o'clock Grace had to leave for her cottage at Malibu. A photographer was coming down at ten in the morning, and a new star in pictures can't meet the "birdie" with circles under her eyes. The bill was \$5.50. In other words the whole evening cost just \$10.25.

Now anyone can afford to step out with a Metropolitan opera star at these bargain rates. Sometimes it's nice to live in Hollywood where pleasures are simple and you can have a big evening on a ten-spot.

MAYBE it isn't sporting to mention this, but an operatic songbird is a most glamorous person. In fact the whole evening was the most exciting I've had. With that I apologize to Sally, June, Anita, Lupe, Jetta, Margaret, Polly and Helen.

Gosh, I didn't realize that I had been around so much until that summing up. Pretty soon I can write my memoirs and retire to a villa at Tia Juana.

Gloria, Connie and the Marquis

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

along. And as they talked, something began developing. They called it "The Trespasser." Eddie wrote it. Laura Crews coached Gloria for it, giving her the benefit of all a brilliant stage career had taught her. Gloria starred in it.

It took just eight weeks from paper to cutting room. At the end of it, Gloria had lost twenty pounds and was close to a mental and physical wreck.

Now, when the average husband returns home to the average wife, after a hard day at the office, she has the house ready for him, his slippers before the radiator and a good, hot dinner steaming on the table. After dinner, she takes time out to tell him how wonderful he is and then, if possible, packs him off to bed with the rest of the children.

Gloria, when she finished "The Trespasser," was, metaphorically, a man coming home from a hard day at the office. She dashed for Europe and Henri. She told the ship's news reporters, "I'm going abroad to bring my husband back. No more of these uncompanionate marriages for me. I want Hank to be with me, not separated from me."

She was even more tired when she reached Paris. She needed rest and quiet. But Henri was full of ideas for her entertainment. He proposed a trip to Deauville. It was the racing season. They ate dinner at midnight and breakfast at four p. m. From Deauville they rushed back to Paris and Gloria endured days of fittings. Then word came that Pathe was to open "The Trespasser" in London and that Gloria was to broadcast one of her songs.

Gloria just made the boat train and landed exhausted. The officials of her company say that they have never seen anyone in such a state of nerves as Gloria after that B. B. C. broadcast in London.

You know, of course, what "The Trespasser" did, what an outstanding hit it still is at the box-office. You know that Gloria was the first of the genuine made-in-Hollywood dramatic stars to triumph in the new medium of sound.

But what did it all really matter? Gloria came back after Europe without the thing she had gone after—Henri.

Which brings us down to what undoubtedly created this triangle in the first place—and to a problem that confronts every working wife, whether she works as a stenographer or as a movie star.

An idle wife can, as a rule, appreciate her husband's tiredness. She can realize the expenditure of mental and physical energy even the easiest day demands. She can subdue her own energy to attune with her husband's weariness. But a man can't reverse that situation.

An idle husband doesn't appreciate a weary wife. He doesn't want a weary wife, no matter how famous or beautiful or rich she may be. He resents a tired wife. He wants an amusing, feminine companion.

And to this rule Henri de Bailly de Lafalais, Marquis though he may be, is no exception. Henri married the gay, debonaire Swanson of 1925. He trailed the paths of her glory. He was her manager. He was her agent. He tried being an actor, a dealer in manuscripts, even a

writer. Somehow, he and work never got along.

He began finding out, too, how Gloria worked—how serious she is about her work—how it excludes everything from her mind, save her children—when she is engaged in it. And so when things began being a little less delightful around the home, when Gloria's luck wasn't holding out and she was forced to be more serious, Henri began going more often to France and returning less.

I am not accusing Henri of shirking. I think it was inevitable that he should act this way. He had been brought up in an atmosphere of leisure and laughter. It was natural that he should hate the atmosphere of stress and struggle that is artistic creation in the most fluctuating medium known.

YET the tragedy of it is that Gloria cannot give up working, since her greatest piece of art is the creation she has made of herself.

With Connie Bennett it is altogether different. Connie is acting. That's true enough. But Connie started with much more than Gloria and so the struggle will never be so severe on her.

Connie was always a personality. She never had to overcome shyness and plain features as Gloria did. Connie was beautiful even as a baby. Learning came easily to her and she had a perfect background of it, schools on the Continent, finishing schools here. When she was sixteen she was so exquisite it stabbed you to look at her and so sophisticated you couldn't believe it.

She eloped with a college kid that year. His parents had it annulled. She went into ball-room dancing and met Phil Plant. He was a difficult lad and got engaged and nearly married several times while Connie knew him—but Connie finally got her heart's desire and became Mrs. Plant. A couple of blissful years passed and then Connie came back from Europe, with her divorce, her million, her Continental mind and the figure of a growing boy. Hollywood held out open arms to her and that was that.

But Connie says, "Between working all the time and drifting all the time, I'd far rather work. But I'd give up either work or idling if the right man came along, without waiting five minutes to think it over and renounce fame for a first choice at a home and romance. I believe any kind of a career comes secondary to happiness in love. This is as true for a man as for a woman, as I see it."

That is the voice of the romantic speaking.

WHEN Gloria talks, she mentions her home, her children, and her career.

And that is the voice of the artist.

What the end will be no one cares to forecast. It may be that Gloria will discover Henri is worth giving up all her career for.

It may be that Connie will start working very, very hard.

At any rate, they will continue, for a while, to provide Hollywood with its choicest gossip—Gloria, the glorious; Connie, the exotic, and the charming and genial Marquis known as Hank.

Janet Goes to War

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

She says she refused to return because she had no definite assurance from the studio that they would not ask her to make another "High Society Blues" after "Liliom." Perhaps she thought that by holding up "Liliom" she could bring the studio to her point of view.

But "Liliom" was not held up. Fox imported Rose Hobart, Broadway stage actress, to play the part Janet was to have played. The picture went into production.

And Janet came back without having won her point. She came back, she says, because

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she felt it was unfair to her husband, Lydell Peck, to stay away any longer. They had been married only five months.

On her return to Hollywood the battle took on the aspect of a deadlock. She did not go near the studio. The publicity department had great difficulty in reaching her and when they did get her on the phone she was far from confidential.

The studio stopped her salary. Had she been dependent on her weekly check for a living the battle would probably have ended then and there. But Janet didn't turn a hair.

She took a year's lease on a house at Playa del Rey and with her husband moved down, bag and baggage.

I WENT to see her the day she moved to the beach. She had not called the studio since her return from Honolulu three weeks before, nor had studio officials made any attempt to get in touch with her. I asked her what she was going to do.

"Nothing," she said calmly. She looked healthier and happier than she had looked in months.

"It's their move. They know exactly how I feel about the situation. They must come to me now."

Her contract with Fox has four more years to run. Unless she comes to an agreement with them or finds a legal means to dissolve her contract she must remain off the screen for the next four years.

Lydell Peck is in sympathy with his wife's attitude, but says he would not want to see her retire from the screen. "Janet is emotional—she needs that outlet." But Mrs. Lydell Peck says she is in no hurry to get back to work. If it becomes necessary to give up her film career for the next few years she will turn her energies to something else. She wants to write. And to travel.

And for the time being she is quite content to lie on the sand, resting, reading, and doing a little mental house-keeping.

It is hard to tell just what the Fox studio will do about the situation. Their attitude is that Janet Gaynor is getting too hard to handle, and that unless she comes around they will put someone else in the pictures slated for her on next year's program. There is so much talent in the world, they feel, that no one individual is indispensable.

Much time and money have been spent by the Fox organization, which gave her her chance, in order to build the name of Janet Gaynor to its present drawing power. It is going to take more time and more money to groom someone for her place. The public adores Janet both in her wistful, emotional characteriza-

tions and in lighter musical comedy rôles. There is no question about that.

Janet says: "Just because I am holding out for what I know to be best, the studio thinks I am getting arty. In 'High Society Blues' I went back almost to the starting point of my career. I played an ingénue lead which any beginner could have handled. Surely I've worked myself out of the beginner class by now."

Perhaps it will clarify Janet's conception of a "suitable rôle" to know that she was eager to play the lead in "Common Clay." The rôle, which fell to Constance Bennett, was that of a sophisticated young woman, possessing obvious sex attraction. But Janet says she would have played her as a girl irresistible to men not through any frankly sophisticated appeal, but by virtue of her helplessness and ingenuous charm.

A type, certainly, which attracts big, strong men both on and off the screen!

"I know that I can play emotional rôles. I've proved that—and I feel that I have something a little out of the ordinary to offer on the screen. I'm at my best playing character rôles in foreign settings, as in 'Th Heaven' and 'Christina'—not doing straight American leads. A 'Sunny Side Up' every four or five pictures would be fine—but not all the time."

Janet seems to forget that Fox offered her "Liliom" after "High Society Blues"—not another musical comedy.

That is the chief flaw in an otherwise convincing argument.

While the Fox situation continues to become more involved, rumors of domestic difficulties in the Gaynor-Peck household grow increasingly persistent.

NOT long ago Janet and Lydell quarreled publicly at a large party. Lydell went home, but Janet remained at the party. It may have been only a spat.

In the face of all reports, however, Janet and Lydell both maintain steadfastly that they are happy, and that there is no possibility of a split.

Certainly the fact that they have taken a year's lease on a house bears out their statement. Still, leases can be broken.

What is more to the point is the fact that they look happy.

Any way you figure it, Janet Gaynor is sitting on a keg of dynamite at present. By her own admission her professional life is in a turmoil.

And, by the admission of those close to her, her domestic life is in the same state. Either or both may have blown up by the time this is in print.

But then, maybe Janet likes dynamite!

What Garbo Thinks of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

about her strikes her as strangely funny. When she once read a very high-brow treatise about herself in a national magazine she closed the book and said:

"But what does it all mean?" She cannot, you see, reconcile herself to the illusions that people have about her. She does not believe herself mysterious.

Hollywood, I think, amuses her ironically more than anything in her life.

She will break out into a loud guffaw at upset dignity.

One very pompous actor who played in a picture of hers walked across the set one day, tripped on a wire and fell sprawling. She could not control her mirth.

She shows her feeling for the average Hollywood party by not attending them. One of the reasons is that she is truly terrified of people en masse.

And another reason is that she knows the

stories that are always circulated about her when she makes an appearance.

SHE has, by now, acclimated herself to California, a gesture that was difficult. She adores the sun—is, in reality, a sun worshiper and loves to have it pour over her lithe, long body. But she likes cold days best. Somehow the driving heat of Hollywood enervates her and always has.

And, although she loves the ocean and lived at the beach when she first came to California, the constant roll of the ocean gets on her nerves.

She has, however, decided to move back to the beach. She lived for a time in a rented house in Beverly Hills, but moved from there to a house of Marie Prevost.

She discovered that the noise of the electric cars passing close by annoyed her, so she is leaving that place.

Certainly she must have a profound contempt for all of the exhibitionist qualities she finds in Hollywood!

Howard Greer, the dressmaker, says that she is the only star customer he has who insists upon selecting her clothes in a closed fitting room, away from the prying eyes of even the people she knows.

Garbo is not one to dis-semble. She shows plainly what she feels and is the most deeply temperamental woman in Hollywood. That does not mean that she flies into tantrums. She has never been known to do that, but she is subject to a thousand moods. When she is in dark spirits she sits apart and will not inflict her misery on others. She simply makes herself miserable. She either talks not at all or a great deal.

SHE has no place in the life of Hollywood. She has never adapted herself to it. When she thought she was in love with Jack Gilbert she was more social than ever before, because Jack is such a social person. Then, she went out occasionally, learned to play tennis and made some of the conventional gestures. She doesn't even do that now.

But Hollywood has been kind to her and I think she appreciates this. It has brought her wealth and fame. The wealth doesn't mean a great deal to her, since she lives as simply as a hermit, and I believe that she is afraid of the fame. She feels that it is a Frankenstein that will some day destroy her. She reads all of the stories that are written about her and one day she remarked to a friend:

"See, they say nice things about me now. But if I some time make a bad picture and if I am no longer popular you will see they will say I am not a good actress, and other bad things as well."

She is like a caged lioness on the set, and before she does an emotional scene she walks up and down the stage.

Between scenes she sits hunched over in a chair with an old sweater thrown about her shoulders, like a prize fighter ready to go into the ring.

Garbo will continue to remain an enigma in Hollywood.

But she is really no enigma at all. She will continue to go her way alone, for she is essentially an alone person, an introvert and a neurotic, a woman not at all amazing to herself but amazing to those who watch her.

There is almost as much hysteria about her in Hollywood as there is in the rest of the world. Stars beg to meet her. Hostesses try to lure her to their parties. But Garbo does not like parties.

Nobody is kidding Garbo. She does not overlook the fact that the reason she is so desired is because she is so inaccessible.

She may be bewildered over the men and women who do not know her but who clamor to add her to other social lions in their drawing rooms.

But she understands it better now.

Ever the onlooker at life, she sits back and smiles a sophisticated smile at the irony and smallness of it all.

IT is probable that in her heart Garbo despises Hollywood.

How can it fit into her ambition to be a stage star in Berlin, Paris and Vienna? She does not say much about her own Stockholm—probably because there she is not considered truly great, lacking, as she does, years of stage training in her own land.

What part can Hollywood have—save as a gold mine—in Garbo's greatest dream? That is the hunch she is going to build at Sallsgon—beautiful island-dotted lake near the Swedish capital.

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- Jean Arthur
- William Austin
- George Bancroft
- Clara Bow
- Mary Brian
- Clive Brook
- Nancy Carroll
- Robert Castle
- Lane Chandler
- Ruth Chatterton
- Maurice Chevalier
- June Collyer
- Chester Conklin
- Gary Cooper
- Stuart Erwin
- Kay Francis
- Richard "Skeets" Gallagher
- Harry Green
- Mitzi Green

At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

- Buzz Barton
- Sally Blane
- Olive Borden
- Sue Carol
- Betty Compton
- Bebe Daniels
- Frankie Darro
- Richard Dix
- Jack Mullah
- Bob Steele
- Tom Tyler

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

- Robert Armstrong
- Constance Bennett
- William Boyd
- Ina Claire
- Alan Hale
- Ann Harding
- Carol Lombard
- Eddie Quillan
- Helen Twelvetrees

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

- John Barrymore
- Monte Blue
- Betty Bronson
- William Collier, Jr.
- Dolores Costello
- Louise Fazenda
- Audrey Ferris
- James Hall
- Al Jolson
- Myrna Loy
- May McAvoy
- Edna Murphy
- Lois Wilson
- Grant Withers

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

- Nils Asther
- Lionel Barrymore
- Wallace Berry
- Jack Benny
- Charles Bickford
- Edwina Booth
- John Mack Brown
- Lon Chaney
- John Crawford
- Karl Dane
- Marion Davies
- Mary Doran
- Duncan Sieters
- Josephine Dunn
- Cliff Edwards
- Greta Garbo
- John Gilbert
- Lawrence Gray
- Raymond Hackett
- William Haines
- Marion Harris
- Lola Hyams
- Kay Johnson
- Dorothy Jordan

- Buster Keaton
- Charles King
- Gwen Lee
- Bessie Love
- John Miljan
- Robert Montgomery
- Polly Moran
- Conrad Nagel
- Ramon Novarro
- Edward Nugent
- Elliott Nugent
- Catherine Dale Owen
- Anita Page
- East Kathleen
- Duncan Renaldo
- Dorothy Sebastian
- Norma Shearer
- Sally Starr
- Lewis Stone
- Lawrence Tibbett
- Ernest Torrence
- Raoul Torres
- Roland Young

At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

- Don Alvarado
- John Bennett
- Fannie Brice
- Charles Chaplin
- Dolores Del Rio
- Douglas Fairbanks
- Lillian Gish
- O. P. Heggie
- John Holland
- Chester Morris
- Mary Pickford
- Harry Richman
- Gilbert Roland
- Gloria Swanson
- Norma Talmadge
- Constance Talmadge
- Louis Wolheim

At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

- Evelyn Brent
- William Collier, Jr.
- Jack Egan
- Ralph Graves
- Sam Hardy
- Jack Hall
- Ralph Ince
- Margaret Livingston
- Ben Lyon
- Dorothy Revier
- Marie Saxon
- Jolinne Walker

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

- Vilma Banky
- Walter Byron
- Ronald Colman
- Lily Damita

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

- Frank Albertson
- Robert Ames
- Mary Astor
- Ben Bard
- Warner Baxter
- Rex Bell
- El Brendel
- Warren Burke
- Helen Chandler
- Margaret Churchill
- Mae Clark
- William Collier, Sr.
- Joyce Compton
- Fritz Farrell
- Louise Dresser
- Nancy Drexel
- Charles Eaton
- Charles Farrell
- Stepin Fetchit
- John Garrick
- Janet Gaynor
- William Harrigan
- Richard Keene
- Lola Lane

- Dixie Lee
- Ivan Linow
- Edmund Lowe
- Sharon Lynn
- Farrell MacDonald
- Mona Marie
- Kenneth McKenna
- Victor McLaglen
- Don Jose Mojica
- Les Motter
- Charles Morton
- Paul Muni
- J. Harold Murray
- George O'Brien
- Paul Page
- Tom Patricia
- Sally Phillips
- David Rollins
- Milton Sills
- Arthur Stone
- Norma Terris
- Don Terry
- Marjorie White

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

- Roland Drew
- Rita Carewe
- LeRoy Mason

At Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.

- Charley Chase
- Olive Hardy
- Harry Langdon
- Stan Laurel
- Our Gang
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At Sono Art-World Wide, care of Metropolitan Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Calif.

- Reginald Denry
- Eddie Dowling
- Jacqueline Logan
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Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.

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Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

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- Bernice Claire
- Doris Dawson
- Billie Dove
- Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
- Alexander Gray

- Doris Kenyon
- Dorot Mackaill
- Marilyn Miller
- Antonio Moreno
- Donald Reed
- Alma White
- Loretta Young

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

- Low Ayres
- John Boles
- Ethelyn Claire
- Kathryn Crawford
- Lorraine DuVal
- Robert Ellis
- Hoot Gibson
- Dorothy Gulliver
- Otis Harlan
- Raymond Keane
- Morna Kennedy
- Barbara Kent
- Scott Kirk
- Natalie Kingston
- Beth Laermette

- Allen Lane
- Laura La Plante
- Jeanette Loft
- Errol Mackay
- Ken Maynard
- James Murray
- Mary Nolan
- Mary Phillips
- Eddie Phillips
- Joseph Schildkraut
- Merna Kennedy
- Glenn Tryon
- Lupe Velaz
- Paul Whiteman
- Barbara Worth

Just a Cute Trick

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

until the next two weeks. From eight to ten every morning she danced. Roger hired the best dancing teacher in Hollywood, some said in America, at the rate of twenty-five dollars an hour. Eva had natural grace. Then from ten to twelve there was the best dramatic teacher the colony afforded, who taught Eva to read and pronounce words all over again. Then there was lunch with Roger. Milk, Graham crackers, and vegetables, to which Eva submitted with hungry zest. Then the entire afternoon with Roger—in which he taught her all he knew about putting oneself over.

ROGER wasn't conceited, but he told Eva that he had never had a day's failure. His career had been a steady climb upward, culminating in last season's triumph. He couldn't remember a performance from his days touring the sticks to these glorious later days when his audience hadn't been all his. Sometimes it seemed rather futile to tell Eva his secrets of success—when she was such a delicate, feminine little person, and he so completely masculine.

He was touched and flattered when she begged him to do his numbers—the numbers that had brought him such tremendous ovations—just for her.

And Roger, being not so different from other actors, performed with as much zest as if there had been an audience of thousands, instead of one small girl with a rapt expression on her face.

The two weeks sped to a close, and the morning came on which the picture was scheduled to begin. When Roger came on the set Eva was already there, looking contented as a kitten, snuggled in her chair, with Eva Moore in big, black letters on her back. He stood there for some moments watching her, until he became conscious of the snickers of two burly electricians, the true cynics of any studio lot.

Roger himself couldn't get over it. He supposed this was what real love was. He had known hundreds of beautiful women—and then this little blonde person walked into his life, and everything was changed. Permanently.

The cameras were lined up for the first scene. But before that there must be a rehearsal. The director, Emil Dirk, looked at Roger with a triumphant, now-we-shall-see expression. Of course, there had been voice tests and screen tests of Eva—but this was the real test.

Eva went through the scene with the poise of a veteran and a certain dainty charm. Roger was not in this scene. Just Eva, the heavy, and a character woman. Even Emil Dirk could find no fault. "All right, this is a take," were his only words.

Eva fled to her make-up box, and dabbed at her nose. She swished the long skirt of the evening gown she was wearing, and the make-up woman powdered her neck and arms. "I'm scared to death, honey," she whispered to Roger, and rewarded his, "You needn't be, darling," with an affectionate little smile.

THE door of the sound stage was locked, the orders to "lock 'em up" were given, and the picture had started. It was a long scene. At the close Emil Dirk said, "Very nice." Eva was evidently all right.

Eva loved the respect and adulation she commanded as the recognized object of Roger Blake's devotion. There was a property boy always ready with her coat or robe after every "take." A closed studio car called for her whenever she was needed at the studio, if Roger was unable to call himself or to send his coffee-colored Rolls-Royce.

He passed on her costumes, and scrutinized her make-up before she stepped before the

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(See page 60 for full particulars regarding Contest)

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camera, and was constantly paying her elaborate compliments, to the infinite disgust of Emil Dirk. Roger Blake playing lady's maid to a babyish little blonde whose only distinction was to call one "honey" in dulcet tones oftener than anyone else could manage to! Roger was "honey." The electricians were "honeys." (They could do wonders in lighting if they like a girl.)

The assistant who had raged at her on the day she met Roger was also "honey," and once she even "honeeyed" Emil Dirk. But only once!

To please Eva, Roger insisted that they work in the little dance she had learned, and she sang or rather talked a delicately risqué little song.

ROGER and Eva lunched *tête-à-tête* every day to the accompaniment of Eva's frantic questioning. "How did I look this morning?" "Did I say that line about 'never wanting to see you again' all right?" "Oh, Roger, do you think I'll make good? What do you really think, Roger?" "Shall I put on an all-new make-up?"

Such fretting was very amusing to Roger. With a featured comedian, the girl's part was a negligible thing at best. It was her first little fling and he was glad she was getting such a kick out of it.

After the picture was finished they would be married, and if Eva still wanted to play about in the movies he was powerful enough to get her the rôles.

But not a word of this to Eva. Her small worries were very tender things to him, so he contented her with fervent assurance that she would be a knockout. But sometimes the tense expression on her face as she studied her lines surprised him.

She was taking it seriously, that is, as seriously as anyone as little and young and cute as Eva could.

At last the picture was finished, and to celebrate the return of Albert Chamberlain, president of the company, from a long European trip, there was to be a special preview of the picture at a neighborhood theater.

Eva was frantic with excitement. "Oh, Roger, I can hardly wait. You know what previews are! What if I should be terrible and they would laugh at me?"

However, she recovered herself sufficiently to make elaborate preparations for the occasion.

She purchased a very youthful sports dress of soft white wool, a powder blue coat of nautical design, and a tiny white hat. She liked the respect of the salesladies in the smart shops, but she liked better the substantial discount that professional people were accorded.

She spent the remainder of the afternoon in a beauty parlor, and when Roger called to take her to dinner she was dazzlingly pretty.

On the way to the restaurant he told her to close her eyes, and when she obediently held them shut, he fastened something on her wrist, and pressed a kiss on puckered red lips. He loved to kiss Eva—even before the cameras. She was so warm and fragrant and young—although almost distressingly matter-of-fact. She would sigh with what he hoped and believed was ecstasy for a fraction of a second, and then push him aside to return to her petty discussions of the picture. It was cute in her, though. She was just a kid.

EVA was emitting small shrieks of pleasure. A diamond bracelet, and a gorgeous one, encircled her wrist.

"It's to celebrate the picture, dear."

"Oh, the picture—now I'm frightened again."

"How can you be so terribly calm, honey?"

"Oh, I've lived through a hundred moments like this."

Eva loved the craning of necks as they entered the theater, and took their seats in the section reserved for studio people. At last the regular feature was over. There was a buzz of excitement. A feature preview will follow immediately. Then—ROGER BLAKE in MANHATTAN MANNERS. Eva clutched his arm.

Thunderous applause greeted the first appearance of Roger Blake. Then Eva appeared. No applause, but a buzz that sounded like "Isn't she cute?"

The picture unfolded. Who was this girl Eva Moore? Eva with her pretty little mouth all askew. Eva with one hand stroking her head behind her ear, one eyebrow arched. A quizzical, half-humorous, half-pathetic expression. A taunting inflection in her voice.

Roger leaned forward in his chair. What had the child done? She was unconsciously using all his tricks. But in her they were entrancingly feminine. They gave her a naive sophistication that was charming. Unique. And when she did her little song and dance number, with the self-deprecatory little gestures, the house burst into long and loud applause led by none other than Albert Chamberlain.

THEN Chamberlain's none too gentle voice boomed out—"Where is this fellow Blake's famous personality? That little girl takes the picture right from under his nose. Have you got her under contract?"

Eva watched herself on the screen with no small amount of satisfaction. How well she photographed, and how neatly she got her lines over. Roger didn't look so well. She wondered how old he was. Why, on the screen he was really quite mediocre. When the audience laughed at her, and when they applauded her little song and dance, she could scarcely control the tears of pride and joy.

And she, with no previous experience—why, she really deserved all the praise and credit in the world!

The picture was over. Roger and Eva picked their way through the crowd packed tightly outside the theater. Eva was soon busy signing autograph books for children, and everyone seemed to be crowding nearer for a closer look. She was sweet and shyly gracious, and acknowledged their compliments modestly. Emil Dirk approached.

"Mr. Chamberlain is waiting to meet you, Eva. Hello, Blake."

It was the first time Emil Dirk had called her "Eva." He usually pretended to forget her name completely, and addressed her as "you." A few times he had been gracious enough to remember she was "Miss Moore."

Eva approached the great man with her most tremulous smile. "You're a wonderful little girl, Miss Moore, and a great little actress. I think we'll be having a little talk tomorrow."

A little talk. Of course, that meant a contract! Roger had no contract. He had been brought out from New York for one picture. You had to be good to get a contract these days.

The ride home was very quiet. "Well, Eva, they didn't laugh at you," said Roger at parting.

Roger didn't see Eva until three o'clock the next day. She was in the publicity office waiting to be interviewed.

"Well, Roger, I've a contract. And, furthermore, I am to be co-starred with Paul Luvorne in his next picture, and I'm to have my name in the billing of 'Manhattan Manners.' What are you doing next?"

"Oh, I think I'll take a little trip to New York. I can't stay away from Broadway very long. I've a new show lined up."

"Well, maybe you're right, honey. You know you don't photograph any too well. I'll miss you an awful lot—but I expect I'll be very busy. When are you leaving?"

"Tonight. Will you have dinner with me? There is something I want to tell you."

"Oh, honey. I can't. I'm having dinner with Mr. Dirk. You know he's going to direct my next picture, and can do so much for me. I wouldn't dare offend him. Besides," dimpling prettily, "I just know I'd cry if I said goodbye to you, Roger. I always cry when I say goodbye. Here comes Mr. Smythe from 'The Times' to interview me—so we'd better say goodbye right now when there is no time

for me to be silly. It was perfectly sweet of you, Roger, to give me this lovely bracelet."

Roger turned for one farewell look. She was greeting the long and lanky Mr. Smythe. She was wearing the little powder blue coat that had the nautical look.

And his bracelet. He sighed as he went his way.

"Gee, but she's a cute trick!"

Will Norma Shearer Retire?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

"But the point is that the very fact that I have worked and that I have, in a small way, accomplished something, has made him love me more.

"Oh, I'm quite sure of that.

"He is so thrilled by what succeeds I have. To him, I'm really surrounded by glamour because I have done a good job on a picture. It is true that I thought for a moment that he was going to be jealous of my work. And I loved him for that. I loved him when he was sometimes jealous of my leading men. But that is only a little thing.

"The real point is that he glories in me for the things I've done.

"The career has made our love bigger than it would otherwise have been.

"When I'm between pictures I'm bothered with a thousand petty details about the house, about clothes, about servants. I get lines between my eyebrows from worrying over those little things and I think, 'Why, I can't start a picture now.

"How will all of these little things get done if I'm not here to see that they do?"

"But when I start a picture they do get done and they get done well, too. And I shut them all out of my mind and plunge headlong into my work.

"I KNOW that I'm a nicer person when I work than when I don't. I always dread a new picture. I dread the worry of it, the anxiety, and I sometimes wish that I were a secretary who gets to the office in the morning at nine o'clock and leaves at five-thirty. Then I wouldn't have those haunting fears, 'Will I be good in this picture? Will my scenes get over? Will I not be an absolute flop?"

"Now, while I'm waiting for the baby, I'm studying French and Spanish. I wish I didn't have to do it. I wish I could just rest and relax, but I must do these things. I cannot waste my precious time.

"I have so many interests when I work. Any woman who works does. She is kept alive and keen and ready for emergencies.

"Of course, I love fame; what man or woman doesn't? But more important than the fame and infinitely more beautiful, is the light of appreciation that I see in Irving's eyes when I've done a good job. And that is why I say, 'Take up a career for the sake of love.'

"The other day a friend of mine was talking of his little girl and wondering where to send her to college, which school would be best for her, and I suddenly wondered how would it be to have somebody plan your life for you. I sometimes miss a good education, but I'm glad I didn't have it, if I had had to sacrifice the work I've done for it."

Norma has never looked so lovely before. She has never been so radiant, so filled with the joy of living.

And I feel very sure that if her own child is a girl she will be taught the glory of a good job well done.

In the meantime, there is no chance of Norma's retiring from the screen. It's all too glorious to have her love and her career each so definitely a part of the other!



summer!

YET YOUR POWDER CLINGS, ROUGE STAYS ON AND YOU LOOK ALWAYS LOVELY

Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

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gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And of course Princess Pat's wonderful new lip rouge!

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EST. 1923

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

Sez Mr. Graham!

Winnipeg, Man., Can.
I am a "Garbo-Maniac," first, last and always. And how I would like to have Thomas A. Willington here right now! Of all the rot I ever read, his opinion of Garbo was the silliest.

"Flat-chested, anaemic, goldfish out of water" indeed! Why, I've seen every picture of Garbo's since "The Torrent," and she's the most beautiful, fascinating, versatile, accomplished and gorgeous woman who ever appeared on the silver screen!

A great, big bouquet to William Powell for his enjoyable villains, his perfect detectives, and all his splendid, unforgettable acting in "Street of Chance."

B. GRAHAM.

But That's Life, Lady

Geneva, N. Y.

At last I have found someone who agrees with me. Irene Freeman, of Dallas, whose letter was printed in the May PHOTOPLAY, is a lady after my own heart.

"Anna Christie" was a terrible disappointment—not Garbo, but the picture. It was like a slap in the face to hear that fascinating, enchanting voice uttering the coarse expressions she was compelled to use. Please don't ever let us see Greta in a saloon again.

C. FEGLEY.

Telling It to Connie!

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Didn't the article in June PHOTOPLAY by Constance Bennett on "How I Would Manage Six Famous Husbands" strike you as funny? With all that knowledge, surely she should have been able to make a success of managing the one she had. But such is human nature!

MARY MILTON ELLIOTT.

Uh Huh, You're Right

Santa Barbara, Calif.

I have read every issue of your magazine for ten years. I have always enjoyed the articles written about the various stars, because they were chronicled in a newsy, sane manner, and not full of the over-sweet drivel that I note some of your readers seem to prefer. I refer to the recent protests that came to you because writers told the truth (and truth is usually more interesting than syrupy fiction)—that Greta Garbo does not dress fashionably, Clara Bow was getting too plump, Rudy Vallee did not "click" so loud in Hollywood, and John Gilbert's outlook in the talking picture is not so rosy.

None of those bits of news reflects on the character of these stars, and, personally, I don't like to have our stars written up as such gods and goddesses. It is more human to know they are real people like you and me. Please don't allow those protesting letters to "cramp your style," and disintegrate into a periodical full of sweet little fairy stories.

MURIEL WHELAN.

We're Boycotted!

Belle Court, N. J.
Your magazine shall not enter our club, and any of the twenty-five girls making up this club found with one in her possession is fined fifty cents (mere trifle, but I don't want to be fined). So I "sneaked" round to a friend and read this month's issue. It's all because of Cal York's insulting remarks about Vallee, that the girls refuse to buy PHOTOPLAY. Of course that's only twenty-five here, but ten of my girls belong to larger clubs in Pennsylv-

vania and they are going to broadcast the ban there. I looked over your articles and told the girls you printed some "grand" ones about Vallee this month—but no use, they're off you for life. Really it is laughable. And your star slammer, Cal York, will be minus a scalp if he ever happens this way.

How can an actor affect girls "that way"—it's positively silly to older folks like myself. But I'll have to admit I fell a little myself when Rudy carried off the honor of the year—singing for Mrs. Hoover at her request.

ADELE GORDON.

Talkies That Speak For Peace

Minneapolis, Minn.

"Young Eagles," although the photography was good and the story entertaining, did leave the impression that the Great War was a kind of community picnic, composed largely of young men with curly hair and engaging smiles, while "Journey's End" made an honest attempt to show the war as it was, emphasizing not so much its physical aspects as its slow, disintegrating mental torture.

If the motion picture can force on the general public even a faint conception of what war really means, without the drums and heroics, they will have done a great service to humanity.

MARCHETTE CHUEL.

Los Angeles, Calif.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" will receive its brickbats, for many will think it too real, too horrible. In saying that, although they may not realize it, they are condemning not the picture, but what it represents—life stripped of its romance and glory.

HENRY HINDS.

But Some Like 'Em Light

Riverside, R. I.

"Men Without Women" made such an impression upon my mind that I cannot seem to forget it. It certainly is a splendid piece of work, both on the part of the director and the actors, especially Kenneth McKenna and Frank Albertson.

Let us have more of these stirring dramas and less meaningless revues which do not give the players a chance to show what they really can do.

MARY LOUISE CROSS.

What Price Laughter?

Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Don't "cut the comedy." Life is short and cruel enough without having tragedy fed to you for an evening's entertainment. I would willingly pay twice any admission price to laugh my troubles away.

MRS. JAMES F. MCCARTHY.

Less Bloodshed, More Romance

Hillsboro, Ore.

Please cut out the wholesale killings. After a hard day at the office I like a good laugh, a new idea for my wardrobe, or better yet, a palpitating romance.

MILDRED McLEOD.

We Thank You, Johnny

Your tribute to Mabel Normand was one of the nicest, kindest stories we have ever read.

I reach out and take your hand in appreciation for putting into words that which I am certain thousands of your readers feel in their hearts, even though we never knew Mabel Normand except upon the screen.

JOHNNY GRELLE.

And Heaven Did!

Freeport L. I.

The gayest, gladdest, happiest news I've heard in years is that Marie Dressler is to become a star in talkies. Goodness knows she's been a star since I first laid eyes on her, when she was firing apples, plucked from her hat, at the musical director at Weber & Fields' Music Hall.

BOB HALL.

Will Starring Spoil 'Em?

Flushing, L. I.

I hear they are going to make Marie Dressler a star. Oh Lordy, there's another great character actress gone wrong! Why not let her just go along with the fine work she's been doing? And this goes for George Bancroft, too.

FRANCES DENTON.

Maybe They'll Laugh at the Law

La Crescenta, Calif.

I saw the hilarious comedy, "Caught Short," recently but missed some of the best parts of the dialogue, because of the resounding laughs that filled the theater after a wise-crack from Marie Dressler or Bolly Moran. Can't we do something?

GLADYS D. MYERS.



Laura La Plante, like many another film star, found that a vacation spent in New York City may be mentally stimulating but it isn't exactly a rest. So she went to Battle Creek, Michigan, to recuperate from her vacation. Her visit to the Kellogg company at Battle Creek demoralized the entire working staff to the extent that production was a little below par that day. Laura finally went back to Hollywood for a real rest



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]



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New York

Under the Direction of
Wilbur T. Emerson

English, Russian and French—he was destined to spend twenty-six long, disheartening months. The discipline was rigid. Despite his discharge from the hospital he felt weak and unsteady most of the time, and his physical state aggravated the natural depression induced by the months of dreary prison routine. But his captivity yielded him one priceless boon—the best piece of good fortune, he says, that ever came his way. That piece of good fortune was a British prisoner who happened to be a school teacher. He and the French actor agreed to exchange lessons in their respective languages, but Chevalier maintains that it was a one-sided bargain.

"That fellow, he could teach," he declares admiringly. "Me—I told him the French word—this is a table—this is a chair—this is a music hall singer—but he could have found it as well in the book without me."

THOSE lessons, providing him with a regular task and giving his mind something to chew upon, did more than anything else to bolster his drooping spirits, and by the time he was released he could speak and write English correctly and easily—a knowledge that proved invaluable in his brilliant post-war career.

Apart from his family, the one person from whom he heard regularly during those months was an English performer named Tom Hearn, whose *Lazy Juggler* act had placed him at the head of his profession, not only in England and on the continent, but in America as well. Their friendship had been born of a curious accident. For no good reason but simply because he liked the sound of it, Hearn's brother had adopted the name of Chevalier for professional purposes, and Hearn was interested to see that a man with the same name was booked to play at the *Folies Bergères* while he was playing there.

He made a point of looking the man up to tell him of the coincidence, and they soon found they had many things in common, among them a love of sport and a distaste for hard drinking. Hearn would go home with Maurice after the show, to share the suppers that his mother delighted in preparing for them, and before long the two had formed a fast friendship.

During the war, Hearn joined the air service, and after eight weeks in France, was shot down in his plane. Lying flat on a hospital cot for six months, he still found the means of sending to the German prison camp letters of encouragement and packages of food and cigarettes.

THE friendship, formed in lightheartedness and strengthened by adversity, endured through all the years during which the Frenchman rose to fame and the *Lazy Juggler* gave up his juggling to become a producer. So that when Chevalier needed a manager for his American undertaking, it was to Tom Hearn he turned, the drawing, genial English-Irishman who now receives so kindly the ever-growing mob of promoters, song-writers, interviewers, unrecognized geniuses and ordinary pests camping on Chevalier's trail, and turns them away so courteously that it takes them a minute or two to realize that they haven't got what they came for.

The war dragged on, the months stretched into years, and the gray monotony of prison life—unrelieved by a hint of what was going on outside—made each year a century. Chevalier suddenly resolved on a desperate scheme. There was to be an exchange between France and Germany of imprisoned Red Cross workers, and he decided to pose as one of them.

He was taking a long chance. He would have to falsify his papers in the first place,

and then he would have to pass an examination in something that he knew nothing whatever about. If his trick was discovered, the life he had led hitherto would be paradise compared with what would follow. Nevertheless, he sent in his application. Nothing happened. For weeks he waited in dread, not knowing whether the next day would find him before a court martial or in solitary confinement, when suddenly there came the news that Red Cross applicants for repatriation would be examined the following morning. And on the list Chevalier's name appeared.

That night he didn't sleep. In twenty-four hours he tried to stuff his head with as much as it would hold of wounds and dressings, of the position of the heart and the function of the liver, with the natural result that when he faced the German officer next morning his mind was so confused that if his life had depended on it, he couldn't have told whether his lungs were for breathing and his stomach for digesting, or vice versa. He stood in line in the same fatalistic mood in which he had climbed out of the ditch, and steeled himself to meet what the Lord would send.

The German examiner threw him a sharp glance. This face was familiar to him as the face of a man who sang for the prisoners at Sunday night concerts. He turned to the French doctor standing beside him, who knew exactly what Chevalier was trying to do.

"BUT this one isn't a Red Cross man!" said the German, while the actor's dramatic talents deserted him, and he turned red and white and red again, and wondered how long his trembling legs would hold him.

The French doctor eyed him inscrutably. "Oh, yes," he answered, "he is a Red Cross man. He's been in the prison hospital and I know him well."

The German slowly nodded his head, but what the nod was intended to convey it would have been impossible to guess. He examined his list of questions, selected one and opened his mouth to put it to the stony-faced applicant who was praying for the earth to open and swallow him up. What happened was hardly less amazing. Whether there was something in Chevalier's expression that stirred his sympathy, whether the Sunday night performances had inspired in him that benevolent glow that it is Chevalier's peculiar gift to inspire or whether he was acting on a moment's impulse, is a matter for conjecture. The fact remains that, with his mouth open to ask the question, the officer suddenly changed his mind, cried: "Applicant passed! Next!" and waved his hand in a gesture that sent a shaky but happy young man back to his own country.

Arrived in France, Chevalier was given three months' leave in which to recuperate. There were two things he was bent on discovering—the truth about his physical condition and the possibility of continuing his professional career.

The French doctors could give him little satisfaction—to operate now would be a ticklish business—"better let it sleep while it sleeps," they advised him. His loss of appetite and vitality, his constant fatigue and his fits of dizziness might be due to the wound, or they might as readily be due to the long confinement and the nervous strain he had undergone. Time alone would show.

HE accepted an engagement. Hardly had he opened his mouth to sing when he was overwhelmed by such a wave of giddiness that he had to stop. He made a fresh start, but couldn't get any air into his lungs, and his voice sounded choked and smothered, as if it were struggling vainly to force its way beyond the barrier of his own throat. Shaking uncon-

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trollably, somehow he got to the end of the song and walked off the stage and didn't go back again.

As far as the theater was concerned, it looked as though he were through. As far as the war was concerned, he undoubtedly was. When his leave was over and he reported for duty, he was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* and discharged from the army as unit for military service.

He traveled on the advice of one doctor, and rested on the advice of another. He tried mountain climates and he tried mineral baths, he forced himself to eat, though all food tasted like a dish of wooden shavings, but nothing helped. He returned to Paris where he met a wise man who said to him: "Go back to the theater. Never mind if you're rotten—never mind if they give you the razz. Make a fool of yourself once, twice, a dozen times if necessary—but the only way you'll ever find out if you *can* get back is to go back—and the sooner you go, the sooner you'll find out."

He followed his friend's advice literally. He went back to the theater and he was rotten. He went through his paces without enthusiasm and he was received without enthusiasm. But he stuck it out. Little by little, he improved. His voice began to grow stronger and surer, and with his voice came returning hope and returning confidence.

ONE day he noticed that something he ate had the taste of food again instead of sawdust, and it is that day that he marks as the turning point in his illness. Still it took him two years to regain what he had lost, and it was his newly acquired command of English that helped him more than anything else to regain it.

Paris was crowded just then with English and American soldiers and war workers, and Chevalier conceived the idea that it would be a friendly gesture as well as a stroke of good business to include in his repertoire songs they would understand. His war audiences were sympathetically disposed to begin with, for in the program appeared a straightforward little note to the effect that Mr. Chevalier had been a soldier, had been wounded and honorably discharged, and that if he was playing while they were fighting, it was because he had done his job.

And when he stood before them and, with his endearing grin, his captivating accent, his radiant friendliness and sly humor, sang to those homesick boys that war classic: "How're you goin' to keep 'em down on the farm?" the ensuing riot was something to listen to. The word was passed along, and among the few indispensable forms of entertainment that marked the Parisian sojourns of Tommy and doughboy were the songs of Maurice Chevalier.

At first he played in revues with Mistinguette—that perennially youthful lady whose illustrious legs still twinkle for the delight of Parisian theater goers. To her Chevalier feels he owes a debt of deep gratitude. Open-handed and open-hearted, with a man's forthrightness and a man's loyalty, she is affectionately known to the entire stage fraternity as the "best of good sports," and to Chevalier she proved herself a staunch friend.

WHILE he was making his laborious climb to favor before the war, she was riding the crest of the wave, and her recognition of his unusual talents and her choice of him as her dancing partner were in those days like a royal seal of ratification upon his career.

When he returned, a very tired man, from captivity, she not only helped him with advice and encouragement but, as soon as he was ready, made a place for him in her revue, lending him the support of her prestige until he should feel sturdier and surer of himself. It was only after Chevalier's drawing power grew too great for co-starring that this famous theatrical partnership was terminated.

The success of his English songs turned his thoughts, once the war was over, to America.

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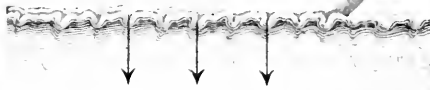
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Unguentine

*goes as deep
as the burn*



{epidermis, or upper skin.

*{dermis, or inner layer of skin,
where sunburn does its damage
and where Unguentine goes.*

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KOHLER
ONE NIGHT CORNCREME
"Removes - not only relieves pain"

An American triumph is to a European performer the crown of his career. It surrounds him with the kind of glamour he can acquire in no other way, by stamping him as an entertainer of international quality. But to fail in America is, by the same reckoning, a calamity. However popular you may be in your own country, the stigma can never quite be lived down.

SO, though he dreamed of trying for the Sprize, Chevalier was frankly afraid to take the chance—especially after playing a London engagement with Elsie Janis in 1919. Not that the Londoners didn't respond to him—they did. But he didn't respond to them. He didn't, to use a graphic expression of his own, "feel in his shoes." For once his work was really work instead of fun and he wasn't happy doing it. Suppose, with much more at stake, he should feel the same way in America!

He turned down the numerous offers made him to stay in England, and when he went back to Paris, it was with the idea of giving up his more ambitious plans and contenting himself with the plaudits of his countrymen.

He still made occasional tours of the provinces, and there is a story of one of these tours that he likes to tell on himself. His brother—the one who had formed the other half of the acrobatic partnership of CHEVALIER BROS.—was ambitious to follow in Maurice's footsteps, and though his brief career trailed no clouds of glory, he did manage to get some engagements, largely—one may be excused for suspecting—on the strength of the relationship.

It happened that the brothers were once playing the same town, and it also happened that Maurice was lying one morning in a barber's chair, lathered beyond recognition, while two citizens, awaiting their turn, discussed the affairs of the day. Having exhausted the weightier topics, one inquired of the other: "Have you seen this fellow Chevalier that they're all raving about?"

"Yes," answered his neighbor, "I've seen him. And what's more, I've seen his brother—the one that's playing in the little theater at the end of town—and it's my opinion that they're all crazy. The other's worth a dozen of this one—sings better, acts better, dances better. This Maurice has a reputation and that's all he's got! Mark my words, friend"—and he wagged an emphatic finger under his companion's nose—"that bird won't last a year."

THERE was nothing left for that bird to do but gather up the shreds of his self-esteem and slide out of the shop to avoid the severe gaze of his brother's admirer.

Among the applicants for the 1923 Chevalier revue was a shy little dancer, with magnificent dark eyes, named Yvonne Vallée. She had begun dancing at the age of eight, not with the idea of making it her profession, but because she had been a frail child and the doctor had told her mother it would do her good. But her talent had no so apparent that she had been encouraged to study for the stage—with happy results. Not only was she engaged for Chevalier's show, but her dancing pleased him so well that he chose her as his partner for an important number.

The choice proved a popular one—she was so tiny beside his height and so demure that she gave the effect of a small charming bird fluttering about him—and she danced like a fairy and she had a sense of comedy that supplemented his own.

The following season she became his official dancing partner, and the comradeship between them developed into something warmer. They might have married long before they were, except that they had a feeling against combining the personal with the professional, and Yvonne wasn't ready to give up her work. For two more seasons they danced and played together, and then Chevalier's dancing partner disappeared to make way for Chevalier's wife.

Her charm, quieter than his, is equally unmistakable. She combines a woman's graciousness with a child's appeal, and her fine

eyes look out on the world with a child's friendliness, eager and reserved at the same time.

Beneath the gravity of her expression, as she talks to a stranger, lurks a hint of that sparkling vitality that is characteristically French, and every now and then one corner of her mouth quirks upward in an enchanting smile. She apologizes for her English and promises earnestly that she will soon improve. She thinks America is a wonderland and gasps in dismay at the thought of what she would have missed if she hadn't come here.

She would like to dance on the stage again if a favorable opportunity offered—since, she hastens to add, Maurice has no objection—but that's a matter that will have to take care of itself. Her husband's career interests her far more than her own, and she is his unofficial but respected adviser in all things that concern him. Except for the demands of his work, all their time is spent together and it is only necessary to see them, unobtrusively but serenely happy in each other's company, to understand why their marriage has been called one of the most successful in the theatrical world.

WHEN Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks made their first trip to Paris together, they went to see Chevalier's show, and were so impressed that they made it their business to meet the star and urge upon him the advisability of a visit to the United States. They took to each other at once, and became, as Chevalier says, such "big friends" that when he and his wife took their first trip to Hollywood, their natural stopping place was Pickfair.

On their return from France, Fairbanks told Charles Dillingham, the producer, what he thought of Chevalier, with the result that Dillingham sent an agent to Paris to sign him up, sight unseen. Chevalier, still timid, but encouraged by his friends' enthusiasm, signed a contract to appear in New York the following fall in *Dédé*—his current revue that had then been running in Paris for two years.

That summer he went to New York for a three weeks' visit. He attended American revues, listened to American songs, watched American singers, and each day his heart sank lower. Each day he grew more and more firmly convinced that Paris couldn't compete with New York, and that Maurice Chevalier wasn't good enough to cut any real figure among the outstanding Broadway favorites. He thought their songs were catchier, he knew their voices were better, he even, by some strange reasoning, came to the conclusion that their humor was funnier than his. Having signed a contract, he'd have to go through with it, but he could already taste on his tongue the bitterness of defeat.

Returning to Paris to wind up his season there, he was stricken with appendicitis and intestinal trouble, and the run of *Dédé* had to be brought to an abrupt close. He came successfully through his operation, but whatever fighting spirit he had managed to hang on to up to then was left behind in the hospital. He makes no bones about it—he was plainly and simply frightened—far too frightened to face even the thought of a New York appearance and the possible disaster in which it might end. He asked Mr. Dillingham to release him, and he has never forgotten the prompt generosity of Mr. Dillingham's response. "If you won't be happy," he cabled, "don't come."

IN April of this year Chevalier played a phenomenally successful New York engagement under Dillingham's management in partial fulfillment of that old contract, and he has made the statement that Dillingham will always have the first call on his services for any future appearances, not only because he was the first producer to invite him to this country, but because he is the kind of gentleman with whom business relations are a pleasure.

The following year Mary Pickford asked him to play the male lead in one of her pictures—an invitation he was obliged regretfully to decline

because of his French contracts. He was now emerging as France's bright particular star, and mounting steadily to a pinnacle occupied by no one before him.

It isn't enough to say that he was the popular favorite—the people loved him, highbrow and lowbrow alike. He had his own show, and so long as he was in it, it didn't much matter what was left out. He had his own theater, the *Casino de Paris*—or at least people called it his, because to them its only reason for existence was Maurice Chevalier—and it became the Mecca for natives and foreigners in search of the most piquant and ingratiating dish the French stage had to offer. He was doing the thing he had been born to do, and in creating pleasure for others, he was creating the maximum amount for himself.

"If by some impossible chance," said one of his friends, "it should happen that Maurice couldn't make money doing his stuff, he'd probably pay everything he has to be allowed to do it. Else life wouldn't be worth living."

And so things might have continued indefinitely if the talkies hadn't come to change the whole face of the motion picture industry, and sent its leaders scurrying through Europe in search of new material for the new art. That was how it happened that after the performance one night a callboy knocked at Chevalier's dressing-room door to announce Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg of Hollywood!

(In Part III, to appear in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY, Miss Zeitlin tells of Chevalier's conquest of the new world, and his swift climb to the height he now occupies in the interest and affection of America.)

How About Mary and Doug?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

of "It has been wonderful, it has been beautiful, it has been rich in happiness—but there is still so much to do, and so little time to do it in!"

And you may ask your psychologist about that, too!

Ten years of close companionship—blessed with wealth, friends, adulation and eternal sunshine. Is that enough, lovely as it is? Or is there so much more to do, and so little of vigorous time left to do it in? I tell you, we do not know what battles of the spirit may have been fought out at *Pickfair!*

Or have other personalities come into the picture that is still unfinished? Time only will tell us that.

Ten happy and fairly fruitful years have passed for Doug and Mary.

It was just ten years ago, that the couple came out from under the passing cloud of their marriage into the sunshine of full public favor again. "Mary's millions of fans had been more than a little shocked by her Nevada divorce from Owen Moore, and opinion had rather veered to the first Mrs. Fairbanks.

But ten years ago, this very month, in the pages of PHOTOPLAY, appeared a story saying that fans everywhere had decided to smile on the happy couple—to wish them joy, and a warm welcome back to pictures and their admirers' hearts.

Ten years have passed, and again there seem to be clouds in the Pickford-Fairbanks sky.

And yet, surely they have their reward. Still holding a place in the hearts of the people—those millions who have paid nightly to see them on the screen, and to whom they have brought so much of romance and beauty and laughter. Their every word reported and quoted—their welfare still wished by so many unknown friends.

Whatever happens, it seems to me that Doug and Mary have won!

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Simple directions for shampooing and finger-waving the hair come with each of the Jo-cur Beauty Aids. If you wish to use Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate and Jo-cur Wavaset in this contest, you will find trial sizes of most 5-and-10 cent stores—regular sizes at your drug store.

FIRST PRIZE

\$250.00 and a portrait of the winner by Charles B. Ross, famous painter of beautiful women

SECOND PRIZE \$100.00

2 Prizes \$50.00 each
4 Prizes 25.00 each

10 Prizes \$10.00 each
70 Prizes 5.00 each

ARE you proud of your lovely hair—its beautiful finger-wave—its becoming arrangement? Of course you are! And the beauty of your hair may mean real money to you in the Jo-cur Hair Beauty Contest. Think of it! You may win the money for a whole new outfit—a trip—or some other luxury you have always wanted. One thousand dollars in prizes will be given in this search for beautiful hair. Will you be one of the fortunate winners? Why not? Your chance is as good as anyone's. Read the simple rules that follow—then enter the contest.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cur, Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cur Shampoo and Jo-cur Wavaset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair as shown in the photograph. In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

HERE ARE THE JUDGES

These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial.



Hazel Kozloy, Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.

Alice White, First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions.



Charles B. Ross, famous painter of lovely women.

If your nearest 5-and-10 or drug store is out of Jo-cur Beauty Aids, we will mail you trial sizes of all four products upon receipt of 50c in stamps. Remember the contest closes at midnight September 30, 1930. Be among the first to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

R. A. N., COLD SPRING, MINN.—Ten bucks is a lot of money for a young lady to gamble with, and what a heartbreak when you have to kiss it goodbye. Al Jolson was born in Kovno, Russia, a small town near St. Petersburg. He spent his boyhood in Washington, D. C. Al is not of the dark race. That's just a black make-up he uses. In his next picture, "Big Boy," he will be a dusky hero all through the picture.

W. T. JONES, JR.—Here's hoping I make 100 per cent on the exam. Mae Murray appeared in the leading rôle in both the silent and talkie versions of "Peacock Alley." The leading players in "The Golden Bell" were Lillian Rich, Rod LaRocque, Vera Reynolds and Theodore Kosloff. "The Crowded Hour" was the name of the war picture Bebe Daniels appeared in several years ago. The "punch in the jaw" you described was a Richard Dix picture titled "The Sock Punch." Anita Page and Laura La Plante both have hair of the "preferred" shade, while Loretta Young's is of a light brown hue.

KATHERINE FAIRBANKS, FILLMORE, CALIF.—Just to show you what a good scout I am, I got the low-down on Perry Asham for you. To begin with, Perry was born in Seattle, Wash., August 31. (I'll get the year later.) He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 188 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. In college he was a gridiron star and attained distinction in tennis and swimming as well as taking part in the campus theater. After trying various occupations, among them ranching and prospecting for gold in Alaska, he turned his attention to singing and before long was trying out for a musical show. His first rôle was in "The Passing Show of 1921," which was followed by "Blossom Time," "Castles in the Air," "Music Box Revue," and as star in "The Desert Song" and "The New Moon." He will make his movie debut in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

PEGGY McDERMOTT, VANOVER, CANADA.—As a newcomer I hand you the "Key to the City." Charles Bickford is a native of Cambridge, Mass., and speaks with a typical Boston accent. Gavin Gordon is Greta Garbo's leading man in "Romance." In other words the four "G's" will be featured. Get it? Leila Hyams was born in New York City, May 1, 1905. She is 5 feet, 5; weighs 118 and has blonde hair and gray eyes. Phil J. Berg is her husband. Ramon Novarro, christened Ramon Sanaigeros, first saw light February 6, 1899, in Durango, Mexico. He is 5 feet, 10; weighs 160 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He is still a bachelor.

E. M. PRICE, FRIEBORT, N. Y.—Roland Young is a native of London, England, and is married. His latest release is "Her Private Life." Jackie Coogan is coming back to the talking screen in "Tom Sawyer." Dorothy Mackaill heroined in "Shore Leave."

A. R. C., OTTAWA, CANADA.—Anita Louise was born in New York City about 15 years ago and was christened Anita Louise Fremault. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Both her parents were born in Alsace-Lorraine. Her grandparents on her mother's side are still living there. Anita is a gifted pianist and has been awarded five cups for her playing. She is adept at tennis, fencing and riding and speaks several languages, including French, German and Spanish. Tiffany Productions has just signed this talented young lady to a five-year contract. Her first picture under their banner will be "Just Like Heaven."

MRS. JAMES SCHULTZ, LIMA, O.—After holding a consultation with my color chart, I

find that Tony, Tom Mix's horse, is sorrel. Whether you believe it or not, Tony is over 20 years old.

DIMPLES, ALBION, NEB.—It was the handsome "Boo!" Montana who sang "You Were Meant for Me" with Winnie Lightner in the "Show of Shows." The other little fellow you refer to was Sid Silvers. Lon Chaney, whose original tag is Alonzo Chaney, is married and has one son. H. B. Warner is 53 years old and is not related to the Warners of Warner Bros. Corporation.

EDITH, G. A.—For a long time, Bob Montgomery just wouldn't come across with the truth. Now he tells us that he has been married to Elizabeth Allen for two years. William Janney played the part of George O'Brien's younger brother in "Salute." Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893.

AN INTERESTED PHOTOPLAY READER, PACIFIC, MO.—Mona Maris, your latest favorite, is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 118 and has black hair and brown eyes. Cliff Edwards is the name of the little chap you keep raving about. Ramon Novarro is a native of Durango, Mexico, where he was born February 6, 1899. He is 5 feet, 10; weighs 160 and is still single. Thank for including a bouquet for me. I'm flattered.

LEONARD BANGE, BALTIMORE, MD.—Cheer up, Len, Mary Brian will be working herself into a starring contract one of these days. Mary began life as Louise Dantzier, 22 years ago in Corsicana, Texas. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 109 and has brown hair and blue eyes.

BARBARA C.—Among the female stars reaching the altitude of 5 feet, 7 inches, we have: Alice Joyce, Gwen Lee, Anna Q. Nilsson, Alma Rubens and Lilyan Tashman. Gary Cooper is 29 years old and celebrates the event every May 7th.

A. M. G., LAUREL SPRINGS, N. J.—As far back as 1911, Ruth Roland was appearing on the silent screen in serials. After deserting the films for a time, she came back and made her talking debut in "Reno." John Mack Brown is married and has one small daughter. Corbin, Kentucky, was the birthplace of Arthur Lake, about 25 years ago. Jack Oakie's next offering will be "The Sap from Syracuse," but why pick on Syracuse?

RUTH LEFFINGWELL, CLAREMONT, CALIF.—In "The Man from Blankley's" Loretta Young rendered a piano selection called "Just an Hour of Love."

JUAN L. VANIER, VALOIS, CANADA.—I am busy, Jean, but never too busy to write to all my friends. Huntley Gordon is a countryman of yours. He was born in Montreal. You will see him in "The Fox Movietone Follies of 1930." Wallace Reid died just seven years ago last January, the 18th to be exact.

C. S., NEW YORK CITY.—I will try to make amends by telling you all I know about Ruth Chatterton. To begin with, Ruth was born in New York, December 24, 1893. She is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall; weighs 112 and has brown hair and grey eyes. She is the daughter of Walter and Lillian Chatterton and is married to Ralph Forbes. Ruth made her first stage appearance in Washington, D. C., in 1909. She is very fond of music, riding, swimming and all outdoor sports. John Loder is one of London's gifts to the talking screen. He was born March 1, 1898, is 6 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs

168 and has brown hair and hazel eyes. PHOTOPLAY ran three articles on Ruth Chatterton. They appeared in May, 1929, February and July, 1930. An article on Clive Brook ap-

peared in March, 1928. You can get back issues by writing to Photoplay Magazine, 919 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, enclosing 25c for each copy.

"Hol'wood She Cookoo"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

government, which controls the Kenya colony, assigned one P. H. Rifkin, British agent at Nairobi, to accompany them. Rifkin has been acting as their interpreter, business agent, adviser and guardian.

The first trouble that entered the lives of the two blacks was the matter of clothing. "Too much. Feel much ashamed," they complained when they had to don enough clothes to satisfy their fellow-travellers' sense of the proprieties.

They landed in New York. It was snowing. "White things fall on us. New York too much devils," they complained. They were convinced that New York is a good place to get away from. Those high buildings, they were certain, would fall down on them any minute. They breathed great sighs of relief when they started West.

Trains were not new to them. They'd seen them and ridden in them in Africa.

AND then Hollywood!

Everything they had learned, they had to unlearn.

"We go in house and we are outside again," they complained. They meant the movie sets. Now, even when they go downtown in Los Angeles, they occasionally stop and punch a wall or stamp on a floor to see whether they're in a house or not.

It was on one of their first days at the M-G-M lot that Mutia pulled the crack which all Hollywood agglie. He and Riano were shown a Greta Garbo picture. When it was over Mutia was asked what he thought of the great Garbo.

"Uh," grunted Mutia, "stomach too thin." At least, that's how Rifkin translated it literally. "Husband does not feed her enough," elaborated Mutia, five minutes later. They talk that way. Long pauses between observations.

"What do you think of Hollywood's women?" Mutia was asked, months later.

"Make too much boss over man," he decided. "Have on too many clothes. Stomach too thin."

The Swahili vocabulary is very limited. There are only about two hundred words in it. That's why Mutia and Riano are so blunt. They haven't the wealth of words wherewith we English-speakers commit euphemisms and disguise our thoughts.

M-G-M wanted the two to be happy. They were sent to the wardrobe room to choose their own clothes.

Everybody expected them to choose something like Jack Gilbert would wear. Instead, they returned wearing heavy shoes, no hose, shorts instead of trousers, flannel shirts and turbans.

"Why didn't you choose clothes like the stars wear?" Rifkin asked them in Swahili and sign-talk.

"Too hot. Too much. Cannot move arms. Make feel ashamed to wear so much clothes," they criticized.

Rifkin has been taking Mutia and Riano out to show them Hollywood. At the Brown Derby café, they punched the wall because they thought it was a movie set. They thought Grauman's Chinese Theater was the finest building they had ever seen because it had so many colors and things. Inside, they heard Lawrence Tibbett in "The Rogue Song." Now Tibbett is, in their minds, Hollywood's most wonderful actor.

"He makes fine big noise," they explained. "He opens mouth and waves arms and makes good sound."

When they first heard talkies, they didn't believe it.

"MAN in back making sound with *cananda*," they insisted. "*Cananda*" is the native term for gramophone. Then they took Mutia into the projection room and showed him some rushes in which one of his wives appeared. She wiggled a native dance, and then opened her mouth and talked.

Mutia's hands flew to his mouth. He clapped his palm over his lips and grunted—"Uh! Uh! Uh!" Then he went to the cabin he lives in and moped the rest of the day. Homesick, he confessed.

Mutia and Riano, both, have long since ceased to be impressed with any of moviedom's wonders. Surprise ceased after the first few days. They saw too much for their limited mentalities to grasp. Now they'll believe anything. But when they go back to Africa, they won't dare to tell anything of what they've seen.

"Our friends will not believe us. They will think we are *kufunu*. They will think white men's devils have stolen our minds." And so they will not tell their tribespeople of what they have seen.

The biggest laugh they got was over Leo, the famous M-G-M lion.

"Fur no good. Belly too fat. Too old. No good teeth. In Africa, he would die of hunger" was how they dismissed old Leo.

Mutia and Riano are lonely. They don't mingle with the Los Angeles negro colony. Not even with the negro extras who are working in "Trader Horn" with them. Mutia and Riano call them "*shenzi*." That's Swahili again, and Rifkin refused to translate it.

RIANO, however, makes an occasional concession. He has struck up a passing acquaintance with one of the colored bootblacks at the studio. Sometimes he sits there for two hours at a stretch, letting the boy shine his shoes.

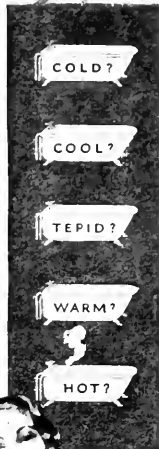
The boy gets paid for it, plenty. In return, he takes Riano downtown to Central Avenue once in a while, and introduces him to some of the girls. Of course, they'd rather meet Stepin Fetchit, but Stepin is temperamental and important, and anyway, Riano is a movie star in a way, even if he can't talk much English.

But Rifkin sees to it that Riano gets no gin. Riano likes it, but Rifkin isn't taking any chances. One day, back in the compound in Africa, Riano got a load of gin. He decided that he wanted the compound to himself. So he cleaned it out. The casualties were terrific. Rifkin can't make Riano understand that similar tactics aren't allowed in Los Angeles, so he just keeps Riano and gin apart.

But even with these occasional expeditions, Riano is lonely. Mutia is even more so, because he doesn't play. He just stays in the shack they occupy on the lot, sewing. Sometimes, when they get very homesick, they wander around the African set on the M-G-M lot and try to imagine the tame alligators are real crocodiles. Or they visit the monkey farm down the road a way from the studio. They'd rather watch the monkeys than Chaney or Gilbert or Garbo or Crawford.

And they wish Director Van Dyke would hurry up and finish "Trader Horn." Because Hollywood makes them feel *natahaka*.

And "*natahaka*" means tired.



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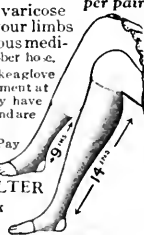
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Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

TEN years ago a rich and heart-tugging love story had just come to the screen, and we reviewed it in PHOTOPLAY.

It was called "Romance"—the love story of a young clergyman and a great opera star. As a play, it had caught the fancy of countless thousands. It had run something like three years in London, after a great New York triumph.

"Romance" furnished another proof that audiences could never get enough of true love through many years.

The screen version starred the lady who created the part of the opera singer and played it in the theater for years—Doris Keane. Her leading man was Basil Sidney, then her husband, and now married to the beautiful Mary Ellis. The late Norman Trevor also appeared in it.

This might not be worth going into at such length if we were not, in 1930, intensely interested in a new "Romance," one fusing the arts of the theater and the silent screen. This time the star role will be played by a Swedish girl named Greta Garbo.

GLORIA SWANSON breaks into the news this midsummer of 1920. As if she always weren't worth some paragraps!

But right now she is off the screen, as Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn. Paramount claims to have her under contractual lock and key until 1923. Husband Somborn replies that the document expires late in 1920. So the dispute rages.

Gloria says nothing. But with the reticence of the quaint, old-fashioned days of a decade ago, Cal York—then a mere stripling of sixty-seven—reports that she "is in private life awaiting a most interesting domestic event."

And that didn't mean renting a new house, either!

WILL ROGERS has just finished what Burns Mantle calls his best picture. It is "Jes' Call Me Jim," and who should be his leading woman but Irene Rich—thus proving that what was grand in 1920 is even better in 1930. . . . Dorothy Dalton appears in "The Dark Mirror" this month, and Wally Reid offers his fans "The Dancin' Fool," with Bebe Daniels as his feminine lead, and Raymond Hatton and Tully Marshall helping with the supporting chores. . . . A lad named Harold Lloyd crashes through with a comedy called "An Eastern Westerner." And is he good! To quote our review—"If the only Charles Chaplin does not hurry back to the job, he is likely to find that the only Harold Lloyd has replaced him in the affections of his vast public." And again—"As Chaplin's successor, this bespectacled youth is striding forward in seven-league boots." How about it, Charlie?

ROBERTSON-COLE is running a Lew Cody Love Letter Contest.

You may remember that in 1920 Lew was in his hey-day as "The Beloved Cheater" in the picture of that name.

First prize—\$150—is won by Maude H. Bell, of Greeley, Colo., and if she is still a reader of PHOTOPLAY she must remember THAT thrill.

And, oh, my mercy me! The title of Lew's next in his brief but gala career as a he-vamp was to be "The Butterfly Man!"

MARION DAVIES is about to crash out in "The Restless Sex," a picturization of the then famous R. W. Chambers novel.

Priscilla Dean, Mildred Davis, Madge Kennedy, Alice Joyce, Renee Adoree, Bert Lytell, Doris May and Mary Miles Minter smile from the rotogravure pages this month.

Stories on Helene Chadwick and Anne Luther are prominent in this month's issue.

And a very big piece about Louise Huff, in 1920 an outstanding picture beauty.

One of our extra-special stories is one on little Lila Lee. She has, in 1920, just recovered from a bad case of too much forcing and over-advertising which hurt her career as a young player. The title of our story is "Happy Endings."

A STORY about three-year-old Bobby Kelso, a cunning kid who played in King Vidor's famous picture of simple folk, "The Jack Knife Man." They had to feed Bob jelly beans (his



This is the way Irene Rich looked in 1920 when she was Will Rogers' leading woman. She's playing opposite Will as this is written!

favorite dissipation) to get him to act on order. . . . Norma Talmadge's third fashion article appears this month. It is called "Wear America First," and is an ardent plea for American styles as against the long domination of Paris.

P. S.—THAT battle seems to be over now. At least Hollywood thinks so.

MIDSUMMER report on what the favorites are up to, according to the Answer Man: Antonio Moreno is writing his memoirs. Elsie Ferguson is going to Japan. Sylvia Breamer is playing in "Athalie."

June Elvidge has the lead in "The Law of the Yukon."

Colleen Moore plays a Hindu girl in "The Devil's Claim."

Pauline Starke in "The Courage of Marge O'Doone."

Bryant Washburn and Wanda Hawley in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

Leatrice Joy in "Just a Wife."

Buck Jones and Winifred Westover in "Forbidden Trails."

JAMES HALLOCK REID, better known as Hal, father of Wally, has just died at his home in New Jersey. The elder Reid was a prolific playwright, and had appeared with his son in Wallace's earliest film attempts for old Vitagraph.

Norma Talmadge is getting ready to make "Smilin' Through." She can't start the picture just yet because Jane Cowl is still coming money from it on the stage.

Dick Barthelme and Mary Hay deny they are engaged. At any rate, Mary is going to play the ingénue rôle in Griffith's filming of "Way Down East." The late Clarine Seymour was to have had the part.

The Prince Comes to Cinderella

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

The uniformed doorman bowed as though to royalty and hurried to open the door of her car. As Joan sunk into the rich upholstery, she was delightedly aware that several people had turned to stare at her.

IN the days that followed, several enthusiastic fans were won over to Radia Benson. "Isn't she perfectly sweet?" said the girls at the costumer's when Joan had stood for hours, without complaint, while expensive satins and brocades were draped and pinned and cut. She was pleased with everything, which delighted the designer, who had been warned that Radia Benson was likely to throw a temperamental fit and tear a gown to pieces if she didn't like it.

"She's a knockout," enthused a bellhop to whom Joan had generously promised an autographed picture. "Nothing upstage about that dame."

"Can you imagine it?" said one excited flapper to another. "I saw her just as she was getting out of her car and actually she smiled at me when I snapped a picture. Wasn't that darling of her?"

Each day gave Joan new confidence in her ability to impersonate Miss Benson. She began to crave a wider field for her talents.

"People are awfully gullible," she had concluded. "Nobody even suspects that I'm not Radia Benson. I'll bet I could even go to a party where friends of Miss Benson were present and get away with it."

But the efficient secretary saw to it that Joan had no such opportunity. She selected the gowns for her to wear each day and checked her in and out of the hotel. She answered all the telephone calls, explaining that Miss Benson was shopping, or resting, or in her bath. To the numerous invitations which came by mail she sent carefully worded regrets. "Miss Benson was so sorry, but there were so many demands upon her time. . . ."

"If only she'd give me a break and let me go to one of those parties," thought Joan, "anything might happen."

And on Saturday, just when hope was wearing thin, something did happen.

The secretary received a message that her sister who lived in Brooklyn was ill.

"I hate to leave you here alone," she told Joan in a worried voice, "but I don't know what else to do. I'm sure Miss Benson would want me to go if she knew."

"Of course she would," insisted Joan. "I can answer the phone and take any messages. I've listened to you and know just the things to say."

The secretary was skeptical of this. "I think it would be better for me to leave word at the desk that Miss Benson does not wish to be disturbed and ask them to cut off all telephone calls until tomorrow. Then there won't be any danger of complications."

WHEN the secretary had gone, Joan breathed a sigh of relief.

"What a swell opportunity for Cinderella to have an evening out," was her thought. "Dinner—and then the theater—and dancing afterward. Let me see—what shall I wear? That lovely little *Rhapsody in Blue* or that red chiffon? Marie—" She gestured to an imaginary maid. "Will you lay out the blue evening frock—the one that just matches my eyes—and the ermine evening wrap."

"You wouldn't dare face an evening clat world in one of Miss Benson's gowns," an inner voice challenged.

"Well, it won't do any harm just to look at them," she argued back. "I've got to do something to amuse myself."

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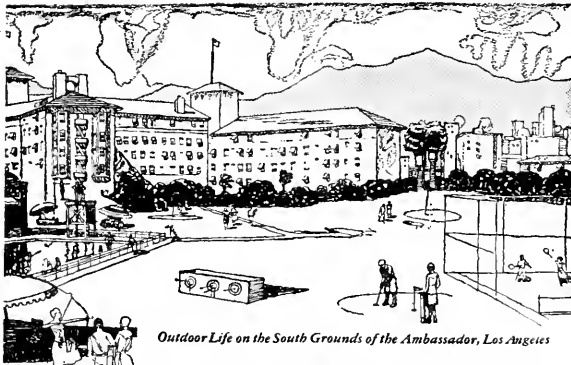
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2



She turned the knob of the closet door. In her eagerness to hurry to her sister, the secretary had forgotten to lock it. For a moment Joan's beauty-loving eyes feasted on the exquisite frocks dangling from their sachet-scented hangers. Her fingers caressed them tenderly, sliding the hangers across the rod on which they hung. Flame, orchid, sea-green, peach, silver—a veritable rainbow of enchanting color. Did she dare to try one of them on? There couldn't really be any harm in it, if she was careful.

With true feminine instinct she selected one with a Paris label. "I'll just try this little old satin rag—" On the hanger it seemed simple and girlish—but on Joan it became a provocative, eye-teasing creation which embraced her body with an insidious softness, as though two perfections had met and blended into one.

"It would certainly be a dumb girl who couldn't get her man in an outfit like this," thought Joan as she stared at her reflection, fascinated.

SHE had just started to pantomime an imaginary scene when the telephone rang. She stopped guiltily. Had the secretary forgotten to leave the order at the desk? Half frightened, and wondering whether she ought to answer it or not, she took the receiver off the hook and said hello.

"Hello," answered a nice masculine voice. "Is that really you, Miss Benson?"

Perhaps it was because she could still see her reflection in the mirror. Anyhow, the word "Yes" slipped out before she could stop it.

"What luck!" continued the voice. "This is Duke Doran talking. Heard you were in town and I've been trying for days to reach you on the 'phone, but that secretary certainly keeps you well polished."

"You don't know the half of it, dearie," Joan said to herself. Aloud, she replied: "I've been awfully busy."

"I hope you haven't forgotten your promise."

"My promise?" she asked uneasily, wondering just where this telephone game was leading her.

"Don't you remember that night at Del Monte?"

"Oh, of course," she lied glibly.

"You promised to let me see you when you came to New York."

"Did I—really?"

"You certainly did. And I'm giving a party tonight—just a buffet supper. I know it's outrageous to ask you at this late date, but please won't you come—if it's only for a few minutes." He might have added that one hundred dollars was bet against him that she wouldn't.

"Will there be a crowd?" she asked shrewdly.

"Just a few couples. Nobody you know—but they'd all love to know you."

JOAN had not the slightest idea who Duke Doran was, but she liked his voice. A chance like this might never come again!

"I'd love to," she said in her best Radia Benson manner, hoping she did not sound too eager. "What time?"

"Any time after nine. May I call for you?" She hedged at this. "I think you had better just give me the address. I might be a little late."

"Anything you say."

With excited fingers she wrote the address of an apartment house in the East Sixties. It was not until she had hung up the receiver that she had an attack of cold feet.

"Can I possibly get away with it?" she asked her mirrored reflection.

"Can a duck swim?" the mirror seemed to answer.

With her usual I'll-try-anything-once philosophy she tossed all possible consequences aside. Her week of synthetic glory would soon be over. Accident had made it her evening. Why not make the most of these last hours? Why not find out, first-hand, how the other

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half of the world lived? It couldn't help but be a lark—and no matter what happened on the morrow, Cinderella would have her bouquet of memories.

When the elevator shot her to a pent-house, atop a smart apartment building, and she had pressed the door button, a sudden impulse to retreat rushed over her. How could she have been such a fool as to think—

But already the door had opened and a tall, dark-haired man of about thirty was smiling down at her. He was good-looking enough to have been the leading man in a Radia Benson picture.

"Miss Benson!" he was saying delightedly. "How awfully nice of you to come."

"Well, at least I know which one my host is," was Joan's thought as she acknowledged his greeting and followed a colored maid who directed her to a green and gold dressing room across the hall.

WORD had quickly passed about that Radia Benson had arrived. When Joan entered Duke Doran's modernistic drawing room, everyone turned to look. The introductions sounded to Joan like a page from the social register. She felt giddy, as though she had accidentally stumbled into fairyland. Someone offered her a cocktail. She swallowed it hastily, hoping it would give her courage. She was self-consciously aware that all of the eyes in the room had focused on her.

Those who had expected the glamorous Benson of the screen were disappointed. The liuiness did not roar. She did not affect any of her well known screen tricks. In the flesh, she was just a pretty, unaffected girl who acknowledged introductions almost shyly.

"These screen stars are awfully over-rated, don't you think?" asked a bored, ash-blond of her companion. "They're usually just gaga when you meet them in person."

It was soon apparent, however, that the blonde's opinion was not shared by the men of the party. In a few moments a quartette of admiring males had gone into a huddle around Joan. Four lighters clicked simultaneously to furnish a flame for her cigarette. Four pairs of eyes chorused their unanimous verdict that she was the prettiest girl in the room. Joan heard their flattery as though in a dream. It was not until supper was announced that she found herself alone with Duke Doran.

"This is just a pick-up supper, folks," he said jovially. "Just a snack from the old ice-box. Choose your own partners."

A servant had distributed small lacquered tables for two about the spacious drawing room. Duke led Joan to a divan in a dimly lighted corner.

"At last," he said intimately, "I can have a few moments alone with you—if some fresh somebody doesn't cut in."

"And this," thought Joan, "is going to be the well known acid test."

"Comfortable?" he asked as he placed a velvet cushion at her feet and adjusted pillows at her back.

She nodded, not quite daring to meet his eyes. Just how well was she supposed to know this Duke Doran, she wondered. He was so unlike the men she knew. She waited for him to direct the conversation, breathing a prayer that she would be able to follow it successfully.

"You certainly look sweet tonight," he said with a boyish smile.

"It's sweet of you to say so," she parried. "But do you know," he looked at her puzzled, "you've changed a lot since that night I met you in Del Monte."

"In what way?" she asked daringly. To herself she was saying: "Watch your step, Joanie. The coach may turn into a pumpkin shell any minute now."

"Well, it's sort of hard to explain." He studied her thoughtfully and Joan could feel a flush creeping into her cheeks. "Of course I was a bit cock-eyed after that polo game,"

he continued, "and maybe my eyes fooled me, but I sort of had the idea that you were a little upstage. I'll have to confess I was almost afraid of you. And when you walked out on the dance you promised me, I didn't have the nerve to remind you of it."

"THEN how did you happen to have nerve enough to ask me to your party?"

He reddened. "You won't get sore if I tell you?"

She shook her head.

"I guess I was bragging about knowing you," he confessed with embarrassment, "and a couple of the fellows bet me a hundred that I didn't have nerve enough to ask you to my party."

Joan made no reply.

"You're different tonight," he went on. "You're not the Radia Benson I met at Del Monte. You're like a sweet, shy little girl at her first party."

Joan felt uncomfortably warm. If only he knew how close he had come to guessing the truth. She tried to think of something *Bensonique* to say, but couldn't.

"I like you better—this way," he said in a low voice, and something about the way he looked at her made Joan feel giddy.

"That cheers me up a lot," she said with a nervous laugh. It was, of course, the typical Joan Gordon comeback. She realized it as soon as the words had slipped out, but it was too late then to retract them. "Let's dance," she said suddenly. "That music is gorgeous."

Someone had turned on the radio and a dance orchestra was playing a haunting waltz rhythm. Joan melted into Duke Doran's arms as though she belonged there. The dance number ended. Breathless, partly from the exercise and partly from the electricity of two closely contacted young bodies, they stepped out on the narrow roof balcony which surrounded Duke's fashionable pent-house. For a moment neither of them spoke.

"It's like being on top of the world, isn't it?" said Duke.

"It's—*heaven*," Joan sighed rapturously, closing her eyes to give the camera of memory a chance to photograph indelibly that enchanting moment. She felt Duke's arms about her, compelling her shoulders against him. Some inner voice warned her to draw away, but, Joan-like, she refused to listen.

HERE was the very nicest man she had ever met or was ever likely to meet. His lips met hers, hesitatingly at first, then lingered in a kiss so breath-taking, so intoxicating that Joan forgot that it was Radia Benson he thought he was kissing; forgot that she was cheating, taking things which did not belong to her, and giving lavishly, whole-heartedly, that which was not hers to give.

The striking of a clock on an illuminated tower a few blocks away brought her back to earth with a sudden jolt. Its deep-toned gong seemed to say: "Step on it, Cinderella—before your satin gown turns into a much-pressed blue serge suit—before your fancy limousine fades into a clicking typewriter—"

"I must go," she said in a little breathless voice, knowing full well that there would be days and nights when she would walk past that address, when she would look up at the stars and try to imagine that she was standing on that little balcony once again with a dark, good-looking man whom she would never quite succeed in forgetting. Her hand reached for the door.

"But darling—you can't go now." His hand caught hers and held it. "Now that I've found you—do you think I can let you go so quickly?"

Joan had the feeling of a swimmer, breasting the waves a long way out, knowing the danger, and yet unable to turn back. Radia Benson had everything—and she had so little.

"Please," he was pleading softly "just one more kiss—so I'll know I haven't dreamed this."

Joan hesitated, and like that other Cinder-



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ella, was lost. When they entered the drawing room some minutes later, Duke's whispered "I love you" was singing in her ears. Sweet music it was, even though deep in her heart she knew that it had not been meant for her. But the music of his words was all too quickly drowned out by a sound which struck Joan cold as a stone and sent her heart nose-diving toward her stomach.

THE radio was still turned on but no one was dancing. They were all listening with rapt attention to the voice of the announcer.

"What's up, folks?" asked Duke. Someone gestured for him to keep quiet. "The terrific gale which has been lashing the Jersey coast for the past few hours sent Ronald Loring's yacht *Firfly* on the rocks early this evening."

It was at this moment that Joan and Duke had entered the room.

"Mr. Loring and Radia Benson, the celebrated screen star, who was his companion, were rescued and taken ashore by fishermen," continued the announcer.

"Radia Benson" exclaimed one of the men. "Why, that's peculiar!"

They all turned toward Joan whose face had suddenly paled to the whiteness of her gown.

"Yes, isn't it odd?" said the ash-blond in a tone sweetly cutting.

"Wouldn't it be funny if Ronnie Loring was out with Miss Benson's double," suggested one of the men.

"Or, funnier still, if her double!" The blonde paused and looked toward Joan with a meaning that was unmistakable. For a moment the room was still, as they all stared with sudden suspicion at the guilty girl.

"Only an act of God can save me now," thought Joan, mentally measuring the distance from where she stood to the exit door.

"Of course," the blonde added with a shrug, "one never really knows who is crashing the gates these days."

THIS remark could scarcely have been called an "act of God," but it served as a lash to revive what Joan often termed her "laugh-clown-lag complex." Tears of humiliation were pressing against her eyes but she fought them back and faced the blonde defiantly.

"That's because you're a crowd of celebrity chasers," she said a little shrilly. "You hang out the welcome sign for anything from a prize fighter to a tenor, so long as he's famous. You even lay bets as to whether you can get him to come or not. But just let him lose his crown—just let the electric lights that spell his name dim out—and you shrug your aristocratic shoulders and say he crashed the gate, *Bologne!* But for that radio announcer you'd have gone home bragging because you had met a picture celebrity. Now, you don't know whether to brag or not."

Small red patches like twin flashes burned in Joan's cheeks as she turned to rush out of the

room. Duke reached out a hand to detain her but she jerked away, not even daring to look at him. There was just one thought in her mind:

To get her wrap and get out of that house before she burst into tears.

She pressed the button for the elevator and then impulsively decided not to wait for it. Blindly, she ran down the stairs, flight after flight—and straight into the arms of Duke Doran, who had caught the elevator, and was waiting for her when she reached the bottom.

"It's customary to say good-night to your host," he said.

The Joan of a few minutes before would have lifted her chin and said: "Thanks for the society set-up. I was just rehearsing a scene for my next picture. Watch for it at your neighborhood theater."

But the Joan who had stumbled into his arms could only murmur: "It was swell—while it lasted. Goodbye."

"But it isn't goodbye," he insisted. "I'm going with you."

BY this time they were at the curb and the doorman had whistled for a taxi. Suddenly Joan's mind leaped ahead to the fact that he doubtless intended to expose her to the real Radia Benson.

"Please," she pleaded, "don't give me away. I'll tell you the truth—honestly I will. That blonde was right. I'm just Miss Benson's double. Oh, I know it was crazy for me to go to your party, but I didn't mean any harm. I just wanted a little fun—and I was fool enough to think I could get away with it—"

"My dear, you could get away with murder—and with his dying breath the victim would probably give you a vote of thanks."

"For the first time she looked up at him. What she read in his eyes cheered her up considerably.

"Of course, I know it wasn't honest for me to let you kiss me like that—I mean it wasn't fair to Miss Benson." She said with some embarrassment.

"And was it fair to let me kiss you and then run away without even telling me your name?"

"I didn't think that made any difference since it was Miss Benson you thought you were kissing—not me."

"I was kissing the sweetest girl in the world—and in less than two seconds I'm going to kiss her again."

AND before she could argue about it he did, much to the disgust of the taxi driver who had just twisted his neck to see what they were waiting for.

"By the way," said Duke when they finally stepped into the cab, "what is your name?" "Cinderella," she whispered softly. "1930 edition."

"It's my favorite book-of-the-month," he replied and proceeded to autograph it with another kiss.

HEART THROBS

Milwaukee, Wis.

I am a nurse in a sanatorium for tubercular patients, and I wonder if the movie folks have any conception of the joy they give us. They take us right out of our world of tragedy and pain, to that other world of romance and adventure. We have pictures

twice weekly. Even those of us that haven't been up and around for weeks beg to be wheeled out so they can see their favorites, even though they may feel it is for the last time. Those that are too ill to attend the shows get a world of comfort from reading PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Lee Reed



A great director takes time out! Ernst Lubitsch, one of the real old masters who has not only survived but has forged ahead, getting a smoke and a sunning at the massive gateway to a Paramount sound stage. Look at the thickness of those triple walls! Lubitsch has just called a halt on one of the scenes for "Monte Carlo"

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"OTHER THORNTON"—**FIRST NATIONAL**.—From the story by Octavius Roy Cohen. Screen version by Fred Myton. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Edith Larison*, Billie Dove; *Jim Carter*, Grant Withers; *Nori Larison*, Kenneth Thomson; *Dave Hozer*, Frank Sheridan; *Ted Journal*, Otto Hoffman; *Drum Edge*, William Grainger; *Ed Conner*, Scott Seaton.

"QUEEN HIGH"—**PARAMOUNT**.—From the play "A Pair of Sixes" by Edward Peple. Adapted from the musical comedy by Lawrence Schwab, Lewis Gensler and B. G. DeSylva. Directed by Fred Noyemeyer. The cast: *T. Boggs Johns*, Charles Kugles; *Mr. Verrillon*, Frank Morgan; *Polly Rockwell*, Ginger Rogers; *Dick Johns*, Stanley Smith; *Mrs. Scitellen*, Helen Carrington; *Cyrus Vanderhilt*, Rudy Cameron; *Florence Cole*, Betty Gardie; *Mrs. Rockwell*, Theresa Maxwell Connover; *Caddles*, Nina Olive; *Jimmy*, Tom Brown.

"RECAPTURED LOVE"—**WARNERS**.—From the play "Misdeal" by Basil Woon. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by John Adoli. The cast: *Helen Parr*, Belle Bennett; *Brentwood Parr*, John Halliday; *Pegey Price*, Dorothy Baraness; *Mrs. Richard Tucker*, Henry Parr; *Junior Durkin*, Crofts; *George Hickett*, Pat Brooks Benedict; *Sisters "G"*, Sisters "G".

"RIGHT OF WAY, THE"—**FIRST NATIONAL**.—From the novel by Sir Gilbert Parker. Adapted by Francis Edward Faragoh. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Charles "Beauty" Steele*, Conrad Nagel; *Rosalie Beantree*, Loretta Young; *Joseph Porings*, Fred Kohler; *Billy Harnage*, William Jannows; *The Cure*, George Pearce; *The Judge*, Emmett King; *Kathleen*, Olive Tell; *Goslin*, Harry Cording; *Crown Attorney*, Brandon Hurst; *The Signior*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Sazon*, Yola D'Avril; *Louis Trudel*, Smitz Edwards.

"ROMANCE"—**M-G-M**.—From the play by Edward Sheldon. Continuity by Bess Meredyth and Edwin Justin Mayer. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Rita Cavallini*, Greta Garbo; *Corradino Van Tuyl*, Lewis Stone; *Tom Armstrong*, Gavin Gordon; *Heery*, Elliott Nugent; *Susan Van Tuyl*, Florence Lake; *Miss Armstrong*, Clara Blandick; *Beppo*, Henry Armetta; *L'annucci*, Mathilde Comont; *Nina*, Countess De Liguoro.

"SEA BAT, THE"—**M-G-M**.—From the story by Dorothy Vost. Continuity by Bess Meredyth and John Howard Lawson. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Nina*, Rannal Torres; *Renard Sims*, Charles Bickford; *Carl*, Nils Asther; *Anoune*, George F. Marion; *Juan*, John Miljan; *Corcisan*, Boris Karloff; *Loney*, Gibson Gowland; *Muddocks*, Edmund Breese; *Mimbo*, Mathilde Comont; *Ducky*, Mack Swain.

"SHE'S MY WEAKNESS"—**RADIO PICTURES**.—From the play "Tommy" by Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Tommy Mills*, Arthur Lake; *Marie Thurber*, Sue Carol; *Waresen Thurber*, Lucien Littlefield; *David Tuttle*, William Collier, Sr.; *Mrs. Thurber*, Helen Ware; *Bernard Norion*, Alan Bunker; *Mrs. Oberlander*, Emily Fitzroy; *Wilson*, Walter Gilbert.

"SOLDIERS AND WOMEN"—**COLUMBIA**.—From the play by Paul Hervey Fox and George Tilton. Continuity by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Brenda*, Alven Pringle; *Clive Branch*, Grant Withers; *Helen*, Helen Johnson; *Captain Arnold*, Walter McGrail; *General Mitchell*, Emmett Corrigan; *Martha*, Blanche Friderici;

Sergeant Condon, Wade Boteler; *Colonel Ritchie*, Ray Latakey; *Doctor*, William Colvin; *Private Delahanty*, Sam Nelson.

"SO THIS IS LONDON"—**FOX**.—From the play by Arthur Goodrich. Adapted by Owen Davis. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Hiram Drafer*, Will Rogers; *Mrs. Hiram Drafer*, Irene Rich; *John Drafer*, Frank Albertson; *Hiram Worthing*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Lord Percy Worthing*, Lamont Hart; *Lady Worthing*, Mary Forbes; *Alfred Honescutt*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Lady Amy Duckworth*, Dorothy Christie; *Martha*, Martha Lee Sparks; *A Nurse*, Ellen Woolston.

"THREE FACES EAST"—**WARNERS**.—From the play by Anthony Paul Kelly. Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Francis*, Frank Albertson; *Constance Bennett*, Valdar; *Eric Von Stroheim*, Arthur Chamberlain; *Anthony Bushell*, Mr. Fates; *William Courtney*; *General Herdell*, Crawford Kent; *Lady Chamberlain*, Charlotte Walker; *Sir Winston Chamberlain*, William Holden.

"TOAST OF THE LEGION, THE"—**FIRST NATIONAL**.—From the operetta "Mlle. Modiste" by Victor Herbert. Adapted by Julian Josephson and Paul Perez. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Mlle. Fifi*, Bernice Claire; *Paul de St. Cyr*, Walter Pidgeon; *Rene*, Edward Everett Horton; *Comte de St. Cyr*, Claude Gillingwater; *Francine*, Frank McHugh; *Mme. Creole*, Judith Vossli; *Marie*, June Collyer; *General de L'Infrairie*, Albert Garr; *Specialty Dancers*, Sisters "G".

"TOP SPEED"—**FIRST NATIONAL**.—Musical comedy by Harry Ruby, Bert Kalmar and Guy Bolton. Adaptation and dialogue by Humphrey Pearson and Henry McCarty. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Photography by Sid Hickox. The cast: *Elmer Peters*, Joe E. Brown; *Virginia Rollins*, Bernice Claire; *Gerald Brooks*, Jack Whiting; *Ted Jordan*, Frank McHugh; *Babs Green*, Laura Lee; *Daisy*, Rita Flynn; *Spencer Colgate*, Edmund Breese; *The Sheriff*, Wade Boteler; *Vincent Colgate*, Cyril King; *J. R. Rollins*, Edwin Maxwell.

"TRIGGER TRICKS"—**UNIVERSAL**.—From the story by Beaves Eason. Directed by Beaves Eason. The cast: *Tim Brennan*, Hoyt Gibson; *Betty Duxley*, Sally Eilers; *Thomas Kingston*, Robert Hoagans; *Joe Dixon*, Jack Richardson; *Nick Dalgus*, Monty Monaghan; *Sheriff*, Neal Hart; *Ike*, Walter Perry; *Mike*, Max Asher.

"UNHOLY THREE, THE"—**M-G-M**.—From the story by Clarence Aaron Robbins. Continuity by J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Echo*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Lila Lee*, Heceta; *Elliott Nugent*, Madge; *Harry Eagles*; *Prosecuting Attorney*, John Miljan; *Hercules*, Ivan Lincoln; *Regan*, Clarence Burton; *Defense Attorney*, Crawford Kent.

"SWAY OUT WEST"—**M-G-M**.—From the story by Byron Morgan and Alfred Block. Directed by Fred Niblo. The cast: *Billy*, William Haines; *Molly*, Lola Hyams; *Pansy*, Billy Moran; *Trilly*, Cliff Edwards; *Sieve*, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; *La Della Rossa*, Vera Marsh; *Buck*, Charles Middleton; *Tom*, Jack Pennick; *Tex*, Buddy Roosevelt; *Hank*, Jay Wilsey.

"WILD COMPANY"—**FOX**.—Story by John Stone and Bradley King. Adaptation and dialogue by Bradley King. Directed by Leo McCarey. Photography by Al W. O'Connell. The cast: *Larry Grayson*, Frank Albertson; *Henry Grayson*, H. B. Warner; *Dolly*, Sharon Lynn; *Mrs. Grayson*, Claire McDowell; *Anita*, Joyce Compton; *Cora*, Frances McCoy; *Dick*, Richard Keene; *Joe Hardy*, Kenneth Thomson; *Nattie*, Mildred Van Dorn; *Edis*, Zeeva; *Bela Lugosi*; *Eddie*, Bobby Callahan.



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While Bernice Claire and Jack Whiting are busy facing the still camera, the extra boys and girls in the background seize the moment for a little innocent canoodling—as we called love-making in our neck of the woods. And it's a studio forest, too. A scene from "Top Speed." Bernice has been in great demand since her smashing success in First National's "No, No, Nanette!"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

★ **LAUGHING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Chatterton and Brook, now and forever! What a team! A witty, brilliantly directed story with superb work by the aforementioned pair. (March)

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

★ **LET'S GO PLACES**—Fox.—Our old friend, Mistaken Identity Plot. Funny as the dickens, and at least two songs will keep you humming. (May)

★ **LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE**—Paramount.—Horse opera, but dressed up in snappy dialogue and played convincingly by Dick Arlen, Mary Brian, Harry Green, Regis Toomey and Fred Kohler. You'll like it. (May)

★ **LILIES OF THE FIELD**—First National.—Corinne (Orchid) Griffith in tights and doing a tap dance! Her sprightliest film since "Classified." Comedy, pathos and some good modern music. (Feb.)

★ **LITTLE JOHNNY JONES**—First National.—Eddie Buzzell, musical comedy star, and George M. Cohan music from this. Otherwise just another racetrack yarn. (April)

★ **LOCKED DOOR, THE**—United Artists.—An exciting melodrama ruined by weak dialogue. Noteworthy only because it brings Barbara Stanwyck to the talking screen. (Feb.)

★ **LOOSE ANKLES**—First National.—So farcical that it goes a little lame. Loretta Young and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. are the principals, but the comies run away with the honors. (May)

★ **LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY**—M-G-M.—Light, but you'll like the song-writer story, with Technicolor review scenes, these songs and wisecracks. (April)

★ **LOST ZEPPELIN, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—This has lots of good points, but plot isn't one of them. Some fascinating scenic effects. Coway Tearle, Ricardo Cortez and Virginia Valli line up in the old triangle formation. (Feb.)

★ **LOVE COMES ALONG**—Radio Pictures.—Too tame and too British in "Rio Rita." Life on the Mexican water front, made more endurable by that Daniels girl's thrilling voyage. (Feb.)

★ **LOVIN' THE LADIES**—Radio Pictures.—Claptrap farce, but it's nice to see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson together again as screen biters-and-cooers. (May)

★ **LUMMOX**—United Artists.—Winifred Westover is superb in this Fanny Hurst tale. She holds up a somewhat jerky, maudlin film. (April)

★ **MAID TO ORDER**—Jessie Weil Prod.—Come out, Julian Eltinge, we knew you all the time! The famous female impersonator grows mantronic in a badly put together production. (March)

★ **MAMBA**—Tiffany Prod.—Advertised as the first all-Technicolor drama. War between British and German troops, and an East African native revolt. Jean Herschold does brilliant work. (May)

★ **MAMMY**—Warners.—Al Jolson rises above his story and makes an entertaining movie. A minstrel piece, with Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser. Irving Berlin tunes. (June)

★ **MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE**—Warners.—The Barrymore profits from "Blapstick." It's a good farceur in this ridiculous story of an English lord who attended the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides love interest. (June)

★ **MAN HUNTER, THE**—Warners.—A heach-chinging melodrama, that totters to a feeble end. Rin-Tin-Tin is the star. (June)

★ **MATCH PLAY**—Sennett-Educational.—Giggles for golfers. Walter Hagen, British "champeen," and Leo Diesel, American "champeen," are featured. They're not actors, but no one expects that. (April)

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

★ **MELODY MAN, THE**—Columbia.—Pleasantly sentimental story about the conflict of youth and old age. William Culler, Jr., Alice Day and a good performance by John Sainpills. (May)

★ **MEN WITHOUT WOMEN**—Fox.—Dealing with the horrible death of a group of men trapped in a submarine. Grosseome, but stunningly realistic. Ace performances by Kenneth McKenna and Frank Albertson. (March)

★ **MEXICALI ROSE**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck's second film appearance. Mexican border melodrama, and pretty good entertainment. (April)

★ **MONTANA MOON**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, still untamed, on a ranch. And what a tale she does! Ricardo Cortez, Johnny Mack Brown, the boy. Frolicsome. (April)

★ **MOUNTAIN JUSTICE**—Universal.—Reviewed under the title "Kettle Creek." That Ken Maynard can ride! The rest is negligible. (May)

★ **MOUNTED STRANGER, THE**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson, the *Riding Kid*, avenges a murder and meets romance. (April)

★ **MURDER ON THE ROOF**—Columbia.—A well-cast thriller. Crime high up among the pent-houses. (April)

★ **MURDER WILL OUT**—First National.—Thrills and mystery again—high society background. Good acting. Elaborate settings. Jack Mulhall, Lila Lee and Noah Beery. (May)

★ **NIGHT RIDE**—Universal.—Warn about a hard-boiled gangster and a hard-boiled reporter, with Joseph Schuldkraut and Edward Robinson tearing at one another for dear life. (March)

★ **NO, NO, NANETTE**—First National.—A good girl-and-music picture with fine Technicolor trimmings, but notable chiefly for its rapid fire succession of laughs. Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire sing the leads. (March)

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

★ **NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A**—First National.—Tired of players who burst into song? Then you may like this. Billie Dove in gorgeous clothes. Basil Rathbone the faithless husband, and Kay Francis a vamp. (June)

★ **OFFICER O'BRIEN**—Pathe.—(Glorifying the American cop as impersonated by William Boyd. Mildly exciting entertainment. (Feb.)

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

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

★ **ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT**—United Artists.—Lillian Gish in her first phonoplay, aided by O. P. Heggie and Marie Dressler. The love story of a young princess and her tutor. (June)

★ **ONLY THE BRAVE**—Paramount.—Mary Brian is Gary Cooper's reward for valor. Civil War setting. Good acting, much romance, pretty costumes. (April)

★ **ON THE BORDER**—Warners.—Arnold Stang, Rin-Tin-Tin acts with intelligence. Smuggling Chinese across the Mexican border. Forget it. (April)

★ **ON THE LEVEL**—Fox.—Cute, lusty melodrama, with laughs and thrills. Victor McLaglen fine in usual lie-man rôle. Lilyan Tashman a gorgeous lady-crook. (May)

★ **PAINTED ANGEL, THE**—First National.—Hoopla! Billie the dove in tights, singing and dancing. Billie plays the Queen of the Night Clubs and Eddie Lowe drops his Quirt manners to be her sweetheart. (March)

★ **PAINTED FACES**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good news for the fans who've been crying for something different. A tense, refreshing original story with a jury-room locale, and that grand comic, Joe E. Brown. (Feb.)

★ **PANDORA'S BOX**—Nero.—In case you've been wondering what happened to Louise Brooks, here she is, big as life and twice as naughty, in what was probably a good German picture before the censors operated on it. Silent. (Feb.)

★ **PARADE OF THE WEST, THE**—Universal.—The riding scenes in this Ken Maynard picture will make your hair stand on end. So will the story, but for a different reason. Not so good as Ken's last. (March)

★ **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**—Paramount.—Paramount goes revue, using its best talent. Technicolor, stirring music, lovely voices, satire, burlesque, romance! Chevalier, Chatterton, Oakie, and lots more. Take the family. (May)

★ **PARTY GIRL**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A would-be sensational story with a moral ending obviously thrown in as a sop to the censors. Some good acting, however, by the junior Fairbanks and Jeanette Loff. (March)

★ **PEACOCK ALLEY**—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Mae Murray in talking version of her once glorious silent film. She shouldn't have done it. But she dances well. (April)

★ **PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE, THE**—Cine-Teat.—This murder story fails to provide an alibi for existing. (March)



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PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE—Universal. —Famous old shocker partly remade with mixture of talk and sound. Lon Chaney still silent, however. Part Talkie. (April)

PLAYING AROUND—First National.—Alice White, Billy Bakewell and Chester Morris. Trite story, fair acting, fair entertainment. (June)

POINTED HEELS—Paramount.—With Helen Kane, William Powell, Fay Way, Phillips Holmes, Skeets Gallagher and Eugene Palette in the cast, this backstage story is sure-fire. (Feb.)

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—United Artists.—Harry Richman warbles well in his first talkie. Harry and Jimmy Gleason play two actors. Jean Bennett at her sweetest. Lilyan Tashman amusing. Good Irving Berlin music. (April)

RAMPANT AGE, THE—Trem Carr.—A rumor that the younger generation is fast-mad seems to have leaked through into film circles. Hackneyed story rendered amusing by lively dialogue and acting. (March)

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

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

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

★ **ROADHOUSE NIGHTS**—Paramount.—A pippin of a melodrama, seasoned with swell comedy. Helen Morgan sings. Charles Ruggles and Jimmy Durante. Broadway's current night club pet, score enormously. (March)

★ **ROGUE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett, grand opera star, flashes across the phonoplay horizon, an immitable and dashing personality. Taken from Lehar's "Gypsy Love," this operetta is roistering, brilliant and dramatic—a feast for the eye and ear. (March)

ROMANCE OF THE WEST—Hammond Prod.—Pistols crack, and Jack Perrin rescues the gal from the Mexican joint. And bye and bye it ends. All-action and all-talkie. But why? (May)

ROUGH ROMANCE—Fox.—All about the goings-on of lumberjacks. Helen Chandler goes Gish. George O'Brien and Antonio Moreno don't help much. Neither do the chorus routines. (June)

ROYAL BOX, THE—Warners.—If you Deutsch sprechen you'll like this. The first full-length talking picture in German, with Alexander Moissi and Camilla Horn. (March)

ROYAL ROMANCE, A—Columbia.—Romance and adventure in a mythical kingdom. Buster Collier gives good performance and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful. (May)



So old it's new again! The Gypsy Turban is smart again this summer, and Fay Wray demonstrates it. This one is orange, brown and yellow. While they are hats, they give the effect of a scarf tied round the head. That makes it more intricate

RUNAWAY BRIDE—Radio Pictures.—Murders, thieves, and a string of pearls. Clap-trap melodrama trying to be light comedy. But Mary Astor is charming. (June)

SACRED FLAME, THE—Warners.—On the stage this was strong and intensely tragic drama, but it has been pretty well watered for the screen. A brilliant cast, headed by Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee, and Pauline Frederick. (Feb.)

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—Paramount.—Peachean—cream for Buddy Rogers fans. He sings half a dozen songs and plays an heir to big money whose wealthy uncle puts him in care of three "Follies" girls. (June)

★ **SALLY**—First National.—The glorious, scintillating dancing of Marilyn Miller, lovely Ziegfeld star, saves this from being merely a dull transcript of an out-moded musical comedy. (March)

★ **SARAH AND SON**—Paramount.—What a characterization by Ruth Chatterton! And what a restrained and dignified performance by Frederic March! A picture you simply can't miss. (May)

SECOND CHOICE—Warners.—You won't even make this third choice. A mediocre phonoplay with Dolores Costello, Chester Morris and Edna Murphy. (March)

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

SECOND WIFE—Radio Pictures.—Interesting domestic drama from stage play "All the King's Men." Lila Lee, Conrad Nagel, Hugh Huntley, Little Freddie Burke Frederick is perfect. (April)

SETTING SUN, THE—Darmour-Radio Pictures.—Grandpa, rich and ailing, takes the wrong medicine. The family cut chickens before they're hatched. Short comedy. (April)

★ **SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE**—Paramount.—Barthelme's fine play, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," has been tenderly and effectively transferred to the screen. Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper are splendid. (Feb.)

★ **SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine phonoplay version of the old laughter-and-thrill-provoking favorite. Richard Dix again battles the microphone to a knock-out finish. (Feb.)

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

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners.—Winnie Lightner should have said NO when they cast her as a broken-hearted night club hostess. (May)

SHIP FROM SHANGHAI, THE—M-G-M.—Psychological dramma but it went astray. Dramatic, but sometimes distasteful. Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Kay Johnson, the latter splendid. (April)



SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD—First National.—Alice White's best talkie. Interesting studio scene. (June)

★ **SHOW OF SHOWS**—Warners.—You'll be too busy enjoying yourself to count all the celebs in this super-revue—but they're there—77 of 'em. And besides there are stunning stage effects and dance routines, gorgeous Technicolor, and millions of laughs. (Feb.)

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

★ **SKY HAWK, THE**—Fox.—Fine war stuff with a charming love interest. Thrilling shots of Zeppelin raid over London. John Garrick, a new comer, and Helen Chandler are delightful as the young lovers. (Feb.)

SLIGHTLY SCARLET—Paramount.—Evelyn Brent as society thief on the Riviera. Her best since "Interference." Hero, Clive Brook. Eugene Palette a "wow." (April)

SOCIAL LION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, the village braggart who is "taken up" by the country club set. Mary Brian, the girl. Heaps of fun. (July)

SOLONG LETTY—Warners.—Two discontented husbands swap wives. Charlotte Greenwood of the long legs and boisterous antics is whole show. (April)

SONG OF LOVE, THE—Columbia.—Carbon copy of the yarn used for every vaudevilian who goes talkie—but Belle Baker rises above it. She's good and so is Ralph Graves. The songs aren't. (Feb.)

★ **SONG OF MY HEART**—Fox.—John McCormack aims right at your heart with his gorgeous voice. Hit pieces, "Little Boy Blue" and "I Hear You Calling Me," Alice Joyce, and a sensational Irish kid, Tommy Clifford. Don't miss John. (April)

SONG OF THE FLAME—First National.—Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Beery, deep bass, free Russia from the revolutionists via Technicolor operetta. (July)

SONG OF THE WEST—Warners.—All-Technicolor outdoor operetta. Ambitious, but dull. (May)

SON OF THE GODS—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as American boy in slow-paced Rex Beach romance. Constance Bennett fine. Weak story. Far from best Barthelmess. (April)

SO THIS IS PARIS GREEN—Paramount—Christie.—A swell short subject burlesque of love among the apaches with Louise Fazenda as the world-weary queen of the Paris sewers. (March)

SPRING IS HERE—First National.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray sing well. Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda are great. Just an average musical comedy story, but they make it good entertainment. (June)

★ **STREET OF CHANGE**—Paramount.—Here's a punchful racketeer picture that is going to give rival producers jaundice until they get a carbon copy in the can. Bill Powell's finesse and Kay Francis' sincere emoting would be high-lights in any picture. (March)

STRICTLY MODERN—First National.—Perfectly obvious humor and this story, but Dorothy Mackall is fine as a young sophisticate who finds romance where she least expects it. (July)

STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL—M-G-M.—The original play, "The Circle," was subtle English comedy. The phonoplay misses fire. (May)

★ **SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—A fast talking financier disappears during a flight over the North Sea, and gave Elinor Olsen the basis for this brilliantly made talkie. Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen. One of the best. (April)

SUGAR PLUM PAPA—Sennet-Edwards-Gaial.—A short feature directed by Mack himself. Daphne Pollard and the rest of the hilarious gang. (April)

SUNNY SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Another one of those movie versions of college life as it isn't. (June)

SWELL HEAD—Tiffany Productions.—Just another prize-fight story. (July)

SWING HIGH—Pathé.—Love and intrigue in an old-time western setting. Color, action, poppy songs. Pleasant entertainment. (July)

TALK OF HOLLYWOOD, THE—Sono Art-World Wide.—This would be the talk of any town—it's so bad. Intended as comedy, it evolves a tragedy. (March)

TEMPLE TOWER—Fox.—More *Bulldog Drummond*, with Kenneth McKenna instead of Ronald Colman. Burlesque and good whether intentional or not. (April)

TEXAN, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a picturesque O. Henry story of the Southwest. (July)

THEIR OWN DESIRE—M-G-M.—This picture reminds us of Paris on Bastille Day—everyone in it goes wild. Norma Shearer is miscast. (Feb.)

THEY LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—M-G-M.—But not about acting. "They" being Vau and Schenck, vaudeville harmony duo, who sing better when they act. And believe it or not, Bessie Love is still being noble. (March)

TIGER ROSE—Warners.—Lupe Velez plays the tiger, but the picture is no rose. The stage play was once popular, but no one seems to care any more whether the Northwest Mounted got their man or not. (March)

TROOPERS THREE—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Concerns both kinds of troopers—bar-kstage and army. Slim Sumnerville is funny. (April)

TRUE TO THE NAVY—Paramount.—Clara Bow is the girl who has a box on every ship. How the whole fleet comes in? Can you imagine the fun? (July)

UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warners.—Light satire on old-fashioned Mexican border melodramas, a gay and dazzling Technicolor singie, with Frank Fay and Armida. (June)

UNDEERTOOW—Universal.—Misguided psychological drama of life in a lonely lighthouse. Why didn't they call it "Lighthouse Blues"? Mary Nolan, John Mack Brown and Robert Elton struggle against odds. (March)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—First National.—Neither beautiful Technicolor scenery nor Lida Lo's fine performance do much for this one. (July)

UP THE CONGO—Sono Art-World Wide.—One more expedition into darkest Africa. If you like them you'll like it. (April)

★ **VAGABOND KING, THE**—Paramount.—Flash and clang of sword play. Dennis King, as Francois Villon, sings and acts with operatic abandon. Gorgeous Technicolor. Lifting Irish music. Jeanette MacDonald and Lillian Roth help, and O. P. Heggie is grand. (May)

VENGEANCE—Columbia.—Melodrama with a punch. Another African native revolt. Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. (May)

WALL STREET—Columbia.—Even if you've recovered enough to hear Wall Street mentioned without frothing at the mouth, you won't like this. (Feb.)

WASTED LOVE—British International.—And wasted footage, except for Anna May Wong's unique personality flashes on the screen. Silent. (March)

WEDDING RINGS—First National.—Ernest Pascal's novel, "The Dark Swan," lost its original tale and a great deal more. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner. (July)

WEST OF THE ROCKIES—J. Charles Davis Prod.—Bandits, fast riding heroes, pretty senoritas. Same old Western plot. (April)

WHAT A MAN!—Sono Art-World Wide.—Reviewed under the title "His Dark Chapter." Reginald Donmy's nice voice, and a triling story about a gentleman who isn't a crook after all, provide a pleasant evening. (May)

WHITE CARGO—W. P. Film Co.—Banned by Will Hays, but produced in London. Slow, badly recorded. Wasn't worth bootlegging. (May)

★ **WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU**—Universal.—Three people are trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night search party sets out. A wonderful Swiss snow scene and breath-taking airplane stunts. Unusual and intensely interesting. Sound. (July)

WIDE OPEN—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller play this somewhat vulgar but amusing comedy with a pace that keeps you roaring. (June)

WILD HEART OF AFRICA, THE—Supreme.—A glorified travelogue giving the lowdown on previously unheard-of Sudanese fiends in more or less human form. Silent. (March)

WOMEN EVERYWHERE—Fox.—J. Harold Murray's charming singing voice, plus that wretched Mabelle, Lily Dorsay. (July)

YOUNG DESIRE—Universal.—Conventional story of a circus girl who loves rich boy, but treated unconventionally. Pace, color and thrills. Mary Nolan scores. (June)

YOUNG EAGLES—Paramount.—Not another "Wings." Buddy Rogers the flying hero. Jean Arthur his inspiration. Magnificent air photography, and satisfactory enough story. (May)

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN—Paramount.—Two young newspaper writers get married, and then get temporarily. Claudette Colbert and real-life husband Norman Foster. Charles Bungele adds hilarious comedy, too. (July)



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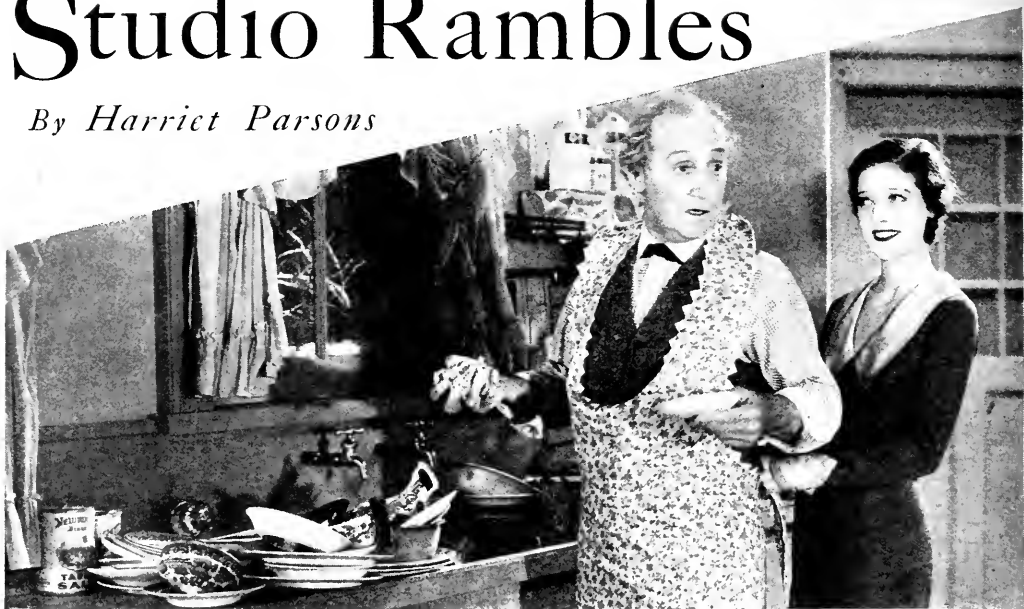
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Studio Rambles

By Harriet Parsons



ARE you ready for another fast ramble around the studios? You are?

Hold tight to mother's hand. And we're in Culver City, and inside the beautiful old Colonial building that is the studio office of Pathé.

What's that music? A barn dance? Lead us to the set! Abe Lyman's famous band, all togged out in cowboy suits, is furnishing the tunes—and what good old tunes they are. Abe can certainly put plenty of turkeys in the straw!

Here comes George Durvya, that coming juvenile, looking like a Wild West *Brunnel* in black and white silk shirt and black chaps. It's a Western comedy they're making. Started out as a short picture, but it looked so good in production the bosses decided to make a feature out of it. That's odd. Most features should be shorts!

Who's that colored boy in the pink hat and yellow shirt? What? Say it again—slowly. Stompin Sellit? The old Stepin Fetchit influence. Well, no harm in stealing Step's thunder. He doesn't seem to have much to sell these days, being such a bad boy.

Meet Harry Woods, the villain. Harry says he's played so many Western villains that he leans in his sleep. But after hours he designs gardens for the swells in Beverly Hills!

THEY'RE finishing up "Holiday" out on the back lot. It's worth a look—just to see Ann Harding, for instance. What? Ann isn't working on this set? Well, here's Mary Astor, and Robert Ames, the leading man. The set's the front of a swanky New York mansion. (Just out of camera range are some mangy old pillars—all that remains of the great "King of Kings.") Bob and Mary drive up in a taxi. Every time the cab stops there is a terrific squalling of brakes that brings us right back to New York.

The scene's done—"in the can." Mary begins fussing with her small movie camera. She's an amateur movie fan, and has shot hundreds of feet of her pals on the lot.

Ames is a golf demon. Watch him practicing putting! Director Griffith says they can also act some when he manages to get them off their hobby-horses.

BYE, BOB. 'Bye, Mary. Let's shoot over to First National—that open and beautiful lot in Burbank, over the hill from Hollywood.

Oh, boy, what a room this is! Looks like Aunt Mary's parlor

We stroll on the "Broken Dishes" set at First National and watch Mervyn Le Roy direct Loretta Young and O. P. Heggie in a scene. Doesn't O. P. look domestic in his pretty apron?

in Peoria—the one you had to die to get into! It's all here—what-not, goldfish and family album.

That's Grant Withers sitting over there. Mrs. Withers, Loretta Young

that was and yet is, comes over and tickles him. That's family fun—not in the script.

Grant and Loretta are co-starring in this one. It's called "Broken Dishes." Virginia Sale, Chic's sister, shows us the dishes. She's playing in the picture. The dishes—a set of horrible blue atrocities—are in the sink. Glad they're to be broken in the picture!

There's Mervyn Le Roy, the half-pint kid director, calling the folks on the set. They rehearse a scene where Grant comes to call on Loretta. Natural, eh? Should be, since Grant parked often in front of the old Young *mause* while he was courting Loretta. But the Sale girl's getting us laughing. Better bow out silently before we blow up a couple of high-priced microphones!

What have we here on the next set? No one but Joe E. Brown, the comic with the cavernous mouth. Hello, Joe! Hardly knew you in the soup and fish!

It's a ritzy hotel set, and Joe is autographing books for a bunch of beautiful extra girls. It's in the story, called "Goin' Wild."

Look at Joe's shirt front! Ever see a prettier shade of primrose yellow? We're used to seeing pink or blue shirts on even the best of he-men, but this yellow is a new and dandy shade. Look at Joe blush!

LET'S run over to United Artists and see what they're doing on Eddie Cantor's "Whoopie." Well, it's plenty. They're shooting a scene in an Indian village—in Technicolor, with a blue backdrop and pink clouds. And the actors are heavily rouged! Looks funny after the flat make-ups for black and white film.

Here comes Eddie, the first Jewish Indian in American history, probably.

Look at the fringed pants and red flannel—yep—it's an undershirt! Hey, Eddie, if Broadway and your pals could see you now!

Hungry? All right, let's go back to town and see if Henry can shake us up some avocado salad with a dash of Dutch cheese. Gee, I'm sorry we missed Ann Harding, aren't you? Well, the good old Pathé lot is still there!

You really should see my morning mail

It's full of exciting stories from girls about their complexions
Be sure to read this letter



This letter from a ranch in New Mexico is just one of the dozens of warm, friendly letters I get every day from girls who read these Camay articles of mine. It's so especially interesting that I want to read it to all of you.

"If any one ever had a chance to try Camay out it has been I," the writer declares. "For I was raised in the east where there are few winds and only mild sunshine and an abundance of clear, soft water.

"Six years ago I came out here to live. I found high winds, continued sunshine, and alkali water to contend with."

You can imagine what difficulties this brought to a skin that was, my correspondent tells me, the fragile pink-and-white kind.

She tried one soap after the other, "often," she says, "paying high prices for them. But not one seemed to agree with my skin. Someone advised me to quit soap and use only cleansing cream. I tried that, but never felt really clean.

"I was almost in despair—when a friend gave me a cake of Camay. I tried it and the results were wonderful. Almost at once my complexion regained its former color and softness."

There! *Isn't* that a nice letter?

And actually what this very charming person discovered for herself about Camay and her own complexion is just what 73 of the most eminent dermatologists in America discovered when they examined a chemical analysis of Camay and made careful, scientific tests of Camay's effect on all the various types of complexions.

If you remember my earlier Camay articles (and I'm just vain enough to think *maybe* you will!), you'll recall that these physicians who have specialized in skin care and treatment are most enthusiastic in their scientific approval of Camay. They said, in effect, "Camay is gentle and unusually mild. It is the kind of soap we would prescribe for even the most delicate complexions."

So, if a fragrant Camay cleansing isn't already the most important item in your daily routine, don't deprive yourself for another minute of the smoothest, creamiest, gentlest care in the whole complexion world.

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Love+Lustre—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-30, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Camay is 10¢ a cake



Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap—(called Calay in Canada)

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the only reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading

dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

Wm. Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 30 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

On wings of song

*and waves
of color**



LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Noted Metropolitan Opera star raises the talking screen to new heights in *THE ROGUE SONG*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's magnificent All-Technicolor musical drama.

★ TECHNOLOR IS
NATURAL COLOR

LAWRENCE TIBBETT! Never, you're tempted to say, has the screen been turned over to such a superb personality. To such a dynamic actor. To such a brilliant, roguish, lovable king of *sang!* In *Technicolor*, the Tibbett of opera fame appears before you in one sweeping, indelible surge of *reality!* From curtain-rise to finale, "The Rogue Song" pulsates with intrigue, romance, drama—with the sheer resplendence of its two irresistible stars, *Tibbett and Technicolor!* See it. Marvel at it. Move through it, thrilled by the enchantment of *natural color truly interpreted!*

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); *DIXIANA*, with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures); *GOLDEN DAWN*, with Walter Waall and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); *KING OF JAZZ*, starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); *Mlle. Modiste*, with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); *PARAMOUNT ON PARADE*, all-star cast (Paramount); *SONG OF THE FLAME*, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); *SONG OF THE WEST*, with John Bales and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); *THE CUCKOOS*, with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio Pictures); *THE MARCH OF TIME*, all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; *THE VAGABOND KING*, starring Dennis King with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount).

★ **T** *Technicolor*

PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER
25 CENTS

The
National
Guide to
Motion
Pictures



JOAN
BENNETT

"I Never Choose Beautiful Women"

Says C. B. De Mille

**Studio
Sweethearts**

**The New
Hollywood Underworld**



BEBE DANIELS in "DIXIANA"—with Everett Marshall, Metropolitan Opera baritone, Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Joe Cowthorne and Jobyna Howland.



"The Most Beautiful Woman in the South"

Wouldn't you like to see her? Dixiana, star of Cayetano's Circus—"most beautiful woman in the South!" Played by alluring Bebe Daniels—brought to fascinating, vivid life by the modern miracle of Technicolor. Technicolor has put a light in her eyes and a flush on her cheek—has given new warmth and meaning to her every glance and gesture. All the stars shine brighter in Technicolor.

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); BRIGHT LIGHTS, with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures); FOLLOW THRU, with Charles Fogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); HELL'S ANGELS, all-star cast (Caddo), Technicolor Sequences, HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner, Georges Carpentier and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); KING OF JAZZ, starring Paul Whiteman (Universal), THE TOAST OF THE LEGION, with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); SONG OF THE FLAME, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS, all-star cast (Warner Bros.); THE FLORADORA GIRL, starring Marion Davies (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; THE MARCH OF TIME, all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; WOMAN HUNGRY, with Sidney Blackmer and Lilo Lee (First National).

★ *in*
Technicolor



The head of the family discovers "pink tooth brush"

HE: (Loudly, from the bathroom)

Well, what do you know about that?

SHE: Know about what?

HE: *Come here a moment, please.*

SHE: What are you so excited about?

HE: *Look at this—"pink" on my tooth brush!*

SHE: Well?

HE: *Isn't that enough to make anybody sit up and take notice? You would, if you had found it.*

SHE: It's nothing to go into a panic over.

HE: *Oh, isn't it?*

SHE: No. Perhaps you'll change your tooth paste now. I've been asking you to for some time. There's a fresh tube of Ipana in the medicine cabinet. Massage your gums with some of it right now.

HE: *I'd like to know what Ipana has to do with "pink tooth brush"!*

SHE: It has a lot to do with getting rid of it!

HE: *Yes? How? —How is a tooth paste going to help a condition like that? The thing for me to do is to see a dentist. I don't want to run the risk of getting any of these gum disorders.*

SHE: By all means see the dentist. You oughtn't to have to be told to do that! But the chances are you haven't any real cause for alarm yet. Evidently your gums are a bit tender. If you kept up to date on these things you would know that the soft foods we eat these days don't give our gums a chance to keep healthy. They need stimulation to keep them alive and to invigorate them when they commence to get tender. That's one of the virtues of Ipana.

HE: *What is?*

SHE: The effect it has on the gums. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic. Dentists themselves use it in the treatment of gum disorders. Ipana and massage are the best remedy you can find for gums that have a tendency to bleed.

HE: *How do you work this massage?*



SHE: Just rub Ipana on the gums after you have cleaned the teeth. You can use your tooth brush for it or, if the gums are too tender to the touch, use your finger.

HE: *Do any of the dentists recommend Ipana?*

SHE: Thousands of them every day.

HE: *What about the teeth? Will it keep them white?*

SHE: Have you ever seen mine whiter than they are now?

HE: *Can't say that I have. They certainly are stunning.*

SHE: And the taste of Ipana is perfectly delightful, too. You'll like it. Now try it for a month and you'll find you've made a tooth paste friend for life—and best of all, you'll rid yourself of all signs of "pink tooth brush".

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Talking motion pictures!

Today's greatest value in entertainment! Screen stars, once but moving shadows, you see and hear! The living voices of famous stage stars come to you! Song hits of the day on the screen! New personalities born. New types of entertainment created. Because the world's foremost stars, authors, directors, composers are now concentrating their talents on the SCREEN! Go often — as often as it's a Paramount Picture — "the best show in town!"



"I LOVE YOU"
—but you have flouted
society and must pay!

"MANSLAUGHTER"

with **CLAUDETTE COLBERT** and **Fredric March**

The gripping story of a spoiled darling of society, who thought the world her playground and almost proved it until Fate took a hand, stripped her of her pride and power, and threw her into prison to fall in love with the man who jailed her!

With Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Emma Dunn, Natalie Moorhead, Hilda Vaughn and Stanley Fields. Directed by George Abbott. From the famous Saturday Evening Post serial and novel by Alice Duer Miller.



**JACK
OAKIE**

**JEANETTE
MacDONALD**

in

"LET'S GO NATIVE"

A mad, merry musical farce with a hand-picked cast of Hollywood fun makers including Skeets Gallagher, James Hall, Kay Francis, Eugene Pallette, William Austin. By George Marion, Jr., author of "Sweetie" and "Safety in Numbers" and Percy Heath. Directed by Leo McCarey. Music by Richard A. Whiting. Lyrics by George Marion, Jr.

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The liveliest sound news is Paramount! See it — compare it with any other for breezy, timely news of the day, striking personalities, showmanship — then ask your Theatre Manager to make it a regular part of his program.



"GRUMPY"

starring **CYRIL MAUDE**

Now Paramount presents on the talking screen the distinguished star Cyril Maude in his most famous role, "Grumpy." With Phillips Holmes, Paul Lukas, Francis Dade, Paul Cavanagh. Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. From the play by Horare Hodges and T. E. Percyval.

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Pictures
Paramount Building, New York

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

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September, 1930



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Thank You!

To the nearly three-quarters of a million readers of PHOTOPLAY, the publishers wish to extend their sincere gratitude for the manner in which the circulation of the magazine has been growing from month to month. That growth is due to the fact that you have told others about your interest in PHOTOPLAY and they, in turn, have become constant readers.

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The Girl on the Cover

SCOUT among the golden girls of Hollywood—where golden girls grow wild—and you'll fare far before you come upon a wonder child as amazing as the pretty little blonde thing whose face adorns the cover of this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

She's nineteen, this little Joan Bennett.

And consider—

She built the foundation of her professional career in two stage plays, the second being mad, bad "Jarnegan," in which she supported her brilliant, erratic father, Richard Bennett.

In eighteen months as the fair-haired Princess of Filmania, Joan has played leads in no less than eight important pictures—and no cripples either, but mighty and highly-adjectived productions. The great George Arliss held up "Disraeli" for eight weeks until Joan was available for its romantic lead.

At nineteen, she has been married and divorced, and has a beautiful two-year-old girl to show for her brief but romantic marital experience.

And so, at an age when most young things are prattling over teacups or their first cocktails—when they are obsessed with beaux, and country clubs and gaudy dreams of romance or "good marriages"—

Joan has been fiancée, wife, mother, divorcee and the possessor of one of the most solidly promising careers in the mad lands beyond the Rockies.

YOU may say that all this smacks of the miraculous—and it does, in a way. But not if you know your Bennetts!

For to this family—pulsing with blood of the theater—all the truths that happen to it put fiction to shame. The vigorous, talented Bennetts—beside them that other theatrical family, the Barrymores, seems a tame and stolid tribe.

As you undoubtedly know by now, Joan is the youngest of the three able and beautiful Bennett girls. Constance, the blonde sophisticate, married to and divorced from the millionaire Phil Plant. At home in Paris, New York, Hollywood, the Riviera. A picture queen in the grand manner. Barbara, the brunette, wife of Morton Downey, the singer, and known to stage and screen.

And Joan.

HER father, of course, is Richard—certainly one of our best actors, and surely the most colorful, with his harangues to his startled audiences and his headlong attacks on critics who seem to him to lack understanding of the theater and Richard Bennett. Her mother is Adrienne Morrison, also a distinguished figure of the American stage.

So you see, there's nothing mirac-



Youngest and Blondest
of the Bennetts

Last Minute News

Rudolph Schildkraut, father of Joseph Schildkraut and famous on stage and screen here and abroad, died of heart disease in Hollywood at sixty-five.

From all appearances, June Collyer is superseding the leaping Lupe in Gary Cooper's affections.

Josephine Velez, sister of Lupe, makes her movie debut as a café cigarette girl in "Her Man," a Pathe picture. Josephine is a year older than Lupe and enough like her in size and looks to be her twin.

Unless Janet Gaynor decides to be a good girl and take the rôles Fox hands out to her, Maureen O'Sullivan will be groomed to take her place.

Billy Haines has joined the dieters. Cutting down on starches and passing up lunches has made him twelve pounds lighter.

It's pretty definitely set that Ronald Colman will star on the New York stage this winter. Colman last appeared at the Henry Miller Theater in New York with Ruth Chatterton in "La Tendresse."

Alice Day has formally and legally said "I do" to Jack Cohn, business man of Los Angeles.

Today's rumor says that all is well between Norma Talmadge and husband Joe Schenck. But tomorrow's rumors deny it. Nobody knows at this moment, except the principals. And maybe even they haven't decided.

ulous about Joan's affairs. For things happen, and happen fast, to the Bennetts. They are tense, race-horse people—people living in a tornado.

Naturally, then, Joan takes all these things in stride. She expects them, as her father's daughter—not so much because they are her right as because they are her heritage.

And with it all, young Joan is the quietest, tenderest and gentlest of the clan. And it is a clan. For like all great families, it occasionally enjoys a tremendous fussing and squabbling within itself. But let any outsider step in and the Bennetts—to a man and woman—turn upon him and rend him limb from limb.

LITTLE JOAN likes Hollywood—Land why not? But she's a pretty quiet youngster. The conventional "night life" sort of thing is absolutely poisonous to her. Hollywood premieres and cafés almost never see her.

As Joan herself puts it, "It isn't that I don't like going out in the evenings. But things to do here are limited, and in public people are always peering at you, and seeming to be picking you to pieces."

In some that might be a pose. But not in a Bennett. For the whole life of a Bennett is lived in the rocket's red glare. A Bennett has no more chance of escaping detection than a wart on a professor's nose. And then, too, the life of a Bennett is nothing but drama—tragely, comedy and romance marvelously mingled.

Then, too, Joan has been called "high hat" by some people who just don't know. The truth is that she's more than a little near-sighted, as is Laura La Plante, and sometimes she just doesn't see folks very well, though she's more than willing.

SO THERE is little Joan in fabulous California—young and beautiful and successful, making a lot of money in a very short space of time.

And she's just on the verge, according to all signs and portents now visible, of greater and grander things.

Which she will take in her stride, without fuss, as the gentlest of the cyclonic Bennetts.

Her work opposite Barrymore in "Moby Dick"—the rôle played by Dolores Costello in the silent version, "The Sea Beast"—is sure to be talked about.

And then real stardom—"Smilin' Through," in the rôle made famous on the stage by Jane Cowl and in the silents by Norma Talmadge. Certainly a career in itself, judged by ordinary standards.

But don't try to judge a Bennett that way. Nobody knows what glittering triumphs may still come to Joan, youngest of the tribe. For no Bennett lives by regulations—or succeeds on form and past performances!

RICHARD BARTHELMLESS



IN *The* DAWN PATROL

GREATEST AIR EPIC EVER!

Five thousand feet up! . . . Forty whirring, purring propellers singing a song of death. Forty roaring, streak-fast war-eagles making a shambles of the sky. Forty youngsters sporting with fate—for they must live greatly, or not at all! . . .

Forty famous stunt flyers helped Dick Barthelmess crowd "The Dawn Patrol" with more thrills than you'd get in a dozen actual flights. And the author of "Wings" has packed the story with heart-thrills such as only heroes know! "Take off" to "The Dawn Patrol" the minute it comes to town.

With
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Neil Hamilton

and 1 other stars. Directed by Howard Hawks. From the story "The Flight Commander" by John Monk Saunders. Adaptation and dialogue by Howard Hawks, Dan Fothergill, and Seton Miller. "Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation.



A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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



ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in crook picture made from Veiller's play, "Chatterbox." A comeback for Ben, and Bebe at her best. (June)

★ **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**—Universal.—Remarque's sensational war book, made into one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Powerful drama of war as it really is. (June)

★ **ANNA CHRISTIE**—M-G-M.—The Great Garbo talks—and remains great! A faultlessly directed picture with superb characterizations by Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler and George Marion. (March)

ANYBODY'S WAR—Paramount.—The *Two Black Crosses* join the army, with mildly amusing results. (June)

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

AVIATOR, THE—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton is afraid of anything that goes up. Fatsy Ruth Miller is the hero-worshipping girl friend. Need a few laughs? (April)

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

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

★ **BAD ONE, THE**—United Artists.—Dolores Del Rio as a cafe singer and dancer, teamed with Eddie Lowe, who also sings delightfully. Adventurous, romantic story that you'll like. (June)

BATTLE OF PARIS, THE—Paramount.—Gertrude Lawrence, stage favorite, doing none too well in a true musical comedy. Snap into it, Gertie, and show 'em what you can do when you try! (March)

BEAU BANDIT—Radio Pictures.—Yeh, Rod La Rocque with a Spanish accent again. Doris Kenyon sings beautifully. Old-fashioned Western. (April)

BECAUSE I LOVED YOU—Aafa Tobis.—Interesting because first made-in-Germany talker shown in America; 65 per cent dialogue, German, of course. Part Talkie. (April)

BENSON MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount.—Another elegant Van Dine murder mystery. Silvie Bill Powell, as detective *Philo Vance*, gets his man. See it. (May)

BE YOURSELF—United Artists.—Fanny Brice falls for a boxer who falls for a gold-digger. Another "My Man" plot. Only fair. (April)

BIG FIGHT, THE—Sono Art—James Cruze.—Amusing enough. Lola Lane and Guinn "Big Boy" Ferguson. Stopin Fetchit almost shuffles off with the show (July)

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

BIG PARTY, THE—Fox.—A Sue Carol picture, but they handed it to Dixie Lee. Heaps of comedy, some true love and villainy. (April)

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

BLAZE O' GLORY—Sono Art—World Wide.—One of those upward pictures—it's spotty. Some of the spots are good and some are bad. Eddie Dowling shows a nice personality and a good singing voice. (March)

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

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

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

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

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

BROADWAY HOOPER, THE—Columbia.—You'll like Marie Saxon, musical comedy star, in her first talkie. A stimulating back stage comedy. (March)

Do Not Miss These Recent Pictures

"Anna Christie"

"Song o' My Heart"

"Journey's End"

"The Divorcee"

"Ladies of Leisure"

"The Devil's Holiday"

"All Quiet on the Western
Front"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

BURNING UP—Paramount.—Your money's worth in entertainment. A neat little picture with some thrilling racing sequences and that admirably natural actor, Dick Arlen. (March)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—Universal.—John Boles and Laura La Plante in a story of the birth of the *Marselliere* that just misses being a thrilling picture. John sings superbly. (June)

★ **CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Stark, compelling drama with a war background. An important picture, although too drab to appeal universally. Chester Morris is a magnificent *Grischa*. (March)

CAUGHT SHORT—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, rival boarding house keepers who play the stock market. Anita Page and Charles Morton are young lovers. Good, rough fun. (June)

CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M.—This nineteenth carbon copy of "The Broadway Melody" is pleasant enough. Bessie Love, Charles King, and the Moran-Dressler comedy team. (May)

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

CHILDREN OF PLEASURE—M-G-M.—All about a song-writer's sorrows. Noteworthy only for Lawrence Gray's singing of two hit numbers and the swell work of Wynne Gibson, a new screen face. (May)

CHINA EXPRESS, THE—Sovkino.—Foreign rough stuff, but tremendously exciting. Action occurs on a fast train in China. *Siren*. (May)

CITY GIRL—Fox.—Originally begun as a silent picture ("Our Daily Bread") by Director F. W. Murnau. Gets off to a powerful start, but turns talkie and collapses. Charlie Farrell and Mary Duncan are fine. Part Talkie. (March)

CLANGY IN WALL STREET—Edward Small Prod.—The recent stock market debacle is material for gags. It's a comedy. (April)

COCK O' THE WALK—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty sad affair, in which Joseph Schildkraut does his worst. Myrna Loy attractive. (June)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND—Universal.—When, and if you see this, you'll know where to send them on their next trip—one way! (May)

COURAGE—Warners.—Charming picture about seven interesting youngsters and their extravagant mother, well played by Belle Bennett. Leon Janney fine as *Bill*, the youngest. (June)

COURTIN' WILDCATS—Universal.—"Hoot" Gibson tames a Wild West shrew, modern version. Mildly entertaining. (March)

CRAZY THAT WAY—Fox.—Bubbling comedy about two lads in love with a blonde who loves another. Joan Bennett wears beautiful clothes beautifully. (May)

CUCKOOS, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nonsensical musical comedy featuring comedians Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Check your critical goggles and prepare to laugh uproariously. (June)

CZAR OF BROADWAY—Universal.—A not-so-good imitation of that fine picture, "Street of Chance." Not bad, if you haven't seen the original. (June)

DAMES AHOY—Universal.—Glenn Tryon in a smart-cracking sailor role. But the dialogue writer didn't feel funny that day. (April)

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

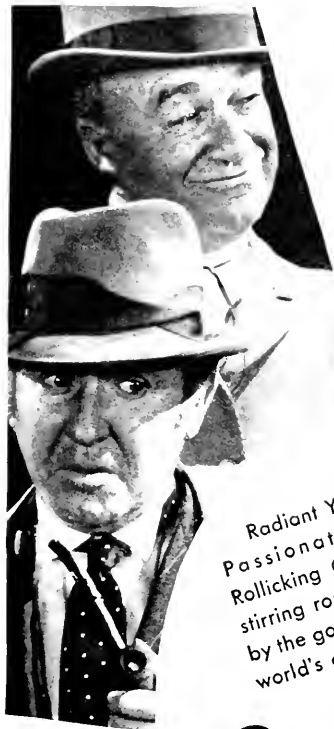
★ **DEVIL'S HOLIDAY, THE**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll in emotional drama, giving the best performance of her career! Directed by Edmund Goulding, who made "The Trespasser." (July)

★ **DIVORCEE, THE**—M-G-M.—Don't miss this. Norma Shearer great. Chester Morris gives swell performance. Fine direction, gorgeous clothes. (June)

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

DOUBLE CROSS ROADS—Fox.—A gang of thieves and a mess of machine guns. But Robert Ames as the boy and Lila Lee as the girl decide to go straight. Entertaining at that. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Radiant Youth . . .
Passionate Love and
Rollicking Comedy . . . A
stirring romance glorified
by the golden voice of the
world's greatest tenor . . .

SONG O' MY HEART

A PICTURE THAT WILL BRING HAPPINESS TO MILLIONS

with
JOHN McCORMACK

MAUREN O'SULLIVAN • ALICE JOYCE
JOHN GARRICK • J. FARRELL MACDONALD
JOSEPH KERRIGAN • TOMMY CLIFFORD
Directed by FRANK BORZAGE



FOX

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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

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

FIGHTING LEGION, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard scores as an outlaw who follows his better impulses. Dorothy Dwan provides the romance. Ridin', fightin' and comedy. Worth your money. (May)

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

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

FRAMED—Radio Pictures.—Evelyn Brent in an underworld story that gets across. Good trick climax. See it. (April)

★ **FREE AND EASY**—M-G-M.—Buster Keaton's first big talkie. A whizzing comedy that takes you to a big sound studio. With Anita Page and Robert Montgomery to serve the romance, how could you go wrong on this one? (May)

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

GAY MADRID—M-G-M.—College whoopee in Spain, played with duels and guitars. How that Ramon Novarro swashbuckles and sings! Again he serenades Dorothy Jordan. (May)

GIRL FROM WOOLWORTHS, THE—First National.—That White girl comes through with a snappy number every time and this is one of the snappiest. Watch Rita Flynn, a newcomer. (March)

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

GIRL OF THE PORT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nevertheless you'll enjoy Sally O'Neil's slick performance. (March)

GIRL SAID NO, THE—M-G-M.—Whizzes along at breakneck speed. Wild Willie Haines kidnaps the girl he loves, and Marie Dressler becomes amiably sophisticated, as usual. (April)

GOLDEN CALF, THE—Fox.—Mediocre. Sue Carol, as an efficient but unattractive secretary who makes herself over into a belle, redeems it a little. So does El Brendel's comedy. (May)

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

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

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—First National.—Made from the grand old play. Dorothy Mackaill overacts as a flip society lass, and Ian Keith is hammy as her reformer. (May)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Warners.—George Arliss is great as the sleek Rajah. The producers didn't make the most of this. (May)

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

GUILTY—Columbia.—Mediocre melodrama of circumstantial evidence. But Virginia Valli, John Sainpolis, and John Holland are good. (June)

★ **HAPPY DAYS**—Fox.—A corking revue, starring the pick of the Fox lot. A bunch of entertainers help an old showman save his troupe. That's the story, told with singing, dancing, comedy and romance. (May)

HARMONY AT HOME—Fox.—Want a good, hearty laugh? See this comedy of family life. Wm. Collier, Sr., long-time stage favorite, makes an elegant screen debut. The girls will go for Rex Bell in a big way. (March)

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

★ **HELL HARBOR**—United Artists.—Lupe Velez in a rôle that fits like a Sennot bathing suit. Grand melodrama peopled with descendants of Spanish pirates and an American sailor to rescue the girl. (April)

HELLO, SISTER—James Cruze Prod.—Sentimental, but sprinkled with humor. Olive Borden is the rapper who reforms for a million dollars. Lloyd Hughes is the nice boy who loves her. (May)

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

HELL'S HEROES—Universal.—Peter B. Kyne fathered this gritty tale of the desert and Charles Bickford does more than right by the leading rôle. Very real. (March)

HER UNBORN CHILD—Windsor Picture Plays, Inc.—Grimmer side of sex. Sad faces, sad scenes. Excuse us for yawning. (April)

HE TRUMPED HER ACE—Sennett-Educational.—Howling short comedy about bridge-maniacs. (May)

HIDEOUT—Universal.—James Murray gloves, Kathryn Crawford sings nicely. It's kinder not to go on. (May)

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

HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont.—British-made film about a hypothetical next World War. World politics and inventions of year 1940 are ingeniously envisioned. Interesting. (June)

★ **HOLD EVERYTHING**—Warners.—Joe E. Brown is great. Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs. But it could have been better. (June)

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

★ **HONEY**—Paramount.—"Come Out of the Kitchen," stage play and silent movie, made into a talkie. Light comedy, pleasing songs. Nancy Carroll and amazing little Mitzie Green. (April)

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

★ **HOT DOGS**—M-G-M.—A distinct novelty, this short subject, with an all dog cast, which makes it the first all-barkie. (March)

IN THE NEXT ROOM—First National.—A murder mystery that thrills. Jack Mulhall, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads. (June)

ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners.—Monte Blue, Betty Compton and Noah Beery do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results. (June)

★ **JOURNEY'S END**—Tiffany Productions.—Unforgettable war story, from play of same name. Grim happenings in a front line dugout under bombardment, relieved by carefully planned humor. Excellent cast. (June)

★ **KING OF JAZZ**—Universal.—Pretentious, all-Technicolor, Paul Whiteman revue. Unusual color and lighting effects, splendid choruses. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, and the Whiteman Band. (June)

LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount.—Good entertainment. George Bancroft is a crude but wealthy builder who goes in for culture, under Mary Astor's inspiration. There's a thrilling fight. (June)

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

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

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

LADY TO LOVE, A—M-G-M.—The stage play, "They Knew What They Wanted," made censorship. Vilma Banky, Edward G. Robinson, and Robert Ames form the triangle. Some splendid acting. (April)

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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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 Color scenes photographed by the Technicolor Process

VITAPHONE VARIETIES

MINIATURE MASTERPIECES OF THE TALKING-SINGING SCREEN

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LAST DANCE, THE—Audible Pictures.—Cin-della in modern dress. Quite the very goodie about a taxi-dancer's rise to fortune. Distinguished by Vera Reynolds' grand voice and acting. (March)

★ **LAUGHING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Chatterton and Brook, now and forever! What a team! A vital, hilarious directed story with superb work by the aforementioned pair. (March)

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

LET'S GO PLACES—Fox.—Our old friend, Mistaken Identity Plot. Funny as the dickens, and at least two songs will keep you humming. (May)

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

★ **LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE**—Paramount.—Horse opera, but dressed up in snappy dialogue and played convincingly by Dick Arlen, Mary Brian, Harry Green, Regis Toomey and Fred Kohler. You'll like it. (May)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—First National.—Eddie Buzzell, musical comedy star, and George M. Cohan music redeem this. Otherwise just another race-track yarn. (April)

LOOSE ANKLES—First National.—So farcical that it goes a little lame. Loretta Young and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. are the principals, but the comics run away with the honors. (May)

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Light, but you'll like it. Another song-writer story, with Technicolor review scenes, theme songs and wisecracks. (April)

LOVIN' THE LADIES—Radio Pictures.—Clap-trap farce, but it's nice to see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson together again as screen billers-and-coosers. (May)

★ **LUMMOX**—United Artists.—Winifred West-over is superb in this Fanny Hurst tale. She holds up a somewhat jerky, maudlin film. (April)

MAID TO ORDER—Jessie Weil Prod.—Come over Julian Eltinge, we know you all the time! The famous female impersonator grown matronly, in a badly put together production. (March)

MAMBA—Tiffany Prod.—Advertised as the first all-Technicolor drama. War between British and German troops, and an East African native revolt. Juan Hershold does brilliant work. (May)

MAMMY—Warners.—Al Johnson rises above his story and makes an entertaining comedy. A minstrel piece, with Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser. Irving Berlin tunes. (June)

MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE—Warners.—The Barrymore profile in slapstick! He's a good farcure in this ridiculous story of an English lord who attended the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides love interest. (June)

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

MAN HUNTER, THE—Warners.—A beach-combing melodrama, that totters to a feeble end. Rin-Tin-Tin is the star. (June)

MATCH PLAY—Sennett-Educational.—Giggles for golfers. Walter Hagen, "champion," and Leo Diesel, American "champion," are featured. They're not actors, but no one expects that. (April)

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

MELODY MAN, THE—Columbia.—Pleasantly sentimental story about the conflict of youth and old age. William Collier, Jr., Alice Day, and a good performance by John Sainpolis. (May)

★ **MEN WITHOUT WOMEN**—Fox.—Dealing with the horrible death of a group of men trapped in a submarine. Grievous, but stanningly realistic. Ace performances by Kenneth McKenna and Frank Albertson. (March)

MEXICALI ROSE—Columbia.—Barbara Stan-wick's second film appearance. Mexican border melo-drama, and pretty good entertainment. (April)

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

★ **MONTANA MOON**—M-G-M.—Joan Craw-ford, still intamed, on a ranch. And what a tempo she does with Ricardo Cortez! Johnny Mack Brown, the boy. Frolicsome. (April)

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Kettle Creek.") That Ken Maynard can ride! The rest is negligible. (May)

MOUNTED STRANGER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson, the Riding Kid, avenges a murder and meets romance. (April)

MURDER ON THE ROOF—Columbia.—A well-cast thriller. Crime high up among the pent-houses. (April)

MURDER WILL OUT—First National.—Thrills and mystery against high society background. Good acting. Elaborate settings. Jack Muhlhall, Lila Lee and Noah Beery. (May)

NIGHT RIDE—Universal.—Yarn about a barbed-wired gangster and a harder-boiled reporter, with Joseph Schildkraut and Edward Robynson leering at one another for dear life. (March)

Dixie Willson

is one of the best known short story writers and screen authors of today. The first of a series of Hollywood short stories by her

"A Queen Goes Fishing" appears in this issue. Next month—in the October PHOTOPLAY—will be another

"Baby Blue Eyes"

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

★ **NO, NO, NANETTE**—First National.—A good girl-and-music picture with fine Technicolor trimmings, but notable chiefly for its rapid fire succession of laughs. Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire sing the leads. (March)

NOT DAMAGED—Fox.—Sounds like melo-drama, but it's supposed to be comedy. (July)

NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A—First National.—Tired of players who burst into song? Then you may like this. Billie Dove in gorgeous clothes. Basil Rathbone the faithless husband, and Kay Francis a vamp. (June)

NUMBERED MEN—First National.—Fair entertain-ment. From the stage play, "Jailbreak." (Aug.)

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

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

★ **ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT**—United Artists.—Lillian Gish in her first photoplay, ably aided by O. P. Heggie and Marie Dressler. The love story of a young princess and her tutor. (June)

★ **ONLY THE BRAVE**—Paramount.—Mary Brian is Gary Cooper's reward for valor. Civil War setting. Good acting, much romance, pretty costumes. (April)

ON THE BORDER—Warners.—Armida sings. Rin-Tin-Tin acts with intelligence. Smuggling Chinese across the Mexican border. Forget it. (April)

ON THE LEVEL—Fox.—Gusty, lusty melo-drama, with laughs and thrills. Victor McLaglen fine in usual he-man rôle. Lilyan Tashman a gorgeous lady-drook. (May)

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

PAINTED ANGEL, THE—First National.—Hoopla! Billie the dove in tights, singing and dancing. Billie plays the Queen of the Night Clubs and Eddie Lowe drops his *quirt* manners to be her sweetheart. (March)

PARADE OF THE WEST, THE—Universal.—The riding scenes in this Ken Maynard picture will make your hair stand on end. So will the story, but for a different reason. Not so good as Ken's last. (March)

★ **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**—Paramount.—Paramount goes revue, using its best talent. Technicolor, stirring music, lovely voices, satire, burlesque, romance! Chevalier, Chatterton, Oakie, and lots more. Take the family. (July)

PARTY GIRL—Tiffany-Stahl.—A would-be sensational story with a moral ending obviously thrown in as a sop to the censors. Some good acting, however, by the junior Fairbanks and Jeanette Loff. (March)

PEACOCK ALLEY—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Mae Murray in talking version of her once glorious silent film. She shouldn't have done it. But she dances well. (April)

PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE, THE—Continental.—This murder story fails to provide an alibi for existing. (March)

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE—Universal.—Famous old shocker partly rerun with mixture of talk and sound. Lon Chaney still silent, however. Part Talkie. (April)

PLAYING AROUND—First National.—Alice White, Billy Bakewell and Chester Morris. Trite story, fair acting, fair entertainment. (June)

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—United Artists.—Harry Richman warbles well in his first talkie. Harry and Jimmy Gleason play two actors. Joan Bennett at her sweetest. Lilyan Tashman amusing. Good Irving Berlin music. (April)

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

RAMPANT AGE, THE—Trem Carr.—A rumor that the younger generation is jazz-mad seems to have leaked through into film circles. Hackneyed story rendered amusing by lively dialogue and acting. (March)

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

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

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

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

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

★ **ROADHOUSE NIGHTS**—Paramount.—A pipkin of a melodrama, seasoned with swell comedy. Helen Morgan sings. Charles Ruggles and Jimmy Durante. Broadway's current night club pet, score enormously. (March)

★ **ROGUE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett, grand opera star, flashes across the photoplay horizon, an imitable and dashing personality. Taken from Lehar's "Gypsy Love," this operetta is roistering, brilliant and dramatic—at least for the eye and ear. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 144]

AN ODD TIME TO SAY...

HAPPY NEW YEAR?

Maybe it seems so, but it is the beginning of a new theatrical season, and *Educational* is wishing it may be the happiest year in your picture going experience. To help make it so, *Educational*, with vastly enlarged studio facilities, is producing for your amusement the most pretentious group of short comedies in motion picture history.

A year and a half of the talking comedy has proved how much funnier and more entertaining the short comedies can be, and they are a bigger and more vital part of screen entertainment now than ever before. The theatres that sincerely wish you a "happy new year" in this entertainment will be planning to show you the best of the short talking comedies as well as good feature pictures. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre now if *Educational's Talking Comedies* are on his schedule of productions for the coming season.



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TALKING COMEDIES

MERMAID
TALKING COMEDIES

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

cleanliness, decency, progress. The movie flapper, whose hard-boiled tactics are not always admirable, has nevertheless flung her flaming message of the right to live and choose for herself to millions of tradition and man-enslaved girls.

I believe that movies are doing more to bridge the differences between East and West than any other agency. G. L.

tures I have seen this year. Chester Morris was at his best, and Wallace Beery was excellent as *Butch*. I think one of the main reasons I liked this picture was because *Butch* didn't stop shooting for a time and sing a theme song! D. LESQUIER.

Fan Mail for Mick!

Baton Rouge, La.

The \$5 Letter

Los Angeles, Calif.

GEE! I wish we could have our cowboys back, chasing bands of sneaking rustlers across the plains. Course I'm only a kid, but gee! half of America is kids, I bet. We're tired of having these sheiks chasing bands of painted dolls across the stage. Let's have more "ki-yi-yippers" and fewer "poop-a-doops!" WALTER EATON.

P. S.—The comedies are great!

What! No Tap Dancing?

Springfield, Mass.

FOLLOWING the advice of PHOTOPLAY'S Shadow Stage I went to see "The Big House." I liked it best of all the big pic-

LET the animated cartoons go on forever! I now seldom see a mouse run over the floor without expecting it to stop a while and dance or sing to the tunes of the radio. If I start to eat a "hot dog" I am disappointed if the weenie itself doesn't suddenly come to life and give a weird cry of dismay. HARRIS DOWNEY.

You and Plenty Others!

Baltimore, Md.

WHAT a pleasure it was to read your praise of Barbara Stanwyck in July! I saw "Ladies of Leisure" about three weeks before, and I've been raving about Miss Stanwyck ever since. Now, I can say, "Didn't I tell you so?" to everyone.

I thought of writing you then, singing her praises. Now that you have beaten me to it, I can only say "Ditto."

MARGARET M. FIDDIS.

Now They Have Mex-Appeal!

Mexico, D. F., Mex.

PARAMOUNT sent us a fine, all-Spanish phonoplay in "The Benson Murder Case." Universal doubled voices in "Broadway" and "Shanghai Lady"—a very difficult work, and both are perfect. It's a kick to hear Mary Nolan talking Spanish!

But you must hear Our Gang, Charley Chase, Buster Keaton, and Messrs. Laurel and Hardy. Just grand! How they suffer, the poor fellows! What faces when they spout these Spanish-things! Of course, Keaton Spanish is not that of Cervantes. Neither was "Taming of the Shrew" English exactly that of Shakespeare. But—who cares? All of them learned Spanish in fifteen days! ALF JANDRO ARAGON.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

The \$25 Letter

Bedford, Pa.

FROM a bread-and-butter viewpoint I have every reason in the world to be anti-talkie. I earned a good living as organist in a local theater, playing soft music as an accompaniment to tender love scenes, thundering away when cowboys galloped over the plains or armies fought silently, and concocting weird melodies when Lon Chaney donned one of his thousand faces.

All that is past. My job is gone. Yet, as I take my place back among the masses and listen with strained ears to the dialogue going on down there in front where I used to sit in kingly state, I realize that this great change has been for the best. The movies have gained immeasurably in every way; sound and talking have added a new dramatic power; stage and opera stars with glorious voices have swelled the ranks of decadent film aristocracy; the moving picture industry has come into its own at last. RAYMOND WHIFFSTONE.

The \$10 Letter

Philippine Islands.

LIVING in comfortable, critical America, it is impossible to grasp the tremendous cultural importance of movies. We, out in the far corners of the world, see differently.

The native population here gets poor newspapers. Few can afford magazines, but they do see movies for a few centavos. Would you could see these half-naked, brown people gazing with uncomprehending eyes at revelations of well-dressed people, cities, inventions, beautiful modern homes—a long shot from their primitive straw huts!

The movies are awakening desires for

WHAT a stack of John Boles praises this month! They threaten to overflow into the Mickey Mouse compartment! Yes'm, that little gloom-chasing rascal is right up next to John in the fan mail returns.

And wasn't Barbara Stanwyck a big surprise to movie-goers! They loved her in "Ladies of Leisure." Nancy Carroll was another surprise, as a dramatic actress. The fans are comparing her to Bernhardt and Duse now!

The Farrell-Gavnor drama-or-song-and-dance argument goes on and on, with strong supporters on both sides. "The Big House," "The Devil's Holiday," "With Byrd at the South Pole," "The Divorcee" and "Ladies of Leisure" are all getting their share of compliments.

"I'm only a bride, but *I've learned this—*

It's folly
to pay more
than 25¢ for
tooth paste"

When you're married to a young fellow who is starting out in the world with a small salary, you certainly puncture a lot of theories while attempting to make both ends meet.

"Theories about what should be spent for clothes. For groceries. Even for tooth paste.

"Before marriage I used to think that unless a dress cost \$100 it wasn't fit to be worn. Now I know better. I don't wear that kind any more. I used to think that one had to pay absurd prices for food, for meat, to get quality. But a few shopping tours with the I-want-my-money's-worth attitude convinced me that I was wrong about that, too.

"Finally I began to look at tooth paste with the critical eye of the Budgeteer. I asked myself 'Is there any sense in paying 40¢ or more for a dentifrice?' After a little experimenting, I learned that for 25¢ I could buy the finest quality tooth paste. At the outset I was a little skeptical but time proved that my teeth were whiter, my gums firmer, and my mouth healthier as a result of using Listerine Tooth Paste.

"Jim reported the same result. And it's a comfort to realize it saves us about \$3 a year."

Won leadership on merit alone

In less than 5 years, Listerine Tooth Paste has won its way to leadership. More than 4,000,000 people have discarded costly dentifrices in favor of this modern one at 25¢.

Such success could never have been won unless this tooth paste possessed outstanding quality and achieved remarkable results.

Buy a tube today. Note how sweetly but gently it cleans teeth, erasing tartar and discoloration. And note particularly the refreshing feeling it imparts to mouth and gums—the sensation you associate with Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



50¢-quality
LISTERINE
Shaving Cream
Now 25¢

Buy slippers with what you save

Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves you about \$3 per year per person compared to dentifrices in the high-price field. Spend that \$3 as you please. Slippers is merely a suggestion.



25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

A gay scene from a recent picture in which vivacious Sally Starr is the little girl who helps to make the party a big success



Is Your Pep Just Pose?

RECENTLY I gave a little party for my friend Helen T., who has been abroad for a few years, inviting a group of mutual friends who were looking forward to renewing old ties.

Helen is in her late twenties, not outstandingly pretty, but blessed with the wholesome good looks and amiable disposition that make actual beauty seem of lesser importance. Much of her charm is in her ability to make warm and enduring friendships with men and women of all ages. At my party for her there was a boy in his teens and a grandmother, both of them her devoted friends.

I had always believed that another important reason for Helen's great popularity was her exuberance. No other girl was so light-hearted, so sparkling and witty. Wherever there was the greatest excitement and the gayest laughter, there Helen was to be found—always the center of the group. She seemed never to be tired, never depressed.

The hostess who invited Helen was assured of at least one guest who would have a grand time herself and keep the whole party alive, no matter what the moods of the others might be.

On the night of my party, after the clamor of "Do you remember's?" and "Tell me's" had died down somewhat, it began to dawn upon me that this was a different Helen from the girl we had known. Her brown eyes still danced with fun; and she appeared to be thoroughly happy with her old friends. But she certainly was not the girl who had been "the life of the party" just two years before, when that phrase was such a popular one.

One of my guests, a bachelor whom I had suspected of being more than a little fond of Helen in the old days and who had eagerly looked forward to her return, had been watching her intently all evening. Under cover of the buzz of conversation, he whispered to me:

"I can't believe it, Carolyn, but Time seems to have caught up with Helen, too. I thought it was just slow-footed, overweight fellows like me who couldn't outrun what the poets call 'the fleet years.' It doesn't seem possible that this gentle, quiet-mannered girl is the Helen who made things hum wherever she went just a few years ago.

"Do you remember how we used to stand outside the door and listen for sounds of merriment? If it was normally quiet we knew, before we entered a house, that Helen hadn't arrived. But if laughter and obvious signs of a party in full swing reached our ears, we knew Helen was already there.

"What has happened to her? I liked that happy, carefree girl she used to be. Just remembering her these last few years has kept me young! And, now, I'll have to get acquainted with her all over again!"

I didn't have a chance to answer him, because just then Mrs. J., the grandmother, turned to Helen and said: "Helen, absence has changed you. I loved all the youth and joy of living you personified, but I can't regret the loss of that youthful

exuberance when in its place I see such beautiful poise. My dear, you've found something very precious in your travels."

Helen blushed prettily, but instead of stammering her thanks for the outspoken compliment as she would have in the old days, she just laughed a little, gave Mrs. J.'s hand an affectionate squeeze, and deftly turned the conversation away from herself.

A few days later I had lunch with Helen. She sat across from me at a little table in a crowded restaurant. All around us waiters were moving quickly, and people coming and going, some of them old acquaintances who stopped at our table to say a few words of welcome to Helen. Looking at

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

Friendly Advice on

Girls' Problems

WOULD'N'T you like to reduce to your normal weight without jeopardizing your health or making yourself uncomfortable? I don't believe in starvation methods. I do believe in corrective exercise and sane diet. My booklet of exercises and suggestions for simple but nourishing menus is yours for the asking. So is my leaflet of general advice on the care of the skin and particular advice on the cure of blackheads and acne. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or other advice on personal problems. All letters will be held in strict confidence. Address me care of PHOTO-PLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET



MISS
BARBARA
KENT

Beautiful Star in
Universal Pictures.



FUNNY how human beings so thoroughly delight in the charms of a beautiful woman. And curious thing that it's the little matter of lips which determines whether she is or isn't beautiful. Now the cultivation of lips is not really difficult at all. If you keep them young in shape and pretty in texture they can't help but be attractive. Chew Wrigley's every day. That's about all you have to do. Inexpensive. Satisfying. Beautifying. Wrigley's makes up for the lack of sufficient chewing exercise in the ordinary daily diet. The fine muscles about the mouth, upon which the youthfulness and romance of lips depend, must have this additional exercise or they grow lacklustre, old and utterly without beauty. Try Doublemint—it's delicious peppermint flavor.

K-56

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and greet your new complexion

Bathe the face gently with warm water. Rub up . . . in your hands . . . a rich lather. Massage it into your skin from the chin upward toward your temples. Rinse with warm water. The old dead skin cells are "washed away." So next tone up your skin with a brisk splashing of cold water. Then . . . for the final touch . . . go over your face with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel.

Eric



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. . . and you've started toward a new complexion. Send the coupon.



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Name
Address
City State



THIS is entitled "The Spirit of Santa Monica," or "Why Hollywood Goes to the Beach." Anita Page, Metro-Goldwyn's golden girl, lies on her tummy and soaks up sunshine. She is taking a little breather after an unusually heavy schedule at the studio. She's marvelous in the new "Our Blushing Brides"

Fresh from *the* Camera

Anita Page, real name Pomares, was born at Flushing, L. I., Aug. 4, 1910. She is 5 feet 3, weighs 118, has blonde hair and blue eyes. She's unmarried.



Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Tex. She is 5 feet 4, weighs 110, has dark red hair and blue eyes. Joan was a Broadway showgirl before entering films in '25

IF the wild waves are saying anything at all to Joan Crawford, it is something exceedingly pleasant. For the sun of good fortune showers down on this radiant girl! A happy married life with Young Doug—an excellent starring contract with M-G-M—constant improvement in her art. Lucky Joan



THE shadows have fallen on lovely Lila Lee! Her health broken by overwork, dieting and domestic troubles, she has been ordered to Arizona for a long rest. One of Hollywood's sweetest girls and best troupers, she worked in seventeen pictures in eighteen months! Rest, Lila, and come back to us!

Lila Lee, or Augusta Appel, was born in Union Hill, N. J., in 1902. She is 5 feet 3, weighs 110, has black hair and eyes. Lila entered pictures in her early teens.



You can't conserve on yardage if you want smart, knife-pleated pajamas, like Jeanette MacDonald wears in "Monte Carlo." Turquoise blue satin and lace



What Mrs. Ben Lyon (guess who she was!) will wear at her Sunday evening "at homes." Gray chiffon with lace appliques outlined in silver thread. With it is worn a strand of gray pearls with cameo pendant



For shopping, take a hint from Irene Rich. She wears this navy blue crepe in "On Your Back," in which she plays a fashionable New York modiste



For her personal wardrobe, Ann Harding chooses a conservative full length coat of sand colored Norma cloth, trimmed with kolinsky

What
They
Are
Wearing
This Month



Another lovely hostess gown. Ann Harding wears this in "Holiday." Aquamarine blue Spanish lace is draped over a fitted slip of the same color. If you're as blonde as Ann, this is the perfect choice for you



Natalie Moorehead can make even black tulle ruffles seem sophisticated. Note the interesting tucks on the bodice. You'll see this gown in "Manslaughter"

THESSE are Hollywood fashions—the clothes the stars are wearing. Some of them are bizarre, like Hollywood itself, and that's what makes them individual. If you want to know what they're wearing in Paris, buy another magazine. PHOTOPLAY is interested only in the gowns included in the personal and professional wardrobes of the stars.

You'll notice the trend toward longer street clothes. You'll notice the interesting and plentiful use of fur. You'll find the hostess gown, languorous and graceful, is a necessity in the smart woman's wardrobe. And you'll also discover that you might as well commit hara-kiri unless you own at least one tailored suit. Navy blue is a favorite street color—black for formal evening wear.

You will find that, with the exception of Alice White's sports coat, every costume on these pages is ultra-sophisticated. Even the little ingénues in Hollywood are selecting this type of wearing apparel.



Alice White appears at foot ball games in this beige suede three-quarter coat lined and collared with chipmunk. Snug and jaunty



Marion Davies wears a swagger suit of dark blue twill, designed by Howard Greer. The white pique vestee buttons over a linen blouse



Gary Cooper, or Frank J. Cooper, was born in Helena, Mont., May 7, 1901. He is 6 feet 2; weighs 180; has black hair and dark blue eyes. Gary entered pictures in 1925

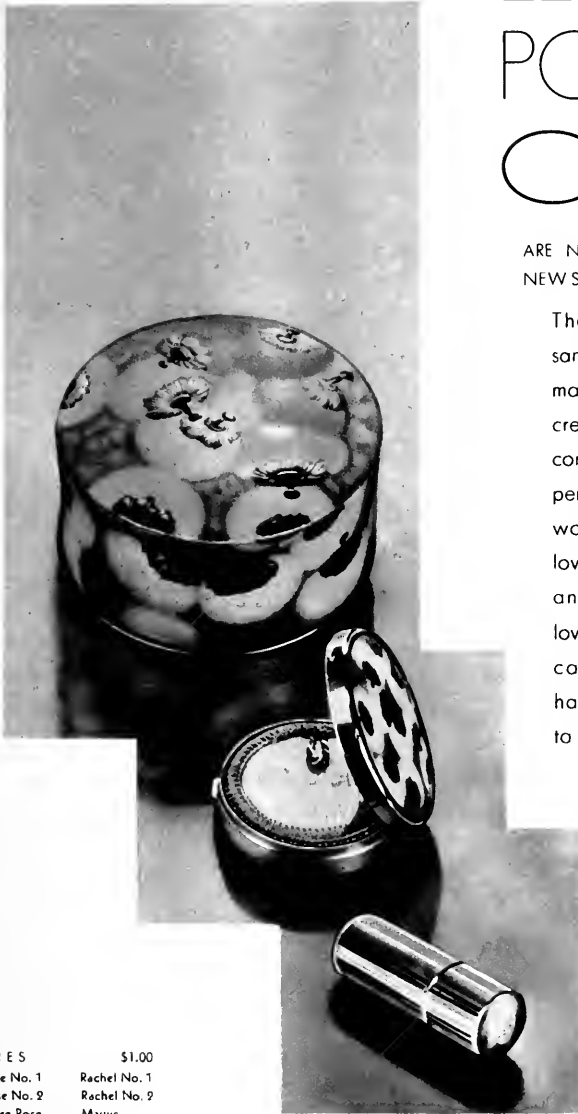
THE Big Boy from Montana—long, lanky and likable Gary Cooper! Between dude ranching and squiring the pretty girls about, Gary finds time to be the ace youngster on the Paramount lot. They've lined up some marvelous stories for him next season, and just watch Gary go! Ride 'im, cowboy!

THE NEWEST FASHIONS DECREE GREATER VARIETY IN BEAUTY

LES POUDRES COTY

ARE NOW CREATED IN TWO LOVELY
NEW SHADES "NACRÉE" and "SÉVEROSE"

The smart galaxy of colours sanctioned by the mode demand more powder shades. COTY has created these two new tans to complete the spectrum of twelve perfect flesh-tones—to give every woman a greater variety in loveliness. Now—you can wear any colour you like and be lovely in it, simply by using the correct COTY shade which harmonizes your complexion to the gown-tone



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Need WIVES Envy the Business Girl?..



Envy her pretty white hands
that never say "DISHPAN"?

WIVES often envy the clever young business girls who look so dainty and charming. "With no housework to do—of course they can look fresh and well groomed... have smooth, lily-white hands!"

Yet here are the facts:

Just the other day, a canvass was made of the girls in New York's largest office building.

Nearly every girl did some housework —75% said they washed dishes at home!



True, you'd never think so, judging from their pretty, white hands. But they're clever young things . . . they wash dishes a special way. 8 out of 10 use Lux in the dishpan. To keep their hands nice!

These girls started using Lux for stockings and fine things, noticed how wonderfully soft and white it left their hands, then used it for dishes, as well.

Wives, too, are rapidly learning how

Lux tends the hands while they work.

It's so different from ordinary soap. So many soaps dry up the natural oils of the skin, leave it roughened and reddened. Lux never dries these delicate oils. Gentle, pure Lux gives your hands real beauty care!

Yet Lux for all your dishes . . .

*costs less than
1¢ a day!*



September, 1930

The National Guide
to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

THE saddest sight these old eyes have seen in many a day was on a location set I visited outside Hollywood, on my recent trip to the capital of motion pictures.

There, among the extra men and women, working for five dollars a day and glad to have the job, I recognized three former directors whose pay checks were once in four figures, and two former leading women whose names were once emblazoned in electric lights.

MEGAPHONE in hand, and surrounded by a staff of assistants and technical experts, stood a man in his early thirties who, five years ago, was given his first job as an extra by one of the veterans who was now merely living-atmosphere in the background of a Western street scene.

Their names? No, no! That would be unspeakable cruelty. The registered lists of the casting agencies hold scores of names that would recall old pictures and one-time popularity and affluence.

That's one phase of Hollywood, where the ladder of success is a trick stairway.

AGAIN, the producers and studio executives are wondering what is putting the skids under box-office receipts. They sit in solemn conclave in New York offices and Hollywood studios. One producer has even gone to three fortune tellers and two astrologers.

The theater owners are desperate, and are trying to whoop up attendance with "flesh," as they call the performers in their stage presentations.

The endurance-flyers, the Hunter brothers, failed to make the cash register sing in Chicago, but the Hollywood theater running "Hell's Angels" is going to try to get them to put a little of their endurance quality into its receipts. The result is problematical.

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK



I doubt that Cal Coolidge, in person, could do much for that four-million-dollar flop.

TORRID weather, Tom Thumb golf courses, radio, vacation season — everything except increased competition from churches is blamed for the doldrums. But the answer is right in front of their noses on Broad-

way, blistering in a wave of record-breaking heat—"The Big House" and "The Dawn Patrol."

We want stories—we want love—we want action—we want entertainment—we want suspense—we want laughter—we even want pathos. If we want art we will go to the picture galleries or the public libraries. If we want morbidity, we can visit the morgue.

If we want singing we'll tune in on our radios or switch on our phonographs.

THE fundamental elements which we enjoyed a few years ago in silent pictures we will continue to enjoy today in the audible pictures.

It was natural and understandable that the tremendous problem of sound should upset the producers, directors, technicians and actors. The novelty drew millions of new fans into the theater, and misled them. But the public has become sick and tired of Broadway themes and of Broadway song writers, and may get fed up on most of the Broadway stars and Broadway playwrights.

HAVING learned to misuse sound, it is now about time producers and writers learned to use the priceless ingredient of silence.

In an editorial printed in these pages in May, 1921, when the talking picture was an impractical idea, about where television is today, we discussed the glory of the motion picture—its silence. That editorial stands today as it was then written:

WE talk of the worth, the service, the entertaining power, the community value, the recreative force, the educational influence, the civilizing and commercial possibilities of the motion picture. And everyone has, singularly enough, neglected to mention its rarest and subtlest beauty:

Silence.

In its silence it more nearly approximates nature than any art save painting and sculpture. The greatest processes of the universe are those of silence. All growth is silent. The majestic caravan of the stars is forever silent. The flaming passion of sunset whispers nothing to the ear.

Half the beauty of a summer afternoon lies in its languor, and all the beauty of dawn is treasured in the chalice of that breathless quiet before the common clangor of full day. The deepest love is most eloquent in that transcendent silence of the communion of souls. The most heartfelt prayers are never uttered.

THE old proverb of the wood which could not be seen for the trees, is applicable to life, much of the charm of which is lost in the clatter and chatter that men make of it. The mental and material machinery which moves the modern world was conceived in the silence of reflection. With good hearing, Edison might never have been an inventor.

No great thought ever came out of a cabaret. No one expects wisdom from a parrot. Man has learned to go to the quiet earth to renew his strength for further encounters with a noisy world.

THE value of silence in art is its stimulation to the imagination, and the imaginative quality is art's highest appeal. The really excellent motion picture, the really great photoplay, are never mere photography. Continually they cause the beholder to hear things which they suggest—the murmurs of the summer night, the pounding of the surf, the sigh of the wind in the trees, the babel of crowded streets, the whisperings of love.

The "talking picture" will be made practical, but it will never supersede the motion picture without sound. It will lack the subtlety and suggestion of vision—that vision which, deprived of voice to ears of flesh, intones undisturbed the symphonies of the soul.

I FEEL quite sure that Chaplin will upset the entire theory and practice of the use of dialogue and sound in his forthcoming picture, "City Lights."

If there is one man in the entire art or industry, whichever you choose to call it, who is entitled to be acclaimed by that much abused word "genius," it is Charles Spencer Chaplin.

He may use dialogue in parts, he will use sound—even he does not yet know to what extent.

But when that picture, which I have seen in the making, comes forth from his studio those seven or eight little cans of celluloid will be a text worth many millions of dollars to other producers.

THE best line of the month is credited to half a dozen of the village wits—no one knows the real originator. It is always pointed at a studio in which the teller is not on the payroll. It is:

"They've made a picture that was so bad they had to retake two reels of it before it was fit to be put on the shelf."

I WAS walking through one of the studios recently when I noticed what once had been a beautifully manicured lawn all torn up in spots.

"What's the idea of the vandalism?" I asked a scenario writer.

"Just a cemetery for theme song writers," he said, and laughed gleefully.

NO more do the motion picture lots resound with the din of the song writers, pecking away at pianos. Most of them have been shipped back to New York. The lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel is deserted by them, and the consumption of cigarettes and ginger ale has dropped off amazingly.

Musical directors with big New York reputations are borrowing car fare home and the Heaven of the tin pan alley boys has turned out to be Hades.

You will probably never hear a song called, "Hollywood, I love you."

What caused all this, you ask? You did, gentle reader. You got fed up on musical junk and stayed home.

ALL Hollywood is watching Serge Eisenstein, the Russian director, who is here to make a picture for Paramount.

The highbrows laud him as one who can teach our directors a great deal.

Maybe so. The Germans, with "Variety" and "The Last Laugh," gave us some valuable lessons, but I am convinced that Eisenstein is here to learn the technique of sound and dialogue rather than to give away any of his own tricks.

Eisenstein starts out with a preconceived idea that the American public is an outfit of little, if any, intelligence. I heard him venture statements to that effect at a lecture given at Columbia University when he first arrived.

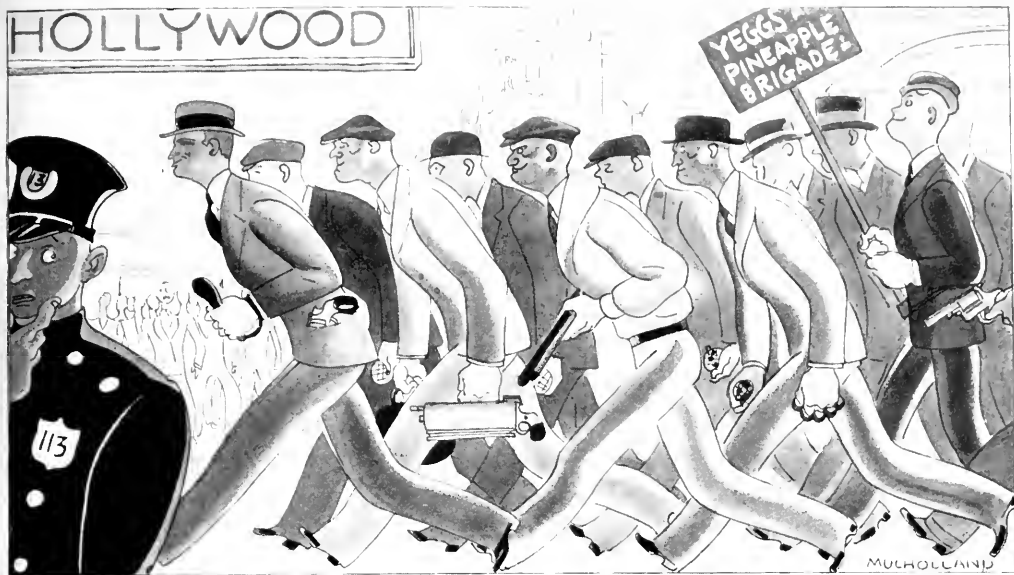
The bulk of his audience was quite frank in its appreciation of matters Soviet and equally depreciative of anything American.

But the smart Mr. Eisenstein made no such cracks at his formal introduction to Hollywood. There he appeared as a witty and companionable fellow, quite modest, ready to help, if possible, sure he had much to learn.

IN the higher intellectual circles of the village—which are as gullible and simple as the so-called intelligentsia any place else—he has sung the praises of the Soviet with such good effect, that four different writers and directors, who fell under his personal charm, repeated to me, with great conviction, the story of the promised land of the Soviet and the certainty of eventual world triumph.

One of the gentleman's assistants on his trip to America is a famous Russian general, celebrated as a great military strategist.

HOLLYWOOD



The Yeggs' Pineapple Brigade, armed with hand-grenades and neat bombs, detains to join Hollywood's new underworld. They have been preceded by the Second Stick-up Battalion, all nice boys

The New Hollywood Underworld

By Katherine Albert

HOLLYWOOD, as you've heard again and again, is fast becoming the cultural center of the world.

With the introduction of the new art, that exciting art called talking pictures, the cream of Broadway made a white trail to the Gold Coast.

The best actors and actresses—Ann Harding, Walter Huston, Basil Rathbone, Frederic March, Chester Morris, Elliott Nugent, Harry Bannister, Kay Francis; the best singers—Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, Mary Lewis, Jeanette MacDonald; the best musicians, the best stage directors, writers, voice teachers and technicians are in Hollywood. They have answered the husky voice of the microphone.

A Broadway wit, now in California (and aren't they all?) recently said that when he got the urge to write a letter he had to stifle the craving, for there was nobody left on the White Way to receive a message.

The Broadway invasion is no longer spoken of as such. These people, talented, glamorous men and women, have become a definite part of Hollywood. They have made their homes in the shaded canyons and high peaks of Beverly Hills. They do their work in the studios. They are living their lives on the silver beaches. They have become woven into the bright pattern of Hollywood.

The best of Broadway has swelled the town's census and, if the village doesn't look out, it will be a city before it knows it. Not so many months ago each Eastern train deposited its quota of Broadway bright minds.

But those same trains brought along others. Those same compartment cars have deposited, along with the brilliance that is Broadway, its darker and more sinister side. Gunmen, gangsters, gamblers, diamond thieves and other

racketeers of all sorts are as thick in Hollywood as song writers.

And Hollywood, the city without an underworld, bids fair to become a permanent abode for the spawn of the big town's gangland. A few months ago the only shooting done in Hollywood was by a camera, the only racketeers pasted their waxed moustaches on with theatrical glue, the only underworld thrived in the brains of scenario writers.

BUT now a dark cloud hovers across the blue horizon. All the menace is not in the films.

When you stop to think of it, it is natural enough. You can't have the best of Broadway without having the worst. The underworld invariably is to be found where there is anything spectacular. It is attracted by big money, fame and the dazzle of bright lights. As the best has come, so has the worst.

E. T. Taylor, detective lieutenant of the Hollywood police force, realizes the ominousness of the situation. He and his staff know what is to be expected in the next few months. The fun has already begun.

Not long ago the police "cleaned out" a notorious gang of thieves and stick-up men. Their hide-away was in a pretty bungalow on one of the sunny streets. The story of the cleaning out reads like a dime thriller. Two of the men died with their boots on.

A well organized gang of diamond thieves has been operating with the shrewdness of their kind. Unlike the amateur, these men know what they're going after before they attempt to make the haul and they pulled a neat little job not so long ago.

A certain actress had entertained a group of friends at the Montmartre for dinner. They returned to her apartment to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 131]

The Village Now Has a Chance to See if Its Gangster Pictures Are Technically Correct

Only One of These Stars He Made Famous in



Julia Faye's "trimness and swankiness" caught De Mille's eye. She was "stimulating"



De Mille gave Jetta Goudal her big chance, and later on called her "a cocktail of emotions"



Leatrice Joy was chosen for fame by the Star-Maker because of her innate "perfect ladyhood"



Gloria Swanson in "Don't Change Your Husband." De Mille chose this ex-Sennett girl for her vivid, dynamic emotion

"I Never Choose Beautiful Women"

I HAVE never selected beautiful women for leading rôles in my pictures.

Cecil B. De Mille speaking—Cecil the Star-Maker, director of film extravaganzas that have outglittered all competitors with their opulence and flash.

No beautiful women? What a statement! Visions of Gloria Swanson, Nita Naldi, Leatrice Joy, Agnes Ayres, Estelle Taylor rise before us.

De Mille, sitting on the patio of his Spanish bungalow on the Metro lot, waits for me to get over my tremors of surprise.

"But," says Cecil—and here is the very heart and meat of the matter—"all my leading women have had the ability to create the illusion of beauty. Sarah Bernhardt and Duse are examples of what I mean by this. Neither was a beauty. Bernhardt, all her life, was scrawny, and her features were anything but classic. But to the day of her death—a poor, crippled old woman with a wooden leg and with her wrinkled face rouged and powdered—she could come on the stage and by the alchemy

His Pictures Is a Real Beauty, says C. B. De Mille



Katherine MacDonald, the only real beauty De Mille ever cast. He used her in but one film!



De Mille sensed the basic exoticism of Bebe Daniels, and gave her her first dramatic rôle



Her beautiful feet and ankles got Nita Naldi her first big vamp part from Cecil De Mille

Cecil De Mille, the Star-Maker, Tells You Why He Shuns Perfect Beauty for His Glittering Pictures!

By *Rosalind Shaffer*

of her talent and charm produce the illusion of a young and beautiful *Camille*. This power is far more precious than real beauty!

"Beauty is one of the cheapest things on the market today. It is so cheap that it has little value. The sidewalks of Hollywood, the classrooms, the restaurants, are full of beautiful girls.

"My objections to beauties as leading women are briefly summed up. They are too posey, too stilted, too unwilling to reflect emotion and thus ruffle the beautiful calm of their classic features. This may be conscious or unconscious, but it is always there in a really beautiful woman.

"She inclines to drape herself in classic poses. She moves with lack of fire, she is aloof from emotion as the enemy of her perfection of countenance.

"Spoiled by life, she does not feel the urge to improve herself, to be pleasing, to exhibit feeling.

"There is always someone who tells these beauties in their infancy that worry and emotion destroy the fine fabric of beauty. They never forget this, and this ruins them as actresses. An actress must be able to feel every emotion, she must allow herself to be played upon. Her reactions must be full of spontaneity and feeling. A beauty cannot do this. She has her armor on; at all cost she must protect that classic repose, that perfect calm.

"Every girl that I have selected I have chosen for some one thing that distinguished her from other girls. Needless to say, she must be agreeable to look at, but that does not mean being a beauty. These girls have each represented something to me; there has always been some individual trait that they possessed. Some [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



Cecil De Mille picked beautiful Florence Vidor as a perfect type of aristocratic lady —and for her pretty ankles!



Marilyn Points Her Toe!

A LOVELY girl who has brought dreams of youth and beauty into the dusty hearts of millions since she first burst upon us in "The Passing Show of 1914"—Marilyn Miller. And she's still as lithe and young and beautiful!

SUNNY SALLY

This and That
About a Girl
of Genuine Charm—
Marilyn Miller

By Michael Woodward



Smiling Marilyn, now intent on following her big "Sally" film with an equally splendid "Sunny"

MARILYN MILLER can't, for one thing, sleep with light striking her eyelids, and it dawns at the unreasonable hour of about five, these Hollywood mornings. So Marilyn has a folded black silk handkerchief on the table by her bedside.

When dawnlight wakes her, she simply reaches over, lays the hankie across her eyes, and goes back to sleep until she's darned good and ready to get up.

ANOTHER thing—she simply can't sleep in a messy room. It's got to be as neat as a cat's idea of Paradise. She says it's because she hates to wake up in the morning to be greeted with a sight of disorder to begin the new day. So she folds her clothes and puts them away as she undresses. And her dressing table has to be all prettied and tidied up before she goes to bed.

And she doesn't like pajamas for sleeping. They're all right for lounging, and she has dozens of pairs of 'em for that. But for sleeping, give Marilyn a good old nightie, please. And she has to have her sleep, too. She lets nothing interfere with getting her full quota, and that's one reason she's the beauty she is, even though she's thirty-two. She's about the only thirty-two-year-old beauty in Hollywood who says she's thirty-two. The others try to reverse the digits.

AND now let's get out of her bedroom and consider breakfast—although, matter of fact, she takes it in bed. And she likes, above any other breakfast dish, chicken hash in cream!

She's fond of chicken in almost any fashion—particularly fried, with hot biscuits on the side. No, girls, she doesn't have to worry about her figure; dancing keeps it like it is.

SHE pours heavy cream over her baked potatoes, too, although she doesn't like milk, which, to her, is only food for calves.

Her favorite dinner is a pot roast, with dumplings and hot biscuits, cooked by her ma. With old fashioned strawberry shortcake—the biscuit-and-cream kind—to top it off. She doesn't go much for ritzy dishes with fancy French names, but does like salad, mixed in a bowl at the table.

AND she loves to ride through Central Park, in New York, eating a hot dog.

She's superstitious. Hates parrots because she thinks they're bad luck, and belongs to the theatrical clan who believe whistling in a dressing room is worse than the seven-years'

plague. She always makes a wish when she sees a load of hay, knocks wood according to the best etiquette of superstition, and insists on hooking little fingers and making a wish whenever she and someone else say the same thing at the same time.

SHE declines to learn card games because she doesn't think Scards are interesting. Besides, she's seen too many arguments at the bridge table, and says it isn't worth fighting over, so she doesn't want to play. She can't play the piano, either, but wishes she could, so she always talks about learning to do it. But doesn't. The only instrument she can play is the zither, and she can play only one tune on that. She had to learn it for "Sunny." She's a wow with the drums, though. At informal home dances, she not infrequently leaves the floor, ousts the drummer from his place and takes the sticks and traps.

She likes swimming, and splashes about the pool of her Beverly Hills home every day. She takes sunbaths, too, but not *à la* Garbo!—she wears a bathing suit. The Beverly Hills house she lives in is the one Lita Grey Chaplin owns. Marilyn calls it her Lita Grey Home in the West!

SHE loves wisecracking, too. Her idea of a grand time is not Splaying bridge, but having a houseful of smart people and indulging in fast repartee. She likes people with a sense of humor, and has a grand one of her own. She can see a joke even when it's on herself. She's a great mimic—her imitations of Eddie Cantor and Evelyn Laye are Hollywood classics. She's great fun on a party.

She has two maids, a butler, a chauffeur, a gardener, a secretary and a cook, and she likes to scramble eggs for her guests herself. She runs her own house but not her cars, although she has three—a Rolls-Royce town car, a Chrysler sports roadster and the inevitable Ford.

SHE'S a good horsewoman and likes to ride, but can't take the risk. She might be thrown or crushed and her legs be ruined—which would be as bad for Marilyn as it would be for Paderewski if he hit his thumb while hanging pictures. Her adept legs, however, make her a first-rate tennis and badminton player.

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STOP!!!

"OH fuzz!" says Merna Kennedy to Cop Helen Wright. "I'll stop if I must, but I'll still wear my 1890 bathing toggery, so there! I think you modern girls are just so many LIZZIES! So pick up your hoop and roll away!" Helen says it with curves!



So This Is Gloria!

GLORIA SWANSON has a sixteen-room house in the swellest part of Beverly Hills. She has three very expensive foreign automobiles and rides in a Ford which she drives herself. She has ten servants, two full-bred chow dogs, two ex-husbands and one husband who's a French marquis and spends most of his time in Paris.

She used to get \$35 a week and lived in a Hollywood bungalow court.

She has so many dresses and hats that she hasn't the slightest idea what they total to. She has two hundred and twenty-five pairs of shoes, and the only reason she knows the number is because her size is one and a half. You see, they were taking a shoe-shop scene once and the props department couldn't supply enough shoes so small. So she sent her chauffeur home for her own, and when he got back, they counted them on the set. She was more surprised than anyone else when they told her the tally.

When she shared a Sennett studio dressing room with Mary Thurman and Maude Wayne and a couple of other girls, she didn't know a toot about how to dress. But she couldn't, even then, stand the touch of any material rougher than silk next her skin.

So she used to wear long silk bloomers that came down to the tops of her silk stockings, to prevent the rougher material of her dress brushing her legs. The other girls used to laugh at her because she looked so funny in the long panties.

In those days, when she had a half dozen outfits hanging in the family clothes closet, she thought she was lucky, and in her latest

A Flashing Pen Picture of La Belle Swanson, Who Fought Her Way to Wealth and Fame

picture she wears twenty-two changes of costume.

Most of her clothes she has designed and made abroad. She pays thousands of francs for a dress with a famous maker's label. Then she redesigns it completely and has it altered and the famous dressmaker wouldn't recognize anything but the goods. She never wears the same evening dress more than

twice—and then in different cities.

When she travels, she changes her attire for each stop along the line. Sometimes she changes her clothes as many as six times a day.

She has no favorite color, and no particular color is taboo to her. But whatever she wears, it must all match or harmonize.

CLOTHES, in short, are a very important factor in life to Swanson. And food is just something that has to be done. She eats just about anything that's set before her, and very little of that. Often she forgets all about it and when she's working on a picture, she eats so carelessly and so irregularly that she usually has to be doctored for a tummy-ache by the time the picture's over. She eats few sweets, but loves chocolate ice cream.

She has two cooks—one in her home, the other in her studio bungalow. Whatever they fix her, she eats. When she's working on a picture nights, she brings her own lunchbox to the set rather than eat the food provided by the studio. Then she shares so much of it with her co-workers that usually she hasn't enough left for herself.

By Harry Lang

Gloria Married a Marquis and Lives Like a Queen!

She won't drink coffee or water that hasn't been boiled. She's unreasonably afraid for her health. Once, at night, she broke out in a cold sweat when she realized she was walking in a dark room in her bare feet and might step on a rusty tack.

Like many a military hero she's really a coward, but has a great reputation for courage. She's afraid to be thought afraid.

ONCE, in a De Mille picture, she lay down unarmed and unprotected on the floor and let a full-grown healthy lion crawl over her. Everybody praised her for her great bravery. Alone in her dressing room afterward, she went into hysterics.

She was a Mack Sennett bathing girl and, to this day, she can't swim a stroke. And once she dived twelve feet off a pier into twenty feet of ocean water. She was afraid she'd lose the rôle if she didn't. They fished her out half-drowned.

When she was Mrs. Wallace Beery they lived in one of those tiny "California bungalows" where you couldn't help seeing Wally's spare shoes under the bed, and they had one car between them and no chauffeur.

Now she lives in her mansion with her girl friend, Virginia Bowker, her daughter, Gloria, and her adopted son, Joseph, her secretary, the children's governess, the first maid and the second maid, the butler, the cook. She has two gardeners and a chauffeur, a Lancia roadster, a Rolls-Royce town car and a Rolls-Royce roadster, and that Ford. She prefers to drive herself, letting the chauffeur ride beside her, and she's uncomfortable when they're going more than thirty. She lets the secretary run the house.

She adores sunbaths and if you could get a peep into that private upstairs porch you'd see more of Gloria than in either the Sennett or De Mille era.

Swanson loves to dance. She likes social affairs, but not big ones. Her idea of a good party is about ten people. Never, until a few weeks ago, did she give an affair solely for women. She prefers the company of men to that of women. At a mixed party, she's a perfect hostess but when she gave that all-female

lunch party she was all at sea as to how to entertain them.

Her hobbies are her children, her work and herself. She will not permit the children to pose for publicity photos. She sends them to public school because she wants them to live a normal child's life. "I don't want to penalize them for being a star's children," she says.

She works with fierce intensity. During production, she averages less than six hours' sleep out of every twenty-four. She gets up at seven, is on the set in make-up ready to begin work sharp at nine. She forgets lunch time frequently. She never finishes looking at rushes and planning the next day's work until midnight. Often much later.

She has an hour's singing lesson daily and never misses it. She foregoes lunch, rather. She can't play the piano or any other musical instrument. In her dressing bungalow she has a radio-phonograph combination but never plays the radio. She prefers classical music to jazz but doesn't spurn the jazz entirely. The world's astonishment at finding she could sing in "The Trespasser" astonishes her, in turn, because ever since she was a child she could sing well.

SHE used to stand before a mirror and grieve over her big teeth when she was young. When she talked or laughed, she'd cover them with her hand. She doesn't like that upturned nose of hers and never did, but insists she's never had a plastic operation to tone it down! Her skin is olive and her eyes blue. She is much smaller than she looks on the screen and she wears high heels and long dresses because she wants to be tall. Her hair is dark brown and when the sun shines on it there are red gleams in it. She loves to wad it up under a beret and then yanks the beret off and lets the hair fall about her shoulders. It's not bobbed.

She thinks she could be a good sculptor and has made a bust of her daughter. A noted sculptor praised it and Swanson says: "When I have time, I'm going in for that."

She loves to travel and when [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



The wistful little lady facing Mr. Charlie Farrell is Rose Hobart, a New York stage actress, who is playing the rôle in "Liliom" that Janet Gaynor would have done had she been willing to work. Rose has the same spiritual appeal that Janet has, but do you detect a little more grit and determination about the jaw? Notice how different your Charlie looks? Is he pining for his little co-star? Wait until "Liliom" is released under the title "Devil With Women" and you'll see that Charlie is just as realistic with Rose as he was with Janet. This Hobart girl comes of an artistic family. Her father was a 'cellist—her mother a concert singer



A set of cold, skeptical and fishy eyes are clamped on Mlle. Tottie de Trifler, fresh from the boat and hot for Hollywood. She is Meeting the Press!

MEET *the* PRESS!

By Leonard Hall

YOU may have wondered what happens when a beautiful film actress from over the ocean, hot for Hollywood and its golden streets, lands in New York needing the good old ballyhoo.

Here she is—young, helpless and alone, save for a couple of hundred press agents, yes-men, jewel-bearers, assistant bundle-carriers and assorted swains.

She is beautiful, talented, witty and full of what have you?—but the 120,000,000 filmgoers of America don't know it. In her own land she is a big shot, but in America, as of even date, she is still a pinch of damp gunpowder.

What to do?

She must immediately be exploded with a roar that will be heard from the Statue of Liberty to the back table in Hollywood's Brown Derby. She must be sold as a merger of the best features of Bow, Garbo, Madame Du Barry, Polly Moran, Peggy Joyce and the Seven Sutherland Sisters.

It won't hurt to hint that she has dangerously jiggled a couple of Europe's less stable thrones, and knocked over at least a platoon of the mere nobility.

Whatever the angle her backers take, she must be made known, by name, face and figure, to the whole 120,000,000 of us, so that when her first picture is released we will instinctively gasp and say, "Ah, Tottie de Trifler! She's the bonnie lassie who put a quart of peach ice-cream down the neck of the Duke of Moronia!"

Thus we begin the preliminary tub-thumping and drum-beating before the main tent.

The little lady comes sailing up the Bay, clutching a box lunch and sniffing a little as she thinks of that great ogre, America.

At Quarantine a few hundred photographers clamber aboard. After cajoling and threatening the hapless lass for several hours, they finally get her consent to

pose. She is then snapped peeking coyly through a life preserver, sitting on the rail with her legs crossed way up to here, standing on her hands and playing the cymbals with her feet, and kissing the second engineer.

This completes the first phase.

More dead than alive, the little lady is tucked away in a modest hundred dollar a day suite, as big as the local ball park, on the sixty-fifth floor of the largest and swankiest hotel in New York.

ALL that remains for the generalissimo of local press agents is to arrange to have his starlet Meet the Press.

The theory is that the young ladies and gentlemen who write pieces should know her. In some miraculous and instantaneous fashion, this will solve everything. For—as the old folk-song says—to Know Her Is to Love Her—and to Love Her Is Grand!

Then comes the Meeting with the Press.

This is done in several ways.

There is the Semi-Private Meeting, for instance.

This is done by cutting an especially favored reporter out of the milling herd, and dating him up for lunch with the star. This may be called the Method by Direct Attack, as opposed to the Mass Meeting—which can be called the Meeting by Absorption, Thought Transference and Propinquity.

My meeting with Lily Damita was of the semi-private type.

Let me describe it briefly. Largely a-twitter, I report, with shined shoes, at the lady's hotel. It is a hot, sunny Sunday, and my collar (clean) is melting and running down my back. At the door of the Presidential Suite I am met by the press-agent-in-chief. We talk in hushed tones, as though we were meeting at vespers. Roses are everywhere.

At a pause, La Damita sweeps in, and I swoon. She is just off the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

How the Beautiful Foreign Film Ladies, Hollywood Bound, Are Introduced to the Great American Ballyhoo

The Private Life



Greta in "Romance"

FOR the past seven months Hollywood has caught fleeting glimpses of Greta Garbo accompanied by a tall, blond, handsome young Swede.

"Who is he?" is being asked on all sides.

One persistent rumor says that he is a prince of Sweden, madly in love with Greta, over here incognito. Others whisper that he is Garbo's childhood sweetheart who followed her to Hollywood after meeting her again in Sweden last year.

Yet there seems to be no one who actually knows who he is. He drives Greta to the studio in his roadster. They take long walks together. They go shopping on the Boulevard. They were seen together at a desert resort. But this tall blond has remained as mysterious as the mystery woman herself.

Imagine my surprise the other day, when the English actor, John Loder, a friend of my husband and myself, said, "I would like to bring a Swedish friend of mine to your house for dinner. He knows very few people here and would be glad to meet one of his own countrymen (meaning my husband, who was born in Sweden). About the only people this chap has seen since his arrival here seven months ago are Greta Garbo and her intimate friends."

It is a fact that there has never been anyone in Hollywood who has actually known who Greta's friends are, except *those friends*. And they have never before spoken.

John met Garbo four days after his arrival in Hollywood. He is a fine looking, lean, tall Britisher. His decided military air was acquired during his training at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst and while, as captain in the British cavalry, he saw active service at the front during the war. His father is a general in the English army.

It was in London that Jesse Lasky met John and persuaded him to come to Hollywood.

Lilyan Tashman was reported to be Garbo's pal. Then Fifi Dorsay was sup-



Greta Garbo's modest rented residence in Beverly Hills—though she may have moved away by the time this is printed. A simple house, with a swimming pool, right, and room to bathe in the sun

of Greta Garbo

What Goes On Behind the Closed Doors That Hide the Glamorous Garbo from a Prying World

By Rilla Page Palmborg

posed to be her chum. Others declared that Nils Asther was the only person whom she invited to her house. But this was rumor. Garbo succeeded in keeping the public ignorant of her innermost private life.

John Loder has dined at our house several times. Like most Hollywood people, we generally talked about pictures and those who make them. Somehow, Garbo's name had never been brought into the conversation. It was a distinct surprise to discover that John and his wife (who had just left for a visit to Europe) were included in that unknown circle of Greta's Hollywood friends!

Three nights after John's suggestion that he bring his Swedish friend, Sorensen, to our house, they were our dinner guests. These two young men, the actress Lola Lane, my husband and myself made up the party.

I learned that Greta's inner circle of friends consists of but six persons—all foreigners. Only two of the group are of the

same nationality. Sorensen, who oddly claims but one name (Greta calls him Soren), and Greta are Swedes. Mrs. Loder, an Austrian. The director, Jacques Feyder, is a Belgian, and his wife a Parisienne.

Although all of this group speak several languages, the one they always use when together is German. Greta is exceedingly fond of German people and of Germany itself. She says the happiest time of her life was while she was working in pictures in Berlin.

These are the people who know the real Garbo. While with them she forgets that she is the greatest picture star in the world. They see her in her home and in their homes. They know her hopes and ambitions; her life, past and present. They understand her strange personality.

Two of this inner circle sat before our fireplace after dinner and for hours held the rest of us spellbound with their tales of Garbo.

"GRETA GARBO is a peasant at heart," said John. "Yet she has the divine flame which makes her the great actress that she is. Her two natures are constantly at war with each other. As a result she is torn first this way and then that. There is no doubt that at times she is a most unhappy person.

"She is a law unto herself. She cannot endure restraint or routine. In the year and a half that I have known her, I cannot remember that she ever made one definite appointment, even a dinner engagement, a day in advance. 'Perhaps



The Real Secrets of Greta Garbo's Life—Her Joys and Agonies—Told for the First Time!

I will drop in to see you tomorrow night' is the nearest intimation of her intentions that we ever got.

"My wife and I have stayed at home many a night on such a half promise. I have known Feyder to refuse important engagements when Garbo was expected to make a call. Sometimes she would appear. Often not. If any one else dropped in before Greta arrived she would quietly take her departure without even ringing the doorbell."

REMEMBER the night Greta and I walked all the way to your house from hers?" asked Sorensen. "It was a good three miles. You gave us some cold meat, a salad, and a bottle of near beer, Greta's favorite lunch. After a little visit we walked all the way back. Garbo strides along like a man and fairly races over the ground."

"She plays tennis like a man, too," added John. "When Emil Jannings and his wife lived here, she used to drop in on them for a game of tennis at least twice a week. Occasionally she dines with Mr. and Mrs. Lubitsch. It was at their house that Sorensen and I ran into each other. Sorensen had been here only a few days and neither one of us had any idea the other was in Hollywood. We had last met in Berlin."

I wanted to know why Garbo never appeared in public like the other stars. Why she is never seen at the popular cafés. Why she never attends openings and is rarely seen at a theater.

"Greta would delight in going around to the different restaurants if she could go unnoticed," said Sorensen. "No one can enjoy a meal watched by all eyes in the place."

"Before the Russian Eagle closed, we used to go there two and three times a week. The big room was dimly lighted and Greta was never recognized. She liked the Russian food and music. Occasionally we drop into Musso-Franks, but always late in the afternoon, when there is sure to be no crowd. Garbo likes their fish and steak. The same German waiter always serves us."

NOT long ago, Greta decided that she wanted to go to the Biltmore. Feyder ordered a table—flowers and everything—for Greta, himself and me. Greta, as usual, met us dressed in a jersey suit and an old sweater, with a soft felt hat pulled down over her eyes.

"We went to see a picture. When we got to the door of the Biltmore, Greta saw the crowds and turned back saying, 'Let's not go in there. Come on out to the Russian Eagle.' Neither Feyder nor I thought of questioning the change in plans. If we had, she would probably have walked out on us."

"Naturally, Greta loves the theater, but rarely goes, as people nearly mob her. It is a fact that she nearly goes crazy when strangers crowd around her."

"She broke all rules when we attended the first performance of the Spanish dancer, Argentina, at the Philharmonic a few months ago. She reserved seats at the rear of a box. We crept in unnoticed. Soon it seemed as if all the opera glasses in the audience were turned on our box instead of the stage. There was a noticeable murmur of whispers. When Greta commenced to fidget with her hands I knew she was annoyed."

You can always tell she is nervous when her hands start to twitch.

"During intermission we stepped out into the narrow hall back of the box. Two lines formed to pass her. We heard all sorts of remarks. We were both amused when someone whispered, 'That's a real prince,' pointing at me."

"Ten minutes before the final curtain we quietly slipped out. I heard, later, that at the close of the performance crowds lined the street in front of the theater, as word had gone round that Garbo was in the audience."

"She does go to picture shows, for that is one place she can slip in unseen, when the lights are down."

"Gary Cooper is her favorite actor. She sees everything that he is in."

"Last night we saw 'All Quiet on the Western Front.' Greta was disappointed in the picture, mainly, I think, because it followed the English translation, while she had read the German version, which is quite different. However, she thought Lew Ayres did excellent work."

"Greta thinks 'The Love Parade' is the best picture she has ever seen. She says that Mr. Lubitsch is a great director and she would enjoy doing a picture for him."

GRETA'S sudden move from the Beverly Hills Hotel, where she had gone to live after her return from Sweden, was due to the continual annoyance of strangers, which finally nearly resulted in tragedy," said John.

"One morning a young girl came to the desk asking for Garbo. As directed, the clerk answered that she was not in. The young lady sat down and proceeded to wait. Late in the afternoon Greta came down and went out to her car standing at the front entrance. Just as the car was gathering speed at the end of the circular drive in front of the hotel, this girl threw herself under the wheels. Fortunately, the driver was able to come to a stop before any harm was done. Garbo was terribly upset."

"It was then that she decided to hide herself away from everyone but her little circle of friends. She engaged a Swedish couple to manage her house. Then she leased a house in their name not far from the hotel. She even had her telephone listed under their name, which was Norin. For a time, no one seemed to know where Garbo lived."

WE used to call at her home unannounced, just as she called at ours," laughed Mr. Loder. "She liked to have us do this. But we found that the door didn't always open when we rang the bell. Sometimes a week or two would pass and none of us would see or hear from her. This would often happen when she wasn't working. As far as we could learn, she saw no one. All of a sudden she would appear at our house or Feyder's. There were no explanations and no questions asked. She was the same laughing Garbo that we always knew."

"Greta's house in Beverly Hills was a big rambling structure, Italian style. She rented it for the big fireplace, which she loved, the swimming pool, and the secluded spot where she took her sun baths."

"The furnishings were both
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



Captain John Loder—soldier, actor, and, with his wife, one of the tiny circle of Hollywood people who are really Greta Garbo's intimate friends and confidants

A Great Come-Back

By
Marquis
Busby

Bebe and Ben are just playing parts in this scene from "Alias French Gertie." But now they're playing opposite each other for life in a real domestic drama!



Young Mr. Lyon Marries Bebe Daniels and Sets Out on a New Career in the Talkies

WHEN Howard Hughes bought the unfinished contract of Ben Lyon from First National, Ben was one of the most popular young stars in the business.

He was not displeased at leaving First National. There had been the matter of a little misunderstanding with the current powers that be, and Ben had not been cast for a picture in three months. He was glad to go back to work.

Then began one of the strangest episodes in the whole fabulous history of motion pictures. "Hell's Angels" went into production—a picture that was to set the high water mark for cost of production and time expended. It isn't likely that there will ever be another picture to break this record. In fact, no one wants to break it.

For one hundred and eleven weeks Ben worked in this film, under salary all of that time! No star in Hollywood before had been under contract for that length of time on a single assignment. But it is also true that during most of those long weeks Ben was off the screen.

Fans are fickle, but they are more loyal than Hollywood itself. It isn't the case of absence making the heart grow fonder. New favorites appeared. Ben was almost forgotten. From six hundred fan letters a week it dwindled to twenty or thirty. The loyal few wanted to know when he would make another picture.

Perhaps Ben's Filipino house boy summed up the whole business as well as anybody could.

"Mr. Lyon," said the boy, "every day I see you go to the studio, made up for picture. You do this for long time now, but I no see any picture."

Finally they finished the silent version of "Hell's Angels." Ben's agent began to cast around for an assignment for his client.

But the major producing companies were unaware that Ben Lyon was in existence. Ben sat tight. He would not go in vaudeville. That would have been an admission of defeat. It was the last step for many of the fading screen stars that attempted it.

"I didn't want to go to Poverty Row, either," he explained. "They would have paid me a large salary, but I didn't need

the money. I wanted to come back in pictures and I didn't believe the quickies would turn the trick. They told me that Betty Compton had staged her come-back that way, I know she did, but she is the exception. It didn't

serve the same purpose for many other players I know." During this period he did make two Columbia pictures, one for FBO, and "Lumoux" for United Artists. His discouragement showed in his work in the latter picture.

"I can never tell you how down-hearted I was at this time. I thought I was through. It is pretty discouraging to have once had a position in the industry and then to lose it through absence from the screen—and during all that absence to be drawing salary and under call from a studio."

THEN the second chapter began in the amazing story of "Hell's Angels." Howard Hughes was remaking it all with dialogue and sound. Ben went back to work again. There were many more weeks of work.

James Hall, Ben's co-star in the picture, had a better time of it during the years the film was in the making. Hall was under contract to Paramount. That studio had no intention of keeping one of their most popular leading men off the screen for many months. They would demand him back for a picture and Hughes would be compelled to let him go. Hall would be gone for four weeks at a time—and usually during those weeks not a camera would be turned. Ben would sit at home, drawing full salary, with nothing to do but brood over his troubles.

The turning point of his career came when he accepted a rôle in a Coast stage production of "The Boomerang." It was well titled—it was a boomerang for Ben. It threw him back into the industry. Michael Curtiz, the Warner Brothers director, saw the play and wanted Ben for "Come Easy." He was signed by Universal for a picture with Pauline Starke. He was cast opposite Bebe Daniels in "Alias French Gertie" for Radio. For a time, recently, Ben was dividing his services between Warners, Universal and Caddo. It was reported that he received \$450 a night for his work at Caddo, the Hughes company.

Ben is grateful for his chance to come back. He realizes that not many players have had such an opportunity. He appreciates his success all the more [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

A QUEEN

FRANCIA DELMAR, blonde, flower-like and appealing, sipped iced coffee through a green glass straw across the table from Max Kurtzman at late luncheon in the Montmartre, and with a pink-tipped thumb and forefinger, on each of which circled a thread of diamonds, she accepted the lighted cigarette he offered. A ring on her right thumb and on her forefinger was Francia's eccentricity. Always a sure shot for attention! One of those real ideas a little girl gets once in a lifetime!

"I've got to get married, Max," she said. "I don't suppose I should be particular, but the way I wear out money, I naturally want one of the six best sellers. Standing my shape in the last line of a chorus for fifty dollars one week and then laying off ten is something that worries my life away too fast. The way everything is in this mad-house business, you're either a big racket or you might as well start walking home right now!

"I've either got to get married to a mint, or I've got to crash in with a male box-office attraction that picks his own support. I've got the looks, and I can warble and speak lines, and the only reason I'm not among those present is because Santy Claus hasn't put me in anybody's stocking!"

The white fox slid down over her shoulder. She tucked her chin in her hand, the cigarette, with a little floating wisp of pale smoke, poised delicately between her diamond-circled thumb and forefinger.

"So what are you going to do for me, Max?" she questioned. "You've had a cute little ten per cent of every check I ever slaved for, so oil up your so-called brains and if you're going to be an agent, make it something besides a word in five letters meaning halitosis and flat feet!"

She flecked an ash in what remained of the iced coffee.

"I don't know what you think I use for butter on my bread," she said, "but it's six weeks next Thursday since you got me a job. I'm not giving you the ritz, Max, but business is business, and something's got to start moving!"

MAX KURTZMAN was bald, one strand of hair brought carefully across an area otherwise pink as a baby's scalp. He was warm; too plump to be happy in August. He wore a crumpled linen suit and black and white shoes, and a tie the color of an American beauty rose; an onyx cigarette holder; a diamond ring. He reached across the table, and tapped a short, manicured finger on Francia's beautiful arm.

"All right," he said. "Don't forget that when I started doing business for you, you was Susie Fishbeck, and a dollar looked so big to you, you wore it for a bouquet! Who was it got you on the Columbia wheel? All right!" He accepted the check from the waiter, and brought a wallet out of his inside pocket. "And don't forget whose idea it was that got you headlines for eight weeks in Chicago for nothing but taking off your coat in the Blackstone and all you've got on is underwear. All right!"

He sorted a five-dollar bill out of a dozen ones and put it on the little silver plate. "Did any other agent ever think of such a thing as getting a girl into Hollywood like I got you in? A white girl, escaped from a harem, and riding down Sunset Boulevard on a camel because you didn't know no other way to travel. If it wasn't for that, you wouldn't have any bread to use butter on!"

He scooped up a quarter of the change the waiter had returned, and left fifty cents. "Keep your shirt on," he said. "I told Fred Datig I'll bring you over to Lasky's this afternoon to see about the queen's part in 'King of Tatters,' that's starting Monday. If you can act like a lady long enough, you'll probably get signed."

They went downstairs to Hollywood Boulevard, hot, staring, the parrot over the door clinging to his iron hoop, shrieking at traffic.

Max had parked his Chevrolet in front of the Hollywood

Hollywood Is the Storywriter's Paradise, Because It Abounds with the Most Astonishing True Stories—Like This One



Goes FISHING

By
Dixie
Willson



Randy opened the lunch boxes and spread the sandwiches and fruit on the throne. Francia asked, shyly: "Didn't you think they were kind of long scenes this morning?" "Yes," he said. "You're a good sport. You were great!"

Hotel in the shade of the palm trees that stood majestically on the lawn.

Francia pulled her pink chiffon carefully away from the gears, and observed her face in a gold vanity. Max swung around left and turned east on Highland, toward Melrose— to Lasky's.

AND Francia Delmar was cast as the runaway queen in the operetta "King of Fatters." And on the next Monday morning at seven-thirty, she sat in the Red Dog saloon on the Lasky ranch ten miles from town, in the hands of the hairdresser, preparatory to being on the set at eight.

The saloon had not been used since two years before in "Montana." It was now the dressing room for Francia and a specialty dancer and a couple of supers. Along the walls, hanging against unbleached muslin sheets, were the costumes. Francia's satin coronation gown, looped and re-looped with pearls; her purple velvet cape trimmed with ermine; the crown of jewels—and the dancer's filmy nothings, the ragged clothes of the two street beggars.

The wardrobe woman unpacked a dozen pairs of slippers and stood them along the bar.

Outside, a hundred yards down, next to Chinatown before the San Francisco earthquake, the carpenters worked on the palace, their hammers spattering an unrhythmical rhythm. In the bus, parked in the road in front of half a block of the crumbled Coliseum of Rome, the musicians tuned up.

Illustrated
by
H. R. Ballinger

Francia Played the Queen—a Real Life Rôle She Coveted

The hairdresser surveyed Francia's profile. She surveyed with professional decision. She knew she was the most dependable hairdresser in pictures. She knew almost as much about the film business as Mr. Lasky does. She had been with Paramount eight years. She knew exactly how much money these costume pictures wouldn't make, and exactly why they wouldn't.

SHE took down the left side of Francia's tower of curls. "It's got to be done over," she said. "Those wouldn't never be solid enough for the robber scene. Wally Beery's doin' the head robber and he don't stop for nothing!" She wound the curls on wooden pegs; slid the pegs out and fastened the curls down, piled one on top of another.

"You've got a real nice profile, dearie," she said. "Keep your left side to the camera all you can. You haven't been working for a long time, have you? I haven't seen you since 'Baby Blues' in the chorus. Are you only doing parts now?"

"Don't be funny!" Francia replied. "I'm doing anything I get! I'll join the Navy if they'll pay my back rent!"

"Well—you might get lucky yet. In this business you never can tell. Look at the young man who's playing in this picture in the robber band. He's picked out to be featured in the big Panama Canal special and he's only played one bit before. Datig says he's another Buddy Rogers, and he's picked him to play the lead in 'Panama Highway,' and he's going to get him a contract that'll last till he's an old man with long whiskers! So you never can tell."

Francia shaped vermilion lips with a delicate little finger.

"What's his name?" she asked not too eagerly. "Is he working today?"

"Certainly he's working today," the head keeper of the wardrobe assured her. "His name is Randy Seamore, and plenty of people is going to be good and surprised when 'Panama Highway' gets cast, and this one's got the lead! He's quiet—nothing flashy—used to sit around kind of lonesome by himself in 'Sahara Night.' But they say when he gets acting he knocks 'em for a goal!"

"Does any of them last pins hurt you, dearie? Try your crown on. The plain gold is in the back."

The wardrobe woman spread a sheet on the floor and lifted the pearl and satin coronation robe down from the wall.

"I hope the men don't get their feet tangled up in this pearl work I spent four hours on," she said. "Tell them to pick you up careful. Anyway, your hands and feet'll probly be tied up so they can carry you quiet. It's going to be terrible today keeping clothes up snappy. Them milken dancing dresses—I don't know!"

LITTLE rivulets of perspiration trickled down her face. The thermometer, when they had left the studio at seven, had read eighty-eight.

The queen was carried out of the palace by the robbers from eight till ten.

From ten till noon the robbers drew lots for her, the ruthless leader won, the youngest robber fought him and carried her, triumphantly, away; by the will of the gods, the youngest robber was Randy Seamore whose life contract as leading man was to start with the next scheduled feature, "Panama Highway."

At twelve-thirty the lunch truck came; cartons packed with pasteboard boxes and pint bottles of milk. Everybody got a lunch box, and found a place to eat.

The Russian refugees working on the papier-maché snow plains of Siberia, ate in the buses that had brought them. The dryads and mermaids, from the air and sea spectacle, sat around the steps of the old Philadelphia State House. Randy Seamore wandered off alone to an empty room of a feudal castle. And when Francia Delmar happened to wander into the same feudal castle and found him there, she was certainly awfully surprised!

"Oh," she said, in sweet confusion, "I thought nobody would be here!"

She held her train, heavy with pearls, over one arm, her pint of milk in one hand, her pasteboard box in the other. Her hair was tumbled under the sparkling crown; her face smudged, incongruously, with dirt carefully placed by the director. She seemed exactly what she was; a little street girl playing lady. But her neck was white and lovely in the low-cut gown, her satin slippers fascinatingly tiny!

Randy hurried to take the milk bottle and the lunch box.

"You can sit down on the stone bench," he said, "I wiped it off with a paper napkin."

THE feudal castle had no roof, but the walls made shade. There were two stone benches and a great carved chair upon two steps which very certainly made it the throne. Randy Seamore wore a rough shirt open at the throat, a sash with a knife thrust into it, boots with folded tops, and a robber handkerchief tied around his head.

He had dark handsome eyes and a quick boyish smile. With a pretty sigh, Francia accepted the place he made for her on the stone bench.

"They were kind of long scenes this morning," she said. "Didn't you think so?"

He opened the lunches, and put the sandwiches and fruit on the throne.

"Yes," he said. "You're a good sport. You were great!"

She was as lovely as an old painting, there against the castle wall. He gave her a pasteboard dish with a bread and butter sandwich and a boiled egg.

"You know," he said, "I think you're awfully pretty. What's your name?"

"Francia Delmar," she told him.

"I heard them call you 'Del,'" he went on. "I'm Randy Seamore. Would you want to go down to the Cocoonut Grove tonight and have dinner and dance a little while?"

IN a couple of days everybody knew that Randy Seamore was breaking in for a lead. Everybody knew that if he got over in "King of Tatters" he was to be featured in "Panama Highway." Everybody knew Lasky and Zukor and Wanger and Schulberg and Datig thought he was great and in another six months he would be a big star!

The fourth day at lunch, in the old castle, Francia spoke about it.

"It's wonderful," she said, wistfully, "to get a break. I don't suppose I ever will! It's so hard for a girl—alone—in this business—"

Randy, sitting on the steps of the throne looked up into her violet eyes. Today she was a peasant (the queen disguised to mingle with the villagers). And today he was a prince (the robber going to fool the burgomaster). He caught her hand and laced her fingers through his.

"Del," he said, a little huskily, "I'm going to be in love with you one of these days! Just wait! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]

WE'RE PROUD AND HAPPY

to be printing this story by

DIXIE WILLSON

this month. Good as it is, and it's mighty good, we say with Al Jolson, "You Ain't Read Nothin' Yet!" Next month we will have another Willson story. It's a pip-pin called

BABY BLUE EYES

And it's one of the best stories ever turned out by this young American ace of tale-tellers. Watch for it—read it—in

THE OCTOBER PHOTOPLAY

Poor old "Casanova" Busby! He's nicked again! It's a New York night, and Catherine Dale Owen is luring our hero with a cigarette (probably scented and slightly poisoned). See those orchids? Busby gave up for those! Ha! Ha!



Who Said *the* Woman PAYS?

By

Marquis Busby

YOU can get the nicest glass of lemonade in New York for about \$6.50.

And theater tickets! A mere nothing at all! For \$20 two people can get fairly bad seats where they can't see much at an opening night.

If you order carefully and keep away from caviar and pheasant, you and your best girl can have a simple dinner for \$16.

I just can't understand how New York cafés and theaters keep open at those prices!

It's back to Hollywood for a simple country boy used to the more bucolic pleasures with prices within reach of all, as the advertisements say. For months I have been harping on the fact that it is hard to spend a great deal of money on an evening's entertainment in Hollywood.

I'll never say that about New York.

If I lived in that town I'd have to take the girl friend down to the harbor and watch the ships come in.

Various New Yorkers have been complaining about my ham sandwich dates in Hollywood, or an evening with the stars on two bits. They said I should try that in New York. Well, I did. The moral is not to take dares. I can say now that I have lived and spent and spent.

I know these Gothamites weren't talking to exercise their vocal cords. I've just had a date with a star in New York. That one date in Bagdad-on-the-Subway came durned near costing more than all my stellar excursions put together. In fact, for a few awful moments I thought I'd probably have to hock the watch Ma gave me when I graduated.

**"Wild Mark" Busby
Finds that a New York
Date Makes a \$100 Note
Look Like Mad-Money**

It all came about through Catherine Dale Owen being nice to me when I first arrived in New York. Catherine was vacationing from pictures at her apartment in the city. Since we had been good friends in Hollywood she asked me to lunch with her. We went to the Ritz-Carlton. I didn't see the bill so I thought I would repay the courtesy by asking Catherine to show me the bright lights. If I had seen the luncheon check, as much as I like her, I probably would have just written a thank you note, or sent flowers. But no, I would go swimming in deep water.

We finally arranged the program of events. We would have dinner at the Ritz, go to the opening of "Artists and Models" and then drop in at the Central Park Casino for dancing. It sounded fairly modest, big innocent that I am. Well, if \$75.30 is a modest New York date, I'm Santa Claus. I guess I was anyway.

But at least I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was out stepping with one of the most beautiful girls in New York. Head waiters bent double when she entered a dining room.

I called for her at her apartment just off Riverside Drive. She wasn't ready. She had been out to tea. I amused myself by looking across the Hudson. J. P. Morgan's new yacht was in the river. Catherine's apartment had on its summer kimonos. Linen covers were on the chairs and divans. A portrait of Catherine by James Montgomery Flagg hung over the mantel. It was a beautiful portrait, but Mr. Flagg, being after all quite Flaggian, had given Catherine one of his famous square chins.

Catherine finally appeared. Anybody would be breathless with that apparition. She wore a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Let's Drop In Old Cal



What? Yes! No! Look again! It is! Yes, sir, it's our adored Ruth Chatterton gone blonde on us—temporarily, at least. This is the way Chatterton will look in her next film, "Anybody's Woman," in which she is again teamed with Clive Suave Brook



P. and A.

Citizens, meet the most popular actor in British pictures, Mr. Jameson Thomas. Perhaps you saw him in "Piccadilly," with Gilda Gray and Anna May Wong. Thomas looks and acts like Ronnie Colman. He and his wife are shown here arriving at New York

LON CHANEY'S health seems to be no better. His first talkie, "The Unholy Three," broke down his delicate throat again. In mid-summer he came to New York seeking treatment.

As Lon heads toward fifty, he seems to be in touchy shape. Each picture calls for a long rest, and even medical treatment.

Let's hope that the great character star gets his health back completely. Can't spare Lon!

THINGS happen in mad, weird, wonderful Hollywood that authors could never dream for their story books.

There's the tale of Jeanie Lang, for instance.

Before "King of Jazz" was publicly shown, it was previewed for the press. Reporters wrote their reviews in advance, to be released the morning after the public premiere.

A little unknown girl named Jeanie Lang sang one song. Reviewers felt they had discovered a new, fresh and sparkling talent. Their pieces for the papers carried raves about Jeanie.

But before the public first night, the film was cut again—Jeanie and her song were eliminated entirely—became a girl and a tune on the cutting room floor.

When the reviews appeared, there was consternation! A great hullabaloo over Jeanie—and she wasn't even in the film as it was being shown.

Hurried re-patching, and Jeanie's restoration in the big Universal revue!

And in Los Angeles, advertisements appeared. "Jeanie Lang New Cinema Sensation," they read.

The breaks. It could only happen in Hollywood, where incredible things are believed every day, and impossible things come true!

JIMMY STARR, Hollywood columnist, tells about the guy who lived in a Spanish mansion in Beverly Hills two months before he discovered it was a filling station.

Yep, they build 'em like that out Hollywood-way.

BUDDY ROGERS has been knocking them dead in New York again.

The Buddy made another personal appearance at the Paramount, on Broadway, and the flappers knocked each other down fighting their way into the first ten rows, where they could goggle at young Rogers.

Even if he is no singer, the little girls love him.

When he dashed aboard the stage, wearing an ice cream suit and showing all his pretty teeth, the little girls did all but swoon.

One Broadway commentator said he'd make a great cheer leader!

Be that as it may, sweetness seems to pay!

and Gossip With York!



The bride and groom—central figures in one of Hollywood's most elaborate and best-wished weddings. In short, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon a few seconds after the minister had finished with them, and just before they leaped out on their honeymoon

WELL, Billie Dove finally got her divorce from Irvin Willat, the director.

Billie charged cruelty. She said she and Irvin "just weren't suited." They were married in 1923, soon after she left Mr. Ziegfeld's chorus to enter pictures. They separated just a year ago.

Miss Dove asked no alimony and listed no community property. And she wanted her maiden name, Lillian Bohny, back again. Cal hasn't quite figured that out yet.

Howard Hughes, the young millionaire whose money flows in faster than he could spend it on "Hell's Angels," has been paying her ardent court for months. The way is paved for a marriage.



P. and A.

"I do!" says Billie Dove to the Clerk of the Honorable Court, as she takes the stand in Los Angeles to testify in her suit for divorce from Irvin Willat. It was granted, Billie alleging that since their marriage in '23 Willat had been mighty mean!

GLORIA SWANSON'S little daughter has made her public debut! That is, Gloria Swanson Somborn, daughter of the star and her second husband, Herb Somborn, appeared in a recital of the pupils of Ailene Chaudet in Beverly Hills.

Young Gloria obliged with a tune on the harp, and then showed her change of pace by sitting down at the piano and tearing off "Pretty Thoughts," a little item by Mana-Zucca. All to great applause.

Any of you picture directors need a young harp-player? Gloria, Jr., may be willing to do you a good turn.

TRUTH in advertising.

A Hollywood theater had a snappy sign on its marquee.

It read:

"Paul Muni in 'Seven Faces'—all talking."

JACK OAKIE is still a little dizzy from his fast ride to Paramount stardom. You might even say that he's still a little dizzy for any or no reason, and no doubt get away with it.

But Jack is nobody's dummy. Here's what he told a New York newspaperman about his entrance into pictures, and his reactions to the whole peculiar racket.

"I got in the movies on a luke, and it's a fluke I'm a star. If this racket should end tomorrow, the movies wouldn't owe me a thing. I'm satisfied!"

That's the way to talkie, Jackie old Oakie! But they won't end tomorrow, and neither will you. You'll go on making funny faces for a long time, and we'll probably laugh right on.

AN American director was in the midst of filming a Spanish version. After one scene he said, "That's O. K. Print that one." But the interpreter said, "Oh, you can't use that one."

"Why not?" asked the director, "the action was great."

"Yes, I know, but during the scene one of the actors was saying, 'I've forgotten my lines. I've forgotten my lines.'"

For late summer bathing, when the sun gets hottest and dogs have their traditional days, you may go for this spotty bathing ensemble sported by Helen Poo-Poo-Pa-Doo Kane, the Paramount baby-talker. The fun you can have with your friends by calling these sun spots!



P. and A.

After the unhappy publicity of the *Battle of Dallas*, Clara La Bow was asked to come home to Hollywood, so she up and went to New York. Here she is at Coney Island with Harry Richman. The gentleman on the left is Mr. Maxie "Slapsy" Rosenbloom, light heavyweight champion

THERE was a notable reunion in Los Angeles not long ago.

A group of players who made screen history sixteen years ago gathered over the ham and eggs at the famous Breakfast Club. They were the actors who made "The Birth of a Nation," that great pioneer master-film that still lives on the screen as well as in the hearts of veteran fans.

Lillian Gish was the only living absentee of that mighty cast. A New York stage engagement prevented her attendance.

D. W. Griffith himself sat at the head of the table. Others present were Mae Marsh, Mary Alden, Spottiswood Aitken, Miriam Cooper, Donald Crisp, Joseph Henaberry, Henry Walthall (*The Little Colonel*), Walter Long, Ralph Lewis, and Elmer Clifton. Three others must have been there in spirit. Three troupers whom death has taken. Wallace Reid, Bobby Harron, George Siegmann.

A great morning—for those who remember the spacious days and talents of yesterday.

WHEN Marie Dressler, the happy comedienne, zoomed off the ship from Europe after her recent holiday abroad, she gave off a few epigrammatic cracks for the encircling press boys.

Here are a few:

"Comedy is a religion to me. I never desecrate it.

"I advise artists to take everything that is offered them—even the smallest parts. That is the way I oozed into Hollywood."

(Cut in shot of Marie Dressler oozing.)

"I am on a wave now, but I haven't any illusions. Two years from now I may be in the gutter looking for a meal."

Allowing a bit of exaggeration in the last statement, those are all smart words, pard!

LAVISH, extravagant Hollywood! Our eye!

Someone at the Paramount studio noticed a box arriving with Maurice Chevalier every morning. He investigated that box, and it developed that the French personification of "It" brings his lunch from home, and eats it in his dressing room!

THE rumor crop concerning Gloria Swanson, her husband Hank, Connie Bennett and Phil Plant has been unusually large and verdant the past few weeks.

The reports and alarms run about as follows:

Gloria is furiously jealous of Connie. Connie is furiously jealous of Claire Windsor, to whom Phil Plant, Connie's millionaire ex, has been paying considerable court this summer. In fact, it all broke into the papers when Plant's boat went down in a yacht collision on Long Island Sound with Phil and Claire aboard.

The sleuths, spies and stool-pigeons of New York, after extensive *Philo-lancing*, can't find any truth in any of these—save the fact that Mr. Plant and Miss Windsor are often in each other's company.

Gloria laughs off all stories that she is aroused by the friendship of Miss Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise, and Connie has nothing to say about being jealous of the blonde Claire.

But these yarns have kept the gossips busy and interested, and there must be something for the rocking chair brigade to mull over during the heated term.

IN all the excitement over GARBO TALKS, we may have overlooked the fact that Greta also speaks Swedish and German.

She's been busy making these foreign language versions of "Anna Christie." In the German version, Theo Shall has the Charles Bickford rôle, the late Rudolph Schildkraut that played by George Marion, and Julia Sardi the part immortalized by Marie Dressler.

Later she'll make the Swedish version.

In it, Garbo will do two sequences in Swedish, the rest being silent.

Even Marie is busy between English successes. Tough on a linguist, these days.

And who's the serious young gentleman with the handsome blonde lady? Can it be—it is!—our dashing pal, Jack Gilbert, taking Ina Claire to a picture opening. Did you know him without the famous moustache? It's off for his new talkie. Did consonants catch in it, Jack?



Good news from the bedside of a grand little girl! Renee Adoree's getting better! After some months at a sanatorium, Renee is now convalescing in her own home, and her doctors expect her to rally 'round after a long rest. Let's all say welcome to the unforgettable *Melisande* of "The Big Parade!"



AND then there is the down and out actor who dines at the same restaurant every Thursday evening. Thursday is the official maid's day out. The fact that he is seen at the same place every Thursday makes gullible Hollywood believe he has a cook—which he hasn't.

THAT *enfant terrible* of Paramount, Clara Bow, had no desire to see Hollywood after the battle of Dallas, Texas. She had a hunch that there was a lecture awaiting her in the classic halls of dear old Paramount.

Clara was "skered" to come home in the dark. Her hasty departure for the East, instead of the West, was on the theory that absence heals all wounds. Anyway, that's what they say.

As usual, she was met in New York by Harry Richman, and they went places together throughout her stay—often accompanied by Mr. Maxie Rosenbloom, light heavyweight champion and one of Harry's pals.

NICK STUART—you know, who married Sue Carol—swears he'll never talk over the radio again. Last time Nick made a broadcast he forgot to shut off the mike when he got through. Forgetting that he was still audible to thousands of listeners-in, he said to the operator, "Whew, I'm glad that's over." Before he left the studio fifteen telegrams came in bearing the laconic message, "So are we."

GOOD news for the old-fashioned, blown-in-the-bottle Doug Fairbanks fans! Doug will jump and leap again, as he did in his heyday!

At least, that's what Doug promises for his new picture, "Reaching for the Moon." Doug's getting along now. He may not be quite as supple as he was a decade ago. But his fans crave him acrobatic—and acrobatic, says Dougie, he'll be!

There's some dust raised over his leading woman. Bebe Daniels was slated for the star rôle of this story by Irving Berlin. But can Doug and Bebe both star in one film? Both are big shots. Bebe can't be blamed for not wanting to play second cornet to anyone.

Looks just now as though Joan Bennett would draw the assignment.

THE Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon wedding came off in fine shape with an all-star cast which must have made the various producers who were present turn green with envy.

The setting was perfect, the altar banked with white lilies and bridal roses and the aisle lined with tall cathedral candles connected by a garland of white carnations and gardenias. When the bridesmaids came down the aisle in their trailing tulle gowns in pastel shades and their large picture hats they looked like a veritable "Who's Who in Hollywood."

There were Constance Talmadge, Betty Compson, Lila Lee, Mrs. George Fitzmaurice (Diana Kane), Marie Mosquini, Adela Rogers Hyland, Mae Sunday, and Rita (Mrs. Al) Kaufman.

Nor were the ushers less distinguished. Sam Hardy, Skeets Gallagher, Howard Hughes, George Fitzmaurice, Henry Hobart, Dr. Harry Martin, Frank Joyce and Wallace Davis were the groom's attendants. Louella O. Parsons, wearing green chiffon, was the matron of honor, and Hal Howe, Ben's close friend and publicity director for years, was the best man. Bebe was a radiantly lovely bride in a gown of hand-woven Italian satin and a becoming cap-like veil.

After the ceremony a reception was held in the grand ballroom of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel and over four hundred guests were present.

ONE of the most interesting figures at both the wedding and the reception was Bebe's diminutive 98-pound grandmother, in Spanish shawl and comb, looking very proud of her favorite grandchild.

Bebe and Ben sneaked away early and drove to the Santa Barbara Biltmore. A reliable witness informs me that they deposited the chauffeur in the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Two New Cinderellas

The Big Break Comes for a Pair

By Cal



MISS JANE KEITH decided to go to Los Angeles and bathe in a few thousand gallons of California sunshine.

So she said goodbye to her boss—head of a bond house in Michigan City, Ind.—packed her bags and set out for the Golden West. This was in 1929.

She never had thought of motion pictures save as something to see after dinner. In Los Angeles it was different.

Her blonde beauty attracted attention everywhere, and more than one person slithered up and said, "Oh, Miss Keith, are you in pictures?"

This got to be epidemic—and the stage was set for another Cinderella story, 1930 model.

The Fairy Prince in the case was David Selznick, associate producer at Paramount. She met him—and before you could say Serge Eisenstein she was given a bit in "Paramount on Parade."

This led to a part in "The Florodora Girl," the Marion Davies' extravaganza, and then to a show girl job in Eddie Cantor's single-laughie, "Whoopie."

Then the skies opened up and rained good fortune all over the blonde and beauteous Jane.

She came to the attention of Fox, and after tests and confabs she was handed a long-term contract with Movietone, and given the lead opposite Milton Sills in "The Sea Wolf."

Jane Keith was made! Cinderella still lives and flourishes—particularly in Hollywood, where anything can happen, and does.

JANE was born in Kansas City, but was taken to Michigan City by her parents when she was a little girl. Grown up, she went to the University of Chicago for two years, and then took the secretarial job in the brokerage house that she left to see what made California tick.

Her business training stood her in good stead, after she had decided to take a whack at pictures. Between her early jobs she did a secretarial trick or two to tide her over the studio waits.

She lives in an apartment, and she isn't married. She doesn't play musical instruments, she reads philosophy in bed till the sandman comes, she loves nice things, has no pets but rides horseback; is five feet, five and a half inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. And she's starting on the Big Moments of her hitherto uneventful young life.

Miss Keith has never spent a moment on the stage, which goes to show that, now the hysteria is over, the microphone is recruiting from life as well as the make-believe world. Instead of taking dictation from a business man, she'll take it from a director. And such a fair exchange is certainly worth two in a bush.

That's Jane Keith—that's the specifications of a new Hollywood Cinderella, cut on approved 1930 lines.

Watch for her in "The Sea Wolf"—and say "Ah!"



One of Hollywood's newest Cinderellas in her first big part, being treated a bit roughly by Milton Sills. A scene from "The Sea Wolf," in which Jane Keith gets her first big talkie chance opposite the star. The small picture shows Jane in gayer mood

Find *the* Glass Slipper

in Hollywood
of Pretty Girls

Y o r k

THE moral of this little story, young ladies, is to be patient if you are interested in becoming Cinderellas of the Hollywood type.

The pumpkin doesn't turn into a coach overnight, always, nor does a chance meeting with a cinema celeb always turn him into a Prince Charming within the hour.

Mary Doran, for instance—now one of our first-flight Cinderellas—had to be patient. Keep your—er—keep it on!

Mary is a little New York girl who, after a spell at Columbia University, rented her beauty to the glamorous girl-shows of Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld. A dancer, she was, and a pretty one.

But Broadway palled, and Mary heard of the placer mining to be done in the Hollywood gold camps. Thither she trekked. Her arrival caused no tremors. Another pretty girl had hit town, and that was about all.

But Mary was game as well as cute, and she had been told of the gold in them thar tills. She arrived in Hollywood in 1928 to conquer the lots, and she got a few parts here and there.

At last the trail led to the Metro-Goldwyn studio. There she began to appear in more than a little footage. She was the chorus girl with whom Bessie Love had high words and fisticuffs in "The Broadway Melody." Then came a break, and the Cinderella stuff was working.

She was given a nice little part in "The Divorcee"—played, in fact, the charmer who lured away Chester Morris from the side of Norma Shearer.

Nothing extraordinary—but just enough to get her some nice attention from film reviewers and fans who saw that stunning talkie.

That was Mary's break. When casting time rolled round for "Remote Control," Willie Haines' new starring film, one Mary Doran was given the feminine lead—and another Cinderella was set.

THE Doran girl's a pretty thing, as you probably know. She's five feet, two inches tall—tips the beam at 109, and has auburn hair and brown eyes.

In the true Cinderella tradition, she's not married. But with her new prominence, and her exceptional good looks, that will undoubtedly be taken care of.

"Remote Control" was a stage play of the last Broadway season. Mal St. Clair is directing it, Wild Willie Haines plays a radio announcer of the cute brand, and Charlie King has a good part. Yep—Mary is in fast company now, but we're perfectly willing to leave it to the Dorans! She'll be both a decorative and able leading lady, and be ready for more!

It's a good summer for Cinderellas. But Mary Doran's modest toggery turned to silks and satins not by fate or luck. It was hard work in the primary grades that made her a full-fledged leading woman—way up among the smart scholars at the top of the class!



An obscure young film actress in process of becoming a successful Cinderella. One of the scenes of Chester Morris in "The Divorcee" which focused the boss' attention on Mary Doran. Soon she was given a leading rôle. Above, smiling Mary herself!



☆ *MANSLAUGHTER*—Paramount

THERE may still exist some die-hards who cling to the notion that talk has not improved the screen. This will cure them. Vocalized, "Manslaughter" is so superior to the silent picture in which Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan played that it's unreasonable and unfair to compare the two. The Joy-Meighan stillie was a great film for its era. This new "Manslaughter," with Claudette Colbert and Frederic March, is one of the real achievements of the modern phonoplay.

It'll play hob with your emotions; it'll thrill you; it'll frighten you. And you'll walk out of the theater with the realization that this Colbert woman is a grand actress, and that movie-makers are really learning the value of repression in talking pictures. This is a picture to see.



☆ *OUR BLUSHING BRIDES*—M-G-M

YOU'RE going to like this. It has humor, pathos, magnificent settings, and a fashion parade that will make the ladies tear up their wardrobes and start again.

"Our Blushing Brides" is number three in the amorous adventures of Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian. None of the girls blushes much, and Anita isn't even a bride. Joan is the fashion model that holds out for the wedding ring. She gives a beautiful performance as the girl who sticks to the straight and narrow. You must see her in those lace step-ins! Anita Page is wistfully effective as the tragic one who "goes wrong." Dorothy Sebastian scores as the flippant one. Robert Montgomery, Raymond Hackett and John Miljan are excellent, with Montgomery outstanding. A boxoffice riot.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ *THE DAWN PATROL*—First National

THERE have been lots of war pictures, lots of aviation pictures. Another one, to be at all good, must be pretty nearly superperfect. So Dick Barthelme's "The Dawn Patrol" rightfully ranks as one of the month's best phonoplays.

It's a powerful thing—simple, direct, gripping. Reminiscent here and there of "Journey's End," it packs the same emotional qualities that made that story one of the year's greatest. There are no women in the cast—and, remarkably, not one word of profanity! And Barthelme, brave enough in doing another war-air story, carries his daring to the point of an unhappy ending that is heart-twisting.

Barthelme's performance in "The Dawn Patrol" marks another high point in his screen career, ranking with his achievements in "Tol'able David" and "Broken Blossoms."

Sharing honors with the star is Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Powerful and sympathetic throughout, his performance is unmarred by over-acting. The whole story is a triumph of restraint and simplicity. Neil Hamilton, Edmund Breon and Clyde Cook must also come in for applause.

Photographically, "The Dawn Patrol" is marvelous stuff. Both in ground and air scenes, sheer beauty sometimes makes you gasp, and for thrills—air stunts, crack-ups and the blowing up of an ammunition dump—plenty!

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE DAWN PATROL OLD ENGLISH
MANSLAUGHTER OUR BLUSHING BRIDES
ON YOUR BACK RAFFLES
THE SINGER OF SEVILLE

The Best Performances of the Month

Richard Barthelmess in "The Dawn Patrol"
George Arliss in "Old English"
Ronald Colman in "Raffles"
Joan Crawford in "Our Blushing Brides"
Robert Montgomery in "Our Blushing Brides"
Claudette Colbert in "Manslaughter"
Frederic March in "Manslaughter"
Ramon Novarro in "The Singer of Seville"
Dorothy Jordan in "The Singer of Seville"
Renee Adoree in "The Singer of Seville"
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Little Accident"
Milton Sills in "Man Trouble"
Lowell Sherman in "Lawful Larceny"
Billie Dove in "Sweethearts and Wives"
William Powell in "For the Defense"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 146



★ OLD ENGLISH—Warners

HERE is a picture you will never forget, and a characterization by George Arliss so beautiful and flawless it will go down in the gallery of screen immortals.

Galsworthy's play, "Old English," was one of the outstanding stage plays of the last decade. It is one of the few perfect experiences of the phonoplays. Now it comes to the screen, dwarfing even "Disraeli."

Arliss is superb as the patriarch, *Old English*, who sits in his office above the Liverpool ship yards, and plots to protect the future of his grandchildren. His manner of accomplishing it is not recommended in boy scout manuals, but the play is distinctly adult matter. Here is acting that transcends mere acting.

"Old English" is a rare example of perfect casting. Every minor rôle stands out as an individual cameo. The cast boasts few well-known names, but you will not miss the faces of favorite players. Betty Lawford is as fresh and lovely as an English springtime as the granddaughter. Ivan Simpson, playing his original rôle, is particularly fine as the quavering ship owner who connives with "Old English." Doris Lloyd is the improvident daughter-in-law.

The picture has gentle humor, biting irony and pathos. It is one of the screen's great triumphs. Don't miss it.



★ ON YOUR BACK—Fox

MUCH the best opportunity Irene Rich has had since her talkie comeback. Irene's picture throughout, it reveals her as a stunning woman and splendid actress.

As the ambitious dressmaker who fights her way from a tiny shop in the slums of New York to an exclusive establishment on Fifth Avenue, Irene offers the best characterization of her career. The story is based on the actual life of a New York dressmaker who became internationally famous.

Scenes in the *salon of Julianne* include an elaborate mannequin parade. Raymond Hackett, as the adored son, and Marion Shilling, as a showgirl, contribute love interest.

Fine performances are turned in by Il. B. Warner and Ilka Chase. Highest honors go to Miss Rich. Irene gets a chance to wear clothes—and how she wears 'em!



★ RAFFLES—United Artists

FOR the purposes of playing a suave and glossy crook—a thorough rapsallion but ever the perfect English gentleman—the screen has nothing to offer that can touch Ronald Colman. Ronnie proves it in "Raffles." As the dinner-coated gentleman-thief of London, Colman charms even while he cops the jools. In this exciting story, Ronnie, on the point of reformation for love of Kay Francis, steals Lady Melrose's emeralds to help a pal who needs a thousand pounds at once. Naturally, on his last big job done for love, he is caught. But he escapes and leaps off to a new life abroad. To be shared, of course, by Kay.

George Fitzmaurice directed with all his usual finesse. Colman is effortless and charming as always, the Francis girl delightful. Great entertainment! A talkie that moves!

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

★
**THE SINGER
OF SEVILLE—**
M-G-M



RAMON NOVARRO'S new talkie popularity will be strengthened and extended by this romantic story tailored to his talents. As a devil-may-care dancer of Seville, embarked indifferently on an operatic career, Ramon is charming. Dorothy Jordan, opposite the star once more, is delightful. This is the last picture Renee Adoree appeared in before her present illness. And it's a delightful one.

**FOLLOW
THRU—**
Paramount



THE stage's best golf musical comedy has come to the screen as a beautiful, peppy singie-talkie-dancie-golfie, with Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll as pert co-stars and Jack Haley, Zelma O'Neal and Eugene Pallette to furnish the laughs. This is as entertaining as they come. This boy Haley is a fine picture bet. It's all Technicolor, and all good, fast entertainment!

**THE LITTLE
ACCIDENT—**
Universal



THIS picture is crammed full of laughs, as those of you would know who are familiar with the stage play. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has the best part of his career. His work is delightful. Anita Page has the feminine lead but is not photographed well. Many laughs are afforded by the antics of Henry Armetta, Slim Summerville and Roscoe Karns. Don't miss this farce.

**MAN
TROUBLE—**
Fox



AN underworld "king" befriends a discouraged girl. But she doesn't repay him with her love. That goes to a romantic young newspaper columnist. All of which makes a thrilling picture of life as it's supposed to be lived in New York speakeasies. Milton Sills is sensational as the popular notion of a fearless gangster. Dorothy Mackaill's lovely mouth can sing—throbbingly. She rates second honors.

**LAWFUL
LARCENY—**
Radio Pictures



BEBE DANIELS and Lowell Sherman mix up thrills and laughs in this sophisticated melodrama, seasoned with generous dashes of farce and a shot or two of spice. You'll get a kick out of it. Bebe doesn't sing a note, yet gives a great show, while Sherman's performance is a revelation in the art of acting for the talkies. He shows what can be done. More of this sort of thing, please.

**SWEET-
HEARTS AND
WIVES—**First
National



SO much the best talkie Billie Dove has ever made that no comparison is either possible or desirable. This is a snapping little mystery farce, part melodrama and part sophisticated humor revolving about gentlemen running off with other gentlemen's wives. Billie is beautiful and plays well, and Clive Brook (especially charming), Leila Hyams and Sidney Blackmer are excellent. Swell picture, from any angle!

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

SHOOTING STRAIGHT—
Radio Pictures



RICHARD DIX'S best in a long time. A deft mingling of underworld drama and comedy. Full of punch, laughter and thrills. Dix, as New York's ace gambler, wanted for murder, hides out in a small town. He's mistaken for a reformer. He outsmarts the bad man, cleans up the place, and wins the minister's daughter, played by Mary Lawlor. George Cooper, as Dix's henchman, contributes some laughs.



FOR THE DEFENSE—
Paramount

ANOTHER typical Bill Powell picture—and great, too! This time, Bill's neither a detective nor a crook. He's the sleight-of-hand type of criminal lawyer, who does fine until he lets love interfere with business. Then he goes to Sing Sing. Powell does another fine piece of character work, while Kay Francis as the girl is her usual seductive self. And that's plenty seductive.

ON THE MAKE—
Fox



BY now you know the McLaglen formula—a beautiful *senorita* (or *mademoiselle* or *fräulein*), a pal who turns out to be a rival in love, and a succession of fights. McLaglen plays the usual swaggering, lovable bully who loses the girl to his dapper rival. Humphrey Bogart, from the New York stage, will win many fans with his portrayal of a wise-cracking, but game, youngster. Mona Maris is lovely.



BROKEN DISHES—
First National

HUMOROUS situations tumble over each other in "Broken Dishes." Here is one of the most amusing of domestic comedies—grand satire on family life. It is well acted and directed. Loretta Young and Grant Withers are the young lovers, but Emma Dunn, as a shrewish mother, and O. P. Heggie, as the henpecked father, steal the bacon. Lloyd Neal is an elegant drunk.

SCARLET PAGES—
First National



CCOURT room scenes are passé, but when Elsie Ferguson brings her play to the screen, we have to take notice of the woman attorney, for that is still something of a novelty. There is much suspense in the manner with which she handles the trial of *Nora Mason* (played by Marian Nixon), the café singer accused of murder. Also, there is enough humor to relieve the strain.



COMMON CLAY—
Fox

THE old stage play becomes a really interesting dramatic picture. But you never forget you're in a theater. Constance Bennett's artificial portrayal of *Ellen Neal* is, somehow, communicated to the rest of a good cast, including Lew Ayres, Beryl Mercer and Tully Marshall. A "Madame X" type of plot, but this time the prosecuting attorney discovers—oh, we won't be mean and give away the story! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

Hollywood



Like many less famous divorcees, Jeanette Loff's heart was caught on the rebound. Walter O'Keefe, big ditty and tune man at the studios, is the bashful swain. It seems they still fall for blondes, be it Hollywood or Hopkinstville



Alice White and Sid Bartlett are always being suspected of a secret marriage. Alice shakes her head, but she does admit that Sid is the One-Man-in-the-World for her. And Sid does manage all her business affairs. When he starts managing Alice, too, we'll know they're married!



Robert Ritchie, erstwhile New York broker, deserted stocks and bonds to be Jeanette MacDonald's business manager in Hollywood. He managed so well that they do say the wedding bells are being tuned up



When an earnest young actor takes a girl to the opening of his first big picture—it must be love! Lew Ayres squired Mary McAlister to "All Quiet" and now no ice cream social is complete without them. Remember Mary as a Wampas baby star?

Sweethearts

Love Affairs That Budded
on the Sound Stages—and
Bloom All Over Town!



If Mary Brian ever gets engaged, instead of merely "rumored," Phillips Holmes might just happen to be the lucky Mister! They are seen together a lot on the lot (pardon our pun!), to say nothing of those discreet little tables for two at the corner soda fountain!



Now that Bebe and Ben went and did it, Merna Kennedy and Jimmy Hall are the champion long-time engaged couple in the Hollywoods. About two years. The wedding is announced periodically, but they're still "just sweethearts!"

If you saw Eddie Quillan and Sally Starr in "Night Work" you know what a cute couple they make. That was Eddie's first starring picture. And now they hint he may share stellar honors in a little domestic drama—you know, "not a motion picture." Anyhow, it's the first time Eddie has shown serious interest in a girl





70 Readers must Win This Gold!

The Rules Are Simple

1. Seventy cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,000.00
Second Prize.....	750.00
Third Prize.....	500.00
Fourth Prize.....	300.00
Fifth Prize.....	200.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$50 each.....	1,250.00
Forty Prizes of \$25 each	1,000.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and

complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

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

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

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1931, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them. They will be sent to hospitals and orphanages to gladden the hearts of sick and homeless children.

Suggestions Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the four sets of pictures are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

Follow the Arrows





PROBABLY the most highly praised young actress of the last few months—Barbara Stanwyck, who shot to emotional stardom on the strength of her unforgettably beautiful and moving performance in "Ladies of Leisure." This office is bombarded with letters praising her beauty and acting power. We all expect big things of you, Barbara!

This Way to Cut Puzzle



Turn Over

Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest



UPPER

The hair with Charles Farrell has scored several hits.
The eyes? She is Hollywood's pet.
The mouth was once known as the college boy's choice.
She's the sort that young men can't forget.

LOWER

The hair has been married for three happy years.
The eyes owe it all to her dad.
The mouth came to us from a land in the north.
(Her effect on the ice was quite bal!)

UPPER

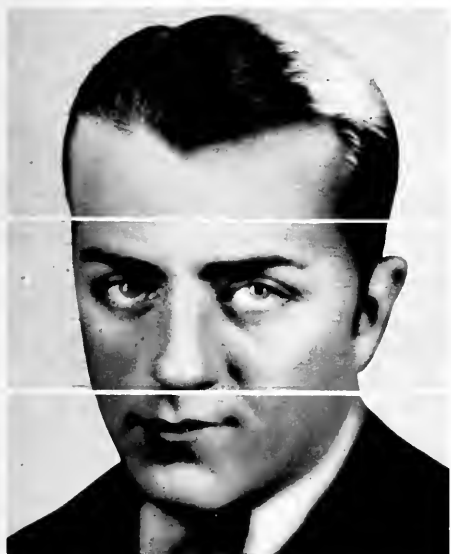
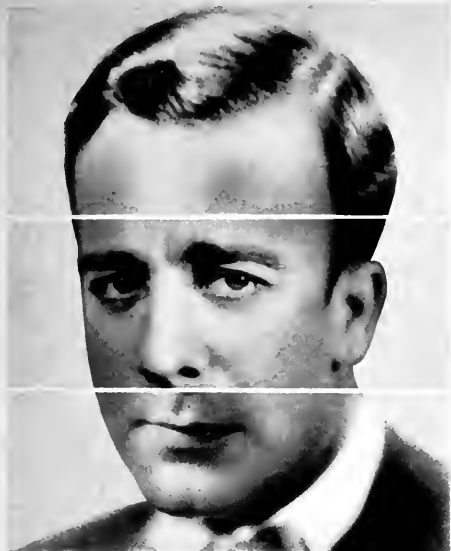
The hair is a bride—and a blonde one, at that.
The eyes have the nation half crazy.
The mouth turns out pictures so fast that no one
Could have reason to call the girl lazy!

LOWER

The hair's name was linked with J. Gilbert's name once.
The eyes were Canadian bred.
The mouth entered pictures in Triangle days—
Through the years she's gone up, and ahead!

RESUME

*Two of them were born in our own U. S. A.
Two of them—we're sorry—were not!
Two of them have brown eyes, and two gals have blue.
And, oh, the s... they've all got!
Three of them are married, and one's not that way.
And whom she will choose no one ever dare say!*



UPPER

The hair is twice married, two children has he
The eyes in New York went to college
The mouth posed for artists before being screened.
On the stage he gained real acting knowledge

LOWER

The hair was a Griffith find (many stars are!)—
The eyes have gone very Van Dine
The mouth owns his birthplace as Wappinger's Falls.
He had two years in stock, and was fine!

UPPER

The hair has a son who is just twelve years old,
The eyes have a son who is small
The talkies have brought added fame to the mouth,
He is slender and just six feet tall

LOWER

The hair is divorced—he's been married just once
The eyes made a hit in "Beau Geste"
The mouth has just signed a long contract with Fox
And they say he is now at his best!

RESUME

*Just one's under six feet—he lacks by an inch
All four have brown hair, and all four
Have been on the stage for from two to ten years
And each one the girls just adore!
Three of them have light eyes and one has brown eyes
They're all over thirty—much to our surprise!*



HOLLYWOOD'S luckiest girl of the month— Frances Dee. She has been working as an extra girl on and off for a year. Chevalier took a second look at her and selected her as his leading woman for his next picture, "The Little Cafe." Doesn't she look happy? And why wouldn't she? Name of a Name!

The Strange Case of Conrad Nagel

By
Katherine
Albert

The Nice Young Man from Keokuk, Whose Seemingly Quiet Career Has Been Fan- tastic Even for Crazy Holly- wood

FOR almost twelve years, now, you've been seeing more or less regularly the performances of a tall, blond, well knit, well groomed leading man on the screen. He usually gives the sort of characterization that the critics call "credible" or "adequate" or "sincere."

His name is Conrad Nagel. And in the hodgepodge called

Hollywood, a crazy town where fantastic stories leap at you from the air, his is, to me, the strangest and most fantastic of all.

It is not a story that hits you in the eye. Were you to say, "Consider the strange case of Conrad Nagel," your neighbor would come back with, "What strange case?" For you seldom think about Conrad Nagel. He just doesn't occur to you at all.

You think about Greta Garbo—a little Swedish girl brought along to America because, when a producer chose to give a contract to a great foreign director, he refused to come to Hollywood without his Greta.

You think about Clara Bow—child of the Brooklyn slums who had never been on a train until she was eighteen, who didn't know a salad fork from a knife, being thrust into world fame, but slowly coming to the realization that she has only half lived.

You think of John Gilbert—who has stormed through life, hurling defiance in the teeth of the mighty. Climbing to a pinnacle of his own, only to watch his high place totter because of a little device that has given voice to the shadows.

You think of all the amazing, ironic, dramatic stories of Hollywood—stories of the most kaleidoscopic city in the world, that make your blood leap and your fingers itch to set them down on paper.

I'll wager that nobody would include Conrad Nagel in this mottled pageantry. And his case would

not be strange at all unless the setting was as it is. But against this colorful background he stands out as a figure that must be considered as something unique.

He has been on the screen since 1918. Before that he was a pretty good stage actor. He has gone on consistently year after year. He has performed in literally hundreds of films,

giving those creditable, adequate and sincere performances. Had he remained in Keokuk, where he was born, he would have been, no doubt, the president of the Rotary Club, a member of the grand opera association, the chief speaker at the laying of the corner stone for the new public library—not, by any manner of means a Babbitt, but a worthy, substantial citizen who would have attempted and, perhaps, succeeded in bringing a little culture to the town.

He did not, however, remain in Keokuk. Instead he found himself in Hollywood. But the life he found around him in no way changed him from the sort of person he would have been in Keokuk.

He is one of Hollywood's substantial citizens, one of the few. He is always the spokesman for his profession when there is any trouble with its arch enemy, the producer; he is an active member of the Academy of

Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, a committeeman of importance when civic pride is at stake, an active church member, the head of a well regulated family consisting of a pretty wife and daughter, the owner of a neat, unostentatious home (not Spanish) and the master of a considerable and well-invested fortune.

If you went to a low dive in Los Angeles, black belt you would not be much surprised to catch a glimpse of, perhaps, Greta Garbo (although she has not,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Conrad Nagel, as he appeared opposite Lillian Gish in "One Romantic Night," her first talking picture. Just one of his dozens of talkie rôles

A substantial citizen, a devoted husband and loving father, yet Nagel has been up and down the unstable ladder of Hollywood fame three times!





The beautiful Alice Joyce of 1918, well on the road to success after several years as an artists' model and leading woman in obscure one-reelers. This is from a scene in an old Vitagraph picture called "Everybody's Girl"

Beauty— Brains— or Luck?

By

Adele Whitely Fletcher

She must have looked something of a dove in that gray costume. Unfortunately enough, as things worked out. For the oldest son of the household proceeded to fall madly in love with her. He was twenty and impetuous. He wanted to tell his parents the glorious news. He wanted to shout his love from the housetops.

In this instance Betty certainly needed her brains and backbone to overcome the very real handicap her beauty proved.

He was a nice enough young man, but the only reason he caused Betty's heart to beat one whit faster was because she feared he would cause her to lose her job. His eminent father would hardly relish his first-born being in love with a nursemaid.

However, Betty managed. Her life was like that. Always, somehow, she managed.

It must have been a relief when the three months were over

LAST month, Adele Whitely Fletcher told about the early hardships and the first milestones in the careers of Ruth Chatterton, the Gish girls, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and Norma Shearer. She told how Betty Compson, a sixteen-year-old violinist playing in small theaters for meager sums, was left without an engagement in a strange city, alone, and with three dollars and a few pieces of change in her pocket. Now, go on with Betty's story:

SIXTEEN and stranded, practically penniless, in a strange city! That is the stuff novels are made of. Novels—and life.

Betty Compson hailed a newsboy crying the headlines of Seattle's evening papers. But she wasted no time reading the front page news. She turned to the want advertisements. No one, it seemed, had any need of a little blonde violinist. They wanted girls who were familiar with Pitman's pothooks. They wanted girls who could take hold in a kitchen and concoct sauces.

Then Betty saw an advertisement calling for a nursemaid. She presented herself at the big, imposing house given as the address. And the next day she was wearing the long, gray coat and veil of a children's nurse. Her wages were twenty dollars a month and keep. That meant in three months' time, if she spent no money whatsoever, she would have her fare home to Salt Lake City.

Now guess who! A little Brooklyn girl, with a mop of red hair, who became famous in films. In short, none other than the Clara Bow of nine years ago



How Glory and Fortune Came to Betty Compson, Alice Joyce, Clara Bow, Ann Harding and Estelle Taylor in the Fight to Fame

PART 2



No more beautiful girl was ever seen in pictures than the Betty Compson who burst upon our delighted gaze in "The Miracle Man," the miracle film that made stars of Betty, Lon Chaney and Tom Meighan. Tommy and Betty in a scene from the picture

and she packed her bag and bought her ticket to Salt Lake City. Not that she let this experience daunt her. She had to make money, and almost immediately she went out on another tour.

This time, however, the Fates were kinder. They stranded her, but in Los Angeles. She turned to the movies, Christie Comedies at first. Later she worked for Universal. Then George Loane Tucker chose her for the tough baby in "The Miracle Man."

People will tell you how Betty Compson is a star today because of the lucky break she got in that film. But serving a long and difficult apprenticeship, and being prepared for the first real opportunity that comes your way, is a sturdier, more

enduring thing than luck. It is a matter of genuine courage.

What is more, although she was ruined by one wretched story after another, Betty Compson's name again shines in electric lights.

When her contract wasn't renewed Betty didn't get frantic and go all to pieces. She made "quickies." Now, anyone in the know will tell you that if you aren't already quite finished, to play in pictures made in a great hurry and sold to little exhibitors for a song, comparatively speaking, will finish you. You're supposed to lose caste professionally.

Betty didn't give a fig for any such prophecies. She made lots of "quickies" and she made money. Having graduated from the hard school of experience she well knew that money never had handicapped anybody. How much it hurt her, you can judge for yourselves by the results.

She is undoubtedly one of the most popular stars on the new talking screen. And, curiously enough, in some of her recent rôles she plays her violin. Once again, through her music, Betty has found her way into people's hearts.

THE Colonel's lady and Rosie O'Grady may be sisters under the skin, but right there the similarity ends. The Colonel's lady is likely to have an easy enough time of it. Her social standing is unimpeachable. She is courted by other wives of the regiment. She is waited upon, hand and foot, by a whole corps if need be. Rosie O'Grady has to get out and hustle for herself.

The story of Ann Harding is the story of a Colonel's lady who became a Rosie O'Grady. *Voluntarily!*

We don't know that Ann's father is a Colonel, but we do know he is an Army officer of high rank. When Ann left his house to make her own way he was so displeased that she gave up his name. And when she finally went on the stage he disowned her completely.

Ann resented the cut and dried pattern of her days. She resented [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]

In 1921 a beautiful girl with an amazing mass of ash-blond hair came to Broadway's notice in the stage production "Like a King." It was Ann Harding





One of the best known and most versatile father and son teams in all show business. Not only do J. C. and Elliott Nugent write their stuff—they act in it, too, and they do both very capably

Dads'

Here They Come!
Marching Along!
In Dads' Footsteps!
Excelsior!

MOVIE fathers are strutting proudly these days! They burble, "Did you see my boy in his last picture? He's a wonder, that lad!" Just as thousands of fathers, the world over, are praising the lads who have stepped into their shoes.

Perhaps the most famous of the movie sons is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. While Doug, Sr., was leaping gaily about in his beloved rogue rôles, a serious-minded youngster in his early teens roamed the Latin Quarter of Paris. Doug, Jr., yearned to be an artist.

But, pictures, like a gay blonde Lorelei, called and beckoned across the miles to the struggling young artist and Doug, Jr., packed away his oils and brushes and answered the call.

Like all sirens, reel or real, she let him down. His first picture, "Stephen Steps Out," was a failure. "He can't make it," they said in Hollywood of this quiet, earnest young man so unlike his dashing dad. "He has nothing but a name; just a name!"

So, young Doug tore up his shiny new contract and started out on his own. And, clap hands, look at him now. Coming right up the ladder of success fist over fist. "Stella Dallas" was the first rung, and then came "The Barker," "Our Modern Maidens" and "The Dawn Patrol." And out at First National they hint strongly that he's soon to be starred in "The Command to Love."

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., will promise us just two more pictures. Just two more, he says, and then good-bye to movies. But, the name of Fairbanks will go right on up the heights. Doug, Jr., will carry the banner on to greater glories. And is Doug, Sr., thrilled? My! My!



James (Jimmy) Gleason—writer, actor and director—and his six-foot son, Russell. As this is written, both the Gleason men are trotting off to work at Pathé in the big film, "Beyond Victory"

The mountain did not come to Mohammed. Mohammed went to the mountain. But young Phillips Holmes did not seek the movies, for the movies, shameless old renegade that she is, went right over to Princeton and annexed Phillips. It was while he was attending Old Nassau that Frank Tuttle took his "Varsity" company, starring Buddy Rogers, to the Princeton campus for scenes. Tuttle spied young Holmes, the son of the famous actor, Taylor Holmes, and signed him for the part of Buddy's roommate in "Varsity." So important was his rôle that he had to go on to Hollywood to finish the part. But, they wouldn't let Phillips go back. Hollywood wanted him to stay.

His father, who was a movie star in the old Essanay Company and has recently made shorts for Christie's, was playing on the stage in Boston at the time. "Go to it, son," he wired. And the way Phillips has gone to it! You know what he did in "The Devil's Holiday."

It's just too bad for Princeton, but it's grand for the movies.

Out of the mud and muck of the trenches of "All Quiet on the Western Front," Russell Gleason as *Muller* came into his own. With theatrical parents as famous as this chap's, coming into his own,



William Collier, for many years a stage star, has easily become a film fixture in the talkies



The grand old Adonis of twenty years ago and his big son, Francis X. Bushman, Jr. The elder Bushman still knocks out an occasional picture job, while Junior works pretty steadily in film comedy

Boys!

By

Sara Hamilton



Two generations of first rate acting talent. Taylor Holmes, for years a stage and screen star and still active in comedy, and his son, Phillips, who came into his own in "The Devil's Holiday"



Probably the best known of filmland's "Dad and Junior" acts. Doug Fairbanks, *pere*, has been one of the biggest shots for many years, while Doug, *filis*, is getting better with every passing movie

on his own, is not so easy as it seems. But "Russ" Gleason has proved his mettle.

When the Gleasons, James and Lucille, came to Hollywood two years ago to act and direct for pictures, young Gleason came down from the University of California for a vacation. Pathe saw him and another college career went the way of all flesh.

Everyone in Hollywood knows the talented Gleasons. Jimmy is one of the busiest men in town. He wrote "Is Zat So?" and "The Shannons of Broadway" for the stage and with Lucille, his wife, brought "The Shannons of Broadway" to the screen. Then he made "Puttin' on the Ritz," but Russell was right after him. He finished "Sisters" at Columbia; and now here they are together, Jimmy and his boy, over at Pathe making "Beyond Victory."

It's a happy, busy screen family, and maybe Jimmy and Lucille aren't puffed up about their boy!

Joseph Schildkraut suddenly laid down his violin and said, "I'm through. Now I shall follow in my father's footsteps. I shall become an actor." Joseph did.

Graduating from the Imperial College of Music in Vi-

enna, Joseph toured Europe giving violin concerts and was considered very good. But, the grease paint was in his veins. His father, Rudolph Schildkraut, whose recent demise saddened many friends, was one of the most outstanding stage stars of Europe. He played many years under Max Reinhardt's direction in Germany.

Then followed a glorious American career with Joe trailing right at his heels. Proudly Rudolph watched Joe through "Peer Gynt" and "Firebrand," and loudly applauded his never-to-be-forgotten performance in "Lilliom."

THEN they both came to Hollywood and Rudolph and Joe acted for pictures. One remembers Joseph best in "Show Boat," "King of Kings," and Rudolph in "King of Kings" and "The Country Doctor." And Joe is still following along right after dad.

William Collier, Sr., is considered the dean of the American theater. William Collier, Jr.—"Buster" to film fans—is considered a hot spot in pictures.

When Buster was just four years old he began tagging around after his famous father. He tagged right out of the theater wings and onto the stage in one of his father's plays, and from then on, in between classes, he kept tagging right along.

Then Buster decided to strike out on his own and try pictures. He explored this field very successfully. Then came the talkies and with them William Collier, Sr. This time father tagged after Willie. And the way they admire each other and pass around the "trade lasts"! And no wonder. William Collier, Sr.'s finished work in "High Society Blues" and "She's My Weakness," and Buster's in { PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127 }



William Collier, Jr., is a real vet, having begun years ago when he was known as "Buster"



A father who did not live to see his son enter pictures—the late lamented Harold Lockwood. His boy, Harold, Jr., is seen in a small rôle in the latest Barthelmeis phonoplay, "The Dawn Patrol"

A Chevalier of France

By Ida Zeitlin

PART 3

MISS ZEITLIN, in preceding installments, has told of the humble birth of Maurice Chevalier in a Paris suburb, and of his early struggles to attain eminence in the French theater.

Last month you read of his brief and tragic war service, and of his post-war triumph as the most beloved music hall comedian in France. As last month's story closed, a knock had come at his dressing room door. The caller was Mr. Irving Thalberg, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Soon his conquest of America was to come!

IT would be difficult to find words more graphic than Chevalier's own to describe the interview that took place between him and Irving Thalberg in his dressing room that night. As he spoke of it, there was frank apology for himself in his opening words.

"In France," he said, "there are two worlds of the theater. One is the little world—not great as here—of the cinema. The other is the world of the stage, and the people of those two worlds do not meet. Each of us knows, of course, the important names in the other, but—" with an expressive shrug, "nothing more. Of American names I knew only the big stars. Irving Thalberg—I am sorry—meant nothing to me—Norma Shearer, yes—but I had not seen her on the screen, and I did not know Mr. Thalberg's wife, pretty lady though she was, to be Miss Norma Shearer.

"We have seen your show," said Mr. Thalberg to me, "and we think you have great possibilities for the pictures. I am an American producer and I would like to make a test of you."

"At once came memories of a test they had made of me in London a few years ago—in the open—without lights—with silly songs. And I didn't want that thing to happen again. So I said, 'No—thank you, Mr. Thalberg. I think you come too late. I had a test made in London several years ago and nothing turned out of it. And now that I have become a star in Paris, I do not want to feel that I have done something not good enough to be taken seriously. I have passed the state of making tests and all that. If you want to engage me, engage me. If not,—'" and he finished the speech with eloquent hands and eyebrows.

"I was very unreasonable, *hein?*" he went on. "But Mr. Thalberg was not. He was kind. 'It is not a question of talent,' he said, 'but of knowing if your personality will come out of the screen. What tests did they make of you in London? Did they have good lights for you? Did they help you?'"

"NO—there were no lights at all. It was only in the street." "But I have an American cameraman with me, and our tests would be made with all the American knowledge of how to light the personality and make it come out."

"He was very friendly—very charming—but still I did not find myself excited. If it turned out badly the second time, I would feel—how do you say—not insulted—but cheap inside of myself, knowing that I wasn't good enough. I was happy in my work on the stage—why should I risk all that trying to do something which perhaps I had not the talent to do? I said, 'I will think it over,' but in my heart I said, 'Goodbye, Mr. Thalberg.'"

"When he went out, someone asked me, 'Do you know who is this fellow?'"

"Yes—he said he is in a picture firm in America."

"Well, he is one of the heads of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



His first view of a new world to win! Maurice Chevalier, on the deck of the liner that brought him to America, peers at the towering peaks of the Manhattan skyline. Fearful of his reception in this country, within a few short weeks Chevalier had captured the fancy of Americans

Armed Only with His Infectious Grin, Maurice Chevalier Marches on America, and Conquers!

—a very young man but a very clever and important one. You have not been wise. Even the very best actor must submit to a screen test.

"I think of what my friend has told me and I see he is right—I have not been wise. So I ask Mr. Thalberg to come again to see me. 'Excuse me,' I say, 'if I did not know you before. We in France live in another world. Now I have been told exactly who you are, and if you wish I will make this test tomorrow. But on one condition—that you give me also a copy of that test. I do not wish to be left here, while you return to America, without a sign of what I have done. I want to see for myself if I am good or not—I want to judge for myself if I have a chance—and if not—well, I will stay in my own country and that's all.'"

SO it was agreed. Chevalier made the test the following day, and the Thalbergs left for Baden Baden. The verdict came from there two weeks later. "Seen your test. Think you have wonderful possibilities. Writing." And this was followed by an enthusiastic letter of confirmation, in which for the first time the important question of terms was broached.

Chevalier was gratified, but he wanted to see his test before he made any decisions. "And when I received it and had it run off," he said, nodding his head like a pleased child, "I liked it. I saw at once that I am not the romantic hero type—but I feel there is something—



The irresistible Maurice in the picture that brought him to the summit of his early American fame—"The Love Parade." It was this swaggish, romantic story, imitatively directed by Ernst Lubitsch, that made Maurice's reputation here secure



It was in "Innocents of Paris," with little David Durand, that Maurice Chevalier overcame a sugary story to subdue American audiences with the sheer force of his astonishing personality

a kind of sunshine that comes out of the screen. So I ask Douglas Fairbanks, who is in Paris, if he will look at it and tell me without kidding"—pronounced *keeding*—"what he thinks."

So Fairbanks looked at the test and pronounced it, without "keeding," one hundred per cent perfect. "Stop worrying," he said. "There's nothing to worry about. Stop thinking you're not good enough. You're good! You're fine! Sign your contract and get over there! They'll eat you up!"

Thus encouraged, Chevalier took up with Thalberg the question of terms. He was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]



AND we thought only little boys played Pirate! Oh, how wrong we were! Here are three beautiful Warner Brothers buccaneers who get their men by the shipload. To be captured—it's a pleasure! Evelyn Knapp waves come-hither, Claudia Dell wears the big belt, and Irene Delroy totes the big dagger



It's one foot of film. Sixteen separate exposures are required for it, each one entirely different

Watch 'Em Move

HAVEN'T you sat, fascinated, for the seven or eight minutes of an animated cartoon, wondering what makes the drawings move? And when talkies came along, weren't you surprised when they sang and played musical instruments, and out from the screen came the squeaky voice of *Krazy Kat* or the piping song of *Mickey Mouse*?

Most cartoons are planned out before ever pencil is put to paper. Let's sit in on a couple of conferences at the Winkler Pictures studios, where work is about to begin on a new adventure in the life of *Krazy Kat*.

The entire studio staff is present. Somebody has what he thinks is a clever idea. Changes and additions are suggested. Discussion is fast and furious. And a complete story is worked out.

Later, there is a "gag" conference. Perhaps there's a sequence in a subterranean room, down a long flight of stairs. "Well, stairs when picked up and juggled back and forth between the hands make a perfectly grand accordion," suggests someone. And thus a gag is born.

The musicians determine the type of music for each gag—whether the mood calls for "Hearts and Flowers," jazz, a march or a swaying waltz. Tempo is measured accurately with a metronome, and exact length timed with a split-second watch.

The major animator begins the work. The thin white paper he uses for his drawings has holes punched at the top, like pages for a loose-leaf note-book. These holes fit over pegs, holding the paper firmly in position. Drawing is done on slanted glass boards, under which is an electric light bulb that shines through glass and paper and makes tracing easy.

The figures are about three inches high. Progressive drawings, each on a separate sheet, move the action slightly forward, backward, up, down or around.

Each drawing is traced with India ink on a piece of celluloid punched like the paper. Celluloid is used for the final drawings because of its lustre and transparency.

The drawings are photographed, one at a time, with a regular motion picture camera equipped with "stop motion." The camera is suspended over a table, with special

A Short Biography of *Krazy Kat* and Some of His Goofy Friends

lamps to center the light on the celluloids. Sixteen "frames"—sixteen separate exposures—make one foot of film.

Out at the studio where *Terry-Toons* are made I learned some of the troubles of a musical director of sound cartoons. Old, familiar tunes are frequently found to be all tied up with the red tape of the copyright law. Foreign rights are especially difficult to obtain.

Fees paid for the use of musical compositions, often just a few bars at a time, run into enormous sums.

There are the most amusing "sound props." At the proper moment in the recording, a resined string is pulled from a small, drum-like contraption, and the resulting sound is like the bark of a lusty dog. A big, bucket-like affair, on the same principle, produces a lion's roar.

WHEN the rooster crows, it's because someone blew into a thing that looks like a small watering can. A big wooden affair, notched like a modern skyscraper, makes a train whistle. There are ratchets that sound like the beat of tomtoms, wind whistles, etc.

One of the executives of the *Terry-Toon* Company is an expert "meower" and his services are much in demand on the days when recording is done!

There's a tremendous amount of labor and care involved in making animated sound cartoons. Thousands of drawings are made for one film—generally from five to seven or eight thousand separate drawings. And that means the same number of tracings, and the same number of photographic exposures, to say nothing of the intricate musical and sound score.

But don't get the idea that cartoon studios are stodgy places where laughter is a mere commercial commodity to be turned out by the foot. I found them so jolly and fascinating that I wanted to stay and join the gang. But I changed my mind when I learned that it takes about two years to develop a good animator, no matter how much talent and artistic training he has at the beginning.

So I decided to stick to reporting, where all one has to do is ask hard-working artists a lot of questions and then write down the answers.

By Frances Kish



NO sir—can't keep a good girl down! Especially one who wears a pint of spangles and a merry smile as well as little Sue Carol! When Sue's Fox contract expired, the wise boys had her all washed up, but she fooled them. Here she is, blithe as a cricket, with a long Radio Pictures contract tucked away in her treasure chest!

The Most Disliked Man in Hollywood

By
Elaine Ogden



This sort of thing makes men gnaw their whiskers at the sight of Ivan Lebedeff. Ivan, Betty Compson and Johnny Harron in a scene from "Street Girl"

WITHOUT Ivan Lebedeff no Hollywood social gathering is a complete success.

It is not that he's the life of the party—far from it. Russian aristocrats just don't put on ladies' hats, break out into burlesque spring dances and do card tricks. Rather, Ivan accomplishes some highly skilled magic upon every room he enters. He is surrounded with a glamorous, continental air. Your old parlor stops being just a parlor when Ivan enters and takes on the color of a high-ceilinged, crystal-chandeliered reception hall that might be a part of a European castle.

Lebedeff is always included at the exclusive Pickfair parties. He is one of Dolores Del Rio's favorite guests. Embryonic social leaders vie for his presence. The best invitations are always to be found in his mail box.

He is a picturesque figure, striding up and down the boulevards of Hollywood, for he is tall, handsome, hatless and yet he carries a cane.

No Hollywood première is quite complete without Ivan's white tie and monocle. At the luncheon table, the banquet board and the tea cart he can be utterly depended upon for doing the right thing. Accomplished, amusing, charming.

And yet, in spite of all this, or rather, perhaps, because of it, he is the most disliked man in Hollywood!

He is instantly hated by every good old one hundred per cent American male in the country.

When Ivan appears on the screen, boy friends begin belittling him.

And when he is admitted to a room in Hollywood the men in the place find they have important engagements which must be kept. On the way home they say to their wives or sweet hearts or both, "Now what do you see in a man like that? He's a conceited fellow, besides being a fool. That hand kissing stuff—now isn't that absurd? How can you fall for it?" And the lady sighs romantically and is glad she had that manicure before Ivan kissed her hand.

But there is more than meets the eye in all this deep seated male dislike. There is a story so flush with excitement, so breathless, so colorful that mere words don't do it justice. And the re-

sults of this story on Ivan, himself, is a case D for the smart psychologist.

Ivan has had everything and lost it and had it again only to lose it. He was the most glorious hero of the hour in Russia, a veritable Lindbergh (heralded with waving flags and martial music and the adoring eyes of women) who might have become the highest officer in the Russian army.

And then came the Revolution and the horror he saw, the horror he was forced to perpetrate left him as he is. For he has tasted the bitter tedium of power, he has known the hollow glory of adulation. He has been fantastically rich, and equally poor.

BITS of things—pictures that have painted themselves dramatically upon the canvas of his mind. Horror. Terror. Pain.

The evacuation of Odessa. Mothers snatched from their children. Wives watching their husbands shot down before them. Starvation. Death. Human beings turned animal. And a beautiful woman in sables standing on a wharf screaming hysterically, begging anyone to take her, to release her from it.

Again, a picture. He, the sole dictator of a town once ruled by Bolsheviks. He, with three hundred men holding the city with an iron hand for three days. Being forced to deal with well beloved friends as he did with the revolutionists. Watching a hundred or more lined up against a wall to be shot down by a sputtering machine gun.

He has seen life in its most sordid version. Intellectuals smashed by horror. Brave men turned into whimpering boys. Nobly

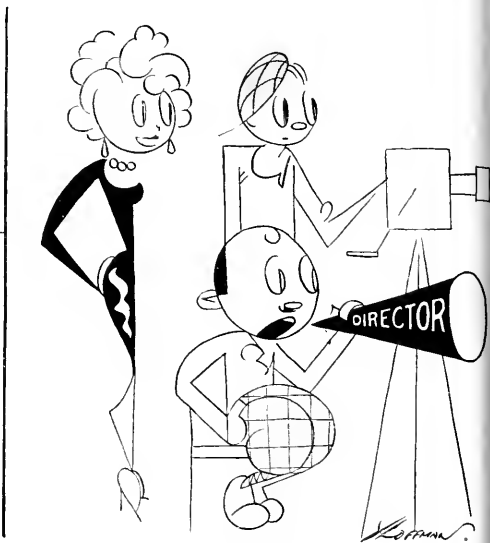
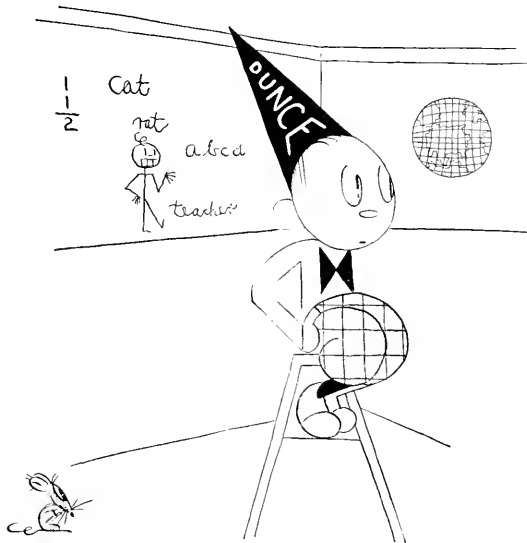
born women ready to exchange kisses with blackguards to be released from animal suffering.

After the Revolution he found himself in Constantinople and, by sheer luck, made a fortune, only to lose it all again in Vienna. He has been involved in scandal, given the highest acclaim and has lived like a prince and a beggar. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Men Hate Him,
Women Are Fascinated—
but Ivan Lebedeff
Just Doesn't Care

Reeling Around

with
Leonard
Hall



Evolution—The stupid schoolboy who was made to wear a dunce cap and sit alone in a corner

The Poor Little Star

*I pose and I dance and look pretty,
I swim and I dive and I plan;
I'm gay and I'm sweet and I'm witty—
And all for the cameraman!*

*I'd like to kick off all these laces,
And get down the jug from the shelf
Relax, and read junk, and make faces,
And look like a mess—for myself!*

Anything for a Laugh

Eddie Cantor was explaining diet to one of his daughters on the "Whoopce" set. "You've got to eat lettuce to get vitamins," said Eddie. "You know about vitamins—Warner Brothers have been making them for years!" . . . It is reported that producers have given up the idea of filming "Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen," because of difficulties in casting the lead. . . . Rudy Vallée, says the press, will have a million dollars by the end of 1931. Ah there, Rudy—still saving up to buy that glass megaphone! . . . Nelson, Neb., will have movies on Sunday. The vote was 201 for—200 against. Congress should give that fellow a medal—even though the holier-than-thou-element will swear it was the town drunkard. . . . Winnie Lightner has fallen away by the ton. From a lass weighing 158 she has now shrunk to a slip of a girl of 130 with a copy of the *New York Sunday Times* under her arm. The diet, says Win, was buttermilk and soup. At that price, bring me meat and potatoes. . . . Latest stunt in Hollywood is the "divorce shower." Gifts the girl friends bring the prospective divorcee are travel booklets, and the addresses of plastic surgeons, dancing teachers and gigolos. A Smith and Wesson .38 might not be a bad idea, either.

Hollywood—

As Cecelia Ager sees it in "Variety"—
They serve the salad first. . . . No thunder showers in summer to break the heat. . . . No soft shell crabs. . . . Stage presentations last longer than the picture. . . . A sunburn doesn't prove anything because everybody has one. . . . Can't get thick cream for coffee. . . . Concrete tennis courts jar your ankles. . . . New crop of people every three months.

Getting Personal

Seen Places Together—Buddy Rogers and Margaret Breen, pretty stage dancer; Lois Moran and Director Victor Fleming, once said to be engaged to Clara Bow-de-o-do. . . . Chester Morris and his pretty little wife, Sue, are expecting a call from a little stranger sometime in the fall. . . . John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, famous vaudevillians and famous as the parents of Leila Hyams, have made a two-reel comedy for Pathe called "Swell People." And they certainly are! . . . Harry Richman gets \$5,000 a week in a big time vaudeville act when he is in it. . . . Miss Frances Rich, lovely daughter of Miss Irene Rich, back from Smith College for the summer, intends to enter pictures. . . . Married—Luther Reed, director of "Rio Rita," and Miss Jocelyn Lee. . . . Up to the time of her marriage to Ben, Bebe Daniels had appeared in 288 pictures. . . . Owing to high taxes and inability to get native talkie product, 415 Berlin movie theaters closed during last spring. . . . June Clyde, pretty Radio Pictures blonde, is recovering from a nervous breakdown caused by overwork. . . . Clare Luce, pretty little blonde ex-Ziegfeld dancer, now in Fox pictures, was born in Bellaire, Ohio. There she was known as Little Clara Snow. . . . Ann Harding, Pathé star, happy wife and mother, was arrested twice in one week! No, nothing too terrible. Driving without license and without car registration. . . . Yep—it pays to direct good pictures. Frank Borzage, who has won the PHOTOPLAV Gold Medal twice, has just bought another \$120,000 worth of real estate in Hollywood.

"Beauty is Romance"

says MRS BIDDLE STEWART

"Beauty is romance, and romance is youth! To cherish youth, to live for beauty is the sure way to make your heart's desire come true. A radiant young girl or beautiful woman is a magnet for romance," says Mrs. Biddle Stewart.

CHARMING young favorite of society in New York and Philadelphia, Mrs. Biddle Stewart is so lovely and so romantic that her friends call her the "Fairy Princess."

You notice her exquisite complexion the moment you look at her. "A fresh, clear, youthful skin," she says, "is essential to beauty," and it is true.

"Pond's," she adds, "provides the best and easiest method of home complexion care.

"There is the delicious Cold Cream for cleansing to keep the skin flower-fresh . . . the dainty Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream immaculately . . . the bracing Skin Freshener to banish oiliness . . . and the exquisite Vanishing Cream for powder base—a true hand-maiden of romance," says Mrs. Stewart, "for it keeps one's nose from ever looking shiny!"

Yes, a lovely skin is the ensign of romance. That is why Pond's Method is such a success—because of the amazing efficacy of its four sure, swift, simple steps:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores.

Second—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, marvelously absorbent.

Third—dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. If skin is dry, leave on a little fresh cream overnight.



Pond's four delightful preparations to keep your skin always exquisite—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream.



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How to be FASCINATING

as told to KATHERINE ALBERT by

Anita Page



"FOR the girl who wants to be charming, one thing is essential," says Anita Page, the girl whose blonde loveliness has won her universal devotion on the screen. "It's smooth skin!

"No matter how lovely your figure—your eyes—your hair—you can't have that compelling *something* unless your skin is softly clear and glowing. And if it is, you're sure to be attractive!

"Screen stars, you know, have to keep their skin silky smooth and fine-textured

every minute. Motion picture directors found out long ago that without lovely skin no girl can hope to win and hold the hearts of millions. The glaring close-up lights reveal even the tiniest flaw!

"Several years ago, some of us discovered just the care our skin needs to keep it always at its best—Lux Toilet Soap! Then more and more of the stars began to use it until now almost every girl I know in Hollywood is devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap.

"Catherine Dale Owen, for instance. Did you ever see smoother, lovelier skin? And Kay Johnson, too. They both use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

"Regular care with Lux Toilet Soap, that's my prescription for lovely skin—and *any* girl can follow it!"



KAY JOHNSON, M. G. M. star, has a skin of delicate beauty. "It leaves my skin so smooth," she says.

BESSIE LOVE, M. G. M.'s beloved blonde star, is one of the 511 important Hollywood actresses who are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. "To the screen star lovely skin is very important," she says. "That's why I am so delighted with Lux Toilet Soap. It does leave my skin so smooth and soft."



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood



ANITA PAGE, the young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star whose beauty has won millions of hearts, in the striking, luxuriously appointed bathroom especially designed for her and built in Hollywood. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap," she says. "It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."

Anita Page, you see, is one of the host of famous screen and stage stars who have found in this fine soap, so daintily white and fragrant, just the gentle care that is necessary.



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

CATHERINE DALE OWEN, lovely M. G. M. star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy. It's so dainty and refreshing, and it lathers freely even in the hardest water."

Nine out of Ten Lovely Stars use it—in Hollywood —on Broadway—in Europe

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the official soap in all the studios.

On Broadway the stage stars are so devoted to it, it is in the dressing rooms of 71 of the 74 legitimate New York theaters!

And even in the European capitals the screen stars, like their sisters in Hollywood, are now using it to keep their skin flawless for the close-up.

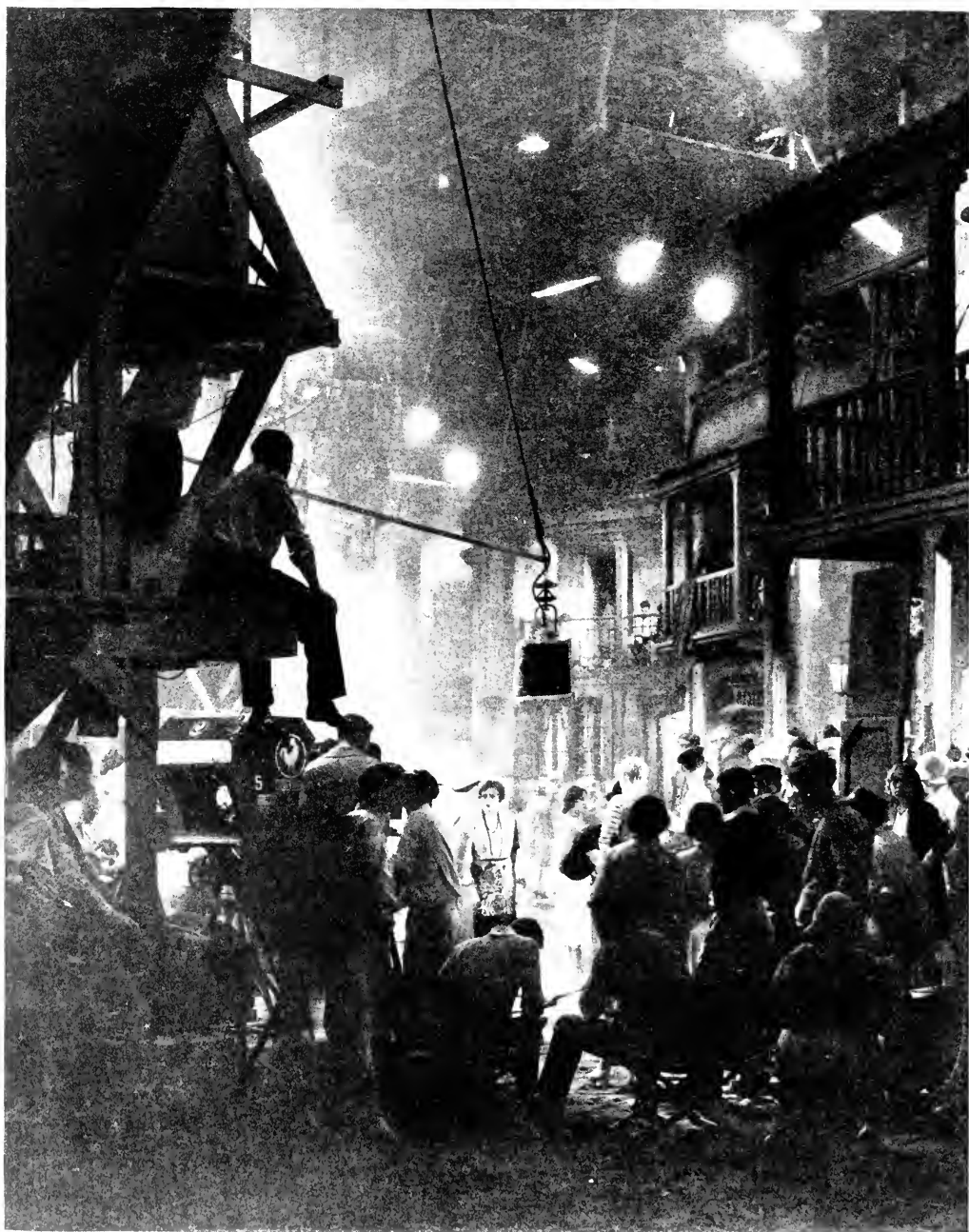
You will be delighted with Lux Toilet Soap, too. With the fresh smoothness it gives your skin, with its fragrant, generous lather. Use it for your bath and for your shampoo, too. Here's luxury such as you have found only in the finest French soaps! Order several cakes—today.



BETTY BRONSON, both at home and on location, cares for her ravishingly lovely skin with Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "It certainly keeps my skin charmingly smooth and soft!"

Photo by Steichen, Hollywood

LUX Toilet Soap *Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢*



SOUND, atmosphere, color on a great talkie set! The demon microphone has the place of honor—actors, directors, cameramen all play second fiddle to its majesty. Art-producing machinery dominates the vivid scene. The actors—Marjorie Rambeau and Phillips Holmes—in a scene for “Her Man”

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE...SO QUICKLY



"So you're a saxophone player, eh? Well... make me weep! Do your stuff," said the vaudeville booker, Rudy did! And fame caressed him. The whole public succumbed in two short years.

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RUDY VALLÉE

Two years ago he stepped into the spot-light on a little cafe floor and crowned a song called "Deep Night." Today deep night on Broadway sees his name blazed in electric signs.

...

It wasn't the cut of his clothes... or the break of his luck. This youngster just naturally delivered something that the public wants!

Just so OLD GOLD cigarettes have grown from a baby brand to a giant brand in record time... because they delivered a new enjoyment... they thrilled the taste and comforted the most sensitive throat.

Better tobaccos...that's why they win.



On March 7, 1927, OLD GOLDS were introduced in Illinois. Today, the city of Chicago alone smokes nearly 3,000,000 daily.

BETTER TOBACCOS... "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

The glorious flavor of
PEP

The healthfulness of
BRAN

in these

**BETTER
BRAN FLAKES**

SAIL ALONG with breezy pep. Start the day with vim and zest. Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes will help you.

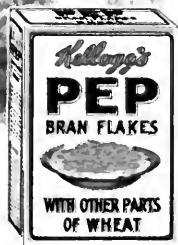
No other cereal is like them. These crisp, sun-brown flakes are full of the famous flavor of PEP. Rich with the nourishing goodness of whole wheat. Healthful. They contain just enough bran to be mildly laxative — to help keep you feeling fit.

At the first spoonful, you'll agree that Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are delicious—a wonderful cereal. At the last spoonful you'll vote them the *best bran flakes* you ever tasted.

You'll want Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes often. For breakfast. For lunch. Children love their peppy flavor.

Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

IMPORTANT—Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. ALL-BRAN—another Kellogg product—is all bran and guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation.



Kellogg's
PEP
BRAN FLAKES



Fifi Dorsay serves "French" fried chicken for her formal luncheons

"Nothing Left on the Plates!"



Louise Dresser knows the proof of a good dinner is in the eating

HAVEN'T you often served what seemed to you just a plain, ordinary meal and been totally unprepared for the praise and appreciation of your family and guests? Louise Dresser (in private life, Mrs. Jack Gardner) has a favorite dinner menu like that. And she says about it: "No matter how often I serve it, nothing is ever left on any of the plates." Surely there is no warmer praise, no greater assurance of a meal's success, than that! Here is the menu:

Fruit Cocktail

Broiled English Mutton Chop with Kidney Sliced Beets
New Potatoes, Boiled Baked Spinach with Rice

Vanilla Ice Cream with Chocolate Sauce Pound Cake

Demi-tasse

Miss Dresser prefers a plain fruit cocktail and suggests diced pineapple, peaches, pears and maraschino cherries. The mutton chops should be cut thick. New beets are especially tasty, sliced thin and served with butter sauce.

The spinach recipe is as follows:

Wash the spinach thoroughly until there is no trace of sand. Cook in covered pot without adding any water.

Cook rice in double boiler, and when done rinse carefully in cold water so that each kernel is separate.

Chop spinach very fine, add to rice, put in baking dish with butter, salt and pepper, and bake fifteen minutes.

FIFI DORSAY'S menu for a formal luncheon is also a simple one—easy to prepare and serve:

Fruit Cocktail
Fried Chicken, Green Peas
Lettuce with French Dressing
Pineapple Sherbet
Coffee

Miss Dorsay, like Miss Dresser, favors a plain fruit

cocktail to start the meal. She prefers to leave out the frills and confine her menu to the fundamentals of a satisfying, healthful luncheon.

She, too, says that her guests rarely leave anything but the bones to be scraped from their plates. And, being a French girl, Fifi knows that is important to the housekeeper. French cooks are noted for the excellence of their food, but the true French housewife is also proud of her thrifty methods.

I ASKED Winnie Lightner for the recipes for her two famous salads. They are so very tasty and so different from the usual salads that I knew you would want to try them. Winnie wrote them right out for me, so here they are:

The first recipe serves six people. It hasn't any name, so we'll just call it

Winnie Lightner's Salad

1 can kidney beans
1 onion
½ stalk of celery

1 bottle sweet pickles
2 hardboiled eggs
Pimentos

Chop pickles, onion, eggs, celery and pimentos very fine in a mixing bowl. Add the whole beans. Mix well with mayonnaise, which has been thinned with vinegar. Chill thoroughly and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Winnie's Italian Salad

1 can large sardines
2 hardboiled eggs
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 cube garlic
1 onion, or its juice

Chop eggs, garlic and onion thoroughly together in mixing bowl. Mash the sardines and add. Then add vinegar and oil, mixing well. Chill, and serve over quarters of head lettuce, endive or romaine lettuce.

This recipe is for four servings.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

LAST CALL!



Voting for
the Best Picture
of 1929 Closes
Oct. 1st

LAST call for votes on the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award for the best motion picture of 1929!

All votes must be in the office of PHOTOPLAY by October 1st. Votes received after that date will not count.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is the only award in the world of motion pictures going direct from the film fans to the producer.

Each year PHOTOPLAY presents a gold medal to the producer of the motion picture deemed the nearest ideal by its readers. Back in 1920 the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal was devised by James R. Quirk, publisher and editor of PHOTOPLAY, as the best method to encourage the production of better films.

Look over the list of past awards on this page before you cast your vote.

Be sure that it goes to a picture worthy of standing with these nine great films.

Remember that the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor was designed as a reward for the producer making the best picture of the year in points of story, acting, direction and photography.

More than all else, PHOTOPLAY wishes its readers to consider the ideals and motives governing its production. Also, consider the worth of its dramatic message.

Two things make the 1929 award notable. First, it is the tenth annual presentation of the medal. Second, it will probably go for the first time to a talking picture—that amazing product of the newest art whose full development has come only since the last Medal was awarded.

A list of fifty important pictures released during 1929 is appended. It is not necessary, of course, for you to select one of these. You may vote for any picture released during 1929.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.

Winners of Photoplay Medal

- 1920
"Humoresque"
- 1921
"Tol'able David"
- 1922
"Robin Hood"
- 1923
"The Covered Wagon"
- 1924
"Abraham Lincoln"
- 1925
"The Big Parade"
- 1926
"Beau Geste"
- 1927
"7th Heaven"
- 1928
"Four Sons"

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 1929.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1929

<i>Alibi</i>	<i>Gold Diggers of Broadway</i>	<i>Saturday Night Kid, The</i>
<i>Blackmail</i>	<i>Hallelujah</i>	<i>Shopworn Angel, The</i>
<i>Broadway</i>	<i>Hollywood Revue of 1929</i>	<i>Show Boat</i>
<i>Broadway Melody, The</i>	<i>In Old Arizona</i>	<i>Sins of the Fathers</i>
<i>Bulldog Drummond</i>	<i>Iron Musk, The</i>	<i>Sunny Side Up</i>
<i>Canary Murder Case, The</i>	<i>Kiss, The</i>	<i>Sweetie</i>
<i>Case of Lena Smith, The</i>	<i>Lady Lies, The</i>	<i>Taming of the Shrew</i>
<i>Close Harmony</i>	<i>Let, The</i>	<i>They Had to See Paris</i>
<i>Cock Eyed World, The</i>	<i>Love Parade, The</i>	<i>Thunderbolt</i>
<i>Coquette</i>	<i>Madame X</i>	<i>Trespasser, The</i>
<i>Dance of Life, The</i>	<i>Marianne</i>	<i>Trial of Mary Dugan, The</i>
<i>Desert Song, The</i>	<i>On with the Show</i>	<i>Virginian, The</i>
<i>Disraeli</i>	<i>Our Modern Maidens</i>	<i>Wearry River</i>
<i>Doctor's Secret, The</i>	<i>Pagan, The</i>	<i>Wild Orchids</i>
<i>Dynamite</i>	<i>Paris Bound</i>	<i>Woman of Affairs, A</i>
<i>Fashions in Love</i>	<i>Rio Rita</i>	<i>Young Nowheres</i>
<i>Four Feathers, The</i>		



Weep no more,
dear lady,
 for loveliness can be yours

The Saline Method brings glowing health, unblemished beauty

HOW well some women keep their youth and charm! How lustrous are their eyes, how clear and fresh their checks!

Have they found some secret aid to beauty—some rare cream or costly treatment? By no means! Like most other women, they diligently apply their cosmetics and their lotions. But the real key to their unblemished beauty and sparkling youth is one of nature's own. It is the secret of internal cleanliness, of caring for one's self not only from without, but from within.

And the best way of internal cleansing is by the saline method, with Sal Hepatica. For Sal Hepatica clears the system of poisons and of wastes. It

brings fresh bloom to the complexion.

Physicians, both the American and European, know full well the benefits of the saline method. Each year they send their patients to the famous spas and springs of Europe to drink the health-

giving saline waters. Thus, the fashionable women of the world, by taking this well-known "cure", clear their complexions and tone their systems.

Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your bloodstream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for rheumatism, indigestion, colds, constipation, etc.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to exuberant health and beauty.



★ ★ ★
 BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G90, 71 West St., N. Y.
 Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

★ ★ ★

Sal Hepatica

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

So This Is Gloria

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

she does, she goes with the entourage of an Oriental potentate.

She is very extravagant, even when she is broke.

When she got \$150 a week she signed contracts calling for payments of \$165 a week on installment purchases.

A salary raise finally helped her out of the dilemma.

She turned down a \$20,000 a week contract not so long ago and then went broke soon afterward.

She borrowed the money to hire a private railroad car for her return from New York to California.

She paid it back.

HER ancestry is Swedish, Polish, German and French and her father was in the United States army transport service. She was born in Chicago and now she's the Marquise de la Falaise et de la Coudray. She speaks French well and is studying Italian.

When she divorced Wally Beery she told a friend: "I'll never again marry a Westerner. Probably never again will I marry an American."

Then she married Herbert Somborn, a Western American.

But when she divorced Somborn, she kept her original pledge and married the Marquis.

At this writing, they're still married, but half a world separates them.

He has said: "*Sapristi!* I married a business man!"

She is generous, and does not forget old

friendships. Once Vera Reynolds got a part in a picture at Paramount in which Swanson was starring.

"Don't be surprised," was the warning some one gave Vera, "if Gloria cuts you, now that she's a star."

Gloria and Vera used to work together in Sennett days.

Vera was already on the set when Gloria swept in.

Everybody halted work and hushed for the queen.

Vera turned her back. A moment later, Swanson saw her, flung her arms around her and kissed her.

In Vera's big scene, Gloria turned her own back to the camera, giving Vera the whole screen.

Critics said: "Miss Reynolds stole this scene from Swanson." Vera says: "Gloria gave me the scene."

Swanson hates crowds. She is afraid of their mauling.

Once in New York at a première she had to follow, afoot, a mounted policeman's horse to get through a crowd.

She still remembers the embarrassment of having the horse back into her. In London, she made her way through dirty intercommunicating cellars and passages for two blocks to avoid a crowd outside her hotel.

IN Chicago, she had a half-hysterical fit when she regained the security of her automobile after being mobbed by a crowd of women while she was buying gloves at Field's. But

she'll get right into a crowd of thousands to see a football, polo or ice hockey game.

She is self-conscious and never forgives criticism.

Her closest friends are Virginia Bowker, whom she has known for fifteen years, and Lois Wilson.

She believes she is a keen judge of people, but she isn't.

She thinks she is a business man, but she has never proved it.

SHE is slow to anger and quick to laugh.

Once she opened a door suddenly and found a new servant peeping through the keyhole at her.

She thought it a huge joke and laughed. Later the servant found a new job.

She has very definite opinions of her own but is ready to change if she can be convinced she's wrong.

She would rather be argued with than yessed. She likes to play practical jokes and laughs when one is played on her.

Her one great passion in life is the advancement of Gloria Swanson. Long ago, she told a friend:

"I have gone through a long apprenticeship. I have gone through enough of being nobody. I have decided that when"—(she said when, not if)—"I am a star, I will be every inch and every moment the star! Everybody from the studio gateman to the highest executive will know it."

They do.



Making a talkie comedy on shipboard, Honolulu-bound! A deck scene on a big Pacific liner, with Harold Lloyd and his pretty leading lady, Barbara Kent, catching a snack of lunch for the camera. The picture is "Feet First." Passengers get a kick out of watching. That toy balloon covers the mike

You need this Penetrating Dentifrice

... to give your teeth the
kind of cleansing dentists recommend

Surface polishing only half cleans. Colgate's does more—it washes away decaying particles.

SURFACE polishing gives good-looking teeth. It keeps them white and attractive. Almost any toothpaste will scrub the tooth surface.

But Colgate's is different! It not only *polishes* teeth—it also *washes* them perfectly, flooding out the decaying particles from *between* the teeth and in the tiny crevices.

The extra action is due to the Colgate formula, which includes an ingredient that breaks into a sparkling foam. This foam bathes the teeth with active penetrating bubbles.

This lively foam goes where the ordinary sluggish toothpaste can't—into tiny fissures and spaces between the teeth.

Thus Colgate's does two things at one time—(1) its soft chalk polishes brilliantly (2) its penetrating foam loosens and washes away dangerous decaying particles.

Why be satisfied with a mere polishing dentifrice? By using Colgate's you not only maintain attractive white teeth, but you also protect the crevices by flooding out the embedded impurities.

This double action has made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

If you have not become acquainted with the superiority of Colgate's, mail coupon for free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

Colgate's comes in powder form for those who prefer it. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-605, P. O. Box 507, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....



Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains more toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.



Diagram showing the surface between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste having "high surface-tension" fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam having "low surface-tension" penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the tooth-brush cannot reach.

Meet the Press

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

boat. About her is the subtle and malicious aura of that *belle* but dangerous France. We go to lunch—I tripping carefully over all rugs and bumping into all tables and whatnots.

The food is served. La Damita talks in a lovely pidgin English, while I answer in eloquent French—"oui," "non," and "kees—papa!" Her beauty is Kolossal. "Wunderbar!" I murmur, forgetting the War. The press agent pours the conversation gently whenever it falls feebly into the fruit salad. Damita's mamma mumbles happily to herself.

Well, Damita's loveliness has its way. I feel like a golf ball lying on the first tee and looking helplessly up at Bobby Jones. I stutter. I get nervous indigestion. I bow, bumping into a stout lady with my Southern exposure. I rush back to the office and pour thousands of goofy adjectives over clean white paper.

I have met Lily Damita by the Semi-Private Method.

That, however, takes too long. Meeting the Press that way would take a star many months, and by the time she had met it all she would be fitted only for mother riles.

The favorite scheme is to divide the Press up into discreetly chosen phalanxes of ten or a dozen, and toss the poor girl to them, a bunch at a time.

This is called Meeting the Press by Mob. Now let me describe this way of introducing a foreign actress to the American picture-going public.

I am invited by telephone, and the hour is set at 4:30, the occasion being "tea." I put on my other necktie, seize my tea-time walking cane and taxi to the hotel, which is the Sherry-Netherlands, a mighty Fifth Avenue peak whose head is in the clouds and whose flagpole has nearly spiked more than one curious airman.

It is the sort of place which has sixty ornate flunkies in the lobby, all major generals in the Bulgarian Horse-Guards.

The lady I am to meet is Miss Evelyn Laye, a beautiful English blonde of the musical comedy stage. She has already delighted New York for a season in an operetta called "Bitter-Sweet," but to us of the cinema she is still largely an unconfirmed report. Now she is signed for Goldwyn pictures.

I am hosted to the thirty-fifth floor, several miles above the nursemaids and go-buggies of Central Park. There, in a suite covering the

entire floor, I find a dozen members of the Press—not yet met, but willing.

They all know each other—they've met each other and picture stars a hundred times before, and there is really little to say. They say it.

There they sit, twelve Gentlemen of the Press. Among them move two waiters, silently bulldozed by a head man. The waiters pour harmless tonics—celery salt, probably, or good mineral water with a dusky flavor. In another room stands a mountainous affair containing some 15,000 sandwiches—the size of silver dollars, as thick as a well-rubbed quarter, and very delicious when eaten seven at a crack. There are also delicious canapes of this and that, a hundred and fifty of which would make a good snack for Davey Lee. All this is traditional. Daintiness always rules in such matters.

Conversation languishes. We've all seen each other so often before. One new note is struck by the sudden appearance of the yachting editor of the *Gazette-Times-Clarion*—evidently under the impression that he is to interview Sir Thomas Lipton.

No Miss Laye. We sit, sip our tonics, speak in monosyllables and look out at the broiling human ants on sunny Fifth Avenue far below. Yes, we will have more celery tonic. And another toothful of anchovy paste, if you please. And all in whispers. It is now 5:15.

Pst! Miss Laye!

A slender, lovely blonde comes in, shepherded by the press agent. She looks a little tired, having been on a bicycle since landing. Introductions. She sits down in the center of the group, which shifts its tonic glasses and hems a bit. I rack my brain for a bright quip to open the ball. "How do you like American men?" or "How would you like a pint of honest British beer?" I give it up. I am horror-stricken to find that I haven't a thing to say to the Toast of London, and I am quite sure that she hasn't a note to pipe to me. I subside, appalled, and bury my prominent nose in the tonic.

MISS LAYE asks for tea, please. Consternation! No tonic?

She gets her tea, and sporadic conversation springs up. Things were fine in London when she left. Leone's is the grandest place in the world to eat—but (or because) few Americans have found it. British pictures are getting better.

It is a tough spot for the little girl. Twenty-

four eyes are fastened on her—the acknowledged stage beauty, the prize blonde baby doll of the theatrical season of 1929-1930. But she stands up like a little major, batting back what few conversational tennis balls are feebly served up to her. Yes, she is curious about Hollywood. She is not going to be grand out there. Just a small car. And no wild life. When one works hard one is hard enough put to it to look well before the public. She smiles. Yep—she certainly is pretty. Just a spot more of that tonic, if you don't mind!

AND so it goes—a little desperate conversation-making, a few senseless questions, a little amiable chit-chat, a dumb crack or two by the press boys—who are beginning to act as though they itch and are too genteel to scratch.

At 6:30, as though a temple gong had clanged, Miss Laye stands up. There is dressing to do, for dinner and a theater. With cheery greetings to all, she bows out, the lift descends, the Gentlemen of the Press are left hanging on the thirty-fifth floor.

The twelve of us go out and go down—some to dinner, some few to work, and the rest to search for more celery tonic at some private dispensary. Again, we have nothing to say to each other. No one has had much of anything to say to anyone else—from the most silent of the reporters to the star herself.

But another tradition has been followed. The Press Has Been Met, *en masse*. The proper thing has been done. It's hard on the actress and in some ways a little tough on the Press, but that's the way these mystic and wonderful movie rites are performed. Upstairs the waiters are bolting the rest of the sandwiches and perhaps touching up the tonic. On the hot sidewalk, we disperse.

Will anything come of it? Watch the papers. I am curious to know what the yachting editor will say. Probably that "a trim little sloop named Evelyn Laye slipped into port the other afternoon and hove to and tied up at the Sherry-Netherlands wharf."

Fame and fortune await some inspired press agent who will invent a new angle to the game of Meeting the Press—meet it sitting on a flagpole, or down a coal mine, or on board the Leviathan sailing for Europe, all expenses paid.

In the meantime, the dear old way will have to do. And it probably will, if the celery tonic holds out!

A Great Come-Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

with the contrast of the many weeks of bleak discouragement. He says he feels like a new face.

"In a way," he smiles, "my 'vacation' from the screen was lucky. I can say now that everything turned out for the best. I was off the screen when talkies came in. I missed the first crude experiments. Many stars were unable to last beyond the pioneer stage. I am making talkies now that they are so much nearer perfection."

Ben, obviously, is better fitted now for a successful screen career. He has never looked more handsome, nor has he been in better health—not even when he began his screen career several years ago. The night clubs no longer see him. The play boy of a few years back now leads the "sweet and simple."

It was during Ben's engagement to Marilyn Miller that he was working in New York. Marilyn was a famous Broadway star. Her day would not begin until after the evening performance was finished. Then a gay crowd would start out. Ben was always the life of the party.

He would get home at three or four in the morning, and then report at the studio at eight. He spent lavishly of his money, his health and his looks.

That's past. He's learned to save money. He guards his health, and he takes his career seriously.

At night, now, he studies up on lines for the next day, or plays bridge.

It is an interesting story, the romance of Bebe and Ben. They became friends at a crit-

ical time in their lives. Both of them were slipping down the ladder. It was before Bebe scored her sensational come-back in "Rio Rita" and while Ben was marking time on the Hughes picture of wartime aviation.

When Ben and Bebe were married everyone who knew them was sincerely happy. Their long friendship has endured through the more clouded times until today when both are again firmly established. Bebe and Ben understand each other and have many interests in common.

Ben will have several strong pictures, all appearing at practically the same time. And, of course, this summer will see "Hell's Angels" on the screens of the nation. Those who have seen the picture in preview have the highest praise for Ben's work. He has staged a glorious return!

PIERRE

Beauty adviser to smart New York warns . . .

“don't experiment with beauty”

Another famous beauty specialist approves Palmolive Soap for home cleansing of the skin

“WOMEN now and then have a mistaken notion that they should use no soap on the face,” says Pierre of New York. “‘The trouble,’ I reply in all such cases, ‘is that you are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive—a soap that is effective but gentle in its action.’”

Pierre speaks from experience. For over thirty years he has been one of New York's leaders of beauty culture. His smart modern salon, in the fashionable Plaza district on 57th Street, is visited by women of social distinction who entrust all their beauty problems to his expert care.

To them Pierre says: “Don't experiment with beauty. It is too precious. Use Palmolive Soap to keep your skin lovely.”

This preference expressed by the famous Pierre you will find is repeated by 23,720 leading experts all over the world. Of all cleansing agents, these experts find Palmolive safest and best for regular home use. And this is why.

Nature's finest cosmetic oils

There are certain oils which, for generations, have been proved the finest natural cleansers. These are olive oil and palm oil. And it is these oils of which Palmolive Soap is skilfully blended. This facial soap contains no free alkali to irritate sensitive skin. It is not artificially colored. It requires the addition of no heavy perfumes. No wonder experts advise its daily use. This is the treatment recommended:

With both hands massage rich Palmolive lather into the skin. Rinse with warm water, followed by cold. And now you're ready for make-up.

Just try that simple 2-minute treatment tomorrow. Use Palmolive for the bath, too. See how refreshing it is. Then you'll use it every day, as millions of others do. At 10 cents the cake it is the world's least expensive beauty treatment.



In a cosmopolitan city, and with a sophisticated clientele, Pierre has made for himself an enviable reputation as a beauty specialist. His salon occupies a prominent position on Fifty-Seventh Street, New York's street of superlatively smart shops. To this salon come many distinguished women for Pierre's valued counsel.



More than 23,700 beauty specialists in this country and abroad advocate home cleansing with Palmolive as a basis for professional treatments.

“It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing and delicate. They make a soap that is safe for sensitive skins. A soap that produces no harmful irritations, but leaves the skin smooth, clean and lovely.”



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NEW YORK CITY

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Who Said the Woman Pays?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

black velvet dinner gown and pearls. She carried a black velvet wrap with a high ermine collar. Wise girl, a beautiful blonde who knows the value of contrast. She also carried the corsage I sent her, and was trying to anchor it to a wisp of net at her shoulder.

"These are the loveliest orchids I have ever seen," she began. "They must be very rare; only I'm afraid I'm awfully extravagant."

They should be rare at six dollars an orchid. I sent three. They were beautiful. Deep white, shading to pale mauve at the very center.

Then to the Ritz for dinner. It sounds very lavish, and I'd be the last one to say that it wasn't. We dined in the Persian Garden on the roof. The place had a sort of home touch with Claire Windsor at the next table dining with Phil Plant, the millionaire ex-spouse of Constance Bennett. They seem to be that way about one another.

Of course I brought most of this on myself. Catherine had almost insisted that I have dinner at her home. But no, I would be a young man about town. King for a night, so to speak.

She deciphered the menu for me. It was in French and all I could remember was *petit pois*, which I didn't want, anyway. We started with melon, went from that to *consomme*, from there to *poilet*, which, I have on good authority, is nothing but chicken. We had cold asparagus for a salad course, and *demitasse*. My dears, it was nothing. Just \$15.45.

Catherine was apologizing about her gown. "You probably remember this from Hollywood," she explained. "It's my favorite dress. I bought it in Hollywood, and I can hardly be persuaded to wear anything else."

It seems that her maid has actually tried to hide it from her.

After buying a half interest in the Ritz we flagged a taxi. Some day I'd like to express myself on the New York taxi. I never expected to leave one alive. Catherine, being used to them, was calm and collected.

It's always a breathless experience crossing Times Square at theater time. All the theaters you've read about. All the electric signs you've seen in the movies. Right ahead of us was the Astor Theater, flashing "The Rogue Song." Away at the top of the sign was a huge picture of Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine. That picture is still a thrill to her.

of the first act. Entering the theater we saw Fanny Ward, still the eternal ingénue. Claire Windsor and Phil Plant had also come from dinner to the theater.

Phil Baker was the star, and he was going big. We left shortly before the show was over. Two gentlemen were doing considerable arm-waving in the lobby, trying to decide what was wrong with the production. I would have liked to arm-wave, too. But then, I had paid a scalper twenty dollars for two seats. Perhaps I was prejudiced.

From there we went out to the Casino, New York's swankiest and most expensive café, and in Central Park of all places. Leo Keisman's band, which dishes out the rhythm, is about the best I've heard. Across the hall in another ballroom was a picturesque Cuban tango band. We sort of gravitated from one room to the other, but we seemed to do better with the American steps.

There was another Hollywood touch at the Casino. Buddy Rogers was being very polite to a young Park Avenue debutante. Buddy admitted having a swell time in New York, but he wanted to come back to the Camera Coast.

I will always remember the Casino, partly because of the foreign lady who smoked long, black cigars, but mostly from the shock of getting the bill. Lemonade—\$12.85. That probably is the most expensive lemonade that ever dampened a tonsil. Whew! and lemonade isn't even fashionable in Hollywood.

It was two o'clock when the cab stopped at Catherine's apartment. I said goodnight at the elevator while the taxi meter placidly went on adding outside. I was leaving New York for the economies of Hollywood the next day. Catherine had two more weeks before she was to return to the Coast and a new picture.

After that evening I will always feel a very deep personal interest in Catherine. After all, I do have a \$75 equity!

But a century bill sees some awful reducing in that town. Hereafter I'll leave New York to the millionaire bootleggers.

BAD NEWS— AND HOW!	
Dinner.....	\$15.45
Theater.....	20.00
Casino.....	12.85
Corsage.....	18.00
Tips.....	5.00
Taxis.....	4.00
	<hr/>
	\$75.30

"I hope it impresses you as much as it does me," she laughed. "I've played in the New York theaters for six years, but that is the first time I've actually been on Broadway. Most of the theaters are just off Broadway."

After a few steps to try and find the location of the Majestic Theater, we finally got there. No taxi driver ever knows where anything is in New York. It's my private opinion that all the strangers are put to driving cabs.

A New York opening night has a different complexion from a Hollywood premiere. Not so much beauty, or so much swank. Nobody looks at the show, but they don't in Hollywood, either. The critics leave at the end of the first act, if it's bad, and at the end of the second act if it's good. At the opening of "Artists and Models" they left *before* the end

The Most Disliked Man in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

In fact, there is no shade of the color of life that he has not seen.

Ivan's intellectual life began early and he was keenly alive to impressions, deeply hurt by all he saw. How, then, has it affected him? What has it done to his mind? He will answer that for you. "I have now," he said, "a kindly, gentle, healthy, humorous *despise* for ninety per cent of the people in the world!"

And that is a deep seated cynicism, not the fake sort so prevalent in Hollywood. It is the result of intelligence subjected to horror. The qualifying adjectives before the word "despise" (his own, of course) take the attitude out of the dilettante class.

He has seen so much, has felt so much, has been so aware that it is a wonder there is an ounce of emotion left in him. And yet there is.

You wonder what this has to do with his being so disliked by men? There is a sturdy, sound reason. Men look at him and see the externals. They see a handsome face, slim, immaculately groomed body, a pair of dark eyes.

They feel the rest. They feel that kindly, humorous *despise*, that detached view he has toward life and they resent it.

Ivan could not be the good-pal sort. Men do not know what is going on behind his eyes. So they instinctively think the worst.

For Ivan is a beauty worshipper and a stigma is attached to any man who truly appreciates beauty. Above all else he hates the cheap, the vulgar. There is no point of contact between Ivan and the average man. He knows they resent him. Mind I say "average." He has many close men friends.

Yet he has been and continues to be a male Beatrice Fairfax. The very men who despise him do not hesitate to ask him for advice about women. Although ninety per cent of his fan mail comes from adoring *femmes*, the ten per cent of masculine letters seek his counsel. "What shall I do to make my girl care for me?"

Not long ago a pitiful fan letter was brought to his attention. It came from a gentleman whose *fiancee* had fallen in love with Ivan's shadow on the screen. The writer begged the actor to send the girl some personal matters.

Even in Hollywood his advice on matters of the heart is sought. The men who hate him know that he has seen more and lived more than they, perhaps, ever will.

It is difficult to catch the spirit of such a complex person as Ivan Ledebef. He is cynical, as I have said, basically cynical and yet, paradoxically, he is both romanticist and idealist. He misses none of the joys of life, none of life's beauties. And he is deeply thoughtful. No musical comedy count is Ivan, for he is the real thing, an aristocrat and, by the way, the last of his line.

He could have been, perhaps, as evil as Lucifer, but he has an innate desire to keep his hands clean, merely for his own personal satisfaction. And there is, within him, a deep revulsion for the sordid.

The adulation which is always given to an actor of his type means nothing to him since he has already known it. His contract with Radio Pictures, his great success in "Street Girl" and the great plans, starring plans, that the studio has for him, merely color his experiences. Yet he takes his work seriously.

He is amused at everything he sees about him and he takes people for what they are, expects nothing from them and is, therefore, never disappointed. The most hated man in Hollywood is one of the most charming. Hated people usually are!

PARIS BEAUTY EDITOR •

tells how to cultivate **LOVELY HANDS**
on less than **5 MINUTES A DAY**



CAMILLE DUGUET

Directrice of Chiffons,

smart French magazine, says:

NOW, HAPPILY, the busiest woman can always have exquisitely cared for hands. She can have them easily, too . . . thanks to the wonderful modern manicure preparations. Among these is the new Liquid Polish that gives the finger tips a crystal brilliance—miraculously lasting!

"Fashionable women everywhere are using it because of its four advantages. First, it shortens the manicure. Second, just one application keeps the finger tips sparkling the whole week through. Third, it does not make the nails brittle. Fourth, it acts as a splendid protection for the nails.

"Every woman who wishes to be truly smart should give her nails this simple daily care. Scrub them in warm soapy water. Mould the cuticle with a cotton-wrapped orange stick saturated with cuticle remover. Then with fresh cotton, freshly saturated, cleanse the under-nail tips. Repeat this motion with dry cotton, and rinse the hands in clear water."

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. *Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser*—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips. Scrub nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, around base of each nail. With fresh cotton—freshly saturated—cleanse under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. *Cutex Liquid Polish protects and flatters the nails.* Remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Unlike many polish removers, it has none of the oiliness that necessitates rinsing. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish. Then use a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tips.

Cutex Liquid Polish (Natural, Colorless, Rose) and Polish Remover, 35¢ each. Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, 35¢.

Cutex Perfumed Liquid Polish in 3 smart shades—Coral, Cardinal, Garnet, 35¢ each. Perfumed Liquid and Polish Remover together, 60¢. Other Cutex Preparations, 35¢. NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS



At the BEAUTY SALON of PARK LANE, New York, they say, "Cutex Liquid Polish is insisted upon by our clientele. They also insist on Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser for trim cuticles and immaculate nail tips!"



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191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢ . . .

The Private Life of Greta Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Spanish and Italian. There was a broad, low couch in front of the fireplace where Greta loved to lie and watch the crackling logs. There was only one picture in the room. That stood all by itself on a table in one corner. It was a large photograph of her brother.

"Her bedroom was on the ground floor. It had heavy walnut furniture. The bed, low and wide, stood upon a raised platform in the center of the room.

"She had hung several heavily embroidered Chinese robes on the wall. Numerous Chinese idols, from tiny affairs to one at least a foot high, stood all about her room.

"There was one on her bedside table of which she was especially fond.

"Greta's house was luxurious; quite a contrast to her clothes, which were generally plain. I have seen her but once in evening clothes. That was at Pickfair, at Mary Pickford's party for Prince George of England. Her escort was Jack Gilbert.

"Garbo recently moved into Marie Prevost's house, not far from the one she left, but the street cars, though several blocks away, annoy her.

"She is looking for a place at Brentwood, where the breeze comes fresh and clean right from the ocean."

"DO you remember the Christmas dinner you and your wife and I had out at Garbo's?" asked Sorensen, turning to John.

"I couldn't forget it, or the shopping expedition we four went on the day before Christmas," he laughed.

"First we went to one of the little knock-knack stores on Hollywood Boulevard. Greta was having a lot of fun buying 'jokes,' as she called them.

"She had selected a pair of ladies' garters for her business manager, Harry Edington, and some funny little ties for Feyder, when a woman took hold of her arm and whispered, 'Miss Garbo, I think you are wonderful!'"

"All the laughter went out of Greta. She seemed to freeze. Turning to me she said, in German:

"'What does this good woman want of me?' and quickly added in an undertone, 'Let's get out of here.' That was the end of our shopping in that store.

"We passed a little candy shop and Greta went into ecstasies over a chocolate candy kewpie doll that stood in the window. 'Look at its fat little tummy! Isn't it cute! I must have it!' she exclaimed.

"But the owner of the shop declared it was not for sale. The doll had been made for their window display and there was no other. It still stands in the same window on Hollywood Boulevard.

"I wonder what would have become of it had Garbo been able to buy it.

"AS it was about two o'clock we crossed over to Musso-Frank's for lunch. Greta ordered a steak, French fried potatoes and a bottle of near beer.

"She usually eats a square meal and enjoys her food thoroughly.

"After lunch we walked down to a Chinese shop. That day she bought several long, heavily embroidered strips of satin to be hung on a wall. She selected two beautifully carved wooden dragons. Then she started bargaining over a couple of carved Buddhas. She went out of the shop and returned three times before she finally bought them. As we walked away she said, laughingly: 'You have to do it or they will cheat you every time.'

"Greta had her house decorated with holly and poinsettias on Christmas. The heavy vel-

vet draperies at the windows were tightly drawn and candles burned everywhere.

"Quite naturally, Garbo likes Swedish cooking. Her dinner was typically Swedish. It started with *smörgåsbord*, which takes the place of *hors d'oeuvres* in Sweden. There were twenty-two different dishes on that side table in the dining room. I know, for I counted them myself. All kinds of fish, pickled, dried and smoked. Several kinds of imported Swedish cheese—delicious hot dishes—tiny omelets—I can't recall them all. I think I sampled every one.

"After that came Greta's favorite dish, roast goose.

"There were vegetables, salad and Swedish bread. The dessert was Swedish apple cake.



Another studio displays its "new Garbo." Paramount uncorked Marlene Dietrich, and now Radio Pictures unleash this handsome young lady. She is a Russian, by name Katya Sorina, and came from Leningrad to dance on the New York concert stage

"After dinner Garbo passed around a glass of *achavitch*—a bit of pre-war Swedish liquor that some admirer had given her. It was like drinking liquid fire.

"Let's all go for a swim,' our hostess challenged. Everyone dived into the pool. It is a wonder that all of us didn't die of cramps after that big dinner."

"The *achavitch* saved us," laughed Sorensen. "Greta got a great kick out of going for a swim on Christmas day.

"Something worth writing home about,' she called out."

MENTION of Sweden started us talking about Miss Garbo's trip home last year.

"Things weren't the same to her," said Sorensen. "You know they never are after you have been away nearly four years. Most of her friends had married and many had moved away. One or two had died. Her sister, Alva, was no longer there to greet her.

"Alva was a beautiful girl, the youngest in the family. She looked much like Garbo, only she was snaller. Her complexion was like a rose leaf. Her lips the color of carmine, without the aid of lipstick. She was all sparkle and fun.

"Alva had made several pictures and was

very popular. One day she was injured in the breast in an automobile accident. In three months she was dead of cancer.

"GRETA'S brother is the oldest of the children—about thirty-two, I should say. He, too, resembles his sister, or she resembles him. And he, too, has been successful both on the stage and screen. After the world-wide fame of his sister, the company for whom he worked insisted on billing him as Sven Gustafsson-Garbo.

"Greta is devoted to this brother and her mother. She gives them every luxury. But I doubt if she will ever be contented to settle down in Stockholm again.

"Shesays, 'It is not like it used to be. Now my own people stare at me and follow me about the streets. There is not peace anywhere, it seems. Even they gossip about me. Ridiculous stories about my love affairs in Hollywood. Gossip goes on everywhere, I suppose.'"

"Greta has one burning ambition. It is to go on the stage in Berlin, Paris, Vienna, London. She wants to do heavy drama. I firmly believe that if she ever does she will be a second Bernhardt," said John.

"I believe that when her contract is up, in two years, Hollywood will have seen the last of her. Garbo generally does what she really wants to do, and she wants this more than anything else in the world."

"You know she has a splendid, deep, singing voice. Garbo loves music. She will play her phonograph for hours, especially some Swedish records which I brought her from Stockholm," added Sorensen.

"She likes Lake Arrowhead this time of year, for it is not crowded. The mountains and water always appeal to her. Last year she took a trip all by herself through Yosemite. Few people recognized her. She registered under the name of Norin. She wore colored glasses, pulled her hat down over her eyes, and rode and walked all over the place.

"Funny thing—she will never go horseback riding with any of us, even my wife, of whom she is genuinely fond," said John. "We have met her several times out at Bel Air where she usually rides. She looks very smart in her riding breeches and soft silk shirts. I thought she rode very well. Do you ever go with her, Sorensen?"

"I COULDN'T go with her if she asked me! You will laugh when I tell you why. I have horse fever. Not hay fever, but horse fever. Whenever I smell 'horse' my eyes water, my nose runs and I commence to sneeze and sneeze. It is quite horrible.

"We were down at 'La Quinta,' a desert hotel early this winter. Greta loved to get on a spirited horse and gallop over the smooth sand. One day a cowboy, who had charge of the stables, came into the lobby to talk to Garbo about her favorite mount. I immediately smelled 'horse.' Between sneezes I implored him to leave the room. He thought I was crazy. Greta laughed so hard she almost fell out of her chair."

"Greta loved to come to Malibu Beach, when we had a cottage down there last summer," said John. "At that time she and my wife met nearly every day to work on the German version of 'Anna Christie,' which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted Garbo to do after the picture was made in English. Garbo wasn't satisfied with the original German script and these two, Garbo and my wife, were rewriting it.

"Garbo always took a long walk up and down the beach in the late afternoon and then a swim for a half hour. She never missed watch-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Even a Queen couldn't get away with it

NEVER more would Nahid, loveliest of the Ruman princesses, see the face of Darab, King of Kings.

He had stormed her Father's Province to woo and wed her. Now, by his command, she was leaving the great palace, a cast-off.

Oh, the ignominy of it, the disgrace, the heart-break. For in the brief months that followed their marriage she had come to love this bold, relentless warrior who had swept through Persia, bending Province after Province to his power, to make her his Queen.

With saddening clearness the memory of her wedding day came back to her . . . it seemed but yesterday . . . the golden litter in which she rode, a jeweled crown upon her head . . . the great nobles that escorted her, each with a gift . . . the camels weary beneath their burden of rich brocades and carpets . . . sixty bridesmaids in her train, each with a golden goblet in her hand filled with the royal jewels . . .

How happy she had been. Now like a criminal scourged from the city, she was being sent back to her Father. For Darab had found her breath not sweet. It was the one flaw in her loveliness. But it was the flaw Darab could not overlook or forgive.

CHAPTER IV OF THE SHAHNAME, FIRDAUS'S GREAT EPIC HISTORY OF PERSIA, DESCRIBES NAHID'S TRAGEDY THUS:

"She was sleeping * * *

All gems and colour, scent and loveliness,
But verily her breathing was not sweet,
And grew disgusting to the king of kings,
Who shrank and turned his head away from her
Upon the couch because her breath was foul.
The monarch of Iran was grieved thereof,
His mind was troubled, and his soul all care.
They summoned skillful leeches to Nahid,
And one of them, a shrewd and prudent man,
Examined till he found a remedy—
A herb whereby the gullet is inflamed,
Called in Ruman tongue 'iskandar.' This
He rubbed upon the palate of the queen,
And caused her eyes to water lustily.
The fever fled away, her palate burned,
Her face shone like brocade; but though the Fair
Was sweet as musk, Darab had ceased to love her.
The monarch's heart turned coltly from his bride,
And so he sent her back to Failakus, * * *"

That was in 120 B. C.—two thousand and fifty years ago. Today, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is still the unforgivable social fault, the offense extraordinary.



"AND SO HE SENT HER BACK TO FAILAKUS, * * *"

THE insidious thing about it is that its presence is usually unknown to its victim. Furthermore, halitosis is widespread; indeed, few escape it for the simple reason that conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise at almost any time in the mouth.

Among its commoner causes are decaying or poorly cared for teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, temporary digestive derangements caused by excesses of eating or drinking, and minor infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The one way of making sure that your breath is beyond suspicion is to gargle with full strength Listerine every morning and every night and between times before meeting others. Because of its germicidal* power, Listerine first strikes at the cause of odors,

then overcomes the odors themselves. Even such hard-to-efface scents as those of onion and fish yield quickly to it. Keep Listerine handy in home and office. And carry it with you when you travel. It puts you on the safe, polite, and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Though non-poisonous, safe and healing in action, full strength Listerine is at the same time a swift and powerful germicide. Repeated tests show that it kills even such stubborn organisms as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the Bacillus Catarrhalls (catarrh), and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest killing time accurately recorded by science).—Advertisement

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Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips. It is like a glow from within... a blush so natural that it seems a part of the lips. And Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial.

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The Private Life of Greta Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

ing the sun sink behind the ocean. "Such a wonderful sight," she would say. Often she would sit all alone for nearly an hour watching the waves break.

"We had no maid down there and Greta would go in the kitchen and help my wife cook a steak or fry ham and eggs. After dinner, we all did the dishes together and then went into the living room, lighted the logs in the big fireplace, and sat about and talked. Around nine o'clock she was ready to go home.

"MY wife thinks Garbo is one of the finest girls she has ever known. There is no pose or pretence about her. She likes a pauper as well as a prince. Strangers, even though they are world famous, mean nothing to her.

"One day my friend, Clive Brook, 'phoned. 'I know this is rather a funny thing to ask of you, John, but Ramsay MacDonald, Jr., is in town, you know, and he is most anxious to meet Greta Garbo. Knowing that you are a friend of hers I thought you might be able to fix it up!'

"I answered that I would be glad to do it if I could, but knew that it would be useless even to ask. Clive said, 'Well, after all, it really doesn't matter, for he will meet her at the dinner that M-G-M is giving for him the last of the week!'

"In a day or so someone at the studio finally got Garbo on the telephone. When asked to attend the dinner to be given for the son of the prime minister of Great Britain, she replied, 'I'm sorry. I can't. I'm sick,' and click went the receiver.

"She really suffers when among strangers. She declares that she will go out with them no more. It is a fact that she cannot act with strange people watching her on the set.

"Garbo sincerely wishes that the public would let her alone. She feels that after she gives all that she has to a picture she is entitled to this freedom. She doesn't understand that an actress cannot crawl back into a shell after she has taught the world to worship her.

"She gets literally thousands of fan letters and never answers any of them. It would be impossible for her to read them all. She only reads those with foreign stamps.

"Right now, she is getting letters from Swedes all over the world, criticizing her for playing the part of a 'bad woman' in 'Anna Christie.' 'You will make the whole world think that all Swedish girls are bad' is the gist of these complaints. 'Why did you pick out such a part?' they ask.

"Of course, this is unfair. In the first place, Garbo doesn't choose the pictures she is to play in. Secondly, an actress is called upon to play all sorts of characters. And because a picture shows up one poor Swedish girl as 'bad' is no reason why all of them should be classed as such. Greta laughs at that sort of letter," said John.

Both Sorensen and Loder agree that Mauritz Stiller was the one and only great love in Greta Garbo's life.

She still mourns for the man who started her to fame in pictures.

It is easy to see that Sorensen is infatuated with Garbo, but he knows that there is not a chance for him. He is satisfied to pal around with her. No doubt, she is glad to have one of her countrymen, whom she likes, always at her command.

But Sorensen is not a prince, neither is he a childhood sweetheart. He is the son of a millionaire box manufacturer of Sweden. The family residence is in Stockholm. He says he first met Greta while she was attending the Royal Dramatic School in his home town. He knew her sister and knows her brother and mother well.

"I neither wanted to sell boxes nor make them," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "So I was trained for the diplomatic service. But I am only twenty-four years old, the same age as Garbo. I am not ready to settle down. When Greta told me so many intriguing tales about Hollywood and the film colony, I was determined to come over and see what it was all about. A friend of my father, the head of a big steamship company, presented me with a round trip ticket to California via South America.

"The trip took fifty-five days. It was three weeks before we made our first stop. All of us on board started out as strangers. Before the journey was over, we were a little world all of our own, with scandals, love affairs, jealousies and quarrels going on between us.

"When the boat docked at San Diego, the captain asked me to send Miss Garbo a telegram inviting her to come to dinner on shipboard upon our arrival in San Pedro. She did. Some reporters got hold of that telegram and I was besieged by interviewers.

"I FLATLY denied that I knew Garbo or that I had sent the message. As they had nothing to write about me they put in a long article about the 'Valentino of Sweden.' This gave Garbo and me a lot of laughs.

"I have not been outside of California and I am looking forward to crossing the United States and seeing New York. I will probably be seeing it soon, as my passport expires in September and I expect to sail from that port.

"I enjoyed the bit of directing I did as assistant to Jacques Feyder. I think I would enjoy work behind the camera but never before it. As I said before, I do not know what I want to do.

This is Garbo's supposed prince—the mythical sweetheart of her childhood. He is really a nice young lad who has travelled thousands of miles to be near the lady of his heart. He, himself, has no idea of what will become of him.

NEXT month I am going to tell you, in PHOTOPLAY, of the remarkable couple who managed Greta Garbo's first home in Hollywood, for in a community of unusual people, hers is the most unusual of all lives; of Garbo's lonely, strange, and almost weird manner of living; of Garbo's adventures in outwitting people who tried to force themselves upon her; and of the one, silver-framed photograph of a man that adorns her dressing table.

It is positively the only story ever told of the real private life of this famous woman.

Do These Three Things to have strong, healthy teeth

Eat the proper food; use Pepsodent twice daily; see your dentist twice a year. That is the ultimate as modern science sees it.

1

Follow the diet below



From one to three eggs, depending on age of individual.

Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.



Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.



1/2 lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.

One quart of milk every day.



2

Use Pepsodent twice a day



3

See your dentist twice a year



A PROMINENT professor of a large university finds that the natural resistance to decay and gum disorders can be greatly built up by the proper diet. The most common ages of tooth decay are during the period of growth. Here is the diet he recommends for you and your family, depending upon age for the quantity.

Do these things

Every day one quart of milk; eggs; head lettuce, cabbage or celery; lemon juice mixed with orange juice, and as much raw fruit or fresh vegetables as you like.

Every day, too, you must remove



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from your teeth a cloudy film that coats them. Film is that slippery coating you can feel with your tongue. It sticks like glue and ordinary brushing fails to remove it effectively. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It turns teeth dull and dingy.

Your dentist will tell you that when Pepsodent removes film from teeth it plays an important part in the prevention of decay and other troubles.

Eat the proper food. Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year. That is the surest way modern authorities know to lovely, healthy teeth.

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They asked the most questions about him this month

GARY COOPER, acclaimed so highly for his work in "The Virginian" and "The Texan," goes to war in his latest picture. It is "The Man from Wyoming," and he goes to France to fight. June Collyer is his leading lady.

LUPE VELEZ, despite all rumors and denials, still seems to be Gary's favorite flower.

JOHN BOLES is married to Marcelite Dobbs and has two cute little daughters. Arthur Lake and Dorothy Sebastian are each 25 years old. Mary Brian stands 5 feet, 2 inches, and weighs 109 pounds.

NINA MAY MCKINNEY played the part of the little flapper in "Hallelujah."

NANCY CARROLL put her first big dramatic rôle over with a bang. Her work in "The Devil's Holiday" added legions of fans to her already large following. Nancy was born in New York City just 23 years ago. She has red hair and blue eyes. Married to Jack Kirkland and has one small daughter. Her next picture will be "Laughter," in which Frederic March is the hero.

HELEN (POOP-PA-DOOP) KANE is a native of the Bronx, New York. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 117 pounds. Confesses to 22 years of age. She was christened Helen Schoder.

WILLIAM HAINES has gone "Western," and how! His latest picture is "Way Out West." Leila Hyams bosses the ranch in this picture.

RUDY VALLÉE'S ancestors on his father's side were French and on his mother's Irish.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S latest big "Love 'em and Marry 'em" rôle is in "Our Blushing Brides."

DAVID MANNERS—another favorite topic this month. David hails from Halifax, Nova Scotia. He is 28 years old, 6 feet tall. His latest release is "Sweet Mama." Alice White is the "Mama" in question.

WILLIAM POWELL is divorced from his wife, Eileen Wilson. They have one young son.

BEN TURPIN has been looking at the "cock-eyed world" for the last 56 years. He is appearing in vaudeville at this writing.

NANCY DREXEL, cute blonde of 20 years, is a product of lil' Old New Yawk. She is 5 feet, 2 inches; tips the scales at 100 pounds and has brown eyes.

JOE E. BROWN, of the elastic pan, is about 38 years old. He is married and has two sons.

Questions & Answers

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

DOROTHY MACKAILL, a gift from Hull, England, was born March 4, 1904. She is 5 feet, 5; weighs 112 pounds. Has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Divorced Lothar Mendes, director, in August, 1928.

RICHARD ARLEN, in private life, Richard Van Mattemore, is a native of Charlottesville, Va. He is 31 years old, 5 feet, 11½ inches tall, and weighs 155. Has dark brown hair and blue-gray eyes. Married to Jobyna Ralston.

BUDDY ROGERS' kid brother, Bh, has now been christened Bruce. He is under contract to Paramount.

JOHN BARRYMORE did his own oratory work in "General Crack." Alice White is 23 years old and still single.

DAVEY LEE travels under his own monicker. None of the Lee girls are related to him. Just to prove it—Lila Lee was formerly Augusta Appel; Dixie was Billie Wyatt; Dorothy was Marjorie Millsap and Gwen was Gwendolyn LePinski.

JACK OAKIE, pronounced *Oh-Key*, will be 27 years old in November. He is still fancy free.

GARY COOPER, the lanky boy from Helena, Montana, is 29 years old. His altitude record is 6 feet, 2 inches. He made his first big hit in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," by playing the part of *Abe Lee*.

BOB STEELE, favorite of many "Westerns,"



They asked the most questions about her this month

played a dual rôle in "Laughing at Death."

RAMON NOVARRO'S latest offering is "The Singer of Seville." Ramon has been in pictures since 1917.

NILS ASTHER'S latest is "The Sea Bat." It's Nils' first talkie.

REX INGRAM is Alice Terry's first and present husband. They were married in 1921.

JAMES KIRKWOOD was married to Gertrude Robinson in 1916. They were divorced in 1923. Lila Lee, his second wife, has just divorced him. They have one son about 6 years old.

EL BRENDAL was the funny Swiss in "Sunny Side Up." And he hails from Philadelphia, Penna.

RALPH GRAVES wrote the original stories of "Flight" and "Submarine" as well as acted in them.

DOROTHY JORDAN, according to the height and weight record, is 5 feet, 2, and weighs 100 pounds; Claudette Colbert, 5 feet, 4; 105 pounds; Fay Wray, 5 feet, 3; 114 pounds, and Bernice Claire, 5 feet, 2½; 116 pounds.

MARJORIE WHITE, that little bundle of pep, is just 4 feet, 10½ inches tall. She hails from Winnipeg, Canada.

INEZ COURTNEY and Frank Albertson were the cute youngsters who played in "Spring Is Here." Larry Gray and Alexander Gray, not related, were also in the picture.

JOAN CRAWFORD was contributed to the screen by Texas. Among other stars from that state are Mary Brian, Corinne Griffith, John Boles, James Hall, Bebe Daniels and cowboy Tom Mix.

LEW AYRES portrayed the rôle of *Paul* in "All Quiet on the Western Front." David Manners was *Raleigh* in "Journey's End."

KAY FRANCIS is just 5 feet, 5 inches tall. She claims Oklahoma City as her home town.

JAMES KIRKWOOD had the male lead in "The Wise Guy." H. B. Warner played the part of *Stephen Sorrell* in "Sorrell and Son." Many fans mistook H. B. for Lewis Stone in that picture.

CHESTER MORRIS first saw the light in New York City, February 16, 1902. He is 5 feet, 9; weighs 148 pounds. Has dark brown hair and gray eyes. He is married to Suzanne Kilborn and has one young son. And another young visitor is expected soon!

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 110, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

Clear, soft, skin

IF YOU USE MY HEALTH BRINGING METHOD



LET MY MANNEQUIN AND HER SIX STARS PROVE THAT

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

by **Frances Ingram**

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

Of all the beauty questions my daily mail brings, the most frequent is this, "How shall I keep my skin clean, clear and free of blemishes?"

And I am always elated to answer this question! For my Milkweed Cream is remarkable for the way it cleanses and clarifies the complexion.

The Milkweed method is simplicity itself, for every application of my cream does more, far more, for the health of your skin than any other cream possibly can. While its delicate oils cleanse the pores of impurities—its special toning ingredients act as a marvelous corrector of skin faults. Blemishes and aging lines are defeated and swiftly your complexion becomes clear, soft and altogether lovely.

Here is my special method: At the six places starred on my mannequin, scrutinize your skin for blemishes and coarseness, for lines and wrinkles. You will know then

exactly where the health of your skin needs my cream.

Begin Tonight with this Swift Sure Method

First, apply Milkweed Cream generously upon your skin (preceded by bathing with warm water and pure soap if your skin is oily). Leave the cream on for a few moments to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and lighter film of Milkweed Cream and with upward and outward strokes pat gently into the skin at the six places starred on my mannequin.

Under the care of this special method, your skin will improve wonderfully—soon it will have the silky softness and clarity that are the rightful attributes of health. You will find Milkweed Cream at any drug or department store. It sells for 50¢, \$1.00 and \$1.75.



INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-90, 108 Washington St., N.Y.C.
Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



Ever see Claire Windsor look younger and prettier than this? She's dashing at us down the sand at a Long Island beach club. Phil Plant, Connie Bennett's ex, is now her beau

Rushes have revealed that Jim Tully has a voice at least as high-pitched as his!

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SR., and Jack Whiting were both under consideration for parts in the same picture.

The senior Fairbanks, as everyone knows, is the father of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., while young Whiting is his step-papa, having recently married Beth Sully Fairbanks, mother of Doug, Jr.

Joan Crawford, who has appeared in "Our Dancing Daughters," "Our Modern Maidens" and "Our Blushing Brides," suggested that an excellent title for a picture featuring both Fairbanks, Sr., and Whiting would be "Our Dancing Daddies."

WHEN Jeanette MacDonald was talking to her boy friend over long-distance telephone to New York, he asked her what he



Preston Duncan

Da-dum-de-dum! Da-dum-de-dum! It's the wedding march for Charles Edward (Just Call Me Hoot) Gibson, Western star, and his pretty young bride, Sally Eilers. They were wed at Hoot's big ranch

Underwood and Underwood

back seat of the car and embarked on their honeymoon, driving themselves. From the Biltmore they went on to Del Monte where they spent a week at the beautiful Del Monte Hotel, following which they went south to Agua Caliente for the remainder of their bridal trip.

The wedding was not without exciting incident.

A distinguished German photographer who had postponed his return to Berlin to stay over for the wedding at Bebe's personal invitation and take pictures of the ceremony with his special speedy-lens camera, was unceremoniously ejected by attendants who mistook him for a newspaper photographer.

When the error was discovered by Bebe it was too late.

THE Daniels-Lyon wedding was a great affair—for everybody but the florist who decorated the hotel.

He had contracted to do the job for \$500. When he had the \$500 worth of flowers and things placed, he decided it wasn't enough, and that it'd be a bad ad for him.

So he improved it. When the job was finished, it had cost him \$1,000.

THE story is now going the round that Jim Tully, hobo novelist and professional tough guy, is no great shakes as an actor. Tully recently got himself on the front pages of the nation's newspapers by socking John Gilbert on the nose.

Then followed a big reconciliation act which wound up with Tully being signed to play a part in Gilbert's picture, "Way for a Sailor." The result, naturally, being lots of free publicity for everyone concerned.

Now, however, it is being whispered about that Mr. Tully is not an unqualified success in the talking cinema.

In fact, there is more than a possibility that "Way for a Sailor" may be remade with the pugilistic Mr. Tully conspicuous by his absence.

John Gilbert, so the yarn goes, is laughing up his sleeve.

could bring her when he came to Hollywood.

She said, "Oh, some of the ice-cream that I like so well."

Now, he didn't laugh that off like the average boy would have done.

Instead, he went down town and purchased a quart of the ice-cream which she likes best, and just before entering the plane in New York, he had it packed in forty pounds of dry ice and brought it all the way through to Los Angeles.

When the plane arrived, Jeanette was there

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



THEY ACQUIRED AVOCADOES

♦♦♦ AND COOLER SMOKE

Fortunate, these people of means and mode . . . their tastes keenly keyed to detect new enjoyments. It is these people who first detected the utterly unique offering brought into their circle by Spud . . . who sensed at once that cooler smoke meant a new, heightened tobacco enjoyment . . . that it would lift the old restraint on their tobacco appetite. And so, they instinctively accept Spud and 16% cooler smoke as today's modern freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES



At Last The Great Broadway Hit Comes To The Talking Screen

GOOD NEWS

with
Bessie LOVE
Mary LAWLOR
Stanley SMITH

Cliff
EDWARDS
Lola LANE
Gus SHY



A greater, more complete, more realistic production of this sensational musical comedy than was possible on the stage. "GOOD NEWS" brings you the soul of college life—its swift rhythm, its pulsing youth, its songs, its pep, its loves, its laughter—crowded into one never-to-be-forgotten picture. A cocktail of hilarious, riotous entertainment!

What a cast! Bessie Love, of "BROADWAY MELODY" fame; Gus Shy, who starred in the Schwab & Mandel Broadway presentation;

beautiful Mary Lawlor, also one of the original cast; Cliff Edwards with his magic ukulele; Stanley Smith, Lola Lane, Dorothy McNulty and a campus-full of cute co-eds and capering collegiates.

Marvelous music by De Sylva, Brown & Henderson. "The Best Things in Life are Free", "The Varsity Drag" and others. Mirth! Melody! Speed! That's "GOOD NEWS"!

Scenario by Frances Marion—Dialogue by Joe Farnham
Directed by Edgar J. MacGregor and Nick Grinde

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]



Acme

Ten years married, and still very happy, thank you. Mr. and Mrs. James B. Regan spending a few merry holidays at the seashore in Virginia. In other words, Alice Joyce, playing hooky from the studios, spent a pleasant vacation in the East with her husband. They are still pals and partners after a decade together

IF WAS just by the merest chance of fate that Norma Shearer made that grand picture, "The Divorcee."

One day Sylvia, the nonsense, came to treat Norma and brought a book along. It was called "Ex Wife." "You ought to read this," said Sylvia.

Norma looked at the book. She didn't like the title. "I've never liked the word 'wife,'" she said later, "and an 'ex' in front of it made it even worse." But she glanced through it anyhow and it impressed her as possible picture material. And that's how come "The Divorcee."

YOU remember Baclanova who not so long ago married Nicholas Soussanin. You will be pleased to learn that she is very soon to have an addition to her family.

This will probably arrive about the time you are reading this.

OLD CAL raises his cramped right hand and solemnly swears that he will never again recount the marital bliss of any Hollywood couple.

Now take, for instance, Lina Basquette and Pev Marley. If ever it seemed as if here was an ideally matched pair—but lookee what's happened! Lina and Pev have separated.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

to meet him and he immediately produced ice-cream, cake, spoon, etc., and they sat right down and ate it.

Now you know why Mr. Ritchie has so completely won this beautiful girl over.

RAOUL WALSH has a traditional reminder to make to his players, just before the scene begins. "All right now, and don't play 'Hamlet.'"

MORE about Maureen O'Sullivan!

When she first came to Hollywood she was just a little Dublin Cinderella. But it was all one of those great big publicity stunts. As a matter of fact, she was a well-to-do society girl. Maureen couldn't quite live up to her off screen rôle, so she sold the funny clothes she first wore (frugally enough) and resumed her rightful expression.

She has moved into an elaborate Hollywood apartment and is being taken up by the younger set. Billy Bakewell has professed the most undying of passions for her, at which Maureen simply shrugs her shoulders. Even the studio employees believed her to be a simple country maid.

The first time she smoked a cigarette on the lot six stalwart men fainted. Fox, by the way, is planning upon starring her.

BEE LILLIE—LADY PEEL to you—tells this one with gestures. It seems Bee attended three separate and distinct parties in three separate and distinct Hollywood homes.

Each time the door was opened by the same butler, a tall, majestic being with a lordly manner. Each time he bowed low and in the same suave tones murmured, "Good evening, Lady Peel." The third time it happened Bee decided she was being haunted. Nervously she approached the host and asked him how long his butler had been with him.

"About two hours!" was the calm answer. "We rent him by the evening on special occasions!"



Here's a cute gadget for the old-fashioned girl who still believes in carrying emergency mad-money, and for the young lady on shopping bent. Raquel Torres demonstrates a handy change carrier concealed under the flap of a handsome modern purse

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]



These nice old gentlemen would never have believed what the talkies have done to the stage! Three of the theater's great veterans meet in Hollywood. Left, Oris Skinner, making a talkie of "Kismet." George Arliss, center, in his "Old English" make-up. At the right, Wilton Lackaye

The final fadeout has come for this grand veteran of the screen. Anders Randolf died in Hollywood at the age of sixty. His picture work began with old Vitagraph, twenty years ago



They're still, true to the Hollywood faith, "awfully good friends." They still insist there will be no immediate divorce.

Lina blames it all on the fact that, because of her second marriage, she was separated from her baby and that she wants to be with that child. Pev is non-committal. The fact remains they have separated.

THIS has been a great open season for lawsuits. Everybody in Hollywood who is anybody has either sued or been sued. If you haven't been involved in a good rousing lawsuit you just haven't any social standing in Cinema Town. Listen to this list:

Lupe Velez was sued by an agent; Mack Sennett was sued by a songwriter; Harry Langdon was sued by his wife's former husband; Harold Lloyd was sued by an author; Francis X. Bushman sued a film company.

Not to mention the ever present divorce actions which flourished more luxuriantly than ever. The John McCormicks (Colleen Moore), the James Cruzes (Betty Compson), the James Kirkwoods (Lila Lee), and the Ernst Lubitsches have all told it to a judge within the past few months. Have you a little lawsuit in *your* home?

TOM MIX learned about the elopement of his daughter, Ruth, and her marriage to Douglas Gilmore.

"Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said he as he instructed his lawyer to file action so he could discontinue the \$250 a month allowance he was paying her.

UNIVERSAL has on its payroll one of the highest paid actresses on the screen. The young lady plays the title role in "The Little Accident" at a salary of \$10,000 a week—and she can't speak a word!

Her name is June Dwan Smith, she is three weeks old and she was signed by Universal at the not-at-all exorbitant salary of \$75 a day. However, the State Industrial Welfare Committee decreed that a working day for the diminutive Thespian must not exceed twenty minutes.

Figuring at the rate of eight hours actual



working time the baby is receiving a bigger salary than most of the big-time stars. The \$75 for 20 minutes would add up to \$1,800 per day for eight hours—or \$10,000 a week. What a baby!

ANOTHER chapter in the strange history of motion pictures could be written about "Slim" Summerville. "Slim," in the old days, was a member of that famous law and order group, the Keystone Cops. After that he was a well-known comedy director.

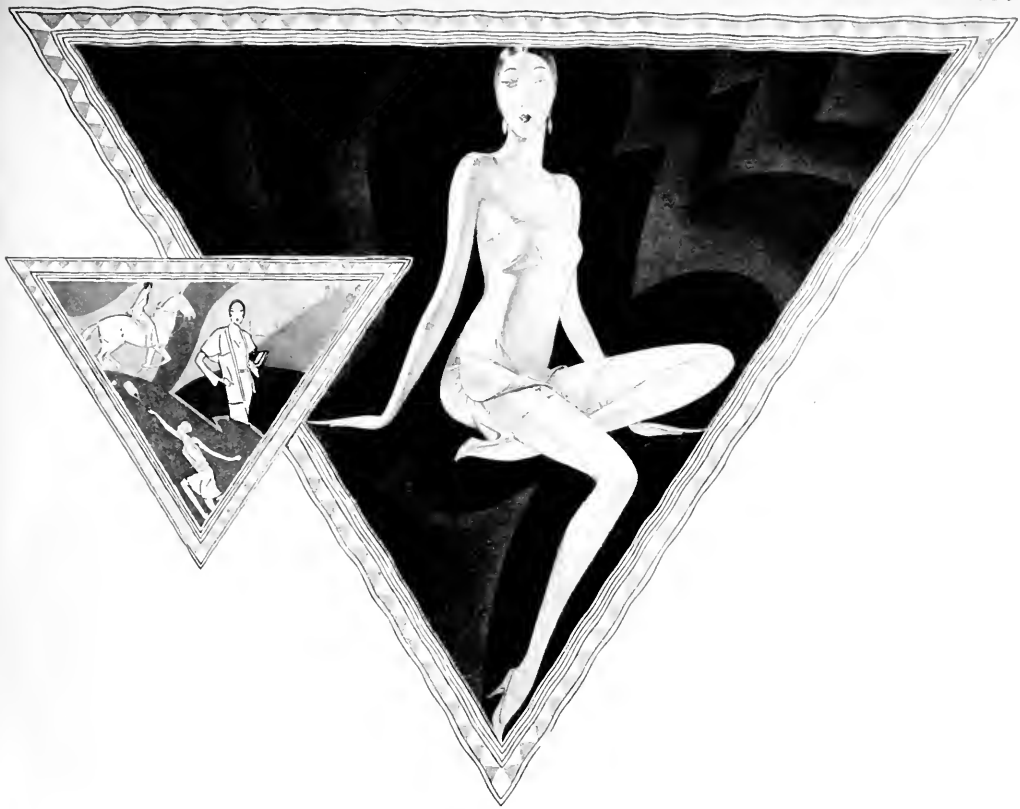
When the screen let forth its first infant wail it was the beginning of slim days for "Slim." For a long time work was pretty conspicuous by its absence. Then came his excellent performance in "All Quiet on the Western Front." He has been busy ever since, and has roles waiting for him. Now he is playing a featured role in "The Spoilers."

"Slim" still looks hungry, but then he always will.

IN THE first place a movie star has no business having house guests. Charlie Farrell has about come to that conclusion himself. His house is full of fraternity brothers from his college days in Boston.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Look out, the beaches are full of pirates! But if they're as cute as this, who cares? Mary Doran, of M-G-M, shows off the new beach boot. It's meant to keep sand from the tootsies



This is the garment of action

A free and unfettered body, not hampered for any activity by its underdress, is a real demand of the sports-loving woman of today.

Kickernick fits the body snugly in all positions.

A clever tuck at the thigh, a long back and a short front, give utmost freedom and do away with the baggy ugliness of the ordinary garment.

It has swept America with phe-

nomenal success and has become the mode of the day.

New! A foundation garment fitted to every inch of bust measurement from thirty-two to forty. Also made with French cuff.

In many styles, colors, materials, it sells in better shops at popular prices.

Or send today for booklet to Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Kickernick

PATENTED UNDERDRESS

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109]

Charlie would like to play around, too and show them the sights of cinematic village, but he's hardly seen them. He's playing the rôle of the tough carnival barker in "Liliom," and the picture has progressed slowly. The fratres will probably have to depart before Charlie can take off his make-up.

And, incidentally, a deep, underground source says that Charlie is having trouble feeling "that way" about Rose Hobart, his leading lady in the picture. Rose is beautiful but cool. Hers is the rôle originally intended for Janet Gaynor.

THE most business-like star in Hollywood is—no, not Norma Shearer, not H. B. Warner, not any that you would really suspect. Surprise! Surprise!

It is that gay, light-hearted Parisian, Maurice Chevalier. Maurice is never even so much as two minutes late for appointments. He can always be completely depended upon. He has a little black note book that is never far from him. It is not like the general run of little black books in the film colony.

For in it he writes down every appointment for the day, planning them all out to the split second.

LYDELL PECK is not just Mr. Janet Gaynor!

He was given a job in the Paramount scenario department, you remember, after his marriage to Janet.

"Pooh!" said the wise lks, "it's just a courtesy job, so he can be near his beloved!"

Not so! Word now comes that Peck has been promoted to an associate producership under Lloyd Sheldon. Congrats, Lydell!

CHEVALIER has settled down in Hollywood and become one of the home folks. The French Prince Charming and the missus have leased the Beverly Hills home of King Kennedy, a young stage actor.

HARRY LANGDON, the baby-faced comedian, who started out to rival Chaplin and Lloyd and went into a tailspin when he tried to manage himself and his pictures like they do, has just saved \$15,000.

He won a lawsuit against a chap who claimed Langdon stole the affections of Mrs. Harry Langdon.

The comedian's wife was formerly the other fellow's frau.

BEBE DANIELS announces that she is NOT a Lucy Stoner. The other day she went into a shop and the sales lady asked her,

"What do you prefer to be called, Miss Daniels or Mrs. Lyon?"

"Why, Mrs. Lyon, of course," said Bebe, much annoyed!

AND now Paramount is billing Jack Oakie as "America's Joy Friend."

HEART throbs of the month: Dolores Del Rio being taken around by Cedric Gibbons, the sartorially perfect art director for M-G-M,



The poor lady at the upper end of this tremendous train is poor Bebe Daniels, with Everett Marshall in "Dixiana." If she didn't have the help of eight chorus girls, she'd fall down those stairs and break her neck. And we can't have Bebe's neck broken just now—nor can Ben Lyon!

Colleen Moore, Hollywood's gayest divorcee, going to parties with Willis Goldbeck, the most woman-shy young writer in town.

IRENE RICH was explaining to an interviewer that she had never tried to make herself younger than she was. "I think there is a certain dignity in being one's own age," she said. "I've always tried to act and dress accordingly."

"You're right," the interviewer said. "Why, you don't look a day over forty."

Imagine his confusion when he discovered that Miss Rich is just 38!

ACCORDING to the whispers you hear at Embassy luncheon tables, the Mary Astor option will be allowed to lapse at Paramount. This is a bit surprising to the villagers since Mary has come back into her own in no uncertain manner.

She scored in "Ladies Love Brutes," and was particularly effective in the Pathe production of "Holiday."

But Paramount, not having rôles on hand, has been farming Mary out to other studios at a neat profit.

Since rôles continue to be lacking they are letting her go. It is just another case of what Hollywood calls "the breaks."

IT seems as if that long, lanky guy from Montana sometimes called Gary Cooper is the big shot over on the Paramount lot.

He has certainly picked off all the plums this year.

"The Spoilers" is his first big one, then comes "Morocco," which everybody hopes will be a second "Beau Geste" and—ah-ha, what's this—a picture to be called "The Fighting Caravan" which, so they say, will be the biggest picture Paramount has made since "The Covered Wagon."

It's very much like that old epic and will have Tully Marshall and Ernest Torrence in the cast.

If this Cooper doesn't make good he can't blame it on stories.

WHEN Eleanor Boardman's and King Vidor's first baby, Antonia, was born, Eleanor was sure it would be a boy. She had selected nothing but a boy's name. She would have it no other way.

But the fates were against Eleanor.

Now the second baby is born.

This time, Eleanor beamed, it would be a boy.

She simply couldn't stand it if it weren't.

When the baby arrived the doctor said, "Well, Mrs. Vidor, it's another girl."

"Are you sure?" wailed Eleanor. "Oh, doctor, are you sure?"

ONE of the gorillas in "Ingagi," that synthetic film of life as it isn't in Africa, sued for his pay in the Los Angeles courts.

His name is Hilton Phillips, and he's a colored boy. He told the court he was hired for \$6.50 a day to be an African native in the film, later promoted to the gorilla division, given a fur suit, and told to make a big monkey of himself. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Hollywood's Magic Beauty Secret . . .

Color Harmony MAKE-UP



WINNIE LIGHTNER
Featured in Warner Bros. Technicolor Pictures . . . "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and "Hold Everything."

. . . Revealed in Technicolor Pictures Now Ready For YOU!

In Society Make-Up, Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Gives to You, and Everywoman, the Beauty Magic of Cosmetics in Color Harmony. Discover How to be More Beautiful Than You Really Are. See Coupon Below.

OUT of the motion picture world which is Hollywood comes the most revolutionary beauty discovery of the age . . . color harmony in make-up individualized for every type in blonde, brunette, red-head and brunette. Powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow . . . the complete ensemble called Society Make-Up . . . to blend with every variation in complexion coloring. Created first for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up King.

Now you, yourself, may discover what wonders this new kind of make-up will do to enhance your beauty and emphasize the charm and fascination of your personality.

Before your very eyes, in hundreds of feature pictures, you have seen its magic influence in creating faultless beauty. Now in Technicolor Pictures you see this beauty glorified in natural color.

Imagine the utter perfection of make-up by Max Factor used exclusively in all big Hollywood studios, in all Technicolor Pictures, and by 96% of all Hollywood's Screen Stars.

Colors in powder, rouge, lipstick, etc., so alive with natural beauty as to give a new radiance to the star herself. Texture so fine as to blend undetectably with the skin. Adherent qualities so wonderful that make-up appears always as a part of nature's artistry. And the make-up ensemble so lovely in color harmony, so exquisitely emphasizing every natural bit of beauty that even the blazing motion picture lights, bright as the sun, cannot find a flaw to expose to the searching lens of the camera.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP
"Cosmetics of the Stars"
HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)



VIVIENNE SEGAL
Featured in Warner Bros. Technicolor Pictures . . . "General Crack" and "Viennese Nights."



MARIAN NIXON
Featured in Warner Bros. Technicolor Pictures . . . "General Crack" and "Sweet Kitty Bellaire."

BETTY COMPTON
Warner Bros. Star, featured in "Show of Shows" and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, approving the correct color tone in Max Factor's Rouge

When you see a Technicolor Picture, you see the magic of Make-Up by Max Factor

What a revelation in new beauty your own color harmony in Society Make-Up will be to you. And Max Factor, who for twenty years has been personal make-up advisor to Hollywood's stars, will analyze your complexion and chart your own individual color harmony, for both daytime and evening wear, in Society Make-Up. A priceless beauty gift for the asking . . . just mail coupon.



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1926

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make Up"; personal complexion analysis and make up color harmony chart. I enclose 5 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

NAME _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Age _____

Answer with Check Mark

COMPLEXION
 COLOR EYES
 COLOR LASHES
 SKIN
 COLOR HAIR

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

He claims he never got paid for it, and thinks it was worth \$20 a day.

AND now Charlie Chaplin has an inkling of how it feels to be hanged. And there's an angry, red, rope-burn on his neck!

It all happened while he was filming a fight scene for "City Lights." He was boxing in a prize ring with Hank Mann, the comedian. Action called for the two battlers to wrestle their way to the bell rope which one of them was to pull. Rehearsals went fine.

When they tried it with the cameras humming, the rope got twisted around Charlie's neck. As Mann flung him about, the rope tightened and then pulled. If you've ever slid down a rope when you were a kid, you know how a rope can burn.

So does Charlie.

THE boy grows older.

Buddy Rogers has changed from "America's Boy Friend" to "The Deb's Delight." And Old Cal hopes Rudy Vallée won't feel offended.

While he was working at the Paramount studio on Long Island, Buddy stepped out in the evening with some of New York's best social registries.

But he always had a far-away look in his eyes. He had a bad case of home-sickness for Hollywood, and maybe June Collyer.

WE TOLD you a long time ago that ZaSu Pitts adopted the son of Barbara LaMarr.

In addition to this she has a little girl of her own and now she has adopted four more children. Here's an actress who finds time to play outstanding roles and at the same time play mother to six children at home.

Not such a bad record!

TO CAL this is the best news of the month. Renee Alorez is better!

That valiant little trouper who has never complained about anything was taken to a sanatorium some months ago. For awhile she was getting along splendidly and then she had a pretty bad set-back, but she is at home now and is looking better than she did before she went to the hospital. The doctor says she should be up in a month or so.

THE tough life of a movie star—Dick Barthelmess, having finished "Adios," will be off on the high seas and far places again. This time, he plans to devote months to a personal close-up of Europe, India and the Orient.

IT HAS taken Hollywood a long time to get over the shock of the divorce of Ernst and Helene Lubitsch.

Mrs. Lubitsch, in her petition, charged that her husband, the great director, was "ninety-nine per cent in love with his work, and had no time for home." Other allegations concerned temperament and hard words and harsh names.

She got her decree, and a property settlement was made out of court. But Hollywood was stunned by the affair. They had seemed

BELIEVE this!

A prominent film producer was thumbing a magazine, idly hoping to find a girl for his pictures. He saw a photograph of a tall, dark, slender girl who seemed to drip personality.

"There's the girl!" he shouted, pushing buzzers. A wire was sent to New York offering her seventy-five dollars a week for one picture.

Well—the actress happened to be Katherine Cornell, one of America's foremost stage stars. That's all. That's enough.



The first picture of Mrs. James (Lucille Webster) Gleason as a big film executive. She's an associate producer at Columbia—the first woman in Hollywood history to hold this big job. She began her supervising on "Sisters," and is now in charge of "Ladies Must Play"

THE greatest entertainment plant in the history of the world is planned for New York City.

It is to cover three city blocks between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, in the upper Forties and lower Fifties. It will cost \$250,000,000. It will be headquarters for all forms of modern electrical entertainment—radio, television, talking pictures.

It will contain no less than four theaters. One, a 7,500-seat house, will offer variety. A 5,000-seater, will present talkies. There will be a theater for musical comedy, and one for drama.

S. L. Rothafel, the famous "Roxy," will, it is reported, supervise the theater end.

What a project! Something heretofore undreamed by mortal man!

THE announcement of Bebe Daniel's wedding date was the signal for a series of showers given for her by her many friends. Most of them took the form of very swanky parties at the homes of said friends and Bebe received enough super-loot to start a fair sized department store.

A particularly elegant linen shower was given at the home of Mrs. Sadie Murray. Guests arrived bringing gorgeous table cloths, luncheon sets and embroidered towels.

But the prize package was turned in by William Collier, Jr. Buster the old funster, brought two towels bearing the label "Roosevelt Hotel" in large letters.

AS SOME studio wit said, "You have to know a person very well in order to know his first name."

THOSE who dance might as well make up their mind to pay the piper, only Mary Brian has been paying the doctor.

Mary, who has been taking up tap dancing, slipped and fell. She sprained her ankle. Now she's going to confine herself to croquet.



Posed by David Manners and Frances Dade, Radio Pictures' stars.

More Enthralling *than mere beauty*

This elusive fragrance adds a charm that is mysterious . . . irresistible

YOU would hardly believe that any one new thing like a tantalizing, mysterious perfume could make such a difference in a man's attitude toward a girl. Especially a girl he has known as long as Dick has known me.

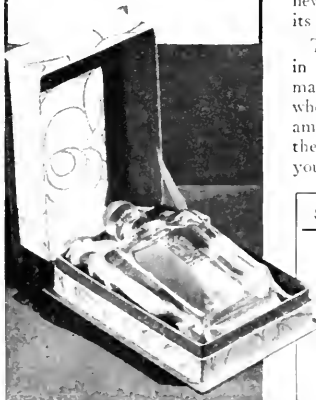
Dick is the most wonderful man I ever met. And just so boyish and friendly we all adore him—Mother and Dad and the kids, too. But for a long time he seemed just to *like* us all.

I tried in dozens of ways to make him aware of ME—everything I could think of to make myself prettier, more attractive. For, of course, I was falling more in love every time I saw him.

And finally I resorted to that most subtle and feminine lure of all—a delicious new perfume. How carefully I selected that

Delicious, haunting Ben Hur perfume in a lovely case of rose and silver—large size \$3.00.

You, too, can have this mysterious charm. The haunting fragrance of Ben Hur perfume and delicately scented powder can be obtained at any toilet goods counter . . . make its enchantment your own.



fragrance from the myriad odors which the clerk showed me! There was something about Ben Hur so haunting, so enchanting that it cast a spell about me.

I had only to breathe its delicate fragrance to feel a new and delightful personality—very feminine, mysterious, alluring.

Sometimes I think it was the delicious appealing fragrance of Ben Hur itself which won Dick. But more often I think it was the new ME which developed under the spell of its mysterious haunting sweetness.

This wonderful Ben Hur fragrance comes in perfume and in face powder. Make its magic your own! Get it at the counter where you buy your cosmetics—you'll be amazed at the moderate price—or send for the trial samples offered in the coupon, if you want to test it before buying.

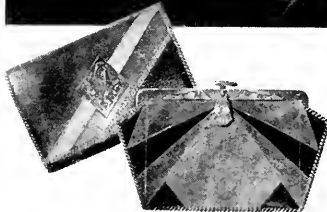
SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

The Andrew Jergens Co., 5017 Alfred St. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Enclosed is 10c for which please send me special trial samples of Ben Hur perfume and face powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____

Beauty plus Personality



You'll find both
CHARMING BEAUTY and
PURSE PERSONALITY in
the New Fall Styles of

MEEKER MADE R

*Fine Leather
Handbags and
Underarms*

No longer can Beauty conquer... rise to successful heights, single handed. The woman's rule of today... for either private or professional life upon the stage or screen... demands Beauty plus Personality.

The same holds faithfully true for women's dress. There must be a definite Personality in clothes, shoes, purses. Meeker-Made fine leather handbags and underarms meet these modern demands with beautiful, as well as durable, fashionably designed fine leathers plus a delightful Purse Personality. These features also are true of Meeker bill folds, key cases, cigarette cases, lighters, etc. for men.

See the new fall creations at your Jeweler's, the better Department and Drug Stores and at leading Leather Goods' Dealers.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC.
JOPLIN, MO.

The Best Records from New Pictures

By Maurice Fenton

THE recording companies who go heavenly for picture hits and picture voices have fallen down on us this month.

They've given us a thin list. The one number, as we arpeggio to press, which has given the most satisfaction among the new group is another John McCormack recording of the "Song o' My Heart" batch.

This is the famous "Little Boy Blue" song, based on Eugene Field's everlasting little lyric. It has been recorded before in the pre-electrical days, but in the new recording it has been tremendously popular, and I recommend this as one of the most touching of the new discs.

However, I am going to step away from pictures for a second to present one record made by a lad who made but one full-length movie, and yet is being talked about and listened to by picture fans everywhere.

That, of course, is Rudy Vallée. The titles are pretty hard to take, and the songs themselves are not too hot, but for the thousands who like the crooner they are acceptable.

Here's the record—

A Song Without A Name	Rudy Vallée	Victor
My Heart Belongs to the Girl Whose Heart Belongs to Somebody Else	Rudy Vallée	Victor

SWING HIGH

With My Guitar and You	Ben Selvin's Orchestra Don Azpiazu's Havana Orchestra	Columbia Victor
There's Happiness Over the Hill	George Olsen's Music	Victor
Shoo the Hoodoo Away	George Olsen's Music	Victor

Some of the gay numbers from this big Pathe circus picture here make their appearance. Let me recommend the Cuban boys' recording as being of particular interest. Full of dash, and an unusually smart arrangement. Watch for more from this single! Its songs are its best bet.

FROM here on, owing to the lassitude of the recorders, I am going to list some songs from well-known current films, in their new recordings. They require little or no comment. If you liked a song in a certain picture, you may find a record of it here.

FLORODORA GIRL

My Kind of Man Ethel Waters Columbia

You know Ethel Waters' brand of hot singing if you're a record fan. This is it. 'Nuff sed.

CHEER UP AND SMILE

Where Can You Be?	Jack Smith	Victor
You May Not Like It	Jack Smith	Victor



He Records Two New Songs

"The Whispering Baritone" is back on the wax after a long absence, this time in a Fox picture. The vaudeville and movie house and record favorite is still whispering in his famous confidential style. He doesn't accompany himself any more, but bears down on his whispering.

As you remember, this fellow was a recording sensation five years ago.

He's still there, using numbers from his film debut.

MOVIE TONE FOLLIES OF 1930

Here Comes Emily Brown	Charleston Chasers	Columbia
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GOOD NEWS

If You're Not Kissing Me	Nat Shilkret's Orchestra,	Victor
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Shilkret is at his best in a number from this musical hit, and Shilkret's best is plenty good.

QUEEN HIGH

Seems to Me	Lee Morse	Columbia
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This Paramount picture gives this number, with Lee, the famous girl crooner, bearing down.

HIGH SOCIETY BLUES

I'm In the Market for You	Johnny Marvin, tenor Haring's Orchestra	Victor Brunswick
Just Like a Story Book	Haring's Orchestra	Brunswick

If you liked the Farrell-Gaynor film, you'll like these.

VACATION SPECIAL



With FREE TRAVEL PACKAGE
of six MODESS COMPACTS
satisfies all summer requirements

THE new Modess Compact was especially designed to assure the inconspicuousness so necessary with sheer, closely fitting gowns. To introduce the convenience of Modess Compact to every woman, we are offering our new Travel Package of six Compacts, price twenty-five cents, free with every purchase of two boxes of regular Modess at the special price of 79 cents.

Most women have found that their summer requirements are best satisfied by regular Modess for ordinary use, with a smaller supply of Modess Compact for special occasions and traveling.

No doubt you know how soft, comfortable and absorbent is regular Modess. Modess Compact is

equally comfortable and efficient but is much thinner. The Travel Package of six takes up so little room as to go nicely in dressing case or week-end bag—a real convenience for vacation. That is why this attractive offer is called "Vacation Special."

This "Vacation Special" offer permits you to learn at our expense the superiority, greater comfort and convenience of Modess and the new Modess Compact.

VACATION SPECIAL

•

	<p>2 Boxes Regular Modess 12 in each Box 90c</p> <p>1 Travel Package 6 Modess Compacts 25c</p> <hr style="width: 100%;"/> <p style="text-align: right;">\$1.15</p>
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ALL for 79c

MODESS COMPACT for snugly fitting summer gowns

Modess Compact is simply regular Modess, gently compressed. There is no sacrifice of safety or comfort, yet you enjoy an assurance that there is no unsmoothness of line.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK. N. J. U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.



Now..I can stand
the PUBLIC GAZE!
... Can You?

Moments that Matter:

... when you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock—and your dress is sleeveless... When the tiny lamp on a "table for two" shines full on your bare fore-arm... when you cross your knees and realize suddenly that your sheer hose are so transparent...

You can meet such moments with non-chalance if your skin shows no trace of ugly superfluous hair.

The most pleasant modern way to keep your under-arms, fore-arms and legs free of fuzzy growth is to use

DELA-TONE

The White Cream Hair-remover*

Easy to use as cold cream, Del-a-tone actually removes hair safely in three minutes or less. This snowy white, faintly fragrant cream hair-remover, leaves your skin satiny smooth... alluringly soft. Use Del-a-tone for daintiness—it will enable you to meet the public gaze with poise.

Send coupon below for generous trial tube.

*Perfected through our exclusive formula.



Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.



Del-a-tone Cream or Powdered drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U.S. in plain wrapper, 5¢. Money back if desired. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Del-a-tone Co. (Established 1908), Department 89, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago

1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority—that's why.

Trial Offer

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Del-a-tone Company, Dept. 89, Del-a-tone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone's cream, for which I enclose 5c.

Name: _____

Street: _____

City: _____

Clip and Mail
TODAY

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

TOMMY MEIGHAN was the reigning star of the summer of 1920—oh, those curls and that Irish smile!—and he rates the outstanding story of the September issue of PHOTOPLAY.

One of those good old-fashioned stories, it is—an interview with Tommy on what he thinks of caveman lovmaking, then a very live subject with the lads and lasses, in those droll and naive days after the war.

Tommy begins by saying that he doesn't know anything about women, having been adoringly married to one of them for so long. Then come such epigrammatical gems as "The primitive is the last resort of the cultured," which is no bad crack, either.

"And what defense is there against caveman tactics?" asks the interviewer.

"Only one," opines Tom, "a sense of humor."

Ah, styles in stories change! These days a story about Tom Meighan would say that he has a mole on his right elbow, drinks nothing but mentholated milk and never eats pretzels in bed!

SOME potent fan-pullers among this month's pictures.

A Mary Pickford film is an event, in 1920, and the curly one gives us "Suds" this time.



The screen's first great "Mme. X." Pauline Frederick in the famous part, in the picture shown during the summer of 1920

She plays a little laundry drudge with all the youthful pathos that made her famous and beloved in the golden days. Husband Fairbanks presents his admirers with "The Mollycoddle," in which Doug is an expatriated American in Monte Carlo. Wallace Berry does the usual fighting with the bounding Fairbanks, and Ruth Benick is the heroine.

But the most distinguished picture of the month is "Madame X," in which Pauline Frederick performs magnificently, with young Casson Ferguson playing her lawyer son.

Of course, no one could dream that a decade later Ruth Chatterton was to make a talking picture of this old play that was to be a sensation over the world!

IN the rotogravure gallery this month are the following—Sylvia Braemar, Wanda Hawley, Roberta Arnold (then wife of Herbert Rawlinson), Bessie Love, Irene Rich, Dorothy Devore and Enid Bennett. . . . A story on

the Binney girls, who came from Boston society to the stage and the screen and then disappeared into matrimony. . . . And a page of pictures of Mae Marsh and her two sisters, Leslie and Mildred. . . . We interview William Desmond's baby—an infant a few months old. . . . Stories and photographs of our stars run in cycles ten years long. Here's a page of pictures of Gloria Swanson, and it's titled "She Changed Her Coiffure." If we could count up how many times she's done that in the last decade, and magazines have printed it, we'd all be startled!

ONE of our prize pieces, this month, is called "Society in the Films." It tells how Mrs. Morgan Belmont, a New York society woman, played a bit in Griffith's "Way Down East."

Old Fox Griffith has always been great on this sort of thing. He has liked to get society names and faces into his pictures—he made one in England, cast almost entirely with blue-bloods of the realm.

Our story mentions, jokingly, the possibility of society folk going in for the films in a big way. Fortunately, nothing of the sort has ever happened. Genuine society people have never done anything worth mentioning in pictures. And after all, no one can do quite as good a job of acting as a man or woman whose livelihood it is!

HERE'S an interesting story!

It's about a young man named Frank Borzage—twenty-seven years old, with curly hair and a romantically cleft chin—who has just directed a sensationally successful picture called "Humoresque."

That picture, you remember, won the first PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal. It started Alma Rubens, Gaston Glass and others toward greater film fame. And it made goodness knows how many women cry.

Frank Borzage. Ten years on the heights. He is now one of the ace men at Fox—trusted with delicate and difficult jobs, like making a romantic motion picture starring a concert tenor. Maker of "7th Heaven," another Gold Medal winner. A little baldier, and ten years older—but still one of the best picture men alive. Not all Hollywood's chosen fade fast. There's Frank Borzage.

ONE of our fictionized film stories this month is "The Scoffer." It's the one about the atheistic surgeon whose faith "comes surging back" when the operation on the sweet little kiddie is a success. James Kirkwood is the scooting surgeon, and the leading lady—the late Mary Thurman, newly risen from the ranks of the Sennett bathing beauts. . . . Odd caption on a picture of Norman Kerry. It says he was bound to succeed with a name like that, and that he supported Uncle Sam as a soldier in the World War. Odd—because his real name is Norman Kaiser! . . . Some of the pictures of the month—"The Return of Tarzan," with Gene Pollar as the wild boy. . . . William S. Hart in "Sand," Tom Moore in "The Great Accident," and Jack Pickford as a Western hero in "A Double-Dyed Deceiver."

WE tell the story of a quiet wedding that took place at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, not long ago.

It joined Richard Semler Barthelme and Mary Hay in the bonds of holy wedlock, and only the intimate friends of the pair were invited. Reporters and photographers were decidedly not welcome!

Well, the marriage lasted a few years, and blew up. Both these nice kids have since remarried—Mary to a young Englishman named David Bath, who is now a reporter on a New York tabloid newspaper.



For highlights in your hair, the chief requirement is cleanliness . . . frequent, generous shampooing. (See our booklet).



To help keep away wrinkles, and flabby flesh, scrub lustily with your wash cloth, make of your toweling an exercise.



For a new smart look to your clothes, put on nothing that isn't scrupulously clean.

What to do?

What to do?

When elbows are dark and roughened, the remedy is simple: soap-scrub this unloveliness away.



For a more beautiful complexion, try some of the many suggestions in our booklet, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

WHAT TO DO?

For better times, to look your best, just take a bath. Here's vigor, verve, vivacity; beauty, poise, and charm.



To have beautiful hands, never wash them casually. Scrub them well. Rinse them thoroughly. Dry them completely. (See booklet).

The way to loveliness is in this book

There IS a way to loveliness . . . a way that anyone may take. And its cost . . . only a little effort on your part . . . an earnest wish that you may become a happier, more charming, and better liked person.

What is loveliness? Let's see if we can't list some of the precious ingredients. First, isn't loveliness a quality of "inner spirit," made up, in turn, of things like pride in self, and confidence? (Here, surely, is the truest source of poise and personality).

Next, isn't loveliness better health . . . disclosing itself in many ways, as in skin that is clear and tinted naturally, hair that has a luster, and eyes a sparkle. Third, loveliness undoubtedly is charm of dress . . . style, neatness, immaculacy.



Loveliness is all and principally these things. Don't you agree?

Then possibly you will also hold with us that right in your own home, in your bath tub and basin, in your laundry bag and dresser drawer, are vast possibilities for you of greater loveliness.

But where to start! What, precisely, to do! Isn't that the big problem?

Feeling sure that it is, we urge you to send for "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test," a new and a different kind of beauty booklet. For here are easy instructions . . . and a definite program to follow. Mail the coupon promptly, for a free copy of this most unusual booklet.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

45 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book About Baths," or "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. P-4,
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free of all cost "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Addresses of the Stars



IT KEEPS EYES CLEAR

There's no excuse for dull, bloodshot eyes when a few drops of *Murine* each day will keep them clear and bright. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that makes eyes look dull, and speedily ends any bloodshot condition resulting from late hours, overuse, crying or prolonged exposure to the elements. This soothing, cooling lotion is entirely free from belladonna and other harmful ingredients. 60c at drug and toilet counters.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

A New Perfume!

The most exquisite perfume in the world, send for sample—sells at \$15 an ounce and worth it. Rieger's Flower Drops—made without alcohol; made direct from the essence of the flowers themselves. The most refined of all perfumes, yet concentrated in such a manner that a single drop of the delicate odor lasts a full week. Hence, an absolutely superior odor becomes economical at \$15 an ounce! Never anything like this before!

Send for Sample

Other Offers
Direct from us or at dealers.
Bottle of flower drops with long glass applicator containing 30 drops, 3 supply for 30 weeks.
Lilac, Crampolee \$1.00
Lily of the Valley, Aze, Violet, \$2.00
Black Velvet Perfume sample offer, 1 oz., \$2.00
SOUVENIR BOX
Extra special box of five size tincture of five different perfumes . . . \$1.00
Or special 10 samples toilet articles value \$20 for \$1.00.

Send 2c (silver or stamps) for a sample vial of this precious perfume. Your choice of colors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Lilac, or Crampolee. Send 2c.

Paul Rieger
142 First St., San Francisco, Cal.
Use check or money order.

Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

EASY MONEY FOR SPARE TIME WORK

You'll be amazed to see how easy it is to sell Christmas Greeting Cards in the Box Assortments. Our Box contains 21 cards and folders in dainty water color designs, beautiful engraving and embossing. Types of illustrations, sparkling raised gold metallic effects, marvelous creations in parchment and Otis Harlan
Raymond Crane
Morna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Scott Kirk
Natalie Langston
Beth Laemmle

deckle-edged folders—every card and folder with its own business envelope.
SELLS FOR \$1.00—COSTS YOU 50c.
WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES
If you want to make money write immediately for full particulars.
Waltham Art Publishers, Dept. 67, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

At Paramount Publix Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

- Richard Arlen
- Jean Arthur
- William Austin
- George Bancroft
- Clara Bow
- Mary Brian
- Clive Brook
- Nancy Carroll
- Robert Castle
- Lane Chandler
- Ruth Chatterton
- Maurice Chevalier
- June Collyer
- Clester Conklin
- Gary Cooper
- Stuart Erwin
- Kay Francis
- Richard "Skeets" Gallagher
- Harry Green
- Mitzel Green

- Neil Hamilton
- Doris Hill
- Phillips Holmes
- Helen Kane
- Dennis King
- Jack Luden
- Paul Lukas
- John Loder
- Jeannette MacDonald
- Frederic March
- David Newell
- Barry Norton
- Jack Oakie
- Warner Oland
- Guy Oliver
- William Powell
- Charles Rogers
- Lillian Roth
- Regis Toomey
- Fay Wray

At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

- Buzz Bartoo
- Sally Blane
- Oliver Borden
- Sue Carol
- Betty Compson
- Bebe Daniels

- Frankie Darro
- Richard Dix
- Jack Mulhall
- Bob Steele
- Tom Tyler

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

- Robert Armstrong
- Constance Bennett
- William Boyd
- Ina Claire
- Alan Hale

- Ann Harding
- Carol Lombard
- Eddie Quillan
- Helen Twelvetrees

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

- John Barrymore
- Monte Blue
- Betty Bronson
- William Collier, Jr.
- Dolores Costello
- Louise Fazenda
- Audrey Ferris

- James Hall
- Al Jolson
- Myrna Loy
- May McAvoy
- Edna Murphy
- Lois Wilson
- Grant Withers

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

- Nils Asther
- Lionel Barrymore
- Wallace Berry
- Jack Benny
- Charles Bickford
- Edwina Booth
- John C. Brown
- Lon Chaney
- Jean Crawford
- Karl Dane
- Marion Davies
- Mary Doran
- Duncan Sisters
- Josephine Dunn
- Cliff Edwin
- Greta Garbo
- John Gilbert
- Lawrence Gray
- Raymond Hackett
- William Haines
- Marion Harris
- Leila Hyams
- Kay Johnson
- Dorothy Jordan

- Buster Keaton
- Charles King
- Gwen Lee
- Bessie Love
- John Miljan
- Robert Montgomery
- Foley Ramon
- Conrad Nagel
- Kamon Novarro
- Edward Nugent
- Elliott Nugent
- Catherine Dale Owen
- Anita Page
- Basil Rathbone
- Duncan Renaldo
- Dorothy Sebastian
- Norma Shearer
- Sally Starr
- Lewis Stone
- William Stowell
- Ernest Torrence
- Raquel Torres
- Roland Young

At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

- Don Alvarado
- John Bickford
- Fannie Brice
- Charles Chaplin
- Dolores Del Rio
- Douglas Fairbanks
- Lillian Gish
- O. P. Heggie
- John Holland

- Chester Morris
- Henry Pickford
- Harry Richman
- Gilbert Roland
- Gloria Swanson
- Norma Talmadge
- Constance Talmadge
- Lois Wolheim

At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

- Evelyn Brent
- William Collier, Jr.
- Jack Egan
- Ralph Graves
- Sam Hardy
- Jack Holt

- Ralph Ince
- Margaret Livingston
- Ben Lyon
- Dorothy Revier
- Marie Saxon
- Johnnie Walker

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

- Vilma Banky
- Walter Byron

- Ronald Colman
- Lily Damita

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

- Richard Drew
- Rita Carewe

- LeRoy Mason

At Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.

- Charley Chase
- Oliver Hardy
- Harry Langdon

- Stan Laurel
- Our Gang
- Thelma Todd

At Sono Art-World Wide, care of Metropolitan Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Calif.

- Reginald Denny
- Eddie Dowling

- Jacqueline Logan
- Ruth Roland

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.

William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

- Richard Barthelmess
- Brice Crane
- Doris Dawson
- Billy Dove
- Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
- Alexander Gray

- Doris Kenyon
- Dorothy Mackall
- Marilyn Miller
- Antonio Moreno
- Donald Reed
- Alice White
- Loretta Young

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

- Low Aves
- John Robe
- Ethelyn Claire
- Kathryn Crawford
- Lorraine Dalval
- Natalie Kingston
- Hot Gibson
- Dorothy Gullivan
- Otto Harlan
- Raymond Krone
- Morna Kennedy
- Barbara Kent
- Scott Kirk
- Natalie Langston
- Beth Laemmle

- Allen Lane
- Laura La Plante
- Janette Loff
- Fred Mackaye
- Ken Maynard
- James Murray
- Mary Nolan
- Mary Philbin
- Eddie Phillips
- Joseph Schildkraut
- Sisters G
- Glenne Trvion
- Liane Veyeb
- Paul Whitman
- Barbara Worth

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All the new Philco Screen Grid and Screen

Grid-Plus sets have balanced units for *undistorted* tone. New and exclusive circuits give extra-fine selectivity, close tuning, reduction of static and background noises. Distance ability is extraordinary and, in the Philco Screen Grid-



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New 7-tube set in handsome cabinet of American black walnut, figured butt walnut and Oriental wood. American Gobelin tapestry over speaker. Tone-Control: great power, distance and *Balanced-Unit* tone. \$110.00



Plus, *Automatic Volume Control* counteracts fading so you can not only get but *hold* and enjoy out-of-town programs, near and far. A new Station Recording Dial enables you to permanently log favorite stations.

Ask the Philco dealer for a free demonstration of the new Philco Consoles, Lowboys, Highboys and Radio-Phonographs, each with Philco Tone-Control. Prices, \$95 to \$198 (Radio-Phonograph), less tubes. Easy terms.

And enjoy radio as you ride. Install a Transitone Automobile Radio Receiver, built by Philco, in your car. Available through all authorized dealers.

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When Henry Bore, flautist of the Philco Symphony Orchestra, plays or you, a radio set whose units are but partially balanced can only bring you the distorted approximation pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear undistorted tone pictured at the right—"the greatest music from the greatest musical instrument"

**BALANCED PHILCO
MEANS TRUE CLEAR TONE**



Hasn't your daughter a right to be told



The easy way is to give her this booklet

You can't keep your daughter ignorant of physical facts. She feels the need to know. Surely she deserves to be told the real truth rather than be forced to seek any kind of information that friends of her own age can give.

In regard to feminine hygiene, she may receive an entirely wrong impression, even a dangerous one. Many people still believe that caustic and poisonous antiseptics are necessary for this healthful, cleanly practice. But the medical profession does not endorse the use of bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid.

Danger lies in poisons

Women used to run terrible risks. They were not fully aware how great was the danger of mercurial poisoning, areas of scar tissue, interference with normal secretions. They wanted surgical cleanliness. Before the coming of Zonite, caustics and poisons were the only germicides powerful enough to be effective.

Send for Zonite booklet

Zonite is the modern antiseptic. Non-poisonous. Non-caustic. *Far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.* Send for the booklet that gives all the facts about feminine hygiene. Read it. Give it to your daughter. It is frankly written, and honest. You can buy Zonite every-where. Full directions with bottle. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

ONA MUNSON ("Going Wild," First National) is the pretty young wife of Eddie Buzzell, the little comedian. Ona began her stage career as a dancer in vaudeville, but soon graduated to the musical comedy world, where she appeared in many famous productions. One of her last theater jobs was the leading feminine rôle in the Ed Wynn show, "Manhattan Mary."



CYRIL MAUDE ("Grumpy," Paramount) is one of the veterans of the English theater who is equally well beloved in this country. After his American tour in "These Charming People," some years ago, he retired to his English estate, remarried and settled down. But the microphone called him 6,000 miles to make a talkie of "Grumpy," his greatest success.



FRANCES UPTON ("Night Work," Pathe) is a New York chorus girl who has made good in a big way. Several years ago she was taken out of the chorus of "My Girl," to follow Marie Saxon as dancing soubrette, and scored. Since then she has been a principal in many Broadway successes, among them several produced by Ziegfeld. Good luck in Hollywood, Fran!



JOE COOK ("Rain or Shine," Columbia) really needs little introduction to anybody. For years he was a vaudeville juggler, with a tremendous flow of conversation, utterly insane, that soon made him a featured comedian in many Broadway shows. His last Broadway offering was "Rain or Shine," which he has now turned into a talkie for Columbia. Should be a panic.



UNA MERKEL ("Abraham Lincoln," United Artists) seems headed for big things on the screen. So successful was she in "Lincoln" that she was immediately given the leading lady job in H. B. Wright's "Eyes of the World." Una, needless to say, is from the theater. She scored sensationally in a rôle of the Helen Hayes success, "Coquette," that Miss Pickford filmed.



FRANK MORGAN ("Dangerous Nan McGrew," Paramount) is one of the most able and distinguished actors on the American stage, and a brother of Ralph Morgan. While making two films at the Paramount Eastern studio, Morgan was playing the featured rôle in "Topaze," a delightful French comedy, on Broadway. He was featured in "The Firebrand" several seasons ago.



DOROTHY LEE ("The Cuckoos," Radio Pictures) is a little dancer who has come far very fast. She was appearing in vaudeville with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, and worked with that band in its picture, "Syncopation." Dorothy made such an impression that Radio Pictures hired her, and she was immediately successful in the ingénue rôle in "Rio Rita."



VICTOR MOORE ("Dangerous Nan McGrew," Paramount) has been a leading comedian in America for over thirty-five years. Fifteen years ago he made several silent comedies. He appeared in vaudeville for many years with his wife, Emma Littlefield. Recently he has been featured in many Broadway musical comedy hits. And now he faces cameras that hear!



A fair skin with your new furs

... it's the first note in the autumn

"SYMPHONIE"

Armand offers you a subtle new powder-shade to create the creamy-toned, complexion so flattering with fur-fashions.

"SYMPHONIE" is the newest word in the style world! It's the name of a remarkable powder-shade that matches your skin so perfectly and enhances it so subtly that you behold yourself in the beauty of a "natural" complexion ... the smart complement of the new clothes.

"Symphonie" is a creamy-blush of the most precise proportions. It does away with all mixing and blending on your part ... all further experiments with face powder. "Symphonie" was born of Science, but Science with a new idea. For this unusual powder is blended to the exquisite flesh-tones found in Old-World portraits, those translucent tints that glow with mellow beauty.

All women in general, blonde and brunette alike, possess these same underlying flesh-tints; the duty of face powder is not to change or obscure them but to emphasize their pearl-pink quality. You didn't know, perhaps, that your own complexion possessed these beauty-possibilities. Your first use of "Symphonie" will be a joyous revelation!

"Symphonie" shade is found only in Armand Cold Cream Powder, and the rich consistency of this particular blend furthers the effectiveness of the subtle new tint. Follow directions in "The Little Hat Box" for applying this powder and be rewarded with a loveliness that is quick to come and not soon to go!



"With the new clothes, the new complexion" ... black chiffon gown under little peplum jacket of creamy broadtail, by Kurzman, New York; complexion by Armand; compliments by everybody!

Armand Cold Cream Powder in "Symphonie" shade (or four standard tints)—in the box. Zanzibar tone in Armand rouge and lipstick is the perfect complement of "Symphonie."



ARMAND

COLD CREAM POWDER

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"I Never Choose Beautiful Women"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

essence in their nature, some quality in their charm, appealed to me. I have taken girls, and by accenting this precious and hidden essence, by dressing them in accordance with the vision of them I saw in my mind's eye, I have given the world of fans what they have been pleased to call beauties."

It is noteworthy that many of the girls so selected and put forth by De Mille have had their big successes through their careers in the type of personality with which he first supplied them. The hidden something that De Mille saw and dressed forth for all the world to see, has been their secret of charm and success.

ONE feature alone De Mille has accented always in his selection of bets for success. That has been the eyes. He considers them of paramount importance—the windows of the soul.

"It is amazing how few beauties have really beautiful eyes," says De Mille. "There are many with charming eyes, which, however, have nothing to offer the screen. A woman accustomed to repression, a woman of refinement and background, is most likely to have interesting eyes. Her eyes pour forth all her repressions. Such eyes have definitely something for the camera."

Pretty feet and trim ankles are something De Mille has always admired in a woman. He believes that the feet tell as important a story as the hands. If one goes over the list of women that De Mille has given to the world as screen celebrities, one will find not always tiny feet, but all dainty and well made feet.

When quizzed about this, De Mille says with a smile, "Yes, I guess I have always considered pretty feet. It is the proportion, however, not the actual size, that makes a pretty foot. Our modern feet are inclined to be very ugly, due to misshaping by improper footwear. The shoes of modern children are helping build health and beauty in feet for the future. I think the modern shoe, the open sandal for instance, copied after the Greek, is most beautiful. Modern shoes flatter the feet. As a nation, we have become foot conscious."

About this matter of feet: there is an amusing incident told of the days when Cecil and his brother William de Mille were working at the old Lasky studio on Vine Street. The cafeteria was upstairs. One day the two brothers were just far enough behind a girl on the stairs to get a tantalizing view of some very beautiful ankles and feet.

"Whose are those?" Cecil queried, peering to get a look at the owner of the feet and ankles. "That's a girl out from New York, from the 'Follies,' named Nita Naldi," answered William. Right there the pretty feet and ankles were cast for the role of the modern vampire in the picture, "The Ten Commandments." This gave Naldi her start in the rôles that made her famous.

GLORIA SWANSON is perhaps the most outstanding success of all the women De Mille featured in his pictures. De Mille first saw her as a little sister in a Sennett comedy, receiving a pie full in the face. Not suggestive to most people of the majestic and dramatic actress of later years, was it? When he sent word to his financial backer in New York that he had selected this pie catching damozel for the big rôle in "Don't Change Your Husband," there was a terrific uproar.

The thought of this unknown, who did not look any too prepossessing with the pie in her face, as the central figure in a big, expensive production was terrifying to the financiers.

"I chose Swanson for the dynamic emotion she possessed, which she could turn in any di-

rection. The objections all quieted down after the release of "Don't Change Your Husband." Swanson is not in any sense a beauty; her nose, which is one of her chief assets, departs from any standards of sculptors. Yet she has a remarkable power of projecting the illusion of beauty." Swanson has the beautiful and expressive eyes De Mille always demanded; too, the dainty, well formed foot and ankle.

Bebe Daniels was running around, waving her legs and arms in a Harold Lloyd comedy when De Mille selected her. De Mille sensed the basic ecsticism of Bebe Daniels and so presented her for the first time as an exotic draped, alluring woman with Wallace Reid in "The Affairs of Anatol."

Her greatest screen successes have followed the line laid down by De Mille.



Does this face evoke memories? It's that of Molly Malone, a few years ago a popular movie leading woman. Disappearing from the screen, she suddenly turned up in the photographic department of Metro-Goldwyn. Molly intends to become an ace portrait photographer, and it looks as though she would, and soon

Leatrice Joy, says De Mille, he selected for her innate gentility and breeding, as the perfect lady with, of course, emotional possibilities, for "Saturday Night." This went on through "Manslaughter" and others of her greatest successes. Her eyes and dainty feet are again notable.

Vera Reynolds he selected as the exponent of the flapper.

Wanda Hawley, in former years, was presented as typical of the youth of her time.

Lila Lee, selected for the rôle of the serving girl in "Male and Female," he chose for her quality of wistfulness, the victim of unrequited love, a ZaSu Pitts type.

Jetta Gondal was dubbed "a cocktail of emotions" by De Mille, who put her in her greatest successes, "White Sand," and "Paris at Midnight." She proved to be a heady one, and later sued De Mille for a broken contract.

Florence Vidor in "Old Wives for New," De Mille chose as a type of aristocratic lady. Florence took this so seriously that she has since become one, with an English accent and a famous concert violinist for a husband to help ob-

scure any memory of the vulgar days when she was a motion picture actress.

"Katherine MacDonald was the only really beautiful woman I ever chose for a leading rôle," says De Mille. "I used her for only one picture, 'The Squaw Man,' and her career in films was not long or notable.

"I consider Agnes Ayres the nearest to beautiful of any other women I used in my productions; many will disagree with me and name Gloria Swanson. It is a personal preference, one that everyone must decide for himself. Lois Wilson in 'Manslaughter' did her first dramatic work. Up to then she could get nothing but gaga rôles.

"Personality, the soul that looks out through the eyes, is the true individual; beauty is merely physical. It is the mobile countenance full of expression that I prefer. None of the Venuses would get by for a moment in Hollywood. Personality, charm, intelligence; these things are at a premium. Nature has done a strange trick in evening her scores. There are few instances of perfect beauty and strong personality combined.

"ALICE TERRY was unknown before 'Old Wives for New'; in her I found a striking personality. She had a soft, gentle, feminine beauty and charm that made her unlike any other.

"Julia Faye I noticed one day when I was walking by Wally Reid's set; she was on tiptoes, playing a scene. The trimness and swankiness of her caught my eye. The brightness and effervescence of her is stimulating. She is a good comedienne, but she must also have a touch of character in her rôles. I consider her greatest one was that of *Mariusha*, the guttersnipe of Old Russia swept into luxury by the Revolution, in 'The Volga Boatman.'

Julia Faye, too, has the dainty feet and ankles, perhaps the daintiest of all among De Mille's leading women.

"The birth of the talkies," De Mille went on, "has brought still another factor into this matter of beauty on the screen. Beauty as such is worth less than ever before. The new beauty on the screen is the beauty of personality conveyed through the voice.

"In the old silent days, a producer or director could afford to take a flyer on a girl who had little education or background, but who showed a real desire to improve herself with books and study. She got a year's contract during which to flower. Now this is impossible. At least a high school education is necessary. Ignorance betrays itself at once in the voice.

"The difference between the voice of Kay Johnson and that of the ordinary untutored voice of a possible silent film heroine is the difference between an organ and a harmonica.

"Lack of education shows in intonation at once. Proper intonation can only be produced by education and breeding.

"IN talking pictures, we of the industry are still far from realizing true beauty in the tone of the voice, for there is individuality in a voice as well as in a face.

"It is both harder and easier to select people for talking films. It is harder to find the right ones, but they are easier to determine on, because of the demand for beauty in the voice. One must be a pantomimist and a great voice actor for the talkies.

"I would say to any young person desiring a career in talking pictures, educate yourself as far as you can at school; then continue to educate yourself with books and in every possible way, for you will need it all for the proper background in the talking films of the future."

THE GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*



The inimitable skill with which Gossard Foundations groom the figure to smart, slender curves — make Gossards the choice of women with a flare for fashion.

This original Gossard all-in-one, of fine peach batiste and lace flouncing, contours the figure to lovely princess lines by means of ingeniously placed lengthwise darts... assuring smooth, easy-flowing curves that show the distinctive lines of Paris frocks to advantage... and give the simplest frocks an air of Parisian chic!

"I'm a helpless prisoner!"

says MYRNA LOY

"I'm caught! . . . in a spun-silk web! I'm held . . . in a star-dust rapture! I'm captive to a lilting mood! But I love my captor . . . I'll never escape. For this mood that's captured me is Youth itself . . . a mood which stole from a perfume bottle and entered my heart . . . surrounded my soul . . . and I surrendered! See, here's the bottle . . . there's the name—Seventeen—but wait! Not a breath of it—unless YOU want to be carried away—too!"



SEVENTEEN . . . not a perfume alone
but a whole ensemble of gay toilettries!

The ensemble idea is smart in toilet accessories, too! . . . so Seventeen's gay and lightsome fragrance has been breathed into each of these essentials: *Powders* . . . a face powder, bath powder and talcum . . . all charmingly packaged, all exquisitely soft, all faintly scented with Seventeen . . . a *Compact*, the smartest you've ever seen, in gleaming black . . . a *Sachet*, the subtlest way to perfume lingerie . . . *Brilliantines*, one solid, one liquid, to restrain straying locks and leave a fragrance that's ever so elusive.

Seventeen

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

PARDON MY GUN—Parthe

A WESTERN comedy, full of rollicking fun. A rodeo in which two boys, Hank and Tom MacFarlane, champion juvenile trick riders and ropers, put Will Rogers to shame. This alone is worth the price of admission; but also there are pretty Sally Starr, handsome George Duryea, and perky Mona Ray, and many others you will want to see, especially "Fuzzie." Not a dull moment.

LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES—Paramount

IS there a plot afoot to keep Clara Bow off the screen? If her personal peccadillos don't do it, bad stories will. This one, a musical comedy, concerns the railroad lunch counter waitress, the son of the president of the road who poses as a brakeman, and the attempt on the girl's part to disillusion the boy about her for his own good. It's pretty discouraging, and Clara gets much too cute.

BIG BOY—Warners

HERE'S Al Jolson's stage thriller about race-track intrigue, done into high comedy talkie. Al is blackface throughout except for a short afterpiece, cracks some old gags and some fast new ones, and sings about eight numbers, than which could any Jolson fan beg more? It's all done in a grand air of rollicking levity that adds to the fun. Go, and get a nightful of laughs.

LAST OF THE DUANES—Fox

USUALLY, a Western picture is just a Western. But here's one that goes far beyond, and makes a swell evening's entertainment. Outstanding are the scenic backgrounds. There are thrills far ahead of the ordinary Western gags, and some splendid performances. George O'Brien keeps his shirt on and provides a fine characterization. Western fan or not, you'll like this.

TEMPTATION—Columbia

HERE'S a real nice picture. Nothing pretentious, but simply told, excellently acted and very charmingly done as a whole. It's a love story of the old, clean school, with Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray as the sweethearts. Lois has betrothed herself to a rich man to get the luxuries she craves, but helps Larry out of a bank robbery scrape, and all's well. Pleasant.

SLUMS OF TOKYO—Schochiko Film Co.

THIS is advertised in "little" movie theaters as Japan's greatest contribution to motion picture art. Whatever they call picture art in Japan, this affair is simply horrible to Western eyes—and the art of the cinema should speak a universal language! The drab tragedy of a brother and sister in Tokyo's underworld. Japanese screen acting consists of making horrible faces for hours. *Silent.*

DANGEROUS NAN MCGREW—Paramount

THIS picture should teach us all a lesson. When we want to make a talkie, we'd better get a story. This is a very bad picture because it has no story at all. Some cute people try to make it stand up—Helen Kane, Stuart Erwin, Victor Moore and Frank Morgan—but it doesn't hold us for more than a minute at a time. Helen and Victor run a medicine show up North. Feeble.

THE MEDICINE MAN—Tiffany Prod.

THE crool father beats his daughter. The crool father beats his son. And then the crool father gets shot, which goes to show that children-beating doesn't pay. The highlight, however, is the calm assurance of Jack Benny—that old master of suavity. He plays the medicine show doctor who comes to the little town and marries the village gal, Betty Bronson. Pretty good hokum.

THOSE WHO DANCE—Warners

ANOTHER underworld picture that doesn't ring true. You know all along that the court-plaster scar on Monte Blue's face will peel off at the wrong moment and give him away! He's supposed to be a gunman, but he's really a cop, out to get the gangster who



A new rainy-day outfit sported by Ruth Roland, whom we'll soon see in her first talkie, "Reno." The matching umbrella is certainly a dashing note

killed his brother. Lila Lee, Betty Compton and William Boyd try hard.

RENO—Sono Art—World Wide

THIS is Ruth Roland's return to the screen after such a long absence, and if you want to witness this event you'll go to see the picture. What you'll find is a series of close-ups of the ex-serial queen punctuating a yarn by Cornelius Vanlerbilt, Jr., that at some time during its process may have been a story. Ruth looks beautiful. Her acting is hopelessly old fashioned. She rides a horse.

THE LONE RIDER—Columbia

THIS prime requisite of a Western is swift action. This Western talkie moves with all the rapidity of a tired snail. Buck Jones is a hard-boiled bandit who reforms and becomes

head of the Vigilante Committee of a mining town—all for the love of Vera Reynolds. Buck's swell horse, Silver, is the real star of the picture—but even Silver can't make this anything but a dud.

ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S—First National

BILLIE DOVE plays a chorine who kills her employer when he forces his attentions on her. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the press agent sweetheart who does substitute service in the pen, while she makes a Broadway success. *Good Susie*, an underworld leader, and adopted mother of the P. A., is beautifully played by Helen Ware. One night at Susie's will be enough.

WHAT MEN WANT—Universal

WARNER FABIAN, old "Flaming Youth" himself, wrote "What Men Want." After seeing the result we're still doubtful about what they do want, but maybe it isn't important. An excellent cast moves through a series of gin brawls in numerous *art moderne* apartments. Pauline Starke and Ben Lyon are featured, but Robert Ellis strikes the sanest note.

INSIDE THE LINES—Radio Pictures

BLOOD and thunder war stuff of the good old style—crammed with spies, trick Hindus, love in wartime and the British Fleet. Betty Compton and Ralph Forbes, as British secret service agents posing as German spies at Gibraltar, have a terrible time getting together in the real, but they succeed, and the great British fleet, just steaming into harbor, isn't sunk after all!

THE WAY OF ALL MEN—First National

THIS just misses. The stuff is there—a group of people trapped in a saloon by a Mississippi flood decide to forget the past and become brothers, but when they are released from death they slip back into their old hates. It is not, somehow, convincing. Let the high-brows tell you why. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is cast as the boy, whose Southern accent is pretty good except when he forgets it.

CONSPIRACY—Radio Pictures

THIS isn't a bit nice, but "Conspiracy" reminded us of the senior class play. It's about gangsters and the district attorney's sister, who takes a hand. You know THAT plot. The chief fault of this chain of crimes is that it lacks sincerity. Feeble lines don't help. Bessie Love is lost as the girl. Ned Sparks achieves a humorous characterization as a crabbed, old novelist.

OH SAILOR, BEHAVE!—Warners

IF you manage to sit through the second reel of this you'll discover that Lowell Sherman makes a swell comedy prince. But a few more like this and song writers and song birds will be going back to Broadway. There are mean old generals, scheming adventuresses, Johnson and Olsen, and Charlie King as a singing reporter. Lotti Loder, heralded as a find, proves she can roll her eyes.

PARADISE ISLAND—Tiffany Productions

KENNETH HURLAN, a singing sailor, and Marceline Day struggle through this tale of adventure, on a South Sea island, but it's



Photo by Hal Phylfe

"My Velvetskin PATER is invaluable,"
says *Helen Morgan*

Remember her in "Show Boat"? Miss Morgan is now in the talkies—where, more than ever, the care of her complexion is of vital importance—for the camera is vicious in its portrayal of the slightest skin imperfection. Says Miss Morgan:

"MY VELVETSKIN PATER not only pats the cream in and out of the pores, but stimulates and refreshes the skin and muscles of the face, removing that tired look. I find it invaluable."

Though patting has long been acknowledged as beneficial, it has been all too seldom regularly practiced. Now comes the **Velvetskin Pater** making an exhilarating pleasure of a former task. Its rapidly moving fingers work in creams and lotions and accomplish the pore-deep cleansing so necessary for a perfect complexion.

The handle of the **Velvetskin Pater** is made of a new material (not metal) available in the three most popular boudoir colors—Jade Green, Orchid and Primrose, with electrical cord to match.

If you cannot find it in your favorite shop or store, mail the coupon below.



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Enclosed find check or money order for which please send one **Velvetskin Pater** with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.

Mark X here for Alternating Current, \$5.00.
Mark X here for Direct Current, \$7.50.

Mark X here for free Beauty Booklet only.
Color wanted: Orchid, Jade Green, Primrose.

Name

Street and No.

City State

My dealer's name

only Paul Hurst's comedy that you recall, after all. Marceline has allowed herself to get too thin to be beautiful, and the story is slow moving. Even Tom Santschi's most villainous tactics fail to arouse our ire. Maybe it's the beat.

SISTERS—Columbia

THE little Noonan girls—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day to us—play sisters in this mild tale of girl-and-boy trouble. One sits on the lap of luxury—the other lives in squalor with a jobless husband and a baby. Love

interest enters with Russell Gleason as a newspaper reporter. The story flounders a bit, but it is fair entertainment for an evening in the dog days.

SWEET MAMA—First National

THIS is just another chore for Alice White—one of the weaker of her latest program pictures. Alice always plays Alice—and this time she has superior help from David Manners, Kenneth Thomson and Rita Flynn, the last a real comer. Fairly good entertainment for Alice's admirers.

Sunny Sally

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

By the way, she can dance for an hour without tiring, and loves it.

She is one of the few great dancers who have not permitted their calves to be ruined by bulging muscles. The answer is that she always bathes them in ice cold water after a hard session.

HER greatest hobbies are her work and her family. She spends two to three hours a day practicing and devising dance steps, and another hour daily vocalizing, for she keeps her voice as fit as her legs. She likes to sing, and doesn't mind a bit when she's asked to sing at parties.

She loves to be complimented. She gets as great a kick out of being told a nice thing the millionth time as she did the first time she heard it.

And she's quite sure she can distinguish between sincerity and flattery.

It's not hard to sincerely compliment her. Her hair is natural gold, and her eyes are green, not blue. Her smile is famous. She is a genuine beauty. Her hair is bobbed, but she doesn't like it that way. She can't let it grow because her rôles all call for short locks. She used to wear curls to her shoulders before she joined "The Passing Show" in 1914, and she wishes she could wear curls now. She never gives way to temper, and her sweet disposition is 18 karat genuine.

She likes parties, but prefers them small and select—the selection to be confined to smart people. She doesn't care for people with a set "line."

And much as she likes parties, she ditches them regularly when she's in production, because she's so interested in her work that she devotes all her time to it.

She's a good business woman and transacts all her own business in person. She's one of the few actresses who have no business manager or agent.

She gets \$200,000 a picture. She's always ahead of time for her business appointments, and almost always late for her social engagements.

She likes people and has many friends, but they're almost all men. She doesn't get on half as well with women as with men. She's been married twice—Frank Carter, her first, whom she married while yet a kid, was killed in an auto accident before their first anniversary, and Jack Pickford was her second—she divorced him because Hollywood and Broadway didn't mix. Now she's supposed to be engaged to Michael Farmer, a rich automobile man of Paris, who telephones her very often across the Atlantic and the United States, and damn the cost! They plan to marry this fall. Maybe.

THE fourth man in her life was Ben Lyon. They are still good friends.

Marilyn was a guest at Ben's marriage to Bebe Daniels, and the three of them are a clubby little set.

Marilyn likes smiling faces and can't stand doleful ones. Once a new butler—a colored man—was hired while Marilyn was away. The maid explained to the new man that Miss Miller wanted cheerful faces about her. When Marilyn returned, the new butler took it so seriously that he laughed out loud. Marilyn liked it.

SHE likes solid colors in clothes and has dozens and dozens of outfits, of course, including many elaborate dressing gowns. Yet she almost always uses an old pongee kimono that she's had for years, and that no chorus girl would want to be found dead in! She's worn it when receiving such dignitaries as the Prince of Rome and the Prince of Wales. And her face was all smeared up with cold cream when she met the latter. It was in her dressing room in New York.

She kept the cold cream and the ancient kimono on with charming unconcern while she chatted with the prince.

The walls of her dressing room are covered with autographed photos of stage and screen stars, and her dressing mirror looks as though she'd gotten it for two bits in a second-rate second-hand shop. It's cracked straight across; she's had it for years; and won't have any other.

She adores jewelry and has a great collection of it. One piece—a cross of diamonds—she wears almost always. She never goes out, either, without pinning somewhere inside her clothing—a little bunch of religious medals. She believes they bring her good luck. They went through the war on an American soldier and although she has lost them several times, they've always been returned to her.

She loves oriental objects—and oriental mystery stories, too. But her preference in reading is the biographies of famous persons of history.

SHE collects elephants and has nearly a hundred of every kind and size. One set from India consists of dozens of tiny elephants, each carved from a different kind of wood; another set is made of various kinds of semi-precious stones.

She loves cats and has a Siamese in her New York home, but none in Hollywood. In Hollywood her pet is "Sunny"—one of those underling Scotty dogs.

She hasn't gotten used to movie fame yet and it embarrasses her to be stared at by fan crowds. She doesn't like to be pointed out as "there goes Sally." She insists that she's not beautiful—expresses it with: "There are so many people prettier than I!" But she knows she has perfect lips.

She is not in the least affected or self-conscious.

Once, for a gag, she signed a note to a friend only by kissing the paper with heavily rouged lips.

The friend recognized it at once. It was a male friend.

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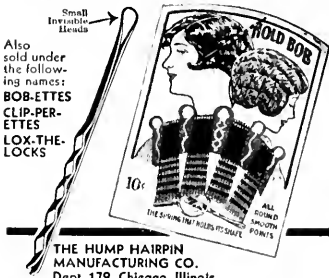
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Blonde Brunette

Short Subjects of the Month

SEVERAL burlesque sound newsreels are about to hit the screen, and one has already struck—Eddie Cantor's "Cock-Eyed News," a Paramount short. It is reviewed this month.

This short subject development was inevitable. Sound reels lend themselves easily to clowning, in some respects.

COCK-EYED NEWS

Paramount

This is a whale of an idea, this burlesquing the newsreels, but they'll have to be a little funnier. Here Eddie Cantor introduces it, and sings a song. Then are shown a series of straight captions introducing kidding pictures. Sample—Title, "Tag Day in Scotland." Scene, empty street.

HELLO, TELEVISION

Sennett-Educational

Very unusual, this humorous preview of what may happen a decade from now. Thanks to Television, the lovers outwit the crool parent and get married over the ether waves while the unwanted fiance waits at the altar. Laughs by Andy Clyde, beauty by Ann Christy.

A PEEP ON THE DEEP

Radio Pictures

Clark and McCullough, famed music show comics, come back to talking comedies with this. It's a goofy story, with the laughs on shipboard. It is strictly a gag comedy, and they're sound foolish in print. On the screen, they're roars. First of a series with this team.

THE ROYAL FOUR-FLUSHER

Warner Vitaphone Variety

A travesty on medieval royalty, starring that droll little fellow, Eddie Buzzell, who sings two songs. Most of it is knockabout comedy, stretched thin over two reels. Eddie carries on a comic intrigue with the court dressmaker, Doris Dawson. Mild.

BROKEN WEDDING BELLS

Darmour-Radio Pictures

Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in the second of their new series of two reel comedies. This is good and hilarious gaggery, about the complications that set in when the unexpected delivery of a radio set breaks up the plans of a couple on their nuptial night. Daphne Pollard's a wow.

SOME BABIES

Pathé

A comedy full of babies and snickers by a competent cast of buffoons. Watch Little Billy, the midget, play a baby—and then see a real baby steal the picture! The child's name isn't listed in the cast, but he's funnier than a dozen professionals. For a real laugh, catch this!

THE KING

Roach—M-G-M

Harry Langdon again, this time in another royal travesty. Wistful Harry playing a philandering king who gets mixed up with the pretty blonde wife of his chancellor. The dialogue is deadly dull, and the fear grows upon us that Harry's enormous gift of pantomime is lost in talkies.

THE GOLF SPECIALIST

Radio

W. C. Fields, noted stage comedy star, is another entrant in Radio's rush of short laughers. This is a screen amplification of the howling golf act he's done on the stage for years, and it's an excellent job. Laughs are continuous for twenty-three minutes. Fields is just swell.

TOUGH WINTER

Roach—M-G-M

Our Gang, with the assistance of Stepin Sleepy Fetchit, knocks out another two reeler. After some funny stuff in a mule stable, the kids get into trouble making taffy while mamma's out. Step is fairly funny, but the kiddies do lose something now that they have to talk.

GOODBYE, LEGS

Sennett-Educational

Well, the world's still all right. Mack is up to his old tricks again! This is the old boy's new solution to the question of legs, long skirts and surrounding complications, and the laughs run through a neat story. Andy Clyde, Nick Stuart, Ann Christy—and a flock of peaches!

RANCH HOUSE BLUES

Pathé

Another of Pathé's Rodeo Comedies—Westerns with a dash of musical comedy. The story of this one is old and weary, but the short is made fairly pleasing by some of the music, both vocal and string. There's a goodish bit of action in the Western part, and this helps.

MANHATTAN SERENADE

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This is one of the prettiest and most distinctive musical comedy shorts of the month—if not THE most. Mary Doran and Raymond Hackett introduce people. The three Brox Sisters sing, and there is some elegant hot dancing by principals and chorus. Much of the film's in color.

SWELL PEOPLE

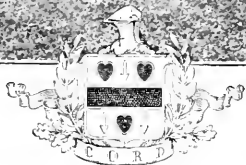
Pathé

This is a rough and tumble two reels of horse play that is plenty funny. Harry Gribbon and Dot Farley are the principal fun-makers, with Gribbon playing a bricklayer who lives better than a bank president he and Dot entertain at dinner. Of course, Harry's just enjoying a dream!

HIS HONOR THE MAYOR

Christie

Charlie Murray runs for office in a small town. Charlie, being the "honest" candidate, falls headlong into two reels of grief and woe. Mary Gordon, Eddie Baker and Carol Wines are in the supporting cast. Nothing hot or distinctive here. Charlie deserves better.



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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

Hide This from Mark!

Chicago, Ill.
Do Hollywood husbands stay home nights? Why can't Mark Busby go on "dates" (mild ones!) with married women? Some of the most interesting women on the screen are married, such as Ruth Chatterton, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Norma Shearer and Bessie Love. But don't have "Wild Mark" shot by an irate husband!
WINIFRED SMITH.

All Right, He's Nominated!

Boston, Mass.
At a get-together of about forty of my school chums last evening they all, with the exception of six, raised their voices in righteous indignation that John Boles was not named in the June PHOTOPLAY as a candidate for "King of the Talkies." They all agree that he has more personal magnetism than Tibbett and Chevalier put together! With John Boles in a picture, romance lives again!
SHIRLEY GILBERT AND PALS.

We Can Hardly Wait

Pennsgrove, Pa.
It's a shame that every fan can't see Rudy Vallée in person. No picture could possibly show his wonderful charms. He should tour, so everybody would have a chance to see him. It would be the return of the "matinee idol"—and the most charming of all time.
LEONA STUART.

Seeing Is Believing

Chicago, Ill.
After seeing the film "With Byrd at the South Pole," I appreciated the fact that without the aid of motion pictures much of worth, beauty and interest would be lost to us. Although the different talks given over the radio by Commander Byrd and his men, as well as the newspaper and magazine articles, were highly instructive and most interesting, it needs this film to impress upon the mind and memory the actuality of this immense undertaking.
BARBARA MUELLER.

Tonic

St. Petersburg, Fla.
When I hear that Winnie Lightner or Joe Brown is showing in town, I dig down in my jeans and extract the necessary fee, even if my all did go in a recent bank failure. Laughs these days are necessary!
MARY C.

"Yust" Like That!

Portsmouth, Va.
I stood up four hours and twelve minutes to see Greta Garbo's first talkie, and I sat nine hours and then wasn't tired of listening to her say "MOTT," "YUST," "BODGE," and all those odd pronunciations.
Now don't forget, GRETAVS the woman, GILBERT'S the man, Gosh Gee Whizz, I am a movie fan.
J. CHAS. GRANT.

Nagel Reduction Method

Omaha, Nebr.
I would walk a mile to see Conrad Nagel in a picture. I think that is rather a nice compliment, as we do not walk much these days.
MRS. CHRIS HAGEDORN.

But Maybe They Like To

Omaha, Nebr.
Why try to make Nancy Carroll, John Crawford and others sing when they have no voice for singing?

In "Honey" and "Montana Moon" their singing was terrible. It isn't necessary for them to sing, as they are sufficiently attractive without it.
C. A. WILSON.

Pro

Washington, D. C.
Two very sensitive young actors are going to be spoiled unless the producers change their tactics. I am not ashamed to say that I cried when I saw Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven." In musical comedy they lose all their distinction and become merely "cute." Have we not enough cuteness in the movies already?
G. B.

Con

Brooklyn, N. Y.
My favorites have always been Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Do I like their voices? Do I like their types? Absolutely! "Sunny Side Up" and "High Society Blues" were two of the best pictures I have ever seen. Let's have more of them.
J. L. DREIFUSS.

We'll Hurry Next Time

Alhambra, Calif.
I spoke to the owner and manager of the theater after we saw "The Devil's Holiday," and said: "If I hadn't read my July PHOTOPLAY I would never have come to a play with such a foolish title." It was a thrilling picture, hokum or no hokum. And it's the first time I ever cared for Nancy Carroll.

We missed "Ladies of Leisure." It was here, but again the title failed to attract and it hadn't been reviewed in PHOTOPLAY at that time. Once in a while a picture gets here too soon!
LUCILE HARMAN.

Look Out, Reno!

Garden City, L. I.
Give us more pictures like "The Divorcee." Bouquets for the whole cast. Their acting in this film is something to be remembered. If every husband and wife who are always ready to quarrel go to see it, and do not go home and make a sincere effort to "try again"—it isn't the picture's fault.
C. A. COLEMAN.

Too Much Realism

Roanoke, Va.
"The Divorcee" was a big disappointment. Why did they have to put in all the gruesome details of the auto wreck—the ghastly, sickening shrieks, etc.? And then, later, the veiled, disfigured woman who came on the scene? I can't understand why that sort of thing should be thrown on the screen as entertainment. We must see it all too much in real life. But if there must be some of it in motion pictures, why can't it be left for the war films—where it may do some good?
L. D. FACKLER.

Settles Fashion Question

Columbia, S. C.
I look upon the manners, actions and general atmosphere portrayed in motion pictures as the perfect guide to what is "correct." For instance, two of my girl friends were discussing the correctness of wearing gloves with formal evening gowns. Neither was sure. I had recently seen Mary Astor doing this very thing in "Ladies Love Brutes," and I told this to my friends. They accepted the decision without further comment.
MRS. H. M. PICKELL.



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Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]



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her, it seemed to me she was the one quiet person in that noon-day turmoil of hungry, hurrying people. Her poise and lack of self-consciousness baffled me. From what hidden resources had she so suddenly drawn them?

As if she read the question in my eyes, Helen laughed and said: "I know what you're thinking, Carolyn. You can't believe that this isn't just a pose, a new manner I have adopted to amuse and interest my old friends, or because I think it becomes my advanced years better than the old boisterousness!

"But it was the other, the vivacious, noisy girl who was the *posur*. I never was really like that inside. But life was uncomplicated for me then; my experience was limited and my days carefree. I knew it made me a pleasanter companion to reflect to others the 'joy of living,' as Mrs. J. called it, so I purposely made an effort to be the life of every party. I felt that it made me more popular and more welcome wherever I went. And perhaps it did.

"After I had been abroad a little while and my horizons widened, my knowledge of the world deepened. I learned that life isn't all fun and frivolity, and I found it increasingly hard to keep up my pose of exuberance and vitality. I took several courses and studied hard, and sometimes I was just too tired to pretend. After a while I ceased to care, and that's when I began to replace pep with poise. I started to cultivate quietness and repose of manner as safeguards for my own weariness and because they seemed the natural expression of what I felt.

"Of course, Carolyn, I had to admit that I wasn't quite so sought after in my new role. Quiet people don't make such quick impressions, as a rule, you know. But I analyzed it all carefully and came to the conclusion that much of my gaiety had been the result of a deeply-rooted self-consciousness. It wasn't, as it is with many girls, a natural thing, but a defense that I built against the world to keep people from penetrating too deeply, from knowing me too well. And I realized that it would become more artificial as the years went on.

"I hung on to my sense of humor, but I knew underneath that there was a serious side to my nature that I had never allowed to develop. No one knew what fruit it might bear if I gave it the chance to grow. So I stopped acting, for the first time in my life, and started to be myself. I'm sorry if my friends are disappointed in me. I'm finding it much pleasanter to live with myself as *myself*, and I hope they, too, will come to feel the same way about me."

The rest of this story, as far as it has gone, is quickly told. Helen's friends still flock around her, and the bachelor seems to find it necessary to be with her a great deal in order to "get acquainted with her all over again." We all agree that the new Helen is as interesting and lovable as the old one, with an added maturity that is charming.

Helen proved to me all over again that when a pose becomes so pronounced that it threatens to substitute for one's real nature, perhaps to repel the very people we want to attract or to prevent the experiences we most desire, then it is time to throw off our disguises.

Now, don't use that as an excuse for going about with a long face and an unhappy air, because anything else would be just a pose. There's a certain amount of masquerading we all have to do at times, and perhaps some of us have to do it most of the time.

But, if you're not a "party girl," and it makes you uncomfortable even to try, don't let that worry you. Maybe the richest friendships of your career, your happiest experiences, are not intended for that type of girl. Don't let them pass you by because they don't recognize you!

MARTHA J.:

Liquid deodorants are to be used only on small areas, as in the armpits, and directions must be carefully followed. They check and divert perspiration, as well as deodorize, protecting the clothing from perspiration stains. The liquid itself, even when colored, will not stain clothes if allowed to dry thoroughly before coming in contact with them. It should never be used on irritated or broken skin, nor for a day or two after shaving or the use of a depilatory.

END L.:

You did not mention your age, so I cannot tell you just what your correct weight is. However, if you will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, I shall be glad to send you my reducing booklet which contains some exercises particularly helpful for reducing the legs and thighs. The sports in which you indulge are very beneficial, of course, but it is daily, systematic exercise that brings the best results.

D. M.:

Yes, I think you just imagine that certain colors accentuate your freckles. These are the shades that should be most becoming to you: soft greens, most blues, particularly the rich tones, purple and deep orchid, gray, golden brown, burnt orange, tomato, black with color touches, and white.

M. M.:

See my answer to D. M. above.

ELIZABETH:

Apply yellow vaseline to your eyelashes at night, removing all surplus. By lowering the lids you can get enough vaseline on both upper and lower edges at once. Very little is required. A small brush designed for that purpose will help you to train your lashes to curl. Any good lip pomade or softening cream will counteract the dryness of your lips.

MARIE JOHNSON:

Wilma Banky weighs about 120 pounds and is 5 feet, 6 inches tall. So you see, with your added height, your weight corresponds very favorably to hers. Her favorite evening color is white, and for street wear she likes browns and tans. Those colors should be becoming to you, too, and in addition you can wear pink and rose, yellow to blend with your hair, soft greens, either pale or dark, most blues, orchid, black of high lustre, and gray.

JESSICA:

You are making a mistake in acting jealous and quarrelsome. A boy expects good-humored companionship from a girl. He doesn't want her to nag at him about trifles. And he doesn't want her to act as though she owned him. Even married men resent that sort of treatment from their wives! Begin right now to be a sweet-natured, friendly girl who can see things from the other person's point of view as well as her own. You'll be so much happier as you go along, and get much better results.

NAOMI FRANCES:

I should say bobbed hair has not gone out! How could it, when it's so comfortable and almost universally becoming? It's like skirts—there's a definite trend toward length, but there are many quite short skirts to be seen everywhere, and most girls are wearing the length that seems to suit their figures, height and type. Long bobs or done-up locks are becoming to many girls. But those who prefer short hair for comfort and who like themselves with it aren't going to give it up for some time to come, if ever.

Talking of Talkies

WARNER BROTHERS and the National Biscuit Company are thinking of merging to produce talking animal crackers.—Phil Baker, musical show comedian.

THE INTERNATIONAL ACTORS' UNION, with twenty nations represented, have adopted a resolution protesting against the practice of making a talking motion picture in one language and then engaging actors of other tongues to speak new texts for the original film.—The Associated Press.

ONE of the greatest disillusionments of talking pictures is to discover that those mysterious things screen lovers whisper to their sweethearts is the same sort of mush the rest of us dish out.—Life.

TALKING pictures contain little action and few close-ups. Pretty soon they'll have no stars. The things are so stilted they kill a star's spontaneity and, consequently, her personality. Stars have always been the golden geese of pictures, but producers are satisfied with ugly ducklings now.—Clara Bow.

DULL movies, like "Journey's End" and "Anna Christie," will continue to appear so long as methods of presentation ill adapted to the medium of motion pictures are used.—Kenneth White, picture commentator.

WHILE the screen story lacks verisimilitude, it sedulously avoids the banal, and the star injects aplomb, for she is a trick little packet.—From a film review in a British paper.

THE film director may derive the bare bones of his story from any source whatever, just as Shakespeare derived the bare bones of "Hamlet" from fables that were available for anyone's use. Shakespeare covered those bones with the flesh and blood of his own ageless poetry. So may the film director cover them with the moving lights and shadows of his own imagination.—Robert F. Sherwood, film critic.



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Meet Miss Photoplay



Meta Diane Neuburg of Tuckahoe, N. Y., chosen as PHOTOPLAY'S representative in the contest conducted by thirteen magazines to pick "Miss Columbia." Right, Meta in her ballet costume

THE TWO handsome pictures on this page will give you a very fair idea of "Miss Photoplay," this magazine's entrant in the contest to choose "Miss Columbia" in a nationwide contest sponsored by Columbia Pictures, Inc.

Our charming contestant is Miss Meta Diane Neuburg, of Tuckahoe, N. Y. Out of college a year, Miss Neuburg, at twenty-one, is a school librarian in her home town, with amateur theatricals and ballet study as after-hours interests. The pictures here are pretty enough, but they can't portray the beauty of her blonde coloring nor the daintiness of face and figure that mark her as an exceptionally attractive girl.

"Miss Photoplay" is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. Her hair is light — almost ash blonde, and her eyes are blue.

As the representative of this magazine in the contest to pick "Miss Columbia," Miss Neuburg receives a Majestic Radio set. In the final judging of entrants, chosen by thirteen national magazines, "Miss Columbia" will be chosen. That lucky girl will get a free trip to Hollywood and return as the company's guest, a week's contract at \$250 to pose for the new trailer title to precede all the company's pictures, and lavish entertainment while on the Coast.

Eight hundred of PHOTOPLAY's pretty readers entered this contest. That Miss Meta of Tuckahoe was chosen is proof that she is exceptionally lovely.

PHOTOPLAY congratulates Miss Neuburg, and wishes her success in the final selection which will be announced next month.



Dads' Boys

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

"Rain or Shine," his latest, tell the tale. A proud dad and a prouder son.

"I was one of those awful dark secrets that had to be kept hidden away," Francis X. Bushman, Jr., laughed. "A wife, when my father was a star, was simply unthinkable; and kids—whew! that was the unforgivable sin to fans. And when the public found out that dad had not only a wife but five little unforgivable sins hidden around the house—well, poor dad, his movie career blew up with a bang."

This tall, handsome son of the very handsome idol of early pictures, Francis X. Bushman, Sr., is quite the best looking of all the movie sons.

The screen does not quite catch his youthful good looks as it did his father's.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN! Ah, me! One glimpse of Francis in the old days and our girlish hearts raced like trip hammers. Sex appeal as he was appealed in those days.

Francis X. and those love scenes! *There* was something.

"I remember," Francis, Jr., said, "when my dad was crowned king of the movies. It was at the Exposition in San Francisco. Gee, that was a day." His eyes, so much like his father's, lit up at the remembrance. "And you know dad's still good, too. Did I ever tell you how he stole the part I wanted? The late June Mathis was looking for a *Messala* for 'Ben Hur.'

"I was in Rhode Island at the time and had always craved the part of *Messala*. So I dolled up in a Roman nightgown and crown and so forth, and with the pictures of myself in this garb, I started for California.

"I'm going over to June's," I told dad, "to show her these pictures. I want that part and I've come all the way across the continent to get it." 'Here,' dad said, tossing me an old picture of himself draped in a tiger skin, that lay on his desk, 'take this.' So I stuck it in the bottom of the pile and started for June's.

"Very nice, very nice," she remarked, as she looked through the pictures. Then suddenly she stopped. 'But, here,' she exclaimed.



Denver, Colo.

Last summer and fall my sister and I worked at the same place here in town, went places together, and didn't mix much with others.

Then she married and moved away. Soon afterward I was called away by her illness.

After she died I came back and started looking for a job. I have just two friends here, and they both work in the afternoons and evenings. So I go to the movies, sometimes two a day.

What a relief to be able to forget loneliness, grief and worry, and drift into the land of make-believe. After the show is over, I feel able to approach all the hard-boiled bosses and have them say "no" to me, and still come up smiling.

If it weren't for movies I don't know what I'd do.

G. Wickliffe



"Kleenex...

the only safe way to remove face creams and make-up"

Helen Morgan

She started all America singing "Can't help lovin' that man" . . . she played in some of the greatest successes Ziegfeld has ever known . . . and she tells you here how she protects the beauty that made her famous.

YOU saw her in "Show Boat," didn't you? And if you are human—and feminine—you *must* have wondered how she preserves her creamy skin and cool, magnolia beauty.

Well—take a peep into her dressing room!

Right past the doorman, into the star's own inner sanctum! And here we find her, cleansing her skin . . . with Kleenex!

"Kleenex is always on my dressing table," she says. "It's the only safe and sanitary way to remove face creams and make-up. Soft and absorbent, it wipes away *but does not scratch or stretch the skin.*"

You see, Helen Morgan knows the importance of proper cleansing. So she uses Kleenex.

Kleenex is powerfully absorbent. It blots up . . . not only every trace of cream and oil . . . but embedded dirt and cosmetics also.

Women everywhere are rapidly adopting the Kleenex way of removing cold cream. Kleenex is so sanitary. It's so much safer than germ-filled "cold cream cloths" or towels. And far less expensive.

Kleenex comes in white, and in three safe, lovely tints, at all drug and department stores.

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A father and son team that came from the theater overseas to carve successful careers in America. The late Rudolph Schildkraut, of the German stage, and his handsome son, Joseph, who starred on Broadway before coming to Hollywood for films



'is my *Messala*.' It was dad and his tiger skin."

But young Bushman more or less made up for his loss in "Four Sons." Francis was one of those "Four Sons" that will linger long in the memory of picture-goers.

He graduated from Staunton Military Academy and knew both Mrs. Haines and Bill long before Hollywood did. He appeared with Bill in "The Girl Said No" and has just finished a part in his new picture, "Way Out West."

So, Francis is far from a hidden secret in Hollywood these days.

THEN, there are the Nugents. They just say "The Nugents" in Hollywood and everyone knows it means J. C. and his son, Elliott.

While J. C.—dramatist, director, actor and monologist—was monologuing about the world, young Elliott was getting himself educated at Ohio State University. During the summer, he traveled along with dad and then together they dashed off three of the biggest hits Broadway has seen in many a day. They were "Kempy," "The Poor Nut" and "By Request."

Then out to Hollywood and pictures they came. J. C. wrote, directed and acted in "The Rounders" and also played a part in "Navy Blues." Then, together, dad and his boy wrote the dialogue for Lon Chaney's newest, "The Unholy Three," in which Elliott played the juvenile lead.

Yes, sir, they're a grand team, the Nugents. It's hard to beat J. C. and son Elliott.

On a quiet, shady side street in Hollywood, there stands a tiny unpretentious bungalow. A cottage filled with poignant memories that seem to fill the rooms like a long forgotten perfume.

It is here that Harold Lockwood and his mother live. Harold, Sr., looks serenely down from his frame on the mantel.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD. The memories that name stir up. Handsome, romantic Harold. It was during the flu epidemic of 1918 that he died. Died at the peak of a glorious, promising career.

"Here are some old stills from dad's pictures," young Lockwood said.

"I play only bits, little bits," he hastens to reassure one. "Just bits and extra parts mostly. Colleen Moore was awfully good to me and mother out at First National. She always found something for me in all her pictures. But Colleen's gone now and it seems different. I've also played bits in 'Harold Teen,' 'War Babies' and 'Remote Control.' It's just kind of slow and hard to get started, but I'll make it." He glanced up at his father's picture. "I'll make it."

He'll make it. This tall, quiet boy, who looks so much like the handsome father before him, will make it. Just stepping along in his father's footsteps!

The Strange Case of Conrad Nagel

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

I'm sure, ever attended one). But you wouldn't be particularly surprised at seeing her, because she is given to sudden and intense gestures. You're absolutely sure that Conrad Nagel won't be there.

If, perhaps, it amused you to watch life in the raw at a Mexican dance hall just off the Plaza you might see even Lillian Gish also watching at a discreet distance but watching, nevertheless life in the raw. Nothing could make you conceive of Conrad Nagel in such a place.

It would not occur to Conrad, himself, to do anything spectacular, unusual or bizarre. He is not that sort of person. And yet he has lived, and lived well, in the whirlwind of Hollywood

and three times during his career he has created a veritable sensation in the industry.

His life goes like a stock market chart. It has risen three times to a high pitch and has sunk back again to the level from which it came.

But at no time have these climaxes in his career in any way affected Conrad, in any way changed the man.

The first one was due to Elinor Glyn. No two people could be at more extreme mental poles than Conrad Nagel and Elinor Glyn, yet this authority on matters amorous startled the M-G-M studios, if not the rest of the entertainment world, by suddenly announcing that that very creditable leading man whom all the

directors wanted because he could be relied upon for an adequate performance, had "L."

She gave him the rôle of *Paul* in "Three Weeks," made him grow a moustache, and for a while it was rumored that he would be starred and give Jack Gilbert a run for his money.

Conrad took it in his usual calm, humorless manner. He was not even mildly upset. The studio was his office; playing the romantic *Paul*, his job. He went to his office and did his job and pretty soon everybody forgot that Madame had mentioned his sex appeal.

He became the pride of the industry, the good boy of the films, the lad who never gave Mr. Will Hays any trouble at all. Apparently he carried away with him none of the Glyn theories on private life when he left the studio.

THESSE mad, tempestuous people who live in Hollywood and work at the studios looked upon Conrad as rather a "sap." He was not seen at wild parties. He did not go dancing and cup winning and not even the most discreet whoopee, or whatever the word was at that time, seemed to interest him in the slightest degree. He came to the studio, did his job and kept his name off the front pages of the papers. It rather annoyed those who had known the bitter taste of scandal. Surely, they thought, such a paragon of virtue must have some secret vice or else be a "sap."

Suddenly a dramatic situation arose. The actors discovered themselves in the midst of a bitter fight which imperiled their property. The producers had decided to cut salaries. The stars were at a loss. They had no notion what to do. Lacking, most of them, any semblance of logic or reason, they scurried about in groups, called the producers every dirty name to which they could lay their tongues (and, had you been in Hollywood at this time you would have improved your vocabulary considerably) and did nothing about it at all.

They lacked a leader. There was no one who could be their spokesman. They were afraid of saying what they thought to the producers themselves.

Suddenly there arose in their midst the man of property, the leader of the group, a clear thinking, logical, sturdy citizen with a strong community spirit.

Conrad Nagel was, in this crisis, the spokesman for the actor. He routed the producers with fine oratory. He flected them in the raw with sharp wit. He spoke his mind.

Conrad was the man of the hour. The "sap," the good boy of pictures, had come forward and taken the steering wheel.

I remember, during these hectic days, seeing Aileen Pringle at the studio commissary having an ice cream soda. She hailed me and began at once to talk of the thing that was on everybody's mind, the wage cut. She described a meeting that had taken place the night before.

"AND Conrad Nagel," she said, waving a straw in my direction, "why, he's a Sir Galahad. He's a knight on a white charger. He speaks with a tongue of fire. Can you believe it of Conrad? Oh, you should have heard him. I've never been so stirred!"

Telegrams poured in to him. He was shaken by the hand, slapped on the back. And, what's more, he won his point. The spotlight of Hollywood was thrown upon him. He was a great hero.

And yet, Conrad was no different. He was merely the substantial citizen helping a civic cause.

When it was over he was quickly forgotten by the more hectic members of the colony, although he did command more respect from them.

A couple of years rolled by. You didn't think about Conrad Nagel. You talked about everybody in the business. You tried to find out the secrets, private and professional, of all your favorites, but Conrad jogged along, adequate, convincing and sincere.

Then the Warners launched the talking picture. They made a film called "Glorious

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Betsy." They remembered that Conrad Nagel had been on the stage and had been graduated from Highland Park College in Des Moines with the degree of Bachelor of Oratory. They borrowed him from M-G-M to play the leading rôle opposite Dolores Costello. He spoke—clearly, concisely and well. And he was the only leading man in town whom they would trust in the new medium. In a year he made something like twelve pictures.

A CERTAIN newspaper took a poll during this time on whether the public liked silent pictures or talkies, and also asked which was the favorite talkie actor. Conrad won by hundreds of thousands of votes, partly, perhaps, because he was about the only actor whose voice had been heard.

He was in constant demand. And, although it had always been excellent, his salary now took a sudden leap. It was one of the most astonishing gestures of the industry, and yet not as obviously astonishing as it would have been had he made what is known as a "come-back." It couldn't be a come-back, since he had not slipped. He had, through the years, remained the same.

Fan letters poured in to him. He was, during this period, by far the most popular man in the profession. He was loaned from company to company and M-G-M made a neat penny on his services.

Still he remained the same! There was no trace of "going Hollywood." He still found his amusements at home with his family, and with his dearest friend, Sydney Franklin. All the fame, all the glory, all the popularity that he had achieved made absolutely no difference in him as a man.

The talkie flurry settled down into a nice, peaceful little industry and other people with

good voices were discovered. The Conrad Nagel vogue passed, yet it didn't pass, since it has always been the same except for the three spurts, two professional, one personal.

And Conrad remains under contract to M-G-M, where he draws a salary of about \$2,500 or \$3,000 a week. He had always drawn a very sizable salary. His fan mail, like his performances, is creditable, adequate and sincere. His fan following consists of loyal supporters who have been his loyal supporters for years.

He is well liked by the exhibitors and has a good box-office name. He is in constant demand from other companies. And he likes being loaned out, for he is interested in his work and enjoys being busy.

There are never any wild fits of temperament on Conrad's part. He fights for rights, both his own and those of his fellow actors, but he is never unreasonable.

AND these sudden spurts of personal and professional activity in no way affect him. He remains what he was at the beginning, a worthy man, a family man, a good citizen, a man of intelligence, a humorless man, not given to any mad gestures.

Against the painted backdrop of Hollywood, the bizarre silhouette of the film capital, the case of Conrad Nagel stands out in bold relief as one of the most surprising and fantastic of them all. That he could, through the years, have held his place on the screen, never been starred and yet never been down and out, lived exactly as he would have lived had he been a citizen of Keokuk, never done anything that an average citizen would not do and yet be a member of the strangest profession in the world and an inhabitant of the odds' town is, I believe, breathlessly exciting!



Leila Hyams matching golf swings with a mechanical golfer. This robot executes a perfect swing. He's the one golfer in the world who never lifts his head at the wrong time—unless, of course, you happen to touch a gadget and throw him off his game

The New Hollywood Underworld

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

talk for a while, when there was a knock at the door and three men forced their way in. The hostess and her guests were lined up against the wall and searched. And then the actress was asked for the rest of her jewels.

"That's all I have," she said. But the thieves knew better. Apparently they had been watching her for weeks. They called for every piece of jewelry she owned and she had to go to her wall safe and bring them all out.

Another proof that this was done by skilled thugs lay in the fact that the insurance company recovered the jewels and returned them to her. And that's another racket. It is worked like this. Apparently an agent for the gang of thieves approached the insurance company's lawyer and offered to return the gems for a certain amount of money if no questions would be asked. None were and the stones were returned.

MOST of these 'stories do not get into the papers, since the stars know the sting of adverse publicity.

A single bandit held up one of the fast East-bound trains recently. He took Marian Nixon's jewels and a roll of bills from her husband. The job was pulled by a professional. The bandit knew exactly what he wanted and it has been surmised that he was really after Ruby Keeler, Al Jolson's wife, whose collection of gems is famous.

This is all very new to Hollywood. Never before has the city had an underworld. It is a notoriously clean town and its scandals have been scandals which could be settled in the bosom of the community.

Most of the robberies that have taken place in Hollywood have been small, amateur affairs. Rackets the town has known, but most of these rackets were pulled by amateurs and were more bizarre than the cut and dried formula of the smart crooks.

Several years ago a shrewd woman, working alone, passed herself off as a foreign countess and was entertained by a prominent actress. When she bid the star goodbye, the hostess found herself poorer by several diamond bracelets and rings.

A boy of good family told "a very few people" that he would be willing to sell his ancestral cellar of rare old wines and whiskeys for several thousand dollars. The names of those who fell for this line looks like a "Who's Who" in the cinema city. And he carried on his trade successfully for several days, for the members of the colony were afraid and ashamed to turn him in. Afraid of the bad publicity, ashamed of being so successfully duped. At last one, braver than the rest, sent for the police.

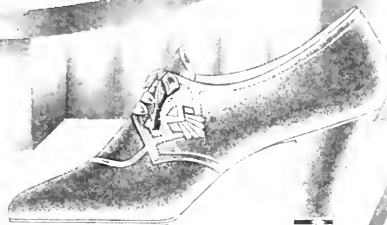
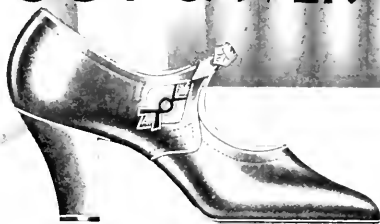
And there is the well-known petty racket that was pulled by a slick salesman just before one Christmas. He sold thousands of dollars' worth of perfume cheaper than the stores could sell it; but there wasn't any perfume in those fancy bottles, just slightly scented water.

SUCH were the rackets of Hollywood. The town has known many of these, but it has had no organized underworld. It has had no international crooks, no suave, nimble-witted criminals. It has them now!

At a certain prominent hotel more than twenty known gunmen and blackmailers are registered and the strange part about it is that, for the most part, the picture people, unfamiliar with Broadway and its half world, do not recognize these gangsters when they see them.

Not so long ago two of the nicest little ingenues in town were seen dining and dancing

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with two notorious crooks. It is all very confusing. A real racketeer is not stamped by certain characteristics as he is in the scenario.

So far these crooks have not bothered the tourists. They are here for bigger game, the stars, directors, writers and producers—those that they are quite sure have what they want.

These men, who are the dregs of Broadway and Chicago, are well dressed, witty, elegant, have plenty of money to spend and ride the boulevards in cars that rival the stars' for showiness. For all the picture people know, these characters may be Broadway financiers in California on vacations. They now appear at all the smart restaurants and theaters and always have a way of being introduced to those they want to meet.

The police know that this condition exists.

At every theater opening, dozens of plain clothes men circulate in the crowd. The cops are preparing themselves for every emergency. There is, by the way, a brand new police station in Hollywood with the most spotless jail you ever saw. A few months ago I'll wager not half the citizens of the town knew that there was a police station.

The phonology gave new life to the industry. It swelled the population of Hollywood. It made the town more brilliant, more cultured, more metropolitan. But it also set the stage for a first-class underworld. Gangsters are as thick as story doctors in the village. Black-mailers are as numerous as extra girls. Stick-up men are as ubiquitous as actors out of jobs.

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Sterling silver tea set.
2 antique silver covered dishes.
1 antique silver tray.
6 purple wine glasses, bottle and silver tray.
Crystal cut bonbon dish with silver top.
1 dozen green cut crystal goblets.
Telephone clock.
Large crystal bowl.
Old silver teapot on standard.
2 yellow Chinese bowls on teakwood stands.
Embroidered linen bed set—2 sheets, 4 pillow cases.

1 dozen blue and gold Royal Worcester service plates.

Crystal frame (huge) with Ben's photo.
Silver covered dish.
Handsome old English silver bowl.
Silver and cut crystal fruit bowl.
Swedish cut crystal bowl.

Pair of Czecho-Slovakian vases—lavender.
Pair of Wedgwood candlesticks and large bowl.

Huge silver meat platter with cover—Old English.

Silver leaf celery dish.
1 set of gold overlay cocktail plates and glasses.

Set of sterling silver ashtrays—match boxes and cigarette holder.

Cocktail churn.
Old English silver tray—Georgian 1786.

Silver tea service.
3 piece pewter coffee set.

Radio cabinet.
Silver coffee pot with lamp.

Silver knife and fork steak set.
Green lamp and shade.

French candelabra.
Mahogany clock.

Silver water pitcher.
3 piece silver tea set.

Large photograph frame with white jade medallion.

Antique miniature of Lady Gray.
Chest of flat silver.

Pendant watch, cabachon emerald with diamonds and sapphires.

A Queen Goes Fishing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

till I'm playing leads, and I'll tell them they've got to let you star with me! I think you'd be wonderful!"

SHE pulled his hand into her lap; put her face down against it and looked at him, her lips tantalizingly close to his!

"Do you mean it, Randy?" she cooed softly. "Oh, it would be marvelous—to play in a picture—with you!"

On the set, everybody began to watch them; watched him always looking for her, and following her with his eyes; Francia always finding a place to be where he would see her; her curls tumbled just so; her feet in scarlet or white satin slippers, very pretty and very little; her arms and neck and shoulders white and lovely in the queen's dress, or in the peasant's. He would smile at her, the quick, boyish smile that was to win the world, and he waited for her after work every day in his

little blue Ford, and stayed around the door of the Red Dog saloon every morning until she came. He brought her funny presents—a long-legged doll, a kitten that would up like a music box and cried; a wrist-watch that was a tiny, tinkling alarm clock.

"Well," everybody said, "Francia Delmar knows her onions!"

The musical numbers of "King of Tatters" had been finished in the studio. The palace scenes took three weeks. The night they were done, Francia called Max Kurtzman to take her to dinner because Randy would be at the studio all evening making stills.

MAX rang Francia's door bell at seven. He wore a light gray suit, very sporty, a crushed gray hat and a white gardenia.

"Well, Susie," he said, and elevated one eyebrow slightly, "I hear you been fishing!"

He laughed at his joke.

"They say you certainly pulled the lucky number this time, baby! All you need is one leading man that'd rather play 'Post Office' with you than anybody else. All right! Don't forget who it was got you on the Columbia wheel!"

The telephone rang.

"It's probably Randy," Francia said.

Yes, it was Randy.

"Hello, sweet man," she said—"oh, you mean for dinner, Randy! Oh, I'm terribly sorry! I've promised to go with my agent, Mr. Kurtzman! I thought you'd be at the studio all evening. Come and take me away tomorrow," she said, very softly, "and let's play all day! Del Ray or Redondo or Casa del Mar or somewhere. You're a precious boy, you are. Do you love me a little?—Yes, darling, I'm terribly sorry—I thought you'd be at the studio all evening—wait a minute—"

"MAX," she said, "something's happened—that Randy don't have to stay at the studio. Can I ask him to come along?"

"Sure," Max said, "ask him. We'll go to George Olsen's Cotton Club—out to the Plantation."

"Listen, Randy," she said, "Max says, why don't you join us. He says we're going out to the Plantation. Come on, darling—all right, that'll be wonderful—we're going right now—"

She put the telephone away and surveyed her flame-colored gown.

"If Randy's coming," she said, "I'll have to wear something else. He's different. He doesn't want me sensational. I guess he isn't used to big time—"

Max Kurtzman telephoned for a reservation at George Olsen's. The Chevrolet sped down Beverly Boulevard to the sea; the tower of the Carthay Circle Theater played red and white searchlights on the sky, the lights of Los Angeles were sprinkled on the dark, like jewels on black velvet.

At the Plantation, Max always had the same table. Francia was like a hot-house orchid in lavender organdie, silver shoes, a wide, drooping silver transparent hat. The waiter brought iced stuffed celery and crisp sticks of Italian bread.

"I got a letter today," Max said—and hunted for it in his pocket. "If you wasn't as good as head-lined already, we'd start in on this lead. He handed her a letter on heavy white stationery:

"Dear Max: I'm having an informal party tonight. Won't you bring the little girl you told me about—Miss Delmar? I'd like to meet her."

It was signed "Richard Dix."

Francia tucked her chin in her hand, a chiffon handkerchief trailing down to the table, thumb and forefinger circled delicately with diamonds.

"I'll have my secretary drop him an R. S. V. P. tomorrow," she said, "and say we're sorry we couldn't be there. Here comes Vic Fleming."

THE director came gingerly across the polished floor.

"Hello, Max," he said. Max presented Miss Delmar, and asked the waiter to bring another chair.

"You look like the little girl who played the queen in 'King of Tatters,'" Mr. Fleming said. "I just saw the rushes."

"Really?" she said. "Yes, it was me. What's the answer?"

Fleming took the cigarette Max offered. "Good little musical show," he said. "Good program picture. Good for the road. That's all they wanted. They got an awful surprise when they saw the kid they picked for a knock-out! What's his name—Seamore? They thought he was something that would make Colman and Chevalier look like the Smith Brothers. They had a contract fixed up with options on it till Gabriel blows his horn!

"And we took a look at him in 'King of



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Tatters' and he's terrible! He's a good-looking kid and knows what to do all right—he's got all the manners—but he screens like an accident! In this business you never can tell!"

In Francia's hand the chiffon handkerchief had become a crushed and crumpled nothing. Max Kurtzman's face had gradually grown a deep and deeper coral.

"You aren't kidding, are you?" Francia asked, her voice slightly high-pitched and strained.

Victor Fleming told the whole world he wasn't kidding!

"IT'S a good thing for them they didn't happen to let him do 'Panama Highway' first," he said, and whacked the cigarette on the back of his hand. "That's how sure they were. Well—that's pictures! You aren't sure of anything but today—and you aren't sure of that!"

The orchestra was playing "This Thing Called Love"—couples crowding across the floor, drifting into the rhythm of the fox-trot; little spotlights traveling around the "ringside" picking out for one moment beautiful Norma Shearer—those heart-breaking eyes; then Jack Dempsey dancing with the black-eyed Estelle—then Doug, Jr., and Joan.

"All right," Max was saying, "was it Datig said Seamore was sour in the rushes—or *zho* said so? Maybe it was a lousy print and they—"

"Hello, Del," Randy said. He was there, bending over her.

In flushed and entirely unassuming confusion, she introduced Max and Mr. Fleming. Randy was very handsome in white flannels, dark hair, damp and curling; that quick, frank smile. It didn't seem possible any camera could have made a fiasco of such poise, such looks. But you never can tell!

"Want to dance this one, dear?" he asked. "If Mr. Kurtzman and Mr. Fleming will excuse us?"

Mr. Kurtzman and Mr. Fleming would—and rose, as Randy drew Francia into his arms and out on the dance floor.

"Gee, honey," he said boyishly, "you look marvelous tonight! I had to see you! I don't want to break in on the party, but I had to see you!"

The music carried them around the floor, back near the table where Mr. Kurtzman sat with Mr. Fleming.

"Let's sit down," Francia said. "It's too hot to dance. And I want to talk to Mr. Fleming. He's a big director. And besides—Richard Dix asked Max to bring me to a party tonight—so we've got to go early."

He was surprised.

"You always said you never wanted to stop dancing," he said, "let's just finish this one. If you're going somewhere tonight, I won't see you again until tomorrow, and that's a long time!"

"I don't think I can play tomorrow," she said, "if I stay at the party late tonight."

"THEN I guess you won't go to the party tonight," he laughed. He put his lips close to her cheek. "I've got a couple of things to tell you."

"This is a funny place to ask you to marry me"—he held her closer—"but *will* you? I brought you a ring tonight. I was going to ask you at dinner. And when you said you were going to be with Mr. Kurtzman—I had to come and ask you, anyway! I'm going to put the ring on while we're dancing. And I think I'll kiss you," he laughed, "right before everybody. I know you care for me, sweetheart—you've just as good as told me so."

He reached his left hand into his pocket, lifted it to hers, that was on his shoulders. She felt a ring slip over her fourth finger; felt his hand close over hers.

"Listen, Randy," she said, a little sharply, "did you get the contract at Lasky's?"

They danced from one end of the room to the other before he answered.

"That was the other thing I was going to

tell you," he said. "No, I didn't. They say—I don't screen. They say I'm no good. Does that make any difference?"

She didn't look at him—or answer. She held herself a little stilly in his arms. And then, suddenly, he understood.

"You already knew about the contract, didn't you?" he said. "Vic Fleming told you. And that's why you have to go to a party tonight, and why you can't go to the beach tomorrow!" He laughed harshly. "Everybody told me you were playing me—but I didn't believe it!"

"Well," she said, a little defensively, "you didn't get the contract—and you haven't any other heavy job, have you?"

"No," he told her, "I haven't."

"Well—" she said. And very plainly, that was all! The music stopped. The others waited for an encore. Randy and Francia went back to the table. Randy didn't sit down.

"Good night," he said to Mr. Kurtzman and Mr. Fleming, offering his hand. "I just dropped in for one dance, and to bring a little present to Del, to appreciate the three weeks' fun we had on the picture. I'm going to London tomorrow. Goodbye, Del." He lifted the tips of her fingers to his lips and kissed them, and she suddenly saw the ring he had put on her hand—a three carat diamond burning in a circle of emeralds!

"Randy!" she said.

"Like it?" He smiled. "It's the one you picked out in Walton's window."

They watched him go across the floor—just a tall, good-looking boy—embarrassed at being conspicuous.

Then Dorothy Herzog and Jack MacDermott saw Vic Fleming. They stopped dancing, and pulled a couple of chairs alongside Max, Vic and Francia. Dorothy, the little chain-lightning columnist who has to know everything, dark curls always rumpled like a little boy's hair—rollicking blue eyes.

"Hello," she said to Max and Francia, and reached for a cigarette out of the pack in Max's hand. "Since when do you babies travel in such upper classes that you've got Randolph Scamore at your table! Funny how hell-bent that kid was to make pictures, and his old man worth twenty millions! But I hear he's a wash-out on the screen! Is that so, Vic? Well," she said—and reached for the match flame he held out to her—"in this business, you never can tell!"

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A Chevalier of France

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

getting at the *Casino de Paris* what was for France—but not for Hollywood—an enormous salary. Mr. Thalberg offered him on behalf of Metro-Goldwyn exactly fifty per cent of that sum.

"But listen—" Chevalier protested, "—you understand I cannot leave Paris, have my house running here and all that, and go to California to get half of what I am getting in France."

"BUT we can't possibly pay you anything like what you're getting here," the other explained. "No star in Hollywood ever received such a salary without first proving himself a box-office attraction."

"Then—I thank you for your kindness—but I will stay where I am. I will go to America at the salary I am getting here, or I will not go at all. I beg you to understand it as I mean it—I do not bargain with you—I do not try to lift your price—but I tell you simply that I cannot afford, with more expense to myself, to take less money from you than I now earn. If you cannot afford to give it to me—well—we will part friends."

Cables began flying across the Atlantic between Irving Thalberg and his associates, and Thalberg was finally authorized to offer the French star a salary that came within \$500 of the sum he asked. Chevalier refused it.

"Very well," said Thalberg, "I'll go back to Hollywood and fight for you there. I'm sure to convince them and you'll hear from me very soon."

He returned to Hollywood, but Chevalier didn't hear. The Frenchman's cables remained unanswered. He flashed them a final signal of distress. "Please wire yes or no must make plans for next season." Came nothing.

So then, not many weeks later, he was told at the theater that Mr. Lasky was out front, he didn't quiver an eyelash. "I lost my faith," he says. "I told myself, if the other one thinks I am not worth even the same salary that I get in France, why should this one think some other thing?" He went out and sang his songs with his customary verve and sparkle—not for Mr. Lasky or Hollywood—but for his friends in the audience whom he never disappointed and who never disappointed him.

APPARENTLY it was good enough for Mr. Lasky. Hardly was the act over when he knocked at the star's door.

"Like the way you sing American songs," he said. "Will you come and talk to me tomorrow about the pictures? I am here for only three days."

"Yes, Mr. Lasky," said Chevalier, "I will come. And—" with a grin, "I will do more. I will save you the money and the trouble to make a test. I will show you the test that was made of me two months ago."

"That," he mused, "was the funny side of it. Two hours after he saw the test, Mr. Lasky signed me for Paramount at the same salary I was getting in Paris. And that," he concluded, "is the story of how I came to America to work in the pictures."

Chevalier is very grateful to Mr. Lasky—grateful for his faith and for his generosity. He is one of the five people whom the Frenchman recognizes as having exerted a crucial influence on his career.

They make an interesting list. J. W. Jackson, who taught him how to dance; Norman French, who brought a new type of dancing comedy to Paris and whom Chevalier imitated with such success; Mistinguette, who made him her partner before the war and after his return from the prison camp; Ronald Kennedy, the British schoolmaster who taught

him English when he was a war prisoner at Alten Grabow; and Jesse L. Lasky, who brought him to America and who has reaped the reward of his good judgment.

There have been other kind and helpful friends, but these five provided the stepping stones that enabled him to display his talents to the best advantage, and thus attain his present eminence.

If the truth must be told, there were no loud outcries of joy from Paramount when his leaped he was coming. So many European hopes had been transplanted to Hollywood amid a fanfare of expensive ballyhoo—and where were they now? Wilted, apparently, by some blight in the California atmosphere, collapsed and carted quietly away—the ballyhoo packed in camphor until the next time.

He was introduced to them and to the newspaper men at a press luncheon. It was his first American crowd, and he did to them what he has done to every American crowd he has met since. He talked to them and captured their attention, he sang to them and warmed their hearts, he grinned at them and they were his. They set to work with every ounce of energy they owned to put him over—not alone because it was their job, but because they felt that here was an investment certain to repay tenfold whatever effort they might spend on it.

THE French star went to Hollywood to make "Innocents of Paris." The shooting began, the first rushes were shown and Paramount immediately took up his option for one year at a small increase in salary. That was fine, but still it represented only the reaction of his employers who believed in him, and who wanted to believe in him. What about that terrifying unknown quantity, the American public, who had no knowledge of him, no interest in him, financial, sentimental or otherwise, in whose hands lay the final judgment? Would it be thumbs up or thumbs down?

Chevalier went to the preview with moist hands and a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach. He was about to present himself at the bar of American public opinion and hear the verdict pronounced that would bestow or withhold the final crown.

The theater was filled with a regulation movie crowd, Paramount officials scattered here and there among them. Chevalier sat alone—too nervous to tolerate anyone near him—his friends in another part of the house.

"It was a kind of first night," he said, "without the possibility of being myself on the stage to feel how it goes, and maybe change a little here, a little there. It is all fixed, finished. I can look, listen, but I must sit still in my chair and do nothing. That is a terrible thing!" And he wiped the perspiration from his hands at the very thought of it.

His name appeared on the screen:

Maurice Chevalier
in
"Innocents of Paris"

Then came a brief, humorous introduction of the star by himself. "When my face came on," said Chevalier, "nothing happened—of course. They didn't know me, they had never heard of me. And they didn't see a very handsome man—just the face of a fellow. But after a minute I begin to feel some response—a little smile, a little laugh. And when I tell the story of 'Comment? Qui est-ce? Papa?' they laugh very much and even applaud. I begin to think, it goes. I even smile myself, because—if you will understand me well—I responded also to that fellow I was seeing. I thought, if that fellow was not Maurice Chevalier, I would like him all right. Then suddenly I hear from behind me one word—"

here he twisted his mouth upward in perfect imitation of a hard-boiled young tough, and out of that twisted corner of his mouth he spat the word, "terrible!"

"It is like a cold shower on my head. I look around and there sits a third-class American fellow with his girl, and he is scowling as if he is my worst enemy. My hopes go down—I think, maybe the audience is nice because they know I am a stranger and in their kindness wish to make me feel good—but in their hearts they think, like this man, that it is 'terrible!'"

"**THEN** the picture begins. Soon there is a laugh—another. They laugh in all the right places—I can see it takes hold of them. Their faces are changed, interested—their eyes are bright—and when I sing to the little crying boy, "*Dites moi, ma mère,*" they clap so hard that the end of the song is drowned. Someone near me is clapping very loud, indeed and when I turn to look—well, what do you think—it is my 'terrible' friend from before. That is good, *hein?* But certainly," shaking his head at the recollection, "he was a very hard egg at first.

"Well, you would say it is enough to prove to me that all will be well. But no—I am still nervous—so nervous that I cannot wait for the end. I run from the theater before the picture is finished, and later I meet my friends and they tell me it is a great success. Next day the papers tell me also the same. They are all wonderfully kind, because they take me out of the picture and they say I have got what you call in America the stuff."

Most people who have seen "Innocents of Paris" will probably concede that Chevalier's first starring vehicle had a weak and sloppily sentimental story. It was a picture doomed under ordinary conditions, if not to failure, then certainly to a common-place career.

But the star refused to take either himself or the picture too seriously and, through the leaven of his humor and personality, transformed it from melodrama to sparkling comedy, to a picture hailed by press and public, by layman and professional, as one of the outstanding hits of 1929. No wonder the "hard egg" cracked!

It wasn't long after that Chevalier happened



There are two reasons for this pretty picture. One is to show you that Edwina Booth, leading lady of "Trader Horn," is over her African fever and is again her pretty self. The other is to demonstrate her use of one earring for a smart effect. So never mind if you do lose one!

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ARE you going to be one of the prize winners in the Jo-cur contest for beautiful hair? If you have beautiful hair, attractively finger-waved and smartly dressed, it may win for you one of the prizes. Your chance to win is just as good as anyone's. Think of it! You may win the money for a glorious trip—a new outfit—or some other luxury you have always wanted. Just read the simple rules of this great contest—and enter today.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

All you need to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cur, Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cur Shampoo and Jo-cur Waveset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair as shown in the photograph. In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

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These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial. ALICE WHITE, First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions. CHARLES B. ROSS, famous painter of lovely women. HAZEL KOZLAY, Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.

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Jo-cur Waveset—sets natural-looking waves quickly and is beneficial to hair and scalp. Its use is simplicity itself. Millions of women recognize Jo-cur Waveset as the one ideal finger-waving liquid.

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If your nearest 5-and-10 or drug store is out of Jo-cur Beauty Aids, we will mail you trial sizes of all four products upon receipt of 50c in stamps.

Remember the contest closes at midnight September 30, 1930. Be among the first to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

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to meet one of the Metro-Goldwyn officials. "Do you know Mr. Chevalier?" asked the friend who introduced them.

"Yes, I know Mr. Chevalier," said the official as he shook hands and drew a handkerchief out of his pocket. "I know Mr. Chevalier, and it's a sad, sad story."

Still more important than the choice of his first was the choice of his second picture, since it involved the problem of crystallizing the popularity he had won.

Lubitsch, who had watched with delight his performance in "Innocents of Paris" came to him and said: "I have a good part for you in my next picture, 'The Love Parade.' Will you play with me?"

"I WOULD be only too proud to play with you," was the answer. "What is that part?"

But when he learned that it was the part of a queen's husband, and that it meant wearing stiff uniforms, he shook his head. "I cannot do that prince stuff," he said. "I cannot wear uniforms and make elegant gestures. Thank you very much for the compliment, but I must refuse."

"I was myself very disappointed," he went on, "because nothing would have pleased me more than to play with Lubitsch. But—I am not the lady-killer type. I think women like me because I make them smile, but they do not say—" here he dropped his chin into his palm and rolled his eyes heavenward—"oh, that Chevalier!"

(An impression, by the way, that he seems to retain despite everything the ladies of our broad land can do to persuade him to the contrary.)

"When the big dramatic scene comes I do not feel in my shoes. I try to play it naturally—as I feel it—as it would happen in life—with a little humor, if possible—because, though all my life has not been so funny, I find there is a funny side in many serious things. But still I do not like these romantic roles. I like best to play the part of a plain fellow that women understand and that men understand, too."

Lubitsch, however, was not content to accept Chevalier's decision. He returned a few days later and asked whether he might outline the story. Listening, Chevalier grew interested. "I see," he said, "that although that fellow is a prince, it is a story that might happen also to working people—a woman who wants to wear the trousers—a fight between a husband and a wife. So I say, 'Listen, Lubitsch! I like that story. But I don't like the big palace and the grand wedding and the uniforms and all that.' I think I am too much of the people to look like something in a uniform."

"But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have a photo taken in a uniform. I'll see how I look. And if I look possible, I'll play the part for the human interest there in it, although—" he concluded sadly, "it is a prince and I don't like princes."

THE photos were taken and Lubitsch "got crazy" over them. "You must do the part, Maurice," he cried. "I will have no one else." And even Maurice had to concede that he didn't look as stiff as he had expected. To prove it, little Madame Chevalier, who had been sitting quietly in a corner, tiptoed over at this juncture, to display a drawing made of her husband in that same uniform—tall Hussar's hat at a jaunty angle, tight collar, famous smile—a picture that has since grinned profitably down from the billboards of every city in America.

What happened when "The Love Parade" was released is motion picture history—a press that poured forth columns of glowing praise, a public enchanted by a smile and the personality behind it, record runs all over the country and a thirteen weeks' showing to capacity audiences on Broadway, a blazing new star in the talkie firmament who in two pictures had shot his way to the zenith where

there were few, if any, to dispute his domain—and in the offices of Paramount a contract destroyed and a new one signed for four pictures at a huge increase in salary.

The first of those four was "The Big Pond"—the second is to be "The Little Café," now in rehearsal under the direction of Ludwig Berger, who directed "The Vagabond King." It's a kind of little *entente internationale* on the Paramount lot—Berger, the German war veteran, directing first Dennis King, the extommy, then Chevalier, the *ex-poilu*, who by the way will have his heart's desire in the new picture, since he plays in it the rôle of a very "plain fellow" indeed—a singing waiter in a Parisian café.

As might have been expected, Chevalier had certain difficulties to overcome in adjusting himself to the American scene. Actor though he has been all his life, yet acting in the studios of Hollywood is an experience so far removed from acting on the stages of France that it might almost be regarded as another profession.

"I DO not think," he says, "that I am temperamental, though I believe every artist must be allowed his little nervous moment now and then. It is not so easy always to be calm, when he must play the same scene over and over again, giving it each time all his heart and strength, knowing it will go through the whole world to speak for him, knowing, once it is finished, he can do nothing to change it."

"But everyone—electricians, cameramen, actors, directors—they have been very kind to me—and I think—it may be I am wrong—but I think they feel I do always my best to be reasonable—they do not take me for one of those fellows who tries to blow out his chest and show he is the star."

An incident that occurred during the filming of "The Love Parade" proves Chevalier right. He had caught his hand somehow on a wire that was protruding in a place where it shouldn't have been, and inflicted a painful wound. In the midst of the commotion that followed, one mechanic was heard muttering to another: "Say, it shoulda happened to one o' these black-eyed-sundus bouncin' around the lot instead this guy! Then we'da had a laugh!"

The feature of his work that probably troubled Chevalier most at first had to do with publicity. He was totally unprepared for American publicity methods, which are unknown in France, and the Paramount people found they had their job cut out for them to persuade this potential gold mine that he must play with them if they were to put over certain stunts that seemed to them desirable. He couldn't understand why it should be necessary—he believed that his work ought to stand on its own feet, and even after they had convinced him that he must lend himself to their schemes, he felt he was doing so at the sacrifice of a certain amount of personal dignity. But there was one occasion, at least, when he put down his foot.

"The Love Parade" had been enjoying a long run at a San Francisco theater and when the attendance began to fall off, the manager conceived the idea of stimulating business by means of an essay contest among the feminine patrons of the theater on the subject of, "Why I Like Chevalier," the winner to receive a prize.

LEARNING that Chevalier was to be in San Francisco for the Motor Show, he suggested that if the Frenchman would agree to present the prize, he could probably keep the show running forever. But when the idea was tactfully broached to Chevalier, he exploded. "How can I do that thing?" he cried. "How can I make of myself such an imbecile to stand up in front of those women and say, 'Here, madame, is a prize for liking me!'"

It has been said of Chevalier, often and with truth that he is a good business man. It has also been said, with overtones of disapproval, that he is a "shrewd article" and a hard driver of

bargains. He himself makes no secret of his desire—which he shares with most of his fellowmen—to earn as much money as he can. He sets what he considers a proper value on his services, and if you don't agree with him, that is your privilege. But he refuses to haggle. He prefers not to take a job at all than to take it at a figure below the one he has set. And though he may be a hard bargainer, he is also a fair one, as the following story indicates.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the automobile industry was sent to New York, where Chevalier was making "The Big Pond" to negotiate for his services as master of ceremonies at the Motor Show. The Committee on the Coast, waiting impatiently for a decision, were unable to get from their agent any satisfactory response to their wires. "This man doesn't know how to talk business," was the gist of his replies. At length came a testy telegram from California. "Stop stalling. Get an answer one way or the other or come on home." The agent took the plunge. "Chevalier will come for twenty-five thousand, not a penny less."

Chevalier was engaged, but the affair may have rankled a little in the Chairman's bosom. For when he introduced his expensive master of ceremonies at the official dinner preceding the opening of the Show, he told the story of that telegraphic interchange and wound up with the remark: "For a man that can't talk business, I predict that this lad will go far."

Chevalier rose to reply. After a good-humored acknowledgment of the thrust, he went on: "It is quite right," he said, "that \$25,000 is a great deal of money for the work of one week. Too much money, you think now perhaps. I hope you will not think so later. But if you do—if you find that the Motor Show is not a big success—if you find that I have not earned my money when the week is over—then we will tear up my contract and make new terms."

In spite of the stock market crash, in spite of the fact that the motor industry had been prepared for reduced sales, the Show at which Chevalier presided broke the previous year's record by eighty per cent and all existing motor show records by twenty-five per cent. There were no further wise-cracks offered on the subject of his \$25,000 fee.

CHEVALIER has been criticised, too, for his refusal to appear in charity benefits, but his critics apparently overlook the fact that he stages charity benefits of his own. In New York last winter one of the town's swankier hostesses succeeded in getting him to a party—no mean feat in itself. He was there as a guest, not as an entertainer. Before long, however, his hostess floated up to coo: "Oh, Mr. Chevalier, we're all dying to hear some of those fascinating songs of yours. Won't you be an angel and sing for us?"

There was a moment's awkward pause, then a sigh of relief as Chevalier bowed and said: "With pleasure, Madame." But the relief was short-lived. "My fee," he added, "is \$1,000." Cornered, the lady accepted the situation as gracefully as she could, and Chevalier sang. But when the time for payment came, he asked that the check be made out to the *Dispensaire Maurice Chevalier*.

The *Dispensaire Maurice Chevalier* is a hospital recently established in Paris for the care of theatrical people who can afford to pay little or nothing for medical treatment. When the idea was conceived, a committee waited upon Chevalier with the request that he lend the hospital the prestige of his name. He agreed, and though it was understood that he should assume no obligation, moral or financial, toward the undertaking, he has since given at least one performance annually for its benefit.

During the first three months of this year, a sum close to \$10,000 was received by the hospital as a result of his activities, and when

he made a personal appearance in Los Angeles not long ago, the first night's receipts were divided between American charities and the *Dispensaire Maurice Chevalier*—the former in acknowledgement of what he feels to be his obligation to the American public, the latter in discharge of a voluntary debt to his own people.

His appeal seems to be universal. Hair-chedded he-men, to whom the average movie actor is a severe pain in the neck, fall for Chevalier. "He makes me feel good," says one. "He don't act like he loves himself," says another.

A gunman, shackled to a detective, was traveling prisonward on an ugly charge in the same train that was taking Chevalier to Hollywood. He gazed sullenly into space, as the Frenchman talked to his guard, but suddenly something attracted his interest and he looked up. Chevalier grinned at him. Before long they were deep in conversation—with "the frog" doing most of the talking and the gunman most of the listening.

CHEVALIER was telling him of his own childhood—of the young gangsters of Menilmontant among whom he had grown up, of how he had gradually come to realize that association with them would be likely to land him in jail. "And since I was sure," he said, "that I didn't want to go to jail, I stayed away from them. You have all great courage," he went on, "you have courage to do things which other men have not. It seems to me a great pity to waste that courage by fighting the law."

A little later, after Chevalier had returned to his compartment, a message was delivered to Tom Hearn, his friend and manager who was traveling with him. Hearn stuck his head through the door of the compartment. "Your friend in the handcuffs wants an autographed photo," he reported. (P.S. He got the photo.)

What is there about this man that has won for him in a few brief months the heart of a whole country? What is it that makes leaved-headed critics bubble over with extravagant adjectives in his praise? Why is it that people who "couldn't be dragged to the talkies" can't be dragged away from Chevalier's pictures? Why is it that his appearance and his appearance alone in a revue crowded with popular favorites is greeted by frantic applause?

What made it possible for him to fill a New York theater night after night with audiences willing to pay top prices for a half hour of his songs?

Why are cold-blooded captains of industry ready to give him what seem fantastic sums in exchange for a little of his time and his talent?

THE answer cannot be told in two words. But if you could have seen him, as I did, on the Paramount lot, singing a sly French song for the French version of "The Big Pond"—and if you could have seen the effect of that song on the people who listened, though they didn't understand a single word of it—if you could have watched their broadly beaming faces as he writhed and glared in mock anguish over it didn't matter what—if you could have felt the sense of exhilaration that lifted their hearts and made them brothers as he flung out his arms and his voice and his radiant smile in a last joyous burst of triumph—

And if, when the song was over, you could have seen them, shifting scenery, adjusting cameras, applying make-up, their eyes still alight, their bodies still litting to the rhythm of the song, humming, whistling, grinning—if you could have basked in the atmosphere of gayety and good cheer and human warmth created by one man—then you would know why Maurice Chevalier has been called the King of entertainers and the best box-office bet that Paramount or any other company has ever had the good luck to sign!



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Beauty, Brains, or Luck?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

being accepted for what her father was, never for what she was. She was bored knowing just where she should sit at every dinner party, her father's rank deciding such things. She was discontented with life in a small army circle when the world was so full of other things.

THE average girl in Ann Harding's place would have been quite satisfied. But Ann wasn't average and she wasn't contented.

It was not because she was stage-struck that she left home. It was a long time after she became Ann Harding that she turned her attention to the footlights. Primarily, she wanted to be herself and not eternally her father's daughter. She wanted to make realities out of her dreams. So she took the name she bears today and determined to make it as proud and bright a name as the one she had given up.

For a long time she typed policies for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York. Her salary was small and she was obliged to live economically. She occupied no high place at the boarding house table. She sat obscurely among other working girls and working men.

Naturally, she wasn't so thrilled with her independence that, after a time, the drudgery of her monotonous work and the dreariness of that boarding house didn't pall. Likely enough there were plenty of times when she remembered her old, easy life a little longingly. But she knew she could not turn back, that she could not be a quitter.

One luncheon hour she presented herself to the editorial chief of the Paramount Company and asked if she might do some reading for them. She convinced this executive that her opinion on novels would be valuable. He arranged for her to read several new books a week, supplying him with synopses, and her brief opinion of their motion picture possibilities.

Ann read the books at night and spent her luncheon hours typing the synopses. This left

her little or no time for pleasure, but she stuck at it. It meant a little extra money, and she felt that with a small bank account she could afford to try the stage.

That idea had germinated suddenly and was growing rapidly.

In order perfectly to learn her craft she went with a stock company. Just as the cabinet-maker learns to do his job expertly, just as the electrician learns his, just as the writer learns his, Ann Harding set about to master the details of her chosen work.

The company played matinees and evenings. In the morning they rehearsed the play scheduled for the following week. And, in between times, the lines of still a third play had to be memorized. It was hard work, every day of the week and every week of the year.

Finally, "Tarnish" paid her interest on her investment of study and struggle. It was her first success on Broadway. The hard-boiled critics forgot to be hard-boiled when they wrote of the delicate-featured, ash-blond Ann. She had won fame for the name she had taken for her own.

Now, on the talking screen, she is rapidly adding to that fame. She is a success in her own right, a happy wife and a mother. She is probably richer by far than if she had married and continued in the secure, little groove into which she was born. And she has found contentment.

I'll bet a hat from Paris that her father, whoever and wherever he is, is proud of her. How could he help it? She has proven herself a trouper, the very stuff of which good soldiers are made.

THEY spill tons of printers' ink on Clara Bow, to tell of her loves, her emotional and legal and professional entanglements—but there it ends. They completely ignore the rest of her story. Or perhaps they don't know that fact in the years when she was only a little bit of a thing she was a mother to her mother and father too. Perhaps they



How about having the immortal Greta or the very vocal Larry Tibbett hold down these important papers on your desk? Some enterprising gent has made those tricky little heads up as paperweights. Could they make you forget your broker's request for more margin?

don't know that when Clara first worked on the screen she was striving to forge the shining promises she had made her invalid mother into realities.

Surely, if they knew, they would write of these things, too. They explain the other things. Always, I'm sure of this, Clara is running away from nightmare memories, trying to make up for the lean years, and doing her best to forget that her mother didn't live to enjoy any part of her success.

She was a little thing the day she came into the contest manager's office with her photographs. An old Tam o'Shanter was pulled down over her bright red hair. Her little girl shoes were shabby where the clamps of her roller skates had pulled the soles loose. And her brown dress looked as though she had played hard in it for a long time.

The photographs didn't do her justice. They had been taken by a cheap neighborhood studio and retouched until they showed only a great white face starred with big, brown eyes.

"SEE this girl personally," the contest manager, much impressed, wrote on the back of her pictures. "She is young, lovely and vibrant with personality."

It remained for Elinor Glyn later to coin the Clara Bow significance of "It."

Clara's father had encouraged her to enter that contest. Other members of her family only laughed at the idea of Clara, with her freckles and her saucy nose, going into the movies.

Her mother said very little. Perhaps she thought any chance to escape from the life they knew was worth the taking. Undoubtedly she hoped that, somehow, her Clara would find a happier life.

I never will forget the day Clara stood with a dozen other girls before the judges of that contest. Their hair was marcelled. Their faces were massaged. They wore lovely gowns. But, beside them, little Clara knew no competition. Unanimously, the judges agreed upon her.

"Clara Bow" people say. "Oh, yes, she got a lucky break when she won a beauty contest."

Tommyrot!

They forget the crucifying year that followed. They forget how motion picture producers, fed up with the failures of contest winners, looked upon them as nothing but nuisances. Clara had a hard fight ahead of her. And it must have been especially difficult since she, naturally enough, felt that as a contest winner she stood on the highroad to fame.

And another thing I'll never forget is the day Clara was taken to New York and an entire new outfit bought for her. Some minor changes in the brown velvet dress were advisable, but Clara begged to be allowed to wear all her new clothes home.

"I WANT my mother to see them," she explained. "She'll love them. They're so pretty."

The Bows had no telephone, but Clara used to wait all day for the public phone in the downstairs hall to ring. She thought the producers would be beating a trail to her door. After all, that's the way things happen in novels and romantic stories.

But day after day passed and the telephone bell did not summon her to talk with one producer.

Her mother was failing. Her father did his best, but his best was not enough. He was born to the farmlands; strange to the ways of the city.

Freshening her mother's bed, bringing trays in and out, Clara would talk of "someday," of how she would work to make good, of how she would become a great star.

"And someday," she would say, "we'll have a lovely house with a garden. And you can lie under a great shady tree all day, mamma. Won't you like that? And we'll have a maid to look after you while I'm at the studios.

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"And then someday we'll have an automobile too, and on warm days papa can drive you down to the sea . . ."

At last an offer came. Christie Cabanne gave Clara a small part in "Beyond the Rainbow." It seemed a beginning. Clara would show the world what she could do. Soon now other producers would be fighting for her services.

Clara had to get up very early those days in order to straighten the little flat and make her mother as comfortable as possible for the day. Then she would hurry to the studios to give her best to every scene, to watch the more experienced girls and learn how they made up and did other things. And when the company was dismissed she would rush home to prepare dinner, clear it away and finish any ironing or laundry she had not had time to do in the morning.

Impatiently, she waited for the picture to be released. She told all her skeptical relatives and all her friends to watch out for the date when it would play at the neighborhood theater.

At last it was advertised. Everyone went, of course. And Mrs. Bow waited at home to hear the verdict. Reel after reel it unrolled. But there was no trace of Clara. Every foot of film in which she appeared had been cut out.

CLARA had to put away her own disappointment in order to encourage her mother and father. She felt it was her fault they had laid such great store by this picture.

Something else would come along. They must wait. She made them take up their hopes again.

In the meantime, however, she had to make money. No matter how little it was it would alleviate their distress. It would buy her mother some of the little luxuries that are almost necessities to an invalid. A soft pillow. Fresh gowns. A flower now and then.

She had no business training and there was no money to pay for a specialized course. But she finally secured a position in a doctor's office where she answered the telephone and door bells.

Then one day, when her mother was so ill that Clara had to remain at home, the telephone rang. It was for Clara. It was a producer. Elmer Clifton wanted Clara to meet him at the Algonquin the next day at twelve o'clock.

Clara was there. At eleven o'clock to be exact. She was wearing a picture hat she had borrowed from a cousin, and one of her mother's dresses. She only hoped she looked old and experienced enough. Elmer Clifton was horrified at the sight of her.

"I THOUGHT you were a little thing," he said, "and very young."

"I am, I am," Clara cried impulsively. "I dressed up because I thought you'd like me better this way."

All that afternoon Clara worked to prove to Elmer Clifton that she was the little girl he wanted to play in his "Down to the Sea in Ships." In a great, bare room she made believe she was running along the shore, skipping stones, taking aim at the sea gulls. And she quite convinced him.

The picture was filmed in Providence. Clara found it difficult to leave her mother, but she knew if she didn't do something to bring their "someday" nearer it would come too late.

Elmer Clifton told me he never knew anyone more eager to please than Clara. No hours were too long. No matter how many times they did a scene she never complained. And he marvelled at how easy it was for her to cry. He didn't know until the picture was finished that all Clara had to do when he wanted tears was think of her mother. It was really harder for her not to cry.

It was not long after "Down to the Sea in

Ships" was made that Mrs. Bow escaped the pain and ills that had so long imprisoned her. But, being a mother, she probably never doubted for one minute that Clara would accomplish all of the wonderful things she planned.

The rest of Clara's story is too well known to need repetition.

But perhaps now you, too, will smile when you hear someone say:

"Clara Bow? Oh, she got a lucky break when she won a beauty contest."

How many girls win such contests every year? And how many of them ever get anywhere after the first flush of this achievement has passed? How many of them ever make the grade, even without poverty and an invalid mother to retard them in their fight for glory?

Like most of the girls famous on the screen, like most people prominent in any walk of life, Clara Bow was not made by her opportunities. Rather, she made the opportunities.

OF all the women I know on the screen there is no one more the thoroughbred than Alice Joyce. She is, in reality, the calm, comprehending lady she seems in the movies. The pattern of her life has not always been Park Avenue, clothes from an exclusive designer, trips to Europe on *de luxe* liners, and respectful recognition from every *maitre d'hôtel* in every smart restaurant in New York City.

She was not born in a hothouse of wealth. As a matter of fact, she has supported herself and other people, too, since she was very young.

At first she posed for artists, and her lovely, dark head adorned magazines and calendars. The story of how she pretended she could ride horseback in order to break into pictures, and of how she remained on the horse in spite of his best efforts to unseat her, is justly famous.

Alice Joyce never became so blinded by the glitter of fame that she forgot there are other things in the world. Twice she has retired to have her babies.

When her first baby was a year old, Alice Joyce came back to the screen in the war spectacle "Womanhood, the Glory of a Nation." In her two years' absence great changes had come to pass in the studios. She did her best to adjust herself to these changes. She didn't make the mistake of feeling that because she had been a big star she still would be, without any effort on her part.

The Vitagraph Company held an option on her future services. But, naturally, before they discussed a long-term contract they wanted to see how she would be received in "Womanhood."

In a little cottage down by the sea Alice Joyce waited, too, with her mother and her baby. Carefully she apportioned her slim finances to cover the household expenses. When she had conferences with the company's executives, she was always faultlessly dressed and apparently free from any concern. But, as a matter of fact, she was, toward the end of that period, living on her last one hundred dollars. Not even her own family knew it, however. She did her worrying in her own room behind a closed door. And when she faced the world she was poised and serene.

Relieved as she must have been when the company exercised their option, Alice Joyce stood her own ground. She didn't accept anything Vitagraph saw fit to offer. And because they did not suspect the urgency of her position, she was able to ask for greater consideration, and to receive it.

You expect *rouls* like this from big business men, but it is always a little surprising when anyone who looks and acts like Alice Joyce manages business affairs so well.

A FEW months ago Jack Dempsey walked into a theater in which Estelle Taylor was singing on the stage. It was the first time he had heard her sing, beyond humming popular songs about the house. She was

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holding a high note, expertly and musically. The applause was great. Estelle bowed, and sang a little love song, by way of *encore*. And when she stepped into her dressing-room, Jack stood waiting for her.

"I wouldn't even bet you couldn't make a watch, if you set out to do it," he told her. Only a few months prior to this, Estelle had criticized someone's singing.

"I suppose you could do better?" Jack had said, the way husbands will!

"I could do as well," Estelle had replied. "I know I could."

In New York she placed herself in the hands of a noted vocal teacher. She practiced for long hours every day, cancelling many social and professional engagements. Her tour in vaudeville and Jack's surprise when he entered the theater that day were the result.

AND it is all very typical of Estelle Taylor. As she says:

"Accomplishment to my mind is a matter of pulling your body up to your vision."

Estelle was reared by her grandmother in a little house where the inflexible standards of the small town prevailed. The parlor was kept closed except when the minister paid his weekly call, or someone died, or was married. If there wasn't sand on the floor swept into neat little geometrical patterns, it was typically Pennsylvania Dutch in every other respect.

You can imagine how a girl's ambitions to go on the stage would be received in such an environment. Estelle's grandmother always regretted she let Estelle sing "Pony Boy" in that church entertainment. She felt it had put ideas into her head.

In vain Estelle pleaded for an opportunity to fit herself for the stage. She was asking for something the old people must deny her. They explained patiently it was for her own good. And in those restless months they seemed quite as unhappy as Estelle.

Estelle's eyes got bigger and her face got paler, as the months went on.

The family doctor was a wiser man than many.

"Let her go to the city," he told her grandparents. "Let her take a dramatic course at some good school. Then she can come home and teach elocution until she marries. She's the active kind that has to have something to do."

So Estelle was permitted to go to the city. Her tuition at the dramatic school was paid in advance and she was allowed fifteen dollars a week for board.

"You're to go right home from school," her grandmother cautioned her dozens of times. "You're to speak to no one you don't know."

But they implanted no fear of the city in Estelle. Her first night in New York she spent every penny she had saved for months on the

food she was obliged to eat while she watched both the first and second performance of Gus Edwards' Revue in a calaret.

At school she really worked hard. At last her hunger was being satisfied. Here she was encouraged to express herself. Previously she had been urged to suppress herself, to fit into the conventional small town mold.

The day she graduated her ticket home arrived. That meant, of course, that her allowance would cease. But she knew it was utterly impossible for her to go back to that little town and spend her life teaching neighbors' children gestures pertinent to "Paul Revere's Ride" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

She wrote her grandparents that she was living the way they would wish her to live, earning a meager but honest living, and that one day they would be proud of her.

She was posing for hats at three dollars an hour.

The wardrobe she had brought from home was growing shabby. She had to look the other way when she passed pretty new clothes in shop windows. And her meals were so plain that she used to dream of great trays of pastries and elephantine bags of chocolate caramels. But she had seen a vision and she was pulling her body up to it.

Through a friend she had met at the school she went downtown to a rehearsal hall and watched George Hobart make tryouts for "Come On, Charlie." They were rehearsing a scene in which two girls, one of them Lilyan Tashman, interviewed Lynn Overman, who was the lead. The other girl was not giving Hobart what he wanted.

ESTELLE sat in an old wooden chair against the wall and watched. She found herself saying the lines and doing a little business. Finally she could endure it no longer.

"Could I try?" she asked. Hobart agreed.

Estelle saw the girl she played as a contrast to Miss Tashman. She acted with flamboyance and spoke in a deep voice.

"The part's yours," Hobart told her.

Now she had to spend every minute rehearsing. There was no time to pose for hats. And her salary wouldn't start until the play opened. She could stall on her room rent, but she had to eat. She knew better than to write her grandparents for help. They would answer that a good home awaited her—and send her another railroad ticket.

Rehearsals dragged along. Some mornings Estelle awoke dizzy from hunger. And finally the dreaded day came when she had to spend her last change for an apple and a bottle of milk. There seemed nothing else to do but admit defeat, with the opportunity she had dreamed about and worked for just around the corner . . .

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

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

ROMANCE OF THE WEST—Hammond Prod.—Pistols crack, and Jack Perrin rescues the gal from the Mexican joint. And bye and bye it ends. All action and all-talkie, but why? (May)

ROUGH ROMANCE—Fox.—All about the goings-on of lumberjacks. Helen Chandler goes Gish. George O'Brien and Antonio Moreno don't help much. Neither do the chorus routines. (June)

ROYAL BOX, THE—Warners.—If you Deutsch sprechen you'll like this. The first full-length talking picture in German, with Alexander Moissi and Camilla Horn. (March)

ROYAL ROMANCE. A—Columbia.—Romance and adventure in a mythical kingdom. Buster Collier gives good performance and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful. (May)

RUNAWAY BRIDE—Radio Pictures.—Murders, thieves, and a string of pearls. Clap-trap melodrama trying to be light comedy. But Mary Astor is charming. (June)

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—Paramount.—Peaches-an-cream for Buddy Rogers fans. He sings half a dozen songs and plays an heir to big money, whose worldly-wise uncle puts him in care of three "Follies" girls. (June)

SALLY—First National.—The glorious, scintillating dancing of Marilyn Miller, lovely, *Geisel* star, saves this from being merely a dull transcript of an out-moded musical comedy. (March)

★ **SARAH AND SON—Paramount.**—What a characterization by Ruth Chatterton! And what a restrained and dignified performance by Frederic March! A picture you simply can't miss. (May)

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

SECOND CHOICE—Warners.—You won't even make this third choice. A mediocre phonoplay with Dolores Costello, Chester Morris and Edna Murphy. (March)

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

SECOND WIFE—Radio Pictures.—Interesting domestic drama from stage play "All the King's Men." Lila Lee, Conrad Nagel, Hugh Huntley, Little Freddie Burke Frederick is perfect. (April)

SETTING SON, THE—Darmour-Radio Pictures.—Grandpa, rich and ailing, takes the wrong medicine. The family court chickens before they're hatched. Short comedy. (April)

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

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners.—Winnie Lightner should have said NO when they cast her as a broken-hearted night club hostess. (May)

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

SHIP FROM SHANGHAI, THE—M-G-M.—Psychological dramma but went astray. Dramatic, but sometimes distasteful. Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Jack Johnson, the latter splendid. (April)

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD—First National.—Alice White's best talkie. Interesting studio scenes. (June)

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

SLIGHTLY SCARLET—Paramount.—Evelyn Brent as society thief on the Riviera. Her best since "Interference." Hero, Clive Brook. Eugene Pallette a "wow." (April)

SOGIAL LION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, the village braggart who is "taken up" by the country club set. Mary Brian, the girl. Hoops of fun. (July)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Columbia.—Tangled love affairs in military circles. (Aug.)

SO LONG LETTY—Warners.—Two discontented husbands swap wives. Charlotte Greenwood of the long legs and boisterous antics is wholly stout. (April)

★ **SONG O' MY HEART—Fox.**—John McCormack aims right at your heart with his gorgeous voice. Hit pieces, "Little Boy Blue" and "I Hear You Calling Me." Alice Joyce, and a sensational Irish kid, Tommy Clifford. Don't miss John. (April)

SONG OF THE FLAME—First National.—Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Beery, deep bass, free Russia from the revolutionists via Technicolor operetta. (July)

SONG OF THE WEST—Warners.—All-Technicolor outdoor operetta. Ambitious, but dull. (May)

SON OF THE GODS—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as Americanized Chinese boy in slow-paced Rex Beach romance. Constance Bennett fine. Weak story. Far from best Barthelmess. (April)

SO THIS IS LONDON—Fox.—The Will Rogers-Lrene Rich team, set down in London. An amusing follow-up for "So This Is Paris." (Aug.)

SO THIS IS PARIS GREEN—Paramount-Christie.—A swell short subject burlesque of love among the apaches with Louise Fazenda as the world-weary queen of the Paris sewers. (March)

SPRING IS HERE—First National.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray sing well. Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda are great. Just an average musical comedy story, but they make it good entertainment. (June)

★ **STREET OF CHANCE—Paramount.**—Here's a punchful racketeer picture that is going to give rival producers jaundice until they get a carbon copy in the can. Bill Powell's nescie and Kay Francis' sincere motting would be high-lights in any picture. (March)

STRICTLY MODERN—First National.—Pretty obvious humor and thin story, but Dorothy Mackall is fine as a young sophisticate who finds romance where she least expects it. (July)

STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL—M-G-M.—The original play, "The Circle," was subtle English comedy. The phonoplay misses fire. (May)

★ **SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS—Fox.**—A famous financier disappeared during a flight over the North Sea, and gave Elinor Glyn the basis for this brilliantly made talkie. Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen. One of the best. (April)

SUGAR PLUM PAPA—Sennett-Columbia.—A short feature directed by Mack himself. Daphne Pollard and the rest of the hilarious gang. (April)

SUNNY SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Another one of those movie versions of college life as it is. (June)

SWELLHEAD—Tiffany Productions.—Just another prize-fight story. (July)

SWING HIGH—Pathe.—Love and intrigue in an old-time wagon circus. Color, action, peppy songs. Pleasant entertainment. (July)

TALK OF HOLLYWOOD, THE—Sono Art—World Wide.—This would be the talk of any town—it's so bad. Intended as comedy, it evolves a tragedy. (March)

TEMPLE TOWER—Fox.—More *Bull Dog* Drummmond, with Kenneth McKenna instead of Ronald Colman. Burlesque and good whether intentional or not. (April)

TEXAN, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a picturesque O. Henry story of the Southwest. (July)

THEY LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—M-G-M.—But not about acting. "They" being Van and Scherick, caudville harmony duo, who sing better than they act. And, believe it or not, Bessie Love is still being noble. (March)

THREE FACES EAST—Warners.—A great stage play and fine silent picture gone wrong in the talkies. (Aug.)

TIGER ROSE—Warners.—Lupe Velez plays the tiger, but the picture is no rose. The stage play was once popular, but no one seems to care any more whether the Northwest Mounted get their man or not. (March)

TOAST OF THE LEGION, THE—First National.—The lovely Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," in all-Technicolor. Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon. A musical treat. (Aug.)

TOP SPEED—First National.—Musical comedy with the irresistible Joe E. Brown emphasizing the comedy. (Aug.)

TRIGGER TRICKS—Universal.—Typical Hoot Gibson Western with Sally Eilers in her real life role of girl-friend. (Aug.)

TROOPERS THREE—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Concerns both kinds of troopers—backstage and army. Slim Summerville is funny. (April)

TRUE TO THE NAVY—Paramount.—Clara Bow is the girl who has a boy on every ship. Then the whole fleet comes in! Can you imagine the fun? (July)

UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warners.—Light satire on old-fashioned Mexican border melodramas. A gay and dashing Technicolor single, with Frank Fay and Armida. (June)

UNDEXTOW—Universal.—Misguided psychological drama of life in a lonely lighthouse. Why didn't they call it "Lighthouse Blues"? Mary Nolan, John Mack Brown and Robert Ellis struggle against odds. (March)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—First National.—Neither beautiful Technicolor scenery nor Lila Lee's fine performance do much for this one. (July)

★ **UNHOLY THREE, THE**—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney talks, at last, in five voices, one of them his natural voice. Thrills a-plenty. (Aug.)

UP THE CONGO—Sono Art—World Wide.—One more expedition into Darkest Africa. If you like them you'll like it. (April)

★ **VAGABOND KING, THE**—Paramount.—Flash and clang of sword play. Dennis King, a French l'illion, sings and acts with operatic abandon. Gorgeous Technicolor. Liting Kril music. Jeanette MacDonald and Lillian Roth help, and O. P. Heggie is grand. (May)

VENGEANCE—Columbia.—Melodrama with a punch. Another African native revolt. Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. (May)

WASTED LOVE—British International.—And wasted footage, except when Anna May Wong's unique personality flashes on the screen. Silent. (March)

WAY OUT WEST—M-G-M.—One of the funniest Billy Haines films in a long time. (Aug.)

WEDDING RINGS—First National.—Ernest Pascal's novel, "The Dark Swan," lost its original title and a great deal more. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner. (July)

WEST OF THE ROCKIES—J. Charles Davis Prod.—Bandits, fast riding heroes, pretty señoritas. Same old Western plot. (April)

WHAT A MAN!—Sono Art—World Wide.—(Reviewed under the title "His Dark Chapter.") Reginald Denny's nice voice, and a trifling story about a gentleman-crook who isn't a crook after all, provide a pleasant enough evening. (May)

WHITE CARGO—W. P. Film Co.—Banned by Will Hays, but produced in London. Slow, badly recorded. Wasn't worth bootlegging. (May)

★ **WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU**—Universal.—Three people are trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night search party sets out. Wonderful Swiss snow scenes and breath-taking airplane stunts. Unusual and intensely interesting. Sound. (July)

WIDE OPEN—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton and Fatsy Ruth Miller play this somewhat vulgar but amusing comedy with a pace that keeps you roaring. (June)

WILD COMPANY—Fox.—Another of those wild younger generation stories, but Frank Albertson gives it real punch. (Aug.)

WILD HEART OF AFRICA, THE—Supreme.—A glorified travelogue giving the lowdown on previously unheard-of Sudanese lands in more or less human form. Silent. (March)

★ **WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE**—Paramount.—A picture beyond the usual praise. You have to see Commander Byrd drop the American flag onto the South Pole to appreciate what an achievement it is. Wonderful entertainment from any standpoint. (Aug.)

WOMEN EVERYWHERE—Fox.—J. Harold Murray's charming singing voice, plus that coo-la-la, Ma'selle, Fifi Dorsay. (July)

YOUNG DESIRE—Universal.—Conventional story of a circus girl who loves a rich boy, but treated unconventionally. Pace, color and thrills. Mary Nolan scores. (June)

YOUNG EAGLES—Paramount.—Not another "Winch" Buddy Rogers the flying hero. Jean Arthur his inspiration. Magnificent air photography, and satisfactory enough story. (May)

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN—Paramount.—Two young newspaper writers get married, and then get temperamental. Claudette Colbert and real-life husband, Norman Foster. Charles Ruggles adds hilarious comedy touches. (July)



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"PARADISE ISLAND"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by M. B. Dearing. Adapted by Monte Katterjohn. Directed by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Thorne*, Kenneth Harlan; *Ellen*, Marceline Day; *Luce*, Tom Santschi; *Brooks*, Paul Hurst; *Poppi*, Betty Boyd; *Snodde*, Vic Pott; *Armstrong*, Gladden James; *Limney*, Will Stanton.

"PARDON MY GUN"—PARHE.—From the story by Betty Scott. Adapted by Hugh Cummings. Directed by Robert De Lacy. The cast: *Mary*, Sally Stuart; *Ted*, George Duran; *Geary*, Mona Ray; *Jeff*, Lee Moran; *Dad Martin*, Robert Edeson; *Bank*, Hank MacFarlane; *Tom*, Tom MacFarlane; *Cooper*, Harry Woods; *Lighthouse*, Stomper; *Deane*, Lew McHugh; *Tex*, Ednan Kallahan; *Judge*, Harry Watson; *Specialty Numbers* by Ella May Chadwick and Al "Rubber Legs" Norman; and Abe Lyman's Band.

"RAFFLES"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on the short stories by E. W. Hornung. From the play by E. W. Hornung and Eugene W. Presbury. Adapted by Sidney Howard. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Raffles*, Ronald Colman; *Lady Green*, Kay Francis; *Delicite McKenzie*, David Torrence; *Ethel*, Frances Dale; *Lord Melrose*, Frederick Kerr; *Lady Melrose*, Alison Skipworth; *Benny*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Raffles*, Fulea, Wilson Bunge; *Craigham*, John Rogers.

"RENO"—SONO ART—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Adapted by Harry Chandler and Donald W. Churchill. Directed by George Crone. The cast: *Felicia Brett*, Ruth Roland; *Herbert*, Montagu Love; *Richard Baldwin*, Kenneth Thomson; *J. B. Berkeley*, Sam Hardy; *Ann Holde*, Alice McCormack; *Tom Holde*, Edward Horn; *Loa Fealey*, Doris Lloyd; *Rita Rogers*, Judith Vosselli; *Maria*, the maid, Virginia Ainsworth; *Mr. Martin*, Boubal Monroe; *Bobby Brett*, Douglas Scott; *Judge Cooper*, Emmett King; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Henry Hall; *Defending Attorney*, Gayne Whitman.

"SCARLET PAGES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymel. Adapted by Walter Anthony. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Mary Bancroft*, Elsie Ferguson; *Bob Lawrence*, Grant Withers; *Nora Mason*, Marion Nixon; *John Remington*, John Halliday; *Sister Beatrice*, Daisy Bellmore; *Callahan*, Donald Mackenzie; *Carlotta*, Jean Barry; *Mr. Mason*, Wilbur Macke; *Mrs. Mason*, Charlotte Walker; *Barnes*, Neely Edwards; *Miss Hutchison*, Helen Ferguson; *Murphy*, Fred Kelsey; *Judge*, DeWitt Jennings.

"SHOOTING STRAIGHT"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Barney Sarecky. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by George Archibald. The cast: *Lacey Sheldon*, Richard Dix; *Doris Powell*, Mary Lawlor; *Rev. Powell*, James Neill; *Martin*, Matthew Betts; *Chick*, George Cooper; *Tommy Powell*, William Janney; *Hagen*, Robert E. O'Connor; *Stevens*, Clarence Wartz; *Spike*, Eddie Sturgis; *Bunch*, Richard Curtis.

"SINGER OF SEVILLE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Juan*, Ramon Novarro; *Maria*, Dorothy Jordan; *Esleben*, Ernest Torrence;

Mother Superior, Nancy O'Neill; *Lola*, Renée Adorée; *La Kumbaria*, Mathilde Comont; *Estrella*, Russell Hopton.

"SISTERS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Ralph Graves. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Sally*, Sally O'Neil; *Mrs. Molly O'Day*, Eddie Russell; *Gleason*, John, John Roberts; *Paulie*, Morgan Wallgro; *Johnson*, Joan Fee; *Jones*, Carl Stockdale.

"SLUMS OF TOKYO"—SEIYUHO FILM CO.—Edited by Joseph Fleischer. Directed by Tomosuke Kinoshita. The cast: *O-Kiba*, Y. Okawa; *Policeman*, I. Sshima.

"SWEET MAMA"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Earl Baldwin. Screen version by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Goldie*, Alice White; *Jimmy*, David Manners; *Joe Palmer*, Kenneth Thompson; *Lulu*, Rita Flynn; *Al*, *Richard*, Lee Moran; *Elmer*, Richard Craven; *Mark*, Robert Elliott.

"SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "Other Men's Wives" by Walter Hackett. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *The Maid*, Billie Dove; *Reynald Delbert*, Olive Brook; *Anthony Fred*, Sidney Mackmer; *Nor John DeFord*, Crawford Kent; *Angela*, Horching; *Lola Evans*, Sam Worthing; *John Loder*, Maurice Haddock; *Fletcher Norton*, Police Inspector; *Albert Gray*, *Condor*, Alphonse Martell; *Walter*, Rolfe Sedan.

"TEMPTATION"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Leonard Praskins. Screen version by Leonard Praskins. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *Julia*, Lois Wilson; *Larry*, Lawrence Gray; *Sam*, Billy Bryant; *Babe*, Eileen Percy; *Mame*, Gertrude Bennett; *Warden*, Robert T. Haines; *Manager Shipping Department*, Jack Richardson.

"THOSE WHO DANCE"—WARNERS.—From the story by George Kibbe Turner. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Nora Brady*, Lila Lee; *Diamond Joe*, Jennings; *William Bond*, Kelly; *Betty Compton*; *Dan Hogan*, Monte Blue; *Tom Brady*, William Janney; *"Big Ben" Benson*, Wilfred Lucas; *Pat Hogan*, Cornelius Keete; *Captain O'Brien*, De Witt Jennings.

"WAY OF ALL MEN, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Heming Berger. Screen version by Bradley King. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Billy Bear*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Poppy*, Dorothy Revier; *Stratton*, Noah Beery; *Frazier*, Andre Rambert; *Scott*, Robert Edeson; *Treacher*, William Courtney; *Nordling*, William Orlanomy; *Prisilla*, Julanne Johnston; *Higgins*, Ivan Simpson; *Sharp*, Henry Kolker; *Charlie*, Wade Boteler.

"WHAT MEN WANT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Warner Fabian. Adapted by Dorothy Yost and Jack Clynor. Directed by Ernst Laemmle. The cast: *Lee*, Pauline Starke; *Kendall Phillips*, Ben Lyon; *Betty*, Barbara Kent; *Howard*, Robert Ellis; *Bunch*, Hallam Cooley; *Mabel*, Carmelita Geraghty.



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How's this for a brace of twins? Helen and Elizabeth Keating, out of vaudeville, are now toiling in Fox pictures. And when a director yells for Helen he is morally certain that Elizabeth answers, but he can't prove it!



Studio Rambles

By Harriet Parsons

WE DO some real, high-powered rambling this month. In fact, we ramble all the way to Nome, Alaska, and get tangled up in the Gold Rush. We find Nome, strangely enough, only a couple of miles from Oxnard, Calif., on the shore of the Pacific, and less than fifty miles from Hollywood. 'Twasn't transplanted there by an earthquake, either, but by Paramount—to serve as a background for "The Spoilers." The famous old melodrama of the Gold Rush is now being made into a talkie.

In the midst of a sandy wasteland that stretches along the coast we come suddenly upon a city of tents—rows and rows of them. Some are labelled "Sound Department," "Props," "Grips."

Large trucks bearing cameras, microphones, loud-speakers—all the mysterious paraphernalia of talkiedom—make their way back and forth over planking laid down in the sand and mud. The active routine of a studio is in full swing—a studio in tents.

In front of a one-story frame building labelled "Alaska Bank" a riot seems to be in progress. More than a hundred miners, carrying rifles, are battering at the door and windows of the bank. In the van of the mob we catch a glimpse of rangy Gary Cooper, with jaw set; Slim Summerville, legs encased in an amazing pair of green plaid trousers; and Jim Kirkwood, his face smothered in a vicious growth of beard. Suddenly the militia arrives on the scene, led by Kay Johnson doing a Joan of Arc. They march through the angry mob and take command of the scene.

When the scene is over, Kay Johnson, in a riding habit of the vintage of 1900, comes up to ask eagerly for news of Hollywood.

She and the rest of the cast have actually been living in tents for days.

AFTER our jaunt to Alaska we feel the need for relaxation, so we wander over to the Radio Pictures lot where they're making a picture with no less than five comics! Louise Fazenda, Benny Rubin, Ned Sparks, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Lilyan Tashman all contribute laughs to this opus, taken from the musical comedy success, "Present Arms."

They're calling it "Leathernecking" now. Yep, it's about the marines.

The set is all dressed up to look like the exterior of the marine barracks in Honolulu. And, believe us, it's

hotter under those Technicolor lights than Honolulu ever was. We find Lil Tashman, Benny, and Irene Dunne collapsed in camp chairs.

Irene, a pert, attractive brunette from the New York musical comedy stage, has the lead opposite Eddie Foy. It's her first picture.

Over in one corner of the set they're shooting a scene where Eddie Foy, in a snappy white uniform, is promoted to a captaincy. Eddie does a bit of clowning and someone laughs uproariously.

We wait nervously for the noisy one to be thrown off the set, but Benny nudges us—"That's Eddie Cline, the director. He still laughs at comics. Why he even laughs at me!"

In another corner sits Louise Fazenda, hat perched on the top of her head, nose buried in a book. Every few moments her shoulders heave and she giggles as only Louise can giggle. A few feet from her a bunch of chorus boys, dressed in the uniforms of marines, are drilling. Heavily rouged for the Technicolor cameras, they look about as hard-boiled as Davey Lee.

AFTER relaxing in that jovial atmosphere, we ramble out to Fox Movietone City. Perhaps we can catch a glimpse of "Liliom," renamed "Devil With Women."

They're shooting on stage 9. We get past the guard and find ourselves suddenly halfway to heaven. There are clouds everywhere, and out of a billowy gray mass emerges the tiniest train imaginable. It descends a miniature trestle, arrives at the ground, and finally stops, full-grown, at the doorstep of a little gray cottage.

Down from the rear platform steps *Liliom* (Charlie Farrell), apparently home from heaven.

Charlie greets us with "I'm supposed to be dead—but I think I look pretty well, don't you?" We agree, for an unmistakably healthy tan shows through his wan make-up. His hair is a mass of ringlets, curled tightly all over his head. As he sits talking to us the hair dresser comes up and arranges a stray curl or two.

Charlie looks alarmed—then remembers his fancy coiffure and submits.

Liliom is called back. And that's our cue to go home.



Are your hands your maids-of-all-work ?

Mine are - but I don't let them tell housecleaning tales !

The last time our bridge club met, Jane L.— started talking about hands. Her hands—not bridge hands!

Jane is almost a brand-new bride, so she had to tell us all about her first housecleaning. "My woodwork's spotless," she sighed, "but look at my poor red hands! I feel like sitting on them to keep them out of sight."

But Jane's not the only woman who talks that way. I did, too, when I thought I had to use a strong soap. Thank goodness, I finally learned that hard work doesn't need a harsh soap!

Maybe your problem is like Jane's and mine. You're happy to be taking care of a home and a husband and children—but goodness, you still are a *woman*—you want to have nice-looking hands.

Then won't you try this plan? For a week or two do all your work—yes, even your Monday wash!—with the purest soap and the mildest soap that you know. (Of course, that's Ivory.) And then watch the improvement in your hands!

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But in the kitchen or laundry Ivory does three things for me which no other *one* soap can do. Its rich mild suds clean just as thoroughly as Jane's yellow soap. But they *protect* while they *clean*—why, my

painted woodwork and the linoleum and my colored clothes keep as bright looking as new. And—washing dishes or cleaning the bathroom or putting wool blankets through suds is nothing more to my hands than a gentle Ivory bath.

That's why Jane's eyes grew so round when I told her I had just finished housecleaning, too.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I always thought you must have a maid—you have such *nice* hands!"

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*We do not say smoking **Luckies** reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."

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THE AMAZING NEW
TASTE SENSATION

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At any time or any age, a touch of “pink” may show upon your tooth brush. For “pink tooth brush” is a warning that your gums have become dangerously soft!

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PHOTOPLAY

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JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

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Just a Letter From a Reader

Dear Editor:

I just must write and tell you how much all my friends rely on your reviews of motion pictures and how accurate and helpful they are. I have been following them for years as my guide. Only recently I went to see Barbara Stanwyck in "Ladies of Leisure" and spent a delightful evening. I had never heard of the star and the title had failed to intrigue me. Your reviews have saved me many a wasted evening and many a wasted half dollar. Keep up the good work. Thank you.

Irene Conray, Boone, Iowa.

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This is "The New Fay Wray" as she looked in "Behind the Make-up"



Above, the Fay of "The Wedding March." Is this the Old Fay?



Below, one of the latest "New Fay Wrays." Fay in "The Texan"



Another "new" Fay—this time as Bancroft's lead in "Thunderbolt"

The Fay NEW Wray?

Press Agents May Dream—but Fay's the Same Sweet Girl

PERIODICALLY the bright boys in the Paramount publicity department who rack their Hollywood-weary brains to find new and sensational stories on the people under contract to their studio, draw you aside and confide, with the light of creation in their eyes, "Just wait until you see such and such a picture. You'll be amazed! Fay Wray has the lead and she's absolutely different! She's marvelous! She isn't the sweet and simple child any more. She's fiery, sophisticated, brilliant!"

This has been happening on an average of three times a year for the last four years.

The bright boys insist, further, upon telling the world that there is an amazing discovery on the lot who always turns out to be your own poor little harassed heroine, Fay Wray.

It was in "The Legion of the Condemned" that the public and press realized the possibilities of this beautiful girl. She and Gary Cooper made as charming a pair of lovers as the camera has ever recorded. They were youth and spring and romance and all the other things song writers rhyme about. It was said that they were to be co-starred. But something happened, something that shot Gary to stardom and kept Fay Wray a leading woman. Since then the press agents have had nothing to call her but "the new Fay Wray."

They said it when Fay was cast in "Behind the Make-up." They wrote reams of copy and one story in particular called "The Transformation of Fay Wray." They credited this startling change in the girl's character to the fact that she had but recently married the dashing, handsome, smartly dressed writer, John Monk Saunders. They declared that the sweet, pleasant little girl who had made the usual genuflections to sadism in Von Stroheim's "The Wedding March" had become a poised, brilliant woman of the world—a Madame de Staël for making the most meagre corner behavelike a *salon*. "Behind the Make-up" was finished and released.

Then there was, also, "Thunderbolt." Fay was cast as *Kilzy*, the hard-boiled gangster's moll. It was a rough and ready George Bancroft film. "Ah-ha," said the Paramount publicity boys, as if they had never once thought of it before, "wait until you see 'Thunderbolt.' You'll see something amazing. Sure, Bancroft's work is good. So is Dick Arlen's; but the big surprise is Fay Wray. She is absolutely different, a new Fay." And they trotted away to their typewriters to tell the world all about it again.

"Thunderbolt" was finished and released. Things sort of quieted down for a while when suddenly there emerged upon the horizon—yes, you've guessed it—a new Fay Wray! This time the name of the picture was "The Texan." It was a Gary Cooper starring vehicle and—could you believe it?—Fay was cast as a Spanish girl. Yes, sir, a real Spanish girl. Hot tamale! Well, this time this was it. Sure enough, said the publicity boys, you'd never imagine it, but there was to be a new Fay Wray.

"The Texan" was made and released.

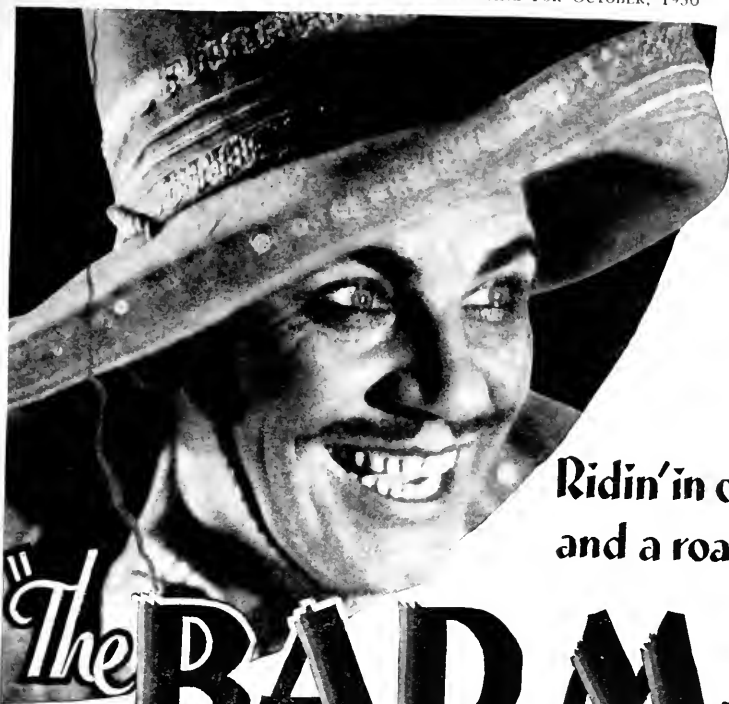
NOW, strangely enough, in each picture in which Fay has appeared she has given a good, sincere performance. But all the waves of excitement that eddied and swirled about her have not, in the slightest degree, touched the woman herself. To the Paramount publicity department she has been a new discovery in each and every picture. To you and to me and to Fay, herself, she has remained the same.

Everybody, it seems, has tried to make of Fay all the things that she isn't.

A photographer tried it when he said he had discovered her, a poverty stricken little country girl in rags and tatters (fancy going about in a tatter!) and had introduced her to Hollywood.

Now the truth of the matter is that Fay comes of a very nice, comfortable family. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

By Katherine Albert



Ridin' in on a thrilly furore
and a roarin' riot comes

"The BAD MAN"



*"I make ze love to you myself—personal . . .
What? Because you are marry you do not
wish to spik of love! Leesen Lady — eef
Pancho Lopez want woman, he take her,
dam queek!"*

* * *

Listen to him! The perfect lover with a broken accent to mend broken hearts! — Lil' old Cupid with a six shooter—the Robin Hood of the deserts—The greatest character ever brought to the talking screen by

Walter HUSTON

Assisted by Dorothy Revier, Sidney Blackmer,
James Rennie

DIRECTED BY CLARENCE BADGER from
Porter Emerson Brown's melodramatic uproar.

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VITAPHONE PICTURE



A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in crook picture made from Veiller's play, "Chatterbox." A comeback for Ben, and Bebe at her best. (June)

★ **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**—Universal.—Remarque's sensational war book, made into one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Powerful drama of war as it really is. (June)

ANYBODY'S WAR—Paramount.—The Two Black Crosses join the army, with mildly amusing results. (June)

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

AVIATOR, THE—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton is afraid of anything that goes up. Patsy Ruth Miller is the hero-worshipping girl friend. Need a few laughs? (April)

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

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

★ **BAD ONE, THE**—United Artists.—Dolores Del Rio as a cafe singer and dancer, teamed with Eddie Lowe, who also sings delightfully. Adventurous, romantic story that you'll like. (June)

BEAU BANDIT—Radio Pictures.—Veh, Rod La Rocque with a Spanish accent again. Dirty Ken Lyon sings beautifully. Old-fashioned Western. (April)

BECAUSE I LOVED YOU—Aafa Tobis.—Interesting because first made-in-Germany talker shown in America; 65 per cent dialogue, German, of course. Part Talkie. (April)

BENSON MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount.—Another elegant Van Dine murder mystery. Suave Bill Powell, as detective *Philo Vance*, gets his man. See it. (May)

BE YOURSELF—United Artists.—Fanny Brice falls for a boxer who falls for a suld-digger. Another "My Man" plot. Only fair. (April)

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

BIG FIGHT, THE—Sono Art.—James Cruze—Amazing enough, Lela Lane and Quinn Williams, but Stepan Fitchik almost snuffles off with the show (July)

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

BIG PARTY, THE—Fox.—A Sue Carol picture, but they handled it to Dixie Lee. Heaps of comedy, some true love and villainy. (April)

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

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

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

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

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT—First National.—Sumptuously mounted, Technicolor opera, but slow-paced. (Aug.)

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

BROKEN DISHES—First National.—Grand satire on family life. O. P. Heggie the henpecked father, Loreta Young and Grant Withers the young lovers. Full of fun. (Sept.)

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

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—Universal.—John Boles and Laura La Plante in a story of the birth of the *Marseillaise* that just misses being a thrilling picture. John sings superbly. (June)

Do Not Miss These Recent Pictures

"Anna Christie"

"Song o' My Heart"

"Journey's End"

"The Divorcee"

"Ladies of Leisure"

"The Devil's Holiday"

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CAUGHT SHORT—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, rival boarding house keepers who play the stock market. Anita Page and Charles Morton are young lovers. Good, rough fun. (June)

CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M.—This ninety-ninth carbon copy of "The Broadway Melody" is pleasant enough. Bessie Love, Charles King, and the Moran-Dressler comedy team. (May)

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

CHILDREN OF PLEASURE—M-G-M.—All about a song-writer's sorrows. Noteworthy only for Lawrence Gray's singing of two hit numbers and the swell work of Wynne Gibson, a new screen face. (May)

CHINA EXPRESS, THE—Sovkino.—Foreign rough stuff, but tremendously exciting. Action occurs on a fast train in China. *Silent.* (May)

CLANGY IN WALL STREET—Edward Small Prod.—The recent stock market debacle is material for gags. It's a comedy. (April)

COCK O' THE WALK—Sono Art.—WorldWide.—Pretty sad affair, in which Joseph Schildkraut does his worst. Myrna Loy attractive. (June)

COLENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND—Universal.—When, and if you see this, you'll know where to send them on their next trip—one way! (May)

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

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

COURAGE—Warners.—Charming picture about seven interesting youngsters and their extravagant mother, well played by Belle Bennett, Leon Janney fine as Bill, the youngest. (June)

CRAZY THAT WAY—Fox.—Bubbling comedy about two lads in love with a blonde who loves another. Joan Bennett wears beautiful clothes beautifully. (May)

CUCKOOS, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nonsensical musical comedy featuring comedians Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Check your critical goggles and prepare to laugh uproariously. (June)

CZAR OF BROADWAY—Universal.—A not-so-good imitation of that fine picture, "Street of Chance." Not bad, if you haven't seen the original. (June)

DAMES AHOY—Universal.—Glenn Tryon in a smart-cracking sailor rôle. But the dialogue writer didn't feel funny that day. (April)

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

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

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

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

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

★ **DIVORCEE, THE**—M-G-M.—Don't miss this. Norma Shearer great. Chester Morris gives swell performance. Fine direction, gorgeous clothes. (June)

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

DOUBLE CROSS ROADS—Fox.—A gang of thieves and a mess of machine guns. But Robert Ames as the boy and Lila Lee as the girl decide to go straight. Entertaining, at that. (May)

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10

THE FALL SEASON STARTS WITH **3** OUTSTANDING FOX TALKING PICTURES

JACK LONDON'S greatest story given life and voice. Human passions in the raw battling to a stupendous climax as a brave boy, a wayward girl and a demon sea-captain meet their destiny on a sealing ship where man-made laws are laughed to scorn! An outstanding cast including MILTON SILLS, Jane Keith and Raymond Hackett. Directed by ALFRED SANTELL.

THE SEA WOLF



ON YOUR BACK

FROM a shabby shop on the East Side she fought her way to power and luxury as the greatest modiste on Fifth Avenue. Calculating and crafty, she was never beaten till she opposed her son's love for a penniless girl. IRENE RICH in the great role of her career; H. B. WARNER magnificent as the suave financier who tries to buy the son's sweetheart; RAYMOND HACKETT as the boy. Directed by Guthrie McClintic.

RUBE GOLDBERG—you know Rube—comedy cartoonist specializing in nutty inventions—has turned his talents to the talking screen with riotous results. Stay away from Soup to Nuts if you can't stand mirthquakes. Here's a new kind of flesh and blood comedy—seven reels of goofy entertainment with a dash of song. Introducing to the screen Ted Healey and his racketeers. Also Frances McCoy, Lucile Brown, Stanley Smith and Charles Winninger. Story, dialog and gags by Rube Goldberg. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff.

SOUP TO NUTS



Your favorite entertainment



MOVIE TONE PICTURES

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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

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

FIGHTING LEGION, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard scores as an outlaw who follows his better impulses. Dorothy Dwan provides the romance. Ruffin', fightin' and comedy. Worth your money. (May)

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

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

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

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

FRAMED—Radio Pictures.—Evelyn Brent in an underdog story that gets across. Good trick climax. See it. (April)

★ **FREE AND EASY**—M-G-M.—Buster Keaton's first big talkie. A whizzing comedy that takes you to a big sound studio. With Anita Page and Robert Montgomery to serve the romance, how could you go wrong on this one? (May)

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

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

GIRL SAID NO, THE—M-G-M.—Whizzes along at breakneck speed. Wild Willie Haines kidnaps the girl he loves, and Marie Dressler becomes amiably sophisticated, as usual. (April)

GOLDEN CALF, THE—Fox.—Mediocre. Sue Carol, as an efficient but unattractive secretary who makes herself over into a belle, redeems it a little. So does El Brendel's comedy. (May)

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

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

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—First National.—Made from the grand old play. Dorothy Mackall overacts as a flip society lass, and Ian Keith is hammy as her reformer. (July)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Warners.—George Arliss is great as the sleek Rajah. The producers didn't make the most of this. (May)

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

GUILTY—Columbia.—Mediocre melodrama of circumstantial evidence. But Virginia Valli, John Sainpolis, and John Holland are good. (June)

★ **HAPPY DAYS**—Fox.—A corking review, starring the pick of the Fox lot. A bunch of entertainers help an old showman save his troupe. That's the story, told with singing, dancing, comedy and romance. (May)

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

★ **HELL HARBOR**—United Artists.—Lupe Velez in a rôle that fits like a Sennett bathing suit. Grand melodrama peopled with descendants of Spanish pirates and an American sailor to rescue the girl. (April)

HELLO, SISTER—James Cruze Prod.—Sentimental, but sprinkled with humor. Olive Borden is the flapper who reforms for a million dollars. Lloyd Hughes is the nice boy who loves her. (May)

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

HER UNBORN CHILD—Windsor Picture Plays, Inc.—Grimmer side of sex. Sad faces, sad scenes. Excuse us for yawning. (April)

HE TRUMPED HER ACE—Sennett.—Educational.—Howling short comedy about bridge-maniacs. (May)

HIDEOUT—Universal.—James Murray Glavin, Kathryn Crawford sings nicely. It's kinder not to go on. (May)

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

HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont.—British-made film about a hypothetical next World War. World politics and inventions of year 1940 are ingeniously envisioned. Interesting. (June)

HOLD EVERYTHING—Warners.—Joe E. Brown is great. Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs. But it could have been better. (June)

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

HONEY—Paramount.—"Come Out of the Kitchen," stage play and silent movie, made into a talkie. Light comedy, pleasing songs. Nancy Carroll and amazing little Mizzi Green. (April)

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

IN GAY MADRID—M-G-M.—College whoopee in Spain, played with duels and guitars. How that Ramon Novarro swashbuckles and sings! Again he serenades Dorothy Jordan. (May)

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

IN THE NEXT ROOM—First National.—A murder mystery that thrills. Jack Mulhall, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads. (June)

ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners.—Monte Blue, Betsy Compton and Neah Beery do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results. (June)

★ **JOURNEY'S END**—Tiffany Productions.—Unforgettable war story, from play of same name. Grim happenings in a front line dugout under bombardment, relieved by carefully planned humor. Excellent cast. (June)

★ **KING OF JAZZ**—Universal.—Pretentious, all-Technicolor, Paul Whiteman revue. Unusual color and lighting effects, splendid choruses. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, and the Whiteman Band. (June)

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

LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount.—Good entertainment. George Bancroft is a crude but wealthy lumber who goes in for culture, under Mary Astor's inspiration. There's a thrilling fight. (June)

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

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

LADY TO LOVE, A—M-G-M.—The stage play, "They Knew What They Wanted," made censorship. Vilma Banky, Edward G. Robinson, and Robert Ames form the triangle. Some splendid acting. (April)

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

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

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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**America's Greatest Actor
—As You Like Him!**

WARNER BROS.
present

John

BARRYMORE

in **"MOBY DICK"**

With **JOAN BENNETT**
Lloyd Hughes, and a Great Cast

FOR seven years on the seven seas he had sought the inhuman monster that had made him a man unfit to love.

Can he win revenge against this awful enemy—or will he perish in the giant maw that has been the graveyard of a hundred men before him?

Will he ever return to his home to learn that the love he thought dead is still waiting?

These are the questions that have held hundreds of thousands spellbound through the pages of Herman Melville's immortal classic, "MOBY DICK".

They are merely hints of the throbbing thrills that make "Moby Dick" John Barrymore's most glorious talking picture! See it soon, at leading theatres everywhere.



WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander.
Directed by Lloyd Bacon. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.



A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

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

LET'S GO PLACES—Fox.—Our old friend, Mistaken Identity Plot. Funny as the dickens, and at least two songs will keep you humming. (May)

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

LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE—Paramount.—Horse opera, but dressed up in snappy dialogue and played convincingly by Dick Arlen, Mary Brian, Harry Green, Regis Toomey and Fred Kohler. You'll like it. (May)

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

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—First National.—Eddie Buzzell, musical comedy star, and George M. Cohan music redeem this. Otherwise just another race-track yarn. (April)

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

LOOSE ANKLES—First National.—So farcical that it goes a little lame. Loretta Young and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are the principals, but the comics run away with the honors. (May)

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Light, but you'll like it. Another song-writer story, with Technicolor review scenes, theme songs and wisecracks. (April)

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

LOVIN' THE LADIES—Radio Pictures.—Clap-trap farce, but it's nice to see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson together again as screen billers-and-coopers. (May)

LUMMOX—United Artists.—Winifred Westover is superb in this Fanny Hurst tale. She holds up a somewhat jerky, maudlin film. (April)

MAMBA—Tiffany Prod.—Advertised as the first all-Technicolor drama. War between British and German troops, and an East African native revolt. Jean Herschell does brilliant work. (May)

MAMMY—Warners.—Al Jolson rises above his story and makes an entertaining movie. A misofist piece, with Louis Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser. Irving Berlin tunes. (June)

MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE—Warners.—The Barrymore profile in slapstick! He's a good farceur in this ridiculous story of an English lord who attended the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides love interest. (June)

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

MAN HUNTER, THE—Warners.—A beachcombing melodrama, that tatters to a feeble end. Rin-Tin-Tin is the star. (June)

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

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

MATCH PLAY—Sennett-Educational.—Giggles for golfers. Walter Hagen, Fred Eckl, Chapman, and Leo Diegel, American "champions," are featured. They're not actors, but no one expects that. (April)

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

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

MELODY MAN, THE—Columbia.—Pleasantly sentimental story about the conflict of youth and old age. William Collier, Jr., Alice Day, and a good performance by John Sainpkins. (May)

MEXICALI ROSE—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwick's second film appearance. Mexican border melodrama, and pretty good entertainment. (April)

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

MONTANA MOON—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, still untamed, on a ranch. And what a tang she does with Ricardo Cortez! Johnny Mack Brown, the boy. Frolicsome. (April)

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Kettle Creek.") That Ken Maynard can ride! The rest is negligible. (May)

MOUNTEED STRANGER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson, the *Riding Kid*, avenges a murder and meets romance. (April)

MURDER ON THE ROOF—Columbia.—A west-coast thriller. Crime high up among the pent-houses. (April)

MURDER WILL OUT—First National.—Thrills and mystery against high society background. Good acting. Elaborate settings. Jack Mulhall, Lila Lee and Noah Berry. (May)

Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

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

- First National Pictures . . . Page 7
- Fox Film Page 9
- Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . Page 19
- Paramount Pictures Page 4
- Radio Pictures Page 121
- Technicolor Page 13
- Warner Brothers Page 11

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

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

NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A—First National.—Tired of players who burst into song? Then you may like this. Billie Dove in gorgeous clothes. Basil Rathbone the faithless husband, and Kay Francis a vamp. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

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

ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT—United Artists.—Lillian Gish in her first phonoplay, ably aided by O. P. Heggie and Marie Dressler. The love story of a young princess and her tutor. (June)

ONLY THE BRAVE—Paramount.—Mary Brian is Gary Cooper's reward for valor. Civil War setting. Good acting, much romance, pretty costumes. (April)

ON THE BORDER—Warners.—Armidia sings. Rin-Tin-Tin acts with intelligence. Smugling Chinese across the Mexican border. Forget it. (April)

ON THE LEVEL—Fox.—Gusty, lusty melodrama, with laughs and thrills. Victor McLaglen fine in usual he-man role. Lilyan Tashman a gorgeous lady-crook. (May)

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

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

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

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

PARAMOUNT ON PARADE—Paramount.—Paramount goes revue, using its best talent. Technicolor, stirring music, lovely voices, satire, burlesque, romance! Chevalier, Chatterton, Oakie, and lots more. Take the family. (May)

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

PEACOCK ALLEY—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Mae Murray in talking version of her once glorious silent film. You shouldn't have done it. But she dances well. (April)

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE—Universal.—Famous old shocker partly remade with mixture of talk and sound. Lon Chaney still silent, however. Part Talkie. (April)

PLAYING AROUND—First National.—Alice White, Billie Bakewell and Chester Morris. Trite story, fair acting, fair entertainment. (June)

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—United Artists.—Harry Richman warbles well in his first talkie. Harry and Joany Gleason play two actors. Joan Bennett at her sweetest. Lilyan Tashman amusing. Good Irving Berlin music. (April)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROMANCE OF THE WEST—Hammond Prod.—Pistols crack, and Jack Perrin rescues the gal from the Mexican joint. And bye and bye it ends. All-action and all-talkie, but why? (May)

ROUGH ROMANCE—Fox.—All about the goings-on of lumberjacks. Helen Chandler goes Gish. George O'Brien and Antonio Moreno don't help much. Neither do the chorus routines. (June)

ROYAL ROMANCE, A—Columbia.—Romance and adventure in a mythical kingdom. Buster Collier gives good performance and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful. (May)

RUNAWAY BRIDE—Radio Pictures.—Murders, thieves, and a string of pearls. Clap-trap melodrama trying to be light comedy. But Mary Astor is charming. (June)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]



WINNIE LIGHTNER, champion laugh girl of the talkies, adds one more triumph to her list in Warner Bros. latest all-Technicolor comedy "Hold Everything"

twice the "IT"

A wonder screen—Technicolor. *Everything* is alive with color—*natural* color! The blue in blue eyes. The ruddy glow in youthful cheeks. Sky, sea, greensward—an orchid frock—or *gingham!* "Twice the 'it,'" you'll say, when Technicolor brings your favorite star to life. Beauty, charm, personality—nothing escapes the subtle, bewitching touch of *Technicolor!*



Lovely LORETTA YOUNG takes her color bow in First National's all-Technicolor outdoor romance, "Heart of the North"

in [★]Technicolor

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); KING OF JAZZ, starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); THE TOAST OF THE LEGION, with Bernice Claire (First National); PARAMOUNT ON PARADE, all-star cast (Paramount), Technicolor Sequences; SALLY, starring Marilyn Miller (First National); SONG OF THE FLAME, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); THE CUCKOOS, with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio), Technicolor Sequences; THE MARCH OF TIME, all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, with Frank Foy, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy and Armida (Warner Bros.); WOMAN HUNGRY, with Sidney Blockmer and Lila Lee (First National); VIENNESE NIGHTS, all-star cast (Warner Bros.).

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE...SO QUICKLY



"Mar'lyn, chile, shake yo' feet!"

Grandmother's kinky-haired old fur-nace-man was the first to educate Mar-ilyn Miller's feet. At those same feet, just a few years later, old New York laid its heart.



© P. Lorillard Co.

MARILYN MILLER

From her grandmother's cellar... to Ziegfeld's Roof... in just the twinkle of a toe. She really was the "Sally" ... of the alley called Broadway.

How explain the miracle of Marilyn's success?...*Nature* simply blessed her with a charm all her own.

And that's the only answer to another young star's rise. OLD GOLD made its bow just four years ago. In a month it was popular. In a year, a headliner. Today it's America's fastest growing cigarette.

Nature again! Sun-drenched heart-leaves from *better* tobaccos. A new taste-thrill for jaded palates. A new throat-ease and freedom from coughs.

You can "manufacture" an ordinary cigarette... or an ordinary actress. But only *Nature* produces the stars.



OLD GOLDS first hopped the Pacific Ocean in March, 1929. In just three weeks after they appeared on the beach at Waikiki they were one of the four "best sellers."

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—Paramount.—Peebles-an-cream for Buddy Rogers fans. He sings half a dozen songs and plays an heir to big money whose worldly-wise uncle puts him in care of three "Follies" girls. (June)

★ **SARAH AND SON**—Paramount.—What a characterization by Ruth Chatterton! And what a restrained and dignified performance by Freddie March! A picture you simply can't miss. (May)

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

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

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

SECOND WIFE—Radio Pictures.—Interesting domestic drama from stage play "All the King's Men." Lila Lee, Conrad Nagel, Hugh Huntley, Little Freddie Burke Frederick is perfect. (April)

SETTING SON, THE—Darmour-Radio Pictures.—Grandpa, rich and ailing, takes the wrong medicine. The family court chickens before they're hatched. Short comedy. (April)

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

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners.—Winnie Lightner should have said NO when they cast her as a broken-hearted night club hostess. (May)

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

SHIP FROM SHANGHAI, THE—M-G-M.—Psychological dramma but it went astray. Dramatic, but sometimes distasteful. Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Kay Johnson, the latter splendid. (April)

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

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD—First National.—Alice White's best talkie. Interesting studio scenes. (June)

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

SISTERS—Columbia.—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day as sisters, one rich, the other poor. Fairy. (Sept.)

SLIGHTLY SCARLET—Paramount.—Evelyn Brent as society thief on the Riviera. Her best since "Intolerance." Herri, Clive Brook, Eugene Palette a "wow." (April)

SLUMS OF TOKYO—Schochiko Film Co.—Silent Japanese-made film, supposed to be "art." Drab story. (Sept.)

SOCIAL LION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, the village hick who is "taken up" by the country club set. Mary Brian, the girl. Heaps of fun. (July)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Columbia.—Tangled love affairs in military circles. (Aug.)

SOLONG LETTY—Warners.—Two discontented husbands swap wives. Charlotte Greenwood of the long legs and boisterous antics is whole show. (April)

★ **SONG O' MY HEART**—Fox.—John McCormack aims right at your heart with his gorgeous voice. Hit pieces, "Little Boy Blue" and "I Hear You Calling Me." Alice Joyce, and a sensational Irish kid, Tommy Clifford. Don't miss John. (April)

SONG OF THE FLAME—First National.—Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Berry, deep bass, free Russia from the revolutionists via Technicolor operetta. (July)

SONG OF THE WEST—Warners.—All-Technicolor outdoor operetta. Ambitious, but dull. (May)

SON OF THE GODS—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as Americanized Chinese boy in slow-paced Rex Beach romance. Constance Bennett fine. Weak story. Far from best Barthelmess. (April)

SO THIS IS LONDON—Fox.—The Will Rogers-Irene Rich team, set down in London. An amusing follow-up for "So This Is Paris." (Aug.)

SPRING IS HERE—First National.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray sing well. Ford Stirling and Louise Fazenda are great. Just an average musical comedy story, but they make it good entertainment. (June)

STRICTLY MODERN—First National.—Pretty obvious humor and thin story, but Dorothy Mackail is fine as a young sophisticate who finds romance where she least expects it. (July)

STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL—M-G-M.—The original play, "The Circle," was subtle English comedy. The phonoplay misses fire. (May)

★ **SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—A famous financier disappeared during a flight over the North Sea, and gave Elinor Glyn the basis music. Jeanette MacDonald and Lillian Roth help, Catherine Dale Owen. One of the best. (April)

SUGAR PLUM PAPA—Sennott-Educational.—A short feature directed by Mack himself. Daphne Pollard and the rest of the bilious gang. (April)

SUNNY SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Another one of those movie versions of college life as it isn't. (June)

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES—First National.—Billie Dove's best talkie. Mystery farce, with Clive Brook being very farcical. (Sept.)

SWEET MAMA—First National.—If you're an Alice White fan this won't seem so weak. (Sept.)

SWELLHEAD—Tiffany Productions.—Just another prize-fight story. (July)

SWING HIGH—Pathé.—Love and intrigue in an old-time wagon circus. Color, action, peppy songs. Pleasant entertainment. (July)

TEMPLE TOWER—Fox.—More *Bull Dog Drummond*, with Melvyn Frank instead of Ronald Colman. Burlesque and good whether intentional or not. (April)

TEMPTATION—Columbia.—Unpretentious and pleasant love story. Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray. (Sept.)

TEXAN, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a picturesque O. Henry story of the Southwest. (July)

THOSE WHO DANCE—Warners.—Monte Blue, in another underworld story that doesn't ring true. (Sept.)

THREE FACES EAST—Warners.—A great stage play and fine silent picture gone wrong in the talkies. (Aug.)

TOAST OF THE LEGION, THE—First National.—The lovely Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," in all-Technicolor. Bernice Clair and Walter Pidgeon. A musical treat. (Aug.)

TOP SPEED—First National.—Musical comedy with the irresistible Joe E. Brown emphasizing the comedy. (Aug.)

TRIGGER TRICKS—Universal.—Typical Hoot Gibson Western with Sally Eilers in her real life role of girl-friend. (Aug.)

TROOPERS THREE—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Concerns both kinds of troopers—backstage and army. Slim Summerville is funny. (April)

TRUE TO THE NAVY—Paramount.—Clara Bow is the girl who has a boy on every ship. Then the whole fleet comes in! Can you imagine the fun! (July)

UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warners.—Light satire on old-fashioned Mexican border melodramas. A ray and dashing Technicolor singer, with Frank Fay and Armida. (June)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—First National.—Neither beautiful Technicolor scenery nor Lila Lee's fine performance do much for this one. (July)

★ **UNHOLY THREE, THE**—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney talks, at last, in five voices, one of them his natural voice. Thrills a-plenty. (Aug.)

UP THE CONGO—Sono Art.—World Wide.—One more expedition into Darkest Africa. If you like them you'll like it. (April)

★ **VAGABOND KING, THE**—Paramount.—Flash and clang of sword play.—Dennis King, as *Francis Villon*, sings and acts with operatic abandon. Gorgeous Technicolor. Lifting Fiml music. Jeanette MacDonald and Lillian Roth help, and G. F. Heggie is grand. (May)

VENGEANCE—Columbia.—Melodrama with a punch. Another African native revolt. Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. (May)

WAY OF ALL MEN, THE—First National.—This just misses being good. Not bad, however. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s in it. (Sept.)

WAY OUT WEST—M-G-M.—One of the funniest Billy Haines films in a long time. (Aug.)

WEDDING RINGS—First National.—Ernest Pascal's novel, "The Dark Swan," lost its original title and a great deal more. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner. (July)

WEST OF THE ROCKIES—J. Charles Davis Prod.—Bandits, last riding heroes, pretty senaritas. Same old Western plot. (April)

WHAT A MAN!—Sono Art.—World Wide.—(Reviewed under the title "His Dark Chapter.") Reginald Denny's nice voice, and a trilling story about a gentleman-rook who isn't a crook after all, provide a pleasant evening evener. (May)

WHAT MEN WANT—Universal.—This doesn't prove anything, but Robert Ellis is good in it. (Sept.)

WHITE CARGO—W. P. Film Co.—Banned by Will Hays, but produced in London. Slow, badly received. Wasn't worth bootlegging. (May)

★ **WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU**—Universal.—Three people are trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night scary party sets out. Wonderful Swiss snow scenes and breathtaking airplane stunts. Unusual and intensely interesting. Sound. (July)

WIDE OPEN—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller play this somewhat vulgar but amusing comedy with a pace that keeps you roaring. (June)

WILD COMPANY—Fox.—Another of those wild young generation stories, but Frank Albertson gives it real punch. (Aug.)

★ **WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE**—Paramount.—A picture beyond the usual praise. You'll have to see Commander Byrd drop the American flag onto the South Pole to appreciate what an achievement it is. Wonderful entertainment from any standpoint. (Aug.)

WOMEN EVERYWHERE—Fox.—J. Harold Murray's charming singing voice, plus that ooh-la-la Ma'moelle, Fifi Dorsay. (July)

YOUNG DESIRE—Universal.—Conventional story of a circus girl who loves a rich boy, but treated unconventionally. Pace, color and thrills. Mary Nolan scores. (June)

YOUNG EAGLES—Paramount.—Not another "Wings." Buddy Rogers the flying hero. Jean Arthur his inspiration. Magnificent art photography, and satisfactory enough story. (May)

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN—Paramount.—Two young newspaper writers get married, and then get temperamental. Claudette Colbert and real-life husband, Norman Foster. Charles Ruggles adds hilarious comedy touches. (July)

Cut Picture Puzzle Fans

Solutions in PHOTOPLAY'S popular contest are pouring into PHOTOPLAY'S office and the judges are ready to start their work after midnight, September 20, the deadline for entries.

Winners will be announced in the January, 1930, issue of PHOTOPLAY, on sale on or about December 10.

Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

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

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

goes to the boy she loves and is happy—for a time. There was no inclination to "blink" facts, and I saw just how it would be for me.

I am still at home and working. My gratitude knows no bounds, and I hope we get more of these real life pictures of working girls. They are sincere, and we like them. L. S.

The 85 Letter

New Haven, Conn.

WE old folks are having the time of our lives. In the movies we drink at the fountain of youth and are stimulated

mentally, emotionally and physically. Our bodies may be old, but the self which runs them is kept young.

The movies are my magic carpet in which I have a front seat to every event of importance in the world. And don't let anyone tell you that young folks have all the fun and happiness, for we, too, have the most beautiful and the most clever people working to please us.

MARTHA E. PLATT.

The 825 Letter

Evanston, Ill.

HOW about us? "Us" designating the Royal Order of Motion Picture Ushers! Patrons are continually disregarding our advances in the way of service and taking into their own hands the problem of locating their seats in an aisle which the usher has already pronounced "filled."

Maybe we're wrong. Perhaps we have been standing in an aisle for hours without knowing that there are hundreds of perfectly marvelous seats waiting for everyone who enters the theater at any time of day. Perhaps we are cruel creatures who do nothing but keep the best seats in the house empty and add to the discomfort of our patrons; maybe we are hopelessly blind.

Have people forgotten or don't they know that there are such things as Fire Laws, that ushers have duties, and that a filled theater is a possibility? We are impudent because we request that a party refrain from loitering in the aisles. The theater service is bad because there aren't seats available at every moment, at the peak of the evening or otherwise.

Have mercy! And give us a little cooperation, please.

WALTER KERR.

The \$10 Letter

Enid, Okla.

I HAD fully made up my mind to leave home and my job. I wanted to be with the man I loved. Then I saw "Our Blushing Brides." I put myself in Connie's place, as it exactly fitted my case.

There were the three girls, all wanting much more than they could afford. Connie

NORMA SHEARER and Greta Garbo vie for first honors this month, with Norma slightly ahead. Marie Dressler gets an enormous bouquet, too. Ann Harding, for her work in "Holiday," Joan Crawford, in "Our Blushing Brides," and Clara Bow, for no especial reason except that she is Clara Bow and her fans love her even when they don't approve of her pictures—all these girls rank high in the month's mail.

Janet Gaynor is getting plenty of advice from PHOTOPLAY readers, and strangely enough she is being more criticized than patted on the back for the stand she is taking. Many of her admirers say they like her no matter what parts she plays, and they think she brings something to the lighter roles that no one else can offer.

"The Dawn Patrol" has brought Dick Barthelmess right out in front again (no, we didn't mean the "Western Front"!); Lon Chaney's voice has added to his popularity. Jack Gilbert, Rudy Vallée, Ramon Novarro and Chester Morris are favorites among the men.

The pictures that brought the most favorable comment are "The Big House," "Let Us Be Gay," "Romance," "Holiday," "The Dawn Patrol" and "Our Blushing Brides."

Was Barnum Right?

Indianapolis, Ind.

IN your recent editorial showing up "Ingagi" and its makers you stated the facts in the case with a questionable degree of exactitude. Certainly most fans possessing an ordinary share of intelligence realized that the sensational scenes of the picture were phony, and one is almost tempted to credit the exhibitors, whose innocence you defended, with sense enough to have realized the inauthenticity of the film when they booked it.

Be honest, now. Can you deny that Barnum was right? We fans did not resent the producers' attempt to fool us. Quite the contrary.

Besides, it cannot be denied that "Ingagi" did more towards entertaining us than all the other "menagerial" celluloids put together.

JAMES FLAHERTY, JR.

No Fake Gorillas

San Pedro, Calif.

MAY I express my appreciation for the editorial which appeared in a recent number of your magazine in regard to the film "Ingagi"?

Publicity of this kind is the only weapon which can be used successfully to discourage such disgusting insults to the intelligence of picture audiences.

It is fiascos such as this that turn the amusement-seeking populace from the photoplays to other forms of entertainment.

M. MARIE SNYDER.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Outstanding quality, remarkable results—

yet the cost is 25¢ the large tube

HAVE you learned the lesson already learned by millions—that Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ is the most remarkable value in the entire tooth paste field?

Get a tube today and prove it yourself. Compare it with any paste at any price—and judge by results alone.

Note how white, brilliant, and lustrous it leaves your teeth.

Note how thoroughly it cleans between the teeth and front and back; how swiftly it removes ugly tartar and discoloration without harming the teeth. Its cleansing ingredients are harder than tartar and so remove it. But they are softer than enamel and therefore do not harm it.

Note how its mild fruit juices neutralize destructive

acids of decay.

Incidentally, at 25¢, this tooth paste saves about \$3 per year per person over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy

3 good books
with the \$3 it
saves you

This is the day of the first rate dollar book. Why not buy a few with that \$3 a year you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class?



The makers of Listerine
Tooth Paste recommend
**Prophylactic
Tooth Brushes**

Did You TAN?



JUST a few months ago girls from everywhere were writing to me, asking that important summer question, "Shall I tan?"

I hope I discouraged some of you from deliberately coarsening and discoloring your complexions beyond hope of remedial measures. I did want to save you from some of my mistakes and those I have seen others make.

Having acquired a healthy tan that was perhaps inevitable if we didn't want to be cheated out of the fun of summer sports and outdoor life, we're beginning to wonder what to do about it, now that the season is over. Will ours be the sort of sun tan that fades into an unbecoming sallowness? Or will it disappear quickly and naturally when the first cool winds blow? Can we hasten its going by artificial means? Or shall we continue to remain tanned, by using lamps that imitate the sun's rays and with sun tan make-up?

Dermatologists tell us that the heavily tanned skin never entirely regains its normal texture and coloring. It has been through a "weathering" process, and in protecting itself against the effects of sunlight and wind it has forever lost some of its delicacy of coloring and its transparency.

Besides, no two skins seem to respond alike. Blondes, surprisingly, often tan evenly and beautifully without freckles and blotches, and their skins bleach out gradually without a hint of sallowness during the process. And yet many blondes find tan most unbecoming and the stages of its gradual disappearance even more so. While brunettes who bronzed exquisitely in the sun's rays often find themselves an ugly greenish yellow at the first hint of autumn.

To help restore the texture and suppleness of the skin, there are many fine unguents and creams. To nourish "leathery" necks there are excellent skin foods and tissue creams rich in oil. These help particularly to erase the fine lines that sunlight etches around the eyes. They should be patted in gently, and left to remain overnight. Used in the daytime, they sometimes give a flattering suggestion of dewiness about the eyes, softly shadowing them. But use care in this. You don't want to look as though you had forgotten to remove your cleansing cream or to wash your face.

The skin that has grown coarse-pored and sluggish can be stimulated with mild astringents and freshening tonics. Cold water is also a great stimulator.

Mild bleaches may be [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

MY reducing exercises and sane menus will help you improve your figure. My complexion leaflet gives general advice, and specific treatment for blackheads and acne. A stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request will bring you either, or both, or other advice on personal problems. Address me care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Hollywood is a land of sunshine, yet exquisite complexions must be protected. Screen actresses have learned the correct treatment for delicate skins before and after sunning. Here is Rosita Moreno, Paramount player from Spain, ready to jump the waves

\$500.00 in Prizes

... just for telling us which of these two cards we should send to two million women!

ALL women appreciate a bargain. But often one particular bargain will have more appeal than another. Here is a fascinating contest which will enable you to express your idea of a bargain. Merely tell us which of these two offers you think will be the more acceptable to 2,000,000 women—and you may win one of the 380 prizes offered by RIGAUD—Parfumeur—Paris.

What's It All About?

Rigaud—Paris (Parfumeur by Royal Decree to His Majesty, King Alfonso XIII of Spain) wishes to acquaint more American women with his exquisite Parfum Un Air Embaumé. To do this he intends to send approximately two million letters from Paris to discriminating women in America (the customers of 184 famous stores.)

The letter which these women will receive from Paris will enclose a card for presentation to these stores.

Which Card Shall Rigaud Send?

Only one of the two cards shown at the right can be enclosed with this letter. Which shall it be—A or B?

Note that the regular retail value of the assortment given in Offer A (as listed on the card) is \$6.45. Yet this card will enable Madame to obtain it for \$2.95.

Then consider Offer B, giving a total retail value of \$3.00 which this card will enable Madame to obtain for \$1.50.

Think which of the two offers would be most attractive to you—and hence in your opinion more likely to please 2,000,000 women. Would you prefer the half-price \$1.50 offer, or would you rather spend \$2.95 in order to get the "better than half-price" \$6.45 value? Write your opinion in 50 words or less, explaining which of the two offers appeals most to you, and why.

Remember that Rigaud-Paris is one of the world's greatest Parfumeurs—that his exquisite Parfum Un Air Embaumé was selected by Mrs. Vanderbilt for use at the million dollar wedding of her daughter, Consuelo—its popularity is world wide, and, consequently, UN Air Embaumé Toiletries are chosen by women of taste and discrimination.

Simple as A B C

You don't need to be a user of Rigaud Toiletries to compete. You don't need to buy anything. Just write and send your opinion. Neatness, brevity, logic, and originality will be the factors that count in the awarding of prizes. Your chance of winning the capital prize is as good as any other woman's. And just think—with Christmas coming—what you could do with \$1200! Or the 2nd prize of \$800—or the 3rd of \$500! Surely when a little effort may bring you one of these 380 valuable prizes, the thought to do is to act!

MADAME is invited to accept

the UN AIR EMBAUÉ assortment (listed at the right), value \$6.45. This card entitles bearer to receive the assortment for \$2.95.

RIGAUD—Paris

Signature of Bearer.....
Address.....
Amount of Purchase.....

\$6.45 Assortment for \$2.95

OFFER A

- 1 Parfum \$1.00
 - 1 Double Compact \$1.50
 - 1 Cold Cream .60
 - 1 Vanishing Cream .60
 - 1 Bottle of Talcum .75
 - 2 Boxes Powder \$2.00
- Value \$6.45

PRICE—\$2.95

MADAME is invited to accept

the UN AIR EMBAUÉ assortment (listed at the right), value \$3.00. This card entitles bearer to receive the assortment for \$1.50.

RIGAUD—Paris

Signature of Bearer.....
Address.....
Amount of Purchase.....

\$3.00 Assortment for \$1.50

OFFER B

- 1 Parfum \$1.00
 - 1 Jar Cleansing Cream \$1.00
 - 1 Box Face Powder \$1.00
- Value \$3.00

PRICE—\$1.50

SEND YOUR OPINION NOW!

Do you prefer Offer A or B? Turn it over in your mind. Talk to friends, get their advice. Offer B costs but \$1.50—and saves \$1.50. Offer A costs a little more, \$2.95, but it saves much more—it saves \$3.50. Both offers include Toiletries women use every day, exquisite UN Air Embaumé Parfum, Powder, Creams, etc., already favorites on the buidoir tables of lovely women.

For example, one woman whose opinion was asked wrote:

"Offer A. I should think would be preferred by every modern woman, not only because of its marvelous value, but because it will enable her to enjoy a large assortment of Toiletries which no woman can get along without."

And another who preferred Offer B wrote:

"Offer B is my choice for this reason: To get acquainted with perfume and powder which may be new to her the average woman will want to keep her initial outlay to a minimum—then, when pleased, she will indulge in the creams, compact, and talcum included in Offer A."

Make your choice. Write your reasons—the little buying motives you think would apply to you—to other women you know. Then send your opinion in 50 words or less. You have 380 chances to win! Write today.

RIGAUD—Parfumeur—PARIS

Dept. 810 Box 16, Station C, New York, N. Y.

May We Send You This Sample Flacon of UN AIR EMBAUÉ?

THAT you may know, by personal trial, why the smartest women of New York and Paris have selected UN AIR EMBAUÉ as their favorite odeur, Rigaud-Paris will send you a delightful purse-size flacon of this rare parfum (about 2 weeks' supply). If you wish to receive it, send 25 cents merely to cover cost of mailing, customs duty, etc. Only one flacon to a person. This sample offer is made so that you may try UN AIR EMBAUÉ if you wish, and experience its ravishing appeal for yourself. REMEMBER! YOU DO NOT HAVE TO ACCEPT THIS OFFER, OR SEND ANY MONEY, IN ORDER TO ENTER THE PRIZE CONTEST!

RULES of the CONTEST

1 Contest closes midnight November 1st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. The winners will be announced in the February issue of TRUE ROMANCES Magazine. Prize will be awarded by the contest committee, consisting of Robert E. Sullivan, Manager of the Toilet Goods Department of the famous store of Jordan Marsh Company, Boston; Robert W. Beatty of Schwab and Beatty, Inc., Advertising Counselor, New York City; and Julia L. Canova of Canova & Price, Certified Public Accountants, New York City.

2 Contest open to any WOMAN with the exception of employees of the New York or Paris Salon of Rigaud-Parfumeur-Paris, or employers for their relatives of the accommodations of any of the judges. Write your opinion in 50 words or less on

any paper you like, but be sure to write plainly, to assist judges.

3 Only one entry permitted to each contestant.

4 If two or more women submit opinions which judges consider of equal merit, full amount of the prize fund for will be awarded to each contestant.

5 Address opinions to RIGAUD Box 16, Station C, New York, N. Y. It is understood and agreed by contestants that entries are to become the property of Rigaud-Parfumeur-Paris, and may be used by them for advertising purposes. No entries can be returned, nor can Rigaud-Parfumeur-Paris correspond with contestants about the results of the contest.

Are you the TYPE

*that needs the
flattering hat brim?*



Those adorable hat brims! They generously hide skin defects. But why be content with mere concealment? Exchange that faulty complexion for a skin of true loveliness.

Why Woodbury's does what no toilet soap can possibly do

Woodbury's is no more just a soap than a Rebon's millinery masterpiece is just a hat. Woodbury's is a skin specialist's entire treatment created for your convenience in cake form. Its costly, secret oils have a special affinity for the natural oils of the skin and together they accomplish that vital process of desquamation. These ingredients are far beyond the reach of ordinary soaps, which merely clean the surface skin without helping to remove the dull and embedded mark of old cuticle.

Try this for Ten days

Bathe your face with warm water. Rub up . . . in your hands . . . a creamy lather of Woodbury's. Massage it gently into the skin, from the chin up toward the temples. Rinse off with warm water. Your skin glows. You feel the change—with the old dead cells washed away. Now tone up your fresh new skin with a vigorous splashing of cold water. And then—to give your face its final touch of radiance—go over it with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel. Do this regularly—your complexion will *feel* and *look* rejuvenated . . . adieu with new loveliness.



JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.
2219 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) JOHN H. WOODBURY, LTD., Perth, Ontario

Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of the two Woodbury's Creams, Face Powder and Free Booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Name

Address

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

A QUEEN of German films begins her career in America! The beautiful Marlene Dietrich with the spangles on, as she appears in the leading feminine rôle of "Morocco," in which Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou labor. This gorgeous girl with the slumbrous eyes was discovered in Berlin by Director Josef von Sternberg. She is hallmarked for big things in talkies!



Marlene Dietrich was born in Germany, the daughter of an army officer. She has red-gold hair and blue eyes. She is married and has a little daughter, who is in Germany



Mitzi Green was born in New York City, Oct. 22, 1920. She's a smash in pictures. Junior Durkin, 16, became famous on the stage in the play "Courage."

IT'S her first romantic rôle, and that little witch, Mitzi Green, seems a little stricken and confused by it all! Junior Durkin is the ardent swain, and the scene is a bit from a new Paramount Western starring Dick Arlen. "Heart o'mine, how about an ice cream cone?" purrs Junior



WILL she be a new sentimental sensation, with all the wistful sweetness of a Gaynor? Fox bets a stack of blue chips that she will! Maureen O'Sullivan, seen with McCormack in "Song of My Heart," will play opposite Charlie Farrell in "The Princess and the Plumber," due this fall.

Maureen O'Sullivan was born in Killiney, Ireland, May 17, 1911. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs 114. She has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

Six Stunning Costumes!



One of the prettiest and smartest evening gowns of any season. Miss Claire wears this creation of white tulle, with narrow black tulle ruffles edged in silver. Like this for your next party?



This is one of the new negligées Miss Claire is wearing—of the type that could almost double as a frock. It is of flowered net, and the large bow in front is of peach satin. A pretty thing



Street dress with black Canton box-pleated skirt and black and white flat buttons, embroidered around neck and bodice. Short Eton embroidered jacket, trimmed with buttons

One Stunning Girl!



Miss Claire here displays
—and to what advantage!
—another lovely evening
gown. This one is of white
taffeta, ornamented with
hand-painted flowers.
Note the length



This costume is called "The Jack
Horner," but Bernice needn't sit
in a corner as far as we're con-
cerned! Pencil blue crepe pajama
trousers and bolero coat. The
blouse is white *crepe de chine*

Posed by BERNICE CLAIRE.
First National

A striking tango-red tweed street
ensemble. Persian lamb is the fur
used on the collar and cuffs and
around the bottom of the coat.
A red gold brocaded blouse, with
six buttons in front



Clive Brook was born in London, June 1, 1891. He is 5 feet, 11, weighs 150, has brown hair and grey eyes. He was married in 1921, and has two children.

THAT epoch-making gadget called the microphone trebled the charm and appeal of this handsome, suave and slightly bored Englishman. Scoring sensationally when teamed with Ruth Chatterton in "The Laughing Lady," Clive Brook is again seen with her in the new talkie, "Anybody's Woman"

LES PARFUMS

Coty

LES POUDRES

"Lovelier than ever" is the mode of the day—demanding that subtler, more exquisite loveliness which these supreme Powders and Perfumes of Coty confer in a rarer visible beauty of complexion, a more poignant beauty of atmosphere—the complete impression of elegance and indescribable chic.



Les Parfums

In four sizes, from de luxe cut-crystal flacons to adorable Purse Editions
Fifteen Dollars to One Dollar

Les Poudres

The complete range of perfect flesh-tones in twelve shades. All Coty odours. One Dollar. Double Size One Dollar Fifty Cents.

Coty, 714 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.—Place Vendôme, Paris

What is a girl's chief charm? . . . What makes her seem infinitely adorable to a man? Read the answer in . . .

A Message from

DOROTHY DIX



Dorothy Dix

FEMININE daintiness! It is a girl's chief charm. Nothing so attracts people, men especially, as dainty femininity.

Sometimes girls are a little careless—a blouse is just a bit soiled. And some girls neglect the things that don't show—a slip or a step-in is allowed to get shabby looking.

My dears, I have known a soiled, faded looking shoulder ribbon peeping out to shatter a man's *IDEAL* quickly and completely.

Moreover, when your lingerie isn't dainty and colorful, you yourself don't feel exquisite and truly charming. And in order to charm others, you must feel sure of your own feminine appeal. *Self-confidence is contagious.*

Therefore, do buy the daintiest lingerie you can—and keep it color-fresh, exquisite, as long as you wear it.

I'm sure girls often hesitate to wash underthings—stockings, too—as often as daintiness requires, lest they become faded and wear out too soon. You may

“When you are confident of your own dainty femininity, others respond instantly. Men especially find you adorable.”

rightly fear this, if you've been using just ordinary “good” soap. But if you'll keep a box of Lux handy and just dip dainty things up and down in a bowlful of suds as often as needed, you will find *they stay colorful and lovely for an amazingly long time.*

I feel so strongly about this that if I could, I'd give every girl in America a box of Lux.

IN YOUR HOME, TOO: Not only can dainty, colorful lingerie give you confidence of charm—but your very *SURROUNDINGS* can help! Pretty curtains, slip covers, cushions, table linens, all form part of the magic spell when they are kept lovely with Lux.

DOROTHY DIX



“Colorful, dainty lingerie makes you FEEL feminine, exquisite”



(Left, above) Dainty lingerie washed 10 times in Lux—colorful and exquisite as new. No fading, no wearing or pulling of delicate fibres

(Left) Similar lingerie washed 10 times with ordinary soap—faded and drab. Delicate fabric tearing away from stitching

if it's safe in water . . . it's safe in **LUX**

October, 1930

The National Guide
to Motion Pictures

[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

BEFORE me is a letter from a man who accuses PHOTOPLAY of failing to give credit where credit is due.

He says that by refusing a place among The Six Best Pictures of the Month to "Hell's Angels," in the August issue, we have done a grave injustice to Mr. Howard Hughes and his four-million dollar picture.

If PHOTOPLAY made a mistake, and second thought convinced us that we were wrong, we would apologize. It would not be the first time in fifteen years, nor the fifteenth time.

We hold to our original opinion. We did not give this ambitious and costly—in Mr. Hughes' dollars and four other men's lives—spectacle a place among The Six Best of the Month. We put it below "With Byrd at the South Pole" and below "Romance," "The Big House," "Holiday," "The Unholy Three," and "Grumpy."

"HELL'S ANGELS" is the greatest spectacle of Hwarfare ever filmed. We doubt that it can ever be surpassed in that direction. If you want to be thrilled out of a night's sleep by seeing men kill and be killed; if you want to be thrilled by the stark brutality of war, unrelieved except by one great act of self-sacrifice, by all means go and see it.

BUT—

This picture is guilty of the highest of all motion picture crimes—bad taste. The character played by Miss Jean Harlow is one of which the motion picture cannot be proud. It is sex in its most disgusting phase, naked, vulgar, unnecessary.

Our review on "Hell's Angels" stands as printed.

IHAVE always admired Elsie Janis. But never have I felt for her such deep and sincere admiration as that which she earned by the manner in which she

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK



took the heart-breaking blow of the death of her mother.

Elsie and "Ma" Janis, as she was familiarly known to the theatrical world and her friends in Hollywood, had been the closest of companions in life and work ever since Elsie could remember.

Her mother's death left her alone.

There were those who said that "Ma" had unduly controlled Elsie's private as well as public life.

A cruel, short story, "Mother Knows Best," later made into a picture, was supposed to be based on their lives.

It hurt "Ma" and Elsie, but they never complained. They knew it was untrue.

ELSIE buried her "Ma" from the Wee Kirk of the Heather, a tiny cemetery chapel which was a replica of the church attended by Annie Laurie. The service was simple and only close friends were permitted to attend. There was nothing theatrical or Hollywoodish about it.

At the close of the services Elsie returned home in her car alone, the place usually occupied by her mother vacant and marked by a small bouquet of her mother's favorite flowers.

There was no report of details of the funeral in the newspapers. This was Elsie's private affair.

ELSIE was the one person who did not break down and cry. Instead she devoted herself to buoying up the others who loved "Ma" and would miss her.

Last New Year's Eve "Ma" wrote Elsie a letter. She confided it to a friend to be given to her beloved and adored girl after her death. One paragraph read:

"I hope you do not feel I have ever interfered. Life has been fifty-fifty for us. Do not grieve for me."

Next day the gallant daughter was back at work at the Paramount Studio where she is a director.

MARY PICKFORD was a friend indeed. She was with Elsie almost every waking moment during the ordeal.

Her philosophy and sympathy gave her friend the strength and mental consolation she needed in her days of sorrow.

AT this writing Amos 'n' Andy are beginning to recover from the shock of their first experience in the studios. The preparation of their daily stint and its broadcasting had become a familiar and enjoyable task, with a minimum of irritations and complications. But Hollywood—that's different.

It took them a week to come out of the dazed condition caused by their first story conference. The story conference is a sacred studio tradition. It is based on the theory that the more cooks the better the broth.

It was held in one of the big studio offices. Around the table sat associate producers, the director, several writers and song tinkers; also the ubiquitous gag men.

THE ceremonial opened up pleasantly enough. Each individual submitted ideas. They discussed theme, motivation, action, dialogue, sets. Everything was just dandy. Then the inevitable clash of ego began, and the battle was on. The writers started it.

"That idea of yours is terrible," one of them yelled at an associate producer.

"And yours is lousy," was the scholarly comeback.

Another member of the conference, confident that he had a brilliant idea, rose and became oratorical.

"Yeah?" interrupted a song writer. "Chaplin started that gag nearly twenty years ago, and you've used it in every picture you ever had anything to do with. Ain't you seen any of this year's pictures yet? You might get a new one and let that senile old veteran die a natural death."

The argument ended in a fight, but to the credit of all, there was no shooting or stabbing. It was only the first conference.

Amos 'n' Andy had been sitting silently amazed at this clash of intellect and fists. Finally Amos asked to be heard.

"Boys," he said, "take it easy. If there's going to be any murder over this story we'd just as soon quit now."

THE most abused word in the tarnished lexicon of the movies is "star."

Every little nit-wit who is caught necking in a parked auto, making a mere wish a fact, gives her occupation as "motion picture actress." Then ignorant or merely careless newspapers put a curse on the whole matter by heading the story, "Movie Star Held by Police as Blizzard Grips City."

Everybody should know, for his own conversational correctness, if for no more vital reason, what a "star" is.

THE easiest way to identify a genuine picture star is to notice that his or her name appears ABOVE the title of the story at the beginning of a film.

You see, in a title, "Greta Garbo in 'Romance.'" That means that Garbo is a real star. If you see "Joan Crawford in 'Our Blushing Brides,'" with Anita Page," that means that Joan is a star, but Anita is a featured player.

There are very few stars, technically speaking. There are some dozens of featured players. There are several hundred other actresses and actors engaged in making pictures who get no feature billing at all—the great rank and file who make up the casts.

Clara Bow is a star. Dottie Chiffon may call herself one. If she does, ask her where she ever tended bar!

A FEW months ago a cadaverous gentleman of uncertain age sat on a hotel porch in a Texas town.

His long nose was buried in his shirt front. He was low in his mind, and he felt terrible. A few weeks before he had finished directing a motion picture based on the life of Abraham Lincoln. An honored veteran of the silent drama, he had been forced to fight the new thungumbob called the microphone. He had been up against stage actors instead of the old-style movie puppets.

An old man, and through! He had little or no confidence in the new picture. He had sort of crawled away into the Texas desert to rest and to listen for the rumblings that might mean his finish in pictures.

A bell-boy brought him a wire. It was from the big boss of the company. And the wire said that "Abraham Lincoln" was a great picture—that all was well!

THAT was David Wark Griffith, the old master. And the Texas episode was just another act in the long drama of his life as a movie director.

Through the picture jungles has run the cry, for years, "Griffith is through!" A has-been, they've called him. A fossil, a dodo. The younger "geniuses," still in the romper stage, have even laughed at the grand old man.

Now, in his lonesome latter years, he's turned on the pack! He has made his masterpiece, in "Abraham Lincoln." For the truthful tenderness of its love scenes, the matchless dignity, smartness and power of its creation, he's never even come near the new picture in his long and honorable career with the megaphone.

A STRANGE combination, Griffith. Showman, camera trickster, master technician of cinematic emotion and effect, and a dash of authentic genius, here and there.

Who doesn't love a laugh at the wise-crackers who chase after new gods, mostly clay and all wet? Well, Old Man Griffith, the has-been, can have a good roar now!



(Drawing by George Shanks)

DIRECTOR - - - "You'll Have to Change It—She Doesn't Like It"

The End of "The BIG TRAIL!"

One of the Greatest
Location Trips in the
History of Pictures
Is Finished

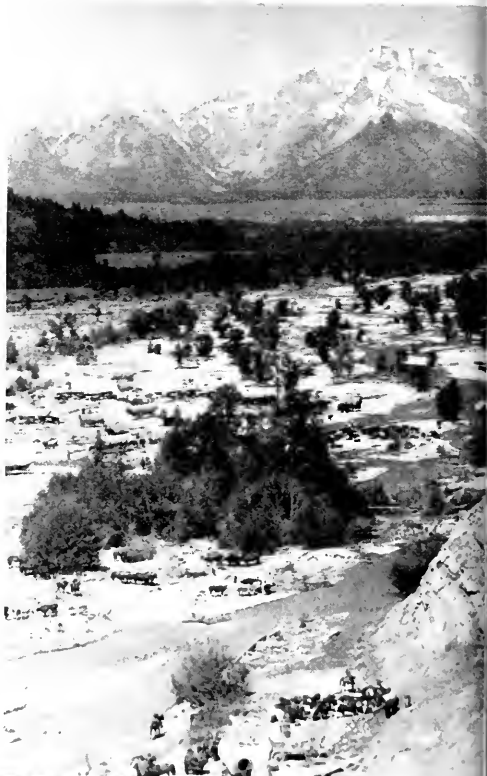
"THE Big Trail" grew out of a dinner at Simpson's in London.

Winfield Sheehan, Fox producing chief, and Raoul Walsh, the director, sat talking over the coffee cups. It was a vacation trip for both of them, but in the memorial fashion of Hollywood, they were talking about pictures. It was suggested that a great talkie of the pioneer West would be a tremendous thing! From that chance remark "The Big Trail" was born. Sheehan and Walsh sat at their table until dawn streaked the sky, formulating plans and mapping out the course of procedure.

On April 10, 1930, exactly one hundred years after the first wagon train set out from Independence, Missouri, the picture of this romantic trail was begun. The first scene was a wagon train starting out over perilous roads, through territories of hostile Indians and renegade whites. A bugle blew in the picture camp.

The cameras began to turn. Whips cracked over the heads of oxen and horses. There were shouts of men, cries of women and children. From a camera stand, twenty feet in the air, Walsh directed that first scene.

Stretched far into the distance was a long line of lumbering prairie schooners.



One of the most thrilling scenes in "The Big Trail"—the moment when the covered wagons are about to be lowered over the cliff. Once the log stanchions broke, and nine wagons crashed into the valley! This sequence was filmed in the Jackson Hole country, Wyoming

A boy and girl whom "The Big Trail" will probably make famous. The girl is Marguerite Churchill—the boy is John Wayne, discovered in the property department at Fox by Director Raoul Walsh and given this mighty rôle. He's a very important discovery



By Marquis Busby

In August "The Big Trail" was completed. Not one scene had been shot in a studio. In fact, there are only two interiors in the whole picture, one a saloon in Independence, and the other a rough cabin. During the months the picture was in production the company traveled over 4,300 miles, but before a scene had been shot, Walsh had traversed 14,000 miles seeking locations. He even traveled by dog sled through the Blackfeet country, over snows twenty feet deep.

In going over "The Big Trail" these pioneers of 1930 traveled through seven states. They worked in terrific heat in Yuma and again in Montana. They traveled over Teton's snowy pass a month before the road had been opened. With them went the heavy wagons, the live stock, nine ponderous sound trucks and supply trucks. It was difficult to get fresh food over Teton into the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. News trickled in from the outside world at rare intervals. The company worked seven days a week. They were up at five in the morning, and on location at six. They worked until seven in the evening.

They always kept moving. Two hundred great covered wagons, weighing a ton each and costing \$400 to build. Cattle to the number of 1,800, 1,400 horses, 80 oxen, 110 mules, 200 chickens, 20 pigs and 14 dogs. There were 347 pioneer men, women and children that actually went over every foot of this movie trail. At times there were thousands more in the scenes.

From one location camp to another they were transported over eight different railroad lines. It took 123 baggage cars to move the production.

Sometimes they slept in hotels. In Montana they slept in the coaches. In Wyoming their homes were 160 specially built cabins. Just a bed and stove, but there were electric lights and shower baths of a sort. The laborers and men caring for the live stock slept in 400 tents.

A more diversified group of men than the extras could not have been found. There were champion bronc-riders, bull-whackers, ex-Texas rangers, prize fighters, wrestlers, sailors, ex-marines, two ex-gunmen from Chicago, and former stars of the football gridiron and baseball diamond. The lowest paid extra received \$50 a week. It cost Fox from \$50 to \$100 a week to feed and transport each of them.

THE cast of ninety-three was as diversified as the extras. Marguerite Churchill, the heroine, had lived all her life in cities. John Wayne, the hero, was discovered by Walsh in the property department of the Fox studio. He had been a football star at the University of Southern California. His six feet, two, of height, and his 200 pounds of brawn, were just what was wanted for *Breck Coleman*, the young Indian scout. El Brendel had made his mark in comedies.

Tully Marshall had played many Western rôles, including a memorable characterization in "The Covered Wagon." David Rollins is a direct descendant of the first white child born on the Oregon Trail. Tyrone Power, the villain, is one of the best known veterans of the theater. Ian Keith, another heavy, is also from the stage. All of them depicting the intrepid adventurers seeking freedom, the rich soil of a new country.

Just as the road to the Oregon country really began on the green banks of the Missouri, the opening scenes of the picture

depicted Independence during the Forties. A town was built near Yuma, with the swollen Colorado rushing by. It was the largest set ever built on location, forty complete buildings, all weathered. For weeks the company sweltered in the desert heat. The water was bad, and many members of the company were ill.

A GLANCE at the commissary department in Yuma gives a pretty good example of the herculean task of feeding so many people during the long march across the West. For sixteen days 800 people were fed three times daily. There were never less than 500.

Judd Stevens, in charge of the commissary, accomplished his work smoothly. He started nine years ago with a chuck wagon on the Western outfits, and he knew just how to plan for 50 or 1,500.

In the kitchen of the big dining tent were a chef, two dinner cooks, five fry cooks, three bakers and a staff of thirty-five waiters and dish-washers.

During the time in Yuma these figures were averaged:

It cost \$2,125 a day to feed the troupe.

A typical breakfast order included 400 individual boxes of cereal, 21 hams, 150 dozen eggs, and 90 loaves of bread.

In a day's time 300 gallons of coffee were consumed, to say nothing of 90 gallons of iced tea and 3,000 pints of milk.

When they had a chicken dinner 300 fowls disappeared into the kettles.

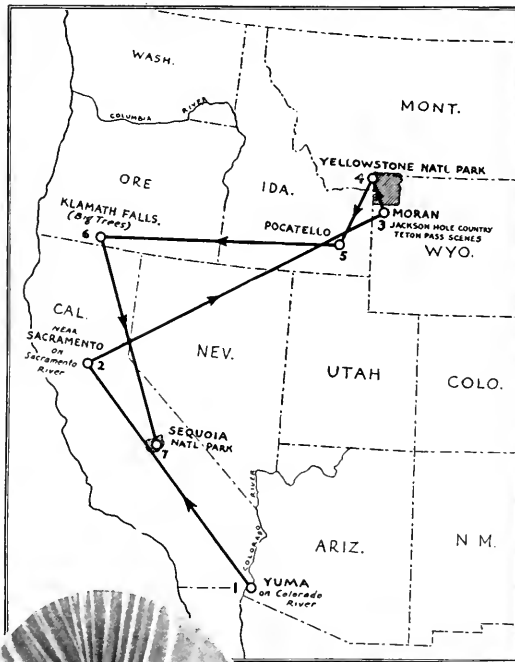
The pastry cook turned out 250 pies every day.

That was one of the difficult phases of the picture that will mean nothing to the people who see it. But a motion picture company on location, like an army, travels on its stomach.

A NOTHER great task was handling the wardrobe. There were 5,000 costumes of the period of 1840. They were turned in at night, and handed out in the morning. There were as many as twenty-four people in the location wardrobe department.

A full hospital staff was carried along. A doctor, two orderlies and four nurses. And there wasn't a serious accident on the trip. There was sickness in Yuma, and when working in high elevations there were nosebleeds and giddiness, bruises and sprains.

From Yuma the troupe traveled to a spot on the Sacramento River, where Missouri River shots were made. The Missouri, now, with its placid meadows, farms and silos, towns and factories could no longer pass muster as the frontier.



The map above shows the long, long trail of "The Big Trail" company as it wound its way across the Western states. The route started at Yuma, Ariz., and ended, months later, at Sequoia National Park

From there the company went to the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming, for the longest and most trying location. Here was made the cliff sequence which will become famous.

The pioneers of the wagon train lose their way. They stumble up to the brink of the precipice. Below the trail is resumed, but they must find a way to get down, or turn back to Missouri.

Stanchions were made of cowhide, and trees were bent over as levers. The wagons and live stock were lowered over this precipice to the ground below. Men, women and children descended the face of the cliff on a rope, hand over hand. There could be no rehearsal. It was a case of going over and trusting to fate.

Marguerite Churchill and John Wayne had dialogue on the way down. Once the sun went under a cloud while Marguerite hung in mid-air. It would take too long to climb back to the top, or to descend to the floor of the valley. She just hung there and waited for the sun. The wait took half an hour. Before the scene was completed satisfactorily she had descended the rope four times.

N OT one person, or one animal, was hurt in this scene.

Nine wagons were prepared to be lowered over the cliff in stanchions. Someone suggested that it would be an added thrill to have one stanchion

break, with the wagon crashing down the cliff.

"We'll fix one so it will fall," Walsh agreed.

The next minute all nine had fallen. The stanchions had not been sturdy enough. Stronger ones were built, and the scene went on that same day.

At another time, one of the wagons, hitched to a team of horses, came too near the brink of

the precipice, and went over. The driver leaped to the ground. Unbelievable as it seems, the wagon was broken to bits, but both of the horses got up, shook themselves, and began to nibble grass.

Time after time the whole company, including all the wagons and live stock, forded and swam the Snake River. It was a swift, dangerous current, and the force of the downward water turned wagons and beasts around like so many straws.

D AY followed day in monotonous routine. The food became tiresome. Canned corn and canned beans and canned salmon. And beef. The chickens were muscled like marathon runners, and lamb was something whose fleece was used for the lining of coats. Fresh vegetables were almost impossible to get. Fish, caught in the Snake River, were a rare and much needed delicacy.

El Brendel disliked the outdoor [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

"Good Old George"



WHAT'S all this about George Bancroft, anyway? Just what's biting the man?

From a normal, well-met and likable fellow, he has suddenly developed into the Hermit of Santa Monica beach, where a row of movie folk live. They're his friends—or rather, make that his "ex-friends," because that's apparently what Mr. Bancroft wants them to be.

He used to pal around with them — Bebe Daniels, Connie Talmadge and her popular husband, Townsend Netcher, Charlie Furtmann, who guided him through many pictures, and others of that pleasant crowd. But now, when he stalks up and down the beach in his bathing trunks and with a husky bodyguard, he deliberately turns his back on them! They fail to interpret it in any light but a flat snub, but even that doesn't worry them. They just wonder at the change in the man.

Particularly those that feel they've done enough for him that he isn't warranted in what they interpret as uncalled-for churlishness. Not at all like the Bancroft, who, when he became a star, bought the loudest and most expensive beach robes to be seen on the sands, and whose genial laugh could be heard from one end to the other. "Good old Bancroft," they'd say. "Fine chap. Success hasn't gone to his head. Hey there, George!"

HE imagines there are people staring at him from the cliffs, above his house. And peering into his house from the streets and lots. So he's built a fence on a vacant lot next his house.

It all seems to be what could gently be called a vast self-consciousness on Mr. Bancroft's part, doesn't it? And it doesn't date back at all to the struggling days when he wasn't a big shot. No, in those days, he didn't seem to mind being talked to and liked by other film people. And if it so happened that they were in a position to help him, and they did in some fashion or other, he didn't seem to mind that either.

But Mr. Bancroft's present attitude does date back to early last summer—after he had become a movie big shot. It seemed to happen to him all of a sudden, with remarkable completeness. His change in his manner is as great as the change in his salary—from \$250 a week to \$5000.

His first manifestation was to sequester himself in that Santa Monica house, with the explanation that he had something the matter with his throat.

He couldn't talk, it seemed—and the interesting part of it is that he didn't, to anybody.

Telephone calls went unanswered. Telegrams went unacknowledged. Letters fared the same. And even doorbell ringers

His Santa Monica Beach friends used to call him "Good Old George!" Now they nudge each other and whisper, "What's the matter with that Bancroft guy, anyhow?"

met no success. This wasn't to outsiders alone, either—although scores of would-be interviewers tried to reach him. He's got a colossal peeve against interviewers, anyway, but that's another part of the story. The interesting part here is that not even the executives of Paramount, to which outfit he was under contract at a tremendous salary, could get to him! And after all, that sort of thing is odd, isn't it? Especially when it cost his studio over \$50,000.

And then what happened? Why, Mr. Bancroft recovered miraculously from whatever he said ailed him, and popped off secretly to New York. And to Washington, where he met President Hoover and other dignitaries. And rumors and reports came back, via new channels, that he might go on the stage again. And all the time, under contract to Paramount!

WELL, to make the story shorter, he came back to Hollywood at last, and if there was anything irking him about his relations with the company that he was supposed to be working for, it must have been cleared up, somehow or other. For Mr. Bancroft has at least gone back to work making pictures. Roland Lee took over the job of directing him; Lee seems to get along best with the man. Josef Von Sternberg did two pictures with him, but Von Sternberg didn't enjoy it so much. It seems Von Sternberg thought Bancroft believed Bancroft knew better than Von Sternberg, and also that there was too much time being wasted in Bancroft acting as though he ought

to direct as well as play the rôle.

Anyway, Von Sternberg is just as well satisfied with some other assignment and star.

Well, there he is now—as this is being written. Living the life of a hermit at Santa Monica, avoiding people he used to play with.

OTHERS are naturally resentful at feeling they're being omitted now, when they weren't while Mr. Bancroft wasn't the big star he is.

Some of them have a lot of things to say about his personal affairs—the sort of things one wouldn't want to print, you know.

If Mr. Bancroft has any intimate friends these days, they're certainly not the stars and the executives he used to know so well.

And what's more, if he has any friends, they aren't even known to the others.

And through it all, Mr. Bancroft goes strangely on his way—his Hollywood way.

By Harry Lang

Chapter Two of *The Private Life*

By *Rilla*
Page Palmborg

The Most Extraordinary Story
of This Glamorous Lady of
the Screen Ever Published



GRETA GARBO, in the amount of interest and curiosity aroused by her private life, stands alone in the history of motion pictures.

Dozens of stories have been written about the Swedish actress. Not one, until now, has told the real story of the real Garbo as she lives her life—a solitary, alien figure in the glittering, superficial life of the American film colony in Hollywood.

Only a star of Garbo's eminence and popularity could achieve such perfect solitude and secrecy. Only the cleverest and sharpest of management could insure the Scandinavian blonde the privacy she enjoys. Away from the studio, Greta's

life has been an impenetrable mystery. Here, for the first time in American journalism, is told the story of Greta Garbo's home life—the life that is strictly and completely her own.

This story has been gathered, bit by bit, from unimpeachable sources.

In it no sacred confidences are violated. It is the simple, straightforward tale of the intimate existence of one of the most fascinating, mysterious feminine figures ever to appear before the public.

Early in 1929 Greta Garbo moved into a modest home at 1027 Chevy Chase, Beverly Hills. It was big and rambling, in the Italian manner, but an essentially simple place to live.

of GRETA GARBO

Garbo Rents a House Under Another Name—
Her Work, Her Exercise, Her Intimate Life
—Her Curious and Passionate Love of Rain



HERE, absolutely secluded from the inquisitive, prying world, lives Greta Garbo. The house is situated on the side of a hill in the Santa Monica district, cooled by the breezes from the sea, only a few miles distant. Here Garbo has the solitude and personal freedom that are so precious to her, and that she so ardently demands. The house is entirely surrounded by towering spruce trees, planted years ago by the owners. The gateway is guarded, and the whole place is as impenetrable as an old baronial castle. On this lawn Garbo loves to sit and gaze across the wide and beautiful valley that lies below her

She really rented it for its hominess—its huge fireplace that almost filled one end of the living room. This is the story of her life in that house, during 1929.

Here she sought sanctuary from the annoyances that came to her in hotel life. She took the house under another name, to avoid publicity. Then began Garbo's first genuinely comfortable home life since her arrival in America about four years before.

Home though it was, her life there was simple and solitary. Her servants were instructed to keep all bills down. Garbo's innate thrift asserted itself. The allowance for food was \$100 a month. Twice a week they drove eight miles to the Central



A young Swedish couple who know Greta Garbo well. Gustaf and Sigrid Norin, who ran the star's household while she lived in Beverly Hills. Gustaf, at the time, was waiting for a break in pictures. He's now in the modeling department at First National. His father is a famous sculptor

Market in Los Angeles and did the marketing. In spite of the most rigid economy, Greta was inclined to think that bills were high.

Each week fifty dollars were allotted for the purchase of shoes, medicines, magazines, and such incidentals. A record of these was kept in a little black book.

Receipts were obtained for every purchase—even for that of a three-cent newspaper. These were pinned to the page of the little black book on which the purchases were entered. At the end of each week, Greta carefully checked these expenditures.

It will interest you to know that Garbo is anxious to get the motion picture magazines as fast as they come out. At this time she bought ten or fifteen a month. Often, in her eagerness, she sent for them long before they were due.

This will surprise those of you who feel that Garbo must display a lack of interest in the stories written about her in the periodical press.

Once a month she gathered these magazines, and many papers, and sent them to her mother in Sweden. They were usually well marked, especially when they contained stories about Greta. Regularly this big bundle went out, addressed to "Mrs. Anna Gustafsson, 155 Ringbagen, Third Floor, Stockholm, Sweden." Those magazines which contained nothing of interest about her were often returned to the store.

Let us follow Greta Garbo through a day at the time of which I am writing—the summer of 1929.

Beside her bed was an electric bell.

She was to be called at seven on working days. But, like the rest of us, she liked to dawdle, and often she was fifteen minutes late in rising. This meant a mad dash to the studio in order to be on time. When she was not working, no one knew when she would get up. Sometimes she arose at six, chipper as a lark. Again, she would lie in bed till noon.

Generally speaking, the first thing she did in the morning was to go to her pool for a swim. Sometimes as early as five in the morning she could be heard splashing about in the pool.

THEN she would get into bed and ring for the papers. She received the two Los Angeles morning papers every day and read them before breakfast, turning first to the theatrical pages. She would tear out items of interest and put them in a drawer near her bed, to be filed later by her business manager.

On the way to the pool, Greta would usually order breakfast. Her favorite morning repast consisted of orange juice or grapefruit, creamed dried beef, a poached egg, fried potatoes, homemade coffee cake and coffee. Ham and eggs were also a favored dish. Occasionally she only wanted breakfast food, fruit and coffee cake. Coffee she took only in the morning and at noon.

After breakfast, which she ate from a pink enamel tray held

on her lap in bed, she sent for her pets. At this time there were a chow dog, two kittens and a parrot. All four were put upon her wide, low bed, and they took possession of it.

The kittens were her especial pets. They were little black alley cats that had been picked up in a plaster shop. The smaller one Greta called "Pinten," which is Swedish for "half-pint." The other was "Big Pint" and "Mira," as the fancy struck Garbo.

These waifs could, and did, get away with anything. Greta had a beautiful Chinese robe hanging on her bedroom wall—so long that it trailed on the floor. Many a time she found it scratched and torn by the kittens' claws. But no one ever heard her scold them.

Greta liked the parrot, too. Often she carried it from room to room on her shoulder. He would call "Hello, Greta! Hello, Greta!" when she entered the room. And the weird bird was an expert at giving the raspberry. This was his pet trick when she had luncheon guests in the patio. And Garbo would roar with laughter—that great, deep, rumbling laughter of hers!

ONE of Polly's favorite tidbits was the Swedish hardtack of which Greta is so fond.

The chow, "Fimsy," was given to Garbo by Emil Jannings' daughter when that family returned to Germany. It is said that the dog once belonged to Valentino.

"Fimsy" alone resisted all his mistress' gestures of friendliness! He was like her—he liked and respected privacy. He stayed by himself most of the time, though Garbo treated him with great kindness.

When Garbo wasn't working, she usually followed her breakfast, her papers and her frolic with her pets with a sun-bath.

In the garden a canvas enclosure had been erected. In it was a cot, with a sheet and mattress. Garbo would rub her body with olive oil, put on colored glasses and lie there in the sun for hours at a time—now and then splashing into the pool.

Often Harry Edington, her business manager, or Sorensen, her friend from Sweden, would come over to lunch with her. She would don a kimono, and the lunch would be spread in the shade of a large lemon tree. When she was alone her tray was usually placed on the cot in her sun-bath. Sorensen, whom Hollywood called "The Prince," is really the son of a millionaire Swedish box-maker, who came to Hollywood to be near Garbo.

On working days, Garbo carried her lunch to the studio in a paper bag. She usually wanted fresh berries cooked with sugar and thickened with cornstarch. This was put in a jelly glass, and eaten with cream. With this she had a cold meat or cheese sandwich, and some fresh fruit.

When she was at home she spent a great deal of her time in

The Doors of Garbo's Home Open for the First Time!

bed, reading. Her bedroom was at the back of the house, on the ground floor. It looked out upon the patio and garden. Usually, after her swim and sun-bath, she got into bed and read. Her long walks she took in the evening—but of these, more later.

Garbo never liked all her servants to be out in the evening. For—and this may be difficult to credit—she was very much afraid of burglars, though she was a fiend for fresh air, and insisted on sleeping with windows open all over the house.

One night, hearing a noise, she aroused the household at midnight, and led the servants on a thorough search of the house—Greta wearing pajamas. Under beds, in unused rooms, behind drapes. But nothing was found.

Like so many of us, Greta liked to forage in the ice-box for a lunch late at night. She liked a bit of cheese, or some cold meat, with a glass of milk or near beer.

And the long day ended.

One of the most interesting—and informative—things about Garbo's life is her exercise. Her swimming and sun-bathing I have already mentioned.

One of her favorite amusements is throwing a huge medicine ball, weighing fifteen pounds or so. She would hurl it about her garden, flattening shrubs, flowers and bushes. Then she would come to her servants and ask, "Why can't we have some flowers? Look at those poor bushes! What is the matter with them?"

Garbo would get spells when she would ride horseback nearly every afternoon. She would be driven to the Bel Air stables—or would take out her Lincoln sedan herself, going out of the garage like a shot and putting the fenders in mortal jeopardy.

AT these stables, located in the most exclusive suburb of Los Angeles, between Beverly Hills and the sea, Garbo would get her mount.

A horse called "Black Satin" was her favorite, on her rides through shaded paths far from the highway. Once Garbo called repeatedly for "Black Satin," though she was told the mare was in foal.

One Sunday she was taken to the pasture where "Black Satin" was being kept. "Oh, now I see," she said.

Next to "Black Satin" she liked a horse called "King Vidor." She uses an English saddle, and sits her mount exceedingly well, except that she is inclined to have too heavy a hand. Often she brings her mount in too warm.

One day she brought in her horse very hot. She herself was breathing hard.

"I will have to apologize for bringing in a hot horse," she told the riding master, "but this fellow chased me."

She pointed to Nils Asther, who came riding in behind her. Asther had done his best to catch up with Greta. He failed. She never allows anyone to ride with her. The hours on horseback, like so many others, are devoted to the reveries she so much prizes.

THIS brings us to one of the most amazing facts of this amazing woman. It would no doubt be of great interest to a psychologist who cared to study this intricate woman of undoubted genius.

Garbo is fascinated by rain—enjoys being out in a rainstorm almost above anything else.

She will go out for a long tramp in a downpour, whether it is midday or midnight. In the summer of which I write, she was never seen to carry an umbrella or wear overshoes. Heavy shoes and a man's raincoat formed her outer costume.

The stablemen at Bel Air know of Garbo's penchant for rain.

When it is cloudy, and there is a possibility of a shower, they say, "If Garbo telephones to have a horse ready, we know there is rain coming."

In the rain she will ride for hours. Nothing covers her usual light riding habit but a short rain coat. On her head is a little beret.

When there is a long dry spell, Garbo is unhappy. Often, in periods of drought, she turned on the sprinkling system in her garden, and thoroughly drenched herself.

"I can't stand this dry weather any longer," she would say. "If we don't have some rain I shall go crazy."

So she would run through the spray of her garden sprinkling system. Sometimes she put on a bathing suit. More often she was fully dressed. Time and again [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142]



A rear view of Garbo's beautiful hillside home. Here she loves to sit in the evening, after a long and trying day at the studio, dreaming of the time when she can return to Sweden and build her own house high on a cliff above Sallsgon, the lake of a thousand islands. Here, too, she studies next day's dialogue, and usually has her meals served



Lon Chaney

By
*Margaret E.
Sangster*

*A thousand faces—each portraying truly
A certain type for which the public cried;
A thousand bodies, each one twisted newly—
Each one a thing grotesque, half crucified!
A thousand little tricks of light and shading,
A thousand little gestures, each complete;
And through it all a spirit rare, crusading—
No wonder that the world was at his feet!*

*What if we sometimes wondered at the being
Whose private life was something set apart—
He gave us so much more than we were seeing,
He gave us something from a valiant heart!
And now that he is gone, he has not left us
With one dim vision, as so many do;
His going has incredibly bereft us
Of many friends—each one sincere and true!*



Charles Chaplin and Mary Pickford in a scene from their famous co-starring picture, "Dust and Ashes of Embers of Dreams," one of the earlier film productions of Amos Wark Griffith

Can You Find *the* 20 Mistakes In This Story?

By Michael Woodward

"MR. CHAPLIN," began the interviewer, who had gone up to Charlie's home to interrogate the comedian about his life and work, "I wish you'd tell me some things about your new picture."

"Ah, yes; my new picture, 'The Lights of the City,'" replied Chaplin, in that deep bass voice that goes so oddly with his diminutiveness of stature. He paused a moment or two, as though thinking of how to begin. Repeatedly he stroked a hand over his dark red hair, and occasionally tweaked nervously at that famous moustache of his.

"Well, with what shall I begin?" he resumed. "Shall I tell you, first, that I am hopeful that it will be by far the best thing I have ever done—even finer than my last picture, 'The Kid'?"

"Yes, I remember that," said the interviewer, "that grand comedy that made little Davey Lee so famous. And tell me, are you using some child actor extensively, as you did in 'The Kid,' in this new film of yours?"

"No. No. The action in my new story revolves principally around three characters—myself, a millionaire played by Harry Myers, and the blind flower girl played by Georgia Hale."

THE interviewer recalled, as Chaplin talked, that Miss Hale was the leading lady, too, in "The Gold Rush"—and also that Charlie has been seen with her quite frequently, and has admitted he hopes to marry her as his second matrimonial venture.

Charlie lit another cigarette into the fireplace—he had been lighting one from the other—and went on:

"You know, this new picture of mine will be a very interesting experiment, in these talkie days. I do not like talkies. You know that. And so this new picture will be completely voiceless. There will be not a word! I am anxious to see what the public reaction will be—and I know several big men

of the picture industry are watching also. If the picture is as good, though, as the script reads, I can ask nothing more."

"You mean," interrupted the interviewer, "that there will be no sound whatever with the film?"

"Oh, yes—there will be synchronized music, you understand. With the orchestra-less theaters of today, we have had to synchronize a musical soundtrack on the film. The music has been written by Sergei Stenovich, the Russian."

CHARLIE paused again, and then his brown eyes twinkled as his thoughts turned, in one of those mental acrobaticisms of his, from his picture and its possibilities to the relaxation he contemplates.

"I'm going abroad this fall, after the picture is released." In his exhilaration, that slight French accent of his was intensified. He was born in Paris, you know—Paris, where he has always been known as Charlot. "I've never been abroad since I came to America, and I'm anxious to see Europe again."

"I suppose you'll visit your old school?"

"Yes. I was educated at the Sorbonne, and I want to visit it again to see how my present reactions compare with my memories of the old days there," explained Chaplin.

And at this point, the pretty little maid came in to announce that Jim Tully, that famous author-friend of Charlie's, was calling again. And knowing that the intimacies of conversation

between these two would preclude any further interviewing, the interviewer bade the comedian good-bye, and called it a day.

It developed later that Tully called on his old friend for the purpose of getting some lessons in acting. Tully is now working in one of Jack Gilbert's films, playing the part of a rough and ready sailor man. One of the property boys on the lot told me that Chaplin spent three hours throwing custard pies at Tully's face, teaching him to register astonishment.

READ this through, and see if you can tell all the errors of fact in this imaginative yarn about a Chaplin interview. There are just twenty errors, so you can keep your own score by crediting yourself with five points for each mis-statement you recognize. That would make 100 points a perfect score. When you're stumped, turn to the list on page 143 of this issue, and see which mistakes you've missed, if any.



Sylvia looked up at Brant with eyes that stopped his heart! "All day I've heard what a wicked, handsome thing had come among us," she said softly. "Sometime, will you take me to Egypt—on a long, green yacht?"

Baby Blue Eyes

"TWO of Sylvia's husbands were screen sheiks," Jacoby said. "I don't know anything about the third one. He manufactures something in London."

By Dixie Willson

"Her husband might be healthy," Jacoby suggested.

The rambling, magnolia-scented estate of Mrs. James Cruze was sprinkled with house guests. Jacoby and Harlan Brant lay in the sun on the walk along the pool.

Jacoby had come out from town to make a couple of new plots to follow his spectacular success, "Mayfair May."

Harlan Brant was a New Yorker, heir to the Brant horse flesh and the Brant race-horse millions. "The Prince of Pimlico" they called him.

Jacoby had met him at The Rat and Cat Chess Club and had brought him along because Brant, so he confided to Jacoby, was in love with Sylvia Montaine. He had been in love with her, he said, for three years; had seen again and again every picture in which the world had been offered her ethereal loveliness. For three years she had been to him, he confided, a dream; a phantom ideal.

He had had no more thought of such mist-like beauty being something he could ever see and consider in terms of human flesh, than he had thought of the moonlight materializing in which he dreamed of her!

But now, across the lawn, in pale organdie, the sunlight, filtering through a flowering almond tree, making black lace shadows over her hair and her white throat, Harlan Brant saw, at last, the seraphic creature he had worshipped every waking hour since as the immortal *Jeanne d'Arc* she had led D. W. Griffith's France to victory!

On the stone wall, under the almond tree, she gazed into the eyes of a man who obviously should have been having his hair cut, but instead seemed to be reciting poetry.

"Well," Jacoby said, and dripped sand through his fingers. "There she is. What are you going to do about it?"

"She's mine!" replied the young Prince of Pimlico, his voice husky with emotion. "She's always been mine! It's Fate!"

Harlan's eyes clung to the lovely being under the almond tree. "I'll take her away from anybody!" he said feelingly. "It's Fate! She's Mrs. Harlan Brant right now! I wonder what she falls for! I wonder how to begin!"

Jacoby waved a careless greeting to dark-eyed Winifred Baxter and her "Arizona Kid" husband coming up from the hangar in flying clothes.

"What I know about women," he said, "thank God, is nothing!"

A slim fellow in green swimming trunks, sitting on the diving board, was watching Sylvia too, making black hair sleek and wet, his blond mustache trim and rather handsome.

"She wants a yacht," he remarked, "if you don't mind my getting into the conversation."

"GET right in, old man," Jacoby drawled, lying on his back, squinting at the sun. "Quite all right! Do you happen to know who's the third?"

"The third what?" asked the gentleman who had "got in."

"Her third husband," Jacoby said.

The fellow in green trunks reached for a cigarette out of a pack on the grass.

"A chap named Kimberly," he said.

"Oh, absolutely," Jacoby recalled. "They say she married him because she thought he owned the diamond mines in Africa. Do you know her?"

"Yes, quite well," the blond gentleman told him.

"Can she possibly be as beautiful as she seems?" Harlan asked—his eyes never leaving her.

"Oh, entirely," the blond gentleman assured him. "Even more so! And very witty and very clever. Very charming. I'd be delighted to introduce you. And I'll tell her how many yachts you've got, and mention race-horses so she will know



Illustrated by
H. R. Ballinger

Two Charming and Amiable Young Men Help a Hollywood Blonde Get What She Wants When She Wants It

there's no mistake which Brant you are. She's a frightfully nice little girl. I'd like to see her get what she wants. Yachts—and whatever it is—

"Of course," Harlan said, "since she's married, the first thing is to make her forget her husband! But I'll do it!"

The blond gentleman hooked his thumbs in his wet white belt. "She knows Reno by heart," he offered. "When she looks up at the court with those baby blue eyes, he'll say, 'Oh, here you are again!' And then you write a lawyer a little check and she's yours! And your yacht steams down to the South Seas and you've got—here she comes!"

Across the lawn, past the pink camellias, came Sylvia, the lace ends of her sash touching the close-clipped grass. Harlan got up and dragged up Jacoby.

"Hello," Sylvia said to the fellow in the pool. "You embarrass me! You look positively naked!"

He let himself neck-deep into the water.

"Miss Montaine," he said, "may I present Mr. Mark Jacoby, next year's Pulitzer prize, and Harlan Brant, who owns practically all the race-horses and yachts in the world!"

"Oh, really," she said, "the Prince of Pimlico?"

She looked up at Harlan Brant with eyes that stopped his heart!

"ALL day I've heard what a wicked, handsome thing had come among us," she said, a little softly—straight to Harlan Brant. She moved nearer to him; tucked her chin in her hand; a hypnotic perfume floated around a chiffon handkerchief that trailed out of her fingers.

"It must be wonderful," she said, "to own race-horses that

win! And sometime—will you take me to Egypt—on a long, green yacht?"

"One of his horses is down in the stables now," said the chap who had introduced them. "Brant, why don't you take her down and show her Alice Ben Bolt?"

SYLVIA let tinted fingertips rest on the race king's arm. "I'd adore it!" she told him, looking straight into his eyes. "Take me before Peter Saranoff comes to tell me any more lyrics!"

"As long as I live," Harlan Brant said, his fingers closing over hers, "I'll never give you to another man, another moment!"

The wind-blown, golden tangle of her hair was almost against his shoulder. "I'll dare you," she said, laughing up at him.

Jacoby watched them go past the sun dial, down the sandy walk to the stables, her voice drifting back: her laughter. The man in the pool pulled himself up on a yellow cork raft.

"Is that chap really in love with her?" he wanted to know.

"He's in a state of idiocy," Jacoby said. "He'll have her in his Duesenberg on the way to Reno before midnight!"

"You don't say!" remarked the man on the raft. "How many millions has he?"

"About ten," Jacoby told him, "or fifteen."

"You don't say!" the other commented again.

He dived off the raft, swam to the edge of the pool and came out.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133]



Scientific warfare as waged in the Dogville battles! Field Marshal von Mutt, an elderly Airedale, discovered that links of sausage make far more efficient harriers than mere barbed wire. The Field Marshal found that the enemy invariably stopped to eat the sausage, and then could be butchered at will! A scene from the new dog comedy, "All Quiet on the Canine Front!"

Putting on the Dog

FIVE years ago a fellow strolled across a movie lot with a dog. At least, he said it was a dog. Jules White, a young animal picture director, had different ideas.

"What in hell," he asked, "are you doing with that spider?"

"This," answered the other, who was Renny Renfro, a stunt man, "is no spider. Mister White. This here is a dog. This is a puppy dog."

"What kind of a dog?" sneered White. "I don't know, and its mother hasn't any idea, either. She wasn't exactly a lady. But this here puppy," insisted Renny, "is some day going to be the world's best movie dog!"

"Yeah? Well, so's your old man," countered White, which was considered snappy repartee in those days.

Today Jules White is paying Renny Renfro \$300 a week for using that dog in talkies. The "spider" grew up into Buster, the star of the Dogville Comedies that are taking the country by storm. And even though Buster has four-score rivals acting in these Dogville pictures, he's still the star of dog-stars, the head man. And how!

He takes his more lurid Hollywood

Famous Canine Comedians Tell All in Interview!



Whiskers, whose sad story of mother love is told here

traditions seriously. And since these canine Hollywoodians can read neither the Hays code of morality nor birth control pamphlets, and there are no morality clauses in their picture contracts — well, it's simply astounding how many of the puppies born now and then to the ladydog members of the Dogville casts resemble Buster, more or less.

"That Buster's a sheik!" says Renfro. "We just can't keep him in nights. He's always wandering about the kennels, and I'm darned if I believe he's just talking shop with the girls."

They're really an intensely interesting bunch of people, these Dogville dogs. Of course, by this time you know, or should know, about the work they do. They make marvellously human short comedies, all dressed up in clothes; they display real camera *finesse*, and all that sort of thing. But that isn't what this story is about — because you've read all sorts of stuff before on dog actors. This story is about the offstage life of the Dogville dogs — their comedies and their tragedies, their individual habits and peculiarities, their jealousies and their temperamentalities.



Show this depressing—even tragic—picture to *your* dog, sir or madame! This is what evil company, plus prohibition booze, has done to Bozo, the only real canine aristocrat among the eighty pups who make the Dogville comedies. When Bozo came to Hollywood, he was a clean-living, pure-bred English bull. Then he got in with the wrong crowd. And look at him now!

By

Harry Lang

There's Whiskers, for instance. Whiskers is just a she-mutt. Some Sealyham had a great deal to do with her appearance in this world, but other kinds of dogs must have co-operated, too.

Renfro picked her up at the dog-pound one day, just before they were going to gas her. He paid four bits to save her life and get her out.

Renny figured that her long grey hair might make her of use in some comedy shot some time, so he trained her for comedy gags. She was a happy little thing, always grinning and showing her teeth. And then she had an affair.

When the puppies were born, Whiskers was ecstatic. She grinned wider than ever, and her tail wagged in constant joy. And one night, while she slept, the puppies tumbled out of a box, caught cold and soon died.

Whiskers was inconsolable. She wouldn't eat. She lay like a dead dog, day after day. The only time she seemed to care to be alive was when Mrs. Renfro—"Babs"—gave her a puppy from another dog's litter to play with. That helped for a few moments, but that's all.

"Well, there's a good dog comedienne shot to blazes," lamented Renny and White and Myers.

"Try her and see. Maybe she's a good trouper," suggested "Babs" Renfro. They decided they might as well. So they brought her to the set, dressed her up, turned on the lights, started the cameras going, and gave her her commands.

And Whiskers, true to tradition, did her stuff! She grinned and she clowned until even a cameraman laughed. And when

the director yelled "Cut," and the lights were off, Whiskers turned her back on them all, crawled to a dark corner, turned her face to the wall and sat there for hours with her head low and her eyes tight shut. They haven't called on her since, to be funny.

The "tough guy" of the Dogville troupe is one Bozo, an English bulldog with that underslung jaw. Whenever they want a dog to play Gas-house Gus types—anything that requires the personification of low breeding and evil ancestry, they call on Bozo. He once did a drunken sot scene that was so

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 135]



Oscar, who is star comedian of the Dogville troupe



Buster, always the heavy lover in these comedies

Let's Drop In *Old Cal*



The happy pair whose hurry-up wedding startled filmland. Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, photographed on their wedding day. Both had been married before. Gibbons, who is art director at Metro-Goldwyn, was at one time very attentive to Aileen Pringle, the sophisticate-star

MONTH after month, we have had to control our impulse to say, "Didn't we tell you so?" And month after month, old Cal has given you the real inside facts on the birth and death of romance in Hollywood.

BUT didn't we tell you in the August issue that Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan were going to get married? That was why Nils Asther did not go back to his beloved Sweden.

Well, Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan are married. They stepped off the deep end in Reno, Nev., that town ordinarily dedicated to the bursting of matrimonial bonds that not only bind but chafe. They met three years ago on the "Topsy and Eva" set, and it was one of those great cases of love at first clinch.

Since that time, Nils has been chased off the screen by the demon talkies, but now they say that he is coming back.

VIVIAN'S eye and nose had hardly recovered from the smack given her by that big he-man, Rex Lease, the hard-riding, hard-hitting Western film hero, who took this unusual manner of celebrating the Fourth of July in the Malibu Beach society section of the film colony. Of course, there was a lot of talk about it and it looked as if there was going to be a court battle.

Rex said the tiny blonde had kicked a lot of ridges in his shins, and although he pleaded guilty and the judge assessed him fifty berries for his pleasure and his pains, there were those in Hollywood who said that the referee should have declared the bout a draw.

We would like to be on the side lines when husband Nils and the budding Bill Hart meet on the sands of Malibu.

AND while in this we-told-you-so mood, refer back to the August issue and note what one of my contemporary writers said about the strange triangle of Gloria Swanson, her husband, Henri, familiarly known as the Marquis de la Coudray, and the dear little grass-widow, Constance Bennett.



Another Velez comes to cavort about the screen. This is Josephine, sister to Lupe and about a year older. She was given the part of a cigarette girl in "Her Man" without Director Tay Garnett knowing she was Lupe's sister. This is her first screen work

The international alliance of Gloria and Henri has been having a tough time in the past few years. On their infrequent meetings, second-rate photographers always showed up at the train or ship or plane, as the case might be, and snapped romantic poses of the loving couple, and the reporters jotted down vehement denials of any separation.

But when the Marquis made his visit to Hollywood recently, Gloria and he got together and called off the bluff. As this requiem of romance is written, Henri is living at a hotel, Gloria is at her beach home, and it looks as if they are both happy now that the strain is over.

Of course, they will both remain very good friends, as is usual in such cases.

and Gossip With York!



Two generations meet, proving that the movies are not only out of their infancy, but are greying at the temples. William Farnum and Tom Santschi, who fought in the original Selig film of "The Spoilers" in 1913, lunch with Mary Brian. She's in the 1930 talkie version of the story

In she goes! A new and pretty picture of Ann Harding about to take off for a plunge in the outdoor pool at her new home in the hills above Hollywood. Ann's been one of the most talked-of ladies in pictures since her enormous success in "Holiday"

Henri, incidentally, arrived under the incognito of Bailly, his family name.

What few people knew was that Constance Bennett made a trip to Victorville and there met a gentleman named Bailly two hours before his train arrived in Hollywood.

WHEN the Hunter boys, the aviators who broke the world's endurance record, arrived in Hollywood to be a featured act at the Grauman Theater in an effort to jazz up the attendance for "Hell's Angels," they were given quite a reception and many dinners and luncheons were thrown in their honor.

One day two of the Hunter boys were seated at a desk in the Roosevelt Hotel, writing postal cards to friends back home.

"Who was that guy that gave us the lunch yesterday?" asked one.

"Well, let me see. Yeh! I think that fellow's name was Douglas Fairbanks."

THE differences between Janet Gaynor and the Fox Company are all adjusted and she will be co-starred immediately with Charles Farrell in "The Man Who Came Back."

TABLES are turned. The long trail goes the other way. Hollywood turns to Broadway.

Here's a list of picture people who have recently announced, or hinted, that their thoughts are turning to the speaking stage:

Lya de Putti is supposed to star in a new comedy called "Made in France."

Arch Selwyn, stage producer, has said that he proposes to present Mary Pickford, Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky under his management during the coming season. La Rocque and Banky will appear in a play adapted from the Hungarian. Miss Pickford, absent from the theater for about fifteen years, will be co-starred with another cinematic personage in a play not yet chosen. Colleen Moore, it is reported, will also appear under the Arch Selwyn banner.

As the stage captures Hollywood is Hollywood about to take a first mortgage on the theater?

THERE'S a small youngster who makes daily rounds of the First National stages, peddling the afternoon papers.

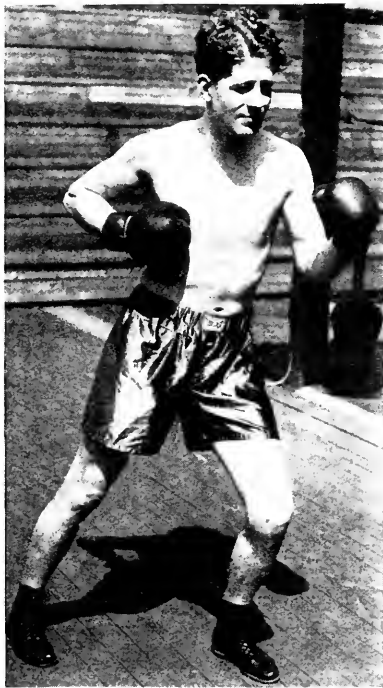
"How's business today?" asked one of the stars.

"Pretty bum," answered the youngster. "Anyway, I'm getting awful sick of this movie racket."

AT last! Another Garbo on the screen!! But it isn't a woman. It's name is Sven, and he's Greta's brother, and although the real name is Gustafsson, Sven isn't averse to cashing in on his famous sister's name and fame.

He's working in Paramount's studios in Paris.

What's this? Yep—you're right. Rudy Vallée in ring togs and striking a lethal pose for the cameraman. This picture of the Crown King was taken at the training camp of a pugilistic acquaintance not long ago. He and Will Osborne, a rival crooner, have been making publicity passes at each other



International

JACK OAKIE and "the Dummy" are among Hollywood's strangest pairs of friends. "The Dummy" is a deaf mute. He sells papers on Hollywood Boulevard, in front of the restaurant where Oakie eats quite frequently. Somehow they've gotten to be buddies—at least, on "the Dummy's" part.

And when Jack returned not so long ago to Hollywood, there, in the forefront of the group that had come to greet him, was "the Dummy." With weird little cries, he rushed up as Jack stepped off the train, and embraced him.

It made Jack's eyes quite moist for a few minutes, this tribute of the deaf lad who had left his newsstand to be among the first to welcome Jack back home.

TWENTY persons wept copiously during the filming of a scene in "Leathernecker," on the Radio lot.

No, it wasn't one of those sobby sad scenes. It was just an onion-peeling sequence.

HUGH TREVOR, that handsome young fellow, has been paying assiduous court to Betty Compson, now that she has her divorce from James Cruze.

But the divorce doesn't become final, in California, until a year after the granting of the interlocutory—so if there are wedding bells in the future, it'll have to be some time next year.

And by that time—well, who knows? It has happened before in Hollywood as well as in Newport and Palm Beach.

THE newest fad of the pretty ladies of the films is colored fingernails. No, not just red, but colors to match or harmonize with the costume! Including silver and gold and black, if you please. The colored polish is worn in the evening,



A new menace strikes at the happy home of Harold Lloyd, and if Mildred is wise, she'll take steps. Here is the comedian on the traditional beach at Waikiki, taking murderous ukulele lessons from a native Hawaiian plunker. This was snapped on the location trip for his new film, "Feet First"

though, and not during the day. Joan Crawford, Leila Hyams, Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page, Bessie Love—these are among the stars who have taken up the new idea.

GARY COOPER didn't waste any time at all in rushing to a telephone as soon as he and Lupe Velez read the comment in one of the daily movie columns that he appeared to be quite attentive to June Collyer.

He told the columnist very flatly and definitely that he is still very much in love with Lupe, that she's the only girl in the world for him, that she's sensitive and that she felt quite badly, as he did himself, over the report. And that's that.

THEY tell this one on El Brendel, the Norse-laugh:

It seems El Brendel had some Indians teach him Indian language and sign-talk while he was in Wyoming on location for "The Big Trail." When he learned a smattering, he made a nuisance of himself talking Indian. One day, Tully Marshall, quite fed up with El Brendel's grunting, jibed: "Aw, heck—I'll bet you don't even know what a tepee is." "Heh, heh, heh," heh-hehed the Swede comedian, "sure I do. My grandfather wore one for years."

SO they changed the name of Mary Pickford's fourteen-year-old niece from Mary Charlotte Pickford to Gwynne Pickford, did they? The child is the daughter of Mary's sister Lottie, and in having the court formally change the name, Mary explained that having two Mary Pickfords in one house would be too much.

All the same, it's too darned bad they did change her name. You see, with the coming of the new year, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, will be definitely starred by First National Pictures.

And so mightn't it have been swell if the fourteen-year-old girl should have blossomed out as a fine actress, to find eventual stardom herself as Mary Pickford II, say?

Wouldn't that have been carrying on the fame and the traditions of the royal family—and all that sort of thing?

ANNA Q. NILSSON, recovering slowly after more than two years in the hospital as the result of a horse's kick, gets a steady stream of messages and gifts from her friends, in and out of the picture game. But the one that gave her the biggest laugh came not so long ago. It came after reports were published that Anna is learning to walk again.

"Here's for the pretty baby that's learning to walk," was the note that came with the gift—from one of Hollywood's famous actors.

And the gift was a teething ring.



International

What foreign versions of American talkies are doing to the great Port of New York. Four magnificent menaces arrive, en route to Hollywood. Left to right, Jeanne Helbing and Suzy Vernon, French, and Carla Barthell and Lissa Arna, German. With such beauts, we'll become foreign-version fans!

REX BELL appeared on the Fox lot the other day in what appeared at a first glance to be a disguise. And what a disguise! Rex's hair, formerly red, was jet black and his eyebrows had been reduced to a thinner line.

Judicious questioning revealed the fact that Clara—surely you know Clara Bow?—had made him dye his ruddy locks and pluck his bushy eyebrows. Maybe Clara felt that she wanted to be the only red head in the combination. Or maybe it was a case of "Change your luck"!

Rex further stated that he was awfully sorry but he couldn't report for work the next day because it was Clara's birthday and her studio had given her a holiday. Heigh-ho! Isn't it marvelous what love can do?

Page Harry Richman!

LEADING men get temperamental, too. This is about the one who became all peeved up after playing several days opposite a certain star who's notorious for her camera-hogging tactics. On the fourth day, the leading man appeared for work with no make-up on his face.

"Say, where's the make-up?" demanded the director.

The actor turned his head and showed some grease-paint on his neck and behind his right ear.

"There it is," he said; "that's the only spot that ever shows to the lens when I'm working with this dame!"

AND then there's the other leading man who detested the same star so much that he ate onions just before the heavy love scenes.

THE guy that said history repeats itself just had advance information on talking pictures.

During the year something like one hundred "remakes" will reach the screen.

By golly, it's a good thing the screen had an infancy to draw upon, otherwise it might not have an adolescence.

HERE'S a list of return engagements, partial, of course:

M-G-M has already released "The Unholy Three" and "Romance." Another repeat on the program will be "Never the Twain Shall Meet." Remember Anita Stewart in that one?

First National: "The Bad Man," "The Girl of the Golden West," "Kismet," with Otis Skinner playing the same rôle he had in the old silent, "Captain Blood," "The Right of Way," and "The Gorilla." Warners have remade "Three Faces East" and "The Sea Beast."

Fox: "A Connecticut Yankee," with Will Rogers. Harry Myers made history as the Yank years ago. "The Sea Wolf,"

The immortal Tom Sawyer comes to the screen, in the person of fifteen-year-old Jackie Coogan! In this, his first talkie, Jackie faces tremendous competition. Amazing Mitzi Green plays *Becky Thatcher*, and Junior Durkin, fine boy actor, plays *Huckleberry Finn*. See them in this month's roto section!



with Milton Sills again, "Common Clay" and "The Last of the Duanes."

United Artists: "DuBarry," with Norma Talmadge. You haven't forgotten Pola as *DuBarry* in "Passion." "Smilin' Thru," and "The Dove." Even Mary was working on "Secrets" when she suddenly shut up shop.

Paramount: "Manslaughter," already released, "Grumpy," "Merton of the Movies," "Tom Sawyer," and that frequently remade picture, "The Spoilers."

Universal: "The Storm," "East Is West," "The Cat and the Canary" and "Leather Pushers."

Radio Pictures: "The Silver Horde."

THE only happy Eastern author in Hollywood was discovered a month ago. At a house party he kept ranting about how no one ever interfered with him.

"Why, week after week," he said, "none of the executives bother me. They let me go right on with my work."

Just as PHOTOPLAY went to press, news was received that he was fired and was on his way back East.

STUDIO announcement: "Vivien Oakland will next be seen in 'The Matrimonial Bed.'" Good heavens!

SID SILVERS tells the latest yes-man joke to Walter Swinchell. I tell you. After a preview a producer gathered his gang of assenters and head-noddlers and cheer-leaders.

"Well, boys," he asked, "what do you think of it?" "Stupendous!" said one. "Colossal!" said a second.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



The two Monas. The dreaming girl, and her strong profile in a tense scene with Warner Baxter

Deeds and Dreams

By Katherine Albert

THERE are two people in Mona Maris. One lives in her profile.

The other is glimpsed in her little heart-shaped face and dark eyes.

Front view she is young, almost ingenuous, daintily sad and piquant. A pretty little Latin girl with rather poignant eyes. But the most amazing thing happens when she suddenly turns profile. It's the give-away. It's the real Mona Maris, determined as an Arctic winter. The jaw does the trick. A firm, hard, almost bitter jaw-line that sweeps down into the pointed chin.

Front face she is dark and sultry and Spanish. Profile she is all the dominant women of all the ages.

You go behind the eyes and the chin and the jaw for Mona Maris' intelligence, and when it suddenly flashes upon you it is a shaft of winter sunshine.

"I'm happy when I work. That is all. There is no other happiness for me.

"Alone, away from the studio, I'm miserable and pursued by a thousand demons of melancholia.

"Marriage? No, a thousand no's. I'm sentimental and romantic, but jealous, terrifically jealous. If I married I'd put everything into it. I'd give everything. I can't do that when my work absorbs me.

"Most of the time I am miserable.

"At rare moments I'm ecstatically happy.

"I'm introspective, analytical. I think too much about myself and my relation to the rest of the world.

"This work—I love it. I love it more than most people since I gave up a great deal for it. I make a good living but I do not wear as beautiful clothes as I did before. I do not have so much money. I do not lead as gay a life.

"Nobody in my family understands this desire in me to work. My half-sister is content with being content, charming, marriageable and playing the piano a little. Me—I am not content with these things.

"There's a driving demon cooped up within me.

"I sometimes wish I were phlegmatic. I would not suffer so much. But neither would I know the ecstasies."

In order to get a true picture of her you must do away with the other impressions you have of Latin women. You must forget the bounding Lupes, the *ooh, la, la* Fifi D'Orsays and Lily Damitas.

In fact, you mustn't type Mona at all. She is too much the cosmopolite. She is a mental type rather than a physical one. She is not merely an emotional machine.

How she became like this from the family into which she was born remains an enigma. Her father was pure Castillian. Her mother, French and Spanish. Mona was born in the Argentine. When she was still a child she was taken to France to visit her grandmother. The war came.

The girls in the convent where Mona went to school were released to make bandages. Everywhere Mona heard bleak truths spoken. She haunted the society of older people. She sought their conversation. She tried to pierce into the mind of the world and, at the end of the war, she found that she was not content with the gestures of the average girl of her birth and breeding. She had to express herself. It was a need with her. She decided to become an actress, and with that in view, persuaded her mother to allow her to go to England and seek a film career.

But in England she was caught up in what the society editors call "the social whirl." In a dilatory fashion she tried to invade the studios, with scant success.

It was, really, Marconi who [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 145]

There are Two Women in Mona Maris, at War With Each Other and the World

Advice to *Seventeen-* Year-Old Lovers

SALUTE Arthur Lake—the old male Beatrice Fairfax—who has decided to break down and confess all about young love. He's not much more than seventeen himself. It's still a pretty serious business to him. He is at the age where he resents the supercilious attitude grown-ups take toward the situation. Arthur has been around a bit. He has dated most of the young unattached women of the colony. And he knows a thing or two or three about it.

So take a look at young Mr. Lake with his little bow and arrow handy, all ready to tell you, who are still at the embarrassed, gangling age, how to go about this love business. And if you're one of those who stroke a long, white beard and declare, "Well, things weren't like that when I was a girl (boy)," and believe that all the youth in the world has gone hey-hey and sophisticated you should see Arthur. He's as young as peace of mind and as bashful as a bride of the mauve decade. If that boy is sophisticated I don't know my Lilyan Tashmans and Constance Bennetts.

Arthur blushed when I asked him to tell me all about seventeen-year-old love. If there had been any loose sand around and Arthur had been barefooted I'm sure he would have dug his toe into the sand. But, because he was wearing most immaculate white sports shoes and we were lurching at a country club he did the next best thing and started to fumble with the silverware.

"LET'S see," he began, "let's see. How do I go about dating a girl? Well, suppose I meet a swell girl at a party or something. Suppose I like her. The first thing I do is to find out about her from her friends. I always ask right away if there's a head man because I don't want to do any chiseling—no sir.

"Well, then, I ask her, at the party, if I can call her up sometime. And a couple days later I call her and ask her if she'd like to go dancing. But, believe me, I always take another couple along in case she turns out to be a wash-out and even if she doesn't I want somebody else there to amuse her the first time.

"Well, when I leave her I don't talk about another date. I go home—even if I've liked her a lot and would like to ask her for another date—and sort of think about it. You can't be too careful, you see. You don't want to rush into anything until you're pretty sure and anyhow it's better to be sort of hard to get with the girls. They like you better for it.

"But after I've decided that I like the girl and want to see her a lot more, then I find out what she likes to do and I try to do those things with her.

No Leopard-Skin or Old-Fashioned Cupid Stuff in This. Try It Out on Your Next "Heavy Date"

By Janet French

did. There's that flower stuff. If you send a girl a box of flowers and if she gets it when a girl friend of hers is around she'll as like as not say, 'Now isn't that silly?' and laugh about it, but down underneath she'll appreciate it just the same and maybe she'll sneak the note out of the box and keep it in her jewelry case or something. They like that kind of thing but they think it's smart to kid about it.

"And I think that's where a lot of boys make mistakes. They clown around too much. There are times when you can kid and times when you can't and if you kid all the time then when you start to get really serious the girls won't take you seriously. And you've got to be a little serious sometimes. I know a fellow who loses all his girls because he clowns all the time.

"And I'll tell you something else. I don't believe in a line—no sir. These guys with a fast line that they're so proud about are usually left out in the cold. Girls aren't as dumb as you think they are. They can tell a fast line from the real thing. I believe in being sincere and if you like a girl and tell her so and haven't been handing her a line she'll take you seriously.

"BELIEVE me, I believe in being sincere—honest! There's an awful lot of bunk being passed out about kidding them, but I'm all for the sincere stuff. And say, while I'm giving advice to the boys I'd like to say something to the girls. A boy certainly appreciates a girl's being appreciative. And (I shouldn't say this, I guess) some of the girls in pictures aren't. The other night I was out with a girl and when the evening was over she said, 'I don't know when I've had such a good time before.' Matter of fact, we hadn't done very much nor had an awfully good time, but it sure made me feel good to hear her say it.

"And here's something else. My mother's told me about how her boy friends used to be writing notes to her all the time.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]



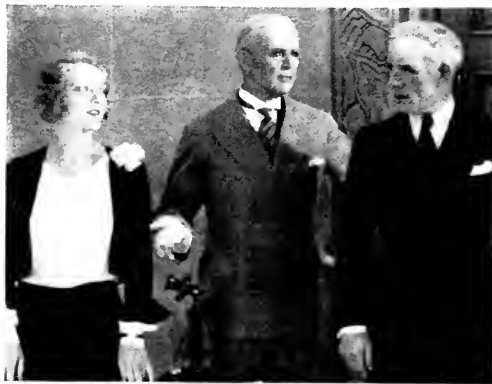
Are you seventeen? It doesn't matter. Read Arthur (Knock 'Em Dead) Lake's theories about heart trouble. They may be helpful. Here's the old Romeo himself, true to the life



★ MONTE CARLO—Paramount

HERE'S another Lubitsch operetta—witty, sophisticated, full of charm. An impoverished countess runs away to Monte Carlo on the eve of her wedding to a wealthy baron. A young count poses as a hairdresser to gain admittance to the countess' rooms. He wins the job—and her love. That's all the plot—but how brilliantly it's done! Lubitsch seems able to imbue actors with his own piquant sense of comedy. You'll adore Jeanette MacDonald as the Countess—she's beautiful, she's deliciously amusing and she sings gloriously. Jack Buchanan is equally delightful. What a hairdresser! What a man! Then there are Claud Allister and ZaSu Pitts as the deserted baron and the countess' maid, respectively. And some grand songs.

Ah, zat Lubitsch! What a director! What a picture!



★ THE OFFICE WIFE—Warners

HERE is that rare thing—an intelligent picture full of popular appeal. Perfectly cast and splendidly directed, with sane dialogue and a human and convincing story—everyone will like it!

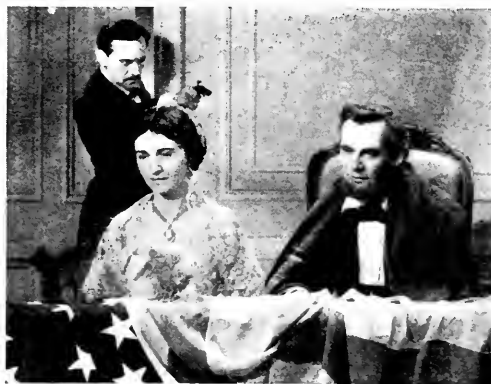
Sophisticated without being bizarre, and human without being hokumish. The story, by Faith Baldwin, who analyzes Nancy Carroll in this issue of PUROPLAY, has to do with private secretaries, who, by making themselves indispensable to their employers, become their "office wives." Dorothy Mackaill, as the girl who starts out to vamp her employer and ends by falling in love with him, is grand.

The rest, headed by Lewis Stone, are admirable. Natalie Moorhead, as Stone's wife, is subtle, restrained and thoroughly adult in her few scenes. She should be seen often.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ ABRAHAM LINCOLN—United Artists

FOR the past few years smart young men have been putting David Wark Griffith among Filmania's has-beens.

Now, with one tremendous haymaker, he has knocked the younger sneerers from their perches. In "Abraham Lincoln," Griffith has made his masterpiece, and one of the most enthralling talking pictures in the brief history of the new art.

Forgetting his unhappy penchant for too much spectacle, Griffith has painted the great humanity of a great man with a master touch. Aided by a magnificent script by the poet, Stephen Vincent Benet, and a vivid, majestic performance as Lincoln by that great actor, Walter Huston, that is unmatched in dignity, grandeur and the most delicate *finesse*, Griffith, in this picture, makes more screen history.

It is Lincoln's humanity that is stressed throughout. From his love affair with *Ivan Rutledge*—exquisitely played by Huston and Una Merkel—through the assassination at Ford's Theater, the picture moves dramatically, majestically and with enormous interest. This is, above all, a MOVING picture of the dramatic life and death of a great man.

Griffith, with his love for galloping horseflesh, picks Sheridan's ride as his one Civil War sequence, and is it a thrill! Moreover, his use of sound, for incidental music and effects, shows he has mastered the microphone. There is a great performance by Kay Hammond as *Mary Todd Lincoln*. Griffith comes back with a picture worthy of him.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WHOOPEE
MONTE CARLO THE OFFICE WIFE
MOBY DICK MADAM SATAN

The Best Performances of the Month

Walter Huston in "Abraham Lincoln"
Kay Hammond in "Abraham Lincoln"
Una Merkel in "Abraham Lincoln"
Eddie Cantor in "Whoopce"
Jeanette MacDonald in "Monte Carlo"
Jeanette MacDonald in "The Lottery Bride"
Jack Buchanan in "Monte Carlo"
Dorothy Mackaill in "The Office Wife"
John Barrymore in "Moby Dick"
Kay Johnson in "Madam Satan"
Reginald Denny in "Madam Satan"
Ruth Chatterton in "Anybody's Woman"
Lew Cody in "What a Widow!"
Buster Keaton in "Dough Boys"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 151



★ WHOOPEE—United Artists

ON the stage the Indian reservation scene was a colorful backdrop. In the picture, the entire cast was able to move to Arizona and shoot the sequences on the spot. On the stage the white expanse of desert was a scene painter's idea. In the picture, it's the real thing and that is partly what makes the film, "Whoopce," better than the original.

It's Sam Goldwyn at his best, Flo Ziegfeld at his best. You can't beat a team like that.

Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopce" instead. The million and a half spent on it is justified. Ziegfeld brought his most beautiful show girls with him and Hollywood gave its very best.

The result, all in Technicolor, is enough to make you catch the first train to the Gold Coast. The girls, led by such dancers as Jacques Cartier and Joyzelle, are accompanied by George Olsen's fifty-piece orchestra. Dorothy Knapp leads the ultra show girls.

But besides all the lavishness there is Eddie Cantor as the chief high comic. He is one of the funniest men ever seen on the screen and pulls a gag a minute.

This is the new type of screen musical. There is no attempt at realism. It's simply a rollicking, roistering, beautiful production that will make you forget Hoover's advice to sit tight because better times are coming. Heck! They are here!



★ MOBY DICK—Warners

REMEMBER the "Sea Beast," famous for its idyllic Barrymore-Costello love scenes, and its exquisitely beautiful garden sequence? This is it in dialogue form, minus the aforesaid love scenes and garden sequence, and with Joan Bennett substituting for Dolores. It's a stirring story of adventure, stunningly photographed and full of thrills—particularly the whaling sequences, which are magnificent. There are one or two unduly gruesome spots, and you may find the absence of love scenes disappointing. But on the whole this story of fearless Captain Ahab and his vengeful search for the white whale, *Moby Dick*, is real entertainment. John Barrymore is a colorful Ahab. Lloyd Hughes, as his treacherous landlubber brother, presents a good contrast. And Joan Bennett offers some fine moments.



★ MADAM SATAN—M-G-M

DON'T try to believe it. Just accept it for what it's worth, the most amazing, lavish, gorgeous De Mille spectacle ever put on the screen. With true De Mille inconsistency, a dull wife, in order to win back her husband, acquires a French accent and *risqué* clothes, thereby succeeding. Ask your husband what he thinks about it.

However, Kay Johnson is swell and as convincing as possible under the circumstances. Reginald Denny is a real contribution—dashing, fascinating and what a baritone!

The Zeppelin sequence is De Mille at his most spectacular. Ladies running around in costumes that only a madman could conceive, smart dialogue fairly crackling, orgies right before your very eyes and everybody jumping out of the airship in parachutes. Vivid entertainment!

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

EYES OF THE WORLD
—United Artists



THIS Harold Bell Wright standby, in its talkie dress, is cumbersome movie stuff. Its story of unhappy love, that reaches into the second generation to imperil the happiness of an ingénue, doesn't click or clang. Henry King directed against handsome mountain backgrounds. Una Merkel and John Holland play the young lovers. Meet Fern Andra, slim menace from foreign films.

ANYBODY'S WOMAN—Paramount



YOU old Chatterton fans won't believe it. Ruth as the hard-boiled burlesque queen with a Middle Western accent and a striding walk. The story which, somehow, just misses being great on the screen, concerns the well-bred lawyer who, in a drunken moment, marries the show girl. But Ruth is great and poignant and tender as Ruth always is. And so you will like it. See it by all means.

A SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING
—Warners



IF you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slapstick and hot thrills, catch this. It's great, though heaven knows what to call it. A war story that isn't a war story; not a musical, but has some grand music; not slapstick, yet happy with it—well, call it just a darned good talkie! That will cover it. Ben Lyon, Harry Langdon and Lotti Loder have head honors of a fine cast.

LOVE IN THE ROUGH
—M-G-M



ROMANCE, buffoonery, golf, slapstick, music, dancing—here's a hodge-podge that emerges as a welcome dose of laugh-antidote for that blah feeling you get from seeing too many sentimental things. Bobby Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan supply the love interest, while Benny Rubin and comicers run off with the film. You'll like it if you don't take it seriously.

RAIN OR SHINE—Columbia



JOE COOK, the noted vaudeville clown and musical show star, makes his talkie debut in "Rain or Shine," one of his song shows with all the music taken out. If you like Joe's fast, nutty chatter you'll probably like this. His laughs are supplemented by the clowning of Tom Howard and Dave Chasen, from the stage. A circus story, with the big top burning down for the punch finish.

SONS OF THE SADDLE—Universal



WITH such pictures as this the boys and girls—particularly boys—come into their own again. This Ken Maynard picture is what managers pray for to get the kids back into their theaters. It is a good old Western, with plenty of hard-riding, gun play and action. Francis Ford, of blessed memory, is a grand villain; Tarzan, the horse, helps along, and Doris Hill's the heroine.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

WHAT A WIDOW!—
United Artists



GLORIA SWANSON bit her polished finger nails to the quick when she was trying to find a vehicle as grand as "The Trespasser." She didn't do it in this broad comedy, with good old Sennett moments. Gloria goes slapstick but manages to be entertaining in light farce. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three rousing cheers and a couple of buzzahs for his come back.

SOUP TO NUTS!—
Fox



YOU know Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons — his fantastic inventions and his freak statues. They're all in "Soup to Nuts." Much of Rube's feeling for the grotesque is successfully transferred to the screen. There are a few weak moments in the direction—but there's also a sheer hilarious abandon which will delight you. Ted Healy and his amazing gang carry off the major honors. Give us more Goldberg!

ANIMAL CRACKERS!—
Paramount



THE Four Marx Brothers, who scored in "The Cocoanuts," turn another of their musical shows into a talkie comedy, and click again. One song for Lillian Roth—this, with a couple of choruses, is all the music. One, two, or all of the Marx boys are on the screen all the time, and the howls are continuous. Strictly a laughing matter, although there is the usual silly music show plot.

DOUGH BOYS!—
M-G-M



THAT sad-faced little comedian, Buster Keaton, wanders through some of the funniest gags that have ever been pulled on the screen. In many ways this is reminiscent of Chaplin's immortal "Shoulder Arms." It's a war comedy, but in excellent taste. Sally Eilers looks beautiful and Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike) gives Keaton a run for his comedy money in many of the best scenes.

DANGER LIGHTS!—
Radio Pictures



THAT old "Runaway Train" had no more thrills than "Danger Lights!" You'll be all over the seat during the wild ride into Chicago, Robert Armstrong at the throttle, and Louis Wolheim dying in a coach behind. Railroad stuff is elegant, and the scenery rushing by is nice. Unfortunately, three good players give rather mediocre performances, with Jean Arthur lost in the shuffle.

THE FLIRTING WIDOW!—
First National



DOROTHY MACKAILL scores a bulls-eye in this clever comedy, in a part that suits her to a couple of T's. She plays the patsy of an English family who invents a romance with an imaginary Col. Smith of the British army. The colonel turns out to be real, in the person of Basil Rathbone. Nice comedy, with excellent acting by Dot, Rathbone, William Austin, Leila Hyams et al. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Light *or*
Dark?

INTRODUCING two beautiful newcomers to talkies—and outstanding members of the two classes which divide the world, blondes and brunettes. Left, Claire Luce, who began as a dazzling “Follies” dancer and is now a dramatic actress with Fox. Right, Rosita Moreno, Spanish dancer now at Paramount



Do not mistake that for love light in Joan's eyes. She's just being polite to old "Casanova" Busby and thinking of her husband, working hard in that hot old studio

A Warning to Lotharios!

AND so I had a date with a married lady! And I didn't get shot by an irate husband, or I didn't even hide behind doors. To make this story a little snappier I might have jumped out of a second story window, at least, but then I have never cared about jumping out of second story windows.

The nervous strain was pretty bad, though. I'll never be quite the same. I'll probably go through life with a haunted look in my eyes.

Letters have been coming in asking why I didn't take a vacation from the ingénues with the wondering looks, and step out with a young matron. One writer even went so far as to say that married women were more interesting than the unattached, anyway. Well, that is an open question, and you can write your own answers as far as I am concerned.

There were letters asking for dates with Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Lilyan Tashman and Joan Crawford. Joan got the most votes, so, after taking a shot in the arm to give me courage, I broached the subject as delicately as possible. I did wait until I heard that Doug, Jr., was working nights out at First National. What's the use of having a date with a married lady if there are husbands about, cluttering things up?

Asking Joan for a date struck me as being pretty funny. It amused her, too. In the first place she is about the most devoted wifin the state of California. Her favorite subject is Douglas, as she calls him, and she can talk about him for hours without once repeating herself. Another man has about as much chance as an Orangeman at a St. Patrick's picnic.

I've always been mighty interested in Joan. To me she is a young actress of tremendous promise. Every screen rôle presents a further maturing of her art. I like Joan as a person, and admire her as an actress, but would never have asked her for a date—if it hadn't been for those letters.

Look Out, Boys! Don't Step Forth with a Wife Who Loves Her Husband!

And then, if I have to admit the shameful truth, since the editor of *PHOTOPLAY* started calling me *Casanova* and *Lothario*, I thought maybe I could get away with being daring and rakish, and paying court to married ladies. Those boys were pretty good at it if you

can believe half what you read, but I guess I'm just not the type.

Joan asked me to be at her house, El Jodo, for seven o'clock dinner. Whatever we did after that would have to be pretty simple. She was working, arising at 6:30 every morning, and she had to have her sleep. There was a time when Joan didn't allow work to interfere with pleasure, but she is a girl with a purpose now.

THE evening of our date happened to be during the hottest July weather in fifty years. Hollywood had been as close to inferno as Hollywood ever gets.

Joan came downstairs to greet me. She still had on her make-up and the dress she was wearing in her new picture.

"I've just got in," she explained. "It was 104 where I was working, but that is nothing to what it was at First National where Douglas is. It was 107 under the lights out there. Isn't it terrible for Douglas to have to work in that heat?"

I sort of winced, being a tender-hearted fellow after all. Here I was, sitting in the cool living room of El Jodo with Doug's wife, and he, poor chap, was slaving away at the studio, probably wilting one collar right after the other.

While Joan was upstairs dressing for dinner I strolled about the room. There were miniatures of Doug and Joan on the mantel, a big photograph of Doug, Sr., on a table, and a portrait of Joan and her mother on another table. Joan returned in a cool sports dress, with socks and low-heeled shoes. Dinner was awaiting us. Joan sat at the head of the

By Marquis Busby

table, and I to her right. A very large Great Dane, a very young kitten, which Doug had picked up at the studio, and a bulldog, also came to the party. The Dane, Joan explained, had a prodigious appetite. For breakfast he ate six shredded wheat biscuits and two quarts of milk. For lunch it was simpler—just two pounds of hamburger.

"I wonder what Douglas is eating tonight?" worried Joan. "I hope he is careful what he orders during this weather. But he says he is no epicure. Food is food to him, whether he eats at the Ambassador or the beanery around the corner.

"HE often argues about food—Douglas likes to argue. He doesn't get rabid or anything, but he just takes the opposite side of the question for the sake of the discussion. Last night he was an hour late for dinner. He had been talking about Sovietism with one of the mechanics at the studio. Oh, he doesn't believe in it himself. He says—"

"Er, ah, Joan," I broke in, trying to switch the subject and get a little attention myself, "let's you and me go out some place after dinner. We can go over to Olsen's and dance a bit, or we might go down to the beach."

"Oh," said Joan, "Douglas likes to go to the beach, too. We're going down Saturday evening. We like that place where the little pigs come down the slide. It's fun to hear them squeal. I can hardly get him away from the place."

As a change in conversation, it didn't look to me as if I had made a very good selection. "Did I ever tell you about my trip to New York?" I began desperately. "Things are awfully expensive there. Why, I spent—"

"I hope Douglas gets back early tonight," said Joan absently. "It has been so hot today. He must be worn out."

Golly, maybe Doug would come home early. This date, as you can see without your spectacles, was perfectly proper, but then you could never tell what a young husband was likely to do. Particularly a young husband that had been working all day in a temperature of 107.

"Come on, Joan," I pleaded, feeling a cold perspiration standing out on my forehead, "let's go for a ride. I know a swell road where there isn't much traffic and you get a beautiful view of—"

"Let's have coffee in the living room," Joan suggested.

"Douglas has some marvelous card tricks. I think I can do them, and I'll show you how it's done. He also has some good sleight-of-hand stunts. I wish he were here to show them."

I shivered. Somewhere a clock struck nine. I wondered just how long Doug would be at the studio.

The card tricks were duly explained after I had been properly mystified. I'm a good audience for that sort of thing. Not very bright, you know, and absolutely trusting.

"Now, here's a good game," she said. "Douglas and I play it a lot. You sit six feet away from that hat, put your elbows on the arms of the chair, and try to throw the cards in, one by one. It's not as easy as it looks. Douglas is pretty good at it."

So is Joan pretty good at it. She got thirty-five cards in the hat. I thought I was pretty good if I came within twelve feet of the *chapeau*.

"Joan," I sighed, "you have the most beautiful eyes. In fact I like you an awful lot."

"Have you seen the story Douglas wrote about me?" said Joan, evidently quite oblivious to my try at the sentimental. "No? Let's see. I have it around here some place."

SOMEWHERE the clock struck ten. "Really, Joan, I've got to be going. I've got to see a lady about a dog. I've got to give a music lesson to a Chinaman. I've got to send a cable to Constantinople. I think my house is on fire. *I must be going.*"

"Oh, don't go," Joan pleaded. "Douglas will be home any minute now. Stay and say hello to him. He knew you were coming for dinner tonight."

That's all I meant. I was *that* hurt. Here I thought I was being clandestine, and it was all as above-board as an ice cream social on the church lawn. After that I waited until Doug came home. There was no object in slinking out if there wasn't a reason for slinking. But as I said, I was pretty hurt, that's all. I've always read such fantastic things about dates with married ladies in those snappy story magazines. I guess I'm just not cut out along the lines of a *Casanova*.

I'll never have another date with a married lady. What, never?

Well, hardly ever, and when I do her husband will be in Patagonia, and she will be contemplating a divorce, anyway.



One of the remarkable pictures that will come to you within the next few months is to be called "Just Imagine." The action takes place fifty years hence. This shot from the production shows an operating room in 1980. The doctor, played by Wilfred Lucas, is reviving a man who died in December, 1930. The story is full of whimsy. The guy they are reviving is El Brendel. We don't know the reason

The "GAG" Factory



Filming one of the 300-a-year, Director-in-Chief Roth sits by at the Vitaphone Eastern Studio ready to shoot the boy and girl—with his camera

A Gallop Through a Frenzied Film Foundry That Grinds Out 300 "Shorts" a Year

IF a gag has always given satisfaction, why change it? Jokes, to the great majority of people, are like music—the music that gives the greatest pleasure is the music that people can hum.

All of which prefaces a description of a place that has gone "gaga" in the full sense of the word, the Warner Brothers' short subject studio in Brooklyn. Here is a place that turns out 300 one-and-two-reels a year, turns them out as a Henry Ford would grind out sausages.

The truth is, I suppose, that hardly anyone ever wonders who makes these shorts that open shows. You just have a vague sort of notion that they aren't made at all. They merely happen, like great wars, or flagpole sitters. And yet, there is a very definite demand for them. This demand has led to the development of a technique, ironclad in its resistance to change.

Murray Roth, head of production, told me that his studio averages one complete picture for every working day of the year! This Murray Roth is an explosive sort of chap in his middle thirties whose speech is peppered with a running fire of Biblical references.

He doesn't stay with you very long, since he sees everything that is happening at all times, and stops it from happening before it can do any damage.

"Got to keep your eyes open, you know," he told me. "You can't trust a low comic—he's liable to go artistic on you at any (deleted) moment. What the (so-and-so) do you want me to tell you?"

"What's the reason for the great popularity of the short subject?" I asked.

"The short subject has always been popular," he said; "only they've been making them in ten reels."

"You'd better make a note of that," I said. "You might want to use it again some day."

"Thanks," he said. "I've used it for years. What I'm trying to get over

moments that don't get you anywhere, and a few high moments that compress within them all the drama that the ordinary life is liable to get. Cut out your rambling moments and run the high, dramatic moments, one after the other, and you have—"

"—art!" I finished for him.

"Art, hell!" he exploded. "You have a swell one-reel picture! The kind we make 300 of a year."

"You don't mean to tell me you get in 300 usable scripts a year?" I asked.

HE smiled sadly. "No, that's one of our troubles," he said. He brought me over to a room where a girl sat at a desk piled high with manuscripts. Other tables were piled equally high.

"Those," he said, "are trunks."

"What's that?" I asked, as a matter of form. The word is self-explanatory.

"They came in this week. Most of them come out of the bottoms of trunks. They've been lying there for years, rejected by everybody in the (irregular) world, just waiting for the one-and-two-reel talkie industry to be born so that the authors could unload. And here they are—literary America's gift to me," he said bitterly.

"Don't you get some good ones in the mail?" I knew the answer.

"About one in 300," he said. "And some we buy because they have a sort of an idea, and we have them made over right here."

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By *Lyon Mearson*

What About Clara Bow?

Will the Immortal Flapper Learn Self-Discipline? Or Is She Fated to Dance Her Way to Oblivion?

By
*Leonard
Hall*



A demure little maiden as she looked in her first movie, "Down to the Sea in Ships." Yes — it's Clara Bow, the Flatbush Fury, in 1922

ONE RINGING question is agitating the all-wool, yard-wide, full-blown movie fans these days.

It's this—

What's to become of Clara Bow?

And this is no academic poser, either—set up for discussion over tea tables, coffee cups and soda-water bars. It's a live and lusty matter.

On the answer depends the cinematic fun of a good many thousand young folks, the financial interest of a great company for whom the Brooklyn fire-belle rings the cash register, and the fate of the arch-flapper herself.

Will she, in some mystic manner, acquire self-discipline so that she can whip her wilfulness and lack of judgment?

Or will she go on allowing her emotions to gallop off with good sense, and so bring her company, herself and her admirers sky-hooting into unhappiness and plenty of grief all 'round?

As this is written, Clara's being a good girl. After a headlong chase off the reservation, she's back on the lot with a picture to make. That's the time she's happiest and most tractable, for Clara's a trouper born. She tends strictly to her tating while the cameras grind. When they stop, it's time to howl murder and leap for the cyclone cellars.

Clara's company and her fans and herself are just getting over a bad headache—and one which started to split skulls just as everything seemed entirely serene.

Consider the scene. The eternal and wearying Richman publicity had died to a murmur. Clara, whose billows had been causing wails and moans, had become slimmer and prettier than ever. A passable voice had suddenly popped out of that creamy throat.

The sun grinned down on Clara and her world. Birds sang, the sky was clear, and staid Paramount executives did gay tap-steps for sheer joy. B. P. Schulberg, one of the biggest and most patient of her bosses, announced with pride that Clara was going to be "The Anna Held of the Talkies."

Then, from the cloudless Heavens, lightning snapped and crackled.

Clara, between pictures, was in Dallas, Tex. Newspapers from Coast to Coast screamed a sad, unhappy tale. Reported

settlement of an alienation suit brought by the wife of a young doctor—a story that Hollywood had heard and hushed long before. Denials and re-statements—wires from the West Coast suggesting that Clara come back to camp with buttoned lips. Instead, a hurried trip to New York, and more Harry Richman publicity.

A ferociously unhappy and miserable time for all concerned. And the unhappiest thing about it all was that it was just another of the sorry chapters that have dotted the life and public career of this flaming, moody, undisciplined little girl who has filled screens hearts and front pages for eight dizzy, dazing years!

CLARA, at the age of twenty-five, doesn't seem to have learned a thing about governing her life!

Still behaving like a headstrong high school girl with forbidden "dates" and wild "crushes"—still pouting when told to be at home by eleven or taste the hard side of pappy's hair-brush!

Is Clara not only going to be the immortal flapper—but the eternal flapper as well? Will she not soak up the indisputable fact that the didoes and fumadiddles which are cute and cunning at eighteen are only sad and unpleasant aberrations in a woman of twenty-five?

Of course, it is hard to blame Clara, in more ways than one. She lost her mother when she was a young girl. Tasting fame and money, she galloped away—and there has never been a firm and trusted hand on the reins. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 138]



Gene Robert Richee

HOLLYWOOD'S wild, wilful, wistful little redhead—Clara Bow, the Brooklyn Bombshell! The delight of the flappers and the despair of her bosses, who goes from triumph to failure and up again before you can say Gustav Von Seyffertitz. What's going to happen to Clara? Will she profit by her errors, or is she starting down the steep chute to oblivion?



Russell Ball

COULD you believe it—our beloved, begoggled comedian “seated one day at the organ” looking for the Lost Chord? In spite of his enormous talent for comedy, Harold Lloyd has many serious artistic and spiritual moments, and he enjoys sitting at the massive organ in his beautiful home, playing sonorous chords, to say nothing of love’s old sweet songs.



Ernest A. Bachrach

HERE'S Yancy Cravat, hero of Edna Ferber's best seller, "Cimarron," as the talking screen will see him! It's the fattest, richest part Richard Dix has ever had, and he's reveling in the chance to play it. He's let his hair grow far down over his collar, all for art and "Cimarron." All in all, it's the biggest and best autumn Dick has ever enjoyed



THE little LaHiff girl in one of her grandest moments — young, beautiful and vivid with drama. This is the way she looks in "Laughter," the new Paramount talkie in which Fredric March and Frank Morgan are featured. Our Nancy's come fast, furiously and far since the not so distant days of "Abie's Irish Rose," her first essay in the galloping snapshots

How a New Star Feels When She Sees

Her Name in Lights

A Famous Author Analyzes
The Emotions of Nancy Carroll

By
Faith Baldwin

MY regular job is creating heroines; making them up out of whole cloth, putting them together with a thread of fancy, a dart of illusion, an embroidery of romance.

But it came my way recently to sit at a luncheon table and regard the heroine on the opposite page in the very lovely flesh, and to ponder, as novelists will, on what goes on underneath the red hair and what thoughts and dreams are centered back of the blue eyes.

The girl with whom I talked and laughed for two hours is Nancy Carroll. She is in New York to make her new picture, "Laughter," and I took her away from her domestic occupation of interviewing nurses for Pat, her small daughter, in order to satisfy my insatiable curiosity concerning what makes the wheels go round.

You've seen her on the silent screen; you've heard her in the talkies; you've watched her in Technicolor.

So have I.

You've wondered, perhaps, what success means to this very young person, with her fighting Irish background, her career which took her from stenography to vaudeville, from vaudeville to musical comedy, from musical comedy to the screen. If you haven't wondered, I have.

In no other profession does success come as quickly, is youth served, and bountifully. Occasionally, a stage youngster attains fame over night.

Very rarely, a writer puts something into a book, in his or her 'teens or twenties, and reaches popularity, generally ephemeral.

But in the motion picture world success seeks youth and we enjoy the spectacle of precocious children, reaching an audience of millions, enshrined by a glamour-mad world, arbitrating fashions, morals, manners.

IN this world, successful youth lives in a lantern—or a goldfish bowl—and thus exposed, is vulnerable to criticism of the most deadly kind, to flattery, equally dangerous, to rumor, the deadliest of all.

Nancy Carroll has everything; youth, beauty, gift, charm, health.

What, I wondered, does it feel like? She has had an astonishing career. Do, I wondered, her ambitions cease there? What, in her mind, lies ahead?

I asked her, having

been born curious, and after she told me I came home to set her down on paper, just as if she had been one of my own heroines, in whose emotional reactions, mental evolutions and general psychology I was deeply interested.

In the first place, her mind is as clear as her eyes and her brain functions as swiftly as her wit. She knows what she wants. She has always known it. She takes her success for granted. Why shouldn't she?

She worked for it, every step of the way. She knows what obstacles she has encountered and defeated. She doesn't sit down like the old lady in the nursery rhyme and exclaim "Lawks a'mercy, can this be I?"

She has acquired detachment, an unusual quality in youth. She can look at her name in lights and figure that it consists of just so many letters, spelling two words. She can stand there, as an outsider would stand, and look at it. She has a sense of balance.

SHE has the sort of mind which says "steady" to her when emotionally she experiences an exciting reaction.

As an example, she can go to a preview, in her best bib and tucker, and observe her name flash out on the screen, and hear the applause and the cheers from that professional audience turned momentarily amateur critic, and she can get a kick out of it. A big kick.

But speaking of it, she is able to say thoughtfully, "It doesn't mean anything. Too much applause. Too much laughter. Too much everything. You can't get a really honest reaction.

Everything's exaggerated."

Her words, not mine.

She has the will to live! She has courage. She is not fearless. A fearless person is not a brave person. A person who has never known fear is not courageous, merely an abnormality. Nancy Carroll has been afraid. She admits it. But she has set her jaw and seen it through. She has known physical fear, which is a human craven, natural sort of business. And she has no patience with gestures.

This cliché of "Death is the Great Adventure; let's all die as sportsmen and heroes," strikes her as a little comic, a little absurd and entirely unnecessary. She doesn't want to die like a sportsman and a hero, just lie down and take it. She wants to fight; she

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A well known novelist discusses the psychology of a young star who finds herself suddenly famous. Faith Baldwin and Nancy Carroll are talking things over at the Paramount studio on Long Island

The STORY of a

The Love of
Ann Harding and
Harry Bannister
Has Built a Home
on a Hill High
Above Hollywood



One of the trickiest things on the new Harding-Bannister estate is the turntable in the garage. One can drive onto it and shoot the car in from any angle. Here are Ann, Harry and turntable

ALTHOUGH this is simply a yarn about a house it is a story of love and tenderness and adventure and breath-taking beauty.

For the house is a princess' palace, a baronial castle and the vine-covered cottage that song writers murmur about all rolled into one.

The cold facts are these. Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, two worthy stage troupers, came to California and became motion picture stars.

Like many another pair of stage actors they wanted a home in California, and they built it on top of a hill.

But there is more to it than that—much more. It is not an ordinary house they builded, for Ann Harding and Harry Bannister are not ordinary people. Their love is perfect.

Their baby, Jane, is perfect. They needed a perfect home to house so great a love.

For years they had wanted "to build." But how could they when they had no notion on what strange by-paths their profession would send them? They signed motion picture contracts.

Ann became a great star and suddenly they realized that never again could the stage mean anything to them and that the sunshine and air and liquid languor of California was what they had wanted. It was the time "to build."

THEY were the victims of allsorts of advice. "Building is very difficult. It is expensive. You should find a house already put up."

They looked at every available house in Hollywood. But the rooms were too large and not large enough. And there were not enough windows nor the proper nursery for Jane. Or there were too many neighbors.

No house that had been built by anybody else was worthy to complete the happiness that is part of the charm of Harry and Ann. No, they must build. Where? "Oh, Beverly Hills, of course," said everybody.

The search began. There were plenty of lots in Beverly Hills and plenty of real



The indoor master bedroom in the new home of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. The bed has, as you can see, one head and two feet, and is, therefore, practically human. Just one of the unusual features of their new house

MAGIC HOUSE



Looking out over the beautiful San Fernando Valley, with the rear overlooking Los Angeles, far below, the new Harding-Bannister house stands on a high hill. It is luxurious—but it is most homelike, as well

By *Lois Shirley*

estate men to show them. They felt it necessary to have a hill, but when they found themselves on the buyable hill lots in Beverly they discovered that the city was too close.

The lights below seemed to stifle them. There were other houses near-by, too. Just ordinary houses. Ann and Harry would have none of this.

Every night these two adventurers got into their car and drove all over the countryside. One evening, as if by some strange magic, the car turned toward a hill back of Hollywood, out Outpost Road, up Mulholland Drive in the opposite direction from the more conservative Beverly Hills.

They didn't know exactly where they were going but suddenly they found themselves on top of the very highest hill—on a wind-blown rocky site with the lush valley of San Fernando before them and the far away twinkling lights of Hollywood behind them.

ANN sat on a rock, like some fantastic Lorelei, and the wind whipped her blonde hair. She looked at the sky and her eyes were filled with star dust. She turned to Harry and saw that he was breathless with the beauty of it. "This is it, darling," she said.

Of course, it was not so simple as that. They had to tear themselves away from the vista to find a little sign that told the owner's name. They had, the next day, to find the owner and see if the lot could be had. It could. They paid cash for it and on that same day they bought picks and shovels and overalls and returned to their own bit of land.

They helped clear the ground themselves. Harry used the pick and shovel and Ann piled the brush. But they were determined that this work should be

done by them, as should everything else that it was possible to do. They would have no architect, so Harry got an elevation map and they began the working out of their plan. He designed the entire house himself!

One of the things that had attracted them to the place, besides the view, was a wall of solid rock that rose between them and Hollywood. It seemed to alienate them from the outside world. And both were

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The observatory of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. Both are interested in astronomy, and keep current charts of the stars by these outdoor beds. And these beds come in handy in heat waves, too!



William (stage) Boyd is just about to land a right hand smash to Gary Cooper's jaw in the big fight staged for Paramount's talkie version of "The Spoilers"

WHAM!!!

The Boys Are Battling Again in "The Spoilers"—Making the Third Famous Fight in Film History



The fight that was famous. William Farnum, right, and Tom Santschi in their terrific battle in the original Selig version of "The Spoilers," which was made back in 1913



The second "Spoilers" brawl, in the Goldwyn version filmed in 1923. Milton Sills, left, and Noah Beery were the contestants in this second big battle

IN all the history of screen battling, biting and gouging, the first fight to attain worldwide fame was that between William Farnum and Thomas Santschi in the Selig filming of Rex Beach's noted novel, "The Spoilers."

It was made late in 1913, with Kathlyn Williams as leading woman. In 1923 Samuel Goldwyn remade it, and another terrific battle was staged, the contestants being Milton Sills and Noah Beery.

Now comes the talkie version, made by Paramount, with Gary Cooper and William Boyd (from the stage) mixing it brutally. Both were so bruised in the scrap they were forced to take a week off.

Scenes from all three brannigans appear on this page.

The Stars Pay *and* PAY

Monte Blue Speaks on the High Cost of Careering

By Roland Francis



Success Costs Privacy and
Friendship, says Monte

"It must be great," ruminates your neighbor, "to be one of these famous movie stars! Just think what all it means—riches, wonderful friends, freedom from worries and responsibilities!"

Listen! The next time anyone starts singing that song, draw him gently aside and give him a good "Pooh! Pooh!"

Then tell him this story from Monte Blue, who ought to know. Because Monte, you see, was just a dollar-and-a-half-a-day laborer not so very long ago, and he dragged himself up by his bootstraps to starry eminence.

He used to be just another man in the street, and he didn't dare dream of attaining success and the huge salary stars command these days. But he's attained them. And while they've brought him a good measure of happiness, Monte Blue finds plenty of disillusionment with it.

And he tells you, with all the ring of sincerity that you'd wish, that he can't flatly answer this question:

"Are you happier now than you were before you hit the top?"

All he can answer is: "In some ways, yes; in many ways, no!"

He's got a wonderful big home in the finest part of ritzy Beverly Hills. It's all paid for. That's some happiness. Too, he's got enough money salted away so that he will never have to worry again, financially, for himself or his family. There's a certain feeling of satisfaction there for him, too. Particularly in view of that lovely wife and those two grand youngsters.

"Yes, those are some of the things success brings," he tells you, in the book-lined library he exults in. "We all know in a general way the things that success *does* bring one. But—in this business at least—what it *takes!*"

Then he tells you.

"Success—this kind of success—costs you privacy. It costs you friendship. It costs you that splendid thrill of achievement and of that delight of anticipation that comes before acquisition. Do you understand?"

"LET me explain. When I was poor, half the delight in life seemed to consist in looking ahead to getting some place, or something. The working girl's delight in getting a new coat, say, lies so largely in looking forward to the time when she *can* get it. That sort of thing is denied one when one has attained a goal, unless one can devise a means to perpetuate it. That means is rigid self-denial in spite of having money to buy whatever one might wish for. I have tried to practice that, and I believe I have retained something that I might otherwise have lost. I know acquaintances who have lost it, though.

"But let me tell you about something else. About the friends that a movie star has *not*. Do you know that 'friend' is the most abused word in this motion picture business? We meet thousands of people—and hardly have we been introduced than we'll turn right around and introduce them to somebody else: 'Meet my friend,' we'll say! Why, as a matter of fact, they're at the most only passing acquaintances.

"And these supposed-to-be friends are like nothing so much

as barnacles on a ship. They don't aid you, or speed you up. They slow you down. They're eating at you all the time—robbing you of the time you need to improve yourself. They inflict on you endless hours of idle chatter. I'll back that up by being even more specific. Eighty-five or ninety per cent of people today talk in retrospect, or of themselves. Less than ten per cent talk in the future. I'm tired of friends who talk 'I, I, I, I,' all the time. I get so tired of them, I walk out on them. Good Lord, aren't there other things to talk about except ourselves?"

"And just let your light fade the least bit in this business, and watch your friends drop away. Just make a mistake and see how quickly they start the tongue that's tied in the middle and wobbles at both ends against you.

"Oh, I don't mean that I haven't some friends. They're the ones that have come through the acid test—that have shown they loved me for myself, and not because I've come to be prominent. They're the kind that tell me: 'Monte, I wouldn't want to rob you of your riches, but I'd like to see you again as the laughing hyena you were when you were walking the streets broke, looking for a job of any kind.' They used to call me that, because I *could* laugh then. Now I haven't any time to laugh; there's too much worry about productions, and criticism, and what I do and don't do.

"You know, I've been in the hospital more than once from injuries I suffered in my work. Well, how many of my 'friends' came to see me, do you think? Not one of my fairweather, thousand-a-week 'friends.' But there [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 138]

Secrets of the Portrait

By Malcolm Elliott

THEY come kicking and screaming into the photograph gallery with publicity men switching their ankles at every protesting step.

Then they stay so long that the photographer has to invite them to leave!

They have their own ideas on how a sitting should be done. They like music or they don't like music. They are all smiles or as cross as a giraffe with tonsillitis.

It takes the patience of Job to be the *portraitur* in a big motion picture studio.

The portrait artist knows the worst side of the stars. Literally and figuratively. He knows that Lottie Dewdrop's nose

isn't so classical at a certain angle and that Montmorency Lavelier has a chin line that—well, he hasn't the chin line that a big, two-fisted he-guy should have.

A star will tell you what she eats for breakfast, why she divorced her last husband, and that Olga Bigtime is really beginning to look at least forty. She won't tell you what she does in the photograph gallery.

SOMEHOW stellar pretenses sort of fade away when a still camera is focused on them. That camera sees all, and tells all. Of course it doesn't tell quite so much after the retoucher gets through with his work. In fact, a good retoucher can make almost any woman look like Corinne Griffith, or any man a potential John Barrymore. But it's serious business to the stars. A bad portrait causes them more agony than a whole season of adverse reviews.

Some stars are joys eternal to the photographers. Others are bad news from home. All of them have to visit the gallery, however, just like regular visits to the dentist. It is the penalty of fame in Hollywood—spending your life in front of one camera or another.

Clara Bow has an established routine she follows in regard to sittings for portraits. She makes an appointment for eleven o'clock the following day. A check is made at 10:30 on the progress of La Bow. A maid answers the phone and states that Clara is just leaving the house for the studio. A hairdresser hurries to her dressing room. A maid rushes the gowns needed and all properties to the dressing room in the gallery.

As time goes on there are more calls to Clara's home. Clara is just leaving. Clara has just left. Clara has been gone for some time. At three o'clock the red head arrives at the studio, after a nice shopping expedition or finishing a snappy book. At four she is ready to be photographed. At five she is through. She never has to be told what to do. She has an instinctive feeling for whatever is to be portrayed. They can give her any kind of clothes and she looks well in them.

Buddy Rogers loves to have pictures taken. If the posing were left only to Buddy he would have nothing but fashion pictures, full length. If there is anything Buddy likes better than fashion pictures it is more fashion pictures. He loves to dress up. Lately the studio has been trying to wean away America's boy friend from all of this. They feel that quite enough has

Illustrated by

Russell Patterson



Hector Chromo, famous portrait photographer, calls in a few boy friends to help him get a fancy picture of Bella La Belle, the shy starlet

Gallery

The stars come kicking and screaming to the camera—but they have to be driven away!

been said about his wholesome good looks and sartorial elegance. Buddy prefers to strike a pose just before the camera clicks. He "snaps" into it with a big smile, and as a consequence is inclined to overdo it and appear too animated.

While on the subject of fashion pictures, one handsome young male star surprised the studio by dashing into the gallery for a sitting in a polo outfit. He had on a polo coat and a cap, and nothing else. He couldn't find the trousers or the boots. The photographer just took heads that day.

Everyone has a sort of yearning to be a different type. Janet Gaynor has a secret desire to look like a vamp. When she goes into the gallery she likes to seize some snaky tulle and a feather fan and go into a Theda Bara. Of course the poses are never taken. It wouldn't be good publicity for the gentle little Gaynor.

She is a joy to the photographer for she is a plastic subject. It is easy for her to emoter. A little soft music, whispered instructions from the photographer, and the tears stream down her face. Although they make rather a strange pair of weepers, Lon Chaney can also cry at the drop of a hat.

At the end of every picture, Greta Garbo gives an entire day to new portraits. She takes it seriously. One point she stresses. She will be photographed only in the clothes she wears in her pictures. Her own wardrobe is not extensive or particularly smart. One Garbo belongs to the public, the other Garbo is a private individual. To keep in a sustained mood she likes to have sad music played on the phonograph. While she is in the dressing room changing gowns she wants good, snappy synchronization. Garbo loves American jazz.

The photographer has to go home and take a long rest after he has completed a sitting with William Haines. Bill is the original "Bad One." He not only refuses to take his portraits seriously, but he does such diverting things as upsetting the camera. When he is all posed and the photographer buries his head under the black cloth, Bill makes faces. He tells funny stories and strikes fantastic poses. Once a Russian melody was played on the phonograph. Bill pulled down one of the drapes and went into a ridiculous Cossack dance.

Renee Adoree, Dorothy Sebastian and Louise Fazenda are also inclined to have a good time when they go to see the birdie.

Gwen Lee is never so happy as when she can blacken her teeth, putty her nose and make ugly pictures. If it is a particularly hideous photo she will lug it all over the lot and insist on showing it to anyone who can't get away from her. Polly Moran, on the other hand, has made so many comedy poses that she is as pleased as Punch with a "straight" portrait that turns out well.

It was formerly the custom of Richard Barthelmess to bring



Bella La Belle, sassy starlet, tries to make everything pleasant and easy for the still photographer

two or three men friends into the gallery with him. They talked and laughed and made things thoroughly miserable for the photographer. That long-suffering individual finally passed a strict rule that the subject must come to the gallery alone, and in the cases of feminine stars, even the maid must leave during the sitting. Better luck has been had with the dreamy-eyed Barthelmess since that time.

Lately Dick had a smiling portrait taken, one of the first in years. Dick has a habit of listening to what people say, and well-meaning but misguided friends convinced him that the public wanted to see him of serious mien, with a look of somber tragedy in his eyes. When he actually got around to smiling for the camera he liked it immensely.

Mae Murray was always a tough customer to handle in the gallery. During her days at M-G-M she had plenty to say about everything. Once she posed in a dancing costume. She had a dimple in her shoulder of which she was very proud, and she had posed so that dimple would get in its full devastating work. When the proofs were finally submitted to her she stormed up to the gallery.

"THAT isn't my dimple," she cried.

After much bickering back and forth she was persuaded to believe that it couldn't very well be anybody's else dimple. "Well, then it wasn't lighted properly," she answered.

There's always an argument at hand when Nancy Carroll goes to have her pictures taken. She insists on working with a mirror at the side of the camera. Every photographer objects to it, as the subject sees one thing in the mirror, and the camera sees something else entirely. Naturally the camera and the mirror can't very well be in exactly the same spot. Nancy's pictures frequently prove disappointing to her, but she sticks to her mirror.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]

How Your Pet Star Behaves When Told to See the Birdie

"Finding Success in the Movies and Keeping It is Not One Iota Different from Achieving and Retaining Success in Any Crowded, Competitive Field"



That meant two very definite things. It assured Estelle she had been right to stick to her guns. But it warned her she must find some work to do during the day in order to supplement her income against the play's closing. She had been obliged to spend a good part of her salary replenishing her wardrobe. And she knew that, sometimes, even well known players were a long time at leisure between engagements.

She could have posed for hats again, of course. But with the clear vision so typical of her, she felt the motion pictures were worth a try. She went over to the Long Island studios of the Paramount company and was engaged to double for Dorothy Dalton.

It did not matter that they never used her. It did not matter that she was often so weary after the evening performance that the journey to Astoria seemed a trial. Every morning, early, Estelle was at the studios. Even on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when she had a matinee, she went over to Long Island for a few morn-

May Allison was right at home in this scene from an old Metro picture, "Castles in the Air." Her own ambitious dreams had led her from a comfortable home to crudely cooked meals in stuffy rooming houses

THIS is the third and final article in a series of little-known stories of the early struggles of today's famous feminine screen stars.

Last month Adele Fletcher told of Betty Compson's plucky fight for supremacy in her profession; of Ann Harding's revolt against the traditions that bind an army officer's daughter; of the disappointments and discouragements that followed Clara Bow's winning of a beauty contest that she had expected would bring her immediate recognition.

She told how Alice Joyce has worked unceasingly for every triumph; how Estelle Taylor preferred loneliness and even hunger in a strange city where she could work toward her ambitions to a comfortable and safe small town home where her love of the theater would have to be stifled. Now, go on with Estelle's story:

SHE couldn't go another day without food. And she couldn't give up her hopes—return home, defeated. Only one choice remained.

All one long night Estelle Taylor stared at the ceiling of her wretched furnished room and planned how she would ask George V. Hobart for an advance in salary. It was terrifying to her, a recruit from a dramatic school, to consider approaching this god. What would he say?

Like so many things that seem frightful and to be dreaded, it wasn't nearly so bad as Estelle had believed it would be when she walked into Hobart's office the next morning. As a matter of fact, Hobart didn't even let her finish. He counted ten crisp ten-dollar bills out of his cash drawer and handed them to her. She was, he said, the only member of the company that had not already been to him with the same need.

One hundred dollars in her purse, when a minute before she had been destitute. That is the theater. But it is only those with the courage to face such destitution and its gnawing fears that ever come through to find success.

When "Come On Charlie" opened in New York, Alan Dale, the critic, wrote of Estelle:

"The only thing of interest in the play is a newcomer to Broadway. She is a brilliant comedienne."



This demure, pig-tailed lass has become the glowing brunette who graces this month's cover. Bebe Daniels, way back when she became Harold Lloyd's leading lady

Beauty, Brains *or* Luck?

By
*Adele Whitely
Fletcher*

PART 3

How Courage, Backbone, Intelligence and Vision Raised Estelle Taylor, Bebe Daniels, May Allison and Anna Q. Nilsson to the Peak of Screen Success



Anna Q. Nilsson and Bert Lytell in "The Trail to Yesterday." Anna's career has been one long struggle. Her latest fight, against permanent invalidism, is one of her greatest

ing hours. Here was an opportunity to study the way things were done and to experiment with screen make-up, and she made the most of it.

It was because of this application that a few weeks later, when both her Paramount engagement and "Come On Charlie" ended, she was able to go to the Fox studios and say that she had had five weeks' experience in a motion picture studio. It was this, plus her notices in the play, that assured her the rôle in "Don Caesar," and actually inaugurated her screen career.

However, the same ambition which motivated the early days of Estelle Taylor's career keeps her from being satisfied today. She isn't the type to rest on her oars for a minute. Now she is eager to perfect her singing voice. Because her vocal teacher felt her vaudeville engagement was retarding her progress with him she cancelled bookings that would have earned her eighteen thousand dollars. She didn't hesitate a minute.

No wonder Jack Dempsey, her husband, says to her: "I wouldn't even bet you couldn't make a watch if you set out to do it."

BEBE DANIELS was born to the theater and played her first speaking part when she was three years old. She learned adult worries and responsibilities along with her ABC's. At six she was working in the Burbank Stock Company, playing one part, rehearsing another and memorizing another. In between, there were lessons to be learned. Stage children are required to pass the same examinations as other children, or various societies pounce down upon them and lead them from the dressing-room to the class-room. There was no time in Bebe's childhood for jumping [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Jack Dempsey says to Estelle Taylor: "I wouldn't even bet you couldn't make a watch if you set out to do it!" Estelle as she looked in "My Lady's Dress"



MR. JONES, the silver-tongued salesman of Peppytone, thought fast, with ten per cent of his mind on his work and the rest on Flo, the cute blonde in the cashier's coop. "How about a bite of supper with a lonely guy in a strange town?" he asked. "It's all right with me," purred Flo. Mr. Jones' heart went boop-a-doop! The scenario thickened!

“Oh, Mr. Jones!”

By
Edgar
Franklin

Two Smart Talkie-Apparatus Salesmen
meet on the Battlefield of Giddesboro—
and a Little Blonde Cashier makes it
Waterloo!

HOW come I'm not selling typewriters any more? Because a live wire like me, brother, is always moving on and up. This last six months I've been representing Peppytone, Incorporated. No, Peppytone ain't a stomach medicine or a patent exerciser. It's the one and only low-priced talking picture outfit for theaters—grinds out the theme songs and wise-cracks and delivers them to the customers one hundred per cent perfect. And I'm selling it.

That is, I am until I hear from Homer Savage, our sales manager. After that, I might resign; I couldn't say. Certainly, that's why I'm laying over here. Why else would a person be sitting around this Giddesboro Hotel lobby, unless he was crippled or something?

Oh, your village probably ain't so bad. Only your Arcade Theater and the two-timer that owns it. B. Glintz.

You see, Glintz was the first one I tried to sell a Peppytone to, when I scowled into this burg. He didn't say a word all the time I was giving him the regular opening chatter; just chawed his cigar. But when I had to come up for air and reached for a cigarette, he thought I was getting out a contract and he turned his back and said:

"I ain't interested." Just that, no more. "I ain't interested."

"Mr. Glintz," I said, "as a business man you got no choice about being interested. Do you think you can run a house silent, the way they did in Woodrow Wilson's time, Mr. Glintz?" I said. "Look at the empty seats you got in there."

"I ain't interested," he said, and with that he walked into the Arcade, where about nineteen people were doing what they could to hold down five hundred chairs.

That's the first night I was in Giddesboro, understand, and right after I'd wired Homer Savage I had five or six good prospects all warmed up and to watch out for orders and have goods all ready for shipment. The following day I beat it back to the Arcade just before matinee time, all set to show B. Glintz the cause and cure for his having only three kids and an old lady in his house.

He was busy in the booth

Mr. Jones' big boyish heart went out to the little blonde child with the mortgage on the old home. "Forget it, beautiful," he said, handing her his once-healthy bankroll

out front, leaning on little Flo Bemis, the ticket-seller. I don't know if you ever saw the cute little kid? No? Well, that's too bad, because it's very hard to tell you about her if you never saw her. I mean, how beautiful she is, like something in a tooth-paste ad or on the cover of a magazine or something.

Well, as I say, here was B. Glintz, and here was me, trying to frame some snappy crack that would bring him out in the open to bear more about Peppytone. And who comes breezing along to ruin it all but William J. Patterson himself!

YOU probably know Bill Patterson—tall, fine-looking guy, forty-four chest, walks like a senator or a big bootlegger or somebody important. He was through here for years with phonographs and radios—one of these whirlwind goofs that slay 'em with sheer personality and have 'em signed up before they can come to and yell for help.

He opens the door of the booth and lets off one of his high-pressure selling laughs that's supposed to put the customer in a good humor before you start talking.

"Representing the Blastophone Company of America!" he said. "I don't have to tell you about Blastophone, Mr. Glintz. The one talker outfit that's packing 'em in from Bangor to Agua Caliente!" Then he stopped and smiled, kind of pitying, as if that was the first time he saw me. "Oh, hello,

Jonesy!" he said. "You're through listening to Jones, Mr. Glintz? You would be. "Now, Jonesy," he



Two Smart Youngsters Make Good—Unwired for Sound

laughed. "Don't give me the eye like that. I'm not knocking your Pepperpot, or whatever you call it. The thing's O. K. for a house that can't afford fine equipment. Only how you have the nerve to put the proposition up to an intelligent exhibitor like Mr. Glintz, with a high-class theater like the Arcade—well, I never yet knocked a competitor and I won't start now," he said, quite grand. "Well, Mr. Glintz! Let's see just what we need for the Arcade."

Then he walked into the house as if he owned it, just as they were turning on the lights, and B. Glintz laid off patting the kid's shoulder and chased after him, probably scared the big stiff would blow away the screen if he started talking in there.

MAD? Oh, for a minute maybe. To tell the truth, I forgot there was such a person as Patterson living. I mean, I kind of got stalled by the booth, looking at the kid in there.

She turned around and smiled at me and then dropped her eyes quick, and I was figuring how I could start a conversation, only just then some fatheaded cop came along and said, "Hello, Flo!" and then leaned his elbow on the window and looked me up and down, —and, anyway, since Patterson was in town there were people I wanted to see before he could get to them, so I went from there down to the Gem for a while and the Star for a while and the Rialto for a while.

Not so good. It seemed some gyp last week had signed up the Star and the Rialto for some junk equipment and the Gem people are trying to sell the house as is. Around the time I got back to the hotel here, I was a total loss. How it looked, so far as this tank town's concerned, it was a case of selling B. Glintz or having Homer Savage tell me I was a washout.

DID you see that red sofa over there, with the telephone booths backed against it? Well, I sat there and no more than I'd lit a cigarette it got to me that Bill Patterson himself was talking, not three feet away. Absolutely! He was in that end booth, giving long distance the low-down on what he thought about the telephone service, and just then it seemed he got connected with Shawley, Blastophone's sales manager.

"So here's the Giddesboro situation," Patterson was saying. "The area is practically untouched! I'll sell forty installations in this county. . . No, no competition at all. Some tramp's in town with that five-and-ten Peppytonc thing, but that's not competition."

"Here's what I'm getting at, Mr. Shawley: I have to put the first sale over like lightning, so as to have a demonstrator for the other prospects and clean up quick, and the house I've picked is called the Arcade. The exhibitor is hardboiled, but I discovered how to reach him. Through his operator, Mr. Shawley—his projectionist. . . Yes, a splendid boy named Dixon and everything he says this Glintz takes as Gospel. It was through Dixon that he bought his new screen and new projectors last year. I mean to get this boy right if it costs a thousand dollars and I want you to wire me the thousand!" he said and laughed after he'd listened a second.

"Well, of course it's ethical—enough. I beg pardon? Well,

if I didn't consider it worth the gamble I should not have made the suggestion," he said, huffy. "Not less than thirty sales depend on putting this over with a rush. . . All right," he said. "I'll go to the telegraph office and wait."

The wonder is somebody didn't grab me and start feeding me bromides! Why? Because I was having hysterics all over the red sofa, of course. Here's this dub nicking his home office for one grand, and them falling for it, and all the time he's chasing the wrong car.

You don't see why? Well, naturally, you wouldn't think it out as quick as I did. What is it a man tumbles for easiest in a case like this, some moving-picture operator with oil on his hands and the idea he ain't being paid enough, or some little nifty like Flo Bemis, which Glintz was already that way over and who is positively the whole answer to why men leave home? And the way I looked at it, it was also an elegant chance to get acquainted with the little thrill!

Ten minutes later I was talking to Homer Savage in the same booth. We're just like brothers, me and Homer.

"Homer," I said, "you have to wire me a thousand dollars quick and charge it to expenses."

"Do tell!" Homer said. Always kidding, you know.

"Now that we've laughed that off, how about wiring in some orders?" he said.

"**H**OMER, we got no time for fooling," I told him, and then I gave him the set-up here, the way Patterson gave it to Shawley, only better and more intelligent. I mean, I told him how it was a case of selling or not selling about fifty or sixty installations, and how Flo had B. Glintz running around like a wild man, trying to divorce his wife and everything. You might say I gave Homer a clear picture of the situation and he could judge for himself whether it was worth risking one grand.

He got the idea. Oh, sure, he had to make a bluff of thinking it over, but pretty soon

I heard him sigh and I knew it was all right.

"Well, Jonesy," he said, "this is all questionable and immoral and unmorel and for all I know it may be criminal, too, and we don't do things that way. On the other hand, if the business is there we need it and need it bad—and anyway, if anyone goes to jail, it will be you. Are you planning to buy this lady's soul, or what, that you need a whole grand?"

"**H**OMER," I said, "I'll buy her some turkey and truffles and maybe some little thing she wants real bad, and the chances are it won't stand over three hundred dollars, but I have to be prepared. Get this, Homer," I said, "Blastophone's throwing big money into the territory and getting ready to clean up. It's beat 'em at their own game or let 'em have it all. You go put it up to the old man," I said, "and leave the rest to me."

"All right. Hang around the hotel a while," Homer said. "Only paste this in your hat and read it often, Jonesy: if I do succeed in sticking up the boss, I want reports from you on this and I want 'em accurate and complete and prompt, whichever way it goes. Got it?" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 145]



Messrs. Jones and Patterson, ace salesmen and good-time Charlies from the big town, cornered B. Glintz. "Where's Flo Bemis?" demanded Mr. Jones. "And Dixon?" came back Mr. Patterson

Mrs Howard Spreckels

A CALIFORNIA
BEAUTY



HER FORMAL SALON IS A FITTING SETTING FOR HER PATRICIAN BEAUTY

THOUSANDS of miles from Paris, yet a *salon* as French as if its windows opened on the Champs Elysées... its rose and blue are a perfect setting for the patrician beauty of Mrs. Howard Spreckels of the distinguished California family, widely traveled and a brilliant hostess in her home at Burlingame.

Chiseled, *soignée*, her aristocratic beauty has the enchanting coloring of a Quentin de La Tour pastel—eyes of gray, hair like a copper beech in sunshine, skin delicate and clear.

Pond's is proud to number Mrs. Spreckels among the beautiful society women who use the four preparations to keep their skin always exquisite.

"That wonderful Cold Cream!" she says, "it cleanses so perfectly, and the

Tissues are the one satisfactory way to remove the cream... I like the Freshener because it counteracts oiliness without unduly drying the skin... and the Vanishing Cream keeps one fresh and trim through the longest day!"

Four simple steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. (Tissues may be had in peach-color now, as well as white.)

Third—pat briskly with Pond's Skin

Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

At bedtime—never fail to cleanse immaculately with the Cold Cream and wipe away with Cleansing Tissues.



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How to be

AS TOLD TO KATHERINE ALBERT

BY

Bebe Daniels

"HOW to be captivating?" Bebe Daniels smiled a deprecating little smile as she considered my question. But when she began to speak her appealingly beautiful brown eyes were thoughtful.

And then I learned this lovely actress feels emphatically there's one thing has more to do with a girl's attractiveness than any other charm—a beautiful skin—clear, soft, smooth.

How alluring in any girl!
How sure to win admiration!

And to the screen star, Bebe Daniels earnestly explained, a skin of breath-taking loveliness is really essential!

"Only the girl with smooth skin," she said, "need not fear the relentless eye of the camera. For even the cleverest make-up will not suffice under the searching lens of the close-up.

"That is why," she went on seriously, "many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features.

"Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely."

Hollywood's favorite beauty care

Bebe Daniels, you see, is one of the 511 beloved Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

Fascinating Anna Q. Nilsson . . . cunning little Sally Blane . . . vividly charming Betty



BETTY COMPSON
Radio Pictures' star

Compson . . . exquisite June Clyde . . . Actually 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are kept silky-smooth by this soothing, fragrant soap.

Lux Toilet Soap is just like the expensive soaps you get in France, Hollywood says. And the lovely stars use it regularly at home and wherever they're making pictures as well.

They like its dainty fragrance, and the quick, generous lather, even in the hardest water . . . And, above all, the exquisite softness it gives their skin.

So enthusiastic are they, indeed, that Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

On Broadway the stars of

the outstanding stage successes, too, use it. And since so many of them are playing in the talkies, with so many close-ups, they are more than ever grateful to this delicately fragrant white soap!

The European screen stars, too—in France, in England, in Germany—have now adopted it. You will be just as delighted with it. Order several cakes—today.



SALLY BLANE
Radio Pictures' Player



JUNE CLYDE
Radio Pictures' Player



ANNA Q. NILSSON
Lovely Blonde Star

LUX Toilet Soap

CAPTIVATING



Photo by Bachrach, Hollywood

BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in the luxurious blue and silvery gray bathroom which is one of the most beautiful seen in Hollywood. She is one of the 511 important actresses there who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly, both at home and in their

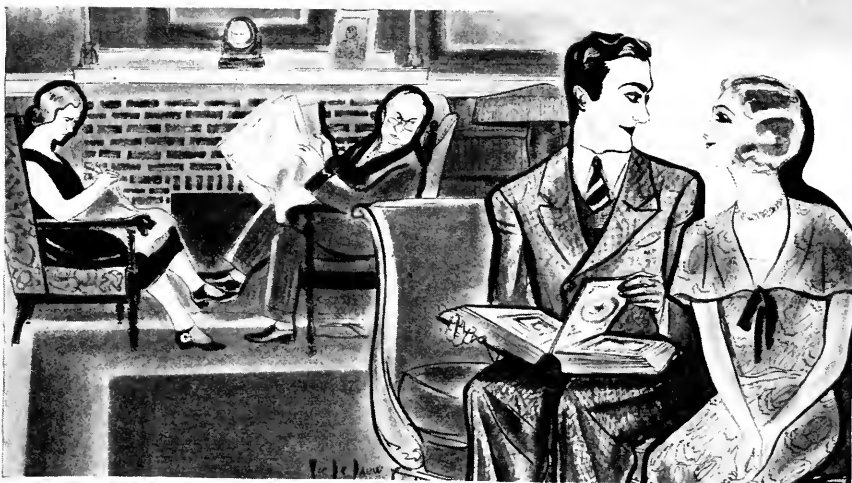
dressing rooms. "Many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin," she says, "have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features. Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely!"

Bebe Daniels

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway

—and now the European Capitals . . . **10¢**

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Hot Times in Hollywood — Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers entertains a girl friend

Reeling Around *with* Leonard Hall

Epitaph

UPON A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL STAR OF THE SILENT DAYS WHO WAS KNOCKED FOR A FIGURE EIGHT BY THE TALKIES

*Pause, traveler, and drop a tear
Upon this sheltering earth!
I drew ten thousand bucks a week
But spoke a nickel's worth!*

Always Making Fun

Zit's Weekly will have to take the responsibility for the one concerning the young Scotsman-About-Hollywood who, whenever he ushers his sweetie into the Brown Derby for lunch, says, "Losh, gurrul, but ye're puttin' on weight!" . . . Since the Vivian Duncan-Rex Lease trouble, Florabel Muir has coined a new name for the stuff that puts the Boo! in Malibu Beach. She calls it "Malibooze." . . . Speaking of such unhappy matters, the ladies of the St. Louis W.C.T.U. have pledged themselves to abstain from movie attendance until all drinking scenes are omitted. Well, it looks like a long spell of bridge and tea with cream for the St. Louis ladies! . . . *Variety* recently ran a story headed "Stay Out of Hollywood." Solly Violinsky, who has been battering vainly at studio gates for months, immediately retorted, "Well, it's a heck of a time to tell us!" . . . A movie comedian's dressing room is near an executive's office. He doesn't mean to overhear, but the comic swears that, in the boss' office next door, all the men say yes and all the women say no . . . Hollywood He-Cinderella story: Five months ago Gregory Gave was an extra man. Now he's a principal in the new Fox film, "Renegades." He'd have been a natural for a part in Norma Shearer's "Let Us Be Gaye" . . . "How's business?" said the manager of a Los Angeles picture house. "Great! So far today we're \$2.45 ahead of the pee-wee golf course next door!" . . . And Walter Winchell tells about the unpopular movie actor who mysteriously disappeared. A crowd of Hollywood citizens were discussing the affair, when Keene Thompson piped up—"What do they suspect? Fair play?"

Gag of the Month Club

Harrison Carroll, the newspaper syndicate chatter-writer, scores a birdie and wins the left-handed pickle fork this

month with the story about the producer and the actor friend who met on Hollywood Boulevard.

"Say," said the actor, "C-c-can you l-l-lend me t-t-ten bucks till this t-t-t-t-talkie c-craze b-b-b-blows over?"

Getting Personal

Among those who are making a few goo-goo eyes as this is being written are Betty Compton and Hugh Trevor, and Richard Dix and Mary Lawlor, his leading woman in "Shooting Straight" . . . The miniature golf madness in Hollywood has stirred up the actors who have an eye for business. Mary Pickford is having one laid out on Beverly Boulevard, and William Seiter, Laura La Plante's husband, has opened one for business . . . Mary, by the way, has closed her studio publicity department. Arthur Zellner, her press agent for seven years, went out. Also the still cameraman who has been with her for ten years. Retirement? . . . Conrad Nagel, declaring that Beverly Hills roosters crow too early in the morning, has complained to the cops about it. Now they're muzzling the roosters! . . . Ursula Parrott wrote "Ex-Wife" and Metro made a tremendously successful picture, called "The Divorcee," out of it. So Metro bought Ursula's second novel while it was still in manuscript. It's called "Strangers May Kiss." . . . Dr. Serge Voronoff, noted Russian surgeon famous for his experiments with rejuvenation, was a guest of Doug Fairbanks on a tour of Hollywood's studios . . . Twenty-eight per cent of Hollywood and Beverly Hills telephones are unlisted. The actors have too much trouble with crank calls . . . Four actors recently went off the Metro contract payroll—Raymond Hackett, Roland Young, Elliott Nugent, Lawrence Gray. The same studio renewed Bob Leonard's contract for his work on "The Divorcee." Also re-signed Lewis Stone . . . Mary Carr, famous picture "Mother" is about to become a grandmother. Her daughter, Louella Carr Walsh, is expecting . . . Warner Oland was a factory hand in New Britain, Conn., some years ago. When he went there this summer to straighten out his citizenship papers he was given a key to the city! . . . Nancy Carroll takes no chances. All summer she studied French while the heat baked Long Island, where she was working, so she could join Claudette Colbert, Maurice Chevalier, Adolphe Menjou and other Paramount bi-linguals! . . . A starlet is coming along! Barbara Stanwyck is getting \$25,000 for her work in Warner Brothers' "Illicit." Three years ago she was tickled to get \$75 a week in a New York night club!



Posed by Eddie Quillan and Sally Starr, featured in Pathe's "Night Work" . . . More enthralling than mere beauty, the subtle fragrance of Ben Hur casts a spell that seems to breathe the romance. Why not make its magic your own?

I was just *One of the Crowd* to him . . . before this enthralling fragrance worked its subtle spell . . .

HOW long I had waited for this—to have him take my hand in his, see adoration in his eyes—the thrill of his lips on mine—to hear him say, "I love you!"

Phil and I had been friends for years. We'd gone to parties and dances together. But never had we been sweethearts. I was just "one of the crowd" to him—and as time went on and I made no more of an impression on him, I wondered what I could do.

One day when I was shopping I found a dainty perfume that I especially liked.

The fragrance was so delicious, so enticing. But I didn't dream of the effect it would have on Phil.

From the moment he met me that afternoon he seemed enchanted. His eyes followed me wherever I went. And finally he whispered, "Darling, you're wonderful today!"

It must have been the perfume—for it had all the allure, all the witchery of moonlight on velvet grass, the softness of black shadows when the air is warm and sweet. It cast a spell about me that seemed to breathe romance. Made me different, exciting.

Why not try Ben Hur perfume yourself? Get a bottle at any toilet goods counter—you'll be amazed at its moderate price—or send the coupon for trial size of perfume and face powder, if you want to test its magic before buying.



Haunting, mysterious, Ben Hur perfume comes packed in a smart silvered "book" for only \$1.50!

SPECIAL OFFER

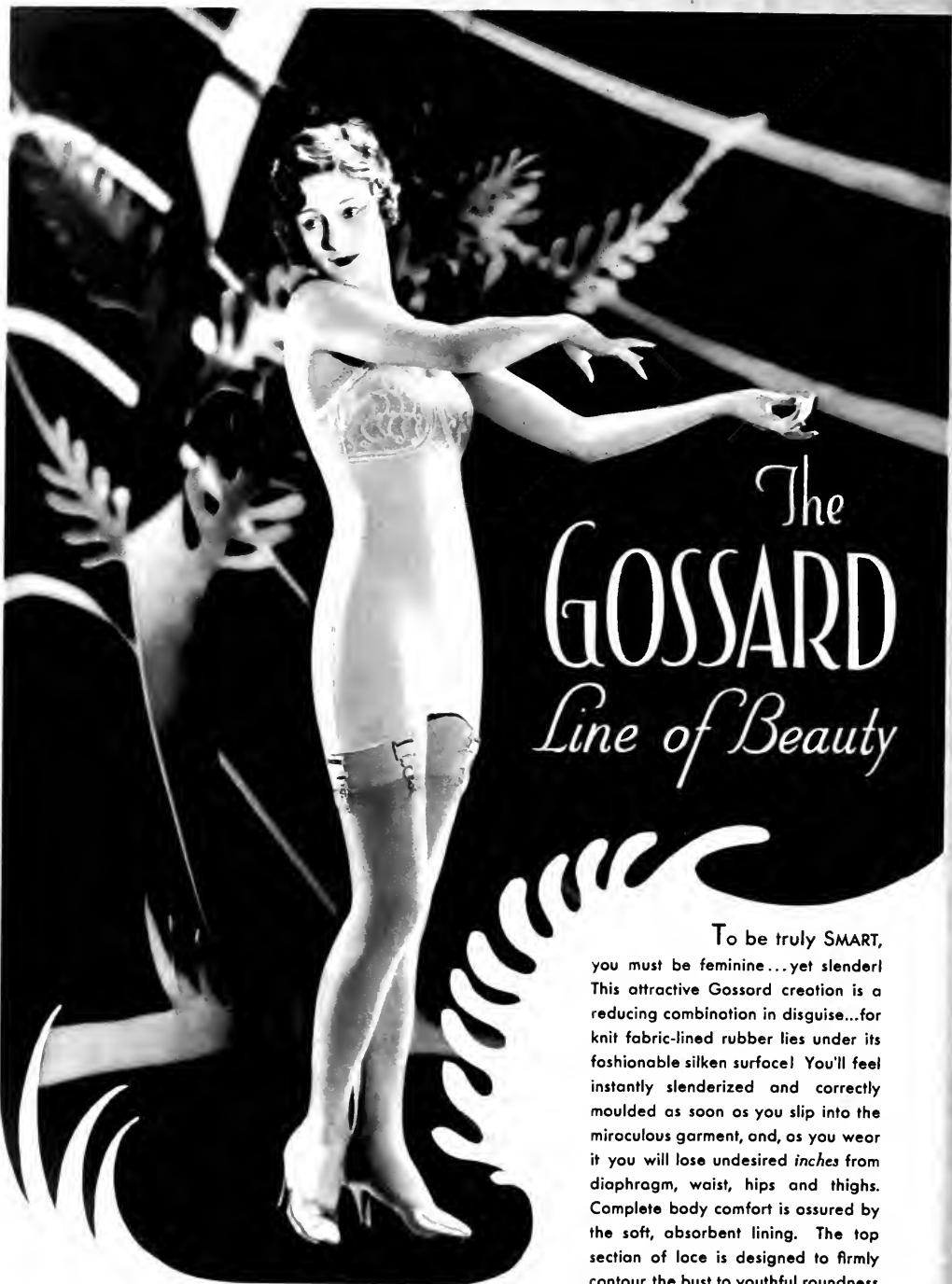
The Andrew Jergens Co., 5019 Alfred St. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Enclosed is 10¢ for which please send me special trial samples of Ben Hur perfume and face powder.

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Line of Beauty

To be truly SMART,
you must be feminine...yet slender!
This attractive Gossard creation is a
reducing combination in disguise...for
knit fabric-lined rubber lies under its
fashionable silken surface! You'll feel
instantly slenderized and correctly
moulded as soon as you slip into the
miraculous garment, and, as you wear
it you will lose undesired *inches* from
diaphragm, waist, hips and thighs.
Complete body comfort is assured by
the soft, absorbent lining. The top
section of lace is designed to firmly
contour the bust to youthful roundness
...A simple, easy way to slender beauty!

Model 9616

Want To Be Funny?

Eddie Cantor Tells How Not To Be "The Life of the Party"

By
Robert
Cranford



PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

DEAR MR. PHOTOPLAY: Several months ago, you had a story wherein Irving Berlin told "How to Write Popular Songs." I read it and wrote two songs. I can't sell them, but anyway they're pretty good songs.

Now I'm in trouble. I have an invitation to a party where everybody's supposed to do something. I've got to do something funny, I'm told. I don't know how, so I thought maybe some famous comedian like Eddie Cantor might tell how to go about being funny. Please ask him for me.

Desperately,
OBADIAH SWIMPH

WELL, Obadiah, we're nothing if not obliging!

—so we toddled right over to the United Artists' moving picture factory, and there was Eddie! He was making "Whoopee." No, Obadiah: NO! Not one of these Hollywood orgies.

"Whoopee" is the name of the picture in which Eddie was starring. It's that Ziegfeld thing that he starred in on Broadway, you recall. Or do you? Anyway there was Eddie, with about 118 degrees of Technicolor light blasting down on him, and the blackface running down his breastbone in tiny rivulets of perspiration.

He was running around with a pistol, or something, and there were a lot of chorus girls on the set who probably didn't mind the heat so much because of what they had on. Or hadn't.

Everybody stood around looking solemn while they rehearsed the scene. Nobody even cracked a smile.

"I guess," I guessed as Eddie walked off the set, "that that was one of the serious scenes, huh?"

"It's one of the funniest sequences in the picture," he replied.

"But why," I wanted to know, "was everybody so gloomy?"

"Being funny," said Eddie, sticking his ears out, "is serious business."

"If that guy Obadiah wants to be funny," said Eddie, "tell him to be himself." This, dear reader, is Cantor, not Swimp

"That's just what I wanted to see you about," I explained. "Here's a fellow named Obadiah Swimp—"

"Gesundheit!" interjected Eddie.

"I wasn't sneezing," I said. "That's his name. And he wants to know how to go about being funny."

"Why go about it?" demanded Eddie, popping his eyes. "Tell him to be himself."

"No, Eddie. Here's a fellow who wants serious advice on being funny—and besides, there are lots of other fellows who'd like to be comedians. Give 'em some advice, won't you?"

"All right. Ask me, and I'll tell you!"

So it went like this:

QUESTION: How can a fellow be a comedian?

EDDIE: That's like telling a fellow what to do if he gets seasick. If he gets seasick, he'll know what to do,

and if he doesn't, he can't be a comedian.

Q: But aren't there some definite instructions?

A: Well, most people are funny to start with. To try to be funny is not being funny. Why do we laugh at babies? Because they're perfectly natural.

Q: Well, what shall Obadiah do when he's at this party and they call on him to be funny?

A: Tell him to try to remember what I did in my last show. Or even Al Jolson or any other comedian. They're good, too. Then let him imitate it. He can depend on it that what professional comedians do is funny, because they've tried it out on audiences, and it's sure-fire, and he's not taking a chance.

Q: Isn't that stealing somebody else's stuff?

A: Sure, but isn't that what we all do? Every joke we pull, every gag we work is just an old one in new clothes. The next best thing to creating is to quote. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

How Gloria Goes to School



This is the educational game of "restaurant," as played by Gloria and her teacher. Gloria orders luncheon, and she finds out many things. We hope Gloria learns how to eat an artichoke without excruciating agony!

ELEANOR SMITH taught school several years and it seemed to her that the old methods of instructing children were wrong. She took her idea to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. And now little Gloria Lloyd learns everything—music, art, writing, mathematics, reading, French, botany, pantomime, the social graces—without realizing she is being taught.

Lessons take no set rule. The day's work is guided entirely by the pupil. They play "traffic cop." Gloria, in her little automobile, is arrested for speeding. Miss Smith gives her a ticket and tells her when to appear. She must write her name at the bottom. Told to appear in court on a certain day, she must figure how far away that is. She also learns the names of streets, with a little citizenship thrown in for good measure.

Miss Smith reads the stories of the operas to Gloria, and Gloria draws her own interpretation of the music as it is played on a phonograph. Then, pretending she is a French girl who has invited Miss Smith to tea, the conversation is all in French. Botany is studied in the Lloyd garden. They give spectacular theatrical performances, making scenery and costumes and sometimes creating their own stories. Scenery making is a reading lesson, too, for Miss Smith writes on the blackboard: "Paint the sky blue. Paint the trees green."

Miss Smith says of Gloria: "She shows the most talent in pantomime, and putting on plays is the thing she likes to do best. She is a sweet, natural child, and exceptionally bright. Mr. Lloyd is never too busy to come to the schoolroom to see how she is progressing."



Gloria Lloyd and the devoted Miss Smith playing traffic cop. Gloria has just been given a ticket. She's signing it, and promising to turn up in court. Gloria learns all sorts of things from this game



Beauty that may be your own

*The Saline Method is the secret of
many a woman's youth and charm*

WHO seeks beauty—a flawless skin, sparkling eyes and lustrous hair? Then vow that you shall have them—now and evermore!

For the possession of loveliness requires neither a purse lined with gold nor days filled with leisure. Its secret is contained in a simple little jar, unpretentious as to dress and trifling in its cost—your familiar jar of Sal Hepatica.

In this famous saline laxative, you have the means to a skin that is pure and innocent of blemishes, to eyes as clear as the morning, to a charm that is unimpaired.

For Sal Hepatica keeps you clean internally—and internal cleanliness brings you the radiant, glowing beauty that comes only from within.

In Europe the women of wealth and position have long realized what wonderful effects salines have upon the appearance. And regularly they visit the wonderful springs and spas to freshen their complexions and tone their

systems by drinking the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your bloodstream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source of trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, indigestion, auto-intoxication and other common ills.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.



BRISTOL-MYERS Co., Dept. G-100, 71 West St., N.Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Street _____
City _____ State _____

Sal Hepatica

© 1929

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Our Gangsters in a huddle around their Spanish teacher, Seniorita Peralta, just before filming a Spanish version for the foreign trade. Farina is stuck with the phrase, "Habla some tamales, Mister?"



VOILA! Our Gang Sprechen Español!

By Michael Woodward

MAYBE you don't know it, but Farina talks four languages—English, German, French and Spanish! And so do all the rest of the Our Gang kids. And what's more, they make movies in all four.

Step into a picture house in Barcelona, and you're liable to hear fat Chubby flinging Spanish words around like so many frijoles. In Paris, you'll hear little Mary Ann "voulez-vous" like a charming, petite ma'mselle. And in Berlin, listen to Farina sprech his Deutsch like a veteran.

And if you imagine for one moment that any of this foreign talk is "dubbed in"—that the voices of other children speaking French or German or Spanish are synchronized with the actions of the regular Gang kids—then you're crazy. Every foreign word that's uttered is spoken by the Our Gang regulars themselves.

While other motion picture producers are worrying themselves into premature coffins over how or whether or why to make foreign-language issues, the Hal Roach studios go blithely ahead making them in four tongues, and foreign talkies are the least of Our Gang's worries. And here's the secret of how they do it.

To start, you'll probably protest:

"Why, those kids are only five or six years old. And they can't possibly learn three languages in addition to their own. I don't believe they know how to speak German or Spanish or French at all."

And as a matter of fact, you're right. They don't. Not one of them can speak any of those languages—and yet, they make talkies in them. Here's the explanation.

When an Our Gang comedy is made in English, two foreign versions are shot concurrently. Sometimes they make a French and a Spanish with the English;

sometimes a German and a Spanish, and at other times, a Spanish and a French. They'd like to make all three foreign versions at the same time they shoot it in English, but their production schedule does not give time for three—only for two.

Well, then, a scene is shot in English. Little Mary Ann and Wheezer and Chubby and Farina and Jackie, the tough guy, go through their action, speaking their lines in English.

"All right, now; let's do it in French," barks Bob McGowan, their director.

A LITTLE Frenchwoman steps onto the set. "Tell Mary how to say 'Bring some,'" orders McGowan.

She translates: "Apportez-en," she says.

Carefully, with the innate mimicry of children, Mary imitates the sound of the strange foreign phrase: "Ah paw tay zong," she says. The French instructress repeats the phrase; Mary tries it again. She gets closer and closer—and finally, the Frenchwoman is satisfied with the inflection.

The same process with the other tots and their lines, until they can all say their stuff in French.

True, they don't know what they're saying, but none the less, they're saying it.

The French woman nods to McGowan, he gives the order to shoot, and when the picture is unrolled on the screen

somewhere in France, French audiences will hear Our Gang talking French. Perhaps not with the perfect accent and intonation of the French-born child, but at least, perfectly understandably.

And they do it the same way in German and Spanish.

How Hal Roach's Kids Make Talkies in Four Languages

Dr. Shirley W. Wynne

Commissioner of Health of New York City

says:

“Colgate’s is most efficient cleanser”**

RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate’s with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate’s Ribbon Dental Cream as “the most effective cleanser.” His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America’s greatest analytical chemists.

Dr. Wynne’s conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M. S., Yale, Ph. D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B. S., M. S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph. D., University of Chicago, and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

All agree that Colgate’s is supreme because of its penetrating foam. This active agent flushes out the decaying food particles which lodge between the teeth. Colgate’s thus cleanses *completely*—in a way impossible with sluggish tooth pastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Dr. Wynne says:

“The sole function of a dentifrice is to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums. To be an effective cleanser a dentifrice must have low surface tension in solution. Low surface tension is, therefore, the true scientific indication of cleansing power on the part of a dentifrice in actual use.

***I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate’s with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate’s rates the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate’s is the most efficient cleanser of those examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods.”*

Shirley W. Wynne

SHIRLEY W. WYNNE, M. D., Dr. P. H.

Commissioner of Health, New York City; M. D., Columbia University; Member American Medical Association; Prof. Preventive Medicine, N. Y. Polytechnic Medical School and Hospital; Prof. Public Health, Fordham School of Sociology and Social Service; Recognized internationally as an authority on matters of Public Health.



25c

The price is important—but the quality—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

"Terrific, gigantic, superb!" screamed a third.

Then he turned to a nervous little fellow in the back row.

"And you?" he thundered.

"Please, chief, don't be cross with me!" quavered the nervous one. "But to me the picture was merely great!"

IT really seems that Joan Crawford loves that "Dodo" husband of hers, Doug Fairbanks, Junior.

The other day one of the publicity hedges at the studio rushed up to Joan with a new issue of a magazine.

"Joan," he cried, "look at this. It's got a great article about you."

"But is there anything in it about Dodo?" she asked.

"I didn't see anything," was the reply.

"Well, I don't want to read the thing, then," said Joan. And didn't.

IF you are old enough to remember, you haven't forgotten Clara Kimball Young. Clara, of the great, soulful orbs, is reported to be reducing and planning a comeback in pictures.

It has been a good many years since this great star of an earlier day has faced the cameras. She has been five years in vaudeville. Now she is living quietly in Hollywood, trying to lose weight she accumulated in that life.

Sometimes she is glimpsed about Hollywood. She isn't exactly the svelte Clara that you remember, but ah, those gorgeous eyes! Welcome back, Clara. We have missed you.

AN amusing story is told about Ilka Chase, who is playing in Paramount's new picture, "The Best People." Miss Chase was Mrs. Louis Calhern for a brief time, but so short was the period of her marriage that she didn't have much chance to use the calling cards engraved with her new name. She and Mr. Calhern parted amicably enough, and he later married one of her friends.

Just about that time, while packing for a trip, she found the unused calling cards. Being a frugal soul, she promptly despatched them to her successor, commenting that obviously they now belonged to her. And, she added slyly, "I hope they are still in time to be of some use to you!"

YOU can't tell much about this climate any more. Radio Pictures sent "The Silver Horde" company to Alaska for location scenes, and it was so hot sardine cans exploded, and one player got a black eye when hit by a sardine—believe it or not. Among those who sweltered were Evelyn Brent, Jean Arthur and Robert Ellis.

Director Sam Wood entertains the boys on the "Way for a Sailor" set with a few choice chanteys. Jack Gilbert takes it philosophically, Wally Beery insists on a little buffoonery, and Jim Tully, seated at the extreme right, doesn't care one way or another. Jack and Jim, you remember, are old-time sparring partners



That little old Paramount cry-baby, pouting because the naughty boys are threatening to steal his doll baby. It's Stuart Erwin, the funny lover fellow seen in "Dangerous Nan McGrew"

IT was no surprise to the film colony when the beautiful Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, art director of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, were married at Santa Barbara.

For a while, Hollywood thought that John Farrow, the sheik writer of the colony, had the inside track in Dolores' affections, but he was a mere interlude. Being lonely, Dolores permitted him to escort her to a few Hollywood parties, but as soon as she and Cedric met, they fell for each other hard, and the couple is so popular and so well suited to each other that Hollywood is delighted with the match.

Gibbons is probably the most talented art director in Hollywood, and is as handsome as any man on the scene.

The knot was tied very quietly at the old Santa Barbara Mission, by a Catholic priest. There was some question as to the marriage in the Catholic church, but as Jaime del Rio, Dolores' divorced husband, died in Berlin some months ago and the former marriage was merely a civil one, all objections were overcome.

THERE have been so many instances of beautiful women breaking up homes by luring hubby from wife that it's refreshing to learn of something so different as the complaint of one Gunther Lessing, Hollywood lawyer.

Lessing charged that his home was broken up because Dolores Del Rio prevailed upon Mrs. Lessing to leave him!

However, Dolores explains it by saying that Mrs. Lessing, her friend, came to her *after* the Lessings had parted, and that Dolores helped her when she needed aid.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



Paris... knows the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Massé tells how Parisian beauties have adopted this olive and palm oil method of cleansing... the treatment advised by 23,723 beauty specialists the world over.

Aid your beauty expert by using Palmolive. "I advise all my clients," says Massé, "Never use any soap except Palmolive. And those who follow that advice show the greatest improvement as a result of our own treatments."

E. Massé

16 RUE DAUNOU, PARIS



The exquisite "schoolgirl complexion" of the smart Parisienne is due, in great measure, to daily home treatments with Palmolive.



EMILE MASSÉ,
of Paris...
beauty artist of renown, whose clients number aristocrats from all over Europe.



PEZZA, of Naples
says that soap and water cleanliness is essential to beauty.



ECHTEN,
of Budapest
who advises those daily cleansings with a lather of Palmolive Soap.



JACOBSON
of London
warns against soaps not made of olive and Palm oils—and therefore approves most heartily of Palmolive.

MASSÉ... the famous Massé... and all his well-known Parisian colleagues, too, for that matter... has helped Paris find the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris, where lovely ladies seem even lovelier because the whole atmosphere is charged with beauty! Paris, where experts like Massé actually receive visits from reigning queens. Where royal ladies, aristocrats, world-renowned artists of opera and the theatre ask: How can I keep my beauty? What can I do, when I leave beauty-wise Paris, to keep my skin lovely?

Here, of all places, beauty experts are in demand. Experts like Massé, who is invited often to attend royalty; who once journeyed all the way to Cairo to give a beauty treatment to a well-known American lady; who has won prize after prize for his artful beauty treatments.

This home treatment

What Massé advises is an ever-so-easy home treatment. You may know it. All Paris does.

Paris says it's the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion." First, make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water (not hot, that may redden the skin). Second, with your finger tips massage this into face and throat, working the impurities out of the pores. Third, rinse off the soap with warm water... gradually colder and colder. There! Isn't that cleanliness delightful? And isn't your skin refreshingly smooth, rich in color?

The popularity of this home beauty treatment has made Palmolive one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France.

You know, there are—all told—23,723 experts who advise Palmolive. They prefer Palmolive because of its unique vegetable oil content. So will you. Use it for the bath, as well. It costs but 10 cents a cake.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Let's Drop In *ana* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]



Trimming the beard of the prophet! No nobler array of chin chinchilla has ever waved on the screen than that sported in the new talking version of "Kismet" starring Otis Skinner. Here's the First National beard expert working on Edmund Breese's hedge

A new trick in handbags that's sure to be popular in view of the current insistence on ensembles. Catherine Moylan displays a convertible, reversible purse. It can be turned inside out and the lining used for a cover to complete an ensemble effect

"Eef I try to do good for a friend and the price I must pay is to have a slap at my character and my good name, then—well, I weel take the slap." Good sport, Dolores.

DIRECTOR PAUL SLOANE was so enthusiastic over a scene Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey played that, when the scene was in the box, as we experts say, he dashed over and slapped Bert on the back.

"That was great; wonderful!" he enthused. "Don't do that," Bert replied.

"Good heavens, man; you needn't be so modest," Sloane countered.

"Modesty, hell; it's sunburn!" explained Wheeler.

OTIS SKINNER, who didn't like silent pictures and regretted he made a voiceless "Kismet," has been converted to the screen by the talkies. And he has joined, too, the ranks of famous stage people who see the legitimate stage doomed.

"The sound picture," he said one day between takes on his talking version of "Kismet" at First National, "is the most dangerous rival the stage has ever had. To see fine actors in good pictures with satisfactory dialogue, well presented—and for such a small price—it's forcing stage producers to look to their laurels."

He also added that the talkie that converted him was Arliss in "Disraeli."

Good old Otis. He's one of us now.

NOW, who do you think is working in Hollywood? None less than Mrs. Pat Campbell, who at one time was considered the most beautiful and talented actress in England.

Mrs. Pat is working in support of one of the Fox stars.

If cost Tom Mix \$173,000 to settle up with Uncle Sam for having overlooked some items in his income tax returns. There was \$170,000

in back taxes, plus a \$3,000 fine for his faulty memory.

But since he doesn't have to pay his daughter that \$250 a month, now that she's married, it'll only take him fifty-seven years and eight months to make up the amount.

SNAPPY dodging by Vivienne Segal:

Her phone rang the other night, and a strange male voice began speaking.

"Miss Segal," it said, "we're getting up a swell radio program for next Monday night."

"Yes, yes," said Vivienne.

"And everybody of importance will be there, and . . ."

"Thanks. I'll listen in," said Vivienne. And hung up.

FRIENDS of Renee Adoree will be happy to learn that in the very near future she will be able to return to the screen.

In fact the studio is urging her to do "Common Clay" in the French version which will not begin for thirty days or more and her physician thinks that by that time she will be able to undertake it.

So by the time this reaches you Renee may be back at the studio in regular harness.

THEY hang this one on Lowell Sherman and Bert Wheeler. They were discussing the relative standing of comics and less comic actors.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]





Here's a new kind of comfort

By the skillful use of a clever tuck we have brought to the women of America greater comfort and beauty in underdress.

With a short front, and a long, almost accordion-like back, we have eliminated baggy ugliness and made a garment that fits the body snugly in any position.

No more stuffy, bunglesome underwear. Wear Kickernicks sized to actual body measurements.

In all the modish colors, fabrics and styles, it is made with fine craftsmanship and finish you'll appreciate.

If your best dealer hasn't them, send for booklet to Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Kickernick

PATENTED UNDERDRESS

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]



Kay Francis, smarter than smart, has introduced another dash of continental stuff to Hollywood. Kay allows as how these heavy walking sticks, made of fancy woods imported from Italy, add just the right touch of *je ne sais quoi* and how have you been

A prohibitionist who is now the best "comic drunk" in pictures. Charlie Ruggles, who never took a drink in his life, made a reputation as a stewy gent in "Gentlemen of the Press." Now, in Hollywood, he is appearing in Clara Bow's newest talkie



"Why'd anyone want to be a comic?" demanded Sherman.

"Yeah? Well, who'd want to be an actor, when any old ivory ball can take a cue?" was the quick comeback.

THE story is told on the motion picture actor who was visiting La Junta. He pronounced it as it is spelled and he was corrected by a native who told him it should be pronounced La Junta as in the Spanish.

"How about San Jose?" he asked.

"That is pronounced San Hosay," said the native.

"How long are you going to be in this part of the state?"

"Oh, I think I'll be here through Hune and Huly," he answered and turned on his heel.

TROUBLE seems to pursue Priscilla Dean like a movie mama pursues a casting director.

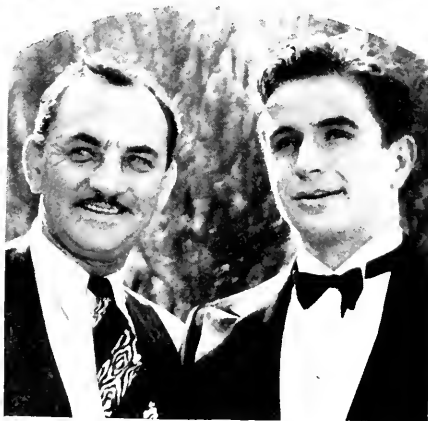
Some of the old time thrillers in which Priscilla used to appear have nothing on her real life. You remember when she married Lieutenant Arnold, 'round-the-world flyer, in Tia Juana, and you also remember that several months afterwards his former wife claimed she had never been properly served with notice and was not, therefore, legally divorced from him.

This annulled the Dean-Arnold marriage and since that time Priscilla has been living quietly—just she and her mother—in Beverly Hills.

Just recently the former star asked for police protection because, she declared, she had seen Mrs. Arnold No. 1, accompanied by a man and another woman, searching her garage.

IF the old curiosity jinx can be licked. Ronald Colman and Clive Brook are the boys that can do it.

They have just built a high green fence around their tennis courts.



A son of another famous pappy steps before the camera. The young man in the boiled shirt is Noah Beery, Jr. He is shown with John Adolfi, under whose direction he is playing a bit in First National's picture, "College Lovers"

Before this was done dozens of fans used to stand by and shout, "Goody for our side" as each play was made.

BEBE and Ben went beach-resorting the other night.

They won all sorts of things at the razzle-dazzle wheels, and throw-the-dart games and such.

For \$41, they won 75 cents' worth of bacon, an ancient ham of unknown value, and a 17 cent fluffy dog.

On the way home, they stopped at one of those dance marathons.

And as a special attraction, two of the dancers were being married right on the floor.

And the bride, recognizing Bebe and Ben, and knowing something about the business of bouquet throwing, flung her bridal bouquet plop into Bebe's lap after the ceremony.

And if the old superstition works out, that'll make poor Bebe a bigamist, won't it?

ON the hottest day of the year in movie-land, the thermometer at First National studios showed 104 in the shade.

That was the day on which Joe Frisco and George Gemorrah had to wear huge, heavy, furry gorilla skins in their roles in "The Gorilla."

Gemorrah lost seven pounds in four hours, and Frisco lost his temper.

Incidentally, Gemorrah is now known in Hollywood, universally, as Mr. Ingaigi.

KNOW your movies pretty well? Yeah? Well, just for no particular reason at all, skim through these and see whether or not you get confused.

Do you get Marie Dressler and Louise Dresser balled up? Can you tell between Irene Rich and Lillian Rich? Do Leon and William Janney get tangled up in your mind? Do you know which is D. W. Griffith and which is E. H. Griffith? Are you hopelessly involved among Zelma O'Neal and Nance O'Neil and Sally O'Neil? Do you distinguish between Alexander Gray and Lawrence Gray?

And do you know the difference between William Boyd and William Boyd?

HOLLYWOOD has been puzzling over the little game of see-saw which Basil Rathbone and Universal have been playing. It has been repeatedly announced—and as repeatedly denied—that Kathbone would

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

"Mabel - I've made a
marvelous discovery—"

**A new use for Listerine
now employed by women everywhere
as a part of the daily toilette**

We print herewith an excerpt of a letter from one woman to another; a letter similar to the many hundreds we ourselves receive.

"... Mabel, I've made a marvelous discovery about Listerine—it's simply wonderful used as an astringent.

"I learned about it quite by accident. Drove into a small town (with the Spencers) late one night, found I had left half of my toilet things back at home, no drug store open, me hot, dirty, tired and badly in need of a facial 'going-over.'

"I did, however, have a half filled bottle of Listerine and decided to try it after the cold cream.

"It worked out beautifully, closing the pores and giving a wonderful feeling of freshness. I always use it now. It actually seems to rejuvenate the face momentarily and seems to suit my particular type of skin as well or better than many astringents costing five times as much. I note, too, that the better beauty shops are using it as an astringent."

Please give Listerine a trial, using it exactly as you would any astringent. You will be delighted. Literally thou-

sands of women have tried Listerine this way and are enthusiastic about its effectiveness and economy.

Listerine is a natural astringent. It swiftly contracts pores, gives tone to facial muscles and leaves the skin smooth, cool, and refreshed. Moreover it is a safe though powerful germicide* and therefore prevents infection.

Because of its many toilette uses, Listerine is always found in the bath room cabinet of the fastidious woman, and in her hand bag when she travels. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Amazing germ-killing power
with safety*

*Listerine is a swift destroyer of germs and at the same time is safe and delightful to use. Used full strength it kills germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest killing time science has accurately recorded).



TRY LISTERINE AS AN

astringent

Tell the men about this!

50¢ quality

Listerine Shaving Cream

now 25¢

A charm that is recognized everywhere

ANITA PACE
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



WHAT a glorious thing it is to face each day, secure in the confidence that you are always attractive! That you can wear the alluring new fashions, so adorably feminine, with the grace and charm for which they were designed!

... Yet for every one girl who possesses a naturally fashionable figure there are hundreds who diet and worry to control their weight—often unwisely.

The main danger with most reducing diets is that they are unbalanced. In the desire to reduce, important food elements are frequently omitted.

Nearly all reducing diets lack roughage. When the amount of food is cut down, there is often insufficient bulk to assure proper elimination.

As a result poisons are formed. These may sweep through the system, causing headaches, listlessness, dizziness, sallow complexions and, sometimes, serious disease.

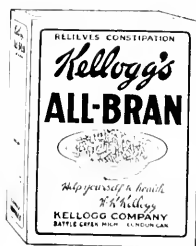
Add two tablespoons of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily to any reducing diet and you can be sure of getting enough bulk or roughage to guarantee proper elimination.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. But it does contain

iron, which helps prevent dietary anemia. Iron is the natural source of beautiful red color for the lips and complexion.

Add it to any reducing diet—in fruit juices; sprinkled over cereals or salads—in clear soups—in bran muffins or bread. Eat it as a cereal with milk. Kellogg's ALL-

BRAN is delightfully flavored—a delicious food that helps to build health every time you eat it. Improved in texture and taste. It is a food that prevents the dangers of pills and drugs. Eat it regularly—to promote beauty and to help control your weight safely. Recommended by dietitians. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"Keep Healthy While You
Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. P-10
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet
"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name _____

Address _____



Raquel Torres bakes a delicious coconut cake. These photographs, showing the various stages, were posed especially for PHOTOPLAY by Miss Torres. Below, she gives you her recipe and tells you every step in detail

Cocoanut and Fruit Cake Recipes

HERE are two grand cake recipes that should interest anyone who has to plan meals. With cooler weather, appetites increase and substantial desserts become more important. Besides, both these cakes are excellent to serve with coffee or tea in the afternoon or for evening parties.

The cocoanut cake recipe was given to me by Raquel Torres, M-G-M player who starred in the recent picture, "The Sea Bat." She particularly recommends it to girls who want to show what good cooks they are. Raquel is inclined to set up "food-appeal" against "sex-appeal" as the way to a man's heart, following the old adage, and she says the compliments her baking has brought forth are worth all the burned fingers she got while she was learning!

Here is the recipe:

Raquel Torres' Cocoanut Cake

Beat half a cup of butter with one cup of sugar. When light and creamy, beat in the previously well-beaten yolks of eight eggs, half a cup of milk, and one and three-quarters cups flour that has been sifted with four level teaspoons of baking powder and a few grains of salt.

Pour the mixture into buttered and floured layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven. Cool, spread cocoanut filling between the layers, and ice with boiled icing.

Cocoanut Filling: Mix one cup sugar with one-half cup flour and a few grains of salt. Put into double boiler, add two slightly beaten eggs, and stir and cook ten minutes. Do not let it come to a boil. Add one teaspoon of vanilla. Cool, spread between the cake layers, and sprinkle each layer with grated cocoanut mixed with sugar.

Pretty Irene Delroy, Warner Bros. player, came to talkies from musical comedy.

Like Raquel Torres, Irene is quite young and her housewifely experience is necessarily limited. But neither girl has let her busy professional life prevent her from learning to cook.

I think you'll find Irene's fruit cake tastes as good as it sounds. Fruit cake recipes are always in demand, especially with the holiday season looming not far ahead. Of course, you know that one of the prime virtues of this cake is that it doesn't get stale, if properly wrapped, as other pastries do.

Irene Delroy's Fruit Cake

The ingredients are:

- | | |
|------------------------------|---|
| 2 cups brown sugar | 4 cups sifted flour |
| 2 scant cups shortening | 1 box seeded raisins |
| 4 eggs | 1 box seedless raisins |
| 1 1/2 cup syrup | 1 lb. currants, washed thoroughly |
| 1 1/2 cup sour milk or cream | 1 lb. dates, stoned, cut up and floured |
| 1 scant tspn. baking soda | 1 lb. figs |
| 2 teaspoons cinnamon | 1/4 lb. candied orange rind |
| 1 cup fruit jelly | 1/4 lb. candied lemon rind |
| 1 1/2 teaspoon cloves | 1/2 lb. citron |
| 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg | 1 teaspoon salt |
| | 1/2 lb. chopped almonds and walnuts |

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Put the plain batter, before adding fruit and nuts, in bottom of large cake pan. Cover top carefully with batter also, to keep fruit from burning. Decorate top with almonds, candied cherries and candied pineapple strips.

Mix one tablespoon of molasses with three of warm water and use as wash for almonds and candied fruit decoration. This glazes them and keeps them from burning.

Bake in a slow oven for two hours.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



They ask most about the *Cisco Kid* this month

Questions & Answers



The girl who leads is Jeanette MacDonald

WARNER BAXTER has added legions to his fan following by his marvelous work in "In Old Arizona," "Romance of Rio Grande," and "The Arizona Kid." Baxter is a native of Columbus, Ohio, where he was born March 29, 1891. He is 5 feet, 11; weighs 165, has dark brown hair and eyes. He is married to Winifred Bryson. His next picture will be "Renegades," a story of romance and the Foreign Legion.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, runner-up for this month's honors, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18, 1907. She is 5 feet, 5; weighs 125 and has red-gold hair and greenish-blue eyes. She appeared in many musical comedies before making her talkie debut in "The Love Parade." Jeanette's faithful swain is Robert Ritchie, New York broker. Wedding bells will ring soon.

JACKIE COOGAN is coming back to the screen in a talkie version of "Tom Sawyer." Lawrence Gray was born July 27, 1898, is 5 feet, 10; weighs 155 pounds.

LILA LEE, while recuperating at a sanatorium, would like to hear from her friends. Write her in care of her secretary, Happy Rand, 5165 Franklin Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

PHILLIPS HOLMES, although only 21 years old, is rapidly rising to the top. Phil made his movie debut in "Varsity," and since then has made several talkies, notably "The Devil's Holiday."

BASIL RATHBONE was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. He is 6 feet, 1 1/2; weighs 165 and has black hair and hazel eyes. Ouida Bergere is his second wife. Prior to his movie debut he was well-known on the stage. His next picture will be "A Lady Surrenders."

JEANIE LANG was the cute little doll who sang "Ragamuffin Romeo" in the "King of Jazz."

JACK OAKIE is 26 years old, and has sandy hair and blue eyes. Because of the many characters Lon Chaney has portrayed on the screen, he is known as the "Man of a Thousand Faces."

DOROTHY JORDAN, leading lady in three of Ramon Novarro's talking pictures, is a native of Clarksville, Tenn. She is 20 years old, 5 feet, 2, and weighs 100 pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Her next picture will be "Dark Star."

KAY FRANCIS, super-vamp of the talkies, claims Oklahoma City, Okla., as her birthplace. She is 5 feet, 5; has black hair and brown eyes. Was prominent on the stage before entering the movies. Kay is still fancy free.

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

DOROTHY GISH, youthful sister of Lillian, was married to James Rennie in December, 1920. James is making quite a name for himself in the talkies. His latest picture is "Adios."

JUDITH BARRIE, pretty little blonde, played the part of *Leola* in "Party Girl."

RAMON NOVARRO has been celebrating birthdays since February 6, 1899; William S. Hart since December 6, 1874; Jack Holt since May 13, 1888; Lew Cody since February 22, 1885; Al Jolson since May 26, 1886; Harold Lloyd since April 20, 1893; and Charles Chaplin since April 16, 1889.

THE "SISTERS G" are known in real life as Eleanor and Carla Gutohrein. There was a third "G" who gave up a stage career for marriage.

GEORGE ARLISS, one of the greatest dramatic actors of the day, was born in London, England, April 10, 1868.

ZASU PITTS first saw light in 1898 in Parsons, Kan. She is 5 feet, 5; weighs 155, has brown hair and blue eyes. Fans will soon see her in "The Little Accident." Zasu married Tom Gallery in 1920. In addition to having a daughter of her own, she has adopted five other children. It began when she took the adopted son of the late Barbara La Marr to raise. Recently at the death of her sister-in-law, she took her brother's four children to mother.

PHYLLIS HAVER married William Seeman in

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 122, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

April, 1929, and announced her retirement from the screen. She is living in New York City.

KATHRYN MCGUIRE played the rôle of *Alice* in "Naughty But Nice."

CHARLES FARRELL will not be costarred with Janet Gaynor in his next picture. Rose Hobart of the stage will be the heroine. The picture is taken from the stage play "Liliom." Charlie was born in Onset Bay, Mass., just 28 years ago. He is 6 feet, 2; weighs 170 pounds. Has brown hair and eyes. Still single.

SUE CAROL and Alice White are not related to each other, as rumored. Sue's real name is Evelyn Lederer. She is married to Nick Stuart. Bebe Daniels played the lead in "Sinners in Heaven."

GRETA GARBO was given her very first article in PHOTOPLAY in the May, 1926, issue. A review of her first American picture, "The Torrent," also ran in that issue. Her first rotogravure picture appeared in the July, 1926, issue. Back issues can be obtained by writing to PHOTOPLAY, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., enclosing 25 cents for each copy.

THOMAS JACKSON played the part of the slow-speaking detective in "Broadway." That was the same rôle he portrayed in the stage version.

WALTER BYRON was brought to America by Samuel Goldwyn. It was rumored at the time that he would be a second Ronnie Colman. But was he? Walter was born in Leicester, England, June 11, 1901. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 163. Has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. When he was appearing on the English stage he used his own name, Walter Butler.

GUINN (Big Boy) WILLIAMS came to us from Decatur, Tex., where he was born April 26, 1899. He reaches 6 feet, 2; weighs 200, has blond hair and blue-gray eyes. His latest picture is "The Big Fight."

LILLIAN ROTH is a Bostonian. She was born December 13, 1911; is 5 feet, 2, and weighs 115 pounds. She sang the tuneful "Huguette Waltz" in "The Vagabond King."

RICHARD ARLEN entered the world via Charlottesville, Va., 31 years ago. He was then known as Richard Van Mattenore. He is 5 feet, 11 1/2; weighs 155 and has dark brown hair and blue-gray eyes. Jobyna Ralston is the second Mrs. Arlen.

BETTY COMPSON was born in Beaver City, Utah, March 18, 1897. Betty played the violin from the orchestra pit in a theater, and then traveled in vaudeville until the movies claimed her.

FOR A Smooth + flawless Skin



MY MANNEQUIN SHOWS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

FIRST and foremost, I want to make clear the vital difference between my Milkweed Cream and other fine face creams.

Milkweed Cream is a cleanser—a wonderfully thorough one. But that's not all! It is a corrective for the complexion as well. For while its delicate oils are gently and thoroughly coaxing impurities from the skin, Milkweed's special toning properties are benefiting skin health. And it is this extra helpfulness, found in Milkweed Cream alone, that wards off blemishes, banishes dullness and guards against aging lines.

Your skin under the tutelage of my method and my cream swiftly becomes clear—soft—smooth—and morning-fresh. It gains the lovely translucence that we associate with youth.

Tonight, with your hand mirror, examine your skin closely at the six critical places starred on my mannequin. Be on your guard for the tiniest thread-like line, the least blemish, for even minute imperfections are aging and "Only a Healthy

GUARD ITS HEALTH AT 6 VITAL PLACES

by **Frances Ingram**

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by firming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

Skin Can Stay Young." Then with my method and my cream, take the first step toward a skin of everlasting beauty.

First apply Milkweed Cream upon your skin (preceded by bathing with warm water and pure soap if skin is oily). Leave the cream on for a few moments to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh film of Milkweed Cream and with upward and outward strokes pat into the skin at the six places starred on my mannequin.

All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50¢, \$1 and \$1.75. If you have any special questions on skin care, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday, 10:15 A. M. (E. D. T.) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

INGRAM'S

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-100, 108 Washington Street, New York City.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Milkweed Cream

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE— Paramount

JACK OAKIE'S bubbling, bustling personality pulls this one's peanuts out of the blaze. Jack plays a good-natured boob from Syracuse who is put over on a shipload of people as a famous engineer. But he wins the girl—the cunning Ginger Rogers—and gets a lot of laughs in the doing. Stage players support Jacques, notably Betty Starbuck and George Barbier. No panic, but good.

THE NAUGHTY FLIRT—First National

HERE'S first-rate entertainment. Speedy action, peppy dialogue, gorgeous clothes, and Alice White in a performance that can be fairly called one of her best. As the heiress who eludes fortune-hunters to get her man, she fairly whizzes through this. Hers and Myrna Loy's clothes are a fashion show. A pat on the back to Paul Page for fine work.

THE LOTTERY BRIDE—United Artists

THE thrill of this one is Jeanette MacDonald, who goes in for histrionics in a big way. You knew she could sing and look beautiful. Here she acts. The story, your old favorite "Bride 66," is powerful in a melo sort of way and the music is grand. Some big spectacle stuff and lots of snow and ice.

GOLDEN DAWN—Warners

IF you're tired of players who break into song and dance without much provocation, this won't help a bit. Noah Beery dons blackface and plays an African native, enamored of the girl, *Duron*, played by Vivienne Segal. Walter Woolf is the upstanding British officer who loves her. In spite of all-Technicolor mounting it's pretty dull.

LEATHERNECKING—Radio Pictures

IN spite of a lot of things, they're still making musical romances. This is one of them, but Allah be praised, the curse is taken off by some top-hole comedy in which a rare cast of funsters collaborate hilariously. You'll roll with laughter while Benny and Louise and Ned and the rest of them do their funny stuff, and that makes up for all the singing and dancing.

THE LADY WHO DARED— First National

BILLIE DOVE'S swan song for First National is just a fair achievement. It is the aged and faltering story of the diplomat's wife who gets in a mess with blackmailers. Through her own ingenious efforts, and the generous help of Conway Tearle, she avoids a swell scandal. Judith Vosselli is a fascinating blackmailer. The beautiful Dove's hair is all done up in a new-fangled way.

HELL'S ISLAND—Columbia

THE well-known team of Jack Holt and Ralph Graves, Unincorporated, turns out a lot of entertainment in the slam-bang picture of love, hate and friendship in the Foreign Legion. Dorothy Sebastian is the girl over whom the lads bicker. The picture has a lot of action, good acting and romance. This combination seldom fails at the ticket window, or at fan-pleasing.

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—Warners

MAYBE it's love, but it isn't college, with Joan Bennett wandering at will into men's dormitories and football training quarters.

The gridiron scenes are good. They should be with eleven of the outstanding stars of the country playing on the field and acting in the picture. Joe E. Brown provides snickers, and James Hall is the handsome hero. That Bennett beauty sings well.

MONSIEUR LE FOX—M-G-M

AN original story of the Northwest by Willard Mack is the most extensive bid yet made for the foreign market. This was filmed in five languages simultaneously, with Barbara Leonard playing the lead in four of the versions. Gilbert Roland plays the male lead in English and Spanish.



Edwina Booth, blonde heroine of "Trader Horn," thinks it's an elegant idea to have a nice monogram on the front of her hat. Well, after all, why not?

ROUGH WATERS—Warners

RIN-TIN-TIN scores another personal success. His newest picture has all the action that so many talking pictures lack, and the children will welcome it. Lane Chandler is the gallant trooper hero. Jolynna Raiston is the poor little heroine, and Edmund Breese plays her old daddy. But it's Rinty who does the gallant deeds. After all, he's a star!

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN— Tiffany Productions

AWEAK-KNEED Irish story, built from the ancient play by Dion Boucicault. Sally O'Neil plays a little colleen who comes from Ireland to marry the sweetheart of her youth, only to have the ward boss fall in love with her after all. But she finally marries the plumber! Charles Delaney and Robert Elliott play plumber and boss, respectively.

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal

NOT all you would expect from Tod Browning, that old master of swift movement and breath-taking suspense. Browning has allowed this story to drag. There's too much dialogue and too little action. Photography is effective, however, and there are good moments. Eddie Robinson as *Cobra* brings all the sinister

quality to the film which his name implies. Mary Nolan and Owen Moore have both done better work.

ROAD TO PARADISE—First National

TWIN sisters are at it again complicating movie plots. Loretta Young plays both girls, one a crook, the other a wealthy and noble young lady. But the hard-boiled police officer solves everything and entertains you. That perennial juvenile, Jack Mulhall, is whimsical as always and Loretta Young so beautiful you want to go out and be heroic.

LOVE IN THE RING— Terra Productions

IT is an unwritten law of the ring and the cinema that every heavyweight champion has to make one movie, and this is Max Schmeling's, made in Germany before he won the title. He's not much worse an actor than were Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. A wicked vamp lunges at him, but true love and clean living win out, and Max beats the challenger and wins the girl. Very dull stuff.

THE LOVE RACKET—First National

THIS furnishes the depressing spectacle of pretty Dorothy Mackail buried alive under a heavy dramatic rôle. Poor Dorothy is put upon by a fiend in human form. We—and Dorothy—are faced with a long, tedious trial scene, in the course of which she tells her story and saves the life of a girl who killed the man who wronged her (Dorothy). Heavy going, and peless. Sidney Blackmer, leading man.

WINGS OF ADVENTURE— Tiffany Productions

ARMIDA saves this far-fetched adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. The little Mexican girl turns on all sorts of charm as the bedeviled heroine. Rex Lease is the handsome hero who is flying about in his plane when he sees the lass in trouble. A lot of action for the kids, at any rate.

TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH— First National

WHAT starts out to be a tenderly wistful story of youth turns into a stereotyped April and November romance, all cluttered up with gold-diggers. We think it's stretching a point to have Loretta Young in love with Conway Tearle, but then it isn't our scenario. Acting is unusually good, with Myrna Loy revealing a gorgeous sense of humor, and David Manners scoring heavily as the youth.

ONE MAD KISS—Fox

BUT for the glorious voice of Don Jose Mojica, young tenor from the Chicago Opera Company, we should advise passing this. But Mojica plays a romantic Spanish outlaw that will steal the female hearts. Mona Maris, pleasing to look upon, is too good an actress to be compelled to sing, but these two afford entertainment for a satisfactory evening.

WOMEN IN LOVE—Warners

JUST as a change of scenery the gangsters move out of the honky-tonks to an amusement pier. The scenery may be different, but you'll know that plot. There's dirty business afoot between the hot dog stand and the penny arcade. Grant Withers plays the hero with youthful zest. Evalyn Knapp is the heroine, and Lucille La Verne does "Sun Up" again.

And now PATINE*

A new finish that adds lustrous beauty to
 COMMUNITY PLATE

*The beauty
 of Moonlight
 brought to
 Silverware*

★PATINE is a precious enrichment of beautiful surfaces, achieved by the secret alchemy of nature. It is found chiefly in rare old works of art—bronzes, fine cabinet work, priceless vases and old paintings. Community craftsmen have perfected in their laboratories an exclusive and costly process which achieves a Patine finish.



EVERY DAY, in many thousands of homes throughout America, tribute is paid to the authority of Community Plate design. Now, from the hands of the craftsmen who create this beauty, comes a new creation, PATINE!

This new and exclusive finish kindles the surface of each piece of Community Plate to a glow as soft and luminous as moonlight. Silver is made exquisite, with an exquisiteness that endures, that is enriched by use.

This is PATINE!—fulfillment of the Community craftsmen's quest for a full revelation of the precious loveliness of Silver surface and Silverware design.

Community Plate offers you six distinguished designs—in complete services for eight, \$48.00; for six, \$36.50. Teaspoons are \$4.00 for six—wherever fine Silver is sold.

COMMUNITY PLATE
The Aristocrat of the Dining Table

SUPERB AT NIGHT! ONLY GLAZO COLORS HOLD THEIR FULL BEAUTY, EVEN UNDER ARTIFICIAL LIGHT



**how long since
anyone has said**

"What pretty hands you have!"

FOR hands that charm—by the sparkled flight of creamy fingers—no polish provides fingertips of such superlative chic as Glazo's crystal sheen.

What satisfaction there is in keeping your fingertips groomed to gleaming grace! For pretty fingertips make pleasing hands in nine cases out of ten.

With Glazo polish, how easy it is to keep your nails always lovely! Merely film them once a week with its thin, strong lustre.

Glazo polishes go on with absolute smoothness and evenness of color. Their crystal surface resists wear, keeps a freshly manicured appearance for a week or more. It does not crack or peel.

Choose from Glazo's smart colors—the rosy sheen of Glazo Natural . . . or, if you prefer, one of the more arresting reds.

Choose Glazo polishes always, because only Glazo's lovely tints hold their full beauty at night. Glazo's colors are scientifically formulated so that each shade remains precisely true in any light. They will not turn pale, purplish or yellow, as do the polishes that disappoint so many women.

*With Glazo's Perfumed Lipstick Reds
Nails Smartly Echo Your Lips!*

Echo the shade of your lipstick in one of these new Lipstick Reds—a stunning effect now popular with smart women.

Use Glazo *Flame* with a "light" lipstick; *Geranium* for "medium" and *Crimson* for "dark" ones.

Glazo may be found at all toilet goods counters. Or try out a Glazo manicure—the coupon will bring samples.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-100
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Plain Perfumed

I enclose six cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish and remover). See check above. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Name.....

Address.....

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



The perfumed Glazo Lipstick Red polishes are in this smart new package

The End of "The Big Trail!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

life the most. It finally got to the point where he could no longer stand the sight of the bare walls in his cabin. He sent to Los Angeles for enough cheese cloth to cover the whole interior. El took as much punishment as anybody and without complaint, but he just likes civilization.

At night talking pictures were run off, sent up from the Fox exchange in Salt Lake City. Many of the natives of that country had their first glimpse of the new-fangled contraptions.

There was just one gay holiday, the Fourth of July. The night before the Indians had put on a show. Dances to the barbaric rhythm of the tom-tom. Everyone rested during the day. At night there was a grand display of fireworks.

AS many as 725 Indians appeared in the picture, and they represented five tribes. And that many Indians were not easily handled. They were offended at every turn, or they insisted on going home. Money meant nothing to them. Walsh did everything in his power to keep them contented. Once he sent down four cases of tomato catsup. The Indians enjoyed it, but they drank it exactly as if it had been so many cases of soda pop.

One of the interesting characters among the redskins was a high chieftain. He had been given a new \$7,500 house, with hardwood floors and all the modern gadgets. He lived in a tepee across from his house, and stabled the horses in it. His explanation was that if he lived in the house he couldn't see it.

The buffalo stampede was staged on the high plateaus of Montana. There were five hundred of the big, lumbering beasts. It was easy enough to make them stampede, but not so easy to get them to run past the camera traps. John Wayne, with the cowboys, risked his life in riding herd on the frightened animals.

For one whole day the company worked in a blazing, blistering sun without a drop of water. The supply truck had broken down on the trail. At another time it appeared as if the whole company would be conscripted to fight forest fires. Walsh saved the day by sending forty men to help the rangers.

During this location the whole company lived on the train. Once a day their coaches were moved to let the one train on the line chug by. Everyone wondered where that train went to, for it never made a return trip. It only ran in one direction.

As the months went by the company moved from Wyoming to Montana, from Yellowstone to the big trees of Oregon and to Sequoia, in California. "The Big Trail" is a veritable scenic panorama of the West.

DURING all that time Walsh never used a megaphone or a script. Scenes were seldom rehearsed. And Walsh never saw a foot of the film until he returned to Hollywood after the picture was completed. It was his twenty-sixth production for Fox, and among that number have been a good many box-office hits, "What Price Glory," "Lovers of Carmen," and "The Cock Eyed World." He has also played a role in every picture he has directed. It's a superstition.

In all, 600,000 feet of grandeur film was shot, and 600,000 feet of standard—1,200,000 feet of film, to be compressed into 14,000 feet for release. Sometimes twenty cameras were turning on a single scene. "The Big Trail" cost upward of \$2,000,000, but Fox expects to gross over \$10,000,000.

And those covered wagons, at \$400 a throw, will not be scrapped. They are to be shipped all over the world as the picture is released.

AN OLD

BEAUTY SECRET



TALKIE, SOUND OR SILENT, the girl who gets the hero is always "just adorable." Nor does this change with all the variations of plots that come from new sets of railway stations, neckties and mustaches. The girl doesn't necessarily have to be as beautiful as Helen of Troy but she must have winning lips. And that's true of any girl. Easy, too, if she chooses to chew WRIGLEY'S at least ten minutes a day. This is based on the old Beauty Secret that chewing gum from the Sapota tree keeps lips gloriously young and enchanting. WRIGLEY'S is from this Beauty tree. Try peppermint-flavored Double Mint.



K-119



FOR LOVELY LIPS
CHEW **WRIGLEY'S** EVERY DAY
INEXPENSIVE » SATISFYING

The New Fay Wray

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

ably-fixed family. She was beautiful, her mother knew that and longed for a screen career for her daughter. Fay went through all the gestures of the young actress struggling to get along. She had her preparatory course in slapstick comedies and Westerns and was, in due course of time in the movies, discovered by Eric Von Stroheim and cast in that sad mistake "The Wedding March." Some four years ago she signed her first long-term contract with Paramount and she's been signing them ever since.

TO me, the real Fay is much more interesting, much more unique than this person the publicity department tells you about. The unsensational little person who becomes, according to her press agents, reborn in every film, is much more of a fascinating figure in Hollywood than this other creature—this periodically new Fay Wray.

The fact that a woman can play the part of a hard-boiled little girl in a gangster picture and play that part well doesn't mean, by a long shot, that she is such a person. As she, herself, said, "You've simply got to concentrate when you work before the camera. You must get out of yourself, away from the real person that is you and shut out everything else around you. If you didn't you'd have to laugh at all the things you were doing."

So, without any great transformation, she has gone about to play her rôles. She knows that she hasn't changed. She knows where she stands on the screen. "I always feel," she

said, "as if I'm just beginning. It is true that I've been in pictures a long time, but I move more slowly than most people. I do not beg for parts. I do not want to play any certain type.

"I simply take what is given me and try to make the most of it. Of course, I feel, as all people feel, that some day I shall have just the right vehicle, that I shall do just the right story and really have the one great chance to see what I can do. Then, of course, I could pick and choose my rôles. I think we all have an unerring instinct about the things that we can do best. In the meantime, until this whatever it is comes along, I'll do what I can do on the screen. And I'm perfectly content."

And there you have it all. Fay is perfectly content. She has all that mortal woman could desire. Beauty, a rare, deep languid beauty, with strange tip-tilted eyes and a pale profile that should silhouette itself against a summer night. She has never known want and now she has the utmost in luxury. Her home, which in no way suggests anything connected with the Hollywood architecture which runs to phony Spanish and hybrid Queen Anne, was the house in which Florence Vidor once lived. It is one of the most charming houses in the film city, set back, far back, from the street on a canvas of green lawn. Inside, the place is cool, luxurious and all in perfect taste.

Fay's husband, John Monk Saunders, is a brilliant writer, an amusing companion, a successful, handsome man. Also she has her work, a work of which her husband thoroughly

approves. There is nothing lacking in Fay Wray's well ordered life.

Why, then, should she be different? She is not a groping, ga-ga girl. She has intelligence and poise. And this is not a development that has suddenly burst upon her. She lacks (but yes!) the fire of the Lupe Velez type. And she could not, even if she would, acquire it. Why should she, pray? She neither needs nor wants any of the things which the spectacular women of the film capital have.

I've heard it said that if she had some great tragedy, some startling, breath-taking climax in her life, she would emerge a different person. But that I seriously doubt. I feel sure that she would take tragedy as calmly and as sanely as she takes happiness. She is not given to sudden, intense gestures.

I'm afraid the press agents will have to get a different angle on Mrs. John Monk Saunders. They're not going to slip that new Fay Wray stuff over on me again. For Fay will be no different from what she now is. Anyhow, I like her like that. She's restful. She's interesting. She has a well ordered mind and she lives a nice life.

NEITHER trials nor tragedy would change her. So don't let them kid you when you read in tomorrow morning's paper that the Paramount Studios have made a startling discovery—a new Fay Wray.

You know now, and I'm telling you, that there isn't any new Fay Wray. It's just an old idle rumor!



Is this sort of thing ruining the motion picture business? Hundreds of theater owners, sobbing into their lemon phosphates, say it is. This is one of the thousand miniature golf courses in and around Los Angeles. Hollywood is crazy about these things. Mary Pickford and Director Bill Seiter are two Hollywoodians who are opening and operating them. Some run until 4 A.M., and do the neighbors howl!

A New Kind of Make-Up

Developed by Hollywood's Make-Up Genius

NOW READY FOR YOU!

*Under a Strange Light in Hollywood,
we Found Out How to Avoid "Off-Color"
and "Spotty" Effects in Make-up.*

BEAUTY is a business in the motion picture colony, so we have studied make-up for years. And now you may benefit from our experience and gain added beauty through this new knowledge.

Under the blazing motion picture lights, more trying than sunlight, stars are photographed. Make-up must be perfect or grotesque effects result. To meet this severe test, Max Factor developed a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color harmony, which photographed perfectly. Today, Max Factor's Make-Up is used exclusively in all the big Hollywood Studios, in Technicolor pictures and by 96 per cent of Hollywood's stars.

Then from this discovery came powders, rouges and other essentials for day and evening use, based on the same principle of cosmetic color harmony. Their success in Hollywood was instantaneous. Now thousands use only Max Factor's Society Make-Up.

Perhaps you have worried about your make-up and have searched for ways to enhance your beauty—and still you're not satisfied. The reason is simply this — there is more to make-up than merely a bit of powder and a dab of rouge. What is this wonderful secret of make-up? Why have Hollywood's stars and society women given up the haphazard use of cosmetics and adopted Society Make-Up? Now you may know. You may have the very make-up, learn the very method, used by these beautiful women.

Your Complexion Analysis by Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up

The one way to secure the exact make-up to best harmonize with your complexion, accentuate your beauty, and enhance the charm of your personality is to have your complexion analyzed and your personal requirements determined. This, Max Factor will do for you, without consultation fee or obligation. He will also send you a copy of "The New Art of Society Make-Up" which fully explains cosmetic color harmony and describes the correct method of make-up. Remember, you will never know how beautiful you can really be until you obtain the make-up secrets so highly valued by the stars of Hollywood. Carefully fill in the coupon and mail today to Max Factor in Hollywood.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up
HOLLYWOOD
"Cosmetics of the Stars"

96% of all make-up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's
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Beste Love, M-G-M Star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using a color harmony shade in Max Factor's Rouge, perfect for her type.

NEVER BE CONSCIOUS OF YOUR MAKE-UP

If your make-up is "off-color" or too glaring, it over-shadows your personality. It becomes a worry, destroying that self-assurance which is an attribute of every charming woman. Permit Max Factor to analyze your complexion, as he has done for hundreds of screen stars, and recommend a make-up which will be just a part of your own natural beauty. Just fill in and mail the coupon.

Imagine Make-Up So Faultless That Even Under the Blazing Glare of the Motion Picture Lights it Photographs Perfectly. With Max Factor's Society Make-Up, You, too, Will Learn the Secret of the Stars.



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-10-30

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____	COMPLEXION _____	COLOR EYES _____	LIPS _____
Address _____	Light _____	Color Lashes _____	Moist _____
City _____	Mid. _____	Color Hair _____	Only _____
State _____	Dark _____	Age _____	Normal _____
	Salt _____	Other _____	Answer with Check Mark _____



"No more shiny noses since using Mello-glo Powder," says adorable Erica Newman, Motion Picture beauty. 148-20 Ninth Avenue, Whitestone, L. I.



"Mello-glo stays on longer, prevents large pores and gives my skin a natural bloom," says Dorothy Flood, beautiful Ziegfeld star, 20 Maple Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Women, Famed for Beauty, Tell of Wonderful Powder

*Marvelous New French Process
Produces MELLO-GLO Face Powder*

MELLO-GLO Facial Tone powder comes to you as the last word in fine face powders. Beautiful women everywhere praise its smoothness and purity. Made by a new French process, it stays on longer and will not enlarge the pores. MELLO-GLO banishes shiny noses, and protects the skin from that rough, aged look.

Its colors have passed the rigid tests of the United States government. MELLO-GLO is sifted and sifted through a fine silk mesh—mixed and refined until it presents perfect uniformity. The special shade blends with your complexion and renews the tint of youth.

Your skin will never have that pasty, flaky look with MELLO-GLO. It is the smoothest, purest powder made, and will not irritate or smart the skin. To look younger—use MELLO-GLO. It has no substitutes. Only MELLO-GLO has the secret formula. One dollar at all stores.

Liberal trial size of this new wonderful face powder will be sent upon receipt of 25c. Address: MELLO-GLO, Dept. 28, Stetler Building, Boston.

The Best Records from New Pictures

By

Maurice Fenton

THOSE of you who saw and heard "Song of the Flame" know that Noah Beery sings a far meaner and deeper bass than many a basso who devotes himself exclusively to warbling for a living.

So successful was Father Noah's singing in that picture that he has recorded two songs on Brunswick wax.

They are the "One Little Drink" number from the above-mentioned operetta, and "The Whip," from "Golden Dawn," another First National single.

"Dixiana," Bebe Daniels' new Radio Picture, comes to the records in a large way.

Everett Marshall, her leading man, sings two of his own songs from the film. They are "Goodbye, Old Pals," and "Mr. and Mrs. Sippi." Nat Shilkret and his Victor Orchestra record the latter, and on the other side is a "Dixiana" fox-trot made up of themes from the whole Harry Tierney score. These are all Victors.

One of the month's very best sellers comes in three forms.

It is "Singing a Song to the Stars," from "Way Out West," which is Willie Haines' new picture.

Lewis James tenors it for Victor. "Ukelele Ike" Edwards ukes and sings it for Columbia. Earl Burnett's Los Angeles Biltmore Orchestra plays it for dancing.

These recorders can smell a hit afar off. This is one.

And then there's Helen Kane.

This month she does two on a record for Victor. They are "I've Got It," from "Young Man of Manhattan," and "My Man Is on the Make" from "Heads Up."

Aileen Stanley, that ace of stage and record singers, has put "I Love You So Much" on wax, with a Victor label.

It's the hit song from "The Cuckoos." The California Ramblers also record it as a dance number under the Columbia brand.

J. Harold Murray, the operetta singer working for Fox films, sings two of his songs from "Women Everywhere" for the records.

They are "Smile, Legionnaire" and "Beware of Love."

Now follows a list of general picture music. Reach in and take your pick!

LET'S GO NATIVE

I've Gotta You	Gus Arnheim's Orchestra	Victor
It Must Be Spring	Waring's Pennsylvanians	Victor

CALL OF THE FLESH

Lonely	Ben Selvin's Orchestra	Columbia
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Noah Beery Records His Bass Songs!

IN GAY MADRID

Dark Night	Roger Wolfe Kahn's Orchestra	Brunswick
Into My Heart	Roger Wolfe Kahn's Orchestra	Brunswick

GOOD NEWS

If You're Not Kissing Me	Nat Shilkret's Orchestra	Victor
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THE SEA BAT

Lo-Lo	Green Brothers Marimba Band Ben Selvin's Orchestra	Victor Columbia
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SUNNY SKIES

You for Me	The High Hatters Tom Cline's Music	Victor Brunswick
Must Be Love	Eddie Walters (vocal)	Columbia

DANCING SWEETIES

The Kiss Waltz	Ben Bernie's Orchestra	Brunswick
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BRIGHT LIGHTS

Nobody Cares If I'm Blue	Miss Lee Morse (vocal) Marion Harris	Columbia Brunswick
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Two of filmland's favorite warblers are represented this month by two new double-faced discs. Both the boys have been toilers in the Metro-Goldwyn vineyard. The singers and their songs are:

CHARLES KING

Leave a Little Smile Here Comes the Sun	Brunswick Brunswick
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CLIFF "UKELELE IKE" EDWARDS

Sing a Song to the Stars	Columbia
Sing a Pretty Little Thing	Columbia

DIAMOND RINGS

WOOD
DIAMOND WEDDING RINGS

Finest 18K white gold . . . in delicately carved design . . . Brilliant blue white diamond with two smaller diamonds . . . \$100.

Beautiful blue white diamond set in finest 18K white gold . . . makes this exquisite Engagement Ring . . . \$150.

Admirers of exquisite diamonds and pure 18K white gold will recognize this Ring's beauty—yet its price is only . . . \$35.

So charming—so brilliant a diamond—yet so reasonably priced, 18K white gold. . . \$50.

5 of the finest diamonds set in a Flower of Love circle of pure 18K white gold. . . \$35.

Other white gold or platinum styles \$15 to \$800.

Every stone in it is full diamond circle it carefully selected. . . set in a beautifully designed band of platinum. . . \$200.

WEDDING RINGS

Other Wood Diamond Rings Priced Up to \$5,000.00

EXQUISITE ACCENTS TO ANY HAND—
THESE RINGS CAN BE BOUGHT WITH CERTAINTY

More than with any other purchase, Jewelry has had to be bought chiefly on confidence. Now, a famous 80-year old house—pre-eminent for sound values over three generations—helps you to an instant recognition of value! The Wood name, the Wood Symbol, is instant—complete assurance—that the Ring that bears it may be bought with entire certainty that its style is exquisitely correct and modern, and that its value is honorable . . . whatever the price. Wedding Rings, Diamond Rings, Diamond Circlets, Stone Rings and Signets—marked “ Σ Wood”—are inspired by designs direct from Paris. They can be found at most fine Jewelers from coast to coast.

The Symbol “ Σ Wood” is in each Ring and on each Tag. And write us for “Lovers’ Lament” a charming little story—which includes the new Ring styles—and name of your nearest Wood Jeweler.

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15 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK • PARIS • CHICAGO • BROOKLYN
AMERICA'S LEADING DIAMOND HOUSE AND JEWELRY MAKERS—SINCE 1855
WEDDING RINGS DIAMOND RINGS DIAMOND CIRCLETS STONE RINGS SIGNET RINGS

The age-old orange blossom wreath delicately carved on this Flower of Love Wedding Ring! \$14. 18K white gold. Others in white gold or platinum \$14 to \$40.

The Moderniste. So modern! So suitable to today's smart bride . . . \$14. 18K white gold. Other white gold or platinum styles \$10 to \$40.

Matched Sets
—Diamond Engagement Rings and Wedding Rings to match. In Flower of Love or Moderniste design, at a wide range of prices. Diamond Ring with seven diamonds \$100. Wedding Ring, \$15. in 18K white gold.



This “ Σ Wood” Symbol appears in Ring and Tag. Look for it when buying Jewelry for Certainty of value, Paris-inspired style. Good jewelers display it.



WOOD

FOOT SAVER SHOES



*Animate
your step with
youthful verve in*

FOOT SAVER SHOES

TURN your back on the folly of foot-fatigue! . . . Toss weariness where it belongs . . . Foot Saver Shoes bestow fresh fillip on feet weighed down with dullest care. Slip into a pair of these smart shoes and see what they do to your point of view! . . . Your mind grows joyously free. Strain gives way to tranquil poise. Your feet feel young and tireless . . . Because the body's weight is equalized—balanced—by Foot Saver's patented, inbuilt construction which firmly supports the sagging muscles of the arch. Yet this deft device in no way detracts from the sleek modishness of the shoes themselves . . . Let your step ripple forth with Foot Saver grace! . . . Let your eye revel in their surpassing chic!

Let us send you this New Style Portfolio!

Our Fall Fashion Booklet pictures many smart Foot Saver models. We shall be delighted to send it to you!

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 428 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.



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Name _____

Address _____

P10-20

Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co., Whitman, Mass., and Slater Shoe Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

October Birthdays

- October 3—Claud Allister, Henry Clive, Charles Firthman, Warner Oland
 October 4—Mary Emery, Dixie Gay, Buster Keaton, Carroll Nye
 October 5—James Bradbury, Jr.
 October 6—Janet Gaynor, Carol Lombard
 October 7—Robert Leonard, Jack Mulhall
 October 8—Finis Fox, William N. Robson
 October 9—Marjorie Beebe, Jeanette Loff, Joseph Schildkraut
 October 10—Harry Richman
 October 11—Lowell Sherman, Lillian Hackett
 October 12—James Bradbury, Sr., Karl Dane
 October 13—Lenore Bushman, Malcolm McGregor, Irene Rich
 October 15—Ina Claire, Mervyn Leroy, Claire Luce, P. G. Wodehouse
 October 16—Rex Bell, Molly O'Day
 October 17—Jean Arthur, Hapsburg Liebe, Marian Marsh, Marilyn Morgan
 October 18—Richard H. Diggs, Jr.
 October 20—Evelyn Brent, Charles Chase, Bela Lugosi, Marian Nixon
 October 21—Lloyd Hughes
 October 22—Robert Graves, Jr., Mitzi Green, James Hall, Gladys McConnell
 October 23—Sally O'Neil, Lilyan Tashman
 October 24—Byron Morgan
 October 26—H. B. Warner, Buddy Messinger
 October 27—John Boles
 October 30—Sue Carol



Meet Rube Goldberg, the chap who has been making you laugh for years with his goofy cartoons and inventions. Rube has made a distinct hit in motion pictures, and the day after his first production for Fox, called "Soup to Nuts," was released (it is reviewed in this issue), two other producers tried to hook him up. Rube is not what you would call a handsome guy, but then he doesn't know how to make up for photographs like a lot of actors do

THEY CRADLED CRÈME DE MENTHE

...AND
COOLER SMOKE

How much more pleasant is life because of these charming people ...these people who have discovered and fostered each new turn in enjoyment since enjoyment began. Thus, they were first to discover Spud and Spud's cooler smoke. They were first to recognize that cooler smoke cleared away the limitations on old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment...that cooler smoke sustained constant moist-cool mouth comfort, no matter how late or gay the evening. Thus, they cradled Spud... today's unquestioned freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.



MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES



Beauty, Brains or Luck?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

rope or playing house. Nor were her 'teens patterned with gay prom dances and Saturday nights at suburban country clubs.

Mrs. Daniels moved to Hollywood feeling they might earn a better, surer living in motion pictures. Bebe, with her mother and her gallant little grandmother, often knew the pinch of want.

When she could get a job under the Kliegs, Bebe took it. But jobs at this particular time were not plentiful. She was too old for children's parts and too young for other parts. It was a serious problem. Being a capable young woman, Bebe overcame it by dressing up in her mother's clothes and securing a chance to appear as Harold Lloyd's leading lady.

Harold Lloyd was not then the brilliant personality he is today, but it must be remembered to Bebe's everlasting credit that she kept the fast pace he set, climbing into prominence with him.

FOR some years, however, it looked as though Bebe's star were waning. The producers to whom she was under contract felt her vogue was over. They cast her in miserable pictures with which they filled out their programs.

She is a young woman. It must have been intolerable for her to have been considered passé, to face the fact that the career for which she had worked so indefatigably was over and that the rest of her life she would be a "has-been." In the meantime, she gave every hour of her spare time to singing lessons and practice, in anticipation of the arrival of the talkies. She had no time to look yearningly backwards. She was entirely occupied looking forward.

The day her contract was concluded she did not pack her trunks and run away to Europe or South America where she might nurse her hurt pride unseen. She did one of the bravest things ever done in a town that has witnessed extremes of both cowardice and bravery. She applied for the title rôle of "Rio Rita."

This rôle was regarded in Hollywood as one of the plums of the season. Bebe had dragged out her contract in wretched pictures. Who was she to knock boldly on William LeBaron's door and say: "Will you please listen to me sing? I've been studying for years, and I want to play 'Rio Rita.'"

William LeBaron listened to Bebe. He had tests taken of her, in costume, singing. And you know she got the part.

Certainly it was smart of Bebe to anticipate the talkies, and quietly go about preparing for them. But it is her bravery through all those belittling, pride-searing months—her splendid courage in facing William LeBaron with a request for the most brilliant rôle of the season—that gives one the greatest pause.

IN the New York Forties, on both sides of Broadway, stand many dreary brownstone fronts. Dejected lace curtains hang at the windows and in the front parlor there is an intermittent sign, "Furnished Rooms."

Just such a house served as one of May Allison's New York addresses when she came up from Georgia, with her mother, ambitious to make her fortune.

Every day, whether the rain fell or the wind blew or the sun poured its heat on city pavements, May went out to interview agents, to leave her name and address, to list her accomplishments and the details of her type. And at six o'clock, when the agencies had closed, she returned to that little room where her mother waited. For months her only news was the same discouraging story—they would let her know when they had anything.

A life like this is trying for anyone, but to two gentleness, accustomed to the freedom and comfort of their own home and the friend-

liness of a little sleepy town in Tennessee, it must have been pretty nearly unendurable. At home, May had been a belle. Why not, with her soft, fair skin and her hair so very gold? But she was willing to sacrifice the present to the future.

Sultry summer nights, when the breathless air was steeped with city sounds and odors, May and Mrs. Allison must have remembered their home with longing. Surely they often knew a nostalgia for their old garden and the fragrant bouquet that hung over the veranda screened with lilacs and honeysuckle. And limited to frugal, Sterno-cooked meals, surely they grew hungry for the savory dinners their old darty cooked in her big kitchen down home.

But May carried on. She walked extra miles to save carfare, and brought home a bright carnation to her mother. Neither of them ever considered abandoning their ambitions. If



Sixteen, and signed for the movies! Any wonder this pretty child looks happy? Joan Castle, a youngster from Brooklyn, who was snapped up by Fox after they heard her sing on the radio

they were gentlewomen they were also thoroughbreds. The letters they wrote to the anxiously waiting family were always cheerful, and often enough there was nothing to make them that way.

As things turned out, it was May's beauty that gave her her first opportunity. "Everywoman" was cast. The director saw May, a golden seventeen with a voice like velvet. And he chose her to play Bebe.

But beauty alone wouldn't have sufficed for the trying years of fighting her way uphill that followed. As understudy for Ina Claire in "The Quaker Girl," there were several times when Miss Claire was ill and May had to step on the stage to stand comparison with this favorite of Broadway's daughters. She did it so well that the part finally became hers.

All this took courage and brains. But always under the gold of the Allison hair there have been brains, and her eyes are blue badge of her courage.

Then, her future on the stage assured, May once again turned her back on security for uncertainty. She was farsighted enough to see the future in motion pictures. And if her first days in Hollywood weren't nearly so trying as her first days in New York, nevertheless once

again she had to adjust herself to a totally strange world.

How quickly and brilliantly she did this, motion picture history tells. With Harold Lockwood she became one of the most popular co-stars on the screen. Her salary mounted. She lived graciously but carefully. She invested her money wisely. And always she remembered that across the sea lay strange lands, lands she wanted to know.

Her salary was twenty-five hundred dollars a week and her name might have been spelled in electric lights for many years more when she quit the studios. At last she was going to enjoy the fruits of her work. At last she was going to smell the Carthaginian rose. And she set sail on a trip around the world during which strange lands became familiar and dark-skinned people friends.

Today May Allison is a fulfillment of all she promised when, at seventeen, she dared leave the little town in which she reigned as a belle to make her way in an alien world.

THIS, our last story, began in Ystad, a small town in Sweden. The little houses were one story high, bright with peasant colors and crisp flowers in the little window boxes, but lacking any note of luxury or even comfort, as we understand it. Often enough the only gold the people of Ystad possessed was the bright Northern sunshine and the shine of their children's hair. To them the world was Ystad with its several shops, its festivals, its births, its marriages and its deaths. And because they had not been spoiled by too many things the people in Ystad were happy.

Even in such settlements, however, there are likely to be outstanding personalities. Such was Anna Querenita, the daughter of Nilsson, a tradesman. Anna was the leader when the children could be spared from household tasks for their noisy play.

She could tell the most beautiful stories; of other lands and other towns and of distant cities that pierced the blue of the sky with the shining tops of their buildings. Things the other children read about in text-books and found dull and stupid were to Anna Querenita as wonderful and beautiful as fairy stories.

She made the little Swedish boys and girls fairly hold their breath because she said she was going to sail across the sea to those cities . . . because she insisted she was going to America and pick up so much gold in the street that she would make her mother and father rich, so very rich her mother would wear a fine silk dress every day.

THE adults sometimes clucked disapproving tongues at Anna with her stories and of distant cities that came to her eyes, but the children always knew that what she told them would come true. Strangely enough, Anna had an invitation to go to America and visit with an aunt and uncle in Brooklyn for a few months. Her geography told her Brooklyn was just across a river from New York. She would see the tall, beautiful buildings and the streets filled with gold!

She found that the buildings did reach up as if to touch the sky, but there was no gold in the streets. As a matter of fact, the streets were quite dirty compared to the streets in Ystad. Still, Anna believed if she could stay in this land she would make her fortune. And when her mother and father wrote, saying they would expect her on the next Swedish ship that sailed, she ran away from Brooklyn.

Anna was twelve years old, with hair like skeins of heavy gold silk and eyes of the deepest blue. She took the only position she could get, that of a domestic servant. Her work was

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



"Please tell me . . ."

JEAN CARROLL'S Page on Hair Beauty

HOW do you feel about your hair when you look in the mirror? Pleased, because you see such a satiny, becoming, *youthful* frame for your face? Or are you a little self-conscious because your hair looks limp, discouraged, dull?

Hair can make us look older, carelessly groomed. Or, if it is radiant with light and health, it can make us look younger, make our features look more piquant, make our eyes look brighter. And the encouraging part of it is that we can all improve our hair and make it, if we will, a shining, glorious crown to our charm.

"Too dry to wave naturally"

Dear Miss Carroll: My hair used to be very wavy and it waves now during the summer when my head gets hot and damp. But during the winter my hair seems to lose practically all its natural wave—and is very dry, especially after a shampoo. How can I keep my hair soft and restore the natural wave? Thank you.—E. B. K., Townsend, Mass.

IF we can once get rid of that over-dry condition for you, the natural wave ought to come back. Do you know that you can get a special shampoo just for dry hair . . . a pure vegetable-oil liquid shampoo that contains the soothing, softening glycerine which you find in many good skin-lotions? You can—and it leaves your hair softer and easier to manage. This shampoo is Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. It's golden in color, and makes a wonderful lather. Then, as a further measure, get a little oil of sweet almonds at the drug store and drop a few drops on your scalp—not the hair—with a medicine dropper. Brush your hair every day to stir the oil glands to greater activity, and distribute the oil evenly over your hair. Then see if the natural wave doesn't show up even when the weather is cold and dry.

Help please! "Such oily hair"

Dear Miss Carroll: Please, oh please tell me what to do for my hair. I am "a neutral blonde" and my hair, like my skin, is dreadfully oily. Shortly after I wash it, it gets lank and stringy and I can't do anything with it. Think what *that* does to my looks!—D. A., Seven Oaks, Canada.

DEAR D. A., A head of the loveliest hair I nearly ever saw was "neutral blonde"—so shining and baby-soft that you wanted to

touch it. Its owner had to struggle with oiliness too. She did what I hope you'll do. She got a special shampoo for oily hair, *Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*, and she washed her hair and washed it—every three days at first or whenever it showed a trace of oil. Then, gradually she had to wash it less often to keep it looking nice.

I can't urge you too strongly to use this special shampoo. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is pure, safe and gentle, and it's good for your hair. *Then*—and this is the grand part—it is very gently astringent. It tends to tighten up the relaxed oil glands, so they don't send out quite so much oil. In addition, use bay rum on your scalp between shampoos. Give your hair sun-baths—not so strenuously

that you burn out the life—but for fifteen minutes at a time. These—and the special shampoo—will tone up your scalp. And let me hear how your hair improves.

What to do for dandruff

Dear Miss Carroll: I certainly would appreciate some worthwhile advice. My hair is light brown, or at least that is as close as I can get to the color. It always did have sort of a dead-hair color. It is very dry and I have dandruff. I have tried shampooing with oily treatments, but without much luck.—Mrs. J. W., Kingsville, Md.

"DEAD-HAIR color"—goodness! If that's the way your hair looks, we certainly must do something to make it shining and alive. Of course, dandruff makes good-looking hair almost impossible . . . Dandruff may be dry or oily and you apparently have the dry kind.

So let's begin to get the best of that dandruff with a cake of Packer's Tar Soap. This soap has long been approved by doctors as a standard treatment for dandruff cases. Its rich lather is gently antiseptic and the pine tar certainly discourages dandruff germs. Don't be satisfied with an occasional shampoo—begin with three shampoos in a row—one a day for three days! Massage the piney lather well into your scalp. Don't think these daily shampoos are too much trouble—think of them as a prescription. They'll really help your scalp. Then shampoo every few days and finally once a week. You'll feel cheered up, I know, when you see how your hair improves in "tone" and shows its natural light and sparkle.

JEAN CARROLL

Time in—radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair beauty every Tuesday morning.

LET ME SEND YOU SAMPLES

(10¢ for one; 25¢ for all three)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. Dept. 16-1, 101 W. 31st St., New York

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked:

- Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)
 Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
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I enclose _____ cents (enclose coin, not stamps—10¢ for 1 sample, 25¢ for all 3).

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....no more

"Brittle Lashes"



NEW DISCOVERY Beautifies Lashes the Natural way

Found: an entirely new way to accentuate the loveliness of lashes.

NEW . . . Different from any other preparation. Mascaras have used so far often made lashes stiff—beady—brittle—coarse looking. Now you need not fear . . .

NEW . . . Wink with an entirely different "double treatment" formula. First it *darkens* lashes—gives them an enticing shadowy beauty. Then it *softens* lashes. Even brittle lashes become silky. And lashes that have been affected by ordinary mascaras soon regain their natural curliness. Regular treatment with this new Wink actually promotes the health and growth of eyelashes.

NEW . . . Wink comes in two forms:—*Liquid*, which gives those subtle—smart effects, is waterproof and can be applied so easily . . .

Cake—for soft, exquisite effects. In its silvery compact it is a chic accessory to dressing table or handbag.

At any drug or department store.



THE NEW

WINK

for lovely lashes

Beauty, Brains or Luck?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108]

hard. Her wages were small. Her position was humble. But she was in New York and it was a beginning. And she wrote her mother and father not to worry, that she had a job, that she would one day be rich and famous.

ANNA saved her wages. With Scandinavian thrift she wouldn't buy so much as a bright red ribbon for her hair. And month after month her little hoard increased.

Nights, after days of hard work, she became proficient in stenography and typing. This was another step up the steep ladder she was so very determined to climb. Once in a while she spared a few pennies to send picture post cards to the girls and boys in Ystad, postals that showed the great buildings. And she never mentioned that there was no gold in the streets.

It was through her employer that she met Harrison Fisher. He was struck by her blue eyes, by her hair like melted gold, and by the proud way she held her head, as if she were a queen. Anna's beauty began to appear on magazine covers. Penrhyn Stanlaws took her for his model, too, and insisted she was "The Prettiest Girl in America." Big shops tempted her with flattering offers if she would model in their hats, coats and gowns.

Those were the days when the motion pictures were beginning to claim attention. They didn't pay as much as Anna had received for her posing and modelling, but her blue eyes were on the future. So she devoted her talents to motion pictures exclusively. And if the way was often hard, what did that matter to a girl with the brave heart of a Viking?

For years now Anna's mother has worn a silk dress every day. But, otherwise, in spite of Anna's dreams all having come true, in spite of the money she sends home, her family live pretty much as they did when she was a girl. People in Ystad are like that.

During the last two years Anna Querentia has needed her brave heart and her shining courage. She has been crippled, an invalid. Returning to the studios too soon after a horseback accident she found herself with a leg that would not answer her bidding. Surgeons, doctors and osteopaths have consulted over

her case with grave faces. Her bone refused to knit so that she could resume her activities and, in the talkies, make her way to greater glory. For a time it was feared Anna might never walk again. But Anna had faith.

"This new man is wonderful," she has insisted time and time again when some new doctor became interested in her case. "He knows his job. He will cure me."

Several months ago a very great surgeon examined Anna and finally explained that he could make her well again if she would let him operate, and if, after the operation, she would lie quietly and patiently for months. He warned her it would be very trying, very painful, and very long drawn out.

Anna agreed. She entered the hospital, to joke with the nurses, to tell the doctor he underestimated her recuperative powers and that she would mend quicker than he thought.

Always she has risen above her years of invalidism and suffering. Always she has kept her courage and spirit bright. And, today, she possesses the same determination that brought her, an immigrant girl, to international fame.

Today she proves the same courage that made it possible for her to forge the dreams dreamed in little Ystad into unbelievable, miraculous realities.

We are grateful to be able to write a happy ending to Anna Querentia's story. The last advices from her surgeon assure us that she soon will be about again, well and strong . . . and that before the year is out she will be able to resume her place upon the screen.

Like so many of the girls in motion pictures, Anna never will be seen as a greater heroine than she has proved in reality, or in a story more dramatic than her own.

AND still people say, "She got a lucky break!" or, "Movie stars, they're beautiful but dumb!" As if finding success in the movies and keeping it is one iota different from achieving and retaining success in any crowded, competitive field.

Beauty, brains and backbone . . . not any one of these but all three are the stuff of which the stars are made. And luck—well, that's just incidental.



Married at last, after a three year engagement! Vivian Duncan and Nils Asther, who were married in Reno, Nev., early in August. They spent a brief week-end holiday at Lake Tahoe

Men want MATES ...not martyrs

Mrs. Martha Lang points a way to regain that precious companionship—through this modern method of eliminating home's most burdensome task.

GONE is the old-fashioned notion that successful wifehood meant drudgery. Modern husbands want *modern wives*. And just as they are accustomed to the most scientific methods in their work, so they like their homes to be run on a scientific basis. That is why old-fashioned washday is a thing of the past in eight million American homes.

Mrs. Martha Lang, Consultant in Improved Methods at the American Institute of Laundering, has helped make it possible for you to obtain exactly the kind of washday service you require. When you send your clothes to the laundry nowadays, each step of the washing process is as gentle, as safe, as modern science can make it.

There is a present-day laundry in your community, ready to serve you. Mrs. Martha Lang urges you to "Let the Laundry Do It" this week. Gain that precious freedom which will enable you to become a real mate to your husband!

(Left) Good grooming for men demands the laundry-finished shirt and collar. When the present-day laundry does a shirt, it holds its neatness all day long

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Let the LAUNDRY do it!

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Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY



Be FAIR to your HAIR

Clean, healthy, luxuriant and well-arranged hair is a decided asset to any woman or man. When your hair begins to get thin and lose its lustre, watch out—it's nature's warning.

Brittle, dry hair and unsightly dandruff can be relieved almost immediately the "Val-N-Cha way."

Keep your scalp clean and healthy—give your hair the exercise and nourishment it needs and nature will do its own work. America's foremost beauticians and barbers employ the "Val-N-Cha Twins" to conquer their most stubborn hair and scalp problems.

These experts have searched the world over for aids to insure hair health and thousands of them claim that their quest has ended in the "Val-N-Cha Twins."

Val-N-Cha pure vegetable oil treatment, the refreshing shampoo—a vegetable oil without oiliness—absolutely without alkali—purely an oil but washes out in plain water, adding new softness, life and lustre—rids the scalp of grime and natural or unnatural accumulations—conquers psoriasis—stimulates growth.

Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic, healing and soothing—twelve fragrant ingredients in one secret blend, bringing youth and health to your hair and keeping it tractable without greasiness or plastered stiffness.

Thousands of unsolicited testimonials that Val-N-Cha "helps nature" is the reason for our money-back guarantee.

In the larger cities good beauticians and barbers use Val-N-Cha Oil Treatment and Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic professionally. Perhaps your druggist has not yet stocked it so if you are unable to obtain it please check the coupon below and mail it with your remittance to the Banner Manufacturing Co., Banner Bldg., Detroit, Michigan. Val-N-Cha pure vegetable oil treatment and Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic are priced at one dollar (\$1.00) per bottle.

Your order will come to you postage paid

COUPON

Banner Manufacturing Co.,
Banner Building, Detroit, Mich.
Enclosed please find \$_____ for which you may send me

- 1 bottle Val-N-Cha pure vegetable oil treatment
 1 bottle Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SINCE the curveless figure came in a few years ago, a large percentage of American women have been struggling valiantly to keep down the billows by various diets and exercises.

Others have been merely wishing.

Ten years ago, before the day of the so-called "Hollywood Diet," promoted by the grapefruit barons, our girls were more buxom. And liked it. Even so, there were those who decided, in the privacy of their boudoirs, that they could do nicely with fifteen or twenty pounds less tonnage.

FOR these, PHOTOPLAY printed, in its issue for October, 1920, a two-page story headed, "Do You Want to Reduce?"

It told—with illustrations—how four of the cinema's fairest kept their figures within bounds. And there wasn't a grapefruit, a lamb chop or a surgeon's knife in the lot!

Take the case of Geraldine Farrar, opera star turned movie queen ten years ago. Gerry, the flappers' goddess, reduced from 185 to 135 for her picture work. No starches or candy, enough exercise, eight hours' sleep, and poof! Off went fifty pounds!

Alice Brady reported no trouble. Hard work in the studio by day and the theater by



The beloved Geraldine Farrar as she looked in the film "Joan of Arc," at the time she was reducing from 185 to 135 pounds

night did the trick. Dorothy Dalton also said that her stage work in "Aphrodite" kept down the weight.

But Mae Murray! Ah! Mae, then the sophomores' delight, said she didn't want to be thin, avowing that men liked the girls "well-rounded." And Mae said she kept perfectly rounded on a milk diet.

And there's the reducing idea a decade ago.

ONE of our personality stories this month is about Bobby Harron, D. W. Griffith's bashful boy actor—just promoted to stardom after years of the old master's training in the famous Pickford-Gish-Mae Marsh-Barthelme troupe.

Bobby was a modest soul. Really little to tell about that short, uneventful life and career. He began in that old Biograph cutting room as a small boy, and then played bits at five

dollars a week. Then slow promotion to featured rôles. Then, at the door to stardom, he was accidentally shot and killed.

Bobby's only a memory now—and only in the hearts of those who were ardent fans in what are now jokingly called "The Biograph Days."

EVERYBODY is agog, just now, to know whether Harold Lloyd and Bebe Daniels are married. Harold denies it absolutely and *in toto* . . . Incidentally, the droll Cal York remarks this month that up to the moment of going to press Constance Talmadge had not been reported engaged to anyone. Impossible! . . . If you were wondering, in 1920, what had become of Edith Storey, of Old Vitagraph fame, we told you at once that she had signed with Robertson-Cole and had just appeared in a picture called "Moon Madness." . . . Here's a picture of George B. Seitz, with June Caprice and Marguerite Courtot, off to Spain to make a picture. Seitz then was a dashing he-man actor, often in serials. Now he is a dignified director for Radio Pictures, and Marguerite and June—oh, where are they? . . . Lieut. Omer Locklear, famous stunt aviator for pictures, has just been killed when his plane crashed 10,000 feet while cameras ground. . . .

THE learned Burns Mantle, head of our Shadow Stage crew, hasn't much to work on this month in the way of swell pictures.

He starts off with a review of Norma Talmadge's new picture, "Yes or No?" and calls it "interesting." The cast contains Lowell Sherman, Rocklife Fellows, Gladden James and Natalie Talmadge.

Then comes "The Fighting Chance" with Anna Quenteria Nilsson and Conrad Nagel. Mantle calls the latter "a promising young juvenile of the screen who is not pretty enough to spoil him and still attractive enough to have a following." In the light of a decade, Burns tabbed Nagel pretty well.

Billie Burke's new picture is "Away Goes Prudence." Mickey Neilan directs Pat O'Malley and Agnes Ayres in "Go and Get It." Alma Rubens, Montagu Love and Gaston Glass appear in "The World and His Wife." Mabel Normand in "The Slim Princess," Charlie Ray in "Homer Comes Home," and Harold Lloyd in "High and Dizzy."

MARY and Doug, honeymooning abroad, spent the Fourth of July in Coblenz, Germany, where they were entertained by portions of the American Army of Occupation . . . Elliott Dexter has left the Cecil De Mille camp . . . The young lady named Hope Hampton has just appeared in her second picture. It is called "Tiger Lady." And our story goes on to say that "Jack Gilbert, young actor whom Maurice Tourneur took under his wing and made assistant director, will guide Miss Hampton's screen destinies in the future." Yep—it's our Jack . . . Anna Q. Nilsson is going back to Sweden to visit the folks and perhaps make a picture . . . Hoot Gibson, a Universal cow-hand, is going to be promoted to feature pictures . . . And here's one even we can't answer—what's become of Mary Fuller? The former Edison leading woman has just faded from sight. (Some years ago we found that Miss Fuller was living in retirement in Washington, D. C.)

TIDBITS of the October issue—

Universal takes a whole page to advertise its new star, Carmel Myers, in "In Folly's Trail," first of eight pictures.

Here's a full-page picture of a pretty young girl smiling out of a Kodak advertisement. Right—it's Eleanor Boardman, who was the famous "Kodak Girl" then. She Kodaked As She Went, in those days.



More than 400 ring styles in iridio-platinum or gold, jeweled or unjeweled — all readily identified by this tag

By their rings

WOMEN JUDGE WOMEN

You notice other women's rings . . . other women will notice yours. By the smartness, beauty and correctness of engagement and wedding rings, the taste of the wearer is judged. In making this important purchase, you need not be content with less than the best, for GENUINE Traub Orange Blossom rings cost no more than inferior imitations . . . yet assure the ultimate in style, the finest quality in diamonds and the superior workmanship of Traub craftsmen. Insist upon Traub Orange Blossom . . . at the better jewelers'.

This engagement ring at \$100 in white gold...\$150 in iridio-platinum...others according to jewelers; the wedding ring, in white gold, \$12 . . . others up to \$500.

Our interesting booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request. Ask your jeweler, too, about the new vogue in scarf pins.

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T R A U B

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Genuine Orange Blossom*

TRADE  ORANGE BLOSSOM MARK



*"It's
certainly a pleasure
to use my*

Velvetskin

P A T T E R

Drene Delroy

Miss Delroy, famed musical comedy favorite, now a Warner Brothers picture star, certainly sounded a keynote when asked about her **Velvetskin Patter** . . . for this marvelous little home beauty expert really makes an exhilarating pleasure of a former task. Miss Delroy says:

"It is certainly a pleasure to use my **VELVETSKIN PATTERN**. So thoroughly does it stimulate and refresh the skin and muscles of my face that no matter how tired I may be my face never seems to show it."

For your complexion's sake use the **Velvetskin Patter**. Proper stimulation of the facial muscles is all important . . . and must be attained by gentle patting. The fingers of the **Velvetskin Patter** work in creams and emollients and accomplish the pore-deep cleansing so necessary for a perfect complexion.

The **Velvetskin Patter** is available in the three popular boudoir colors . . . Jade Green, Orchid, and Primrose, with electrical cord to match.

If you cannot find it in your favorite shop or store, mail the coupon below.



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60 Britannia Street, Meriden, Connecticut

Enclosed find check or money order for which please send one **Velvetskin Patter** with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.

Mark X here for Alternating Current, \$5.00.

Mark X here for Direct Current, \$7.50.

Mark X here for free Beauty Booklet only.

Color wanted: Orchid, Jade Green, Primrose.

Name.....

Street and No.

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

My dealer's name.....

These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

EVELYN LAYE ("Lilli," Goldwyn-United Artists) will soon break upon our view as the latest British contribution to the screen's blonde beauties. An ornament of English musical comedy for some years, the dainty Evelyn scored a triumph in New York last winter in the Noel Coward operette, "Bitter-Sweet." After that, Hollywood was a sure shot.



JAMES RENNIE ("The Bad Man," First National) hardly needs introducing, but his first appearance in talkies gets him in here. He met Dorothy Gish when leading man in one of her silent pictures years ago, and married her. They still care. Rennie has been an able and prominent stage leading man for years, and made many silent appearances in the old days.



CLAUDIA DELL ("Big Boy," Warners) is one of Ziegfeld's loveliest graduates. Claudia (real last name Smith, of the San Antonio Smiths) is a tall, lovely blonde in the true "Follies" tradition. After her musical comedy experience, she went West to seek her fortune in pictures, and Warners signed her for five years. She debuted in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."



CHARLES STARRETT ("The Best People," Paramount) is a lad to watch. Paramount seems to have great faith in him. He's not long out of Dartmouth, with one semi-professional picture job and a little stage experience behind him. Now he is in fast company, playing in this picture with Carol Lombard, Frank Morgan and Miriam Hopkins. Good luck, Chuck!



CATHERINE MOYLAN ("Easy Going," M-G-M) is the second Ziegfeld beauty whose talkie dawn we hail this month. Catherine is another typical pippin of the type favored by the old girl-show maestro. She appeared in such Ziegfeld flash operas as "Rio Rita," "Rosalie" and "Whoopee." Now she is under Metro contract, and has worked in three films.



FRED KERR ("Raffles," Goldwyn-United Artists) is the prime portrayer of grumpy old English noblemen on stage or screen. Mr. Kerr is a real veteran of the British and American theaters. He made his talkie debut in "A Lady of Scandal," playing the same rôle he had on the stage and scored an instantaneous success with it.



KAY HAMMOND ("The Trespasser," United Artists) brought a wealth of good stage training to her performance as the crippled wife in the Swanson talkie hit, and will add many more to her screen gallery in time to come. Miss Hammond has long been one of the foremost stock leading women in the country, playing scores of rôles in all sorts of plays.



JACK HALEY ("Follow Thru," Paramount) began, as so many do, in vaudeville. He was a member of the well-known team of Crafts and Haley. You've seen 'em. Jack broke upon Broadway in a very large manner as the comedy lead in the stage production of "Follow Thru," the golf musical show, and Paramount naturally picked him for the picture version.

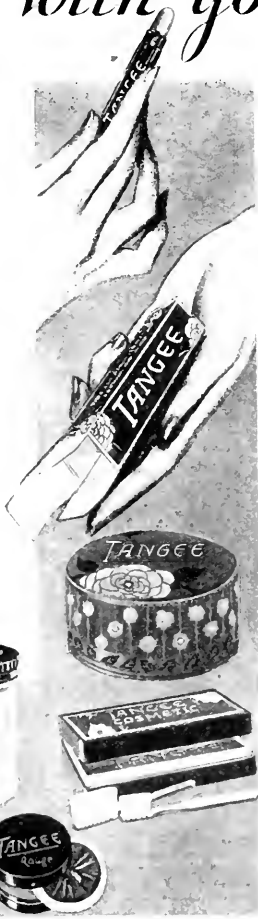




ITS COLOR CHANGES . . .
to blend with your complexion

TANGEE

Look for the name TANGEE on the package; patronize the store that gives you what you ask for. Tangee Lipstick, \$1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75c . . . Crème Rouge, \$1. Face Powder, blended to match the natural skin tones, \$1. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, \$1. Day Cream, a foundation cream, protects the skin, \$1. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, \$1.



Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee changes as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your individual complexion, whether blonde, brunette or tanned.

For Tangee gives a natural glow without thickness or substance . . . permanent, with never a trace of grease or smear. The exact shade of this glow depends both upon how much Tangee you apply and upon your own natural coloring.

Tangee keeps lips lovely all day long. Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base . . . it not only beautifies but actually soothes and heals. And it lasts twice as long as other lipsticks.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

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A Clean, Fresh Tie★

HIS appearance should mean much to you. Spotless garments help bring success. Keep his ties clean with Energine—it's easy!

Simply moisten a clean cloth with Energine. A gentle rub or two! The spot vanishes! Takes but a minute, for Energine dries instantly. Leaves no odor!

Energine will quickly and thoroughly remove dirt and grease spots from ties without wrinkling or taking out the crease. Positively harmless to the finest fabrics.

You soon become an expert in removing spots with Energine by following the simple directions on every label. Energine cleans a world of things. And a little goes a long way. Large can 35c. Give Energine a trial—and, like millions of others, you'll never be without it.

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Short Subjects of the Month

THE remaking of famous shorts and serials of the silent days with sound, talk and effects has now arrived in the field.

One of the first of these to be redone with chatter is the famous "Leather Pushers." The first chapter of the talkie version is reviewed below.

HOOKS AND EYES

Universal

Those who remember Reginald Denny in the silent version of "Leather Pushers" will be interested to see the noted series gone talkie. Kane Richmond is now the good looking hero, and others in the cast are Sam Hardy, Sally Blane and Jack White. First chapter is excellent.

PRIZE PUPPIES

Educational

The latest brief laughter from the atelier of the famous Lloyd Hamilton. Bulbous Lloyd carries the burden alone, as the dialogue is pretty feeble. He plays a vagabondish soul who somehow gets mixed up as judge of a dog show. Hamilton's mannerisms get most of the haw-haw-haws.

AVERAGE HUSBANDS

Sennett-Educational

One of Old Comedy-Master Sennett's most sophisticated and brilliant parlor comedies. Situations are proved immeasurably funnier than custard pie. Andy Clyde, slinky Natalie Moorhead, funny Pat O'Malley and suave Albert Conti—isn't that a cast to conjure with for cleverness?

THE RAP

Hal Roach-M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy here graduate into longer pictures, and while they aren't quite so good here as in compressed chucklers, the picture is plenty funny. The boys get sent up for selling home brew, and get caught in a jail break. You'll recognize some of "The Big House" sets.

MARCHING TO GEORGIA

Christie-Paramount

The feature of this is the acrobatic comedy of Buster West, one of the nation's outstanding hoofers. Buster and his father, John West, are sailors—with Buster in love with John's daughter (in the film). Complications in a boarding school, and considerable slapstick hilarity.

THE SONG PLUGGER

Warners-Vitaphone Variety

Joe Frisco is the cigar-smoking jazz dancer whose first short, "The Benefit," was very successful. His imitation of Helen Morgan made it so. Here he plays an employee of a music publishing house. He sings a little, hoofes a little and tells a long yarn about his first wife.

THE FIGHTING PARSON

Hal Roach-M-G-M

Another Harry Langdon that needs story and good dialogue, though this has its amusing moments. Harry plays his usual sapsiph character, with a little guitar plunking, singing and dancing. In the supporting cast are such superlative girls as Thelma Todd and Nancy Dover.

THE RIGHT BED

Coronet-Educational

Edward Everett Horton, whose rep increases comedy by comedy, stars in this domestic matter. Eddie comes home late at night, to find a strange blonde in his bed. But—he! he!—it turns out to be only his wife after all, wearing a yellow wig. Quiet but funny in Eddie's style.

THE BEAR SHOOTERS

Hal Roach-M-G-M

Our Gang is up to its old tricks, but dialogue hasn't helped the kids any. They make a lot of faces, but the action is slowed up. Here they go on a camping trip, with a mule for company, and get mixed up with a couple of had men. Old pal Farina gets most of the chuckles.

VACATION LOVE

Sennett-Educational

One of those hilarious mix-ups that happen only at ritzy summer resorts—in the movies. Andy Clyde's moth-eaten moustache gets tangled up with vampish Betty Boyd in a boisterous affair. Ben Bard, John Darrow and cute Patsy O'Leary supply other angles of the ha-ha-heart interest. Lots of laughs.

THE POTTERS

Warners-Vitaphone Variety

This is probably the best series of talking comedies made to date. The adventures of this everyday American family are very funny. In this chapter *Pat Potter*, wonderfully played by Lucien Littlefield, decided to become a duck hunter. And such hunting!

TWO PLUS FOURS

Pathé

This is another campus comedy—but with the phoniest collegiates imaginable. Nat Carr, leading comic, plays a college tailor about to be dispossessed when these incredible college youths come to his aid. Thelma Hill furnishes the beauty end of a mild matter.

THE ROUNDER

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This is one of the best shorts of recent months—an excellent comedy with a fine cast consisting of the nonchalant Jack Benny, George K. Arthur, Polly Moran and Dorothy Sebastian—all feature players. It's a little farce about a soused gentleman who ambles into the wrong room.

THE LAUREL AND HARDY MURDER MYSTERY

Hal Roach-M-G-M

This is a scorchingly funny burlesque on the murder mystery thing. Laurel and Hardy try to chisel in as heirs of a wealthy man's estate. The will is read in a hokum spook-ridden house, and all the old foolery gets gallons of laughs. Another boost for this team.

SESSIONS CLOCKS



The clock above, also starred in "Danger Lights", is the Elf. It comes either electric or spring wound. Finished in rose, blue, green or ivory. Electric \$9.75. Sessions Banjo clocks, all sizes, mahogany or color, like the one shown in the still at the right, either electric or spring wound. Very reasonable in price.

IN FEATURE PICTURE

"Danger Lights," Radio Pictures' Crashing Railroad Drama De- picts Exciting Race With Time

"What time is it?" How much that question sometimes can mean! Even life or death, in the rampant blood-tingling story told by "Danger Lights," high spot feature production of Radio Pictures. That question, more and more intensely asked as "Danger Lights" unfolds, scene after scene, is answered faithfully by Sessions Clocks.

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See this daring, tingling drama, "Danger Lights" will reach your city soon. See the Sessions Clocks, costars with Mr. Wolheim, Mr. Armstrong and Miss Arthur.

SESSIONS CLOCKS

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]



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used, but they must be chosen carefully and directions followed implicitly. Some skins are irritated by bleaches, so it is wise to try out a bleach on your arms for a few nights before using it on your face, neck and shoulders.

All bleaching is necessarily slow, and you can't hasten it without harming your skin and perhaps your health. It's like dieting—it has to be done sanely and with patience. Remember, your tan didn't come in a day, either—not if you acquired it without burning.

Proper make-up will smooth your path amazingly. If your neck continues several shades darker than your face, use powder that is just a shade lighter than your neck. Apply it generously to the neck first, and then work it up into the skin of your face, blending the uneven coloring into one smooth surface.

If your eyebrows are overshadowed by the depth of your skin tones, emphasize them with eyebrow pencil. You may find that a more brilliant cheek and lip rouge has become necessary, or a bit of eye shadow. On the other hand, many girls have found that tan has brought out a new beauty in eyes and lips and made less make-up necessary, except under artificial lights.

And don't forget that shoulders which will emerge from evening gowns must be given the same attention as the face. And so must hands.

ARDENT ADMIRER:

You make me feel like a movie star! Thank you.

You are only a few pounds overweight, not a serious fault in a growing girl. Just cut down on sodas and candy, but don't eat less at mealtime. I'm assuming you are interested in some active sport and that you walk a normal amount.

If you have tried the bitter aloe treatment and failed, you will have to cure yourself of nail-biting simply by deciding not to do it. If you forget now and then, just start over again, and after a little time you will find yourself free from that unpleasant and disfiguring habit. I know you want pretty hands, so it's worth working for.

BROWN EYES:

I think you should discontinue the facial treatments, as they may be partly responsible for the condition of your skin. At any rate, from what you tell me it is evident they are not correcting it. Right now it would seem wiser to keep your face scrupulously clean with a bland soap and warm water supplemented occasionally by a cream or liquid cleanser, followed by a mild astringent. My skin leaflet will give you some helpful advice on the general care of the complexion and the removal of blackheads. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request.

Some girls don't consult their mirrors seriously or often enough, but you are going to the other extreme. Stop searching for small flaws. If you have made abrasions with tweezers that were not deftly handled you will have to give them time to heal. Train yourself to keep your fingers away from your face, except when you are giving it necessary care, and I'm sure you will see excellent results in a few months.

MARION S.:

Dark circles under the eyes are sometimes matters calling for medical attention. Sometimes they are the result of eyestrain or insufficient rest. Unless they are very pronounced I don't think you need worry about them.

You can wear clear, transparent reds that are not too vivid; pale yellow; rich blues and

green-blue; orchid; beige, black with touches of white, and all-white.

Your make-up will depend to some extent on what colors you are wearing. Generally, I believe the raspberry shades in rouge and lipstick, with a light rachel powder, should be becoming. When you wear yellow and beige shades you may find an orange tinted make-up more harmonious, although you will have to be careful not to overdo it.

LAUREL:

Strange as it may seem at first glance, incorrect diet is frequently largely responsible for excessive oiliness of the hair. Eat plenty of leafy vegetables, fruit and salads. Cut down a trifle on starches, fats and oils, and drink more water.

For local treatment of the scalp, nothing surpasses daily brushing with a firm, blunt bristle brush. This may seem to make your hair even more oily at first, but it will gradually help to normalize the functioning of the oil glands and improve the general tone of the scalp by stimulating circulation. Gentle massage with the finger tips is also excellent. Then shampoo as often as necessary, let the sun and wind get at your hair frequently in moderate doses, and you will see great improvement. Reputable hair tonics and lotions are also of value in improving the general tone of the scalp and overcoming dandruff.

PAULINE M. R.:

You probably reduced too strenuously. Naturally, when the body weight is brought down rapidly the face becomes thin. If you are eating normally again your cheeks will gradually fill out, but it may take some time—longer than it does to put flesh back on your body. In the meantime, massage with nourishing creams will be helpful and will keep the skin stimulated. Be careful to pat in the cream instead of pulling the skin, as rapid reduction leaves the skin loose and it can easily be pulled into wrinkles. You have nothing to worry about if you give your face the proper care.

LAUREL M.:

I have read and re-read your letter, Laurel, and I just can't see why a girl of your type should not be popular. Either you are trying so hard to be attractive to boys that they sense your overzealousness in bidding for their attention, or you are not getting the right opportunities to meet boys who like nice girls. You are very young! However, and the next few years will probably mean a great deal to you in bringing you companionship and invitations. Don't fret about it and don't miss any opportunities for wholesome good times with boys. Join all the clubs and other organizations you can that will give you the right contacts.

E. E.:

All exercises that stretch the ankles are helpful in reducing them. Walking about your bedroom without shoes and on tiptoe is a good practice. Raising on tiptoe, up and down, twenty times a day is also helpful. And here are two exercises that are especially good:

Stand erect, feet together and hands on hips. With right leg supporting weight of body, swing left leg forward and backward easily, like the pendulum of a clock, going as far forward and as far backward as possible without strain. Repeat a dozen times, alternating with the other foot.

Jump rapidly from one leg to the other, trotting like a pony but standing always in the same spot. Lift knee each time as high as you can. Do this about 20 times.

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

Josie, Your Blood-Pressure!

Hackensack, N. J.

It's just too bad some of these men that Rudy Vallée makes so sick don't get sick enough to die. Then they could accuse him of murder. They've accused him of most everything else. Why do they listen to him or go to see him? It's easy to snap off the radio, and nobody is ever pushed into a theater.

JOSEPHINE DUNN.

Bow, Clara Bow

Somerville, Mass.

In spite of the many rumors of Clara Bow's waning popularity since the income of talkies, I still think she's the most vibrant, peppy creature in the movies. I've seen her picture, "Love Among the Millionaires," and think it's the best thing she has done so far in her career. As a comedienne she's perfect, and she can emote as well as Chatterton, Garbo, Swanson or any of the other clever emotional actresses. Clara Bow is the ideal American girl in my estimation—pretty, peppy, chic and intelligent.

JOSEPH T. MACGILLVARY.

Feel Better Now, Martin?

Racine, Wis.

A brickbat for my favorite screen magazine. Once upon a time I was firmly convinced that for a player's name to appear in PHOTOPLAY's list of best performances of the month was an honor practically equal to a picture's winning PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal. But I fail to see any great honor for one of my favorites to be listed in a gathering that has of late included the names of Mary Brian, Alice White, John Boles and Al Johnson.

Lay off Clara Bow and John Gilbert. I'd still go to see Clara and John and like them if Clara was as fat as the fat lady in a circus and John talked in a high falsetto. As a matter of fact, John's voice is all right, and the only people who find fault with it are jealous critics who made up their minds beforehand not to like it.

Of course I do not expect to see this published. You publish only the letters that praise. Still, this letter *would* be published if I confessed that I was a terribly bad person who went to a theater and saw an Alice White picture and instantly burst into tears, making my reformation so complete that I would be satisfied with nothing less than taking home a box of candy for my toothless mother! You should ask your letter department "Bouquets and Dear Little Nosegays."

MARTIN JACOBSEN.

Praise for Janet

Dallas, Texas.

I believe that Janet Gaynor is absolutely right. I think she is wise to wait until she can get suitable parts. We enjoyed her in "Sunny Side Up," but there has never been an equal to "7th Heaven." She did real acting, and she isn't the type for musical comedy.

LOIS BONNER.

Janet Is Scolded

Watertown, Conn.

I was rather surprised, and not a little put out, to read of Janet Gaynor's dislike for rôles such as she had in "Sunny Side Up." I saw Miss Gaynor in one of the parts she seems to like so well, and from that time on her name on the billing was sufficient to keep me away from the theater. When "Sunny Side Up" came along I had no intention of going, but I heard

such glowing accounts that I finally went. I sat through it twice that night and have seen it three times since.

My attitude toward the star underwent a complete change, and I saw "High Society Blues" merely because Miss Gaynor was in it. Perhaps I am wrong, but I think she is at her best in such pictures as "Sunny Side Up."

T. C. ARWOOD.

The Chaney Voice

Reading, Penna.

After seeing Lon Chaney in his first talkie, "The Unholy Three," it is impossible to sit still and not say what I feel. The man of many faces is far more wonderful than ever as the man with many voices.

CHARLES L. GORDON.

Censure, Merited and Otherwise

Detroit, Mich.

I see your magazine occasionally, although I do not buy it, because I have acquired scruples which make anything connected with the screen repugnant to me. I consider the vast majority of people connected with the screen a depraved lot morally, and I think their pictures are typical of their characters.

Decent people, not like me, but like what I would like to be, can stay away from these performances, but who can protect them against the titles to some of these pictures? It is an infernal crime to plaster billboards and newspapers from one end of this country to the other with such titles. Decent people cannot refer to them. I have a small daughter in her eighth year. Can I ask her, even if I were a movie "fan"atic, "Would you like to see 'Her Unborn Child,' Pearl'?"

I appeal to you because I believe you conduct as decent a magazine as is possible in furthering the business of such a soul-destroying industry.

A. C. CARRIER.

This Should Start Something!

Chicago, Ill.

I approve of Magdelene Einert who said in the August issue that she threw out the Garbo pictures for those of Norma Shearer. I did that long ago. There isn't a person on the screen who can compare with Norma.

DORA JAMISON.

It Seems To Be a Game

Lafayette, Ind.

Of course, Norma Shearer is a fascinating actress, and delightfully beautiful, but compared with Garbo, she hasn't even a chance. Garbo is the embodiment of all things glamorous and unreal. Norma Shearer is the embodiment of all things modern and delightfully real. But, frankly, I prefer Garbo's type to Shearer's.

LEONA ANDREWS.

To Joan

Detroit, Mich.

Why all this raving about Garbo? She may be beautiful but she hasn't the dynamic personality Joan Crawford possesses. If Joan were given proper stories, she would make the fickle public forget there ever was a Garbo.

DOROTHY ROGERS.

Praise for a Trio

Bethlehem, Penna.

"Our Dancing Daughters" was good. "Our Modern Maidens" was better. But "Our Blushing Brides" is certainly the best.

VIRGINIA E. WOODRING.

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- Clara Bow
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- Clive Brook
- Jack Buchanan
- Nancy Carroll
- Paul Cavanagh
- Ruth Chatterton
- Maurice Chevalier
- Claudette Colbert
- June Collyer
- Chester Conklin
- Gary Cooper
- Frances Dee
- Marlene Dietrich
- Lion Errol
- Stuart Erwin
- Stanley Fields
- Norman Foster
- Kay Francis
- Richard "Skeets" Gallagher
- Harry Green
- Mitzi Green
- Phillips Holmes
- Helen Kane
- Jack Luden
- Paul Lukas
- Jeanette MacDonald
- Marcia Manners
- Fredric March
- Nino Martini
- Cyrl Maude
- Four Marx Brothers
- Moran and Mack
- Rosita Moreno
- Frank Morgan
- Barry Norton
- Jack Oakie
- Guy Oliver
- Eugene Pallette
- Ramon Pereda
- William Powell
- Robert Royce
- Bruce Rogers
- Charles Rogers
- Ginger Rogers
- Lillian Roth
- Charles Ruggles
- Cliff Edwards
- Stanley Smith
- Regis Toomey
- Fay Wray

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

- Frank Albertson
- Robert Ames
- Michael Bartlett
- Warner Baxter
- Rex Beach
- Humphrey Bogart
- El Brendel
- Marguerite Churchill
- Thom Clifton
- William Collier, Sr.
- Joyce Compton
- Fin Dorsay
- Louise Dresser
- Charles Farrell
- Noel Francis
- John Garrick
- Janet Gaynor
- William Harrigan
- Mitchell Harris
- Ted Healy
- Althea Hensby
- Louise Huntington
- Keating Sisters
- Richard Keene
- John Kerrill
- J. M. Kerrigan
- Joan Lawes
- Dixie Lee
- Edmund Lowe
- Clair Luce
- Sharon Lynn
- Mona Maris
- Frances McCoy
- Kenneth MacKenna
- Victor McLaglen
- Don Jose Mojica
- Goddie Montgomery
- Lois Moran
- J. Harold Murray
- George O'Brien
- Maureen O'Sullivan
- Frank Richardson
- Will Rogers
- David Rollins
- Jillian Sand
- Marie Saxon
- Milton Sills
- Spencer Tracy
- John Wayne
- Marjorie White
- Charles Winniger

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

- Amos and Andy
- Henry Armetta
- Evelyn Brent
- Sue Carol
- Joseph Cawthorn
- Jane Clyde
- Betty Compton
- Bebe Daniels
- Richard Dix
- Irene Dunne
- Eddie Foy, Jr.
- Kelberta Gale
- Ralf Harolde
- Arthur Lake
- Rita LaRoy
- Ivan Ledeboff
- Dorothy Lee
- Kene Macready
- Everett Marshall
- Raymond Maurel
- Joel McCrea
- Jack Mullan
- Ken Murray
- Edna May Oliver
- Kelberta Robinson
- Lowell Sherman
- Katya Sorina
- Ned Sparks
- Stanley Steiagal
- Hugh Trevor
- Bert Wheeler
- Robert Woolsey

Wamer Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

- George Arliss
- John Barrymore
- Noah Beery
- Monte Blue
- Joe E. Brown
- Linda Dell
- Irene Delroy
- Robert Elliott
- Frank Fay
- John Halliday
- Leam Janney
- Evelyn Knapp
- Laura Lee
- Winnie Lightner
- Luett Loder
- Ben Lyon
- Marion Marsh
- Marion Nixon
- Walter Pidgeon
- Vivienne Segal
- H. B. Warner
- Barbara Weeks
- Jack Whiting
- Grant Withers

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

- Joan Bennett
- Charles Chaplin
- Dolores Del Rio
- Douglas Fairbanks
- Al Jolson
- Chester Morris
- Mary Pickford
- George Swanson
- Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

- Bert Lyell
- John Piers
- Aileen Pringle
- Dorothy Revier
- Barbara Stanwyck
- Jackie Coogan
- Johnnie Walker

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd.

- Eddie Cantor
- Ronald Colman
- Lily Damita
- Evelyn Laye

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios

- Roland Drew
- Rita Carewe
- LeRoy Mason

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

- Lionel Barrymore
- Wallace Beery
- Charles Bickford
- Edwina Booth
- John Mack Brown
- Lenore Bushman
- Harry Carey
- Lon Chaney
- Joan Crawford
- Marion Davies
- Mary Doran
- Marie Dressler
- Cliff Edwards
- Julia Faye
- Greta Garbo
- John Gilbert
- Gavin Gordon
- William Haines
- Hedda Hopper
- Lolette Howell
- George Huston
- Lela Hyams
- Kay Johnson
- Dorothy Jordan
- Sharon Lynn
- Charles King
- Arnold Korff
- Harriett Lake
- Gwen Lee
- Barbara Leonard
- Bessie Love
- Andre Luguet
- Ellen McCarthy
- John Miljan
- Conchita Montenegro
- Robert Montgomery
- Grace Moore
- Polly Moran
- Catherine Moylan
- Conrad Nagel
- Ramon Novarro
- Edward Nugent
- Elliot Nugent
- J. C. Nugent
- Catherine Dale Owen
- Anita Page
- Lucille Powers
- Basil Rathbone
- Duncan Renaldo
- Gilbert Roland
- Norma Shearer
- Gus Shy
- Lewis Stone
- Lawrence Tibbett
- Lucretia Thornton
- Raquel Torres
- June Walker
- Roland Young

Pathe Studios

- Robert Armstrong
- Constance Bennett
- William Boyd
- James and Russell Gleason
- Ann Harding
- Eddie Quillan
- Helen Twelvetrees

Hill Roach Studios

- Charley Chase
- Mickey Daniels
- Dorothy Ganger
- Olyver Hardy
- Mary Kornman
- Harry Langdon
- Stan Laurel
- Gertie Messinger
- Our Gang
- Slim Sumnerville
- Lupe Velaz
- John Wray

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

- Margaret Adams
- Lew Ayres
- John Boles
- Foot Gibson
- Jean Harsholt
- Rose Hobart
- Barbara Kent
- Jeanette Loff
- Joan Marsh
- Charles Murray
- Mary Nolan
- George Sidney
- Sisters G
- John Sorell
- Lupe Velaz
- John Wray

Burbank, Calif.

First National Studios

- Mary Astor
- Harry Bamister
- Richard Barthelme
- Sidney Blackmer
- Bernice Claire
- Robert Edison
- Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
- Louise Fazenda
- Alexander Hallowell
- Lawrence Gray
- O. P. Heggie
- Edward E. Horton
- Lila Lee
- Lillian Littlefield
- J. Farrell MacDonald
- David Manners
- Frank McHugh
- Robert Miller
- Una Montoy
- James Rennie
- Virginia Sale
- Otis Skinner
- Arthur Stone
- Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

- Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
- Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
- Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
- Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
- Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

- Jackie Coogan, 673 S. Oxford Ave.
- Pat O'Malley, 1842 Taft Ave.
- Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
- Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
- Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.
- Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
- William S. Hart, Horsehoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
- Paul and Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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Want to Be Funny?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

Q: What's the secret of telling a funny story funny?

A: Get to the point as quickly as you can. Don't embellish it. And don't start by saying: "Have you heard this one—?" Because most people HAVE.

Q: Is there any "sure-fire" type of funny story?

A: Yes. Any story where the teller is the butt. If you tell a story in which you are the patsy, where the point is on you, you've got a sure laugh. Like the one I tell about the time Inez Courtney and I were having lunch at Palm Springs. The waitress stopped beside me and said: "You can't fool me! I know you!" Inez said: "See? That's fame. Even out here on the desert they know you!" I felt pretty good about it, until I was leaving and the waitress said: "Come again, Mister Lupino Lane." And she made me autograph her signature book that way, too.

Q: What about dialect stories?

A: Don't try 'em unless you know you're a good dialectician. If you tell an Italian story, and your auditor tells you it's the best Hebrew story he ever heard, don't try dialect again.

Q: What about singing a funny song?

A: The first rule is: Don't try to improve

on the lyric. The second rule is: Don't try any funny business unless it comes natural. Anything forced or studied doesn't look good, isn't funny, and takes the audience's attention away from the real humor of the song—if any.

Q: What about clothes or make-up?

A: Make the most of what nature has done to you. Look at my ears and my eyes. If you've got funny eyes, or a funny nose or mouth, accentuate it. Funny clothes aren't necessary. Chaplin can be just as funny without his trick clothes.

Q: Is it easy to be funny?

A: Sure—if you've got a reputation. Like being the guest of honor at a banquet. You can spill the ketchup and they'll say, "Oh, isn't he eccentric!" But any ordinary guest would get a sock on the nose.

Q: Are there any rules about what NOT to do?

A: Yes. Don't tell a story with death in it—or about your mother-in-law. Or about what your baby said. The other fellow might have a baby, too.

Q: Well, if a man tries everything to be funny, and follows all your suggestions, and does his best—and even then they don't laugh at him, what should he do?

A: Go into the movies.



Hon. Matsui as Hon. Missy Helen Kane. Matsui is practically everything in a Japanese version of "Paramount on Parade." A poo-pa-doo in Japanese must be something startling



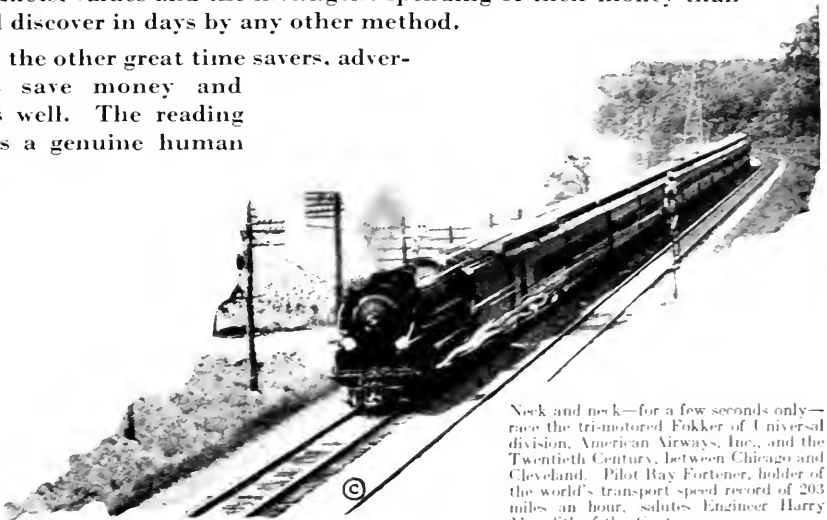
Time savers

THE great American instinct is to save time—a lot of time—and then some more time. In the big affairs and the little things of life, time is the most valuable thing at our command.

Limited trains, automatic telephones, sixty-miles-an-hour automobiles, airplanes still faster—we have these things in answer to our demand for speed. And an equally important time saver in the lives of people today is advertising. Just as surely as any other modern service, the advertisements bridge hours and days for people who have wants to be filled.

Readers of advertisements are the same people who demand the utmost efficiency in communication, in business, in their daily life. They know that a few minutes' reading of the advertisements will tell them more about products, values and the intelligent spending of their money than they could discover in days by any other method.

And like the other great time savers, advertisements save money and energy, as well. The reading of them is a genuine human economy.



Neck and neck—for a few seconds only—race the tri-motored Fokker of Universal division, American Airways, Inc., and the Twentieth Century, between Chicago and Cleveland. Pilot Ray Fortener, holder of the world's transport speed record of 203 miles an hour, salutes Engineer Harry Meredith of the Century.

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You can try all of my beauty aids—or just the ones you need most—absolutely without risking a penny. I want you to make me prove that I can take any degree of homeliness and impart beauty instead. . . or take some prettiest need I import of **stunning good looks. I will send you everything to try my beauty aids full size, under the best conditions, strings, excuses. You are the judge. If I did not delight, you just say so—and your word is final.**

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Your physical beauty is not all. I give you, too, the innermost secrets of fascination. I disclose this precious art in my sensational book "How to Fascinate Men." In an hour you will learn marvellous things you could not discover yourself in a lifetime. You will learn how the world's wisest make men their helpless slaves, learn to win love, to control men, to pick and choose at will. These secrets are free, too. **Write for my free trial of my beauty aids. Remember, you have everything to gain—absolutely nothing to lose. So TODAY!**

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Let's Drop In and Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

play the lead in "The Command to Love." His success in this rôle on the stage was instrumental in his being signed for the talkies. Obviously it would be to the advantage of both Rathbone and Universal for him to repeat this success on the screen.

Furthermore it is known that Rathbone was very disconcerted with the parts which were meted out to him at M-G-M and that he was anxious to buy off his contract with the studio and return to the stage. Why, then, this apparent coyness on the part of Mister Rathbone and the Universal executives?

Old sleuth Cal succeeded in ferreting out the source of all the difficulty. Remember that good old French adage, "*cherchez la femme?*" The *femme* in this case happens to be Ouida Bergere, scenario writer and wife of Basil Rathbone.

Miss Bergere, it seems, did not approve of the script which Barney Glazer had prepared on "The Command to Love." She wrote what she believed to be a better version. Then, hand in hand, she and husband Basil stormed the Universal fortress and demanded that her script be substituted for the Glazer one. A thoroughly unorthodox procedure.

Universal, although eager to secure Rathbone's services, demurred. Rathbone insisted—"love me, love my wife." As we go to press it is still raging. Someone ought to whisper to Mister Rathbone that it is wise to keep one's career and one's domestic affairs in their separate spheres.

MANY STORIES revealing the fitness and courage of Elsie Janis have been told since the sad death of her mother, whom she adored. But no better index to the unselfishness and generosity of the woman has come to light than this tale.

During the recent outburst of scandal which surrounded Clara Bow there was a moment when Clara's future on the screen seemed seriously imperiled. Paramount was frankly puzzled as to how to handle the difficult redhead. No one was particularly anxious to shoulder the responsibility. When the situation was at its worst Elsie Janis went to one of the head executives at Paramount.

"Give me Clara Bow," she said. "Let me write a story for her and direct it. I understand the girl. There has been a sympathy between us from the moment we met. You will be doing me a great favor, for my life is very empty right now. I must have something—someone—to fill it. I feel that I can help Clara Bow—and I know that helping her will help me, also. Please don't tell her that the offer comes from me—she might think that I am condescending. I'm not. She will be doing as much for me as I shall for her."

A splendid gesture, this. And Paramount would be very unwise not to take advantage of it.

AWFUL effect of the Amos and Andy influence on the Radio Pictures lot out in Hollywood, where they are making their first movie, "Check and Double Check." The yemen all say, "Sho, sho!" now!

EDDIE CANTOR, veteran of so many stage first nights that he thought stage fright was a thing of the past, discovered a new form of first-night-terror in Hollywood.

It was at the first public preview of his talkie, "Whoopce." Eddie sat next to Florenz Ziegfeld as the picture's title was flashed on the screen.

Suddenly Ziegfeld heard a trembling, cavernous voice of utter fright beside him. It was Eddie.

"Flo," he gasped, "listen—if I grab your arm hard, get 'The Follies' ready! I may be through here."

Ziegfeld swears Cantor trembled throughout the show.

NOTE on party decorations:

William Haines threw a dinner for Bebe Daniels and Beatrice Lillie the other night at his Hollywood house. He had fifty guests. For decorations, he ran the Hollywood florists ragged hunting gardenias and orchids. He had 2,000 of the former and 500 orchids!

—And even at California flower prices, that's a headache to pay for.

CHARLES (EX-BUDDY) ROGERS thought he would test his popularity with the flappers during his recent stay in New York.

Going into the stage door of the Paramount Theater, besieged, as usual, by mobs of youngsters, he dropped his hankie. A score of the kids hurled themselves at it and piled up like a football scrimmage. When the mess was untangled, a small, soiled girl was found at the bottom of the heap. But she was hugging the hankie to her buzzin'.

Isn't life wonderful? The human race has struggled up from the amoeba, through millions of years, to so-called civilization. And children exquisitely molded in the image of their Maker fight over the handkerchief of a movie boy. Any wonder we all despair, now and again?

BOTH sides of the picture in Hollywood—

During the same week that saw the newspapers making merry about Evelyn Eagan, pretty 21-year-old screen actress, being arrested while driving her automobile down a boulevard clad only in part of a striped bathrobe and two bedroom slippers, one of the studios sent out a call for girls to act in a diving scene. Forty-three girls applied, and looked at the gauze they were to wear in the scene; thirty-five said no.

FREDERICK LONSDALE, famous British playwright who is writing Ronald Colman's next picture, had a harrowing experience recently.

Lonsdale was interviewed by a reporter to whom he happened to drop the casual remark that an English girl was being sought to play opposite Colman in the picture and that she needn't have experience.

The helpful reporter printed this information and Lonsdale was promptly swamped—half the females in Old England descended upon him demanding to be Ronald Colman's leading lady and insisting that they fitted the qualifications perfectly!

WHO owns Conway Tearle's automobiles, anyway?

It seems to be a three-cornered question. Or was, anyway. You see, Tearle's ex-wife, Josephine Park Tearle, sued for back alimony and got a judgment of \$9,900. So she slapped an attachment on the automobiles to enforce payment, assuming that the cars were Conway's.

But instead of that, Conway shrugged his

shoulders while his present wife, Adele Rowland Tearle, jumped into the fray with a third party claim. She said the cars were hers, and that therefore Mrs. Tearle No. 1 couldn't attack them.

At last reports, the courts were still thinking it over.

VICTOR McLAGLEN has an idea. He's trying to get forty-nine other men—all over forty, like himself—to join a pool he's forming. Each chips in a thousand dollars. The last man to survive gets the \$50,000 for his old age.

El Brendel says Vic is taking too much risk of losing. "He ought to solicit joiners in the hospitals," the Swede suggested.

DOROTHY CAIRNS is the heroine of one of those unknown and unsung romances of Hollywood. For several years she has been a script girl on the Paramount lot.

Several times she has been offered a job as

"Miss Columbia" Chosen

Miss Lesley Beth Storey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been chosen "Miss Columbia" from among the beautiful girls selected by thirteen national motion picture magazines.

Miss Storey will get a trip to Hollywood and will appear on the titles of new Columbia Pictures.

cutter. Film cutters make more money than script clerks but they also spend a great deal more time at their job. Dorothy preferred having the spare time to try her hand at scenarios. She has written innumerable ones out of a fertile mind for plots. Several times she has almost, but not quite, succeeded in selling one of the brain children at Paramount.

A few weeks ago she made her first sale, and at a good price, to Pathe. Her first accepted story is "Sin Takes a Holiday." Pathe liked it so well that they have ordered three more. When those are written Dorothy is going to go to Europe for a vacation.

No, she isn't a script girl any longer.

THE saddest man in Hollywood, strangely enough, has the keenest sense of humor. He has no connection with the picture industry, but he loves to go to the movies, particularly the comedy offerings. And thereby hangs our little sob story.

He has the loudest and most raucous laughter of almost anything human, and he is so easily moved to laughter. He throws a theater into turmoil when he even chuckles. A carnival spirit prevails, and the rest of the audience begins to make catcalls, and throw things. In no time at all an usher trips down the aisle, and firmly asks him to leave. By this time things have reached such a pass that none of the boulevard movie palaces will sell him a ticket.

He did get into a showing of "Caught Short," and the theater rocked with his laughter. When the usher asked him to leave he was rather firm about refusing. He finally accepted a compromise. He left, but the theater had to give him three times what he paid for his ticket.

CHESTER MORRIS has a trick lighting system in the dining room of his Hollywood home. He has a row of baby spotlights around



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Kotex now has rounded, tapered corners which eliminate awkward bulges and assure a snug, firm fit.

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- 4 *Deodorizes*... safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
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the walls, near the ceiling. They throw colored lights on the dinner—and the diners.

Bob Montgomery was a dinner guest one night. Bob is used to spotlights on the set, but not at his meals.

"How do you like the lights?" Chet asked him.

"They're all right, I guess—only why don't you play an overture and pull up a curtain before you begin dinner?" was Bob's comeback. They're still friends.

GOING to the electric chair may be tough on some fellows, but for Eddie Wood, it's grand. He makes a business of it.

Eddie, you see, is the boy who played the part of the young fellow who's electrocuted in "The Last Mile," that grim stage play of prison life.

He took his electrocuting so well that First National has signed him to be the boy who goes to the chair in "Mother's Cry."

GRETA GARBO pulled one of her famous G-whizzers on the starry-eyed Garbo-maniacs of Hollywood not long ago.

When Elsie Ferguson opened in the Vajda play, "Fata Morgana," in filmtown, a story was planted to the effect that Gudgeon Greta would attend. That was enough to bring out the fans by battalions, regiments and army corps. Perspiring coppers fought and died that the stuffed shirts and ermine wraps might get safely into the Hollywood Playhouse.

After all the struggle, the mob retreated snarling and muttering. It hadn't seen Garbo! Cur-r-rses on the press agent!

Drolly enough, the Garbo DID attend, and sat through the whole play. Nobody recognized the stunning Swede!

Probably went as a little blind match girl, or even a glass of watery orangeade. But whatever the disguise, it worked swell. And Garbo, no doubt, chuckled into her long, white whiskers!

JNA CLAIRE is a happy woman! She has now gotten back her own!

When she first went to Hollywood to make "The Awful Truth," she was miserable. Here was she, by practically common consent the foremost stage comedienne in America, almost unknown in Celluloidia! When she married Jack Gilbert the West Coast papers carried huge streamers reading something like "John Gilbert Marries Stage Actress." Ina burned, and rightly! No queen will ever turn lady-in-waiting without a ladylike squawk! As one who has loved Ina Claire vainly since 1912, I got the jitters, too.

Not long ago Ina opened in Los Angeles in Donald Ogden Stewart's play, "Rebound." It was the most glittering theatrical premiere in Coast history. Husband Jack brought a party of fifty to lead the cheering, and every big-wig in the picture business was present. To make it perfect, Ina scored a sensational success in the leading role. So she has added California to her Quendom, and all is well.

Now she is to return to the screen, to play the leading rôle in the brilliant Kaufman-Ferber comedy, "The Royal Family." And she'll knock us dead in THAT!

ON COMPLETION of "The Playboy of Paris," his latest Paramount, Maurice Chevalier rated a three-month holiday.

Tucking that so charming Mme. Chevalier under his arm, smiling Chevy set off for that beloved Paris, there to rest, frolic modestly and probably appear in some concerts. Maurice is not, so far as is known, averse to mopping up any francs which may be lying around rusting in the pants-pockets of his countrymen.

In revoir, mon vieux! Bon voyage, happy

times, *beaucoup* whoopee, come home safe to that so droll, so *amusant*, so *riche Amerique!* But yes!

YOU CAN take this or let it lie, as you choose.

An extra was called for a day's work at a studio. With the generalship of a Napoleon, he brought along a pocketful of crickets and turned them loose on the sound stage with his blessing.

The experts hunted three days for the source of the odd chirping that queered the sound, and all the extras got three-day pay checks instead of one day's work.

AFTER the merry round of life that is a picture star's in Hollywood, it's not easy to find yourself suddenly hidden away from the world, out in the lonely desert. . . .

Lila Lee's there, now. The doctors told her it was her only hope for life—month after month in the quiet and the healthful air of those far-flung stretches of sand and sage and solitude. But oh, it's lonely!

And so there's just this to tell you: A letter to Lila, if addressed to her secretary, Happy Rand, 5165 Fountain avenue, Hollywood, California, will be forwarded to the game little star who's making the big fight alone.

PICKFAIR and Fairbanks are at it again—denying rumors of a divorce. Other stars, as a rule, do their own denying outright. Not so the royal family.

They have their denying done through their personal representative, who says (and very neatly, too, we think), "The name of a titled Englishwoman who visited Pickfair last year is as logically connected with the report of a divorce as the name of the queen of Siam."

AMOS and ANDY (no, we *won't* ever say Amos 'n' Andy) arrived in the land of the movie stars during the hottest July the land of "unusual weather" had experienced in fifty years. The two Gods of Radioland were properly introduced at a swank tea, sponsored by Radio Pictures. Radio will star the team, and Amos and Andy will be paid something like \$300,000. Andy shouldn't have any more trouble with his room rent.

In case you don't know, Amos has a real name, Freeman Gosden, and Andy is Charles Correll. Gosden brought his wife and two small children to Hollywood with him. Correll didn't have any to bring.

DURING their trip across the continent they missed one broadcast. Rather than miss a second they flew from a point in Arizona to Los Angeles. The plane was a pretty disreputable affair, and neither of them knew for sure whether they would ever reach their destination alive. At least they missed the worst of the desert heat, but it was pretty tough on Mrs. Gosden and the children who stayed on the train. But Amos and Andy arrived in Los Angeles two hours before their broadcast.

While here they will make their broadcast for the East at three o'clock in the afternoon. New Yorkers, through this arrangement, will listen in at seven o'clock.

BOB MONTGOMERY was the first Hollywoodian to get one of these new shrunken autos—these Austins. He turned in his Ford for the Austin.

"Honest," he said, "I felt like a flea at a Great Danes' picnic, driving down Hollywood Boulevard between the Rolls-Royces."

GLORIA SWANSON and Miss Nolan, her faithful secretary for ten years, have parted company.

It seems that Gloria was giving a dinner party the other night and instructed Miss Nolan to invite John Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert regretted—which message Miss Nolan conveyed to Gloria.

"Did you tell him that it was the Marquise de la Coudray calling?" Miss Nolan had. "Go back and call him again and make it clear that it is the Marquise who requests his presence!" thundered the wife of Henri de Bailly de la Falaise, Marquis de la Coudray.

Miss Nolan did and returned to say that Mr. Gilbert still regretted. The effect of this message on Gloria was such that Miss Nolan decided to ally herself with someone with less title and more perspective. She departed in such haste that she took with her the list of acceptances for the dinner party—and the upshot of it all was that the Marquise had to forego her banquet. Too bad.

If you don't believe Gary Cooper and Bill Boyd—the stage Bill Boyd—put up a realistic fight in "The Spoilers," just ask Gary's doctor.

We were snooping around the Paramount lot the other day and discovered that the "Spoilers" company wasn't shooting because Gary was at the doctor's. Further questioning revealed that the "Big Coop" was liberally sprinkled with bruises acquired in the cause of realism.

CLIVE BROOK is killing two birds with one stone. Clive didn't want to keep his youngsters in Hollywood because of the infantile paralysis epidemic, about which the Los Angeles papers kept pretty quiet lest they scare away visitors.

His permission to stay in the United States having expired just at the time the epidemic was at its height, he took his wife and the two children to Canada. Which



Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for years the outstanding beauty and most popular actress of England, is working in "The Play Called Life," now being filmed at the Fox Studios. Here she is getting a lesson in picture make-up.

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and receive the next issue and eleven issues thereafter.

meant that the whole family got a vacation, the children were protected, Clive came back under the quota and everybody was happy.

IT now seems certain that the screen is to have a second Coogan. Robert, aged three, brother to the immortal Jacquie of former fame, is reported to be under consideration for the lead in "Skippy," the talkie which Paramount is slated to make from the famous cartoons by Percy Crosby.

THE MERCURY flirted with the 100-degree mark as Marie Dressler oozed off the transcontinental train on her recent return from Europe to Hollywood.

"When I left Europe, it was so hot they had to carry me on the boat," she said.

"In New York, it was so hot, they poured me on the train. In Chicago, it was so hot that iced tea hissed down my throat. And then crossing the desert . . . !!! And now even Los Angeles is 100 in the shade.

"And my next picture with Polly Moran is going to be named 'Reducing.' Boys—if this heat doesn't stop, there won't be any Marie Dressler left to reduce!"

"What is the name of that thing they've been playing for the past ten days, anyway?"

"It's 'A Cottage for Sale,'" someone told him.

"Well, I hope they find a buyer for the damn thing," grunted Jimmy.

FRIDAY, July 11, was the birthday of Jack Gilbert. Also of Sam Woods, who's directing Jack in "Way for a Sailor."

On that day, the company was working on a ledge over the Pacific, down the coast from Los Angeles. It was hot as a no-ed director's temper, and for hours, the company worked in the broiling sun, half a step from perdition over the edge of the cliff. There was no more comfort than a summer resort on July fourth, and the danger and work was so grueling that several members of the company were actually ill.

And in the midst of it all, Sam Woods called a sudden halt. He belted at Jack Gilbert:

"Say, Jack; happy birthday to you!" And leered malevolently.

"Same to you, you such-and-such a so-and-so," replied Jack, outling Sam.

So they finished the takes, and when the day was done, they were too tired to either

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The names of the lucky 70 who captured the prizes will appear in the January, 1931, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

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For the best picture produced in 1929 will be awarded as soon as the thousands of ballots can be counted.

It's Filmland's Nobel Prize!

HAVING nothing else to do, and being rather batty from the heat not so long ago, a Hollywood columnist spent an afternoon thinking up an all-Technicolor cast for a movie. He chose:

Alice White, Harry Green, Amber Norman, Maurice Black, Monte Blue, Red Wing and Violet Bird.

Then he took a shower bath and felt better.

BUDDY ROGERS is Buddy no more. Buddy's official. You may call him Buddy in your own home, with the windows nailed down against spies, but on the posters and screens he is "Charles."

Also, his brother, who was known for publicity purposes as "Bh," is now "Bruce." That's also official, signed and delivered by the Powers.

Now that's all straightened out. Aren't you glad? Or do you want to call Bud—pardon me, Charles, something else?

YOU CAN'T BLAME Jimmy Gleason. Hearing the same piece of music ten days straight is enough to make anyone peevish.

It was while he was working on a Havana café sequence at Pathe. On the eleventh day of rehearsals and shooting, Jimmy looked wearily at the orchestra and said:

fight it out or do anything else that one might reasonably do in a case like that.

Ho, hum; these actors have SUCH a merry life.

GARY COOPER paid a five dollar fine to a Los Angeles judge for driving at thirty-eight miles an hour on Sunset Boulevard.

And there are probably towns whose Chamber of Commerce'd pay Gary Cooper much more than that to drive down their boulevard at any speed.

THE MOST famous "stage mother" in theater history died in midsummer.

Mrs. Janis Bierbauer, mother of Elsie Janis, died in Hollywood at the age of sixty. Since Elsie went into the theater as a child prodigy, the pair had been inseparable, and great legends had sprung up concerning their close and affectionate relationship.

ONE WELL KNOWN men's shop has divulged some startling information about two of its most celebrated customers.

It seems that both John Barrymore and Wallace Beery are addicted to the Piggly-Wiggly system. They prefer to wait upon themselves. They dodge back of counters, and have a swell time burrowing into draw-

ers and shelves. Clerks are instructed to merely say "good morning" to these eccentric, but valuable customers.

In time Barrymore or Beery find something that strikes their eyes, and they pay for it after having a simply elegant time.

THERE are no pretensions in the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister family. They have NOT gone Hollywood. Ann was afraid that they'd be thought upstage when they moved into the new house and it was necessary for them to have a man and woman servant. This made the man servant become a butler.

"But, honestly," said Ann, "our butler isn't as snooty as he sounds. His name is Gus. I simply can't say, grandly, 'The motor, Gus.' That sounds like a Chicago gangster's name."

ARTHUR LAKE is as thrilled by the great stars in pictures as any fan from Keokuk. He is, himself, a hero worshipper.

Not long ago he and a group of young friends were at Catalina. Arthur saw Lawrence Tibbett. "I know him," Arthur boasted. The kid's sister, Florence, had played, you remember, in "The Rogue Song" and Arthur had been introduced to the singer.

"All right," said the other kids, "if you know him so well, why don't you speak to him?"

In telling the incident later Arthur said, "Gee, I was scared to go over and talk to Mr. Tibbett but I'd told the kids I knew him and I just had to do it. And, oh boy, was I proud when Mr. Tibbett remembered me and put his arm around my shoulder and asked me how my mother and sister were getting along. And were those kids surprised? Oh, boy, what a thrill!"

RONALD COLMAN tells with much amusement how he ran into the rumor all over London that he and Gloria Swanson were to be married.

He thinks maybe he ought to call up Gloria—whom he knows only casually—and tell her not to worry—that he didn't get a divorce while he was abroad.

BIG GARY COOPER must find the Dude Ranch business a veritable gold mine.

At any rate, he and his pappy, Jedre Cooper of Montana, recently went to Frantz, Ariz., to close a deal for no less than 200,000 acres. They plan to make the property the largest Dude Ranch in the world.

It'll allow as how 200,000 Arizona acres will hold a right smart number of dudes.

POLICEMEN are like that.

It was Raquel Torres who was in the car that drove past the street-car. The policeman asked her what the idea was, and she explained prettily in her best English. Now Raquel Torres' smile will charm anything, even a policeman. So after a while he said: "Well, if you'll promise not to do it again, I'll let you off this time . . ."

"Oh, *gracias, señor!* You are so *mucha bueno* . . ." she gasped, thanking him. But, being a cop, he imagined the worst.

"Who's them things? Me? Well, just for that, take this here ticket now, young lady," he countered.

And that's why Raquel wants the chief of the Los Angeles police to have the Spanish language included in the police school course.

THE daughter of a well-known woman screen star of fifteen years ago and one of the most famous directors of the present day is shaking a mean scanty as a chorus girl in one of Los Angeles' smartest night clubs.



THE DROOPIEST CHINLINE WAS ONCE AS YOUNG AS YOURS

NO one is born with a double chin—we all start life with a clear-cut, brave young chinline. Nor does time change the basic structure of our chins. Then why do some women develop the heavy, droopy underchins that make them look middle-aged?

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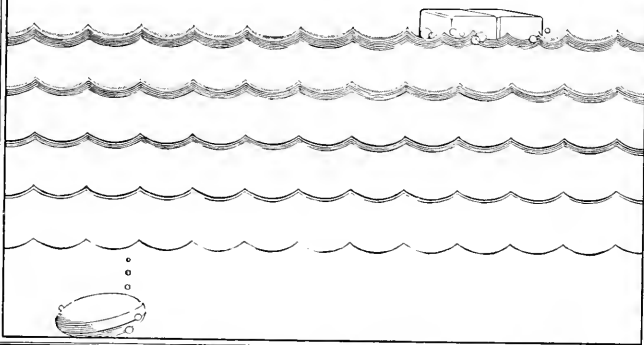
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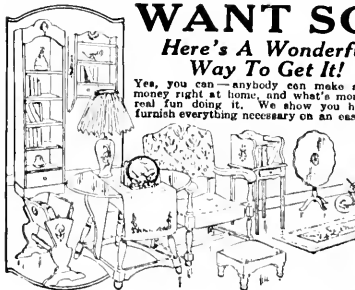
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CHAPLIN is cured.
"I used to think," he said the other day
"that it'd be lovely to own a little boat and
just go loafing about the world from port to
port."
"Just a little boat, and nothing to do but
sail the seas."
"And then I took a trip on Don Lee's yacht
We went to Catalina. There was a slight swell
running. And all I did was lean against the
rail—and—ah, lean against the rail and lean
and lean and lean."
"No, I don't want a boat."

EVEN the Hollywood children
think more about pictures than
marbles, tops and kites. Several of
the children in the neighborhood
arranged a pageant, each youngster
to come dressed as a movie char-
acter.
Little Willie (that's as good as any
name) elected to represent the Red
Shadow in "The Desert Song." His
mother made him the required red
robe and cap, but couldn't find a
sword.
So Willie went to the pageant
without it.
He returned in a most dejected
manner.
"Well," asked the dotting parent,
"did they all know who you were?"
"Naw," said the youngster, "I
didn't have a sword and they all
thought I was Little Red Riding
Hood."

THE big fights in Hollywood are not always
confined to scenes before the camera. But,
remember, you mustn't play fast and loose with
the extras—not in these trying microphone
days. The studios have a frugal little habit of
employing so many extras to be put close to
the camera and so many painted plaster dum-
mies to be placed at the back.
During a recent theater scene three hundred
extras were employed to sit before the stage
and applaud the actors. In the background
were three hundred dummies to make the
theater look full. The extras had an idea.
These dummies were cheating their fellows out
of seven-fifty pay check!
They rushed at the dummies and completely
destroyed them. The studio had to send out
for three hundred live extras, in order to com-
plete the scene.

It has remained for Jerusalem to
coin the latest word for "talkies."
It is "hashmoinau." Rendered
slangily, that means "hearies." Literally,
the word means "Hear
Movies."
At any rate, the term has been
widely accepted throughout the Holy
Land.

AL JOLSON belongs to that Little Group
of Serious Thinkers in Hollywood. Al is
right there in leaning about the industry.
He goes to a preview of a movie every night
that there is a preview. He doesn't care what
picture it is nor who made it, but he wants to
keep his finger on the Pulse of Hollywood.
This state of affairs gives courage to those
who HAVE to go to previews to make a living
and there are many of these in Hollywood,
including reviewers, yes-men, etc.

ACCORDING to those rôles Winnie Light-
ner plays on the screen you'd expect to see
that Irish cut-up spending her holidays on the
Venice pier, riding the rolly-coaster and
swallowing hot-dogs in one gulp.
But when Winnie has a couple of days off
she sneaks down to the Mission Inn at River-
side, California. This old inn, famous through
two generations, is about the staidest of all
California hostleries, but Winnie likes it.

Baby Blue Eyes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

"I think I'll get in the bread line," Jacoby said, and looked across the lawn toward the lazy wicker chairs and tea tables under orange parasols.

The gentleman on the edge of the pool picked up a square of lavender chiffon from the grass; a faintly lingering perfume clung to it.

"Here," he said, "put this in the Duesenberg that's going to Reno."

IT was one of those nights when the moon is a yellow glass lantern, the stars so close you know you could touch them if you wanted to break the spell.

Magnolias in a velvet darkness are white shadows so beautiful they have a power!

Over the estate of Mr. James Cruze a hundred guests wandered everywhere!

Women in sequins and lace and diaphanous chiffon.

Men whose words and gestures set the patterns of romance for the world.

Everywhere a ripple of voices; tinkle of glasses and laughter; wide open windows and doors, amber with candle-light; music; colored searchlights playing rainbows on the fountain in the patio; incense from some far orange grove, mixing with the pungent smell of burning hemlock from the great open fireplace in the wall of the garden.

Jacoby came upon the blond chap of the swimming pool standing in the doorway between the drawing room and the garden, watching the dancers.

"Greetings," Jacoby said. "It's a great party!"

"Have you noticed the picture on the East wall?" the blond gentleman said. "It's a genuine Corot."

He offered Jacoby a cigarette.

"By the way," he said, "how did your friend get on with Miss Montaine?"

Jacoby didn't know—hadn't seen him.

"Maybe they've already gone to Reno," Jacoby commented. "He's a chap who doesn't wait around for what he wants."

Brant himself provided the answer, coming across the patio exceedingly handsome in dinner clothes, and exceedingly concerned about something.

"Have you seen her?" he said. "I can't find her anywhere! I'm afraid she's angry because I asked her if she'd—go away with me tonight. I'm afraid she thought I shouldn't have asked it so soon! She doesn't know I've loved her three years! I meant to explain—but now I can't remember anything I said—or anything she said!"

"I'll find her," offered the man with the mustache.

HE went outdoors; lost himself in the shadows.

The dancers drifted by—the music teasing, syncopating.

The sun-brown race king brought a linen handkerchief out of his pocket and mopped his handsome face.

"It's terrific," he said, "being in love! I knew she'd vanish! I knew I shouldn't have ever tried to see her—or let myself think I could possess her! She isn't here at all! He'll never find her! If she were here I'd have found her!"

But the blond gentleman had found her. Across the dance floor he brought her, waltzing with him.

They stopped directly in front of Harlan and Jacoby.

"Hello," she said.

Harlan Brant caught her hands.

"I've been hunting for you everywhere!" he said—hoarsely.

"Have you really?" she laughed. "I was in the kitchen whipping cream for the cook. The

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THE smart Parisienne was quick to appreciate the flattering brilliance of the new liquid polish," says the Fashion Editress of Femina.

"This marvelous make-up for the finger nails is so quickly—so easily—applied that even the busiest women can now have nails always gleaming.

"Colors range from natural through the pinks and reds to a gorgeous garnet.

"More and more women are using the new liquid polish because in it they find four advantages," says a famous New York Beauty Editor.

"First, it has shortened the manicure. Second, it doesn't peel. Third, it protects the nails. Fourth, for days after using it, the finger tips sparkle.

"In fact, with one manicure a week you can keep your nails always lovely in

less than 5 minutes a day—just enough time to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tips."

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moon is hanging up outside the kitchen window. It's a heavenly night!—Listen, Gren," she said, and looked suddenly up at the blond young man. "Harlan Brant wants me to elope tonight. He wants to drive to Reno and he'll get me a divorce and we'll be married and go in his yacht to Hawaii and everywhere! I think he's sweet. I'm mad about him. Shall I go? That's why I stayed away. I didn't know what to say to him."

"YOU were meant for me," Harlan told her huskily. "It's Fate! I've been waiting for you all my life!"

"Your lyrics are certainly better than Peter's," she said.

"If it's Fate—what can you do?" said the blond gentleman. "And after all, he's been in love with you three years!"

"Three years!" Sylvia gasped, her baby blue eyes searching Harlan's in amazement. "Why, I only met him today!"

"Ever since I saw 'Joan of Arc,'" Harlan told her earnestly, "you've been the only vision in my heart—"

"There's a pretty line," she said—and looked from Harlan to Jacoby to the gentleman with the mustache. "Listen," she said—"I think I'll go! I think he's adorable! I'll get a coat and some things and meet you all in the garage!"

HARLAN snatched her fingers and kissed them, held her a minute—couldn't let her leave him!

"Hurry," he whispered.

Jacoby and the blond fellow and Harlan walked to the garage together, down the driveway, past the pool, stragling stars lost in the water; frogs in the grass singing cracked, rusty harmony.

On the floor of the garage, Harlan's chauffeur was working on the Duesenberg; its hood off, the motor in pieces.

"She's been missin', Sir," he explained.

"But she'll talk pretty by tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," Harlan said, "I've got to use the car tonight! Right now!"

The chauffeur stared at him.

"She misses bad, sir," he said. "She wouldn't go a mile!"

"If you will take my Mercedes," said the fellow with the mustache, "you're welcome to

it. I've got another; or I'll use yours till you come back."

Harlan Brant put out his hand quickly and grasped that of the more-than-generous stranger.

"That's top-hole!" he said. "You know how much it means to me! She might change her mind—tomorrow!"

Sylvia came running down the drive like a little girl—quick little jeweled high heels; pale blue iridescence wrapped in sable; a small monogrammed bag, "S. M. K."

"OH—are we going in *this*," she said—when she found them gathered around the Mercedes.

"My car is limping," Harlan told her. "I didn't want to wait for it."

"Mersey, no," she said. "If we're going—let's go!"

She kissed Jacoby. And kissed the man with the mustache.

"Don't tell anybody till morning," she said. "I'll call the Hotel Riverside in Reno and make reservations," the blond boy told Harlan Brant. Harlan shook hands with him again.

"You've been a great sport about this," he said. "Jacoby, if there's anything you can do for this chap—it's on me!"

Jacoby and the blond fellow watched the car out into the dark; the gay little vermillion tail-light traveling away, smaller—and smaller!

"I know Brant meant it, about my doing something for you if I can," Jacoby said. "I don't suppose there's any favor I could extend?"

"Well, yes," the blond chap answered. "As a matter of fact there is. I've been wanting a card to the chess club for some time—"

"Great!" Jacoby said.

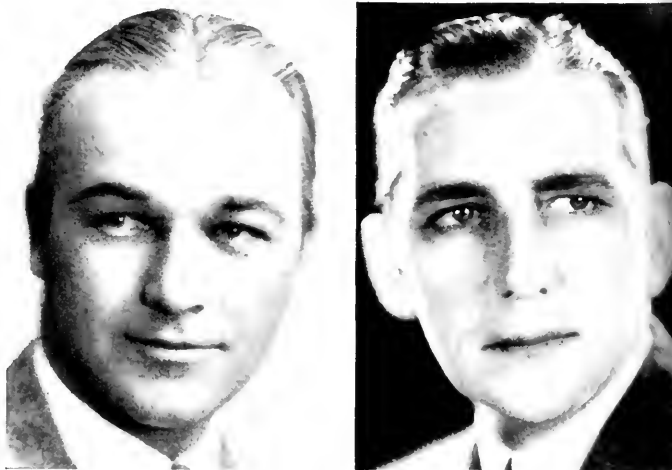
He brought a personal card and a gold pencil out of his waistcoat pocket.

"I'll certainly see that they make you at home," he said enthusiastically, and across the card, across the engraved name "Mark Jacoby," he scrawled—

"Admit to The Rat and Cat Club Mr.—"

"By the way," he said, "what name shall I fill in? I don't think I know!"

"No," the blond gentleman said, "I don't remember that we ever met. Kimberly is the name. Gren Kimberly, London."



Still we face the problem of the two Boyds, William and William. William, left, of the screen, has long been a star. William, right, of the stage, fights with Gary Cooper in "The Spoilers." We think we'd better call Film Boyd "William" and Stage Boyd "Bill." That would simplify things, at least from our point of view. "Bill," who is new to you, is a great guy, too

Putting on the Dog

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

good, the M-G-M stars are having art-prints of the still made, for framing. It's printed with this story!

The irony of it is that Bozo is the only blue-blooded, true-bred, pedigreed dog in the whole Dogville company! The rest are all mongrels, mutts, dog-pound pooches. Renny picks 'em up everywhere and anywhere. He gets 'em from the pound in wholesale lots; he picks up strays on the street; he accepts gifts of unwanted misbreeds that friends wish on him. And while Bozo, the blue-blood, plays the low-est of the low, Perfume, an evil-smelling little cross-breed from Heaven-knows-where, plays the pure and simple country virgin, while January, a hybrid that was found in a gutter, plays the handsome and gentlemanly hero!

HERE'S another gag that's funny. White and his partner, Zion Myers, don't have to worry about sex casting in producing dog shows.

"If we want Oscar to play a gentleman," they say, "we put pants on him. If we want him cast as the heroine, we take off the pants and doll him up in dresses. Simple, and convenient!" The only dog that won't fall into that routine is Buster, the star. He's always the heavy lover. Why, once they had to abandon a certain sequence wherein Buster was to kiss the dog who was cast as his sweetie. Everything went fine until Renny, shouting commands from off-set, ordered Buster to go ahead and kiss the girl. Buster took Renny's command too much to heart; he had his own ideas of how a powerful love scene ought to be played, and he insisted on putting them into effect. So they changed the script.

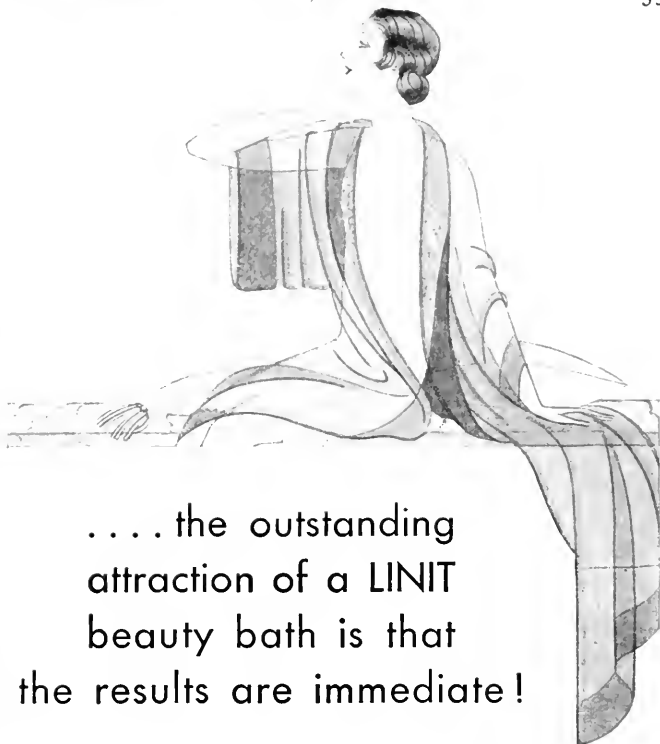
Oscar is the comedian of the troupe—and a temperamental dog, if there ever was one. He's funny as can be, but if he doesn't have his daily siesta, it's just too bad, but he won't work any more. Regularly, in early afternoon, Oscar stops his clowning, turns a disdainful eye on the rest of the dogs and the men around the set, and strolls off to a cool spot.

He lies down, pays no heed to the noise of hammers and machinery, and goes plumb to sleep. In two minutes, he's snoring so loud you can hear him a hundred feet away. Production has to be suspended until he's had his nap—twenty minutes to a half hour. Then he shakes himself, comes back on the set, looks at Myers and White as if to say: "Well, let's begin,"—and they can start work again.

Oscar and Buster, being the big shots of the racket, have all the gravy with the Renfros. Of the four score dogs they own, only Buster and Oscar are allowed to sleep in the house with them—except when Buster is out sheiking. Oscar is better behaved. The rest of the dogs have their kennels, scattered among the trees in Renny's five-acre peach orchard. There are just enough peach trees to go around.

IT takes a hundred pounds of food a day to feed them—half a hundred pounds of meat, and fifty or more of cereal and other fodder. The dogs have their own cookhouse, and since they're individually temperamental about what they like and don't like, the menu has to be varied to suit each dog.

Of course, only ten or so of the four-score are really full-trained actors. The rest are just extras and bit players. There is an assortment of "one-shot" dogs—animals with marked peculiarities who can be close-upped in a mob scene for a laugh, for instance. There's Ching Lee, a mostly-pomeranian who looks more like a flapper than Alice White; Whittie, who has eyes of different color; a cock-eyed pup that is used a-la-Sennett for something heavy to fall on his head. There's Pepper, one of the best hind-leg dogs in the movies—which means that he can walk well and long on his hind legs.



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There are dogs who like water, and dogs who hate it; dogs who can roll, crawl, sing, wear glasses, limp, play drunk, wink, smoke—oh, anything you'd want a dog actor to do.

And there are fleas!

"After every scene," says Zion Myers, "we take a spray gun and deluge the set with one of those patented insect-killers. It helps a little.

"As a matter of fact, the dogs are kept pretty free of fleas, even though the whole flea population of Southern California is moving in on our troupe. You see, when the day's work is over, all the fleas are on US. I've never scratched so much in my life as since we started shooting these comedies.

"And an old man who used to help out in the drapery department, next door to the stage where we're shooting, quit his job the other day. 'It was all right before them doc-durned dogs came in,' he complained, 'but since they got here, I can't sleep in them piles o' draperies no more becuz they're full o' blank-blankety-blank fleas! ! !'"

And say, you've read these sob stories of the

actresses and actors of long ago who just manage to still hold on these days by doing character bits, haven't you? Well, the other day, Henry East, who trains dogs, visited the Dogville stage. With him was a shaking old dog who gazed on the proceedings with bored mien.

"Who's the dog?" White asked him.

"Oh, don't you remember Buddy?" countered East. "Well, Buddy used to be one of the canine king-pins of the silent days. Played many dog leads with recognized stars of the old days. But years pass even faster in a dog's life than in a movie star's. But—"

"Let's put him to work," suggested White. So they gave Buddy a cane and glasses, and dressed him up as a grandpa, and set him under the lights. Buddy came through splendidly—did as fine a piece of character work as any dog could be asked to do.

When it was done, the other dogs on the set clustered about, as dogs will, to get acquainted. Buddy regarded them with a vast dignity that kept them at an undoglike distance. Then he growled very softly. And it sounded exactly like: "R-r-r-r-riff-r-r-r-raff!!"

Secrets of the Portrait Gallery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

With Jetta Goudal's thorough-going mind trouble is inevitable when she enters the portrait gallery. Everything must be just so. She, too, insists on the mirror. Once things reached pretty much of an *impasse*. The irresistible force met the immovable object. Jetta wouldn't be photographed without her mirror, and the photographer wouldn't work with one. They sat and glared at each other for forty minutes, taking turns calling the publicity department. Finally the photographer gave in. La Goudal may occasionally get licked but she never surrenders. Jetta had her mirror.

"She was right about it," the photographer admitted. "She's always right. She knew to the fraction of an inch what the camera would get. She saw herself at an unbecoming angle in the mirror and yet knew that the camera would get a good angle."

IT takes a whole studio to get William Boyd into the gallery. He would as soon submit to a major operation as face the little black box. He makes appointments cheerfully, and breaks them with even more cheer. Recently New York sent a hurry call for new Boyd portraits. There was no time to be wasted, for Bill was leaving for Honolulu in a week. Three times he promised to be at the gallery, and three times he was "unavoidably detained."

The only reason the portraits were ever taken at all was that the head of the studio informed the truant star that he couldn't have his vacation until they had the pictures. He visited the gallery after that, but not in the best humor in the world.

Ruth Chatterton is another star that has to be forced into the gallery. When she does go she insists on being photographed only in her own personal wardrobe, and no fancy shots, either. She just sits, and feels like a martyr to the cause. Ruth's aversion to the gallery is shared by John Gilbert and Victor McLaglen.

Douglas Fairbanks has few portraits taken. It is hard for him to sit still long enough. Doug, Jr., is just the opposite. He doesn't mind at all. In fact he likes it a lot, particularly if he can do historical subjects in costume. If someone will just photograph him as *L. Niglon*, his favorite character, he will go without breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

Mrs. Doug, Jr., Joan Crawford, consents gracefully to the camera, but strange to say, she is not an easy subject. She likes best to do very dramatic poses. Sometimes it's difficult to keep in the spirit of the thing, for Doug, Jr., is quite likely to call on the phone from three to six times while she is in the gallery.

George O'Brien, of course, is a particularly good object for athletic poses. George is not averse to showing his muscles at any time. Perhaps his favorite sitting was a series of poses taken from classical subjects; the *Discus Thrower* was one of them. Another was *Adam* with the proverbial fig leaf, if you can call Adam a classical subject. The photographer tries to bring out the rugged strength of the star. He is a bit too broad and muscular to appear to advantage in evening or street clothes.

Charles Farrell is sensitive about a scar over his left eye. The scar makes it appear that his eyebrow is slightly distorted. Although re-touching could easily take away the mark in the finished portrait, Charlie always insists on showing only the right side of his face.

Fox almost had to raise the salary of John McCormack before he would enter the gallery. He was firmly convinced that there was only one photographer in America who did good work, and he was in New York. After much persuasion he was led, protestingly, to the studio gallery, but not until he had exacted the promise to see every proof and with the full right to destroy all of them if he were not pleased.

He came. He sat down, folded his arms in a defiant manner, and informed the photographer that he could have just twenty minutes, no more. The photographer had his work all mapped out, and he worked fast. In ten minutes he had used thirty plates. The tenor thought it was the best sitting he had ever had.

Will Rogers is as delighted when he can avoid the portrait studio as the small boy when the hot water goes wrong on Saturday night. He kept a photographer waiting on the set one entire afternoon with the promise that he would pose when he finished work. When he was through for the day he ran past the surprised man like a shot from a cannon. When he was half a block away he turned and called, "Yah, yah, I put one over on you that time."

WHEN Norma Shearer arrives for a sitting she brings all her costumes and properties. She takes it very seriously as an important phase of her profession. Everything must be just right before the camera clicks. As a result she gets splendid studies.

John Mack Brown is a slow Southern boy. It takes him forever to change his clothes between shots. It may be three hours before he returns from his dressing room, and quite likely he will see somebody on the lot, strike up a conversation, and forget to go back at all.

Lilyan Tashman is considered one of the best

subjects in the business. Lilyan can be photographed from almost any angle and appear at her best. She is particularly stunning when it comes to fashion pictures. One Hollywood portrait artist considers Lilyan and the late Barbara La Marr his finest subjects.

Most of the photographers take a deep breath and drink black coffee to steady their nerves when a child artist heaves into view. Usually a more or less fond parent comes along.

There's a decidedly gruesome story of one mother's efforts to get a crying picture. She asked the child to weep, but for some reason the tears would not come. She asked again in a grim, threatening voice. The child was terribly distressed, an emotion she shared with the photographer. Still no tears. Then the mother turned her back to the camera, gripped the child with brutally strong fingers and whispered dire threats into her ear. The photographer will never know what the woman did to the youngster, but when she stepped aside tears were streaming down the child's cheeks, and her face was twisted with agony.

Sometimes wise stars use the studio gallery as propaganda material. They will pose as certain characters in the hope that it might give an idea to a producer.

DOROTHY MACKALL has always had the desire to do a Hula dance on the screen. She broke down and confessed her ambition to the studio *portrait*eur. He helped her out by posing her against a Waikiki background with Dorothy in a shredded wheat skirt. A producer was impressed by these interesting camera studies and not long after that Dorothy did her Hula dance for a motion picture camera.

In the same manner a story is being sought for Loretta Young that will display her ability as a toe dancer. No one had realized that she was an accomplished *dansuse* until the still camera lens let out the secret.

The other day they had some stunning portraits made of Marie Dressler. The photographer carefully retouched them until the Dressler physiognomy looked as smooth as a sheet of white paper and about as interesting.

When the publicity department brought them proudly to Marie for her approval, she calmly tore them up.

"Listen," she said, "it took me a long time to get those wrinkles and lines in my face. They're all that prove that any thinking goes on beneath this funny pan of mine. Think I'm going to part with them now? No, sir!"

Yes, sir—funny things happen before the still camera!



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What About Clara Bow?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

The procession of eager young men which has marched through her girlhood has tried to leave its mark on her personality.

Clara once again to an interviewer—"The trouble with boy friends is that they all want to make you over into something else again. It turns me up—especially as it's me as I am that they fall for!"

Such interference with Clara Bow has done nothing to Clara Bow but make her furious.

For seven years Clara Bow has been feverishly hunting for a love that she could trust—that would stand tests and turn out to be what is hopefully known as "the real thing."

The beaux have come and gone.

THAT was Gilbert Roland. There were Gary Cooper and Victor Fleming. Bob Savage cut his wrists theatrically for "love" of her, and was quickly given his marching orders. There were momentary mentions, in the public prints, of Nino Martino, Bela Lugosi, Rex Bell. There was no printed mention at all of a handsome young Texas doctor—at least, never by name.

The Harry Richman story has been most prolonged. Harry had the glitter of Broadway night life about him.

"Ooh—I love Harry!" squealed Clara in the presence of reporters, early in the game.

And a game it's been. Engaged and not engaged—to be married, and no dice. So it's gone for a year, as thousands moaned.

A lady of the theater, Miss Flo Stanley, declared herself in. Threatening to sue Clara for alienation of Mr. Richman's boyish affections, she expressed the cynical New York view of the matter when she told the press—

"Harry's my man. He doesn't love that little kid. He's only playing with her for the publicity he can get out of it."

Poor little Clara—Clara of Page One!

Rumored attempts at suicide—hospitals for appendicitis and then adhesions—hospital for cut fingers—stepmother trouble, boy trouble, money trouble.

Grief has billowed around that touselled head.

Poor little Clara! Where could she turn? Her father seems to have had little influence. Her boy friends? Special pleaders that have come and gone. A stepmother? Almost her own age.

Her own philosophy, childish in its assumption that she can gather roses and no thorns? It hasn't worked!

At twenty-five she's still adrift. Eight years of hectic existence seem to have taught her little of self-discipline. Still with no workable scheme of life, a woman in years but the irrepensible hoyden of eighteen in her mode of living.

What is immediately before her?

After her last expedition, Clara announced in the press that she was going to be "real quiet and orderly." At the moment of trotting to press, she is.

She's busy—and therefore happy, and not harassed by her moody doubts, searchings and wonderings concerning life and love.

Her Paramount contract expires October 1. In spite of unfortunate stories and almost tragic publicity, her pictures still make money. She has one of the truest and most wonderfully loyal fan armies in the history of pictures.

She's getting about \$3,000 a week at present, and if all goes well, she'll be re-signed for another year at somewhat more.

And that's all the inscrutability of Fate allows us to know of Clara Bow's future.

What a tremendous hullabaloo the life of this big-eyed wonder-child has been, since she first broke upon us in 1922, in "Down to the Sea in Ships!"

She crashed upon the screen at the perfect, exquisite moment!

Dashing, alluring and cinematically untamed, she was flaming youth incarnate—the personification of post-war flapperhood, bewitching, alluring and running hog-wild. All the old taboos and thou-shalt-nots were knocked dead by the new freedom for adolescents.

Clara burst out just in time to be the New Youth's standard-bearer.

Point with Joy or View with Alarm, as you will, that's the truth.

Clara Bow is responsible for a whole race of second-run, imitation Bows that flooded the country—a type that now seems to be giving way to the Garbo sort of thing among the infant sophisticates.

This is no "attack" on Clara Bow. It is a prayer and a boost for one of the gayest, youngest, prettiest girls who ever danced across a screen—who gave a new kind of youth to the shadow stage.

I will be a charter member of any "League for the Preservation, Care and Protection of Clara Bow."

But there's no sense in begging the issue, or playing ostrich.

CLARA faces a crisis, and we're all involved in some measure.

She's a woman in years, now, and not a schoolgirl thrust into an unfamiliar spotlight.

She can't continue to gallop off the reservation, and continue to delight us, too. She's stretched out her arms for understanding and help and trust—as have thousands of the rest of us. If she's failed to find them—as have thousands of the rest of us at times—she must develop resources within herself, a spiritual fortress that can defend her against all the varied and cruel assaults of life and destiny.

That's what men and women have to do, as best they can, when human hearts and human hands fail.

And so must Clara Bow. But first she must realize that time and her life in the world have made her a woman, and not a spoiled and wilful child!

The Stars Pay and Pay

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

were some carpenters, electricians, boys who work with me, and those of my lodge. The high-brow thousand-a-week 'friends' didn't even phone to see if I were alive or dead. And if I'd died, they would have done the same thing that's been done to plenty of good men and women who have died in this business. Their 'friends' flock to the funeral—to be seen and looked at, like they would go to a premiere. Then they would get together afterward and

say: 'Great guy, wasn't he? Poor old so-and-so. Well, where'll we go and make whoopee tonight?'

"I'll sum it up. In this business, we can count our real friends on the fingers of one hand. If we want more—well, we can reach in our pockets and feel those nice, hard, round 'simoleons.' They're true friends!"

"With friends disappears privacy. Even behind the walls of one's own house, there's

if you really knew - - - about princess pat powder you'd surely try it



*This smile says "Delightful!"
The smile is June Calhoun's, Paramount player. The face powder, Princess Pat.*

here we shall
try to give
the facts—
read
carefully

In the first place, Princess Pat is the *only* face powder that contains *almond*. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of *starch*. This change of base in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more *clinging* powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So *point one* in favor of Princess Pat is that it *stays on longer*. Every woman will appreciate *this* advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be made with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So *point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So *point three* in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only powder*.

For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited — the almond found in *no other face powder*.

You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the *same* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called "the powder your skin loves to feel." It is a most apt description; for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat is delightful — and *different*.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

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only a half-portion of the privacy any individual wants and is entitled to. And when we step outside the door—why, you know that a man, any man, likes to dress up in an old pair of pants and a sloppy sweater once in a while, and go grubbing around the yard or watering the lawn or something. I can't even dare to do that. Somebody will go by and see me. "Oh, is that Monte Blue, eh? Well, what a tramp he is!"

"Even inside our walls, we're not free. The telephone and the doorbell ring night and day, and the mail man dumps bushels of mail. It's all from people who insist on seeing me, for any one of a million reasons. Usually they want me to donate, or to invest, or to buy something. I get from fifty to one hundred mail appeals a week from clubs, churches, bazaars, fairs, asking for donations. Each of them feels worthy, of course.

"AND from individuals, I get countless pitiful letters. They wring my heart. I can see they're not fakes, these pleas—but I can't help them all. I would not have enough left to live on and take care of my family. And then I've got a few brothers, back East, who are not as fortunate as I've been. I've got to help them first. After all, charity does begin at home.

"There are cadgers all around us, for another point. Do you know, I have paper in my drawer representing \$8,000 in loans. And it's not worth a nickel. "Friends" who have gone broke, who needed help in business for just a little while, or maybe somebody's wife had to be rushed to the hospital. You know the type of rush-appeals, don't you? After you've helped them with money, do they stay your friends? No, they don't even call you up. They walk around your block to avoid seeing you. Unless they need more money. I've been told, in just so many words, that since I became a highly-paid star, I'm a legitimate sucker! Imagine that.

"Well, enough of that. There are other things that success has cost me—or taught me, let's say. I've had to learn to be careful of my every utterance, of every spoken word. They're hanging around, hungry for every morsel that drops from your lips, so it can be twisted to mean something quite different from what was intended. No matter what I think, I've learned to be extremely careful either not to say it, or to say it so it can't be misconstrued—if I think it's safe to say it at all.

"YOU know, there's so much envy and jealousy. A certain class of people know I get a big salary, and their envy becomes malicious. They forget that I've worked long to reach the position where I earn it, and that it's only for an abnormally short span that picture stars do earn it. We've got to make it while we can, and save it while we make it. I saw that handwriting on the wall when I saw others throwing it away as fast as they made it—in the old days of the Vernon Club and the Sunset Inn.

"I've saved enough to care for me and mine always. If people want to be maliciously



Marshall, Mich.

My father is confined to bed from a stroke of paralysis. He often has spells when he requires constant attention. We get very nervous and take turns at snatching recreation periods.

The only relaxation I can afford is the movies, which I attend every chance I get. They are my escape from the sober realities of life.

E. W.

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Is it the kind of picture I would like?

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jealous of me for that, I'm sorry, that's all. I just wish they would stop the manifestation of their envy—the malicious gossip, and anonymous letters.

"There's one other thing a star has to watch for. That's the maintenance of the position he's attained. It seems every endeavor you make has to be ever greater than the ones before. If not, up goes the chorus of, 'What's the matter with Monte? He's slipping; he's gone!' And there's a lot of difference between being a beginner and a contract star, too. You'll find the producers only too anxious to skimp money on your pictures, after you've arrived, figuring that your box-office name will sell mediocre films. The money they save goes to fattening some other production. Who suffers? The answer is obvious.

"WELL, there you have some of the things stardom costs you. Too, there's the everlasting responsibility if you've a grain of sincerity in you. It's surprising what a star's attitude can do to or for a company. If he's happy, enthusiastic, up goes the company morale, and there's a good picture. If the star is morose, unhappy, the company is shot and so is the production.

"It's one thing to attain success; another thing to maintain it. It's harder to maintain it. "I don't know whether I'm happier now than I was at the bottom. Then, every opening was a new start. I had no worries, no responsibilities. My nights were easier. No worries about next day, no rushes to see. No expenses to worry about, because I wasn't living high.

"Life was simple, even though it wasn't luxurious. I was very happy.

"Today—well, I'm very happy today, too. I've realized my ambitions. I've provided for my family and brought them the things that money can buy. I see in my children the forecast of another life I can live when I step out of stardom and into retirement; I can live over my life again in them."

Advice to 17-Year Old Lovers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Well, I don't believe in that. I've never written a note—but I've started plenty. Maybe I'd think a girl hadn't been on the up and up with me and I'd get sore and sit down and start to write her a very bitter note. But I'd wait until the next morning before sending it and then I'd never mail it. And I think that's pretty good advice. Never send a note until you've slept over the idea. Then you'll never send it.

"I SAID a little while ago that I didn't believe in passing out a line. Maybe you won't believe me but it's true that I've never told a girl that I loved her. Honest, the word 'love' is kinda sacred to me and I'm not going to say it until I'm awfully sure I really mean it. If I went around telling all the girls I loved them what could I tell the real one when she came along?"

So maybe there is some hope in the younger generation after all.

The above does not sound like Warner Fabian dialogue, now does it? It appears to me that this kid Arthur Lake has a pretty level head on his shoulders.

Before we parted I asked him what sort of a girl was his favorite type, modern or old-fashioned.

"Oh, they're all about alike," said Arthur. "They're all trying to be modern but they're really pretty old-fashioned underneath. As for my type—well, lemme see,—I like 'em tall and blonde—with football shoulders."

The Story of a Magic House

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

determined that the natural wall should not come down.

Yet one could not build a house against a stone wall.

They effected a compromise.

A part of the wall was hewn away to give a view from the windows at the front and it stands now, like some ancient parapet behind which you walk and suddenly catch a glimpse of a glorified view of Hollywood off in the distance.

BUSY, happy days began. Harry attended to all the details.

He bought every nail, every sack of cement himself.

He and Ann spent most of their time watching their own house spring into being.

But even a castle must be furnished. Came days made hideous by conferences with interior decorators.

(They had to buy everything from dish towels to the grand piano.)

The experts talked to them of *Louis Quatorze* period, Renaissance, early American antiques.

Ann and Harry would have none of that. "We simply want comfort," said Ann. "There must be places to flop in every room. I don't want any antiques that somebody else has owned. We want to build legends around our own furniture. I want only comfort and beauty."

Not long ago they moved in—the three of them, Ann, Harry and Jane. And as they stood in their living room (36 by 20) and looked from the windows on the three sides they knew that the job was finished. They had come home at last!

It is a perfect house.

A well-loved house.

Every stick and stone, every tiny throw rug, every small chair is adored.

It is amazing that in so lavish and elegant an establishment so much comfort and warmth could have been attained. But it is there—beauty combined with grandeur, coziness with great charm.

You drive to the gates. If it is night you press a button. The garage lights turn on. The garage door opens.

"We are now working on a scheme," said Harry, "to have the beds turned down for us and bath water running by pushing that same button."

THE dining room is almost all windows. Every room in the house but two, I believe, has three exposures.

The only bit of modernism in the house is little Jane's nursery—and what a nursery, with Mother Goose characters chasing themselves across the walls—also off the hall, as is Ann's and Harry's bedroom, a room that baffles description.

There are tiny, hidden stairs that lead from the bedroom to the roof where there are two beds set out directly under the stars. They sleep there.

There are, in all, sixteen rooms and eight baths and there is no way of adequately describing any of it. For description would merely cover the charming and luxurious details of the place. There are many beautiful houses in Hollywood. There are many luxurious ones, but not a single film home has what this house has. For this has love and tenderness and comfort. It looks lived in and loved in.

It has character.

It has atmosphere.

It has true charm.



What bath to give me energy?

Do you, now and then, have hard-to-wake-up mornings, "no-account" work days, and tired, spoiled evenings? Then you should read the booklet described below... should learn how remarkably, simple baths often can help in these too-common complaints.



What bath for quick, sound sleep?

Nervous fatigue, they say, is an American tendency. When over-tired or too keyed-up to get to sleep, try the magic of the bath that's only mildly warm. (See booklet).



What bath to avoid sore muscles?

When physically exhausted never take a cold bath. Make it hot. Drink a glass or two of water, and then soak for a full ten minutes. You'll fairly feel the soreness going.



What bath to head off a cold?

The quite hot bath is the one to take, too, when you've come home thoroughly chilled or with wet feet. But don't put it off... And don't delay either, sending for this instructive highly interesting booklet, "The Book About Baths."



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Why is it that so many people have tended to think **it's FREE!** of the bath in terms of cleanliness alone? One reason, no doubt, is that they've never before been offered, free, a booklet just like this one. So get your copy. Use the coupon. You'll be glad you did.

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The Private Life of Greta Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

she did this, flooding the premises. Nothing is more provocative, in the life of this strange, wonderful woman, than this passionate love of rain.

It provides endless food for speculation. She must derive great joy from the feel of the water beating upon her body.

Perhaps it is a method of release for her, this eternal wandering in a human battle against the elements.

All of us have experienced a pleasantly morbid joy in walking alone through rain, at night. It is fascinating to speculate on this solitary Swedish girl, stealing through a downpour late at night.

THE question of Garbo's clothes is also of tremendous interest to her admirers.

It is exactly true that she cares little for clothes.

Seldom did she wear anything but sports clothes—morning, noon or evening. With this costume she always wore heavy, low-heeled slippers.

Often these were the smallest size obtainable in men's low shoes. In 1929 she owned about fifteen pairs of these—most of them brown.

With them she wore woolen hose, such as are worn in Sweden. During hot weather she wore half socks.

She wore men's tailored shirts. She owned dozens of men's silk ties, in all colors. At night she wore men's pajamas, in soft shades of silk and in stripes. Her hats were of soft felt in mannish style.

When her manservant brought her shoes, she would laugh and say, "Just the kind for us bachelors, eh?"

On Garbo's "mystery days," when she hid herself from her friends, she seemed to love to keep everyone guessing about what she did.

At such times she would say to her servants—"I am not at home to anyone. Remember—NO one!"

Edington, her business manager, would phone, and Greta might be in the room with the telephone.

Over and over the words would be repeated—"Miss Garbo is not in. I do not know when she will be in."

Sorensen, her Swedish friend, would not take "no" for an answer. "I know Garbo is there," he'd say. "Tell her I must speak to her." And Greta would sometimes instruct the servant to say, "Miss Garbo says to tell you that she is not in."

Often her spells of solitude came with the receipt of a bundle of newspapers and magazines from Sweden.

Then she would stay in bed for three days at a time, reading and clipping—rising only to swim and exercise.

IN spite of all precaution—despite the fact that the house in Beverly Hills was listed under another name—admirers occasionally found their way to Garbo's door.

One Texas girl caused considerable annoyance. She began with a long distance call which Garbo ignored. Then letters arrived.

She claimed to be a relative of Mauritz Stiller's, and to have a letter from him to present. Greta believed nothing of it. Stiller was dead. The letters went into the wastebasket.

But one night the household was awakened by a girl's voice calling, "Greta! Come on out!" A girl and two men were standing before the house. "I am so and so from Texas!" the girl called.

The servants had difficulty in persuading them to leave the premises. In the morning, Garbo, always curious about those who sought

her, demanded to know all about the nocturnal callers.

For two days a college boy picketed the house. He was determined to get an interview with Garbo for his school paper. Greta was forced to use the back door.

A man in Wyoming sent Greta two orchids every week, for three months. She liked them, and always kept them on her dresser. A St. Louis admirer sent her a large box of candy each week.

He tried vainly, time and time again, to get her in long distance. She would never talk to him.

Garbo has always been fond of flowers. Her favorites are pansies and violets. Friends often sent them to her.

A bunch of violets was almost always to be found at the head of her bed.

Garbo celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday in that house on September 18, 1929. Her servants made her a birthday cake decorated with twenty-four candles of yellow and blue, and gave her a box of candy tied with ribbons of those colors—the national colors of Sweden.

Her friend Sorensen came over to late breakfast that day, bringing a sketch he had made of her.

It showed Garbo dressed in a trench coat, with a derby hat and men's shoes.

At one side was a French poodle—on the other a pair of galoshes.

THERE is a Swedish folk-story about "lucky galoshes." It tells of a pair of rubbers into which an old man stepped. When he wore them he had good luck, and when he forgot them—bad. Sorensen's picture signified that Greta had "lucky galoshes." She loved the sketch—had it framed in silver, and placed beside her bed. One other picture—a photograph of Mauritz Stiller—also stood on that favored table.

Also, on the dresser, stood Garbo's favorite Chinese idol—a sacred one called, I believe, Quan Yin.

She was forever breaking it. At last its head was completely severed. She was always unhappy when she broke this talisman, and her servants were kept busy mending the poor Chinese goddess. At last her head and body were fastened tightly with a stout spike.

Garbo's toilettries were extremely simple.

She had a very lovely plain silver dressing table set. She used very little perfume, though she did have a bottle of "gardenia" scent. And she used a lavender soap—one popular in Sweden. There were no cosmetics nor lotions on her dressing table. Occasionally Greta called for a piece of ice to rub on her face—"to freshen up a bit," she said.

When not working, Garbo cared for her hair herself. Once a week she would shampoo it.

If Greta was going on location, Alma, her colored maid from the studio, or Billie, her favorite studio hairdresser, would come to the house.

Garbo enjoyed eating. I once heard that she had become anemic from dieting. This was at a time when her company thought she was getting too heavy.

She said herself that she gained about fourteen pounds during her long holiday in Sweden almost two years ago, and that since that visit she had been in perfect health. Her weight, on her home scales, held steady at about one hundred and twenty-eight pounds.

GARBO occasionally invited friends to dinner with little or no notice. They were usually Sorensen, or Jacques Feyder, the director, or Mr. and Mrs. John Loder. Mrs. Loder was the only woman who came to the house often. Garbo liked her very much. They spoke to

each other in German. In fact, Greta usually spoke German to her friends, but talked Swedish to her staff of servants.

Once the star invited Sorensen, Feyder and his assistant director to dinner. That morning she had ordered brown beans with salt pork, Swedish hardtack, Russian rye bread, cake and coffee.

It was a favorite menu of hers, and she permitted no change with the advent of guests. "They can take just what I am going to have," she said.

After dinner Garbo would entertain her friends by playing the phonograph. She had a Swedish record about herself that she liked to play again and again.

It was made up of bits from a popular Stockholm revue. First there was some music. Then followed conversation about Greta dancing on shipboard with Prince Sigrid. The record ended with "But remember, Greta, there is a day coming tomorrow!"

Garbo had two other numbers she played nearly to a frenzy—played them when she was low-spirited, to cheer herself, played them when she was high-spirited, to make her happier and entertain her friends. Sophie Tucker sang both songs.

They were something about "Low Down" and "Oh, What a Man!"

IN the summer of 1929, Garbo did not seem to be devoted to any particular man.

At this time her romance with Jack Gilbert had ended.

They did not speak when they passed at the studio.

She never mentioned his name at home, though she did talk, sometimes, of the parrot she had given Jack.

"He was a big, fine bird. And very smart. You should have heard him give the raspberry. He could do it better than any man!"

At one time Miss Garbo's brother, Sven, who has been quite successful abroad both on stage and screen, wanted to come to Hollywood. He

even sent a test of himself to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Garbo and Harry Edington occasionally discussed the advisability of having him come to this country. It was considered rather unwise. He is now working for Paramount in Paris.

Garbo, at this period, was not at all domestic. She never pattered about the house.

She read, swam, walked, rode, played handball, ate and slept. And worked, when work was the order of the day! Finally, after months of search, she left this house and took the beautiful Santa Monica estate which appears with this story.

AT this time, in 1929, Greta Garbo used to say that when her contract expired, in 1931, she intended to leave the United States forever. She did not seem to be really happy in Hollywood.

She would daydream—and talk—of the wonder house she means to build one day at Sallsgo, the lake of a thousand islands near Stockholm. There, on a high cliff, she would rear her castle, with the kingdoms of the world spread below.

Fame in the theaters of Europe is also a part of Greta Garbo's dreams for the future. Today she is only twenty-five!

And so ends the simple, truthful tale of Greta Garbo's life as she lived it in the year 1929—her household gods set up in a rented home in Beverly Hills, its doors barred against a prying world. There is nothing of the "sensational" in it—but there is much of surpassing interest, it seems to me.

Think, for instance, of a tall girl, in shapeless clothing, striding through a torrent in the darkness of the night, when the world is warm and dry inside its doors.

In that solitary figure, alone in the wind and the rain, is all the mystery and wonder of Greta Garbo. Of what is passing under that mop of yellow hair, who can speak? Thus does the essential Garbo remain a mystery and a lure!



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The 20 Mistakes in the Chaplin Interview

(Printed on Page 41)

FIRST, the picture was all wrong. Chaplin and Mary Pickford have never appeared together.

Here are the mistakes in the story, in the order in which they appear:

1. The name of the new Chaplin film is "City Lights," not "The Lights of the City."

2. Chaplin's voice is *not* deep bass. It is quite higher.

3. His hair is *not* dark red. It is naturally greying, but he dyes it black for his pictures.

4. His famous moustache is a prop. He is smooth shaven.

5. "The Kid" was *not* the last Chaplin picture. "The Circus" was his most recent.

6. Davey Lee was *not* the boy in "The Kid." It was Jackie Coogan.

7. Georgia Hale does *not* appear in "City Lights." The part of the flower girl is played by Virginia Cherrill, a newcomer to films.

8. Charlie has *not* admitted he hopes to marry Miss Hale. On the contrary, although they go places together, he has denied there is any betrothal.

9. And his next matrimonial venture, if any, will *not* be his second. He has already been married more than once.

10. Charlie does *not* smoke. He gave up cigarettes a few years ago.

11. "City Lights" will *not* be completely voiceless. Instead, a theme song will be sung, in words, from a phonograph. These, however, will be the only words in the picture.

12. The picture can *not* be as good as the script, because Chaplin uses no script. He creates the picture as he goes along.

13. The synchronized musical numbers, as well as the theme song, were all composed by Chaplin himself. There is no Sergei Sten'vich. 14. Chaplin's eyes are blue, *not* brown.

15. Charlie's accent is slightly English, *not* French.

16. Chaplin was born in London, *not* Paris.

17. Chaplin has *been* abroad, once, since coming to America.

18. He was *not* educated at the Sorbonne. He never went to school.

19. There is no pretty little maid in the Chaplin home. All his servants—six—are men.

20. Jim Tully is *not* a friend. Instead, Tully, once employed by Chaplin, has turned the tire of his pen to several articles which could hardly be called complimentary, and once Chaplin sued to prevent publication of one of Tully's stories about him.

What was your score?



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The Gag Factory

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

"You must have a large staff," I ventured. "I'll introduce you to the boys," he said enthusiastically, "a little later. They mustn't be disturbed now—they're writing tomorrow's product. You see," he explained, "we do so many more of these short subjects now than we used to because it takes less time. In the old days you'd take a week or ten days to do one of these. Nowadays, since our characters can talk, we can do a picture in two sets—at the most, three—because the dialogue explains things that we used to have to show by action. That speeds things up and cuts down expense."

We were on our way out of his office now, picking our way carefully to a stage set where action seemed to be going on at a furious pace.

But the fuss that had been going on had, apparently, been just a rehearsal. Suddenly a whistle blew, and everybody remained frozen in his tracks.

NOW the drama unfolded itself. It was a household scene. The woman was reading a magazine, and the husband was trying to leave the room unobtrusively. Neither of them was being successful. The wife caught him at it and didn't like it. At any rate, I judge she didn't, because she picked up a board studded with nails, that some one had, by an extraordinary chance, left leaning against the wall. As she walloped her fleeing husband, the front part of whom was now entirely through the window, with this nail-studded board, she shouted:

"There! I think this will make an impression on you!"

"That's not such a bad gag," said Roth.

"Many a whole musical comedy has been built on less."

Murray Roth is a person with many sides, and most of them effective. Although he is the head of production, he often directs a picture himself, and it is generally a memorable one. They ran one for me in the projection room. It was called "Yamerkraw." It appears that, hearing so much about the artistic values in certain German pictures, such as "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Last Laugh," he went to see one.

"So this is what all the shootin's about," he told himself. "If this is art," he added, "it's very easy."

So he did this picture, "Yamerkraw," which is the simple sequence of life in a small negro village, a few shots in the cabarets of the great and wicked city, and then back to the village again. It doesn't sound like much, but it is aesthetically satisfying to see and hear.

We went through a long hallway. From opened doors we heard snatches of music that sounded familiar.

"Our composing department," he said. "We need two songs for a picture we're doing this afternoon; they're being composed now." I listened in the corridor for a moment or two. The music bore a family likeness to all popular music. There was no chance of its striking a jarring—that is, new—note. That isn't called for in the present technique.

WE paused outside a closed door. "The gag department," he said. "You see, every line must count. Every other line must be a feed line, answered by a gag or a wise crack. They're writing them now, in there," he motioned to the door.

"Where do they get them all?" I asked.

He was a little vague. He shrugged his shoulders. "You never know. They're clever, I guess. But you don't depend just on cleverness; each one keeps a file of wise cracks, ready to be pulled out and inserted where needed."

We went inside and he introduced me to Stanley Rauh and Burnet Hershey, who have written a large proportion of the short sub-

jects, it appears, and gagged up a lot of the others. Rauh is a young man, quick and temperamental, with a far-away look in his eye. Conversation was not just conversation to him. It was composed of the quick comeback.

THE office was fancy. "There seems to be money in writing," I remarked.

"It all depends on whom you write to for it," said Rauh.

"The public has always paid well for humor," I remarked.

"Humor, like history, repeats itself," said Hershey.

"Well, anyway," I said, "life is certainly never dull around you boys." You see, I had become the perfect feeder. The faces of both of the gagsters became animated.

"It's always duller just before the yawn," they both said at once.

There was a pause, while they scowled at each other. "I thought it was agreed that that crack was to be mine?" said Rauh finally.

"Sorry," said Hershey. "You can have the one about the Scotchman and the moth."

Roth turned to go. "It's bot here—I have a headache," he said.

Rauh and Hershey looked at each other. "Just a second," said Rauh. He turned to a filing cabinet and looked through the folders swiftly. He did not find what he wanted.

"Sorry," he said to Roth, "I haven't anything about a headache. Can't you make it something else—a floating kidney, say?"

"Why?"

"You see, if you asked me what to do about a floating kidney I could tell you to put an out-board motor on it," said Rauh. "My headache department isn't what it should be. I'll look into that."

"Let's go," said Roth. "It's a wise crack that knows its own father. You see, I'm getting that way myself."

We started to go out. "Well, goodbye," I said. "Glad to have met you." The door was closing. Their voices followed us down the hall.

"Many a man lives by the sweat of his frau," said Hershey.

"Some people are so dumb they think a hangover is a Jewish holiday," said Rauh.

"You see, the life gets you, after a while," said Roth.

A beautiful voice rang out in the studio, a melody I had heard in the Metropolitan Opera House. I recognized the voice.

"That isn't Martinelli?" I asked.

"Certainly is," said Roth. "He's doing a series of pictures for us—excerpts from the operas."

"Are they popular?" I inquired.

"We like them," he said.

"I know, but—" I persisted.

HE shrugged his shoulders. "They lend a tone to the line, and class. So does a picture like 'Yamerkraw.' When you turn out 300 of these pictures a year you can afford to mix them up a little, in order to get a general effect."

He showed me around the studio. It is a large and varied place. He was familiar with everything that was going on. There was a beautiful Chinese shrine in a corner of the property room. He ran his hand lovingly over its lacquered sides. "This used to be in the Metropolitan Museum," he said.

"Are you going to use it in a picture?" I asked.

"I'm going to have a picture written around it," he said. "With no wise cracks. Just (so-and-so) art."

"Thanks for coming out," Roth said. "I hope you won't be too hard on us. You know, our job is to get the greatest number of people

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who will laugh at the same thing—you might say that we have here the lowest common denominator of humor. Just as soon as you get away from that you divide your public, the sense of humor being such a (blank) personal thing.

"Not that this stuff is to be dismissed too lightly—after all, we all get down to elementals

after a while, and the two things that are more elemental than anything I can think of are laughter and tears."

"Well," I said, "you certainly seem to have made good on your end of things."

"The only trouble with making good in this business," he said quietly, "is that you have to do it over every day!"

Deeds and Dreams

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

influenced her life and was, in a way, responsible for her having a screen career. She had met Marconi in South America, through her mother, and when she came to London she saw him again. Here was a man who had dedicated his life to his work, who thought of nothing but that work, and who knew that in the intense little Spanish girl burned the fire of the artist.

Marconi told her of the glories of work well done, and when Mona's mother heard of their frequent meetings and wrote to her to come home, Marconi took out legal guardianship papers so that she might remain. It was he who begged her to break away from all her friends and acquaintances in London and strike out for herself, alone, in Germany.

She had a few letters of introduction to people in Berlin, but none of them were connected with the film industry, yet because she was determined, because she knew now what she wanted to do, and because there were no outside influences to hamper her, she landed a contract with UFA and found herself approaching happiness for the first time in her life.

Work in Germany did not satisfy her. It was too small. The center of the industry was to be found in America and when Joe Schenck came abroad, saw her and told her of the opportunities on the other side, she came, as soon as her UFA contract was up, only to discover new battles with the talkies.

She and her maid, a German woman who is half-mother, half-companion, half-servant to

her, were sitting in the compartment of the train when the maid looked up from her paper and said, "You must learn to speak English. They are making talking pictures now."

"That's ridiculous," said Mona. "They won't last. They're merely novelties."

But they lasted, and Mona learned English well enough to give one of the best performances of the year in "Romance of the Rio Grande." She was almost immediately cast in "The Arizona Kid" and is now with Jose Mojica in "One Mad Kiss."

Mona has been and continues to be one of the most misunderstood girls in Hollywood. Hollywood demands a penalty for one drop of Spanish blood. It demands gayety and bounce, pep and personality stuff. Hello, baby! Hot Tamale! Ooh, la, la! A melancholy Spaniard is like a gay Swede. Mona, you see, simply won't remain true to type. She is herself and when the demons sit on her shoulders she locks herself in her house and won't come out, and when she is at parties she behaves like a lady. And that, according to Hollywood, is not an old Spanish custom.

Lonely, pitifully lonely is strange little Mona. And she will always be so. She shrugs her shoulders. She is used to it by now. She doesn't mind. She has other compensations, for as she knows the depths, so does she know the heights. I doubt if she will ever be understood. I doubt if the two stories told by her profile and her full face will ever be reconciled.

"Oh, Mr. Jones!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

So that was all settled and when the boy brought around the check from the telegraph office, maybe an hour later, the guy at the desk here was ready to cash it. I slipped my good suit to the valet for a pressing and got a shave and a haircut and a facial and a manicure; and it was about ten-thirty that me and the roll arrived at the Arcade and found the Bemis kid just getting ready to go home.

"Oh, get out some more glasses; we got company again," she said, and rolled her eyes and smiled to drive you mad. "Mr. Glintz has left for the night."

"If you ask me, baby, he can stay for the next couple of centuries, just so he leaves you behind," I said, and meant it. "How about a bite of supper with a lonely guy in a strange town?"

"Meaning handsome you?" she said, powdering her nose.

"Along with beautiful you," I told her. "I got a taxi waiting. You can tell him where to hit the curb."

It went over big. No, we didn't come to the grill here, brother. Where we went was this Hotsy Club, a million miles out in the mountains—seven-ninety to the taxi guy, without tip. We ordered all there was on the card and

we danced some and talked some, and then danced some more and ate a little something and talked some more; and then around one o'clock Flo threw in the sponge—I was calling her Flo before we got there—and said it was time to go home. It gave me quite a start, being that late, I mean, and nothing accomplished.

"I hate to call it a day, Flo," I said. "I hate to think I have to wait till tomorrow to see you again."

"TAKE a load off your mind, Mr. Jones," she said, laughing ever so sweet and pretty. "It's tomorrow already. Can I have my hand now?"

"Pretty soon, Flo," I said. "Listen, Flo," I said, "you and me could travel a long way together."

"Mr. Jones!" she said. "I'll bet you could teach people by mail how to work fast."

"I'm not kidding, Flo," I said. "What else made me the man I am today? Going after what I want and snatching it! Take Glintz, for instance," I said.

"Where will we take him?" she asked. "Anywhere, so long as he does himself a favor by buying Peppytone," I said. "Baby, you could help with that."



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"I knew all this food wasn't free," she said and kind of sighed and looked at me, and I hope to tell you, brother, I laid off breathing for a second. How could I help it?

"Flo," I said, "what can you do with those eyes alone is nobody's business. Look at Glintz tomorrow the way you looked at me just now and tell him to buy a Peppytone. Will you do that?"

WELL, she mashed out the cigarette she was smoking and she seemed to be thinking it over, and pretty soon she shook her head.

"It wouldn't be right," she said. "Me trying to influence him like that."

"But this is for his own good," I told her.

"Yes, I know, Mr. Jones, but I couldn't do it," she said. "I don't think that's proper, using sex appeal to sell goods. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

"You're a funny little kid, taking it so serious," I said. "You could try."

"Even if I did try, I couldn't do it right. I couldn't put my mind on it," she said. "I've got too much trouble on my mind."

"What trouble, Flo?" I asked her. "Maybe I could help."

"You couldn't," she said. "This is money trouble." Then she looked like she was going to cry. "Oh, I could shoot myself!"

It got me in the throat, but I had to laugh. "You tell your old uncle all about it, kid," I said.

"Oh, it's that terrible mortgage!" she said. "On the old farm, huh?"

"No, on the two-family papa bought three years ago," Flo sighed. "We had nothing but trouble since we got it. Now the heating plant in the part we don't live in went on the bum and papa simply hasn't got the price of a new one, so there's no rent coming in from that and—oh, I'm so worried I don't know what to do. The interest is six weeks over-due now and there's the payment pop has to make twice a year."

"Listen, kid!" I said. "How much is this interest?" And I pulled out the roll Homer Savage had wired.

It seemed she was a very sensitive little kid and the sight of all that money gave her a kind of shock.

She let off a yip and flopped back for a second, breathing kind of hard.

"For the love of Pete, Mr. Jones, put it away!" she said. "Do you want somebody following us out of this joint with a lead pipe?"

"Leave that to me," I said. "How much is this interest?"

"Well, it's a hundred and fifty dollars, Mr. Jones," she said, "but that don't concern you because—"

"Don't it?" I said, and pushed the hundred and fifty over to her. "You put that in your

pocket and say no more! Now how will it be about mentioning Peppytone to Mr. Glintz?"

"Gee, Mr. Jones, you make a girl ashamed," Flo said, putting it away quick before anyone could see it. "I—yes, sure. I'll speak to him about it tomorrow."

"Around what time, honey?" I said.

"I don't know till I see when I get the chance. Maybe you'd better not show up till I have him interested. I don't know anything about money or business," she said, timid, "but wouldn't that be better? Then maybe if we went somewhere like this tomorrow night, I could tell you about it? Maybe here, if it don't cost too much?"

TELL yourself twenty-four hours have elapsed, the way they do in plays, me sort of walking around on the air, as they say, and singing tunes to myself all the time and having my eyebrows trimmed and buying a couple of new shirts and ordering some violets sent up to Flo at ten sharp; and also giving the giggle to Bill Patterson whenever we happened to meet, he doing the same for me and also seeming to feel that he was riding high, wide and handsome.

Well, anyway, here we are at the same table the next night, with the boys shoveling out the chow like the army's getting ready to eat, and Flo kind of funny and nervous and not laughing as usual.

"Well, baby," I said, "tomorrow we hand Glintz the fountain-pen?"

"Oh, that!" said Flo, like she'd just remembered. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Jones. That isn't fixed yet. I had too many other things on my mind."

"Trouble, Flo?"

"About the mortgage," she said, and gulped a couple of times.

"What's the darn thing done now to fuss you?" I asked her.

"Oh, I don't understand about money and business," she said, "only pop went down to the lawyer today and he says it isn't legal to take the interest when the payment's not made. They're going to foreclose and take away our house. Oh, I think I'll shoot myself, Mr. Jones!" she said.

"Flo, why would you shoot yourself?" I asked her, soothing. "How much is the payment?"

"That's laugh, Mr. Jones," she said. "More money than there is in the world. Five hundred dollars!"

Ain't it funny, how a man will get? I tore the pocket, pulling out Homer Savage's roll.

"Gimme your funny handbag, kid," I said and snatched it. "There!"

"But Mr. Jones," she said.

"Call me Harry," I told her.

"Oh, that wouldn't be proper," she said, and



Indianapolis, Ind. If anyone appreciates the movies it is those who live on farms. I, myself, living in the city never realized just what a blessing pictures were until I went to visit in the country.

My grandmother has ten children. They all look forward to the visit to town on Saturday, knowing that they will end the grand day by a trip to the movies. This trip is the spice of their

lives and about the only form of real recreation which they can enjoy. And the pleasure isn't only for the time being, as they spend the rest of their dreary evenings discussing the picture, actors and actresses, and look forward with equal joy to the next Saturday trip.

So that's another point for the movies—the joy they bring to "country folks." Harriet Barrick

opened her eyes again. "I guess I'm terrible old-fashioned and out-of-date, but I don't think that would be proper. I couldn't call you Harry, Mr. Jones. And all this money—"

"FORGET it, beautiful," I said. "Your pop can pay me back some day. So tomorrow you'll tell B. Glintz he has to buy a Peppytone or put up the shutters, hey? I'll be there around three."

"No, I wouldn't," Flo said. "Let me get him all interested and hot and bothered about it and wanting to send for you, first. Then you can put it over fast. Isn't that wiser?"

"I leave it to you, kid," I said. "Only this time you're hopping into it with nothing on your mind, ain't you?" I said, because after all six hundred and fifty smackers are six hundred and fifty smackers.

"You watch me!" Flo said. "I'll call you at the hotel tomorrow if it's ready to break; and if it isn't maybe we could come out here again tomorrow night and I could tell you all he said and how he felt and you'd know exactly what to do. Oh, I want you to sell him the thing!" she said, and put her soft little hand on mine for a second.

"Have it your own way, sweetie," I said. "Well, then, if you don't hear from me tomorrow, will you meet me on the Fifth Street corner the same time tomorrow night?" Flo said, sort of apologetic. "It looks kind of funny, you calling for me at the theater all the time. I don't want to get talked about."

So last night I met her on the Fifth Street corner.

Yes, this was just last night, brother. It seems like fifty years ago! One way and another, she stalled me off till we were at the Hotsy, with the boss bowing till you'd think he'd crack in two and all the waiters hotfooting it to bring the season's delicacies for the new millionaire and his girl friend. And then it got to me she wasn't laughing any more than she had the night before. I wanted to cuddle her and tell her it was all right, whatever it was—but, at that, business is business and I was never a man to put anything in front of business, with the firm depending on me the way it does.

"Well, well!" I said. "What time tomorrow is it we're putting the halter on B. Glintz?"

"I DON'T know what to say to you, Mr. Jones. You've been so kind to me and everything," Flo said, and started winking fast. "I wasn't able to get it fixed yet. I've been away from the Arcade all day, but it wouldn't have made any difference if I'd been there. I had too much on my mind to do you any good."

"Not trouble, Flo."

"Yes, trouble," she said and sniffed. "Only not about the mortgage," I said. "We got that all cleaned up."

"No, we didn't," Flo said, and began crying, gentle, so nobody but me would notice it. "I've been to the lawyer's with papa. It seems there were extra charges we didn't know about—some back payment that wasn't made last time and some charges on account of waiting so long to pay this one. Oh, I can't stand it, Mr. Jones!" she said. "I can't stand all this worrying! I'm going to shoot myself!"

I can be firm when I have to be, as the feller says.

"Flo," I told her, "we have to sell B. Glintz a Peppytone before you can shoot yourself. How much does the syster want now?"

"You couldn't believe it!" Flo said, hysterical. "He has to have another five hundred and eighteen dollars before day after tomorrow or he will bring men and put our things on the sidewalk!"

And with that she started crying into her handkerchief and I guess it was just as well, because I certainly needed time to think.

You see, no matter how you looked at it, it was bad. I'd been thinking originally I'd buy Flo a couple of meals and some candy and maybe a bracelet for a couple of hundred dollars and ship the rest of the coin back to Homer

to show him how good I was. And instead of that, here's six hundred and fifty gone for the mortgage and three meals at around thirty dollars a throw and three round trips in the taxi at around twenty more apiece, making about eight hundred dollars in the red so far—and now comes this other five hundred for the lawyer, and that puts her up to three hundred more than Homer sent me in the first place. The catch being that if I don't come through with three hundred, here's Flo shooting herself.

I started thinking about that and the lucid interval was over, you could say. I could see the gun lying on the floor beside her and her little hand laying there, all limp, just the way it is in the pictures. It made me sick all over.

Well, I was never one of these guys that goes around without a dime of his own and it so happened that, in the inside vest pocket, I was warming three hundred and eighty dollars of my own. I've been thinking this last year maybe I'd get married and settle down some time. That's why I started saving.

SO here's all I could see to it: if I ditched the kid then, eight hundred smackers were gone anyway and she'd be shooting herself, whereas if I kicked in with my roll and the deal went through, I'd still be out only the commission on a couple of sales.

And I had some plans for Flo, around that time, that wouldn't work out so well if she shot herself.

"Listen, honey!" I said. "Suppose Santa Claus should come across for this last hold-up, how would I know you'd make B. Glintz buy a Peppytone?"

"Oh, Mr. Jones! Oh, Mr. Jones!" Flo gasped. "You couldn't do that? You wouldn't do that? Oh, if you'd do that, Mr. Jones, I'd get down on my knees and make him buy one! I'd vamp him till they had to put him in a strait-jacket before I'd ever let him get away without buying one!" she said. "Oh, you don't know what that would mean to pop and mom and me, Mr. Jones! Pop wants to shoot himself!"

"Well, if it's only to save undertakers' bills, we better get this mortgage stuff out of the way," I said, and unbuttoned the vest; and a couple of minutes later she had the savings of a lifetime in her bag, and she was holding my hand and looking at me. Just looking at me and looking at me till I thought I'd melt and run down out of the chair like candlegrease.

"Oh, Mr. Jones, you're a prince!" she said. "You're a king, Mr. Jones, and—"

"Call me Harry!" I told her.

"Well—Harry, then," she said, and couldn't look at me. "Harry, you're the biggest and finest man in the world and if I ever fall in love with a man, I hope he's just like you!"

"Meaning, it hasn't happened yet?"

"What hasn't happened yet—Harry?" she said.

"You falling in love with me, honey." I could hardly speak.

"I—DON'T know," she said, so low I could just hear.

"That means there's a chance!" I pretty near yelled.

"I don't know, Harry—yet," she whispered. "I have to think about mom and pop."

"Kid," I said, "let's give us a break and think about us for a while, huh? Let's think about the little house we could have in some little town, with roses and geraniums and everything. Let's think how I'd chuck this selling game and take a job in some bank, so I'd be coming home to you every night and you'd have dinner ready and afterward we could wash dishes and then sit out on the porch or go to the movies, huh?" I said. "How about it, kid? How does it listen?" I said.

"Gee, Harry, it listens great!" she said.

"And Sundays we'd put the kids in the little car and go off somewhere for a picnic, and take a shoebag full of sandwiches and a vacuum bottle with milk and cat under a tree in the country. Flo," I said, "could we get married



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tonight or would we have to get a license in this state?"

"Yes, I said all that and then some, and—well, what the hell are you laughing about? What's funny? You're a married man, ain't you? Well, did you dictate a letter to her, when you were pregnant? Think back, brother, think back!"

As I was saying, that's what I said to her, but she just shook her head.

"I don't know about a license, Harry. but we couldn't get married tonight or any time, till I've thought it over."

"How long will it take you to think it over?" I asked her.

"A month," she said.

"Make it a week, kid," I said. "Make it a couple of days. Make it tomorrow!"

"GEE, Harry, no wonder you're such a success," she said, and opened those eyes for me, "rushing people and things the way you do! Well—maybe tomorrow night."

"Sure tomorrow night?"

"Well, if I can come out here with you again tomorrow night—yes, Harry. I'll tell you then. I guess you're not much worried about what I'm going to tell you," she said, and gave me the eyes again, "only—oh, gosh, Harry! I *hate* to think it over! I mean, I have to feel as if I was thinking it over. You know what I mean?"

"Sure I know what you mean, baby," I said.

"Then do you mind if we don't talk about it any more now?" she said. "I mean, if we just have supper and dance and—and be happy?"

"Kid," I said, "you'd have some job finding

anything I'd mind, just about now, what I mean!" And then I turned around to old Hotsy and hollered: "Hey, you! Bring us a quart of champagne! Bring us a couple of quarts!" I said.

SO we danced till half-past two this morning and in the taxi I could kiss her just once. That's on the level. We couldn't roll up to her door because mom and pop didn't like her out so late with gentlemen and she'd have to give 'em some kind of stall about doing overtime at the Arcade, making up the books. She said it hurt her conscience very bad, having to lie, and she'd be glad tomorrow night when she could tell them the truth.

I dropped her at the corner and the last thing she said was, we mustn't be so happy we forgot about business. But, to tell you the truth, it took me quite some time to remember that theaters were using sound outfits, much less Peppytones. However, the way we left it, she was to get B. Glintz all ripe and ready for picking and then call me up here before eleven.

Well, brother, noon today and I was still sitting here with no call and no answer from the Arcade when I tried to get 'em. The funny part was, Bill Patterson was hanging around in much the same way, looking kind of worried and thoughtful. That's not like him. Usually he has his chest out and the horse laugh ready for everybody. He sat in about fifteen different chairs and dropped about a dozen nickels in the 'phone and got them all back. It got so we were taking turns in the booths.

Two or three times he started to speak to me and changed his mind; and then at last he came over and sat beside me.



Night shots at the studio. High on the platform is Director Alfred Werker and his boss cameraman, pondering shots on "The Sea Wolf," which he is directing for Fox. Note the wraps on the ladies below. The California nights are pretty chilly

"Say, Jonesy," he said, "you're a pretty good scout. As man to man, did you sell the Arcade?"

"Not yet," I said. "Did you?" "Not yet, Jonesy," Bill said and grinned kind of queer and puzzled and bit his trick moustache. "Say, Jonesy, I don't know what it is, but I have a hunch there's something wrong," he said. "I have a hunch we might do well to slap the cards down on the table. Jonesy, I hear you've been out a couple of times with the cutie Glintz has selling tickets up there?"

"Well?" I said queer. "What of that?" "Don't get sore, Jonesy. Me, I've been trying to reach him through Dixon, his operator, and—damned if I know what it is, but I'm smelling something. Coming down to cases, I guess the money I've been spending on that boy is getting on my nerves. I've been chucking dough to him like it was spoiled and I had to get rid of it. He's a very irritating lad, somehow. He's in trouble—or his family is—and a couple of times I've had to watch the poor devil break down and cry about the mortgage."

"WHAT mortgage?" I asked. It gave me a start.

"Oh, they have a two-family house and they're paying off a mortgage and they're apparently in the hands of some loan shark. Why, they'd have been put out on the sidewalk tomorrow if I hadn't come to the rescue!" Bill said. "I—well, by thunder, all the expense money the firm's allowing me for this territory has gone into that mortgage and a couple of hundred of my own besides!"

"Why, Bill!" I said. It just slipped out of me. "Him and Flo must be brother and sister! That's the same family I've been saving!"

Then we sat down and looked at each other for, I'd say, maybe about half a minute, and it was certainly very peculiar. I mean, how much we both seemed to be understanding without saying a word. I was getting kind of chilly, too. You know, shabby. My hands were wet and clammy.

"Jonesy, suppose we'd take a walk up to the Arcade?" Bill said.

"Suppose we would," I said. There was B. Glintz, the same as usual, leaning on the outside of the ticket booth this time, with his hands in his pockets and the cigar in his teeth.

"Where's Miss Bemis, Glintz?" I asked him. "Is Dixon around, Mr. Glintz?" said Bill. "Neither of 'em, gents," B. Glintz said.

"Well, when are you expecting Miss Bemis?" I asked him.

"Two or three days after hell freezes over," he said. "There ain't any such person. She's Mrs. Dixon now. Yep, her and the boy got married this morning at City Hall. They went somewhere. New Orleans—maybe it was San Francisco. They're starting some business, some beauty shop racket or something. They'd ought to do quite well."

DID you ever fall off a dock in the middle of winter, brother? I mean, when the river was full of ice and a good, strong wind blowing out of the North and then have 'em haul you out and let you stand around a while, till they found blankets?

I did; I was ten years old at the time, but I never forgot it.

This was like that. What I mean, I was still living and my head was very clear, but yet I was very uncomfortable.

"They'd ought to!" Patterson said, after a while. "They'd ought to!"

"I'd say so," B. Glintz said. "They're a couple of live kids. They got lots of enterprise. I was sorry to see the last of Flo. She was a bright little thing. I knew her popper quite well. He used to have the ticket wagon in a circus for a number of years, till he got shot."

"Who shot him?" I said. "I'd like to meet the party."

"I disremember the name," B. Glintz said.

"All I remember, the jury wouldn't convict him. Oh, I guess he was pretty sour."

"And where did you get Dixon, Mr. Glintz?" Bill asked. "Was he selling the reserved seats in the same circus?"

"No, I got Jimmy from the reformatory," B. Glintz said. "He worked quite cheap, account of that. He was bright, too."

"Oh, he was bright!" Patterson agreed. Then he got to staring at me and he was so red and wild-looking I thought he was going to have a stroke. "Well, that's that, Jonesy," he said, "and here we are back at scratch again and may the best man win!"

He whirled around and yelled at B. Glintz, like crazy: "Listen, you! You're buying a Blastophone or a Poppytone! I don't give a damn which it is, but you're buying one or the other! Get it?" he yelled. "After what we've spent between us—say! Which is it going to be? Which is it going to be?" I'd never have thought Bill Patterson could lose control of himself that way, especially when talking to a customer.

B. Glintz just waited till Bill was through and then shook his head.

"I ain't interested," he said. "Maybe not, but by cracky! you're going to be before we get through with you!" Patterson hollered. "We'll get you interested!"

"No, you won't get me interested," B. Glintz said. "I ain't in the picture business any more. Two o'clock, the sheriff's taking over this place. Well—what the hell?" he said. "I wasn't making any money, anyway."

And he spit out his cigar and walked into the Arcade; and here's me and Bill Patterson standing outside. Pretty soon Bill took his handkerchief and dried his forehead, which certainly needed it, and looked around. Me, I felt like I was dead inside, but with signs of coming to life pretty soon and murdering somebody.

"That's an elegant dark little alley, there beside the house," Bill said.

"What good would it do us, bumping him off?" I said. "Even if we could get him in there."

"I hadn't thought that far, Jonesy," Bill Patterson said. "I was just wondering if you and me couldn't go up to the end of that alley and you kick me till you were tired and then I'd kick you till I was tired, and so on till three o'clock, when I'll be pulling out of this—well, I couldn't tell you exactly what he called Giddesboro, not with those two old ladies sitting so close."

"THE idea has points, Bill, but it's no good to me," I said. "I have to be careful of these pants," I said, "because it might be some time before I'll buy any more."

So then I came back to the hotel and wrote out a full and complete report for Homer Savage, the way he said, and wired it in. Nine dollars, collect.

What did I tell him? I told him the truth! What else would I tell him? That I fed the thousand dollars to the cat?

Oh, no, Homer won't get tough. We're practically like brothers.

He'll just wire back some funny little message, kidding me.

What say? No, I'm not trembling. I'm slightly nervous.

What else could you expect from a man which has had his life practically ruined within twenty-four hours? Homer Savage has nothing to do with this nervousness. You stick around if you think different and see the kidding message I get from him. Why, Homer and me are practically like—is that boy paying me, kidding me? He is?

What's that, bellhop? Well—well, yes, certainly.

I'm the Mr. Harry Jones that Mr. Savage wants on the long distance double quick. I—well, I have to go, brother.

I guess—well, I guess Homer wants to kid me a little now!

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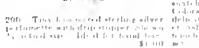
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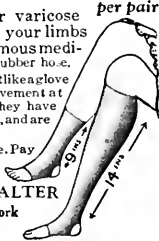
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Talking of Talkies

THE strangest thing I ever saw was an invitation to a Hollywood party reading "Admit bearer and one husband."—The New York Daily Mirror.

IT is horrible to think of the British Empire receiving its education from the place called Hollywood.—Sir James Parr, High Commissioner for New Zealand.

TALKING pictures are a great mistake. If I were younger and had plenty of money I would go into the production of silent pictures. That is the great field for the right man today. Good silent pictures would sweep the country.—David Belasco, stage producer.

THE picture shows have gone from bad to voice.—Carolina Buccaneer.

HOLLYWOOD is a group of illiterates catering to the vast multitude of half-wits.—Arthur Caesar, scenario writer.

BERLIN, Germany—(by Associated Press) The national board of film censorship will not permit the motion picture called "Mickey Mouse in the Trenches" to be shown in Germany. The censors hold that the wearing of German helmets by an army of cats which opposes a militia of mice is "offensive to national dignity."—The New York Daily News.

AN artistic wave of the hand is great, but a good laugh is much more pleasing to the audience, and you will always hear moviegoers telling others about a picture when they have been given a lot of entertainment.—Edward Cline, director.

"WHAT would you advise young people to do if they want to break into the movies?" the interviewer asked Marie Dressler. "Tell them to wait. Wait. It's a waiting game. I waited seven months. I played a small part. The critics said I was good. I waited until I found a good part. And I hope I'm doing all right."—The New York Telegram.

PRISON scenarios are becoming so common in the talkies that soon the way to tell a Hollywood star will be by that hunted look.—The New York Evening Post.



When a film director turns cartoonist! This is Mal St. Clair's idea of a modest, shrinking picture director posing for a picture with his children. Find the kiddies!

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Stephen Vincent Benet. Adapted by Stephen Vincent Benet. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast: *Middleton, Lucille La Verne; Tom Lincoln, W. L. Thorne; Secretary Lincoln, Helen Freeman; Ofa, Ott; Hoffman; Abraham Lincoln, Walter Huston; Armstrong, Edgar Dearing; Ann Rutledge, Anna Merkel; Lincoln's Employer, Russell Simpson; Sheriff, Charles Crockett; Mary Todd Lincoln, Kay Hammond; Mrs. Edwards, Helen Ware; Stephen A. Douglas, E. Alyn Ward; Herndon, Jason Roberts; Tad Lincoln, Gordon Thorpe; John Wilkes Booth, Jan Keith; John Jay (Secretary to the President), Cameron Prudhomme; General Scott, James Bradbury, Sr.; Young Soldier, Jimmie Eagle; General Grant, Fred Warren; Secretary of War Stanton, Oscar Apfel; General Sheridan, Frank Campau; General Lee, Hobart Bosworth; Colonel Marshall, Henry B. Walthall.*

"ANIMAL CRACKERS."—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by George S. Kaufman and Morris Ryskind. Adapted by Morris Ryskind and Pierre Collings. Directed by Victor Heermann. The cast: *Captain Jeffrey Snodgrass, Groucho Marx; The Professor, Harpo Marx; Signor Emanuel Kavelli, Chico Marx; Horatio Jamison, Zeppo Marx; Arabella Rutenhower, Lillian Roth; Mrs. Rutenhower, Margaret Dumont; General Snodgrass, John Parker; Hal Thompson; Mrs. Whitehead, Margaret Irving; Grace Carpenter, Kathryn Reece; Hives, Robert Greig; Hennessey, Edward Metcalf; Six Footmen, The Music Masters.*

"ANYBODY'S WOMAN."—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Gouverneur Morris. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Parody Gray, Ruth Chatterton; Neil Dunlap, Clive Brook; Gustave Saxon, Paul Lukas; Grace Crosby, Huntly Gordon; Eddie Calico, Tom Patricia; Dol Calico, Cecil Cunningham; Katherine Malcolm, Juliette Compton.*

"DANGER LIGHTS."—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by James A. Croftman. Directed by George Seitz. The cast: *Dan Thorn, Louis Williams; Larry Doyle, Robert Armstrong; Mary Ryan, Jean Arthur; Ed Ryan, Frank Sheridan; Engineer, Robert Edwards; "Professor," Hugh Herbert; Joe Grayfish, James Farley; General Manager, Alan Roscoe; Chief Dispatcher, William P. Burt.*

"DOUGH BOYS."—M-G-M.—From the story by Al Booth and Sidney Smith. Adapted by Richard Schayer. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Elmer, Buster Keaton; Mary, Sally Eilers; Nespecker, Cliff Edwards; Sergeant Trophy, Edward Brophy; Sergeant, Victor Potvin; Eugene, Arnold Korff; Captain Scott, Frank Mayo; Alie Cohn, Pitzy Katz; Lieutenant Randolph, William Steele.*

"EYES OF THE WORLD."—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Harold Bell Wright. Adapted by Clarke Silvernail and N. Brewster Moore. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *The Cast in Prologue, Mrs. Robert Adams; The Cast in Act I, Mrs. Adams, Hank Huntly; Myra, Myra Hubert; Maid, Florence Roberts. The Cast: Sybil, Anna Merkel; Myra, Nance O'Neil; Aaron King, John Holland; Mrs. Taine, Fern Arden; Anne, Ruth Huntley; Conrad Langford, Frederic Burt; Mr. Taine, Brandon Hurst; Bryan Oakley, William Jeffrey.*

"FLIRTING WIDOW, THE."—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "Green Stockings" by A. E. W. Mason. Directed by William Suter. The cast: *Celia, Dorothy Mackall; Colonel Smith, Basil Rathbone; Virginia, William Austin; Fred, Leola Hyams; Faraday, Claude Gillingwater; Aunt Ida, Emily Fitzroy; Bobby, Anthony Bushell; Phyllis, Flora Bramley; Marion, Wilfred Noy.*

"GOLDEN DAWN."—WARNERS.—From the story by Oscar Hammerstein II. From the play by Otto Harbach. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Tom, William Powell; Vivian, Vivian Vance; Hank, Shep Kessler; Noah Berry, Frank Lee Moran; Joanna, Marion Byron; Sister Hedwig, Julanne Johnston; Maid in Waiting, Nena Quartaro; Moola, Alice Genelle; Nephew, Niles Astaire; Eric, Eric Oates; Matiesen, African Piper; Sojny, Fan Boy; Harold Clarke, Anso; Frank Dunn; Dancing Instructor, Eduardo Cansino; British Officer, Carle Taylor; Hasmati, Nigel de Bruijn; Col. Judson, Ivan Simpson.*

"HELL'S ISLAND."—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Tom Buckingham. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Fred Smeayer. The cast: *Eric, Hank Holt; Griff, Ralph Grainger; Marie, Dorothy Sebastian; Sergeant Klotz, Richard Cramer; Bert, the Cockney, Harry Allen; Monsieur Dupont, Lionel Belmore; Captain Legionnaire, Otto Lang; Colonel, Carl Stockdale.*

"KATHLEEN MAVORNEEN."—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the play by Dion Boucicault. Continuity by Francis Hyland. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Kathleen, Sally O'Neil; Terry, Charles Dwaney; Don Moriarty, Robert Elliott; George Norton, Myrtle; Eric, Eric Oates; Mike Shannon, Walter Perry; Butler, Francis Ford.*

"LADY WHO DARED, HE."—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "The Devil's Bargain" by Kenneth J. Saunders. Adapted by Forrest Halsey

and Kathryn Seola. Directed by William Blaudine. The cast: *Margaret Townsend, Billie Dove; Charles Townsend, Sidney Blackmer; Jack Norton, Conway Tearle; Julianne Boone-Fleming, Judith Kesseloff; Susan Boone-Fleming, Cosmo Kyrle Bulmer; Butler, Ivan Simpson; Maid, Mathilde Comilt.*

"LEATHERNECKING."—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by Herbert Fields. Richard Rogers and Lorenz Hart. Adapted by Alfred Jackson. Directed by Eddie Cline. The cast: *Delphine, Irene Dunne; Frank, Ken Murray; Hortense, Louise Fazenda; Ned Sparks, Edna Lilivan; Tashman, Brook; Eddie Foy, Jr.; Stein, Benny Rubin; Fortune Teller, Rita LaRoy; Douglas, Fred Santley; Richter, Baron von Brinken; The Colonel, Carl Gerrard; Richter song, Werther and Wolfgang.*

"LOTTERY BRIDE, THE."—UNITED ARTISTS.—An Arthur Hammerstein Production. From the story by Herbert Slotnick. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: *Jenny, Jeanette MacDonald; Chris, John Garrick; Hoke, Joe E. Brown; Hilda, Zasu Pitts; Olaf, Robert Chisholm; Alberto, Joseph Macaulay; Boris, Harry Gribbon; Nels, Carroll Nye.*

"LOVE IN THE RING."—TERRA PRODUCTIONS.—Directed by Reinhold Schunzler. The cast: *The Champion, Max Schmeling; Hilda, Renata Muller; The Challenger, Jose Santa; The Vomp, Olga Tschekowa; The Mother, Frieda Richard; Trainer, Max Maclean; Manager, Kurt Gerron.*

"LOVE IN THE ROUGH."—M-G-M.—From the play "Spring Fever" by Vincent Lawrence. Adapted by Sarah Yerrill. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Kelly, Robert Montgomery; Marilyn, Dorothy Jordan; Benny, Benny Rubin; Walter, J. C. Nugent; Virgie, Dorothy McNulty; Leekshury, Philip D'Aguiar; Harry Burns, Johnson; Allan Lane, Martha, Catherine Moylan; Williams, Edward Davis; Proprietor, Rosco Atter; Brown, Clarence Wilson.*

"LOVE RACKET, THE."—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "The Woman on the Jury" by Bernard K. Burns. Adapted by John F. Goodrich. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *The Captain, Billy Brown; Dorothy Mackall; Fred Masters, Sidney Blackmer; George Wayne, Edmund Burns; Marion Masters, Myrtle Steedman; Grace Pierce, Alice Dix; Mrs. Hives, Mrs. Stuart Mann; Mollie, Mollie Mattox; Judge Davis, Edwards Davis; Prosecuting Attorney, Webster Campbell; Defense Attorney, Clarence Burton; Detective McGuire, Tom Mahoney; Jolly Gerrity, Jack Curtis.*

"MADAM SATAN."—M-G-M.—From the story by Jeanie Macpherson. Dialogue by Gladys Unger and Elsie Rieck. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: *Angela Brooks, Kay Johnson; Bob Brooks, Reginald Dennis; Trixie, Lillian Roth; Jimmy Wade, Roland Young; Martha, Elsa Petersen; Captain, Boyd Rogers; Fido, Fido; Mrs. Hester, Mrs. Hester; Senator, Willard Lucas; Komoo, Tyler Brooke; Eric, Lotus Thompson; Call of the Wild, Vera Marsh; First Girl, Martha Sleeper; Water, Doris McMahon; Constance, Marie Walbe; Miss Coming Tower, Julanne Johnston; Empire Officer, Albert Conti; Pirate, Earl Askan; Little Rolls Riding Hood, Betty Francisco; Babo, Euse Scabury; Spain, Countess De Liguoro; Spider Ark, Katherine Irving; Victoria, Alice Johnson; Electricity (Ballet Mechanique), Theodore Kosloff; Herman, Jack King; Biff, Edward Prinz; and Abe Lyman and his band.*

"MAYBE IT'S LOVE."—WARNERS.—From the story by Mark Canfield. Adapted by Joseph Jackson. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Nan Skeliff, Joan Bennett; Speed Hansen, John Harrington; Tommy Nelson, James Hall; Betty, Laura Lee; Mr. Nelson, Anderson Randolf; Whiskers, Summer Gatchell; President Sheffall, George Irving; Professor, George Irving; Mrs. Brock, Howard Jones; Bill, Bill Baker; "Racehorse," Russell, Russell Saunders; Tim, Tom Moynihan; Schoony, W. K. Schoonover; Elmer, E. N. Slightfoot; George, George Gibson; Ray, Ray Montgomery; Otto, Otto Penzance; Bert, Bert; North Baycraft, Howard; Howard Harper, Paul, Paul Scull; Bron of Harvard, Stuart Erwin.*

"MOBY DICK."—WARNERS.—From the story by Herman Melville. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Ahab, John Barrymore; Faith, Joan Bennett; Derek, Loyd Matherly; Ishmael, Max Baer; Starbuck, Norman Lane; Starbuck, Tom O'Brien; Ehab, Nigel de Bruijn; Quee Quee, Nobel Johnson; Blacksmith, William Walling; Old Man, Virginia Sale; First Mate, Jack Curtis; Red, Mapple, John Ince.*

"MONSIEUR LE FOX."—M-G-M.—From the story by Willard Mack. Directed by Hal Roach. The cast: *Louise, Collette Roberts; Gilbert, Barbara Leonard; Falcor, Arnold Kruff; Sergeant Monecy, Robert Elliott; Corporal Smith, George Davis; Wookie-Wookie, Nena Quartaro; Fred, Robert Graves; Charlie, Charlie; Fletcher, Uncle Mike Shannon; Katherine Winner; Buck, Siegfried Smid; Man on Sled, Frank Lackteen.*

"MONTE CARLO."—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ernest Valda. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.



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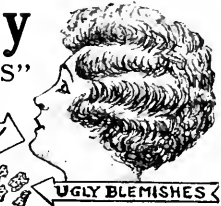
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The cast: *Count Rudolph Falliere*, Jack Buchanan; *Countess Vera von Com*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Maria*, ZaSu Pitts; *Armand*, Tyler Brooke; *Prince Otto von Seibenhelm*, Claud Allister; *Duke Gustavo von Seibenhelm*, Edgar Norton; *Paul*, John Roemer; *Master of Ceremony*, Albert Conti; *Albert Conti*, Lee G. Cady; *Monsteyr Beaucaire*, Donald Novis; *Horald*, David Percy; *Lord Windsor*, Erik Bey.

"**NAUGHTY FLIRT, THE**"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Frederick L. Bowen. Adapted by Richard Weil and Earl Baldwin. Directed by Edward Chine. The cast: *Kay Elliott*, Alice White; *George*, Mr. McGowan; *Jack*, George Davis; *John*, Edmore; *Linda Gregory*, Myrna Loy; *Il'Ally Fairchild*, Robert Agnew; *John R. Elliott*, George Irving.

"**OFFICE WIFE, THE**"—WARNERS.—From the story by Faith Baldwin. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Anne Murdock*, Dorothy Mackall; *Lawrence Fellows*, Lewis Seidman; *Mr. McGowan*, John Roemer; *Kate Hatten*, Blanche Frederick; *Catherine Murdock*, Joan Blondell; *Linda Fellows*, Natalie Moorhead; *Mr. Jameson*, Brooks Benedict; *Miss Andrews*, Dale Fuller; *Ted O'Hara*, Walter Merrill.

"**ONE MAD KISS**"—FOX.—From the story by Adolf Paul. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Suzanna*, Don Jose Mojica; *Rosario*, Mona Maris; *Dona Estrada*, Antonio Moreno; *Paco*, Tom Patricola.

"**OUTSIDE THE LAW**"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Tod Browning. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Connie*, Mary Nolan; *Cobra*, Edward G. Robinson; *Fingers O'Dell*, Owen Moore; *Jack*, Edwin Sturgis; *Hanny*, John George; *The Kid*, Delmar Watson; *Police Captain*, Dewey Jennings; *Officer O'Reilly*, Rockliffe Fellows; *District Attorney*, Frank Burke; *Assistant*, Sydney Bracey.

"**RAIN OR SHINE**"—COLUMBIA.—From the play "Rain or Shine" by James Gleason. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Smiley*, Joe Cook; *Frankie*, Louise Fazenda; *Mary*, Jean Peers; *Bud*, Wm. Collier, Jr.; *Almos*, Tom Howard; *Dave*, David Chasen; *Dalton*, Alan Roscoe; *Folz*, Adolph Milar; *Nora*, Clarence Muse; *Mr. Conway*, Ed Martindale; *Grace Conway*, Nora Lane; *Lord Guyenne*, Tyrrell Davis.

"**ROAD TO PARADISE**"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Margaret Waring*, Loretta Young; *Mary Brown*, Loretta Young; *George Wells*, Jack Mulhall; *Nick*, Raymond Hutton; *Jerry*, "The Gent," George Barraud; *Mrs. Wells*, Kathryn Williams; *Casey*, Fred Kelsey; *Uphike*, Farnell Pratt; *Flanagan*, Ben Henderson, Jr.; *Lola*, Dot Farley; *Brewster*, Winter Hall; *Yvonne*, Georgee Rhoads.

"**ROUGH WATERS**"—WARNERS.—From the story by James A. Starr. Directed by John Daumen. The cast: *Rimpy*, Rin-Tin-Tin; *Cal Morton*, Lane Chandler; *Mary*, Jobyna Ralston; *Captain Thomas*, Edmund Bruce; *Norris*, Walter Morris; *Bill*, Bill Irvine; *George*, George Rigau; *Richard*, Richard Alexander; *Devis*, Skeets Noyce.

"**SAP FROM SYRACUSE, THE**"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by John Wray and Jack O'Donnell. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Lillian Looney*, Jack Oakie; *Ellen Saunders*, Ginger Rogers; *Hyeron*, Granville Bates; *Senator Powell*, George Barbier; *Nick Perduco*, Sidney Rugges; *Fido*, George Betty Starbuck; *Dolly Clark*, Verne Tassdale; *Cap-*

tain Barker, J. Malcolm Dunn; *Bells*, Bernard Jukes; *Henderson*, Walter Ferrer; *Hopkins*, Jack Daley.

"**SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING, A**"—WARNERS.—From the story by Vina Delmar. Adapted by Perry Weyer. Directed by Benjamin Curtis. The cast: *Greichen Ritter*, Lotte Loder; *Tim*, Hilmy Langdon; *Georgie*, Ben Lyon; *Grandfather Ritter*, Joan Hersholt; *Captain Floner*, Noah Beery; *Hank*, Fred Kohler; *Geomath*, John Masterson; *Corporal Brown*, Lee Moran; *Lola*, Marie Astaire; *Darc*, Frank Campau.

"**SONS OF THE SADDLE**"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Bennett R. Cohen. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *Jim Brandon*, Ken Maynard; *Ronnie Starwood*, Doris Hill; *Marjyn Starwood*, Joe Girardin; *Tommy*, James Slade; *Francis Ford*; *"Pop"*, Higgins; *Harry Todd*.

"**SOUP TO NUTS**"—FOX.—From the story by Rene Goldwyn. Directed by Benjamin Stifel. The cast: *Ted*, Ted Healy; *Queenie*, Frances McCoy; *Carlson*, Stanley Smith; *Louise*, Lucile Browne; *Schmidt*, Charles Winninger; *Throckmorton*, Hallam Cooley; *Klein*, George Bickel; *Ferguson*, Wm. H. Tooker.

"**TRUTH ABOUT YOUTh**"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "When We Were 21" by Harry V. Remond. Adapted by Harrison Orkow. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Phyllis Ericson*, Loretta Young; *Richard Dane*, The Imp; *David Manners*, Richard Carax; *Conway Tearle*, Col. Graham, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Horace Palmer*, Harry Stubbs; *Mrs. Ericson*, Myrtle Stedman; *Kara*, the Girl; *Myrna Loy*; *Iral*, Jay Hallor; *Cherry*, Dorothy Matthews; *Babelet*, Yola D'Avril.

"**WHAT A WIDOW**"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Josephine Lovitt. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Tamarind*, Gloria Swanson; *Geery*, Owen Moore; *Victor*, Lew Cody; *Fally*, Margaret Livingston; *Mr. Holden*, Joe Alvarado; *Herbert Braggiotti*, Bastloff; *Georgie Gaye*; *Paulette*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Marquise*, Nella Walker; *Madame*, Daphne Pollard.

"**WHOOPEE!**"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the musical comedy by William Anthony McGuire. From the play "The Nervous Wreck" by Owen Davis. From the story "The Nervous Wreck" by J. Reed. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Henry Williams*, Eddie Cantor; *Sally Morgan*, Eleanor Hunt; *Wanenis*, Paul Gregory; *Sherrif Bob Hills*, John Rutherford; *Mary Carter*, Edith Shattaz; *Jerome Underwood*, Spencer Charters; *Black Eagle*, Chief Caulticant; *Chief Underwood*, Albert Hackett; *Andy McNabb*, Will H. Philbrick; *Judd Morgan*, Walter Law; *Harriet Underwood*, Marilyn, Margaret Sloan; *Girls*, Jeanne Morgan; *Virginia Bruce*, Muriel Finley; *Ernestine Mahoney*, Christine Maple, Jane Keithley; *Mary Ashcraft*, Georgia Leach and Betty Stockton.

"**WINGS OF ADVENTURE**"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Harry Frazier. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Dave Kent*, Rex Lease; *Maria*, Armiida; *Sherry Smith*, Clyde Cuckoo; *Yvonne*, Vera Malaesta; *Manuel*, Nick de Ruiz; *Ira*, Eddie Bondan.

"**WOMEN IN LOVE**"—WARNERS.—From the play "Penny Arcade" by Marie Baumer. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *Angel*, Grace Withers; *Jennie*, Evelyn Knapp; *Harry*, James Cagney; *Myrtle*, John Blondell; *Ma*, Helen Brown; *Sweeney*, Frank Wood; *Ben*, Elliott George; *Otto Hoffman*; *Mitch*, Warren Hymer.

Her Name in Lights

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

wants to live. Why shouldn't she, with everything before her?

"She is not sentimental. She is practical. The race from which she springs is notoriously impractical; dreamers, fighters, romancers, enthusiasts, delightful madmen. But somehow she has inherited, or acquired, a practicality concerning life, concerning people, concerning money, which would argue a hard-headed New England ancestor somewhere along the road.

She is generous; but practically generous. I do not think she would fall for a hard luck story. She'd investigate it first.

There is something soft and vacillating about people who cannot say "No." She can say, "No." Or, driven to it, she may say, "Yes," and think, "No," and wonder a little at the amazing ability of people to impose, to appeal.

She probably marvels why they haven't worked for things as she has. I doubt if she would talk hard luck, even if she had it. She's got pride. And I know that she can't be bluffed, for she has sense.

She is not conceded. She is not, I think, vain, save as all pretty girls are vain, with a natural vanity, a natural acceptance of their good fortune at having been born easy on the eyes.

She would probably admit she were good looking if you asked her. She'd be foolish not to, and a hypocrite, with normal eyesight and a mirror in evidence. But she isn't content to rest upon her accidental, physical laurels.

She is a square-shooter. She considers the feelings of other people. She doesn't do it emotionally—she does it practically. She figures things out. She looks ahead. There is nothing languorous or blurred or vacillating about her.

She is, I think, exceptionally shrewd, and she has learned a sense of values. She is perfectly willing to sacrifice certain things for other things which appear to her to be more valuable in the long run.

I imagine she has a quick red-headed tem-

per. As to temperament, rumors of which I have heard, I am not so sure. Temper and temperament are very different. I fancy she would be quick to see an injustice, a wrong, quick to flare up, swift to retaliate. And, if time proved her in the wrong, instead of the other fellow, as swift to make amends.

But temperament—in her profession? I wonder. I have a very strong impression that when Nancy Carroll indulges in a fit of "temperament," she does it with her brain clicking on all six, and her motives perfectly clear cut and with a purpose. With her, it would not be the emotional reaction of the wounded ego, the hysterical and uncontrolled outburst of star-types—masculine as well as feminine—which have whipped themselves so often to a state of emotional exhibitionism that it becomes second nature to them.

SHE has been hurt. She is a little wary. She doesn't trust people, entirely. How can she, having taken punishment? She holds back, she feels her way, she waits until she is sure of her opponent.

She has a grand sense of humor and a quick wit which may, in her circles, pass for wisecracking. It is not wisecracking. It is wit, which is the humor of the soul and has nothing to do with custard pies. She can dissect a person or a personality with the scalpel of a single sentence. It is not malicious; it is funny, and shrewd and even, astonishingly, a little subtle.

She does not "yes" you. If you make a statement, or mention a preference, and she doesn't agree, she doesn't smile and say "How true," or words to that effect. She knows her own mind and who are you to tell her otherwise?

She is ambitious. "Here I am," she says, in effect, "but I'm not going to stay here." There are things she wants to do, goals she wants to reach. She says so frankly, "I may never get there, but I'm going to try." Content is stagnation and she knows it.

She knows, too, the uncertainty of her position, of the position of all of them. "You have to keep running to stay in the same place," says Nancy Carroll. She knows that times change, that stars rise and fall, that the public is fickle, that the fans grow critical, that there is no *status quo*.

No other profession moves as fast and as far in as short a space of time; no other profession is as lavish with its rewards when you're on the crest; and certainly no other profession forgets as quickly and as easily and as com-

pletely when you are slipping, when you're on the down grade.

But as long as she knows this she is armed. She'll fight back. She has something with which to fight.

She has, as you know, as I said before, a four-year-old daughter who looks, says Nancy Carroll, "exactly like her father." Nancy Carroll is exactly like any young parent in her worry about proper foods and proper surroundings and a little bewildered, as all young parents are nowadays, by the new fads in child rearing which rise up to confront one every other day. Then she recalls the way she was "raised"; without too much fuss and bother, without a lot of clinging and cooing and pampering; and certainly, with very little attention to modern diets. "And I," she says, "am a pretty healthy specimen."

Pat hasn't inherited her mother's red hair. But I imagine she has inherited a good deal of her mother's self reliance and common sense. When a four-year-old youngster can dress herself in the morning, go downstairs in a hotel, sit herself at a table and order her bran and milk and orange juice, without a quiver, she is going to grow up to be someone to reckon with.

I did not ask Miss Carroll if she believed in teaching independence to her child. I didn't ask her because I believe that she does and the question did not seem necessary. I think that, within the limits of common sense, the proper safe-guarding, and the sort of discipline which builds, but does not stereotype character, she will permit her daughter freedom; the ability to learn lessons of personal experience.

SO here we have Nancy Carroll to the best of my belief; witty, shrewd, intelligent, ambitious, practical, courageous.

I may make my own heroines out of whole cloth, but I have made Nancy Carroll out of her own cloth—which is, I judge, all wool and a yard wide.

She is a good listener, too. If she doesn't really interest herself in other people, you'd never know it. At all events, I didn't know it. It was rather like interviewing the interviewer.

But I am not an interviewer. I am a novelist and, incidentally, a motion picture fan. "The Devil's Holiday" is playing in my neighborhood. One of these nights I'll be in the middle of the house, center. I'll say "There's a youngster with brains and ability . . . and a darned good scout. More power to her!"



Sure, Speedy Relief

Don't let that old devil constipation take away the joy of your living and make your days and nights miserable . . . chase him away with America's favorite laxative mineral water—Pluto Water, from French Lick . . . home of America's greatest health resort!

Pluto Water washes away the poisonous wastes that accumulate in the intestines . . . without griping, pain, or danger. Pluto Water cannot harm the most delicate of tissues. It is a *natural* water wash—contains all the essential saline properties of the famous natural springs that bubble up from underground caverns down at French Lick.

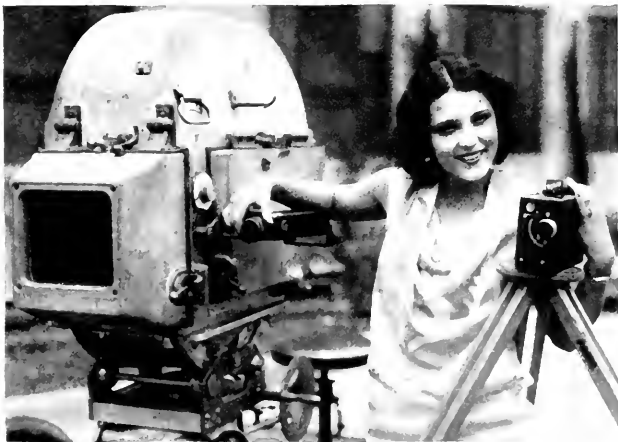
Doctors in every section of the country have prescribed Pluto Water for more than thirty years—it's America's favorite laxative! It works always—in from thirty minutes to two hours. It's sure—speedy—safe!

Pluto Water, from French Lick, is sold at drug stores and fountains everywhere. Get your supply today—two sizes—20c and 35c. Keep it on hand for emergencies . . . use it regularly as a preventive of constipation—a little each morning as soon as you get up, diluted in plain hot or cold water. It's a wonderful tonic for the digestive system!

PLUTO

America's Laxative Mineral Water

Two sizes—20c and 35c



The daddy and the baby of motion picture cameras in 1930, as shown by Raquel Torres. At the left is one of the huge ones used in sound shots, encased in its "blimp" covering. Right, a tiny camera for silent shots

Studio Rambles

By Harriet Parsons

MARLENE DIETRICH, the new German sensation who's supposed to be Garbo, Jeanne Eagles and Phyllis Haver all rolled into one (see the lovely picture of her in this month's rotogravure section) is working today.

Let's ramble over to Paramount and take a look.

Great guns, what's this? All we can see is a haze of yellow smoke. There's a clatter of dishes, a clink of glasses and a buzz of voices. Looks and sounds like a speakeasy. It is—a Moroccan speakeasy.

The picture is called "Morocco" and this scene is the interior of a subterranean café. They're using smoke pots to give that hazy effect.

It's a colorful set—sheiks in beards and burnouses, French

What's happened to Kay's sleek bob—she wears her hair waved softly around her face and coiled in a knot at the nape of her neck. It's immensely becoming.

We could watch *Carmina* exerting her wiles on the *General* for hours, but they've retaken the scene three times already.

How about the M-G-M studio? Always something doing there. Right! Off to Culver City. If we're good maybe Owens will let us drive the Ford onto the lot. Owens is the amiable tyrant who guards the gate. Try to get in!

What have we here? Must be the hallway of an old Southern home, for there are Mammy and old Uncle George looking expectantly up the great stairway. Joan Crawford descends it, looking charming in a blue tailored sports coat and tam-like hat.



Our studio Rambler came upon "The Virtuous Sin" set while Walter Huston and Kay Francis were making this scene. Well, they seem to be having a nice time

soldiers in blue caps and red coats that would be elegant in Technicolor, dancing girls with sleek black hair and gold rings in their ears.

Someone in a Tuxedo and silk hat is singing a French song. It's a woman! What's more, it's *la* Dietrich. She doffs her hat, revealing a tumbled mass of curls. But there's something of that boyish quality of Garbo about her. She's fascinating—a magnetism about her that can be felt across the huge set.

There's Gary Cooper in the uniform of a French soldier. Director Von Sternberg beckons to a hairdresser. "Give Mr. Cooper a finger wave." Big Gary slinks off the set sheepishly, hoping no one has heard.

Dietrich has stopped singing. Let's ramble on. The scene seems dull without her. Maybe a little something Russian will revive us. How about "The Virtuous Sin"? Kay Francis and Walter Huston may be working. They are—and what a contrast to the gay café set!

IT'S a tense love scene between Walter and Kay. Kay, in a close-fitting white gown, sits languidly wielding a huge white fan in one hand and a long Russian cigarette in the other. Huston is magnificent in a gray silk tunic with a high collar and the Russian eagle embroidered on the left breast. He looks very martial with a trim little mustache snappily turned up at the ends.

The picture is "Great Day," a musical comedy laid in the South. Joan plays a fourteen-year-old girl at the start of the story. We saw

her taking a test the other day in a blue-checked gingham dress and socks, looking young enough to be in "Our Gang."

Between shots, Joan and Cliff Edwards and John Miljan gather around a miniature piano. Joan sings "More Than You Know" in a low, pleasing voice. Her eyes have a far-away look. Probably thinking about that good-looking husband of hers. Cliff sings, too, and clowns.

Before we go let's drop in on the "Jenny Lind" set. Maybe we can hear Grace Moore sing. What? She's not singing today—they're just shooting the final love scenes. Too bad.

What a charming little Swedish cottage—so quaint and cosy. Look at that funny old-fashioned china dog on the shelf. There's Grace's voice offstage—and here she comes down the stairs in a high-waisted frock with an enormous full skirt. She doesn't look like the usual buxom opera star.

By the way, wasn't Jenny Lind a coloratura soprano? And Grace Moore is a mezzo. How on earth can she sing those pyrotechnical coloratura arias that the "Swedish Nightingale" was famous for? Ah, well—stranger things have happened in the movies!

Guess we're getting too curious. Better go home before we're thrown out for asking impertinent questions.



I made a special shopping trip to see the newest

Fifth Avenue Fashions in Faces

The other day I decided to go see what the smart Fifth Avenue shops, that are my next-door neighbors, could tell me about the very newest complexion fashions.

Well, I wish you could all have gone with me—from one colorful shop to another. I talked to the salesgirls at the fragrant and sparkling toilet goods counters. I investigated all the new powders and rouges and lipsticks.

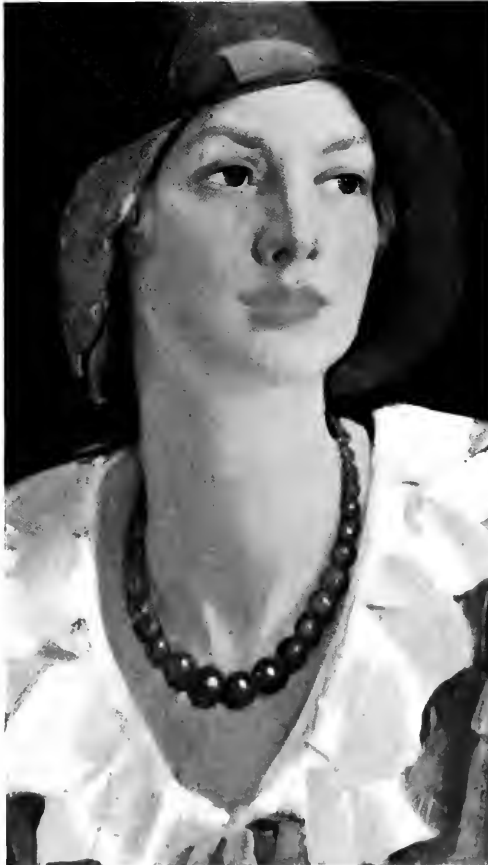
And what do you think is the most fashionable kind of face? It's the very *nearest* possible approach to what your own complexion would be if you could simply *live* in the sunny, fresh out-of-doors!

Of course, the very smartest thing is to have your own complexion as fresh and clear and outdoor-looking as possible. So I'm going to give you a set of rules that I *know* will help you, because they've already helped so many girls.

The 5 Rules for Beauty

- 1. Cleanliness**—This is the most important part of any beauty treatment. Dermatologists say so—and they are the *only* real authorities on complexion care, you know. And, to them, perfect cleanliness means washing with soap and water.
- 2. Proper Diet**—eating simple foods that you like and that agree with you.
- 3. Sleep**—an average of eight hours.
- 4. Exercise**—walking, sweeping, golf, tennis, a daily dozen—anything active.
- 5. A Happy Frame of Mind**—keeping the corners of your mouth turned up.

Now the first rule—cleanliness—is just so important that I must emphasize it.



For 73 of the leading American dermatologists, whom I consulted, prescribe a thorough soap-and-water cleansing with a gentle, mild soap as the most important item in complexion care.

And since these eminent physicians, after testing Camay's effect on all the different types of skin, gave it their unanimous approval as the right kind of soap for even the most delicate complexions, do you need any more authoritative assurance that here is the perfect soap for you?

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?
The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

Dr. Allen Posey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists, who approved Camay, were selected by Dr. Posey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

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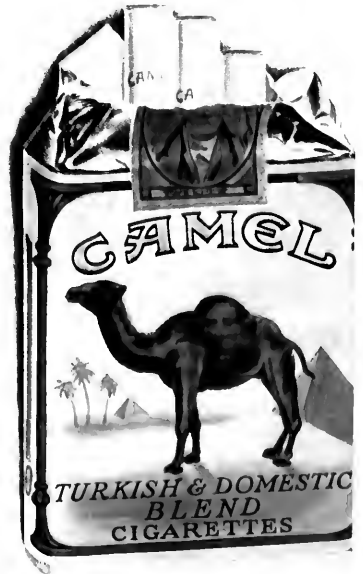


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PHOTOPLAY

NOVEMBER
25 CENTS

The
National
Guide to
Motion
Pictures



LORETTA
YOUNG

*Earl
Christy*

The Port of MISSING STARS

HOLLYWOOD Children of DIVORCE



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* * *

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Pictures
PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXVIII No. 6

November, 1930



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Who Is The Social Leader of Hollywood?

That is the question we ask, and then investigate and answer thrillingly, in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY. The talking picture has changed the old order in Hollywood. Newcomers to the screen, with stage traditions and varied social ideas and ideals, have stormed and captured many of Hollywood's firmest and most famous social fortresses. Who are they? How have they toppled older idols, to rule themselves? The current picture of film society is a great comedy drama. And we know you'll enjoy reading about it in next month's PHOTOPLAY!

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The Girl on the Cover

SHE hadn't all her second teeth when Herbert Brenon chose her to play the ingénue lead of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." He didn't know Loretta was only fourteen, but he liked her little girl teeth. So Loretta Young, who had spent one year as stand-in for big sister, Polly Ann, became a movie actress at an age when most girls are choosing between a pink or blue sash for grammar school graduation.

That was only three years ago.

At seventeen, Loretta is a married woman, queen of the First National stars, with a salary high in five figures and a five-year contract.

She told her mamma she was quite old enough to be Mrs. Grant Withers.

She told Mr. Grant Withers marriage wasn't going to interfere with her career.

She told executives that she was quite capable of developing into a fine emotional actress.

Nobody has successfully contradicted seventeen-year-old Loretta.

Poised and complacent, the young duchess just refuses to get excited about her good fortune.

Cartwheels and handspins may be becoming to the Alice Whites and the Clara Bows, but not to Mrs. Grant Withers.

"I'm pleased, of course," she confesses. "It is a pleasant thing to know your future is assured. But I'm not awfully excited. Somehow, I've never worried about options being taken up. I've always felt sure of my job. If the options were not renewed I knew that there were other studios. I've had offers."

Loretta's self-confidence has carried her a long way in her leap to fame.

SHE does not regret missing a childhood. She is composed and unresentful when solicitous friends pity her that loss, or when they lament that she is too young to be married.

"Maybe seventeen is rather young to be married," she admits, "but I had gone with Grant a year. I don't think I will feel a bit differently at twenty-one than I do now. Why should I change my mind? I'm very much in love with Grant. So much in love with him that I couldn't do my best work if we were not married. If I had thought that marriage would have harmed my career I might have considered further. But it won't. Nearly all the biggest stars are married, and the public is no less interested in them."

Oddly enough, a picture titled "Too Young to Marry" is the last picture which will co-star Mr. and Mrs. Grant Withers.

Mrs. Withers believes that fans are unmoved by love scenes played by husband and wife.



A Movie Actress at Fourteen!

Last Minute News

Eleanor Boardman has given a nurse daily charge of her two-months-old daughter and is to play the leading rôle in the Metro talkie version of "The Great Meadow."

Ann Harding has become reconciled with her father, Col. Gatley, U. S. A. He never forgave Ann for going on the stage until his recent serious illness in San Francisco brought them together.

The Constance Bennett-Marquis de la Falaise romance is reported blazing brighter.

Claire Windsor and Phil Plant—Connie Bennett's ex—have parted, New York reports. Keeping company for months.

Clara Bow admits she is in love with Rex Bell, young cowboy actor. Her new picture is "Usherette."

George Arliss has two more stories for Warners, "The Devil," by Molnar, his first American stage hit twenty years ago, and "The Ruling Passion," by Earl Derr Biggers.

George O'Brien is out of Fox and free-lancing. James Gleason the same at Pathe.

While First National is shut down, Loretta Young is playing opposite Ronald Colman in "The Prodigal."

Director Herbert Brenon and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., squabbled during the start of "Beau Ideal," sequel to "Beau Geste." Doug out, and young stage actor, Lester Vail, gets part in Radio Pictures special.

She wants no more comedies, but to suffer in powerful emotional drama. She aspires to the art of the late Jeanne Eagels, nothing less.

Studio executives would make her another Janet Gaynor. But the strong little duchess holds out for Jeanne Eagels.

"BROWN hair, blue eyes, 100 pounds, 5 feet, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches," these are the physical attributes of the new star. They could be matched a thousand times over by any casting director.

It wasn't beauty or physical perfection which made Loretta Young. It was charm, refinement, sensitiveness, well-modulated voice.

The most distinguished actors, with the most severe standards of finish, want her in their pictures. John Barrymore selected her for "The Man from Blankley's"; Otis Skinner, for the poetic "Kismet."

No voice culturist forced the low tone into Loretta's voice. No finishing school polished her carriage or manufactured her poise. Loretta is self-made. Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane, her sisters, may have introduced her to the studios. But once on the inside, the thirteen-year-old baby sister set about conquering on her own.

The romantic elopement of the young folks was the only dramatic episode in the girlhood of the young matron—and it had all the elements of farce and young love's tragedy marvelously mingled.

There was the flight by plane and the return to the maternal doorstep. There was, in effect, the age-old cry of "Never darken my door again!" A modern note was the attempt of Withers' first wife to get a little more alimony—just at the moment of his union with the little Loretta.

Oh, it was hectic! Mamma Young wanted an annulment, and that right quickly. But, as though to perfect the scenario, young love triumphed—no pun intended. Grant and Loretta disappeared, refused to be parted—and were not. And since then the Southern California sun has shone brightest on the dove-cote of Grant and Loretta.

NOT since the old days, when little Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, and Lillian Gish put on long dresses to furiously enact mature emotions, has a youngster achieved such dazzling success as Loretta Young.

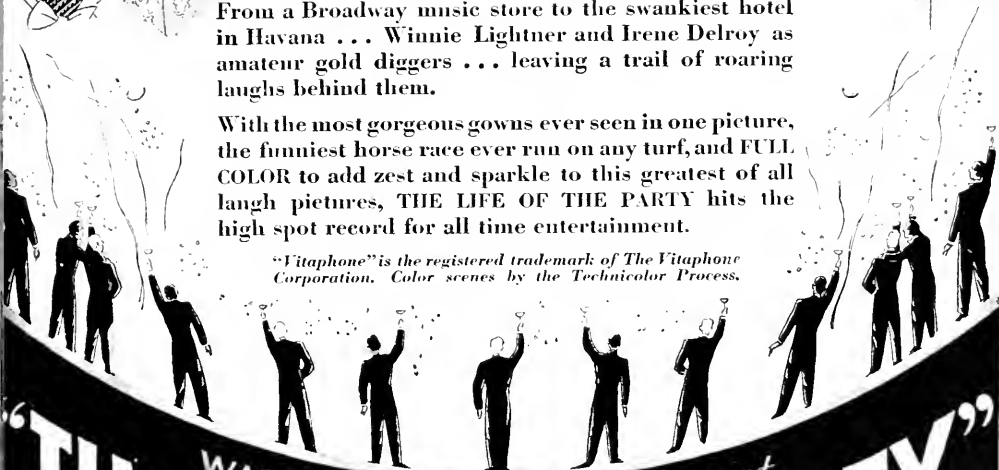
Nineteen-year-old Joan Bennett, born to the stage, trained and educated to act, was a sensation in her leap to fame only a few months ago. Her reign as Queen of Hollywood's Carnival of Youth was a short one. Hail the new Queen of seventeen, Loretta Young.



From a Broadway music store to the swankiest hotel in Havana . . . Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy as amateur gold diggers . . . leaving a trail of roaring laughs behind them.

With the most gorgeous gowns ever seen in one picture, the funniest horse race ever run on any turf, and FULL COLOR to add zest and sparkle to this greatest of all laugh pictures, THE LIFE OF THE PARTY hits the high spot record for all time entertainment.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

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

★ **ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE**—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in crook picture made from Veiller's play, "Chatterbox." A comeback for Ben, and Bebe at her best. (June)

★ **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**—Universal.—Remarque's sensational war book, made into one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Powerful drama of war as it really is. (June)

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

★ **ANYBODY'S WAR**—Paramount.—The *Tro Black Cross* join the army, with mildly amusing results. (June)

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

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

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

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

★ **BAD ONE, THE**—United Artists.—Delores Del Rio as a café singer and dancer, teamed with Eddie Lowe, who also sings delightfully. Adventurous, romantic story that you'll like. (June)

★ **BENSON MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Another elegant Van Dine murder mystery. Solve Bill Powell, as detective *Philo Vance*, gets his man. See it. (May)

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

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

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

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

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

★ **BORDER ROMANCE**—Tiffany Prod.—Worthwhile only because the little Mexican maid, Armanda, stars. (Aug.)

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

★ **BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT**—First National.—Simultaneously mounted, Technicolor operetta, but slow-pace. (Aug.)

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

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

★ **CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD**—Universal.—John Boles and Laura La Plante in a story of the birth of the *Marsellaise* that just misses being a thrilling picture. John sings superbly. (June)

★ **CAUGHT SHORT**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, rival boarding house keepers who play the stock market. Anita Page and Charles Morton are young lovers. Good, rough fun. (June)

★ **CHASING RAINBOWS**—M-G-M.—This ninety-ninth carbon copy of "The Broadway Melody" is pleasant enough. Bessie Love, Charles King, and the Moran-Dressler comedy team. (May)

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

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

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

★ **COURAGE**—Warners.—Charming picture about seven interesting youngsters and their extravagant mother, well played by Belle Bennett. Leon Janney fine as Bill, the youngest. (June)

★ **CRAZY THAT WAY**—Fox.—Bubbling comedy about two lads in love with a blonde who loves another. Joan Bennett wears beautiful clothes beautifully. (May)

★ **CUCK OOS, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Nonsensical musical comedy featuring comedians Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Check your critical goggles and prepare to laugh uproariously. (June)

★ **CZAR OF BROADWAY**—Universal.—A not-so-good imitation of that fine picture, "Street of Chance." Not bad, if you haven't seen the original. (June)

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

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

★ **DANGEROUS NANCY McCREW**—Paramount.—Proving that mere "entenses" doesn't make a picture. This one needs a story. Helen Kane is *Nun*. (Sept.)

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

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

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

★ **DIVORCE, THE**—M-G-M.—Don't miss this. Nancy Shearer great. Chester Morris gives swell performance. Fine direction, gorgeous clothes. (June)

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

★ **DOUBLE CROSS ROADS**—Fox.—A gang of thieves and a mess of machine guns. But Robert Ames as the boy and Lila Lee as the girl decide to go straight. Entertaining, at that. (May)

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

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

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

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

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

Do Not Miss These Recent Pictures

"Romance"
"Abraham Lincoln"
"Old English"
"The Dawn Patrol"
"Anybody's Woman"
"Common Clay"
"All Quiet on the Western Front"


As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

★ **CHILDREN OF PLEASURE**—M-G-M.—All about a song-writer's sorrows. Noteworthy only for Lawrence Gray's singing of two hit numbers and the swell work of Wynne Gibson, a new screen face. (May)

★ **CHINA EXPRESS, THE**—Savkinn.—Foreign rough stuff, but tremendously exciting. Action occurs on a fast train in China. *Silent*. (May)

★ **COCK O' THE WALK**—Sono Art.—WorldWide.—Pretty sad affair, in which Joseph Schildkraut does his worst. Myrna Loy attractive. (June)

★ **COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND**—Universal.—When, and if you see this, you'll know where to send them on their next trip—one way! (May)



Who is the most popular man in the world—Lindbergh? Prince of Wales?

Motion picture fans in America's two largest cities through their ballots cast with those great newspapers, the Chicago Tribune and New York Daily News, voted

CHARLES FARRELL

the most popular man in the movies

Even better than in "7th Heaven" with the added realism of sound, you'll thrill to his performance as

LIL I O M

Franz Molnar's striking stage success

with

ROSE HOBART

H. B. WARNER

Estelle Taylor

Lee Tracy

Directed by

FRANK BORZAGE

only director who has twice won the Photo-play Medal.

"Liliom",
strangest,
strongest,
saddest of
love stories.
Farrell in his
greatest role as
a carnival barker,
darling of the girls.

Ask at your favorite theatre
when they will show this **FOX** Dramatic
Triumph

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FIGHTING LEGION, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard scores as an outlaw who follows his better impulses. Dorothy Dwan provides the romance. *Ropin', fightin' and comedy.* Worth your money. (July)

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

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

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

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

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

★ **FREE AND EASY**—M-G-M.—Buster Keaton's first big talkie. A whizbang comedy that takes you to a big sound studio. With Anita Page and Robert Montgomery to serve the romance, how could you go wrong on this one? (May)

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

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

GOLDEN CALF, THE—Fox.—M-diecer. Sue Carol, as an efficient but unattractive secretary who makes her boss over into a belle, reduces it a little. So does El Brendel's comedy. (May)

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

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

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

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—First National.—Made from the grand old play. Dorothy Mackall overacts as a hip society lass, and Ian Keith is hammy as her reformer. (May)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Warners.—George Arliss is great as the sleek Rajah. The producers didn't make the most of this. (May)

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

GUILTY—Columbia.—Mediocre melodrama of circumstantial evidence. But Virginia Vahl, John Sainpolis, and John Holland are good. (June)

★ **HAPPY DAYS**—Fox.—A corking review, starring the pick of the Fox lot. A bunch of entertainers help an old showman save his troupe. That's the story, told with singing, dancing, comedy and romance. (May)

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

HELLO, SISTER—James Cruze Prod.—Sentimental, but sprinkled with humor. Olive Borden is the flapper who reforms for a million dollars. Lloyd Hughes is the nice boy who loves her. (July)

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

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

HE TRUMPED HER ACE—Sennett-Educational.—Howling short comedy about bridge-maniacs. (May)

HIDEOUT—Universal.—James Murray glowers, Kathryn Crawford sings nicely. It's kinder not to go on. (May)

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

HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont.—British-made film about a hypothetical next World War. World politics and inventions of year 1940 are ingenuously envisioned. Interesting. (June)

HOLD EVERYTHING—Warners.—Joe E. Brown is great. Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs. But it could have been better. (Aug.)

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

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

IN GAY MADRID—M-G-M.—College whoopee in Spain, played with duels and guitars. How that Ramon Novarro swashbuckles and sings! Again he serenades Dorothy Jordan. (May)

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

IN THE NEXT ROOM—First National.—A murder mystery that thrills. Jack Mullanb, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads. (June)

ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners.—Monte Blue, Betty Compson and Noah Berry do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results. (June)

★ **JOURNEY'S END**—Tiffany Productions.—Unforgettable war story, from play of same name. Grim happenings in a front line dugout under bombardment, relieved by carefully planned humor. Excellent cast. (June)

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

★ **KING OF JAZZ**—Universal.—Pretentious, all-Technicolor, Paul Whiteman revue. Unusual color and lighting effects, splendid choruses. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, and the Whiteman Band. (June)

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

LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount.—Good entertainment. George Bancroft is a crude but wealthy buidler who goes in for culture, under Mary Astor's inspiration. There's a thrilling fight. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LET'S GO PLACES—Fox.—Our old friend, Mistaken Identity Plot. Funny as the dickens, and at least two songs will keep you humming. (May)

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

★ **LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE**—Paramount.—Horse opera, but dressed up in snappy dialogue and played convincingly by Dick Aron, Mary Brian, Harry Green, Regis Toomey and Fred Koller. You'll like it. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

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

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

LOOSE ANKLES—First National.—So farcical that it goes a little lame. Loretta Young and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are the principals, but the comics run away with the honors. (May)

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

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

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

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

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

LOVIN' THE LADIES—Radio Pictures.—Clap-trap farce, but it's nice to see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson together again as screen billers-and-cooers. (May)

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

MAMBA—Tiffany Prod.—Advertised as the first all-Technicolor drama. War between British and German troops, and an East African native revolt. Jean Hersholt does brilliant work. (May)

MAMMY—Warners.—Al Jolson rises above his story and makes an entertaining movie. A minstrel piece, with Louis Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser. Irving Berlin tunes. (June)

MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE—Warners.—The Barrymore profile in slapstick! He's a good *farceur* in this ridiculous story of an English lord who attended the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides love interest. (June)

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

MAN HUNTER, THE—Warners.—A beach-combing melodrama, that totters to a feeble end. Rio-Tin-Tin is the star. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

MELIODY MAN, THE—Columbia.—Pleasantly sentimental story about the conflict of youth and old age. William Collier, Jr., Alice Day, and a good performance by John Sainpols. (May)

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

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

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

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

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Kettle Creek.") That Ken Maynard can ride! The rest is negligible. (May)

MURDER WILL OUT—First National.—Thrills and mystery against high society background, good acting. Elaborate settings. Jack Mulhall, Lila Lee and Noah Beery. (May)

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

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

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

*Producer Announcements
of New Pictures
and Stars*

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

Columbia Pictures . . . Page 125
First National Pictures . . Page 11
Fox Film Page 9
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. . . Page 13
Paramount Pictures . . . Page 4
Technicolor Page 13
Warner Brothers Page 7

NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A—First National.—Tired of players who burst into song? Then you may like this. Billie Dove in gorgeous clothes. Basil Rathbone the faithful husband, and Kay Francis a vamp. (June)

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

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

OH SAILOR BELIEVE—Warners.—Lowell Sherman is a well earned prince. Otherwise it's not so good, dramatically or musically. (Sept.)

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

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

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

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

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

★ **ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT**—United Artists.—Lillian Gish in her first phonoplay, ably aided by O. P. Heggie and Marie Dressler. The love story of a young princess and her tutor. (June)

ON THE LEVEL—Fox.—Gusty, lusty melodrama, with laughs and thrills. Victor McLaglen fine in usual he-man role. Lilyan Tashman a gorgeous lady-crook. (May)

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

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

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

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

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

★ **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**—Paramount.—Paramount goes revue, using its best talent, Technicolor, stirring music, lovely voices, satire, burlesque, romance! Chevalier, Chatterton, Oakie, and lots more. Take the family. (May)

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

PLAYING AROUND—First National.—Alice White, Billy Bakewell and Chester Morris. Trite story, fair acting, fair entertainment. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROAD TO PARADISE—First National.—Twin sisters are at odds in a picture made for the screen. Loretta Young plays both girls, one a crook, the other a wealthy and noble young lady. (Oct.)

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

ROMANCE OF THE WEST—Hammond Prod.—Pistols crack, and Jack Perrin rescues the gal from the Mexican joint. And bye and bye it ends. All-action and all-talkie, but why? (May)

ROUGH ROMANCE—Fox.—All about the goings-on of lumberjacks. Helen Chandler goes Gish. George Arliss and Antonio Moreno don't help much. Neither do the chorus routines. (June)

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

ROYAL ROMANCE, A—Columbia.—Romance and adventure in a mythical kingdom. Buster Clarke gives good performance and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful. (May)

RUNAWAY BRIDE—Radio Pictures.—Murders, thieves, and a string of pearls. Clap-trap melodrama trying to be light comedy. But Mary Astor is charming. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]



SOME OF THE
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIGHT LIGHTS, with Dorothy Mackall (First National); **DIXIANA**, with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures), Technicolor Sequences; **FOLLOW THRU**, with Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS**, with Claudia Dell and Perry Askam (Warner Bros.); **TOAST OF THE LEGION**, with Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS**, all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **WHOOPEE**, starring Eddie Cantor (Samuel Goldwyn—Florenz Ziegfeld).

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—Paramount.—Peaches-a-cream for Buddy Rogers fans. He sings half a dozen songs and plays an heir to big money whose worldly-wise uncle puts him in care of three "Folies" girls. (June)

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

★ **SARAH AND SON**—Paramount.—What a characterization by Ruth Chatterton! And what a restrained and dignified performance by Frederic March! A picture you simply can't miss. (May)

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

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

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

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

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners.—Winnie Lightner should have said NO when they cast her as a broken-hearted night club hostess. (May)

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

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

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD—First National.—Alice White's best talkie. Interesting story scenes. (June)

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

SINNERS HOLIDAY—Warners.—(Reviewed under title "Women in Love.") Just as a chance of scenery the gangsters move out of the lanky-tanks to an amusement pier. Grant Withers is the hero. (Oct.)

SISTERS—Columbia.—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day as sisters, one rich, the other poor. Fair. (Sept.)

SLUMS OF TOKYO—Schochiko Film Co.—Silent Japanese-made film, supposed to be "art." Drab story. (Sept.)

SOCIAL LION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, the village braggart who is "taken up" by the country club set. Mary Brian, the girl. Heaps of fun. (July)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Columbia.—Tangled love affairs in military circles. (Aug.)

SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING, A—Warners.—If you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slap-stick and hot thrills, catch this. (Oct.)

SONG OF THE FLAME—First National.—Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Berry, deep bass, run Russia from the revolutionists via Technicolor operetta. (July)

SONG OF THE WEST—Warners.—All-Technicolor outdoor operetta. Ambitious, but dull. (May)

SON OF THE SADDLE—Universal.—A Ken Maynard Western with plenty of hard riding, gun play and action. (Oct.)

SO THIS IS LONDON—Fox.—The Will Rogers-Irene Rich team, set down in London. An amusing follow-up for "So This Is Paris." (Aug.)

SOP TO TUTS—Fox.—Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons, his fantastic inventions and freak stunts, are all in this hilarious film. You'll like it. (Oct.)

SPRING IS HERE—First National.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray sing well. Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda are great. Just an average musical comedy story, but they make it good entertainment. (June)

STRICTLY MODERN—First National.—Pretty obvious humor and thin story, but Dorothy Mackaill is fine as a young sophisticate who finds romance where she least expects it. (July)

STRICTLY UNGONVENTIONAL—M.G.M.—The original play, "The Circle," was subtle English comedy. The phonoplay misses fire. (May)

SUNNY SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Another one of those movie versions of college life as it isn't. (June)

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES—First National.—Billie Dove's best talkie. Mystery farce, with Clive Brook being very farcical. (Sept.)

SWEET MAMA—First National.—If you're an Alice White fan this won't seem so weak. (Sept.)

SWELLHEAD—Tiffany Productions.—Just another prize-fight story. (July)

Cut Picture Puzzle Winners

Winners of the 70 cash prizes, totalling \$5,000 in PHOTOPLAY's famous Cut Picture Puzzle Contest, will be announced in the January, 1931, issue of

PHOTOPLAY

On sale at all newsstands on or about December 10

SWING HIGH—Pathe.—Love and intrigue in an old-time wagon circus. Color action, peppy songs. Pleasant entertainment. (July)

TEMPTATION—Columbia.—Unpretentious and pleasant love story. Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray. (Sept.)

TEXAN, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a picturesque O. Henry story of the Southwest. (July)

THOSE WHO DANCE—Warners.—Monte Blue, in another underworld story that doesn't ring true. (Sept.)

THREE FACES EAST—Warners.—A great stage play and fine silent picture gone wrong in the talkies. (Aug.)

TOAST OF THE LEGION, THE—First National.—The lovely Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modette," in all-Technicolor. Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon. A musical treat. (Aug.)

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY—First National.—(Reviewed under title "Broken Dishes.") Grand satire on family life. O. P. Heggie the henpecked father, Loretta Young and Grant Withers the young lovers. Full of fun. (Sept.)

TOP SPEED—First National.—Musical comedy with the irresistible Joe E. Brown emphasizing the comedy. (Aug.)

TRIGGER TRICKS—Universal.—Typical Hot Gibson Western with Sally Eilers in her real life role of girl-friend. (Aug.)

TRUE TO THE NAVY—Paramount.—Clara Bow is the girl who has a boy on every ship. Then the whole fleet comes in! Can you imagine the fun! (July)

TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH—First National.—Starts out to be a tenderly wistful story of youth and turns into a stereotyped April and November romance. (Oct.)

UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warners.—Light satire on old-fashioned Mexican border melodramas. A gay and dashing Technicolor singer, with Frank Fay and Armida. (June)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—First National.—Neither beautiful Technicolor scenery nor Lila Lee's fine performance do much for this one. (July)

★ **UNHOLY THREE, THE**—M.G.M.—Lon Chaney talks, at last, in five voices, one of them his natural voice. Thrills a-plenty. (Aug.)

★ **VAGABOND KING, THE**—Paramount.—Flash and clang of sword play. Dennis King, as Francis Dillon, sings and acts with operatic abandon. Gullon, Technicolor. Lifting Friml music. Leo and MacDonald and Lillian Roth help, and O. P. Heggie is grand. (May)

VENGEANCE—Columbia.—Melodrama with a punch. Another African native relief. Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. (May)

WAY OF ALL MEN, THE—First National.—This just misses being good. Not bad, however. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is in it. (Sept.)

WAY OUT WEST—M.G.M.—One of the funniest Billy Haines films in a long time. (Aug.)

WEDDING RINGS—First National.—Ernest Pascal's novel, "The Dark Swan," lost its original title and a great deal more. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner. (July)

WHAT A MAN!—Sono Art.—World Wide.—(Reviewed under the title "His Dark Chapter.") Reginald Denry's nice voice, and a trifling story about a gentleman-crook who isn't a crook after all, provide a pleasant enough evening. (May)

WHAT A WIDOW!—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson goes slap-stick but manages to be entertaining in light fare. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three cheers. (Oct.)

WHAT MEN WANT—Universal.—This doesn't prove anything, but Robert Ellis is good in it. (Sept.)

WHITE CARGO—W. P. Film Co.—Banned by Will Hays, but produced in London. Slow, badly recorded. Wasn't worth bootlegging. (May)

★ **WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU**—Universal.—Three people are trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night search party sets out. Wonderful Swiss snow scenes and breath-taking airplane stunts. Unusual and intensely interesting. Sound. (July)

★ **WHOOPEE**—United Artists.—Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopee" instead. Eddie Cantor pulls a gag a minute. Lavish, all-Technicolor production. (Oct.)

WIDE OPEN—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller play this somewhat vulgar but amusing comedy with a pace that keeps you roaring. (June)

WILD COMPANY—Fox.—Another of those wild younger generation stories, but Frank Albertson gives it real punch. (Aug.)

WINGS OF ADVENTURE—Tiffany Productions.—Armida sees this fat-bedded adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. (Oct.)

★ **WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE**—Paramount.—A picture beyond the usual praise. You'll have to see Commander Byrd drop the American flag onto the South Pole to appreciate what an achievement it is. Wonderful entertainment from any standpoint. (Aug.)

WOMEN EVERYWHERE—Fox.—J. Harold Murray's charming singing voice, plus that oob-la-lala Ma'nselle, Fifi Dorsay. (July)

YOUNG DESIRE—Universal.—Conventional story of a circus girl who loves a rich boy, but treated unconventionally. Pace, color and thrills. Mary Nolan scores. (June)

YOUNG EAGLES—Paramount.—Not another "Wings." Buddy Rogers the flying hero. Jean Arthur his inspiration. Magnificent air photography, and satisfactory enough story. (May)

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN—Paramount.—Two young newspaper writers get married, and then get temperamental. Claude Rains and real-life husband, Norman Foster. Charles Ruggles adds hilarious comedy touches. (July)

Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the
Real Critics

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

The \$25 Letter

Fort Worth, Texas

CRITICS and fans seem to be joined together for once in a loud cry for better pictures. We hear on all sides that dark days are ahead for the industry. But, after all, are producers to be blamed? Is there any sure proof that better pictures are really wanted?

The box-office does not indicate a deep longing for them.

Let us glance over the leading money-makers. We find Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, Janer Gaynor, Joan Crawford, Alice White, Gary Cooper, Buddy Rogers, Charlie Farrell. These people may be attractive, but no one could accuse them of genius, or of playing in artistic pictures.

As long as audiences prefer to see young ladies prance about exhibiting pretty figures or gentlemen determinedly hold one expression for several reels, the producers will continue to manufacture uninspiring pictures.

It is our fault: "When better pictures are made, the public will make them!"

MARY LINDSEY.

The \$10 Letter

Alberene, Va.

ILIVE in a small, isolated, mining town, where poverty and ignorance are badges of social prestige, and intelligence is shunned as censors shun babies. So, imagine my surprise on returning after three months' absence, to hear a dance tune, instead of "Frankie and Johnnie"; a foreign event being discussed, instead of the crops; and see some modish calico gowns.

The mine owners, tiring of heck-and-fight, had installed talkies, hoping that diversion would stop them.

They did. And furthermore the talkies

are an unqualified success, except for one old girl who fainted at a shooting scene, realistically acted.

And the educational advantages. Why I recently heard a miner's lass mutmur, "I cawn't get none," in a true Chatter-tonesque manner. Such a civilizing influence needs lots of encouragement. And may we soon have a village peopled by miner hoofers and chorines! F. M.

The \$5 Letter

Yuba City, Calif.

SINCE the advent of the talkies we of the smaller towns see pictures of a much higher quality. Talkies have eliminated the cheap vaudeville acts that were foisted on us. Now we have darling Mickey Mouse or Laurel and Hardy, instead of the jugglers, sister acts or "Goldie, the Trained Seal."

We see George Arliss, Ruth Chatterton and Lawrence Tibbett, whereas we always

knew it would be Tom Mix on Sunday and Buck Jones on Friday.

IONE THOMPSON.

A Call for Dr. Chaplin

San Pedro, Calif.

SOUND intoxicated the fans for a while. Now we have the headaches. The fans are eagerly waiting to find some silent and peaceful place to nurse their sore heads. Our ear-drums are almost busted with those theme songs from half-baked amateurs. We have seen so many leg swingers we are dizzy. And heard so much noise that we are going crazy.

Bring on Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights" so we can once more have a real entertainment. JOHN LEHTO.

And Baked Potatoes?

Toledo, Ohio

I THINK that Greta Garbo is neither a great actress nor good looking. She is just a thin woman needing food, and something in her spine so she won't be able to slink. Maybe starch. H. H.

Now Here's a Brickbat!

Los Angeles, Calif.

I nominate for *Oblivion!*

Catherine Dale Owen in "The Rogue Song."

Vivienne Segal in "Song of the West."

Clara Bow in Everything.

Johnny Mack Brown in "Montana Moon."

Buddy Rogers in Anything.

Bill Haines in Everything.

VIRGINIA BERRY SANBORN.

A Fan Economist

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

WHY all the knitted brows over empty movie houses? Aren't they a natural result of financial conditions? Producers, directors, actors became millionaires overnight not [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



Costume Jewelry

*One way to spend
that \$3 you save*

Costume jewelry is merely one suggestion for spending that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.

Women, sternest judges of tooth paste *acclaim this modern one at 25¢*

Listerine Tooth Paste has passed the greatest test that can be put to a dentifrice.

Tried by more than 2,000,000 American women, the most critical buyers in the world when beauty and health are involved, it has won their enthusiastic acceptance. Old favorites at a high price have been discarded in favor of the new one at 25¢.

In order to win such approval, Listerine Tooth Paste had to establish gentleness

and absolute safety in actual use. It did so—on millions of teeth of varying degrees of hardness—and never was precious enamel harmed.

It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely natural lustre of sound beauti-

ful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25¢ the large tube, effecting an average saving of \$3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, is another point worth remembering.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend
Pro-phy-lactic Tooth Brushes



Too Much Straining for Effect



Barbara Kent's prettiness and charm are largely due to her unaffected appearance and manner

NOT long ago I pointed out a beautiful girl to a man I knew, and commented: "Isn't she beautiful!" His laconic answer amused while it surprised me.

"Yes," he said. "But she looks as though she paid too much attention to her complexion!"

I know, and you know, that no girl *can* pay too much attention to her complexion. It's of the greatest importance in this question of good looks. But it was easy to see the man's point of view.

Everything about that lovely, carefully groomed girl pointed to the fact that she spent hours preparing for every engagement. It was all too obvious.

There's a trick to good grooming, and that is not to look "fixed up" to the *nth* degree. A freshly bathed, exquisite, out of the band-box appearance should seem like one's natural state aided by ordinary efforts. But the minute a girl lets it be apparent that her toilette occupies the major portion of her time and her thought, a man begins to wonder when she finds time to plan and do all the other interesting things in this world. He's apt to catalogue her in his mind as "beautiful but shallow." And "beautiful but dumb" hasn't half its sting.

That obvious straining for effect isn't confined to looks only. It is apparent in many other ways.

We all know the girl who is so eager to be popular that she over-

does some characteristic she has decided will turn the trick. One girl feels sure that coyness wins—so she prattles "baby talk" and alternately pouts and giggles until every man she knows retreats in boredom.

Another girl is determined to be "bookish" and make her appeal an intellectual one. She skims every new book as fast as it comes out, gets a smattering of all the great names in literature and history, and talks glibly about nothing at all in an effort to appear well-informed.

WHEN the man is all set to tell about a screamingly funny situation in the latest Wheeler and Woolsey comedy, she gets the conversation off to a quick start on the relative merits of the monarchical and republican systems of government. And thinks she is impressing him!

The same thing applies to writing. The novice sits down before his typewriter and searches his mind for all the fine phrases he has ever heard. That blank piece of paper scares him. Only truly worthwhile, sonorous writings must mar its whiteness.

And so all the flavor of his thinking, the identifying phraseology of his usual conversation, is obscured by the overwhelming desire to put down something great—something that will endure as "literature." He forgets that the ordinary man's conversation of today frequently becomes the literature of tomorrow. He strains too much for effect, and thereby loses all.

O. O. McIntyre, who has been writing pungently, genially, and successfully about big and little subjects for some years, has this to say in a recent issue of *Cosmopolitan Magazine* on the subject of "being yourself":

"I found it [New York] little different from Gallipolis, Ohio. I have been able to appease the rent collector by writing just as informally and ungrammatically about the people of New York as I wrote about the local folks when I was 'the' reporter in my jerkwater burg."

If the "big city" had overawed him into concocting those fine phrases of which I speak, there would have been no homely McIntyre philosophy to delight readers and bring him success.

Whether they live in big cities or country towns, whether they are accustomed to luxury or poverty, people are "just folks" at heart. Most of the differences are exterior ones—if we could look into souls I'm sure we would find only similarities.

Remember that *you* sometimes detect insincerity or artificiality in
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

I would like to send you my reducing booklet, which outlines simple, normalizing exercises and gives a few suggestions for well balanced menus for the too-plump. Or my complexion leaflet, containing general advice on the care of the skin, and specific treatment for blackheads and acne. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or other confidential advice on personal problems. There is no charge. Address me, care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



ALICE WHITE, First National Star, and Max Factor, using Lipstick

Lipstick should impart a lovely, lifelike red, blending with the rouge and powder...avoid grotesque, glaring colors.

How to Make Up

Your Complexion...Your Eyes...Your Lips...to Emphasize Each Feature of Beauty Like the Screen Stars Do

Hollywood's Make-Up Genius... Max Factor...explains how you may actually double your beauty with a new kind of make-up

AS TOLD TO FLORENCE VONDELLE

"HOW to enhance beauty...how to emphasize personality...how to attract and fascinate...these are the secret problems of every woman which we in the motion picture colony have studied for twenty odd years," Max Factor told me. "And now we know the answers."

"Every girl, every woman may now benefit by what we have learned...and thus accentuate her own natural charms; yes, actually double her beauty, for she has never really learned how to be more beautiful than she is.

"And this is the art of make-up...to be more beautiful than you actually are.

"Color is the life of beauty...and color harmony is the secret of perfect make-up. This we discovered in pictures...and I created colors in cosmetics to glorify natural beauty and to harmonize with the subtle change of coloring in the different types of blondes, brunettes, red-heads and brownettes. Color tones in powder, rouge, lipstick, and the requisites of make-up...created to living types, for such ravishing beauties as Alice White, Betty Compson, and other famous stars.

"So, first in make-up, is your individual color harmony...then practice the art and technique of application...how to rightly place a touch of rouge to suit your facial contour; how to deftly blend the eye-shadow; how to apply the lipstick to make the color permanent; how to blend the foundation and powder to give an all-day velvety-smooth make-up...and then make-up becomes a magic wand of beauty. * * *

Now you may share, with the screen stars, this wealth of beauty magic. For you personally, Max Factor will create your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up...powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites for every day, in a color harmony ensemble to effect a transformation in you, to bring out every bit of beauty, of charm, of magnetic attraction...and you will receive this book, forty-eight pages on the art and technique of make-up. The coupon below offers you this courtesy...mail it today.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP
"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

9% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's
 (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)



LORETTA YOUNG, First National Star, and Max Factor, using Face Powder.

Powder must blend perfectly with the color tone of the skin...enticing its beauty, but never appearing noticeable.



BETTY COMPSON, Warner Brothers Star, and Max Factor, using Rouge.

Rouge must harmonize with the complexion colorings, and with the make-up ensemble...avoid "off colors" which mar beauty.



LILA LEE, First National Star, and Max Factor, using Eye Shadow.

Eyes appear lovelier and seem to acquire a mysterious depth when faintly and artistically shadowed with Eye Shadow.



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your six-page book, *The New Art of Society Make-Up*—personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	HAIR
Light	Blue	Blonde
Medium	Green	Dark
Dark	Gold	Black
Color	AGE	Normal
	Color	Analyze with Check Mark

Name _____ 1-11-30
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

Are TEA TABLES too narrow for you?



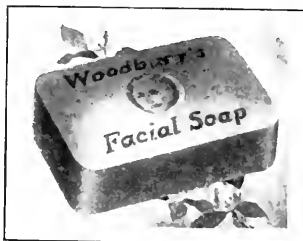
Why not let "Normal Desquamation," aided and quickened by this famous Facial Treatment, give you the courage of Flawless Beauty?

NORMAL DESQUAMATION" must go on constantly, day and night. For this is Nature's own device to renew the natural beauty of your complexion. Normally, the dead cells of your skin disappear. Normally, the natural clarity and charm of your skin assert themselves.

But, far too often, the irregularities of our lives retard this normal process of "Desquamation" . . . It must be stimulated. Started again. Continued.

Woodbury's Facial Soap has become famous for promoting and aiding "Normal Desquamation." It gently removes the gossamer veil of dead cells as no toilet soap can possibly do. For ordinary toilet soaps merely "wash" the skin. But Woodbury's speeds and encourages the daily uncovering of a lovely complexion. And as the new skin is revealed, the continued use of Woodbury's keeps it exquisitely fresh and clear. In addition, of course, it constantly removes the impurities that cause black-heads and pore-enlargement. Woodbury's Facial Soap costs a trifle more than toilet soaps. But it is a true economy because it is a finer milled soap, and lasts longer.

Start with Woodbury's today. Use it regularly, continually. Like millions of other women with "the skin you love to touch."



In Ten Days . . . Woodbury's shows an improvement that no toilet soap can possibly duplicate.

Woodbury's is actually a facial treatment, compressed in a tablet of soap. Compounded by a specialist. Made with costly and rare oils. Designed not merely to "wash" the face, but to penetrate and treat the skin . . . It is simple to use Woodbury's properly. Bathe your face in warm water. Then, with your hands or a wet wash-cloth . . . make a creamy lather. Rub it very lightly and gently over the entire face for about thirty seconds. Rinse thoroughly with warm water. Then with cold. Pat with a soft towel until dry . . . And your skin will look, and feel, aglow with new beauty.

To please a Man at Christmas

The kind of gift every man wants—but seldom buys for himself! It contains Woodbury's Soap, Tale, Shaving Cream and Jergens' Lotion (or Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion) . . . Special value for one dollar. At your drug store or toilet goods' counter.





Hurrell

BOYS! To the cyclone cellars for your lives! Three little French girls are loosed upon the screen by Messrs. Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer, and this is no time to be hanging around in front of the pool hall. The girls are Yola D'Avril, Fifi Dorsay and Sandra Ravel, and their picture honestly!—is "Three Little French Girls!"



Chidnoff

Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill., May 3, 1906. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weighs 120, has auburn hair, brown eyes. Made her screen debut in 1921

SHE was always so beautiful—and then we found her voice. She was beautiful, too! So did the talkie directors, and Mary Astor has been busy since "Holiday" appeared. If Mary's character had been a nicer sort of girl, Ann Harding's honors in that picture would have been in jeopardy



Otto Dyar

PROBABLY an adoring flapper would say Stan came sweet from "Sweetie." But Stanley Smith probably wouldn't like that. He's only twenty-three, but six years of rich stage experience preceded his film debut in 1929. His work in "Sweetie" set countless maids to mooning and moaning

Stanley Smith was born in Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 6, 1907. He is 5 feet, 11, weighs 160, has blond hair, blue eyes. Educated at Hollywood High School



Thomas

Helen Twelvetrees was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. After an art and dramatic education, she went on the stage, entering pictures in 1928. She is divorced.

HELEN TWELVETREES' new picture is "Her Man," but you can't tell us members of the Twelvetrees Adoration Society that she done him wrong! This somewhat Gishian bit of girlish gorgeousness is a Pathe ace, having received mighty applause for her work in the circus film, "Swing High"



Chidnoff

THE American theater suffered one of its really serious losses when Fredric March heard the siren call of the talkies and followed it to Hollywood. In two years he has become one of the most admired and trusted leading men in the whole Paramount family. His motto—March on!

Fredric March was born in Racine, Wis., Aug. 31, 1898. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160, has brown hair and eyes. Married in 1927 to Florence Eldridge



Hurrell

Ramon Novarro, or Ramon Samaniegos, was born in Durango, Mex., Feb. 6, 1899. He is 5 feet, 10, weighs 160, has dark brown hair and eyes. Unmarried

WE never think of Ramon Novarro, player of sleek and charming heroes, as much in the muscular line. This striking study, taken in Ramon's gymnasium, shows just how very wrong we are. This is the young Mexican star on the rowing machine, no doubt the way he got these big shoulders

GIFT-GIVING IN ITS LOVELIEST EXPRESSION



LES
PARFUMS

Coty

In the bewildering array of gift possibilities, nothing has quite the atmosphere of luxury and glamour, of intensely personal feeling as one of the world-famous Coty Perfumes — either in the de luxe cut-crystal flacons or smaller sizes (*illustrated*) — or one of the smart new sets. Exquisite, superlative in quality—at the same time, they are moderate in price



This Coty set is a most comprehensive gift with a Purse Perfume, Powder Compact and Lipstick all in Platinum-tone Metal. \$5.00

Write for special Coty Booklet, "Holiday Gift Suggestions" Dept. P-11, Coty, 714 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



This young homemaker does all her own work yet has beautifully smooth, white hands. Read her "lovely hands secret" below.



Carefree—with maids to do all her work... yet her hands are no smoother and whiter than those of the young wife at the left.



.. *Need your Hands say..*

"I Have No Maid"

YOU need never be ill at ease, uncomfortably self-conscious—even in the company of women who have maids to do all their work. Your hands need never broadcast 'dishpan' though you wash dishes three times a day!

Women Everywhere

Modern young homemakers by the thousands are now keeping their hands white and smooth and young—simply by using Lux for dishes and all soap and water tasks.

Women discovered for themselves in washing out their fine fabrics how soft and white Lux leaves the hands.

Beauty experts know the reason—know that ordinary soaps dry up the precious oils of the skin and leave

hands red and rough and work-worn, while the bland Lux suds protect these oils and keep the skin smooth and fine.

Save the precious, flower-like beauty of *your* hands. Even *one* dishwashing with Lux will leave them lovelier.

This wonderful beauty care is delightfully inexpensive. Lux for all! your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

Beauty Experts answer "No"

Asked "Can you tell from looking at a woman's hands whether she does her own work?" experts in 305 beauty salons answered... "We cannot distinguish between the hands of the woman with maids and the smooth, white hands of the woman who uses Lux in her dishpan."

For lovely hands
costs less than
1¢ a day . . .



November, 1930

The National Guide
to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

MILTON SILLS has played his last scene. The motion picture public will miss him as a high type of player. Scores, including myself, who knew him intimately, mourn the passing of a great mind, a true friend, and a man of unblemished character.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to his widow, the lovely and talented Doris Kenyon, and the little son who was not old enough to appreciate his good fortune in having such a man for a father.

"THE Mighty Milton," I used to call him. I started this name for him during a short trip four of us took two years ago through Yosemite Park. Milton knew every wildflower in that park by its Latin as well as its English name. He knew the geological significance of every rock formation and natural phenomenon. He sat at a piano in the moonlight and played Bach and Beethoven divinely, the while watching the celestial parade of planets, all of which he could place and name.

Recently five Los Angeles scientists held a discussion which has been recorded in book form. There was a metaphysician, an astronomer, a professor of theology, a biologist. Milton Sills was chosen to represent and discuss the subject as a philosopher.

The most brilliant mind in the history of motion pictures and one of the most gallant and courtly gentlemen who ever graced the stage has gone.

HELP! Murder! Police! Take that talk and halleged humorous remarks out of at least half the newsreels and let us enjoy them in our own way. It's like trying to listen to three or four people all talking at once.

Radio announcers are bad enough, but the average newsreel announcer is a pest. And we do not except

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK



Mr. McNamee, either. We enjoy a good radio announcer describing a prize fight, but how would you like it if you had to listen to the announcer when you were actually watching the fight?

FOR mental processes that are weird the motion picture producer is peculiar. Take the case of Ina Claire and Donald Ogden Stewart's

stage play, "Rebound."

After Ina's first movie her producers bought off her contract. They were willing to pay her a large sum of money not to appear in their pictures.

The play was a success on the New York stage, but the movie gods would have none of it. Not screen material, they said.

Mrs. John Gilbert got mad, and when that lady's clander is up she can get plenty mad. She decided she was going to make the producers see she was an actress, and couldn't be thrown out without a show-down. So she produced "Rebound" in a Hollywood theater and made it such a social affair that none of the producers could avoid being at her opening.

Next day Ina was offered a contract by one company, and another bought the play.

THE most popular motion picture star in all European countries is Mickey Mouse. In England any exhibitor can fill his house with a picture of this daffy little creation, and often his name is in electric lights four times as large as well known stars.

The answer is simple. Mickey Mouse pictures are about the only ones which consistently retain that vital essential—fantasy—in its purest form.

NEXT in order of popularity in England are Chaplin (of course), Chevalier, Colman, Garbo, Chatterton, Arliss, Clive Brook, John Barrymore, and Bancroft. Far in the rear comes Jannings.

It is impossible to exaggerate the impatience and interest with which all Europe is waiting for Chaplin's "City Lights" as a test for the future of sound pictures.

You can take it from me that it will be a phenomenal success and that Professor Chaplin will show the boys a thing or two about using silence and sound. The picture will make millions of dollars for the little fellow and billions of laughs for the world.

THE only universal language ever known was the silent picture. The talkies have re-created the Tower of Babel. They have also re-awakened consciousness of nationality in a manner that can be equaled only by a war.

In Europe, outside of England, which is a special problem of itself, there are five major languages and eight minor tongues. The American film producers, before the advent of the talkies, never concerned themselves with the national philosophies of these different peoples. Now they must do so.

IT took America one year to become surfeited with talkie revues, backstage, and musical pictures. England got sick of them in three months, and in Germany six pictures were enough to turn the public against them. You cannot give them away in Germany, which has now reverted to heavy, sombre, sordid subjects. France is making markedly erotic and impossibly melodramatic pictures.

All Europe is definitely anti-American-film. Recently one of the best known critics on the Continent wrote: "It is our duty to ourselves to defeat the optimism of American pictures."

Our Hollywood producers have a big job on their hands to make talkies that will please everyone in the Tower of Babel. You will grasp the seriousness of the problem when you realize that for years the profits of most companies came from their foreign trade. American theaters paid the cost of production. Export was the velvet that meant dividends.

ONE explanation of the recent slump in picture production on the Coast is that the producers couldn't make up their minds what picture to imitate next.

MORE trouble for the producers of the phony jungle picture, "Ingagi," but such a little trouble that the lads who have made a clean-up by following Barnum's old theory about one being born every minute did not worry about it.

The chap who sweltered inside the gorilla make-up is trying to collect twenty dollars for one day's work.

"They said I didn't make a good gorilla," he told the California Labor Commissioner's deputy. "They refused to pay me. I got that money coming to me because no one could be a better gorilla than I was."

ON my recent visit to Hollywood I was amazed at the manner in which the weird ballyhoo called "premières" has spread to other lines of two-bit

snatching. A pony golf course on a back street put on an opening with huge electric searchlights, radio announcing, invitations, and all that sort of junk. A sandwich parlor followed suit.

Any day I expect to hear of an enterprising boot-black going for one of these big social affairs.

TELEVISION is just around the corner, they say. Every home may soon be equipped with the business end of one of these contraptions, the enthusiasts claim. As for me, home life is complicated and electrical enough as it is. What with the radio, mechanical piano, phonograph, telephone, electric this and electric that, life will soon become one long electrical disturbance.

Spare the day when someone will invent an electrical device that will read our books for us.

IF you have heard the latest yarn about Stepin Fetchit, the colored lad who made a comic hit in several pictures, and then became affected with a severe case of swell head, try and stop me.

A white actor told him he was getting too fat and he ought to do something about it.

"That's right," said Stepin mournfully as he patted what used to be a waistline, "but what does I do about it?"

"You might try that eighteen-day diet," he was told.

Stepin shook his head.

"Um, um," he mumbled, "Ain't nothin' on dere I like. I goin' right now to get me some ham an' eggs."

SHE is a hard-headed, if not a hard-boiled business woman in her middle thirties. She was married in her twenties, but it didn't take, and since then romance hasn't played a great rôle in her life.

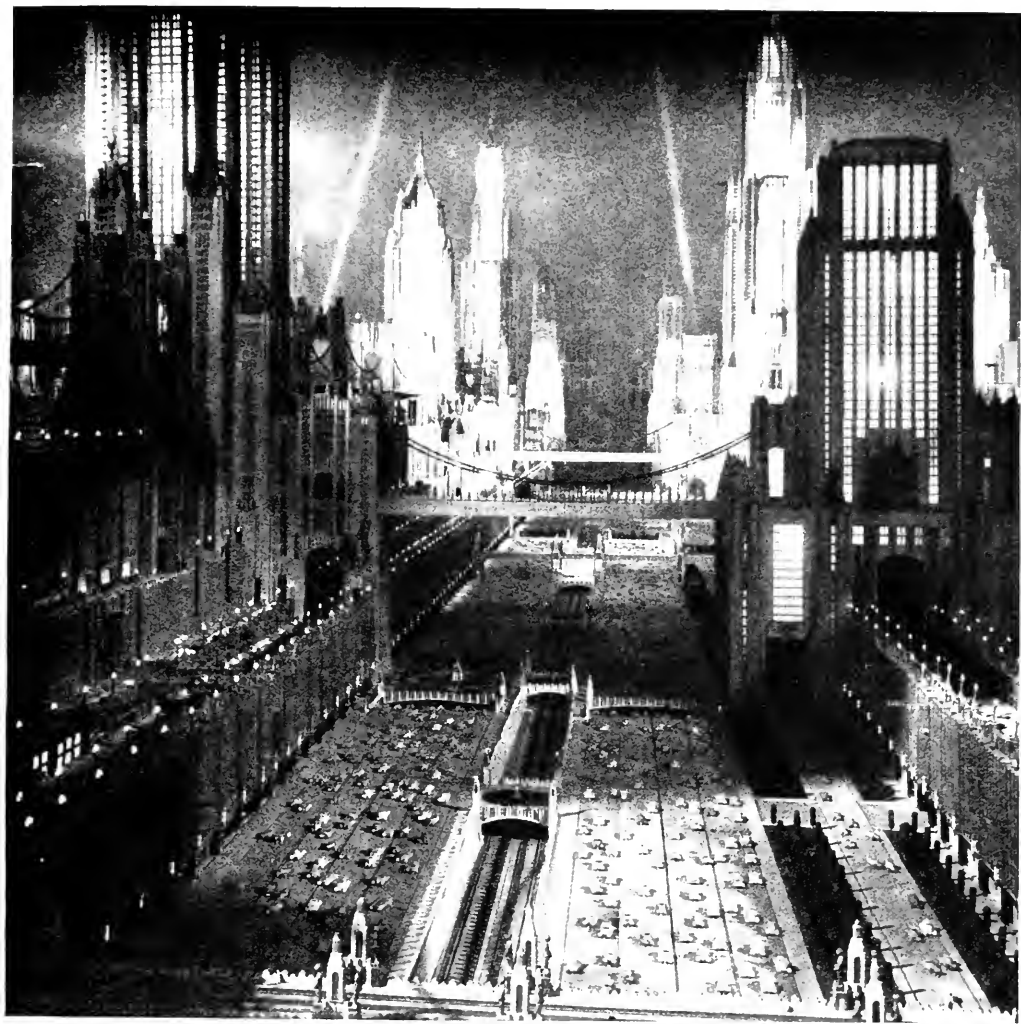
But this was her comment as she left the theater after seeing a recent talkie—a frothy affair of the light, romantic type:

"I didn't like that picture much. He's too sappy and I couldn't imagine a cute girl like she is falling for him. You know, a picture's just spoiled for me if the hero isn't the type I admire. *I just couldn't put myself in that girl's place at all!* Why, I would never have given him a second look!"

And how many millions there are like her—men and women, girls and boys, grandmas and grandpas, whose ticket to the movies is adventure and romance that, for the time at least, is their very own.

NOW, don't listen while I convey a secret to a friend of mine who, approaching fifty, wears belts on his coats, and tries to give chorus girls the idea that he's just out of Yale.

The male stars of Hollywood have beauty secrets just like the girls. There is a certain little device made of adhesive tape and string which acts as a temporary face lift. The adhesive tape is applied close to the ears and holds the sagging muscles of chin and neck in place. Two very famous, but aging, *Don Juans* wear these devices when they're making a picture.



BUILDINGS 250 stories high!
... Traffic on nine levels ...
Rockets that shoot from star to
star ... Airplanes that land
on the roofs of buildings ... A whole
meal in a capsule that can be swallowed
at one gulp ... No this isn't a
Jules Verne dream induced by a Welsh
rarebit ... It's New York in 1980,
as foretold in the new Fox picture,
"Just Imagine!" ... A picture of
the great set showing the metropolis
fifty years hence—the most intricate
setting ever created for pictures ...
It took 205 engineers and craftsmen
five months to build it, at a cost of
\$168,000 ... It was designed after
long conferences with noted artists and
scientists who dare peer far into the
future ... The set stands in a bal-
loon hangar at a former Army flying
field twenty miles from Hollywood. ...

New York *in 1980!*

Seventy-four 5,000,000 candle power
sun arcs light the set from above ...
Fifteen thousand electric light bulbs
illuminate its buildings and streets ...
Deslyva, Brown and Henderson,
the trio responsible for "Sunny Side
Up," conceived "Just Imagine!" ...
The leads are played by John Garfield,
Maureen O'Sullivan, J. E. Brendel and
Kenneth Thomson ... In 1980 ...
people have serial numbers, not names ...
Marriages are all arranged by the
courts ... Prohibition is still an
issue ... Men's clothes have but one
pocket. That's on the hip ... But
there's still love! ... Don't laugh!
Our granddaddies laughed at the
thought that men might fly! Fan-
tastic? Certainly—but stranger things
have come to pass than those which
have been portrayed in this dream
New York of A. D. 1980!

Janet Is Back



TOGETHER again — for screen purposes! Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor, parted by her recent squabble with the powers at Fox, are reunited in "The Man Who Came Back." And is everybody happy? Echo answers, "Hey, hey!"

On the Job!

By
Katherine
Albert



Janet

The hatchet buried and pouts turned to smiles, the little Gaynor girl goes to work



Charlie

STUDIO, was, "All the difficulties I had with my employers have been amicably settled and I am happy to be back at work again."

She remarked to a friend, "I was afraid not to come back, since my continued absence might have meant that I would have been barred from the screen by all the studios."

Recently a press luncheon was given in her honor. The fatted calf, masquerading as Columbia River salmon and head cheese, was duly killed for the prodigal daughter. Janet was all smiles. Three weeks before the luncheon she had returned to the Fox lot. It was the first time she had set dainty foot inside the walls since the latter part of February.

Her return was no victory for Janet, which is what usually happens when little girls go to war with big industries. Since March she had been off salary. Her peevish at the studio cost her \$44,000, much mental turmoil, and actual physical discomfort.

Janet's excuse for leaving, for making that fateful trip to Honolulu, without advising her employers, was that she had been dissatisfied with the type of picture she had been given to do, namely, "High Society Blues." Yet she was offered a rôle she coveted in "Liliom" which she turned down.

THERE must be something back of it all. Was she suffering from \$44,000 worth of temperance? Was she badly advised? Or what? Janet won't tell you. She persists in her original statement about disagreements being amicably settled. It is, therefore, to her friends that one must go for the story and from all the stories one hears, draw conclusions.

The answer is, I'm afraid that she was badly advised by Lydell Peck, her husband. Undoubtedly he thought he was doing the right thing. Most husbands do. He felt that Janet was a great actress and that she was not being treated like a great actress. He felt also, I believe, that it was up to him to guide the course of her career.

He was perfectly right in advising her to accept no more rôles like "High Society Blues." He was wrong in insisting that she turn down the fragile *Julie* in "Liliom," a part so suited to the little Gaynor's talents that it would have fitted her like a French slipper. But something strange and psychological had gripped Janet. She had been so happy before her marriage.

She and Charlie Farrell had made "Lucky Star" together just before talkies came in. As a silent picture Fox knew it

would not go. They must inject dialogic. Janet took her first sound test. Her voice was lovely and so suited to her personality

that when a dramatic teacher was sent on the lot to help some of the stars with diction she was told to let Janet's voice alone.

During this time Lydell was rushing Janet off her feet. He was determined that she should be his bride and he had booked passage to Honolulu for the honeymoon. Janet wanted nothing but a chance to experiment with the microphone. She turned Mr. Peck down flat, for the studio was planning her and Charlie's first talking picture. It was "Sunny Side Up."

SHE was delighted while she was working on this. She loved the new medium. She enjoyed trying something light and amusing for a change. Upon completion of "Sunny Side Up," she married the young San Francisco lawyer and began work in "High Society Blues." She was happy during the making of this. It was after she saw "Blues" that the fight began. Lydell insisted that she was not suited to such rôles.

And it was then that Janet made a mistake. Janet is young and frail. She was not able to cope with either her professional or her personal problems. She and Lydell had quarreled, of that there is not much doubt. He had also convinced her that Fox, the studio that had made her name a household word for charm and whimsey, was playing her false. Janet lacked the pioneer strength to face her problem. She ran away.

Without telling the studio, she and her mother booked passage to Honolulu. You know what happened, how she and Charlie Farrell met by accident on the boat and how Charlie beat a hasty retreat to keep the newspapers from inventing a scandal.

"Liliom" was scheduled to begin shortly. Frank Borzage, the director, wanted Janet for experimental tests in costumes. He could not find her. She was on the high seas. So the studio sent her a wire stating that if she were not back by March 15th she would go off salary. She was not back.

She went off salary.

More than anything else, perhaps, Janet had wanted to play in "Liliom." She had been cast for the rôle before Charlie Farrell and it was she who insisted, before she left, that Charlie beg for the part opposite her. He did and got it. And just at that moment Janet walked out, leaving Charlie to go his way without her, with Rose Hobart in her part.

Janet returned to the turmoil she had left. She returned to hear Lydell's advice. She listened to him and remained [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 144]



Friend Husband—Did he give her the wrong advice?

Hey! Censors!

*Monkey-Business
in Hollywood!*



Hello, hello! State censor board? This is Mr. Chimp calling—president of the Bigger and Better Morals for Monkeys League! I want to call your attention to the new talkies some of our folks are making. Why, they drink beer! Come right over with your shears!

Whoopee and rum run riot—in a nice way—in Tiffany's new series of monkey comedies!



The Helen Morgan of the Hellhouse Saloon perches on the piano. She has just finished moaning about Her Ma-a-a-an! Note the dissipated-looking professor at the ivories. He was a great concert artist once, but bad booze got him. From "The Little Covered Wagon"



There's devilment afoot! The fiendish killer in "The Blimp Mystery" feels his courage oozing from every hair. He decides to shake up a couple of stiff ones. Then, full of phony courage, he'll take a squealer for a ride!

Hot lips! The siren is luring this poor simian sap into forgery—embezzlement—MURDER!—with her wily ways. It's a passionate love scene from that picture of crime and its penalty, "The Little Big House," all-monkey



There'll be trouble in the Hellhouse Saloon, mark our words! That human varmint at the bar is the town bad man, and the bartender doesn't look any too good, either. In this scene from "The Little Covered Wagon" the boys have their eyes on "Chimpthe Chump," another low character. In a minute six-shooters will bark—woof! woof!—and there'll be work for the coroner



BEAUTY and Romance! One of the scenes that will make the heart thump faster when "Escapade" is shown. The hero of the embrace is none other than our dashing friend, John Boles. In his arms is Evelyn Laye, the English stage beauty who captivated New York last year in the operetta, "Bitter-Sweet." Great things may be expected of "Escapade"—because of its music, because George Fitzmaurice is directing—because it will offer the glamorous Evelyn and John!

Bogy-Man Turns Actor!

"Oh papa, see the bold, bad sailor, Mr. Tully, making love to that innocent little girl who works in the saloon! And papa, is that other sailor John Gilbert?"



Oh fie, oh shame! Jim Tully forsakes literature and goes for grease paint

JIM TULLY, caustic Boswell of "the magic lantern people," has, in the vernacular, gone Hollywood.

"Big Bad Bill is Sweet William now."

Film-dom's severest critic—self-appointed, self-anointed, self-exploited, by the grace of God and *Fanny Fair*—has committed that which he has ever held to be the sin of purple sins. He has become—oh, fie! oh, shame! oh, for goodness' sake, Mr. Tully!—he has become an actor. Well, perhaps not exactly an actor. Let us say, rather, he has embellished his face with grease paint and false whiskers and is appearing in the films. It seems impossible, but life is like that. Mr. Tully, through the years, has said so many not nice things about the profession. For instance:

Anent James Cruze: "The greatest defect in Cruze's character, next to having been an actor . . ."

Concerning Jack Gilbert: "Greta Garbo used him as a romantic prop on which to hang an American reputation. . . ."

When writing these uncomplimentary lines our hero should have remembered that acting is a vice and that vice . . . seen too oft, familiar with her face,

We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

By Bogart Rogers

Can he act? What difference does that make? Jack Gilbert can't act, either, because Jim Tully said so—and look at the money he makes.

Let us be serious for a moment. Mr. Tully is an avowed pretender to the throne of the screen's bad men, occupied jointly and at various times by Louis Wolheim, George Bancroft, the brothers Beery and others. Let us, therefore, contemplate Mr. James Tully, thespian, mummer, posture master, in the fashion Jim Tully, author, might—if anybody would pay him for it—contemplate himself.

As Mr. Tully's past is shrouded in mystery and fiction we must draw conclusions from the contradictory material at hand.

Of his early life we can be sure of only one thing: he was born. Place: St. Marys, Ohio. Time: 1891. Parents: James Dennis and Marie Bridget. Grandpa Hughie Tully, immigrant to "Ameriky" this quaint example of Irish-American brogue is the actor's own—completes a Celtic backfield.

At the age of four he entered an orphanage in Cincinnati. At the age of nine he departed thence to a variegated career as farm laborer, link heater, tramp, circus roustabout, inmate of tank town jails, tree faker and handy man around the house. His intimates were hoboes and bums, yeggs, guns and

scarlet ladies—the riff-raff of life's back alleys. Oh, he was rough, tough and full of fleas. He doesn't only admit it—he insists upon it.

As these facts are biographical we cannot guarantee their veracity. His biography in "Who's Who," for example, is obviously incomplete. He fails entirely to mention his first wife and his two children—perhaps out of consideration for his second wife. If so, chalk it up to consideration wasted. His second spouse but recently divorced him, claiming, among many other things, there was nothing in the marriage contract requiring a wife to enjoy a sock on the nose.

MR. TULLY modestly, but not too modestly, admits he was a pretty belligerent prize fighter and to bear this contention out once claimed that Johnny Kilbane, erstwhile world's featherweight champion, took great care to avoid the nimble Tully brain and the crashing Tully fists. A veteran sports writer whom I consulted on this point said the official ring records for the past thirty years do not reveal the name of Jim Tully at all. His only recorded fistic victory, therefore, would be that which he scored over Jack Gilbert in a Hollywood café, a hollow triumph at best.

The same sports writer doubts he was ever more than a "palooka"—if at all. He bears no souvenirs of the trade—no tin ears, no broken nose, nary a gold tooth. His hands and feet are small—inadequate tools for a successful pugilist.

In 1911 he sold verse and prose to Cleveland newspapers and worked as a reporter in Akron.

In 1913 he came to Los Angeles, where he was a familiar figure around the then famous Hotel Alexandria bar.

At that time he was supposed to have hobnobbed freely with the Reds, the Wobblies and the other down-with-the-government clans.

In 1917 the fearless adventurer of the open, the seeker after life's perils and thrills, seems to have—in April of that year, perhaps?—wearyed of battle and strife, for we shortly thereafter find him at the patriotic and peaceful pursuit of "Government inspector of chains, World War." Just what sort of chains he inspected does not appear.

Emerging unscathed from this hazardous duty, Mr. Tully

decided on an expedition into the "jungles of Moronia," one of his own epigrams which, when translated, means the moving picture industry of Hollywood. He determined to crash the films.

Not a genius, he assumed the idiosyncrasies and trappings of genius. Handicapped by an inferiority complex, he fortified himself behind a barricade of what the psychologists refer to as "defensive mechanism." He assumed the rôle of professional hard-boiled egg. He talked tough. He strove to sell the idea he was a crude but passionate idealist, that his was a unique and powerful mind handicapped by lack of education but bursting his vest buttons in a mad urge to express itself. It worked.

He caught Charlie Chaplin in a depressed moment, when the great comedian was in the mood to shed a tear over the flotsam and jetsam of life's turgid stream. Both are sentimentalists—but Mr. Tully can sob much more loudly if there is writing material in sight. He maintained that if he could be assured of a bare living he would write the great, torrid drama of life that surged beneath his wishbone. He would out-Gorky Gorky. He would, more alarming to contemplate, out-Dreiser Dreiser.

Charles Spencer, deeply moved, extended a helping hand and gave him a job. He liked Mr. Chaplin's feeding hand so well that eventually, in a fit of uncontrollable affection, he bit it to the bone. He wrote and sold a biography of Chaplin which contained many intimate things Mr. Tully had been told in strictest personal confidence.

Rupert Hughes aided him materially in editing and publishing his book, "Beggars of Life." Mr. Tully expressed his appreciation by scathingly criticizing Mr. Hughes' abilities as a novelist.

A LEADING Los Angeles newspaper extended a helping hand at a time when it was sorely needed by buying and printing some of his stories. He retaliated by shortly thereafter writing a magazine article containing many uncomplimentary remarks about the lately deceased founder of the paper.

There are many subsequent manifestations of his insatiable appetite for the hands that fed him.

Mr. Tully may, at one time, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 145]

The Three Ages of Irene



To pretty Irene Dunne, late of the musical comedy stage, has fallen one of the plumpest, juiciest plums of the Hollywood season—the coveted rôle of *Sabra* in "Cimarron." Radio is filming it with Richard Dix as its star. Irene is taking her big chance seriously, for it is her first. Here she is at three periods in *Sabra's* life. Left, the girl of twenty. Center, a woman of twenty-five. Right, in 1930, the pioneer woman grown old. Pages from the family album!

The Tragic Story of a Beauty

By

Katherine

Albert

From a hungry, patchy little girl on a Canadian farm to a film siren on the Radio Pictures lot. That's Rita La Roy



MANY writers wail that glamour is disappearing from the lives of the stars.

This present crop of well-behaved, well-gowned, well-groomed talkie actresses who speak in low, modulated English voices, who know how to handle discreet tea cups and finger sandwiches, who read the latest books, discuss the latest operas and whose culture oozes from their glistening fingertips, lack the color of those hell roaring, vitally emotional stars of a rawer, more breathlessly exciting era.

But Rita La Roy is different. No cake and culture for Rita. No poses. No pastel moods. Here is a girl who has a story to tell. Here is a girl who has lived and suffered and known. Here is a girl to whom the words courage and gallantry are not merely lines in a play.

There are great scars across her legs where a black snake whip, wielded by her father, left its brutal mark. But there are no scars in her heart for she is brave enough to accept life without whimpering about it.

There are muscles in her arms that got there when she was a child doing a man's work on a farm, milking cows, feeding chickens, watering stock and even—yes truly!—building houses.

Until she was fourteen years old she had never worn a dress. She managed to cover her young body with her father's cast off clothes that she made over for herself.

Her life, as cruel as a Gorky novel, as lacking in love as a Russian Christmas, began in a beautiful house upon the bank of the Seine. Her mother was the premier *dansuse* in the French opera. Her father, a Scotchman, who had been disinherited by a proud family when he married the little dancer. The only thing her father ever loved was Rita's mother. She died when the child was born and a great hate sprang up in the father's heart, a hate that centered itself

around the child who had robbed him of his wife.

James Stuart brought his brat with him to America and one of Rita's first recollections was being bidden to fight a boy much larger than she in the center of an improvised boxing ring, while twenty or thirty lumberjacks stood by and made bets upon the outcome of the amateur match. Her father profited by the bets.

She was seven years old. Her father had a small confectionery store that was a blind for the gambling room at the back. Rita's duty was to keep shop and if there was so much as a nickel's shortage in the cash box she was beaten. It was also her duty to see that the men in the back room had enough cards, chips and change.

The children who had mothers and nice dresses and were sent to respectable schools were not allowed to play with Rita. She found no love and companionship. She remembers from her childhood only cruel pictures.

She was taken to a farm in the North where she and she alone managed the entire place, for her father was away in the town gambling every cent she made. There was not even a hired man to help her and necessity, the necessity of a mere existence, made her learn what to do with sick cattle and chickens, how to mix feed, how to chop through three feet of ice, how to rig up a little cart with a barrel on the back to carry water to the barn on frozen days, how to cook for herself and her father, how to make her underwear out of old sheets and her overalls out of her father's cast-offs, how to chop wood, how to work and slave to keep her father and herself from starving or freezing to death.

But in spite of all her work and all her careful bookkeeping they left the farm in debt. The two moved to Canada.

This was by far the worst circumstance that could have befallen her for she had no clothes with which to combat the bleak blizzards of the North [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

How Rita La Roy fought through a cruel girlhood to the threshold of fame



Ben Wilson just died
in obscurity



Florence Turner, the
first big star



King Baggot's name
meant business



Helen Holmes, one of
the real beauties

WHERE are the stars of yesterday? The famous people who lived in Hollywood mansions, rode in shining, big limousines, and whose faces flashed across the screens of the world?

They received the adulation of the public, they trod the paths of glory, and then disappeared. New faces. New times.

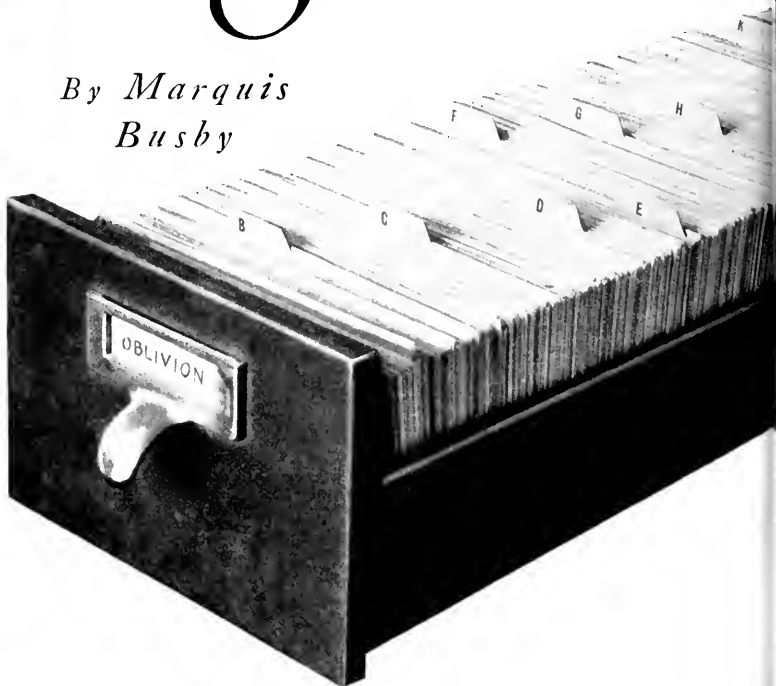
You hear about Marguerite Clark, who retired from the screen into a spacious mansion in Louisiana. You hear of Katharine MacDonald who married a millionaire and lives in a magnificent home at Montecito, Southern California's wealthiest colony. You hear about Bert Lytell, who scored on the stage, and of Ruth Roland and Kathleen Clifford who have been successful in business.

You don't hear of the others—the girls who didn't marry millionaires and the men who did not succeed after their brief heyday. Hollywood doesn't like to talk of its failures. Success is all that really matters in Hollywood.

But something happens to the stars and directors who have slipped from sight during the years. They may be far from the white light of fame. Some of them like to hide—they turn

The Port of Missing STARS

By *Marquis
Busby*



their backs rather than face the opulent friends of better times. That worn looking woman standing in line at the casting window, begging for extra work. Not so many years ago she rode through the studio gates in her own limousine. That ragged man in the background of the mob storming the palace doors. Once he directed just such mobs, shouting commands through a megaphone.

The files of Central Casting Bureau are loaded with tragedy. The casting office at every studio knows where many formerly great can be found—in the extra and bit ranks. The casting office is the port of missing stars. It receives their confidences, and it sees their tears. For most of the formerly great it is the last port they will ever touch. Some of them may climb back. Most of them, never. They are doomed to a precarious existence as extras. Their pride has gone because they are hungry. They step over that line from "cast" to "extra." It is the longest step in the world, and once taken they seldom return.

THERE is the story of the great director of the old Ince days. He was a famous man, and his salary mounted into four figures weekly. Then bad luck, poor investments, weak story material, talking pictures. He's down and out now, operating the big door on a sound stage. His duties consist of raising and lowering the door as shooting on the picture starts or ceases.

It isn't exacting work and he receives twenty dollars a week. No one will give him a chance again, and he can't starve. In a way, pictures are in his blood. He's happier in his humble position than if he had a better job in the world outside. It would be brutal to mention his name, for you might remember it. Pity is not an easy thing to bear.

Not so long ago there was a famous male star. His photograph was in every fan magazine, and theaters were packed when his name appeared on the marquee. He was so handsome that his features were insured for \$100,000 against all ravages but the hand of Time. Illness kept him from the screen for many months. When he came back, Time, the one thing that cannot be staved off, had left its mark. His money disappeared rapidly. At last he resorted to borrowing money for food. Lately he has appeared in two or three small but good parts. His acting ability is valuable. There are better times ahead, but he knows he can never regain his old position.

There are four famous serial stars of other years playing bits at various studios. Grace Cunard, Helen Holmes, Carol Holloway and Helen Gibson were at one time important drawing cards. Helen Holmes played a small bit in "The Spoilers." That same courage which made her risk her life in the old hair-breadth serials as "the railway girl" led her to take a rôle which was infinitesimal. Grace Cunard does considerable bit work now. Once she was one of the screen's best known figures. Her former leading man, Francis Ford, also is seen now in small parts.

Florence Turner, one of the screen's first stars, famous long before the names of Pickford and Falmadge had any meaning, was an extra in "The King of Jazz." Florence Lawrence, another great figure of early flicker days, is in charge of a shop in Hollywood. Sometimes you will catch a glimpse of Maurice Costello, the most popular matinee idol of his time, and of Paul Panzer, the familiar villain in the old Pearl White thrillers.

They were important once—just as exciting personalities as Garbo. Even their names, with the exception of Costello, will mean nothing. But the casting director remembers them. They are still good troupers. Only youth has gone.

Gloria Swanson has become a world famous figure, a marquise, an accomplished actress. Yet once she was only the leading lady of Bobby Dunn in the golden days of Sennett comedies. Bobby is playing bits now.

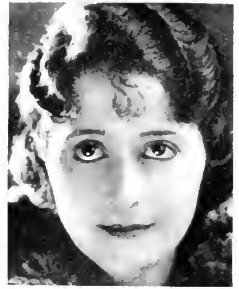
Ethel Clayton once received \$5,000 a week as a Paramount star. In those days the great favorites had little concern.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 138]

Stars of yesteryear— through today, or fighting to come back to fortune



Scores of men and women who were real stars, or leading men and women whose names had real box-office value, today are mere cards in the files of the studio casting offices



Clara Kimball Young,
now coming back



Costello, once the
idol of the screen



The Grace Cunard of
ten years ago



Edward Hearn,
a one-picture star



Miss Master Mind

By Dixie Willson

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

CHARLIE FISHBONE and Mr. Jeffry Trask sat on a bench in the sun, outside the private door of the Peerless Pictures, Inc., casting office.

"I think I had seven wives," Charlie said, and took a long draw on his pipe. "Sometimes when I get to reflectin', I think it was nine."

With bead-like eyes, he regarded Mr. Trask in afternoon pin-stripes and white waistcoat—the only suit he had that wasn't done for.

Charlie Fishbone was "river muck" from the Yukon. He didn't know how many men he had killed any more than he knew how many wives he had had! He wore a lumber jacket, and snow-packs and a coon-skin cap, the tail dangling over knife-scarred, ugly features. He had just finished close-ups of a one-man massacre in "Days of '49." No face in pictures so stamped with murderous appetite as Charlie Fishbone's!

"Five years ago," he said, "I ask you, 'My frien' why don't you marry?'" You say, 'I soon will marry Hettie.' Three years

ago I say, 'Now my frien' are you married?' You say, 'No but soon I marry Hettie!' Today I say, 'So, my frien' you are married?' And you say, 'No, but I marry soon!'"

He clacked his teeth on his pipe stem.

"Still it is Hettie?" he asked.

"Yes," Mr. Trask said. "I could never—" he cleared his throat a little—"I could never love anybody but Hettie." He adjusted his tie. "We're only waiting until I make my success," he said. "Hettie agrees with me that my success must come first. Today, if they give me the part of *King Louis* in 'Isle d'Amour,' Hettie and I will be married at once! I am sure it will take only one part to make my success. And without doubt," he said, his voice strained beyond its natural key, "I shall be engaged today to play *King Louis*!"

"Hettie is an angel," he said, suddenly husky. "Without Hettie I would have given up—everything!"

Through a wrought iron gate they could see crowds of women out in the street; dogs on leashes, and frilled, beribboned,



Six years of waiting at casting office doors. Six years of hoping. And now, for five hours, he had been *Louis, King of France*

A fascinating story of an actor who knew he was good and a woman who believed him

children; a hot and weary tide swelling toward the main casting office door, answering the call for a dog that could walk on his hind legs, and sixty children to people an orphanage. Mr. Trask, having been asked to wait till the rush was over, was inside the gate.

FROM the stages across the lot came music. The office buildings served as a wall between the world and this space within which the Peerless Picture Company manufactured that commodity known as "Feature Films."

But Jeffrey Trask saw none of this clearly. He was thinking—of the six years of waiting at casting office doors! Six years of failure! Six years of the patience of Hettie Moffet who loved him and believed in him!

Hope and Failure, like towering figures of allegory, stalking forever in his way, fighting a blind duel about his head!

If only he could give up! But, for two reasons, he couldn't. He couldn't sell out Hettie's faith in him. Nor could he get

away, anywhere in this life, from his burning ambition! Jeffrey knew he was a great actor! No ball-room juvenile. No lover, for whose favor women languish. But a portrayer of those characters only genius can re-live! *Rip Van Winkle. Caesar. Napoleon. Henry the Eighth. Mr. Pickwick. The Stranger* of the "Third Floor Back."

On the stage of his mind, Jeffrey Trask had played their parts till it seemed he lived no life of his own!

Six years he had tried to make someone believe in him. He knew why he failed to convince. And that, perhaps, was the most cruel realization of all. It was because he was as different from the parts he asked to play as royal purple is different from dust!

He was colorless. Lacking in force. A man you would place on the least important stool, at the least important desk among the least important clerks. So his eyes, kindled with challenge that had come to be a kind of depression, served to amuse rather than to impress those from whom, year after year, he

Hettie of the costume department outwits an entire studio

begged the chance to play rôles of men whose passions have made history!

"Hello, *King Louis*," someone would call out to him. "How's the old rake?"

Or, "Here comes *Napoleon*," they would laugh, "look out for the General!"

But still he told them they would see! He was sure he needed only one great part to show them!

THEY offered to cast him for brow-beaten husbands. Or, as the ever-present stool-pigeon in the thieves' gang. But he declined to make a camera target of the thing that galled him most of all—his insignificance.

He knew his genius (if genius he possessed) was a sixth sense which could break entirely the chains that bound him to himself!

And, for Hettie, he went on facing the sting of the comedy they made of his tragedy! Hettie he worshipped. And she idolized him.

She was like a flower in an old-fashioned garden. Little and sweet, with eyes like damp violets, and a braid of honey-colored hair pinned around her head. She was a dressmaker in the costume department of Lasky's. Sat all day sewing lace and silks and sequins, and looking out across Melrose Avenue down the streets of pastel courts and bungalows, yellow and pink and chocolate, like cup cakes and puddings on a shelf. Little houses like the one she would some day keep for Jeffrey—when he made his success! Hurry out to market! Tend the flowers! Wash and iron the frilled pink aprons!

But he must have his big chance first, or she knew he would give up and do anything merely to earn money! It was a long time to wait, but what more worth sacrifice than genius like Jeffrey's! Some day everyone would know! Some day his chance would come!

Now Peerless Pictures had sent for him! And Peerless was doing "*Isle d'Amour*." And "*Isle d'Amour*" would need a *King Louis*! She watched the clock. Two-thirty! The ap-

pointment had been for two. Jeffrey wouldn't keep her waiting. He would telephone her the minute it was over!

She slid her needle through a box of glittering spangles. Purple, gold, purple, gold. *Salome's* dress for the big scene with *Herod*! Two-forty! How Jeffrey could live every smirk, every peacock gesture of that never-to-be-forgotten scalawag of France! That strut in the gold brocade! Delicate poise of the finger over a snuff-box! Jeffrey, they will say "Yes" this time! And one part is all you need! One part and they will know you're wonderful!

Five minutes to three—purple, gold, purple, gold—Jeffrey don't be afraid! It's all right! Even if they say "No," it's all right! But they won't say "No!" This time they will say "Yes!" This time they will say "Yes!" Her fingers threading the purple spangles were cold; her cheeks burning!

Alma Shultz looked up from the hemstitching machine.

"Hello, Jeffrey. Hettie's back there by the window."

Jeffrey Trask came into the room with just a little swagger, his stick over his arm, and a bouquet of roses; his hat a little on one side and a smile crinkling around his eyes!

Spangled chiffon rippling to the floor set crazy dancing spots of sunlight racing up and down the walls and over the ceiling! In Jeffrey's arms, Hettie hid her face in the white waistcoat!

Alma Schultz looked around over fifty yards of organdie. "Gee," she said. "A swell scene and nobody singin' a theme song!"

* * *

ON Stage 3, the sets went up for "*Isle d'Amour*." Carpenters and painters, decorators and electricians on the palace of *King Louis*; the bedroom of *Pompadour*, the old tavern of secret trysts. Two costume designers and a dozen sewing women worked day and night on velvet and embroidery; *King Louis'* eccentric taste in coats and waistcoats. The wig-maker turned out curled and powdered wigs.

Jeffrey Trask treaded the streets [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 141]



Who do you think built the most freakish miniature golf course of all the freak ones in Hollywood? Mary Pickford. She decided to cash in on the putt-putt vogue and opened up this trick course in Beverly Hills. Note the artificial shrubbery with lights representing blossoms and other thing-amajigs. Also the steps leading down to the pool in the foreground. Those with bum scores can drown themselves without extra charge



LOVE!



Printed for the
first time!
The intimate
correspondence
of Greta Garbo
and Leonard Hall

Leonard Hall

New York City
Sept. 15, 1930

!!! * * % % \$ # !!

New York City
July 1, 1930

ADORED ONE:

For many, many months, my white Scandinavian flower o' dreams resting like elderdown in the turbulent garden of my weedy heart, I have bottled my passion and sat upon the cork.

Thoughtlessly, yestereve, I arose and the thing exploded. Today I feel that I must spread the whole story of my undying adoration upon white paper—press your doorbell, and run away like an elf—or a newsboy—into the darkness.

It began, O shaft of white light through the Stygian blackness of my humdrum days, aeons, ages, eternities ago—perhaps months. The day I saw you in "The Torrent"—oh, day of days!—a pain darted through my heart. Then I saw you in "Flesh and the Devil," and I felt a stitch in my right side, a little too high for appendicitis and too low for pleurisy. Love? Ah, you ask! You! You would!

When I heard your glorious *basso profundo doloroso* in "Anna Christie" I came down with a sick headache like lightning flashing upon the tallest, whitest peak of the Alps—and you, the gentle edelweiss blooming 'mongst yon sparse grass where goatherds herd their goats and goat their herds. And then, "Romance"! Ah, my Greta, then, and then only, did I take to my humble white cot—for days plucking at the coverlet as though 'twere a tenor banjo!

So you see how it is with me.

I cannot eat, I cannot sleep. I cannot stay awake, I cannot write pieces for the magazine. Heigho! I cannot drink—much. My cornet lessons have suffered, like the neighbors.

Adored one, drop one kindly word like dew upon the parched pastures of my dark and dubious soul! Drop one gentle thought like a pebble into the empty millpond of my heart! Drop me a postal card!

Your slave, L.

New York City
Sept. 1, 1930

MY SOUL:

Your lone silence, heart o' my heart, rests upon my soul like a dozen flapjacks tucked under the diaphragm! Why, oh, why, so cold? So unresponsive? Haves't I angered thou?

Today I saw "Romance" for the thirty-fourth time! Ah! rapture, and pain! That Gavin Gordon, on whom you lavish your precious caresses, for one of which I would sell my soul—yea, even my new fielder's mitt. Pah! How I hate him! See! I trample his beautiful nose into the dust! Faugh!

And tonight, pitching and catching on my lonely cot, I read the story of your home life in PHOTOPLAY. Ah, lone flower blooming in this limitless desert of the world—you, alone, walking in the rain—endlessly alone! Could I but walk with you in the rain! You could do the walkin' in the rain! I, darling, would do the singin'!

Ever your doormat, L.

FRESH:

All day it has been raining—raining in the streets, raining on the Chrysler Building, raining on Texas Guinan, raining on my heart.

Each day I attempt more and more to be one with thou.

For example, I have looked up a couple of Swedish *masscours*, that I might *parlez* with them in your beloved tongue. Each morning I shout, "Banzai! Vive King Gustaf!" And each night, beloved, I dine in a Swedish restaurant, where I can eat the radishes, sliced pickles, salami, caviar and little dead fish of your adored homeland.

Ye gods, how I have tried to be worthy of you! At first I could never get past the *hors d'oeuvres*, or "smargasbord," as we call it, eh, my chick? Now I have advanced as far as the rubber chicken course! Eureka! If *underbar!* Bicarbonate of Soda!

How about dropping a guy a line?

Practically forever, L.

New York City
Sept. 30, 1930

DEAR GRETA:

Well, how's tricks? Everything is okeh here, but O, my vision of loveliness shining like an apparition 'mid the dim vales and vasty plains of this jittering world, how I long for one tender word from thou!

My Greta! Let us forget all! Let us forget convention—the Democratic convention, the Elks' convention, the Vanderbilt convention!

Let us forget Mr. Mayer, and Mr. Thalberg, and Mr. Clarence Braun! Let us dare...!!!

I'll give you a ring Saturday on the phone.

Despairingly, L.

State Hospital
Oct. 7, 1930

DEAR MISS GARBO:

Well, if you're going to be like that, all right. I guess I can swallow my sorrows as well as the next man, and I'm going to send out for another quart right now! What are you trying to do, make a mug of me?

I won't ask you for those emeralds I thought of sending, and never mind about the \$28.18 postage you've cost me. I'm no heel.

Your little Pal, L.

California
Oct. 15, 1930

L. HOLL, PHOTOPLAY

Dear Sir:

This correspondence, Serial Numbers 1 to 469, addressed to Miss Greta Garbo, is returned to you unopened.

The addressee has refused to accept it.

Laughingly yours,
L. Whitledanger,
Seventh Asst. Postmaster.

Let's Drop In Old Cal



International

Baby Barrymore in the arms of her noted godfather, Lionel Barrymore, who also fills the important post of uncle to Her Highness. The picture was taken right after the christening of little Dolores Ethel Mae. The others in the scene are merely parents—Mamma Dolores and Papa John

HOLLYWOOD sees a change in Clara Bow. The lively number who has provided newspapers with front page copy for several years, not without detriment to herself, is quieting down.

Of course, Clara quieting down does not make you recall a placid twilight in the country churchyard, but there is a change. Clara, perhaps for the first time in her life, is actually taking an interest in clothes. She is buying smart, original models, and she is learning the value of colors. No longer does she go in for red evening gowns. Lately her choice has been black.

La Bow is a different person in a black gown. Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis are beginning to look to their sartorial laurels.

Wouldn't it be funny if Clara turned into the "best dressed woman in Hollywood?"

NOW that Mary Brian is at the Paramount studio in New York, the flappers are worrying over their darling Rudy Vallée.

Mary was the girl the curly headed crooner singled out for his Hollywood attentions. And Rudy likes her even better in the East. A million dollars and six saxophones has Rudy. Could even a movie star resist!

THESE earthquakes just will cut up in Hollywood. Even Will Hays hasn't been able to impress them with the proper sense of Hollywood decorum. The latest incorrigible decided to frighten our high strung little stars one Saturday afternoon at 4:40, just the smart hour for stars to be meditating and humming in one of their sixteen marble bathtubs.

Blanche Sweet and Lilyan Tashman were two of the girls who didn't linger in their tubs. When the quake quaked, Lilyan dashed out into the patio, still the best-dressed woman in the movies, clothed in one dainty Turkish towel.

Blanche, dripping wet, didn't bother with the towel when she decided she'd feel safer in the drawing room.

Always a hostess, Evelyn Brent didn't stop to finish dressing when she dashed into the living room to reassure some English guests, unfamiliar with earthquakes.



International

The latest in Hollywood undies of the lacier sort, displayed to excellent advantage by the beauteous Rita LaRoy, the siren of Radio Pictures. As you see, Rita has not forgotten her beads for this picture, either

Eugene Pallette reached the sidewalk, his trousers deserted in the dressing room.

Ronald Colman, so poised, merely stood on the set and pulled an English nifty: "That's no earthquake, it's merely Sara Goldwyn seeing yesterday's rushes."

Polly Moran had just moved into a new house and finished piling all her hatboxes on the closet shelf. She had just heaved her sigh of relief when the earth quaked and down toppled the boxes.

Amos and Andy, new to Hollywood, didn't recognize the quake. They had the motor running in their Fresh Air Taxicab.

and Gossip With York!



International



W. F. Seely

One of the luckiest little girls in the world, the cute child at the right. She's Marjorie, called Peggy, and the adopted sister of Gloria Lloyd, left. Harold Lloyd and Mildred recently adopted Peggy, five, as a playmate for Gloria, who's six. She's been lonely on the big Lloyd estate

Extra! Special! Stop the press! Scoop! The first picture in history showing Buster "Frosty-Face" Keaton wearing a broad grin. A daring cameraman caught him off guard while he was holidaying in the south of France

AS was to be expected, Norma Shearer's new rôle of a motherhood fits perfectly—as also was to be expected, she's a sensational hit in the part.

Young Mr. Thalberg, first-born of Norma and Irving Thalberg of Metro, came lustily into the world, weighing eight pounds, five and one-half ounces.

Young Thalberg and his mother both did extremely well, though it is reported that for a time there was some doubt of saving the father.

Norma promises that as soon as possible she is going right on with the amazing succession of talkie successes she has scored in the past year.

"The Divorcée" and "Let Us Be Gay" will soon have other Shearer pictures on their trail.

Norma and Irving were married in 1927. Both happy and successful in their home and their respective labors, now their contentment is crowned with the youngster. When the world seems unhappy, mismatched, and out of joint—contemplate this pair of aces.

THE Brooklyn bundle of "It" has had another birthday! Yes sir, Clara Bow is twenty-five!

If you count back it checks up with her birth date, 1905. And she didn't take the day off to celebrate. She worked all day on her new Paramount picture, "Her Wedding Night." Folks kept dropping in to pay their respects, and the sound stage was banked with flowers. Even the publicity boys at the studio chipped in with a bouquet. They couldn't remember ever sending another actress a remembrance on her birthday, but then they're grateful to Clara.

It's so easy to keep her on the front pages of the newspapers. In fact, it's almost impossible to keep her off.

BRITISH humorist P. G. Wodehouse is now writing dialogue for the movies, in Hollywood, which credits him with the following crack:

When Mr. Wodehouse was first approached by a producer and asked to write a scenario, he replied, "Why, I thought the motion pictures already had a scenario."

THE second week in September will go ringing down in history.

During those seven days Chaplin wrote finis to "City Lights," the picture he has been making since Mary Carr was a soubrette.

That is, unless he decided to make it all over again with dialogue.

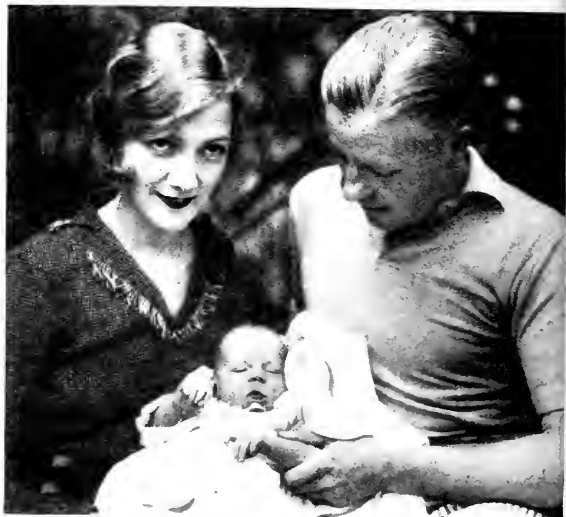
"THEY tell me my eyes are too big to photograph well," said one Broadway actress to another.

"Your eyes?" questioned the other girl. "I understood it was your thighs."



P and A

The third Mrs. Jack Pickford, formerly Mary Mulhern of the New York musical comedy stage. Husband Jack is at the right, and peering between them is James Kirkwood, veteran actor and director who officiated as best man at the ceremony



P and A

One of Paramount's funniest men in a new and serious rôle. Skeets Gallagher, the comedian, with his pretty wife, the former Pauline Mason of musical comedy, holding his baby son and heir. Skeets' first-born is named after his daddy, being Richard, Junior

This from the Queen on March 6, 1920: "The rumors that I intend to marry Douglas Fairbanks are absurd. Such a thought has never entered my head."

Mary married Douglas Fairbanks on March 31, 1920.

THE chatter columnist on a Los Angeles paper wrote something about Harry Richman, "Clara Bow's ex-friend."

An hour later, the proofreader was carried out roaring with hysterical laughter. When he had quieted down, they asked him why. He showed them the galley proof of the Richman item.

The typesetter had made it "Clara Bow sex friend."

SOME newspapers tried to give Lillian Gish hydrophobia not long ago, but they flopped.

Lillian was taking a high-priced pup of hers out for a walk in South Norwalk, Conn., when up stepped a common street mutt and made an unfriendly pass at Lillian's dog.

Stepping gallantly between them, Lillian received a bite on her dainty hand from the mongrel of the alleys, but she saved her own pet.

Certain New York papers seemed almost hopeful that the offending hound would turn out to be full of rabies, but nothing of the sort happened. It turned out that the dog was not mad—merely deeply, deeply hurt and a little peevish.

So that story died—thank Heavens!

Incidentally, Lillian announced her screen retirement about the same time. Everybody knew this—it certainly wasn't news. Last spring, in "Uncle Vanya," Lillian smashed into a high place on the legitimate stage. And there, as long as she's professionally engaged, she'll probably stay.

CHARLES, EX-BUDDY ROGERS is finding that nice, clean boyhood pays—in cash.

He has just signed a new contract said to call for \$1,500 a week at the Paramount pay window, with plump raises every six months. Three years ago the kid was glad to get \$60 a week.

He's been playing in "Along Came Youth." Which might just as easily read—"Along Came Bud"—pardon me, Charles!

AMOS AND ANDY had been working pretty hard for days on end, and a few nights, too, making their picture at the Radio Pictures studio. It came to a day-long sequence where-in Amos and Andy wouldn't have to appear at all.

GARBO and Jeanette MacDonald met for the first time at a party given in the home of Ernst Lubitsch.

Garbo addressed a remark to Jeanette.

"A little louder please," said Jeanette.

Garbo repeated her remark, raising her voice.

"I still don't understand," replied Jeanette.

By that time Lubitsch had caught on. He signalled over Jeanette's shoulder to Garbo, signifying that the young lady was very deaf.

Poor Garbo fairly shouted at Jeanette the rest of the evening. It wasn't until she was ready to leave that she discovered the joke. Greta must have a sense of humor. Anyway, she laughed!

BETTY COMPSON and James Cruze may not have been harmonious at home, but on the set they're turtle-doves.

No longer husband and wife, she's still his favorite star and he's her favorite director. The civilized Mr. Cruze has just engaged his ex-wife, the civilized Miss Compson to go to work for him as the heroine of his next picture, "She Got What She Wanted."

What Miss Compson gets, by the way, is \$3,000 a week. It all happened since the talkers.

THE drifting rumors that all is not serene at Pickfair, with Mistress Mary's shocked denials, provoked the New York columnist, Sidney Skolsky of The Daily News, to dig up one of Mary's former denials.



P and A

Janet's home again! After her five months' absence from the Fox studio, having walked out, the little Gaynor returned and got a warm welcome. Charlie Farrell, left, is all smiles, and so are Maurine Watkins, author, and William K. Howard, her director

Yes; you go ahead and guess what they did. Uh huh. They hung around the studio all day long, watching the shooting.

HOLLYWOOD Wisecrack:

When the Villa Carlotta, new Hollywood Apartment hotel, burned—that's where so many movie stars and folk live—the other evening, and the fire engines began roaring and clanging and sirening about the place, one of the guests in a downstairs apartment to which the smoke hadn't yet penetrated, commented:

"H'm; sounds like another director coming home."

INA CLAIRE is back in New York and poor old Broadway is shaken. Is it really Ina Claire? Is it Mrs. John Gilbert? Is it somebody trying to look like Greta Garbo?

The best dressed woman on the New York stage has come back with lighter hair, worn Garbo, low on her neck, and an enigmatic Garbo smile. Ina's Johnny was Garbo's Yonny, mustn't forget, and Mr. Gilbert is being blamed for the best dressed woman in New York's apparent effort to look like the worst dressed woman in Hollywood.

To top this, rumors are also afloat, and gentlemanly wagers freely offered, that the Gilbert-Claire marriage is once more on a reef.

WHEN Lon Chaney was laid to rest, strains of music were heard in the chapel where the service was held.

They were not stately and sonorous hymns, but simple songs dear to the heart of the great and simple man and actor in whose honor they were played.

Chaney's funeral music was the "mood music" that had inspired him on a dozen picture sets in the past. Unaffected melodies that had moved his emotions and aided him in the great characterizations of his career. Sam and Jack Feinberg, studio musicians who were Chaney's friends, played it, and wept as they did.

Lieut. Col. H. S. Dyar, a chaplain of the United States Marine Corps, read the burial service and delivered a modest eulogy.

And then all that was mortal of Lon was laid to rest in the beautiful Forest Lawn Cemetery at Glendale.

WHEN Lon's will was read, it was discovered that the bulk of his \$350,000 estate had been left to his widow, Hazel G. Chaney.



William A. Frazer

Hollywood's luckiest lad! Two hundred and twenty boys applied for the leading rôle in Columbia's talkie of "Tol'able David," the famous Barthelmess part. Twenty-year-old Roy Radabough was chosen and renamed Richard Cromwell

His divorced wife, Cleve C. Busch, received one dollar—to avoid a possible contest, the will said.

His chauffeur and pal, John Jeske, was given \$5,000

His brothers, John and George, his sister, Carrie, and his son, Creighton, Los Angeles attorney, were all cared for by insurance policies totalling \$275,000, the will said.

THE second Vidor baby, another girl, has been named.

She will be called Belinda Vidor and if anybody says anything about Hairbreadth Harry and Belinda, the Beautiful Boiler Maker, Eleanor Boardman is prepared to roll a brick upon the culprit's head.

IT IS to be Jack Coogan to you from now on! *Jackie* is a baby's name, and Jack is now a big boy in his teens.

Moreover he has his future pretty well mapped out.

He is going to enter the University of Southern California and get book "larnin'."

After that he will come back into pictures as a grown-up.

In the meantime *Jack*, with Junior Durkin and Dick Winslow are having a grand vacation making "Tom Sawyer." Out on the location camp the three boys have rigged up a miniature golf course of their own making.

And like most boys of that age they spend most of their time trying to "ditch" Mitzi Green.

Mitzi is just that hurt about it, and is pleased as Punch when the boys let her play golf with them. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Hollywood

The youngsters of
Filmland suffer for
its shattered homes

By Rosalind Shaffer



The lovely little daughter of John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy—Leatrice II and her beautiful mother. The Gilberts were divorced about six years ago

THERE is that old story about the child who asked, "Mamma, who is that strange man who comes here sometimes?" and the harassed golf or bridge widow who answered, "Why, son, that's your father!"

Like most jokes, it has its basis in truth. There are many children in Hollywood, children of celebrities, who know their parents in much that same way.

There are children who know their famous parents solely through the hazy memory of babyhood, and by shadowy features on the screen known equally well to strangers. Hollywood's children of divorce are these children. They grow up in the shadow of great names, knowing nothing, some of them, of a father's love, or, others, of a mother's tenderness.

You are thinking that these things happen other places besides in Hollywood.

They do. But in Hollywood, the thing has so many complications that are generally caused by Hollywood's being Hollywood, and the folks therein being what they are. Charming folks, talented folks, generous to a fault. But terribly individualistic folks, egotistic folks, proud as Lucifer, full of the most emotional reactions to every little spat and jar common folks forget while dinner is cooking.

IN Keokuk, after a trying day, papa says mamma does not look so snappy, and why in the dickens doesn't she go to a hairdresser? Mamma wipes away a surreptitious tear, talks it over with her mother who tells her all men are brutes but that at heart her John is a good husband and a good provider, and to forget it.

But in Hollywood? She says to him: "OH YEAH? Well, Flo Ziegfeld offered to put me in a show on Broadway this winter, and I am taking a test for *Cleopatra* this afternoon. As for that cheap extra



Lita Grey Chaplin and the two merry sons of the famous comedian, Charles, Jr., and Sidney. Each of the little boys has an income of \$400 a month from trust funds established by their noted father

Children of Divorce

girl you insisted on having for your leading lady in your last picture, I hope to tell you you are only number eight on her list, and the last one before you was a waiter." And bla-bla into the night. Bang, goes a home!

All her friends gather 'round and say, "My dear, imagine you taking talk like that from that cheap ham: everybody knows he only gets by because he is your husband."

AND his friends say, "She's getting impossible to get along with since she's done all that dieting. Don't take all that temperament and nagging; it will wear you out so that you will have nothing to give to your work. You owe it to yourself to cut loose!"

Divorce often changes the financial status and expectations of the children considerably, from more angles than it would in a non-professional community.

After Francis X. Bushman was divorced by his first wife, his earning power was badly damaged. Following the divorce, in 1918, his salary dropped from \$10,000 a week to \$2,500—and not much work at that.

After the divorce of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Beth Sully



Miss Suzanne Vidor, with her mother, Florence Vidor, now the wife of Jascha Heifetz, the famous fiddler. Director King Vidor, her father, is now married to Eleanor Boardman



This is Bill Hart, Jr., son of the Western star and Winifred Westover. Young Bill lives with his mother and grandmother, under what Miss Shaffer calls here "petticoat government"

Fairbanks, Mrs. Fairbanks lost the money given her for a settlement on which she was to support Doug, Jr., then aged eight, and the family lived in comparative poverty. Doug, Jr., took up a professional career at the tender age of thirteen because he needed the money. He got a thousand a week under the first contract. After those lean days in Paris, where the pair went because they could live more cheaply there, that was real money.

CREIGHTON HALE, once a big star of the films, in the days of Pearl White and the serials, had financial trouble following his divorce.

The affair made him so unpopular with producers that he has not had enough work to support himself adequately, and his two little sons would be in need today if it were not for the fact that his wife remarried, and John Miljan, the screen villain, is their devoted father now.

Hale was ordered to pay for their support, but is two years behind to date. When these two [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 148]



☆ *OUTWARD BOUND*—Warners

A THRILL creeps up your spine when you realize what the screen is attempting in "Outward Bound." It is fantastically daring. A ship sets sail, drifting on a fog-shrouded sea. Eight people are aboard, and all of them are dead—outward bound in that vague space between Life and the Hereafter. At the journey's end the passengers are judged. Two young suicides return to earth. The play brings exquisite fantasy, sly humor and some magnificent performances to the screen.

Leslie Howard, in his screen debut, is exceedingly poignant and touching as the drunkard. Beryl Mercer has never done finer acting than as the little cockney woman. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Helen Chandler are the winning young suicides. Adult entertainment.



☆ *HER MAN*—Pathe

"HE was her man, but he done her wrong"—that immortal ballad of *Frankie* and her erring *Johnnie* has been further immortalized. And a grand piece of work it is.

Here is a talking picture with all the color, drama and vivid action of the best old-time silents. The acting is so fine, the direction so clever, and the photography so satisfactory, that critics and audiences are sure to agree in praising it. Helen Twelvetrees is brilliant as *Frankie*, and Phillips Holmes' appealing *Dan* and Ricardo Cortez' sinister *Johnnie* are admirable. Marjorie Rameau gives a magnificent performance as the sodden *Annie*. And the comedy of James Gleason, Harry Sweet, Franklin Pangborn and "Slim" Summerville is irreproachable. Some stunning camera angles—and a barroom fight that's a pip.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ *THE BIG TRAIL*—Fox

HERE is a picture that can truly be classed as epic. "The Big Trail" is done on such a massive scale that it completely overshadows its actors. And that is a tribute to the direction of Raoul Walsh as well as to the human, simple characterizations of the players. It is another "Covered Wagon." Greater, because of Grandeur Film, and now you hear the people speak, the blood-curdling shrieks of Indians and the creaking of prairie schooners.

This is the romantic story of the old Oregon Trail, a nation in exodus to the promised land of the West. The plot itself is sparse, but the picture moves with such a breathless sweep, with such smashing climaxes, that the story is relatively unimportant. The highlights include a buffalo hunt, crossing a swollen river, and an Indian attack.

Photography is excellent. One long shot, the circling attack of the corralled wagons by the Indians, has the beauty of Remington's pictures of the old West. John Wayne, a screen newcomer, in the leading rôle of the young scout, plays with a winning mixture of boyish diffidence and self-assurance. Fine characterizations by Marguerite Churchill, Ian Keith, El Brendel, and by Tully Marshall as an old scout. Walsh has surpassed his past achievements and produced a thrilling record of an important American epoch.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE BIG TRAIL THE SPOILERS
OUTWARD BOUND HER MAN
LILIOM HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE
THE SEA WOLF SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

The Best Performances of the Month

John Wayne in "The Big Trail"
Marguerite Churchill in "The Big Trail"
Tully Marshall in "The Big Trail"
Gary Cooper in "The Spoilers"
William (Stage) Boyd in "The Spoilers"
Leslie Howard in "Outward Bound"
Beryl Mercer in "Outward Bound"
Helen Twelvetrees in "Her Man"
Rose Hobart in "Liliom"
Robert Woolsey in "Half Shot at Sunrise"
Bert Wheeler in "Half Shot at Sunrise"
Milton Sills in "The Sea Wolf"
Claudia Dell in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs"
Lowell Sherman in "The Pay Off"
Lew Ayres in "The Doorway to Hell"
William Farnum in "Du Barry—Woman of Passion"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 153



★ THE SPOILERS—Paramount

WHEN movie kiddies gather around the gas logs for bedtime stories pop tells about the famous fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi in the first version of "The Spoilers." That battle made screen history, and Rex Beach's perennial novel has gone ringing down the years. In its third trip to the screen it becomes a phonoplay and it's as thrillingly red-blooded as ever. One of the month's best through its excellent cast, and the sweeping, dramatic way in which the gold rush story is told. Gary Cooper is the most romantic of the *Roy Gleanisters* who have fought for right in Nome. Kay Johnson again creates a distinct impression as the heroine, and Betty Compton is an appealing *Cherry Malotte*, the dance hall girl.

Action builds to the fight between Cooper and William (Stage) Boyd, and you've never seen a wilder brawl. The men tumble down the stairs, and finish in the street. No matinee stuff this. You should see Gary bite a hunk from Boyd's arm. It's all there, the loaded steamers for the Yukon, the coming of law into a lawless land, and the dynamite plot. Best of all, the story moves. Action is never sacrificed to dialogue. In a very fine cast outstanding support is given by Harry Green, James Kirkwood and "Slim" Summerville. Edwin Carewe's direction is excellent.



★ LILIOM—Fox

"LILIOM" marks the screen debut of a young lady who makes a lot of veteran film actors look like amateurs. Rose Hobart, in spite of her youth, brings to the speaking screen a striking depth and maturity of emotion.

Charles Farrell is an engaging and sympathetic *Liliom*, but seems not entirely at home in the rôle. When he does hit his stride, however, he is fine.

"Liliom" is brilliantly staged and exquisitely photographed. The somber simplicity of the interiors and the fantastic beauty of the exterior shots are in admirable keeping with the spirit of the story. Pictorially, "Liliom" is a masterpiece. And taken altogether it is an exceptionally fine picture. Outstanding performances by Rose Hobart, Lee Tracy and H. B. Warner.



★ HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE—Radio Pictures

PEEVISH after a tough day? Anything wrong? Well then, park the grouch and toddle to wherever they're showing "Half Shot at Sunrise." It's one of the most absurdly ridiculous, nonsensical messpots of assorted comedy that ever was cooked up from celluloid.

It's virtually all Wheeler and Woolsey. These crack-brains play two A. E. F. privates madly A. W. O. L. in Paris. How they get away with it is the story, embellished with some of the funniest lines and situations ever devised.

Incidentally, while it's not a musical, there are a few good song numbers. Leni Stengel as the Paris vamp, cuddlesome Dorothy Lee as the colonel's daughter, and George MacFarlane as the colonel take whatever honors Wheeler and Woolsey don't gobble up.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

THE SEA WOLF—Fox



AGAIN Jack London's famous "Sea Wolf" takes the screen—this time with sound. Milton Sills, who died just after its completion, is the *Wolf Larsen*, and he plays it beautifully. How he fights and loves! A beautiful, untrained girl named Jane Keith is opposite. Sincerity helps her through. The sea stuff is elegant, and the microphone gives us Jack London—a little diluted, but still grand!

SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS—Warners



AS dainty a bit of fantasy as you'll find—this beautifully Technicolored operetta of the gallant days in Merrie England. Claudia Dell, a Dresden doll of a girl, and a coming star. Lovely music. Walter Pidgeon in knee breeches and fine baritone. Pretty June Collyer, Ernest Torrence's clever comedy. You'd better not miss this one. It has romance, beauty, grand laughs. And Claudia! Watch her!

THE PAY OFF—Radio Pictures



LOWELL SHERMAN set a hot pace for himself a while ago with "Lawful Larceny," a swell crook drama. Now, here he comes along with "The Pay Off," an even sweller crook drama. And equally well flavored with the distinctive sophistication of this director-actor's newer efforts. It's a dress-suit crook tale, not gang stuff. Sherman's honors, with Hugh Trevor scoring a startling success in a heavy rôle.

THE SEA GOD—Paramount



IF you don't like this picture you're just an old introvert or worse. For here is wild adventure, cannibals, pearl diving, sailing vessels, love, melodrama. Dick Arlen, just a bit of South Sea flotsam and jetsam, is charming, virile and utterly natural. There's your old friend, Eugene Pallette, as the comic and Fay Wray being beautiful as the girl. Dialogue is grand. Lots of things to interest you. See it.

THE GORILLA—First National



Oh, yes; it's still a goodish enough thriller, but they've monkeyed around so much with "The Gorilla" on the screen that it loses some of the punch it had as a stage play. Technically speaking, the tempo is poor—it's too slow. And Frisco isn't so funny on the screen—cuts down his laugh percentage about half. "Ingagi" Gemorrah wears his monkey suit again.

SPURS—Universal



HERE'S Hoot Gibson, riding like all-fired nobody's business, and busting up a gang of villains that try to hide behind secret doors and trick panels and push-buttons and all that sort of thing. They're sure wicked with such tricks. It's fast from the first shot to the last, and if you like your Westerns Western, this will click with you. Hoot is one boy who keeps riding!

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

PLAYBOY OF PARIS—
Paramount



CHEVALIER deserves better pictures than this. Although this light farce is exceedingly entertaining in spots and has some amusing situations it is sometimes very dull. And no Chevalier picture has any excuse for being that. Chevalier fans will be disappointed, for the irresistible Maurice sings only two songs. Frances Dee, a newcomer, is refreshingly lovely and Stuart Erwin contributes some grand comedy.

ARE YOU THERE?—
Fox



IMAGINE Beatrice Lillie as a lady detective whose disguises range from adagio dancer to big game hunter! It ought to be funny—yet this never quite clicks. It's too scrambled—and for all her brilliant comedy and undeniable good looks the irrepressible Lillie doesn't get across on the screen. The supporting cast includes Baclanova, George Grossmith, John Garrick and Jillian Sand—a promising newcomer.

VIENNESE NIGHTS—
Warners



THE best operetta of recent months—a thing of beauty, with lilting music by Sigmund Romberg (oh, what waltzes!) and excellent singing and acting by a strong cast. Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray outdo themselves in the romantic leads, aided by Bert Roach, Walter Pidgeon, Louise Fazenda and Jean Hersholt. If you are weary of just plain talk, you'll enjoy this to the full.

THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS—
M-G-M



SOMEBODY thought it would be a cute idea to have three little girls with broad French accents work together in a picture. This is the result, an un-funny comedy and one of those plots as haphazard as a chorus girl's brain. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. Not even Reginald Denny's charming acting nor Ukelele Ike's antics make this worth while.

STORM OVER ASIA—
Amkino



ANOTHER of the crude, strong motion pictures that come out of Soviet Russia—as rough and powerful as the people whose struggles it portrays. This picture tells the dramatic story of the revolt of the Mongols and Communists against the White Army in 1918. Following the Russian technique, individuals build drama until there is a great smash ending. Directed by the famous Pudovkin. *Silent.*

THE DOORWAY TO HELL—
Warners



IF this kid Lew Ayres hasn't got everything, then Ramon Novarro is a Siamese twin. He plays the rôle of a gangster with a Napoleonic complex, in this picture, which is pretty good entertainment. Lew is young, earnest, vitally sincere, and there is a lad named James Cagney who creates a fascinating character. Worth while.

[Additional reviews on page 135]

Hollywood has a new colony which makes talkies in ten languages

In line with the prediction, the huge foreign colony, as colorful and as cosmopolitan a group as were ever gathered in one city, began to break up.

Pola drew her tragedy mantle closely about her and returned to Europe.

Jannings hitched up the covered wagon and began the long trek to Germany.

Victor Varconi left. Lya de Putti, Lena Malena, Lil Dagover, Baclanova, and others faced a bleak prospect. Uncle Sam Goldwyn didn't renew Vilma Banky's contract.

The fate of Garbo, Novarro, Lupe Velez and Gilbert Roland was trembling in the balance.

Golly, you could almost hear Chopin's Funeral March in the air.

But in the midst of all this chit-chat about the American screen for Americans, the producers saw the foreign market disappearing in thin air. Ah, it was too bad to lose all those pretty European shekels!

SO a new foreign colony has sprung up in Hollywood. It is less spectacular than the old, but it is more authentic.

The new colony forms a strange city within an even stranger city. This hidden colony has its own industry—the making of pictures for foreign market, and it has its own social life. Business of the great American film industry moves noisily past its portals. Even in Hollywood little is known of this important new phase of picture-making.



Once Hollywood turned her down because she looked too much like Dolores Del Rio. Now Rosita Moreno is a valued artist at the Paramount studios



Barry Norton's Spanish accent finished him at Fox. Now he's much prized on the Paramount lot

THREE years ago Southern California residents, the old sun-kissed natives, felt their floors go into a St. Vitus beneath them and their roofs shimmy violently above them. Everyone thought it was another earthquake, even if the Chamber of Commerce did say Los Angeles was free from any earth faults—oh, maybe a teeny fault, but nothing to get lathered about.

But it wasn't Mother Earth doing her reducing calisthenics. It was just a terrific shaking and shivering in Hollywood's foreign colony. The screen had talked! What would happen to the foreign darlings who spoke garbled English? It looked like a long, cold winter, with the Rolls-Royce going without new tires.

"Ah," said the wise men of Hollywood, stroking their long, white beards, "this spells the end of the foreign players on the Coast."

Foreigners Welcome!

By Roland Francis

This melting pot of nations, the inner city of Hollywood, has its own cafés, small places tucked away down side streets, or restaurants in and about Sonoratown, the oldest district in Los Angeles. There are parties, social leaders and followers. The old line favorites of the screen do not have much time for the newcomers. They are too busy, and the visitors aren't prominent enough. But Hollywood misses many interesting personalities by overlooking the new artists.

The foreigners in Hollywood have a greater chance for success than ever before. In the first place they will have the background of experience in foreign pictures. If they show unusual promise they will be groomed for the American screen. The case of little Eva von Berne, cast opposite John Gilbert in her first assignment, and found wanting, will not happen again. They will be accustomed to American studios before they ever act in American pictures.

Players with a command of foreign languages are invaluable. Adolphe Menjou, with his knowledge of French, English and German, can work for months in the same picture, meeting himself going on in French as he comes off in English. Barry Norton, with his English, Spanish and French, is considered by Paramount to be the most valuable juvenile in Hollywood. Not so long ago Barry heard the Fox gates clank behind him with doleful finality.



Pretty Lena Malena once failed dismally in Hollywood because of her German accent. Now, because of her good German, she's in demand for foreign versions



Does he look like John Gilbert? Jose Crespo plays Gilbert rôles in Spanish for Metro-Goldwyn

Lena Malena, after an unsuccessful attempt at an American screen career, returned to Germany. She is now back in Hollywood. Doors are opened to her that remained closed during her previous visit.

M-G-M made five versions of "Men of the North"—English, French, German, Spanish and Italian. Barbara Leonard, an American girl, educated in several foreign lands, played the leading rôle in four of these ventures. Barbara received her contract through her linguistic ability. She is pretty, yes, but her value to the company is the fact that she is available for so many pictures. Supporting casts were imported from Europe.

WARNERS and First National have brought over a large group of European stage and screen favorites. The two companies will produce a total of eighteen pictures for world markets. There will be six pictures each in French, Spanish and German. The films made will include versions of "Show Girl in Hollywood," "Those Who Dance," and "Moby Dick."

Among the luminaries in this group are Lissi Arna, who appeared in the Claudette Colbert rôle in the German print of "The Lady Lies," and the famous Suzy Vernon, star of UFA and French made films.

And even Jannings is coming back. He will make English and German pictures for Warners.

Fox is falling into line with a busy foreign department. Mona Maris has made a Spanish version of "Common Clay," and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 151]

The Lon Chaney



Ruth Harriet Louise

THE best picture of Lon Chaney ever taken. He usually refused to sit for studio portraits, but here the lens artist caught the courage and humanity that went to make up Lon Chaney, brave man and consummate actor

I Knew

By Clarence A. Locan

IT was in San Francisco, back in 1910, that I first met Lon Chaney. The Kolb and Dill Opera Company was playing at the Savoy Theater, one of those first temporary theaters out on Fillmore Street, just outside the district ravaged by the fire and earthquake, and as a reporter I had been sent there to write a "backstage" story.

I watched the chorus girls being lined up in the wings by an agile stage manager who seemed to be everywhere at once. I chatted with the producer, and got something by way of being an interview. As the stage hands shifted scenes, the agile stage manager helping them, I remarked on him to the boss.

"That guy," I remarked, "seems to do a lot more work than I'd like to."

"Huh," he said. "He also plays parts, is one of the best hoofers I ever had, is ready to jump into any of my parts if anything happens, and is transportation agent, besides, if we go on the road."

"They were playing 'Hoity-Toity.'" Presently the agile stage manager showed up in costume. He was even then playing a part in the show.

"I'll introduce you," offered the chief. "Here—Chaney."

The busy one came over, shook hands, then dashed away to line up the chorus for the next entrance.

I saw his name thereafter, when he began to appear in films. But it wasn't until I arrived in Hollywood as a film press agent that I saw him again.

An intimate picture of the great star, drawn by a man who was his friend for twenty years

"You're going to handle the publicity on 'The Hunchback,'" my new boss in the studio told me. So I drifted out on the set and met Lon. I recalled the opera company. He grinned—as nearly as a man can grin through a make-up of false teeth, putty, and an obliterated eye, weighing seven pounds.

I worked with him from then on, and there started a friendship that I prize among any that I ever enjoyed.

Even now I cannot write of Lon Chaney in any spirit of maudlin sentimentality. Knowing him, I know that he wouldn't like it. He never did. I am perfectly sure that when he stood on the Stygian brink of the great Hereafter, and gazed into the dread eyes of Azrael, no tremor of fear, or qualm of self-pity was in his heart. Of all things, Lon detested self-pity.

HAD he any of it in his make-up he could never have played the *Hunchback* in a harness that gripped his shoulders in a vise-like leather mould, and drew them down so that his body took on a shape of a question mark; with one eye blanked out, false teeth and plastic material filling his mouth, and a tight rubber jacket, covered with hair, fitting him like a strait-jacket, he was in a fearsome plight.

He wasn't supposed to work in it more than three minutes at a time. But he always did. He wouldn't pity himself enough to take advantage even of the respite the rules of the production called for. "Let's go ahead and not hold up the picture," he'd insist. "Never mind me."



Lon Chaney's last picture. When he finished "The Unholy Three" he asked that he be photographed with some of the actors and all of the company's prop boys and handy-men, so that "the boys" could have copies as souvenirs of what proved to be his last film. This is that picture

Lon Chaney, who suffered much, hated self-pity most of all!

The show was always the whole thing with Lon.

When he wasn't before the camera he was always helping in some way or other—moving lights, making-up extras—anything to keep the production moving, just as, on the stage, he was always on the jump.

Once the day's work was over, and he left the studio, it was different. After quitting time he wouldn't even talk shop. Those hours were his—his and his family's.

HE went home. His friends visited him, or he visited them. Pictures were forgotten. The public never knew what the inside of his home looked like. "The part I have in pictures is the public's," he invariably said, "but my own private life is mine, and it's nobody's business."

His pleasures were simple.

His knowledge of humanity was extraordinary. He loved people. On his days off he would be around the studio, talking to the workers. The stenographers, the office boys, the electricians, the grips. He knew all their troubles. To them he was always "Lon," their friend.

"Well, Jim, how's the mother today?" he would ask a laborer. "Need anything?" "How's the new baby getting on, Charlie?" he'd inquire of another. "Anything I can do?" He knew every worker in the studio, no matter how humble, by his or her first name. On Christmas there was always a present for every worker from Lon. Not the stars or "big bugs." Every girl in every office got a glove order, the office boys, the electricians, and the rest had presents. It was genuine.

Lon was always a mystery to those who didn't know him well. He was looked on as a lonely, mysterious character. And he might have been, had he not been the enemy of self-pity. He was really a happy man, despite illness, the agony of many of his rôles, and his enormous capacity for work. He idolized his wife, his son, Creighton, and his two little grandchildren. Away from the studios, he had his beloved mountain camp, his movie camera, his own little circle of friends.

He didn't go to Hollywood parties or openings because he simply wasn't interested.

It pleased him better to sit at home and play Russian Bank with John Jeske, Clinton Lyle, Eddie Gribbon, M. K. Wilson and others of his little *coterie*.

HE lived simply. In fact, Tod Browning, his former director, used to refer to him as "the star who lived like a clerk." One of his fads was cooking, and he invented such things as raw spinach salad, or avocados mixed with caviar.

He never wore a hat, but, with a cap pulled over eyes hidden behind horn-rimmed glasses, was able to walk around Hollywood unrecognized by the curious. He used to wander into obscure movie houses and look for types, later to echo them in his make-up.

By some queer quirk in the man, bizarre rôles had a fascination for him. Perhaps it was because he was born of deaf mute parents, and as a child lived a different life from the ordinary youngster. He would bear any amount of suffering to enact a weird character.

By a grim irony, the first of these weird characterizations was in "The Penalty," as the legless *Blizzard*. And the penalty remained long after the picture had run its course. Strapped in a harness, and suffering torture to play the strange rôle, Lon never really recovered from it. There was always, thereafter, a constitutional weakness, aggravated by such similar rôles as the *Hunchback*, the *Unknown* and the rest of his *outré* characterizations. But he doggedly kept on, until finally, after "The Unknown," in which he was strapped in a strait-jacket, he realized that no longer could he face such ordeals.

But it was already the beginning of the end. He was never in perfect health from that time on—but this he kept to himself and carried on. He left his bed in the hospital to play in "The Unholy Three," his first talkie. He returned to that bed when the picture was finished—in the last final illness that led to death.

"I can't play these crippled rôles any more," he remarked, after he had finished "The Unknown." "That trouble with my spine is worse every time I do one, and it's really beginning to worry me." This was the only admission he ever made of what the rôles cost him. But he knew. From then on there was a grim shadow at the back of his mind. What they cost him I know well. With him for years, on the set and off, working with him on his every picture, I could see things he never admitted.

HOLDING up production was to him the greatest of crimes. In fifteen years he never was a minute late on a set. When his first illness laid him low this was his principal worry.

"I'm holding up production the first time in my life," he complained bitterly to M. E. Greenwood, studio manager and his close friend. It was not until Louis B. Mayer sent his personal word that production was being carried on in other ways, and he wasn't holding the studio up, that he was consoled.

The picture always came first with Lon. When they did the flogging scene in "The Hunchback" he sought out Nick De Ruiz, the giant Mexican playing the executioner. "Don't be afraid to lay that whip on," he instructed him. "If you try to pull the blows it'll look just like that on the screen." So, to make the scene look right, he took a flogging that few criminals have had to stand.

These are the sort of things that eventually ended his life. He entertained millions. As "the man of a thousand faces" he brightened the world—but at what a cost to him. And he knew it—but never was there a word of self-pity.

Player of sinister rôles, personally Lon was one of the kindest men I ever saw. I remember once as he was going to his dressing room at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, in the hideous disguise of the vampire in "London After Midnight," a commotion on the lawn stopped him. Several tiny birds had fallen out of a nest. Chaney retrieved the birds, climbed to the nest, and restored them to safety.

The kindnesses he has done about the studios

[PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 106]



The character that caused Lon Chaney incredible agony. Lon chained to the wheel in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." In this picture he wore a tremendous cast that tortured him. Such parts as this may have shortened Lon's life



Richer

CAN it be that our little Mary's growing up at last? There's a new, spirited air about the Brian girl here pictured. In addition, of course, to a new and pretty print dress. Mary's going ahead fast for Paramount. Heigh ho! It's a long, long trail back to her good old Wendy days in the "Peter Pan" era

Hollywood's Fall



Fay Wray's black lace gown is not only style-right in fabric and line, but horsehair is cleverly used to flare the lace at shoulders, sleeves and flounces. And that's Fashion's very latest news



Something lovely in the Princess line! Supple, soft satin in an off-white shade; three-tiered skirt with soufflé flounces; real Alençon lace. Worn by Bebe Daniels; designed by Bess Schrank



Want to look trig and smart at the next bridge luncheon? A tunic dress like Joan Crawford's, and bonnet-like hat, will do it. The dress is of soft chiffon worsted material, with touches of white trimming

Smartest Fashions



Winter suits are excellent this year. Bess Schlank designed this for Bebe Daniels, in midnight blue Lida cloth, trimmed with barondouki (high-hat chipmunk!) The fur forms a yoke in back



Ladies (and gentlemen), the hostess gown! Neither negligée nor mere dinner dress, but a graceful blending of intimacy and propriety for at home entertaining. Apricot velvet, and sable, is Fay Wray's choice

What an evening wrap! Made of foamy white crepe Elizabeth, trimmed with crystal beads, and worn over a gown of the same material. Adrian designed this lovely ensemble for Joan Crawford



Hurrell

IS it necessary to tell you that this handsome, hand-holding pair are Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.? Both are making remarkable screen progress these days. Maybe it's love! On the page across the way you will find a brilliant word-etching of Young Doug, famous son of a very famous dad



Young Doug Fairbanks thinks his pop is a great fellow. He even likes to play golf with Senior, though his dad's game is about ten strokes better than his own type of clubbing

“Young Doug”

By

Harry Lang

STRANGE bawls devastate the morning quiet of a Hollywood suburb called Brentwood.

Quavering and braying, they issue from an upstairs window of a pretty Spanish house, and resound for blocks through the placidity of the California morn. Strangers in Brentwood shudder and wonder what the so-and-so is happening. But the old residents merely nod their heads and mutter:

“Uh huh, young Doug Fairbanks Junior is singing in the bath again!”

Doug means well. It's grand opera he bellows as he bathes. The trouble is that he can't stay on any particular key. He tries hard to make up for it in lustiness.

Brentwood doesn't really hold it against him. Brentwood must be a tolerant sort of place. They don't even object, much, to young Doug's hat. It's an amazing hat. It's probably Hollywood's most decrepit hat. It's seven years old, and it has more spots on it than three Dalmatian dogs and Doug loves it. He has newer and younger hats, of course, but he prefers the antique. He dares Joan to send it out to be cleaned. She's afraid he'd divorce her if she did.

They're quite a couple, those two. Hollywood's gaga-est lovers. She calls him her precious wonderful darling lamb. He calls her “Boy.” Because she's built like a boy, she explains. He started calling her that, and somehow it's developed into a mutual pet name between them. That is, they call each other “Boy.” Oh, yes, she still calls him “Dodo” now and then, but that's been publicized so much that Doug's getting kind of fed up on it. She never calls him “Doug” or “Douglas” unless she's a little vexed at him. Then it startles him tremendously.

One thing he can't stand being called. That's “Junior.” Call him “Junior” and he'll turn on his heel and stalk out of the room in high dudgeon. It's a throwback to his resentment at having had to surmount the handicaps of being a famous father's son. Yet he admires his dad tremendously. He'd rather play golf, for instance, with Doug Senior than with anybody else in the world. For one thing, he enjoys his father's company and conversation. For another—and any golf bug'll

A keen pen portrait of
“Boy” Fairbanks, who
wants his own kingdom

understand this—he can always make better scores when he plays with his papa. The competition's keener for several reasons, and it stimulates Doug Junior to a game far above his usual.

Papa always beats him, though. Doug Senior is ten strokes better than his son.

Music is another relaxation Doug Junior loves. He and Joan went often to the Hollywood Bowl nights last summer, to hear the “symphonics under the stars.” Only they didn't go dolling up to sit in a front-tier box and be stared at. They've got a different gag, and it's sweet. Here's a typical picture of them on one of these occasions.

They go 'way up in the topmost tiers of nonreserved benches—'way up where there aren't any other customers at all. The others always crowd down toward the music. Doug and Joan, then, find themselves a row far above the crowd, where they can be alone. They've brought blankets, and they stretch 'em out on the benches. Then they stretch themselves out, full length, on their backs. They lie head to head, and hold hands over their shoulders. They gaze up at the stars. And they don't utter a single darned word throughout the concert. Ah, me!

DOUG likes to play tricks on people he loves. Often, when he gets back to that homey Brentwood house before Joan does, he rushes out to tell the servants not to tell Joan that he's come in. Then he hides somewhere—under a bed, or in a closet. When Joan comes home, he's as still as an owl. He waits until she's been home sometimes as long as a half hour or more. Then he pops out at her with a bellow or a roar, and he's most delighted if it scares her.

But every once in a while he falls asleep under the bed or wherever he's hiding, and after a few hours the servants tip Joan off and she wakes Doug up.

He undresses all over the house. That is, when he starts making himself comfortable evenings, or gets on his way to bed, he starts peeing wherever he is, and keeps on until he's in bed. Joan's liable to find his socks in the patio, his shirt in the drawing room, his shoes on the lawn, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 146]

Please Get Us Straight!



A feverish attempt to unscramble the complex Compton, Compson and Betty situation

ANSWERING Mr. Shakespeare's famous but bromidic question, in a name there's apt to be a lot of confusion. Looking for Smiths in the telephone book, for instance, or being introduced to someone whose name sounds like Hossefross, but may really be Tillingbottom or Hocklewinger.

In pictures, the thing is getting simply too absolutely TOO. There's the notorious case of Bill (stage) and Bill (pictures) Boyd. And Charles Rogers, actor, and Charles Rogers, producer.

But the thing that is graying the sparse locks of the Answer Man, and adding the minds of the fans, is the case of the Comptons, the Compsons and the Bettys.

To begin with, there's Betty Compson, booful and beloved veteran of this *mélée*. We know Betty from way back.

But if we're not careful with our consonants, we are apt to find that we are getting jumbled up with Betty Compton, a beautiful brunette of the musical comedy stage who dabbles in Warner Pictures.

THIS leads to the next angle of the menace. Once we mention the name Compton, we are up to the hubs in the fact that the studios are practically boiling with Comptons of varying colors and crafts.

Over on the Fox lot toils one of the tribe—Joyce, the fetching lass whom you see drawing the heading over this story, and drawing it very well, too!

A few blocks away, in the great Paramount corral, is the luxurious Juliette Compton, whose flaming form and face are one of the chief adornments of the page on the right.

So there we are, with three Comptons and a couple of Bettys—all ablaze and agog in Hollywood!

Of Betty Compson, little need be said, save that she is firmly entrenched in our hearts and in electric lights, after ten years of first-rate service in the films.

Betty Compton, the other Betty, is a ravishing, black-haired girl who came from England at a tender age, was educated in the States, and in due time went on the stage.

From musical comedy choruses she rose, by beauty and exciting dancing, to small, then larger parts. She was a lovely face in the Gershwin show, "Funny Face," that starred Fred and Adele Astaire.

Her last appearance was in a prominent part

This young lady doing the fancy lettering is Joyce Compton, a gay Kentucky belle who rings out in Fox productions. Juliette and Betty could probably letter, too, but this is Joyce



Compton No. 2, reading from left to right, this exhibit being the handsome Betty of that ilk, a musical comedy actress bent on doing a little placering along the Cold Coast



Mind your tees and esses! This, need we whisper, is Betty Compton, our well-beloved friend of ten years and more in pictures. Comptons come, and may go, but this lass reigns on

in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," now turned into a film.

Joyce, of the Compton tribe, is a Kentucky girl whose trail led through Oklahoma to Hollywood. There, five years ago, she entered pictures for First National—a seventeen-year-old packet of prettiness.

For a year and a half she's been with Fox—you saw her in "The Sky Hawk" and "High Society Blues," among others. And you'll see her in "Lightnin'," Will Rogers' newest talkie.

As for Juliette Compton, she reversed Betty Compton's route.

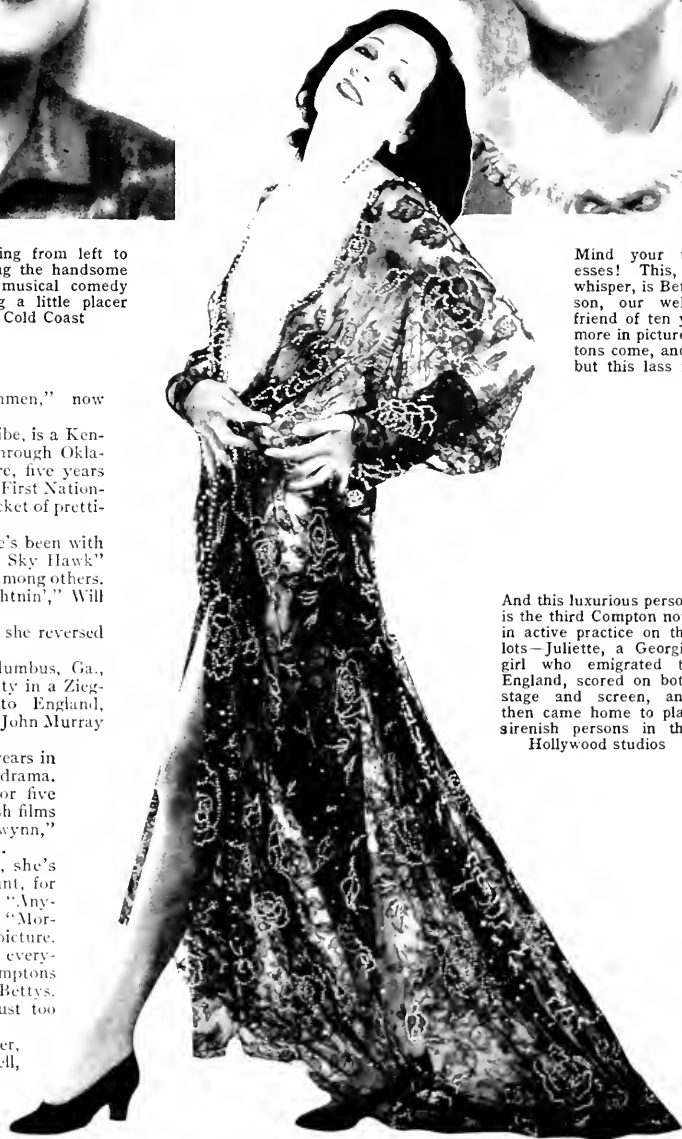
Juliette was born in Columbus, Ga., but after a brief tour of duty in a Ziegfeld "Follies," she went to England, chosen for foreign service by John Murray Anderson, the director.

There she spent several years in musical shows, and later in drama. Pictures seized her, and for five years she appeared in British films—among them "Nell Gwynn," which starred Dorothy Gish.

Now, in her homeland, she's under contract to Paramount, for whom she has appeared in "Anybody's Woman," and now in "Morocco," new Gary Cooper picture.

Now let's hope we have everything straight about the Comptons and the Compsons and the Bettys. If we haven't, it will be just too terrible, that's all!

Betty Compton is a dancer, but Juliette Compton—well, Joyce Compton—Oh dear, you'll just have to read the story over again, that's all.



And this luxurious person is the third Compton now in active practice on the lots—Juliette, a Georgia girl who emigrated to England, scored on both stage and screen, and then came home to play sirenish persons in the Hollywood studios

Isn't Youth Just

Four lads and
flashing forward



One of the Fairest
"Follies"



He Gets More Than
the President!

"SWEET Kitty Bellairs" set a new star on the screen and brought a five-year contract to Miss Claudia Dell. She is Warner Brothers' newest, most promising prima donna. And she never actually had planned a theatrical career.

Claudia Dell was merely Claudia Dell Smith, of San Antonio, Texas, who came to New York to visit her aunt, vaudeville's Claudia Coleman. Aunt Claudia suggested she try the stage, just to see whether or not she liked it. And having nothing better to do, Claudia tried it. She didn't have to try very hard, either. Ziegfeld looked at that beautiful blonde with a show-girl figure and put her in the "Follies."

She had nothing to do but be ornamental in the revue, and she never took being a Ziegfeld beauty seriously. Her chance to use that thrilling voice came later, when she was sent to London to play Marilyn Miller's rôle in "Rosalie."

Claudia took her mother with her to London. She always has lived with some member of the family, even as a "Follies" girl, though "Follies" girls generally are presumed to lead a gaudy life.

In Hollywood, Claudia lives with mother, aunt and grandma. She lives simply, in an apartment in the non-professional district, driving a modest coupe to and from the studio. She dresses conservatively, dines in tea rooms and goes to the picture show.

She modestly insists it was luck which made her a movie star. Luck, without a single bow to such potent factors as a thrilling voice, graceful figure, bewitching smile, charm and beauty.

"It just happened to me. I've just been unbelievably lucky," says Claudia, whose latest good fortune has been to win the leading rôle in Warner's most ambitious musical production, "Fifty Million Frenchmen."

HERE'S one little boy who doesn't want to be President. The President receives only \$75,000 a year. Master Leon Janney, thirteen, is paid \$100,000 a year by Warner Brothers for the less irksome job of starring in pictures.

He has been an actor for eleven years. His first two were spent in Ogden, Utah, in mere idling around. Leon hasn't wasted time since. A three-year contract guaranteeing him \$300,000 testifies to that.

At two young Janney decided to become an actor and went in vaudeville, which was vaudeville back in 1919. He broke into pictures in 1927 as a member of Hal Roach's "Gang." But he prefers to date his picture career from "Courage," which brought him fame and made him a star.

Since then he has played in "The Doorway to Hell," "Father's Son," "Children of Dreams," and "Old English."

Young Leon is blond, handsome and charming. He has dignity, keen intelligence, and such compelling ambition he studies languages with a private tutor to supplement his work at the Hollywood Professional High School.

His mother, with whom he shares an apartment, handles his impressive business affairs. And a large police dog enjoys his friendship.

Leon was born on April first, 1917. But he certainly hasn't turned out to be a joke on the family.

Wonderful?

By
Cal York

lasses who are
in the studios



He Is Frank and
Earnest, Too

SOMEBODY saw him clowning about the Hollywood High school and gave him a chance at a few days' extra work. From that moment Frank Albertson was an actor. The unfortunate thing was that nobody could be convinced of it. Young, cocky, fresh, he quit school and haunted the casting office. Haunted it so blithely and so unsuccessfully that his mother had to call him into conference.

She had been working for a small salary in an apartment house office and trying to increase the family income by handling Ken Maynard's mail for fifteen dollars a week. Frank had to be made to understand responsibility and advised to settle down.

This generous mother gave him three months to find a job—and keep it. Frank went right over to Fox to get a prop boy's job. In six weeks Director Dave Butler had made a test of him and had him signed to a long term contract.

He's scheduled for stardom. After "Men Without Women" and "Wild Company," he was chosen for the juvenile lead in "Just Imagine," one of the most pretentious productions on this year's program.

Frank has arrived with Hollywood's youngest set. His great friends are Johnny Darrow and Billy Bakewell. He enjoys living and clowning and is convinced that this is the best of all possible worlds.



That Little Radio
Lee Girl

HER name isn't Dorothy. And it isn't Lee. The pert and peppy little comedy whirlwind of Radio Pictures is Marjorie Millsap, who lived right around the corner from the old FBO studios all her life and always wanted to break into pictures. Marjorie Millsap didn't mean a thing to the movies. But she consoled herself with athletics and became a ninety-six pound lacrosse star, ball pitcher, high jumper and better scrapper than any boy in the neighborhood.

Three years ago the ninety-six-pound strong woman marched into the Fanchon and Marco offices with the grim intent of going on the stage. Her size, her peppiness, her sauciness amused the producers. They watched her athletic stunts, saw her dance, heard her sing, and signed her.

She borrowed the name "Lee" from grandmother and adopted "Dorothy" because it seemed to go with "Lee." As Dorothy Lee she went on tour with a Fanchon-Marco unit and finally landed in the Broadway show, "Hello, Yourself," with Waring's Pennsylvanians. She was the hit of the show.

When Waring's Pennsylvanians played in "Synopation," along went Dorothy to sing "Do Do Something." She sang herself into a Radio Pictures contract. "Rio Rita" and her zestful clowning with Wheeler and Woolsey established her.

Dorothy gives Fred Waring credit for her success. He advised her on management. And told her to buy bonds.

Dorothy still lives with her mother in the same house to which they moved when she was four years old, way back in 1915. She hasn't changed much since then, nor has the house.

Pint-sized, wide eyed, saucy nosed, nineteen, Dorothy already has three hits on her scoreboard, "Rio Rita," "The Cuckoos," "Dixiana." Her latest is the Bert Wheeler-Robert Woolsey musical farce, "Half Shot at Sunrise."



(Scene from "Check and Double Check," Radio Picture)

"How does you like the change to this picture propolition, Amos?"
"Change, Andy? Ain't no change 'tall. Seems like you do all the settin' and I does all the workin', same as in the radio and tooth-paste business!"

The Youngest GRAND OLD MAN!

By

Malcolm Elliott



When he worried about his next job he always put a flower in his buttonhole

After eighteen years in pictures, Jack Mulhall has the heart of a kid!

EIGHTEEN years ago Jack Mulhall played a small rôle in a D. W. Griffith picture made in New York.

Seventeen years ago he was playing another small rôle in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," made on the camera coast. Young Mulhall had gone West to conquer the flicker business.

Hollywood has the quaint notion that seventeen years ago belongs in the same historical category as the burning of Rome.

But in 1930 Jack is still going strong. He finished a long-term contract with First National, and immediately signed another with Radio, after sandwiching in a picture for Fox.

He doesn't look a bit older than he did ten years ago. He is still the lively juvenile with the wide Irish grin.

Now, who is this guy, Jack Mulhall? It's time that someone found out all about him.

Here he is, a pioneer in the business, just like Mary Pickford, only no one thinks of that. Of course, it's all the more credit to Jack. No one exactly wants to be a pioneer in Hollywood—this is the land of youth, as long as you can get away with it.

Maybe Jack is just old Ponce De Leon who found the fountain of youth, and didn't tell the Associated Press anything about it, and got a movie contract anyway.

CRITICS have never become caustic because Jack's performance was so bad, or, on the other hand, they have never torn whole pages from the dictionary looking up the spelling of "transcendently magnificent." He always gets good notices.

Contracts sort of drop in his lap from above. He was with First National for seven years. Now he has a grand contract with Radio. He made ardent love to the Talmadge duo, Norma and Constance, in the early 1920's! He made love to almost all the stellar ladies of the last decade at one time or another—Corinne Griffith, Bebe Daniels, Florence Vidor, Colleen Moore and Alice White.

And, yet, while he has outlasted many stars, he has never become a star. Only a co-star. Something always seemed to happen to prevent actual stardom, but Jack considers himself lucky, at that.

He was to be starred by United Artists after that series of pictures with Norma and Constance. Something happened. A young Italian, Rudolph Valentino, had set the screen on fire with his smouldering love-making. Hollywood went violently Latin lover.

"I couldn't very well be a Latin lover," Jack explained. "The cut of my jib was wrong. My smile wasn't a bit smouldering, and when I tried to kiss a lady's hand the back of my head looked ridiculous."

So Jack didn't become a star. Instead he decided to become a light comedian. He became popular in that classification, and still is. And, where, oh where, are the Latin lovers of yester-year? He made a tremendous impression in "The Poor Nut."

Jack, with his humanness, was ideal to characterize the every-day fellow, the plumber, the clerk, the ice man, and the sailor. But, by that time, the screen had gone just as violently something else. Jack went on, but not as a star.

HE was climbing toward stardom at First National when the talkie gadget was discovered. In the general upset he remained a co-star, but he and Dorothy Mackaill were just about the most popular pair of the talking screen.

Jack was the first player in the phonoplay to essay a dual rôle. He played twin brothers in "Dark Streets," and actually talked to himself.

There have been a few times when he wondered where the next job was coming from.

"I didn't worry about it," he smiled. "I just put a flower in my buttonhole, put on my best suit of clothes if I had such a thing, and walked around as if I owned the world. Somehow I always got another job. I've always had a good time. People work hard for the future, expecting to live forever. Then they die because they've worked so hard, or they get smacked down by a taxi."

Which, in its way, is a pretty good philosophy.

With typical modesty he attrib- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

“Don Juan” Busby gives up ten dollars to find that he has no future with Mary Duncan



In the silences! Dareos, Hollywood soothsayer, looks into the crystal and tells Mary Duncan that she'll be a Polly Moran. "Wild Mark" Busby looks into the crystal for his ten bucks!

Crystal-Gazing with Mary

By Marquis Busby

UP to the moment of my date with Mary Duncan, I and my other girl friends *pro tem* had tasted most of the gaudy evening delights of Hollywood and adjacent parts.

That is to say, I had given up for everything from orchids to buttercups that I had picked myself in the back lot. We had eaten caviar and hot dogs, ridden in fliyers and Cords, toyed with *canapés* and just plain cans of peas, and attended everything from the fancier theatrical openings to the lower sort of merry-go-rounds.

But it remained for Mary to think up a new way to knock an evening on the head.

We went to a high-powered crystal-gazer—the kind who can go into a trance and tell Charlie Chaplin that some day he will be forty-two years old, and it won't be long, either!

I didn't feel it coming on when I chugged up to Mary's new Hollywood home.

The street's name I forget, but there's a lighted green sign that reads "49." Only a question of time until some wit calls it "Mary's '49 Camp."

You all know Mary. After a tremendous triumph on the stage as *Poppy* in "The Shanghai Gesture," she entered pictures for Fox, and spent a long time in Hollywood. We won't go into that, for her rôles weren't the happiest, being much on the Theda Bara order.

Now she's back, free-lancing, with fine parts in "Kismet," and "The Boudoir Diplomat," which latter used to be the charming stage play "The Command to Love." Mary Duncan is off to a better and flying start in pictures. And three cheers for that, because she's almost incredibly good to look at she's a great actress, and is one of the grandest girls alive!

But to return to the crystals and things.

So I chugged up to "49," where Mary is living with her sister.

I was dressed way up in G, clean iron shirt and all.

The magnificent Mary, bless her, was at least two keys higher—a vision in a long black dinner gown, pearls thrown in.

A man is more—or less—than a man if he can remember distinctly what he ate while this lovely girl was on the other side of the dining table.

It does seem to me that I remember fried chicken, and coffee at table and in the living room.

I was really too much taken up with Mary and her interesting conversation to go very ferociously for the victuals.

For Mary is a true woman of the theater, with a great fund of knowledge of its older greats for one so young.

SHE was once Sarah Bernhardt's guest. She studied in Paris with Yvette Guilbert, one of the greatest artists of our time. Leo Dietrichstein taught her the business of the stage while she was his leading woman. And she met Eleanora Duse—met the fragile genius when Duse, as an old woman, was struggling through her American tour that was to end with her death in Pittsburgh.

And Mary sat across from me and talked of these choice spirits—HER spirit shining in her eyes. She's so vigorously alive! How could I focus myself on a strawberry *mousse*!

Well, dinner and table talk ended. Then it was a heigh! and a ho! for the debauchery of the evening Mary had framed—the visit to the soothsayer.

The gentleman we had honored with the privilege of looking into our futures was Dareos, who for ten years has been peering at the onrushing lives of scores of Hollywood's great and near-great. On our way to the beach where he holds forth (we were riding in my unbathed chariot and not in Mary's shiny Ford) she told me of the dozens of visits [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

Can You Find the 20 Mistakes In This Story?

By Harry Lang



Richard Barthelmess in "Cimarron," that great story of the whaling industry he is making for Trem Carr Productions

COME along, children; take your Auntie Carrie Pastor's hand, and we'll take a jolly little stroll through the First National Studio, right down here in the heart of Hollywood, and watch them put moving pictures into pretty round cans.

Let's ramble over to Stage 6, where they're shooting "Cimarron," that great epic of the whaling industry. And you needn't be frightened, kiddies, because Auntie has you right by the hand and anyway, though it's a story of adventure on the high seas, there really aren't any high seas on the stage, so you won't get wet.

Oh, here we are! Now just watch Richard Barthelmess—there he is, over there—do his stuff. He's the star in this. And there, playing the heroine opposite him, is that exquisite blonde, Joan Crawford! Joan, you know, is under contract to the Fox film people, but she's been loaned out for this picture. That's a practice the big studios have, you know.

And now I suppose you are all wondering just why they're using three cameras on this scene. Well, Auntie's very smart, and she knows all about it, so she'll let you in on the secret. This is a Technicolor scene, so they need three cameras—one for each of the primary colors, using color filters over the lens of each, of course. Then, when they're all done, they print the three primary colored films—red, blue and yellow, you know—onto one positive film, which makes it all come out in the pretty colors you see on the screen.

I suppose you're trying to guess who all those people over on the sidelines are. Well, they're tourists who have come to see Hollywood. They're allowed into the studios to see how they make movies, but they have to pay fifty cents apiece to get in. Like a theater, you know, or a circus.

They should have come with Auntie, the ninnies, because Auntie's got a swell pull, and she'd have gotten them in free!

OH, look! There's El Brendal. You know, he's just signed a five-year contract with First National, the clever fellow. What's he doing? Why, he's talking with that carpenter, and as I live, they're talking in Swedish. You know El Brendal is that funny Scandinavian dialect comedian, and I bet he's so happy when he finds someone who can talk to him in Swedish like that. Listen to them chatter—dear me, just like Old Cal York! I'll bet they're talking about El Brendal's work

ARE you movie wise? See if you can find All the errors of fact in this imaginative yarn about a studio visit. There are just a score of errors, so you can keep your own score by crediting yourself with five points for each misstatement you recognize. That would make 100 points a perfect score. When you're stumped, turn to the list on page 140 of this issue, and see which mistakes you've missed, if any.

in "The Cohens and Kellys in Sweden." It was one of the funniest of the Cohen-Kellys.

And here comes Louis B. Mayer, the big boss of this First National lot we're visiting today. Who's that with him? Why, I recognize them; they're those famous Dutch comedians, Amos and Andy. And there, too, is Betty Compson—you know, James Cruze's wife.

What was that you asked? What are those big, bulky things over the cameras? Why, they're to prevent the whirring of the cameras from reaching the microphones and interfering with the recording. They call them "camera grips." Auntie's so smart! If they didn't use them, First National wouldn't be able to make its Movietone recordings.

Oooh, did you hear what Mr. Mayer said to Amos and Andy? He said this picture we're watching is going to be bigger and better and greater and more amazing than even "The Big House," which they made here a couple of months ago. Isn't that thrilling!

Watch now! They're switching from color to a black-and-white scene. You can tell that because the men players are all changing their shirts and collars to ones of the deepest red. See? That's because red photographs white even better than white itself, so they use red instead of white shirts and collars.

WHAT'S that you said? Why, you naughty darlings. Auntie's no such thing, and just for that, she's going to take you right home and end this lovely studio ramble. Come along now!

Two Boys in "The

On left, Chester! On right, Bob! Both members of the Hit Club!



How do you like Chester Morris' new moustache? Remember, the thing is really still in its infancy

YEAH, he's a tough hombre in "The Big House," is this Chester Morris guy. Lets fly with rods in both paws, and calls "Butch" Schmidt, alias Wally Beery, the very worst words Will Hays will let him use! He's tough, he is—but don't let it fool you!

The fact is, Percival, that Chet Morris is just a great, big comfy old family man. He likes to go home from work, peel off the coat, roll up his shirt sleeves and water the lawn! Or maybe fix that shelf that rattles in the dining room cupboard.

He's "cuckoo" about the lil' wife and the kids—the one they've had for a year or two, and the one that's on the way as this is written.

Yep, just a nice family man who's glad he's graduated from the stage into pictures because it gives a man a chance for a little home life now and then. He loves to have his friends come around, and if he likes them awfully well, he'll take them out in the back yard and barbecue some steaks for them on that rock-salt barbecue gadget he's got rigged up. You know—broils the steaks, sort of, on rock salt beds. Swell! Some of his friends much prefer to eat there with him, rather than in his dining room, because Chet's got trick Hollywood light effects in the dining room. Bob Montgomery, who visits Chet and his wife with Mrs. Montgomery every now and then, thinks Chet's crazy to have that row of colored spotlights strung around his dining room so they shine down on the table and the diners. Bob says all Chet needs to make it complete is for an orchestra to play an overture before the meal.

Morris, honestly, is one of the quietest, sanest, most normal actors in Hollywood. He's about as "actory" as a directory compiler. And this in spite of the fact that he comes from a theatrical family. When Chet was born—in 1902, it was—his dad was leading man of the Charles Frohman Empire Stock Company. In New York. His mother, stage Etta Hawkins, was a famous comedienne. So the stage, and the theatrical profession, is his heritage, and even if he were as temperamental as sixteen Richard Bennets, he could be forgiven. But he isn't.

YOUNG Chet trouted all his life. Played stock, leads, and all sorts of things—even played a vaudeville act with the rest of the Morris family. Papa Morris wrote it, and it was good anyway, Chester says. It ran for two and a half years, in vaudeville, all over the country.

Now anybody that's trouted all over the United States in a vaudeville act, even with his own family, can appreciate what it means to find himself suddenly famous and getting more so in pictures. It means a home of one's own, fairly regular hours, a swell salary and a chance to live like a normal human being. That's why Chet Morris is so darned happy in Hollywood.

They live simply, even though they have got a grand home in Whitley Heights, which is one of Hollywood's nicest residential communities. Chet's idea of heaven is to go home and have a few friends in now and then. He doesn't go for big swanky parties. He'd rather have some close acquaintance in, so he can show the latest snapshots he took of the youngster, and tell about the cute things the kid did and said. He's that kind of a father, is Chet Morris.

But listen—the funniest part of it all is that he wants to play the kind of rôles William Haines plays. Imagine!

CHESTER has gone a long way in a year and a half. The boy made a terrific overnight hit in his very first picture—that pioneer talkie melodrama called "Alibi." Roland West, his director, was his discoverer, and Chester is still under contract to him.

We'll be seeing him soon in another West-directed picture, "The Bat Whispers." Between the two jobs for his friend and boss, Chet has worked in many films. And always well!

The last play in which Chester appeared, before his picture hit in "Alibi," was a melodrama called "Fast Life." Later it was made into a picture by First National, with Chester in his original rôle.

However, in the play several other members of his family appeared, including his father, William Morris. Now the other Morris has gravitated to Hollywood, and his dad's name appears in the cast of a forthcoming talkie. Good for son—good for dad. And Chester is strong for his talented family!

One of the happiest young men in pictures, this lad Chet. And he deserves it!

Who Made Good Big House”

By

Michael Woodward



Robert Montgomery—cocky, confident, handsome, and a tornado among the ladies, as his mail shows

BOB MONTGOMERY'S in a dilemma. He doesn't know what type of rôles people want to see him in, if any. He says opinion seems divided: some people want to see him in anything at all, and others don't want to see him in anything at all. So he'll go on playing the same sort of hodge-podge of this-and-that and everything else that's already boosted his fan mail into the four-figure-a-week class.

He's a nice fellow. Fresh, but you like him. You think he's the worst braggart in Hollywood, and maybe he is, but he has an amazing habit of making good on his boasts.

He likes good acting and hasn't the slightest bit of patience with the sort of people who think it's a cinch. Has the theory that any character is a good character, so long as it's human.

He has blue eyes, drives one of these new pint-sized Austin cars, and wears suspenders. He calls them suspenders, not braces. He wears garters only with evening clothes, and he likes blues, browns and grays in his neckwear. If you tell him you like the tie he's wearing, he solemnly unties it, takes it off, and gives it to you. He expects you to do the same by him.

He has a mania for white shirts. Once he had some white ones with a faint blue stripe in the fabric. He never wore one of them. He never wears a hat except in a scene or in New York, and he likes to spend two months a year there but can't because he has too many pictures to work in.

HE'S got a nice talking voice but he's hell on singing teachers. To date, he's discouraged nine of them and can't sing yet. He thinks he's a writer, business man, athlete and what have you, but when he cross-questions himself sincerely he admits that he'd probably be the world's biggest flop at anything outside the theatrical racket. He's tried other things. For three months he was secretary to a publisher and read everything they published. He was a machinists' helper in a railroad yard and used to sleep in the fireboxes of the locomotives that weren't working. He was a sailor on a tanker for a year and a half—wiper in the engine room. Still believes a wiper in an engine room is the lowest form of humanity afloat or ashore.

He wrote short stories. He has them in his trunk yet. He has a dog. It's a wire-haired fox terrier and he calls it "Hiya." That's short for How Are You. He had another dog. Its name was "Goodbye," and it died and made the name good. While he had it, it was a great asset. Whenever Bob had unwelcome guests, he'd keep on calling the dog until the guests took the hint!

He makes a nice salary and has no more sense of economy about his own money than a Fijian has about astronomy. He thinks he can give the best advice on economy that anybody ever heard. He's quite sure that if he put his mind to it, he could be a great playwright because he gets so many ideas that they pop in and out of his mind too fast for him to grab one

of them and put it down. Some day he thinks he'll hold one down and make something of it. He wants to write a novel but won't because first novels are terrible.

HE'S a good automobile driver and has set several road speed records, but he's always as nervous as a cat when he's riding with someone else.

He's proud of the fact that so far he's the only actor in Hollywood who hasn't had a sandwich or a salad named after him, and he still gets a great kick out of his fan mail. He spent the busiest first year in films ever experienced by any player—twelve rôles in his first twelve months! He likes to go to see moving pictures.

He rides horses and thinks he can ride any horse in captivity, and so far hasn't failed. He's an airplane pilot.

He doesn't like people with loud voices or the sort of people who say "smart" things. He says smart things.

You know, it's astonishing what the camera and the screen can do for a boy like Bob Montgomery. It brings a sharp focus upon his person and personality, bringing out the charm and good looks that are often diffused and lost on the wider platform of the stage. That was the case with Robert.

On the New York stage Montgomery was just another capable, well-liked, good-looking juvenile. Managers didn't fight duels over his services—no phalanxes of cooing women fell swooning at the stage doors when he appeared. Then the camera bore down and the rôles got good. And look at Bob now!

Thanksgiving Dinner



Mrs. David Blankenhorn (you know her as Irene Rich) allows us to look into her handsome dining room and see the table appointments she prefers. Jane and Frances are shown with their mother

MUCH of the anticipation of a good dinner and the joy of eating it depends upon attractive table appointments and service. Every clever housewife knows this, and is always seeking to improve and vary the appearance of her table. The photograph above, showing a corner of Irene Rich's lovely dining room and her table service, is full of helpful ideas that other women can follow.

Miss Rich, who in private life is the wife of David Blankenhorn, of Los Angeles, likes to use a long runner, with plate doilies. These are of imported Swiss filet lace, monogrammed with the initials, I. R. Napkins and silver are also monogrammed.

The table centerpiece is frequently a huge bowl of fruit, as shown in the photograph. The shallow blue glass bowl is piled with bright-colored oranges, grapes, plums, apples, peaches and bananas, and is flanked by four tall, gold-colored candles in silver holders.

The Lenox service plates are bordered in French blue and gold. Water goblets, fruit cocktail glasses and small plates are of crystal, in matching design.

The flat silver is a handsome, antique pattern. Nut

dishes are of plain silver, with only the monogram for decoration. Small salt dishes are lined with blue glass which is removable for cleaning. Tiny silver spoons are used with these dishes.

The dinner service is gold and white Lenox china. The turkey is always served on a big silver platter.

THE Blankenhorn home is in the fashionable Wilshire section of Los Angeles. The dining room is furnished in mahogany, in Chippendale pattern. End tables are used for serving tables, or to enlarge the dining table itself.

The curtains are gold-colored. The background of the Chinese rug is of the same gold color, with a border of blue. Chair seats are upholstered in antique gold cloth.

Miss Rich's Thanksgiving dinner menu is on the opposite page. She has given PHOTOPLAY readers her own favorite recipes, which we print in detail.

Here is an unpretentious, home dinner, which can be made more elaborate with additional courses, at the hostess' discretion. But the essentials are there—turkey and cranberry sauce, and all the trimmings!

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

with Irene Rich

The Recipes

Oyster Soup

1 quart oysters. Clean and parboil
Have ready a sauce made of
2 tablespoons butter 1 cup milk
1 tablespoon flour

Add oyster liquor and let simmer in double boiler. Season with salt, paprika and celery salt.

Just before serving, add 1 cup hot cream and 1 beaten egg yolk.

Puree of Spinach

Clean spinach thoroughly, cook, and rub through sieve. Add white sauce. Mix well; season with salt and pepper. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs and fried bread cut in fancy shapes.

White Sauce for Spinach

3 tablespoons butter 1 tablespoon flour 1 cup cream
Rub butter and flour together to a smooth paste; bring cream to boil and stir in paste mixture until thoroughly blended.

Cranberry Jelly

To 2 cups of boiling water add 4 cups of cranberries, and boil until tender—about five minutes. Rub through sieve; let come to a boil again. Then add 2 cups sugar and cook five minutes longer. Turn into molds, and chill.

Serve on slices of orange around turkey on platter.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

Cook 6 or 8 potatoes in salt water. Drain; cut potatoes in half lengthwise, and put in buttered pan.

Make a syrup of

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup light brown sugar

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water

2 large tablespoons butter

Pour syrup over potatoes. Cook in slow oven until brown, basting frequently.

Turkey Dressing

1 loaf of bread, toasted and cut in small pieces.

Fry a little onion in butter; add 1 cup celery, cut in small pieces, and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Cook until well mixed; then add six pork sausages cut in small pieces.

Season with salt and pepper and poultry seasoning to taste.

California Pudding

Mix 1 cup sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter

Add 1 cup milk

1 cup cracker crumbs

1 cup prunes, cooked and cut in small pieces

1 cup walnuts

Whites of 2 eggs, beaten stiff

Steam two hours, and serve with maple sauce.

Maple Sauce

Beat 2 egg yolks. Add 1 cup maple syrup. Boil in double boiler until thick.

When cool, add 1 cup whipped cream and 1 teaspoon flavoring.

MENU

Celery Hearts

Olives

Fruit Cocktail

Oyster Soup

Roast Stuffed Turkey, Giblet Gravy

Mashed Potatoes

Candied Sweet Potatoes

Cranberry Sauce

Puree of Spinach

Clover Leaf Rolls

California Pudding

Coffee

Nuts

Candies

Stuffed Dates and Raisins



PHOTOPLAY'S photographer follows Irene Rich right out into the kitchen where she is supervising the last minute touches to turkey and dinner. Real housewives always want to have "a finger in the pie," no matter how competent the cook may be

Furs for the Fair



Either Loretta Young sets off this ermine wrap, or the coat sets off Loretta's young loveliness. Anyhow, they make an eye-filling ensemble. The shawl collar and wide sleeves are good, and the three-quarter length is particularly attractive over Loretta's ankle-length satin gown



Bell sleeves, semi-fitted lines, three-quarter length and flared bottom all stamp Myrna Loy's beige broadtail evening coat as new this season. Luxuriously collared with brown fox



This jaunty hip-length jacket is one of the smartest of the season's little wraps for formal wear. Straight lines and the tailored collar add swagger to the elegance of ermine. Bess Schlank designed it for Bebe Daniels, to give warmth without hiding too much of the lovely gown beneath it

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

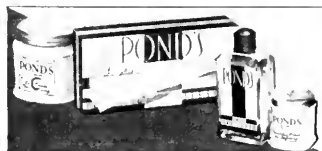
..Paris acclaims her beauty and her chic



Née GLORIA MORGAN and married at eighteen to the second son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt lived as a girl in Spain, Holland, England and France and since her husband's death has returned to make her home in Paris

BEAUTY . . . with all the poise of a *grande dame* of the old régime . . . slim youth in subtly simple French frocks . . . Inevitably Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt has captivated Paris society!

Pearls are her jewels and the gardenia her flower . . . these accent the whiteness



Exquisite women entrust their skin to Pond's four preparations . . . famous Two Creams, super-absorbent Cleansing Tissues, Bracing Skin Freshener,

of her skin, smooth as gardenia petals, lustrous as pearls.

"Even in Paris," she says, "I still use Pond's . . . for not even the beauty-wise French make anything to compare with the famous Two Creams! And the new Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener are in line with advanced French ideas.

"All my congratulations to Pond's!"

Follow the four steps of Pond's Method:
During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, super-absorbent, in an en-

chanting peach-color now as well as white.

Third—Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Freshener to close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

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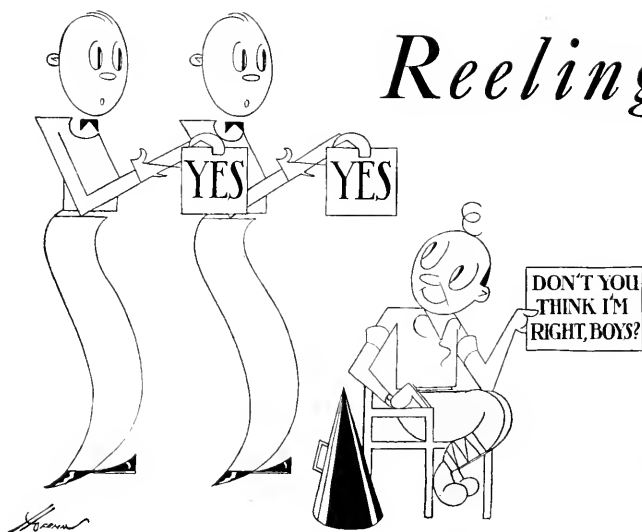
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Reeling Around

with

Leonard
Hall



Now that silence is essential on talkie stages, "yes men" have this new method

The Old Director

*Twenty years showing them how—
Struggling through laughter and tears;
Twenty years mopping his brow
And fighting through fusses and fears—*

*Hearing the laughter of fools,
Going ahead with his job—
Sharpening his cinema tools
That fashion the hearts of the mob!*

*Laughed at, derided, rejected,
Turning at last on the ring!
Doing the trick least expected—
Making a masterly thing!*

*"Abraham Lincoln" a glory,
Now he glows happily when
He reads the same twenty-year story—
"Griffith has done it again!"*

No Malice

This department is indebted to some genius for the story of the Scotsman who wandered into New York's famous All-News-reel Theater and was found there three weeks later still waiting for the feature picture. . . . And to the *New Yorker* for the tale of the lady who said she wanted so much to visit a Gotham speakeasy as she had heard they were a lot better than the old-fashioned silent movies. . . . Late in the summer New York newspapers carried stories that a ferry boat captain had seen a big whale in the harbor. The next night "Moby Dick" opened on Broadway. Three newspaper editors had strokes and one press agent died of laughter. . . . Will Rogers' present contract gets him \$25,000 a week while working. All Bill wants out of life is a little gum and enough rope. . . . An Indian singer named Chief Yowlache is working in a Paramount picture, which gives us fans a new disease we can suffer from when these boiler-maker baritones bear down. "How's your old yowl-ache tonight?" . . . With the eye-punching mania at its peak in Hollywood restaurants, close observers are inclined to just call them whoopee socks. . . . Old McIntyre, the syndicate columnist, says that a London soda fountain offers "Greta Garbo

Sundae." Why particularize? Friday the 13th would do me! . . . Free suggestion for some film comic if he wants to make a short comedy to follow the Amos and Andy picture. Title—"Check and Rubber Check."

Gag of the Month Club

This month's prize—a cancelled invitation to ride on Jack Barrymore's yacht—must go to the New Yorker.

A picture author was reading his script to the producer.

He came to a line—"Chester, you are a buffoon!"

"Whoa," yelled the magnate. "We'll have to change that. Maybe a sailor would know what a buffoon is, but not the average feller in the street."

"Why sailors?" asked the dumbstricken author.

"They're always running into them, ain't they?" shot back the producer. "Whirlwinds—cyclones—buffoons!"

Getting Personal

Una Merkel, who gives such a tender performance as *Ann Rutledge* in "Abraham Lincoln," is no stranger to the camera. Some eight years ago she "stood in" for Lillian Gish in Griffith pictures, and had tests of her own, too. . . . Perhaps by the time this gets out Natalie Moorhead and Alan Crosland, the director, will be married. Both have been divorced. . . . Helen Ferguson, widow of William Russell, is to marry Richard Hargrave, Beverly Hills bank president, it is reported New York is to have a theater named for the late Jeanne Eagels. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn are expecting an early call from the widely and favorably known stork. This is the second Mrs. Washburn, you remember. . . . Hollywood seemed to move to Broadway early in the Fall. Ina Claire, Fredric March, Mary Brian, Stanley Smith, Nancy Carroll, Colleen Moore and Virginia Valli were all prominently seen at theatrical first nights. . . . Now quite widely reported that the estrangement of Gloria Swanson and Henri, her marquis, has just been a grand publicity gag for her new picture, "What a Widow." . . . Paul W. Panzer recently asked to be declared bankrupt, out in Los Angeles. That name will be remembered by veteran fans. Fifteen years ago he was prominent, often as a menace in serials. . . . Another sad chapter in the life of a lad who didn't stand prosperity. The wife of James Murray sues him for divorce in Hollywood, charging cruelty. He's the boy who had the chance of a lifetime as King Vidor's protégé, and who did excellent work in "The Crowd."



... now watch us
tackle a **Milky Way**

Just think how one would taste! That center, barely crumbling as you bite through it . . . its flavor telling of fresh sweet milk and delicious *malted* milk. Topping that, the golden layer of just slightly chewy caramel; and then, outside of all, that rich brown coating of wonderful, pure milk chocolate. What a rare combination of goodness, and how satisfying, when you crave good candy. Oh boy . . . imagine how good one would taste *right this minute!*

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE...SO QUICKLY



The payroll read, "L. Tibbett, off-stage voice, \$75 a week" . . . But his chance came in the opera "Falstaff." In 15 minutes he sang his way to fame. Today, thousands thrill to his "talkies."

© P. Lorillard Co.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Programs rustle... "Who is Tibbett?" ... Then comes a voice of molten gold, clear, pulsing, tender, stirring... "The Diamond Horseshoe" cheers like bleachers. Encores. Bravos. Flowers. Speeches.

A quick triumph for Lawrence Tibbett? Not at all! *Nature* gave him that glorious voice.

That's why OLD GOLD makes no claims... of factory skill... or secret processes. For *Nature* alone deserves the credit. The sun, the rain, the fertile soil simply produced *better* tobaccos. That's why OLD GOLDS thrill your taste. That's why OLD GOLDS give you throat-ease.

From an "off-stage voice" to a star in the opera, concert, "talkies," that's what *Nature* did for Tibbett. From a tyro-brand to a great success. That's what *Nature* did for OLD GOLD.



OLD GOLD first appeared on Hollywood "lots," November 9, 1926. In just 90 days it was one of the four most popular brands among the celebrities of the screen.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"



It's Clara's Birthday!

If it may be Clara's twenty-fifth birthday, but the show must go on! This was snapped at Paramount the day the sorrel-top reached the quarter of a century mark. Frank Tuttle directs Clara and Ralph Forbes in a scene for her new film

Why some Girls



LORETTA YOUNG, appealing First National star, says: "I find it so very satisfactory."



"WHEN a girl is fascinating," says dainty Alice White, whose vibrant charm carried her so swiftly to stardom on the screen, "you may be sure of one thing. Her *skin* is lovely!"

"Beautiful skin *always* attracts. It is certainly the most important charm, it

seems to me, that any girl can have.

"In Hollywood, you know, the directors all found out long ago that if a girl is to win millions of admirers on the screen, her skin must have that peach-bloom smoothness that is so ravishing.

"The glaring close-up lights would re-

veal even the *slightest* imperfection in the skin. And so, of course, every star in Hollywood guards her complexion most carefully.

"So when I say we use Lux Toilet Soap—almost all of us—you may be sure we think it is a *splendid* soap. Such soothing lather, and it leaves the skin so exquisitely smooth and soft.

"It is such a simple way to keep the skin lovely! Any girl can follow it, with the same good results."

Hollywood — Broadway — Europe
9 out of 10 lovely stars use it

Of the 521 important Hollywood ac-

AILEEN PRINGLE, in the bathroom created in Hollywood especially for her slim beauty. "Smooth skin is a screen star's most priceless possession," she says. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps mine petal-smooth."



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull, Hollywood

LUX

are so *Enchanting*



as explained
to KATHERINE ALBERT by

Alice White

ALICE WHITE, the tiny First National star whose charm has proved irresistible to thousands, has a skin of such breath-taking loveliness that even glaring close-up lights reveal not the tiniest flaw. In her luxurious bathroom she uses Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "It is a *splendid* soap. Such soothing lather! It gives my skin that peach-bloom smoothness that is so important to a girl's charm. And any girl will find it simple to get the same good results."

Photo by Elmer Fryer, Hollywood

tresses, including all the stars, 511 care for their skin regularly with Lux Toilet Soap. So enthusiastic are they that it has been made the *official* soap in all the great film studios.

On Broadway so many stage stars are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap that it is found in the dressing rooms of legitimate theaters all over the country—71 of the 74 in New York!

And even in Europe—in France, in England, in Germany—the screen stars use it to keep their skin always lovely.

You will be delighted with the velvety smoothness this fragrant white soap gives *your* skin. Order several cakes—today.

DOROTHY MACKAILL, First National star, is one of the 511 Hollywood actresses who are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. "I never found a better way to care for my skin," she says, "and it is so daintily white and fragrant!"



Photo by Harold Dean Carsey, Hollywood

Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found
only in fine French soaps at 50¢
and \$1.00 the cake Now

10¢



QUICK success at 21; a sudden swoop downward toward failure at 22; and a hard-won place near the top again at 23. That's Sue Carol's motion picture history.

As Evelyn Lederer she went to Hollywood from Chicago for a visit a few years ago and crashed the movies without even half-trying. She made a hit in "Soft Cushions" with Douglas MacLean in 1927, later signing with Fox.

Then Sue and Nick Stuart, who played young lovers in Fox pictures, were married, secretly for a time. Maybe their fans lost interest when the reported romance was known to have terminated in commonplace matrimony. The Fox company, at any rate, lost interest in Sue as a box office bet. They gave her a part secondary to Dixie Lee in "The Big Party," followed by six months of poor stories.

And then, her darkest hour right at hand, her contract with Fox completed, Radio Pictures cast her opposite Arthur Lake in a picture that just suited her. Their faith justified, they signed her to a long-term contract.

Sue's climbing to more substantial success. Good luck to a good trouper!



... a clear skin
 a buoyant spirit
Charm ...

This great saline offers the most sensible route to fresh, natural loveliness

IN her quest for beauty every woman takes note of each aid that the cosmetician's art can lend her. And pure creams and honest lotions can and do assist in keeping the cheek supple and the contours firm.

But good creams cannot do everything, and here is one simple beauty secret that will double their power to make you attractive—keep internally clean with a good saline like Sal Hepatica.

You will find that the eye will sparkle, the skin will be clearer, the feeling of age much more remote, when you get rid of bodily poisons.

Costly? No, that simple little bottle of Sal Hepatica is plain in its dress, small

in its price and efficient in its effects.

A glass of it in the morning sweeps away poisons and wastes. It tones your system and renews your charm. Physicians, the American and European, have long recommended drinking saline

waters for internal cleanliness. Regularly they send their patients to the famous spas and springs of Europe.

Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your bloodstream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for rheumatism, indigestion, colds, constipation, etc.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to exuberant health and beauty.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-110, 71 West St., N.Y.
 Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____



★ ★ ★
Sal Hepatica
 © 1930



Monte Blue



Adolphe Menjou

Six

Divorces *in One* Picture



Florence
Vidor



Marie
Prevost



Harry Myers



Creighton Hale

SIX years ago Herr Ernst Lubitsch, the master director from the Fatherland, made a brilliant, stinging little picture called "The Marriage Circle."

It opened up a new line of thought on the screen, and critics kissed it to pieces. It was one of the very first photoplays to treat marital monkey-business in the continental manner—that is, with a wink instead of with a tear, or a revolver in the hand of a jealous spouse.

So American picture fans rejoiced, enjoying this roguish, smart little film from the Lubitsch set at the Warners' studio.

But this charming little movie seemed to be loaded with dynamite for the six excellent ladies and gentlemen who played the leading rôles.

For them it was in reality the fatal "Wedding Circle."

Every one of them, in the months and years that followed, heard their romances blow up with a crash of thunder!

A year after Florence Vidor was hymned for her work in the film, she divorced King Vidor. Marie Prevost, already a divorcee, married and then divorced Kenneth Harlan.

Monte Blue came into the cast after being divorced from his first wife in 1923. In 1927 it was Adolphe Menjou's turn, when he and his first wife were legally sundered.

In October, 1924, Creighton Hale's spouse sued him for divorce. And in 1924 Harry Myers and his first wife were parted by court decree.

Most of the sextette have tried again, and with better fortune, up to now. Florence Vidor and Jascha Heifetz, Monte Blue and Tova Jansen, Menjou and Kathryn Carver—all seem to be doing well. But you can't convince the Hollywood superstitious that there wasn't a curse on "The Marriage Circle!"

THE divorce record of this fizzy little film was rounded off and perfectly topped only recently.

Lubitsch himself—for years a happily married man—was separated legally from his wife. The breaking of that tie was one that had Hollywood winging and wondering for weeks. Ernst is living the life of single blessedness—or cussedness—again, and "The Marriage Circle" has finally polished off the last of its matrimonial victims.

Well, perhaps things work by opposites. Perhaps a bachelor director should make one called "The Divorce Circle" with a cast of single young folks. Then, following the superstition, he and the whole troupe would be happily married off in the course of a year or two!



The price is important—
but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate
leadership for 30 years.

COLGATE announces the acceptance of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

Be guided in your choice of a toothpaste by the acceptance of the Council on Dental Therapeutics.



Use Colgate's — not only the largest-selling toothpaste in the world — but a toothpaste recommended by dentists for more than a quarter of a century.

Colgate's cleans teeth safely; it contains only safe cleansing agents. It leaves the teeth clean; the mouth refreshed and pleasant-tasting.

Colgate's is used by more people than any other dentifrice.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



Irving Lippman

HERE'S a new one! When the cares of parenthood grow irksome, John and Dolores Barrymore now retreat to their new trophy house. It is crammed to overflowing with furred, feathered and scaled victims of the Barrymore prowess with rod and gun. Here you see Jack resting on a crocodile and patting a defunct cat, while Dolores fondles one of the family pets—stuffed only, to date, with dog biscuit and a bone



"My solution to the problem of cleansing without irritation is — Palmolive Soap . . . I feel especially safe in using and recommending Palmolive, because I know that no oils are used in it except vegetable oils."

Marguerite Hoare

An interview with Marguerite Hoare, of London on the relation of soap to beauty

Why soap is essential—and which soap to choose . . . answered by adviser to women of exclusive social and diplomatic circles.

WHEN women of importance choose a beauty expert in a strange city, they make their choice with some care. During the Naval Conference in London, the wives of the delegates consulted women in diplomatic circles. Who took care of the wives of ambassadors and ladies of distinguished British families? . . . they asked. "Marguerite Hoare, of Mayfair," was the answer.

Miss Hoare's salon at 19 South Wolton Street is one of the world's important beauty shops. Here, Miss Hoare recently gave an interview on home beauty methods that will be of genuine interest to every woman. "WHEN not enough soap and water is used," said this prominent expert, "one risks oiliness, blackheads and similar

disfigurements. When the wrong soap is used, one suffers dryness, roughness, irritation, injured skin texture.

"My solution to the problem of cleansing without irritation is—Palmolive Soap. Palmolive is a delightful soap to use — bland, soothing and gentle. Yet its soft lather has wonderful cleansing properties. It softens and carries away all impurities from the pores.

"I feel especially safe in using and recommending Palmolive, because I know that no oils are used in it except vegetable oils."

The Palmolive method of home cleansing is so easy to follow. Here it is, as outlined by the leading beauty specialists all over the world:

First, massage a rich lather of



The twice-daily cleansing should consist of massage with a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water, followed by thorough rinsing.

Palmolive Soap and warm water tenderly into the skin.

Now, rinse off the soap with plenty of warm water, then colder and colder, until your skin actually tingles.

This Palmolive cleansing is the method advised by Marguerite Hoare of London, who advocates and uses Palmolive Soap in all her beauty treatments. The same method is recommended today by 23,723 beauty experts all over the world, who in all their experience have found no better, safer method.



Retail Price 10c 6071A

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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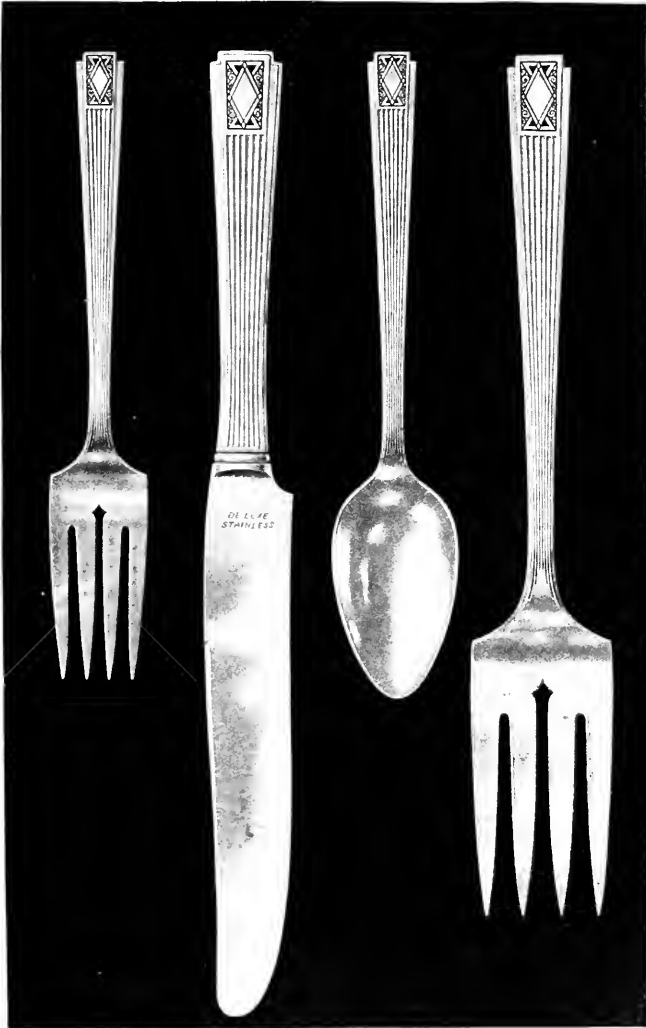
COMMUNITY PLATE

presents *The*

A new, breath-taking beauty comes to Silverware, in *The Noblesse*. In the serene loveliness of its lines, it attains an inspired expression of the new style-spirit. Even the lovely surface in which the design is wrought has been given a new and matchless enrichment — PATINE.* *The Noblesse* is styled to the Modern Hostess. In the appointment of her table it is a revelation of her modern taste and charm. It may be obtained, with other distinguished designs in COMMUNITY PLATE, wherever fine silver is sold.



NOBLESSE



In complete services for eight, \$48.00; for six, \$36.50.
Teaspoons are \$4.00 for six.

*PATINE is a precious enrichment of beautiful surfaces, achieved by the secret alchemy of nature. It is found chiefly in rare old works of art—fine cabinet work, bronzes, priceless vases, and old paintings. Community craftsmen have perfected in their laboratories an exclusive and costly process which achieves a Patine finish.



Europe's Favorite!

BY the time I arrived in Europe last spring I was convinced that Greta Garbo is the most famous woman in the world.

It had begun on the boat. I went over, in pursuit of my duty as a fashion designer in Hollywood, on a German liner. The second day out I was having my nails done when the manicurist asked where I came from. I said, "California."

"San Francisco?" she asked.

"No," I replied, "Hollywood."

"Hollywood! Do you know any of the movie stars?"

I admitted that I knew a few.

"Tell me," she said, a tremor of suppressed excitement coming into her voice, "Do you know Greta Garbo?"

I should have known better, but I answered, "Very well. She has been at my home for dinner."

Shortly afterwards I picked up my



I woke up to this terrible fact in the Alps. We happened to meet three Swiss boys and started to talk. I told them I was from Hollywood. Smugly I waited for the burning question, "Do you know Garbo?"

"You know everybody in Hollywood?" they asked. I blushed modestly and admitted that I did.

"Ah," they said.

"And don't you want to know about the stars?" I went on. "Shall I tell you about Garbo?"

A smile passed across their faces. "Garbo? Yes, we like her. But the star we'd love to know everything about is—Mickey Mouse!"

I was ruined. I did not know Mickey Mouse and instead of being a sensation, I was spurned. Instead of being the "man who knew Garbo," I was "the man who did not know Mickey." It was thus all over Europe.

In London a Ruth Chatterton picture was playing at one of the biggest theaters. Her name was in lights, but above it in letters five times as big was "A Mickey Mouse Comedy."

In Berlin one theater advertised for

By
*Howard
Greer*

mangled right hand and departed. The manicurist was lying in a swoon.

This made me believe that I'd have a swell time in Europe. I had a vision of myself at Buckingham Palace announcing to one of the king's gentlemen-in-waiting that I knew Garbo. This would, I felt sure, admit me to the throne room. I felt that, perhaps, I'd become known throughout the Continent as "the man who knows Garbo." I prepared to be the sensation of Europe.

But here you see a man broken in spirit. I have returned. I don't know anything about Hollywood. I have fitted the most famous figures in the world. The most important beauties have been in my shop. But Hollywood's favorite son, the star who creates the most interest abroad, is unknown to me. I'm as crushed as a tulle scarf after a party.

its feature, "Five Mickey Mouse Pictures." There were hundreds standing in line waiting to get in.

In out of the way towns in the south of France I found Mickey Mouse comedies. Tucked away off the highways in Spain were Mickey Mouse comedies.

They speak of him as "Mickey," as they once called Charles Chaplin "Charlot."

Undoubtedly Garbo is the best known woman in the world. But Mickey Mouse is her European rival for popularity.

The tragic part, personally, is that I couldn't answer their questions. I did not know how Mickey came into being. I know now. Upon my return to Hollywood I went to the Walt Disney studios and got acquainted with Mickey. I may go to Europe again and I don't want to be the social outcast I was this time.



Instant death to germs of disease!

Think of it! — a non-poisonous mouth wash absolutely harmless, pleasant to taste, healing to tissue; yet with power to destroy germs by the millions.

Such is Listerine, for fifty years the outstanding antiseptic and germicide for oral hygiene.

Every type of dangerous germ swiftly succumbs to it. Among them are the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, the organism associated with sore throat, Micrococcus Catarrhalis (catarrh) found frequently with colds, and the Pneumococcus (pneumonia).

Enemy of infection

Even Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), germs specified for test purposes because of their resistance to germi-



for COLDS



for SORE THROAT

cides, yield to it. Listerine kills them in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest killing time science has accurately recorded).

Now you can understand why full strength Listerine is so successful in guarding against colds, sore throat, and other infections. Why, also, it combats these diseases once they have gained a foothold.

Reduces mouth germs 98%

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks the millions of bacteria breeding there — kills them outright. The number of bacteria on the surfaces of the mucous membrane is actually reduced 98%.

This has been clearly demonstrated by repeated tests made under methods employed at Johns Hopkins, Pennsylvania, and Yale Universities.

Gargle every 2 hours

Make a habit of using full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle every night and morning. This treatment under normal conditions of health is considered sufficient to keep mouth germs under control and maintain a clean and healthy condition in the oral tract.

When, however, you have a cold or sore throat consult your doctor and increase the frequency of the gargle to once every two hours.

Thus you give nature an extra attacking force needed when body resistance is low, to keep disease germs under control. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

Listerine · safe · non - poisonous



A Pair of Jacks!

YES, and they're both Gilbert! At the left is a young and earnest John Gilbert, evidently about to do battle for Marjorie Wilson, his partner of twelve years ago. The scene's from an early Triangle Kay Bee picture, when Jack had just graduated into small parts. The other is with Leika Hyams in his new talkie, "Way for a Sailor." Behold the same Gilbertian eyes!

"A Perfume . . . taught me the secret of Youth" . . .

says

LILA LEE

First National Star

"YOUTH—what is it? An age? . . . a number of years? No—I thought that once . . . before I knew . . . about Seventeen. Seventeen—you've seen it? Worn it? Oh, you must! A glorious fragrance, like nothing else . . . except perhaps . . . those rose-colored dreams, those gossamer fancies . . . one has at Seventeen! It took Seventeen to teach me that Youth's a mood . . . to be recaptured . . . triumphantly worn . . . forever, if I like!"

Eight Toiletries bear
the fragrance of
Seventeen

The Perfume . . . in a French-cut flacon, so smart . . . A Compact (single or double) which may be changed into a loose-powder compact. A Face Powder in subtle youthful shades. A Dusting Powder . . . that makes your bath luxurious. A Talcum. A Toilet Water . . . so refreshing. Two Brillantines . . . solid or liquid. A Sachet . . . the correct way to scent one's clothing and lingerie.

Pictured at the left are Seventeen Perfume, Seventeen Sachet, and Seventeen Face Powder.

6209

Seventeen

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

WALTER PIDGEON'S favorite tid-bit is what he calls a "bum's *hors d'oeuvre*."

It's a soda cracker, lightly buttered and sprinkled with pepper. The color of the pepper is a matter of individual choice.

YOUNG DOUG FAIRBANKS and Director Herbert Brenon tangled temperaments at Radio Pictures' lot not so long ago—and that's the REAL reason why you'll not see young Doug playing the lead in "Beau Ideal," which is a sequel to "Beau Geste."

Doug had been working two days on the picture when it was suddenly announced that he had been "recalled" by First National, which had loaned him to Radio. The reason for the alleged recall was that Dick Barthelmess was to begin work at once on a new flying picture in which Doug was to play second lead.

But that was just studio twaddle.

The real reason was that Brenon and Doug couldn't get along. Doug, headed for early stardom at First National, had his own definite ideas of how to play the rôle of "Beau Ideal." Brenon, on the other hand—known all over Hollywood as one tough director and hard to work for—wasn't going to let any "fresh young upstart," star-bound or no, tell him how to handle his end of things. At least, that's the way both of them looked at it. So Brenon, it's said, proceeded to ride young Doug. And young Doug wasn't taking any riding.

And so somebody else is "Beau Ideal" and young Doug and Herb Brenon are both satisfied.

As for the Barthelmess air picture—it will be made, as a sort of sequel to "The Dawn Patrol." Young Doug'll be in it, big.

OLGA BACLANOVA had a baby. You all know that by now. Only a few days after the happy event, they were sitting in the hospital gloating over the thing, Olga and



P and A

Two generations of film folk meet in court—Mary Pickford to have the name of her niece changed from Mary to Gwynne, four-year-old Jean Rickert to have a movie contract approved by the law. Little Jean is made up as Ruth Taylor, the blonde recently preferred as a wife by Paul Zuckerman

hubby Nick Soussanin, and talking over what they wanted the boy-child to be.

"An actor!" said Papa, of course.

"No," countered Olga, "I would like him to be president of the United States!"

Fiker!!!

AND as the Hollywood party ended, and folks were saying goodbye, if able, the young man sez to the caloric blonde, he says: "Well, goodbye; glad to have pet you."

AS THIS is rushed to press by eight strong boys, Walter Winchell says, in the *New York Mirror*, that Betty Compton and Hugh Trevor, the Radio Pictures juvenile, were secretly married some time ago. Confirmation is lacking, up to now. So you can take your Winchell or leave him. So many do!

LAWRENCE TIBBETT and Grace Moore are being co-starred in "New Moon."

Another actor has a fairly good rôle in the picture.

His name is Adolphe Menjou.

EDDIE CANTOR, in a gloomy mood, opined business was so bad that restaurants were laundering their paper napkins.

RUDY VALLÉE seems to be in something of a jam, as this is written, but it may turn out nothing but publicity horse-feathers.

Agnes McLaughlin, a Broadway show girl, has filed papers asking \$200,000 breach of

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



P and A

John's married! The handsome young British actor, John Garrick, whose good looks won him many feminine friends in "The Sky Hawk" and "Song O' My Heart," was recently married to pretty Harriet Bennett, of San Francisco. And here's the happy couple, snapped a minute after the ceremony

The GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*



GOSSARD
introduces

MisSimplicity

(Pat. Applied For)

"Mis Simplicity" sculpts the figure to *perfect princess lines*... The secret of this garment's unique moulding qualities lies in the clever straps that cross and button in back! The diagonal "cross-pull" of the straps scientifically uplifts the bust to a natural curve, flattens the diaphragm and abdomen, slenderizes the waistline and firmly persuades the body to correct posture!

The model photographed is of fine peach batiste and hand-loomed elastic, with modified uplift bust of matching lace. Lightly boned in front... Model 1892.

The same design may be had in other fabrics... Ask to see Models 6692, 4882 and 3620.

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires
Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Dorothy Revier in "The Way of All Men," a First National Picture . . . The magic of Ben Hur—in face powder soft as a butterfly's wing, in delicate haunting perfume . . . can be obtained wherever you buy your other toilet goods. Make its enchantment yours.

MAGNETIC . . . MYSTERIOUS . . .

that subtle fragrance wove its irresistible spell

"ALWAYS a pal but never a sweetheart" just about summed up my case. Men liked me. But they just never fell in love with me. I was always so frank that there was never anything mysterious about me to intrigue them into sentimental adventuring.

Then the miracle happened, and Bob, the old darling, was in love—with me. That evening he dropped in as usual to get me to go to the movies. As I came toward him a new expression dawned in his eyes. And suddenly I found myself in his arms, his face buried in my hair as he whispered, "Darling, you seem strange and new and mysterious. Why is it?"

Then I knew what had worked this happy miracle. It was the perfume Marian had given me. A lovely haunting fragrance called Ben Hur. That

night I had touched it to my hands, my throat, my hair, just as the doorbell announced Bob.

This wonderful Ben Hur fragrance, with its mysterious magnetic spell, comes in perfume and in face powder. Make its magic your own! Get it at the counter where you buy your cosmetics—you'll be amazed at the moderate price—or send for the trial samples offered in the coupon, if you want to test it before buying.

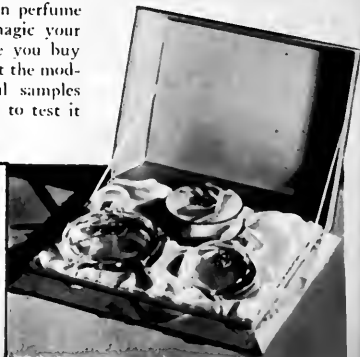
Gift set of Ben Hur—
toilet water, face powder, perfume—\$5.00.

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The Andrew Jorgens Co., 5021 Alfred St.,
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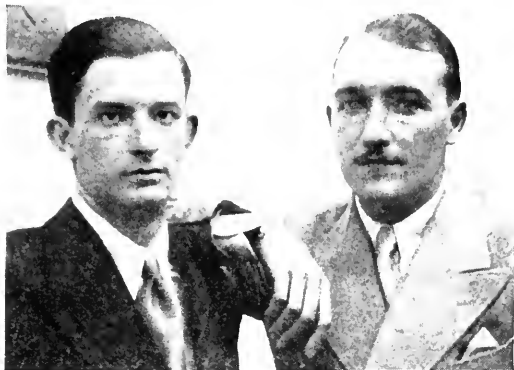
Enclosed is 10¢ for which please send me special trial samples of Ben Hur perfume and face powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____



Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]



P and A

You recognize Gloria Swanson's Henri at the right. The boy on the left is his brother, Count A. de la Falaise de la Coudraye, who crossed with Hank for a look round Hollywood



Marilyn Miller has been working mighty hard on the making of "Sunny," but she gets rest and new pep by spending her week-ends at Malibu Beach. Here's sunny Marilyn on the sands, leaning on her favorite surf board

Here's a cute dodge for the benefit of those who spot their hankies with lipstick. Dorothy McNulty, of Metro, shows a handkerchief with a square of red hemstitched in one corner. Lipstick's there, but no can see



promise money from the doc-eyed crooner. The papers have been full of it, but little has happened in the courts to date.

What makes me shy off is the fact that a rival New York crooner, Will Osborne, has been filling newspapers lately with rumors of engagements, marriages and annulments. Perhaps so much publicity for a competitor has burned up the Vallée management.

"DEDICATED TO
CLARA BOW
JESSE L. LASKY
AND
ALL LOVERS OF THE
GREAT WILDERNESS."

So reads the dedication of "The Cabin Be-

yond," written by 16-year-old Albert Fernandes on the headwaters of the Pyslit River, in Washington.

Which wilderness does Clara love best? Dallas, Texas? Or Beechurst, Long Island, where Wild Harry Richman maintains the cutest cave!

GRETA GARBO, as this is written, begins toil on her next picture, with Clarence Brown again directing her.

This great and popular team is bending its efforts on "Inspiration," an original story by James Forbes.

It is a modern piece, laid in Paris, with Greta playing a very modern—and need we say alluring?—woman of the world.

FLORENCE VIDOR is happy at being a mamma again.

A daughter was born to her and Jascha Heifetz, the violinist, early in the fall, the parents expressing themselves as being very happy.

Odd how daughters dominate the homes of both King Vidor and his former wife, Florence.

King and Florence had a daughter, Suzanne. Now King and Eleanor Boardman have two children—both girls.

And Florence's first baby, as Mrs. Heifetz, is a daughter!

Florence and the famous fiddler were married August 29, 1928.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]



International

Leave it to Lily Damita to spring something on the camera boys! When the Parisian ball of fire came back to us after a European holiday she electrified the cameramen with this display of knickerbockers to match the brown skirt of her sport outfit. La Damita never fails us!

SERGE EISENSTEIN, the famous Russian director, with his "tempo" and his "montage," was in Hollywood a long time before anything happened except a lot of parties in his honor. Picture people tried to go high-brow for him, but all he wanted was jolly times, and a chance to learn.

Lately, however, there have been rumors that he is going to work. Paramount is said to have agreed to let him direct "An American Tragedy," the famous Dreiser story that has been their property for a long time.

Chester Morris and Phillips Holmes have been considered for the great role of the tragic boy.

EMIL JANNINGS is coming back to Hollywood!

The great German character star, driven home by the talkies, is returning, anyway. It is said that he will go to work for Warners in January in a picture called "The Idol."

As its star part is a German magician, his accent won't hurt a trifle. So Hoch, Unser Emil! Dreimal Hoch!

IT was one of those Hollywood parties where three hundred people are bidden and eight hundred arrive. A lonely gentleman was discovered sitting in a corner, his head in his hands.

"What are you doing?" somebody asked.

The gentleman looked at the hordes of people buzzing about the tables. "Just studying mob psychology," he answered wearily.

ONE of the strangest gifts ever received by a star is now in the possession of Marie Dressler.

It is a small box. In appearance and size it resembles a baby's coffin. It is covered with purple velvet and lined with pale tufted silk. In the top is a mirror bearing the inscription—"To the Sweetheart of Yesterday."

There is quite a story back of this unusual gift.

Many years ago Marie Dressler was playing in a company with two men. One of them became her fiancé. The other was one of their closest friends. The man to whom she was engaged died long ago.

Marie continued to ascend the ladder of fame. The friend gradually dropped out of the theater.

Now his daughter works at M-G-M, where Marie continues her long success. The box was made by the old friend as a tribute to Marie, and in memory of the friend and fiancé who had gone.

Perhaps the box was intended as a jewel case, or as a portable dressing table. A great deal of love and care had obviously gone into the making, but in spite of all of that, it has a weirdly ominous appearance. Only through chance was the gift seen by a member of the press at all.

HELEN KANE has been boop-a-dooping in court recently, and how her lip has quivered!

It all had to do with the sorrows of her boy friend, Murray Posner, proprietor of a New York dress house. The concern failed, and belongings arose that before the failure Posner had given Helen some \$50,000 in cash, and a lot of pretty jewels. The creditors wanted the money.

So Helen, Murray, *et al.*, were invited to court, and there's been little but trouble since. Helen insists that it was her money, and she

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



The daughter of a famous prize-fighter enters the talkies! Rhoda Cross, a new little girl with Fox. Her father is Leach Cross, once a very noted lightweight pugilist

When Dull Film Covers Teeth Smiles Lose Fascination



Film
is found by dental research to play
an important part in tooth decay
... and to cause unsightly stains.

CONSTANTLY new theories are advanced as to the cause of tooth decay. Some authorities say it's germs. Others believe it's faulty diet. And the rest hold it a combination of the two.

But one thing is positively known; wherever trouble and decay appear, *germs are always present*. Thus ridding teeth and gums of germs is the first thing one must do to keep teeth strong and healthy.

Germs live in film

Your teeth are covered by a stubborn, clinging film. In it—tightly glued in contact with the teeth—are the germs that cause decay and other troubles. Your protection lies in never failing to remove that film from teeth each day.

Film ruins the appearance of the teeth by absorbing stains from food and smoking . . . how many times have you noted these dark discolorations on enamel?

The sure way to remove this dangerous film is with Pepsodent, as that is the sole purpose for which Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely **SAFE** . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent, for no other way can equal its effectiveness.

* * *

Amos 'n' Andy America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network, 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time, 10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time, 9:30 p. m., Mountain time, 8:30 p. m., Pacific time.

Do These 3 Things

*to have strong,
healthy teeth*



1. Follow this diet daily:
one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery, ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk--and other food to suit the taste.



2. Use Pepsodent twice every day.



3. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent

—the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.



Lew Ayres, the Boy of the Month

Questions & Answers



Norma Shearer, the Girl of the Month

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

LEWIS AYRES, or Lew, as he prefers to be called, is the most popular young man this month. Lew was born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28, 1909. He is 5 feet, 11; weighs 155 and has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. Educated at the San Diego High School and the University of Arizona. For three years his clear tenor voice was heard while he played and sang with various dance orchestras. He plays the guitar, banjo and piano. Lew's next picture will be "The Doorway to Hell."

NORMA SHEARER outshines the feminine stars this month. Norma, who is a native of Montreal, Canada, was born August 10, 1904. She is 5 feet, 3; weighs 112 and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. She entered pictures in 1921. In 1927 she was married to Irving Thalberg, motion picture executive. They have one son who was born in August. Norma's latest picture is "Let Us Be Gay." She will return to the screen after the first of the year.

ZANE GREY'S "Nevada" was released in 1927 with Gary Cooper and Thelma Todd heading the cast.

MITZI GREEN'S marvelous work in talkies is quickly bringing her to the top. She was born in New York City, October 22, 1920. At this writing she is 51 inches tall, weighs 78 pounds, has chestnut hair and light brown eyes. Wait'll you see her as *Bucky Thatch* in "Tom Sawyer" with Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin.

CHARLES KALEY was the leading man in "Lord Byron of Broadway."

FRANK ALBERTSON first saw light in Fergus Falls, Minn., February 2, 1909. He is 5 feet, 9; weighs 145 and has light brown hair and eyes. His latest picture is "Just Imagine."

RONALD COLMAN played the rôle of *Carlo* and William Powell the rôle of *Tito* in "Romola."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is just 23 years old and married to Norman Foster, the young actor who played opposite her in "Young Man of Manhattan."

NILS ASTHER, recently married to Vivian Duncan, is a native of Malmö, Sweden. He is 6 feet and one half inch tall, weighs 170. He appeared on the stage in Stockholm, and entered pictures in Europe in 1918. His first American appearance was in "Topsy and Eva," the Duncan Sisters' picture made in 1917.

DAVEY LEE is back at the mike again. This time he is seen in "The Squaller," with Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. Davey was born January 3, 1925.

CONRAD NAGEL is 33 years old, married and has one little daughter.

DAVID MANNERS claims Halifax, Nova Scotia, as his birthplace and April 30, 1902, as the date. He stands 6 feet and has green-gray eyes. The li'l missus is Suzanne Bushnell. Dave's next picture will be "Kismet."

STANLEY SMITH is a native of Kansas City, Mo., where he was born January 6, 1907. Stan has blond hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet, 11½ and weighs 160. His latest picture is "Soup to Nuts." He is still fancy free.

MOLLY O'DAY and Sally O'Neil are real life sisters. Molly, now down to a mere 117 pounds, is tackling the stage. She is appearing in a play called "Young Sinners."

JANET GAYNOR is just 24 years old. She is now appearing with her team-mate, Charlie Farrell, in a new talkie called "The Man Who Came Back."

BOB MONTGOMERY'S native soil is Beacon, New York. He is 26 years old, 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has brown hair and blue eyes. Has been married to Elizabeth Allen, a non-professional, for over two years. Bob's latest talkie is "Love in the Rough."

CHARLIE FARRELL'S next release will be "Liliom." Rose Hobart of the stage is his leading lady. That is the rôle that Janet Gaynor turned down.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 120, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

MARY DRESSLER, believe it or not, has been celebrating birthdays since November 9, 1871.

GRETA GARBO (I just can't get away with leaving her out) was born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18, 1905. She is 5 feet, 6; weighs 125 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Her next talkie will be "Inspiration."

DOROTHY MACKALL is divorced from Director Lothar Mendes. She has no children.

GAVIN GORDON, Garbo's leading man in "Romance," was born in Chicora, Miss., April 7, 1901. He is 6 feet, 2; weighs 175 and has dark hair and gray eyes. He will be seen next in "The Silver Horde."

LOYD HUGHES is married to Gloria Hope and has one son. Lloyd is 33 years old.

D. W. GRIFFITH, Robert Agnew, Mary Nolan and Joyce Compton are a few of Kentucky's gifts to cinemaland.

MARY DORAN is a product of New York City, where she was born September 3, 1907. She is 5 feet, 2; weighs 108 and has auburn hair and brown eyes. Mary made her movie début in 1927 and was on the stage before that. She will be seen next in "Remote Control." It's a story of a radio broadcasting studio, and Bill Haines is the leading man.

WILLIAM JANNEY, the lad who is rapidly making a name for himself, was born in New York, February 15, 1908. He stands 5 feet, 10; weighs 148 and has brown hair and eyes. He appears with Richard Dix in "Shooting Straight."

MONA MARIS, christened Maria Rosa Amidee Capdivelle, hails from Buenos Aires. She is 21 years old and has dark hair and blue eyes. Educated in England, France and Germany. Appeared on the stage in London, and on the screen in Germany. Her latest picture is "A Devil with Women." Vic McLaglen is the hero.

JOHN GARRICK, real name Reginald Dandy, comes from Brighton, England. He married Helen Bennett, a stage actress, in September. His latest picture is "The Lottery Bride" with Jeanette MacDonald.

FREDRIC MARCH is married to Florence Eldridge. Fred was born in Racine, Wis., August 31, 1898, is 6 feet tall, and has brown hair and brown eyes.

EL BRENDEL was born in Philadelphia, March 25, 1896. He is 5 feet, 9; weighs 160 and has light hair and blue eyes.

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A

Clearer, softer skin

Frances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

"YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," I told a charming woman who recently came to consult me. "Keep your skin immaculately clean... Keep it youthful at my six stars... And you are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen.

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points starred on my mannequin.

"There are special toning ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked marvelously clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have seen their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't you follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by firming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and putting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.



INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. A-110
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

The Lon Chaney I Knew

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

have been often told. Many a man, out of a job, met aid at his hands.

When success first began to smile on him— for he struggled long with small roles, infrequent parts, and slim wages before he finally won recognition—the first thing he did was to bring out his parents, whom he had always cared for. One of his greatest tragedies was the death, some years ago, of his aged father. The elder Chaney, deaf and dumb, was slowly going blind, which meant a living death. The real death came first. Perhaps a relief. But it lined Lon's face with lines of care that never were eradicated. It was during the making of "The Phantom." Lon used to go on the set, play his scene, then return to the telephone for news from home. He completed the picture only a few days before his father's demise.

HIS parents had been very close to him, especially his mother. When he was a child of nine she was locked in the grip of inflammatory rheumatism. His father, and the older children were working. Little Lon stayed home to care for the invalid. She, like his father, was a deaf mute. All day long the child used to amuse her by "acting out" stories and funny sayings with hands and pantomime. Possibly this is what made him one of the greatest pantomimists the world has ever known. His hands were as expressive as most people's voices.

Later, on the stage, his pantomimic tricks were always his "sure fire" trick.

On the stage, as later in pictures, he was always the friend of man. Stage performers coming to the screen invariably sought out Lon as an old acquaintance, from some show away back in the barnstorming days.

Old actors were his pets. Many of them he supported. During his life, he objected violently to any mention being made of his charities. But I think that to mention them now is not amiss. He spent thousands of dollars on sick workmen needing operations, their families, and on other unfortunate cases.

Despite his successes his head was never turned. He was a homely, wholesome fellow, shunning adulation, and always, in his associates, seeking the common touch. He had a sincerity about him that almost passes belief. Nobody who knew him ever called him "Mr. Chaney." It was always "Lon."

One of his best friends and boon companions was John Jeske, who came to work for him some years ago as a chauffeur. That is, John was to drive Mrs. Chaney. Lon always drove his own car. This honest and loyal German became Lon's constant companion. They went on fishing trips together. John handled hundreds of little details for him. There grew up a Damon and Pythias friendship almost amazing between the two men. I think that I never saw human grief so intense as that of John's when Lon Chaney passed away.

ANOTHER of his greatest friends was Clinton Lyle, an actor, formerly with him on the stage. It was back in the old Kolb and Dill opera days that Lyle and Chaney courted two girls who were "pals," Hazel Hastings and Flo Emerson. Hazel is now Mrs. Chaney; Flo, Mrs. Lyle. In Hollywood they were an inseparable quartet. After their marriages the two couples drifted apart for a time; the Chaney's went to Hollywood, where Lon achieved fame, and Lyle and Emerson into vaudeville.

It was shortly after his first success in "The Miracle Man" that Lon owned his first home, a neat cottage near the center of Hollywood, then quite a small village. He loved that home. Later he built a larger and more pretentious one, which he and his wife lived in for a while and sold. This new home in Beverly was almost

completed when he died, an elaborate structure in the Italian period.

His new hunting lodge, in the Sierras, which took almost a year to build, was also just completed. When Lon returned from New York he hurried to see it, but only could stay there three days. Altitude and his illness forced him to return. The new home not being ready, the Chaney's took an apartment.

"This is wonderful," said Lon. "Like the old house—like playing keeping house all over again. But it was not long that they "played keeping house again." A sinking spell sent him to the hospital. He never entered the new home.



Remember the old-style microphones—looking like an old tomato can with baby's shoe hanging on the bottom of it? Well, they're "out" now on the Radio Pictures lot. Instead, they're using these giant gadgets, which gather the sound waves and concentrate them to the center of the device, where the microphone itself is located. It's a new improvement that enables sound engineers to focus on certain sounds, just as the cameraman focuses on spots in the picture

Lon's home and his friends were always very dear to him. Clinton Lyle and Flo Emerson, in vaudeville, were always in the hearts of Chaney and his wife. They corresponded for years. Finally they met again. Four years ago. The Chaney's were on a vacation, and in Seattle saw "Lyle and Emerson" on a vaudeville bill. There was a reunion, and the rest of the Chaney vacation was passed "barnstorming" and playing one-night stands with their friends. Then Chaney persuaded Lyle to give up vaudeville and be a picture actor. Since that the quartet has been together again.

General Smedley D. Butler, of the Marine Corps, was another of Lon's close friends. They first met during the making of "Tell It to the Marines," and the friendship that sprang up was a very close one. Incidentally, the last

message of cheer that Lon read before he died was from General Butler. Another was from Fred J. Stocker, General Manager of the Chicago Northwestern lines, another "buddy." What a strange assortment of friends he had for a screen actor; a vaudeville actor, a general, a railroad manager and a chauffeur. M. K. Wilson, an assistant director; Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, physician; William Dunphy, capitalist; Eddie Gribbon, comedian—these were among his real cronies.

HE loved children and dogs. Whenever there was a child in a picture with him, that child monopolized his whole attention. Perhaps he was so close to children because of his own child. He reared a son, as a baby, in his dressing room.

Lon used to give the baby its bottle, hurry up to the stage to go into his dance, hurry back and tend the baby, and rush back to move the scenery. He warmed the baby's milk on the alcohol stove he used to melt his greasepaint. I have seen him sneer when some woman lectured wisely on how to raise a baby. I know what he thought in his own mind—"Are you telling me?"

A dressing room was Lon's home so long on the stage that he never could bring himself to be in one of the ornate palaces some stars affect. His own dressing room was always just like the one in the theater.

A bare room, with a shelf for make-up and a mirror before it, two electric lights. Three chairs. On the floor were pieces of greasepaint, towels, fan letters dumped in the corner, costumes scattered all over the place.

On the make-up shelf stood his famous make-up box. It was a mechanic's cabinet, one of those things with sliding compartments for tools. Lon bought it at a hardware store, had it covered with leather and his name branded on it. In it was every conceivable material for disguise. False teeth of all types, grease paints, liners, all piled in higgledy-piggledy. But he knew where to find everything. His sensitive fingers could select any article without hesitation. He scorned valts—and golf.

He used to spend hours experimenting with his make-up materials, cooking up noxious messes with a gas stove to evolve a new paint or plastic paste. Often the other actors passed by holding their noses.

He was an ardent lover of music. In silent pictures he always had the same musicians on the set—Sam and Jack Feinberg. They played his old favorites, opera numbers, airs from the operettas he played in. When he wanted to cry he called for his "tear jerker." It was "Hearts and Flowers."

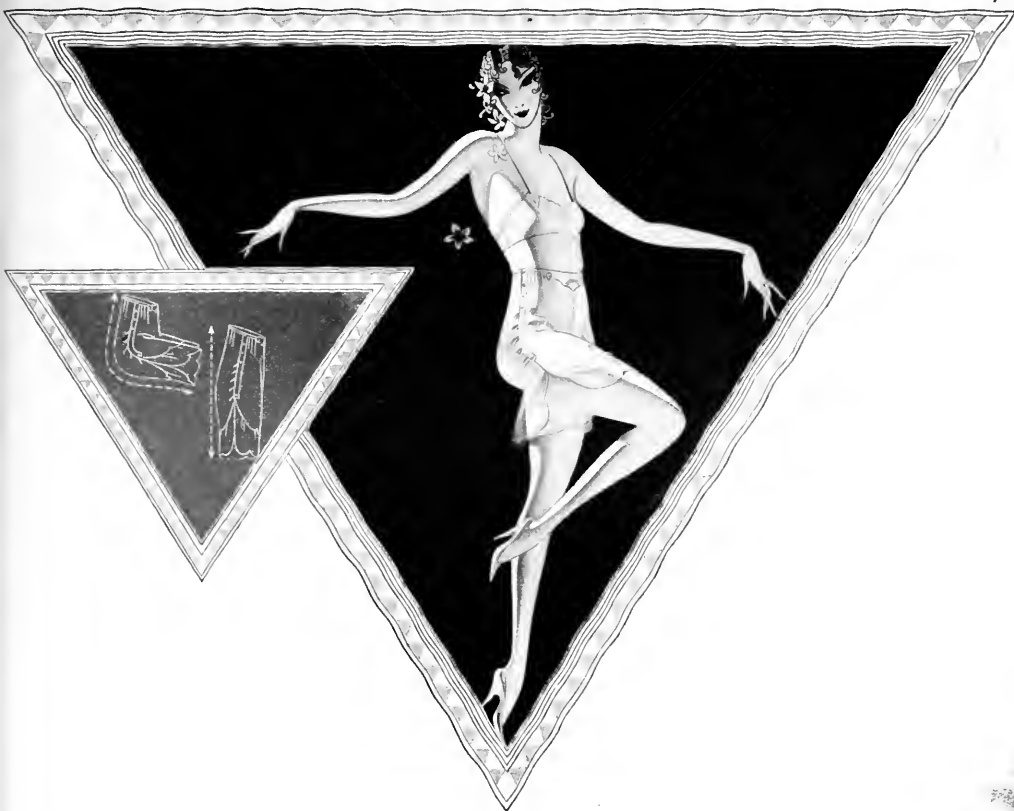
Mrs. Chaney seldom came to the studios, but that was not because Lon didn't ask her. There was a very close bond between the two, married for eighteen years. When he married Mrs. Chaney, Creighton was still a baby. Mrs. Chaney is to Creighton all that a mother could be—and more.

Lon adored Creighton's children with an adoration that was almost fanaticism.

Shortly before his death he was talking to Mr. Greenwood.

"**I** HAVE a hunch, Greenwood," he said, "that I'll never make another picture. And it bothers me. Not that I'm afraid of death—but it's the thought of leaving Hazel, and Creighton, and the babies."

Greenwood kidded him out of the thought at the time. But many of us believe that, while every effort was made to keep from him how ill he was, he knew it all the time, and said nothing. That was Lon's way. He was ever a stoic. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



A tuck starts a revolution

Women's underdress has been revolutionized by a clever tuck.

The ugly bagginess of the ordinary underwear has been eliminated by an easeful tuck.

It's the tuck that tells.

By its use, Kickernick has been able to produce a garment that fits the body snugly in any position.

A short front and a long expanding back enable women to wear garments that are snigger fitting—with greater freedom and beauty.

Kickernicks are made in all modish fabrics, styles, colors—and remarkably well made.

If your best dealer hasn't them, send for booklet to Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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PATENTED UNDERDRESS



Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush . . . and brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.



Glostora

The Lon Chaney I Knew

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106]

When he first went into pictures, he was playing a "heavy" in some long forgotten Western, and Cliff Smith, the director, wanted him to cry.

"Never did it in my life," said Chaney. Cliff flitted the cameras on him in a close-up—and then, in a low voice, began calling him all the evil names a man could invent. Chaney's eyes blazed—then tears of rage came into them. But he was too well trained to move out of camera range.

"Cut," said Smith. With a bellow of anger Chaney was upon him—fists flying. They pried him off and a general laugh apprised him of the director's ruse. He laughed too.

He remembered that trick of psychology. I saw him using it in a little different form in "The Phantom of the Opera." Mary Philbin couldn't cry. Rupert Julian, the director, had worked for hours with sad music and sadder stories. It was no use.

CHANEY drew Julian aside and they whispered a moment. Then Julian returned to the unfortunate Mary, and scathingly denounced her. "You're dumb—you're terrible," he raged. Mary glared with rage.

Chaney then shoved him aside. "Aw, Rup—give the kid a chance. Poor little Mary," he protested, in the most sympathetic voice. "Baw," said Mary—and tears of self-pity flooded like a miniature Niagara. It was a great scene—thanks to the Chaney stratagem.

Chaney's general history the world knows; how he was born in Colorado Springs, of deaf mute parents; how as a boy he was a guide on Pike's Peak, later a property man in his brother's theater; how he worked as a paper hanger in Denver, then went on the stage in a comic opera company. Thence he went into other shows, all over the country, finally to San Francisco, then to Los Angeles, thence to pictures.

That happened when the show he was with went broke, and somebody told him that stage managers could get jobs as directors in the new form of entertainment. This was in 1914. Lon went out to Universal, rode a horse in Westerns, played heavies in the same, and thus learned the game. He then directed J. Warren Kerrigan in seven pictures, but returned to acting.

"This acting thing has a funny angle," he remarked one day. "A star is a star when he's young—then blows up. Now, if I could develop this character thing, I could always work in it. The older you are the better you are for it." So he dug up his make-up box, worked out disguises galore, and began to sell the idea. He didn't get far. Tod Browning would use him in "bits" and seemed the only one with faith in the idea. But the studio manager took notice. "Don't use that fellow Chaney so much," he instructed Browning; "His face is getting to be a regular trademark."

LON went out then and won fame in "The Miracle Man," directed by George Loane Tucker, whom Chaney always revered as one of the greatest directors of all history. "The Penalty" and other hits followed.

The next time he played at Universal his face was a pretty expensive "trademark." His salary in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" brought real tears to the eyes of Carl Laemmle. At least, Carl Laemmle says so.

While he was making "The Unholy Three," his first talkie and his last picture, he was introduced to Frederick Warde, famous dramatic star.

"Do you remember, once in Colorado Springs, you took a curtain call extra, and the property boy was moving a vase on the stage?" inquired Lon.

Warde recalled the incident.

"Well," laughed Lon, "I was that prop boy." He was always proud of having been a prop boy. He carried his stage hand union card all his life. That, his honorary membership in the brotherhood of locomotive engineers, and in the Marine Corps reserve, were among his greatest prizes. He belonged to no other organizations.

His son, Creighton, became a business man, and never wanted to go into pictures. He could have. Lon once offered him the chance.

"DAD," said Creighton, "I wouldn't want to go into pictures on your name. If I could use another name—and top you—I'd give it a fling—but nobody's ever going to top you."

Creighton was right. Lon Chaney became the greatest box-office bet of the screen. And now that he's gone there isn't a soul in the world to take the unique place he held. When he died, studio officials suggested to Wallace Beery that he play a story written for Lon. "I'd rather not," said Beery, "not just because I was such a friend of Lon's—but because there will never be another Lon Chaney on the screen."

There was an innate something about him—a sort of psychological force, coupled with a dogged determination and a voracious appetite for work that raised a boy guide on Pike's Peak to one of the highest pinnacles on the screen.

There is tragedy in the fact that, after his years of work and worry, hardship and pain, he was cut off by fate just as he was able to enjoy the fruits of his life struggle to the fullest.

But perhaps there is some consolation in the fact that his meeting with his Maker was a tranquil one. He had had a good day at the hospital. Messages from his friends had cheered him. They played the radio. He felt so much better that he asked for a smoke. "Of course," the nurse answered, "you'll have to wait to see what the doctor says about that."

Chaney smiled and dropped asleep. It is odd that a thing learned at the beginning of his life should figure at the end. He had told the nurse that, if he ever found he could not speak, he would raise one finger. If he feared serious trouble, he would raise two.

It is an old deaf-mute's trick. Doubtless his mother, on her sick bed, used it, and thus taught it to him.

The night went on. The nurse, sitting in a corner of the room, suddenly heard a rustle. Chaney had raised one finger.

She leaned over him. "Speak, speak," she urged him. Chaney smiled—and raised two fingers. It was the end.

There was a smile on his face in death.

IN memory, Lon passes before me in many of the strange rôles I have seen him in, disguises I have seen him apply. I can see the legless *Blizzard*, and the *Hunchback*. I can see the grim *Phantom* and the strange armless man in "The Unknown."

I can see him erect in his Marine Sergeant's uniform. As I looked at the Marine guard of honor before his casket I could see him, marching, saluting General Butler. I can see him as the lovable sympathetic clown in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

But best of all, in memory, I can see him, in his dressing room, devoid of make-up, smiling his kindly smile and uttering his homely philosophies.

To me that is his best rôle of all—Lon Chaney, a gentle, kindly soul, a loyal friend, and a great artist who still had room in his heart to be human.

8 Famous Beauty Editors unanimously affirm

hands can be kept lovely on less than 5 minutes a day



*Martine Renier of Femina
Camille Duguet of Chiffons
Celia Caroline Cole of Delineator
Rachel Hehir of Mayfair*

*Doris Lee Ashley of Pictorial Review
Beauty Department of Good Housekeeping
Hazel Rawson Cades of Woman's Home Companion
Eva Nagel Wolf of Canadian Home Journal*

BEAUTY EDITORS here and abroad acclaim this marvelous new manicure method which can keep your hands always lovely on less than 5 minutes' care each day!

"This new liquid polish has contributed four wonderful advantages to busy women," say the Beauty Editors of Pictorial Review, Good Housekeeping, Mayfair and Canadian Home Journal. "First, it takes only a few moments to apply. Second, its delightful lustre keeps finger tips gleaming for days. Third, it doesn't peel or discolor, and it acts as a splendid protection for the nails. Fourth, there is no fear of its making the nails brittle."

Paris is all enthusiastic about the colors. "The many shades," says the Directrice of Chiffons, "now range from a soft, roseate hue to a flaming crimson." And the Beauty Editor of Woman's Home Companion adds: "Color gradua-

tions are adapted to conservative fingers as well as the exotic and decorative."

*This is the Cutex Method
smart women everywhere use to keep
their nails exquisitely groomed.*

First, remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Then scrub the nails in warm, soapy water. Mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tips with a cotton-wrapped orange stick saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Rinse Fingers.

Apply Cutex Liquid Polish, brushing it evenly from the half-moon toward the finger tip. Then use a bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil and a touch of Nail White. With this weekly manicure your nails require less than five minutes' care each day—just time enough to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tips.

NORTHAM WARREN • NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

The new Cutex Perfumed Liquid Polish in six smart shades, including the three new reds—Coral, Cardinal, Garnet, 35¢. Perfumed Polish and Perfumed Polish Remover together, 50¢ (Natural, Colorless or Rose). Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, 35¢. The other Cutex preparations, 35¢. At toiletries counters everywhere.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

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191 Hudson Street New York, N. Y.

So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢ . . . perfumed of course

GIFTS.. TO INSPIRE PRIDE



MEEKER MADE R Fine Leather Products

WHAT would *she* like? What would *be* appreciate? Perplexing problems indeed, especially at holiday time... yet made simple by the pride-inspiring leather creations of Meeker. Wonderful new designs of beautiful leathers, color-toned, and smart, durable billfolds, key cases, cigarette cases and lighters for men now await the discriminating buyer at Meeker dealers in your city or town.

There is something more than just quality and smartness of design in Meeker-Made fine leather products... a definite individuality easily recognized. In Meeker handbags and underarms this individuality has come to be known as "Purse Personality". That is why Meeker products are quickly accepted as Gifts to Inspire Pride.

The new winter designs in gifts both for men and women are now on display at your jeweler's, at better department and drug stores and at the leather gift shop.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC.
JOPLIN, MO.

Largest Manufacturer of Steerhide Products
in the United States

Short Subjects of the Month

HOT on the heels of the successful dog comedies released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comes a new Tiffany series with chimpanzees for actors! One is reviewed here.

And did you think that with the coming of "sophisticated" short comedies, you'd never hear and see a custard pie thrown? Wrong again. Read the review of "Grandma's Girl."

THE BLIMP MYSTERY Tiffany

An all-monkey cast performs in the first of a series that should please as much as the dogs. This is a detective yarn, with *Honlock*, the great detective, solving things. The chimpanzees are screamingly funny just to look at, and Tiffany has furnished good human voices dubbed on.

GRANDMA'S GIRL Sennett-Educational

Lovers of good old rough and tumble comedies, take heart! In this comedy by Ole Marse Sennett you'll hear the "whoosh" of a custard pie hurled—and landing! And it's welcome relief from too much "sophistication." Little Babe Kane and Florence Roberts take honors—and pies.

THE HOT AIR MERCHANT Paramount

This is one of the series of one-reel, twelve-minute comedies into which Paramount is tossing its star material. And they are well worth while. In this one Charles Ruggles gives an illustrated lecture on how the ladies track down and marry the men. An excellent short.

THE BOSS' ORDERS Pathe

Here's a comedy that stands out because it not only has a satisfactory little farce plot but enough action to keep it merrily on the move. It's about two men clerks in a modiste's shop who get involved with a pair of gay Parisiennes. Arthur Hoyt and Gertrude Astor are in it.

PURE AND SIMPLE Darmour-Radio Pictures

This is one of the series that Louise Fazenda is making for Larry Darmour and Radio release, and it's a corking good comedy. Louise is shipwrecked on her way to Honolulu, and the resulting fun is simply elegant, especially Louise. What a life-saver this girl is!

THE LEGACY Warners-Vitaphone Variety

This is Betty Compton's debut in the talkies, Betty being one of New York's favorite singing and dancing ingénues. Her beauty and dancing ability show up here, though it is a rather conventional tiny musical short. She is supported by John Hundley, Jack White and others.

MIND YOUR BUSINESS Pathe

Robert Agnew, the very popular juvenile of silent times, bobs up once more in this picture, and even sings. It's a modest, mild farce comedy about a lad who—oddly enough—loves a girl. It's another case of songs and a chorus breaking up the comedy continuity for no good.

PARLEZ VOUS Universal

Illustrating the glorious return of Slim Summerville, the lanky, sad-eyed veteran who was such a hit in "All Quiet on the Western Front." In this very funny short, Slim plays a dumb bugler. It's a two-reel war burlesque that is one of the best of recent months.

THE HARD GUY Warners-Vitaphone Variety

A very well handled comedy drama in capsule form—the type of episode story that is well fitted for brief dramatic flashes. A bit from the life of a young couple without work and money, and in the big city, too. Spencer Tracy and Katherine Alexander (stage) act well.

GIRL SHOCK Roach-M-G-M

Wonder of wonders, they've found a new slant on the war comedy for this latest in the long line of Charlie Chase short subjects. Chase plays a shy war hero, with most of the action taking place after hostilities have ceased. Good ridiculous entertainment for slap-stick fans.

MICKEY'S MERRY MEN Darmour-Radio Pictures

Here are Mickey McGuire (himself) and his kids on a trip to discover America. Apparently they didn't feel that old man Columbus did such a good job of it. This comedy will take you back a couple of decades, to the days of your own discovering childhood.

RED, GREEN AND YELLOW Paramount

Another of Paramount's short laugh smashes, that hit the risibilities a couple of smacks, and end on the high laugh. It's entirely dialogue, about a couple that agree to time their arguments by the changing traffic lights. Lulu McCConnell and Arthur Aylesworth in it.

FOOTBALL Pathe

A series on the art, mysteries and practices of the great American autumn sport, with lectures by Knute Rockne, the noted coach, and illustrations by his Notre Dame pigskin squad. They are very entertaining to addicts of the sport, as well as to those wanting to learn.

PALS IN BUCKSKIN Universal

Here's the first episode of one of the first of the talking chapter plays to come to us. It's called "The Indians Are Coming," and Col. Tim McCoy has the lead, and there are plenty of fights and things. As it should be—when dialogue interferes with action, they stop talking!

NOW THAT WOMEN RECOGNIZE THE NEED FOR BOTH



The present mode reflected in slim silhouette lines and sheer fabrics has made necessary a thin, compact, inconspicuous napkin. Modess Compact is the answer to this persistent and increasing demand—thinner by half, without sacrificing comfort, protection or absorbency.

WE PRESENT MODESS COMPACT

(as well as regular MODESS) IN PACKAGES OF TWELVE

MODESS Regular (standard thickness) is regarded by those who use it as the softest, most comfortable and protective pad for general use. Modess Compact (gently compressed) is thinner by half, yet equally effective for travel, dress occasions and special use.

Each day thousands of women are finding out the superior merits of Modess (Regular and Compact). They provide certain protection, greater comfort, remarkable absorbency and deodorizing value. The secret of Modess superiority is a re-

markable substance used as filler. It is not built up in layers, but is a gentle, fluffy, cotton-like material encased in specially softened gauze.

Your dealer can now supply Modess Regular and Modess Compact, each in packages of twelve and priced the same. You will want both to meet varying needs and occasions. Keep a box of each—a perfect combination for physical and mental comfort.

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 NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.
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*for Beautiful Hair
use VAL-N-CHA and
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NO longer need you wish for hair with a glowing lustre which indicates to all the world—here is a healthy, germ free scalp. Val-N-Cha Oil Treatment restores all of the natural beauty to your hair. It frees the scalp of hidden hair enemies, and keeps it free and glowing with vibrant new life!

BEGIN NOW!

Try This 5-Minute Treatment

TWICE a week—invest five minutes in your hair. It will pay you wondrous dividends in charm and beauty! The Home Treatment is simple. No soaps or special rinsings are necessary. Only water is required. You will like Val-N-Cha because of what it actually does for your hair. You'll think it a soap,—it is NOT! It is odorless, greasless, soapless and a marvelous cleanser.

Many treatments in generous size bottle—\$1.00.

VAL-N-CHA

The Original Hair and Scalp Vegetable Oil Treatment!

Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic, healing and soothing—twelve fragrant ingredients in a perfect blend, bringing youth and health to your hair and keeping it tractable without greasiness or plastered stiffness.

Good beauticians and barbers use Val-N-Cha Oil Treatment and Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic professionally. Your druggist may not have it—until he can get it for you—don't take any chances, send direct to us.

Val-N-Cha pure vegetable oil treatment and Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic are priced at one dollar (\$1.00) per bottle.

Your order will come to you postage paid

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Enclosed please find \$_____ for which you may send me

- 1 bottle Val-N-Cha pure vegetable oil treatment.

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These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

FRANCES DEE ("Playboy of Paris," Paramount) is one of Paramount's new girls, and one of the luckiest. She drew the lead opposite Chevalier in his new film. Frances was born in Los Angeles, and her only professional work, before the big break, was some extra jobs and a small rôle in "Follow Thru." Now she's set for big things.



OTIS SKINNER ("Kismet," First National) needs no encomiums here. For over fifty years he has been an ornament of the American theater, and ten years ago made a silent picture of "Kismet," his famous stage success now turned into a talkie. In his younger days he was one of America's leading matinee idols, starring in romantic drama.



LOUISE HUNTINGTON (Fox) came to the screen from a short career on the stage, having made her Broadway debut in "The Constant Nymph" soon after leaving college. Born in Dallas, Texas, she was educated at the state university of that commonwealth. Louise is unmarried, doesn't smoke, neither sings nor dances, and likes to play dramatic leads.



JUNIOR DURKIN ("Tom Sawyer," Paramount) now grown into a sizable lad, was a child actor of the stage for some years. He grew famous on Broadway in "Courage." Going West, Junior appeared in "Recaptured Love" for Warner Brothers and then was given the juicy rôle of *Huckleberry Finn* in "Tom Sawyer," Jackie Coogan's first talkie.



IRENE DELROY (Warner Brothers) is one of the latest Broadway beauties of musical comedy to desert the main stem for Hollywood. One of her earliest jobs in show business was Tom Patricola's partner in a vaudeville act. As singing and dancing leading woman, her most recent stage jobs were in "Top Speed," "Follow Thru" and "Here's How."



PAUL GREGORY ("Whoopee," United Artists) is a Broadway musical comedy favorite who appeared in the same musical comedy on the stage. Before coming to Flo Ziegfeld, Gregory sang leading rôles in "Rose-Marie," "Song of the Flame," and "Golden Dawn," all lavish musical shows presented by Arthur Hammerstein. "Whoopee" is Paul's first motion picture fling.



ELEANOR HUNT ("Whoopee," United Artists) jumped into the feminine lead in this big Eddie Cantor musical picture just twelve months after her debut as a chorus girl. She played in "Whoopee" and "Animal Crackers" on the stage, and was selected for the picture lead over dozens of more experienced girls. Eleanor is a New York girl and was educated there.



JOE FRISCO ("The Gorilla," Warner Brothers) has been a well known vaudeville headliner for years. He originated, with his derby and ever-present cigar, a much-imitated style of jazz dancing, and it made him famous. Joe is a famous stutterer, and Broadway says he does it as a stall to gain time for thinking up fast comebacks. Joe originated in Des Moines, Iowa.



Weights no more than your Vanity case

A mere 7 ounces on the scale . . . so light you hardly know you have them on . . .

As trim and closely fitting as your little suede gloves . . . Smart as your latest Paris hat . . .

Nothing you can't do . . . no place you can't go . . . in these new Zippers of silk-like rubber

ACTUALLY when you first step out in them you look again to be sure they're really on!

For here are Goodrich Shower Boots so light, so trimly molded to arch and instep, that the awkward plodding step of old-time, rainy day footwear is gone forever.

Gay débutantes, young matrons with a daily program of a dozen interests, and modern maidens embarked on the venture of business . . . will meet the stormy fall and winter days with grace and comfort, protected by these smart new boots that weigh just 7 ounces!

Of silk-like rubber in patterns of graceful moiré to complete all costumes—black, gunmetal, dark and light brown. You'll want two or three pairs . . . the smart shops of every city have them. In modish fabrics, too. The B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corporation, Watertown, Mass.



SO LIGHT . . .
"YOU
DON'T KNOW
YOU HAVE
THEM ON!"



Now the Zipper fastening is hidden by two tiny strips of rubber. And over it snaps a buckle, smart as modern costume jewelry



You'll be delighted with this slim Shower Boot in gunmetal moiré rubber—held closely to the foot by three little hidden snaps



The new Goodrich Zippers are lighter, trimmer, smarter—yet gossamer stockings are unspotted; expensive slippers are unharmed, no matter how slushy the ground is

Goodrich Zippers ... another B. F. Goodrich Product

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

NEW DOUBLE

EYELASH TREATMENT

Beautifies... Softens



No longer need you fear "Brittle Lashes"

Perhaps you hesitate. Perhaps you just hate to put ordinary mascaras on your lashes. Perhaps you feel that made-up lashes—stiff and beady—are in bad taste...

Of course you're right... And therefore, you will be the more interested in a new and absolutely different eyelash treatment.

It is the new Winx with the "double treatment" formula. First—of course—it darkens and shadows lashes. The effect is always good taste, natural, appealing... But that isn't all... Winx actually *softens* lashes... "Brittle" or coarse lashes—so often the result of ordinary make-up—are impossible with Winx. Indeed, regular treatment with Winx helps lashes to grow fine—curly.

Winx comes in two forms: *Liquid*, which is easy to apply and is absolutely waterproof. *Cake*, which in its chic silvery compact can be carried even in a small purse... Ask for the new Winx!

for lovely
lashes



Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

people you meet. Don't let others find those qualities in you. Don't cultivate them. We are all tempted at times to act a bit, and that's all right, when it serves a specific purpose and is well done. But don't let it become a habit.

Constantly and quietly working for self-improvement and development is one thing. But too much straining for effect defeats its own purpose.

S. W.:

The three shades you mention—pale orange, pale pink and tan—are all good selections. In addition, I think you can wear green, because your skin is inclined to rosiness; most shades of blue; gray; dark brown; black; and white. You can also wear clear yellows, and the deep wines that are always so popular in the fall.

B. L. B.:

Just liking to dance and sing is not enough to give you a chance to appear in musical comedies on Broadway. Without your parents' consent and cooperation you will probably have to side-track that ambition for a while. I suggest that you fit yourself for a business position, as your parents wish, and save whatever money you can without depriving them of your help. Then, if you find an office as irksome as you think, you will be a little older, more mature in your judgment, have had more contacts with men and women outside your neighborhood circle, and will be ready to choose your own career. If you still feel it

should be on the stage, you can make your plans carefully. Perhaps by that time your parents will be willing to help you.

I certainly dislike to discourage girls who have talent, but I am afraid you have the impression that one just trips out on the stage to instant success. And that just doesn't happen!

ELIZABETH:

Here is the list of colors you should be able to wear becomingly; deep, rich reds and wine color; terra cotta, buff and apricot; mahogany and bronze brown; dark, soft greens of bluish cast, avoiding olive greens; dark blue, ivory and cream white.

If you can wear tailored and frilly clothes equally well, you should choose the more severe lines for utility wear and the others for dress wear. You're fortunate in not being limited to one type of clothes, Elizabeth.

BETTY MAY:

You can wear soft shades of green; most blues, especially the vivid tones; deep orchid; gray; golden brown; burnt-orange and tomato; black with color touches, and white with color touches.

Any pure shampoo is beneficial. The advertising columns of PHOTOPLAY will help you to make a choice. Cold cream is not intended to cure pimples and other skin disturbances. Used correctly, however, a good cream will help you to keep your face perfectly clean, which is the first requisite for a healthy skin.



What a big screen wedding looks like from the light gallery! This is the 'board-ship wedding procession for Marilyn Miller's new "Sunny." In the center, foreground, you will recognize Marilyn on the arm of Joe Donahue

**DOES YOUR
SPORT
SPUR ON
YOUR
CIGARETTES?**

**...KEEP GOING
FOR
"HAPPY-MOUTH"
IN COOLER SMOKE!**



When your particular sport gets particularly spectacular... doesn't this speed up your cigarettes? What a great moment to try Spud and Spud's cooler smoke! Smoke straight through a whole Spud pack... and understand how Spud keeps you mouth-happy... how your mouth and throat keep their original moist-cool comfort. Then you realize that it is Spud's cooler smoke which heightens and sustains your enjoyment of Spud's choice tobacco blend and flavor. Come on, find out for yourself why Spud is the much-discussed new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment! At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES



JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten

... continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.



"As gentle and refreshing as rain in spring, is the

Velvetskin

PATTER

Joan Crawford

"Those who have been out-of-doors on a cool misty morning will remember this exhilarating experience when using the **Velvetskin Patter**, for it has the same crisp, life-giving feeling," says Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's popular young star.

"Waking up sleeping pores and bringing life to the skin, the **VELVETSKIN PATER** should become a morning and evening ritual of all beauty seekers."

The benefits of regular facial patting, as advised by Miss Crawford, have been generally acknowledged but all too seldom practiced because of the difficulty of hand patting. Now comes this newest of beauty aids, making a genuine pleasure of a former task.

For your complexion's sake you can't afford to be without a **Velvetskin Patter**. Its rapidly moving fingers work in creams and lotions . . . stimulate nourishing circulation and accomplish pore-deep cleansing, so necessary for the perfect complexion.

Select your **Velvetskin Patter** to match your boudoir. Available in Orchid, Jade Green, and Primrose, with electrical cord to match. The handle is of a new material (non-metal) that resists heat and electricity.

For sale at the better shops and stores. Send coupon for interesting new booklet, "Velvetize Your Skin." Learn this new method of making an exhilarating pleasure of your daily facial.



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(Division of Commercial Instrument Corp.)
Meriden, Conn.

Connecticut Telephone & Electric Corporation

50 Britannia Street, Meriden, Connecticut

Enclosed find check or money order for which please send one **Velvetskin Patter** with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.

Mark X here [] for Alternating Current, \$5.00.

Mark X here [] for Direct Current, \$7.50.

Mark X here [] for Free Beauty Booklet only.

Color wanted: [] Orchid, [] Jade Green, [] Primrose.

Name.....

Street and No.....

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

My dealer's name.....

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

IT'S getting dusky in November, 1920.

A storm's about to break.

Her name is Pola Negri!

In this issue of PHOTOPLAY there is a full page ad announcing the approach of a picture called "Passion," and labelled "A Mighty Epoch of the Screen," if that means a thing.

There's a picture of a dark-haired charmer looking out of the page through slitted eyes.

Pola wasn't even a name the day before "Passion" was shown. The next day she was a toast. "Passion" brought Pola to America, and began her tragi-comic reign as one of the queens of that era which already seems fabulous and incredible. It also brought the director to this country. His name is Lubitsch, and today he lives and thrives mightily in Hollywood, a conqueror of the microphone.

A TRAGEDY creeps into the pages we try to keep gay.

On page 43 is a smiling picture of Olive Thomas and Jack Pickford, taken on shipboard as they started for a belated honeymoon in Europe.

On page 89 is the story of Olive's tragic death in Paris—a story rushed into the magazine just as it went to press, when it was too

according to her pen name) and Mr. John Barrymore. That was in 1920. In 1930 John cruises on his yacht with the fair Dolores Costello Barrymore and Dolo the Second. . . . Norman Anthony has drawn us a swell cartoon. He calls it "Enoch Arden." . . . Charlie Chaplin, in his tramp make-up, is shown looking through the window of his house at his lady love, "Public Favor," accepting the attentions of a young fellow recognizable as Harold Lloyd. Lawsy me, and that was ten years ago, and Charlie was thought to be loafing on the job of making us laugh! What can we say now, when it's three years between pictures?

WELL! Here's the story of a picture called "Polly with a Past." It stars a beautiful blonde named Ina Claire. Now she's making a talkie of the play called "The Royal Family." But then, this is 1930.

In "Polly with a Past" Ina had three leading men.

Ralph Graves. Still a prominent actor, and branching out both as director and writer. One of Griffith's youngsters, then.

Harry Benham. Oh, where?

Clifton Webb. Now one of our most prominent dancing comedians of the top-hat school, and a star of the first "Little Show."

LOTS of interesting chit-chat in Cal York's "Cosy Corner this month.

Mary Miles Minter's reported engagement to Percy Helton, young stage actor, roundly denied by her mater.

Pauline Frederick is suing Willard Mack for divorce, charging misconduct.

George Arliss is going to make his first screen appearance. The story is "The Devil." A deal to make "Disraeli" as his first film fell through.

Helen Ferguson and William Russell are about to get married.

The Pickford family has been acquiring American citizenship, having previously been subjects of His Majesty George V, as Canadians.

SOME interesting new pictures this month, according to the Shadow Stage's reviewers.

King Vidor's "The Jack Knife Man" appears, and focuses attention on this young director who, in five years, is to make "The Big Parade."

Cecil De Mille turns from lingerie and makes a picture on the novel thought that love conquers all. It's called "Something to Think About," and the grand old gang plays in it. Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Monte Blue, Theodore Roberts.

Pearl White débuts in her first ten-reel feature, after all these years as queen of the chapter plays! It's called "The White Moll," with Pearl playing an underworld damsel who reforms.

"Earthbound" gets a lot of comment this month. It's spiritualism of the Basil King brand, which had a vogue a decade ago. Wyndham Standing, Mahlon Hamilton and Naomi Childers play the leads, and the picture is considered pretty penetrating and subtle stuff.

BABE RUTH, the baseball player, has just made a movie. It's called "Headin' Home."

Henry B. Walthall is playing on the stage in San Francisco in "The Humming Bird."

Irene Rich has just secured a divorce from Lieut. Col. Charles G. Rich in Buffalo.

Doug Fairbanks is at work under Fred Niblo's direction.

And ZaSu Pitts has just eloped with Tom Gallery, her leading man.

BIG doings, these, it being the football season of 1920, and the smell of burning leaves on the air!



Olive Thomas, whose tragic death in Paris was recorded ten years ago. She was a film star, and the first wife of Jack Pickford

late to prevent the appearance of the happy picture on the earlier page.

Olive died at the height of her youth and beauty—a "Follies" girl whose youthful loveliness lighted up the screen for a little while.

Coming at the same time as the death of Robby Harron, it seemed in the fall of '20 that the screen was losing some of its youngest and best. For it had at that time, remember, no gray-bearded veterans of the camera lenses.

HARRY CAREY is a "human" Western star, and his new picture is "Sundown Slim." . . . This month we launch an attack on the phony motion picture companies who are going about selling stock, in a high pressure way, to those citizens fascinated by the rapid rise of what was then called with pride "the fifth industry." . . . A story on the romance of Mrs. Leonard Thomas (or "Michael Strange,"

WOOD



**FRAUGHT WITH SENTIMENT—
WROUGHT FOR ENDURING BEAUTY—**

THESE RINGS CAN BE BOUGHT WITH CERTAINTY

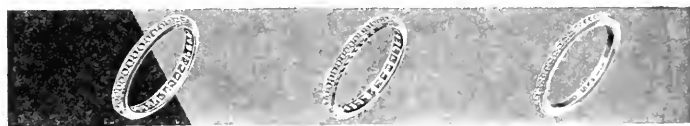
The 5 Diamond Rings Shown Above
READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

- Admirers of beauty in exquisite diamonds and pure white gold will recognize this Ring's beauty—yet only you will know its low price . . . \$50
- Exquisitely graceful . . . of the slender graceful finger. So charming—so brilliant a diamond—yet so reasonably priced. \$87.50
- Skillfully . . . artistically wrought by finest craftsmen . . . of purest white gold . . . set with blue white diamond . . . its coil, surprisingly, is only . . . \$40
- Wreaths of the finest white gold . . . into a delicately carried design that is most charming and fashionable. Brilliant blue white diamond . . . \$87.50
- Five beautiful blue white diamonds . . . the finest white gold, lend value and beauty to this exquisite Engagement Ring. \$175

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

because of their art, but because they came in on an unprecedented wave of prosperity. Isn't this a time for readjustment—smaller profits, smaller salaries? America has become money conscious. If they want our money let them give us our money's worth.

FLORENCE WAGNER.

'Pit It Out, Clara

Wilkes-Barre, Penna.—Clara Bow should be given a chance to demonstrate her real acting ability in a good picture. I do wish we could see her in a rôle different from those hard-boiled, gum chewing parts. Her rôles in "Love Among the Millionaires" and "True to the Navy" were so identical that scenes could even have been exchanged.

RUTH BIRKENHEAD.

Too Many Bills

Logansport, Ind.—One real disappointment is to see a picture advertised with William Boyd, and then to find it isn't our big, smiling Bill, but a stage star. Can't this wrinkle be ironed out so we can know who's who?

HELEN BERKSHIRE.

Americans Drink!

Hollywood, Calif.—It strikes me funny that every really smart drama has at least one scene showing Americans at home drinking, free and easy. Either repeal prohibition or take drinking out of the movies!

BARRON GAYBEAU.

Untrained Animals

Winnipeg, Canada.—A brickbat, and a bomb for those terrible cartoon comedies now enlivened by sound. They have suddenly blossomed out into low, vulgar and obscene antics. Is Will Hays only a myth, or are they too low even for his job?

DOROTHY GARBUIT.

Girls Still Blush!

Kansas City, Mo.—Is it too old-fashioned to suggest that our feminine movie stars retain enough of their clothing to relieve the embarrassment of those of us who go to picture shows with boys whose respect we wish to keep? There is after all a class of girls who still can and do feel uncomfortable at some of the suggestive scenes of our so-called "best" pictures.

MILDRED L. RUFF.

Nobody's Sap

Reading, Penna.—Our mutual friend, Jack Oakie, may be a sap in "The Sap from Syracuse," but when it comes to turning out real, high-class comedy of the smart-guy type, he takes a back seat for nobody—and that includes Bill Haines.

C. RUSSELL ERB.

Sez Hollywood

Los Angeles, Calif.—For some strange reason you seem to get a huge kick out of publishing sarcastic, complimentary articles about Hollywood. Hollywood is a beautiful, prosperous, progressive community, populated by people who are really quite human.

C. I. KANAGY.

And One Mickey Mouse!

Maryville, Mo.—Why this forever digging up of Russian, Austrian or German Greta Garbos? There was one Caesar, one Napoleon, one Lincoln, also one Garbo! Hail the one and only Greta Garbo!

HELEN KRAMER.

Good and Mad

Chattanooga, Tenn.—All censors should be put on the front line and be wholly devoured by cooties if there is ever another war.

After finding out that "All Quiet on the Western Front" was censored out of Chattanooga, a city of 150,000 people, I took the trouble to go to Atlanta to see it. The picture was well worth the trip.

When it finally did come to Chattanooga, about thirty minutes of the picture had been cut out.

Why isn't this picture shown in every part of the world as it was originally produced? It is the greatest implement against war that we have ever had.

C. T. MCD.

He's from Washington, Too!

Washington, D. C.—Shades of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"! Since when did Kentucky let down the "Jim Crow" laws and allow a negro jockey to qualify for the derby? Since when did white men in the South allow negro waiters to slap them over the back in hotel dining rooms?

Al Jolson has let his enthusiasm run away with him in "Big Boy" and has overstepped all bounds in trying to present a sympathetic portrayal of the negro in the South.

ELIZABETH HOOPER.

Gambler Wanted!

Sandston, Va.—Could anything be more charming than Ronald Colman's portrayal of the debonaire "Raffles"? I'll bet a cookie—with pink icing—that half the women in the audience envied Kay Francis her rendezvous with him in Paris.

ANNA T. RAWLINGS.

What'll You Have?

Springfield, Ill.—If you were given your choice between a glass of water and a glass of old-fashioned beer, which would you choose? So would I.

But I'm sure if M. E. Jollow, whose letter appeared in your August issue, were given the same choice, he would choose the water. He says that Tibbett or Chevalier cannot hold a candle to Bill Haines!

IRENE REICHERT.

Al Jolson's the Boy

Everett, Mass.—Say, what would you do if the clergyman broke into a "ditty" in the middle of a sermon—or the cook burst into song just as she was going to serve that appetizing meal? My heart misses a beat every time the hero looks with love in his eyes at the heroine. Nine chances out of ten he will break out with theme-itis just as he is about to tell her what he thinks of her—we would like to do the same to him.

Oh, what wouldn't I like to do to the guy who invented the stein—I mean the theme song!

S. A. C.



Iron Monsters thundering and gasping through black nights. Men of steel whose hair trigger brains and tense fingers control the destiny of thousands. Men of steel, but human, susceptible to romance. A grim race with death, and the love of a woman. That is "Danger Lights".

LOUIS WOLHEIM

ROBERT ARMSTRONG

JEAN ARTHUR

in "DANGER LIGHTS"

with Sessions Clocks



WHEREVER time is vital...you are likely to find a Sessions Clock. In "Danger Lights", Radio Pictures new crashing railroad drama, time is of uppermost importance. "What time is it?" To tell the answer, Radio Pictures chose Sessions Clocks.

See this great feature at your local theatre. The first railroad drama of the talking screen. One of the most exciting railroad stories ever told.

See Sessions Clocks at a nearby store where good clocks are sold. Sessions New Synchronous Electric Clocks. Sessions spring wound clocks of all kinds. The famous Sessions Westminster Chime Clocks. See the clocks chosen by Radio Pictures to co-star with Louis Wolheim, Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur.

Favorite Christmas and Wedding Gifts are Sessions Clocks, the clocks found in the Hollywood homes of many film stars. The Sessions Clock Company, Forestville, Connecticut.

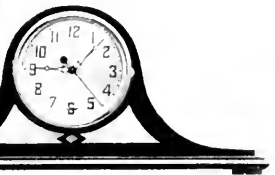
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Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Public Studios

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Jack Buchanan
Nancy Carroll
Paul Cavanagh
Ruth Chatterton
Maucha Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Stanley Fields
Norman Foster
Kay Francis
Richard "Skeets"
Gallagher
Harry Green
Mitzi Green
Charles Holmes

Helen Kane
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Marcia Manners
Fredric March
Nino Martini
Cyril Maude
Four Marx Brothers
Moran and Mack
Rosita Moreno
Frank Morgan
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
William Powell
Roberto Rey
Bruce Rogers
Charles Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Lillian Roth
Charles Ruggles
Marion Shilling
Stanley Smith
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd.

Eddie Cantor
Evelyn Colman

Lily Damita
Evelyn Laye

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios

Roland Drew
Rita Carewe

LeRoy Mason

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Mary Doran
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Jula Faye
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Gavin Gordon
William Haines
Hedda Hopper
Loretta Lowell
George Huston
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Frances King
Arnold Korff
Harriet Kravitz
Gwen Lee

Barbara Leonard
Bessie Love
Andre Luguet
Ellen McCarthy
John Miljan
Conchita Montenegro
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
J. C. Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Basil Rathbone
Ramon Renaldo
Gilbert Roland
Norma Shearer
Gus Sisy
Dorothy Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Eileen Walker
Roland Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Robert Ames
Michael Bartlett
Warner Baxter
John Bell
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
Thomas Cliftord
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Farrell
Noel Francis
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
William Harrigan
Mitchell Harris
Ted Healy
Alice Herby
Louise Huntington
Keating Sisters
Richard Keane
Jane Keane
J. M. Kerrigan

Joan Lawes
Dixie Lee
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Sharon Lynn
Mona Maris
Frances McCoy
Kenneth MacKenna
Robert McLaglen
Don Jose Meica
Geddie Montgomery
Lois Moran
J. Harold Murray
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Frank Richardson
Will Rogers
David Rollins
Julian Sand
Marie Saxon
Milton Sills
Spencer Tracy
John Wayne
Marjorie White
Charles Whinger

Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
James and Russell
Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Margaret Adams
Low Ayres
John Boles
Hoat Gibson
John Hersholt
Rose Hobart
Barbara Kent
Jeanette Loff

Joan Marsh
Charles Murray
Mary Nolan
George Sidney
Sisters C
Slim Summerville
Lupe Velez
John Wray

Burbank, Calif.

First National Studios

Mary Astor
Harry Bannister
Richard Barthelmess
Sidney Blackmer
Bernice Claire
Robert Edeson
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Louise Fazenda
Alexander Gray
Lawrence Gray
O. P. Heggie
Edward E. Horton

Lila Lee
Lucien Littlefield
J. Farrell MacDonald
David Manners
Frank McHugh
Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
James O'Keefe
Virginia Sale
Otis Skinner
Arthur Stone
Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Appow, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Phillippe De Laery, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 S. Oxford Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.
Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Amos and Andy
Henry Armetta
Evelyn Brent
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorn
John Clyde
Betty Compson
Babe Daniels
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Eddie Foy, Jr.
Roberta Gale
Ralf Harolde
Arthur Lake
Rita LaRoy
Ivan Leducchi

Dorothy Lee
Renee Macready
Everett Marshall
Raymond Maurel
Joel McCrea
Jack Mullan
Kern Murray
Edna May Oliver
Roberta Robinson
Lowell Sherman
Katya Sorina
Neil Sparks
Loni Stengel
Hugh Trevor
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Monte Blue
Joe E. Brown
Claudia Dell
Irene Dreyer
Robert Elliott
Frank Fay
James Hall
John Halliday
Leon Janney
Evelyn Knapp

Laura Lee
Winnie Lightner
Lotti Loder
Ben Lyon
Marion Marsh
Marion Nixon
Walter Pidgeon
Vivienne Sual
H. B. Warner
Barbara Weeks
Jack Whiting
Grant Withers

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Joan Bennett
Charles Chaplin
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson

Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Sam Hardy
Jack Holt
Ralph Ince
Buck Jones
Margaret Livingston

Bert Lytell
Joan Peets
Aileen Pringle
Dorothy Revier
Barbara Stanwyck
Johnnie Walker



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NO DISTORTION!
A radio whose units are but partially balanced can only bring you the distorted tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear, undistorted tone pictured at the right

The great little name in radio...

PHILCO BABY GRAND . . . \$49.50

... two months old ...
years ahead in popular favor

LIKE the understudy who played a star part and woke up famous, the Philco Baby Grand Radio has won a public of its own in two short months.

This great little radio—understudy to the famous Philco Line of super-performing radios—is the first full-fledged, big-toned, finely-selective Screen Grid Radio ever produced at such a price.

When announced a month ago we said, "Philco *knows* the public will want a lot of these wonderful sets." The prophecy has been fulfilled—in quick time. The demand already is enormous. And no wonder!

The Philco Baby Grand has the *quality* you look for in receivers costing many times this price. It is a Balanced-Unit set—Philco's exclusive method of balancing all electrical units to give full, rich, true tone, *without distortion*.

Seven tubes; three of them Screen Grid; and double-tuned input circuit gives remarkable selectivity without cross-talk. The built-in speaker is genuine electro-dynamic. The handsome Gothic design cabinet is genuine walnut. Never before have trade and public seen such a **VALUE**.

Many want it for an EXTRA radio set
The day has come, too, when many people find they want **TWO** radio sets.

While the young folks dance to a jazz program in the parlor, Father and Mother can listen to some fine music upstairs. For the guest room, the Baby Grand is hospitality supreme. For that boy or girl at college, the Baby Grand adds entertainment to higher education at a mighty low tuition fee. And what a gift it makes, for all occasions!

The Philco Baby Grand is all-electric. It just plugs into any AC light socket and is easily moved from room to room; finely sensitive; tunes accurately and gives genuine "big radio" performance in compact space.

If you haven't seen or heard the Philco Baby Grand, better see your dealer today. He will be glad to give you a free demonstration, of course, and easy terms when you, too, decide you must have a Baby Grand.

The Philco dealer also offers a complete line of Philco Radios in beautiful Consoles, Lowboys and Highboys from \$95 to \$145; Radio-Phonograph at \$198 and magnificent Concert Grand Radio-Phonograph, greatest of all receivers, at \$350. Each Philco radio is the finest that can be produced by the leader of the industry—Philco. Furthermore, enjoy radio as you ride. Transtone Automobile Radio now is sold by all Philco dealers.



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Electro. 16 rms w/d. 17% rms High-Full
size radio performance in small space. 105 tubes

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The Tragic Story of a Beauty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]



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Then... darken your lashes with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. Instantly they will appear longer and beautifully luxuriant... and your eyes will appear larger and more brilliant. Select Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline Eyelash Darkener; either form in Black or Brown—75c.

Finish... with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. It's the new, indestructible type... clean and easy to handle. Choose Black or Brown—35c.

When purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes; Green may be used for all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Any color—75c.



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Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes

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FREE Trial, Easy payments make our phones easy. Write for the book on your favorite instrument. Full of interesting facts, illustrations, C. G. Conn, Ltd. Conn Instrument, C. G. Conn, Ltd., 1125 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Indiana.

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Either pin, silver plate... 35¢ ea.
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For 2 colors enamel only for 4 letters & dates

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and she now had to go to school which meant that she must arise before dawn to do the work of the farm.

SHE was, of course, shunned by the other students, and her teacher wrote notes to her father insisting that he buy the child a decent dress.

His answer to this was that Rita could not be persuaded to wear a dress and, naturally, the teacher believed the father rather than the child.

Not a day passed that she was not beaten or cursed. She had never heard a word of kindness.

Once she ran away but she was overtaken by her father and beaten.

There was nothing in her life but work and misery and pain and a dull stagnant ache in the place where her heart should be. She begged her father to love her, to treat her with a little tenderness.

She received for this only oaths and a back-handed slap.

When she was almost fourteen a terrific climax occurred in her life. Her father had not been home for days. It was a brutally cold winter.

Rita had prayed that he would never return and then, one night, he came back with all the pent-up fury of a week within him.

He was like an insane man and he beat her as he had never beaten her before. He kicked her and threw her across the room. He was on the verge of killing her.

She ran from the room screaming and snatched a gun down off the wall. He came at her brandishing the whip.

"You take another step toward me and I'll kill you," she said.

"You haven't got the nerve," he laughed and made a lunge toward her.

She fired the gun and made a flesh wound just under his arm. She had aimed for the heart and missed.

He sank to the floor wailing that she had killed him, begging her to dress the wound, but she knew that if she put the gun down he would kill her, so she made him go into his room, where she tied his hands together and bandaged his arm. Then—it was two o'clock in the morning—she marched him, at the point of the gun, into the town where she had him arrested.

She was old enough now to tell her pitiful story and he believed.

The last time she saw her father was in the court room when he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

Rita felt that she was free, at last, but she was not, for she became a ward of the state and was put into an orphanage where her treatment was not much better than that she had received at home. It seemed that the first freedom she had had was being snatched away from her just when the taste of freedom was good.

She remained ten days in the orphanage. She should have remained until last year.

In the middle of the Canadian winter, Rita, clothed in a pair of overalls and rubber soled sneakers, headed through the snow toward the States. It took her three months to make the journey. She lived on raw eggs and milk that she stole.

WHEN she, at last, sneaked across the line to the United States she found a train that, so a tramp told her, was headed toward Spokane.

She hid in the manger of an empty cattle car and made the trip.

She remembered that once in Spokane she and her father had lived in a certain apartment house where the landlady had been kind to her.

She forgot how many years had passed, and when she at last found the apartment house and was told, by a strange landlady, that Mrs. Keating was gone her courage gave way for the first time.

She collapsed upon the floor. For three months she lay ill with pneumonia. But she was free.

Upon her recovery the landlady who had taken her in, got her a job waiting on tables in a cheap little restaurant. The gingham uniform she wore was like the satin robe of a princess and the hard-faced, painted girls who worked in the place were the princesses themselves.

She thought that surely she had reached heaven at last.

And when, one night an entertainer was ill and Rita took her place, thinking she was singing her number dramatically only to discover that the audience thought she was doing a burlesque and a theatrical producer gave her a comedy part in his stock company she knew that, at last, she was free and there was a chance for her to begin living in earnest.

THUS a child almost fifteen, at the age when most sheltered girls are entering high school, began a new and thrilling existence away from the brutality of a father who hated her. The story of her rise to success upon the stage and her subsequent beginning in pictures is a thrilling sequel to her amazing childhood, too long to be told here.

Rita is happy now. She deserves to be. She has a long-term contract with Radio Pictures where she has played with Rod La Rocque in "The Delightful Rogue" and others, and now she is doing the vamp with Amos and Andy in "Check and Double Check."

She is one of the most beautiful sirens the screen has known.

The most remarkable part about the girl is that with all her misery, with all her blighted and thwarted childhood, she has come through like the fine trouper she is. She talks of her experiences as simply and with as few dramatics as if she were recounting an ordinary story. She has not become embittered, nor hardened. She even adds humor to that recital.

The tears may roll down your cheeks. They do not come to her eyes.

She has a great and sincere love for children. The things that she has missed she wants to shower upon the kids in her neighborhood. And this is no pose. This is no, "Oh, my, what a sweet little child. I just love the kiddies, don't you?"

She needs life head back, chin out.

She is quick to sense injustice, brave as a warrior.

And instead of bemoaning her own unhappy life she has put it all behind her and is ready to begin again.

"Oh, there is so much I haven't seen, so much I haven't done; there is so much beauty in the world that I have not known," she says. "I must take that beauty. I must find the rich and the full life that I was denied. But I'm in a position to find it now and I will have it."

"Nothing will stop me from going to the top, from having the things to which every woman is entitled. I got off to a bad start. I was almost left at the post. So I'm making up for that now."

Rita La Roy is twenty-two years old. She has had enough sordidness in her life to be a hundred. But that is past. Nothing can stop her from finding the things that rightfully belong to her, for she has courage and fearlessness. She has fought the good fight and has won.



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Duncan Renaldo
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Directed by W. S. VAN DYCK
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Crystal-Gazing with Mary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

she has made to seers, table-thumpers, slate-writers, palm-readers, crystal-gazers all over the world. She told me of her visit to Evangeline Adams in New York, Miss Adams being one of the country's leading horoscope readers.

And in two shakes of a tambourine, there we were in the sanctum of Darco's. We sat at a table with a big crystal ball in the center, and the soothsayer took both Mary's hands in his.

"You have the body of a woman (that was a tough discovery, thinks I) and the brain of a man," he began.

"YOU will not be a success in marriage, but you will marry. Not soon, however. You will always follow the stage. You would do best in comedy. Perhaps, later, the sort of thing done by Marie Dressler and Polly Moran (here I felt sort of faint). Nineteen-thirty-one will be a great year for you. Someone should buy you Lenore Ulric's new stage play. It will be a great success in New York, and would be fine for you in pictures.

"You like to be surrounded with colorful personalities. You are nervous, with a strong will. You can be led, but not driven. You should live in the country, with horses and dogs, maybe a cow. You like small, rambling houses. Your lucky number is 13. You have nothing to fear from the air, nor ocean travel. Be careful of lakes and pools. In later life you will have a serious but not fatal illness. Be careful of your heart. Avoid stimulants."

Then it developed that Mary's birthday is August 13th, she made her stage debut on the 13th, and her picture debut, too. Darco's says October and March men would be the best mates for her. November men would be worst of all. I shut up like a regular clam. I happen

to be one of the old November boys, myself.

While we were there, Darco's took a crack at me, too. All I'll say is that some of these big movie directors had better look out. I'm apt to do something really big any day now, so remember you knew me when.

Darco's threw in a few extra tid-bits for the one ten-spot. He said Colleen Moore was under a very bad sign right now, that the best of Bebe Daniels' career is to come, and that Dorothy Mackaill was due for better breaks.

(Since this was written Dorothy has been offered a new contract by First National. Ed.)

That was that, and we blew. It was 12:30.

"Well, there you are," said Mary, on the way home. "You never know. I hate the country, and my ideal farm is at 42nd Street and Broadway. I always fall off horses, and I don't care to meet cows socially, and I like a house big enough to give me a room a day for six months. And drama and not comedy is my forte."

But Mary is a high-strung girl. That's why she loves the theater, too—because it's all touch and go. Too much rest in the movies—for Mary loves to travel on nervous energy.

WELL, here we were at the Duncan mansion—really a distinguished residence, once honored by the Lindberghs and a few of their lares and penates, and so on. It was shut up like a vault, but we finally routed out Mary's sister, and it was nighty-night all round.

I chugged and puffed my homeward way.

And, friends, if I ever considered ten bucks well spent, it was the bill I gave up to learn that the beautiful, vigorous, even brilliant Mary Duncan would thrive in the company of a cow!



Talk about your flagpole sitters! The Hollywood studios have rafter-sitters who make Shipwreck Kelly look like a passer-by! This is Lawrence Carter, who operates a rotary light for Paramount. He claims to have sat on the rafters for 36,000 hours, shooting his lamp hither and then thither

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VICTOR FLEMING for
A R I Z O N A

Written for the screen by Jules Furthman from Augustus Thomas' greatest outdoor play. To be produced on an epic scale. Mr. Fleming directed "The Virginian," "Common Clay" and others.



JOHN ROBERTSON for
MADONNA OF THE STREETS

With EVELYN BRENT

An adaptation of W. B. Maxwell's wonderful novel, "The Ragged Messenger." Mr. Robertson directed Mary Pickford and Richard Barthelmess in many of their outstanding successes.



LIONEL BARRYMORE for
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With BARBARA STANWYCK

(Watch for announcement of title.) The greatest star find of years in a smashing drama made from a tremendous story. Mr. Barrymore directed "The Rogue Song," "Madame X" and many others.

Meet Miss Columbia



LESLEY BETH STOREY of Brooklyn, N. Y., winner in Columbia's great nationwide search for "Miss Columbia." She has been awarded a week's contract at \$250.00 and a free trip to Hollywood. She was the selection of the *New Movie* and allied magazines.

Runners up for honors as Miss Columbia, all of whom have been awarded Majestic Radios, were: Dorothy Dawes, Brooklyn, N. Y., nominated by *Film Fun*; Dorothy Brown, Des Moines, Ia., *Screen Romances*; Jean Eckler, West Palm Beach, Fla., *Motion Picture Magazine*; Donna Barton, Tulsa, Okla., *Motion Picture Classic*; Vera Martin, New York, N. Y., *Screen Book*; Bernice Maiwald, Laconia, N. H., *Motion Picture Stories*; Meta Diane Neuburg, Tuckahoe, N. Y., *Photoplay*; Mercedes Janet Rice, Banning, Ga., *Screenland*.

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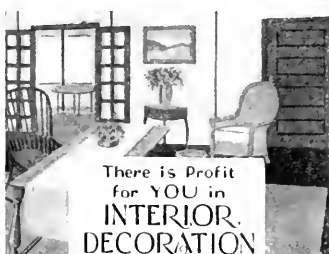


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Let's Drop In and Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

had lent it to Posner for his business. The honorable court must decide. In the meantime, Helen is just too miserable!

THE end of the month is nearing for Anna Q. Nilsson. For tunnels she's been lying on her back in a hospital, under treatment to cure the effects of being kicked by a horse long ago. It's been a long, dark, bitter siege.

But the other day, the doctor said she could leave the hospital at last. The same old sunshine that Anna used to squeeze into one smile gleamed again as she heard the good news. She went to the home of the Basil Rathbones, until she's well enough to again take a home of her own.

WHEN Janet Gaynor was nursing her mad with Fox, stories were freely circulated that one Miss Rose Hobart, just as good, just as wistful, would replace her. The stories were designed to frighten Janet and bring her down to earth. It's a quaint old Hollywood custom. The one person who may have taken the story seriously was Miss Rose Hobart. She decided that \$300 a week was a piling sum to pay for a duplicate Janet Gaynor, demanded \$200 more and got a ticket back to New York, where talent is appreciated.

AT LAST a studio is getting smart. Or maybe it's just a big bluff. Anyhow, M-G-M has decided to take Billy Haines out of the cut and dried smart-cracking pictures he's been making to give him a really big picture.

He may do a swell gangster picture. Imagine Billy smart-cracking the hard boiled cops. Oh —I forgot. He isn't going to smart-crack any more in pictures anyhow.

THEY tell stories on themselves, too. Here are a pair:

Bob Montgomery told about being made very uncomfortable while dining alone at a Hollywood café the other evening by the steady stares of a couple seated nearby. Oldish, white-haired folk they were. They rose to go before Bob was finished. As they passed his table, the man leaned down and said:

"Sorry we stared so rudely at you, son. My wife thought you were Robert Montgomery. Ha, ha!"

And John Barrymore tells about the crack a studio prop boy made when he had to stand, in "Moby Dick," and have hundreds of gallons of water sloshed over him in a shipboard scene.

"Oh, oh," grunted the prop boy, who knew Barrymore quite well as prop boys do know the stars; "I'll bet he's swallowing more water right now than he's drank in the last twenty years!"

OAKIE Wisecrack No. 8754-B: It was on a Clara Bow set. It was her birthday. There was a surprise party in progress. There was a piece. Clara was just biting into a piece of the cake when Jack Oakie strolled on. "Ah, ah," he said to Clara, "you can't eat your cake and have IT too."

Oh dear; oh dear . . . !

PARAGRAPHS and PARAdoxes . . . and PARAllels: Advent of talking pictures produced an outlay of \$200,000,000 in American studios and in one Hollywood studio the office girls have to chip in to buy ice for the water cooler because the studio won't . . . Doug Fairbanks, held up in his home, hires a night watchman to prevent a recurrence and five nights later the night watchman prevents the landing of a \$25,000 liquor cargo on the beach near Doug's home . . . Connie Talmadge cuts a wisdom tooth and the Marquis de la Falaise loses a game of putt-putt golf . . . Al Jolson coaches Doug Fairbanks in how to sing in "Reaching for the Moon" and Al Jolson goes to Germany to make a talkie in German . . . John Barrymore finishes making "Moby Dick" in which he goes to sea and finally catches a mammoth white whale and then John Barrymore goes on a vacation which consists of a fishing trip on his yacht and catches a 145-pound swordfish . . . Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell once again are teamed in pictures and Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck resume denials that their marriage is on the rocks . . . Basil Rathbone reported to have been ousted from lead in "The Boudoir Diplomat" because he didn't like the studio treatment and Basil Rathbone announces he plans to return to the New York speaking stages because movies "cramp individuality" . . . "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes" was yanked out of "Dancing Sweeties" because they didn't think it was a good enough song to stay in, and "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes" is one of the biggest-selling popular song hits in recent years . . . El Brendel is the screen's funniest Scandinavian comedian and El Brendel hires a Scandinavian



Detroit, Mich.

My wife and I have been married twenty-five years and have not yet had our first quarrel. Our courtship, begun twenty-five years ago, has never ended, and romance is as thrilling to us today as long ago. We enjoy so much the beautiful romances pictured to us so sweetly in the films. And when we hear of the parting of

the ways of some Hollywood couple, our hearts are saddened, as they have brought so much peace and happiness to us in their portrayal of romance. How happy we would be if we could thank all the actors and actresses who have given so many hours of happiness to two lovers of today and long ago.

Raymond J. Johnson

secretary to answer his fan-mail from Norway, Sweden and Denmark because El Brendel isn't Swedish and can't speak it. . . . George M. Cohan once tore up a \$1,000,000 contract offer from the movies because he wouldn't have anything to do with the screen and George M. Cohan's daughter Helen, 19, enters talkies as a juvenile in Will Rogers' "Lightnin'". . . . Lawrence Tibbett gets who-knows-how-many thousands a week in the pictures and the traffic police in South San Francisco had to threaten his arrest on a warrant to enforce a \$15 speeding fine.

A GOOD blonde can't take chances. Jean Harlow, flaxen-haired siren of "Hell's Angels," refused to have her picture taken with Maurice Chevalier unless her mamma was in the picture. "My reputation!" gasped careful Jean to astonished news photographers, "Why, Hollywood's already talking about a divorce I never intend to get!"

Careful Jean's husband, wealthy Chicagoan Charles F. McCrew 3d, recently accused the blonde of having posed for frisky pictures without her mamma.

THE rumor of a separation between Audrey Ferris and her husband, Archer Huntington, seems to have been erroneous, as they are not only living happily together, but are very



This up-to-the-minute short fur jacket is just the thing for the snappier fall days, allows Edwina Booth. It's made of peach-colored Galapin, which is dyed pony skin, and has a roll collar and patch pockets

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eagerly awaiting the arrival of the stork, which will arrive about the time you read this.

Audrey will celebrate her twentieth birthday soon after, and plans to return to the screen just as soon as her health will permit. Mr. Huntington, being an aviator himself, says if the baby is a boy, he is to be trained for a second Lindbergh. If a girl, she is to become an actress, if she desires.

EMILY POST can add a page or two about the etiquette of separated couples in Hollywood. The other evening Gloria Swanson gave a dinner party and invited her husband, the Marquis.

He arrived after several of the guests were already there, formally kissed Gloria's hand, seemed to enjoy the evening and left with the rest, kissing her hand again at the door.

"HOLIDAY" drew the customary stellar audience at its premiere at the Carthay Circle Theater.

It opened on the eve of Ann Harding's birthday, and all the ladies in the audience

Jack Mulhall played twin brothers in "Dark Streets." Now Ruth Chatterton will be both mother and daughter in "The Right to Love." In this adaptation of Susan Glaspell's novel, "Brook Evans," Ruth will have the somewhat unusual experience of embracing herself.

AN interesting sight. Constance Bennett in elaborate white satin lounging pajamas, playing miniature golf on one of the boulevard courses with Henry the Marquis de la Falaise. Just good friends, as they say in Hollywood.

REPORTS and Animadversions About What Makes the World Go 'Round: Every once in a while Hollywood's skeptical cynicism gets a wham on the ear . . . movie stars always complain about what long hours they have to work, but Norma Shearer and Bacalanova and Skeets Gallagher's wife are among Hollywood's most recent mothers . . . Director William A. Wellman's wife gets a divorce after she has to whisper into the judge's ear the words he used to her that she didn't like . . . the Wallace Beerys formally announce

Coming! The Winners!

Photoplay's Famous \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest

The names of the 70 winners of cash prizes will be announced in the January, 1931, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

On Sale about Dec. 10

The Photoplay Gold Medal of Honor

For the best picture released in 1929! Announcement of this famous award will be made as soon as the ballots are counted.

It's Filmland's Nobel Prize!

were presented with gardenias in honor of the occasion.

There weren't quite so many sidewalk standees. The radio announcer complained that the miniature golf courses kept the non-paying customers away. The theater even resorted to building stands. No opening is much-a-much without the mobs.

Ann Harding, the star of the picture, appeared quite early for a famous personage, before nine o'clock. She came in with her husband, Harry Bannister. Kay Hammond, one of her best friends, sat next to her. Joan Crawford, another of her pals, with Doug, Jr., was also there.

Russell Gleason beamed Marguerite Churchill, back from that long location trip on "The Big Trail." Johnny Farrow, the writer and man about town, escorted young Maureen O'Sullivan. Mary Duncan was with Willis Goldbeck, the writer.

Harry Bannister was master of ceremonies and introduced Ann, Mary Astor, very regal in a trailing satin gown, Hedda Hopper, Robert Ames and other members of the cast. Ann kissed Harry when she stepped on the stage. She didn't wear a vestige of make-up, and the footlights made her appear as if she had been ill. Lots of flowers for both Ann and Mary.

FOR the second time since the inception of talking pictures, a player has been given the difficult assignment of a dual role.

their separation and move to different *me-nages* and a week later are dining together *tic-a-tite* at a swell cafe . . . Wally says they were just settling business matters . . . and Hollywood hadn't gotten over that when Director Eddie Sutherland and his wife threw a big party and announced in the middle of it they were separating and this was their formal separation party . . . Lina Basquette tries suicide because she can't get her baby back and after she recovers Pev Marley sues her for divorce. Lina announces she's going to make every legal fight to get her baby and that the biggest reason she gave it up at all was so she could marry Harry . . . Viola Dana asks the court to legally change her name back to that from Viola Flynn, which she became when she married "Lefty" Flynn. Oh yes, they divorced long ago. Gosh, this guy Danny Cupid has his moments.

THE most amusing sight on the M-G-M lot is Ramon Novarro directing—yes, directing—the Spanish version of "Call of the Flesh." And does Ramon take his work seriously? *Sí, sí, señor!* Ramon is also playing the stellar role and, instead of wearing puttees and a cap, he is in the Spanish costume he wears in the picture.

"The only trouble with playing a role and directing at the same time," Ramon said, "is that when I get annoyed with the other actors I cannot tear my hair. For if I did I'd have to leave the set to get it put in place again."

JETTA GOUDAL, the stormy one, is to be married—and to Harold Grieve, Hollywood's most famous interior decorator.

Jetta is a keen judge of periods, moods, modes and decorative doo-dads, and this brought the two together. The romance started when both were fixing up Director Paul Bern's new house. They admired each other's taste and talents—and it turned to love.

Now the lovebirds are decorating Jack Gilbert's new house at the beach. And if this isn't a happy note in the rather tempestuous Hollywood life of the vivid Jetta, I wouldn't know one if Sousa's Band played it!

HOWARD HUGHES came a cropper at last. Of all his ambitious schemes, reckless of money, his latest was to use the British dirigible R-100, which recently flew across the Atlantic, as a publicity gag for his "Hell's Angels" opening in New York! But Hughes flopped.

It seems he offered \$100,000, while the R-100 was moored at Montreal, if the commander would give him a ride from there to New York in the airship. But the British air skipper turned Hughes and his hundred thousand down flat.

A PTEST crack of the season:

Says Cy Wood, one of Radio Pictures' writers: "Now, ain't it hell that Fatty Arbuckle never had a chance to work in wide film?"

A DIRECTOR was telling Joe Frisco about his new picture. "It's great!" he said of his own effort. "It's perfectly great. Why, I showed it to So and So at the projection room of his studio and he raved about it." Then I showed it to Such and Such in the projection room of his studio and he told me it was the greatest picture he'd ever seen. "Yeah?" yeah'd Frisco. "But you can't play studio projection rooms forever."

THESE Hollywood reporters never let a piece of news slip through their type-writers. And if you don't believe it ask Estelle Taylor.

Not long ago Estelle gave a stork shower for a friend of hers. She gave her friend a



Now that Jack Coogan is making "Tom Sawyer," this earlier version of the famous Mark Twain yarn is called to mind. A scene from the film directed by the late William Desmond Taylor, with Jack Pickford as Tom and Louise Huff as Becky Thatcher—the rôles now played by Coogan and Mitzi Green

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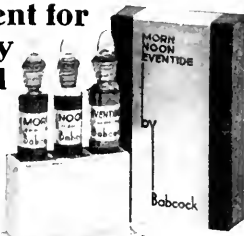
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The director of "Tom Sawyer" and his young friends and helpers. John Cromwell poses with the youngsters on the set at Paramount. Left to right they are Jack Coogan, Dick Winslow, Ruth Grace, Mary Jane Irving, Junior Durkin, Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl. Dog—name and pedigree unknown. The kids are all in the film, which marks Coogan's talkie debut

beautiful bassinette, fully equipped. The night of the party a reporter from one of the papers called Estelle.

"We've heard," he said, "that you were shopping for baby things. We thought you'd give us a statement about it."

DON'T read this if you've read it already: A head of a chain of theaters on the Pacific Coast, reading a depressing financial report from one of the houses, showing a loss, sent a special delivery letter asking the house manager why.

The reply came back: "The only reason I can think of is because my expenses were greater than my receipts."

WOMEN'S clubs put in a lot of time reviewing pictures for the benefit of the ladies and their families.

Here's a report on a comedy turned in by one of the volunteer reviewers:

"A clean comedy. Would have been cleaner if the vulgarities had been omitted."

WILLIAM BOYD, Pathe's William Boyd, is about to be mobbed by the carpenter's union.

He has just finished a beach shack at Malibu. He built it himself, hammered every nail in every two by four.

HOLLYWOOD is agast, agog and agape. Serge Eisenstein, the Russian director whom Paramount brought over, refused a cocktail at a party the other night.

After the other guests had been revived, someone asked him why.

"When I came to America," explained the Russian, "I swore to abide by its laws."

So all the guests fainted again.

ONE of the most poignant stories that is being told in the studios is of the note of thanks for the kindness of friends, sent out by Elsie Janis following the death of her mother.

The note read— "Mother and I want to thank you for your sympathy."

OVER at Paramount the other day, a film writer heard someone behind him, in conversation, say emphatically:

"The whole country has gone Bancroft!" Curious to see who was talking, the writer turned and looked.

It was George Bancroft.

SHE may look like Greta Garbo, but the resemblance stops right there. Marlene Dietrich, the German star making pictures for Paramount these fine fall days, does not go in for the sweet and simple, Ford cars, and old polo coats. She has just purchased the swankiest thing on four wheels in Hollywood.

It is a Rolls-Royce limousine. The car is green with a cloth top, and with modernistic trimmings on the doors. When she first arrived in Hollywood she purchased Bebe Daniels' Rolls. Then she turned it in on a new car. La Dietrich wasn't going to be riding around in anybody's old car.

DID you know that Connie Talmadge turned down an offer to play the lead in the "Command to Love," one of the plummiest parts of the year, because she believed a return to the screen might endanger her domestic happiness?

Connie not only knows what she wants, but has it. And furthermore she isn't going to lose it! That shows both courage and wisdom.

TWO of the Paramount juveniles are beginning to put on the pounds! Regis Toomey had better watch out, and the other lad is Barry Norton.

Keeping weight down is an unceasing trial for Barry. It lost him his contract at Fox. He reduced and Paramount signed him. Now the weight is coming back. Paramount is keeping him in the Spanish talkies.

NEWEST of Life's Little Ironies:

AL Wilson, one of the most famous stunt fliers in pictures, the man who has dared death in a score of air films, fell out of bed recently and broke two ribs.

MAYBE this is old, but Al Jolson's telling it on himself:

It seems he drove to Barstow to meet Joe Schenck on his recent return to California. Schenck left the train there to drive back to Hollywood with Al. But they lost their way.

Finally, in the desert heat and dust, they beheld two bedraggled figures, hiking along the road. Al stopped.

"Can you tell me the way to San Bernardino?" he asked.

"I don't know," said the man. Al threw in his clutch and started off, to be halted a moment or two later by halloos. The man came running up to the car again, dragging his companion along.

"This here," he said, "is my friend. And he don't know, neither!"

GONE are those jolly old days of prodigal expenditure in Hollywood. The stars are economizing. The stock market crash taught



"I'd rather not answer those questions"

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Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being sold. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol" Disinfectant.



A beautiful reason why cameramen should cultivate good memories. Frances Dade was tested along with forty or fifty others for a Samuel Goldwyn film rôle, but the test film was lost. The cameraman, however, remembered this blonde beauty. Since then she has appeared in "Raffles," "He Knew Women," and "Grumpy."



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them something, and also there is the realization that some day the fans will transfer their interest to new charmers.

Out of every hundred cars sold to film personalities, only one is custom-built or specially designed. It used to be that no self-respecting star would be caught in a motor that didn't cost at least \$10,000 more than the usual purchase price.

The caterers are weeping into the truffles and *pâté-de-foies-gras*. There are practically no huge parties these days. There are plenty of dinner parties, but the house staff takes care of that.

Even the modistes are bewailing the fact that the gowns of feminine Hollywood are becoming more simple. Very smart, *oui, Madame*, but not extravagant.

THE reason that attendance at the famous Hollywood premieres is falling off is because it is so much more fun to stay at home and listen to the people make fools of themselves over the radio. Or so some say!

HERE'S another of the petty rackets of Hollywood.

A friend of Alice White's saw a cute little dress in a small shop. It was \$15. The friend said to the saleslady, "I have a pal who'd look wonderful in that dress. I'll tell her about it."

The next day Alice called the shop to find out whether the frock was still there or not. She made the mistake of telling the saleslady her name.

The woman left the phone to see if the dress was there and returned to say, "It's here, Miss White, and I wish you'd come over to look at it. But I find we made a mistake on the price. It is \$25."

INSTEAD of charging them higher prices the shops along Hollywood Boulevard should give the stars commissions for sales.

The other day Joan Crawford was lunching at the Roosevelt. When she rose to leave three tourists followed her. Joan went into a shop to buy an evening bag. The ladies trailed along and when the salesman came up to them they could not tell him that they were there simply to watch young Mrs. Fairbanks.

Each one bought a bag. They didn't realize how much money they were paying until after the deal was transacted.

WEDDINGS are popular this season in Hollywood.

Thornton Freeland, director of "Whoopce," turned little June Clyde down for the lead in that film, but decided she'd make a grand wife. June, you remember, has been seen and heard in several Radio Pictures.

Margaret De Mille, daughter of Director William C., and Bernard P. Fineman, Metro-Goldwyn producer, stepped off the deep end in early fall.

And Fred Niblo, Jr., son of the director and a writer at Columbia, and Patricia Henry, young stage player, were married at about the same time.

OEdians looked out of his apartment window. Said window faced on a courtyard, and commanded an excellent view of some hundred windows across the way.

"I'm going to have to move," he told a friend.

"Why?"

"I'm just a Peeping Tom at heart," he explained, "and I'm unable to go to sleep until every light is out."

IT'S an ill wind that blows nobody something good.

Sue Carol and Rita LaRoy thought it was an ill wind that blew sparks from a brushfire onto the roof of their garage and set it ablaze

the other day. They were home, and a garden hose, expertly manipulated by them, soon put the blaze out. Total damage: a few charred shingles and two watersoaked pairs of slippers.

But the studio press agent heard about it, got a cameraman, posed the girls in the fire-extinguishing act, and got several hundred dollars' worth of publicity in the papers out of it.

So there'll probably be an epidemic of garage roof blazes at the actors' homes now. With art.

MARY BRIAN went up to the telegraph office to have her picture taken with the oldest male telegraph operator in the world. The occasion was the eighty-sixth anniversary of the sending of the first telegraph message.

The telegraph office called up the old man and said: "We would like you to come down today to have your picture taken with Mary Brian."

"Who's she?" he asked. "A new telegraph operator you got down there?"

LIFE prints this dispatch from Hamburg, Germany.

Forty inmates of a reform jail rioted when authorities refused to grant their request to be transferred to another prison nearby. The boys wanted to go to the other jail because "better talkies" were being shown there, according to their spokesman.

That's the spirit that made the motion picture great.

Even among the gratings!

I HAVE the cleverest husband in captivity," says Joan Crawford.

After making a success of pen portraits in one of the smart magazines, young Doug is bringing out, shortly, a book of these pen sketches. His book of poems will also be ready for publication soon.

ABOUT the most excitement this village has seen in years burst the night Maurice Chevalier was master of ceremonies in the Blossom Room of the Roosevelt. All of the best people were there, my dear.

Jesse Lasky, none other, set the jollification under way, when he introduced Chevalier. "He's a real human being!," said Lasky.

And Chevalier proceeded to prove it. Douglas Fairbanks was spotted in the dining room, and Chevalier called him to the front, threatening him with a French "salute." And before all the crowd Doug was smacked fondly on both cheeks by the volatile Frenchman. You've never seen Doug blush so much.

After that Chevalier went over to the Fairbanks' table, and knelt before Mary Pickford.

"I've never been on my knees before to anybody," he said, just by way of special tribute.

THE folks out in Dodge Center, Minn., want talkies, and why not?

The owner of the local film house was more than anxious to wire his theater—but he just didn't have the funds.

So, according to a story in *Variety*, he issued dollar tickets, each good for six months. If he can sell 500 of these, says the manager, he will use the money for the first payment on talkie apparatus.

If Paris is on your route, and you see many women standing in the theaters, don't be alarmed.

It isn't a new physical culture stunt, nor a desire to suffer when there are plenty of empty seats.

It's just fashion. Smart Parisiennes are now wearing corsets pinned at the back of their waists. If they sit down—crushed orchids!

So women who would ordinarily kick and scream if they didn't get seats pronto—now stand and like it. all for the sake of style!

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION— United Artists

HERE is the sad spectacle of a story that suggests fire and thunder, and a picture that has neither. Norma Talmadge, as the milliner who became a king's favorite, shows a hint of her old-time vitality now and then, but gives up in the fight against long, artificial speeches. Conrad Nagel plays his usual romantic rôle. But William Farnum gives a robust and excellent performance.

COLLEGE LOVERS—First National

THIS begins the annual fall production of football pictures. And it's just another football picture and don't get excited. Even the fact that it snaps its fingers at tradition by NOT having the hero make a touchdown for old Alma Mater in the last three seconds of play doesn't make it hot. Jack Whiting and Marian Nixon play the leading rôles. Ho, hum!

THE SANTA FE TRAIL—Paramount

HERE'S a very talkie talkie wherein Richard Arlen wears his Western clothes and thumbs his nose, figuratively, at a lot of



Vivacious, beautiful—Althea White—known as a charming First National star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical *underglow that makes brilliancy natural!*

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to ordinary rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

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The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color *showing through the skin from beneath.*

Now then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow.* On the contrary Princess Pat rouge *imparts glow—even to palest complexions.* The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to *come from within the skin.* It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty is seen—"painty" effect never.*

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret

Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone". Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one*

by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need.*

Every Shade of Princess Pat Matches Any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with your skin. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited.* There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich, healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, shade for night—under artificial lights.

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What furs—and what a girl! Jeanette Loff, the ornate Universal blonde, is wearing a handsome coat of fitch fur. It's worn with a black hat and black patent leather shoes



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* (Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Besides cleansing, Golden Glint Shampoo gives your hair a "tiny-ting!"—a wee little bit—hardly perceptible. But how it brings out the true beauty of your hair!)

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Indians. If you like your Westerns straight, this is all very fine. Eugene Pallette, who plays swell detective rôles, doesn't quite seem to fit in this sort of thing. Rosita Moreno is an appealing heroine. Mitzi Green is Mitzi Green.

GOING WILD—First National

DOUGLAS MacLEAN did something of the sort called "Going Up" quite a while ago. The revival has its full quota of laughs, but there's too much of it. The dull spots are dull. Joe E. Brown shows his tonsils again, but is funny as the fellow who is mistaken for a famous aviator. Lawrence Gray and Ona Munson warble agreeably. Yes and no.

CAPTAIN APPLEJACK—Warners

THIS is all in fun—and such fun. The blasé young gentleman looks for adventure and finds it among thieves, pirate treasure and things like that. But how that John Halliday and that Kay Strozzi can put on the heavy necking scenes. Gilbert and Garbo in their most impassioned days could not have done worse. Mary Brian is the nice girl. You'll like it.

THE SQUEALER—Columbia

IF you can bear the thought of another gangster picture, this one has a few new ideas. Jack Holt is the gentlemanly boss of a gang, with Robert Ellis chief of the opposing tough guys. Holt goes through half the picture without his moustache. Goodness, he looks nude. Davy Lee prattles childishly and artlessly. Dorothy Revier, growing stout, is the girl. Well acted.

THE THOROUGHbred—Tiffany Productions

A NICE little horse story for the family trade—doubly interesting in the domestic circle because Wesley "Freckles" Barry reappears, playing the jockey hero. He falls for the wiles of a wicked woman, but when he hears that his sweetheart still believes in him, he goes out and wins the big race. Nancy Dover and Pauline Garon are in support. And Wesley is good.

L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES—Paramount

THIS is of great interest because it is the French version of "Slightly Scarlet." See it if you get a chance—the rippling French of M. Adolphe Menjou and Mlle. Claudette Colbert, in the leads, is soothing to the ear. Louis Gasnier directed, with Emile Chautard,

Armand Kaliz and others in support. Made for the French, but interesting to American fans, too.

THE STORM—Universal

THAT famous old melodrama of stage and screen, "The Storm," becomes a very mild blow indeed in its talking version. Lupe Velez plays the little girl of the Great Northwest in her pidgin English, and Paul Cavanagh and William (stage) Boyd are the male leads. The picture is saved, in a measure, by the excellent outdoor scenes. A hoped-for screen tornado is, alas, only a gentle breeze.

MISBEHAVING LADIES—First National

EVERY old gag you've ever heard of is brought out and dusted off for this one—and some of 'em aren't even dusted off. Still it made a preview audience roll in the aisles with helpless mirth. But there are two darn good reasons for seeing it: the brilliantly blended humor and pathos of Louise Fazenda's performance and the flashing charm of Lila Lee's.

SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE—Columbia

ANOTHER nice little girl from the country goes to the big city. Another suave millionaire, with more money than morals, lures the little girl to his yacht. Another poor but honest hero saves her. And another movie is born. Alice White, pert and peppy, is the nice girl. Marie Prevost, who looks as young as your kid sister, proves that they can come back.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM—Wittis Kent Production

DON'T take this seriously. It is maudlin melodrama and in its day was probably a stirring indictment against Demon Rum. There are many drunken songs, and little Nell leads pappy, the souse, from the saloon. She gets a stein in her face for her trouble, too. The high point is a battle between William Farnum and Tom Santschi. Ah, memory of "The Spoilers." Everyone overacts something grand.

THE LONESOME TRAIL—Syndicate Pictures

LIKE most yarns of the open spaces this story follows the well worn plot. What it lacks in originality it makes up in action. Kids will love it, particularly when the hero gets going with that trusty six-shooter. Charles Delaney is fine as the hero, and Virginia



Seattle, Wash.

A dear friend of mine was recently released from a tubercular sanitarium where she had been confined for six years. Once, maybe twice, in six months, she saw a picture. She used to look forward to these as a shipwrecked person would to a hoped-for rescue.

Six years is a long time. Styles

and manners change. Who was to be her guide when she came back to the city?

She began going to movies two and three times a week. They opened the world again for her, brought her back to life where she had left off.

May motion pictures long help others as they have helped her.

Elizabeth Parker

Brown Faire is the rancher's daughter. Jimmie Aubrey clicks as the comedian. Photography is beautiful.

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners

YOU'VE seen this one before. It's the one about the romantic bandit who rights wrongs with bullets, restores the heroine's lover to her, and rides off into the sunset alone. But don't mistake us—it's swell entertainment even if you know all the answers. Victor Varconi is a dashing and irresistible *Captain Thunder*. Fay Wray emerges again with a Spanish accent and a grand performance.

Talking of Talkies

"THE quality of Greta Garbo's acting and mode of expression suggest to me Modjeska and Adelaide Neilson at their best, and she has a pathetic emotional appeal that brings the tears as only Clara Morris could."—David Belasco, theatrical producer.

"JOHN BARRYMORE rarely stops acting under any circumstances. . . . He has no conceit, but rather a feeling of gross inferiority. . . . He is cordial only to intimate friends and to those who work with him; to strangers he is, at times, inexcusably rude. . . . He is a chap whom most men like and most women hate."—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in *Vanity Fair*.

"IF every motion picture theater prefaced its films with the title, 'This picture has been censored by a minor politician and his assistants,' the patrons might be made to understand why the movies are so childish and banal."—Percy Lorentz, in *Scribner's*.

"BEFORE Elinor Glyn babbled her stuff there were only two sexes, male and female. Today a person, besides having a sex, either has 'it' or hasn't 'it.' A dame that creates 'it' ought to get billing. Her epitaph will probably be 'She was a good kid when she had it.'"—Sidney Skolksy in *The New York Daily News*.

"THE UNHOLY THREE' was definite proof that Lon Chaney in sound would have remained the distinguished figure that he was in the pictorial manner he and Chaplin honored."—Richard Watts, Jr., in *The New York Herald Tribune*.

"IT is almost impossible for a picture personage to find real honesty. Everyone is out to hornsoggle them and take advantage of their gullibility and ignorance in business matters."—Rex Cloe, Hollywood business manager.

"AS you hear melancholy bells tolling the sunset of the stage, be consoled by the information that the cinema will resurrect it and set it, freer than ever, to fly heavenward."—Percy Hammond in *Vanity Fair*.

"THERE is no such thing as a 'camera face.'"—Frank Capra, director

"THE poor old theater is done for, I'm afraid. All my plays will be done into talkies before long. What other course is open to me? The theater may survive as a place where people are taught to act. Apart from that, there will be nothing but talkies soon."—George Bernard Shaw, playwright.

The Girl Men Like to Take Out Uses "The 1931 Model"

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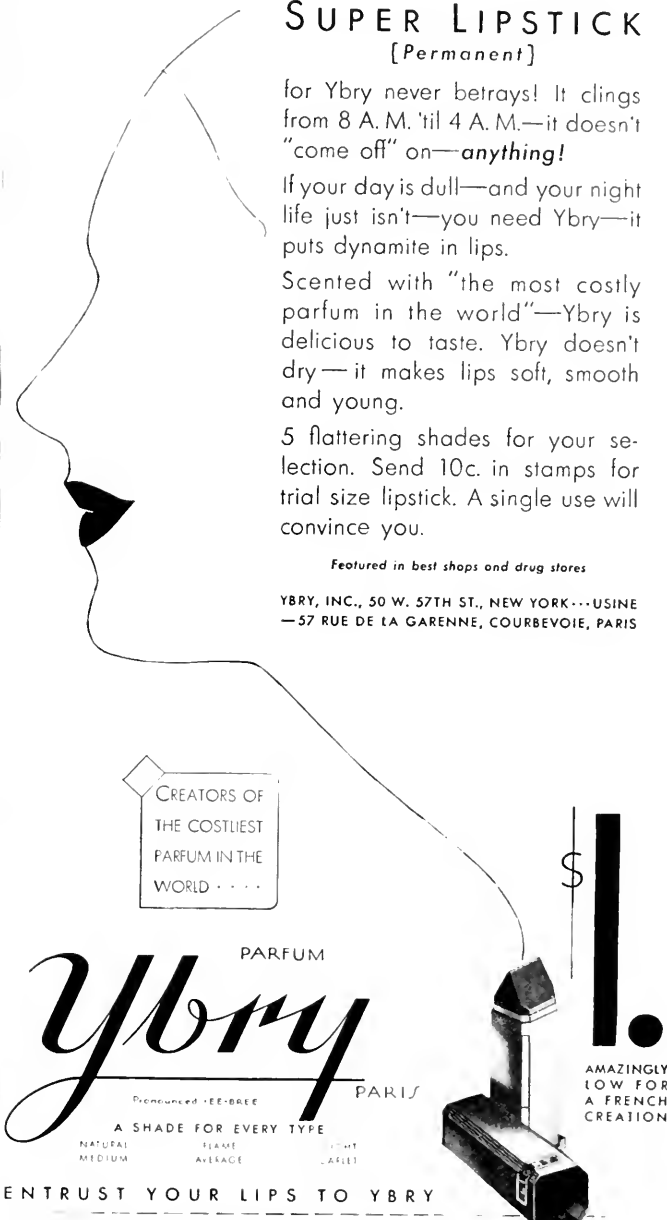
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The Port of Missing Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

about tomorrow. They spent lavishly. Ethel, who once lived in a great house with many servants, played a very small rôle in "Hit the Deck." Del Henderson, a formerly well known director, played a bit in the same picture. Perhaps you haven't forgotten "The Galloping Fish." He directed it.

ELLA HALL, at the time when Mary Pickford and her curls were the model for all feminine stars, rose to celebrity as a Universal star. She had a wistful, fragile beauty that intrigued her fans. It was a great event when she married young Emory Johnson, later to become a prominent director. Then hard luck for both of them. They separated.

Recently Johnson became a photographer when directorial assignments were no longer forthcoming. He receives his big chance to come back now in directing "The Third Alarm." It was his most successful silent picture. But Ella Hall—she has been playing extras for a long time now. She appears among the gay throng at the zepplin ball in "Madam Satan." A gay throng? Hardly, when she recalls her former fame.

Then there is Ruth Renick, once a popular leading woman. She played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in one of his most successful com-

edies, "The Mollycoddle." Ruth was trying to stage a comeback at the time talking pictures arrived. There was a general hue and cry for stage people, stage trained voices. Ruth organized a company in Los Angeles, her own repertory theater. One play gave evidence of developing into a hit. A New York producer accepted it.

RUTH knew that the picture executives had a wholesome respect for anyone who had scored on Broadway. If she could only play in New York a return to pictures would be comparatively simple. She didn't play the rôle. The stage producer cast the play with legitimate names. Picture people didn't mean much to Broadway. Ruth is still in Hollywood but good breaks do not come her way very often. Sometimes there is a humorous aspect to this tragic story. There is the time that a very great favorite of former years approached a young casting director in regard to a certain rôle.

"What's your name?" asked the casting director.

"Francis X. Bushman," was the reply.

"Ever been in pictures before?"

Bushman started to make a wise-cracking answer. Then, suddenly, he perceived that the



International
One of Hollywood's newest and prettiest brides! June Clyde, of Radio Pictures and her new husband, Director Thornton Freeland, leaving the church after their recent marriage. Enough lilies of the valley in that bouquet to start a florist shoppey!

question had been asked in all seriousness. "Oh, pardon me," he said, "I'm really Holbrook Blinn, and I've been dead for two years." And he walked away.

Even the great Francis X. does not enjoy the fame of former years. The *Messala* of "Ben Hur," the favorite Romeo of the screen's youthful days, plays supporting rôles. Another star to slip is King Baggot. Fan letters used to pour in on this romantic hero with the distinguishing white streak across his dark hair. Baggot played a bit without program credit in a recent picture. You will see both Bushman and Baggot giving beautiful performances in "Once a Gentleman." Even the title has rather a mocking ring.

EVERYONE is familiar with the pathetic story of Margaret Mann. She had been an extra player for years—then suddenly as her years of life were running toward their close she was lifted to the heights as sweet-faced *Grandma Berule* in "Four Sons." That picture won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal as the best picture of the year, and hers was the best performance.

She made her bow from the stage of the Carthy Circle after a brilliant opening night. She heard waves of applause, and bowed and cried as each bouquet of flowers came over the footlights. Then the spotlight of fame moved on. She plays extra rôles again now. A character like *Grandma Berule* happens only once or twice in a generation.

Rose Tapley, once a favorite of the New York stage, and after that one of Vitagraph's best loved players, is occasionally seen in bit rôles. She has a charming voice, but big rôles no longer come her way.

Wesley Barry and Lew Sargent, two former child actors, are occasionally seen around the studios. Wes still looks a little too young for mature rôles, and that is Lew's difficulty also. Lew, if you remember, was *Huckleberry Finn*.

One actress was more frank than the most in stating her need for work. Claire DuBrea, having played many stage and screen rôles, took out an amazing advertisement in the Standard Casting Directory. It is a complete little drama in itself.

"I will do either bits, dead bodies off-stage or what have you?"

"With the sincerity which dictates this step, plus my experience, I ought to be a rare bargain as an extra woman."

"Obviously, I am gambling on the chance of establishing myself in talking pictures."

Motion picture people are attracted by the unusual. Claire DuBrea has had more work than she could accept since that striking plea.

Perhaps the talkies struck the hardest at Western pictures. No longer could the dramas of the open spaces be made for a thin dime. Talkies cost money. Western players and directors are usually stereotyped and can seldom step from the mountain ranges to a drawing room tea party.

THERE is the strange case of the man who directed one of the fabulously paid Western stars for years—now doing extra work for \$12.50 a day. Neil Hart and Franklin Farnum, once stars in their own rights and who have rescued countless damsels from nasty, old villains, are playing bits. Art Acord, one of the early favorites of the out-West melodramas, is traveling a road of misfortune.

"Buddy" Roosevelt did not find talking pictures a boon. Buck Jones has gone into vaudeville, and Tom Mix has been traveling with a circus. Hollywood lost many picturesque characters when Westerns disappeared. Many of the cowboys have gone back to punching real cattle on real ranches.

There were four former directors in the cast of "The Spoilers." They played good rôles, but as directors most of them are through. There were "Slim" Summerville, James Kirkwood, Oscar Apfel and Hal Davis. Summer-

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field and Kirkwood are in demand as actors, and probably have no desire to exchange the make-up box for the megaphone.

It was Hal Davis who directed Beverly Bayne in many of her most successful pictures. Even the name of Beverly Bayne is sinking into obscurity. The lovely Beverly is living in retirement on Long Island.

Do you remember that singularly moving Fox picture, "The Man Without a Country"? Edward Hearn was the tragic hero—"unwept, unhonored and unsung." Hearn plays bits these days.

Rosemary Theby, the beautiful girl of "The Connecticut Yankee," and an early screen vamp, also plays small rôles at a fraction of her former salary.

There are other glittering names which are heard less and less frequently. Colleen Moore, a year ago one of the most popular figures on the screen and one of the highest salaried, has not had studios clamoring for her services. They no longer pay \$12,000 weekly salaries. Now she is planning a stage play. That will keep her from the screen even longer, and how quickly people forget their beloved favorites.

Corinne Griffith is another who cannot expect the fabulous salary of other times. She has made no announcement of future screen affiliations, and she is living quietly at her home in Malibu Beach. Lina Basquette keeps in the public eye through divorce rumors and repeated bickering with the Warners over the custody of her child, but the screen sees nothing of her. Laura La Plante's popularity cannot stand the test of a much longer screen absence.

SO many screen faces of yesterday can be seen in and around the port of missing stars. Names that once flashed on a thousand theater marquees—faces that the world knew and loved—a little older now. Occasionally you see Warren Kerrigan, definitely retired and still living in his pleasant white house on Cajuenga. The Novak sisters are living over the Pass in the Valley, and turning deaf ears to picture offers. Mary MacLaren, the heroine of Lois Weber's immortal "Shoes," has a decorating shop. Eileen Percy is doing a motion picture column for a newspaper syndicate.

Viola Dana drops into town from vaudeville. Monroe Salisbury, the first *Alexandro* in "Ramona," is a clerk in a Hollywood hotel. The casting directors occasionally see Mabel Ballin, Fritzi Brunette, Lillian Rich, Helene Chadwick, Leah Baird, no longer demanding leading rôles, and willing to work for less than their former salaries. These players, however, do not accept bits.

IT is tragic to see the sound version of Griffith's old masterpiece, "The Birth of a Nation." So many of those players have gone from the screen, and some of them are gone far beyond that. Mae Marsh, the "Little Sister," lives in retirement near Pasadena. Lillian Gish has left Hollywood for the stage. Henry B. Walthall plays father rôles now. Bobby Harron, Wallace Reid and George Seigmann are gone forever. Mrs. Wallace Reid, who produced pictures following the death of Wally, has been inactive for many months, but she is planning to make pictures again. Ann Little, Wally's leading lady in many pictures, is sometimes seen on the Los Angeles stage.

And you sometimes see Clara Kimball Young, rather portly now and not the svelte Clara of the beautiful orbs. Juanita Hansen and Wanda Hawley are here, too, and Theda Bara, married to a prominent director, and Mary Miles Minter. So many of them haven't left Hollywood—just out of the spotlight that used to sweep across their lives.

Even when they die, these "missing stars," there is a tiny mention at the bottom of newspaper columns, and the world marches on. The other day a story read, "Ben Wilson, 54, once famous film star, died in Hollywood today, unknown and moneyless, as a seven-dollar-a-day extra."

Twenty years ago Ben Wilson was a star, a director, a producer of his own pictures. But time had its cruel way.

The dust gathers on the names of many others formerly famous in the casting director's files—the last port of missing stars. Work becomes more and more infrequent for them. There are new faces—fresh, young faces. The public always wants new faces.

What is that famous line about "the paths of glory—?"

Did You Miss Any?

HERE are the 20 mistakes in the "What's Wrong With This Story?" on page 73, in the order in which they occur:

1. The picture is all wrong. Dick Dix, and not Barthelmess, appears in "Cimarron." It's about the old Southwest, and Radio Pictures are making it.

1. First National studios are *not* in the heart of Hollywood, but in Burbank, a suburb.
2. "Cimarron" was shot at Radio Pictures studio, *not* at First National.
3. "Cimarron" is *not* a whaling or sea story. It is a story of the pioneer Southwest.
4. Richard Dix is the star of "Cimarron," *not* Richard Barthelmess.
5. Joan Crawford's hair is deep red, *not* blonde.
6. Joan is *not* under contract to Fox, but to M-G-M.
7. Joan was *not* loaned to First National and anyone else to play the heroine in "Cimarron." She's, of course, *not* in the picture.
8. The entire description of the Technicolor process is all wrong. All the colors are photographed with one camera.
9. Tourists are *not* allowed on the sidelines in picture studios, at fifty cents a head or any other price.

10. El Brendel's name is misspelled as El Brendal.

11. El Brendel is with Fox; he has *not* signed any contract with First National.

12. Although El Brendel uses Scandinavian dialect in his comedy, he cannot speak Swedish. The only language he speaks is English.

13. There never was any picture called "The Cohens and Kellys in Sweden" in that Cohen-Kelly series.

14. Louis B. Mayer is head of M-G-M, *not* First National.

15. Of course Amos and Andy aren't Dutch comedians. We knew darned well that one wouldn't fool you for a minute.

16. Betty Compton is no longer James Cruze's wife. They were divorced recently.

17. The big, bulky things they put over cameras to hush them are called "blimps," *not* "grips." "Grips," as a matter of fact, is the name applied to the odd-job men and stage handy-men in the studios.

18. First National does *not* make Movietone recordings. Their process is called Vitaphone.

19. "The Big House" was made at M-G-M, *not* First National.

20. Red is never used for white in photography. As a matter of fact, red doesn't photograph at all; it registers black or gray.

Miss Master Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

of Hollywood as though they were the streets of Paradise! Hettie Moffet sang to herself, and planned the wedding she had dreamed of for six years!

And the whole picture business laughed and said, "Get who's playing *Louis* in 'Isle d'Amour'!"

Then out of a clear sky a wire came from Harrison Craig, of New York, who owned eighty-five per cent of Peerless Pictures stock! He was on his way to Hollywood!

ABUNGALOW was engaged at The Ambassador. A riot of silk flags went up around the block. A delegation met the Limited. A band waited!

And the entire studio force of eight hundred and twelve persons was called out to pack around the main entrance and wave handkerchiefs and cheer!

Mr. Harrison Craig arrived! A fashion-plate, from *boutonniere* to boot tops. Crushed hat. Buff gloves turned over his hand, just so. He was fifty-five. Looked forty-seven. And to the world at large, was forty-three.

Down the aisle of cheers he bowed right and left, basking in the spotlight as a lizard in the sun!

The Western studio manager, Mr. Gassman, showed Mr. Craig around the lot.

"Great organization," he said. "Just one big family!"

A draftsman in a smock, with a blue-print under his arm, came briskly out of the stock-room and disappeared in the engineer's office. On the porch of a little white house marked "Hospital" a pretty nurse in crisp linen sat waiting to be professional. Out of Stage 7, *ballet* girls in iridescent wings fluttered down to the dressing rooms.

Mr. Craig could feel the hovering suspense; the anxiety for perfection caused by his pres-

ence! Little Imp Vanity sat on his shoulder and grinned and chuckled!

"Now, Mr. Gassman," Mr. Craig said, from the cool recesses of the Western manager's private office, "of course the studio will expect to give me a banquet." He offered a hand-monoграмmed cigarette.

"Of course! Yes, of course!" Mr. Gassman assured him. "It is a pleasure we greatly anticipate, Mr. Craig!"

Mr. Craig proffered a diamond-studded lighter.

"It should be quite an affair, Mr. Gassman," he said. "In fact, it should be spectacular! Something to be talked about!"

He rippled his left hand along the arm of the leather chair and let the light play on a four-karat diamond.

"I will be named as the guest of honor, of course, and the invitation list will include one hundred prominent officials and stars. Engage all the necessary entertainment, and plates, say at forty dollars each." He made a wide gesture. "My secretary will write you a check."

MR. GASSMAN absorbed the details with proper seriousness.

"It will be a great pleasure, Mr. Craig," he said. "Shall we say—Thursday? And why wouldn't it be a great little stunt, Mr. Craig, to have the banquet on the set of our new super-special, 'Isle d'Amour,' that starts shooting Thursday? Why wouldn't it be a great little stunt, Mr. Craig, to stage the banquet in the gold room of *King Louis'* palace!" He warmed to his inspiration. "Dress the waiters in costume! Serve a French menu, and play all the numbers of the picture. Is that a great idea, Mr. Craig? It's a great idea!"

Mr. Craig flattered the suggestion with his attention; brought his imported linen hand-

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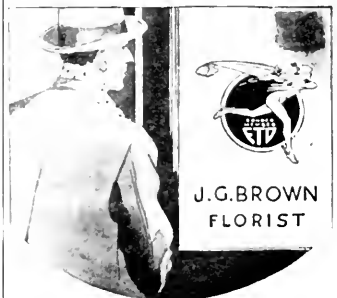
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kerchief out of his top pocket and replaced it at an angle slightly more rakish.

"And wouldn't it be quite a feature," said Mr. Craig, "for me to attend as *King Louis*?" He lifted one eyebrow slightly—wickedly! "I have always had a little conceit that I might be a very good actor! In fact I have always intended to try the amusing experiment of playing in a picture! What's the reason I can't play *King Louis* in this picture and appear in costume at the banquet given on the set in my honor?"

He posed aesthetic fingers as though they were dressed in cuffs of lace!

"No reason at all!" Mr. Gassman assured him. "It's a great idea! Front page! Millionaire clubman rides new hobby! Picture magazine appears in leading role of greatest super-feature of the screen!" He swung his chair around to face the jaunty picture magnate.

"Sensational!" he said. "It's a knock-out! Syndicate rotogravures of the banquet in *King Louis*' palace and yourself in costume! It's colossal!"

He buzzed a button on the mahogany desk.

"Call the casting office," he told his secretary. "Tell Billings to tell Trask he is not playing *Louis* in 'Isle d'Amour.' And get us a couple of good seats for The Belasco tonight. Ethel Barrymore, ain't it? Yeah. 'The Kingdom of God.'"

HETTIE heard the news before it reached Jeffrey. Alma just happened to call one of the girls in the costume department at Peers-les.

"Well," she said, when she hung up the phone, "here's where your bridal bouquet gets rusty again!"

Hettie's breath seemed to stop in her throat! "What'd you mean!" she said. And then she forgot all about herself, and thought only of Jeffrey. What would he say! What could he do!

Where could he find courage to start all over again! Hot tears blinded her eyes; dropped on the chiffon and smeared it with purple from the spangles!

"Go on home, kid," Alma told her. "If *Salome*'s jacket ain't done in time for her song and dance, she can work in the nude!"

"I'm going to see Harrison Craig," Hettie said, her fingers pressed against her eyes, "and I'm going to tell him what it means to us—"

"You'll see Harrison Craig like I'm Lydia Pinkham!" Alma said.

For three days Hettie tried to see Harrison Craig. At the Ambassador bungalow, his valet told her, courteously, he was at the studio. At the studio, his secretary was very sorry but Mr. Craig was at the hotel and could not be disturbed.

Preparations went on for the spectacular banquet. Preparations went on for beginning work on "Isle d'Amour."

In the costume department, the work that had been started for Jeffrey Trask was finished for Harrison Craig.

Jeffrey said nothing about it, only to ask Hettie if she knew.

It seemed to hurt him so much, it didn't hurt him at all!

"Study the lines!" Hettie said. "They signed you up to play *Louis*, and you're going to do it! You've got only till Thursday!"

ON Wednesday night, at six o'clock, Hettie saw Harrison Craig! She didn't ask his secretary or his valet. She opened the door of his Ambassador Hotel bungalow, and walked into his bedroom where he was dressing for dinner. He was in dinner trousers, and B. V. D. uppers, his man tying his shoes.

"How do you do?" Hettie said.

Mr. Craig was surprised, and annoyed! He reached for a bathrobe. Smede, the valet, was distinctly more disturbed than was suitable for him *enr* to be disturbed! Hettie told Mr. Craig why she had come.

"My dear," he said patronizingly, "Mr. Trask will receive a check for his salary, I assure you."

Her hands were damp with cold! Her knees quaking together with chill!

"He *must* play the part, Mr. Craig!" she said, her voice trying desperately not to break. "Won't you send word to the studio that Jeffrey Trask is to play *King Louis* after all?"

Mr. Craig glanced at the clock over the door. "I shall play the part," he said. "I shall not change my mind. I shall not write any letter. And the picture will begin in the morning."

He took a cigarette case from the table, snapped it open and closed it impatiently.

"I'm very late," he said, "if you will excuse me!"

Hettie went back to the room on Gower Street where Jeffrey lived. She took a little package of beefsteak and some asparagus and a chocolate cake.

"You must eat, darling," she said gaily. "And then study your lines! It's only twelve hours more!"

"Do you think Craig is going to die," he said bitterly, "in the night?"

"Well," she said—and rustled open the packages on the tiny kitchen table, "lots of people do!"

She opened the broiler—spread the steak out on the grate.

"By the way, sweetheart," she said, "where is it Charlie Fishbone lives?"

At nine in the morning Jeffrey Trask's telephone rang. "This is Billings! Craig ain't going to play *Louis*! Get over here!"

Jeffrey tried to get Hettie. She wasn't at home.

He had five minutes to catch the Sunset Boulevard bus!

* * *

HETTIE wasn't at home, because in pale blue linen she sat in the wicker chair in the open French windows of Mr. Craig's bungalow reading the morning paper and nibbling at strawberries from a breakfast table, which stood untouched by Mr. Craig.

That gentleman was in bed, in blue pajamas, smoking.

"Think of this!" she said. "Five sharks discovered on Jersey coast! . . . And Texas Guinan's night club is padlocked again! . . . Do you want to hear the radio?"

She got up and turned the dials.

"No," he said shortly. She turned them back again.

"I'm terribly sorry to keep you in," she said, "but it won't be long, really. It just depends on how fast they work at the studio. Jeffrey only needs one or two good scenes to show them what he can do."

She picked up a book from the table, and gave him the newspaper, opened to the stock market reports.

"If you want anything," she said, "just let me know."

Through the open door and window came the smell of roses and flowering trees; the trill of a hundred birds from the hotel veranda. Smede arrived stilly and removed the breakfast.

"Do you wish to have a bath drawn and morning clothes put out, sir?" he asked in great concern.

Mr. Craig didn't answer. Smede withdrew.

AT two o'clock when Hettie telephoned Billings, Jeffrey Trask had been *King of France* for five hours!

"Hello, Eddie," she said. "How's everything?"

First she smiled, then she laughed—then she turned her face away from the phone with just one quick little sob!

"Sure, Eddie," she said, "didn't he tell you six years ago? It's no surprise to me, Eddie. Does he get a contract?"

Across the room sounded the little metallic voice of the wire—"I'll say he does!"

"Attboy, Eddie! Tell him I'll see him for supper."

Hettie put away the telephone and brushed her hand across her eyes.

"Well, Mr. Craig," she said, after a minute, "you can go to the studio now, if you want to." They heard someone coming across the bungalow porch—in at the open door.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Gassman," Hettie said.

Mr. Gassman looked from Hettie Moffet to Mr. Harrison Craig.

"What's the big idea, Craig?" he said. "Where were you this morning? What's the matter?"

"I guess I'll have to tell you, Mr. Gassman," Hettie said. "I got Mr. Craig to make a compromise. I knew he couldn't miss the banquet tonight, so I came over this morning and told him I'd let him go to the banquet, if he'd let Jeffrey play *King Louis*—"

"You'd let him go to the banquet!" Mr. Gassman said, staring at Mr. Harrison Craig, who said nothing at all!

"YES," Hettie said, "you see I had somebody steal something from him last night, and I've got it hid, and I told him I'd give it back in time for the banquet if he'd send word for Jeffrey to play the part."

"Of course, I know Mr. Craig could have me arrested and he could spoil Jeffrey getting a contract, and everything, but I don't think he will, because it would only be a big newspaper story that would make him look foolish."

"Besides—there's really no harm done to anybody!"

With which little Hettie Moffet reached through the window out to the rose trellis, and brought in a small, square box.

"Here, Mr. Craig," she said, "I was awfully careful!"

And out of the dainty nest of a pink chiffon handkerchief, she delivered to Mr. Harrison Craig—a set of false teeth.

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Dorothy's back—looking very English in her new tweeds, and, as usual, very pretty. Miss Mackaill has patched up all her difficulties with First National, and has signed a new contract. She had a long holiday abroad



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Janet Is Back on the Job!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

away from the studio, a gesture that must have hurt her.

Because she has struggled so hard for it, success and work are Janet's gods.

She is a great believer in metaphysics and Ralph Waldo Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite" is her Bible.

UPON her return it became a game, with Janet as the pawn, between Lydell Peck and the Fox studio.

At home Janet heard all the arguments about why she should remain away. She also learned that many girls were being groomed to take her place.

In the papers she read that other actresses were being assigned the rôles in pictures scheduled for her.

Gradually, she began to see that she was playing a losing game by holding out. She saw that beautiful, golden bird, success, winging its way to sunnier skies while she languished upon the beach. She could not sit calmly by and watch it fly.

At last the studio won. She talked terms again. They came to the "amicable agreement" of which she talks. She had lost the part of *Julie* as well as \$44,000. She was offered her old place back and a rôle she coveted, that of the girl in "The Man Who Came Back."

So Janet came back. Janet and Charlie are to be together again. Janet is happy. She must work to be happy.

What part her husband will play in this new arrangement, how much he will be heeded, how long their marriage will last, remains to be seen.

The whispers of unhappiness in the Peck household have been numerous.

Janet and Lydell quarreled at a big party in the home of a studio executive.

It was rumored that Janet walked out of their beach home one night after a "scene." She did not return for such a long time that Lydell feared she had taken her own life. He called the police to search for her. So the story goes. Janet denies it.

Rumors have linked the names of Charlie Farrell and Janet for so long—ever since the memorable days of "7th Heaven." Yet, those who have known them for a long time say the two have never been in love with each other to the same degree at the same time. There must have been a time when Janet loved Charlie, and there must have been a time when Charlie loved Janet.

There must have been jealousy and the inevitable making-up. No one in the world was more pleased than Charlie when Janet returned to the Fox fold.

Recently Janet said to a PHOTOPLAY interviewer, "How can I say whether or not six months from today I will still be living with Lydell? I don't know. I can't even be sure that six months from today I will be with Fox. I live for today. Now that, no doubt, sounds as if I am considering a divorce, but I promise I am not."

It would have been more encouraging had Janet said definitely that she was happy and would be happy ten years from now. Most brides of a year feel about that way on the subject.

But the important item is that we will no longer be denied a glimpse of that little, poignant face upon the screen, the joy of seeing those small, fluttering hands and the delight in the art of a truly great emotional actress.



Father Time gives Maurice Chevalier a glass of regular beer—and Maurice seems a little shocked! Is this the American influence on the French star? This was taken at the Paramount studio at Joinville, France, during Chevalier's visit to the French lot. He's been holidaying abroad with Mme. Chevalier

Bogy-Man Turns Actor!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

have been a loafer and a bum—but not now. He is an industrious worker, a prolific writer ever in hot pursuit of the great American dollar. He has written several novels, most of them supposedly autobiographical. Of this, however, there is some doubt. It is generally known in Hollywood, for instance, that his book, "Circus Parade," ostensibly a transcript of his life beneath the big tops, was originally written by an old circus man and subsequently revised by Tully and published under his own name.

WHILE he has written many biographies of Hollywood celebrities, in none of which he could find much good to say about them, he has seldom been known to gouge the eye that reads the scenarios or bite the hand that might, perchance, sign a scenario check, which creates the suspicion that perhaps his critical integrity has at times been warped by sound business expediency.

His consuming passion for the close-bitten epigram, his inability to pass up a telling smart-crack, has often carried him away from the truth.

There was, for example, his rather astonishing reference to Miss Greta Garbo as "a flat-chested Swede."

He is a professional snorter. Even in the old Alexandria bar days he sniffed and scoffed at the literary abilities of almost every known writer except Jim Tully and Theodore Dreiser—in the order named.

Having hoodwinked Hollywood so long, his repeated sneerings at what he regards as the low mentality of the average Hollywood mind can be excused.

BUT everything is going to be different now. Under the benign and civilizing influence of grease paint and the warming rays of incandescent lights, a great metamorphosis is going on. The worm—a figure of speech, I assure you—that reveled in the dust of the road and the squalor of the slums, that looked at life with a cinder in his eye, has passed through the chrysalis and is emerging with resplendent, kaleidoscopic wings—a Hollywood butterfly.

The penitent Plutarch is going in for this acting business in a big and serious way. His first picture is "Way for a Sailor," in support of his old sparring partner, Jack Gilbert—a strange situation that might embarrass a man less contrite than Mr. Tully.

Just what sort of an actor he is remains to be seen. The gentlemen of the Metro-Goldwyn studio, where he is employed, declare he is pretty awful. He finds acting much more difficult than he suspected when he said all

those mean things about it. The ordinarily brilliant Tully mind, it is said, cannot memorize lines—nor speak them properly once memorized. He is in constant conflict with his own hands and feet. In his first tests, his voice recorded but three tones lower than a boy soprano.

This initial picture calls for barroom brawls, sailors' fights and general rough stuff, all of which you might think would be right in his line. Such does not seem to be the case. He balked at letting Wallace Beery throw him off a boat into the water twenty feet below.

He receives a salary for acting of \$1,000 a week. This does not necessarily indicate his true ability as an actor for, as he has himself so aptly said, "Vast earning power is no criterion of mentality in Hollywood."

HAVING made enemies of almost everyone with whom he has come in contact he is now trying to make friends—but finds it harder to make friends than it was to make enemies.

People who invited him as a freak dropped him as a nuisance.

But worry not. Mr. Tully will get along. He has done very well so far. He will stick to this business of acting like glue because there is more money in it than in writing and Mr. Tully has bills and alimony to pay just like any other successful actor. He will no doubt be seen in other pictures as his theatrical agent is seeking further engagements for him.

His chief rivals, as he sees it, are the Messrs. Wolheim, Bancroft and Beery. He is certainly as tough-looking as they. The only advantage they seem to have over him is the ability to act. But perhaps I am wrong about that. Come to think of it, Jim Tully has been a very good actor right along.

All Hollywood waits with bated breath to see how far the civilizing influence of the studio stage will affect its newest devotee. Will he buy a necktie and wear it? Will he comb his hair? Will he purchase a hat? And wear it? Will he blossom forth in clothes that fit him instead of those that—purposely perhaps—do not? Will he clean up his conversation and stop talking through the corner of his mouth?

PROBABLY not. He cannot afford to. He must continue to be that which he has always been first and foremost—an ardent Jim Tullyite. He dares not emerge from the character that has brought him where he is. For if he ceases to be a professional hard-boiled egg, stops criticizing everything and everybody—why then he'd just be a nice, ordinary, sentimental little fellow.

At least as he is he attracts attention.



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"Young Doug"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

his—but wives'll understand this sort of thing. She just loves him for it.

He never hung a suit on a suit hanger in his life. Joan does that for him. She sees to it, too, that his things go to the cleaners. Doug never thinks of it himself. "He imagines that they get up and walk to the cleaners of their own accord, I suppose," Joan surmises.

HE'S crazy about silk dressing gowns, and has a lot of them. Joan gives him a new one every birthday, and several between birthdays. When he gets a new one, he immediately discards his old ones, and wears the new one all the time, until he gets another new one.

There's always one laid out for him, in the living room, when he gets home—a dressing gown, lounging pajamas, slippers and his pipe. If Joan's home, she attends to it, and if she isn't, she's got the servants trained to see to it. Doug loves to get into that sort of an outfit when he comes home, but if he didn't find them laid out, he'd never go to the trouble of getting them out for himself.

He's quite a versatile chap. Acting isn't any great love in his life; it's a means to an end. It's the most convenient and efficient method of making a great deal of money. But among the things he loves to do, and does for the sheer enjoyment of it, is writing poetry, sketching, painting, modeling. He's an artist. His prose has been published by famous magazines; he is publishing a book of his poems, illustrated by himself. He's temperamental about his arts.

One day, for instance, he was working on a drawing for his book of poems. He had been at it for hours—an intricate background with a lot of pen-work. Joan called him to dinner, and he unwillingly left the unfinished drawing. When he went back to it, and resumed, the ink dried a different hue and didn't match up with his earlier work. He flew into a tantrum and was just about to slosh a big brushful of ink right across the picture when Joan grabbed his arm and stopped him. She hid the picture until he got over his peeve, and then he finished it and it was all right.

ANOTHER time, he had been working on a clay bust. He hadn't any wire framework inside it. It was almost finished, when a big

truck rumbled through the street outside the house. The vibration shook the soft clay bust a bit squeegee. Doug picked it up and hurled it across the room and that finished that.

He's twenty-three years old.

He's got what Joan calls a "Napoleonic complex." It tickles her. It manifests itself in his desire to be leader in whatever's going on. He likes to officiate as master of ceremonies at parties, and is happy when he can be leader in a follow-the-leader party at his dad's beach place. Then he always sets tremendous stunts, and is overjoyed when he can't be followed. A pet trick is for him to climb up on the roof of the house, leap down onto an awning, slide down the awning and kersplash into papa's swimming pool.

"JUST a chip off the old block," and it'll make him mad as a hornet to read that.

On parties, he's always called on for his imitations. Doug Junior's imitations are a Hollywood party institution. He does Joan Barrymore, John Gilbert, Richard Barthelmess and Doug Senor, and does them well.

He adores dancing. With Joan. He likes to make speeches, too. Playing jokes on people he loves is another diversion that appeals to him. When Doug and Joan visit Joan's mother, you can almost always count on Doug to sneak up behind mother-in-law and tickle her ribs or slap her playfully on the back when she's least expecting it. He particularly likes to tickle her when he can catch her carrying some dishes or breakables.

HE likes going to movies. Two or three times a week, and his favorite actors are Barthelmess and Leslie Howard. His favorite actress is Joan Crawford, but he criticizes her fiercely on her screen performances. He's ambitious to some day direct as well as act, and plans, at the expiration of his two-years-to-go contract with First National to have his father produce his pictures. He hopes his father will let him direct them as well as act them. He also aspires to do very serious, heavy rôles, but realizes that comedy is perhaps a better bet for him now.

His poetry is exquisite imagery, but he



All the comforts of the home studio for the lucky leading ladies at Fox, since this make-up room on wheels was delivered. Where the trouperes go, it goes. Beside the two experts in white, the little actresses are, left to right, Claire Luce, Helen Cohan, Joyce Compton, and Maureen O'Sullivan

shows no more imagination in his food than a longshoreman.

Thursday is the cook's night off. He takes Joan out to dinner. Invariably, every Thursday night out for the past two years, Doug orders *filet mignon* with mushrooms, potatoes *au gratin* and asparagus hollandaise. He detests desserts, and won't eat tomatoes in any form—sliced, cooked, sauce, soup or what have you. When they're giving dinner parties, Joan always has to sneak out into the kitchen before dinner is served to be sure there's no hint of tomato in anything for Doug.

He'd have potatoes *au gratin* seven nights a week, four weeks a month, twelve months a year if he had his own way. Joan won't let him have them more than twice a week though. She says he likes them that way so much that it'd be a shame to spoil his enjoyment of the dish by letting him have it too often.

HE loves nice things around the house but hasn't the slightest idea of true values. Joan bought two framed samplers—you know those needlework things little girls used to make when they wore pantaloons. She paid fifty dollars apiece for them. Doug came home and saw them hanging on the wall.

"What's those?" he asked.
She told him.
"How much did you pay for them?"
She told him.

He thought she was crazy. A few nights later, some guests were in. Doug suddenly leaped to his feet and dragged them over to see the samplers. "Aren't those swell?" he demanded. "Aren't they great?" Now he thinks they're the finest things in the house. In short, he doesn't know fine things when he first sees them, but when he learns about them and gets acquainted with them, he loves them.

He loves to be massaged. When Joan wants to make him feel particularly happy, she has a *masseur* come to the house in the evening.

Doug doesn't play bridge. He never learned, because he doesn't want to know how. As long as he doesn't know how, he can't be asked to play. People stare at him when he first tells them he doesn't know how to play bridge, but he doesn't mind that.

He has cultivated the ability to snatch a few minutes' sleep on the set. It relaxes him. He can drop into a chair between scenes, with hammers going, bells ringing, people shouting and all sorts of racket going on about him, and be sound asleep in half a minute. And so soundly asleep that his fellow-workers have taken to practical jokes. Like lighting a crumpled newspaper under his chair to wake him up.

Traveling is one of his greatest delights. Joan doesn't like to travel, but she loves Doug so much that she'd travel anywhere with him. Doug has his next ten years' travel plans all laid out. They cover the world, beginning with two successive seasons in Europe, and then proceeding to the Orient, South Seas and all the rest of the places one wants to go.

HE loves deep discussions and friendly arguments. He likes to wait to see what side of a question will be taken by the person he's talking with. Then he'll take the other side and argue it out to a fare-you-well. When he's thinking deeply, he always strokes the tip of his nose with his thumb and forefinger. Joan's afraid it'll give him a button on the end of his nose if he doesn't cut it out.

He used to wear his hair very long in back. One day he got a fan letter with a half-dollar in it. "Enclosed find fifty cents," it read. "Please get a haircut." Now he wears it cut very short in back.

He wants to raise a moustache same day, but Joan won't let him.

He can always think of a snappy comeback for the motorcycle cop who stops him for a bawling out. But he never thinks of it until about ten minutes after the cop has gone on his way again.

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Hollywood Children of Divorce

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

little fellows, Creighton, Jr., and Bobby, were born, seven servants and a Long Island home sheltered them from the cold world. Now they live modestly, supported by a man who is no kin to them. The blond hero father is out of the picture.

THE status of the Chaplin children has been considerably changed by the divorce of their parents. Though each child has an income of four hundred dollars a month from trust funds, they get little advantage from it, for the children are being raised without nurses or tutors, by their grandmother and great-grandmother while their mother is almost continually absent on vaudeville tours. Those close to Charlie say that he is very unhappy over the lack of discipline in the children, but he is able to do nothing about it on the occasional visits he has with the little ones.

They live not in the home of their mother, for that is rented furnished, but as guests in the home of the great-grandmother, Mrs. Curry.

They have every creature comfort, but none of the advantages that their money could bring them in the way of training from nurses with unselfish ideas of discipline.

Both children are bright enough to absorb much from proper outside teaching. The talent and temperament of their father shines through the curly-headed brown-eyed beauty given them by their mother.

Lita Grey herself was a child of divorce, raised from a tender age in the care of her mother in Hollywood, and making her first appearance as a child of eleven as the angel in "The Kid," the Chaplin picture that gave Jackie Coogan to the world of fans.

Away from the outlook that only a father can contribute to the raising of a daughter, Lita suffered from a broken home. Her own father, Robert MacMurray, of Wichita, Kans., has never seen his daughter since she was two-and-a-half years old. At sixteen she married Chaplin, poorly equipped by temperament and training to be the wife of one of the most complex and temperamental personalities of our times.

She was still taking lessons in algebra and geography after her marriage, to satisfy the demands of the board of education.

An interesting item in the provision made by Chaplin in the trust fund settlement for the children is the mention that the children will not come into the capital of the trust until the youngest reaches the age of thirty-five.

Lita got \$625,000 for herself. The settlement also provides that Charlie may see the children at will, and that when they become older he may take them on trips.

When one of the children breaks into a fit of temper, which is pretty often, the grandmother smiles placidly and says, "Yes, they're full of temperament, just like their mother and father."

Lita's temperament had a large cash value, and one can only hope the astute grandmother will do as well with the grandsons as she did with the daughter.

WILLIAM S. HART settled the largest sum of money on his son that had ever been settled on a child in Hollywood, and this \$100,000 settlement has only been equalled by Charles Chaplin since, though there have been many wealthier parents divorced since Hart's time.

Hart settled the money on the boy in the form of a trust fund, four months before the child's birth. At that time the mother insisted on sole care and custody of the child, as is shown by the insert in her handwriting on the document. The \$102,000

awarded the wife at the time of the divorce was for herself alone.

When Joan Bennett divorced her husband, John Marion Fox, in August, 1928, she obtained custody of her daughter, Adrienne, aged five months, and fifty dollars a month for the support of the child. Since that time, Fox, though of a wealthy family, has been sued by Miss Bennett for the money which she says he has not paid.

In the spring of this year, Miss Bennett sued to collect back money for the child, and has tried to secure the small support money in some permanent manner. The husband has married a Seattle heiress since, and it looks as if the entire raising and care of the little one will be in the hands of Joan.

THE child of Eric Von Stroheim by a former marriage has been supported at the rate of seventy-five dollars a week since the divorce in 1919, when the child was three. Nevertheless his mother has had him working in pictures at intervals.

The divorce had included no alimony for her, as that had been agreed on.

In 1924, when the child was seven years of age, Von applied to Judge Keetch and Judge Summerfield to have the support money decreased, and asked for an accounting of the money as he felt the money had been diverted from the child's use.

Judge Keetch denied the application, in spite of Von's attorney telling that he had borrowed on his life insurance to secure money to keep up the payments. As he had, at this time, his mother, a crippled brother, another wife and child, Von Stroheim was in financial difficulties.

The judge said, "I denied this application because of the best interest of the little boy. Von Stroheim has been earning a large sum, \$31,000 a year with his Goldwyn contract, and he will earn \$1,000 a week when he acts in his pictures and is to receive twenty-five per cent of the net profits. . . . As a father prospers so his obligation to his children grows. . . . A man should be willing to take care of his first wife and their issue in proportion to the money he is now earning. The children of a first marriage are emphatically entitled to just as many opportunities as the children of subsequent marriages."

It has been with the bitterest opposition from Von Stroheim that his child by the former marriage has been working in pictures. However, there was nothing in the contract with his former wife, May Jones Von Stroheim, over the child that can prevent this state of affairs.

This idea that a child and former wife are entitled to support in accordance with what the father and husband earns was carried out in the Reginald Denny divorce arrangements, when money was awarded to Mrs. Irene Haisman Denny and their fifteen-year-old daughter, Barbara, on the basis of \$1,000 a week as long as Denny makes \$3,000 a week. When that happy state of affairs ceases, the money allowance drops with the salary.

This idea that a child and former wife are entitled to support in accordance with what the father and husband earns was carried out in the Reginald Denny divorce arrangements, when money was awarded to Mrs. Irene Haisman Denny and their fifteen-year-old daughter, Barbara, on the basis of \$1,000 a week as long as Denny makes \$3,000 a week. When that happy state of affairs ceases, the money allowance drops with the salary.

MARSHALL NEILAN, known to fans as a leading man before he became a noted director, when he was divorced from his wife, Gertrude Bambrick, also an actress, in 1920, agreed to pay fifty dollars a week for the support of his son, Marshall, Jr., in addition to the alimony awarded. Neilan has access to the child at intervals.

John Gilbert, according to the terms of the divorce that separated him and Leatrice Joy in 1924, agreed to pay fifty dollars a month for the support of his child until her majority. At that time, Leatrice was the big star in the

family, as John had only begun to click. This was in addition to alimony of \$300 a month for Leatrice.

To date Leatrice has been able to supply every advantage to the child, even to adopting another little girl for a sister, to create a natural family environment.

THE daughter of Tom Mix, Ruth Jane Mix, was supported by Tom on an allowance of \$250 a month. Thomasina, the child of the last and present marriage, has lived on a much more lavish scale than that. Ruth played in pictures at the age of thirteen, travelled in vaudeville, capitalizing her parentage, from the age of six, when the divorce took place between Tom and Olive Stokes Mix. There was no arrangement to protect the child's interest in this matter of not working or using her father's name for advertising.

The outcome of this ill-advised childhood is that the girl became careless with money and when she married Douglas Gilmore recently, although only seventeen, her father cut off her allowance entirely.

Tom had been disgusted with lawsuits over her unpaid debts.

Julie Jane Cruze, child of Marguerite Snow and Jim Cruze, was supported by her father at the rate of twenty-five dollars a week, according to the terms of the settlement in 1923. A child of Jim Cruze today, with his financial rating what it is as a producer, would doubtless be awarded more by a court. Julie Jane is now seventeen; she has been attending a boarding school in Pasadena near Jim's home, where he has seen her often. He is very proud of her ability as a writer, which is beginning to blossom.

When William Powell and his wife, Jule M. Powell, were divorced in January, 1930, the custody of the child, William David, was given to the mother, to be shared with the father after the child reaches the age of six. The financial settlement, of which no terms have been published, for both mother and child, is said to be most generous. Bill adores his child, who is a very handsome youngster. He visits him frequently at the military academy which he attends.

When Florence Vidor and King Vidor separated in 1925, Florence said in her statement to Judge Gates: "I don't want any alimony; I only want custody of our daughter, Suzanne, and a decree of divorce." King married Eleanor Boardman not long after, and now has two daughters. It is interesting to note that the first caller on the new baby, when Eleanor had her first, was Florence Vidor. Suzanne has Jascha Heifetz as her new papa, and the stork recently brought her a third little sister. As for the money settlement or lack of it, Suzanne has wanted for nothing, as her mother had been very successful until her retirement. This, despite the fact that King was only too eager to do everything in his power and showers the little girl with expensive presents.

WHEN Gloria Swanson was divorced by her husband, Herbert Sornbor, in January, 1925, he claimed desertion and said Gloria's ambition had broken up her home.

Nevertheless Gloria was awarded the custody of the child, with the understanding in court that a trust fund for the care of the child was to be established with each parent contributing.

This was a wise provision, for, aside from what the father might or might not be able to do in the future, Gloria is well known to be prodigal with her money, and often in difficulties.

If the future of the child should ever become dependent on this fund, it will be there; and that day may come if Gloria ceases to be a money-maker at any time.

Agnes Ayres, when she divorced her Mexican husband, Manuel Reachi, made no claims on him for herself or the child. The child is in the custody of the mother, at the mother's

expense; the father may see it twice a week and gets a monthly report on the baby's welfare. Maria Eugenia is five now. On occasional visits, Reachi has accompanied his former wife to the Hollywood Progressive School, where they both rapturously watched little Maria Eugenia perform her part in the childish program.

LILA LEE is now fighting in the courts to regain the custody of her little six-year-old son by James Kirkwood. The two separated two years ago, the mother leaving the child with his father.

They are now divorced. A property settlement was effected at the time.

When the couple announced the separation was permanent, newspapers carried the story that Lila had moved four doors away to the home of her friend, Mary Nolan, and that she had access to the child at all times.

In May of this year Lila filed suit to regain custody of the child; it has not as yet been settled. The father hopes to keep the child; he adores him and has him with him continually. One of the permanent guests on the recent location trip of "The Spoilers" was little Jimmie, playing about on the beach, or watching his father gravely while he enacted his scenes before the camera.

When Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay were divorced in Paris, in January, 1927, the custody of the child, Mary Hay Barthelmess, then four, was shared for six months each year with each parent. Dick has had the baby with him since March, 1926. His sole comment on hearing of the divorce was, "I hope I will be able to retain the custody of our daughter."

In the autumn of 1926, Dick had invited Mary to visit the child. She did. Mary Hay married an Englishman, Vivian Bath, in April, 1927.

When she passed through Los Angeles on her honeymoon on her way to Singapore, her husband's home, she saw the child, but left her with Dick, with whom she has remained ever since.

Since Dick's second marriage to Jessica Sargent, who has made him very happy, he has become stepfather to her little boy, Stewart; and the two children are being raised very happily together.

While many of the children of divorce have suffered financially from the separation of their parents, the biggest loss seems to be the sentimental one.

Few parents, at the time of the divorce, stop to think seriously of the welfare of the children involved, beyond the financial provision that they make for them. However, there are some interesting cases where this matter has been gone into.

WILLIAM S. HART, when he made the settlement with his wife prior to the birth of the child in 1922, insisted that her settlement also in the trust fund should be dependent on her not working on the screen, and on her devoting herself personally to the care of the child that would be born. Bill believes firmly in old-fashioned mothers who care for their own children.

Mrs. Hart later tried to break this proviso of the trust, but it was upheld in court, and she did not return to work until after the privilege of working was awarded her again under the terms of the divorce in 1927, when the trust became hers with no provisos, and the boy was five.

Further clauses in the boy's trust fund say that the child may not be used in motion pictures during the life of the trust, and that the money is for his care and support and education, subject to the approval of his father, and that he may not be taken out of the United States.

In every way the child's welfare is guaranteed by the fact that the money in the trust returns to his father when any of the terms of the trust are violated.

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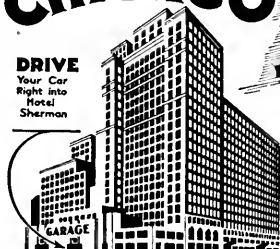
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Hart's only error which he has keenly felt since was in granting complete custody to the mother as the boy, who is a bright, handsome child, with his father's powerful physique, needs a father's care and love.

His mother has insisted on raising him like a dainty French doll, and with his grandmother as head of the house, petticoat government gets pretty intense for a big, lively boy.

That the boy, too, feels the want of a father is demonstrated by the story of a family friend, who asked little Bill what he wanted for Christmas last year. The little fellow answered, "I want to see my father." The same serious keen-eyed glance of his father accompanied his request. It was not granted, for the only terms under which the mother will agree to allow the father to see the child, are that she be present at their meeting. Bill has felt that such a scene might be too distressing for the child's good.

HART thus is shut off entirely from his child. At the time that Hart was invited to attend the dedication of a statue of himself made in bronze, entitled "The Range Rider of the Yellowstone" at Billings, Montana, he attempted to make arrangements to take his boy with him, as it was perhaps the biggest single event of his life. Permission was indignantly refused. It was a great loss for the boy, as it would have been a high spot in his memory all his life. It was very sad for Bill Hart, and, one can only feel, not just. The mother, grandmother, and child have been supported entirely on Hart's money ever since before the birth of the child, with the exception of the money received by the wife in a single rôle in a picture.

Francis X. Bushman had the privilege of having his children by his first marriage with him for a part of every year. A strange situation rose at one time, when, in 1922, the first wife came to Los Angeles with the children to visit Bushman, then married to Beverly Bayne.

The wife stayed at a hotel, but the five children descended on the Bushman-Bayne ménage, where there was no servant at the time, and Beverly Bayne was taking care of her own fourteen-months-old child, Richard. The Bushman children liked Beverly very well, and said so.

The fair attitude taken by the first Mrs. Bushman and by the father, Francis X., towards their children, is responsible for the fact that the children have maintained their contact with their father, have lived with him at intervals, and have been helped with his advice in their lives and picture work.

When the second divorce, that from Beverly Bayne, took place, Bushman paid twenty-five dollars a week for the maintenance of the child, and contributed \$100 a month towards a cumulative trust fund of \$10,000. The father can see the child twice a week, and neither parent can take young Richard out of the state without the written consent of the other. The money Bushman contributes is contingent on his boy retaining the name of Bushman.

The child is living with his mother in Long Island.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and his son are another example of how tolerance and good will between parents can work to the advantage of the child. Young Doug, though he underwent hardships through the loss of the money his mother received for his care, grew to know his father better after he came to Hollywood, and when he set out on a career in earnest after that early experience in films, gained much advice and help.

Doug Senior was very much disappointed that the boy did not complete his education first, but now that the boy has done so well with his career, he is reconciled to it.

The two play golf, talk shop, and have a grand time together.

The funniest story is quoted from Mary Pickford in this regard of Doug's father and stepfather, as his mother is now married again. One day not long ago over at United Artists when Mary was still working on "Forever Yours" young Doug said, "I hear my father is to play in 'Reaching for the Moon';" and Mary answered, "Yes, it seems one of your fathers will have the rôle." The present husband of Doug, Jr.'s, mother is Jack Whiting, stage actor, who had been originally slated for the rôle that passed from stepfather to father.

THIS matter of famous fathers of the children of divorce would not be complete without a story about De Wolfe Hopper and Hedda Hopper, the mother of his sixteen-year-old son, Bill. Hedda is a clever, handsome woman with a clear vision of things as they are. Since her separation years ago from the famous comedian, the care of the child and his financial needs have fallen on her, as Hopper was never the type to accumulate money.

A friend who was at their home last Christmas tells that Hopper made a visit to the boy, the first in many years, on Christmas Day, as he happened to be in town during the course of his work on a film. Hedda, surrounded by a coterie of clever and amusing folks, was holding an informal open house when De Wolfe arrived. "In half an hour," relates the friend, "the house was his; he was the center of attention; they were his guests, and he was serving them. The boy, Bill, was watching him with the rapt eyes of one discovering a divinity. He was drinking in every word. He had never seen or heard anything or anyone quite like this man, his father."

Hedda was most happy to have the boy see his father so, and to have him proud of his father. She feels it will mean a great deal to the boy in the future to have this mental picture of his father at his best.

One could go on multiplying incidents about these absorbing human experiences of interesting people; but one thing stands out. Their children are not going to be any ordinary children. Their heritage of talent and the lives they have lived, crammed full of overflowing with experiences and impressions of

life at a tender age, are bound to have some very interesting results.

Some of our most brilliant film stars are themselves children of divorce. Gloria Swanson is a child of divorce; her mother married again. Marilyn Miller, born Reynolds, came of divorced parents; not only that, but the stepfather whom she had from the age of two, and whose name she bears, was also divorced by her mother after he had helped develop Marilyn in a most successful career. He was the authority for her contract when she signed with the Winter Garden when she was under age. After the divorce, it was shown he had no real legal authority to sign the contract for her as he was only a stepfather, and it was broken. Then Marilyn went to Ziegfeld. A couple of years ago, Marilyn and her sister were instrumental in uniting their mother and Caro Miller, the man they had known as a father. Both he and her mother were stage folk.

Harold Lloyd is another child of divorce; and his father was his help and mainstay, being both father and mother to him through his boyhood and his early career in pictures, even handling his business affairs for him.

Jack Gilbert is an outstanding example of a child from a divorced family. Of a sensitive nature, the vicissitudes of his early life made a deep imprint on him, and made him a better actor than he probably would have been if he had had a father that sprinkled the lawn evenings, and a mother that made good chocolate cake.

JOAN, Constance and Barbara Bennett, all talented and successful, are children of divorce.

While they all have had stormy matrimonial careers, they are certainly successful in their chosen fields. Born of Adrienne Morrison, herself a successful actress, and Richard Bennett, they are all temperamental individualists, both by heredity and environment.

If life can be defined as a series of experiences, then these children of divorce are having life in great draughts; who knows what genius for poetry, for art, for the drama, may not be developed and shaped for true worth and accomplishment among these Hollywood children of divorce?



After the game

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Foreigners Welcome

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

George Lewis is repeating the George O'Brien Western rôles in Spanish. Jose Mojica and Mona Maris also made a Spanish print of "One Mad Kiss." Other Fox pictures will be made in different tongues.

OF course, many of these foreign productions will be shown in American cities with large alien population. There are many theaters in New York, Chicago and New Orleans with audiences for these pictures. Los Angeles has an elaborate theater, dedicated to the international screen, with offerings in Spanish, German, Italian and French, as well as English.

Jose Bohr, a favorite of South American and Cuban audiences, is one of the first of the new contingents to make an appearance in English after stowing away two in Spanish. His American film is called "The Road to Romance," and it will later be translated into Spanish. He has been called the South American Chevalier, so his appearance may portend something of importance. Bohr has taken on the aspect of permanency and has built a big hilltop home in true movie fashion. There are parties for the Spanish colony with "caliente" food, tango bands from the Argentine, and tarantellas.

Marlene Dietrich, the German star, will make her first appearance in the land of so-

called freedom in "Morocco." She will also make French and German versions. This lovely *fran* is a bit like Garbo with a lush, exotic type of beauty, and her English is excellent.

Lotti Loder has already attracted attention in her first two American appearances, the productions of "Oh Sailor, Behave" and "A Soldier's Plaything." The vivacious Lotti was transplanted from the city of the Danube to Hollywood. She was discovered by a Warner Brothers executive while she was dancing in a Budapest café.

Andre Luguet, at M-G-M, will also appear on the American screen after being cast in the French version of "Men of the North" and "The Green Ghost." Luguet is young and handsome and was educated in England. His family, by the way, is the royal house of the French theater, contrasted to the Barrymore aristocracy of America.

PARAMOUNT has a Spanish counterpart for William Powell, Ramon Pereda, and he has appeared in the Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case." In type, Pereda is not unlike Powell.

Kosita Moreno, a popular dancing star on the stage, and an exceptionally beautiful girl, is having her second fling at the films. Two years ago she was placed under contract to

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ARE YOU THERE?"—Fox.—From the story by Harlan Thompson. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Stanley Travis, Beatrice Lillie, Geoffrey, John Scartkins, Countess Helenka, Olga Babanova; Duke of St. Panoras, George Grossmith; Barbara Byrnie, Jillian Sand; Hostler, Lloyd Hamilton; Barber, Roger Davis; International Crooks, Gustav Von Seyffritz, Nicholas Soussain, Richard Alexander, Henry Victor; Page, Paula Langlen.*

"BIG TRAIL, THE"—Fox.—From the story by Hal G. Evans. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Breck Coleman, John Wayne, Ruth Cameron, Marguerite Churchill, Gussie, El Brendel; Zeke, Tully Marshall; Red Klaw, Tyrone Power; Dave Cameron, David Rollins; Du Bassom, Frederick Burton; Lopez, Charles Stevens; Windy Hill, Russ Powell; Gussie's Mother-in-Law, Louise Carter; Wellmore, William V. Mong; Abigail, Dodo Newett; Sam Bassom, Ward Bond; Mrs. Riggs, Marcia Harris; Mary Riggs, Harjorie Cost; Sirey, Emily Emerson; Ohio Alan, Frank Rainboth; Otto Man's Son, Andy Shufford; Honey Girl, Helen Parrish.*

"CAPTAIN APPLEJACK"—WARNERS.—From the play by Walter Hackett. The play by Maudie Fulton. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Penny, Mary Brian; Anna Valaska, Kay Strozi; Ambrose Applejack, John Halliday; Aunt Agatha, Louise Closser Hale; Lush, Alec B. Francis; John Brown, Claud Allister; Mrs. Penard, Julia Swaney Gordon; Ivan Borolsky, Arthur Edmund Carew; Mr. Penard, Otto Hoffman; Dennett, William Davidson.*

"CAPTAIN THUNDER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Harold Davitt and Pierre Couderc. Adapted by Gordon Rigby. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Captain Thunder, Victor Varconi; Inez, Fay Wray; Commandante Raze, Charles Judels; Morgan, Robert Elliott; Pablo, Bert Roach; Hank, Frank Campau; Juan, Don Alvarado; Pedro, John Saintpol; Miguel, Robert Emmett Keane; Anita, Natalie Moorhead.*

"COLLEGE LOVERS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Earl Baldwin. Adapted by Douglas Doty. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *Frank Taylor, Jack Whiting; Madge Wilson, Marian Nixon; Al Tapp, Courtney Guinn Williams; Eddie Smith, Russell Hopton; Coach Donovan, Wade Boteler; Speed Haskins, Frank McHugh; Josephine, Phyllis Crane; Gene Hutton, Richard Tucker.*

"DOORWAY TO HELL, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Rowland Brown. Adapted by George Rosencr, Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Luis Ricardo, Loretta Ayres; Sam Margoni, Charles Judels; Doris, Dorothy Matthews; Jackie LaMar, Leon Janney; Captain Grady, Robert Elliott; Steve Mileaway, James Cagney; Captain of Military Academy, Kenneth Thomson; Joe, Jerry Mandy; Kocca, Noel Madison.*

"DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by David Belasco. Adapted by Sam Taylor. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Jeannette Vaubertier, later Madame Du Barry, Norma Talmadge; Louis XV, King of France, William Farnum; Colette de Brisson, Conrad Nagel; Duc de Brisson, Hobart Bosworth; Jean Du Barry, Ulrich Haupt; The Gourdan, Allison Skipwith; Denny, E. Alyn Warren; Renard, Edgar Aronson; Mowbray, Edwin Maxwell; d'Aguilion, Henry Kolker.*

"GOING WILD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the

story by James Montgomery. Adapted by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Eusey Smith, Joe E. Brown; Jack Lane, Lawrence Gray; Ruth Howard, Osa Munson; Ace Benton, Walter Pidgeon; Peggy Freeman, Laura Lee; Richard Freeman, Frank McHugh; Max Randall, Mary Boloy; Edward Howard, Adrien Randolph; Robert Story, Arthur Hoyt; Simpkins, Johnny Arthur; Conductor, Fred Kelsey; Herndon Keamer, Harvey Clark; Matt Gore, Lilla Bantlin.*

"GORILLA, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Ralph Spente. Directed by Bryan Fay. The cast: *Garry, Joe Frisco; Mulligan, Harry Gibson; Arthur Marshall, Walter Pidgeon; Eddie Denby, Lila Lee; The Stranger, Purcell Price; Cyrus Stevens, Edwin Maxwell; Simons, Roscoe Kaitirs; Jeff, Will Phillips.*

"HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by James A. Creelman, Jr. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Tommy, Bert Wheeler; Gilbert, Robert Woodsey; M. P. Sergeant, John Ruthen; Colonel Marshall, George MacFarlane; Kilen, Roberta Robinson; Olga, Leni Stengel; America, Dorothy Leys; Lieut. Jim Reed, Hugh Trevor; Mrs. Marshall, Edna May Oliver; Military Policeman, Eddie de Lange; General Hale, E. H. Calvert; Capt. Jones, Alan Rosscoe.*

"HER MAN"—PATHE.—From the story by Howard Higgin and Tay Garnett. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Frankie, Helen Twelvetrees; Annie, Marjorie Rambeau; Johnnie, Ricardo Cortez; Dan, Phillips Holmes; Steve, James Gleason; Eddie, Harry Sweet; Al, Stanley Fields; Red, Matthew Betz; Nellie, Thelma Todd; Sport, Franklin Pangborn; Bartender, Mike Donlin; Dance Hall Girls, Sally Ferguson, Blythe Daley, Ruth Hall, Edith Kosita, Lola Karnely, Peggy Howard.*

"L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Percy Heath. French adaptation by Bataille-Henri. Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: *Courtesy Parkes, Adolphe Menjou; Lucy de Saurin, Claudette Colbert; H. Silvester Corbett, Emile Chautard; Mrs. Corbett, Adrienne d'Ambroicourt; Edith Corbett, Sandra Ralston; Jimmy Brennan, Frank Sully; Meistrati, Armand Kaliz; Hawkins, Jacques Jour-Jervill; Commissaire de Police, Andre Cheron.*

"LILIONI"—Fox.—From the play by Franz Molnar. Continuity by Sonya Levien. Directed by Frank Borzago. The cast: *Lilioni, Charles Farrell; Julie, Rose Hobart; Madam Muskta, Estelle Taylor; The Carpenter, Walter Abel; The Bazzard, Leo Tracy; Lizzman, James Marcus; Marie, Mildred Van Dorn; Hollinger, Guinn Williams; Aunt Hulda, Lillian Elliott; Wolf, Bert Roach; Chief Magistrate, H. B. Warner.*

"LONESOME TRAIL, THE"—SYNDICATE PICTURES.—Directed by Ben Mitchell. The cast: *Julia Rawdon, Foreman, the Bar W, Charles D. Lane; His Companions of the Range, Sweetheart, Ben Corbett; Tenderloin, Jimmie Aubrey; Gila Red, Monte Montague; Marlow, of Rancho Jacinto, Virginia Brown Faire; Rankin, her Father, William McCall; Nehab, his Partner, George Berliner; Oswald, Al Cressh; George Hackathorne; Man in the White Smokey, Tom Brinkley; The King Tailored Roarer, George Rice; Sheriff, Lyle McCreese; His Deputies, Tuo Guu, Yakima Canutt; Alkali, Bob Reeves; Slim, Art Mix.*

"MISBEHAVING LADIES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

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Being unable to read English, my mother has never been a movie fan. The first talkie that she saw was "Sunny Side Up." Throughout the entire picture she didn't say a word. We didn't have to ask her a second time to see "High Society Blues."

She doesn't say she is "too old" or "too dumb" to go with the children any more.
If pictures can bridge the gap between most children and their parents in this way, they certainly are serving a worth while purpose.
Mary Juliano

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Adapted by Julian Josephson. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Ellen*, Lila Lee; *Phil*, Ben Lyon; *Ann Kate Boyd*, Louise Fazenda; *Uncle Joe Boyd*, Lucien Littlefield; *The Old Princess*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Mela Oliver*, Emily Fitzroy; *Mayor's Wife*, Martha Mattox; *Hazel Boyd*, Virginia Gray; *Mayor Taittelli*, Oscar Apfel.

"OUTWARD BOUND"—WARNERS.—From the story by Sutton Vane. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: *Mrs. Hildet*, Beryl Mercer; *Mrs. Clitende Banks*, Allison Skipworth; *Mr. Lingley*, Montagu Love; *Henry*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Anne*, Helen Chandler; *Tom Prior*, Leslie Howard; *The Examiner*, Dudley Digges; *Rev. Duke*, Lyonel Watts; *Scrubby*, Alec B. Francis.

"PAY OFF, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Samuel Shipman. Adapted by Jane Murfin. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Gene Fenmore*, Lowell Sherman; *Annabelle*, Marian Nixon; *Rosky*, Hugh Trevor; *Tommy*, William Janney; *Dot*, Helene Millarde; *Mouse*, George Marford; *Emory*, Walter McGrail; *Frank*, Robert McWade; *District Attorney*, Alan Roscoe; *Margy*, Lita Chevre; *Spat*, Bert Moorehouse.

"PLAYBOY OF PARIS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "The Little Cafe" by Tristan Bernard. Adapted by Percy Heath. Directed by Ludwig Berger. The cast: *Albert*, Maurice Chevalier; *Fronie*, Frances Dee; *Pilidori*, G. P. Hegge; *Paul*, Stuart Erwin; *Pierre*, Eugene Pallette; *Mlle. Berengere*, Dorothy Clurisy; *Mlle. Hedwige*, Cecil Cunningham; *Cadeaux*, Tyler Brooke; *M. Juberit*, Frank Elliott; *M. Bannock*, William Davidson; *Costume*, Charles Gibby; *Jacqueline*, Erin LaBissoniere; *Plowier*, Fred Lee; *The General*, Edmund Breese; *The Doctor*, Olaf Hyten; *Manager of Night Club*, Edward Lynch; *Street-cleaner*, Guy Oliver; *Waiter*, William O'Brien.

"SANTA FE TRAIL, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Spanish Acres" by Hal G. Evarts. Adapted by Sam Mintz. Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin Knopf. The cast: *Sten Hedister*, Richard Arlen; *Maria*, Rosita Moreno; *Peter Brady*, Eugene Pallette; *Emily*, Mitzi Green; *"Old Timer"*, Junior Durkin; *Marc Coulard*, Hooper Atchley; *Juan Castinado*, Luis Alberni; *Chief Sutanek*, Standing Bear; *Eagle Feather*, Blue Cloud; *Brown Beaver*, Youlache.

"SEA GOD, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Russell. Screen play by George Abbott. Directed by George Abbott. The cast:

Phillip "Pink" Borker, Richard Arlen; *Daisy*, Fay Wray; *"Square Deal" McCorthy*, Eugene Pallette; *Schultz*, Robert Gleckler; *Prory*, Nip Wain; *Simmons*, Abe, Bob Perry; *Rudy*, Maurice Black; *Bill*, Fred Wallace.

"SEA WOLF, THE"—FOX.—From the novel by Jack London. Screen play by Ralph Block. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *"Wolf" Larsen*, Milton Sills; *Lorna Marsh*, Jane Keith; *Allen Rod*, Raymond Hackett; *"Death" Larsen*, Mitchell Harris; *Smoke*, Kat. Wenton; *Algridge*, John Rogers; *Louch*, Harold Kinney; *Johnson*, Harry Tenbrook; *Neilson*, Sata Allen.

"SPOILERS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Rex Beach. Adapted by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: *Roy Glenister*, Gary Cooper; *Helen Chester*, Kay Johnson; *Cherry Malotte*, Betty Compson; *McNamara*, William Boyd; *Herman*, Harry Green; *Slopjack Simms*, Slim Sumner; *Smoke*, Kat. Wenton; *Judge Stillman*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Sirius*, Oscar Apfel; *Voorhees*, Jack Holmes.

"SPURS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Reeves Eason. Directed by Reeves Eason. The cast: *Bob Merrill*, Heat Gibson; *Peggy Bradley*, Helen Wright; *Pop Merrill*, Robert Homans; *Charles Bradley*, Frank Clark; *Buddy Hazel*, Buddy Hunter; *Shorly*, Gilbert Holmes; *Indian Joe*, William Bertram; *Tom Marsden*, Philo McCullough; *Pecos*, Cap Anderson; *Blackie*, Pete Morrison; *Eagle-Claw*, Artie Ortega.

"SQUEALER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Mark Linder. Continuity by Casey Robinson. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *Charles Hart*, Jack Holt; *Georgia Hart*, Dorothy Revier; *Bunny Hart*, Davey Lee; *John Sheridan*, Matt Moore; *Bella*, Zasu Pitts; *Valletti*, Robert Ellis; *Red Majors*, Matthew Betz; *Mittie Davis*, Arthur Housman; *Edwards*, Louis Natheaux; *Whisper*, Eddie Kane; *The Killer*, Eddie Sturgis.

"STORM, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Langdon McCormick. Adapted by Charles Logue. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: *Manette Fachard*, Lupe Velez; *Dave Stewart*, Paul Cavanagh; *Burr Withton*, William Boyd; *Jacques Fachard*, Alphonse Etlor; *Johnny*, Ernie S. Adams.

"STORM OVER ASIA"—AMKINO.—Scenario by O. Brik. Directed by Vsevolod Pudovkin. The cast:

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A new aviation cap modelled on the hood which covers the modern talkie camera. Dot McNulty says it keeps the sound out perfectly. It's made of silver shaded leather

The Son, V. Inkizhinov; *The Rebel Leader*, A. Tchistakov; *The Commander*, L. Dodisoff; *His Wife*, L. Brinskaya; *The Commandant's Daughter*, A. Sudakovich.

"SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS"—WARNERS.—From the book by Egerton Castle. From the play by David Belasco. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, Claudia Dell; *Sir Jasper Sandich*, Ernest Torrence; *Lord Verney*, Walter Pidgeon; *Captain O'Hara*, Perry Askam; *Julia Sandish*, June Collyer; *Colonel Villiers*, Lionel Belmore; *Captain Spicer*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Old Dame*, Flora Finch; *Thomas Stafford*, Douglas Gerrard; *Lydia*, Christiane Yves; *Lord Markham*, Edgar Norton; *Verney's Valet*, Bertram Johns; *Linkerper*, Albert Hart; *Mosim*, Tina Marshall; *Lord Northmore*, Geoffrey McDonell.

"SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Al Cohn and James M. Hart. Continuity by Colin Clements. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: *Helen*, Alice White; *Bill*, Lloyd Hughes; *Nia*, Marie Prevost; *Hendricks*, Kenneth Thomson; *Hank*, Ray Cooke; *Parker*, Wilbur Mack; *Desham*, Ernest Wood; *Department Store Manager*, Max Asher.

"TEN NIGHTS IN A BARRROOM"—WILLIS KENT PRODUCTION.—Adapted by Norton S. Parker. Directed by William O'Connor. The cast: *Joe Morgan*, William Farnum; *Simon Slade*, Tom Santschi; *Mary Morgan*, Patty Lou Lynd; *Ann Slade*, Phyllis Barrington; *Dr. Romaine*, Robert Frazier; *Frank Slade*, John Darrow; *Bill*, the *barkeeper*, Lionel Belmore; *Mrs. Morgan*, Rosemary Theby; *Grandma Morgan*, Catherine Claire Ward; *Sammy Southick*, Harry Todd; *Fanny Cartwright*, Fern Emmett; *June Manners*, Sheila Manners; *Bully*, Jack Smith; *The Hag*, Daisy Belmont; *Harvey Greene*, Frank Leigh; *The Darby*, Thomas Jefferson.

"THOROUGH'BRED, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by John Francis Natchford. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Ted Taylor*, Wesley Barry; *Colleen Riley*, Nancy Dover; *Margie Butler*, directed by Sylvia Thiers; *Riley*, Robert Pauline Garon; *Drake*, Larry Steers; *Riley*, Robert Romans; *Donnan*, Walter Perry; *Ham*, Onest Conly; *Purple*, Mildred Washington; *Sacharine*, Mme. Sul Te Wan.

"THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Dale Van Evely and Arthur Freed. Adapted by Sylvia Thiers and Frank Butler. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Charmaine*, Fifi Dorsay; *Larry*, Reginald Denny; *Onley*, Cliff Edwards; *Diane*, Yola d'Avril; *Maddlon*, Sandra Ravel; *Earl of Appleton*, George Grossmith; *Yank*, Edward Brophy; *Parker*, Peter Gawthorne.

"WIENNESE NIGHTS"—WARNERS.—From the story by Oscar Hammerstein II. Symphony composed by Sigmund Romberg. Directed by Alan Crossland. The cast: *Ulla*, Alexander Gray; *Eloa*, Vivienne Segal; *Hoscher*, Jean Hersholt; *Franz*, Walter Pidgeon; *Greil*, Louise Fazenda; *Barbara*, Alice Day; *Gae*, Bert Roach; *Mary*, June Purcell; *Bill*, Milton Douglas.

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Miriam Seegar, the Indiana blonde, who made good in London. Here she is with Buster Collier in a Fox film



Maid In America

MIRIAM SEEGAR was trumpeted into Hollywood, with all the trimmings, as a clever young English actress.

She had been a success on the London stage, and she had appeared in three English-made pictures.

If that didn't add up into a young English actress, how's your Aunt Martha doing?

But on the very first day of September, about twenty-one years ago, the population of Indiana was increased by one young lady. Indiana is no part of Great Britain's domains, far-flung as they are. So there is no cause for native born thespians to caterwaul about the foreign invasion—at least, as far as Miriam is concerned.

She is one of the tiniest women in pictures. Just five feet, one in height, and weighing one hundred pounds to the ounce. In many ways she resembles the other split-pint star, Betty Bronson. Only Miriam has blonde hair and blue eyes.

Her first appearance before the Hollywood cameras was in the Adolphe Menjou picture, "Fashions in Love." She has twice been leading lady for Richard Dix, in "The Love Doctor" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate." She supported Reginald Denny in "What a Man!" and provided the pictorial interest with Charlie Murray in "Clancy in Wall Street." She was a featured member of the Fox "Movietone Follies of 1930," in which she appeared with William Collier, Jr. Miriam can sing, and, much to her own surprise, she has found that she can also dance.

Her preliminary stage training was gained in a very genteel manner—in Chautauqua.

"All my life I had wanted to go to England," she said. "I was playing the ingénue rôle with Blanche Yurka in 'The Squall' when I was offered a rôle in the London production of 'Crime.' I was just beginning to get a start in New York, but I was glad to be transferred to England."

But Indiana sent Miriam Seegar to success in London before Hollywood snared her

dotted line of an American screen contract.

HOLLYWOOD has seemed a strange place to her. She does not understand the stellar poses, temperament and other ailments of the cinematic famous. She almost lives the life of a recluse in the colony.

"It's difficult to know what to do," she said. "I was criticized for being up-stage, but if I spoke to everybody when I met them face to face I would be talked about, too."

Miriam has had no very serious love affairs, although she does admit that she has been in love. In fact, several times. The only trouble is that she falls out of love so easily.

She says that she believes married men are far more interesting than the young eligibles, but she's an old-fashioned girl and does not care to be the "heavy" in a real life triangle drama.

Like all very small women, the question of clothes is a problem to her. Everything must be specially made, since she has no desire to step out in twelve-year-old dainties from a department store. She sees a gown model she likes and has it duplicated in a more miniature form. She likes frocks of rich material, but made without fuss and furbelows.

She steadfastly refuses to change her name, although she does not consider it good for screen purposes. People are inclined to accent the last syllable, as if it were "cigar."

But Miriam is a firm believer in the Rooseveltian theory—it doesn't matter so much what people say as long as they say something.

By Eugene Earle



Now I have a brand-new reason



for protecting my busy hands as if they were babies!

The precious reason arrived nearly six weeks ago. He is a very pink, very small, very sleepy and hungry son! Of course, I adore him. But I know that taking care of him is going to put my hands in soap-suds more than ever!

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But please don't think that I've always been sensible about soaps! For over a year of house-keeping I struggled along with the idea that hard work

needed harsh soap. I remember the first time I cleaned the white woodwork with common "kitchen" soap. The dirt came off. But the gloss came off, too. And I wondered what on earth was the matter with my hands. They looked sore, and they *were* sore. And that strong soap ruined my cuticle!

And now? I often smile . . . for my hands certainly are busier with two babies and a husband and a home depending upon them! Yes, if you should ring my doorbell any morning, you'd find me deep in work.

But whatever I'd be doing—washing dishes or wiping the linoleum, or putting through the weekly wash—I wouldn't feel apologetic for my hands. For my Ivory tasks are as gentle as my babies' Ivory baths!

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thing, I'm sure you will quickly learn that a gentle rich soap can do really hard work. And more—that Ivory *protects* while it cleans. It will keep your home looking new, and it will keep your hands *young!*

And so, in the long run, isn't Ivory really *economical?*

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Gentlemen: Will you send your Gift Suggestion letter to the name and address below—without, of course, in any way revealing my identity. Thank you.

Name _____

Street and No. _____ State _____

City _____

HAND IN HAND WITH FASHION

No, thank you, Mother, no "Pink tooth brush" for me!

THIS NEW GENERATION:—Mother, you've been buying your kind of tooth paste for me again!

MOTHER: *But you're always used that kind. Ever since you were a child.*

T. N. G.: Not lately. Not since I went to the dentist last fall and found out about gums.

MOTHER: *But tooth paste isn't for your gums. It's for your teeth.*

T. N. G.: Now that's just where you admit you're a wee bit old-fashioned, mother dear. The best really *modern* tooth paste can be used as a gum massage, too—to prevent "pink tooth brush."

MOTHER: *"Pink tooth brush!" I never heard of it!*

T. N. G.: Isn't your tooth brush ever pink when you clean your teeth?

MOTHER: *Come to think of it, I believe it is. My gums are tender, I suppose. And bleed rather easily.*

T. N. G.: That's why I massage my gums—with Ipana Tooth Paste on my brush. So mine won't become tender and begin to bleed. I don't want to get gingivitis or pyorrhea or gum trouble like *that*. And I don't want to discover sometime that a few of my precious teeth aren't as sound as they *look!*

MOTHER: *You mean that "pink tooth brush" can be as serious as that?*

T. N. G.: Unless you *stop* it, it can. For our gums do need massage. We don't eat coarse foods any more. We eat mostly *soft* foods. And our gums don't get the stimulation they need. They grow lazy and flabby—and tender. And, first thing we know, they begin to bleed.



MOTHER: *I suppose I'll have to take lessons from you—and begin to massage my gums, too.*

T. N. G.: That's the girl. And, just to make sure you will, I'm going to stop in at the drug store this afternoon, and get two tubes of Ipana—one for me, and one for you. Ipana has ziratol in it. That's a preparation dentists have known and used for a long time because it's so effective in toning and invigorating tender gums. And hereafter, every time you clean your teeth with Ipana (aren't mine nice and white since I've been using it?) put some more Ipana on your brush and lightly massage

your gums with it. And if your gums aren't as healthy and firm in a month as *mine* are—Well, they will be.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F-12
75 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.
Name
Street
City State

IPANA Tooth Paste

Fun for everyone from 6 to 60!

You enjoyed Tom Sawyer and his gang when you read of them as a kid—you laugh even more uproariously when you read about them now. But when you actually meet them on the Paramount screen you'll love them more than ever before—you'll laugh as you've never laughed yet!



MITZI GREEN

The lovable, laughable imp of the screen as Becky Thatcher



Mark Twain, whose stories of these adventurous kids made his fame immortal.

TOM SAWYER

JUNIOR DURKIN

Bringing to life that freckled, mischievous, irresistible Huckleberry Finn

JACKIE COOGAN

Hear the most famous boy in the world in his first talking picture—and his ideal part as Tom himself

Directed by John Cromwell

SEE and hear them pay Tom to let them whitewash the fence! Follow Huck, Tom and Joe to the island where they played pirate while the town thought they'd been drowned—and then see them attend their own funeral! Listen to Tom "get engaged" to Becky Thatcher. Played by America's most famous juvenile actors—real kids, all of them—and produced by the greatest picture organization in the world, "Tom Sawyer" is a picture everybody should see. It will be a treat for children—and for you too! *If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!*

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PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXIX No. 1

December, 1930



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Next Month— The Winners!

In the January issue of PHOTOPLAY, out December 10, you'll find the names of the Lucky Seventy—winners of slices of the \$5,000 in gold offered in PHOTOPLAY'S famous Cut Picture Puzzle Contest.

**It's the Big Month!
Get the January Issue
for a Thrill**

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Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the
Real Critics

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

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

A change of soul is as desirable as a change of linen, and any picture that can make us believe we're some one else is a masterpiece!

DOROTHY KNOX

The \$5 Letter

Yokohama, Japan

I AM very surprised, I and sisters am very pleased to copy honorable American manners and customs. We see therefore talkie pictures very much, liking greatly. Latest talkie at theater being "The Cock Eyed World," we did go. Unable to see any special kind of eye. But American Marine ways we did greatly observe and were surprised. Is picture of men wearing very honorable Hoover uniform true resembling to life?

TAKE NISHIJIMA.

The \$25 Letter

Fontana, Calif.

TOO much preliminary advertising often spoils a movie. I am thinking of the "trailers" which exhibitors show to interest the patrons in attending the coming pictures.

If one attends the theater often, he may see the "trailer" of a coming picture three or four times, so that by the time the picture finally arrives at the theater, he feels as though he has already seen it.

Then, too, the advertisers pick out all the high spots or climaxes of the drama to put into the "trailer." So when one sees the picture, he continually feels that he knows what is coming.

Cannot the producers and exhibitors see that by showing the "trailer" so many times they may kill the desire to see the picture instead of encouraging it? And that by previously giving away all of the dramatic moments of the plot, they destroy that element of suspense which is so necessary to the fullest enjoyment of a new story? Do you agree with me?

MRS. A. M. IVES

The \$10 Letter

Charlotte, N. C.

DON'T you ever get tired of being yourself day after day?

Old married women, sober young spinners, all become the perfect lover watching Greta Garbo.

Haven't you seen the male part of a Mix audience figuratively gallop home on horseback? Or noticed demure girls get hoydenish after Marion Davies? Or hen-pecked husbands momentarily borrow a Wallace Beery brutality? I delight in the hard-boiled villainess who craves her liquor straight. After watching her I feel devilish enough to go out and chew gum.

Kamerad!

Eastland, Texas

MY hubby doesn't like war pictures! Recently, we went downtown to our city's only show and there was a war picture playing. We decided to drive ten miles West to another show and there also was a war picture. We retrieved the ten miles and added ten miles more by going East to see what that little city would give us in the way of entertainment. Another war picture!

Something oughta be done about this!

Too much war! We could have stayed home and had plenty of that—and saved our money, too.

MRS. H. W. O.

The Theme Song?

Los Angeles, Calif.

I SUGGEST the following as the Hollywood Follies of 1930:

Pushing Maurice Chevalier into "The Big Pond."

Stuffing sugar down Conrad Nagel's throat—perpetually.

Producers letting Leslie Fenton slip through their fingers.

Casting Garbo as "Anna Christie" for her first talkie.

Letting Joan Crawford sing.

Ignoring Bacalnova.

Releasing the over-ripe "Hell's Angels."

Revealing Lillian Gish as a ham actress in that worst picture, "One Romantic Night."

Not starring Lewis Stone.

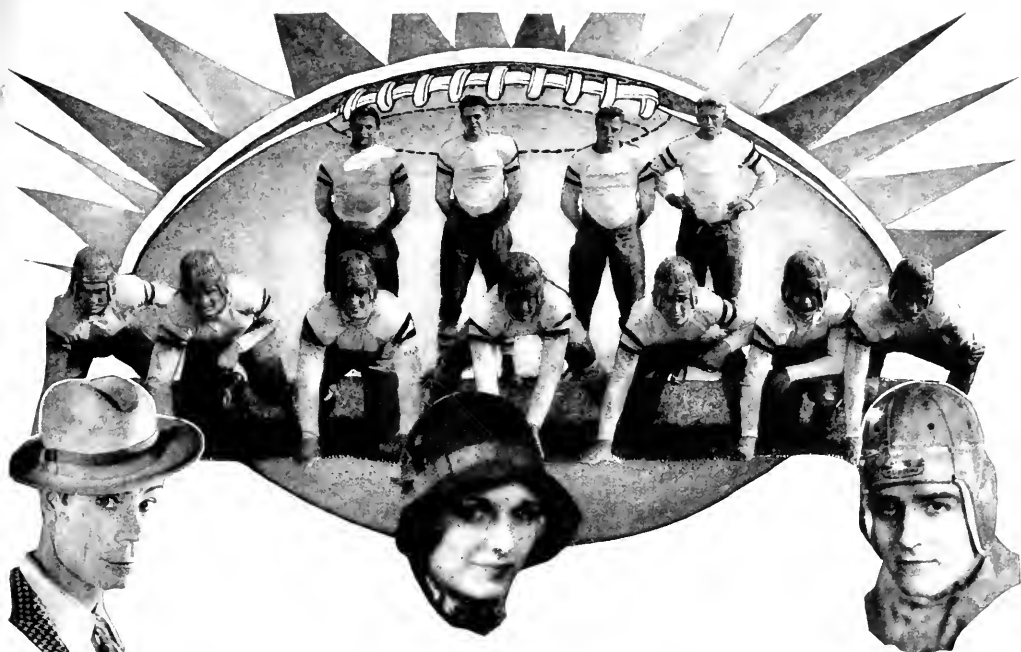
ALICE AUSMUS

How Could You!

Alberta, Canada.

THIS may not be a helpful idea to everyone but it certainly was to me. I have an apartment next my dearest friend who is a spinster and a victim of a violent Tibbett crush. Tibbett for breakfast, lunch and dinner, also far, far into the night.

One evening after a long romantic seance with Tibbett, dim lights and a soft note from the victrola, my friend remarked dreamily, "Think [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 147]"



A Touchdown! featuring the ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM

What is behind the success of a great football team? Men? Teamwork? Coaching? Watch Joan Bennett vamp the whole All-American team into playing for her and you'll agree that sometimes — "Maybe it's Love!"

featuring **JOE E. BROWN JOAN BENNETT JAMES HALL**

Coach Howard Jones
Univ. of So. Cal.
W. K. Schoonover
Arkansas
E. N. Sleight
Purdue
George Gibson
Minnesota
Tim Moynihan
Notre Dame
Ray Montgomery
Pittsburgh
Based on the story by
Mark Canfield
Screen play and dialogue by
Joseph Jackson

Otto Pommerening
Michigan
Kenneth Haycraft
Minnesota
Russell Saunders
Univ. of So. Cal.
Howard Harpster
Carnegie Tech.
Paul Scull
Univ. of Penn.
William Banker
Tulane
Directed by
WILLIAM WELLMAN
Director of "Blings"



WARNER BROS. present

Maybe It's Love

A WARNER BROS. AND VITAPHONE PICTURE



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkies

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

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

★ **ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE**—Radio Pictures.—Bette Daniels and Ben Lyon in crook picture made from Veller's play, "Chatterbox." A comeback for Ben, and Bebe at her best. (June)

★ **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**—Universal.—Remarque's sensational war book, made into one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Powerful drama of war as it really is. (June)

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

★ **ANYBODY'S WAR**—Paramount.—The *Two Black Crosses* join the army, with mildly amusing results. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

★ **BAD ONE, THE**—United Artists.—Dolores Del Rio as a cafe singer and dancer, teamed with Eddie Lowe, who also sings delightfully. Adventurous, romantic story that you'll like. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

★ **CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD**—Universal.—John Boles and Laura La Plante in a story of the birth of the *Marseilloise* that just misses being a thrilling picture. John sings superbly. (June)

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

Do Not Miss These Recent Pictures

- “Romance”
- “Abraham Lincoln”
- “Old English”
- “The Dawn Patrol”
- “Anybody's Woman”
- “Common Clay”
- “All Quiet on the Western Front”

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

★ **CAUGHT SHORT**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, rival boarding house keepers who play the stock market. Anita Page and Charles Morton are young lovers. Good, rough fun. (June)

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

★ **COCK O' THE WALK**—Sona Art—WorldWide.—Pretty sad affair, in which Joseph Schildkraut does his worst. Myrna Loy attractive. (June)

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

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

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

★ **COURAGE**—Warners.—Charming picture about seven interesting youngsters and their extravagant mother, well played by Belle Bennett. Leon Janney fine as Bill, the youngest. (June)

★ **CUCKOOS, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Nonsensical musical comedy featuring comedians Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Chuck your critical goggles and prepare to laugh uproariously. (June)

★ **CZAR OF BROADWAY**—Universal.—A not-so-good imitation of that fine picture, "Street of Chance." Not bad, if you haven't seen the original. (June)

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

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

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

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

★ **DEVIL'S HOLIDAY, THE**—Paramount.—Best performance of her career! Directed by Edmund Goulding, who made "The Trespasser." (July)

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

★ **DIVORCE, THE**—M-G-M.—Don't miss this. Norma Shearer great. Chester Morris gives swell performance. Fine direction, gorgeous clothes. (June)

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

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

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

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

★ **DUMB BELLS IN ERMINE**—Warners.—Prie-fights and love. Robert Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason, and Beryl Mercer. Lots of fun. (Aug.)

★ **EYES OF THE WORLD**—United Artists.—This Harold Hill Wright stand-by, in its talkie dress, is cumbersome movie stuff. (Oct.)

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

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

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

CRANKY WOMEN

They are the principal users of this great 25¢ dentifrice. Two million acclaim the way it beautifies teeth — protects precious enamel

**Buy silk hose
with that \$3
you save**

Silk stockings. Merely one suggestion for spending that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.

When it comes to the matter of teeth, and keeping them sound and beautiful, a woman's a crank—the worst kind of a crank, as any dentist will tell you.

It is a remarkable tribute to the quality and results of Listerine Tooth Paste that women—cranky women—are its principal users. More than 2 million of them have rejected other dentifrices in favor of this one made by the makers of Listerine.

They like its gentle but thorough action. They like the way it gets around and in between teeth and sweeps out decay. They like the way it erases tartar and discoloration. They say it protects precious enamel. The brilliance and luster it imparts to the teeth. The fresh feeling of exhilaration it leaves in the mouth—like Listerine itself.

Incidentally, that \$3 they save by using it instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, may be—and is—applied to buying a couple of pairs of silk hose.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Buy a tube today. Compare it with any paste at any price. Be guided by results alone. We'll wager that you will immediately be won to this up-to-date dentifrice, which has delighted more than 4,000,000 people. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE MAKERS OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
RECOMMEND
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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

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

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

FOX MOVIE-TONE FOLLIES OF 1936—Fox.—By now the single-talkie revues have lost their novelty. Comedy, fair songs, and a bit of a love story. (July)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GUILITY—Columbia.—Mediocre melodrama of circumstantial evidence. But Virginia Valli, John Sainpolis, and John Holland are good. (June)

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

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

HELL'S ANGELS—Caddo Prod.—Three years and \$4,000,000 were invested in this. Worth seeing—but \$3,000,000 worth? (Aug.)

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

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

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

HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont.—British-made film about a hypothetical next World War. World politics and inventions of year 1940 are ingeniously envisioned. Interesting. (June)

HOLD EVERYTHING—Warners.—Joe E. Brown is great. Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs. But it could have been better. (June)

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

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

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

IN THE NEXT ROOM—First National.—A murder mystery that thrills. Jack Mulhall, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads. (June)

ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners.—Monte Blue, Betty Compton and Noah Bery do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results. (June)

★ **JOURNEY'S END**—Tiffany Productions.—Unforgettable war story, from play of same name. Grim happenings in a front line dugout under bombardment, relieved by carefully planned humor. Excellent cast. (June)

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

★ **KING OF JAZZ**—Universal.—Pretentious, all-Technicolor, Paul Whiteman revue. Unusual color and lighting effects, splendid choruses. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, and the Whiteman Band. (June)

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

LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount.—Good entertainment. George Bancroft is a crude but wealthy builder who goes in for culture, under Mary Astor's inspiration. There's a thrilling fight. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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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HELP yourself to the best time you've had in years!

"Where the H--- is Mulligan?"

Out go the lights! On go the thrills! Into the mystery-mansion stalks the "Gorilla", a mind of a master-criminal—lust-cravings of a beast. In walk Mulligan and Garrity, the two dumb detectives, and then the fun begins. It shouldn't be missed.



THE GORILLA

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, INC.
presents it with

LILA JOE
LEE FRISCO

Harry Gribbon . . . Walter Pidgeon

Story by Ralph Spence
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Mysterious! Hilarious! Stupendous! "The Gorilla" Will Give You The Thrill Of Your LAFFtime!

Mulligan and Garrity (Joe Friso and Harry Gribbon) the two blundering detectives who see all, hear all and know nothing. They're a riot!



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A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

The Girl on the Cover

THEY say she and Ronald Colman are making goo-goo eyes.

Remember how you sat up and took notice when that striking, severe bob flashed on the screen in "Gentlemen of the Press"? And the tributes of the critics to the "new-style siren of the talkies"?

Then Kay Francis played her first straight lead in "Street of Chance," with William Powell. After that she won the lead opposite Ronald Colman in "Raffles." In both pictures she kept her sleek bob, but she was no longer a siren. Hers was the sympathetic rôle—the legitimate love interest. She was no longer the "other woman."

Then came the chance to play opposite Walter Huston in "The Virtuous Sin," reviewed in this issue. The period of the story is 1914, and the leading lady had to have long hair. So Kay parted her hair in the middle, waved it loosely off her face, and pinned a knot on the back. After that she took a long look at herself in the glass and smiled delightedly. The effect was just what was needed to complete her transition from siren to leading woman.

KAY FRANCIS may get away from siren rôles, and she may part her hair demurely in the middle; she may even wear curls. But her appearance and manner will always confine her to sophisticated portrayals. She has heavy, black hair, dark brown eyes, a seductively full lower lip, and a charming smile which reveals even, white teeth.

Besides her striking appearance, one of the things that helped her get over in the theater when she was first starting was her undeniable flair for wearing clothes a little bit better than ninety-nine per cent of the other women in the world. But now that she has proved she can act, she wishes they would stop labeling her one of the best-dressed women in the talkies.

She doesn't like the idea of being presented merely as a clotheshorse, as Gloria Swanson once was.

Before she went on the stage Kay did a number of things. Publicity, for example. She helped publicize Raquel Meller's first appearance in America. She has worked in the insurance and real estate businesses, too.

And once, when she was out of work, she got an in-between job costuming a play. The producer probably figured that anyone who could dress herself as exquisitely as Kay does could dress others, too. Kay knew it was tough enough to dress oneself on a budget. But when it came to dressing sixty actors, with



A new and demure coiffure, but she still looks the sophisticate

Last Minute News

"SCOTLAND YARD," Fox. — A peach of a crook drama, with Edmund Lowe playing a dual rôle, and with Joan Bennett, Donald Crisp and David Torrence in support. This is a grand picture.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery are the proud parents of a little daughter, born October 13th. Her name is to be Martha-Bryan, a family name which runs through four generations of the mother's family.

Marion Davies, after a long rest abroad, is again busy on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot shooting scenes for "The Bachelor Father," from the stage success produced by David Belasco.

Tallulah Bankhead, daughter of an Alabama congressman and for the past few years London's most popular young actress, is coming back to America to make a talkie. She will arrive in Hollywood early in January to make a story called "Her Past" for Paramount. Clive Brook will play opposite.

Gary Cooper will be the star of the next picture in which Marlene Dietrich is to appear. They worked together in "Morocco."

Gloria Swanson has filed suit to divorce the Marquis, and it is reported that Peggy Joyce is coming home from France to make a talkie for Paramount.

Lewis S. Stone, 50, and Hazel Elizabeth Woolf, 29, were married in Yuma, Arizona. This is Stone's third marriage.

everyone wanting the best of everything and not enough money to go around, that was almost too much!

Probably one of the things that made her determined to go on the stage was the fact that no one thought she could act.

Her mother, well-known in the theater as Katherine Clinton, tried to discourage her.

"What can you do on the stage?" asked mother. Kay didn't waste words. She set out to show what she could do. And, she says with a twinkle, that her mother is now quite reconciled.

SHE likes tennis, but she hates swimming and actors. There are exceptions to the latter, of course. But Kay says actors, as a class, don't interest her. Women, she says, are used to flattery and adulation—it's part of their province, not merely as actresses, but as women. When men begin getting fan mail, however, it's apt to be too much for them. They're not used to it and they get impossibly conceited, she thinks.

She likes Ronald Colman, but says there is nothing to the rumor that they almost became engaged. She says she hasn't any intention of getting engaged or married to anyone just now. She was married and divorced before she was twenty. Eventually she wants a home and children, but right now she's busy and happy just being Kay Francis, successful talkie actress.

She lives in fear of being thought "upstage" because of this success, and goes out of her way to be nice to old school friends and people who look her up to say "I knew you when."

KAY'S real name is "Katherine," shortened for picture purposes to the one that seems to suit her better. She was born in Oklahoma City, Okla., on Friday, January 13th, but she doesn't divulge what year.

Maybe you can figure it out from that information, if you think it's worth trying.

She was convent-educated in the East, played in stock and on the Broadway stage, and entered pictures in March, 1929, being the thirteenth girl tested for the screen rôle in "Gentlemen of the Press" after twelve blondes had been tried out. Add to that the fact that she was born in the thirteenth month of her mother's marriage; that in her first stage part her name was listed thirteenth in the cast of characters; and that her first Hollywood screen part was played on Stage 13, and you may understand why she doesn't share the opinion of some people that thirteen is an unlucky number!

First Choice

WHEN the great day comes at last, and the crowds are roaring, and the flags are flying, and the air is positively electric with suspense . . . what a thrill it is to be on the fifty-yard line, in first-choice seats, with a first-choice cigarette! For there's such a wealth of enjoyment and mellow fragrance in Camels that you will find them always in places of preference . . . in the pockets of people who know and demand good things.





THE LOTTERY BRIDE

JEANETTE MacDONALD, JOE E. BROWN and ZASU PITTS place United Artists' new Technicolor musical-romance, "The Lottery Bride," among the hit-headliners of the current season. Don't miss this one.

Her charm made a vital, stimulating presence

No longer do screen limitations restrict this vital Jeanette MacDonald to shadowy motions in black and gray.

In *The Lottery Bride* she walks before you a living presence—her color and charm richly expressed in the color and charm of Technicolor.

Only in Technicolor can the true sweep of life actually pass before you on the screen. You hear, and now you see, people and things actually as they are. The true image, the very living presence, is yours to command—through the magic of Technicolor.

TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels, Everett Marshall, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; *FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN*, all-star cast (Warner Bros.); *FOLLOW THRU*, with Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); *HELL'S ANGELS*, with Ben Lyon, James Hall, Jane Winton and Thelma Todd (Caddo) Technicolor Sequences; *SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS*, with Claudia Dell and Perry Askam (Warner Bros.); *THE LIFE OF THE PARTY*, with Winnie Lightner (Warner Bros.); *THE TOAST OF THE LEGION*, with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); *VIENNESE NIGHTS*, all-star cast (Warner Bros.); *WHOOPEE*, starring Eddie Cantor (Samuel Goldwyn-Florenz Ziegfeld).

T★ Technicolor



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAMMY—Warners.—Al Jolson rises above his story and makes an entertaining movie. A minstrel piece, with Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser. Irving Berlin tunes. (June)

MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE—Warners.—The Barrymore profile in slapstick! He's a good farceur in this ridiculous story of an English lord who attended the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides love interest. (June)

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

MAN HUNTER, THE—Warners.—A beach-combing melodrama, that totters to a feeble end. Kin-Tin-Tin is the star. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MISBEHAVING LADIES—First National.—The gag is half whiskers, but you'll laugh at them, and Louise Fazenda is the reason. (Nov.)

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

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

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

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

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

NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A—First National.—Tired of players who burst into song? Then you may like this. Billie Dove in gorgeous clothes. Basil Rathbone the faithless husband, and Kay Francis a vamp. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

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

ONEMAN KISS—Fox.—Don Jose Melica, young operatic tenor, and Mona Maris afford entertainment for a satisfactory evening. (Oct.)

*Producer Announcements
of New Pictures
and Stars*

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

Educational Pictures . . . Page 17
 First National Pictures . . . Page 11
 Fox Film Page 98
 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, . . . Page 116
 Paramount Pictures Page 4
 Pathe Page 113
 Technicolor Page 14
 Warner Brothers Page 7

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

★ **ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT**—United Artists.—Lillian Gish in her first phonograph. Also added by G. F. Houston and Louise Dresser. The love story of a young princess and her tutor. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PLAYBOY OF PARIS—Paramount.—If you'd like it deserves better than the light fare, which is amusing only in spots. And only two sons from Maurice! (Nov.)

PLAYING AROUND—First National.—Alice White, Billy Beakwell and Chester Morris. Trite story, but acting, fair entertainment. (June)

POEEN HIGH—Paramount.—An age musical comedy with laughs, biting tunes and pretty girls. (Aug.)

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

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

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

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

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

RETURN OF DR. FU MANGHU, THE—Paramount.—Grand melodramatic hokum. Warner Grand is a swell Macho. (July)

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

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

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

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

ROUGH ROMANCE—Fox.—All about the songsters of lumberjacks. Helen Chandler goes Gish. George O'Brien and Antonio Moreno don't help much. Neither do the chorus routines. (June)

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

RUNAWAY BRIDE—Radio Pictures.—Murders, thieves, and a string of pearls. Clap-trap melodrama trying to be light comedy. But Mary Astor is charming. (June)

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—Paramount.—Peaches-cream for Buddy Rogers fans. He sings half a dozen songs and plays an heir to big money whose worldly-wise uncle puts him in care of three "Folger" girls. (June)

SANTA FE TRAIL, THE—Paramount.—Richard Arlen in his cowboy suit. Indians. And Mitzu Green! It's one like Westerns, all right. (Nov.)

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

SCARLET PAGES—First National.—Elsie Ferguson's talkie debut. A fine story. Elsie is interesting as a woman attorney. (Sept.)

SEA BAT, THE—M-G-M.—Just another talkie, hokum! By the way, its Nils Asth's first audible film. (Aug.)

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

★ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Again Jack London. Famous *Wolf Larsen* takes the screen with sound. Milton Sells played *Wolf* in actually. His last picture, and a noble thriller. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

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

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

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

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

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD.—First National.—Alice White's best talkie. Interesting studio scenes. (June)

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

SINNERS' HOLIDAY.—Warners.—(Reviewed under title "Women in Love.") Just as a change of scenery the gangsters move out of the honky-tonks to an amusement pier. Grant Withers is the hero. (Oct.)

SISTERS.—Columbia.—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day as sisters, one rich, the other poor. Fair. (Sept.)

SLUMS OF TOKYO.—Schochiko Film Co.—Silent Japanese-made film, supposed to be "art." Drab story. (Sept.)

SOCIAL LION.—The Paramount.—Jack Oakie, the village braggart who is "taken up" by the country club set. Mary Brian, the girl. Heaps of fun. (July)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN.—Columbia.—Tangled love affairs in military circles. (Aug.)

SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING.—A Warners.—If you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slapstick and hot thrills, catch this. (Oct.)

SONG OF THE FLAME.—First National.—Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Beery, deep bass, free Russia from the revolutionists via Technicolor operetta. (July)

SON OF THE SADDLE.—Universal.—A Ken Maynard Western with plenty of hard riding, gun play and action. (Oct.)

SO THIS IS LONDON.—Fox.—The Will Rogers-Ensign Rich team, set down in London. An amusing follow-up for "So This Is Paris." (Aug.)

SOUP TO NUTS.—Fox.—Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons, his fantastic inventions and freak stunts, are all in this hilarious film. You'll like it. (Oct.)

★ **SPOILERS.**—The Paramount.—Gary Cooper and William Boyd stage a battle wilder than the memorable fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi, which made screen history. Real meat melodrama, packed with action, suspense and thrills. (Nov.)

SPRING IS HERE.—First National.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray sing well. Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda are great. Just an average musical comedy story, but they make it good entertainment. (June)

SPURS.—Universal.—Here's hard-riding' Monty Gibson in a Western that's a Western. It's fast, from the first shot to the last. (Nov.)

SQUEALER.—Columbia.—If you can stand another gangster picture, this one has some new ideas. Well acted by Jack Holt, Dorothy Royer and Davey Lee. (Nov.)

STORM.—The Universal.—This story is no longer a very tame melodrama. Even Lupe Velaz is tame as the lover girl of the Great Northwest. (Nov.)

STORM OVER ASIA.—Amkino.—Another of the powerful Revolutionary pictures from Soviet Russia dramatizing the Communist revolt against the White Army in 1918. A smash ending. Silent. (Nov.)

STRICTLY MODERN.—First National.—Pretty obvious humor and fun story, but Dorothy Mack all in time as a young sophisticate who finds romance where she least expects it. (July)

SUNNY SKIES.—Tiffany Productions.—Another one of those movie versions of college life as it isn't. (June)

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.—First National.—Billie Dove's best talkie. Mystery farce, with Clive Brook being very farcical. (Sept.)

★ **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS.**—Warners.—A dainty operetta, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Claudia Dell, charming new star, is Kitty; Walter Pidgeon, the baritone hero. (Nov.)

SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE.—Columbia.—Just another pure little country girl among the bad, big-town millionaires. Alice White is the sweet young thing. (Nov.)

SWEET MAMA.—First National.—If you're an Alice White fan this won't seem so weak. (Sept.)

SWELLHEAD.—Tiffany Productions.—Just another prize-fight story. (July)

SWING HIGH.—Pathe.—Love and intrigue in an old-time wagon circus. Color, action, peppy songs. Pleasant entertainment. (July)

TEMPTATION.—Columbia.—Unpretentious and pleasant love story. Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray. (Sept.)

Look for The Winners!

Maybe you or a friend will be found to have taken one of the 70 prizes in PHOTOPLAYS \$5,000 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest. Announcement will be made in the next, the

JANUARY

issue of
PHOTOPLAY

On sale at all newsstands on
or about December 10

TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM.—Willis Kent Production.—Old-fashioned muddin' melodrama, elaborately overacted. The villain is Demon Rum. (Nov.)

TEXAN.—The Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a picturesque O. Henry story of the Southwest. (July)

THOROUGHBREED.—The Tiffany Productions.—Wesley "Freckles" Barry is the nice little jockey hero of a nice little horse story for the family trade. (Nov.)

THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS.—M-G-M.—Not even Reginald Denry and Leda-lee make this nutmy hodge-podge worth while. —Elli Dorsay, Leda D. Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. (Nov.)

THOSE WHO DANCE.—Warners.—Monte Blue, in another under-world story that doesn't ring true. (Sept.)

THREE FACES EAST.—Warners.—A great stage play and line silent picture gone wrong in the talkies. (Aug.)

TOAST OF THE LEGION.—The First National.—The lovely Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," in all-Technicolor. Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon. A musical treat. (Aug.)

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY.—First National.—(Reviewed under title "Broken Dishes.") Grand satire on family life. O. P. Heggie the henpecked father, Loretta Young and Grant Withers the young lovers. Full of fun. (Sept.)

TOP SPEED.—First National.—Musical comedy with the irrepressible Joe E. Brown emphasizing the comedy. (Aug.)

TRIGGER TRICKS.—Universal.—Typical Hoot Gibson Western with Sally Eilers in her real life role of girl-friend. (Aug.)

TRUE TO THE NAVY.—Paramount.—Clara Bow is the girl who has a boy on every ship. Then the whole fleet comes in! Can y' imagine the fun! (July)

TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH.—First National.—Starts out to be a tenderly wistful story of youth and turns into a stereotyped April and November romance. (Oct.)

UNDER A TEXAS MOON.—Warners.—Light satire on old-fashioned Mexican border melodramas. A gay and dashing Technicolor single, with Frank Fay and Armida. (June)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES.—First National.—Neither beautiful Technicolor scenery nor Lila Lee's fine performance do much for this one. (July)

★ **UNHOLY THREE.**—The M-G-M.—Lon Chaney talks in five voices, one of them his natural voice. Thrills a-plenty. (Aug.)

VIENNESE NIGHTS.—Warners.—The best operetta in recent months—with old, what waitess Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray sing the love songs. (Nov.)

WAY OF ALL MEN.—The First National.—This just misses being good. Not bad, however, Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s in it. (Sept.)

WAY OUT WEST.—M-G-M.—One of the funniest Billy Haines films in a long time. (Aug.)

WEDDING RINGS.—First National.—Ernest Pascal's novel, "The Dark Swan," lost its original title and a great deal more. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner. (July)

WHAT A WIDOW!—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson goes slap-stick but manages to be entertaining in light fare. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three cheers. (Oct.)

WHAT MEN WANT.—Universal.—This doesn't prove anything, but Robert Ellis is good in it. (Sept.)

★ **WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALE.**—Universal.—Three people are trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night search party sets out. Wonderful Swiss snow scenes and breath-taking airplane stunts. Unusual and intensely interesting. Sound. (July)

★ **WHOOPEE.**—United Artists.—Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopee" instead. Eddie Cantor pulls a gag a minute. Lavish, all-Technicolor production. (Oct.)

WIDE OPEN.—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller play this somewhat vulgar but amusing comedy with a pace that keeps you roaring. (June)

WILD COMPANY.—Fox.—Another of those wild younger generation stories, but Frank Albertson gives it real punch. (Aug.)

WINGS OF ADVENTURE.—Tiffany Productions.—Armida saves this far-fetched adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. (Oct.)

★ **WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE.**—Paramount.—A picture beyond the usual praise. You'll have to see Commander Byrd drop the American flag onto the South Pole to appreciate what an achievement it is. Wonderful entertainment from any standpoint. (Aug.)

WOMEN EVERYWHERE.—Fox.—J. Harold Murray's charming singing voice, plus that ooh-la-la Ma'usselle, Eth Dorsey. (July)

YOUNG DESIRE.—Universal.—Conventional story of a circus girl who loves a rich boy, but treated unconventionally. Pace, color and thrills. Mary Nolan scores. (June)

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN.—Paramount.—Two young newspaper writers get married, and then get temperamental. Claudette Colbert and real-life husband, Norman Foster. Charles Ruggles adds hilarious comedy touches. (July)



FAMOUS FUNMAKERS

from the footlights



Many of the stage's most popular stars join veteran screen comies to make this a greater year of laughs through...



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CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD... TOM PATRICOLA... BUSTER and JOHN WEST...stage favorites who have made millions laugh...these and many more are now bringing their fun to the screen for you to enjoy. For now that the talking screen makes the spoken word as well as action a source of fun, *Educational* is picking from the best stageland has to offer.

And these stars, added to *Educational's* famous company of veteran screen comies such as LLOYD HAMILTON, ANDY CLYDE, JOHNNY HINES and DAPHNE POLLARD, are making picture programs funnier and more amusing wherever *Educational's Talking Comedies* are shown—and that includes most of the country's leading theatres.



For the best laughs you have had in months see

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in

"LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR"
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in

"DON'T GIVE UP"
A VANITY COMEDY

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"SI, SI, SENOR"
AN IDEAL COMEDY



EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.

E. W. HAMMONS, President

Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York

Forget practicality when selecting party clothes. Choose them for their charm and beauty. And if you want a "repeat" invitation, let your escort and your hostess know that you have had a wonderful time



If you don't have a good time maybe it's your own fault

When You're Invited to a Party-

THE winter party season is in full swing, and I hope you are getting your share of exciting invitations.

Of course, the first question always is, "What shall I wear?" Well, I have found that one or two well-styled party frocks are better than a different one for every party, not one of them looking as if it came from a good shop.

If you sew cleverly and can make a gown that might have come straight from a Hollywood designer, then you don't need any advice about party clothes. But cheap materials and amateur dressmaking show up more quickly in formal clothes than in every-day garments. Don't wear a dress you've been working on so long that it is already just on the fringe of being out of style. And don't think that trimming will cover up shoddiness of finish and materials. If you haven't much money to spend, let it go for fabric and lines, and forego the rest.

And, I beg you, don't choose party clothes for their practicality. Buy the dress you "just adore," not the one you're not so keen about but can make over next year. Party clothes should "live for today, and let tomorrow take care of itself."

A dashing, becoming gown, good grooming and poise, are your best introductions to strangers. At a big affair it is a good thing to be identified as "the girl in the red dress," or "that stunning blonde in black and white." The main thing is to be noticed, and remembered favorably. Names are sometimes forgotten at first meetings, but visual impressions remain.

If your hair looks its best immediately after washing, by all means take the time and trouble to shampoo it just before you dress. If you need a new wave, don't try to economize by making the old one do. And don't let your hair be stringy and unattractive just because it still shows some of last week's marcel and you hate to wash it out. That's the poorest economy of all. What man can grow poetic about a girl with stringy hair?

AFTER you have done the best you can about your hair, your skin and your clothes, forget the whole matter. Don't go to a party thinking what fun it might be if only you had a different escort, a different gown, or were a different sort of person! Make up your mind to have a good time with what you have and as you are.

Even if your escort isn't exactly the Prince Charming of your dreams, pretend he is for that evening and it will make you both happier. Let him think he is helping to provide a

wonderful time for you. That will encourage him to do his utmost to make it so.

There aren't any rules for having a good time at parties, or anywhere else, but there are a lot of suggestions along that line that girls have passed on to me and that I, too, have learned from years of party-going.

If you are the bashful sort, you'll have to talk yourself out of being timid. You talked yourself into it, from childhood up, and as an adult you can undo the mischief, if you will try hard enough. Don't point out [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 144]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

SEND for my reducing booklet, outlining normalizing exercises and giving suggestions for well-balanced menus for the too-plump. Or my complexion leaflet, containing general advice on the care of the skin, and treatment for blackheads and acne. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or other confidential advice on personal problems. There is no charge. Address me care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

LAKE FOREST'S WAY

can be your way!

America's aristocrats . . . by a substantial majority . . . endorse this convenient, safe method of handling home's most burdensome task . . .

BEAUTIFUL Lake Forest, 28 miles north of Chicago on the Lake Michigan bluffs, is outstanding among the nation's ultra-smart suburbs. Its magnificent estates exemplify the art of gracious living.

Of course Lake Forest folks, like everybody else, have their *washday* problems. And the big majority of these cultured, successful families use present-day laundry service to meet their exacting requirements.

An impartial investigator proved this. She called upon 125 homes along Sheridan Road, Deerpath Avenue, Green Bay Road and the other

lovely, winding Lake Forest roads. Of these 71—a substantial majority—send all their washing to the Laundry. Others use the Laundry occasionally. But all of the 125—unanimously—send the men's shirts and collars!

Wherever you live, you can enjoy the same efficient, safe laundering service preferred by America's aristocrats. Today's improved methods protect your clothes, insure hygienic cleanness. Now 8 million women have adopted the laundry way to washday freedom. It's easy—economical—dependable. Make it your way. Start now!

Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.



(Left) After being classified by color and fabric, each group of your clothes is given the correct washing by the multiple-suds method—insuring maximum protection.

(Right) Present-day laundries give millions of women leisure to entertain—and by eliminating washday strain and worry protect their precious, youthful charm.



Let the
LAUNDRY
do it!

So light..you don't know you have them on



They weigh little more than your vanity case. You'd hardly know you had them on. The silk-like rubber hugs the instep and ankle with no unsightly bulk.

Great splotchy puddles are gay nothings to the bright young things who flit about their business in these smart new Goodrich Shower Boots of silk-like rubber . . .

TIME was when a woman canceled her engagements — if she could — on stormy days . . . or slushed miserably to them in heavy, ugly overshoes that utterly spoiled her charm.

That was before the world went young . . . and wise.

Today the smart young things snap their fingers at the weather. Flit when they please. And look ever so enticing.

For they match their winter ensembles with dainty, moiré rubber Goodrich Shower Boots that fit trimly on the instep and slimly on the ankle . . . and weigh almost nothing at all. The smart shops have them in all the proper colors, and in modish fabrics, too. The B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corporation, Watertown, Mass.



The young person in chic Goodrich Shower Boots goes nonchalantly to office or classroom or tea, fully aware that her legs are beautifully unspattered.

Light-footed, warm and graceful in their tweeds and harmonizing Goodrich Shower Boots, the smart young things defy the Storm King, yet tap a dry and nicely polished toe at tea-time.



You will be delighted with this slim new tan oxford that snaps so neatly around your ankle. Other models with broken zipper closing.

The new Zipper fastener— which never gets out of order— closes in a smooth, smart, unbroken line over the arch.



They prance out gaily on a bad night protected in Shower Boots as light as their fragile slippers. And the smooth, pastel linings protect hose and slippers quite completely.

◆ G ◆ Goodrich Zippers ... another B. F. Goodrich Product

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

A LUSCIOUS morsel of youthful prettiness which has been adorning the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot of recent months—and, it is fair to suppose, is inducing a lot of eyestrain! She's Harriet Lake, who tore herself from Broadway to light up some Metro talkies. Ah, when such as Harriet are at large, it must be terrible to be blind in Hollywood!

Harriet Lake, up to the time of joining the M-G-M forces, was one of the little girls of the merry-merry who brighten the early evenings of Broadway's Blase Business Men





Hurrell

Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21, 1904. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160, has brown hair, blue eyes. Married, 1928, to Elizabeth Allen

THEY call him "Lucky Bob" around the old home lot! He panicked them in "Our Blushing Brides," he slew us in "The Big House," and now Mr. Robert Montgomery, Fortune's fair-haired child, has been told off to play opposite Gudgeous Garbo in her next, "Inspiration." And isn't she?



Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE Garbo in whom fact and legend meet—the Garbo of the tweed topcoat, the crumpled felt hat, the flat-heeled shoes. And on her face the smile that we too seldom see, lighting up the surrounding territory like a Scandinavian sunrise! She's busy, again directed by Clarence Brown.

Greta Garbo, real name Greta Gustafsson, was born in Stockholm, Sweden, Sept. 18, 1905. She's 5 feet 6, weighs 122, has light brown hair, blue eyes.



Gene Robert Richey

Evelyn Brent, real name Betty Ruggs, was born in Tampa, Fla., in 1899. She's 5 feet, 4, weighs 112, has brown hair and eyes. Married to Harry Edwards.

SHE has risen consistently above some pretty feeble yarns during her years in pictures. She's beautiful, vivid and a deft actress. She's just received a new Radio Pictures contract marked "For a Good Girl." Gents, raise your glasses! Let's drink to Evelyn Brent, good trouper!



Elmer Fryer

WHAT HO! Here's Little Ginger herself, with a box office smash in "The Office Wife," and a nice new contract in the pocket of her sports coat! Dorothy Mackaill's been in the movie racket since 1921, and she gets better and prettier all the time. Is there no limit to Dot's dash?

Dorothy Mackaill was born in Hull, England, in 1904. She's 5 feet, 5, weighs 112, has blonde hair, hazel eyes. Lett "The Follies" to enter the movie.



Ray Jones

Lew Ayres was born in Minneapolis, Dec. 28, 1909. He is 5 feet, 11, weighs 155, has dark brown hair, blue eyes. First film, with Garbo in "The Kiss."

ALL has been anything but quiet on the Lew Ayres front since the boy won such a mess of laurels in the big Universal war picture. Then came his nice job in "Common Clay," and now this able and handsome lad, who used to plunk a jazz banjo, has more talkie work than he can do.

Give

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The attributes of the perfect gift—preciousness, supreme quality, and usefulness—are part of each COTY PERFUME whether it be in the cut-crystal de luxe size or a smaller, moderately priced "Purse-Edition." Especially for the holiday season, they are harmoniously grouped in GIFT ENSEMBLES of exquisitely smart beauty—centered about each of the favourite odours: L'AIMANT, "PARIS,.. L'ORIGAN, CHYPRE and EMERAUDE



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NEW RINGS

*for the
New Year's Brides*

Brides of tomorrow should wear the styles of tomorrow . . . rings that will set the fashions for years to come. In the lovely new Orange Blossom creations, every smart line speaks of Traub leadership in ring design . . . every exquisite curve reflects the skill of Traub craftsmen . . . each carefully selected Traub diamond proclaims value. The Traub trade mark guarantees all you can desire in an engagement or wedding ring . . . yet GENUINE Orange Blossom, at all the better jewelers, costs no more than inferior imitations.

Our interesting booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request. Ask your jeweler, too, about the new vogue in scarf pins.

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T R A U B

*No Ring Without This Trade Mark Is
Genuine Orange Blossom*

TRADE  MARK

December, 1930

The National Guide
to Motion Pictures

TRADE MARK

PHOTOPLAY

HAVE you seen "The White Hell of Pitz Palu"?

No? Then take this fifty cents and go see it the first chance you get, leaving your nervous Aunt Hattie at home.

BUT—if you see Graham McNamee's name on the bill as the shouting dialogue accompanist, pass right by the theater and buy yourself a good shot of pre-war Jamaica ginger. It will be less harmful to your nerves.

HERE is one of the finest miles of celluloid ever transmuted into awesome spectacle by the magic of the camera.

Pitz Palu is the most fearsome and inaccessible of all the Alps, and the story of the picture is that of two men and a woman who start out to conquer its terrifying north wall. It has an epic majesty.

In its original version the bright lads who brought it to this country called McNamee in to pound your ear while the film itself was smashing your eyes with some of the most vividly realistic scenes ever photographed.

PRAISE be to the New York newspaper critics. They all gave the picture itself the magnificent notices it deserved but let up a unanimous yell for merey on the descriptive howling.

The utter futility of McNamee's attempt to be of assistance to an Alpine avalanche has only been equalled by Floyd Gibbons' vocal victory over Admiral Byrd's aeroplane on its life and death dash to the South Pole, where, also, you couldn't see the picture for the noise.

THE later version of the picture permits the avalanche to find its own rough but effective way down the mountain side.

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK



IF producers must continue importing foreign directors we would welcome the arrival of Dr. Arnold Franek who made this picture, and who carved a magnificently human story out of an iceberg.

POOOR old Cal York, whose thankless job it is to gather departures and arrivals at the Hollywood depot,

and who attends all the strawberry festivals and oyster suppers in that parish for Photoplay, got fourteen peevisish notes from Rudy Vallée adoring in two weeks on account of his lack of reverence and respect for Yale's modest little heart palpitator. Shouldn't something be done about that?

"LOOKAHIERE," said Cal's beautiful and blonde stenographer. "This has gone far enough. Didn't I tell you these Vallée fans were getting sore and were going to buy some other magazine if you kept this up?"

"What's the matter now?" asked Cal.

"Well, look at these fourteen letters that just came in."

"Yeah," said Old Cal, "and will you notice, you dumb Dora, that they're all anonymous, in the same handwriting and on the same . . . let's call it . . . stationery? There may be something in what gave my revered grandfather, Walter Winchell, the columnist, a laugh, when someone told him that most of these anonymous and abusive letters came from relatives of Rudy."

THIS writer of dozen-lot Vallée fan letters is quite a traveler. She visited Atlantic City and wrote six; stopped off at Trenton, N. J., to knock off a few more; and wound up by writing from three different New York hotels to catch the same mail. Such a willing little helper!

FOR years we have been hearing charges of conspiracy between Will Hays and the motion picture Huns. But up until now I always thought that these accusations came only from a gallant little band of professional reformers, publicity mad preachers, self-anointed censors, half-baked educators, love-starved old ladies, and Shakespearean fans.

THESE wily and unscrupulous picture fellows have been indicted for everything from stealing the Statue of Liberty to attempting to Hollywoodize the Javanese peasantry.

They have plotted and schemed to break down respect for law built up by prohibition and the income tax.

They have incited Uncle Elmer to corn likker and taught Grandma Twitchell to smoke cigarettes.

They have demoralized our nurseries, co-educational institutions, American Legion posts, and the National Geographic Society.

They caused epidemics of gang wars, unemployment and bootlegging.

They were directly responsible for the recent drought, the dope traffic, the Brazilian revolution, the industrial depression, and the popularity of home-made gin.

In fact, it would appear to the close student of current history that the movies were not exactly a wholesome influence.

BEGINNING about five years ago PHOTOPLAY started its "Best Six of the Month" and its list of best performances as special marks of distinction to pictures and players.

This month producers, directors, authors and players compelled us to increase the six to thirteen best pictures.

SO it seems like there may be some truth to charges of conspiracy, and that the diabolical plot is to raise the standard of productions to meet the rising standard of public demand. Maybe Will Hays is just a mean old arch-conspirator after all, with his code, group relation work, and advocacy of fair trade practices.

AND while we are on the subject of the maligned and patient Mr. Hays, may I inject my opinion that Will Hays has proved the wisdom of the group of producers who, in their hour of need, turned to him.

He led them out of the wilderness of bad pictures, public distrust, threatened national censorship, unfair trade practices, into reform from within the industry.

NOT that pictures are perfect by any means. But just take a look at the poor so-called legitimate stage which is now getting lambasted from all sides, and observe such a distinguished and broad-minded churchman as Cardinal Hayes saying recently that the New York stage is "reeking with filth" while he is optimistic about the motion picture.

AND the erstwhile censorious Worcester, Mass., Telegram, agreeing editorially with the Cardinal Hayes statement, and adding:

"This is in striking contrast to the case of motion pictures. To be sure, there are occasional films which are not in the best of taste . . . but the screen is virtually free of filth. . . . There is no absolute monopoly in the motion picture business, but the industry, in many ways, acts as a unit under the direction of Will H. Hays."

More and better conspiracy of the sort now being hatched in Hollywood will give us more and better pictures.

AN author, new to Hollywood, had been trying vainly to see the head supervisor for weeks. The executive couldn't see him.

One day he made one last desperate visit to the office.

"Mr. So and So is tied up," the secretary said.

"Well," mused the harassed one, "I knew he would be hanged sooner or later."

FROM *Variety*, my favorite weekly. I cull the tale of the boneheadedest stunt of the month. A Chicago exhibitor showed "Common Clay" advertised for "Adults Only" under local censorship orders, and as an added attraction, booked a show of twenty children from a neighborhood dancing school. They had to turn away ten thousand children, who clamored for admission.

EVERYBODY who knows Samuel Goldwyn and Florenz Ziegfeld looked for a clash of temperaments when they combined their efforts to make "Whoopce."

Will Rogers said the dialogue rights for a dictagraph record of their conferences during the production would be worth five thousand dollars.

The clash occurred when it came to costuming the Ziegfeld show girls in the Indian reservation scene. The Broadway squaws were all dolled up with feathers and not much else.

GOLDWYN'S costume designers ordered ten thousand and goose feathers. When Ziegfeld heard of this he hit a new high, and rushed into Goldwyn's office.

"Indians don't wear goose feathers," he cried, "and I won't stand for it. I want real eagle feathers."

"But they'll look just as good on the screen," said Goldwyn. "And besides there aren't enough eagle feathers in existence."

"Nevertheless I want eagle feathers. You're not going to make geese out of my girls."

Ziegfeld won. They searched two weeks and bought all the eagle feathers west of the Mississippi. They cost only twenty-five thousand dollars.

STRANGE but true—when Lawrence Tibbett was a student at the Manual Arts High School, of Los Angeles, he was turned down when he tried to sing in the school glee club.



Love in a Taxi!

WHEN you see Warner's new Techni-colored comedy, "Fifty Million Frenchmen," you'll see Claudia Dell and William Caxton having tender moments in a taxi-cab. But this is the way it's done—as private as Times Square at theater hour!

Who is Hollywood's



Mary Pickford is still one of Hollywood's undisputed social queens, ruling at the Palace of Pickfair. But she and Doug mingle more now

THE old order changeth. Four years ago, PHOTOPLAY published a story on the social leaders of Hollywood. At that time there were two—Mrs. Antonio Moreno and Mrs. Earle Williams, whose husband died two years ago.

Daisy Moreno, *nee* Danziger, no longer cares for social life. She has turned her beautiful Hollywood mansion into a school for girls and is living in a small apartment while she and Tony are building a modest little home to take the place of the spacious house. She spends most of her time at her business office, where she administers the affairs of her large fortune and her numerous charitable interests.

Florine Williams was also a wealthy woman when she married Earle. Earle, himself, had saved quite a comfortable fortune from his long years of movie work, and they entertained lavishly. Almost everyone in the film colony was delighted

The Old Guard has surrendered, and new nabobs boss the cliques and clans of
Filmania

to receive an invitation to their parties. Mrs. Williams dissipated the fortune and, since the death of her husband, misfortune has dogged her footsteps. She is almost forgotten in Hollywood.

Only a few years before that, the Charlie Rays built a magnificent home in Beverly Hills and set themselves up as social leaders. They rarely invited screen people to their affairs—only the old families and the socially select of Los Angeles and Pasadena.

Charlie lost his money when he became an independent producer and made "Miles Standish." He was an utter failure as a producer. Today he is studying voice and singing, trying to get back into pictures again. A few weeks ago Mrs. Ray attended a party at the Lawrence Tibbetts'. Few of the guests knew her. She seemed sad and alone. Now word comes she and Charlie have separated.

As in the Moreno-Williams days, the social leadership of Hollywood is again divided between two women—Marion Davies and Mary Pickford.



Three Hollywood socialites at a Marion Davies party. The other two, of course, are Gloria Swanson and Charlie Chaplin

Social Leader?

By
*Katherine
Albert*

It must be understood that there is no Society in Hollywood as there is in Mayfair, Park Avenue, Newport and Palm Beach. For Hollywood Society is made up of celebrities, beauties, brains and the dazzling Royalty of Filmdom. You must have a great name, great success, or be extremely amusing if you would belong.

There are no social traditions, no old families, in Hollywood. Mrs. Moreno has these, however. Her father was the first oil king of California, and her mother was a famous beauty and social leader.

There is no social rivalry between Marion Davies and Mary Pickford. Invitations to both houses are like royal commands and may not be disregarded by those who receive them. Marion's beautiful Santa Monica beach home is a real *salon*, where celebrities and brilliant people of all sorts gather. Once, when she went abroad, a Los Angeles paper carried this headline: "Marion Davies Goes to Europe. Thousands Now Homeless in Hollywood."

At one time Pickfair, the home of Mary and Doug, was the mecca of all those with social ambitions. A bid to a dinner at their home was tantamount, in Hollywood, to having your name in the "Blue Book."



An invitation from Marion Davies is almost a command in Hollywood—and a welcome one, for her parties are always interesting and extremely amusing



Pickfair, Beverly Hills home where Mary and Doug have ruled so long. Famous for its entertainment of foreign celebrities

And, by the way, the only name of anyone connected with pictures that appears in the famous social Blue Book is that of Antonio Moreno. That is because of his wife's social standing.

Mary and Doug are not as aloof as they once were. They have taken to going out. And, as they have unloaded their producing worries, they spend more and more time going places and seeing things. While once they stayed upon their hill and the leading lights of the world came up to do them homage, they are now seen at the Mayfair dances and private parties, at the popular restaurants, and even at previews.

Hollywood's social belles ring in, ring out, as years pass



Four years ago Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno entertained picture folks. Now, in a modest home, she devotes most of her time to managing her millions



Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams were among Hollywood's most popular hosts, not long ago. Now Earle is dead, and Mrs. Williams is out of the social picture

Their beach house, also, has been the scene of many a party for the younger set, which is headed by Mary Brian. They seem to have taken the high hat off the cupola of Pickfair.

The Film Capital has its own "400," its Inner of Inners, its Social Climbers, its Rovers, its Lone Wolves, and those who either scorn or cannot make the social grade. It has its own intrigues and social politics, too.

BUT the groups and cliques change from month to month. Folks who work together in studios have a way of striking up sudden friendships, and a director often joins a social group at the beginning of a picture and is wished out after the last shot is made. This goes for producers, also.

Greta Garbo, who might be a leader if she chose, prefers the society of a few of her own countrymen. She has found that even these have exploited her.

Clara Bow, because of her popularity on the screen, might, you suppose, be the social leader of a screen set. She is not. She is seldom invited to big parties, for she prefers the company of the studio workers.

Also, you might believe that Gloria Swanson is a leader. She isn't. She seldom entertains at large parties now. Her groups are small and intimate.

On the other hand Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergere, are the leaders of a very definite and a very large group. To the fans these two are comparatively unknown, yet they entertain almost every evening. Their weekly bills for flowers alone makes your salary check look like a couple of packages of chewing gum. Their parties are large. They are lavish. They are frequent.

Lilyan Tashman has all the qualities of a social leader. She is. At the time she married Eddie Lowe she was not one of the most popular players, socially. That she could have overcome this, and is now head of a group, proves that she has the stuff of which the social order is made. She and her husband entertain grandly, and she also has the generalship to set the styles. Known as "the best dressed woman in Hollywood," she needs but to appear at the Embassy Club in a new creation to have it copied by all her followers.

Mary Brian is the most popular member of the younger set. June Collyer runs her a close second. Because both of these girls are working (and working hard) and have not the leisure of the wealthy debutantes, they do not entertain as frequently as they otherwise might. But Mary's name is included on the guest list of almost every party and she has been rumored engaged more times than Mae Murray has had lawsuits.

You might suppose that Grace Moore, the beautiful prima donna, had a *coterie*. She chose a palace in which to live, but she established no *salon*. Her friends are, for the most part, musical and, like Aileen Pringle, mostly men. No big parties, no lavish affairs, merely small "drop-in" groups.

Aileen Pringle has the mark of the social leader—the wit, the vivacity, the smartness it requires. Joseph Hergesheimer once said of her that she possessed the ability to turn the most meagre corner into a drawing room of charm. Her domain is among the *litterati* where a brilliance of thought rather than of entertaining counts.

Since Aileen has been devoting much of her time to the stage, with the hard work and study that necessitates, she doesn't go out much, and the home where so many brilliant literary lights of the country gathered is now devoted entirely to the care and nursing of her mother, who is ill.

NEW leaders spring up and burn their little light for awhile. At one time Ona Brown, ex-wife of Director Clarence Brown, entertained more than any other one person. Where is she now? Who knows!

Great stars and other theatrical powers come out from New York. They establish their own social order, or are absorbed into one of the motion picture sets.

Always there is Marion Davies, the last word. As in the royal establishments of old, many are bidden by Marion because of their wit. They become court jesters at *la maison* Davies. Others are invited for the very good reason that Marion happens to like them. There are many who have tried to cross the threshold of that white house at Santa Monica and have never made the grade. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]



Charlie "Red-Head" Bickford speaking—on pictures, producers, and how Hollywood gets that silly way!

By Harry Lang

CHARLIE BICKFORD offered the comment that if he could make as much money engineering as he does acting, he'd be damned if he'd go on being an actor.

"Why?"

"Hell!" he exploded, festooning a little more than two yards of himself across an overstuffed chair, "I like engineering!"

"Don't you like acting?"

"Oh, sure. But not this hooey they're giving me to do."

"For instance?"

"Well, look at this next picture I'm to do, 'The Passion Flower.' I'm the passion!"

Well, it's a cinch they couldn't expect him to be the flower! Six feet, two, as red-headed as no man has a right to be, and with a face like something you're afraid of meeting in the dark, you'd never cast him as a violet, say.

"It's just another one of those pictures," he goes on snorting about "The Passion Flower"—"poor boy marries poor girl and they have kids and a terrible time. Along comes a rich vamp and he leaves the wife and goes off with the rich one. So the wife sits down and writes him a letter telling him the daffodils are blooming in the front yard and Junior can write 'cat.' So he goes back to the wife. Boloney, with a capital B!"

He grins. He's got an amazing face. And what a color scheme! The hair is purple-red. The face is glaring brick-red. The eyebrows are blond. The eyes are blue. Add a blue shirt, brown tie and gray suit, and the ensemble is something startling. Funny part of it is, when he's all dressed up, he looks just like an actor. Doesn't look a bit like the he-man stuff he does on the screen.

"You're not very much sold on pictures, then?"

AS a medium, yes. But not on what they're doing with that medium. Soon as these birds get the idea out of their heads that miniature golf is ruining their business, they'll realize it's bad pictures that's doing the damage. If they'd get a few good directors and a supervisor with a little more brain than a cootie, they might make a good picture or two!

"The trouble with pictures. . . ."

Well, Bickford was off on his pet topic. He's an insurgent and he doesn't mind how or when or to whom he tells it.

. . . trouble with pictures is that they get good material and good people, but they don't let 'em do their stuff. They get a writer who's done great stuff, and then they tell him, 'No, you can't write for us like you do for the stage; it's a different business.' They give him two or three formulas and a typewriter and say, 'You must write this way.'

"The poor sap sits down and says he can't do it. Then he thinks of \$1,000 a week, and the swell house he's got out here, and he says to himself that it's pretty soft, and if he can kid it along for a few months, he can go back to Broadway with a nice roll. So he kids it along, and there's a lot of fine talent shot!

"Same with actors. They see an actor make good on the stage and say, 'We've got a spot for him in movies.' Then they don't let him do his stuff. They give him something unsuited to him and waste his [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]



Over six feet of bone, gristle, brain and acting ability—that's Big Boy Charlie Bickford, the two-ton tornado of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. When he speaks, he says something, and when he doesn't like a part, he talks right out in meeting.

Colleen In Search *of a new* Coiffure

Photography by Hal Phyfe



The windblown bob, shingled close in the back, with ragged edges pulled forward on the face, might have been created for Colleen Moore, so well does it emphasize her pert personality. We're inclined to vote for this one



The simplicity of this bob entitles it to be called "The Debutante." The long ends are tucked into a small roll at the back of the neck. Posed with Reno, of Charles of the Ritz



Colleen as we all know her. She made this Dutch cut as famous as the long, blonde Pickford curls

AFTER Colleen Moore's first stage play, "On the Loose," she is planning to change her style of hair-dressing. And what an adventure this will be for Colleen, whose Dutch cut has endured for years and was such a definite part of her screen personality! She wants to come back to the screen as a different type, with a totally different bob.

Miss Reno, of the staff of Charles of the Ritz, at the Ritz Tower, New York, is helping Colleen to decide by means of wigs and by experimenting with her own hair. But it's a difficult decision for Colleen to make. If you are one of her admirers you might write her in care of PHOToplay's New York office and tell her which style of hair-dressing you think is most becoming to her.



Well, now, whoever would have thought that a boyish hair comb would turn a cute Colleen into such an ultra-sophisticate? Kay Francis had better look to her laurels! This is Colleen's own dark hair, smartly brushed back

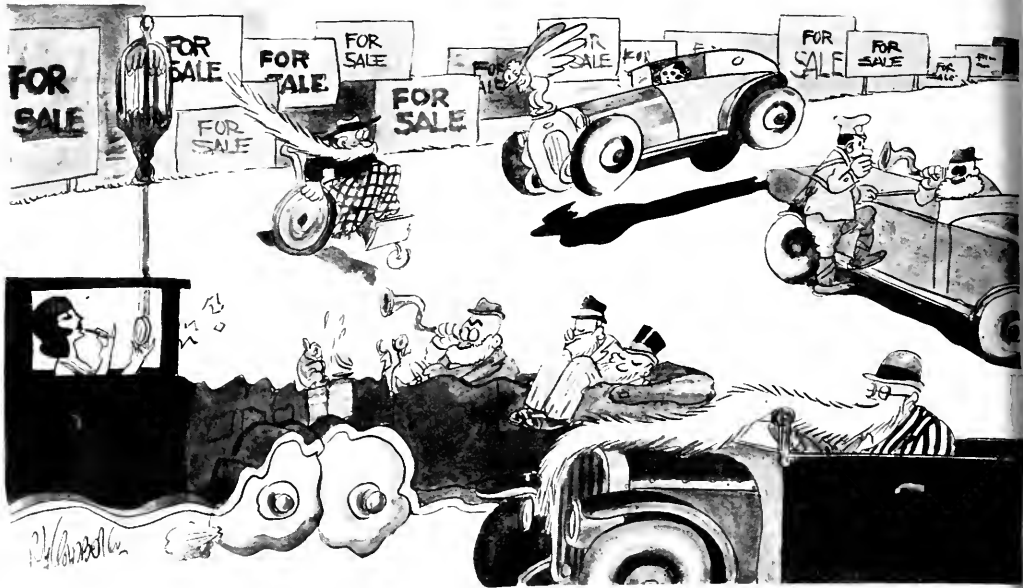


Reno shows Colleen another variation of "The Debutante" bob. Here she parts the hair high on the right side and draws it down flatly from the part into a few close but soft waves



Even a Madonna hair-dress cannot subdue the Moore sprightliness. There's a neat bun at the back

Rube Goldberg's First



In Hollywood all the automobiles seem to be driven by dizzy women and eighty-year-old men



Ye Olde Rube

I PULLED up in front of a gas station that looked like Luna Park in Coney Island and before I could say what I wanted a sun-bronzed attendant, clad in immaculate white, thrust his head through the window and said, "God's country, isn't it!" I simply answered, "No," and drove off.

Everything in Southern California is fine. When you step off the train a representative of the Chamber of Commerce sneaks up behind you and gives you a jab of something that makes you feel sorry for people who have to live anywhere else.

Once you get the avocado dust into your veins you are lost to the rest of the world. You bulge with local pride and your eyes blaze with the light of ecstasy every time they break ground for a new cafeteria.

You develop that best-in-the-world complex. You know that you have the best roads in the world, the best ocean in the world, the best automobile collisions in the world, the best music in the world, and the best toothaches in the world.

I happened to be in Hollywood when the reports for the 1930 census came in. Extra papers appeared on the streets with screaming headlines: "Orange Manor shows stupendous increase of 568 per cent during last ten years;" "Billgewater had three citizens ten years ago. Today it has ninety. An increase of three thousand per cent;" "All census records broken by Santa Boloney." I couldn't quite get the importance of these startling announcements.

More numbers never did impress me. If I had read, "John T. Zoof, a resident of Pasadena, just invented a new self-tying shoe-lace out of his own head," that would have impressed me as being important. But what I started out to tell you about was my first experience in making a motion picture.

Frankly I was very much scared when I reported on the Fox lot the

day after "The Golden State Limited" deposited my trembling form on an empty but beautifully illuminated real estate development. On the way to the studio I saw fourteen automobile collisions. All the cars seemed to be driven by dizzy women and eighty-year-old men.

When I arrived all the supervisors immediately called a conference. I felt flattered. But I soon found out that a conference in Hollywood is equivalent to a yawn anywhere else. While I waited they were holding a conference to decide how to dispose of a goldfish that had died during the night.

I had never written a scenario or a play so it was with short gasps and wheezes that I recited my plot to the assembled executives. My final gulp was greeted with an eloquent silence. I did not know that it is a matter of etiquette for the others to wait for the highest-salaried of the executives to speak first. He finally said, "I guess that herring I ate last night didn't agree with me."

THE next in financial importance spoke up. "You must be careful, chief," he said. "I stick to simple things. If you want something tasty and nourishing try pigs' knuckles with cream."

"Speaking of food," said the top notch supervisor, addressing me, "how would you like to have dinner with me tonight? Let's all have dinner. You're my guests." I felt flattered to be included in the invitation. They decided to pick me up at my hotel.

When the celluloid chiefs arrived I invited them upstairs for a cocktail. Much to my joy and surprise they accepted with astonishing agility. As the cocktails took their exhilarating effect the conversation drifted around to talk of where we should eat. Not knowing any of the Hollywood feed stalls I modestly allowed the movie giants to settle it among themselves.

Finally the host was struck with a brilliant idea. "Why not eat right here in this beautiful room?" he asked in the form of a question but which the others took as a final edict. The others knew at once they

By Rube Himself

Picture

Inventor of self-supporting socks lives through studio experience



They tolerated me because I made myself inconspicuous by posing on one of my modernistic lamps

would all eat in my room. The yes-men don't even bother to say "yes" any more. It is understood.

The chief mogul did all the ordering and I must say that he knew food. The lavish way in which he ordered bore out some of the glittering tales I had read about the fabulous grandeur of the movies. I think I ate six helpings of caviar and four tenderloin steaks. I wanted to make them believe I was no slouch myself.

The conversation became loud and general and I seemed to be the only one who noticed the pleading look in the waiter's eye as he stood there for half an hour dumbly afraid to bring up the subject of the check.

Suddenly the host announced that we were all going to the studio to look at a film that had not yet been released. They all made a grab for their hats and dashed toward the elevator. That is, they all dashed but myself and the waiter.

The waiter immediately lost his dumb, pleading look and assumed a scornful, threatening attitude.

I signed the check.

We went to the studio and saw the film. Then we went to the room of a moving picture comedian in a downtown hotel and watched him do card tricks for two hours. Each of the members of our party stole out of the room at various stages of the entertainment leaving me to drowsily applaud the mysticism of the amateur prestidigitator. However, the head supervisor did not leave so quickly that I was robbed of the opportunity of thanking him for his hospitality. He modestly brushed me aside and told me to forget it. But I couldn't.

IT was with a few misgivings and some suspicion that I took possession of the beautiful two-room bungalow they allotted to me the following day on the lot. I spent the first uneasy hour waiting for the rent collector. But none came. The moving picture people are indeed inconsistent.

There was a shower bath adjoining each room. A friend cleverly suggested that I call the place "Twin Showers" but a jealous gag man said the title should be, "They knew what he needed." I did not know why they had showers in offices until

after I had been in Hollywood for a few weeks. It gave the executives a chance to wash the song writers out of their hair—and helped them cool off when they got hot under the collar.

An asbestos lawn separated my bungalow from the offices of the casting director across the way and all day long I could see beautiful girls pass my window. Although I had hopes, none of them came in my office by mistake. Every girl you saw was as beautiful as Greta Garbo or Norma Shearer or Janet Gaynor. You wondered why they were not all stars.

ISOON heard one of them order a lamb stew in the studio restaurant. She had a Bronx accent. The talkies spoiled it for all the dolls. Nevertheless they were still beautiful and every time I really wanted to concentrate on my work I had to go back to my hotel.

A friend of mine whispered that if they liked you personally on the lot you could go far. I walked up to everyone I saw and said, "I want to be liked." I slapped a movie director on the back and asked jovially, "Sidney, how are you coming along with your retakes?" He winced and answered, "Don't do that. I am doctoring for lumbago and you just set me back three treatments."

I graciously approached a female star and said, "You look simply wonderful. I hope your new picture is a knockout." She replied, "I'm sorry I haven't time to talk. I have a date with a plastered oil man to buy my \$300,000 home and I don't want to miss him."

The only person I could find who would talk pictures around the studio was a newsboy at the entrance gate and I was told later that he was slightly cracked. In Hollywood they talk business only at social gatherings and talk pleasure only during business hours.

They liked my story after the first writing but made me write it all over again. In fact I rewrote it five times and they still liked it. If they don't like your story, they shoot it as it is.

As a rule they do not want authors hanging around the sets while the picture is being made. In fact, after the authors have finished the scripts, they [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



How *to* Live High On \$0 a Year

IF you're famous and important enough in Hollywood, you can live like a lord—or lady—on nothing a year!

As a matter of fact, a good many do!

You've heard all about those bold, bad racketeers who prey upon the innocent, trusting little movie players, take their hard-earned salaries away from them, overcharge them for food, rent and clothes and otherwise make their lives a burden.

But the Hollywood rackets are not confined to the pineapple brigade. The players know a couple of neat tricks themselves. If you're an influential citizen of Hollywood and your name is smeared across the marquee of many theaters you can live comfortably on practically nothing a year.

Here are some of the stunts in which a few players indulge. For obvious reasons names cannot be given.

A certain clever woman player has had the use of expensive cars for a year without paying for them. It's all done with mirrors and a swift tongue. The lady goes into an automobile salesroom. The salesmen, seeing such an important customer, knock each other down getting to her. She explains, in her very

Not all racketeers are
gunmen — some are
Hollywood picture players

grandest manner, that she would like one of their cars but that, because of her position, she should not be expected to make a down payment.

"But no, *naturellement*," exclaim the salesmen, pulling at their forelocks in gestures of obeisance. They are only too delighted to have her grace

their product. She assures them that her monthly payment will be high.

All smiles (everybody happy?) the lady leaves with the car. But at the end of the first month no check arrives. Most discreetly, the agency writes her saying they're sure she has overlooked the first payment. (They're much more polite to her than they would be to you and me, ma'am). She does not reply. Another month slips by. Still no check. Again a note is dispatched. No answer and another month passes.

By this time they're pretty mad, so they come and get the car, which is quite all right with the player, since she has had the use of it for three months without charge. Nothing daunted, she goes into another agency and the same process ensues.

She's been doing this for over a year.

Naturally, only well known and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 146]

By Elaine Ogden

Too Much Sex Appeal



Alice White, cute but contractless, prescribes horn-rimmed goggles and flat-heeled shoes for the business girl

A YEAR ago Alice White was one of the most popular players on the screen. She was a star by public demand. Exhibitors throughout the country were certain of filling their houses when Alice's name appeared on their marquees.

With her fans, Alice is as popular as ever. But she is minus a contract. She has shaken the dust of the First National lot off her feet forever. Alice is the victim of that strange fantastic quality called sex appeal—"It" to you, Madame Glyn.

Because of her naughty eye, her cute legs and her pert manner, Alice lost five of the best stenographic jobs she ever had. After she became a star the sex appeal handicap still pursued her. She was suspected by nine-tenths of the wives in Hollywood. She discovered that the very thing that brought the fans into the theater to see her was what, eventually, lost her a starring contract. Sex appeal is a luxury, not a commodity.

"Believe me," said Alice, "the only way to get along in business is to wear horn-rimmed spectacles and flat-heeled shoes. The cute girl doesn't have a chance, honestly.

"I was a pretty good stenographer. I always worked hard and I needed the work. But I lost my first position because the wife of the boss thought I had too much sex appeal.

"The boss never got fresh with me. As a matter of fact the men are square shooters. It's the jealous wives, who haven't sense enough to keep their own husbands, who cause all the trouble.

"I was thrilled with my first job. I knew that I had to make good. Six weeks after I got it the boss' wife came in. She took one look at me and rushed into her husband's office. I was fired that afternoon. I was too proud to make the boss give me an explanation. I went home crying and told my grandmother about it. She couldn't understand and thought I must have been too fresh

in the office, but I wasn't. I was too scared of making a mistake in my work to be fresh.

"I knew that it was not my fault that I had lost the job. It was just because a wife was so afraid of losing her husband that she could not bear to have one cute girl in his office. It did one thing for me. It taught me a lesson. When I marry I shall know a better way of keeping my husband than firing all the good looking girls who work for him.

"Once I was working as a stenographer in the publicity department of the Pickford Studios. I needed the work and seemed to be doing well when suddenly I got my notice. Later I learned that someone had seen me wearing a little cretonne dress that she thought did not cover me sufficiently. It was the middle of summer. I had made the dress myself, because I couldn't afford any others. It was short, like they were wearing them then. It was sleeveless because I wanted to be cool. I didn't have any idea that anybody would think it vulgar. My grandmother had said it was all right. Anyhow, I got fired.

"I WAS working as a clerk in an office. I was standing at the files one day when the boss' wife came in. She came over and started to talk to me and seemed very nice. I liked her and talked a lot. She said she thought it was a shame for me to be working in an office and that I should go on the stage. I just laughed. The next day I was fired.

"It's been the same way the whole time I was working in pictures. Do you blame me for having an inferiority complex?

Do you wonder that I'm afraid to go in a room full of people? I know I'll be criticized and I'm scared to death

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By Janet French



DISCIPLINE

NETTA LYNN wasn't accustomed to be kept waiting. That is to say she had grown unaccustomed to it recently—since she had shot up to stardom through her recent success in a picture. Before that she had done more than her share of it. And Don Stafford, for whom she waited now, was only a director.

For the fourth time in twelve minutes Netta glanced at her watch, and from her watch to the plain stern face of Miss Frendyce, who was Mr. Stafford's secretary. It was on the tip of Netta's tongue to suggest to Miss Frendyce that she remind Mr. Stafford of her presence, when the secretary suddenly ceased typing, searched with secretarial diligence among her papers for some memo, and not finding it, snapped out of her chair and whisked out of the room.

Netta took advantage of her opportunity. Getting up, she

knocked at the door marked "Private," opened it a crack and peeked in. To her surprise she saw Donald Stafford calmly gazing out of the window.

At the opening of the door, he turned and saw her.

"Oh, come in, Netta."

"I thought you were busy!" she said shortly, extremely annoyed.

"I was," he returned blandly. "Sit down." He thought of explaining why he had kept her waiting. He owed it to her out of politeness. But what could he say except "I've been trying to summon up the courage to tell you some very bad news"? And his job was to break it to her gently.

So, perfunctorily, he said, "Sit down," and pretended to straighten the articles on his desk, still racking his brains for words that would hold some measure of comfort and hope.

By
Ernest Pascal

Read this true story
of the dangerous days
when the talkies
struck Hollywood's
spoiled darlings



Illustrated by
Everett Shinn

Don Stafford stared across the desk at Netta, and there was disgust in his eyes. "So you're going to quit, after you've lived on my money all these months, with your house and car and servants! Well, Netta, you can't quit. I've other plans for you!"

But Netta couldn't know that. She was furious. The idea of keeping her waiting! Just for the fun of it, she supposed!

To discipline her! That's what he had said to her once, when he had been directing her in "Birds of Ill-Omen." "You'll never be any good as an actress, until you've learned discipline!"

What rows they had had during the filming of that picture! And he had started out by being so sweet to her—almost too sweet! She had thought for a few brief weeks that she could get to care for him, really to care.

He was good-looking in a dark, artistic way, with a thin, almost gaunt face and deep, fire-lighted eyes. But that feeling was short-lived. Soon it was nothing but one quarrel after another, with him insisting that she play a scene his way, and she stubbornly insisting upon playing it "the way she felt it," whereupon he would rave and swear that she was ruining his picture. And how caustic and ironic he could be!

In the end, she had had the laugh on him because "Birds of Ill-Omen" had practically made a star of her overnight, while his direction of it had received only faint praise.

So naturally he had it in for her and enjoyed "disciplining" her—by keeping her waiting!

"Well," she asked coolly, after he had moved every tiny

thing from one place to another on his desk, "when do we start work on 'White Roses'? Is the script finished yet?"

He shook his head.

"When will it be?"

He looked at her and wished that he could blot out her keen, insistent beauty—the clear, gentian eyes, the tender, lovely mouth. If she were only hard-looking and dissipated and calloused by life! Then it would be easy. But this girl, scarcely twenty, with her pretty dream-bubble in her fine, wilful little hands!

"Netta," he said suddenly, "I've got something very unpleasant to say to you and I'm going to say it bluntly because—well, because I don't know how else to say it."

"'White Roses,' you mean?" she asked quickly. "I'm—I'm not to do it!" Her voice faded almost away.

He nodded, and tried not to watch her eyes.

"IT'S going to be done as a talkie, and they are going to try to get Phoebe Fentree to play it, the woman who made such a hit in it on Broadway."

"But Phoebe Fentree has never been on the screen," Netta argued. "And she's thirty-eight, if she's a day."

"That doesn't matter," he retorted. "The talkies have turned the whole industry upside down, and none of the old rules apply any longer."

"But—but," she broke in, only slowly, realizing the hugeness of her disappointment, because for weeks and weeks she had dreamed and waked with the one burning ambition to play the coveted rôle of *Jenny* in "White Roses." "but they promised it to me. They said I was to play it. It's been in all the papers—and—and," she bit back sudden tears, "if I can't play *Jenny*, I don't want to play anything!"

He said nothing. There was a second blow he had to deal her that was more brutal than the first, and he shrank from it as he would from striking her physically.

"I suppose," she said angrily, "that they're going to put me in some stupid, silly picture!"

He shook his head again, slowly, gloomily. "They're not going to put you in anything—now."

Poor little Netta! The microphone had her whipped, until—

She stared at him blankly. "You mean—they don't want me—at all! You mean I'm—fired?"

"My dear Netta—"

"Don't say 'my dear Netta!'" she flashed at him in a burst of temper—or fear. "Tell me! I'm fired?"

"It isn't a question of being fired, Netta." He tried heroically to ease the hurt somehow. "It's a question of supplying the demand, and supplying it as adequately as possible. Yesterday—or rather a month ago—Pinnacle Pictures and all the rest of the big picture companies laughed at talkies. They thought it was a fad, a novelty. Now all they want is talkies. Silent films are finished—forever. And the only people they want are people with stage experience—actors, directors, writers. Even established stars aren't going to be wanted unless they come through with talk."

Suddenly she shot a question at him:

"Are you going to direct 'White Roses'?"

"I hope I am."

"But you haven't had any stage experience—as a director."

"No, but I think I could direct a talkie. At least, I'm going to make a stab at it—if they give me the chance."

"Why don't they give me the chance then?" she demanded. "I can act, and I can speak. And I can learn lines. I'll bet you anything you like that I can play *Jenny* and *talk Jenny* as well as Phoebe Fentree can! Give me the chance, Don. Make them give me the chance!"

"I can't, Netta."

"You mean—you won't!"

"Honestly, Netta," and he forced himself to look straight into those blazing eyes, "you haven't the technique to play *Jenny*."

"Oh!" she said—understanding. So that was it! *He* didn't want her. Directors generally had the final word in the matter of cast in the pictures they directed, and he had decided against her!

"I'm terribly sorry, Netta. You know that. But if you want to take my advice—"

"Thanks," she cut in, her voice like ice, "but the last thing I want from you is—advice."

Turning, she walked out of his office, and, in a daze of fury and bitterness and disappointment, out of the Pinnacle Pictures studio—fired!

That Netta jumped to conclusions and in so doing grossly misjudged Don Stafford was, to a degree, justifiable. For who knows whom in Hollywood? Strangers all, who come, with pasts unqueried, from a thousand different dots on the globe to meet haphazardly in vast studios. And pretty girls on their own (and not only in Hollywood) learn quickly, if they don't know it instinctively, that men, as a rule, regard them as lawful prey!

Not that Netta distrusted Stafford especially in this regard. On the contrary, his conduct towards her—after those first few weeks—had been disconcertingly impersonal. She thought merely that he disliked her, and considered her vain, conceited, and with an altogether too-exalted opinion of herself as an artist and actress. And as, deep in her heart, she knew he was right, she resented it the more fiercely.

This happened in the fall of 1928—in September, to be exact—that epoch-making month when, suddenly reversing itself, the industry went talkie.

A few weeks later Netta heard that Don Stafford had been "fired" too, and that a Broadway director with "stage experience" was coming out to direct "White Roses." She was glad. It would be prettier, no doubt, to set it down that she was sorry. But she wasn't. Malice, which in some measure lies in all of us, made her heart exult, while—paradoxically perhaps—it softened it towards him. The same rough hand had struck him down, too! Now he would taste some of her bitter medicine. And how bitter it was!

By Christmas the little near-star of yesterday was broke and discouraged. What Don Stafford had said turned out to be

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]



She'd accept the stock job. She'd go to New York and tramp Broadway till she got a job. Anything, thought Netta, to get away from Hollywood, with its memories of past glory—its hopeless future



John Wayne, wearing his four bushels of hair (natural), plays a scene with Marguerite Churchill for "The Big Trail." Upper right, the handsome kid himself

Oh, for a Hair Cut!

By *Miriam Hughes*

HE hasn't had a hair cut since February. And when they told him he was to have the lead in "The Painted Lady" he stroked his long locks and asked if he were to be given the title rôle.

John Wayne is six feet, two inches tall and weighs 198 pounds. He'd give five hundred dollars (if he had it) if they'd let him get a hair cut tomorrow. But such is the price of fame.

John Wayne (Duke Morrison, to you football fans) began his picture career as a prop man. And, if you were to see him in the flesh, you'd believe him when he says he had no intention whatsoever of becoming an actor.

He won by a walk. Literally!

Here's the story. In 1925, a freshman at the University of Southern California, he made the football team, and during the summer, the school found a job for him and Don Williams, also on the varsity, at the Fox studio. Tom Mix told the two boys that he wanted them as trainers and that he would take them on location to Colorado with him. In the meantime they were put on what is known as the swing gang in the prop room. When you're on the swing gang you're a sort of glorified furniture mover, and not too darned glorified.

Weeks went by and the boys

heard no word from Mix. They discovered that he had gone to Colorado without them. He had forgotten. Don Williams gave up in disgust, but John Wayne worked on and the next summer he was put on a company as prop man, which was a better job. During that year he broke his ankle and didn't play football until the term was almost over. He expected to return to school in the fall, but a loan which he hoped for did not come through and he had to go to work.

He had been a good prop man and he got a steady job with the Fox company. He hoped that, perhaps, if he worked hard and kept his eyes open some day he might become a director.

One morning he was on his way to his set carrying a table. Raoul Walsh was standing talking to a friend. John spoke to the friend. He didn't know Walsh.

"Who is that fellow?" asked the director.

"Prop boy on John Ford's company."

"I like his walk," said Walsh. "He might be O. K. for the lead in 'The Big Trail.'"

"Shall I call him and tell him you want to see him?" asked the friend.

"No," said Walsh. "I'll wait until he passes this way again."

Job-like, the director waited. He [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Big John Wayne, who's made good in "The Big Trail," longs for the snip-snip of the shears

NEWS!—VIEWS!—

of Stars



Former Sennett bathing girl really steps off deep end! Madeline Hurlock in the Good Old Days. Recently she married Marc Connelly, noted playwright and author of "The Green Pastures"

OH, yes, you've read all about Clara Bow's fifty-cent chips and \$13,000 checks, but there are a few little points that might be entitled:

"After the Bawl Is Over."

For instance, the wise cracks that flew up and down Hollywood Boulevard about the title of Clara's next picture. One mad wag suggested it be called "Check and Rubber Check." Another countered with the proposal to make it "Chips That Pass in the Night." But Paramount went them all one better by re-titling her next picture, "No Limit." Who says there's no sense of humor in Hollywood?

Another fast one was the come-back by the managers of the Calneva resort to the printed implication that Clara's drinks had been doped. They said: "Why, that's not true. We serve only the very best Scotch here!" So a squad of Uncle Sam's prohibition agents got into the story by raiding the place.

Will Rogers' denial that he introduced Clara to the gambling moguls was typically willrogersian. He explained that he went to Calneva with Clara and Rex Bell for dinner, but didn't



International

Uncle Carl is Grandpa Carl now! Carl Laemmle, famous film veteran and president of Universal Pictures, proudly holds his first grandchild, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bergerman. The happy mama is Granddaddy Carl's daughter. And is the old gentleman proud!

have to introduce Clara to the gamblers. "It would be just as superfluous as to introduce Herb Hoover to the Senate," he said.

Clara Bow's lawyer had the last word when the thing was all finished. "The affair," he announced, "has been Clara-fied."

THEY'RE talking about the star who is so up-stage that when he looks in a mirror he refuses to recognize himself.

THE Ernst Lubitsch-Hans Kraly fisticuffing at Mary Pickford's nice charity party had its beginnings a long time ago, according to Florabel Muir.

It seems that during the making of "The Marriage Circle," some years ago, Mrs. Lubitsch and Mrs. Ona Brown, warm girl friends, had a falling out. Certain things then came to Lubitsch's ears concerning matters said to be going on right under his nose, and his long friendship with Kraly, scenario writer, came to an explosive end.

But Ernst kept the peace, and divorced his wife without scandal. It was not until the Embassy party, when Lubitsch charged his ex-wife and Kraly with poking fun at him on the dance floor, that the great director finally lost his temper publicly.

Then the smacking began, and eye-witnesses report that Doug Fairbanks himself rushed between the embattled Teutons, crying, "Gentlemen! This can't go on!"

GOSSIP! —

By
Cal York

and Studios



P & A

Charlie Chaplin (the fellow in the white cap and the tennis racket, if you've forgotten) and his best girl. She's Georgia Hale, his leading lady in "The Gold Rush," aeons ago. Charlie and his party snapped at the tennis tournament recently held at Los Angeles



The only informal picture for which Ruth Chatterton has posed in the last two years, and it introduces Jock, newest member of Ruth's family. She found him in a Hollywood pet store and here he is

And it certainly livened up Mary's party—even though it must have distressed the chateaine of Pickfair.

This, incidentally, was the seventh bit of pommeling to be enjoyed in Hollywood so far this year!

ANN HARDING'S life is like a story-book or one of the fantastic movies in which she has played. And now comes a *dénouement* more exciting and thrilling than any plot a scenarist could conceive.

When Ann decided to go on the stage her father, an officer high up in the United States Army, completely disowned her, cut her off with a shilling, as we novelists say. For years her name did not pass his lips. She was no longer his child.

And then, several weeks ago, he was put into an army hospital at San Francisco because he was suffering from an almost incurable ailment.

On his sixty-first birthday Ann went to him. They had not seen each other for years—this pale, beautiful woman and this stern elderly gentleman, her father.

They looked at each other and, without a word, she put her arms around him. And she was his daughter again. She remained with him for a week or so and all the rancor of those years fell away from them.

"He's the bravest thing I ever saw," said Ann. "He is taking his illness like the soldier he is and all during the time I was there he kept everyone around him screaming with

laughter by his brilliant wit. I wouldn't take anything for that reconciliation. It was the one thing I needed to make my life complete. We are perfectly happy now."

Just think of a pappy disowning Ann!

"UH HUH," as one of those Hollywood wits witted about the Rex Lease-Vivian Duncan-Harold Duncan series of fisticuffs, "it's just another case of an eye for an eye—both black."

IT was a big October for Lila Lee!

She recovered her health, and got a marriage license. The desert for a few months restored Lila's vitality, worn to the danger point by terrific talkie work and rigorous dieting.

And Johnny Farrow, the blond scenario writer, stepped up to the license window with Lila. They had been romancing until shortly before Lila's breakdown, when there was a severe spat.

But they must have made it all up in a big way.



International

The oddest movie theater in the world! Half in the town of East Orange, N. J., and half in Orange. East Orange forbids shows on Sunday, so you see that half empty on the Sabbath, and the Orange part with a few customers. Those amusing blue laws!



Another pretty blonde Cinderella happens in Hollywood. Meet June McCloy, musical comedy girl from Broadway, who was "discovered" and given a big rôle in "Reaching for the Moon," the Irving Berlin single

FRIENDS of Constance Talmadge (Mrs. Townsend Netcher) say that they have seen Connie looking round at baby clothes and such things in the downtown stores.

EVERY Friday night, Lon Chaney used to attend the boxing bouts at the Hollywood American Legion Stadium. The first fight night after his death, the announcer stepped into the ring and called attention to the vacant ringside chair which Lon had always occupied.

The lights were snapped out. Alan Hale climbed into the ring and illuminated his face with a flashlight. He recited a poem in memory of Chaney.

Theatrical? Well, theatricalism is the actor's dish, isn't it? And anyway, as a Hollywood writer put it, in describing the incident, the response that followed from that great crowd of fight fans there "was a touching tribute from men to the memory of a man's man."

We all have our way of doing things. . . .

GRETA GARBO, as you know (or should by this time, for we've told you enough), has but very few friends. Unlike most people of her type she does not keep these friends very long. For the minute they exploit her in the public prints (as they almost invariably do) she banishes them from the court of Garbo.

If you're Garbo's friend and would remain so you've got to take the oath of silence. Lilyan Tashman and Fifi Dorsay both forfeited the Garbo's friendship when they gave out the most flattering interviews about her.

AND then there's the producer who wanted to sue a newspaper because, when they printed an announcement that his latest picture had been "booked" at a big movie house, they made a typographical error.

They left out the "k" in "booked."

NOW that the big town is suffering from a rush of movie actors to its main streets—sort of hardening of the arteries, so to speak—New York is getting blasé about the Hollywood immigrants.

No longer do hysterical flappers pull fire-alarm boxes whenever Mary Brian or Nancy Carroll do a stroll down Fifth Avenue.

Nancy's been eating corned beef and cabbage at the old Lahiff family table in the Bronx, and working at Paramount's Long Island foundry. Mary Brian—oh, so pretty!—has been around town. Buddy—pardon me, Charles Rogers—before

sailing for Europe with his mama in mid-October, did some of the night spots—now with Mary and then with Claire Windsor.

Ina Claire and Fredric March have been on deck doing "The Royal Family."

"TELL me one thing Jack Gilbert's got that I haven't," demanded the bit player of the nearest listener.

"A contract," was the laconic answer.

ONE of the gayest and prettiest trippers of the early fall was Dorothy Mackaill—the honey from Hull who jumped right back into the top flight of talkie stars with her charming toil in "The Office Wife."

During her New York stay she flitted around town in a big, shiny Rolls-Royce—the courtesy, they whispered, of a very big picture theater man who palpitates for *la belle* Mackaill.

And why not?

VIOLA DANA is married again! Her third husband is Jimmy Thompson, a professional golfer of Colorado Springs, Colo.

Viola's first husband was John Collins, a young director who



International

A few pony skins for a pretty girl. June Clyde, Radio Pictures lass and bride of Director Thornton Freeland, wears this pony skin combination of two shades of tan, with kid pumps and French twill beret



No—not a Romeo and Juliet scene, but a well-known screen menace and the handsome stepson she acquires by her new marriage. In other words, Natalie Moorhead and the young son of her new spouse, Director Alan Crosland of Warners

EXCERPTS from Li'l Danny Cupid's Hollywood Notes: Claire Ray, beauty, who played *I'mmie I'inkle* in pictures, says she will not marry Roy D'Arcy, as published, for the adequate reason that she's already married to Charles E. Carnevale, Park Avenue and Four Hundred . . . Ruth Clifford becomes mama and Hubby Jimmy Cornelius, real estater, passes the cigars. It's a boy . . . Playwright Eugene Walter has to live apart from Mary Kissel, whom he married in Mexico, because his divorce from Actress Charlotte Walker isn't final yet . . . Pev Marley, divorcing Lina Basquette, testifies that she is so jealous she even objected to his photographing beautiful actresses and making them look beautiful on the screen . . . Luther Reed, who married Jocelyn Lee last June 15th, sues for divorce and says she threw dishes at him and raised a rumpus in Tia Juana, and Jocelyn Lee answers right back, denies it, and says she's anticipating a blessed event, as Winchell calls it . . . Alma Rubens files for divorce from Ricardo Cortez, charging desertion, and adding that she's tired of Cortez taking all the credit for her dope cure when it was really her own tight and victory. Now, now, Alma, be yourself . . . Blonde Virginia Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin's latest leading lady, gets cuts and bruises when she jumps out of the moving automobile of her ex-fiancé Buster West and explains that she and he argued and he wouldn't stop to let her out when she wanted out so she outed anyway, and she won't marry West because her career comes first . . . Uncle Carl Laemmle is now Grampa Carl Laemmle since his daughter Mrs. Stanley Bergerman added a little girl to the family . . . June Marlowe, film actress, sued for damages in auto crash, denies she has a husband and explains that the "Armour Marlowe" who is co-defendant with her is her brother . . . Douglas MacLean's wife files Reno suit for divorce . . . Conway Tearle's ex-wife again sues him for back alimony and Conway remains in England . . . Ernest Torrence, Junior, marries Lillorie Green . . . Mrs. King Baggot divorces King because, she charged, he set a bad example to their son by drinking . . . Constance Bennett and Joan Bennett at a play-opening in Hollywood and John Considine and the Marquis de la Falaise also there . . .

POLA NEGRI seems to be divorcing her Prince in earnest, this time.

The lachrymose Pole has gone before a Paris judge and asked her freedom. She did it once before, but withdrew the action.

Serge Mdivani and Perilous Pola were married in 1927. Since then he has had his name coupled with that of Mary McCormic, Chicago opera singer. And it looks [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

died during the war-time flu epidemic. Then she married and divorced Maurice "Lefty" Flynn, one-time Yale football star and later a picture actor.

Good luck, Vi!

SEEN together at some of the places where people get seen together in Hollywood: Clarence Brown and Sally Blane.

And only a few short months ago he was engaged to Dorothy (Alabama) Sebastian.

WELL, you can begin to flutter any day now!

It appears as how the country is going to have a look at Maurice Chevalier.

Plotters are fixing up a tour of twenty one-night stands for the smiling Love-Parader when he gets back from his French holiday.

The idea is that he's to swing right across the continent, giving concerts in conjunction with Ben Bernie's band. The boys will entertain, and then Chevalier will come out for the second half of the show and sing plenty songs.

Now all we need is the route and then the country's ladies can begin to go mad.



The grand old star,
unbowed by time
or exile, stands in
his hilltop home
and looks toward
Hollywood

By
Frank Daugherty

THERE'S news on the "Hill of the Winds," where the Gray Eagle of motion pictures perches—taking his ease and looking off across the plains toward Filmania. Bill Hart is coming back to the screen!

Three picture companies have recently approached him with offers to return to the camera lines—and if three have done so, others must have similar thoughts. In fact, I can almost promise that he won't be out of pictures much longer.

Yes, there's news on that windy hilltop where the Gray Eagle has his aerie!

I am not a sob sister, and this account of an interview I had with Bill recently at his beautiful Newhall ranch, "*La Loma de los Vientos*," will, if I am successful, partake neither of the manner nor the method of these ladies.

Not that there hasn't been tragedy in Hart's experience. There has been enough of that, I suppose, to keep the tear ducts of any number of such ladies functioning for quite some time. Anyone seeking some knowledge of it may find it expressed in his autobiography, "*My Life East and West*," better than I or any of the soft-hearted press ladies could ever express it—for, in more than one sense, Bill wrote that book with his tears.

BUT there is another side to Bill Hart's life, quite apart from the tragic one, as is the case with every normal person. And it was in the hope of uncovering this side of him that I made the trip to Newhall one afternoon in mid-March, when the first green of spring had begun to paint the brown outline of the hills. I realized as I journeyed that what I was seeking might be hard to find. Many people have a side which they reveal in their normal, everyday existence, and a side they reserve for publication. Hart might be one of them.

It is even possible that that was another of the reasons why I was going. I had grown up with a very decided picture of Bill Hart gained from viewing his productions. The life of a recluse which he leads had kept me from learning anything of him at first hand in Hollywood. But some of the stories one heard of him weren't savory. He was held up to me as one who had been hurt

once and then had deliberately quit. He had stopped fighting, they said, given up, retired, faded out of motion picture history forever. If I am able to change that view of Bill Hart, I shall have succeeded in doing him but simple justice.

Newhall proved to be three or four stores and a post-office in a cup of hills about ten miles beyond San Fernando, on the road that goes over the ridge to Bakersfield and the

The Gray Eagle of pictures, as he looks standing before the door of his ranch house on the "Hill of the Winds." Bill Hart is gray now—the gray of sandstone, not of age. His spirit undaunted by his long exile from the screen, he looks eagerly to the day he will make his first talkie for his fans

Ol' Bill Hart Is Coming Back!



Bill Hart's beautiful ranch house, "The Hill of the Winds," ten miles from San Fernando, Calif. In the valley below lies the little town of Newhall. In the middle distance are foothills leading up to the snow-crowned peaks against the sky

valley route to San Francisco from Los Angeles.

"Look to your left after you cross the tracks," Hart had told me over the telephone. I looked, and *La Loma* was before me, crowned with Hart's red-tiled, rambling Spanish house. Over the same 'phone we had had a slight conversation about the gate—until I explained that I had once been on a farm and knew all about gates. And as I opened it now, I understood why he had been so solicitous. A rude mule eyed me with curious brown eyes as I swung the gate inward, and several saddle horses looked up from their grazing long enough to see if I resembled their master; then, uninterested, returned to their feeding.

A LITTLE way up the winding road, in front of a low ranch house which I took to be the cowboys' quarters, a dog raced back and forth along a wire to which it was attached and barked a friendly warning. No human was in evidence. I closed the gate and swung my car into the steep, winding road that mounted to the *hacienda* above. And it was on the high white wall that surrounded the house that I saw the name printed—"La Loma de los Vientos."

It was on my lips as Bill Hart opened the door with outstretched hand. "Yes," he answered my implied question. "It means the Hill of the Winds. We nearly always have a breeze up here, even on the hottest days of summer." The "breeze" was causing me to hold my hat with my left hand while I shook my host's hand with my right.

We mounted a stair bare of carpet. Draped over the banister as we reached the second floor was one of the largest and most beautiful buffalo robes I have ever seen. On the first floor, workmen had been rebuilding the large open fireplace—the only thing he had specified that the architect should make as perfect as possible, Hart told me afterwards, and the only

thing that had never been right about the house—and in a large sitting room on the second floor a man-servant was spreading the floor with colorful Navajos. We entered his bedroom, which, without being in

the least cluttered, yet gave the impression of being filled with a great many things.

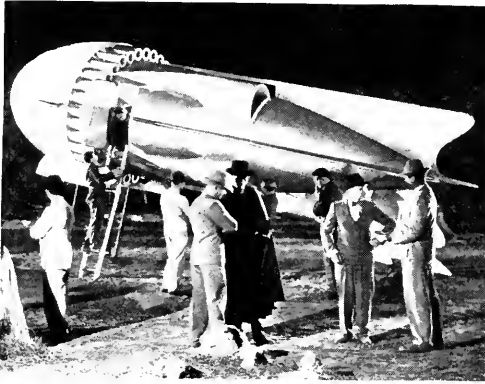
I lingered an old wampum belt of the finest bead-work that was sewed in a strip down the center of the bedspread. A rifle, an Indian bow and similar articles filled the corners of the room. Two bookcases filled with books of travel, of history, and of the West, were built into one wall; a writing desk of polished mahogany and a heavy chest—filled, I was later told, with relics of the old West—were lined against another.

All of his mementoes of the West, he told me, have been deeded to the Smithsonian. "They can take what they want," he said, "and throw the rest away." When they start throwing, I hope to be about with several wagons.

We walked outside. Hart's hill is a sort of peninsula that juts out from a curving range of its brothers and commands a sweeping view of a long basin of smaller serrated hills that mount ever higher and culminate at last in the ridge of high mountains that form the Santa Barbara range.

PAST a combined garage and stable, a circling wall, a wide expanse of soft green lawn—and we had passed through a little gate in the wall and were in a sun garden that jutted, a few feet beyond, into a steep terrace that found its base in a ravine. A sun dial on a cement pillar stood in the center of the garden.

Scrub oak and sage and rich green grazing grass covered all the hills as far as the eye could reach, except where a brown scar marked the path of the swift and turbulent flood that broke its dam in the San [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]



★ JUST IMAGINE—Fox

IT must be terrible to be the sort of person who can't get a kick out of this sort of thing! There may be a few such, and they're to be pitied! "Just Imagine" is delightful buffoonery, backgrounded by an ironical, fantastic conception of life in 1980. You shouldn't and can't take a second of it seriously—which makes it top entertainment.

Imagination explodes everywhere—especially in your funny-bone. There are colossal miniatures—what a paradox! Every-day life, food and drink, marriage, prohibition—all depicted as of a half-century hence. There are beautiful songs, romance enough, and a wealth of beauty. El Brendel runs off with the cast honors. John Garrick and Maureen O'Sullivan are young lovers, and Frank Albertson and Marjorie White hilariously lampoon young passion.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ FEET FIRST—Paramount



★ KISMET—First National

THE pool in which the beggar *Hajj* drowns bad old *Mansur* has now become an enormous tank capable of holding a dozen swimming maidens. Elephants march through the city's gates. Harem ladies loll in indolent ease. Bagdad's streets seethe with activity. It is breath-takingly lovely. And, of course, it is Otis Skinner's bow before the microphone. He is, as ever, perfect as the charming rogue.

If you are one of those who demand realism of your film fare, this is not for you. Here fantasy runs rampant. If you miss a couple of lines, you'll lose the gist of it all.

Besides the master technician, Skinner, there is David Manners, a grand caliph, and Loretta Young, the daughter of the beggar. Mary Duncan is seductive as the favorite wife.

WELL, Harold Lloyd rings the bell again, and once more with a loud and clangorous bang. It looks as though the be-goggled veteran has another hit on his hands.

In short, the favorite comedian has delivered one of his extra good comedies. It is funny and exciting by turns—has more than a dab of Lloydian romance, and is as clean as the proverbial hound's molar.

In the new picture Harold plays a shoe-clerk with pleasantly amorous inclinations, all displayed with the dumb and wistful shyness that perennially marks his type of comedy. He gets a lot of fun out of the shoe-store situations, and then goes into his famous thrill stuff. When Hal begins hanging from skyscrapers by his galluses, it's always the signal for the customers to begin putting out their best brand of gasping. Lloyd's suspense sequences probably haven't an equal in the business.

For this one, Lloyd and his crowd of comedy constructors have concocted a large mess of new gags, and plenty of the old reliables, always good for howls, are trotted out.

Barbara Kent, that little peach, is again the object of his shy ardors, and Robert McWade, Sr., and Lillian Leighton are also noted in the troupe. Lloyd's second talkie, it seems to us, is better than his first.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

FEET FIRST	TOM SAWYER
JUST IMAGINE	KISMET
CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK	WAY FOR A SAILOR
LAUGHTER	BILLY THE KID
MOROCCO	FATHER'S SON
A LADY'S MORALS	SUNNY
THE QUEEN OF SCANDAL	

The Best Performances of the Month

Harold Lloyd in "Feet First"
 Jackie Coogan in "Tom Sawyer"
 Junior Durkin in "Tom Sawyer"
 El Brendel in "Just Imagine"
 Otis Skinner in "Kismet"
 Freeman Gosden in "Check and Double Check"
 Charles Correll in "Check and Double Check"
 John Gilbert in "Way for a Sailor"
 Fredric March in "Laughter"
 Johnny Mack Brown in "Billy the Kid"
 Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco"
 Leon Janney in "Father's Son"
 Grace Moore in "A Lady's Morals"
 Marilyn Miller in "Sunny"
 Evelyn Laye in "The Queen of Scandal"
 William Collier, Sr., in "Up the River"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 142



★ CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK—Radio Pictures

FIFTY million Amos 'n' Andy fans are going to mob the theaters to see their idols for the first time. And they will not be disappointed. Big, hulking Andy and brow-beaten, but rebellious, Amos, materialize on the screen without losing the quality that made them famous as voices. In many ways, their first picture is a brilliant job. Situations and dialogue are hilariously funny, and there are two or three gags that are masterpieces.

You'll see the famous Fresh Air Taxi, the pompous Kingfish, and a classic meeting of the Mystic Knights of the Sea. True, Ruby Taylor and Madame Queen do not appear, although they figure in the story. There's lots of Amos (Freeman Gosden) and Andy (Charles Correll)! Sue Carol, Irene Rich and others are in it. Great entertainment.



★ TOM SAWYER—Paramount

COME on, kids—from five to eighty-five! Let's go to the pitcher show!

For three years the country's youngsters have been missing many of the delights of the movies. The talkies, with their stage conventions and their lack of action, have almost lost the greatest audience of film fans. Now Paramount fires one of the first guns in the battle to bring back the happy boys and girls of old. Gun? It's a barrage!

This great Mark Twain yarn has been brilliantly done. Made into a whirlwind of real entertainment for everybody.

For the part of Tom, Jackie Coogan comes back to make his talkie debut. They say he was paid \$10,000 a week for his summer's work—and we say he was worth it.

As his pal, Huck Finn, young Junior Durkin is splendid. With the amazing Mitzi Green playing Becky Thatcher, we have a trio who fight neck and neck for honors, but whose joint work lights up the whole story of the children on the banks of the Mississippi. Mary Jane Irving and Dick Winslow are other youngsters who score. The seniors are capably done by Clara Blandick, Tully Marshall and Ethel Wales.

A corking picture. Director John Cromwell has given the millions of picture-lovers a romantic and true screen telling of one of the best-loved of all stories.



★ WAY FOR A SAILOR—M-G-M

THIS is a fast-moving maritime drama about three sailor boys, Jack Gilbert being one of them, and Jim Tully and Wallace Beery the other two.

The low-brow dialogue is so fitting for the characters that it hardly offends, but noisy background in some instances makes the voices indistinguishable. This is Gilbert's first opportunity since the talking apparatus has been so nearly perfected, and his voice shows great improvement. It is not the Gilbert of "Flesh and the Devil," rather it's a man's man, a hard-drinking sailor who takes his loves lightly.

Jim Tully doesn't act at all. That saves him. Wally Beery gives his usual flawless performance. Leila Hyams is the beautiful blonde for whom Gilbert nearly gives up the sea. Splendidly directed by Sam Wood. Not a dull moment.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!



LAUGHTER—
Paramount



AN excellent picture of two young people in love—with a millionaire husband chafing in the background. Nancy Carroll keeps on getting better every day, and Fredric March, as the young composer who loves Nancy and laughter, does his best work. Nice words, too, for Frank Morgan as the husband, and for splendid dialogue by Donald Ogden Stewart. A first-rater. See it.



BILLY THE KID—
M-G-M



JOHNNY MACK BROWN gives the show of his life in this free dramatization of a famous outlaw's adventures. If you say it isn't history, we say who always wants history in a theater? He's grandly supported, and the picture's a pip, with its sweep of open-country action. Metro made this on wide-screen film as well as standard. If you see the wide version, it's more thrilling.



MOROCCO—
Paramount



THIS picture introduces Marlene Dietrich, Paramount's new sensation from Germany, to the American screen. She's like Garbo, like Jeanne Eagels, but most like Marlene. A vivid, fascinating woman, bound to stir up storms of talk. Gary Cooper, starred, is grand as a woman-chasing Foreign Legionnaire. And Director Von Sternberg introduced a thrilling new talkie technique. Hot stuff, this. Don't miss.



FATHER'S SON—
First National



AN artistic picture—but don't be frightened. It also will be much beloved of audiences everywhere, for it's funny, pathetic and tremendously human. Just the simple story of a typical small boy whose dad finds it hard to understand him. But his mother does—and what a picture! Actors? Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, John Halliday, and amazing thirteen-year-old Leon Janney. A notable job.



A LADY'S MORALS—
M-G-M



INTRODUCING Grace Moore, young and beautiful prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, to pictures. And what a voice! The story is based on incidents in the life of the famous Jenny Lind, and Miss Moore sings several lovely numbers, notably one written especially for the picture by Carrie Jacobs Bond. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. This will surely please you.



SUNNY—
First National



WHIO said singies were through? A gem of a picture like this makes us wonder. The radiant personality of Marilyn Miller smashes over this gay and tasteful film version of the stage hit in which she starred. To rave about her dancing would be to gild the lily. Excellent support is given by Lawrence Gray, Inez Courtney and Joe Donahue, brother of the late Jack. Swell!

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

☆
THE
QUEEN OF
SCANDAL—
United Artists



A LADY SUR-
RENDERS—
Universal



ANOTHER musical hit, even if they do burst into melody at weird moments. Evelyn Laye, a beauty from England with a Broadway stopover, is charming, and John Boles is in grand voice and looks. Louis Bromfield wrote the story. Lilyan Tashman plays a bad beauty from Budapest, and Leon Errol's accordion legs gather their laughs, as usual. The thing is beautifully produced. Call it a sound success!

MARITAL woes, handled subtly and with charm, fill the best talkie Universal has made since "All Quiet on the Western Front." From John Erskine's novel, "Sincerity." The women in the case are well played by Genevieve Tobin and Rose Hobart—the men, by Conrad Nagel and Basil Rathbone. An adroit piece of picture making, this. It is recommended to the married folks as the talkies' domestic study-hour.

UP THE
RIVER—
Fox



THE SILVER
HORDE—
Radio Pictures



JOHN FORD has made another box-office picture, even with the "prison life" theme. This deals with the lighter side of life behind the gray walls and a constant stream of humor relieves any situation about to become tense. Certainly, there is an innocent victim and a prison break, but it's good stuff. Claire Luce, Spencer Tracy, and William Collier, Sr., are grand. You will like this picture.

REX BEACH'S red-corpuscled yarn becomes tingling phonoplay, and gives Evelyn Brent opportunity for a blisteringly hot portrayal. One of the season's wallopingest scenes is that wherein Evelyn, as the ex-loose lady, bawls out Jean Arthur, holier-than-thou society deb. Blanche Sweet appears neatly in a wise-cracking rôle. First male honors go to Wolheim, with Joel McCrea giving promise for future.

MOTHERS
CRY—
First National



THE
VIRTUOUS
SIN—
Paramount



A BEST-SELLING novel has turned into a good motion picture, chiefly through the superb acting of Dorothy Peterson as the mother. Here is a beautiful story of a woman's life from 1900 to the present day. David Manners and Helen Chandler are splendid as two of the children. Edward Woods, the black sheep, has a tremendously effective prison scene, but bad make-up mars his characterization.

WHEREIN sex and love get all tangled up in a mess of old-time Russian intrigue and international affairs. Colorful, and exciting at times, with a paradoxically happy unhappy ending. Walter Huston does another fine piece of acting in the rôle of the general. Kay Francis, the sleek, and Kenneth MacKenna, the suave, keep pace with the tempo Huston sets. [Additional reviews on page 112]



The Motion Picture Public awards the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Gold Medal to Warner Brothers for the best picture of 1929

A GAIN the motion picture public has said it with ballots—and in no uncertain terms! They have awarded "Disraeli" the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor as the best picture released during the year 1929.

In one of the most interesting and significant ballotings since PHOTOPLAY instituted this famous award ten years ago, a talking picture starring a great character actor of the legitimate stage is given this most coveted prize of the film world. Verily, change has come upon the world of the photoplay.

This, the tenth award of the Medal, was destined to go for the first time to a talking picture—legitimate offspring of the new art of the screen and the age-old art of the theater.

This lent unusual interest to this year's balloting.

What is even more significant, the fans followed the great tradition that has held sway in this voting during the past decade. Again the Medal goes to a picture that glorifies true sentiment against spurious sentimentality—genuine romance against bathos.

"Disraeli," for all its dramatic clash and clang of a great Empire's power in jeopardy, is primarily, and foremost, the story of a mighty Prime Minister's love for his gentle helpmate. The romance of the aged *Lord Beaconsfield* and his lady forms the background, and is the spirit, of this excellent picture.

Note the list of the other nine winners of the Medal, printed on this page, and you will see that honest sentiment, *sans* slush, has been the motivating force of all the great motion pictures which have been honored with the suffrages of the fans.



The romance of "Disraeli"! George Arliss and his wife, Florence Arliss, in a scene from the Medal-winning picture. Mrs. Arliss played Disraeli's wife in the photoplay. It was the background of a lifetime of true romance that gave this film the victory

NOW as to the picture itself. "Disraeli," directed by Alfred E. Green and produced in Hollywood by Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc., opened in New York in the fall of 1929 and was hailed as an immediate success, both artistically and commercially.

Its star, George Arliss, beloved veteran of the theater, had been a failure in silent films in years past. In this picture, made from one of his stage hits, he was tremendously successful. After running for four months at the Warner Brothers Theater, New York, "Disraeli" continued its successful engagement at another house, visited by enormous crowds.

"Disraeli" was named as one of the best pictures of the month in the December, 1929, issue of PHOTOPLAY, and Mr. Arliss was credited with one of the month's finest performances.

Mr. Arliss' career is too well known to need extended comment. He has given his whole life to the theater of his heart, and for over twenty years, since leaving London, he has been an honored figure in the American theater. Since the success of "Disraeli," he has appeared on the screen in "The Green God-



Alfred E. Green, director of "Disraeli." A young veteran of motion pictures, Green began his film career in 1912

“DISRAELI”

Wins!



dess” and “Old English,” both Warner Brothers pictures.

ALFRED E. GREEN, the director, has been connected with pictures since 1912, when he began as an odd-job boy in the old Selig studios. He directed several of Mary Pickford’s and Thomas Meighan’s starring pictures. In the last two years he has made all three Arliss films and “The Man from Blankley’s,” John Barrymore’s uproarious excursion into phonoplay farce. This year he was chosen, in the *Film Daily’s* annual poll, as the outstanding director of 1929. Now he receives a second well-merited honor.

“Disraeli,” the film, was adapted for the screen by Julian Josephson from the play by Louis Napoleon Parker.

Supporting Mr. Arliss were Florence Arliss, his wife; Joan Bennett, Anthony Bushell, David Torrence, Ivan Simpson, Doris Lloyd, and others.

Margaret Mann appeared for a brief moment as *Queen Victoria*. This white-haired woman was the leading figure in the 1928 Medal winner, “Four Sons.”



Mr. Arliss and Joan Bennett in a scene from “Disraeli.” Miss Bennett furnished the young (and secondary) love interest, teamed with Anthony Bushell. “Disraeli” was another step in the rapid succession of talkies that have given Joan distinction in Hollywood

Previous Winners

- 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”

Thus Miss Mann has the honor of being associated with two winners of this award.

The new Medal-winner gave great impetus to the rapid film rise of Joan Bennett, youngest daughter of Richard Bennett and now, at nineteen, one of the most prominent and sought-after leading women in pictures.

“Disraeli” was, however, a *tour de force* for Mr. Arliss—who, oddly enough, had a brief and unsuccessful fling at silent pictures a decade ago. Now, through the magic of science, he emerges as one of the most successful and beloved figures of the speaking screen.

Another noteworthy fact about the 1929 award is that the great army of picture lovers who voted it agree with several hundred newspaper and magazine critics of the country. In a nationwide poll, conducted by *Film Daily*, these ladies and gentlemen of the press unhesitatingly awarded the title of best picture of the year to the Arliss film.

A word about the Medal itself. It is of solid gold, weighing 123 $\frac{1}{2}$ pennyweights, and is two and a half inches in diameter. It is designed and executed by Tiffany and Company of New York.

“DISRAELI” is in every way a worthy winner of this cherished award, THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Gold Medal of Honor for the year 1929. It follows the royal line—it is truly a picture in the great tradition.

PHOTOPLAY congratulates its producers, the Warner Brothers, Director Green, Mr. Arliss and the other names and talents concerned in the creation of “Disraeli.”



Oh, What A Gown!

AND oh, what a girl is wearing it! Jeannette Loff, the Universal crash, wearing one of the gowns she'll adorn in "The Boudoir Diplomat." Of blue tulle over blue satin, with rhinestone ornaments. What novel lines! Silver gloves, too.

By Andre-Mi

50 Men *Who Rule* The Movies

PHOTOPLAY'S Editor essays a list of half-hundred men who guide picture destinies in America

By

James R. Quirk

TO my mind, the men who rule motion pictures are the men actually engaged in the creation, production and sale of them to the public in America.

In this list you will find no bankers, no censors, no directors, and but four actors.

If we started to name the bankers who are financially interested in pictures and who exert tremendous power in the selection of executives, the formation of fundamental policies and financial direction, our list would be over-long.

And it would be almost impossible to estimate, with any degree of accuracy, the influence these men exert on production—the creation of pictures, in which the public is vitally interested.

No—this list is not concerned with mere prime ministers who pull strings in the shadow of the throne. It has to do with the men in the front line trenches—the men who make our pictures, who are in a large manner responsible for what we see and hear.

Censors? Some few State censors exert a great deal of power, but it is largely destructive. In no way do they rule the destinies of this great entertainment force.

The list of directors who have made good pictures would be a long one. Moreover, they work under producing heads who can praise or damn their creative ideas and efforts.

THERE are four actors on this list—Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks and Conrad Nagel. The first three are included because they are absolutely independent producers whose pictures are both important and significant in the trend of motion picture production. Nagel is on the list because he is Vice President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and one of the most potent forces for amicable relations between the producer and the actor. In a large measure he is the movie actor's voice in all disputes between the manager and the player.

On the list are many names unfamiliar to the picture devotee, and many of them are those of sales managers. The layman, perhaps, is unaware of what tremendous influence is wielded by the gentlemen who sell pictures to the thousands of exhibitors throughout the country.

They have their fingers on the pulses of the public. They know, with surcuss, what the nation as a whole wants on its screens. They are the super-contact men between audiences and producers, and as such, possess enormous influence in the industry.

TWO omissions from this list may be noted. They are the names of Thomas A. Edison and David Wark Griffith.

Edison invented the motion picture, but his interest has ceased and he has no connection with the industry today. Griffith, great pioneer, is a director who makes his pictures under the orders of producers.

George Eastman, head of the largest film raw stock company in the world, is still actively interested in the quality of motion picture photography, which is such a vital part of any picture.

Adolph Zukor, President of Paramount Publix, needs no introduction to the public.

Louis B. Mayer is Vice-President and production head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company.

Walter Wagner and Benjamin P. Schulberg are the active producing heads of the Eastern and Western studios of Paramount Publix, under the direction of Jesse L. Lasky.

H. M. Warner is the President of Warners Bros.; Albert Warner, Vice-President and Treasurer, and J. L. Warner, Vice-President in charge of production. Samuel Morris is General Manager, and Claude Ezell is the General Sales Manager.

Harley L. Clarke is the President of the Fox Film Corporation. Winfield Sheehan is in direct charge of all production activities of that company. James R. Grainger is the Sales Manager.

William Fox has retired from the presidency of the firm which bears his name and is now Chairman of the Advisory Committee.

Samuel Goldwyn is an independent producer.

Samuel L. Rothafel is the outstanding exhibitor of America today.

Howard Hughes is an independent producer.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]

Joe Brandt
Hiram S. Brown
Charles Chaplin
Harley L. Clarke
R. H. Cochrane
Harry Cohn
Cecil B. De Mille
William C. De Mille
Ned E. Depinet
Walt Disney
George Eastman
Claude C. Ezell
Douglas Fairbanks
Felix Feist
William Fox
Samuel Goldwyn
James R. Grainger

Earle W. Hammons
Will Hays
William Randolph Hearst
Howard Hughes
Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus
Sam Katz
Joseph P. Kennedy
Sidney R. Kent
Carl Laemmle
Carl Laemmle, Jr.
Jesse L. Lasky
William LeBaron
Al Lichtman
Harold Lloyd
Louis B. Mayer
Sam E. Morris
Conrad Nagel

J. E. Otterson
S. L. Rothafel
David Sarnoff
Joseph Schenck
Nicholas M. Schenck
Joseph I. Schnitzer
B. P. Schulberg
Mack Sennett
Winfield Sheehan
Herman Starr
Irving Thalberg
Walter Wanger
Albert Warner
H. M. Warner
J. L. Warner
Adolph Zukor

She Threatens Garbo's Throne

By
Katherine
Albert



Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper in "Morocco," her first American made picture

WHEN the first close-up of Marlene Dietrich flashed upon the screen at the Hollywood preview of "Morocco," a woman sitting just in front of me said, "Why—why, it's Greta Garbo!"

A girl a few seats away turned to her companion and said, "Oh, who is that girl? She's so like Garbo, only—only she's prettier."

And thus an entire campaign of publicity fell about the heads of the Paramount staff. For weeks they've been sending memos insisting that their new German find, Marlene Dietrich, never be mentioned in the same breath with Garbo.

Because of the fact that she talked about her baby during her first interview they declared that she should have no more interviews, but when it was pointed out that this was the Garbo policy at another studio they opened up their hearts and allowed members of the press to see her.

Paramount is fearful lest Marlene be killed, professionally, by the Garbo comparison. They have still clearly in mind the sad cases of Mary Miles Minter, "the second Mary Pickford"—Paul Muni, "the second Lon Chaney," and all the various "second Valentinos." Rightly they should be worried. Since, so firmly implanted in the fan heart is Garbo, that even the suggestion that anybody else could be like her means a fight to the finish.

The same woman who had believed, at first glance, that Marlene was Garbo later said, when Dietrich appeared in a white sports coat and a beret pushed back off her forehead, "Oh, she's trying to imitate Garbo!"

How the fans will react, how they will accept this strange and glamorous girl who threatens Garbo's throne, remains to be seen. It depends upon just how much hysteria Garbo has inspired. And that, take it from me, is a lot of hysteria.

There is a story in "Morocco" itself. Directed by the little genius, Von Sternberg, it introduces the new technique, for it is a silent picture with incidental dialogue. Scene after scene is played without a sound. When you've left the theater it is

Rally 'round, you Garbo-Maniacs! Like it or not, the battle is on, and Marlene Dietrich's glamor flames upon the screen!

difficult for you to remember that a word has been spoken.

It is Gary Cooper's starring picture—at least that is what the title sheet tells you—yet Dietrich has two reels of footage to Gary's one. Von Sternberg, you see, believes that Dietrich is the new sensation. When he discovered her in Germany he said, "Thank God, you're not like American actresses. You can make more than three faces." He not only gave the picture to Marlene; she took it.

At the risk of having all the Garbo fans bear down upon me in a body, I must say that Dietrich has the same fatal allure as the melancholy Swede, the same deeply vitalized, mysterious quality, the same ability at that utter calm which bespeaks a raging torrent beneath and yet—oh, I must say it, along with the girl at the preview!—she is prettier, she is fresher, she is, somehow, more attractive. The loyal Garbo fans will rail against her. They will hate her because they will be jealous of her and the sure steps she is taking to the Garbo mountain of silence.

What is this strange girl like, really? What does she possess that gives her the quality Garbo has? Whence does she come?

LIKE Garbo on the screen, with that long face with the shadowed cheeks, that deep, throaty voice, Marlene is almost nothing like her physically in real life. Her face is round, her nose turns up, she smiles.

But emotionally she has much in common with Garbo. If Oscar Wilde is right and "there is no mystery so great as misery" then Marlene Dietrich is mysterious. She is by far the most glamorous and enchanting woman who has come to Hollywood since the white flame from Scandinavia arrived.

Humble she is, as a great astronomer who knows how little all his knowledge avails. She is unhappy as a lyric poet.

During one of the coldest [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]



IF this glittering, glamorous German girl isn't a million-candle-power sensation, Paramount will be out a stack of blue chips! Glowing reports of Marlene Dietrich's work in the new "Morocco" picture directed by Joseph Von Sternberg keep a-rolling in. Read about her on the opposite page

Natalie's



What a hostess gown! Fuchsia transparent velvet; draped neckline and double train; lace half-sleeves to look like mitts



An ensemble for a queen, or a picture star bride! Royal blue velvet is collared, cuffed and flounced with ermine. Draped velvet hat

HERE it is!—Natalie Moorhead's trousseau for her marriage to Alan Crosland, the director. Every fold and flounce is Hollywood designed.

We're sorry we haven't space to show you all the gorgeous clothes. For instance, besides these, there's a beaver-trimmed sports suit of beige lace tweed into which large gold dots have been woven. And a short ermine jacket, with elbow-length cape edged in white fox. And a blue and silver metal moiré evening wrap that reaches the ankles.

One or two models are so unusual that only Natalie's smart, sophisticated type could carry them off. But all of them have ideas you can adapt.

Trousseau



In between pictures and parties, Natalie might snatch a few minutes for forty winks or the newest novel. That's when she'll enjoy this tangerine velvet negligée, trimmed with beige maribou



A jacket frock that oozes style from every seam. Gray crepe Elizabeth, with insets of purple under each box pleat, and cutaway, caped jacket of matching purple. Gray turban and gloves

A gown and gloves decidedly different. Egg shell satin with pleated black chiffon panel ending in a brief train. Black suede gloves made on bands of rhinestones that hook above the elbow. Designed by Earl Luck

Photos by
Irving Lippman



THE incomparable Chatterton and Paul Lukas in her new "The Right to Love."
Ruth plays several characters in this, at various ages. Lukas, who refused to let his accent be whipped by the talkies, is having a skyrocketish rise to fame. His story is just across the page

Lukas Masters *the* Microphone

By Marquis Busby



A FOREIGNER, knowing not one word of English, when he arrived in Hollywood, has conquered the talkies! He has learned to speak English fluently—with only the slightest and most attractive accent.

Paul Lukas is a star!

He is playing the leading rôle in "Ladies' Man."

That may not be amazing to the many fans who have been cheering for the polished Hungarian ever since his appearance in the last cycle of Negri films. But it is sensational, nevertheless.

He has achieved fame since, and not before, the talkie era.

He has kept his head.

He has used it.

He has become a naturalized American and refrained from belittling the country whose wealth baited him from his own.

And the fans, without direction and assistance from press agents, ballyhoos, producers, investment council, oracles or billboards, have made him a star.

Their recognition of his talents, their appreciation of his charm, has resulted in the only conspicuous promotion of a foreign language actor since the talkies.

Paul Lukas, under the most severe natural handicap, has made good.

The Lukas story is a simple one, but certainly eloquent and inspiring. As a young man in Budapest, Lukas trained for the theater. He played Hungarian repertory. When pictures first threatened the stage, he had the vision to recognize their potentialities. He was not too proud to step down and play bits.

MICHAEL CURTIZ, now a Warner Brothers director, then directing Hungarian films, gave him his first chance. While making a picture, one of the principals one day failed to show up. Production would be halted. Valuable time would be lost. Lukas stepped up and tactfully expressed the belief that he could play the rôle. Curtiz agreed to take the chance. Lukas became prominent in films in Hungary and Germany.

In the gaudiest days of silent movies, scouts watched European studios intently, eager for new faces to buy, new personalities to exploit. Lukas, working quietly in Hungary, was spotted by a Paramount scout. Both Jesse Lasky and B. P. Schulberg, of Paramount, watched his work before offering the contract which was to bring him to America.

Traveling on an American boat, eating steak all the way across because it was the only English word he knew, Lukas finally arrived. He was a character actor—not a star. No delegation of officials met him down the bay. No hoop-la colored his arrival.

He went to Hollywood. He made a strong impression in the last of the Pola Negri pictures.

Suddenly, the talkies exploded the comfortable security of Hollywood's foreign colony. Jannings, Baclanova, Pola herself, were toppled from the heights. They packed up their jewels and platinum set securities and went home.

Lukas, at the time, was working in "The Wolf of Wall Street." It had been intended for silent release. But the studio had to join the all-talking parade. As Lukas couldn't speak English, another actor had to be called to dub-in his voice. The result wasn't quite happy.

Lukas, who knew not more than a few words of English, dropped out of sight for seven months. The studio saw nothing of him. His friends wondered where he was. But he hadn't gone [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]

Handsome Paul, the first foreign actor to whip the American talkie situation, heads full tilt for stardom

Rod
La Rocque



Bernice
Claire



Lillian
Gish



Dennis
King



Why I'm On the

New York is all cluttered up with stars and near-stars who have had a movie fling and are now daring the footlights

NEW YORK has become so cluttered with ex-movie stars the street-cleaners are complaining about the awful number of ermine-tails they are required to sweep from Broadway every rosy dawning.

Trailing their inevitable ermine evening wraps, exuding the inevitable odor of special blend musk and ambergris, the glittering sorority swoops down upon every first night, opens every new supper club, views every new fashion showing, lunches on the East Side, larks on the West Side. And it's all so jolly. What a relief from Hollywood and the grind of being a picture star!

At least that's what they say when some chatter writer, hard pressed on Monday morning for a hot celebrity to interview, remembers that Miss Kissy Fadeout is around town.

Illusion is the business of a movie star, so they may be permitted to harbor a few of their own. But reality peeps through the pretty tulle ruffle of pretense. New York wouldn't seem quite so gay were Hollywood to insert one tiny notice in the most obscure metropolitan agony column:

"Kissy, come home. All is forgiven. Contract waits.
Mama Movies."

Trains would be so crowded the exquisite orchids of the screen would be riding in baggage cars with their orchidaceous griffons.

THE stars in New York are the stars on the outside. Waning popularity. Too many box-office flops. Overbuilding. There are as many reasons why certain stars are on the outside as there are alibis to evade them. Of course, many of them WILL come back. But at present they work while they wait.

The most popular alibi is: "I wanted some stage experience." This one is pulled by stars who have landed jobs in legitimate, vaudeville, road shows, and picture house presentations.

"Hollywood is terrible. It's killing to live there." This is pulled by stars who went out to the Coast on six-month options, flopped, came back.

"I needed a change. Hollywood staleness was getting me." This is pulled by stars who haven't yet decided whether to sail for Europe or open a miniature golf course.

And they all harbor a little secret yen to try a come-back as they peep wistfully over the studio fence. One day many of them will jump over again. But not just now.

Let's crash a Broadway first night. It must be a pretentious one. Legitimate. Heavens, not movie!

Who's that exquisite blonde with the dashing Latin cavalier down in the second row? Vilma! Yes, and it's Rod La Rocque. Rod and Vilma are to be co-starred this season in a Hungarian comedy—one in which Vilma's accent won't be grotesque. Vilma's position in the movies became dubious with the dissolution of the Colman-Banky team. Then talk. Then the accent. Vilma's a stage star now.

And the smart brunette in the next row? Can that sophisticated looking young woman be the gamin Colleen Moore? Sure enough. She, too, is rehearsing a play for Broadway.

Colleen's divorce from the movies was long predicted, but still spectacular. With no stage training and little movie experience, Colleen skyrocketed to the top as a type. She was the greatest box-office star, the darling of the exhibitors, until the advent of the Bow. Dethroned by Clara, Colleen nevertheless held her own and, under the shrewd management of husband John McCormick, commanded one of the biggest salaries ever paid a film star.

She gamely tried to talk. First an Irish accent. Then a French. But a Polynesian accent wouldn't have forestalled what was in the cards. Miss Moore finished her contract with First National. Negotiations with other companies came to zero. Incompatibility stepped in. Colleen divorced her husband-manager. The movies divorced Colleen. She's harvesting experience on the legitimate stage.

COLLEEN and Virginia Valli have taken a pent-house apartment—with a lease. Virginia is another decorative member of New York's interesting ex-movie star colony.

There's Lina Basquette over there. Lina is going to dance again. Convinced that sinister influences were at work against her in Hollywood, depriving her of her child, thwarting her career, Lina is back on the Broadway from which she started. Her movie career was tragic. She'll begin all over again as the dancing star of one of the most popular supper clubs. Harry Richman's to be exact. He's a Clara Bow boy friend.

There's Dennis King. Why, it's hardly a year since he went into the movies. Back so soon! Never such a hoopla was raised over a screen acquisition as Paramount optimistically built for Dennis. Thousands were spent to exploit a new matinee idol. Carloads of critics were imported from key cities to attend the Broadway opening of "The Vagabond King." Raves were carefully mixed and baked in Paramount's hottest



Mary
Duncan

Paul
Muni

Colleen
Moore

Vilma
Banky

Outside Lookin' In

By

Paul Jarvis

good-will ovens. Hundreds of corks popped. But so did Dennis!

Dennis isn't the only King dethroned from the movies. Charlie, over there, is back on Broadway. And a year ago he was M-G-M's pet of song-and-dance films. Broadway hooted when Charlie King went West to break into movies. Charlie was no chicken. But when "The Broadway Melody" broke loose, presenting a King who looked no older than Charles ex-"Buddy" Rogers, the laugh was not on Charlie. He was ace—for a few months.

Then song-and-dance films went out. And song-and-dance men with them. The King had had his day.

THE decline of musical movies tossed plenty of stars over the fence. See Bernice Claire over there? What a build-up Miss Claire got. First National was so convinced she was a potential box-office queen, they put her in straight drama, "Numbered Men," when the tide turned back from color and music. But Bernice never quite clicked. Now she and Alexander Gray are working out their contract in vaudeville, in the same act—and the same boat.

Tom Patricola's back in vaudeville, too. He and El Brendel were snatched away from the halls at about the same time. Brendel went over. Tom, whose specialty was eccentric song-and-dancing, went over the fence.

The Spanish looking gentleman over there is Paul Muni, erstwhile Muni Weisenfreund of the Yiddish Art Theater. He's back on Broadway for a different reason. Muni was let out because he was too young to be a character star and too good to be a pretty-boy juvenile. A critics' actor. The critics raved. But the fans didn't want realism. They wanted romance. Over the fence went the distinguished Mr. Muni.

The girl with her hat down over her eyes, so timid about being recognized? Why, our old friend Lillian Gish. Lillian listened to the advice of her friend, Mary Pickford, and tried a come-back. "One Romantic Night" was a poor picture. Miss Gish was presumed to have "outgrown" the movies,

anyhow. She has the desire to do "artistic and worth while" things in the theater, *d la* Eva Le Gallienne.

Dorothy, too, is turning to the stage, while husband James Rennie sports a brand new First National contract to become a movie star.

The big-eyed brunette in the next row? You remember Lya de Putti, of "Variety." Everybody remembers "Variety" and tries to forget Lya's disastrous career as an American star under the guidance of American directors. Lya came to America with all the fanfare which attended the Negri advent. But nothing happened. The fans said, "No, thank you," and Lya was outside.

Yes, that's Greta Nissen. Greta is frank about her ambition to crash the movies again. If Garbo, from Sweden, can speak English and make good, Greta, from Norway, can try. She has been in vaudeville and stage plays for two years. If some producer doesn't give her a chance to come back, she'll be on Broadway another year more.

LILLIAN ROTH, over there? You'd never believe that Lillian was on the wrong side of the fence. They say it was temperament and mama-management, but Lillian is just working out her contract in submerged rôles like the ingenue lead of "Animal Crackers." Then back to vaudeville. An ex-movie star.

Olive Borden, sure enough! A vaudeville sketch for Olive. Last year it looked as though she finally were going to make good. Radio Pictures got Olive as a souvenir with FBO. They tried everything, even dyeing her hair. But she was still Olive Borden. A tepid box-office star.

Yes, the blonde in blue is Dorothy Mackaill. But you needn't worry about Dorothy. A few weeks ago she was slated for the discard. Her contract had expired. Her fans had gone cold. Then along came "The Office Wife." A box-office picture with Dorothy Mackaill! New impetus! If First National didn't re-sign Dorothy, a competitor would. So First National resigned, at more money, and with the sensational stipulation that the star might have something to say about her stories.

The Mackaill case was unique in the movies. Never before has any player landed solidly as a star with what was to have been the final picture!

Dorothy's contrasting experience is eloquent. The box-office said "Yes" on Mackaill. It had said "No" on the others. The omnipotent fans have given back to Broadway the most glittering army of erstwhile and almost-movie stars which ever have ornamented the poor old stage.

WHAT happens to our movie friends when contracts expire, talkies menace or they are otherwise smitten by fate? They go on the stage! Two years ago stage actors were hustling to Hollywood for the infant talkies. Now the big parade is marching the other way. Favorites of the silent days fill Broadway, hoping and working for new success and popularity in the theater.



Walter Huston as Abraham Lincoln in the new talkie

The Peerless Huston!

By Harriet Parsons



Huston's talkie debut in "Gentlemen of the Press"

Walter adds Abraham Lincoln to his gallery of great parts

RELAX, folks! There isn't going to be another actor with a Lincoln complex in our midst. The last man who was chosen to portray the Great Emancipator on the screen couldn't forget about it after the picture was over. For months he appeared in public wearing the famous stovepipe hat and shawl.

But you won't see Walter Huston shambling along the boulevard with head bent, hoping people will think he looks like Lincoln. For one thing he's too busy. As soon as he finished making "Abraham Lincoln" for Griffith he had to start work on "The Virtuous Sin" for Paramount. That meant immersing himself in a new characterization—forgetting Honest Abe.

Although Walter Huston was chosen from fifty men for the honor of portraying the most beloved figure in American history, he is not going to be "the Man Who Played Lincoln" for the rest of his life. To him the rôle was simply another characterization in a long list of interesting characterizations for stage and screen. He had no preconceived notions about Lincoln, nor any lifelong ambition to play the part.

"You see," he says, "I didn't try to walk like Lincoln—to imitate the outward mannerisms which the history books tell us he possessed. No. I tried to think like Lincoln, knowing that if I captured the secret of the man's mental processes the rest would follow. I approached it the way I would approach any characterization. I said to myself: 'What kind of man is

this? How does his mind function? How would he act in this situation—or this one?'"

Probably you've seen Huston in "Gentlemen of the Press" or "The Lady Lies" or "The Virginian." Any of the three would have been sufficient to establish him among the foremost ranks of talkie actors. His position on the stage has long been established.

Since he scored his first New York hit in O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms" he has been one of Broadway's favorite sons.

Acting has been his ruling passion since his boyhood days in Canada. There were no professional actors in his

family, but he says his father and grandfather were natural born actors and he thinks he inherited his love of the dramatic from them.

When he was eighteen he joined a theatrical company which promptly went broke and left him stranded. He hooked a ride into New York on a freight train and Broadway didn't hear about it for fifteen years. Those years he toured the vaudeville circuits in skits which he wrote himself.

Only once during the years of struggle did he desert the theater. A friend persuaded him that he would be a better engineer than actor. Four years of steam engineering convinced Huston, however, that he knew more about his own capabilities than his kind friends did. He went back to acting. The success that has come to him in the last ten years proves how right he was.

THE main thing about acting, he thinks, is to believe what you're saying and doing. George M. Cohan once said to him: "I don't believe you. Do that scene over and *make* me believe you. Your audience doesn't want to have to make an effort to be convinced. Make it easy for them." Huston convinces his audiences by convincing himself first.

But once in a while he gets a part that stumps him completely. He hasn't any idea what it's all about. In a case like that the only thing to do, says Huston, is to act all over the place. The less you understand about a rôle the more you have to act! That's what happened to him when he played Eugene O'Neill's "The Fountain" on the stage. He acted like fury but he still doesn't know what it was all about! When you really understand the psychology of a character, however, all you have to do is think it—and the acting takes care of itself.

He feels that he understands Abraham Lincoln and consequently that his characterization is a sincere and true one.

Does he look like [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



Huston as the dastardly Trampas in "The Virginian"



Walter as General Platoff in his next, "The Virtuous Sin"



Mose really needed that money. But he knew he must help a brother in distress

Five-Fifty- and Fate

A true short story of a great star, of one Mose Jackson, and of a loan that luck overpaid

One of the hands, a big, strapping six-foot negro, had particularly taken to him. This negro had always hated actors, but when he found one who carried a "stage-hands' union card" he even went so far as to call him "Mister" Chaney. So, when "Mister" Chaney heard the bad news, he headed backstage in search of Mose Jackson.

Mose was upset. He even suggested that "Mister" Chaney might collect his salary by showing the boss his union card; but second thought convinced Mose that, although "Mister" Chaney had been a hand, he was now an actor. The whole thing troubled him. Why should he be paid his regular fifteen dollars and "Mister" Chaney get left? Maybe he could help—it was his duty to help a brother hand in distress. Mose really needed all his pay himself—to save toward the shine parlor he wanted to buy—but here was a brother in trouble.

Chaney was at a loss to understand the colored man's generosity. Mose had just handed him a "five dolla' bill for to pay yor fare back to Chicawga" and walked away. The actor placed the money in his

THE fact that the troupe couldn't make expenses was nothing new. In the good old days, troupes had a habit of flopping after the first few towns.

During that period of stage history, a company invariably left Chicago in high spirits and ended up in Waterloo, Iowa, in low spirits—busted.

The only difference in this particular case being that the "Princess Mary" troupe was stranded in Green Bay, Wisconsin. The manager had called them all together to give out the bad news. And it was particularly bad this time, because the stage-hands had to be paid first—they were members of the Green Bay union. It would take all the money to pay them off—and there'd be nothing left for the troupe.

Ten minutes after the announcement, four of the five men in the troupe had started in the direction of the nearest saloon in the hope of borrowing the fare back to Chicago. The fifth man went backstage where he had made a few friends. He had been a stage-hand before he started acting and the boys behind the scenes were always glad to see one of their own tribe.

As told to
Walter Ramsey

Only a five-dollar loan—but it changed two lives

wallet, along with the union card, and left the theater to gather together his few belongings.

It was imperative that he get back to the Windy City immediately. The season for starting shows out on the road was fast drawing to a close and he didn't like the prospect of a workless winter in bleak, unfriendly Chicago. The five-dollar bill from the negro stage-hand covered train fare. Had he had to bum or hike his way several days would have been lost. And through the hand's generosity he landed with another troupe.

THE next stranding point was Los Angeles, where it was not so easy to borrow fare back to Chicago. Because he couldn't go, he stayed. Because there was no stage work, and because he still wanted to be an actor and was sure that he would be a good one, he took to pictures. During the next few months he went rapidly ahead in this new profession and by the end of a year he was eating regularly. There had been a great picture. A great performance. A new genius had come to the screen.

After the money commenced to roll in regularly, Chaney often thought of Mose Jackson, back in Green Bay. The boys on the lot were surprised to hear the story of how a colored stage-hand gave him the money that indirectly made it possible for him to reach the Coast—and ultimately break into pictures . . . what you might call the turning point of a man's life on a mere five-dollar bill.

All agreed that Mose should be repaid. Some of them suggested that Chaney return the exact amount he had received—others said that he should mail at least ten. But he wouldn't hear of any such meager appreciation of his present good fortune. He wanted to send Mose a hundred dollars. Or at least seventy-five. Hadn't Mose been the reason for his success?

But, in the end, he was talked out of sending more than fifty. It might be bad for the boy to get so much money all at once. The fifty was sent in a plain envelope that day.

Now and then during the weeks that followed, Chaney won

dered about Mose. What had the money meant to the colored man? Less money than that had meant a lot to some folks—one-tenth of the amount had spelled success for Chaney.

In due time Chaney earned himself considerably more money and a vacation. Success brought the desire to re-visit old stamping grounds. He had an urge to see Green Bay—and drop in on Mose Jackson. The town had changed little. Even the same old German doorman was on duty at the Gem Theater.

"It's been a long time since you was here," said the older man. "How'd you happen to step in here?"

"Just came back to see if I could find that big colored boy that was working as a stage-hand when I left. Is he here?"

"Well, no, he ain't here no more. About two years after you left Mose got a letter from somewhere with fifty dollars in it. No name on the envelope, so he never knew who was giving away their money."

"Yes, yes, but what did he do with it?"

OH, he run around wild all day showing ever'body his fifty dollar bill—quite a novelty around here. Then along 'bout nine o'clock that night I saw him and five other boys out back shootin' craps. Nothin' could seem to stop Mose that night. Long 'bout ten-thirty I guess he had, oh, maybe seven, eight hundred piled up in front of him."

"Yes—go on—then what?"

"Well, I can't stay after eleven-thirty—the old lady wants me home early nights. And the next morning—" the doorman fumbled in his hip pocket and pulled out a dilapidated wallet—"the next morning," he went on, "I see this." He handed Chaney a dirty, creased newspaper clipping, which read:

Mose Jackson, local negro stage-hand, was found dead in an alley near the docks on the West Side about three o'clock this morning. He had been stabbed and robbed. Employees of the Gem Theater, where the slain man worked, state that Jackson had about \$1,000 on his person when he left the theater.



Friend grieves for friend. Whenever Lon Chaney grabbed his make-up box, that was Sandy's signal to follow him to the studio. The other day, on its way to a museum, the box was left on the porch a moment and this touching, unposed picture was the result

Want to Be a Star?

By
Margaret
Stuart



Here's how NOT to be a star! Miss Stuart intimates that no little girl ever got very far by merely yearning at a casting director, as this child is doing. Much better to be a great director's third cousin by marriage!

MUCH advice has been written about how to get into the movies.

But more important than that, by far, is how to be a good little movie star once you're in. It is comparatively simple to become a movie star. I'll tell you, in a minute, how it's done. But right here the good advice stops.

It's like going to school. You're taught all the unimportant things, like how to find the square root of 64 and that H₂SO₄ is the symbol for sulphuric acid, instead of the really vital aids to life, such as how to live on fifty dollars a week and what to say to the wife after you've been out all night.

The way to get into the movies is to be a relative of a producer, be discovered by a director, be a great foreign actress, be a stage or operatic star, be an extra girl with a winning smile, look like another movie star, be a football hero in Alabama or Southern California universities, a property boy, a caustic critic of the talkies, a studio script girl, a cigarette girl at the Ambassador Hotel, or a small time actor who looks like a gangster. Aviators (lady or gentleman), baseball heroes, golf champions, or prize fighters last only a few months.

Millionaires' daughters, endurance flyers, tree sitters, discus throwers, channel swimmers, big game hunters, cowboys, acrobats, or newspaper columnists stand no chance whatever.

By no means be introduced to studio executives by anyone less than the financial backer of a company, and under no circumstances should you accept letters to directors from editors, exhibitors, generals, admirals, or men about town.

Now that you are in and the studio gateman smiles as he throws open the door to you every morning, memorize these rules:

LIVE in an enormous Spanish home in Beverly Hills, but declare that you were much happier when you lived in a simple cottage in your own home town.

Get married and have a big wedding.

Get divorced and insist that you and your ex-husband are still "just awfully good friends."

You do? Well, here's
the whole trick in
one easy lesson

Be democratic and speak to all studio electricians and prop boys.

Get confidential with interviewers and then ask them not to print what you've told them. This gives them the feeling that they have confidential information about you, which everybody else already has.

Become the best dressed woman in pictures.

Become a Hollywood hostess and have very small and exclusive entertainments.

Speak to all the right people most cordially and give the wrong people a friendly nod.

Have open house on Sunday afternoons.

Feel a sacred duty to your public.

Be a whoopee girl once, then suddenly reform and become just a simple little homebody.

Have vague and intangible "feelings" about things.

Declare loudly that you never indulge in Hollywood gossip.

Be very unhappy and wonder what it's all about.

MAKE a great fuss over your current husband, wife, or boy or girl friend in public and tell the whole world that you're ideally suited to each other.

Have a great love for all the Finer Things of Life.

Be dissatisfied with your screen stories and long to do Something Really Splendid.

"Tcht, tcht" over the failure or illness of any star and say what a nice girl you always thought she was.

Boast of your humble beginnings.

Scoff at anybody who is "upstage." You must, however, keep yourself exclusive.

Make a great point of keeping up with all your old friends. Do not entertain royalty or Chinese actors.

There are a great many more things that you might or might not do but by the time you've mastered the above you'll be so rich, so famous, so well beloved that you can do anything you choose and nobody will care.

The above rules have never failed.

Would You Quit



So she took the \$250,000! When the microphone was not kind to Corinne Griffith, she wisely accepted First National's offer for the remainder of her term. Now the Orchid Lady rests



For years Monte Blue had labored as a Warner Brothers contract star — hard-working and careful with his wages. Not so long ago the company bought the unexpired portion of his contract for \$50,000



Billie Dove's producers bought off her contract, but it isn't likely that the beautiful one is much perturbed. Now she's going to marry a multi-multi-millionaire. And, so why not say, "Attagirl, Billie"?

SUPPOSE your boss should walk up to you some morning and say:
"Lookahere, I'll give you a couple o' hundred thousand dollars in cold cash if you'll quit working for me right now!"

You know darned well that the first thing you'd do, after coming to, would be to phone the funny house and tell them to come with straight-jackets and things.

But, such things *do* happen!

Well, say you, it must be a crazy business where the boss pays somebody a houseful of money *not* to work. You're right. It's the movie business!

And just to show you how nutty it really is, nine times out of ten the person who's being paid *not* to work considers it an insult. Imagine getting mad because somebody wants to give you a quarter of a million to do nothing!

You think I'm lying? Look at Corinne Griffith. She got \$250,000 not to make any more moving pictures for First National. First National paid it to her. Warner Brothers gave Monte Blue about \$50,000 not to work for them any more. Jack Gilbert got mad when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered him about a half million dollars to go away some place after "His Glorious Night" was finished. The picture, that is. Jack told M-G-M to take their half million and soak it in vinegar. More about that, later.

But all that's getting ahead of the yarn by a couple of jumps. You see, this is all about the jolly Hollywood pastime of contract-buying. You've probably read about producers buying up So-and-So's contract.

Maybe you wonder what it means. Well, briefly, it's like this: Some producer or executive sees a great future for some actor or actress on stage or screen. "That's a big bet for us," he tells himself, "so let's sign him up."

Bingo, a contract is drawn up and slapped down before the supposed-to-be-star. When the latter sees figures like \$5,000 a week, he signs his name so quick that it looks like a fast-motion film. Then he goes to Hollywood.

There he gets a test. Not infrequently, the putative star flops like a wet towel. Sometimes they let him make a picture. This is worse than flopping on the test, because when he flops in a picture, strangers see it, and when he flops in a test, only a few studio executives see it. Anyway, when and if he flops, there is weeping and wailing in the *sancta sanctora* of the Big Bosses. "Who signed this lemon?" everybody asks. The outcome usually is: "Well, let's buy up his contract."

SO the star-that-wasn't is sitting pretty. He's got a contract which calls on the producer to pay him so much a week for so long. It's up to the producer to make it worth while for the fellow to break the contract. Usually, after parleying back and forth, some sort of settlement is effected—on anywhere from a twenty-five per cent basis up.

In other words, if the he-who-flopped holds a contract for twenty-six weeks at \$5,000 a week, and accepts a fifty per cent settlement to call the contract off, he gets \$65,000 cash.

The producer saves the other \$65,000, plus the cost of producing pictures that wouldn't have made money.

And that's what they call buying up

By Harry Lang

Work for \$250,000?

Corinne Griffith did! It's all part of the great game of contract-buying in filmland

somebody's contract. Here are some examples—and some sidelights to show that you never can tell what it's all about.

Take the strange case of Ina Claire, for instance.

The gorgeous blonde had long been one of the bright spots of the speaking stage when the talkies began to churn Hollywood. The producers hustled to sign up the legitimate stars. Pathe got Ina's name on the dotted line, and sat back feeling happy about it. The contract said Ina was to do two pictures in nine months, and if Pathe liked her, a third picture after that. For the first, she was to get \$75,000; for the second, \$100,000. If a third, for that, then, \$125,000.

INA made "The Awful Truth," as Picture No. 1, and drew her \$75,000. Then began the business of looking for the second story. Things didn't go right—all sorts of things. When at last Pathe bought "Holiday" for her, there wasn't really enough left of the nine-months' contract period to make "Holiday." One thing after another went wrong, and finally they went into a huddle. When it was over, Ann Harding was cast for the lead in "Holiday" and Ina Claire walked free with \$55,000 as her bit for settling the contract in cash.

Now, here's the funny aftermath. Pathe paid her \$55,000 not to work—and at once, Paramount began negotiations with Ina. The negotiations dragged and dragged, Paramount unwilling to pay what Ina asked. So Ina called the turn. She went on the stage in Los Angeles in Donald Ogden Stewart's play, "Rebound," which he had been trying for months to sell to the movies. The opening night was one of those things—high-priced seats, all sorts of colored lights and arc lamps, the big shots of movieland all there in their swell clothes. The big shots, the critics, the public, all raved about "Rebound" and Ina Claire.

On the second day of the engagement, Paramount okayed Ina's figures and signed her to a contract. She stars in "The Royal Family." And the last laugh is Donald Ogden Stewart's. "Rebound," which one producer after another had turned down as no good for talkies, was bought—by Pathe!—for something in five figures, guesses running from \$20,000 to \$30,000.

THEN there's Corinne Griffith, who is as sagacious as she is beautiful—and that makes her a very, very wise girl. Corinne was First National's big bet in silents and was drawing down about \$7,500 a week, plus a percentage of the profits. When the microphone broke into the studios, Corinne, like most other stars, had quite a hard time adapting herself to it. "Lilies of the Field" and "Back Pay" were not so hot. Her voice did not register one hundred per cent.

Corinne had a clause in her contract which provided that she and her equally sagacious husband, Walter Morosco, approve stories, directors and everything in connection with her pictures. She held out for stories of her own choice and directors who she thought could help her with her voice. Of course it was a futile battle.

Finally the First National executives said, "We've got to do something. Let's offer Corinne a quarter of a million to settle her contract, and that may bring her to terms."

Corinne snapped up that quarter of a million so fast it made her head swim. After ten years of hard work she was tired, anyway, and she and Walter thought a quarter of a million dollars was good pay for a vacation.

Corinne isn't one of those stars who are screen crazy, and she may or may not come back.

In the meantime she is studying voice, in case she does get something that suits her. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]



A famous married pair which underwent some odd contract-juggling. Jack Gilbert indignantly refused to sell his million-dollar contract when "His Glorious Night" failed, determined to make good in talkies. Pathe bought up Ina Claire's contract for \$55,000—then she signed with Paramount to make a very big picture

Lupe— No Change!

By

Barbara Lawton

WHEN they told me that Lupe Velez had become a lady I felt as if I just couldn't go on.

Better to learn that Ronald Colman had turned hey-hey boy or that Buster Keaton was cast in the title rôle of "Hamlet" or even that Greta Garbo had become a leading social light and attended all wild parties.

For in the discreet and cultured town that the once lusty Hollywood has become, Lupe had seemed to me the symbol of all the wild excitement and breathless glamour of the maddest community in the world. If Lupe were now turning lady on me, if she were suddenly lowering her eyes at the mention of anything slightly risqué or if she were bowing coldly and politely to all her friends—then I knew that I must buy myself a one way ticket to Tibet. I might, there, find a little color about a lama.

But, after seeing Lupe again, I've decided to remain in Hollywood. It's all a big mistake.

Lupe has changed—yes—but she hasn't gone grand.

Lupe has been called temperamental. She is, but she is never arbitrary or hard to handle. Because she has no idea of the light of time she would arrive on the set at any hour that suited her were it not for her secretary, Helene Rupert. But once she is at the studio she works hard and when she swears, as she does freely, it is usually at herself.

For instance, when she "goes up" in her lines or makes a wrong cross she runs to the side of the set, out of microphone range, and says, "Dam' fool Lupe. Lupe bad girl. Lupe silly idiot. Dam' Lupe. Dam' dam 'dam'!" But the vituperatives are hurled, mind you, at herself and not at her director or leading man. She is genuinely annoyed with "dam' fool Lupe" and nobody else. Afterwards she returns and is ready for another tough two hours.

In the same way, she was misunderstood when she cut mad capers on the sets. Lupe has a heart as big as the Grand Can-



Leaping Lupe may be a little more ladylike when strangers are around, but there's still the same fire in the Velez eye. Here she is dressed for a party, but no fancy duds can hide the hoyden!

The voluble Velez here spikes rumor that she's turned tame—she's a little smarter, that's all!

yon, except that it isn't empty, and she allowed herself to do whatever popped into her head because she truly thought that she was amusing the onlookers. They laughed when she pulled her skirts above her head and flung herself into a wild dance. And nothing so delights Lupe as to be laughed at. But Helene Rupert

explained to her one day that afterwards her audience spread fantastic reports of her misbehavior.

Outwardly, Lupe has changed. She curbs her tongue with people she doesn't know. To interviewers she talks in a dignified manner of her home, which she really loves, her dogs and her work. She dresses better. Gone are the little short pleated skirts and blouses cut almost to her waist. In her wardrobe hang gowns that any Park Avenue lady would be delighted to own. In them, of course, Lupe does not look like a Park Avenue lady, merely because she is too striking a type.

She does not bite Gary Cooper on the ear. She does not shout out oaths when there are spectators. Lupe wears the garments of a lady. Inside she is the same.

In her own words: "So dey say that now I am grand, yes? Dam' fools. Dey do not know. Listen to me! In a church I am a saint. In a public place I am a lady. In my own home I am a devil. There! That is all. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 135]

Stone Debunks *the Actor*

By
*Helen
Loring*

Screen's most popular
character player sets
off some verbal TNT
under stars who pose!

"ANY person, with intelligence, natural aptitude and the capacity for hard work, can become a competent actor!"

A bomb explodes under Hollywood's favorite pose. Lewis Stone is talking, in that calm voice you know so well. Its calmness betrays no hint of the sensational quality of the views it expresses.

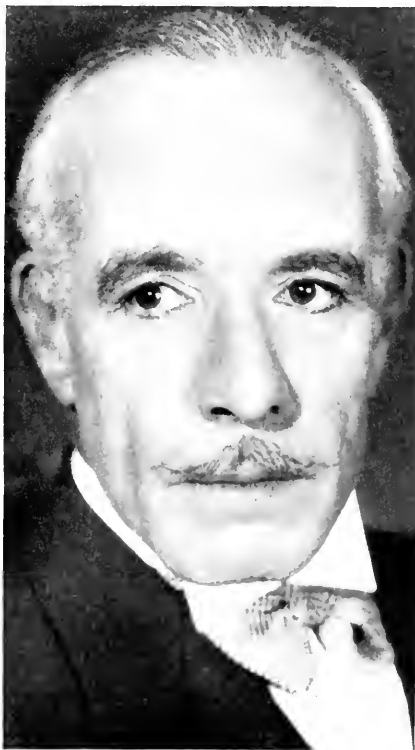
"You don't need to feel the rôles you play," it continues. "It is better, as a matter of fact, if you don't. How absurd to suppose that you can do a drunk scene when you've had ten highballs. You need every bit of concentration and coordination you have to do a scene well. You must have a clear mind. If you really feel a scene everything is lost. Suppose you become actually hysterical in a hysterical situation. How are you going to do the rest of your scenes and finish your day?"

A blow for the "I feel every emotion I give to the camera. I actually live my rôles" affectation.

"Acting is never actually natural," Stone continues. "You must act all the more to give the effect of naturalness. The giving of a perfectly natural performance is the ambition of every player and rightly, too, but the giving of these natural performances requires expert acting technique. Nothing that one does on the stage or screen can be as it is in real life. It simply looks that way.

"FOR instance, have learned to be ambidextrous. I remember once I was doing a scene in which I had to sit at a desk, glance over my mail, light a cigar and pick up the phone. My right side was to the camera. To avoid awkwardness and make these gestures as simple and as unobtrusive as possible I struck the match with my left hand and picked up the receiver, also, with that hand.

"Now, that was unnatural. I am not left-handed nor was the character I played, but it looked



He's never given a bad performance! At least, the critics say so. Lewis Stone, the courtly gentleman of the screen, whose views on acting will knock the mascara off some of the prancing stars and expose the affectation that lies underneath

more natural that way than if I had crossed my hand over my body and made an awkward gesture."

And that's a blow for those "act before the camera as you would in real life" theories.

"The acting business is largely tricks," Stone went on. "Little things that you learn by years and years of experience. And then, of course, there is that very important thing called timing. You've heard the highbrows speak of it as tempo.

"It is really nothing more or less than rhythm and emphasis, exactly as it is in music. A matter of knowing when to pick up cues, how fast and how slowly to talk and what words to emphasize. That's all—it comes with practice.

"WHEN I'm given a script I try to figure out what the character I'm playing would do under given circumstances. I go back over the years and try to remember some gesture that I've seen someone make that might fit into the portrayal. It's just by chance if I hit it right. Sometimes I do—sometimes I don't. You never know until you see it on the screen.

"But there's a great trick in being interested while you're working—or, rather, in making the audience think you're interested. You must be alert every minute and watchful of everything that the other characters are doing and saying. Each move must be a decisive one."

Stone regrets there are few good schools for acting. And when I asked him about these "natural born actresses," these emotional machines, these great and untutored stars, he said, "But how much greater they would be if, plus this flair for acting, plus the innate ability, they also had technique!"

And Lew Stone knows!

The Battle *of* Phil Holmes



The boy who had to be best! Phillips Holmes wouldn't play any second fiddle, no matter how tuneful. So he blundered through school days, bumping his head against the stars, and when Hollywood gossiped about "that wild Holmes boy," he only grew wilder every hour. Suddenly he took a firm grip on himself. Now, as a handsome and able young leading man, directors hand him their fattest rôles. "That wild Holmes boy" has made good!

vs. The World

How Taylor Holmes' boy fought Hollywood gossip, the threat of mediocrity, his own weakness, and won confidence and the beginnings of fame



One of the rewards of Phil Holmes' good fight. Young Phillips and Helen Twelvetrees in a scene from "Her Man," Pathe's phonoplay of the immortal "Frankie and Johnnie"

EVERYBODY had heard the stories about young Phil Holmes. Just swell stories they were, too. Might be told on any old actor, except the Holmes variety were more mad, younger generation stuff, more of the saddened intellectual trying to drown his troubles.

The yarns pictured him carrying two wire-haired fox terriers all over town, bringing them into the swankiest restaurants and then walking out of those same restaurants without paying the bills. It was also added that he used to buy two or three automobiles at a time and take them out separately to crack them up against the most convenient tree. He was quite mad, everybody said, and loved a nose thumbing gesture at life above all else.

Nobody could explain how Phil Holmes got this way. Certainly he had had things easy enough all his life. He, the son of Taylor Holmes, had everything. Five years at Trinity College in England. The sort of looks that make you picture him playing the most picturesque and decorative rôles. His is pure beauty, and much as he loathes the word there is no other way of describing him.

He had never been down and out, had never been forced to beg for jobs, had never suffered what people who have known the pity and wonder of want have suffered. When he first came to Hollywood his was as bright a future, his was as beaming and entertaining a personality as you'd find. Why, then, did he make mad, foolish gestures?

It all dates back to quite a while ago. Do you know people who are miserable and discontented without any apparent reason? These are the sensitive souls of the world, of which Phillips Holmes is one. And slight gestures, little things, sometimes mean more to these people than all of the horrible and devastating attacks that can be made upon an average life.

Phil feared mediocrity above all else. And, somehow, he seemed to be fated for it. He was graduated with the second highest honors in school. There are those who would be content with *second* highest honors. But Phil, young and idealistic, wanted to be first or not at all.

There was a contest at school, a mechanical drawing contest. He might have won first prize except for the fact that he lost a couple of drawings and came out *second*. And there was also that little thing that happened in prep school that assumed such gigantic propor-

tions to him. He was cock o' the school—president of the student body.

One day the assistant French teacher saw him in town smoking a cigarette when he should have been at study period. Phil knew that he had been seen so he went to the head French teacher, who was a friend of his, and said, "For God's sake, see the assistant and beg him not to report me. Don't you know that it will ruin me? Don't you know that I won't be anything any more?"

The teacher promised he would see what could be done and Phil walked away just in time to observe the assistant French teacher coming out of the head master's office. He knew then that it was too late and, in the head master's office, all his petty glories were stripped from him.

HIS brother is going to the same prep school. There is a gold shield upon which is engraved the names of all the past presidents of the student body. A name other than Phil's is there.

These experiences assumed mammoth proportions to Phil. It appeared that he was in the grip of mediocrity, that he was always to be just second best.

And then, upon the completion of his education, came his choice of a life work. He was afraid of the theatrical business for he knew too much about it. He had seen too many failures. His father had introduced him to those pathetic failures who cling so desperately to the most glamorous profession in the world.

But there was a strong strain of trouper spirit within him, and he came to California under contract to Paramount.

And suddenly he became one of the most talked about young men in town. Echoes of his wild exploits rang up and down the boulevards.

He knew vaguely that he was making a mess of his life. Somehow he didn't [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

By Dolores Foster

Four-Flushing

By Marquis Busby

over that of Doug, Jr., and then had the work of art re-photographed. That was his proof. He needed no further identification to buy an expensive kit bag in a Hollywood shop. His impersonation was exposed by a friend of the Fairbanks family who lived at the same hotel as the impostor.

The strangest aspect of the whole affair was that the fraud looked no more like the genuine article than Will Rogers looks like Gloria Swanson. It did show that Hollywood clerks have the trusting dispositions of six-year-old children, or, awful thought, they don't go to the movies as regularly as they should.

AFTER being taken to jail, the bogus Doug kept things interesting for the other inmates by going on a twelve-day hunger strike. When that didn't seem to pack the proper punch he revealed the fact that he had a glass eye. But jailers are notoriously hard-hearted. It takes more than a glass eye to make one of those boys break down and sob.

One of the strangest experiences befell Mary Nolan, during a recent vacation period. Mary was sitting in a New York



Tottie Fink leaves the cows and chickens to conquer the film world with her talent and young beauty

ONE of the favorite concoctions of the scenarist has been the little country schoolma'am who buys a lot of swell store clothes and knocks 'em dead at a tony summer resort as Lottie Lollipop, the stage and screen star. Sometimes she returns to her old boy friend, the honest village bootlegger, but usually she marries Montmorency Vandergould, the scion of millions, who loves her in spite of the April Fool's joke.

Some people actually believe these stories. Flocks of necktie clerks and chambermaids have had a try at posing as films stars. They have a grand time for a while, pass rubber checks, make rash promises, and then wind up with a one-way ticket to the local bastille. It has been said before that fact is stranger than fiction. Stranger, oh, yes, but without a happy ending.

The first person to represent himself as a star probably arrived on the scene at about the same time that there was such a glittering personage as a movie star. These misguided imitators with delusions of grandeur have been doing heavy impersonations ever since.

THE movies can blame no one. They started the idea. Unfortunately they didn't copyright it. Anybody can use it that wants to—that is, if the prospect of three squares a day of bread and water, and a *chic* prison stripe, is any incentive.

There have been enough impostors of this sort in the last ten years to fill a whole criminal library.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the latest star to wake up one morning with the realization that there was a spurious Doug, Jr., writing checks for him. And right in the old home town. The imitator was finally grabbed by the Hollywood *gendarmes* in an expensive hotel, and transferred to a suite in the Hollywood hoosegow. The Hollywood hoosegow is probably the most uncomfortable dwelling place in town, which is taking in a lot of territory.

The false Doug had evolved an elaborate campaign. The first step was to find a photograph of the real young Doug taken with his father, Doug, Sr. He superimposed his own photograph



Illustrated by Van Arsdale

FAME

America is full of folks who impersonate the famous ones—and sometimes it means jail

café when she noticed a young girl sitting at a nearby table. There was something strikingly familiar about her face. Mary couldn't stand it any longer.

"Pardon me," she said, "but haven't I met you before?"

"I don't think so," replied the maiden, haughtily. "Perhaps you have seen me on the screen. I am Mary Nolan."

Then Mary understood why the girl's face was so familiar. She was a real-life double.

Mary was too good a sportsman to call the police. She merely left her calling card, face down on the table. She didn't even wait to watch the expression on the face of the other Mary



But Tottie finds conquering a tough racket. So Toto La Finque wins a beach, anyway, by calling herself Alice White



Nolan when she turned the card over.

Bryant Washburn, several years ago, had a similar experience in a Chicago hotel. After registering, the clerk informed him that there was another Bryant Washburn in the hotel. Bryant, being from Hollywood, was suspicious instantly. He knocked on the door of his namesake.

"Are you Bryant Washburn?" he asked.

"Yes," said the unsuspecting impersonator.

"Are you the real Bryant Washburn?"

"Yes, I'm the Bryant Washburn of the screen."

"Well, well," said the real Bryant.

"Isn't that curious? So am I."

AS in the case of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., the likeness between the star and the impostor was slight. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but Ben Lyon wasn't exactly tickled pink to find a collection of strange bills from Fifth Avenue shops in his mail. But the pseudo Ben had an elegant time buying haberdashery by the gross, stopping at one of New York's swankiest hostesseries, and having "professional" photographs taken.

At the same time the synthetic Ben Lyon was also posing as the secretary of Richard Dix, running up some more fancy bills.

Ben and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129]

Imagine the horror of Reginald Fortesque, the star with the exquisite nose, on finding twenty imitators passing rubber checks in his name!

André, Doris, Dave and

France, England and California chipped in and gave this keen quartet to the talking screen

THEY brought him from Europe to play in French versions. He was to be a member of that hidden city, that vast foreign colony that lives and works in Hollywood and about whom the fans know almost nothing. This is the colony within the colony, and consists of those fine German, French and Spanish actors who make talkies in their native languages.

But they found that André Luguet who, it has been said, is to the French drama what Maurice Chevalier is to French musical comedy, could speak better English than you, you, you or even, I blush to admit, I.

Therefore, you will see André on the screen in English pictures just as soon as he is caught up on all the French versions he is slated to do.

His knowledge of English came about in a strange way. His parents hoped that he would be the first to break the long line of troupers who were his ancestors. For, since the days of Napoleon, big and little Luguets, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, have all dedicated their lives to the theater.

It was hoped that André would be the first business man among them, but in educating him for such a career they inadvertently prepared him for American movies, for he was sent to England, to Craven College in Kent, to study commercial affairs. There he learned the English of which he is master.

André did not like the studies. Troupers' blood flowed in his veins. He was born for the footlights, so he left school to join a company in London. Later he starred in his own company at the *Comédie Française*. Director Jacques Feyder insisted that he come to Hollywood and play in the French version of "The Unholy Night." He is now under a long-term contract to M-G-M.

Luguet is the matinee idol type, with black eyes, brown hair.



A French Loan to the Talkies

DORIS LLOYD appeared in seven flops in the London theaters during the season of 1924. There was some consolation—only a good actress could get seven jobs in one season, whether the plays turned out or not.

Then one day she overheard a conversation about herself. Two women were trying to settle on what matinee to attend. "There's that play with Doris Lloyd," began one of the women. "She's nice. I like her, but poor thing, all her plays have failed."



Nice English Girl Makes Good

That, decided Doris, was the most disconcerting thing that could be said about an actress. She decided to get out of London for a time. She would go to America, the land of opportunity and all that sort of thing. She had a sister in Hollywood, married to George K. Arthur, whom she could visit.

She arrived in Hollywood, where her bad luck gained momentum. After six years Lady Luck has deigned to smile, but as yet she hasn't laughed out loud. However, picture audiences have seen her give compelling performances. She was the weak *Mrs. Lane* in "Old English," and she appeared with George Arliss in "Disraeli." You will soon see her in a cockney rôle in "Way for a Sailor" and in "Charley's Aunt."

Not one of those rôles has given Doris the opportunity she deserves, the chance to give the shining performances she has contributed to the Los Angeles stage.

Doris was well in the vanguard of the English invasion of Hollywood. She came in 1924, and burst on the local horizon with a magnificent performance in support of Pauline Frederick in "Spring Cleaning." Joseph Schenck saw it, and gave her the first opportunity with Norma Talmadge in "The Lady."

The camera loses much of Doris' charm. She has auburn hair and gray eyes, and wears clothes beautifully.

Frances

By Cal York



How Could David Be Practical?

LET'S go up to David Manners' hilltop home and say hello! He's a nice, young chap who tells you he hates to talk about himself.

His real name, he confesses, is Rauff Acklom, and he was born in Halifax. Then life grew very complicated and inconsistent. He decided, as a kid, he wanted to be a sea captain, but later on, he changed his mind and wanted to be a forester, because he thought all foresters had to do was ride around forests on horses all day long. So he matriculated at Toronto College and found forestry was a lot of mathematics. So he wasn't a forester.

He finished school and got a job carrying a spear as a soldier in a Greek play, and his parents thought he was headed for the devil. They thought he oughtn't to be an actor. David—or Rauff—tried to be practical and got a job helping sell snooty art goods, antiques and things. It took him to London and he caught pneumonia and the doctor told him to get away from there.

So he went to Arizona and became a cowboy guide. And met Suzanne Bushnell, with whom he fell in love to the extent of getting married.

They decided newlyweds should have a honeymoon, so he got a job with a sugar company in Honolulu. Oh, yes—in the meantime, he had worked on the stage in New York in "Dancing Mothers," but after playing the rôle every night for forty-five weeks, he decided the stage was too monotonous, so he quit it cold. And then about this job in Honolulu—he never went there.

He stopped in Hollywood on the way, and they caught him and took a test of him for a part they wanted to fill in "Journey's End." And that's how it happened. He got the part, and he's been in Hollywood ever since. And he likes it—likes pictures, that is, because it's not monotonous.

He likes dogs and H. G. Wells and Beryl Mercer and travel.



Frances Is Now Dee-lighted!

AN eager-eyed young girl sat in a little neighborhood theater and watched the unfolding of Maurice Chevalier's new picture, "Playboy of Paris." When the film was ended she said, "I don't believe it's I."

The girl was Frances Dee, who played the lead in the Chevalier film.

And yet seeing herself on the screen, knowing that she was at last launched upon a film career, remembering that she is to play opposite Charles Rogers in "Along Came Youth," was not as important to her as the little thrills that had come to her when she was first assigned this rôle. She said then, "It's the small things that make you realize. My name on my chair, for instance. That let me know more than anything that I was really Chevalier's leading woman. The fact itself, and all that it means, was too big for me to comprehend."

Frances Dee held the lucky horseshoe. A Southern California girl who went to live in Chicago when she was seven; attended the university there and came to California last year on a vacation; got a tiny bit in a college picture; worked extra only at two studios, Fox and Paramount; was put under contract by Paramount as a stock girl and suddenly, two weeks later, fell into the place left vacant by Lillian Roth, when that young trouper wasn't finished with another film in time to take the part in "Playboy of Paris."

There are hundreds of pretty, fresh-looking nineteen-year-old girls in Hollywood. What was it about Frances that made Chevalier take a second and a third look at her that day he saw her lunching at the studio restaurant?

"Physically she is perfectly suited to the part," he said, "if she can only act."

What, then, put her over? I believe it is because she has something more than beauty. You can't look into that earnest little face without knowing that behind those clear gray eyes there is something deep and vital.

She stands out in a crowd simply because of herself and not because of any spectacular gestures she might make. She is a quiet, well-mannered child, with a great deal of natural intelligence.

And there is, within her, some deep well of emotion, for a flash of beauty crossed her face when she talked of a summer spent in Kentucky and a youthful love with a tall, dark Southern lad named Jimmie, whom she preferred not to marry and chance spoiling the charm of that romance.

Chevalier believes in her. The director believes in her. The fans approved her when her picture was previewed. Excited as she is over her good fortune, she is no meek sister.

Frances Dee will make the most of her break.

The Champion Director of Latvia, etc., goes against Lupe Velez in his search for a Hollywood job, only to find that she is nibbling his ear! But hold! Gary Cooper creeps up, six guns unlimbered and ready to blooie



Are You a Genius, Foreign Style?

By
Robert Stevenson

But yes!!! You are the greatest director in Slavonia! You want a job in Hollywood! You no speak English! So! Then use this gloriously goofy phrase book!

PARDON me, but is this not the station of Hollywood?
Who, pray, is this distinguished personage?

Good day, { Mr. Schulberg!
Mr. Thalberg!
Mr. Sheehan!
Master Laemmle!

I comprehend that { Paramount
Metro
Fox
Universal } is the premier enterprise of Hollywood.

I am the Champion Director of { Latvia.
Lithuania.
Estonia.

No doubt you will assist me to a contract.
Alas!

That gentleman had the air of being exceedingly busy. I regret exceedingly that he had a so important engagement. But see, here comes Mr. Lawrence Tibbett. Good day, Mr. Tibbett! Will you favor us with a song? That was exceedingly enchanting.

You have blown down { half the set.
my imported limousine.
Grauman's Chinese Theater.

Were you to sing again, you might blow down { Mr. Schulberg.
Mr. Thalberg.
Mr. Sheehan.
Master Laemmle.

See here! Who is this delightful child?

I am enchanted to meet you, Miss Helen Kane!

Poo-poo-pah-doo?

Alas, I do not comprehend. I speak English but little.

Boop-a-doop?

I do not comprehend.

I am desolated!

To the foreigner alas! the subtleties of your tongue are a closed book.

Pray excuse me. I observe Mr. Lasky!

Good day, Mr. Lasky! How is { Mr. Famous?
Mr. Players?
Latvia.

I am the Champion Director of { Lithuania.
Estonia.

No doubt you will assist me to a contract.

Alas!

Mr. Lasky was evidently in the greatest of hurries.

Lo! Here is Mr. Clive Brook.

Good day, milford Brook. Permit me to polish your monocle.

I also am very sporting.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

The Loveliest Women in the World...

Follow Pond's 4 steps
to Beauty



TRAVEL round the world and you will find this to be true: The loveliest women follow Pond's 4 steps to beauty... It is the four delightful preparations that keep their skin always flower-like, radiant... The Duchess of Marlborough says: "Pond's keeps my complexion exquisite"... The Marquise de Polignac exclaims: "I have got the Pond's habit!"... Charming Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. is "devoted to the marvelous Two Creams, the exquisite Tissues, the invigorating Tonic"... Lady Buchanan-Jardine finds Pond's Method "easy, satisfactory, complete"... Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II says: "Just the four steps faithfully followed every day will keep one's skin fresh and clear"... Your own experience will prove this... Swift, simple, scientific, Pond's Method assures the pore-deep cleansing, the gentle bracing and toning, the exquisite protection from wind and weather... that are essential to preserve the youth and beauty of your skin.

POND'S METHOD: **1.** For pore-deep cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day, always after exposure; pat in with upward, outward strokes. **2.** Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, super-absorbent—they come in the new Parisian peach color as well as white. **3.** Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Freshener to banish oiliness, tighten, tone. **4.** Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection.

Send 10¢ for Samples of Pond's Four Delightful Preparations
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Now, too, in FRANCE, in

The Lovely Stars keep their skin

“Smooth skin a girl’s greatest charm . . .”
say 45 Hollywood directors

LONG ago our own lovely Hollywood stars discovered how potent a charm smooth skin can be—and long ago they discovered how velvety smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin!

The news spread to Broadway—and the famous stage stars became equally enthusiastic about this delicate soap.

Now, in the European capitals, too, the beautiful screen stars have adopted the soap which keeps their skin as exquisitely lovely as their American sister-stars—as faultlessly smooth for the all-important close-up!

With the talkies sweeping the world,

the actresses are more than ever grateful to the gentle care Lux Toilet Soap gives their skin. For never were there so many close-ups as in the new talking and singing pictures. And, as the great directors of Hollywood discovered years ago, a girl can never reach stardom on the screen unless her skin is simply perfect.

The favorite beauty care
of 9 out of 10 lovely stars

Of the 521 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. Not only in

their own luxurious bathrooms do they use it, but in their dressing rooms on location as well. For this fragrant, white cake is *official* in all the great film studios!

And, at the request of the Broadway stage stars, it is in the dressing rooms of legitimate theatres all over the country—71 of the 74 in New York!

Exquisite skin, all these lovely stars know, is the one essential charm every girl must have to quicken pulses and win hearts. You can keep *your* skin charmingly smooth, just as they do. Order several cakes and begin to enjoy it—today.



Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

ENGLAND, in GERMANY..

exquisite with Lux Toilet Soap



OLIVE BORDEN, tiny Radio Pictures' star, in the luxurious bathroom created for her in Hollywood. Not only at home, but in her dressing room on location she uses Lux Toilet Soap, for it is *official* in all the great film studios. "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin the special velvety smoothness we mean by 'studio skin'," she says. "I am certainly delighted with it."

Olive Borden



ANNETTE BENSON
English star

PAULINE JOHNSON
English star



CILLY FEINDT
German star

TRIPS VAN AALTEN
German star

and \$1.00 the cake—NOW 10¢

Photo by Bachrach, Hollywood

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Reeling Around

with
*Leonard
Hall*

Dear Old Lady, trotting up to Good Old George
—“Oh, Mr. Beery, may I shake your hand?
I thought at first you were Mr. Bancroft! And
which are you—Wallace or Noah?”

Ode

To Mr. Rudy Vallée, written by Mr. Earl Abel, organist of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Paramount Theater, and sung enthusiastically to the tune of “The Vagabond Lover” by his admirers on the occasion of Mr. Vallée’s return from a barnstorming tour with his band.

*Some men are loved, then forgotten—
There’s one who will not be that way.
Around Rudy Vallée
We’ll always rally*
And give our welcome today!
For we are the vagabond lovers
In love with the crooner supreme—
And we hope and we pray
He will ever stay
And croon us the songs of our dreams!*

(*Here Mr. Abel evidently confuses, in his rhyming, Mr. Rudy Vallée, with the equally famous Lehigh Valley. Ed. Note.)

No Hard Feelings!

Pola Negri’s airplane broke down flying from Brussels to Paris. *Variety* reports that Pola blamed the talkies! . . . Well, the joke’s on Mary Pickford! After going to all the trouble of having her niece’s handle changed from Mary to Gwynne, just to avoid confusion, brother Jack ups and marries Mary Mulhern—and now there’s another Mary Pickford anyhow. . . . One of the song writers now being deported in job lots from Hollywood said he was glad to get out of the picture racket. “Nobody knows how we suffered,” he remarks. “Writing songs for Hollywood’s three-note ingénues.” And they used to call the song writers “The Thundering Herd.” . . . You can take this or leave it—the fact remains that there is a talkie producer in London named Reginald Fogwell. . . . And have you heard what Jimmy Gleason calls Los Angeles? “Six sub-

urbs in search of a city.” . . . Why young men still insist on becoming reporters—when Fifi Dorsay met the press during her New York visit she kissed all the newspapermen, allowing that she liked to kiss reporters. And not a man flinched! Just slaves to duty, the press boys. . . . Arthur Caesar, the man-mountain who writes scenarios when he gets any spare time from cracking wise, has gone in for polo. He recently bought four “ponies.” “And they’re great little polo horses,” says Arthur, “except when they see a grocery wagon. Then they try to back into the shafts!”

Animal Stuff

A talkie director was trying to get an extra to wrestle with a nice old roaring lion, says the *New York Morning Telegraph*.

“Don’t be afraid,” said the megaphone man. “He’s perfectly tame—he’s never tasted raw meat!”

“That’s all right,” said the quaking extra. “But how do I know he isn’t curious?”

Getting Personal

The Hollywood Merchants’ Association is going to line Hollywood Boulevard with busts of famous film folk, the first being one of Ann Harding, but it was always my hunch that the Boul’ Holl’ had plenty of busts on it at all times. . . . If you’ve been wondering where Betty “Peter Pan” Bronson is, she’s been appearing on the stage in San Francisco in a play called “Little Orchid Annie.” . . . Sick List—Jack Gilbert’s been in bed with the flu, and Janet Gaynor far from enjoyed a case of laryngitis, which is very bad for the talkies. . . . Lois Moran wears no make-up on the street, or on her face, either. . . . The fall of a star: Lou Tellegen, once famous screen idol and former husband of Gerry Farrar, tried out a play called “Love Technique” this fall, but it folded long before it ever saw Broadway. . . . What few know is that Jim Tully, the big naughty author man and very tame actor, has an eighteen-year-old son working in the cutting room at Universal. . . . If you want to run a picture house, keep away from Greece. There the government tax is about fifty per cent of the admission price. . . . Early in the fall, a little over 12,000 picture houses were wired for talkies. There were two talkie installations on the island of Iceland, and one on Malta. . . . Remember Maurice Tourneur, once famous Hollywood director? Comes word from Paris that his first French talkie is sensational, and the equal of the best of Hollywood’s product. . . . Last summer ten tons of ice cream were given away at Paramount theaters. Didn’t cost the house a cent—the manufacturer being tickled cerise just to have his product advertised in the lobbies. . . . Joe Donahue, brother of the late lamented Jack, is being groomed for straight comedies by First National. He played Jack’s comedy rôle in “Sunny,” with Marilyn Miller, for the screen. . . . Reported that the Charlie Farrell-Virginia Valli romance is chilled. . .



Diamonds
 sparkling in her eyes
 precious . . . precious Health

The Saline Method is the natural way to beauty and to health

THERE is a sesame to beauty—a simple secret that should be your own. Its cost is trivial and its dress is plain, but its magic none can question. It is your familiar bottle of Sal Hepatica.

No rival to your cosmetics or to your creams is Sal Hepatica. Rather it aids and it augments them. So protect the texture of your skin with the choicer creams and favorite treatments. But look to Sal Hepatica for the glorious, glowing health, the serene, unblemished beauty that comes only through internal cleanliness.

For Sal Hepatica sweeps clean the system of the poisons and the wastes that dim your eye and cloud your cheek. It's

a tonic to your system, a boon to health and beauty.

Long have physicians, here and abroad, recommended the saline waters of the European spas. There they send

their wealthy and fashionable patients to drink the famous waters, to renew their vigor and restore their charm.

Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your bloodstream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for rheumatism, indigestion, colds, constipation, etc.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to exuberant health and beauty.



BRISTOL-MYERS Co., Dept. G-120, 71 West St., N. Y.
 Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

Sal Hepatica

What They Wore

The Hollywood social season crashes open—here are four gowns seen at the first Mayfair party



Two little girls out of school and all dressed up for the first Mayfair party at the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel, where 500 made merry. Joan Bennett, left, wears a tiered gown of purple velvet, with a spray of orchids. Bessie Love's new and charming party frock is of white ruffled satin



Party dresses are going to be glittery this season, if we can judge by this gown worn by Gloria Swanson at Hollywood's first Mayfair party of the season. Gloria's simply cut dress is a mass of gleaming brilliants. The gentleman to whom Gloria is looking up so happily is Mr. J. R. T. Ryan. Mr. Ryan, you'll be pleased to note, is wearing the conventional black



No Mayfair could really get started without the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe. The beautiful Lilyan Tashman's dress is covered with sea-blue sequins, designed with a smart peplum and worn without jewels. Gentlemen—please note the plenteous pleats in Eddie's pants

"This Christmas worry is so silly... just give Seventeen to everyone"

Sue Carol

"Honestly, can you think of any girl who wouldn't love Seventeen for Christmas? And when you fall in love with Seventeen—you simply can't be happy until you have it in Face Powder too... and even in your compact! In fact, I think those three would be a perfect Christmas gift."



Alice White's Choice
An impressive gift for a nominal sum... Bath Powder in a beautiful metal container, Toilet Water and Brillantine. \$3.00.



June Collyer's Choice
A single Seventeen compact and petite bottle of Seventeen perfume, specially packaged. Convenient for mailing. \$2.00.



Sue Carol's Choice

A handsome Gift Package containing Seventeen Perfume in the French-cut flacon... the double Seventeen compact... and a box of face powder. \$5.00.

Christmas shoppers—here's help! Advice from Sue Carol—June Collyer—and Alice White.

These three know what girls like. They know the likes and dislikes of the nation. And what is even more important, they are typical normal girls themselves!

They tell you here that every girl adores Seventeen. Seventeen is the latest perfume hit. It was named Seventeen because it breathes Youth. It is an odor that speaks to you of the dreams, the fancies, the April moods of Seventeen.

But perhaps you want to give a more costly gift. Sue Carol, June Collyer and Alice White tell you what to do. Select several Seventeen toilet articles.

Or if you want a little gift, you may select several Seventeen articles that cost but 50 cents each!

The packages are so girly looking! They combine the smartness and colorful charm that go straight to every woman's heart. The same motif runs through all... Seventeen gives you an ensemble of toiletries—the latest, smartest note!

Study the gift selections of Miss Carol, Miss Collyer, and Miss White. Or make up your own groupings. Then take your list to your nearest toilet goods counter.

Seventeen



Toilet Water \$1.25



Talcum Powder 50c



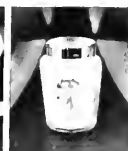
Compact \$1 and \$2



The Perfume \$2.00



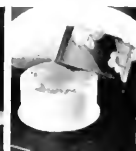
Dusting Powder \$1.00



Sachet 75c



Brillantine 50c



Face Powder \$1.00

Rube Goldberg's First Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

generally send them away into the desert where they hope they will be wiped out by a cyclone. But they tolerated me because I had a knack of making myself inconspicuous by posing as one of the figures on my modernistic lamps.

My pet sequence in the picture, "Soup to Nuts," was the opening shot. I was confident that it would be a scream.

It showed a close-up of Napoleon standing in deep meditation while cannons roared, dense clouds of smoke filled the air, and martial music played. In the distance a terrific battle was raging.

AS the full scene was revealed you were startled to discover that Napoleon was not Napoleon at all, but an obscure customer trying on a costume of the great general in Otto Schmidt's costume shop.

The man had no pants on and was standing around fuming and fretting while Schmidt was in another part of the shop looking for the rest of the costume.

You saw that the cannon's roar was really a noisy radiator and a giant negro beating a rug and the smoke was furnished by a pressing machine. The battle scene in the background was a tapestry.

The chief supervisor viewed the sequence on the screen the morning after it was taken and conceived the brilliant idea that it would be funnier if Napoleon's B. V. D.'s were spotted with large polka dots. The director made the whole scene over at great expense. At the preview it was taken out altogether for some reason or other—mostly other. You, poor movie fan, will never see it. The studio ash

cans are full of these pictorial gems brewed in the heart's blood of inspired authors.

At another time, the supervisor in charge of the picture was quite tickled over the fact that he succeeded in hiring a ten-dollar extra girl for seven-and-a-half. The next day we took a soda fountain scene that was equipped with about four hundred dollars' worth of nut sundaes and angel cake which were not used in the story at all.

The people in the company had a private picnic and I believe that some of the cast sent the company their doctors' bills for stomach-aches. You can't follow the movie line of reasoning. "But," you answer, "how about the reasoning of all the biggest business and financial brains in the country who predicted that this country was in for a long period of prosperity just before the crash came?" You're right.

When you come to analyze it, dumbness knows no social or commercial bounds.

I went to some of the parties in Hollywood and met many of the actors I had known in New York during their less opulent days. As soon as an actor signs a movie contract it is an unwritten law that he buy a house with a patio. A patio is a hall room with three orange trees in it. I watched some of these people when they thought they were unobserved and noticed a momentary shadow of wistfulness fit across their beach-tanned countenances. They seemed to be longing for just one taste of the grim and warm reality of their early struggles.

They play tennis and talk continually about the great outdoors. But their hearts are in-

doors in the dimly lighted theater where all pulses quicken with that first thrilling blast of the overture.

In the vast enterprise of making pictures where *papier-mâché* cities rise up at the beckoning of an idea there is no confusion. Nobody seems to attach much importance to the thing that astonished me most—the technical end of the game. The director simply says, "Give me a piece of the Third Avenue elevated and a couple of blocks on East Eighty-third Street" and in a couple of days he starts shooting. The sets look more real than the originals. Every time I went back to my hotel room at night I would look in the bed to see if Du Barry or Ivan the Terrible were not hiding under the covers.

Everything seemed like a prop.

I REALLY had a marvelous experience and I found everybody pleasant and kind. When they disagreed with me there was no personal feeling—they either thought they were right or were trying to protect their jobs. Everybody connected with my picture was sincerely anxious to make it a success. There are thousands of reasons why a picture is good or bad and no one person can control the final result. If you have a good story and good direction and good acting the picture is apt to be a success. But not always.

At the two previews of "Soup to Nuts" which I attended the audience really laughed so loud they could not hear many of the lines. The laughs were a break for me. And they were a break for the audience because they did not have to listen to half the dialogue I wrote.

Are You A Genius, Foreign Style?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

See here! I smoke the pipe.
I shoot also the fox damquick.
Dammit! Behold, I comprehend perfectly the English.

But who is this entrancing female?
Is it not Miss Lupe Velez?
Good day, Miss Lupe Velez!
Pardon me, but you are biting my ear!
Certainly not.
I am entranced.
It is a nothing.
Hollywood is indeed a wonderful country.
I am enjoying myself exceedingly.

I shall stay here { for five years,
till Clara Bow marries
Harry Richman,
forever.

But hold! here comes Mr. Gary Cooper.
Alas! Hollywood is a not so wonderful country.
I take my departure.
Pass me my ear!

BUT who is this other remarkable gentleman?
He has the air of being the Bishop of the Diocese.
I comprehend!
He is not altogether the Bishop of the Diocese.

He is Mr. Cecil B. De Mille.
Good day, Mr. B. De Mille.

I am the Champion Director of { Latvia.
Lithuania.
Esthonia.

No doubt you will assist me to a contract.
Hold! you have said enough.

It is indeed apparent that you are not the Bishop of the Diocese.

But I will comfort myself with Mr. Mack Sennett.

MR. MACK SENNETT, permit me to taste one of your excellent custard pies.

How you call it?
Just as Mother makes.
I am the Champion Dir—
Thank you, Mr. Mack Sennett, one is quite sufficient.

Carrambo! there is Miss Garbo.
Tell me, Mr. Mack Sennett, why does Miss Garbo stand like that?

I comprehend, she is disguised as a lamp-post.

That is to evade the reporters.
But I am not a reporter.
I am the Champion Dir— Thank you, Mr. Mack Sennett, be so good as to retain your custard pies yourself.

I will now proceed to Pickfair.
Be kind enough to provide me with

{ a dickey,
the Order of the Garter,
two coronets, one for day and one for evening wear.

No. I regret exceedingly that I did not bring my family tree.

Alas!
Of my relatives, not a one is

{ a figure in London society,
a Russian Grand Duke,
a member of a noble but impoverished family.

I cannot enter?
I am exceedingly desolated!
I will console myself with Mr. George Bancroft.

Good day, Mr. George Bancroft!

I am the Champion Director of { Latvia.
Lithuania.
Esthonia.

No doubt you will assist me to a contract.
Forgive me, dear Mr. Bancroft, but you are standing on my right foot.

I repeat, Mr. Bancroft, you are standing on my right foot.

Be so good as to pay attention. What you are now standing on was formerly my right foot.

This is insupportable.
I shall leave Hollywood.

WHEN you release my right foot, I shall leave Hollywood immediately.
At last you pay attention.
Thank you not at all. It was my favorite foot.

My departure is irrevocable.
I take my exit at once.
This instant I leave Hollywood.
Goodbye!
Carrambo! Now you are standing on the other foot.

In Spain... beauty experts insist on olive and palm oils to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Specialists in beauty culture — 23,723* of them, the world over — agree on this one way to keep skin lovely.

Tejero advises you: "Massage a fine lather of Palmolive into the skin — so — rinse it off with refreshing clear water — to icy-cold temperature. There! that leaves the skin smooth, fresh and lovely."

Enri Tejero



SEILER, of Geneva, Switzerland — who joins 23,723 beauty specialists in recommending Palmolive.



Evidence of that schoolgirl complexion is found over and over again in the olive-tinted, warm color of the lovely Spanish senorita.

TEJERO, whose beauty salon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain. At right is shown the facade of Tejero's establishment.

DON'T think, just because nature is so kind to sunny Spain, that the lovely Spanish senoritas can afford to neglect their complexions. Tejero, the well-known Barcelona beauty specialist, will tell you otherwise.

With the Spaniard's fiery spirit, he becomes indignant when his smart clients don't follow his advice. "How dare you mistreat your complexion," he storms, "when it is so easy to use this twice-a-day treatment?"

Treatment advised by 23,723 specialists

You know the treatment to which he refers. It is stressed by 23,723 beauty specialists — the world over. Before all else they empha-

*by actual count

size the need of a pure soap and water for foundation cleanliness. And every single one of them considers Palmolive best.

In 16 countries, women are told to "keep that schoolgirl complexion" by the daily use of this vegetable oil soap.

Simply massage a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water into the face and throat. (Don't use hot water—that is apt to redden and irritate sensitive skin.) Rinse with warm water, then colder and colder. Use that as a basis for makeup. Never fail to observe this rule of cleanliness before retiring.

P. S. Because Palmolive is so inexpensive it is the natural choice of experts as a bath soap, too. It protects sensitive skin from irritation.

6221



Retail Price 10c

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR
Broadcast every Wednesday night — from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time — over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

A NEW CREATION BY
HOUBIGANT, PARIS..
IS AN EVENT THAT
WOMEN OF FASHION
EAGERLY AWAIT

AU MATIN—the per-
fumed mood of Paris.
From \$5 to \$20 the flacon.
The Face Powder, \$1.50



HOUB
P A

**Bois
Dormant**
"ENCHANTED WOODLAND"



**ESSENCE
RARE**

BOIS DORMANT—
(Enchanted Woodland)
mystery, emotional in-
tensity and lingering
appeal. Priced from \$5
to \$16. Purse size flacon,
\$1. The Face Powder, \$1.

ESSENCE RARE—in fra-
grance the most regal
of perfumes — superbly
flaconed in crystal, cut
in the manner of a
gem — \$25 to \$125.

IGANT
R I S

The Peerless Huston

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

Abraham Lincoln? No. The actual physical resemblance is slight. His rangy, rather stoop-shouldered six feet of height, the deep, thoughtful furrows between his brows, the humorous look at the corners of his large mouth and the penetrating steadiness of his gaze are the only points of similarity.

But with his mastery of make-up and power of characterization those likenesses are sufficient.

HIS nose turns up instead of down—but make-up will take care of that.

He is a big man and he moves and speaks slowly and rather deliberately.

As a result you attach importance to what he says and does.

Even his smile is slow and deliberate and very complete.

Yet there is nothing heavy or dull about the man. He moves about a good deal while he is talking.

And when he is telling a story or illustrating a point he is apt to shove ash trays around, draw diagrams in the air, or even get up and act out a scene to show you what he means—not nervously or with sprightly enthusiasm—but with a kind of poised earnestness that makes you listen to him calmly but intently.

YOU believe him when he tells you that he likes to work with his hands. They are strong square hands, equal to any labor. He and the Arlens—Dick and Jobyna are his best friends in Hollywood—have bought a boat and spend

much of their time on the sea. Walter and Dick scrub the decks and polish up the brass themselves.

Walter thinks his portholes always look much shinier than Dick's, but admits jocularly that he may be prejudiced. He is serious, however, in his belief that everyone, no matter what his profession, should do some measure of manual labor every day.

He likes the outdoors and exercise—but prefers exercise that really accomplishes something—like building, or sandpapering, or polishing.

Golf, so often a busy man's only form of exertion, he finds too aimless.

HE likes California and has rented a house at Lake Hollywood near the Arlens.

But he doesn't plan to buy or build a home of his own.

He doesn't want to be tied down by such possessions.

He knows that he can always find a place to live while he's out here and thinks it would be fun to have a different house each time. He expects to continue his stage work, but feels that the talking picture is the greatest story-telling medium in the world.

Walter Huston became interested in the talkies when he saw Warner Brothers' first experimental efforts—those early shorts. In spite of their crudity he was intrigued by the possibilities of talking pictures and immediately visualized himself in connection with the new medium.

Right then and there, he says, he could picture himself in Hollywood—could see himself in the movies.

HIS in the movies, all right—and his popularity is growing by leaps and bounds. Yet he's no youthful sheik—no handsome leading man—this forty-five-year-old actor with hair graying at the temples. In "The Lady Lies" he played the first so-called straight rôle of his entire career.

And he claims even that was a characterization for him because it was the part of a gentleman, and he isn't a gentleman. (We disagree with him there.) He insists that he had to watch gentlemen to find out how they act just as he has to study military men before he can portray *The General* in "The Virtuous Sin."

That is his way of saying that every part is really a character part and there is no such thing as a "straight" rôle.

He is neither ashamed nor unduly fraternal when he tells you that he has a twenty-three-year-old son. He talks of his son's first book, soon to be published, with the same intelligent interest that he would show in anybody's son's first book.

HE characterizes the boy as a "highbrow with his feet on the ground" and says "he knows much more about what he wants and how he's going to get it than I do."

But we don't believe that entirely, either—for Walter Huston not only knows what he wants but, to a large extent, has gotten it.



Mrs. Jack Gilbert and her Paramount playmates at their daily toil. On "The Royal Family" set, hard at rehearsal, you'll recognize Fredric March, Mary Brian and Ina Claire. The other gentleman in the foreground is Arnold Korff. Surrounding them are the innumerable actors, directors, technicians, hangers-on and gadgets that infest a great sound studio

In bad weather, attack the germs that cause COLDS and SORE THROAT



50¢ Quality
Listerine
SHAVING CREAM
Now 25¢

Listerine used as a gargle reduces mouth germs **98%**

When you gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, you strike a blow at germs that cause colds, sore throat and many other troubles.

For Listerine kills germs by the millions in 15 seconds — the fastest time science has been able to accurately record.

Reduces germs 98%

Bacteria on the surface of the mouth and in the saliva are actually reduced 98% by it. Such amazing killing power is shown by exhaustive tests after the methods employed at Johns Hopkins and Yale University. To maintain this reduction at all times frequent gargling is necessary. In view

of the above facts, you cannot question the wisdom of using Listerine morning and night as a precaution against mouth and throat infections incident to colds. And as a treatment, more frequently.

Gargle every 2 hours

Colds usually develop when body resistance is lowered by bad weather, over-exposure, chills, fatigue or over-eating. Germs easily make headway. Nature then needs an extra attacking force to keep them under control. That is why physicians

Twice a day as a precaution



Every 2 hours as a treatment

urge the gargle every two hours with undiluted Listerine. Every gargle results in the death of millions of disease-producing bacteria.

Safe — healing to tissue

At the first symptom of cold or sore throat, begin using Listerine. Use it full strength to

get full germicidal effect. Remember, Listerine is absolutely harmless — non-poisonous, safe and pleasant to use, and actually healing in effect. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

the safe antiseptic

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

(fastest killing time accurately recorded by science)

The Battle of Phil Holmes vs. the World

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

seem to care. He had been given such small parts—what was the use, anyway? He felt he was not even second best!

HE had everything and he chose to throw everything away. And then, suddenly, something happened.

He was mentioned for the juvenile rôle in "The Genius."

He wanted that part.

It was good and he felt he could do it.

So he said to himself:

"I'll be a perfectly sane fellow. I'll stop all this nonsense."

And he was amazed when nobody else believed him.

"But we can't trust you, Phil," the powers at the studio said.

But so convinced was he in his own mind that he had changed that he begged for a chance, and they promised him the part. On the day the picture was supposed to begin he was taken to the hospital with a nervous breakdown!

AND the studio people shrugged their shoulders and said,

"Well, we knew something was bound to happen. We knew he could never be depended on."

The next six months were the most depressing of Phillips Holmes' young life. His affairs registered zero.

He had the first impulse that everyone has in a like situation.

He would run away.

And he would have run, had it not been for his mother who pleaded with him to stay and face everything, who told him that he could make something of his almost too golden opportunities if he but would. So he stuck and faced the music.

He had to live everything down. He had to hear again and again, "We can't trust you, Phil."

And he had to see the eyes of his erstwhile gay friends turn from him when he entered a room.

THERE is something besides mere classic beauty in Phil Holmes' face, if you study it a little.

He has, of course, the fair, curly hair, the straight blue eyes and the Greek profile, but he also has a chin, a straight, firm chin that bespeaks more than mere beauty.

He has the will to fight!

It was a siege against himself—a six months' siege.

Then came a chance to go to New York and play in "Sherlock Holmes."

He went, and, somehow, the cloud dropped away.

There he saw his old school friends who didn't know that in Hollywood "you couldn't trust Phil Holmes." It was like a breath of fresh air.

There he met new people who hadn't heard the stories of his mad antics and, somehow, the ogre of Hollywood gossip seemed but a mis-

chievous elf. Hollywood gossip is like that.

He came back ready for whatever was in store for him.

He came back a new and determined young man—a young man who had found himself.

Almost immediately he was given the lead in "The Devil's Holiday," and such a characterization as he gave!

Proof that it would be a grave error to try to hold him back.

THE old trouper calls it a "tough part" for he had to make a dumb innocent boy convincing.

And he did!

Public and press accorded him the honor that was his due after the performance, and all the old scores were settled. Unless everybody is wrong, this is one time that Phil won't be merely second. Unless some ugly miracle occurs Phil is destined to lick the jinx of mediocrity. Because he seems to have that kind of stuff in him.

Paramount thinks he's one of their best bets. He is wanted by all of the wise directors in Hollywood.

What a performance he gives in "Her Man"!

HE started life with everything and he was almost persuaded to throw it all away. But he didn't.

Instead he fought the good fight and won the first round which, as any pug will tell you, is the hardest!



Doris Kenyon

Milton Sills' Goodbye

THE love of Milton Sills for his wife, Doris Kenyon, was one of pictures' most beautiful romances. After his recent lamented death this poem he had written to her was found among his effects.

And this poem without a title can well stand as his farewell to his much-beloved wife.




Milton Sills

By Milton Sills

Death cannot end all things, if love denied
Must find fulfillment, as indeed it must,
Though you and I descend into the dust
And in the earth commingle side by side
Yet shall our frustrate ghosts triumph and ride
To some far heaven, where our love and trust
Anoint the bridegroom and the bride.

Then hushed and dreamlike shall our footsteps wind
Through fields of deathless asphodel, where blows
No sharp wind of despair, and we shall find
Each other's hands again; and all our woes
Shall be forgot; our spirits sky-enshrined
While heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose.



*A FLAVOR
for EVERY TASTE!*

Life Savers... pure, china-hard...
delicious rings of refreshment...
soothing to the throat... quieting...
to the nerves... after smoking...
after eating... sweeten breath...
aid digestion.

Six famous flavors... distinctive...
different... a 'holesome candy...
a fragrant breath-mint... packed
in the convenient roll form...
handy for pocket or purse... foil
wrapped to keep them ever-fresh
and flavor-full... "Always Good
Taste" everywhere.

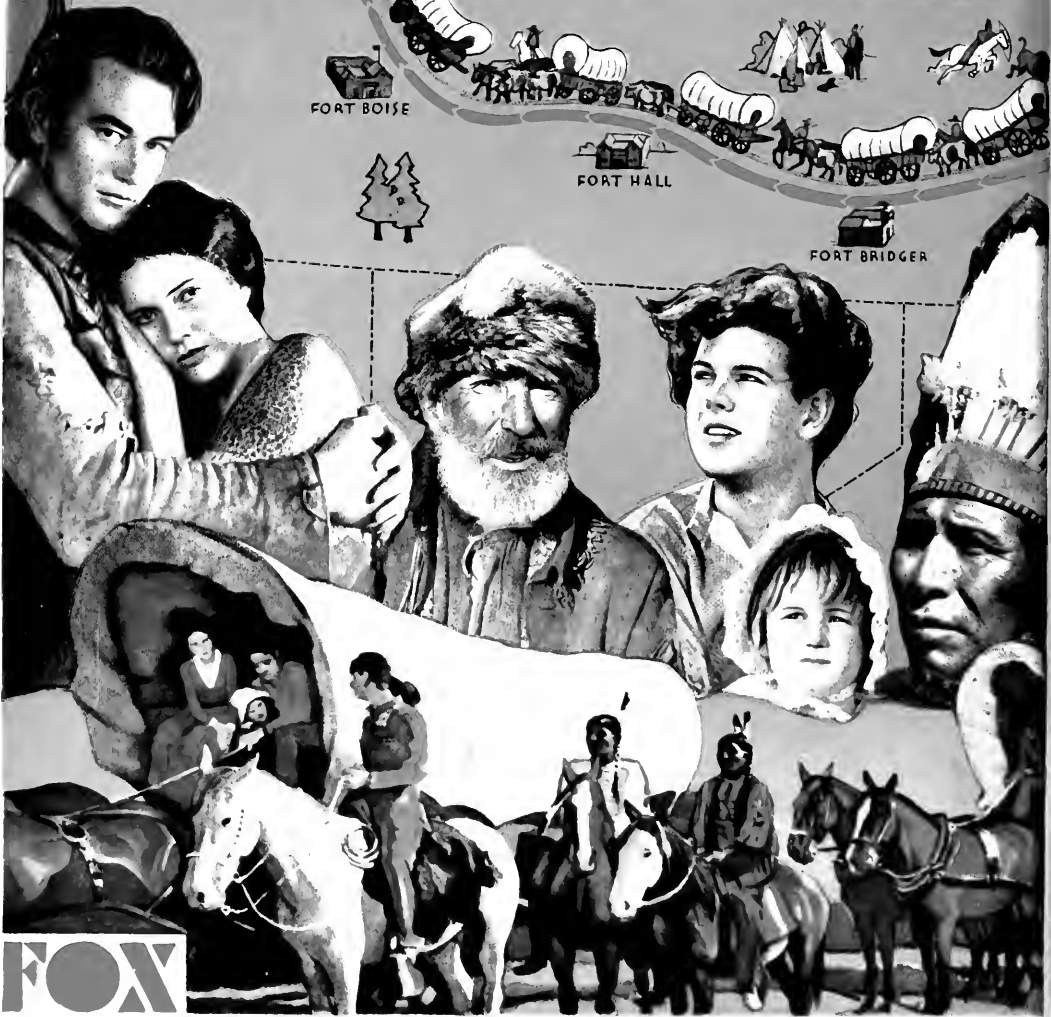
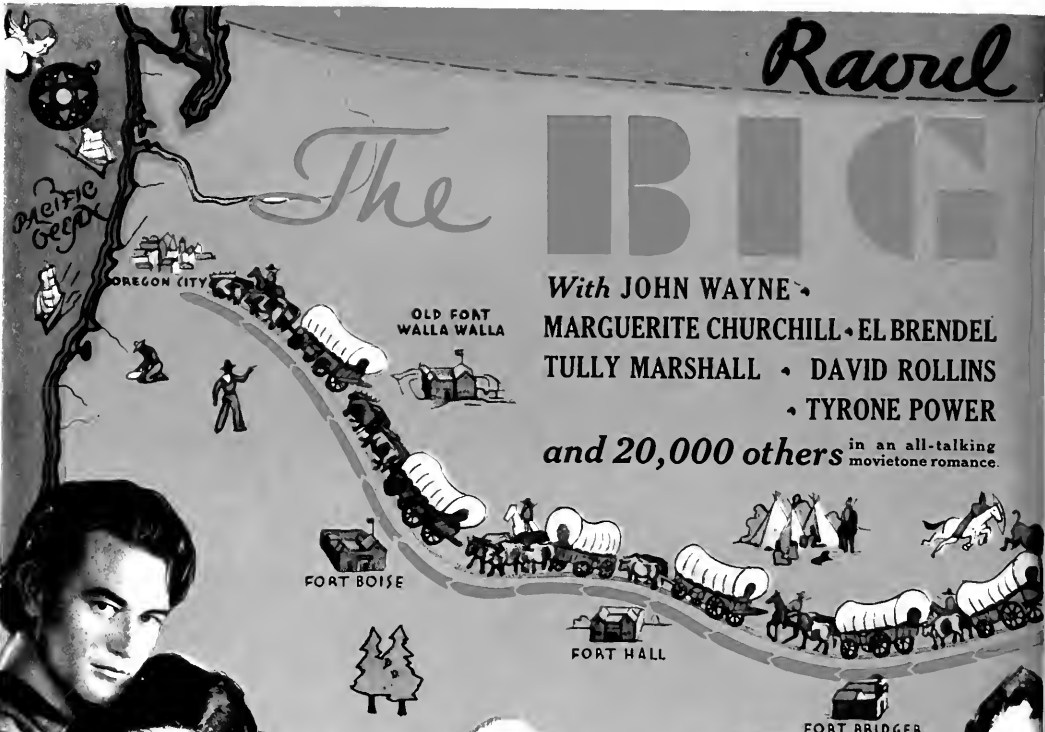
And the delicious candy drop LIFE
SAVERS... Orange, Lemon, Lime, and
Grape... like the fruit itself!

Rawl

The

BIG

With JOHN WAYNE •
MARGUERITE CHURCHILL • EL BRENDEL
TULLY MARSHALL • DAVID ROLLINS
• TYRONE POWER
and 20,000 others in an all-talking
movietone romance.

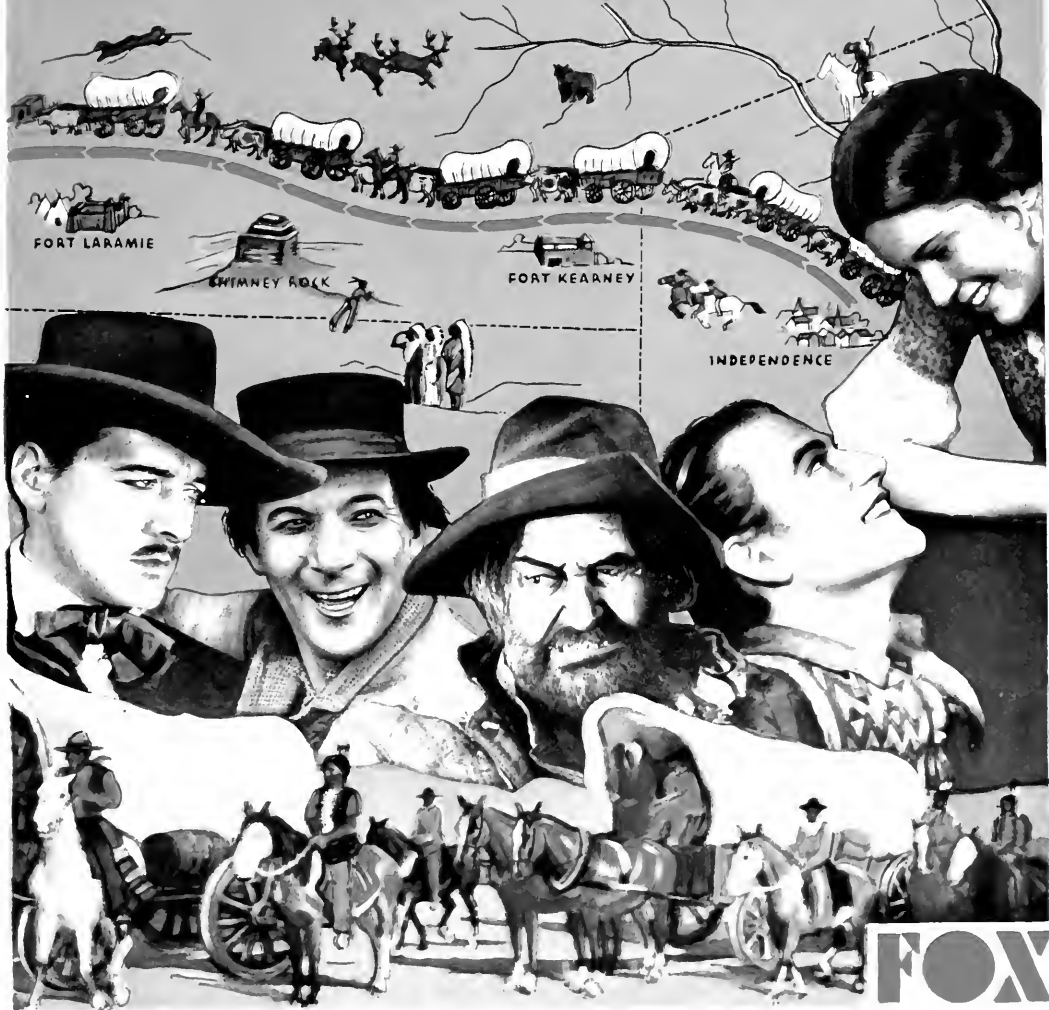


FOX

Walsk's

TRAIL

Young love and courage sweep on to triumph in this tremendous story of the winning of the West. Twenty thousand pioneers in a magnificent migration, vanquishing Indian, bear, buffalo, blizzard. New thrills await you in this, the most important picture ever produced.



They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE...SO QUICKLY

LITTLE STORIES
OF FAST SUCCESSES

NO. 5 JOAN CRAWFORD

Joan is America's "Dancing Daughter." She danced through school. She danced through college. She danced as an "extra"... and danced to stardom. All in a few brief years.

Just as another young star, OLD GOLD, waltzed through New England in barely two weeks. Skipped down the East Coast in a few brief months. Glided through the Middle-West before the end of the winter. Won the whole country in little more than a year.

How account for such success? Ask Mother Nature. For she produced the better tobaccos that gave OLD GOLD its new taste-thrill... gave OLD GOLD its famous throat-ease.

Joan Crawfords and OLD GOLDS are Nature's favorites... that's why they dance their way to the front.



"Give her a hand, nothing... buy her a ticket to New York." Joan was part of the cover charge in a Detroit night club. Then a Broadway producer found her. Next Hollywood heard of her—and you know the rest of the story

Her recent picture, "Our Blushing Brides," is a nation-wide hit



On March 23, 1927, OLD GOLDS made their first "bow" on Broadway. In a month they were one of the four best sellers throughout the New York Rialto.

BETTER TOBACCOS... "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"



Louise Fazenda's Christmas Menu

Fruit Cocktail

Roast Turkey with Dressing
Mashed Potatoes New Peas
Artichokes

Fresh Vegetable Salad

Himmels Torte with Fruit Ice
Mince Pie
Prune Cake

Demi-Tasse

CHRISTMAS dinner is a family function at Louise Fazenda's home, and is usually served at three in the afternoon. Louise is married to Hal Wallis of First National Pictures, and her parents live with them.

Here is her holiday menu, which includes the proverbial roast stuffed turkey and mince pie, but is distinguished by the variety of desserts which she serves for Christmas dinner.

With the salad course she serves small, toasted crackers, and with the turkey course, Boston brown bread and home-made biscuits. She doesn't serve soup at this meal, believing that appetites shouldn't be dulled before the real reason for the meal, the turkey, is brought on!

This is the way she prepares her turkey and the dressing for it:

Slice six large onions. Drop in a skillet in which a little chopped bacon has been fried, and brown the onions.

Soak one loaf (or more, if very large fowl is to be cooked) of French bread in cold water. Mix wet bread with onions in skillet so the bacon fat will flavor the bread. Add salt and pepper, and sage if desired. Add four tablespoons of melted butter. Chop giblets, which have been cooked with chopped celery. Mix thoroughly and stuff into turkey, sewing into the fowl.

Cover bird, without water, and let cook slowly for a short time, allowing its own juice to form in roasting pan. Increase heat and cook for one hour in covered pan, then uncover and roast very slowly to brown fowl. Then cover and reduce heat again, simmering about three hours for a ten-pound bird. When very tender, take the fowl from pan and skim fat off the juice. Add flour, browning slowly over the fire. Add hot water to required thickness.

Himmels Torte is made from an old German recipe that has been in the Fazenda family for many years. These are the ingredients:

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| ¾-lb. butter | Rind of 1 lemon, cut up |
| 4 egg yolks | 4 cups flour |
| 4 tablespoons sugar | Pinch of baking powder |

Mix, and pour evenly into three greased tins. Baste each layer with beaten egg white. Cover first and second layers with mixture of 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 cup chopped almonds and a little cinnamon.

The cooked filling to be put between the baked layers is made of 1 pint sour cream, brought to a boil, to which is added 1 cup sugar, vanilla to taste, juice of 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons flour and 2 egg yolks. Dot the filling with flecks of raspberry jelly. Sprinkle powdered sugar over top of cake.

Prune Cake is made from the following:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1½ cups sugar | 1½ cups pastry flour |
| ½ cup butter | 1 teaspoon soda |
| 1 egg and 2 extra yolks | ¾ teaspoon baking powder |
| 1½ cups prunes, stewed and chopped | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| 1½ teaspoon lemon extract | 1 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 5 tablespoons sour cream | 1 teaspoon nutmeg |
| | 1 teaspoon cloves |

Cream sugar and butter, add eggs which have been beaten, add prunes, extract and cream. Sift all dry ingredients together, and add to first mixture. Bake in layer cake tins about thirty minutes in moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.



He Keeps the Answer Man Busy

ROBERT MONTGOMERY takes all the hero honors this month. With less than two years in pictures to his credit, he has steadily climbed to the top. His reward is the lead opposite Greta Garbo in "Inspiration," her third talkie. Bob is a native of Beacon, New York, where he was born May 21, 1904. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Appeared on the stage for five years prior to his movie debut. He was married to Elizabeth Allen, a non-professional, early in 1928.

ANN HARDING holds highest place among the feminine stars this month. She was born in Fort Sam Houston, Tex., the daughter of an army official, who disowned her when she went on the stage. She is 5 feet, 2; weighs 106 and has ash-blond hair and blue-grey eyes. Married to Harry Banister and has one small daughter, Jane. On the stage Ann appeared in many successful plays, among them "Tarnish," "Stolen Fruit," and "The Trial of Mary Dugan." A few months ago she and her father, Col. George Gatley, became reconciled.

GROUCHO, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo Marx are really brothers. Their right names are Julius, Arthur, Leonard and Herbert, respectively.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, who is rapidly advancing in pictures, is from Killiney, Ireland, where she first saw light on May 17, 1911. She is 5 feet, 4; weighs 114, and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Just Imagine." She will also be seen with Charles Farrell in "The Princess and the Plumber."

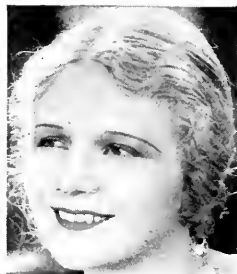
HUGH TREVOR, whose real name is Hugh Thomas, was born in Yonkers, New York, October 28, 1903. He is 6 feet, 1; weighs 174, and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Appeared for one summer in stock and also worked as an insurance broker before entering pictures in 1927. His latest picture is "The Queen's Husband."

JOHN GILBERT appeared in "St. Elmo" for Fox back in 1923. Barbara La Marr was his leading lady. Others in the cast were Bessie Love, Lydia Knott, Nigel de Bruier and Warner Baxter.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Sr.'s latest picture is "Reaching for the Moon." Bebe Daniels plays opposite him.

SALLY EILERS, now Mrs. Hoot Gibson, was born in New York City, December 11, 1908. Critics gave her good notices for her work in "Let Us Be Gay," and "Dough Boys" with Buster Keaton. Sally's next will be "Reducing," with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran.

Questions & Answers



She Leads All the Girls This Month

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

JANE WINTON's most recent work was in "Hell's Angels." She is married to Horace Gumbel, broker.

CLARA BOW's latest picture is "No Limit." Some of the scenes were taken in New York and some of them in Hollywood. Norman Foster, husband of Claudette Colbert, is Clara's leading man.

PHILLIPS HOLMES, one of our most promising young actors, is the son of Taylor Holmes, famous stage and screen actor. Phillips is just 21 years old and hails from Grand Rapids, Mich. He has appeared in many pictures, among them, "Only the Brave," "The Devil's Holiday," and "Her Man."

SUE CAROL has been celebrating birthdays since October 30, 1908, and Norma Shearer since August 10, 1904. After the first of the year, Norma will begin work on her new picture, "Strangers May Kiss."

WILLIAM BOYD, the blond hero of movie fame, will henceforth be known as "Bill" Boyd. This will distinguish him from William Boyd of stage fame, who is now in pictures. Bill's latest picture is "The Painted Desert," and William's is "Derelict."

LOYD HUGHES gave such a fine performance in "Moby Dick" that he is greatly in demand now. His latest picture is "Extravagance." He also appeared in "Big Boy" with Al Jolson and Claudia Dell.

HELEN CHANDLER is a native of Charleston, S. C. She is 5 feet, 3; weighs 102, and has blonde hair and blue-grey eyes. She is married to Cyril Hume, novelist. Her next picture will be "Dracula," with David Manners and Bela Lugosi. Lugosi was in the original stage play.

MAURICE CHEVALIER's wife, Yvonne, played opposite him in the French version of "Playboy of Paris."

CHARLES FARRELL had the leading rôle in "Fazil." Greta Nissen was the beautiful blonde leading lady.

MARY BRIAN's latest picture is "Captain Applejack." Her next will be "The Royal Family" with Ina Claire and Fredric March.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, the oldest of the three daughters of Richard Bennett, is a native New Yorker. She is 25 years old, 5 feet, 4; weighs 102, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her first marriage, when she was 16, to Chester H. Morehead, was annulled. Later she married and divorced Phil Plant, a young millionaire. Sister Joan, the youngest, is also well-known to picture fans. Barbara, the other sister, is Mrs. Morton Downey. She is more interested in her husband's career than she is in her own.

ELLIOTT NUGENT is 29 years old and is married to Norma Lee, stage and screen actress. They have two small daughters.

ESTHER RALSTON, after several months in vaudeville, staged a comeback in the talkies, appearing opposite Lawrence Tibbett in "The Southerner."

GRETA GARBO was given her very first PHOTOPLAY article in the May, 1926, issue. A review of her first American picture, "The Torrent," also ran in that issue. Her first rotogravure picture appeared in the July, 1926, issue. For back issues write to PHOTOPLAY, 919 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., enclosing 25 cents for each copy.

THOMAS JACKSON played the part of the slow-speaking detective in "Broadway." That was the same rôle he portrayed in the stage version.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 118, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

★ ★ "YOUR STARS HAVE GUIDED ME TO THE MOST MARVELOUSLY CLEAR SKIN!"

—she writes—

BY Frances Ingram

SHE came to me months ago, this charming girl . . . a little depressed. "I've tried this cream and that. Whole collections of them! I don't believe there's anything *anybody* can do to make my skin as clear and soft as it used to be!"

That was discouraging! But I asked, "If I tell you about Milkweed Cream and my method that has brought new loveliness to many women, will you try it?"

"I promise. Tell me about it," she said.

"First of all," I told her, "the clear, soft skin is always the skin kept immaculately clean. So every night spread my Milkweed Cream luxuriously over your face and neck. Let it remain for a few moments while the delicate oils dip deeply into the pores, cleansing away impurities. Remove the cream with soft linen.

"Now apply a fresh film of Cream. Pat it gently into your skin, stroking outward and upward, and observing the six places starred on my mannequin.

"You see, there are special toning ingredients in Milkweed Cream. These penetrate into the clean, refreshed pores and defend the skin against blemishes, sallowness and the tiny lines which in time become wrinkles. Will you try my starred way to a clear, soft, young skin?"

I had a letter from her a few days ago. Such an enthusiastic letter! Telling me how clear and soft her skin is now that she uses Milkweed Cream regularly. "I can't thank you enough!" she wrote.

Won't you follow my six stars to a truly alluring skin?

Tune in on my radio program, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, at 10:15 A.M., over WJZ and Associated Stations. Or if you have any special problems of skin care, why not write for a free copy of my booklet?



LET MY MANNEQUIN AND HER SIX STARS PROVE THAT

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by firming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.



AT DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES—50c, \$1.00, \$1.75

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

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108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



now as though if Serge and Mary really care, they can have each other.

Poor Pola! That's happen to her—and they all open the tear ducts!

AND now film acting is placed in the same category with plumbing, painting, paper-hanging—and by a film actor, at that. Look at Alan Hale's advertisement in a new casting directory:

ACTING DONE REASONABLY

BROADWAY'S two favorite singing comics came back to the main stem—in the flesh—the same week.

Al Jolson calmly accepted \$20,000 and a cut of the gross over \$80,000—if any—for a week of personal appearances at the Capitol Theater, New York.

And Eddie Cantor did his stuff at the Broadway premiere of "Whoopee." Eddie, after singing a song, launched into a spirited defense of Hollywood, and pictures in general. But he topped it cutely by saying, "Well, of course, if anything goes wrong with my next picture, I'll tell you the truth!"

AND Cantor told a gag that rolled the stuffed shirts in the aisles. Just to illustrate the maturing, sophisticating Hollywood influence.

Eddie said he overheard one of his little daughters talking with two neighbor girls out from the front stoop of the Cantor mansion.

One of the youngsters said she thought she might like a drink, and a glass of spirits was forthcoming.

The first child sniffed it. "Scotch," she remarked.

The second took it. "You're wrong," she said. "It's rye."

It was the little Cantor's turn.

"I'm sorry, girls," she said, "you're both wrong. It's gin—and it's been cut."

BY the time you read this Anna Q. Nilsson will be on her way to Sweden to visit her parents. She is, after all these months of suffering, on her way to recovery.

She will spend the Christmas holidays abroad and will then come back able to return to pictures. Everybody is keeping his fingers crossed and hoping this brave trouper has done her turn of bad luck.

Two years with a broken hip. And Anna Q. is still sunny!

LEON JANNEY, thirteen, owns and drives a Rolls-Royce roadster.

THERE is a clause in all stars' contracts providing that if the star is unable to work for a period of thirty days at one time the contract may be canceled. Such a clause is in Dolores Del Rio's contract and for six weeks, now, she has been too ill to begin work on "The Dove." The other actors have been held on salary and overhead has been slowly but surely mounting.

At last it was decided that the picture would be shelved temporarily. But United wants Del Rio to do "The Dove," therefore it will be started again in three months when, they hope, Dolores will be well again.

Because of the thirty-day clause an entirely new contract will have to be written before the star can work at United Artists again.

Her illness began as an attack of ptomaine poisoning, but she is now suffering from kidney trouble.

THEY appointed a guardian, the other day, for the oldest actor in movies—103-year-old William H. "Daddy" Taylor. The reasons: "Daddy" demanded a kick in his egg-nogs.

He insisted on carrying huge sums of money.

He formed the cigarette habit.

He flirts with his nurses.

Great place, Hollywood.

LILY DAMITA, the Parisian flash, is the heroine of the latest story to crash Mark Hellinger's column in the metropolis.

Mark tells the story of his first meeting with Lily. It was in her dressing room during a benefit performance. A well known stage

Some folks have all the luck! Take Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. Instead of being torn apart by heartless producers after their wedding, they're immediately co-starred in "Ex-Mistress." And here they are, on a grand location-honeymoon



International

When zat naughty Fifi Dorsay, vivacious vamp of Fox, came to New York for personal appearances, she brought "Minoue" along as mascot. "Minoue" is shown mascotting away for dear nine lives!

figure, who had assimilated more than his share of New York's best, walked into the room.

"Listen, you," he yelled to Lily, "I'm crazy about you and you know it!"

Damita yawned.

"So what should I do?" she asked.

The actor walked over to her.

"You'll return my love," the ham yelled as

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



THEY ESTABLISHED STIRRUP-CUP

♦♦♦AND
COOLER SMOKE

These care-free, charming people . . . always has it been their lot to discover each new enjoyment of their generation. And so they discovered Spud's cooler smoke. Their pleasure-trained senses found that cooler smoke revolutionized tobacco enjoyment . . . that it lifted old-fashioned restraint from modern tobacco appetites . . . keeping mouths and throats forever moist-cool and comfortable. Thus, they pioneered in Spud's cooler smoke, and established this generation's delightful new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES



NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104]

though he were reciting the lines of a play, "or else—"

"Or else what?" asked Lily.

"—or else," he cried dramatically, "I'll kill myself!"

Damita clapped her hands.

"Oh, that weel be fine," she murmured. "Please do it right now, because Meestaire Helling' is here, and he geeve some vary nice publicity!"

LOWELL SHERMAN both directs and acts in Radio Pictures.

So he can see himself with the director's eye while he's acting, he has a trick arrangement of mirrors into which he can glance occasionally to see that he's in character—as the director wants it.

HOLLYWOODISH Observations Under the Heading: "Oh, Well!"

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle directs his ex-wife, Doris Deane, in a comedy two-reeler . . . Lina Basquette, just divorced, opens a gown shoppe and appears in the style show in a bridal gown . . . Laura La Plante goes to Chicago and recovers \$7,000 worth of jewels and helps the three men who took them get probation, and Actor Douglas Gilmore says he'd like to break the neck of the guy who stole the \$125 suit from his dressing room . . . Three assistant directors with first-class records are glad to get jobs as extras at \$7.50 a day on Charlie Chaplin's picture and Maurice Chevalier signs in Paris for two weeks of stage appearances at \$20,000 a week . . . Bob Armstrong and Jimmy Cleson, who play fighter-and-manager rôles on the screen together are business partners in a Los Angeles suburban boxing arena, and Douglas Fairbanks captures first prize in the actors' division of a Hollywood golf tournament . . . A year ago Erich Maria Remarque said he would never write another book after his "All Quiet on the Western Front" and Universal has just bought his second book, entitled "Kamerad."



The Frank Fays at home. Tough luck struck recently. Frank came down with appendicitis, and lovely Barbara Stanwyck had a bad fall at the studio. But both are on the mend, and Frank has a new Warner contract, while Babs is the pride and joy of the Columbia film factory

ONE of those embarrassing moments came around in the Blossom Room of the Hotel Roosevelt the other night. The master of ceremonies was introducing the celebrities.

"And now," he said, "I want to introduce one of the most beautiful of the younger stars, Miss Dorothy Sebastian. Take your bow, little Alabama!"

The spotlight turned to the table where Clarence Brown was dining with Sally Blane. The girl looked puzzled. The director looked embarrassed.

The master of ceremonies was new, or he wasn't up on his romances. Clarence and Dorothy don't go places together any more. And, as a matter of fact, Dorothy was away on location at the time, anyway.

EDWINA BOOTH, the blonde beauty of "Trader Horn," gets sued for \$50,000 by the wife of Duncan Renaldo. Mrs. Renaldo says Edwina stole her hubby's love while Renaldo and Edwina were in Africa on location.

It's all very annoying and embarrassing to Edwina, too—and she thinks the studio ought to pay for her defense against the wife's action.

"Pay for it!" exploded a studio official. "Why should we pay for it? It's a very personal matter, isn't it? It's your affair, isn't it? Not ours!"

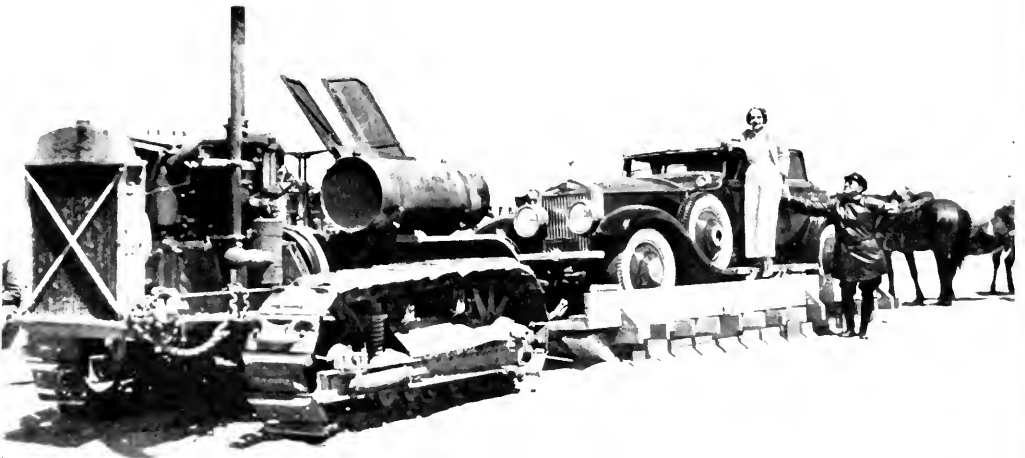
"Well," counters the lovely Edwina, "in the first place, it isn't really true. Nothing happened."

"And in the second place, it wouldn't have happened at all if you'd sent a chapron to Africa with me, as I wished. So I think you ought to defend me."

JUST about the time the Shearer-Thalberg heir arrived, King Vidor, the director, was waiting for Irving Thalberg's decision on the script for a new picture. An office boy breathlessly broke both pieces of news at once.

"Oh, Mr. Vidor," he said. "Mr. Thalberg

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



What it takes to get a Rolls-Royce to a desert location. Paramount wanted the Rolls out in the wide sandy spaces while making "Morocco," and it took a thousand-mule-power tractor and a sand sled to do the trick. Stealing a ride on the sled is Marlene Dietrich, leading woman of the picture, while the chauffeur looks admiringly on. Why the Rolls on the sand, Heaven knows!



"Please tell me . . ."

JEAN CARROLL'S Page on Hair Beauty

SOME women are born beautiful—but there are fewer of them than you'd think! Look at some woman who passes for a beauty—perhaps she has a chin that isn't so good—or a nose that's far from classic. But she's taken infinite pains with what she's got. And you'll see that she *always* has one thing—lovely hair. Maybe that wasn't so much either, to start with—who knows? But she's worked on it until it's shining with life, sparkling with a hundred little lights. Why—a woman who belongs to hair like that can't help being beautiful! And it's so easy to improve hair. Like a poor relation—hair is so grateful for *any* attention it gets; and with simple regular care, it reveals unsuspected radiance and charm.

"Now it just lies flat"

Dear Miss Carroll: I'll be ever so grateful if you can give me any advice about my hair. It used to be so thick and pretty—and now it has no life and just lies flat. It's so oily I can't keep a marcel in it—it straightens right out. And only a day or two after I wash it, it looks as if it never saw a shampoo. Isn't there anything I can do to make it look the way it used to?—Miss J. H., Esquimalt, B. C., Canada.

OF course there is! If your hair used to be naturally lovely, it's ten to one you can bring back that life and fluffiness. The first thing to do is to go after the excess oil which straightens your wave. Just as often as your hair gets oily, even if you've shampooed it a few days before, shampoo it again.

But use a shampoo *especially* for oily hair. I'd advise Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo; it's slightly astringent and will help to tighten up those relaxed oil glands. Don't be afraid of washing your hair often enough to keep it fluffy—every washing with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is good for oily hair. While your hair is still damp, why not put in some waving combs? With a little practice, you ought to be able to give yourself a lovely, soft, inexpensive wave.

Then—between shampoos, *massage your scalp* regularly. This is truly important; I'd suggest that you part your hair and apply a little bay rum directly to the scalp. Regular daily massage with a mild astringent lotion will do wonders towards making your hair fluffy once more and sparkling with life.

"So full of electricity"

Dear Miss Carroll: I am a nurse and you'd think I'd know all about what to do for my hair, wouldn't you? I cannot seem to manage it. It seems very *dry*, and simply won't stay in place,

and it is full of electricity. It sticks to my fingers, and the comb, and my cap, and then stands up straight.—G. B., Boston, Mass.

IT is maddening, isn't it? But you have made the right diagnosis; over-dryness causes that condition which we call "full of electricity." You should use only a shampoo especially made for dry hair. I'm sure if you try Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, you'll find your hair silky and easier to manage after the very first time. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is a gentle vegetable oil soap and, in addition, contains glycerine. I don't need to tell a nurse about glycerine's softening qualities.

Between shampoos—the oil glands in your scalp need to be waked up; and extra oil should be supplied to them, until they are working normally again. Apply a few drops of

oil of sweet almonds to your scalp. I've found it's easiest to do with a medicine dropper. Then get out your hair brush, and brush! And be sure to massage the scalp regularly each day—that's important.

"I don't know what to do! Please help"

Dear Miss Carroll: Please help me. My hair was a lovely golden blond; but since my last permanent wave, I've found dandruff in it and now it's turning to a regular ash color. I don't know what to do! My hair is dry and it's getting brittle and lustreless.—Mrs. H. DeR., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I AM glad you wrote to me! For dandruff is serious. If you want to save your hair's health, you mustn't lose a day in getting rid of that dandruff. I've found that it isn't generally known that dandruff may accompany, and even cause excessive dryness, as well as excessive oiliness, but it's true.

The first thing to do, immediately, is to shampoo your hair with Packer's Tar Soap. Doctors have been recommending it for years as a help in doing away with dandruff, for there's an ancient enmity between dandruff germs and pine tar. Repeat your shampoos every day for three days—after that, once every three or four days till the dandruff gives up the battle.

And do massage your scalp every day faithfully—and occasionally apply a little oil of sweet almonds, to your *scalp* (not to the hair).

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair beauty every Tuesday morning.

LET ME SEND YOU SAMPLES (10¢ for one; 25¢ for all three)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. Dept. 16-L 101 W. 31st St., New York

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked:

- Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)
- Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
- Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

I enclose _____ cents (enclose coin, not stamps—10¢ for 1 sample, 25¢ for all 3).

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106]



International

Beauteous Billie Dove, all tweeds, smiles and orchids, gets back from a month's holiday abroad. When asked if she was going to marry Millionaire Howard Hughes of "Hell's Angels" fame, Billie remarked that the New York skyline certainly is wonderful! Our fingers are crossed. Her divorce from Irvin Willat isn't final yet

photograph album, after all, you who speak of "the good of days"?

LOOKS as though Helen Kane's little court flutter over the \$50,000 her cloak-and-suit boy friend is alleged to have paid her back in return for a loan didn't do her much good in the talkie line.

Or maybe it's just because singing pictures are bowing out rapidly.

Whatever the cause, I hear that Paramount didn't take up its option on the little boop-a-dooper.

Well, Helen can always boop-a-doop around the theater. The folks like her.

JACK OAKIE very nearly was involved in an unhappy mess in Toledo, Ohio, during his recent personal appearance tour.

A Mrs. Marion Lowry, a young Toledo, Ohio, sportswoman, was found dead with a self-inflicted bullet wound in her head. The previous night she had been out on a party with Oakie and various Toledo newspapermen.

The sensational newspapers tried their hardest to make capital of this unfortunate business.

But, Toledo's coroner held Jack entirely innocent in the matter even though Mrs. Lowry made practically public the fact that she was suffering from an unrequited crush on the actor.

Poor Jack, of course, came in for considerable criticism in this unhappy business. Some smart newspapermen went so far as to call him "the sap from Toledo" instead of "The Sap from Syracuse," a picture in which he recently appeared. This was another case of daily news-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

told me to tell you it's a boy—and he doesn't like the dialogue."

A PROJECTIONIST (he's the fellow who transfers the picture from the film to your theater screen) advertised in an English paper, stating his qualifications as follows: "Married twenty years. Thoroughly used to talkies."

OF course, it's wonderful that little Kenyon Silks, when he grows up, will be able to see and hear his father.

The Fox people gave a complete print of "The Sea Wolf," last film made by Milton Silks before his death, to Doris Kenyon Silks, his widow. Little Kenyon is still but a baby—when he grows up, he will have no memory record of his father. But he will have the indestructible record that is contained in those reels of celluloid, his father's face, form, mannerisms, voice.

But, wonderful as that is, do you realize the still greater wonder that such a privilege is not alone for the baby children of movie stars, but for any little one today, as well?

Do you realize that your own baby can be given such a record of yourself?—or very nearly such a record.

There are home movie cameras. There are these new record your voice machines. With the outlay of a very few dollars, you can put away a living memory of yourself for your own children, just as in the Silks case.

And isn't that better than the old family



When a picture of the Barrymore family like this comes along, who can resist? Young Dolores Ethel Mae is taking a good look at the birdie, while Jack and Mama Dolores are content with a good look at baby



Only ten minutes every day and you will be giving your lips and teeth the most inexpensive and perfect Beauty Treatment on record. That's what it means to enjoy WRIGLEY'S deliciously delightful chewing gum each day, if only for ten minutes. Try it and see for yourself how prettily it shapes your mouth and what new attraction comes to your lips and teeth. Try new style Double Mint — it's PEPPERMINT flavored.

I N E X P E N S I V E

S A T I S F Y I N G

NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!— of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108]

papers trying to make a victim of a motion picture actor. I, for one, am very glad that they failed.

WILL ROGERS, who calls himself the contact man between politics and art, whooped it up for the boys and girls at the opening of "The Big Trail." He announced that he wanted to introduce Mayor Rolph of San Francisco, having now become right handy at introducing famous people, but that if, after the introduction, any of the audience was cheated it wasn't his fault.

"The Big Trail" was the first big opening of what Hollywood laughingly calls "the winter season." Everybody shook the moth balls out of ermine coats and top hats. Opinions varied on the picture, itself, but the little old colony was set agog again over the leading man, John Wayne, who is like both Gary Cooper and Charlie Farrell, combining the better features of the two.

The kid is utterly natural and completely at ease before the camera. He used to be "Duke" Morrison of the U. S. C. football team.

THE wedding of piquant Marie Mosquini and Dr. Lee De Forest, famous radio and sound-apparatus inventor, is interesting for several reasons.

In the first place, it made relatives of two girls who have been closer than relatives usually are—Bebe and Marie. Bebe Daniels and Marie Mosquini chummed around for months.

And then, it was at Bebe's wedding to Ben Lyon that Marie was introduced to Dr. De Forest.

"It was love at first sight," Marie explained later.

But the most interesting fact of the affair is this:

At Bebe's wedding, it was Marie Mosquini who caught the bride's bouquet as Bebe flung it to her bridesmaids.

And a few nights later, at the wedding of Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, again it was Marie Mosquini who caught the bride's bouquet.

The present venture is Marie's second wedding; Dr. De Forest's third.

MORE and more are the most exclusive Mary and Doug mingling with us common folk. The other night they were seen at a preview of "Those Three French Girls" at one of the neighborhood theaters.

It is most unusual for Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, since they have a perfectly equipped projection room at Pickfair and can run any film they choose.

If ever Lilyan Tashman decides to give up the movies she can get a job modeling clothes at any smart establishment in the world.

Howard Greer, Hollywood's dressmaker de luxe, showed his winter frocks to the select of filmdom. His well trained mannequins slithered among the guests. Then suddenly two models appeared on the little stage at once. One of them was Lil! And, what's more, she was a swell mannequin and showed seven or eight of the new frocks.

It started as a gag. She complained that she could model as well as the next one. Greer dared her to do it. Eddie Lowe was none too pleased about it but he came, anyhow, and watched from a quiet corner.

"And the funny part," said Lilyan afterwards, "is that I've never had stage fright before an audience or a camera but I was scared to death when I walked out in those clothes. Believe me, a mannequin earns her money!"

HOLLYWOOD:

For two years, a lanky chap by the name of Summerville, nicknamed Slim, hung around

casting offices for bits and small parts and thought he was darned lucky when he landed one.

Then he got a part in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Since "All Quiet," casting directors have been calling up a chap by the name of Summerville, nicknamed Slim, begging him to take a fat part in this picture or that, and let's not quibble over the salary.

Slim has had one day off, between pictures, since he finished work in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

It's like that.

MARY PICKFORD'S miniature golf course has been the most popular in town, partly because of the players and partly because of the fact that fans follow the celebs around to get their autographs.

But "our Mary" is a business woman and she's not going to have the course jinxed, so she's issued orders that anybody interrupting the players to ask for autographs will be requested to leave the links.



No more stunts for Harold Lloyd? News is that Hal will make no more acrobatic stuff, like this scene from his new comedy, "Feet First." It bruises and batters the comedian to the danger point, and Lloyd feels that he's served long enough at such business for the sake of laughs

MARIE BURKE, celebrated English comedienne, was in New York recently on a visit and was called up by a casting agent of one of the big companies. Marie speaks English, Italian, German and French. The casting agent wanted her to speak for Spanish pictures! She left for England next day.

HOSPITALIZATION

Record: Nick Stuart, doing a fire scene, starts to climb down a fire-escape and finds that it has gotten so hot from the real flames used in the picture that both hands are crisped nearly to the bone, necessitating many days' layoff.

Dolores Del Rio suffers relapse from previous attack of ptomaine poisoning and production on "The Dove" is held up for months.

Edmund Lowe stands too near steampipes in a boat engine room sequence and when the pipes let loose, is severely scalded.

Mona Rico's car collides with another and she has to have X-ray photos taken to see whether or not she's badly hurt. She isn't.

Janet Gaynor stays home with tonsillitis, and people at once begin to whisper that she and the Fox people are bickering again.

Jackie Coogan collects a bad cold and a temperature of 103 at the boys' school which he attends, and stays at home until he's better. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133]

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

ALONG CAME YOUTH—Paramount

WELL, nobody sings. That's some help. Charles Rogers wears a chef's cap and perfect evening clothes (singly, of course) and he smiles, which delights all the flappers. It isn't a bad picture and some of it is funny. But it's just another Charles Rogers' starring vehicle. Frances Dee is a charming leading woman and Stuart Erwin, the big silly, is amusing as usual.

REMOTE CONTROL—M-G-M

BILLY HAINES comes to us this time as a radio announcer, and with Charles King as station owner, Ukelele Ike as champion hog caller, and John Miljan as expert villain and radio clairvoyant, there certainly is a chance for laughs. In fact, you can't miss them. Billy deserves better stories.

ADIOS—First National

MIGHTY versatile, this Barthelme lad! Hardly done with "The Dawn Patrol," he is metamorphosed herein into an early California prototype of *Robin Hood*, avenging gringo insults to his fellow-Spaniards. It's sweet, colorful, and ofttimes thrilling, with a romance woven in. Barthelme doesn't hog all honors from a fine supporting cast. Ten to one you'll like it.

RIVER'S END—Warners

CURWOOD'S he-story lands on the screen with the full flavor and tang of the Northwoods. It's the lusty tale of a Royal Northwest Mountie who—believe it or not!—does not get his man. Charles Bickford does fine work in a dual rôle, and there's some great trick photography. Junior Coghlan's acting is fine.

MIN AND BILL—M-G-M

"DARK STAR," the tragic story written by Lorna Moon while she was dying of tuberculosis, has been stupidly re-titled and a lot of rough stuff thrown in. It was unnecessary, since the little yarn itself is so beautiful and Marie Dressler and Marjorie Rambeau are such grand actresses. It is gorgeous in some spots, hopelessly slapstick in others. But Dorothy Jordan is sensationally good.

HER WEDDING NIGHT—Paramount

BETTER study your Spanish. You may ask the interpreter may tell you that the reply made you a married woman. Such is the beginning of Clara Bow's new farce. *The Avery Hopwood* farce is a scream, but the picture fails to rise above the mediocre. Clara is beautiful, and her fans may pack the houses to see this, regardless.

BARBER JOHN'S BOY—Warners

A FATHER, released from prison after serving eighteen years for murder, returns to face his son. A dramatic story, well played by Grant Mitchell, Phillips Holmes and an amazing galaxy of character actors, including George Marion, Russell Simpson and Otis Harlan. Not always convincing, due to the synthetic Southern accent assumed by the entire cast.

THE BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT—Universal

HERE is what could have been one of the most brilliantly sophisticated drawing-room comedies ever screened. It has moments that are delightful and subtly risqué—but others that are dull. Even so, it is higher-than-

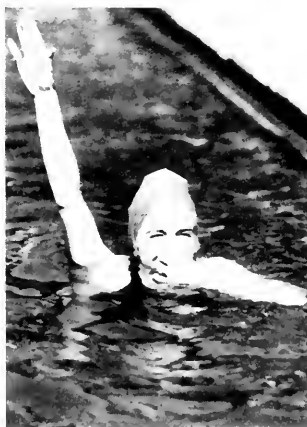
average entertainment. Ian Keith makes the fascinating *Baron Valmi* believable and the trio of Betty Compton, Mary Duncan and Jeanette Loff is charming.

LITTLE CAESAR—First National

AH, yes, we know—you're all fed up on underworld stories. Well, all right—but before you take a solemn vow never to see one again, do catch this one. "Little Caesar" is the latest and not far from the best of them, thanks to the grand dirty work of Edward Robinson, as lethal a gangster as ever wore grease-paint. Doug, Jr., takes second honors.

DERELICT—Paramount

THE villainous first mate socks the hero with a—guess what? Oh, come now, you know—belaying pin. And then the villain turns out to be a swell guy. There isn't a single meanie in



So deep! Now guess who? Nobody but the classically beautiful Ann Harding doing a few stunts in the swimming pool of her new home in the Santa Monica district

the picture. Big Boy Bancroft is the rough and ready hero and William (Stage) Boyd, the almost heavy. Anyhow, there's a grand sight and a lot of storms at sea.

THE HOT HEIRESS—First National

LAUGH-CRAMMED picturization of the theory that the female is deadlier than the male—especially when it's a millionaire's daughter on the make for a poor but virile steel riveter. She gets her man and you get swell entertainment. Ben Lyon as the riveter is a punch; Ona Munson as the girl has what it takes. Inez Courtney and Tom Dugan are great.

SIT TIGHT—Warners

ALTHOUGH this picture is full of laughs, it repeats on much of the business Joe E. Brown has done before, particularly the wrestling match. Winnie Lightner is a riot as *Dr. Neill*, and her methods of reducing are the last word. Brown is her "boob" assistant. Don't miss it.

EAST IS WEST—Universal

THIS stars Lupe Velez. It was directed by Monta Bell. The play was as popular as ham and eggs. Lewis Ayres plays the lead. Set is gorgeous. And yet, somehow, this serio-comic little yarn just misses being a great picture. Edward Robinson, as *Charlie Yonc*, is worth the admission. Entertaining enough.

DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS—Warners

THE husband and wife quarrel. The husband and wife kiss and make up. The husband and wife quarrel. The wife makes the husband jealous. The husband makes the wife jealous. There are a lot of movie gags. Heighbo and a couple of hums! Natalie Moorhead wears stunning clothes. Irene Delroy doesn't sing. Jimmie Hall is the husband. The only bright spot is Lew Cody.

ATLANTIC—British International

A SHIPWRECK melodrama which must be founded on the great catastrophe of the Titanic. It's a credit to its British makers. Brilliant direction by A. E. Dupont, who made "Variety," and nice playing by a cast headed by Madeleine Carroll, Frank Dyall, Donald Calthrop and John Stuart. Eynally dialogue may bore your ears, but it's a creditable job.

HEADS UP—Paramount

A PLEASANT little musical comedy picture, with the smiling Mr. Charles Ex-Buddy Rogers playing a gallant young coast-guardsmen, Victor Moore and Helen Kane contributing laughs and things. The real news of the whole matter is that in this picture the impeccable Mr. Rogers actually smokes a cigarette! Fie! A well-made single that isn't good enough to be outstanding.

SHADOW RANCH—Columbia

BUCK JONES has turned out a crackerjack Western in this one. Not only is its direction and acting superior to the average picture of this sort, but it really has a nice human interest story that holds the spectator. Buck plays a troubadouring cowboy who works for a fair ranch-owner, played by Marguerite de la Motte. The cast does well. The kids will like it.

THE LOVE TRADER—Tiffany Productions

THE main reason why you must not fail to see this picture is that your old favorite, Leatrice Joy, is a perfect blonde and more beautiful than ever. Her speaking voice is delightful. Besides, there is Hawaiian locale, with plenty of seductive music and dancing.

THE CAT CREEPS—Universal

SHIVERS and shudders and shakes! Here's that gorgeous old nerve-wracker, "The Cat and the Canary," retitled and redone à la talkie. It's easily one of the best mystery thrillers ever screened, with a sinister effectiveness and an eeriness that's much enhanced by perfect sound and extraordinary camera work. Blanche Frederici and Neil Hamilton lead a great cast.

EXTRAVAGANCE—Tiffany Productions

A PICTURE about a bachelor raising hell with two married couples, wherein fashions and passions are blended into a display that will make audiences gasp for several reasons.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112]

Some will thrill at the gorgeous creations in fur coats and what the well-dressed woman will wear; others will be startled at the audacity of inter-marital intrigue, punctuated with bullets.

FOLLOW THE LEADER—Paramount

ED WYNN, no howl in silent pictures, is a scream in this, now that the talkies give us his apologetic, squeaking voice. It's a good transcription of his former musical comedy hit. He's been given grand support—Ginger Rogers, Stanley Smith, Lou Holtz, Bobby Watson and others. Why must musicals be going out, when some are like this?

AFRICA SPEAKS—Columbia

ALTHOUGH this is an interesting and dramatic travelogue, it has been considerably pointed to give it "entertainment value," and as a result the voice of Africa is somewhat dubiously heard. The record of the Colorado-African Expedition, headed by Paul L. Hoeffler, the film also contains considerable laboratory and studio material. Some interesting animal stuff. Imagine dramatizing dramatic Africa!

YOUNG WOODLEY— British International

BRITISH International Pictures begin a vigorous campaign to win audiences for English talkies with this well-made transcription of a stage play about a public school boy who fell in love with his headmaster's wife. This picture has been well directed by Thomas Bentley. Madeleine Carroll, well known in England, is one of the featured players.

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED— Cruze-Tiffany

TIM CRUZE is an extremist—he produces neither pretty bum pictures or very danggood ones, and this is one of the latter. Whimsically sophisticated, it gallops along through an hourful of guifaws over the affairs of cuckold Boris and his wife, to whom another man is always another man. Not fair to pick any one of the cast for top honors.

THE STEEL HIGHWAY—Warners

HIGHLY dramatic story of a chap who falls in love with his pal's wife. Nothing unusual about this yarn except its railroad background. It's fair entertainment, and Grant Withers, Mary Astor and Regis Toomey do fine work. There's some good comedy.

TODAY—Majestic

THIS old melodramatic stage thriller has been brought up to date in one of those sensational films that are all hell, sex and box-office. And yet, although you know it is hokum, you are held by it in spite of yourself, partly, perhaps, because of the excellent acting of Conrad Nagel and Catherine Dale Owen.

THE JAZZ CINDERELLA— Chesterfield

THE poor girl captures the rich boy against papa's opposition, and there isn't a great deal more to be said. Myrna Loy, Jason Robards, Nancy Welford, Dorothy Phillips and David Durand play the leading parts as well as they can in a crude job. And that's all there is to be said—at least here.

THE YANKEE DON— Richard Talmadge Productions

"I'll show that ol' Doug Fairbanks!" muttered Richard Talmadge, and made this. It's a Western very-mello-drama. Starring Talmadge's muscles, it raises 57 varieties of hell and achieves excruciatingly high points of comedy in the romantic scenes. There are hundreds of horses and one covered wagon, and whoever voice-doubles for Lupita Tovar sings beautifully, anyway.

FOUND—Ralph P. King Productions

THE National Research Council of Australia sponsored this one and if you don't know all about the private and professional life of the aborigines it isn't their fault. Those old boys could teach our local hoofers a thing or two. If you like travel films you'll enjoy this one, except for the spectacular ending that is so improbable it reminds you of "Ingagi."



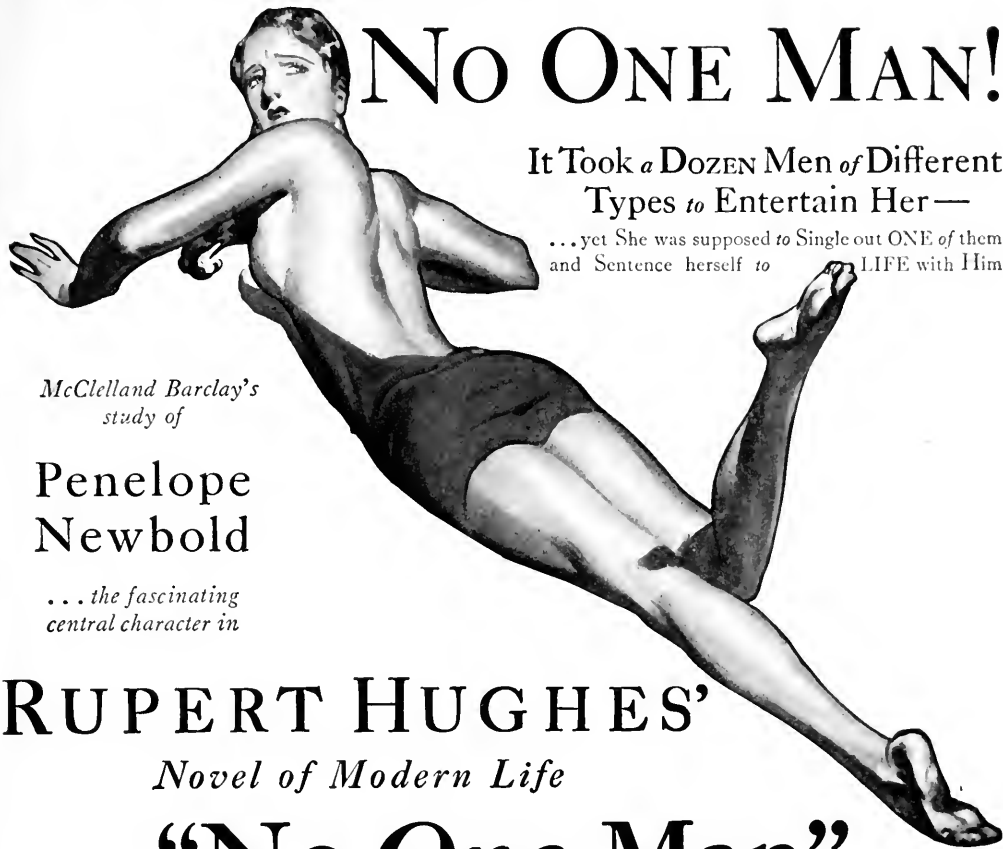
When the talkies need a fog on the Pacific Ocean they don't wait for a turn in the weather—they just make one! Here's a speed boat, carrying U. S. Navy smoke screen equipment, laying a ten-mile fog for George Bancroft's new picture, "Derelict." The steamer carries the actors and full studio equipment

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William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Jack Buchanan
Nancy Carroll
Paul Cavanagh
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Stanley Fields
Norman Foster
Kay Francis
Richard "Skeets"
Gallagher
Harry Green
Mitz Green
Phillips Holmes

Helen Kane
Jack Lulen
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Marcia Manners
Fredric March
Nino Martini
Cvrl Maude
Four Marx Brothers
Moran and Mack
Rosita Moreno
Frank Morgan
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
William Powell
Roberto Rey
Bruce Rogers
Charles Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Lillian Roth
Charles Ruggles
Marion Shilling
Stanley Smith
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Robert Ames
Michael Bartlett
Warner Baxter
Rex Bell
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
Thomas Clifford
William Collier, Sr.
Fritz Compton
Fib Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Farrell
Niel Francis
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
William Harrigan
Mitchell Harris
Ted Healy
Althea Henly
Louise Huntington
Kreating Sisters
Richard Keene
Jane Keith
J. M. Kerrigan

Joan Lawes
Dixie Lee
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Sharon Lynn
Mona Maris
Frances McCoy
Kenneth MacKenna
Victor McLaglen
Don Jose Montjoye
Lois Moran
J. Harold Murray
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Frank Richardson
Will Rogers
David Rollins
Jillian Sand
Marie Saxon
Milton Sills
Spencer Tracy
John Wayne
Marjorie White
Charles Winninger

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Amos and Andy
Henry Armetta
Evelyn Brent
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorn
Jane Crane
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Eddie Fox, Jr.
Roberta Gray
Ralf Harpole
Arthur Lake
Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lbedeff

Dorothy Lee
Kence Macready
Vivian Marshall
Raymond Maurel
Jack McCrea
Joel Muhlall
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Robert Robinson
Lowell Sherman
Katya Sorina
Ned Sparks
Leni Stengel
Hugh Trevor
Bet Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Monty Blue
Joe E. Brown
Claudia Dell
Irene Delroy
Robert Elliott
Frank Fox
James Hall
John Halliday
Leon Janney
Evelyn Knapp

Laura Lee
Winnie Lightner
Lotti Loder
Ben Lyon
Marian Marsh
Marion Nixon
Walter Pidgeon
Vivienne Segal
H. B. Warner
Barbara Weeks
Jack Whiting
Grant Withers

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Jean Bennett
Charles Chaplin
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson

Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Sam Hardy
Jack Holt
Ralph Ince
Buck Jones
Margaret Livingston

Bert Lytell
Joan Peers
Aileen Pringle
Dorothy Revier
Barbara Stanwyck
Johnnie Walker

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd.

Eddie Cantor
Ronald Colman

Lily Damita
Evelyn Laye

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios

Roland Drew
Rita Carewe

LeRoy Mason

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Mary Doran
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Gavin Gordon
William Haines
Hedda Hopper
Lottie Houser
George Huston
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Arnold Korff
Harriett Lake
Gwen Lee

Barbara Leonard
Bessie Love
Andre Lugnet
Ellen McCarthy
John Miljan
Conchita Montenegro
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Catherine Maylan
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
J. C. Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Gilbert Roland
Norma Shearer
Gus Sly
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raguel Torres
Jane Walker
Roland Young

Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
James and Russell
Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Ganger
Orley Hardy
Mary Korman
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Gretel Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Margaret Adams
Low Ayres
John Bole
Hoot Gibson
Jean Hersholt
Rose Hobart
Barbara Kent
Jeanette Loff

Joan Marsh
Charles Murray
Mary Nolan
George Sidney
Sisters G
Slim Summerville
Lupe Velez
John Wray

Burbank, Calif.

First National Studios

Mary Astor
Harry Bannister
Vivian Blackthelms
Sidney Blackmer
Bernice Claire
Robert Edeson
Douglas Fairbanks,
Jr.
Louise Fazenda
Alexander Gray
Lawrence Gray
G. P. Heggie
Edward E. Horton

Lila Lee
Lucien Littlefield
J. Farrell MacDonald
David Manners
Frank McHugh
Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
James Rennie
Virginia Sale
Otho Skinner
Arthur Stone
Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Miranda Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1312 Gower St.
Loyal Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 S. Oxford Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
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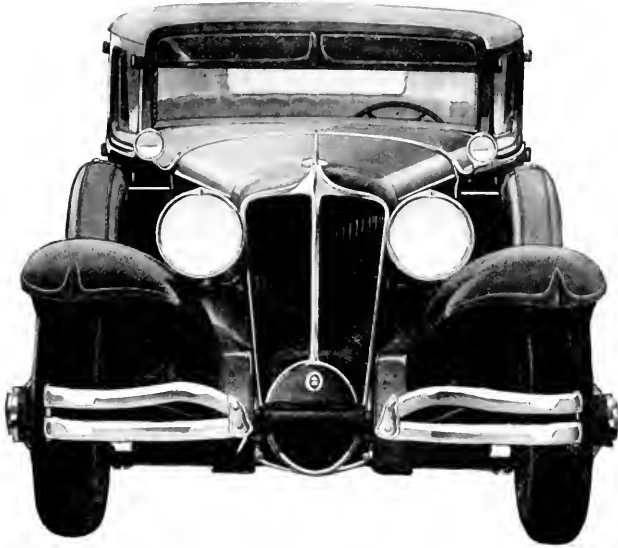
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Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

IN the late fall of 1920 the true-blue fans are all agog over the latest D. W. Griffith production.

It is the grand old tear squeezer, "Way Down East," and Griffith fired it at his public in twelve reels—twice a day, at two dollars a crack, with special orchestras playing one of the first, if not the first, full-blown scores.

[To this day addicts can remember the shivery theme that greeted every entrance of Lowell Sherman, the snaky villain who had his way with poor, trampled Lillian Gish.]

The juvenile in the picture is young Dick Barthelmess, and his partner in the film is a little Broadway dancer named Mary Hale. They were soon to marry. Creighton Hale does well.

And we all sit back on our haunches and say what a great director this fellow Griffith is.

Ten years later we are saying the same thing, now that the old master has tamed the microphone and made "Lincoln."

CHARLES RAY is giving great guns a present—this is 1920—and two of his pictures are reviewed in this December issue.

One is "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," and Critic Burns Mantle says that Charlie simply won't be accepted as the pugilist in this famous old George M. Cohan play.

Burns points out that Ray, now being his own producer, is making mistakes in picking stories, and that his business anxiety shows in

plays a noble policeman in "The Cradle of Courage."

Lionel Barrymore is applauded in "The Master Mind."

Norma Talmadge and Percy Marmont go very dramatic in "The Branded Woman."

And this is the month of "Over the Hill," that film that bathed America in tears and made Mary Carr famous as the best-loved of screen mothers.

TEN years apart!

1920—Rod La Rocque has gone on the stage, to be Alice Brady's leading man.

1930—Rod La Rocque has gone on the stage, to appear in a new play with his wife, Vilma Banky.

And what a busy decade was in between!

ANITA STEWART is on the cover this month. . . . And in the *ro* section—Carmel Myers, Ann Forrest, Dorothy Dickson, Clara Kimball Young, Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres, Geraldine Farrar—and a pretty etching of Billie Burke, the original of which hangs in PHOTOPLAY's New York offices to this very day. . . . Cecil De Mille tells a PHOTOPLAY writer "What Marriage Means," and it makes the lead story of this month's issue.

. . . A nice little story on Irene Rich, who was Will Rogers' leading lady in 1920, and still has that honor ten years later. But lots of parts happened in between. . . . And an interview with David Powell, the handsome young Englishman who played opposite Mae Murray in several big pictures. He died several years ago.

THIS month we fictionize "The Woman in His House"—a story in which Mildred Harris Chaplin played the lead.

In the surrounding company were Ramsey Wallace, Thomas Holding, Gareth Hughes and George Fisher.

And we also make into a story a new Bill Hart picture called "The Testing Block."

Sample—Bill saying to Eva Novak—"I've won you, and I'm a'goin' to marry you, NOW!"

And dummed if he up and didn't! On the screen, anyway!

HERE are some pictures taken on the Actors' Special that brought stage and screen people to Warren G. Harding's Marion front porch during his campaign for the presidency.

Among the actors who went along to whoop it up for the Republican ticket were Eugene O'Brien, Lew Cody, Rube de Remer, Leo Carrillo, Texas Guinan and Al Jolson.

ANOTHER ten years!

1920—Otis Skinner is making a movie of his greatest stage triumph, "Kismet."

1930—Otis Skinner has just finished making a talking picture of his greatest stage hit, "Kismet."

CAL YORK—he had all his hair then—reached into the gossip bag and pulled out these plums—

Mary and Doug are about to start on the tour of the world, shooting pictures en route.

Lois Weber, director, is introducing her new "find"—one Claire Windsor, a beautiful blonde girl. Claire's first picture is to be "What Do Men Want?"

Wheeler Oakman and Priscilla Dean are expecting a visit from the stork. So are Conrad Nagel and Ruth Helms.

Cal wonders why some feature director doesn't raid Keystone and sign up Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver and Harriet Hammond. Well, several did, and the first two immediately made good in something besides bathing suit comedies.

It is rumored that Ann Forrest is going to play "Peter Pan" in the movies.



Lillian Walker, the famous "Dimples" of the old days. In December, 1920, she was suing a gentleman named Hansen for divorce—and the fans hadn't even known she was married!

his acting. Mantle turned out to be a true prophet. This was the beginning of Charles Ray's end.

The other Ray picture of the month is "The Village Sleuth." This is more up his alley, as he plays a village boy with a Nick Carter complex.

WHAT our friends are doing this month—Tommy Meighan has just burst out in "Civilian Clothes," with the beautiful Martha Mansfield as his leading woman.

Corinne Griffith is doing one of her dual rôles in "The Broadway Bubble."

Bill Hart takes off his cowboy clothes and



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DO YOU KNOW?

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

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

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EDUCATIONAL has thought up a new one. A new series of shorts showing how a great detective does his stuff is now being released. The first is reviewed below.

Tiffany's chimp comedies seem to have caught on. The second is now being shown, and is reviewed this month.

THE WILKINS MURDER MYSTERY
Educational

William J. Burns, the famous detective, has gone to his case records for material for a series of mystery shorts, of which this is the first. Scenes are re-enacted on the screen, and Burns describes the crime and its solution. It's mighty interesting. Give us more.

PUPS IS PUPS
Roach-M-G-M

Our Gang's pictures are always good for several laughs, and this one is no exception. The kids sneak into a high-toned pet show and substitute their mutts, white mice and things for the ritzy animals on exhibition. This is one of the Gang's best efforts in some time.

ROSELAND
Warners-Vitaphone Variety

One of the very best of song shorts, made by Ruth Etting, that excellent singer of musical comedy and vaudeville fame. As an background for her typical "torch songs," Miss Etting has been given a little story about a dance hall girl. The story idea is a good notion.

HELPING HAND
Paramount

A clever little one-reeler starring Solly Ward, the well known "Dutch" comedian. It is just long enough to get over ten minutes of laughs, with a smash howl for the finish. Ward's work is excellent, and he is supported by a nice ingene in the person of Frances McHugh.

BROKEN WEDDING BELLS
Darmour-Radio Pictures

Another George K. Arthur-Karl Dane picture, and a scream. The irrepressible Daphne Pollard helps the boys, and the three keep the laughs coming rapidly. Big Dane doesn't do much talking, as his Swedish accent interferes somewhat. But George and Daphne do enough for three.

WEAK BUT WILLING
Christie-Paramount

Eighteen minutes of laughter, with Will King and Dot Farley doing the heavy work. King plays a business man who comes home tired and hungry and attempts to shake together a meal. He has a tough time of it. This is a satisfyingly funny comedy two-reeler.

THE ISLAND EMPIRE
Fitzpatrick

An unusually interesting number in James A. Fitzpatrick's travel series, being a pictorial trip through Japan. It includes some exceptionally beautiful shots of the famed Mt. Fujiyama. The accompanying synchronized talk is also very good.

THE LITTLE COVERED WAGON
Tiffany

This is the second of Tiffany's monkey comedies, and it is a very comical burlesque on all pictures of American pioneer times. All the familiar characters are here—the hero, the bad man and the Redskins. The chimps are excellent actors, and the voice dubbing is neat.

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR
Tuxedo-Educational

You don't have to be in practice to laugh at this. Charlotte Greenwood, of the famous long legs and funny faces, joins a women's club whose motto is "A good deed, a good day." The fun starts when lanky Charlotte's deeds and days go astray and get jumbled.

THE JAY WALKER
Warners-Vitaphone Variety

So absurd it's funny. The time is 1932. Pedestrians must get walking licenses, signal before turning corners, and are equipped with license plates and tail lights. Punch of the picture is a burlesque court scene in which a jay walker is sentenced as a "desperate character."

DON'T BITE YOUR WIFE
Sennett-Educational

Andy Clyde, the Sennett ace, is the leader in this, playing a dentist who is set on having his daughter marry young Lincoln Stedman—for part of the picture, at least. There are some very amusing scenes in the dentist's office, in which a deaf patient is invited.

CRYING FOR THE CAROLINES
Warners-Vitaphone Variety

This is a distinct relief from the monotony of many short subjects. Paintings and drawings are animated, giving the effect of old masters. This short is notable for the beauty of the results obtained, as well as the novelty of the thing.

MICKEY'S MUSKETEERS
Darmour-Radio Pictures

This is as whimsical a little comedy job as you'll see in a month of talkie evenings. Mickey (Himself) McGuire and the rest of his little pals set out to re-enact the good old Round Table activities of King Arthur's time. An especially good comedy for children.

DON'T GIVE UP
Educational

Buster "Beep Beep" West gets a job as a detective, but makes the serious error of mistaking the daughter of the district attorney for a gangster's sweetie. This does Buster no good. A fast moving two-reeler with Buster and his dad contributing the fun.

50 Men Who Rule The Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

Will Hays is President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., and needs no introduction.

Sidney R. Kent is the General Manager of Paramount Public. Samuel Katz is President of the Publix Theaters Corporation.

Irving Thalberg is a producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus is President of Technicolor, Inc.

David Sarnoff is President of the Radio Corporation of America and is a great factor in the affairs of Radio-Keith-Orpheum Theaters, of which Hiram S. Brown is President. Joseph I. Schnitzer is in charge of all production for Radio Pictures, and William Le Baron is Vice-President in charge of their studios.

Joseph Schenck is President and active producing head of United Artists.

Nicholas M. Schenck is President of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc., and President of Loew's, Inc. Felix Feist is Sales Manager of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

William Randolph Hearst is an independent producer whose pictures are released through Metro-Goldwyn Mayer.

Carl Laemmle is President of Universal Pictures. His son, Carl Laemmle, Jr., is active production head, and R. H. Cochrane is Vice-President and directs the sales of that company.

Joe Brandt is President of Columbia Pictures and Harry Cohn is production head of the company.

Walt Disney is the creator and producer of *Mickey Mouse* and other cartoons, and rates a place in this list because he has brought this phase of motion pictures to such a high point of excellence.

Earle W. Hammons is President of Educational Pictures, which releases scores of short subjects.

Joseph P. Kennedy is Chairman of the Board of Pathe.

William De Mille is President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and has become a great influence in the relations between all branches of the industry.

J. E. Otterson is President of the Electrical Research Products, Inc., a subsidiary of the Western Electric Company, and a power in the development of sound.

Al Lichtman is Sales Manager of United Artists.

Herman Starr is President of First National, and Ned E. Depinet is General Sales Manager.

Mack Sennett is an independent producer of comedies.

Cecil B. De Mille is an independent producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

So this list comes to an end. On it are a half-hundred men. They are all vital forces in the motion picture world today—true overlords of the screen.

Those Who Won

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These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

JUNE WALKER ("War Nurse," M-G-M) is the latest stage star to be lured to California by the talkies. June has been a darling of the theater for some years. Among her hits was the lead in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and in Belasco's "The Bachelor Father." She is the wife of Geoffrey Kerr, one of the stage's favorite young actors.



EDWARD WOODS ("Mothers Cry," First National) made a hit with the Coast company of the noted prison play, "The Last Mile," and he was invited into pictures. A Los Angeles boy, he went to New York four years ago and played many juvenile rôles on Broadway. He had previously begun his stage career in stock in his home town.



MIRIAM HOPKINS ("Fast and Loose," Paramount) is another pretty blonde youngster who began her stage career in the chorus. The little girl from Bainbridge, Ga., then made a determined dash for speaking parts. She has played in "Excess Baggage," "The Garden of Eden," and "Lysistrata." Paramount expects much of her in talkies.



JOE DONAHUE ("Sunny," First National) is just ten years younger than his late lamented brother, Jack, who was the star of "Sons o' Guns," musical comedy hit. The Donahue boys were both born in Boston, and for several years Joe has been acting as general pinch-hitter for Jack. Marilyn Miller decided Joe was just the lad for "Sunny," so here he is!



DOROTHY PETERSON ("Mother's Cry," First National) won this coveted rôle in competition with dozens of famous Hollywood actresses. She is blonde, of Swedish descent, a native of Minnesota, and studied acting in Chicago. For several years Dorothy has been well known as a Broadway leading woman, appearing in "Dracula" and "Subway Express."



PERRY ASKAM ("Sweet Kitty Bellairs," Warners) is a Seattle, Wash., boy who made good in Coast productions of famous operettas such as "The Desert Song," and "The New Moon." He is six feet, two, and tips the beam at 185. He made his stage début in "The Passing Show of 1921," and since then has been busy with big singing rôles on the stage.



LENI STENDEL ("Half Shot at Sunrise," Radio Pictures) is the result of Radio's search for a siren lady with an excellent soprano voice. Miss Stengel has appeared in drama and operetta both here and abroad. She is an accomplished linguist, an excellent actress and a remarkably beautiful girl. What more does the screen require?



KEN MURRAY ("Leathernecker," Radio Pictures) is one of vaudeville's peppier graduates. Ken scored a sensational hit as comedian and master of ceremonies in RKO vaudeville two or three years ago, and since then has been a standby of the big time. His transfer to Radio Pictures means he will play the same houses—from the screen!



Who Is Hollywood's Social Leader?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

It is impossible to name all those included on her lists. Among them are:

Winston Churchill.
Lady Mountbatten.
Baron de Rothschild.
Prince Leopold of Prussia.
Anita Loos.
Eileen Percy.
Bebe Daniels.
William Haines.
Harry Crocker.
Harry D'Arrast.
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.
King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman (they were married at her home).
Charlie Chaplin.
Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.
Sadie Murray and her daughter, Anita.
The George K. Arthurs.
Gloria Swanson.
Julanne Johnston.
Colleen Moore, and many, many others.

Living but a few doors from Marion is Bebe Daniels. It is impossible to say where Marion's *clique* leaves off and Bebe's begins, since the people who attend a party at Marion's one night will be at Bebe's the next. Bebe has open house every Sunday (a form of entertainment most popular in Hollywood) and buffet supper parties followed by bridge. Here are some who are invited:

Marie Mosquini, and
Mae Sunday, her close friends.
Constance Talmadge.
Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge.
Billy Haines.
Jimmy Shields.
Norma Talmadge.
Gilbert Roland.
Peg Talmadge.
Lila Lee, and others.

The list of celebrities included among those who have visited Pickfair reads like a peace conference. It includes:

Lady Mountbatten.
The Spanish Duke of Alba and his party.
Sir Austen Chamberlain.
Lord William Allenby.
Duchess of Sutherland (now Lady Millicent Leves).

Mei-Lan-Fan, Chinese leading actor.
Lindbergh and Ann Morrow.
Prince William of Sweden.
Prince George of England.
The Crown Prince of Siam.
The Maurice Chevaliers.
Lillian Gish.
Johnny Mack Brown and his wife.
Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis.
Charlie Chaplin.
Ivan Lebedeff.
Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders.
Dolores Del Rio, and many, many others.
Before John McCormick and Colleen Moore were divorced their magnificent home in Bel-Air was the scene of the gayest of tennis matches, puppet shows and elaborate dinners. Since the separation, Colleen had not given up her social activities until she went to New York to appear on the stage. Here are some of the people who comprised her crowd:

Julanne Johnston.
Virginia Valli.
Laura La Plante and Bill Seiter.
Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon.
B. P. Schulberg.
The Barney Glazers.
C. Gardner Sullivan.
John Considine.
Joan Bennett.
Carey Wilson.
The George Fitzmaurices.



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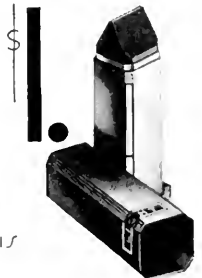
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Gary Cooper.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry King.
Jack Gilbert.
Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco.
Dorothy Mackaill.
The Lawrence Tibbetts.

There is, beside these large groups, another *clique* or, rather, a group of *cliques*, composed of dignified, circumspect citizens who seldom have any sort of publicity on their parties. These are the backbone of the social order of Hollywood.

The Conrad Nagels often have at dinner: Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky.
Lois Wilson.
The Sidney Franklins.
The Fred Niblos (Enid Bennett).
Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes.
Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco.
Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.
Leatrice Joy.
Tony Moreno and his wife, Daisy Danziger.
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett.

Another charming and limited group consists of:

Mr. and Mrs. Watterson Rothacker.
Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco.
Mr. and Mrs. Dick Barthelmess.
The Fred Niblos (Enid Bennett).

In these groups there is no thought of a social leader.

The gracious Theda Bara, now Mrs. Charles Brabin, is famous for charming parties and a marvelous *cuisine*. Her closest friends are: Mr. and Mrs. Earle Anthony.
The Lionel Barrymores.
The Basil Rathbones.
Mr. and Mrs. Watterson Rothacker.
Doris Kenyon.

Perhaps one of the most cosmopolitan and fascinating groups is to be found at the home of the Arthur Hornblows. Mr. Hornblow is one of the executives in the Samuel Goldwyn company. He and his wife invariably attract visiting *litterati* and their guest lists will include:

The Sidney Howards.
The Noel Cowards.
The Lonsdales.
Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe.
The Glazers.
The King Vidor.
The Jack Gilberts (Ina Claire).
The Charlie McArthurs (Helen Hayes).
The Louis Bromfields.
Kay Francis.

Ruth Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes, never entertain more than ten at dinner, often less. The guest of honor is usually a visiting stage celebrity. Among their closest friends are:

Fay Bainter.
Frances Starr.
Elsie Janis.
Ramon Novarro.
Ronald Colman.
Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook.
Katherine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic.
The Louis Bromfields.
The Irving Berlins.
Lois Wilson.
The B. P. Schulbergs.
Blanche Bates.

Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire are rovers. You'll find them with various *cliques*. Jack's closest men friends are, perhaps, Paul Bern, Herman Mankiewicz, Benjamin Glazer and Carey Wilson.

Norma Talmadge is also a rover. Before she separated from her husband, Joseph Schenck, head of the United Artists, they gave great parties at their home. Norma is welcome in any group and is generally the life of the party. She and Joe often meet at these affairs and are really the best of friends.

The Samuel Goldwyns (Frances Howard) do not entertain as much as they used to. Frances is so busy with her husband, her home and her baby that the couple go out very little now.

Billy Haines is a social light. He not only attends a lot of parties but recently he gave an affair for which the decorations were thousands and thousands of gardenias and orchids. Real ones! He and his pal, Jimmy Shields, make it a practice to call upon their friends every Sunday afternoon. They go from open house to open house, and they are always welcome wherever they go.

The closest friends of Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe are:

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore.
The Hornblows.
Jack Barrymore and Dolores Costello.
The Eric Pedleys.
Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire.
The George Fitzmaurices.
Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio.
Billy Haines.

The Harold Lloyd estate provides a fund of entertainment. There are swimming, tennis, golf, barbecuing and games of all sorts. Only occasionally do the Lloyds entertain the film folk. For the most part Los Angeles and Pasadena society people are their guests. The same is true of the Cecil De Milles. Among those in the film industry, however, who have been bidden to the Lloyd estate are:

May McAvoy and her husband.
Mary and Doug.
The Maurice Chevaliers.
Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire.
Colleen Moore.
Julanne Johnston.
Carmelita Geraghty.

Charlie Chaplin is interested in tennis and often has at his home on Sundays:

Dr. Reynolds, a famous brain specialist.
Marion Davies.
Harry Crocker.
Harry D'Arrast.
Georgia Hale.
The Sam Goldwyns.
The Irving Thalbergs.
Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire.
The King Vidor.
Mary and Doug.
Herbert Swope.
William De Mille.
Mona Maris.

The Clive Brooks entertain in a dignified manner, usually those of the English colony.

Richard Dix is a lone wolf. He goes to many parties, *beats* a different girl every time, and has no group of his own. Hugh Trevor and Melville Brown are his intimate friends.

Lois Moran entertains informally at tea. Her friends drop in. There are seldom any women. The men included are:

Victor Fleming.
Howard Szechan.
Eddie Grainger.
George O'Brien.
John Garrick.
Rex Bell, and others.

The younger players have a group all their own. One of these *cliques* is headed by Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. It includes:

Jean Harlow.
Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson.
Marion Nixon and her husband.
Dorothy Lee and Jimmy Fidler.
Joe Wagstaff and his wife.
Bob Burns and his wife.

Vincent Barnett (who is, strangely enough, the professional insulator of Hollywood, although a well-to-do man).

Lola Lane.
Lew Ayres.
Con Conrad and his wife.

The very young crowd that indulges in steak fries on the beach and dances are to be found at the home of Arthur Lake and his sister, Florence. These are:

Mary Brian.
Billy Bakewell.
Young Tom Ince.

Nancy Drexel.
Bill Ince and his wife.
Frank Albertson.
Helen Cohan (George M.'s daughter).
David Kollins.

Charlie Eaton (Mary's brother).
Out at Toluca Lake there is an informal *clique* to be found at Dick Arlen's and Jobyna Kalston's home. These people are:

Charlie Farrell.
Walter Huston.
Priscilla Bonner and her husband, Dr. Wolfan.

Mary Brian.
Buddy Rogers.
Gary and Lupe.
Charlie Farrell's best friend is Big Boy Williams and Big Boy is in love with Mary Phyllis.

Lupe entertains informally. Most informally. She invites people who can amuse her and be amused.

The Mayfair Club dances held monthly at the Biltmore attract all of these groups. There you will find the high and low of Hollywood society. Various social leaders entertain their own *cliques* and often do not know the people sitting at the next table to them. There has never been a Mayfair party that has not been attended by these six in a group:

Reginald Denny and his wife.
Eddie Cline and his wife.
Lonnie Dorsey and his wife.
There is a large and flourishing Hungarian colony that surrounds Mike Curtiz and Bess Meredith. They are:
Paul Lukas and his wife.
The Victor Varconis.
Helene Lubitsch.
Hans Kraly.
Ernst Lubitsch.
Alexander Korda.
Leyla George.
Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Vadja.

Since the divorce of Helene and Ernst Lubitsch they are invited singly. Bess never asks both of them to the same party.

The Warner Baxters, who have three homes, one in the Wilshire district, one at Malibu and one in the mountains, entertain visiting celebrities and people of the outside social world.

A nice set includes:
Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr.
Ann Harding and Harry Banner.
Kay Hammond and Henry Weatherby.
The Leslie Howards.
The Ralph Blums (Carmel Myers).
Carmel entertains a great deal and has a large following. A great many of the local musicians are included in her lists.

At the famous Gleason home, where informality prevails, you'll find:
Bob Armstrong and his wife.
Zelma O'Neal and Anthony Bushell.
The Arthur Caesars.
Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner.
ZaSu Pitts.
Natalie Moorhead.
Alan Crosland.
The Jack Holts.
Marguerite Churchill.

Will Rogers has open house on Sundays. His closest friends are the Fred Stone family and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzage.

Jimmie Hall, Merna Kennedy, Virginia Cherrill and Buster West are often together.
Carlotta King, Sidney Russell, the John Boles and Catherine Dale Owen are often together. Carlotta entertains many musicians.

Nancy Carroll has no particular group. Harry Green is a good friend of hers and of her husband.

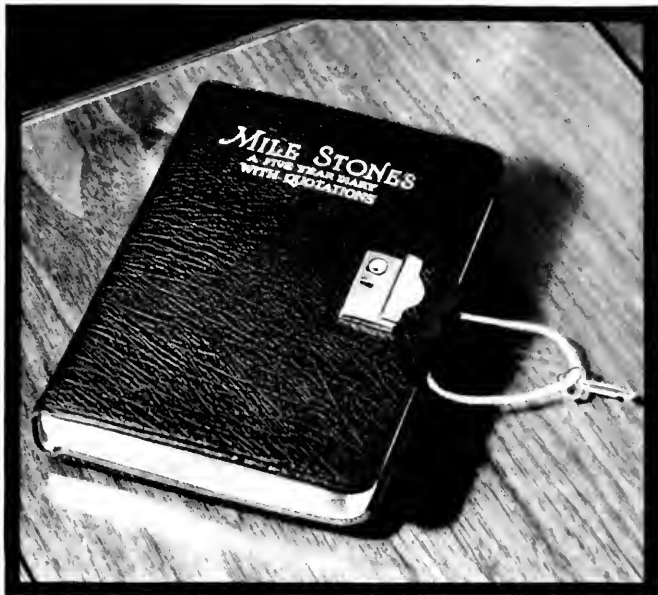
But the *cliques* change. People strike up friendships with their working companions and add them to their lists.

Besides all these sets mentioned, there are certain geographical *cliques*. The Malibu crowd, the Santa Monica crowd, the Beverly Hills set and the Hollywood group.

And that's another story.



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Too Much Sex Appeal

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

that I won't act right. Finally I got a break as a script girl. But it was the same old story. The directors' wives or girl friends would come on the set and things would be made unpleasant for me.

"I don't know why this jinx has pursued me. Lord knows, I've never tried to take a woman's husband away from her, even if I were egotistical enough to think I could. And I've never gone after a girl's boy friend, either.

"**S**EX appeal is great on the screen. They say I've got it. I don't know. The public seems to think so, but off screen it is nothing but a handicap. You can't use it in your business."

You would think, watching the shadow-Alice upon the screen, that poised, flippant little minx, that she was a tiny bundle of conceit. Yet she has, as she says, a pitiful inferiority complex. She is afraid of people, because she has been hurt by them.

She had been photographed when she was a script girl and had been given a contract at First National, but for six months she did nothing. At last she got a small part in "The Sea Tiger." In the secondary rôle she tucked the picture under her arm and walked away with it. The show men began to beg for more of that cute little blonde girl.

They could not help making Alice a star, but she was always treated like a goody kid. And Alice took the only course she knew. She fought back. No director wanted to work with her. The other girls in her pictures accused her of trying to steal their sweethearts. She might have been a bit player for all the respect she was accorded.

At last a new director was assigned to her. One morning before Alice arrived on the set he called the cast together and said, "During the making of this picture I want every one of you to treat Alice White as if she were Greta Garbo or Mary Pickford. I want her given the respect that is the just due of a lady and a star. I've a very particular reason for this and I trust I shall be obeyed."

Alice responded, like the fine little trouper she is, to this new method. She dropped the chip off her shoulder. She did not fight. She conducted herself like a lady. She was happy, pitifully happy, for the first time since she had been a star.

But this did not stop the wives of some of the studio moguls from objecting to Alice. Yet, at the time, Alice was making too much money at the box-office to be released.

"I'm crazy to get away from all this sex appeal stuff," Alice said. "I think that everybody is tired of girls undressing in pictures all the time, and I'm sure I'm tired of doing it. I think it's ability now and not sex appeal that counts. In business, and I know about both, you can have the ability of a machine and if you've got sex appeal the boss' wife won't let you get very far, anyhow."

"But I don't want to be a star any more. I'm wild to do a really good story where I have a good part. I've got the feeling that maybe, if I had a decent chance, I might be able to act."

"I'm going to try it, anyhow. And don't ever let anybody tell you that the girl with sex appeal gets along better than the one who hasn't any."

Oh, for a Haircut!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

watched the door of the stage. Forty-five minutes passed, and at last the lad returned, this time without the table, on the way to the prop room.

Walsh called to him. "Do you mind letting your hair grow?" he asked.

"ER—no," said John, who had been in the picture business long enough to know about some of the maniacal requests that are made.

"Then let it grow. I want to make a test of you." And the director left the boy standing there with his chin on his chest and his eyes bulged!

Weeks passed. And John shunned the barbers. At last he began to think that, like Mix, Walsh had forgotten about him. But the director remembered the prop boy with the interesting walk.

A test was made and John was handed the lead in the most important picture that Fox has ever made, "The Big Trail." On this film the company places high hopes. The company traveled thousands of miles and spared no expense or energy in getting the effects they wanted.

And John Wayne, an absolutely inexperienced lad, plays the leading rôle, that of the out-door, trail-hitting *Breck Coleman*.

He is shy, boyish, with that same appeal that made Charlie Farrell a delight to fans. Yet he has more energy and virility and less of whimsy than Charlie has. His eyes are grey. His hair, dark brown.

If he doesn't go Hollywood he'll be a big star some day. He's got the stuff it takes. He had never been in a saddle until a few

weeks before the picture began, and in one of the scenes he went charging into a herd of buffalo on a skittish horse. The hardships, the dangers which the picture demanded meant nothing to John Wayne.

Many a lad has been chosen. Many a one has failed, but John has a better chance of staying simple and unaffected than the average. Don't forget he has seen the other side. He's been one of that legion behind the lights. He knows what happens to stars with a grandeur complex.

"I think," he said, earnestly, "that I've got sense enough and that I've seen enough of the other kind to keep myself level-headed. I've heard the prop men and electricians talk about these people who go Hollywood. And I know that nobody, in Hollywood, can lead a life apart. If you don't act right around the sets they catch on to you at once. And it doesn't pay."

He was not frightened of riding into a herd of buffalo, nor of climbing over a steep precipice clinging to a rope. He was frightened, like a little child in the dark, of his first scene.

"But Walsh was so great to me," he says. "He helped me so much that I even got over that pretty soon."

"**T**HE Big Trail" is "The Covered Wagon" of the talkies.

And John Wayne is its most sensational actor.

And he didn't want to be an actor. That is the kind of men to watch out for. Remember the fellow that you coaxed to get into the poker game? He walked off with the money, didn't he?

Four-Flushing Fame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79]

Richard started pursuit at the same time. Ben got to him first. Here again the imposter bore little resemblance to the man he impersonated. He was the son of a small town undertaker. On promising to mend his ways and sin no more he escaped the net of the law, and returned to his Western village.

Not long after that a Frank Lyon appeared in New York, posing as a brother of Ben. He was a down-at-the-heels specimen, and had no hesitancy in saying that his brother was a bum, was jealous of him, and refused to help him out of the hard times. Frank told his story once too often and wound up in the Tombs. Ben visited him, gave him a lecture, and secured his release.

AN Alicia White, posing as a sister of the famous Alice, received a lot of attention and service at a Hollywood hotel. She paid her bill with a check that bounced back in a hurry. Alice had never heard of that particular sister.

One of the most famous male stars received a touching note from a New Jersey girl, thanking him for the marvelous time they had spent together in Canada. It was dangerous business for the star, and, anyway, he was married. He got a detective on the case immediately. The detective discovered that the girl had been taken in by a city slicker, posing as the star. The fake Canadian traveler was never found, but a bad situation was avoided as far as the star was concerned.

One of the most thoroughly disagreeable cases of the kind ever to come to the attention of Hollywood police was the young girl who calmly announced that she was the illegitimate daughter of two of the screen's greatest stars. The case was never aired in the newspapers, but it received a lot of word of mouth publicity. She was found to be insane, and escaped prosecution. There are so many entertainers on the stage giving imitations of Al Jolson that trouble was bound to develop sooner or later.

Much to his surprise, Al discovered that he was listed among the witnesses of the famous "Kip" Rhineland case, several years ago. When published in the papers, the real Al Jolson saw it and traveled to the scene of the trial. Having nothing to do with the case whatsoever, Jolson testified to clear himself.

At the testimony it was revealed that the



Miami, Fla.

My mother and father have been in this country for about twenty years, and, although they understand English and can speak it fairly well, they can neither read nor write.

When silent films were in vogue, my parents either had to take their choice of sitting unintelligently through a show, vainly trying to grasp the meaning from the stars' actions, or of being deprived entirely of the only mode of entertainment their meager means could afford.

And now come the talkies—truly an oasis in my parents' barren desert of enjoyment, bringing a little pleasure to their drab existence, making life a little more bearable for these two poor, lonely old souls.

Mrs. S. Axelrod

Lupe Velez,
Universal screen star, says:

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You can have color which seems your own . . . but do you? Not mere faint tints, mind you, but color as deep and rich as you desire.

No great tragedy, you think, if rouge betrays itself? Possibly not. But that's because custom sanctions it, and not because your fastidious desire approves. Then what if beholders—especially men—might actually say of you, "she has the most marvelous complexion," all unknowing that you used rouge. Ah, that is a thought!

Always Complimented

Precisely this praise is the compliment *always* paid women who use Princess Pat rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience. You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does *not* possess definite color. Just try to name it. Actually the skin's tones are *neutral*, a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When *Nature* gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background *from within!*

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Any harsh, *flat*, color you put upon your face will clash, *inevitably*. This is known in making Princess Pat—and *guarded against*. There are, in Princess Pat, neutral undertones that *come to life* instantly as they are *warmed by the skin*. Too, the intense, brilliant overtones of Princess

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For a good XMAS
SUGGESTION
see page 147

real witness using the name of Al Jolson was a black face "Mammy" singer in small time vaudeville.

As an imitator of Jolson, he became known by the name of the real star.

When the witness was called they could think of the player only as Al Jolson. So the bona fide star had to appear and tell the judge that Al Jolson wasn't Al Jolson.

JUNE COLLYER discovered a double in Minneapolis who, in some way or other, had a collection of her photographs. She autographed them to all comers, and passed a few worthless checks. After a little *été-a-tête* with the police, she made the checks good, and left the business of being a screen scintillator to the real June.

The New York offices of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department were surprised to receive a call from Anita Page's fiancé, the nephew of Zita Zukor.

The young man came around to look at stills from productions.

In fact, it seemed that he had a perfect passion for looking at photographs. After a little checking with the studio, and the discovery that Anita Page had never heard of her fiancé, the young man was lured back to look at a new batch of stills.

He was confronted by the son of Adolph Zukor, who explained that the Zukors didn't need any new nephews.

This fiancé business has always been pretty good.

Anybody can announce that they are engaged to a star and get a newspaper break.

Apparently nothing can be done about it. Both Betty Bronson and Jetta Goudal have been surprised to read that they were engaged. Betty's fiancé was a Londoner, and Jetta's affianced was from Tennessee. Jetta had a snappy answer for the reporters.

"I've never heard of the man, and I don't know where Tennessee is."

It is a bit easier for these people, suffering with delusions of grandeur, to announce that they are a brother of so and so, than attempt to be the star. It takes less acting ability, and is easier on the nerves.

Among the hoaxes that have come to light lately was a "brother" of Clara Bow. Brother

imbibed too freely of bathtub gin and proceeded to shoot up an apartment house. The red-head has no brother.

During the days when Pola Negri was a Paramount star, a strange woman rushed up to her on the lot.

She fell on Pola's neck, shedding a steady stream of tears.

"I'm your long lost sister," she sobbed. Ramon Novarro is constantly embarrassed by a "stray" brother that somehow or other no member of his real family can remember. The brother, and in this case they say he's the image of Ramon, gets a job in a household and then begins to appropriate family heirlooms. Indignant ladies of the houses call Ramon and want to know how come.

And Ramon has to tell them that he's durned if he knows.

The self-adopted Novarro always manages to get away.

May McAvoy also had a "brother" arrive in Hollywood while she was visiting in New York. The "brother" thought he would occupy the McAvoy manse during her absence, but the locks were too good. He was scared away before he had accomplished any actual damage.

One of the most amusing stories of the lot is told on the late Lon Chaney, who was accused of impersonating himself.

Chaney made a brief stop in Chicago on his way to the Coast from New York. He had been told that the Chicago offices of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would provide him with a car and a guide to take in the sights of the Windy City.

From his hotel Chaney got the office on the phone.

"This is Lon Chaney calling," he said truthfully enough.

"Oh, yeah?" said the voice on the other end of the wire. "Well, this is both of the Siamese twins."

Lon began to sputter and fume.

"LISTEN, brother," continued the voice. "We get twelve calls from Lon Chaney every day. Try a new gag."

When the office found out that Lon Chaney was really in Chicago, it offered to do anything in way of amends, including shaving the eyebrows.

Would You Quit Work for \$250,000?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

It was George Jessel, the Broadway ha-ha boy, who pulled the wise-crack about contract buy-ups that's become famous. It was Fox who signed Jessel when the talkie craze first drove the producers nutty. George's stuff, grand on the stage, just didn't go over in talkies. The same old parley followed, and when George walked out a free agent, he boasted:

"Me! I'm the only man who was ever paid \$75,000 not to appear on the screen."

A funny angle is that Jessel had taken a \$5,000 lease on a Hollywood house. Fox paid that off, too.

Billie Dove, the voluptuous, is another beauty, besides Ina Claire, who is headed for a comeback despite the fact that her contract was bought off. Billie was big money in silents, for First National, but as in other cases, she wasn't so good under the microphone. She made four talkies. They were fairly popular pictures, but not popular enough in ratio to her \$5,000-a-week salary to make her profitable. When the thing was straightened out, she and First National had settled on about a fifty-fifty split for the rest of her contract—about six months—and Billie was free.

Did Billie sit back and wail? No. She had her divorce from Irving Willat, the director, and Millionaire Howard Hughes, who had

just completed "Hell's Angels," was sending her dozens of American Beauty Roses, and denying nothing.

So Billie will go to work for Mr. Hughes' Caddo Pictures Company, and is studying elocution and voice so she can give Howard's microphones a worthy battle.

Monte Blue's contract was bought up, long ago, by Warner Brothers, for about \$50,000 cash, it's reported. Monte is young and rich. He should worry. Another case is that of Norma Terris. Norma played the lead in "Show Boat" on the stage, and sounded swell. That was when talkies were singles, and the producers were signing up musical comedy stars by the dozen.

Fox signed her. She came to Hollywood and made one picture—opposite J. Harold Murray in "Married in Hollywood."

Everybody thought it was just a publicity gag when her fiancé came to Hollywood just as the picture was released, and they were "married in Hollywood." Soon afterward, Norma's contract was bought up by the Fox people, and she'll probably never make another picture. How much? "Plenty," is all anybody will tell you.

Lenore Ulric's contract was bought up, too. Lenore is another stage star who hit bad luck with stories and direction in pictures. She just didn't get over with the fans in

"Frozen Justice" and "South Sea Rose." Anyway, Lenore is back on the speaking stage, and glad of it. So are the New York theatrical audiences.

With her is her husband, Sidney Blackmer, who is still under contract to First National. Blackmer, whose contract still has about six months to run with First National, was offered about twenty-five per cent of his salary-to come for his contract, it is rumored. But Blackmer didn't want to sell out, and so, come first of the year, he will end his stage engagements and go back to Hollywood to finish his talkie job.

IN some cases, studios don't buy up contracts. There is substituted a process called "letting 'em die on the vine." This is usually the procedure when an actor declines to be bought out, and insists on sticking to his contract. The producers shrug their shoulders and pocket their loss. They go on paying the actor his full salary—but they don't give him or her a single part to play. In other words, the actor simply disappears from the screen for the term of his contract—and that's bad business for actors. Because by the time they're free agents, they're no longer in demand, and it's tough picking for them to find work.

Carlotta King had it happen to her. Louis B. Mayer heard her in "The Desert Song" when the musical film craze was on, decided she was great, and signed her. Tests weren't so good; the cameras weren't kind to Carlotta. She has never made a picture for M-G-M, but drew her salary—somewhere between \$750 and \$1,000 a week—until her one-year contract expired.

At Radio Pictures, Arthur Lake signed a long-term contract. They thought they had a big bet in Arthur for those adolescent roles. He did "She's My Weakness" and didn't get over so well. Exhibitors said he wasn't good box-office. So overtures were made to young Lake to sell his contract. Hurt and indignant, Arthur said no. "All right," said Radio Pictures.

And since then, Arthur, though he draws his salary, has not been on the screen.

Lottie Howell, who came from the New York stage and made "In Gay Madrid" with Ramon Novarro, is another who is drawing pay but making no pictures. So is Marcia Manners, the Paramount player who was signed for musicals.

She is an American girl with a lovely Europe-trained voice, who hasn't made a picture yet, although she's drawing her salary on a one-year contract.

VVIVIANNE SEGAL, who was signed by Warner Brothers for musicals, hasn't been making pictures during the most recent period of her contract. Warners, by the way, learned a lesson. They're not signing stage stars for any half-year or one-year terms any more. They're signing them for one picture, with an option to renew if they click. That's saving the Messrs. Warner some cash.

Jack Gilbert snapped his finger at the contract-buying gag. As stated long ago herein, he made "His Glorious Night" and the fans were disappointed in his voice.

M-G-M, under contract to pay him \$250,000 per picture for four pictures, were terror-stricken.

If Jack's voice was as had as that, the million-dollar outlay would be sheer loss.

They offered him a half million, it is reported, to tear up the contract and release them.

Jack, magnificently brave and confident, insisted on making pictures. "I'll show them!" he said, and held M-G-M to the contract.

He was in a pretty spot, because the contract made it imperative that pictures actually be produced.

M-G-M couldn't just pay him and let him stay idle.

So Jack went ahead. Well, he overcame



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**KATHERINE MacDONALD'S
LASH COSMETIC**

For a good Xmas
Suggestion
see page 147

his voice handicap as you all know by now. And he's glad, and so is M-G-M.

There are other cases—most of them not so big-named as these you've been reading about. There are dozens of playwrights, song-writers, directors, technicians and others who were signed on long-term contracts, who went to

Hollywood, who didn't click for one reason or another, and who were finally bought off.

It cost the producers thousands—for nothing. Thousands that might have been spent in making fine movies, instead.

And they boller about putt-putt golf courses ruining business!

Ol' Bill Hart Is Coming Back!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Francisquita Canyon a few years back, leaving death and destruction in its wake.

Once inside again, I had my first real chance to observe what three or four years of what men call hell had done to Bill Hart's face. I wish that all his fans and friends could see it as I saw it then—as they undoubtedly will soon.

My first impression was of grayness—not the grayness of age (I do not believe his hair has turned appreciably), but the grayness of stone, or the grayness that comes to desert sage in fall. It was as though his tan had spent too many hours indoors; and yet I could not help thinking that I liked it better than the tan. Any sheik can cultivate a coat of tan, but the gray that was in Bill Hart's eyes is not so cheaply bought.

And then, suddenly, he smiled at something he was telling me, and a light broke over his face like the light that comes to an Arizona hillside in spring. Bill Hart's smile has the contagion of youth. It doesn't come often—like youth it may come but once—but it is irresistible.

I LOOKED for the lines I had expected to find, but they weren't there. I looked for the unmistakable signs that sorrow and bitterness and resentment paint so ineradicably, but they weren't there either. Instead, a sort of softness had come into his look; an almost philosophical benevolence. It spoke to me of tolerance and understanding gained at a price that few are capable of paying—the price of patience that is willing to stand aside and look upon the havoc wrought by troubles with the certain knowledge that even the worst things end.

I understood this more fully when, for a very brief moment, the name of Adolph Zukor slipped into our conversation. I had expected a bitter attack upon the man whom Hollywood believes to have been largely instrumental in keeping him out of pictures for so many years. I had brought the name up carefully, at a time when I might observe closely its effect. In a measure, I had intended to surprise him with it. But he only smiled. "Why, that's a mistake," he answered my statement that perhaps Zukor had had something to do with the breaking off of a recent contract he had signed with Hal Roach to do talking pictures.

"I ALWAYS liked Mr. Zukor, and Mr. Lasky, too. I think they liked me. I remember with the keenest pleasure my early work at Paramount. Mr. Zukor was often in my office at seven in the morning. His cares were many, and he was good enough to say that he believed my pictures were keeping Paramount alive. In fact, he wrote me to that effect, several times—but something changed him later.

"Strange," he ruminated, "I always called him Mr. Zukor. There was something about him that demanded your respect."

I turned the conversation again into the channels of the Roach picture he was to have done. I do not like to do what is known as "dishing dirt"; but there were things I believed his friends ought to know. He showed me signed contracts that had later been denied.

"Roach was strong for that picture," he said, suddenly hardening. "They killed it—God knows why. Someone wants to keep me out of pictures, and took that method of doing it. But they can't do it forever!" The face I

remembered from his pictures was suddenly before me, mouth drawn and tightened. "They can't do it forever! There must be someone in Hollywood who knows that a picture made by me would gross a million dollars! They can't all be fools!"

I THOUGHT of the way "Tumbleweeds" had swept this country like a prairie fire; I thought of the many letters I had read in English, Australian and Canadian trade papers demanding to know why Bill Hart didn't make a talkie; I thought of the bulky fan mail he still receives—and answers; I thought of the way faces lighted up whenever his name cropped up in conversation of actors, directors and writers about Hollywood—and I came to the conclusion that his estimate was conservative. A Western talking picture with Bill Hart, I believe, would not gross a million dollars—it would net that amount or more.

We had talked on pleasantly until it was long past the time when I should have taken my leave. As I rose to go, he went out for a moment and reappeared, carrying some pictures that had been made as a publicity stunt for Lila Lee. Someone had thought of photographing her with Bill Hart. There were about a dozen in all, and every one of them excellent. I couldn't help remarking in-ly that he photographed as well or better than ever he had. It seemed to please him, though why it should was hard to understand, for it was the simple truth and he must have known it.

He told me that the Fox company had made a short talking picture of him for their newsreel. While he had talked, I had taken notice of his voice. Fifteen years of stage training have given him an ability to use it as few talking picture players without like experience can. He was autographing a photograph for me which had his pinto horse, Fritz, nibbling sugar out of Lila Lee's hand. "The greatest all-round horse that ever lived," he has called Fritz in his autobiography. "Easy to pick the star," he wrote across it—and that should answer the host of fans who have written to the newspapers from time to time to ask if Fritz were dead. He is very much alive, as I can testify, and as fat and frisky as ever.

I was at the door now, and the "breeze" that opened the door was like the kick of a horse's hoof. Bill Hart's smile was with me as I entered my car and drove down the hill—a wide, happy, healthy smile. It was not, I felt very sure, the smile of a "whipped" man. For if Bill Hart never made another picture, he would still not be whipped. To be whipped, one must acknowledge it—and the Bill Hart I met and talked with is very far from doing that.

AND now I have achieved the impossible—have told what Bill Hart is doing today without mentioning his wife, his boy, his divorce, any of his troubles. I'm glad I haven't. They are no longer important, at least to Bill Hart fans. The momentous matter, now, is to get Bill Hart back before the camera. It would seem to be a good time for old bitterness to be swept away. A great Western character actor—the greatest, possibly, that either the American stage or American films have produced—has been kept too long in illness. If there were wrongs, they should not be beyond righting!

News! Views! Gossip! of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]

CALL the doctor for:

Arthur Lake, who dislocated a shoulder while surfboard riding; Wallace Beery, who got laryngitis and couldn't talk for ten days; Marie Dressler, ditto; Lucien Littlefield, who broke his arm playing baseball on the beach . . . And the producers, who had to hold up production until the actors got well again.

JOAN CRAWFORD has never had a hard and fast diet. She keeps thin by giving up potatoes, bread and butter.

She has eaten none of these for the last three years, yet every luncheon she orders five or six pieces of raisin bread, picks the raisins out and scorns the rest.

DOLLY MORAN opens swell new home in Beverly Hills.

One guest is her uncle, a Moran from Idaho, where cattle are cattle and houses are places to bunk in.

Uncle Moran, no sooner than he got in the house, skidded on the polished floors.

"Hell!" he grunted, "to think I'd live to see the day when a Moran had polished hardwood floors!!"

THE John Barrymores—pa, ma and baby—have gone maritime and piscatorial with a vengeance. Maybe it was the "Moby Dick" influence, but anyway, no sooner had John finished that picture than he up and off on a fishing trip in the Barrymore yacht, "Infanta." He landed a huge swordfish, and came back to port.

And forthwith set out again in quest of a colony of white seals he had been told about, on Guadalupe Island, off the lower California coast.

So the sailors sing:

"Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little white sealskin,
To wrap his baby bunting in."

Ten to one, though, Dolores will be wearing a white sealskin coat this winter.

IT'S a wonder you don't go cerebellically scrambled, trying to keep names and titles and things straight, these days.

Only a little while ago, you got past the rush of "hell" films—"Hell's Angels" and "Hell Harbor" and "Hell's Island," and all that. Then along came the "holiday" series—"Holiday" and "Death Takes a Holiday," and "Sin Takes a Holiday" and "Sinners' Holiday."

But now comes the newest mix-up—M-G-M shoots the old Dietrichstein play, "The Great Lover" and Pathe makes ready to star Ann Harding in "The Greater Love."

Why not keep a card index?

THEY were taking some exterior shots. An airplane, the bane of the sound wagons, flew overhead and an important scene had to be stopped. The usual curses ensued. And in the midst of them some smart cracker called out, "What are we picture people going to do in 1952 when the sky will be full of them?"

"That doesn't worry me," said Alice White, who was doing the scene. "In 1952 I'll be in some honest profession."

AVAUNT, there, Will Hays!—the spirit of the Old Hollywood is *not* dead!—

There was a party. Minor moving picture people and a bottle of drug store gin. "What'll we do?" "Les have toget practice."

So they got a gun. A nice shiny pistol. The door knob was a fine target. Guests took turns shooting at it. After each shot, someone would walk up and inspect the location of the hit. This time, Douglas Kendall went up to see. As he stooped over, someone else took a shot. It hit Douglas right where you'd expect.

By and by, a car drove up to the Hollywood hospital and Kendall, listing to the South, limped into the ward. With him was a fellow with a cap.

"Who," asked the attendant, "are you?" "Me?" said the fellow with the cap. "Why, me—I'm Lloyd Hamilton. Who are you?"

Kendall will be all right, but not sitting down for a while.

AND so now we know what Ben Lyon thinks his life is worth—\$50 down, and \$30 a week.

It seems a slightly cuckoo lad from Brooklyn hitch-hiked his way to Hollywood with some fantastic idea of forcing Ben Lyon to get him into pictures. With a loaded pistol, the Brooklyn boy hung around the gates of the studio where Ben worked.

Jimmy Triantas, fifteen-year-old newsboy, became suspicious and started a conversation with the stranger, who admitted he was looking for Lyon, and showed his gun. Triantas at once hurried into the studio and tipped Ben off.

Result: the boy was arrested and examined and put where he won't menace movie stars. And Ben paid Jimmy Triantas \$50 reward, and promised to give him \$30 a week from now until Triantas finishes college.

DID you know that Wallace Beery has an unusually striking ring, which he always wears, turning the setting under the hand, when it would not look well in the picture?

Three grotesquely large, perfect diamonds, of the same size, are set in a row. No, we don't know who gave it to him.

WELL, Jetta Goudal, stormy petrel of the studios, is married. The exotic one is now the wife of Harold Grieve, an interior decorator

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December 8—Paul Cavanagh
December 9—Eddie Dowling
December 9—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
December 11—Sally Eilers
December 11—Victor McLaglen
December 11—Gilbert Roland
December 13—Norman Foster
December 13—Lillian Roth
December 16—Clyde Cook

December 16—Barbara Kent
December 18—Mary Nolan
December 24—Ruth Chatterton
December 24—Howard Hughes
December 25—Marguerite Churchill
December 25—Helen Twelvetrees
December 27—Marlene Dietrich
December 28—Lewis Ayres
December 29—Otis Harlan

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1931 TRIPLE VANITY

who used to go places with Julianne Johnston. Jetta and Harold met while they were decorating Director Paul Bern's new house. Jetta likes to do that sort of thing, and this community of interest brought the couple together.

So they were married—and now they can decorate their own spot, and when they get tired of the effect, can do it all over again. What a nice marriage!

AMONG the other weddings that may take place this fall are Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson; Billie Dove and Howard Hughes; Mary Philbin and Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; Helen Ferguson and Mr. Hargreaves, a Beverly Hills banker.

And the signs are good for Lew Ayres and Lola Lane.

No, we cannot give you pictures of them, as yet, for none of them will be photographed together at this writing.

BELIEVE it or not, in this enlightened land of ours, there are some people who don't know Gary Cooper!

It was while the Cooper company was on location. Late in the evening, Gary strolled into an inn—and this, mind you, was in a town that boasts several motion picture theaters—and asked the night clerk:

"Anything left to eat?"

The clerk peered over his specs, gazed up and down all of Gary's length, and asked:

"You with the movie outfit that's working hereabouts? If so, go on into that dinin' room, they're saving supper for 'em."

"Uh huh," grinned Gary, "I'm with the gang."

FIFTY Indians were brought from Oklahoma to Hollywood to play in Radio Pictures' "Cimarron."

One day, while a big camp-meeting scene was being shot, using hundreds of extras in one of those old-time "gettin' religion" frenzies, Estelle Taylor was interested in the stolidity of the Indian men and women.

"I wonder if they speak English at all?" she asked director Wesley Ruggles.

"Oh, yes," he explained; "they re—"

Just then, Estelle overheard one of the young Indian women turn to another who was watching the rehearsal of the religious mania scene, and say:

"Don't you think that's an excellent manifestation of mob psychology?"

"Yes," replied the other, "it would form a perfect basis for an article on the subject."

And then Ruggles finished his explanation to Estelle—that the Indians are all oil-rich, and most of the younger ones are university educated.

JS the Dorothy Gish-James Rennie marriage on the skids, after all these years?

Signs point that way. Jim has a new five-year contract with First National, and is on a European holiday until that studio reopens January 1. Dorothy has been with her mother at their home in Connecticut while Rennie has been making good out West.

They've been separated for long periods before, but this time friends say that there's a real breach. This is a marriage that dates way back to the days when the young folks met on a D. W. Griffith picture set—and fell in love.

TWO of the big boys are reported to be squabbling.

Feed-back information says that Mr. Samuel Goldwyn and Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld are bickering bitterly as to who shall get the major credit for the production of Eddie Cantor's "Whoopce."

Interviews, statements and publicity blares have poured from their gilded offices, with Mr. Goldwyn reported leading, at this hour, by one interview and two mimeographed publicity sheets.

When the country precincts are heard from, we'll tell you more.

Lupe—No Change!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

Garee, he tell me, 'Lupe, you have never disgrace me in public.' I never will.

"I use to do very foolish things, before I met Garee. But I am still the same. My house is where I can do as I please, scream and yell and dance and fall on the floor if I like. I am myself when I am in my home. Change? Yes, I change.

"I CHANGE for Garee and because I used to be dam' fool because people thought I was funny when I was dam' fool.

"I love Garee so much that if he say to me, 'Lupe, I need your eyes,' I would take my two thumbs—like this—and gouge them out and give them to him. But I do not tell that to everybody.

"I only tell that to my friends. With other people I do not talk about Garee and how much I love him.

"I cannot help but flirt, but I mean nothing by it. Garee is jealous—yes. I am glad he is jealous. I am jealous, too. I get mad when I am jealous. Garee he is very quiet.

"I am sorry people do not understand when I act myself. I hate not to be myself. But I learn.

"I learn that people laugh to your face and say you are terrible behind your back. So, yes, I am changed.

"I am not the silly Lupe that came to Hollywood alone, with no money. But here in my heart I will not change."

AND there in that stalwart little heart there is an abundance of kindness and real affection.

Like the elemental soul she is, Lupe has wild enthusiasms and when Lupe harbors an enthusiasm she does things about it. If she sees an actor whose work she likes she goes immediately to the front office and begs that the actor be given a chance.

She found two kids, little girls twelve or thirteen, who were excellent tap dancers. Lupe liked them and thought they had talent. She immediately signed them under a personal contract to herself and boosted them with all the local impresarios.

ALONE guitar player (they're usually pretty lonely) from Mexico met Lupe. She opened her home to him and schooled him in aggressive American ways.

Her sister and sister's husband live with her. She has just given her mother a trip to California from Mexico.

And (for Lupe's sake I hope this doesn't get around in canine circles) any homeless mongrel dog that parks at Lupe's back door will be accorded the treatment of a pedigreed Samoyel.

If you need either you may have Lupe's intense, almost stilling love or the contents of her purse before you have asked.

If a new actor is cast in one of her pictures she will spend hours of hers (and the company's) time rehearsing with him and trying to make him feel at ease.

But Lupe has learned to put on the act before strangers.

She has learned how bitter the tongue of Hollywood can be.

In that way Lupe has changed. But in no other.

She remains the Lupe of the rolling eyes, the Lupe of the mad gestures, the Lupe of the flaming personality.

YOU may take Lupe as you like her—a saint in a church, a lady in public places, a devil in her home.

But—thank God!—some of us are admitted to her home.

Lupe is no grand lady at heart and Hollywood is safe for those of us who like a little paprika on our mild salads.

Talking of Talkies

THE Air Mail is doing wonders for this country. Under the new service, a writer in New York can send a talkie manuscript to Hollywood and get it back in four days!—Judge.

THE pretty girl with what her family and friends regard as "extraordinary talent" has about one-fiftieth of the chance to become a successful motion picture actress that she has of becoming a successful poet, musician or novelist. The screen of today demands the accomplished artist. The physically attractive girl who could be moved through pantomime by an accomplished director is no longer of use.—Mary Pickford.

A NOVELIST was chatting with his publisher.

"By the way," asked the latter, "where did you get the plot of your second novel?"

"From the talkie version of my first," was the answer.—The Liverpool (Eng.) Express.

A SURGEON in our town says he could not bear up under the gruelling strain of his work if he couldn't drop in at a talkie now and then and forget his problems for a time.—Grace E. Smith, PHOTOPLAY reader.

I GET more kick out of appreciation from a studio crew than I ever did from a Broadway audience. These birds are hard-boiled, for a

fact. When you do a scene as they like it, you're good.—Ann Harding.

THE talkies have drawn toward uniformity the most ununiform and diverse tongue the world has ever known. There are scores of dialects of English, some of them very harsh and bad. There are one or two methods of speaking. It is toward such a happy medium of speech that the studios of Hollywood are aiming.—Cecil B. De Mille, director.

A HEAVY sex part is the hardest thing to play. And the hardest line on stage or screen to say convincingly is "I love you."

Screen actresses can learn so much about themselves that they ought to be the most fascinating women in the world. It's their own fault if they are not.—Carol Lombard, screen actress.

NEARLY all the theaters in Porto Rico are equipped for talking pictures, and Porto Ricans admire them very much. Hurrah for the talkies! By hearing the American music, songs and dialogues we have learned more English and have felt a greater sympathy for that great American nation.—Jose Antonio Velazquez, PHOTOPLAY reader.

I WOULD not sign a contract in which I was to be starred because I realize thoroughly that I have not a strong enough personality to carry a picture.—Conrad Nagel, actor.



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“Red-Head” Bickford Speaks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

ability, and if he squawks they tell him he's a temperamental so and so!"

Bickford thinks some day some official will let him do something worth doing—he wants to play *Cyrano*, or *Danton*, or things like that.

"And in the meantime," you ask him, "you're marking time and doing what they give you to do?"

"I AM not!" he says. "They hand me a rôle and say, 'You play this.' I say, 'The hell I will.' So they call me temperamental. Anyway, we rewrite it and do this and that to it, and bye and bye I make the best of it and play it, even though I think it's terrible."

Bickford thinks just as much of Hollywood as he does of pictures, too.

"Matter of fact, I don't know Hollywood except as a bystander. What I have seen of it I think is silly. I've never been to one of these 'Hollywood parties.'"

He's never gone to one of these Hollywood premières, either.

"To me, they're nothing but a parade. These people who go because they want to be seen. They get a kick out of parading up the line of fan-atics and hearing them say, 'Ooo, there's Tillie Gedunk,' or whoever it is! And, 'Please, kin I have yer autergraft?'"

Bickford dodges autograph hunters like

measles. When one approaches him he denies violently that he's Charles Bickford.

"No," he lisps, "I've never ever then or heard of thith Charleth Bickford. I'm not he, my dear, I'm a corthet thalesthman." So they back away.

His idea of a good time: "Aren't there miles of beach, and miles of mountains? Don't get the idea I'm a recluse. I've got a family—wife and two kids and two dogs and a canary and two cats. But when I go to dinner, I want to go some place besides where they can't talk about anything but pictures, studios and themselves.

"Hollywood people are a little bit ridiculous. They take themselves too seriously. All they can see is Hollywood, and the rest of the world doesn't exist for them.

"I DON'T object to them; I simply don't go for the things they do, that's all. Individually, there are swell people in Hollywood, but collectively, they're absurd.

"Oh, I understand how they get that way. With success, they're surrounded by a swarm of scyophants; yessed to death, invited everywhere, besieged by autograph hunters; get thousands of sappy fan letters—no wonder they get to think they're big shots. And if I ever get that way, I hope somebody shoots me!"

Discipline

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

terribly true. The talkies had turned filmdom upside down, and none of the old rules applied any longer! Broadway, that had hitherto been so far away, now stormed the very gates of Hollywood, dethroning stars and usurping their golden crowns. That's all one heard. Broadway! Broadway! Stage experience!

In those other days a girl who had made Netta's success was destined to go far. Now—the dreadful fact was borne in upon her more insistently day by day—she didn't count. She couldn't get a job. Nobody wanted her. And the black vision of that almost forgotten time of poverty and drudgery and serving as a waitress in cafeterias stared her in the face.

It was unthinkable. Better not to have had success at all than, through no fault of her own, to be thrown out of the heaven of a Beverly Hills bungalow, pretty clothes, a car, money, and back into the hell of a cheap rooming-house and uncertain meals!

In the blackest of moods, with her rent overdue and the selling of her car the only feasible solution to her immediate difficulties she ran into Stafford one afternoon on Hollywood Boulevard.

"Hello," he greeted her affably, "how have you been? I haven't heard anything about you lately."

"There hasn't been anything to hear," she returned gloomily, "except—" and she broke off. "What did you expect to hear?"

"Why, that you'd crashed the talkies and— and all kinds of things!"

SHE laughed bitterly, and would have moved on. But he detained her. Changing his tone, so that it held no trace of chaffing or irony, he asked her to come to his place for tea. "Poor kid!" his voice seemed to say. "You're full of troubles and worries, and what you need is someone to tell them to."

Strange how girls are! This man who could arouse antipathy in her quicker than anybody in all the world could also soothe her quicker! She had no intention of confiding in him when

she went. She hoped through him to hear of some stray straw in the form of a job that she might clutch at. But before an hour had passed, she had told him everything—and her decision to quit pictures and go to New York, there somehow to get a job on Broadway and ultimately—it would take years, perhaps—get back into movies.

"DON'T do it," he cautioned her. "It's the longest way round. It's just as tough to get a job on Broadway as it is here—tougher for you, I should say. You love movies, you want to stay in movies, and this is the place of movies!"

"Yes," she argued, "but—'stage experience,' Don!"

"Stage experience be hanged!" he exploded. "I haven't had any stage experience, and I'm going to direct talkies!"

"Are you, Don? Who are you with? I heard you weren't with Pinnacle any more."

"I'm not with anybody. But I will be soon. And so will you—if you don't lose your nerve and—and run away. In the meantime, just hang on and don't worry. You're a sure bet, Netta. You have talent and beauty and youth. What you need is a manager, a good, live-wire manager who doesn't let obstacles stand in his way." In his vehemence, he got up and paced the little sun-lighted patio. "I could put you over, Netta. I believe in you. Always did."

"How could you?" she asked. "How could you put me over?"

He returned to his chair, and for a space he was silent. "I don't know," he admitted finally. "But, look here, Netta, if you stay on, I'll manage you, and I'll bet anything you like that I put you back in pictures—and in a big way too. How about it?"

"Why—yes—of course—if you could," she said.

"But," he stipulated, "you must agree to do everything I want you to do. Everything. If someone makes you an offer, you must turn

him over to me. If I decide against it, my decision goes. We'll draw up a contract if you like, although for my part your word is enough. Will you give it to me?"

She hesitated. "I'd like to, Don—but I'm broke."

"Yes," he said, "I was coming to that. This is business, pure business. For managing you, for getting you back in pictures, I'll expect ten per cent of your salary for one year. In the interim I will advance you what money you need so that you can keep your house and your car and all that—because that's essential. Netta Lynn is a success! We are going to start from that basis and—go forward! Besides, you know what Hollywood is! If they think you're broke, it will be ten times as hard to get you a decent contract than if they think you're well off. That's common sense."

"Yes, Don, but—" She was thinking of the money.

"But what?"

EVERY objection she raised he swept away. And she was glad when he demolished them. She wasn't taking money from him; he was merely advancing it to her—as an investment. It was business!

And because he filled her with the enthusiasm and conviction that were his, she didn't stop to consider what profit there was in this strange bargain for him. Or why indeed he was doing it. She was on the brink of a dark chasm and he was rescuing her! Her past remembrance of him—with their quarrels and antipathies—was blotted away.

So the pact was made, and Netta was happy and hopeful as she hadn't been for months. She saw herself as a star again. She even dared to dream that by some miracle she would play Jenny in "White Roses." Tomorrow or the day after or soon, at any rate, the phone would ring and the head of some big company would ask her to come to see him, or Don would come with an arrangement already made!

The heart can sing so strong that in imagination our dreams are already come true!

But life isn't so. At least not in Hollywood. Almost at once, Netta received an offer from Gerhardt Pictures, one of those small concerns on Poverty Row. Don had nothing to do with it. Gerhardt himself called her up and said that he was starting a picture the following week and, while he couldn't give her the lead, there was a part in it that she would like to play.

"It's right up your alley," he said.

She told him she would talk to her manager about it.

DON laughed it away. "Oh, I know about that picture," he said. "It's no good for you. In the first place, it's silent; secondly, they are starring Gertrude Olsen in it—and you're not going to play second to her! And furthermore, Gerhardt can't afford to pay any real dough anyway. Forget it!"

"Just as you say."

She had received a check from him in the mail only that morning. It was not yet in the bank. If he would let her work for Gerhardt, she'd be able to give him the check back. It was absurd and old-fashioned of her, perhaps, but there was something almost terrifying in the money-end of their bargain. Still if he said "forget it"—all right.

Yet, a couple of weeks later, Don accepted a job to direct silent films for Inca Productions, who were also on Poverty Row and of no better repute than Gerhardt's outfit.

"Oh, it won't do me any harm," he said when she argued the point with him. "I like to keep busy—and it won't interfere with my other plans."

"I like to keep busy too, Don."

"Yes, but that's different, Netta. Now don't let us argue about it. I know best."

He brought her books to read—books of poems and plays to study and read aloud. He engaged an Englishwoman—a Mrs. Ponsobly who had been on the stage in London—to teach her diction and elocution. And many, many

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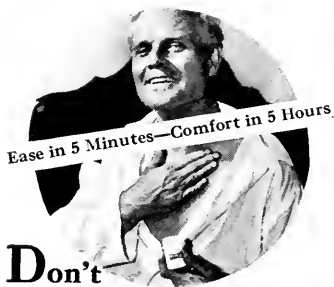
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evenings he spent with her himself, talking over plans, telling her of this, that, or the other possibility that might break for her; or he'd take her dancing at the Cocoanut Grove to be seen as pretty and as well-dressed as ever by all fllmido; or to a picture to keep up with the latest talkie developments.

But nothing happened. The weeks grew into months. Spring came. Hollywood seethed with activity. It wasn't the Hollywood of the spring before, but a new Hollywood, teeming with the alien influx from Broadway. Already stars of last year were being forgotten, and new stars—stars from the stage—were born!

Don always had plans—that failed. And with each successive failure, Netta's hopes diminished and her confidence waned. Sometimes, she suspected, Don was discouraged too, but he would never admit it. And if, occasionally, she brought up the subject of money, he would dismiss it laughingly or get annoyed.

"But that was our bargain, wasn't it? If I'm not complaining, I don't see why you should!"

"But it's been so long, Don—and I owe you so much!"

"Forget it, Netta. Forget it."

ONCE, on the sly, she went to see Gerhardt, who she heard was planning to do another picture. He was offended by her treatment of him before and curtly told her that when he wanted her he would send for her. But evidently he noised it around, because Don heard of it.

And Don was furious. She tried to explain; she spoke of the money again; but that only made him angrier.

"If you've lost confidence in me," he blazed at her, "and you want to quit, nobody's holding you! But do it openly—and not behind my back."

He meant to hurt her, she felt; and he did—immeasurably. And even though, in the end, she said that she was sorry for having gone to Gerhardt and he said he was sorry for flying into a temper, there remained a coolness between them that the events of the ensuing weeks didn't tend to dissipate.

Netta wished fervently that she had never listened to him but, instead, had carried out her decision of going to New York. By hook or by crook she would have got herself a job on the stage, and by now she might be in line for a movie-job. Instead of which, she had wasted her time. Wasted it utterly. And worse than that, she was in debt, in debt to the extent of thousands. Still worse, she was under a huge obligation to Don Stafford—because business or no business, she had taken his money month after month and lived on it. On it—and hopes, wild empty hopes that never came to fruition and never would!

Then, when she had quit in spirit, but still lacked that ounce of courage (if it was courage she lacked) to quit in fact, she met Guy Thorley, who was in Hollywood to recruit movie talent for a chain of second-rate stock theaters that he owned in the East. About her acting ability he didn't know, but she was beautiful enough for any stock audience, and so he offered her a job for four months as leading lady in his house at Bethlehem, Pa. The salary was absurdly small but many of the Broadway stars, he assured her untruthfully, had made their start under him.

Netta accepted.

"**Y**OU'LL have to leave at once," he told her, "tomorrow—I'll bring the contract in the morning—because you've got to open on the sixteenth and that will only give you six days to rehearse."

"The sooner the better," she agreed, unduly grateful to the wizened little man for his rescue of her. For so, indeed, it seemed.

She phoned Don at the studio and said she had something very important to tell him.

And when he came she told him. She tried to choose words that would make him under-

stand her point of view, but evidently she failed.

"So you're going to quit!" he said, covering his anger with laughter. "Broke your word—gone back on your bargain—quit!"

"Yes," she retorted, "if you want to put it that way—quit!"

"Well, I'm afraid you can't—because I have other plans for you."

"**W**HAT other plans? You've always got plans for me, Don, but nothing ever comes of them."

"And maybe nothing will come of this either! Did you read that little sketch I left here the other day?"

"That thing called 'Lily'? Yes, I read it."
"You don't think much of it?" He judged that much from her tone.

"No, I don't," she confessed.

"Well, I want you to do it just the same."

"What do you mean—to do it?" she demanded.

"Play it," he told her. "We are going to do it a week from tonight at the 'Authors Drama Club,' and you're going to play the girl."

"The Authors Drama Club!" She looked at him, amazed. He was asking her to give up a four months' job in stock in order to play a stupid ten-minute sketch at a club for one night. "I won't," she refused flat-footedly. "Whatever for?"

"Never mind what for."

"Well, I won't," she repeated. "I won't turn down Thorley's offer for this."

"Thorley's offer!" he sneered. "What about me? Do you think you will ever be able to pay back the money you owe me out of fifty dollars a week?"

"At least I'll be earning it," she defended herself, "and not borrowing it!"

"Borrowing it! Don't make me laugh! You didn't have any scruples about borrowing it all these weeks! You lived in a fine house, and had pretty clothes and a car and all the rest of it, didn't you? Well, you owe me something, even if you don't think you do. And I want you to play this sketch at the 'Authors Club' because I'm going to direct it and I'm going to have someone there to see it who may give me a job—if he likes my work."

"But you could get someone else to play it, Don."

"I don't want anyone else. I wrote that sketch—even if you don't think it's any good. I wrote it about you. It's you, and you're it."

"All right," she gave in at last, "I'll play it."
When Don had gone she called up Mr. Thorley and tried to get him to postpone the commencement of her contract. But he told her that that was quite impossible. If she didn't want the job, there were lots of others who did!

"I'm sorry, then," she said, "but I'll have to refuse it."

SHE felt beaten and humiliated. She didn't exactly blame Don for the stand he had taken. If he could get himself a talkie job by directing the little sketch, of course he ought to. And she ought to help him. She ought to want to help him, even if it meant sacrificing herself. She did, as he had said, owe him something. It was the tone he had taken with her, the manner in which he had reminded her of her debt, of her humiliating position, that hurt her so dreadfully.

Well, it was her own fault!

There were two other actors in "Lily," Joe Crooks, who played opposite Netta and Edna Underlee, an older woman. For seven long evenings they rehearsed, under Don's first attempt at stage-direction, and on the eighth evening the performance was given.

Sandwiched in between nine other numbers, and acted in front of the invited audience that filled the little auditorium of the club, "Lily" received its modicum of polite applause.

The curtain fell, and Netta went back to one of the improvised dressing-rooms to take off her make-up and the cheap tenement-house dress that Lily had worn. She felt that she had

given a good performance, and the artist in her was elated; it transcended, for a few moments, the weight of unhappiness, and her gentian eyes shone back at her from the mirror.

Then Linda Ross, who was in the final number, a girl whom Netta knew only slightly, came in, in a desperate hurry to get out of one dress and into another. She was like a little storm sweeping into the room. Netta offered to help her, and Linda accepted with alacrity.

"It was a great break," she said, conversationally, "Don Stafford signing up with Pinnacle again, wasn't it?"

"Don—with Pinnacle?"

"Sure—they signed him a week ago to do 'White Roses.' I got it straight from the boss' secretary. Say,"—she stopped and laughed,— "don't tell me you didn't know!"

THERE was something about that laugh and about that "you" that made the blood rush into Netta's cheeks, made her suddenly angry. Linda had dashed out.

Netta finished her own dressing, pondering what Linda had told her. Linda's laughter rang in her ears as an accompaniment to her own thinking. It made her a little sick. She had said she would meet Don and the others—Joe Crook and Edna—for supper at Don's place, but instead she slipped out through the back entrance and went home.

She sat on the divan in the dark living-room and let her mind travel over and over the same tortuous road. Slowly, mercilessly, the truth was pounded into her. That's why he had lied to her, and tricked her into doing that ridiculous sketch! To make her stay. To keep her—in bondage. She recollected the Gerhardt job that he had made her refuse; other offers that weren't good enough or big enough or something.

She remembered how brutally he had spoken to her the other night about the money—owing him something, even if she didn't think she did! "You lived in a fine house, and had pretty clothes and a car and all the rest of it, didn't you?"

In the morning, she phoned him at his house. But he had already left. She tried the studio, but he wasn't there, either. It wasn't until late afternoon, when the sun had gone down and the amethyst light of the California dusk was tinting the garden, that he came.

"Hello," he said cheerily, "what happened to you last night—after the show?" Then he saw her bags. He laughed shortly. "Going some place?"

"I'm going to New York—to work," she told him. "I'm sorry you *invested* so much money in me, and the *investment* didn't turn out as you expected, but I'll pay you back. If it takes me all my life, if I have to scrub floors, I'll pay you back every cent." Now that she had started, it was easy to go on, and she didn't spare him.

And he listened, his mouth tight-pressed, his gaunt cheeks pale. When she came to the end, he said:

"Yes? So that's what you think!"

"Of course. What else!"

"Just a Hollywood girl!" he said mockingly. "Well, let me tell you something. If I'd treated you like other men—flattered you on the set, told you how great you were—if, when you were down and out, I'd made you a different kind of bargain, you'd be taking a very different attitude now. You'd respect me—and believe in me. But I was always a sap where you were concerned—from the very minute I laid my eyes on you.

"I'll tell you something else. What Linda Ross told you about Pinnacle signing me up a week ago was true. They *wanted* to sign me, but I wouldn't sign unless they took you—to play *Jenny*. That's why I made you stay—and play last night. The boss was out front and—here's your contract." He took it from his pocket and tossed it towards her. "And you won't have to scrub floors to pay me back! Good-bye."

The next moment Netta heard the door slam—and he was gone.

She glanced at the contract, at her bags, and then, suddenly, too weak to stand, she sank down on the divan. She tried to think, but her mind wouldn't formulate thoughts. It was as dead as her heart.

PRESENTLY, she got up and moved to the window. To her surprise she saw Don's car still standing outside. She hurried out and saw him sitting motionless at the wheel, staring out in front of him.

"Don," she whispered.

He didn't answer.

She opened the door and got in beside him.

"Don," she said softly. "What can I say—what can I ever say or do to take back what I thought—what I said? You'll never forgive me, will you?" She slipped her hand into his, and they sat there, both very miserable.

The amethyst turned to purple; it grew dark. And still they sat there, happy even in their misery, and with the misery swiftly, swiftly vanishing.



The principals in the latest Hollywood Battle of the Century—the seventh set of fistfights to take place in the movie colony in the past year. Left, Ernst and Helene Lubitsch, photographed before their recent divorce. Right, Hans Kraly, scenarist and fiancé of Helene, who was smacked by Ernst at Mary Pickford's benefit party when Lubitsch thought Kraly was making fun of him

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Lukas Masters the Microphone

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

back to Hungary. At the end of seven months he reappeared, speaking fluent English, with only the faintest accent.

"I wanted to become proficient in the language," he explained to gasping Hollywood. "I had had luck with professional teachers, so I found a young college man who agreed to be with me constantly. I took him to lunch, every place I went. We talked nothing but English. He corrected all my mistakes."

Simple? But how many foreign players have stubbornly clung to their own set, talking nothing but their own language!

When English had been conquered, Lukas didn't immediately land in starring roles. He graciously accepted small parts and made them conspicuous. He was the master criminal with Evelyn Brent in "Slightly Scarlet." He was the German in "Young Eagles" with Buddy Rogers. He stole that picture. He made another hit in "Half Way to Heaven." In "Anybody's Woman" with Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook, he made the fans wish that he had gotten the woman!

The fans' response to this picture resulted in Paramount's decision to make him a leading man. Lukas is grateful for his success, and sensible in his attitude toward his first picture, "Ladies' Man."

It originally had been bought for William Powell, but the leading character, a gigolo, amiable with fat old ladies for a purpose, was considered unwise for the heroic Powell. Lukas got it. He is not afraid of the role.

"When I played on the stage in Budapest, we did not have to be so careful about always being good and handsome. The star system was unknown. We did the classics of all languages, playing any rôle to which we were best suited."

Lukas' hobby is flying. He has had fourteen hours in the air alone.

He has taken out his citizenship papers. He doesn't want to return to Hungary, even for a visit. His pretty blonde wife, Daisy, went home for a visit last year, but cut it short. She, too, is perfectly content to be an English-speaking United States citizen.

She Threatens Garbo's Throne

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

months the "Morocco" company went on location. At the end of one day Marlene had to do a scene in which she walked across the sands. She was to walk a quarter of a mile and a whistle was to tell her that the scene was over. But somebody forgot to blow the whistle. She walked on, for a mile, and then fainted.

They found her and brought her back and when she came to she was crying. The mascara was spoiling her make-up. She opened her eyes, "Oh, I'm so sorry. I have another close-up to do."

"It is not close-up," said Director Von Sternberg, "it is close-up." Say it properly!" Marlene repeated it. "Close-up."

VON STERNBERG will not allow her to use an accent in films. Therefore she does not memorize her lines until she comes on the set. Then Von Sternberg says them for her. She repeats after him and does them exactly. She must remember those lines, in good English, too, translate them mentally into German and do emotional work before the camera. She speaks with a decided accent away from the microphone.

Again, on location, she was doing a scene and her teeth chattered so she could not go on with it. At last she said, "I know that I am nobody. I know I should ask for nothing, but perhaps if I had a warm cup of coffee I could then do my work."

There is no telephone in her dressing room. She has not dared to ask for one.

She wanted to see Joan Crawford, one of her screen crushes, and when she discovered that they had the same manicurist she waited for over an hour in the beauty shop one day when Joan had an appointment. Crawford did not arrive and Marlene was broken hearted. Yet when one of Joan's friends suggested that a meeting might be arranged Marlene said, "Oh, no, she would not want to see me. Why should she want to see a German girl who would only gape at her beauty—who would sit speechless with wonder and awe?"

Marlene is miserable in this country—except when she works. When there is no work she sits alone and reads or plays the radio. And thinks about her young husband, a director of

German films, and her baby, whom she adores. She carries in her bag two pictures of the child in tiny silver frames. Weekly the mother and little daughter exchange phonograph records of their voices.

Marlene is as lonely as all who seek and do not find. Hollywood is too big for her. Its people are too hearty. Parties, she does not like, since the women—"dey talk of their jewels only." "See this bracelet?" they say. "A friend he gave me that. This ring?" See, another friend he gave me that! Dey talk of such things. I would rather be alone and miserable than to talk of such things.

"I try to find with the women here warmth and understanding. I do not. They talk of their bracelets and their rings. Perhaps I do not know them well enough."

She would like a little house right on the Paramount lot where she could stay the whole time and not make the trip from Beverly Hills to the studio every day.

She goes to see pictures, not as a person who is connected with them, but as a devout fan. She wonders at the beauty and talent she sees upon the screen.

"The girls here," she says, "they are pleased with themselves. They think only of the good things about themselves. Me—I do not like myself. My nose, it turns up at the end. My shoulders, they are too broad. My mouth, it is too big. I think always how bad I am. I see myself upon the screen. I wish I had not done it so. I am very bad, I think. I ask Mr. Von Sternberg if he will take the scene over again. He will not. Von Sternberg he does not—how you say?—do retakes."

THE sunshine saps her vitality. Scientists call her type "heliohobe." On rainy days or in a deep fog, only, is she happy. "I could not have my baby here with me," she says. "She would not be well with so much sunshine."

She is the only foreign actress who has been brought to Hollywood for English versions, primarily, since the talkies began, but Von Sternberg, like another director, with another young actress, saw in that poignant, mobile face some strange and wondrous beauty.

Music was to have been Marlene's life and, while studying to be a violinist, she strained

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her hand. They said she must not lift a bow for six months. Then she went to Max Reinhardt's school of drama. She recited a little poem she loved and he admitted her. From there she stepped to the stage, playing the leading rôle in the German version of "Broadway" and in several musical comedies. She had small rôles in pictures. Usually she was a gay, hard-boiled gal.

She married then, and when her baby was born, gave up her career until Von Sternberg went to Germany to direct Jannings in "The Blue Angel." Her heart broke when she knew that she must leave her baby for six months. She is going back to Europe for the child's birthday and the Christmas holidays.

She is beautiful, with a complexion so perfect that you want to spend the next year in a beauty shop. Her eyes are blue, her hair reddish golden.

I wonder what Garbo thinks, if she has seen this strange woman so emotionally like her, on the screen. I wonder if she fears a rival.

Marlene says, "When I work, when I am busy I do not think. I put on make-up. I see other actors with make-up on. I like to see the faces I know so well on the screen. I stare at people like a rude child for I think them so beautiful. I go on the set. I work, work, work. I love that.

"It is when I am alone that I wish—oh, I wish for my baby, my home, for rain, for good music, for people who—who do not talk about their bracelets and rings."

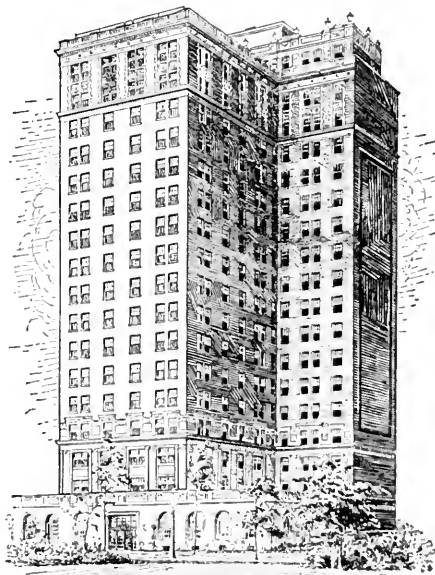


How do you care for Rita LaRoy's new sports fur coat? It's of summer ermine combined with white. Note the scarf drawn tightly about the neck, and the three-quarter length sleeves with which gauntlets are worn

Lake Shore Drive Hotel



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Sonia, Carmel Myers; Lawton, Franklin Pangborn; Mrs. Lynchfield, Vivian Oakland; The Maid, Grace Cunard.

"LADY'S MORALS, A"—M-G-M.—From the story by Hans Kretz and Claudine West. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Jenny Lind, Grace Moore; Paul Brandi, Reginald Denny; Barham, Wallace Bruce; Olaf, Gus Slay; Josephine, Jobyna Van Dyke; Gillbert, Ernest J. Ince; George, F. Marion; Marcell, Paul Porcasi; Zergo, Giovanni Martini; Tankpeper's Wife, Bodil Rosing; Louise, Joan Standing; Selma, Mavis Villiers; Rosalita, Judith Vosselli.*

"LAUGHTER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast and Douglas Doty. Directed by Donald Crisp. Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast. The cast: *Peggy Gibson, Nancy Carroll; Paul Luskridge, Fredric March; C. Mortimer Gibson, Frank Morgan; Ralph Le Sainte, Glenn Anders; Marjorie Gibson, Diane Ellis; Pearl, Olive Burgrave; Benham, Leonard Carey.*

"QUEEN OF SCANDAL, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Louis Bromfield. Adapted by Sidney Howard. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Lilli, Evelyn Laye; Mirko, John Boles; Olga, Leon Errol; Frizze, Lilyan Tashman; Janus, Hugh Cameron; Leda, Marion Lora; Zuzon, Lita St. Jean; Helmer, Papa Lorenz; George, Bickel; Egan, Vincent Barnett; Almyda, Henry Victor.*

"LITTLE CAESAR"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by W. R. Burnett. Adapted by Francis Edwards Faragoh. Directed by Mirvyn LeRoy. The cast: *"Rica" Bandello, Edward G. Robinson; Joe Pennington, Donny Brodie; J. R. Gibson, Stanley Glendon Farrell; "The Big Boy" Sidney Blackmer; Police Sgt. Flaherty, Thomas Jackson; Pete Montana, Ralph Ince; Tony Passa, William Collier, Jr.; Annie Lorch, Catherine Black; Sam Vittori, Stanley Fields; Otto, George E. Stone.*

"LOVE TRADER, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Harold Shimada. Directed by Joseph Hensberry. The cast: *Martha Adams, Leatrice Joy; Ponia, Roland Drew; Nelson, Chester Conklin; Captain Adams, Henry B. Walthall; Louana, Barbara Bellows; Marion, Nechelle Bectry; Jones, Clarence Burton; Benson, William Welsh.*

"FOLLOW THE LEADER"—PARAMOUNT.—Directed by Judith C. Wells. George White and DesVoe, Brown and Henderson. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Sid Silvers. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Crickets, Ed Wynn; Mary Brennan, Gingham Rogers; Gemmie Moore, Stanley Smith; Sam, Plaz, Lon Helton; Ma Brennan, Lida Kane; Helen King, Ethel Merman; George White, Bobby Watson; K. C. Back, Donald Kirkby; Bob Williams, Fredric March; Holly Hall, The Two-Gun Terry, Preston Foster; Mickle, James C. Morton.*

"MIN AND BILL"—M-G-M.—From the story "Dark Star" by Lorna Moon. Adapted by Frances Marion and Marion Jackson. Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Mik, Marie Dressler; Bill, Wallace Ford; Lillian, Dorothy Stratten; Red, Charles Rameau; Dick, Donald Dillaway; Groot, DeWitt Jennings; Alec, Russell Hopton; Mr. Souhard, Frank McGlynn; Mrs. Souhard, Gretta Gould.*

"MOROCCO"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Amy Jolly" by Benno Vigny. Adapted by Jules Furthman. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The cast: *Pauline Goddard, Amy Jolly, Marie Lhotz, Dietrich, LaBissiere, Adolphe Menjou; Adjutant Caesar, Ulrich Haupt; Anna Dolores, Juliette Compton; Corporal Tatche, Francis MacDonald; Col. Ouzinieres, Albert Conti; Mme. Caesar, Evelyn Southern; Barraire, Michael Visaroff; Lo Tinto, Paul Porcasi.*

"MOTHERS CRY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Helen Grace Carlisle. Adapted by Lenore J. Coffee. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Mary Knight Williams, Dorothy Peterson; George, Charles Bickford; Helen Chandler, Jenny, Evelyn Knapp; Danny, Edward Woods; Frank Williams, Pat O'Malley; Karl Muller, Reginald Pasch; Mary's Mother, Claire McDowell; The Doctor, Sam Hays; Dr. Sidney Blackmer, Sam Hays; Jean Bart, Danny as a boy, Marvin Jones; Beatty as a child, Meredith Burrill.*

"REMOTE CONTROL"—M-G-M.—From the play by Clyde North, Albert C. Fuller and Jack T. Nelson. Adapted by Sylvia Thalhberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair and Nick Cassavetes. The cast: *J. Egan, William Haines; Sam Ferguson, Charles King; Miriam Ferguson, Mary Moran; Professor Kruger, John Miljan; Polly, Polly Moran; Smedley, J. C. Nugent; Radio Engineers, Edna Nugent; Chief of Police, Wilbur Mack; Blaggett, James Donlan.*

"RIVER'S END"—WARNERS.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Adapted by Charles S. Foy and Richard Curtiz. The cast: *John Keith and Sergeant Coniston, Charles Bickford; Miriam, Evelyn Knapp; O'Toole, J. Farrell MacDonald; Colonel McDonnell, David Torrence; Louise, Zasu Pitts; Mickey, Junior Cochran; Marjorie, Walter McGrail; Shatsell, Tom Santschi.*

"SHADOW RANCH"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by George S. Johnson. Adapted by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Sam Baldwin, Buck Jones; Ruth, Marguerite de la Motte; Maggie Murphy, Kate Price; Tex, Ben Wilson;*

Dan Blake, Al Smith; William, Frank Rice; Joe, Ernie Adams; Curley, Slim Whitaker; Fatty, Robert B. MacKenzie.

"SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED"—CRUSETIFFANY.—From the story by George Rosener. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Mahmya, Betty Compton; Eddie, Lee Tracy; Jovi, Gaston Glass; Jane, Alan Hale; Olga, Dorothy Christy; Dagan, Fred Kelsey.*

"SILVER HORDE, THE"—RAGOO PICTURES.—From the novel by Rex Beach. Screen play by Wallace Smith. Directed by George Archainault. The cast: *Cherry Malotte, Evelyn Brent; George Ball, Louise Wolheim; Boyd Emerson, Joel McCrea; Fraser, Raymond Hatton; Mildred Hayward, Jean Arthur; Fred Marsh, Gavin Gordon; Quentin, Blanche Sweet; Wayne Wayland, Purnell Pratt; Thomas Hilliard, William Davidson; Stenson, Ivan Linow.*

"SIT TIGHT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Rex Taylor. Adapted by Rex Taylor. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Frankie Wayne, Light of Troy, Joe E. Brown; Sally, Claudia Dell; Tom, Paul Grogan; French Girl, Lott Loder; Dunlap, Hobart Bosworth; Olaf, Frank Hagney; Charley, Smiz Edwards; Wrestling Trainer, Edward George.*

"STEEL HIGHWAY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Maude Fulton. Directed by William Williams. The cast: *Bill, Grant Withers; Leo Arthur Astor; Jack, Regis Toomey; Ed, James Cagney; Haley, Fred Kohler; Pease, J. Farrell MacDonald; Marie, Joan Blondell; Bixby, Walter Long.*

"SUNNY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II. Music by Jerome Kern. Adapted by Hampton Pearson and William McCarty. Directed by William A. Wellton. The cast: *Sunny, Marilyn Miller; Tom Warren, Lawrence Gray; Jim Deming, Joe Donahue; Hendell-Hendell, Mackenzie Ward; Peter, G. E. Heggie; "Wennie," Inez Courtney; Marcia Manners, Barbara Bedford; Sue, Judith Vosselli; Sam, Clyde Cook; The Barker, Harry Allen; First Officer, William Davidson; Second Officer, Ben Henderson, Jr.*

"TODAY"—MAJESTIC.—From the story by Abraham Schomer. Adapted by Abraham Schomer and George Broadhurst. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Fred Warner, Conrad Nagel; Eve Warner, Catherine Dale Owen; Emma Warner, Sarah Padden; Henry Warner, John Maurice Sullivan; Marian Garland, Judith Vosselli; Mrs. Ferguson, Julia Swaney Gordon; Gloria Fernon, Edna Moran; Gregory, William Bailey; Telka, Robert Thornby; Pierre, Drew Demarest.*

"TOM SAWYER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Mark Twain. Adapted by Sam Mintz, William Sticwits McNeill and Grover Cravitt. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Tom Sawyer, Jackie Coogan; Huckleberry Finn, Junior Durkin; Becky Thatcher, Mitzie Green; Schoolmaster, Lucien Littlefield; Muff Potter, Tully Marshall; Judge, J. P. Anderson; Mary, Mary Jane Irving; Sid, Jackie Seale; Joe Harper, Dick Winslow; Injun Joe, Charles Stevens; The Minister, Charles Selton.*

"UP THE RIVER"—FOX.—From the story by Maurine Watkins. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *St. Louis, Spencer Tracy; Dummernauta Dan, Warren Hymer; Steve, Hampton Bogart; Judy, Claire Luce; Pop, William Collier, Sr.; Jessop, Mack Farlane; Morris, Gaylor; Pendleton, Edith LaFerre; Sharon Lynn, Sophie; Noel Francis, Kit; Willie McGee, George E. Stone; Robert Butler, John Sworz; The Warden, Robert E. O'Connor; Jean, Joan "Cherie" Lawes; Mrs. Massey, Jessie Mackintosh; Dick the Dip, Dick Deane; Happy the Tramp, Annie Walker; Pat Somerset, Pat Somerset; Whitley, Wilbur Mack; Nish, Harvey Clark; Frashy, Morgan Wallace; Mrs. Jordan, Edythe Chapman; Cynthia, Althea Henly; May and June, Keating Sisters; Deputy Warden, Joe Brown; Daisy Elmore, Carol Wines; Minnie, Adele Windsor; Annie, Mildred Vincent.*

"VIRTUOUS SIN, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Lajos Zilahy. Adapted by Martin Brown. Directed by Louis J. Gasnier and George Cukor. The cast: *General Gregory, Plafoff, Walter Catton; Mrs. Catton, Kay Francis; Lt. Victor Sablin, Kenneth Mackenna; Alexandra Siragouna, Sylvia Howard; Captain Drloff, Paul Cavanagh; Lt. Gliska, Eric Aksharoff; Paul Sokoloff, Oscar Apfel; Capt. Nikitin, Sam McLeod; Capt. Sokoloff, Youcca Toubretzky; Senty, Victor Patek.*

"WAY FOR A SAILOR"—M-G-M.—From the story by Albert Richard Wetton. Scenario by Laurence Stallings, W. L. Rizer and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Jack, John Gilbert; Tripod, Wallace Beery; Jean, Joan Hlyns; Ginger, Jim Tully; Polly, Polly Moran; Flowsy, Doris Lloyd.*

"VANKEE DON, THE"—RICHARD TALMADGE PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Madeline Allen. Directed by Noel Mason. The cast: *Dick Carver, Richard Talmadge; Juanita, Lupita Tovar; Tenny, Guyon Whitman; Humboldt, Julian Rivero; The Son, Sam Appel; Duenna, Alma Rapp; Barney, Victor Stanford.*

"YOUNG WOODLEY"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the play by John Van Druten. Adapted by John Van Druten. Directed by Thomas Bentley. The cast: *David Woodley, Frank Lawton; Laura Woodley, Madeline Carroll; Mr. Stammers, Sam Livesey; Mr. Woodley, Aubrey Mather; Fanny, Billy Milton; Milner, Gerald Rawlinson; Anger, John Teed; Cope, Tony Halliway.*



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Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

your own shortcomings, and make apologies for them. If they are so apparent you won't have to point them out; and if they're not, why call attention to them? You, perhaps, think about yourself a great deal, and in time that leads to under-valuation. But don't communicate that viewpoint to others. It's fatal to popularity.

If you find yourself growing self-conscious, jerk your thoughts away quickly and ask your partner something about himself. A good way to overcome shyness in oneself is to seek out other bashful men and girls and try to put them at ease. It will help to make you popular with everyone, and will increase your confidence to know you are doing the decent, kindly thing. Be sure to be as nice to girls as to men. That often leads to other party invitations.

Don't be critical and supercilious toward the other guests. Say something kind about some of them. If you particularly admire one of the girls, tell someone who is apt to repeat it to her. People like to hear complimentary things, especially if they have the ring of sincerity, and always have a warm spot for the one who gives the compliment and the one who repeats it.

Don't be jealous, or at least, don't show it. Be grateful for little attentions and courtesies. Remember that a man likes a girl who can talk well, but who lets him get in a few words, too. There are many kinds of charm, and the quiet sort is not to be underrated. Be a good listener when occasion requires it.

You can adjust yourself to almost any crowd for one evening, so don't sit back and act the



Almost a year ago Mary Astor's husband, Kenneth Hawks, was killed in the air crash over the Pacific that took ten lives. Since then Mary has become more and more beloved by the film colony for her gallantry in going on with her career. Recently she signed a term contract with Radio Pictures. Here she's fishing between scenes while on location at Catalina Island. Note the third finger of her left hand

martyr, either because you think you are too good for them or not good enough. Join in all the games, even if you know you're a dud at them, and laugh at your own mistakes. But don't make any more than you can help.

If it's an informal party, offer to help your hostess serve if you know her well, but don't use it as an excuse to show off your housewifely skill to prospective husbands. Men see through that sort of thing.

Try to be the dependable sort of person who is invited to many parties because she can be counted on to make the other guests comfortable and keep them interested. Then you won't have to be "often a hostess, but never a guest!" And invitations to your own parties won't be turned down lightly, either.

RUTH JANE:

Nancy Carroll's eyes droop ever so slightly at the outer corners, and she showed me how she lifts them cleverly with eyebrow pencil before facing the cameras. For street use, the merest smudge of eye shadow will be sufficient to give the right effect.

HELEN A.:

If you feel that perfume influences your moods and makes you feel gayer, use it as generously as good taste permits when you have a "big date." It's perfectly proper to change from one scent to the other, as your fancy pleases. That's just a question of preference.

Both Jean Arthur and Sue Carol say that they find perfume stimulating, especially when they are working on pictures. Most girls use a scent of some kind—if only a mild toilet water, or a bit of sachet powder rubbed right on the skin.

MARIAN:

A complete manicure kit is a good investment for the girl who takes care of her own nails, or for use between professional manicures. The fact that all the tools and materials are so easily available, in one compact, dainty case, is an incentive to keep nails shining and smooth. Just a few minutes every day, or every two or three days, does the trick. Maybe you can drop a hint to Santa Claus to put one in your stocking!

ANXIOUS:

Be glad your limp doesn't interfere with dancing. By all means, take some lessons and forget your crippled leg in the delight of gliding over a dance floor. One of the most graceful dancers I know is a girl who has been crippled from babyhood. She told me she had tooovercome a sense of awkwardness and self-consciousness at first, but she determined not to be deprived of the pleasure and social contacts that dancing would give her. She is a much sought-after partner now, and you can be, too.

WINNIE:

You are a trifle underweight, Winnie, but you can easily gain the five or six pounds that will bring your weight up to normal. If you are not drinking much milk now, add a glass or two every day to your diet. Milk makes a nice mid-afternoon "pick-up." And eat more vegetables served with cream sauce, cereals, puddings, etc.

These colors should be becoming to you: soft shades of green; most blues, particularly the rich, vivid tints; deep orchid; gray; golden brown; burnt-orange; tomato; black with color touches, and white.

ANITA L.:

Acne requires rigid, regular treatment, and in extreme cases a physician should be consulted. Many girls of your age, however, have mild cases of acne, and proper external care, simple diet, drinking plenty of water, and balanced periods of rest and outdoor exercise all have their share in overcoming it. My complexion leaflet will give you more specific directions. A stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request will bring it to you promptly.

As you say, the use of acne preparations is helpful, but the cause must also be removed.

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MISS MARJORIE DENT CANDEE of New York won 4th Prize with this advertisement



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It is not enough nowadays to wear a stunning frock and a distinctive hat... Each minor accessory of the entire costume must be cleverly blended into a perfect whole.

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(For other prize winners watch magazines and newspapers.)

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THE EASIEST WAY TO GLORIOUS HAIR only \$2.00

Amazingly simple—with this new hair brush and its specially designed bristles, curved to fit the head. Use it to keep hair soft and fluffy—cleanse the scalp—prevent dandruff—stimulate circulation.

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A CHRISTMAS GIFT That Will Be Appreciated Throughout the Year

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USE THE COUPON ON PAGE 147

And now for the servants. It's done like this. A certain player looks at the ads for maids and butlers. She interviews the job hunters and, when she discovers that they have not worked in California before she makes them a proposition like this: She tells them that if they will work for her for three months for nothing she will, at the end of that time, give them excellent references and, if they're new at the game, they accept.

In this way she keeps a staff of servants all the time. Of course, it's a little trouble breaking in new help but it pays for itself at the end of the year.

These are the most important rackets. There is, of course, much petty graft. Naturally, the great majority of players do not indulge in these habits. But there are enough of them who do to make it fairly well organized.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

of Tibbett in bandit costume singing to one."

The end had come!
"Think of Tibbett in an old-fashioned night-shirt singing to me," I snapped, slamming the door.

Now I hear John Boles through the apartment walls.

I. H. LEGH

Will Papa Approve?

Libby, Mont.

I had never heard a name that I would care to give my baby girl (if ever I have one) till I had seen "Dixiana." She certainly shall be named that, in remembrance of Bebe and that wonderful picture.

MRS. MARGRET SMITH

Pass the Potatoes

Seattle, Wash.

Instead of movie stars putting themselves through rigorous torture by dieting—why not give the scale a chance to use all its numbers? Tonight I saw Betty Compton in "Inside the Lines." I had to look twice to be sure she was there. I wish, all you dear ladies, that you'd get pleasingly plump again!

KAY MATTHEWS

Mystery Solved

Ashfork, Ariz.

They call Greta Garbo "the mystery woman." For the money, I could be so mysterious my own mother wouldn't recognize me.

There's no mystery about Garbo. She's just a smart Swede who knows that the gullible public loves its hokum in large doses.

RAYMOND GREAVES

Society Threatened!

Jacksonville, Fla.

For the safety and peace of humanity, kindly have Maurice Chevalier withdraw from the screen. Every time my bridge club meets, it develops into a movie discussion. There are three Chevalier fans who do nothing but talk and rave about "the dear boy." My blood boils. War is declared. And the remainder of the evening is not spent in playing bridge. Maurice should retire—the continuance of a prominent club depends upon it.

MARY MARGARET DALTON

Page Mr. De Mille

Reading, Penna.

What manner of madman ever conceived and wrote such a story as "Madam Satan," and what super-madman ever directed such a thing? It was necessary for the audience to get as dizzy as the author and director in order to enjoy the picture.

C. RUSSEL ERB

Especially Vilma's?

Ponca City, Okla.

I don't see why the producers let Vilma Banky go. She was marvelous in "A Lady to Love." What if she has an accent? The world would be awfully monotonous if we all talked alike.

I like accents.

GRACE CHAPMAN

Chivalry

Baton Rouge, La.

If the Marx Brothers came from Broadway, please send them back. I saw "Animal Crackers" and it was one of the most nonsensical pictures I have ever seen. Please give us pictures in which women are respected and treated courteously.

M. LEDITTER

Less Mint, Sub!

Washington, D. C.

What have the motion picture producers against the South? In all the recent attempts to portray the Southland, particularly "Coquette" and "Dixiana," they have failed miserably.

These pictures have been the laughing stock of Southerners. It is unpardonable to hear an actor, such as Johnny Mack Brown, born and raised in the heart of the South, talking as though he were a Yankee trying to imitate a Southerner.

Mint juleps as served in "Dixiana" looked like a bunch of alfalfa that might be served to a horse.

KAY MARLOWE

For Instance?

Selinsgrove, Penna.

Let's have less people like Buddy Rogers and more like Jack Oakie.

M. JANE SCHURE

Picking a Queen

New Orleans, La.

A lifelong resident of New Orleans, I recently viewed "Dixiana." The picture gives persons the wrong impression as to the manner in which the queen of the Mardi Gras is chosen.

It is customary for Rex, ruler of the Mardi Gras, usually one of the richest and most prominent business men of the city, to select his queen from among the popular debutantes of the season.

AUSTIN C. MOORE

From a Man, Too!

New York, N. Y.

I noticed that Mary Brian in "The Kibitzer" wore the same dress that Helen Kane wore in "Pointed Heels." The producers must be very saving.

LARRY LABARGER

A Christmas GIFT Twelve Times

HERE are several reasons why a subscription to Photoplay Magazine is such an ideal Christmas gift. Not only does it continue its presence month after month—long after the holly and mistletoe are forgotten—but its welcome is absolute. You *know* it will please the recipient.

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Studio Rambles

By
*Harriet
Parsons*



In rambling around the Metro studio, our vagabond cameraman caught this shot of Polly Moran and Joan Crawford in "Within the Law." A great dramatic part for our Joan, and how she's playing it!

PRETTY quiet around the studios these days. But if we scout around we may find something amusing.

Let's Ford our way out to Culver City and crash Pathe and M-G-M. Joan Crawford's working today on "Within the Law." It's Joan's first heavily dramatic rôle in a long time. She plays a master crook, and they say she tears into the part in a manner that would do credit to Pauline Frederick. Incidentally Joan looks like Frederick and admires her tremendously. We said admires—not imitates. That Crawford girl doesn't have to imitate anyone.

Yep—here's the set. We recognize it by the modern furniture. The art department surrounds Joan with an ultra-modern background whenever possible. She's stunning clad in a flat fur suit with a little jacket flaring at the hips. She's being quizzed by a hard-boiled police inspector and getting the best of it.

That's Marie Prevost in the bright red lace negligée. She back-chats the inspector, turns up her already tilted nose and flounces off the set. And there's Bob Armstrong—he plays another of Joan's band of crooks. Bob Montgomery's in it, too, but he isn't working today. It's a swell cast—we'll have to see this one.

LIKE to go over on "The Passion Flower" set? Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson and Kay Francis are in it.

Phew! That's a long trek. They ought to provide baby Austins or, at least, roller skates! Well, here we are. The set's on a raised platform and we'll have to walk up that narrow plank to get there. Look out! Ah, we're safe. Well, if it isn't the Oakland ferry—as big as life and almost as real. And regular San Francisco weather, apparently—everyone has umbrellas and raincoats.

A man with a hose is spraying the floor to make it look as if it had been raining. Now he turns the stream on a girl in a blue raincoat. She stands patiently while he sprays her head and shoulders. The willing sufferer is Kay Johnson.

Over there, slouched in a chair, looking bored, as usual, is Big Boy Bickford. His red thatch is the one bright spot in the gray scene. Now they start a machine going which fills the air with synthetic fog.

At last everything is ready. Bickford heaves himself out of his chair, the camera man calls "They're turning over," there's a moment of hushed, expectant silence—then Director William De Mille waves his hand and the scene comes to life. Extras begin to hurry to and fro. Kay Johnson with bent head and tragic face walks slowly down the platform and Bickford

stalks along after her. "Cut." That's all. The whole thing takes approximately a minute! It will be only a momentary flash on the screen.

THERE'S a company from Paramount on location at the back lot over at Pathe. It's probably the Chatterton unit. Let's take a look. On the way we drop in to take a peak at Connie Bennett and Basil Rathbone. They're working on "Sin Takes a Holiday," an original story by a former script girl. They say she tried five years before she had a story accepted. This one was her first break and now all the studios are after her. Another Hollywood Cinderella!

We're on an ocean liner. Seems to be a sea-going day. It's an amusing scene in the dining salon. Connie sits alone at a table. Rathbone asks her to dance. Connie: "I'm surprised that you remember me." Rathbone: "Of course, I remember you." As he leads her onto the floor he whispers to the head steward, "Find out the name of the lady I'm dancing with!"

Something goes wrong with the sound, and Director Paul Stein calls for the sound engineer. An assistant tells him, "He's gone to a funeral." "His own?" queries Stein, hopefully.

WED better hustle if we want to get to the back lot before they stop shooting. Into the Ford again and over a bumpy road. This is the place. There's a chain across the road and the watchman looks at us dubiously before he lets us through. What a strange scene. We find ourselves amongst the ghosts of a thousand pictures. All around are the weather-beaten remains of old sets.

Suddenly we come upon action. Beside a rustic brook in a green pasture we stumble upon a company in full swing. They're shooting, and we have to stand poised on a rickety bridge, expecting to go through at any moment, until they're finished. It's a pastoral scene—if you ignore all the mechanical paraphernalia and the weary actors dozing in their chairs. That sleeping figure completely smothered in a steamer rug must be Chatterton. She can fall asleep at the drop of a hat, and it takes four assistant directors to startle her awake.

Ruth and David Manners have just finished some tender love scenes. The story's called "The Right to Love," and in it Ruth gives three characterizations. She plays a young girl, the same girl grown middle-aged and her daughter. Must make Ruth feel worse than a case of dual identity.

Well, we got here just in time to turn around and go back. It's growing dark and everyone's anxious to get home.

She flew from New York to Boston and I told her this complexion secret en route



Not long ago I flew to Boston in a Sikorsky Amphibian — my very first airplane ride. There were eight of us in the cabin — all strangers.

But flying is still so new that it wasn't long before we were all chatting like friends. And I talked quite a lot to the girl across the narrow aisle from me.

Just before we reached Boston we exchanged cards and I was terribly surprised and pleased to discover that she knew who I was. She said, "Oh, Miss Chase, please let me talk to you after we land. I need your advice so badly about my complexion."

After we were on our way in from the airport, she told me she'd had quite a persistent case of acne for over a year. I asked her what she had done for it and she said, "Oh, I've tried everything." I found her "everything" was all kinds of lotions and oint-

ments and treatments—in fact, everything but the one thing she needed.

So I told her that the only care a normally healthy skin needs is thorough cleansing with such a gentle, mild soap as Camay. And that, for any chronic condition such as hers, the only person qualified to give her advice was a dermatologist—a registered physician who has specialized in the care of the skin.

This girl was so grateful for my advice that I arranged for an appointment for her with one of the dermatologists whom I had consulted about Camay when I first started preparing

these complexion articles.

A few days ago the girl wrote me her complexion had cleared up wonderfully from the medical treatment. And that, on her doctor's advice, the only care she was now giving her skin was the gentle, fragrant Camay care we've all come to feel so enthusiastic about.

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Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

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John Edward Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

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