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*The National Guide to Motion Pictures*

# PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY  
25 CENTS

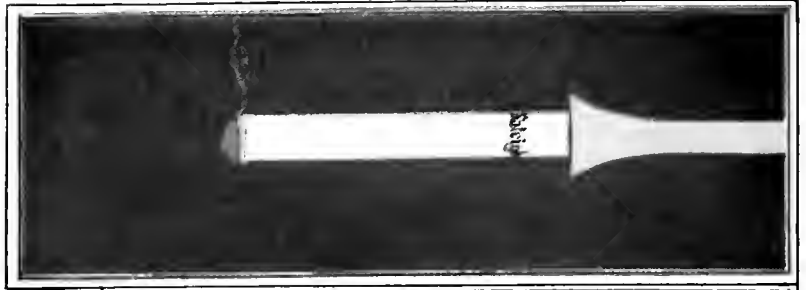
*Billie  
Dove*

**GARBO  
MANIACS**

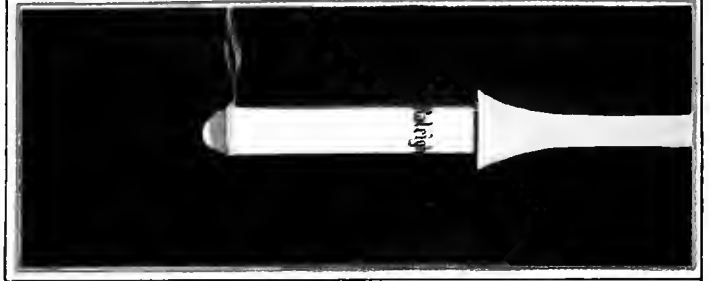
*Earl  
Christy*

**FITTING ROOM SECRETS**

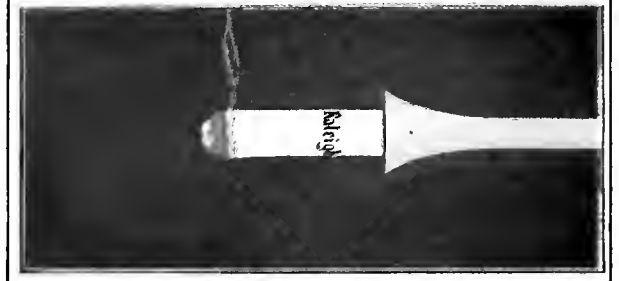
*The first puff*



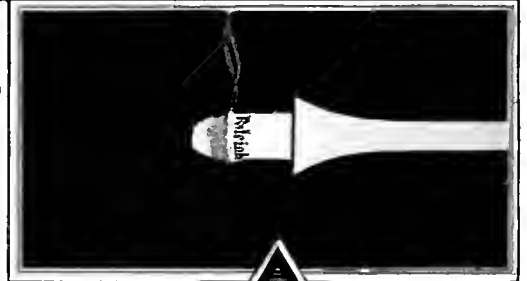
*like every next puff*



*is blended exactly, identically*



*right down to the last delightful*



*wisp of pure fragrance*



*TWENTY  
CENTS*

Plain or tipped



**Raleigh**  
*Cigarettes*

# It is better not to risk disorders of the gums

*Ipana's two-fold protection  
keeps gums healthy—teeth white*

**T**O go on, day after day, using a tooth paste that merely cleans the teeth is to ignore the lessons of the past ten years. Today, such a tooth paste is only doing half a job.

For the gums, too, must be cared for. They must be nourished, toned and strengthened.

No matter how white, how perfect your teeth, they are in danger if your gums become tender, soft, unsound—if you allow "pink tooth brush" to go unchecked.

Ipana, more than any other tooth paste, meets the needs of modern oral hygiene. For with it, your teeth are white and shining. Your mouth is cleansed, refreshed. And your gums are strengthened, toned, invigorated.

Week by week you can see and feel the improvement Ipana brings to your gums—the pinker color, the firmer texture that let you know they are resistant to the inroads of gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

Gum disorders, so widely prevalent today, come as a result of soft foods and subnormal chewing. Lacking work and exercise, the gingival tissues become congested, the gum walls tender and inflamed.

But Ipana and massage will rouse your



gums and send the fresh, rich blood coursing through the tiny veins. Thousands of dentists preach the benefits of massage and urge the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

For Ipana stimulates the gums—it invigorates the entire mouth while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic long used by the profession.

### *Get Ipana's Double Protection*

Even if your tooth brush rarely "shows pink", for the sake of your gums play safe and use Ipana. No doubt there are some tooth pastes you can get for a few cents less—but with gum troubles the threat that they are, is the difference worth the risk?

Better start with Ipana today—don't wait for the sample. Get a tube at the nearest drug store. Tonight, begin a full month's test of this modern tooth paste. See how your teeth brighten, how your gums harden, how the health of your mouth improves!

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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

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Address.....

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



# IPANA

## TOOTH PASTE



# The New Show World is PARAMOUNT!

**BEHIND THE MAKE-UP**

**THE BATTLE OF PARIS**

**GEORGE BANCROFT "THE MIGHTY"**

**ZIEGFELD'S "GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL"**

**CHRISTIE TALKING PLAYS**

**TALKING ACTS**

**SOUND NEWS**

**THE NEW SHOW WORLD**

**PARAMOUNT PICTURES**

## The Greatest Name on the Talking, Singing Screen!

**T**ODAY, a new world of entertainment is yours—better than Broadway, greater than the screen was ever before—**THE NEW SHOW WORLD**—with the best of Stage, Screen, Music, and Radio combined. And it's yours to see and hear and enjoy right in your own neighborhood—but at its best only when it's a Paramount Picture! ¶ Because The New Show World is Paramount! The greatest stars of stage and screen are with Paramount! The foremost authors. The leading showmen and directors. The greatest music composers, song writers. And behind all is the greatest name in entertainment—with the resources, organization and man-power to produce the world's greatest talking, singing pictures. That's why the name *Paramount* is your guarantee of the highest quality in talking, singing entertainment, just as it has been for 17 years. ¶ In The New Show World, as always before, "If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"

**TUNE IN!** Paramount-Publix Radio Hour, each Saturday Evening, 10-11 P. M. Eastern Time over the nation-wide Columbia Broadcasting System. Hear your favorite stage and screen stars!

# Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY

LEONARD HALL  
MANAGING EDITOR

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For  
January  
1930

VOL. XXXVII

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 2

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

**ALOHA HAWAII**—All Star.—Unusual production based on Hawaiian legend. With native cast in Hawaiian settings. Silent. (Aug.)

★ **ARGYLE CASE, THE**—Warners.—Fascinating mystery story with a swell performance by Thomas Meighan. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **AWFUL TRUTH, THE**—Pathe.—Delightful Ina Claire in a sophisticated drama. Excellent support by Paul Harvey. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**BACHELOR GIRL, THE**—Columbia.—Dull love triangle, but nicely acted by Jacqueline Logan and William Collier, Jr. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**BEHIND THAT CURTAIN**—Fox.—Well done but rambling mystery melodrama well acted by Warner Baxter and Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**BEHIND THE MAKE-UP**—Paramount.—More backstage melodrama, but different and real this time. Hal Skelly is a restrained *Pagliacci* and Fay Wray and Kay Francis are good. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY, THE**—FBO.—Cowboy Mix in a fast and thrilling one. Silent. (July.)

**BIG NEWS**—Pathe.—Another, and obvious, story of an unhappy young reporter, with pleasing work by Bob Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**BIG REVUE, THE**—All-Star.—All-singing and toddling juvenile extravaganza featuring the so-called Ethel Meglin Wonder kids. If you like to hear ten-year-olds singing about moonlight madness you'll like this. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **BIG TIME**—Fox.—This is closer than a brother to "Burlesque," but it's darned good. Dialogue is bright and Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke make the story convincing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**BLACK MAGIC**—Fox.—Another priceless title gone wrong. South Sea life—and very dull, too. Sound. (Oct.)

★ **BLACKMAIL**—Sono Art.—World Wide.—A few like this excellent phonograph will put British producers among the leaders in the talkie race. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**BLACK WATCH, THE**—Fox.—Extravagant melodrama of India, which just misses being one of the best. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **BROADWAY**—Universal.—The original and best night club melodrama. In spite of its grandiose settings, the story will get you. And some good acting. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**BROADWAY BABIES**—First National.—Alice White as a chorus cutie at her best to date. Fred Kohler steals it as a big beer and booze man from Detroit. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND**—Goldwyn—United Artists.—Great melodrama, intelligently produced and with a fine performance by Ronald Colman. Don't miss it. All Talkie. (July.)

**CALL OF THE CIRCUS, THE**—Pickwick Prod.—Worth seeing because it proves that Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton can still act. Otherwise nil. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**CAMPUS KNIGHTS**—Chesterfield.—Life in a fashionable boarding-school—as it isn't. Don't waste your money. Silent. (Aug.)

**CAREERS**—First National.—More intrigue and scandal in a white colony in Asia. Pretty good. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**CHARMING SINNERS**—Paramount.—Well acted and intelligent drama. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**CHASING THROUGH EUROPE**—Fox.—Sue Stuart and Nick Carol (our error) seeing Europe with lipstick and camera. Sound. (Oct.)

**CLEAN-UP, THE**—Excellent.—A noble newspaper fellow cleans up the bootleggers. Not bad. Silent. (Aug.)

**CLIMAX, THE**—Universal.—Jean Hersholt good as an old maestro in a picture of music, love and music lovers. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **COCK EYED WORLD, THE**—Fox.—Further disagreements of Sergeants Eddie Lowe Quirt and Vic McLaglen Flagg, with Lily Damita the chief trouble-maker. Highly seasoned. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**COCONUTS, THE**—Paramount.—Filmed version of the Marx Brothers' musical show. Some hilarious moments. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**COLLEGE COQUETTE, THE**—Columbia.—Another picture of college life as it ain't. There ought to be a law. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**COLLEGE LOVE**—Universal.—"The Collegians" elaborated and improved. Lots of fun. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**COME ACROSS**—Universal.—Just a round-up of discarded movie plots. Part Talkie. (July.)

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Cock Eyed World"  
 "Hallelujah"  
 "Hollywood Revue of 1929"  
 "The Dance of Life"  
 "Bulldog Drummond"  
 "The Broadway Melody"  
 "Alibi"

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.

**CONSTANT NYMPH, THE**—Gainsborough.—English production of a fine novel, told with taste and intelligence but badly photographed. Silent. (Aug.)

★ **DANCE OF LIFE, THE**—Paramount.—Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll in an all-talkie made from the famous backstage play, "Burlesque." Grand. (Sept.)

★ **DANGEROUS CURVES**—Paramount.—Clara Bow in tights in a love story of a small circus. Richard Arlen does well. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**DARK SKIES**—Biltmore.—Old time yarn of "East Lynne" vintage. Terrible. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**DARK STREETS**—First National.—One of the first dual rôles in the talkies. Jack Mulhall plays an honest cop and his gangster twin and Lila Lee is his (their?) gal. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DARKENED ROOMS**—Paramount.—Unimportant little comedy-drama with an O. Henry twist. Neil Hamilton scores but Evelyn Brent is again sacrificed to an unworthy vehicle. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN**—All Star.—Nicely done Chinese picture, with Lady Tsen Mai, prominent in "The Letter," in lead. Silent. (Sept.)

**DELIGHTFUL ROGUE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rod LaRoque gives such a superb performance as a villainous pirate that the heroine marries him instead of the hero! All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DEVIL'S CHAPLAIN, THE**—Rayart.—Adventures of royalty in America. Fairly entertaining. Silent. (July.)

★ **DISRAELI**—Warners.—Introducing George Arliss to the audible screen in one of his most brilliant characterizations. He's grand. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE**—World Wide.—Just forget this was ever made. That's what its producers would probably like to do. Silent. (Dec.)

★ **DRAG**—First National.—Dick Barthelme shines in a quiet domestic story, with Lila Lee a sensation in the film. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**DRAKE CASE, THE**—Universal.—Tense murder melodrama. Noteworthy chiefly for the late Gladys Brockwell's fine performance in the leading rôle. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**DUKE STEPS OUT, THE**—M-G-M.—Lightweight but amusing story of the romance of a cultured prize-fighter. Part Talkie. (July.)

★ **DYNAMITE**—M-G-M.—Stark drama, full of suspense, bringing to the screen two splendid players, Charles Bickford and Kay Johnson. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**EMBARRASSING MOMENTS**—Universal.—Reginald Denny in a farce that manages to amuse in spite of its hoary plot. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **EVANGELINE**—United Artists.—Beautiful and touching film version of one of America's best-loved poems. Worth your while. Sound. (Aug.)

**EVIDENCE**—Warners.—Bewhiskered drammer of circumstantial evidence in the divorce courts. But Pauline Frederick is swell and so is the rest of the cast. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**EXALTED FLAPPER, THE**—Fox.—A princess turns flapper and upsets royal traditions. Frothy but funny. Sound. (July.)

**EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD**—Universal.—Old-fashioned movie thriller. Silent. (July.)

**FALL OF EVE, THE**—Columbia.—Rowdy farce of the buyer who comes to the big town to make whoopee. Ford Sterling, Patsy Ruth Miller. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**FAR CALL, THE**—Fox.—Piracy in the Bering Sea. Plenty of action for your money. Sound. (Aug.)

★ **FARO NELL**—Paramount—Christie.—A reviewer's dream of what a two-reel talking comedy should be and usually isn't. Gorgeously acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller with Louise Fazenda in long yellow curls. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **FASHIONS IN LOVE**—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou with a French accent. Amorous and amusing farce. All Talkie. (Aug.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13 ]

They tried to be modern  
—but they couldn't escape

# "THIS THING CALLED LOVE"

with EDMUND LOWE  
and CONSTANCE BENNETT

Watch for these other Pothe hits!



**INA CLAIRE** in  
**THE AWFUL TRUTH**  
The talking picture debut of Broadway's favorite star in her greatest stage success. Directed by **MARSHALL NEILAN** Supervised by **MAURICE REVNES**



**ANN HARDING** in  
**HER PRIVATE AFFAIR**  
A picture of marital complications that both starts and ends with a reunion. Directed by **PAUL STEIN**



**ROBERT ARMSTRONG** in  
**THE RACKETEER**  
with **CAROL LOMBAR**  
The downfall of a gangster who loved outside his class. A dramatic tale, grippingly told. Directed by **HOWARD HIGGIN** Associate Producer **RALPH BLOCK**



**WILLIAM BOYD** in  
**HIS FIRST COMMAND**  
with **DOROTHY SEBASTIAN**  
Action, thrills, laughs and romance against an authentic military background. Directed and Adapted by **GREGORY LA CAVA** Associate Producer **RALPH BLOCK**



Ann and Robert weren't going to have the usual kind of marriage with its petty quarrels and hampering jealousies. So they tried a new plan—Ann drew a salary for her services as a homemaker—Bob could have all the girl friends he desired, she all the male admirers she wished. It worked fine until the green-eyed god elbowed his way in in spite of them! Rich in humor, full of clever dialog, penetrating in its satire on "modern marriage." **THIS THING CALLED LOVE** is grown-up entertainment, with a brilliant cast including Zasu Pitts, Carmelita Geraghty and Stuart Erwin.

ALL MUSIC—ALL SOUND—ALL DIALOGUE

Pathé  Picture

DIRECTED BY PAUL STEIN

RALPH BLOCK PRODUCTION

# Brickbats & Bouquets



YOU FANS  
ARE THE  
REAL  
CRITICS

*Give Us Your Views*

*\$25, \$10 and \$5  
Monthly for the Best Letters*

## Sez You!

TO make this department a true expression of the fan viewpoint we would have to devote at least half of it to Garbo. What a woman! We have read so many raves about the Glorious One in the past month that we are getting a kind of Garbo fixation. Scratch a movie goer and you find a Garbo fan.

Altogether it's the old favorites who are topping the list—with the exception of Ruth Chatterton, who continues to build up a strong following. Bow, Shearer, Crawford, Gaynor, Asther, Colman and Gilbert still rate top of the heap, with Boles and Powell following close.

Stage stars who are going over big with the fans are Chevalier, Jolson, and the late Jeanne Eagels, who, judging from the bouquets received, was bidding fair to become as big a name in pictures as on the stage.

There was a deluge of "what-has-become-of's" this month. Fans would like to see some of the silent favorites—both stars and pictures—brought back.

The phonoplay continues to increase in popularity, although many bewail the fact that movies no longer move and would like to see less dialogue and more action.

An astounding number of letters telling of improvement through films has been received this month. Fans say that the phonoplay is teaching them how to talk, walk, dress, think and act.

That hardy perennial "The Desert Song" continues to flourish, and the more recent "Bulldog Drummond" is skyrocketing this month.

## The Church Speaks

### The \$25.00 Letter

St. Petersburg, Fla.

I am an ordained minister of the Gospel, educated in the old school of religion that teaches any diversion outside of church-going is sinful and destructive to the soul. But I have found that my education was narrow-minded and bigoted.

I am a patron of the movies because I believe

This is your department. Come right in, hang up your hat and pat or spat the players. Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, and don't spank too hard, because we want to be helpful when we can. Limit your letters to 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and address attached, don't write. All anonymous letters go straight into the wicker. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come in—you're always welcome!

them to be a power for good and a stabilizer of the moral code of Christianity. Who could witness "Ben-Hur" without a true sense of the living Christ, or the "King of Kings" without a deeper feeling of obligation to Him, or who could fail to see the folly of sin after seeing Emil Jannings in the "Street of Sin"?

The usual flaming youth picture is designed to show the modern youth the folly of such living, and is not intended to be prediction or picture of our youth as it is.

I have attended many a movie performance and gone back to my study and built a sermon about the theme of the picture. Usually, my congregation are free with their praise of these sermons.

I not only believe in and attend the movies but I urge my congregation to do so.

C. LESLIE CONRAD.

## Let 'Em Marry

### The \$10.00 Letter

Portsmouth, Va.

The reason that has inspired me to write this is that I couldn't let this question, "Why do motion picture actors get married?" asked by Violet Hopwood go unanswered.

Why shouldn't they marry? There is no law against it, I hope. Haven't they the right to pursue love and happiness without the permission of this narrow-minded, jealous and fickle public?

Why shouldn't John Gilbert marry Ina Claire? I can't see where it spoils his popularity. Hasn't he the right to choose his own private life without your interference?

The actors give the best hours of the day working hard to give you just two hours of entertainment, yet you are so selfish as to demand their private hours. When are you public going to realize that the private lives of the actors are their own and not yours?

ROSALIE TEDESCO.

## Hands Across the Sea

### The \$5.00 Letter

Devonshire, England.

Now that the talkies have come, all our English schoolmasters and parsons have got up on their hind legs, and in loud voices are telling the world that all our poor little kids are going to learn the horrible American twang. If the

talkies teach our people to speak American in preference to some of our own horrible dialects they will have done a very good thing.

Another thing your films have done is to teach the girls on this side how to dress and groom themselves. Whereas only a few years ago clothes slung on anyhow, untidy heads and wrinkled silk stockings were as common as the roses in June, all that is altered now, and why? The movies, of course.

"A DEVONSHIRE VOICE."

## Canned Culture

Greensboro, N. C.

Count Keyserling has made the remark that Virginia holds the only semblance of culture to be found in our United States today. Virginia culture has long been associated with the broad "a" and the broad "a" in turn is now associated with the talkies.

The broad "a," as interpreted by Mrs. Cheyney and *Bulldog Drummond*, is doing new things to us. Time will tell, and Count Keyserling will swallow his words. The movies have long since dictated to Dame Fashion, but just watch Dame Culture bowl over.

WALTER B. SMALEY.

## Some Like 'Em Silent

Santa Cruz, Calif.

The present talking pictures will never outdo the old silent pictures. Granted that those like "Madame X" and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" are perfect examples; but fine as they are the four walls close in on the audience, and the silent outdoor beauty of the old days is gone. Most of us are tired of too much noise in the funny old world of today, and two hours of silence, with some good music (when it was good) seemed a tonic or a sedative as our case demanded.

LUCILLE MACDONALD.

## Old Plots for New

How is it that the directors and what-nots of the movie industry are wearing out shoes and brains trying to find new plots for talkies? Has no one thought of a few pre-war stories? By that I mean: stories that have no booze, no detectives, no backstage dramas, no jazz or aeroplanes?

Take "Hamlet"—there's a good murder plot, some mystery, some comedy and some heavy drama. Why not preserve Barrymore's wonderful performance for posterity?

For those who prefer anyone but Shakespeare, how about Rostand and his "Cyrano de Bergerac"? There's some more pathos, love, comedy, anger, fear—every emotion. Why not import Walter Hampden to Hollywood?

GEORGE L. BAULIG.

## Spare Our Blushes

Denver, Colo.

I should like to give my opinion on Elizabeth Norvell's letter in the October PHOTOPLAY.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



COOLS while you shave and the coolness lingers! LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM



Gargle with full strength Listerine night and morning, especially during winter weather. It inhibits the development of sore throat and checks it should it develop.

# Office workers...travellers Targets for Sore Throat

**Y**OU people who work in offices or travel during the winter are among sore throat's easiest victims.

Constantly present in even normal mouths are millions of disease germs. The most common are those of colds, sore throat, and influenza.

When, for any reason, body resistance is lowered, nature no longer is able to withstand their attacks. They get the upper hand, causing disease.

And people who work in offices or travel constantly are called upon to meet conditions that weaken body resistance—overheated rooms, poor air, sudden changes of temperature, over exposure



### To prevent colds

Physicians say that most colds are caused when germs are transferred from the hands to food which then enters the mouth. They advise rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal, as a preventive.

to bad weather, and contacts with people in crowded cars, trains and buses.

At the first sign of trouble, gargle with full strength Listerine and keep it up systematically. Also, consult your doctor. Listerine checks colds and sore throat because it destroys the germs that cause them. Though absolutely safe to use full strength, it is fatal to germs—kills even the *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless prepared to prove it to the complete satisfaction of medical profession and U. S. government.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office. Tuck one in your bag when traveling. It may save you a siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**LISTERINE** THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

*kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds*

# As We Go to PRESS

## Last Minute NEWS from East and West

**F**OR the first time in the history of Hollywood something other than movies is the chief topic of conversation. The recent Wall Street rumpus stilled all other talk. One star lost three hundred thousand dollars. A director dropped three hundred and fifty thousand and a popular song writer is reported ruined. A producer's loss went over the two million mark.

**L**IVING expenses are being cut to the bone. A sale held by a fashionable gown shop brought just three customers. Even a leading Hollywood physician reports a forty per cent decrease in his business. People with nervous breakdowns are prescribing their own treatment.

**"E**X-WIFE" will be an all-star production and not, as rumored, a vehicle for Greta Garbo. Garbo's next, after "Anna Christie," is to be "Romance," the play made famous by Doris Keane.

**H**OLLYWOOD will have to celebrate the holidays without King Doug and Queen Mary. The senior Fairbanks has decided to visit the Orient. They will sail from Hongkong and spend Christmas in Honolulu.

**T**HE latest bolt from the blue is the report that Nils Asther is going out on a vaudeville tour with the Duncan Sisters. Anything that can convert the aloof Nils to the life of a hooper must be love!

**T**HE hitherto sheltered Lois Moran has gone modern. Her trip to London will be made M. M. (minus mother).

**C**OURAGE, all! Clara Bow's Medusa locks are doomed. The famous bricktop will have a shingle for her next picture, "The Humming Bird," in which she appears as a boy during several sequences. And—Clara has lost seven pounds

**P**RODUCERS, like novelists, can't resist sequels to past successes. Paramount will make a sequel to "Dr. Fu Manchu" with the same cast of characters.

**A**S soon as "Mammy," his newest opus, is edited, Al Jolson will make a trip to Honolulu with his wife. The next Jolson vehicle will probably be Al's stage hit, "Sinbad."

**A**LTHOUGH Joseph Schildkraut made his greatest success on the stage in "Liliom," Paul Muni draws the coveted rôle in the phonoplay version. "Liliom" will follow the "Holy Devil," which has to do with Rasputin, the mad monk.

**W**RITE your own headlines on this. As soon as Janet Gaynor returned from her honeymoon in Honolulu with Lydell Peck she hied herself to Palm Springs for a couple of weeks. And she went without Lydell.

**J**EANETTE LOFF is being escorted places by a very handsome song writer named Walter O'Keefe

**G**EORGE BANCROFT will be home from abroad for the Christmas holidays. Can Bond Street do without George

**D**OROTHY MACKAILL will have her first vacation in New York in three years. She admits that she wants to look up a few of the old boy friends.

**P**AUL MUNI is another who decided to give his own regards to Broadway. He stopped in all key cities en route just to prove that his real face wasn't so bad.

**T**ROUPERS all, these Barrymores. John—the one with the profile—waited until the final scenes of "The Man from Blankley's" were completed before he allowed himself to come down with influenza.

**G**OD'S gift to the steamship companies—that international commuter, Maurice Chevalier, will be back in New York in March to film—appropriately enough—"The Big Pond."

**L**ON CHANEY still has lockjaw. Although he announced that he would do a talkie, he has now decided to try one more silent first. If it goes over, he'll remain mum for good. If it flops, he'll have to figure out a thousand voices.

### Last Minute Reviews

"The Bishop Murder Case"—M-G-M.—Crime with nursery rhymes. Another Van Dine mystery, with Basil Rathbone acting Philo Vance, the detective, on this trip of puzzling slaughter.

"The Girl in the Show"—M-G-M.—No theme songs, no dance routines—just a charming unpretentious comedy with Bessie Love as little Eva.

"The Grand Parade"—Pathe.—Oh, she loved a minstrel man and he loved a burlesque queen. And that's a movie plot. Helen Twelvetrees weeps in accepted Gish fashion, while Fred Scott sings divinely. A pleasingly pathetic little yarn.

"Flesh of Eve"—Paramount.—Joseph Conrad would never recognize this as an adaption of his own "Victory." But never mind. Richard Arlen and Nancy Carroll though, throw a few side-lights on life in the South Seas. Only fair.

"Devil May Care"—M-G-M.—The best Novarro picture in many moons. An altogether delightful romance with a Napoleonic background. The gracious Marion Harris helps Ranon with the warbling. And just watch for Dorothy Jordan.

"The Locked Door"—United Artists.—Weak dialogue mars this melodrama and makes the actors seem unconvincing. Barbara Stanwyck makes a promising phonoplay début—but Rod LaRocque, William Boyd and Betty Bronson are not so good. United Artists might better have left locked doors closed.

**H**ERE'S an answer to one of the most frequent "what has become of's." Dorothy Dalton may come back to the screen in "Bride Sixty-Six," which her husband, Arthur Hammerstein, famous stage impresario, will produce for United Artists. Among other productions in view for Hammerstein are revivals of "The Darling of the Gods" and "Thais." Remember Mary Garden in the silent version of the latter?

**S**PEAKING of revivals—George O'Brien and Olive Borden are going around together again.

**M**AE MURRAY has just completed "Peacock Alley" and there is talk that she will phonoplay another of her old successes, "Fascination."

**A**NOTHER of life's little ironies. No sooner was the engagement of Gwen Lee and Charlie Kaley announced than the pair agreed to disagree. Now Gwen is going with Jack Oakie again

**O**NE of those *sotto voce* whispers that can be heard from coast to coast murmurs that Helen Chandler's contract will not be renewed by Fox.

**T**HERE is, in "The Song of the Flame," a snappy chorine from the Folies Bergère—Countess Janina Smolinska, homeland Poland, and chief claim to fame so far the fact she advocates nudes for the screen.

**M**IRIAM SEEGAR is Richard Dix's leading woman in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." And it follows as the day the night that Richard is paying very marked attention to her.

**W**ALTER BYRON'S contract with Goldwyn having expired, he is now freelancing. Which may mean a return engagement of the old Colman-Banky starring team when Vilma is through at M-G-M, where she has been farmed out.

**U**PON the completion of a sketch with Maurice Chevalier for the Paramount Revue, Evelyn Brent began her second starring picture, luridly titled "Slightly Scarlet."

**P**ERT KELTON from the Broadway revues will make hey-hey in Paul Whiteman's legendary picture for Universal.

**G**EORGE MELFORD is going Down to the Sea in Ships again. He takes a troupe to Labrador in the spring to film a picture dealing with the seal industry.

**U**NIVERSAL is trying to purchase "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" for Joseph Schildkraut. You remember John Barrymore made his screen début in that classic.

**A**N unknown by the name of Helen Wright will be given her big chance opposite Glenn Tryon in "Paradise Ahoy."

**T**HE famous scene where the soldiers swim the river in their birthday clothes to visit some charmers on the other side will be left in the Universal version of "All Quiet on the Western Front." At least Universal will leave it in.

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**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

**FAST COMPANY**—Paramount.—Baseball stuff adapted from Ring Lardner's play "Elmer the Great" and garnished with bright lines. Jack Oakie takes the honors and Evelyn Brent is miscast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**FAST LIFE**—First National.—"Still Life" would be a more accurate title for this melodrama. It drags. Loretta Young is lovely. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**FATHER AND SON**—Columbia.—Doing right by Dad. With the inevitable "sonny boy" motif. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

**FLIGHT**—Columbia.—The first flying talkie, and good, too. Love and adventure among the flying marines, illustrated by Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**FLYING FOOL, THE**—Pathe.—Hit-the-sky melodrama with Marie Prevost crooning a theme song—and how! All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS**—First National.—Colleen Moore's best since "We Moderns." She wears mad gowns and wigs and sings French songs with a naughty lilt. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**FOUR DEVILS**—Fox.—Talk has been added to last part of F. W. Murnan's good circus film. You'll hear Janet Gaynor. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **FOUR FEATHERS, THE**—Paramount.—The story of a coward's regeneration grafted on a nature film shot in the Soudan. Excellent film, with Richard Arlen fine. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES**—Fox.—Lots of good tunes, swell comedy by Stepin Fetchit and the good-looking girls that go with any revue. All Talkie. (July.)

**FROZEN JUSTICE**—Fox.—Hot melodrama of the cold North. Lenore Ulric and Lonis Wolheim excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**GAMBLERS, THE**—Warners.—Well acted story of high finance with a pretty theme song. All Talkie. (July.)

**GENTLEMAN PREFERRED, A**—Supreme.—From cowboy to earl in one badly-aimed picture. Silent. (Sept.)

**GIRL FROM HAVANA, THE**—Fox.—A racy story of gentlemen who prefer diamonds which don't belong to them. Clever cast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**GIRL IN THE GLASS CAGE, THE**—First National.—The glassed-in gal, in case you wondered, is a theater ticket seller, played by Loretta Young. Pretty bad. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**GIRLS GONE WILD**—Fox.—Plenty hot and plenty fast. Sound. (July.)

**GLAD RAG DOLL, THE**—Warners.—Mostly lokum. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY**—Warners.—Showing the gals at their pick and shovel work. Noteworthy for its beautiful all-Technicolor treatment and its catchy tunes. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**GREAT GABBO, THE**—James Cruze Prod.—A corking dramatic story ruined by the interpolation of musical revue stuff. Von Stroheim and Compson save the pieces. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **GREENE MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Another fine Van Dine murder mystery film, with Bill Powell an elegant *Philo Vance*. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**GUN LAW**—FBO.—A lot of shooting, all in fun. Silent. (July.)

**HALF MARRIAGE**—Radio Pictures.—Another and duller one about companionate marriage, occasionally redeemed by Olive Borden. Sound. (Oct.)

★ **HALLELUJAH**—M-G-M.—Striking epic of the negro, sensitively directed and spontaneously acted. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**HANDCUFFED**—Rayart.—Poverty Row at its worst which is pretty bad. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**HARD TO GET**—First National.—Corinne Griffith's excellent silent film "Classified" revived as a far-from-excellent talkie with Dorothy Mackaill. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **HER PRIVATE AFFAIR**—Pathe.—Make it your private affair to see Ann Harding in this exciting tale. She's glorious! All Talkie. (Nov.)

**HIGH VOLTAGE**—Pathe.—Stupid and morbid. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**HOLE IN THE WALL, THE**—Paramount.—Confusing crook story, acted by a good cast. All Talkie. (July.)

★ **HOLLYWOOD REVUE OF 1929**—M-G-M.—A great big merry girl and music show, with all the Metro people from Gilbert and Shearer on down. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**HONKY TONK**—Warners.—Story of a night club mamma with a heart of gold. With Sophie Tucker and her songs. All Talkie. (July.)

**HONOR**—Sovkino.—Interesting because a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National Film Company. The leading man is an Armenian John Gilbert. Silent. (Dec.)

**HOOFBEATS OF VENGEANCE**—Universal.—Even worse than it sounds. Rex, the marvelous horse star, has a ramshackle vehicle to pull. Silent. (Oct.)

**HOTTENTOT, THE**—Warners.—Hilarious farce comedy. You'll like it. All Talkie. (July.)

**HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY**—UFA-Paramount.—A real beauty. This simple rural tale is exquisitely directed and superbly acted by an ace-high German cast. Sound. (Nov.)

**IDLE RICH, THE**—M-G-M.—Literal translation of the stage play, "White Collars," with good acting. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**ILLUSION**—Paramount.—Buddy Rogers as a man about town may disappoint the girls—but Nancy Carroll is excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **INNOCENTS OF PARIS**—Paramount.—Inconsequential plot made delightful by the charming personality of Maurice Chevalier. All Talkie. (July.)

**IN OLD CALIFORNIA**—Audible Film Corp.—Love and hate Under a Spanish Moon (Theme song.) Ho hum. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**IT'S EASY TO BECOME A FATHER**—UFA.—The German idea of a funny farce about an American gal running wild abroad. Silent. (Sept.)

**JEALOUSY**—Paramount.—De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. It is unfortunate that Jeanne Eagels' last picture should be so unworthy of her artistry. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**JOY STREET**—Fox.—Oh, how the kids carry on! Younger generation stuff and possibly you'll like it. Lois Moran, Nick Stuart. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **KIBITZER**—Paramount.—You may have to buy a new vest from laughing after you see this. Harry Green's comedy is grand. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**KISS, THE**—M-G-M.—The mysterious and silent Garbo, still silent, still mysterious and still Garbo. Sound. (Dec.)

**KITTY**—World Wide.—First foreign-made picture to be synchronized with talking sequences and music. Good entertainment against a beautiful English background. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **LADY LIES, THE**—Paramount.—Magnificently acted and staged drawing room comedy. Walter Huston and beautiful Claudette Colbert are stunning lovers and Charles Ruggles is a delightful drunk. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, THE**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer as a charming and wily lady crook who plies her trade amongst Britain's blue-bloods. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**LAST PERFORMANCE, THE**—Universal.—Conrad Veidt as a magician in a much over-acted and over-directed film. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**LAUGHING AT DEATH**—FBO.—Bob Steele, the Western actor, in curls and ribbons as one of these mythical princes. Whoops! Silent. (Sept.)

**LIGHT FINGERS**—Columbia.—Nice balance between action and dialogue in this melodrama about a gang of jewel thieves. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**LOVE DOCTOR, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix's last picture for Paramount. Dix and June Collyer are pleasing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **LOVE PARADE, THE**—Paramount.—Sparkling as Burgundy. Director Lubitsch conquers light opera, and Maurice Chevalier conquers all. Jeanette MacDonald is a treat to the eyes and ears. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**LOVE TRAP, THE**—Universal.—Laura LaPlante, with little help from Neil Hamilton, proves that chorus girls are good girls. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16 ]

## 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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Universal Star

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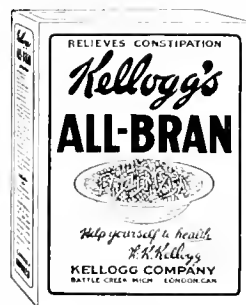
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# The Buffet Supper

*Good food for a New  
Year's Eve Party for  
twelve persons*



Mary Brian, Paramount player, recommends the simply served buffet supper to the hostess who wants to enjoy her own party

**T**HE hostess whose table room and service are inadequate to take care of more than a few extra people hails buffet recipes with enthusiasm.

Mary Brian is partial to parties of this type, and is planning one at her home on New Year's Eve, for twelve of her intimates.

She will serve one hot dish, two cold salads and a plate of cold meats. An ice cream cake will meet dessert requirements. There will be hot buttered rolls, coffee, olives, pickles, shelled nuts, and candies.

The important thing to remember in choosing dishes for a party of this kind is to select foods that can be handled easily with a fork or spoon. Balanced on one's lap or chair-arm, or on a small serving table, it is no simple matter to manage hard-to-cut food.

Her selection of a hot dish is as follows:

2 tablespoons butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked spaghetti, cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pieces
3 tablespoons flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sautéed sliced mushroom caps
1 cup cream	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 teaspoon salt	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup buttered cracker crumbs
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt	
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper	
1 cup cold turkey cut in thin strips	

Make a sauce of butter, flour, cream, salt, celery salt and pepper. When boiling-point is reached, add turkey, spaghetti and mushrooms. Fill buttered casserole dish and sprinkle with cheese and crumbs, baking until crumbs are brown.

Remove to chafing dish to keep warm until guests serve themselves.

## COLD VEAL LOAF

**C**HOP finely three pounds of lean veal, or put through meat chopper. Add one-half pound salt pork, also finely chopped; six crackers, rolled; four tablespoons cream; two tablespoons lemon juice; one tablespoon salt, one-half teaspoon pepper and a few drops of onion juice. Pack in a small bread-pan, smooth evenly on top, brush with white of egg and bake slowly three hours, basting with one-fourth cup pork fat. Prick frequently while baking

so that pork fat will be absorbed by meat. Cool, remove from pan, and cut in thin slices for serving.

## CRAB MEAT SALAD

2 teaspoons granulated gelatin	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise dressing
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken stock	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grapefruit pulp
1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned pineapple in small cubes
	1 cup crab meat

Soak gelatin in chicken stock for five minutes; dissolve over hot water, and add vinegar. Add slowly to mayonnaise dressing, beating thoroughly. Mix fruit and crab meat, and add to first mixture. Pack in oiled salad ring mould, or large, round glass dish, and chill three hours. Remove from mould and arrange in nest of lettuce leaves.

## TOMATO JELLY SALAD

(For a second salad)

**T**O one can of stewed and strained tomatoes, add one teaspoon each of salt and powdered sugar, and two-thirds box gelatin which has soaked fifteen minutes in one-half cup cold water. Pour into individual moulds. Chill two hours. Run a knife around inside of mould, so that when taken out the form suggests a fresh tomato. Place on nest of lettuce leaves, garnish top, and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13 ]

**LUCKY IN LOVE**—Pathe.—Morton Downey gets back to old Erin in time to pay off the mortgage on the ancestral halls—but who cares? The Downey tenor helps—but not enough. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**LUCKY LARKIN**—Universal.—A typical Western and a movie that actually moves in the good old style. Ken Maynard and a trick horse. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **LUCKY STAR**—Fox.—That immortal duo, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, in a gentle and charming story. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **MADAME X**—M-G-M.—Fine performance by Ruth Chatterton in this reliable old sob producer. All Talkie. (July.)

**MADONNA OF AVENUE A**—Warners.—Too grown-up for children and too childish for grown-ups. A trite yarn. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**MAN AND THE MOMENT, THE**—First National.—An old-fashioned rip-snorting movie, all love and action. Billie Dove starred. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**MAN I LOVE, THE**—Paramount.—A slight story, but you'll like Richard Arlen's work. All Talkie. (July.)

★ **MARIANNE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies proves there is no limit to her versatility. Delicious comedy and superb pathos. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD**—Fox.—The first Viennese operetta to be phonoplayed. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Terris handle the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola, the laughs. Good—but should have been better. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MASKED EMOTIONS**—Fox.—Good melodrama of adventure and brotherly love. Silent. (July.)

**MASQUERADE**—Fox.—Remade from silent version of "The Brass Bowl." Old fashioned plot, but Leila Hyams is nice. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**MELODY LANE**—Universal.—The world seems full of clowns with breaking hearts. Eddie Leonard brings no vitality to a dead yarn. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**MEN ARE LIKE THAT**—Paramount.—Glorifying the Boobus Americanus. You'll love Hal Skelly's characterization of a back-slapping braggart. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MIGHTY, THE**—Paramount.—Bancroft's greatest rôle to date and fine entertainment. If you don't think the hairy-chested one has sex appeal, see this. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE**—Universal.—Picture of the Old South by one who has never been there. Joseph Schildkraut in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat." All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MISTER ANTONIO**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Leo Carilo achieves a splendid characterization in his first talking feature. The Booth Tarkington play is a well-chosen vehicle for him. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MORGANNE THE ENCHANTRESS**—Franco-Film.—One of the very worst from France. Awful story, acting ham deluxe. Silent. (Sept.)

**MOST IMMORAL LADY, A**—First National.—Leatrice Joy fine in her first phonoplay. About a blackmail beauty who finds regeneration in the love of one of her victims. All Talkie.

**MOTHER'S BOY**—Pathe.—Just another Jolson plot, only this time the singer is an Irishman, Morton Downey. All Talkie. (July.)

**MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU, THE**—Paramount.—Fantastic mystery yarn, with Oriental deviltry. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**NEW BANKROLL, THE**—Mack Sennett.—Andy Clyde and Harry Gribbon and lots of very pretty girls. Old time comedy. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**NEW YORK NIGHTS**—United Artists.—A hoke story, but Talmadge fans will be pleased with Norma's voice. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**NIGHT CLUB**—Paramount.—Made some time ago, this film is little but a series of face and voice tests for many Broadway celebrities. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**NIGHT PARADE**—Radio Pictures.—Trite yarn about a light champion, redeemed by a good cast. The darkly seductive Aileen Pringle goes blonde. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH**—Paramount.—Richard Dix in an old, but good, stage farce. A pleasant evening's entertainment. All Talkie. (July.)

**NOT QUITE DECENT**—Fox.—Louise Dresser also does an Al Jolson. Can you bear it? Part Talkie. (July.)

**OH, YEAH!**—Pathe.—James Gleason and Robert Armstrong of "Is Zat So" fame team up again—and how! Hilarious dialogue which plays tag with the censors. ZaSu Pitts does one of her riotous monologues. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT**—Universal.—Fie upon you, Universal, and double fie, Mr. Denny! Someone should have known enough to prevent this social error. All Talkie. (Dec.)

## Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

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

First National . . . . .	Page 128
Fox Film . . . . .	Page 80
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . . .	Page 12
Pathe . . . . .	Page 7
Paramount . . . . .	Page 4
Warner Bros. . . . .	Page 127

**ONE WOMAN IDEA, THE**—Fox.—Rod LaRocque is a Persian diplomat who falls in love, and that's about all. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **ON WITH THE SHOW**—Warners.—Singing, dancing, talking and Technicolor. Good on spectacle but weak on comedy. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**OPRESSED, THE**—William Elliott Production.—This ought to be renamed The Depressed—meaning the audience. Raquel Meller disappoints. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **OUR MODERN MAIDENS**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a sequel to "Our Dancing Daughters." Must you be told that it's a sure-fire hit? Sound. (July.)

★ **PARIS BOUND**—Pathe.—A smooth drama of domestic woes that introduces to the screen Ann Harding, stage beauty and good actress. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**PAWNS OF PASSION**—World Wide.—Rather better than its title and also better than most foreign productions. Silent. (July.)

**PHANTOMS OF THE NORTH**—All Star.—One of the old time Northwest epics, with nothing to distinguish it. Silent. (Sept.)

**PHYSICIAN, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Terrible story of the narcotic evil well acted by Miles Mander and Elsa Brink. Silent. (Sept.)

**PICCADILLY**—World Wide.—Wonder of wonders—a truly fine British picture! Gilda Gray is starred but Anna May Wong brings home the bacon. Silent. (Oct.)

**PLEASURE GRAZED**—Fox.—A good story, smothered in English accents, and played entirely by stage actors. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**PRINCE AND THE DANCER, THE**—World Wide.—This European film is sure to inspire patriotism in the bosoms of American movie-goers. It's awful. Silent. (Nov.)

**PRINCE OF HEARTS, THE**—Imperial.—Weak carbon copy of "The Merry Widow." Silent. (July.)

★ **PRISONERS**—First National.—Effective entertainment. Just to be different, the locale in this one is a Hungarian night club. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

**PROTECTION**—Fox.—More bootlegging drama. With some exciting moments. Sound. (Aug.)

**QUITTER, THE**—Columbia.—Rather trite story redeemed by an effective climax. Silent. (July.)

**RACKETEER, THE**—Pathe.—About a wealthy gangster with a heart of gold—just a rough diamond in a platinum setting. Swell work by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**RAINBOW MAN, THE**—Sono Art-Paramount.—In which Eddie Dowling does his version of the Jolson story. But he has an attractive personality. All Talkie. (July.)

**RED HOT RHYTHM**—Pathe.—Alan Hale, Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn in an uneven story about a philandering song-writer. Some good dance numbers and Technicolor sequences. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**RICH PEOPLE**—Pathe.—Sophisticated comedy-drama for an intelligent audience. Constance Bennett proves that money isn't all and she ought to know. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**RIGHTHOFEN: THE RED KNIGHT OF THE AIR**—F.P.G. Production.—A Teutonic version of "Wings" lacking all the virtues of the American epic of the air. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **RIO RITA**—Radio Pictures.—The finest of screen musicals to date. Comedy, singing, dancing and romance de luxe. Bebe Daniels wows 'em and John Boles sets hearts to fluttering anew. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**RIVER OF ROMANCE**—Paramount.—Humorous romance of crinoline days in the South, with excellent work by Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian and Wallace Beery. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**ROARING FIRES**—Ellbee.—Not only silent but positively dumb. (July.)

**SAILOR'S HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Riotously funny account of a sailor on shore leave. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**SALUTE**—Fox.—A glorified newsreel about a West Point cadet with a kid brother at Annapolis. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**SAP, THE**—Warners.—Good comedy with lots of laughs. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**SATURDAY NIGHT KID, THE**—Paramount.—The old Bow punch has given way to poundage. Jean Arthur steals this picture. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SATURDAY'S CHILDREN**—First National.—It was a Pulitzer prize stage play, but the movie version is slow. And Corinne Griffith is miscast. Part Talkie. (July.)

**SCARLET DAREDEVIL, THE**—World Wide.—A melodrama of the French Revolution from England, unusually well acted. Silent. (Sept.)

**SEA FURY**—Supreme.—No sense taking this seriously. Regarded as a burlesque in the best Hoboken tradition it's a riot. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SENOY AMERICANO**—Universal.—See this, you fans who are crying for your Westerns. Ken Maynard rides, loves, fights—and sings. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SHIP MATES**—Educational.—In the Navy with Lupino Lane. Plenty of laughs as the pies and dishes go whizzing by. All Talkie. (July.)

**SIDE STREET**—Radio Pictures.—No telling what this might have been if not botched by bad recording. As it is, just another underworld yarn. All three of the Moores are in it. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SILVER KING, THE**—British.—A good silent thriller starring our old friend Percy Marmont. Percy still suffers superbly. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **SINGLE STANDARD, THE**—M-G-M.—Garbo was never finer than in this story of a very modern woman. Nils Asther and Johnny Mack Brown, too. Silent. (Sept.)

**SKIN DEEP**—Warners.—Pretty good crook yarn. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**SMILING IRISH EYES**—First National.—Brogues, brawls and bunkum, but you'll like Colleen Moore's talkie personality. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**SONG OF KENTUCKY**—Fox.—You'll care for Joseph Wagstaff's crooning. And besides there's decorative Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SOPHOMORE, THE**—Pathe.—Proving that it is possible to make an entertaining college picture without necking or drinking. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**SO THIS IS COLLEGE**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Happy Days." The U. S. C.-Stanford football game in sound is one of life's big moments. Otherwise just another farce that will make real collegians commit hara-kiri. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**SPEEDWAY**—M-G-M.—Bill Haines disappointing in an unoriginal racetrack yarn. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**SQUALL, THE**—First National.—All about a bad, bad baby vamp. The film doesn't click. All Talkie. (July.)

**STREET GIRL**—Radio Pictures.—Betty Compson, Jack Oakie and John Harron in a tale about a girl violinist and a group of musicians. Good entertainment. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY, THE** — Paramount.—PHOTOPLAY'S thrilling serial comes to the screen and makes a corking melodrama. All Talkie. (July.)

★ **SUNNY SIDE UP**—Fox.—The royal Gaynor-Farrell team go into their song and dance and prove their versatility. A little gal named Marjorie White scores heavily. This is real entertainment. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SWEETIE**—Paramount.—A little something in the collegiate line, pleasant, youthful and lively. Helen (Boop-a-doop) Kane and Jack Oakie wow 'em and Nancy Carroll is effective in an unsympathetic rôle. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE**—United Artists.—Here's that long-awaited co-starring appearance of Mary and Doug. It isn't Shakespeare, but it's swell entertainment. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**TANNED LEGS**—Radio Pictures.—Just what the Tired Business Man ordered. Legs by Ann Pennington and June Clyde and whoopee by Arthur Lake. Peppy music. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS**—Fox.—What happens when a garage man gets rich and his wife gets culture. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Marguerite Churchill and Fifi Dorsay are elegant. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE**—M-G-M.—If you don't thrill over this, lie down. You're dead. Margaret Wycherly scores in the rôle she created on the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**THIS MAD WORLD**—M-G-M.—A tender yet glamorous filmation of one of the most beautiful of war stories, with glorious work by Kay "Dynamite" Johnson and Basil Rathbone. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**THREE LIVE GHOSTS**—United Artists.—An important tale of three war buddies who return to life after being reported killed. The cast is from the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**THREE LOVES**—Moviegraph.—An exciting and spicy German film, well directed and acted. See it. Silent. (Dec.)

**THRU DIFFERENT EYES**—Fox.—More murders and more courtrooms. The old story is cleverly told. All Talkie. (July.)

**THUNDER**—M-G-M.—Snow storms, train wrecks and floods, with Lon Chaney at the throttle of the locomotive. Sound. (Aug.)

★ **THUNDERBOLT**—Paramount.—An engrossing and well acted story. One of the best of the gangster operas. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL, THE**—Warners.—Lively comedy of what happens to a football hero after graduation. All Talkie. (July.)

**TIP-OFF, THE**—Universal.—Crooks again! Silent. (Aug.)

**TOMMY ATKINS**—World Wide.—English made production that has the "Beau Geste" atmosphere. Silent. (July.)

**TONIGHT AT TWELVE**—Universal.—Can it be possible?—a mystery play without a murder or a Hindu servant! Good situations. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **TRESPASSER, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson is a sensation in her first all talkie. In spite of a hokey story, a superbly paced and splendidly acted picture. Good! All Talkie. (Dec.)

**TRIAL MARRIAGE**—Columbia.—How to hold a wife overnight in seven reels. Racy and sophisticated. Sound. (Oct.)

**TWIN BEDS**—First National.—Frothy bedroom farce with only a mild kick. Jack Mulhall and Patsy Ruth Miller help. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**TWO MEN AND A MAID**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Back to the Foreign Legion, mates, with William Collier, Jr. and Alma Bennett. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**TWO SISTERS**—Rayart.—Twin sister stuff. Silent. (Aug.)

**TWO WEEKS OFF**—First National.—A fluffy little yarn of seaside vacation love, with Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**UNHOLY NIGHT, THE**—M-G-M.—Swell mystery story, artistically directed by Lionel Barrymore. Roland Young and Dorothy Sebastian are great. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**UNTAMED**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford goes native. She's grand and so is Robert Montgomery, a newcomer. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**VAGABOND CUB, THE**—FBO.—Mostly just cowboy stunts. Silent. (July.)

**VERY IDEA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Broad farce with Frank Craven in the rôle he created on the stage. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **VIRGINIAN, THE**—Paramount.—Good! Owen Wister's novel gone vocal and presenting Gary Cooper in his first full-dialogue appearance. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**UNTAMED JUSTICE**—Biltmore Productions.—Enough animals—and action—for a circus. Not bad. Silent. (Aug.)

**WAGON MASTER, THE**—Universal.—And now the Westerns have learned to talk! Ken Maynard shyly reveals an excellent voice. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WELCOME DANGER**—Paramount.—Talkies needn't worry Harold Lloyd. His voice is fine. This phonoplay is one long laugh. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**WHEEL OF LIFE, THE**—Paramount.—The romance of a handsome officer and his Colonel's lady in India. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**WHY BRING THAT UP?**—Paramount.—Study in black and white of the world's most famous brunettes—Moran and Mack. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WHY LEAVE HOME**—Fox.—Story about duck-hunting husbands and fun-hunting wives, based on "Cradle Snatchers." All Talkie. (Nov.)

**WISE GIRL**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Kempy." High water mark in talking comedies. Unpretentious story of the love life of a youthful plumber. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WOMAN FROM HELL, THE**—Fox.—Rather tame drama linked to a wild title. Sound. (Aug.)

**WOMAN TO WOMAN**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A product of British studios. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **WOMAN TRAP**—Paramount.—Another crime yarn, above the average, with Chester Alibi Morris, Evelyn Brent and Hal Skelly at their superb best. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WONDER OF WOMEN**—M-G-M.—Strong, emotional drama of a misunderstood genius, a dutiful wife and the "other woman" played superlatively by Lewis Stone, Peggy Wood and Leila Hyams. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**WRECKER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Mediocre British film presenting Carlyle Blackwell. Sound. (Nov.)

**YOU CAN'T BUY LOVE**—Universal.—An orgy of bad gags. Part Talkie. (July.)

★ **YOUNG NOWHERES**—First National.—Unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. Another poignant Barthelmees portrayal. New heights for Marian Nixon. Fine all around. All Talkie. (Dec.)

# 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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# Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck



## ON Girls' Problems

ZaSu Pitts has "dramatic hands," whose every gesture is expressive. Supple wrists and fingers are important aids in her screen portrayals

directly applicable to the care of hands.

I KNOW a woman who does all her housework—not just dishwashing, dusting and sweeping, but scrubbing, washing clothes, painting chairs and tables that have worn off, washing down the kitchen walls when they get soiled. Yet her hands look as well cared for as if she did nothing harder than "sew a fine seam." She hasn't had more than half a dozen professional manicures in her life.

On the shelf over her laundry tubs is a jar of skin food—the greasy, nourishing type of cream. As soon as she finishes drying out the tubs after washing, she rubs a little of this cream thoroughly into her hands and arms, not forgetting the elbows, wiping off the surplus with a cleansing tissue. If her hands still feel sticky, she bathes them in plain cold water and dries them thoroughly.

On her kitchen sink she keeps a bottle of greaseless hand lotion, to counteract the unpleasant feeling of dryness that dishwater often leaves. Her bathroom shelf holds both types—the hand lotion to be used sparingly after each washing of her hands, the greasy cream to be patted in well at night. In the morning she scrubs her finger tips with a well-soaped, soft hand-brush, to remove the cream from under the nails.

SHE never uses any sharp instrument to clean her nails; nothing but the soapy brush or a blunt, orangewood stick. When her nails are stained she puts a little nail whitener under them or uses a bleach. Lemon juice is her remedy for stained hands.

In addition, she does all the little things that preserve beauty and flexibility. If her nails, for some reason due to her general health or the climate, show signs of brittleness, she dips them in warm olive oil once or twice a week. Whenever she dries her hands she gently pushes back the cuticle with a soft towel. Her street gloves are selected for their softness and warmth, and are loose enough for freedom and comfort.

When I remarked one day on the color and texture of her hands she said she believed it was due to the fact that she had always been careful in her selection of soaps and washing powders, and whenever possible she had substituted warm

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]

IF neglect of hands impaired their usefulness we would never dare ignore them as some of us do. There is always a "tomorrow" when we plan to have a manicure and do something about that annoying roughness of our fingers that makes sewing and handling silk stockings a hazardous affair. In the meantime, we know our hands will go right on working for us and serving us well, even if we do have to blush for their appearance when anyone glances at them.

Our most ready excuse is lack of time for regular manicures and for home treatment. But it takes only a few minutes a day to keep hands and nails in good condition, especially if this is supplemented by a professional manicure every week or two.

The business woman's time is often planned out in such a way that she can have a regular day and hour for visiting a beauty parlor. Then if she devotes a few minutes to her hands at night, and perhaps again in the morning, they will never have that neglected look.

The woman who keeps house, whose hands must be plunged into hot water frequently, who uses rather strong cleaning preparations and a great deal of soap, should be the most particular about the care of her hands. But it is she who is usually the worst offender.

THE girl in business must display goods, if she is a saleswoman. The stenographer's hands are constantly under the eyes of the men from whom she takes dictation. No matter what her line of work, the average business girl is working side by side with other people, many of them men, from morning until night. Her hands are under scrutiny as much, and perhaps more, than her face.

She quickly learns that beautiful rings and bracelets, and a dab of brilliantly colored nail polish, will not transform ill-kept hands into attractive ones.

The housewife is apt to feel that she need not be so particular about her hands. There is no one to see them, and it will be time enough to take care of them when she goes out to play bridge, or on the day she plans to meet her husband down-

town for dinner. She doesn't have to be "dressed" all day like the business woman, and she doesn't dress up her hands until she dresses up herself.

The great drawback to this method is that hands are not so easily metamorphosed, not even by a professional. They suffer quickly from neglect, and it takes a little time to repair the results. But hands that are well treated repay one in firmness and color, and in healthy, shapely nails.

The old "ounce of prevention" rule is



## Hand Righting

"Beautiful hands are those that do." But added to the beauty of service, there is the charm of well-groomed, supple hands, with no roughness of skin or nails to mar their loveliness.

Letters from readers asking advice are welcomed and will be answered promptly. I ask only that you comply with the following:

If you wish a personal reply, or if you request my free booklet on safe and sane reducing, or my complexion leaflet, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If you want your answer to appear in the magazine, remember that it may take a few months, as space is limited.

Your communications will be held in strict confidence, but I cannot answer letters that are not clearly signed with your full name.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

# Guide posts

AT THE TOP of old Dorfchenberg, not far from the Black Forest, there is a wilderness of pines where forty-one trails converge. Even experienced hikers were helpless in this maze of paths until kindly peasants carefully marked each trail with a stone guide.

Through the maze of modern products advertisements guide you straight to merchandise of full value. Advertisements save you money by indicating worthy goods. Advertised products do not vary in quality. Ask for them by name. That automatically protects you from untested merchandise.

Study the advertisements carefully and you will be repaid. Take notice of them and you can cut your budget. That means money for a growing savings account, a trim new Parisian hat, or enough to repaint the kitchen. You will be surprised to find how that extra value in advertised products tucks away pennies in your purse. Advertisements are your guide to that increased value.

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**A SKIN SOFT AS VELVET,** glowing with life and color, will result from the Woodbury steam treatment, which should be used whenever your skin seems a bit sallow and lifeless. You will find this treatment deliciously stimulating and refreshing.

**BLACKHEADS ARE A CONFESSION** that your cleansing method is wrong. To clear your skin of this trouble and to keep it smooth and flawlessly clear, use the treatment given on page 7 of the Woodbury booklet.

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# NEW PICTURES

**J**EANNETTE LOFF gives us a cool, inquiring look over the right shoulder. Jeannette is one of the famous blondes of Pathe—the yellow-haired roster including such famous beauties as Ann Harding, Ina Claire and Carol Lombard. With the discovery that Jeannette has an excellent microphone voice, Pathe lost no time in getting her Jane Hancock on the dotted line of a long-term contract. Which assures us of her striking cinematic beauty for many cinematic months to come





John Miehle

*A* FIVE year contract with United Artists—leading rôles in five talking pictures already to her credit—and she's only nineteen! That's the startling record of little Joan Bennett, youngest of Richard Bennett's three beautiful daughters. Her latest rôle is opposite Harry Richman in his first all-talking picture



Hal Phylfe

*H*ELEN MORGAN, the New York stage star and night club queen, whose first talking picture, "Applause," was an overnight sensation on Broadway. So brilliant was her screen debut that Paramount immediately put her to work in another film at its Eastern studio. How Helen can sing those sad songs about the man she loves!



Ruth Harriet Louise

**T**HE arrival of the phonoplay brought new jobs and honors to Hedda Hopper, whose career on stage and screen has been notable for good performances. The handsome Hedda can always be relied upon for excellent performances in supporting rôles, and she is now carrying on the old Hopper tradition for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Elmer Fryer

**Z**ASU PITTS, the girl with the sad eyes who is always given funny lines to say! She has been one of pictures' best and finest for a good many years, and is now counted one of the real aces at First National, where she has been spending her time in "Paris," "No, No, Nanette," "Her Private Life," and other pictures



Ruth Harriet Louise

**I**T was "Coquette" that gave Johnny Mack Brown his first real push to fame. His work opposite Mary Pickford in her first talkie stamped him as one of the very best young leading men, and Metro-Goldwyn were proud and happy to have him on their list of contract players. They've proved it by keeping him mighty busy

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laughter . . . all in one. A poem in  
fragrant, ecstatic, whispers . . . it  
is you!

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table can be fragranced with *Seventeen*! The *Perfume*, in  
such exquisite little French flacons . . . the *Powder* so new  
and smart in shadings . . . the *Toilet Water*, like a caress

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. . . and the *Compact*, gleaming black and gold . . . like  
no other compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all!



January, 1930

# The National Guide to Motion Pictures

[TRADE MARK]

# PHOTOPLAY

**O**LD darky superstition: If you carry around a rabbit's foot you cannot have any hard luck.

*Old motion picture superstition:*

If you put a bum picture into a Broadway theater and charge two dollars a seat you can kid the public into thinking it is a great film, and exhibitors all over the country will run it in their theaters.

But sometimes the darky gets caught stealing chickens, just the same.

**T**HE producers of "Woman to Woman," which was so bad that even Betty Compson couldn't save it, tried the Broadway hocus-pocus.

It had been running half an hour on its opening night when one by one and two by two, then four by four, the audience got up and walked out.

A mother and her daughter were sitting on the aisle, and noticed the audience leaving the theater until it was half empty. Suddenly the mother became nervous, and turned quietly to the daughter.

"Do you know, Frances," she said, "I think I smell smoke. Everyone's leaving."

"No, mother," said the daughter. "Don't worry. It isn't smoke that smells. Let's go."

**A** VERBATIM report of a big scenario conference. Gathered in the sound-proof office and interrupted only by groans of famous author in next room, the brains of the studio get down to work.

Producer Mayer: "Well, boys, let's forget our troubles. We have here a good story by Frances Marion. She'll sell it cheap because she wants quick cash to buy U. S. Steel before it starts up again."

Director Vidor: "Cash, eh? Ha! Ha! I'm leffing. Well, what's the title?"

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By  
**JAMES R. QUIRK**



Mr. Mayer: " 'Lest We Forget.' "

Producer Thalberg: "No good. Reminds me you tipped me off to buy into General Motors. Now look at—"

Mr. Mayer: "Me? I told you to buy real estate. Now, when you put your money into real estate—"

**A**CTOR GILBERT: "How about telling me, out behind Stage Six, to steal my grandmother's gold fillings and put everything on Radio? Yeah, it was going to 200 by Christmas. Look at—"

Mr. Vidor: "Look at nothing. He told me to load up on A. T. & T. Always giving advice."

Mr. Mayer: "Is zat so? And what about the time at the 'Hallelujah' opening you told me you had an inside tip on Anaconda—that the coppers were due for—"

Just then the telephone rang. Mr. Thalberg, being farthest away, picked up the receiver, listened a moment and screamed:

"Only two thousand for a Rolls-Royce that's only been to two premières? All right. I'll sell, but those dirty so and so's can't have Norma's Packard for less than five hundred."

**M**R. MAYER: "Tell the operator to cut out the telephone. We gotta work on this story."

Mr. Vidor: "My God, no. I'm expecting my broker to call any minute."

Mr. Mayer: "What the hell is this—a story conference or a bucket shop? If you dumbbells had taken my advice and bought real es—"

Mr. Gilbert: "Rats. Did you hear Al Jolson's new song:

*Margin, Margin, I hear you calling,  
I'm sad and broke and blue."*

Mr. Thalberg: "Can't we get *Ukelele Ike* to sing that in this picture?"

Mr. Mayer: "This ain't a revue. The picture is all about an English noblewoman who loses her—"

Mr. Gilbert: "—Shirt."

Mr. Mayer: "Shut up; you're only a margin-crazy actor."

MR. VIDOR: "Let's concentrate on this story. Did anyone hear the telephone ringing? My broker is—"

Mr. Mayer: "Now, I got an idea. In this story Lady Marginia—I mean Marjorie—Postlewaithe is sailing in her yacht on the Mediterranean and gets a cable that her husband is unfaithful to her. She registers sorrow. Then—"

Mr. Thalberg: "That faithless husband gag was an antique when I was the boy genius of Universal. Have her handed a wireless calling for ten million more margin. Then she takes a revolver out of the bureau drawer, and—"

AT that moment the crash of a shot and the sound of a falling body came through the sound-proof wall.

Mr. Mayer: "The author. Too bad. He lost his in Montgomery Ward. Well, it cuts down the studio overhead a thousand a week. He hasn't written a thing for two months."

Mr. Vidor: "I don't like Thalberg's ending for that story. I don't believe in unhappy endings. The public don't—"

Mr. Thalberg: "Yeah? How about that dark mystery play of yours—'Hallelujah'?"

Mr. Vidor: "What do you mean, mystery play?"

Mr. Thalberg: "Mystery why it was ever made."

Mr. Vidor: "You're a liar. That's going to be a clean-up. There's nothing in it about the market."

Mr. Gilbert: "Let's change the subject. I hear Joe Schenck got a terrible bumping in General Electric."

Mr. Thalberg: "Yes, and Irving Berlin, too. He's got to write a lot of new songs to get his dough back."

Mr. Mayer: "How about this story?"

Chorus: "To hell with it."

EVER since Hollywood was a flag station for prairie schooners, we've been saying, "Well, I'd be satisfied to go to pictures just to see the newsreel."

Now the 8,000,000 citizens of New York have a chance to prove these words, for the metropolis has the first theater in motion picture history devoted entirely to the showing of newsreels with sound thrown in for good measure.

The Embassy Theater, in the heart of Times Square, is the spot—renamed "The News Reel Theater." The bill runs about an hour, and it costs a quarter to get in day and night. When fresh news clips arrive, they are

titled "Extra" and shot into the show, just as big newspapers get out fresh editions six or eight times a day. It's a thrill!

The notion was a hit from the day The News Reel Theater opened its doors. It's another William Fox idea, and Fox Movietone News and Hearst Metro-tone News furnish the news and feature bits.

And what a grand notion it is! The first big splash of the news medium of the future.

*An up-to-date geography class:*  
A Now, children, what WAS the most famous street in the New World?

Broadway.

Correct. And what WAS it famous for?

Chorus girls, restaurants, wine, Diamond Jim Brady, cocktails, actors, Wilson Mizner, Tin Pan Alley, Irving Berlin, electric lights, Peggy Joyce, hansom cabs, Arnold Rothstein, Stage Door Johns, Metropolitan Opera Stars, authors.

Correct. And where are they now?

Dead, or in Hollywood.

Correct. Then, children, what is the most famous street in the New World now?

Hollywood Boulevard.

Correct. You may now file quietly to the projection room for the voice culture class. The picture for today's lesson is "Condemned." Listen closely to Professor Ronald Colman.

CHANCE tossed me into a small-town motion picture theater a few days ago.

By small town, I mean an American city of 50,000 people—where we work by day and play bridge in the evening, and visit with our neighbors, and get to bed by eleven, conscious of a day well-spent.

The feature picture at the town's leading house was one that was moderately received in big city theaters, even though it was designed for them. And it was even more moderately received in my little city.

And what got the biggest applause and interest of the whole program? It wasn't the feature, nor the newsreel—it was a two-reel, all-talking comedy that had its share of hearty laughs—that lifted us out of the conventional feature into a brief interlude of farce.

I HAVE a hunch that one of the talkies' greatest bets is just this. That it will relieve us of the conventionality of a long, self-conscious play done in photoplay form, and give us, once more, a two-reel jolt of hearty, whole-souled laughter. It's my idea that the two-reel comedy is just coming into its own. Picture bills need more laughs, these days—we have too much sad and suffering drama.

Have you seen "Faro Nell," or "A Hollywood Star"? Say, I like to died! And so will you—in a perfectly nice way.

# Watch *this* Hombre!



Steady, girls! Our star-wise interviewer says that Don Jose Mojica has the lure of Rudy, the sweetness and musical genius of Ramon, the *everything* that makes for screen greatness

**H**USBANDS—lock up your wives!  
Mothers—send away your daughters!  
Jose Mojica is in the movies!

Stop the presses and chain me to my desk. Take the dictionary and find a complete set of brand-new adjectives.

It isn't as if I were just a little gal from the Junction. Why, I've sat in Jack Gilbert's dressing room and listened to him talk about art for hours. And I've heard Ramon Novarro sing away an entire afternoon. And then, of course, there was that luncheon over at Charlie Farrell's house that I'm always going on about. Once Dick Arlen took me to the theater. (Well, of course, his wife was in the play, but anyhow—)

Now there's Jose Mojica, and if he isn't the sensation of the season then I'll eat a box of sound effects.

Is he the new Valentino, who will sing his way into millions of hearts?

By

Katherine Albert

His still pictures don't begin to do right by him. He is far from handsome in the Hollywood sense of the word. Nose is too flat. Jaw is too square. But a couple of flat noses and a whole school of square jaws don't matter when he starts to talk. Remember that Rudy Vallée kid that the gals were so mad about? Yeah, he had a sex appeal voice, too.

Jose has everything—the refinement and sweetness of Ramon Novarro and Buddy Rogers, and that old-fashioned lure copyrighted by Jack Gilbert and Rudolph Valentino. I've got that off my typewriter. I feel better about it.

**W**HO is and from whence comes the Lothario of all these raves?

The vital statistics sound tame. . . Born in San Gabriel, Mexico. . . Studied to be an engineer. . . Revolution. . . University closed. . . Amateur opera . . . To New York to study. . . A meeting with a musician who got him a part. . . A contract with the Chicago Civic Opera Company. . . Leads opposite Mary Garden, Galli-Curci and Caruso. . . Talking pictures. . . Contract with Fox.

But vital statistics are the least vital of all gestures. The "Who's Who in Music" gives just such a bare outline. It neglects the color and dash and Latin naïveté of a lad who is destined (unless the entire public loses its collective mind) to be a sensation.

"I am no saint," said Jose, in the liquid, flowing tones of all Latins. "Ramon Novarro, whom I admire and respect, is a good boy. But I—I am not so good.

"My mother—bless her, she is a wonderful woman, living with me now and advising and helping me—gave me \$500 to go to New York to study. It was all she had then. And I thought that \$500 was all the money in the world. I thought it would last forever.

"So instead of going to a good teacher and studying, I took my friends to hear Caruso every night and spent what was left on those bea-u-tiful blonde girls. I had never seen girls with such fair skin before. They were so lovely. And one morning I find I have no \$500 at all."

This confession left him breathless, so he went into a eulogy of his mother. "Oh, always she is so good to me. My father died when I was a baby. I am the only child.

"The minute I got a chance with a little opera company and put on a costume and smeared my [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110 ]

# Secrets of the Fitting Room

By  
Lois  
Shirley

**T**HERE'S no such thing as a lady in a fitting room. Picture stars enter the silver doors of the mauve salons of Greer's Maison as they enter a confessional. In that glaring north light they stand literally and figuratively denuded.

You simply can't be a grand lady in your underwear. And in the shadow of those lavender walls their most sacred secrets are told. Put yourself in their place. You know how you feel when you have a facial? There's not a chance of kidding the beauty expert about those crow's feet that are beginning to show around your eyes. She knows! By the same token, you've got to come clean with your dressmaker. The designer already knows that there's a lump of fat on the back of your neck, and the exact measurement of your hips.

After that you might as well go the rest of the way and break down and confess that your husband beats you and your best friend does you dirt and that you're overdrawn at the bank. Such heart throbs are incidental compared with the big secret the dressmaker already holds; i.e., your weight.

Without the aid of that other confessional—the beauty parlor—I might never have learned the gruesome secrets of the fitting room. It was in the disillusioning environs of a Hollywood repair emporium that I encountered one of Howard Greer's fitters.



A Hollywood miracle. Greta Garbo, in the pre-Greer period when she first arrived in this country. And then Greta the glamorous, gowned by Greer

Now, a fitter having a facial is just so much human flesh—and the flesh is weak. Under the gruelling onslaught of hot towels, cold cream and rubber patters, the apprentice of the Great Master broke down and told all.

Greer, you will remember, is the fashion expert who molds the lines—and sometimes the lives—of the cinema élite. In the November PHOTOPLAY, Mr. Greer confessed that Hollywood leads Paris in fashions.

**H**E explained, at the cost of some pain, that the new Paris line which is causing such a furor wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of Clothes, is no more than an adaptation of the familiar Hollywood body line—the revealing line long beloved by the “it” girls and despised by the dressmakers.

Howard Greer's fitters have seen the cinema queens in the raw. Colleen Moore, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Evelyn Brent, Laura La Plante, Sue Carol, Bebe Daniels, Pola Negri, Renee Adoree, Aileen Pringle and more, still more—they're just flesh and bones to the pinners and drapers, the framework for the gorgeous gowns being created. The fitter is not fooled by their figures nor their personalities.

Pola Negri is a real princess. When she swept through the outer rooms, mannequins gasped, secretaries bowed low and little dark-skinned serving maids made genuflections. That was when she was fully clothed in lace and sables. Once inside the fitting room, she became what she was—a peasant in step-ins.



Talmadges three—Natalie, Constance and Norma—in the graceful pastel chiffons they wore at Connie's wedding to Townsend Netcher

*They can't fool the fitter. Stars, however grand,  
are only women in undies to the dressmaker*



**There are no Lost Causes when Jetta Goudal leaves the fitting room. She has fought the good fight for every seam and sequin**

Alone with her God and her dressmaker, a woman becomes absolutely natural. The worldly airs fall from her along with her outer garments.

**T**HE first time Greta Garbo came into the shop a friend brought her. She wanted a gown to wear to Pickfair, where she had been bidden to meet Prince George of England. The mannequins were in a flurry of excitement. They had seen her come up the steps from the peep-hole in the curtain. The great Garbo had arrived!

Remembering how languorously she moved across the screen in glittering sequins and rich, clinging velvets the mannequins paraded before her in the most exotic creations in the shop. Garbo, sitting slouched down on one of the divans, watched them with lack-luster eyes. She rose. "No, it will not do. I t'ink I go home."

Seeing a good customer slip through his fingers, Greer thought fast, and brought out the plainest, most ordinary frock in the store. Garbo decided to stay.

She came often after that and once selected a complete wardrobe for her triumphant journey to her homeland. Clothes mean nothing to her. They are simply a bore, but there was enough of the feminine in her heart for her to want to impress the people who had told her good-bye several exciting years before.

It is a democratic atmosphere at the exclusive shop. None of the stars seems to mind the eyes of the curious. The Talmadges, for instance, bear down in a body, Connie (they call her "Dutch"), Norma, Natalie and Peg. They chat, like parrots, as if they haven't seen each other for a week. Corinne Griffith, even Mary Pickford, are oblivious of the tourist from Keokuk, when clothes are to be considered.

**B**UT Garbo refuses the outer salons. She hurries through them, hat drawn down over her eyes, and shuts the door of the fitting room behind her. She prefers to talk to Greer rather than to select clothes. She often spends an entire day, and luncheon is sent up from the tearoom below.

Herself a famous woman—yet, strangely enough, shut off from life by her fame—she has an absorbing interest in other famous people. She questions him avidly about Bernhardt, Dusé, Pola Negri, whom he has known. She is essentially simple in her tastes and will buy nothing that smacks of the theatrical.



**Gone are the brief gingham slips, the tangled Pickford curls. The modern Mary selects clothes by a carefully worked out system, often with entrancing effect, as in this Greer-designed frock she wore in "Coquette"**

Pola Negri, too, became her real self in the fitting room. Gone was the princess and in her stead was a peasant girl who laughed loudly and was completely natural.

**P**OLA had no patience. It was impossible for her to visualize a frock in its rough state and she often tore her dresses off while they were in the process of evolution, but as each bead and sequin was added she crept back into her princess self and became more of a lady with every stitch. By the time she left the shop she was once more "ze grande artiste" for whom the doorman touched his head to the floor.

They're all more difficult when they're selecting screen clothes than when it's a personal wardrobe they want. They feel they have a public duty on the screen and must dress according to type. Colleen Moore, for instance, has a lovely, tall figure and should wear smart, sophisticated models, but because she is always a little flapper in pictures she selects other clothes. She hesitates to tell the designer when the dresses aren't right.

With the exception of Jetta Goudal, Mary Pickford gives more thought and attention to her screen clothes than any other star. There is always a worried little frown on her brow. Her secretary comes with her and advises her.

Mary gives profound consideration to every garment. She has worked out a theory that if one begins from the worst possible angle, the best possible results will be attained, so she has herself photographed in plain muslin underwear and standing in the most awkward [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



William Fox, head of the corporation bearing his name, which produced "Four Sons"



# "FOUR SONS" Wins!

**T**HE fans have spoken! "Four Sons" wins the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor as the best picture released during 1928!

For the second successive year Filmland's Nobel prize goes to a film from the studios of William Fox. The medal for 1928 is the ninth issue of this famous award, which is given by the vote of the motion picture fans of America to that company which, in their opinion, produced the greatest photoplay shown during the preceding twelvemonth.

The distinguished predecessors of "Four Sons" in the big parade of PHOTOPLAY Medal winners are these:

"Humoresque," "Tol'able David," "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Big Parade," "Beau Geste" and "7th Heaven."

Note well this list of famous films, now enriched with "Four Sons."

Only one of them was what is called a "star" picture—"7th Heaven."

The others made stars, but did not exploit them. The new medal winner follows the great tradition established since the

inception of this annual award. All these fine pictures have been notable for their story first. All have been pulsingly human, sentimental without sentimentality, appealing first and foremost to the heart.

"Four Sons," the new choice of the fans, follows this royal line. Its choice confirms everyone's belief in the good taste of the followers of the photoplay.

The year 1928 saw the troublous, even tragic, hour of the conflict between silent pictures and the new phonoplay. Companies, struggling to keep in step with the new art, saw their product suffer.

In mid-February, 1928, a striking Fox picture called "Four Sons" made its first bow to the fans in New York.

**JOHN FORD**, who had come to notice as the maker of "The Iron Horse," directed it, from a story called "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters," by Miss I. A. R. Wylie.

It was the simple, moving story of a German mother who saw her four sons march off to war. "Four Sons" caught the public heart and fancy immediately. It was not only a fine,



Margaret Mann, the Scots-woman who scored as the German mother in "Four Sons"



John Ford, director of the Medal winner. "The Iron Horse" had made him famous

## 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"

*The PHOTOPLAY  
MAGAZINE Gold  
Medal Goes  
to It as  
the Best Picture  
of 1928*

Winfield Sheehan, produc-  
tion chief of the Fox Film  
Corporation



taut example of perfect silent picture making with a synchro-  
nized score—its tale of mother love was told without mawkish-  
ness and bathos.

In its issue for January, 1928, PHOTOPLAY reviewed the new  
picture, under its working title, as follows:—

**M**ORE poignant in its grief than 'Over the Hill,' more  
tear compelling than 'Stella Dallas' is 'Grandma  
Bernle Learns Her Letters.' Even as the two preceding  
pictures created a new screen mother, so does this picture  
present us with a type that will rise to stardom because  
of her characterization of the war-torn, grief-stricken  
old German woman who loses three of her sons in the toll  
of war and who has to start life all over again in a strange  
country at the home of her sole remaining offspring.  
Margaret Mann is the new mother, who finally achieves  
screen success after eleven years of waiting in the ranks  
of the 'atmosphere people.' No matter what they eventu-  
ally name this picture, it is going to go down in film history  
as one of the screen's best. John Ford, who directed, has  
achieved a real picture."

**F**OUR SONS" introduced to the  
screen a new "mother" in the per-  
son of Margaret Mann, a sixty-year-  
old Scotswoman who had been playing  
bits in Hollywood for some time.

Press and public alike took her to  
their hearts.

Others in the cast were James Hall,  
Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Charles  
Morton, George Meeker, June Collyer,  
Earle Foxe, Albert Gran, August  
Tollaire, Frank Reicher, Wendell Col-  
lier, Jack Pennick, Hughie Mack, Ruth  
Mix, Archduke Leopold of Austria and  
Ferdinand Schumann-Heink.

The camera work of George Schnei-  
dermann was hailed as especially  
brilliant.

There were many fine pictures in the  
list published by PHOTOPLAY as the  
best fifty pictures released in 1928.  
This list will be found on another page  
of this issue.

But, of course, the voters were not  
limited to this fifty.

They had the entire field for their  
choice.

It may well be that historians in  
future generations, while expatiating  
upon the alleged evils of our times, will

pause and soften their phrasing in the face of such a choice as  
"Four Sons," or indeed of any other Gold Medal winner.

The victory of "Four Sons" in the 1928 race for public affec-  
tion and popularity is another victory for screen wholesomeness  
and sentiment coupled with brilliant technique.

Coming at the threshold of the sound era, this fine picture  
forms a perfect connecting link between the silent pictures of  
the old era and the audible drama of the new.

**J**OHAN FORD, the able director of "Four Sons," came to  
Fox in 1920, after six years on the Universal lot.

He is a brother of Francis Ford, the famous leading man of  
the pictures' early days.

"Four Sons" came about two years after "The Iron Horse,"  
the great railroad story, the direction of which made Ford  
famous.

His latest work on the Fox lot has been the direction of "The  
Black Watch" and "Salute."

William Fox and his production genius, Winfield Sheehan,  
are thus, for the second [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



Grandma Bernle and her boys in "Four Sons." Left to right,  
they are James Hall, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Margaret Mann,  
Charles Morton and George Meeker



**I**N her rôle of show girl in "Lilies of the Field," Corinne Griffith takes part in a modernistic ballet-mechanique. She represents the figure of speed on the radiator cap of a gigantic automobile. The part calls for tights, and dignified Corinne wears 'em! Stunning picture, isn't it?



# Stepping Out

By Marquis Busby

# with JUNE

Once more  
our boy  
plunger tempts  
night life  
with a star



June Collyer and our "Wild Mark" Busby, the Boy Plunger, stepping out of HER Packard at the door of a Los Angeles theater. Is the lad weakening seriously?

He bought  
June Collyer's  
flowers—but  
he rode in  
her Packard!

**T**HERE'S no other conclusion to draw. You can't spend a lot of money in Hollywood for an evening's entertainment. You might, of course, if you gave a dinner in the Cocomat Grove for forty guests. But then you couldn't give a dinner party for forty. At least eighty would arrive.

I'm talking about a fellow and a girl—out to go places, ring doorbells and see people. In New York if you blow the girl friend to a really swell evening, dinner, theater, night club, flowers and a taxi, you wouldn't have enough change left from a hundred dollar bill to buy a morning paper.

In Hollywood it is decidedly more economical—but I'm not actually complaining, understand.

In my ardent crusade to prove that it doesn't take a Rolls and a roll to step out with the famous movie stars, example number one was Sally Eilers. Sally and I had a simply grand evening at the beach and it cost \$6.10.

I still don't know what the ten cents was for. Odd sums always worry me, like compound fractions. Example number two in this take-heart-young-man campaign is June Collyer.

Now, June, before she sold her profile down the river to William Fox "pitchers," was a New York society girl. She seems to belong in the atmosphere of Assistance League teas, smart cafés, and the diamond horseshoe at the Metropolitan.

I couldn't imagine June eating a hot dog at the beach, although if she were faced with the necessity, she would undoubtedly do it with all the grace of a duchess sinking a tooth in a truffle at Marlborough House.

There's nothing wrong with Sally Eilers' table manners, either. She knows a salad fork from a fish spear, but she just happens to be a bit less formal than June.

My date with June was to be no peanut affair. We would do the things that June would like to do, and go the places where June would like to go. Expenses were to be no object. For once I wouldn't worry about money, if my Scotch grandfathers turned in their graves.

We had dinner at the Ambassador, which is the local Ritz-Carlton; ten dollars' worth of two tickets to the premiere of Marion Davies' picture "Marianne"; flowers, and all the necessary incidentals.

**A**ND it cost \$23.20. An odd number again, dash it! I might add a couple of dollars for getting my evening duds rehabilitated, and getting the tomato soup stains off my starched shirt and vest.

It may seem like a lot of money for one evening, but the college boy spends more than that when he takes his little *Eta Zeta Theta* to the big game, and to the College Inn afterward for dinner and dancing. I should know. Anyway, it's worth \$23.20 just to be seen in public with June. She's actually so beautiful that it hurts.

June said she would be ready at seven o'clock. She was, on the dot, and looked like four million of Uncle Sam's berries in a gown that bespoke *Rue de la Paix*, and a velvet wrap thingamajig to which several white foxes had contributed their skins. Ah, noble cause!

A prim maid ushered me into  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]

### THE DAMAGE

Theater Tickets .....	\$10.00
Dinner .....	7.20
Tip .....	1.00
Corsage .....	5.00
	<u>\$23.20</u>

# The Gimme Girl

By

Myrtle Gebhart

**G**IM-GAM was unique in Hollywood. And that is to achieve.

Main Street never saw a Gim-Gam. Main Street wouldn't know what to do with her. Hollywood did. Hollywood paid her a whopping salary, and admired her clever melting of Oriental allure into the modern flip mold. And talked about her. Which, in case you don't know her technique, is Hollywood's way of enthroning a favorite.

At least, Hollywood took the credit. But a sloe-eyed girl knew that she had piloted her own flight—a solo. For Gim-Gam had coined her motto: "I'll roll my own career!" And she had made a neat job of it, with just one hole left to be patched.

"Fascinating rascal," men mused, blowing kisses to the trim figure at the wheel of the red roadster, with its odd monogram on the door in gilt Chinese letters, tearing down the Boulevard. "Her contradictions appeal to the imagination. Something in her head, too. Got a future. Hard-boiled, though. Gold-digger. Doubt that she has a real feeling. Her heart's just a beach bungalow."

Gim-Gam had gone after what she wanted, planning deftly. If she had cried over mistakes and hurts, nobody had ever known. Her screen characterizations were adroitly drawn. Her publicity—"Chinese maiden throws off shackles of racial restraint, fights for self-expression"—had won public admiration, tinged with pity.

**H**OLLYWOOD wondered how much of her story was true: her father was a grave, intellectual man, tradition bound; he frowned upon the new ways. And her mother had been a beautiful dancer, won by artful Oriental wooing to a mysterious, lattice-enclosed life. Much was made of the romance that had bridged racial differences.

It made a glamorous story, and Hollywood didn't demand authenticity. Film-town wonders, and sometimes whispers, but fears hearing facts that might tear those exquisite fabrics she does so love to weave.

Buster Kingsley had met Gim-Gam in the casting director's office, where she had come to sign for a rôle in his new film.

"Damn cop tried to pinch me." Her plaintive voice slurred a crescendo of rebuke. "Feature that! Only doing sixty-five. 'Trail along, Arbutus,' I yelled. Did he? He *tried*. But he didn't cramp my speed worth a wrinkle in my sweet disposish. See my new buzz-wagon, Rocky darling? It's the oyster's ice-skates."

It would have been crass in any other girl. But as she sat there in her brief crimson frock, one tiny, scarlet-sandaled foot curled under her, somehow each word trailed a vague enchantment. She was a picture painted in vivid miniature, as though the polished ivory of her face had been done with a toy set of pigments.

Didn't her battery ever run down, or need recharging? Life in her seemed tuned always to a vibrant pitch, a contrast to the slow, ageless East voiced by slanting eyes and subtle perfumes.

"Listen, Gim-Gam," the casting-director's eyes held a



worried tolerance, "you're going a swift pace. Honeysuckle—that's your name in Chinese, isn't it? *Gim-Ghun-Fah*. Doesn't fit you. No wonder Hollywood twisted it into Gim-Gam. Slow up, honey."

"You archaic per-son!" An eloquent shoulder italicized her scorn. "You talk like a printed sub-title. Cut! Hire the Bowl if you *must* orate. Some day your back will break, carrying your nerve around. If you weren't you, and a darn good side-kick of mine, I'd throw the hooks into you. Couldn't I, Rocky darling, couldn't I?"

**H**ER almond eyes, brimming with mischief, met an answering twinkle in Buster's, and Rocky squirmed.

"Lay offa me, Gimmy. Keep your line for your play-boys. Strictly business here. About this contract—how'll seven-fifty do?"

"You're just cold tea. Am I a moron? Thanking you for

# Read the Tale of the Fierce, Vain Love of Little Yellow Gim-Gam

Illustrated by  
Everett Shinn



"Buster, my mother and father!" said Gim-Gam quietly. If only that yellow specter of a man would speak, thought Buster. If only the old woman would tear her eyes away!

past and future favors, I'll take pay-dirt right now. Am I laboring because I love my art? Besides, don't I vocalize my Chinese vowels and scream with a weird 'native' accent now that the movies mutter? One thousand per—a one with three naughts, and every week—"

"Gimmy-girl! Have a heart. You're taking advantage, to hold us up. You know how we need you for this slave rôle. You're the only Chinese girl who can act. You've a big fan following—"

"Sweet of you to be my press agent, Rocky." Her brows raised into a narrow black arc. "Dust off your line. I crave originality. The man," to Buster, "has no finesse." Then, sharply, "Play ball, Rocky. You know I'm nobody's little

folly. Do I get my thousand per? . . . O. K. . . . hmmm, for two cents I *would*. I do love your cow-lick, Rocky."

While he murmured incoherently, the papers were signed. "You're not such a pill, Rocky. You *can* be sweet to little girls!"

Her voice, through its fluff of gaiety a petulant quiver, drew Buster. Her diminutive, picturesque charm eased vulgarity into racy allure.

**B**ENEATH her appraisal, a challenge mocked him from oblique eyes. While he watched, amused, his fancy caught by something about her that he couldn't define, she bargained shrewdly with Rocky, over guarantee of pay during rehearsals, costumes, billing, publicity.

In no place but the melting pot of Hollywood could there be a Gim-Gam. Hollywood is community-sufficient, wrapped in her own childish pride and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]



When little sister needs new clothes she goes to the phonoplay for guidance, just as her mother and big sister do. Anita Louise, featured player in Paramount's "The Marriage Playground," wears this practical ensemble of blue and white striped sweater and red pleated skirt



The jaunty jumper dress can be varied with a number of blouses. Little Mitzi, another Paramount featured player, wears this red silk pleated skirt, with suspenders of the same material, and white silk Peter Pan blouse



*What the well-dressed little girl will wear, as posed by sub-sub-debs of the big sound stages*

# Fashions for

The mid-Winter term calls for new clothes for active little girls. They'll adore Mitzi's three-piece ensemble of dashing tan tweed jacket suit and sweater, stitched with red and white wools. The hat is of red flannel. Final touches are the red flannel purse with flower appliqué in tan, and a debonair shoulder knot of bright flannel flowers



At important functions, such as Friday Afternoon Club Meetings and birthday parties, any little girl will look sweet and dainty in white challis, closely dotted with palest pink. The cape collar is sheer organdie, edged with lace. Two rows of small pearl buttons trim the waist, and kick pleats give the skirt the fashionable flare



On pleasant, mild days, Anita Louise wears a double-breasted navy blue wool jacket, with bright brass buttons and pocket insignia. Her beret matches the jacket, and her Roman striped scarf ties stylishly around her throat. The scarf is red, to match the red skirt



This warm coat and matching beret are of imported camel's hair, in an attractive shade of tan. Ruby Parsley, another Paramount child actress, wears these garments just as their designer intended. Her hat is pushed back to give the fashionable off-the-forehead effect and to show her pretty curls. Her coat is the stylish length which allows the hem of her dress to be seen

*Paris may have produced bigger mannikins, but none prettier than these dainty mites of the microphone*

# TOTS

# Through *the* Studios

By Cal



P. and A.

We thought we'd give you a look at Mrs. Neil Hamilton this month. Handsome Neil and his missus are shown arriving in New York after a summer spent roaming the old world

**I**T'S all right to worship Clara Bow, as long as you don't let your adoration run away with you.

A boy named Louis Stova, aged twenty-six, found this out not long ago. Sorely smitten by the Bow charms and contours, Lovelorn Louie began hanging around the Bow doorstep at all hours, on the chance of getting a look at his idol.

Once he was hauled into court, and given a suspended sentence provided he stayed away. But the old Bow lure had him too far gone. Again he was found staring moodily at the brown Bow cottage, and was waltzed to the calaboose by a heartless copper.

This time the judge unsuspected the previous sentence. And for thirty lonely days Mr. Stova was prevented from staring at the Bow cottage by some stone walls and iron bars. Moral—Love is all right, within limits.

**U**NCLE TOM, as you remember, was sold down the river, away from his little Missy. Ball players are traded and peddled for cash. Actors are borrowed by studios, like cups of sugar over the back fence. But did you ever hear of one being sold?

Dolores Del Rio, the Mexican Menace, has just been sold for "a price in excess of \$500,000." That is, her contract has.

Edwin Carewe, the director who discovered, developed and guided her, has disposed of her professional services to United Artists for over half a million dollars, so he says. Maybe so. Maybe so.



P. and A.

The luckiest colleen in all Ireland, bedad! Our first camera glimpse of Maureen O'Sullivan, chosen from all the girls of the green isle to play in John McCormack's first picture

**T**HE great day of worry is over!

Greta Garbo is fine before the microphone!

Hollywood has been on tiptoe and agog about it. So has Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. So, probably, has Greta.

But one day she walked before a camera hitched to a snarling mike and there recorded a nine minute scene for "Anna Christie," using up 850 feet of film. It turned out excellently.

Furrowed brows uncreased. Sighs escaped silently.

For Greta had faced the terrible microphone, and had come off first best!

**RUDY VALLÉE** may be a swell radio singer. He's not so Delsarte when it comes to those big Thespian moments. His director, Marshall Neilan, has solved the problem.

Every time Rudy tried to act, Neilan shouted, "Hey you—sing!"

**N**OBODY ever went to Hollywood with more publicity hullabaloo than did Rudy, sax player and song crooner. And nobody got much less attention, and created less excitement, than this same curly-haired boy with the come-hither voice.

He arrived, made his picture, "The Vagabond Lover," and left after five weeks, with everybody feeling sort of let down about it all.

It isn't hard to understand. Nobody has known or cared an awful lot about Vallée except a few hundred thousand fans in the East.

Within a couple of months he became a high-salaried band leader on the strength of his radio crooning, and everybody expected a little too much of him.

# with Pen and Camera

## York



Bruno

You'll not guess who this is in any particular hurry, so we'll tell you immediately that it's Mary Kornman, former member of "Our Gang," the latest film kidlet to grow into an ingénue

The truth is, that he is a rather colorless, rather shy sort of kid—no outstanding personality, no lady-killer, no attention-getter. He hero-worshipped a good deal in Hollywood, and got very little. The picture people have a way of looking down the nose at nice looking boys from the East who go to Hollywood with a little too much publicity. And they gave young Mr. Vallée the gentle and polite bird.

Rudy's answer can be a good picture that will make money. Hollywood hasn't any smart answer for that. Only respect.

**THIS** is our pet story of the month, so please giggle politely, just for old Cal!

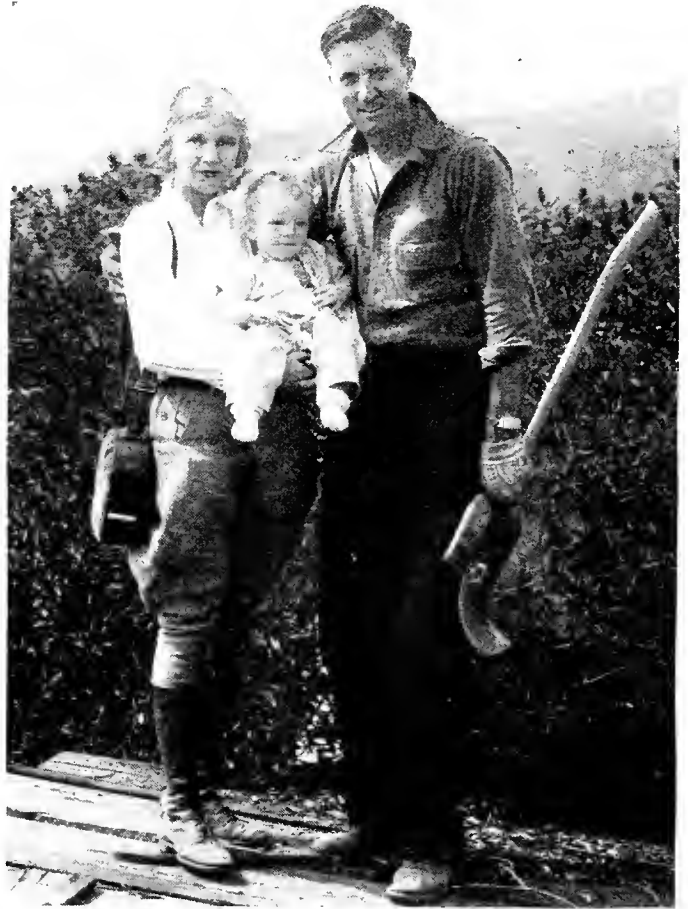
A smart young novelist, well known and a good salesman, decided to ask permission of one of the smaller producers to dedicate his newest novel to the film mogul.

Flattered, the magnate answered right away.

"It's a pleasure," wrote the producer. "Please wire me where the dedication takes place, and what shall I wear?"

**A** CERTAIN gentleman of brunette color, swept to fame by his lazy, drawling voice, had little previous experience with handling large sums of money. As a result he bought everything from custom-built cars to patent egg-beaters, and he went in debt. It finally got to the place where his salary was garnisheed every week. He has solved the problem by having two checks made out. One is for \$750 which is brought to his dressing room. The other is for \$250 which is left at the cashier's window. The first garnisher on hand gets it.

**T**HE engagement of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart has been the local Rock of Gibraltar in the thousand and one romances in cinema village. Hollywood was content to believe that if



One of the happiest and handsomest families in all Hollywood. Ann Harding, husband Harry Bannister and their 11 months old daughter snapped outside their hilltop home

they were not already married, as popularly supposed, that they would at least stay engaged.

The announcement that the engagement has been broken was the surprisc wallop of the month. Just a few weeks before they were talking of buying a house together. Both had admitted that the marriage was not far off.

**O**NE rumor has it that Nick wanted to go places with Dixie Lee, but David Rollins is the young man who takes Dixie to all the places where people get seen. The other, and more logical reason, is that Sue was not unimpressed with the love-making of George O'Brien in "The Lone Star Ranger," in which she was his leading lady. Romance is believed to have blossomed in them thar hills during a long location trip.

And George generally makes a hit with his leading ladies. Olive Borden was once an interested listener-in to his honeyed words. So was Janet Gaynor, and more recently Lois Moran.

**W**E'RE all anxious to see Ruth Roland's comeback film. For the former serial queen and present real estate baroness, according to reports, is going to appear in the filming of "Reno," the more or less successful divorce novel.

Of course, this has nothing whatever to do with her happy relations with her handsome husband, Ben Bard.



They scramble photographs as often as eggs these days, and this cameraman certainly did. Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike) is singing the opera while Lawrence Tibbett, Met baritone, does that great movie song, "Singin' in the Rain"

**W**E have only two secret weddings of the month to divulge. We have suspicions about two or three more but we'll have to keep the news until later.

Virginia Lee Corbin eloped with Theodore Crow, a New York broker, and only recently let her friends in on the secret. Johnny Harron and Betty Egan slipped away last June and were married at Fullerton and kept us fooled until the present time.

**P**OLICEMEN in Los Angeles say Jobyna Ralston is the most temperamental actress they ever encountered.

She refused to ride to the police station, after her arrest with the stage cast of "Bad Babies" in Los Angeles, without driving in the front seat and running the siren.

And Joby won by riding sixty miles an hour through Los Angeles and grinding the siren.

**A** YOUNG fellow named Peck is working in the scenario department at Paramount. Peck is the name—LYDELL Peck.

Janet Gaynor's young husband decided that practising law in San Francisco wasn't quite so attractive as practising husbanding in Hollywood, so he ups and leaves the northern city flat on its back. Paramount cleared off a desk for him.

Now young Mr. Peck sits in Hollywood and concocts dream masterpieces for the screen. And the leading lady of each bears a remarkable resemblance to a girl named Gaynor.

**I**T was at the hotsy-totsy Hollywood opening of "The Cock Eyed World," and the world and all its wives were there.

A sweet voice was heard at the microphone before the theater. "Hello, everybody! I'd like to have my husband, Tay Garnett, speak for me!"

Then the announcer got helpful.

"That was the sweet voice of Patsy Ruth Miller," he said. "You all remember seeing her in 'Twin Beds,' with Jack Mulhall!" Just helping out a young bride!

**F**LORENZ ZIEGFELD, the famous producer of girl and music shows, is said to be after our Gloria Swanson.

For her services, that is, in his forthcoming musical comedy, "Ming Toy," based on the famous play "East is West." Now that Gloria has developed such a nice singing voice, and is looking so smart and handsome, the stage is making goo-goo eyes at her.

Well, we just can't spare Gloria—not after she has turned out such an elegant talkie as "The Trespasser."

To illustrate the cycle of style! Gloria Swanson in a fashionable get-up of the vintage of 1919. Don't laugh, either! The cut may be a little comical, but the length is just about right for 1929 dresses



**A**NYBODY who still nourishes the notion that a New York first night is a gathering of the most blasé and hardest boiled eggs in the world had better dismiss it with a snort.

You should have seen the way the ladies went for Charlie Farrell at the Broadway opening of "Sunny Side Up!" Young or old, slender or unpleasingly plump, it didn't matter a dime's worth. At intermission hundreds of them climbed over each other's backs to get at the boy for an autograph. He got writer's cramp in the first four minutes of play, and had to take time out.

Incidentally, the report is that while Charlie played about the East his heart was still in California and pumping hard for Virginia Valli. They now say there was never any heavy romantic heaving between Farrell and the Gaynor. Charlie and Virginia are a great team—to Cal's mind one of the handsomest couples that ever mumbled into a microphone at a flossy first night.

**P**ERHAPS the many tragedies that have marked the life of Alma Rubens are over. She has been released from the Narcotic Ward of the California State Hospital, cured from the terrible thing that has mastered her in recent years.

Her cure is complete after five months of treatment. She has gained in weight, and looks better than she has at any time in four years.



Don't cable bail to poor George Bancroft! These German Green Police aren't hiking him off to the hoosegow. They just happened to be marching by as George was strolling down a Berlin avenue on his recent tour of the older world



P. and A.

More youth and beauty for the films, and so for us. Fans, step up and make your party bows to Polly Walker, discovery of George M. Cohan for musical comedy. She will appear in new Radio pictures

seller list in New York all Fall. Now the studio has an idea it would like the clever, beautiful Claudette Colbert, of "The Lady Lies" fame, for the part, and is said to be dickering for her services.

**T**HE most convincing argument that has been advanced against the eighteen-day diet!

When Joe Cobb, former fatty of the "Our Gang" comedies, went into vaudeville, he drew down a mere insult of \$2,500 a week. Aw, who likes grapefruit, anyway?

**A**NOTHER of those engagements has turned up that are inclined to make cynics out of grammar school boys.

Again I say that I don't mean to throw carpet tacks in the path of true love. But there is something about the reported betrothal of Lita Grey Chaplin, singing ex-wife of the comedian, and Phil Baker, accordion-playing comic of revues, that makes me poke about for a Zulu in the woodshed. Roy D'Arcy, formerly known as the lady's fiancé, was on hand to bestow a blessing (I have a picture of all three at a party) and it all looks just a little too nice and happy. It's so easy to get engaged and publicity at the same time. Ever hear of Clara Bow and Harry Richman?

Old Cal wishes them a happy marriage and long life together. If he wants to snicker quietly up his cuff you just needn't notice it.

**T**HE old stagers are bowing, at this moment, to a newer comic sensation. That's Mr. Jack Oakie, the rubber-faced vaudeville graduate who leaps from film to film like a bounding gazelle.

A rapid fire succession of good comic parts have built Mr. Oakie to his present eminence. His work in "Fast Company" was elegant, and other such fast-cracking rôles have added to his rep.

So that when Oakie made his first appearance in the Nancy Carroll picture, "Sweetie," at the Paramount in New York, he was greeted by tremendous applause, and his singing of "Alma Mammy" could have taken ten encores if the film had been run over and over to satisfy the mob of Oakieites.

His vaudeville training made Jack perfect talkie-meat. He'll be famous if he gets good parts—as he will. The Old Oakie Bucket! May it ever be full!



Other people have conquered this same thing, and returned to fame. Hollywood knows more than one such case. The dusky Alma plans resuming a film career. First, however, she will take a long ocean voyage before she resumes her career in films.

Glowing reports of Alma have come from the staff at the hospital.

She has strengthened herself by helping other patients to cure themselves of the habit. She feels for the first time since she became an addict, five years ago, that she has beaten the addiction. She also says she has developed for the first time the real will power that will bring her back and keep her from touching drugs again.

Let's help her come back. What do you say?

**W**E have told you that Billy Haines is a collector of antiques, so you won't be surprised that he has decided to convert his Spanish bungalow into a Colonial.

He has hied himself to an apartment and the carpenters are now doing their dirty work.

**N**OW they say that Greta Garbo isn't going to film the autobiographical novel, "Ex-Wife," after all.

Metro-Goldwyn is reported to have given up \$20,000 for the rights to this story by Ursula Parrott, which was on the best-

**S**OME years ago Eddie Cantor made a silent version of his famous Ziegfeld stage success, "Kid Boots," for Paramount. Now it's to be redone properly, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

# HOT DOGS!



Jiggs, the Boston Bull heroine of "Hot Dogs," M-G-M's all-barkie dog comedy, is on trial for her life. She's on the witness stand, and the judge with the two-foot ears is just rising to a point of order. The jury is bored. It looks bad for Jiggs!

Hollywood's aristocratic canine actors decide it is their day, so they make a two reel comedy by themselves. It's an all-barkie!



Two night club hostesses out for no good reason. Their names are Chingaling and Bozo, and they are a couple of Dogville's leading sirens, more or less deplored and distrusted by the better element of the community. Here they're looking for heavy sugar doggies

The gay night life of the Bow Wow Inn, one of Dogville's wilder night clubs. Here are Jiggs and Buster, heroine and hero of "Hot Dogs," looking upon the cold tea when it is brown. Jiggs, as you will note, is a regular cigarette fiend of the old school



Give Louise two large earrings, a cigarette, and her makeup box, and the regular sirens howl with envy. The two small pictures show her in the old Sennett cream-pie days

# You Don't Have To Be Beautiful

*Louise Fazenda steps out away ahead of hundreds of pretty babies*

By Marquis Busby

**H**ELEN of Troy had a face that launched a thousand ships. Helen antedated Theda Bara as a vamp by quite some centuries, and she meant tough luck for Paris and Menelaus. She might have been better off if she had had a face that wrecked a thousand ships.

On the other hand they tell me that the Empress of China commanded five hundred million men, which certainly beats any record rolled up by Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Yet, I can't find any records that said the Empress was any Corinne Griffith for pulchritude.

Beauty really isn't necessary for success. Some of the greatest actresses of the stage were not beautiful women, but the screen has always made a great to-do over beauty. A girl without a lovely face and figure had about as much chance for success as a snowflake in a kettle of soup. At least that's what they said.

But there have been exceptions. Girls who have succeeded without beauty may only prove the exception to the rule. Perhaps they prove something else. At least, beauty does not explain the long success of Louise Fazenda.

Louise was an outstanding figure on the old Sennett lot, a studio almost over-run with beautiful girls. There were Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, Vera Steadman, Harriet Hammond, Mary Thurman and Marvel Rea. Beau-

tiful, beautiful girls—all of them.

Louise, herself, says she was the least pretty of them all. And now, not so many years after, Gloria and

Louise are the only two of great prominence in motion pictures. Gloria was not a pretty girl either. She had something more than beauty. So has Louise. She made the step from custard pies to featured rôles at other studios. When talkies came along she made that step, too. The infectious giggle she has in real life was just as infectious on the audible screen.

She started at Sennett's with curly hair, and a desire to wear one of those fussy bathing suits, and woe to the girl that got a drop of water on it. Then on one fateful day a comedienne failed to arrive on the set. Sennett cast his eyes over the line of girls. He picked on Louise to be funny. She was given an outlandish garb and her hair was skinned back from her brow.

"I was always so careful to hide that skyscraper forehead of mine," she laughed. "I was terribly embarrassed at having it displayed in that way."

Sennett discovered that Louise had something the other girls did not possess. She was always funny after that, and she was given a contract for the simply staggering sum of thirty-five dollars a week. The new contract player ran every step of the way home to tell her mother the news, and she was so out of breath when she got [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]



**I**F, on the morning following the premiere of "The Big Parade," there was one little girl on earth ripe and certain for stardom, it was this little Frenchy, Renee Adoree. She gave one of the screen's grandest performances in

that immortal film. And yet today Renee is not even working, let alone blazing in electric lights. She lives on her little one-acre ranch, side-tracked by fame. On the opposite page Katherine Albert tells you why this is so

# The Girl Who Just Missed Stardom

**T**HIS is the story of a great artist who could not wear the tinsel robes of stardom.

It is a glance into the soul of little Renee Adoree, who, like Michael Arlen's ill-fated heroine, "will never be let off anything."

She should have been, after "The Big Parade," the greatest, most glamorous star of the screen. Instead, she has no assignment from M-G-M, the studio that still has her contract, and her first talking picture "Redemption," with Jack Gilbert, has been temporarily shelved.

She should have been rich and important and famous. Instead, her lawyer is habitually trying to solve her financial problems.

The word "stardom" seems inconsequential in the face of all this actress has accomplished. She has loved and suffered, laughed and wept. She is the lady of beautiful moments. One of the most interesting figures who ever flashed across the screen. Different as she is from other people, elemental and gentle as her heart is, she could not have made the tawdry gesture known as stardom.

**L**UCKY are the people who have glimpsed the soul of the real Adoree. I am one of the fortunate few and I know that Renee Adoree, the person, is greater than Renee Adoree, the star who might have been.

Once, in Paris, she played on the same bill with Sarah Bernhardt. The divine actress, then an old woman with one leg, did the last act of "Camille."

Each night, after Renee's turn was done, she watched the great *artiste* and each night tears streamed down the face of the little dancer. One night Bernhardt stopped and looked at the sobbing child. "You little fool," she said. "You'll never be a great actress. You are too sincere. I never shed a real tear in my life."

John Gilbert and Renee Adoree in the stunning choo-eeng gum scene in "The Big Parade"—a bit that grew all by itself

Renee Adoree, the circus girl of Lille, who writes blank checks on affection and service and gives them too freely

By Katherine Albert

rudiments of right and wrong. When she disobeyed she was beaten. When she did her turn well she was praised. That was all she knew of ethics.

**T**HE little girls were trained in tight rope walking, acrobatics, riding, dancing.

A big Russian was their teacher. He stood before them with a long whip, a piece of lead on its lash. Every false move brought a flick of the cruel whip, that not only carried away a piece of the garment, but of the flesh as well.

However, it was not all misery. There were pleasant evenings when the red-headed father, whom she loved, took a clean white sock and made the famous drip coffee in it. For pets there were the trained dogs and even a mangy and moribund lion. One of little Renee's duties was to put her head in its mouth at each show.

At last the circus went broke and the troupe scattered.

Renee's family went to Russia, where they played an extended engagement in a variety show. It was there the little girls were put in pantomime and Adoree's art was born. The children played Cinderella and always to Renee fell the part of the sister with the ugly soul.

And then she fell in love.

He was a young Russian acrobat named Sasha, all of fourteen years. She, now twelve years old, was a homely little tike [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

This scene, and the famous farewell sequence with Jack, set the little French girl on the road to fame, wealth, stardom





★ GENERAL CRACK—Warners

JOHN BARRYMORE makes an excellent and entertaining bow to all-talking pictures in this sumptuous costume drama of the Eighteenth Century.

The story is highly romantic, with a touch of court intrigue and a dash of gypsy passion. There isn't too much of the famous profile, and Jack has even sacrificed that exquisite haircut for the sake of a little realism and the dashing soldier he plays. Marian Nixon marches on to glory, and fine performances are given by Lowell Sherman, Hobart Bosworth and the sizzling little Armida. You'll be sorry if you miss this. It has color, action and good acting—and through all, the thrill of that famous Barrymore voice! "General Crack" pulls Handsome John far out of his recent cinematic slump. *All Talkie.*



★ DULCY—M-G-M

IN the dear old silent days "Dulcy" was one of Constance Talmadge's best pictures. And what a smart gal Marion Davies was to select it as her second talkie. Is Marion a perfectly swell light comedienne, with a cute little lisp all her own? Take a look at her in the favorite stage play all about a dumb girl who set out to manage her sweetheart's career and almost ruined it.

Donald Ogden Stewart, gone actor in a big way, is as funny on the screen as he is on paper. He plays a pleasant nut who thinks he's a big financier. Elliott Nugent and Raymond Hackett, those invincible young legit troupers, are charming. But it's Marion's picture and she walks away with the honors tucked under her jangling bracelets. An elegant evening for one and all. *All Talkie.*

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ CONDEMNED—United Artists

PRODUCER SAMUEL GOLDWYN, Director Wesley Ruggles and Star Ronald Colman have, in "Condemned," accomplished the impossible.

This smart and able trio has taken the sordid story of a thief condemned to the French penal colony called Devil's Island and made a romantic and beautiful story out of it—one crammed with action and aglitter with romance.

Think of it—a glowing picture whose hero is a crook, its heroine a spiritually unfaithful wife and its locale a vicious, cruel prison camp between a jungle and a deep blue sea! The story fascinates the eye, captures the heart, lacerates the emotions—certainly a triumph, if there ever was one.

Colman does a splendid job as the romantic thief, and the blonde beauty of Ann Harding, plus her rich contralto, suffice for the part of the warden's lonely wife. The film's unbilled star is Dudley Digges, from the stage, as warden. And how the able Louis Wolheim helps in a convict rôle!

Director Ruggles, capturing the atmosphere of the island of the lost, has concocted some tremendous thrills. You'll tingle at the pursuit through the jungle, with Colman and Wolheim floundering ahead of the guards.

This is a grand picture—a conquering of almost insuperable difficulties. And it is all high-lighted by the sophisticated, soothing voice and manner of that most appealing feller, Ronald Colman. *All Talkie.*

# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

CONDEMNED ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE  
 GENERAL CRACK DULCY  
 THIS THING CALLED LOVE  
 THE MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND  
 PARIS SOUTH SEA ROSE  
 IT'S A GREAT LIFE

## The Best Performances of the Month

Ronald Colman in "Condemned"  
 Dudley Digges in "Condemned"  
 Warner Baxter in "Romance of Rio Grande"  
 Mona Maris in "Romance of Rio Grande"  
 John Barrymore in "General Crack"  
 Marian Nixon in "General Crack"  
 Marion Davies in "Dulcy"  
 Donald Ogden Stewart in "Dulcy"  
 Edmund Lowe in "This Thing Called Love"  
 Constance Bennett in "This Thing Called Love"  
 Mary Brian in "The Marriage Playground"  
 Irene Bordoni in "Paris"  
 Lenore Ulric in "South Sea Rose"  
 Rosetta Duncan in "It's a Great Life"  
 Paul Muni in "Seven Faces"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 125



★ THIS THING CALLED LOVE—Pathe

ALIBI husbands and suspicious wives, take notice! The whole world is going to be enlightened by "This Thing Called Love." A lonely millionaire hires a wife and pays her a salary. She has her admirers and he has his girl friends. How is this for modern progress? You must see how Edwin Burke worked it out. Edmund Lowe, whose excellent work in "What Price Glory" and "The Cock Eyed World" has brought him such a following, at last draws a romantic rôle, and how the girls love him!

If you saw Constance Bennett in "Rich People" you will need no second invitation to this. Besides there is ZaSu Pitts, in evening gowns, instead of aprons, and pretty Ruth Taylor, of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" fame. Delightful comedy drama, exceptionally well done. *All Talkie.*



★ ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE—Fox

If you liked "In Old Arizona"—and who didn't?—you'll get out of your seat and dance in the aisles over this rich and roaring melodrama of young love in Old Mexico.

Warner Baxter, who came so far back as *The Cisco Kid*, puts on his Mexican suit once more—a rich and gaudy one, this time, for Warner plays the beloved grandson of *Don Fernando*, lord of ten thousand acres south of the Rio Grande. And how Baxter plays the romantic rôle—even going so far as to sing a song—is nobody's business but yours, and yours, and yours!

The story has all sorts of chances for color and melodramatic action. Love and land-jealousy cause trouble between Baxter and a newly villainous Antonio Moreno, while the rich and noble senorita is Mary Duncan, and the lovelorn *Cinderella* is played by a sensational newcomer named Mona Maris. Tony and the two ladies perform magnificently, and the dependable Robert Edeson does better than well as old *Don Fernando*.

The whole thing sparkles, from fight to fiesta and from lavish to long-suffering love. "Romance of Rio Grande," to these reportorial eyes, has about everything we demand of our talking pictures, 1930 model—speed, color, romance, atmosphere, good acting and two fine songs out of just two tries. You'll go strongly for "You'll Find the Answer in My Eyes." Recommended highly. *All Talkie.*



★ THE MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND—Paramount

THIS picture may not be the best in months, but it has a wholesome, human quality that almost puts it in a class by itself. This in spite of the fact that the theme, growing out of the divorce problem, is highly sophisticated.

Edith Wharton's book "The Children" was a best-seller, and the picture solidifies all the impressions it left. Seven undisciplined children, ranging from nine months to seventeen years, are merged into one group, suffering because their idle parents cannot settle their marital relationships.

Mary Brian, as the lovable oldest child, undertakes to save them. It gives her one of her finest rôles, and Frederic March is well cast. The fine cast includes several interesting children, among them Philippe de Lacy and Little Mitzi.

A beautiful picture you cannot afford to miss. *All Talkie.*

# Sound or Silent, You Will Find the



**PARIS—  
First National**

*All Talkie*



**Z**E fans are going to like zis Irene Bordoni. Her first picture, "Paris," has all the earmarks of a hit. La Bordoni sings in French and English in her famous oo-la-la manner, and wears ravishing gowns. She scintillates in the picture in the face of stiff competition from Jack Buchanan, another foot-lighter. And what a performance by Louise Closser Hale, the stage actress!



**SOUTH SEA  
ROSE—Fox**

*All Talkie*



**A** SEA-FARING gent anchors at an island infested with bananas and theme songs and takes on a cargo of Lenore Ulric. What she does to a New England village is plenty, including a torrid hula. You can't believe the story, but it's grand entertainment. Great comedy, and a wonderful storm at sea, not to mention fine support by Charles Bickford, Kenneth McKenna and Daphne Pollard.



**IT'S A  
GREAT LIFE  
—M-G-M**

*All Talkie*



**V**IVIAN and Rosetta Duncan have made a snappy, hilarious comedy of the life of a vaudeville sister team in this elaborate picture. It is crammed to the gunwales with Duncan comedy, and they do a lot of the vocalizing that made them famous. Listen for "Following You"—you'll care for it. Lawrence Gray clicks again in the male lead, and there is lots to praise beside the cute Duncans.

**HALF WAY  
TO HEAVEN  
—Paramount**

*All Talkie*



**O**NE of the nicest pictures Buddy Rogers has done. A romantic story with a carnival background, taken from Henry L. Gates' best-seller, "Here Comes the Band Wagon." The action of the story does not depend upon Buddy's "soulful" eyes, but upon his virility, and he comes through with a bang! No wonder Jean Arthur, his circus partner, finds him irresistible.

**THE  
VAGABOND  
LOVER—  
Radio Pictures**

*All Talkie*



**M**R. VALLÉE'S boy, Rudy, is right there with the sentimental ballads. His voice makes you think of moonlight and roses. "The Vagabond Lover" will please Vallée fans. Rudy warbles with telling effect. But it makes us think of the man who said "for gosh sakes sing, Annie." The king of song has one facial expression. Marie Dressler is superb as a *nouveau riche* society leader.

**A HOLLY-  
WOOD STAR  
—Educational-  
Sennett**

*All Talkie*



**T**HIS is one of the funniest two reel comedies, sound or silent, we've seen in a long time. Mack Sennett, The Old Marster, directed it. Harry Gribbon plays a Western star who makes a personal appearance at the small town theater run by Andy Clyde. And it's his first talking picture! A roaring, thumping satire, crammed with laughs. Don't let this one get by you.



# First and Best Screen Reviews Here

## SEVEN FACES— Fox

All Talkie



FOR the first time, one man gets seven "best performances" in a month. Paul Muni scores as he plays seven different historical characters in a museum. The figures are works of art, done by the famous sculptor, Mahronri Young, but the wax museums have been pictured before and the story loses some of its value. Beautiful work by Muni and Russell Gleason. Good entertainment with a novel twist.

## NAVY BLUES— M-G-M

All Talkie



IF that Haines boy isn't a scream in "Navy Blues" then Hoover was a Tammany candidate. Willyum is the freshest gob that ever lived. He breaks up a Ladies' Aid social, steals Anita Page from her happy home, and then sails to Central America only to find that sweethearts in every port are the razz-berries. Excellent comedy is furnished by J. C. Nugent and Karl Dane.

## THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS —First National

All Talkie



THIS fantastic melodrama of men and women lost in the Sargasso Sea is a triumph of production. Its scenes of dead ships in a lonely sea are magnificent. Not so much can be said for the dialogue, which is stiff. The leads are well played by Noah Beery, Jason Robards, and Virginia Valli. Keen fans will remember Maurice Tourneur made a silent version of the same story years ago.

## SHANGHAI LADY— Universal

All Talkie



A BEAUTIFUL blonde in a Shanghai *maison de joie* cuts loose and tries to become a lady. Mary Nolan gives a sincere characterization. Her voice is a bit harsh, but is perfect for the part. Anders Randolph, as a formidable mandarin, Wheeler Oakman, as a half-caste detective, and Lydia Yeamans Titus, as the irascible madame of the dive, are splendid. Universal's best picture in months.

## THE SHANNONS OF BROAD- WAY— Universal

All Talkie



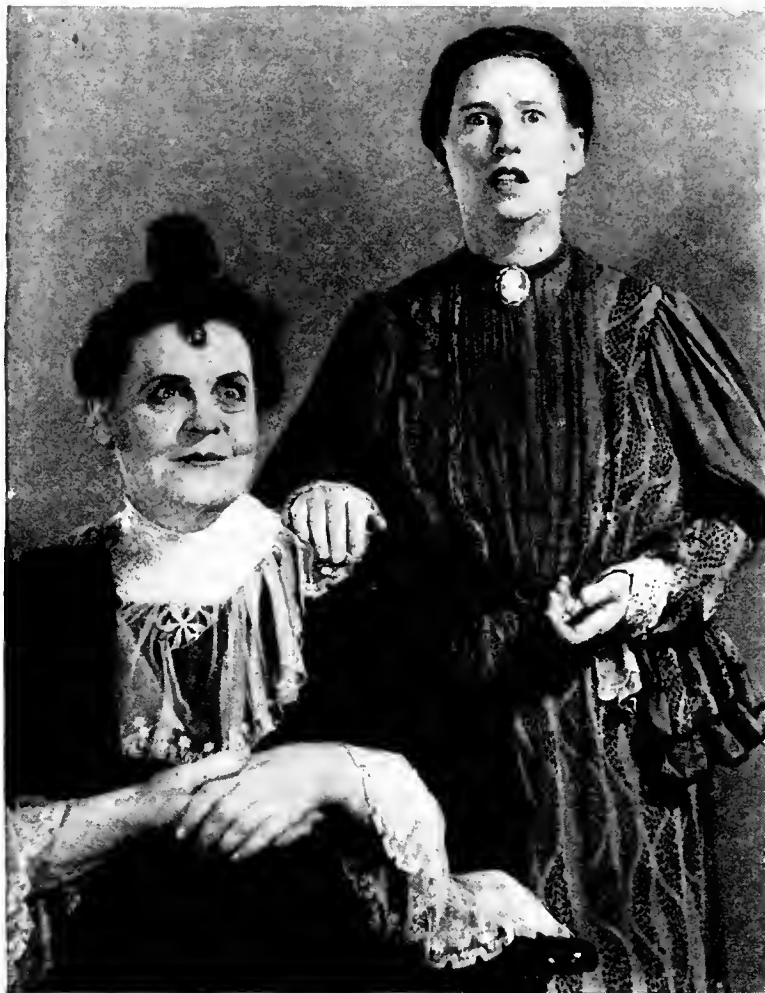
FOR soul-satisfying foolishness there's not a team on or off Broadway that can hold a dimmer to the Gleasons. This comedy of two vaudeville troupers stranded in a hick town is only a slight compromise on the stage play also written by and starring James and Lucille Gleason. The story isn't a striking bit of modernism, but acting and dialogue you'll say are gorgeous.

## HIS GLORIOUS NIGHT— M-G-M

All Talkie



WHEN you see a talking picture you watch the mouth of the player, don't you? That's one of the reasons that Jack Gilbert's first speaking performance is disappointing. You miss the vivacity and expressiveness of his eyes. Chatter in a mythical kingdom seems all wrong, somehow. Gilbert makes a great effort, and Catherine Dale Owen as the proud and haughty princess is beautiful. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]



Just a couple of ingénues, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. One of the greatest comedy teams in pictures, they work together like hilarious twins. It was the mad Polly who said of the Graf Zeppelin that it looked like Marie Dressler in a hammock!

# 50 Years of "IT"

Polly Moran tells about her love-life, and her newest flame—Bill Haines

*By Cal York*

**P**OLLY MORAN wept. Imagine that, if you can. Polly, laughter's gift to Hollywood, sat at her dressing table, head buried in her arms, shoulders shaking convulsively.

"It's tough," she sobbed, "tough to learn what I have discovered after fifty years of ignorance.

"All these years I have had sex appeal, without knowing it. And now, when it is too late to use it, I have found it out."

She raised her tear-stained face. And then she burst into Pollyesque laughter.

"Just think of all the fun I've had, though, without knowing what caused it."

Trust Polly to find the silver lining to even the darkest cloud.

"Nowadays they may call it 'It' or anything else," she went on, as the tears dried upon her cheeks, "Back in Chicago before the fire, we didn't bother to christen our charms. We just had 'em, that's all."

Polly leaned back in her chair. A far-away look came into her blue eyes, a faint smile touched the corners of her ruby lips, as she lived again the glories of the past.

"What a swell dish I was," she remembered. "Many are the guys who have squandered their hard-earned savings upon me, without even inviting me for a buggy ride. Let any of these Hollywood 'It' girls tie that record.

"The real S. A. sirens passed out with the puffed sleeves and the wasp waist.

"Take Marie Dressler, for example—that is, if anyone wants her. Marie used to be the most beautiful girl on the stage, excepting, of course, me and Lillian Russell. Today Marie is just another fair, fat and forty, unnoticed in the horde. It's the modern clothes that do it. If Marie could go back to

the Floradora petticoats, she'd knock Hollywood for a loop. Greta Garbo and the rest of them would look like nothing beside Marie."

The Misses Moran and Dressler are bosom pals, as you can see.

"With me, of course, it's a little different," Polly continued. "I look just as good today as I did—well, say thirty years ago. My figure shows to advantage in these new-fangled clothes. I am one of the few favored beauties of the old brigade. I look just as well in the sun-tan bathing suits which I wear, as I do in my most elaborate evening gowns.

**T**HE realization of the potency and agelessness of my appeal is what has led me to the discovery of my 'Itness.'"

Again tears clouded the blue of the Moran eyes. But she brushed them courageously away.

"Perhaps it is not yet too late," she consoled herself. "I wear short skirts, rolled socks and Garbo skull caps. I have discarded my corsets with my long underwear. My *parfum* is created especially to blend with my aroma, or aura or whatever they call it. I am a modern through and through. All the way through, which is some dis'ance.

"My angles are curves, rounded, undulating, especially under the chin. My skin is the kind they love to touch, like my pocketbook. My eyes still burn with the fires of youth when I leave my specs at home."

Polly arose, grace in every line. She struck an attitude and her shin against her chair.

"Romance cannot, shall not, pass me by," she proclaimed, skilfully maintaining her attitude while massaging her swelling shin. "For many years I have been busy understanding



Believe it or not, this is Polly Moran. She was fifteen when this was taken, and a mighty singer of illustrated songs in the days of the nickelodeon and the colored slide



Love conquers all, especially when the parties of the first and second parts are Polly Moran and her heart of hearts, "Wild Willie" Haines. Our trouble is that we can't tell whether Bill's expression is caused by love or by acute discomfort in the knee region

misunderstood husbands. Now misunderstood husbands shall understand me.

"Yes, I have loved often. My love is a great and burning passion which consumes me as in a fiery inferno. Some day I shall write a book, telling of my life and loves. Now that I realize the secret of my fatal fascination, I shall be able to write with a truer understanding. There was that conductor in Kansas City, that sailor in San Diego, that drummer in Dubuque, that. . . . But I could go on for hours. The world shall read it all some day."

INTO POLLY'S face crept a pathetic wistfulness.

"All these affairs have been but shells of romance," she sighed. "They have left me yearning and longing for real love. Perhaps I have found it at last. I think so. I hope so.

"He is William Haines, my darling Billy, who appreciates and understands as I have never been appreciated and understood before. For him I shall gladly relinquish the fleshpots. Our love is based upon a common interest and background, even though I am

slightly older than he is.

"Billy's mother and my mother were both mothers, and neither was ever wrong. With that mutual touch, our romance has a secure foundation. Since Billy was born in Staunton, Virginia, and I come from Chicago, it was only natural that we should get together to talk over old times when he was in Staunton and I was in Chicago.

"With my grace and adaptability, I shall fit into my place as the gracious hostess of his old family homestead, an apartment house on South G Street. Billy intends to raise a moustache and goatee and become a colonel and I shall read a book so that our children can grow up to snub the kids on the other side of town."

POLLY gathered up her make-up box and a pair of carpet slippers, and limped out of the door, headed for the stage where she was scheduled to emote in "Road Show," M-G-M's new story of back-stage life.

"When I am alone in the peaceful quiet of my Southern kitchen, I shall have time to remember and to write. I don't know whether I shall call it, 'The Loves of the Pioneer It Girl,' or just 'Five Minutes.' Gosh, won't Elinor Glyn be mad!"

Chuckling, her tears forgotten in the thrill of anticipation, Polly Moran, one of the reddest dashes in the scarlet history of romance, disappeared behind the studio carpenter shop.

## Short Dresses

MY, my, my! What a battle the decree on long dresses started in Hollywood! There is one sure thing—Paris isn't going to make the Hollywood girls go in for long sports dresses. Each of the stars will give you her opinion of the new styles in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY.

## The Prize Winners

First Prize \$1,500—"Motion Picture Camera"

HARVARD C. SMITH  
2105 Thirty-fifth St., Kenosha, Wis.

Second Prize \$1,000—"Everblooming Tree"

VERONICA DOLAN  
400 Brown's Ave., Portland, Ore.

Third Prize \$500—"Mirror of the Screen"

PAULINE TEKESKY  
Ursuline College, Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Fourth Prize \$250—"Stars on Earth"

TAMARA CHRISTIANI  
c/o M. G. Lund, 12th Floor, 15 E. 26th St., New York City

Fifth Prize \$125—"Heart of a Fan"

MRS. SALLY Y. SCOTT  
1650 Pearl St., Denver, Colo.

[ ADDITIONAL PRIZE WINNERS ON PAGE 94 ]

# Here Are



Veronica Dolan, of Portland, Ore., carried off second honors, of \$1,000, with her tree offering

"WELL, the movies are looking up." This from one of the judges of PHOTOPLAY's sixth annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest.

And the movies certainly were. The judges had about reached the end of their many days' inspection of a seemingly endless array of entries. Set in every spare room and corner that could be found in PHOTOPLAY's Chicago headquarters, they overflowed to several specially rented offices on still another floor.

Between the time that the last set of cut pictures came into the hands of PHOTOPLAY's readers, with the September issue, until the Contest formally closed at midnight on September 20th, over 15,000 packages, boxes, and crates had poured in in a steady stream.

So far as the number of entries were concerned, and the high character of their presentation, it was the most successful contest that PHOTOPLAY had ever held.

Where did they all come from—this avalanche of entries—boxes so huge they stood ten feet high on the street, eyed curiously by thousands of pedestrians as they were unloaded? Designs so bizarre that the Contest checkers stopped work to wonder at, and admire, them? Fragile creations upon which the spirit of beauty and art had breathed? They had come from every state of the Union; from Canada, from Mexico, and from other countries to the south; from the West Indies; from Great Britain and nearly every one of her English speaking colonies.

THUS it is no exaggeration to say that the exhibit facing the judges might be compared to a section of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, or the Field Museum of Chicago. Possibly, too, the scene was reminiscent of the old Model Room of the United States Patent Office. On the walls, on the floors, even on the ceiling—on every conceivable square inch of space—this vast array of solutions was displayed.

The entire gamut, from painting and statuary, through the handicrafts of embroidery and decoration, to the more mechanical phases, such as aeroplanes, Zeppelins, windmills, and motion picture machines, was run. Here would be a fireplace on a large scale, and there would be a safe, or a steamboat, or a globe, or a bookcase, or a gigantic butterfly. In several instances, solutions were submitted in the form of theaters, with actors on the stage, and the whole illuminated by electric lights. There were grottos, and Japanese

gardens, and Ferris wheels, Spanish galleons, and enough books to start a Carnegie library. There was one birthday cake, illuminated with candles to the number of stars featured in the Contest.

Nor were the accessories to milady's adornment overlooked—jewel cases, beauty boxes, trousseau trunks, miniature wardrobes.

To try to enumerate even lists of classifications would take several of these columns of type.

AND what the American mind might have forgotten, if, indeed, there was anything that had possibly been overlooked, was remedied by the entries from foreign countries.

No wonder the judges, on that fourth day of inspection, were profoundly impressed. It would have made a deep impression upon the most casual observer—this amazing tribute to the world-wide popularity of the motion picture!

Yet, from this extraordinarily numerous and varied exhibit, certain entries stood out, so that, when the judges took a vote, it was found that their choice centered about a relatively small number, and, when the final choice was made, there was practically a unanimity of opinion in each instance, so that every entrant, whether he has won only a minor prize or failed to win a prize at all, may rest assured that his solution did not fail because of any lack of the most conscientious care and attention on the part of the judges.

In the minds of the judges, the outstanding entry in this Contest was a camera made of wood and metal, lacquered so realistically that one standing ten feet from it would declare it to be a camera like those used in the big studios of Hollywood. And inside the



This realistic motion picture camera won for Harvard C. Smith, of Kenosha, Wis., first prize of \$1,500

# Winners of \$5,000

## Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

camera were the assembled solutions, as neat and accurate in every way as was the camera in every detail. This unique symbol of the motion picture industry was submitted by Harvard C. Smith, 2105—35th Street, Kenosha, Wis. To him goes the first prize, \$1,500.

When advised that his entry was under consideration for a possible prize, Mr. Smith wrote:

"TWO days after your letter reached me, the stork presented Mrs. Smith and me with a fine eight-pound girl. As she is our first baby, we are anxious to give the little miss a good start in life, and the prize right now would help out a whole lot.

"I am a manual training instructor. I was born in Yorkton, Saskatchewan, Canada, and I do hope that my many friends up North are going to see my name in PHOTOPLAY and rejoice with me as one of the fortunate prize winners."

Second prize, of \$1,000, was awarded for a beautiful tree, each of the thirty-two correctly assembled pictures being the center of a flower. And here, despite the great task of pasting the cut pictures together on a difficult surface, neatness in assembling was noteworthy, as was the case with the first and the remaining forty-eight prize winning solutions. Miss Veronica Dolan, of 400 Brown's Avenue, Portland, Oregon, winner of this second prize, says she is Irish and her letter proves it.

Among the score of things she would like to do with the prize money, she says: "Just once to take the kind of journey my imagination paints. . . .



A mirror screen, the work of Pauline Tekesky, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, was awarded \$500, the third prize

"A lover of the theater—silent, legitimate, or talkie performance, but never in any way connected with the smallest part of the work, I might now study it the closer. To write of the theater—of the people in it; to learn how some of those wonderful colorful effects of stage and stage settings, and costumes, are created. Perhaps I might even visit the famous city of magic—HOLLYWOOD.

"TO fill the house with music, for I crave its spell.

"Getting reckless . . . the Irish blood in my veins . . . just once would I like to take a wild, wild fling on the market. To feel like Solomon in all his glory. . . . Richer than any king. . . . And just a bit devilish. Because, having worked since graduation day, there's been a place for every rolling penny, with nary a 'wild' one among 'em."

An extra heavy, flawless mirror—"Mirror of the Screen"—built as a three-section screen, was awarded third prize of \$500. As the cor-

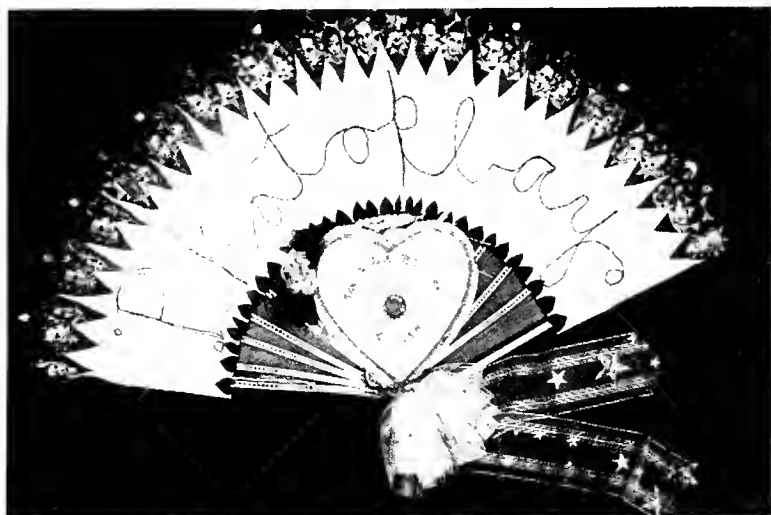
rectly assembled pictures were on the back of the mirror, it was evident that this contestant had pasted the pictures on plain glass and then applied quicksilver to it, creating the mirror. This was the entry of Miss Pauline Tekesky, a student at Ursuline College, Overlook Road and Cedar Hill, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Like all the other winners, her prize money will go to very good use. She says:

"I started to work on the Contest at the close of the school year in June. Every spare [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



Tamara Christiani, of New York City, submitted this book, which took fourth prize of \$250



Fifth prize, \$125, goes to Mrs. Sally Y. Scott, of Denver, Colo., for her "Heart of a Fan"

**T**HERE are more babies born with golden spoons in their mouths in Hollywood than in all the royal families still left in Europe.

Luxurious childhood in Hollywood has become pretty well established in the public mind through the Jackie Coogans and Baby Peggys of years gone by, with their fabulous salaries and inspired press agents to exploit their solid gold porringers, to be enjoyed when the pampered midgets were at leisure to pose in their *deluxe* nurseries.

Every tooth was a royal event, and the loss of one a tragedy not at all mended by the thought that a year would see a new one in its place. Alas, that lost baby tooth might mean hundreds of thousands of dollars in a lost contract, if a producer decided the gilded child was getting to that awkward age.

# Protecting Them From FAME



**With a double-barrelled name of that calibre, little Mary Hay Barthelmess can knock the world for a row of clay pigeons. Dick's ideas, however, are sane**



**Need we tell you? Von Stroheim, Jr., up to his father's old tricks. Just a chip off the old monocle**

many, they will not be annoyed by the crowd hollering "hurrah!" when they are grown.

Look at how they raise the Prince of Wales. There is a well brought up boy. He positively abhors the idea of being a King, and wearily observes the shadow of the crown approaching him, every time his father feels ill. This can be taken as the ultimate flowering of a superbly sophisticated upbringing conducted along conservative lines.

Just what the movie parents have done about this same problem of rearing their children unspoiled by celebrity is an interesting study. The solution of the problem in each case is characteristic of the star's personality to a great degree. Like the lion and the unicorn in the rhyme,

Some give them white bread,  
Some give them brown,  
Some give them plum cake,  
And drive them out of town.

Perhaps the most fanatical of all the stars in her determination to keep her baby untouched by its mother's celebrity in films is Mae Murray.

**Now, wouldn't Greta Garbo be different? She's the only person in Hollywood over whose house the Graf Zeppelin didn't float. Moreover, "I didn't even see it!" says Greta. A Zep's just a Zep.**

This sort of child appeal, with its silly luxury, has vanished from Hollywood. The gilded spoons of moviedom today rest in the mouths of the children of the stars. But most children of film folk do not inherit a long tradition of fame and wealth that helps them face the sudden rise to celebrity and money that films often bestow. European royalty have just about mastered the system of raising children so that the children won't enjoy it when the crowd hollers "hurrah!"

Of course, in the case of some in Hollywood it is possible that, like the Crown Prince of Ger-

# Filmdom's young heirs may be born with gilded spoons in their mouths—but their royal parents believe in teaching them to feed themselves

By

Rosalind Shaffer

Two wholesome, freckle-faced Bancrofts. Ten-year-old Georgette doesn't know her father is the screen's hairy-chested answer to many a maiden's prayer



Little Prince David M'Divani is closely guarded by servants and spends his childhood behind the walls of his mother's garden at Santa Monica. Some unkind folks have been known to say that they think Mae Murray has carried some of the drama of her famous screen rôles into her everyday life, with all this romantic and mysterious flub-dub over one small baby. The mystery has been carried so far that the child has never had an authorized picture printed. Mae says:

"I WANT my baby to grow up as an individual, not as the son of a celebrity. I believe a child develops best alone. There is such a thing as being so surrounded in life that one's own life and personality are imposed upon and smothered by others, so that nothing worth while can develop.

"Great men like Lincoln and Emerson achieved greatness in their hours alone. Then there is my own selfish reason for keeping my baby to himself with none of the publicity and handling that comes to the child of a celebrity. My home is my nest. I like to leave everything behind me when I leave the theater or the studio.

"My husband, Prince M'Divani, is not of the theatrical world. Conditions are such that I cannot give up my work yet. I like to come home to my nest, which is undefiled by outside contacts; there I breathe and gain strength for my work. And what bird has

Cliff "Ukelele Ike" Edwards was warbling at a Hollywood party when he heard a familiar, ominous noise. "Go on, Ike," said the host. "No one was hissing you! It was just a bottle of seltzer."

strange birds in its nest?" (This last means reporters, interviewers and cameramen, we took it!)

Six-year-old Mary Hay Barthelmess has a pair of famous parents. Her famous father, Dick Barthelmess, and her mother, Mary Hay, of stage and screen fame.

MARY has been in her father's custody most of her lifetime. She is the apple of his eye. Last summer Dick brought her home a new mamma. An English nurse and governess, who looked after her earlier years, cares for the wee sprite. Last year Mary went to a private school but her father thinks that the public school is the place for little girls, as it gives more democratic ideas.

Dick is anxious for the little girl to know about his work, and brings her with him to the set occasionally, when she sits and watches him make a scene. She knows her father is a celebrity. Dick feels that the tinsel and the glamour of it all will appear in its true proportion to the child if she grows up in it and has a chance to see everything as it is.



This little boy needs protection from two dangerous factors, the beauty of his mother, Claire Windsor, and the beauty which he possesses in his own right

Dancing and music are second nature to little Mary, and her return from school finds her busy for an hour with one or the other. Her playmates are children of other picture people, such as Gloria Lloyd or Henry King, Jr. Neighbor children, too, are in her circle. Barthelmess' ideas are plain and practical.

While he plans to see that Mary Hay Barthelmess has the best education she can get, it will be plainly and sensibly done.

Buster Keaton has a big load of celebrity to keep off the shoulders of his two rascals, Jimmie, aged seven, and Bobbie, five and a half.

Their grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, calls them the [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 ]

# Garbo-Maniacs

**H**OLLYWOOD puts its hand where its heart should be and swears that its Heaven is full of film stars.

Billboards scream it—press agents toot it on their E-flat cornets and boom it on their big bass drums. Electric lights spatter stellar names across the night, and starry voices squawk out upon the evening air.

But I am in the trenches, and I wink a roguish eye. I know better. There are only a few great stars left in the skies of filmland, and of the whole kit there is one outstander—Greta Garbo, Scandinavia's gift to the world. Explorers, scientists and practitioners of other arts are dim figures when set against this astonishing woman with the pale face and yellow hair.

There are those who say that the star system is on its deathbed and rattling its last. In any event, it is a safe generalization to say that the smartest, craftiest talking pictures that have so far squeaked into the public fancy have been the product of what we used to call "all-star casts," or of troupes with no stars at all. In other words, pictures are bigger than the stars.

**A**ND out in Los Angeles a funny thing happened. In the heart of the sound-maddened movie world, an old-time silent picture came slinking across a screen. When the smoke had cleared away and the casualties had been counted, the head men found that the picture had broken all existing records for the theater, sound or silent.

And need I add that the star of the voiceless opera was Greta Garbo, the Stockholm storm?

True, there are plenty of so-called stars shining their little hour. But there is only one queen, aloof and majestic on a lonely mountain top, who can do no wrong. That's La Belle Garbo, the woman who makes honest, home-loving American burghers look dubiously at their faithful, lawful wives.

It didn't use to be so.

In the noble days every star was fought for by her own group of maddened maniacs. To hint that Mary Pickford wasn't all she should be was to court a kick in the face. He who suggested that Fairbanks had his flaws was in jeopardy of a stinging

One of Them Screams to the High Heavens Garbo Can Do No Wrong—The Slightest Criticism in PHOTOPLAY and the Post-office Works Overtime

By LEONARD HALL

for years. Even now she is everlastingly sniped at from various quarters, as she sits on the lonely throne her husband erected for her at Pickfair.

Formerly she was the adored idol of millions—now she is courted by stray nobility touring Hollywood to look at the animals.

Fairbanks is in no better case. Nor is Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Dick Barthelmess, Billie Dove, Jack Gilbert or any other of the newer crop of stars. Let them speak out of turn, and around their ears rattles a barrage of epistolary criticism—not from enemies, but from their own gang of fair-weather fans.

The modern kings and queens can do plenty wrong. Their thrones are built of raspberry jello. One false squirm, and away they go!



Queen Garbo in the plain old coat and slouch hat that seem to comprise her pet outdoor costume. Right, one of the quaint, unfashionable gowns she wears on the screen. But let us hint that they are in any way odd or out of order and, swish! Off go our editorial heads!

'left jab to the jaw. The Gishes, Pearl White, Jack Kerrigan, Wally Reid, Valentino—all were swallowed hook, line and wiggling worm by their bands of devotees, who made the nights hideous with brawls over the merits of their favorites.

Those maudlin days are long gone. They ended with the era of debunking, which hit motion pictures at the same time it struck the other lively arts.

Mary Pickford has been under fire for some years for various alleged professional misdemeanors, and no critic has been hanged or shot at. Fans and critics have been announcing the end of her long reign

**A**LL but Garbo! That weird and wonderful woman from the far north never seems to fumble a grounder, no matter how hard hit. She could ride around Hollywood on a howling hyena and leading a stuffed duck, and it would be all right with the Garbo-maniacs. Greta gets away with personal idiosyncrasies that would send other stars' fans shrieking away in droves.

But everything's all right. It's Garbo. And Garbo can do no wrong.

The Greta's position, in this respect, is unique.

Drolly enough, the more writers play truth about Greta, the more bitterly they are attacked and the more fiercely her fans rally round the standard, to fight and die for God, for Sweden and for Garbo.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]





**G**ARBO, is strange fascination, unique in filmdom, leaves the screen to smite men and women with equal force. Almost nothing is known about her, but she has millions of devoted followers who take her part against the world, the press and the devil. The slightest criticism, however kindly, stirs a storm of protest. There are a million raging Garbo-Maniacs!



Bruno, Hollywood

**P**AGE Anita if you want to see something stunning in a two-toned afternoon gown. This one was designed for her by Jean Swartz. The colors are beige and navy blue, and the material is a lovely flat crepe. The blouse is heavily tucked; a panel falls at the front of the skirt to give that indispensable uneven hemline. Topped with a jaunty blue hat, Anita is ready to meet the world with a smile.



Bruno, Hollywood

“*A LA CARTE*” is the interesting name given to this smart dinner frock, designed by Howard Greer for Virginia Valli. It’s of green and gold metallic cloth with an incidental bow placed just over the knee line, and it exemplifies the typical “Hollywood line” which Paris now calls new but which Hollywood created. The black lace hat adds the final touch of elegance



LILYAN TASHMAN'S rôles are synonyms for sophistication, and the same quality marks her costuming on and off the screen. The small basket pin in synthetic stones, which catches back the scalloped brim of her black hat, matches a similar pin worn high on her left shoulder—probably the forerunner of a million such sets worn by a million women. Girls know a good style trick is always worth copying

# Clara's First Train Ride

Her first manager tells how the Brooklyn bonfire choo-chooed westward to gold and glory

By  
Maxine Alton

**C**LARA BOW was seventeen years old. She had never ridden in a train!

She stepped into the compartment as she would step into a new world. Before her stretched the unknown. In her pocket was a motion picture contract. Her future hung in the balance, yet she had not a single qualm nor doubt. She attacked the new life with a pitiful little *papier-mâché* bag containing one suit of underwear, of a bizarre color, covered with cheap lace, one pair of stockings and a roughneck sweater. That was all. She wore a sweater and a skirt that had once been pleated.

Thus Clara Bow at seventeen—now, six years later, one of the most famous women in the world.

Some weeks before, Clara had giggled her way into my office. I was at the time a story agent, but I occasionally handled people. She sat in my outer room and giggled until, through sheer annoyance, I led her in. She told me her story in a dozen staccato words.

Two years before she had won a beauty contest and had played a part in Elmer Clifton's independently produced "Down to the Sea in Ships." When her mother died in a last insane agony, she, knowing the intensity of her daughter's nature, extracted a promise from her that she would not follow a screen career.

Superstitious, as all primitive people are, Clara had taken two years to shake off the sacredness and horror of that promise. Now she stood before me looking for a job.

She was an untamed young animal in those days, as elemental as fire and as vivid. Her every reaction was natural and direct. Yet even then in that faded sweater and that dowdy skirt I felt that she had something, a wild, vital, emotional force.

**I**SPOKE to Mr. B. P. Schulberg's partner, J. G. Bachman, about her. He wasn't interested in emotional force, but after Clara had played in a couple of pictures (very amateurishly) he consented to O. K. her. I wrote Schulberg and a contract was arranged. Along with the contract went my assignment of escorting her to the Coast. I might as well have agreed to nurse a herd of white elephants.

Clara, her father and I were to meet at Grand Central Station. On the back of her first contract is still scrawled the directions in Robert Bow's hand. "Grand Central Station, information booth, 5:30 P. M." It was written in an illiterate manner. He had [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

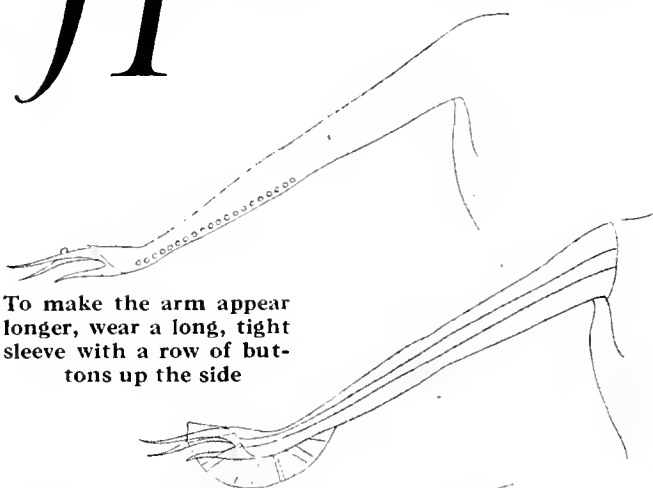


Do you remember this Clara Bow? This Clara was a little Brooklyn girl who had only a gay, kid heart and the astonishing vitality and power that finally carried her to picture heights. Compare this Bow with the Clara of today, the courted star!

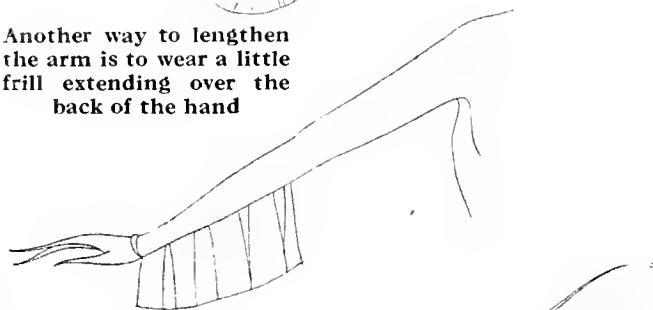
# How Studio Designers

Max Ree tells you to dry your tears, you girls who are too short, or too tall, or whose arms and necks are out of proportion

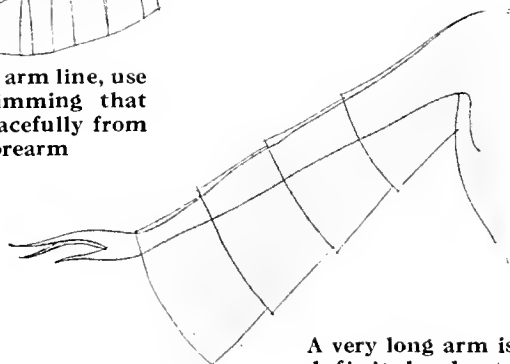
To make the arm appear longer, wear a long, tight sleeve with a row of buttons up the side



Another way to lengthen the arm is to wear a little frill extending over the back of the hand



To break the arm line, use any soft trimming that will hang gracefully from the forearm



A very long arm is definitely shortened by a wide sleeve, cut in a series of horizontal lines

MAX REE does things with lines. Ree, a young Dane who was with Max Reinhardt in Europe as his set and costume designer, has taken charge of all set and costume building for RKO. Ree introduced the famous Garbo collar. He did it to make Greta's neck look less long. Since that time he has been making the picture gals look the perfect creatures that none of us are.

It's all done with lines. Or anything that gives the eye the impression of a line—a row of buttons or bows, a ruffle, the use of material in two shades.

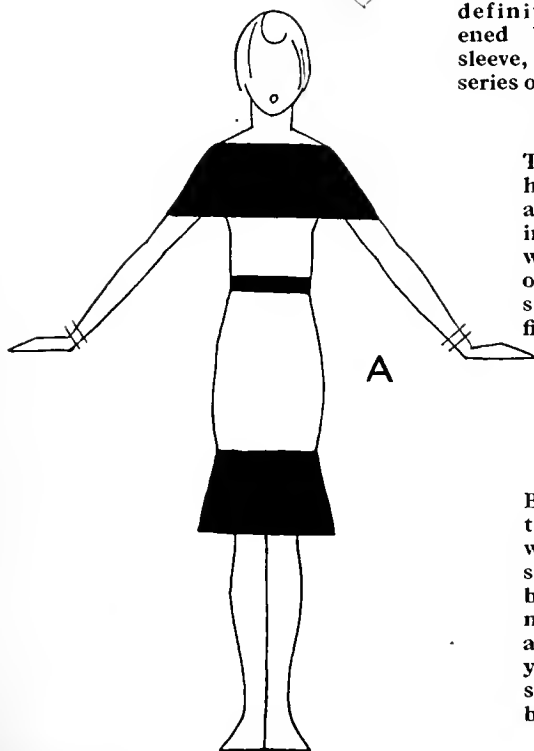
The sketches shown here are basic principle. They are all done on the same figure and you can see the amazing transformation that occurs by a simple change. The principles involved apply to costumes as well as to rooms. A room with a high ceiling is made to look lower and cosier if the pictures are low and the book shelves placed in continuous rows.

"There is, of course, a happy medium," said Ree. "It is a mistake for a tall girl to imitate a flapper and wear frocks that are unsuited to her. No matter what your height, you should wear high heels, except for sports.

"We all know that a tall woman should not wear vertical stripes or drapes. These are for short girls. A long drape makes the figure look longer.

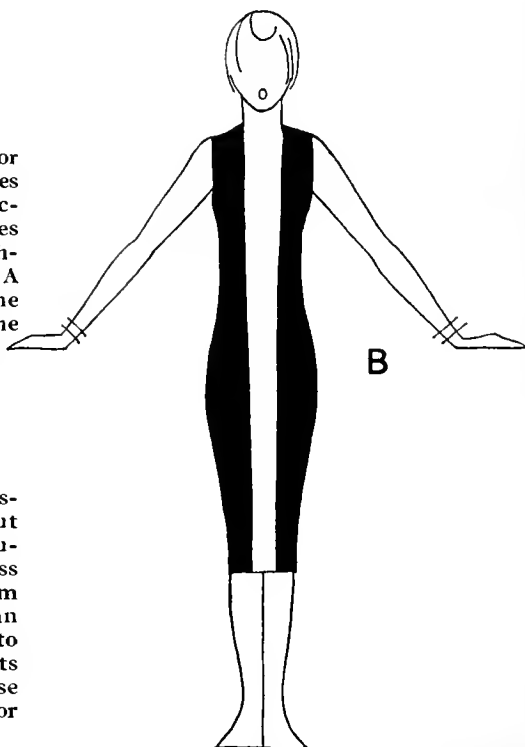
"Most women make the mistake of selecting a gown for color and material. Line must come first, no matter what the style. By studying my sketches you can adapt fashion into the proper molds.

"Young, plump women can wear black and dark blue," said Ree, "but often these shades are not becoming to an older person. Black



A

The same principles for handling line apply to clothes and to rooms. Careful placing of pictures and shelves will make a room look high- or low-ceilinged. Figure A shows you how to make the figure appear shorter by the use of contrasting horizontals, formed by collar, belt and ruffle

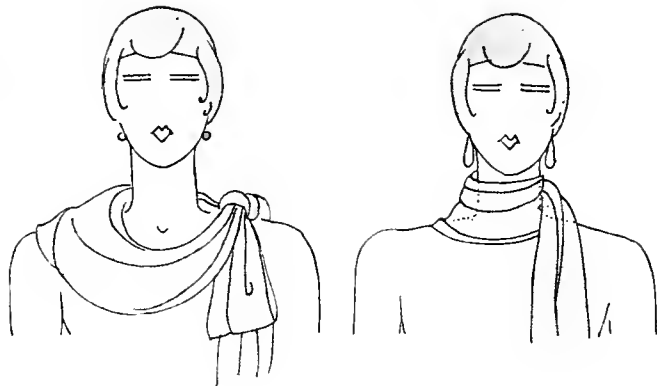


B

By contrast, Figure B illustrates how a short, stout woman can create the illusion of height and slimmess by using unbroken lines from neck to hemline. You can adapt the new fashions to your individual requirements simply by following these basic rules for lengthening or breaking lines

# Use Lines to Remedy Defects

By Lois Shirley



To shorten the too-long neck is a simple matter. If you have a "Garbo" neck, try these remedies, prescribed by a master of line. For sports, wear a soft, loose drape or scarf rather close to the throat line (left). If your neck still "ostriches," draw the scarf up close around the throat and knot at one side (right)

is trying. Only a young face can 'get away with it.' Therefore the matron who is stout should wear only dark colors. Dark green, dark red, etc. However, she can do more with lines.

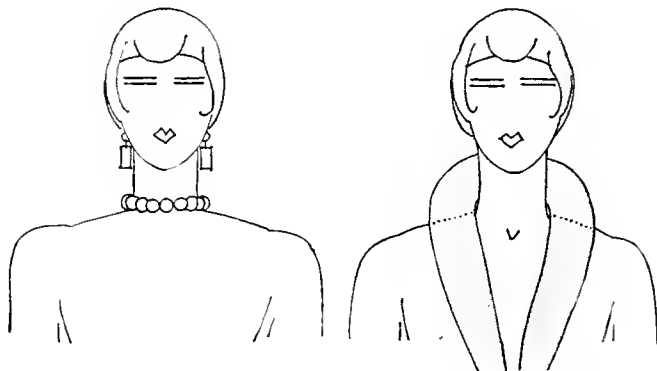
"She should never cut her figure in half with a tight belt. She should always choose drapes. And uneven hems. And loose little capes at the back, if these capes flow into the skirt and do not break the figure.

"DEFECTS may be completely changed by a good line. Note the four variations of sleeve effects and what they do to an arm. The best way to lengthen the arm is with a long, tight sleeve, brought well over the hand, with a row of buttons up the side. A little frill over the hand will relieve the monotony of this, but the higher the frill is extended, the more the arm is shortened. A very long arm is successfully shortened by a wide sleeve and a series of horizontal lines. Little can be done with a short neck. It is best to leave it bare and wear a V neck line. But there are many ways to shorten a long neck.

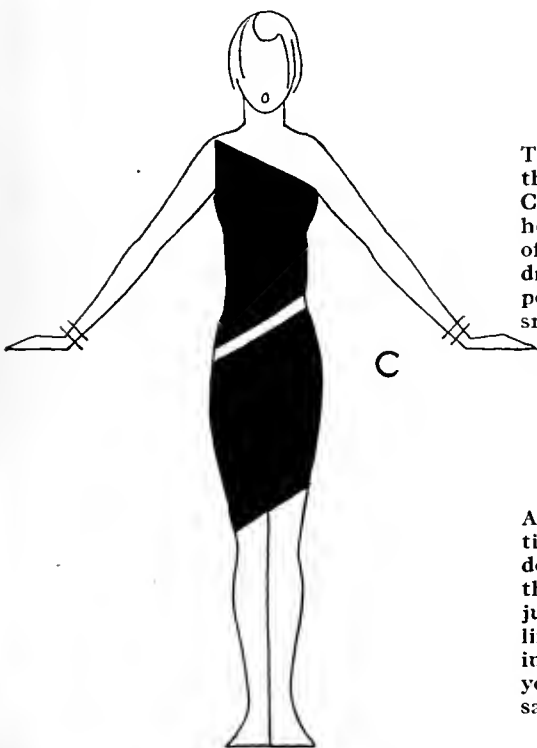
"For evening, the most successful method is the use of square earrings and a large choker at the throat. A soft scarf or drape is effective with sports clothes and, if the neck is very long, the scarf may be pulled up higher and knotted at the side. The rolling collar is always becoming and softens and shortens the neck.

"Little can be done with hats. They are the most stereotyped of all feminine apparel. If the dictators of fashion say small, tight crowns, you must wear them.

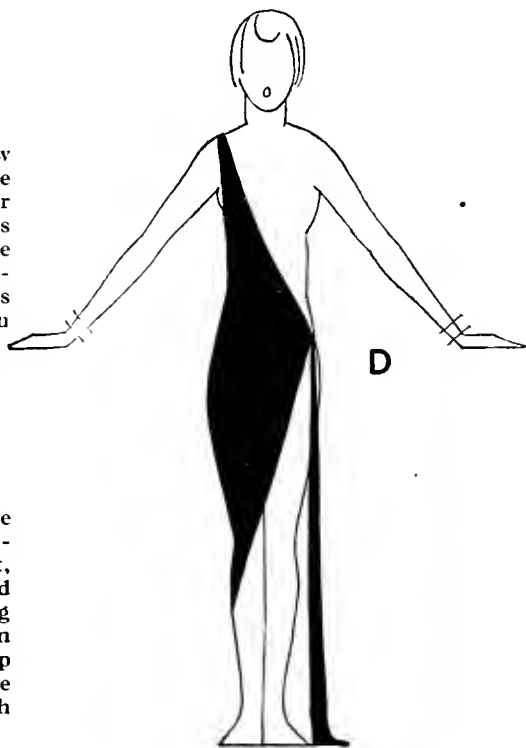
"A girl learns her figure faults by standing in front of a full length mirror and studying herself. Certainly that's easy enough!"



With evening clothes, the long-necked girl wears a large choker necklace and square earrings of good size. Earrings and necklace form a series of horizontals that effectively cut the length of the neck (left). The softly rolling collar is another neck-shortener and is usually very flattering (right)



The tall girl should follow the lines illustrated by Figure C if she wants to cut her height gracefully with bands of trimming or with the drapings that are so important a part of the season's smartest fashions. Here you have expert advice on their proper and most effective placing



And if you are short, and are tired of the straight-up-and-down lines that add height, there are diagonals designed just for you—long, sweeping lines that cut the figure in an interesting manner and keep you up to date with little sacrifice of the coveted length (Figure D)

# Doubling for

By  
Roy Wilcox

Illustrated by  
Harley Ennis Stivers

**B**RUCE REID, seated at a table in a cheap restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard, graced his surroundings with the distinction of a Don Torredo. In fact, had that newest star in the Hollywood firmament been present, a long-shot would have revealed them to be alike as twins.

But a close-up would have discriminated between the texture and cut of their clothes—between what was written in their faces.

Don Torredo's would have read: "I am a great actor and a great lover, and I know it." Reid's face said plainly: "I am a failure and a cynic, and I show it." The industry had given Don the stellar rôle in an important picture; to Bruce, the knocks and kicks that go with being a double to such a star.

Nevertheless, Bruce rejoiced this morning over his cheap repast. The famous Don was with him in spirit, if not in actuality. As he drew forth Torredo's note and re-read it, having finished his breakfast, a sardonic smile twisted his mouth into an almost perfect Torredo expression. The note had a pleading tone. It read:

"Mr. Reid: It is you who are my living image, and who doubled me in my last picture. I have now the proposition which will make you some money. Come to my apartment at ten o'clock tomorrow. You will be admitted. It will be doubling for Mr. Death, but you make money. Please come. Thank you."

Don Torredo's signature was at the bottom. And today was the note's "tomorrow."

So the famous lover had written him a personal note! It seemed very amusing to Bruce. He got up, wiped his mouth, and moved toward the door. A movie extra, slouched at a table nearby, looked up as Bruce passed, and called out to him, "Hello, Don. How's the famous star?"

**I**T is a favorite gag in Hollywood among the proletariat in the picture game to address the double of a well-known star by the star's name. A double usually emulates the star in mannerism and dress, and sometimes the likeness is astounding, as in the case of Bruce Reid and Don Torredo.

Bruce did not pause near the extra's table. He merely replied, "Great, thanks."

The extra asked, in a whining voice, "Say, Reid, gotta cigarette?"



"Sorry, all out."

"O. K.," whined the extra, slumping back again in his chair.

Bruce walked out upon Hollywood Boulevard. The extra said to himself, "Damn stuck-up bum." Bruce, walking along, said to himself, "Punk extras. Always trying to make a touch. I wish to hell I were out of this game."

But he had been with the game a long time. He was tied down, broke—and there was a woman.

Bruce pulled out a crumpled cigarette package. It contained one crushed cigarette. He picked it out and threw the empty pack away. He ironed out the cigarette between his fingers, searched through his pockets for a match. Finding none, he entered an exclusive pipe shop and used the lighter. Then he continued down Hollywood Boulevard.

Three girls, arm in arm, passed him and turned around. There were sly nudges and little exclamations from fluttering young hearts as they turned again and stared. He heard their voices:

"**Y**ES, that's him! That's Don Torredo. Ain't he handsome though!" And, "Oh, he's got an opening tonight. Let's go." And, "Oh, really? All right, let's!"

People turned and looked. He was being ciceroned into a



# DEATH

He was only a seedy double with empty pockets, but he outsmarted the rich and glamorous star whose fascinating voice he was



**"No drink?" said the handsome Don Torredo to his double. "Nor women either, I suppose? Ah, wine and women, she is my weakness, as the song goes. It is because of women that my life is threatened, and I need your help!"**

lot of cheap publicity by the girls' loud talk. For Hollywood citizenry is gullible, not yet hardened to having famous ones of the movie colony pass by, without noticing and following their receding figures with envious eyes and throbbing hearts. The three girls turned again; then pressed closer together, and walked on faster.

**B**RUCE smiled, and then his smile grew into a bitter laugh, which burst and died. With grim face he turned up Cherokee Avenue.

At Don's exclusive apartment house, Bruce was admitted into the lavender and gold of the magnificently furnished rooms by a Filipino boy. Seated on a luxurious divan, he awaited the entrance of the artist, Don Torredo.

He glanced around the untidy room, attracted by the fragrance of perfume. He noted portions of the famous Torredo wardrobe strewn about, and here and there were feminine garments.

A sudden wave of great bitterness rose over Bruce. His

face burned. He spoke between his teeth: "Damn' lousy foreigner!" His words carried the concentrated hate of all cheated men. Hollywood had taken from Bruce several precious years. Three years previous, Bruce Reid meant something on the legitimate stage. But like many others, upon arriving in Hollywood he had lost his identity as an actor, having had to accept bits and atmosphere in pictures.

When the new star, Don Torredo, flashed across the sky, the amazing likeness between Bruce and Don was quickly discovered. But Bruce had been foolish enough, and desperate enough, to sign up on a cheap contract, which included his services as voice double for the foreign star. Too late he realized that for a few dollars he had killed his future as a screen actor.

**H**E was roused from these bitter thoughts by the entrance of the Don. Torredo was newly shaved, his hair sleek and shining. He wore a jet dressing robe with bright red edges, as if garbed for one of his love scenes, but Bruce read in his eyes the dissipation of the night before, and the haunted look of one who is not certain of life.

He greeted Bruce with pseudo-brightness, "Ah, my famous self in caricature, my spokesman in the talker—and he's on time."

"I'm always on time," replied Bruce, simply. "Was I ever late for you, or did I ever hold up your set?"

"No," admitted Don unconcerned. "But no matter. First we will have the drink." He poured out two glasses of bourbon, and applied the Shasta water.

"Here," said Don, offering a glass to Bruce. "Drink."

"No, thanks," said Bruce, "I don't drink."

"No drink?" queried Don. "Nor women, I suppose? Women and wine, she is my weakness, as the song goes." He smiled faintly, and drained the glass.

Bruce eyed him speculatively, and then asked, "What's this letter mean?"

"Right away business, eh?" replied Don. "Well, since you will know, I show you."

Here he brought out another letter and handed it to Bruce. "Read him."

Bruce read: "I am warning you. If you go to your opening with the woman you intend to take, you will be bumped off, and I mean it." There was no signature.

Bruce handed the letter back and remarked, "Nice little threat. What are you going to do?"

"Threat is right," vociferated Don. "A fool I have been. Always a woman, they make of me one. All over Europe they make of me a fool, these women. A husband, a lover, a duel. Damn women! But this one—she I love. I marry her maybe. But tonight I must go to my première. It is my first opening, and I must go."

"**B**BETTER see the police," suggested Bruce.

"Police!" exclaimed Don. "I should look them up! Pretty soon they find I no belong in America and have me deport. No, not the police. I handle this—" Don patted his chest—"by myself—alone."

"Who sent the letter?" asked Bruce.

"Do I know? My God! Asking me riddles. Some husband, some lover, some fool, some murderer, I say, who should be the prison walls behind." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



**I**NTRODUCING Miss Bernice Claire to you PHOTOPLAY fans. You'll want to keep your eye on this girl from the musical comedy stage. First National is betting all its blue chips on her, as a result of her work in "No, No, Nanette," her first musical film. She is a keen and sparkling comer!

"I agree, gentlemen. It's an acute attack of Talkiephobia. She will be all right after her first picture."



# Reeling Around

with

Leonard Hall

## Happy New Year!

*If wonders of the Sec-And-Hear  
Go on increasing year by year*

*I would not bet you anything  
On what young Nineteen-Thirt' will bring!*

*Screen actors, in a scene intense,  
May stop to hiss the audience—*

*Or if we think the show is grand  
They may step down and shake our hand—*

*Or yell to give the critics air,  
Or shout a greeting to the Mayor!*

*So great are Science and its toys  
In adding to our movie joys*

*That it is hard to tell, my friends,  
Just where the screen begins or ends!*

*So happy 1930, when  
We may see shadows turn to ment!*

## Just Going Along

Not long ago a big movie theater in a Western state turned loose its master of ceremonies, and one of the town's smarties asked, "What's the matter? Wasn't he offensive enough?" . . . It is reported that after nine weeks of shooting on "City Lights" Chaplin had about a thousand feet of accepted film. Another month and he'll have about a news-reel. . . . When the Hollywood girls want to wither and curl up the boy friend these days with brutal scorn they just say, "You're only a silent picture to me!" . . . Davey Lee, the half-pint actor who has given up the films for the personal appearance thing, is getting grouchy and temperamental. When he appeared in Syracuse the fire department turned out to welcome him, and the chief presented Davey with a badge. Then what did young Mr. Lee do but get uppity because the chief's badge was gold and his was only silver. It's a wonder he didn't demand a hook and ladder. . . . Ten people out of nine, passing the Criterion Theater, New York, where Helen Morgan's "Applause" is showing, read the sign "Applesauce." And they tell of an actor who, when he passes the theater and reads "Applause" in the lights, takes two bows. . . . And have you heard of the manager, distressed by bad talking apparatus in his neighborhood house, who put out a sign reading "Unwired for Silence?"

## The Gag of the Month Club

I can't refuse the January Award of a slightly thumbed New Year card for 1886 to "The New York State Exhibitor" for this classic:

"Did you make any money on that theater you bought?"  
"It burned down after I had it a week!"  
"ANSWER MY QUESTION!"

## Getting Personal

Warner Oland, famous for his Chinese characterizations, is a Swede. . . . Roxy serves about 2,000 free cups of coffee a day in his New York theater. . . . The two-year-old son of Eileen Percy has never been named. People call him "Cubby." His parents will let him pick his own name when he's old enough, which will rule out "Egbert" and "Waldo." . . . Fox is showing nothing but news reels in the fancy little Embassy Theater in New York. Each show will last an hour, with admission 25 and 35 cents. . . . Perils of Hollywood—Nancy Carroll caught a terrible cold while being filmed in a thin nightgown, and Barbara Kent fell off a high bicycle while posing for publicity stills and split her knee. Three weeks in hospital. . . . First National has a special doctor to look after the feet and leg-health of its chorus girls. . . . Spain has the largest relative movie theater seatage in Europe—a seat to each 14 inhabitants. Albania has but one to each 363 Albanians. How would you like to wait for a seat in Albania, just before the nine o'clock show? . . . Ramon Novarro has had his tonsils out recently. . . . The famous Boston censors have now forbidden audiences to hiss in Boston theaters. Now if they'll just ban coughing and title-reading. . . . George Jessel's mother, 22 years a widow, has remarried. Bride and groom are about 50. . . . Ford Sterling is conducting a portrait studio in Pasadena. . . . Hedda Hopper was born in Altoona, Pa. . . . Claire Windsor is dancing in vaudeville, with a male partner and a ten-piece marimba band. . . . Bobby Vernon, for years a favorite comic, turns up with a tenor voice. He takes three lessons a week, and is eager to start warbling. . . . Fay Wray and her husband, John Monk Saunders, are running ping-pong tournaments these days. They have a practice table for beginners, while hardboiled, veteran pingers and pongers battle it out on the big table. . . . Up to the moment of going to press Warners held the record for the number of chorus girls on one set. They had 204 beauties in one scene of their "Show of Shows."



*W*HEN is a Barrymore not a Barrymore? Give up? When it's a Fairbanks with a chiseled profile and a stern look in the eyes. This striking and flattering likeness probably won't hurt young Douglas Fairbanks' feelings a bit. He is a great admirer of the John Barrymore looks, not to mention talents. P.S. In case you're still in any doubt, the outside nose is John's

# Why Hollywood Scandal *Fascinates Us*

A noted psycho-analyst lifts the curtain on our interest in filmland's personal woes

By

Louis E. Bisch  
M. D., Ph. D.

**W**HY does your interest rise whenever you read or hear something that touches on the private, life of one of your picture favorites?

When Lita Grey began worrying Charlie about the divorce and it was rumored that certain intimacies might be revealed—what was your reaction?

What really fascinated you?

Was it the fact that the making of his picture, "The Circus," was being interrupted and his artistic career seemed seriously interfered with? Or was it the fact that he rushed from Hollywood to New York, secluded himself, and the newspapers were hot on the trail of both husband and wife in an attempt to gather information that might make us gasp?

Nobody really cared a fig whether the Chaplins would eventually be divorced or not. Is that not so? Certainly thousands have been divorced before them. There was no novelty in that.

But everybody cared mightily what possible scandal or luscious bit of gossip might be hinted at or actually brought to light!

You need not hesitate confessing to yourself that such was your own particular primary interest. You may rest assured that you are in good company!

**T**HE point is that every man and woman, no matter what his age, station in life or education may be, reacts in the same manner to personal privacies, especially when they affect those prominent in the public eye.

Nor is there any gain-saying the further fact that the closer such information borders on sex the better we like it.

Why, you ask?

Suppose we hear what psychology has to say.

Psychoanalysis, in particular, ought to have some interesting explanations to reveal. It is psychoanalysis, you know, which deals with our deepest and most

fundamental motivations, with emotional processes the whys and wherefores of which are often absolutely hidden from us because they are lodged in our unconscious minds.

In this connection psychoanalysis has four theories to advance.

Psychoanalysis claims, in the first place, that we are so absorbed in the personal side of Hollywood because all persons, more or less, are "Peeping Toms."

This characteristic, this spying tendency, is an offshoot of the curiosity instinct.

**I**T is by curiosity that we learn, that we develop, that we grow from babyhood into maturity. Were it not for curiosity, not only would the individual remain mentally deficient and emotionally backward, but the progress of the world itself would come to a standstill and the future of civilization would be in a sorry plight.

Curiosity is a highly valuable and healthy trait.

Nevertheless, not all kinds of curiosity are permissible.

Social standards are such that certain types are held taboo.

That is how one peculiar variety of curiosity, the Peeping Tom kind, comes into being.

As children, we are taught that under certain conditions it is "not nice" to look, to investigate, to ask questions or otherwise to satisfy the curiosity hunger.

Johnny, for instance, must not try to see what is going on behind a closed door nor peep under the drawn blinds of a neighbor. Nor must little Freda ask for more satisfying information about Mrs. Jones' baby across the street. Nor must one open letters, nose into bureau drawers, nor otherwise pry into the affairs of others when

[ PLEASE TURN  
TO PAGE 100 ]



We are all suffering from a distinct Peeping Tom, or Keyhole, Complex, says Dr. Bisch. Here we are, indulging that little trait of ours

# Four Nice Boys



Constance Bennett

CONSTANCE BENNETT is coming back to a bored town that needs her. Her Paris millinery gives the Montmartre a tone. Her Paris gossip gives the idlers something to think about. And she slings as mean an epigram as has been heard in the Hollywoods in many a talkie moon.

Sophisticated as a night clerk, beautiful as an August moon, smart as next year's hat, Constance picked up the industry where she left it four years ago.

Mama Bennett didn't want her little girl to go on the stage. She's had enough theatrical tradition from Richard, so Constance went in pictures instead. After free-lancing, she signed a contract to play the lead in "Sally, Irene and Mary," the film which also brought Sally O'Neil and Joan Crawford to the overworked public eye. On the strength of it, Constance signed a long-term, stellar contract with the studio.

But there's wild blood flowing in all Bennett veins. She chucked her career for a millionaire named Phil Plant, and rushed to Paris with him. There were villas in Biarritz, homes on the Riviera and other swanky frames for Constance's beauty. And then she grew bored—which is an habitual state with her—and returned to Hollywood.

JOAN and Barbara, her sisters, were already on the Gold Coast picking up talkie shekels. Constance had thought of doing a picture for UFA but the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray (Gloria Swanson's husband), Pathe's representative abroad, got her signature on a contract. It is typical of the elaborate, glittering Constance that nothing short of a Marquis could persuade her to continue the film career; she dropped with a shrug.

The eldest Bennett *fil*le has blonde hair, blue eyes, weighs 99 pounds and is five feet, four inches tall. Her first picture under her new contract is "Rich People."

LOCAL boys seldom make good on the old "stamping grounds," so Stanley Smith carved out a career on the stage far from Hollywood.

Several years later, when he returned in "The Royal Family," he was given a long-term motion picture contract. He supported Eddie Quillan in "The Sophomore," and was Nancy Carroll's leading man in "Sweetie." He will probably do another picture at Paramount before he returns to his home studio, Pathe. Paramount thought so much of him they tried to buy his contract, according to report.

Stanley went on the stage after overcoming more than the usual amount of family objection. For several generations his



Stanley Smith

father's family had been bankers. His mother's family dealt with lumber in forest quantities. It was a natural thing for Stanley to choose one or the other. But he says he considers acting just like any other business. If he can't make money in it, back to the bank or the tall timber, so to speak.

LENORE ULRIC gave him his first acting opportunity in "Kiki." Before that he had made an appearance in the Hollywood Bowl, during his high school days, as *Robin Hood*. After "Kiki," he played in stock for several seasons, and now he is getting friendly fan letters from people who remembered him as the "juvenile" in their home town stock company.

His alma mater was Hollywood High School, and most students of this institution, being at the doorstep of the industry, nurse ideas of picture careers. Many of them have put their dreams into actuality. Stanley brings youth, rugged good looks and a splendid speaking, as well as singing, voice to the "soundies."

# And Girls

**E**DDIE DOWLING is about as familiar to New Yorkers as Times Square. In fact, he is so successful as author, actor and producer of Broadway shows that he has seldom gone on tour. "The Rainbow Man" introduced him to the world of films. Now he is making a second picture, "Blaze o' Glory."

Almost all of the authors who have written plays about New York have been farm boys. Eddie is not an exception. He was born on a farm in Rhode Island—just a few miles from Plymouth Rock. The land had been deeded originally to his great, great grandfather. There were seventeen children in the family and one hundred rocky acres yield a slim living for so many mouths. Eddie went to sea. A famous manager heard the



Eddie Dowling

boy sing at a ship's concert, and he persuaded him to give up the high seas for other kind of C's. With the first money he made, Eddie bought the old homestead. He has a regular village there now. Homes for all the family, and it can not be sold as long as there is a Dowling above the sod.

**F**OR nearly four years Eddie played in "Sally, Irene and Mary." He never missed a performance in that time, although once he had a badly ulcerated tooth and had to play the show in profile. He also played for several nights with his arm in a splint at his side. But he says song and dance men are pretty hardy, all reports to the contrary. His own show, "Honeymoon Lane," broke the long-standing record of Fred Stone in "The Red Mill" at the Knickerbocker Theater.

Of all his achievements he is proudest of the fact that he is married to Ray Dooley. They were married when he was eighteen and she sixteen. He thinks Ray is the greatest comedienne on the stage.



Sally Starr

**B**ELIEVE it or not—but Sally Starr, the little gal who brompted through "Happy Days" and looks like a vest pocket edition of Clara Bow, rides to the studio every morning on the bus and leaves the same way.

Sally used to be a chorus girl. She's a post graduate of George White's "Scandals," the same young ladies' finishing school that turned out Dorothy Sebastian and Dorothy Mackaill. Sally knows a gay party when she sees one and how to behave at a banquet for visiting firemen, but the bright lights are dim bulbs now. Mrs. Starr's little girl is out to make good in the movies.

"I've got plenty of time for whoopee after I'm a big success," said Sally. "But, believe me, while I'm trying to get along and preserve my microphone voice it's that downy couch at ten p. m. I'm keeping the sparkle in the eyes."

Proof that she means what she says lies in the fact that Sally has been in Hollywood for several months and her engagement hasn't even been rumored.

She was singing and dancing in a Los Angeles revue when Gus Edwards saw her and brought her to the studio to introduce her to Sam Wood who was, at the time, looking for youthful types for a college picture. When I look over the list of "discoveries" that Gus Edwards has sponsored, I can forgive him for writing "Your Mother and Mine."

**S**ALLY was born in Pittsburgh. Her mother and father have come to Hollywood now to watch Sally grow up and be a big star. The best film predictors go about nodding their heads in her direction.

She has a dash of Clara Bow "IT," but she is only five feet tall, and she weighs 104 pounds. Hair and eyes are dark brown. She belongs to the modern pep and personality school.

# Just Try to Interview

# ULRIC

By

Mark Hellinger

A smart-cracking New York columnist tries to interview Lenore Ulric and doesn't get to first base

**I**T was my first visit to Hollywood. I hadn't even had time to unpack my bags and send down to the bell captain for a corkscrew when a telegram arrived from the editor of PHOTOPLAY.

He wanted to know what Lenore Ulric thought of Hollywood.

Frankly, I didn't think this was a very shrewd move on the editor's part. Or maybe it was. I dunno. I'm from Broadway and so is Lenore Ulric. And when a couple of Broadwayites get together and discuss Hollywood, you soon learn that the town is about as popular as Greta Garbo would have been on John Gilbert's honeymoon with Ina Claire.

The following afternoon found me wandering around the Fox studios, in Fox Hills, in an effort to locate Miss Ulric, who was just about completing her first starring talkie, "Frozen Justice." The original title, as I understand it, was "Frozen Faces"—but this was discarded when too many people thought the story dealt with a couple of supervisors.

After stumbling over twenty cameramen, forty megaphone wielders and 168 preparers of theme songs, I finally located the Ulric set. It didn't take me more than three or four hours to realize that I had come at a most inopportune time—for the beautiful Lenore was dying.

**S**HE had been a bad girlie throughout the picture, it seemed, and she was getting no more than her just deserts. She was crushed in a horrible ice slide and was permitted to live only long enough to whisper a hoarse goodbye to the man she loved after all. Such is the justice of the frozen wastes, which has nothing to do with Sophie Tucker.

Lenore died nine times that afternoon before director Alan Dwan was satisfied. The first death nobody liked. The second one was pretty good, but it was ruined when an



**The glamorous Ulric, Mr. Hellinger found, was far more ready to talk about dear old Broadway than to give her impressions of the Hollywood talking stages and their actors**

airplane flew over the set. Two or three shots were spoiled when the hero, wrapped in the furs of the frozen north, stopped to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

**W**ITH the ninth take, however, everybody was satisfied. As I stepped down to say hello to Lenore, I wished that I had David Belasco with me. He and Miss Ulric are no longer on speaking terms, and it would certainly have been a great pleasure for him to have seen her die nine times in an afternoon.

"Hello, Mark," cried Miss Ulric, as though she were actually glad to see me. "Awfully happy you came down. What's new along Broadway? How have you been? Have you seen the new shows? What does Hollywood—"

"Whoa!" I shouted. "I came down for an interview with you and I'm the little boy that's going to do all the questioning around these diggings, pardner. What time is best for you? And where?"

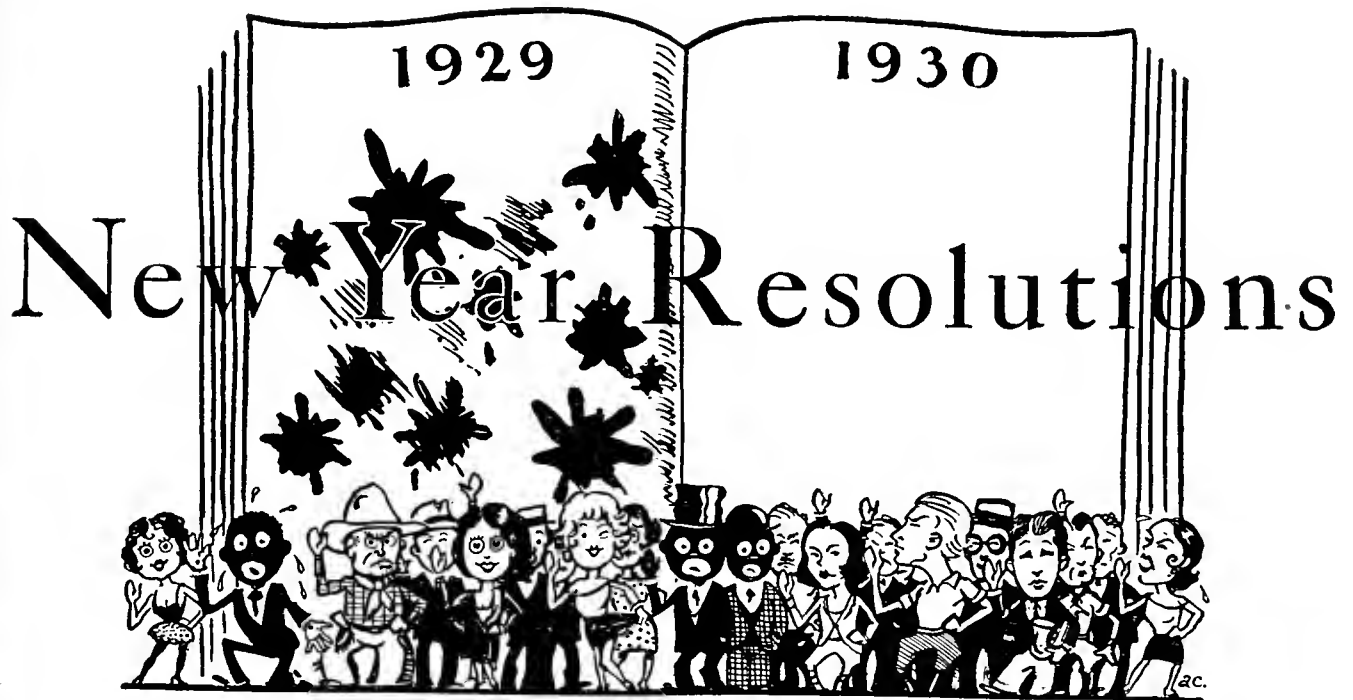
"Right away," responded Lenore rapidly. "The sooner the quicker. I'll be dressed in ten minutes and we'll drive over to my hotel. We'll have no interruptions there. Just wait ten minutes."

I waited twenty-five minutes and then decided to stroll around. I watched Will Rogers as he unloaded some wise cracks for "So This Is Paris," ate three hot dogs with plenty of mustard, chatted with George Jessel for several minutes, bit my lip as Janet Gaynor gave out that big sob in a scene from "Sunny Side Up," and did everything but fly around the world with the Graf Zeppelin. When I reached Miss Ulric's bungalow, she was not yet dressed.

**I** SAT down and dozed for what seemed to be several hours. I finally opened one eye to see Lenore coming toward me.

"Hello," she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]





## Resolved

**Nancy Carroll:** That I'm going to make a picture in which I wear a dress instead of tights, just to give my Art a break.

**Moran and Mack:** That we'll give the worm more of a break with the early bird during the year of 1930—but who cares about that, anyway?



**Clara Bow:** That I'll always have a scarlet evening gown and wrap the exact shade of my hair.

**Rudy Vallée:** That I'll not write any more stories about my Dream Girl—or anybody else's Dream Girl.

**Helen Kane:** That I'm gonna twy sumpin diffrent this year—'stead of poo-poo-pah-doo little Helen will sing poo-pah-doo-doo.

**Dorothy Mackaill:** That I'll give my cook all my gowns which Alice White duplicates.

**Alice White:** That the same to you and many of them.

**Greta Garbo:** That this year I t'ank I go home.

**Nils Astber:** That since Rosetta Duncan is going along on my honeymoon with Vivian, I shall be as polite to her as possible.

**William Haines:** That I'll continue my wisecracking for another year.

**Mary Brian:** That now Patsy Ruth Miller is married, I realize that the torch has been handed on to me. I promise to be rumored engaged to a different man at least every other month.

**Ramon Novarro:** That, following my established precedent, I shall give out one or both of the following statements in 1930: (1) I am leaving the screen for opera; (2) I am leaving the screen to enter a monastery.

**"Buddy" Rogers:** That I shall be the most wholesome boy in Hollywood for at least another year.



**Lupe Velez:** That I'll bite my Gar-ree on his left ear during the new year. His right ear is all chewed, anyway.

**Gary Cooper:** That I'll let myself be bitten on the left ear during the new year. My right ear is all chewed, anyway. Also to put on some weight before I wear riding breeches in another picture.

**Sue Carol:** That I'm going to make up my mind about Nick Stuart and let it jell!

**George Bancroft:** That I will be a bigger he-man than ever and that I will stop talking baby-talk.

**United Artists:** That we shall make at least one picture during 1930.

**James Hall and Ben Lyon:** That we're going to be out of the air corps in "Hell's Angels" before Christmas 1930.

**Lily Damita:** That I solemnly swear to show my two good reasons for success as often and as much as possible, the new long skirts notwithstanding.

**Marion Davies:** That whomever else I imitate during the coming year, I will *not* imitate Al Jolson.

**Al Jolson:** That I shall start a fund during 1930 for the establishment of a colony for all my imitators—preferably on a distant desert island.

**All producers:** That with our hands on our checkbooks, we shall show no more courtrooms, struggling ingénues and love-sick song and dance men who croon sobby ballads while their hearts break!

**All recruits from the stage to the talkies:** That we shall put our broad A's on the 18-day diet.



**John Barrymore:** That, feeling the public is tired of my right profile, I am going to give them a break during 1930 and concentrate on my left profile.

**Lon Chaney:** That I'll shoot at sight the first fellow who says: "Don't step on it—it might be Lon Chaney."



In the center  
is Paul Muni  
— without  
make-up



On either  
side, Muni  
in two char-  
acter studies

# “Don’t Call Me *Lon Chaney*”

*By Stanley Burton*

“GOOD God, I don’t want to be another Lon Chaney.” Thus a good story was rendered completely useless. When a group of magazine and newspaper writers saw the tests of Paul Muni, made shortly after his signing a Fox contract, they proclaimed him a genius at characterization and make-up. Yes, they said with hushed breaths, a young Lon Chaney.

This was equivalent to telling a painter that he was a second Rembrandt. Didn’t Chaney make \$5,000 a week, and couldn’t he disguise himself to appear like a duck, a living skeleton or the Roosevelt Dam?

Here was a young man, sufficiently handsome to be convincing in romantic clinches, and yet he could don whiskers, false teeth and glass eyes and be in the same class with the famous screen wizard. And then the actor in question said quite emphatically, and with flashing eyes, that he didn’t want to be a Lon Chaney.

Paul Muni, who made his screen debut in that somberly ruthless but intensely sympathetic study of a man condemned to die, “The Valiant,” is an unusual person. He is exceedingly serious, modest to the extent of apologizing constantly when he must talk of himself, and devoid of actorish mannerisms. He has dark hair, what fiction writers are wont to call a stormy brow, and brown, expressive eyes.

There is no one on the screen to whom one can point and say, “Muni is like this actor.” Perhaps this distinction is the very thing that may sweep him up the slippery ladder of film fame.

“Well-meaning people have desired to compliment me by

saying that I am a young Chaney,” he said to me. “Well, I resent it. Understand, I don’t wish to minimize the art of Chaney. He is a master. But we choose our characters differently. Chaney likes to enact the grotesque. I take my characters from the street, real types everyone recognizes. I’ve been playing these characters for nearly twenty years on the stage. I was Paul Muni in the theaters. Why can’t I be Paul Muni in the studios?”

MUNI’S uncanny gift of characterization is displayed in “Seven Faces,” his new Fox picture. He appears first as an old man, and then he goes back through the years and acts the lives of six other men. It will be an experiment as yet untried on the screen. There will be old men, young men, lovers and villains. For months he has been working at a new process of make-up, developing a formula of his own. At first the preparation was too strong and left scars on his face, but now he has learned how to apply it.

“If I must use make-up I want it to be good. One must be more careful on the screen than on the stage. The camera’s eye sees more. I wish I did not have to use artificial means to simulate age. If I were a better actor I would not. Eleanora Duse, when she was very old, could play a young girl without make-up and yet be convincing. Ruth Draper does without it in her characterizations. That is a God-given gift.

“I have never known anything but the stage. My father and mother were struggling actor folk. They intended me to be a violinist. One of my brothers is a pianist, and the other plays the violin. One night, while [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]



**B**RILLIANT, bewitching, beautiful, Lady Buchanan-Jardine leads the gay whirl of smart young English society at balls and dances, famous race meetings, hunting and house parties. She is of the fairest English type, with eyes of delphinium blue and hair of gleaming gold.

Her rose-petal skin is much admired for its delicacy of texture and coloring. She gives it the utmost care. "Here in England," she says, "smart women follow a daily régime to keep their skin fine, firm, fresh and clear.

"Simple care is always best," she adds with her dazzling smile. "Pond's Method is easy, satisfactory, complete. The Cold Cream cleanses so thoroughly . . . the Tissues remove cream gently . . . the bracing Freshener is just the skin tonic we all need . . . the Vanishing Cream is exquisite!"

**F**OLLOW these simple steps of Pond's Method:

*During the day*—first, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck. Pat in with quick, caressing upward and outward strokes. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times during the day, always after exposure.

*Second*—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent.

*Third*—soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener. Briskly dab your skin. This mild astringent banishes oiliness, closes pores, tones and keeps your contours youthfully firm.

*Last*—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

*At Bedtime*—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.



*Pond's 4 delightful preparations—famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener.*

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# An Original Movietone

# Sunny Side Up



IT was Jane's own fault, right from the start. If she hadn't quarreled with Jack Cromwell that Fourth of July morning, he would have stayed at Southampton with the "four hundred" instead of rushing off in a huff to New York to mix in with the "four million."

If he had stayed where he belonged, he probably would never have set eyes upon sweet Molly Carr. He'd never have been watching that block party up in Yorkville, or fallen under the spell of Molly's magic voice and twinkling feet during her song and dance number.

But that number started Jack thinking. Molly had looks, grace, manners, and remarkable versatility. What was the matter with inviting her down to Southampton as a special guest entertainer for his mother's Charity Bazaar?

Molly liked the idea, too, when Jack put it up to her. Like many another shop girl, she had had her day dreams of life among the idle rich. More than once she had envisioned herself the bride of a Park Avenue millionaire, with a summer home at Newport, and all the maids, butlers, Rolls-Royces and pleasure yachts in the world at her beck and call. It would be fun to play the part of a society bud, even for a little while. And then—she liked this particular young man. Even now, his picture, clipped from a Sunday paper, had the place of honor on her dressing

table. All in all, it was too good to miss. Molly would go and she'd even do more. . . .

In order to help Jack bring his light-hearted sweetheart to her senses, she would pretend there was an affair between them. She'd make Jane jealous, for Jack's sake.

THE Charity Bazaar is on. Molly and her friends have been living in a rented home on the estate adjoining the Cromwell's and are all ready to take part in the entertainment. Between Jack and Molly, everything has been working out as they planned. Jane is a bit suspicious, and more than a little jealous of Molly. It seems to her that Jack pays more attention to this little outsider than her presence in his mother's Charity entertainment really necessitates. It is hardly likely that he would forget his social position and fall in love with a nobody—and yet, men do strange things. She'd better watch her man before he does something foolish! Perhaps a word to Jack's mother . . . ?



Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor

IT is Molly's turn to go on. The stage is set for her number. By now she is actually in love with Jack, and her emotions run riot as she hums to herself the duet which they are about to sing. She doesn't know that just a few moments before, Jane has managed to patch up her quarrel with Jack and that they are to be married soon.

Advertisement

# Talking Romance



Suddenly she is confronted by Jack's mother. What is there between her and Jack? Is it true that Jack is paying the rent for the home she and her friends are occupying? Does she not know that Jack is engaged to a young lady of his own set and that an affair with a girl of no social antecedents is unthinkable? She must leave at once, the moment her number is finished. That is the best thing for her own happiness and Jack's!

Of course Molly leaves. She has tasted life as Society lives it. She has had her day—and she has helped Jack recover his sweetheart. Molly leaves and Jack doesn't know why—until . . . . .

**B**UT we mustn't tell the whole story here, otherwise you would miss much of the enjoyment of the great surprise climax of "Sunny Side Up" when you see it at your favorite theater.

It's the first original all talking, singing, dancing musical comedy written especially for the screen. Words and music are by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, authors of such stage musical comedy successes as "Good News," "Manhattan Mary," "Three Cheers," "Hold Everything," and

*Advertisement*

"Follow Through," so you know what kind of music to expect when you hear "Sunny Side Up"!

David Butler never directed a better picture. Leading the cast are Janet Gaynor, who plays the part of Molly Carr, and Charles Farrell as Jack Cromwell. Farrell has a splendid baritone voice which will certainly add thousands of new friends to his long list of enthusiastic admirers. And you simply must hear Janet Gaynor sing to appreciate the remarkable scope of this young artist's talents.

Then too, there are Sharon Lynn, Marjorie White, Frank Richardson and El Brendel, and about 100 of the loveliest girls you've ever seen in a musical comedy anywhere! The scenes are laid in upper New York City and at Southampton, society's fashionable Long Island summer resort.

All things considered, "Sunny Side Up" is far and away the most entertaining talking, singing, dancing picture yet produced. Six dollars and sixty cents would hardly buy a ticket for it on the New York stage—but you'll be able to hear and see this great William Fox Movietone soon, right in your own favorite local motion picture theatre, at a fraction of that price.



# DO - RE - MI - FA - SOL!

By  
Maurice Fenton

THE do-deo-do department is still more or less on its ear—the old cabbage being close to the ground in hopes of picking up something worth reporting.

There is little change in the market, but from rumors and gossip that have leaked out to us the better days are just around the corner—as usual. Theme Songs still persist in being top-heavy, bullish on Theme but short on the Song side. Is a picture supposed to support its music or is the yodelling designed to bolster up the picture?

We were tucked up in the corner of a plush orchestra seat the other evening watching the thrilling adventures of True Blue Somebody and having our hairs stood on end in military regularity. Just as the strain reached a pitch too strenuous to stand, a beauty-boy trotted down a flight of stairs, a hidden orchestra leaped into action and the spell was broken. Out of the darkness about us came hoarse, cutting whispers:

"Theme Song! Ugh! . . . Now for the Theme Song. . . ." etc.

Before the singer had got to the exciting part of his bit something that sounded very like snores rose to the ceiling. The tune did not do its job. It sounded as if it had been bought across the counter of a five-and-ten at the last moment.

WHICH brings us to the kick of the month about records. If a talkie number looks at all good, all the companies pounce on it and turn it out in two or three forms. You can have it as a solo played "as is." You can pick it up as a straight waltz or fox trot or whatever and use it for dancing purposes.

In this latter variety is the "vocal refrain" stunt necessary? Does a vocal refrain help a dance record, or are we right? It's all very well in a night club or a dance hall where one can see the excruciatingly funny faces of the singers and watch their comic stuff, but in the great silences of the ancestral mansion the only noticeable thing about the orchestral warblers is that they should be taking a few elementary lessons in vocal culture. The majority of the boys trying to do it for the discs this year are on the light side.

Our bet is that, even as you and I, some of the great world are due for the bump of their short lives when they get around to hearing Gloria's first records. La Swanson, incidentally, made the grand tour in connection with "The Trespasser," blazing the trail that all the stars will have to follow very shortly.

Having made the picture she skipped to Europe to be mobbed on the night of the premiere in London. Back again, then, to land up at Camden, N. J., to make a couple of records, both from the picture. Off, after that, to the N. B. C. Studios to broadcast the same programme on the night before Victor released the discs, and then a period of rest until Moran and Mack made way for her at the Rialto by fading off that bill.

And it seems to be worth while. The records she made stand out of the mass.

On one side or the other of the Swansoniana comes the four sides that Brunswick has been turning out by the old reliable Jolson from "Say It With Songs." Al made some of the records we bought with our first musical box in the dark ages so he knows his stuff from both sides. In consequence the old slogan about "if you liked the picture you'll go wild over these" is half the story. The bits are better than anything that happened in the picture itself.

Victor also gets a bite out of the same picture. Paul Oliver seldom, if ever, appears in public, but the odds are that through his



## PHOTOPLAY'S Tune Critic Tells You All About the New Movie Music

records and broadcasting he is better known than if he did. He has made "One Sweet Kiss" from the Warner opus and sings it like a lark—if you have ever listened to a tenor lark you will understand what we mean. Recommended.

Class A selections close with mention of a couple of sides that we itched to hear. How would Bebe Daniels record? Now we know. She takes a couple of numbers from "Rio Rita"—"If You're in Love You'll Waltz" and "You're Always in My Arms"—and more or less twists them round her little fingers. This against difficulties.

Here are some new ones:

### MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD

Once Upon a Time  
Dance Away the Night  
Peasant Love Song

Our money is on No. 2. At the pace it goes it promises to be a long and not very eventful evening, but it is just enough out of the run to be worth it.

### OUR MODERN MAIDENS

I've Waited a Lifetime for You

At the end of which period, one gathers, the boy is a bit too tired to do anything about it. Melodious and well accompanied.

### PARIS

Miss Wonderful

Earns our *grand prix* for taking liberties with rhyme. May we bore you with some specimens?

You've got a style so beautiful,  
You've got a smile so cutiful. . . .

You're just the right age,  
Stay-out-at-night age,

You're a wow,  
And how. . . .

I can't resist you,  
Think if I kissed you,  
That I would fall,  
Beautiful dawl (doll for short)

We hope he got all that was coming to him. And even with those handicaps, or encouragements, the composer has plunged in and produced a fair job.

### ILLUSION

When the Real Thing Comes Your Way  
Revolutionary Rhythm

Look out for the composer of the second bit. He's going to do something one of these days.

### SUNNY SIDE UP

Turn on the Heat  
Pickin' Petals o' Daisies  
If I Had a Talking Picture of You  
Sunny Side Up  
Aren't We All

The Daisies get our vote here. It starts as if it was really going to be something, gets half way and stays at that level, which after all is far above the present average.

### GIRL FROM HAVANA

Time Will Tell

Quite right. What it will tell is another matter. Think this will last until February.

### WORDS AND MUSIC

Steppin' Along

We liked this one and so did the neighbors.

### HALLELUJAH

Swanee Shuffle

Probably at the head of all these extras. And an apology to finish off. Our cracks at "True Blue Lou" of last month are hereby revoked. No, we haven't met the composer. Someone put it on one of those repeater gadgets and after the third playing we found that it falls into the top shelf.

# Beauty that proceeds from You!



**Y**OU never pat it on—you drink it. This saline combination that keeps its users looking young.

What strange new beauty is this, that owes its glory not to scents or powder puffs, to unguents and creams—but to you, yourself?

It is health, Madame, good health, that keeps your complexion clear, your eyes bright, your step buoyant. It is true beauty that proceeds from within and you achieve it by the approved saline method—with Sal Hepatica.

Not for a moment does Sal Hepatica trespass on your creams and care, rather it is their most potent helper. For, by banishing constipation, this famous saline laxative sweeps away the poisons that mar the skin with blemishes and the acids that cause dullness to creep into your cheek.

European women of fashion and wealth are devotees of the saline road to beauty. At the season's end, they re-

pair to the famous springs and spas. And there, through drinking the saline waters, they restore themselves to exuberant health and sparkling beauty.



Physicians everywhere highly approve the saline methods of internal cleanliness—either by means of Europe's spring waters or their American equivalent, Sal Hepatica. Salines, because they get at the source, are 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 half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can improve your complexion and restore your health.

Send 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-10, 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

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# Broadway Stars Close-up

*Like 9 out of 10 Screen Stars, they have long kept their skin at its best with Lux Toilet Soap . . .*



GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, adorable favorite starring in *Candle Light*—"I'm devoted to it."



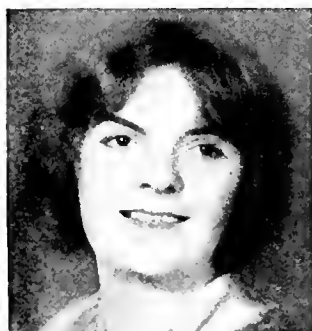
RUTH CHATTERTON, much beloved star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves one's skin smooth."



MARILYN MILLER, "the darling of musical comedy," who played *Sally* so unforgettably, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth."



ANN PENNINGTON, world-famous dancer in George White's *Scandals*, and in the talkies, says: "I wouldn't be without Lux Toilet Soap!"



WINNIE LIGHTNER says: "It cares for my skin so perfectly!"



PEGGY WOOD says: "It keeps my skin wonderfully smooth."



HELEN CHANDLER says: "I'm devoted to Lux Toilet Soap."



NORMA LEE says: "It leaves my skin just like velvet."

THE moment the talkies "arrived," many of the most famous stars of the Broadway stage were signed by the great motion picture studios. Then, under the terrific glare from the huge incandescent close-up lights, they faced the cruelest test a skin can possibly meet.

They passed the test, needless to say! Theirs was the flawlessly smooth skin demanded for the innumerable close-ups

of sound pictures. And never were they more appreciative of the gentle care Lux Toilet Soap has given their skin.

For long ago the stage stars made Lux Toilet Soap their own. Long ago it was made the official soap in 63 of the 65 legitimate theaters in New York alone—and in other leading theaters throughout the country.

Hollywood found out years ago that



# Pass Merciless Test

no girl ever becomes a motion picture star unless her skin shows *perfect* on the screen. That is why, of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps the skin lovely and smooth as a flower-petal.

It was at the request of the actresses themselves that all the great film studios have made this white, daintily fragrant soap official in their dressing rooms.

You can keep your skin just as attractively clear and smooth as the famous women of the stage and screen keep theirs — by using Lux Toilet Soap. And it does lather so very generously, even in the *hardest* water! Order several cakes today.



LENORE ULRIC, who won fame in *Kiki*, *Lulu Belle*, and *Mima*, and who is now in *The Sandy Hooker*, says: "It keeps my skin exquisite."



CLAUDETTE COLBERT (*See Naples and Die*), "So soothing!"



BEATRICE LILLIE, "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin so smooth."



MARY EATON is enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap.



HELEN MORGAN (*Sweet Adeline*)—"... a wonderful soap."



JOAN BENNETT says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy. It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth!"



JEANETTE MACDONALD says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so lovely."

## LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . now

10¢



HELEN KANE—"It keeps my skin in beautiful condition."



BOBBÉ ARNST says: "It leaves my skin so soft and smooth."

# Through *the* Studios with Pen and Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]



"Just because a man takes a girl out four or five times it doesn't follow that he is engaged to her. Lupe and I were never engaged." Four or five times, Mr. Cooper?

The sequel to the story came shortly after, however, when the long-limbed Mr. Cooper disappeared from Hollywood, leaving not a trace. He could be found neither at his home nor at the studio, and no one knew where he had gone.

The studio paged him frantically, and after a hectic search finally discovered that the taciturn young rancher had hired himself a plane and without a word to anyone had taken wing for Florida.

So—it's all off, is it?

"DON'T applaud at this wedding," said Marshall Neilan at the marriage of one of the most famous musical comedy stars.

"Why not?" asked his friend.

"The bride would go into her dance from force of habit."

NOW that we have heaved a cynical sigh and resigned ourselves to the thought that it was all a publicity gag—that Clara Bow and Harry Richman never really cared in a big way at all—word comes from the Coast through our personal wire-tappers that Harry and Clara have begun to take it all pretty seriously.

The contract is being carried out with what looks suspiciously like genuine enthusiasm. Clara has shown flashes of amazingly realistic jealousy, and the Richman eyes have been a bright and poisonous green on more than one occasion.

Well, stranger things have happened in Hollywood.

**Just an acrobat!  
Our wholesome  
boy friend,  
Buddy Rogers, as  
he appears in his  
P a r a m o u n t  
picture, "Half  
Way to Heaven."  
The young lady  
partner is Jean  
Arthur, one of the  
prettiest of the  
youngsters of the  
screen**

AND when you think of it it's not so strange, after all.

Harry Richman represents to the former Brooklyn high school kid the glamour of Broadway—the wealth, the brilliance, the night-club dazzle which was beyond her reach when she was so close to it.

And to Richman, Clara Bow must stand for the world-wide fame, the fabulous popularity which a local success cannot bring—but which is the hallmark of Hollywood achievement. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

as a talkie-singer, and those two sudden and enormous hits, Jack Oakie and Helen "Baby Talk" Kane, will play the leading rôles.

Oakie will have the Cantor rôle. Helen will play the one originally done for the screen by a red-headed girl named Bow.

**F**EMININE trouble-makers frequently come to Ray Dooley, the Ziegfeld star, and wife of Eddie Dowling, with glowing descriptions of the beautiful girls in Eddie's Broadway shows, or picture casts.

"Don't you ever get jealous of all those beautiful girls?" they ask Ray.

"Well," she always answers, calmly, "there were a lot of pretty girls in the act when I met Eddie, but he married me."

**T**HE fan mail problem is a big one in Hollywood at the studios where there is no department for it.

Before Joan Crawford made an agreement with the studio she literally could not afford to answer fan mail. It costs about thirty-two cents a picture, including the portrait, the mailer and the stamp.

This does not include a secretary's salary. And Joan receives something like 2,000 requests a day. Figure that out in algebra or just plain arithmetic and see what happens.

It'll amuse you when you're waiting for your street car.

**W**HILE that fiery little tamale, Lupe Velez, was down in Florida making a big hit — and, incidentally, a picture—she gave out the astounding news to the Tampa dailies that she was "thr-r-rough with Gar-ree." No longer, she informed the eager newspaper scribes, would she bite her big he-man's ear. In short, the engagement was all off.

Gary, too, had a statement to make to the press.

**A famous party—that celebrating the engagement of Lita Grey Chaplin to Phil Baker, stage comedian. Lita's former fiancé, Roy D'Arcy, is to the left of the betrothed couple**



*How refreshing, How cleansing, How safe*

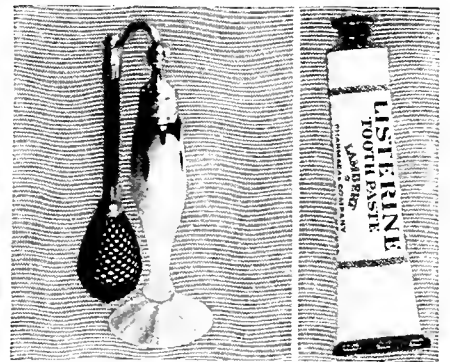


this  
modern thrift  
dentifrice

pearance of your teeth.

Moreover, Listerine Tooth Paste is safe for all types of teeth. Its cleansing ingredients are the most costly obtainable and are selected because of their gentle action. They simply cannot harm enamel.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste.



and sweeps away fermenting food particles.

After you have tried Listerine Tooth Paste a few days, examine your teeth and see how much more attractive they are. You will also perceive that they are beginning to have a delicate, lovely luster. This is due to the presence of modern polishing agents, which keep teeth looking their best.

You will discover an immediate improvement in the hygiene of your mouth and the ap-

**H**ERE is a dentifrice that will win you the moment you try it.

You will be delighted by the wonderful refreshing effect it has on the mouth—a feeling of cleanliness, invigoration and well-being that you associate with Listerine itself.

Note, too, how gently but how swiftly it erases tartar and discolorations from the teeth. Note how it penetrates into those hard-to-get-at crevices between teeth,

You will be delighted by its results and by its economy. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Buy things you want  
with what you save*

There are so many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. An atomizer is merely a suggestion.

**LISTERINE  
Tooth Paste  
25<sup>c</sup>**

# Through *the* Studios *with* Pen *and* Camera

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]

**T**HE newest angle on the June Collyer-Buddy Rogers romance is that June has been seen recently with a diamond ring on the indicating finger of her left hand.

Lothar Mendes, the director, has watched the romances of Buddy. First, it was Mary Brian. Later, Florence Hamberger, a wealthy society girl of Los Angeles. And now June Collyer.

It happens that Mary, who is now a good friend of Miss Hamberger, had the society girl to lunch the other day at the Paramount studios. Buddy, who sat at another table with Gary Cooper and several song writers, ordered a sandwich. But when his order came, it was a platter of hamburger steak.

Buddy looked around the room. He still doesn't know it came by Lothar Mendes' orders.



P. and A.

See those charred and empty reels? That's what fire can do to your movie entertainment. Firemen inspecting the wreckage of the Consolidated Film Laboratories in Hollywood

J. P. McEvoy story, "Show Girl in Hollywood."

**P**OLA NEGRI, during her recent visit in Hollywood, never came near the Paramount studios, the scene of her triumphs, and where she was once the undisputed queen of the lot.

**P**LENTY of excitement up at the John Barrymores the other day!

At five o'clock one Sunday morning Chief Canfield and the Beverly Hills fire boys were called to the Barrymore shack. There was a fire between walls, caused by an overheated flue.

When the brave laddies arrived they found that the Japanese house boy had pulled a garden hose into the house and had squirted away merrily until the floors were three inches deep in water, without having touched the blaze!

The firemen drew their trusty axes and had the fire out in a few minutes. No loss from the blaze, but John—or the insurance company—will have to stand the gaff to the tune of about \$10,000.

Probably the house boy is running yet!

**T**HEDA BARA'S first try at a comeback in vaudeville came—not back, but to grief.

Her sketch, "Serpent of the Neva," which she tried out in New York, was found badly wanting and was taken off, while the first and greatest of the vampires went into the market for a new one.

No less than eleven picture "names" were having a whirl at vaudeville in the East and West at the same time. Besides Bara, such celebrities as— [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90 ]



If this doesn't stop the press, nothing will. It is Rudy's first film kiss—Rudy Vallée smacking Sally Blane in his Radio Pictures talkie, "The Vagabond Lover"

**I**S this broken toe business an epidemic in Hollywood? We don't want to harp on so unpleasant a subject, but it's got to a point where we can't pipe down about it any longer. First on the list was George O'Brien. Then Olive Borden did a tap dance with one too many and too vigorous taps. Now Townsend Netcher (Connie Talmadge's husband), not to be outdone, has broken his toe. He doesn't tell how.

**T**HE wheel of fate turns overtime in Hollywood.

A few years ago, when Alice White had deserted her switchboard for pictures, she played a small rôle in support of Jack Mulhall in "Naughty Baby." Now Jack Mulhall is playing Alice's leading man in the



**Happy Harry Langdon! His bad luck having turned the corner, he is happy at his film work and happily married to this pretty and charming young lady**

# "Use no soap except Palmolive"

says NIRAUS, of Madrid

*Known throughout Spain as one of the foremost specialists on care of the skin*

*"All my clients are asked to use no soap except Palmolive. The pure palm and olive oils of which it is made give the skin deep, thorough cleansing. Daily cleansings with Palmolive have a tonic and rejuvenating effect on the skin."*

*Niraus*  
MADRID



*Niraus' reputation extends throughout Spain. His salon is one of the handsomest in the South of Europe and his smart clientele includes many royal personages.*

**T**HE basis of all complexion care is, or should be, to cleanse the skin thoroughly twice a day, using soap and water." That is the opinion of Niraus, well known beauty specialist of Madrid, Spain.

But Niraus warns against the use of ordinary soaps. He realizes that some soaps have a tendency to irritate the skin—bringing coarse pores, causing the texture to lose its smooth loveliness. For that reason he specifies one soap and one only—Palmolive. Like most modern beauty experts, Niraus believes in the use of vegetable oils in facial soap. These cosmetic oils are so bland, so gentle on the skin, that 18,012 beauty specialists, all over the world, advise the daily use of Palmolive.

*"No soap but Palmolive"*

"All my clients are asked to use no



*An assistant giving a facial treatment in the salon of Madame Elin Dahlstrand of Stockholm, who finds that "Palmolive Soap lather revives and strengthens the tissues."*

soap except Palmolive," says Niraus. "The pure palm and olive oils of which it is made give the skin the deep, thorough cleansing that is required in order to rid the pores of all accumulations."

Niraus is a skin specialist of wide experience and enviable reputation. He advocates this simple daily treatment, to be used morning and night: massage a fine creamy lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the skin, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Rinse, with warm water, then with cold. And you're ready for rouge and powder!

Use Palmolive every day. Consult your beauty specialist regularly. And remember—a clean skin is absolutely necessary in order to get best results from special beauty care. Palmolive is made entirely of palm and olive oils. These oils—and nothing else—give it nature's fresh green color. And these oils make it the perfect skin cleanser and beautifier.

One week's use will show you why millions use it for bath as well as face.



5075

Retail Price 10c

**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.

# Through *the* Studios *with* Pen and Camera

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]



cup of coffee, Arthur said his goodbyes and slipped away.

When the lunchers asked for the bad news, the waiter said that Arthur had paid the whole score and galloped off to the theater where he was appearing in vaudeville. And it was a high score.

Probably the old actor habit of feeding the press, now happily on the wane, was too strong for little George. So no more Scotch stories about George. He broke a rule, but he GAVE.

**Vivian Duncan and Nils Asther, all set to hold hands at a Hollywood premiere. And sister Rosetta, devoted chaperon**

AS the talkies grow to maturity, one terrible, tragic fact has been learned.

Love scenes that were tender and impressive in the silent days now get the succulent and vulgar raspberry in dialogue.

John Gilbert has been a victim, in his first all-talkie, "His Glorious Night." The same amorous technique that made Jack adored and famous in the dear old days is inclined to raise a storm of titters in the new.

One flapper grew so vociferous at the great Capitol, New York, that an usher was forced to do a lot of shushing, and the whole house was a bit edgy with ill-suppressed laughter.



**Awful effect of amusement parks. Dignified Corinne Griffith and husband Walter Morosco were lured by a comic photographer**

It isn't the actors' fault—it's just the fact that so far such love scenes sound a little funnier than they look. Producers are reported soft-pedaling on the clinches. We can't have our great romantics guffawed at!

**GEORGE KOTSONARIS**, the burly and ferocious-looking wrestler, adds to his income by playing bits and small rôles in the movies. Recently he had his teeth extracted. Now he has two prices for his Thespian efforts.

One price is with teeth. The higher price is without 'em.

INTERESTED as she is in his career, Joan Crawford almost broke up young Doug's show. He's been appearing in the stage production of "The Youngest" at a Hollywood theater and Joan, of course, was on hand every night. One evening she brought their prize toy Boston bull down and thought she had locked him in the dressing room.

Joan and Doug stood in the wings and suddenly they heard a howl go up from the audience. They realized that it occurred at one

**The color is deep pink, the lines are Hollywood — and it's the last word in smartness. The seductive wearer is Natalie Moorehead**



Claire Windsor, Irene Rich, Baclanova, George K. Arthur, Ben Turpin, Charlie Murray, Leatrice Joy, Viola Dana, Esther Kralston, Buddy Rogers and Kenneth Harlan.

Many other picture people wanted vaudeville dates, too. But they also wanted just a little more money than managers were willing to pay!

**A** HOLLYWOOD star has been looking for an apartment. She called the number of one of the swankiest new residence hotels in town, and asked the prices of suites.

"Apartments are from \$350 to \$1,000 a month," replied the girl at the switchboard, "but that includes telephone."

**W**HEN Miss Ina Claire of Broadway promised to love and honor Mr. John Gilbert of Hollywood, the executives of Pathe, Miss Claire's studio, were delighted that one of their stars made good in such a large way. So when Ina's first picture was released they plastered the town with this billboard legend: "The Girl Who Won John Gilbert's Heart, Ina Claire in 'The Awful Truth.'"

**D**ON'T tell me any more Scotch gags about little George K. Arthur.

Wee Georgie sat at lunch in a New York hotel with a little crowd which has an iron-clad rule that every muncher pays his own check. Food and conversation flew, and so did the lunch hour.

Just as the mob was dunking in its last

of the most dramatic moments. Joan knew at once what had happened. Patricia, the pooch, had calmly walked on the stage, looked disdainfully at the audience and taken a running jump for the leading lady's lap.

THEY call the episode "The Ten Dark Days in Hollywood," and to hear them tell it you would think that all the poor movie stars were ordering an inferior grade of caviar and struggling along with only eight fur coats a season.

When the stock market decided to go boom, executives, stars, directors and even some of the lesser featured players fell to earth with a dull, sickening thud. It is true that many worthy citizens lost heavily, but Hollywood would have you think that everybody's life-long savings had disappeared. It was really not quite so bad as it was told.

Jack Gilbert's face has taken on a decided stream-line. Remember how elated he was a year or so ago when he made a hundred thousand dollars or so in Montgomery Ward? The present crash got him for about seventy thousand dollars. Irving Berlin, so the story goes, was badly bent, as were producers Harry Rapf and Irving Thalberg. Richard Dix lost heavily, Joe Schenck was another loser and Al Jolson is not buying any diamond necklaces for Ruby Keeler.

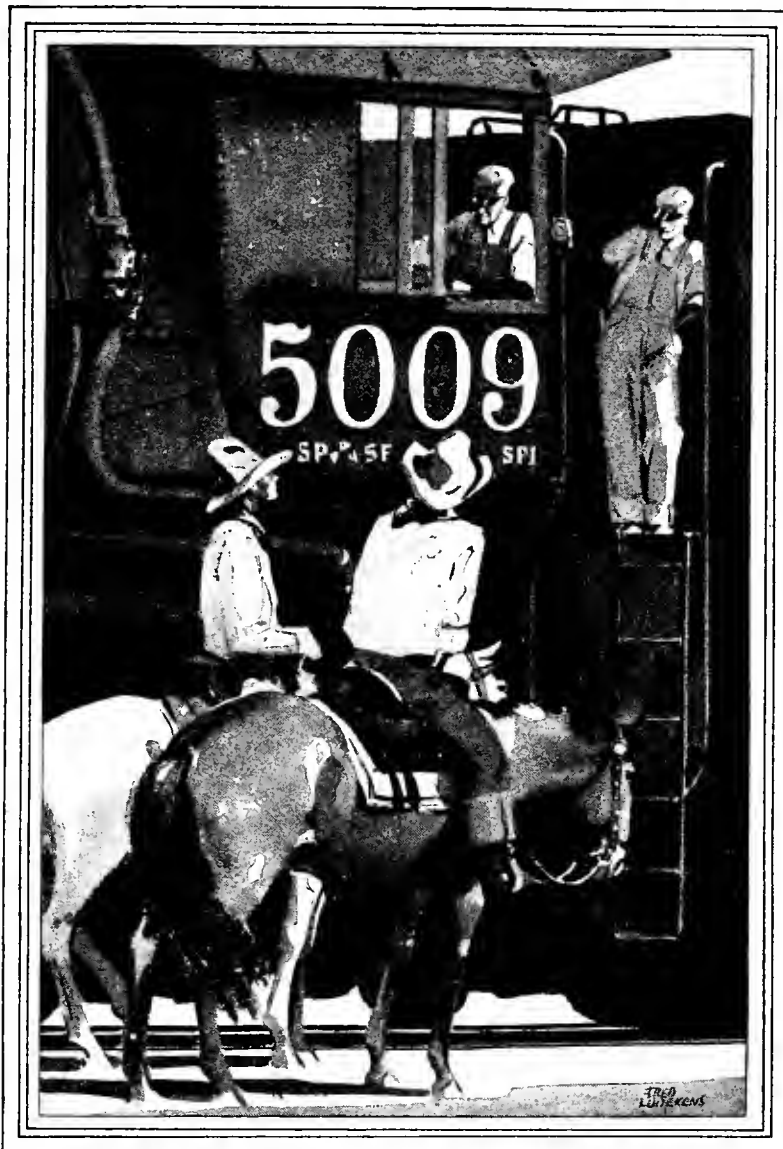
Jolson used to be just a little playboy over at the local brokers. It was his coy habit to walk over to the ticker, take a look at the thing and scream "My God, I'm wiped out." It invariably threw the boys into a panic, but that was long before the real crash. He is not so playful now.

However, even in these distressing days, gags are running loose. Sid Grauman hired a hearse and a company of funeral dirge singers. He, himself, in a long black beard, headed the procession that drew up in front of Joe Schenck's office.

Wise Ronald Colman was left untouched.  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



A ten-gallon hat-full of liquid fire. Keep an eye on Mona Maris—she makes her Fox Movietone debut in "Romance of Rio Grande," and she's a sensation



DIRECTLY SERVING ARIZONA'S GUEST RANCHES

## "Sunset Limited"

*New Orleans · Los Angeles · San Francisco*  
*Across America Through the Sunny South*

On smooth rails this famous train speeds through the story land of the old South and the new Southwest . . . through a land marked by the Old World, a land that Romance calls her own.

But you could shut your eyes to the outside world and still enjoy the trip, so luxurious is this fine train. Rooms en suite, if desired; club car, valet, shower; ladies' lounge with maid and shower.

Returning you can take another of Southern Pacific's color-bearers over the four great routes—"Golden State Limited," "Overland Limited" or "Cascade."

Only Southern Pacific offers choice of four routes. Go one way, return another. See the whole Pacific Coast, stopping over as you like.

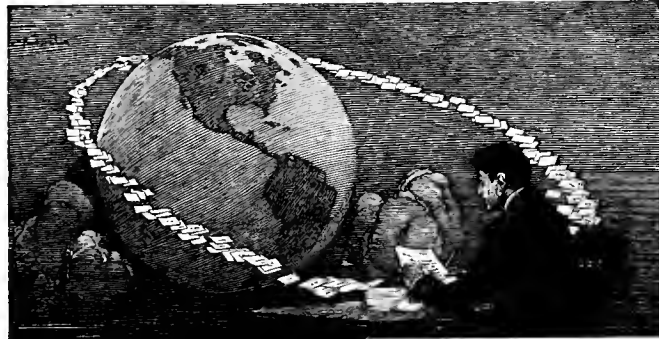
# Southern Pacific

Write to E. W. CLAPP, 310 S. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, or H. H. GRAY, 531 Fifth Ave., New York City, for book with illustrations and animated maps, "How Best to See the Pacific Coast."

# 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.

M. C., RIVER ROUGE, MICH.—Last March PHOTOPLAY ran a picture of Greta Garbo being met by her brother on her return to Sweden. Said brother looked more like Charlie Ray than Charlie himself, and the caption dubbed him "the Swedish Charlie Ray." Which did not mean that our own Charles Ray is Greta's long lost brother. See?

M. L. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.—I can't tell you the name of Laura LaPlante's parents, but I'm sure she doesn't call George Fawcett papa. The John Gilberts were still very much on speaking terms when they came back from Europe. Bill Haines is twenty-nine years old.

MYRTLE M. KARL, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Your friend was right. Dolores Del Rio was *Charmaine*, the gal that *Quirt* and *Flagg* fought over in "What Price Glory."

ALBERTA COTTER, HAWTHORNE, CALIF.—Leslie Fenton is the lad who played opposite Phyllis Haver in "The Office Scandal" and you won't see him in pictures any more because he's gone off to the Balearic Isles to commune with his soul.

P. M. K. AND L. M. S., HOUSTON, TEX.—Corinne Griffith had the lead in "Six Days." Jetta Goudal, the spirit of Equity, hasn't a picture scheduled at present. There is talk of a play or a vaudeville engagement for her.

H. P., TRENTON, N. J.—November 15, 1879, was Lewis Stone's first birthday. Dolores Costello is soon to present the world with another Barrymore—she is married to the famous John. H. B. Warner is Mr. Rita Stanwood off the screen. Janet Gaynor, Greta Garbo and Lily Damita are twenty-three years old and Vilma Banky is twenty-six.

D. M. R., MT. LEBANON, PENNA.—Eugene O'Brien is living in Hollywood. Jack Holt played the detective in "The Donovan Affair."

D. B., NEW YORK CITY.—Little Bessie Love is five feet tall, weighs 100 pounds and was born Sept. 10, 1898. Something tells me you lose your bet!

SIDNEY BELLE ALDRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—I'm neutral all right, Sidney—but so is a baseball referee and he frequently gets hit with a pop bottle! Monte Blue is six feet, three inches tall and has brown eyes and hair. Monte has Indian blood, but I don't know how much.

T. N., MINERSVILLE, PENNA.—FBO meant Film Booking Offices. That company is now Radio Pictures. Dorothy Jamis had the feminine lead in "The Pagan."

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 109 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.

VERBEDA SWANSON, MOLINE, ILL.—Gary Cooper's first all-talkie is "The Virginian," based on the famous novel. There wasn't any *Beppo* in the cast of "The Devil Dancer." Maybe you have the Marx Brothers on the brain, Verbeda.

SMOKEY KUWAMOTO, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—The theme song of "Dynamite" was called "How Am I to Know?" and Dottie Parker wrote the lyrics.

MARY HUGH CUNNINGHAM, LONE GROVE, OKLA.—Bessie Love and Anita Page are not sisters—you mustn't take your movie relationships so seriously, my dear. Joyce Compton played Clara's girl friend in "Dangerous Curves." The Brooklyn Bonfire's next is titled "Station S. E. X."

JEAN PECHERSKY, NEWARK, N. J.—In "Sorrell and Son" Mickey McBan played *Kil*, the child, and Nils Asther, *Kil*, the man.

L. K., JACKSON, MICH.—James Hall is five feet, ten inches tall. Colleen Moore is twenty-seven years old and an expert on the care and feeding of gold fish, in case you're interested.

MARY OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.—You have a sister complex, Mary. Watch for the sister number in Warner's "Show of Shows." Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters, but Bessie Love isn't their triplet. Mary Astor and Billie Dove aren't related. Al Jolson hails from Washington, D. C., and I don't think he's anybody's sister.

ELIZABETH RUDOLPH—Lupe Velez was born in San Luis Potosi, a suburb of Mexico City, July 18, 1909. She played in "The Wolf Song." Her next is "Hell Harbor." Who am I to say whether she makes too much whoopee or not? People in glass houses shouldn't throw bottles.

INTERESTED, FRANKFORT, KY.—LeRoy Mason played opposite Del Rio in "Revenge." I haven't any further information on him as yet.

L. M. STRADLEY, SOUTH BEND, IND.—The title of the boat song played in "Our Modern Maidens" is—guess—"I Love You." New, eh? Joseph Striker was the Spanish snatchee in the "Cradle Snatchers." Clive Brook was born in London, June 1, 1891. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and has brown hair and grey eyes.

ROSEMARY CARR, KENOSHA, WIS.—William Collier, Jr.'s latest is the "College Coquette," in which Ruth Taylor does the coquetting. Buster is five feet, ten inches tall; twenty-seven years old and was born in New York City. He isn't married, but he beaus Connie Talmadge around when she's between husbands.

AUDREY DERENBECKER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Charles Morton had the male lead in "New Year's Eve." Yes, that's Conrad Nagel's real name, and his latest is "Dynamite."

BILLIE KNAPP, BRYAN, OHIO.—Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Mich., Aug. 19, 1902. She is married to John McCormick. He's her manager. Richard Barthelmess is divorced from Mary Hay and married to Mrs. Jessica Sargent. And she's a mighty nice girl, I'll tell you. Jess, he calls her.

AGNES J. POWERS, LEWISTON, IDAHO.—John Mack Brown was born in Dothan, Ala., Sept. 4, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black hair, brown eyes and a new daughter of whom he is very proud. Joan Crawford's new picture, "Untamed," is a talkie.

SARAH ATHERTON, GLENVIEW, KY.—You're quite a question box, Sarah. Loretta Young is eighteen years old, five feet, three and a half inches tall and engaged to Grant Withers. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is just twenty. William Bakewell played both of the twins in "The Iron Mask." Laura LaPlante is twenty-five. And the tallest girl in pictures is probably Gertrude Astor, who measures five feet, seven and a half.

T. M. REGNERE, OMAHA, NEBR.—Gilbert Roland's real name is Luis Antonio Damaso De Alonso. Think you'll remember it?

THOMAS NEWTON, KINGSTON, ONT.—Richard Dix is American. Joe E. Brown was born in Holgate, Ohio. Richard Talmadge is not dead. Richard Arlen did play in "Wings." Larry Kent is still in pictures and Mary Brian is not married. Phew!—I'm out of breath.

P. N., FT. LAUDERDALE, FLA.—Ruth Chatterton is married to Ralph Forbes. William Powell is thirty-seven years old, six feet tall and hails from Pittsburgh.



M. L. B., DETROIT, MICH.—You're right—it was Claudette Colbert who played opposite Ben Lyon in "For the Love of Mike." Rudy Vallée, America's this week's Sweetheart, is twenty-six years old and has blond hair.

A FARRELL FAN, RACINE, WIS.—John Gilbert came into the world in Logan, Utah, thirty-two years ago. Your favorite, Charlie Farrell, was born in Onset Bay, Mass., twenty-seven years ago and is unmarried.

SADIE KRAIMAN, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Master Davey Lee was born four years ago right in Hollywood, Calif., so when he went into pictures in June, 1928, he didn't even have to move!

CATHERINE E. LORENZ, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—John Harron was born in New York City, March 31, 1903. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair, dark blue eyes and is a brother of the late Bobby Harron, beloved Griffith star. Jack Oakie, before coming to the screen, appeared on the stage in "Innocent Eyes," "The Passing Show," "Artists and Models of 1926" and "Peggy Ann." Doris Kenyon made her debut on the concert stage last October.

WHITE MRS., N. H.—Toronto, Canada, is the birthplace of Walter Huston. He is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. His latest appearance is in "The Virginian." He will probably return to the stage for an engagement before making another picture.

RUTH M. MERGET, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Douglas Fairbanks did not appear in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Forrest Stanley was the leading man opposite Marion Davies.

M. G. L. R., RYE, N. Y.—Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian have been reported engaged to various people, including each other. At present Buddy is stepping out with June Collyer and Mary Brian seems to have made quite a hit with Rudy Vallée during his sojourn on the coast. William Boyd is being divorced by Elinor Faire. Nancy Carroll's latest is "Sweetie."

R. H. J., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Auburn-haired (not red!). Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia twenty-three years ago. She is just five feet tall. Her latest picture is "Sunny Side Up," a musical comedy, and it's worth seeing. Nils Asther is engaged to Vivian Duncan for the second time. Nils hasn't faced the microphone yet.

K. W., ENGLEWOOD, OHIO.—Sue Carol is twenty-one years old, five feet, two inches tall; weighs 105 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Back in her home town, Chicago, they called her Evelyn Lederer. Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, South America, twenty-four years ago. He is five feet, eleven and a half inches tall; weighs 168 pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes and answers to the name of Alfredo de Biraben.

WINNIE, SUPERIOR, WIS.—Marion Davies has never been married. Yep, Marian Nixon was born in your village. Other Wisconsinians are Ben Bard (Mr. Ruth Roland), John Holland, Frederic March and Ford Sterling.

V. V., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.—Mrs. Irving Thalberg was born in Montreal, Canada. What!—you aren't interested in Mrs. T.? Well, then—we'll call her Norma Shearer. Whatever you call her, she's five feet, three inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes, and I am very fond of her.

MICHAEL J. WEATHERBY, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Anita Page was born Aug. 4, 1910. She is five feet, three inches tall. She made her movie debut in March, 1928, and her next appearance will be in "Navy Blues." Ronald Colman is thirty-eight years old and five feet, eleven inches tall.



Lipstick  
TUSSY



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*soft and lace-trimmed negligee to her long and clinging evening gown, the 1930 woman is utterly feminine. The boyish sports clothes era is over, and with it goes the idea that one shade of lipstick will suffice for every time of day . . . Feminine fashions demand different shades of lipstick with different colored frocks—entirely different shades for morning, noon, and night . . . Lipstick Tussy is created in eight comprehensive shades so that every woman can find the exact colors which suit her at every time of day . . . In its gayly colored galalithe container, Lipstick Tussy comes to you, sealed and packaged in France.*

LIPSTICK TUSSY may be obtained at your favorite shop. There, too, you will find the imported creams, lotions, paste rouges and cream rouges that have made famous the name of Lesquendieu. Won't you let us send you the fascinating booklet on make-up, "Cosmetiques Lesquendieu"? Just write to J. Lesquendieu, Inc., 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.

COSMETIQUES  
LESQUENDIEU

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# Here Are Winners of \$5,000 Contest

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

moment was used in planning and designing my 'Mirror Screen'—'spare moments' because, during the summer, I worked at the public library.

"I wanted my entry to symbolize PHOTOPLAY—'The Mirror of the Screen.' The mirror represents PHOTOPLAY, which gives a true reflection of the players and events of the screen.

"If I should be so fortunate as to be one of the prize winners, I'd use my 'pot o' gold' towards finishing college, to continue studying the art of writing scenarios and plays, and to be able to realize a long sought opportunity for studying singing."

**MISSTAMARA CHRISTIANI**, c/o M. G. Lund, 12th floor, 15 East 26th Street, New York, N. Y., winner of the fourth prize, \$250, for her book "Stars on Earth," writes:

"I did not wait until all four sets of Puzzle Pictures came out. I was not afraid that I would not be able to recognize the actors—not only because I am a great movie fan, but because reading PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE as I had, from the first page to

the last every month, there was no danger of my not knowing everything about the actors. "I would like to do art work—such as advertising and illustrative.

have worked hard since then, and I just did not have the opportunity to go to any art school. "That is what I would do with the money, if I should win a prize. I would be very careful as to where, when, and how I would use it. There are few wishes I have."

**MRS. SALLY Y. SCOTT**, of Apt. 15, 1650 Pearl Street, Denver, Colo., winner of the fifth prize, \$125, for her "Heart of a Fan," writes:

"Even aside from any prize that I may hope to win, I am very grateful to PHOTOPLAY for giving me the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the folks of Movieland. From the knowledge gained in my research work in the contest, I feel that I am a sort of 'walking encyclopedia' on movie topics."

Well, it was great fun while it lasted, wasn't it? But it's all over now.

The judges' decisions awarding fifty prizes totalling \$5,000 will bring checks to these half-hundred lucky contestants as an early Christmas present.

To the winners, PHOTOPLAY offers the heartiest congratulations.

To those who failed to win a prize, PHOTOPLAY says: "May you have better luck next time."



Here are part of the solutions which won for their makers twenty-five dollar prizes in Photoplay's annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

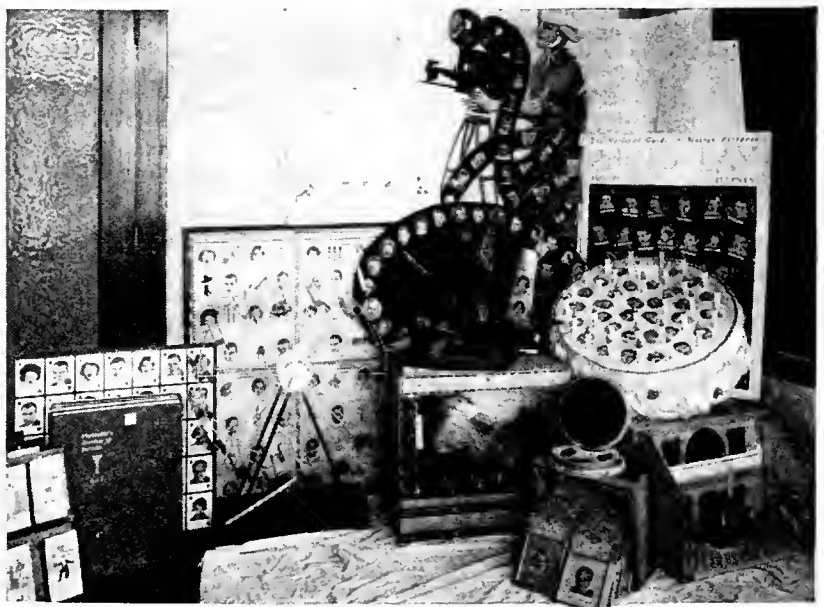
## Additional Prize Winners

### FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZES

- EMIL PAULSON**  
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- MILDRED A. BRADLEY**  
Sheldonville, Mass.
- MARGARET C. LAURITZEN**  
1934 St. Claire Street, St. Paul, Minn.
- CARL F. HAAS**  
636 N. St. Louis Blvd., South Bend, Ind.
- CHARLES PAUL GELZINIS**  
14 Vinton Street, South Boston, Mass.
- MRS. CLINT F. OVERMAN**  
6411 5th Avenue, Kenosha, Wis.
- MRS. GOLDIE RAMANO**  
151 S. Angell Street, Providence, R. I.
- BETTY O'NEIL**  
2544 East Blvd., Shaker Heights, Ohio
- CARMEN WOOD MARCELUS**  
96 Nelson Street, Kingston, Canada
- MRS. SADIE NELSEN**  
608 E. Lake Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
- D. C. HILLS**  
532 W. 31st Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
- MRS. J. C. BAIR**  
707 West Lynn Street, Austin, Texas
- MRS. H. HENIG**  
32 Halloworthy Street, Roxbury, Mass.
- P. HAMBLY**  
1123 London Road, Duluth, Minn.
- MARIE BUTTERFIELD**  
160 W. Monroe Street, Valparaiso, Ind.
- MRS. PAUL LA VORGUE**  
191 Lamson Street, West Haven, Conn.

- EDITH LOUISE JONY**  
2 Clafin Road, Brookline, Mass.
- MICHAEL KAMPEL**  
2920 Madison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio
- MISS GRACE V. TROTTER**  
4232 Edmonson Avenue, Dallas, Texas

- MRS. F. A. SCHMIDT**  
1329 N. Parkway, Memphis, Tenn.
- ### TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR PRIZES
- MISS IDA P. HOEPOLD**  
65 Cumerford Street, Providence, R. I.



Various types of solutions were awarded prizes of fifty dollars each in this year's Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

ELEANOR BLANNING  
707 Highland Avenue, New Castle, Penn.

ROBERT S. GALLAGHER  
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JOHN BOTCHEN  
215 So. 4th Avenue, Ann Arbor, Mich.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD L. FRANKLIN  
112 Van Dusen Street, Newark, N. Y.

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5107 Palm Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. WILLIAM WOLF  
306 W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

MRS. B. E. ISLEY  
3325 Memorial Avenue, Lynchburg, Va.

MRS. LAWRENCE A. BOGNER  
2934 Euclid Avenue, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

LURA REQUARTH  
440 W. Macon Street, Decatur, Ill.

KENNETH DUANE BURDICK  
832½ Armstrong Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas

MRS. A. H. PENLAND  
1103 Main Street, Houston, Texas

MRS. A. L. SKELLS  
3841 Aldrich Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minn.

MRS. R. J. SMITH  
233½ Main Street, Hackensack, N. J.

MRS. ETHEL LOUISE SEABLOM  
610 24th Street, Sacramento, Calif.

MRS. H. ELIZABETH CROOKER  
226 Bradley Street, Mankato, Minn.

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3001 Portland Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

MRS. D. B. JAMES  
242 W. Main Street, Jackson, Tenn.

MARGARET VIOLA DAVIE  
2453 Overlook Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Here are the thirty-two correct Cut Puzzle answers:

## JUNE

Clara Bow  
Janet Gaynor  
Eleanor Boardman  
Esther Ralston  
Richard Barthelmess  
Gary Cooper  
Richard Dix  
Richard Arlen

## JULY

Mary Pickford  
Betty Compson  
Mary Brian  
Renee Adoree  
John Gilbert  
William Haines  
Al Jolson  
Thomas Meighan

## AUGUST

Anita Page  
Marion Davies  
\*Virginia Valli  
Billie Dove  
William Boyd  
Charles Rogers  
Ronald Colman  
William Powell

## SEPTEMBER

Sue Carol  
Gloria Swanson  
Vilma Banky  
Laura La Plante  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Emil Jannings  
Lewis Stone  
James Hall



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# Velveta SUEDE CALF



\*A mistake was made by the engraver in putting together the actresses' faces in the August, 1929, issue, but that has been taken into consideration in the awarding of the prizes. The verses described Norma Shearer, but the sections of the picture, when put together, showed Virginia Valli.

# Doubling for Death

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

"Don't go with the woman, go alone," suggested Bruce.

"Alone? No, I go with her. I show them I am no coward!"

Then Don became dramatic. He dwelt long on the actions of silly women, and the resulting re-actions of sillier men. He waxed warm and passionate.

"And I must suffer the tortures of the honest lover. Bah! I drag the women into the mud? Bah! it is they that drag themselves. They are alike, the pity!"

"SEE!" Don pointed to several pictures hung in romantic sequence on the walls. Bruce glanced from Don to the pictures. An ironical thought came to life in Bruce concerning the ego of man. And then Don pointed to the latest: "This is she. She is sweet and lovely, see?"

Bruce looked. "Yes," he reflected. "She is sweet and she is lovely, but—she's a woman."

Don defended vehemently. "Yes, but she is different."

"I suppose," conceded Bruce laconically. "But what do you want of me?"

Don sat down. He tried to be friendly. "Well, my friend," Don explained, "I tell you. Tonight you go to this opening with her, in my place. Up the aisle of stars and into the theater, there I shall arrange to be. It will be safe for me then. Will you do it? It give you the great chance to be the great star, Don Torredo, and to stroll with such a beauty as my lady should compensate for the risk, eh?"

Bruce looked at Don. The ironical thought came back. He had the great lover, Don Torredo, pleading, begging. "Well," hesitated Bruce. "Well, sure, I'll do it."

"Good!" exclaimed Don. "I pay money."

"I'll do it," added Bruce, "for twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Twenty-five hundred dollars!" repeated Don, amazed. He got up and paced the floor again. "Cut-throat! Taking advantage of me, an artist! What does your life mean? See, what my life means to my public—and you—" Don waved his hands in disgust.

Bruce leaned forward. His face burning, he restrained a cutting remark. He asked, "You want to show this guy you're not afraid?"

"Of course," said Don.

"Your personal pride's at stake, isn't it?"

"Yes," admitted Don.

"THEN," concluded Bruce, "what are you kicking for? I'm taking a chance, too. If I get bumped off, and it looks like I will, you lose nothing and get a lot of free publicity, and what's twenty-five hundred to you. I thought you foreigners were gamblers?"

"Cut-throats, you Americans are! No wonder there are no artists here. Money, money, money—it is all you know!"

"Sure," agreed Bruce, "we're dumb in America."

Bruce, rising, remarked: "Well, so you

won't be at your first big night. They will say, Don Torredo was scared yellow and wouldn't go to see himself opening night. It wouldn't take *that* long to get in the papers. Well, so long." Bruce strolled toward the door. Then Don called him back.

"Yes, by God, I be there! I give you twenty-five hundred dollars. See, I give it to you! I show them!"

"Sure, you show them," agreed Bruce.

"Women. Always one woman," groaned Don.

"It must be hell," said Bruce, "to be so damned good-looking."

"Be careful what you say," reminded Don, "you are my dead image."

"Not yet I'm not," snapped Bruce.

"Now I tell you what you do," explained Don. "I'll give you a note to her and you go see her now. Tell her Don he very sorry but it is necessary I have to send you, my friend, to escort her to the theater. Assure her that

apprehensions of the whole affair, but quelled them with the thought that on the morrow he might be free from it all or, well—he looked at the address on the note and continued on down the hill.

\* \* \*

THE opening of Don Torredo's starring picture was a great event. It drew out the great and the near-great. Dignitaries of the screen and society assembled to pay their respects to a new star of another country. Writers, directors, stars, producers, newspaper men, drove up in expensive cars and walked up the aisle of stars in evening dress.

The many arc-lights, covered with varicolored paper slides and focused on the passage-way into the theater, made a circle of intense light as though emitted from a huge magic lantern. The people moved within this light, like magic shadow-shapes bathed in kaleidoscopic and fantastic colorings.

Shafts of swinging lights, made by the movement of other arc-lights, cut the air, crisscrossing, making grotesque angles of light rays.

On both sides the people of surrounding towns, and the curious of Hollywood, crowded in to catch a glimpse of their favorites. Some had waited hours to insure themselves good positions. Eager eyes watched for favorite luminaries. And each one of these great ones who walked up the aisle stopped and spoke a word or two into the waiting microphone. The press photographers and the studio cameramen worked hard, sorting and taking the pictures of the big names, before they entered the theater. At last some one spied Don Torredo alighting from his car. His name passed from mouth to mouth. People

crushed in. They stood on their toes, straining their necks. Ropes and policemen kept them back. Some one yelled: "Bravo! Don Torredo!"

Bruce, expensively and perfectly dressed in one of Don's dress suits, assisted the woman from the car, and they made their way toward the theater. His eyes swept the crowd with a furtive glance. Each step seemed to bring him nearer to his fade-out. Perhaps not the one he had planned. He dragged his leaden feet toward the entrance, while the crowd chattered on either side. His heart pounded furiously. Nervousness overcame him. He was greatly agitated, and then he finally faced the microphone. It would soon be over. He had a mad desire to run back and escape. Instead, clearing his throat, he spoke a short, suggestive sentence for the benefit of radioland: "It ees a great feeling to be what I am tonight. Thank you."

THERE was applause from the crowd. In the woman's face could be read the humiliation she had to tolerate. To stand before these searching eyes with the bearer of a note which carried a double disgrace to her. Biting her



And this, believe it or not, is a scene from the latest S. S. Van Dine thriller, "The Bishop Murder Case." Directors Grinde and Burton of M-G-M are bull-dozing Leila Hyams into a whimsical mood. What a lot of grief for one tiny scene!

I will be waiting her in the theater. Here, I put her address on the note." Don handed the note to Bruce, who added: "And have that twenty-five hundred in ready cash, see!"

"Yes," grunted Don, wiping his forehead. "I will. Have a cigarette?" "Thanks," said Bruce. He selected one from the Chinese cigarette box. He walked to the door. For a moment he hesitated there.

Was he justified in making such an exit from the movie colony? He had his own self-respect at stake. After all, accepting money like this was fraud. He was about to turn back and explain to Don that he couldn't do it. He heard Don derisively call to him, his words like a knife, cutting away all doubt in the mind of Bruce: "You are afraid, uh?" Bruce looked back and smiled: "No, not now I'm not." He closed the door quickly.

Outside on the sidewalk again, he strolled leisurely down the hill toward Hollywood Boulevard. He smoked the expensive monogrammed cigarette of Don Torredo. He blew the clear blue smoke into the sweet air of Hollywood and sighed. He would now, perhaps, be able to buy his freedom. Tonight would tell. Tonight? He began to have mis-

lips, she knew she must hear it. They were told to step back. The woman glared. And in the few minutes, during which time the camera clicked, she thought of the real Don and of the hours of misery he had caused her when he had sent Bruce with that note. Her own personal pride had meant nothing to him. Her face burned with a fever of resentment. She could kill him for this! Before she realized it, the cameraman had taken this pose of them.

They entered the theater. Behind, the announcer, speaking to radioland, shouting like a barker, proclaimed to the listeners that Don Torredo had just spoken.

He left her at the check room. Straightway, Bruce went to a half-opened door, marked "Private." Don nervously awaited him there. They were alone. "Well, I'm here," said Bruce.

DON eyed him, and then took from his pocket a large roll of money and thrust it into Bruce's hands. "Here, count it. Twenty-five hundred of the American dollars. This America! A price for everything!"

Bruce glanced up into Don's disillusioned face, and then finished counting.

"Well, hurry," commanded Don.

"It's all here," replied Bruce, putting it away. "See you some more."

Don bowed him out the back exit. "Not if I know it, never! Goodbye, my not-so-cheap caricature. Here." He picked up a prop coat which was flung in a corner. "Here, I also give you this cheap coat. It should fit your character—beat it!"

Bruce put on the worn overcoat, gave a final backward glance. He pulled his hat down over his eyes, and went out through the private exit. Don adjusted himself, assumed a pose, and made his entrance into the foyer.

All eyes were on him as he searched for her. He found her waiting for him, but she did not speak. He had expected as much—but reconciliation would come. They were ushered to their seats. He attempted conversation but she was silent as the Sphinx, her face pointed to the screen. For fully an hour they remained thus in silence, watching the elaborate prologue put on in conjunction with the picture, and the short comedy.

When Don came on the screen in his romantic English-speaking rôle, that of a dashing Southern scion, masquerading as a Spanish bandit for the purpose of avenging the family name, restoring the family fortune and winning for himself the blue-eyed damsel of his dreams, the audience was agreed—here was a great actor. The voice of Bruce and the figure of Don blended and synchronized into a new star of Hollywood.

Don spoke again to her: "At last something important has happened."

Don expected a giggle. But the woman at his side gave him a quick, cutting look and answered in a low, angry voice: "A fine trick you pulled—my God!" Don was all explanations and apology. He whispered in a vibrant, warm voice:

"My dearest, it had to be. I'm sorry. You must forgive—"

"Forgive!" came a harsh whisper. "Forgive you for showing me up as a fool and you a coward?"

THE golden voice of Bruce, from the screen, was pleading his love to the blue-eyed damsel, before taking ship for foreign parts.

—"And," continued the woman, her eyes glaring at Señor Don Torredo, but her ears alert for the clarion tones of Bruce Reid, "making me walk up that aisle of stars with my husband—"

"Husband? Him?" cried Don, light breaking over him like a thunder-clap.

He thought of Bruce's sullen face—of a note that threatened death—of a chunky roll of crinkly yellow bills!

"My God!" he squealed. "Me han robado!"

Which, reduced to English, means, "I've been robbed!"



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# Kleenex

Cleansing Tissues

# The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

## THE ROAD SHOW—M-G-M

GOOD ole "Broadway Melody"! In "Road Show" you discover Eessie Love laugh, clown, laughing because Charlie King, as a conceited singer, is in love with somebody else. There are dance numbers in Technicolor, back stage atmosphere and songs. Even the slapstick of Polly Moran and Marie Dressler and the humor of Jack Benny can't lift this out of the imitation class. *All Talkie.*

## THE 3 SISTERS—Fox

DIRECTOR PAUL SLOANE'S Italian film is as native as ravioli and as colorful as a Corsican sunset. Everything is real and warm—atmosphere, music, emotions—but the story is as simple as the souls of its people. Louise Dresser gives a beautiful performance. She is supported by Paul Porcasi, June Collyer, Joyce Compton, and Tom Patricola. All give vivid performances. *All Talkie.*

## SKINNER STEPS OUT—Universal

GLENN TRYON falls heir to the story that made Reginald Denny five years ago, and Essanay, twelve. And "Skinner's Dress Suit" (none other—despite the trick title) hasn't suffered a bit in its talkie metamorphosis. The little Tryon boy puts it over with a yip. His high-pressure salesmanship gets you gasping. *All Talkie.*

## APPLAUSE—Paramount

THIS is a curious one. Helen Morgan is a beautiful girl famous as a singer of love songs, so they have her play, for most of the picture, a middle-aged and frowsy burlesque queen who emotes about her daughter instead of singing ballads. None the less, some brilliant acting by Morgan and by Joan Peers, a pretty ingénue, and some nice camera work, help save a confusing job. *All Talkie.*

## IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?—Warners

WELL, Jolson did it in "The Singing Fool"—then Texas Guinan did it and Sophie Tucker did it, and now Ted Lewis has done it. Only instead of saying "Sonny Boy!" Ted asks "Is Everybody Happy?" The answer is "No!" Ted is not the romantic type—nor is he an actor. As Ted Lewis, entertainer, he is the same old Ted and wields a mean saxophone. Alice Day plays the girl who gets him and Ann Pennington the girl who doesn't. *All Talkie.*

## HIS FIRST COMMAND—Pathe

AN army post in Kansas is the scene of this drama. There are a good many shots of parades and drills and steeplechases, spectacular and diverting. Otherwise it is a pretty sorry affair, with the rookie hero rushing in at the last moment to save the colonel's little niece from being trampled by a regiment of horses. William Boyd (the screen star) finds a new personality with a nice drawly, American voice. *All Talkie.*

## GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL—Paramount

PARAMOUNT has been fussing with this idea for many months. As a result, this backstage trifle as a peg on which to hang big, girly scenes is stone-cold turkey, for all it has the use of the Ziegfeld name and stars. The coldly beautiful Mary Eaton, as the girl who breaks into the "Follies" to get glorified, is merely cold and beautiful. The fragile story is left hanging before the picture is half over.

Only an Eddie Cantor comedy bit marks the grave of an idea that was left to die. *All Talkie.*

## HURRICANE—Columbia

THOUGH this isn't just the newest wow in sophisticated screen drama, it is a clean-cut thriller with a crashing storm sequence made doubly effective by sound. The story is an orthodox sea yarn of the post-Victorian era, but it's dramatic and convincing. Hobart Bosworth's dynamic screen personality is



Loretta Young's cute hat would come in for more attention if the face which it frames were not so distractingly lovely. Loretta is featured in "The Forward Pass"

strongly enhanced by talking films, and in this sort of thing, as master of unruly men and elements, he is at his best. Really stimulating. *All Talkie.*

## NIX ON DAMES—Fox

THE life of the vaudevillian, like the life of the polyp, has been scandalously bared to a palpitating public by the talkies. The scene of this picture is a theatrical boarding house, and if you like watching acrobats, ventriloquists and dog trainers eat, sleep, shave, bathe and love, don't miss it. The players are mostly from the legitimate stage and the two-a-day. They're all real trouper and the film is good entertainment. *All Talkie.*

## LOVE, LIVE AND LAUGH—Fox

IT is a tender story about a little Italian and it moves from New York to the battlefields. It is tearful but never mandlin, for which Director Wm. K. Howard should be praised. George Jessel gives a splendid performance as the Italian, and scores with his songs. "Two Little Arms" will be popular. There are such fine Italian types as Lila Lee and David Rollins—but convincing. *All Talkie.*

## THE LONG, LONG TRAIL—Universal

HOOT GIBSON'S first all-talking picture adds more admirers to his long list. The "Ramblin' Kid" is an irresponsible cowboy with an indifference to women that approaches animosity. It takes the beauty of Sally Eilers and Kathryn McGuire to bring him to his senses, but you love the charm of Hoot's voice and smile. Fast moving Western drama. *All Talkie.*

## JAZZ HEAVEN—Radio Pictures

THIS is a sentimental little ditty about a song writer and a girl who helps him make good. Critics may scoff at its romance, but if you're in the mood you may be touched. John Mack Brown, accent and all, is the chap who writes the theme song, and Sally O'Neil sells it. Joseph Cawthorn saves the picture from being too saccharine by his comedy. *All Talkie.*

## THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—Paramount

SHERLOCK HOLMES, the great detective who is the artistic ancestor of the great Philo Vance, comes faintly back to life in this rather stiff and stilted picture. Clive Brook, with the traditional pipe and sideburns, plays *Sherlock* heavily. It is interesting to note the return of Harry T. Morey as *Moriarty*, an unbelievably vicious villain. Others are Betty Lawford and Donald Crisp. *All Talkie.*

## BROADWAY SCANDALS—Columbia

IF this picture appeared six months ago, it would have looked better, for it is a late entrant in the line of love stories back of the theater curtain. It turns up a boy named Jack Egan, who looks like Buddy Rogers and sings well. And Carmel Myers glitters as a vamp with a French accent and a lot of come-hither. Sally O'Neil tries hard. *All Talkie.*

## THE LONE STAR RANGER—Fox

ZANE GREY'S epics have an appeal all their own, and this is no exception. George O'Brien makes a picturesque ranger, against a beautiful Arizona background. Better add him to your list of favorites, as Westerns are coming into their own again. Sue Carol is pretty enough in the lead and you may enjoy on the screen songs like "Hello Central, Give Me Heaven." *All Talkie.*

## AFTER THE FOG—Beacon Prod.

AT least this picture is not a musical comedy. That is something to recommend it. It is drama almost as relentless as "Wild Geese." That must be one of the reasons that Russell Simpson was chosen for the part. Mary Philbin has another rôle similar to her "Phantom of the Opera," while Carmelita Geraghty vamps in a delightful manner. A good time will be had by all if you like cruel husbands and martyred wives. *All Talkie.*

## WHISPERING WINDS—Tiffany-Stahl

WE have with us, for a curtain call, the eternal triangle. What can be new in this? Though this is just a simple little tale of a man and two maids (too simple) it's still a triangle, with few novel situations. Everything is quite all right until Eve Southern galumps into the scene. They have to print her titles. She probably hasn't learned to talk yet. In spite of her, Patsy Ruth Miller and Malcolm McGregor hold up bravely. *Part Talkie.*

**VENUS—United Artists**

CONSTANCE TALMADGE made this silent picture a year ago on and around the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, and then announced her retirement from the screen. She might as well have retired a bit earlier and thus headed off this trifling romantic melodrama about the love of a princess for a sea captain. Connie is supported somewhat by a French troupe. Some pretty exteriors—and that's all. *Silent.*

**HOLD YOUR MAN—Universal**

WHAT with Laura La Plante over-emoting, and what with a thin and watery story about a dissatisfied young wife, this is anything but a merry and laughful comedy. Young Scott Kolk makes a fairly pleasing debut as a leading man, but Laura just runs wild. And the dialogue, sad to say, is pretty soupy. All in all, this is not the sort of thing that is going to keep the La Plante addicts coming back for more. *All Talkie.*

**THE EMPIRE BUILDERS—Carlsbad Prod.**

IF you enjoyed "The Covered Wagon," you will get a thrill out of this picture—because it is so different. Might easily be termed a burlesque on the former. However, it proves that Tom Santschi, one of the first players to make pictures in California, is an impressive, virile actor yet. Blanche Mehaffey is pretty enough for the love interest. Good entertainment for rural districts. *All Talkie.*

**SINS OF THE CRADLE—Goodwill**

BUT they don't stop at the cradle, much to our frank dismay. In this thing better left undone, they go on—and on—far into the night. The perpetrators of this celluloid crime never even heard of enough being too much. Story, direction, music and actors are wrong. Things get worse and worse, until the hero gets an engraved invitation to watch his girl-friend take her convent vows. At this point, the audience goes mad and bites itself. *Sound.*



Julia Faye, one of the better screen sirens, began her deadly career at the age of three, as the above coy study reveals

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Present Occupation .....

# Why Hollywood Scandal Fascinates Us

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

obviously they are not to be pried into. Don't! Don't! Don't! I wonder how many don'ts a child actually hears during the early days!

And how much he wants to violate those don'ts just because he is told he must not!

To prohibit a person from doing this or that never, of course, wiped out his desire to do it. Always and invariably has it made the desire stronger.

And whereas this is true of all forms of prohibition from leaving the cookies in the pantry alone as a child, to shunning liquor as an adult, the curiosity desire is enhanced a hundred- or a thousandfold when it comes to the don'ts regarding sex.

**I**S it not a fact that although we are intrigued by any and all scraps of intimacy that are supposed to transpire on the other side of the wall that separates celebrities from the public, that we are unusually roused when the information deals with the primitive relations of man and woman—the one outstanding, stressed, cardinal, scarlet prohibition of our younger days?

As a very refined and rather severe lady of my acquaintance remarked to me recently, with a twinkle in her eye, "Thank goodness our modern sex freedom still keeps the married state private. Else what kick could I get out of my tabloids?"

Yes, peeping and prying gives a greater kick than knowledge gained easily, knowledge where no effort is made to withhold it or conceal it.

This is the first reason psychoanalysis has to offer in explanation of our interest in the distinctly personal side of Hollywood.

Now we come to the second reason.

It deals with our jealousy motive.

If you think it over, I am sure you will agree that few men and scarcely any women exist who would not like to be stars in the movie heavens.

Not realizing how hard the work is, how subject it is to heartrending trials and tribulations of all sorts, the average person views picture acting as a kind of "seventh heaven," sparkling with romance and paved with millions.

In consequence, whenever anybody succeeds in pictures, be it Jack Holt, Greta Garbo, one of the Barrymores, Colleen Moore—it does not matter—it means to each and every one of us that somebody else has managed to "crash through" and accomplish what we ourselves have yearned to do but have been hindered or prevented from doing.

And mind you, the more brilliant the success of the star the more keenly do we feel it.

Such feelings within us are not always conscious, to be sure. They may be. More often, however, we sense the jealousy within ourselves only vaguely. And sometimes, indeed, we react in a jealous manner, although we are entirely unaware that such an attitude of jealousy exists.

The third explanation of psychoanalysis concerns our innate "sadism."

Sadism really means pleasure derived from giving pain to another.

If I should strike a man over the head I would be exhibiting a sadistic trait. Should I make a cutting or wounding remark to a person, or about a person, sadism would be in evidence, but in a more socialized way.

And, if I take a certain delight, be it marked or scarcely perceptible, in hearing or reading that some prominent individual has fallen from grace, sadism is again the fundamental motivation.

**I**RECALL distinctly what a friend of mine said when the Chaplins had their troubles. "I am frank to confess," he said, "that it pleases me every time I hear of one of those movie stars getting it in the neck. Who do they think they are, anyway?"

Need I add that he is an actor himself and one who has never been able to land on a Hollywood lot?

Yet such remarks, or, at any rate, similar thoughts, are not uncommon among non-professionals.

It probably dates back to the days when we had to fight in the jungles for our very existence. Every time we killed a wild beast or knocked another savage over it gave pleasure.

And sadism continues to survive, although nowadays it is often so disguised and symbol-

ized that we do not recognize its existence until the mechanism is called to our attention.

In the business of explaining the reasons for our heightened interest in the privacies of picture life, the science of psychoanalysis seems to be sadistic too. Does it not impress you that way?

At any rate, let us get on to the fourth and last reason, which, I assure you, is no more flattering than the other three.

It deals with our so-called "guilt sense."

If we are absolutely frank with ourselves, and examine ourselves without prejudice, each man and woman is bound to admit that during the course of his career certain sex thoughts have occurred which he wishes had not, or of which he is deliberately ashamed.

**C**HILDHOOD is the favorite period for the sprouting of such ideas and the subsequent self-condemnation that goes with them.

In the course of my professional work I have analyzed many minds—exactly how many I scarcely know—but I have yet to find a single individual who has not harbored, in this connection, a certain amount of guilt feeling. Now it is a well-known fact that, if you find somebody else as bad as you are, you feel gratified. And if you find him even worse than you are, your gratification may amount to jubilation. This is the secret of why Hollywood scandal thrills. It gives an extra filip to our ego.

"Why," you say to yourself, "those movie kings and queens are really no better than I am. How foolish to feel guilty about my own sex thoughts. Theirs would bring a blush to the cheeks of a marble statue."

Psychoanalysis does not mince matters, does it? But are the theories correct? Are they true?

Well, I leave that to you, my good reader. Test the validity of the four reasons for our unusual interest in the personal side of Hollywood. Find out if they are true for you.

Be careful, however, that when you do have this heart-to-heart talk with yourself, you make it a fearless and honest search of your real inner self.

Otherwise you may be fooling yourself.

## Stepping Out with June

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

June's comfortable, big living room. Nothing arty or Hollywood about the room. It might have been a smart New York apartment. Plenty of comfortable chairs and reading lamps and books. The maid disappeared to get "something" which would give me an appetite for dinner. June declined to join me in the elbow-bend, but said she would love a cigarette.

**W**E managed to get in a discussion of Don Byrne's books before starting. He is June's favorite author. She loved playing in "Hangman's House." Let's see, Sally and I discussed books, too. She quoted verbatim whole passages from "Salt Water Taffy," the parody on "Cradle of the Deep."

June thanked me for my flowers. I had sent gardenias. I noticed that the customary silver ribbon on the gardenia corsage had been changed for a pastel color. Which made me think that perhaps, after all, I should have sent orchids. June does rather make you think of orchids—slim, delicate and expensive. But the gardenias were duly anchored to her shoulder and we were off to the fights. If you ever at-

tended a première in downtown Los Angeles you'll agree that's what they are.

We drove down in June's glistening Packard. A star has to maintain a certain prestige, and anyway I couldn't imagine depositing June in front of the theater, windblown from my roadster which hadn't been washed since the last rainy season.

June isn't too darned finicky about her appearance, but I have never seen her when she didn't look as if she had stepped from the hands of a Park Avenue maid.

I remember now that neither Sally nor June had a session with the powder puff and vanity mirror after leaving their homes. No rouging in public.

During the half hour down Wilshire Boulevard, June confessed to an overwhelming homesickness for New York, now that the first, brisk fall days had arrived. She would give the feminine equivalent to a shirt just to walk into Milgrim's or Cartier's.

"I like California," she said, "but I miss the seasons. Why the same roses are blooming in my garden Easter, Fourth of July and Christmas. I'm one of the New Yorkers who really

love New York, scorching summers and freezing winters."

The chair-warmers in the long galeria at the Ambassador sat up agog when June entered. The head waiter almost tied himself in French knots when she entered the dining room. Soup was spilled, nine checks were added up wrong, and the lady who intended to order chicken salad again said absently "calves liver and bacon." We had the best table in the room—where everyone could watch our table manners.

**J**UNE ordered a simple dinner, although she said that she was starving. She had a thin soup, emince of beef, a vegetable and demitasse. She doesn't like sweets, so she had no dessert.

"I should eat more sweets," she explained. "I want to put on weight." (The eighth wonder of the world, a movie star who wants to put on weight!) "This summer I tried to drink a combination of eggs, milk and cream. I'd rather be thin."

The food was easy to handle, nothing messy to get in your ears. At Sally's house we had fried chicken, corn on the cob and strawberry



shortcake. Soul-satisfying, but it would have been difficult at the Ambassador. Both Sally and June can eat gracefully. Sometimes it's an awful test to watch people eat.

Between courses she told me how she had been brought into pictures to play society roles. Her first appearance on the screen was as the wife of a delicatessen keeper in "Four Sons." Since then she has been a gangster's sweetheart in "Me, Gangster," and she portrays an Italian peasant girl in "Three Sisters." In "The Love Doctor" she was a trained nurse. Her social accomplishments haven't meant much.

The dinner check was \$7.20. Not had, considering that it was the Ambassador. The tip was one dollar, of course.

A snail could have passed us in the drive through the Los Angeles streets on the way to the theater. Spectators pressed against the car. Once they broke the windows in Vilma Banky's motor. Cordons of police, hauds locked and their weight thrown back against the crowd, tried to keep open a tiny laue of traffic.

JUNE got as far back as was possible in the corner of the car. Eager fans almost tumbled into our laps. Her poise deserted her a bit. She was nervous.

"Oh-oh, lookie," shouted a fan, peering into our car, "there's Mary Astor."

The resemblance between June and Mary has been commented on before. It is a strange fact that defies analysis. Their coloring and features are not the same. I saw them together later that evening. Only in photographs is the resemblance really startling.

At last June's car reached the theater marquee.

"Ah," breathed the radio announcer fervently into the mike, "here comes another of those gorgeous screen girls. June, won't you say a word?"

June, by this time, was apparently as calm as if she were picking daisies in a sixty-acre field.

I heard her say something about being "so glad to be able to say hello to everybody tonight." The rest of it was drowned out in the applause of the crowd.

She admitted that it was quite a problem to know what to say into the microphone. I've always had a theory that no one listened in anyhow. I would just as soon spend an evening translating Sanscrit.

"I've discovered twenty ways to say 'How are you?'" she laughed.

The picture ended, happily, promptly at midnight. It was half an hour later before June's car could reach the curb. She waited patiently, although she had to work the next morning. She complied smilingly when a bevy of girl fans asked her to autograph their programs. She spoke to friends and we commented on the long line of magnificent motor cars.

ONE of the star's cars, a foreign model, had a lacquer and mother of pearl interior. Just like a swell chop suey restaurant.

With June working the next morning, supper was out of the question. Just as well, however. Los Angeles dance bands pack up and go home at one A. M. Only the road houses stay open all night, like corner drug stores. June doesn't go out at nights, as a rule, while she is working. Sally Eilers stays home nights, too, when she works.

At one o'clock I said goodnight to June. She shook hands with me and said she had had a marvelous evening, and wouldn't I come out to dinner before she went back to New York? She sounded as if she meant it.

Example number two proved that a swanky evening's entertainment with one of the most beautiful and popular girls in Hollywood could be accomplished without pinching (no pun) on \$23.20. As a matter of fact I had over-estimated the business by \$15. But, never mind. That will come in handy on another date.

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USE THE COUPON ON PAGE 17

# Protecting Them From Fame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

racketeers. Their two aunts, Norma and Constance Talmadge, seem to be Buster's chief difficulty in keeping the children from getting spoiled.

"I send them to public school," says Buster. "At home they have three and a half acres of ground and a couple of Newfoundland dogs to chase around. Trouble over celebrity? We have it. When their mother takes them to see one of my new comedies they begin doing all the stunts of the picture before they are out of the theater. When they went to see 'Battling Butler' the usher came down the aisle and said: 'Madam, I am sorry, but you will have to take those two young ruffians out.'"

"THE mortified Natalie had to lead the two children, busy punching and cuffing each other, in imitation of my battle in the film, out through a lobby of scandalized spectators. The idea seized them when they got home of copying a scene where I was in training and could have only milk and crackers. Milk and crackers was all we could get them to eat for four days.

"American schools are good enough for my kids. None of this Oxford stuff for them. Public schools until they are grown. Mixing with other children, where they have to stand or fall on their own merits, will make regular guys out of them."

Gloria Swanson has always refused to have photographs taken of her two children for publication.

"My private life is my own and I can't see what possible reason there is for dragging my children into my business on the screen," is her story, and she has stuck to it for years.

There is a little bit of the feeling of the besieged princess in this dramatic seclusion of the children. They are educated at home, under the care of a governess. Any attempt to get past the barriers, to find out the details of the lives of these children, who have a famous woman for a mother and a French Marquis for a step-father, meets with the same firm answer, which is remarkably in substance like this: "It's none of your business."

Gloria, in discussing schools for her children with a friend said, "I believe in the democracy of the public schools, but there is no such thing as democracy for the children when they are pointed out as 'Gloria Swanson's children.' Under those circumstances they would have that awful feeling that they were different from other children and it might easily lead them into the habit of withdrawing from normal contacts with them, which is always disastrous to development."

LEATRICE JOY faces the rather appalling situation of dealing single-handed with the problem of raising up little Leatrice with not only her mother's fame but that of her famous father, Jack Gilbert, as well.

Leatrice, who is a calm, cheerful person, has taken the attitude that it is not a good thing to have her little girl "shopworn," as she calls it. She wants the child's life to be her own, not a reflected career. Normalizing surroundings, with a newly adopted sister, Mary Joy, aged seven; Kiltie, the Scottish terrier; Fluff, the Persian kitten; a big yard and lawn, and plenty of playmates are forming the background for the child.

It is to be expected that with the baby's family tree what it is, even to the grandparents on her father's side being theatrical folks, Leatrice, Junior, will follow the footlights. Leatrice, Senior, thinks being an actress a fine career for any girl, as it "gives her freedom and latitude of life not accorded any other career for women. People instinctively make allowances for an actress and she is not

hemmed in with a stuffy smothering lot of conventions." When the baby days with nurse are over, Leatrice plans to educate her child abroad.

John Gilbert has had little influence in the life of his child, so far as having his fame forced upon her. Those interested in publicizing Gilbert have left the baby strictly alone. One harks back to the stories of Madame Glyn when Gilbert was playing in one of her torrid romances. Madame was scandalized at the indiscretion of Gilbert in having a child.

"A wife—bad enough for a romantic hero—but a baby!—impossible!" Madame sniffed, and one immediately got the atmosphere of



Little Bill Hart, Jr., the son of the old plainsman and Winifred Westover. Young Bill will always be well taken care of, but his pappy doesn't believe in pampering

talcum, soap, gruel, and warm milk. No one knows just how much that opinion influenced Gilbert's attitude towards his baby.

The two children of Charles Chaplin are also being raised without their father. Those in charge are the mother's mother and grandmother, who are certainly doing things in the good old fashioned way of grandmothers.

If baby Charlie gets a fit of temper, it is called temperament, and what could be nicer than that? There are no impartial nurses for the children's training, to use up the two hundred dollars a week appropriated for their upbringing. Lita, their mother, is on vaudeville tours most of the time, and an occasional visit from their celebrated father is their sole parental contact.

No plans have been made by the mother, Lita Glyn, for the education and training of the two Chaplin heirs; there is a vague idea that there will be an education abroad, if her vaudeville work carries her abroad.

Clive Brook, who has always kept his children out of the public eye, has done so with little thought of the effect it might have, one way or the other, with the flapper fans. Brook is retiring and self-effacing and not inclined to believe too much in his own fame. Brook feels that he owes what position he has in films to his work as an actor, rather than on the basis of his being married or single, with or without children.

He takes his work with the view that it is a good way to make a living, and not with any craving for intoxicating draughts of fame, such as some stars quaff for themselves. Daily living, with plans ahead to give the children a good, thorough general education, accents the ideal for them that life and happiness depend on personal effort, not reflected glory or inherited money.

WILL ROGERS has answered the problem of keeping his children unbranded by vicarious fame, in the way he has raised them. Both boys attend public schools, though Mary, fifteen, attends a girl's day school. Any hint of his own celebrity and importance in the world of men is promptly laughed off by the sagebrush sage. The children luckily inherit the same sense of humor, which is a good antidote of the snakebite of self-esteem.

Will, Junior, aged nineteen; Jim, seventeen, and Mary, fifteen, have all been trained in dancing and acrobatics and music and riding and rope throwing, so that if necessary they could barnstorm as a troupe and play everything but the bloodhounds chasing Eliza across the ice. The homely idea that everybody should work to eat is pretty well understood around the Rogers rancho.

The George Bancrofts believe in the isolation and ignorance method as the best protection from fame for their little daughter, Georgette. Georgette, at ten, has been raised "so that she does not realize how important a man her father really is."

Her father does not wish her "to be self-opinionated or precocious because of reflected glory." This protecting their child from the father's fame is a serious thing to the Bancrofts, who have thought and planned for it for years, even before Papa became the prize hairy-chested he-man at Paramount.

Victor MacLaglen, father of Andy, nine, and Sheila, six, is not the first celebrity in his family. Victor's father was a bishop in the English church, and the maternal grandfather is a retired Admiral in the British navy. Adhering to the English tradition, the MacLaglens are raising their children plainly but well. Plain living and high thinking is their style.

Victor has been anxious to see that both children are well-developed physically, for he considers nothing so desirable as good health. True democracy, with its power to insulate one against false ideas of importance, is learned through sports and competitive games, he thinks. Little Sheila is being raised with attention to the domestic virtues, and plays at keeping house in a serious way in her own small play house in the garden.

CONRAD NAGEL is inclined to minimize the importance of his fame. "I always think of what Viola Dana said once, that there was just one thing she hated worse than being stared at, and crowded, and followed in the streets, and that was not being stared at, and crowded, and followed. That is part of the life of an actor. If an actor does not like it, he should change his job. I don't really believe my fame is great enough to constitute any menace to my little girl."

While this is Nagel's joking attitude, he is carefully insulating her against the virus of self-importance and reflected glory. Ruth, aged eight, attends a day school where there are many other picture children. Her playtime is spent with movie children, and neighbor children as well. She is encouraged to accomplish her school tasks perfectly, and is so busy with her little affairs that there is no time for idleness. Nearly every day she writes a long letter to her parents, to train herself in writing

and the use of language. The letter is pinned on Conrad's pillow, and gets a careful reading and criticism from him.

Hollywood's dollar princess, little Mildred Gloria Lloyd, is being reared in a common sense way by her mother, Mildred Davis Lloyd, who earned a claim to fame herself, as Harold Lloyd's leading lady. A child's simple routine, with sun baths, early to bed and early to rise, includes dancing lessons, which make the little five-year-old a daily joy to her proud parents. She eats dinner early, but waits to sit up at table to visit with Daddy and Mamma.

On Wednesdays, the big event of the week takes place for Mildred Gloria. She helps Mamma get Daddy's dinner ready. Vegetable soup, biscuits, muffins and such things, are carefully stirred by the tiny little girl in a big white apron.

**T**HE common sense Harold Lloyd can see that there is a big advantage in preparing his little girl for whatever life may bring her. No talk in front of the child of her father's work is allowed. She has no realization that he is of any more importance than the fathers of other non-movie children who are neighbors and playmates. School days, fast approaching, are admitted by Mildred Lloyd to be something of a problem to face.

"Children are beginning to tell Gloria her father is rich," says Mrs. Lloyd. "Harold hates that. I presume we will have to send her to a private school to get away from that, though Harold would prefer to send her to a public school if she is let alone."

Mildred Gloria is remarkably unspoiled. A recent vacation at Catalina, on which she met Charlie Chaplin personally, is a high spot for her.

She watched Charlie, hand in hand with a little chum, hoping Charlie would do something funny in spite of the absence of the big shoes and baggy trousers.

Charlie caught the adoring look with its hope, and did a few funny steps around the corner of a building. The youngsters rocked with glee.

That night they lay awake wide-eyed, talking of meeting the funny man. As yet Gloria does not realize her father is as important as Chaplin.

The new Lloyd home in Beverly Hills, a gorgeous estate, has a little playhouse out in the garden. Everything in the playhouse is real and workable. There are facilities for real baking and sewing, and housekeeping will be done there by the tiny mistress.

**BILL HART, JR.**, whose mother, Winifred Westover, has recently returned to the screen for a rôle, has been well protected by his father's provision from many of the evil effects of the celebrity of his parent. Bill Hart settled a sensible sum, \$100,000, on his boy before his birth. This money is in a trust fund, which yields over five hundred dollars a month, stipulated to be used for the child's care and upbringing. The mother's money from Hart was in addition to this.

The little boy may not be taken outside of the United States. He may not be used in films or on the stage, where he would be exposed to the disastrous results that follow advertising as the child of a famous person. Little Bill's health and proper education are at all times under the stipulations of his father's trust fund, which may become void if his father, who is the trustee, should construe the trust terms as being violated and should make an issue of it.

Hart says he does not intend to leave any large sums to his child in his will. If he is the fine young fellow his father expects him to be, his good education and a sum like \$100,000, which comes to him when he is twenty-three, should give young Bill a fine start in life. Bill believes his boy will be happier and more likely to escape the dry rot of laziness and reflected glory and unearned wealth if he has to look forward to making his own way in the world.

Nancy Carroll's portrayals of chorus girls and ingénue rôles are certainly not suggestive of maternity. Yet Nancy insists that her baby should not be concealed from the public. She talks of the child in interviews, and resented the idea that her baby was not apropos of the sort of rôles she is playing.

"Everything I am doing, my career, and the money I am earning, are all for my baby," she said in her dressing room at Paramount studio.

There was no need to ask Nancy about the baby; she is more than likely to start talking about her first. The baby's routine (she is four years old) is rigidly guarded by a nurse; later years are planned to include travel abroad, dancing and singing lessons for the heiress of the beauty and talent of the Laffitts (Nancy's real name).

**JACK KIRKLAND**, the baby's father and Nancy's devoted husband, newspaper man and scenarist, is proud of his baby, but was so proud of his beautiful wife that after the baby was born he insisted that Nancy go back to Broadway to continue her musical comedy career.

Nancy's attitude towards her baby is in marked contrast to the other two young mothers of Hollywood, Eleanor Boardman and Joan Bennett, whose employers do not allow them to speak of their children at all, for fear of destroying the romantic aura of youth that surrounds the rôles in which they play. Eleanor Boardman is to play a series of young romantic rôles this year. Joan Bennett, who is a mother at nineteen, considers it may hamper her career materially if her motherhood is called to the attention of the public too much. Both children are being given every advantage of luxury, but, as the rhyme says,

"Some gave them plum cake  
And drove them out of town."

Claire Windsor's little son, Billie, lives with his grandparents and his mother. Claire is anxious to see that he enters whatever work in life he desires; at present Billie's time is too consumed with lathes, vises and monkey-wrenches with which he constructs little airplanes, and with his friends at Urban Military Academy, in Hollywood, for him to bother with the adulation that an admiring world gives his beautiful mother. Her public life is never allowed to touch him.

Billie's friends, camping trips, and visits to his friends' ranches compose his main interest now. This has been politic for Claire as well as good for her child, for Claire, who is of the romantic and beautiful ingénue type in films, would have been hampered in film work, she feels, if her boy were allowed to be constantly before the public, shining in that sort of limelight which properly belongs only to his mother. Being a mother is reserved for the sacred moments at home. To the world, Claire is the carefree, beautiful creature of her film rôles.

**ERIC von STROHEIM**, father of two boys, says, "To avoid the adverse influences of the parent's celebrity on a child, it would be necessary to take the parents out of the film business and dry clean them. The egotism of the parents will be reflected in the children, and this can not be otherwise, for egotism is necessary to a creative artist's work. Only experience of life, after the child goes away to school, will destroy this self-importance."

Von Stroheim does not talk of his film work before his young son, seven. He deprecates the fact that his older child, by a former wife, is in films, as it is against his wishes.

Von Stroheim's younger boy will be given an education at West Point, if this should prove to be possible, as the father considers that proper discipline is the framework for a successful life. Von Stroheim says, "Only discipline and education will protect any child from growing up a narrow, egotistical member of a caste as snobbish as any in the old regime in Europe."



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# Secrets of the Fitting Room

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

position. Here every defect of her figure is shown, so she gives the picture to Greer as a working basis for his design. It was he who made her clothes in "Coquette."

THE walls of the fitting room held a secret of Sue Carol for many months. Sue faced a court trial over her contract with Douglas MacLean. She appealed to Greer.

"I want a frock that will be smart, but most inexpensive looking. My suit is over money, and I can't look as if I paid a lot for my clothes, yet I must look nice," she said.

She relied on the court's bad judgment. A woman would have known in a minute that simplicity comes high.

Greer took out his shears and materials and designed a complete outfit for Sue. The simple, inexpensive little costume cost just \$310. The dress was \$195; hat, \$40; shoes, \$30; gloves, \$10; and bag, \$35. She appeared in this costume at the trial and won her case.

To Marion Davies clothes are of secondary importance. She must have them smart for her pictures—for herself it doesn't matter. She usually shops with other people, buys a last year's dress for herself for \$35, and writes a check for \$650 for an evening dress for one of the friends she has brought along.

Bebe Daniels is another who always brings a crowd. They swarm the fitting room, giving advice, and Bebe herself goes behind the scenes and parades out with the mannequins.

Once Charlie Farrell arrived with Virginia Valli. They were alone in the shop. Charlie disappeared and returned fifteen minutes later gowned in an afternoon dress, fur trimmed coat, velvet hat and veil. While he was gone,

customers arrived. Charlie's levity wilted when he found several pairs of aristocratic lorgnettes fixed upon him.

There is very little levity when Norma Shearer is fitted. She arrives in the evening and brings her mother. She is always definite and precise in her selections.

It is only with Corinne Griffith that Greer feels a social wall set up between them. Betty Compton and Evelyn Brent breeze into the shop with flying hair. "Hello, Howard, where are your new doll rags?" It's all informal and casual. Laura La Plante, unmindful of how she looks, keeps her dark glasses on when she fits. Renee Adoree enters the place demurely, tries on a coat, says the price is too high, and pays it.

But Corinne Griffith is always charming, patrician and aloof. "I could know her from now until the time women wear leopard skins again and I'd still call her 'Miss Griffith,'" Greer says. Corinne is the one lady in the fitting room, the one star who remains poised no matter what goes wrong.

Many, like Negri, attempt the grand lady attitude but, unlike Corinne, fail in it. Clara Bow, for instance, visited Greer when she was still under the Elinor Glyn influence. Greer designed her gowns for "It" before the all-seeing eye of the Glyn. Clara, in those days, was trying to live up to something or other.

Always bewildered in the presence of clothes, she was more so than ever when she felt it necessary to act a lady. She made only a few suggestions, for she is wise enough to know that she knows nothing about good clothes. But does it matter? Not by a basketful of godets and hem lines! Gowns, to Clara, will

always be secondary to color, movement and vitality.

Ethel Barrymore has a habit of swaying back and forth while she is being fitted. The trick is as contagious as the whooping cough. The fitters sway. The mannequins sway. Greer sways. But Ethel wins in scope and velocity.

NO story of the fitting room is complete without a spasmodic allusion to Jetta Goudal. In this sanctum she is, according to her dressmakers, the arch feminine fiend. Many a time she had come to Greer after a hard day's work at the studio and remained in one spot until three A.M.! Literally, without sitting down! The fitters work in relays.

As one set drops from exhaustion others take their places. And Jetta stands on, a Joan of Arc in teddies!

"Greer likes Jetta personally," said the fitter, "but he hates her in a fitting room more intensely than he's ever hated anybody in his life."

Careful to the most minute detail, she will work with one seam for six hours until it is what she considers right, and when it is done at last she turns and says, in a martyred voice, "Well, if this is what you call a dress, I'll wear it." And she wears it in just that tone of voice.

The stars of first magnitude come to Greer, and the new stage people arrive to be gowned. Even, occasionally, a smaller player saves enough money for just one Greer creation. And each day brings new secrets. New and more bizarre confessions are heard behind the locked doors of the fitting rooms of Greer, Inc.

## Just Try to Interview Ulric

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76 ]

murmured gaily. "Sorry to keep you waiting. Was I much longer than ten minutes?"

A short while later, we sat in Miss Ulric's apartment in the Beverly-Wiltshire.

I went to work at once. Reportorial work, of course.

"TELL me, Lenore," I began, "in working a movie death scene such as I saw this afternoon, how do you find that it compares—?"

The telephone jangled. Miss Ulric excused herself for a moment. She was back shortly.

"That was Lowell Sherman," she announced. "He said he'll be right over. He wants to talk to you about the situation on Broadway. By the way, what IS new on Broadway?"

I picked up my glass of grape juice. The ice in it was very nice.

"Well," I returned, "let's see. When I left town, the new Carroll show—'Sketch Book'—was quite a hit. Very dirty, I thought, but the public is going for it strong."

"George White was preparing his new Scandals, without Harry Richman. Funny to see a Scandals without Richman. Incidentally, what do you think of Harry's engagement to Clara Bow?"

Perhaps I shouldn't have brought that up, because Lenore, herself, was once reported engaged to Harry. As, indeed, who hasn't? But the ex-Belasco star merely shrugged her shoulders.

And let me tell you right here, boys and girls, that unless you've seen the Ulric shoulders in the act of shrugging, you don't know what a real shrug looks like.

"I don't know," she offered. "You never can tell. Love strikes in queer places."

"You said a big mouthful, Lenore," was my contribution. "But, speaking of love and such, how about yourself? You've been married to Sidney Blackmer a long time, and it was only the other day that you permitted yourself to admit it. What's the big idea?"

Miss Ulric grew very serious.

"I'm sorry it ever got out at all," she exclaimed. "It is my firm belief that the public should not know too much about the people they see in the theater. It spoils a great deal of the illusion."

"The other day, for instance, two photographers were up here. They said that they knew of my marriage to Sidney and that they wanted some pictures of the two of us. As a matter of fact, one of them suggested a shot of me in the kitchen cooking ham and eggs for my husband."

I nodded and glanced at my watch.

"Say," I cried, "it's getting late. We've got to get down to business on this interview gag. Now, listen. As far as motion picture direction is concerned, how do you think—?"

THE telephone interrupted me. Lenore answered it.

"It's Lowell Sherman again," she said when she returned. "He's with Sidney and a whole crowd of people. They'll all be over in ten minutes and they want you to wait. Now where were we?"

"We were nowhere," I retorted wearily. "We've been trying to get somewhere, but

it doesn't seem to be of much use. I'm going to try just once more. When Ziegfeld comes out here to make a movie, how do you think—?"

A contented smile illumined the Ulric face.

"Ah," she interrupted, "good old Ziegfeld! How I wish I had been back in New York for the opening night of 'Show Girl.' I read all about it. Tell me, how did you like it?"

"Well," was my response, "it was fair. Not Ziggy's best show by any matter of means—but a pretty good show just the same. I thought Ruby Keeler was swell as *Dixie Dugan*. The poor kid is sick now, I understand. She's going to leave the show."

"SO I understand," understood Lenore. "Poor kid. It's tough to be yanked out of a production by illness just when you get your first starring break. How are she and Al Jolson getting along anyhow?"

"Great," I asserted. "It's strange that so many people ask that same question. Al and Ruby are probably two of the happiest people in the world today. For some reason or other, though, people don't feel that they should be happy. I can't quite figure it all out."

"What's the use of trying?" observed Miss Ulric. "And what's the use of worrying about what people say about you? I never do—much."

I gritted my teeth. I was going to get this interview or die in the attempt. The way things looked, death was creeping up on me.

"Listen, Lenore," I muttered, "let me ask you one question. Do you think that the talking pictures will ever supplant—?"

The doorbell rang. The maid opened the door.

In came a mob of people. I looked around me and could have sworn I was in Reuben's on a Saturday night.

"HELLO, old boy," cried Walter Catlett, "tell me what Broadway looks like."

"Whoops, dearie," said Beatrice Lillie. "What in the world are YOU doing in Hollywood?"

"Good Lord," murmured Walter Donaldson, "you here too? What's new along the main stem. Many parties going on? How's Nick Blair?"

Questions.  
Questions about Broadway.  
Nothing but questions.  
Lowell Sherman. Eddie Dowling. Seymour Felix. Sidney Blackmer.

All of them 3,000 miles from Broadway—yet closer to Broadway than they were to California.

Half an hour later, I made my escape. Miss Ulric took me to the door. I looked at her.

"That, my dear," I observed, "was a heluva interview. I have less now than when I started."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I tried. Isn't there



This young man, peeking coyly out over a mountain of spaghetti, is none other than Tom Patricola, who will be seen in Lenore Ulric's next starring vehicle for Fox—"South Sea Rose"

any one particular question you'd like to ask me?"

Wearily, I placed my hand in my pocket and drew forth the telegram from the editor of PHOTOPLAY.

I glanced at it.  
I cleared my throat.

"DON'T stop me now," I shouted, "and I don't want any interruptions. Just one question: What do you think of Hollywood?"

She smiled happily.  
"Great," she returned. "It's marvelous! Wonderful sunshine! Lovely people! Finest place in the world to live!"

She paused for a moment. Then—"But, after all is said and done, there's only one Broadway, isn't there?"

We both smiled.  
We shook hands.  
"I getcha, kid," I said.  
And I left.

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# Garbo-Maniacs

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60 ]

Not long ago our Miss Lois Shirley wrote a simple, kindly story in PHOTOPLAY about Greta and her double, one Miss De Vorak. Lois' article was friendly in the extreme. She simply retailed what nearly everybody knows—namely, that the star is remote, retiring, unsocial, unfashionable in dress—and she said it all in no carping spirit.

And what happened? PHOTOPLAY was buried alive under a terrific avalanche of denunciatory mail. Not even my long nose stuck out of the mountain of missives which denounced Miss Shirley, Editor Quirk, the magazine, its hired hands and anyone who even hinted that Garbo lacked one attribute of utter and complete perfection.

I'll quote from some. This is from a man in Oakland, Calif.:

"I like Greta Garbo for her simplicity and old-fashioned ways. . . . Keep up the good work, Miss Garbo. Lead your simple life, and remember—there will always be a critic."

From a young lady in Ruleville, Miss.:

"If Greta is cold, aloof and mysterious, this is entirely a Garbo trait. . . . I love to think of her as being mysterious. The public loves Greta Garbo with all her faults—and there can be no substitute."

From a gentleman in Berkeley, Calif.:

"You certainly slammed Greta Garbo in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY for not dressing up and going around showing off like the rest of the so-called stars. Garbo is far too clever for that. She is a genius, and does not have to dress to attract attention. . . . How happy her mother would be if she knew how good her girl was, out here all by herself. I wonder how many young girls in Hollywood are as respectable in private life as this great star, Greta Garbo?"

From a miss in Louisville, Ky., heart of the Blue Grass:

"Of all the stupid people I ever heard of, Lois Shirley takes the cake. I never had a favorite until I saw Greta Garbo. She is my ideal—she is wonderful. The thing that bores half these so-called writers is the fact that Greta Garbo minds her own business and doesn't let everyone in on her affairs. My own opinion is that Jack Gilbert married Ina Claire because he couldn't get Greta Garbo—meaning no disrespect to Miss Claire. Three cheers for Greta Garbo!"

And, most astonishing of all, this—from the wife of a druggist in Kansas City:

"I suppose all of us have a foolish wish that can never come true. Mine is to shake the hand of Garbo the Great. Have we not many Claras, Crawfords and Pages? We have one God—also one Garbo!"

WELL, there you are. Those, and a hundred like them, were stirred up by a simple little story containing nothing that hadn't been printed before a score of times about the Stockholm siren.

And what about Garbo?

The facts are just the same, but nobody cares. She can dress as she darn pleases, and does. If she wants to wear twenty yards of opaque cheese cloth to a formal gathering, it's quite all right with us. In the greatest scene Garbo ever played—the renunciation sequence in "A Woman of Affairs"—she wore a slouchy old tweed suit and a squashy felt hat. She never looked more mysterious, more alluring, and she never acted with greater authority or arrogant power.

It is probable that in the whole history of the world no artist ever grew to such great glory on utter heedlessness of what anybody thinks, says or writes.

After hours of speculation on her reactions to her life and art and the funny world around her, I have come to the conclusion that Greta Garbo simply does not care one single hoot in a Nebraska twister.

She has her job, her maid, her comfortable slippers, her windows looking out upon the sea.

She is the one great queen of the screen who not only has never courted public favor, but has actually fought to a standstill all attempts to haul her into the limelight.

Where others scabble and squall for notice, submitting to photographers and the pawing

as fast as they come and sit in a daze as that astonishing figure goes about its cinematic business.

For Garbo, in her own quaint way, is an undoubted genius—one of the three or four surviving in American motion pictures. She conquers as much by what she leaves undone as by what she does, and her odd beauty has that weird, intangible quality that fascinates the beholder and makes dreamless men dream dreams.

Pardon a little personality, it adorns the tale.

I know a girl who is a calm, cool New Yorker, a trifle blasé around the edges. She meets the great and the near-great and never throws even a mild fit. Yet this Garbo girl puts her in a spasm. She snoozes through talkie after talkie, no matter how loudly the actors bellow, but she dragged me twice to see "A Woman of Affairs" and is still pursuing that Garbo opera into obscure neighborhood theaters, up blind alleys.

IN Hollywood she went Garbo-wild. Metro-Goldwyn put a huge, fire-snooting motor at her service, like a fire truck, and whenever this girl heard that Garbo was on location she jumped into the car and lit out in pursuit, cut-out open and siren screaming. The day she jimmied her way onto the Garbo set in Culver City went down in her history along with the day she got her first proposal and the day she got a bad break and met me.

She has a better collection of Garbo photographs than M-G-M, and I am under daily orders to steal more—from bent old ladies if necessary.

I drag this in to show what the Greta can do to a sophisticated New York gal who knows her Menckens and Nathans. Garbo is no respecter of persons.

The cream of the jest is, of course, that nobody knows exactly what Garbo is all about.

Reporters are poison to her, and though they chase her up hill and down canyon, they seldom get close enough to her to see more than a hank of yellow hair scooting down the cellar stairs.

Naturally, Hollywood is always alive with talk about her, but much of it is probably wild shooting from the hip.

Stories that appear about her in magazines and newspapers are, with few exceptions, pipe dreams or a dreary and sentimental rehashing of all the old tales. During the trying times of the Gilbert marriage to Claire, Garbo used excellent taste and strategy. To all the reporters who came within gunshot while she was on location at Catalina she said absolutely nothing, with her usual bland eloquence. One young sprout, it is said, broke her down momentarily—but that story has never been printed and probably never will.

GARBO, in spite of gabble and gossip, is always largely conjecture.

My hat is off to her. Not only is she a sizable artist—I have a feeling that she must be, in a sense, a great woman. She has licked the Hollywood racket to a pale frazzle. She has made almost no mistakes, personally or professionally.

She is one of the few people in the world who do exactly as they please. But—she makes millions like it.

She slouches along her own sweet way, and even her slouch is a regal gait to those who idolize her.

I smile skeptically at the odd spectacle of Greta Garbo, and yet I genuflect in admiration. As the race of queens dies out and is replaced by ordinary erring, faulty, frail men and women, she alone remains—the greatest and loneliest of a mighty line.



**This eight-year-old youngster may soon be as famous as her name. She's called Mitzi and she was headlining in vaudeville when Paramount signed her for talkies. The first kid so contracted for**

of the herd, Garbo crawls into a hole and pulls the hole in after her.

Whether it is a trick or whether it is the nature of the lady, it is absolute perfection. Where others leave off, she begins.

More, Garbo is the one great star who has attained unique power and public interest without one lovable screen trait.

Far from being emotionally appealing in any way, she is cinematically heedless, cold, arrogant.

I have even watched some of her magnificent scenes which seemed almost insulting to her fellow actors and to her enormous audiences.

And from her, we take it, bat an eye, gape and love it. For she is Garbo.

Garbo and her work, in addition to being tremendous rousers of men, have more women adorers than any male star of the screen. Women flock to her pictures, to wonder, admire, gasp and copy. In every hamlet of the country slink and posture a score of incipient Garbos.

For every girl child who kicks up like a Velz, a dozen whiten their faces and gaze through half-closed eyes upon a tiresome, boring world.

And I, a calloused old picture reviewer filled with scars and aches, scuttle to her pictures

# These New Faces

Watch for These Each Month

**WINNIE LIGHTNER** ("Gold Diggers of Broadway," Warners). Winnie stole this picture from the rest of a high-powered cast by her speedy clowning, rough but funny. For five years she was featured comedienne of George White's annual "Scandals," and before that a member of the vaudeville act called "The Lightner Sisters and Alexander." She'll do more films.



**J. HAROLD MURRAY** ("Married in Hollywood," Fox). This boy has been a Broadway musical comedy leading man for some years, getting his biggest part as the ranger captain in "Rio Rita," the part done on the screen by John Boles. Before that he played in a long line of musical shows and operettas. "Married in Hollywood" was his first film.



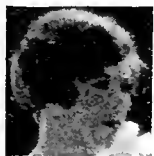
**MARJORIE WHITE** ("Sunny Side Up," Fox) made a whale of a bit in this, her first picture, as the little East Side girl friend of Janet Gaynor. She's to be watched. Still very young, she began her stage career as one of the White Sisters, vaudeville act which began when they were children. Last stage appearance—"Lady Fingers," with Eddie Buzzell.



**CLIFF EDWARDS** ("Hollywood Revue of 1929," M-G-M) is even better known as "Ukulele Ike." He's been a vaudeville feature for a long time—he and his little uke. And his records have been very popular, often becoming best sellers. His work in "Revue" was so good that M-G-M immediately slapped Ike into another big musical film, "Road Show."



**NANCY WELFORD** ("Gold Diggers of Broadway," Warners) was very sweet in the leading rôle of this bright picture. She's the daughter of Dallas Welford, veteran comedian who was in Edison pictures many years ago. Nancy has been in musical comedy for some years, singing leading rôles. Just another of Broadway's gifts to the baby phonoplay.



**LAWRENCE TIBBETT** ("The Rogue's Song," M-G-M) is one of the few real grand opera stars to take a regular picture job. He is without doubt the greatest living American baritone, and a feature of every season at the Metropolitan. He created the male lead in the American opera, "The King's Henchman," by Edna St. Vincent Millay and Deems Taylor.



**ARMIDA** ("General Crack," Warners) is a real baby discovery of the screen. Gus Edwards, the star-maker, found this little tamale, and she was a feature of his big vaudeville revue. When he went to M-G-M to write and direct, little Armida went along. Her first big part is with John Barrymore in "General Crack." Now she has others, too.



**JOSEPH WAGSTAFF** ("A Song of Kentucky," Fox) is another musical comedy song and dance man who seems to be making good on the big sound stages. As a juvenile in many musical shows, he was well liked but not conspicuous on Broadway. Then he attracted attention in George M. Coban's show, "Billie," and Mr. Fox's sleuths snapped him up for films.



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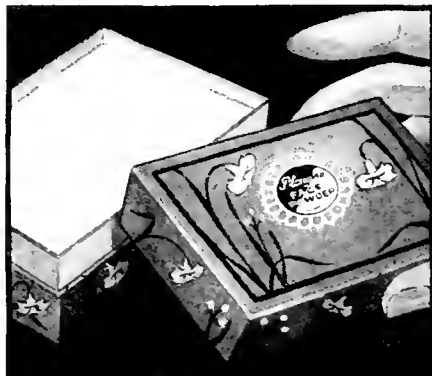
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# Clara's First Train Ride

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

been a bus boy in a cheap little restaurant.

We met at the station. Clara was going into a new world and yet she took it as a savage would, fearlessly, naively. It didn't register at all. She didn't then have the slightest idea of what her journey might mean to her.

Her parting with her father was peculiarly lacking in sentiment. They were fond of each other in a strange sort of way—he had been mother and father both to her—yet not a sign of tenderness passed between them.

I EXPECTED that Robert Bow would turn to me and say, "I'm entrusting my little girl to you. I feel sure that you will look after her as her own mother might." But he said nothing. Just nothing at all. Neither he nor Clara (completely ignorant of the world of charm as they were) knew that words were expected.

Nor was Clara vitally interested in the amazing new train. She was too primitive for that. She was there. She was on her way to a mysterious California. She was going to be a movie star! That was all. As simple as that.

Besides her grip, the pathetic little satchel so tenderly and intimately packed by Robert Bow, her only other worldly possession was a dusty little portable phonograph and one record, "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." The train had not passed beyond the city limits before it was going full blast. My efforts to turn it off or even to shut our compartment door were fruitless. I explained that the noise might bother the other passengers.

Clara was amazed. "Aw, gowan," she said, "let 'em enjoy the music!"

There was no alternative but for them to enjoy it literally from New York to Los Angeles. The machine grew so grimy and greasy that it is a wonder it played at all. I believe that it was silent for no more than five minutes at any time during our trip!

By the time two hundred miles had been ticked off by the wheels Clara knew everybody on the train. Conductors, porters, millionaires, children—they were all the same to Clara. She visited almost every compartment.

I knew, then, that I had not been wrong in fighting for a contract for her. Men, young and old, married and single, gay and grave, all felt that strange magnetism of the girl.

There was a famous tennis player who was enthralled by her, and the son of a Pasadena millionaire who took us into the diner for luncheon one day. When he swung off the train at his destination, he held her somewhat grimy little hand and looked into her large, emotional eyes until his family dragged him away. Ten minutes later Clara had forgotten him. I wonder if he recalls her now when he sees the great star on the screen.

WE were certainly amusing to the rest of the passengers. Clara's first trip to the dining car was an experience I shall never forget. She could read, but the menu was Abyssinian to her. She settled her problem neatly and simply by ordering everything. She was hungry, hungry for the strange and different. There had been enough bread and butter in her life; she wanted *paté de foie gras* and caviar.

There was not enough room on the table for everything she ordered, numerous entrées, three salads and four or five desserts. Another little table was drawn up alongside and Clara pitched in.

I showed her a salad fork and initiated her into its uses. She had never seen one before, so she dismissed it with a shrug of her expressive shoulders.

"That's nonsense," she said. "Why dirty up another fork when one will do for everything?"

In the face of this astounding philosophy I was silent.

I had bought her a couple of cheap little dresses in New York. They were brightly colored and delightful to her. She wore them to shreds in one day! She had to go back to the sweater and skirt.

The grandeur of Western scenery interested her not at all. "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" was much more amusing and, although she had never seen nor even heard of the *Chause Souris* or any of its imitators, she

"But how do they stay fresh so long and get here so quick?" she puzzled.

I had planned a treat for her. There was a circus in Chicago and we had a four-hour lay-over. We got within sight of the big top. Suddenly, she gripped my hand. A fear of the unknown possessed her.

"Look here, Maxine," she said plaintively, "I never saw a circus in my life. I'm not goin' to begin now."

The fear was gone as quickly as it had come. "Come on—let's get some chop suey."

She understood chop suey. She didn't understand circuses.

TOTALLY lacking in any of the formal gestures that you and I make without thought, Clara was as elemental as a native of the South Seas, the reincarnation, perhaps, of a child of some far-off primitive race.

Once she wore an evening dress of mine, without asking my permission. When I asked her why she had done it she didn't even ingratiate herself with me by saying, "Oh, it was so pretty and I was afraid you would say 'No' if I asked you." Instead she said, as simply as a child, "Why, it was there and I wanted it so I took it and wore it."

I was a nervous wreck when we neared Los Angeles, but I hadn't been bored. I glanced out of the window when we pulled into the station and saw publicity men, cameras, executives and stock actresses from the Schulberg organization to meet us. I looked at Clara. She wore the same sweater. There was not a crease left in the once pleated skirt. Her hair stood on end.

I knew that she mustn't face them. Such an entrance might ruin her career. Rough edges had to be polished off before I could present her to the public.

By bribing the porter, we made a get-away through another exit and a waiting cab hurried us to our suite at the Ambassador.

There I called Schulberg. "What's happened?" he shouted. "My men say you weren't on the train. I had planned a good publicity break."

"You'll understand," I said, "when you see Clara."

A half-hour later we sat in his office. He looked at Clara and then turned to me. "Is this a joke?" he asked. "Why, the girl's impossible!"

I pleaded with him, I cajoled—my trip must not be in vain. "Give her a test now—this minute," I begged. And he consented.

We found ourselves on a cold barren stage with Schulberg directing Clara's test. It was the most brutal experience a girl could have had. An ordinary person would have been petrified with fear. She would have known that her future hung in a balance and an unjust balance at that. Not Clara! Not simple, direct, primitive Clara! She took the test as calmly as she'd take one now.

WITHOUT make-up, still in the hateful sweater and skirt, she ran the gamut of emotions.

Schulberg told her to laugh. She did. Suddenly he said, "Stop laughing. Cry!" Immediately, in the snap of a finger, a flood of tears drenched her cheeks. She was an emotional machine!

Schulberg turned to me, threw up his hands and said, "You win!"

The rest is screen history. I have told a phase of Clara Bow's life that has never been told before. She has changed, of course. She has acquired poise of a sort and a meed of restraint. But underneath she is very much the same eager, simple girl. Otherwise, she would not be the great actress she is!



P. and A. Photo

**The Filming Deacon! The Venerable Joseph Henry Dodshon, Archdeacon of Ohio, "shoots" London from the roof of the Savoy Hotel. The Archdeacon's hobby is taking moving pictures — and colored ones at that. He has taken colored movies of the Henley regatta and other notable events, and will show them for members of his church when he returns**

did a little dance that caught the spirit of the music. I felt that I had in my care a rare and vital talent.

She accepted everything as it came. Only occasionally did she pause long enough to wonder. Once she said, "Maxine"—she called me that from the minute she saw me—"Maxine, where does the conductor sleep?"

"Who, Clara?" I asked. "I mean the fella that runs this train. It's four days since we left New York and he hasn't stopped the damn train long enough to get himself a plug of tobacco."

She could never understand the mysterious process of wiring flowers. A friend of mine had sent us some to Chicago from New York.



# Addresses of the Stars

**At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.**

Richard Arlen	Neil Hamilton
Jean Arthur	O. P. Heggie
William Austin	Doris Hill
Olga Baclanova	Phillips Holmes
George Bancroft	Emil Jannings
Clara Bow	Jack Luden
Evelyn Brent	Paul Lukas
Mary Brian	John Loder
Clive Brook	Frederic March
Nancy Carroll	Adolphe Menjou
Kathryn Carver	David Newell
Robert Castle	Jack Oakie
Lane Chandler	Warner Oland
Ruth Chatterton	Guy Oliver
Maurice Chevalier	William Powell
Chester Conklin	Esther Ralston
Gary Cooper	Charles Rogers
Richard Dix	Ruth Taylor
Paul Guertzman	Florence Vidor
James Hall	Fay Wray

**At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.**

Renee Adoree	Dorothy Janis
George K. Arthur	Buster Keaton
Nils Asther	Charles King
Lionel Barrymore	Gwen Lee
Wallace Beery	Bessie Love
John Mack Brown	Tim McCoy
Lon Chaney	Conrad Nagel
Joan Crawford	Ramon Novarro
Karl Dane	Edward Nugent
Marion Davies	Anita Page
Josephine Dunn	Aileen Pringle
Greta Garbo	Dorothy Sebastian
John Gilbert	Norma Shearer
Raymond Hackett	Lewis Stone
William Haines	Ernest Torrence
Phyllis Haver	Raquel Torres
Leila Hyams	

**At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.**

Frank Albertson	George Jessel
Mary Astor	Lola Lane
Ben Bard	Ivan Linow
Warner Baxter	Edmund Lowe
Marjorie Beebe	Sharon Lynn
Rex Bell	Farrell MacDonald
Dorothy Burgess	Victor McLaglen
Warren Burke	Lois Moran
Sue Carol	Charles Morton
Sammy Cohen	Barry Norton
June Collyer	George O'Brien
Louise Dresser	Paul Page
Nancy Drexel	Sally Phipps
Mary Duncan	David Rollins
Charles Eaton	Arthur Stone
Charles Farrell	Nick Stuart
Earle Foxe	Don Terry
Janet Gaynor	Helen Twelvetrees

**At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.**

John Barrymore	Al Jolson
Monte Blue	Davey Lee
Betty Bronson	Myrna Loy
William Collier, Jr.	May McAvoy
Dolores Costello	Edna Murphy
Louise Fazenda	Lois Wilson
Audrey Ferris	Grant Withers

**At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.**

Lina Basquette	Raymond Keane
John Boles	Merna Kennedy
Ethlyn Claire	Barbara Kent
Kathryn Crawford	Beth Laemmlle
Reginald Denny	Arthur Lake
Jack Dougherty	Laura La Plante
Lorayne DuVal	George Lewis
Ruth Elder	Fred Mackaye
Hoot Gibson	Ken Maynard
Dorothy Gulliver	Mary Nolan
Otis Harlan	Mary Philbin

Eddie Phillips	Glenn Tryon
Joseph Schildkraut	Barbara Worth

**At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.**

Buzz Barton	Bebe Daniels
Sally Blane	Frankie Darro
Olive Borden	Bob Steele
Betty Compson	Tom Tyler

**At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.**

Robert Armstrong	Alan Hale
William Boyd	Jeanette Loff
Junior Coghlan	Carol Lombard
Diane Ellis	Eddie Quillan

**At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.**

Richard Barthelmess	Colleen Moore
Doris Dawson	Antonio Moreno
Billie Dove	Jack Mulhall
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Donald Reed
Corinne Griffith	Milton Sills
Lloyd Hughes	Thelma Todd
Doris Kenyon	Alice White
Dorothy Mackaill	Loretta Young

**At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.**

Don Alvarado	Gilbert Roland
Fannie Brice	Norma Talmadge
Douglas Fairbanks	Constance Talmadge
Mary Pickford	Lupe Velez

**At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.**

Olive Borden	Jacqueline Logan
William Collier, Jr.	Ben Lyon
Ralph Graves	Shirley Mason
Jack Holt	Dorothy Revier
Margaret Livingston	

**In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.**

Vilma Banky	Ronald Colman
Walter Byron	Lily Damita

**In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.**

Dolores Del Rio	Rita Carewe
Roland Drew	LeRoy Mason

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, 6404 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.

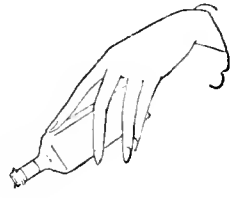
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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.



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# Watch This Hombre!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

face with grease paint, I knew that I had found my work.

"I realized, absolutely, that I was where I belonged.

"So when the university opened again I didn't go back.

"I told my mother. She was sorry because she had wanted me to be a business man, but she said that it was my life and if I were going to be an artist I should be a good artist and give everything to it.

"SO here I am—what luck I've had! What chances! I hope I am worthy of all the things people have done for me."

Putting his words on paper is like eating caviar without chopped onion.

Secretaries came and went through his bungalow. Phones rang. He gave to each silly message his rare quality of Latin charm.

I knew, somehow, even then, that he had the stuff.

Later I sat in a dark projection room and listened to his first singing test.

The bit of film had been shot on a plain stage without background. He wore a gray business suit. A rather ordinary looking young Mexican boy with a broad nose. And then he sang! And the gray suit became a toreador's costume with a black velvet jacket and a scarlet sash.

"I always overact. I always do too much," he had told me.

He did. He overacted. He threw himself too completely into the mood of the little Spanish songs he sang. But it was such perfect abandon, such charming Latin intensity. He did one number in English. The familiar words sounded stupid and inconsequential and unworthy of the fire he gave them.

He is almost six feet, but is a little too stocky to impress you as being tall. He is twenty-nine and seems about twenty-three or four. His eyes, I imagine, do the trick, and his voice (low and lovely and accented like Novarro's).

He is still under contract to the Chicago Opera Company and is also booked for a con-

cert tour. (He sings his native number in costume.) In the meantime he will make original musical dramas for Fox.

No lazy Mexican—he! His energy is limitless. Once he dislocated his elbow (jumping through a window to save a fair maiden from a cruel husband, maybe) and was forced to stay at home for seven weeks. The servants gave notice. One can't live in the house with a volcano.

HE bought an enormous canvas and managed to hold a palette in the crippled arm. His mornings were given to painting, and in the afternoon he composed songs. He did five songs in seven weeks and chafed at the enforced inactivity!

He is all romance, all fire, all charm, all appeal—but virile enough to please the husbands of the women who rave about him.

A new luminary on the film horizon, as we laughingly say in Hollywood. Jose Mojica (it's pronounced Mohccka), but you'll be calling him just Jose.

## The Girl Who Just Missed Stardom

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

with straggly hair and a pug nose, but one day he took her to a strange show where pictures of people moved on the screen, and, in the semi-darkness her hand found his and first love was born.

When Renee asked for powder for her nose and high heeled shoes her mother banished the young Russian.

Cholera swept the northern part of the continent and soon the little family was back in Germany, trouping again. There tragedy, real personal tragedy, came to her.

ONE dawn her father, her kindly father, woke her.

"Get up and come with me," he said.

The two went to the railway station. Her father climbed aboard a waiting train and kissed his little girl good-bye. It was the last she saw of him.

The family was broken. Mira went to Egypt with a company of dancers. The rest went to Brussels.

Renee was now fourteen, the age at which most little girls are entering high school, but Renee had, by this time, known the misery of life. She had seen a great German acrobat with a fine, flowing moustache purposely miss catching a rope and hang from the roof of the tent, strangled to death. She had watched a brutal animal trainer lash a horse until the animal fell dead from exhaustion. She had watched her father, whom she loved, bid her a tragic, tearless, final good-bye. She had known hunger and suffering. And yet she had clung tenaciously to laughter.

At fourteen, war was added to her experiences.

To Brussels came the terrifying news that an invading army was marching upon the Belgian capital.

Cat-like, Renee climbed a lamp post to see the advancing host. On they came, the silent, ominous flood of Germans marching through Belgium to begin the four years' horror.

Renee would not be trapped. One must not be caged like the animals in the circus. One had wings with which to fly.

They waited until night when a lull settled over the stricken city. Renee knew every

alley in Brussels, every corner, and they huddled in doorways to escape the sentinels and made the sixteen miles, the length of the city, in a night, and by devious routes reached Ostend and a ship to England.

London, a strange city, filled with men and women speaking an alien tongue, treated them kindly. Renee at last found work as a dancer at a theater in Piccadilly.

One evening Renee, a woman of fifteen now, took shelter from the rain under an archway. She held in her hands a little bunch of violets for her mother.

A middle-aged man approached her. "What is your name?" he asked. "Your first name only."

"Renee," she told him. "Now go away."

Then she saw his eyes. They were the blazing eyes of an artist, alive with creative fire. She told him a little about herself but she could not understand all he said to her. They parted suddenly, as they met.

Some months later a package came to the theater. It was a book of poems by Arthur Symons. Page 82 was marked with a faded violet. It read:

"Rain, and the night, and the old familiar door,  
And the archway dim, and the road-way desolate;  
Faces that pass, and faces, and more, yet more;  
Renee, come, for I wait.  
Pallid out of the darkness, adorably white,  
Pale as the spirit of rain, with the night in her hair  
Renee undulates, shadow-like, under the light,  
Into the outer air."

And so to the poignant, repeated refrain—"Ever desiring, ever desired in vain, Mother of vain desire!"

Poor, poor Renee—ever desiring, ever desired in vain!

No more eloquent analysis of her could be written.

Equipped with such a background, given to dealing with raw emotions as she was, is it any wonder that she should not have achieved stardom? How could she have played the

game the stars know, kowtowed, bowed and smiled at premières and parties?

Renee's life and her soul are not the stuff of which Hollywood stars are made. Hers is the heart of an artist.

There were fitful years spent touring France, Italy and Australia (the first time she had ever left her mother, when she slept in railway stations and dined on black coffee). And then came America, where she was just another little "Frog" until the Shuberts used her in their shows and the pictures called her to California to play the part of Tom Moore's Irish sister.

It wasn't long until she married Tom. Mabel Normand was maid of honor. Jack Pickford was best man.

But the marriage failed, as did the one later on with William Gill, an ex-newspaper man. Renee could not be satisfied with puttering in a garden or fussing with tea and bridge. There was luxury for her with Moore, but she didn't want it. The artist fire burned in her.

RENEE is fascinating to men. She is all feminine charm, tenderness, sweetness. Her greatest friendships, too, have been with men, notably a fine, unsentimental comradeship with Ronald Colman and Ramon Novarro.

But she gives herself too completely. If you need love and tenderness they are yours, before you've asked. If you need money she gives you a blank check. She has been badly treated by friends, but she goes on pouring out her life to those she loves or to those she believes need her.

Renee cannot be judged by ordinary standards.

After "The Big Parade," in which she did as fine a piece of work as has ever been done on the screen, she should have been a great star. Such a part in the hands of another would have brought world-wide acclaim. But stardom makes weird demands, with which Renee has no patience. Stars must dine and dance and entertain. They must be politically shrewd. No one with Renee's heart, no one who has led her life, could fawn and be wise in the ways of Hollywood.

We sat together one long afternoon at a

summer resort near Hollywood and Renee talked to me from her heart.

"I do foolish, hateful things," she said. "The musicians on the set—I cannot bear to have them ask me what to play. I say, 'I don't care. Only play something beautiful.' Then they play 'Mother Machree' when I want Tschaikowsky. I have not told them. Then I get angry and storm at them. I am wrong. They just don't know.

"I wish I were different. I will not be told what to do even if I am wrong. Producers can't tell me, nor directors. I hurt people. I do not mean to do it. I was never taught right from wrong and I have tried to learn and have failed.

"I HAVE so many faults. I try to make myself like other people who were born in houses and went to school and married and had babies.

"Oh, God, that's happiness! That's it. A baby, perhaps, that might be the answer for me.

"Would that bring happiness? I wonder. I wonder much when I am not in a temper and when no one is annoying me."

We watched the sun.

The next night she sang funny French songs to a group of rowdy friends.

I carry with me one vivid picture of the girl who just missed stardom.

We were driving along to a quiet little town. Renee is forever attempting escape. It was night and it rained. "Stop!" shouted Renee to her driver. She is fiery and temperamental with her servants and they adore her.

She had seen a little church. The two of us entered. Renee, the lady of beautiful gestures who holds with no cant or creed, knelt before the altar. For what she prayed I do not know. For peace and happiness, I guess.



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# Through *the* Studios with Pen and Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

Ronnie says if he has got to lose money he had rather have the fun of shooting craps.

**OLD** Cal has stood by on many an evening and watched movie executives drop fifty thousand dollars into a poker pot without batting an eye. And they have written their checks like gentlemen and forgotten their losses the next morning. But you can't forget a stock loss.

Work at the studios is at a standstill. Executives won't call story conferences, stars won't rehearse, weighty questions are put aside, and every time a newsboy yells a new market headline everybody puts cotton in their ears.

The day after the first crash, Billy Haines said nonchalantly, "Well, I am convinced that the only stock to buy is bromo seltzer." They picked him up with a shovel just outside Louis B. Mayer's door.

**M-G-M** was the heaviest loser in the disastrous fire that destroyed the million dollar plant of the Consolidated Film Laboratories in the heart of Hollywood's studio district.

Negatives of Greta Garbo's recently completed picture, "The Kiss," "Imperfect Ladies," with the Duncan Sisters, "The Unfamed," with Joan Crawford and "So This Is College" were all destroyed in the holocaust. These pictures were not in the big fire-proof vaults at the time. The night shift at the laboratory was at work on them for immediate release.

It is not likely that any "re-shooting" will be done, however. There is a lavender print for every master negative, and the pictures will be re-photographed from the "lavenders." Several cameras are used on every picture, and while the best "takes" were destroyed, second and third "takes" were saved. Some of these will be used. It will be a process of "piecing" in every case. According to first report the negatives of RKO's "Rio Rita," and "The Vagabond Lover" were all destroyed. However, "Rio Rita" was safe in New York, and "The Vagabond Lover" was at the studio. Two or three days' work was lost on "Hit the Deck," "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and "Dance Hall." These scenes will be re-made.

United Artists and Samuel Goldwyn productions were safe in the fire-proof vaults. "Condemned," the Ronald Colman film, was found in perfect condition in the first vault opened.

**ONE** incident, serious enough, did not escape the attention of the wisecrackers. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of Howard Hughes' eternal production of "Hell's Angels" was destroyed.

"Oh, well," said the witty boys, "Hughes wasn't going to use that 'scene,' anyway."

Perhaps the most disagreeable and caloused aspect of the whole thing was the little interest given to the workers in the laboratories

who lost their lives or were injured. Hollywood was only concerned whether or not pictures were destroyed. Albert Lund, an employee, lost his life by staying at his post in an effort to save the films. Yet, very little has been said of his great heroism.

The material aspect is explained by the fact that many Hollywood people held blocks of stock in the Consolidated Film Laboratories. It is understood, however, that there was complete insurance.

**CAMERA** footage is not the only kind which causes disputes out Hollywood way. George Bancroft and Bebe Daniels had quite a little set-to about an entirely different kind of footage. You see, both George and Bebe are land-owners in Santa Monica—and their respective slabs of soil adjoin each other. The Daniels slab is occupied by a beach house.

All went well until the Bancrofts decided to erect a new house right next door to the Daniels ménage, and the question of bounda-

ing saw him hiking down to Bond Street to order another suit from one of the better tailors. From all reports there won't be room for anything else in the new house in Santa Monica when the Bancroft wardrobe arrives.

**LITTLE** Doris Dawson came flying to Broadway in mid-Fall.

Flying by plane, too, because in New York waited her "heart," S. P. P. B. Cudia, a sculptor. Together they attended the opening of "Broadway Scandals," in which Doris appears, and Doris took a bow.

Doris is twenty-one, her fiancé forty-three. They met in Hollywood.

**IT** has been said that Al Jolson isn't the easiest person to handle during the making of a picture.

However, Jolson and Michael Curtiz, the Warner Brothers' director, have become fast friends. Perhaps Curtiz has found the secret.

The other day at five o'clock Jolson announced that he was going home whether the scene was finished or not.

"I'm disappointed in you, Al," said Curtiz.

Al walked off the set. He returned in a few moments in his street clothes, sans blackface.

"Well, goodbye," he said, "I'm going home."

"Goodbye," said Curtiz in an injured tone of voice. "But I never thought you'd do a thing like that to me, Al."

Al walked away. Fifteen minutes later he was back on the set in make-up as if nothing had happened.

He worked uncomplainingly until late in the evening.

**LEW** CODY went on a sight-seeing tour of the M-G-M lot where he was once a star. He dropped into the enormous stage where Sammy Lee rehearses the chorus girls for bigger and more spectacular revues.

Lew shook his head sadly. "Why, I remember," he said, "when they used to make moving pictures out here."

WHEN Johnny Gilbert came marching home to Hollywood from his European honeymoon he didn't go into the old dressing room on the M-G-M lot.

No siree! Waiting for him was a six-room two-floor bungalow, built and elaborately furnished at a cost of about \$30,000.

There is a private garage attached, and a secret gateway to the dressing room—in case, I suppose, some over-ardent young lady should slip past the cordon of armed guards at the entrance.

Poor Jack! He just struggles on.

**IF** anything proved what an essentially quiet and smalltown boy Rudy Vallée is, it is what happened to the money-bags out in Hollywood



Proving that an ostrich doesn't hide his head when there's a pretty girl around. Little Sally Starr, formerly in the "Scandals," now an M-G-M player, is on the way to making her last name come true

ries came up. Bebe claimed that a certain almost infinitesimal strip of land belonged to her.

George said very politely that she must be mistaken—it was part of his property.

Bebe replied very *very* politely that Mr. Bancroft did not know what he was talking about.

Mr. Bancroft inferred with elaborate courtesy that the ocean in Miss Daniels' front yard was not the only wet thing thereabouts.

And so on far into the night. Thus far it's a no-decision bout.

**INCIDENTALLY**, reports of George's triumphant progress through Europe have been drifting in from this source and that. It seems that the mighty thunderbolt ("The Mighty" and "Thunderbolt" in case you didn't get it. Cute?) is taking his first trip abroad not only big, but very big. London in particular reciprocated by making much over George. He was wine and dined and dined and wine.

Every evening saw George tripping the light fantastic at the better places, and every morn-

while he was making "The Vagabond Lover."

Mother and Father Vallée, from up New England way, went along to the Coast. They frowned on big hotel bills and took a modest apartment, where mother did the cooking and father collected the \$11,000 a week that Rudy was drawing down.

Out there they even tried to frame up a publicity romance with Mary Brian. And it didn't get to first base. Now Rudy's back singing his little songs and blowing his saxophone in picture theaters in the East. And probably much happier about it than he was in the film colony, where everybody suspects and fears the newcomer!

**OH**, the efficiency experts have done wonders with the studios. Take the case of Wallace Beery, for instance.

He's been under contract to M-G-M for seven months at a weekly salary of four pretty good figures and he hasn't worked in a single film yet!

And now comes a report that poor Wally has suffered a stroke and will be in the hospital for months. We hope the report isn't true.

**TALKING** pictures have created an entirely new studio jargon. It might as well be a foreign language so far as the uninitiated is concerned.

"Sinkem," for instance, means "begin synchronization."

One of the scenes in the Paramount production of "Kibitzer" called for a boating scene. One of the city parks served as location. Floating around over the lake were numerous canoes, manned by extra people. The scene was ready to take.

"Sinkem!" bawled the director. "Oh, wait, for heaven's sake," cried an extra girl. "Let me right out. I'm no stunt woman. I can't swim a stroke."

**LUDWIG BERGER** is the director and Bobbie Lee is the assistant director of Paramount's "The Vagabond King."

In the last scene for the day, a mob of a thousand extras were to chorus, "To Hell with Burgundy!"

When the film was recorded, the hungry



Pretty Barbara Kent, Universal leading lady, has introduced this swashbuckling "pirate" hat to Hollywood. It is made of brown felt trimmed with brown velvet ribbon



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extras yelled, "The Hell with Berger and Lee!"  
 The words hit the director with a shock. And the funniest part of the joke was that when the company viewed the rushes in the projection room the next day, no one could tell the Berger and Lee from Burgundy in the various "takes" of the scene.

**DICK ARLEN'S** next starring picture is to be a modern version of one of the late Wally Reid's popular pictures, "Across the Continent."

It is interesting to note that Dick Arlen worked as an extra in the original picture; in fact, merely took part in the mob scenes.

This should inspire the ambitious actor who has not yet arrived.

**JEANETTE MACDONALD**, the lovely blonde star of Broadway, seems to have struck Hollywood like so much lightning with her performance in Maurice Chevalier's "The Love Parade."

She has blue eyes and golden hair which will be revealed in the all-color romance, "The Vagabond King." Jeanette, which is pronounced Janet, became very enthusiastic while posing with some earrings the other day.

"I guess I'll get myself a pair of earrings like this," she remarked. "How much are they?" she asked the owner.

"Ten thousand dollars," was the answer.

"Then I'll get a pair of earrings not like this."

IT is interesting how some of these actresses change suddenly. Fay Wray has bobbed her hair and revealed a lovely speaking voice in talking pictures. She is learning the new jazz dances and plays a chorus girl in "Pointed Heels." Could you imagine the Fay of "The First Kiss" as a chorus girl!

Jean Arthur says she hasn't bleached her hair but every time she has it shampooed, the color comes out a shade lighter. Now she's almost a blonde.

Incidentally, they say she has stolen several of Paramount's recent pictures right from under the noses of the star troupers.

**THEY do have to have new tricks. It is now finger print dresses in Hollywood. Jean Arthur wears one these days.**

The entire design of the dress is made of nothing but thousands of finger prints.

**TALKING** pictures have eliminated the ringing telephone on studio sound sets. A flashing red light now is the only method of signifying there is a call on the wire.

Apparently no one noticed the operator's flash on the stage where "Spring Is Here" was being filmed at First National studios.

Louise Fazenda, a member of the cast, spied the light from a far corner of the set where rehearsals were in progress. She called out:

"The phone is ringing! Is everybody color-blind?"

*Girls, be Attractive to Men—*



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For a good  
**XMAS**  
 SUGGESTION  
 see page 17

**Girls' Problems**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18 ]

water for hot, and had worn rubber or cotton gloves while working.

The average woman need only give a little daily attention to hands and nails. A few minutes at night to press back the cuticle with a softening cream or a liquid remover. A few minutes gentle massage of hands and wrists and elbows with a healing, chap-preventing lotion, or the vanishing cream, skin food or muscle oil used for the face. And there isn't any reason why the whole arm should not be included in this treatment, especially if the upper arm is subject to that annoying roughness about which so many girls complain.

In the morning, a brief filing of rough nail edges, and the use of a dry or cream polish, if that is your preference. Liquid polishes, however, have been so perfected and popularized that they seem to solve the problem of sparkling finger tips with little effort. Some polishes are lightly perfumed. Coloring is a matter of choice and the dictates of fashion, but too brilliant coloring is unnatural looking, and most women do not consider it in good taste.

The shape of the nails is also a matter of individual preference, but most girls prefer the oval shape that follows the natural contour of the finger ends.

Practically all the products and materials used by a professional manicurist can be bought at drug or department stores, or at beauty parlors. Even the woman who finds it impossible to have the help of a trained manicurist can keep her nails smooth and her hands young and supple.

In fact, it all lies within your hands!

**MRS. J. D. S.:**

The combination of auburn hair, brown eyes and fair complexion makes it possible for you to wear black beautifully, especially lustrous materials, such as satins and rich velvets. Most browns should be becoming to you, but certain shades of tan and beige are apt to create that monotone effect your husband noticed. Blues, blue-greens and greens are good, but beware of too vivid shades of these

colors. Cream and ivory white are excellent and so are certain creamy shades of yellow and amber. Your makeup should be in pale rose or geranium tints. The auburn-haired girl needs to be particularly careful in choosing and applying makeup, to enhance rather than to destroy the beauty and harmony of her coloring.

**TANIA O.:**

Don't indulge those moods, Tania. It's a bad practice to start at sixteen, or at any age! I advise you to plunge wholeheartedly into your dramatic club work and let your temperament find a legitimate outlet there. Try to cultivate a happy outlook and make some congenial friends among the boys and girls in your classes. The moody girl makes herself unhappy and is a bore and a problem to everyone. The world is full of interesting work and fun. Make up your mind to get your share of both.

**ELSA LOUISE:**

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope I shall be glad to forward my reducing booklet and skin leaflet. Even though your problem is not one of general overweight, by proper exercise you can make your flesh firmer and improve the line of your hips.

**BARBARA A.:**

You are still a school girl, you have regular features, face of medium width, and short, straight hair. With that description to work from, I suggest that you have a windblown bob. It ought to be extremely becoming.

**CHRISTINE K.:**

Read my answer to Mrs. J. D. S. in another part of this column. You can wear the colors I suggest for her, with special emphasis on the blues. I like the way you dress your hair. You don't need to wear beruffled clothes—neither must you always choose strictly tailored lines. There's a graceful in-between for girls of your type, especially in this season's return to more feminine lines.

## Don't Call Me Lon Chaney

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]

we were traveling with our own company, it was necessary to find a character actor. We were in a small, isolated town and no one could be found. They put a beard on me, and I played a doddering old man. I was eleven then, and my characterization must have been very amusing. But I had my taste of foot-light glamour. I lost all interest in my violin then.

"I AM just past thirty now, so twenty years of my life has been in the theater. I have lived intensely. Too intensely. There are some actors who can get by with sheer personality. They can give a good performance and at the same time figure the evening's box office receipts, and watch what is happening in the wings. I can't do that, although I wish I could. It is so much easier.

"I must feel my rôle, actually live the character. Ten minutes before I go on the stage I begin to get into the spirit of the thing. Then I don't want to talk to people. The character grows on me as the play goes on. When the performance is over I am exhausted. I never went to parties in New York. I was too tired. I don't expect to go to parties in Hollywood. I don't like them. I feel that I am in the way of other people and I am quite sure that they are in my way.

"My own foolish intensity has burned me out. Sometimes now I feel that I am as old as some of the characters I have played. I can't relax. I don't sleep very well, and I don't eat much.

"Still I am young. I can be worn out at night, and be able to come back in the morning. Five or six years more and I will not be able to do that. Sometimes I wish I had chosen some other profession, but quite likely it would have been the same.

"THERE has been plenty of money during the last several years, but I don't seem able to keep much of it. I am, however, trying to save. I want to get enough money to protect the future. Not millions of dollars, just a comfortable, assured income. When I get that I want to go to Europe and rest. Perhaps I could have a small theater of my own and act once or twice a month, and give a real performance."

Paul Muni is very proud. He is a Jew, a member of a proud race. It was impossible for him to go around to managers and producers and seek work. He waited for them to come to him. When Laurette Taylor starred in "Humoresque" on the stage she wanted Muni for the rôle of the young violinist. He made the appointment and waited for her in the office of a manager. He was there before the time set. Five minutes after the hour of the appointment he walked out. The secretary was astonished. Surely he would wait, or leave a message. It was a sort of divine prerogative for great stars to keep other people waiting.

"Perhaps Miss Taylor was detained unavoidably. I do not know. If I were the star I

would have been ten minutes early. I did not get the rôle, and honestly, I did not care."

Another time Channing Pollock sent for Muni to interview him for the rôle of a stout, elderly man in "The Fool." He had been playing just such a character in a production at the Yiddish Art Theater, the little playhouse in New York which has been the beginning for so many distinguished actors.

POLLOCK was astounded to see a slender, young man walk in his office. He could not visualize him as he could be, and he had never seen an example of Muni's rare gift of characterization. The actor made no attempt to sell himself. Either he was satisfactory for the part or he was not.

There were few luxuries in Muni's life until he was able to provide them himself. He was born in Vienna, but came to the United States when he was four years old. He grew up in the squalor of New York's East Side. His education, when there was time for it, was received in the city schools, and in different schools throughout the country. The family was usually on the road, traveling with one company or another.

When Paul's father died in 1913 young Paul stayed with his mother as long as he could, but they were forced to separate. His mother received an engagement in New York, and the boy played in cheap vaudeville houses in Chicago whenever he could find work. When engagements were scarce he took a job in the gas works and bided his time until he could return to the theater.

The beginning of a change in fortune came with a stock engagement in Boston. From there he went to the Yiddish Art Theater. His reputation began to grow, and at last the dream of every actor was realized—he appeared on Broadway. Winfield Sheehan, vice-president of Fox Films, saw him in "Four Walls," and induced him to sign a Movietone contract.

Muni says stardom, with all the attendant pomp of name in electric lights and publicity, means little to him. It brings no thrills. I have heard many actors say that, and I have never been completely convinced by any of them. Paul Muni does manage to make such a statement ring fairly true. But then Paul Muni is more than just a merely good actor.

"BUT," he smiled, "I would be far happier if I did not have these things."

He has taken a small house in Hollywood. A big, pretentious house is unnecessary since he does not expect to entertain. He lives there quietly with his wife. The gathering places of the film colony see but little of him. During the several months he has been in Hollywood he has been once to the Montmartre Café.

Most of his evenings are spent at home in the study of make-up. When he doesn't work in his laboratory he likes to attend concerts. Curiously enough—one doesn't expect it of this serious, moody young man—he is an ardent follower of the boxing game.

## You Don't Have to Be Beautiful

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

there that she had to go to bed. The news wasn't told until next morning.

Sometimes it grew tiresome, always putting the worst foot forward in the films. Louise loved pretty clothes. Even today, at the peak of her success, she is still denied fashionable gowns. She is usually the austere spinster,

and with her dun-colored clothes she feels as drab as the character she portrays. She revels in a rôle that calls for a glittering wardrobe. It pleases her to play in a picture with Lilyan Tashman. Lilyan is always so smartly gowned and so vivacious that it inspires her.

I've often tried to analyze the cause of

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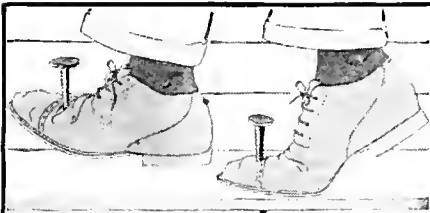
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Louise's long popularity with the fans. She is just as popular in Hollywood among her friends. She is a splendid actress, of course. Her popularity, however, goes deeper than that.

I believe that all find a sympathetic note in Louise, whether they know her only from the screen, or in real life. She is such a friendly person, and she has the greatest eagerness for life of any person I have known.

SHE goes to meetings of lonesome clubs and talks to the farmers about the corn crop in Iowa, and exchanges recipes with work-worn housewives. No one ever dreams that the friendly young woman is the successful Louise Fazenda of the screen.

She likes to walk down Main Street, tawdry, down at the heel, the melting pot of races, but the only interesting street in Los Angeles. She eats at funny little Japanese, Turkish or Mexican cafés.

It has always amazed me, Louise's ability to change her identity in her screen characters. She ceases to be Louise Fazenda. As well as I know her, when I talk to her in costume, I feel that I am conversing with a complete stranger.

Studios never tell Louise how to costume her characters. She works this out herself. Her private character wardrobe is probably the finest in the country. The attic of her home has trunk after trunk of old-fashioned clothes. People from all over the world have contributed to this collection.

Louise realizes that sentiment is attached to these old articles of wearing apparel. She lists every piece in a ledger, and when an opportunity comes to use it in a picture, she writes to the original owner and tells her about it.

Part of her ability to portray elderly people can be traced to circumstances in her own childhood. All of her relatives were well on in years. Her mother was past forty when Louise first blinked an inquisitive eye at the world. There were no other children, so she was always with people past the years of youth. Usually the characters she portrays for the films are taken from people she has actually known.

"I take my character in this way," she explained, "and then hope to heaven they won't recognize themselves. They never do."

She grew up in a little house on Alameda Street, Los Angeles. It is very far from being

a smart residence district now. Frankly speaking, it is down by the gas "woiks."

Very early in life Louise demonstrated an ability to succeed. She sold papers in front of the old Arcade Station, tended the neighbors' babies, ran errands, and sold vegetables from her garden. She could always cook, and she added to her "pin-money" by selling biscuits and cookies. Even today, when she could afford a retinue of servants, she very carefully "puts-up" preserves every year.

When she was ten years old she wanted to be a missionary. She wasn't much older than that when she was giving testimonials in church. She will never forget the night she was baptized into the Baptist Church.

"I expected to be a new person entirely after the immersion," she smiled. "I was so bitterly disappointed when I only felt wet and uncomfortable."

She was teaching a Sunday School class when she began working at Sennett, and faith has never ceased to mean much to her.

Her home now is in a pleasant district south of the expansive and expensive Wilshire Boulevard. It is a far cry from the showy hillside mansions of Hollywood, and the lordly estates in Beverly Hills, favored by most members of the motion picture colony. She has the upper floor of the duplex building. She built the house some time ago. Next door is her mother's home.

LA FAZENDA, as she terms herself (and she laughs when she says it, thank heaven) lives here with her husband, Hal Wallis, now studio manager at First National. The other members of the family include a white Sealyham, and a sad-eyed little Scotty. The Sealyham is named Eddie Sutherland, and the Scotty is Richard Wallace. She likes both of the directors and saw nothing disrespectful in naming her dogs for them.

It has never occurred to me to think that Louise is not a pretty girl. She offers so much that mere beauty seems a trivial matter. I doubt if the fans pause to notice this lack. Yet, any analysis shows that she does not measure up to the accepted standards of beauty.

Yet, certainly, she has proved that beauty is not necessary for success on the screen. By the same token, she has gone on and on in Hollywood. When youth is gone Louise will still be popular.

But, she says, she would like to be beautiful.



This was one of Louise Fazenda's own gags in the Sennett days. Slim Summerville holds her hand, and the thermometer shoots up to the boiling point



# Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

Most girls her age like to think they are the "world's worst yet produced," but the time will soon come when they will find that smoking, drinking and petting aren't the only things in life. And a brickbat for you, too, PHOTOPLAY. You should be ashamed to give a prize to a person who writes a letter like E. N's. I'm only nineteen, and when I was sixteen I thought the same way she does. However, live and learn.  
DIANA DUPRÉ.

## Movies Better Than Emily Post

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Once again the moving picture has proved a veritable training school for stay-at-homes. A few months ago, and quite unexpectedly, I received a small inheritance from a distant relative. Having never traveled, I decided that I would take a first-hand look at the world which I had seen only through the ever-faithful eye of the movie camera.

As I thought of my intended trip, I was appalled at my lack of knowledge of the most simple things a traveler must know.

But, one evening, while at the movies, I saw one little thing which had always puzzled me, acted out with perfect lucidity. And from then on, until the money arrived—I attended school. The photoplay proved to be a genuine gold mine of information. In its realistic way it brought before my eyes all the niceties of travel etiquette.

BEATRICE RORDAME PARSONS.

## The Talky Talkie

Hollywood, Calif.

Talking pictures are a wonderful thing, but they have many faults. I have two pictures to speak of in general—"The Awful Truth" and "The Doctor's Secret." They were both good pictures, but they were all talk—no action. In both pictures I twisted and twisted. They were like long speeches.  
W. Z.

## Mexican Love

Mexico, D. F. Mexico.

I want to tell the world how much I admire and love now that "pitiful, tired child who has called to life and heard only her own echo"—Clara Bow—thanks to Miss Lois Shirley's beautiful article, "Empty Hearted."

I believed—God forgive me, and so Clara Bow—that she was just a flapper, perhaps a vulgar, cheap and dumb flapper. Now, my dear fans, I sympathize with her from the bottom of my heart because I have felt the depths of utter loneliness and despair also.

ALEJANDRO ARAGON.

## We Thank You

Dayton, Ohio.

Recently the editor of another "fan" magazine "took issue" with PHOTOPLAY for publishing the truth about the voice doubling going on in the talkies. And I rally to the defense—although PHOTOPLAY really does not need defense.

In the first case I am made to realize PHOTOPLAY's honesty. It maintains the beautiful balance of being all for the player without being against the reader.

Indeed, PHOTOPLAY is one movie magazine which the person with a reputation for intelligence may have lying about without the slightest feeling of apology.

MRS. F. J. HUGO.

## When Skirts Were Short

Miami Beach, Fla.

When I landed in New York from France with my American husband, shortly after the

War . . . I was a girl of seventeen whose short skirt created quite an uproar. People would stare and gaze and point me out on the street. This caused me much humiliation.

It was then that Hollywood came to the rescue. Your movie actresses wore and displayed the short skirt in every theater, and America soon followed its fashion. Now instead of buying a book of style for my wardrobe, I take in a fashionable movie.  
ANDREE FRANCOIS.

## Learning to Walk

Long Beach, Calif.

Pictures have taught me what perfect grooming is, what styles are more becoming than those I have been wearing. Sitting, walking, posing, even speaking (thanks to the talkies). I know all these are done as perfectly as possible on the screen.  
R. A.

## Even Pajamas

Perth Amboy, N. J.

I will just give you an example of my wardrobe, that I have taken from the players in pictures, with their smart clothing. I have copied the evening gown Miss Lila Lee is wearing in "Drag," or it may be a dinner dress as far as that goes. Miss Clara Bow, her sport outfit, the hat and bag, and the dress outfit from "Dangerous Curves." I have selected my beautiful pajamas from different pictures.

My wardrobe has been growing with the most pretty things since I have been going to the pictures.  
ELIZABETH SNEKSA.

## Learn While You Laugh

Everett, Wash.

I have heard that "a rolling stone gathers no moss—but obtains a high degree of polish." I think the movies have "polished" up a number of us.

A sincere study of the styles of dress, manner, address and particularly a study of the resonance, expression and tonal qualities of human voices on the sound screen is a positive means of attaining some degree of this "polish."

And we get all this while being royally entertained!  
ANNA JOHNSON.

## Age Sixteen

Danbury, Conn.

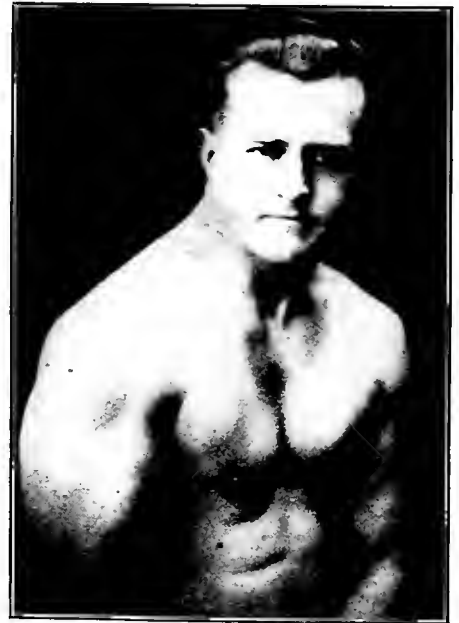
The well-meaning movie reviewers inform us that movies were created almost exclusively for adults, and that little Bobby must not see such and such a movie because it might corrupt his morals. Disobediently, I have attended a few of these forbidden films and found them very interesting, educational, and true to life as I've known it, but not wicked as our elders would have us believe. Personally, I much more prefer an adult picture to a child's.  
EDWARD T. MCNAMARA.

## Why Not Both?

Since I have decided not to resubscribe to PHOTOPLAY this year, I thought it might be well for you to know just what I think of your publication.

It is true that I do not want to miss PHOTOPLAY this coming year, but since I am a senior in Utica Free Academy I am wrapped up, as one might say, in my year's work. As much as I'd love to, I cannot devote my spare time to PHOTOPLAY but must devote it to my studies.

PHOTOPLAY has been a source of enjoyment to me. Some day I hope to get PHOTOPLAY



EARLE LIEDERMAN  
The Muscle Builder

Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

## If You Were Dying To-Night

and I offered something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

### A RE-BUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

### ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours who think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

### A REAL MAN

When I'm through with you you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich, pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead, I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

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regularly again, but now my spare time must be spent in preparing to teach school.

ELIZABETH M. STEDMAN.

## Minding Their Pros and Cons

FRASER MACDONALD, of Edmonton, Canada, this department's most prolific correspondent, wants to know why Paramount persists in miscasting its most promising stars. He complains of the numerous inadequate rôles given to Evelyn Brent.

This dry quip from D. A. GIANGIULIO, of Aldan, Penna., brought forth an appreciative chuckle. He says: "Unlike some of the critics of this new form of movie, I do not go to the theater for 'rest'—one's bed is a far more satisfactory place for that purpose. I go to be entertained, and the talkies accomplish this better than the silent movies."

MARY RUSSELL, of Fall River, Mass., thinks that voice doubles should be given screen credit. Strange, we thought the species was defunct.

There is a young lady in Auckland, New Zealand, who generously admits that American films are the best made, but adds that she can't endure our "Yankee twang" as revealed by the talkies.

P. J. ENRIGHT, of Philadelphia, announces that "the young men of today—were it not for such men as Fairbanks, Nagel, Roland, Mix, etc., would be a bunch of willies devoid of a spark of gallantry or chivalry."

And LOLA L. GIBSON, of Columbia, S. C., who claims a cousinship with "Hoot" of the same name, says: "Those who say 'I do not care for Clara Bow' are just envious of her, that's all!" Mebbe so, Lola.

Joan Crawford's fans don't like the way she wears her hair in her recent pictures. From Scarsdale, N. Y., MRS. LEROY BRASWELL, more in sorrow than in anger, writes: "If she continues this boyish bob I'm afraid her admirers will not like her long."

Producers take note. Fans would like to see the cast of characters at the end of a picture as well as at the beginning. J. EUGENE CHRISMAN, of Chicago, says: "When the cast of characters is flashed at the beginning of

the picture the story is not known to us, and although half-way down the list there appears the legend 'Truxton Rowe—James Smith,' there is no way for us to know that Truxton Rowe as played by James Smith will prove to be one of the finest bits of the picture."

PHYLLIS HOLTON, who lives in a town in California called Hollywood, says in a quavering voice: "Oh, PHOTOPLAY—do help us bring back our old favorites and keep them from taking too many elocution lessons!" The voice coaches will get you if you don't watch out, Phyllis!

W. HEDLEY, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne (England, of course) wonders: "Why do they burst into song and dance at the most unexpected moments in the talkies?" Well, you see, Mr. Hedley, the producers have a naïve idea that that is what the public wants.

"Why," whys MARY DEMPSTER, of Knoxville, Tenn., "do some pictures have titles that have absolutely nothing to do with them?" We'd answer that, Mary, only we think you ought to work those things out for yourself.

CHLOE B. AYER, of Springfield, Ill., would like to see Chester Morris give the grim reaper the slip once in a while. She says: "Won't somebody put Chester in a picture where he can fade out—alive? Let him be happy just once, won't yer?"

Even the Philippines have noticed it. LUCAS ARCIAGA, of Manila, says scathingly: "Why not produce different themes and stories instead of making them resemble each other? Is there no longer variety in them? That is poison ivy!" Which, we take it, is the Manilan equivalent for raspberries!

A. ROGERS, of Oregon, says: "Let the stage stars prove their ability on the screen, for it is vastly different from the stage—before they are given the big rôles that established film favorites have merited by hard work." Whereas—

MARY ROSENTHAL, of Los Angeles, begs: "Give us more of Ruth Chatterton, Jeanne Eagels, Basil Rathbone, Paul Muni and Frederic March, who are indeed a treat to the ear, as well as the eye." You will undoubtedly see more of the others, Mary, but Jeanne Eagels has played her last big scene.

## Four Sons Wins

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

successive year, to be congratulated on the reception of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor—awarded, not by professionals and

critics and editors, but by a suffrage that is truly significant—the suffrage of over a million fans!

These pictures were presented to PHOTOPLAY'S readers as the best fifty pictures released in 1928 and it was from these that the motion picture public selected "Four Sons" as the best picture of the year.

Abie's Irish Rose  
Alias Jimmy Valentine  
Barker, The  
Beou Sabreur  
Bellamy Trial, The  
Chicago  
Circus, The  
Cossacks, The  
Car Ivan the Terrible  
Devil Dancer, The  
Divine Woman, The  
Docks of New York, The  
Dove, The  
Drag Net, The  
Drums of Love  
Enemy, The  
Fazil  
Fleet's In, The

Flying Fleet, The  
Four Devils  
Four Sons  
Four Walls  
Gaucho, The  
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes  
Interference  
Last Command, The  
Laugh, Clown, Laugh  
Legion of the Condemned,  
The  
Lilac Time  
Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, The  
Man Who Laughs, The  
Masks of the Devil, The  
Mc, Gangster  
Mother Knows Best

Mother Machree  
Noose, The  
Our Dancing Daughters  
Outcast  
Patriot, The  
Racket, The  
Ramona  
Sadie Thompson  
Singing Fool, The  
Speedy  
Street Angel  
Trail of '98, The  
Wedding March, The  
West Point  
White Shadows in the South Seas  
Woman of Affairs, A

# Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

**T**HESE are the pictures that are engaging our childish fancy in the gay autumn of 1919. The war's over.

"Twenty Three and a Half Hours' Leave." Oh, my, what a hit! It made Douglas MacLean a comedy star in one gale of laughter, and set a new high point for light screen comedy. Mary Roberts Rinehart's fine story had a lot to do with its success.

"Everywoman" came along to give the screen an allegorical morality play. Violet Heming played *Everywoman*, Bebe Daniels was *Vice*, and others were Theodore Roberts, Clara Horton and Irving Cummings.

Anita Stewart was pleasing her many adorers with "In Old Kentucky," the everlasting horse play, with Mahlon Hamilton as the hero.

**W**ILL ROGERS has just made "Almost a Husband" for Mr. Goldwyn, and Peggy Wood is his leading woman. Wally Reid is a great hit in "The Lottery Man," supported by such big leaguers as Harrison

ing man. Kenneth Harlan becomes a star in "The Trembling Hour." May Allison stars in "Fair and Warmer." And Billie Burke strikes the screen in "Sadie Love."

**A** NICE story on Frankie Lee, the wonder kid of "The Miracle Man." Who could know that nine years later his tiny brother, Davey, was to score an even greater hit in "The Singing Fool"? . . . In the roto section, a beautiful picture of one Ina Claire. She had just scored her great comedy hit in Belasco's "The Gold Diggers" on the stage. . . . Two pages of pictures of the home of Marguerite Clark in Hollywood. She was soon to depart for New Orleans and retirement. . . . No less than four pages of the new Norma Talmadge wardrobe (and plenty funny they look in 1929!) . . . Bert Lytell's film version of "Lombardi, Ltd.," is fictionized. Alice Lake is leading woman, and far down in the cast is a girl named Jean Acker.

**I**T'S the heyday of Harrison Ford as a romantic leading man, and this month he's worth a long story. Mr. Ford, we find, is anything but a hunter in the boudoirs when not posturing for the camera. He is a collector of rare books, and goes in for operatic phonograph records and fancy bindings.

And we tell the girls, no doubt much to their horror, that Harrison doesn't dance!

**H**OLLYWOOD was terrifically excited over the visit of King Albert of Belgium. . . . Queenly Dorothy Dalton is leaving the Ince lot to go on the stage in "Aphrodite." . . . But Gail Kane is coming back to pictures after a brief spell in the theater. . . . Bill Hart has written a novel called "Patrick Henry." . . . The newest stars—Zena Keefe and Tommy Meighan. . . . Tom Mix stays with Fox, and Fox is to make millions out of that famous series of horse opera. . . . King Vidor is going to direct on his own, and Florence, his wife, is to be featured in some of his pictures. . . . Mary Thurman graduates from the Keystone Bathing Suit Conservatory to a leading rôle opposite Bill Hart in "Sand."

**W**E announce the return of Mae Marsh to the screen.

As soon as her little girl gets old enough, we say she is going to California and back on the lot.

Mae, you know, is the wife of Louis Lee Arms, a newspaperman.

**B**ESSIE LOVE is on vacation—her first in some years.

She's been working hard as leading woman for Bill Hart and Douglas Fairbanks, and rates a holiday.

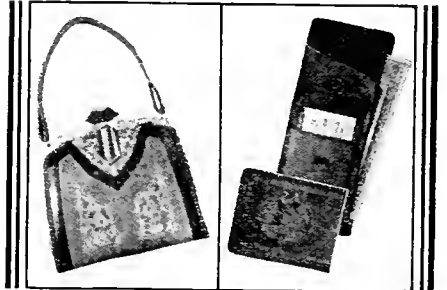
They say she'll produce on her own. We're in the days when all the stars think they can make their own pictures. (They couldn't.)

**THE TWINS, ISHEMING**—No, those glasses of Harold Lloyd's haven't any glass in them! Agnes Ayres plays *Lela Trevor* in Vitagraph's "A Stitch in Time." Connie Talmadge is playing in "In the Barn." Thanks for the pretty handkerchief.



## Does

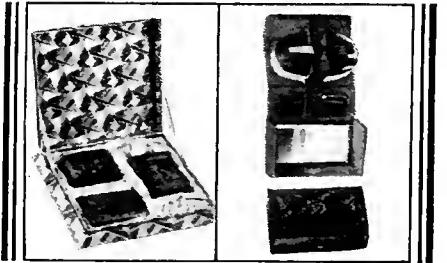
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VANITIES BILLFOLDS



Mary Thurman, queen of Keystone bathing girls, was promoted to Bill Hart's leading woman in 1919. She died in 1925, widely mourned

Ford, Wanda Hawley and Winifred Greenwood. Here's little Olive Thomas, or Mrs. Jack Pickford, in "The Glorious Lady." Matt Moore's her leading man, and Edmund Goulding wrote the story. (In 1929 Dr. Goulding was to do "The Trespasser" for a lady named Swanson.)

Geraldine Farrar turns out her second movie, "Flame of the Desert." Lou Tellegen is lead-

## The Gimme Girl

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

ecstasies. In an atmosphere of beating time till frosted dreams come true, the old and the new come into focus, for they add glamour.

Gim-Gam's rise was the half-baking of a Chinese girl in an over-heated oven of Ameri-

canization. Against the shadows of memories there lay, fragile, the bright pattern she was making of her life.

Some things she pressed backward, into mental recesses. The dirty dump in China-

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town. The dancer-mother, once pretty in a crudely artificial way, who had drifted to the Coast to enliven a cheap burlesque show. Any sort of marriage promised a haven. Squalling, half-caste children had come. Repugnance in time drifted into lethargy.

TO her eldest girl-child, the delicate bit of ivory and jet that was the one lovely thing in the squalid home, she gave the desire for freedom that she was too worn and broken to bother about any more for herself.

*Gim-Ghun-Fah* meant "honeysuckle." A name sweet and clean.

Her father concerned himself with the vegetables he sold and his evil-smelling long pipe and his sweet red wine, sipped to the accompaniment of rice cakes. She was but one of his howling, unkempt girl-children.

From infancy, *Gim-Ghun-Fah* had a difference. Americanization early put its stamp upon her, for the new was strangling the old in Chinatown. Her firm little chin set at defiance, her slanted eyes grew watchful.

"You learn." Her mother's flabbiness in moments of bitterness turned into rigidity. "You're more me than him, more white than yellow. Some day you get out of this."

So *Gim-Ghun-Fah* had gone to Johnny, who engaged the Chinese extras and interpreted for the directors. Stiletto finger-nails digging into her palms, she faced him. Something felt smothered in her. She demanded the work in which he could place her. At first disapproving, Johnny gradually weakened, his film-trained eyes gauging her possibilities. They held pity, too.

"I'll leave home, anyway," she cried. "I can model in a shop. They can't keep me here. You gave Etta Wong a chance. Why not me? I'm pretty, Johnny, say I'm pretty!"

Her lithe little body in its atrocious imitation of American finery, rings of fire dangling from her ears, swayed toward him.

"What are you Chinese girls going to do with your new freedom? You're a type," he mused. "You have personality and spirit. With training and clothes, you could have charm. We—ll," reluctantly, "I'll start you."

*Gim-Ghun-Fah* felt a new and enchanting power. She had persuaded Johnny, known to be unsusceptible to yellow girls' wiles. She would climb . . . and climb.

\* \* \*

A YEAR later: a pale lemon-blossom featured in Oriental rôles, to which she gave sweet, submissive pathos.

Off-screen she shed that languor and took on a pert insouciance. She lived in a tiny cabin slung upon the edge of a precipice rising out of Laurel Canyon. She smoked a dainty ebony and pearl pipe; she discarded hosiery and rouged her knees. She became a sort of rage, merrily leading the dance.

Men were crazy about her, and women were too polite.

An art director taught her how to dress, how to weave of her Oriental background an atmosphere of mystery.

"Stepping-stones" formed a ladder for her nimble feet. Hard-boiled, indeed. But what they didn't know, those clattering tongues, was that *Gim-Gam* played with a fire that didn't scorch her—much.

And another thing she hadn't told: that often she went down to Chinatown, taking comforting accounts of her rise to a flabby, broken woman.

No, *Gim-Gam* wasn't quite as bad as *Holly-wood* painted her.

One evening, half ashamed, yet elated when he saw the envy leap into the eyes of other men, *Buster* took her out to dine. At the Crazy Cat roadside inn, all dull gold and weird black decorations, they sat in a corner, remote from the shrill confusion.

"Dance in that contest? Not *me*." Her liquid voice trailed across to him. Small head, turbaned in silver, thrown back, she drew deeply on her odd little pipe, speculative eyes

upon him. "I paid thirty berries for these slippers. Still, I *might* ruin them for . . . you."

There are a lot of ways to say that word. She said it with that intonation not exactly definite though indicative.

"What I like about you is your decency, Buzzer dear. You're clean, sweet fun. Other men mob me because I'm different. That's my asset. I've cashed in on it. 'Back to the kennels,' I tell 'em, 'or I'll call the fire department.' And it hurts—when they don't invite me to meet their wives."

He saw, rather dimly, the pathos of her, trying for the solid things beyond her reach. Something else smothered his quick pity and he whispered, "Gimmy-Gam, you're adorable. I see things in your eyes. A yellow orchid, swaying to music . . . amber lights that gleam and disappear . . . When I reach out toward you . . . you drift away. Why?"

She pulled at him, strangely.

"SO, Buzzer?" Her voice was negative. He hadn't intimated that he would speak to his wife about asking her to dinner. Still, he had delicacy; he didn't bluster the incongruity of it. "Let's ankle over and join the crowd. It's the only way to keep 'em from talking about you."

"Gimmy-Gam, I haven't told you half the things I want to. You're the most wonderful, fascinating—"

"And *exquisite*? Re-ally?" The clean-cut, restless vitality of him was both irritating and attractive. "You've been eating grapes, Buzzer," her laugh tinkled softly. "You talk in bunches!"

*Buster* had mastered that graceful art of playing. He didn't fancy himself in love. *Gim-Gam* charmed, and life would be drab without flirtations. So he fell into the habit of urging his roadster up that winding road to her little place.

He wasn't thinking of her, or of anything in particular, as he sprawled in the seat of his low-slung roadster one early morning.

Swerving up a side street, he stopped before a stucco *casa* splashed in a miniature green forest. Accompanied by a furrowed brow, his lips through habit fixed themselves into that placating it-was-like-this-honey smile which dawn-husbands bring home.

"Well?" His wife's voice was curiously like the rustle of leaves. It implied rebuke, by custom.

"Well, what?" he fenced. Instinctively, his dramatic sense rose to do justice to the scene to come, the perpetual Scene. "Aw, shucks, Aggie, don't nag." Stormy eyes dropped before the cold levelness of hers. "Spoil sport."

"Can't you see what a mess you're making of your life?" Her lips tightened to a thin line. "You're imaginative and inclined toward bizarre things. And you have romantic appeal. All that can find expression in your work. *Rocky* says no actor on the screen could touch you if you'd settle down."

"I suppose," he groaned, "I never work." "Hit and miss. When you're interested. Lately, you have a negligent attitude. Your personality," deliberately, "won't carry you forever. You're drifting—missing real things. It hurts to see you jeopardizing what I've fought so to build up."

FOR in their lean days hers had been the capable, guiding hand, hers the struggle to put him in the spotlight.

To *Buster's* inherent restlessness was added the turbulence of an emotional work which feeds vanity with glamour. He scowled over his wife's managerial quality. Barricaded by a sensitive pride, she had nursed her grievance; and the occasional smile, tenderly maternal, infuriated him more than did the coldness with which she met his reckless, eager moods. Its very ambiguity gave him no definite assertive ground.

"I'm tired of being bossed," he persisted, stubbornly.

A flame welled up in *Aggie*.

"Was Gim-Gam there? With you?"  
 "A party," tartly.  
 Her ironic smile, the way her lips twisted ever so little, threw him into a rage. He stormed about, responsive to the drama that hung between them. "Making a mountain out of a molehill," he mumbled.  
 "Oh, am I? Well, you might at least have picked a white girl. A half-caste!" Her tone was careless; behind its shelter her brain fought for proper words. "You, the idol of young girls, have lost your head over a Chink flapper!" The scorn ruffed up from its blanket, edging her voice. "If it weren't you, I'd laugh. All Hollywood does."

"THEY have to have something to yap about. Look here. No use us beating about the bush. We'd been drifting apart. Why lay it on Gim-Gam?"

"But don't you see the human side of her, and her spunk? What she's done, fighting her father's prejudices, and the cats and competition of Hollywood. Independent. Wants to amount to something."

"Yes," wearily, "she has done well, materially. It's a fighting game. I tramped. I didn't use men for favors. I didn't get hard—"

"Hard?" His cutting surprise struck her with accusation. "Maybe not as they are. But hard—yes!"

Agnes' patience was exhausted. It was so frightfully silly, fencing this way. "Buster, we could mean so much to each other. Love is—it's sharing things, working for the one you care for—"

On her heart were the scars of his selfishness. The wonder was that they still could hurt. Each lay the fault to the other's lack, yet neither was solely to blame. In his personal contacts an actor meets those factors bound to ruffle domestic peace.

These other women—they hadn't mattered—much.

Just pleasure-beads, lightly strung. An actor's wife must, with her blessed sense of humor, make certain concessions.

The trouble was, they had married too young. He was such a kid, needing her so much more than he realized.

Impulsively, she touched his arm.  
 "Don't cry." The strange brooding in her eyes, away back behind her eyes, surprised

him into gentleness. He wished she would cry. Then irony twisted his lips. Aggie cry? Instead, she smiled—that humoring, maternal smile. It was a mistake. The old affection that struggled in him melted before the crescendo of his self-pity.

"Cry? What would you do with an emotion, even tears? File it away, along with the fan-letters and the bonds and the real estate deeds?"

Under the sting of his words, a numbness settled about her heart.

"Marriage has taught me to fight, not cry."

White-lipped, she then told him, in brittle words, all that wifehood privileged her to say.

"All I'm good for is to work for you and that darn career. To write your letters to fans. To pass on your contracts, fighting for every chance that will take you a step higher. To keep your home comfortable, and you free from worries. To balance you. I can't cry. I've forgotten how."

Having silently fumed at her wifely woes, he now took the floor and aired his grievance magnificently. She stood quietly against his oratorical flow. How common, this duel of fruitless words! Talking got you nowhere.

"A FELLOW can stand just so much. I am the one the public wants. Too much harping wife has ruined many an actor. Why, there's nothing more inspiring than life. An actor needs to feel things, to develop."

Her cold blue eyes quenched his flood of self-justification. Buster stared into a calm scrutiny. A yearning came over Agnes to hold him—against everybody, against that ivory-skinned girl with the sloe eyes.

She sank into a chair.

"Well," he muttered finally, "you see how much good this argument's done. Damn it, I'd like a little peace! I shouldn't be all unstrung."

Grumbling, he slammed the door behind him.

Funny, that his vanity didn't hurt her now. She closed her eyes. Tired, just tired. All she wanted was to keep up.

So their marriage teetered. It would have been ludicrous, Agnes thought, if it weren't personal. The other fellow's tragedy always looks a little silly. Tentative sympathy she refused with a smile that intimated she toler-



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For a good  
**XMAS**  
 SUGGESTION  
 see page 17

ated Buster's foolishness because of its relative unimportance in her life. She played the little game of pretense as deftly as her contract bridge. For, you see, Agnes had a funny notion that you could lick anything if you just kept your head up.

AT first, Gim-Gam merely kindled Buster's fancy. In a breath, it seemed, she became personally dear. He saw the littleness of her, and forgave her the weapons she used because they were the only ones she had, and she awoke a sense of protectiveness dormant since his marriage to Agnes.

When life went stale, he had the gift of clothing it with illusion. He would come rushing up to her hill-top nest, glowing with vitality, and would sweep her off her feet and into his arms.

"You always come in like a crowd!" she would gasp.

They would streak out for a joyous evening of the light love that skirted edges and indefinitely postpones issues. Or they would stay in her little shack with its lacquered furniture, everything so tiny, and its brave array of color.

"You're so little to be fighting all alone," he said once, stroking her hair, as she curled up among the cushions. He liked the intimacy and isolation of her houselet perched atop the hill. "Your mother should be here."

Her customary buoyancy slipped into a shadowy mood. He was becoming so dear!

She had never repeated more bluntly her suggestion about being invited to dine at his home, which had been her first reason for *this* stepping-stone. If only one of these wives took her up! As the weeks had brought him closer, it had become harder to phrase her request. Whenever she was with him, it seemed as though each moment must be made to count.

"It's hard, Buzzer, awf'ly hard. You've got to keep your fur up, and ready to scratch. They talk so. They say I'm bad. *You* know better. I don't get plastered. I'm decent. It's not what you do, though, that stamps you. It's what you pretend. But that was the only way I could attract notice.

"No, I couldn't bring my mother here. She wouldn't leave my father. You couldn't understand, Buzzer, how a white woman could care so for an Oriental. And my father—" Her voice broke, then steadied.

"HE'S no ordinary Chink. He's a—a philosopher. Knows important things . . . the doctrines of Confucius. Picture me spending a wild evening listening to Connie's script!

"I could marry well—a Chinaman. And have Oriental luxuries and jewels. Just for him to see, though. 'Magine what my life would be.

"Buzzer, it's dark for a woman, down there. Here, there's sunlight. I'm going on and on . . . and up. I'm half white and I feel all white!"

"Gimmy-Gam, honey." He muffled her sobs with a clumsy hand that tried to be tender. "You're usually so confident and gay—"

"Do you think I'd let them see?" Her lips curled.

Close to him, she pressed her lips against his shoulder. Just a hurt, tired little girl. Tired of wanting and fighting and not getting. Her hair carried a strange scent in its shiny black—sandalwood and the breath of lotus. He mustn't let himself go . . .

"Honey, I wish I could help." He was gloomy in his inability to give her that precious equality. "I couldn't make them take you up. Unless—unless I were free. But I love you so. I love you."

"You don't," asked a very small voice, "love your wife?"

Her eyes, pools of black set in warm ivory, were question-marks.

"No, Gimmy. Not—not like I love . . . you."

So the marriage of the Kingsleys, publicized as the happiest couple in filmdom, was threatened because of an ambitious Chink flapper whom Hollywood had ticketed.

Mid-day at Montmartre. Gracious blonde queens sweltering in ermine, mincing lamb chops and pineapple. Soft laces and trilling laughter. Crowds of ogling tourists, their plates heaped with spaghetti untouched.

The waiter shouldn't have seated Agnes at the table for two in the corner. But what does a "situation" mean to a waiter in a crowded café?

GIM-GAM! Inscrutable dark eyes met startled blue ones and struck flint. Agnes half rose, glanced about, conscious that the chatter had hushed. She took in swiftly the barrage of waiting eyes, and limply sat down.

"What's wrong with this picture?" Gim-Gam stifled a giggle.

"You're Gim-Gam, aren't you?" Agnes forced a smile. "I don't believe we've ever met. However, I'm sure we have much . . . in common . . . to talk about. And I'm quite interested in Oriental . . . things."

"Yes? Well, I've found some *white* things that sort of amuse me."

Desultory talk followed. Agnes said evenly that she had been busy with her home, planting a new garden, and attending the Bowl concerts. They spoke vaguely of the new talkies, of the latest styles.

The interchange of pleasantries was followed by a constrained silence. Agnes broke it, in her characteristic forward way.

"Now that you're getting Buster away from me," she said, "just what do you propose to do?"

Gim-Gam steeled her nerves. "Make it so darned hot for you that you'll divorce him. Then marry him."

"His career? The American public would never keep him an idol."

"The right publicity could fix it into a beautiful romance. And Europe isn't so particular. Until it blows over."

Was there no limit to the girl's audacity?

"If you lose on your gamble? People wouldn't accept you. That's what you want him for, isn't it?"

Gim-Gam picked at her salad nervously.

"No. Does it occur to you that I might care for Buster? It's not just what he could do for me." Agnes tried to discredit the truth in those unwavering dark eyes, no longer impermanent, and couldn't.

"I'm going to tell you the truth. You'll find it out some day, anyway. My father's a common Chink. It's dirty and rotten down there. My mother—" Her eyes misted. "Her life's hell—plain hell. I made up my mind they wouldn't beat me down to that.

"Through Buster I wanted to get respectability. Then he began to care. For *me*, the real me, not the me that I wear on the outside. Not the flip me. See what I mean? He was a sort of symbol. Of the decent things I hadn't ever had. But now he's everything."

"But don't you see that you couldn't keep him? You're crazy!"

AGNES saw something beneath the bravado and the crimson silk sweater and the ruby loops dangling from her ears, a pitiful straining in her slanted eyes. Bosh! She was mad and hurt, and struck back! "Has he seen your people? Have you tested this infatuation?"

At Gim-Gam's negative, she began dimly to see a way out.

"Why not take him down to Chinatown? You can't ever entirely separate yourself from them. You may think you can, but blood is a strong tie. And you couldn't make Buster a part of that."

"He'll be big and fine enough," Gim-Gam bridled, "to want me, anyhow."

"How could he? Buster's very sensitive. If you have such faith—"

Gim-Gam's little black head in its rakish beret went back defiantly.

"I will . . . But you're a funny wife," suspiciously. "Where do you come in?"

"I EXPECT," Agnes replied slowly, "that he will come back to me."

"Buster may care for you, but not the way he loves me. If I couldn't hold him, how could you?"

"With his home. It isn't romantic or stimulating," the words rested on a sigh, "but it will bring a husband back, every time. It's a—habit."

"You would take him back." Gim-Gam's tone held a curious wonder. "I wouldn't. Just the pieces—the left-overs. I wouldn't."

"Yes, I'd take back the 'left-over pieces,'" Agnes said, dully. "And make the best of them. After all, wives are sort of builders. Home. Children. Respectability. Tradition. They're our monuments."

Gim-Gam flipped her puff from her red vanity and patted her nose, deftly applied a lip-stick. Her little mouth was firm again, for her belief was firm. She'd squelch this woman with her white skin and blue eyes!

"O. K. Tonight. You're a darn good sport. You're staking a lot."

"I'll play fair," Agnes spoke slowly. "If he—and you—want to go on with it. Incompatibility. I'll not even name you."

Gim-Gam rose. "I'll go first. It'll look better, for you. Let's shake hands. Give 'em something to cackle over."

Before the pertness of her challenge, Agnes was game. Their hands clasped. She followed Gim-Gam leisurely. Stupefied glances trailed her. Giggles, amounting to hysteria.

"Well, can you beat *that*? Tell it to a scenario writer, quick! A plot walks right in here and out!"

Her eyes impersonal, Agnes went down the steps and into the sunlight of the Boulevard.

\* \* \*

WITH nerves clamped as though in a vise, Gim-Gam walked up the flight of rickety steps, with an apprehensive Buster at her heels.

As they entered a room, a babble greeted them and a tumbling mass of little yellow arms and legs, round moon faces framed in coarse black hair, fell upon her. Stooping, she gave each a perfunctory embrace. No, she hadn't brought them anything. She had to see her father. They must not bother. Slanted eyes curious upon the man with her, they withdrew into a shadowy corner.

A man and a woman came from the back of the house. The woman seemed all flabby hills, hung together by creases. Drab hair hung about her soggy face. Like dough, pasty dough, Buster thought. Hugging her wrapper closer, she pecked a kiss on the smooth ivory cheek leaned toward her.

Her eyes, though, were bright fires. Questions leaped from them. As they passed over Buster, their light faded.

"I—I want you to meet a friend of mine." Gim-Gam wet dry lips and whispered, "Buzzer, this is my mother."

Gim-Gam's mother? The dancer-mother of whom a poetic story had been woven? . . . Buster stirred, murmured something.

"And this is my father."

His eyes met cold, dark pin-points in oblique slits. A yellowed face criss-crossed like a much-thumbed parchment. His extended hand touched clammy fingers. Talons! Instinctively, his withdrew.

A silence fell. If only that yellow specter of a man would speak! Why didn't those kids sprawling in the corner, silent eyes glued upon him, make some noise? Their shrill chatter which had grated upon his ears would be a welcome break. If only the woman would take her burning eyes off of him!

"I know it's an awful shock, Buzzer. My father keeps a vegetable store. Sells stuff the Chink truck gardeners bring in. But my mother—" Defiance ruffed her voice. "Try to look underneath all this. She taught me

how to get out—the right things. The good in me—what you love—my mother gave it to me."

Buster's dull eyes rested upon Gim-Gam, the only color in her face the crimson cleavage of her lips.

"But Gim-Gam! Why did you make up such a story?"

"First, to help me in pictures. Pride, too. I didn't want them to laugh. Then—I couldn't tell you, because I wanted you to care."

Fear was pressing against her, having seen his involuntary shudder. She swayed toward him, and back, abruptly. Her yearning seemed to ripple on, to him.

Buster looked about the dimly lighted room. It had a nauseating odor, as of many people living there cramped together. Cheap furniture. Cracked mirror. Dirty silk cushions. Bead curtains rattling at the doorway.

HIS eyes went to the man standing immobile. A wizened Chinaman who sold vegetables, in one of those dumps down the street.

A light flickered across the Chinaman's eyes.

"Melican ways foolishness. No good. Whites no likee. She come back. Li Hung take her, mally her, mebbe."

As suddenly as the words had come from the slit in his yellow face, they ceased. Silently he slipped through the bead curtains and was gone.

"No! No!" With a cry the woman rushed forward, pudgy arms encircling the sun of her life. The fear that had held her taut snapped. "Not that pock-marked Chink laundryman! Don't you come back, Honeysuckle. You've got out, where you belong. Stay there. Your—he—he looks like a fine young man. You goin' to marry my girl?"

Apathy hadn't snuffed out that mother-love. He saw the cheap tawdriness of the room; but, too, he saw the spirit that had sent *Gim-Gam* out to carve the path of her birthright. Hadn't she done a still finer thing, to lift herself out of this?

"If it can be arranged," he said, quietly, "I will try to make her happy."

A wildness combining incredulity and ecstasy shot across Gim-Gam's eyes, followed by a twinge of pain. Her face was a poignant mating of pathos and of new resolve. She loosened her mother's clasp.

"No, Buzzer. I didn't realize, until I saw you here. In Hollywood, it seemed possible. You'd be bound to turn in time, though. I'd drag you down. You admire me now. I'd rather keep that than marry you and maybe see you change. 'Sides, it would ruin our careers. And I'm terribly ambitious. That was," she drew a deep breath, "the main thing. You'd lose out, then where would I be? It's too much of a risk."

"I don't know where I belong, but I'll find out some day." A smile quivered, hung with brave determination. "You can't tell what may happen. Buzzer, I tell you what." A flush erased the drawn lines. "You go back to your wife. She's your kind. She loves you—heaps more than I do. Stop dreaming crazy dreams and settle down to work. I couldn't make you, but *she* can."

SHE turned a sob into a high-pitched giggle. Evading his protesting hand, she gently pushed him through the doorway. He stumbled down the steps, through the twisting streets into the clear air. Through his bewilderment, he felt a sense of freedom.

Released from the last hour's emotional storm, he was inspirited, but peculiarly at rest. What a mess he had made of things! The night hid his shame, as the silent houses, slit with streams of light, slipped past.

Out of his inertia came gradually a new desire. These fellows who lived in all these houses had made good in the ordinary business of life. Why hadn't he? *Couldn't* he, still? Aggie—wasn't she always a brick?

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The road welcomed him, and with each turn his resolution grew.

"Aggie," his words flooded down to her. "I've been an awful rotter. To you. Not to her. I tried to fix that right, but she wouldn't have it. Gim-Gam's finer than anybody would believe."

"She sent you away?"  
"Yes, I'm not much." His lips twisted in the first self-abnegation he had ever felt. "But you've put up with my faults. We—we're sort of used to each other. Ag, I've been a fool. I'll try to be what you want me to be. I need you!"

"SO the pieces have come back," she whispered. She didn't cry. She wanted to lean against him, to feel clinging and dependent. Instead, she smiled at the silly thought, and said, casually, "As a husband, I can't say you're exactly dependable. But wives have to have something. I guess we're each responsible for our own man."

Didn't she love him because of his very weakness?  
What a colossal fool he would make of himself without her!

"You—you'd still believe in me, Aggie?"  
"No, I won't feel sure of you. But you'll always come back. I only hope that every time you fall in love, she will really care for you."

Buster thought that a queer thing for her to say. Women were so peculiar, but wonder-

ful, too. They talked crazy—and did marvelous things.

\* \* \*

**GIM-GAM?** No, she didn't marry Li Hung. She is still rolling her own career, very expertly. She had caught a glimpse of the sun on the hilltops and, though she sometimes realizes the futility, she keeps on climbing. There is a new dignity in her work. Off-screen, she is gay and pert. She slings verbal brickbats from red lips. She flirts outrageously.

"Let that be a lesson," Rocky scolded her. "Your little 'gimme' game didn't work, eh?" he chuckled. "Good boy, Buster. Got out in time. Fine wife, too. Real sport. You can't understand her kind, kid. She'll keep him from all you gold-digging gimme-girls."

"Brakes! Get back in the cheese, Rocky darling, there's one hole missing. I should annoy myself and raise a wrinkle . . . Rocky, I met a ducky fellow. The fish's footprints, and some oil can he's got for aerial racing! . . . Listen, Rocky, I'll tell you something maybe you don't know. Life's a funny thing . . . but a pretty damn good thing . . . even for a gimme-girl."

Something in her eyes stopped his retort. For, you see, hard-boiled Gim-Gam knows, as she dances on her dreams, as she leads the cops a merry chase in her low-slung scarlet roadster—oh, Gim-Gam knows that your prosaic thing, which would be her ultimate treasure, is not for her!



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see page 17

"NIX ON DAMES"—FOX.—From the story by Maude Fulton. Screen play by Maude Fulton and Frank Gay. Directed by Donald Gallaher. The cast: Jackie Lee, Mae Clarke; Bert Willis, Robert Ames; Johnny Brown, William Harrigan; Stella Foster, Maude Fulton; Ed Foster, George MacFarlane; Barling, Frederick Graham; Miss Woods, Camille Rovelle; Bonnie Tucker, Grace Wallace; Jim Tucker, Hugh McCormack; Cliff, Benny Hall; Billy, Marshall Ruth; Hoffman, Billy Colvin; Magnolia, Louise Beaver.

"PARIS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Martin Brown. Screen version by Hope Loring. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Vivienne Rolland*, Irene Bordoni; *Guy Pennell*, Jack Buchanan; *Cora Sabhal*, Louise Closser Hale; *Andrew Sabhal*, Jason Robards; *Brenda Kaley*, Margaret Fielding; *Harriet*, ZaSu Pitts.

"RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Sir A. Conan Doyle. Adapted by Basil Dean and Garrett Fort. Directed by Basil Dean. The cast: *Sherlock Holmes*, Clive Brook; *Dr. Watson*, H. Reeves-Smith; *Mary Watson*, Betty Lawford; *Captain Longmore*, Charles Hay; *Roger Longmore*, Phillips Holmes; *Colonel Moran*, Donald Crisp; *Prof. Moriarty*, Harry T. Morey; *Sergeant Grippier*, Hubert Druce; *Sparks*, Arthur Mack.

"ROAD SHOW, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Bess Meredith. Adapted by Wells Root. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Carlte*, Bessie Love; *Terry*, Charles King; *Eddie*, Jack Benny; *Lester*, George K. Arthur; *Polly*, Polly Moran; *Peggy*, Gwen Lee; *Daphne*, Nita Martin; *Cordona*, Eddie Phillips; *Bonnie*, Marie Dressler; *Lanning*, Youcca Troubetzkoy.

"ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE"—FOX.—From the novel by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Scenario by Marion Orth. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Pablo*, Warner Baxter; *Carlotta*, Mary Duncan; *Mariana*, Mona Maris; *Juan*, Antonio Moreno; *Don Fernando*, Robert Edeson; *Uncle*, Agostino Borgato; *Padre Miguel*, Albert Roccardi; *Catalina*, Solidad Jimenez; *Dorry Wayne*, Majel Coleman; *Dick Rivers*, Charles Byers; *Luca*, Merrill McCormick.

"SEVEN FACES"—FOX.—From the story by Richard Connell. Dialogue by Dana Burnett. Directed by Berthold Viertel. The cast: *Papa Chibou* (and other characters), Paul Muni; *Helen Berthelot*, Marguerite Churchill; *George Dufey*, Young Lawyer, Russell Gleason; *Judge Berthelot*, Lester Longman; *Madame Vallon*, Eugene Besserer; *Helen Vallon*, Walter Rogers; *M. Pratouchy*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Catherine of Russia*, Salka Steinemann.

"SHANGHAI LADY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by John Colton. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: *Cassie Cook*, Mary Nolan; *McKinney*, James Murray; *Repen*, Wheeler Oakman; *Mandarin*, Anders Randolph; *Polly Voo Frances*, Lydia Yeamans Titus; *Lizzie*, Yola d'Avril; *Rose*, Mona Rico; *Golden Almond*, Irna Lowe.

"SHANNONS OF BROADWAY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by James Gleason. Adapted by Agnes Christine Johnston. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: *Mickey Shannon*, James Gleason; *Emma Shannon*, Lucille Webster Gleason; *Swaney*, Charles Grapewin; *Tessie*, Mary Philbin; *Chuck*, John Breeden; *Bradford*, Tom Santschi; *F'die Allen*, Harry Tyler; *Alice Allen*, Gladys Crouhus; *Minerva*, Helen Mehrmann; *Albee*, Robert T. Haines;

*Newt*, Slim Summerville; *Burt*, Tom Kennedy; *Hez*, Walter Brennan.

"SINS OF THE CRADLE"—GOODWILL.—From the story by Annie L. MacDonald. Directed by Frank Mattison. The cast: *Sister Regina*, May Regan; *Mrs. Mary Fields*, Lydia Rogers; *Louise Fields*, June Marlowe; *Mary Fields*, Ann Preston; *Malcolm Barber*, Bob Seiter; *Alonso Burke*, Charles Darrall; *Mother Superior*, Gertrude Kasal; *Patsy*, Cecelia Evans.

"SKINNER STEPS OUT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Henry Irving Dodge. Adapted by Matt Taylor. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: *Skinner*, Glenn Truitt; *"Honey"*, Merna Kennedy; *Jackson*, E. J. Kane; *McLaughlin*, Burr McIntosh; *Perkins*, Lloy Whitlock; *Crosby*, William Welsh; *Mrs. Crosby*, Katherine Kerrigan; *Gales*, Frederick Lee; *Neighbor*, Jack Lipson; *Neighbor's Wife*, Edna Marian.

"SOUTH SEA ROSE"—FOX.—From the story by Tom Cushing. Scenario by Sonya Levien. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Rosalie Dumay*, Lenore Ulric; *Captain Briggs*, Charles Bickford; *Dr. Tom Winston*, Kenneth McKenna; *Hackett*, Farrell MacDonald; *Sarah*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Willie Gump*, Tom Patricola; *Maid*, Ilka Chase; *Tavern Keeper and Trader*, George MacFarland; *Cabin Boy*, Ben Hall; *Mrs. Noll*, Daphne Pollard; *Ship's Cook*, Roscoe Ates; *Mother Superior*, Charlotte Walker.

"THIS THING CALLED LOVE"—PATHE.—From the story by Edwin Burke. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Paul Stein. The cast: *Robert Collings*, Edmund Lowe; *Ann Martin*, Constance Bennett; *Harry Bertrand*, Roscoe Karns; *Clara Bertrand*, ZaSu Pitts; *Alvarez Guerra*, Carmelita Geraghty; *DeWitt*, John Roche; *Fred*, Stuart Erwin; *Dolly*, Ruth Taylor; *Dumary*, Wilson Bengie; *Secretary*, Adèle Watson.

"3 SISTERS, THE"—FOX.—From the story by George Brooks and Marion Orth. Screen play by James K. McGuinness and George Brooks. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Marta*, Louise Dresser; *Tony*, Tom Patricola; *Count d'Amati*, Kenneth McKenna; *The Sisters* (Carlotta), Joyce Compton, (Elena) June Collyer, (Antonia) Addie McPhail; *Pasquale*, Clifford Saum; *Rinaldi*, Paul Porcasi; *Judge*, John Sainpolis; *Tilo*, Sidney DeGrey.

"VAGABOND LOVER, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by James A. Creelman, Jr. Dialogue by James A. Creelman, Jr. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: *Rudy*, Rudy Vallée; *Jean*, Sally Blane; *Mrs. Whitehall*, Marie Dressler; *Officer Tuttle*, Charles Sellon; *Swiftie*, Norman Peck; *Sam*, Danny O'Shea; *Sport*, Eddie Nugent; *Mrs. Tod Hunter*, Nella Walker; *Ted Grant*, Malcolm Waite; *Manager*, Alan Roscoe; and *Rudy Vallée's Connecticut Yankees*.

"VENUS"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Jean Vignaud. Directed by Louis Mercanton. The cast: *Princess Beatrice Doriani*, Constance Talmadge; *De Valroy*, Andre Roanne; *Capt. Frangouville*, Jean Murat; *Zarkie*, Max Maxudian; *Captain of "Venus"*, Baron Filis; *L'Enfant*, Jean Mercanton.

"WHISPERING WINDS"—TIFFANY-STAHLL.—From the story by Jean Plannette. Continuity by Jean Plannette. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Dora*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Jim*, Malcolm McGregor; *Eve Benton*, Eve Southern; *Jim's Mother*, Eugenie Besserer; *Pappy*, James Marcus.



I have listened to but one talkie. I have it to thank for a prison sentence. And I am glad I listened to it! For the time being I am a number—not a man. I have been since early spring and it will be still another spring before I get my "outside money"—and see another talkie. Yet I am thankful that Mary Pickford and John Mack Brown played in "Coquette."

Imagine a fugitive with a reward on his head—think of him broke, and discouraged—picture him thinking of the wife and mother fate had caused him to leave behind. Then picture a "touch" for a "butt" and a "coffee and"—followed by a conversation and an invitation to a talkie

—after months back in the "sticks." Remember the sacrifice portrayed in "Coquette"? Picture that fugitive in the audience thinking of all the sacrifice he was causing.

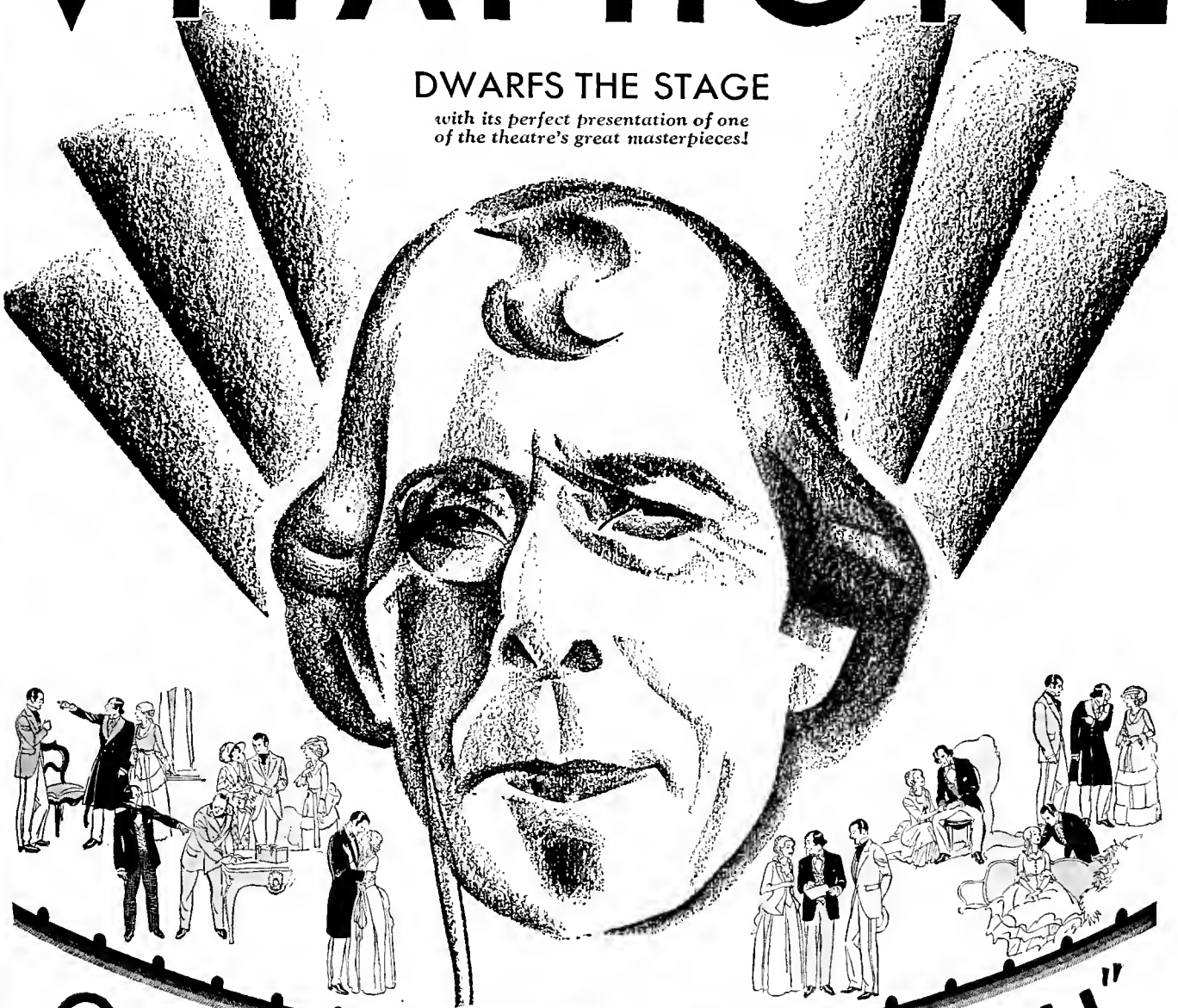
What more can I say? The following day I gave myself up, was tried, sentenced to many months away from talkies—away from "coquette"—a sacrifice for a sacrifice—but Freedom—Freedom to write to those who waited for a man who took the easy way. Through you I want to thank Mary Pickford and John Mack Brown—and the old gentleman who gave me a cigarette, a fifty cent piece, and the talkie that sent me to prison. I am a number—yet I will again be a man.

A Number.

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*Helen Chase*

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**\*What is a dermatologist?**

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I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who

have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

*John Allen Pusey*  
M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)



You don't have to go to Paris to learn this: In 30 leading American cities, salespeople were asked which soap was safest for fine garments. In every single city, an overwhelming majority said, "Ivory."

## IN PARIS TOO...

*"But mademoiselle,  
one should always use Ivory for fine things"*

A friend of mine who got back from Paris three weeks ago was hardly off the boat before she said, "I have something to tell you about Ivory." . . . And this was the "something":

In one of her favorite Paris shops she had complained: "Some of the underwear you made for me last year faded rather badly."

"Ah, mademoiselle, a pity!" was the answer, with a vivid French gesture. "But you could not have washed it properly. You should always use your Ivory Soap—then we know our lingerie will *not* fade."

(And this was Paris—where a cake of Ivory Soap costs 20¢ and a 10¢ box of Ivory Flakes costs 28¢!)

I thanked my friend for her story, but I added, "You didn't have to go to Paris to learn that. You could have got advice like that in any good store right at home."

She laughed. "True, darling, but I seem to be one of those unfortunates who always have to learn from painful experience."

SALESPeOPLE ALL OVER AMERICA ADVISE IVORY  
Salespeople in leading American stores who probably know more about the practical care of delicate clothes

than anybody else, will tell you that when you use Ivory—in cake or flake form—you never need worry about your soap.

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Briefly, you don't have to ruin a precious garment, or go to Paris, to learn which soap is safest for your nice things. You can just go into any good store and ask.

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Free—A little book, "Thistledown treasures—their selection and care," gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Simply send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VV-10, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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*The National Guide to Motion Pictures*

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EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); THE PARAMOUNT PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); PARIS, starring Irene Bardoni (First National); THE ROGUE SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); SON OF THE GODS, starring Richard Barthelmess (First National);

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 VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King (Paramount); BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, all-star cast (Warner Bros.).





If your tooth paste  
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*... switch to one that does!*

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For the lesson of the gums has been learned. No matter how white, how perfect your teeth may be, they are faced with danger if your gums become tender, soft and weak. Today, a tooth paste that cares for the gums is a vital necessity. And Ipana is the newer type of dentifrice that meets this demand.

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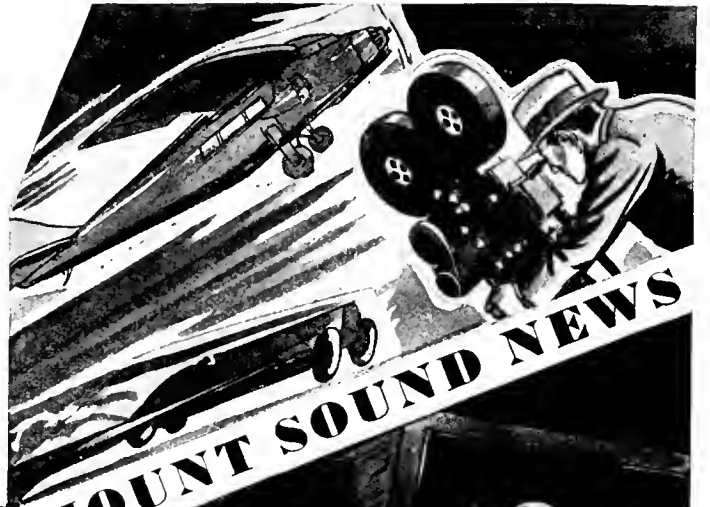
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"SHORTS" AREN'T  
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# Paramount Pictures

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY

LEONARD HALL  
MANAGING EDITOR

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For  
February  
1930

VOL. XXXVII

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 3

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# The Girl on the Cover

**IRIS MARCH** in "The Green Hat" was more than a lady with the correct quirk of her finger over a teacup. *Iris March* was a gallant soul.

Ruth Chatterton, who has played *Iris March* on the stage, is all of that. She is small, and as fragile as a Dresden China shepherdess, but she is brave.

She has had a brilliant career in the theater, but the most unusual thing is that she has had so many careers.

She was only eighteen when she blossomed into stardom in "Daddy-Long-Legs."

She was a comedienne in "Come Out of the Kitchen." Then that wistful Barrie play, "Mary Rose," in which Ruth gave promise of a great dramatic art, that was fulfilled later in "La Tendresse," "The Man with a Load of Mischief," "The Green Hat" and "The Devil's Plum Tree."

She was the first stage star to triumph on the talking screen.

The silver sheet is seeing a greater Ruth Chatterton than the stage ever saw. It sees a ripened, mature art, but those who know Ruth see something else. I asked her about it.

"Perhaps it is because I am older," she said. "We learn things from life, of course. But it is more than just that. I feel things more deeply. I rely less on technique than I once did."

That must be the secret. In some of her stage plays the Chatterton technique was perfect, but obvious to those who knew the theater. No one paused to think of technique when Ruth played in "Madame X" for the screen, and the play is creaking, a relic of another day. Soul has been added to technique, and that is truly great art.

Today Ruth Chatterton is one of the most interesting figures of the film world. She has found a new and numerous audience in the smaller towns—points she never visited when she was a stage star—points where Ruth Chatterton was just a name.

Her introduction to the talking screen has been fortunate. Her rôles have carried deep sympathy, the human emotions that everyone can understand.

**RUTH'S** skill in acting, her poised beauty on the stage and screen, are less interesting to those who know her than the gallant Ruth of real life. There has been a persistent report about Hollywood that she is "high hat." Not an unusual charge. It has probably been said of Farina. Crowds frighten her. At big parties she tries to find a corner. In public she is shy. In her home she is intensely social. She loves to give small dinner parties.

It was in Los Angeles that Chatterton gave a superb performance as *Iris* in "The Green Hat." An evidence of the Chatterton gallantry. She was very ill, but she would not hear of closing the play. She had a trained nurse backstage with her all the time. Between every act she had to lie down.

It was while she was playing in "The Devil's Plum Tree" that she received her offer from Paramount. Emil Jannings, sitting in the audience, determined that she should play the rôle of the wife in "Sins of the Fathers."

"Jannings meant a great deal to my screen career. He was wonderful in help-



RUTH CHATTERTON

## Last Minute News and Reviews

"So This Is Paris Green"—Paramount-Christie. — Another grand short subject—Apache life in a Paris sewer. Louise Fazenda plays *Little Mimma*, the husband poisoner.

"Night Hostess"—M-G-M.—Blanche Sweet returns to the screen in a shoddy story of night club life. Capable acting does not lift the picture from mediocrity.

"Hell's Heroes"—Universal. — A gritty tale of three desert handits who sacrifice themselves for an ideal. Humorous, sophisticated and intensely dramatic.

"Hot Dog"—M-G-M. — An all talking dog picture with the human voice doubled in. A distinct novelty.

Clara Bow was so ill that filming on "The Humming Bird" was held up eight weeks. When she finishes that she will make a comedy called "True to the Navy."

Walter Huston will play the rôle of *Lincoln* in D. W. Griffith's first talking picture.

Hal Skelly and Paramount did not get together on a new contract, and the co-star of "The Dance of Life" will probably return to the stage.

"Follow Thru," musical comedy smash, will be filmed by Paramount, with Nancy Carroll, Buddy Rogers and Zelma O'Neal.

ing me. I hated seeing him go back to Germany, but I think he will return. The screen needs Jannings. He was just like a child. One day he had a heart attack at the studio. Everyone was trying to get him to take a little brandy. He waved them all away.

"Finally I went over to him, and said, pleadingly, 'Won't you take a little brandy for Ruth?' He waved me away. Then I said, 'This nonsense has got to stop. You take this right now.' And he took it without another word."

**RUTH CHATTERTON** has not been afraid of life. In fact, life has given her about what she wants. She didn't want to do publicity pictures when she signed her contract with Paramount. Well, she hasn't done them. The day we lunched in the commissary at the studio she was called back to her set before coffee arrived. She waited for the coffee and was fifteen minutes late. Scared assistants rushed about, their hair standing on end. It had cost \$600 for Ruth to have her coffee.

"If anyone gets blamed for this, I'll shoulder the responsibility," said Ruth.

But she is tractable on the set. I watched her in a scene from "Sarah and Son." It was one of those apparently simple, but extremely difficult sequences. The scene had been taken and retaken. At last it seemed right. Ruth played with deep emotion. The stage was as silent as a tomb. And then, at the most emotional point, someone coughed. It must have blown out six tubes.

With tears still in her eyes, Ruth smiled at the offender. Not a word of blame. She lit a cigarette and waited for a new set-up.

Ruth's stage career is too well known to bear repetition. Her star was in the ascendancy in the days when "the road" meant something. She has played in theaters all over the country. Most of her plays went on tour. She was a prime favorite always. In Los Angeles she shares honors with Pauline Frederick as an ace drawing-card in the legitimate playhouses.

She is the first member of her family to choose the stage as a profession. At fourteen, on a Christmas holiday, she visited an aunt in Washington. On a dare she took a job in the chorus.

Her family, instead of putting vain obstacles in her path, helped her. She considers that her most valuable training came in a stock engagement in which Lowell Sherman, Pauline Lord and Lenore Ulric were the other players.

**FOR** four generations the Chattertons have lived in New York. Yet Ruth is the most ardent Californian in California.

Ruth and her husband, Ralph Forbes, have a beautiful home in Beverly Hills, and a cottage at Malibu Beach. She likes the long, lazy days.

"Isn't it a terrible confession for a New Yorker?" she asked. "I've just returned from New York. I was so glad to get back here! It was all such a rush! You hurry to get to lunch, and you hurry to do some shopping. Out here I have time for tennis and swimming. I never want to live anywhere else. I have no desire to return to the stage."

And we sha'n't let her—ever!

# How Lovely Teeth are best protected *against destructive, germ-laden film*



**The Film** that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

## FREE... a 10-day tube of Pepsodent to try

Within a few days you will see a change in teeth's appearance. You will find greater protection against decay.

**D**ECAY and pyorrhea threaten nine mouths out of ten. Germs cause decay. Germs and tartar cause pyorrhea. The best way to remove these germs from teeth is to remove the film that holds them. The scientific way to do that effectively is by Pepsodent.

*80% of common dental ills  
now laid to germs*

Certain germs are present in tooth decay. Other types in pyorrhea; other kinds in trench mouth. Authorities believe 8 dental troubles out of 10 are caused by bacterial infection.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy, clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. There they breed by millions in contact with the teeth.

Germ-laden film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all the ordinary methods fail in combating film effectively.

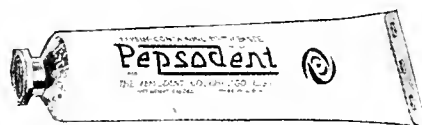
### *Remove film a different way*

To reach and remove these germs, film must be combated. To remove film, dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent.

First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing easily removes it . . . safely, gently. No pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a fine, creamy paste prescribed for soft teeth and tender gums.

You can tell that Pepsodent is different from all other ways the instant it touches your teeth. You can see the difference in results before your free tube is empty. Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far greater protection from these serious diseases. Write to nearest address immediately for your supply to try.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



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(Australia) Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av., Sydney, N.S. W.  
Only one tube to a family 3377



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

**ALOHA HAWAII**—All Star.—Unusual production based on Hawaiian legend. With native cast in Hawaiian settings. Silent. (Aug.)

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

★ **ARGYLE CASE, THE**—Warners.—Fascinating mystery story with a swell performance by Thomas Meighan. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **AWFUL TRUTH, THE**—Pathe.—Delightful Ina Claire in a sophisticated drama. Excellent support by Paul Harvey. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**BACHELOR GIRL, THE**—Columbia.—Dull love triangle, but nicely acted by Jacqueline Logan and William Collier, Jr. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**BEHIND THAT CURTAIN**—Fox.—Well done but rambling mystery melodrama well acted by Warner Baxter and Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**BEHIND THE MAKE-UP**—Paramount.—More backstage melodrama, but different and real this time. Hal Skelly is a restrained *Pagliacci* and Fay Wray and Kay Francis are good. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**BIG NEWS**—Pathe.—Another, and obvious, story of an unhappy young reporter, with pleasing work by Bob Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**BIG REVUE, THE**—All-Star.—All-singing and toddling juvenile extravaganza featuring the so-called Ethel Meglin Wonder kids. If you like to hear ten-year-olds singing about moonlight madness you'll like this. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **BIG TIME**—Fox.—This is closer than a brother to "Burlesque," but it's darned good. Dialogue is bright and Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke make the story convincing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**BLACK MAGIC**—Fox.—Another priceless title gone wrong. South Sea life—and very dull, too. Sound. (Oct.)

★ **BLACKMAIL**—Sono Art.—World Wide.—A few like this excellent phonoplay will put British producers among the leaders in the talkie race. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**BLACK WATCH, THE**—Fox.—Extravagant melodrama of India, which just misses being one of the best. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **BROADWAY**—Universal.—The original and best night club melodrama. In spite of its grandiose settings, the story will get you. And some good acting. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**BROADWAY BABIES**—First National.—Alice White as a chorus cutie at her best to date. Fred Kohler steals it as a big beer and booze man from Detroit. All Talkie. (Sept.)

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

**CALL OF THE CIRCUS, THE**—Pickwick Prod.—Worth seeing because it proves that Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton can still act. Otherwise nil. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**CAMPUS KNIGHTS**—Chesterfield.—Life in a fashionable boarding-school—as it isn't. Don't waste your money. Silent. (Aug.)

**CAREERS**—First National.—More intrigue and scandal in a white colony in Asia. Pretty good. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**CHARMING SINNERS**—Paramount.—Well acted and intelligent drama. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**CHASING RAINBOWS**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Road Show.") Another one. Bessie Love *Pagliacches* over Charlie King as in "Broadway Melody." Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and Jack Benny are funny, but even so it's just another—oh, you say? All Talkie. (Jan.)

**CHASING THROUGH EUROPE**—Fox.—Sue Stuart and Nick Carol (our error) seeing Europe with lipstick and camera. Sound. (Oct.)

**CLEAN-UP, THE**—Excellent.—A noble newspaper fellow cleans up the bootleggers. Not bad. Silent. (Aug.)

**CLIMAX, THE**—Universal.—Jean Hersholt good as an old maestro in a picture of music, love and music lovers. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **COCK EYED WORLD, THE**—Fox.—Further disagreements of Sergeants Eddie Lowe Quirt and Vic McLaglen Flagg, with Lily Damita the chief trouble-maker. Highly seasoned. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**COCOANUTS, THE**—Paramount.—Filmed version of the Marx Brothers' musical show. Some hilarious moments. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**CONSTANT NYMPH, THE**—Gainsborough.—English production of a fine novel, told with taste and intelligence but badly photographed. Silent. (Aug.)

★ **DANCE OF LIFE, THE**—Paramount.—Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll in an all-talkie made from the famous backstage play, "Burlesque." Grand. (Sept.)

★ **DANGEROUS CURVES**—Paramount.—Clara Bow in tights in a love story of a small circus. Richard Arlen does well. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**DARK SKIES**—Biltmore.—Old time yarn of "East Lynne" vintage. Terrible. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**DARK STREETS**—First National.—One of the first dual rôles in the talkies. Jack Mulhall plays an honest cop and his gangster twin and Lila Lee is his (their?) gal. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DARKENED ROOMS**—Paramount.—Unimportant little comedy-drama with an O. Henry twist. Neil Hamilton scores but Evelyn Brent is again sacrificed to an unworthy vehicle. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN**—All Star.—Nicely done Chinese picture, with Lady Tsen Mai, prominent in "The Letter," in lead. Silent. (Sept.)

**DELIGHTFUL ROGUE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rod LaRocque gives such a superb performance as a villainous pirate that the heroine marries him instead of the hero! All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **DISRAELI**—Warners.—Introducing George Arliss to the audible screen in one of his most brilliant characterizations. He's grand. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE**—World Wide.—Just forget this was ever made. That's what its producers would probably like to do. Silent. (Dec.)

★ **DRAG**—First National.—Dick Barthelme shines in a quiet domestic story, with Lila Lee a sensation in the film. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**DRAKE CASE, THE**—Universal.—Tense murder melodrama. Noteworthy chiefly for the late Gladys Brockwell's fine performance in the leading rôle. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **DYNAMITE**—M-G-M.—Stark drama, full of suspense, bringing to the screen two splendid players, Charles Bickford and Kay Johnson. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**EMBARRASSING MOMENTS**—Universal.—Reginald Denny in a farce that manages to amuse in spite of its hoary plot. All Talkie. (Sept.)

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

★ **EVANGELINE**—United Artists.—Beautiful and touching film version of one of America's best-loved poems. Worth your while. Sound. (Aug.)

**EVIDENCE**—Warners.—Bewhiskered drammer of circumstantial evidence in the divorced courts. But Pauline Frederick is swell and so is the rest of the cast. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**FALL OF EVE, THE**—Columbia.—Rowdy farce of the buyer who comes to the big town to make whoopee. Ford Sterling, Patsy Ruth Miller. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**FAR CALL, THE**—Fox.—Piracy in the Bering Sea. Plenty of action for your money. Sound. (Aug.)

★ **FARO NELL**—Paramount-Christie.—A reviewer's dream of what a two-reel talking comedy should be and usually isn't. Gorgeously acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller with Louise Fazenda in long yellow curls. All Talkie. (Dec.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130 ]

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Trespasser"

"Rio Rita"

"Sunny Side Up"

"The Taming of the Shrew"

"Condemned"

"The Virginian"

"Paris"

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.

**COLLEGE COQUETTE, THE**—Columbia.—Another picture of college life as it ain't. There ought to be a law. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**COLLEGE LOVE**—Universal.—"The Collegians" elaborated and improved. Lots of fun. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **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. All Talkie. (Jan.)



WILLIAM FOX presents

- |                  |                         |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| Janet Gaynor     | Dixie Lee               |
| Charles Farrell  | Sharon Lynn             |
| Warner Baxter    | George MacFarlane       |
| Victor McLaglen  | J. Harold Murray        |
| Edmund Lowe      | George Olsen            |
| Will Rogers      | Paul Page               |
| Frank Albertson  | Tom Patricola           |
| El Brendel       | Ann Pennington          |
| Walter Catlett   | Frank Richardson        |
| William Collier  | David Rollins           |
| James J. Corbett | "Whispering" Jack Smith |
| Richard Keene    | Marjorie White          |

and 76 other outstanding stage and screen stars in this all talking, singing, dancing MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

The Brightest Stars  
 of Broadway & Hollywood  
 Entertain You  
 IN  
**HAPPY DAYS**

Story by Sidney Lanfield Dialog by Edwin Burke

Staged by Walter Catlett

Directed by BENJAMIN STOLOFF

One hundred of the most scintillating personalities of stage and screen contribute their talents to this all-star, all-talking, singing, dancing musical extravaganza! The most colorful, tuneful, tantalizing show the stage or screen has ever known!

Coming soon to your favorite theater—don't miss this

**FOX MOVIE TONE**

# Brickbats & Bouquets



YOU FANS  
ARE THE  
REAL  
CRITICS

*Give Us Your Views*

*\$25, \$10 and \$5  
Monthly for the Best Letters*

This is your department. Come right in, hang up your hat and pat or spat the players. Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, and don't spank too hard, because we want to be helpful when we can. Limit your letters to 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and address attached, don't write. All anonymous letters go straight into the wicker. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come in—you're always welcome!

## For Better Timing The \$5 Letter

Crockett, Calif.  
I have a suggestion to make, with which I think you will find others agreeing. In the filming of a "talkie" comedy why not let a short time elapse before pulling one "wise-crack" right after a preceding one?

While enjoying Will Rogers in "They Had To See Paris," I was torn between two emotions. One, to laugh heartily with the rest of the audience at the bright and comic repartee, and the other to strangle all those who laughed (long and loud) because I could not hear the next remark, which I knew to be another clever one.

How about doing a little quick, silent acting between the real clever "gags," thus allowing us time to get them all, and really enjoy our laughs too?

CATHERINE DOLLARD.

## A Nation of Gangsters

Glasgow, E. I.  
Please, Mr. Film Star, learn to speak proper English; don't give us that nasal twang which sounds so much like catarrh.

We in Britain depend on America to give us the world's best films. In the past we have been given the best—we want good talkies.

By "good English" we do not mean the "Yaas rawther, hy jove don't cher know" of the music halls; we simply ask for the English of an educated New Yorker or Londoner.

Some of my American friends were quite surprised when they found that although I am a Scot I do not say "Hoots awa mon" with every breath; likewise the usual Scot's opinion of the American is that he continually drinks "hootch," packs a "gat," and talks like a Bowery tough. Some of us know otherwise, but I maintain that the talkies tend to convey that impression.

JAMES A. AITKEN.

## Get up on a New Routine!

Berkeley, Calif.  
Let me issue a warning to those that have built up a great admiration for some particular star or near-star. The warning is this: Don't listen to any of the radio broadcasts of the première showings in Los Angeles and Hollywood! If you do, your favorite will step up to the microphone and stupidly greet you with a "Hello, everybody," and so will the majority of the following ones. They know that when they attend a première, which is quite a gala event in Los Angeles, that they will be called upon to speak to "Their Dear Public" but they seem unable to create any originality whatever.

Why they do not hire "gag-men" for these occasions is not understood, but unless they improve, their box-office attraction is going to take an awful fall. It is fortunate for the audiences that we are supplied with "dialogue" from outside sources and are not dependent upon the actor, on the screen.

PAT. SUBLETT.  
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]

## The "Playback"

IT occurs to the editor of this department that he is very much like the "mixer" on a sound stage—your voices pour in to him every day and each month he gives you the playback on this page.

A sizable floral tribute this month from our friends in other lands. England, France, Germany, Brazil, the Philippines, Norway—all speak up for American films and film stars. Some, of course, are a little dubious about the talkies; others say they are finding the phonoplay an excellent instructor in English.

The home folks are still stampeding for the old regulars—Garbo, Bow, Crawford, Colman, Rogers and Asther, in the order named. Ruth Chatterton holds on to her newly-won place close to the top of the list, and Al Jolson gives Ronald and Buddy a run for their money. But the dark horse this month is an old friend—Gloria Swanson! Since "The Trespasser" a flood of letters hailing Gloria's grand comeback has poured in.

For some reason or other there was a "Broadway Melody" revival this month. Fans had more to say about it than about any never phonoplay. "Bulldog Drummond," "Madame X," and "The Singing Fool" rated next. "The Lady Lies" came in for a round of applause.

Crawford fans sent in brickbats by the Mack-truck-load because of Frances Hughes' story on Joan and Doug in which she spoke of the fine influence the junior Fairbanks has had on his young bride. According to Joan's admirers it is high treason to imply that she ever needed an uplifting influence.

## Prefers It Canned The \$25 Letter

Minneapolis, Minn.

Now we have the greatest comedy ever "produced" by synchronized pictures! You'll never see it on any screen, but it's a howl.

Authorship credited to the American Federation of Musicians. Maybe you've read it? All this ga-ga about the "cultural menace" of "canned music." And that sidesplitting infer-

ence that in "human" music days picture accompaniment was "well done by the hands and hearts of gifted humans."

Oh, yeah? Lethargically playing about twelve hundred feet of a feature—leaving it flat to resume the pinochle game back stage—reluctantly returning for another short session—out again to more important pursuits.

Personally I'll take "Robot's" music ALL THROUGH my pictures, at least being assured of even quality at each performance, in preference to indifferent, stop-watch sessions by half-hearted calamity howlers.

Edison was as unpopular with candle dippers as sound devices are with fiddle scrapers, but I'm afraid they'll never sell theater-goers their flickering old part-time lantern in place of the untiring, even brilliance of today's method.

The louder and funnier these fellows get the more they remind me of a doddering old Shakespearean actor who never knew his cues, trying to drown out the public favor of a Jolson.

Pathetic that their cantankerous cow of constant discontent kicked over their lantern of "spiritual contact," burning down their cherished barn of protected mediocrity.

FRANK M. WOOLEN.

## We Hate to Think The \$10 Letter

State Park, S. C.

Many complaints about high prices of admission that modern motion picture houses charge have been voiced recently. Some fans recall the good old days when the average price of admission was a thin dime, or little more.

Productions of today and those of pioneer days are incomparable. The first productions usually cost only a few hundred dollars each, seldom over a thousand. Today, it is utterly impossible to make a decent picture for any such sum. Gigantic figures replace the old ones. It is not uncommon for a single picture to cost a million dollars, or even more! Can one reasonably expect to see a picture like this without an increase in price of admission?

Furthermore, if prices of admission had increased in proportion to the increase in production costs, we would pay many dollars to witness a single movie. Figure for yourself on this scale.

If we paid ten cents admission for a thousand dollar picture what would we pay to see a million dollar picture?  
E. C. FURTICK.





*Something to it*  
There's something to a  
dentifrice that wins lead-  
ership in 4 years. Listerine  
Tooth Paste, 25¢.

## How office workers avoid colds and sore throat

**A**MONG office workers, colds and sore throat are responsible for more ill-health, lay-offs and cuts in pay, than all other diseases combined.

That such workers are thus singled out, is probably due to the fact that living sedentary lives, they are unable to throw off infections to which they are exposed in offices and crowded street cars.

One of your best aids in warding off colds and sore throat is full strength Listerine used systematically as a gargle. And once these ailments have started, Listerine is often effective in checking them. You simply increase the frequency of the gargle.

Recall that colds, sore throat and similar infections

*and the financial loss they cause*



*Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.*



*Prevent a cold Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal, destroys the germs ever-present on them.*

are caused by germs and that Listerine, used full strength, kills germs in 15 seconds.

Even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) (official test germs of the U. S. Government) succumb to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000. Yet Listerine is absolutely harmless when used full strength. Actually, its effect on the mucous membrane is cleansing and healing.

Because of Listerine's extreme safety and marked germicidal power, it has for 50 years been prescribed by physicians, and has the endorsement of the London Lancet, the world's foremost medical journal. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

# Gargle with LISTERINE the safe antiseptic

*Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds*

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage

# What type of girl is "glorified" today?

JOAN CRAWFORD  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ON THE STREET, out for a stroll—the most stylish and chic women are the pictures of health. There is confidence in their carriage, grace in their movements. Yes, there is the suggestion of slimness about them, but one would never think of calling them thin. "Rounded slimness"—that describes them. They set the fashions.

Today it is fashionable to be healthy. Never was there a more sensible fashion. For with health comes true beauty and true happiness.

Nothing is more important to health than wise eating. The gay parties with their soft, sweet foods; the numerous days of "dieting to reduce"; the quickly eaten meals of today—are nearly all lacking in roughage—one important element that means so much.

Without adequate bulk or roughage in the diet, improper elimination usually occurs. It, more than any other one thing, is responsible for lack of health, for premature aging, for the backaches, listlessness and other common ills that take away the joy of living.

Yet this trouble is so easy to relieve—and prevent. One delightful food product is guaranteed. It is Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

You can eat it in many delicious ways. As a cereal, eat it with milk, with fruits or honey. In orange or other fruit juices. Sprinkled over salads—in soups—or cooked in bread, muffins, etc.



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN contains an abundance of iron, the blood builder. It gives color to the complexion, makes lips red and eyes sparkle. It is a health essential!

Isn't this much better than taking pills or drugs that may undermine the health? Avoid habit-forming cathartics that do not provide permanent relief!

Make Kellogg's ALL-BRAN a part of your daily diet. It is the safest and best way to be sure of getting the correct amount of roughage to keep healthy. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a vital addition to any reducing diet. Thousands of physicians know its benefit and recommend it to their patients for diet and health. 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-2, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet  
"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Hollywood Hash



When Lucile Webster Gleason cooks hash, or her equally famous spaghetti, she doesn't have to urge people to come and eat it

**L**UCILE WEBSTER, wife of James Gleason and mother of Russell, recently invited the companies with which her husband and son were working to join in a hash and spaghetti feast, served out-of-doors. Mrs. Gleason is standing in the background, next to Harry Richman. On Mr. Richman's right are Jimmy and Russell, the other members of the talented Gleason trio. You will recognize William Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian in the foreground.

Here are the two famous recipes. I know you will like them as much as Hollywood does.

Mrs. Gleason always has to plan for a crowd, and she measures her ingredients accordingly. The housekeeper can reduce these quantities to suit the number of people she intends to serve.

## Hash

**U**SE 5 pounds of hash meat (hamburger steak makes tasty hash.)

Sauté it in one tablespoon of fat to get it started. Then remove from frying pan and put into roasting pan.

With the fat that remains in frying pan, brown a tablespoon of flour and add to it one chopped onion. Let fry slowly, adding one cup of water or stock. Then add to the meat in roasting pan, with one or two pieces of chopped garlic to give it flavor. Let this cook slowly, about one hour, stirring frequently.

Add one-half amount diced rawpotatoes. Salt and pepper to taste. Cook slowly another hour. Then add chopped parsley and green pepper. Leave the pan uncovered for the last twenty minutes of cooking.

## Spaghetti

**U**SE 2 pounds of spaghetti. Boil until thoroughly cooked.

*Sauce.* Use a two-pound can of tomatoes. Add the strained tomatoes to 2 tablespoons of olive oil. Add a piece of garlic. Let mixture stew with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water.

Season with salt, paprika, and a dash of cayenne. Cut up one small green pepper and add to sauce.

Pour in spaghetti and grated cheese, mix well, and put in oven with slow fire for one-half hour.

With a meal of this type, the salad and dessert should be simple and light. Crisp lettuce, with French dressing, is a good salad choice.

Fruit, raw or stewed, makes a satisfactory dessert. Or you can serve a water ice, with sponge cake or plain cookies. This is Carmel Myers' recipe for

## Orange Ice

1 pint water

1 cup sugar

2 teaspoons gelatine

2 egg whites

2 oranges

1 lemon

Boil the water and sugar together ten minutes. Add gelatine which has been softened with two tablespoons of cold water. Allow mixture to cool on ice. Add beaten whites of eggs, the grated orange rind, the juice of the orange and of the lemon. Freeze in ice cream freezer.

**I**F you are not satisfied with your recipe for French dressing, try this one:

1 tablespoon lemon juice

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt

$\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon pepper

3 tablespoons olive oil

Rub mixing bowl with garlic. Mix lemon juice, salt, pepper; add oil, beating constantly.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

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.

1890 *d and r* 1930

# DAGGETT *a n d* RAMSDELL

## CELEBRATE THEIR FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WITH NEW PACKAGES



**S**WEET decorum happily combined with the daring gallantry of the war and post war days . . . the mauve decade gone dahlia so to speak . . . that's the debutante of 1930. A throwback if you will to the *quality* of your grandmother's young days but with a spirit of your own, too, that has never been matched in any age.

For you, the famous family of Daggett and Ramsdell cosmetics has been re-packaged in enchanting new containers. Crystal and silver bottles . . . porcelain and silver jars . . . all charmingly monogrammed . . . all decorative enough to set out on your ancestral Duncan Phyfe dressing table . . . all containing exactly the right beauty aids for complete care of the skin throughout your busy life.

### *How to use them*

*First:* Apply Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cleansing Cream liberally. It liquefies instantly. Cleanses quickly. Wipe off with tissues.

*Second:* Apply Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and massage gently but thoroughly. Brings new life to the tissues. Stimulates the circulation. Wipe off with tissues.

*Third:* Wet pad with Vivatone and slap the face sharply with it to close pores, invigorate the skin and remove surplus cream.

*Fourth:* Apply a whisk of Perfect Vanishing Cream before your make-up. Result: Youth! Freshness! Beauty!

For headaches and tired nerves, a gentle application of Ha-Kol (Headache Cologne). Quick, harmless, safe—used for years by physicians and the public.

All Daggett and Ramsdell Products in their new modern dress are on sale in the same drug and department stores where you are accustomed to buy.



*The girl who inspired them*

In the gay nineties the center of fashion whirled around the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 34th Street in New York. And thereby hangs one of the most romantic tales in all American business history.

For opposite this hotel was a little apothecary shop. And over that shop hung the name Daggett and Ramsdell. And within that shop, fashionable customers were to be seen daily, making their purchases of this and that. And behind the counter in that shop was a very clever man who had both knowledge and imagination. And as he watched the continuous parade of beauty . . . slender figures wrapped in velvet, dainty fingers concealed in mink muffs, sweet delicate faces blooming like roses under gorgeous ostrich plumes . . . he thought, "Something must be done to preserve all this fair beauty against the inroads of late hours, rich foods and wines, excitement and pleasures."

And so he set to work and evolved a face cream . . . a new kind of face cream that was better than any home-made creation ever concocted from the old recipe books . . . that could actually be put in jars and marketed far and wide so that the fashionables of other cities, and indeed, other lands, could enjoy its benefits. And so Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream was born. Mr. V. Chapin Daggett himself invented the formula . . . with his own hands he made the first quantity . . . with his own hands he wrapped up the jars and sold them to his customers. For

*The man who  
Created  
these  
Creams and Lotions*



V. Chapin Daggett, founder

no sooner had Perfect Cold Cream appeared on the counter of that little old apothecary shop, than the news flew like wild fire among his customers. "Here," they said, "is just what we have longed for." And so it was not long before the whole fashionable world was using and praising the new cream. Queens of fashion and Princesses Royal of the theatre flocked to buy. And that is how Perfect Cold Cream is today a tradition in smart households and in the theatre, passed on from grandmother to daughter to granddaughter. Once the best and still the best!

We've saved till last, the best part of this story. There is a perfectly charming new introductory package of the Daggett and Ramsdell products, all in

*The Debutante Kit*



*The girl who now uses them*

their 1930 dress. Perfect Cold Cream, Perfect Vanishing Cream, Perfect Cleansing Cream in regular sizes—not samples. A special bottle of Vivatone, too; absorbent tissues and cotton; and a practical new beauty book with all sorts of important information in it. A complete beauty outfit called the *Debutante Kit*. You've never seen anything like it, for the money. If you want one, send 50c. to Daggett and Ramsdell, 2 Park Avenue, New York. These kits cannot be bought in the stores as we are making a special offer direct to you to celebrate our fortieth anniversary. This is a real bargain. Do send for it. It makes a marvelous week-end or traveling package; you can keep one in club locker or desk. There's enough of each product in the Kit to give yourself several complete facials. Mail the coupon at once for our supply of these new Debutante Kits won't last forever! Act now.

*Special Offer — 50 CENTS*

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL**  
Dept. G-2

*Two Park Ave., New York*  
Enclosed find 50 cents for Daggett and Ramsdell's Debutante Kit.

Name -----

Street -----

City ----- State -----



It takes more than a desire for "dates" to make a girl popular. She has to meet her opportunities half-way. Sometimes she has to create them

## Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck on Girls' Problems

**T**HIS discussion will not interest the popular girl who is at home with any group of people and who can adapt herself to almost any situation. It's for girls like Rita G, part of whose letter to me I am going to quote:

"Why don't people, especially boys, seek me out as they do other girls? I'm considered nice-looking. I know what is going on in the world and can talk as well as the average girl about it. I dress attractively and am pleasant to people, and I don't think I have halitosis or B. O. But what is the matter with me?"

If ever there was a time when opportunities, social or professional, sought people out and pulled them from their corners, I am sure it is long past.

There are the over-sensitive girls who refuse to believe one kind or flattering thing about themselves. They think they are doomed to be unnoticed and unhappy, and they shrink timidly into the shadows. They need to be shown their own talents and possibilities.

But, contrary to general belief, it isn't a too-modest estimate of self that keeps most people in the corner, waiting to be dragged out. My correspondence and personal contacts with people of various types have proved to me that one of the great causes of general unpopularity and consequent unhappiness among young people is the mistaken idea that social opportunities will seek out the individual.

Like Rita, they know they have the physical and mental requirements for their share of popularity, and they don't understand why they have to wait so long for friends to come to them, and for the pleasant flutter of invitations and engagements.

I'm not going to tell Rita she will have to transform herself into a "go-getter." The popular girl is not necessarily the one who stands out in every group for her liveliness—and often for her loudness.

If Rita is the quiet type, she will have to be

satisfied, and she probably will be, with the quiet sort of fun and the modest measure of popularity for which she is fitted by disposition. If she wants to be outstandingly popular and outstandingly the life of the party, she'll have to change her type.

### Come Out of The Corner

**P**OPULARITY is like a flower that opens to the sunlight. If you stay back in the shadows the flower will not bloom. I hope this discussion will help the many girls who have written me about this problem.

Letters from readers asking advice are welcomed and will be answered promptly. I ask only that you comply with the following:

If you wish a personal reply, or if you request my free booklet on safe and sane reducing, or my complexion leaflet, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If you want your answer to appear in the magazine, remember that it may take a few months, as space is limited.

Your communications will be held in strict confidence, but I cannot answer letters that are not clearly signed with your full name.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

What a wonderful thing it would be if every hostess had a circular room in which to entertain—a room without corners or convenient niches for self-effacing people. Her most difficult problem is not the guest who joins the group, says little, but acts interested. It is the girl who sits back in a corner and wears an unhappy and discontented expression. As far as that girl is concerned, the hostess knows her party is not a success.

If you want to be included in a group of people who like the theater and who discuss stage and screen personalities, new dramatic trends and experiments, it's up to you to develop similar interests. If they spend their summers at the beach or on the golf course, you must act accordingly. You don't have to do everything the crowd does nor echo all their likes and dislikes. But you're a handicap to them if you're not interested in most of the things they talk about and do.

**T**O put it in the fewest words, you have to be companionable to people if you want to attract them to you. If you prefer to be thought "different" and "exclusive," that's your own affair. But don't complain then if others forget you when they are making up invitation lists. And you must not feel hurt if the boy you most admire asks some other girl to the affair you are so eager to attend.

Each of us wants companionship. Men and women aren't very different when it comes to that. Some boys like jolly, lively girls; some like the quiet types who are responsive to their moods and just as satisfied to sit at home and talk as to go out and dance. And a few boys are attracted to the sort of girl described above—the girl who prides herself on being different from all the rest, and who surveys the world with a patronizing air—but only providing she doesn't try patronizing them.

Sometimes I think that in their mad desire to be popular, girls are too much interested in making themselves over into the type they

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 ]

# New Magic in Make-Up

For Every Woman

What Hollywood's Screen Stars Know About the Magic Beauty Power of Make-Up, Now Revealed by Max Factor, Filmland's Make-Up Genius.

Discover How You Can Double Your Beauty With this Priceless Secret. See Coupon.



Marion Davies  
In  
"Marianne"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture Make-Up by MAX FACTOR

Marion Davies, whose beauty and vivacious personality have held you entranced, will be even more fascinating than ever in her new, all talking picture, "Marianne."

Marion Davies, who would never even think of using any but Max Factor's Make-Up says in a note to Max Factor:

"In the make-up ensemble, as in the costume ensemble, each essential must be in color harmony to create a becoming effect...and this I believe, is the beauty secret of your Society Make-Up."

WOULD you like to know how to gain a radiant beauty more alluring than the fascinating vision of your fondest dreams?

Would you like to know how to give to your cheeks a complexion color that rivals the blush of a rose?

Would you like to know how to give to your eyes a luminous sparkle; how to accentuate their size and surround them with the shadow of mystery?

Would you like to know how to give to your lips the irresistible warm red of life and love?

And would you like to know how to harmonize each make-up essential . . . your powder, your rouge, your lipstick and other requisites . . . into a rarely beautiful ensemble of color harmony, blending with your complexion as perfectly as though Nature had again taken the artist's brush to create a masterpiece, in your own likeness, of beauty, of charm, and of personality.

This you may know, and more . . . for Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up, will unfold to you the magic of make-up as it is known to Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Laura La Plante, and the host of screen stars in Hollywood.

Max Factor will create just for you, a make-up in color harmony . . . for this is Hollywood's beauty secret. Under blazing motion picture lights, Max Factor discovered this secret of beauty in make-up . . . and he originated colors in powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials

to blend in color harmony with every complexion coloring. Pronounced perfect by stars and studios alike, Max Factor's make-up is insurance of faultless beauty in the feature pictures you see.

Likewise, in Max Factor's Society Make-Up, based on the same revolutionary principle of cosmetic color harmony, you will find, as have the screen stars, a magic beauty power in every-day make-up.

Let this new way to instant beauty be unfolded to you by the creator of make-up for famous screen stars. Accept this priceless beauty gift . . . your own complexion analysis, your own make-up color harmony chart and a copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". Please fill in coupon and mail.



Marion Davies approves the lovely natural color imparted by Max Factor's rouge!

## MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

Note:—96% of all make-up used by the Hollywood stars and Motion Picture Studios is Max Factor's. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics.)

**MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS**  
Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-2-20

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		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow		Age
Olive		Answer in spaces with check mark

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_

# KEEP YOUR SKIN FINE IN TEXTURE— DON'T LET ITS PORES GET COARSE!

**A** LOVELY, smooth, fine-textured skin—you can have it, keep it all your life, with the right care!

If the texture of your skin seems to be growing coarser—the pores enlarged—begin, today, to change this condition. Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new skin takes its place. This daily rebuilding of your skin is your opportunity. With the right care, you can make the new skin what you want it to be!

You can help to overcome conspicuous pores by using, every night, the famous Woodbury treatment for *fine texture*—a treatment worked out by a famous skin specialist.

● **DIP YOUR WASH CLOTH** in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now, take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in the water and run the *cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the face feels drawn and dry. Rinse thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft face towel.



*Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new skin takes its place. Begin, today, to make this new skin fine, smooth, flawless . . .*



*You can feel this soap shrinking the pores—cleaning deeply—the first time you use it*

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. This means that your skin is responding to a more stimulating and vitalizing treatment than it has been accustomed to. After a few nights the drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly bath deliciously smooth and invigorated.

Use the treatment persistently and see how exquisitely fine and smooth it will help to make the texture.

This is only one of the Woodbury treatments—the most famous skin treatments in the world—with which literally millions of women have built up a smooth, clear, flawless skin. Begin using Woodbury's today and learn what this wonderful soap will do for your skin—

how brilliantly fresh and smooth it will keep it; how free from any kind of skin defect. 25 cents a cake at any drug store or toilet-goods counter. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

### ● Send for the large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2203 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O.  
For the enclosed 10¢ — please send me large-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

© 1930, The A. J. Co.





Spurr

**T**HE everlasting sunshine of Universal City—Laura La Plante, whose blonde beauty has been reinforced by a talkie voice which never quakes and quails at the approach of a snarling microphone. Following her grandest rôle—*Magnolia*, in "Showboat"—Laura is appearing in a succession of smart phonoplays

Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1, 1904. She is five feet, two inches tall; weighs 112 pounds and has blonde hair and gray eyes. She is married to Director William A. Seiter



Fryer

Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Tex., in 1896. She is five feet, three inches tall; weighs 120 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. She is the wife of Walter Morosco

WE don't know the dog's name, we suspect that the ocean is the Pacific, but we are certain that the beautiful and curvaceous lady silhouetted against the sea and sky is Corinne Griffith. The perennial orchid, here, is resting at her Malibu Beach home before starting on her next talking film, "Back Pay"



Richee

**T**HE Perfect Figure of 1930. We hear the stooped gentleman on the left remark that it would be good for almost any year, but let it pass! We repeat, The 1930 Figure, the possession of Miss Virginia Bruce, a young lady of no uncertain charms who is one of the chief adornments of Paramount Pictures

Virginia Bruce is a newcomer to pictures, having recently been signed to a Paramount contract. She came to Hollywood from Fargo, N. D., with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Briggs, of that city



Brown

Born in New York City, May 1, 1905. She is five feet, five inches tall; weighs 118, and has blonde hair and gray eyes. The daughter of John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, famous vaudeville team

SHIP ahoy, land ho, and avast heaving! Miss Leila Hyams, one of Hollywood's most stupendous blondes, gotten up like a character from "Pinafore," is busy getting her bearings with a modern sextant, or bearings-getter. A girl like Leila should have no trouble getting her bearings—or anything else



Richee

**H**OT from Broadway came little Helen Kane—dimples, contours, pouts, baby voice and great big, begging eyes. So successful were her dimples, etc., that in four months she had worked in three talking and singing pictures for Paramount, the latest being "Pointed Heels." Now she "boopa-doops" for joy!

Helen Kane was born in the Bronx, New York City, on August 4, ??? She is five feet, two inches tall; weighs 119 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. Helen's real name is Schroeder



Hommel

Jack Oakie was born in Sedalia, Mo., Nov. 12, 1903. He is five feet, ten inches tall; weighs 150 pounds, and has sandy hair and blue eyes. His real name is Lewis Delaney Offield

**F**OUR years ago he was a grinning, kidding chorus boy in a Broadway revue. Today he is the comedy sensation of pictures, and his bosses hurl him into new talkies as fast as he can roller skate from stage to stage. It is—must we add?—Jack Oakie, whose every appearance, these days, gets a big hand

# THE GOSSARD Line of Beauty



The Modern Atalanta  
Goes Feminine!!

She must have the lovely, womanly curves of the athletic Atalanta of antiquity. The smart belted sports frock crisply outlines the natural feminine figure, while the dainty Gossard combination of satin tricot (with detachable shoulder straps and garters) snugs the figure to perfection....*Model 4877*

Frock-Courtesy  
Blackstone Shop-Chicago

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO. Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires  
Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.



"OUT WEST we are proud of keeping house in modern fashion," Mrs. H. S. Christensen, of San Francisco, confided. "I use Lux for dishes . . . Harry says my hands are as pretty as on our wedding day!"



DOWN SOUTH, charming Mrs. Daniel McNeil, of Jacksonville, exclaimed—"I just naturally wouldn't trust my hands to ordinary soaps. Using Lux for dishes has kept my hands dainty as when I was married 6 years ago."

"Hands . . .  
lovely as on our  
Wedding Day . .  
thanks to LUX  
in the dishpan,"  
.. say these young wives



FROM THE NORTH: Mrs. Charles S. Salmon, of Chicago, said—"Thanks to Lux in the dishpan, my hands are always smooth and soft—and I've been married nearly 7 years!"

"I HAVE been married more than ten years, and have done all my own work, yet my hands look as nice as they did on my wedding day, thanks to Lux," writes Mrs. L. A. Herbers, St. Louis.

"Old-fashioned soaps do leave the hands reddened and roughened. But there's no excuse now for 'dishpan' hands, with Lux so easy to use and so lovely on the hands."

#### Young Wives Everywhere

Modern young homemakers themselves discovered this secret of keeping hands delicately white and smooth—femininely appealing. They first noticed how nice their hands looked after Luxing their fine things . . . then began using Lux for dishes, too!

And delightfully found that even *one* dish-washing with Lux leaves hands lovelier!

Of nearly 2,000 young wives in 11 large



cities, 96 out of every 100 are keeping hands as young and dainty as when they were married, by using Lux. For dishes and the many other soap and water tasks about the house!

And among thousands of wives who have kept house for years, 8 out of 10 are using Lux! We talked to women in representative homes all over the coun-



try. Universally they say—"We love Lux, because it leaves our hands so smooth and white, so beautifully cared for."

As 305 famous beauty shops put it: "Lux gives the hands actual *beauty care*—keeps them smooth and white as the hands of leisure."

Yet this gentle beauty care costs almost nothing. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day! A tiny price for lovely hands!

*Lux has helped millions of wives to have hands lovely as a bride's . . . for less than 1¢ a day.*



February, 1930

The National Guide  
to Motion Pictures

[TRADE MARK]

# PHOTOPLAY

**T**HROUGHOUT this country thousands of nice middle-aged ladies, a few of them mothers, are worrying their dear heads off about the effect of pictures on the coming generation, as they call us.

So they bother themselves and take up the time they might be devoting to setting the house aright by selecting films that the precious little darlings **SHOULD** see, automatically banning the ones the little wretches **WANT** to see.

For many years I have wondered about the futility of the efforts of these well meaning ladies, the economic waste of their time, and the helplessness of their youthful and resentful victims.

**R**OB WAGNER, who runs a delightful little paper called "Rob Wagner's Script" out in Beverly Hills, has come forth as the champion of this oppressed class of junior citizenry.

He says the trouble with these volunteer busybodies is that they have such short memories.

"None of them recognize the proven fact that the child mind is unlike the adult's. The change comes with adolescence. Before that physical period the child is without shame, self-consciousness or any serious moral inhibitions. He likes cataclysm and tumult, noise and things that go 'boom'! When George Arliss contemplated suicide from a ten-story window in a certain picture the kids cheered. There was a grand splash imminent. Children have no interest in sex, social problems or emotionalism, and to expect them to react to these things in motion pictures is simple applesauce. 'IT' is so much hooey to the kids."

**H**OW about us kids getting up a revolution or strike or a Boston Tea Party, something of that sort, and organizing a national demonstration some Saturday afternoon, when they take our dime and

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By  
JAMES R. QUIRK



make us sit through some sappy picture?

How about giving us representation on those fool selection committees? Or better still, how about letting us alone?

If any of you fellers want to start a Cinemo-Liberty League, I'm sure Rob Wagner will string along with you and so will I.

Applying a match to this revolt, I suggest you get the gang together and walk out on the next bum picture they try to shove in your eyes and ears. Let's go!

**T**HIS one is not so far fetched as you might imagine.

The story goes that three executives, the scenario writer and the director sat in heavy conference. "Now what we need for this character is somebody like Kate Price," said the scenario writer.

"Well, there's Marie Dressler," said the first high executive.

"She's working. Can't get her."

"Well, there's Polly Moran."

"Too much of a comedy type. Somebody like Kate Price could give it a little pathos."

**T**HEY called the casting office. Several suggestions were made. None of them was exactly right. The weeks dragged on. The star was cast. The leading man's rôle was filled. All the troupers were assembled except the one character part. Another conference was called.

"Now what are we going to do about this part?" said the second chief high executive.

Everybody suggested names, but none was exactly right.

At last the director burst out, "Why not use Kate Price?"

"Excellent idea!" shouted the chorus.

- Kate Price was chosen for the part.

LEAVE it to Pola Negri. There is one girl you can always rely on to see that little events of life are properly dramatized.

The latest is easily her best effort.

After all these newspaper interviews in which she said she was through with her Prince, and it was generally understood that he was to marry Mary McCormic, the operatic prima donna, Pola works out her biggest scene since Valentino's funeral right in the courtroom where the judge is whittling out the divorce for them.

It seems that the Prince was re-overwhelmed with love when he saw Pola looking so sad in the divorce court and promptly fell for her again.

This is again the great passion, the great love of her life. Heigh-ho!

And how about Miss McCormic? Now I ask you, Sergie, is that any way to leave a lady waiting at the church? And doesn't this make Pola a sort of an Indian giver?

WE have had golf widows, poker widows, grass widows, a dozen or more kinds of bereaved ladies. Recently in New York a doctor's wife went into court and asked for a separation and alimony because her husband was a movie fan.

She got so she hated the sight of a motion picture billboard, and the climax came when the erring spouse set up a projection machine in their apartment and ran comedy after comedy for his ribald fan friends, filling the home with raucous laughter and merry-making.

That started the battle.

But when he got so nutty on the subject that he insisted on displaying the movies on the wall of their bedroom and made her stay awake and look at them she quit cold and called up the lawyer.

She could have called up the keeper of the booby hatch.

HAVE you ever heard of The National Institute of Living Arts?

Neither have I since the *New York World* carried quite a piece last July about what was going to happen to the movies when this gang of art lovers got under way.

One Dr. Gustav Van Roosbroech was to be the daddy of this special outfit, and he was quoted as saying that we Americans were a dumb lot who should be taken in hand and directed toward a higher appreciation of aesthetic values.

These babies were going to lift our brows at least a couple of inches.

I haven't heard from them since that first blast. Maybe they all went out and saw a Greta Garbo picture and lost interest in aesthetics.

JUST a little Hollywood episode. Marion Davies put on a little program for the World War vets recently. A few days later she noticed one of the boys selling flowers in front of the

studio. It troubled her all day long. She didn't want to go out and make a grand lady gesture and buy them all up, so she waited until about three o'clock in the afternoon. Then she called her press agent on the set.

"Has he sold all his flowers?" she asked.

She was told that he hadn't.

"Here," she said, giving the p. a. a wad of bills. "You go out and say you're giving a party and want to buy all the flowers. And don't, for anything, tell him I sent you."

ROXY—of course you know Roxy, the clever chap who manages the cathedral of that name in New York—has a new idea.

He finds out what perfume is most popular at the moment and sprays a delicate suggestion of the particular brand throughout his great theater. The theory is that whenever a patron of his house encounters that same perfume she is reminded of his place.

Roxy says it is better than billboards.

ALL this talk about silent versus talking pictures seems to have been pretty well played out.

It can now be officially declared a dead issue, for Calvin Coolidge has spoken, and if Calvin Coolidge doesn't represent the fan population of this country no one person does. Discussing the subject recently with a friend he said:

"The silent picture is dead. We have come into an entirely new era in motion picture development. The talking picture is one of the greatest forces for good and for civilization."

Now we won't talk about that any more.

HAVE you been approached by the salesman who wants to make you rich by selling you stock in a new talking picture process? No? Then you have been neglected.

Whereas the phony motion picture stock salesman used to point to the profits of "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Miracle Man," now they are going around telling how much will be made out of "The Singing Fool," "The Cock Eyed World" and other popular talkies and singies.

The old line companies have about everything that is worth while in the sound processes. If you want to invest money in motion pictures, put it in them.

That's what your banker will tell you.

REMEMBER Don Terry who did such excellent work in a picture called "Me, Gangster"? He was discovered, if you recall, lunching at the Montmartre restaurant and persuaded to go actor. But Don never cared much for acting and now he's running a wholesale drapery store and doing a highly lucrative business. Paramount called him for a part the other day but Don felt he couldn't take the time away from his work.

# Is JACK GILBERT

Read to the end of this great story of a great star menaced by the talkies—and you'll find out!

## Through?

By Katherine Albert

**W**HEN beautiful Ida Adair, second-rate actress in a traveling theatrical troupe, bore an unwanted, unloved man child in Logan, Utah, she didn't know that some day he would hold the fate of two enormous studios in the hollow of his hand.

She didn't know that the little boy, cradled in the top of a trunk, lulled to sleep by the clicking of wheels over rails, would grow up to be one of the most glamorous contemporary figures.

Lovely Ida, as profligate as a Winter wind, as vivid as a sunset, called her son John. It was a plain name for a plain little boy—a sullen child who resented life before he could talk and who looked upon the world into which he had been unfortunate enough to be born with a growing distaste.

Jack Gilbert, erstwhile soldier of fortune, erstwhile rubber salesman, extra boy, director, writer, itinerant actor, has become one of the most exciting personalities that ever flashed across a screen.

He holds one of the most unusual contracts ever given a star. And it's an iron-bound contract, without options!

In two years he will be paid, as salary, one million dollars! His studio bungalow is more elaborate than most of the homes in Hollywood. His fame has spread around the world. Thousands of women who have never seen him are in love with him.

**A**ND now Hollywood says that the great Gilbert, the amazing lover of the screen, is through—has failed at the very height of his career.

It says that his enemies (and he has plenty) are glad. But that the studio officials who must pay him a million dollars in two years, whether his pictures play to vacant seats or not, are turning white-haired over night.

Is Jack Gilbert finished? Is his art but dust and ashes? Let us consider the facts in this amazing case.

The signing of the name John Gilbert to a little piece of paper was of utmost importance to a fifty million dollar deal. Jack was more or less of a pawn. He didn't realize how vital he was to the financial gods.

He had been discontented, miserable—as he usually is, except when he is radiant, enthusiastic—with his lot at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. He had argued with the producers about stories and characterizations. United Artists had made him an offer. He decided to accept.

But forces of which he knew nothing were working around him. The West Coast officials had heard only rumors of the Fox-M-G-M merger, or rather, the sale of the controlling interest of Loew's Inc. to the Fox organization.

But the New York powers knew of the deal and they also knew that if Gilbert, one of the most important stars, slipped through their fingers, the deal might not go through. Fox wanted M-G-M, but it needed all their stars.

**G**RETA GARBO was safely bound under a long-term contract. Lon Chaney, Marion Davies, Billy Haines, Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford were all secure. Only Gilbert showed signs of leaving.

Gilbert and his manager went to New York and the executives there told him that he must remain with M-G-M. Gilbert refused. At last he was asked, "But what will make you stay?"

His manager answered. He outlined a contract so absurd, so preposterous that he expected only loud guffaws. But the executive didn't laugh. He knew that if Gilbert didn't sign, the tremendous deal might fall through.

"You will stay on those terms?" asked the executive. "Very well, I will draw up such a contract."

And such a contract! It is for two years, two pictures a year at \$250,000 a picture or about \$10,000 a week. Gilbert has the right to O.K. or N.G. all stories. He was given an enormous dressing room bungalow, second to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



Jack Gilbert in his first talking picture, "Redemption." He was nervous, too highly keyed, self-conscious. The studio says it is "temporarily shelved." Will it ever be shown?



The joys of making a talkie in Darkest Africa. Natives hauling one of the huge sun arcs to location. Imagine helping out the scorching, blazing African sun!



# THE longest, hardest, cruelest location trip in the history of motion pictures is over.

## The Toughest *Location* Trip is Over

Three actors stepped off an Italian liner at the port of New York. One was a sandy-haired, hardbitten veteran of Western pictures. One was a swarthy young Mexican. The third was a tall, slender blonde girl—new to films.

With them came the thrilling story of an almost incredible adventure—the filming of a sound motion picture drama in the heart of Equatorial Africa.

The film is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of "Trader Horn." The three players are Harry Carey, Duncan Renaldo and Edwina Booth. Following on the next boat was Director W. S. Van Dyke, leader of the expedition. With him were many metal cans, containing the perishable fruit of nine months of hunger, fever, danger and backbreaking toil.

The saga of the "Trader Horn" company's trip will fill many pages in motion picture history.

Even now, with the three doughty troupers working on interiors in Hollywood, the perils of the long jaunt are not over. A menace hangs over the actors, director and technical staff that may be dissipated in a few months—or may lead to terrible illness, and even death.

While in the jungle all the members of the company were bitten by the tsetse fly, carrier of the dread sleeping sickness. There is just a chance that some of the swarming insects carried the scourge. At one stop fifteen infected natives broke out of an internment camp and attached themselves to the expedition.

Miss Booth, in particular, suffered agonies from the flies. Playing the part of the white goddess in the story, her rôle calls for very sketchy clothing—just a dash of leopard skin here and there.

Sleeping sickness does not manifest itself for eight months. So this pleasant gamble hangs over the head of some fourteen white men and women for the next half year!

And they can laugh about it! Carey's spunky wife, Olive

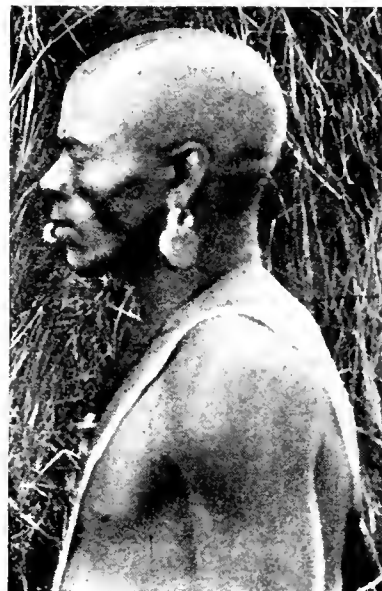
By Leonard Hall



Harry Carey and Edwina Booth in a dramatic bit from "Trader Horn," photographed in the heart of Africa by Director W. S. Van Dyke



At the crocodile pool. Harry Carey and the native actor, Mutea, extreme right, are going to swing across the crock-filled pond while the camera and microphone record the dangerous stunt de cinema



Meet Mutea, of the Wagombo tribe, found among the porters of the safari by Director Van Dyke and given the part of *Renchero*, gun-bearer. He steals the show!

*The story of an intrepid band of American actors and technicians who cut their way across Africa to make a talking picture*



Director Van Dyke with a bull buffalo he brought down during the buffalo stampede which is a thrilling moment in "Trader Horn"



Harry Carey's hippo ashore and flat on its back after the kill. Harry's Western ranch will be filled with trophies of this trip

Fuller Golden, who plays a missionary in the film, smiled as she told me that the first symptom of sleeping sickness is a pain in the neck.

"You see, we'll never know," said Mrs. Carey. "When something gives us a pain in the neck in Hollywood we'll not be sure whether it's sleeping sickness or just a supervisor!"

FOR hundreds of miles, by motor and on foot, the huge *safari* struggled across the Dark Continent, making entertainment for comfortable, sheltered millions in America.

At times there were forty-five whites and five hundred natives in the expedition, lifting and hauling the heavy sound truck, generators, sun arcs and all the cumbersome paraphernalia of sound photography almost across the wide, sun-baked, fever-ridden country.

In the filming of animal stuff, there was always the threat of danger. Mrs. Carey was very nearly in the path of a buffalo stampede—but Harry knocked one of the animals over with a heavy calibre bullet, and brought the trophy home to his peaceful California ranch. Carey also keeled over a lion that measured nine feet, three—which is a sizeable lion in any league.

The men of the expedition make light of their hardships, but they can't say enough in praise of the gameness of the Booth girl.

"It was unbelievably tough on her," Carey told me. "For four and five hours at a stretch she stood up in a tree, half-naked, waiting for an elephant charge across the veldt below. She worked for many hours in the blazing sun, which beat unmercifully on her bare shoulders and limbs.

"AND she was a good trouper all through. Barring a touch of fever, she stayed with it until we were on board the "Vulcania" homeward bound. Then she folded up, from the strain of everything, and was pretty sick for a while. She's a good soldier."

Harry told me of a new actor recruited on the trip to play the role of *Renchero*, the trader's gun-bearer.

"We picked out a big fellow named Mutea, one of our porters. He is a member of the Wagombo tribe of British East Africa, and he's not only intelligent, but a swell actor. I shouldn't be surprised if he stole the picture from the white folks.

"Van Dyke is bringing him to Hollywood to finish the film, and there's going to be some trouble about the lingo. Mutea doesn't parley any English, and I guess it will be up to me to do all the talking in Swahili." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]



The

THE STAR'S



a r s

# THE EXTRA GIRL'S

# What 30

*Here's the Hollywood  
Verdict! Now, There's  
Another International  
War Settled!*



Only a toe peeps coyly from beneath this new evening gown that turns little Anita Page into a grown-up lady. The frock, from Jean Swartz, is of chiffon. Its lines follow the modern trend—high waist line, and a fitted bodice



Clara Bow in a peach-colored evening gown of the old school, when long expanses of leg were still considered smart. Clara still likes short skirts, but has given in to fashion's decree and has had all her frocks lengthened



# About Long Skirts

## Stars Say

By  
Lois Shirley

**T**HE high moguls of the fashion world said, "Let there be long skirts," and lo! there are long skirts.

This from those who create the styles—but what of those who parade them before the world?

What about the women who wear the clothes?

What, above all, about the greatest purveyors of style in the world today—the women of the screen?

Will the film stars accept the new hem-line? Will they abandon the freedom and comfort of short skirts and bare legs and revert to the trailing garments decreed by fashion?

How about the sun-tan vogue that swept the country last year? Will it disappear, along with stockingless legs and short skirts into the limbo of yesterday's fads?

Millions of feminine movie fans who look to the film stars for guidance in matters of style are asking these questions.

By way of answer, PHOTOPLAY is presenting a symposium giving you the opinions of thirty of the outstanding women of the screen.

These thirty well-known stars are almost unanimously in favor of long skirts for evening wear.



Left, Gwen Lee, knees and all, in a little afternoon frock of the day before yesterday. Right, Gwen wearing a new black afternoon gown created by Swartz

### The 30 Stars Who Give Their Views

Gloria Swanson  
Ruth Chatterton  
Joan Crawford  
Clara Bow  
Janet Gaynor  
Nancy Carroll  
Bessie Love  
Bebe Daniels  
Mary Brian  
Norma Shearer  
Anita Page  
Ann Harding  
Billie Dove  
Evelyn Brent  
Dorothy Mackaill  
Carmel Myers  
June Collyer  
Sue Carol  
Ina Claire  
Alice White  
Corinne Griffith  
Loretta Young  
Myrna Loy  
Phyllis Haver  
Patsy Ruth Miller  
Lois Wilson  
Dolores Costello  
Mary Duncan  
Eleanor Boardman  
Fifi Dorsay



# Hollywood Speaks on the Problem of



Here's little Bessie Love in her Hollywood socks, short skirt and beret—it was the film colony's approved uniform for sports wear last summer



When knees were bold! Save this picture of Loretta Young in her kiltie for your scrap book. Legs may soon be just a memory



The new mode. Lilyan Tashman in a chiffon tweed sport frock worn well below the knees. Stunning, you'll admit—but how about comfort?

The majority of them like their afternoon frocks long, also. Opinions are fairly evenly divided as regards the lowered hem-line for tailored street frocks.

Nine out of ten, however, hold out for short skirts for sports wear.

As for the sun-tan rage, attitudes vary. Many still favor a natural tan, but almost all are against drugstore sunburns.

There is a general feeling that the new styles will do away with the stockingless vogue—that with longer lines and a return to femininity in woman's dress bare legs will be barred. Read on and find out what your favorites have to say:

GLORIA SWANSON declares that she favors the long skirts and always has. She was one of the last to discard them when short skirts came in and one of the first to re-don them when short skirts went out. She thinks them much more graceful, flattering and distinguished. And she lifts her skirt, revealing a very shapely pair of legs to show that there is no ulterior motive for her preference.

Gloria, who has always been looked upon as one of the supreme fashion arbiters of the screen, considers sun-tan merely a fad and does not favor the stockingless vogue.

RUTH CHATTERTON believes that the lowered hem-line is here to stay. She says—with a little smile that belies her words—that we are going back to Victorianism—not only in

dress but in morals. "Legs," says Ruth, "are at last going to be intriguing again. Nothing which is too fully revealed can be intriguing—and we have certainly been surfeited with feminine knees these past few years."

Ruth agrees with Gloria in pronouncing sun-tan and bare legs a vogue. "There is nothing attractive about expanses of bare skin burned black by the sun. It won't last—it's ugly."

JOAN CRAWFORD, who probably typifies more than anyone else on the screen the bare-legged, sun-tanned, cleared-for-action girl of today (or yesterday!), says, "I love the new styles. They are the most graceful I have ever seen. They increase the beauty of the figure and are becoming to almost all women. Most men prefer the soft femininity that characterizes the new styles, and since most women dress to please a man or men, they will welcome the new fashions."

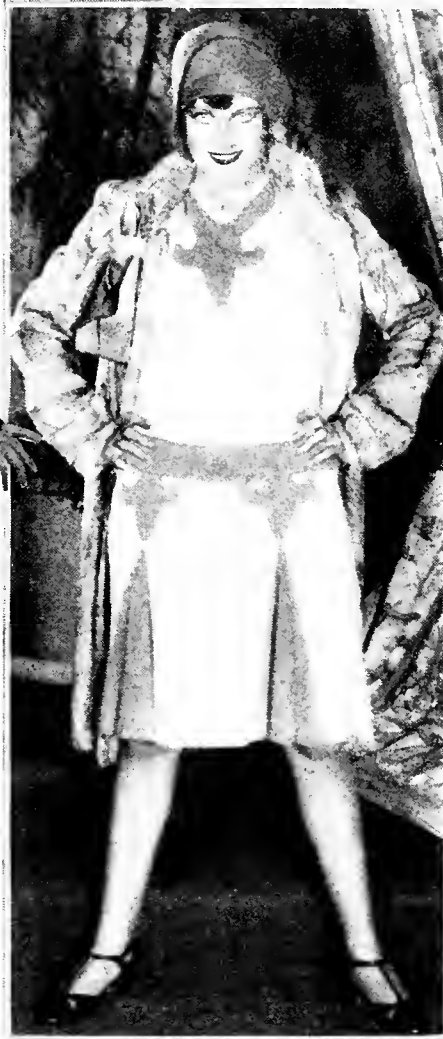
Joan hopes to keep her coat of natural tan during the Winter months. She says: "Nothing is more flattering than a smooth, dark skin, but it must be natural. There is nothing more unbecoming than a messy, blotchy sun-tan make-up. However, I predict that next Summer will find an even greater vogue for the naturally sun-tanned skin than this past Summer."

The junior Mrs. Fairbanks is wearing stockings for the first time in four years—but only with her street costumes. For evenings and sports she still clings to stockingless legs. "I think the stockingless vogue will always last," says Joan.

# *the Hour—Short Skirts or Long?*



Carmel Myers wears a new Greer evening gown of black and white lace, called "Pesora." Feet are only hints, and ankles not even a rumor



Joan Crawford poses in a camel's hair jersey sports dress of the older dispensation, when knees showed and legs were bare



Natalie Moorehead adorns one of the new evening frocks, short in front and trailing at the back. It is made of deep pink silk and tulle

"Tanned legs without hose are most attractive, and I shall continue to go stockingsless even with the new styles, except with tailored street dresses."

CLARA BOW is surprisingly docile for a young woman who usually ignores the styles. She says: "Oh, how I hate to see the short skirts go out of style! Everyone looked so young and carefree, and now we will have to act dignified to live up to our majestic draperies. I have had my street things lengthened just a little this Fall, and, of course, my evening gowns have been long for several years, so the jolt doesn't hurt there."

Clara thinks a brown skin much smarter than a fair one and believes the "sunburned sisterhood" is here to stay. She herself regrets that she seems unable to acquire an even tan. She hates stockings but—"Fashion says that we must wear them now, so I will follow the crowd, I suppose—but not without protest." There's the old Bow spirit!

JANET GAYNOR is somewhat dubious about trailing skirts for daytime wear. "Long skirts are pretty for formal wear," declares Janet, "but I cannot imagine myself in ankle-length skirts for everyday wear as I am so fond of sports clothes. If necessary I shall wear them in a picture, of course, but I hope I shan't have to add them to my personal wardrobe to keep in style. For evening—yes—they are lovely and feminine, and I like the uneven hem-line for semi-formal affairs, but for every-

day wear I like short skirts best. Not too short, however. Below the knees." Conservative little Janet!

Janet will not go without hose except with sports things at the beach, and she believes in letting one's coat of tan take care of itself. She makes no effort to acquire a fashionable sun-tan, and when she is away from the beach she does not try to keep her skin brown by artificial means.

NANCY CARROLL rebels in true red-headed fashion. "I don't like long skirts and I do not think I shall wear them. This does not apply to evening wear—but I will not be one of the women who will catch their heels every day in the hem of their sports suits when they get out of their cars. I am surprised that the women of this country have been so docile in adopting a fashion which many of them find uncomfortable and do not like. I may look funny a year hence, but I will do my walking down Hollywood Boulevard in skirts measuring a good seventeen inches from the pavement.

"The sun-tan craze is dying a gradual death in Hollywood, but when Summer comes 'round the tanning season will start all over again. Tan is delightful on brunettes and very striking blondes, but for red heads it is forbidden—we freckle and go red. I think, however, that the feminine tendency of the new fashions demands a fair, white skin.

"I didn't wear a single pair of stockings all Summer, but I think the idea is out of place with [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]



"Well, I tried everything," says Mr. Stewart, sadly. "I practiced my wicked wiles on Miss Marion Davies, a charming little actress who was to support me in my picture. I even went so far as to imitate a trick wire-walker, using a No. 4 iron and a garden hose! Nothing worked"

WHEN I received the telegram asking me to come to Hollywood to play in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production of "Duley," the first thought that occurred to me was, "At last they have discovered that I have 'It.'"

To be quite frank, this "It" problem had always bothered me. I had always been very fond of what is referred to as "the opposite sex," but had, however, put off from year to year any really direct test of my "sex appeal," partly because of a certain shyness on my part (which I inherited from Aunt Julia) and partly because the conditions never seemed to be exactly right.

Time after time I had been on the point of making what might be called "advances," only to have the lights go out or my glasses fall off and break.

Night after night I have stood before a mirror twisting my features into what seemed to me to be a fairly convincing leer, only to have my courage fail when the actual hour for leering happened to arrive. There was always at the back of my mind the horrible thought:

"Supposing that your advances are repulsed. Supposing that she laughs."

AND so the telegram asking me to become a moving picture star was doubly welcome. As a matter of fact, the word "star" wasn't actually mentioned, nor was there any direct request for me to play the "lead."

But I more or less naturally supposed that such was to be the case, and my pleasure was greatly increased when I found out that I was to be supported by that charming little actress, Miss Marion Davies.

I made up my mind to accept the offer and after a few negotiations as to salary, etc., I signed the contract and waited impatiently for the day on which I was to be called out to the Coast to work.

Of course, while waiting I was far from idle. I had never had any experience in acting for the "talkies" and so I saw and heard as many of them as I could, especially those featuring

# The IT that Failed

By  
Donald Ogden Stewart

*Which may or may not  
prove that sex appeal  
is a gift—not a study*

"No, no!" said Mr. Stewart firmly. "Ten thousand ringing noes! If a mere stripling like you, Mr. Elliott Nugent, is to have all the love scenes with Miss Davies when a virile, mature Stewart is around, I'm through!" And Mr. Stewart stalked into the conservatory for an ice



Miss Davies. I studied Miss Davies' work. I observed carefully how her lovers got their effects. I practised their technique when I was alone in my room and, if I do say so myself, I became fairly efficient.

I became, as a matter of fact, almost too efficient, because the room clerk telephoned up one night that the lady in the next room had complained that I was keeping her awake. I smiled—and felt encouraged.

**I**N fact, I felt so encouraged that I decided to give my own technique a little more of a public test. I invited a young lady of my acquaintance to have lunch with me.

I waited until what seemed to be the proper time and then, in answer to a remark of hers as to how she liked green turtle soup, I gazed suddenly and intently into her eyes and dilated both my nostrils.

It was a look that could only mean one thing—and I waited eagerly for her reaction. Unfortunately, her reaction was not what I expected.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Have I got something on my nose?"

"This look," I replied, "can only mean one thing."

"Oh, dear," she said. "Are you going to have one of your headaches?"

"I am not!" I said, somewhat testily, and then I added, "Don't you ever go to the 'talkies'?"

"No," she replied, and that temporarily put an end to my efforts—at least with her. I decided, as a matter of fact, that perhaps it might be better to try out my sex appeal on someone who didn't know me quite so well. It seemed, on the whole, as though I might possibly have a better chance with a stranger.

I was wrong. It may have been that I didn't choose the right stranger or it may have been just bad luck in my selection of the early sword and armor room at the Metropolitan Museum as the locale for my test, but anyway the whole thing

turned out rather unpleasantly, and I suppose that I was lucky to get out of it with what are called minor contusions and a rather nasty cut over my left ear.

At any rate, by the time my face had healed I was on my way to Hollywood, and I arrived without having satisfied my curiosity as to the relative potency of my "It."

Which was, perhaps, just as well—because the script for the picture wasn't at all what I had expected it to be. The love scenes had all been given to two young whippersnappers named Elliott Nugent and Raymond Hackett and as far as "It" was concerned I might as well have been little Lord Fauntleroy or the off-stage sound effect of falling snow.

"Look here, Mr. Thalberg," I said, addressing my supervisor with as much dignity as I could assume, "a word with you about this part of mine."

"What about your part?" replied Mr. Thalberg three days later.

**W**ELL now, for instance," I suggested, "don't you think that perhaps—" but by that time Mr. Thalberg had disappeared, and so I sought out a Mr. Vidor whom I understood was to direct the picture.

"Mr. Vidor," I began, "I have come—"

"It's a swell part," interrupted Mr. Vidor. "What's wrong with it?"

"Well, don't you think," I began, but Mr. Vidor had also disappeared. It seemed as though there was a definite conspiracy against me. Some sinister force was at work to keep my sex appeal off the screen. I was discouraged—momentarily. But we Stewarts are fighters, and I gritted my teeth.

"Don't be discouraged," I said [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90 ]



The first stills from Greta Garbo's first talkie, "Anna Christie"! Top—Greta, as poor *Anna*, is sitting in the waterfront saloon about to take the first drink of the evening. This Clarence Brown filming of the O'Neill play for M-G-M is eagerly awaited by Garbo fans everywhere

Just above, *Anna Christie* has found company in the dockside barroom—a battered old waif of the wharves, played in the M-G-M talkie version by Marie Dressler, here pictured. Garbo's first talkie is bound to be one of the sensations of the next few months in the picture world

# Mitzi Has Boy-Trouble



Fun in the dressing rooms, or what goes on back-stage in Hollywood. Mitzi, the little girl star, with her mad crush, Philippe de Lacy

A nine-year-old starlet makes good in talkies despite unrequited love

*By Elaine Ogden*

**O**UT on the Paramount lot Hollywood's youngest, littlest starlet is making good in the face of appalling difficulties.

Mitzi is her name—Mitzi Green, daughter of Joe Keno and Rosie Green, for years a standard vaudeville act that has tramped from Coast to Coast.

Standing toe to toe with the demon microphone, Mitzi is achieving success—in spite of the fact that her heart beats fast for the dashing Philippe de Lacy, who loves—alas!—another. And, in spite of the fact that when she craves to romp, all her little pals are taking fencing lessons or attempting to master French irregular verbs.

Mitzi, fighting back the tears, acts on. She's too good a trouper, at nine, to let heart trouble or slave-driving governesses hobble her career. The show must go on!

Mitzi is the only child ever signed by Paramount under a long term contract. She'd better make the most of the film capital!

However, she finds love and life in America's Paris but a snare and delusion. One has to settle down to a little steady cynicism at nine, if one wants to beat this movie game.

"Well, here am I," complained Mitzi, "crazy about Philippe

de Lacy, but he's crazy about Anita Louise, so that leaves only Buddy Rogers for me."

Buddy, the bounding juvenile, the delight of the flappers, might resent that highly disqualifying "only" but all Mitzi knows how to be is frank. She just confesses everything and lets the chips fall where they may.

The matter of love might be adjusted if only the play spirit could be revived.

"Oh, every time I want to play," she mourned, "I start calling up all the children I know best. Philippe and Anita Louise. And they're always going to a singing lesson or a dancing lesson or a French lesson or practicing fencing. As if the lessons you get in school aren't enough. I don't know why people have to do those things when you want to play."

Mitzi's first experience before the camera was in "The Marriage Playground."

"**A**ND do you know," she said, confidentially, "that there were some children who had really good parts who couldn't cry at all? It's easy for me to cry when the director tells me that the scene I'm playing is all really true. If you didn't think that you'd feel silly. Of course, I do feel silly when I see myself on the screen. I keep wishing I'd done my part better."

"But, then, I feel silly a lot of the time. At the preview of 'The Marriage Playground' all the children who had seen the picture were lined up in front of the theater to watch me come out. I didn't know what to say or do. And I never know how to answer when people tell me I'm a good actress."

"Now I've got an autograph book and I want to go around and collect signatures, but I never know how to ask people for them and I just feel silly."

Which admission, according to the psycho-analysts, should clear up the inferiority complex at once. True, little Mitzi

doesn't feel silly all the time. There's a wise little head on those shoulders, and she's either sat in on an interview or two or else she spends all her lollipop money for fan magazines. At any rate, she said, fixing an ingratiating eye upon me, "There's one thing I'm very particular about your putting in the magazine. I want you to say that Lothar Mendes, my director in 'The Marriage Playground,' is wonderful. I call him 'Uncle Lothar.' He's the best director in the world."

Mitzi thought that one up all by herself, because she kept her appointment with me quite alone. No smiling, prompting mothers were about. She doesn't need 'em, with the mind she has. You feel, somehow, that if you looked at her patronizingly and said, "My, my, what a nice little girl you are," she'd wither you with a glance and say, "My, my, what a smiling old fool you are."

OF course, she wouldn't really say it. She's been well brought up and makes all the proper obeisances to maturity, such as brisk little curtsies upon being introduced and a properly attentive ear when age speaks, but her mind ticks along at an astonishing rate and she's pretty sure of all the answers.

"We're living at a hotel now," she said, "and we thought of taking a home, but houses are such a bother. There's the



Two close-ups of Mitzi, nine years old, daughter of vaudeville, a trouper born, and the only child actor ever given a long term contract by Paramount

lawn to keep up and all the servants you have to have. I like the hotel because I'm used to 'em in vaudeville, but maybe we'll move into a nice apartment. I'm going to public school soon, and to the school on the lot when I'm working.

"I like to play on the set best. We play so many games. In 'The Marriage Playground' we used to go into those rooms where they hear the play-back and imagine all sorts of things. Philippe de Lacy was always the head of the games. We played mostly mystery stories and when Philippe got tired he had us all killed off and that ended it.

"I'd have a lot of fun out here if I knew more kids and if the ones I knew weren't taking so many lessons, so I guess I'll have to work hard and get my fun that way.

"I want to be a big dramatic actress and do comedy and drama and everything. I like mystery stories better than anything else."

WHEN Mitzi Green was born, her father was playing in a musical comedy with Mitzi Hajos and the star requested that the child be named for her. When she was six she began her stage career by working in her parents' act. You should see her imitate "The Black Crows," Fanny Brice and Ethel Barrymore.

## From Ireland to Hollywood



Maureen O'Sullivan

### Two little Celts arrive to act with McCormack

John McCormack went to Ireland and word sort of got around—as word has a habit of doing—that the Fox Company was looking for a leading woman with a real Irish accent.

Maureen told several of her friends to apply.

They did and were rejected and then, one day, Maureen was dining in a Dublin restaurant when Director Borzage saw her and sent the assistant director's first assistant, or somebody equally important, to ask her to have a test.

Her entire life was changed. She is in glamorous Hollywood, has become a picture actress, but she takes it all as casually as if she were on an excursion—summer rates.

She was but mildly curious about John Garrick, the juvenile who is to whisper sweet nothings into her ear before the camera, but when she looked at his picture, she calmly announced:

"Oh, I shan't mind his making love to me."

Most girls would be "thrilled" and excited. Not Maureen! She is apparently unimpressed by Hollywood and she talks mechanically about "dreams come true," etc.

She seemed to be more excited about having her picture in PHOTOPLAY than in appearing opposite John McCormack in a picture.



Tommy Clifford

TWO strange, Irish children are parked in Hollywood. They are Maureen O'Sullivan, not yet nineteen, and Tommy Clifford, aged eleven. Both have big parts in John McCormack's first starring vehicle.

If you've heard that all the Irish are gay, prone to enthusiasms and bubbling with pep, give your mind a thorough vacuum cleaning. Maureen has never worked in pictures before. She has never been on the stage. In fact, she had never done anything in Dublin but be a nice little girl who minded her mother and read PHOTOPLAY and admired Clara Bow and thought Charlie Farrell a perfectly adorable boy.

As for Tommy (snatched from a school-room to act)—well, he sat in the Munchers Club and placidly ate his way through a fruit cocktail, a kidney stew and an enormous piece of pie without batting a single eye.

Maureen's blue eyes, shadowed by dark lashes, were riveted on her plate. She ate salad.

She must diet, she says, to be as slim as the other girls on the lot. And her will power in this matter indicates, perhaps, the will for further success.

So there are Maureen and Tommy, two quiet, Irish children—to whom Hollywood, Mecca of the world's youth, is just another place to be!



# Did She Steal Clara's Picture?

*Some Say Yes—Some Say No. What Do You Say? We're Neutral!*

By

Margaret Stuart

She sits utterly quiet in a chair, with tiny feet just touching the floor. She doesn't even move her hands, which lie calmly, palms up, on her lap. Her face is perfectly still, as lineless as a piece of white paper. Two pale gold ringlets creep from under her black hat.

Hers is a peculiar brand of mauve beauty. Calm, like the death of an old woman. Passive, like the dripping of rain from a roof. Still, like the water lily pond. And as beautiful as the lilies upon it.

She just sits, perfectly still, and says, "You see, I've a negative personality."

Hot jumping sound effects! A negative personality in Hollywood! A negative personality in the city of bounce and pep and vigor. A negative personality in the town that harbors the lusty Lupe, the garrulous Clara, the very articulate Alice. A negative personality in the most positive community in the world.

"I sometimes think it's rather a shame," Jean Arthur adds (her hands lie on her lap as calmly as ever). "All great actresses have had colorful lives. I've never done anything."

And yet the story of Jean Arthur is as strange and persistent as any ever told. It is a story of the mind, rather than one of deeds. Her repression had admitted no startling gestures.

She has hung on in pictures six trying years. In a town where great stars flash in the firmament over-night, Jean has clung tenaciously for six years. Six bitter, heart-breaking years, that have now passed and left none of their stigma upon her calm brow.

Most girls give themselves a year for success. It is enough in Hollywood. Some embryonic actresses make it in a week. That, too, is enough. But Jean Arthur has worked for six years for a chance to show the ability she displayed in "The Saturday Night Kid," "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu," and "The Greene Murder Case."

It began when she was seventeen, a freshman in a New York high school. Afternoons, she posed for commercial artists. She must have been an excellent model, with her genius for utter quiet. She took a test for Fox and because she was so young and so fearless she didn't know her limitations. It was a very excellent test and she was brought to the Coast.

She failed in Hollywood. Failed utterly and completely. She was put in a big picture and remained in three days. Mary Philbin replaced her, but Fox was bound to her for a year, so she was used in slapstick comedies until the year was up and her free lance career began. She decorated comedies and westerns.

The greatest authorities on movie lore will tell you that slapstick is good experience. But, if there is much to be gained in slapstick it is in learning to rely on yourself. Because Jean is a negative personality she didn't know how to rely on herself. She simply went through the gestures, let her face be smeared with custard pie and called it a day.

There were frightful nights of hopelessness. There were long, tired days when she thought it would be impossible to go on. But she told no one. She is not the type to make friends quickly. She had no confidante.

When there was no more work [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]



*It Took Jean Arthur Six Years to Conquer an Inferiority Complex and Hollywood!*

# HOT Jamal

By  
*Stewart Robertson*

A short story  
which proves that  
no matter how  
thin you slice it  
it is still Chile  
Con Carne



THE Mexican quarter of Los Angeles buzzed languidly around the welter of shops fronting the Old Plaza. Beetle-browed men and ample *senoras* mounted guard over pyramids of fruit and vegetables. Succulent odors drifted from a half dozen restaurants, and while glancing carelessly into one of these, Mr. Spook Torrance discovered he was in need of immediate sustenance.

The reason for his decision reposed directly behind the steamy window of *La Golondrina*, engaged in the earthy pursuit of knocking six bits out of every dollar bill handed to her, and as Mr. Torrance flattened his ruby nose for a better view she looked up from the cash register with one of those slumbrous-lidded stares that make alibis so necessary.

Whereupon the gallant Spook, although fairly well distended by a lunch of shark fins and pressed duck in nearby Chinatown, lumbered through the door and took up a reconnoitering position at a corner table.

Waiting patiently for the room to thin out, he gazed reverently at the money-changer across a plate of enchiladas which he had no intention of eating, and in the course of time found himself alone with a portrait by Goya come to life.

The girl, conscious of his admiration, tilted her glossy black head with its cameo profile, and tried to look at ease. Mr. Torrance's port wine flush grew even darker as he approached the counter, and a scarlet-lacquered mouth pouted provocatively in his direction.

"'Allo, keed," said Spook, employing his best dialect. "Buena *senorita!* You likee try movies—Hollywood? Compree?"

"Says you," laughed the damsel in a throaty contralto. "Do I look like the toast of Tampico, or something?"

Mr. Torrance stood aghast at this loquacity. "Are—aren't you a Mexican?" he asked feebly.

"I'll tell the world I'm Mex," said the girl easily, "but why should I go around lisping 'quien sabe' and 'manana' when I was born over on San Gabriel Road and graduated from high school last year? Get wise, mister.

"And another thing; you can't lure me with any movie extra gag, because I tried it once. Whew! Seven-fifty a day at Catalina to pretend I'm an Hawaiian, and what do they do but pull a cyclone scene on us. No more for this baby."

AS a silent partner in Stupefaction Pictures, Mr. Torrance should have resented this slur at the racket that brought him caviar and gout, but he continued rapturously to watch the emotions wing swiftly across the oval face.

"Anyone can see I'm no director," he announced, "because I'm much too good-natured. However, I'm interested in giving you a real part, provided you screen well. Do you mind telling me your name?"

"Eliza."

"What!" shouted Spook, greatly shocked. "No, no, I won't have it! A fragrant tea rose, a delicate ivory goddess, and its parents call it Eliza. There ought to be a law!"



Illustrated  
by  
Everett  
Shinn

A handsome, sarsaparilla-colored stranger was bowing low before Violetta, with a wide sweep of his five-gallon hat. "Spook" Torrance thought it time to interfere. "Outside, bum!" he boomed

Eliza eyed him keenly. This red-faced old sport might be somebody worth while, after all. Fragrant tea rose, eh? Let the movie lightning strike!

She leaned nearer, cupping her face in slender hands and hopping her mouth looked like Corinne Griffith's.

"Maybe you want to change it," she murmured.

For a brief moment Mr. Torrance felt all the resistance of scrap-iron when exposed to an electro-magnet; then he mustered a paternal grin. "I have considerable influence with the Stupefaction Studios and for some time I've been advocating the development of a Latin star."

"You sure are there with the language," cooed Eliza, wishing she had a rose in her teeth.

"Quite so," agreed Spook, "but the topic of conversation is you. If you can handle castanets I'll have you put in a Spanish picture we're preparing for next month, if you get your parents' consent."

"I'm eighteen," said Eliza. "Anyhow, my old man is tamping ties near Albuquerque for the Santa Fe, and he's all the family I've got. What about a new name for me? Carlotta, Pepita—"

"Too common," frowned Mr. Torrance absently, noting the violet shadows around her eyes. "I have it—Violetta! We can think of the other one later, but hang on to that. Say, can you talk broken English if it's necessary?"

"Like this: 'Please, swit Amaireecan pipple, buy for fife centimos my gr-r-rand, magneificent tortillas?'"

"That's a natural," applauded the master mind. "You see, Violetta, we may have to do a little window dressing to put you over. Now, it's like this—"

\* \* \* \*

MR. ABRAHAM ZOOP, president of Stupefaction Pictures, rattled around in his tapestry-lined limousine as it swept southward, and gestured wildly at his massive partner who refused to be jolted by a mere automobile.

"For why shouldn't I be squawking?" he demanded. "First it's sheiks, then vamps and crooks and mammy singers and dogs, and now we got to give 'em Mexicans!"

"Now, Abe," rumbled Mr. Torrance, "wait until you see Violetta Velasquez blooming at the races. The new track is at Agua Caliente, Abe, and this is the day you'll pick a winner. I don't mean just Violetta; get aboard Hermit in the third race."

"So?" said Mr. Zoop, instantly alert. "An ex-con man like you should know what's crooked. Why Hermit?"

"He'll come home alone," [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

# Through *the* Studios

By Cal



Yep—they're really married, after months of fooling the reporters. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart stole away to Ventura, Calif., last July 28 and were married under their real names, Nicolae Pratza and Eva Jenny Kiefer. Good luck, say we!



Two high-priced babes tucked away among the scented pillows and lace quilts of wealth-stricken Hollywood. In short, Charlie Farrell (a thumb-sucker) and Janet Gaynor. This is one of the novel scenes in the new Fox Revue, "Happy Days"

IT is really pitiful, the smoke screen that Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire are trying to throw up to hide their separation. Ina has definitely moved out of John's house on the hill and has taken quite a spacious and expensive home of her own. Despite all protestations of compatibility and love and that sort of thing, they have split definitely.

Of course, you can never tell any more about the permanence of a Hollywood separation than you can of an engagement or marriage, but they have been singing Tosti's "Goodbye Forever" for some months.

Immediately after Ina established her own ménage, Jack and Ina threw a big party for their friends in Ina's house, but those who were there say that it was pretty sad and the ghost of their love sat at the table. How can you have a good time when there is a spectre like that around!

WELL, our little Bessie Love has gone and done it! The ace comeback of the talkies has married William Hawks, a young broker.

One of the least-engaged of all Hollywood's darlings is our Bess. That is to say, almost never has her name been connected with that of a swain altar-bound for publicity purposes.

Bill Hawks is just one of the three Hawks boys who have swooped down on Hollywood, plucking off some of the fairest. Kenneth married Mary Astor, and Howard wedded Norma Shearer's pretty sister.

Blanche Sweet was matron of honor, with Norma Shearer, the Mayer girls, Carmel Myers, Mary Astor and Bebe Daniels in the wedding party.

All the joy that PHOTOPLAY wishes Bess couldn't be crammed into the Town Hall!

RAMON NOVARRO and Nils Asther have never been introduced.

For almost three years they have worked on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot without meeting.

They have never happened to be at the same part of the big studio at the same moment and, since both young men are Hollywood hermits, they have never seen each other away from the lot.

Both Novarro and Asther attended the tea which the studio gave in honor of the Maharaja of Kapurthala.

But Asther arrived just three minutes after Novarro had departed.

Which only goes to prove that Hollywood is larger than outsiders believe.

SAID Cliff Edwards to Raquel Torres: "I know one word of Spanish and two of French. They are 'Si' and 'Oui, Oui.'"

Said Raquel Torres to Cliff Edwards: "And I know one word in every language. It's 'No!'"

CLARA BOW has a mission in life. No, it's not to be the mother of eight babies, nor yet to run away to Europe and live the simple life.

It's much more urgent than that.

She must get thin!

She must take off the surplus pounds that bid fair to ruin her career!

She can think of nothing else, talk of nothing else, make no other gesture save one toward reduction. You might call it one decreasing purpose!

# with Pen and Camera

## York



Here's a stunt for you, girls! Raquel Torres, the little Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tamale, has had a wooden mould made of her lips which she stamps on a box of rouge, and then applies. This assures her mouth of uniform make-up. Cute, eh?

**I**N a city where unfaithfulness provides better luncheon table gossip, there is an example of rare, unselfish faithfulness.

Alma Rubens, at last released from an institution where she has been cured of the drug habit that wrecked her career, has started on a long sea voyage to recuperate. Through all the ordeal, Ricardo Cortez, her husband, stood by. Now he is going with her on the journey.

As the beautiful, dusky Alma was slipping down, Cortez was rising in popularity. Yet he gave up income and progress for the girl who married him when he was less known. He declined a lucrative engagement in England to remain with Alma when she needed him the most.

Perhaps now better times are ahead, but Hollywood is quick to forget faces long absent from the screen.

**I**F Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper don't marry and, by the looks of things now the wedding won't be any time soon, if ever, it will take the best lawyer in town to unravel their financial affairs.

The story goes that Gary and Lupe bought her house together.

It's told that the down payment was \$10,000. Lupe put up \$5,000 and Gary the other half. And then the furniture. Lupe bought half and Gary the other.

Just picture the scene if they split up. It's a wise householder who knows his own lamp shade. And suppose Gary has a great preference for that little incidental chair but Lupe really



Two naughty little girls flattening their noses against the candy store window as they gaze at the lollypops. In other words, Natalie Moorehead and Inez Courtney staring into the camera booth. They looked so wistful they were hired!

bought it. What was that old one about not counting chickens—or breakfast dishes?

**W**ELL, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are all married, thus ending the agony of suspense, and the story of their runaway match is as romantic as any that ever went into a book.

They decided to run away and do the deed.

For one thing, Fox, Sue's company, rather wanted her to stay single.

Then Sue and Nick thought it would be crafty to keep the ceremony a secret, so, after the wedding, on July 28, at Ventura, Calif., they went their more or less separate ways.

They did—until Fox opened a new theater in San Diego, and Sue and Nick went along to help. Then, as young married folks, they forgot the secrecy thing and occupied the same room at a hotel.

That set newspapermen off at a gallop, and in no time at all the journalistic sleuths had dug up the facts of the case. Niculae Pratz, 25, and Eva Jenny Kiefer, 21, got a license at Ventura, and were married by Judge Edward Henderson, according to the laws of the state of California, to wit and viz.

Now the questions of "Are they?" and "Aren't they?" are answered, and Cal is going off to the mountings for one of those well-earned rests.

**BILLY BAKEWELL**, who thinks Mary Brian is just about the nicest girl in Hollywood, was pretty concerned about Mary's interest in Rudy Vallée.

"Lessee, now," figured Billy. "Vallée is making 'The Vagabond Lover.' Vagabond means 'bum.' That makes him a 'bum' lover. Well, I won't worry."

**T**HEY'RE telling this on Johnny Mack Brown, out at Universal.

Johnny is playing opposite Mary Nolan in "The Girl Who Gave In," with Harry Pollard directing.



Love has come at last, in a very big and constructive way, to our Bessie Love, one of the best fellows in all Hollywood. Cupid finally winged her, ukulele and all, and here she is with her husband, William Hawks, broker. Bill is the third Hawks boy to find a wife in the picture colony

The Fox film people, blindfolded, reached into the grab bag of youth and beauty and pulled out the pretty plum shown below. Her name is Yvonne Pelletier, and she has seen fifteen Summers and very few Winters. Yvonne was an extra on the Fox lot, until a test was so good that it got her a nice part



In the picture, Mary's name is *Jenny*, and Brown calls her *Jen*.

Pollard and the rest were listening to tests one day.

Johnny appeared on the screen, held out his arms to Mary, and said:

"Gin, I love you!"

"What?" screamed Pollard, swallowing a cigar. "Again!"

"Gin, I love you!" said Mr. Brown, from the screen.

P.S. Thanks to Mr. Brown's Southern accent, Mary Nolan is not *Jenny* in the story any more.

Her name is *Sally*.

**T**HE other day a reporter called Joan Crawford to the phone.

"Are you expecting an heir?" he asked, "the third generation of the house of Fairbanks?"

"Listen," said Joan, "I'm not, but, believe me, when such a thing does happen I'll be so thrilled and so excited that you won't have to bother to call me up. I'll have it announced from the roof."

**T**HE announcement that George Melford and his former wife, who divorced him several years ago, are to be re-married, was denied by George Melford the day after the story appeared in a local paper.

This denial is really a bit of blustering, as Mrs. Melford, in a long interview the day before, told how she and her husband, to whom she had been married nineteen years at the time of the divorce, had reconciled their differences, and would be re-married on his return from a location trip of three months in Newfoundland.

**T**HE cause of the divorce, as given in the complaint, was desertion, but Mrs. Melford admitted at the time that it was "to leave George free for another love." Within the year, Melford married Diana Miller, who died about a year ago of tuberculosis.

Mrs. Melford has continued to live in the \$150,000 home that Melford deeded to her as part of the divorce settlement, with her twenty-two year old son. At the time of the divorce, Judge Summerfield said, "Melford will live to regret that he has sacrificed such a splendid woman and helpmate for youth and beauty." The time has evidently come, as Melford is a constant visitor at the old home, and no one is taking his denial seriously. Mrs. Melford has told of their plans for a future together.

**T**HE shortest, saddest story of the past year.

Only a few months ago First National picked Maxine Cantway as the perfect screen chorus girl. Her pictures were

everywhere. A little later the chorus stock company was weeded out and one of the first to go was Miss Maxine Cantway, the perfect screen chorus girl.

Can you make any sense out of that? Nor can Cal. Anyway, Maxie is sticking in Hollywood and will have a go at real acting.

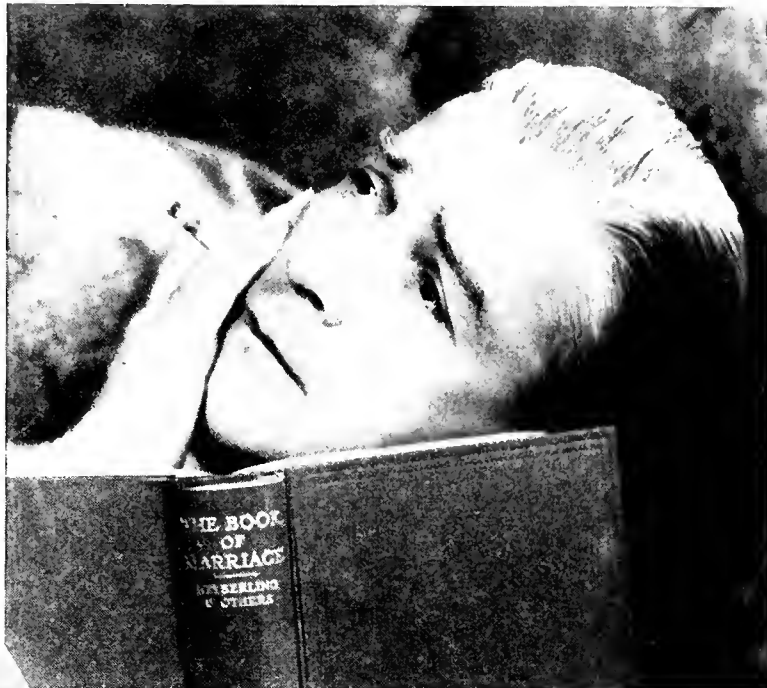
**J**OHAN BOLES, hit of "The Desert Song" and "Rio Rita," is a happy boy!

After his enormous success in these two singies, his salary from Universal stayed just the same, though "U" was collecting an enormous sum for his services from the companies to which he was loaned.

Naturally, John was pretty sore. He found himself a screen sensation at almost a beginner's pay. So Universal calmed him down with a new contract, to run five years. This year it calls

Skeets Gallagher, the popular Paramount comic, recently took unto himself a wife, and we print this picture to prove that matrimony is a serious matter to the funny Skeeter. As you can see, he is studying "The Book of Marriage" to get absolutely up on the rules of what some folks still call "a game"

Alice White and her very best boy friend, Sid Bartlett, rocking the blues away on a quiet lagoon. Alice and Sid, who seem extremely happy about it all, are engaged to be married. This restful picture was snapped while Alice was making modest whoopee after finishing her labors in "Playing Around"



for \$800 a week, and the fifth will see him getting \$2,500 every seven days. In addition Uncle Carl Laemmle has fixed John up a bonus which will assure him bonus money totalling \$200,000 over the five years.

So the Boles kiddies will always have bootees, and John will always have a pipeful of tobacco in the long Winter(?) evenings in California.

**T**HESSE producers don't know anything about young love and romance, except the kind they put on the screen. They're just a bunch of old meanies and if you don't believe it ask Gwen Lee and Jack Oakie.

Gwen had a birthday recently, and a birthday means a birthday party. But the party was had without Jack Oakie, Gwen's boy friend. Jack was working that night and the powers that be wouldn't let him off even for an hour.

He did manage to find time, however, to send Gwen a diamond and platinum wrist watch.

**L**ITTLE Mildred Gloria Lloyd, Harold's daughter, and a little friend, Barbara, were discussing their birthplaces. "I was born in Olympia, Washington," said Barbara. "I was born in Los Angeles," said Mildred Gloria. "What state is that in?" asked Barbara. Mildred Gloria thought for a long time. "It's in the Lloyd estate."

**H**ERE'S part of an ad that appeared in a daily paper in a city of 100,000 people:

"GLORIOUS FUN! CYCLONIC ACTION!  
"DOUG GIVES THIS LITTLE GIRL A HAND! SOCK!  
RIGHT ON THE NOSE! 'CAUSE OUR MARY'S A MEAN  
MAMMA, AND DOUG'S TAMING HER! IT'S A RIOT OF FUN—  
ENDING WITH TENDER ROMANCE."

A good old Keystone comedy, of the pie-and-bladder era? Not at all. Just advertising the Pickford-Fairbanks production of William Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."

**T**HAT picture has caused a million laughs not written in the script.

The United Artists' sales force was mortally afraid of Will Shakespeare's name from the moment the picture was planned. Who'd go to see Shakespeare?

Preceding the film's opening in that great capital of world culture, New York City, most of the huge newspaper advertisements did not carry the name of the author, but devoted themselves to describing the verve with which pies were thrown and whips cracked.

All of which must cause the greatest dramatic poet in the world's history considerable laughter, as he drinks and laughs in the Valhalla of the world's loftiest spirits!

**I**F a writer of smart cracks could remain by Polly Moran's side continually—that is, during respectable hours—he hardly would have to seek elsewhere for those joyous gags which cause readers to chuckle.

Here is one as told by Louise Fazenda.

They were riding on Boul Hollywood with no possible chance to move over, when a smart duck, in a flashy speedster, began honking for the right-of-way. He had one of those moo horns and mooed it continuously.

When he finally pulled alongside, Polly leaned from her car and said:

"Aw, go home and milk your cow."

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 72 ]



Abbe, Paris

**M.** ABBE snapped these delightful lassies in Paris—the famous Sisters G, who will sing and prance in the Paul Whiteman talkie, “The King of Jazz Revue.” But Universal advertises only TWO Sisters G! *Mon Dieu!* We are puzzled! Did one fall overboard, or elope with a Big *Beurre et Oeuf Homme?*





# Strange Talkie Tricks



By Marquis Busby

We expose the mysteries of the squawkie stages, where the sound of a falling body may be only a dropped pumpkin!

"BRING the elements up to stage twelve in the morning," says the director of the picture to the presiding genius of the sound department.

Does the technician go out and gather a few elusive little thunders, round up a Kansas cyclone, and a tropical rain? He does not.

The technician, being nothing if not a resourceful gentleman, moves a few barrels and sirens and kettledrums up to stage twelve. If you aren't convinced by the movie storm, try and get your money back at the box-office. But ten to one you'll be so convinced you'll wonder if you shut the windows in the spare bedroom before you started for the local emporium of cinematic drammer.

Although the studios are coy to the extent of not revealing any of their deep-dyed secrets of producing sound, all is not thunder that rumbles, by any means. For every real sound, in almost every case, there is an imitation that sounds just as good to your old tympanum.

Whenever the real thing is practical the studios make every effort to use it. When it isn't practical—but then, that is what this story is about.

One of the saddest stories we ever heard could be told on George Hill at the time he was directing "The Flying Fleet." He wanted a thunder storm.

By one of those happenstances, described in the Los Angeles newspapers as "un-usual weather," a thunder storm wandered down from the mountain tops. Hollywood was treated to some swell noise. George Hill, accompanied by a sound truck, rushed out into the elements.

THE sound truck worked away, and Hill was as happy as Eric von Stroheim with four million dollars to spend. The whole party adjourned to a stage to listen to the play-backs. The sound track was as silent as Cal Coolidge on the tariff question. Real thunder was of such low frequency that it didn't mean a thing in this day of soundies.

What Mr. Hill re-

sorted to was the good old stage thunder—a resounding whack on a hunk of tin for the reverberation, backed up by the roll of a kettledrum.

The wind part of the storm was pathetically simple. You can manufacture enough wind to last all Winter with your own kit of tools. A canvas cylinder revolved over wooden slats makes an elegant sighing of wind through trees. For a trifle stronger elemental whoopee, baby sirens make the proper shrieking.

Real wind is as elusive to record as genuine thunder, bottled in bond.

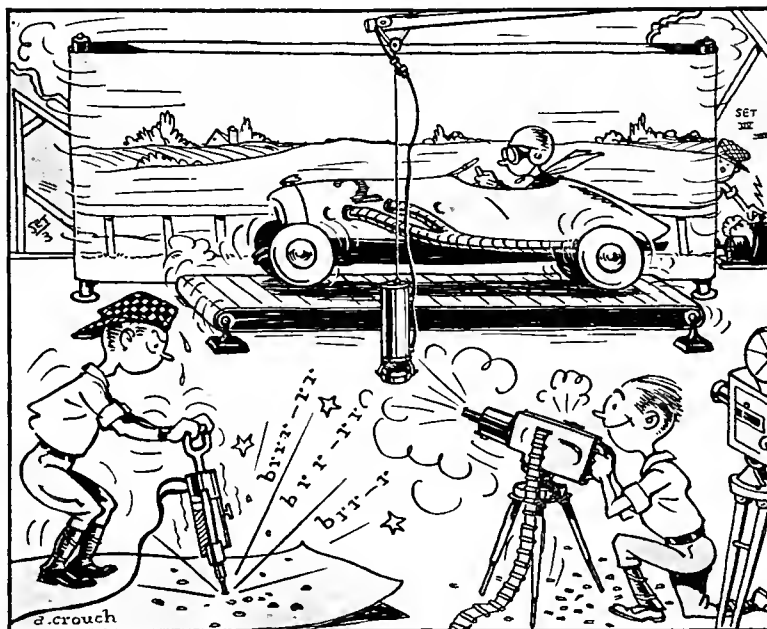
FOR some reason or other, real water does not produce the most satisfactory sound, although it is used whenever possible. When it isn't actually necessary to show rainfall, the studios have recourse to something that sounds better. It is a canvas barrel with shot in it. When it is revolved, if you don't go to the nearest cafeteria to get an umbrella, we're the Seven Sutherland Sisters.

In "Wonder of Women" there was a scene of Peggy Wood looking through a window streaked with rain. Drops pattered against the window sill. That is, drops were supposed to patter against the window sill. What it actually sounded like was an army of blacksmiths. Here was an opportunity to use the "Anvil Chorus" as a theme song, but the studio decided to do something else. Blotting paper on the window sill produced

the correct splashy sound.

It's rather miraculous, the ease with which water effects can be produced. Dried peas in a tub, when wiggled the proper way, become the sound of a sylvan waterfall. Incidentally, during the making of a recent navy picture, someone happened to jar the tub of peas.

"Why, that sounds [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94 ]



The death-defying racer hurtles his 10,000 horsepower car down the track for talkie purposes — while Mike and Ike fire machine guns and do a little riveting all for art's sake



★ *THE SKY HAWK*—Fox

If you don't leave the theater after seeing this one with a firm resolve to be gallant, brave and courageous and talk with an English accent, then you're a hard-boiled old cynic.

For here is as fine a bit of the war as has ever been filmed and as charming a glimpse into young love in Britain as you'll find outside Galsworthy.

A boy from the English stage, John Garrick, plays the aviator who is accused of cowardice and goes out to knock off a Zeppelin that's raiding London. These raids are thrilling, and expertly handled by director Blystone. The action takes place in London and centers around the aviator and his sweetheart, played by Helen Chandler. Garrick and Miss Chandler are full of charm, with Garrick taking the honors. See this, by all means. *All Talkie.*



★ *LILIES OF THE FIELD*—First National

CORINNE GRIFFITH in tights should be good news for the fans! As if that weren't enough, the Orchid Lady turns out a neat tap dance on top of the grand pianny.

"Lilies of the Field" deals in sophisticated manner with the girls who toil not—but, gosh, how they sin. It is the sprightliest Corinne Griffith film since "Classified." The major portion is comedy, but there is a note of pathos. A society woman is framed into a scandal, and is separated from her baby. She turns to revues for a living, and drifts into the easiest way.

Corinne's voice shows amazing improvement. And you should see those smart frocks! Ralph Forbes and John Loder are the leading men. There is a good *Ballet Mechanique*, accompanied by fine modern music. *All Talkie.*

# The Shadow Stage

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

## A Review of the New Pictures



★ *DEVIL MAY CARE*—M-G-M

NOW comes another of the old guard to score a sensational success in the audibles. Ramon Novarro, in "Devil May Care," gives one of the finest performances of his career.

The picture itself is bang-up entertainment. The locale is France at the time of Napoleon's banishment to Elba, and Novarro appears as a loyal young Bonapartist officer who falls in love with a royalistic lady.

It is a swashbuckling affair with the star climbing walls, escaping from a firing squad, and kidnapping the heroine. Doug himself would have to get up early to do a better job.

A notable feature is the fact that dialogue does not slow up the action. "Devil May Care" is a *moving picture first*, and an all-talking picture second. It is romance punctured with subtle comedy.

From a pictorial standpoint the film is lavish. There is France of the chateau country, and a garden fête in honor of Napoleon at Grenoble, done in Technicolor.

Little Dorothy Jordan, as *Leonie*, the royalist, will be hailed as one of the discoveries of the year. She has vivid beauty and a sparkling personality. The singing end of the production is more than excellently taken care of by Novarro and Marion Harris, revue star. Miss Harris gives a beautiful performance as the countess who gives shelter to the Bonapartist.

Outstanding songs are "Charming," sung by Novarro, and "If He Cared," sung by Miss Harris. *All Talkie.*

# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

DEVIL MAY CARE                      SHOW OF SHOWS  
THE SKY HAWK                      LILIES OF THE FIELD  
SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE  
SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE                      HIT THE DECK

## The Best Performances of the Month

Ramon Novarro in "Devil May Care"  
Dorothy Jordan in "Devil May Care"  
John Barrymore in "Show of Shows"  
Jack Oakie in "Hit the Deck"  
Gary Cooper in "Seven Days' Leave"  
Beryl Mercer in "Seven Days' Leave"  
Richard Dix in "Seven Keys to Baldpate"  
John Garrick in "The Sky Hawk"  
Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field"  
William Powell in "Pointed Heels"  
Ernest Torrence in "Officer O'Brien"  
Arthur Lake in "Dance Hall"  
Bessie Love in "The Girl in the Show"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 140*



★ SHOW OF SHOWS—Warners

**T**HIS is the Warners' answer to every revue fan's prayer—the very last glittering word in girl and music entertainment.

No less than seventy-seven count-'em stars and near-stars lead the revels in this great display of talent and flash. If some appear only for a split second, and do little more than bow and smirk, you must remember that even the biggest and best pictures have to come to an end by breakfast-time.

Everybody will talk about John Barrymore and his impressive reading of a Shakespearean soliloquy. Frank Fay will make a million friends through his droll work as master of ceremonies. Frenchy Irene Bordoni warbles a warm ballad with much Technicolor eye-rolling. Winnie Lightner and Bull Montana sing a duet that is one of the picture's most terrific riots. Other yeoman service is done by Beatrice Lillie, Ted Lewis, Louise Fazenda, Nick Lucas, Myrna Loy and dozens more—including an enormous and perfectly trained chorus. In fact, if the picture has one especially grand thing, it is the succession of novel and beautiful stage pictures and routines devised by Larry Ceballos and Jack Haskell.

None of the songs is outstanding. The Technicolor work is extraordinarily beautiful. But best of all, "Show of Shows" is packed with storms of laughter from start to finish. That alone should send you scurrying in to see the richest and fastest screen revue yet produced. *All Talkie.*



★ SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE—Paramount

**T**HERE is no boy and girl romance in "Seven Days' Leave," no vamps and no clinches. There is a singularly beautiful romance in the true meaning of the word—a love story that touches the heart.

A lonely little charwoman, whom the frowsy women ostracize because she has no son at war, invents one through blind patriotism and a desire to "belong." The boy unexpectedly materializes. The original play, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," has not been butchered into a routine flicker, and no one tries to sell a theme song. Barrie's human characters are retained. Beryl Mercer, great character actress, is superb in the rôle she created in the theater. Gary Cooper's characterization of the boy is a signal achievement for him in a new field. *All Talkie.*



★ SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—Radio Pictures

**T**HERE was a jinx on the making of this picture. Laboratories burned, actors had laryngitis and talkie apparatus failed. But the jinx is removed! It's turned out to be a swell evening's entertainment. You experience all the laughs and thrills you had when you read the novel and saw the play and the old silent version. It's great picture material.

Richard Dix, another silent actor to come back in talkies in a big way, plays the author of popular mystery fiction who, to win a bet, spends twenty-four hours in a deserted summer hotel in the dead of winter.

The picture makes no pretensions. It doesn't try to be arty or high-brow. It simply flows along smoothly, pleasantly and entertainingly. And Dick's a hit! *All Talkie.*

# Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

**HIT THE DECK**—Radio Pictures



All Talkie



SOME very routine performances keep this from being one of the outstanding screen musical comedies of all time. Only Jack Oakie, as the sailor lover, stands out. He's a panic. Polly Walker, the leading woman, and the rest, are conventional. But it's a magnificent production, with some grand Technicolor work and brilliant dancing. And "Hallelujah," punch song, is the best yet.

**HOT FOR PARIS**—Fox

All Talkie



RAOUL WALSH'S directorial genius for red-blooded incident is trotted out again in "Hot for Paris." A sailor falls in love with a "Fr-ranch" mam'selle, and wins a million in a lottery. It lacks the pretensions of "The Cock Eyed World," but it is good, rough fun. Victor McLaglen and El Brendel are amusing team-mates. As for Fifi Dorsay, she's simply elegant, that's all.

**THE FORWARD PASS**—First National

All Talkie



DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr., looks like a real college football hero, and that's a lot to say for the film boys. This is a bright, entertaining picture, unusually well acted by young Doug, Loretta Young, Guinn Williams and "Peanuts" Byron—the last-named little girl sneaking a song or two across the goal line. You will find this a nice, peppy film, notable for its youthful charm.

**POINTED HEELS**—Paramount

All Talkie



YOU can't keep a good plot down. "Pointed Heels" is another story of theatrical people, and it offers a show within a show. An elaborate production with Helen Kane, William Powell, Fay Wray, Phillips Holmes, "Skeets" Gallagher and Eugene Pallette. There's a swell Technicolor ballet, and an elegant performance from Powell. "Sinfonette," the theme melody, is fine.

**OFFICER O'BRIEN**—Pathe

All Talkie



IF William Boyd wants to get a speed ticket fixed he's a cinch after this glorification of the American cop. Although you might hesitate to believe that a lieutenant would go single-handed to arrest the most notorious gangster in town, you'll still find this entertaining and exciting. Ernest Torrence turns in a grand performance as the jail-bird father of the young policeman. A mildly pleasant evening.

**THE GIRL IN THE SHOW**—M-G-M

All Talkie



IMAGINE a back-stage story without a theme song or enormous stage shots in Technicolor! This is simply a charming, amusing little story, based on the stage play "Eva the Fifth," which concerns a broken down "Tom show." If ever you see Bessie Love when she isn't chewing her nails from the wings of a theater you can go to the manager and demand your money back.

# First and Best Screen Reviews Here

## **DANGEROUS PARADISE—** Paramount

All Talkie



## **CAMEO KIRBY—** Fox

All Talkie



**T**HIS starts out in a perfectly grand manner, all about strenuous life in the South Sea Islands. There are suave gamblers, murderous wrestlers, Dick Arlen, looking handsome in a yachting costume, and Nancy Carroll being fascinatingly pursued. Then something happens to the story, which Joseph Conrad would never recognize as his "Victory," and the climax leaves you sitting there wondering what it's all about.

**H**ERE we are again, the South of crinolines and gallantry, and a famous old veteran of a story. "Cameo Kirby," romance of a river gambler, was one of John Gilbert's earliest successes. It has been re-tailored for J. Harold Murray, with theme songs thrown in. Even Stepin Fetchit sings. Too bad, too. Despite graceful charm, it isn't exciting, but Murray's voice is swell.

## **THE BISHOP MURDER CASE—** M-G-M

All Talkie



## **DANCE HALL—** Radio Pictures

All Talkie



**I**T'S a pretty serious thing, sez we, when even Mother Goose gets dragged into a murder mystery. Nothing's sacred, that's all. "The Bishop Murder Case" is another one of those "guess who did it?" affairs. Since it comes from another studio, Basil Rathbone is *Philo Vance*, the "detectif," instead of William Powell. It is well produced and well acted. You'll get some shivers.

**T**HIS kid Arthur Lake is all of young America rolled into one long bundle. He's perfect as the youngster who goes without lunch to spend his evenings at the local dance hall, where the chief attraction is one of the hostesses, played by Olive Borden, in a blonde wig. And how Arthur falls for her! She and Arthur do some fancy stepping. It's an amusing little picture.

## **THEIR OWN DESIRE—** M-G-M

All Talkie



## **THE SONG OF LOVE—** Columbia

All Talkie



**W**ITH just a little restraint, this effort at an emotional epic might have been more than a vain attempt. Due to poor direction, the principals emote until both themselves and the audience are exhausted. As a climax, there is a stupendous studio storm and a tailored-to-box-office ending. Norma Shearer is badly miscast. A little hard to take after "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

**B**ELLE BAKER makes the most successful début in talkies of any vaudevillian to date. The comedienne triumphs over the moth-eaten plot of the singer and the drunken husband who are brought together again by the little cheild. And that's a feat! Ralph Graves keeps up his good work, and little David Durand is only occasionally too cute. Belle sings not-so-hot songs.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88 ]

# Mixed Doubles - *With*



HARRY GREEN

**Y**OU have to hand it to these Egyptian boys. Harry Green went to London to fill a five weeks' engagement. He remained five years and, at the end of that time, had enough money to buy the Lyric Theater. How did he do it? Dunt esk!

When he came to Hollywood he began in small parts (although he had already achieved success on the stage) and worked himself into the stellar rôle of "Kibitzer," a three-year contract which nets him some \$318,000, a big, green limousine and all the best film parties.

Maybe it's luck and maybe it's that old Horatio Alger quality. Green's career sounds like Advice to a Young Man Trying to Get Along in the World.

He attended New York University in the morning and appeared in cheap vaudeville, sometimes playing as many as eleven shows a day, during the afternoons and evenings. He received his diploma as a lawyer and was admitted to the bar, but when he sat in his nice, clean office those old stage gags kept ringing in his ears, so he left the witness in the box and began a vaudeville career in earnest.

His path led to England, Australia and Africa. He came to Hollywood and raised the ante of success. "Kibitzer" is one of the funniest pictures of the year and Green one of the best comedians.

**L**IKE the proverbial *Pagliacci* he isn't what he seems—a clown before the camera, but a serious, level-headed business man away from it. He knows how to get laughs, and how to bank the checks they bring in on Saturday nights.

His most brilliant social accomplishment is the doing of card tricks which, by rights, should exclude him from the best drawing rooms. However, his pal is George Bancroft, and somehow you can tell by the look on George's face that he'll be confounded when the ace of spades finds its way into his left nostril.

So Mr. Harry Green—his spectacles, his accent and his loving and beloved mamma—seems to have settled down in Hollywood for a bigger and better career. It looks very much as though those old trouping days were over—the days when he played his famous sketch, "The Cherry Tree," up and down the land, wherever there was a theater.

Gone are the days of "The Music Master" in London and vaudeville in Cape Town. Mr. Harry Green, and accent, have settled to the serious business of being a Hollywood hit.

## Step Up and Meet Four Hollywood Hits



DOROTHY JORDAN

**Y**OU all will suhtenly jest love little Dorothy Jordan, the cute-as-paint leading lady in Ramon Novarro's picture, "Devil May Care." Her Southern accent is considerably better than this example. In fact it is a Tennessee accent, but instead of being all "drawly" it is close-clipped, but she can drop an "r" with the best of them.

Out at M-G-M, where she's going to get an awful lot of fan mail when the news gets around, they think Dorothy Jordan is the find of the year, and maybe she is. At least Ramon thought so much of her that she will be his leading lady again in his next picture. Down in Clarksville, Tennessee, where papa Jordan is a merchant, Dorothy took an early interest in the stage, although Fritz Leiber in Shakespearean repertoire was about all she ever saw. She won her parents' consent to study in Sargent's School of Dramatic Art in New York.

While she expected to be a Jane Cowl, at least, she was not above taking the first job that happened along. She became a chorus girl at the Capitol Theater. From there she went to the "Garrick Gaieties" and became very indignant when a stage manager *shushed* her for talking back stage. Featured billing came in "Funny Face," and "The Treasure Girl."

**H**ER advent in motion pictures was made in an inconspicuous and not-too-good thriller, "Black Magic." Her second rôle in Hollywood was *Bianca* in the Pickford-Fairbanks production of "The Taming of the Shrew." Dorothy thinks she should have been billed as "The Face on the Cutting Room Floor."

Dorothy is very fond of music, and knows a great deal about negro spirituals of her native South. She has brown hair, and blue eyes, and is about five feet in height—just as high as a fellow's heart. But this can't go on.

So much for M-G-M's offering as "The Discovery of 1929." Certainly the Novarro lead will put Dotty from Dixie well up in the affections of the fans. She's adorable!

# A Dash of Mexican

By  
Cal York



FRANK FAY



ARMIDA

**A** VERY short time ago, as the fly crows, a tiny Mexican ball of fire was singing and dancing, torridly for one of her tender years, in a Los Angeles restaurant.

Her body was slim and willowy, her eyes were black and snapping, and it wasn't long before Armida (for that was her name) was applauded, noticed and signed to contracts.

Her theatrical destiny came under the control of Gus Edwards, the star-maker—discoverer and developer of Georgie Jessel, Lila Lee, Georgie Price, Lola and Leota Lane and dozens of other beautiful or talented (or both) youngsters. After a whirl in vaudeville, little Armida came into pictures in her manager's train, and appeared in one of his Technicolor musical comedies for M-G-M.

You probably saw her in "Mexicana," a nice little Mexican musical comedy filled with all manner of song and dance in the tamale manner. Armida, as young and pretty a girl-child as ever crossed the Rio Grande, did a nice number or two in the picture, and people noticed "that sparkling little Mexican girl"—before they knew her name.

**T**HEN, it wasn't long. Managers saw her and were conquered by her youth and verve. Suddenly we heard, with cocked ears, that the little Armida was to appear in "General Crack" with the redoubtable John "Profile" Barrymore.

She also flashed into "The Show of Shows" for a few moments of footage in that colossal revue wherein even great stars only rated a few smiles and a bow or two.

A swift shift of scene, and we are in the courtroom of Superior Judge Keetch. Appears one Señor Joaquin Vendrell, who deposes and says that he is the father of one Armida Vendrell, aged eighteen. She has been offered a five-year contract by Warner Brothers, and the señor prays the court to ratify and confirm the contract of one so young.

So there's the story of snappy little Armida—young, beautiful, full of the old Nick, and demanded by the makers of motion pictures. The prayer of Señor Vendrell was heard and favorably answered by the learned judge, and Armida, aged eighteen, is now safely enrolled in the great Warner army that marches daily to war down Wilshire Boulevard.

And over on the M-G-M lot, one Gus Edwards sits in his office and chortles a good chortle. For the old master's eye and showmanly sense are still keen.

**W**HEN Barbara Stanwyck, the stage and screen actress, first saw Frank Fay, her husband, upon arriving in Hollywood, she burst into tears.

"Frank," she sobbed, "you're ruined."

Fay had been compelled to dye his red hair a jet black for Technicolor purposes in Warner Brothers' "The Texas Moon." His rôle of *Don Carlos*, the heart-breaking adventurer in this story of old Mexico, certainly did not call for red hair.

Now the red is again showing through the black.

Talking pictures take Frank Fay back to his native Golden State. He was born in San Francisco, and he was born to the theater, growing up behind the footlights. His first professional appearance was in "Babes in Toyland," when he was seven years old. For twenty-five years he has been entertaining the show-going public. He was in several Winter Garden shows.

His greatest success, however, was in vaudeville, and as master of ceremonies in leading picture theaters. He is, consequently, well known to the fans of Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Kansas City. His success as master of ceremonies was also demonstrated at the midnight shows at Warner Brothers' Theater in Hollywood.

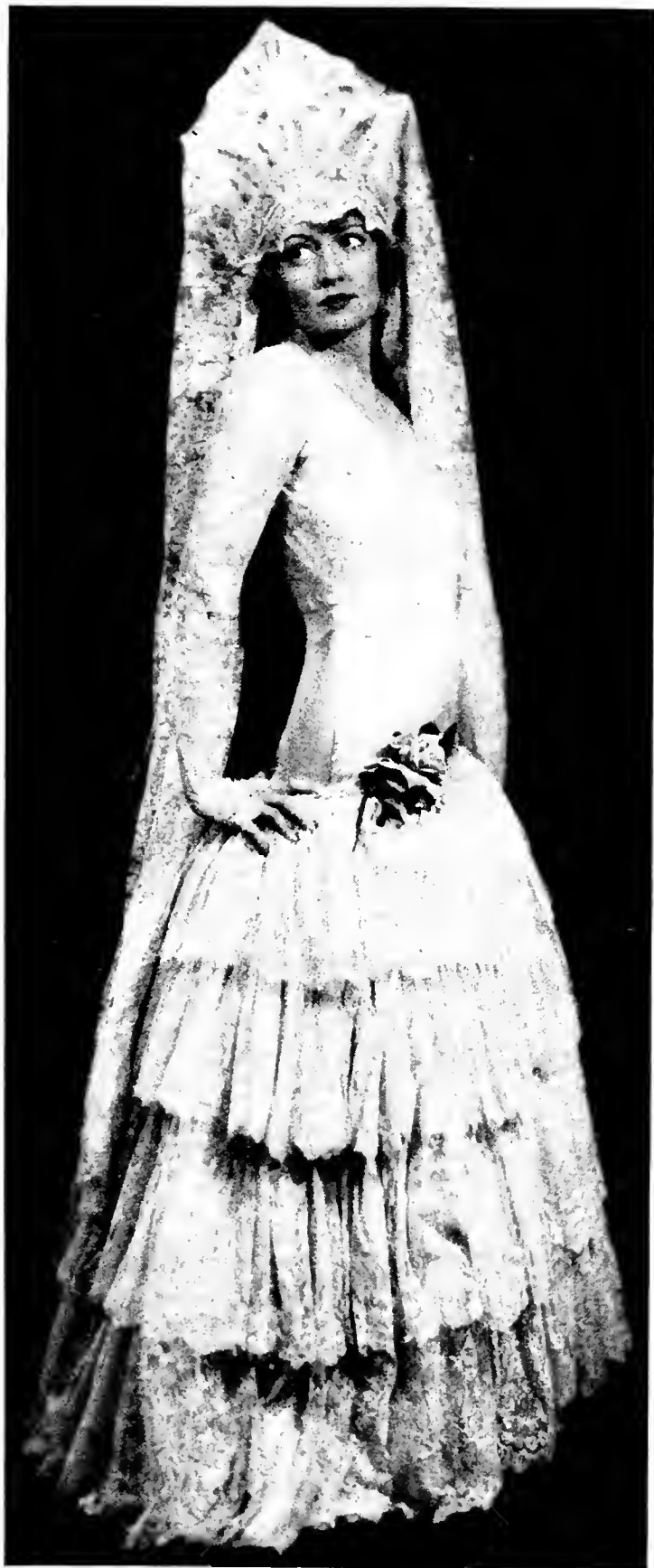
**P**ERHAPS his greatest charm is his ready wit. He is an entertainer par excellence in the theater and at the dinner table.

Along Vaudeville Gulch, in New York, they call Frankie "Broadway's Favorite Son." That's his billing on board and program—that's what they say when he plays the Palace Theater five weeks in a row, changing his act every week with the astonishing fluency that is peculiarly a Fay possession. As an "ad libber," or extemporaneous jokesmith, he stands alone.

If Frankie finally conquers Hollywood, it will be his third great triumph. First was his successful siege of Broadway; second, the winning of lovely Barbara Stanwyck.

By the time you read this, his work as master of ceremonies of "The Show of Shows" will be famous everywhere.

# Doris Springs A Surprise



DORIS KENYON has emerged overnight as an accomplished *diseuse*. Back of this seeming miracle, however, there is a story of great courage. Giving up her screen career to take her husband, Milton Sills, East where he recuperated from a nervous breakdown, Doris found herself worried to distraction. As an anodyne and with no thought of appearing publicly she worked to perfect herself as a singer and *diseuse*. Charles Wagner, hearing her, prevailed upon her to accept a concert engagement and she made her *début* at the Avon Theater in New York recently.







**T**HIS charming study shows Doris Kenyon in one of her most delightful characterizations. Her varied repertoire of "lyric silhouettes" ranges from a humorous study of an old cockney flower seller to a vivid portrayal of an idiot boy, and calls for songs in French, German, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Japanese and English. Our hat's off, Doris

*Says*  
Clara  
Bow  
*to*  
Clara  
Bow



OUR busy camera catches the two separate and distinct Clara Bows that make the Brooklyn ball of fire such a complex and interesting gal. The Clara to the left is the carefree madcap of her frothier films—the Bow above is the somber, meditative girl who stops to wonder, now and then, whether the buggy ride called Life is worth all the wear and tear. Says the lower Bow to the upper Bow—“Wake up and live, kid! Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you’ll be fat, feeble and fifty!” Says the upper Bow—“Pipe down! Life isn’t so sweet and easy. You’ll have a headache in the morning!”



Apeda

**T**HE loveliest of America's blondes continue to stream into Hollywood to storm the talking screen, and well toward the head of the big parade is this exquisite girl, Catherine Dale Owen. Well known on the stage, she has now appeared opposite Gilbert in "His Glorious Night" and as Lawrence Tibbett's leading woman in "The Rogue's Song." She has been so successful on the M-G-M lot that she is now busy at that studio in another ambitious phonoplay



**E**XPOSED—and liking it! Ronald Colman, suave man of mystery and lone wolf of the Hollywoods, has come out of his shell. Ronnie, whose silence regarding his own affairs has been many an interviewer's nightmare, has at last spoken up. Here he is, stripped of his reserve and his necktie. And note that, after breaking down and telling all, Ronnie can still smile

We rip the veil from the grand old legend that Ronnie Colman is a male Madame X, silent and aloof on a mountain top

# Exposing RONALD!

**T**HIS is a hot exposé and should all be done in headlines!

Ronald Colman has worked his racket long enough! It's time somebody put a stop to it. And it might as well be me. Which is the title of a theme song, and whoever writes the lyrics first can have it.

Who is this male *Madame X*—this Colman person who sits aloof on one of Hollywood's highest hills and allows not even the humblest and most inoffensive seeker to defile the sanctity of his bachelor domain? Who is this guy who thinks he can get away with seclusion in a town that hasn't a secret, not even from itself? Who is this demi-god who makes none of the conventional gestures?

"No, I'm sorry, but Mr. Colman never makes a personal appearance," says his press agent to a perspiring theater manager who isn't wired for sound and has to do something to get the customers in.

"No, I'm sorry, but Mr. Colman can't possibly give an interview, unless, of course, you want to come out and sit all day on the set and catch him between scenes," says his press agent to the most demure little blonde girl you ever saw who just must write a story for the old home town gazette.

"No, I'm sorry, Mr. Colman never goes to big parties. He doesn't discuss his private affairs. He never dines in popular restaurants where autograph collectors have to get their autograph books filled. He doesn't give press teas. He doesn't attend première performances."

No, Mr. Colman apparently doesn't do anything that all the other Hollywood stars do. And—here's the joker in the pack—nobody gets mad at him. You never hear stories about his being high-hat or temperamental or any other of the heinous things that stars become and shouldn't.

**W**ELL, it's gone on long enough! Everybody exposes everything, so Colman might just as well be exposed once and for all.

It started as a gag. Years ago a little press agent asked Colman to make a personal appearance and Colman said he'd rather stay at home and discuss the Einstein theory with Bill Powell. And because the press agent didn't know what the Einstein theory was and because he had to write some sort of a story and give some sort of an excuse for a client who might grow temperamental, he began the silent and aloof racket.

Colman isn't silent and aloof at all. He's an excellent fellow, if anybody should ask you, and has, I'll wager, as many real friends as anybody in the industry. He likes good, lusty talk—that goes on indefinitely until three or four o'clock in the morning, and nobody enjoys a good, rousing party more than he. But, like most excellent fellows, he has no taste for being

By  
Katherine Albert

stared at and for answering personal questions. The whole point is he never started being a typical Hollywood star. If he had made all the proper gestures and then suddenly left off making them—ah, what fodder that would be for newspaper typewriters. But he came to us, a full blown *Madame X*, a silent and aloof fellow before he was famous—all because of one press agent story.

"**L**OOK here," said Colman, "I'm not hard to manage. I'm really quite docile and I like going to a good party as well as you do. I just don't like to be bored—that's all."

"Of course you don't," I said, "but isn't everybody bored most of the time and doesn't everybody have to be?"

"I don't have to be," said Colman. "I really didn't mean to get silent and aloof. It was sort of forced upon me, but now that it is here—well, isn't it a perfectly excellent idea?"

I said it was. You see, I have a deep fellow feeling for Ronnie. I'm a racketeer along those lines myself. I've a reputation in my own family for being peculiar. One of my peculiarities is that I won't attend family dinners nor go on family picnics. Does this make my great Aunt Susan cut me out of her will with a shilling? It does not! It only makes her murmur, "Well, she always was peculiar, poor thing. Her third cousin on her father's side was peculiar, too."

So there you are. Colman is never considered rude when he refuses an interview. Nobody ever says, "Hey, where does he get off?" And once inside his dressing room to interview him, nobody asks any embarrassing questions nor tries to probe into the inner recesses of his love-life. Not by a bushel of broad "a's."

"Ronnie's just that way," everybody says. And because of being just that way, Ronnie gets away with murder.

"**I**T'S no concerted action on my part," I said Colman (he has such a swell English accent that you decide to go out and lead a better life, grammatically, at once). "I never tried to 'get away with anything.' Perhaps if I had come to Hollywood and said, 'Ah-ha, I shall save myself trouble if I get a reputation for being off-ish,' I would never have had such a reputation.

"It was all quite sincere. It was all just a case of ignorance on my part. I didn't know that a star had to make certain gestures, so I didn't make them. I didn't know that I was supposed to go to dull places and meet dull people just because I happened to be making a living by wearing grease paint and loving beautiful women on the screen."

"But ignorance," I said, in my most judicial voice, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



The popular and erroneous conception of the mysterious Mr. C.—silent, grave and aloof fellow, and woman-hater



Longworth

**J**UST when we thought all the possible poses had been exhausted along comes Mlle. Janina Smolinska and goes into reverse. She comes to pictures fresh from a beauty contest in which she carried on for old Poland, and will do a specialty dance in First National's operetta, "Song of the Flame"



"Wild Mark" Busby spends a dizzy evening in a secluded nook with Anita Page. Of course, Pop Pomares drops in to smoke a pipe, and Mom to read a book. Otherwise, they are alone

# Dating Anita

"Don Juan" Busby makes one with the Page girl—and keeps it with the whole family

By

Marquis Busby

**A**S Uncle Carl Laemmle tells 'em out Universal Studio way—"It can be done." Nothing is impossible in Hollywood unless it's duplicating the shade of Clara Bow's burnt-orange hair. Perhaps even that can be done.

At any rate it is possible to spend an entire evening with a movie star—and not spend anything but the evening. A Scotchman's dream of heaven! To those people who say that it takes a roll and a Rolls to get a date in Hollywood, I sez, sez I in my best Chesterfieldian manner—yah-yah-yah!

In this little house to house campaign—do you need any fresh dates this evening?—to discover just how much it costs to step these aha-me-proud-beauties of the silver screen, the conclusion is so far—not very much. Sally Eilers was kept in a good humor for the not too princely sum of \$6.10. June Collyer came a little higher, around \$25.

Even that was reasonable, for there were premiering and eating and such things to be done. Anita Page, date number three,

I blush to admit this, didn't cost a durned cent. No, not even a Chinese yen, which is lower than a stock market report.

Hollywood is thoroughly familiar with the fact that whither Anita goes, her father or mother goes, too. The original Ruth and Naomi. In one of the least conventional cities in the world, Anita is chaperoned like a Spanish senorita.

Little gals like Polly Moran go about alone, unprotected from the blandishments of unscrupulous traveling salesmen. Not Anita. Even when a royal prince dropped in to call on Doug and Mary and wanted a date with the flowering Page, papa went along. If a prince can't be trusted, you couldn't take a chance on a reporter. According to those newspaper plays, reporters go around with a gin breath, a flask in one pocket and the *American Mercury* in the other.

So my date was an evening with all the Pages, Anita, father and mother, and the littlest Page, Moreno, aged six. All except Anita use the family name of Pomares. Henceforward Mr. Pomares will be called Papa Pomares.

It's so euphonious, and no story about Anita is complete without papa.

It was Anita's suggestion that we all spend a quiet evening at home. Her idea of a complete "bender" is to go to a neighborhood picture house and see somebody else act, or to drive to the beach and ride on all the thriller contraptions.

Anita lives in a new part of town. It takes a compass and a good sense of direction to find the place. The "rancho" Anita is a comfortable, modest affair in a two-dwelling building.

Mrs. Pomares greeted me in the living room, and introduced me to Papa Pomares.

"I don't know what we can do to entertain you," said Pop. "We can play the radio, or we've got a ping-pong set and a pool table."

Now, I'm not a bit hard to entertain. I'm like Aileen Pringle. Even the simple things in life can keep me happy—yes, even dominoes.

**A**NITA came in then. She had been at the studio all day. She wore what a masculine mind would call a very pleasing, simple white dress, and let it go at that.

We remembered the first time we had met, Betty Bronson's party at the Mayfair, two years before. I've never forgotten that party. It was New Year's Eve. At the table were Betty, Mary Brian, Anita, two girls from an exclusive finishing school, and a set of college boys, including Betty's two brothers from Princeton. Everyone seemed so proper that I was afraid to take a drink and greet the New Year with open arms.

Dinner at Anita's was served a little after seven. Mrs. Pomares served the plates with an unstinting hand. Baked ham, lima beans, potatoes. Let's see, there was a soup to begin with, a pear salad, and a thick chocolate pudding for dessert.

Hmm! Anita is slender now, but she'd better be careful.

The big excitement of the whole evening, in which most of the neighborhood shared, was the arrival of Billy Grimes, an M-G-M camera man. A good hour and a half was spent in making flashlight pictures. Have you ever heard a flashlight gun explode in a small room? It sounds like Gettysburg, the Marne and Waterloo, with a few Japanese fire-crackers thrown in for good measure.

Anita's next door neighbor is the minister of a nearby church, which seems very appropriate for the quiet Pomares family. His reverence rushed out of the house at the first explosion.

"Is everything all right?" he asked anxiously.

"We might say that we're entertaining cousins from Chicago," Anita suggested.

There were flashlights taken in front of the fireplace, at the piano, at the door, at the card table, and in the patio. Production was at a standstill for a few moments while Billy Grimes hunted out an M-G-M theme song to plant on the piano. He should have a raise.

"I've got an idea for a picture," said Anita thoughtfully.

"You haven't an idea," shouted Mrs. Pomares. "Listen, everybody, Anita has an idea."

"Beginner's luck," commented Anita.

Her idea was to pose playing a ukulele, while I looked pained with the concert. That is, I was supposed to look pained. When the picture was developed I looked as if I had been eating sour apples.

Into this madhouse of excitement, flashlight pictures, and acrid smoke, Anita's vocal teacher arrived to give her a half-hour lesson. She has her lesson every evening, hot or cold, rain or shine.

I don't know, but I didn't feel he was too pleased about giving a lesson in a room that smelled as if an oil derrick were burning in the next yard.

**W**HILE Anita was vocalizing in the living room, Papa Pomares, Mrs. Pomares and I played cut-throat bridge in the breakfast room. Papa is a marvelous player. He could beat Work or Whitehead with one arm tied behind him. He was a trifle annoyed when Mrs. Pomares put a trump card on his perfectly good ace.

"Don't look so cross," cringed Mrs. Pomares, with mock fear.

Papa explained that the breakfast room was also his office. Here he looks after Anita's business, and attends to affairs of his own.

When the family lived in Flushing, New York, he was an electrical engineer.

"We don't have much [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

## Mary Nolan Whips *the* Gossip Jinx

**A**FROWNING jinx with a tongue for gossip has crossed Mary Nolan's path. You take off your coat and turn it wrong side out when a black cat gets in your way. But there's nothing to do about a gossiping jinx except, perhaps, to do what Mary Nolan did.

Her pitiful, groping life (she was christened *Imogene Wilson*) began when she was given a soap box to stand on because she was too little to reach the large basin where, twice a week, she washed five hundred stockings for the little girls in St. Joseph's convent, in Missouri.

Mary was one of ten orphans who had been with the nuns since she was three years old.

Until she was fourteen she taught sewing and darned stockings to pay her way through school.

It is no wonder, then, that New York, where she came as a dancer, was attractive and glamorous to her. It is no wonder that the name of *Imogene Wilson* was bandied about Broadway. Her rare, exciting beauty led her to the studios of famous artists, where she posed as a model.

Later she appeared in musical comedies.

But her life was full to the brim with sordid tragedy, so she fled to Europe and from Frank Tinney, and as *Imogene Robertson*, signed a contract with a Ger-



The beautiful Mary Nolan, who has beaten the jinx of the days when she was *Imogene Wilson*

man film company, where she was starred in fourteen productions.

**I**T was in Germany that she met Nils Asther, and when both were signed by United Artists they came to this country together.

Once more the newspapers whispered in bold type and the casual meeting on the boat became a theme for international gossip.

She was released from United Artists and signed with Universal, where her jinx still pursued her in the form of accidents and illness that postponed many pictures.

She has, at last, made her stellar debut in "The Shanghai Lady," and has begun work on "Ropes."

Hats should be doffed to the blonde and slightly wistful Mary, once *Imogene*.

What she has so far accomplished in pictures has not only taken a lot of talent, but tremendous courage. For when a Broadway butterfly gets as severely singed as Mary did, she is usually written off the books and forgotten quickly.

Mary, however, refused to stay singed. Once overseas, she grew a new pair of wings, finer than the originals, and went at the serious business of making good. And from an unlucky show-girl to a feted film star has been a matter of a few years and a lot of labor. And she's only beginning!



# The Villain Unmasked

She knew Bill Powell when he was star of the Shakespeare Club

By

Leonora Ross

HE came out of the room in which the Shakespeare Club was holding its meeting just as I dashed around a corner to avoid being seen by an unsympathetic algebra teacher. My mind was on escape—his evidently upon something Shakespearean. We met like the irresistible force and the immovable body—only in this case the body, being quick-witted, stepped aside in time to be knocked only half-breathless, instead of going down for the count.

Any other boy would have yelled, "Say, you—whatta you think ya are—a fire engine!"—that being an age when a fire engine moved faster than anything else that could be thought of.

But not this young man. Instead he drew himself up to a commanding height of what seemed at least six feet and said, with a dignity that froze me, "I beg your pardon! I didn't mean to get in your way."

Being a freshman, I had been snubbed before, but never so effectively. He might be a senior, but I'd show him. Lady Vere de Vere might have envied the scorn with which I retorted, "I don't know who you are and I'll thank you not to speak to me until we're properly introduced!"

The boy's face, from the rather prominent bump of his Adam's apple to the roots of his thick dark hair, turned painfully pink, but it couldn't have been more uncomfortably warm than my own was as he strode down the hall. And the parting reproof he tossed after me lingered pretty vividly in my mind for more than sixteen years.

"I—I'M Bill Powell, since you're so particular," he informed me, "but I don't care now who you are—I think you're an immature little fool!"

I've thought so myself a good many times since then, and several million women who have admired Bill's charming and polished villainy on the screen will heartily agree with me. However, I was well punished—and all the satisfaction I got out of it was the doubtful pleasure of having snubbed the boy who became one of Central High School's "favorite sons."

It wasn't any small distinction, either, to be mentioned as "one of those who have made good," as the assembly hall speakers used to put it, in that school. Kansas City's oldest high school has been put on the map by several of its graduates—among

Bill Powell's first dress suit! He was adorning the cast of the Kansas City Central High production of "An American Citizen"



them a red-haired young artist who was a classmate of Bill's—a certain Ralph Barton. Maybe you've heard of him, too.

But it was Bill who taught me the meaning of the word repentance—and spent sixteen years doing it. For the rest of that year he passed me by as if I'd been the picture of Moses that hung on the corridor wall. And I couldn't fail to see him, because all of a sudden he became the most important boy in school.

THE Shakespeare, one of the school's numerous literary clubs, cursed us annually with a program of the works of the Avon bard. Usually it was pretty awful—but the year that Bill put on trunks and tights and did *Malvolio* there was a sudden feminine rush to join the Shakespeare.

He had nice legs, too—speaking of tights. I'd forgotten how shapely they were until I saw them, some ten or twelve years later, when he revealed them in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Romola."

And how he could wear a dress suit! Even a rented one—nobody in the school ever owned one, for that matter. The annual Christmas play that year was a "society drama" called "An American Citizen," and Bill had the title rôle. Maybe John Barrymore could have looked more the man of the world to my fifteen-year-old eyes, but I doubt it!

The editor of "The Luminary," the school paper, took upon himself the job of dramatic critic, and wrote of Bill with all the masculine magnanimity he could command: "William Powell, in the title rôle, is well-suited to his part and played it with unusual feeling."

THE editor, as it happened, was moon-eyed over the pretty blonde heroine to whom Bill made love—with unusual feeling. But the editor couldn't have felt any worse about it than I did. Especially when Bill finished school that year and temporarily left a void in my heart.

The same heart almost had acute palpitation the next year, however, when Bill came back to town during Christmas vacation and dropped in to watch a rehearsal of the annual school play. Bill had fired my dramatic ambitions and, because I looked the ingénue, I'd been cast for the part of *Cecily Cardew* in Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest."

I was supposed to get all fluttery about the juvenile—and I fluttered pretty well until that rehearsal, when I saw Bill sitting out in front.

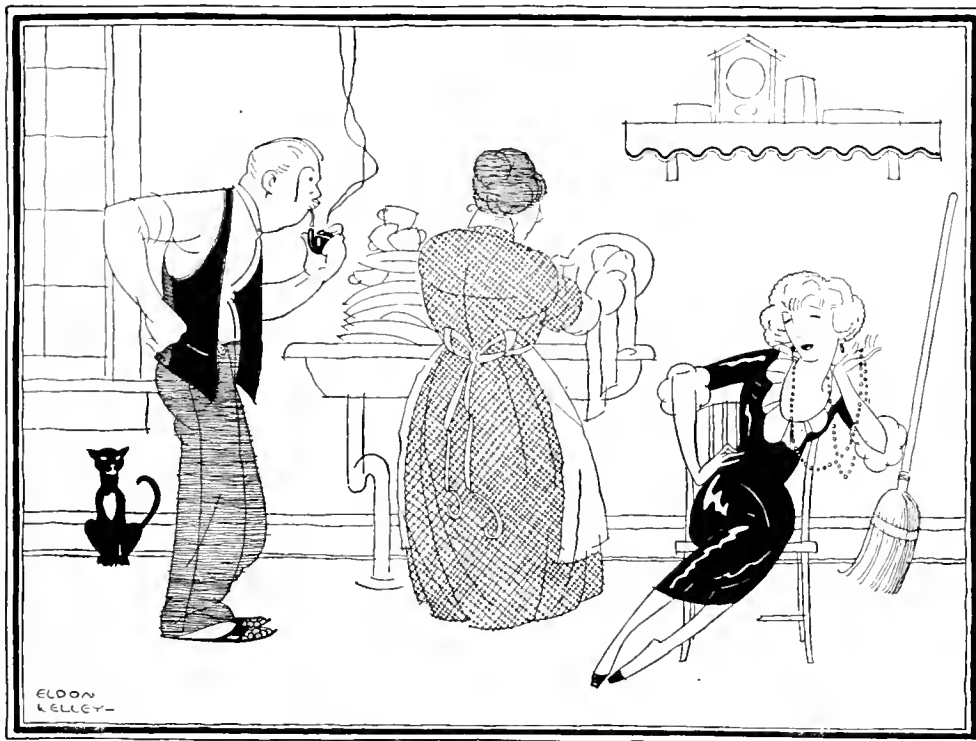
From that moment I became as self-conscious

[ PLEASE TURN  
TO PAGE 98 ]

Ah, there were actors then! Mr. William Powell, when he trod the boards in the brilliant Harry Davis stock troupe in Pittsburgh

# Reeling Around

with  
Leonard  
Hall



Movie Extra—  
“Honest to gosh, Ma,  
you’d never believe  
how I slave around  
that studio!”  
Pa—“Neither  
would I!”

## Hollywood Valentine

*I picked a dashing Valentine  
In Hollywood, that should be mine!*

*I sent her notes, both droll and gay,  
I wrote her up in PHOTOPLAY—*

*I penned her poems, wired her flowers;  
I thought of her for hours and hours—*

*I told the world, with shriek and scream,  
That she was earth’s superbest dream!*

*In spite of all my rumble-bumble  
She never gave the tiniest tumble!*

*She someone snappier has found—  
Or else she is not wired for sound.*

*So after this I’ll knock on wood  
And look around my neighborhood!*

## Anything for a Laugh!

Cecil De Mille recently addressed the Motion Picture Academy on “Hokum”—and his own ears burned to a crisp. . . . Cliff “Ukulele Ike” Edwards has just had his first horseback ride. He and the horse are both sore about it. . . . Jobyna Howland, famous stage comedienne, has a part in “Come Out of the Kitchen” for Paramount. Joby, who is six feet tall, came out because she found there wasn’t room for both her and the icebox. . . . The newest member of Our Gang is Iota, a black dot four months old. Other candidates, I suppose, are Jot and Tittle. . . . Funny things come out of Africa when a film company is working there. A story printed in America says that Director Van Dyke, of the “Trader Horn” company, saved his troupe from prowling lions by firing off a shot-gun. I don’t see why the press agent didn’t say he spanked one to death with a bed-slat. . . . Something you’ll never see on the screen

now. An early print of “The Taming of the Shrew” carried a title reading “Dialogue by William Shakespeare and Sam Taylor.” . . . At a recent after-midnight showing of Gloria Swanson’s “The Trespasser” in New York, there were 150 patrons, and only two of them were asleep. I still expect to learn that they were dead. . . . The British—ha! ha!—certainly played a cute joke on George Bancroft when Big Boy was abroad. After a week in a London hotel, he was presented with a bill for \$1,500. In pictures he would have opened fire, but in England he probably paid it without even saying “Boo!” . . . The next McLaglen-Lowe picture will be entitled “Broad-Minded.” A direct hint to the censors. Well, they’d better be!

## Borrowed Pome

Under the casting agent’s nose  
The homely extra stands,  
And stands and stands and stands and stands,  
And stands and stands and stands.

N. Y. State Exhibitors’ Journal

## Getting Personal

The new airport at Olathe, Kansas, is named “Buddy Rogers Field”. . . . Karl Dane has grown a new moustache, an old Danish custom. . . . France’s first talking newsreel has been started by M. Louis Natan, no relation to George Jean Natan. . . . And the first French all-talking feature has had its Paris debut, with much screaming and cheek-kissing. It is called “The Three Masks.” And even then, heh-heh, it was filmed in England. Well, they’ll get around to it! . . . Five years ago a little girl made her stage debut as a baby-talk singer at the Fordham Theater, New York. Her name was Helen Schroeder. A few weeks ago she played there again. Her name was Helen Kane, and her salary was about fourteen hundred and fifty more for the week. . . . Another Bushman hits pictures. Lenora, daughter of the Francis X. of flapper memory, is now a member of Metro-Goldwyn’s stock company. . . . Latest bulletin on poundage—Alice White gained five pounds during a vacation in Arizona.

# MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE

SAYS

"I BELIEVE IN BEAUTY"



From a poem to Mrs. LODGE by AMY LOWELL . . .

*Dancer of silver shadows,  
You are all youth and freshness . . .  
You dance in the dawn,  
Printing a fleeting pattern of your bright body  
Against sudden, startled green.*



*Lovely young Mrs. John Davis Lodge of Boston and New York is the bride of the grandson of the late United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. Née Francesca Braggiotti, she is widely known as a dancer. (Left) in her brilliant interpretation of "Scheherazade," so much admired.*

**B**EAUTY, romantic ancestry, talent and charm—such is the dowry of lovely young Mrs. John Davis Lodge, bride of the grandson of the late United States Senator from Massachusetts, the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge.

Born Francesca Braggiotti, Mrs. Lodge lived as a child in Florence, Italy. Beautiful, with starry dark eyes and hair golden as Melisande's, she is devoted to the art of the dance.

"I believe in beauty," she says. "Women should live for loveliness, for lovely minds in lovely graceful bodies. And the charm of a lovely skin is as important!"

Mrs. Lodge's own skin is exquisite, warmly colored and fresh as a tea-rose. "I've used Pond's Two Creams all my life," she says. "That wonderful Cold Cream cleanses deliciously and I've just



discovered the immaculate new Cleansing Tissues to remove cold cream. Pond's new Skin Freshener is doubly precious because both tonic and astringent." The Vanishing Cream which holds her powder

gives her arms and neck a lustre which she says "is attractive in the evening."

**KEEP YOUR OWN SKIN LOVELY** by Pond's four swift, simple steps:

During the day . . . *One*, for thorough cleansing, lavishly apply Pond's Cold Cream with upward, outward strokes, several times and always after exposure . . . *Two*, wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, economical . . . *Three*, briskly dab face and neck with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores . . . *Four*, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

At bedtime, cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.



*(Left) Pond's four delightful preparations are preferred by lovely women everywhere—Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream, Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.*

**SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS**

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. B  
114 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

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# Both at Home and in 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

*You will find that it keeps your*

“LOVELY SKIN is absolutely essential for that attractiveness which touches hearts.” This is the conclusion drawn by 45 leading Hollywood directors from their long experience with picking girls who will be most likely to win and hold the hearts of millions.

“Certainly no girl ever rises to stardom on the screen unless her skin shows flawless in a close-up,” these directors all emphatically declare.

Small wonder, then, that of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap—not only



Photo by Fred R. Archer

BETTY COMPSON, charming Radio Pictures' star. At home, as in her studio dressing room, she uses Lux Toilet Soap. She says: “Flawlessly smooth skin is so important to a star. I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap.”



Photo by Clarence Hewitt

Above—LOIS MORAN, vivacious blonde Fox star, cares for her skin the same way all of 511 important Hollywood actresses do . . . by using Lux Toilet Soap. She says: “Even the finest French Soaps could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than Lux Toilet Soap does. It's delightful.”

Left—ANITA PAGE, young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, has the softest, smoothest skin imaginable! And of course she has no qualms about appearing under the intense glaring lights used for the talkies! She says: “I *always* use Lux Toilet Soap! It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth.”



Photo by C. S. Bull

*Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢*

# their Studio Dressing Rooms Lux Toilet Soap

*skin at its loveliest, too . . .*

at home, in their own luxurious bathrooms, but in their dressing rooms on location.

All the great film studios have made Lux Toilet Soap official for dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl have the very smoothest skin!

The Broadway stage stars, too, have long been using Lux Toilet Soap. And now the continental screen stars—in France, in Russia, in England—have adopted it.

You will love the generous, caressing lather of this fragrant white soap. And the delicate care it gives *your* skin! Order several cakes—today.



Photo by Elmer Fryer

LEATRICE JOY, First National's lovely brunette star, says: "The deliciously smooth skin we mean by 'studio skin' is a great asset to a star. After using Lux Toilet Soap my skin is like satin."



Photo by Bachrach

*Above*—BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in the luxurious bathroom especially designed and built in Hollywood for her. Like 9 out of 10 other screen stars, she is devoted to Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely."

*Right*—OLIVE BORDEN, tiny Radio Pictures' star, is another of the 511 Hollywood actresses who are enthusiastic about daintily fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin the special velvety smoothness we mean by 'studio skin.' I am certainly delighted with it."

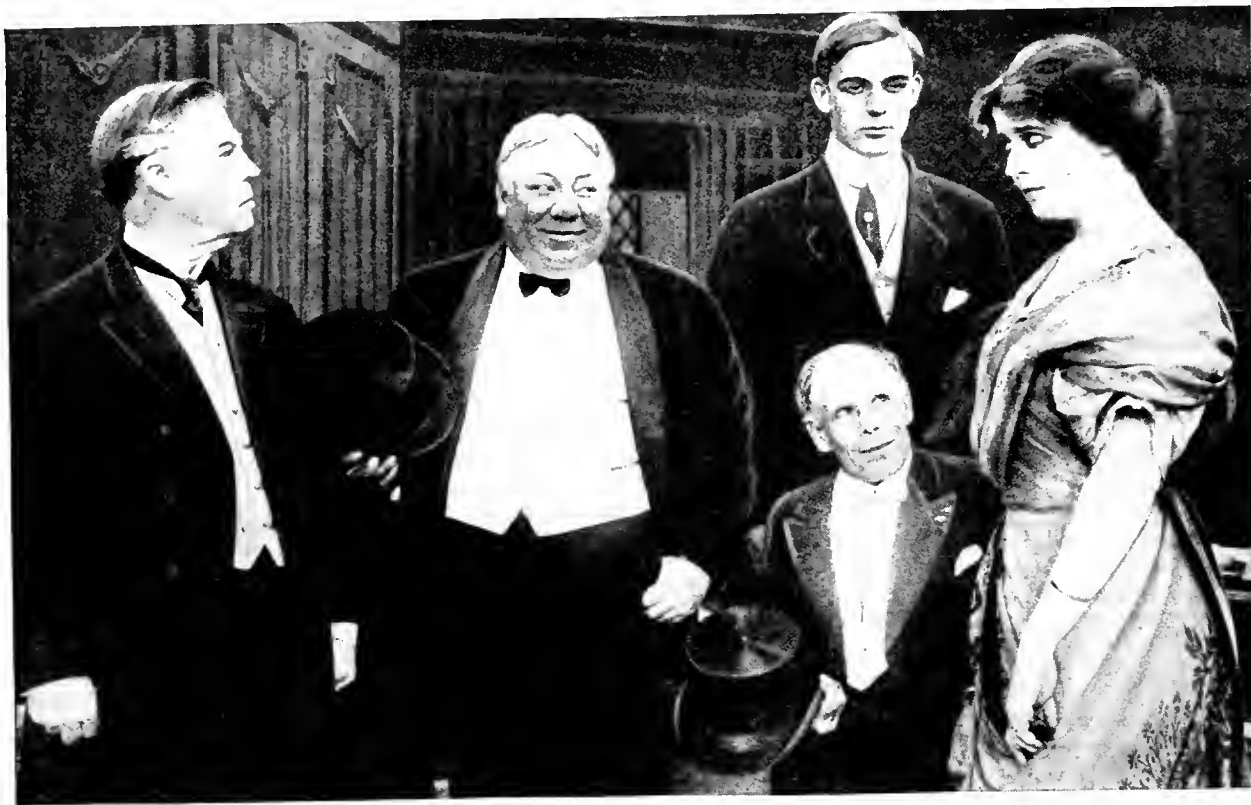


Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

and \$1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢

# Through *the* Studios *with* Pen and Camera

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]



A priceless picture, dug from our fireproof vaults. Five famous Vitagraph players of the old days, in a still from a Big V picture. Left to right—William Shea, John Bunny, Wallace Reid, Marshall P. Wilder and Leah Baird. Of this noted group, all but Leah have passed away!

BRITISH film censors recently kicked up a fuss when they forbade the showing of kisses between John Longden, English leading man, and Anna May Wong, the cute Chinese-American actress.

It all happened in a new English talkie, "The Road to Dishonor," in which Longden and Anna May had to indulge in a little osculating. The censors remarked that such didoes would offend British sensibilities, and said that lip might not meet lip on the screen.

All of which stirred up statements by the lady and gentleman involved—and no little pleasant publicity for "The Road to Dishonor."

"DO you know your dialogue, Billie?" asked Alice White of Billie Dove.

"I hope so, all I have is, 'When you play the violin' and, 'Oh, Paul.'"

"Well, you're luckier than I am. All I have is a boo hoo and two sniffs," replied Alice.

GRETA GARBO wins the prize in unknown admirers. Her anonymous swain says it with orchids in the form of a daily dozen.

Every morning during the production of a picture the Swedish star receives a box of the priceless posies. The box contains no card and the florist is unable to furnish any information regarding the donor.

The orchid shower began during the filming of "Flesh and The Devil" and has continued regularly through every picture since that time.

Who he is and how he knows the exact date and days of her working schedule are mysteries which have aroused the curiosity of even the sphinxlike Garbo.

IT was on the sound stage, about two A. M., that a young actor yawned and became peevis regarding the distance to his bed and slumber.

"Cheer up, old top," said Tod Browning. "I have had to double you in speech, double you in singing and double you in that crash stunt. You don't know it, but I have a double sleeping for you right now."

"OUR GANG," of precious and pious memory, has grown up.

Of course, there's still an "Our Gang," but the kids that Bob McGowan made famous a few years ago, are no more.

Let's see where they are. Johnny Downs takes tap dancing lessons in New York, trying for vaudeville. Mary Kornman, that beautiful child, is back in Hollywood for pictures, a regular flapper now. Scooter Lowery, the bad little boy, and Fatty Joe Cobb have grown right out of their jobs. Sunshine Sammy, first noted in Snub Pollard comedies, long ago outgrew the Gang.

Only Farina remains—and a long, spindly Farina now. No longer the fascinating little black dot, on whom things fell with a thud and who was pursued by fire-snorting pigs and cows.

Nothing is sadder, in the march of time, than some developments. As Julius Caesar said two thousand years ago, "You and I grow old, McGowan, but the kids on the Roach lot are ever the same age!"

ARE you a mammy-singer? Imitate Al? Go abroad! After Al Jolson finished smiting America with "Sonny Boy," he went for Europe, and Europe went for him.

His talkies-singies have been an enormous

hit in the old world. They don't understand a word he's singing, but they're cuckoo about his delivery.

As a result, theater managers and night club owners will hire anyone who can give even a passable imitation of Al singing "Ma-a-a-ameecee!"

Incidentally, Jolson is leaving the screen for a time to make a concert tour of the world. And he can hold an audience with the best of them, for he has a really grand voice.

LITTLE Fifé Dorsay was complaining about her pictures over on the Fox lot.

"My first one is 'They Had to See Paris,' then I do 'Hot for Paris.' I hope the next one is 'Let's Get the Hell Out of Paris.'"

OLD Cal bows his head in shame. He never thought, what with that motto about truth and accuracy pinned above his littered desk, that he would have to print a retraction in these unsullied columns, but it has now become quite necessary. He begs pardon of his public.

Seems as how in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY it was publicly stated that Dick Arlen was one young trouper who never owned a pair of spats, but the other night old Cal got to browsing around in Dick's wardrobe when he accidentally came across a pair, as natty and up-to-the-minute as any ever worn by Adolphe Menjou.

Confronted with the evidence, Squire Arlen hung his head and blushed. All that can be said in his defense is that they have never been worn. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 74 ]



# Youth is to be gained as well as kept

*Why salines are so important  
in the quest for youthful charm*

**B**IRTHDAYS never bother some women, while with others they are seasons of forlornness. Yet it isn't an unkind fate that makes the difference, nor is it generally any lack of good external care.

Nine times out of ten, women forfeit their youth because they neglect nature's first law of health—they fail to keep internally clean and thus they breed within themselves the arch-enemy of beauty—constipation.

*Follow this natural way to beauty*

To keep your youth and to regain the years that are rightfully yours, turn to the saline method with Sal Hepatica. For there is no champion of charm so efficient as the drinking of saline waters. Salines sweep from the system the poisons that cause sickness and its toll of aging lines. They clear the bloodstream of blemish-bringing poisons. They

neutralize the acidity that gives the skin a dull and sallow cast.

European women know full well these benefits that salines bring. The famous spas at Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, are thronged with fashionable women who, on their physicians' advice, make regular

pilgrimages to these natural "fountains of youth." Partaking daily of the health waters, their complexions are restored to fineness, they find themselves fresher—they stay young longer.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the wonderful European spas. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for constipation, indigestion, 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 you, guard your health by taking Sal Hepatica. Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains in full the saline treatment.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS Co., Dept. G-20, 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

© 1929

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Through *the* Studios with Pen and Camera

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72 ]

**A**LMOST everywhere you go somebody is always asking: "Are Clara Bow and Alice White really mad at each other?"

The answer is "no," and a couple of nein. Some smart newspaper guy started the feud just to build circulation or something.

Alice and Clara have always been the best of pals—in fact, they're sort of banded together against the rest of the world who couldn't see a girl having a little fun without getting mad about it.

**H**EART throb for a cold month: Little Sally Starr is being beau-ed around by Bobby Agnew.

**W**AS the 18-day diet promoted by the fruit growers association? Maybe yes, maybe no.

Anyhow, it's now as dead as last year's sparrow. Killed off by the medical fraternity and old Dr. Bitter Experience.

The picture girls welcomed the diet like an extra girl welcomes an assistant director. Eighteen pounds gone in eighteen days! Whoopee! The pounds fell off, it's true, but the dieter often finished up in a hospital.

Milk is as popular as grapefruit used to be. Many of the girls were put on a baby food diet to counteract the disastrous effects of the reducing method.

Hollywood physicians made statements. They warned their patients against it. The very women who had been most in favor of it begged their friends to let it alone.

And the restaurants threw out all their menus describing it.

Hollywood still reduces, but not that way. Swedish masseuses are as popular as handsome men. The stores have given over their best window displays to new



A famous star of other days comes back to Hollywood and pictures! Dorothy Dalton, glamorous girl of the Ince days, and her noted husband, Arthur Hammerstein, who will produce a musical spectacle, "Bride 66," for the audible screen



Garbo's double makes good on her own. Geraldine De Vorak, who used to "stand in" for Greta the Great on the Metro lot, now has a part in a new First National picture. Pretty, no?

vibrators and reducing machines. Many of the girls are taking courses of systematic exercises. Lots of them are dieting. But they're doing it under a doctor's care this time!

**R**EMEMBER how we all thought the fire-eating Jetta Goudal was all washed up in pictures, after her winning suit against De Mille and her stand against the producers in the fight to unionize Hollywood's actors?

Wrong again, for the bizarre Goudal has a part in a Warner short subject called "China Lady." Her first film job in a year. All of which goes to show that producers, unlike elephants, forget and forgive.

**L**ILLIAN GISH is back in Hollywood doing her first talkie, "The Swan." Her chum, Mary Pickford, is in Europe, so Lillian uses Mary's bungalow at the studio as both dressing room and home. She has a house, but when she works late on the set she remains over-night at the bungalow.

**Y**OU never know—and Rudy Vallée's picture, "The Vagabond Lover," proves it again.

Before the singing sheik's first talkie opened on Broadway, all the wiseacres whispered that it would be a stupendous dud, and that its flop would be heard from the Battery to the Bronx. To make them look foolish, nothing like that happened. The kid may be no Barrymore, but neither can John sing "A Little Kiss Each Morning" and bowl over the girls the way Rudy does. In short, his picture was pretty well liked.

Radio Pictures reports that girls' clubs are buying blocks of seats. If that's so, things look bright. For men may write stories like this, but it's the ladies that make the stars and keep them ringing the merry old cash register! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 76]



# "Antiseptics and Drugs are worthless in Toothpastes"

—Says Noted Health Magazine

### Read this warning:

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"  
—the health magazine of the  
American Medical Association.

**I**F you are using a toothpaste in the vain hope that it will correct or cure some disorder of teeth or gums, you must heed this plain warning!

Thousands of people are harming their teeth by believing that a dentifrice can cure — and neglecting to go to the dentist for the proper scientific treatment which he alone can give to teeth and gums.

No dentifrice can prevent or cure pyorrhea. No dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. No dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading, say high dental authorities. A dentifrice is a *cleansing* agent—like soap—and should be made and sold and used with the *one* object of cleaning the teeth.

This is a tremendously important object in itself. Everyone wants

clean, sparkling teeth. Everyone knows that cleanliness of teeth and mouth is vital to complete health.

Why not, therefore, accept this sane and common-sense attitude toward toothpastes. Dentists are all urging it. Stop looking for a dentifrice which will *cure*. Begin seeking the one which will *clean* your teeth best.

Because it does this one thing superlatively well, Colgate's has become the world's largest-selling toothpaste. Millions of people use it, and for 26 years have kept right on using it, because they have found it cleans better.

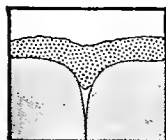
The reason for this is simple. Colgate's contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man, in a special, mild, effective form. This cleanser, when brushed, breaks into a sparkling, active foam. Careful scientific tests have proved that this foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to *penetrate\** deep down into the thousands of tiny pits and fissures of the teeth where ordinary sluggish toothpastes cannot reach. There, it softens the imbedded food particles and mucin, dislodging them and washing them away in a foaming, detergent wave.

Thus Colgate's cleans your teeth thoroughly, safely. You have not fooled yourself with "cures."

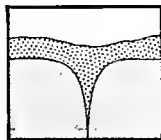
Also in powder form for those who prefer it—ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

The 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter.

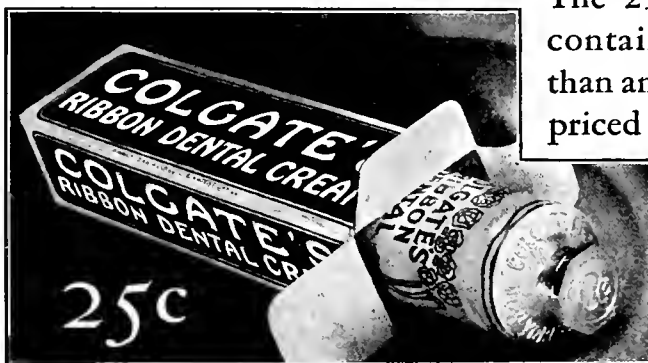
### \*Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



Colgate, Dept. M-598, P. O. Box 375  
Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C.

Please send me the booklet, "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name .....

Address .....

# Through *the* Studios *with* Pen and Camera

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74 ]



Two noted backs, as caught by the camera in 1924. That on the right belongs to Betty Blythe, then a famous star. That on the left is Catherine Dale Owen's, then an obscure stage leading woman. Now Catherine is shining in Metro talkies!

Have a look at Bill Hart, 1930 model. Dismounted, and minus chaps and sombrero, Noble Bill has a cup of Java at a New York hotel. He hopes to make a talkie soon. We hope he does, too



P. and A.

ALL of the past accomplishments of Buddy Rogers pale beside this one, of which he is most proud. Buddy has been playing golf for only three weeks, and the eighth time he was out he broke one hundred. His friends run from him when they see Buddy rounding the corner.

MAYBE we forgot to mention that William Boyd and Elinor Boyd had been divorced. You're apt to overlook those little things in Hollywood. But they've parted friends and everything is just dandy.

A little while after the legal entanglements were over you could stick your head out the window most any evening and catch a glimpse of the handsomest couple in Hollywood driving along the boulevards, Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd.

It can't be too serious, for Dorothy is one of those girls who keeps on slipping the marriage noose.

MOVIE actors are nothing if not adaptable!

Laurel and Hardy, one of our pet comedy teams, learned enough Spanish in two weeks

How do you like Nancy Carroll's sister, Terry? You needn't answer! Terry, who looks a lot like Agnes Ayres, is being given a fling in the talkies by Nancy's own producers



ACCORDING to a rumor that came right up and bit Old Cal on the right ear, Mary Brian will at last be rewarded with stardom. Paramount is not ready for the announcement, but plans are up and coming to make Mary a real super-luminary.

It will be the top rung on the ladder of fame for a girl who has struggled many years for serious consideration. In dozens of pictures Mary was "just the ingénue." Her work in "River of Romance," "The Virginian," and "The Marriage Playground" reveals that a new Mary Brian has appeared. In all her years at Paramount, and she has been there longer than any other featured player, she has never been starred.

THE First National fan letter department received a letter and a money order the other day from a boy in Canada, who requested that the money be used for a haircut for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

After the operation had been performed, he wanted a picture taken of Doug, Jr., to be sent to him.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78 ]



*"Every complexion needs soap and water. But some soaps are harmful. They injure the texture of the skin. They contain too much free alkali . . . caustic soda . . . similar irritants. That is why I advise my clients: 'Never use any soap except Palmolive.'"*

*E. Massé*

16 RUE DAUNOU, PARIS

# *"If soap irritates your skin you are using the wrong kind"*

says **EMILE MASSÉ**

*whose beauty shop, in Paris, is known throughout the continent*

Palmolive is pure. It is made entirely of palm and olive oils, known for generations as nature's greatest beautifiers.

**T**HE beauty specialists cannot work on an irritated skin," says Emile Massé, of Paris. Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing, non-irritating." Monsieur Massé, famous Parisian beauty specialist, explains—in those words—why 18,900 of his celebrated colleagues recommend Palmolive Soap. They want their clients to use a soap that definitely helps the expert in keeping complexions lovely. And Palmolive is their universal choice.

### *Why the skin needs soap and water*

The pores must be thoroughly yet gently cleansed twice every day, to keep the skin from looking drawn, muddy, coarse, uncared for.

Palm and olive oils, as combined in Palmolive Soap, provide a penetrating, healing cleanliness that is the very foundation of facial beauty.



*A corner of Monsieur Massé's salon  
on The Rue Daunou, in Paris*

Since the days of Cleopatra these two famous cosmetic oils have been used as beautifiers. Nothing has ever supplanted them. "This soap," says Massé, "combines deep cleansing with the cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

Palmolive's color is the natural color of olive and palm oils. The natural odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfume. It contains no other fats whatever . . . just nature's own cosmetic oils.

### *Consult your beauty expert*

Visit your beauty expert regularly, to be well groomed in every beauty detail. And cooperate with your expert by using Palmolive Soap daily in this simple treatment advocated by more than 18,900 famous beauticians:

Massage a smooth lather of Palmolive gently into the skin for about 2 minutes. Then rinse it off with warm water, graduating to cold. That's all. But be sure you do it regularly night and morning—as Monsieur Massé and the other famous experts advise.

P. S. And use Palmolive for the bath, too. It costs no more than ordinary soaps, you know.



Retail Price 10c

**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.

5103

# Through *the* Studios with Pen and Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]



One of the toy houses at Malibu Beach, that you read about so often. This one belongs to Director Robert Z. Leonard and his wife, Gertrude Olmsted, and the happy couple are at the gate to welcome a crowd of kibitzers from Hollywood

JOAN CRAWFORD has discovered a substitute for the eighteen-day diet.

It is the good, old-fashioned skipping rope of her childhood days.

Joan spends ten minutes each morning and evening, jumping "Salt, Vinegar, Mustard, Pepper," mostly pepper. Doug, Jr., has fallen for the idea and the two newlyweds run races with their ropes, the one missing a jump being penalized by five additional minutes of leaping.

Joan claims that skipping the rope is both a game and a serious means of keeping oneself physically fit.

**SOL WURTZEL**, one of the big Spooch hahs on the executive staff at Fox, is an ardent follower of the good, old Scotch game of golf. When he arrives on the links he is surrounded by caddies. Sol looks over the field, picks a boy, and hands him a printed card. It reads:

"Don't ask me for a job. Don't ask me to visit the studios."

**NOW** that Buddy Rogers is a star his family has given up their home in Kansas and moved to Hollywood. His father will sell the paper which he edited for so many years.

Buddy is immensely proud of his mother and one of his first gestures was to take her shopping. Buddy supervised the buying of all her frocks and was most interested in the selection of a costume for the football games.

The saleslady brought a plain black dress. Buddy shook his head. "Oh, I don't like that at all," he said. "Why, black is only for old ladies. Let's see something gay. Something very collegiate."

**MARY PICKFORD** and Douglas Fairbanks have taken that old Spanish phrase, "I offer you my home" literally. They have turned Pickfair, with its servants, its cars and its grounds over to Monsieur and Madame Maurice Chevalier.

It is, by the way, the first time such a gesture has been made. Mary and Doug, you know, are touring Europe again. The Chevaliers have just come back and will use the mansion until they're located.

**ROMANCES** are budding freely on the Universal lot. Can you imagine Uncle Carl Laemmle as Cupid?

There's little Barbara Kent who is seen oh, ever so frequently, in the company of Director Paul Fejos and little Mary Philbin didn't nurse a broken heart over Paul Kohner very long.

She and "Big Boy" Williams are the most cooing of love birds.

**SALLY O'NEIL** is one of the most unselfish little kids in pictures. If ever there was a devoted sister Sally's it. She and Molly O'Day are going to do a picture together and they must look alike.

Molly had made her hair a good many shades lighter a few months ago, so Sally touched up hers to match Molly's. It never occurred to her to ask Molly to dye her hair black.

**T**HE last word in "yessing" has been exemplified on the United Artists lot.

An eight pound boy arrived in the family of an assistant director. The young man was immediately christened Lewis, after Lewis Milestone, the proud papa's chief.

**I**F you don't believe that their press agents get the stars in some awful jams, listen to this. For years the Paramount publicity department has been grinding out stories about how Buddy Rogers does all his own stunts and has never had a double.

That was O.K. with Buddy until the other day, when he decided to take out a lot of insurance.

The underwriter shook his head. "I'm afraid the rates will come pretty high for you, Mr. Rogers," he said. "I've been reading in the papers how you fly airplanes and jump off bridges and do all those things yourself in the pictures."

And Buddy couldn't convince him of that well known fact that Ananias was the ancestor of all press agents.

**BETTY COMPSON'S** ability to play a violin in pictures today may be traced to the late George Loane Tucker's prophecy made to her ten years ago.

During the filming of "The Miracle Man," Betty told Tucker that she intended laying aside her violin because her successful picture career terminated her stage work. He said to her:

"Keep up your study of the violin, Betty. Within a few years we shall be able to film sound. Then your talents will be a priceless treasure."

**MONTAGU LOVE** was in the dining room at the hotel at Agua Caliente, when a man came over to his table and asked if he might sit and talk. Love acquiesced. In the middle of the conversation the stranger asked him to autograph the menu because he and his family had always admired his work.

As the man left, he said:  
"I've enjoyed talking with you so much, Love, but I must confess that when I came over here I thought you were Irvin S. Cobb."

**WHICH** is not half as embarrassing as a conversation that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., indulged in recently. A man he had just met started talking about "The Barker," in which Doug, Jr., did some of his best work.

"Have you seen 'The Barker?'" the man asked.

"Yes, I have," replied Doug.  
"Well, I thought it was a darn good picture."

Doug, Jr.'s, swelling of pride was broken by his next sentence.

"All except for one character; it was the man who played opposite Dorothy Mackaill. He was awful. He just spoiled the picture

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Talking back to the mike. Vivian Duncan gets a report from the mixing room on how sister Rosetta's rich haritone is coming over



I do prefer

**LUCKY  
STRIKE**  
CIGARETTE

*because*



Toasting *removes*  
dangerous irritants  
*that cause*  
throat irritation and  
coughing



Try  
 Maybelline Eye Shadow



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.

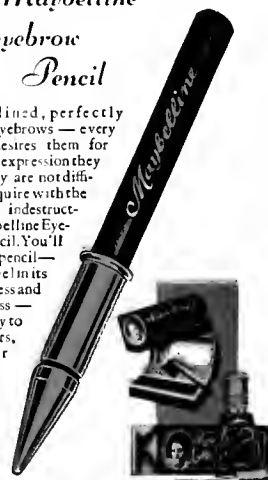
Applied lightly for daytime use and with somewhat deeper shading in the evening, the four colors of Maybelline Eye Shadow are most effectively used as follows: Blue is to be used for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used 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 revel in 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

# When They Write Letters

*The stars show an infinite variety of tastes, in note-paper*

By Frances Kish

HOW would you like to get a personal letter from Clara Bow?

Well, then you know how Wanda Blank felt when the postman handed her a letter one day which began "Dear Wanda" and ended with Clara's characteristic, round signature.

Wanda is a real Bow fan. When Clara's pictures play her local theater she half-dries the dishes so she'll be sure of getting a middle seat in the fourth row at the first show. And then she stays up half the night composing a letter to her favorite, telling how wonderful all her pictures are and that the one she has just seen is the most wonderful of all.

Some time ago Wanda wrote her usual congratulatory letter and intimated that it would be the thrill of thrills if Clara would answer with a tiny note—just a scrap of paper that she could show to the other girls and cherish for her grandchildren.

And Clara answered her!

What's more, she asked a favor.

She wanted to know where Wanda bought her letter-paper with its tri-colored border, whether it could be ordered in quantities and with a monogram, who made it, if it could be had in a larger size and with a green border instead of blue.

Wanda didn't lose much time in rounding up the information, and the biggest thrill of all came when Clara's thank-you note arrived, on letter-paper just like Wanda's, a size larger and edged with three shades of green, decorated with Clara's name in Japanese-like letters. The plain envelope was lined in the lightest shade of green.

Clara is still using that paper for her personal notes.

MOST of the stars use very lovely but simple letter-paper for both personal and professional correspondence. Even such gorgeous and luxury-loving ladies as Corinne Griffith and Billie Dove have chosen papers of fine quality but unpretentious decoration.

Miss Dove uses a single, heavy white sheet, deckle-edged top and bottom, for some of her correspondence. Her name is engraved at the top in small, open, gold letters. Her double-sheet paper is pale gray, with silver lettering. All her papers have that artfully "pebbled" appearance which is so attractive and yet gives a smooth writing surface.

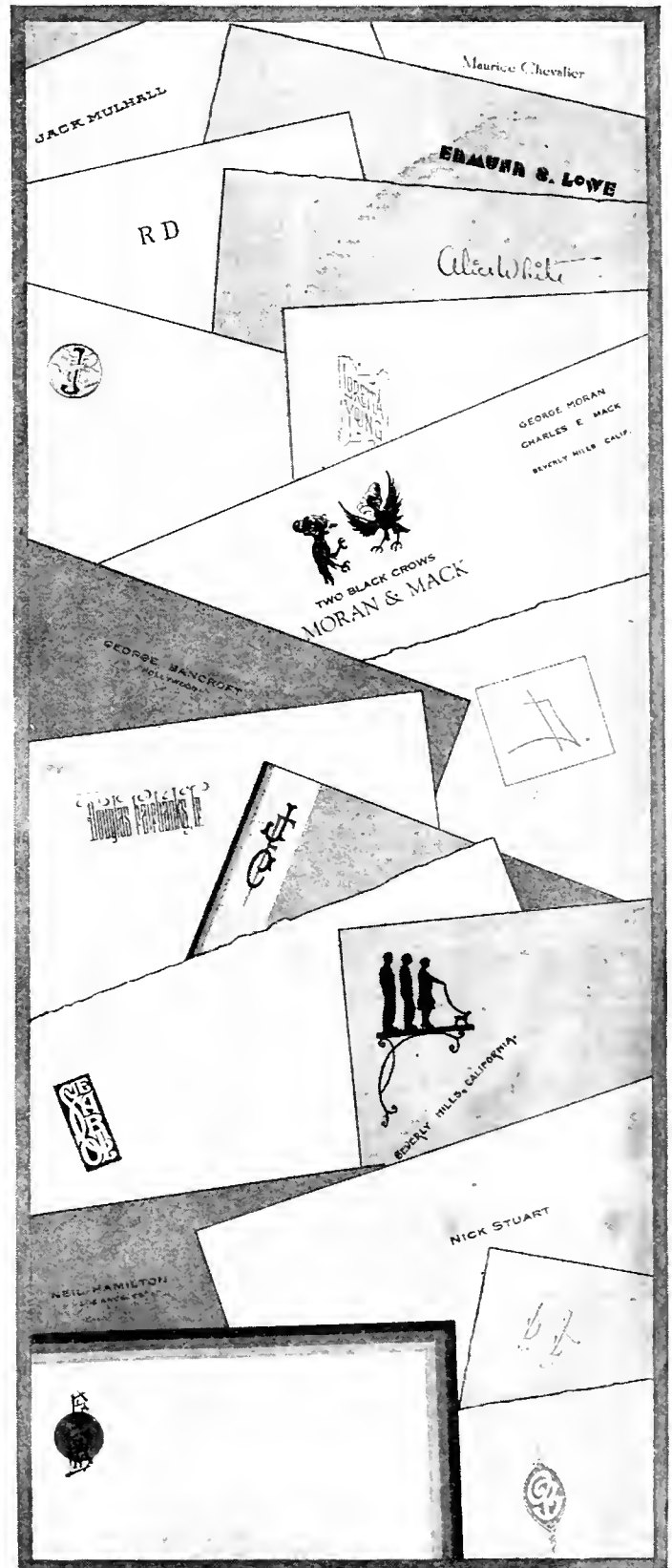
Miss Griffith's choice of papers is very like Miss Dove's, and her name appears at the top in small, plain letters.

Joan Crawford Fairbanks is still young enough to seek every outlet for self-expression, even in her letter-paper. Nevertheless, she has let good taste guide her, and her personal note-paper is really quite stunning and unusual.

It's a double sheet, rather dark gray, with a smooth finish. A narrow band of gold follows the crease; then there's a narrow band of the gray paper, and a 5/8-inch band of white on which is stamped J, and below it, C, in green and gold, with a tall gold F to bind them.

Alice White found a way to make her simple paper distinctive. It's stone-gray and that crackly type which has such a nice "feel." At the top is a facsimile of Alice's signature, with its characteristic open dots over the "i's" and its line that is meant to cross the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Joan Bennett's circular monogram is right under Richard Dix's letterhead; Mr. and Mrs. Doug, Jr., just won't be parted, even in a letter-paper layout; the big D in the square stands for Dolores Del Rio; the four Gleasons (including the pup) turn their backs on Sue Carol; Clara Bow's distinctive paper is at the lower left; and, right, Carol Lombard's initials top Olive Borden's monogram



# 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.

**TERRY, AUGUSTA, GA.**—The "cute boy" who played *Biff Bentley* in "Sweetie" was Stanley Smith. You'll find his biography further along in these columns. Helen Kane is not married. She won't tell her age, but we'd say about six at a rough guess. Jack Benny, the Old Master (of ceremonies), was married in 1927.

**IRENE ROSELLA ROGERS, DES MOINES, IOWA.**—There were four musical numbers in "Close Harmony"; "Go Places and Do Things," sung by Nancy Carroll; "All A-Twitter," sung by Buddy Rogers; "She's So, I Dunno," harmonized by Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher; and a band number, "The Twelfth Street Rag," led and played by Buddy.

**E. M. T., DEWITT, ARK.**—Afraid you're fibbing, young woman. Only one of the enclosed clippings is from PHOTOPLAY. It's the one which says Richard Dix was born July 18, 1895, and it's correct. Just to prove there are no hard feelings—there was a biographical yarn about Dix in the February, 1927, issue.

**D. DEAN, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**—Vilma Banky was Rudy's leading woman in "The Son of the Sheik." She entered pictures in Europe in 1922 and in America in 1925.

**SASSY SUE, BALTIMORE, MD.**—Now that Gloria's back in the front ranks I'll have to learn to spell the name of her husband again. The Swanson's three spouses in chronological order are: Wallace Beery, Herbert Somborn and Marquis James Henri de Falaise de la Coudray. Gloria has a nine-year-old daughter and an adopted son.

**NELLIE KELLER, NEW HAVEN, CONN.**—The boy who died so superbly in that swell picture "Alibi," is named Regis Toomey. And thousands of young girls like you break out with gooseflesh when he flashes that smile.

**ROGER BOARDMAN, SPRINGVILLE, N. Y.**—Yep, that White girl did her own singing in "Broadway Babies." "The Girl from Woolworth's" is her next. Colleen Moore is recovering from an operation right now and hasn't a picture scheduled. Just between you and me the old Answer Man is Swanson-minded too, Roger.

**SITA MARGARITA CASSIO, HAVANA, CUBA.**—Is that your name or where you live? Sorry, but Alice Terry was born in unromantic Vincennes, Indiana, and her real name is Taafé.

**M. G., JACKSON, MICH.**—Leila Hyams is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. Thelma Todd is 5 feet, 6 inches tall, and tips the scales at 117.

**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 104 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.

**R. M., LEONIA, N. J.**—Lane Chandler played Warner Oland's secretary in "The Studio Murder Mystery." His real name is Oakes. The feminine lead was emoted by Doris Hill.

**MARGARET SCHULZE, POTTSVILLE, PENNA.**—You ask me what would have happened if Rudy had lived to meet Garbo. I'm a little hampered by the fact that I left my ouija board at home—but I'll answer by quoting the old puzzler about the irresistible force and the immovable body.

**B. J., RIDGEWAY, S. C.**—I believe the girl you're thinking of is little Armida, Gus (Starmaker) Edwards' Mexican protégé. There are two William Boyds on the screen and both use their own names just to make it more difficult.

**ANNIE MACISENPOWER, APOPKA, FLA.**—That name can't be right, Annie, but I did my best. Lupe Velez was born in San Luis Potosi, Mex., July 18, 1909. She has dark brown eyes and black hair. Fay Wray was born in Alberta, Canada, Sept. 15, 1907. Blue eyes and light brown hair. Mary Philbin was born in Chicago, June 14, 1905. Brown hair and hazel eyes. Their latest pictures are: "Hell Harbor" (Lupe), "Behind the Make-up" (Fay), and "The Shannons of Broadway" (Mary).

**VIRGINIA H., FORT SCOTT, KAN.**—Alexander Gray and Vivienne Segal played in the stage production of "The Desert Song" but not in the picture. Helen Kane's next is "Pointed Heels." Clara's partner in "Dangerous Curves" was Joyce Compton. David Newell and Dick Arlen were the men in the same picture.

**MIRIAM BREWER, MONTGOMERY, ALA.**—Richard Arlen's most recent pictures are: "Four Feathers," "The Man I Love," "Dangerous Curves" and "The Virginians." Dick has just been signed for the lead in "Young Man of Manhattan," a swell story by Katharine Brush.

**ROSE A. ADKINS, WEST HAVEN, CONN.**—Charlie Farrell was born in Onset Bay, Mass., twenty-seven years ago. He has brown hair and he's a very nice boy, Rose, but I wouldn't pay him a visit without warning him first!

**RED, PORTLAND, ME.**—Molly O'Day was Dick Barthelme's lady love in "The Patent Leather Kid." She's Sally O'Neil's sister, you know. Clara Bow's cousin, William, has dark hair and a lot to live up to.

**M. C. C., ASHEBORO, N. C.**—Tom Mix is well up in the forties and married to Victoria Forde, who doesn't need sleeves in her dresses because she has so many diamond bracelets. Ken Maynard is 34, Frankie Darro 10, and Tom Tyler 26 years old. Ken's a benedict and Tom's a bachelor.

**G. L. H., NEW YORK CITY.**—Charles Ruggles, who scored such a hit in "Gentlemen of the Press" and "The Lady Lies," was raised to be a physician and not an actor. However, he deserted his father's drug business in Los Angeles, donned greasepaint, and has been treading the boards ever since. New York audiences remember him best in "Queen High" and "Rainbow."

**G. A. C., FRESNO, CALIF.**—You're right—a silent version of "The Isle of Lost Ships" was made in 1923—but Anna Q. Nilsson was the heroine and not Bessie Love, so we'll only give you 99. Milton Sills heroed in the old picture and Jason Robards, a likely lad who is in the Bordoni picture, "Paris," does the honors in the modern phonoplay version.

**REBECCA GULEY, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.**—Ramon Novarro's family tag is really Samaniggos, and his birthplace was Durango, Mex. It's all right this once, but don't ask me to spell 'em out again. Anita Page was Ramon's lady in "The Flying Fleet" (originally titled "Gold Braid"), and Harriet Hammond in "The Midshipman."

**"WE," SPRINGFIELD, ILL.**—The Bachelor Girls Club, eh! Do you need an honorary member? David Rollins was born Sept. 2, 1909. William Janney, the kid brother in "Salute," is 21 years old.

**EDNA BISHOP, PARK RIDGE, ILL.**—John Darrow was *Bruce Argyle* in "The Argyle Case." The little boy in "The Single Standard" was Wally Albright, Jr., also in "The Trespasser." The late Norman Trevor's last picture was "Tonight at Twelve." The theme song of "Wonder of Women" is "Ich Liebe Dich," which is only a fancy way of saying "I Love You."

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142 ]



# Swiftly .. in 6 places your skin grows lovelier

- ★ The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable — and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- ★ The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very aging and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
- ★ The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
- ★ The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's Milkweed Cream prevents flabbiness and restores the skin to firmness.
- ★ The Neck . . Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.
- ★ The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

★ ★ ★



**Picture yourself as my mannequin . . . learn why "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" . . . Frances Ingram**

**S**MOOTH 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.

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.

And, if you have any special beauty questions, send the coupon for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesdays 10:15 to 10:30 A. M. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations of the National Broadcasting Company.

Frances Ingram,  
Dept. A20, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.  
Please send me your free booklet, "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.

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## ➤ INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream ➤

# The Best Music of the New Pictures

Some of the tunes  
that will haunt your  
dreams and set your  
feet to dancing

By

Maurice Fenton

ONE of the great ideas behind conducting a column seems to be to start an argument. Here we are with a trifling one on our hands already.

Do you prefer selections with vocal effects, or does your taste run to straight orchestras? Some of the fans asked to be warned in order that they can give the "go-by" to discs with a snatch of yodeling in the middle of them. Others asked to be notified of the same thing because that's exactly what they want.

Our own preference has been forcibly set down long since and still stands. The trick comedian of the Oowah Boys may have the knack of tying us up in knots when we watch him in the flesh, but on a record there is nothing but his voice to recommend him, and we have found that he is seldom anything in the way of a Caruso.

For those who want to know, there is not a single piece of silent picture music this time, unless you include the waltz piece from "Deja" which, strictly speaking, does not belong. It comes from a French picture, and evidently the people on this side did not have time to translate the words.

Now to the other side of the fence. Records made by the original performers always seem to have an extra kick to them. Which is the reason we open with special reference to some vocals. For instance, this time we have the two Helens (Kane and Morgan) each with a double-sider, and there is also Irene Bordoni doing her own stunt from "Show of Shows."

Helen Kane has been shot at before in this column. We have noticed, however, that whenever we grab off a bunch of discs with one of hers in it, that it invariably finds its way to the top of the pile. Just as the crowd starts slipping into overcoats and the rush for the door begins, somebody ups and says: "What about putting on Helen Kane—just once more?" That's what we regard as public opinion, and pass it along. We only hope she never grows up.

BUT the old family music box hasn't helped Helen Morgan in her phonoplay work. On the back of her "Applause" number is "More Than You Know" from "Great Day" which is a cut above the other, and on Victor No. 22199 you will find two songs from "Sweet Adeline" which make up for any other mistakes. "Great Day" and "Sweet Adeline" are legitimate stage offerings. Can it be that the talkie fare is not robust enough for her?

But Bordoni is Bordoni. If you are one of those who don't know a thing about music, but do know what you like, here's a chance to test your taste. As for us, thumbs way up.

Before moving along to the orchestras, we want to mention another disc which lays claim to being a phonoplay by-product. On one side the Happiness Boys go terribly tough and sing something they think should have been put into "The Cock Eyed World." As *Sergeants Flagg* and *Quirt* they give noisy impersonations of the boys who won the war for L. Stallings, and sum up everything in "What Price Glory" and its sequel in three verses, with incidental

dialogue and sound effects. If for no other reason, this should be put into the archives to serve as a lasting souvenir of the hit of hits before the last but one, or was it the one before that?—these marvels flash by so quickly.

On the reverse side the same boys are a month or two out of date. "I Can't Sleep in the Movies Anymore" has not been a current complaint for at least three weeks. Even in Australia they are getting used to the surprising bass bellows of the hitherto silent star-ettes.

From the orchestras, the first sign of anything startling comes from "The Great Gabbo." These two numbers, in the same strain, have much in common with the picture to which they belong—one feels they should be so much better than they are. In any case, they make A-1 dance numbers and will help to keep the family warm during the next few blizzards.

RUDY VALLÉE'S "Vagabond Lover" selections seem to settle the question about singing with an orchestra. If they taught him nothing else at Yale, this distinguished graduate certainly knows how to temper his vocal chords to the storm in such a way that his chanting is quite unobtrusive and yet improves the general effect. The affair about the little kiss each morning and evening is an opus of Harry Woods. There's a big place waiting for him.

"Lady Luck" from "Show of Shows," done by Ted Lewis, should command the usual respect. We also recommend the Ben Bernie disc which, besides giving "Lady Luck" on one side and "Singin' in the Bathtub," from the same phonoplay, on the other, is an excellent specimen of the young maestro's work at its best.

Columbia does the better job with "You're Responsible" from "Tanned Legs." It appears that the tan was artificial after all. The trouble with the other version lies entirely with Johnny Johnson's soloist, who ought to go back to his bassoon or whatever he plays.

The rather plaintive waltz that Nat Shilkret has picked from "Deja" is out of the ordinary in that it contains a moving little change of mood in the middle. It is all very French, if you know what we mean by that, and perhaps we should blush when advising it. There's no accounting for tastes.



	<b>POINTED HEELS</b>	
Ain'tcha I Have to Have You	Helen Kane	Victor
	<b>SHOW OF SHOWS</b>	
Just an Hour of Love	Irene Bordoni	Columbia
Lady Luck	Ted Lewis and Orchestra	Columbia
	Dick Robertson	Brunswick
	Ben Bernie	Brunswick
Singin' in the Bathtub	Eddie Walters	Columbia
	Dick Robertson	Brunswick
	Ben Bernie	Brunswick
	<b>APPLAUSE</b>	
What Wouldn't I Do for That Man?	Helen Morgan	Victor
	Charleston Chasers	Columbia
	<b>THE GREAT GABBO</b>	
I'm in Love with You	Ben Selvin and Orchestra	Columbia
The Web of Love	High Hatters	Victor
	<b>THE VAGABOND LOVER</b>	
A Little Kiss Each Morning	Hal Kemp and Orchestra	Brunswick
	Guy Lombardo and Royal Canadians	Columbia
	Rudy Vallée and Connecticut Yankees	Victor
I'll Be Reminded of You	Rudy Vallée and Connecticut Yankees	Victor
I Love You, Believe Me, I Love You	Hal Kemp and Orchestra	Brunswick
	<b>SKIN DEEP</b>	
I Came to You	Henry Busse and Orchestra	Victor
	Oscar Grogan	Columbia
	<b>TANNED LEGS</b>	
You're Responsible	Johnny Johnson and Staller Pennsylvanians	Victor
	Merle Johnson and Ceco Couriers	Columbia
	<b>LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY</b>	
The Woman and the Shoe Only Love Is Real	Ben Selvin and Orchestra	Columbia
	<b>DEJA</b>	
Love Me	Nat Shilkret	Victor
	<b>NOT CLASSIFIED</b>	
Sergeant Flagg and Sergeant Quirt	Happiness Boys	Victor
I Can't Sleep in the Movies Anymore		

# The thrift dentifrice with the *wonderful* after-effect



Buy a good tie or two with  
what it saves

There are a great many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, rather than dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A tie is merely a suggestion. Handkerchiefs, hosiery, haberdashery are other possibilities.



ARE you willing to make a trifling experiment that will delight you and save you considerable money?

Then switch to Listerine Tooth Paste and give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any paste at any price. You will quickly make these important discoveries:—

—That it whitens teeth remarkably—sometimes within a few days.

—That it removes blemishes and discolorations that ordinary dentifrices fail to affect.

—That, because of its fine texture it penetrates tiny crevices between the teeth and routs out matter causing decay.

—That it leaves your mouth with that exhilarating after-effect you associate with Listerine itself.

—That it cuts your tooth paste bill approximately in half.

There can be no greater testimony of outstanding merit of Listerine Tooth Paste than its rise from obscurity four years ago to a commanding position among the leaders today. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

## LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

# Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]



Jeannette Loff wearing her new ivory satin evening gown. As you will notice, it is cut way down to here, but it is plenty of gown—and plenty of beautiful blonde

think boys want them to be, instead of determining to be themselves and striving to attract the kind of boys who appeal to them.

Men are so much more independent—without any good reason for it. If more girls cultivated that "take me or leave me" attitude perhaps fewer of them would be "left." I don't mean surface independence—the kind that makes you say and do things you don't mean and gives the man the impression you are "hard-boiled" and heartless. I mean true, inner independence, which makes him know that you could be all things to the right person.

In every town, no matter how small, and surely in every big city, there are certain people who, by disposition, tastes, interests and environment, are adapted to one another.

It's up to the individual to choose her group, even if she has to build it up over a long period, one friend at a time. And having chosen, there is no reason why she should become self-conscious and stay back in her corner.

Most of us are inclined to think that popularity is some mysterious quality that is a gift from the gods—either we have it or we don't have it. And many of us get the idea that the gods forgot us when they gave out gifts.

But that isn't the truth about popularity at all—as it isn't true about most things.

Popularity is often a matter of opportunity, but even here the individual is not helpless. Opportunities can be made, can be courted, if they are slow in developing naturally. There are churches, community centers, classrooms, supervised dancing classes, clubs of all kinds. Join one or several of these groups. Or get yourself a hobby—stamp-collecting, tennis, bridge, ping-pong—anything that interests you and will attract to you the kind of people you want to know.

Build up your personality. Cultivate the most attractive side of your nature, the friendly, sociable side. Read books and papers and magazines, go to the movies, attend concerts—provide yourself with something to talk about. Refrain from petty gossip and petty jealousies.

Just light your lamp and let it shine, and you won't need to worry about being popular.

Sis:

The 18-day diet was published in the October, 1929, issue of PHOTOPLAY in response to many requests from readers, but we did not endorse it at that time and do not now. You are not at all overweight—perhaps a few pounds under the normal weight for your height and age, so it would be unnecessary and unwise for you to reduce.

RITA:

If you could see the many letters that come to me every month from girls who want to be a definite, interesting type, you would stop complaining. You don't need to wear colors and jewelry that will make you look too exotic, but since you are such a decided type, I think you should "dress up" to it. Any of the following colors should be becoming to you: Ivory and cream white; mahogany and dark brown; darkest blues; dark green; terra cotta, buff and apricot; pink in soft, pale shades. Go lightly on reds and use them more for trimming than for the body of a garment.

ALICE:

Try to improve your dancing, because that is a great social asset for a girl at college. Can't you get some of the other girls to practice with you and help you develop new steps? Most young girls love to dance and are eager to teach what they know to someone else.

DISCOURAGED:

Don't be! Since you use no other cosmetics except a light face powder, and you are careful of your diet and general health, it is logical to assume that the astringent is making your skin blotchy. Perhaps it is too strong for your requirements. Why not discontinue it for a while, and watch results? Then write me again if you need further advice.

MARIAN:

Yes, I think a cream rouge is an excellent choice, if you apply it with care. It gives a lovely transparent effect when used correctly. But don't get the idea that all other rouges are drying. Perhaps your skin is unusually sensitive after your exposure to northern winds.

MARY L. H.:

If your friend does not eat the proper foods or enough food, she is bound to be underweight, and of course her legs will continue to be thin. A good exercise for normalizing the legs is as follows: Stand back a pace or two from a small chair, the back of which does not reach higher than your hip joint. Holding your body erect, raise your right leg and

swing it in a wide circle over the top of the chair, and back into position. Repeat with left leg. Alternate ten times.

JOAN:

Don't continue to quarrel with your mother and don't keep up that foolish silence. It's not only old-fashioned for people to stop speaking to one another when they disagree—it's a relic of the dark ages! We moderns have learned the art of being "friendly enemies"—and you and your mother should be real friends. You know you are really young enough to accept her judgment for several years to come, until your own is a little more mature. Put marriage out of your mind for the present, and just try to have a good time without letting one man monopolize your evenings or your heart.

CHICKIE:

If you have tried all the the well known local remedies for unpleasant breath and have consulted a dentist, I think you should go to a physician for examination. There may be some nose or throat condition that is responsible.



Bessie Love wears a pretty outfit designed for the smart deb, full of chic and all that sort of thing. It's beige satin crepe, with a wide beaver collar. Non-crockable suede shoes and bag complete the ensemble

# Keeping your Hands Lovely on 3 minutes a day

by Celia Caroline Cole, Beauty Editor of Delineator

## 4 Advantages the new Liquid Polish offers busy women

**H**ANDS really need more care, in the name of beauty, than either face or hair. They are exposed to more damaging contacts. Neglected hands make one awkward. Hands should be so beautiful that one sits and looks at them with delight.

Light breaks in more and more brilliantly on manufacturers of nail cosmetics. Today women everywhere are using the new liquid polish because in it they are finding four very definite advantages. It is so easy to apply. For days and days after using it, their finger tips sparkle with a flattering lustre!



In fact, with one manicure a week, when you apply liquid polish, you can keep your nails always lovely in less than three minutes a day—just enough time to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tip.

The new liquid polish doesn't peel off. Instead, it serves as a splendid protection for the nail. Properly used, it does not make the nails brittle. Always apply it starting at the half-moon, not at the cuticle.

Never be imperious with your nails—they won't stand rough treatment. Soak the cuticle, apply a good cuticle remover. Never cut the cuticle. Push it back gently with an orange stick wrapped in a thin layer of cotton dipped in a beautiful cuticle oil.

Hands are so easy to beautify! What are you doing with yours?

## The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

### 1. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tip

First scrub the nails with warm soapy water, then gently apply an orange stick, wrapped with a thin layer of cotton and dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover, around the base of the nail to mould the cuticle and bring out the half-moons.

Pass the orange stick, wrapped with cotton and saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover, under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers in cold water.

### 2. The new Cutex Liquid Polish that both protects and enhances the nail

Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish from the half-moon toward the finger tip. For an especially brilliant lustre, apply two coats.

As a finishing touch, use a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and just enough nail white under the nail to enhance the radiance of the polish!



Mrs. MICHAEL ARLEN, formerly Countess Atlanta Mercati, says: "I am devoted to your new Cutex Liquid Polish. For days and days after using it, my nails are delightful. The Cutex preparations certainly have simplified my manicure!"  
NORTHAM WARREN, New York, London, Paris



At the **TERMINAL BEAUTY SALON** of New York's famous **ROOSEVELT HOTEL**, they say:

"As our clientele represents the brilliant social life of New York, all the preparations we use naturally must be of the smartest. These women enjoy the assurance that the new Cutex Liquid Polish will keep their nails gleaming all the week through until the next manicure. And they are delighted that it does not peel or discolor."

A generous size bottle of the new Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover costs only 35¢. Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢. Unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. Any of the other famous Cutex preparations 35¢ each.



### 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.)

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. OQ2, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

# The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

## DANGEROUS FEMALES—Paramount-Christie

WITH Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in the same opera there's no chance for dullness. In "Dangerous Females," a bright Christie two-reeler, they undertake to entertain a stranger. Marie thinks he is an escaped convict, pulls an elderly Theda Bara, gets him tight on blackberry cordial and calls the sheriff. Polly, trusting soul, thinks he's the new evangelist and almost dies of shame. Snappy farce. *All Talkie.*

## THE LOCKED DOOR—United Artists

THIS rip-snorting melodrama would have been better had the dialogue stood up. It marks the talkie debut of the brilliant and beautiful young actress, Barbara Stanwyck, who gives a grand performance as the harassed heroine. Others—not so good—are Rod La Rocque, William Boyd (of the theater) and Betty Bronson. Exciting, but slowed by weak speeches. *All Talkie.*

## THE SACRED FLAME—Warners

AN excellent stage play by Somerset Maugham that doesn't fare very well via Vitaphone. It's a pretty tragic story—about the love of two brothers, one a war cripple, for the same girl. The film is wordy and slow, but has the benefit of an exceptionally brilliant cast, headed by Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee, Walter Byron and Pauline Frederick. *All Talkie.*

## THE DUDE WRANGLER—Mrs. Wallace Reid Production

MRS. WALLACE REID has passed up those sex things she's been doing and presents a rollicking comedy of situations. The whole family will go for "The Dude Wrangler." It has true Western gusto, and a cast that should round up customers at the box-office. George Duryea is outstanding as the boy who breaks loose from ma's apron-strings. Lina Basquette is the girl. *All Talkie.*

## PANDORA'S BOX—Nero

WHEN the censors got through with this German-made picture featuring Louise Brooks, there was little left but a faint, musty odor. It is the story, both spicy and sordid, of a little dancing girl who spread evil everywhere without being too naughty herself. Interesting to American fans because it shows Louise, formerly an American ingénue in silent films, doing grand work as the evil-spreader. *Silent.*



Gwen Lee wearing her favorite "Juliet" cap. It's a French model in antique gold, made to look like a marcelled coiffure. Hair or hat, it looks good to us

## HEARTS IN EXILE—Warners

ANOTHER Dolores Costello misfortune. What a pity that this gorgeous girl should be so woefully weak in every department of the art of acting! Here she plays a Russian peasant girl, married to an elderly baron, and in love with a dashing and noble young wastrel. Stilted and feeble. Not even the work of Grant Withers, James Kirkwood and George Fawcett can pull it out of the swamp. *All Talkie.*

## WALL STREET—Columbia

COLUMBIA crashed through with this picture soon after last fall's financial panic—and timeliness was about all the film had to recommend it. The cast is headed by Ralph Ince as a big financier and by Aileen Pringle, gone very blonde. She is good for the talkies. The market crashes, and while the picture doesn't crash with it, it certainly does bend decidedly. *All Talkie.*

## PAINTED FACES—Tiffany-Stahl

IT was Better-Stories-Week in Hollywood, and Tiffany took it big. So did Joe E. Brown. He gives a thoroughly artistic char-

acterization of an apparently stubborn Swede who deadlocks a jury for five days because he "dawn't tink dat boy kill de man." A bit of his old clowning, but not enough to overbalance the tense, refreshing original story of what goes on in a locked juryroom. *All Talkie.*

## BARNUM WAS RIGHT—Universal

OR perhaps he wasn't. But right or wrong, we're with Barnum this time. To spare certain individual egos, however, no names will be mentioned. An exuberant young male who loves a pretty girl sells himself to her crabby pop by turning his abandoned homestead into a ritzy resort. Preposterous plot and poor gags toss it into the discard. *All Talkie.*

## THE LOST ZEPPELIN—Tiffany-Stahl

AMAZING shots of a Zeppelin conquering the South Pole. Fascinating scenes of a tropical storm and the frozen fastness. But these don't make a story. There are some old friends here. Conway Tearle, Ricardo Cortez and Virginia Valli. One of those triangles where the noble husband and his wife's lover set out on a daring expedition together. *All Talkie.*

## LOVE COMES ALONG—Radio Pictures

IT was no cinch to pick a follow-up story for Bebe Daniels. Almost anything would suffer by contrast with brilliant "Rio Rita." "Love Comes Along" is just one of those things. It all happens in a Mexican port village. There are bad men, dance hall girls, fiestas, and young love—that's where Bebe comes in. A hackneyed yarn is enlivened by Bebe's rich, vibrant singing. Lloyd Hughes, Montagu Love and Ned Sparks help considerably. *All Talkie.*

## THE GRAND PARADE—Pathe

PATHETIC little yarn about a boarding house slavey who loved a minstrel man who loved a burlesque queen. If you're fond of Gishesque heroines you'll care for Helen Twelvetrees in a big, weepy way. She, by the way, got a five-year contract on the strength of her performance, as did Fred Scott, who isn't much for looks but who knows his sharps and flats. Lots of songs. *All Talkie.*

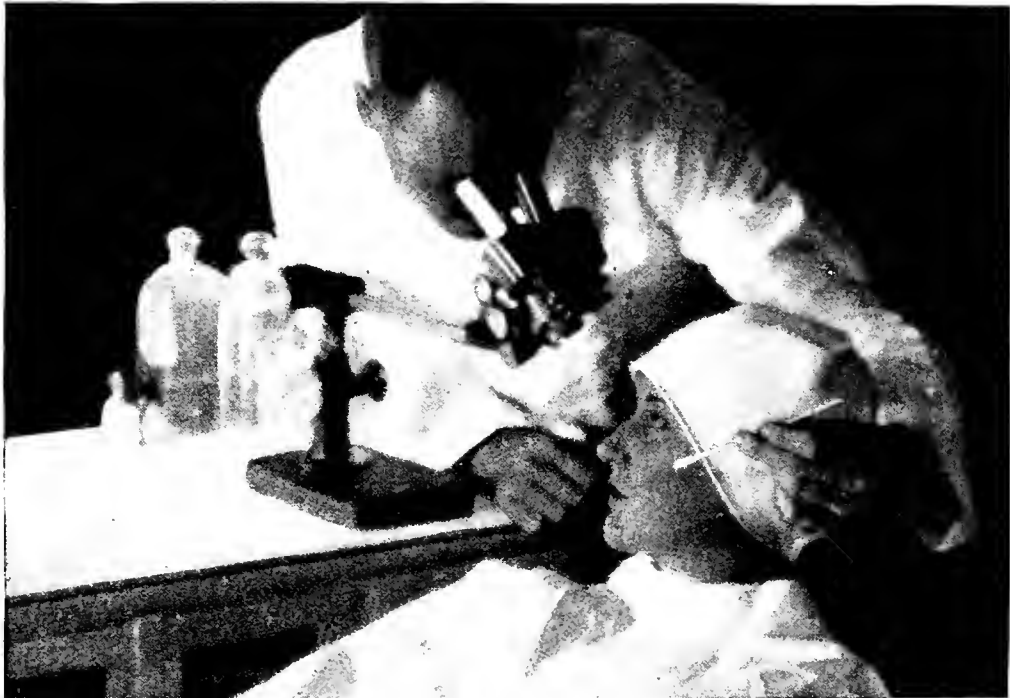
## ACQUITTED—Columbia

SAM HARDY is unquestionably the star of this underworld drama which packs a punch in every reel. He plays the rôle of underworld king with more-than-usual humor. The story is so cleverly plotted, and so well directed, that obvious situations are given a new, exhilarating slant. Margaret Livingston and Lloyd Hughes are adequate as the two lovers. Really worth while, if you crave excitement. *All Talkie.*

## 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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MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AGREE

"No doctor would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

## A \$25 VISIT TO A SKIN SPECIALIST

If you paid a specialist to examine your skin he would tell you this simple truth:

Superficial cleansing is the cause of most skin defects. To look young it is not enough to remove surface dirt: only when the pores are cleansed to their depth every day does the skin stay fine-textured and smooth.

Medical authorities recognize this. No doctor of standing would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin thoroughly. He knows that greasy preparations, while softening for the skin, are not efficient cleansers. Only a liquid pene-



trates instantly into the pores and floats out the deepest dirt, leaving no clogging sediment.

For the first time, pore-deep liquid cleansing is available for the daily use of American women. Ambrosia, a pure, sunlit liquid gently and thoroughly cleanses the skin. No wax to clog the pores, no alkali to dry and stiffen the skin. Even a skin coarsened by neglect soon becomes naturally fine with daily pore-deep liquid cleansing.

If the skin is dry it will be softened by a smooth facial cream, but only after every particle of soil has been removed by liquid Ambrosia. Correct treatments for each type of skin, endorsed by New York's leading dermatologist, given in the booklet with every Ambrosia bottle. At all important department stores, drug stores and specialty shops, \$1, \$1.75, \$3. Write for generous free sample.

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the pore-deep cleanser

created by a chemist to the French court . . . named by the beautiful Empress Eugenie . . . for twenty-seven years made only to the private order of America's most notable women . . .



## Everyone admires smooth, fair Skin

Passersby, as well as those who know you, pay admiring tribute to your complexion-beauty when you cherish it with Plough's Cold Cream!

Dip your fingers into the cool, white softness of this dainty cream and smooth it on your skin. Instantly there is a soothed, refreshed feeling, even after exposure to harsh, drying weather! Chapping and irritation vanish! "Tired" lines and "crows' feet" disappear—and the fear of wrinkles.

Then, day by day, as you continue to apply this rich, nourishing cream, your skin responds by becoming clearer, smoother and finer in texture, until it attains the appealing, youthful beauty that every woman so desires.

Plough's Cold Cream is available in two sizes, popularly-priced, at all dealers. Price 30¢ and 50¢.

## Plough's COLD CREAM

Look for the Black and White Circle on the Package



Plough, Inc.

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## The IT That Failed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

to my "IT" (I had taken to holding little cheery conversations with it). "We'll get there yet. Look at Edison, and Ford, and Rockefeller. They started with nothing, too."

The next morning we were called for our first rehearsal and I discovered that my fears were partially groundless. I was to have a love scene. It was not with Miss Davies, but it was with a very charming girl named Julia Faye.

"And do we get married?" I asked Mr. Vidor. "Does she fall madly in love with me?"

"NOW don't worry about the rest of the picture," he replied, "We'll take care of that when we come to it."

"Yes sir," I said, and retired to a corner of the studio where I could practice without a lot of electricians looking on.

"Good old 'IT,'" I murmured. "I knew you'd get your chance."

They didn't get to my love scene that day, however, and, as a matter of fact, they didn't get to it for another week.

I was rather grateful for the delay, on the whole, because it gave me more time for practice. I was also becoming better acquainted with the technique of making talkies and had learned the meaning of most of the jargon, such as "out of sink," "playback," and "ants in the pants." It was all very interesting.

And then, one Thursday, Mr. Vidor told me to be on the set promptly at 8:30 the next morning. My love scene was to be the first thing "shot." You may imagine my excitement. I hardly slept a wink all night. And promptly at 8:30 a. m. I appeared. And promptly at 4:30 p. m. they got to my scene.

There was, first of all, a rehearsal. Miss Faye and I, seated on a romantic porch, went through the age-old gestures of Romeo and Juliet, Antony and Cleopatra, Paolo and Francesca. Of course, I held myself back somewhat. I didn't want to waste everything just on a rehearsal. And then, when we had finished, another thought occurred to me.

"Mr. Vidor," I suggested, "don't you think that perhaps the scene would be more effective if I took off my glasses?"

"No," he replied. "It was great. Do it just that way."

"But with glasses," I argued, "the romance—"

"Don't change it," he said. "All right—everybody quiet—this will be the picture."

Bells sounded and doors swung shut. Lights were "hit" and blazed up into our eyes. The studio became hushed. I could hear myself perspiring.

"They're turning over," announced a voice. We waited while boys held scene numbers in front of turning cameras, and then, at a signal from Mr. Vidor, we began. I took a deep breath. My time had come.

"You know, you've got the most beautiful eyes," I said, and gazing deep into Miss Faye's orbs I slowly dilated my nostrils and let her have the full benefit of my weeks of practice.

If I do say so, who shouldn't, it was a great scene. Mr. Vidor agreed with me.

"It'll be a wow," he said, when it was all over—and that seemed to be the general opinion of the cameramen and electricians.

"I can hardly wait to see it," I breathed happily.

Mr. Vidor was right. It was a wow. I have seen the picture. I went to see it last week for the first time. I had left Hollywood before it had been finally revised, "cut" and "released."

And last week I saw it. I took with me the young friend who had been so disappointingly unaware of my "IT" before I had left for the Coast. I wanted to make her feel just a little bit ashamed of herself and a little bit regretful for lost opportunities.

"You're very good," whispered my companion, "and very funny."

"I know," I agreed. "In these early scenes, I'm supposed to be sort of a crazy man. But wait—"

We waited. My love moment came nearer and nearer. The Stewart "IT" was about to be vindicated.

"Now," I breathed.

THE scene shifted. It was a porch. Julia Faye was sitting there. Someone was approaching. She looked up. It was I.

"You know, you've got the most beautiful eyes," I whispered. And the audience began to titter. I looked around angrily.

"Shhh," I said. But it did no good. They began to laugh. Everyone was laughing. And the loudest of all was my companion.

"You're a scream," she gasped. "Honestly, you've never been funnier in your life."

I said nothing. But I did a lot of thinking. And when the picture ended and we were filing out of the theater I came to a conclusion.

"It was those glasses," I muttered. "Darn him, I told him."

"Who?" asked my friend.

"King Vidor," I replied. "And he calls himself a good director!"

I wrote Mr. Vidor a letter. I have as yet not received any reply. But wait until they ask me to do another picture. Just wait.



Here's a chance for Californians to have a good snicker at Eastern film weather. This is Rupert Julian's Paramount company on the murky shores of Long Island Sound, making a scene for "The River Inn." Helen Morgan stands before the light at the right, and Charles Ruggles is kneeling over the body. That spot should be marked X



# A N OLD BEAUTY SECRET

## THE LAUGHING, KISSABLE LIPS OF YOUTH...

At last it is discovered—the baffling secret for the glorious youthfulness of mouth and perfect teeth which were the fame of Aztec beauties. The Aztecs chewed gum! It was gum from the Sapota tree, the same that you have in Wrigley's Chewing Gum today. Chewing Wrigley's, therefore, is but making use of that simple, inexpensive, old Beauty Secret.



*The FLAVOR LASTS*

**AIDS DIGESTION**

K-7

The luscious young lips and enchanting smiles of Aztec beauties are yours today. Merely follow the simplest of their great Beauty Secrets—chewing gum for lovely curves of the mouth and healthy, even teeth. Wrigley's is the same as the Aztecs chewed only it has a more perfect "chewing resistance" to give just the right moulding to the lips. Chew Wrigley's with a certain degree of regularity each day. Try Double Mint . . . it's peppermint flavored.

## Did She Steal Clara's Picture?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]



### Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

**I**F you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush . . . and brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

#### Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.



## Glostora

in comedies and Westerns she turned to the last stand of the failure—Poverty Row.

She had been thought a brilliant kid, a youngster with a great deal of promise. She discovered that she wasn't. A lethargy had settled over her. She could taste the tedium of the studios where quickies were made. Daily she saw the horde of has-beens who told her of the brave days of metaphorical Booths and Barretts.

She knew she didn't belong in the tawdry atmosphere of Poverty Row, the other, tragic half of Hollywood.

It is difficult to understand Jean's wise eyes in a town like Hollywood. It is hard to know what went on behind the flaccid mask of her face. She made the gestures, she smiled, she put on make-up and, as she crossed the threshold of the decaying studios along Sunset Boulevard, she knew that she was a failure.

**P**ASSIONATE, intense, vivid people give up in disgust. They go home, they bark at fate and give themselves over to bitterness and tears. But Jean Arthur is not of that temperament. Lethargy had claimed her. She went on in the unglamorous, unromantic career that fate seemed to have allotted her because there was nothing else to do.

And then someone at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw her and called her over to take a test for a Billie Haines picture. She didn't expect to get the part. She didn't expect anything now. Anita Page was chosen, but Jean took her test to Paramount and it got her a contract.

She was elated for the first time since she had signed the first little contract with Fox, but the next bitter blow was a part in "The Canary Murder Case" so small and so lacking in any chance for a real display of talent that she was ashamed to come to the studio after the picture was released.

The pictures had whipped her. She was the victim of an inferiority complex. Everything she touched had turned to failure. There was nothing left to do but finish out the miserable contract and marry or take a secretarial course.

It was impossible for Jean to fight for existence on the screen. She had come to the place where she didn't believe in herself any more.

One afternoon she burst into an executive's office and put her head on his desk and wept, really wept, for the first time.

"I can't do it. I'm rotten. I'm no good. I can't go on."

It turned the trick. The admitting of it in words, when before she had locked it up within her, did something to her. The executive

talked to her as she had never been talked to before. He told her she was in the game and that there was nothing to do but lick it. He added, for good measure, that she didn't have any spunk and if she ever expected to amount to anything she had to go out and do her job and do it well, without inhibitions, without nonsense, without thought of failure.

Something happened to her then. Something as intangible as all the things that have happened to her. She left the office and went out to do her job. That job was the lead in "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu" and it began her success and gave the needy talkies an actress of rare ability and charm.

Certainly nothing actual has happened in Jean Arthur's life. Hers has been a drab career. She has pitted herself against herself and has never met in open combat any of the Gorgonian dragons of Hollywood.

"I, myself, have never been anything," she said, "that's why I like to act now. I like to be somebody else."

Along with her success came a complete metamorphosis in the matter of dress. When she was first brought into the wardrobe department, Travis Banton, the designer, was about to commit Roman hara-kiri and fall on his shears. Because she was so undecided in coloring he thought she would be difficult to dress, in spite of her lovely figure.

But when he began to work, her passive mind was so attuned to every chic suggestion that she became one of the smartest dressed women on the lot. "She wears clothes like I've never seen another picture girl wear them," Banton says. "She is a perfect example of absolute smartness."

Essentially, she is a quiet person. She lives on the outskirts of Laurel Canyon in a little frame house that might be an old English hunting lodge in disguise. Pewter plates are stationed on racks. Long divans are covered in some sort of rep material. There is a picturesque St. Bernard dog to roam the place, and vines hug the side of the house.

**S**HE reads and rides horseback. Nothing much else. No parties, simply because she gets so frightfully tired about one o'clock in the morning.

She has been called somewhat of a dumbbell in Hollywood because she isn't a whoopee girl. A self-admitted negative personality is not understood in the cinema city. Calmness and the ability to relax are unknown qualities. Deep pools are a rarity among the rushing torrents and the bounding streams of the most active city in the world.



They rehearse for weeks just for one scene. Sammy Lee, noted Broadway dance director, puts the maidens of the merry-merry through the preliminary paces of a new Metro phonoplay



# 85% of America's Leading Hospitals

now use the same absorbent of which Kotex is made

Here is medical approval which dictates every woman's choice of sanitary protection . . . it must be hygienically safe, it must be more comfortable than any substitute

**K**OTEX absorbent has replaced surgical cotton in 85% of America's great hospitals! Surgeons used 2½ million pounds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding last year. That is the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads! Remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as softest cotton, with 5 times the absorbency. Hospitals depend on Kotex absorbent today.



They realize that comfort is most closely related to health during the use of sanitary protectives. Then is when women must have perfect ease of mind and body. And Kotex assures such ease.

### *This unusual substance—Kotex absorbent*

Cellucotton absorbent wadding was an invention of war times. Its quick, thorough absorbency is almost marvelous. It is made up of layer on layer of the thinnest and softest absorbent tissues . . . each a quick, complete absorbent in itself.

These many air-cooled layers make Kotex not only *safer*, but lighter, *cooler* to wear. They also permit adjustment of the filler according to individual needs.

As one hospital authority puts it: "Kotex absorbent is noticeably free from irritating dust, which means increased hygienic comfort."

To women who still make their own sanitary pads of cheesecloth and cotton, these facts will be of interest. Kotex absorbs (by actual test) five times quicker, five times greater,

than an equal amount of surgical cotton. It takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture and distributes that moisture evenly, not all in one concentrated place.

Kotex absorbent is used in hospitals where every precaution known to science surrounds a patient. Hospitals where world-renowned surgeons operate.

Lying-in hospitals use it in enormous quantities, proving conclusively that doctors re-

gard it as hygienically *safe*. What other product offers this assurance?

Since it is so easy to buy Kotex and the price is so low, no woman need consider using anything else. Her choice is made for her by the medical profession. Surely, if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

### *Why smart women prefer Kotex*

It is significant that 9 out of 10 women in smarter circles today use Kotex. They find that it permits a freedom and poise hard to acquire otherwise. That's because Kotex really fits. It is designed, you see, to conform . . . shaped at the corners and tapered.

For perfect daintiness, Kotex deodorizes. This eliminates all possibility of an offense that fastidious women consider inexcusable.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

### KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

- 1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
- 2 *Safe, secure . . .* keeps your mind at ease.
- 3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection,
- 4 *Deodorizes . . .* safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
- 5 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Thousands of women first learned about Kotex in hospitals, then discovered they could buy it at their corner drug store! The price of the Regular size is never more than 45 cents.

A few months' trial will convince you that you owe yourself this modern, comfortable, *safe*, sanitary protection. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



"I prefer new wonderful Mello-glo Face Powder because it stays on longer and prevents large pores", says Dorothy Flood, beautiful Ziegfeld star, 10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



"No more shiny nose with new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder", says the lovely actress, Lola de Lille, 333 E. 43rd St., N. Y. City. "It keeps ugly shine away".

© 1929, M-G Co.

## New Wonderful Face Powder Captivates Beautiful Women

**MELLO-GLO stays on longer —  
Will not enlarge the pores — No  
pasty or flaky look — Does not  
irritate the skin — Made by  
a new French process —  
Famous for its purity.**

Beautiful women everywhere proclaim the marvelous difference in MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Its colors pass the United States Government's rigid test. It is sifted and sifted through a fine silk mesh—mixed and remixed to give perfect uniformity. The special shade blends with your complexion and reproduces the tint of youth.

Less powdering—a smoother finish—and a natural looking complexion—with MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Do not let your pores grow large or your skin rough and aged. Use MELLO-GLO and look younger!

No face powder was ever made like it—only MELLO-GLO has the secret formula and this new process. There are no substitutes. Get MELLO-GLO and keep your complexion young. MELLO-GLO is a square gold box of loveliness for one dollar, at any toilet goods counter.

## Strange Talkie Tricks

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

just like a big ship under draft," said a naval officer, serving as technical advisor.

The sound was incorporated into the picture, adding a great deal to the realism of this particular scene.

**I**N "Dr. Fu Manchu," the house of the scheming Oriental medico was supposedly built over water.

Now, it wasn't practical to build a set over the Pacific Ocean, and there was no water in the Los Angeles River. Still, there had to be the soft swish of water against pier posts below.

Nothing could be more simple than to go to the property department, find an ordinary washtub, fill it with water, and then swish it gently.

The sound was perfect. Moreover, it could be used for the lapping of waves against a docked ship.

When it comes to racing car effects, a motor attached to a drum gives the right reverberation.

You can almost smell the exhaust.

Another method frequently used to give the effect of a motor leaving the curb is to attach the microphone to the exhaust pipe. It sounds more like the motor than the motor itself.

The whir of an aeroplane's motor reproduces very nicely, but it won't do when a scene is taken within a studio.

It's simple to race the engine of a Fordson tractor.

You could give Lindy the blindfold test and he couldn't tell one from t'other.

"Wings" was made in the very early days of sound effects.

The studio was puzzled about the sound of tanks in their grim, relentless pull across a battle-scarred field.

Chains in a tin can gave the harsh noise most realistically.

It almost seems too bad to give away the secret of that thrilling mine explosion of "Dynamite."

It was one of the most effective moments yet brought to the screen.

However, a real mine explosion would have been utterly impossible.

Disregarding the danger to the actors in the picture, the explosion would have blown out every sound tube in Hollywood.

Sound tubes are more delicate than a confirmed hypochondriac. Even the substitute created an unearthly din.

A long trough of compo-board was built, reaching from the top of the stage to the floor. Down this lengthy trough cannonballs were rolled.

It gave the deep, menacing sound, the rumble and the reverberation.

Any explosion is difficult to record satisfactorily.

There must be concussion and pressure back of it if the sound is to be realistic.

**R**EVOLVER shots are as elusive as Peter Pan.

Technicians have experimented by firing guns over the microphone and under it, at close range and at a distance.

The microphone has had blankets over it, and paper sacks.

A revolver shot is still murder as far as any great progress is concerned.

The best substitute to date is to fire a cap that will produce smoke and no sound. The report is doubled in later. In "Madame X" the revolver was fired into a barrel.

For some reason a real bullet is better than a fake. The cap produces a sort of "pop." There is no concussion whatever. Usually, in machine gun warfare, real charges are used.

It has been said, however, that pebbles on a drum-head sound pretty good.

One of the strangest instances of sound-doubling is made for the drop of a super-charger from an aeroplane or a battleship. Sound for this high-frequency shrill whistle is actually made through no sound at all. Alternating currents of light on the sound track does the trick.

In the playback one gets the shrill, thin whistle of the shell as it cuts the air.

They do say the trick can be done even more simply—just turning an electric fan into the microphone.

That is hearsay, however.

Speaking of some fancy combustions, one of the studios "plopped" a balloon for the explosion of a hot-water heater.

One of the neatest tricks of the month was doubling for a roller coaster. To get the real sound would have necessitated the laying of five thousand feet of cable. Even harder than it sounds, and that's pretty hard if anybody rides up in an ice-wagon and wants to know.

The sound expert was wandering disconsolately about the lot when he stopped in front of an incinerator. A joyful smile spread over his face.

"**A**H, hah!" he shrieked, or some such ejaculation of joy.

The elevator inside the incinerator, used to elevate the rubbish to the top where it could be burned, made a noise just like a roller coaster.

In these hectic days you are liable to find a sound effect any place—in your coffee, in your hair—there's no telling.

When it comes to animal and bird imitators, Hollywood is full of them. Even your best friend will tell you that he's a whole barnyard in himself.

It's pretty hard to get the clear, dulcet bray of a donkey at the precise moment you want it. Nor is it easy to time the love call of the razzoo bird.

Reason will tell you that an imitator is all to the berries at times like these.

There is a man in Hollywood who is working steadily with his imitations. He has hit upon a unique method of advertising his accomplishments.

He stands outside of the studio gate. Whenever a director passes he bursts into sound effects.

He can make a noise like a goat, or a pig, or anything with feathers on with the single exception of a marabou boa.

It is tricky business—these sounds. One studio wanted the sound of a horse falling. Everything was tried including the throwing of a real horse. It wouldn't do. A pile of gunny-sacks pitched on the floor was right to the dot.

An ordinary pumpkin makes a nice "squish" like the fall of a dead human body.

**E**NGINES record perfectly, switching, air-brakes and all. The filming of "Thunder," the Lon Chaney picture in which the star was supported by an engine, was duck-soup. On the other hand such a seemingly simple thing as a raindrop gives a technician gray hair. A baby's heart-beat was recorded with vivid realism in "Sal of Singapore," but just try and get a pay-telephone to sound right.

But, everyone will tell you that the world's most difficult job of doubling is with the human voice.

If it is done at all it must be perfect, and perfection isn't achieved very often. So in case you hear the Pathe rooster singing "Cara Nome" in Italian you can be pretty sure that Mary Garden isn't doubling in.

# Look for this SIGN

People are learning that there's a difference in SOUND QUALITY

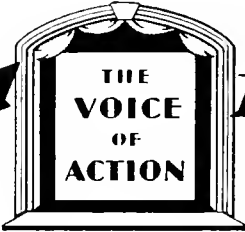


**THEATRES** equipped with the Western Electric sound reproducer are featuring that fact in lobby, programs, and newspaper advertising. Exhibitors display the name because the Western Electric sound system assures reproduction in the same clear and life-like tones which went into the making of the picture.

The satisfaction you have enjoyed in listening to your favorite actors and productions on the stage can now be duplicated by hearing their

voices reproduced with absolute fidelity in the sound picture. But there is a vast difference in the quality of sound. People are learning to discriminate in selecting theatres for their sound equipment as well as for stars and pictures shown.

Western Electric made your telephone. Its experience in voice-transmission apparatus was indispensable in this similar problem — the Sound Picture. That is why the Western Electric sign in a theatre is your assurance of quality.

**Western**  **Electric**  
**SOUND SYSTEM**



MADE  
BY THE MAKERS  
OF YOUR  
TELEPHONE

# It's not because her friends WON'T tell



perhaps they are not  
sure themselves about  
**Feminine Hygiene**

**I**N HER anxiety, it is natural for the newly married woman to believe that her friends know more than they tell her about feminine hygiene. True, they may have been married longer. True, they may seem more experienced than she. But they themselves have probably received advice upon this subject so *different*, so *conflicting*, that they hesitate to pass it on.

### Danger in poisonous antiseptics

The whole question of feminine hygiene centers upon the kind of antiseptic which is employed. Much as the doctor and trained nurse approve of hygienic cleanliness, they will not condone the use of poisonous antiseptics. They know too well the dangers—deadened membranes, areas of scar-tissue, interference with normal secretions. Zonite is a safe and effective germicide for feminine hygiene. Non-poisonous. Non-caustic. *Yet far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.*

### Zonite booklet tells all facts

Send coupon below for "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." This up-to-date Zonite booklet is a thorough education on the subject. Mail today. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, chapped hands or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

In bottles:  
30c, 60c, \$1



Both in U. S. A.  
and Canada

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION H-2  
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.  
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene  
 Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....  
(Please print name)  
Address.....  
City..... State.....  
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

# Exposing Ronald!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63 ]

which can, on occasion, get very judicial, "is no excuse of the Hollywood law."

"Apparently you're wrong," said Colman. "My ignorance and a press agent's story have built up a tradition around me. Look here," he suddenly burst out, "you're not going to expose me, are you? You're not going to go out and tell everybody that I don't bite little children's heads off when they trespass on my property?"

"Oh, no," said I, "certainly not." And I reached for my little blue note-book and yellow pencil.

But I'm tired of having Ronnie Colman get away with the racket any longer. I'm just sick and tired of it. He's a grand guy. He'll tell you all about the latest biographies in one breath, and run on about Bill Powell's iniquities in the next. He has an excellent taste in caviar, and knows which fork to use for, which course. He's just affable enough to be nice and not so affable as to be a sap. He really likes people—the kind of people who should be liked—and goes out quite a good deal to the kind of parties to which civilized people should go.

He plays tennis and rides horseback and he doesn't sit up in his lonely hermitage and hibernate through the long winter months. Laughter rings in the halls of the Colman mansion and he entertains at dinner three or four times a week.

In fact, he does all the best things there are to do in this world and avoids making all the unpleasant gestures because he's Ronald Colman and nobody ever told him that he had to be bored to be popular. He's had no malicious digs in the movie columns because

most people are afraid of him, and his dignity keeps fans from tearing the buttons off his coat for souvenirs upon the rare occasions when he does go out in public.

All in all, he's a grand person, and you can while away hours of chatter with him if you're in a whiling away mood. The Colman aloofness is all a myth. It got woven into the pattern of Hollywood legend and it's all a lot of bunk.

There's no reason why he shouldn't give a big press tea and let people spill gin on his carpets and burn cigarette holes in his upholstered chairs. "Except," he said, "that if I were a newspaper man and if a star were very nice to me I'd think he was only doing it to get a little publicity." He's so sincere about the whole thing. He has it so perfectly reasoned out.

**T**HERE'S no excuse for his not going to opening nights. "Except," he said, "you get writer's cramp signing autograph books, and a stiff collar is uncomfortable for a whole warm evening in a picture house, when you can see the same film in a nice projection room."

Oh, I could go on and on. I could recount all of his sins of omission. But you get the idea. Around his head is a halo of mystery. Nobody knows whether he prefers blondes to brunettes. Nobody ever has the faintest notion "who was that lady you saw him with last night."

And it's all a gag. It's the Colman racket, and after this story is printed he shouldn't be allowed to get away with it any more—but he will, because he's just that kind of person!



Underwood and Underwood

Inventor C. Francis Jenkins sitting before his receiving instrument, which is designed to respond to both words and images at the same time. In other words, a television machine. Don't rush out tomorrow and pay thousands of dollars for one. Maybe in ten years we can get them cheaply at our own furniture stores



## ARE YOU A CIGARETTE SWITCHER?

◆◆◆ THEN  
SWITCH TO  
COOLER SMOKE  
ENJOYMENT!

Are you side-tracking one cigarette brand for the next? That's it... you're not quite mouth-happy! So switch permanently to Spud and Spud's cooler smoke. Stay mouth-happy with that constant, moist-cool, mouth-comfort which Spud brings... which lets you enjoy Spud's choice tobacco leaf and blend without limit... right through two packs a day, if that's your cigarette appetite! It's Spud's 16% cooler smoke doing the trick... heightening all the more, your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. Veteran smokers, novice smokers, heavy smokers, light smokers... they're all hailing Spud as the 20-Century freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

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.



"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"... a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you... sent gladly on request.



AND

AFTERWARD -  
PROTECT THE BEAUTY  
OF YOUR HANDS WITH  
THIS "INVISIBLE  
GLOVE"



Hosiery must be washed . . . and often. But it's not necessary to ruin your hands doing it. No, indeed! After you dry your hands, just use a few drops of Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. This clear, sparkling, liquid lotion does not require the usual bothersome massaging, for it penetrates quickly, dries almost instantly, is not the least bit sticky. Because it protects the pores like "an invisible glove," Chamberlain's safeguards the beauty of your hands as nothing else will. Your favorite toilet goods counter has it, in two sizes, fifty cents and a dollar. Or we'll send our ten cent purse size FREE. Just use coupon below. Chamberlain Laboratories, 2123 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

## Chamberlain's HAND LOTION "The Invisible Glove"

|| Sign the coupon now and try the "invisible glove" at our expense || ©1930

CHAMBERLAIN LABORATORIES  
2123 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa  
Please send your ten cent purse size free.

Name .....

Address .....

City.....



## The Villain Unmasked

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

as a microbe under a magnifying glass.

When rehearsal was over, the coach called me over and told me that it must have been an error in casting that gave me the part, and maybe I'd better go in for writing essays instead. Gosh—that was an awful moment! The only thing that saved it was a note from Bill, thrust into my hand when the coach wasn't looking. On it he had written, "You put about as much feeling into your acting as a wooden Indian, but I'd like to help you if you'll let me. How about taking you home tonight?"

The note, still preserved for posterity, is not for sale at any price.

I lived three miles from the school—and insisted on walking home. There was a full moon, and it must have been pretty cold—but I can't remember that. But I remember the moon, because Bill quoted those lines from "Omar" about "Yon rising moon that looks for us tonight—" But he said "Good-night" at the door and went away—and the next I heard of him was when the Kansas City Star printed his picture under that stock caption, "Local Boy Makes Good," and told how Bill was playing *English Eddie* in Jane Cowl's company in "Within the Law."

From that time on every newspaper in the country kept me informed as to Bill's progress, but I was still in the Middle West and Bill was shuttling between Hollywood and New York. But one rainy morning this winter in New York, I picked up a paper and Bill's name flashed out at me—as it had a way of doing. He was with Dick Barthelmess, spending a few days in New York.

I called the hotel and a vibrant, yet strangely familiar voice answered from Bill's room.

"Do you," I asked, with my heart pounding against my tonsils, "remember a girl you quoted 'Omar' to in Kansas City—about sixteen years ago?"

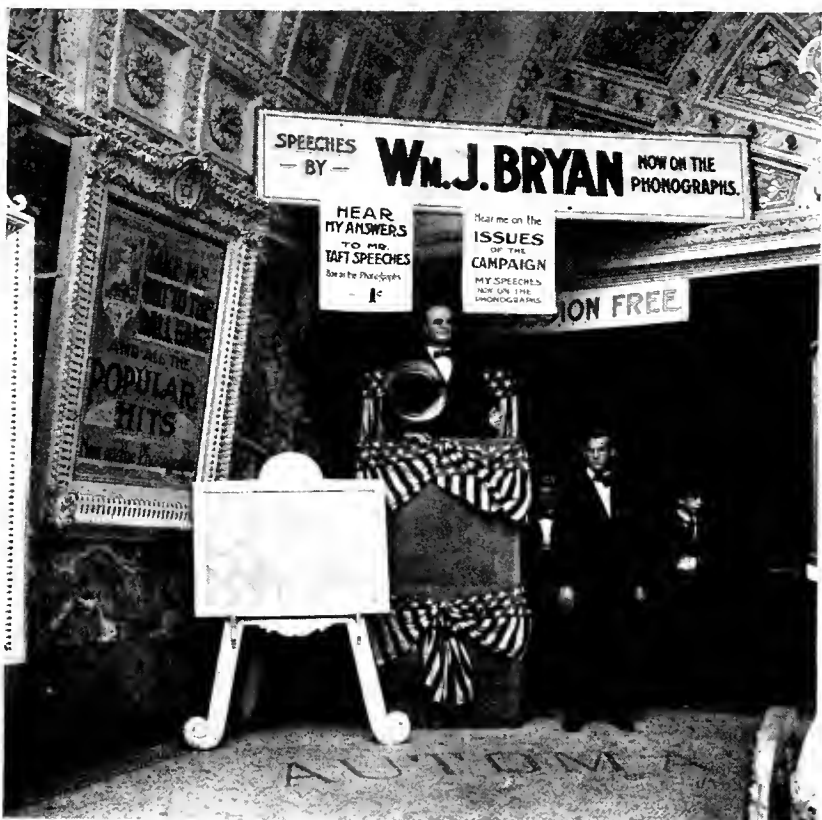
"Good Lord!" the masculine voice groaned, "was I doing things like that sixteen years ago? And who are you and how much will it cost to never mention the matter again?"

"You called me an immature little fool once," I reminded him, "and I've been waiting a long time to get even. I want to interview you for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE."

"Never, Leonora," Bill answered. "You know me too well. Come over and talk to me—have dinner with me—help me see some of the New York shows—but don't ever let the world know what a self-conscious young jackass I was. I thought by carrying around a heavy load of dignity that I could cover up the inferiority complex that was eating me.

"The awful truth was that my family was ashamed of my ambitions to be an actor and tried the best they knew how to make a respectable business man out of me—believe it or not, I once was earning all of fifteen dollars a week as a bookkeeper before I broke away and came to New York to a dramatic school. But now that I've created an illusion of sleek sophistication, I can't shatter it by letting the world know that anyone knew me when my neck was too small for my collar. And imagine a movie villain quoting 'Omar'—without any ulterior motive, too! Be a good little girl and spare my blushes!"

But I didn't promise—and I'm glad I didn't—because, after all, while I may shatter a lot of illusions, I'm getting a chance to unmask a first-class villain and reveal him as a mighty likeable—I almost said *lovable*—boy.



The cradle of the moving picture. Back in the days when there were nickelodeons instead of cinema cathedrals, this penny arcade on Fourteenth Street, New York, did a flourishing business—with the aid of Mr. Bryan!



# WIN \$1000.00 WITH YOUR PEN

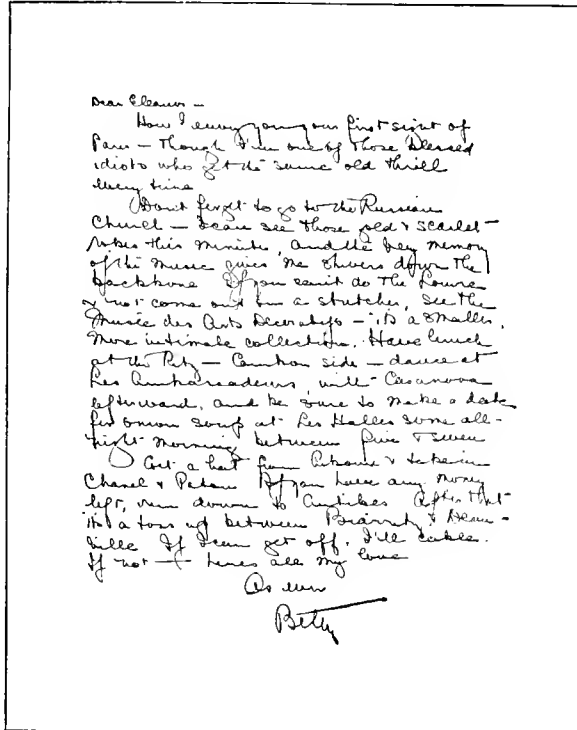
Enter this \$2850.00 prize letter-writing contest . . . 355 awards;  
Cash prizes range from \$1000.00 to \$10.00



**W**HEN a friend removes to a near-by city . . . or starts on a trip around the world . . . or leaves for her vacation, your hearty wishes for new happiness go with her. But what a glow it will bring to her heart to find that you have taken the trouble to write her a note about it. So small a thing to do, but how much it means! And if you haven't such a friend, you will have some day, so write the letter now, for practice. Besides, the Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.—which probably made the stationery that is on your desk this very minute—will award \$700 in prizes for the eighteen best farewell letters, and one hundred additional prizes of Eaton stationery. Breezy, informal, yet informative is the bon voyage letter above, which Miss Betty Thornley, the fashion magazine writer, sent recently to another young voyageuse. It may serve as an interesting example to you. Read how simple it is. Then get out your writing paper. These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

### Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay \$250; second best, \$150; third best, \$100; for the next five, \$20 each; \$10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of \$750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of \$1000 which this letter may win.



Miss Betty Thornley (in private life, Mrs. Edward Gordon Stuart) lives in New York. Her recipe for enjoying it to the full—judging by her numerous travel articles—is to leave it as often as possible.



**TYPES OF LETTERS:** 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

**CLOSING DATE:** All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

**IDENTIFICATION:** Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

**WINNERS:** The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case

of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

**FINAL JUDGES:** Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*; Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.



In Eaton's Highland Vellum, Eaton, Crane & Pike have introduced a writing paper so unusually fine that it can scarcely fail to win your approval. The surface is velvety. The colors are in exquisite taste: blue, grey, silver-grey, green, buff, ivory and white. The decorative motives are distinctive, and for gift purposes, it may be had in richly decorated boxes. Briefly, it is such a paper as you would expect the makers of Eaton's Highland Linen to offer you. Smart and modern, it is quite reasonable in price. 50 cents to \$3.50, wherever good stationery is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

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## When They Write Letters

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81 ]



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"t" but is really just a decoration. The dark blue, glossy ink is effective against the gray ground.

Dorothy Mackaill and Lillian Roth selected papers that are identical.

Lillian's envelopes, however, are unlined and are long and narrow.

Dorothy likes the squarer type, with a rich blue lining.

The papers they use are oblong single sheets in cream white.

An attractive effect is produced by narrow horizontal markings which are a part of the paper itself.

Both these stars include their address—Hollywood, California—under the name at the top of the sheet.

So does Fay Wray, except that she gives her address merely as "Hollywood."

**BEBE DANIELS'** note-paper is surmounted by a handsome gold crest which bears the legend, *Semper Paratus* (always prepared), a significant one in view of her recent talking and singing triumphs.

The double-sheeted white paper is beautifully watermarked, giving a somewhat fancy but not unpleasing effect.

Loretta Young uses a single, oblong sheet in white, with her name enclosed in an odd-shaped decoration in the left-hand corner. Louise Fazenda's paper is pale gray, with her name engraved in lavender ink.

Constance Talmadge uses a pale gray double sheet, with light blue, close horizontal lines in its weave.

A simple CT appears in one corner of her stationery.

For less formal purposes she has a heavy, white, double sheet with a funny little "Krazy Kat" drawing and the initials C A T reproduced at the top.

Joan Bennett's cream-white paper is ornamented with a cut-out monogram in silver and black.

Dolores del Rio uses a single, pale gray sheet, with a large D enclosed in a square engraved in blue at the top.

Gray stock and blue ink seem to be favorite star-combinations.

Olive Borden chose pale blue paper with a dark blue and silver monogram.

Norma Shearer's letter-paper is gray-white, watermarked in geometrical design, and decorated with a circular monogram in dark gray and silver.

The envelope is lined in a matching dark gray.

Carol Lombard's note paper is quite different.

It's double-sheeted, long and narrow, in mottled blue with tiny silver edge. Her initials are in dark blue.

Betty Compton's single yellowish-tan sheet is heavy and crackly, with her name and address engraved in brown ink.

The large, almost square sheet appears to be specially adapted to Betty's generous handwriting.

**SUE CAROL'S** white letter-paper has a stunning black and gold decoration. On close examination the curves and curlicues spell out Sue's name.

Most of the male stars use a single sheet, square or oblong, not too large. Strange to say, the range of colors is greater than in the papers used by the girls.

For instance, some of Buddy Rogers' paper is pale green, and the nickname "Buddy" is used instead of the more formal "Charles" on both letterheads and envelopes.

Clive Brook, Neil Hamilton and George Bancroft are some of those who have chosen a light-weight, single sheet in dark tan, engraved in simple, black letters.

Richard Arlen uses a pale tan, mannish paper, engraved in gold.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., couldn't resist a flourish or two.

Or possibly his letter-paper is a gift from Joan and is of her selection.

It's a single white sheet, with his name engraved in handsome tall, slender black letters against an embossed gray ground. It's extremely masculine, however, and quite impressive.

Maurice Chevalier's letter-paper is engraved with his name in plain lettering.

He uses a small, single sheet at times, and for more formal correspondence he prefers a double sheet of the same paper, with a narrow edge of dark blue to match the blue-lined envelopes.

William Powell, who, by the way, uses his middle initial "H" on his stationery, Gary Cooper, Nick Stuart, and Jack Mulhall, all prefer plain white sheets.

Dick Barthelmess likes gray, and so does Ramon Novarro.

RD, engraved in a rich brown on heavy, double-sheeted white paper, expresses Richard Dix's taste in letter-paper. With it he uses a heavy, unlined envelope.

Hugh Trevor's white paper is watermarked in small squares, his monogram forming a small oval at the top.

**THERE'S** no missing Edmund S. Lowe's name in man-size letters at the top of his tan paper.

The Gleason family is represented by a tan paper and brown ink combination—and there they all are, even the dog, silhouetted in the corner.

For formal invitations, most of the stars use small single or double sheets, which are monogrammed.

Ivory finish is a favorite choice.

Daintily monogrammed place cards, with narrow pastel or silver edges, are very popular.

Special note-size paper is gaining favor for intimate little personal notes.

An old book of etiquette, in a chapter called "The Whole Art of Correct and Elegant Letter Writing," lays down these rules:

"To write on very coarse paper is allowable only for the most indigent. To use gilt-edged and perfumed paper for business would be ridiculous.

"The selection of paper ought always to be in keeping with the person, age, sex and circumstances of the correspondents.

"Ornamented paper is designed for young ladies and those whose condition, taste and dignity presuppose habits of luxury and elegance.

"Distinguished persons, however, reasonably prefer simplicity and make use of very beautiful paper, but yet without ornament."

Although today's customs allow a little more latitude in ornamentation, the same basic rules for good taste in letter-paper prevail. And, with few exceptions, Hollywood abides by them.

**SO**, remember this. When you write letters to the stars, it isn't necessary to use extravagantly-priced paper.

But if you want your letter to mark you as a person of discrimination and breeding and so add weight to your remarks, choose your paper for its quality and good taste in color and decoration.

Even in 1930, "distinguished persons" still prefer simplicity.



# “Please tell me ...”

## JEAN CARROLL'S Page on Hair Beauty

### What to do for dull dry hair

My dear Miss Carroll: Do I have to brush my hair one hundred strokes a day? I don't want to—because after months of training, I can coax a fairly good wave into it. And I'm not anxious to brush it out! My hair is naturally dry, sort of a straw heap, very thick and coarse. And I don't think it has the gloss it should have. It seems to be “all ends” over my head.—Miss V. W., South Bend, Ind.



The idea of calling your hair a “straw heap,” when probably it merely needs a simple treatment to make it shining and smooth! First, I'm going to ask you to use a shampoo made especially for dry hair—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. It's a smooth golden liquid that makes a wonderfully soothing, fragrant lather . . . and besides olive and vegetable oils, it contains *glycerine*—just enough to make your hair more lustrous and tractable!

Then you must do something to stimulate your scalp and those under-active oil glands. If you won't use a brush—though I strongly advise it—will you try massage? Prop your elbows on your dressing table, and drop your head until your temples are cupped by your palms. Then make nice little merry-go-rounds of your finger tips—but gently and slowly. This will help to bring the bright lively glints into your blondish hair!

### 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., Ebensburg, 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!

### Relief from dandruff—out of the pines

Dear Jean Carroll: I have red-brown hair that's about a yard long. It used to be very thick, but now I have so much dandruff, that my hair comes out in combfuls. I intend to enter college next term, so I'd like my hair to look its best. You see, my eyes and hair are nearly the same color!—Miss S. C., Lynchburg, Va.



Oh! I can just see that head of gay lovely hair! You must get right to work to thwart those pernicious little dandruff germs! The very best way to do it is by scrupulous cleanliness—shampoo, shampoo, shampoo! Yes, every time tell-tale white flakes appear you should wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Soap . . . doctors have recommended this soap for years as a splendid treatment for dandruff.

Between those tonicking piney shampoos, remember to brush and brush your hair! And don't forget that brushes and

combs can carry these persistent dandruff germs . . . wash them every day! Be faithful to this treatment, and your hair will respond!

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday 10:45 a. m. (Eastern Standard Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System in the National Radio Home-Makers Club.

‘ ‘ ‘

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-B, 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 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

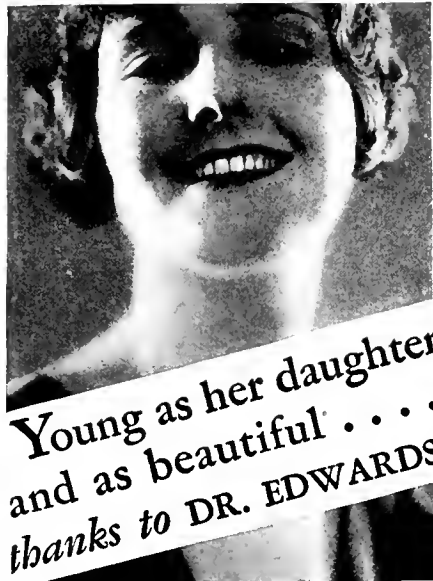
- Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
- Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)
- Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE



Do you long for beauty, for the divine glow of youth that comes only with perfect health? Just try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, for a few nights. Thousands have been delighted with the way color returns to the skin when pimples and blotches vanish, with the joy of feeling full of life, tireless and energetic from morning till night. These tablets, a fine substitute for calomel, and far easier to take, were for 20 years prescribed to folks bothered with liver trouble and constipation.

*Gentle in action—wonderfully effective*

Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets assist nature in restoring to normal the liver and bowels by sweeping away the poisons that harm the skin, ravage health and hurry old age.

A tested compound of vegetable ingredients. You can tell Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets by their olive color. From now on, don't endure sallow skin, headaches, or listlessness—take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets and get quick relief from the ills due to clogged intestines. Get a package from your druggist, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. Get the large size so that you'll always have them handy.

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# These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

**BELLE BAKER** ("Song of Love," Columbia) is a vaudeville veteran of many years' standing, famous for her character songs and much beloved by two-a-day audiences. She is also noted for her rendition of "Eli, Eli," Jewish religious song, as an encore. "Song of Love" is her first picture experience. She has appeared in musical comedy.



**BERT WHEELER** ("Rio Rita," Radio Pictures) is a noted graduate of vaudeville, first to revue and musical comedy, and now to the talkies. After a long laugh-making career in the theater, he played the same part in "Rio Rita" for the screen that he played on the stage for Ziegfeld. A great hit, he has been signed for more films by Radio Pictures.



**POLLY WALKER** (Radio Pictures) is a discovery of the silver-haired George M. Cohan, who featured her in "Billie," a musical comedy he produced in the fall of 1928. Before that she had played in several shows without kicking up much dust. In "Billie" she scored a personal triumph, and Radio, busy with musical films, signed Polly right on the dotted line.



**MAE CLARKE** ("Big Time," and "Nix on Dames," Fox) rolled to Hollywood on the crest of the big stage tidal wave, and has made good in Fox pictures. Only 19, she is the wife of Lew Brice, vaudeville comic and brother of the famous Fannie Brice, and appeared with Lew on the variety stage. She first clicked opposite Lee Tracy in "Big Time."



**ROLAND YOUNG** ("The Unholy Night," M-G-M) is one of the stage's distinguished leading men who has made better than good in talking pictures. An Englishman, Young has for a good many years been a great Broadway favorite, usually in high comedy. He is noted for what the rubber-stamp calls "whimsical charm." Famous in "Beggar on Horseback," on the stage.



**JACK BUCHANAN** ("Paris," First National) has long been a luminary of the London musical comedy stage, and a great favorite of the silk-hatted song and dance man school. America saw him in the famous "Charlot's Revue," with Gertrude Lawrence and Beatrice Lillie. His spot in the English theater compares with Clifton Webb's in ours.



**LOUISE CLOSSER HALE** ("Paris," First National) scored a sensational success in this Bordoni picture. She has for many years been a great favorite in the theater, in such fine plays as "Mr. Pim Passes By," and dozens more. She acted as Gloria Swanson's coach and advisor during the making of "The Trespasser." Just ask Gloria about her!



**TED LEWIS** ("Is Everybody Happy?" Warners) is a young-old veteran of vaudeville, musical comedy and revue—a Circleville, Ohio, boy who made good in all the big cities. The noted bandsman and singer of laugh, clown, laugh songs appeared in the first edition of the famous revue series, "The Greenwich Village Follies," and in several others.



# Here is the Kleenex Way to remove cold cream



Massage cream lightly into the skin and allow it to penetrate for several minutes . . . till it collects impurities from the pores and softens the skin. Then—Kleenex!

*— it blots off all the surplus cream that your skin doesn't need*

Failure to remove cold cream is a grave mistake in skin care. Experts say cold cream should be removed with Kleenex.



Lift two sheets of Kleenex from the New Box, and rub them over the surface of the face and throat. The Kleenex will blot up all the dirt, grease and make-up. Then discard Kleenex.

**SURPLUS** cold cream should be blotted up from the skin with Kleenex cleansing tissues. Otherwise . . . in time you'll notice little oily areas around the nose—the chin—the mouth. Then blackheads, perhaps. And pores made larger.

Experts insist on Kleenex because of its amazing absorbency. You don't need to rub and scrub and stretch the skin, as when you try to wipe away the surplus cream with towels and "cold cream cloths."

### *Kleenex absorbs by blotting*

Kleenex is so wonderfully absorbent that it simply *blots up* every bit of cream your skin doesn't need. Instantly, gently, without rubbing. And it lifts up, along with the oil, any cosmetics or dirt that lingered in the pores.

You use these tissues just once, then discard them forever. Thus, each tissue that touches your face is fresh, soft, and dainty. And there's no problem of stained and soiled towels—and high laundry bills!

The new Kleenex is truly a delight-



Ask for Kleenex in your favorite color

Flesh Pink      Sea Green  
Canary Yellow   and White

The colors are absolutely pure . . . and they harmonize exquisitely with bathroom and bedroom decorations



ful toilet accessory. There are pastel tints, very soft and lovely . . . of pure white, if you prefer. The box itself is a marvel of ingenuity, modern in design and color . . . and cleverly made to hand out automatically, through a narrow slit, two exquisite tissues at a time (the correct number for a treatment). You see, you *can't waste Kleenex*. And the tissues are kept absolutely clean till needed.

### *More hygienic than handkerchiefs*

Once you know Kleenex you'll find a score of uses for these lovely little tissues. Many use them in place of handkerchiefs—and certainly they are far more hygienic and comfortable, especially when one has a cold!

All drug and department stores have Kleenex. Ask for it at the toilet goods counter. If you prefer to try it without investment, the coupon will bring a generous sample.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill.

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name..... PB-2

Address.....

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

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Cleansing Tissues



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**WRINKLES** appear when the flesh and tissues under the skin become soft or lifeless. Babies and children never have wrinkles; their flesh is firm and live.

To smooth away wrinkles, the tissues under the skin must be nourished back to firmness. Dr. Charles' Flesh Food does this by absorption. You use it as an ordinary night cream. It feeds the tissues and tones them up. Wrinkles and sagging flesh disappear. It is also invaluable for rounding out hollows in the neck and shoulders.

50c the jar at any druggist's.

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**Free:** This coupon will bring you—free—a sample jar of Dr. Charles Flesh Food if mailed to:—

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# Addresses of the Stars

**At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.**

Richard Arlen  
Jean Arthur  
William Austin  
Olga Baclanova  
George Bancroft  
Clara Bow  
Evelyn Brent  
Mary Brian  
Clive Brook  
Nancy Carroll  
Kathryn Carver  
Robert Castle  
Lane Chandler  
Ruth Chatterton  
Maurice Chevalier  
Chester Conklin  
Gary Cooper  
Richard Dix  
Paul Guertzman  
James Hall

Neil Hamilton  
O. P. Heggie  
Doris Hill  
Phillips Holmes  
Emil Jannings  
Jack Luden  
Paul Lukas  
John Loder  
Frederic March  
Adolphe Menjou  
David Newell  
Jack Oakie  
Warner Oland  
Guy Oliver  
William Powell  
Esther Ralston  
Charles Rogers  
Ruth Taylor  
Florence Vidor  
Fay Wray

**At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.**

Renee Adoree  
George K. Arthur  
Nils Asther  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
John Mack Brown  
Lon Chaney  
Joan Crawford  
Karl Dane  
Marion Davies  
Josephine Dunn  
Greta Garbo  
John Gilbert  
Raymond Hackett  
William Haines  
Phyllis Haver  
Leila Hyams

Dorothy Janis  
Buster Keaton  
Charles King  
Gwen Lee  
Bessie Love  
Tim McCoy  
Conrad Nagel  
Ramon Novarro  
Edward Nugent  
Anita Page  
Aileen Pringle  
Dorothy Sebastian  
Norma Shearer  
Lewis Stone  
Ernest Torrence  
Raquel Torres

**At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.**

Frank Albertson  
Mary Astor  
Ben Bard  
Warner Baxter  
Marjorie Beebe  
Rex Bell  
Dorothy Burgess  
Warren Burke  
Sue Carol  
Sammy Cohen  
June Collyer  
Louise Dresser  
Nancy Drexel  
Mary Duncan  
Charles Eaton  
Charles Farrell  
Earle Foxe  
Janet Gaynor

George Jessel  
Lola Lane  
Ivan Linow  
Edmund Lowe  
Sharon Lynn  
Farrell MacDonald  
Victor McLaglen  
Lois Moran  
Charles Morton  
Barry Norton  
George O'Brien  
Paul Page  
Sally Phipps  
David Rollins  
Arthur Stone  
Nick Stuart  
Don Terry  
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

Al Jolson  
Davey Lee  
Myrna Loy  
May McAvoy  
Edna Murphy  
Lois Wilson  
Grant Withers

**At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.**

Lina Basquette  
John Boles  
Ethlyn Claire  
Kathryn Crawford  
Reginald Denny  
Jack Dougherty  
Lorayne DuVal  
Ruth Elder  
Hoot Gibson  
Dorothy Gulliver  
Otis Harlan

Raymond Keane  
Merna Kennedy  
Barbara Kent  
Beth Laemmle  
Arthur Lake  
Laura La Plante  
George Lewis  
Fred Mackaye  
Ken Maynard  
Mary Nolan  
Mary Philbin

Eddie Phillips  
Joseph Schildkraut

Glenn Tryon  
Barbara Worth

**At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.**

Buzz Barton  
Sally Blane  
Olive Borden  
Betty Compson

Bebe Daniels  
Frankie Darro  
Bob Steele  
Tom Tyler

**At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.**

Robert Armstrong  
William Boyd  
Junior Coghlan  
Diane Ellis

Alan Hale  
Jeanette Loff  
Carol Lombard  
Eddie Quillan

**At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.**

Richard Barthelmess  
Doris Dawson  
Billie Dove  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Corinne Griffith  
Lloyd Hughes  
Doris Kenyon  
Dorothy Mackaill

Colleen Moore  
Antonio Moreno  
Jack Mulhall  
Donald Reed  
Milton Sills  
Thelma Todd  
Alice White  
Loretta Young

**At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.**

Don Alvarado  
Fannie Brice  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Mary Pickford

Gilbert Roland  
Norma Talmadge  
Constance Talmadge  
Lupe Velez

**At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.**

Olive Borden  
William Collier, Jr.  
Ralph Graves  
Jack Holt  
Margaret Livingston

Jacqueline Logan  
Ben Lyon  
Shirley Mason  
Dorothy Revier

**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.**

Dolores Del Rio  
Roland Drew

Rita Carewe  
LeRoy Mason

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, 6404 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, 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.



Miss Marion Shilling complements her vivid personality by dressing for her part in "Lord Byron of Broadway" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) in a smart two-tone brown and tan broadcloth suit, with the color theme carried out in her "Pagan" Selby Arch Preserver slippers.

# Discovered

by Marion Shilling and other clever youngsters who are forging ahead in pictures . . .

## The Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

as a source of the sparkle, the vitalic energy and the fluid grace that the camera demands.

Remarkable, this shoe, because it gives you Paris chic and foot-flattering beauty, yet hides inside each slender model the wonders of the Selby Arch Preserver natural treadbase, that makes you utterly, healthfully, youthfully foot-free and glad.

Let your Selby dealer explain this patented inbuilt construction, obtainable in no other footwear . . . and show you why only the Selby Arch Preserver Shoe can give you the complete foot satisfaction that includes smart styling, glove-like fit and the natural comfort that energizes the entire figure with youthful grace.



PAGAN — Suntan kid, one strap side buckle. Darker shade tan kid trim and underlays.



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Mail this coupon or write to the Selby Shoe Company, 270 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio, for new Free Booklet No. P-70, *The Modern Shoe for Modern Dress*, dealer's name, and pictures of the latest shoe styles from Paris and New York.

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



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Why should graying hair rob any woman of her youth? An hour will start the magic change that brings back youthful lustre and color.

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**Dating Anita**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66 ]

explained Mrs. Pomares, "but we have a lot of fun."

I believed it. They are the most unto-themselves-sufficient family that I have ever met.

I wondered what would happen when Anita fell in love, and was in a marrying state of mind.

Would her family go to the altar, too? That thought lingered with me.

When her singing teacher had departed, Anita sat in on the card game. She admitted she was a very poor bridge player, so the game was changed to hearts.

**DURING** the course of the evening, between camera set-ups, I had about five minutes alone with Anita. At that I think I was unusually favored.

The fellow that courts her will be like the man that wanted to spend an evening alone with one of the Siamese twins. She is probably as unsophisticated as any nineteen-year-old girl you could find.

When she was fourteen she had seen "Brown of Harvard," and had been highly intrigued by William Haines. She likes being his leading lady, and says he seems just like a big brother to her.

"When I first worked with him I was almost afraid to go on the set," she reminisced. "Billy is such a joker that I expected to find tacks on the chairs. But I don't think he likes to play tricks on people unless they're the sort that take it big."

**A**T eleven the Pomares family began to hide yawns back of hands. I'm quick at hints.

It must be time to go. It was my first date with an entire family. The idea was a bit novel, and I'm not sure that I'd always want that kind of date hereafter. But I had a good time, and it certainly was sweet music to the bank account.

Anita asked me to join them on one of the excursions to the beach. And that sounded rather interesting.

Papa asked me to come back and play bridge, and with a glance at his wife, suggested that I might feel perfectly free to bring along a couple of good card players with me the next trip.

After handshakes all around—anyway I held Anita's the longest—Papa walked to the car with me.

And as my brother Elk, Sam Pepys, always said—and so to bed.



"What's that funny looking thing?" asks Lew Cody, just around after a long illness, of Director Sam Wood, while Mary Doran looks on. "That, my boy, is a microphone—the terror of Hollywood," says Sam. "Step right up and pat it. It won't hurt you—much!"



# Service

BUSINESS today is based upon service. The "grab and run" manufacturer is almost extinct. Advertising has played its part in his passing. By contrast with the open methods of others, it has thrown his operations into such sharp relief that it has left him no recourse. His failure was inevitable.

People have come to depend upon consistently advertised merchandise. They have confidence in the manufacturer who places himself on record month after month as to the merits of his product. They know he will maintain that product at the standard he has set, not only for their protection but for his own. Should he drop below, the buying public would soon discover it, and his business would be faced by ruin. No manufacturer who is spending large sums to produce, advertise and sell an article is going to take that risk.

Quality, utility and value are the things uppermost in the mind of the advertiser today. Improving his product, making it more useful to you, giving you greater value for your money, these are his aims. When he succeeds, he tells you about it—in the advertisements.

---

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in this magazine.*

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## Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]

for me." And more of the same thing, until Doug Jr.'s ear burned. But he was a good sport and left the man in peace.

**T**HE height of something or other is the suggested theme song for any Hollywood actor. "I'm Up to My Neck in Options and Head Over Heels in Debt."

**I**F you are ever fortunate enough to be a visitor in the Chaplin studio, don't "bite."

Charlie was giving a group of us an "imitation of an auk" on the set one day, when a very young reporter asked him if it were true that he was to do "The Fall of Rome" next. Chaplin, recognizing the fine, Italian hand of his studio jesters, soberly replied that he had been considering the matter.

"In fact, my composers already are tentatively framing a theme song," said the man who shoots all such on sight.

"A theme song?" queried the cub, growing more excited. "What will it be named?"

"Nero My God to Thee," replied the comedian.

**N**O longer can Edmund Lowe's friends say that he has never shown embarrassment in public.

It has long been the proud boast of many that Lowe is always nonchalant. So perfectly poised is he, that not until recently has he ever been "fussed."

Eddie had to learn to play a ukulele in "The Bad One," a new picture. He dislikes the instrument and has said plenty about the beach sheiks who play them. But films are films and Lowe's orders from his director were to learn how to play.

A brand new uke was delivered to him at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Anxious to see how near he could come to a tune, he sneaked off to an obscure corner and began thumping the strings.

At this moment Sue Carol, Sally Eilers, Olive Borden, Sharon Lynn and Ed's wife, Lilyan Tashman, rounded a corner.

Eddie lost that celebrated Lowe poise and

turned a lovely tomato red. Now he's gunning for the scenarist who wrote a story that demanded ukulele playing.

**W**HATEVER else you say about Hollywood it's a colorful city. Vivian and Rosetta Duncan, and their brother, all drive red cars. When they leave home in the morning you can't tell them from a three-alarm.

**A**N amusing story is making the rounds about an executive and his wife who visited Agua Caliente, the gambling resort below the Mexican border. O. Henry could have made a grand story about it.

The wife, with the aid of cosmetics and a youth complex, has been waging a bitter struggle with age.

She was standing at the roulette table with a roll of bills in her hand.

"What number shall I play?" she asked, coyly.

"Play your age," suggested a friend.

The slightly passé ingénue put a fifty on number twenty-two.

Thirty-seven was the winner.

They led her from the gaming room, screaming. Quite mad, poor thing.

**N**O really swanky house in the movie colony is now complete without a bar. You know what ees eet a bar, keedies? Papa Volstead doesn't like 'em a bit. The bar is as important these days as the tonsil varnish that goes with it.

An English motion picture star has a bar in the back of his house, arranged like an old London pub. There are English showbills and pictures from the music halls.

Another star, one of the glittering ladies of the films, has a trickier arrangement. A bookcase in her library is controlled with a secret button.

When that button is pressed the bookcase swings out. Behind that bookcase is a commodious bar. A sliding wall panel opens from the bar into the drawing room.



Not so long ago he couldn't get a contract. Then came "In Old Arizona," and the screen found Warner Baxter's voice. Now he sits in this palatial bungalow dressing room on the Fox lot and wonders what to do with the next million—well, thousands—of dollars

THEY say Will Rogers almost had hysterics when he saw the thirty thousand dollar dressing-room bungalow built for him on the Fox lot. Will doesn't wear any makeup, and he dresses at home before he comes to the studio.

He has scarcely set foot in the grand building on the lot, except to open the door and throw in some riding boots. The only thing that really annoyed him about the whole thing was the lack of a stable.

SPEAKING of dressing rooms, Norma Talmadge's swell bungalow on the United Artists lot has become sort of a guest house. Fanny Brice moved in during the making of a picture. Aileen Pringle, on the lot for the Harry Richman picture, was the next star to bask in the luxury of Norma's satin-interior house.

TWO of the great screen lovers, according to report, had a difference of opinion at a recent party. As the story goes they went out on the front lawn and proceeded to fight it out.

A studio executive was told of the affair.

"Rats!" he said. "If they got in a fight, they both ran."

D. W. GRIFFITH'S present activities in putting on the life of Lincoln, brought another story to the Round Table. The first time that D. W. filmed the great Abe, half a dozen actors, made up as that noted president, paraded the lot for Griffith's scrutiny. A visitor took a look, then gasped:

"You don't mean that all of those Lincolns are to be used in the picture?"

"Surely, madam," replied Lloyd Ingraham, the studio jester.

"But why?" demanded the bewildered woman.

"Well, you see, our 'Booth' is an excellent actor but somewhat near-sighted. Therefore, Mr. Griffith is giving him a wide range of target."

"Well, I never!" breathed the visitor.

IT is our sad duty to report that Mons. Charlie Farrell, fire chief of Toluca Lake, has become the gayest man about town of them all.

To the opening of "Sunny Side Up" he escorted Mlle. Lois Moran, and only a few nights later he was seen at a formal dinner party for John McCormack with Mary Duncan.

DO you remember the vivid Dorothy Dalton who skyrocketed across the screen as a Thos. Ince star in "Flame of the Yukon"? Several years ago Dorothy married Arthur Hammerstein, the noted stage producer, and left the screen.

When Hammerstein produces for United Artists his musical romance, "Bride 66," none other than Dorothy Dalton will play the leading rôle.

Dorothy knows how to talk, for she scored a success on the stage several years ago in "Aphrodite."

OUR own little Lois Moran has blossomed out considerably. If one looked one saw her dancing at Mayfair parties with Mickey Neilan and if one looked again one saw her being brought in to openings on the arm of Charlie Farrell.

Now if one cares to look very hard one will find her dancing at the Cocoanut Grove and lunching very *tête-à-tête* with Director Clarence Brown. The last seems to be the most serious of all.

JACK OAKIE isn't temperamental or pulling star stuff, but he's a determined young man, and no one puts anything over on Jackie. He had been working all day at the Radio Pictures studios where he was borrowed for "Hit the Deck."



## This Soothing Beauty Bath is Astonishing to Fastidious Women . . . RESULTS ARE IMMEDIATE!

TRY the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin smooth and soft and to give it an invisibly light "coating" of Linit powder so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary.

After the Linit Beauty Bath, the thin "coating" of Linit that is spread evenly and without excess, is so light that it cannot possibly stop the normal functioning of the pores.

To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath — bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

White is the natural color of Linit and there is no needless coloring or odor. Pure starch from corn is its main ingredient and being a vegetable product contains none of the mineral properties found in many cosmetics today.

Doctors who specialize in skin treatment, generally recommend starch from corn for the super-sensitive skin of young babies.

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### THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS



Roses are red violets are blue she is expecting  
**FLOWERS** from you

One night Paramount, his home studio, called him back for retakes. He worked all night. He showed up at Radio at noon the next day. The company had been waiting for him for a little matter of three hours. "Well," said Jack, "I won't work all night and all day. You'll have to fix it up with Paramount some way." They've been trying to fix it for weeks now.

**"I WOULD like to announce,"** said the master of ceremonies, "a Gus Edwards protégé." Fifty people rose and took a bow.

WHEN William Collier, the famous stage star and now under contract to Fox, heard that Jimmy Walker had been reelected mayor of New York, he sent him an enthusiastic wire of congratulation. "Glad that the City of New York has renewed your option," was the sentiment expressed.

Walker wired back: "Thanks a lot for the greetings. Stop. Hear you are making a speech at the John McCormack dinner party tonight. Stop."

ONE terrible embarrassing moment marred Victor McLaglen's transcontinental air-trip. In Washington, he was introduced to President Hoover. Vic was properly impressed with the occasion, but he spluttered and stuttered for the right thing to say. All he could think of was: "Pleased to meet you, your worship."

IF enough theaters open, Anita Page's mother and father are going to get a chance to see the world. Anita, you know, never travels alone, so papa and mama divide the chaperonage.

When Fox opened a new theater in San Francisco, Mama Pomares looked after her daughter, on the trip. When Mr. Fox presented a new house in San Diego it was Papa Pomares' turn.

And yet Anita seems thoroughly content with this state of affairs. There's one girl with a single track mind. Her career is all important.

REMEMBER little Raquel Torres who was chosen by Director Van Dyke to play the lead in "White Shadows in the South Seas"? Then she was just a cute little Mexican kid who wore red dresses and loud jewelry and called everybody "darling." In the past year she has become a charming, poised young woman. Her gowns are long, black affairs in perfect taste and her hair is sleek and beautiful.

Before, the men said, "Gee, she's a cute kid!" Now they look at her and murmur phrases about love and life and the moon and romance. These cute kids do have a way of growing up in Hollywood.

But, on second thought, any girl can do it in Kokomo.

YOU might as well get used to it. You've got to hear all the engagement rumors about the stage people, too.

Now Jeanette MacDonald (you'll be mad about her in Chevalier's "The Love Parade") is engaged to Robert Richee, one of those big New York brokers you read about.

"APPLAUSE," the Paramount picture of a burlesque life, starring Helen Morgan, brought out a wealth of new acting talent. Paramount has brought three members of that cast to Hollywood.

Fuller Mellish Jr., who played Helen Morgan's lover, has been cast as the me'er-do-well husband of Ruth Chatterton in "Sarah and Son."

Joan Peers, the daughter, will have the in-

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g nue r le in the next Moran and Mack comedy. And Henry Wadsworth, the gob sweetheart, is playing the juvenile in Evelyn Brent's new picture.

**SPEAKING** of Fuller Mellish Jr., he left New York on such short notice that he forgot to stop the papers and the milk, and he left his radio on full blast.

**GOOD** news seeps from the Paramount lot. They counted noses recently—and some of the noses WERE noses—and found that they had nine comedians under contract.

The laugh list—

Skeets Gallagher, Jack Oakie, Moran and Mack, Charles Ruggles, Harry Green, Eugene Pallette, Hal Skelly and William Austin.

A noble gang, and distinctly a talkie product. Oakie, Green and Ruggles are three of the fastest comers in picture history.

Plenty of laughs from Paramount—and laughs are what the screen needs right now!

**ADD** heart throb note: Sally Starr, a vest pocket edition of Clara Bow, who is knocking 'em for a row of sound effects out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's, is being taken to all the social events by Bobby Agnew, who is doing a talkie come-back.

**PAUL MUNI**, who makes a thousand and one faces for Fox as a character star, is going to be allowed to demonstrate a few hundred clinches, for a change.

In short, the Movietone boys are going to allow him to strut his S.A. In his next picture, we learn, Paul is going to play a Paris Apache instead of characters with putty noses and crepe-hair whiskers.



The peasant note persists in Hollywood dressing. Lilyan Tashman's skirt is dark green flat crepe, while the blouse, in chartreuse, is trimmed peasant-fashion, with tassels and doodads

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in **10**  
Minutes

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost, you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

**YOU CAN SAVE TIME**, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing," which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . . its gloss and lustre . . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

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Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.



Leaves Your Hair  
Lovely and  
Alluring

remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world.



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 Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance"

## Kill This Man

There's a devil inside of you. He's trying to kill you. Look out for him! He tells you not to work so hard. What's the use—the boss only piles more work on you. He tells you not to bother with your body. Do you recognize him? Of course you do. He's in us all. He's a murderer of ambition. He's a liar and a fool. *Kill him!* If you don't, he will kill you.

### Saved

Thank your lucky stars you have another man inside of you. He's the human dynamo. He fills you full of pep and ambition. He keeps you alive—on fire. He urges you on in your daily tasks. He makes you strive for bigger and better things to do. He makes you crave for life and strength. He teaches you that the weak fall by the wayside, but the strong succeed. He shows you that exercise builds live tissue—live tissue is muscle—muscle means strength—strength is power. Power brings success. That's what you want, and gosh darn your old hide, you're going to get it.

### Which Man Will It Be?

It's up to you—Set your own future. You want to be the Human Dynamo! Fine! Well, let's get busy. That's where I come in. That's my job. Here's what I'll do for you.

In just 30 days I'll increase your arm one full inch with real live, animated muscle. Yes, and I'll add two inches to your chest in the same time. Pretty good, eh? That's nothing. Now, come the works. I'll build up your shoulders. I'll deepen your chest. I'll strengthen your whole body. I'll give you arms and legs like pillars. I'll literally pack muscle up your stomach and down your back. Meanwhile I'll work on those inner muscles surrounding your vital organs. You'll feel the thrill of life shooting up your old backbone and throughout your entire system. You'll feel so full of life, you will shout to the world, "I'm a man and I can prove it."

Sounds good, what? But listen! That isn't all. I'm not just promising these things. I guarantee them! It's a sure bet. Oh boy! Let's ride.

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ANOTHER marriage has gone clunk on the rocks of Hollywood—after both parties had left the place!

Camilla Horn, back in Germany, is suing her husband for divorce, with his full consent. Here's what the gentleman, Klaus Geertz, has to say:

"I am tired of being a husband in name only. Camilla and I were happy until she became a film star in Hollywood. Then I saw little of her."

Camilla, who did pretty well as a leading woman in the silent days, is about twenty-two, while Klaus is thirty. She is now working in German pictures, a victim of old Mike, Hollywood's demon.

**THEY** do say that Mary Nolan has one hundred thousand dollars in the best "ice" mined in Kimberley, salted away in a safety deposit vault. Anyway, Mary isn't worrying about those rainy days. She's got an umbrella.

EUROPE runs to catch up with the talkie parade.

About 120 theaters in Germany have now been wired for sound, and fifty more in northern Europe are all set, most of them with German equipment—chiefly a system called "Klangfilm," a laugh in itself.

Germany's first talkie of its own, called "Land Without Women," speeded up the race. And as the French have released their first all-talking film, "The Three Masks," it looks as though another year will see the foreign studios almost in step with Hollywood—at least, in the matter of bulk and speed of production.

I don't dare mention quality. Great Britain is now so self-conscious and touchy about Hollywood's supremacy that it is almost causing a rupture of diplomatic relations—on their side of the water. We're just sawing wood and making pictures.

CLARA BOW got hold of some bad—now don't get ahead of Old Cal—food, while week-ending at a resort 125 miles from Hollywood. She felt ptomaine coming on in a bad way. Clara felt she was going to be sick, oh, awfully sick. She was a guest in a large party and without a car.

So Clara just called a taxicab and started for her home in Beverly Hills. When she got there she paid a bill that would have bought the car, and went to bed for a few days until the ptomaine was over.



Chicago, Ill.

Have you ever gotten to the place where it seemed you couldn't go any farther? Just the same old thing day in and day out? Well, being a housewife and mother brings moments just like that often and often:

After the boys' shoes are soled and the girls' school dresses bought there is little left for mother, who set out years ago with her young head full of hopes and dreams.

That is the time when she needs a big push to keep her from becoming an "old, unsympathetic, fault-finding

STRANGE are the ways of something-or-other.

George Jessel was first considered for the part Jolson took in "The Jazz Singer."

And Eddie Dowling turned down the part in "Broadway Melody" that made Charlie King famous.

MARIE DRESSLER is having the time of her life playing the old woman of the wharves, *Marthy*, in "Anna Christie."

"All my life I have wanted to be tragic and to emote all over the place," Marie confessed, "and now I'm having my innings."

Dressed in a frowzy hat and tattered clothes, Marie's *Marthy* is a sight to bring tears to the eyes of the lovers of stark realism. They may make a tragedienne of our Marie yet.

FIRST NATIONAL studio seems to have gone foreign. The place is overrun with extras in fancy costumes; Russians, Italians, and English soldiers on duty in India predominate, with smatterings of girls in Gypsy, Hindu, and Oriental cosumes.

"Song of the Flame" is using over five thousand Russian extras; "Bride of the Regiment" something like one hundred Italians; and "Green Stockings" a troop of British soldiers stationed in India. While "Show Girl in Hollywood" is using the different costumes to illustrate how extras look on a studio lot in informal attire.

Incidentally, "Show Girl" company is using all these different extras, picking out the most picturesque for certain scenes.

MAYBE Fatty Arbuckle is afraid that his public is not quite ready for his return to films. At any rate, he is going to make a vaudeville tour to see what response he gets before he begins work with Jimmy Cruze.

He is not the Fatty of old. His troubles have put a few wrinkles in his face and taken off twenty or thirty pounds.

OUT at Caddo, where President Howard Hughes holds birthday anniversaries for his still unfinished "Hell's Angels," a visitor on the lot approached the set and queried Pat Somerset. Indicating two players in the scene, she inquired:

"May I ask who those players are?"

"Certainly," replied Pat, promptly. "Miss Jean Harlow, sitting, and Mr. Wyndham Standing."

parent." So at these times mother scrapes a quarter together and goes to the neighborhood movie. She tries to pick one that shows the latest fashions—the things she dreamed of having, but just hasn't seen her way to get them—and a beautiful home, like the one she wants for her kiddies, and most of all a love story.

It's nothing short of a miracle what an hour with our favorite dreams will do to us and we go home with a light heart, and begin hoping and dreaming all over again.

Mrs. D. H.

**T**HE theory that everyone has written a book, or is going to write a book, has a firm subscriber in Raoul Walsh, the director of "The Cock Eyed World."

An embryo authoress got by the ogre at the gate of the Fox studio and walked in Walsh's bungalow on the lot. She had a story to sell and an unending line of chatter to sell it with.

Walsh finally saw a light in the clearing when she said she had no car.

"I'll have my chauffeur drive you home," he said, drawing a breath of relief.

The lady departed with many thanks.

Late that night he was still looking for his car and driver.

When the exhausted chauffeur finally arrived at midnight, he found out that the budding authoress lived in Santa Barbara, 112 miles from Hollywood.

**I**T has long been Cecil B. De Mille's custom to pension the animals who appeared in his pictures. He sends the horses and dogs to his ranch and keeps the geese, doves and ducks at his place in Laughlin Park.

The animals seem to know that they're protected and will never have to work again, and they have a superior attitude to all the other beasts on the place.

The other day C. B. was driving from the studio when he discovered a traffic jam near his house. He drew up closer. Two of his ducks were leisurely crossing the street while motorists honked frantically. The attitude of the fowls was, "You'll just have to wait. We were the ducks who worked in 'The King of Kings.'"

**Y**OU can count on George Jessel to keep a crowd in good humor. Georgie was master of ceremonies at the premiere of "Sunny Side Up" at the Chinese Theater. He was introducing El Brendel to the audience. El is one of the best scene-stealers in filmdom.

"I wouldn't have you in one of my pictures," he said. "I'd rather have Al Jolson."

**O**NLY a marked coincidence kept Helen Twelvetrees on the screen.

When the Fox studios decided not to renew her contract, Helen was discouraged. She made up her mind that she was a failure in motion pictures. So thinking, she packed her bags and was prepared to return to New York and the stage.

Two days before her scheduled departure (she had made her railroad reservations) she visited the Pathe studios with Dorothy Ward. While awaiting Dorothy, she was seen by the casting director and invited to take a test for "The Grand Parade." She agreed and twenty-four hours later had been signed to a new contract at a much greater salary than Fox had paid her.

**D**URING the filming of his new picture, Eddie Dowling was stricken with a very bad cold. So badly was he affected that he could not speak his lines without coughing.

Was Dowling worried? Not that you could notice. He merely re-wrote the story so that his character had a bad cold for a few sequences. Then he coughed to his heart's content.

**JACK BENNY**, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comic, was able to wisecrack about the crash in the stock market, although he lost with the rest of them.

"All it needed was a theme song," he said. "I suggest 'How Was I to Know?'"

**M**UCH has been said and written about the scarcity of eligible young bachelors in Hollywood. Despite their scarcity, such popular girls as June Collyer are in demand and



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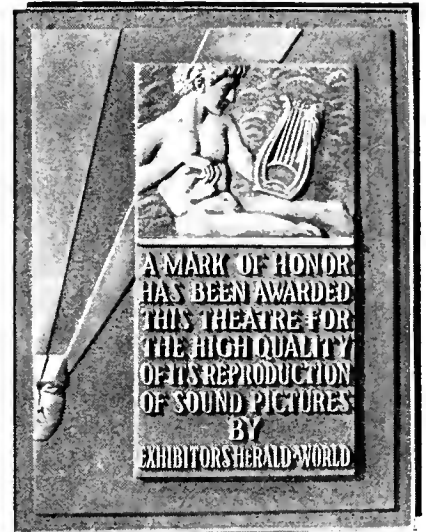
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have their date books filled up weeks in advance. A certain young leading man said to be much enamored of June telephoned her for a theater date.

"I am sorry, really I am, but I shall be busy every night this week," June told him. And when he asked for an evening during the week to follow, he learned that June was also dated up that far ahead.

"Then if you don't mind, I'd like a date with you some night next month," returned the young actor. "This is the fifteenth. What about going to a theater with me on the tenth of next month?"



Encouraging the exhibitor to see that his talkie apparatus gives off sweet sounds. The Exhibitors Herald-World, a trade journal of the photo-play, awards this plaque to those movie theaters whose sound dinguses are of the best and truest

And believe it or not, the date was made and kept and the two are now seen together quite often.

**A** GAIN it has been proved that the great and beloved pictures of the past possess a terrific tugging power at our hearts and pocket-books. The Paramount Theater, in Brooklyn, decided to show a grand oldtimer after the last evening show, allowing the audience to remain for it without charge.

One night "Beau Geste" was shown—and 1,500 patrons stayed till after midnight to see it. Others which kept and held enormous crowds were "Cobra," "The Humming Bird" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The old silent ones, with great stars and great stories, can still smack us down. To their original worth is added the charm of "remembering when." The day may come when managers will bootleg us old silent pictures.

**JIMMY GLEASON** reports the following story as the best he has heard this season. It was tied onto Rob Wagner, writer.

It seems that Wagner, when he first came to Hollywood, bought a second hand typewriter from a shop on the Boulevard. It had formerly been the property of a moving picture star.

When he came to use the machine, Wagner found the capital "P" was completely worn out!

**O** F course they're very sensitive about it, and you don't dare bring up the subject. But one of the best jokes of the season is on the Radio Pictures studio.



A huge battleship set was built for "Hit the Deck" in which Jack Oakie is the star. In fact the set was so huge that when it was completed it was discovered that there was no room to set the cameras.

But movie efficiency is of a high order. One side of the stage was knocked out, and the cameras were set in the street outside.

HERE'S an angle on the late Hollywood 18-day diet that no one ever thought of until it happened.

R. N. Schaffler, member of the firm which manufactures many of the country's penny weighing machines, says collections doubled since the grapefruit fad hit the ladies!

There are 5,000 of the contraptions in Los Angeles alone, and collections for last year were 30,000,000 pennies.

LUCILLE GLEASON'S little wire-haired terrier played a couple of months with her on the stage in "The Shannons of Broadway."

When the picture was begun another dog was used, but one day Lucille happened to have her pet on the set with her. The scene progressed and when the terrier heard his cue he dashed on before the cameras.

THIS entertaining business is pretty fierce in Hollywood, particularly if you have a beach cottage.

Pauline Frederick has hit upon a unique scheme. She has a lighthouse attached to her seaside manse. When she wants company she turns on the light. In the daytime, if she is receiving, she hangs out a flag.

Clara Bow borrowed a big sign from the studio, advertising her picture, "Dangerous Curves." The sign is out when she is in. No sign, no whoopee, no dangerous curves, no Clara.

WHAT are you going to do when a double won't double?

Vivienne Segal, Warner Brothers' singing star, would like to know.

One of the sequences of "Golden Dawn" called for a healthy rain storm. Since there was to be no singin' in the rain, the valuable Segal larynx was to be spared. Another girl was to take the drenching for the star.

The only hitch was that the double looked over the scene, and decided she wouldn't get wet after all.

Vivienne Segal doubled for herself.

## The Toughest Location Trip Is Over

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

There are dozens of stories to be told—of hippo, crocodile and lion hunts; of black nights in the jungle, of the terrific labors of filming a motion picture drama in an uncharted land. All the members of the expedition will look back on the African location trip for "Trader Horn" as the high adventure of their lives.

And yet it wasn't all hot sun and toil and tsetse bites. I have a picture of the crowd burying their noses in real Pilsener on board a German ship, for instance—but let's not go into that.

Let's give Mrs. Carey the last good word on Africa before the film speaks for itself.

"At Nairobi I rented a seven room house for myself, Harry and our two children," she told me. "We had four house and garden servants and a nurse. The grounds contained a tennis court. We maintained a car. And the cost of the whole kit was 300 shillings a week—about \$75."

So that's a light word on dark Africa, where a little band of American technicians and actors made motion picture history, on the toughest location trip of all time.

"I wonder why no one ever comes to my house TWICE"



"THEY like to have me at *their* homes—but they've always *some* excuse to stay away from mine. There's something wrong, somewhere—but I can't find out what it is."

A charming woman, and a home that looks above reproach. Yet that house is shunned by all her friends—and no one has the heart to tell her *why!* Unpleasant odor—how many lovely homes are really spoiled by it! Friends do find it hard to speak of it. And you, yourself, cannot know when your own home offends—you are too long accustomed to its all-pervading presence. So many things can cause it, too, things that aren't your fault at all. Cooking odors, the soapy smell of laundering, stale tobacco smoke, dampness, neighborhood odors—anything! Even in the most spic-and-span home you can never be *sure!*

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vanishes at once; you have a home that's a joy to step into—a house where every room has the sweetness of lovely flowers. It's just like that. Dances and parties seem always gayer, luncheons, dinners, evening calls take on a new delight in that *extra touch*—the delightful fragrance of Vantine's Incense. Even when you're home alone, reading or resting or listening to music, the loveliness of Vantine's Incense is so restful, so refreshing.

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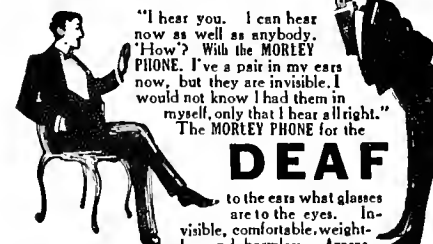
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# Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

THE following item appears obscurely in a back page of the issue of PHOTOPLAY for February, 1920—

"Jean Acker, who has been appearing in Metro productions, and Rudolph Valentino, a leading man, were principals in a speedily arranged marriage last month at the home of Joseph Engel, in Hollywood. Valentino proposed in the afternoon, was accepted, procured the marriage license at the home of the county clerk, and the two were married at midnight. Only that and nothing more. Before the Front Page days, but even then Rudy worked fast.

A LOT of striking pictures unreel and get reviewed this month. We lead off with "Eyes of Youth," in which the eyes of Clara Kimball Young cut up, and follow with "Scarlet Days," a D. W. Griffith picture which had in its cast such folk as Clarine Seymour, Carol Dempster, Richard Barthelmess and Ralph Graves.

Maurice Tourneur had just made the first film version of Joseph Conrad's "Victory," with Jack Holt, Seena Owen, Wally Beery, Lon Chaney and Bull Montana. Wally Reid's new picture is "Hawthorne, U. S. A.," and Bill Hart wears a dinner coat in "John Petticoats"—one of his frequent efforts to get away from the little pinto boss and that thar open-space nobility.

And our reviewer hands a panning to the new Chaplin picture! It is called "A Day's Pleasure," and our professional observer says it is a little too vulgar here and there to be quite right for the women and kiddies.

OLIVE THOMAS, the first Mrs. Jack Pickford who was to die so tragically in Paris, writes us a long piece on the "Follies" girls who had made good in pictures up to 1920. On the list, besides herself, were Martha Mansfield, Mae Murray, Marion Davies, Rubye de Remer, Kay Laurel. Oh yes—and Will Rogers. . . . Here are what the stars are getting in 1920, according to a story in the February issue—Nazimova, \$13,000; Geraldine Farrar, \$10,000 (when she isn't in opera for less); Theda Bara, Marguerite Clark, Elsie Ferguson, Viola Dana, and a host of others ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000. It is interesting to note that in 1928 Mme. Nazimova, after going broke making pictures of her own, appeared with the Civic Repertory group, an art theater, in New York, for almost nothing a week, playing great tragic rôles from her repertoire.

to Grace Menken. . . . A picture of Dorothy Dalton as *Chrysis* in "Aphrodite" on the stage. How that show made the boys sit up and stare ten years ago! . . . Marguerite Snow, Jimmy Cruze's first wife, is back in pictures. . . . Jane Novak, the beautiful blonde, is joining Mickey Neilan's company. . . . A film magazine in Denmark just wound up a popularity contest. Mary Pickford won it, with Marguerite Clark a good second. Fairbanks topped the men, followed by Bill Hart. . . . Comedian Ford Sterling is being sued for divorce by Teddy Sampson, and Pauline Frederick is legally requesting freedom



Ten years ago Nazimova was getting \$13,000 a week in Metro films. In 1928 she was appearing on a New York stage for very little indeed

from Willard Mack. . . . And they say that Lottie Pickford is returning to the screen.

MARY PICKFORD'S newest is "Heart of the Hills," in which she romps and suffers about the mountings, in the company of Claire MacDowell, Sam de Grasse and Fred Huntley.

KITTEN, NEW YORK.—Al Jolson has never been in pictures, but you can reach him by mail at the Winter Garden, New York. Maurice Costello will probably send you a picture. Write him care Vitagraph, Brooklyn. Marjorie Daw is 17. Send along the cupcakes. I am four million years old, and hang my whiskers over the foot of the bed at night. Oh, yes—Bebe Daniels is 19, and is now with Yes, Mr. De Mille!

WHOA! Here's Eric von Stroheim getting choked by a jealous husband! It's a scene from his first big success, "Blind Husbands."

In 1920, Von had more hair, and was even then wearing his bangles on his wrist.

A PICTURE of Bert Lytell hugging Alice Lake for the camera. Good old Bert, in 1930, is getting married again—this time

## Hot Tamale

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

advised his partner, preparing himself for a nap.

After a lunch at San Diego, they rolled across the border and arrived at the steel and stucco magnificence of the Agua Caliente Jockey Club. Mr. Torrance herded the president into the clubhouse, where Violetta lay in wait on a green wicker lounge.

The blasé Mr. Zoop trotted briskly through

the mob of weathered habitués and then permitted his jaw to hang slack as he caught sight of his future employee. Under Spook's tutelage the girl had discarded her Hill Street silhouette for the native garments. A ruffled skirt of midnight blue, slashed with scarlet, billowed almost to the floor, an orange basque showed her trimly arched back to its best advantage, and the Andalusian eyes shone like velvet from

beneath a headdress of creamy lace, fastened by a blood-red cactus flower. Abe's amazement was slowly replaced by a leer of triumph.

"Zis moost be Senor Zoop," cooed Violetta. "You look so kind, joost like ze ozzer gentleman tell me."

"Torrance is always right," gulped Abe, still resembling a freshly-landed codfish. "Didn't he swear you'd make the Queen from Sheba bust out crying from jealousy? Now if he's got as good judgment about that horse—"

"We're just in time for the third race," interrupted Spook. "I'll get down a bet on that Hermit, if you'll excuse me."

"Five hundred for me," Mr. Zoop called after him. "I feel lucky."

"I 'ave good fortune, too," murmured Violetta. "You like me, yes? No?"

**A** THIN layer of business caution overlaid Abe's admiration as he watched her.

"Of course," he shrugged, "maybe you wouldn't screen so well, but we'll find that out quick enough, and if you get by you'll be added to 'Betrayed in Barcelona.'" In his heart he knew that a brunette is the easiest of all types to photograph, and his ear throbbled appreciatively to the silken voice.

"A real Mexican in Mexico!" he chanted. "To make it perfect, a song you could sing?"

"I zink so."

"Fine," beamed Abe.

Miss Velasquez nodded eagerly, and forgetting herself in her excitement, obliged with a stamping rendition of "Walking with Susie," complete with gestures.

Mr. Zoop looked perplexed, then smiled blandly. "I didn't want no Yankee imitation," he said, "but it shows me you've got the makings of an actress. What I'd like is something swish-swish and Spanish, y'understand, like 'La Paloma.'"

"I weel seeng eet for you later," promised Violetta.

Mr. Zoop stumbled to the verandah, squinting through his field glasses, and one minute and nine seconds later he possessed the knowledge that a knobby dark horse had run the six furlongs fast enough to nip Hermit at the wire. His wails of anguish were checked by the purple-faced Spook who appeared, flourishing the useless mutual tickets.

"Can't understand it," frowned the ex-con man, as he watched the winning mount being lead away by its triumphant owner. "Hermit was the class of the field; there's something rotten."

"Maybe it's you," said Abe rudely. "You been honest too long, that's what's the trouble." His glance turned on Violetta, who registered the most ravishing grief. "But I'm still ahead on the afternoon," he grinned.

"I weep for you," declared the girl softly. "My heart she goes boomp wiz sorrow."

**S**AVE them tears for some director," said the president. "Supposing you go over well, we got to publicize you. You come from a swell family, learned to play the harp in a convent and got big estates, I wouldn't be astonished?"

"But no," sighed Violetta. "I am poor girl. I have nozzing but beauty."

"You got to have estates; they all do," said Mr. Zoop firmly. "Mortgaged or not, it's fashionable. Furthermore, you got to be a madcap."

Violetta hunched her lavender-bronze shoulders and gazed appealingly at Mr. Torrance.

"That means you have to say 'damn' and 'hell' before interviewers," advised her discoverer. "Lots of pep, and all that rot."

"The public demands it of the Latin temperament," seconded Abe.

"But zat ees not real Mexico," pouted Miss Velasquez. "We like to have our siesta, our lofe, our moosic—all slow and dreamy like ze smoke from ze cigaritto. We—well, for crying out—I mean, oo, I have ze fright!"

A handsome, sarsaparilla-complexioned

inconspicuous



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*Is it the kind of picture I would like?*

*Which one shall we see tonight?*

*Shall we take the children?*

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*by the Foremost Writers*

stranger was bowing low before her with an extravagant sweep of his five-gallon hat, and the eagle eye of Mr. Torrance identified him as the owner of the horse which had beaten the sluggish Hermit. The intruder sported the gaudy habiliments of a theatrical bandit, nevertheless he seemed intensely real; and even the saw-toothed rowels on his nicked spurs jingled with emotion as he streamed forth a flood of velvety language.

THE startled Violetta nestled close against the bulky Spook. "For heaven's sake," she whispered. "I can't understand a word he says. And would you look at the eyes on him!"

In truth, the admiring optics of the Mexican protruded like those of a rampant bull, and Mr. Torrance felt called upon to blunder into the breach.

"Outside, bum," he boomed. "Vamoose! Lady no likee—savvy?"

The flashy stranger transferred his attention to the ex-con man, and rasped out a series of vicious sibilants.

"I read the book; I never saw the picture," said the imperturbable Spook. "Come on, Pasquale; gangway for a movie star."

The word "movie" being more or less international, it had its effect upon the admirer, for after one baleful scowl at Violetta's protector, he continued to leer seductively at the damsel herself. "Saluta," he murmured, bending almost double as the trio started to leave.

Mr. Torrance became aware that a crowd had gathered and was watching the scene with a sort of hopeful awe. Their attitude made him a bit curious, and he buttonholed a hard-featured gentleman as they reached the door.

"Who is that frijole guzzler?" he inquired. "Tomaso Bustamente," said his informant in a reverent whisper.

"Sounds like a new telephone exchange." "Button your lip," said the hard-faced man from the corner of his mouth. "Ain't you never heard of Bustamente, the brigand? Why,



Brooklyn, N. Y.

A little friend of mine is a patient at the Montefiore Hospital for Incurables up in the Bronx. For ten long years she has lain strapped to her bed unable to use her nether limbs. Having had only a limited amount of education she cannot read very well, but she does love to look at pictures and there is nothing that brings her such delight as the pictures of the stars in PHOTOPLAY.

I used to throw out old editions of magazines, but now, knowing how much enjoyment she derives from their contents, I take as many copies as I can along with me when I visit her.

Her perusal of PHOTOPLAY is the one ray of light in a life of unhappy darkness.

Motion pictures are shown there once a week and all the patients gather in the social hall to view them. Can you imagine the happiness of my little friend when she recognizes the stars from PHOTOPLAY and can discuss with a reasonable amount of assurance a good part of their history—past and present!

She wishes me to thank you for all you have done for her.

F. M.

that bird's got half Mexico eating out of his hand. When his horses run, they win, seeing that none of the other jockeys think they'd look good with their throats cut."

"Senough," chirped Abe. "I feel like I'd dusted off the electric chair."

"Don't worry; he's on his best behavior at the races," said the other. "But it's lucky he didn't spot you in some lonesome coulee. He ain't called the Scourge of Sinaloa for nothing."

Messrs. Zoop and Torrance, with Violetta between them, stepped smartly to the automobile and embarked for the land of liberty at seventy miles an hour. The dew of alarm which sparkled on their foreheads evaporated as the border drew nearer, and by the time they re-entered San Diego Mr. Zoop attempted jocularity.

"The Scourge of Sinaloa, eh?" he croaked. "I pretty near said to him, 'Stand back, Noah Beery,' but for why should I waste my breathing on a foreigner? A swell menace he'd make, with them mustachios and revolving eyes. Imagine him trying to scare us. Heh-heh-heh—I'm laughing!"

"But I am not," said Miss Velasquez, her black opals glazed with memory. "He ees sooch a queeck, bold sort of man. I am afraid—"

"There, there," soothed Mr. Torrance, winding a protective arm around her. "Don't worry, Violetta—"

The girl's bosom heaved hysterically. "It's not that, you big elephant!" she whispered. "I'm afraid I won't see him again."

**W**ITHIN six months Violetta Velasquez was established in the hearts of the people as firmly as weight reducing, second mortgages, and the belief that it was possible to pick good horses from bad ones.

From a minor bit in "Betrayed in Barcelona" she had risen to the altitude of a featured player, and developing a sequence of coy Latin tantrums on the way, she had incited the critics to employ such adjectives as vivid, vital, vixenish and voluptuous.

This led inevitably to dealings with a finance company, which, after the required signatures had decorated the contract, obligingly produced a pink stucco mansion and two cars; also a welter of Filipino servants and a regimental looking college girl who acted as private secretary, in the hope of getting material for a nebulous book to be entitled "Sewers of Hollywood."

Not forgetting her father, Violetta pensioned that astounded person to a life of alcoholic stupor—provided he remained in Albuquerque.

Hand in hand with fame had come an avalanche of mail, including a sultry letter every fortnight from Tomaso Bustamente, who had managed to see her pictures between raids.

These epistles, apparently written with a pickaxe dipped in red ink, were carried by Violetta to a linguist in Yucca Street, who translated them as literally as he dared, for the Scourge of Sinaloa had no more restraint than the editor of a tabloid.

She gathered that Tomaso's heart was burning a hole in his bolero jacket, and that if the accursed gringo government had not refused him permission to enter California he would come bursting through her window with a knife in one hand and a wedding ring in the other.

**O**NE warm afternoon, Violetta stretched her willowy person on a day bed and gave herself up to thoughts of the man she'd seen only once.

What a conquering gaze he had! She shivered deliciously and speculated on his love-making abilities.

There was a crisp knock at the door. "It's the interviewer from the *Sunday Sun*," announced the secretary. "Dear me, did you forget what I told you about being ready?"

"Why can't they let me alone between pictures?" complained the drowsy Violetta. "I

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never get a chance to rest in this game, and it's got me frazzled."

The regimental secretary compressed her lips. "Rubbish," she said briskly. "Up you get this minute; here's your maid. You know very well that Mr. Zoop will be furious if you avoid publicity."

Miss Velasquez yawned felinely, and in a few minutes was drooping down the staircase, assuming a yellow negligée and her accent *en route*, and by the time the bottom step was reached the metamorphosis had taken place.

"Oo, la-la!" she trilled, skipping into the library. "Pouf for ze pippie who do not like Violetta—zey can go to hell. Whoopce!"

**T**HE interviewer was a personable young woman, who hid a keen sense of humor and an excellent set of brains behind a rather woodenish front. She had looked forward to meeting the sparkling Violetta, and for over an hour the latter tinkled along with her repertoire of tricks.

"One thing more," said the interviewer. "What gives you the biggest thrill?"

It was on the tip of Violetta's tongue to say "Sleep," for she was wondering how much longer her eyelids would stay open without propping, but she smiled wearily and substituted "Love."

"Love?" The interviewer's eyes shone with eagerness. "But Miss Velasquez, your name has never been connected with anyone. Please let me be first on the secret. Who is he?"

"I lofe ze little fat Abe," cooed Violetta, "and oh, how mooch I lofe my pooblic, but yes, zere ees anuzzer. He is my dream man!"

"What's he look like?" asked the practical writer.

"The same as Lindbergh, only dark," said Violetta, thinking she might as well make a good job of it. "I have seen him only in my

dreams, but he ees so real to me he moost exceest somewhere. All he has to do is call, and I weel fly to heem. Ah, ze passion, it chokes me!" The delighted interviewer departed, stammering her thanks.

When Mr. Zoop inspected the next issue of the *Sunday Sun* he discovered that VIOLETTA VELASQUEZ SPENDS EVENINGS WITH GHOST LOVER. Ideas were surging inside his head and he went into a huddle with Mr. Torrance, after which Violetta was summoned to the Zoop sanctum.

"A nifty girl like you shouldn't have to tangle with no ghost," he chuckled when she arrived. "So we got things fixed different. Give a glance on Cupid!"

"What's got into you?" asked Violetta uneasily. She had gradually eased out of her dialect when talking with Abe, and now spoke at least as intelligibly as anyone around the Stupefaction lots. "What if I do fancy a fellow I can't see? It's good publicity."

"We got a better racket," said Abe roguishly. "You're going to have a fiancé, a fiancée." "Chalk your cue and try again."

"I AIN'T no pool-roomer," said Mr. Zoop with dignity. "Engaged you'll get, but that don't mean you have to love the guy. It's fashionable, see, and we already arranged for you to hook up with Oswald Challenger, the pride of Blotts Brothers Pictures."

"That Kansas rabbit! Why, I've never even met him."

"Ain't you romantical?" asked Abe. "Can't you raise at least a little gooseflesh at a phoney engagement with what Blotts claims to be the reincarnation of Sir Walter Raleigh?"

"I'd trade him in for a French novel," snapped Miss Velasquez. "I won't do it."

Mr. Zoop's patent leathers fell off the desk with a thud and he struggled upright, trying to



International

A couple of young fellers Hollywood and the talkies bound! Joe Weber and Lew Fields, one of the most famous comedy teams in American stage history, off to take part in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's old-timer revue, "Just Kids"

look like Nero. "We're teaming you with him because you're contrasting types," he stated, "and you don't have to be bothered with him except for stills, premières and so forth. And think of the publicity! First we'll have a flock of rumors, then the actual announcement, and after the nap has worn off we'll pull the denial. It's a sure-fire stunt, Violetta, so don't get combustible."

THE two weeks which followed found Violetta's slender shoulders sagging beneath the yoke of Art. Besides having to rouse herself to a false animation while she pranced through the scenes of "Monterey Mustard," her spare time was occupied by a series of gushing poses with the somewhat oafish Oswald Challenger (née Dinglebender). He viewed Miss Velasquez with an antipathy quite equal to her own, and grew frenzied writing explanatory letters to his sweetheart back in dear old Topeka.

The engagement spread over the country in a rash of gloss prints. Photographs of the couple on the beach, beneath an apple tree, or disintegrating artichokes. A sepia study of Miss Velasquez burning incense before a painting of the beloved. Vice versa, plus a he-man pipe. Tennis stuff, with the racquets held in a grip that assured Bill Tilden and Helen Wills there were no hard feelings. And when her joints grew creaky with fatigue the gallant Violetta kept the ball rolling with gurgles about "My beeg, blond Ozzy—I weel bite my initials in hees neck!"

Siestas were becoming extremely scarce, so it was with relief that she inspected the *Times* one morning to read that her Nordic nemesis was *hors de combat*. The two inch headline leaped at her:

**OSWALD CHALLENGER HIT BY TRUCK!**

Movie Star Knocked Unconscious  
But Injuries Only Superficial.  
Violetta Velasquez in Frenzy!

A moment later a shrilling telephone announced the excited Mr. Zoop. "You heard the good news?" he yelled. "Horseshoes we're having, baby, it's the front page this time. It's me that had you put in a frenzy. There's more in this than met Oswald's eye, or—"

"What do you mean?"

"The truck what hit him was wearink a pair of pants!" howled Abie. "Somebody socked him at Orange Grove and Sunset, and rolled him into the gutter, but Blotts wangled the papers to make it sound pitiful. He's at the Emergency Hospital, and it's your move to dash down and make a stall at nursing him. I'll have the cameramen and reporters meet you there and don't forget to be hysterical."

The erstwhile Eliza slammed down the telephone. Every inch of her yearned for relaxation, but she dutifully put on a semi-mourning costume of Quakerish grey and trailed to the hospital with carefully moistened eyes.

Late in the afternoon she left the disgusted Oswald to flutter his pulse under the attention of several worshipping nurses, and drove home to find the regimental secretary doing picket duty in the reception hall.

"There's a—a person waiting in the library," she said disapprovingly. "I found it impossible to understand him, but I thought he might be a relative. Quite handsome in a barbaric sort of way." She tittered nervously. "I felt positively naked when he looked at—oh, mercy!"

THE library door flew open with a crash and the dynamic Senor Tomaso Bustamente catapulted into the hall. The Scourge of Sinaloa was not looking his best, for, as a concession to American customs, he had arrayed himself in a badly fitting campus cut suit and blinding yellow shoes with bulldog toe caps. Nevertheless, he advanced with considerable *élan* and dropped on one knee before the star. "Ah-h-h-h-h!" he intoned, covering her hand with a rapid fire of kisses that sounded like a



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body of water being struck with a paddle. "Ah-h-h-h, I love you!"

A volley of Mexican followed this declaration.

Violetta stared blankly at him, admiring the sheen of his blue-black hair, his compelling voice, the masterful way his eyes held hers, and then she looked beyond him to her secretary.

"GET that interpreter on the phone," she ordered. "Tell him to hop out here right away."

And for the next twenty minutes she exchanged soulful glances with Tomaso.

"Senor Bustamente," said the interpreter, going into action with a rush, "says he wishes to marry you and that he will spill the blood of any man who interferes. He offers you his hacienda in Sinaloa, his fortune, his thousands of cattle, his heart, and, between ourselves, very likely his undying jealousy. Also, he says he has stolen enough to be honest for the rest of his life."

"Explain why I can't talk much Mexican and tell him I think he's a knockout," said Miss Velasquez. "And ask him if he socked Oswald."

When the question was put the Scourge dropped an unholy wink, shook his head until his golden earrings tinkled musically, and then launched into more language.

"HE says you are not meant for any pallid Hgringo and asks you to fly with him before dusk. He has an airplane waiting at Glendale and wishes to leave before the authorities find out he is here."

Violetta thrilled with mingled fear and ecstasy. A home in the Sinaloa hills! She had heard tales of the enchanted mountains, blueed by distance, and the fog that drifted in from the ocean; of star-canopied nights that throbbled with the lilt of muted guitars. She drew a deep breath.

"Ask him what he does with his afternoons." It developed that Senor Bustamente did nothing but recline in the shade of the cypress, sipping tequila, nibbling sickly-sweet cactus candy and knocking off the odd forty winks whenever he felt inclined.

"He has dancers and an orchestra of his own," ended the translator, "and if you desire to hear an opera singer he will kidnap one from Mexico City. Your wish is his command."

Violetta pinched herself, but no, there was



Tomaso wagging his head in eager confirmation, and almost before she knew it she was in his arms, wearing an expression that none of her "pooblic" had ever seen.

"Si," she whispered.

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" exulted the Scourge, and as he kissed her tigerishly he rolled his eyes around to make sure that none of the U. S. Border Patrol had caught up with him.

MR. ZOOP sniffed suspiciously at a perfume-orange envelope addressed in jagged hand writing, and turned it over and over in his trembling hands.

"It's from her," he faltered. "Maybe it's bad news. It smells kind of wanton."

"Open it up," said Mr. Torrance impatiently. "The girl's been gone for a week now, and it's almost time for her next picture to start production."

Abe's shoe-button eyes stuck out like currants in a bun as they deciphered the scrawl, while Spook peered over his shoulder. The letter read:

Dear Abe,

Just a line to tell you I'm now Mrs. Bustamente and don't have to work any more, so I can lie around and get fat, which is the way my husband likes ladies. A girl has got to go sleepless in Hollywood, but I was doing my best to hang on until you sprung that engagement gag. You drove me to this, Abe dear, but also I wish to thank you because your ideas brought my husband on the run.

I know my contract calls for one more picture and I want to be fair. I won't come back to Hollywood, but if you want to bring a unit up here I will work my head off, and also will provide two personal private bandits to keep the tarantulas and rattlers away from you. Outside of them, it's a swell country.

Much love and a great big yawn from  
Violetta.

P. S. Of course, if you decide to sue me instead, I would have to reveal the secret of my birth, which would make you look foolish. Ask Mr. Torrance—he knows.

P. P. S. My husband is teaching me to speak Mexican.



From the storehouse of memory comes this picture of Blanche Sweet at the age of nine. Pretty, blonde and beribboned, even then!

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## What 30 Stars Say About Long Skirts

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

dark clothes. Yes, I believe the mode will return next summer stronger than ever—it's so comfortable and cool."

BESSIE LOVE likes the new styles so long as they are not carried to extremes. She thinks that "the day of the short skirt is past and that women, seeing the increased attractiveness of longer skirts, will wear them for a long, long time. But," says Bessie, "I don't believe that the average woman who has become accustomed to the freedom, convenience and practicability of the short skirt, will ever favor the extremely long and cumbersome garments for street wear."

She adds: "I have never worn a sun-tan make-up. With my very blonde hair I never thought a dark skin would be becoming. I like to see a naturally tanned skin, but I do not like artificially sun-tanned make-ups. I rather imagine that the vogue for brown skin will not be as great next year as it was during the past Summer.

"I always wear stockings. I like to see bare legs, if they are tanned, but I don't think bare, white legs are attractive. I rather imagine that young girls will continue to go stockingless for sports, but I believe that older girls and women are growing tired of the fad. After all, a sheer chiffon stocking is much more attractive than a bare leg."

BEBE DANIELS sponsors long skirts for afternoon and evening wear, but she believes four inches below the knees is an awkward length for any woman to adopt for street and sports wear. Bebe says, "I am having my new sports clothes made as short as my old ones, and all my formal dresses are of ankle length."

Bebe, who spends a large part of her time at the beach, declares, "Being tanned never bothers me. I do not think a heavy burn is advisable nor becoming, but a good healthy brown that results from consistent outdoor exercise is always attractive." She goes on to say, "I have never gone stockingless and I do not expect to. Having bare legs may increase

one's savings, but they detract from the neatness of one's appearance."

MARY BRIAN wrinkles her brow and says doubtfully, "I do and I don't. Some gowns, especially the formal ones, look divine sweeping the floor, but when I see a smart woman walking down the street in a suit that almost hides her ankles, I get an impression of dowdiness. For the present I shall wear my sports things about four inches below the knee, my afternoon dresses two inches longer, and my party frocks will get acquainted with the ground. And I just adore the natural waist line.

"I'm not the sunburn type, so my opinion is a bit biased. I like to see a blonde with a deep sunburn—but so few women burn smoothly and attractively. I will not acquire a coat this Winter, and most of my friends are paying frantic visits to beauty specialists for bleaching treatments, so the vogue must be making its final bow along with short skirts.

"As for the no-socking idea, I believe it quite correct during the Summer months, with light colored sports frocks and low-heeled sports shoes. It is so comfortable in hot weather. I am sure it will return next Summer."

NORMA SHEARER, famous for her stunning wardrobe and her ability to wear it, says enthusiastically: "The new styles are charmingly feminine and tend to make women appear taller and more graceful. They remind me, somehow, of a Gibson girl walking in a Greek garden. I think that after their triumphant début they will have a long popularity.

"I have never used a sun-tan make-up. A natural tan is very effective, especially on either vivid blondes or vivid brunettes, but an artificial sun-tan make-up is usually very unattractive.

"I have never gone without stockings. I like to see stockingless legs, but very few women have legs perfect enough to withstand the bareness. Stockings enhance the beauty of the leg and hide the defects which are so apparent when the leg is bare."



Those funny things you see here aren't sea monsters hung up to dry, nor odd animals shot by cameramen. They are the padded hoods used to cover the cameras and keep their clicking out of the microphone. Taken during the making of a scene for Corinne Griffith's "Lilies of the Field"

ANITA PAGE believes that "the long skirt will be just a passing fad for the girls of high school and college age. After becoming accustomed to the freedom of the short skirt, the younger girls will not be very anxious to undergo the restrictions of long skirts. But," she adds, "I do not think they will ever return to the knee-length dresses. They will find a happy medium between the very short and the very long."

She goes on: "I love to see brown skin on vivid brunettes, but I think it detracts from blonde beauty. Moreover, a natural tan is not easy to acquire and I abhor the artificially brown skins. They always look so blotched and messy when submitted to close inspection. I believe that the girls are growing tired of all the work and worry in putting on an artificial tan and that the craze is rather dying out."

"I have never followed the bare leg craze. The same effect is so much more attractively gained by wearing tan-hued chiffon stockings. With the coming of the more feminine styles in clothes I believe that even the school girls will go back to wearing stockings."

ANN HARDING admits that she has never been ultra-modern enough to subscribe to the stockingless fad or wear her skirts above her knee caps. However, she says: "An ankle length skirt is picturesque for formal wear, but it is easy to see how it would interfere with driving a car, playing tennis, golf or hiking. I believe knickers will soon be the favored mode for sports. I think that extremely short and skimpy skirts have had their day for street and formal wear, and I am willing to prophesy that by next Spring the street dresses will be well below the knee, with frocks of a dressier nature still longer."

"Most women will continue to discard stockings for sports wear, or to substitute ankle hose, but stockingless legs will seem out of place with the longer and more tailored clothes women will adopt for the street."

"Women who go in for sports will have the golden tan which comes from exposure to the sun, but I do not think there will be so much dark brown skin in evidence. Altogether, I think women are bent on recapturing their own heritage of femininity."

BILLIE DOVE likes the long skirts for evening wear, but believes that for sports the hem a little below the knees is more practical. She thinks a hem-line striking midway between the knee and ankle is awkward and, if her dresses must be long, prefers them ankle length.

Billie believes that a coat of tan is beneficial to the health if acquired sanely. She herself was tanned this year. As for the stockingless fad, Billie can "take it or leave it alone." She hasn't worn hose for the past two years except when "dressed up," but she makes no promise about the future.

EVELYN BRENT had just returned from abroad when the long skirt question was put to her. "Of course, we'll wear them long!" said "Betty." "Europe and New York have shunned the short skirt with a suddenness that is startling. Paris decrees a five inch below the knee length for suits and tweed frocks, and for evening wear, trains and skirt sweep the floor."

Betty, who has one of Hollywood's prize coats of tan, says, "My tan fades naturally when I keep out of the sun, so I am now the right shade for my Winter costumes. The sun-tan mode did not hurt my skin, and I shall acquire another bronze next Summer."

The stockingless mode, according to Betty, will hold for beach and country club wear, but will be taboo for street or formal occasions.

DOROTHY MACKAILL likes long skirts for evening wear, but prefers the present abbreviated ones for sports. Afternoon dresses she likes short in front, long or medium on the sides and long in back. Dorothy has a stunning golden Honolulu sun-tan and means to

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acquire another next year—in Hawaii again, if possible. She does not like bare legs on herself and intends to wear stockings next Summer as she did last.

CARMEL MYERS, who has never looked handsomer in her life than she does at present, is delighted that long skirts are back, and thinks that we have seen the last of the plague of exposed knees which has swept the feminine world these past years. Carmel feels that the feminine anatomy will be much more attractive now that we shall see less of it. She believes that sun-tan is only a vogue, and says that with trailing, soft, feminine garments, white skins will also come back. That also rules out bare legs, which are only fetching when toasted.

JUNE COLLYER stopped dashing around New York with her attractive family long enough to wax enthusiastic over long skirts. She says that the modern girl has almost forgotten how to move gracefully, and that soft clinging gowns with trailing draperies will force her to learn. June thinks sun-tan and bare legs are passing fads.

SUE CAROL speaks up for the youngsters of the screen: "Oh, my goodness—I don't want to wear real long skirts! My mother sent me a new formal gown from Paris recently. It is just below the knee in front and sweeps the floor in back. I rather like that style. Covering the knees is all right—I like that—but not real long ones for every day—no!"

"I didn't go in for sun-tan last Summer but I picked up plenty in my outdoor activities, and probably will next year. And I expect to continue going without hose for informal sports wear and at the beach."

INA CLAIRE brought back with her from Paris some emphatic ideas as to fashions for the coming spring. She thinks that dresses for daytime wear will be about three inches longer than those worn in 1929, while very long skirts will be the vogue for evening wear. Fashions, she says, will be more feminine than they have been for several years. Richness will replace severity. She calls particular attention to the hats demanded by the new mode. If one wears an ultra-feminine afternoon frock it will no longer be possible to top it with a plain little felt hat. The hat will have to be of a soft feminine material and design also.

The new Mrs. Gilbert thinks it bad taste to eliminate stockings outside of the grounds of one's own home. The newer styles in street and afternoon clothes will almost automatically do away with this vogue apart from sports, she says. "Sun-tan will continue to be popular as long as it is fashionable to look healthy, but women will probably not make such desperate attempts to bronze their faces and bodies next summer. They will be content with the tan acquired in ordinary outdoor pursuits."

ALICE WHITE feels that her fans should decide whether she should wear longer skirts or not. She thinks they are awkward for street and afternoon dresses. However, her evening frocks have skirts down to the floor, and she thinks that she will like them when she is accustomed to them. Alice always tries to keep white (no pun intended) and never lets herself tan. As for stockings—she hasn't worn them for three years and doesn't intend to start.

CORINNE GRIFFITH was one of the first to startle Hollywood with an evening gown trailing to the ground. Not only the gowns which she brought back from Paris, but those which she has ordered from Hollywood couturiers have been made long for evening wear.

"But style or no style," says Corinne, "I shall continue to wear my sports clothes fairly short. Those of us who have to change gowns constantly during the day for pictures are entitled to comfort in the apparel we wear to and from our work. I believe the sun-tan craze will extend through the Fall and Winter seasons.



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"A Summer tan used to be a Winter worry, but nowadays healthy browu faces and shoulders against white flannel and gaily colored jersey sports clothes or white satin evening gowns have proved exceedingly attractive. I have never been sold on the idea of evening ensembles without hose. To me a thin chiffon stocking makes a well turned ankle far more intriguing than the bare flesh. However, I believe socks will continue their popularity for beach wear."

LORETTA YOUNG is buying all her street and afternoon dresses with longer skirts, but doesn't think sports dresses will be worn long. Loretta admires sun-tan on others but hasn't had any luck acquiring one herself. She'll try again next year. Last Summer she wore socks with sports clothes, and with high heels, sheer hose or none at all. She expects to do the same next year.

MYRNA LOY, who has exhibited as many nationalities on the screen as Chaney has faces, prefers short skirts, but adds: "Of course, a screen actress would be foolish if she failed to follow the prevailing trend of fashion."

Myrna says a little tan more or less doesn't bother her since she is usually cast for dusky native girl parts. Although she herself prefers stockings "because they can be chosen to harmonize with one's costume," and although she feels that the longer skirts will increase the use of hose, she adds that the stockingless vogue is too firmly entrenched to disappear immediately.

PHYLLIS HAVER, now Mrs. William Seaman, agrees that long skirts are here to stay. She is bewailing the fact that she bought so many things before the new styles came in.

"Frocks which are brand new—I haven't even had them on—are already as dated as pompadours," moans Phyllis. She thinks that sun-tan and bare legs will last. "They're so healthy," says the blonde Phyllis, who is very much of an outdoor girl. "And it isn't only in Hollywood that women have been converted. All over Europe I saw brown skins. At Antibes the women spent most of their time toasting themselves in the sun."

PATSY RUTH MILLER, modern and energetic young person that she is, is not enthusiastic about the new "clinging vine" styles. But Pat is always in the vanguard of fashion, and the formal and semi-formal gowns for her trousseau last fall were all long and most of them of uneven hem-line. Patsy was burned to a deep, rich bronze—the envy of her friends—last summer, but will probably not acquire such a decided tan next season. She favored the stockingless vogue, but with the arrival of a more feminine and dignified era in women's clothes, she has abandoned this fashion, too.

LOIS WILSON welcomes long skirts and feels that with longer lines, dresses will take on a grace heretofore lacking. She has a healthy tan, gained during a Summer at the beach—and plans to keep it. The stockingless fad, however, she believes to be decidedly on the wane and thinks it unsuited to any place other than one's own boudoir.

DOLORES COSTELLO enjoyed the freedom which short skirts gave, but thinks the new silhouette much more graceful. She wore frocks with uneven and fairly low hem-lines in all her pictures made late in 1929. Dolores feels that sun-tan is unsuited to her delicate blonde beauty, and has never taken up the fad. She did not fall in with the rage for bare legs either, and feels that this fad is destined to fade into obscurity.

MARY DUNCAN declares: "If ankle length skirts are to be worn this Winter, you will find me wearing them—even though short skirts are more comfortable. I have been wearing

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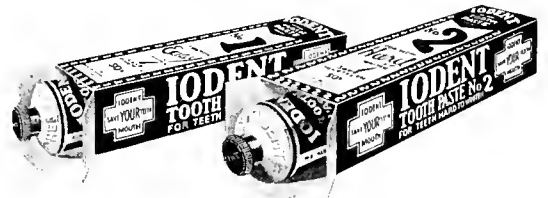
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the long uneven hem-line for formal affairs for some time now. I still have a good sun-tan left over from last Summer and I expect to add to it next Summer. For tennis and sports of the most informal kind I will go without hose. It is a comfortable style but should not be overdone."

ELEANOR BOARDMAN loves the new lines and plans to lengthen even her sports

clothes by several inches. She has a light coat of tan which she considers both healthy and becoming and hopes to keep. She will go without hose again next Summer.

FIFI DORSAY, the little French girl, doesn't want to wear long skirts for the street, but thinks them charming for evening. She will go without hose on informal occasions—provided everyone else does!

## Is Jack Gilbert Through?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

none on the lot. His manager was included with a nice job and the right to handle Gilbert's affairs as well. An iron-bound document, without options!

But as the great financial powers of the studios battled for Gilbert's signature, another force was working.

Warner Brothers had used a trick device whereby the shadows of the screen stepped up and spoke words.

The device was crude and the wise guys shook their heads and said, "Oh, it can't last. It's just a novelty. There will always be silent pictures."

GILBERT returned to Hollywood with his contract in his pocket. He watched his bungalow grow on the lot. He was anxious to rid himself of the old agreement and start on the new. He was happier than he had been for some time.

Fox bought the controlling interest in M-G-M. All was saved. But the little talking device had been perfected.

The films had learned to speak and all the stars must speak, too.

Gilbert's voice!  
 What about Gilbert's voice?  
 What about the voice of the man who is virile as a steel mill, lusty as Walt Whitman, romantic as a June moon?

Gilbert's voice! You heard it in "His Glorious Night." It is high-pitched, tense, almost piping at times.

His friends have known for years that it

was completely unsuited to the strength and fire of the man.

Jack's great art is pantomime. Remember those remarkable closeups of intense eyes? Gilbert is always keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement.

It is the thing that made him the great actor he is. It was tremendous on the silent screen. He spoke through his eyes.

But any singer will tell you that the voice is right only when the body is relaxed. The voice, to be convincing, must flow calmly.

Gilbert was caught unprepared for the talkies.

While other stars were trotting to elocution teachers and voice specialists, Gilbert was flying to an obscure town in Nevada and getting married to Ina Claire.

HE had one more picture to make under the old contract, and he threw in another for good measure because he was happy and because he was a boy with a new wife, a new contract and the anticipation of a honeymoon in Europe.

"Redemption" was his first talking picture. It was a great mistake. He tried too hard. He was nervous in the new medium. He had been so sure of himself in the old.

All during this time, sitting across from Jack at the breakfast table, was a woman who could have taught him every nuance of line delivery. Ina Claire could have taught him to speak.

If you have ever tried to learn any-



Bruno

Ina Claire's own Hollywood home, after leaving the hilltop manor of Husband John Gilbert. Located in Beverly Hills, Ina's little home is stucco, glass and tile, in the best nouveau-Hollywood tradition. It isn't the House That Jack Built!

thing from your wife, anything that she knows better than you, you will understand.

"Redemption" was a sorry affair. It was temporarily shelved. But in the meantime Gilbert had to make a talking début. He promised to do a picture before he went to Europe if it could be rushed through in four weeks. It was rushed. The result was "His Glorious Night." It was released while he was in Europe.

Almost before he stepped off the boat, upon his return, he asked:

"How's my picture? What do the critics think of my picture?" For Gilbert's career has dominated his life.

His friends had to tell him that his first talkie was not good. He could see the criticisms for himself.

He suffered anger, then shame, and then anger again.

WHAT went on in his mind was masked by a forced gaiety.

And the studio officials, bound to him irrevocably under the contract which had cinched a financial deal, heard bitterly the echoes that Gilbert's picture inspired. Gilbert's voice had failed in his first talking release. The fans were shocked when he spoke.

He rides into the driveway of his studio bungalow in the morning. The studio is bound to him under a contract that cannot be broken. He gives every outward appearance of a successful man, but his voice has failed, he has lost heavily on the stock market and he is separated from his wife.

They call it a temporary separation, but I cannot help but believe that it is the beginning of the end.

Gilbert has no talent for domesticity and Ina is a positive woman.

His career has gotten on his nerves and Gilbert must fight his battles alone. Garrulous as he is, he remains at heart a lonely soul, as all creative artists are.

Well, what is there left for him to do? No matter what happens he will earn a million dollars in the next two years. But it isn't money that counts with him. Gilbert could not retire. His art means more to him than wealth and fame. He would go insane if he were idle.

What then? He *must* learn to talk. But how?

If he could go away and have six months in a small stock company it would make him over. But John Gilbert could not do this for professional as well as personal reasons. Well, then, a teacher.

The actor, himself, takes first one side and then the other. One minute he is angry and considers himself the victim of a huge plot, the next minute he is sad for what he considers a failure, but dominating it all is this spirit:

"DAMN it! I'll show 'em. I'll show 'em I can talk. I'll get a human story. I'll play a real rôle and not that of a puppet. I'll make a come-back. I'll show 'em. They can't down me. They can't ruin me with one bad talking picture!"

He was caught unprepared. Hollywood said that Corinne Griffith couldn't talk, but she learned. Hollywood said that Gloria Swanson was through, but she isn't. Some folks in Hollywood persist that Gilbert is finished. You hear it from his enemies, of course, not from his friends.

Personally, I don't believe it. Or maybe it's because I won't. But I cannot believe that a man who has battled life single-handed, who has taken all the hard knocks right on the chin, will let a little thing like a talkie device down him.

I believe that Gilbert will come back strong, that he will wake up, start in earnest, make some vital gesture, hurl some new defiance and really equip himself for the microphone, the terror of Hollywood.

Gilbert is not through!

He'll learn. He'll equip himself. He'll show 'em. And more power to him!

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Dear Madame Rubinstein—Yesterday I went ice skating. Today my lips are chapped, my hands are rough and my face is dry enough to crack. Can you help me?—Jane R., Boston. P. S. I. only want to buy one preparation.

Dear Jane R.—If you want but one preparation, then by all means choose my Valaze Pasteurized Cream! This unusual cream is wonderful for the face, the throat, the hands, the arms, the elbows. Then, if you wish, you can protect your lips with my exquisite Valaze lipstick which never dries the lips and will remain on for hours.

Dear Madame Rubinstein—The stage is certainly a strain on my complexion. I have noticed "whiteheads" as well as blackheads under my skin lately—and my face, away from the footlights, looks sallow and coarse. What shall I do?—M. B., N. Y.

Dear M. B.—Your complexion need not suffer, my dear! If you will wash every day with my Valaze Beauty Groins, all the hard skin substances and hidden impurities will be quickly removed. Then at night, apply my Valaze Acne Cream to purify your pores and magically clear your skin.

Dear Madame Rubinstein—I have three charming daughters who are fairly clamoring for "mother to step out". They laughingly accuse me of being old fashioned. . . . So I have made up my mind to surprise them. Have you anything to aid a sadly drooping chin?—Mrs. J. H. L., Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Dear Mrs. J. H. L.—One with so much spirit could scarcely be called old-fashioned! Start tonight by cleansing your face deeply with Water Lily

Cleansing Cream, my amazing rejuvenating cream. Then apply Valaze Contour Jelly, patting it well into the skin, pressing up on your eyes, lifting your chin. This will tighten the facial muscles. . . and will firmly round your contour. Write me of your progress, do!

Dear Madame Rubinstein—Trying to look presentable for business is such a nuisance. I powder my nose twenty times a day and still it is shiny! Have you a remedy? And oh, yes!—have you a rouge that "sticks"?—D. B., Pa.

Dear D. B.—First of all, try my Valaze Snow Lotion. This adheres marvelously and makes the loveliest of foundations for my Water Lily Powder. Keep a Water Lily compact in your desk drawer. The powder comes in enchanting colors, as clinging as you please. And the rouge is ever so flattering to your skin. Or if you want a rouge that will stay all day long, there's Valaze rouge en creme. Smooth it over your cheeks! Then add the same enchanting hue to your lips. You will be amazed at the transformation!

Cosmetic and scientific home treatment preparations of Helena Rubinstein are on sale at the better shops and at her salons. The values are really unusual: Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Valaze Cubist Lipstick (1.00). Valaze Beauty Grains (1.00). Valaze Acne Cream (1.00). Water Lily Cleansing Cream (2.50). Valaze Contour Jelly (1.00). Valaze Snow Lotion (1.00). Water Lily Compacts: single (2.00), double (2.50). Valaze rouges en creme (1.00).

Helena Rubinstein, Inc.  
8 East 57th Street New York

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

★ **FASHIONS IN LOVE**—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou with a French accent. Amorous and amusing farce. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**FAST COMPANY**—Paramount.—Baseball stuff adapted from Ring Lardner's play "Elmer the Great" and garnished with bright lines. Jack Oakie takes the honors and Evelyn Brent is miscast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**FAST LIFE**—First National.—"Still Life" would be a more accurate title for this melodrama. It drags. Loretta Young is lovely. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**FATHER AND SON**—Columbia.—Doing right by Dad. With the inevitable "sonny boy" motif. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

**FLIGHT**—Columbia.—The first flying talkie, and good, too. Love and adventure among the flying marines, illustrated by Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**FLYING FOOL, THE**—Pathe.—Hit-the-sky melodrama with Marie Prevost crooning a theme song—and how! All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS**—First National.—Colleen Moore's best since "Vive Moderns." She wears mad gowns and wigs and sings French songs with a naughty lilt. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**FOUR DEVILS**—Fox.—Talk has been added to last part of F. W. Murnau's good circus film. You'll hear Janet Gaynor. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **FOUR FEATHERS, THE**—Paramount.—The story of a coward's regeneration grafted on a nature film shot in the Soudan. Excellent film, with Richard Arlen fine. Sound. (Sept.)

**FROZEN JUSTICE**—Fox.—Hot melodrama of the cold North. Lenore Ulric and Louis Wolheim excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **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 heads an excellent supporting cast. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**GENTLEMAN PREFERRED, A**—Supreme.—From cowboy to earl in one badly-aimed picture. Silent. (Sept.)

**GIRL FROM HAVANA, THE**—Fox.—A racy story of gentlemen who prefer diamonds which don't belong to them. Clever cast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**GIRL IN THE GLASS CAGE, THE**—First National.—The glassed-in girl, in case you wondered, is a theater ticket seller, played by Loretta Young. Pretty bad. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**GLAD RAG DOLL, THE**—Warners.—Mostly hokum. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY**—Warners.—Showing the girls at their pick and shovel work. Noteworthy for its beautiful all-Technicolor treatment and its catchy tunes. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**GREAT GABBO, THE**—James Cruze Prod.—A corking dramatic story ruined by the interpolation of musical revue stuff. Von Stroheim and Compton save the pieces. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **GREENE MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Another fine Van Dine murder mystery film, with Bill Powell an elegant *Philo Vance*. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**HALF MARRIAGE**—Radio Pictures.—Another and duller one about companionate marriage, occasionally redeemed by Olive Borden. Sound. (Oct.)

**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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **HALLELUJAH**—M-G-M.—Striking epic of the negro, sensitively directed and spontaneously acted. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**HANDCUFFED**—Rayart.—Poverty Row at its worst which is pretty bad. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**HARD TO GET**—First National.—Corinne Griffith's excellent silent film "Classified" revived as a far-from-excellent talkie with Dorothy Mackaill. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **HIS PRIVATE AFFAIR**—Pathe.—Make it your private affair to see Ann Harding in this exciting tale. She's glorious! All Talkie. (Nov.)

**HIGH VOLTAGE**—Pathe.—Stupid and morbid. All Talkie. (Aug.)

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

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



International

They call Olive Young "the Mary Pickford of China." She's studying talkie-making in Hollywood. And she was born in St. Joe, Mo., of Chinese parents. Does that make her a lady Elk?

★ **HOLLYWOOD REVUE OF 1929**—M-G-M.—A great big merry girl and music show, with all the Metro people from Gilbert and Shearer on down. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**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 bulls-eye. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**HONOR**—Sovkino.—Interesting because a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National Film Company. The leading man is an Armenian John Gilbert. Silent. (Dec.)

**HOOFBEATS OF VENGEANCE**—Universal.—Even worse than it sounds. Rex, the marvelous horse star, has a ramshackle vehicle to pull. Silent. (Oct.)

**HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY**—UFA-Paramount.—A real beauty. This simple rural tale is exquisitely directed and superbly acted by an ace-high German cast. Sound. (Nov.)

**HURRICANE**—Columbia.—This old-fashioned sea yarn seems new and stimulating midst the present crop of talkie-dancie-croonies. It's a clean cut and convincing thriller and Hohart Bosworth is just elegant. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**IDLE RICH, THE**—M-G-M.—Literal translation of the stage play, "White Collars," with good acting. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**ILLUSION**—Paramount.—Buddy Rogers as a man about town may disappoint the girls—but Nancy Carroll is excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**IN OLD CALIFORNIA**—Audible Film Corp.—Love and hate Under a Spanish Moon (Theme song.) Ho hum. All Talkie. (Nov.)

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

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

**IT'S EASY TO BECOME A FATHER**—UFA.—The German idea of a funny farce about an American girl running wild abroad. Silent. (Sept.)

**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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**JEALOUSY**—Paramount.—De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. It is unfortunate that Jeane Eagels' last picture should be so unworthy of her artistry. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**JOY STREET**—Fox.—Oh, how the kids carry on! Younger generation stuff and possibly you'll like it. Lois Moran, Nick Stuart. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **KIBITZER**—Paramount.—You may have to buy a new vest from laughing after you see this. Harry Green's comedy is grand. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**KISS, THE**—M-G-M.—The mysterious and silent Garbo, still silent, still mysterious and still Garbo. Sound. (Dec.)

**KITTY**—World Wide.—First foreign-made picture to be synchronized with talking sequences and music. Good entertainment against a beautiful English background. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **LADY LIES, THE**—Paramount.—Magnificently acted and staged drawing room comedy. Walter Huston and beautiful Claudette Colbert are stunning lovers and Charles Ruggles is a delightful drunk. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, THE**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer as a charming and wily lady crook who plies her trade amongst Britain's bluebloods. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**LAST PERFORMANCE, THE**—Universal.—Conrad Veidt as a magician in a much over-acted and over-directed film. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**LAUGHING AT DEATH**—FBO.—Bob Steele, the Western actor, in curls and ribbons as one of these mythical princesses. Whoops! Silent. (Sept.)

**LIGHT FINGERS**—Columbia.—Nice balance between action and dialogue in this melodrama about a gang of jewel thieves. All Talkie. (Nov.)

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

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

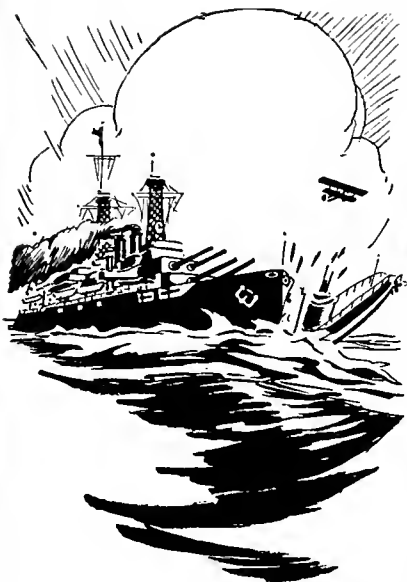
**LOVE DOCTOR, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix's last picture for Paramount. Dix and June Collyer are pleasing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **LOVE PARADE, THE**—Paramount.—Sparkling as Burgundy. Director Lubitsch conquers light opera, and Maurice Chevalier conquers all. Jeanette MacDonald is a treat to the eyes and ears. All Talkie. (Dec.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132 ]





# JOHN FORD'S "MEN WITHOUT WOMEN"

An Even Greater  
**TRIUMPH**

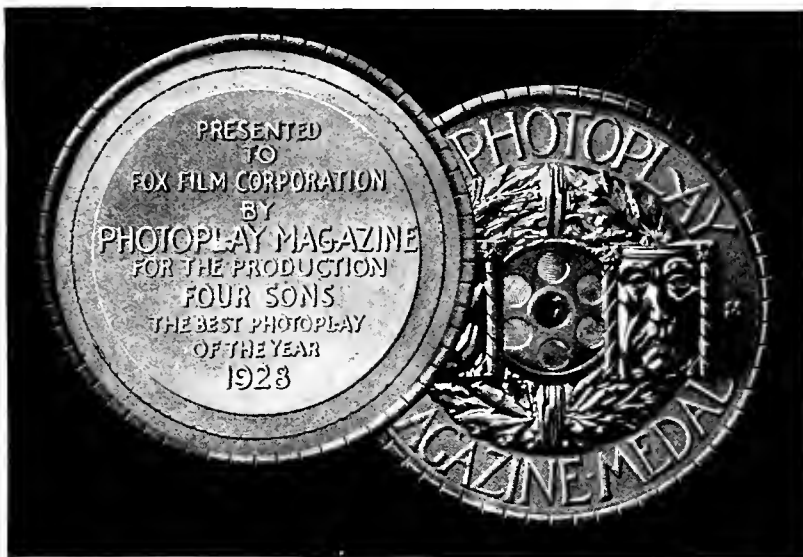


Sixteen men are caught in a disabled submarine. Faced with inevitable death, all their talk and thoughts center on the eternal subject—women. The amours of a thousand nights flash across memory's mirror. Then in the supreme, climactic moment, when one man must die to save the rest—woman is revealed as the motivating force that sends the hero to his sacrificial death.

But not a woman appears in the cast! This is a picture of men and their varying reactions to the elemental urge of the Universe, persisting even in the face of death itself!

"MEN WITHOUT WOMEN"—without a doubt John Ford's finest achievement—will be remembered as one of the greatest pictures the screen has ever known. Don't miss this

**FOX**  
**MOVIETONE**



# AGAIN THE HONORS GO TO **FOX**

For the second time in two years, Fox has been awarded the coveted Photoplay Gold Medal for the finest motion picture of the year. This is the first time any producer has ever won this award twice in succession.

Awarded on the basis of an actual poll of its readers, Photoplay's Gold Medal is literally a symbol of the approval of a most important and critical portion of the great motion picture loving public.

Last year this significant award for the most distinguished picture of the year was won by Frank Borzage's Fox production, "7th Heaven".

And now another Fox picture—John Ford's outstanding artistic achievement, "Four Sons"—has received the award.

Although the winning of the Gold Medal for two successive years is an unprecedented achievement, the Fox organization is not resting on its laurels. The obligation to live up to the standard set in the past will continue to be its inspiration to still finer achievement in the future. Expect great things of Fox!



JOHN FORD

Director of this year's Gold Medal winner "Four Soas". He will also be long remembered for his direction of "The Iron Horse", "The Black Watch" and "Salute".

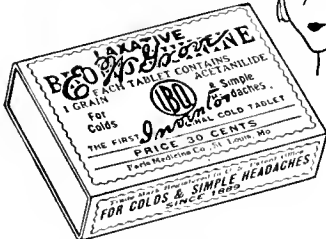
FRANK BORZAGE

Director of "7th Heaven" and "Humoresque", first Photoplay Gold Medal winner—not to overlook "Street Angel", "They Had to See Paris", and John McCormack's first singing and talking romance, now in production.

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130]

# Colds

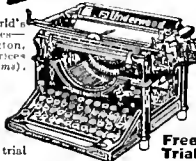


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**LOVE TRAP, THE**—Universal.—Laura LaPlante, with little help from Neil Hamilton, proves that chorus girls are good girls. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**LUCKY IN LOVE**—Pathe.—Morton Downey gets back to old Erin in time to pay off the mortgage on the ancestral halls—but who cares? The Downey tenor helps—but not enough. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**LUCKY LARKIN**—Universal.—A typical Western and a movie that actually moves in the good old style. Ken Maynard and a trick horse. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **LUCKY STAR**—Fox.—That immortal duo, Jacot Gaynor and Charles Farrell, in a gentle and charming story. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**MADONNA OF AVENUE A**—Warners.—Too grown-up for children and too childish for grown-ups. A trite yarn. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**MAN AND THE MOMENT, THE**—First National.—An old-fashioned riposting movie, all love and action. Billie Dove starred. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **MARIANNE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies proves there is no limit to her versatility. Delicious comedy and superb pathos. All Talkie. (Nov.)

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

**MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD**—Fox.—The first Viennese operetta to be phonoplayed. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Terris handle the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola, the laughs. Good—but should have been better. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MASQUERADE**—Fox.—Remade from silent version of "The Brass Bowl." Old fashioned plot, but Leila Hyams is nice. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**MELODY LANE**—Universal.—The world seems full of clowns with breaking hearts. Eddie Leonard brings no vitality to a dead yarn. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**MEN ARE LIKE THAT**—Paramount.—Glorifying the Boobus Americanus. You'll love Hal Skelly's characterization of a back-slapping braggart. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MIGHTY, THE**—Paramount.—Bacroft's greatest rôle to date and fine entertainment. If you don't think the hairy-chested one has sex appeal, see this. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE**—Universal.—Picture of the Old South by one who has never been there. Joseph Schildkraut in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat." All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MISTER ANTONIO**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Leo Carillo achieves a splendid characterization in his first talking feature. The Booth Tarkington play is a well-chosen vehicle for him. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MORGANNE THE ENCHANTRESS**—Francofilm.—One of the very worst from France. Awful story, acting ham deluxe. Silent. (Sept.)

**MOST IMMORAL LADY, A**—First National.—Leatrice Joy fine in her first phonoplay. About a blackmail beauty who finds regeneration in the love of one of her victims. All Talkie.

**MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU, THE**—Paramount.—Fantastic mystery yarn, with Oriental deviltry. All Talkie. (Aug.)

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

**NEW BANKROLL, THE**—Mack Sennett.—Aody Clyde and Harry Gribbon and lots of very pretty girls. Old time comedy. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**NEW YORK NIGHTS**—United Artists.—A luke story, but Talmadge fans will be pleased with Norma's voice. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**NIGHT CLUB**—Paramount.—Made some time ago, this film is little but a series of face and voice tests for many Broadway celebrities. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**NIGHT PARADE**—Radio Pictures.—Trite yarn about a fight champion, redeemed by a good cast. The darkly seductive Aileen Pringle goes bloode. All Talkie. (Dec.)

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

★ **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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**OH, YEAH!**—Pathe.—James Gleason and Robert Armstrong of "Is Zat So" fame team up again—and how! Hilarious dialogue which plays tag with the censors. ZaSu Pitts does one of her riotous monologues. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT**—Universal.—Fie upon you, Universal, and double fie, Mr. Denny! Someone should have known enough to prevent this social error. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**ONE WOMAN IDEA, THE**—Fox.—Rod LaRocque is a Persian diplomat who falls in love, and that's about all. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **ON WITH THE SHOW**—Warners.—Singing, dancing, talking and Technicolor. Good on spectacle but weak on comedy. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**OPRESSED, THE**—William Elliott Production.—This ought to be renamed The Depressed—meaning the audience. Raquel Meller disappoints. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **PARIS**—First National.—Ooh—zat Irene Bordon! You'll love her. And you'll love Jack Buchanan and Louise Closser Hale—and the Technicolor effects—in fact the whole picture. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **PARIS BOUND**—Pathe.—A smooth drama of domestic woes that introduces to the screen Ann Harding, stage beauty and good actress. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**PHANTOMS OF THE NORTH**—All Star.—One of the old time Northwest epics, with nothing to distinguish it. Silent. (Sept.)

**PHYSICIAN, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Terrible story of the narcotic evil well acted by Miles Mander and Elsa Brink. Silent. (Sept.)

**PICCADILLY**—World Wide.—Wonder of wonders—a truly fine British picture! Gilda Gray is starred but Anna May Wong brings home the bacon. Silent. (Oct.)

**PLEASURE CRAZED**—Fox.—A good story, smothered in English accents, and played entirely by stage actors. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**PRINCE AND THE DANCER, THE**—World-Wide.—This European film is sure to inspire patriotism in the bosoms of American movie-goers. It's awful. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **PRISONERS**—First National.—Effective entertainment. Just to be different, the locale in this one is a Hungarian night club. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

**PROTECTION**—Fox.—More bootlegging drama. With some exciting moments. Sound. (Aug.)

**RACKETEER, THE**—Pathe.—About a wealthy gangster with a heart of gold—just a rough diamond in a platinum setting. Swell work by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**RED HOT RHYTHM**—Pathe.—Alan Hale, Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Duno in an uneven story about a philandering song-writer. Some good dance numbers and Technicolor sequences. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**RICH PEOPLE**—Pathe.—Sophisticated comedy-drama for an intelligent audience. Constance Bennett proves that money isn't all and she ought to know. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**RIGHTHOVEN: THE RED KNIGHT OF THE AIR**—F.P.G. Production.—A Teutonic version of "Wings" lacking all the virtues of the American epic of the air. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **RIO RITA**—Radio Pictures.—The finest of screen musicals to date. Comedy, singing, dancing and romance de luxe. Bebe Daniels wows 'em and John Boles sets hearts to fluttering anew. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**RIVER OF ROMANCE**—Paramount.—Humorous romance of crinoline days in the South, with excellent work by Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian and Wallace Beery. All Talkie. (Oct.)

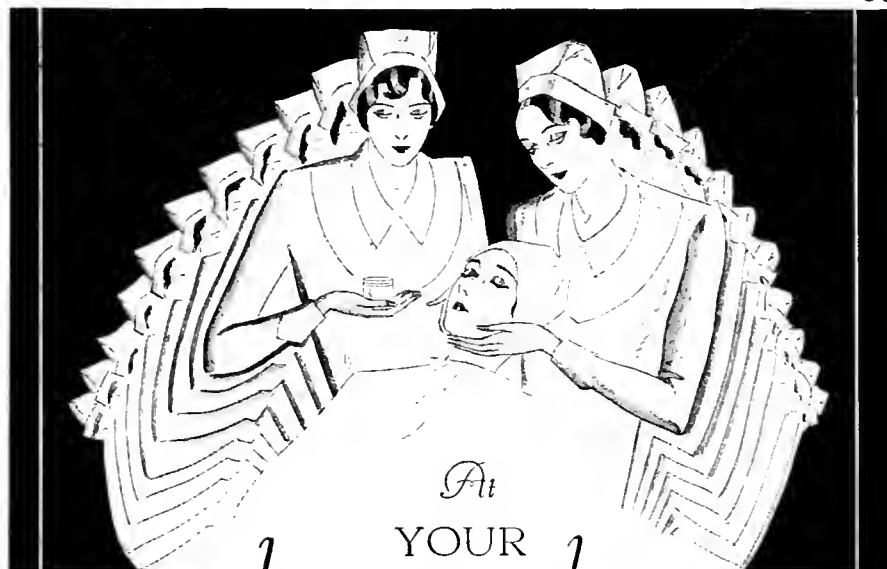
★ **ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE**—Fox.—Rich and roaring melodrama. Romantic Warner Baxter in his Mexican suit again. Tony Moreno, Mary Duncan, and a new cause for heartburn named Mona Maris. Two swell songs. What more do you want? All Talkie. (Jan.)

**SAILOR'S HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Riotously funny account of a sailor on shore leave. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**SALUTE**—Fox.—A glorified newsreel about a West Point cadet with a kid brother at Annapolis. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**SAP, THE**—Warners.—Good comedy with lots of laughs. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**SATURDAY NIGHT KID, THE**—Paramount.—The old Bow punch has given way to poundage. Jean Arthur steals this picture. All Talkie. (Dec.)



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On request, we'll send a sample tube of *Rapid Cleansing Cream*, accompanied by "Science Speaks to Youth"—a booklet telling why the aid of Professional Products is most advantageous. Contouré Laboratories, Inc., 235 East 45th Street, New York City. Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. & 34th St., N.Y.C.

Face Powder in a gold metal box, \$1.50, Fragrant Skin Freshener Lotion, \$2.00, Reducing Cream, \$2.00.

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**SCARLET DAREDEVIL, THE**—World Wide.—A melodrama of the French Revolution from England, unusually well acted. Silent. (Sept.)

**SEA FURY**—Supreme.—No sense taking this seriously. Regarded as a burlesque in the best Hoboken tradition it's a riot. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SENIOR AMERICANO**—Universal.—See this, you fans who are crying for your Westerns. Ken Maynard rides, loves, fights—and sings. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SEVEN FACES**—Fox.—Paul Muni gives seven "best performances" in one picture! Good entertainment with a novel twist. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**SHANGHAI LADY**—Universal.—A *filie 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. All Talkie. (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 phonoplay. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**SIDE STREET**—Radio Pictures.—No telling what this might have been if not botched by bad recording. As it is, just another underworld yarn. All three of the Moores are in it. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SILVER KING, THE**—British.—A good silent thriller starring our old friend Percy Marmont. Percy still suffers superbly. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **SINGLE STANDARD, THE**—M-G-M.—Garbo was never finer than in this story of a very modern woman. Nils Asther and Johnny Mack Brown, too. Silent. (Sept.)

**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.)

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**SKIN DEEP**—Warners.—Pretty good crook yarn. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**SKINNER STEPS OUT**—Universal.—None other than "Skinner's Dress Suit" and still good. Glenn Tryon puts it over with a yip. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**SMILING IRISH EYES**—First National.—Progres, brawls and bunkum, but you'll like Colleen Moore's talkie personality. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**SONG OF KENTUCKY**—Fox.—You'll care for Joseph Wagstaff's crooning. And besides there's decorative Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SOPHOMORE, THE**—Pathe.—Proving that it is possible to make an entertaining college picture without necking or drinking. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**SO THIS IS COLLEGE**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Happy Days." The U. S. C.-Stanford football game in sound is one of life's big moments. Otherwise just another farce that will make real collegians commit hara-kiri. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **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 hula. A fine supporting cast including Charles Bickford. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**SPEEDWAY**—M-G-M.—Bill Haines disappointing in an unoriginal racetrack yarn. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**STREET GIRL**—Radio Pictures.—Betty Compson, Jack Oakie and John Harron in a tale about a girl violinist and a group of musicians. Good entertainment. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **SUNNY SIDE UP**—Fox.—The royal Gaynor-Farrell team go into their song and dance and prove their versatility. A little gal named Marjorie White scores heavily. This is real entertainment. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SWEETIE**—Paramount.—A little something in the collegiate line, pleasant, youthful and lively. Helen (Boop-a-doop) Kane and Jack Oakie wow 'em and Nancy Carroll is effective in an unsympathetic rôle. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE**—United Artists.—Here's that long-awaited co-starring appearance of Mary and Doug. It isn't Shakespeare, but it's swell entertainment. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**TANNED LEGS**—Radio Pictures.—Just what the Tired Business Man ordered. Legs by Ann Pennington and June Clyde and whoopee by Arthur Lake. Peppy music. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS**—Fox.—What happens when a garageman gets rich and his wife gets culture. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Marguerite Churchill and Fifi Dorsay are elegant. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE**—M-G-M.—If you don't thrill over this, lie down. You're dead. Margaret Wycherly scores in the rôle she created on the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**THIS MAD WORLD**—M-G-M.—A tender yet glamorous filmization of one of the most beautiful of war stories, with glorious work by Kay "Dynamite" Johnson and Basil Rathbone. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **THIS THING CALLED LOVE**—Pathe.—Delightful comedy drama, well played by Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe (in a romantic rôle for once) and ZaSu Pitts. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**THREE LIVE GHOSTS**—United Artists.—An unimportant tale of three war buddies who return to life after being reported killed. The cast is from the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**THREE LOVES**—Moviegraph.—An exciting and spicy German film, well directed and acted. See it. Silent. (Dec.)

**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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**THUNDER**—M-G-M.—Snow storms, train wrecks and floods, with Lon Chaney at the throttle of the locomotive. Sound. (Aug.)

★ **THUNDERBOLT**—Paramount.—An engrossing and well acted story. One of the best of the gangster operas. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**TIP-OFF, THE**—Universal.—Crooks again! Silent. (Aug.)

**TONIGHT AT TWELVE**—Universal.—Can it be possible—a mystery play without a murder or a Hindu servant! Good situations. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **TRESPASSER, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson is a sensation in her first all talkie. In spite of a hokey story, a superbly paced and splendidly acted picture. Good! All Talkie. (Dec.)

**TRIAL MARRIAGE**—Columbia.—How to hold a wife overnight in seven reels. Racy and sophisticated. Sound. (Oct.)

**TWIN BEDS**—First National.—Frothy bedroom farce with only a mild kick. Jack Muhlhall and Patsy Ruth Miller help. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**TWO MEN AND A MAID**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Back to the Foreign Legion, mates, with William Collier, Jr. and Alma Bennett. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**TWO SISTERS**—Rayart.—Twin sister stuff. Silent. (Aug.)

**TWO WEEKS OFF**—First National.—A fluffy little yarn of seaside vacation love, with Jack Muhlhall and Dorothy Mackaill. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**UNHOLY NIGHT, THE**—M-G-M.—Swell mystery story, artistically directed by Lionel Barrymore. Roland Young and Dorothy Sebastian are great. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**UNTAMED**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford goes native. She's grand and so is Robert Montgomery, a newcomer. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**UNTAMED JUSTICE**—Biltmore Productions.—Enough animals—and action—for a circus. Not bad. Silent. (Aug.)

**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.) Vallée fans will be pleased. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**VENUS**—United Artists.—Connie Talmadge made this silent picture a year ago in Southern Europe. She shouldn't have. Silent. (Jan.)

**VERY IDEA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Broad farce with Frank Craven in the rôle he created on the stage. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **VIRGINIAN, THE**—Paramount.—Good! Owen Wister's novel gone vocal and presenting Gary Cooper in his first full-dialogue appearance. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WAGON MASTER, THE**—Universal.—And now the Westerns have learned to talk! Ken Maynard shyly reveals an excellent voice. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WELCOME DANGER**—Paramount.—Talkies needn't worry Harold Lloyd. His voice is fine. This phonoplay is one long laugh. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**WHEEL OF LIFE, THE**—Paramount.—The romance of a handsome officer and his Colonel's lady in India. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**WHY BRING THAT UP?**—Paramount.—Study in black and white of the world's most famous brunettes—Moran and Mack. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WHY LEAVE HOME**—Fox.—Story about duck-hunting husbands and fun-hunting wives, based on "Cradle Snatchers." All Talkie. (Nov.)

**WISE GIRL**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Kempy." High water mark in talking comedies. Unpretentious story of the love life of a youthful plumber. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WOMAN FROM HELL, THE**—Fox.—Rather tame drama linked to a wild title. Sound. (Aug.)

**WOMAN TO WOMAN**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A product of British studios. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **WOMAN TRAP**—Paramount.—Another crime yarn, above the average, with Chester Alibi Morris, Evelyn Brent and Hal Skelly at their superb best. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WONDER OF WOMEN**—M-G-M.—Strong, emotional drama of a misunderstood genius, a dutiful wife and the "other woman." Played superlatively by Lewis Stone, Peggy Wood and Leila Hyams. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**WRECKER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Mediocre British film presenting Carlyle Blackwell. Sound. (Nov.)

★ **YOUNG NOWHERES**—First National.—Unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. Another poignant Barthelme portrayal. New heights for Marian Nixon. Fine all around. All Talkie. (Dec.)

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**Brickbats and Bouquets**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

**The Charm School**

Rio De Janeiro, Brazil.

The talkies have been received here with great enthusiasm. Instead of learning English with an old English spinster with big spectacles on, we learn it now with lovely and smart teachers. And the class is so pleasant that the teacher lets us talk during it and we can even flirt with the neighbor if she is a charming girl.

ALOYSIO DE LALLES.

**Those Gloomy Germans**

Berlin, Germany.

Sometimes I have a misunderstanding with one of my professors or the landlady. (I'm an American student studying in Berlin.) I've found a marvelous way of putting things right. I go to the movies, forget my troubles, come out feeling gay and ready to compromise with professor or landlady.

But I didn't find the remedy so quickly. Not that I didn't go to the movies—I went often enough, but I used to come out feeling pretty low. How, you ask then, does the same medium, the movies, which used to make me feel so rotten, put me into such good spirits now? Here's the answer. I used to see Ger-

man films, which, nine times out of ten, end so sadly that they make you feel gloomy and depressed. Now I see American pictures, which, nine times out of ten, end so happily that they make you feel bright and gay.

JACQUELINE GOODMAN.

**Cleaner and Funnier**

Jersey City, N. J.

The good screen comedian's power to entertain does not end with our departure from the theater, but its exhilarating effect sweetens our dispositions for several days thereafter. A healthy laugh at clean comedy is good for the body and soul. Clean comedy, I said.

MRS. ADELAIDE SPRECKER.

**Likes 'Em Grown-up**

Louisville, Ky.

I am presenting only a bouquet this time for I wish to speak of a real artist—Ruth Chatterton. If I may slip in just one thorn for the dancing feet of Clara and Alice to tread on, I shall say that after the Bow and White inanities, Miss Chatterton is a godsend. The movies have been playing too much to the adolescent mind. We want more of the sort of



That ever-truthful camera told a little white one here. A resourceful cameraman grafted separate pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong on to one another. Result: Bob makes Samson look like an amateur

thing Miss Chatterton does so superbly—really interesting and worthwhile plays—not just vague stories and innumerable close-ups of pretty figures.

BEULAH CHILDERS.

Likes 'Em Young

Columbus, Ohio.

Ten years ago there were absolutely no pictures showing the life of the young American girl. Today I am twenty-three years old, but ten years ago I was trying to make myself into an older woman. How unhappy were those days when I tried to wear the serene expression of Dorothy Dalton, living the life of a woman in one of those melodramas, of which the screen program consisted.

But what a contrast has come today! Younger players have been starred, in plays which have appeal for the modern girl. We can be natural, chic, and popular, if we use Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Anita Page, June Collyer and others as examples—for don't we all ape the movies?

MARGARET MOG.

Bringing Up the Boy Friend

Los Angeles, Calif.

I have been going with a very nice young man, well mannered and gentlemanly, but who, owing to a very little education, made many and noticeable mistakes in grammar. How to correct him without hurting his pride?

Then the talkies came along and solved my problem! We went to see "Bulldog Drummond." I remarked about the excellent English used. Then came "Charming Sinners," "The Idle Rich," "Dynamite" and others, all containing dialogue with impeccable grammar, and yet not seeming stilted or affected. I made it a point always to point out the excellent diction of this character or that one. And, believe it or not, after these several months the "ain'ts" and "I sees," etc., have disappeared from my friend's speech, and the improvements are still going on! Thus the talkies solved my problem.

H. P. DOUGHTY.

A Razz-berry

Oswego, N. Y.

This is decidedly a "Brickbat," for I deeply resent Miss Barbara Berry's letter in the November issue.

Why shouldn't the natives of Chillicothe, Ohio (wherever that is), wish to talk as correctly as those on the Lido or points East?

I never knew until talking pictures came here how perfectly flat "been" sounds pronounced like a Big Ben alarm clock and how much more pleasing neither and either are as they are pronounced the English way.

As a rule we Americans talk harshly, and talking movies are teaching us "the voice with a smile."

I go to the movies for education, not degradation, and I hope the producers will make a great many more pictures like "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and less like "The Cock Eyed World."

ELSIE D. STEVENS.

A Modern Grandmother

Thomaston, Conn.

I want to hand a bouquet to the modern grandmother as we see her in "Love Over Night." She is such a jolly good sport and seems to enjoy a bit of adventure fully as much as her granddaughter does.

This new grandma may be a bit slangy and smoke cigarettes, but many a grandmother has smoked a pipe and taken a pinch of snuff, so where's the difference?

Let's hope that some of the grandmothers that see this picture may take a lesson from this new grandmother and be real pals to their granddaughters instead of telling them of the things that never happened in their day.

MRS. A. H. FENN.



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I was always confronted with the problem of getting my little girls interested in the performance of their necessary daily tasks, until one day returning from a "Billie Dove" picture the elder girl said, "I would give anything to look like Billie Dove."

So I told them of the daily care and work of the stars to keep their beauty, health and position.

Consequently, they have acquired a sense of orderliness in their rooms, neatness and taste in dress and master their lessons, music, etc., thoroughly with pleasure, holding the thought that some day they may be famous and lovely like Janet Gaynor, Mary Brian or Billie Dove!

MRS. O'BALEY.

**Minding Their Pros and Cons**

IRENE LIEBERT, of Manitowoc, Wis., is hereby appointed valedictorian of the Brickbat and Bouquet graduating class on the strength of the following phrase: "A silent picture is cunningly devised and graced with sibylline promise; whereas: the talkies are gruffly straightforward." We don't know what it means, but it sounds swell.

Cecil B. De Mille has a lot to answer for. LOUISE LYDIA LYBARGER, of Newark, N. J., who used to be a devotee of "jazz pictures," went to see "The King of Kings" and promptly lost interest in saxophones and other hollow symbols of this fleshly life.

LUCILE MOORE, of Terre Haute, Ind., is running a temperature over Jack Oakie. She wants to be marked down as a Jack Oakie fan for "always and forever." We'll enter you on the waiting list, Lucile.

At last—a histrionic yardstick—a means of measuring dramatic talent! MABEL HARRIS, of Nicholasville, Ky., offers this: "I despise moustaches. I like Ronald Colman in spite of his, which convinces me, at least, that he is an actor."

MRS. H. S. SCHANCK, of Jamaica, L. I., is strongly in favor of the personal appearance of an actor or actress along with his or her current

picture. She says Leatrice Joy got a wonderful reception when she appeared in Brooklyn.

WARD HUTCHINSON, of Paris, France, thinking no doubt of the comebacks staged by such seasoned trouper as Bessie Love, Lila Lee, Betty Compton and others, remarks: "The talkies seem to have 'discovered' more old actors than new ones."

London, in the person of H. F. HOMER, refutes the old allegation that Englishmen have no humor by telling us that Lloyd, Chaplin and Keaton comedies are always held over at London theaters "by popular demand." He sends a specially big bouquet to Messrs. Laurel and Hardy.

SPENCE MENDENHALL, of Salt Lake City, Utah, will probably be lynched by outraged Garbo and Crawford fans, but since this is a symposium we'll have to let him have his say. Here it is: "You can keep all your sallow-eyed, hollow-cheeked, flat-chested, anaemic-looking women like Greta Garbo, Josephine Dunn and Joan Crawford, but give me Clara Bow—the most human person on the screen and America's greatest actress." Meadows, wrap up Clara Bow for the gentleman.

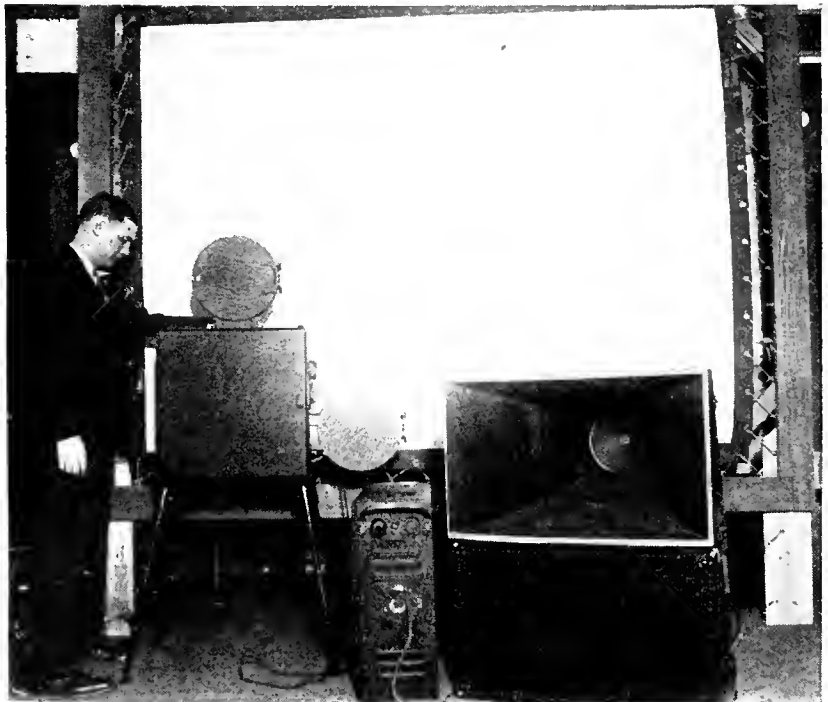
A young lady who prefers to remain anonymous says: "I'd like to tell every girl that I've followed PHOTOPLAY's tips on the fashions and I'm always dressed up to the moment." We-e-ll! (business of rubbing hands and expanding chest).

ASTRID SOLBERG, who is languishing away up in Molde, Norway, likes American pictures "because they do not overdo the characters and the play the way so many European films do." (Bet Astrid's a blonde.)

C. PHILLIPS, of Nutley, N. J., is pretty much upset to hear of Leslie Fenton's exodus from the films. She thinks he's a swell actor.

As if the old Hollywood guard weren't losing enough sleep over microphone troubles already! —PAUL PETRUCELLI, the old meanie, suggests that PHOTOPLAY establish an "English Box" so that readers can send in errors spoken on the talking screen.

NEWELL HOWARD, of Salisbury, Md., merits an editorial salaam. He is embarking on his tenth year as a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY.



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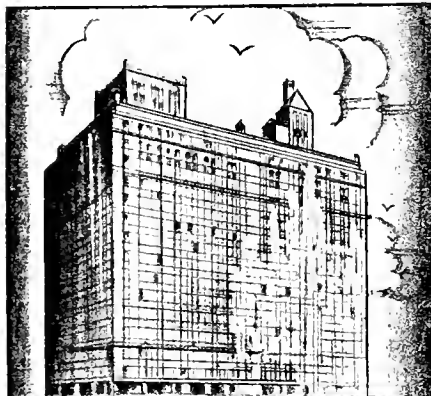
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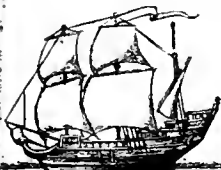
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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"ACQUITTED"** — COLUMBIA. — Adapted by Keene Thompson. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Dr. Bradford*, Lloyd Hughes; *Marian*, Margaret Livingston; *Egan*, Sam Hardy; *McMannus*, Charles West; *Tony*, George Rigas; *Nelson*, Charles Wilson; *Smith*, Otto Hoffman.

**"BARNUM WAS RIGHT"** — UNIVERSAL. — From the play by Philip Bartholomae and John Meehan. Adapted by Arthur Ripley and Ewart Adamson. Directed by Del Lord. The cast: *Freddie Farrell*, Glenn Tryon; *Miriam Locke*, Merna Kennedy; *Samuel Locke*, Otis Harlan; *Standish*, Basil Radford; *Martin*, Clarence Burton; *Harrison*, Lew Kelly; *Phoebé O'Dare*, Isabelle Keith; *Sarah*, Gertrude Sutton.

**"BISHOP MURDER CASE, THE"** — M-G-M. — From the story by S. S. Van Dine. Adapted by Lenore J. Coffee. Directed by Nick Grinde and David Burton. The cast: *Philo Vance*, Basil Rathbone; *Belle Dillard*, Leila Hyams; *Sigurd Arnesson*, Roland Young; *Professor Bertrand Dillard*, Alec E. Francis; *Adolph Drukker*, George Marion; *Mrs. Otto Drukker*, Zella Sears; *Grete Mencil*, Bodil Rosing; *John E. Sprigg*, Carroll Nye; *John Pardee*, Charles Quartermaine; *Ernest Heath*, James Donlan; *Pyne*, Sydney Bracey; *John F. X. Markham*, Clarence Geldert; *Raymond Sperling*, Delmer Daves; *Beedle*, Nellie Bly Baker.

**"CAMEO KIRBY"** — FOX. — From the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Adapted by Marion Orth. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Cameo Kirby*, J. Harold Murray; *Adèle Randall*, Norma Terris; *Jack Moreau*, Douglas Gilmore; *Col. Randall*, Robert Edeson; *Anatole*, Charles Morton; *Croup*, Stepin Fetchit; *Larkin Bunce*, John Hyams; *Claire Devesac*, Mme. Daumery; *Lea*, Myrna Loy; *Poulette*, Beulah Hall Jones; *George*, George MacFarlane.

**"DANCE HALL"** — RADIO PICTURES. — From the story by Viña Delmar. Scenario by Jane Murfin and J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Gracie Nolan*, Olive Borden; *Tommy Flynn*, Arthur Lake; *Mrs. Flynn*, Margaret Seddon; *Ted Smith*, Ralph Emerson; *Bremmer*, Joseph Cawthron; *Pic*, Helen Kaiser; *Ernie*, Lee Moran; *Truck Driver*, Tom O'Brien.

**"DANGEROUS FEMALES"** — PARAMOUNT-CHRISTIE. — From the story by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. Directed by William Watson. The cast: *Sarah Bascom*, Marie Dressler; *Tibby Bram*, Polly Moran; *The Man*, Frank Rice.

**"DANGEROUS PARADISE"** — PARAMOUNT. — From the novel "Victory" by Joseph Conrad. Adapted by William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Alma*, Nancy Carroll; *Heys*, Richard Arlen; *Schomberg*, Warner Oland; *Mr. Jones*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Ricardo*, Francis MacDonald; *Pedro*, George Kotsonaros; *Mrs. Schomberg*, Dorothea Wolbert; *Zangiacomo*, Clarence E. Wilson; *Mrs. Zangiacomo*, Evelyn Selbie; *Wang*, Willie Fung; *Mrs. Wang*, Wong Wing; *Myrtle*, Lillian Worth.

**"DEVIL MAY CARE"** — M-G-M. — From the French drama "La Bataille Des Dames" by Eugene Scribe and Ernest Legouvé. Adapted by Richard Schayer. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Amand*, Ramon Novarro; *Leone*, Dorothy Jordan; *Louise*, Marion Harris; *Degrignon*, John Miljan; *Napoleon*, William Humphrey; *Groom*, George Davis; *Gaston*, Clifford Bruce.

**"DUDE WRANGLER, THE"** — Mrs. WALLACE REID PROD. — From the story by Caroline Lockhart. Adapted by Robert Lee. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Helen Dana*, Lina Basquette; *Wally McCann*, George Durvay; *Pinky Frupp*, Clyde Cook; *Mr. Conby*, Francis X. Bushman; *Matie Garneck*, Ethel Wales; *Mercy Eyder*, Virginia Sale; *Mrs. Apple*, Alice Davenport; *Mrs. Buddon*, Julia Swane Gordon; *Mrs. Platt*, Aileen Carlyle; *Sam Wong*, Sojin; *Aunt Mary*, Margaret Seddon; *Mr. Penrose*, Louis Payne.

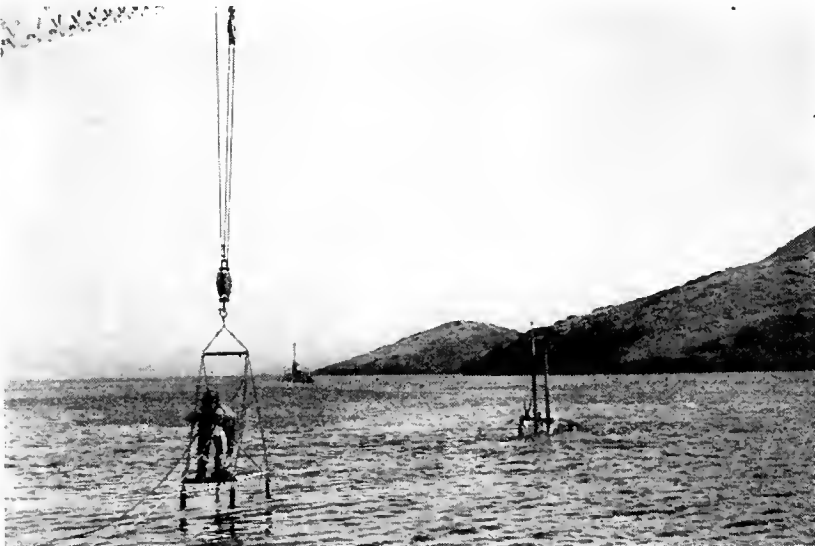
**"FORWARD PASS, THE"** — FIRST NATIONAL. — From the story by Harvey Gates. Directed by Eddie Cline. The cast: *Marty Reid*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Patsy Carlyle*, Loretta Young; *Coach Wilson*, Bert Remer; *Asst. Coach Kane*, Lane Chandler; *"Honey" Smith*, Guinn Williams; *Ed Kirby*, Allan Lane; *Matzie*, Marion Byron; *Dot*, Phyllis Crane.

**"GIRL IN THE SHOW, THE"** — M-G-M. — From the play "Eva The Fifth" by John Kenyon Nicholson and John Golden. Adapted by Edgar Selwyn. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Hattie Hartley*, Bessie Love; *Mal Thorne*, Raymond Hackett; *Dave Amazon*, Edward Nugent; *Connie Bard*, Mary Moran; *Newton II amplifier*, Jed Prouty; *Ed Bondell*, Ford Sterling; *Orlone*, Nanci Price; *Lorna Montrose*, Lucy Beaumont; *Leon Monrose*, Richard Carlyle; *Grace Steeple*, Alice Moe; *Tracy Boone*, Frank Nelson; *Ernest Beaumont*, Jack McDonald; *Mrs. Truston*, Ethel Wales; *Jeff Morgan*, John F. Morrissey.

**"GRAND PARADE, THE"** — PATHE. — From the story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Molly*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Kelly*, Fred Scott; *Rand*, Richard Carl; *Polly*, Marie Astaire; *Calamity*, Russell Powell; *Sullivan*, Bud Jamieson; *Jones*, Jimmy Adams; *Madam Stitch*, Lillian Leighton; *Call Boy*, Spec O'Donnell; *Sam*, Sam Blum; *Dougherty*, Tom Malone; *The Drunk*, Jimmy Aubrey.

**"HEARTS IN EXILE"** — WARNERS. — From the play by John Oxenham. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Vera Ivanova*, Dolores Costello; *Paul Pavloff*, Grant Withers; *Baron Serge Palma*, James Kirkwood; *Dimitri Ivanova*, George Fawcett; *Governor*, David Torrence; *Anna Raskova*, Olive Tell; *Orderly*, Tom Dugan; *Marya*, Rose Dione; *Ral Catcher*, William Irving.

**"HIT THE DECK"** — RADIO PICTURES. — From the story by Vincent Youmans. Adapted by Luther Reed. Directed by Luther Reed. The cast: *Looloo*, Polly Walker; *Blige*, Jack Oakie; *Mat*, Roger Gray; *Bat*, Franker Wood; *Bunny*, Harry Sweet; *Lavinia*, Marguerite Padula; *Toddy*, June Clyde; *Clarence*, George Obey; *Mrs. Payne*, Ethel Clayton; *Lieutenant*



Heigho, for the merry life of a sea-goin' cameraman. On the right, the periscope of a submerging submarine—on the left, Cameraman Joe August, in diving suit, about to be lowered into the Pacific to follow the sub on its dive. He invented a water-tight camera for the job. The picture is "Men Without Women," directed by John Ford

Allen, Wallace MacDonald; *Dan*, Nate Slott; *Dinky*, Andy Clark; *The Admiral*, Dell Henderson; *Lieutenant Jim Smith*, Charles Sullivan.

"HOT FOR PARIS"—FOX.—From the story by Raoul Walsh. Adapted by Charles J. McGuirk. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *John Patrick Duke*, Victor McLaglen; *Fifi Dupre*, Fifi Dorsay; *Axel Olson*, El Brendel; *Polly*, Polly Moran; *Mr. Trail*, Lennox Pawle; *Papa Gouset*, August Tollaire; *Ship Captain*, George Fawcett; *Charlat Gouset*, Charles Judels; *Ship's Cook*, Eddie Dillon; *Fifi's Mother*, Rosita Marstini; *Fifi's Father*, Agostino Borgato; *Babette Dupre*, Yola D'Ayriil; *Mimi*, Anita Murray; *Monsieur Furrier*, Dave Valles.

"LILIES OF THE FIELD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by William James Hurlbut. Adapted by John Goodrich. Directed by Alexander Corda. The cast: *Mildred Barker*, Corinne Griffith; *Ted Willing*, Ralph Forbes; *Waller Barker*, John Loder; *"Pink"*, Eve Southern; *Florette*, Rita LeRoy; *Gertie*, Jean Bary; *Joyce*, Betty Boyd; *Matisie*, May Boley; *Pearl*, Virginia Bruce; *Judge*, Charles Mailles; *Lucia Conroy*, Freeman Wood; *Lawyer for Barker*, Ray Larga; *Lawyer for Mildred*, Joe Bernard; *1st Maid*, Anne Schaeffer; *2nd Maid*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Baby*, Patsy Page; *Barber*, Andre Beranger; *Head Waiter*, Douglas Getard; *Paymaster*, Tenen Holtz; *Buller*, Wilfred Noy; *Bert Miller*, Tyler Brooke; *Maid*, Alice Moe.

"LOCKED DOOR, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play "The Sign on the Door" by Channing Pollock. Scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Frank Devoreaux*, Rod La Rocque; *Ann Carter*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Lawrence Roegan*, William Boyd; *Helen Reagan*, Betty Bronson; *The Waiter*, Harry Stubbs; *Disridit Attorney*, Harry Mestayer; *Hotel Proprietor*, Mack Swain; *Telephone Girl*, ZaSu Pitts; *The Valet*, George Bunny.

"LOST ZEPPELIN, THE"—TIFFANY-STAHLL.—From the story by Frances Hyland and Jack Natterford. Dialogue by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Edward Sroman. The cast: *Commander Hall*, Conway Tearle; *Mrs. Hall*, Virginia Valli; *Tam Armstrong*, Ricardo Cortez; *Lieutenant Wallace*, Duke Martin; *Nancy*, Kathryn McGuire; *Mr. Wilson*, Winter Hall.

"LOVE COMES ALONG"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play "Conchita" by Edward Knoblock. Adapted by Wallace Smith. Directed by Rupert Julian. The cast: *Peggy*, Bebe Daniels; *Johnny*, Lloyd Hughes; *Songredo*, Montague Love; *Happy*, Ned Sparks; *Bronnie*, Lionel Belmore; *Carlotta*, Alma Tell; *Bianca*, Evelyn Selbie; *Gomez*, Sam Appel.

"OFFICER O'BRIEN"—PATHE.—From the story by Thomas Buckingham. Adapted by Thomas Buckingham. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Bill O'Brien*, William Boyd; *J. P. O'Brien*, Ernest Torrence; *Ruth Dale*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Limo*, Clyde Cook; *Johnny Dale*, Russell Gleason; *Capt. Antrim*, Paul Hurst; *Tony*, Arthur Houseman; *Mike Patello*, Ralf Harold.

"PAINTED FACES"—TIFFANY-STAHLL.—From the story by Frances Hyland. Continuity by Frances Hyland. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: *Beppo*, Joe E. Brown; *Nancy*, Helen Foster; *Buddy Barton*, Barton Hepburn; *Babe Barnes*, Dorothy Gulliver; *Roderick*, Lester Cole; *Cafe Proprietor*, Sojin; *State Manager*, Jack Richardson; *Jurymen*, Howard Truesdell, Baldy Belmont, Jerry Drew, Walter Jerry, Russ Dudley, Purnell Pratt, Clinton Lyle; *Jurywomen*, Alma Bennett, Mabel Julienne Scott, Florence Midgley, May Wallace.

"PANDORA'S BOX"—NERO.—Directed by G. W. Pabst. The cast: *Lulu*, Louise Brooks; *Dr. Schoen*, Fritz Kortner; *Alva Schoen*, Franz Lederer; *Countess G.*, Alice Roberts; *Schligolch*, Carl Goetz; *Rodrigo*, Kraft-Raschig.

"POINTED HEELS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Charles Brackett. Adapted by Florence Ryerson and John V. A. Weaver. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Robert Courland*, William Powell; *Lora Nixon*, Fay Wray; *Dot Nixon*, Helen Kane; *Dash Nixon*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Donald Ogden*, Phillips Holmes; *Kay Wilcox*, Adrienne Dore; *Joe Clark*, Eugene Pallette.

"SACRED FLAME, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by W. Somerset Maugham. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. The cast: *Mrs. Taylor*, Pauline Frederick; *Col. Maurice Taylor*, Conrad Nagel; *Major Licanda*, William Court-enay; *Stella*, Lila Lee; *Colin Taylor*, Walter Byron; *Dr. Harrester*, Alec B. Francis; *Nurse Wayland*, Dale Fuller.

"SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" by Sir James M. Barrie. Adapted by Dan Totheroh and John Farrow. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Kenneth Dowey*, Gary Cooper; *Sarah Ann Dowey*, Beryl Mercer; *Emma Mickelham*, Daisy Belmore; *Amelia Twynley*, Nora Cecil; *Mrs. Haggerty*, Tempe Pigott; *Mr. Willings*, Arthur Hoyt; *Colonel*, Arthur Metcalfe.

"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Earl Derr Biggers. Adapted by Jane Murnin. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: *William Magee*, Richard Dix; *Mary Norton*, Miriam Segar; *Hal Bentley*, Crauford Kent; *Myra Thornhill*, Margaret Livingston; *Peters*, Joseph Allen; *Thomas Hayden*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mayor*

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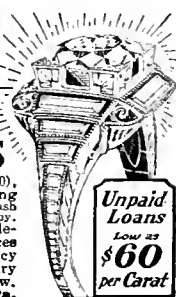
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"SHOW OF SHOWS"—WARNERS.—Directed by John Adolff. Dances directed by Larry Ceballos and Jack Haskell. The cast: John Barrymore, Frank Fay, Richard Barthelmess, Beatrice Lillie, Ted Lewis, Alice White, Nick Lucas, Georges Carpentier, Winnie Lightner, Irene Bordoni, Dolores Costello, Grant Withers, Loretta Young, Ben Turpin, Lupino Lane, Jack Mulhall, Betty Compson, Lila Lee, Patsy Ruth Miller, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Louise Fazenda, Myrna Loy, Marian Nixon, Sally O'Neil, Chester Morris, Monte Blue, Noah Beery, Lloyd Hamilton, Alice Day, Viola Dana, Bert Roach, H. B. Warner, William Courtenay, Rin Tin Tin, Lois Wilson, Alexander Gray, Chester Conklin, Hobart Bosworth, Lee Moran, Tully Marshall, Bull Montana, Helene Costello, Molly O'Day, Marceline Day, William Collier, Jr., Jacqueline Logan, Edna Murphy, William Bakewell, Pauline Garon, Sally Eilers, Sally Blane, Alberta Vaughan, Armida, Shirley Mason, Carmel Myers, Marion Byron, Johnny Arthur, Sojin, Ruth Clifford, Heinie Conklin, Ethlyn Clair, Albert Gran, Frances Lee, Gertrude Olmsted, Anthony Bushell, Adamae Vaughan, Anders Randolph, Wheeler Oakman, Otto Mattiesen, Philo McCullough, Kalla Pasha, Jimmy Clemens, E. J. Ratcliffe, Sid Silvers, Lola Vendrill, Harriette Lake, Williams Adagio Dancers.

"SKY HAWK, THE"—FOX.—From the story "Chap Called Bardell" by Llewellyn Hughes, Adapt-

ed by Llewellyn Hughes. Directed by John G. Blystone. The cast: Joan Allen, Helen Chandler; Jack Bardell, John Garrick; Major Nelson, Gilbert Emery; Lord Bardell, Lennox Pawle; Judge Allen, Lumsden Hare; Peggy Phillips, Joyce Compton; Tom Berry, Billy Bevan; Minnie, Daphne Pollard; Butler, Percy Challenger.

"SONG OF LOVE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Howard Green, Henry McCarthy and Dorothy Howell. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: Anna Gibson, Belle Baker; Tom Gibson, Ralph Graves; Buddy Gibson, David Durand; Mazie, Eunice Quedens; Acrobat, Arthur Houseman; Traveling Salesman, Charles Wilson.

"THEIR OWN DESIRE"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Sarita Fuller. Screen play by Frances Marion. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: Lily, Norma Shearer; Harriet, Belle Bennett; Martell, Lewis Stone; Jack, Robert Montgomery; Beth, Helene Millard; Aunt Caroline, Cecil Cunningham; Uncle Nate, Henry Hebert; Suzanne, Mary Doran; Mildred, June Nash.

"WALL STREET"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Paul Gangelen and Jack Kirkland. Continuity by Norman Houston. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: Roller McCray, Ralph Ince; Anne Tabor, Aileen Pringle; Walter Tabor, Phillip Strange; Willard, Sam De Grasse; Savage, Ernest Hilliard; Richard Tabor, Freddie Burke Frederick; Andy Cairn, Jimmie Finlayson.

## Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

L. L., BETHLEHEM, PENNA.—The most recent appearance of Lila Lee is in "Love, Live and Laugh," the George Jessel picture. Lila and James Kirkwood have been divorced for some time. Yep, that Lee gal is one of the best both on and off the screen.

MURIEL E. WILLIAMS, TEMPE, ARIZ.—Mona Ray took the part of *Topsy* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Olive Tell played *Gertrude Rice* in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Jannings is now 43, and he made "The Way of All Flesh" two years ago. I'll let you do your own subtraction.

K. M. B., NEENAH, WIS.—George Baxter, the *André* of "Marianne," was born in Paris. His father is a writer and his mother was an actress. Baxter is a recruit from the stage and "Marianne" marks his first screen appearance. Walter O'Keefe, song-writer-sheik, beaus Jeanette Loff around Hollywood.

V. SIMMONS, ALLANDALE, ONT.—The little girl who played *Sally* in "Sally of the Sawdust" was Carol Dempster, a Griffith discovery. The late Gladys Brockwell played the sister in "Seventh Heaven." Here are some nice dry statistics for you: Lily Damita: 5 feet, 1½ inches, 112 pounds; Betty Compson: 5 feet, 2 inches, 115 pounds; Audrey Ferris: 5 feet, 2 inches, 104 pounds; Jeanette Loff: 5 feet, 2 inches, 103 pounds.

MILLCENT LANDIS, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—*Thaddie* in "Masked Emotions" was played by David Sharpe. Novarro is 30 years old and his next picture is flippy titled "Devil May Care." Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert were married in 1923 and divorced in 1924.

MARY ANN, COLUMBUS, OHIO.—That Robert Montgomery lad seems to be setting feminine hearts a-fluttering. He was born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21, 1904, is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Buddy "Galahad" Rogers is 6 feet tall.

JOSEPHINE DUNN, EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I.—Yes, your namesake played in "Melody Lane" and Josephine Dunn is her own name. If you look like her, too, I may drop over some time. Mary Brian is 21 years old and has blue eyes. Dorothy Mackaill is 25, 5 feet, 5, 112 pounds and blonde.

LOUISE DELORES JOHNSON, EVERETT, WASH.—Arthur Lake played in a picture called "The Air Circus." Is that the one you mean? Nope,

Kay Francis and Walter Huston haven't appeared together since "Gentlemen of the Press."

E. A. OF JERSEY CITY.—Sue Carol is 21 years old, 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Lola Lane is the same height and weighs 120 pounds. Dixie Lee hasn't broken down and told me all these little personal things yet, but when she does I'll let you know.

D. W., MIAMI, FLA.—So many young ladies like yourself are getting agitated about Stanley Smith, who heroed in "Sweetie," that the old Answer Man put on his disguise and went out after information. Young Smith was a boy soprano in Kansas City. Later he went to Hollywood High School, where he was discovered singing in one of those school operettas with Lenore Ulric. He played in "Kiki" with her, was signed for the talkies by Pathe, and borrowed for "Sweetie" by Paramount. And that's that.

NELL CARSON.—Nancy Carroll is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has red hair and blue eyes. The little daughter of King Vidor and Florence Vidor Heifetz is 10 years old. Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck are still legally linked.

BLONDIE, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Roland Drew, whose old friends have to think twice to remember that he isn't Walter Goss any more, is 28 years old and unmarried. Johnny Mack Brown's wife is a non-professional. Betty Boyd is 21, Madge Bellamy, 26, and Jeanette Loff 23 years old.

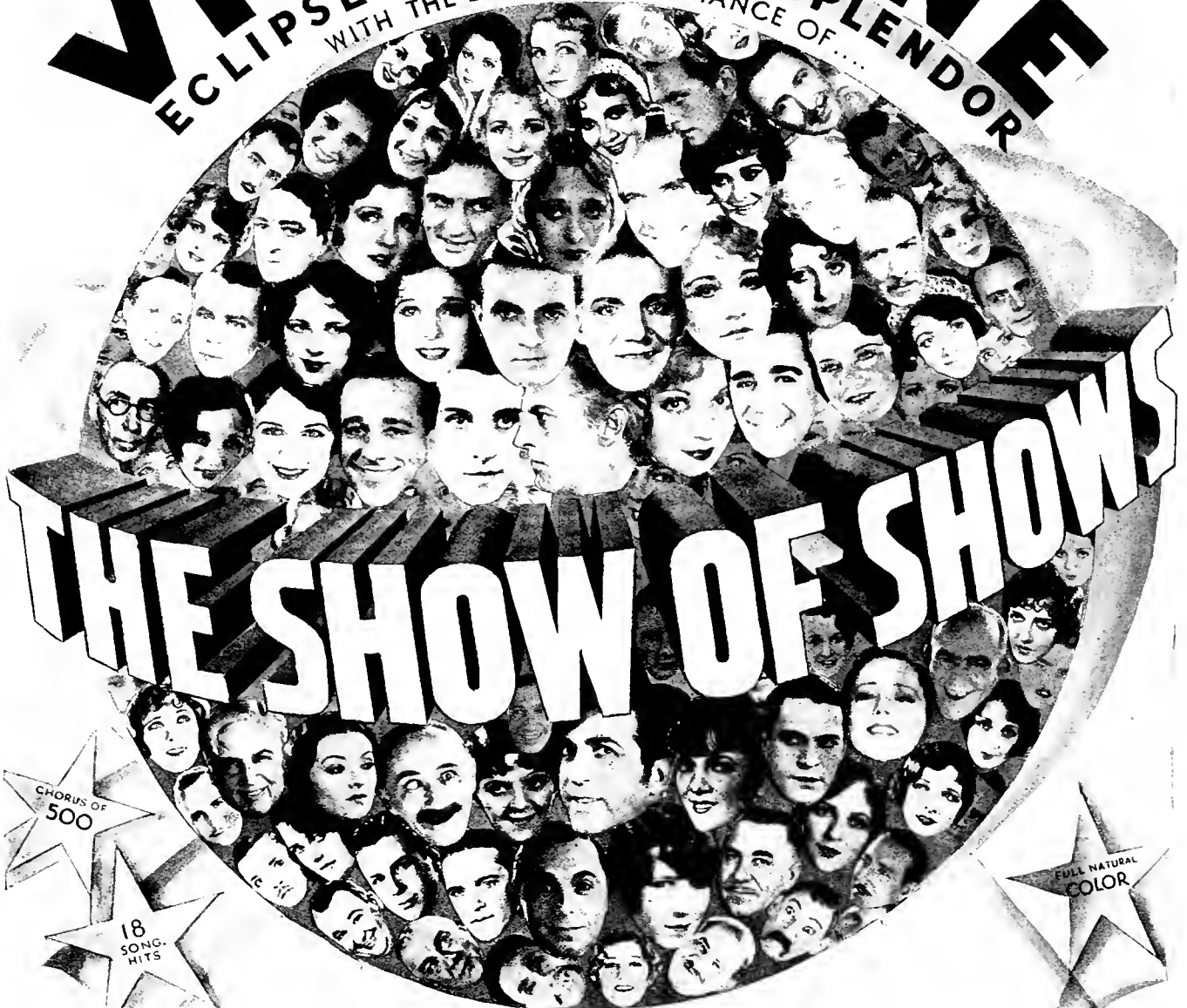
E. M. B., CAVOUR, S. D.—Jason Robards is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall, 37 years old and married to Agnes Lynch. Nice chap, Jason.

R. C. P., RICHMOND, VA.—My spies tell me that little Lois Moran has gotten very grown-up and is going places and doing things these days. Lois was born in Pittsburgh, March 11, 1909, is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has blonde hair and blue grey eyes.

AUBREY, ATLANTA, GA.—The old Answer Man (oh, not so awfully old) is one of those who hope Leslie Fenton will weary of the Balearic Isles and come back to his friends and his public. Leslie was born in Liverpool, Eng., March 12, 1903. He's 5 feet, 9 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has black hair and grey-blue eyes and is married to Marie Astaire.

# VITAPHONE

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WITH THE DAZZLING BRILLIANCE OF...  
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WITH **77** OF THE BRIGHTEST STARS IN HOLLYWOOD'S HEAVEN

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Only *Vitaphone* could assemble the names of John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, Beatrice Lillie, Ted Lewis, Georges Carpentier, Irene Bordoni, Dolores Costello, and enough more for 20 average pictures, all

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#### in all history

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And I'm going to give you my own feminine word that Camay, besides its wonderful mildness, is also the loveliest

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*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.

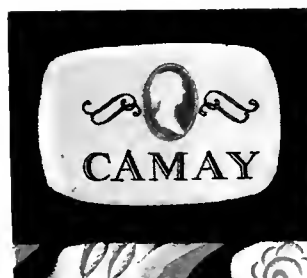
The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

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 the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

*Frederick 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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with the

**HOLE**



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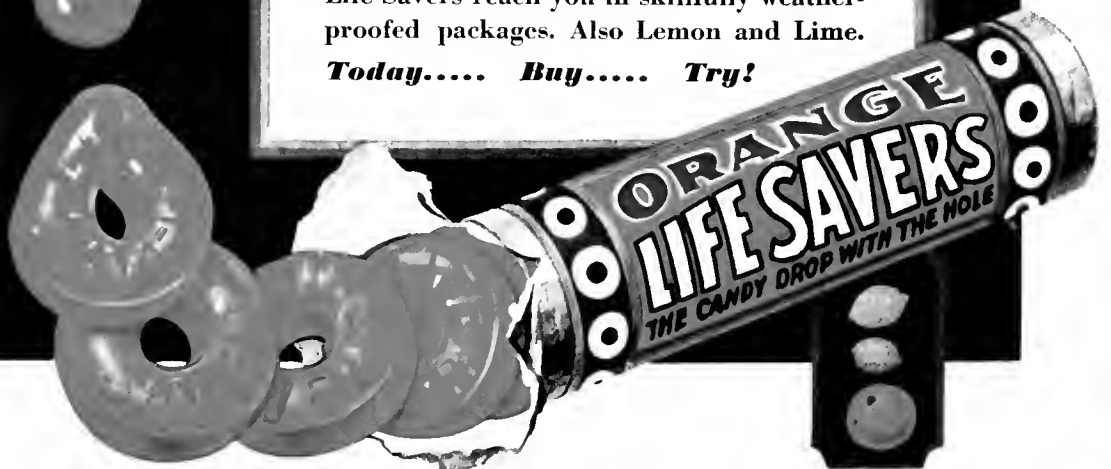
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flavor...tangy...enticing. Drops of unrivalled delicacy...the new exclusive Orange Drop with the famous Life Saver Hole. The instant they touch the tongue the flavor actually *flows* from this amazing new candy.

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Always fresh, full-flavored and hard, Orange Life Savers reach you in skillfully weather-proofed packages. Also Lemon and Lime.

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*The National Guide to Motion Pictures*

# PHOTOPLAY

MARCH  
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CRAWFORD

*Earl  
Christy*

WHO IS THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
HOLLYWOOD

THE MOST IMITATED MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD



# If rainbows were black and white

Suppose that, since the world began, rainbows had been black and white! And flowers; and trees; Alpine sunsets; the Grand Canyon and the Bay of Naples; the eyes and lips and hair of pretty girls!

Then suppose that, one day, a new kind of rainbow arched the sky with all the colors of the spectrum—that a hitherto undreamt-of sunset spread a mantle of rich gold over the hills.



★ DOLORES COSTELLO, lovely Warner Brothers star, is even more charming than ever, in Technicolor.



In "Song of the West," Warner Brothers present all the magnificent beauty of nature, in Technicolor.

Literally, that is what happened to the motion picture screen. Technicolor has painted for the millions of motion picture "fans" a new world — the world as it really is, in all its natural color.

Yesterday is an old story in the annals of the "movies." For yesterday motion pictures were silent. And... yesterday motion pictures were black-and-white.

Today you hear voices, singing, the playing of great orchestras. Today you see the stars, the costumes, the settings — in natural color — in Technicolor.

# Technicolor is natural color

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS



DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio); GLORIFYING the AMERICAN GIRL, with Mary Eaton, Eddie Cantor, Helen Morgan, Rudy Vallee in revue (Paramount); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf, Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner, Georges Carpentier, Joe E. Brown

(Warner Bros.); PARAMOUNT on PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); The ROGUE'S SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett, Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); SON of the GODS, starring Richard Barthelmess (First National); SONG of the FLAME, with Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray (First

National); SONG of the WEST, with John Boles, Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); The VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King (Paramount); BRIDE of the REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy, Armido (Warner Bros.).





*A simple,  
priceless  
unbelievable kind of beauty*

*No golden jars, no high and mighty prices, but the saline method with Sal Hepatica*

**N**O brilliant package or festive wrappings encase the plain glass jar which holds your Sal Hepatica. For our aim is not fine feathers for ourselves, but fine and clear complexions for all our users!

Famous as the foremost saline in all the world, Sal Hepatica is in reality a great "internal cosmetic". And its secret is the simple, fundamental practice of internal cleanliness.

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basic part of any beauty curriculum. Women who "take the cure", dull of skin and wan of mien, leave for their homes rejuvenated and with fresh and flawless complexions.

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famous saline treatment. Through flushing away intestinal wastes, it clears the complexion and rejuvenates you—spirit and body.

Because it purifies the bloodstream and eliminates acidity, Sal Hepatica is suggested in the correction of countless ills. It relieves constipation, headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in action. Rarely does it fail to work in 30 minutes.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Whenever constipation threatens take Sal Hepatica. Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", describing how Sal Hepatica helps keep your skin fresh and clear and helps relieve many common ills.

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

★ ★ ★

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**“Onward, onward swords against the foe!  
Forward, forward the lily banners go!”**



**I**T lives again! — the thundering throb of “Song of the Vagabonds,” in the glorious golden voice of Dennis King, star of Paramount’s all-color musical romance, “The Vagabond King”! Once the greatest triumph of the Broadway stage, now the supreme triumph of the talking, singing screen — Paramount’s New Show World. ¶ Blazing with gorgeous Technicolor throughout . . . vibrant with stirring melodies . . . packed with thrills and adventure, excitement, romance! ¶ With Broadway’s favorite romantic stars, Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald in the leading roles, and a great cast. The New Show World of Paramount at its most brilliant height! ¶ And only Paramount, with matchless resources and unrivaled manpower, could unfold before your eyes this glittering panorama of song, color and romance in all the blazing glory of the original, the greatest of all musical romances! ¶ Don’t miss the outstanding eye-and-ear treat of the year. Ask your Theatre Manager now when he is planning to show “The Vagabond King”. *“If it’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in town!”*



**DENNIS KING**

**“THE VAGABOND KING”**

WITH

**JEANETTE MACDONALD**

Warner Oland and O. P. Heggie and cast of 1000. Ludwig Berger Production. From “If I Were King” by Justin Huntley McCarthy and “The Vagabond King” by William H. Post, Brian Hooker and Rudolph Friml.

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# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXVII No. 4

March, 1930



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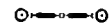
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## Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

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

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ 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. All Talkie. (Feb.)

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

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

★ **AWFUL TRUTH, THE**—Pathé.—Delightful Ina Claire in a sophisticated drama. Excellent support by Paul Harvey. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**BACHELOR GIRL, THE**—Columbia.—Dull love triangle, but nicely acted by Jacqueline Logan and William Collier, Jr. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

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

**BEHIND THAT CURTAIN**—Fox.—Well done but rambling mystery melodrama well acted by Warner Baxter and Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**BEHIND THE MAKE-UP**—Paramount.—More backstage melodrama, but different and real time. Hal Skelly is a restrained *Pagliacci* and Fay Wray and Kay Francis are good. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**BIG NEWS**—Pathé.—Another, and obvious, story of an unhappy young reporter, with pleasing work by Bob Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**BIG REVUE, THE**—All-Star.—All-singing and toddling juvenile extravaganza featuring the so-called Ethel Meglin Wonder kids. If you like to hear ten-year olds singing about moonlight madness you'll like this. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **BIG TIME**—Fox.—This is closer than a brother to "Burlesque," but it's darned good. Dialogue is bright and Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke make the story convincing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

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

**BLACK MAGIC**—Fox.—Another priceless title gone wrong. South Sea life—and very dull, too. Sound. (Oct.)

★ **BLACKMAIL**—Sono Art—World Wide.—A few like this excellent photoplay will put British producers among the leaders in the talkie race. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**BROADWAY BABIES**—First National.—Alice White as a chorus cutie at her best to date. Fred Kohler steals it as a big beer and booze man from Detroit. All Talkie. (Sept.)

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

**CALL OF THE CIRCUS, THE**—Pickwick Prod.—Worth seeing because it proves that Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton can still act. Otherwise nil. All Talkie. (Dec.)

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

**CHASING RAINBOWS**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Road Show.") Another one. Bessie Love *Pagliacches* over Charlie King as in "Broadway Melody." Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and Jack Benny are funny, but even so it's just another—oh, you say it. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**CHASING THROUGH EUROPE**—Fox.—Sue Stuart and Nick Carol (our error) seeing Europe with lipstick and camera. Sound. (Oct.)

**CLIMAX, THE**—Universal.—Jean Hersholt good as an old maestro in a picture of music, love and music lovers. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **COCK EYED WORLD, THE**—Fox.—Further disagreements of Sergeants Eddie Lowe Quirt and Vic McLaglen Flagg, with Lily Damita the chief trouble maker. Highly seasoned. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**COLLEGE COQUETTE, THE**—Columbia.—Another picture of college life as it ain't. There ought to be a law. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**DANCE HALL**—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake is grand as the gangster who haunts the local dance hall where Olive Burden, in a blonde wig, is a hostess. Amusing. All Talkie. (Feb.)

★ **DANCE OF LIFE, THE**—Paramount.—Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll in an all-talkie made from the famous backstage play "Burlesque." Grand. (Sept.)

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Trespasser"

"Rio Rita"

"Sunny Side Up"

"The Taming of the Shrew"

"Condemned"

"The Virginian"

"Paris"

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.

★ **DANGEROUS CURVES**—Paramount.—Clara Bow in tights in a love story of a small circus. Richard Arlen does well. All Talkie. (Sept.)

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

**DARK SKIES**—Biltmore.—Old time yarn of "East Lynne" vintage. Terrible. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**DARK STREETS**—First National.—One of the first dual rôles in the talkies. Jack Mulhall plays an honest cop and his gangster twin and Lila Lee is his (their?) gal. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DARKENED ROOMS**—Paramount.—Unimportant little comedy-drama with an O-Henry twist. Neil Hamilton scores but Evelyn Brent is again sacrificed to an unworthy vehicle. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN**—All Star.—Nicely done Chinese picture, with Lady Tsen Mai, prominent in "The Letter," in lead. Silent. (Sept.)

**DELIGHTFUL ROGUE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Karl La Rocque gives such a superb performance as a villainous pirate that the heroine marries him instead of the hero. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **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. All Talkie. (Feb.)

★ **DISRAELI**—Warners.—Introducing George Arliss to the audible screen in one of his most brilliant characterizations. He's grand. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE**—World Wide.—Just forget this was ever made. That's what its producers would probably like to do. Silent. (Dec.)

★ **DRAG**—First National.—Dick Barthelmess shines in a quiet domestic story, with Lila Lee a sensation in the film. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**DRAKE CASE, THE**—Universal.—Tense murder melodrama. Noteworthy chiefly for the late Gladys Brockwell's fine performance in the leading rôle. All Talkie. (Nov.)

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

★ **DYNAMITE**—M-G-M.—Stark drama, full of suspense, bringing to the screen two splendid players, Charles Bickford and Kay Johnson. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**EMBARRASSING MOMENTS**—Universal.—Reginald Denny in a farce that manages to amuse in spite of its hoary plot. All Talkie. (Sept.)

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

**EVIDENCE**—Warners.—Bewhiskered drammer of circumstantial evidence in the divorce courts. But Pauline Frederick is swell and so is the rest of the cast. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**FALL OF EVE, THE**—Columbia.—Rowdy farce of the buxer who comes to the big town to make whoopee. Ford Sterling, Patsy Ruth Miller. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **FARO NELL**—Paramount—Christie.—A reviewer's dream of what a two-reel talking comedy should be and usually isn't. gorgeously acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller with Louise Fazenda in long yellow curls. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**FAST COMPANY**—Paramount.—Baseball stuff adapted from Ring Lardner's play "Elmer the Great" and garnished with bright lines. Jack Oakie takes the honors and Evelyn Brent is miscast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**FAST LIFE**—First National.—"Still Life" would be a more accurate title for this melodrama. It drags. Loretta Young is lovely. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**FLIGHT**—Columbia.—The first flying talkie, and good, too. Love and adventure among the flying marines, illustrated by Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. All Talkie. (Dec.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14 ]



LOOK FORWARD  
TO STILL  
GREATER THINGS  
FROM FOX



NOW at your FAVORITE MOVIE-TONE THEATRE  
Cameo Kirby      One Mad Kiss  
The Sky Hawk

It is no accident that Fox has twice in succession won the Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal. The explanation is simple! Fox has had the courage to believe that the great American public appreciates the finest things in film art quite as much as do the high-brow critics! And with this faith Fox has produced the finest things in films. And for the future—the same policy will be carried out, but on a still greater scale.

Imagine lovely Janet Gaynor in the heart-shaking role of the girl-wife in LILIOM, the most passionately beautiful stage success of the past ten years. The most sympathetic part Janet has ever had.

And John McCormack, greatest singer of them all, in a romantic singing-talking movietone.

Jack London's mighty tale, THE SEA WOLF, ought to be the high-water mark, so to speak, in sea films. You remember this hair-raising yarn of stark, raw passions—the giant sea-captain, with the soul of a gorilla—the prisoner girl, her lover and the pitiless sea. Directed by the great John Ford!

Many other great ideas are in production—among which these deserve special mention at this time:

THE OREGON TRAIL, first important American epic of the talking screen—based on Francis Parkman's narrative—directed by Raoul Walsh.

COMMON CLAY, Harvard prize play, by Cleves Kincaid, directed by Victor Fleming.

SO THIS IS LONDON! with Will Rogers and Jillan Sandes and a cast of English artists. Staged by Hazzard Short; music by Richard Fall, Viennese composer.



MOVIE-TONE

# Brickbats & Bouquets



YOU FANS  
ARE THE  
REAL  
CRITICS

*Give Us Your Views*

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Monthly for the Best Letters*

This is your department. Come right in, hang up your hat and pat or spat the players. Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, and don't spank too hard, because we want to be helpful when we can. Limit your letters to 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and address attached, don't write. Address The Editor, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come in—you're always welcome!

An example is "The Dance of Life." The constant strain of painstaking incorrectness must have worn on the actors' nerves. It certainly did on mine. I felt that if a thoughtless player should say "are you?" for "aintcha?" the very microphone would burst of chagrin!

Directors and dialogue men should move about and learn. Most Americans, even "vaudevillians," know the parts of speech and actually (only occasionally, of course!) know how to use them.

PIRE VOIERS.

## Prison Riots Explained

Big Creek, Calif.

It seems to me that talking pictures in the present stage are a throw-back to the "mystery plays" of the Elizabethan period. In this way: in some pictures the lack of plot is made up for by songs, sometimes appropriate, but oftentimes not.

One that amused me was "Say It with Songs." Wading through deep sobs and sniffles, we see a husky and handsome prisoner break into a song more suited to a little girl in blue hair-ribbons: "Violets from tiny seeds, fight their way up through the weeds" . . . while surly fellow-prisoners listen. They must have been hypnotized, because riots have started from less than that.

MYRTLE VANDER HORST.

## Weep No More, Alice!

Philadelphia, Penna.

In the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I read this: "Give the little girl a hand" (meaning Alice White). Well if I had twelve hands, I'd give her the whole twelve.

Alice, if nobody loves you, we do; and if nobody will be your friend, we will. Fan friends, I mean. If people don't like you, I guess it's because of jealousy. Jealousy because you got ahead, by your own hard work. Just keep going forward as you did in "Broadway Babies."

MYRTLE KOEHLER.

## We're Old Meanies

Seattle, Wash.

The December PHOTOPLAY was the first one, and I hope the only one, that I didn't like.

Why?

Not a kind word said about Clara Bow. It seems to me that PHOTOPLAY has always put up a howl about dieting and its results. Yet, in quite a few instances some writer or other has brought to light the fact that Clara is putting on weight.

But this is the worst I ever heard. "The Terror of the Microphone" cites the case of Clara Bow having trouble with Mike, but lays all the blame to Clara,—then tells us of Dolores Costello also having trouble with Mike. But in her case it is all Mike's fault.

Why just Clara alone—when you find excuses for others?

BUD WOLF.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117 ]

## The Playback

QUEEN GARBO almost lost her throne this month. Fans were so agitated over what seemed to them our persecution of Clara Bow that a storm of letters defending Clara's plumpness, her histrionic ability and everything else about her poured in.

There was also a general rally to the aid of Alice White. Her supporters were indignant at the thought that Alice White is disliked in Hollywood, as told in Grace Thornley's story in the December issue.

The line-up this month is Garbo, Bow, Boles, Gaynor, Daniels, Chatterton, Bancroft and Cooper. "Rio Rita" has boosted Boles and Daniels toward the top. "The Mighty" has brought George Bancroft back with a bang. Swanson's work in "The Trespasser" is still drawing hundreds of letters of approval.

Mr. Quirk's editorial tribute to Jeanne Eagels drew many sympathetic letters. John Gilbert's fans are still alarmed about his fate in the talkies. Movie-goers are enthusiastic about "The Virginian" and are eagerly awaiting Joan Crawford's forthcoming Western, "Montana." There is a general cry for bigger and breezier Westerns.

## Voice of the Law

### The \$25 Letter

Colorado Springs, Colo.

It has been my pleasure, as well as my duty, during the past four years, to see an average of two hundred and fifty moving pictures yearly. Therefore, I might be considered competent to judge their value.

I am the policewoman of a city of about forty thousand population, having four theaters equipped with talkie apparatus and one theater for silent pictures.

Yet there are many people here who are bitterly opposed to movies, and many more who do not approve of having the theaters open on Sunday. We had numerous fights at the polls before we gained the Sunday movies.

But as far as I am concerned, I am entirely sold on moving pictures any time or any place.

I know there is less juvenile delinquency when there are Sunday moving pictures, for when they were closed the young people solved the situation by going to nearby towns where they could see pictures, often not returning until the next day. And such unchaperoned parties were not conducive to the best interests of the children.

There is no doubt in my mind that pictures are getting better all the time in every way.

DOROTHY M. SPRINGER.

## Fooling the Public

### The \$10 Letter

New York, N. Y.

In their mad rush to get their productions in electric lights on Broadway, various film companies are creating a bad impression for talking pictures by making "Super Productions" out of talkies that turn out to be trivial. In the last month, three inferior phonoplays were installed in Broadway playhouses and shown at regular twice-a-day presentations.

I recall them as being "Woman to Woman," "Broadway Scandals" and "Jazz Heaven." They lasted only about two weeks, which is probably more than they deserved. On the basis of merit alone, they were certainly no more than average program pictures.

Just because their producers were looking for the added publicity that attends Broadway openings, they were advertised in big style and the public was made to think they were really exceptional features.

Naturally every producer is seeking to make his pictures and his organization well known, but he should not do it at the expense of public confidence in the motion picture industry as a whole.

LESTER DRESNER.

## Ain't It the Truth?

### The \$5 Letter

Menlo Park, Calif.

I am no purist or prude! But I would appreciate established pronunciation and better taste in the talkies.

Many directors—and many writers—confuse profanity and unrestrained realism with strength. No hero becomes admirable merely through being presented as uncouth and slovenly of speech.





Something to it  
There's something to  
a dentifrice that wins  
leadership in 4 years.  
**LISTERINE TOOTH  
PASTE, 25c.**

## "That sore throat'll be *gone* by morning"

**S**ORE throat is a warning to look out for a cold—or worse.

If you have the slightest indication of trouble, gargle immediately with full strength Listerine. Keep it up.

Millions have found that this simple act checks the ordinary kind of sore throat promptly. Keeps it from becoming serious. Moreover, they have proved that its systematic use is excellent protection against having colds and sore throat at all.

When you realize that full strength Listerine kills even the virulent *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) and *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) germs in numbers ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds, you can understand why it is so effective against cold weather complaints



To escape a cold—  
*rinse the hands with it*

Colds can often be prevented by the use of full strength Listerine on the hands before each meal. It destroys germs which may be present, so that when they enter the mouth on food they are powerless to cause harm.

which are caused by germs breeding in the mouth.

Though Listerine is powerful you may use it full strength, with entire safety, in any cavity of the body. Indeed, it is actually soothing and healing to tissue. This is commented on by the famous "Lancet," the leading medical publication of the world.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it frequently—especially after exposure to cold weather or germ-carrying crowds in offices, railway trains, street cars or buses. It may spare you a trying and costly siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

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*kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds*

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# The Girl on the Cover

EVERY time Joan Crawford steps into a grocery store to buy a dozen eggs, or into a department store to haggle over the high cost of gingham, or to the studio to earn her nickels and dimes, somebody says to her, as if it were a big piece of news: "You're a lucky girl to be married to a boy as fine as Doug Fairbanks."

Only once, to our knowledge, has Joan rebelled. She was feeling in a pensive mood and, with chin cupped in hand, she murmured, "I wish just once somebody would say that Doug is a lucky boy to be married to a girl like me."

It has always been our aim to please, particularly to please delightful young ladies. Therefore, we'll say it, right out in print. Doug is the luckiest boy in Hollywood to be married to a girl like Joan.

The development of Joan Crawford's character is an even greater gesture than the development of her career. Nobody has fought more gallantly than the turbulent, talented Joan. She had the makings, even in those early days. She was troubled with a vague, intangible unrest which set her to writing poetry. It's the panacea of all youthful melancholia.

This was harmless enough, but it was not the only one of her adolescent crimes. She insisted upon winning dancing cups, for which nobody could quite forgive her and, what is more, she believed that she was madly in love every time a flashing-eyed youngster told her she was the Only Girl in the World for him.

What with collecting cups and young men and penning sonnets, Joan was a pretty impossible person.

OH, you liked her and you found her amusing enough, but after two hours of it you had to do something sturdy and sensible. She was all emotion, all froth, all unformed youthful idealism. She didn't know what she wanted, nor where to find it. And then, suddenly, she met Doug Fairbanks.

The boulevardiers pulled at their long white beards and bet that it wouldn't last a month; that Joan was intrigued only by the ancestral name and a new romance.

Well, Joan has fooled them and, what is more, has turned out to be one of the most attractive and sensible girls in town.

And it hasn't been all Doug's doings. Joan had to have the stuff or she wouldn't have become the girl she is.

They were terribly silly at first—Joan and her Dodo. They shut themselves off completely from the rest of the world and talked in an unintelligible language all their own.



JOAN CRAWFORD

## Last Minute News and Reviews

That nasty old dame rumor is gossiping about a split between Colleen Moore and John McCormick. Well we'd hate to see it, that's all.

Corinne Griffith and First National have failed to get together for a renewal of her contract.

Alma Rubens, restored to health and lovelier than ever, has signed a contract to appear in vaudeville.

"A Ship from Shanghai"—M-G-M.—Sacred and profane love on a derelict yacht adrift near the Equator. Dramatic, but revolting at times. Kay Johnson, Louis Wolheim and Conrad Nagel are featured.

Chaplin will spend the summer in Europe after finishing "City Lights" in May. No voice in the picture, but synchronized music and sound. Chaplin has written three musical numbers for it, including the theme, "Those Wonderful, Beautiful Eyes."

Harrison Ford returns! He will play in "I Love You," Radio Picture starring Richard Dix.

Paramount will make a talkie of "The Spoilers," with George Bancroft in the he-man part made silent by William Farnum and Milton Sills.

Raoul Walsh, director of "The Cock Eyed World," will be made general manager of production at Fox.

You can't blame people for thinking it wouldn't last. And when they married, everybody shook their heads.

But it's lasted, and for a very good reason. Joan and Doug are in love. The silliness has worn off and in its place is a grand understanding and companionship. They like to do and talk about the same things, and most vital of all they know how to laugh together.

This domesticity of Joan's is not just the pendulum swinging high, wide and handsome in the opposite direction; it is a complete change in her life.

Each day that she is married to Doug they find that they like each other better and that there are more dashing and intriguing things to do—exciting things like buying new drapes for the house, and discovering the most divine new sauce to be put over a *filet mignon*, and reading new books together.

FOR Joan has been hungry for life. Hungry for all the things that her marriage has brought her. Hungry for a home (she never had a real one before), and love (what did her sleek-haired playboys know of love?), and companionship. Doug has brought her the good things of life.

But Joan has been able to appreciate them. And that makes Doug just as lucky as she is.

She's taken hard knocks. She's been broke and miserable, as many worthwhile people have been, but she's had a more bitter battle than that to fight.

The most discouraging sort of gossip has sounded in her ears ever since she came to Hollywood. And it doesn't let up.

"Just because Joan has married a Fairbanks, she thinks she is somebody," they've said. Well, Joan is somebody. And if she prefers a well-appointed table with snowy linen and slim, silver candlesticks to the counter of a cheap, quick-lunch stand, we say more power to her.

And if she prefers making a real home for Doug instead of dancing whatever is the new form of the Charleston in stuffy night clubs—well, then, three rousing cheers for her.

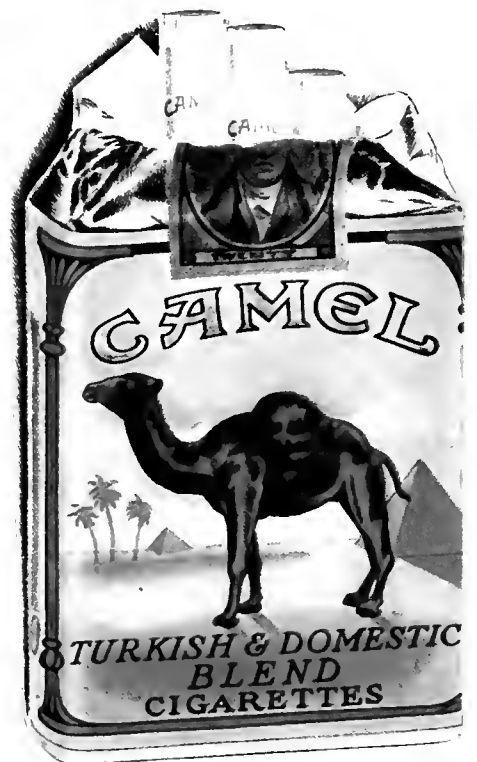
She's been pretty much misunderstood, and the primary difference between that bewildered little girl who first came to Hollywood and the poised mistress of "El Jodo" is that she used to tell you she was misunderstood, and now she doesn't.

Yes, Joan is a lucky girl. But Doug's the luckiest young husband in Hollywood, because he has so steadfast and delightful a wife.



## *If winter comes*

You go south, Fortunate Lady, when the cold winds blow. You live graciously, in accordance with a high tradition, in a well-appointed world. And it is therefore a matter of particular interest that you, who can afford anything, have chosen to smoke Camels. . . . It is simply one more confirmation of the fact that there is no cigarette anywhere, at any price, so fragrant . . . so delicately and mildly mellow . . . so filled with downright *pleasure*.



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And what a magnificent picture Lionel Barrymore, the director, has built around Tibbett as the singing, fighting, carousing Bandit Chief! Follow this fascinating story of wild, barbaric passion that knows no restraint—that defies convention—that gets what it wants whether it be revenge, loot or love!

See also Laurel & Hardy, the funniest team on the screen today, as a couple of singing bandits! And what a help to the Chief they turn out to be!

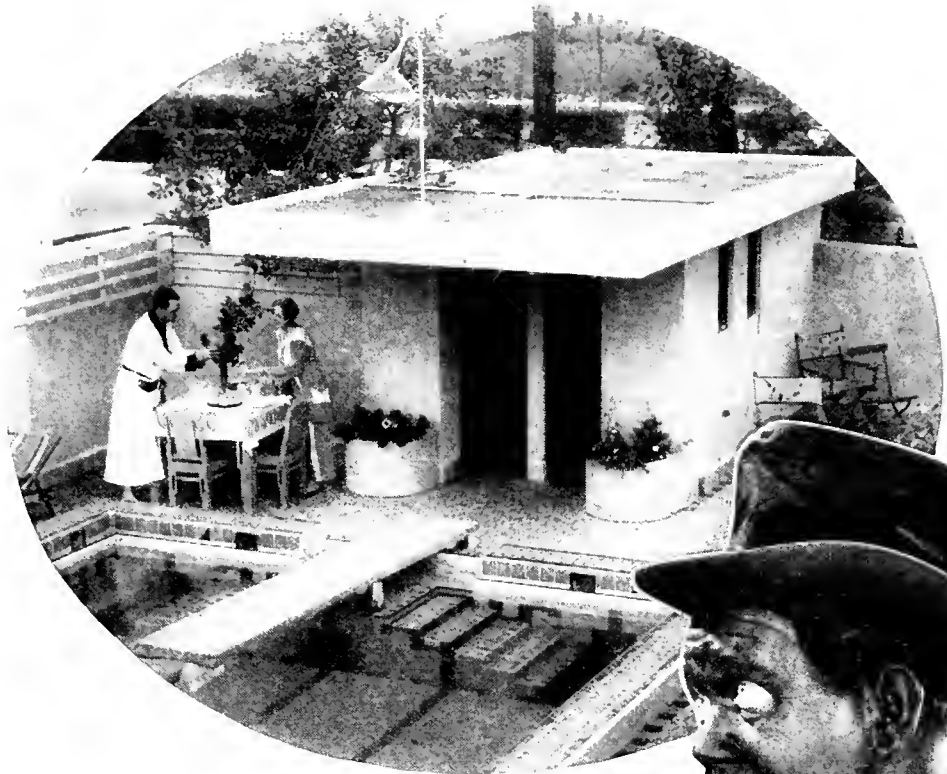
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Planned for  
bathers,  
but equally  
tempting to  
bridge  
or anagram  
players



# A Party Menu

**C**HARLES MACK, blackface comedian of the droll drawl and "Two Black Crows" fame, has a new house equipped with an outdoor swimming pool. Mrs. Mack's tea parties have helped to make that pool one of Beverly Hill's gayest partying places.

Heavy dishes are eliminated so bathers can return to the water half an hour after eating. Hot food is planned for those who may be chilled from a prolonged dip, and cold food for the girls who wear bathing suits for sun-tan only.

Here's a typical menu:

Stuffed Eggs	Chicken a la King
Moulded Russian Salad	Cucumbers Supreme
Assorted Sandwiches	Petit Fours
Iced and Hot Coffee and Tea	

Mrs. Mack has given me her recipes to pass along to PHOTOPLAY readers. Here are the dishes that have been endorsed by the epicures of Hollywood.

## Stuffed Eggs

Cut four hard-boiled eggs in halves crosswise. Remove yolks, mash, and add two tablespoons grated cheese, one teaspoon vinegar, one-fourth teaspoon mustard, and salt and cayenne to taste. Add enough melted butter to make mixture of right consistency to shape. Make in balls the size of original yolks, and refill whites. Arrange on large platter in bed of lettuce leaves. Sprinkle eggs with paprika, and garnish with olives.

## Moulded Russian Salad

Reduce strong consommé so that when cold it will be

jelly-like in consistency. Set individual moulds in pan of ice water; then pour in consommé one-quarter inch deep. When firm, decorate bottom and sides of moulds with cooked carrots, beets and potatoes, cut in fancy shapes. Add consommé to cover vegetables, and as soon as firm, fill moulds two-thirds full of any cooked vegetable that may be at hand. Add consommé by spoonfuls, allowing it to become firm between the additions, and put in enough to cover vegetables. Chill thoroughly, remove from moulds and arrange on lettuce leaves. Serve with Mayonnaise dressing.

## Chicken a la King

1½ tablespoons chicken fat or butter	¼ cup scalded cream
1¾ tablespoons flour	½ teaspoon salt
½ cup hot chicken stock	2 tablespoons butter
½ cup scalded milk	1 cup cold, boiled fowl, cut in strips
	½ cup sautéed sliced mushroom caps
	¼ cup canned pimientos, cut in strips
	Yolk 1 egg

Melt fat, add flour, and stir until well blended. Then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, stock, milk and cream. Bring to the boiling-point and add salt; butter; fowl, bit by bit; mushroom caps, which have been sautéed in butter five minutes, and pimientos. Again bring to the boiling-point and add egg yolk, slightly beaten. Serve in chafing dish to keep warm.

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
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CAROLYN VAN WYCK

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

★ **FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS**—First National.—Colleen Moore's best since "We Moderns." She wears mad gowns and wigs and sings French songs with a naughty lilt. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**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. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**FOUR DEVILS**—Fox.—Talk has been added to last part of F. W. Murnau's good circus film. You'll hear Janet Gaynor. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **FOUR FEATHERS, THE**—Paramount.—The story of a coward's regeneration grafted on a nature film shot in the Soudan. Excellent film, with Richard Arlen fine. Sound. (Sept.)

**FROZEN JUSTICE**—Fox.—Hot melodrama of the cold North. Lenore Ulric and Louis Wolheim excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **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 heads an excellent supporting cast. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**GENTLEMAN PREFERRED, A**—Supreme.—From cowboy to earl in one badly-aimed picture. Silent. (Sept.)

**GIRL FROM HAVANA, THE**—Fox.—A racy story of gentlemen who prefer diamonds which don't belong to them. Clever cast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**GIRL IN THE GLASS CAGE, THE**—First National.—The glassed-in girl, in case you wondered, is a theater ticket seller, played by Loretta Young. Pretty bad. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**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. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY**—Warners.—Showing the girls at their pick and shovel work. Noteworthy for its beautiful all-Technicolor treatment and its catchy tunes. All Talkie. (Nov.)

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

**GREAT GABBO, THE**—James Cruze Prod.—A corking dramatic story ruined by the interpolation of musical revue stuff. Von Stroheim and Compson save the pieces. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **GREENE MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Another fine Van Dine murder mystery film, with Bill Powell an elegant *Philo Vance*. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**HALF MARRIAGE**—Radio Pictures.—Another and duller one about companionate marriage, occasionally redeemed by Olive Borden. Sound. (Oct.)

**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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **HALLELUJAH**—M-G-M.—Striking epic of the negro, sensitively directed and spontaneously acted. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**HANDCUFFED**—Rayart.—Poverty Row at its worst which is pretty bad. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**HARD TO GET**—First National.—Corinne Griffith's excellent silent film "Classified" revived as a far-from-excellent talkie with Dorothy Mackaill. All Talkie. (Nov.)

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

★ **HER PRIVATE AFFAIR**—Pathe.—Make it your private affair to see Ann Harding in this exciting tale. She's glorious! All Talkie. (Nov.)

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

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

★ **HOLLYWOOD REVUE OF 1929**—M-G-M.—A great big merry girl and music show, with all the Metro people from Gilbert and Shearer on down. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**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 bulls-eye. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**HONOR**—Sovkino.—Interesting because a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National Film Company. The leading man is an Armenian John Gilbert. Silent. (Dec.)

**HOOFBEATS OF VENGEANCE**—Universal.—Even worse than it sounds. Rex, the marvelous horse star, has a ramshackle vehicle to pull. Silent. (Oct.)

**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. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY**—UFA-Paramount.—A real beauty. This simple rural tale is exquisitely directed and superbly acted by an ace-high German cast. Sound. (Nov.)

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

**ILLUSION**—Paramount.—Buddy Rogers as a man about town may disappoint the girls—but Nancy Carroll is excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**IN OLD CALIFORNIA**—Audible Film Corp.—Love and hate Under a Spanish Moon (Theme song.) Ho hum. All Talkie. (Nov.)

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

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

**IT'S EASY TO BECOME A FATHER**—UFA.—The German idea of a funny farce about an American girl running wild abroad. Silent. (Sept.)

**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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**JEALOUSY**—Paramount.—De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. It is unfortunate that Jeanne Eagels' last picture should be so unworthy of her artistry. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**JOY STREET**—Fox.—Oh, how the kids carry on! Younger generation stuff and possibly you'll like it. Lois Moran, Nick Stuart. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **KIBITZER**—Paramount.—You may have to buy a new vest from laughing after you see this. Harry Green's comedy is grand. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**KISS, THE**—M-G-M.—The mysterious and silent Garbo, still silent, still mysterious and still Garbo. Sound. (Dec.)

**KITTY**—World Wide.—First foreign-made picture to be synchronized with talking sequences and music. Good entertainment against a beautiful English background. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **LADY LIES, THE**—Paramount.—Magnificently acted and staged drawing room comedy. Walter Huston and beautiful Claudette Colbert are stunning lovers and Charles Ruggles is a delightful drunk. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, THE**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer as a charming and wily lady crook who plies her trade amongst Britain's bluebloods. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**LAST PERFORMANCE, THE**—Universal.—Conrad Veidt as a magician in a much over-acted and over-directed film. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

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## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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"If powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials are in perfect color harmony with the individual complexion, beauty is magnified. If not, the effect is off-color and grotesque, and beauty is marred. This we proved in tests under the glare of studio lights.

"And, to vividly emphasize personality, make-up must be individualized... the color harmony must be perfect for every type, for every variation in blonde, brunette, or red-head. Then, of course, there are tricks of make-up, too, which not every one knows."

On the screen, before your very eyes... in feature pictures starring Janet Gaynor, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Laura La Plante, and the host of stars in Hollywood... has flashed the faultless beauty of make-up by Max Factor. Beauty that thrills... fascinates... holds, and remember, that in every feature picture released from Hollywood, Max Factor's Make-Up is used exclusively.

And now you, as in a wonderful dream, will play the part of a screen star, and receive from Hollywood's Make-Up King... your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up, in the powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials created by Max Factor for the stars, for you, for every woman, for every day.

You'll at last discover the one way to vividly emphasize the allure and magnetism of your personality; to give to your own natural beauty a charm and fascination which until now has remained hidden. Simply mail the coupon to Max Factor, who will analyze your complexion, chart your own make-up color harmony and send you his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up".

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"Cosmetics of the Stars"... HOLLYWOOD

Note:—96% of all make-up used by the Hollywood stars and Motion Picture Studios is Max Factor's. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics.)

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**Janet Gaynor**

Fox Film Star

Who received the merit award offered by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for her outstanding performance in "7th Heaven", says in a note to Max Factor:

"There is a delicate beauty about my color harmony in your Society Make-Up that blends perfectly with my complexion."

Olive Borden, R-K-O Star and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, approving an alluring color harmony shade in rouge.

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By resolution adopted April thirtieth nineteen twenty eight  
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COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow		Age
Olive		(spaces with check mark)

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 ]

**LAUGHING AT DEATH**—FBO.—Bob Steele, the Western actor, in curls and ribbons as one of these mythical princes. Whoops! Silent. (Sept.)

**LIGHT FINGERS**—Columbia.—Nice balance between action and dialogue in this melodrama about a gang of jewel thieves. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **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. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**LOCKED DOOR, THE**—United Artists.—An exciting melodrama ruined by weak dialogue. Note-worthy only because it brings Barbara Stanwyck to the talking screen. All Talkie. (Feb.)

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

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

**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. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**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. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**LOVE DOCTOR, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix's last picture for Paramount. Dix and June Collyer are pleasing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **LOVE PARADE, THE**—Paramount.—Sparkling as Burgundy, Director Lubitsch conquers light opera, and Maurice Chevalier conquers all. Jeanette MacDonald is a treat to the eyes and ears. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**LOVE TRAP, THE**—Universal.—Laura La Plante, with little help from Neil Hamilton, proves that chorus girls are good girls. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**LUCKY IN LOVE**—Pathe.—Morton Downey gets back to old Erin in time to pay off the mortgage on the ancestral halls—but who cares? The Downey tenor helps—but not enough. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**LUCKY LARKIN**—Universal.—A typical Western and a movie that actually moves in the good old style. Ken Maynard and a trick horse. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **LUCKY STAR**—Fox.—That immortal duo, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, in a gentle and charming story. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**MADONNA OF AVENUE A**—Warners.—Too grown-up for children and too childish for grown-ups. A trite yarn. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**MAN AND THE MOMENT, THE**—First National.—An old-fashioned rip-snorting movie, all love and action. Billie Dove starred. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **MARIANNE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies proves there is no limit to her versatility. Delicious comedy and superb pathos. All Talkie. (Nov.)

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

**MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD**—Fox.—The first Viennese operetta to be phonographed. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Terris handle the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola, the laughs. Good—but should have been better. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MASQUERADE**—Fox.—Remade from silent version of "The Brass Bowl." Old fashioned plot, but Leila Hyams is nice. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**MELODY LANE**—Universal.—The world seems full of clowns with breaking hearts. Edlie Leonard brings no vitality to a dead yarn. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**MEN ARE LIKE THAT**—Paramount.—Glorifying the Boobus Americans. You'll love Hal Skelly's characterization of a back-slapping braggart. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MIGHTY, THE**—Paramount.—Bancroft's greatest rôle to date and fine entertainment. If you don't think the hairy-chested one has sex appeal, see this. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE**—Universal.—Picture of the Old South by one who has never been there. Joseph Schildkraut in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat." All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MISTER ANTONIO**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Leo Carillo achieves a splendid characterization in his first talking feature. The Booth Tarkington play is a well-chosen vehicle for him. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MORGANNE THE ENCHANTRESS**—Franco-Film.—One of the very worst from France. Awful story, acting ham *deluxe*. Silent. (Sept.)

**MOST IMMORAL LADY, A**—First National.—Leatrice Joy fine in her first phonoplay. About a blackmail beauty who finds regeneration in the love of one of her victims. All Talkie.

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

**NEW BANKROLL, THE**—Mack Sennett.—Andy Clyde and Harry Gribbon and lots of very pretty girls. Old time comedy. All Talkie. (Sept.)

## Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

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

**First National Pictures . Page 148**  
**Fox Film . . . . . Page 7**  
**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . Page 12**  
**Paramount Pictures . . Page 4**  
**Technicolor . . . . . Page 2**  
**Warner Bros. . . . . Page 147**

**NEW YORK NIGHTS**—United Artists.—A hoke story, but Talmadge fans will be pleased with Norma's voice. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**NIGHT CLUB**—Paramount.—Made some time ago, this film is little but a series of face and voice tests for many Broadway celebrities. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**NIGHT PARADE**—Radio Pictures.—Trite yarn about a fight champion, redeemed by a good cast. The darkly seductive Aileen Pringle goes blonde. All Talkie. (Dec.)

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

★ **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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

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

**OH, YEAH!**—Pathe.—James Gleason and Robert Armstrong of "Is Zat So" fame team up again—and how! Hilarious dialogue which plays tag with the censors. ZaSu Pitts does one of her riotous monologues. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT**—Universal.—Fie upon you, Universal, and double fie, Mr. Denny! Someone should have known enough to prevent this social error. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**ONE WOMAN IDEA, THE**—Fox.—Rod LaRocque is a Persian diplomat who falls in love, and that's about all. Sound. (Sept.)

**OPPRESSED, THE**—William Elliott Production.—This ought to be renamed The Depressed—meaning the audience. Raquel Meller disappoints. Silent. (Oct.)

**PAINTED FACES**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good news for the fans who've been crying for something different. A tense, refreshingly original story with a jury-room locale, and that grand comic, Joe E. Brown. All Talkie. (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.)

★ **PARIS**—First National.—Oob—zat Irene Bordoni! You'll love her. And you'll love Jack Buchanan and Louise Closser Hale—and the Technicolor effects—in fact the whole picture. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **PARIS BOUND**—Pathe.—A smooth drama of domestic woes that introduces to the screen Ann Harding, stage beauty and good actress. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**PHANTOMS OF THE NORTH**—All Star.—One of the old time Northwest epics, with nothing to distinguish it. Silent. (Sept.)

**PHYSICIAN, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Terrible story of the narcotic evil well acted by Miles Mander and Elsa Brink. Silent. (Sept.)

**PICCADILLY**—World Wide.—Wonder of wonders—a truly fine British picture! Gilda Gray is starred but Anna May Wong brings home the bacon. Silent. (Oct.)

**PLEASURE CRAZED**—Fox.—A good story, smothered in English accents, and played entirely by stage actors. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**POINTED HEELS**—Paramount.—With Helen Kane, William Powell, Fay Wray, Phillips Holmes, Skeets' Gallagher and Eugene Pallette in the cast, this backstage story is sure-fire. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**PRINCE AND THE DANCER, THE**—World-Wide.—This European film is sure to inspire patriotism in the bosoms of American movie-goers. It's awful. Silent. (Nov.)

**RACKETEER, THE**—Pathe.—About a wealthy gangster with a heart of gold—just a rough diamond in a platinum setting. Swell work by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**RED HOT RHYTHM**—Pathe.—Alan Hale, Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn in an uneven story about a philandering song-writer. Some good dance numbers and Technicolor sequences. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**RICH PEOPLE**—Pathe.—Sophisticated comedy-drama for an intelligent audience. Constance Bennett proves that money isn't all and she ought to know. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**RIGHTHOFFEN: THE RED KNIGHT OF THE AIR**—F.P.G. Production.—A Teutonic version of "Wings" lacking all the virtues of the American epic of the air. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **RIO RITA**—Radio Pictures.—The finest of screen musicals to date. Comedy, singing, dancing and romance de luxe. Bebe Daniels wows 'em and John Boles sets hearts to fluttering anew. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**RIVER OF ROMANCE**—Paramount.—Humorous romance of crinoline days in the South, with excellent work by Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian and Wallace Beery. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE**—Fox.—Rich and roaring melodrama. Romantic Warner Baxter in his Mexican suit again. Tony Moreno, Mary Duncan, and a new cause for heartburn named Mona Maris. Two swell songs. What more do you want? All Talkie. (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. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**SAILOR'S HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Riotously funny account of a sailor on shore leave. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**SALUTE**—Fox.—A glorified newsreel about a West Point cadet with a kid brother at Annapolis. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**SATURDAY NIGHT KID, THE**—Paramount.—The old Bow punch has given way to poundage. Jean Arthur steals this picture. All Talkie. (Dec.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 145 ]



# To Rid Teeth of Destructive Germs

*Remove film twice every day*



**Film** that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

## FREE . . . a 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Discolorations disappear. Teeth find new protection.

**H**AVE you noticed what you believe to be symptoms of decay?

Then it is time to change your method of tooth cleaning, for decay results from germs—pyorrhea from germs and tartar. Now germs can be effectively combated by a special method that removes from teeth the cloudy film in which they breed.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy, clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. There they breed by millions in contact with teeth and tissues.

Germ-laden film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all ordinary methods fail in combating film successfully.

To reach and remove these germs, film must be combated. To remove film dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent.

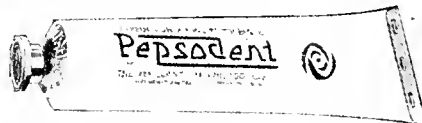
### *Acts in a different way*

First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing easily removes it . . . safely, gently. No pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a fine, creamy paste commonly prescribed for soft teeth and tender gums.

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You can tell that Pepsodent is different from all other ways the instant it touches your teeth. Can see the difference in results before your free tube is empty. Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far greater protection from these serious diseases. Write to nearest address immediately for your supply to try.

**Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.**



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# Do You Nag Your Face

?



Your make-up should flatter your complexion and features. Norma Talmadge emphasizes her beauty with well-chosen cosmetics, and she studies the whole effect carefully before leaving her boudoir or studio dressing room

**G**OOD complexions are born and made, but they aren't nagged into being. Many of you girls who write to me have not stopped to think about that. In your desire to help your skins retain the texture and bloom of youth and health you have grown over-zealous.

I would be amazed at some of the methods you use, if I had not made some of the same mistakes! Just as so many of you do, I combined treatments for oily skin with those for dry skin, and I even worked out elaborate treatments that no skin could long survive.

Yet I often overlooked the most obvious and simple preventive and curative measures. I did my own prescribing, without taking advantage of the help that expert cosmeticians could give me, either by personal advice or through their advertising and descriptive literature.

A letter received from Katherine L. reminds me of some of my experiences, and similar letters continue to come in such numbers that I feel it is time to say a word of warning.

Katherine writes that a few years ago her skin was fine-textured and smooth, but extremely sensitive to wind and sun.

During the past few years she has used most of the cosmetics on the market, never giving any one treatment time enough to produce results. She has included many cheap and inferior preparations. As a result, her complexion is marred by blackheads and large pores.

Now she is taking time to study her needs and to choose the right methods to protect her skin. She won't nag her face again, but will coax and nurture it back to normalcy.

**T**HE word "moderation" and all that it implies is worth thinking about now and then, especially in connection with the use of cosmetics.

After considerations of general health, proper rest and diet are disposed of—and these have been stressed so often that no one should be ignorant of their effects on the complexion—most of us who are no longer children need a few well-chosen preparations to protect and improve our complexions. For ag-

gravated skin troubles, of course, a physician or skin specialist should be consulted.

The foundation of an attractive, healthy skin is scrupulous cleanliness. If powder puffs are used, they should be washed frequently. Hands and nails should be scrubbed before the face is handled. Fingers must not be dipped into the cold cream jar, rubbed on the face, and then dipped back into the jar. Towels and washcloths must be immaculate.

Borrowing and lending toilet articles is a pernicious practice and is certainly to be condemned from the standpoint of complete cleanliness and daintiness, if for no other reasons. If your friends are indifferent and careless in this respect and they neglect to carry their own make-up materials and combs, keep a guest supply of these articles.

## *Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems*

**W**RITE to me if you want to know your correct colors in clothes and cosmetics—if you need personal advice about your hair or general appearance. My complexion leaflet is free. So is my booklet of sane reducing exercises and menus. Just send me your request, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Letters without return envelopes will be answered in the magazine, in the order received. My address is PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

If you have frequent over-night or week-end visitors, it is wise to lay in a stock of creams in tubes or tiny jars, and to pour a little face powder into a covered powder jar. Provide small quantities that can be used up by one person.

Choose your own beauty aids to fit your particular requirements and your own type of skin. Then follow the instructions of the master-cosmeticians who have prepared them.

Don't use make-up merely to cover up. Remember that it is not intended as a mask, to harden every soft outline and destroy every subtle bit of natural coloring. Employ it rather to emphasize the beauty that is there.

Let your common sense and your color sense guide you in choosing shades in powder, rouge and lipstick. Bright hues that can be worn so well by some types under artificial light are unflattering and cheapening to these same girls by daylight. Mascara and eye-shadow must be deftly and delicately applied.

Charm and beauty depend on many qualities besides regular features and a perfect skin. Artful make-up is highly important to the girl whose beauty is not flawless. But make-up is only artful when no artifice is apparent. The fair blonde, in particular, should be careful to avoid that "painted" appearance.

Rouge should simulate the bloom of health. Powder should lend smoothness and transparency, not that caked and solid appearance that so many girls mistake for skin beauty. If your complexion is somewhat yellow, you can use powder with a slight glow; if too florid, there are subtle shades to tone down your coloring without destroying it. Employ every bit of artistry in your

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]



# Only Glazo has the Tint that doesn't change in Party Lights



**GLAZO'S LOVELY TONE IS SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED  
TO LOOK EQUALLY WELL IN  
ELECTRIC LIGHT, SUNLIGHT OR CANDLE-LIGHT**

**H**AS your nail polish ever deceived you at a party? Have you ever groomed your nails to the lovely tint you want—and, once there, discovered under electric light, that beauty had left your fingertips and that your nails looked as lifeless and dull as wilted flowers do?

A fashionable tint, of course, is the very essence of well-kept nails, but what queer tricks conditions of light play with many nail polishes. Some fade out in electric light, others take a yellow tinge, but with Glazo, the same pure and subtle color remains.

*Always—under every light—Glazo brings beauty to your nails*

Lamp-light affects it not at all. The brilliant lights of ballrooms, theatres and bridge tables do not rob it of its charm. Even in dim lights it guards its pure tone.

If you want a startling proof of Glazo's constancy of color under all conditions of light, do your nails with Glazo exactly as you want them, under daylight.

Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine carefully. Glazo will have the same tone in the closet as it had in the sun!

And, if you don't think that's remarkable, try any other polish and see what will happen!



*The Glazo Polish and Polish Remover twin bottles — at all toilet goods counters, 50¢.*

A good polish like Glazo lasts longer than a week. It never peels, it never cracks, and gives a soft, lively sheen that never verges on artificiality. For its covering film is so smooth and thin that you will delight in its effect, and you can scarcely detect its presence.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its constant color is to you a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under all sorts of conditions of light. With Glazo you are sure that your nails will always be lovely.

If you would like to try the Glazo color test, send six cents with the coupon below.

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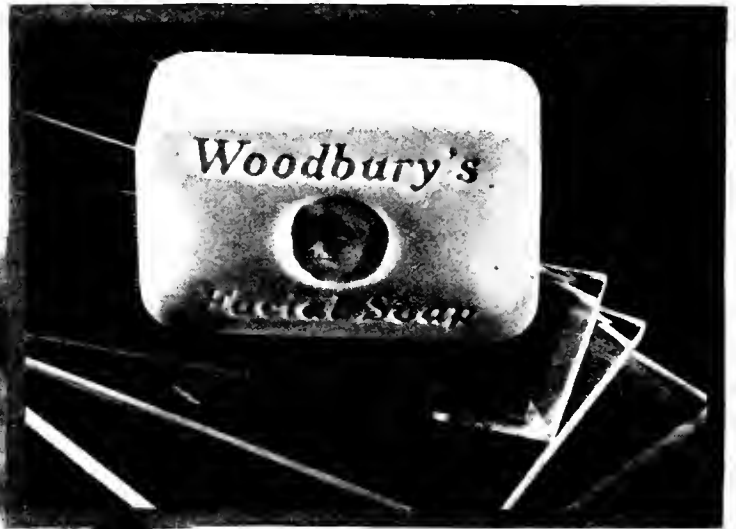
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I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely, Eloquent Hands."

Name.....

Address.....

# In This Soap... the Secret that keeps Face Pores Unseen



*You can feel it shrinking the pores... Cleansing deeply... the very first time you use it!*

*Keep your skin lovely and smooth—the skin he loves to touch—by keeping the pores fine!*

**B**IG PORES, coarse texture—they are almost never seen in a very young skin. Definitely, unmistakably, mercilessly, they say of a woman—"middle age!"

Keep the pores of your skin small and fine! Small, clean, active pores mean lovely skin texture—freedom from blackheads and blemishes.

Even if your pores are becoming enlarged—you can overcome this condition. Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new skin takes its place. This is your opportunity! With the right care you can arrest this coarsening process and make the new skin, as it forms, smooth—clear—fine-textured.

A skin specialist has created the soap that will help you to do this—Woodbury's Facial Soap, which was formulated after a lifetime of study of the skin and its



THERE ARE THREE PLACES where your face pores are apt to be most conspicuous—on the forehead, nose and chin. Use Woodbury's Facial Soap to keep the pores small, clean, and active—the only way to have lovely skin texture.

needs. Woodbury's gives you lovely skin texture because it actually *shrinks the pores*. The first time you use Woodbury's you will feel its astringent action on your skin. You will feel how much finer and smoother it is than ordinary soaps—how much more deeply it cleanses.

Begin using Woodbury's today! See how it shrinks the pores—makes your skin finer, lovelier in texture! Around each cake you will find the booklet of Wood-

bury treatments, which have helped literally millions of women to free their skin from blackheads, blemishes, and other common skin troubles. To meet a skin specialist's exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use.

Get Woodbury's today and let it help you, too, to have "A Skin You Love to Touch"!

WOODBURY'S is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

### Send for the large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2205 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.  
For the enclosed 10c—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

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**L**ILLIAN ROTH came to pictures in Chevalier's "The Love Parade," but behind that first picture appearance was a brilliant, though brief, career on the revue stage in New York. She was a sensation in Earl Carroll's "Vanities," and was so gay and so pretty that motion pictures were a certain bet

Lillian Roth, being a newcomer from the New York stage, has left few footprints, so far, on the sands of film-land. She made her big debut in "Vanities," and was immediately snapped up for pictures





Victor McLaglen, dear to the hearts of doughboys, was born in London. He is six feet, three inches tall; weighs 215 pounds, and has dark brown hair and brown eyes

**V**ICTOR McLAGLEN, pet of the ladies with that enormous smile of his. What is a Novarro to such a lad? Vic has a tremendous following, thanks to his brilliant work in "What Price Glory?" and "The Cock Eyed World." And in "Hot from Paris" and "Broad-Minded" he ratifies his fan contract



**VILMA BANKY**—yes, it's Vilma, sleek hair and all. Vilma's voice will be heard to great advantage for the first time in "Sunkissed," the phonoplay version of Sidney Howard's unusual play, "They Knew What They Wanted," a great stage success of Richard Bennett's

Vilma Banky was born near Budapest, Hungary, in 1903. She is five feet, six inches tall; weighs 120 pounds and has blonde hair and gray eyes. Husband—Rod La Rocque



Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Mont., May 7, 1901. He is six feet, two inches tall; weighs 180 pounds, and has black hair and blue eyes. Real name—Frank J. Cooper

A CAPTION is almost superfluous on this handsome picture of a handsome young man. Gary Cooper really needs no introduction, particularly since he became a star on the strength of his excellent performance in "The Virginian," phonoplay version of the famous stage play. Or shall we refer you to Lupe?





**I**F you have seen Ramon Novarro's first all-talking romance, "Devil May Care," you've seen this lovely child, Dorothy Jordan. She is the most beautiful film débutante of the hour—a pretty child of the South, with an accent that would melt butter at a hundred paces. Watch her! She'll go far!

Dorothy Jordan was born in Clarksville, Tenn., about twenty years ago. She was educated in Memphis, and after a brief musical comedy career entered pictures



Charles "Buddy" Rogers was born in Olathe, Kans., Aug. 13, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has black hair and black eyes. A Kansas University boy

**W**ELL—America's Boy Friend! Does he need fuller mention? Buddy Rogers goes from hit to hit as a young Paramount star. He was the one very successful graduate of the almost forgotten Paramount School which graduated a class—the only class—in 1925. Buddy is a sensation in "Half Way to Heaven"



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# ELINOR GLYN *Says* "Wives..Keep the Trousseau Habit"



ELINOR GLYN, famous writer  
 on romance and marriage



Some wives keep romance in marriage forever—isn't one secret the trousseau habit?

**H**OW to hold a husband's love—that is the problem put up to me constantly by innumerable wives.

Can it be done? Fortunately the answer is yes. How? By being always feminine—colorfully, daintily feminine.

But first of all you yourself must feel your own daintiness, womanliness, before you can impress others.

One of the surest ways for a wife to gain perfect confidence in her lovely femininity is to wear charming lingerie and negligees.

Wonderful colors, soft, shimmering materials, lace-edged underthings! They just make a woman believe in herself—feel her inherent charm as a woman.

If a woman but keeps all this loveliness at its very best—as beautiful as when it came, new, from its tissue box, she is captain of her fate—irresistible.

But, women tell me, it is so difficult to wear lovely underthings always and keep them looking as wonderful, as colorful, as when they were new. Frequent washing (and we must be dainty) takes some of the lovely color and charm out of the garment. To this I reply, that is too often the case, but it need never be so if women

faithfully use that invaluable product. Lux—which is made especially to cleanse without disturbing the vibrant loveliness of colors. If a garment is safe in clear water alone, it is just as safe in Lux.

### Let Your Surroundings Reflect You

Not only should you express your femininity through the effect dainty underthings have on you—as well as directly

through the magnetism of color in your frocks and accessories, but by your very surroundings. Even the curtains, draperies, slip covers in your living room form part of the magic spell that reflects you. And here, too, Lux is invaluable.



After 12 Lux washings—every thread in place—silk and lace fibres intact, color intact. The garment retains all of the qualities it had when new.



After 12 washings with an ordinary good soap—silk fibres a little out of place—lace damaged. Lustre slightly impaired—color lifeless, dulled.

If it's safe in water  
 . . it's safe in LUX

March, 1930

# The National Guide to Motion Pictures

[TRADE MARK]

# PHOTOPLAY

WHEN Ruth Waterbury spent a day in the research laboratories of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company gathering material for the splendid article that appears in this issue under her name, she returned to the editorial offices of PHOTOPLAY, apparently a very sad girl.

"What's the matter, Ruth?" I asked.

"How would you like to have a specialist tell you a good friend of yours had been stricken dumb and would never be able to talk again?" she asked me.

"I wouldn't like it at all," I said. "Who is your friend and who is the specialist?"

"It is John Gilbert," she answered. "I asked those scientific fellows the direct question: 'Is there anything that can possibly be done to adapt John's voice to the talking picture?' and they gave me a very definite 'No.'"

THAT is just one of the weird little tricks of fate the talking pictures have played the Hollywood world. The camera was very kind to Jack. The microphone played him false.

Jack's natural voice is extremely pleasant. To the ear it is well pitched and as fascinating as a Rudy Vallée song. But it just will not reproduce in its natural quality.

NO one yet knows what happened in that week when Chaplin went into a secret session with the microphone and the sound experts in his studio. But his next picture, "City Lights," will be silent. The outstanding figure of the motion picture has probably also been rejected by the sound reproducers.

Chaplin is getting tired, anyhow. It is quite probable that the picture he has had in production for over a year will be his last.

But fifty years from now they will still be running

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By  
JAMES R. QUIRK



Chaplin pictures, and millions of people still unborn will rock in their seats with laughter and bless the little fellow for the enjoyment he contrived for them away back in the days before the talkies came.

BUT wouldn't it be a good joke on those scientific sound research chaps if, in a few months, they stumbled

onto a way to do justice to the voices of Chaplin and Gilbert, just as they stumbled onto a lot of the other developments?

Columbus discovered America while searching for Asia. The talking motion picture of today is the direct result of a search for ways to improve the telephone.

PROFESSOR FRANCIS POWELL, of the Department of Spoken English of Smith College, has a peeve against talking pictures. He says that he and his National Association of Teachers of Speech are sore because the producers do not realize their responsibilities to the public, and demands that they train their actors in good English.

How about Professor Powell taking John Gilbert's job? And I have no doubt that among the lady teachers we could find a good supply of Corinne Griffiths, Clara Bows and Greta Garbos.

Few things annoy my ear more than the vocal affectations of the average professional teaching voice. But then, I never did like school anyhow.

ART ACORD, once a cowboy hero of the screen, says all his friends have deserted him since he fell upon bad times and lost his job. He was pinched with two pints of liquor in his pockets and told the judge he might not be able to pay the fine and might have to go to the hoosegow.

"When I was making lots of money everybody was my friend. Now I don't seem to have any friends any more," he said.

Art's liquor must have been pretty bad. Think of a man having two bottles of good liquor and having no friends.

EVER hear of Ivan Abramson? Well, anyhow, years ago when the motion picture business was in its infancy, as we used to say, Abramson was one of the most interesting characters in the business. He was a Russian immigrant and had been a producer of melodramas in the old country. He made motion pictures in New York on a shoe string capital and often carried them around under his arm to sell to distributors.

Ivan couldn't speak English very well and he was never mentioned in the society columns of the newspapers, but his formula was society, sex, and plenty of hot titles.

SOME of the classic stories of the old days of picture production are told about him. At one time he was making one of his sex thrillers in which he had gone to the expense of several thousand dollars in building a ball room "set."

As an assistant he had a nephew of about eighteen who had been to high school and was his uncle's mentor in the ways of the American *haute monde*.

Ivan had engaged thirty or forty extras in hired dress suits and gowns for one day, and was putting on the big ball room scene in what was supposed to be a millionaire's home. He worked for about an hour, finished up all the scenes and business in his scenario, and found to his disgust that his story did not call for enough action to keep the ball room set and the society dressed actors on the screen long enough to get the full value of the money expended. He puzzled over his problem, and called his nephew assistant.

"Max," he said, "we need more footage on this fine set. Tell me, what do the society people do when they are not acting in the scenario?"

"Oh," replied the nephew, "they just monkey around."

"All right," yelled Ivan to his workers. "Lights, camera, action. Everybody monkey around like society people for fifty feet."

WE hadn't heard of Mr. Abramson for years until recently, when he started suit against the entire motion picture business, Will Hays and all, claiming that the monopoly had deprived him of the means of making an honorable living.

A few other companies have come into the business in the meantime and prospered, but Ivan seems to think the entire business has been picking on him.

The titles of some of his pictures were "Sex Lure," "Forbidden Fruit," "Lying Wives," and "Enlighten Thy Daughter."

And one dignified New York newspaper took the lawsuit so seriously it gave the story about it over a column of space.

WE have as yet no conception of what the motion picture and the talking picture has done and is doing in influencing the world in manners, style of clothes, architecture, interior decoration, development of beauty, health and speech.

We know that a motion picture created a demand for sewing machines in Java and Sumatra. We know that one Wally Reid picture increased the sale of one type of car tenfold in Rio de Janeiro. We know that one Gloria Swanson picture sold millions of bottles of a popular perfume which was recognized by its peculiarly shaped black bottle.

The plumbing manufacturers admit Cecil De Mille influenced tremendous changes in bathroom design and fixtures, and department stores in Detroit and other cities traced a sudden demand for doll telephone covers to his pictures. We know that the effort of the feminine stars for slenderness started a national reducing craze. But we do not yet know the half of it.

Leaving the Paramount Theater in New York recently after seeing—and, pardon me, hearing—Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook in "The Laughing Lady," I heard a girl say to her companion:

"That finished it. Tomorrow I am going to buy a new dress. This short evening dress is out. When I watched Ruth Chatterton move about in those beautiful flowing dresses I felt old-fashioned and gauche."

THE most efficient production manager in California has been discovered. It's his job to keep expenses down and see that everybody who is drawing a pay check works for it.

The other day he heard some carpenters working on a set outside his office and rushed out in great excitement.

"What's the matter?" asked his assistant as he went by.

"There are eighty-one carpenters charged to that set, and I only hear eighty hammers," was the production manager's answer.

TO the colored actors in the picture colony all producers are multi-millionaires.

Stepin Fetchit, the somewhat erratic and quite self-important featured player, was discussing Douglas Fairbanks with one of his negro friends who works as a general utility man in the Fairbanks studio.

"Yes," opined Stepin, "I suppose Douglas is a millionaire."

"Millionaire, . . . millionaire?" replied his colored friend, looking at him in disgust. "Ah is surprised at yo ignorance. Mr. Fairbanks is not only a millionaire, boy, he is a malted millionaire."

ANOTHER proof that New Yorkers are easy marks is the way some of us give up two dollars to see a picture that runs an hour and a quarter.

"Disraeli" is a splendid picture and one everybody should see.

BUT—

I not only object to a two-dollar charge for it, but I object to the way they wasted a good hour and a half of my time making me sit through a tiresome lot of second rate preliminary junk before they got to the picture.

I heard many murmurs throughout the house, and more than one member of the audience got up and walked out.



## DEATH *Rides With The* CAMERÁ!

**T**HREE great planes flew out across the Pacific to make air scenes for a Fox picture, "Such Men Are Dangerous." Two carried cameramen and Director Kenneth Hawks, husband of Mary Astor—ten men of Hollywood on business bent.

From the third a parachute jumper was to leap into the sea. As the parachute plane circled below,

its pilot and passenger were horrified to see the camera planes—for reasons unknown—crash, and plunge flaming into the Pacific.

Ten men died. Among them was Ken Hawks. From the shore Hoot Gibson saw the tragedy. He was to have gone along!

This is Artist Clayton Knight's conception of the fatal crash.

# Do You Know We Are

W. E. Benton, character analyst, discovers there are two sides to every face, and each one tells a story

THIS is the way Mr. Benton does what he calls character analysis by the face, as presented in these striking composite pictures. The right side of the face, he says, shows the conscious side of the subject, while the left displays the subconscious, or hidden characteristics of the person. He has taken a picture of each star, cut it in half, and has photographed two right sides and two lefts together. And presto, these results!



Below is a conventional portrait study of our handsome hero, Ronald Colman. Mr. Benton has turned his face-analyzer upon this picture, with the somewhat astonishing results shown to the right and left of here



Above, the left side of Ronald Colman's face, doubled. In this, the subconscious side, alertness and determination are predominant, with an almost Oriental cast to the eyes. Below, the left side of Norma Shearer's face. Note that it is stronger-jawed than the right. This shows that subconsciously she has enormous stamina—the secret of success

The right, or conscious, side of Ronald Colman's face, above, shows the star we know best—orderly, a bit repressed and a trifle tragic around the lips and eyes. Below—Norma Shearer's right side. This shows the girlish, bright-eyed Norma, notable for optimism, high spirits, and tremendous zest for life, even in the face of adversity



A studio portrait of our lovely friend, Norma Shearer. Mr. Benton, in his analysis of this classic face, finds that Norma's is one of the best balanced in all film-land, as you will discover to right and left





# All Really Two-Faced?



Below, Greta Garbo, full face and head on. Mr. Benton chose this characteristic picture of the Swedish star for purposes of analysis, with the surprising results shown in the photographs to the left and right



Above, the left side of Greta Garbo's face, showing a Garbo that perhaps you never even suspected. This, the subconscious side, displays an almost mischievous quality about the eyes. Benton finds optimism in this lighter side of Greta's nature, and even gayety



The right side of Greta's face mirrors the Garbo we think we know—quiet, thoughtful, unobtrusive, even a trifle sullen. This, the conscious Garbo, is the girl who dresses quietly, shuns the spotlight in and out of the studio, and embodies the star's odd mystery



The analysis of this picture of Lon Chaney, shown below, is not to be taken as a study of the man himself, but of his extraordinary ability to portray dual-natured, bizarre types on the screen, or "Why Chaney is a Great Star"



The left side of Lon Chaney's face, as shown in the character portrait to the right. This pictures a man grim, sensitive and dour, fitted to many of the bitter characters Lon has played in his long career as one of the leading type actors of the screen. Not exactly a pal!



The right side of the character picture of Lon Chaney, to the left. A jolly friend and good companion, looked at from this angle. These two, out of Lon's thousand faces, when analyzed by Mr. Benton's method, form an astonishing contrast in human lights and shades

Two True

# LOUISE

She Takes Life  
Seriously!

By Katherine



Above, the beautiful Louise Dresser, once a toast of the musical comedy stage, and now one of the most earnest and talented character actresses in all Hollywood. To the right, Miss Dresser as *The Goose Woman* in the film of that name—a great rôle that made her famous



den, weepy character she's been ever since he achieved her amazing brand of stardom.

"I'm not really a Gloomy Gus," she said. "I'm quite a cheerful person, but I'm never happy when I'm not engrossed in my work and feel that I'm giving the best I have.

"Jack"—that's Jack Gardner, her husband, the casting director at Fox—"says that I'm just like all actors. Well, if we weren't all alike we wouldn't be actors. He says that we are always dissatisfied with our performances.

"I DON'T work to have people look at me and I say, 'Oh, isn't she a marvelous performer!' I work to satisfy myself. To do the things I know I can do. To touch, for a moment, something of beauty.

"And, truly, I don't work for money. I'm hopelessly stupid about finance. Unless I've got somebody watching me all the time it trickles through my fingers and I don't know where it's gone. Oh, it isn't the money that has kept me here. And it isn't the fame. It's the hope that some day, some time, I'll do the things I really want to do."

Louise attended the opening of the Fox Theater in San Diego. When the players were introduced, she received the biggest hand of any of them. She stood for several tragic minutes, arms thrown back against the curtain. She told me later that it was one of the most exciting moments of her life.

"I was thrilled at the touch of an audience again," she said. "It made me think that maybe I could go back on the stage and that they'd remember me. There is still a theater and I feel that if I could get away from Hollywood for awhile—I haven't been to New York for ten years—and do a good play, the sort of thing I used to do—bright, humorous comedy drama—I would get a new lease on life. And maybe the producers would forget that woman I've been on the screen."

Louise Dresser is one of the most charming women in Hollywood. Her friends know her as a gay, laughing, happy person. It is only her work, which is, of course, her life, that she attacks with the earnestness of a novice.

At a moment when most people are thinking of settling down to ruminate on past glories, Louise feels as if she were just beginning.

Her last words were: "You wait. Just wait. I'm going to do something as good as 'The Goose Woman' and 'Mother Knows Best' yet!"

SHE began her stage career as a light comedienne. As such, she achieved nation-wide fame.

She came to Hollywood to retire, but was persuaded to join the film colony by Pauline Frederick.

A year later came "The Goose Woman." She has been playing that same rôle ever since.

She is forty-seven years old and is determined to be another "Goose Woman" and another "Mother Knows Best" before she stops.

"I look at myself on the screen and I'm amazed," said Louise Dresser. "I think I'll scream if I see that slovenly, dull, peasant woman flash before my eyes again. I've been playing that same rôle for years. I wish I were a Pollyanna sort of person who was always pleased with every rôle meted out to her. But I'm not, and I'm not happy unless I have good stories and good parts."

LOUISE DRESSER has had tremendous success. She, like Marie Dressler, has achieved film stardom at an age when most women are content to fill their lives with petty household details. But she is restless and dissatisfied with her work unless she reaches the peak of perfection that looms above her.

She is as eager as a young girl just choosing her career. She takes her work and her life with the deadly seriousness of a great *artiste*.

You might think she'd be content to live in her gorgeous Beverly Hills home with her Persian cat and her French bull dog. But she isn't. There's too much to be done, too much to be accomplished. So she's going to New York. She's going to show the stage producers that she isn't the broad-hipped, sod-

# Troupers & MARIE

She Just Laughs  
It Off!

## Albert

**S**HE has been to Europe every year since she was twenty.

As a girl she was the toast of Broadway and her most intimate friends were the Stuyvesant Fishes and others whose pictures decorated the newspaper society sections.

When in Europe she is always lavishly entertained.

She has played before all the crowned heads of the last generation.

She has toured the United States over and over again.

Newspapers have acclaimed her and critics have been inspired to journalistic sonnets.

She is the author of an autobiography.

She has known almost every celebrity of this era.

Maybe you think that all this has made her blasé, bored, dulled. Then you don't know your Marie Dressler, who finds life absorbing, fascinating and the best joke she's heard since the first one about the traveling salesman.

Marie Dressler doesn't know her own age. Actually! When she was a very young girl on the stage she made herself older than she was. Later on she set the clock back. It all became frightfully confusing. She's somewhere in her late forties, at the age when most women are reviving their own thwarted hopes and ambitions through their grandchildren. But Marie is having the best time she ever had in her life.

**A**LITTLE over a year and a half ago she decided to put the theater and the pictures out of her mind completely. She would retire and lead the simple life on the money she had made, but M-G-M begged her to do one more picture, "The Callahans and the Murphys." Since then she has appeared in a dozen films and there are three waiting for her just as soon as she finishes "The Swan." Of course you remember her in "The Hollywood Revue."

"Life is the best joke I know," she said, "and the most amusing gesture of all. Whoever made the world was the greatest wit of all time. I have a perfectly grand time just living and keeping on living. Everything pleasant seems to happen to me. Big things as well as small. The other day I was in a department store. A woman came up to me and said, 'I'm furious.' I waited for my cue and there didn't seem to be any. So she went on. 'You don't play in nearly enough pictures and I'm furious.' Wasn't that a divine gesture?"

"Nothing bores me. Absolutely nothing. Wait! I'll take that back. A tea! Oh, Lord, a tea, with a group of women smirking and smiling and looking at each other's clothes and



Marie Dressler, above, in one of her more regal moments, when buffoonery is put away and she drapes herself with the famous Dressler pearls. The smaller picture shows the marvelously mad Marie we know best—as funny a comic as ever knocked a customer into the aisle

talking behind each other's backs. There! That's the only thing in this world that bores and depresses me. This"—she flung out her hand toward the set—"this is marvelous. This is real fun. I love to be a small fish in a big pond. I love knowing that I'm a part of anything large and vital and intense."

As she talked, men and women kept passing her chair to remind her of laughs she'd given them.

Friends—she has enough of them to nominate her for president and she keeps them bound to her with laughter, wit and vivacity.

The stars with whom she plays adore Marie Dressler. Marion Davies sent out an order, after they had finished "The Patsy" together, that not a single Dressler scene was to be cut out.

Greta Garbo, a close friend of hers, protects her work in the same way.

And Lillian Gish. And others, all the others with whom she works.

If you get depressed because there are wrinkles just beginning to show around your eyes take a look at Marie. Sure, she has wrinkles.

They got there from laughing.

**W**HEN she is on the set, at a dinner party, or a member of an executive conference she is the center of attraction and the most sought after woman in the place. Everyone knows that.

Marie's age doesn't matter. She might be twenty or a hundred.

Anyhow, she doesn't bother about it, for life is a joke and you just can't get serious about it.

# The "OTHER WOMAN"



Aileen Pringle having her wicked way with Conrad Nagel, in the famous film version of "Three Weeks," produced some years ago. Aileen was, and is, a noted "other woman"

Some great menaces of the screen give their ideas on home-smashing

The vampire of the screen has had as great a metamorphosis as the screen itself. The old paraphernalia of peacock fans, slinky, snaky gowns, and a come-hither that any half-intelligent child of six would recognize, might have been interesting, but it wasn't convincing. The new-model vamp, and you really can't call her that, is a human being. On the screen she wears Paris gowns, plays tennis, dances, and drinks bath-tub gin. She's a good fellow, and she's a man's woman.

THE 1914-18 dame was something out of a Bram Stoker thriller. A real life male would have taken one glance at Theda Bara, and then started a marathon for home and mother, yelling at the top of his lungs. The Baras, Glaums, Suratts and Pearsons, and their sirening, are as extinct as the dodo. Betty Blythe, a contemporary, was a bit more convincing. No one else has managed to be so utterly majestic and dignified in a string of dime beads.

Which gets us around to the place we've been trying to get around to. The old vampire was about as dangerous as the Rover Boys. The new bad woman on the screen is dynamite to the wife or fiancée. She is subtle, and does she understand men! She could write prologues and epilogues for Darwin.

Even the term "bad woman" is an anachronism.\* The new charmer has to be real. The old vamp had no motivation unless it was to pose with her hair over her face, looking gleefully on a pile of human bones, and with a raven perched on her shoulder.

No one understood what the interest was supposed to be in the vampire. Everyone is interested in what the attraction is in the modern woman who makes a business of keeping men guessing. There's no better authority on the subject than these other women of the screen, themselves.

Well, just what does the man see in the other woman?

George Bancroft says it isn't the bad in a woman that attracts the man, but the desire to bring out the good in her.

NOW that's a pretty theory, but somehow we feel it's "hooey." Not many men are such good Samaritans. The desire for reform isn't exactly burning in the average predatory male.

"It is the contrast with his wife or sweetheart," said Evelyn Brent. "He is attracted by her experience. First of all it becomes a matching of wits, the wish to conquer a formidable enemy. Then there's pride. He likes to be seen with a woman that other men want. That's the secret of Peggy Hopkins Joyce's attraction.

"Other men are interested—well, so is he. The other woman does not allow herself to be held by the conventions that bind the wife and sweetheart. She has the courage of her convictions, the courage to do wrong in the conventional meaning of the word."

WHAT is the attraction that lures a sedate husband from his comfortable Late Grand Rapids living room and the tasty apple pies of his wife to the drawing room of "the other woman"?

The husband thinks he knows, but he doesn't. The wife thinks she knows, but she doesn't, either. Nobody knows, except Elinor Glyn, who writes pieces on the general idea, and the other woman. You can bet your red flannels that the other woman knows.

The other women of the screen plays have some rather definite ideas on the subject. A formidable list—these cinematic enchantresses—spelling murder to just about any happy home and fireside. When Evelyn Brent looks out of those smouldering eyes it's time for the ingénue to turn on the baby stare and work like the deuce. And when Aileen Pringle brings out her domino set, there's a divorce just around the corner. Janet Gaynor had a tough time lashing Mary Duncan to the mast in "Four Devils," and for a while Mary had Charlie Morton jumping through hoops. Then there are Margaret Livingston, Jetta Goudal, Estelle Taylor, Lilyan Tashman, and the archsorceress of men, the mysterious Garbo.

Of course, before there are any hard feelings, it has to be clearly understood that they are other women only on the screen. In private life they may teach Sunday School classes, and bake swell gingerbread for the neighborhood kids. But the other women on the screen have to have the same attributes as other women in life. Having wreaked destruction to domesticity on the screen, these women have the psychology of the business down to a fine point.



## By Marquis Busby

Poor Charlie Farrell! Mary Duncan turned loose her stupendous charm in his direction, and Farrell is taking the count of nine as this picture is snapped by a snooping photographer. This is a scene from "The River," one of their best-known pictures for Fox

Evelyn holds to the theory that the other woman on the screen is real and understandable as long as she has a motive for her wrong-doing. Evelyn made things pretty tough for Doris Kenyon, William Powell and Clive Brook in "Interference." Here was a bad woman, but she never lost the sympathy of the audience. She was motivated by a tragic, hopeless love.

Now if Margaret Livingston wasn't the other woman in "Sunrise" we'll hock the typewriter and open a laundry.

Margaret, honest, frank and a prince of good fellows in life, has done some terrible things on the screen.

"MEN are naturally naughtier than women," she said. "They're like kids, and they want to play with fire. I don't think one woman can ever completely satisfy a man, although he may be faithful to her. He likes the respectability of the wedded state; that is the rock to which he anchors. His wife runs the house and sees that he doesn't eat liver when it doesn't agree with him. She looks after his material well-being. The other woman looks after his moods. She jokes with him when he is gay, and is serious when he is serious. And she has time to please the playboy side of him. A woman has to keep a man interested. Maybe he needs a little spat now and then to keep him guessing.

"I don't think the man is deliberately seeking a love affair away from his wife. He is willing to pay in some other way. The other woman expects to be paid. Usually she has some end to serve. Sometimes she gets caught in her own net, and falls in love with the man.

"But a man gets a thrill out of the excitement of the thing—the escape from routine."

Married women have a friendly interest in the other woman, accord-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 131]



Jetta Goudal is a famous "other woman" of the screen, using her unusual exotic charm as bad news for the other sex. A scene from "The Cardboard Lover," the victim being the opera singer, Andreas de Seguroia



P. and A.

Ever see a finer looking young family? It's Lita Grey Chaplin and her two husky sons, Charles, Jr., four, and Sidney, three

# “Dumbbell-Eh?”

**L**ITA GREY CHAPLIN has licked the game! After her divorce from the little gray comic (no pun!) Hollywood put her on the well-greased skids.

A year after she tried her wings in vaudeville she is still flying high in the two-or-more-a-day. She is a personal success, with a crooning blues voice that does things to the fans. She has put it over in an exceptionally big way. How come? Hear Lita!

“I never thought of going on the stage after my divorce,” she says. “I had had enough grief. I wanted to be left alone.

“But I found out who my friends were, after my trouble. I found one—my mother. The rest were fair-weather. I got freezing nods, or averted heads. I didn't worry much about that, but one day I heard a group of men discussing me. One said I was ‘just a dumbbell’—that I had no education and could do nothing; that if I hadn't married Charlie I'd be juggling trays in a cafeteria. He said I should be ashamed not to give my babies something they could respect.

“That settled it. The next day I chose a manager, and two weeks later I opened in San Francisco. That was a year ago. I'm still in vaudeville. Dumbbell, eh?”

She's played from Coast to Coast, has Lita. Her blues voice has theater patrons winging. She's aces on the air.

Nowadays, when her name pops up in lights before a theater, people go in, not only to see the ex-wife of a great comedian and

Charlie Chaplin's ex-wife beats bad luck, gossip and publicity

the mother of his children, but because they like to hear her sing.

Lita Grey Chaplin has won out. She wasn't satisfied to sit back and take it on the chin. She wasn't content to live on her \$850,000 settlement from Charlie. She vowed she was going to make a career for herself that would be a credit to her two handsome little boys, and she's done

it. Even if she marries Phil Baker, the comedian, she's going on with her work.

She has had some interesting offers to appear on the legitimate stage, and if a particularly juicy plum is dangled before her she may snatch at it.

But if she doesn't enter a stage production, Lita is planning to complete her vaudeville tour and go back into pictures when she returns to Hollywood.

It has taken a lot of courage to do what Lita has done—make herself a sound and solid position in the world of public entertainment absolutely on her own and in the face of some pretty unhappy, unpleasant publicity. Everyone has to admit that.

And she's come through with healthy views of life. The bitterness of her tribulations has left her with clear vision and no illusions about herself or anyone else. But, on the other hand, she's not too cynical about either life or love.

Lita Grey Chaplin has just made good, that's all!

# Intimate Portrait

## of a MAN with BLACK HAIR

**H**IS hair is black and he parts it almost in the middle but slightly on the right. His eyes are dark brown and large and moody. His forehead is wide and high, and his chin cleft. His ears are set back against his head, and his lips are firm and crook down to the right.

Upon meeting him once or twice or a hundred times one remembers most vividly his eyes and his crooked smile.

His name is Richard Semler Barthelmess.

His body is strong and solid, and he catches cold very often.

His voice is baritone; he speaks in low tones and although not a singer, will, on occasion, burst into "White Wings."

He fought stubbornly against theaters advertising his "golden voice."

He dresses inconspicuously, and in summer likes to go without socks.

He attends formal functions in an opera hat. He likes to play tennis, plays often, but does not play well. He is a fair marksman with rifle and pistol. He is equally at home in drawing room and camp.

**H**E dances well but modestly and does not indulge in the latest ballroom gyrations. He cannot tango.

Richard Barthelmess plays no musical instruments and will not have a radio in his home. He is a Wagner addict.

He numbers among his friends Joseph Hergesheimer, Beatrice Lillie, Jascha Heifetz, Ronald Colman, Gertrude Lawrence, Elsie Janis, John McCormack, Paul Whiteman, George Fitzmaurice, Gloria Swanson, Florence Vidor, John Colton, William Powell, Ethel Barrymore, Lois Wilson, and "Shorty" English, a lovable oaf and world-vagabond. His friendship for Shorty dates back to Barthelmess' pictures under D. W. Griffith when Shorty was a property boy.

He travels whenever the opportunity affords and has visited Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Bermuda, Hawaii, France, England, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Egypt.

He likes Paris and Havana best of all.

He has no luck in gambling. He usually loses bets. He likes horse-racing, football and tennis. He plays bridge only fairly.

He likes to drive a car. He is a good horseman and enjoys riding. He does not own a horse.

He is not a flying enthusiast and flies only in an emergency. In 1925 his pilot was found dead at his controls upon landing.



By

Joseph Henry

Steele

The shock of this incident has never quite left Barthelmess.

He has epicurean tastes but his favored dishes are ham and eggs and pork and beans.

He never wears spats, and very seldom wears suspenders or starched collars. Frequently he goes to the studio dressed in a pair of old flannels, sweat shirt and sneakers.

Whenever possible he avoids people who confide to him their troubles—and expect him to remember them.

He dislikes the gaudy display of motion picture openings and attends them only under duress. His favorite beverage is good beer.

He hates to pose for portraits and dislikes being interviewed. He smokes cigarettes, occasionally a pipe, but never a cigar.

He wants to do the story of the young Napoleon on the screen. He considers "Tol'able David" his greatest picture and "The Drop Kick" his worst.

He avoids crowds and refuses to make personal appearances. He is inept as master of ceremonies and after-dinner speaker.

**H**E likes sailing and owns a 49-foot schooner. He is fond of dogs but is unable to keep them as they are either lost, strayed or stolen.

He will not have in his home a canary, parrot or monkey.

He never plays poker but occasionally will roll the bones. His literary inclinations run to biographies, histories and satire.

He collects rare and first editions and has no use for poetry.

Richard Barthelmess would rather have been a writer than an actor.

He plans some day to be a director-producer. He never wears plus fours and does not play golf. He hopes light wines and beer come back.

[ PLEASE TURN TO  
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Three happy musketeers of the studio, loose aboard the Barthelmess yacht, singing Dick's favorite song, "White Wings." The warblers are, left to right, Ronald Colman, Bill Powell and Dick



# “SHEILA *in* Person”

*A story of a  
pretty martyr  
of the microphone*

THE decrepit organ wheezed to an exultant climax as the screen lovers fell into the inevitable clinch. Sighs of envy fanned the stuffy air in the Yellowstone Theater, and Miss Sheila O'Shaughnessy, piloting couples down the aisle, was acutely conscious that the soles of her feet were as hot as the hinges of Hades.

The second show got under way, and with it came the nine-fifteen lull that heralded comparative peace for the rest of the evening. Miss O'Shaughnessy leaned gratefully against a railing and tried out a new powder on her haughty little nose. That facial ornament had a right to be tilted a bit, for its owner,

being bronze-haired, blue-eyed and provocative, was the recognized beauty of the particular part of Montana wherein she dwelt and dieted.

A series of jerky noises by the organ failed to stop Sheila from drifting into a haze of dreams. She indulged in a vicarious adventure that would have melted the apathy of a ticket chopper, and not until an uncultured kiss landed on her left ear did she awake from her trance.

“Thinking of me, honey?” whispered Mr. Andrew Dent, the manager, grinning.

Miss O'Shaughnessy, snatched from a thrilling struggle with





*Illustrated by*  
Everett Shinn

Sheila stood on the stage steps, and "her public" rose to her on a wave of thunderous applause. Matinée girls threw flowers. But all her thoughts were of a shadowy male figure, high in the mezzanine

*By*

## Stewart Robertson

a nebulous lover, gazed upon her best boy friend with a lack-luster eye. Andy was a swell fellow, she told herself, but—what was the word she'd noticed in that novel? Oh, yes—provincial! Just a homespun admirer, off the target when it came to dressing. Andy would be hurt when he heard her decision, but a girl lives only once—

"Say," persisted Mr. Dent with the suspicion of an ardent swain, "what's all this soulful stuff? For the last couple of days you've behaved like an absent-minded creditor. That's no way to treat a fellow who's saving up to buy you a ring."

"I've been meditating," stated Sheila loftily. "Maybe that's

why I look sort of different. I don't want to be engaged yet. I've been on the heights, Andy, exalted too—oh, you wouldn't understand!"

"Yeah?" said Mr. Dent dangerously. "What is it—a crush on some parlor snake from Miles City?"

"I was talking about the heights of ambition, Andy. I didn't see any man up there, either! It was kind of lonesome, but I guess I can stand it."

"I've seen enough society pictures," muttered the manager, "to know that last remark has a hidden meaning. You've got ambition, but you're afraid I haven't. What's the answer?"

# The Microphone Martyred Sheila, But—

"I'm going to Hollywood," throbbed Sheila, and waited for an explosion, but Mr. Dent's guileless countenance showed nothing but bewilderment.

"Why, honey," he said uncertainly, "didn't you ever think that perhaps the Queen of Rosebud County might be Grade B or C out there?"

"Not when I look at some of the washouts we show. I've got as good a chance as the next, and anyhow, I'm sick of ushering in this shooting gallery. You've been nice to me, Andy, but it doesn't seem that you're getting anywhere. I want success!"

"I'm not going to stay in Castle Butte all my life," protested Mr. Dent. "I'm learning the business!"

"But I can't stand the slow and steady stuff! No matter what you get in Hollywood, it hits you in a hurry."

Andy regarded the glowing damsel with respect and dismay. After all, how could he hope to hold her? Sheila possessed a few hundred dollars and the ardent desire of an orphan to throw the world for a loss. He grimaced a little.

"Well, I guess I've got to let you go," he said in the tolerant tone that seldom fails to exasperate a woman bent on improving herself. But his wistful manner removed the sting. "I'll miss you a lot, honey. Don't forget me too soon."

"As if I could," cooed Miss O'Shaughnessy, her mind on the future. "Why, Andy, if I make good you could become my personal manager, or something. Lots of stars have them."

"Scratch my entry," snapped Mr. Dent. "You can't make any high-class *gigolo* out of me. Sink or swim, I run a theater, not a bluff."

"You don't need to get sore," flared Sheila. "It's very sweet of me to ask you."

"You're dealing in futures," reminded Andy. "You can ask me for just one thing, and that's carfare home after you flop."

"You big ox!" cried Miss O'Shaughnessy. "Flop your Aunt Emma! See that calendar there—it says October 12th, 1926, doesn't it? Well, smart aleck, next time you see me I'll be a star, eyelashes glued on, and everything. I'll—"

"Hey!" growled a voice from the rear row. "Get married and do your fightin' at home, willya?"

MISS SHEILA O'SHAUGHNESSY, featured lead with MStupefaction Pictures, retinted her roguish countenance as she looked thoughtfully into her dressing-table mirror and reviewed the events of three years before. Good old Andy! She remembered his silent adoration when he put her on the North Coast Limited and watched her roll away from him.

Their desultory correspondence had ceased about the time the papers printed those shots of her alongside Prince Kinnick-innic of Korea, who had turned out to be a loony Filipino. And then there had been a procession of other cavaliers, none of whom had made the grade with the fastidious Sheila.

Picked from a mob of extras as the ideal college girl type, although she could neither drink pineapple gin nor parse a sentence, she had been given a bit by a director who saw something new in her impudent charm. More bits, a part, two closeups per picture, second woman, leading lady—she climbed steadily upward until the jealous beauties began to realize that she was cutting into their fan mail.

Miss O'Shaughnessy sighed happily as she estimated the luring effect of a new gown, for another moth was begging to be singed. She had met J. Pennypacker Mawlings, 4th, of the sacred and well-oiled Philadelphia Mawlings, during her vacation at Yosemite. Viewed from the side, J. Pennypacker somewhat resembled a halibut, and by a little effort could be browbeaten into excellent husband material.

If only Andy had agreed to manage her, things might be different. She had thought of him a lot during her holiday, which for some unknown reason had lasted three solid months. Decent of old Abe Zoop not to work her to death, but it was all over now, for the studio had called her that morning. Another day, another dollar! Winking farewell to her dainty image, she floated downstairs and climbed into a neat eight thousand dollar paint job that carried her [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125 ]

## Meet Gilbert Emery! *A Yankee Actor*

GILBERT EMERY is an American. And if that doesn't surprise you, it's because you haven't heard his repressed English voice in "Behind That Curtain" and "The Sky Hawk." Somehow you can't quite reconcile Yankee blood in a gentleman who wears loose tweeds and lives in a bachelor home where a little log fire plays on the hearth and a crisp maid brings in strong tea and lemon at five o'clock in the afternoon.

But if you're bored with bounding juveniles you'll find Emery good for what little soul you have left after a session in Hollywood. He's tall, moustached and in his early forties.

Kicking around somewhere in the top bureau drawer is a French Legion of Honor decoration and the Italian Order of the King. He enlisted in the French army before America "got in," and eventually joined up with his own troops.

It is strange that he should have become an actor, because he is best known as the author of a piece called "The Hero," which Heywood Brown described as "the best American play." Acting overtook him just after he had returned from Europe, broke. He was writing better than he had ever written before, but the trick was to make the editors think so.



Gilbert Emery—soldier, playwright and excellent actor for the stage and talking screen

*Who Has An  
English Voice and  
Writes Fine Plays*

"Look here, Gilbert," said Jane Cowl at an informal dinner one evening, "you must do something towards earning your living, you know."

EMERY admitted that he must, since he had no genius for starving gracefully. "Why don't you try acting?" And she and her husband found a small part for him in one of her farces.

And that began a stage career that eventually identified him with the leading rôles in "Tarnish" and "Love in the Mist." He's now in Hollywood because of the talkies, but because he spent his childhood in New England his nose is homesick for the smell of damp earth and the brisk tang of the sea.

So you have now met, socially, one of Hollywood's greatest anomalies—an American actor with an English voice who writes fine plays and plays British parts in American talking pictures 3,000 miles from his old New England home!

# Second Thoughts on MATRIMONY

Dorothy Mackaill is the kind of girl who looks one straight in the eye and says what she thinks. If you're inclined to doubt it, look at this frank and fearless picture, and then read what she says about marriage!



By  
Stanley  
Burton

Dorothy Mackaill tells what she will look for in Husband Number Two—if any!

**D**OROTHY MACKAILL, having been exposed to marriage without its taking, thinks she could do better if she had it all to do over.

She can't be married for the *first* time again, but there is nothing to prevent her from taking a second jaunt to the altar. She thinks she knows what she wants this time. Dorothy, being big enough and honest enough to talk frankly, confessed what she was looking for in the way of a new model husband.

"Sure, I want to get married again," she said. "I married and found I had made a mistake. I got a divorce, because I could not live a lie. We might have patched it up, but patches always break out again. If I marry again, and find that once more I have been mistaken, I'll get another divorce. Somewhere there is the right man. I'll find him."

Her first marriage was one of those spur-of-the-moment things. She met Lothar Mendes, the German director, now at Paramount, just before she left New York for Hollywood. She didn't want to leave New York at all. Probably she thought that a husband might make the West more endurable. The first time she had ever heard Mendes' first name was when he repeated it to the clerk at the bureau. She will never forget how strange it sounded to her.

The marriage failed through sheer boredom on Dorothy's part. Mendes wanted to do what she wanted to do. It was a little too peaceful. One night as they were sitting at the Ambassador at dinner Dorothy said she was tired of being

married. Mendes agreed to give her her freedom. The divorce was painless—no scandal, and no hard feelings. Now Dorothy has been in the open market for several months, and no prospects. Neither is she prospecting, but she's interested.

"Of course, every woman thinks she could make a better job of a second marriage. She thinks she might be fooled once, but the next time she'd shop around and get the best bargain. Well, with certain reservations, that's my theory.

"**F**IRST of all he should be a man's man. I suppose I'm a man's woman. As a rule I don't get along with other women, and they don't like me. I'm out of place at a bridge party.

When the conversation turns to hats and gowns I want to wise-crack. I can't help it. I don't like a man to continue all evening telling me how charming I look. If it's a nice gown I'm wearing, naturally I don't mind hearing about it once. If he forgets entirely, that's all right, too.

"In the first marriage, the woman is looking for love. That is the all-important thing. When she marries a second time, she looks for something other than just love. Love is bound to fade. Then there must be understanding and mutual interests.

"So, when I marry again there must be something more than a love that sweeps me off my feet.

"I want a masterful man. My husband will have to wear the trousers in the family. I'm [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Grimes

**T**HIS, kiddies, is that mystic proceeding known as a "conference." The huddlers are Director William Nigh and his battalion of assistants, cameramen and other forms of life. Nigh, who has just completed "Lord Byron of Broadway" for M-G-M, occupies the chair. That's because he's a director



Gary, Lupe and Mark.  
You can't date up Lupe  
without Gary

# Lookee Lupe Whoopee!

“Wild Mark” spends a  
quiet evening at Lupe’s  
Mexican menage

By

Marquis Busby

**T**HIS campaign of mine to find out how much it costs to step out with the stars may come under the classification of social research, but don't let anybody tell you it has anything to do with the Carnegie Foundation reports.

“You want to make date with me? What we do, eh?” asked Lupe.

That was a direct question and fair enough, too.

Would Lupe, being Mexican, like to go to a bull fight? But, no, bulls aren't allowed to squabble in Hollywood. Unfair discrimination, says I. Everybody else can fight, why do the poor little bulls have to go shrinking about? In Mexico it's mighty different, but in Hollywood a bull is just a cow's husband.

“Well, how would you like to start out with a Mexican dinner, Lupe?”

“I wouldn't.”

“—and maybe go to a Mexican theater down in Sonora-town?”

“I should say not. I tell you, you come out to my house for dinner. I give you a nice dinner, and it be a better show than any place in town. After that we decide what we do.”

You know that kind of date. “I'll come over and then we'll do something.”

**I** LEFT home with an open mind, not knowing whether we would wind up at the Roosevelt or Ambassador for a little friendly dancing, or at a Sunday School picnic. I had enough money to amuse Lupe as long as she didn't ask me to buy the United Artists company.

When I left her house I had more than I came with, or, at least I should have had. Now that's fair enough, but I'll bet she's sorry she ever brought up the subject of that trick game of solitaire at five cents a card. It's the first date I ever had where the girl friend owed me money after it was over.

I had always wondered who lived in the most beautiful Mexican house in Beverly Hills. Now I'll let you in on the secret. Lupe lives there.

A colored butler ushered me into the hall.

“Who ees eet?” called Lupe, peering over the upstairs balustrade. “Do you know Gar-ee? You talk to Gar-ee until I come down.”

I don't know for sure yet whether my date was with Lupe or Gary Cooper. Gary was on hand when I got there, and Gary was still on hand when I left at one A. M. Talk about flag-pole sitters, and refueling aeroplanes in the air—Gary and I should win some kind of endurance record, trying to out-sit each other.

**N**OW, understand, I'm very fond of Gary and I think he's a good scout and all that, but, oh, well, you know. Two's company, and so on. But Gary can shake an elegant Baccardi cocktail, although I bet he never learned that in Montana.

“Come upstairs and see my room,” called Lupe.

You could hold the Yale-Harvard football game in that room, and still have space for a golf tournament and tennis match. Even the bed is eight feet square. Her room is furnished in extreme modernistic style. It's a beautiful room—for Lupe. I'd be afraid to sleep in it. I'd keep thinking that the curtain would go up at eight forty-five evenings; matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Lupe is prouder of her home than anything else, unless it's Gary's accomplishments. The house is new. As yet there is nothing in the library but a stuffed owl that Gary shot in Montana. But then, there is more than one library in Hollywood with nothing in it—not even a stuffed owl.

The butler began announcing dinner at eight o'clock. At eight-thirty he was still announcing, although his voice was getting weaker. Gary finally started the procession to the dining room. I sat at the head of [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 135 ]

# A True Story of an



Duncan Renaldo and Edwina Booth in a jungle scene from "Trader Horn," thrilling African adventure of a little band of white men. Edwina's sketchy costume left her prey to the bite of the dreaded African tsetse fly

**E**DWINA BOOTH is back home! Back to familiarity. Back to her mother, her brothers and sisters. Back to the simple house set among shady trees. Familiar faces. Familiar streets. Familiar talk. And yet it is all unreal. There is no reality for Edwina but the brooding, sinister stillness of Africa!

The strange drama in which Edwina Booth found herself involved could have played its first act in no other town but Hollywood. Only the cinema could have put upon an average

An average little Hollywood extra girl who went through a living hell to make a motion picture

By Katherine Albert

girl such demands. Only the men who guide studio destinies could have discovered such a fantastic plot in which to place her.

Picture her as she was. An average American girl, average parents, a life story as ordinary as ham and eggs.

Born in Utah, came to California for her father's health, worked as a secretary, picked from hundreds of extra girls to play the lead in "Trader Horn." Simple enough.

**B**UT the playing of the leading rôle in "Trader Horn" was not just putting on make-up and giving a creditable performance. It meant going with a company of thirty men and three women to darkest Africa, into the very heart of the "blue," into the restricted germ-infested tsetse fly district, braving the innumerable dangers that abound in the strangest and most cruel continent of all.

Playing the lead in "Trader Horn" meant that Edwina Booth, not yet twenty, afraid of spiders, afraid to sleep alone, a girl who had never spent a night away from her mother, must venture into a land from which many a wayfarer has not returned.

Her mother read in the paper the news of her daughter's assignment. The studio had not notified Edwina that she actually had the rôle, and what the mother's heart suffered as she saw the glowing announcement, only the mother knows. She knew the perils the trip held—malaria, sun-stroke, rough life in the jungle, contact with wild animals—but she also knew, as she sat in her safe, snug living room with the paper in her hand, that if she refused Edwina the trip, her daughter might one day stand before her and say, "You've ruined my career. You kept me from my chance for success." The mother's heart couldn't bear that.

So she let her go. She told her goodbye at 6:20 one evening and during those long, long months she wrote her every night at 6:20.

**A**ND now Edwina is back; more pale, more wan than before. Her face has changed. There is a lost, hunted look in her eyes. Completely exhausted mentally and physically, she is trying to regain her strength in her familiar little bed in the quiet home.

Her nervous hands plucked at the coverlets. Her restless eyes roamed the room she knew so well.

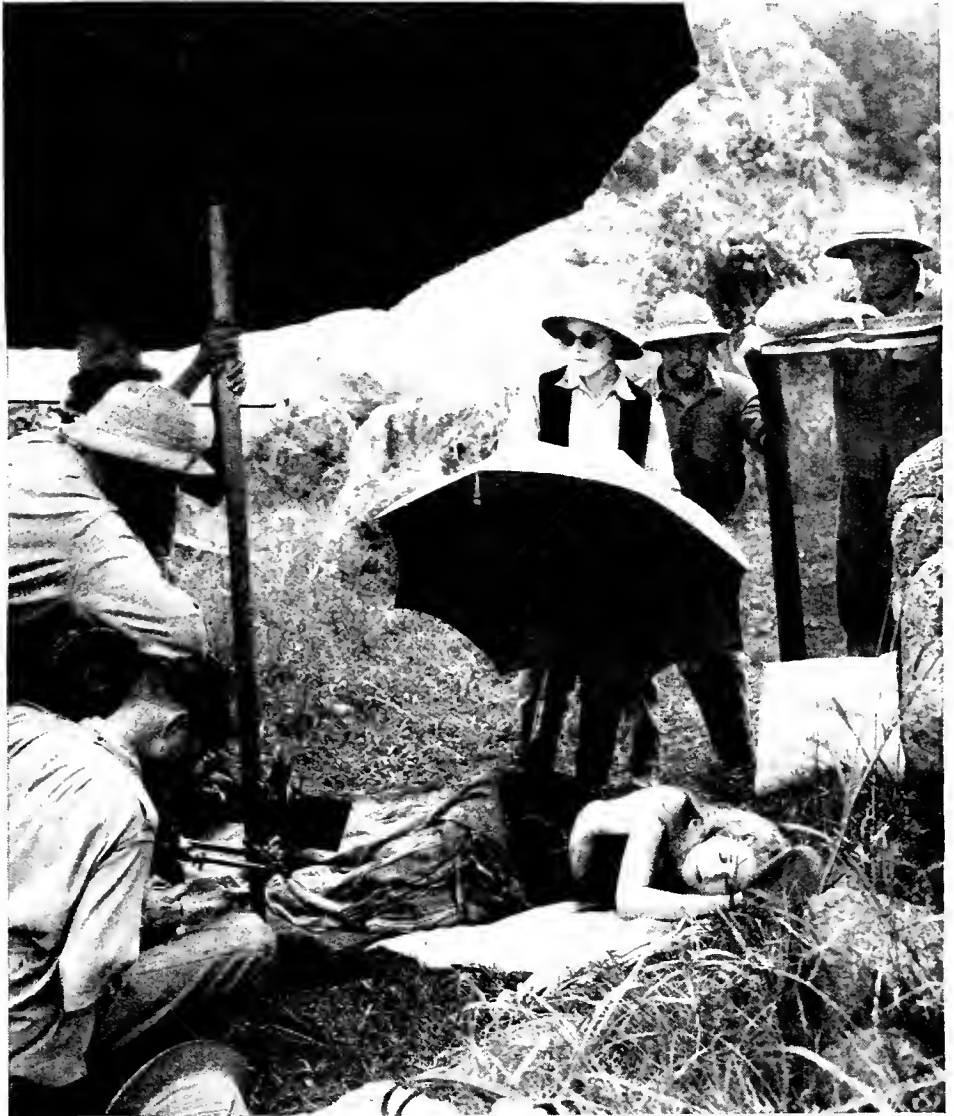
"I don't know what to do with myself, now that I'm back," she said. "I'm restless, unhappy. When I was in Africa it all seemed like a dream, but now this"—she flung out her hands to the room—"this is strange and weird. Africa is the only reality."

Edwina is glad to be out of the danger, but unrest has claimed her. She is hungry for Africa, hungry for the country in which

# African Nightmare



Just a gay little extra girl of Hollywood, without a thought of the high adventure that was to leave its mark upon her life. Edwina Booth in her pre-"Trader Horn" days



Trying to save Edwina Booth from the blistering African sun as Director Van Dyke shoots a scene for "Trader Horn" while on location at Murchison Falls. Van Dyke is the bearded man leaning on the camera. The helmeted lady in the dark glasses is Olive Fuller Golden, wife of Harry Carey

she so suddenly found herself.

Nights—the deathless nights of Africa. Natives beating, beating the drums of war. Fantastic native dances. An ordinary, little blonde girl in the midst of it all.

She and Duncan Renaldo sitting on the banks of the Nile, watching the gleaming eyes of crocodiles. The sinister silence, like no other silence in the world. Quiet but not calm. Ominous waiting. The expectant African nights.

Sudden, vivid pictures—cruel as the death of a child. Dozens of ebony natives, absolutely innocent of clothes, carrying an enormous buffalo head on spikes, followed by dozens of native women with raw buffalo meat poised on their heads.

**A** NATIVE uprising in camp. A doctor almost killed by the black men. The stealthy languor of jungle fever. The horror of a wild animal's cry, shrill and clear in the night. And then—the buffalo stampede.

She and Renaldo had ventured from camp against orders. The two of them trod the sun-baked path. They heard a noise. It came closer. Huge bodies crashed through the bushes. "Quick," said Duncan, "can you climb this tree?"

Like a monkey, Edwina found the highest branch. Duncan followed. It was none too soon, for almost instantly there surged below them a herd of wild buffalo, snorting and stamping. And yet a peculiar sort of calm possessed the girl who had once been afraid of spiders.

"I was more frightened of the little things than the big ones," she said.

"Once I remember lying in my tent when the heavens were split in a terrible thunder storm. I went to the flap and saw my full length mirror swaying wickedly from side to side. That mirror, by the way, was carried all over Africa and there is not a crack in it.

"I ran into the storm and dragged it inside the tent. I had just jumped back in bed when a tremendous shaft of lightning made everything in the tent stand out sharp and stereopticon. There on the floor my shoe moved. I waited, horrified, for another flash. The shoe moved again. I got up and grabbed my shoe. Inside was a fat little toad who had hopped in and couldn't get out.

"On another night, I was awakened by a frightful scream. Right over my bed. I got up and at last found my flashlight. A bird, one of those strange, human sounding birds of the Nile, had flown into my tent and was making the noise.

"On both of these occasions I was more frightened than the day we went lion hunting. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120 ]

# Through *the* Studios

By Cal



Acme

In answer to many a maiden's prayer, we give you a look at Nancy Carroll's husband—Jack Kirkland, newspaperman and playwright. This is one of the truest and finest romances in pictures, Nancy being a devoted wife and mother. A nervous breakdown has sent Nancy to Honolulu seeking rest

Our little Bessie Love's wedding gown — and not for a movie, either. Thus arrayed in satins and laces, the beloved Bess stepped up to the altar and said, "I will!" to William Hawks. Her honeymoon was saddened by her brother-in-law's tragic death



**W**ITH many bursts of his very best French guffaws, Henri "Hank" Marquis de la Coudray and so on laughs off the report that he intends divorcing Gloria Swanson to marry Constance Bennett, the film star.

"But no!" says Hank, between bursts. "Who is trying to separate Gloria and me?"

"Miss Bennett—she is to be my star, not my wife. But yes! I have signed her to a contract for a big film. Our relations, my little cabbage, are strictly of the business. Ah, but yes!"

Rumor hounds spread this report all over America, but Hank spikes it. In the meantime, Gorgeous Gloria is in Hollywood, and her titled husband scampers about that dear Paris, very often in the company of that so charming Connie Bennett—who was recently divorced from Phil Plant and got a settlement of a million.

But it is all absolutely of the business! But yes!

**P**ART of the Christmas "hoopla" program in Los Angeles was having a star ride with Santa Claus down Broadway. Nancy Carroll was Santa's girl friend one morning. That afternoon she was invited to take another ride with jolly old St. Nick, this time down Hollywood Boulevard.

"I should say not," said Nancy. "There'd be stories out that I was 'that way' about Santa Claus."

**T**HERE'S a real story in the brief fame of Margaret Mann, the pathetic little mother in "Four Sons."

After years in Hollywood as a struggling extra woman, she received her great chance in this Fox picture. Fan mail poured in upon her, and after all the years of waiting, success seemed an assured thing.

As quickly as it came her fame was taken away. Margaret

Mann is forgotten in Hollywood today. The choice of "Four Sons" as the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Picture of 1928 had Hollywood wondering again. What became of Margaret Mann? She is living quietly in Hollywood. Only once or twice since the John Ford picture has she been given small rôles. After a long absence from the screen she plays a very tiny part in "Disraeli," her first in many, many months.

Hers was the briefest career in filmdom.

**M**ELISANDE is no longer with the company that put her in "The Big Parade," and so made her famous.

That is to say that Renee Adoree, on Feb. 1, saw her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expire. Now she is freelancing, which means waiting on the bounty of other studios.

The gradual fading of Renee's star has been one of the saddest things in filmland's history.

Poor parts, and then none at all, after her truly astounding performance as the pitiful little French girl in the Stallings-Vidor master picture.

I am sure we all join in a heartfelt little prayer that many companies can find worthy toil for one of the finest and most appealing of our actresses.

**T**HERE'S a rumor afloat that Universal is going to have a happy ending on "All Quiet on the Western Front." They're going to let Germany win the war.



# with Pen and Camera

York



P. and A.



You can try from now until Farina plays Uncle Tom and not guess the name of this gay, athletic star, now retired. Well, it's Carol Dempster, in Florida with husband Edwin Larson. Where's the slim, pale lily Griffith tried to make famous?

In courtship days, when the sun shone brighter and the love-birds twittered, Billie Dove and Irvin Willat on the location trip in 1923 that saw the beginning of their romance. Now their separation has been announced, with rumors that Willat will sue a film executive for alienation of her affections

A STRETCH of road runs between Beverly Hills and Hollywood that gives a swell view of the Los Angeles plain. At night, as far as the eye can reach, there is a sea of lights. Local enthusiasts always take the tourists along this boulevard to see the sparklers. Beatrice Lillie, the English comedienne, was taken on several such tours while she was making a picture at Warners.

"Now isn't that beautiful?" her friends always asked.

"Yes," said Bea, beginning to get a bit tired of it all. "It's very beautiful, but some night all those lights are going to spell Clara Bow."

GREAT news for the Jack Gilbert fans—all ten million of us. The boy with the eloquent eyes is to be starred, I hear, in a film version of Ernest Hemingway's grand novel, "A Farewell to Arms," and no less a personage than Laurence Stallings, of "The Big Parade" and "What Price Glory" fame, is adapting it.

Let's pull for a big Gilbert hit.

The combination of Stallings and Gilbert was great in "The Big Parade," and Hemingway's magnificent story of love and war in Italy is perfect picture material for another smashing success.

Except, of course, that a lot of it will have to be retouched to please our beloved old pals, the censorial boys with the big shears.

LON CHANEY'S thousand faces are all still silent, in spite of the menace of the microphone.

His next picture for M-G-M will be called "Sergeant Bull," a romantic English war story from a novel called "Brother Officers."

And Lon won't talk. That's flat. As if any Chaney picture could be flat!

THESE are dark days for Nils Asther.

Dark, because the talkies are bumping his career pretty badly. It has even been reported that he has been unhappily hibernating in the hills above Hollywood, a prey to sad and unpleasant thoughts, and guarded by a large pet leopard.

Nils was in a fair way to becoming the leading Flapper Crush until the arrival of the accursed talkies. Then a heavy accent cramped his style—stuck a Micky Finn in the happy and brimming cup of his career. Metro views him with a dark and dubious eye.

Now his fate is in the balance. Rally, you Asther fans, and sacrifice to whatever gods you affect. It looks black for our Nils!

THE late Enrico Caruso, tenor of the golden voice, had the honor of being the highest-paid artist ever to perform in Berlin, Germany.

That, of course, was before the time of one Al Jolson, greatest of living entertainers and the man who put the sob in the human voice.

Now Al has been signed to appear in the German capital in the course of his coming world tour. And the price is \$2,000 a night.

"MAMMY!"



A couple of gay old dogs learning new tricks. Joe Weber and Lew Fields, for fifty years famous on the American stage, limbering up with a couple of chorus girls on the Metro lot, where they are playing in that company's old-timers' revue. Try this on your sixties!

One of the most envied girls in the whole country, at this moment. Samuel Goldwyn went shopping for a new leading lady for Ronald Colman, and this is what he found—Frances Dade, a young Philadelphia blonde with a little stage, but no cinematic, experience



Acme

**B**EN LYON was working on location about a hundred miles from Hollywood. His airplane was to pick him up when he was through for the day. He was in the midst of a close-up when he heard the whir of the motor. The next minute he was out in the open field, waving his arms wildly to signal his pilot how to land.

As he started to walk back into the scene, the astonished and fuming director exploded. "Who in hell do you think you are, anyway? I've a good mind to send your plane back and shoot your night scenes tonight."

Ben stopped. "Who are you used to working with?" he asked.

"Horses and actors," was the sarcastic reply.

"Then get a horse to finish the scene," Ben advised, turning back toward his plane.

**I**NCLUDED in Greta Garbo's fan mail was a letter with a picture of her on the envelope and in place of the address this simple legend, "God knows where."

**S**OMEBODY asked Bessie Love why she was married on Friday. "Well, I'll tell you," said Bessie, "it was during Christmas week and I knew everybody wanted to get away for the week-end. I'm not superstitious and I wanted everybody to be there."

Well, everybody was there, because if there ever was a popular girl, Bessie is it and if there ever was a sweet bride Bessie was that bride.

Strange about the picture business. A year ago before the Love kid made her big come-back the newspapers wouldn't have given her wedding much of a tumble. Now everything is different. Photographers were everywhere, crowds stormed the church doors, and big stories were written.

Blanche Sweet was matron of honor and the bridesmaids were Norma Shearer and her sister, Athole; Carmel Myers, Bebe Daniels, and the two Mayer girls (without whom no Hollywood wedding is legal). Mary Astor was to have been a bridesmaid, but she was working in a theatrical production.

And did Hollywood turn out in its most gorgeous evening gowns? You bet it did, including Lilyan Tashman in a real chinchilla coat.

Oh, yes, William Hawks was the groom.

**T**HEN, a week later, came Death's smashing blow that shattered the triumvirate of happy Hawks boys who all had married into the movies.

Director Kenneth Hawks, of Fox, along with nine other film men, was killed when two great planes crashed high over the Pacific and fell, in flames, into the sea.

Mary Astor, his bride of not quite two years, was prostrated, and the tragedy cast a pall of gloom over the whole picture colony.

The picture they were making was "Such Men Are Dangerous," with Warner Baxter its star. Hawks' brother, Howard, was only prevented from making the fatal flight by a sudden message from his wife, sister of Norma Shearer, just before the death ships took off.

And so little Bessie's great joy was followed so quickly by the agony of her pretty sister-in-law, and the profound sorrow of all filmdom.

**C**HARLES "BUDDING" ROGERS was rehearsing a scene with Nancy Carroll. He was supposed to give her a good push. The scene was gone over again and again. Buddy's "pushes" were pretty polite.

"Push harder," yelled the director.

"But," asked the worried Buddy, "do you think a gentleman would push a lady?"

If you know of a prettier, more charming frock for a young miss, lead us to it by the nose. Alice White is wearing this dark blue Canton crepe dress, trimmed with cream satin collar and cuffs, with a dark blue moire and velvet hat. And the skirt is short, Alice being a holdout



The beautiful Billie Dove defying fate. With her wall calendar at Friday the 13th; sitting under a ladder before a broken mirror, she tells life and the gods to do their worst. And as she and Irvin Willat (see preceding pages) are separated, perhaps they are!

Jane Murnin play has been screened. Jane Cowl made it into a picture several years ago. Norma was second. Now it will be photophoned.

The play has a tailored-to-measure theme song, the familiar and one-time popular number, "Smilin' Through."

#### MONTHLY Ho-Hum Bulletin.

Now it looks as if Clara Bow and Harry Richman were sore about all this stuff that they're only engaged for publicity purposes and are really going to step off down the old church aisle.

WITH "The Swan," Lillian Gish's first talkie, safely "in the can," there is a chance that she may get a story from Eugene O'Neill, by practically common consent America's first playwright. At any rate, the pale one is going to Europe this Spring to visit the dramatist in Paris, in an attempt to get one of his famous plays to do for the screen.

O'Neill was never interested in silent pictures, but is said to view the talkies with some enthusiasm. For this reason Lillian has high hopes of obtaining the screen rights to one of his plays suitable to her position and talents. His "Anna Christie" has been done twice—once in silent form by Blanche Sweet and lately the great talking version by the Great Garbo.

IT is no secret that the little Napoleon of the M-G-M lot, Irving Thalberg, has never been on what you might call friendly terms with the ravishing Garbo. Maybe she said "I t'ank I go home" once too often. But Thalberg was called into the projection room to see "Anna Christie." He sat through it with the tears streaming down his cheeks and when it was over said, "That's the best picture I've ever seen. Get Miss Garbo on the phone. I want to congratulate her."

As usual, Miss Garbo was not to be found. She was hiding out in some out-of-the-way corner and had left no forwarding address.

A COLORED boy who called himself Stepin Fetchit came to fame and \$750 a week in a picture called "Hearts in Dixie," and since that great day has done practically nothing sensible.

Like all simple children of this [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83 ]

**BULL MONTANA**, Adonis of the lots, was, as you know, recently married.

But film jobs, of late, have been few and far between for the Bool. To defray the expenses of the honeymoon the poor boy, through no fault of his own, was forced to go back to his first line of gainful work—wrestling.

And I am sad to tell you that at Toledo, Ohio, Bull's honeymoon rassling struck a snag. He was so unfortunate as to be pinned quickly to the mat twice by one Hughie Clark, a former middleweight champ. And maybe the Bool's honeymoon was not quite so forte for a few days.

But Montana got his revenge. Between falls, I hear, he sang a verse and two choruses of "You Were Meant for Me," the song he warbled in "The Show of Shows."

Bleeding Toledo!

All that surprises me is that he had any honeymoon at all, after that!

**NORMA TALMADGE** will not remake into a talking picture the film that many consider the outstanding success of her entire career. Joan Bennett will have the leading rôle in the hauntingly beautiful "Smilin' Through." Norma never gave up that rôle without a heartache, her friends say, for she has said many times that it was her favorite rôle of all.

Incidentally, this will be the third time that the Jane Cowl-

# Two Girls—And A



He is loaned out for ten times his salary

**I**N those color biographies that the studios get out as handy guides to busy interviewers it says that Frank Albertson, the "fresh" youngster in Fox films, would rather act than eat. Now that is a pretty alarming state of affairs for a husky young man of twenty.

Any boy of that age who would rather act than eat needs the attention of a good doctor, or a good dose of sulphur and molasses.

Frank really grew up in and around the studios.

When he was thirteen he played a "bit" in "Hollywood," that hit turned out by James Cruze seven years ago. Frank was wearing knickers then.

Now he will be twenty-one this spring, and he is headed straight for stardom at Fox, unless there is a big slip some place down the line. It is no secret that the studio regards him as one of the most promising youngsters to be developed in many blue moons.

His sudden turn in fortune came after several months in which he could get no work. He tried to get extra work in "Sunrise" and "Four Devils." When Frank realized that he couldn't even be chosen as one of the hundreds of people in these pictures, he visited the Fox lot to apply for a job as prop boy. David Butler, who had used him in one picture, saw him.

"Hello," he called. "Aren't you in pictures any more?"

"I guess not," said Frank, mournfully.

**B**UTLER told him that he had something in mind for him. He was called that week for a test in "Prep and Pep." And Frank got the part that started him to fortune.

Maybe this shouldn't be mentioned, but Frank has been a valuable piece of property to the Fox Studios. He was loaned to First National for exactly ten times the salary he collects on his home lot.

Recently Frank has been given an opportunity to step out of the cut-up rôles. He has a serious dramatic assignment in the Fox "talkization" of "Men Without Women." He plays a young naval officer who takes command of a submarine when his superior officers are killed. There is plenty of chance for stark drama.

"It's a good rôle," he said. "I hope I'm all right in it."

**N**OT all sisters quarrel over boy friends, new hats and the best part of the turkey. If you think they do, you got the idea from a movie. No sir, the Young girls, Sally Blane, Loretta and Polly Ann are just one big happy family. And although Sally is the middle sister she feels as if she were the oldest and acts as mother confessor to the other two.

She advises Loretta, who is sixteen, about her love affairs and she helps Polly Ann with her career. Sally isn't twenty but she was the first to play leads in pictures, and that gives her prestige.



The Mother Confessor to Loretta and Polly Ann

"Polly Ann couldn't get ahead because of her mouth," said Sally. "You see, her teeth were crooked and her lips were too big, so I insisted that she go to a doctor and have an operation. She did and she's getting lots more work now."

"And now there's Loretta in love with Grant Withers. Honestly, I'd die if Loretta married. It would be terrible for us girls to be separated when we've been so close. I'm crazy about Grant."

"He's a sweet person and he makes Loretta awfully happy, but I wish she wouldn't marry quite yet."

**A**S for me and my love affairs the other girls don't have to worry. I've been going with the same boy for four years. Tommy Lee isn't in pictures and I'm glad. A few times when we've quarreled I've tried to go out with other men and I can't like 'em. Most actors are conceited and know it all. So I just jog along with Tommy.

"Polly Ann is too nice to the boys. She doesn't make them wait on her. She's always so interested in what they're doing and so unselfish. That's a lot of bunk."

Sally is under contract to Radio Pictures where she has played in "The Very Idea," "Tanned Legs" and Rudy Vallée's "Vagabond Lover." The studio believes in her and has arranged for her to take voice and dramatic lessons from Laura Hope Crews.

# Couple of Fellows

THE night "The Sky Hawk" opened, a new face struck the American screen—a nice, English face, modelled very closely on that of the Prince of Wales.

John Garrick not only talked in "The Sky Hawk," he sang and acted as well, and everybody in the theater kept asking, "Who is that new kid?"

The new kid is as repressed off screen as on.

"There isn't anything to tell, really, about me," he said. "I began in rather the usual way. Amateur theatricals and all that sort of thing. And when I came out of college I went to



"There isn't anything to tell, really, about me"

work in a bank in Brighton, but I kept on singing. Oh now, I don't mean I sang when people came in to put money away. I did confine that to the privacy of my home and to one theatrical agent who booked me out in a vaudeville sketch.

"This got me a chance in the featured rôle in a revue which played the Queen's Theater in London.

"Then I was frightfully lucky and found work in 'Rose Marie.' I did that for two years, with one run right in Sydney of forty-six weeks. I did 'The Desert Song,' too. But one of the shows went broke again.

"I CAME to America. 'The Wishing Well,' in which I played in Los Angeles, managed to last just three nights. But one of the Fox officials had seen me in it and told me to come out for a test. I was right on hand when they decided to make 'The Sky Hawk' and it was just luck I got it."

John doesn't claim the famous David Garrick as his ancestor. His real name is Reginald Dandy, but Fox officials thought it sounded too much like Reginald Denny.

His is an attractive face with blue, blue eyes, very light brown hair and that ruddy British complexion.

You'll never hear of him making spectacular gestures, nor getting himself involved in private scandals. He isn't that kind of a lad. But you will hear about his excellent screen work and his reputation as a first calibre actor.



She wanted to write Christmas plays for children

BERNICE CLAIRE made her first motion picture test merely as a courtesy to Alexander Gray. The test was Gray's. He needed a girl to appear with him and Bernice expected to hear nothing further of it. She went home to Oakland for a vacation and found a telegram from Jack Warner, offering her the rôle of *Nanette* in "No, No, Nanette." And she was to sing opposite Alexander Gray.

This was the beginning of the new and talented co-starring duo at First National. Recently, Hollywood, the old gossip, has been saying that Bernice and Alexander are "That way" about each other. At least they are very old friends. When Bernice sang "The Desert Song" in New York, Alexander was the dashing "Red Shadow" in the same company.

It has been Bernice's fondest hope to write Christmas plays for children, but she has been too busy with singing and dancing to get around to it. That was her first great ambition. Now her wish is to be an opera star, a celluloid opera star, if you please.

This five feet-two prima donna with the blue eyes is one of the few native Californians in pictures. She was born in Oakland, and when she was fourteen months old—no more—she surprised her mother by singing. Right then it was decided that Bernice should be a singer.

AFTER singing leads in the operettas at Oakland High School, Bernice went to New York to do a little twinkling on Broadway. Jeritza, the opera star, was among the first to be captivated by the young coloratura. She immediately began studying with Emil Polak, the diva's accompanist.

On the New York stage, Bernice has appeared in "Babes in Toyland," "The Chocolate Soldier," and as *Margot* in "The Desert Song."

Her new pictures at First National, with Alexander Gray, are "Spring Is Here," and "Song of the Flame."

Little Bernice, of all the musical comedy singers who have come twinkling and trilling to Hollywood on the single tide, came in perhaps the most roundabout fashion. A California girl who had won her spurs three thousand miles to the east, only to be called to pictures from her native heath!

Small wonder that Fate seems to have her ear-marked for fame and glory!



★ *THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA—Radio Pictures*

IN a season of musical fluff and drawing room persiflage "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" stands out like a lighthouse. It is one of the important productions of the new year—stark, compelling drama marching relentlessly to a tragic close, almost unrelieved by humor. Too drab and wordy to have a widespread appeal, it is nevertheless another directorial achievement for Herbert Brenon.

It is another war story, but there are no trench scenes. The action is laid on the Eastern front of the German Army. The tragic death of the escaped Russian soldier by a German firing squad is brilliantly handled, almost unbearable in its intensity. Chester Morris is superb as the human, lovable *Grischa*. Fine support is offered by Betty Compson, Jean Hersholt and Alec B. Francis. *All Talkie.*



★ *NO, NO, NANETTE—First National*

FIRST NATIONAL has learned a stupendous secret, and so has made a rip-roaring good picture out of this musical comedy. It has discovered that these girl-and-music things need laughs!

For all the beautiful Technicolor stuff—the finest to date; for all the songs, dances and love interest, "Nanette" is notable for its loud, continuous haw-haws. Led by ZaSu Pitts, Lilyan Tashman, Lucien Littlefield and Bert Roach, the picture has howl after howl. Littlefield plays an amiable Bible-publisher who gets into all sorts of grief by harmlessly helping pretty girls and producing a musical comedy.

Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire do the loving and sing the songs. The little Claire girl is pretty, and sings like a birdie. Entertainment plus. *All Talkie.*

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *ANNA CHRISTIE—M-G-M*

HAIL the new Garbo! The white flame from Sweden has found her voice! Some of the strange mystery of the woman (you never visualize Garbo as saying words, and it is a breathless sort of shock when she speaks) is gone, but the new Garbo is a greater actress than the old. In her hands the neurotic O'Neill heroine becomes a rare, fascinating creature.

From the moment she enters the back room of the water front bar until she at last makes her compromise with happiness you watch and listen spellbound. Her accent, which is necessary to the characterization, is very slight.

Clarence Brown's direction is faultless. He has stuck to the original script, but has used the scope of the screen to its fullest extent. Pauline Lord played it on the stage, you remember, and Blanche Sweet did it in silent form.

There are no hot love scenes—only one kiss, in fact, and *Anna's* father is in the room then.

Charles Bickford is the Irish carrot-top. No more perfect type could have been found. Marie Dressler, as the drunken wharf habitué, does the best work of her career. George Marion, who played the father rôle on the stage, loses none of his greatness.

But it is the talking Garbo that will pack them in. Her characterization is one of the fine, classic gestures of the screen. *All Talkie.*

# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

ANNA CHRISTIE                    THE LAUGHING LADY  
THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA  
NO, NO, NANETTE                ROADHOUSE NIGHTS  
THE ROGUE'S SONG            MEN WITHOUT WOMEN  
STREET OF CHANCE

## The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie"  
Charles Bickford in "Anna Christie"  
George Marion in "Anna Christie"  
Marie Dressler in "Anna Christie"  
Ruth Chatterton in "The Laughing Lady"  
Clive Brook in "The Laughing Lady"  
Chester Morris in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa"  
ZaSu Pitts in "No, No, Nanette"  
Charles Ruggles in "Roadhouse Nights"  
Jimmy Durante in "Roadhouse Nights"  
Lawrence Tibbett in "The Rogue's Song"  
Kenneth McKenna in "Men Without Women"  
Richard Arlen in "Burning Up"  
Marilyn Miller in "Sally"  
Charles Bickford in "Hell's Heroes"  
William Powell in "Street of Chance"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 138*



★ THE LAUGHING LADY—Paramount

RUTH CHATTERTON and Clive Brook should be teamed forever.

True aristocrats of the talking tintypes, yet able to blow up a tremendous head of passionate steam when it is needed, this royal pair makes a sizzling, stinging thing of "The Laughing Lady," a play by the English Alfred Sutro.

The story is excellent talkie material, and the brilliant direction of Victor Schertzinger keeps affairs moving like the Twentieth Century Limited. But it is the superb work of the two trained and eager principals which makes "The Laughing Lady" a best picture in any league.

The regal Chatterton plays a young married woman, with a baby, whose husband divorces her on circumstantial evidence which blackens her character. From this point the story moves, with breakneck speed, toward her vamping, and then degrading, the brilliant attorney who handled her husband's case and did the besmirching.

She gets him in a compromising situation before a newspaper camera—but by this time he has so far given in to the Chatterton charms that he doesn't care. Moreover, he has proven his decency to her by getting back her child and attacking the ex-husband, involved with a baby-talking blonde. Hubert Druce shines in a bit, as does Danny Healey as a reporter. Another star in the blazing crown of Chatterton, the stage's supreme gift to the talkies. *All Talkie.*



★ ROADHOUSE NIGHTS—Paramount

CHICAGO gangland and its merry running of the rum form the basis of what turns out to be a perfect pippin of a melodrama, written by Ben Hecht and produced on the murky shores of Long Island Sound.

Two scorching hits are scored—by men. Charles Ruggles crashes through again as the pi-eyed reporter who runs down the rum-runners, and a New York night club pet, Jimmy Durante, is immense in the roadhouse sequence.

Helen Morgan sings, and Fred Kohler is a grand king of the liquor smugglers. We think you will like this punchful mélange of melodrama and button-busting comedy. Score another smash for Hobart Henley, director, whose last excellent job was "The Lady Lies." Paramount has a polished jewel in Henley. And—watch this Durante! *All Talkie.*



★ THE ROGUE'S SONG—M-G-M

HERE is a picture. Lusty as a north wind, wild as a virgin forest. Lawrence Tibbett, grand opera star, is a personality like none other that has flashed across the screen. His complete abandon, his lavish, mad acting and his glorious voice put him in a unique spot. He has no competition.

The operetta is an adaptation of Franz Lehar's "Gypsy Love" and much of the music is familiar, but it is more stupendous—all in Technicolor—than anything musical that has been filmed. A roistering, flashing drama of a group of singing bandits and a cold Russian princess. Catherine Dale Owen furnishes the beauty, Laurel and Hardy the comedy, but it's Tibbett's voice and smile that make this a picture you simply must not miss. *All Talkie.*

# Sound or Silent, You Will Find the



**MEN  
WITHOUT  
WOMEN—  
Fox**

*All Talkie*



A GROUP of men die horribly, trapped in a submarine on the ocean floor. It may or may not be entertainment, and certainly it is pretty gruesome in spots. But "Men Without Women" earns very high rating because of its excellent John Ford direction, its stunning realism and the very fine performances of actors Kenneth McKenna and Frank Albertson. A finely done talkie.



**STREET OF  
CHANCE—  
Paramount**

*All Talkie*



THOUSANDS of movie gamblers have sacrificed their all for the unruly kid brother, but none of them has made the gesture with William Powell's finesse. His characterization and the story's dramatic climax make a racketeer picture which will probably give sleepless nights to other producers trying to copy. Kay Francis, sleek and seductive, chucks the vamp stuff and does some sincere emotional acting.

**BURNING  
UP—  
Paramount**

*All Talkie*



HERE'S as neat a little comedy as you'll find in many a movie moon. The hero, naturally and charmingly played by Dick Arlen, saves his own honor and the girl's father's money on a racetrack. The yarn makes no pretensions, but it's worth its weight in entertainment. Simply directed, nicely acted. You'll get a thrill out of the racing, and you'll be sure you've had your money's worth.

**SALLY—  
First National**

*All Talkie*



THE amazing dancing of Marilyn Miller, lovely veteran of Ziegfeld shows, is about all that saves "Sally" from dullness. The old musical comedy, closely followed, just hasn't the laughs, in spite of frenzied efforts by Joe E. Brown, Ford Sterling and Sam Hardy. Alexander Gray, the leading man, sings pretty well, and there's nice Technicolor. But oh, the glorious dancing of the beautiful Miller!

**CITY GIRL—  
Fox**

*Part Talkie*



THIS is a true tragedy of the early talkie era. "City Girl" was begun long ago by the brilliant F. W. Murnau as a silent picture, and its first part is a beautiful, powerful story of the love of a city waitress and a son of the wheatlands. (It was called "Our Daily Bread.") Finished as a talkie, it lost all its steam. Charlie Farrell and Mary Duncan give fine performances.

**THEY  
LEARNED  
ABOUT  
WOMEN—  
M-G-M**

*All Talkie*



VAN and Schenck, big rhythm and harmony boys, make melodious whoopee in their first talkie. The story, which concerns the trials of baseball and vaudeville, is slight and the stars sing better than they act. "He's That Kind of a Pal" is the hit of the show. A dance number led by that yaller gal, Nina May, is dragged in, and Bessie Love gets self-sacrificing again.



# First and Best Screen Reviews Here

**HELL'S  
HEROES—**  
Universal

All Talkie



PETER B. KYNE'S gritty tale, "Three Godfathers," offers Universal ample opportunity to use its lease on the Great American Desert, its Western props, and its bewhiskered character men. But Tom Reed's humorously sophisticated dialogue, and Charles Bickford's superb acting make it the studio's first successful attempt at modern sound-screen drama. A story very different, but very real, with gorgeous desert scenes.

**TIGER  
ROSE—**  
Warners

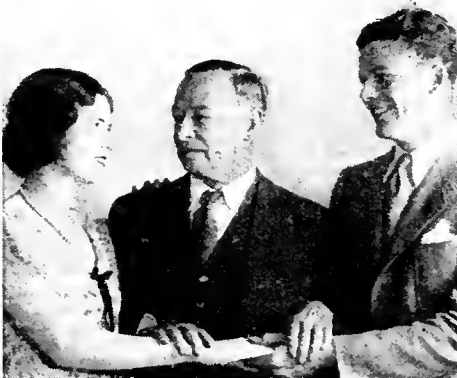
All Talkie



FROM the stage play of the same name, it creaks with the tricks of all the old melodramas in which the Northwest Mounted Police played a prominent and noble part. Madcap Lupe Velez, the *Rose* around whom the story revolves, contributes the best moments—and that's not saying so much. Monte Blue, Grant Withers and H. B. Warner give stagey performances, as artificial as the story.

**HARMONY  
AT HOME—**  
Fox

All Talkie



YOU'LL laugh out loud at this comedy of family life. Marguerite Churchill plays *Louise Haller*, the pretty daughter who, because she is beau-less at twenty-one, worries her mother. William Collier, Sr., as the understanding dad, makes a grand screen debut. Rex Bell will make girls' hearts miss a few beats. Elizabeth Patterson, Charles Eaton, Dixie Lee and Dot Farley do good work.

**THE  
PAINTED  
ANGEL—**  
First National

All Talkie



BILLIE DOVE sings and dances! Billie Dove puts on tights and performs as she did in the old Ziegfeld days, when Bill was second girl from the left. The lovely Dove plays a New Orleans entertainer who becomes Queen of the New York Night Clubs, and Edmund Lowe is her sweetheart. If you like them gay and giddy, then Bill's night club debut is going to please you.

**THE  
WOMAN  
RACKET—**  
M-G-M

All Talkie



IT would be grand if we could say that Blanche Sweet returns in a blaze of glory, but truth must out. "The Woman Racket" is poor, and there have been so many night clubs that they are about as unexciting as your ice cream parlor around the corner. Blanche is effective in a dramatic scene, and her singing voice is charming. Tom Moore is the "cop" husband of the club hostess.

**SO THIS IS  
PARIS  
GREEN—**  
Paramount-  
Christie

All Talkie



THERE are now only thirty-five plots left. Any writer who dares do another serious Apache story, after this swell travesty, will be sent an autographed bottle of Paris green. Louise Fazenda is *Mimi*, hottest mama of the Paris sewers, tired of night life and wanting to get away from it all. Bert Roach and George Stone complete the triangle. Another short subject that's a scream. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

# Bill Tibbett's Boy—

# Larry



Lawrence Tibbett, opera star,  
loathes Mister-ing, hates valets,  
and warbles in the tub

By  
Cal  
York

*"I'll walk down the lane,  
"With a happy refrain—  
"And singin', just singin' in the rain!"*

**B**ELIEVE it or not—as Mr. Ripley says—but that's exactly what Lawrence Tibbett, famous Metropolitan Opera baritone, was bellowing when I found him splashing under Lon Chaney's dressing room shower.

"Yeah," grinned the opera star, pouring his massive and dripping frame into a crash robe, "that's a great song. I think it's a knockout. And good vocal exercise, too!"

Tibbett, bringing grand opera into moving pictures for the first time, proved somewhat of an enigmatical figure when he showed up on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. He was a disappointment. There wasn't a thing operatic about him except his priceless voice.

Two days after he started "The Rogue's Song," business advisers took him to task.

"See here," they warned. "This business of being a good fellow is all very well. But you must remember you are a big opera star and you shouldn't get so familiar with every Tom, Dick and Harry on the set. You should carry yourself in keeping with your position and have dignity and poise that command the respect to which you are entitled."

**T**HE towering Tibbett arose and made an unmusical sound sometimes designated as the razzberry.

"It's natural for me to want to be friendly and have people friendly with me," he said. "I can't play a part on and off the screen at the same time. I'll be myself, and that ends it."

A few days later he was interviewed by a feminine magazine writer who asked him about his father, Sheriff "Bill" Tibbett of Kern County, California, who fought a duel to the death with the notorious bandit, McKinney, when the singer was a boy of eight.

"Yes, and my Uncle Ed ran the best saloon in Bakersfield. The Buck Horn, they called it.

It was run like a bank and any tough guy who started something. . . ."

"But," interrupted the interviewer, "you wouldn't want me to print anything like that?"

Tibbett's eyes widened.

"Certainly, why not?" he demanded. "I'm not ashamed of it—in fact, I'm mighty proud of it. As I said, it was the best saloon in town!"

**E**VERYONE in the Tibbett company had been cautioned in advance against annoying or bothering the famous singer—the world's highest paid baritone. Automobiles were waiting for him whenever he left his dressing room or the set. He usually left them standing and walked. A valet was assigned to him. Tibbett sent him back and waited on himself. He had no temperament. His songs pleased him. He posed for publicity pictures. Ate in the commissary at any table where he could find a vacant chair. Worked long hours. Was drenched in rain and wind scenes.

Tibbett has no eccentricities or foibles about taking care of his voice. When he gets up in the morning he indulges in gymnastics to keep physically fit and—like all American men—opens up his vocal cords while taking his morning bath. Usually Me-me's or whatever tunes happen to spring to his lips.

**H**E breakfasts on a pint of grapefruit juice and never touches coffee or tea. During the day he consumes quantities of lemon juice to keep his vocal passages clear.

"Yes, I guess I rather surprised the folks out here by not tearing my hair out by the roots and acting temperamental," he laughed. "I'm not built that way. You see, I'm still dazed about my success on the opera stage. It wasn't so very long ago I was singing for Sid Grauman for ten dollars a show, or for five dollars, if I couldn't get any more.

"I had pretty tough sled-  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 137 ]



A break for Larry. Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen in a scene from "The Rogue's Song"

# How *the* Movies Learned *to* Talk

By  
Ruth  
Waterbury

## A Remarkably Interesting Story of the Wedding of Science and Romance

**D**O you know why Jack Gilbert's voice won't record satisfactorily and why you always hear thunder after lightning?

Do you know that the average girl's voice is just one octave higher than her boy friend's?

Do you know why it is easier for a male star to succeed in talkies than it is for a female star?

Well, listen, my children, and you shall hear the story of how Western Electric got into the movies. And if you don't think that's going to answer those questions, I assure you it is. And if you don't think it is going to be a romantic story—as romantic in its way as Garbo's smile or Rudy Vallée's whisper, I reassure you.

For it really is romantic. It's a yarn with all the elements—the conquest of space and of sound; of time and of place; of personalities and prestige. Or to bring it right down into ordinary terms, it's the tale of the force that sent the movies wire and haywire; of the force that turned Hollywood Boulevard into Broadway and made American the language heard round the world.

Now, most big business is not romantic in the Hollywood sense. Big business is like a machine, a perfectly oiled, exquisitely timed piece of mechanism. You may admire it but you don't want it around the place.

Romance, on the other hand, is as elusive as memory and as fragile as fragrance, but you live and cry and die for it. Getting the two together is like marrying a musical comedy cutie to a professor of Greek.

Still, the elements that made the talkies are something like that, anyhow.

Let me give you a little bit of background on it all.

Back in 1926—and what years ago in the movies that seems—the silent picture was at its height. There were three major companies in the industry — Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and First National.

Also, in 1926, there was a great public utility combine known as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which had two subsidiary companies—the Western Electric Company, a manufacturing concern, and the Bell Telephone Laboratories, dedicated to scientific research.

The movies paid very little attention to the A. T. & T. except to send long distance telephone calls. The A. T. & T. paid little attention to the movies. But like two hearts that beat as one, those two were destined for each other.

**I**N fact, it was like the chicken and the egg affair. Without the chicken there couldn't have been an egg. But without the egg there couldn't have been a chicken. Which came first, nobody has ever been able to decide.

Without the movies there couldn't have been the talkies, but the chances are fairly even that if sound recording hadn't been discovered, movies might never have been discovered either.

Sound recording has a slight edge on the discovery fame, a bright boy named Leon Scott discovering back in 1857 how to reproduce sound from a cylinder. The first important movie discovery was made in 1883 by that other bright boy, Thomas Alva Edison.

Picture projection was a fact by 1896. Phonographs were going concerns by 1900. They even knew how to get pictures and sound together a long time ago.

The one thing that held talkies away from movies was the problem of finding out how to amplify sound. It was the trick of recording and reproducing sound with such volume and such clarity as to make it appear that you were listening to sound at its original source that stumped the scientists.

Picture that strange, impersonal little group of men working away in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Theirs not fame or fortune, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



Helene Costello in a scene from "Lights of New York," the first all-talking screen drama. Bryan Foy rushed it through production for Warners, and it was a box office sensation

# Who Is The Most Beautiful Star in Hollywood?

PHOTOPLAY'S editorial staff conducts a secret ballot—and here is Hollywood's answer\*

NOT long ago a daring reporter hurled himself bodily at Gloria Swanson, just as the Marquise was boarding a train for the West, and threw her for a loss of ten yards.

"Who," asked the brazen newsman, "is the most beautiful star in Hollywood?"

Gloria was not taken aback for a minute.

"There is only one beautiful star in Hollywood," she answered, "and that is Corinne Griffith. The rest of us are only types."

Those words clanged around the world like a Chinese gong.

At first pop it seems startling that one of filmland's acknowledged stunners should hang the crown of beauty on the placid brow of a sister and relegate all others, herself included, to the type class.

And yet it isn't so startling after all. Hollywood's girls all have a measure of loveliness, usually large. The real beauties in the great Southern California hothouse can afford to be generous, frank and truthful about their sisters under the panchromatic make-up. So when Gloria singled Corinne out of the throng of sun-kissed queens, she was merely paying the tribute of one royal personage to another—a generous and truly regal gesture.

And Gloria started something!

No flat statement like that is ever going to pass unchallenged in a little world whose chief stock-in-trade is a stupendous and eye-smashing collection of professional lovely ones, and Hollywood has been about eighty-seven per cent agog since Gloria issued her now-famous proclamation.

Favorite daughters have been pushed into the arena—boy friends have nominated their sweeties and sent threatening letters—brunettes have turned blondes over night, and blondes a sort of dappled gray.

Our Hollywood editorial staff has devoted a solid month to polling the citizens of Beautyville-on-the-Pacific. Some hundreds of persons have been questioned, discreetly but thoroughly. The ticket nominated on this page today is Hollywood's choice of four exquisite girls who stand for something extra-special and superfine in the way of good looks.

In the midst of all the shooting, Corinne still stands as the outstanding beauty of beauty's modern home, where loveliness is hired for a sizable fee, with six-month options as long as crows' feet stay away.

Not for nothing did some inspired press agent—a poet working in a boiler factory—call her the Orchid of the Screen. The beauty of Corinne is neither exotic nor flashily youthful—it has a steady, luminous glow. As good an adjective as any is "patrician."

Yet so variegated are the blooms in the Hollywood garden that it would not be sensible, square or sporting to limit discussion of filmland's beauty to one outstanding beauty.

If the rest are types, as Gloria says, the leading member of each of several classes is possessed of such smiting loveliness as to merit plenty of discussion, admiration and regard—not to mention a picture in the magazine.

AT least three others, with all due respect to La Belle Marquise, can be segregated and festooned with medals and ribbons as the possessors of exceptional good looks in a large field of knockouts, according to Hollywood experts. For sheer youthful beauty, Hollywood nominates Loretta Young.

For classic beauty of face and outline, certainly Billie Dove.

And the mysterious beauty of spirit and body that combine to make up the strange loveliness we pigeon-hole as "exotic," the Swedish Siren, Greta Garbo.

Each, in her own way, is superb.

The little Loretta, a comparative newcomer, is so youthfully beautiful that her good looks are pretty much taken for granted, even in the home hothouse.

Old Dame Rumor hath it that some other members of the younger set are more than a bit jealous of little Loretta, and are inclined to laugh her off with "Oh, yes, Loretta's awfully sweet"—that deadliest of feminine digs, sweetness in that sense

being not at all synonymous with extreme beauty. Moreover, she's a Hollywood product, grown on the home ranch, and is more or less one of those prophets without too much honor in their own lands.

None the less, those with perspective and excellent eyesight recognized the exceptional beauty of Loretta the minute she flashed on a screen—the arch-type and pattern of all youthful beauty, with the bloom still on the

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136 ]

## Hollywood's Beauty Ticket For 1930

Corinne Griffith... *Hollywood's Prize Beauty*

Loretta Young..... *For Youthful Beauty*

Billie Dove..... *For Classic Beauty*

Greta Garbo..... *For Exotic Beauty*

\* When this report was turned in, the Hollywood staff left for the desert, leaving no address



**G**LORIA SWANSON said Corinne was the only real beauty in Hollywood. An inspired press agent once called her The Orchid of the Screen. Corinne Griffith!—a Texarkana, Texas, girl who went from a quiet convent in New Orleans to a long, successful and brilliant career in motion pictures

Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas, in 1896. She is five feet, three inches tall; weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. She is married to Walter Morosco, her manager



Billie Dove was born in New York City in 1903. She is five feet, five inches tall; weighs 114 pounds, and has dark brown hair and brown eyes.  
Husband—Irvin Willat

**B**ILLIE DOVE'S radiant and classic beauty is axiomatic wherever a picture fan has fallen under its smiting spell. Once one of the most glorious of Florenz Ziegfeld's glorified girls, she entered pictures in 1921, and since that time has been one of Hollywood's prides and joys



ONE of the most radiant of the younger set, Loretta Young is named as the sub-deb's representative in Hollywood's choice of four outstanding beauties of the films. Although but nineteen, she has been in pictures a little over two years. She recently announced her engagement to Grant Withers

Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City 19 years ago. She is five feet, three inches tall; weighs 100 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her real name is Gretchen



Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, about 25 years ago. She is five feet, six inches tall; weighs 125, and has golden brown hair and blue eyes. Her real name is Gustafsson

**T**HE mysterious, fascinating loveliness of Greta Garbo finds a place on Hollywood's All-American Team of photoplay beauties. Since her first appearance in American pictures nearly four years ago, the compelling power of this Swedish girl's strange spiritual charm has won thousands of fans



# Big Boy Bickford

By  
Roland  
Francis



Charles Bickford, above, as the Irish lad in "Anna Christie," is telling Greta Garbo all about his white-hot feelings. "I bane lovin' you!" he mutters, while Swedish Anna Garbo replies, in pure Scandinavian, "Go on wid ye, ye spalpeen!" Right, the washed Mr. Bickford, as he came clean from Broadway

"NO, I won't keep the car . . . you guaranteed it to go one hundred miles an hour and it can't get better than sixty-eight . . . you'll overhaul it?—say, I've been all through the thing and it couldn't make one hundred miles per on cocaine . . . come and get it!"

This was what I heard when the maid took my hat and ushered me into the living room of Charles Bickford's home at Santa Monica.

I had come to interview the stage actor who has so quickly launched into movie prominence in his first talking picture, "Dynamite."

A big red head turned on a burly body, and a strongly built face broke into an Irish grin.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting," Bickford said, "but those garage men," etc., until I had the whole story.

I considered myself very fortunate arriving at just this time, because Bickford's phone conversation sets the character of this man very patly.

A fine actor, somewhat didactic and ultra-scholarly when he talks about plays and their construction, Bickford at the same time is a very human individual. He has always played outdoor men, because he really is one. Automobiles are a passion with him. He never grins more effectively than when behind the wheel of a car with the throttle pedal pressed down to the floor. I know, because when he took me back to town—

"I SUPPOSE you want to know all about my past life," said the big red-head. "Well, I was born in . . ."

"Whoa!" I countered, "Don't tell me you were born in Timbuctoo. I heard you liked to cross up us interviewers with impossible biographical details, so I just fortified myself. You were born in Boston, you attended Massachusetts 'Tech,' you have taken many of your vacations from the stage actually working as an engineer on some construction job—I know all this—so start from there!"

Bickford looked at me for a minute, then broke into a big laugh.

"You're the first writer to catch me up," he said. "You know when I arrived in Hollywood I found that the films were quite a different land, and that film news writers knew very little about the folks of Broadway. So I began to have a little fun by telling the various interviewers that I was from Copenhagen, Paris, or any place else I happened to think of. But now you've caught me, so I guess I'll have to tell the sordid truth.

"I'M sorry I can't tell you that I always yearned for the stage; I practiced lines in private in my room, etc., because I didn't. It was entirely an accident that I am an actor today. I had just returned from a trip around the world as a very young fireman in Roosevelt's fleet. Sitting in a Boston cafe one night another sailor friend dared me to carry a spear in a burlesque show. I did, and here I am today!"

"Why is it that a man who attained such a notable success on the stage as yourself should have kept so severely away from the screen?" I asked him.

"Frankly, I didn't like the silent movie," he replied. "For the last four or five years I have had movie contracts offered to me with flattering regularity, but I refused them all until this talkie part came along from Cecil B. De Mille."

"And how do you like them now?"

He grinned at me.

"Go on with you, you and your leading questions. You must have heard that is a sure way to get me into an argument. Of course I know this talkie thing is new, and so far I really like the stage best. I know vocal pictures have just started and I am more or less reserving my judgment. But don't let that bother you! I am probably one of [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 ]

# How They Manage

*El Sueno*, "The Dream" home of the Sills, is a transplanted bit of old Spain



Milton Sills' bedroom has a distinctly masculine air, in spite of the elegance of its furnishings and appointments. The dominant color is a rich, deep red, carried out in the bed spread of old Spanish brocade and Genoese velvet hangings. The arm chair is upholstered in gold satin

**E**L SUENO, which is what Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills call their home, is the Spanish for "The Dream."

While they were working together on a picture, they spent all the hours waiting between scenes planning their house. George Fitzmaurice sent his assistant for them one day. "Go and find Doris and Milton," he ordered. "They are probably building a house somewhere around the lot. Tell them to come back to earth and get to work." The assistant found them deep in an argument, sitting on the studio steps.

"Well, Milton, we have agreed on one thing," Doris was saying. "We will have to find a spot where you can have all the trees and flowers you want. We must find a place where everything will grow that can be grown in California."

"And," said Milton, "if we do not find a spot beautiful enough to serve as a setting for you, we are not going to build any house."

It went on for months and months. In California they spent days looking for their architect. In New York they spent weeks haunting antique shops and galleries.

The result is that they got what they wanted for each other. *El Sueno* was rightly named. It is a dream come true.

But with all its beauty and charm, the thing that amazes me about that home is how Doris manages it. She does it so perfectly and things run so smoothly that it doesn't seem like management at all. That's the great secret.

The house revolves about Addie and Edgar, a colored couple who have been with Milton for ten years. Addie is general housekeeper. Edgar is not only the chauffeur but is general overseer of the six-acre estate. It falls to Edgar's lot to brighten and shine the two Rolls Royces, and to have the satisfaction of knowing that there is nothing quite like them when he gets through.

Alec is the butler. There are eight servants in all. Because all of them do their work efficiently, Doris' and Milton's home runs like a charm.

Doris has a personal maid. Her name is Irabella. A pretty heavy load for a colored lass of twenty, and with almost as few pounds to carry!

Her one joy in life is to make Miss Doris happy. Her affection is almost slavery.

**M**ILTON'S garden is one of the most interesting and unusual in the whole country.

He has every form of cacti; a

## Typical Family Dinner at *El Sueno*

Avocado Cocktail  
Cream of Mushroom Soup  
Saddle of Lamb  
Carrot Surprise  
New Peas, French Style  
Grapefruit Salad  
Vanilla Ice Cream with  
Hot Chocolate Sauce  
Coffee

## Formal Dinner

Caviar et Tomate Hawaii  
Olives Nuts  
Consomme Dame Blanche  
River Trout, California  
Squab with White Wine Sauce  
Broiled Sliced Oranges  
New Peas  
Onion Soufflé  
Endive and Grape Salad  
Coeur Flottant aux Fruits  
Crackers and Cheese  
Coffee

# *their* Homes

By  
Grace Tibbett

betel nut palm from the Tropics—the only one in America; an Australian flame tree, and every species of palm tree.

His pride is a border three hundred feet long and twenty feet wide, which is planted after the colors of the spectrum.

Every variety of citrus fruit has been planted. Every variety of flower in the sub-tropics, suitable to the climate of California, is found in this garden.

There is a mango tree which bears fruit. For special occasions, Doris serves a salad consisting of this rare mango, endive and watercress, sprinkled with currants, using a special salad dressing which is Addie's secret.

Completely surrounded by hedges are wayward walks bordered with flowers of every color. And there are many strange and new plants, for botany is Milton's hobby. Everywhere is the fragrance of pine, sage, eucalyptus and orange trees, pouring their abundant odors into the salty air of the Pacific.

**A** LONG veranda beckons one to the hospitable door. The intense sunlight is in vivid contrast to the coolness and restfulness within.

Across the hall, and up two steps, is Milton's study, his library. There, simplicity is the keynote. Shelves upon shelves of well ordered books, the background.



Doris Kenyon greets the morning and says good-night to the stars from this quaint balcony, upon which her bedroom opens. The ornamental staircase is made gay by a row of potted plants in brilliant colors



The main entrance hall, gorgeous in its richness of color and detail. The black rug is ornamented with a coat-of-arms and border design in red and yellow, and the stairway tiles are blue and yellow

Every touch for the comfort and the rest of the reader.

Down two steps is the drawing room, in Spanish spirit.

The lining of the living room walls is Sixteenth Century Genoese velvet. There are a hundred and ninety yards altogether, and they are worth a king's ransom.

A priest's cope of the Fourteenth Century, with needlepoint panel, embroidered in gold thread, hangs on the wall.

The arched windows in the living room frame a lovely picture of the valley below, tinged with the blue haze of the distant mountains.

Passing through a gaily tiled patio, cool with ferns and a plashing fountain, one sees the long, smooth, unpolished table; the benches; the candelabra with wax and drippings—a real Spanish dining room.

Typical of the Sills' hospitality, this room has the atmosphere and charm of the Old World. One could not find a lovelier setting for the graciousness and friendliness of the host and hostess.

When alone, they never eat in their little formal dining room or breakfast nook, but they sit near the fireplace in the library. This is a rather extreme contrast to the starched dignity of the Hungarian butler, who always bows a dozen times over each meal.

Picture their dining room on a very special occasion. They are entertaining formally—artists, scientists, authors, playwrights. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

This romantic short story of youth in Hollywood is based on a true incident of the studios

# GIRL

DEW was trickling down Dick Doran's face as he came out of the telephone booth. He was hot and he was mad.

After spending nearly an hour, calling up first Miss Latori's secretary, then the studio, then the secretary again, he had finally been informed that Supreme's new burn-'em-up star would be unable to keep the appointment for the interview.

Young Mr. Doran's racket was writing a lot of palooka for a syndicate of newspapers about the happy home-lives of the moving picture stars, and who was running around with whom, and assuring their devoted public that the lovely ladies who made so much whoopee on the screen were really just nice home bodies. People read it and liked it and he earned a very decent living out of it.

In a way, it was soft. He was invited to a lot of parties and all the lovely ladies called him "Dickie." He had learned more about caviar than he had ever known. He had sipped vintage champagne out of real jade glasses. But there were times, like this morning, when he wished that he had taken up plumbing.

He had counted a lot on that interview with Latori. She was the latest Hollywood rave. But she had been cagey about talking for publication. Dick had worked on her secretary for two weeks before she finally promised to get him the interview.

Still hot under the collar, he turned in at the Boulevard Tonsorioral Parlor for a shave. Maybe he would get an idea for another story.

THERE were two customers ahead of him. He picked up a crumpled paper, hoping it was the Sport Section. It was only the Want Ads. He was about to put it down when his eye fell on a little five-line insertion at the head of the *Lost and Found* column. It read:

LOST on Hollywood bus. Red pocketbook containing fifty dollars. Will finder please return to "Chickie," 1514 Cherokee. It was money to pay my fare back home.

It was no strain on the imagination to construct "Chickie's" scenario. He could see her as plainly as though her picture were alongside the ad.

"I'll bet I could write a description of that little doll that would convince her own mother that I know her personally," was his thought. "She's a cute little blonde, with curves and curls and forget-me-not eyes. Somebody told her that if she'd come to Hollywood she'd soon have Mary Pickford looking for work."

He read the ad

again. That last line, "money to pay my fare back home," intrigued him. He knew plenty of "Chickies." But they never went back home. They lingered on, hugging their pathetic little dreams, kidding themselves that someday they would get a break. Most of them would never be anything but just girl fodder for the Hollywood mill.

It was not until he was tilted back in the barber chair that it suddenly struck him that there might be a story in this little doll and her lost pocketbook. When the barber had finished, he tore the ad out. An hour later he was ringing the bell at 1514 Cherokee. A woman answered his ring.

"I'd like to speak to Chickie," said Dick. "It's about the pocketbook she lost."

"Second door to your left." She pointed a scrawny finger toward the end of the hall.

It was just as he had expected. Chickie was the answer to what happens to beauty contest winners. There, on the dresser, was a large silver cup which said in Old English engraving, that the Loyal Order of Moose of Talapoosa, Oklahoma, had voted Chickie O'Day winner of their beauty contest and had christened her "Miss Talapoosa." As his eye wandered from the cup to the girl, the thought went through his mind that there must have been a Ziegfeld in that herd of Moose.

But Chickie herself did not dovetail with his mental picture. She did not have that dumpling roundness which her name suggested. Nor was she a blonde. Her hair, which she wore shoulder length, seemed to him to be the bright copper shade of a new penny, and as she looked up at him questioningly from under plaintive lashes, he decided that she had the most wistfully appealing pair of eyes he had ever seen.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked shyly.

He hesitated to take the only chair in the room, a tiny bedroom rocker, much too short for his long legs.



# FODDER

By  
Grace Mack

"That's all right," she insisted. "You take the chair. I'll sit here." She sat on the edge of the bed and waited.

The sun, filtering through the window, touched her hair with gold. For a second he almost forgot that this was a professional visit.

"My name's Dick Doran. I saw your ad in the paper—"  
"Did you find my pocketbook?" she asked breathlessly.

"NO—that is, not yet," he said self-consciously. It was a little difficult to think straight with Chickie looking up at him like that. "But I thought I might be able to help you find it." This was, of course, impromptu. He had had no such idea when he knocked on Chickie's door.

"Oh, please tell me how!" The wistful eyes pleaded.

"Think fast, Captain Flagg, think fast," Dick was saying to himself. He could not tell her



As Dick chatted with Monica, stretched on a chaise longue, he noticed that she didn't seem to be listening to his small talk. The eyes and attention of the star were on young Chickie on the set rehearsing a scene with the director

# Poor Chickie! Just "Girl Fodder!"

that he wanted to use her as Exhibit A in a story about what becomes of extra girls.

"I'm on a paper," he said finally. "I write stories about people—picture people mostly. Your ad interested me. I'd like to help you find your pocketbook. If you'll tell me about yourself and why you wanted to go back home, I'll write a story about you. Maybe the person who found your pocketbook will read it and—" He waited for her to speak. He had expected her to jump at the chance of getting a little free publicity. But the idea seemed to startle her.

"WOULD very many people read it—I mean people in other towns?" A flush was mounting her cheeks.

What a dumb question to ask! Didn't she realize that he was doing her a favor even to offer to write a story about her? For a moment he didn't get her at all. Then, suddenly, he thought he understood her hesitation. She did not want the home-townners to know that *Miss Talapoosa* had not made the grade.

"Just locally," he reassured her.

"And would I have to tell about—the fifty dollars?" The slow suffusion had spread painfully until it covered her entire face.

"If you will." He smiled encouragingly.

But still she hesitated, her slender fingers twisting and untwisting the fringe on the cheap bedspread. Dick was more puzzled than ever.

"Well—there isn't very much to the story," she began. "Back home they thought I was pretty. They entered me in a contest. And when it got down to the finals—I led all the rest," she said a little proudly. "Would you like to see my scrap book?"

She took a small, loose-leafed book from a drawer. In it were a few clippings and pictures which told of *Miss Talapoosa's* brief hour of glory.

"So after I won the contest I came out here to go in pictures. Everybody said it would be easy but—"

It was, as Dick had anticipated, the old tale of Hollywood heartbreak, after weeks of discouragement.

"I don't mind so much for myself," she concluded, "but you see they believed in me back home. They made up a purse to send me out here so I could have my chance. I hate to have failed."

"And the fifty dollars—was that money you had saved for an emergency?"

She shook her head.

"It was money—I earned," she said in a low voice.

"Oh, you worked in a picture then?"

"Just one day," she replied without meeting his eyes.

"But fifty dollars for one day's work is unusual pay for an extra girl."

"I guess it was an unusual part," she said falteringly. "I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't had to have the money. I guess you'll do almost anything—when you're hungry."

"What sort of a part was it?" queried Dick.

"I was a—*nude statue*." Her face flamed as she made this admission. "I wasn't supposed to be real and maybe no one would recognize me—but you won't put that in the story, will you?" she pleaded. "I wouldn't want the folks in Talapoosa to know."

HER genuine embarrassment seemed to have communicated itself to Dick. He had almost forgotten that there was any modesty left in the world. For a moment he could think of nothing to say.

When Dick finally said goodbye he had made up his mind that the lost fifty dollars had to be returned to her, even though he had to draw the amount out of his savings account. That, as it turned out, was not necessary.

As a result of Dick's story, three [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 141 ]



First picture of a great sentimental reunion recently held in Hollywood. Distinguished graduates of the famous Keystone Cops, of pie-ous memory, got together. Here are four. Left to right—John Francis Dillon, director; Louise Fazenda, honorary coppers; Ford Sterling, featured comic, and Eddie Cline, noted comedy director. Look out for that pie!

# WINNIE Wows 'Em!

That Lightner girl  
lights in Hollywood,  
and she's there to stay

By Eugene Earle



Here's one newcomer to the phonoplay who won't broad A 'em to death. You won't confuse her with Ruth Chatterton. It's Winnie Lightner, the girl with the asbestos vocal cords and the million-watt grin

**W**INNIE LIGHTNER was on the terrace of her Beverly Hills *maison de luxe* as soon as I had parked my car at the curb—a very dashing Winnie in brown *lounjamas*, topped with a brilliant mop of red hair.

"Mr. Earle?" she carolled. "Harya? Welcome to the old manor." From that moment on I was ready to make over my life insurance policy to Winnie.

Winnie is Irish and friendly and as natural as the air she breathes. Perhaps not quite as rough and rowdy as her characterization of *Mabel* in "Gold-Diggers of Broadway," but certainly just as lively and witty.

I'd like to see Bill Haines and Winnie sit down to a little wisecracking fest. I have a healthy respect for Bill's talents, but Winnie would give him a run for the money.

After Warners had seen the rushes of "Gold-Diggers" they realized that in Winnie Lightner they had a personality that would sweep across the screen, as it had conquered in vaudeville and in the Broadway revues.

They lost no time in casting her for "She Couldn't Say No," and then right into "Hold Everything."

In fact, Winnie had been so busy that we had to break interview dates one right after the other.

When Winnie whispers she blows out the tubes. Here she is putting a song over in the old Lightner zip-zowie-up-and-at-'em style. Put 'em over Winnie—we like 'em



"I've looked the house over for cigarettes," she wailed, "and I can't find anything but Chinese punk. How's to borrow some?"

From that time on we smoked ourselves black in the face.

"I may not be at my best," she said, "I was up at four this morning looking for the pooch. I trailed all over Beverly Hills in a bathrobe. I didn't find the dog but a stray kitten attached itself to me and now I can't get rid of it. The dog came home at eight o'clock, and brought his girl friend with him. He looked like he had been in every mud puddle in the State of California.

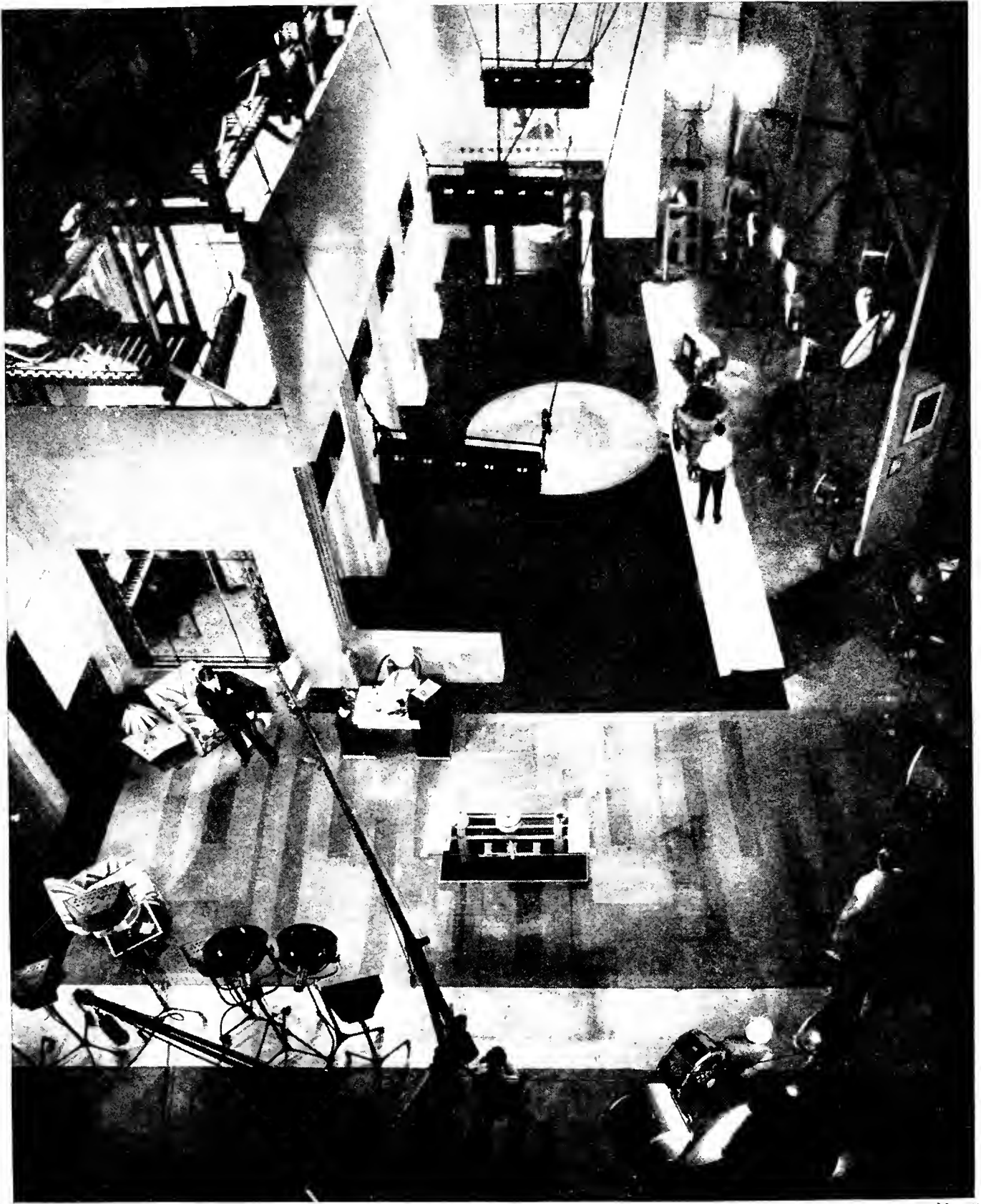
"I've got a police dog and a bull terrier, but I thought I wanted a big dog. So I bought one of Harold Lloyd's St. Bernards. They're the breed that trot around the Alps with a flask of gin tied onto them. He's only nine months old now, but he eats six pounds of meat at a sitting and drinks a gallon of water.

"I brought him home in a taxi, and he sat on me. The driver couldn't find me when we got back. All he could see was dog. He had to excavate for Winnie.

"Didn't I have a swell break in 'Gold-Diggers'? I hope the others will be as good. You know that line I have about 'the spirit of the ages.' I was supposed to keep saying it wrong. And I got it right every time. I used to get up in the middle of the night to rehearse it. And me in those red tights! Just wait till the gang in New York sees me in those. They look like firemen's underwear.

"I didn't have the heart to go to the première of the picture. I'd probably have burst into tears when they introduced me I would have been so nervous. I'm funny that way. Everybody would say 'huh, just another actress taking it big.' I went the second day and sat in the back row of the theater. The man next to me roared at the picture and kept poking me in the ribs with his elbow. I roared, too, and poked right back. We had a swell time, and he didn't know who I was.

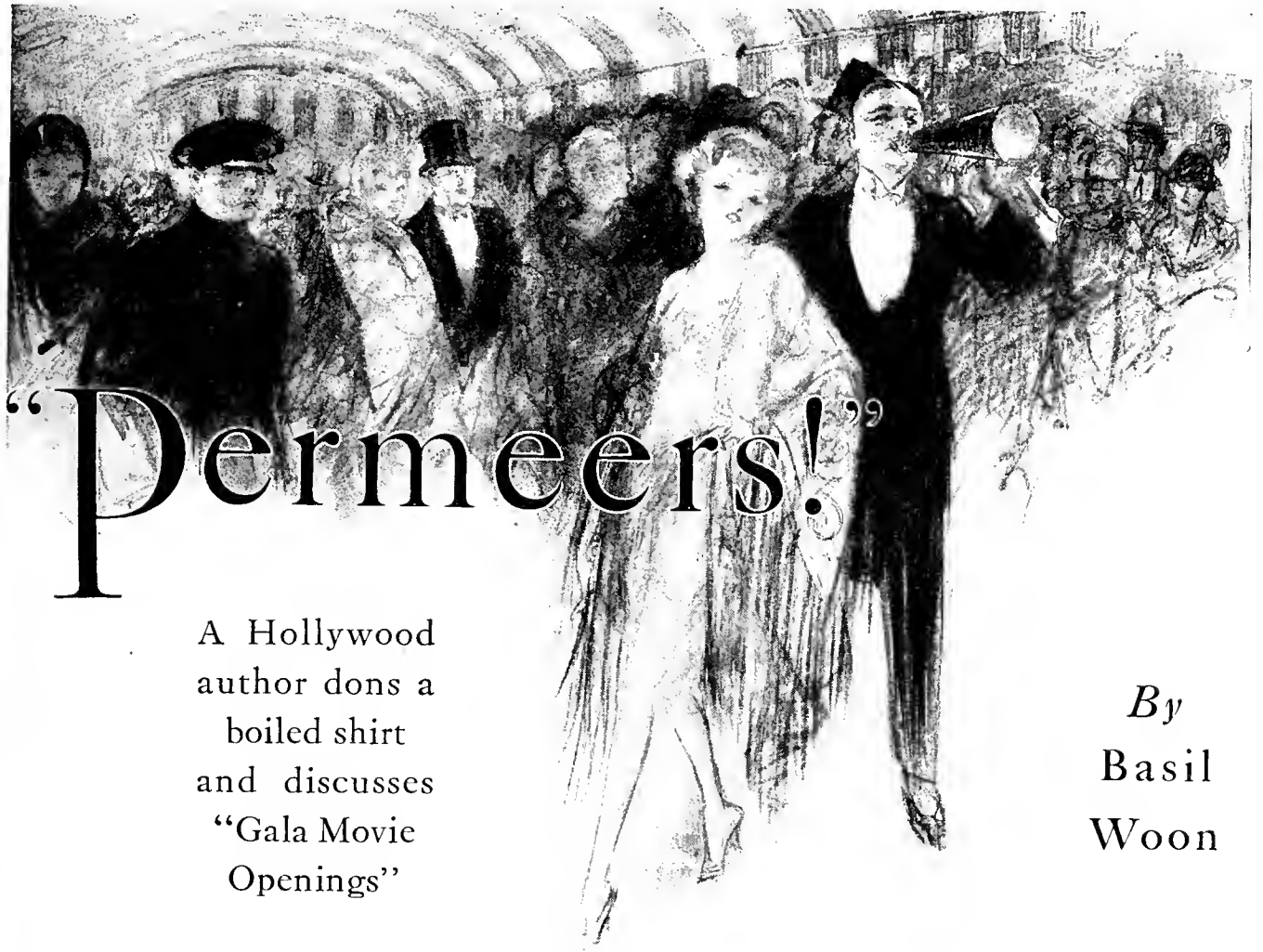
"I always laugh at myself. I can't help it, but I'm not conceited. I think I have the funniest voice. It's so loud. When I whisper they hear me four blocks away. One day during the picture Roy Del Ruth, the director, said 'not so loud, Winnie.' I said 'Roy, I'm whispering.' And he told me not to talk at all and it would probably be all right. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Manatt

THIS is what the Man in the Monitor Room sees as he sits perched high in his coop and fiddles with the fateful doo-dads that make voices come out sweet or sour. A great talkie set at the Metro studios, being a scene for "The Song Writer." At the left you can see Lawrence Gray, leading man, standing under the long boom which holds the microphone





# “Permeers!”

A Hollywood author dons a boiled shirt and discusses “Gala Movie Openings”

By  
Basil  
Woon

SO the young lady said, “You will have to put on evening clothes because we always dress for permeers here.” It was not the first time I had heard the word. I had been frequently curious about it.

“Who is this particular gent Mr. Permeers?” I asked. I have been in Hollywood only a short time and there are several persons here who have not met me.

She set me right rather scornfully. “Permeers,” she said, “is not the name of a man, it is French for ‘opening night.’ The permeer we are going to is the permeer of Al Jolson.”

. . . You may learn a lot about Hollywood from its permeers. The Squeakeasy Capital is very particular about its permeers. Movieland turns out en masse to every permeer.

Permeering, however, is somewhat of an art. It is not sufficient to look in the paper and see an advertisement which says there is going to be a permeer. There are permeers and permeers. There are permeers at which one should be seen and other permeers when one should be in Paris or Honolulu.

So there is a system which has been worked out, it seems, which will tell you if this is one of the former kind of permeers or the latter kind of permeers, and as you may come to Hollywood and have to go to permeers I am going to tell it to you.

It is necessary first to go to (a) a barbershop where there is the kind of manicure girl who knows immediately whether your wife is in town with you or not, (b) to the florist’s, and (c) to the Brown Derby for lunch.

If the manicurist greets you with, “Hullo, good-looking, are you going to the permeer tonight—but of course!” you can be pretty sure that this is a permeer you should be seen at.

If when you buy the orchids to square you for last night and find they are four times what they were the last time you made a quadruped’s symposium of yourself, and the girl says, “Well it looks like a big night tonight.” Mr. Thalberg was just in and ordered Norma’s usual bokay,” it is added evidence that it is likely to be one of those rare, gorgeous permeers which cause

so many deaths in Hollywood from people having pneumonia insisting on getting out of bed and going to it.

But the Brown Derby test, of course, is the real one and can be absolutely relied upon. What you do is to make a tour of the tables about 1 p.m., and you look at the heads of the ladies and the hands of the gentlemen.

If a gentleman is wearing his gloves to eat with or has his hands otherwise engaged underneath the table it is correct to stop and say chattily (but with a smile): “Oh, pardon me, but could I see your hands?”

AND if all the gentlemen have just had their nails manicured it is almost a sure sign, because there are not so many weddings as all that in Hollywood; but if the ladies have just been to the coffer and have been marcelled or shingled or waved and have had their hair washed, and have freshly-plucked eyebrows and so forth, you can be perfectly sure that this is going to be a permeer of permeers and that (a) the picture will be very good, or, (b) the picture will be very bad, and, (c) the star of the picture is very popular, or (d) the star of the picture is unanimously conceded to be a pain in the neck.

Pain in the necks who have very bad pictures but very big producers usually have the best permeers because it is so restful in Hollywood to be able to sit still and scoff.

Sitting and scoffing is one of the very best things that is done in Hollywood and sometimes you can hardly hear the picture for all the sitting and scoffing that is going on around you.

. . . So when you are quite sure that this is going to be a really great permeer you hunt up the manager of the theater and if he has a look on his face that seems to mean he would be willing to bite a dog, why the matter is finally settled, because you know the theater will be practically full of annie oakleys which would better here be called ham bealls and that the Elite of Squawkdom will be there with a pass and a dress suit. And the next thing, of course, is to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]

# Reeling Around

with  
Leonard  
Hall



"Now, Miss Vere de Vere—just a little more virginal, if you please!"

## Prayer of an Ex-Press Agent

*When I die—if I've been good—  
No doubt I'll go to Hollywood,*

*And there, beside the Jasper sea,  
Do Heavenly Publicity*

*For Heavenly Blondes with purple eyes  
Who think me very nice and wise—*

*Who ask me out for macaroons  
And gin on Sunday afternoons—*

*And tell me all about their mothers,  
And get me pawed by little brothers—*

*And burn me up with bitter laughs  
When they don't see their photographs.*

*And if my option lapses—well,  
I certainly will welcome Albuquerque, Kansas City,  
Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo and points east!*

## Hoarse Laughs

Lotti Lodi, picked up in Europe by Zanuck of Warners as a screen find, made her first Hollywood party appearance wearing a blue gown, with her fingernails tinted blue to match. If she goes pop like ninety-nine per cent of these pretty foreign phenoms, her last Hollywood party appearance will be made wearing a tasteful blue funk. . . . A French senator recently got very La Patrie! and howled, "If Americans refuse our wines, let's refuse to buy their talking pictures!" and as a representative Yank I'm still looking for the guy that refused them. . . . In Kansas City they bill Buddy Rogers as "The Love Arouser," but I know at least three girls to whom he's only forty winks. . . . The best sign of the month—a New York theater had this in lights: "'Half-Marriage'—All Talk." . . . George Jessel, who is trying to forget he has made a talkie or two, said, "Twenty years ago I started in show business with \$125 in my pocket. I am proud to say that today I owe Eddie Cantor \$83,000." . . . Bebe Daniels recently sent James Hall a pig for his birthday, but we have yet to hear that he sent back for the flock of hens. . . . Conrad Nagel claims to have made

twenty-seven talkers in twenty-one months—not counting his Equity speeches and denunciations of fan magazines.

## Hollywood's Playgirl

Variety is authority for the statement that Greta Garbo, "The Scandinavian Scot," earns \$3,500 a week and lives on \$1,000 a month.

Greta either has 7,000 little crippled brothers who want to learn to play the fiddle, or wants to buy New York City and give it to the United States for Christmas.

## Getting Personal

Fox plans to release John McCormack's first picture on St. Patrick's Day, Mr. McCormack being a Swiss. . . . Studios are now using aluminum furniture on the sets. Lighter to move, and no creaks for the mike. . . . Corinne Griffith's contract stipulates no work before ten A.M., but it's the first I've heard that there is any "before ten A.M." . . . Paramount has found that George Bancroft sings. He was once half of the vaudeville team of Bancroft and Brosky. If he turns out to be another of these barrel-chested canaries I'll double for a Chicago cop. . . . Lily Damita, in New York in a musical comedy, refuses dates to men unless there are others in the party. . . . While Arthur Lake was in New York vacationing, his beloved dog, Brummer, died, and Arthur couldn't attend the last rites. . . . There is still a market for ten-year-old Chaplin comedies. A wise trader smuggles prints into Soviet Russia and bootlegs them in the smaller towns. As you may know, free and enlightened Russia bars foreign movies. . . . Spain is crazy for Greta Garbo, and "Wild Orchids" was a panic in Madrid, but why specify Spain? . . . Garbo, by the way, vacationed at Lake Tahoe after "Anna Christie," while Renee Adoree has been in Mexico City. . . . A historic institution passes into a new medium. Pathe News suspended its silent newsreel, the pappy of 'em all, to devote itself exclusively to sound news. . . . In the fourteen years Harold Lloyd has been making comedies, he has had only five leading women—Bebe Daniels, Mildred Davis, Jobyna Ralston, Ann Christy and now Barbara Kent. And he married one of 'em!

# POND'S TO BEAUTY FOUR STEPS



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MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II • LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE • MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN, JR. • LA DUQUESA DE ALBA • THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY

**1** Follow the famous Method preferred by social leaders for the exquisite care of the skin. First, for immaculate cleansing apply POND'S Cold Cream lavishly over face and neck. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

**2** Wipe away all cream and dirt with POND'S Cleansing Tissues, safe, ample, absorbent, and so economical. Note the charming new box that brings

them ready folded for your use. Just insert your fingers in the slit and draw them out, two at a time.

**3** Now soak a sizable pad of cotton with POND'S Skin Freshener. Briskly dab your face and neck all over till the skin glows. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent banishes lingering oiliness, tones and firms your skin, closes and refines the pores. Faithful use is magic to brighten faded or sallow skin.

**4** Now for the perfect finishing touch—POND'S Vanishing Cream! A marvelous powder base, by day it protects from sun and wind; in the evening it keeps your beauty fresh and un-ruffled for hours.

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Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. says: "with just these marvelous

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# What makes a Girl

As told to Katherine Albert

by CLARA BOW



Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA BOW, in the luxurious bathroom created especially for her in Hollywood. Here, as in her studio dressing room, she uses Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "Just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin! . . . And beautifully smooth skin means even more to a screen star than to other women. Lux Toilet Soap is such a help in keeping the skin in perfect condition!"

"THERE'S one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the Paramount star whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "It's *lovely skin*."

"And any girl can *have* lovely skin if she takes good care of it!

"Motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up. The incandescent lights reveal the tiniest flaw in the skin!

"That's why we motion picture actresses have to keep our skin at its very best every minute.

"Several years ago some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap, and were enthusiastic about it. And now nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren't we glad that we have kept our skin in good condition—the talkies have even *more* close-ups than silent pictures have!

"When I get letters from girls all over



# "ALLURING"?

the country, I long to tell these girls that they can keep *their* skin just as beautifully smooth as we screen stars do —by using Lux Toilet Soap."

## 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

There are now 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars. Of these, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap—both at home and in their dressing rooms—and have enthusiastic things to say about it. All the great film studios, for their convenience, have made it their *official* soap.

If you aren't one of the millions of girls and women who are using this fragrant white soap—made by the same method as are the finest toilet soaps of France—do try it. It lathers generously, even in the very hardest water! And keeps your skin charmingly fresh and smooth.



Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood

EVELYN BRENT, lovely Paramount star, in the beautifully appointed bathroom designed and built for her in Hollywood. She says: "A star just *must* have a smooth skin. I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap. It is so pleasing and so soothing to the skin."



Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood

ESTHER RALSTON, beautiful star, is devoted to this fragrant soap. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth."



NANCY CARROLL, charming red-haired Paramount star, says: "Keeping one's skin flawless for the all-seeing eye of the camera means constant care. Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin always in perfect condition."

# LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake... now

# 10¢

# Do You Believe This?

*First the stars, then all the rest of us, answer "I DO" to these things, founded on fact or fancy*

By

JANET FRENCH

**E**ACH morning all the little movie stars tumble out of their trundle beds and chant the articles of their faith. Hollywood is built upon tradition. Even the smallest, most unpretentious little belief assumes mammoth proportions. These traditions mate and flourish until they almost become a creed.

Pretty soon they break out of Hollywood and become the common property of us all. What the film folks say this afternoon we'll say tomorrow morning. The Hollywood credo, born in the Hollywood mind, has gradually swept the country. And it must be right—just because it has been repeated so often!

For instance. Once a Russian Grand Duke was invited to Pickfair for ham and eggs. The Pickford-Fairbanks press agent wrote a story about it. Other guests told their pals. Pretty soon the tradition grew and spread that you couldn't get a Pickfair invitation unless you had a noble coat of arms on your cigarette case.

Lillian Gish turned down a cocktail at a Hollywood party. Once she stayed home and read a book instead of going to a big reception. Another article of faith was born—that Lillian was a disembodied spirit, untouched by the foibles of the social world.

There are hundreds of these articles of half-faith—believed by millions of us because we hear them so often. Here are some of the most famous. Do you really believe—

**T**HAT Lilyan Tashman is the best-dressed woman on the screen

That Billie Dove is the most beautiful

That nobody ever says, "No," to Cecil B. De Mille

That assistant directors date up all the extra girls and that they get a job the next day

That anyone who can sing even slightly better than the choir soprano at home will be an overnight sensation in talkies

That five uninvited guests arrive for every invited one at all Hollywood parties

That the eighteen-day diet will take off eighteen pounds in eighteen days

That Jack Barrymore enjoys shocking young lady interviewers

That Ronald Colman is silent and apart

That Lon Chaney really does not like publicity

**T**HAT any extra can become a star if he just gets the breaks

That it takes pull to become a good scenario writer

That every foreign star will fail before the microphone

That Florence Vidor is always a lady

That Greta Garbo always wears sloppy tweed coats

That every picture with an unhappy ending will be praised by the critics and that every picture with a happy ending will be a box office success

That every printed knock against a star is bad publicity

That publicity men can keep any scandal out of any paper if they only would

That Ramon Novarro goes to church every Sunday

That Clara Bow always wears red satin slippers to football games

That the best talkie performances so far have been given by film stars

That Emil Jannings was the greatest actor that ever appeared in films

That any woman past thirty is an "old timer"

That a home without a swimming pool is a hovel

That Aileen Pringle is intellectual

That any five hundred people in one room with enough liquor will have a good time

**T**HAT every divorced couple is still "awfully good friends"

That Alice White takes other girls' young men away from them

That Jetta Goudal is temperamental

That if you call electricians by their first names you're "a good scout"

That every extra elevated to stardom forgets his old friends

That Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will separate

That Tay Garnett and Patsy Ruth Miller will separate

That Marian Nixon and Edward Hillman will separate

That Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck will separate

That all actors are crazy

That everything Billy Haines says is funny

That the only thing worth saying over a radio is, "Hello, everybody"

**T**HAT the only conversation worth while is picture talk

That opening nights are dull but you must be seen at them

That Irving Thalberg is a genius

That the only really worthwhile thing in a star's life is a flock of babies

That Hollywood is the most important city in the world

That everybody in the outside world is thrilled at knowing a picture star

That any girl in the world would fall for Richard Dix

That all producers were once buttonhole makers

That every producer speaks with a Jewish accent

That every pretty girl wants to get in pictures

That you can't tell what the public wants

That Charlie Chaplin will have to make a talkie

That Eric von Stroheim can't make a picture for less than a million dollars

That the imported stage stars think they're better than anyone else

That Greta Garbo was never in love with Jack Gilbert

That Clara Bow will never marry Harry Richman

That Grant Withers is the best of Hollywood heart breakers

That all gag men steal their stuff from a joke book

That supervisors are always wrong

That the public forgets

That everybody has a best facial angle

That all you need to succeed is "the breaks"

That a Beverly Hills address gives prestige

That Corinne Griffith is the patrician of the screen

That having a famous father, mother, sister or brother is a handicap to success

That your best scenes are always cut out

That every woman star is jealous of every other woman in the picture



TO EVERY BUSY WOMAN WHO WANTS A MORE BEAUTIFUL SKIN

FREE

THIS ORIGINAL 75¢ BOTTLE OF AMBROSIA



YOU wouldn't believe it: you wouldn't believe that simply cleansing with a liquid—even a liquid that is sunlit, refreshing, zestfully clean as the Springtime—could so quickly refine skin-texture, could keep it firm, radiant, young!

You wouldn't believe it, so we want to send you Ambrosia. This is an unusual offer—a daring test of a wholly new method of cleansing. We make it because we have faith in our product—because we have seen the enthusiasm of fastidious women, customers of Saks-Fifth Avenue and other smart stores, when the same offer was made to them.

This is the way to use Ambrosia: Wipe thoroughly over the face with cotton, repeating until a fresh pad does not show any soil. Now you know the face is perfectly clean. You see the dirt right on the cotton—black dirt from the pores and crevices of the skin. Then stroke the face up with the fingertips until dry. Cleansed, toned, ready for powder . . . your face hasn't felt so glowingly young and alive since you were sixteen.

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Created by a French chemist, named by the Empress Eugenie, Ambrosia was first made in America only to private order. The richest women in New York had Ambrosia prepared especially for them. Famous actresses recommended it to their personal friends. And now a 75¢ bottle is offered to you, without cost, for your approval.

Medical authorities agree: Doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly. Only a liquid penetrates instantly into the pores, dissolves out the deepest dirt, leaves no clogging particles of sediment to collect dust and germs. Ambrosia is safe—no caustic alkali, no wax. Swift—a one minute facial. Convenient—nothing to wipe away.

On sale at better drug and department stores everywhere, \$1.00, \$1.75, \$3.00.

Mail the coupon at once. We will send you FREE the original 75¢ flacon of Ambrosia.

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# The Best Music of the New Pictures



## THE NEW HITS Right Off the Records

Some of the tunes that will haunt your  
dreams and set your feet to dancing

By  
Maurice Fenton

**A** LETTER recently addressed to this column asks: "Can you tell me what songs from 'The Love Parade' are on records? Are any of them by Maurice Chevalier?"

Before we had sat through half of the picture mentioned we had reached the conclusion that it was made of the very stuff which is our particular meat. To our best recollection it contained the following numbers, upon which the very light threads of a typical pre-war musical comedy were hung:

"My Love Parade." Presumably the Theme Song. A light and airy bit of sophistication, with words and music well balanced.

"Dream Lover." A trapeze for the soprano to exercise her vocal cords to the sentimental satisfaction of all concerned.

"Paris" and "Nobody's Using It Now." A couple of character bits for the leading man—more about them later.

"Let's Be Common." For the comedians (male and female). Enough in the words for a run of laughs, and enough in the music for some eccentric dancing.

Something that evidently was supposed to be the National Anthem of Sylvania, in which the soprano tried to sing against the male chorus, with disastrous results to all concerned. A number quite unworthy of the rest of the show.

With the exception of the National Anthem thing, all of it was well above the present average. Which is why we are making all this fuss about it.

As far as we can discover, only two of these numbers have been recorded. After "The Innocents of Paris," Victor turned out a Chevalier record, so there is hope that "Nobody's Using It Now" will yet see the light of our living room. When it does we will celebrate in a worthy manner.

**T**WO new versions of numbers which have been previously mentioned have turned up in the interval. One carries a couple of Rudy Vallée performances and makes us feel glad that we said something about him once before. If there must be vocal accompaniments, this is the boy to do them without annoying. But you know all about the way in which he exploits a voice which practically amounts to nothing at all, and at the same time runs a pretty snappy band.

These two are other bits from his own "Vagabond Lover," not out in time to catch

last month's issue. "I Love You, Believe Me, I Love You" is infinitely better than its title would make one think. And the other side, "If You Were the Only Girl," should be popular if only for the fact that it has been going strong for nearly fifteen years. We first heard it, with the same words, about 1915.

"The Show of Shows" repertoire also receives additions. "Singin' in the Bath Tub" is about as good as this month can do anywhere. Except for the first few yodels, which do not fit the music box, Frank Luther's vocal accompaniment comes across in great style. It has lots of life to it. On the back is another "Lady Luck," but long since we thumbs-downed anything in this class of waltz.

**T**HIS is the welcome of the column to Welcome Lewis, who should have been heard from before. "Look What You've Done to Me" from "Why Leave Home?" is more or less what the name suggests, but Miss Lewis has what is getting to be known as a Radio technique, putting all the required meaning and significance into a voice which is hardly raised above her upper lip so that it does not strain the old sound box.

"Chasing Rainbows" contained more musical sob stuff than any other picture we have seen in months. Two of the worst have been done and we have duly washed the venter off the machine giving them a chance. "Lucky Me—Lovable You" sounded promising until we found that the singer did not seem to really appreciate his luck but went steadily on whining to the end. "Love Ain't Nothin' but the Blues" advertises itself. As "Blues"—which it claims to be, after all—it is all there, but we long to be cheered up a bit these days. But not in the way "Happy Days Are Here Again" tries to do it. Evidently the composers thought the other two numbers were rather tragic, so they cleared the atmosphere with a sure-fire hit based on "School Days." But that is a matter for the individual to decide.

Out of the remaining pile we have selected three other double sides as being at least average, and beg to report that in our opinion the average is slightly higher than it was two months ago. On this score we were duly tickled when Serge Rachmaninoff, returning for a concert tour, supported our ideas as expressed lately. The present state of supply is due to growing pains. Give them a little time and the tin-panners will surprise us with what they turn out.

LOVE PARADE		
Dream Lover	Tom Gerun Nat Shilkret	Brunswick Victor
My Love Parade	Tom Gerun	Brunswick

SNAP INTO IT		
Lonesome Little Doll	Al Goodman Nat Shilkret	Brunswick Victor

VAGABOND LOVER		
I Love You, Believe Me, I Love You	Rudy Vallée	Victor
If You Were the Only Girl	Rudy Vallée	Victor

SHOW OF SHOWS		
Singin' in the Bath Tub	High Hatters	Victor
Lady Luck	High Hatters	Victor

DEVIL MAY CARE		
Shepherd's Serenade	Abe Lyman	Brunswick
If He Cared	Abe Lyman	Brunswick

CHASING RAINBOWS		
Lucky Me—Lovable You	Leo Reisman Abe Lyman	Victor Brunswick
Happy Days Are Here Again	Leo Reisman	Victor
Love Ain't Nothin' but the Blues	Abe Lyman	Brunswick

WHY LEAVE HOME?		
Look What You've Done to Me	Welcome Lewis	Victor

SONG OF THE WEST		
West Wind	Ben Bernie	Brunswick
The One Girl	Ben Bernie	Brunswick

SALLY		
Sally If I'm Dreaming	Wayne King	Victor
	Wayne King	Victor

As far as Rudy Vallée's new music in "The Vagabond Lover" is concerned, latest reports prove that it has furnished the blond crooner one enormous hit—"A Little Kiss Each Morning, A Little Kiss Each Night."

All the dance bands are playing it, the air is full of it, it wails from every stage. Three tunes have made and kept the boy noted. "Deep Night" brought him to fortune, "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover" held him there, and now "A Little Kiss" will increase his pull with the sentimental.





RED

BLUE

GREEN

BLACK

*The smartest compact imaginable  
....yet only 50¢ and \$1*

**Y**OU CAN scarcely believe it at first. Such delightful compacts—so gaily colorful, so intriguingly *chic*—for such astoundingly low prices. You'll want one to match each costume—a mode adopted by the very smartest women.

Then, after you have admired the outside of the case—*open!* Inside a generous supply of exquisite powder—soft, clinging, delicately fragrant. And (if you choose the double compact) rouge as well—unbreakable mirror, two puffs. Refills always obtainable. Look for these Tre-Jur compacts in your favorite shop today. Single, 50c; double, \$1—in red, blue, green or black.



TRE  JUR

*If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, enclosing price and stating color of case and shade of powder (flesh or rachel) desired. Address House of Tre-Jur, Inc., Dept. F, 19 West 18th Street, New York City.*

# THEY CAME TO CAVIAR

## ...AND COOLER SMOKE

Wary sponsors, these people of sophisticated senses . . . trained in the acquiring of their enjoyments. Thus, they have acquired Spud and Spud's cooler smoke . . . realizing the enjoyment of cooler smoke comes not with the surprise of the first sensation . . . but through the continual happy-mouth comfort it affords in repetition. And so the mouths of these people are as groomed and poised as they themselves . . . keeping their discerning tobacco senses ever responsive to Spud's selected leaf and blend . . . a full tobacco flavor heightened by Spud's 16% cooler smoke. Thus, these pioneers in pleasure find their 1930 freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

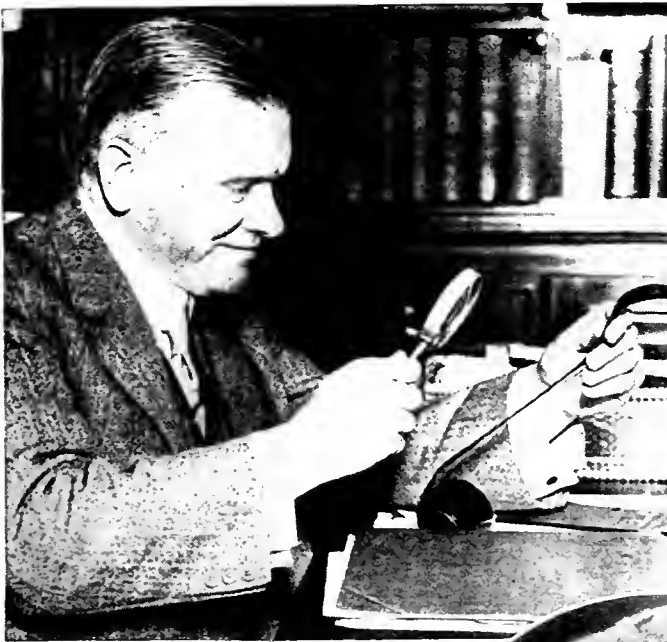


MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES



# Through *the* Studios *with* Pen and Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



P. and A.

First photograph of an untamed censor in his snipping room, busy cutting 200 foot kisses to a mere nod. This is Mr. Edward Short, K.C., new film censor of Great Britain. It is our impression that "K.C." stands for "Keen Cutter," but we just can't be sure of it

"He is gentle?" he asked. "Oh yes, the only thing is he'll bite if he gets mad."

"And how can you tell when he's mad?" asked Doug.

The owner scratched his head. "Darned if I know."

ONE of the most amusing sights on the First National lot is the dignified and patrician Corinne Griffith riding from her dressing room to her set on a bicycle.

THERE'S a story that the sob sisters could get their teeth into in the death of "Shorty," a prop boy at Paramount.

"Shorty" died without friends and without funds.

Some of the "juicers"—studio jargon for electricians—got together and gave him a funeral.

Because "Shorty" wanted to be buried as near the studio as possible a lot was purchased in the cemetery adjoining Paramount. His pals dug the grave.

At his funeral they filled a car with flowers, and because the mourners were so few they hired three out-of-work Italians to attend. It was Hollywood's strangest funeral and, in some ways, the saddest.

GAYLORD RAVENAL, the elegant gambler of "Show Boat," was pinched, not long ago—summoned to the calaboose like any ordinary malefactor.

But it wasn't for dealing off the bottom, or any such refined and genteel crime.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Dorothy Jordan, the sweet Southern miss who came to fame in "Devil May Care," wearing a novel, close-fitting hat made of petals of ashes of roses. Note the softly looped bow on the side

world, white or tinted, his sudden rise went to his head, and he gave in to high-priced motors, breach of promise suits, speeding charges and matrimony.

And practically nothing has he done in pictures, responsible for his pocket money and his stares.

The climax was reached, not long ago, when Officers Wooby and Fite, of the city of Los Angeles, charged the boy with being drunk in an automobile and trying to put on one of his acts before a large early-morning throng of admirers. His name, on the blotter, was Lincoln T. Perry. Municipal Judge Mae D. Lahey held him in bail of \$100 for trial.

And Stepin put on one of his acts in a motor car instead of before the camera. And nobody ever got a raise for that!

YOU probably know by this time that The Great Little Guy is in pictures, but PHOTOPLAY would be less than on the dot if it did not record the coming of George M. Cohan to the screen. For George occupies a peculiar and wonderful place in the affections of American theater-goers. For many years his plays, and his acting, and his singing, and his dancing, have been our possession. "The Yankee Doodle Boy" holds precious memories for all with sentiments of which they are not ashamed.

And George M. is in pictures, signed to write Jolson's first picture for United Artists.

"I haven't left the theater," Cohan says, "but its golden days are over."

And it was those days of which George M. Cohan—historic figure of the stage—was a part. We remember The Little Gray Fox with joy and gladness, and we welcome him to the talking picture screen, which entertains more millions than he ever dreamed of reaching by way of his beloved theater.

THEY were using a little fawn in a scene out at the M-G-M studios. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., saw it and wanted to buy it for Joan. He interviewed the owner.



One of the year's most striking ensembles. Anita Page with tweed turban, scarf, purse and sports coat. In fact, everything in this picture is tweedish but Anita herself



# Through *the* Studios *with* Pen and Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

In short, they had Joe Schildkraut up for common, vulgar speeding—forty-two miles an hour—and for passing a silly, beastly traffic light!

Speeding! Pah! Particularly a Schildkraut—even a Joe Schildkraut! Name of a sacred name! I'll bet that took the crease out of Joe's pants!

**JUNE** Collyer, one of the finest and loveliest, has been in New York making a talking picture for a small independent company.

June, being a recognized featured player—and liking her rest—thought to temper the studio labors by specifying in her contract that she was not to toil after six in the evening.

But little did she know how smart some of the movie boys are! The company countered, in its quiet way, by requiring June to be on the set at eight in the morning—an hour of which June had not even heard a rumor!

Which shows that, even if you get up very early in the morning, you can't lick some people!

**WHEN** it comes to weird shades of hair Clara Bow has a new and dangerous rival. Children run screaming to their mothers whenever Grant Withers heaves in sight.



The Village Smith as Hollywood sees him. A property boy at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer treating Raquel Torres' slippers with soundless felt for the sake of silence on the talkie stages. And so pussy-footing has come to the phonoplay

The last faint, stuttering word in tricky sports ensembles. Here is Marion Shilling wearing suspenders, arm-bands, hat-band and belt—and they all match. If Marion's skirt does not stay well up, we surely can't blame her

Thank Heaven for that!

The last big producer to go from that neighborhood on Sunset Boulevard was James Cruze, and now it is practically deserted.

Once upon a time—and a short time ago—dozens of small independents clustered there, turning out silent pictures with a camera and a prayer. But the coming of the talking picture changed all that, and drove them from the scene with advancing costs. And now there is no Poverty Row—at least by that name. So all you young fiction writers can save type-writer ribbon by not telling those sad stories of the poor little girl who got her canapes of caviar in the quickies. We know different.

**IF** you can stand another mention of this we'll do our best to suffer nobly, too! The picture that ran on forever, just like Tennyson's w.k. brook, is completed. At least Howard Hughes says he has completed "Hell's Angels." That is, it is completed with the exception of adding the aeroplane sound effects, and that shouldn't take more than a couple of years.

If you like statistics the picture was twenty-five months in the making, and cost up in the neighborhood of four million smackers. That makes the cost-sheet of "Ben-Hur" look like a Western quickie. Now all that Howard Hughes has to do is to get his money out of it.

**FIRST NATIONAL** was trying to get in touch with Gary Cooper on the telephone. They called what they believed was his number.

"Hello," they began, "does Gary Cooper live there?"

"Cooper? Cooper?" answered a puzzled feminine voice. "Is that the plumber?"

**THOSE** who know D. W. Griffith say that the one-time master of all directors is planning to remake "Intolerance" as a talking pic-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



Grant has the loveliest pale pink hair ever seen on the Boulevard, if it has ever seen pale pink hair. In the Corinne Griffith feature, "Back Pay," Grant plays a blond boy. The peroxide didn't work correctly, and Grant came out pink instead of golden. However, it photographs satisfactorily, and nobody worries much.

**THAT** much engaged young woman, Ethlyn Claire, will be married Valentine's Day to Ernest Westmore, a big grease paint and make-up man. On that day Ethlyn's divorce is final. You can't beat these girls for speed.

**IF** you want to get Alice White all hot and bothered (I'm telling you it's a great sight) just intimate that Sid Bartlett is just another boy friend. No ma'am, this is the real thing, the great romance, the grand pash. Alice, so she'll tell you, has never loved before. Now—it's different and, what's more, she's going to marry the boy. There are those in Hollywood who say that they're already married and are just pulling a Sue Carol-Nick Stuart.

**POVERTY ROW** is no more—which means that all the sob stories of poor little girls eking out dry crusts in the "quickies" are out.

# Your Teeth aren't Really Clean if You Only Polish the Surfaces

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start*

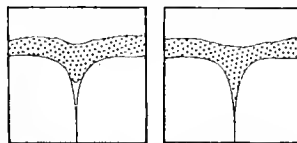


Diagram showing tiny space between two teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam (having "low Surface-Tension") gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleansing them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



**ECONOMICAL**—The 25c tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.



*Half-clean teeth invite decay. Why not have the extra protection of Colgate's, whose penetrating foam enters and cleanses the tiny pits and fissures where decay may start?*

Some toothpastes merely perform the single duty of polishing the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Colgate's does that, of course . . . *and something else besides!* When brushed, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam which has a truly remarkable property. This active foam *penetrates* into the tiny pits and fissures of the teeth and gums, softening the impurities which become lodged in these hard-to-reach places and *washing* them away in a surging, antiseptic bath.

Thus Colgate's cleans . . . giving your teeth double protection against the impurities which cause decay. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading dentifrices . . . hence, Colgate's ability to clean teeth best. Superiority and economy have made

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

**WARNING!** Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot possibly cure pyorrhea, correct acid mouth, firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean*. Self-medication is always dangerous . . . if you have any fears for the health of your teeth or gums, see your dentist at once!

For those who prefer a powder, Colgate's comes in this form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

**FREE** COLGATE, Dept. M-599, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name .....

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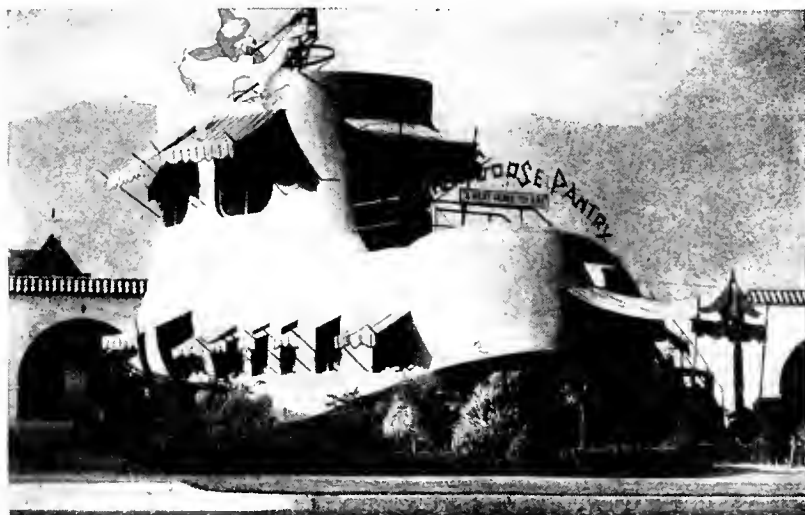
# Through *the* Studios *with* Pen and Camera

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 ]

ture, and with a completely new, modern sequence.

It will not be remade, of course, until he has completed "Abraham Lincoln." Stephen Benet, the author of the brilliant "John Brown's Body," is now working on the dialogue and story of the Emancipator. "Intolerance" was not regarded as Griffith's masterpiece, but it was a film that meant much to him. He made it as a whole-hearted answer to the waves of sectional feeling that engulfed "The Birth of a Nation." At least, Griffith has returned to the sphere in which he is greatest.

DO you remember Belle Bennett in the incomparable "Stella Dallas"? It was the rôle that made her famous, and perhaps the greatest tear-



Underwood and Underwood

Even the buildings go Hollywood under the sun of Southern California! This is one of the film colony's trick eating houses, where the tourists come to munch, and to stare at the movie lions



Our Gang's present quartet of little blackberries. At the left is the famous Farina, who began when he was knee-high to a small duck. The others are newcomers to The Gang, and are being trained in talkie ways by veteran Farina. At the right is a tiny period not yet two

teasing film of the year. It brought Lois Moran to the top, and added fresh laurels to the crown of Ronald Colman.

Belle Bennett is returning to the stage, and her first play under her contract with Henry Duffy, the Coast producer, is to be "Stella Dallas." It is a lucky choice, for it may bring Belle again to the attention of the producers. After her first auspicious beginning she was ruined by inferior, shoddy pictures, and, they say, just a tiny bit of temperament.

THE mysterious "Sisters G" are knocking Hollywood for a row of E flats. They were brought over here from Germany by Universal to appear in "The King of Jazz." They have sleek, black hair, look exactly alike and dance like fiends. They call themselves simply the Sisters G.

Two of their ardent admirers are Charlie Chaplin and another star who speaks German

fluently. But imagine the boys' embarrassment if they forget which twin is which.

JUST about the whole Bohny family works in pictures. Of course, Billie Dove is the stellar light, but "Pop" Bohny works extra, and played a bit in Billie's picture, "The Other Tomorrow."

"Pop" is pretty proud of Billie, and brought all of his friends among the extras up on the set to meet a real star. Billie's younger brother, Charles, after working extra during the Summer, is now an assistant cameraman at Fox.

ANOTHER famous silent film is going talkie.

Years ago Tommy Meighan, then a glittering and beloved star, [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110 ]



You must be slender to wear this frock. That band of red and beige jersey around the middle is dangerous for those inclined to hippiness. The dress itself is navy blue

# "Ordinary soaps can do great harm"

says the famous beauty expert

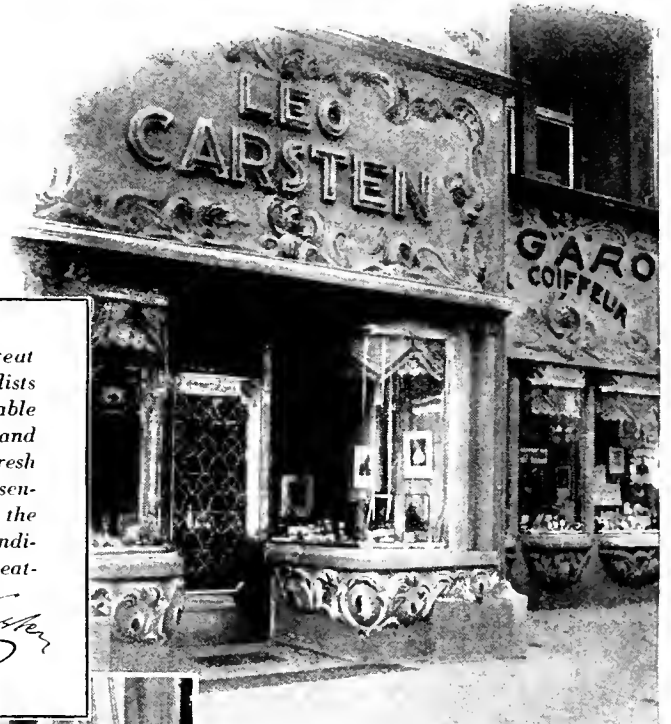
## CARSTEN of Berlin

"Daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."



"Ordinary soaps can do great harm. Modern beauty specialists advise a soap made of vegetable oils... the pure oils of palm and olives. Palmolive Soap is fresh and bland, safe for the most sensitive complexion. It leaves the skin in the best possible condition for a beauty expert's treatment."

*Leo Carsten*  
BERLIN



Facade of Carsten's famous beauty salon on the Kurfürstendamm in Berlin... one of the most elegant shops on an avenue famous for its smartness.

Today, more than ever before, it is important to wash the face with this olive oil soap which is safe, bland, non-irritating.

"NEW beauty treatments, such as ultra-violet rays and radio-active preparations, undoubtedly have their value in certain conditions of the skin, but it must not be imagined that older and simpler methods are superseded," says Leo Carsten, proprietor of the famous "Figaro" beauty shop on the Kurfürstendamm in Berlin.

"Soap and water, for example, are still the finest possible *cleansers* for the skin," he adds. "You will realize the importance of this when I say that daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

Herr Carsten, better known as "Figaro," is head of the leading beauty salon in middle Europe... located on one of the most fashionable streets in the world. He, himself, is well known in Berlin social circles as well as in the world of beauty science.

*18,000 famous experts agree*

In this shop... in other beauty shops patronized by the smart women of the world's leading



capitals... the advice to use Palmolive is part of every recommended home facial treatment.

Palmolive is made of the oils of palm and olives... no other fats whatever. Its color is the natural color of these oils. Its natural odor makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

### *This is the Palmolive treatment*

This is the way to get the best results: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it into the face and throat. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all. Yet thousands of great beauty experts, millions of their clients, find it the most effective safeguard for beauty. And Palmolive costs so little that one uses it for the bath, of course, as well. Begin these twice-a-day treatments tomorrow. They will protect your skin from irritation... keep it fresh, glowing, lovely.

Retail Price 10<sup>c</sup>



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 W.E.A.F. and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

5147

## Isn't it less embarrassing for young married women



### to find out for themselves about Feminine Hygiene?

IT must seem almost like prying into the experiences of others, when the young married woman seeks the advice of friends upon this intimate personal matter. The question is so vital, so important, that it cannot be ignored. Yet it must be embarrassing to discuss.

Furthermore, nine times out of ten she is met either with evasion or with information that is out-of-date if not actually wrong and dangerous. Isn't it better to send for this free book and read the facts?

#### Avoid poisonous antiseptics

Until recently the only powerful antiseptics available for feminine hygiene were poisonous and caustic—bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid sold under various trade names. Naturally doctors and trained nurses approved of hygienic cleanliness. But they did not approve of these poisonous germicides. Fortunately women now have Zonite, the safe antiseptic. Zonite never causes scar-tissue nor interferes with normal secretions. *And Zonite is powerful—far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.*

#### Send for free Zonite book

Mail coupon today and get the Zonite book. Filled with authentic information about feminine hygiene, freely and frankly written. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, chapped hands or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

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Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

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

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

# These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

## LEW AYRES



("The Kiss," M-G-M) came to the notice of film fans in this picture as the school-boy infatuated with Garbo. He came to Hollywood as a banjo player in jazz bands. So well liked was he in "The Kiss" that he has been given the lead in Universal's "All Quiet on the Western Front," one of the prime picture plums of this or any year.

## DOROTHY JORDAN



("Devil May Care," M-G-M) will stir up a lot of dust after you all see her as Novarro's lead in this. She is a Clarksville, Tenn., girl who came to Hollywood via Broadway musical shows. Her first part was *Bianca* in "The Taming of the Shrew," and Metro snapped her up. She will be seen in more films from the big Roaring Lion lot.

## WILLIAM BOYD



("The Locked Door," United Artists) is a leading man of the stage with a long and distinguished record behind his picture work. His greatest fame was won as the original *Sergeant Quirt* of "What Price Glory" in the stage production, opposite the *Captain Flagg* of Louis Wolheim. He played this great part for two whole seasons.

## BERNICE CLAIRE



("No, No, Nanette," First National) is called, in Hollywood, "the youngest prima donna on the American stage." For one of her years, she has a considerable stage background. First National is highly delighted with the youngster's work in "Nanette," and they are going to have her make several more singies at Burbank.

## TOM PATRICOLA



("Frozen Justice," Fox) is working in about as many pictures at Fox as El Brendel, and that's plenty. A young veteran of vaudeville and revue, Tom, for five years, was a featured comic in George White's "Scandals," where he won great fame. He is a brother of Miss Patricola, famous vaudeville singer and violinist.

## VIRGINIA BRUCE



("The Love Parade," Paramount) is a new Paramount find who bowed in in this Chevalier gem. She came from Fargo, N. D., to enroll in the University of California, but her blonde beauty was sighted, and she enrolled at Paramount instead. She has played several bits, is under a long term contract, and will get bigger jobs soon.

## JACK BENNY



("Road Show," M-G-M) came from vaudeville to Metro to act as master of ceremonies in "The Hollywood Revue," where his drolleries won public acclaim everywhere. Jack is a veteran comic and M-C of the two-a-day, his rambling monologue, with the aid of a property fiddle, having been known and liked for years. Jack's always good.

## EDWINA BOOTH



("Trader Horn," M-G-M) has been a meteor in Hollywood skies. Three years ago she was a pretty blonde stenographer. For two years she was an extra. Then Metro picked her to go to Africa with the company filming "Trader Horn," and for eight months this Hollywood tow-head battled danger and disease during the long, trying location trip.



# DATED Coffee

*full strength... at the peak of its flavor...*

You get it **THE WEEK IT IS ROASTED**

*This revolutionary new way of handling freshly roasted coffee like a perishable fresh food gives you a treat in flavor you have never had before*



EVERY can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is dated... just as "24-hour eggs" are dated... just as your bottle of fresh milk is dated.

Straight from the fragrant roasting ovens it goes to your grocer twice a week, delivered by the same motor trucks of "Standard Brands Inc., Daily Delivery" which bring him Fleischmann's Yeast fresh all the time.

No stop-overs for re-handling or storage! No standing on your grocer's shelf! Every can showing an eighth-day date regularly collected and replaced with fresh!

This way of distributing coffee is new — without precedent in the coffee business. To a blend already established for sixty-five years and preferred in many sections of the country for its smooth richness of flavor and exquisite "bouquet," it adds a guarantee of absolute freshness. Get a package today at your grocer's.

LOOK FOR THE  
*date*  
ON THE CAN



"Dated Coffee" means the same thing as "this morning's milk," "fresh bread." In adding this quality of *dependable freshness* to the rich depth of flavor of Chase & Sanborn's blend of superbly aromatic coffees, Chase & Sanborn have taken the last step to make your coffee perfect.

*Chase and Sanborn's Coffee* - **DATED**

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at  
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**MY DISCOVERY** that there are four ages of a woman's beauty and that her skin requires different treatment for each, has made it far simpler and easier for any woman to look lovelier. In your 'Teens, gentle cleansing is all your skin really needs. Use my Cleansing Cream.

at  
**20**



**IN YOUR TWENTIES**, the Second Age of Beauty, your skin needs one added protection to meet the strain of widened activities and the use of make-up. For this I designed my Finishing Cream—a perfect base for powder.

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**30**



**IN THE THIRD AGE** of Beauty time begins to weaken the little cells beneath your skin. My third cream, the Tissue Cream, is rich in nourishing oils which strengthen these cells and tissues and help preserve youthful contours.

at  
**40**



**AT FORTY** and beyond you can still have a beautiful complexion. Simply add my Astringent Cream to help prevent sagging tissues and hold the youthful vigor of your skin.

All Barbara Gould Creams \$1.00 each  
If you will just fill out the coupon I will gladly mail you a presentation set of my creams.

*Barbara Gould*

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Please send me your booklet "Any Woman Can Look Lovelier," and a presentation set of your creams.

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

GM-1

**Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY**

**TEN** years ago this month PHOTOPLAY drafted a recruit from the speaking stage.

His name was Burns Mantle—then the dramatic critic of *The Chicago Tribune*, and now, in 1930, filling the same post on *The New York Daily News*.

He opened his brief career as a movie reviewer by taking a man's-sized hack at "The Greatest Question," the latest production by D. W. Griffith.

That picture was built around Lillian Gish, at that time at the height of her young powers. Mantle moaned because it was just another film in which poor Lil took another beating.



In 1916 Lucille Zintheo was one of the winners of PHOTOPLAY'S famous "Beauty and Brains Contest." Late in 1919 she was Larry Semon's leading lady. Where is she now? Tell us, Lucille!

She was then, as she still is, the leading beatee of motion pictures. Burns didn't like it, and said so.

Others in the cast of that picture were the late Robert Harron, Tom Wilson, and George Fawcett.

**O**UR second review, this month, is of "The Copperhead."

This fine picture saw the cinematic coming of age of Lionel Barrymore, who gave a beautiful performance in the leading rôle.

Doris Rankin, then his wife, played opposite, and others in the cast were Arthur Rankin (then a kid actor) and M. F. Schroell, an early and now forgotten Lincoln.

This picture was directed magnificently by

Charles Maigne. Late in 1929 Maigne died in a hospital in San Francisco, after a long illness. His wife, Anne Cornwall, actress, was at his bedside. Maigne was fifty, and long through with pictures. His best work lives after him, hidden somewhere in a round, fireproof can.

**TEN** years ago other remembered pictures were noted and noticed . . . "Red Hot Dollars," with which Charles Ray followed his best work. Mantle called him "the male Mary Pickford." . . . And Paramount's "Huckleberry Finn," with Lewis Sargent in the name rôle. The picture was directed by William Desmond Taylor, later shot and killed by someone who to this day is an impenetrable mystery. . . . Our lead story this month is "If Christ Went to the Movies," written by the late Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, an ill-fated Episcopal clergyman of New York City. . . . And we get a little sensational this month, too. One of our feature stories is called "The Technique of Lovers," and was written by Clara Kimball Young, then the reigning beauty of the screen. And one who remembers her in 1919 will never forget her loveliness, particularly in the region of the eyes.

**W**E have a swell story on the superstitions of picture actors. Maybe it would be even better today.

At any rate, we read that Mary Pickford refuses to leave her home by the side door if she has previously entered by the front door; that she will allow no whistling in her dressing room, and that in all other matters she is utterly without bias.

Chaplin, we find, cannot bear the smell of a cigarette or of gasoline in the morning, and that it is not superstition, but caution.

Nazimova will not touch a violin, even at the pistol's point. And J. Warren Kerrigan says the numeral 7 brings him the worst possible luck.

All of which was vastly important—in 1919.

**T**HIS month we trace one of the winners of our famous "Beauty and Brains Contest." Her name was Lucille Zintheo, and we find, three years after the contest closed, that Lucille is playing opposite the late Larry Semon in his two-reel comedies. And a pretty girl she was! . . . Just about this time Lillian Gish directed sister Dorothy in a five-reel comedy, and made a good job of it, too. . . . We have a story on Alice Joyce, telling of the days when she posed for artists at fifty cents an hour. For that beauty? . . .

M. D., of Hartford, Conn., digs up an odd mistake in a current picture.

In an English scene in "The Miracle of Love," the leading lady is reading a supposedly English paper. But it happened to be *The New York World*.

Was she so far wrong?

**PATSY II, AUSTRALIA.**—Pearl White's first Fox picture is "The White Moll." Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudie Cameron. Y'wekkum.

**H**OLLYWOOD has adapted the new fashions in graceful, charming ways. The April issue of PHOTOPLAY (out March 15) will picture the newest and prettiest star frocks, to help you choose the correct lengths and lines for all occasions and the most fashionable fabrics and trimmings. Don't miss this important style forecast from Hollywood.



## Will you pay half the usual price for *white, lovely* teeth?

WOULDN'T you like to have snowy, gleaming teeth that are the admiration of others?

Wouldn't you like to attain them without a lot of tiresome scrubbing and rubbing?

Wouldn't you like to experience that delightful feeling of mouth exhilaration that you associate with the use of Listerine itself?

And wouldn't it please you to know that in getting these results you cut your tooth paste bill approximately in half?

If you've been using 50¢ dentifrices—and they are all good—switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. Look for the results we have outlined above. Like thousands of others, you will be convinced you have made a wise change.

Only ultra-modern methods of production and vast buying power make possible such a dentifrice at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



*Your  
tooth paste  
will buy you  
a "wave"*

Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want. A wave, for example. The saving is \$3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

# Winnie Wows 'Em

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

"Some of the critics thought I was too rough and rowdy as *Mabel*. Gosh, I know girls just like her—the life of the party. When they get going at the party they start tearing the furniture apart and rip buttons off your clothes. I've never thought I was too good to be above criticism. A good critic knows his business. If he gives me some constructive criticism I analyse it, and if I think he's right, I change my act.

"What do you think? I'm getting fan mail. Couldn't you die? The letters are from kids and the old fellows. I can tell. Why doesn't Winnie get a break from the young bloods? They tell me that I will get baskets-ful pretty soon. I wanted to know what kind of baskets. There are little ones and big ones."

ALMOST everybody in the Warner Brothers organization claims to have been the one to pick Winnie for a winner. She says that Roy Del Ruth is the correct Columbus.

When they were casting for "Gold-Diggers of Broadway" everyone was selected but *Mabel*. Somehow they couldn't find just the person to do the hard-boiled and good-hearted chorus girl. On one of the coldest and most disagreeable days of the California winter, Del Ruth went into a projection room and requested to see all the short subjects on hand. Reel after reel was run off to no avail. At last he got up to leave.

"Wait a minute," called the man in the projection booth. "Here's a can that says 'Winnie Lightner.'"

The reel was run. It was a short subject Winnie had made two years ago, called "A Song a Minute."

Del Ruth knew that he had found his *Mabel*. The wires were kept hot. Winnie was tied up with a vaudeville contract, but difficulties were straightened and she was on her way to the Coast.

Only one thing happened to mar her happiness in Hollywood. Her mother died during the making of the picture, and when Winnie returned from the funeral her first line was "I feel like a dish of frog-legs." From that line she went into a comedy song. Del Ruth offered to postpone the song for a week, but Winnie was too good a trouper to hear of it. But she cried when the picture opened in New York. Her mother could not see it, and she had seen every show that Winnie had done, and had read everything ever written about her.

Winnie is absolutely sold on Hollywood. After years in vaudeville, and living in hotel rooms, it seems perfect to have a big house with lots of closet-space, and with clothes in every closet. It costs her \$685 a month and she is paying \$350 for an apartment in New York, but she thinks it's worth it.

California climate agrees with her fifteen-months-old son who is beginning to say "da-da" and "ma-ma."

To prove that she is an inveterate movie fan herself, the baby's name is Richard Barthelmess Georgine Holtry. Dick is her favorite actor.

Winnie wants to stay in pictures. Vaudeville has palled on her.

"It isn't like it used to be," she explained. "I've played on bills with the Duncan Sisters, Valeska Suratt, T. Roy Barnes, and wonderful dance acts. But now vaudeville is just the same. It opens with acrobats. The second spot is a couple of hoofers. Third is a guy with a violin. Fourth, a skit. And so on. The scenery is fierce. An old rag hung up with a few rhinestones on it, and they think it's swell. And a few trick lamps which the girls in the act made in a Cincinnati hotel."

Her rule in vaudeville was always to leave her audience wanting more. She didn't give encores. What she did on the stage she did fast. Some headliners stay on until they have to be wheeled off. Not Winnie. The same philosophy prompts her to be wary about signing a long-term contract with one studio. She doesn't want to be taken for granted.

WINNIE was quite hurt about a recent interview in one of the Los Angeles papers. It seemed that the writer had made Winnie out to be too tough and rowdy.

"I may not be a Vassar graduate," she complained, "but I don't talk out of the side of my mouth and say 'dese, dem and dese.'"

So, please don't think Winnie is hard-boiled. She isn't. She's one of the most genuine good sports in Hollywood. But, I'm telling you, Winnie, if you ever try to be a lady (Hollywood version of the word) I'm going to go out to your house with a shotgun.



What a thrilling motor dive looks like from behind the camera battery. In the white oblong is the shot as it will seem on the screen. But alas, as you can see, the raging torrent is only a tame tank, and the cameras and mikes are busy. A scene from a new Charlie Chase comedy



Does This Modern Girl's Reasoning Appeal to You?\*



★FREE!

THIS interesting letter is similar to many which Life Savers, Inc., receives. Far accepted letters such as this, Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y., will send to the writers FREE a box of assorted Life Savers.

So many people have had unique experiences with Life Savers that we are very interested to know about them. What have you discovered about Life Savers? When do you and your children enjoy them most? Don't you find that they help digestion, sweeten the breath, soothe the throat and are very delightful after smoking?



Homecrest, Bay City, Mich.

Life Savers, Inc.,  
Port Chester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I presume the subject of unpleasant breath is pretty tiresome to you folks - but even though the advertising of mouth washes keeps up, there are still plenty of guilty people. And I believe this is why:

One doesn't carry a mouth wash with her - and no matter how strong a breath purifier may be, its effectiveness quickly wears off - and the likelihood of an offensive breath is always present.

Personally, I am terribly sensitive about it - for, as everyone knows, the guilty person is rarely aware of the offense. Just the other day a girl friend and I were discussing it. She always carries a packet of Life Savers in her purse. While I enjoyed Life Savers many times, I never thought they could become so indispensable to my every-day life. At any rate, I am safe from now on!

I find that Life Savers not alone overcome the slightest chance of bad breath, but soothe my throat and make my mouth feel cool and refreshed all the time - even after smoking! I think this thought would make a good ad, don't you?

Very truly yours,

Helen R. Tomlin



EACH dainty, delicious Life Saver is 100% pure candy—a marvel of quality, purity and taste-tingling flavor. Life Savers soothe the throat, sweeten the breath, aid digestion and actually stimulate the appetite in a natural, beneficial way.

Six delicious flavors—each pure, healthful and refreshing.

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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.

JESSIE MAE BROWN, AMSTERDAM, N. Y.—Nils Asther was married and divorced in Europe several years ago. Nils is at present optimistically studying English at the University of Southern California. William Powell is divorced and has a son. Lola Lane's latest is "The Girl from Havana." Ralph Forbes—lucky dog—is married to Ruth Chatterton.

L. W. B., BALTIMORE, MD.—Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, Jan. 1, 1900. The Garbo's life story was printed in the April, May and June, 1928, issues of PHOTOPLAY.

J. A. J., GLEN ALLEN, VA.—And now it's Robert Montgomery. If I ever find a girl who is curious to hear about me instead of about these handsome movie men—! Oh, well,—Robert was born May 21, 1904, in Beacon, N. Y., and he's still single.

MARY HOWARD, TARBORO, N. C.—Ah, Nancy Carroll—that's more like it! The little red-head does all her own vocalizing. She was born Nov. 19, 1906, weighs 118 pounds, and is five feet, four inches tall. Paramount's new revue is called "Paramount on Parade." Sidney Blackmer's from Salisbury, N. C.—will that do?

SARAH ARNOLD, MEMPHIS, TENN.—Dorothy Hall played the lead opposite Richard Dix in "Nothing but the Truth"—but Helen Kane did some boop-a-dooping in the picture.

LEROY ROSENBERG, JR., INGLEWOOD, CALIF.—Josephine Dunn was married to William Cameron, but it's all over now. Paul Page was born in Birmingham, Ala., in 1903, and was on the stage before entering the movies. The little Gaynor is twenty-three. Clara Bow is one of the Brooklyn girls.

WILLIAM MONAGHAN, JR., GRANTWOOD, N. J.—So you think the old Answer Man is George Jean Nathan? Better not let Nathan hear about it—he might sue. Sally O'Neil was born in Bayonne, N. J., twenty-one years ago. Ditto her sister, Molly O'Day, nineteen years ago. Donald Crisp played Lillian Gish's brutal father in "Broken Blossoms."

A. W. S., RICHMOND, VA.—'Twas Marie Prevost in "The Godless Girl," but she had her hair bleached. That college picture of Clara's was called "The Wild Party" and Frederic March played the professor.

M. MCK., PAWHUSKA, OKLA.—Monte Blue and Rod LaRocque are not related, although there's a striking resemblance between them. Kay Francis and Will Rogers uphold the honor of your state. The bandit rôle in "Revenge" was played by LeRoy Mason.

**P**HOTOPLAY 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 104 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.

W. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Norma Terris' latest picture is "Cameo Kirby." Norma got married recently.

DOROTHY H., MIAMI, FLA. — Corsicana, Tex., is Mary Brian's native village and Louise Dantzler her real name. The last rumor connected her name and Rudy Vallée's, but nothing came of it. The next Gaynor-Farrell opus will be a musical called "High Society Blues." Buddy (America's Boy Friend) Rogers will have Jean Arthur opposite him in "Young Eagles."

G. W., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The picture you refer to was called "Beau Geste" and I ruined my reputation as a strong, silent sort of fellow by sniffing audibly during the famous Viking funeral scene.

M. N., BRIGHTON, MASS.—Evelyn Brent is five feet, four inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Betty—her real name is Betty Riggs—married a nice chap by the name of Harry Edwards a little over a year ago. She's left Paramount for Columbia and you're not the only fan who hopes to see her get better breaks in the future.

G. DARRYL SCHMALE, SEATTLE, WASH.—Besides "The Letter" and "Jealousy" the late Jeanne Eagels played in a picture called "Man, Woman, and Sin." You're one of many to rally to Alice White's defense since PHOTOPLAY printed that article about her being disliked in Hollywood.

JOY HUDSON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Chester Morris was born in New York City, Feb. 16, 1902; is five feet, nine inches tall; weighs 148 pounds and has dark brown hair and grey eyes; is married and has a small son. Chester's next picture is "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" and I'm looking forward to it.

S. L. H., TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—Frank Mayo played opposite Corinne Griffith in "Six Days."

J. C. HENRY, HAYNESVILLE, LA.—The rôle of David in "Wings" was played by Richard Arlen. Gary Cooper had the rôle of the young aviator who was killed. Eleanor Boardman comes from Philadelphia and uses her own name. Corinne Griffith is not related to the famous D. W.

A. LORETO, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Heigho, everybody!—Rudy Vallée is of French and Irish descent; his name, sad to say, is Hubert Prior Vallée; he eloped once upon a time, but the lady had it annulled. He hasn't announced his plans for future pictures.

WENONA BROTHERS, VANCOUVER, WASH.—Vilma Banky was born Jan. 9, 1903, near Budapest, Hungary—well, Nagydorog, since you insist. Her next is "Sunkissed." Renee Adoree was born in 1902 and her latest picture is "Redemption." (That's the John Gilbert picture which M-G-M seems to have mislaid.)

HELENA ROBINSON, BROOKLINE, MASS.—Charles Ruggles was a success on the stage and he seems to be getting along more than well in the talkies. "The Big Pond," with Chevalier and Colbert, is his next. The two youngsters in "The Lady Lies" were Patricia Deering and Tom Brown. Colman is separated from his wife.

EVELYN AYERS, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Stanley Smith was in "The Sophomore" before he made his big hit in "Sweetie." Nancy Carroll has a four-year-old daughter. Helen Kane doesn't come from any farther south than the Bronx, N. Y.

M. D. TREADELPHIA, W. VA.—Most screen stars have secretaries to answer their mail. Ramon Novarro will talk in his next picture, "The House of Troy." John Boles is married and has two daughters. In "Rio Rita," Helen Kaiser played the part of Mrs. Bean, and Johnny Arthur was Benny Kid in "The Desert Song."

B. P., PITTSBURGH, PENNA.—Edward Martindel was born in Hamilton, Ohio. His recent pictures have been "Footlights and Fools," "Modern Love," and "The Desert Song." He's one of my favorite grey-haired actors, too.

B. H., PORTSMOUTH, ARK.—Clara Bow's life story—and what a story it is!—appeared in the February, March and April, 1928, issues of PHOTOPLAY. Send 25 cents for each copy to our Chicago office, 750 N. Michigan Avenue. Clara was born July 29, 1905, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She has cerise hair and brown eyes and her official title is Clara Gordon Bow.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

# Lovelier younger Skin . . .



## WHEN YOU GUARD ITS HEALTH IN 6 VITAL PLACES

This wonderful truth about my Milkweed Cream puts it on the dressing tables of a million beautiful women — it is much more than the most perfect cleanser you have touched to your face . . . *it is a marvelous corrector of the health of your skin!*

For Milkweed Cream *tones* the skin as it cleanses it. It coaxes impurities from the pores, and your skin is left fresh, immaculate . . . satin to touch. And, in addition, Milkweed's special toning properties free the complexion of blemishes and aging little lines and wrinkles. Swiftly the skin becomes healthy — gloriously clear — *young!*

The method these women use is simple — just as easy as ordinary cleaning. For the difference lies entirely in the healthful ingredients of my cream.

*Guard your skin health this way*

First apply Milkweed Cream generously. Leave it on the skin a moment to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and light film of Milkweed Cream and, following the six starred instructions at the left, pat the cream gently into the skin.

All drug and department stores have Milkweed Cream. Begin this sure method tonight. If you have any special beauty questions, 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. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

Frances Ingram, Dept. A-30, 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.

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STUDY MY MANNEQUIN TO KNOW WHY

## "Only a healthy skin can stay young"

By FRANCES INGRAM

- ★ The Forehead . . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form prematurely on the forehead and between the eyebrows unless the skin is kept soft and pliable — and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- ★ The Mouth . . . Drooping lines are easily defeated by firming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ The Eyes . . . Nothing is so aging and unbecoming as puffiness beneath the eyes and crow's feet at the corners. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
- ★ The Neck . . . To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed Cream from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ The Throat . . . To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ The Shoulders . . . To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

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Every woman who cares for the charm of shadowed, sweeping lashes, is adopting this marvelous method...

Smart, sophisticated women, who have tried many eyelash beautifiers—seeking the ideal—come eventually to Winx. For two reasons:

Winx keeps eyelashes soft—when you follow directions carefully, Winx never cakes nor clots—just gives a shade of emphasis to the natural loveliness of your lashes. And the lashes never get hard—the effect is always soft, silky.

Winx gives a wholly natural effect. No artificial, “stagey” look—just the deepened expression and irresistible fascination of your own eyes.

Winx comes in liquid form, absolutely water and tear proof, —or cake—to suit your toilette.

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# WINX

For Lovely Lashes

### New! Winx in cake form!

You'll adore the smart new silvery Winx compact! Nothing else like it. And when you open it, press your nail ever so slightly into the cake of Winx. See how soft and yielding it is. It will be just as soft, just as smooth on your eyelashes. A charming, convenient handbag accessory!

## Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

MARY LANE, BEAUMONT, TEXAS.—Sessue Hayakawa is en route to Hollywood via vaudeville. I'd like to see him in the talkies—wouldn't you? Earle Williams is dead.

M. A. C., DILLON, MONT.—The part of Mike in “Street Girl” was played by John Harron, brother of the late Bobbie. John was born March 31, 1903, in New York City. He's six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair, dark blue eyes and is still single.

WILLIE MACNICHOLLS, NATCHEZ, MISS.—Richard Dix is thirty-four years old and has dark brown hair and eyes. Anita Page was born Aug. 4, 1910, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Dec. 9 of the same year. Clara Bow-de-o's latest is “The Humming Bird.”

HELEN GARNIK, DIAMONDVILLE, WYO.—Your—and a million other women's—darling, John Boles, was born Oct. 27, 1899, in Greenville, Texas. He's six feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 180 pounds and has brown hair and grey-blue eyes. He was in pictures a couple of years before he clicked so phenomenally in “The Desert Song.”

SNOOKIE, SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—Yep, I'm a Marx Brothers addict, too. Garbo's film “The Kiss” has sound, but no dialogue. Dick Barthelmess' latest picture is “Young No-wheres.”

BRONX, N. Y.—Wish people wouldn't keep asking my age; it's embarrassing at my time of life. Bessie Love was born Sept. 10, 1898; Nancy Carroll, Nov. 19, 1906, and Alice White, July 25, 1907.

EVELYN WILLIAMSON, OMAHA, NEB.—Bebe Daniels was born Jan. 14, 1901, in Dallas, Texas. She entered pictures at the age of eight. Her next is titled “Love Comes Along.”

MARY FAY STUART, NEWPORT, R. I.—Lew Ayres went to Hollywood two years ago playing a banjo in a jazz band. He played a small part in Garbo's picture “The Kiss,” and made such a hit that Universal gave him the much coveted lead in “All Quiet on the Western Front.” Barbara Kent was born Dec. 16, 1909. Did you move back East just to be near me?

BING, NORWOOD, MASS.—You must have guessed my weakness, young lady—I am as susceptible to flattery as an actor. Charlie Farrell was born in Onset Bay, Mass., in 1902. Janet Gaynor is just five feet tall. She married Lydell Peck, who used to be a lawyer but is now studying to be a scenario writer. That's what love does.

SHEENAGH PAGE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Sue Carol was born in Chicago, Ill. Tennis is her favorite sport. David Jerome Rollins first saw light in Kansas City, Mo., twenty years ago. Arthur Lake's real name is Silverlake. Both Arthur and David call flying their favorite sport.

BELLE GRAHAM, DETROIT, MICH.—Lord Dilling in “The Last of Mrs. Cheyne” was played by Basil Rathbone.

LOTTA ALLSBROOK, SCOTLAND, N. C.—Philippe De Lacy was born July 25, 1917. His next picture is “Sarah and Son.” Ramon Novarro is thirty-one years old and single. “The House of Troy” is his next. That was Dorothy Janis who sang with him in “The Pagan.” Oscar Shaw contributed the masculine love interest to “The Cocoanuts.”

VERA BAXENDALE, CHICAGO, ILL.—Ann Harding's husband in “Paris Bound” was Frederic March. June Collyer has been rumored engaged to Buddy Rogers—but then, who hasn't? Don Alvarado was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and is married.

M. E. S., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers are both 100 per cent Americans—one of the few things they have in common. Billie Dove is twenty-six years old and Alice White is twenty-two. James Hall's next picture is “Hell's Angels.”

N. L. H., BRIDGEPORT, ALA.—Ruth Elder was never married to Hoot Gibson. Walter Camp, Jr., is her husband. Ken Maynard is married. Jack Perrin is still making pictures. “The Jade Box” and “Hoofbeats of Vengeance” are his two latest.

FRANK C. GRIBBLE, McMINNVILLE, TENN.—John Mack Brown was a featured player on the University of Alabama football team before he became a featured player in pictures. He was born in Dothan, Ala., Sept. 4, 1904; is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes.

LACZY GALLE, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Jack Oakie's next will be “Hit the Deck.” Jack is coming right along. The Buddy Rogers picture you referred to was called “Someone to Love.” “Stephen Steps Out,” Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s first picture, was released in November, 1923.

A. D., BENNINGTON, VT.—Kay Francis, one of the screen's more attractive menaces, was born in Oklahoma City, Okla. She's a Paramount star.

HELEN LANCASTER, SPARTANBURG, S. C.—Bet you'd never know that I speak with a Swedish accent. Viola Dana's most recent appearance is in “The Show of Shows.” She was born June 28, 1898. Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper are engaged off and on. Karl Dane was born in Denmark; he is six feet, three and one-half inches tall, and weighs 250 pounds. He's married, but there are no small Danes. Next picture—“Navy Blues.”

KITTY JONES, CHICAGO, ILL.—Larry Gray was born in San Francisco, Calif., July 7, 1898. He's five feet, ten inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has brown hair and green eyes and isn't married. Larry has been in pictures for some time but is getting his first real break now that his voice can be heard.

DOROTHY DAVIS, CHICAGO, ILL.—Collect your dollar, Dorothy—the chap you noticed in “Gold Diggers of Broadway” wasn't Conrad Nagel but only a humble extra. I noticed the resemblance, too.

ROBERTA P., ROSELLE, ILL.—Carlotta King has a five-year contract with M-G-M but for some reason they haven't used her since “The Desert Song.” She will, however, be seen in “Rose Marie” in the near future. John Boles is thirty years old. Robert Armstrong's latest picture for Pathe was “The Racketeer.” He is one of a group of players whose contracts were not renewed, and will free-lance from now on.

EDITH GERTRUDE RANN, MANCHESTER, IA.—The good-looking lad who played Ed Curby in “The Forward Pass” was Allen Lane. H. B. Warner was born Oct. 26, 1877, and his next picture is “The Dark Swan.” Now, am I forgiven?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



# Having Lovely Hands at all times on less than 5 minutes a day

By Doris Lee Ashley Beauty Editor of Pictorial Review

## 4 Advantages busy women have discovered in the new Liquid Polish

TODAY there is no alibi left for ill-kept hands, for we are constantly getting new and better manicure preparations and they do their job so quickly and efficiently that any woman very satisfactorily can be her own manicurist.

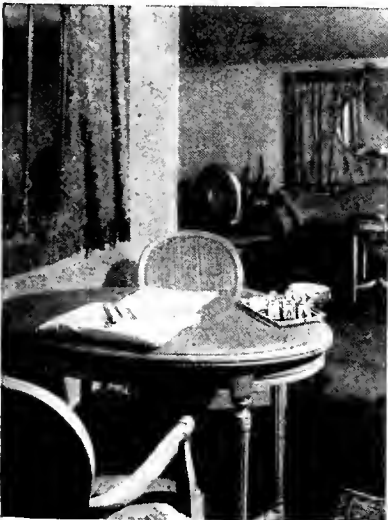
The new liquid polish has contributed four wonderful advantages to busy women. It takes only a few moments to apply. Its delightful lustre keeps the finger tips gleaming for days and days.

It does not peel or discolor, but serves as a splendid protection for the nails, keeping them smooth and gleaming under all conditions. And there is no fear of its making the nails brittle.

Now, with an application of this new liquid polish at the weekly manicure, the nails are exquisitely groomed throughout the entire week—with only a few minutes' care each day, just

Below—At the BEAUTY SALON in the ST. REGIS HOTEL, New York, they say:

"Our clientele like the lustre Cutex Liquid Polish gives their nails and the fact that their hands keep the well-groomed look for days! And Cutex Cuticle Remover keeps their cuticle so trim."



ETHEL BARRYMORE, the best-loved actress on the American stage, says: "To get the full effect of personality, everything must flatter us to our very finger tips.

"The hands particularly must be sparkling. I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish keeps my finger tips radiantly fresh and crisp—gives them just the necessary touch of flattering sparkle. I take along a Cutex Manicure Set on all my tours to keep my shining nails ready for their cue!"

enough time to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tip.

It is fun to keep doing things in this interesting world we live in—but unless you are wise your hands will suffer. Are you ashamed of yours?

### The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

#### 1. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.

Scrub the nails with warm soapy water. Apply Cutex Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle and bring out the pale half-moons. Pass orange stick, wrapped with cotton and saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover, under nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

#### 2. The new Cutex Liquid Polish that protects and flatters the nails.

Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish from the half-moon toward the finger tip. As a finishing touch, a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White.

NORTHAM WARREN—NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover 35¢. Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢.



#### 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.)

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. OQ-3, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

# How They Manage Their Homes

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]



A glimpse of the living room. A cope of deep toned red velvet, embroidered in gold and jewels, forms an unusual wall decoration. Furniture and woodwork are exquisitely carved

Miss Kenyon composes charming couplets. It is a part of the scheme that each guest must find his place at the table according to the couplet that best suits his personality.

The story goes that once a motion picture flapper had been found in the seat intended for an astronomer. She mistook the sign of the stars to be a symbol for herself. To her mind, all the stellar constellations were not in the heavens.

Opening from the dining room is the patio where the Sills hold their barbecues.

Picture any summer night. A sky brilliant with stars. A lazy moon creeping across the sky, dipping her white fingers into the trees, making shadows across the white gravel below, adding romance to the enchanting stillness of that secluded garden.

In the center of the patio is a huge pepper tree, with shining red berries and branches that bend to the earth

An open fireplace. A long table set with ripe fruits of every variety. Tempting foods in gaily colored bowls.

FROM the balcony of Miss Kenyon's room may be seen the sea, the lights of Santa Monica and the faint line of the hills against the sky.

Miss Kenyon's favorite color, green, predominates in her bed-

room. Every soft shade of this color has been fused—in the taffeta drapes, the chenille rug, the artistic furniture.

Wherever you turn are mirrors of every size and shape. On mirrored shelves are all the newest perfumes in decorative bottles. The large mirror in Doris' bedroom came from a palace on the border of Spain and France. It is a French mirror with a Fourteenth Century motif of cherubs and birds.

Her lamps are a real rose quartz, a real jade and a real crystal. Doris' inkwell, from which she answers her fan mail, is of rose quartz. The pen is solid gold, and the penholder is a bird of paradise, in shades of mauve, purple and yellow.

Her bed is gay with rose taffeta, strewn with little pillows and her favorite fashion dolls.

Her green-tiled bath with its sunken tub is ornamented with a lovely fountain in the shape of a golden fish, astride of which is a little boy designed and patterned after her own little son, Kenyon.

Across her balcony is Milton's room. A perfect masculine room. Deep red covers the bed and is found in the drapes and adorning the walls. And from the balcony, the distant mountains rise sternly against the blue sky, and the waving trees bend and sway their patterns across the room.

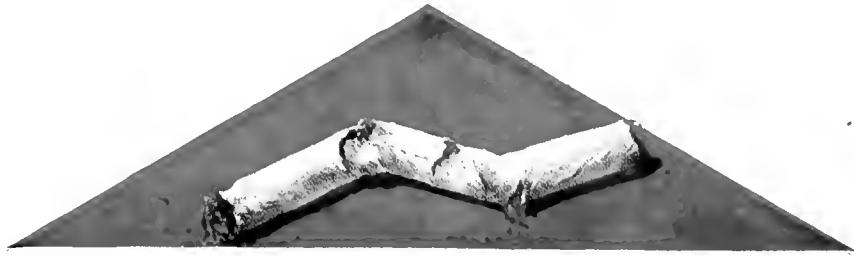
Upon leaving the hacienda, one turns to have a last glimpse. On the white walls below Doris' balcony is an inscription that reads something like this: "Life is a dream. Under the changing circles of the moon, nothing endures but love."

LAST year Milton had a severe nervous breakdown which necessitated his going to an Eastern sanitarium for rest and treatment. So Doris went East also, and took an apartment in New York for her little boy and herself, where she could be near Milton. She kept herself busy with voice lessons, and made such remarkable strides that last fall she was ready for her concert début on the New York stage. The lessons which had been the means of diverting her mind from anxieties had fostered a talent which would bring pleasure to others.



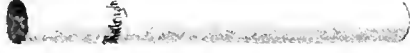

















Now they are both back in Hollywood, busy with plans to continue with their respective screen careers, and happy to be reunited at *El Sueño*.



The stately entrance court is a charming introduction to the beauty and peace of *El Sueño*, the castle-in-the-air of Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills—a dream made real



*If a cigarette is only "fire-and-puff" to you,  
you won't care about RALEIGH'S protection*

	
But if you admit	then you will admit
	
that 31 fine grades	that such a blend
	
of excellent tobacco	deserves a protective
	
can be blended,	package which keeps
	
by a new process,	each plump cylinder
	
to make a perfect	perfect . . . and you
	
cylinder in which	will understand why
	
every single puff	it is the foremost
	
tastes identically good	quality cigarette.
	

*It pays to pay  
a trifle more for  
**Raleigh***



[ PLAIN - OR TIPPED ]

BROWN & WILLIAMSON  
TOBACCO CORPORATION  
Louisville, Kentucky



# “WHAT - *don't carry* LIPSTICK ?”

“Please lend me your lipstick, Rosalie darling. I must have lost mine.”

“I'm sorry, my dear, but I forgot *mine*—don't *carry* one very often, in fact.”

“What—don't *always* carry a lipstick? What on *earth* do you do?”

“I use *Kissproof*. It stays on *hours* longer, you know. Doesn't really matter if I *do* forget it.”

“And your lips always look *so* natural. I must *try* Kissproof. Is it *terribly* expensive?”

“No, I only paid fifty cents for mine and I've had it for months already.”

The modern woman, with her active, energetic life and pressing necessity always to look her best, cannot be *bothered* with lipstick that needs continual retouching. Nor can she be *embarrassed* by lipstick that leaves tell-tale stains on everything her lips touch.

That's why 5,000,000 women daily use Kissproof—waterproof, it stays on hours longer. Just a touch on the lips rubbed in with the finger tip is all that's needed. And you have the peace of mind of knowing that your rich, red, youthful coloring is as *natural* as your very own.

Kissproof lips look as though they were perfect—soft, luscious Cupid's Bows on which true beauty so depends. But unlike so many lipsticks Kissproof heals and soothes the lips amazingly, preventing wind burn and chapping.

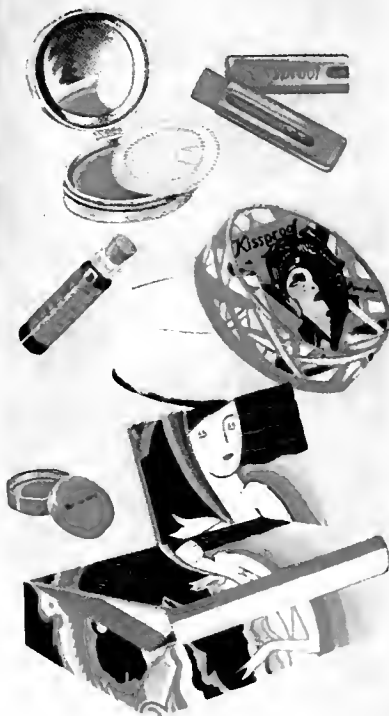
Every woman owes it to herself to try this totally *different* beauty aid—so lovely, so natural. Available in a number of attractive cases, including a darling red and gold swivel.

**You won't know *your own* eyes!**

Give your eyes the same chance for beauty that you give your lips and cheeks. Touch up lashes and brows with Delica-Brow. It instantly frames the eyes in long, sweeping lashes, making them sparkle with new life.

When you look in the mirror after applying Delica-Brow, you'll think you've traded old eyes for new—they will be so much more beautiful—alluring—and *lovely*.

Waterproof—never runs or smears. Will not burn the eyes. Black or Brown. Liquid or Cake.



\*Kissproof Make-up Kit

\*Send for

## Complete Kissproof Make-Up Kit

So that you may know the thrill and joy of using these “worryproof” cosmetics, we will send you a Kissproof Make-up Kit as illustrated, containing every essential for the perfect make-up—

1. Kissproof lipstick (brass case).
2. Kissproof compact rouge (with mirror and puff).
3. Kissproof face powder (large box).
4. Kissproof cream rouge.
5. Delica-Brow lash and brow dressing (with camel's hair brush).
6. 16 page Make-Up Booklet (“Clever Make-Up—nine tenths of Beauty”).

All for coupon below and only 30 cents (to partly cover mailing cost and postage). Not stingy samples—enough powder for six weeks, for instance. All in artistic case—ideal for week ends or your dressing table. The full size packages would cost over \$3.00.

This is a Special Limited Offer. Please act promptly—send coupon before you forget. Only one Make-up Kit per person.

**\*SPECIAL OFFER COUPON!**

Kissproof, 538 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago	3-PM
For 30 cents enclosed (stamps, coins or money order) send me complete Make-Up Kit as described and pictured above. I use Flesh <input type="checkbox"/> Brunette <input type="checkbox"/> Ivory <input type="checkbox"/> White <input type="checkbox"/> Face Powder.	
Name .....	
Address .....	
City .....	State .....

*Kissproof lipstick, face powder, rouge and Delica-Brow are on sale at all toilet counters.*

# Kissproof

WATERPROOF . . . . . It stays on!

# The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

## THE GIRL FROM WOOLWORTHS— First National

ALICE WHITE goes on turning out snappy, entertaining little talkies, and this is one of the brightest. Bright and merry fare for the young folks, with Alice singing and dancing, Charles Delaney scoring as the boy friend, and a rich new comedy find in the sparkling person of Rita Flynn. *All Talkie.*

## THE GIRL OF THE PORT— Radio Pictures

FLOTSAM and Jetsam are at it again, floating about on the Tides of Time, looking for Life's Deepest Meaning. Really, though, the movie version of John Russell's "Firewalker" succeeds in spite of Gilbert and Sullivan props. Sally O'Neil takes the air, and gives a slick performance. Reginald Sharland, a smooth-voiced Englishman, puts snap into an otherwise listless rôle. *All Talkie.*

## THE BROADWAY HOOFER— Columbia

THE national hooper epidemic passes lightly over Columbia, leaving a stimulating backstage comedy. Marie Saxon's dancing and singing, combined with her personal charm and a story tailored to measure, make this New York musical comedy star's first talking picture a success. She's cast as a Broadway musical comedy queen vacationing incog, who falls for the hooper-manager of a fourth-rate burlesque. *All Talkie.*

## UNDERTOW—Universal

A STRONG dramatic plot and a group of players fail to jell satisfactorily in "Undertow." A husband gets banged on the head and he goes blind. He gets banged again and he sees plenty—his best friend hugging the wife. Most of the action takes place in a lonely lighthouse, miles offshore. Misguided psychological drama with Mary Nolan, John Mack Brown and Robert Ellis doing the best they can. *All Talkie.*

## SECOND CHOICE—Warners

WE wouldn't even make it third choice. All about thwarted loves, and the teaming of the thwarted ones in a second choice, spite marriage. But of course they fall in love at last and become first in the hearts of each other. The beautiful Dolores Costello, scowling Chester Morris, Jack Mulhall and Edna Murphy are the principals in this mediocre phonoplay. *All Talkie.*

## THE BATTLE OF PARIS—Paramount

SOMEONE spoke French in the Ritz Bar, *à l'voilà* "The Battle of Paris." Gene Markey sold the story for a song, but Gertrude Lawrence overdoes it. Now that she's had her little joke, perhaps she'll throw a real picture. The songs in this banal musical comedy—it just missed being a floperetta—won't knock anyone cold. *All Talkie.*

## NIGHT RIDE—Universal

THE romantic Joseph Schildkraut throws off the doublet and hose and takes on what Universal thinks is the manner and costume of a hard-boiled newspaper reporter. "Front Page" and "The Racket" are neatly interbred in this trite plot. If any man as handsome and as immaculate as Joseph walked into a real press room the other reporters would kill him. Heigh-ho for the life of a journalist! *All Talkie.*

## BLAZE O' GLORY—Sono Art-World Wide

EDDIE DOWLING goes melodramatic in this rehash of the war and talks with a tremolo, but the picture is swell in spots. A

man's life passes in review while he stands trial for murder. The long arm of coincidence has a pretty far reach for strictest probability, but "Blaze O' Glory" will touch the tender-hearted. Dowling has a winning personality and a good singing voice, but the honors are taken by Henry B. Walthall and little Frankie Darro. *All Talkie.*

## HOT DOGS—M-G-M

WHETHER you like it or whether you don't, you've got to admit that this is a distinct novelty. There's not a human being in the cast. Dogs take all the parts and speak with human voices. Director Jules White and Zion Myers have exercised ingenuity in fitting the action to the words in this short subject. Children will like this. *All Talkie.*

## THE PARADE OF THE WEST— Universal

IT was no cinch for Ken Maynard to top his last picture, "Senor Americano." He doesn't do it in "The Parade of the West." As West-erns go it is satisfactory, but it doesn't go far enough. The story concerns a broncho-buster who goes "yellow" after being trampled by a



Our Ruth Chatterton goes completely Russian, with this tweed coat trimmed in astrakhan, with turban to match.

man-killer. He finally conquers the horse and the villain and gets the girl. *All Talkie.*

## WASTED LOVE—British International

"WASTED LOVE" is Anna May Wong's latest British picture, and it is pretty much a lot of wasted footage. It's only interest is an occasional flash of beauty or talent from this pretty little Chinese girl, a Hollywood expatriate who did such fine work in "Piccadilly" a few months ago. The story is a hopeless, jumbled, patchy melodrama. They'll have to do better by our Anna May. *Silent.*

## THE LAST DANCE—Audible Pictures

THE scenario writer thumbed through his files. His eye fell on plot number 688-A under Cinderella classification. Little taxidancer in cheap dance hall has ambitions to live on Park Avenue. Catty sister has no faith in her. Youthful dreams realized. And another quickie was born. Vera Reynolds is grand as the taxi-dancer. Her voice is beautiful. *All Talkie.*

## COURTIN' WILDCATS—Universal

"HOOT" GIBSON does his version of that "Taming of the Shrew" thing. Doug and Mary did a better job of it, but then this more recent opera is mildly entertaining. The genial "Hoot" sets about to tame a Wild West girl who talks rough and hates all men because a ruffian wrecked the life of her poor old pappy. Believe it or not, "Hoot" does his broncho-bustin' in a white speedster. Pretty silly in spots. *All Talkie.*

## THE ROYAL BOX—Warners

THE first full-length talking picture in German! Alexander Moissi, eminent German actor, plays the rôle of Edmund Kean, famous English tragedian. Camilla Horn is appealing and her voice records well. Moissi's acting is distinguished, but his vociferous style is cumbersome for the screen. A treat for audiences who understand German, but the action is too slight for others to follow the story. Bryan Foy directed. *All Talkie.*

## PARTY GIRL—Tiffany-Stahl

THERE'S some grand acting served *à la mode* in "Party Girl," settings are sumptuous, and there are a lot of peaches in elaborate Hollywood styles. It seems too bad to mention the unimportant fact that the story is punk, and with a moral, too. Honesty in business pays, of all things! Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Jeanette Loff are good as the lovers, and poor Marie Prevost is awfully vulgar. Misguided sensationalism, but why go on? *All Talkie.*

## THE WILD HEART OF AFRICA— Supreme

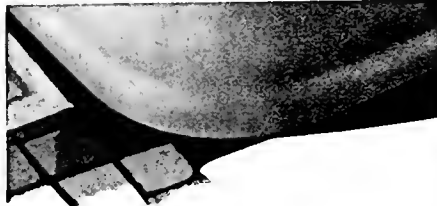
SOMEBODY who went somewhere saw something and brought it back for us to look at. Dr. Thomas Arbuthnot, of Pittsburgh Medical College, and Kenneth Walker, of Stanford University, took a 100-day trek from Luxor, Egypt, to British East Africa. They also took a camera. This glorified travelogue gives the lowdown on previously unheard-of Sudanese fiends in more or less human form. *Silent.*

## THE RAMPANT AGE—Trem Carr

PROVES that there still is a sweet, old-fashioned girl, untainted by the Jazz Age, left on Long Island. That's something we hadn't known about. This picture of speed-



# BATHASWEET



Make your Bath  
a Beauty  
Treatment

TRY IT FREE

There was a time when a bath was just a bath. Now it is much more. Just a sprinkle of Bathasweet and your daily tubbing becomes a veritable beauty treatment. Not only is the water made fragrant as a flower garden, but it gains a delightful softness. It washes deep into the pores, dissolves the secretions of the skin and leaves about you an undefinable, almost scentless fragrance that lingers all day long. Your skin is stimulated to more radiant health; many blemishes disappear; and an air of springtime daintiness becomes an inseparable part of your personality. No charm is more in keeping with modern ideas of femininity.

The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that, if properly used, the Bathasweet bath leaves no sticky "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt in solution, so that they cannot wash back into the pores.

BATHASWEET is so inexpensive. 25c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 at all drug and department stores.

**FREE** A can sent free, anywhere in the United States, if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. P. C., 1907 Park Avenue, New York.

crazy juvenalia is pleasingly modern, and though the story is hackneyed, the dialogue is lively. Merna Kennedy is at her best and Eddie Borden is a tantalizing drunk. Very amusing. *All Talkie.*

### THE PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE— Continental

NO definite alibi for this murder story has yet been decided upon. Henry B. Walthall overacts horribly and Nancy Welford is too coy for words. But the set-dresser's *faux pas* are the pay-off. At that, the furniture is more convincing than the story. *All Talkie.*

### MAID TO ORDER—Jessie Weil Prod.

THAT old wolf in sheep's clothing, Julian Eltinge, wears high heels, corsets and the moth-eaten blonde wig in his first phonoplay.

He also chops wood, smokes pipes and cleans up a gang of crooks in an effort to prove he's a real he-man. But Eltinge has grown matronly during the years and the production is so badly put together that you want to lie down on the floor and kick and scream. *All Talkie.*

### THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD— Sono Art-World Wide

WHY confine it to Hollywood? Everyone who sees it will talk about it, and what they'll say will be plenty. It doesn't quite seem possible that anything could be quite so bad, but here it is. It's all about the making of a talking picture, supposed to be awfully funny. Probably you've never heard of the players, and you probably won't again. Nat Carr is the star. *All Talkie.*

## Big Boy Bickford

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

the most dyed-in-the-wool stage-ites you ever saw. I love the dramatic art, both to play and to write. This movie and talkie thing is so very new to me that, of course, it may take some time to get me as completely sold as I have been on the stage and all its works.

"The talkie greatly expands the actor's audience. Why, I have been absolutely amazed at the increase in my fan correspondence after just one picture. In one day I get more mail than I would in a month on the stage, and they tell me the flood has just started.

"The tremendous public the screen has is certainly a revelation. The people who write take their entertainment more seriously than do those writing to stage personalities. These film fans criticize politely but very accurately.

"From them I feel the talkie is going to get its greatest forward impetus. We are too close to the subject, we screen and stage people, to know just exactly what the future of this new art sub-division will be. But the public will tell us quickly enough, and I'm content to rest on their judgment. But here, come on, this is wasting a lot of perfectly good sunshine; I've an extra suit, let's go for a swim." And he bulldozed me into a suit and down a 150 foot cliff to the ocean.

In between breakers I gathered from him that he was the son of a coffee importer, and that when he came West he left behind a hog farm on the Charles River about one hundred miles from Boston.

"I'll send you some of my own cure of ham," he promised me.

For years he played stock leads very successfully in Newport, Providence, Lynn and a dozen other towns. Each year he came to New York for one week, and looked over the parts offered by each producer. And if they weren't to his liking he just went back to stock.

"On the main stem they think I'm just an independent red-head," he told me.

At any rate he refused dozens of parts until along came "Oklahoma Red" in "Outside Looking In" and Bickford was launched on Broadway. Since then he has never been away, because his distinctive personality always provided inspiration to some playwright. "Dark Rosaleen," "Chicago," "Bless You Sister," "Glory Hallelujah," and "Gods of the Lightning," are some of his productions. The last was based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and he played the character which paralleled Vanzetti.

In pictures he scored so quickly and definitely in Cecil De Mille's "Dynamite" that he has been kept steadily at work, without a break. Universal and Fox borrowed him, but he went back to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot to play the big sailor in "Anna Christie," opposite Greta Garbo.

"Tell 'em," he shouted after me as he drove away from my house, "tell 'em that I am descended from a lot of Irish rebels. One of them was hung for smuggling!"

And I'll end this tale with that. I don't know whether it's true, or just another one of these Bickford practical jokes on interviewers, but here it is for your inspection!



Catawba Sanitarium, Va.

Suppose that day after day and week after week, you had to spend your time "cure-taking" — quietly reposing in your little white bed in an effort to chase away Mr. Sick Man. All enjoyments of the outside world denied, no sports that might possibly tire the body. No action! Just to lie still and dream up at the blue sky or try to chase away the lonely blues by reading.

Now you have a picture of us sani-

tarium patients. And how we do devour the pages of PHOTOPLAY, discussing and criticizing each star. And then when our little movie comes over the mountain every Saturday night, we beg permission to attend.

And how we take in every scene! Absorb every bit of action. How acutely we feel each play of emotion. A dream world opened to us, and yet educational in every sense. It is life to us, the life we yearn and long for.

Arlene Shull

# "What Enchanting New Packages"

say <sup>FOUR</sup>  
Lovely Users



of DAGGETT and RAMSDELL



Virginia Snyder

"I think the new Daggett and Ramsdell packages the very smartest things I've seen," says Virginia Snyder, whose beauty has been praised by many artists. "I don't know which I like better. The porcelain jars with their gleaming silvery tops and black and silver monogram done in the modern manner, or the crystal clear bottles that are as practical as they are decorative. I'm proud to have them on my dressing table."



Anita DeVries

Leila Hyams

The striking beauty of Anita DeVries commands instant admiration in smart gatherings in New York, Paris and her native England. Her husband, John DeVries, famous New York artist, is the designer of these new packages. "Certainly Daggett and Ramsdell products are worthy to be dressed in the best containers artistry can devise," says Mrs. DeVries, "for in all these forty years no finer cosmetics have ever been made."

Leila Hyams, beautiful blonde M-G-M star, says, of the new Daggett and Ramsdell packages, "How lucky for millions of users that Daggett and Ramsdell chose to celebrate their fortieth anniversary with these enchanting new containers... they're perfectly stunning... as fine as the wonderful creams and lotions that come in them... and best of all their price is well within the cosmetic budget of the average girl."



Faye Copeland

These new packages are already very much at home in Mrs. Copeland's modernistic pent-house overlooking Central Park in New York. "I've always loved these products," she says, "and their 1930 dress just suits them. Particularly I adore the Debutante Kit. It contains enough of the three famous creams and Vivatone for several complete facials. Send 50 cents to Daggett and Ramsdell for it. It's a bargain!"

These are the original Daggett and Ramsdell Products in new modern dress. The products themselves have in no way been changed. They are, and always have been, scientifically made of the finest and best ingredients obtainable following the formulae that have been found to agree with the greatest number of skins.

*W. B. Daggett* FOUNDER

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Enclosed find 50 cents for The Debutante Kit

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# Addresses of the Stars

## How do *you* choose your Face Powder



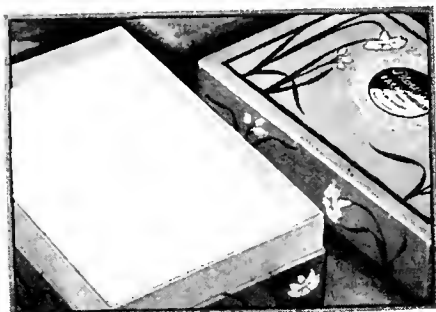
**T**HERE are several things to consider in selecting a face powder—purity, odor, texture, tint, clinging quality and price. Elaborate packages and foreign labels may induce you to spend more money than is necessary, but they have nothing to do with complexion beauty—and the real object of a face powder is to beautify your complexion.

Plough's Face Powder is made of the finest ingredients and is soothing and beneficial to the skin. Soft and smooth in texture, appealingly fragrant, tinted with an artistry that accents Nature's flesh-tones, it clings for hours without renewing, and keeps the complexion smooth, clear and beautiful.

We ask you to try this fine face powder because we believe you will like it. It comes in three sizes, each having a distinctive odor and texture. 30c, 50c and 75c at all dealers.

## Plough's FACE POWDER

Look for the Black and White Circle on the Package



Plough, Inc.

NEW YORK · MEMPHIS · SAN FRANCISCO

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Jean Arthur  
William Austin  
George Bancroft  
Clara Bow  
Evelyn Brent  
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  
Paul Guertzman  
James Hall

Neil Hamilton  
O. P. Heggie  
Doris Hill  
Phillips Holmes  
Helen Kane  
Dennis King  
Jack Luden  
Paul Lukas  
John Loder  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Frederic March  
David Newell  
Jack Oakie  
Warner Oland  
Guv Oliver  
William Powell  
Charles Rogers  
Lillian Roth  
Regis Toomey  
Fay Wray

### At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree  
Nils Asther  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Jack Benny  
Charles Bickford  
Edwina Booth  
John Mack Brown  
Lon Chaney  
Joan Crawford  
Karl Dane  
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  
Ramon Novarro  
Edward Nugent  
Elliott Nugent  
Catherine Dale Owen  
Anita Page  
Basil Rathbone  
Duncan Renaldo  
Dorothy Sebastian  
Norma Shearer  
Sally Starr  
Lewis Stone  
Lawrence Tibbett  
Ernest Torrence  
Raquel Torres  
Roland Young

### 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  
Sue Carol  
Helen Chandler  
Marguerite Churchill  
Mae Clark  
Sammy Cohen  
William Collier, Sr.  
June Collyer  
Joyce Compton  
Fifi Dorsay  
Louise Dresser  
Nancy Drexel  
Charles Eaton  
Stuart Erwin  
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 Maris  
Kenneth McKenna  
Victor McLaglen  
Don Jose Mojica  
Lois 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

### At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess  
Bernice Claire  
Doris Dawson  
Billie Dove  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Alexander Gray  
Corinne Griffith  
Doris Kenyon

Dorothy Mackaill  
Marilyn Miller  
Colleen Moore  
Antonio Moreno  
Jack Mulhall  
Donald Reed  
Milton Sills  
Alice White  
Loretta Young

### At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lew Ayres  
John Boles  
Ethlyn Claire  
Kathryn Crawford  
Lorayne DuVal  
Ruth Elder  
Robert Ellis  
Hoot Gibson  
Dorothy Gulliver  
Otis Harlan  
Raymond Keane  
Merna Kennedy  
Barbara Kent  
Scott Kolk  
Natalie Kingston

Beth Laemmlé  
Allen Lane  
Laura La Plante  
Fred Mackaye  
Ken Maynard  
James Murray  
Mary Nolan  
Mary Philbin  
Eddie Phillips  
Joseph Schildkraut  
Sisters G  
Glenn Tryon  
Paul Whiteman  
Barbara Worth

### At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton  
Sally Blane  
Olive Borden  
Betty Compton  
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro  
Richard Dix  
Bob Steele  
Tom Tyler

### At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong  
Constance Bennett  
William Boyd  
Ina Claire  
Alan Hale

Ann Harding  
Jeanette Loff  
Carol Lombard  
Eddie Quillan

### At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore  
Monte Blue  
Betty Bronson  
William Collier, Jr.  
Dolores Costello  
Louise Fazenda  
Audrey Ferris

Al Jolson  
Myrna Loy  
May McAvoy  
Edna Murphy  
Lois Wilson  
Grant Withers

### At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado  
Fannie Brice  
Charles Chaplin  
Dolores Del Rio  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Lillian Gish  
John Holland  
Chester Morris

Mary Pickford  
Harry Richman  
Gilbert Roland  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge  
Constance Talmadge  
Lupe Velez  
Louis Wolheim

### At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Belle Baker  
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

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Vilma Banky  
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman  
Lily Damita

### 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  
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, 6404 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, 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.



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THOSE TO WHOM  
THE NICETIES ARE  
IMPORTANT



**G**RACIOUS softness, a yielding pliancy, rounded sides which cannot irritate, greater absorbency—these refinements are so convincing as to justify this offer: Buy one box of Modess. Unless you are convinced that it is far superior to the kind you have been using, we will refund the price you paid.

That surprising offer has been read by millions of women. Two have asked us to return their money. And one of the two returned our check, explaining that she had changed her mind and that she was now convinced that Modess was better.

Trained nurses in our employ have

interviewed thousands of women. Practically without exception, women who have used Modess tell these nurses that they prefer it because of its greater comfort and efficiency.

We have discovered that the saleswomen in the stores carrying it almost invariably prefer Modess for their own use. This fact alone has influenced many customers to try Modess.

Modess superiority is due to three basic improvements. The filler is made of a substance invented by Johnson & Johnson. It is fluffy like cotton, highly absorbent, disposable, and

vastly more comfortable. The sides are smoothly shaped and rounded—no edges to irritate. A specially softened gauze is used, which is meshed with a film of downy cotton. The ends are rounded to conform.

These few simple proofs that every woman who tries Modess is impressed by its fineness will, we hope, encourage you to test it yourself. And then, if you are not convinced that Modess is softer and finer in every way, tear off front of the box, write on it your name, address and the price paid, and mail to us. We will return your money.



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NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. U.S.A.

*World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.*

*modess*

# Second Thoughts on Matrimony

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 ]



Photograph of  
**MARY PHILBIN**  
Star in  
Universal Pictures  
wearing smart  
Blue De Lyon  
flat crepe dress  
14 to 44 \$6.95  
No. 6E1

## YOU WILL BE CHARMED BY HAMILTON'S PRESENTATION OF THE NEW MODES!

FOR you, too, may be as stylishly and beautifully dressed as Fifth Avenue's most fashionable women—without paying Fifth Avenue prices! Never have the styles been so new and fascinating with their modified silhouette and accepted slenderizing, lengthening lines. Hamilton's de Luxe Fashion Magazine for Spring features hundreds of the smart new vogues actually photographed on living models! The low prices will amaze you!—All-Wool coats as low as \$7.98 . . . All Silk dresses as low as \$4.98 . . . smart ensembles, millinery. In fact everything in ready-to-wear for she entire family.

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stubborn as a mule, I admit, and he'd have to use a little diplomacy. But if I said 'Tonight, we'll go such and such and do so and so,' I'd want him to come forth with 'Oh, yeah, who says so?'

"I think I'd like to marry a New Yorker—a club man. There's something rather nice about a club man. He isn't under your feet at the house all the time. I wouldn't care if he went out in the evening without me. If he went some place besides the club, I wouldn't want to hear about it.

"Hollywood is no place for romance. It's just a place to work. I love it while I'm busy at the studio, and hate it when I have time on my hands. I couldn't imagine marrying an actor. Two people acting over the grapefruit at breakfast would be awful. And then I've seen actors' wives on the sets, glaring during the love scenes, and wondering if I'm really 'that way' about my leading man.

"Sure, I'm 'that way' about my

She admits that she has been a failure in this thing called love. She knows the reason. Her career has always come first. Love has never been on a par with her work. Yet, she knows that she could be so much in love that she would be willing to give up the screen. The ideal thing would be a marriage with six months in Hollywood, acting on the screen. The rest of the time she could be just Mrs. Somebody-or-other. She could go to England, visit her old home, and see her little sister who was born after she came to America.

Dorothy works hard and she plays hard. She has always been able to forget the studios when her current picture is finished. She likes to get miles away from Hollywood then, where no one can find her. That's why she has been in Honolulu three times.



"But, now, after all," she smiled, "how can a woman really say exactly what kind of a man she wants to marry? There's no rhyme nor reason to this love game. I might

## Speaking of Marriage

Dorothy Mackaill says—

"I'm going to get married again. I believe in marriage, just as I believe in divorce. Somewhere there is the right man. I'll find him. You can't keep a good girl down!"

"Every woman thinks she could make a better job of the second marriage. She might be fooled once, but the next time she'd shop around and get the best bargain."

"Hollywood is no place for romance. It is a place to work!"

"In the first marriage, a woman is looking for love. In the second, there must be something else. Love is bound to fade. There must be understanding and mutual interests."

"I want a husband between thirty and thirty-five. When a man is younger, he doesn't know what he wants. When he's older, he'll want to stay home and listen to the radio!"

leading man during the love scenes. I've got to be. Otherwise the audiences would think he was my brother.

"When it comes to picking the ideal age for a husband, I would say between thirty and thirty-five. When a man is younger he doesn't know what he wants. When he is much older than that, unless you are his age, it will be annoying when he begins to feel shooting pains in his left leg, and always wants to stay home and listen to the radio.

"I don't expect a husband to protect and cherish me, and that sort of thing. I can look after myself. I've always had to fight my own battles, and I prefer it that way."

think I wanted a dark-skinned sheik, and then I'd fall in love with a red-headed Irishman with a pug nose. Love doesn't run on schedule like the Twentieth Century Limited. I might meet the man this afternoon, or next week, or next year."

When the right gentleman heaves into view, Dorothy thinks she would know him and go right after him. Like the Royal Northwest Mounted.

She subscribes to the Sarah Bernhardt theory.

If a man is worth having, he's worth going after.

And that's like Dorothy.

STEWART ROBERTSON, Your Favorite Romancer, has written another sizzling story of Hollywood Life and Love—it's called

**“MAKE WAY FOR A GENIUS”**

Look for it in the April issue of

**PHOTOPLAY**

*Out March 15th*

"Sweetheart gown" by Stein & Blaine, Inc. Pendant necklace  
by Crichton & Co., Ltd. Complexion by Armand!



now—with skins more ravishing  
and styles more revealing . . .

# ladies, look to your husbands!

Armand Cold Cream Powder, in your choice of  
becoming tints, \$1. Armand Cleansing Cream,  
50c and \$1.25.



**ARMAND**  
CLEANSING CREAM      COLD CREAM POWDER

© 1930 by The Armand Co., Inc.

WHO can turn their backs on the new evening fashions?

Your fair self emerging like a flower from the silk of your gown! What vision is so alluring—what charm so compelling to mankind! But Paris has made a very definite pronouncement about this feminine style trend.

*With the new clothes, the new complexion!*

Today your skin must be more warmly alive—more lusciously soft, more mellow and creamy in tone. The texture must be tempting—"touchable." And the one powder for this perfect finish is Armand's blend with the cold cream base!

The magic is in the consistency—and in the way you use this richer powder. No dabbing it on! You smooth the powder on a clean puff—then blend it, tone it, into the texture of the skin. Take time to do this thoroughly and Armand's will reward you by looking better and staying on hours longer than any powder you've ever known!

*This is your all-day and evening beauty. At night, purge and refresh the pores with Armand Cleansing Cream. You'll love its delicacy—the way it wipes away with no heavy film remaining. And it sends you to sleep wrapped in orange-blossom fragrance! Sold at beauty counters everywhere.*

## How easy, nowadays, to be protected



IT'S so simple to protect that beauty which is—they say—but skin deep. Merely "save the surface and you save all!"

Against the wiles of tricky weather—against the bluster and bite of cutting winds—FROSTILLA stands guard like a trusted friend and preserves a fair and lovely skin.

Before you go out—before you powder—gently smooth in a small quantity... on face, neck, arms, hands, shoulders.

Quickly absorbed and no trace of stickiness. Just a refreshing, fragrant, invisible film behind which your skin remains contentedly healthy—soft, white, young—protected against roughness, redness, chapping, and excessive drying.

This winter, a single bottle of FROSTILLA will insure a beautiful complexion. The precious ingredients of this famous lotion will *save the surface*. And if, by chance, you've been unduly careless, will relieve all weather-irritated conditions.

**A Beautiful Boudoir Bottle Costs 50c**  
There's a convenient 35c size too—but many choose the economical \$1 bottle, for family use. Sold at all drug and dept. stores in the U. S. and Canada. A handy 10c package is available at better class 5-and-10c stores. Mail orders filled on receipt of price. Dept. 63, Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y. and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Representative Harold F. Ritchie and Company, Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., N.Y.C.)

# FROSTILLA SAVES YOUR SKIN

## Do You Nag Your Face?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18 ]

nature when you are selecting and applying make-up. The correct sense of color can be developed by practice and observation.

Don't apply a "false" mouth with a heavy smear of lipstick. If your lips are thin, you can make them look fuller by carrying the color skillfully to the upper and lower edges, but not to the corners of the mouth. But when you smear the flesh around the lips, you spoil the whole illusion of natural beauty.

If your mouth is too full, center your lipstick and let it fade out toward the edges. Or you can leave a full mouth unaccented by not using lipstick and confining the color to your cheeks.

One of the most important things to remember about lipstick is that it must be blended toward the inner edges of the lips as well as the outer ones, so when the mouth is opened there will not be a hard line of applied color. You can see how important it is to choose lipsticks that are made by reliable companies and of harmless ingredients.

Don't make the mistake of giving unnecessary, hasty touches to your make-up in public rest rooms under artificial lights that are not always advantageously placed. I've done that, and I know how grotesque the results can be. And if you wear glasses, always put them on and study your face carefully in a good light before completing your make-up.

Authorities say that many of our skin difficulties could be avoided if we did not live at such a mad pace. We can't seem to avoid the pace, but we can practice the art of repose. Just as physical exercise and mental stimulation bring a light to the eyes and a glow to the skin that no external beautifiers can give, so is rest a glorious cosmetic. And more of us need the ministrations of repose than we do of stimulation.

Do you know the story about the boy who used up five dollars and an afternoon, just riding on a merry-go-round? When he told his mother what he had done, her sage comment was: "Now you've spent your money, where have you been?"

A trade publication says that the average American woman spends fifty dollars a year on improving her face. A small amount, if the money has been wisely invested and the results are increased loveliness.

But let's treat our complexions gently and scientifically, and coax, not nag, them to beauty.

**PATRICIA:**

Because you realize you are not making the most of your opportunities for a musical education, half the battle is already won. Ask yourself how you would feel if you had this talent and the ambition to develop it and were without the means. You will then appreciate how fortunate you are and make a determined effort to overcome your indifferent attitude. We are all inclined to laziness at times, and we have to remind ourselves that it is time to be up and doing.

**SENNIA:**

It is difficult to say just what qualities make a girl popular and what ones make her unpopular. Perhaps you and your friend are going with a crowd of young people who do not appreciate girls of your type. In that case you should change your companions.

If you are good dancers and meet friendliness with friendliness there is no reason why you should have to be wallflowers at parties. If the boys you know don't appreciate you, make new friends who will.

**BILLY:**

I believe you will find it easier to care for oily hair if you have it bobbed again. Then

you can shampoo it as frequently as necessary and not go through the trying period when hairpins won't stay in. It is easier to use corrective measures for oiliness when the hair is short. Remember that your general health and your diet may be partially responsible for the superabundance of oil in your skin and hair.

**HAZEL:**

Being "tongue-tied" in a crowd doesn't matter, if you are careful not to look or act bored. Teach yourself to be an interested listener, and no one will notice if you do not talk a great deal.

**PERPLEXED:**

If your hair is inclined to be oily I think you should keep it short, because a shoulder length bob has to be fluffy in order to look attractive.

**MITZI:**

Small girls are considered cute and attractive by most boys and you are foolish to let yourself become so self-conscious about your size. The girls are just teasing you, and probably many of them would like to be as small as you are.

**GERTRUDE C.:**

A few freckles and a tendency toward thinness will not keep you from being popular, if you will cultivate the friendly qualities that attract people. A sprinkling of freckles is really becoming to some girls, making them look cuter and more attractive than they would be without them.

If you want to gain weight you will have to watch your general health. That means you should have plenty of sleep and rest and enough outdoor exercise to give you a healthy appetite. Don't overeat, but choose foods that reducing diets avoid. Cream soups, gravies, potatoes, vegetables served with cream sauce, cereals, puddings and custards, ice cream, milk, bread and butter—all these are valuable foods for weight-building. Don't neglect the leafy vegetables and the fruits that we all need to maintain health. Drink plenty of water. And a calm, cheerful disposition is not to be overlooked if you want to develop curves instead of angles.

**JANE J.:**

Your weight is correct for your height and age, but if you want to improve the line of your hips and legs I suggest that you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my booklet of exercises.

**ERNESTYNE:**

You will have to remember that men, as well as girls, are sometimes bashful, and a little tact and friendliness on the girl's part often helps the man to overcome his timidity. When a man you like pays marked attention to another girl, try to act in a natural way about it. If you make an elaborate pretense of not caring, they will know that you do.

**BARBARA:**

I am not going to give you any definite figures on weight because at your age you are still growing and your weight is probably changing constantly. Unless you look too stout, and unless you are overeating, you don't need to worry about gaining weight.

**JANE L. T.:**

I think that more than anything else you need to cultivate friendliness. Try to make yourself attractive to other people by being friendly and kind, chary of criticism, companionable, interested in their pleasures and their problems. I don't know any better recipe for popularity than that.

# The usual things

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine the world today without some of the things that make our living in it so pleasant and comfortable. How naturally we lift the telephone receiver, step into an automobile, and look for the news of the world in the newspaper and magazine—every day of our lives.

Another of these usual, invaluable things, accepted as part of the routine of existence, is the guidance given by the advertisements in supplying our wants from day to day. We read them. They help us to save time and money. And our lives go on—more easily and more fully.

The advertisements suggest ways in which we can get things we want with the greatest possible satisfaction to ourselves. They tell us of new conveniences and comforts of which we would not otherwise have known. They help us to get down-to-the-dollar satisfaction. They assure us of proved values.



*Advertisements are among the necessities  
today . . . read them regularly*



TREAT that

CORN

kindly

Let Blue-jay end its pangs instantly, gently . . . and protect the sore spot from pressure while it works its clean magic. Don't allow any corn to keep you house-bound when spring sunshine fills the air.

Mild, yet positive. Blue-jay is certain death to corns. Made in a factory famous for its sterile surgical dressings, each Blue-jay Plaster is a safe, dependable 3-day treatment for banishing corns. Simple, complete, it quiets their torment, shields them, softens and destroys their structure. Clean, pleasant, bath-proof.

Why nurse a corn when you can buy Blue-jay at any druggist's? Nationally known and approved for 30 years. 25 cents. (In Canada 35 cents.)

**Blue-jay**  
CORN PLASTER

**BAUER & BLACK**

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY  
Chicago . . . New York . . . Toronto



# Through the Studios with Pen and Camera

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]

made a silent version of a play called "Civilian Clothes"—and a swell picture it was, too.

Now Paramount is going to star its rangy baby star, Gary Cooper, in an audible version of it.

Incidentally, the author of the play is Thompson Buchanan, a fine dramatist lately come to new notice as the husband of Joan Lowell, author of "The Cradle of the Deep."

**A** LOUD and persistent noise troubled the director. He had called for quiet a dozen times but when he heard the playback there was the strange noise. Scouts were sent in all directions to find the cause of the trouble. Noah Beery was discovered behind a flat, snoring peacefully.

**A** TIP! A comedian named Jimmy Durante—a droll nut—is the current comedy panic of New York. People lie down, roll over and say uncle when he appears.

You'll find him in a new Paramount picture called "Roadhouse Nights," and they say he steals the film from Helen Morgan and Charles Ruggles.

So watch for him. Remember the Four Marx Brothers in "The Cocoanuts," a real sur-

prise hit, and don't say that old Uncle Cal didn't warn you.

Remember—"Roadhouse Nights"—Jimmy Durante.

You'll DIE!

**W**ELL, at last our little girl friend, Clara Bow, has run the gamut of publicity experiences.

Men have slashed their wrists for her, but not deep enough to be serious; she has had an operation, ptomaine poisoning, and a nervous breakdown; she's had fourteen changes in the shade of her hair. Now the climax has arrived. Clara got a blackhand letter. In the threat to kill her, Harry Richman, current fiancé, was also mentioned.

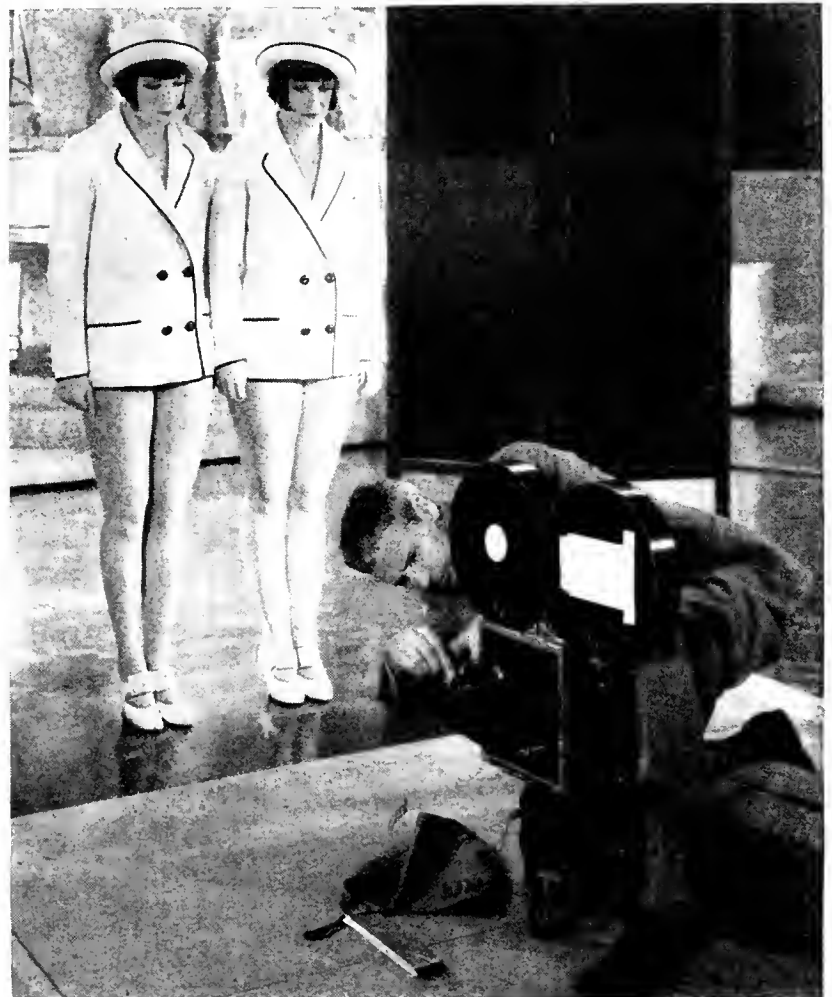
Paramount immediately put the Bow under strong guard. Anyway, it made good reading.

**D**O you remember how people used to kid about the bossy director of the dear old silent pictures?

You should hear Hollywood now! Such language!

Because there are now, in these talkie times, no less than seven separate—and maybe distinct—directors on each photoplay. Here is what they do.

1. Pictorial Director, who guides the action.
2. Dialogue Director, who coaches the speeches.



The object in the foreground is a mere cameraman, pulling dinguses and twisting gadgets for a close-up of twinkling toes. They're the Sisters G from Gay Paree and thereabouts. And gee, how they dance and sing in Universal's "King of Jazz Revue"

3. Photographic Director, in charge of cameras, cameramen, and lights. 4. Sound Director, in charge of recording. 5. Dance Director, who rehearses the chorus girls in their intricate routines. 6. Musical Director, in charge of the orchestra and vocalists. 7. Color Director, responsible for all color photoplay.

So, as you can well understand, picture actors are learning new and lurid words for seven people, in most films. In the old days, one director and his puttees used to take them all.

**POLLY FREDERICK**—Pauline to YOU!—was playing in a stage show in Los Angeles, recently.

And she ate something.

That may not be unusual, but it happened that what Polly ate, this time, gave her a magnificent case of ptomaine.

Her play went off the boards that night, and Pauline went into retirement in great distress.

Personally, I never eat fried scallops and tartar sauce. But then, I am so often wrong!

**BELIEVE** it or not, but Lon Chaney's favorite book is "Arabian Nights."

**THE** Russian colony in Hollywood takes its Russia seriously. In "Song of the Flame" a certain scene showed a group of Bolsheviks tearing the Czar's picture from the wall.

The real Russian extras were so upset about it that they appealed to the director and begged him to refrain from having the head or the heart of the Czar mutilated. After watching the scene three of them were so ill that they had to go home. Now that's the height of something or other.

**LITTLE MITZI**, the Paramount starlet, may only be eight years old, but she knows her knick-knacks when it comes to a touch of melodrammer.

The other day Phillips Holmes told Mitzi he would buy her lunch.

At 12:30 Mitzi was waiting in the Paramount schoolroom for her boy friend. At 1:30 she was still waiting, although starvation had set in. When Mitzi found out that the beloved Phillips had forgotten the date and taken Mary Brian to lunch, she was furious. She wrote him a note that any Bertha M. Clay heroine might have envied.

"Have my kisses meant nothing to you? I am heart-broken. All is over between us."

**HOLLYWOOD**, like Broadway, and, in fact, the rest of the world, chases its own tail—runs in cycles, moves in grooves, follows one idea hundreds of carbon copies till the print is lost.

Oddly enough, as this is written, the craze in the film factories is womanless pictures.

Fox, of course, has made one in "Men Without Women," that gripping story of life and death in a submarine, and there are others. And First National has announced that Dick Barthelmess will do "The Flight Commander" without benefit of skirts—either short or long.

Here's a hunch. Let's start a vogue for all-women casts—just us boys. Old Cal will nominate his candidates, and you name yours. More FUN!

"**BELIEVE** me," said Polly Moran, "I'm a big financier. The other day I wrote a check for \$1.95 and yesterday my bank called me up for 75 cents to cover it."

**YOU** just can't get away from it; there's something romantic about singing. Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray have been singing to each other all the way through the "Song of the Flame" and now it looks as if they'll sing that way forever.

There's a romance brewing or I'm the Irish ambassador to Turkey. They've known each other for years and Gray was instrumental in getting First National to sign Bernice.

## You can't help but notice how much softer and lighter Kotex is



Travel Apparel from Jay-Thorpe

Here is a sanitary pad that really fits . . . really protects. And women have the added assurance of knowing that 85% of America's leading hospitals choose this very same absorbent.

**TODAY**, with smartness a guide to every costume detail, women appreciate Kotex more than ever. For this sanitary pad is designed to fit securely, designed to protect adequately, without being in the least bulky. And it is soft . . . even after hours of wear!

### Used in great hospitals

If you were to think of the one source of authority on sanitary protection, what would it be? The medical world, certainly. Then you'll be glad to know that 85% of the country's leading hospitals not only approve of, but actually use Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding today!

Please remember that Cellucotton is not cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with 5 times the absorbency.

It replaces the thousands of pounds of surgical cotton in dressings. Last year hospitals bought 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads!

Kotex is so soft and comfortable because it is made up of layer upon layer of this unusual absorbent—Cellucotton. Each

### SAFE, SECURE . . .

- 1 Keeps your mind at ease.
- 2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
- 4 *In hospitals* . . . The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 5 Deodorizes, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

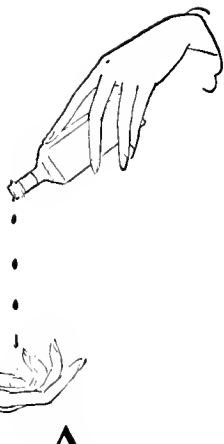
Regular Kotex—45c for 12  
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12  
At any drug, dry goods or department store;  
or singly in vending cabinets, through West  
Disinfecting Co.

layer is a quick, complete absorbent in itself. And you can easily separate these layers, using only what needs demand.

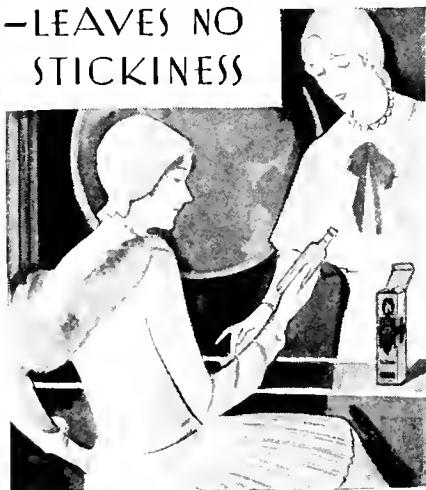
The way the corners are rounded and tapered makes for further comfort. It explains too, why Kotex leaves no revealing outline under the most close-fitting of frocks. Kotex deodorizes . . . gives that final measure of daintiness no smart woman dares overlook. Buy a box. Try it. After all, how else can you tell? Kotex Co., Chicago, Illinois.

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



**A NEW FAVORITE BECAUSE IT PENETRATES -LEAVES NO STICKINESS**



Among the best toiletries, you now find Chamberlain's Hand Lotion, the new favorite with discriminating women. Unusual because it is a clear, sparkling, liquid . . . not creamy or gummy . . . it penetrates quickly, dries almost instantly, is not sticky. Instinctively, modern women everywhere have accepted Chamberlain's as the modern lotion. Because it protects the pores like "an invisible glove," it reveals new beauty in lovely, feminine hands. At toilet goods counters, in two sizes, fifty cents and a dollar. Or, send coupon and we'll send our ten cent purse size FREE. Chamberlain Laboratories, 2133 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

**Chamberlain's HAND LOTION**

*"The Invisible Glove"*

|| Sign the coupon now and try the "invisible glove" at our expense || ©1930

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2133 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa  
Please send your ten cent purse size free.

Name .....

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**SOME** stars make money by making motion pictures, and others take money for not making 'em.

Hollywood has seen two such cases in the last few months.

The funny part of it is they're both darned good actors, but they didn't click with the box-office.

George Jessel, under contract to Fox, sold his contract back to the studio for a nice round sum between \$65,000 and \$80,000. Hal Skelly was given a fat contract after "The Dance of Life" triumph, a mistle for the stage play, "Burlesque."

"Woman Trap," and "Men Are Like That," his pictures that followed, were not quite so forte.

The studio felt that it was unwise to risk any more money, so Mr. Paramount dug down in his jeans and paid plenty. Now Skelly is free to do as he pleases.

**CAME** a report that Jetta Goudal was engaged to one Jacques Cartier of Nashville, Tenn.

When questioned about it the Goudal made a typical Goudal remark.

"I never heard of Jacques Cartier and I don't know where Nashville, Tennessee, is." I'm afraid Nashville isn't going to be able to bear up under the blow.

**YOU'VE** probably suffered with the poor, down-trodden, underpaid chorus girl of the stage—in the fiction stories you have read about her.

But that was A. T.—Ante Talkie.

Now the chorus girl is one of Hollywood's queens, and those lucky enough to be employed on the big sound stages are living on the fat of the land and hoping they aren't getting to look like the land.

In the old days scores of pretty little dancing girls were glad to get \$35 a week for a few weeks from one of the leading producers, and when the show closed it was go out and hunt for another job.

Not long ago William Fox hired a hundred chorus girls for his musical pictures, and he put them under six months' contract—work, rehearse or loaf—at \$50 a week.

And, next to a big-hearted millionaire with a bad heart, that is a chorus girl's idea of Heaven.

**BILLIE DOVE**, Basil Rathbone and Kay Francis were all seated in a row, filling out biographical information blanks. Kay, not knowing what to put down in answer to several questions, kept looking at Billie's and Basil's questionnaires.

Director Lloyd Bacon was watching them closely.

Finally he leaned over and said:

"Stop cheating, Kay, or we'll keep you after school and give you another to fill out by yourself."

**LUPINO LANE'S** departure from the shores of these United States for a stage engagement at the Hippodrome Theater, London, recalls some very interesting stories about the little film comedian.

During his athletic tumbles on the stage he has broken his arms and legs so many times that he has almost lost count.

He is a direct descendant of the oldest family of clowns in the world; the Lupinos and the Lanes have been known to English theaters for centuries.

For the first time in many years now he returns to his native stage. He rehearsed his show on the way across the Atlantic. He had just two rehearsals with the cast before the



How the thunder of the motors comes to your ears from the screen. The microphone is ready to pick up the noise of the plane in a scene from "Young Eagles," Buddy Rogers' new picture. Buddy can be seen leaning against the fuselage in the exact center



show opened in London. In his dressing room at the Hippodrome he hung the autographed pictures of about every screen star in Hollywood.

**H**ERE'S a new way of breaking into the movies, but the lad who did it had no idea it would bring him such a reward.

J. Carroll Nash helped save William Fox' life by giving a blood transfusion when the producer was badly injured in an automobile accident.

Nash is a Broadway actor but he now has a big contract with the Fox studios.

**S**OMETHING snappy in the way of male shaberdashery was exhibited by one of Universal's crack cameramen. The chic one arrived on the set decked out in a black satin shirt with gleaming white buttons. His manly throat was protected by a high collar that buttoned at the side.

The other cameraman on the set took one look at it and then went down to the wardrobe department to find a skirt.

**N**OW that Kay Francis has her spring wardrobe all mapped out she has found time to bestow suitable handles on her eleven pets.

Here's the list:

- 1 dog "Snifter."
- 1 canary "Napoleon."
- 7 fish "The Seven Vestal Virgins."
- 1 frog "Caesar"
- 1 Ford "Rabbit"

**T**HEY were taking a Christmas scene of Billie Dove. The beautiful Billie was smiling in a snow storm, or something of the sort.

After the playback everyone was wondering where all the sound of hammers had come from. Billie was the only one that could solve the problem.

"That wasn't hammers you heard," she explained. "It was the snow falling."

Then they got a new kind of snow.



Just welcoming a new pretty to the phonoplay. Phyllis Crane, who has a big rôle in "Fresh from College," starring Billy Haines. What orbs!



Now in Colors—Kleenex comes in dainty tints of pink, green and yellow . . . and white, of course, if you prefer. The box is a marvel of ingenuity which hands out 2 sheets at a time.

# try the Kleenex way to remove cold cream

**Y**OU know with what infinite care great beauty specialists preserve the delicate texture of the skin. No hard massage . . . but gentle patting . . . when creams are applied. No stretching or rubbing of the skin when creams are removed.

Instead, a gentle blotting up of surplus cream . . . with super-absorbent Kleenex.

Every woman, in her own home, should use this same scrupulous care if she wishes to preserve her skin's firmness and freshness . . . and youth. It is really so easy.

Kleenex is so gentle, so dainty. You just hold it to your face, and blot up the oil and cream. All the dirt and cosmetics come, too, leaving the pores really clean.



Thousands of people consider Kleenex far more sensible than handkerchiefs. It's especially fine to use when there's a cold. You use it once, then discard it. The cold germs are discarded, too . . . instead of being stuffed back into a pocket or purse. Kleenex makes it easier to keep from infecting others, and re-infecting yourself.

Once in your home, you'll find countless uses for Kleenex. It comes in dainty colors, or white, if you prefer. The package is a marvel of ingenuity, which hands out two sheets automatically.

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City.....

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SEND YOUR MOTHER

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you may never know**

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Get the combined treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 343, Toledo, Ohio. Write for New Radio Log Book, Free to Catarrh Sufferers.

**P**OOOR Maurice Costello has broken into the front pages again. A young woman named Vivienne Sengler is suing him for \$100,000 heart balm.

Miss Sengler gave her age as twenty-one and further added that both she and Costello were psychic and could meet on a high spiritual plane. Maurice denies everything, but Vivienne persists. It's the first time the erstwhile matinee idol has had any publicity for years.

**T**HESSE picture girls just will be different. Heigh-ho! Loretta Young is wearing a diamond ring that makes the crown jewels of Russia look like chips. Yes, sir, Grant Withers gave it to her, but she's wearing it on the right hand instead of the left.

**H**ERE'S a bit of irony for you, if you're fond of irony. Many of the extras used in "All Quiet on the Western Front" are American World War veterans.

Yet they're appearing as German soldiers and are wearing uniforms that were brought over from Germany for that purpose.

**H**OWARD GREER, Hollywood's foremost style authority, didn't dare attend the opening of the Embassy Club. Exactly seven stars had bought from him the same dress to wear.

All of them were made up in black and Greer felt that if seven ladies got in a huff at once he might never be able to create another gown.

**L**OUISE FAZENDA was having a very important interview. She had answered all the questions in her best manner. The dignified interviewer rose to go. Louise tried to struggle to her feet. "Just a minute," she said, "just a minute. I can't tell you goodbye until I find my shoes. I took 'em off while we were talking. They're somewhere under the table here."

**A**NOTHER Hollywood tradition has been kicked in the trousers.

There will be no Wampas Baby Stars this year. The annual Wampas Ball, and introduction of the chosen young starlets, was one of the events of the year in film town. It was just like the old Wednesday lunches at Montmartre, and the joke about always saying, "Yes, Mr. De Mille."

The Wampas, an organization of screen publicists, met their Waterloo last year when the local newspapers demanded heavy sums for charity before they would open up the columns. The big "doings" was abandoned, although the starlets were picked anyway. This year there will be no "pickings," which is a disappointment to the young film beauties.

**L**LOYD BACON, First National megaphone wielder, played the dirtiest trick of the month on the cast of his current picture.

"Tomorrow we won't work," he told them. "We'll all go out on my yacht and fish."

The whole cast reported the next morning ready for some sea-going whoopee. Not a member was missing, Billie Dove, Basil Rathbone, Kay Francis and Ken Thomson. There was misgiving when a script girl appeared.

When Bacon got them half way to Catalina he stopped the boat.

"Now," he began, twirling his long black moustachios, "we're going to rehearse where it's nice and quiet."

And they did, and did, and did.

**P**ROBABLY there never was anyone quite so scared as Jobyna Howland on the first day she faced the microphone in "Honey," the Paramount revival of "Come Out of the Kitchen."

"Oh, I'm going to be sick, awfully sick," shivered the six feet Broadway actress. "I'll do it all wrong."

Her first lines were, "Your chauffeur can find more wrong roads than anyone I ever saw."

What she actually said was, "Your chauffeur can find more wrong roadsters than anyone I ever saw."

Since she was riding in a limousine at the time, the scene was taken over.

A STAR on location is all the same as any extra or prop boy. Joan Crawford and her company moved up-state to do scenes for "Montana." The mountain camp was rough. Joan and Doug made their own fires in the little stoves and had to be at breakfast at seven o'clock or not get any breakfast.

PAUL WHITEMAN staggered on the set. "I've just had a full night's sleep," he wailed. "It's the first time in years and it darn near killed me."

WHEN Helene Costello and John Regan were divorced, Helene complained that John never understood the demands made on her time and energy at the studio.

Certainly Lowell Sherman understands these things. He and Helene are going to marry in March and spend their honeymoon in Europe. Lowell, you remember, was once married to Pauline Garon.

MAYBE those folks who get all "het up" about theme songs will approve of the innovation in the First National picture, "Faith." There will be a theme song without words, scored only for the violin. If that goes over with the fans the next step will be a theme song without words or music.

BASIL RATHBONE is a handsome and charming man. Ouida Bergere is his wife and part of her duties seems to be watching Basil. She spends the best part of every day on the set.

Latest reports are that Rathbone is none too thrilled over this connubial diligence.

ONE of the executives at M-G-M sent a high salaried expert to New York to get all the information possible on the old Weber and Fields Music Hall. There must be an exact reproduction of it in the comedians' picture.

And while the expert was doing his heavy research, Weber and Fields, who built the theater and played in it and know where every nail was, sat calmly in Hollywood waiting on salary for the set to be built.

MAYBE your poor Old Cal shouldn't bring this up, but both Universal and Tiffany have been employing an unusual type of extra in their respective war "drammers." "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Journey's End."

Both studios needed rats and cockroaches. And they come high, if anybody wants to know, which isn't likely.

Rats draw down one dollar a day. Cockroaches, for some strange reason that doesn't meet the eye, are more expensive. A cockroach will not emote for one cent less than two dollars.

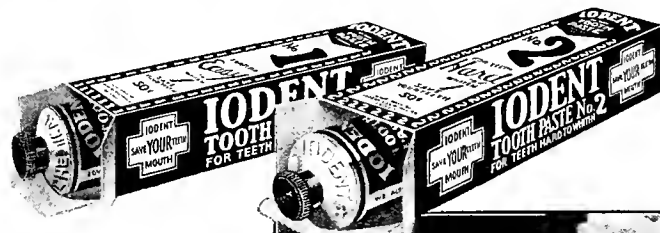
IRENE BORDONI will make no more pictures, at least not for quite a spell, but Marilyn Miller's contract has been renewed for three more films, which will be made when she finishes her stage engagement with Ziegfeld.

IF the roll had been called at Bessie Love's wedding one young man would have been found missing.

Those two swell team mates, Lucille and James Gleason, were there in all their finery, but the son and heir of the house of Gleason was not to be seen.

The reason Russell couldn't go to Bessie's

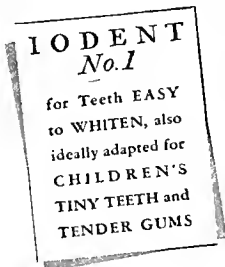
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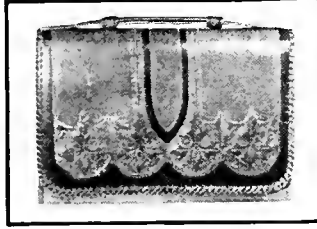
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OF course you believe in Dress Personality—what woman doesn't? But perhaps you've found difficulty in finding truly expressive, smart handbags—those possessing "purse personality."

Meeker-Made handbags, underarms and vanities have that indefinable something which causes you to reach for



and examine them covetously. PURSE PERSONALITY They breathe beauty and smartness with their rich, beautifully-colored leathers, and inspire a confidence in their utility because everyone knows that these fine imported steerhide leathers seemingly wear forever and grow softer and more beautiful with age. You'll find Meeker-Made products at your jeweler's, better department and drug stores.

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Be the first in your community to take advantage of this offer, and get started at once. The coupon or a post card will bring further details.

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I am interested in your money-making offer to your readers. Send me the details at once.

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wedding was because his finger nails were dirty. And, you ask, why didn't he clean them? Because, little kiddies, Russell is a German soldier now in "All Quiet on the Western Front" and Jr. Laemmle, who has read a book, knows that soldiers in the front line get a little dusty from time to time.

Therefore, he has issued a blanket order that no member of the cast may clean his finger nails for three weeks.

And that isn't all. Poor Russell gets rolled in the mud every day and is so dirty by the time he gets home at night that he has to go in the kitchen door.

There are more ways than one of suffering for one's art.

WHILE Mary Pickford was in Paris she racked her brains to think up a new disguise to keep from being recognized when she took her morning exercise. All the old gags, dark glasses, etc., only served to draw attention to the petite Mrs. Fairbanks.

Mary was almost desperate. She could not go out of the house without attracting a mob.

But at last she hit upon the most unique method of self-effacement Old Cal has yet heard of.

It was as simple as this: all "America's sweetheart" had to do was to ride a bicycle and nobody in Paris gave her a second glance.

She went bicycling every morning in the Bois and caused as little excitement as the familiar whir of a plane.



Ina Claire greeting the Sandman—in a perfectly nice way, of course. Mrs. Gilbert wearing the new voluminous pajamas, which give the effect of a skirt. This outfit is made of white satin. Ina still has on the family pearls and about four pounds of bracelet. An old Claire custom

# Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

## Copy Cats!

Chicago, Ill.

Aren't there any new ideas in the magazine business? No sooner do I discover a new department or feature in PHOTOPLAY than I find it copied a few months later in some other magazine.

I always buy PHOTOPLAY, but I like to get one or two of the others each month for additional photographs of my favorites. But what's the use? They're just imitations. And, what's more, they haven't Mr. Quirk's right-to-the-point editorials, nor Cal York's up-to-the-second news and gossip.

I've only seen one screen magazine that didn't imitate PHOTOPLAY—a Chinese periodical that reads backward, according to their custom. It's a wonder some of the copy-cats haven't tried that trick!

Long life to PHOTOPLAY—the leader whom others follow.

D. H. ELDRIDGE.

## Learning Fast

Philippine Islands.

The motion picture is helping to modernize the backward Philippines of years ago.

Now we are following the way you dress and the way you walk. Even our romance is modernized. Before, lovers didn't kiss—now they do.

MAURA CALIBARA.

## A Cry for Quarter

St. Louis, Mo.

Fans would not mind paying a quarter for a picture of a star whom they admire. But they do object to paying a quarter for nothing, which is often what happens if they send money. They don't know whether they will get anything for it or not. And a quarter means something to them.

Many of the photographs are not very good. Rudolph Valentino sent out the best I ever saw, and he sent them for nothing.

Fans don't expect the stars to pay out for their fan mail one-third of what they make, but they do think the stars who earn large salaries can afford to send their photos free. The studios pay large sums for advertising; why can't they take care of fan mail? It's another form of advertising.

SHIRLEY F. MOXOM.

## We Want Westerns, Fans Cry!

San Pedro, Calif.

I do hope that the Westerns are truly coming into their own. "In Old Arizona" and "The Virginian" prove that we, the public, like good, red-blooded Westerns. Let's have some more.

Much good direction and beautiful photography have gone into two and five-reel Westerns, which, if expended on feature lengths, would have brought in big money. Many of us want to see Westerns but don't care to attend the poorer theaters, the only places they are shown.

Why don't the better theaters show some of the short Westerns in place of so much silly slapstick comedy?

JESSIE D. BOURGEOIS.

## They're Not All Wild

Washington, D. C.

Oh! Oh! Oh! When will the movie producers portray youth as it is, instead of the way they see it, which isn't through rose-colored glasses.



"WILL WE  
COME?"

WELL, I should SAY so!"



THAT'S the answer the Whitons always get to invitations to their house. No one wants to miss a single party that they give. Even when nothing is planned—no dance, or card party—people are always dropping in to spend the evening, just talking or listening to the radio.

For the Whitons' home is so charming, so *different*. It has an individual touch, a refreshing atmosphere that is all its own. Friends often ask what it is that makes the house so sweet and lovely. And Mrs. Whiton, clever hostess that she is, always answers, "My dear, that 'delightful atmosphere,' as you call it, is Vantine's Incense."

What a difference Vantine's Incense makes in any home! The house feels sweeter and sunnier and more cheerful with its lovely fragrance. Every room seems to breathe perfume. There's new gayety and charm in parties and dances and social evenings; alone in the evening, the romantic scent gives new pleasure to

music or reading. It's almost like living in a garden of flowers . . . !

And, best of all, Vantine's Incense guards your home against unpleasant odors, that great social handicap that spoils so many lovely homes. You cannot detect it in your own home—you are so used to it you never know it's there. But other people notice it—even if they say nothing—and they don't want to come again. But Vantine's Incense banishes bad odors—it is truly social insurance.

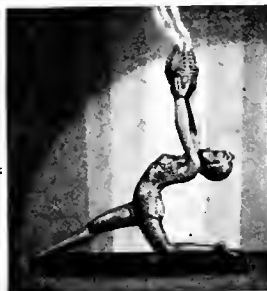
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Let us send you three cones of Vantine's Incense. Choose your favorite and mark it on the coupon. Four flowery scents: Pine, Violet, Rose, Jasmin—five lingering perfumes: Oriental Night, Sandalwood, Narcissus, Orange Blossom, Wistaria. With it we'll send you the new book, "The Etiquette of Incense" full of suggestions for entertaining. Clip the coupon now—have the incense for your next party.

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A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Molea (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

"Our Modern Maidens" was disgusting. After that statement you'll probably say: "Oh, that's some old reformer that thinks movies are a menace." You're all wrong. I'm young and I adore movies—the right kind.

I make a point of seeing Janet Gaynor's pictures and missing Clara Bow's, and why?

Janet Gaynor portrays youth as it is lived by the average girl—youth full of courage, love and ambition. Clara Bow portrays youth as the movie magnate sees it—youth full of moonshine, jazz and sex.

INOGENE MCELROY.

## Good Boy, Robert!

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Being on the staff of the high school paper, I suggested a movie review column for the feature page, to balance the book review column. A hot argument ensued. Movies, it appears, are too delicate to treat in a school paper. Titles are deceiving. Few pictures are good for high school people. It is free advertising to recommend a good picture to students. Following these outbursts I went on to explain myself.

I cited how a picture like "Disraeli" should be seen by the history and dramatic departments; how the music department would enjoy "Hungarian Rhapsody" and "The Climax." I told them that all students of English, and such teachers as could bear Shakespeare without Charles and Mary Lamb Sunday School embellishments, should see "The Taming of the Shrew."

For my arguments I used PHOTOPLAY, and if I succeed in getting a column, I'll use PHOTOPLAY for my reviews.

ROBERT DOWNING.

## She Lived It

Omaha, Neb.

I have read what you had to say in your review of "The Trespasser"—I mean that "the story reeks with hokum." I lived that story as my life. I wonder what the ending is for me? I wasn't a "stenog" but I married somebody's son. I wasn't honeymooning on a lake, but it was just as brief.

A father-in-law just as impossible; a quarrel just as fierce; the annulment, followed by the birth of my son; a rich but unmarried employer; his death, and a will of \$150,000.

The papers didn't get it and it's too old a story now, and I kept the money. I needed it. Then the battle for my son. I won. My son's father married again. His wife doesn't want the boy, thank God!

But, believe me, it's not hokum.

F. L.

## Quick, Watson—A Movie!

Bremerton, Wash.

The movies are cultivating personal beauty as a result of the desire and effort of young women to be as beautiful as their favorite movie queens. Young men are being likewise affected by the handsome male actors.

The screen brings before young men and women selected types, as models, which they could not otherwise see or study as a group, or even as individuals.

Thus the movies are exercising an influence in developing Venuses and Adonises among our young people, just as fine statuary influenced the development of personal beauty among the Ancient Greeks. F. J. BOYD.

## How Talkies Teach

Larchmont, N. Y.

For the first time I've had the opportunity to hear the views of a highly educated foreigner on our movies, including the talkies.

A young Swedish engineer says that he studied English in schools and universities for six years, but when he tried to talk to Englishmen and Americans, he realized how little he had learned. Out of some forty-odd days in New York he has spent about two-thirds of his evenings studying the English language in the movie theaters, and now he really knows how to talk English.

MRS. KATHERINE LAFITTE.

## War Films Make Pacifists

San Francisco, Calif.

The motion picture with the World War as its theme has made us pacifists, haters of warfare, because it has shown us war—taken us there in its midst. It has reached the masses as nothing else could, and has made them shudder and think as they sit, comfortable and secure, in the darkness of the theater.

RODGER ALLMAN.



Two ebony tribesmen from the depths of Equatorial Africa see their first snow, and don't care much about it. W. S. Van Dyke, center, director of "Trader Horn," shows two African actors the New York skyline in the dead of winter. The one on the left is Mutea, who plays Renchero in the picture, and cops the show

### For Their Own Sake

Lucerne Valley, Calif.

Many prize-winning letters, I notice, have been written by religionists or moralists with an aversion to movies, who have commended a particular picture with an apparent moral. Of course, pictures with morals are very good, but it's refreshing to know that many of us love pictures and talkies for their own sakes; for the splendid entertainment they give; their superb acting; fine delineation of character whether in a drawing-room or gangster's cellar; and the sheer beauty of settings. HAZEL WRIGHT.

### We're a Success!

Brookline, Mass.

I am an English girl, and was so homesick when I first came to America. You speak English, of course, but with a difference, and I felt a stranger.

My first movie two weeks after I arrived made me happy. I was at home again. "Disraeli" was wonderful, and I cried at the scene where the doors open at the reception for *Disraeli* and I saw *Queen Victoria* in the distance, and the National Anthem was played! How beautifully you Americans play our history—and with such reverence. I feel we can safely leave it in your hands.

MARY WALES.

### Minding Their Pros and Cons

B. JOURDIN and S. SAWYER, two girls from Saskatoon, Canada, send word to Rudy Vallée that he can't continue to feed the ladies on "cold shoulder and swelled head and expect to find them red hot on his trail."



Tacoma, Wash.

Being a widower, father of a twenty year old boy, I can perhaps appreciate the movies more than anyone. They saved my son when the church and school failed.

For fifteen years, I've been my son's only guide. Three years ago, I thought I was a fairly good one as my son was a steady member of a church and an intelligent student at school. Imagine my horror when I woke up one morning to find he was a member of a gang that had been terrorizing the neighborhood for months with unspeakable crimes. I soon discovered how his character had degenerated under their influence.

All my efforts to reform him failed until two years ago, when I read in a stray PHOTOPLAY a letter from a woman who declared the movies kept her son off the street.

I had never taken any interest in pictures, but now as a last resource I tried them.

Three or four pictures were enough to make my son a staunch fan. In making a fan of him I became one myself and in discussing pictures and stars we learned to understand each other as we never had before. We became pals for the first time.

Now a better son and man than my boy cannot be found anywhere. I owe all this to photoplays and PHOTOPLAY.

C. C. P.

## Write a letter

### and win \$1000.00 in this

# \$2850.00 PRIZE CONTEST

## 355 awards; cash prizes ranging from \$1000.00 to \$10.00

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The bread-and-butter letter is easy to write. In reality, it is just a friendly expression of appreciation to a hostess who has spared no effort to make your visit a pleasant one. Then get out your paper. Details of the contest appear elsewhere on this page. But the important thing is to start now. These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

### Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay \$250; second best, \$150; third best, \$100; for the next five, \$20 each; \$10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of \$750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of \$1000 which this letter may win.

TYPES OF LETTERS: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

CLOSING DATE: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930.

Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

IDENTIFICATION: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

WINNERS: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

FINAL JUDGES: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*; Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.

1 1 1

Eaton's Highland Linen assures you of unusual quality in writing paper. It has been used for a quarter of a century by the women of taste in America. It is made in so many styles that you may even find it hard to choose. And the prices range from 50 cents to whatever you wish to pay. Eaton's Highland Vellum, with its velver-like surface, is offered in white and six delightful tints. It is supremely smart, expressing today's vogue, yet reasonable in price. 50 cents to \$3.50, wherever the famous Eaton's Highland Linen is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Massachusetts.



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Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Hefflinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Ostot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eye-lash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

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Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee* results that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

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GLADIE, of St. Louis, Mo., sent in such a rave about "Rio Rita" that if we hadn't received many others like it we'd have suspected her of drawing a stipend from the producers.

"I think the movies help develop a sense of humor in a child, and after all, what is life without a sense of humor?" asks MRS. L. DEERING, of Oakland, Calif.

From Tacoma, Wash., MAREE BERRY writes in to say that while touring Europe last summer she found the movie audiences very appreciative, and that absolute silence reigns while a picture is being shown. Would it were so here!

The Edward Nugent Fan Club, per its president, HELEN DONOVAN, of Hamilton, Canada, asks for better rôles for Eddie.

GIOVANNA DE CICCO, of Baltimore, Md., would like to see Lillian Gish play a vamp for a change. Wonder how Giovanna will like La Gish's first talkie, "The Swan."

FRANCES THROWER, of Hendersonville, N. C., offers a bouquet to the talkies for bringing the players of the legitimate stage to the screen. "It may be arsenic to theatrical producers," says Frances, "but it is ice cream soda to us who have never been to New York."

A group of high school girls in Hudson, N. Y., headed by HELEN FITCH, send in a pouting protest because so many handsome screen actors are spoiling their good looks by raising mustaches.

Down in San Antonio, Tex., MRS. ELOISE FEAGIN is eating her heart out over George Bancroft. "He is the first actor I have seen in ages who could make a woman's heart beat faster and win admiration from a man, all in one picture," enthuses Mrs. Feagin.

H. B. KOLBURN, of Ardmore, Okla., says that Doug and Mary have interpreted "The Taming of the Shrew" as the Bard meant it—"as rollicking, hilarious farce and nothing else."

Bessie Love, according to MRS. HARRY LUCERO, of San Diego, Calif., has the champion "All-American Voice." No frills or furbelows blockading Bessie's larynx.

From LEILA WILLIFORD, of Fort Worth, Tex., comes a complaint that has been seconded by others. She says: "Audible weeping, as heard from the sound screen, instead of impressing the listener with the heightened pathos of the drama, tends rather to produce in him a sense of irritation and discomfort."

MRS. DOROTHY DOUGLAS, of Buffalo, N. Y., wants to see opera on the screen. "Now with sound and all the beautiful Technicolor effects possible, every child in our land should know and love all the operas and their wonderful music. I would want to see them many times myself."

A wisecracking bouquet from JACQUELINE DUMAS, of Marshfield, Wis.: "In the talkies we have talking, singing and music all for the price that we once paid for a silent picture. Now, say, isn't that a break for the Scotch?"

## A True Story of an African Nightmare

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

"But I shall never forget the lion experience. Mumu, the native gun bearer, Mr. Waller, in charge of the expedition, and a white hunter and I went to hunt.

"We crawled for hours through the brush, hoping to find the animals, and then, suddenly, Mumu whispered, 'Stop!'

"We were entirely surrounded by lions. We lay flat on the ground waiting for them to spring. But they didn't spring. It was hours later that I shot one.

"THE lion struggled for a moment and then fell limp on the ground. I ran over to it, delighted with my first experience as a hunter, and just as I got within a few feet, the beast jumped to his feet, uttered the most fantastic cry I have ever heard and then fell dead.

"But I wasn't frightened. I don't know why. I wasn't at all frightened in Africa. I seemed so close to the very root of everything. It seemed as if nothing could touch me, or if it did it wouldn't matter. I was a part of all that went on around me. I felt Africa!

"One night I had heard the tom-toms beating until I thought I would go mad. Ceaseless, as if they had been beating since before the world began and would go on forever. I felt strange and savage. I jumped out of bed and began to dance. I can't make you understand about it. I can't make anybody understand Africa who hasn't been there. That is why I feel so strange being back. That's why Africa is the only reality."

The pale gold hair spread itself out against the pillow. There was something infinite in her eyes. An ordinary little girl snatched up by the gods of the cinema and thrown headlong into such experiences.

Two men who started out with the company came back after the first month. But Edwina, flower-like and beautiful, weathered and became a part of Africa.

And hers was the most difficult rôle of all. The men might wear pith helmets and spine

pads to protect them from the stark glare of the sun, but as the goddess, Edwina did her scenes in a wisp of a costume and without head covering.

Twice she had sun-stroke. Once she was a victim of malaria. Her mother sat at home and prayed that she might be well.

The two, mother and daughter, had promised that they would write the exact truth to each other, but when Edwina was ill she wrote that she was fine and when her father was not well, her mother told her that everything was all right at home.

Her mother had remembered an old saying that the things you don't worry about are the things that happen, so every night she checked over a long list of worries—fear of illness, fear of jungle beasts, fear that the natives would kidnap her child.

BUT the natives were Edwina's friends. Her Down particular boy, Jacob, who was a Christian and had been given the Biblical name by the missionaries, adored her and was her devoted slave after the uprising when she saved him from a severe sentence by proving an alibi for him. The native women, fascinated by her blonde hair, stood about her in a circle and imitated her every gesture when she put on make-up. Like monkeys, they held out their hands for powder, and she put a little pat in each black hand. They were delighted.

Edwina Booth stood the trip bravely. Beset by every danger, subject to every illness. She is back now. The picture is finished. Her job is done. Africa is a dark chapter in her life and the powers that be at the studios are satisfied with the film, "Trader Horn."

And Edwina must now adjust herself to the business of a commonplace life. Books are dull—what excitement is there in a printed page after what she has seen? Plays are but the silly gestures of actors against a painted background. Edwina has seen the roots of life—what is there left for her now?



## Questions & Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96 ]

C. ERICSON, CHICAGO, ILL.—Kansas City, Kans., claims young David Rollins. He's twenty years old and five feet, ten and a half inches tall. David's ancestors were English, Irish and Spanish, which accounts for a lot.

N. M., TORONTO, CANADA.—You're right —Norma Talmadge once made a picture called "The Eternal Flame." Joseph Burke, Chrystine Mayo, Paula Shay and Jack Clarke played in "A Fool's Paradise." You go in for old timers, Canada. Coming up to date, Bill Haines is twenty-nine years old, six feet tall, and has black hair and brown eyes.

W. H., EAST ORANGE, N. J.—"The Time, The Place and the Girl" is Gertrude Olmsted's latest picture. Gertrude was the ingénue in "Cobra," but Nita Naldi had the lead opposite Valentino.

M. A., TAMPA, FLA.—Both statements are correct, strangely enough. Emil Jannings was born in Brooklyn, but his parents were German and took him back to the Fatherland when he was a year old so he could become a German star. He was brought up and educated in Germany. Virginia Valli was born in Chicago, Ill. She is divorced from Demarest Lamson and is seen frequently now with Charles Farrell.

AUBREA SMITH, CEDARHURST, N. Y.—Right you are—Dolores Del Rio played *Paulette Goddard* in "High Steppers." The blonde in "The White Monkey" was Flora LeBreton. (No cracks about hers being the title rôle, if you please.)

MARJORIE GIREAUX, CHICAGO, ILL.—The piece played on the violin by Betty Compson in "Street Girl" is called "My Dream Memory." It seems to have made a hit with the fans.

"PERCIVAL BRYAN," HAYS, KANS.—Don't know why you tack a name like that on yourself when you don't have to! Virginia Lee Corbin is on her honeymoon at present. Fay Compton was the blonde in "Fashions in Love." Gary Cooper is engaged to the sprightly Miss Velez who does enough talking for both. Jack Oakie was born in Sedalia, Mo., twenty-six years ago. He attended La Salle College in New York City.

K. J. L., WESTON, W. VA.—John Holland was born in Kenosha, Wis., June 11, 1899. He is six feet, two and a half inches tall, weighs 185 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Besides "The College Coquette" he has played in "The Secret Studio," "She Goes to War" and "Black Magic."

M. T. SPENCER, OTTAWA, CANADA.—Gloria Swanson has had three husbands to date. She divorced Wallace Beery in 1918 and in 1919 married Herbert K. Somborn by whom she had a daughter, Gloria. In 1923 she was divorced from Somborn and in 1925 married Marquis James Henri de Falaise et de la Coudray—better known as "Hank."

D. W., BALTIMORE, MD.—First National is a subsidiary of Warners, having been purchased by Warner Brothers in 1927—hence "First National Vitaphone Pictures" is perfectly correct. Kathryn and Joan Crawford are not related, nor are Jobyna and Esther Ralston. Neither are all the Smiths in the world.

G. G., ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.—Sorry, but Dick Arlen tells us he was born in Charlottesville, Va., and not in your home town. His wife, Jobyna Ralston, was born in Tennessee. Maurice Chevalier is thirty-seven years old.



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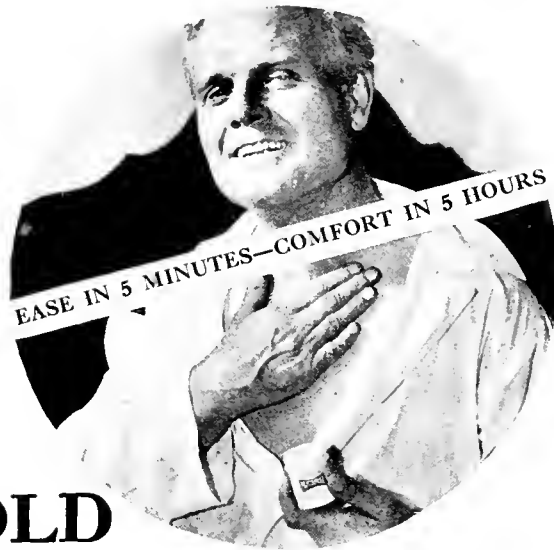
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KATHERINE CLARK, TOPEKA, KANS.—Billie Dove married Irvin Willat, Oct. 27, 1923. Lloyd Hughes was born Oct. 21, 1897, and is married to Gloria Hope. Remember her in pictures? Leila Hyams played opposite Bill Haines in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and Mary Nolan opposite Jack Gilbert in "Desert Nights." Clive Brock's children are named Faith and Clive, Jr.

J. L. K., GLEN ELLYN, ILL.—Harry Myers was the Yankee in the swell silent version of Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." He was good, too. There's been talk of making a dialogue version with Will Rogers in the title rôle, which ought to be something to look forward to.

MELL HARRISON, NASHVILLE, TENN.—You ought to get a typewriter, Mell—your handwriting is brutal. Jean Arthur was born in Plattsburg, N. Y., not so very long ago. She is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 106 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. She used to pour coffee for Julian Ancker, but they're divorced now and he has to pour his own.

VIRGINIA LYONS, BRECKENRIDGE, TEX.—You're right, Virginia—but so are we. Ya-ah! Two versions of the "Virginian" were made in 1923, one with the cast as you listed it, headed by Kenneth Harlan and Florence Vidor, and another featuring Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston. The newest talkie version stars Gary Cooper and Mary Brian.

PAT NORTON, DELAVAN, WIS.—Grant Withers is divorced from his first wife and is at present engaged to pretty Loretta Young. His next picture is "In the Headlines." Wally Albright, Jr. played Greta Garbo's son in "The Single Standard."

ELIZABETH SALLEY, ORANGEBURG, S. C.—I'll do the best I can by you, Elizabeth. John Boles is thirty years old. Ramon Novarro is five feet, ten inches tall and has dark brown hair and eyes. His next is "The House of Troy." Glenn Tryon did his own singing and dancing in "Broadway"; he used to be in musical comedy. Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Wallace Beery, Billie Dove, and Hoot Gibson are licensed air pilots.

NAOMI C. WEBB, NEW YORK CITY.—Right—it was Frederic March who played opposite the late Jeanne Eagels in "Jealousy." Ethel Clayton is thirty-nine years old and is still married to Ian Keith. Gladys Brockwell's last picture was "The Drake Case."

J. JACK DIETHER, VANCOUVER, B. C.—Alice White is five feet, and was born in Paterson, N. J. Neil Hamilton is one foot taller and comes from Lynn, Mass., which is also famous for shoes. Neil's latest picture is "Darkened Rooms" with Evelyn Brent. Jean Arthur is divorced from Julian Ancker.

JULIA DAVIS, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.—Stanley Smith caused such a sensation among the lady fans that he has to have the lead in Nancy Carroll's next picture, "Honey." Richard Arlen will next be seen in "Burning Up." The rôle of *Edward Albert Price* in "Salute" was played by Frank Albertson.

GILBERT HOLLIS, KOUTS, IND.—It's a positive joy to get some questions about directors for a change. "Desert Gold" was megaphoned by George B. Seitz. "Tollers of the Sea" was a Selznick production and "Richard the Lion-Hearted" was produced by a company which had the impressive names—Associated Authors—Allied Producers.

HILA M. BUELL, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Ray Hallor played *Dave Carstairs* in "Noisy Neighbors." James Hall did his own vocalizing in "Smiling Irish Eyes." James Bradbury, Jr., was *Slim* in "Cheyenne," and Gladys McConnell was the girl in the same picture.

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# How the Movies Learned to Talk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

actually, but the compelling interest of the genius mind in pure science.

Unfortunately for romance, it wasn't any one man who mastered the principles of amplification. Even the Bell people themselves don't know where one man's findings ended and the others began. They only know that gradually they got the answer.

They put the principle to work, first, in distance phone calling, across cities, across counties, across countries and finally across oceans. Then they evolved radio. Then they hooked that up to sending photographs by telephone.

They started on refinements. They would take a speech and broadcast it either across a continent or merely across a room. When they finally had sound where they could either make it yell or whisper, as they wished, the Bell Laboratories washed their hands of it and turned to other discoveries.

**T**HEY handed their sound discoveries out to the Western Electric Company to merchandise.

That left the Big Three line-up of theirs thus: The Bell Telephone Laboratories, discoverers; the Western Electric Company, merchandisers; the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the parent company of it all.

That Big Three approached the movie magnates. They presented their proposition. The movie magnates laughed at them. They were much too secure to try anything new.

There was one of the smaller movie companies that wasn't too secure. In fact, it was



BESSIE LOVE, popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, wearing a new-season Deauville model.



St. Louis, Mo.

It is just three years since I lost my little girl. That seemed to be the end of the world for me. I just couldn't see any reason for continuing to live. Everything seemed so useless. What was the use of ambition, striving, if the dearest thing in one's life was snatched away.

My husband did everything possible to comfort me and to conceal from me his own suffering, but I wouldn't be comforted. As time passed the ache dulled but very little. My mind was too preoccupied with death and sorrow.

The talkies came to the fore then, and my husband, wishing to take my mind off my grief, insisted on taking me to see them. Almost from the start and much against my will, I became interested in them. I was astounded at the remarkable voices of my old favorite silent stars. Such pictures as "In Old Arizona" and "Broadway Melody" made of me a staunch supporter of the new entertainment. Little by little my brooding spells of heart-sickness left me, and I began to take a fresh interest in life. Now, after seeing "Rio Rita," I feel like telling the world that the talkies are the greatest form of entertainment known.

Anna Kennedy

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almost down and out. It had started with the "Warner Classics of the Screen" but for reasons too long to go into here, most of those hadn't clicked.

When people have little to lose and much to gain, they often gamble. The Warner Brothers gambled. They looked and listened to Western Electric's findings and they liked what they heard and saw. They bought the rights to the first sound recording device—which they called the Vitaphone. They bought not only reproduction rights but selling rights, and in 1926 put out the first picture with sound synchronization. That was Barrymore's "Don Juan." Looking back, you would have thought that sound synchronization would have caused a furor in the movie business. The truth is that it didn't cause a ripple.

After "Don Juan" passed into whatever heaven old films visit when they die, Warners released a number of short subjects. Martinelli and Marion Talley sang from the screen. Orchestras, jazz and classic, played. Still nobody in the industry paid any attention.

**E**VEN two years later, in July, 1928, when "Lights of New York," the first All Talkie was released, the film industry still laughed. What a wow, those talking pictures, they said. Quaint producers, those Warners, thinking they had a marvelous thing with their fool Vitaphone. It was all a joke—until the box office statements began coming in.

The box office statements showed that the public adored sound pictures; that it absorbed every bit of them it could get. Scratch a box-office and you find a producer's heart. That's nature. Suddenly every producer and every theater was in a mad scramble—the producers for sound recording devices and the theaters for wiring equipment.

There was all sorts of work at the double crossroads. Fox outsmarted everyone else by working with an inventor called Case to perfect a process it called Movietone. This differed from Vitaphone in that it recorded sound directly on the film instead of on a disc. Case sold his patents to Western Electric so that Movietone became a Western Electric Product. That was all on the up and up, of course, but there were funny tricks like the classic case of a certain company borrowing a sound truck, supposedly to test a voice, and holding it long enough to slap a couple of terrible talkers together.

Everybody began sticking sound in films by every possible means and twenty thousand theater owners throughout the country went mad trying to get equipment. Western Electric was just as snowed under as every one else. It was physically capable of handling several hundreds of installations yearly—but orders were reaching it by the tens of thousands.

Right in the midst of this mess Al Jolson made "The Jazz Singer" and forthwith the old silent screen expired with a sigh. It was like the horse in the presence of the first automobile, or of the oil lamp beside the first electric bulb. You could be sentimental about it, but with half an eye you could see that one put the other completely out of business. It was the old process of evolution. There wasn't any possible basis of comparison between the two.

**F**OR the next year the whole movie world was a nightmare. Sound films, good, bad and indifferent—but most of them had—poured forth. Warners held their lead for a while. Fox made a big step forward by putting sound into the newsreels. Paramount turned over and went to work, making "The Doctor's Secret" and other films that had quality as well as noise. Elocution teachers flooded Hollywood and stars gargled sibilant syllables.

By the summer of 1928 Western Electric announced the completion of one thousand theater installations in America and promised new ones at the rate of two hundred fifty a month. By April of 1929 there were 1,680 Western Electric installations in America and nearly a thousand abroad. England and Australia were the largest users, but installation

crews were working feverishly in such far-flung corners as the Argentine, Brazil, Columbia, Cuba, New Zealand, France, Germany, India, Japan and Alaska.

Naturally in a gold mine like that, you were bound to find the racketeers. Theaters flim-flamed by putting old phonographs behind the screen and using other devices. Mushroom electrical companies without the necessary research background, engineering facilities or financial resources to assure their permanent place in the industry, tried bootlegging equipment to exhibitors driven desperate by seeing the trade move to the house that was wired. Patent infringements popped forth. And right about this time Mr. and Mrs. Public, after the habit they have, got choosy about what was served them and refused to go see any old thing that was offered them as a talkie. Mr. and Mrs. Public began demanding quality, good acting, convincing stories, better voices, finer projection and generally better everything.

**T**HUS Western Electric, which had meant all the time to stay outside and remain purely scientific, had to get into the movie business itself. It didn't like its equipment being sold along with films. It wanted it to go by itself. It did want to see that projection and sound reproduction improved in the theaters and it did want to keep out the bootleggers.

The result of all this is a completely new deal on all the movie lots. With the characteristic of the scientific mind, the electric company has been looking into everything. Take a mere detail like the screens themselves. The reason the first talkies seemed to be lighted so badly wasn't alone due to the fact that Kleigens weren't used. Some of it was due to the actual material of the screen, which had to be changed in order to let the sound get through. They started projecting talkies against a kind of dull, meshed material. The result was awful. Now, after much research, they have evolved a screen made of something that looks very much like a ritzy porous plaster made of oilcloth. It is fire-proof, sound conducting, and also highlighted to make the pictures appear more brilliant.

It is just such things as this that make the union of this scientific mind with the emotional, romantic Hollywood mind promise such grand things. No less an authority than Arthur Bodansky, the distinguished, reserved conductor of the Metropolitan Opera, has said, "All of a sudden, out of these sound movies, will grow something very great."

And now to answer the questions about Jack Gilbert's voice and such. That's all science, too, and mighty wonderful. Science can prove, forever and always, that light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. Sound travels at the rate of a mere 1,000 miles per second. Synchronizing them, then, becomes a mere problem in arithmetic. Yet it remained for the human mind to do this. Nature is just sloppy about it and doesn't care a hang. She creates the clap of thunder at exactly the same second she shows the flash of lightning. Yet we see lightning exactly 186 times faster than we hear the thunder. Simple?

**S**CIENCE can also prove the vibrations, not only of the human voice, but of every musical instrument and of every sound the ear can hear and a lot it can't. And it knows the average female voice is just an octave—that is, eight notes—above the male voice. It knows, likewise, that the bass voice has the greatest auditory range; the tenor next; then the contralto; then the soprano. This makes male voices easier to reproduce than female voices and bass voices better than tenors and contraltos better than sopranos. Yet, just to be contrary, the greatest personality voices are those of tenors and sopranos.

Similarly, anything that is contrary to nature seems funny to us. And that, exactly, is why Jack Gilbert's voice, which is several tones higher than most men's, sounds not heroic but humorous when we hear it.

So there you have it. It's pretty tough on the Gilbert but it's all for the love of the Mike.

# "Sheila in Person"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42 ]

silently out to Culver City for eighty cents worth of gasoline.

She found Stupefaction's president cantering worriedly up and down the private office.

"What's the matter, Abe?" tinkled Sheila, brightly. "You look worried. Laugh it off!"

Mr. Zoop eyed her morosely. "Even a giggle would choke me," he groaned. "I've got to slip you some information. Listen, baby, ain't you wondered why I let you lay off so long?"

"Why, to give me a rest, I thought. Look how my arms are mellowed by the sun. I'm the same all over, too."

"I believe you," said Abe hastily. "Stoo bad your voice ain't likewise." He crouched in readiness to dodge a blow.

"MY voice," repeated Sheila, raising that weapon an octave and a half. "W—why, Abe, it's all right, isn't it? I've made three talkies already."

"The new name is phonoplay," reminded Mr. Zoop, "with the accent on the *phony* in your case. O'Shaughnessy, I hate to say it, but in all them pictures you sounded like your old man had been the original ballyhooer for Florida."

"First I've heard of it," said Sheila, commencing to boil. "How come some of your swivel chair supervisors haven't wised me up?"

"Because," chirped Abe, "we didn't know much about talkies when we began making them. Blotts Brothers pulled the trick on us when we weren't looking, and we all fell in behind like also-rans. We used our own people first, because their faces meant money, and if they didn't sound so dulcet we blamed it on the machines."

"But the old gang is still working—Rosie, Carlos, Brenda and—"

"I know," nodded the president, "but they're all improved enough to trade language with them Broadway gaspers we had to import. All but you, O'Shaughnessy. Y'see, the recording has got so slick we can't blame the machines no more."

Mr. Zoop opened the door, and slipped an arm through hers. "It's too soon to snifle," he advised, noting the symptoms. "Come on, baby, we'll go to the new recording room and you can toss a few vowels at the mike."

They crossed several lots and entered a square building consisting of one large room and basement. This was the newest bull pen, built for the sinister business of tryouts, and once inside its thick walls, interlined with cork and powdered gypsum, the effect was of being in a hushed world. A single microphone hung lanternlike from the ceiling; a single reel-enclosed camera trained toward it like a piece of artillery; the monitor's glass-fronted cubbyhole nestled in a corner.

"GOOD morning," said the expert, springing to attention. "What's your pleasure, Mr. Zoop?"

"My pleasure would be for the six Blotts Brothers to die insolvent," growled the president, "but what I want is another test for Miss O'Shaughnessy. Voice only, y'understand."

"Go right ahead," encouraged the expert. "Talk naturally, relax, and you don't need to skip words beginning with 'S.' The machine has no trouble like that any more."

Sheila dusted her nose from force of habit, and tried to conquer the dread that chilled her. For twenty minutes she spoke into the black-lacquered throat that dangled so innocently before her.

The monitor man, poker-faced, spoke to the cellar through the transmitter strapped to his chest. "Playback, please," he said briefly, and in another moment what seemed to be a parody of Sheila's pleasant voice was issuing from a

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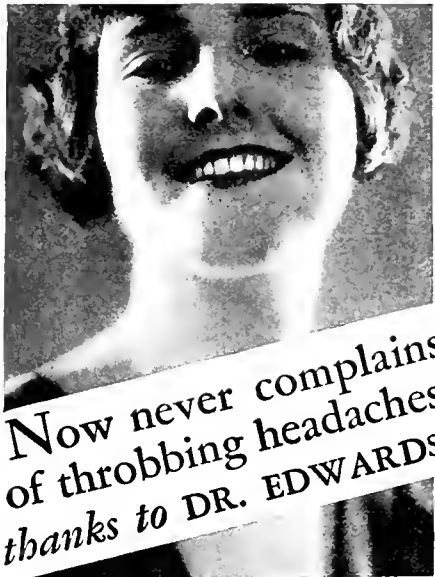
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loud speaker. The tones were blurred and an undercurrent of stridency overbalanced their original charm. Sheila glanced nervously at her employer.

"That would have got by six months ago," croaked Abe, "but—, well, you see how it is, baby."

"I'm sorry," interposed the monitor man, "but you have what is coming to be known as a non-microphone voice, and no amount of practice would help it, though it would be impossible to tell you exactly why. There are so many delicate vibrations in every human voice that the ear can't catch them all. But the mike does, because it's really just a super-ear. Your voice has resonance, but it's magnified into dissonance."

"It ain't your fault," consoled Mr. Zoop. "Lots of pips don't screen well, and now it's the same principle with voices."

"I can't realize it," sobbed Sheila, as they walked back to the Zoop sanctuary. "Oh, Abe, here I'm only twenty-two, and my life is over!"

"I felt identical when Mamma's first noodles were tough like shoelaces," grinned the president. "Honest, O'Shaughnessy, I got more up my sleeve than my arms, so dry them tears."

"You mean you'll let me finish out my contract, and not go prowling through the small print for those sneaky *whereases*?"

"**Y**OU'RE entitled to a break. Your contract has seven months to run. Well, I'll let you bow out the easiest way for anyone who's slipping—a tour of the country making personal appearances."

"But I can't sing or dance enough to get by."

"Thanks to Moses you realize it," beamed Abe. "None of Stupefaction's old standbys are going to gouge the public that way. Now, listen: I control the string of Complex Theaters, and you'll make a tour as star of the best stage unit we've got. I'll see you're billed like a circus."

"Travel!" shrieked Miss O'Shaughnessy, excited at realizing the desire of every screen player. "I'd love it. But what will I do?"

"The slogan will be *Shake Hands With Sheila*," pursued Mr. Zoop. "Your cue is to be



Herr Wilhelm von Bakewell—otherwise Billy Bakewell—as he appears as little *Albert Kropp* in the Universal film version of the best-selling novel, "All Quiet on the Western Front"

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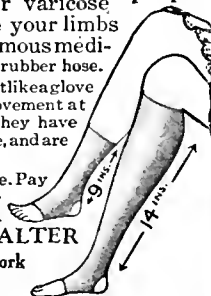
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clubby, see? We ain't advertised you as 'America's Girl Friend' for nothing. Out comes prancing the unit, and after a while you'll be discovered in an Easter egg or maybe a bale of cotton, and you'll walk to the footlights all sweet and girlish, and say, 'Thanks from the heart for your gorgeous welcome. You've seen my clever company, and it would ill behoove me to imitate them, so I'm just going to tell you all about Hollywood,' and then you let loose a line of gab I'll have written for you."

"A monologue?" said Sheila, doubtfully. "That's not so easy. A girl could die standing up if she happened to strike a dumb audience."

"Since when am I a mental midget?" inquired Abe. "Wait for the blowoff, baby. I got a system that will make your exit a riot. You go down into the aisles and work your way up one and down the other, shaking hands with what is known as all and sundry. 'I simply got to greet my fans in Providence,' you say, or wherever it may be."

"You're a prince," said the little actress. "It's a better finish than to be pitied around here because you're idle."

Mr. Zoop regarded her paternally. "A tip I'll give you. Grab yourself a husband!"

The cloudy image of J. Pennypacker Mawlings, 4th, sifted through Sheila's mind, and she nodded without enthusiasm. "Maybe I will," she said, slowly.

"It don't have to be forever," urged the practical Abe. "Just trap one of these rich playboys that are always underfoot around here. They're all generous at the start, but when he won't give up like a gentleman no more, you can always get some judge to soak him for mental cruelty. True love or the talkies—look, I'm laughing!"

THE green Verdugo Hills were being painted with the dying glories of sunset, ranging from rose to smoky orange, then quickly dulled to slate. Dusk spread its shawl across the world, fragrant, cool, and apparently eager to cloak the manifold blemishes of J. Pennypacker Mawlings, 4th, who reposed on the napc of his neck behind the wheel of his gleaming roadster.

"Packy, dear," cooed Miss O'Shaughnessy, smuggling closer. "Let's go back to Beverly Hills now. Isn't it fun to have a cosy bungalow waiting at the end of the day?"

"How do I know?" snorted Mr. Mawlings with bitterness. "The blooming family won't let me come home until they're through entertaining some plaintive Siberian who used to be a baron. Unfeeling, I call it, what?"

"But, Packy dear, why don't you establish a home of your own?"

"Wouldn't know what to do with it," said Mr. Mawlings, after pondering the subject for half a mile. "Terrible nuisance for a free soul to be saddled with."

"But just suppose you had a nice little wife. The Mawlings name must be perpetuated, you know."

"A wife!" bawled the matrimonial target, peering suspiciously at his companion. "I say, are you hinting at marrying me, and all that?"

"Of course not," dissembled Sheila, registering horror. "I was only making a suggestion. I think you like me a little, but I wouldn't presume to think you'd propose—at least, not yet."

"Glad to hear it," said Mr. Mawlings, relapsing into his customary stupor, "because I haven't the faintest idea of doing any such thing. In fact, the six weeks are almost up."

Miss O'Shaughnessy stiffened. "What are you talking about?"

"SIX weeks is absolutely the ultimate limit I can stand anyone," bleated Packy. "You're a good sport, Sheila, but we adventurers crave change. It gives me a kick to be seen tottering about with a movie star, but you don't seem to be making so many films these days, and consequently I don't notice so many envious stares. However, I shall go delving around for several years yet, after which I probably shall marry some frigid Philadelphian and settle

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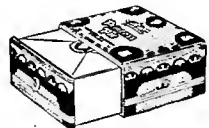
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down to having trouble with my reflexes. All my kind do."

Miss O'Shaughnessy submerged in a lake of theatrical tears. "So you took me out only because I'm famous," she sobbed. "Oh, Packy, to think you'd trifle like that!"

"It's even up," said the fourth Mawlings, with the candor that distinguishes both the truly great and the feeble-minded. "A chorus girl once told me that I looked like a fish. Perhaps she was right. Do you mean to say you'd be seen with me if I wasn't a Mawlings, or something similar?"

Sheila took refuge in wounded dignity. "Step on the gas, you silly looking zebra," she flashed. "You—you'll be sorry when I'm far away in the Complex Theaters, making a national tour."

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" enthused J. Pennypacker, relief spreading across his features. "Let's part friends. When do you leave? Monday? Well, I'll drive you to the train and bury you with half the orchids in Los Angeles, plus a list of good addresses. And that," said Mr. Mawlings, as he swerved recklessly in at the O'Shaughnessy driveway, "should make an honest woman of you."

THE departure of the sidetracked Sheila was surrounded by a sufficient amount of ballyhoo to conceal the actual reason. Flashlights boomed in the Southern Pacific depot and farewells were whispered by a galaxy of stars apprehensive as to where the lightning would strike next.

Miss O'Shaughnessy, actress enough to enter into the spurious gaiety, climbed bravely aboard The Lark as it headed for San Francisco, waved a tear moistened handkerchief and then retired to the stateroom to weep a bit into J. Pennypacker's orchids. The donor himself had failed to show up, the deduction being that he was restrained by his newest six-weeks sorceress.

San Francisco with its gustatory delights . . . Oakland and its collegiate hordes . . . Seattle. Sheila settled down to a routine of enthusiastic crowds, testimonial dinners, posing with public officials, and wrestling with nervous indigestion.

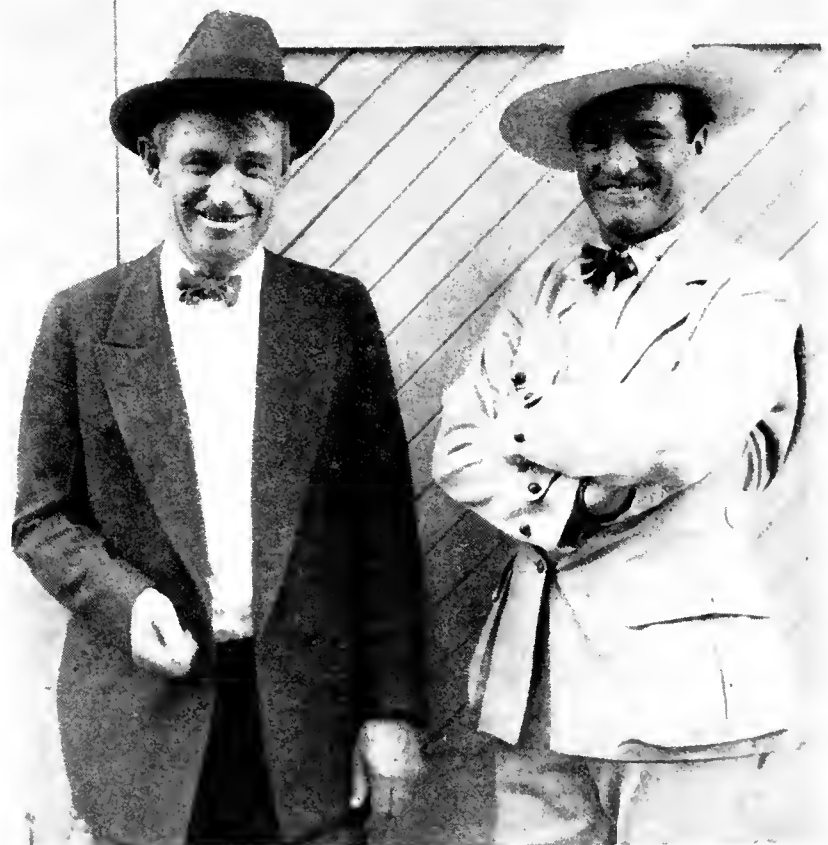
The canker of vanity had never eaten very deeply into the little ex-usher, and twice a day, with a growing sense of enjoyment, she faced a welcoming audience. The naïveté of their questions amused her. Did Carlos beat his wife? Was it true that Brenda Berkeley smoked opium? Did Hubert Mountstephen really have pink ribbons on his B.V.D.'s? She answered them all with the insouciance of an intellectual, but adorned by considerably more sex appeal.

Leaving Seattle on the long jump to Minneapolis, she found herself absorbed by one thought. She must see Andy, if only for the five minutes during which the limited laid over at Castle Butte. She wired ahead from Spokane, and twenty-four hours later jumped off at the familiar depot, searching for his homely face. The station agent came running forward.

"I got your telegram for Andy," he told her, "but he hasn't been here for two years, or better. Went down to Cheyenne, I think, to run a small theater. Gosh, Sheila, you're prettier than ever! How does it feel to be famous?"

"YOU'D be surprised," said Miss O'Shaughnessy dully, as her secretary yanked her aboard the moving train.

The Twin Cities, homes of a thousand unsung Garbos . . . Milwaukee and the Green Onion Club . . . two hectic weeks in Chicago, wondering why the Field Museum wasn't known as the best show in town . . . Detroit and a daily stroll through the pheasant haunted paths on Belle Isle . . . Cleveland. Sheila shook hands with thousands in the garish Complex Theaters, whose mammoth signs blazoned her name in two-foot letters.



A couple of old plainsmen meet on the Fox lot and talk it all over. Need we add that they are Will Rogers, now a Fox star, and Tom Mix, who has deserted screen horse opera to travel with the circus?



"I am making this tour by special request of Stupefaction Pictures—and you," she told her audiences every Saturday night. "And if the contact has pleased you only one-half as much as me, then I'm satisfied. Goodby, everybody. Be sure to call on me whenever you come to Hollywood." A stilted sort of speech, yet Sheila managed to give it sincerity, hiding the hopelessness within her when she extended the invitation to visit the studios.

WASHINGTON . . . Pittsburgh . . . an airplane hop to Saint Louis and a crowd of worshippers at Lambert Field . . . another leap to Kansas City . . . Omaha on a bitter winter's morning.

Sheila stood at the windows of her suite at the *Fontenelle*, gazing out upon the silent, snow-bound prairies that encircled the city, and she shivered involuntarily. California would be a riot of color just now, the desert would be in bloom; and yet there was a sense of coziness here.

"Some town!" rasped the secretary, entering her room before the matinee. "A couple of scared subordinates to welcome us, that's all."

"I rather like this place," said Sheila. "Anyhow, you must expect a certain amount of shyness if they think we're as great as the publicity says we are."

The matinee went smoothly, and Sheila walked daintily into the audience and moved slowly up the aisle, flanked by a pair of stalwart ushers who restrained the souvenir hunters from ripping her dress. As she reached the shadow of the balcony a tall, dapper figure rose from an aisle seat.

"H—hello, honey," it said, half fearfully. "Andy!" cried Miss O'Shaughnessy amazedly. "Andy Dent, come here to me!" Tossing dignity aside, she pulled down his head and kissed him.

Mr. Dent crimsoned. "Don't forget your audience," he reminded.

"They can wait. Oh, Andy, I'm so happy!" "No, they can't wait," said Andy. "A big star like you is why they've packed my theater. You see, Sheila, I—I'm manager here, and when I heard you were coming I was too rattled to get up nerve to meet you."

"Then hurry around to my dressing room," breathed Sheila, continuing her parade.

Later, Mr. Dent draped his immaculate self on a chair, while the old adoration shone in his brown eyes. "Being famous hasn't changed you a bit," he said joyfully. "You don't look a day older—only wiser."

"I'm back where I started," smiled Sheila ruefully. "Still galloping up and down the aisles." She noticed in one sweep the well-tailored suit, the quiet tie, the trim oxfords. "Andy," she said, a little breathlessly. "You're not married?"

"No, I'm not. Why?" "You look taken care of, somehow. So—, well—"

"SAY it," grinned Mr. Dent. "Neat, eh? That's success, honey, but it's still me inside the clothes."

"And you haven't forgotten me?" asked Sheila, trying to overlay her earnestness with a bantering air.

Mr. Dent's breathing sounded like a steam shovel. "I've been driving past a new house out by the Happy Hollow Country Club every day, thinking how nice you'd look in it," he blurted. "That's how much I've forgotten. It won't do any damage to tell you that now, after a million newspapers have printed pictures of you with dozens of men."

"Don't you know publicity when you see it?" laughed Miss O'Shaughnessy. "I want to see that house tomorrow morning."

Two days later she had appraised twenty thousand dollars worth of brick and stucco. By Thursday they were back on the old friendly Montana basis, and Sheila realized with a feeling of panic that Andy's kisses revealed improved technique. How lucky that some designing female hadn't grabbed him! And so, having decided that she wanted him above

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anything else, she faced him in his office after Saturday matinée.

"This time tomorrow I'll be in Denver," she said sadly. "You'll miss me, Andy, dear?"

"If this were a movie," mumbled Mr. Dent, rustling through some papers, "I'd grab you in my arms and propose to you without missing a respiration. But it isn't."

"Yes, and if it were a movie, there'd be a director to tell you what to do," said Sheila, coming closer. "Oh, Andy, are you blind? I'm waiting for you to ask me."

"It's your career," said Andy miserably. "You're famous. I'm not even notorious. I can't ask you to give up two thousand a week."

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY'S face grew scarlet, and she resembled a naughty little girl.

Andy must never know she'd failed. Not that it would make any difference, but she simply couldn't tell him.

"Why, you big ox!" she cried, half hysterically. "What good is a career when it means loneliness? Look at that calendar—it says February 14th, 1930. You know what that means—hurry up and ask me!"

"Gosh," said Mr. Dent uncertainly. "I feel like a fool. Saint Valentine's Day! Well, here goes the three-year-old question: Will you marry me—soon?"

And then Sheila, like many another intrepid soul, balked. California, in all its color, rose before her.

Windy days at Laguna. Dancing at the Coconut Groves. Crowds. "Look quick; there goes Sheila!"

Flattery. Premières.

"I—I don't know," she faltered, edging toward the door. "It makes me feel different than I expected. I'll tell you before I leave, but I'm all fluttering now. Oh, it's time to get ready. Watch me from your usual place, Andy." And kissing him hastily, she disappeared.

Mr. Dent addressed a few remarks to the ceiling, and after a while strolled to his customary post in the mezzanine. Out came sparkling Sheila, and he listened mournfully as she prattled through her monologue.

Miss O'Shaughnessy, on her part, handled her patter with the glibness of a ventriloquist's dummy, but while she talked her mind was occupied with the other side of Hollywood. The side that wasn't good publicity. When the finance companies began stripping you bit by bit of things you had come to look upon as your own.

When you gravitated to the frowsy, side-street apartments. When people forgot who you were. When—

Mechanically she drifted into the first aisle, smiling a welcome the entire length of it. Down the other, shaking the hands of people who thought she was wonderful.

Just like Andy!  
And she loved him enough, she was sure of that, as, after a dozen bows, she returned for the inevitable speech!

"I AM making this tour by special request of Stupefaction Pictures—and you," she began, "and if our meeting has pleased you one-half as much as me, then I'm satisfied." She stopped from force of habit for the applause which came generously, and Sheila unconsciously registered embarrassment.

"That's what I always say on Saturday nights," she told the audience, "and then I generally ask you to be sure to call on me if you come to Hollywood, but I'll have to leave that out. My tour ends out there in six weeks, and then, you see, I'm coming back to be married right here in Omaha." A gust of whispering swelled into a storm of applause, but Sheila stretched out her arms for silence as her eyes searched for and found a certain blurred figure in the mezzanine.

"And that engagement," she trilled in a voice that would have vanquished any microphone, "is by the very super-special request of Mr. Andrew Dent!"

# "The Other Woman"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

ing to Margaret, as long as the other woman isn't doing any stalking on the home territory. She has had many letters from women, gloating over her cinematic triumph over man.

"They may not want to do that sort of thing themselves, but they like to see somebody else do it. It narrows down to the fact that, after all, men and women are natural enemies."

AND Aileen Pringle, who changed Conrad Nagel from a *Galahad* into a Latin Lover in "Three Weeks," has been the other woman in innumerable pictures. Just recently she came near wrecking Hugh Trevor's championship hopes in "Night Parade." Pringle gets 'em coming and going. She had Joseph Hergeheimer writing raves in the *Saturday Post*. Aileen could expound on the subject for hours if she liked. She is one of the most brilliant women in Hollywood, but her dismissal of the whole business was tersely cynical.

"Nothing but the old theory that distant pastures are greener," she declared. "When the man gets over into the distant pasture he finds that there's wire-grass there, too. Usually a man marries young. At twenty-five he wants one thing. When he's thirty-five he wants something else. When he's forty-five he doesn't want what he did ten years before. Then comes interest in the other woman."

Mary Duncan, the exotic Mary, who rode from a sensational triumph in "The Shanghai Gesture" into a fabulous Fox contract, is another of the screen's other women. Mary, like all the other women in this story, is a frank sort of person. Keen intelligence, backed by an education at Cornell. Cornell is really a man's school. Mary, again like the others, is the sort of woman men like to talk to and be seen with.

"If you take notice of the other woman," she pointed out, "she is usually a startling type. It pleases a man's vanity. The other woman is really selfish. She has to think of herself before she can think of anything else. A man really likes it better than having a woman mold her life to his.

"It isn't hard to explain my attraction for Charles Morton in 'Four Devils.' I was a most obvious person, and in life I wouldn't act like that, and I certainly wouldn't dress like that. Here was a circus boy who had been raised on Mellin's Food, and had never had comfort, let alone luxury. I tempted him with champagne and riches. That was too easy a conquest for the other woman."

Jetta Goudal started her film career as one of the most amazing and sinister other women the screen has ever mirrored—the fascinating Eurasian adventuress in "The Bright Shawl." Many times since has she been the enchantress. Yet, of all the rumors of Jetta in Hollywood, there has been none that even suggested she was the other woman after studio working hours. But Jetta has ideas on the subject.

"DR. JEKYLL and Mr. Hyde was not an original thought. There is that in every man. One side he shows to his wife. His baser side he evidences to the other woman. Deep down in his heart, no matter what he may say, he has very little respect for her."

Here they are—the other women in the screen triangle plays. None of them is occult and goes in for crystal gazing. Dollars to doughnuts you couldn't find a real wicked, slinky dress in their combined wardrobes. Or a chaise longue for big time seduction in their drawing rooms. They're the new model screen vamps, or whatever you call them.

At that, wives and sweethearts don't need to worry. The man always goes back to the wide-eyed ingénue who thinks Einstein runs a hock shop down on Main Street. Or at least that's what you gather from going to the movies.



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## "Permeers"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

procure your own pass, because Hollywood permeers are somewhat like railroad traveling in Mexico, you do not pay unless you have to.

And when you have your pass you look carefully to see that it is not for seats in the front rows, because you do not want to wake up the next morning with a stiff neck.

As a matter of fact, the theater which equips its front rows with swivel chairs will be the most successful theater for permeers, and I wonder that this has not already been done by Mr. Wm. Fox.

... So we went to the Al Jolson permeer, and everything was quite easy except we were too late to hire a Rolls and so were not asked to speak over the mike.

**A**ND as we turned down Hollywood Boulevard I said, "There is a fire somewhere, just listen to the sirens."

"That is not a fire," said the young lady. "Those are motorcycle policemen and it is probably either Mary Pickford or the Governor of California who is going to the permeer."

And, of course, I told her that she was *toute mouillee* because I could distinctly see the glare of the fire down the street and a big crowd. But when we got closer, I saw that they had taken the lighthouses away from Santa Monica and Venice and put them on Hollywood Boulevard so that the crowd could see us and the other celebrities arriving.

As we rolled slowly toward the entrance, the population of Los Angeles on the other side of the ropes began whispering in loud voices. "That is Norman Kerry," said one woman, who was fat and carrying a husband, but the husband looked at me and said, "Don't you know Lon Chaney when you see him? Give Lon a hand."

So we drew up to the entrance amid applause and cheers, but it just shows you what an actor is, because when Billy Haines who was in the next limousine got out, he stood and bowed, having the idea that the applause and cheers were for him.

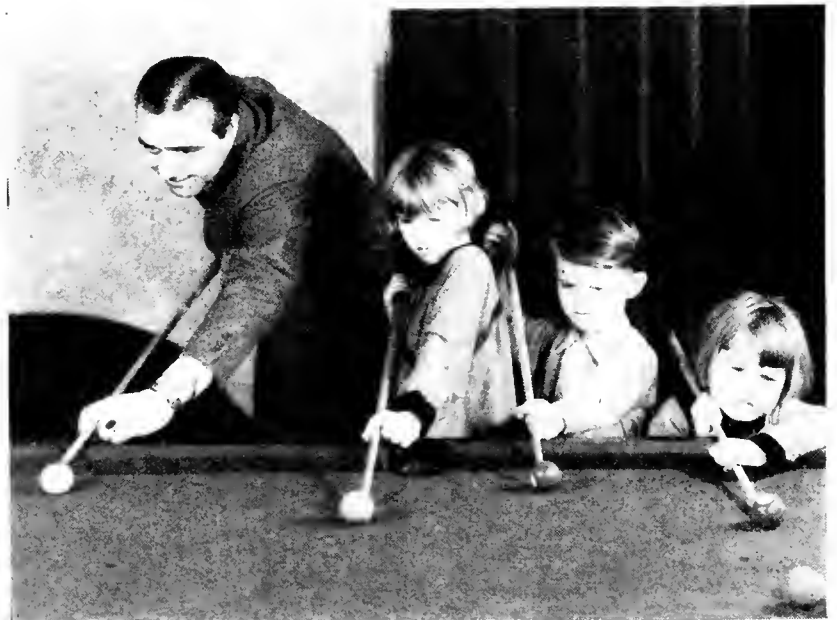
Well, we got inside and I was going to our seats, but the young lady, who is already

practically half-Hollywood, that is, she lives at Culver City and works at First National and has been here nearly a year, said: "Good Heavens, you do not go and sit down yet!"

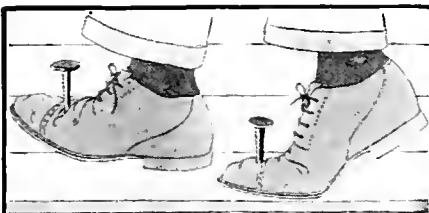
... The thing is that you do not sit down, it seems, at permeers, until the picture starts. You stand out in the lobby and everyone looks at you and says: "There is Basil Woon, I heard a good one about him yesterday, gee he certainly is getting bald, I wonder who that girl is, gee she certainly is a knockout, I wonder what she sees in him, did you read his last book, gee it was lousy." So you look at everybody else and say things about them, to get even.

Here and there in the lobby are the Los Angeles newspaper movie critics, and everybody is very nice to them, and says, "Oh... what a darling dress!" Everyone is afraid that when the critics write about the permeer in their columns they will not mention their names but will merely say "and others"; and if there is one name you must not call an actor in Hollywood, it is "and others."

**A**ND Harold Lloyd came by and told us that he had had an argument with his architect. It seems that Harold spent last month going over his new house, having cut out cigarettes and other things that are bad for the heart, and it seems that he had ordered a library but he couldn't find it; after the second week he practically concluded that there was no library, and he was mad. So he called his architect and said: "I thought I ordered a library?" And the architect said, "Sure you did and you have got a library, in fact, it is one of the swellest libraries in Beverly Hills." And the architect took him right to the library, and it was a swell library just as he had said. So the next day, Harold was taking some friends over the bungalow, and after they had seen the golf course and the swimming pool and the banqueting rooms and the waterfalls and the Italian garden and the French formal garden and the Japanese sunken garden and the English rose garden and the Blue Room and the Green Room and the Pink Room and some of



Meet the Halls—and smile. Frances, Bud and Baby June take their cues from big brother James. But it's all a serious business to them and they haven't yet achieved the old Hall *savoir faire*



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the other rooms, he said, "I will now show you my library, which my architect says is one of the swellest libraries in Beverly Hills."

So he couldn't find the library again and he has had quite a quarrel with his architect, because Harold says it is going to be very inconvenient just when he is in the middle of a crossword puzzle and having to go to the library to read up in the Encyclopaedia what xylotomus means, not to be able to find the library, or if he finds it to get lost and not find his way back.

AND Harold says that he is willing to hire butlers and bus boys and maids and chauffeurs and houseboys and gardeners and golf professionals and swimming teachers and nurses, but he is darned if he is going to hire guides to show him around his own house.

... Just then a famous film personality who was in the picture we were going to see came in with twenty guests, and I was curious, because the twenty guests immediately separated and went to seats in different parts of the house, but the film personality remained being seen in the lobby.

So I said how funny this was to the young lady, and she laughed and said, "When he goes in they will all start clapping, because that is how one becomes popular in Hollywood."

... And it was not very long after that before there was a sudden rush of all the women to one end of the lobby and I said that it must be Rudy Vallée or Gary Cooper, but of course I was wrong again.

"Rudy Vallée has left Hollywood and anyway, it's his voice the girls love, not him, and as for Gary Cooper, the management would not allow the girls to flock around him, not unless they wanted the theater wrecked, because Lupe Velez is expected back any minute," she said.

"No," said the young lady, "that is not Rudy Vallée and it is not Gary Cooper, it is not even an actor, it is a dialogue writer, because now you know all the handsome men seem to be writing dialogue. Well, this man is not only handsome, he is from Paris where he was King of the Night Clubs and Pal of the Prince of Wales, and it is said that he has a Reputation you could cut with a knife, and that all his fiancées either drown themselves or take poison, and he has been shot at twice, and once a lady threw a gigolo at him. So it is only natural that the girls should flock around Jed Kiley."

SO that is the sort of thing you must expect in a city which is practically entirely inhabited by shrieks and sheiks.

... Well, we went inside and to our seats and right behind us was Grant Withers, who was picked for leading man in a newspaper talkie called "In the Headlines," and is very clever.

And the lady who sat next to him, who must have been his mother, said to him, "Look at Al Jolson and that song-writer-looking fellow next to him, look at the way they are chewing gum."

So Grant Withers said what was really very clever considering he is only an actor, he said, "Well, why shouldn't he chew gum, he's a millionaire, ain't he?"

... And Clara Bow came in and everybody clapped and the temperature of the theater rose ten degrees. And Al Jolson stuck his gum underneath the seat and went on the stage and sang "Little Pal," and it is my opinion that Al is a quite good singer but a little mushy, and as there is a constant supply of little boys like Davey Lee in Hollywood, he ought to go on being a success for a long while.

So the interval came and we all went back into the lobby and were seen and commented on for ten minutes, and then the young lady said, "Now if we hurry we ought to get a table at the Ambassador, we can go to Henry's later."

So I was astonished and said, "Yes, but what about the picture, we have not seen the picture yet."

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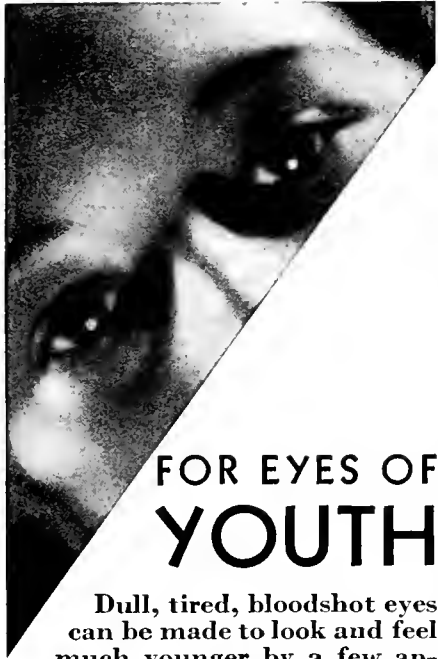
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"Yes, but there are no more intervals and you can't see anybody while the picture is on, so let us go to the Ambassador," she said, but it was some time before we could get out as others seem to have had the same idea, and it seems that once there was a permeer at a theater here and the film did not arrive in time, but they held the permeer anyway and nobody noticed that there was no picture, but everybody complimented the management on having such a nice long Interval.

. . . I have practically entirely used up all my space by writing about this permeer, when what I wanted to do all along was talk about Marion Davies, because she is such a good kid I like to talk about her.

AND Gloria Swanson is back here from the vacation she spent in Paris with her husband the Marquis, and really I would like to talk a lot about Gloria Swanson, because Gloria Swanson is what they call here a regular fellow, as distinguished from cute babies and warm mammas.

But I thought you should know about permeering as it is done in Hollywood, because if you should decide to come to Hollywood and not know all about permeers you would have practically nothing to talk about.

So next time I will talk about Marion Davies and Gloria Swanson, and I may even get around to Mr. Chaplin, who is going around looking glum because Ambassador Alexander P. Moore has gone back to Peru for a rest.

And I will not mention permeers next month because when I get on the subject of permeers there seems to be room for practically nothing else.



One of the reasons we're so anxiously awaiting John McCormack's first Fox picture is because our queenly Alice Joyce has a big part in it. Far too long between Alices these days



### YOU'LL NEVER SAY, "SHE NEEDS CAULKING"

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# Lookie! Lupe! Whoopee!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

the table in the host's chair. Darned lucky there was nothing to be carved.

Gary was at the foot of the table, Lupe at my right.

"I don't like those dam' big chairs," said Lupe. "They're uncomfortable."

The food was excellent and substantial, and served perfectly.

Fruit cocktail, soup, chicken, lima beans, chocolate pudding with whipped cream, cookies and coffee.

We topped off with a round of *creme de menthe liqueur*.

"Isn't this nicer than going out?" beamed Lupe.

"Yes," smiled I at Lupe, glaring at Gary out of my other eye.

"I RATHER stay home," continued Lupe, "and do what I dam' please. I have to pose when I go out. I have to be a lady. Here I can sing and dance and have a good time. I get free tickets to shows. I don't go. I haven't been to Mayfair in a year. If I go out with Gar-ee, people say I do it for publicity. We are just friends, wonderful friends. We are not engaged."

Darned good friends, sez I, when Lupe can't see another fellow without Gary playing guard for the home team.

Before we left the table Lupe went into her imitations of La Goudal, La Swanson and La Del Rio. Lupe is as pleased as a child with a red wagon to be told that she looks like Swanson.

After dinner we all had a romp with the dogs in the garden. Did you ever romp with dogs in the garden? I hadn't had so much fun since the Civil War.

The Velez menagerie is varied and numerous. There are two Chihuahuas, the kind with hair; a Persian cat, a canary, a Great Dane, and one of those English bull pups with a pushed-in face and adenoids.

The bull pup belongs to Gary, but he knows his way around the Velez garden. He has to be fished out of the swimming pool at regular intervals.

The bull is a horn comedian.

Being built so close to the ground he always looks as if he were sitting down. He amused us for half an hour by trying to catch the rays of a flashlight.

"Lo-ook at that dam' dog," screamed Lupe. "Isn't he sill-ee. I hate him." And because she hated him so much she held him on her lap.

Lupe also says she hates Packards, but then she doesn't seem to be in any acute agony when riding in Gary's big tan touring car. Lupe has two cars, a white Cadillac and the town car.

"I used to long for a Rolls-Royce more than anything in the world," she said. "Now I don't care. I spend all my money on my house and on diamonds. I love jewelry. It isn't extravagant, either. You can't sell cars, but you know you can hock diamonds for ninety per cent of their value."

I didn't know, since I've never had any to hock.

LOOP-THE-LUPE has just bought two diamond bracelets. It's her ambition to have seven.

Another ambition is to have \$300,000.

"Why do stars keep on working after they have enough money?" she asked. "If I had \$300,000 I would go to Paris and buy all the gowns and furs. For five years I would live like hell. After that I don't care what happens to me. Five good years. What more you want, eh?"

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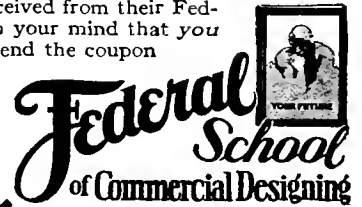
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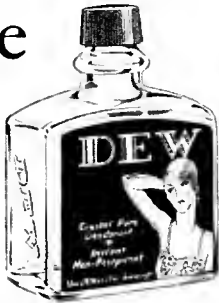
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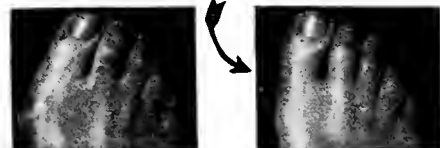
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After returning to the living room, Lupe gave a guitar selection, did a number on the piano, and turned "Piccolo Pete" on the phonograph, as loud as it could be played. "Nice and loud," she called, "just like an orchestra."  
 "Yes, it's loud enough," said Gary, wincing.

**SHE** played her own Victor recording of the theme song in "Lady of the Pavements." "You know," she explained, "I'd just had my tonsils out before I made that record." Well, tonsils or no tonsils, it's a good record. Her voice has developed amazingly since that time. Then she was a contralto; now she is becoming a really remarkable coloratura soprano. She is studying with the same teacher responsible for Bebe Daniels' vocal success.

But there are few voices on the screen that can rival Lupe's for warmth and beauty of tone.

Never before had I realized just how far this little tornado can go, if she can only keep interested in pictures. There's no one like her.

Card tricks were next on the program. Lupe has some good ones, and she is as proud as Punch in trotting out her stunts. The famous solitaire game came next, played for five cents a card. I don't know yet exactly how it is played, but it seems that I came out \$2.55 to the good.

Nothing was said about paying it, and, after all, I didn't think it was my place to suggest it.

By the time all the events of the evening had been run off it was too late to go anywhere,

even to a dancing place for the "Home, Sweet Home" number.

"I've got to go, Lupe," I said, giving Gary a mean look. "It's one fifteen. Don't you have to be at the studio early tomorrow morning, Gary?"

"No," said Gary, making himself comfortable.

"One fifteen?" screamed Lupe. "I thought it was about ten."

It was darned nice of her to say that. I said I had a swell time, and I meant it. Lupe is a grand hostess.

If you don't have a good time at her house it is your own fault.

She, herself, is as free and natural as the air she breathes. She expects her guests to be the same.

**GARY** and Lupe both accompanied me out into the patio. Gary must have had a twinge of conscience.

"Come over to the studio and have lunch with me some day," he said.

I bet Lupe will be there, too. You can't fool me twice.

I'm \$2.55 to the good. This has been my most successful date, financially.

I spent money on Sally Eilers and June Collyer.

It didn't cost a penny to spend an evening with Anita Page, but I didn't earn anything, either.

But then, I'll give that \$2.55 to a heathen from the Sandwich Islands, when I collect it, and the next time I see a heathen from the Sandwich Isles.

**Who Is the Most Beautiful Star in Hollywood?**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60 ]

peach. And this in a factory town that buys youth like Ford buys gadgets. Loretta has just turned nineteen and is in for a long career as a professional beauty, with luck.

As for the superb Billie Dove, her beauty is classically perfect in all specifications and yet thoroughly and typically feminine. She is one star who always gets the perfect tribute of stares and exclamations when she enters a room.

"Isn't she the most beautiful thing you have ever seen?" is the customary remark, and those who have enough strength after the apparition of such unusual beauty always nod "uh-huh."

**BILLIE DOVE** is inclined to look upon her beauty as something of a handicap. For one thing, we run-of-the-mine humans are always inclined, stupidly enough, to couple such perfection with extreme dumbness. Ridiculous in many cases, and certainly in Dove's. Again, while she longs to play colorful heroines, her classic type has always condemned her to silks, satins and sequins. She longs for screen rags, and all she gets is riches.

(Five minutes out while you shed a tear or two for the poor little rich girl. There! Feel better?)

There are those who will quarrel with tagging Greta Garbo a beauty at all.

If there are any in the house at present, will they please leave quietly and without disturbance?

Point not to a tendency toward a bit too much width in the month, nor to any other hints at what might be flaws in a person of less fascination than to millions—the One and Only.

We must now leave the realm of the eye for a minute and get sufficiently metaphysical to point out that there is a beauty that defies yard-sticks, measuring tapes and micrometers, and passes into the shadowy realm of the spirit.

That's Garbo's beauty. It shines out of that white face—a certain intangible quality of the inner woman—and makes us fall back on all the old shop-worn adjectives such as "odd," "mysterious," "exotic" and "weird."

We can deal fairly with such tangible facts as a pretty nose or a gorgeous pair of eyes.

It's the indefinable qualities of the soul that stymie us—that tie up our vocal cords and make all the good old words seem pale and meaningless.

It isn't Garbo's architectural qualities that knock millions of us out of our seats these days—it's those vague qualities from behind the eyes that make her so enormously fascinating.

If the human spirit has anything to do with Hollywood beauty, Garbo is certainly elected to the Big Four here nominated by the film colony.

**WELL**, this, then, is Hollywood's slate. Will you accept Gloria's dictum as to Corinne Griffith's position, in solitary grandeur, on the pinnacle?

How do you stand on Loretta Young as the representative of beauty's Younger Set? Just what is your attitude on the Dove? And the old eternal question—What about Garbo, just to give the soul a chance in the beauty sweepstakes?

We submit that this is the strongest ticket we can run in the early spring of 1930. The party needs girls like these!

And you needn't write in any letters denouncing us for forgetting your pets—and please omit bombs.

We have been around long enough to know that when we tackle the subject of feminine beauty in the public prints, we are monkeying with the business end of a rattlesnake.

Taking advantage of a few weeks' head start, by the time this appears in print we shall be chasing butterflies in the glamorous isles of the South Seas.



## Bill Tibbett's Boy—Larry

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

ding getting a start. After working around Los Angeles, where I was raised after leaving my father's farm at Bakersfield, I was determined to study and go into concert work. Frankly, I had to borrow money on my insurance policy to get to New York. After five months of study and plugging, I managed to land with the Metropolitan Opera Company as a singer.

"I was unknown and remained unknown for three years, filling in obscure rôles. Then five years ago I was given an opportunity to sing the rôle of Ford in Verdi's 'Falstaff.'

"I WAS very much discouraged. I had been getting nowhere fast. I went on and sang the rôle. I sang no better or worse than I had at any time before. But, for some reason I cannot to this day explain, there was a tremendous ovation after I left the stage at the conclusion of my aria in the first scene of the second act. To me it was terrifying.

"I was upstairs in my dressing room before I realized it was for me. I looked into the mirror and saw the color drain from my face beneath the crimson makeup. They were applauding me. But traditions of the opera prevented me from acknowledging it. I had to wait until I was called. I waited—thirteen minutes and a half.

"Then there came the summons from the director—'Mr. Tibbett, on the stage!'—The audience was a blurred sea of faces as I took my bow. I couldn't hear anything. I couldn't say anything. I backed off the stage and rushed upstairs again to my dressing room and found my wife waiting for me. She had dashed from the audience. We both sat down and cried and asked each other what had happened.

"Only we knew what we had been through. What sacrifices we had made, the heartaches, the pitiful futility of pounding against a seemingly impregnable wall. In the morning Mrs. Tibbett arose at seven to look at the morning Times to see if it really were true. She wanted to be able to prepare me if the critics were not in sympathy with the acclaim of the audience.

"She read the music and drama pages backward and forward. Not a line. Just as she was going to burn the paper she happened to glance at the front page. Its headline proclaimed the arrival of a new opera star. By eight o'clock our hotel was in pandemonium. Newspaper reporters, photographers, concert agents, telegraph messengers and opera managers were swarming all over the place. It WAS real. From that day on I have had a new viewpoint, new confidence and, because of these, I believe I have developed new quality and strength in my singing voice.

"The work in singing pictures is more arduous for the artist than on the operatic stage, but then the monetary compensation is proportionally greater, as is the audience appeal.

"The 'Rogue's Song' is of more popular appeal than our traditional operas because it was written especially with a view to tuneful lightness, rather than heavy foreign interpretations that might be incomprehensible to an uninitiated audience. But the field for operatic music, I believe, is vastly increased by the development of the talking picture and I have every confidence that public appreciation of good music will supply a need for operatic products."

TIBBETT left Hollywood at once after finishing his first picture to play the rôle of Rance in "The Girl of the Golden West" with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

But if you happen to drop in on one of his concerts don't be at all surprised if you hear him

"Singin', just singin' in the rain!"

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

## Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ANNA CHRISTIE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Eugene O'Neill. Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Anna*, Greta Garbo; *Matt*, Charles Bickford; *Chris*, George F. Marion; *Marthy*, Marie Dressler; *Johnny*, the Priest, James T. Mack; *Larry*, Lee Phelps.

"BATTLE OF PARIS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Gene Markey. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Georgie*, Gertrude Lawrence; *Zizi*, Charles Ruggles; *Anthony Trent*, Walter Petrie; *Suzanne*, Gladys Du Bois; *Harry*, Arthur Treacher; *Tony*, Joe King.

"BLAZE O'GLORY"—SONO ART—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Thomas Boyd. Adapted by Renaud Hoffman. Directed by Renaud Hoffman and George J. Crone. The cast: *Eddie Williams*, Eddie Dowling; *Helen*, Betty Compton; *Burke*, Henry B. Walthall; *Jean*, Frankie Darro; *District Attorney*, William Davidson; *Hummel*, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink; *Abie*, Eddie Conrad; *Tony*, Frank Sabini; *The Rounders*, Themselves.

"BROADWAY HOOFER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Gladys Lehman. Continuity by Gladys Lehman. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Adele*, Marie Saxon; *Bobby*, Jack Egan; *Jane*, Louise Fazenda; *Larry*, Howard Hickman; *Morton*, Ernest Hilliard; *Annabelle*, Gertrude Short; *Dolly*, Eileen Percy; *Macie*, Charlotte Merriam; *Billy*, Fred MacKaye; *Baggage Man*, Billy Franey.

"BURNING UP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Lou Larrigan*, Richard Arlen; *Ruth Morgan*, Mary Brian; *Bullet*, McGhan; *Francis*, MacDonald; *"Hindy"*, Wallace, Sam Hardy; *James R. Morgan*, Charles Sellon; *Dave Gentry*, Tully Marshall.

"CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Arnold Zweig. Adapted by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Grischa*, Chester Morris; *Babka*, Betty Compton; *General Von Lychow*, Alec B. Francis; *Posnanski*, Jean Hersholt; *Corporal Sacht*, Paul McAllister; *Lieutenant Winfried*, Leyland Hodgson; *Capt. Spierange*, Frank McCormack; *Kolja*, Frank McCormack; *Sergeant Fritz*, Percy Barrette; *Lance Corporal Brikholz*, Hal Davis.

"CITY GIRL"—FOX.—From the play "The Mud Turtle" by Elliott Lester. Adapted by Berthold

Viertel and Marion Orth. Directed by F. W. Murnau. The cast: *Lem Tusline*, Charles Farrell; *Kate*, Mary Duncan; *Tusline*, David Torrence; *Mrs. Tusline*, Edith Yorke; *Mary Tusline*, Dawn O'Day; *Mary Tom Maguire*, Mac, Dick Alexander; *Dutch*, Pat Rooney; *Reaper*, Ed Brady; *Reaper*, Roscoe Ates.

"COURTIN' WILDCATS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by William Dudley Pelley. Adapted by Dudley McKenna. Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast: *Clarence Butts*, Hoot Gibson; *"Calamity June"*, Eugenia Gilbert; *McKenzie*, Harry Todd; *Mr. Butts*, Joseph Girard; *McLaren*, Monty Montague; *Quid Johnson*, John Oscar; *The Fugitive*, Jim Corey; *The Doctor*, James Farley; *Husley*, Pete Morrison; *Gorilla*, Joe Bonomo.

"GIRL FROM WOOLWORTHS, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Adele Comandini. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Pat King*, Alice White; *Bill Harrigan*, Charles Delaney; *Lawrence Mayfield*, Wheeler Oakman; *Jerry Donnelly*, Ben Hall; *Tillie Hart*, Rita Flynn; *Dowling*, Gladden James; *Dave*, Bert Moorehouse; *Cleo*, Patricia Caron; *Pa Donnelly*, William Orlamond; *Ma Donnelly*, Milla Davenport.

"GIRL OF THE PORT, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the novel "The Firewalker" by John Russell. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Josie*, Sally O'Neil; *Sir James*, Reginald Sharland; *McDougal*, Donald MacKenzie; *McEwen*, Mitchell Lewis; *Blair*, Barry O'Daniels; *Klita*, Duke Kabanamoau; *Bruce*, Gerald Barry; *Toady*, Hugh Crumplin.

"HARMONY AT HOME"—FOX.—From the story "The Family Upstairs" by Harry Delf. Adapted by Clare Kummer, Seton I. Miller, William Collier, Sr., and Charles J. McGuirk. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Louise Haller*, Marguerite Churchill; *Dick Grant*, Rex Bell; *Dora Haller*, Charlotte Henry; *Willie Haller*, Charles Eaton; *Joe Haller*, Wm. Collier, Sr.; *Emma Haller*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Rita Joyce*, Dixie Lee; *The Modiste*, Dot Farley.

"HELL'S HEROES"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "Three Godfathers" by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Tom Reed. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: *Bob Sangster*, Charles Bickford; *"Barbwire"*, Gibbons, Raymond Hatton; *"Wild Bill"*, Kearny, Fred Kohler; *The Mother*, Fritzi Ridgeway; *Carmelita*, Maria Alba; *Jose*, Joe de la Cruz; *Parson Jones*, Buck Connors; *The Sheriff*, Walter James.



Jack Haskell (on ladder), famous stager of dance numbers for the theater and screen, puts the chorines through a rehearsal on one of the sound stages at First National. The three in the foreground have taken time out, and are watching their sisters labor

"HOT DOGS"—M-G-M.—Written and directed by Julius White and Zion Myers. The cast: An all dog cast including: Jiggs, Buster, King Tut, Bebe, Chief, Chingaling, Bozo.

"LAST DANCE, THE"—AUDIBLE PICTURES.—From the story by Jack Townley. Directed by Scott Pembroke. The cast: Sally, Vera Reynolds; Tom, Jason Robards; Sammy, George Chandler; Sybil, Gertrude Short; Pa, Harry Todd; Babe, Miami Alvarez; Ma, Lillian Leighton.

"LAUGHING LADY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alired Sutor. Adapted by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: Marjorie Lee, Ruth Chatterton; Daniel Farr, Clive Brook; Al Brown, Dan Healy; James Dugan, Nat Pendleton; Hector Lee, Raymond Walburn; Flo, Dorothy Hall; Cynthia Dell, Hedda Harrigan; Parker, Lillian B. Tonge; Mrs. Playgate, Marguerite St. John; Hamilton Playgate, Hubert Druce; Mrs. Collop, Alice Hegeman; City Editor, Joe King; Rose, Helen Hawley; Barbara, Betty Bartley.

"MAID TO ORDER"—JESSE WEIL PROD.—From the story by Doris Denbo and A. J. Parsons. Directed by Elmer Clifton. The cast: Julian Ellinge, Julian Ellinge; Joyce Carlyle, Jane Reid; Shorty, George Stone; Lotti Lorraine, Betty Boyd; McGuire, Jack Richardson; Harry, Al Hill; Detective Scranton, Kernan Cripps; Chief of Detectives, Charles Giblyn.

"MEN WITHOUT WOMEN"—FOX.—From the story by John Ford and James K. McGuinness. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The cast: Chief Torpedoman Burke, Kenneth McKenna; Ensign Price, Frank Albertson; Handsome, Paul Page; Cobb, Walter McGrail; Kaufman, Warren Hymer; Costello, Farrell MacDonal; Jenkins, Stuart Erwin; Pollock, George LeGuere; Murphy, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; Winkler, Harry Tenbrook; Captain Carson, Roy Stewart; Lt. Commander Bridewell, Warner Richmond; Commander Weymouth, R. N., Charles Gerard; Lieutenant Digby, R. N., Pat Somers.

"NIGHT RIDE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Henry La Cossitt. Adapted by Edward T. Lowe, Jr. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: Joe Rooker, Joseph Schildkraut; Ruth Kearns, Barbara Kent; Tony Garotta, Edward G. Robinson; Bob O'Leary, Harry Stubbs; Captain O'Donnell, DeWitt Jennings; Blondie, Ralph Welles; Mac, Hal Price; Ed, George Overy.

"NO, NO, NANETTE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the musical comedy by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel. Adapted by Howard E. Rogers. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: Nanette, Bernice Claire; Tom Trainor, Alexander Gray; Jim Smith, Lucien Littlefield; Sue Smith, Louise Fazenda; Lucille, Lilyan Tashman; Bill Early, Bert Roach; Pauline, ZaSu Pitts; Betty, Mildred Harris; Brady, Henry Stockbridge; Flora, Jocelyn Lee.

"PAINTED ANGEL, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "Give This Little Girl a Hand" by Fannie Hurst. Directed by Millard Webb. The cast: Rodeo West, Billie Dove; Brood, Edmund Lowe; Oldfield, George MacFarlane; Pa Hudler, Farrell MacDonal; Ma Hudler, Cissy Fitzgerald; Sippie, Nellie Bly Baker; Joe, Will Stanton; Jude, Norman Selby; Sir Harry, Douglas Gerrard; Mac, Shep Camp; Singer, Peter Higgins; Dancer, Red Stanley.

"PARADE OF THE WEST, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Bennett Cohen. Continuity by Bennett Cohen. Directed by Harry J. Brown. The cast: Bud Rand, Ken Maynard; Mary Owens, Gladys McConnell; Prof. Clayton, Otis Harlan; Stuffy, Frank Rice; Shorty, Bobbie Dunn; Billy Joe, Jackie Hanlon; Copeland, Fred Burns; Sicily Joe, Frank Yacorelli; Dude, Stanley Blystone; Sambo, Blue Washington; "Tarzan," By Himself; "Mon-Killer," "Rex," King of Wild Horses.

"PARTY GIRL"—TIFFANY-STHAL.—From the story "Dangerous Business" by Edwin Balmer. Adapted by Monte Katterjohn. Directed by Victor Halperin. The cast: Jay Rountree, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Ellen Powell, Jeanette Loff; Leeda Cather, Judith Barrie; Diana Hoster, Marie Prevost; John Rountree, John Sainpolis; Mme. Lindsay, Almeda Fowler; Inspector Doyle, Charles Giblyn; Paul Nucast, Lucien Prival; Lorry, Harry Northrup; Sam Metten, Sam Blum; Miss Manning, Florence Dudley; Lew Slengle, Rolfe Sedan; Second Investigator, Sidney Dalbrook; Lew Albans, Hal Price.

"PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE, THE"—CONTINENTAL.—From the story by Andrew Soutar. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Paul Wallis, Ricardo Cortez; Dorothy Milburn, Nancy Welford; Boyd Milburn, Henry B. Walthall; Peggy Milburn, Grace Valentine; Judge Thompson, Thos. A. Curran; "Biffer" Bill, Jack Curtis; Police Captain, John Elliott.

"RAMPANT AGE, THE"—TREM CARR.—From the story by Robert S. Carr. Adapted by Harry O. Hoyt. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Doris, Merna Kennedy; Sanday, James Murray; Estelle, Gertie Messinger; Eddie, Eddie Borden; DelVill, Pat Cunningham; Mrs. Lawrence, Florence Turner; Arnold Benton, John Elliott; Osborn, Robert Forbes.

"ROADHOUSE NIGHTS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ben Hecht. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: Lola Fagan, Helen Morgan; Willie Bindubugel, Charles Ruggles; Sam Horner, Fred Kohler; Daffy, Jimmy Durante; Moe, Lou Clayton; Joe, Eddie Jackson; John Hanson, Joe King; Hogan, Fuller



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"ROGUE'S SONG, THE"—M-G-M.—Based on the operetta "Gypsy Love" by Franz Lehár, A. M. Willner and Robert Bodansky. Story by Frances Marion and John Colton. Directed by Lionel Barrymore. The cast: Yegor, Lawrence Tibbett; Princess Vera, Catherine Dale Owen; Princess Alexandra, Nance O'Neil; Countess Tatiana, Judith Vosselli; Prince Serge, Ullrich Haupt; Yegor's Mother, Elsa Alsen; Nalja, Florence Lake; Osman, Lionel Belmore; Hassan, Wallace MacDonald; Petrova, Kate Price; Frator, H. A. Morgan; Count Peter, Burr MacIntosh; Azamat, James Bradbury, Jr.; Ali-Bek, Stan Laurel; Murza-Bek, Oliver Hardy.

"ROYAL BOX, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Charles Coghlan. Screen play by Murray Roth. Adapted by Edward Joseph and Arthur Hurley. Directed by Bryan Foy. The cast: Edmund Kean, Alexander Moissi; Alice Doren, Camilla Horn; Salomon, Lew Hearn; Countess Toeroek, Elsa Ersi; H.R.H. Prince of Wales, William F. Schoeller; Count Toeroek, Egon Brocher; Lady Robert, Leni Stengel; Lord Melville, Carlos Zizold; Mrs. Barker, Greta Meyer; Tommy Widdetts, William Gade; Bailiff, Siegfried Rumann.

"SALLY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the musical comedy by Guy Bolton and Jerome Kern. Screen version by Waldemar Young. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Sally, Marilyn Miller; Blair Farguar, Alexander Gray; Connie (The Grand Duke), Joe E. Brown; Otis Hooper, T. Roy Barnes; Rosie, his girl friend, Pert Kelton; "Pops" Shendorff, Ford Sterling; Mrs. Ten Brock, Maude Turner Gordon; Marcia, her daughter, Nora Lane; John Farquar, Blair's father, E. J. Ratcliff; The Old Roué, Jack Duffy.

"SECOND CHOICE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Elizabeth Alexander. Scenario by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: Yallery Groce, Dolores Costello; Don Warren, Chester Morris; Owen Mallory, Jack Mulhall; Madge, Charlotte Merriam; Ned Pemberton, Jimmie Clemons; Mr. Groce, Henry Stockbridge; Beth, Edna Murphy; Sallerte, Edward Martindel; Edith Pemberton, Ethlyn Claire; Mrs. Groce, Anna Chance; Mrs. Jones, Louise Lester.

"SO THIS IS PARIS GREEN"—PARAMOUNT-CHRISTIE.—From the story by Kenyon Nicholson. Adapted by Colin Clements. Directed by William Watson. The cast: Mimi, Louise Fazenda; Bobo, Bert Roach; Pierre, George E. Stone; Kiki, Yola D'Avril.

"STREET OF CHANCE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Screen play by Howard Estabrook. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: John B. Marsden (Natural Davis), William Powell; Judith Marsden, Jean Arthur; Almo Marsden, Kay Francis; "Babe" Marsden, Regis Toomey; Dorgan, Stanley Fields; Al Mastick, Brooks Benedict; Mrs. Mastick, Betty Francisco; Tony, John Risso; Miss Abrams, Joan Standing; Nick, Maurice Black; Harry, Irving Bacon.

"TALK OF HOLLYWOOD, THE"—SONO ART-WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Mark Sandrich. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: J. Pierpont Ginsburg, Nat Carr; Adore Renee, Fay Marbe; Ruth, Hope Sutherland; John Applegate, Sherline Oliver; Edward Hamilton, Ed LeSaint; Reginald Whitlock, Gilbert Marbe; The Buller, John Troughton.

"THEY LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN"—M-G-M.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Scenario by Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by Jack Conway and Sam Wood. The cast: Jack, Joe Schenck; Jerry, Gus Van; Mary, Bessie Love; Daisy, Mary Doran; Stafford, J. C. Nugent; Sam, Benny Rubin; Tim, Tom Dugan; Brennan, Eddie Gribbon; Haskins, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.

"TIGER ROSE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Willard Mack. Adapted by Harvey Thew and Gordon Rigby. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Delvin, Monte Blue; Rose, Lupe Velez; Bruce, Grant Withers; Dr. Cusick, H. B. Warner; Pierre, Gaston Glass; Hector MacCollins, Tully Marshall; Joe, Bull Montana; Scotty, Kin-Tin-Tin.

"UNDERTOW"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Wilbur Daniel Steele. Adapted by Winnifred Reeve. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: Sally Blake, Mary Nolan; Jim Payne, Robert Ellis; Paul Whalen, Johnny Mack Brown; Lindy, Churchill Ross; Killy, Audrey Ferris.

"WASTED LOVE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the story by Dr. Karl Vollmoeller. Directed by Richard Eichberg. The cast: Song, Anna May Wong; Gloria, Mary Kid; Jack, Henry George.

"WILD HEART OF AFRICA, THE"—SUPREME.—Edited and titled by Charles Glouner. Photography by Walker and Arbuthnot. Exclusive pictures of the Walker-Arbuthnot Big Game Expedition in British East Africa.

"WOMAN RACKET, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Philip Dunning and Francis Dunning. Dialogue continuity by Albert Shelby Levino. Directed by Robert Ober and Albert Kelley. The cast: Tom, Tom Moore; Julie, Blanche Sweet; Buddy, Sally Starr; Rags, Bobby Agnew; Chris, John Miljan; Ben, Tendon Heitz; Tish, Lew Kelly; Hennessy, Tom London; Lenny, Eugene Borden; Duke, John Byron; Rita, Nita Martan; Wardell, Richard Travers.

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# Girl Fodder

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70 ]

people "found" Chickie's pocketbook. The first was a lonely, middle-aged gentleman who lived at the Ambassador. He extracted five ten dollar bills from his wallet and asked the maid who was cleaning his room if she thought she could find a red pocketbook for him. The second was a free lance bootlegger who needed a girl who needed a job. The third was Herbie Klein.

Herbie is the only one who counts because he worked the fastest.

Herbie called himself a publicist, which is highbrow for press agent. His most important client, Monica Moon, was slipping with her public. For days he had been tapping his brain for an idea which would turn the newspaper spotlight on Monica.

THEN he caught the story about Chickie on the drama page of the Sunday paper. He called up Monica.

"Say Monica, I gotta swell idea. Some little extra jane lost her pocketbook with fifty berries in it."

"Well, what of it?" she asked, without enthusiasm.

"Now listen, here's the gag. You're gonna find the pocketbook—see. Doll yourself up in something sweet and simple. I'll get a cameraman to shoot a scene of you returning the money to the little broad and yours truly will shoot a story about it. Celebrated film star returns lost pocketbook to unfortunate girl. I'll lather the story with good human interest stuff and mention that your next picture will be 'Chains of Love' and if it don't make the front page, with pictures, then Herbie Klein's just a good cloak-and-suit salesman gone wrong."

For once Herbie's brain wave clicked in a big way. Monica got a lot of swell publicity out of it. Herbie got a little bonus from Monica in the form of a trick cocktail shaker. Chickie got her picture in the paper.

In fact, everybody seemed to get something out of it except the young Columbus who had discovered Chickie. All he got was the "busy" signal when he tried to reach her on the phone. From the landlady's rather garbled account of what had happened, however, he gathered that Chet Gordon, the director, had topped Herbie's inspiration by giving Chickie a little part in Monica's new picture.

After a week of wire pulling, Dick secured a pass which admitted him to the sound stage where Monica Moon was working.

Dick had to wait for a chance to speak to Chickie. Gordon was rehearsing a scene with her. Monica was stretched out on a *chaise longue* off set, an open book in her hand, but Dick noticed that she was not reading. She was watching Chickie. Her expression was that which sometimes creeps into the face of a woman of thirty when she is watching a girl of eighteen.

Dick waved to her across the set and she beckoned to him. Monica might upstage social lions or stage stars, but never a newspaper man.

After the usual Hellos and How-are-yous and How's-the-picture-coming, Dick said:

"CUTE kid," indicating Chickie. Monica shrugged. "If you like the type." Her manner indicated that she could get along very nicely, thank you, without such girls in her supporting cast.

Dick was waiting for Chickie when she came off the set.

"Hey, hey for Miss Talapoosa!" he greeted her. "You'll put that old town on the map yet."

"Do you really think so?"

"I hope to tell you."

"Everybody's been just wonderful—"

"Well, remember this!" he kidded her.

"You've got to give me screen credit."



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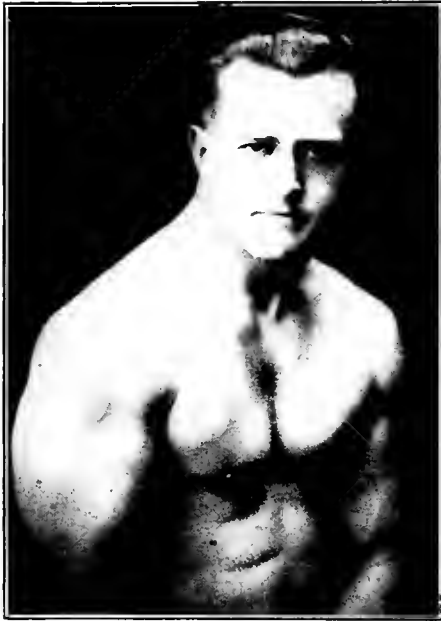


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## The Man I Pity Most

**P**OOOR OLD JONES. No one had any use for him. No one respected him. Across his face I read one harsh word—FAILURE. He just lived on. A poor worn out imitation of a man, doing his sorry best to get on in the world. If he had realized just one thing, he could have made good. He might have been a brilliant success. There are thousands of men just like Jones. They, too, could be happy, successful, respected and loved. But they can't seem to realize the one big fact—that practically everything worth while living for depends upon STRENGTH—upon live, red-blooded, He-Man muscle. Everything you do depends upon strength. No matter what your occupation, you need the health, vitality and clear thinking only big, strong, virile muscles can give you. When you are ill the strength in those big muscles pulls you through. At the office, in the farm fields, or on the tennis court, you'll find your success generally depends upon your muscular development.

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"Oh, of course I will, Mister Doran." She took him quite seriously. "I owe everything to you."

"Then how about having dinner with me tonight—as part payment on the debt?"

"I'd love to," she said eagerly.

"I'll wait for you at the gate," he promised.

"About six?"  
 She nodded.

**N**OW Dick Doran had dined with numerous beautiful and fascinating screen stars and his pulse had remained normal. But something about Chickie's nearness when the waiter seated them at a small table, the shy way she looked up at him, set his pulses throbbing.

Over the fruit cocktail Dick decided that Chickie was absolutely adorable. She did not talk much but she listened well. That, in itself, stamped her as *different*.

By the time the salad course was served he had supplemented "adorable" with a dozen high-powered adjectives.

And when at last they said goodnight, and he impulsively caught her in his arms and kissed her warm, fragrant mouth, he concluded that she was the most wonderful, the most marvelous, the most—but mere words could not express that feverish something which had crept into his veins.

Four dinners and a good many kisses later he was convinced that Chickie, and Chickie alone, held the key to his happiness.

The breathless, half-frightened way she said "Dickie" when their lips had parted, made him know that she felt as he did.

She had changed her mind about going back to Talapoosa. He was glad of that. He was glad, too, that she did not have any exaggerated ideas about being the world's greatest actress.

She never talked about how wonderful she was.

At the end of a week Dick was wondering if there was any truth in that moss-covered platitude that two can live as cheaply as one.

Before he could secure Chickie's views, however, he was sent north on a story.

He was gone ten days. When he returned—Well, listen to their dinner conversation that first night and you will know exactly what had happened during his absence.

Chickie looked longingly at a large chocolate-covered confection and then shook her head.

"No dessert? You're not getting figure-conscious, are you?"

"Well, Mr. Gordon says I ought to be careful."

"You tell him I said he'd better stick to directing."

"I think it was nice of him to tell me. He's been just wonderful to me."

Dick frowned at this bit of news but said nothing.

"He says if I'm managed right he thinks I'll be another Garbo. He says I've got the same sort of mysterious eyes."

"Don't let him kid you."

"But he wasn't kidding," she replied indignantly. "He wants me to sign a contract to let him manage me."

"Oh, he does, does he?" Dick's voice was suddenly brittle. "And I suppose he wants you to come out to his house some night to sign the contract."

"**H**OW did you know?" she asked, surprised.

"I haven't been in this business for three years without learning a gag or two."

"Of course he says I've got a lot to learn—"

"—but he'll teach you." Dick finished the sentence for her. "You wouldn't be his first pupil—*nor his last*. The old buzzard!"

Chickie's eyes widened at this blasphemy.

"Well I don't think it's very nice of you to talk that way about Mr. Gordon when he's been so nice to me. I mean if it hadn't been for him I wouldn't even have had that part in the picture."

Dick was drawing little circles on the tablecloth.



Little Bessie Love as a bride, with the three Hawks brothers, who only a few days later became two. Left to right—Howard, husband of Athol Shearer, Norma's sister; William, the groom; Bessie, the bride, and the late Kenneth Hawks, who was killed in the tragic plane crash a few days after the wedding

"Listen, Chickie," he said impulsively. "I love you. Let's go up to Riverside over this week-end. We can be married at the Old Mission—" He had not meant to say it in that matter-of-fact way, but the words had just tumbled out.

Her red mouth pursed into a surprised "Ooh!" A delicate flush crept into her cheeks. "Oh, I couldn't get married—now."

"But I sort of thought you loved me—the way you kissed me and everything."

The flush deepened. "I do—I mean I did—" "You mean until Gordon started filling your head with that crazy idea about making a star of you?"

This, of course, was quite the wrong thing to say. Chickie stiffened. Her eyes looked straight past Dick to a point on the wall just above his head.

"I don't think it's so crazy," she said coolly. "I wouldn't be the first unknown to become a star."

"Oh, Chickie, I didn't mean—" His hand stole across the table to close over hers, but she drew her hand away.

Only two speeches interrupted the strained silence of their ride home.

Dick's "Shall we drive out to Malibu and watch the moon come up?"

And Chickie's reply: "I guess I'd better go home. I've got to be made up and on the set at seven tomorrow morning."

At her doorway their eyes met hungrily for one long minute then Dick said abruptly: "Well—goodbye—"

Before she could answer he had stepped into the roadster and was driving away.

IT was the last day of shooting on "Chains of Love." Everybody was fed up. There was an underground rumor that the picture was a washout and that Moon was through. The sound stage was hotter than an oven. For more than an hour the director had been going over a scene between Monica and Chickie. Chickie could not seem to get it right, which irritated Monica.

She had not been blind to the fact that Gordon had been giving this dumb kid the breaks.

"All right, everybody," said the director. "Let's get on with this." He signaled for quiet and the murmur of voices ceased.

"O. K., everybody?" called Gordon.

"O. K.," came the answering response. The red lights flashed on. For a moment there was a tense silence. Then Monica's voice:

"He's the only man I've ever loved. And now you—my little sister—the kid I've slaved for and sacrificed for—want to take him away from me. Well—I won't give him up! Do you hear? *I won't give him up!*"

For the first time Monica delivered the speech with just the right emphasis and timing. Tensely she waited for "little sister's" reply.

But "little sister," though she had been in bed at eleven the night before, had not slept. And now her brain would not function. Only yesterday she had known every word of that speech. Now it had taken wings, crowded out by little insurgent thoughts of Dick which kept filling her mind . . . *We can be married in the Old Mission . . . But I thought you loved me . . . I do . . .* She looked helplessly at Monica who was glaring at her.

"I—can't remember—" she stammered.

"CUT!" signaled Gordon. Grimly Monica went through the scene again. The fourth time they got it right. By that time Monica was ready to murder somebody. She seldom took a drink, but when she reached her dressing room she asked the maid to fix her a stiff one. Maybe it would quiet her nerves. She had just finished it when there was a knock at the door. It was Chickie.

"I want to apologize about this morning," she said timidly. "It was all my fault on that scene—I'm just awfully sorry."

"Forget it," said Monica dully. She was

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removing her makeup. Her face looked tired and worn. She had pulled her hair back under a towel and the little telltale scars at her temple were plainly visible.

"You're such a wonderful actress, Miss Moon. I suppose it will take a long time before I can ever be as great an actress as you—"

"From the performance you gave this morning I'd say you're damned right." She was not looking at Chickie but at her reflection in the mirror. Perhaps it was something in the girl's expression which reminded her of her own youth, or perhaps it was the drink which caused her to turn and face Chickie.

"LISTEN," she said. "You'll have to trek a long, hard road before you'll ever be an actress. You may get a few breaks now because you're young—and pretty. You're girl-fodder. This year's crop. But don't forget that next year there'll be another crop, and the next and the next."

"But Mr. Gordon says—"

"Say," Monica interrupted. "You're not letting that bozo feed you any bologney, are you?"

Chickie flushed. "He says I'll be another Garbo if I'm managed right."

"Yeah?" She lighted a cigarette and for a moment she watched the little spirals of smoke. "Listen, baby—you *are* just a baby—get out of pictures before they get you. Marry that boy who's crazy about you. Give him your youth and your beauty. It will pay you better returns than this business."

"You mean Dickie?"

"Yes—that newspaper boy. Nice kid."

"But we sort of quarreled last night."

"Over what?"

"Well, you see Mr. Gordon wants to manage me. He thinks if I'm managed right—"

Monica smiled reminiscently. "Yes, Gordon would pull that one with you." She watched Chickie thoughtfully. Then: "I don't know why I should be pulling this big sister stuff, but I want you to come back here in an hour. That will be about six-thirty. I won't be here. But I want you to sit here. Just listen. Will you?"

Chickie promised.

An hour later, seated in Monica Moon's dressing room all alone, she tried to figure out what the star meant. It seemed sort of stupid to be waiting here all alone. The building was practically deserted except for some of the

rooms which were being temporarily used as offices. Funny, the way Monica had talked to her. She wondered if she weren't just a little bit jealous because the director had been so nice to her.

Someone had entered the room next door. She heard voices. She wondered if this were what Monica had wanted her to listen for. She moved over to the wall. The voices came to her distinctly through the thin partition. It sounded like—why it *was* Mr. Gordon's voice.

"You're wonderful—" he was saying.

"Do you really think so?" asked a girl's voice.

"You'll be a great star if you're managed right . . . You're like Garbo—those same mysterious eyes . . . I could do wonderful things for you . . . Of course you've got a lot to learn . . . but I can teach you—if you'll let me . . ."

It was as though Chickie were listening to a play-back of his speech to her. She pressed closer to the wall.

"How about coming out to my house some night? We'll have a little dinner, just the two of us, and talk over a contract."

"You're not kidding me?" questioned the girl.

"Of course not," he assured her.

"But I thought you sort of had a yen for that beauty contest winner."

"My dear, don't be foolish. She's a sweet dish of girl-fodder BUT—"

Chickie did not wait to hear more. Quietly she slipped out of the dressing room. Down the stairs. Across the lot. Out the gate. She fumbled in her pocketbook to see if she had a nickel.

A moment later the nickel dropped into a telephone slot. Breathlessly she waited for the answering voice to come on the wire.

"DICKIE," she said humbly, "I've changed my mind—"

"What's that? I don't get you. There's a lot of noise."

"I've changed my mind about going to Riverside. I think the Old Mission would be a lovely place for a wedding—"

Something that began like a whistle and ended in "Whoopie!" came over the wire, followed by "When do we start?"

"Any time you say."

"Then suppose we take a plane. That'll be faster."

## Intimate Portrait of a Man with Black Hair

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

His parties are limited to a few intimates and he sidesteps most formal occasions.

He is most punctilious about his personal and social obligations, and it is not uncommon for him to be late at the studio. He has never owned a Rolls-Royce.

He never wears a cap or fancy shirts. He looks with abhorrence upon anything that smacks of "putting on the dog."

He hates to break in a new hat and will wear a felt hat for years before discarding it. He will buy neckties by the score and never wear most of them.

His sartorial weakness is evening clothes, and in such attire he is not at his best.

He is more inclined to be suspicious than superstitious. He is apt to make up his mind on the spur of the moment regarding a trip, and contrariwise is inclined to deliberate overlong on most other matters.

While playing host, in his anxiety to make his guests feel at home, he invariably has the worst time of any one present.

If he believes in the rôle he is playing he lives it every moment, and if not, his director has his hands full.

Being proficient in his own work he is excessively intolerant of those who lack this

virtue. While he recognizes capability he is inarticulate in its praise.

He has never read Harold Bell Wright. He subscribes to *Time*, *American Mercury*, *Vanity Fair* and *The New Yorker*.

He does not like coloratura sopranos. He speaks German and French very badly. His diction and enunciation are faultless.

He is reticent and difficult to get talking about himself. The only jewelry he wears is a gold signet ring given to him by his mother.

Politically he is a Republican and votes at all national elections. He believes money important to happiness in this day of materialism.

His judgment of stories for himself is not reliable. He did not want to do "The Noose," which turned out to be one of his most successful pictures. He prevailed upon the company to do "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," which proved to be a mistake. On the other hand, it took him many months to convince his producers that "Tol'able David" should be his first starring vehicle. That picture won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal.

Groucho Marx and Jimmy Durante are his favorite comics.



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

**SCARLET DAREDEVIL, THE**—World Wide.—A melodrama of the French Revolution from England, unusually well acted. Silent. (Sept.)

**SEA FURY**—Supreme.—No sense taking this seriously. Regarded as a burlesque in the best Hoboken tradition it's a riot. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SEÑOR AMERICANO**—Universal.—See this, you fans who are crying for your Westerns. Ken Maynard rides, loves, fights—and sings. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE**—Paramount.—Barrie'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. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**SEVEN FACES**—Fox.—Paul Muni gives seven "best performances" in one picture! Good entertainment with a novel twist. All Talkie. (Jan.)

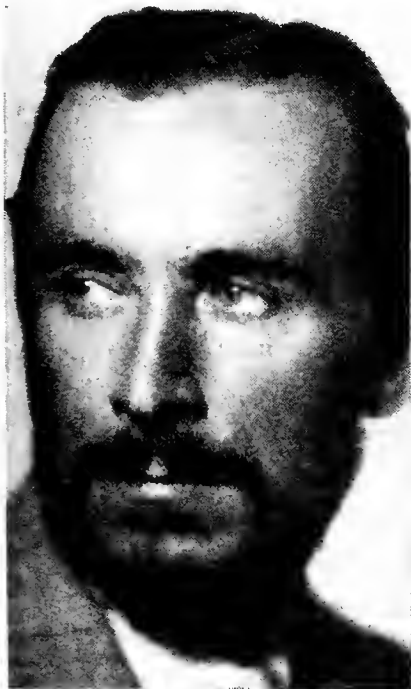
★ **SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine phonoplay version of the old laughter-and-thrill-provoking favorite. Richard Dix again battles the microphone to a knockout finish. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**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. All Talkie. (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 phonoplay. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **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. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**SIDE STREET**—Radio Pictures.—No telling what this might have been if not botched by bad recording. As it is, just another underworld yarn. All three of the Moores are in it. All Talkie. (Dec.)



If ever Art had a true martyr to her sacred cause, it is this hairy gent. Andy Clyde, the Sennett comic here shown in civilian clothes, has worn this scraggly beard for over a year, just for the sake of realism in the talkie masterpieces of immortal comedy in which he toils



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**SILVER KING, THE**—British.—A good silent thriller starring our old friend Percy Marmont. Percy still suffers superbly. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **SINGLE STANDARD, THE**—M-G-M.—Garbo was never finer than in this story of a very modern woman. Nils Asther and Johnny Mack Brown, too. Silent. (Sept.)

**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. All Talkie. (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. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**SMILING IRISH EYES**—First National.—Brogues, brawls and bunkum, but you'll like Colleen Moore's talkie personality. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**SONG OF KENTUCKY**—Fox.—You'll care for Joseph Wagstaff's crooning. And besides there's decorative Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**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. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**SO THIS IS COLLEGE**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Happy Days." The U. S. C.-Stanford football game in sound is one of life's big moments. Otherwise just another farce that will make real collegians commit hara-kiri. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **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 hula. A fine supporting cast including Charles Bickford. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**SPEEDWAY**—M-G-M.—Bill Haines disappointing in an unoriginal racetrack yarn. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**STREET GIRL**—Radio Pictures.—Betty Compson, Jack Oakie and John Harron in a tale about a girl violinist and a group of musicians. Good entertainment. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **SUNNY SIDE UP**—Fox.—The royal Gaynor-Farrell team go into their song and dance and prove their versatility. A little gal named Marjorie White scores heavily. This is real entertainment. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SWEETIE**—Paramount.—A little something in the collegiate line, pleasant, youthful and lively. Helen (Boop-a-doop) Kane and Jack Oakie wow 'em and Nancy Carroll is effective in an unsympathetic rôle. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE**—United Artists.—Here's that long-awaited co-starring appearance of Mary and Doug. It isn't Shakespeare, but it's swell entertainment. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**TANNED LEGS**—Radio Pictures.—Just what the Tired Business Man ordered. Legs by Ann Pennington and June Clyde and whoopee by Arthur Lake. Peppy music. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**THEIR OWN DESIRE**—M-G-M.—This picture reminds us of Paris on Bastille Day—everyone in it goes wild. Norma Shearer is miscast. All Talkie. (Feb.)

★ **THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS**—Fox.—What happens when a garageman gets rich and his wife gets culture. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Marguerite Churchill and Fifi Dorsay are elegant. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE**—M-G-M.—If you don't thrill over this, lie down. You're dead. Margaret Wycherly scores in the rôle she created on the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**THIS MAD WORLD**—M-G-M.—A tender yet glamorous filmization of one of the most beautiful of war stories, with glorious work by Kay "Dynamite" Johnson and Basil Rathbone. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **THIS THING CALLED LOVE**—Pathe.—Delightful comedy drama, well played by Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe (in a romantic rôle for once) and ZaSu Pitts. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**THREE LIVE GHOSTS**—United Artists.—An unimportant tale of three war buddies who return to life after being reported killed. The cast is from the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**THREE LOVES**—Moviegraph.—An exciting and spicy German film, well directed and acted. See it. Silent. (Dec.)

**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. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**TONIGHT AT TWELVE**—Universal.—Can it be possible?—a mystery play without a murder or a Hindu servant! Good situations. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **TRESPASSER, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson is a sensation in her first all talkie. In spite of a hokey story, a superbly paced and splendidly acted picture. Good! All Talkie. (Dec.)

**TRIAL MARRIAGE**—Columbia.—How to hold a wife overnight in seven reels. Racy and sophisticated. Sound. (Oct.)

**TWIN BEDS**—First National.—Frothy bedroom farce with only a mild kick. Jack Mullah and Patsy Ruth Miller help. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**TWO MEN AND A MAID**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Back to the Foreign Legion, mates, with William Collier, Jr. and Alma Bennett. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**TWO WEEKS OFF**—First National.—A fluffy little yarn of seaside vacation love, with Jack Mullah and Dorothy Mackaill. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**UNHOLY NIGHT, THE**—M-G-M.—Swell mystery story, artistically directed by Lionel Barrymore. Roland Young and Dorothy Sebastian are great. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**UNTAMED**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford goes native. She's grand and so is Robert Montgomery, a newcomer. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**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.) Vallée fans will be pleased. All Talkie. (Jan.)

**VENUS**—United Artists.—Connie Talmadge made this silent picture a year ago in Southern Europe. She shouldn't have. Silent. (Jan.)

**VERY IDEA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Broad farce with Frank Craven in the rôle he created on the stage. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **VIRGINIAN, THE**—Paramount.—Good! Owen Wister's novel gone vocal and presenting Gary Cooper in his first full-dialogue appearance. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WAGON MASTER, THE**—Universal.—And now the Westerns have learned to talk! Ken Maynard shyly reveals an excellent voice. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WALL STREET**—Columbia.—Even if you've recovered enough to hear Wall Street mentioned without frothing at the mouth, you won't like this. All Talkie. (Feb.)

**WELCOME DANGER**—Paramount.—Talkies needn't worry Harold Lloyd. His voice is fine. This phonoplay is one long laugh. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**WHY BRING THAT UP?**—Paramount.—Study in black and white of the world's most famous brunettes—Moran and Mack. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WHY LEAVE HOME**—Fox.—Story about duck-hunting husbands and fun-hunting wives, based on "Cradle Snatchers." All Talkie. (Nov.)

**WISE GIRL**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Kempy." High water mark in talking comedies. Unpretentious story of the love life of a youthful plumber. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WOMAN TO WOMAN**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A product of British studios. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **WOMAN TRAP**—Paramount.—Another crime yarn, above the average, with Chester Alibi Morris, Evelyn Brent and Hal Skelly at their superb best. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WONDER OF WOMEN**—M-G-M.—Strong, emotional drama of a misunderstood genius, a dutiful wife and the "other woman," played superlatively by Lewis Stone, Peggy Wood and Leila Hyams. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**WRECKER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Mediocre British film presenting Carlyle Blackwell. Sound. (Nov.)

★ **YOUNG NOWHERES**—First National.—Unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. Another poignant Barthelme's portrayal. New heights for Marian Nixon. Fine all around. All Talkie. (Dec.)



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**NANETTE**  
A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



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*- mine cost me next to nothing!*

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But I have my best reward when my neighbor drops in for a chat and a cup of fragrant tea. For I can't help noticing then (I'm only human!) that my hands look as carefree as hers!

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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

APRIL  
25 CENTS



NORMA  
SHEARER

## Are The Stage Actors Stealing The Screen?

# You don't know the half of it

*until you've  
seen her in*

## Technicolor

Oh, of course, the shadowy grays of the old "black-and-white" didn't treat her so badly!

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SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS



**BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT**, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **CHASING RAINBOWS**, with Bessie Love and Charles King (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **DIXIANA**, with Bebe Daniels (Radio); **HELL'S ANGELS** (Cadda Productions); **HOLD EVERYTHING**, with Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown (Warner

Bros.); **MAMMY**, starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.); **NO, NO, NANETTE**, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**, all-star revue (Paramount); **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ**, with Harry Richman (United Artists); **SALLY**, starring Marilyn Miller (First National);

**SONG OF THE WEST**, with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE VAGABOND KING**, starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount); **THE ROGUE SONG**, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).





# You and Yourself

## or, Beat "Pink Tooth Brush"

A PLAYLET  
IN 1 ACT



### A DIALOGUE IN WHICH YOU PLAY BOTH OF THE PARTS

**YOU:** *H'm—"pink tooth brush." That's the first time I've ever noticed that.*

**SMALL VOICE WITHIN YOU:** You might have known. You've really been expecting to see it for some time.

**YOU:** *Nothing of the sort. I take good care of my teeth.*

**SMALL VOICE:** True enough, but you like to forget about your gums.

**YOU:** *I don't. I keep my mouth clean and fresh and my teeth white. What more can you ask?*

**SMALL VOICE:** Plenty. What's the good of white teeth, if your gums aren't healthy?

**YOU:** *No good, I suppose.*

**SMALL VOICE:** Of course not. This soft, modern food that you are eating doesn't give the gums enough exercise to keep them in a fit condition. The circulation of the blood through them grows sluggish and before you know it they have become soft and spongy and tender.

**YOU:** *I know. I heard about that somewhere.*

**SMALL VOICE:** You bet you did! Ipana has been telling it to you often enough. What's more, if you aren't careful, you're likely to find yourself fighting gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even—

**YOU:** *Wait a minute! Don't let's think about pyorrhea.*

**SMALL VOICE:** Maybe you've got to think about it and the sooner the better. What's the use of sticking your head in the sand? "Pink tooth brush" isn't going to kill you. It won't take long to clear it up. Not if you massage your gums with Ipana.

**YOU:** *I might try it some time. But why the massage?*

**SMALL VOICE:** Might! Might! Don't put it off until it's too late. Don't you know that massaging the gums is the most beneficial thing in the world for them? It tones them up, puts new life into them



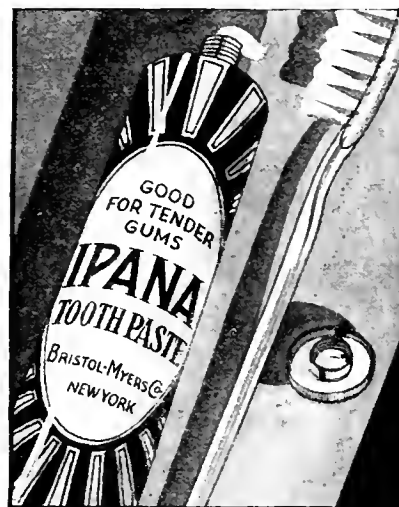
and starts the blood coursing through the tiny veins in a healthy, invigorating flow. And massage with Ipana is even better.

**YOU:** *But I don't have to use Ipana. There are plenty of other good tooth pastes.*

**SMALL VOICE:** That's true, there are many pleasant tooth pastes made. But Ipana not only tastes good, it does good, too. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic that has an extremely beneficial effect on the gum tissue. Why, dentists have been using ziratol for years.

**YOU:** *I think I'll send for a sample of Ipana and give it a trial.*

**SMALL VOICE:** Go ahead. They'll be glad to send it to you, but is this the time to be looking for a ten-day sample? If you are going to clear up "pink tooth brush", the thing to do is to go right down to the corner drug store and buy a full-size tube. That's the only way to get the good result that comes with the steady use of Ipana. It'll last you a month and at the end of that time you'll know what it is to have hard, rosy gums as well as shining white teeth.



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# Pictures

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## NANCY CARROLL in "HONEY"

A Musical Romance sweeter than "Sweetie," with Harry Green, Lillian Roth, Skeets Gallagher and Stanley Smith. Directed by Wesley Ruggles from the novel and play "Come out of the Kitchen" by Alice Duer Miller and A. E. Thomas.



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## GARY COOPER in "Only the Brave"

With Mary Brian. Story by Keene Thompson, directed by Frank Tuttle. The hero and heroine of "The Virginian" in a fast moving, thrilling, absorbing adventure-romance with the old South as the picturesque setting for the story.



# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXVII No. 5

April, 1930



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"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"THE COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"
1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"
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"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"

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# The Girl on the Cover

D. W. GRIFFITH, then considered the greatest director of them all, looked into the blue eyes of Norma Shearer and said, "I'm sorry, my child, but you'll never photograph."

A few months before, Norma had left her home in Canada to go to New York and try to get into pictures. She had no theatrical experience. There was no money in the bank. And the master told her she wouldn't photograph!

Such a blow would have sent an ordinary girl scurrying back to the proverbial fireside. But Norma is no ordinary girl. She mapped out a path. It was as straight as her own patrician nose. And not once did she detour.

They told her that before she could smile in front of the camera she must have her teeth straightened. She took care of that. She likes to play tennis and golf, but over-indulgence in these games makes her muscular, and you can't be sweet and feminine on the screen with a right arm like Jack Dempsey's. So Norma gave up athletics.

During those arduous years when she was carving out her career she realized there was no place for romance in her life. So romance was shut out.

WHEN Norma arrived in New York, she had never heard of a booking agent. Someone told her that she must find one. She did, and got a job. And getting that first job was a neat trick of a trigger-like brain.

The booking agent sent her to a studio where twelve college-girl types were needed. Sixty young women had answered the call, and eleven had been chosen by the assistant director before Norma could powder her nose. But she had to have that job. She coughed loudly. The noise attracted the assistant's ear. His eye followed. She flashed him a bright, hopeful smile, and she was selected as the twelfth girl.

The rest wasn't so easy. After her extra work had led her into parts, there were days when no calls came. Then, for six months, Norma did not even see the inside of a studio.

SHE had to have a job if she expected to keep on having her morning porridge, but she refused any work that took all her time. She was determined she would keep her contacts with the studios, so she posed for commercial photographers. Maybe you bought a washing machine, a bungalow apron or a new pair of gloves because of Norma's contented smile.

But she wasn't contented. This work paid well—five dollars an appointment. Some weeks she earned



She Mapped  
Out a Path

## Last Minute News

"The Green Goddess"—Warner Brothers — George Arliss triumphs again in his second talking picture, made from a stage play in which he appeared for several seasons. Arliss plays the Rajah of a small state in Northern India. Thrilling stuff, with the star doing slick work.

Allan Dwan, who made many of Gloria Swanson's silent hits, will direct her in her next talkie, "What a Widow!" The musical "Queen Kelly" is postponed because Franz Lehár's score is late. Owen Moore and Ian Keith will be in support.

Fuller Mellish, young stage actor who gave excellent performances in "Applause" and "Roadhouse Nights," Paramount talkies, died recently at his New York home.

John McCormack, famous tenor, will make another picture for Fox when he returns from Europe.

Greta Garbo's third talkie will be "Red Dust," an exotic East Indian story. This after she finishes "Romance."

Claudette Colbert, hit of "The Lady Lies," goes to Hollywood in April. First Hollywood picture—talking version of "Manslaughter."

Ronald Colman has a brunette leading lady for the first time in "Raffles." Lucky girl—Kay Francis.

Lawrence Tibbett's next operetta—"The New Moon," a Broadway smash.

a hundred dollars—but it wasn't the object of her life. She still haunted the studios.

Then, one morning, Norma's mail brought her three offers to come to California. She signed with Louis B. Mayer. When contract season arrived, Norma re-signed.

She has never quarreled about money. She has never given the producers any trouble. Hers is the glory of brains. Nine times out of ten, Norma's head rules her heart.

"WHEN I look back over my life now," she says, "I tell myself that I could never go through the struggle again; that I could never sit for hours and hours in a casting office, waiting for somebody to tell me that I'm 'not the type'; that I would never again have the courage to face the world without money; that never again could I give myself so completely to a career. And yet I know I'd do it all over again if I had to. Sometimes I even miss the struggle.

"I don't feel that I've used any great amount of brains. I've had determination and a methodical mind. I know it, and I don't like it. I'd be much more interesting if I were fiery and tempestuous. I wish I weren't so neat. It would be grand if I could come into my dressing room and throw a pair of stockings in one corner and my make-up box in the other. But I just can't do that.

"The struggle for a career gives a woman certain masculine viewpoints on life. The desire for a career is not considered feminine in the first place. The determination and grimness that such work require, is not feminine. Men aren't usually attracted by a woman with a purpose.

"I KNEW I loved Irving Thalberg from almost the minute I first saw him, but I had to put thoughts of marriage away for seven years, because I was too busy and too self-centered. You've got to be selfish to be successful. Now that I know, more or less, where I stand, I can give something to my marriage."

Yet Norma is not content to sit back, now that she is a famous and wealthy woman. The talkies furnished her new fields to conquer. Again she used her head. She thought out her rôles, played them sincerely, as she would have done on the silent screen.

Norma has made use of every opportunity that presented itself. The pattern of her life is as methodical as the rows of silver bottles on her dressing table. And that has been her secret of success.

Her next phonoplay, "The Divorcee," will be another carefully planned characterization.

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in tune with smart costumes

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that support and invigorate active feet

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Miss Gwen Lee — now gathering new laurels for her work in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Lord Byron of Broadway"— spells chic with beige and brown tweeds, lapin trimmed, the same tones carried out in the supple perforated kidskin of her Selby Arch Preserver Shoes.



# 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.)

★ **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)

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

★ **AWFUL TRUTH, THE**—Pathe.—Delightful Ina Claire in a sophisticated drama. Excellent support by Paul Harvey. (Oct.)

**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, doing none too well in a trite musical comedy. Snap into it, Gertie, and show 'em what you can do when you try! (March)

**BEHIND THE MAKE-UP**—Paramount.—More backstage melodrama, but different and real this time. Hal Skelly is a restrained *Pagliacci* and Fay Wray and Kay Francis are good. (Dec.)

**BIG REVUE, THE**—All-Star.—All-singing and toddling juvenile extravaganza featuring the so-called Ethel Meglin Wonder kids. If you like to hear ten-year olds singing about moonlight madness you'll like this. (Nov.)

★ **BIG TIME**—Fox.—This is closer than a brother to "Burlesque," but it's darned good. Dialogue is bright and Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke make the story convincing. (Nov.)

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

**BLACK MAGIC**—Fox.—Another priceless title gone wrong. South Sea life—and very dull, too. Sound. (Oct.)

★ **BLACKMAIL**—Sono Art.—World Wide.—A few like this excellent phonoplay will put British producers among the leaders in the talkie race. (Dec.)

**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 HOOFER, 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 lad 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)

**CALL OF THE CIRCUS, THE**—Pickwick Prod.—Worth seeing because it proves that Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton can still act. Otherwise no. (Dec.)

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

★ **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)

**CHASING RAINBOWS**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Road Show.") Another one. Bessie Love *Pagliacches* over Charlie King as in "Broadway Melody." Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and Jack Benny are funny, but even so it's just another—oh, you say it. (Jan.)

**CHASING THROUGH EUROPE**—Fox.—Sue Stuart and Nick Carol (our error) seeing Europe with lipstick and camera. Sound. (Oct.)

**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)

**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.)

**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.)

**DARK SKIES**—Biltmore.—Old time yarn of "East Lynne" vintage. Terrible. (Nov.)

**DARK STREETS**—First National.—One of the first dual rôles in the talkies. Jack Mulhall plays an honest cop and his gangster twin and Lila Lee is his (their?) gal. (Dec.)

**DARKENED ROOMS**—Paramount.—Unimportant little comedy-drama with an O-Henry twist. Neil Hamilton scores but Evelyn Brent is again sacrificed to an unworthy vehicle. (Dec.)

**DELIGHTFUL ROGUE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rod La Rocque gives such a superb performance as a villainous pirate that the heroine marries him instead of the hero! (Dec.)

★ **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.)

★ **DISRAELI**—Warners.—Introducing George Arliss to the audible screen in one of his most brilliant characterizations. He's grand. (Dec.)

**DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE**—World Wide.—Just forget this was ever made. That's what its producers would probably like to do. Silent. (Dec.)

**DRAKE CASE, THE**—Universal.—Tense murder melodrama. Noteworthy chiefly for the late Gladys Brockwell's fine performance in the leading rôle. (Nov.)

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

★ **DYNAMITE**—M-G-M.—Stark drama, full of suspense, bringing to the screen two splendid players, Charles Bickford and Kay Johnson. (Oct.)

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

**EVIDENCE**—Warners.—Bewhiskered drammer of circumstantial evidence in the divorce courts. But Pauline Frederick is swell and so is the rest of the cast. (Dec.)

★ **FARO NELL**—Paramount—Christie.—A reviewer's dream of what a two-reel talking comedy should be and usually isn't. gorgeously acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller with Louise Fazenda in long yellow curls. (Dec.)

**FAST COMPANY**—Paramount.—Baseball stuff adapted from Ring Lardner's play "Elmer the Great" and garnished with bright lines. Jack Oakie takes the honors and Evelyn Brent is miscast. (Nov.)

**FAST LIFE**—First National.—"Still Life" would be a more accurate title for this melodrama. It drags. Loretta Young is lovely. (Nov.)

**FLIGHT**—Columbia.—The first flying talkie, and good, too. Love and adventure among the flying marines, illustrated by Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. (Dec.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14 ]

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Trespasser"  
"Rio Rita"  
"Sunny Side Up"  
"The Taming of the Shrew"  
"Condemned"  
"The Virginian"  
"Paris"

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.

★ **COCK EYED WORLD, THE**—Fox.—Further disagreements of Sergeants Eddie Lowe Quirt and Vic McLaglen Flagg, with Lily Damita the chief trouble-maker. Highly seasoned. (Oct.)

**COLLEGE COQUETTE, THE**—Columbia.—Another picture of college life as it ain't. There ought to be a law. (Nov.)

★ **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.)

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



William Fox  
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and  
**CHARLES FARRELL**  
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# HIGH SOCIETY

# BLUES

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MOVIE TONE

# Brickbats & Bouquets



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CRITICS

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This is your department. Come right in, hang up your hat and pat or spat the players. Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, and don't spank too hard, because we want to be helpful when we can. Limit your letters to 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and address attached, don't write. Address the Editor, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come in—you're always welcome!

selves, we decided our home could be made a "home, sweet home" again.

MRS. JOHN S.

## They Can't All Be Good

Jackson Heights, L. I.

The critics of the phonoplay, both professional and amateur, apparently expect every picture to be perfect. They seem to forget that ideas as to perfection often differ. It is impossible to please all.

Considering the extremely short time the talkie has been in existence, the quality of the average production is very high. Surely many books, stage plays, etc., provide but mediocre entertainment. A masterpiece is rare in any line—why expect every talkie to be one!

While the silent movies reached a high state of perfection, I am confident the phonoplay will far exceed them.

JOSEPH M. BERG.

## They're from Peoria, Too The \$25 Letter

New York City.

I am sort of sick of reading about the poor lonesome girls who live in small towns and have only the movies to amuse them. Please tell those poor girls that there is an army of probably a million or so perfectly lovely girls with exciting jobs (stenographers, etc.) living in the CITY of New York who have discovered, since arriving from Peoria or Newark, that sugar daddies are hard to meet (and when they are met, they prove to be also from Peoria or Newark); that Gloria Swanson in "The Trespasser" furnishes the dramatic excitement that the stenographers themselves expected to experience in New York; that Norma Shearer is wearing the clothes that the stenographers hoped to get from the sugar daddy, and Clara Bow is having all the fun, anyhow. What I'm getting at is that the movie is a godsend to us—a thousand thanks.

MILDRED.

## Less Super-Flops The \$10 Letter

I Hugoton, Kans.

I wish we were offered more short films and comedies, instead of long productions. I would like to see more short phonoplays like the film "Confession" Lionel Barrymore directed last year. Or more short comedies like "Faro Nell." I get more enjoyment out of two short features than I do out of a six- or seven-reel phonoplay. There is more action, snap and vigor in the short film.

RONALD DALLAS REAZIN.

## Talkies Save a Home The \$5 Letter

San Francisco, Calif.

I can truthfully say that the "talkies," as they are today, have been the means of keeping my family away from the "breaking point"—my husband and I. Where there is a childless home, just being alone all the time can become deadly. But we thought we would try just one thing more to keep us interested, and that was to go to a talkie twice a week—just make it a habit. We soon had something in common to talk about. And when we came back into our home after viewing a talkie, where people seemed to have the same trials as our-

## The Playback

IN the past few months a flood of Brickbats, aimed at the guileless heads of various PHOTOPLAY writers, has brought to light an interesting fact.

There are, it seems, in the roster of film celebrities, certain controversial names—names which spell dynamite to those who write for fan magazines, however well-meaning they may be.

Heading this list are Garbo, Bow and Crawford. Whatever the luckless writer may say about these three he is wrong. Let him just dare to intimate that Garbo does not dress in the height of fashion, that Clara is taking on an ounce or two, or that Joan was not always as sane a young person as she now is—and off with his head!

This month places a new name at the very head of this group of ticklish personalities—that of Rudy Vallée. Cal York remarked in the January issue that Rudy did not exactly knock Hollywood for a row of megaphones.

It was said with an entire absence of malice, but it brought in a batch of brickbats that knocked old Cal wellnigh senseless. He was found in a corner of the office, softly and penitently crying over an old still from "The Vagabond Lover."

Cal wasn't the only one who took a beating. You fans came in for your share. You're to stop panning the stars. Who says so? You do, yourselves!

Many of your number wrote in deploring the super-critical spirit manifested by some of the fans. There was a note of optimism and uplift among the letters this month that would turn the original Pollyanna pallid with envy.

Garbo still heads the bouquet list, rating almost three times as many posies as any other star. Bow, Daniels, Swanson and Vallée tie for second place, and Chatterton, Crawford and Boles for third. "Rio Rita" is still the ace picture, with "The Trespasser" and "Gold Diggers of Broadway" second and "Disraeli" third.

"Romance of Rio Grande" drew some enthusiastic praise.

## Movie Psychology

Buffalo, N. Y.

I am a teacher of psychology. Have been for years. I know something about human nature and the inner workings of the mind. I know that thoughts are things. That the impressions of today make us the kind of men and women we are tomorrow. That we all must have an ideal, an objective to strive for.

Few of us know where we're headed, what we want to do, to be. If we do know, the majority of us lack the fundamentals with which to forge ahead. Knowing all this, I encourage my classes to use the movies as object lessons. In them every conceivable obstacle is portrayed and solved, simply and successfully; the moral and reward resulting from the various situations revealed. It has worked beautifully. The older ones feel younger. Depressed ones much happier. Chronic ones healthier. Dowdy ones neater. And all of us doing better by the ones most important in the world to us . . . ourselves.

(MRS.) IRENE M. BATZ.

## So This Is College!

Watkins Glen, N. Y.

How does the average father judge college after he views it on the screen? Unfolded before his eyes, he sees, as if it were a warning, the evils of modern college life. After working and saving for years, and with only one aim ahead of him—an education and a chance for his children—his dreams are shattered, and so he abandons his ideas of college for them.

Please send us some clean, wholesome college pictures for encouragement.

MABEL B. BELKNAP.

## A Message for Mabel Normand

Denver, Colo.

Our local paper carried a small item the other day, saying that Mabel Normand is still very ill.

After reading the beautiful article about our

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136 ]



# Let this *thrif*t dentifrice buy your hose for you

THERE are many excellent dentifrices on the market selling at a trifle above or below 50¢—but is it necessary to pay that much? Why not a first class dentifrice at 25¢—scientifically correct for all types of teeth?

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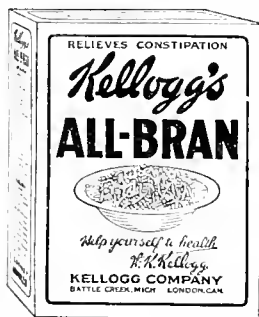
system clean of all poisonous wastes.

In addition, it contains iron which helps prevent anemia and also brings the glorious color of health to cheeks and lips.

Eat Kellogg's ALL-BRAN regularly and avoid the unsatisfactory, and sometimes dangerous, pills and drugs. You will enjoy the many ways it can be eaten without adding many calories.

Soaked in fruit juices, with milk, in clear soups, on salads. Cook it in bran muffins, breads, omelettes. In these foods, important vitamins help balance the diet. ALL-BRAN is recommended by dietitians.

Always ask for the original ALL-BRAN—in the red-and-green package—made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



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# A Feast of Nations



Recipes for five courses, contributed by the good cooks of the screen. The soup is a grand old American concoction, a recipe brought by Laura LaPlante from her native St. Louis



Renee Adoree prepares fish by the French method. Camilla Horn serves roast in German style. Garbo gives us Swedish salad, and Patsy Ruth Miller provides a Hungarian dessert

**T**HIS month I am giving you five recipes, contributed by as many different countries. We will start with the soup, a recipe which Laura LaPlante learned in her native city of St. Louis, Mo.

## Gumbo Soup a la St. Louis

- |                                   |  |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1 pint okra cut into small pieces | 4 medium sized tomatoes                                  |
| 1 lb. round beef                  | Soup herbs, such as leeks, thyme, carrots and red pepper |
| 3 pints water                     |  |

Cut the beef into small chunks and put into hot skillet with enough suet to prevent the meat from sticking. Brown well. Put the okra into a granite, agate or aluminum pan with the water, and place on a hot fire. Slice the tomatoes and herbs into the water with the okra, and while the meat is still hot, add it to the whole mixture.

Let all come to a boil, and with a wooden spoon remove the dark, sticky substance which arises from the okra. After cooking for a few minutes and removing this scum constantly, the soup will become clear. Then cook for at least three hours over a slow fire. Before serving add salt.

This can also be served with boiled rice and stewed tomatoes, cooked separately, and placed in the bottom of the soup plates. For a fish course, you will like Renee Adoree's

## French Fish Roe Croquettes

- 1 can fish roe
- 2 eggs
- 1 tablespoon cream
- Salt
- Pepper
- Cracker crumbs

Mash fish roe with a fork. Add one unbeaten egg, cream and seasoning. Shape into balls or croquettes. Roll in beaten egg. Then roll in cracker crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Garnish with parsley and cream sauce. Serve hot. Drawn butter sauce can be substituted for cream sauce with lemon garnish.

Next comes a German contribution from Camilla Horn for a meat course:

## Loin Filet of Beef

Lard a loin filet of beef with strips of bacon. Roast in plenty of butter, and before quite done, add cup of sour cream thickened with a very small amount of flour. Season with pepper and salt. Serve with small, new potatoes, boiled before peeling, buttered and garnished with parsley.

Greta Garbo gives you a salad recipe, appropriately called

## Swedish Salad

- |                              |                               |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 4 oz. cold roast beef        | 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar |
| 4 oz. boiled potatoes        | 1 hard-boiled egg             |
| 4 oz. apples                 | 24 olives                     |
| 4 oz. pickled herring        | 12 oysters                    |
| 3 anchovies                  | Oil                           |
| 1 tablespoon chopped gherkin | Cider vinegar                 |

Chop beef, potatoes, apples and herring into small cubes. Chop anchovies. Mix all the ingredients together except the oysters. Pour over the mixture oil and vinegar to taste. Place oysters over the top.

Patsy Ruth Miller's Date Torte is a variation of a popular Hungarian cake.

## Date Torte

- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons bread crumbs
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 package dates
- 1 cup nut meats

Beat eggs slightly; add sugar, bread crumbs and baking powder. Mix well, and add dates, which have been stoned. Then add nut meats. Stir to an even consistency and place in greased muffin tins. Bake in a slow oven for thirty minutes; then test to see if done. Serve with whipped cream.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

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

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

★ **FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS**—First National.—Colleen Moore's best since "We Moderns." She wears mad gowns and wigs and sings French songs with a naughty lilt. (Dec.)

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

**FROZEN JUSTICE**—Fox.—Hot melodrama of the cold North. Lenore Ulric and Louis Wolheim excellent. (Nov.)

★ **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 heads an excellent supporting cast. (Jan.)

**GIRL FROM HAVANA, THE**—Fox.—A racy story of gentlemen who prefer diamonds which don't belong to them. Clever cast. (Nov.)

**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 GLASS CAGE, THE**—First National.—The glassed-in girl, in case you wondered, is a theater ticket seller, played by Loretta Young. Pretty bad. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**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)

**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.)

**GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY**—Warners.—Showing the girls at their pick and shovel work. Noteworthy for its beautiful all-Technicolor treatment and its catchy tunes. (Nov.)

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

**GREAT GABBO, THE**—James Cruze Prod.—A corking dramatic story ruined by the interpolation of musical revue stuff. Von Stroheim and Compson save the pieces. (Dec.)

**HALF MARRIAGE**—Radio Pictures.—Another and duller one about companionate marriage, occasionally redeemed by Olive Borden. Sound. (Oct.)

**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.)

★ **HALLELUJAH**—M-G-M.—Striking epic of the negro, sensitively directed and spontaneously acted. (Oct.)

**HANDCUFFED**—Rayart.—Poverty Row at its worst which is pretty bad. (Dec.)

**HARD TO GET**—First National.—Corinne Griffith's excellent silent film "Classified" revived as a far-from-excellent talkie with Dorothy Mackaill. (Nov.)

**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'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 PRIVATE AFFAIR**—Pathe.—Make it your private affair to see Ann Harding in this exciting tale. She's glorious! (Nov.)

**HIS FIRST COMMAND**—Pathe.—A pretty sorry 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 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 ball's-eye. (Jan.)

**HONOR**—Sovkino.—Interesting because a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National Film Company. The leading man is an Armenian John Gilbert. Silent. (Dec.)

**HOOFBEATS OF VENGEANCE**—Universal.—Even worse than it sounds. Rex, the marvelous horse star, has a ramshackle vehicle to pull. Silent. (Oct.)

**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, concocted by Raoul Walsh in his best Cock Eyed World manner. Vic McLaglen, El Brendel and Fifi Dorsay—all elegant. (Feb.)

**HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY**—UFA-Paramount.—A real beauty. This simple rural tale is exquisitely directed and superbly acted by an ace-high German cast. Sound. (Nov.)

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

**ILLUSION**—Paramount.—Buddy Rogers as a man about town may disappoint the girls—but Nancy Carroll is excellent. (Nov.)

**IN OLD CALIFORNIA**—Audible Film Corp.—Love and hate Under a Spanish Moon (Theme song.) Ho hum. (Nov.)

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

**ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE**—First National.—Scenically 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.)

**JEALOUSY**—Paramount.—De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. It is unfortunate that Jeanne Eagels' last picture should be so unworthy of her artistry. (Dec.)

★ **KIBITZER**—Paramount.—You may have to buy a new vest from laughing after you see this. Harry Green's comedy is grand. (Nov.)

**KISS, THE**—M-G-M.—The mysterious and silent Garbo, still silent, still mysterious and still Garbo. Sound. (Dec.)

**KITTY**—World Wide.—First foreign-made picture to be synchronized with talking sequences and music. Good entertainment against a beautiful English background. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **LADY LIES, THE**—Paramount.—Magnificently acted and staged drawing room comedy. Walter Huston and beautiful Claudette Colbert are stunning lovers and Charles Ruggles is a delightful drunk. (Dec.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 138 ]

## 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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# Follow this SIGN

and hear Talking Pictures that sound NATURAL . . .

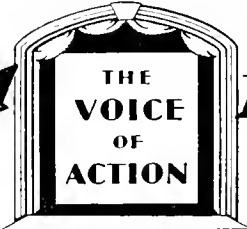


WHEN you go to a motion picture theatre nowadays you have a right to hear the voices of your favorite stars reproduced with full justice to their artistry. Fortunately you can do just that—provided you select a theatre which displays the “Western Electric equipped” sign. This apparatus reproduces speech and music in natural tones because it was



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# Hair Is What You Make It

Some like it bobbed and some like it long. But, blonde or brunette or in-between, they all agree that a girl's hair should frame her face becomingly. At the upper left is Billie Dove; then Joan Bennett, Alice White, Kay Francis and Barbara Kent. Below, Natalie Moorehead and Armida are in sharp contrast to one another, both in style of haircut and general type

**H**AIR is a barometer of the care we give it and of our general health. It's often a barometer of our moods, too.

When we are dressing for a party and we feel light-hearted and gay, unconsciously we give it a little tweak here and a little push there, and somehow it looks quite different from our everyday hair, even though the general arrangement is the same. And when we're tired and low-spirited, doesn't our hair seem to take on some of that somberness and a tightly-drawn look that matches the gravity of our mood and the tension of our nerves?

If you don't think that becomingly arranged hair affects your whole appearance, just turn back to the cover of this issue. Norma Shearer can wear her hair in half a dozen different ways and always look lovely. When she brushes it sleekly around her head, I am positive that that is the prettiest way. But when she fluffs it out as she did when she sat for Mr. Christy's portrait of her, and it ripples across her forehead in soft, deep waves, then I know that is the most charming arrangement.

And what a change it seems to make in her personality! How it adds roguishness and allure to the rather matter-of-fact Norma we know best!

**A**FAMOUS dermatologist has said that the healthiest skin is the one which has a healthy person inside it. That applies to hair as well.

If in spite of constant shampooing, your bob hangs in lank, limp strings, then look to your general health, your diet, and the condition of your scalp. And if your hair is dry as dust, that is a signal for special care also.

Ask yourself these questions:

Is my diet well-balanced? Does it include the proper amount of roughage and liquids? Am I getting enough regular exercise to stimulate normal circulation? Do I allow enough time for sleep and rest? Am I living temperately and sanely, or am I rushing along at high tension?

In spite of ill health, nervous disorders and poor care, some hair seems to grow and thrive. But that is the exception, not the rule. In most cases, hair is what you make it.

Regular, daily brushing is cleansing and a splendid stimulant for the scalp. Your brush should have firm, wide-apart bristles, but it should not be irritating to the scalp. It should be made of material that will stand immersion in ammonia water for frequent and thorough cleansing. Choose combs with blunt, smooth teeth, set rather far apart, so that the hair will not be broken or split. Don't share your brush and comb with anyone.

**G**ENTLY lifting the hair with the fingers and shaking it, going over the whole head until the scalp tingles slightly, stimulates circulation and loosens scales and dirt. Mild massage, with your finger-tips or by rotating the palms of your hands all over your scalp, will keep it pliant and maintain its tone.

Many authorities believe that frequent shampooing—as often as once, and even twice a week—is not harmful, especially if the hair is extremely oily and attracts a great amount of dust.

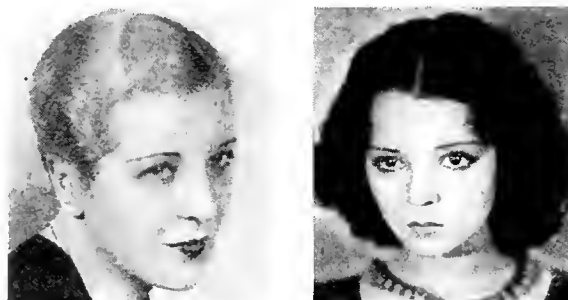
There are certain simple rules, however, for proper shampooing. The soap must lather quickly and well and it should be left on the hair only long enough to work it through thoroughly. Liquid shampoos are convenient to use. If you like cake soap you may prefer to shave it into boiling water, making an agreeable soap jelly.

The important thing to remember is that the hair should be lathered and rinsed two or three times, and that the final rinse must be thorough. Running water should be allowed to go through every part of the hair until there isn't a possibility of any soap remaining on hair or scalp. A cool or cold rinse will close the pores, and should be followed by a quick, thorough drying with a soft towel.

**I**F hair is inclined to be dry, a little oil, a tonic or hair lotion can be rubbed into the scalp or brushed through the hair after the shampoo.

To my mind, it is foolish for every girl to want curly hair. Straight hair is much more becoming to many types. It can be trained to lie around the head

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]



## Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

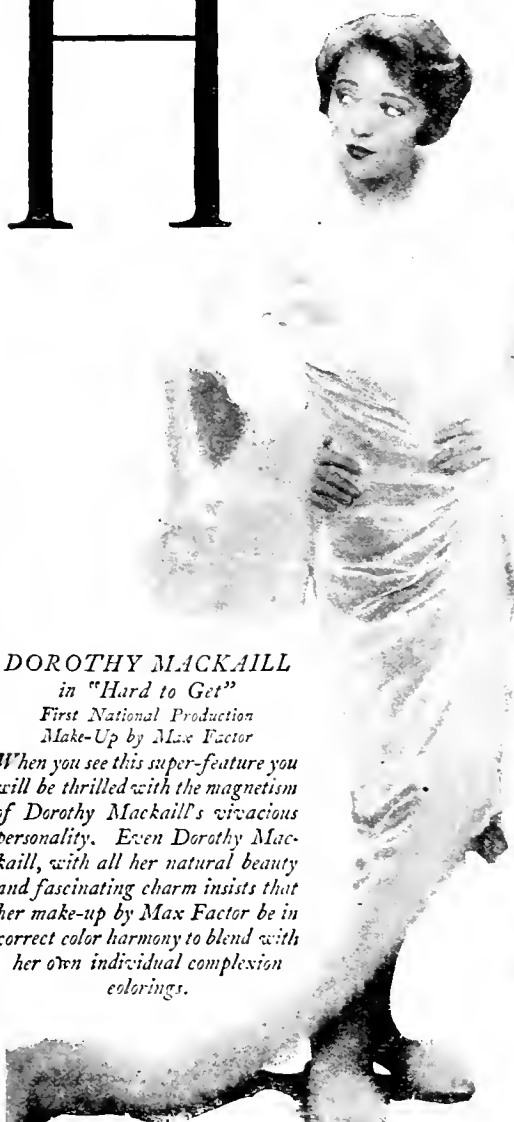
**W**RITE to me if you want to know your correct colors in clothes and cosmetics—if you need personal advice about your hair or general appearance.

My complexion leaflet is free. So is my booklet of sane reducing exercises and menus. Just send me your request, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Letters without return envelopes will be answered in the magazine, in the order received.

My address is PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

# How to Emphasize Personality with Make-Up



**DOROTHY MACKAILL**  
in "Hard to Get"  
First National Production  
Make-Up by Max Factor

When you see this super-feature you will be thrilled with the magnetism of Dorothy Mackaill's vivacious personality. Even Dorothy Mackaill, with all her natural beauty and fascinating charm insists that her make-up by Max Factor be in correct color harmony to blend with her own individual complexion colorings.

Dorothy Mackaill, 1st National Star, says: "I use your make-up exclusively, as there is none just as good as Max Factor's Society Make-Up."



Loretta Young, 1st National Studios, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King...approving the correct color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder.



**BETTY COMPSON,**  
Independent Star, writes: "I adore the lovely soft colorings in Max Factor's Society Make-Up."

*Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, Reveals the Magic in Make-Up, and Tells Why Every Woman Should Individualize Her Make-Up as Screen Stars Do.*

**H**AVE you given real serious thought to your make-up... or are you just haphazardly using cosmetics? Have you studied your colorings, and have you harmonized your make-up accordingly... or are you detracting from your beauty by using off-colors in make-up? And have you analyzed your type and looked for ways to emphasize the charm of your personality?

"The first essential of make-up is to have cosmetics in color harmony", says Max Factor, Filmlands genius of make-up. "Second, the color harmony of the make-up ensemble must blend with individual coloring... whether blonde, brunette or redhead. And third, make-up must be applied so as to emphasize features that bring out the allure of personality".

On the screen, in dozens of feature pictures like "Hard to Get", with Dorothy Mackaill, you have actually seen the magic of make-up by Max Factor. You have seen the lifelike naturalness gained with Max Factor's famous discovery... cosmetic color harmony.

Now, Max Factor has perfected a make-up for day and evening use based on this same principle which proved so successful in pictures. Max Factor's Society Make-Up... powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials in color harmonies to blend with every variation of complexion. Adopted almost instantly by leading stars, for social and every day use, it will be a beauty revelation to you!

And you may learn, too, exactly what color harmony you should use to bring out your beauty and charm in the most fascinating way. Simply mail the coupon to Max Factor for your own individual complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. You'll also receive a copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Make-Up" — 48 pages of beauty advice and make-up hints. In it you will read why leading stars — Dorothy Mackaill, Betty Compson, Loretta Young, Doris Dawson, and scores of other beautiful celebrities prefer Society Make-Up. And you, too, will discover that make-up may be really magical in its gift of beauty.



**MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS**

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-416

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	Answer in	Age
Olive	spaces with check mark	

**MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP**  
"Cosmetics of the Stars"\* — — — — HOLLYWOOD

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



Posed by Ruth Chatterton  
and John Loder, Paramount-  
Famous-Lasky stars

*for the first time he seemed to find me*

**ALLURING**

**DESIRABLE . . .**

*drawn by the spell of that  
haunting, compelling fragrance*

*Two For The Price Of One!*

A special introductory offer by leading dealers all over the U. S.

For \$1.00: Ben Hur Face  
Powder (Full size \$1.00  
pkg.) Ben Hur Perfume  
(full size \$1.00 bottle)

*both for  
\$1.00*



For 25¢: Ben Hur Talcum  
Powder (full size 25¢ pkg.)  
Ben Hur Perfume (full  
size 25¢ vial)

*both for 25¢*

**T**O all the other men I knew, I was content to be just "one of the girls in our crowd." To Bob, I wanted to be "the one girl"—mysterious, exciting—full of allure. How could I change his casual friendliness to ardent admiration—to a thrilled regard?

I found the answer—the magic way—in a new and enticing perfume. A fragrance so haunting, so irresistible, that it seemed to throw a breath of enchantment around me.

I first used this delicious perfume one rainy spring afternoon, when Bob dropped in for tea. Subtly, that elusive fragrance wove its spell. I found Bob looking at me as if he were really seeing me for the first time. We were alone, and—well, there was no doubt about it—I had found the secret of allure in a little perfume vial.

This thrilling perfume is Ben Hur. Learn to know and use it! Make its charm and fascination your own.

**FREE TRIAL SAMPLE**

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., 5007 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me—free—a trial bottle of Ben Hur Perfume.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Stat \_\_\_\_\_



**A**NITA PAGE proves that a beautiful blonde can look intense and sort of soulful, even when wearing fancy lounging pajamas and sitting on a modernistic table with sharp edges. Nothing, in fact, has ever been able to slow up the *Pride of the Pomares* tribe, whose film career at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been as golden as her pretty pate. And that's plenty



Anita Page was born in Flushing, Long Island, Aug. 4, 1910. She is five feet, three, and weighs 118 pounds. She entered pictures in 1928 with Metro. Her father is Spanish-French, hence the name Pomares



Alexander

Lillian Gish, one of the famous figures in film history, was born in Springfield, O. She is five feet, four and one-half; weighs 112 pounds, has blonde hair, blue eyes

**"THE SWAN"** glides out upon the waters of the photoplay once more, this time wired for sound! Lillian Gish as the princess in the talkie version of Molnar's famous play. No longer a beaten child, but a very modern young lady with pep and ideas!



Alexander

**J**OAN, youngest and blondest of the three pretty and talented daughters of Richard Bennett, has made a brilliant beginning in the talkies. Her work with Colman in "Bulldog Drummond" turned her feet toward fame. Now Joan is busy every minute!

Joan Bennett was born in Palisades, N. J., Feb. 27, 1911. She is five feet, five; weighs 108 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Is sister of Constance and Barbara



Hurrell

Kay Johnson was born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. She is five feet, four; has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her husband is John Cromwell, film director

**K**AY JOHNSON, the handsome girl blasted to phonoplay prominence by "Dynamite." Kay was hurt in a motor crash recently and the doctors predicted she might not appear on the screen for some months. A tragic interlude in a promising career!



Bull

**L**OOKING at you over the left shoulder, for luck, is a recent addition to the Metro-Goldwyn Army. Her name, says the recruiting sergeant, is Mary Carlyle, and she has been assigned to the First Blonde Battalion, commanded by Colonel Anita Page

Miss Carlyle is a newcomer to the Hollywoods, and our demon Answer Man lacks information up to now. She plays in the film called, so far, "The Song Writer"



Sally Blane is the sister of Loretta and Polly Ann Young. She was born July 11, 1910; has brown hair and hazel eyes; weighs 118 pounds. She was a Wampas star in '29

**B**ACK to the Billowy Nineties go the ladies of the lots! Who would have thought that such a negligee would ever be seen again except in a museum? But it is up to the moment now, and here is Sally Blane, Radio Pictures girl, all togged out in it!

# The GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*



Gown—Courtesy  
The Blackstone Shop, Chicago

CHARMOSETTE . . .  
(a reducing elastic obtained  
only in Gossards) is favored for  
slenderizing bulgy waistlines.

## Empire a la Moderne

Far from compromising on the new Silhouette, fashion creators are raising the waist to the Empire line for evening! The exquisite Gossard combination of peach satin and ecru lace, with hip control of hand loomed elastic, contours the figure to slender feminine curves—perfect for the charming lace gown that ingeniously wears its satin belt just below the bust... Model 2536

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires  
Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.

# Is there Anything CLARA BOW doesn't know about CLOTHES APPEAL?



Hollywood, Cal.

*No matter what her costume, she's always fussy about stockings . . . let her give you a hint every girl can use*

**E**VERYBODY notices a girl's stockings, and of course you want them sheer, shimmering, appealingly lovely. Just follow Clara Bow's hint. She learned the secret from her wardrobe director—always wash stockings in Lux!

Whether they're the fragile, imported kind, or everyday service ones, your stockings will always have that lovely new sheen—and they'll last ever so much longer—with Lux.



"I couldn't resist buying some adorable imported stockings. But I wondered later if they could ever be washed, they were so fragile.

"I asked the man in charge of the studio's big wardrobe department. He said, 'Of course! We wash everything here, including antique fabrics and historic laces, in Lux.'

"My cobwebby stockings have been washed at least a dozen times in Lux and look just as new and perfect as the day I bought them."

*Clara Bow*  
(Paramount Star)



A movie wardrobe director told Clara Bow to use Lux



"Frocks, lingerie, stockings—Lux keeps them all just like new," Clara Bow says

CLARA BOW, like other movie stars, insists on Lux. And all the big movie studios use Lux because Lux keeps delicate fabrics new twice as long!

Beautiful girls of the chorus, too, wear stockings washed only in Lux. Every New York musical show producer insists on Lux "to keep stockings like new twice as long."



Stockings look lovely far longer with  
**LUX**



April, 1930

The National Guide  
to Motion Pictures  
[TRADE MARK]

# PHOTOPLAY

"WHY," asks a reader of PHOTOPLAY in a letter to the editor, "do you not devote a section of your magazine to constructive discussion of motion pictures by well-known critics?"

Because, dear reader, I feel that our readers have too much intelligence to waste their time reading the intolerably boring junk these chaps write about motion pictures.

They are long on words and short on ideas.

Most of them have been tried out in the studios and ninety-nine per cent of them found absolutely lacking in creativeness.

Better pictures have been made by unlearned sentimentalists than by intellectual egotists.

I'VE just heard Garbo in "Anna Christie" and I don't know what to make of it.

Greta is the same fine actress she always was, and the sordid rôle of the world-soiled daughter of the coal barge skipper does not detract from the glamorous personality.

I'm puzzled about her voice. It has power and resonance and flows through the amplifiers without rasping or mechanical interference. But, for several reels, I was shocked at its depth.

Then, either because the sound projection was adjusted or because I became used to it, I began to like it.

I became so interested in the unusual quality of the voice that I paid more attention to it than to the story itself. The answer, I suppose, is that I enjoyed both.

IT is no criticism of Garbo to say that it is lucky for her Marie Dressler was only in the first two reels. If she had remained throughout, it would have been a case of grand larceny.

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By  
JAMES R. QUIRK



TWO years ago—before the talkies—Marie came back from abroad and announced her retirement.

"I'm washed up," she said. "I am just a fat old lady now. Nobody will laugh at me any more."

Here's all the "fat old lady" has done since:

Stole the first part of "Anna Christie" from the most outstanding personality in pictures.

Co-starred in "Dangerous Females," the funniest two-reeler yet made, and ran the inimitable Polly Moran right off the set.

Saved "The Vagabond Lover," the Rudy Vallée picture, with her wonderful clowning.

Was the big sensation of "The Hollywood Revue."

Just a "fat old lady," eh?

THERE are no more supervisors in the Hollywood studios. Few picture concerns today have the effrontery to advertise their pictures as super specials, super productions, or super anything.

The high and mighty and useless office of supervisor was ridiculed out of existence, and the public has hah-hahed super off the billboards.

The supervisor was a strange bird. He was generally a relative of the producer who had failed in every other job in the studio. A hundred jokes were told about his mental processes. Here is one of the best:

A SUPERVISOR'S car broke down in the desert. The great man was alone. He had no water, no food. All he had left was a little gasoline. Days passed. He was completely lost. He was starving.

Then, by luck, he found a can of soup, dropped by some camping party. With trembling fingers he cut open the can, sniffed at the contents, tasted them.

"God, that's good!" exclaimed the famished supervisor. "I'll make it better."

And he poured in the gasoline.

**T**HIS talk of the talkies and the radio killing off grand opera, the mourners weeping crocodile tears over the passing of the sacred art, has always struck me as a lot of hooley. With the exception of a few sincere souls who were really devoted to opera, most of the people whom I have heard prattle about their love for it were the kind who gave me a pain in the neck, anyhow.

The sincere folks I refer to were a pretty regular sort. They had spent so many years studying the old-fashioned flub-dub that they had acquired a taste for it.

The traditional love of the Italians for opera is as natural as their appetite for garlic. They were brought up on it.

**A**ND now Signor Gatti-Cassazza, head man of the Metropolitan Opera House, comes along to relieve us of any danger of an inferiority complex. Sighs he:

**"It looks as though the world could get along without opera. The principal reason is the lack of new composers. The new ones have nothing to say. Still another reason is the increase of general knowledge of music among the public."**

In other words, the new composers are a lot of bums, and the public is wise to them.

I, for one, feel better about it now.

**H**ERE'S a real Hollywood sob story: Remember Margaret Mann, who gave such a beautiful and convincing performance as the mother in "Four Sons"? The picture was chosen by PHOTOPLAY readers as the best film of 1928, and Miss Mann was by far the outstanding artist. A few days ago she played a day's extra work in "The Sin Flood." The check she got from the casting office was for ten dollars.

**G**IRLS! Do you feel that spare tire forming around the waistline? Do you bulge where you shouldn't?

Don't listen to the lazy Hollywood people who tell you to eat nothing but two mangled prunes a day. Take a lesson from a Hollywood recruit from the Broadway stage, Winnie Lightner, the burbling comedienne.

In "Gold Diggers of Broadway" Winnie was a sensation.

But the indolent life of the Gold Coast was having its weigh. Heft was creeping over Winnie.

In "She Couldn't Say No" Winnie was discovered to be swelling up like a blimp on testing day.

To be frank, she was so fat that when she went to New York she turned down a big bid to appear in vaudeville, so ashamed was she of her new tonnage.

**I**F Winnie were the lazy kind, she'd have sickened herself on a few pieces of grapefruit. Being the kind that socks life just as she punches over a song, Winnie did something better and more healthful.

She turned herself over to Prof. "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, once a famous practitioner of the Art of Mangling Ears, and now proprietor of a New York gymnasium. At the end of three weeks she was as tough as they come and had shed no less than seventeen pounds!

Girls, get thin and healthy at the same time.

Like Winnie.

**I**N a recent issue we printed a small paragraph about a divorcee rumor in a prominent film family, without mentioning names. Three hours after the magazine was on the newsstands seven men called us and insisted that we retract the statement or face a libel suit.

Now, I ask you, what does an editor do in a case like that?

**A**N elderly acquaintance of mine, who is worth many millions, dropped into the office recently to have a confidential chat, flattering me by his faith that I could give him some advice about the possibilities for making money in motion pictures.

His twenty-three year old son and heir had made a prolonged visit to Los Angeles and returned home filled with ambition to break into the picture business.

Never having detected a spark of ambition in the boy, whose only accomplishment in life had been a record for failing to graduate from more preparatory schools than any other lad in America, the father was tickled pink that his hopeful showed interest in any form of business effort.

**A**S is often the case with young folks who are not very bright, the lad thought he had an artistic nature. He had dabbled in everything from clay modeling, which he called sculpture, to interior decoration.

He had fitted him up a studio in Greenwich Village, but the only thing he had acquired there was a miscellaneous assortment of telephone numbers.

It seems that, although he was below grammar school par in spelling, the young artist had now turned to literature in a big way and had concocted a scenario which was going to set the screen world agog, as it were.

When papa told me the story of the scenario, it turned out to be both "Ben-Hur" and "In Old Arizona," with a suggestion of "Tarzan of the Apes."

**"W**HOO'S the girl?" I asked him.

"The girl? Why, what do you mean?"

"In these cases there is always a girl," I told him. "There is a budding star in the woodpile. Before you put any money into this thing why don't you look her up?"

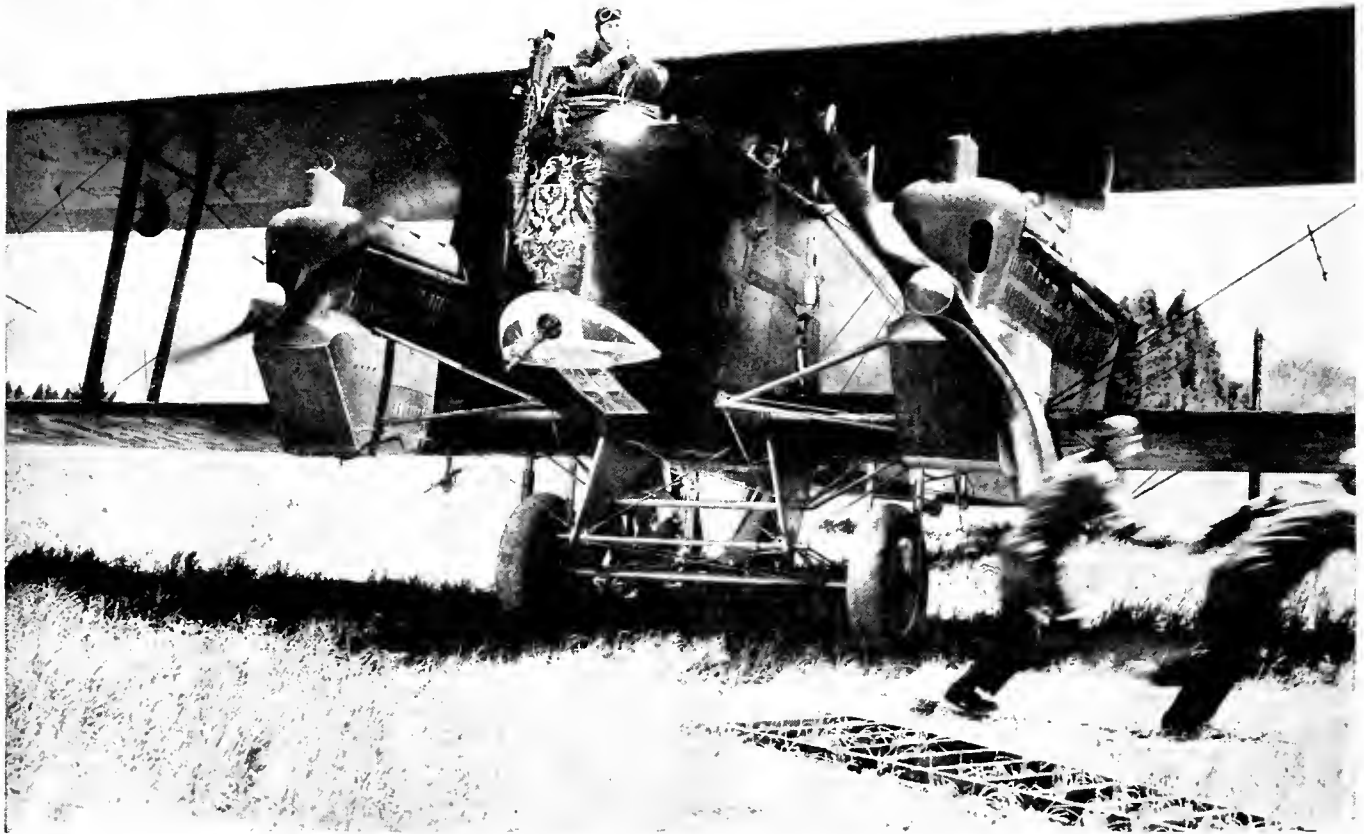
Three days later he dropped in again and told me it was a little cabaret dancer in a Los Angeles cafe, but it didn't make much difference as the young artist was now devoting all his thought and effort to mastering the saxophone.



Fryer

**H**OLLYWOOD'S fastest romance! Grant Withers and Loretta Young flew to Yuma, Ariz., and were wed. On their return, Loretta's mother asked annulment, as the bride is only seventeen. Then Grant crashed his car, and was sued for more alimony by Wife No. 1! But Grant and Loretta are living together, quashing the annulment

# 4 Million Dollars



The thrilling, romantic story of how Howard Hughes, the millionaire kid, tossed fortunes and human lives into the making of "Hell's Angels"

The great German Gotha, mightiest of bombing planes, about to take off for a scene in "Hell's Angels." This is one of the big fleet of mechanical eagles that Howard Hughes bought and reconditioned for his picture. You can see Ben Lyon in the nose of the ship, adjusting his helmet for the flight. On the opposite page, see what can happen to a Gotha!

*By*

BOGART ROGERS

**T**HERE is, according to science, an end to all things. Which, apparently, is the only reason why Hollywood's perennial picture production, "Hell's Angels," approaches completion. It couldn't go on forever and the immutable laws of nature have seemingly accomplished what man was unable to do.

And even now, with "Hell's Angels" practically in the can, Hollywood's mad wags won't let it alone. The latest—and I hope the last—of the gags at its expense has been going the rounds.

"Well," say the wise-crackers, "now that the talkie version of 'Hell's Angels' is finished, they're waiting for television!"

For over two years, "Hell's Angels" has had the cinema industry gossiping, scoffing, laughing up its sleeve and right out in public, admiring, doubting, amazed, astonished, goggle-eyed and simply flabbergasted. Nothing like it has ever happened

before, and probably nothing like it will ever happen again. It is the last word in opulence, extravagance and lavish expenditure of time and money.

It cost, according to figures issued by its producer, over \$4,000,000, which is more, by hundreds of thousands of dollars, than any single picture has ever cost before.

To the intense joy of the laboratories and the Eastman Kodak Co., 2,254,750 feet of film were exposed—another record.

Thirty months were required to produce it—surely a record. It was written, produced and directed by one young man who, when he started it, had practically no previous experience in the business. This may or may not account for its tremendous cost.

Every dime of the \$4,000,000 was right out of this same young man's trousers pocket.

It is surely the most amazing thing that has ever happened

# and 4 Men's Lives



All that was left of the big Gotha after stunt flier Al Wilson crashed it for "Hell's Angels." Mechanic Phil Jones lost his life in this smash. Wilson saved himself by leaping out with a parachute

Howard Hughes, the 25-year-old Texas millionaire who wrote, produced and directed the stupendous air picture, "Hell's Angels," that is costing about \$4,000,000. Will he get it back? He doesn't care!

in a business where odd and peculiar hocus-pocus is no novelty.

To even begin to understand "Hell's Angels" you must first know about Mr. Howard R. Hughes, Jr., the young gentleman who financed, wrote, produced and directed it.

Howard Hughes, Jr., or "our hero," was born in Houston, Texas, on Christmas Eve, 1904. He lost his mother when he was eighteen, and when he was twenty his wealthy father died.

The industrial pride of Houston is the Hughes Tool Co., a colossal establishment in which several hundred workmen unceasingly fabricate Hughes Patent Rotary Drill Bits, Hughes Simplex Rock Bits, Hughes Disc Bits, Hughes Acme Tool Joints and divers other gadgets consumed in enormous quantities by oil drillers. It is a very profitable enterprise—about two million dollars a year worth of profitability—and now it all belongs to Howard R. Hughes, Jr., including the annual profits.

## How It Was Spent

**TOTAL NEGATIVE COST AND DEVELOPING (2,254,750 feet).....\$225,475**  
**TOTAL COST FLYING SEQUENCES (Exclusive of film cost).....\$2,113,000**

Planes bought and reconditioned.....\$562,000  
 Players' and flyers' salaries.... 754,000  
 Plane and location rentals..... 389,000  
 Salaries, cameramen, technicians..... 408,000

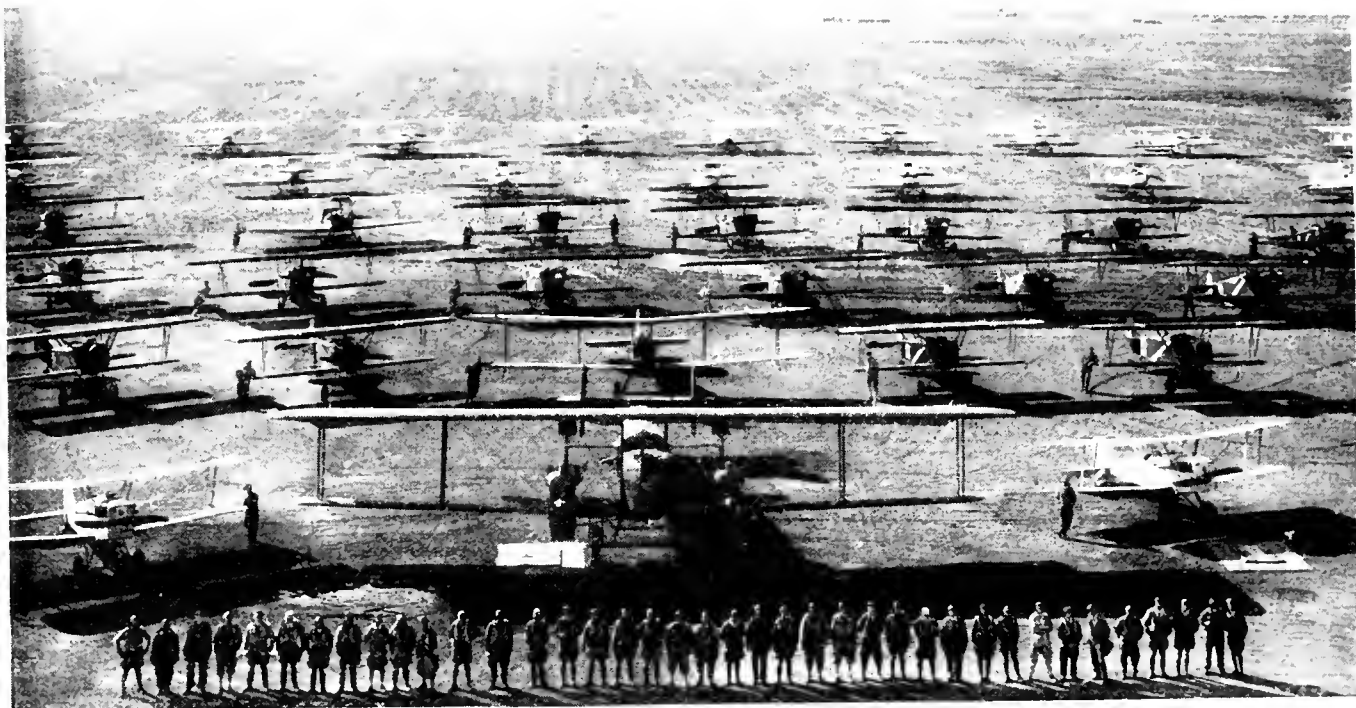
**TOTAL COST DRAMATIC OR INTERIOR SEQUENCES.....\$1,068,000**  
 Sets, costumes, etc..... 520,000  
 Players' salaries..... 328,000  
 Salaries, cameramen, directors..... 220,000

**TOTAL COST ZEPPELIN SEQUENCE..... 460,000**  
 Cost to Date.....\$3,866,475

When cutting costs, "dubbing," exploitation, etc., is added to above, cost of "Hell's Angels" will be over \$4,000,000.

At the tender age of twenty-one, young Mr. Hughes went West to seek his fortune, having first turned over the tool business to his associates with instructions to forward his dividend checks to Hollywood. His uncle, it so happens, is Rupert Hughes, the novelist, which has nothing to do with this story. Howard Hughes became immediately interested in the picture business and entered it through the expedient of financing Marshall Neilan's production, "Everybody's Acting."

This feature, so it is said, returned fifty per cent profit, and the young Croesus figured that if he could make fifty per cent on an ordinary picture he should be able to realize proportionately greater returns on better pictures, which demonstrates he had a great deal to learn about motion picture finance. Anyway, with the enticing fragrance of new gold tickling his nostrils he organized the Caddo Company (Caddo is an oil field from which, I believe, some of his income



Howard Hughes' own war fleet! Forty planes of all types, with their pilots, assembled at the airport at Oakland, Calif. Shortly after this picture was taken, the ships took off for the most spectacular air battle of "Hell's Angels," a picture that abounds with thrills

Jean Harlow (a newcomer) and Ben Lyon, below, in one of the romantic episodes in "Hell's Angels." All these were done in silent form when the talkies came. Out they went, and a talking version was made, with Miss Harlow playing the part done silently by Greta Nissen



is derived), untied his ponderous bankroll and prepared to take the picture business apart and find out what made it tick.

He unlimbered his talents, so to speak, by making a picture called "Two Arabian Knights," and very good, too. It materially enhanced the reputations of Louis Wolheim and William Boyd, its stars, and Lewis Milestone, its director. It also made money and strengthened Mr. Hughes' belief in the theory that the more you spend the more you make.

We come now to "Hell's Angels," which started its historic voyage across the cinematographic seas some time in 1927.

The legend is that Howard Hughes bought an idea from Marshall Neilan—for cash. I don't know what the idea was, but it was a virile little rascal that developed into four million dollars' worth of movie. The archives reveal that Harry Behn and Howard Hughes wrote the original script, which was subsequently pencilled out of all resemblance to its original self.

**I**N October, 1927, the thing started to jell. From Paramount, Mr. Hughes borrowed Luther Reed, a director. In case Mr. Reed needs further identification I refer you to "Rio Rita" and "Hit the Deck," his latest directorial specimens. He was also an aviation nut and had been the first aviation editor of the *New York Herald*.

Mr. Hughes also borrowed James Hall from Paramount and Ben Lyon from First National. They were to be loaned, I believe, for only two or three months. They were still working in "Hell's Angels" nearly two years later.

Greta Nissen, if you remember her, was selected for the leading feminine rôle, the remaining cast was assembled,



and on October 31, 1927, the cameras started their record-breaking grind.

A moment's digression, please.

Just prior to the starting of "Hell's Angels" Paramount had released "Wings," an admittedly great film spectacle, the epic of the war in the air. The picture was produced at tremendous cost and with all the experience and facilities of one of the world's largest studios, plus the co-operation of the United States Army and Air Service. "Wings" was a sensation.

Do you think its enormous success and the almost unsurpassable standard it set disturbed Mr. Hughes? Don't be silly. He never turned a hair. With sublime confidence he set out to make a much bigger and much better epic of the air. "Wings," as far as he was concerned, was just a sample that would whet the public appetite for what was going to be the real Peruvian doughnuts in aerial epics, "Hell's Angels."

**H**OLLYWOOD said it was impossible, or highly improbable. Right here is a good time to mention that to young Howard Hughes nothing is impossible, or at least not until he has spent a lot of money proving it to his complete satisfaction. The word "can't" is anathema. He knows what he wants and he will exhaust every resource in an effort to get it. Many times he has failed, but he also has done a lot of things the wisenheimers said couldn't be done. You have to give him credit for that.

In January, 1928, after some vicissitudes, the dramatic sequences of "Hell's Angels" were completed. None of the aerial scenes had yet been filmed. In those good old days talking pictures were unknown, so "Hell's Angels" was silent. Close to \$400,000 had been spent with a lot yet to be done.

Some of Mr. Hughes' assistants became perturbed. They made so bold as to suggest he might be spending a bit too much money.

He replied that it was his own money.

They couldn't think of a comeback to that one!

The most thrilling aerial "dog fight" in motion picture history. High over the Oakland Airport raged the battle, with the forty ships shown opposite taking part. This one exciting scene in which the dare-devil pilots performed cost \$160,000

They had never seen money spent so freely before and suspected Mr. Hughes might be wrong in certain instances, but they weren't quite sure.

After all, it is almost impossible for a man with an income of \$5,000 a day to be wrong.

As "Hell's Angels" was a war picture, Mr. Hughes insisted on real war type airplanes. Nothing else would do. His emissaries combed the land for Spads, [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 ]



The remains of a British scout plane after a mid-air crash that occurred during the above battle. Both pilots survived



# Colleen Has a House- Warming

IT'S one thing to build a beautiful, big house, and quite another to finish it up by making it into a home. That's what Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, have done with their new house in Bel-Air, which is *the* most exclusive residential section within striking distance of the Hollywood studios.

The residents of Bel-Air look askance at picture people. Not on the screen, of course. They have plenty of idols there, just like the rest of us. But they are not sure that some of their gods and goddesses of the land of illusion would make pleasant flesh-and-blood next-door neighbors.

So when a mere movie personage wants to build a house in Bel-Air, there has to be a meeting of the snooty residents, or some similar sort of mysterious conference, to decide whether

the sacred portals of Bel-Air shall be swung wide in hospitality. When ballots were cast for Colleen and "Jawn," the decision to welcome them to the inner circle of the elect was unanimous.

Their handsome Spanish style home is a treat to the eye, even in a community where gorgeous homes are the rule. It has everything for beauty and comfort and happy living. Between the swimming pool and tennis courts is a "sports house" with dressing rooms on each side, and a big, open fireplace for barbecues. There is a separate "guest house," hospitably named "Casa De Los Amigos." A cat-proof aviary is surrounded by a tiled fish pond. And, of course, there is an up-to-the-minute phonoplay theater, which has a floor that fairly urges one to dance on it after the picture showing. The theater has a name also—"Casa de la Diversiones."

Time was when only little girls collected dolls. All these are Colleen's, and we're told she has several more closets full of dollies, many dressed in costumes that duplicate those she has worn in her pictures



*Some exclusive photographs of the new home of the John McCormicks in swanky Bel-Air*



Colleen believes a sun room should be all that the name implies, so she has left the many windows entirely uncurtained



The Story of  
Grandmother  
Baker of Oak  
Park, who  
"Adopted"  
Ramon Novarro



Grandma Baker, of Oak Park, Ill., with her beloved "adopted grandson," Ramon Novarro. She went all the way to California to visit the boy who looks like her own son, long dead

# The Volunteer Grandma

A LITTLE old lady is a guest at the inaccessible home of Ramon Novarro. She is happy and excited—not because Ramon is a great screen star, not because he is surrounded by the glamour of the cinema, not because he is rich and famous. It is merely because for years he has taken the place of her own son in her heart. For twelve years his shadow across the screen has been her sole happiness.

Her son died twelve years ago, and a few weeks later—as if the hand of Fate were pointing directly at her—she discovered an obscure picture in a magazine of a boy who had just come to Hollywood to set the world afire. The name was Ramon Samaniegos. The face was very like that of her dead son!

There before her on the screen was a young man as sweet and charming as her own son. She began spending all her afternoons in the theaters where his pictures were playing. In the evenings her chief joy lay in clipping the papers and magazines that contained his pictures and stories about him and pasting them all in a large scrap book.

She didn't tell her daughters, but two years ago she wrote him a timid little letter and sent him a handkerchief she had made herself. She never once failed to write every week—friendly, chatty letters—and signed herself "Grandma Baker."

When the daughters found out, they laughed. "You're wasting your time, writing to a movie actor," they said. "You'll never hear from him."

But somehow Grandma Baker didn't care. She kept on writing, pouring out her love for the boy who had filled the vacuum left in her heart when her own son had died.

Her daughters shook their heads, and remarked, "Ma's getting childish."

One glorious day a messenger boy stopped at the little home in Oak Park. He handed Grandma Baker a yellow envelope addressed to her. Her eyes grew misty as she read: "Will be passing through Chicago Wednesday. Would love to see you, Grandma. Ramon Novarro."

IT was her hour of triumph. "So I've been a foolish old woman," she said. "There now, look at this. He wants to see me."

It was Edith Farrell who had suggested the telegram. She is in charge of the fan mail department at M-G-M, and the persistent letters and gifts from Grandma Baker had appealed to her imagination. There was the hand embroidered bag to hold Ramon's shirts, and the socks she, herself, had knit, and a little lace cap for his sister's baby. Edith knew she was no ordinary fan. She felt the real heart-break behind the letters. She told Ramon about them and suggested that he see her.

Ramon, himself, is as whimsical as Barrie and as charming as a summer day. He dispatched the wire and found Grandma Baker waiting. She had stood at the station for two hours because the train was late.

"And," said Grandma Baker, her

By Katherine Albert

old voice swelling with pride, "I would have known him anywhere, but the wonderful thing was that he came right up to me and put his arms around me and said, 'I'm so glad to see you, Grandma.'"

But why shouldn't he have known her? A little, expectant old lady—she is now eighty-five—standing so patiently, her arms loaded with gifts for him and his entire family.

**T**WO hours went all too quickly but he promised to spend a whole day with her upon his return. This time it was he who brought gifts, a handsome bag from Europe, a lovely knitted scarf, and other things that she cherishes along with the faded picture of her son.

Grandma Baker fitted right into the family on that balcony day. Ramon had not seen his picture, "The Pagan." Grandma Baker had seen it sixteen times and knew exactly where it was playing so she took Ramon. She was sorry that the first run was over and they had to see it in a second-class neighborhood house.

But it really didn't matter—nothing mattered when she was with him and people pointed him out and thought that she was his real grandmother.

"Oh, I was so proud," she said.

He left, but exacted a promise from her that she would spend the Christmas holidays with him at his home.

She came from Chicago all alone, and for six weeks was the most important member of the large household. Ramon's return from the studio was the bright spot in her day. "And she tells me," Ramon said, "more about my brothers and sisters and mother than I ever knew before. She knows more about my pictures than I do. And the way she reads my publicity—well, when I tell you she has more clippings about me than I have, you'll understand."

Grandma Baker was an almost indispensable part of the Samaniegos family. She darned Ramon's socks and mended his shirts, all unmindful of the valet whose duty it really was. She refused to allow the servants to help her in anything.

For all her eighty-five years, she is as spry as a young woman.

Ramon thought she would be thrilled at the studio. But she wanted only to be allowed to sit on his set and watch him work. She is not a movie fan. The glamour is nothing and she is unimpressed by the other stars. To her, Ramon is not a star—but her own son, her very own son.

Belgian born, she is an ardent Catholic. A few days before Christmas she told Ramon she must go to confession.

He laughed. "Surely, Grandma Baker, you have no sins."

"Yes I have," she said. "I must confess. I think I love you too much."

Her leave-taking was postponed several times. She at last decided to go on a Sunday so that she and Ramon could go to their last mass together and he would be able to take her personally to the train.

**R**AMON begged her to stay forever, but she has other duties. She lives with her two daughters and her own grandchildren in a comfortable, well-managed home.

Grandma Baker has left Hollywood, promising to return soon for another visit. Her heart is full of love and happiness.

And Ramon has a grandma. Around his neck is his scapular and chain. She gave him the chain, her most prized possession which she wore as a little girl in Belgium. It was given her by her mother and is over a hundred years old.

And this, up to now, is the story of Grandma Baker, who adopted a Mexican boy as her grandson and travelled all the way to California to visit him.

The thought of the little old lady, off on the long trail all alone, wearing her best black silk, is one that gets all tangled up in the heart and brings a lump to the throat.

No doubt there will be another chapter to this tender love story. When it is written by life, it will be written here, you may be sure of that!

And surely we'll be forgiven if we envy Ramon just a little? Lucky is the person who picks up a devoted Grandma—from a distance of 2,000 miles!

# How Popular is Rudy Vallée?

**J**UST how popular IS Rudy Vallée, the blond, blue-eyed boy from Maine, whose first picture, "The Vagabond Lover," showed him to those who had known him only as a voice on the air?

You'd be bewildered!

Rudy is a phenomenon of the amusement world. Nothing quite like him ever happened before.

He began as a radio voice, with a certain come-hither quality that sent a tremolo up and down the spines of listening girls. In two years he has become a high-priced band-leader, radio ace, master of ceremonies, vaudeville actor and film star, with a weekly income now estimated at \$8,000.

Not long ago our old Cal York did a simple, friendly reporting job. He said that Rudy was over-press-agented when he went to Hollywood, that he was a shy sort of laddy, and that "Hollywood looked down its nose" at him. Oh, fatal phrase!

Letters crashed in from Maine to Minnesota. "Just a Mother" said she loved Rudy because he loved HIS mother. Dozens dared Jack Gilbert to try to sing "A Little Kiss Each Morning." Horrors!

**R**UDY'S piping hot, right now. His fans will enjoy reading what Sidney Skolsky, columnist for the *New York Daily News*, says about Vallée, their favorite:

"Rudy was born in Westbrook, Me., July 21, 1901, and was christened Hubert Prior Vallée. He took the Rudy from Rudy Wiedoeft, ace saxophonist, and Rudy's idol on the sax. . . . Curses like a stoker, but screams shrilly when his



Girls Didn't Like Him  
When He Was at Yale

hot temper is aroused. . . . Doesn't drink much, but takes an occasional rye highball. The taste of Scotch makes him sick. . . . Tried to enlist in the Navy at fifteen, and failed. . . . Smokes a few cigarettes of an English brand, but hates the smell of pipe smoke. . . . Girls didn't like him when he was at Yale. . . . Gilda Gray put him up to using a megaphone, because his voice was low. Now he plans to employ a glass one so his face can be seen when he is singing.

**H**E plays two instruments—the saxophone and clarinet. . . . He likes the Lenore Ulric type of beauty. . . . His blond eyebrows are inconspicuous, so he pencils them on the stage. . . . He married Leonie McCoy in May, 1928, but the marriage was annulled the following August. He likes to read Western stories. . . . His current

ambition is to make a million dollars. . . . His great fear is that some day he will be fat and bald."

There you are. Another reporting job by a Broadway expert.

The favorite New York anecdote about Vallée concerns the time two high school girls called to see him backstage at the Paramount Theater.

He shook hands with them. One fainted.

The other, after her chum was revived, left the theater swearing she would never wash the hand that had shaken the hand of Rudy Vallée.

And is he popular? Ask Cal York!

Oh, my gracious me!

# She Wanted to Paint

She hated to be photographed and her voice squeaked. Now she is a bright new star of the Talkies

By Harriet Parsons



Claudette Colbert was caught flirting with this young man. Why not? He's her husband. And he'll hero in her latest picture



Mrs. Norman Foster actually urged Paramount to let her husband play opposite her. And she doesn't give one hoot for stardom!

**Y**OU'VE seen Claudette Colbert in "The Lady Lies" and "The Hole in the Wall." No?

You should.

She was born in Paris. You've probably pictured her as a blazing bunch of French temperament. Well, she isn't.

No doubt you thought she was a heart breaker of the first water. She does flirt shamelessly—with her own husband. She was caught red-handed at the Paramount studios on Long Island where they are playing opposite each other in "Young Man of Manhattan." Norman Foster, who is making such a hit in the stage production of "June Moon," has the rôle originally intended for Dick Arlen and later for Skeets Gallagher.

It was Claudette who sold the producers the idea of letting him have the rôle. Imagine a screen star of the old days wanting a mere husband to share her laurels!

She has dark hair, brown eyes, and a quick, warm smile. She eats mashed potatoes and pastry and weighs only 105 pounds. She's famous for her beautiful legs, but prefers long skirts.

When she first appeared on the stage the critics made such a fuss about her figure that she

used to cry, because they forgot to mention also that she was a good actress.

They still talk about her figure, but now they mention her acting first.

She doesn't talk about her art and she has no illusions about the "gift of dramatic expression." She likes to be surrounded by players of her own high calibre and she doesn't make any complaints about having her glory dimmed by a good cast.

**H**ER new contract with Paramount makes her a featured player, but she is slated for stardom as surely as any newcomer to the screen. She will probably fight off stardom, however, because she hasn't any desire to occupy the spotlight. It's just as important to her that a production as a whole should be good as that her part in it should be well done.

They usually describe her as "glamorous," but she hasn't any illusions about herself and is utterly lacking in pretense.

A motion picture fan since her grammar school days when she first arrived in America, she goes to see pictures every chance she gets. She admires Greta Garbo tremendously and awaited "Anna Christie" as

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117 ]

No wonder Claudette likes Mr. Microphone. He's been good to her. Her beautiful legs used to keep critics from seeing what a good actress she was. So she wears long skirts!

# Hollywood's *Greatest*



Underwood and Underwood

Restored to health at last, Alma Rubens smiles into the eyes of her husband, Ricardo Cortez, who stood at her side during the gallant, up-hill battle

By James R. Quirk

**A**LMA RUBENS is well and happy again. And beside her walks a proud and happy husband and lover, Ricardo Cortez.

For two years this dark beauty of the screen lived in a horrible nightmare of physical and mental misery, fighting what seemed like a hopeless battle for life. And giving up his screen career, Cortez threw every cent of his savings, every hour of his time, and every ounce of his strength and affection into the fight to save her.

Now that it is all over, Hollywood knows that, right before its very eyes, in real life, pitiful tragedy was transformed into genuine romance by the love of two young and gallant people.

Just recently, declared by physicians to be entirely cured of any craving for narcotics, Alma appeared in the principal rôle of a one-act play at the Writers' Club, where Hollywood authors gather. Her rôle gave her an opportunity to wear beautiful gowns, and old friends gasped with astonishment and delight when they saw her again, her dusky, vivacious beauty undimmed, her poise and acting ability surer than ever.

The studio intellectuals and their friends rose in their seats and cheered her at the end of her brilliant performance. It was one of the most sincere and heartfelt tributes ever accorded an artist in Hollywood.

**A** WEEK later she walked into one of the exclusive dancing clubs of the colony. Every man in the place sought her as a dance partner and every woman star there walked to her table to express pleasure at her return to health.

"Alma, my dear, I thank God to see this," said one of her old friends.

"Yes," said Alma, "I, too, thank God—and Riccy. But don't ask me to talk about it. It's over. Riccy and I never speak of it now."

Riccy is her name for the faithful and handsome young Ricardo. He was not there. He was on a long vaudeville trip, giving three shows a day to recoup the financial losses they had both suffered during those two dark years.

**Y**ET, Hollywood had not always been so generous. I remember things that were said a year ago. I knew Alma's story and I knew how sick she was.

"Have you seen Cortez lately?" I asked an actor who in prosperous days was supposed to be a great pal of his.

"No," he said. "I'm afraid Cortez couldn't stand the gaff. We don't see him any more. They just told me at the . . . Studio it's no use to call him. They say he's unreliable."

Part of that was true. Cortez, having spent his last nickel for doctors and hospitals was afraid of the consequences if he left her alone for an hour.

Unreliable?

The story of Alma's two long visits to hospitals for the cure of the drug habit has been told in many newspaper dispatches. Once, to save her from herself, Cortez had her committed to Patton, the California State institution. That act of his, requiring courage and utter disregard of what folks would say, was misconstrued, of course.

Hollywood didn't know, much less the world; how it all happened. Cortez knew, and he fought for her. The word fought is used literally. He even went to a doctor who had taken her jewelry away as payment for narcotic bills and forced him with his two fists to disgorge.

I remember Alma twelve years ago when she first came to Hollywood. I saw a dark, shy little beauty acting with Douglas Fairbanks in the making of "The Americano" at San Diego. She had just come down from San Francisco, where she had worked in one of G. M. Anderson's (Broncho Billy) girl shows. She was then about fifteen.

# True Love Story



Doctor, nurse and anguished husband stood behind the camera for ten hours while Alma Rubens finished this sequence for "Show Boat." Her breakdown followed

John Emerson was directing the picture, and he told me then that she would one day be a great actress. She spoke to no one. After each scene she went off in a corner and sat by herself. I commented on this to Mr. Emerson.

"Just scared stiff, poor kid," said the sympathetic Emerson. "That little girl is getting only twelve dollars a week and is living in fear of losing her job. She is supporting a father and mother."

It was about that time that the seeds of the tragedy of later years were sown.

Alma was passing into womanhood, and she suffered agonies, just as thousands of other girls do. It seemed so easy to relieve the pain. Perhaps the trouble would pass away soon, anyhow. So the doctor gave her morphine. This went on three years. But the pain never disappeared. The cure became a deadly habit. I don't think Alma would mind that being known, if she thought it might save other girls from the results of similar ignorance.

Back of that, too, was the ne-



Alma Rubens at the peak of her success, when her dark beauty and emotional depth as an actress were acclaimed. Now, months of ghastly suffering past, she looks like this again

cessity of daily work for daily bread. Her father hopelessly crippled and bedridden with rheumatism, the little girl started out at the age of twelve to work in a San Francisco department store. She told an intimate friend once that for three days while her mother was also in the hospital all the food she had was that which she shared from her mother's hospital tray.

Someone told her she was very pretty and should be on the stage. Dreams of becoming a great actress came into the little dark head.

She even made up a name for herself, *Rose La France*.

Syd Grauman, the great motion picture exhibitor, told me once of a little girl who came up to him in the lobby of one of his San Francisco theaters, and said:

"I am Rose La France."

"Yes, that's fine," said Grauman. "What can I do for you?"

All the time the kid stood on one foot, then on the other, and looked as though she were going to turn and run any second.

"I'm an actress," said she.

"Yes, that's fine," said Grauman. "What kind of actress?"

"I'm a quick-change artist," she blurted out, and started down the street.

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"Now I think I am almost truly happy!" With these words Greta Garbo took her little mother in her arms, on her triumphant return to Sweden after years of absence. With the world's applause in her ears, Garbo thought first of the mother who had nourished her dreams

# That

Read the story that Greta Garbo tells a famous Swedish journalist—of a little girl in Stockholm's "Southside," lathering chins and modeling for hats

By

Åke Sundborg

**T**HIS is the story of the beginnings of that woman of ice and fire we know as Greta Garbo.

Her name rings 'round the world. Wherever there is a screen, there Greta Garbo is known. Now she is twenty-four. Six years ago she was an unknown Cinderella in Stockholm, town of her nativity. Who says the day of miracles is past?

I am interviewing Garbo on her visit to her Swedish home. It is mid-winter.

"The story of my life?" she says, as I sit opposite her, patiently mining the material for these articles from her reticent spirit.

"We all do the same things. We go to school, we learn, we grow up—one much as another. Some are born in mansions, some in cottages, but what difference does this make in the long run? What does it matter who my parents were, or what they did? I cannot see what significance these facts have for others!

"We gradually find our true aim in life and try to fulfill its mission. This is the true significance of life. The result of our life should bear witness to what we are, what we will to do, what we can achieve. And our work tells this best in its own language. Mine happens to be the language of the motion picture screen."

Greta Gustafsson as a bathing beauty in her first professional film, produced by Erik A. Petschler near Stockholm in 1922. Very much to the Mack Sennett!



# Gustafsson Girl

## PART 1

Brave and profound words these, from a girl of twenty-four. They are added proof—if any is needed—that she is a rare and precious spirit in the world of life and art.

It is a difficult task—this dredging of the touching, dramatic facts from the hidden history of her early days. For Garbo is humble, modest, reticent. She ever shrinks from attention, covering her life with silence, though fate has forced her into the most pitiless of all limelights.

**DIRECT** attack will never succeed in the face of her silence. One must use subterfuge—all the wiles and trickeries of the trained reporter—to bring the white flower of her strange spirit into the sunlight.

One question is superfluous, really. Is she glad to be home again? At this appeal to her affection and emotions her face lights. Greta Garbo loves her kinfolk and her homeland with a surpassing love.

When, after several years in Hollywood, she came home to Sweden, and her train came to the little suburban town of Södertälje, she found her mother waiting!

After the first embraces, Greta impulsively exclaimed, "Now I think I am almost truly happy!" And as the rushing train crossed the bridge over the Mälar, her eyes filled with tears that were not of sorrow. The hunger of years of homesickness was being fed!



A fourteen-year-old schoolgirl in Stockholm, with big bow and long hair—a picture which proves that any girl can do anything! When this was taken, Greta Gustafsson was ready to put aside her books and go to work in one of the capital's big shops



Her first appearance before a movie camera. Greta in a comedy makeup she wore in an advertising film made for Bergström's, the store where she sold hats

"Almost truly happy!" This is a key that opens the door to Greta Garbo's secret heart. It even implies a doubt, in her own spirit, that she could ever be truly happy again.

This spiritual attitude is characteristic of the girl.

"I WAS always inclined to melancholy," she says. "Even when I was a tiny girl, I preferred being alone. I hate crowds. 'Go and play now!' mother would say. But I did not want to, and I still firmly believe that it is wise and essential to leave even small children alone now and then—to find peace, and to dream and wonder about the strange ways of this world in which they find themselves. I think this is even more important than play. Apart from skating and other winter sports, my best games were played by myself. I could give my imagination free rein, and live in a world of lovely dreams."

Death has walked often among those nearest and dearest to Greta Garbo. Unquestionably this has contributed to her melancholy turn of mind.

"I lost my father when I was fourteen. How terrible when a dear one is torn away forever—when one is so young!"

During her long American absence she lost her sister as well. Her "little sister," Greta always called her, though the girl was two years older.

"I could hardly believe it," she says. "My sister was

AVDELNING

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73

Ur Paul U. Bergströms Aktiebolags Vår- och sommarkatalog 1921.

*Living the humdrum life of  
of conquer-*

always so gay, so healthy, so beautiful! I always hoped she would come out to me in America. She had had a try at pictures, and I believed in her future. I just couldn't believe she was dead—until I came home and found her gone!

"Though I am the youngest of three children, my brother and sister always looked on me as the oldest. In fact, I can hardly remember ever having felt young, in the ordinary sense. I always had opinions, and the others looked to me for decisions, and for the solutions to their childish problems. But my moods were changeable. Happy one moment—the next plunged in despair. Yet they came to me for help and comfort."

"What awakened your love for the stage?" I prompt.

"I MUST have been born with it," she says, half-smiling. "None of my people had ever been on the stage. When I was a little girl, and knew nothing of the theater, I used to make up, as I imagined actresses did, and play theater with my brother and sister—as nearly all children do.

"When I was seven or eight came my first experience with people of the wonderland of the stage. Each evening, at about seven, I used to go to the courtyard of the Southside Theater and watch the actors and actresses pass to and from their work. Then I would steal home, fearful of a scolding for my tardiness. Somehow, the idea that I could enter the theater by the main entrance on the market place never entered my mind. My sole wish seems to have been to creep inside the magic stage door.

"At last, gaining courage, I stole inside, where I caught

The first public appearance of Greta Gustafsson as a model for the hat department. When Paul Bergström's catalogue for the spring of 1921 was issued, Greta's picture was used five times, wearing five of the tastiest items in the stock of "Ladies' Hats." Little did this cameraman think that the face he captured was to be world-famous!



A scene from the film that won Europe for Greta Garbo. Greta as she appeared with Gerda Lundequist in "Gosta Berling," which brought new fame to the great Mauritz Stiller and set Garbo firmly on the road to photoplay fame and her triumphs in Hollywood. And it was her first appearance in a genuine film drama



## *a working girl, Greta dreamed ing the stage*

wonderful glimpses of the players at their entrances, and first smelled that most wonderful of all odors to a devotee of the theater—that backstage smell, compounded of grease-paint, powder and musty scenery. No odor in the world will ever mean as much to me—none!”

To the little yellow-haired girl of eight, the stage door had become the glittering gateway to Paradise.

**T**HERE she stood each evening. In time she dared slip through, past the eyes of a gate-man who knew her by now, and caught fascinating glimpses of the dressing rooms—the stage. She stole home, and into bed, without telling her parents of the wonders, and her dreams. So was an undying love of the theater born in the heart of little Greta Gustafsson.

And it was not until she was twelve that she saw the stage from “out front”—and then from a perch high in the balcony!

That path across the courtyard of the old Southside Theater. It was the way to fairy-land! Just by the gateway a lift bridge juts out over the cliffs of the Southside. There the little girl often stood, dreaming, gazing at the lights of Stockholm spread below. A panorama of a great, sprawling smoky world—an unknown world that frightened her, that frightens her to this day.

It was this world, fraught with mystery and danger, that she was to go out and conquer ten years later!

### CHAPTER TWO—Job Hunting

“**T**HE Southside.”

Your genuine 100-per cent Stockholmer lives “north of the river.” When he speaks of the Southside he seems to be talking of another town, quite foreign to the real capital of Sweden. To him, the Southside is nothing but a pretty silhouette of cliffs against the skyline across the River Mälär. He may take a taxi trip to the resorts of Mosebacke Square, advertised as Stockholm’s Montmartre. But the town itself he ignores. And yet the Southside is rich in interest and in memories.

So it is characteristic that when a Stockholm paper speaks of Greta Garbo’s birth it simply says she was born “somewhere on the Southside.”

I paid a visit to the place—a five-story apartment building at 32 Blekingegaten Street, a very ordinary place like thousands of others all over Stockholm. There Greta Louvisa Gustafsson was born. A drab, prosaic building, squeezed between two others of its kind. The rest of the lots on the street are vacant.

The five-story house at 32 Blekingegaten Street, Stockholm, where Greta Gustafsson was born. The snowy spaces in the foreground were, and still are, the playspot of the children of the neighborhood

These were the play-spots for the children of the quarter. In the summer there was a little grass, and sheds that invited romping youngsters as caves and castles.

“I never cared to play there,” Greta says. “I also warned my brother and sister away. Perhaps I thought there were too many strange children. Perhaps I was afraid of the grown-ups who frequented the open places.”

Garbo’s brother and sister were three and two years, respectively, ahead of her in her primary school days.

“School?” she says, in reply to my question. “There isn’t much to tell of my school years. I went to public school, and hated it. I hated its confinement, its repression. I dare say all children feel this way, even if they do not dare be frank about it. History interested me most. Geography I detested. I could never understand maps. They frightened me. Unlike most children, I actually dreaded recess! I could not bear the thought of playing by order, by the clock, in the schoolyard! My only comfort was that recess brought nearer the end of classes for the day, when I could escape, go home, be free!”

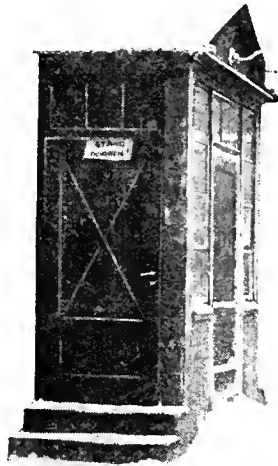
**W**HEN did Garbo see her first movie? She has completely forgotten!

“It stands to reason that I went to the movies like other children,” she says. “There were simple picture houses near my home, and one manager was kind to me, and let me in free, now and then. This was fortunate. Of course I had no money.”

Greta Gustafsson was still in primary school when she lost her father. He was not yet forty-eight when he died. She was heartbroken at his passing, for she loved him dearly.

With his death came a change in the family fortunes. A widow was left with three young children. Fortunately, the two elder had by this time finished school, and soon Greta would be free, as well. Then she could go to work and begin to help support herself and the rest.

Now that Greta Garbo has won world-wide fame, there are some in Sweden who delight in remembering that she first worked in a barber shop! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]



The gate of dreams! Stage door of the old Southside Theater, Stockholm, where eight year old Greta watched actors come and go



Your war correspondent,  
under a flag of truce, counts  
the casualties in the battle  
of Hollywood



# Are Stage Stealing

By Leonard Hall

**T**HE battle of Hollywood is over! Your correspondent, under a flag of truce, goes out upon the field to count the fallen and to check the survivors. The great war that began when Broadway's shock troops thundered into the trenches of filmland two years ago has simmered to an occasional private grudge fight up an alley.

The time has come to take stock—to see how far the former stage actors have succeeded in running the old guard into the High Sierras.

How much of the immortal screen have the newcomers stolen?

Screen players, barricaded in their stucco castles and beaver-board palaces, sniffed scornfully at the besieging hosts. They said that the staggers, licked by the camera, would take the first fast freight back to the one-armed beaneries of Broadway.

People of the theater, smelling gold and drinking California sunshine, said pooh and also bah. They'd show the Hollywood-woodenheads some real acting instead of the old-fashioned face-making, when mouths opened and nothing came out.

Two years of bitter battle have proved both sides wrong.

Some older favorites, blessed with spunky hearts and fruity voices, not only held their own but forged far ahead, as in the case of the ever-glorious Swanson. The rest have wrapped their ermine about them and scuttled to their hilltop lairs.

Never was the old and tried "survival of the fittest" more perfectly worked out by time and fate.

**T**HOSE of the stage with courage and true talent have, almost overnight, captured their share of Hollywood fame and boodle. The others, with a sockful of savings, have gone quietly back to the roaring canyons of New York.

If some of the more gallant old-liners hadn't fought like tigers for their place in the sun-arcs, what horrors would have faced them! The wide beaches of the Pacific would be white with the bleaching bones of film weaklings and nitwits. Happy Jimmy Gleason would be King James I, of Hollywood. Jack Oakie would be court jester, and Helen Kane would be booping her doops at all the royal orgies!

What does the record book say?

It shows—in plain black figures—that the stage actors have been winning along the line. The battle has been no easy victory. But the people of the theater have been forging on, taking trench after trench, as some of the veterans fight, weaken, fall back.

They have the edge, these stage people who crossed the desert to find the pot of gold.

And they're winning bout by bout, for two potent reasons. One is social—one is business.

**F**OR the first, Broadway's onslaught caught the mellowing stars with their guard down.

All was pleasant and restful, in the dead days of silence.

A river of gold had been pouring into the stars' coffers. They had been idolized and pawed over to the point of nausea. Maturing in years, well heeled, they were in no state to face a new deal that called for pep, study and high-g geared training. Many were licked before they came out of the fog of success, ease and self-confidence.

Worst of all, as the years marched on they had been smothered by dignity. They had forgotten how to play!

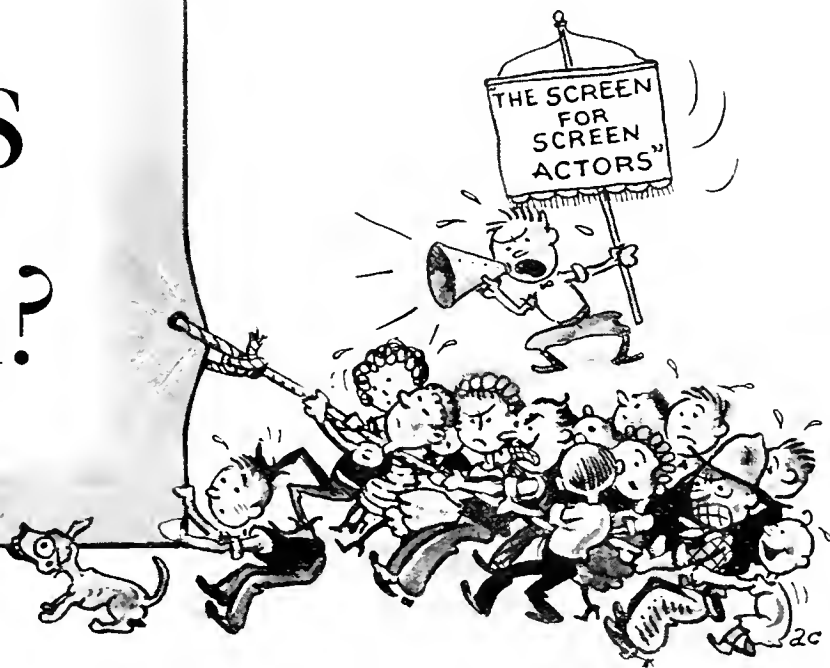
Doug, heading inexorably toward fifty, was no longer the playboy of the lots. Chaplin, the harum-scarum, was saddened by domestic woes and oppressed by gray hair, philosophical frettings and the Great Divide of forty. Harold Lloyd became Baron of Beverly Hills and Duke of Magnetic Hill, pushing golf balls around an estate that costs \$3,000 a week to run.

What made the great stars great, and kept them so?

Nothing but frequent appearances in the best possible pictures. The fans forget quickly. In the never-never-land of movies, absence makes the heart grow sourer. So when the lords and geniuses began condescendingly to grind out one a year, we promptly went seeking after new gods.

If we can see the incomparable Chatterton four or five times a year, shall we moon over a Pickford become almost legendary? If we can have a look at the Colossal Oakie every six weeks, shall we pine for a Chaplin (even though he is master of them

# the Actors the Screen?



all) who seemingly doesn't care any more about the desires of his millions than the King of England does about the shrieks of the only radical on the Isle of Man?

Not for a minute!

With the stars dead on their feet, the talkies lashed out. And horrible was the slaughter.

Hundreds of young stage actors came whooping in. In their jeans were six-months contracts, and in the fading theater that's not an engagement—it's a career. They looked about. Beaches, hungalows, golf courses and sunshine met their delighted eyes. No more stuffy New York apartments! Homes of their own, with posies in the front yard and tennis courts in the rear.

"HOOPLA!" they yelled. "How long has this been going on?" They took to Hollywood like an Iowan to Pasadena!

And today some of the liveliest and most charming social life in the film colony settles about certain of these settled vagabonds who have made good.

A gay and friendly mob swirls about the home of Jimmy, Lucille and Russell Gleason—three happy warriors who have left the long trail for peace and pleasure. Another—a bit more tail coat—centers around Basil Rathbone, Ouida Bergere and others. The Frederick Marches, the Robert Montgomerys, the Chester Morris, the Elliott Nugents, the Ann Harding-Harry Bannisters—all live gloriously in the sunshine and work like nailers.

A good contract in the California wonderland is sheer Heaven to the stage nomad. Small wonder that they both work and romp with zest! They still know how to play!

As for the second reason for the stage actors' edge—what a shock to stars of the silent era!

The very first wave of theater folk to smack the screen kicked to pieces, and ruined for all time, the most cherished fallacy in the history of the motion picture—namely, that screen acting was a sacred, secret art with a magical technique all its own.

The older screen actors nourished this article of faith, to bolster their egos and fend off attacks from the theater. The Art of Motion Picture Acting was a holy of holies that only their sainted feet could tread.

This, of course, was sheer rubbish—a fake and a phony of the

For every Swanson who holds the fort in filmland, a Chatterton captures a couple of trenches

very first order, and the first stage actors to try the talkies lost no time in knocking it in the head. No one in his right senses would dare uphold such a position today. He'd be blown into the Pacific by a storm of haw-haws.

Certain stage actors proved, first pop, that there is no such mystery. That there is one technique, one half-art, one highly specialized business of acting and no more, whether it is done for fifty bored studio hands or for two thousand cash customers.

Paramount made a newspaper picture, called "Gentlemen of the Press." Walter Huston, Charles Ruggles and Kay Francis appeared in the leading rôles—three stage actors who didn't know a microphone and a camera from a pair of milk-white billy-goats. They stepped forth, bowed, and gave three truly astounding performances on their first try. All three are now honored and sought in filmland. Ruth Chatterton proved the point when she made "The Doctor's Secret." Screen acting was not the divine right of the silent stars. It was another good job for a competent and faithful workman, whether of screen or stage.

Nothing rattled the old-timers quite so much as the explosion of this pet hokum. For months they couldn't look at a microphone without inviting a stroke.

Just *pour le sport*, let's check the record book.

HERE'S what is shown by the list of historic "best performances" which appears each month in PHOTOPLAY'S "The Shadow Stage."

February, 1929. The name of Dorothy Burgess, a little stage girl among a half dozen screensters. Warner Baxter is there, too, for his great return in "In Old Arizona." In March, the name of Chatterton blazed for the first time, for the first fine drawing room talkie drama, "The Doctor's Secret." The rest were of the silent screen—Garbo, Asther, Colman, Mackaill, Sills, Farrell. April, and Charlie King in "The Broadway Melody," beside Bessie Love in her sparkling rebirth. King alone—besides Barthelmess, Novarro and others, who were still speechless.

May was noteworthy. The [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104 ]

# NEWS! — VIEWS! —

## of Stars



Acme



P. & A.

How do you like John Barrymore's new dapple-gray whiskers? He's raising the hedge for the talkie version of "The Sea Beast." A picture of John and Dolores Costello taken at the launching of his new 110 foot yacht, *The Infanta*, named for the expected new Barrymore

Chapter 465 of the journalistic sensation of the century. When Clara Bow-de-o-do arrived in New York, Harry Richman got up in the middle of the night (nine A. M.) and met her, accompanied by his raccoon coat and seventy-five cameramen

**T**HERE'S someone living in Falcon's Lair, Valentino's hill-top home!

It isn't the restless ghost of the dead star, nor yet a spectral hound that howls at midnight.

The new tenant is very flesh and blood and gristle—none other than Harry Carey, old Western star and now of "Trader Horn."

Harry just laughs away the superstitions that have gathered about the long-deserted mansion of the late Rudy.

He endured nine months of Africa—its heat, its toil and its danger—just to make a movie. Is he going to be frightened by ghosts conjured up by the minds of the imaginative? Not he! His hearty laughter rings out in the rooms where Valentino lived and loved—and, naturally, suffered.

**H**ERE'S one for the memory album!

Old Cal, the Cautious, doesn't vouch for it, but you can write your own ticket. It is related by Walter Winchell, the Old Lady Grundy of New York.

He says that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford have promised Mary Pickford not to welcome any little strangers for a period of five years, in order that she may not suffer the embarrassment of becoming a step-grandma until after she has retired from the screen to become the grand lady of Pickfair.

It's a good story, anyway, and far stranger things have happened under the California sun.

**M**UTEA and his pal, the two big Africans brought to Hollywood to finish "Trader Horn," were given a treat the other day.

A Garbo picture was especially run off for the natives, they being a little bored out West.

"Well, how do you like Greta Garbo?" asked a studio employee, when the showing was over.

"No good," grumbled Mutea, fumbling for his English. "No like. Stomach too thin!"

**C**LARA BOW'S chins may be multiplying.

Lon Chaney has so far fought off the mike.

Yet these two stars led the movie pack at the box office during 1929!

At least, that's what a poll of theater-owners says.

Clara got 122 votes, with Colleen Moore her nearest competitor. Lon was followed by "Wild Willie" Haines, Hoot Gibson and Buddy Rogers. Fancy Hoot nudging out "America's Boy Friend!"

All of which proves something or nothing. Take your pick.

**T**HE lid seems to have blown clear off the marriage of Gloria Swanson and Hank, her marquis.

The explosion happened when Constance Bennett arrived in New York after her stay abroad, when she got a divorce and a million dollars from Phil Plant, her husband.

# GOSSIP! — *By* Cal York

## *and* Studios



P. & A.

Connie—Constance to YOU, sir!—Bennett and her recent husband, Phil Plant, a wealthy New York playboy who settled a million dollars on her when the judge told them to go their separate ways. Connie is now reported very much interested in Gloria Swanson's Henri

Within a week or so, it was reported, the gorgeous Connie spent about \$800 phoning Henri, the marquis, in Paris, that she had arrived safely and so on. The long separation of Gloria and de Falaise adds weight to the thought that the marriage is all over but the decree.

Calling a successful marriage 100 per cent, that of Swanson and Henri would rate just about six per cent—good interest, but no percentage at all on marital bliss.

It's a pretty good wager that all is over between Gloria and her French spouse, and that Henri and the lovely Bennett are making goo-goo eyes.

### MONTHLY change-of-heart bulletin—

Lon Chaney will talk, out of all his faces.

He has just signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—a five-year document that will bring Lon in about \$1,000,000 the first three, and goodness knows how much the last two, if his maps hold out.

A lot of his old hits will be re-shot in sound.

WE'LL start our monthly rumor department with the innocent statement that when Gloria Swanson (the old trespasser!) visited the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios recently, the only person she saw was Cecil B. De Mille.

This leads easily into the crack that wouldn't it be just TOO thrilling if De Mille, the man who made her famous as a mannikin (if not as a real actress) were to direct her in a talkie?

And with that remark it is easy to close by saying ho, hum, maybe she just happened to meet him on the way to the cook-



P. & A.

Gloria and her Henri, the Marquis, when life was still a honeymoon and the birdies sang love songs around the chateau of the old Falaise family. This was before Henri went to Paris to work, and before Pretty Connie appeared

house for one of those famous Joan Crawford salads—a sprig of lettuce and a thin slice of tomato.

THE love story of Loretta Young and Grant Withers turns out to be one of the stormiest in history.

No sooner had the moony young pair flown back from Yuma, Ariz., after their recent elopement, than Mamma Young called Grant on the family carpet, spoke her piece, and went after an annulment, Loretta being seventeen only.

Withers, worried, went for a drive, smashed his car, got all bruised up.

Slap, comes a suit for increased alimony from his first wife. She wanted her alimony increased from sixty dollars to three hundred dollars a week because the twenty-four-year-old boy had climbed into the big money.

INCIDENTALLY, Grant's first marriage resulted in an annulment, too—because HE was too young! Just one annulment after another for young Withers!

And the slam-bang business carried plenty of grief for the magazines, too. We, for instance, had the girl "engaged to Grant Withers" in an issue that appeared just after all this fuss.

And at last reports the pair were living together, making the annulment thing quite, quite void.



Shooting from cloud to cloud! With his air-minded camera clamped firmly to the side of the ship, Cinematographer Archie Stout of Paramount fixes the last gadget and prepares to aloft to make some air shots for "Young Eagles," the new flying picture which stars Buddy Rogers

The Mixes mix again, and who said separation? Tom Mix, now the king of circus cowboys, and Victoria, filmland's queen of diamonds, at the Miami race track, in Florida. Mrs. Mix's long absence in Paris gave birth to a lot of divorce rumors, but here she surely looks happy though married



Underwood & Underwood

## MONTHLY Ho-Hum bulletins:

The Clara Bow-Harry Richman thing goes on and on. Maybe by the time you read this they'll be married. Perhaps they'll have forgotten each other's name. But if you care much, you're goofier than this poor long-suffering old gossip.

Harry gets up in the middle of the night (9 A. M.) to meet Clara when she hits New York.

They hug seventy-five times for seventy-five sleepy reporters and cameramen.

He gives her a diamond bracelet. A gentleman named Cohn, finding that Harry has that much money, slaps a \$50,000 judgment on him. Harry was charged with alienating the affections of Mrs. Cohn, and the fifty grand was to soothe Mr. Cohn's aching heart.

That's about all the ho-hum this month.

**S**O Gilda Gray's divorce is final. Well—  
 She shook here;  
 She shook there;  
 She shook simply  
 Everywhere!  
 She shook ev-  
 'rything in view.  
 At last she shook  
 Her husband, too . . . !

**G**REATER love hath no husband than this. Anthony Bushell, the handsome young juvenile of "Disraeli," recently underwent a blood transfusion to aid the recovery of his wife, Zelma O'Neal, from an operation for appendicitis.

Zelma, a musical comedy whirlwind from Broadway, is to appear in the film version of "Follow Through."

**V**ICTOR McLAGLEN and George Bancroft have a lot of wild-eyed fans who never see them on the screen!

They are the children of the actors' friends.

Vic and George play the hard-boiled, fiery-eyed rôles that parents are inclined to steer the younger kids away from. These child friends meet the stars in person and love them as good playfellows—but they never see them in pictures.

Parents find it hard to explain to the children why they can see McLaglen and Bancroft in their homes but never at the movies.

**M**ILTON SILLS is well along on the comeback trail! The big boy, ill for over a year, has a big rôle in the Fox production, "A Very Practical Joke," and he is happy, we are happy and Wife Doris Kenyon is deliriously happy.

Inasmuch as Doris is working in pictures again, too, it looks like a blithe spring for the Sillses.

**M**AURICE CHEVALIER is the modern Midas. His time turns to money!

When he had finished "The Big Pond" in the East, Maurice went to Hollywood just for a visit. The boy likes the spot.

And the money began to roll in.

He was offered \$5,000 for his American radio début—ten minutes on the air.

Did he take it? Know the French?

He took in \$18,000 for eight days' work at the San Francisco Auto Show, singing two numbers twice a day.

A nice \$23,000 holiday.

Oh, for a smile like that!

**T**HE grand opera stars are fully appreciative of California and Hollywood.

Galli-Curci has purchased an enormous estate in Palos Verdes, immediately upon retiring from the Metropolitan opera, without even knowing whether or not she would sign for motion pictures.

Lawrence Tibbett came to Hollywood and purchased a beautiful residence in Beverly Hills, just across the street from Corinne Griffith, before he had ever signed his long-term contract with M-G-M.

John McCormack, three weeks after his arrival in Hollywood, purchased an estate of one hundred and forty-five acres without having any idea whether Fox would want him for a second picture.

He will still do salmon fishing in Ireland every spring, but he plans to spend the major portion of his time in Hollywood.

Who's this gay young blade with the hoiled shirt, the iron hat and the dingle-dangle on his left wrist? A new master of ceremonies? A band leader? The president of the sophomore class? All wrong. It's Jackie Coogan himself, attending the Hollywood opening of Lawrence Tibbett's "The Rogue Song"



The crossroads store in movieland! The little girls of the chorus gather 'round the red-hot salamander, as they call them, on wintry days in California, talking about their boy friends and re-fighting the Civil War. Director Michael Curtiz, Frank Fay and the girls on the First National lot

**W**ELL, we told you so. We knew it couldn't be long. Stepin Fetchit, that playful dark child who owned too many automobiles for his own good, has played and talked himself out of two jobs, now.

Too often in court—sometimes too tired to toil, Step finds himself on the wrong side of the studio gateman, now. Fox tired of his antics and let him go. Then he went to Columbia for a part and attempted to direct the director.

This didn't go down at all, as directors are still considered, in most circles, to know more about their jobs than the hired hands. So Step's second job went up the spout.

If he doesn't look out, the boy will be buck-dancing for quarters on the street-corners of Los Angeles.

**W**HEN Will Rogers learned that John McCormack had purchased an estate right through the heart of Hollywood that extended from Mulholland Drive almost to the foyer of the Roosevelt Hotel, he exclaimed:

"My, my, why did you do that? I would have sold you mine cheap and thrown in a couple of monologues."

**S**TOP the presses! Dust off the headlines! Mae Murray and Eric Von Stroheim are friends again!

They had not spoken for five years. Not since those hectic and fatal days when Von directed Mae in "The Merry Widow." Old-timers at the studio still speak of the quarrel in hushed tones.

But now for the big reconciliation scene. It happened at the Mayfair dance. Von gave a big party. Mae was at another table. Von had interesting little favors to symbolize the various pictures he has directed. One of them was a miniature of Mae and Jack Gilbert dancing the Merry Widow waltz.

In a moment of good cheer Von sent the statuette over to Mae's table. She came to Von and threw her arms around him. A spot light was thrown upon the happy pair while everybody applauded. And another Hollywood hatchet is buried!

**I**F it weren't that policemen's clubs are called truncheons in England, this could never have happened—

Charlie Chaplin was in one of his silences on the lot recently. He goes into them when thinking up gags. Everybody has to be quiet, while Charlie sits and thinks. Suddenly he gets the gag—and leaps up proclaiming it.

This time he wondered what to do with a policeman. For minutes he sat silent. Then some bit of business to do with the policeman's club struck him.

He leaped into the air and shattered the silence with one word:

"TRUNCHEON!" he bawled.

With one accord, everybody—principals, extras, technicians, cameramen and everyone else—dashed off the set.

Pop-eyed in amazement, Chaplin watched them go.

"Now what caused that?" he finally asked.

"Why—didn't you call 'luncheon'?" someone asked, innocently.

**S**PEAKING of the stock market and disposing of all securities to meet the margin, Cliff Edwards tells how a Lincoln limousine was exchanged for a litter of eleven Whip-pets, all equipped with tail lights.

**"G**EE, it must be soft to be a movie star!!!"

Yes?—well, the other day, Dorothy Mackaill, rehearsing a scene, crashed into a piano. The doctor found a broken rib.

"Bed," he ordered.

"Sorry; can't," she replied. "Have to finish the picture."

So with tape holding the broken rib in place, she finished the required scene, the next day.

Then she collapsed.

"Bed!!" insisted the doctor.

She obeyed, this time.

**C**ECIL B. DE MILLE (or so they say) gave a friend a dictionary for Christmas.

He inscribed it—"The second greatest book ever written."

"That's funny," said an innocent bystander, taking a pinch of snuff or something, "I didn't know he'd written his life story!"

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 74 ]

# The New Two-Gun Man

FLOODS have passed under the bridge since William S. Hart left Hollywood for his hilltop rancho at Newhall, and the greatest two-gun man of the romantic pioneer days faded from the screen. Hollywood has changed. Along came the greatest revolution of all time in the cinema city, talking pictures. New stars have appeared, and old ones have disappeared.

In five years no one has approached the old two-gun popularity of Hart. The others are athletes first, and two-gun men second, as far as their pictures are concerned.

But now, those who should know see the shadow of a new, young, two-gun hero outlined on the screen of the future. It is unlikely that he will ever take the exact place of Hart. No one ever takes the exact place of another. There will never be a second Valentino, or another Wally Reid.

Will Gary Cooper be the great two-gun star of the phonoplay, just as William S. Hart was the beloved

## Will Gary Cooper take the saddle of Bill Hart?

than a pinto pony and a becurled heroine. There has to be a genuine love for the thing portrayed, or it becomes just another movie. Well, Gary has that love. He's restless and confined in Hollywood. Every once in a while he breaks loose. He drives through Imperial Valley, along the strange, lost Salton Sea, through the sage and mesquite.

He likes to drive at dusk, for the moonlight rapidly follows the last red glow of the sunset down there. He likes to return to his home, "Sunnyside Ranch," in Montana, with its swirling rivers and big game.

Now he is going to Arizona to look over a 240,000-acre ranch. Perhaps he will buy it.

Gary, "Big Coop," if you can run fast enough to call him that, prefers to make Westerns. It's the life he knows best, and his first great success in Hollywood was as the lean Westerner, *Abe Lee*, in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Gary WAS *Abe*. He knew how he would think and talk and live.

The Big Boy's first tail-coat picture! Gary Cooper in "Children of Divorce," surrounded by Clara Bow, and Esther Ralston



Ever see more misery painted by fate on a human face? Gary is longing for those ole woolly chaps and two-gallon hat!

two-gun hero of the photoplay? As rapid as Gary's strides to popularity have been in the last three years, he won his greatest acclaim in "The Virginian," Owen Wister's famous old story of a drawling youth who was quick on the trigger. The lanky lad from Montana will continue in Westerns—not the shoddy horse operas of yore, made on a slim shoestring, but elaborate productions on which the best writing talent at Paramount will work. Now he is making "The Texan," and after that "Fighting Caravan," a romantic tale of the first freights to cross the Continental Divide.

IN many ways Gary and Hart are alike. They are both tall and rangy and bear unmistakably the stamp of the West. More than anything else they love the ranges. Hart spent his boyhood in the old Dakota territory with the Sioux Indians. He had worn nothing but moccasins on his feet when his father brought him back to New York when he was sixteen. Gary grew up on two thousand rolling Montana acres. Hart was homesick for the West when at twenty-two he was playing *Armand* to Modjeska's *Camille*. Gary felt nostalgia for Montana when he was taken to school in England. He is homesick for it now that he is a star in Hollywood.

To be a really great Western star it takes more

He was like a fish out of water when Paramount put him in the drawing room in "Children of Divorce." Then when he was given three Westerns after that he learned the needed tricks of the profession against a more agreeable, familiar background.

"It's like a vacation," he said, "playing in a Western picture. I get the exercise that I don't have time to take otherwise. I ride horseback and wear comfortable clothes.

"There's a great future for Westerns, I think. Good Westerns. I was crazy about them when I was a kid. Then they began to use the same moth-eaten story. They started from the middle and wrote both ways, and they started from the end and worked to the beginning. Always the same, a hero, a heroine, a horse, a few broken-down, discontented cows. Of course, everybody got tired of that sort of thing. Even the kids. The talkies will give the Westerns new life; that is, if they're good and there aren't too many of them."

Danger has always gone hand in hand with the players associated too closely with Westerns. Perhaps no actor in Hollywood has been so stereotyped as the Western star. Gary realizes that, and so does Paramount. Between every Western picture he makes will be sandwiched one of another type. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

By  
Marquis  
Busby



# Want to Write Songs?

By

Harry Lang



Irving Berlin, who began his hit career with "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and has since written many of the nation's songs without caring two G-clefs about who makes its laws

Read what Irving Berlin, the Old Master, says about his job

"SCOOOS, pleass; you in pik-shers, meester?" asked the Jap who cuts my lawn.

"Well, in a way—"

"Ah, yess; sank you; pleass to tell me how I writing poppeler song—?"

I fled to the bus. The bus driver asked me if I could read over a lyric he'd written and tell him what to do with it. I could have, but he was too big. The corner newsboy wanted me to listen to him whistle a tune he'd thought up for a theme song. I simply had to do something about it all, so I made a date to see Irving Berlin at the United Artists lot, where he's gone Hollywood.

"See here," I demanded of him; "how should I go about writing a popular song?"

"So! You too, eh? Try cyanide," he suggested.

"Cyanide?" I asked. "Cyanide? Ah—oh, I see—well, er—'I'd suicide, With cyanide, If you were not, Beside my side.' How's that?"

"I didn't mean to rhyme it. I meant to take it," explained Berlin.

"No. I mean seriously," I insisted. "You see, everybody's trying to write songs now, like they used to write scenarios. How about some rules? Can you, as a famous expert, give them some?"

"ASK me some questions, and I'll tell you some answers," he proposed. So we did it like this—

Q—What's the first thing a would-be song writer should do?

A—If he's got a job, keep it. That's why I took up song-writing—I didn't have a good job. Don't try song writing as a hobby, like golf or craps. It's a business.

Q—Well, does one need anything more than a title?

A—Yes. No. Some titles make songs; some songs make titles.

"If I Had a Talking Picture of You"—a fine title; a song not so meritorious as that would still be a success with that title.

Q—Yeah? Well, suppose one didn't have a title, but had a swell idea. What then?

A—Just as well ask a dressmaker what to do with some fine material. It all depends on who's doing it.

Q—Well, what should one NOT do, then?

A—Don't try to be—you know—"smart." Keep to simplicity. It's the greatest asset you can put in a song. My first ten years I devoted to trick rhymes and catchy phrases—and very often awful little sense. But with experience and watching sales charts, I've learned to work twice as hard to write a simple song that listens twice as easy.

Q—What about the sense of the words?

A—"Alexander's Ragtime Band" had little or no sense. Yet Kipling might have written some beautiful words to the tune, and it would have been a beautiful flop, maybe. It isn't the meaning of the words that counts; it's how they sound. Words must fit to the music; sense is secondary.

Q—What about rhyme? Is that necessary?

A—I'd rather write a lyric without rhyme, nowadays. Look at "Always."

Q—What should come first—the lyric or the music?

A—Both. Either. I, myself, usually fit phrases of lyric to phrases of melody. On the other hand, some of the greatest successes have been written to fit lyrics.

Q—Must one stick to precedent, or—?

A—No. Write your own ideas, rather than what you've heard. Most amateurs are influenced by popular hits in current vogue—and professionals are guilty of it, too. You've got more chance of success if you get away from the conventional. There's "Singin' in the Rain"—and there's "Yes, We Have No Bananas." To me, that's a great American song. It's the comic strip, in music.

Q—Is there any sure-fire theme?

A—The surest is the self-pity idea. "All by Myself" stuff, and "He's My Man, Although He Done Me Wrong," for instance.

Q—What about sentimental songs?

A—Well, there aren't many ways to say "I Love You" and that's what you've got to say in a sentimental song. The sloppily sentimental song is dead, now, anyway. People are getting too sophisticated. They're "onto it."

Q—Well, let's suppose a man has written a lyric. What should he do with it?

A—Well, I can tell him what NOT to do. Don't send it to ME! I get too many already, and I never read them.

Q—But what SHALL he do?

A—Seriously, that's a hard question. Successful song writers are either established teams, or those like myself who write both words and music—neither of whom has any use for unsolicited outside material. There remain the publishers—who usually have their own paid staffs and are too busy to look at the thousands of volunteer contributions. I'd say that it's hopeless to send a manuscript to a publisher. Like the picture producers, they can't afford to take time to read through these thousands of manuscripts and perhaps only find one or two fairly acceptable ones.

"THE best way for an amateur to do is this: Get a complete number—words and music. Then get somebody—say a vaudeville artist, or an orchestra leader with a singer in his band, or anybody else who does music publicly—to do it where people can hear it. Then the author will mighty quick know how good or how bad his work is.

"If it's just fair—or even pretty good—I'd still advise him to forget it. But if it has that certain something, he won't have to do anything more about it. The publishers will come on their knees, begging him to write his own ticket."

P. S. The writer decided to stick to his job!



★ ONLY THE BRAVE—Paramount

"ONLY the Brave" deserves the fair Mary Brian. If that isn't a reward for valor, how's all the folks?

Here's another war story, but for a change its setting is the late unpleasantness between the States. All of it is far enough in the past to take on the aspect of a fancy dress ball.

It is sentimentality of the "Shenandoah" era, but it's picturesque and moving in spite of artificialities. Gary Cooper is romantic and handsome as a Northern spy under a death sentence, and Mary Brian turns in a neat performance as a Southern girl. One of the high lights of the picture is the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox.

William LeMaire about walks off with the picture as a very funny specimen of "po' white trash." Some of the Southern accents are pretty synthetic. A good phonoplay.



★ SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS—Fox

OUT of tragedy and long and inspired labor has come a brilliantly made talking picture in "Such Men Are Dangerous." It was during the making of this film that Kenneth Hawks and nine other Fox employees met their death in an air crash over the Pacific.

The story is based on the fate of the famous Belgian financier who disappeared during a flight over the North Sea—still a mystery, and a grand picture plot in fancy.

Elinor Glyn wrote this tale. In her plot the man reappears under a different name, with an altered face, in order to rewin the love of the girl who hated his money-madness.

The picture has splendid acting by Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen, Hedda Hopper and Claud Allister. One of the best pictures of recent months.

# The Shadow Stage

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

## A Review of the New Pictures



★ LUMMOX—United Artists

WINIFRED WESTOVER prayed for the part of the big, dumb Swede in "Lummox." Yes, and worked for it too, trailing Director Herbert Brenon from coast to coast. If proof were needed that prayer is answered, Winifred Westover's work in this picture would prove it. In a season of astonishing talkie performances, her work stands out. It is superb.

On her broad shoulders rests the success of this rambling series of episodes in the life of a scrubwoman. They never bow. From the moment the picture opens, with *Bertha Oberg* defending a little girl in a dockside saloon, to the last shot where old *Bertha* finds peace, Miss Westover holds up the film by main strength.

It's a spotty and rather maudlin story—this Fanny Hurst tale of an inarticulate drudge, belabored, but never quite wrecked by life. But it has a certain beauty which reaches us through the remarkable acting of the former Mrs. Bill Hart. As filmed, it is necessarily patchy, leaping from incident to incident in the hopeless, pitiful life of *Bertha*. And the acting is as mixed. Among those deserving high praise are Dorothy Janis, William Collier, Jr., Clara Langsner, and especially Edna Murphy, as a shrewish young wife.

If "Lummox" were not adorned by the remarkable acting of Winifred Westover, it could easily be a poky tear-jerker. But she gives it dignity, power and, above all, beauty.

# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

LUMMOX                                 SONG O' MY HEART  
   ONLY THE BRAVE  
   SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS  
 MONTANA MOON                         HELL HARBOR

## The Best Performances of the Month

Winifred Westover in "LummoX"  
 Edna Murphy in "LummoX"  
 John McCormack in "Song O' My Heart"  
 Tommy Clifford in "Song O' My Heart"  
 Mary Brian in "Only the Brave"  
 William LeMaire in "Only the Brave"  
 Warner Baxter in "Such Men Are Dangerous"  
 Joan Crawford in "Montana Moon"  
 Lupe Velez in "Hell Harbor"  
 Dixie Lee in "The Big Party"  
 William Haines in "The Girl Said No"  
 Constance Bennett in "Song of the Gods"  
 Mitzi Green in "Honey"  
 Edward G. Robertson in "A Lady to Love"  
 Evelyn Brent in "Slightly Scarlet"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 134*



★ MONTANA MOON—M-G-M

**J**OAN CRAWFORD, still untamed but out of the jungle and into the open spaces, fills this somewhat inconsistent tale with some of the most delightful comedy the screen has held in a long time. Even if you rebel in spots, you'll care for this picture in a big way, in spite of yourself, for it has great gusto and paprika.

Joan is loose on a Montana ranch, this time, with Johnny Mack Brown doing yeoman service as an ignorant foreman of cow-gentlemen. And Joan does a tango with Ricardo Cortez that you'll like. In addition, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer turned loose its comic force in full, and Benny Rubin, Karl Dane and Cliff Edwards are funny. Bubbling Joan is back where she belongs, in a light and frolicsome picture, and her fans will welcome the change of style.



★ SONG O' MY HEART—Fox

**I**N a contest conducted by PHOTOPLAY there were more requests for John McCormack to sing "Little Boy Blue" and "I Hear You Calling Me" than any other numbers. These are the hit pieces, and when he sings 'em you break down and tell your right name. Does that Irishman touch the old heart strings? The romance concerns one Sean O'Carolán who loves the girl who married another. And, although McCormack isn't expected to do any heavy acting, his is a pleasing personality. The settings are gorgeous. Most of it was filmed, you know, in the Land of the Shamrock.

With much publicity ballyhoo, Maureen O'Sullivan was brought to this country from Dublin to carry the heart interest. She doesn't make the grade, but Tommy Clifford, the eleven-year-old kid, playing her brother, is a sensation. Maureen will undoubtedly go back to the old fireside, but Tommy can park his Irish brogue in Hollywood as long as he likes. John Garrick is again charming as a young lover, Joe Kerrigan and Farrell MacDonald bring in a lot of laughs, and Alice Joyce plays McCormack's sweetheart without much success.

But who cares about the other actors or the story or anything when there stands McCormack right before your very eyes, singing with all the tenderness and beauty for which his voice is famed? You find yourself reaching for the dry handkerchief. See it by all means.



★ HELL HARBOR—United Artists

**T**HERE'S been a continual wail of "Give us something besides backstage singies and courtroom sobbies." Well, here's the answer. This is a rousing good melodrama, crammed full of suspense and color, mounted in a superb setting, and photographed and acted to the queen's taste.

Hell Harbor, peopled by descendants of a band of pirates, is the locale. The renegade grandson of Sir Henry Morgan tries to force his motherless daughter to marry the local Shylock. Comes down in the form of a young American sailor.

Lupe Velez, as the half-Spanish descendant of the blood-thirsty Sir Henry, has a rôle which fits her like a Sennett bathing suit. She's great. Jean Hersholt, as the greasy money lender, is a mighty mean menace. And John Holland is a likeable and convincing hero.

# Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

**THE BIG PARTY—**  
Fox



**A** SUE CAROL picture, starring Dixie Lee! Dixie doesn't steal it—they hand it to her on a red-hot platter. She's sensational. A roaring comedy, built around the adventures of three shop girls—principally Dixie. True love and villainy chase each other, with laughs winning. Fine work by Frank Albertson, Richard Keene and Douglas Gilmore (ssss!), and comedians Walter Catlett and Charles Judels.

**THE GIRL SAID NO—**  
M-G-M



**I**f you're one of those who cry for action in your talkies, you'll go for this William Haines picture. Wild Willie whizzes in and out in a high-g geared car, scraps in a whoopee spirit in cafes, gets and loses jobs and has some hilarious scenes with an amiably spifflicated Marie Dressler. Not to mention kidnapping the girl he loves. And the surrounding cast moves at Haines speed.

**PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—**  
United Artists



**H**ARRY RICHMAN'S first talkie is another backstage story with a new twist or two. Harry and Jimmy Gleason play two actors, and their feminine partners are Joan Bennett (at her best and loveliest) and Lilyan Tashman, furnishing many of the laughs. There is some good Irving Berlin music, particularly "Alice in Wonderland." Harry shows little in looks or acting, but you'll like his warbling.

**SON OF THE GODS—**  
First National



**R**ICHARD BARTHELMESS plays an Americanized Chinese boy in this Rex Beach romance. Dick is hopelessly (perhaps) in love with a society girl—thus the drama. Frank Lloyd's direction is too slow-paced and the dialogue is unbelievably stilted, and the whole thing slows Dick to a walk. But Constance Bennett gives a grand show as the hoity-toity girl. Far from the best Barthelmess.

**SECOND WIFE—**  
Radio Pictures



**I**f you are seriously considering being a mother to somebody's boy, or even thinking of comforting some widower, see this picture first. Lila Lee, Conrad Nagel and Hugh Huntley manage to make Fulton Oursler's novel seem as real as it did on the stage, where it was called "All the King's Men." Freddie Burke Frederick as the boy is perfect. A domestic drama with general appeal.

**LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY—**  
M-G-M



**L**IFE, for Roy, is just one theme song after another. He's a song writer who gets (a) swell-head, (b) deflated, (c) a happy ending. The story's strong enough to be festooned with Technicolor girls, ballets, songs and effects without breaking down. One good revue scene. Charles Kaley and Cliff Edwards sing; Benny Rubin wisecracks; Ethelind Terry acts; Marion Shilling is pretty. You'll like this.

# The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**HONEY—**  
Paramount



REMEMBER when Ruth Chatterton played "Come Out of the Kitchen" on the stage, and Marguerite Clark did it in pictures? The same story is now a phonoplay bearing the title "Honey." It stars Nancy Carroll (although she hasn't a lot to do) and boasts an excellent cast, among whom is that amazing kid, Mitzi Green. The comedy is light and the songs are pleasant.



**A LADY  
TO LOVE—**  
M-G-M

ON the stage, this was "They Knew What They Wanted," and a baby came along to make the triangle square. Now look at it!—no baby and the triangle is an international affair in a California vineyard. Vilma Banky is *Lena Schultz*. Edward G. Robinson is splendid as the Italian she marries. Robert Ames is ditto as the lad who got what he wanted, within limits!

**TEMPLE  
TOWER—**  
Fox



QUITE nutty! It's this bally *Bulldog Drummond* chap, up to his tricks again. Only this time he's Kenneth McKenna instead of Ronald Colman. Trapdoors, sudden deaths, quicksands, stolen gems, mysterious gadgets, secret tunnels, villains, pistols, rope ladders, fog and things like that. Melodrama with a grain of salt—and may heaven help those who don't know burlesque when they see it, intentional or not.



**SLIGHTLY  
SCARLET—**  
Paramount

EVELYN BRENT'S last picture for Paramount has considerably more to offer than anything since "Interference." The dusky Betty is well cast, an enchanting society thief on the Riviera. She has never been more beautiful or smartly gowned. Entertaining film, with flashes of unusual humor. Clive Brook is the hero, but Eugene Pallette is the individual "wow" as the millionaire husband of a social climber.

**PEACOCK  
ALLEY—**  
Tiffany Pro-  
ductions, Inc.



HERE'S happy Mae Murray doing a talking version of that honce glorious picture "Peacock Alley." It's a sorry affair now, with Miss Murray more affected and more bee-stung of mouth than ever. You'll laugh at the drama and weep over the comedy, for the story concerns a stage star who wants marriage and will accept no substitutes. Mae dances, sings and emotes. She dances well.



**SUGAR  
PLUM  
PAPA—**  
Sennett-  
Educational

THIS is one of Mack Sennett's funniest, directed by the Old Pie-Master himself. The cast of fun-makers is long and hilarious. It includes Daphne Pollard, Marjorie Beebe, Andy Clyde, Harry Gibbon and Bert Swor—and in the list is Rosemary Theby, of other days. You'll undoubtedly roar at this. It's a good example of what sound can do to short subject comedies. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 81]

*A short story full of chuckles,  
based on a real Holly-  
wood incident*



# Make Way for a Genius!

**T**HE breath of spring, disguised as a slanting tempest of rain, zoomed along Grand Avenue and rattled the windows of Ye Bull Pen Inn Restaurant as though eager to insult the credulity of loyal Los Anglans. Abraham Zoop, the famous producer of motion pictures, sat glumly in a corner, wondering when it would be safe to go home.

Not that Mr. Zoop gave a thought to the weather. The things that worried him were Momma and the movies, both getting a bit unwieldy as they increased in importance.

Following a day of profitless wrangling over the proper treatment for Stupefaction's new super-special, "The Curse of Calcutta," he had refused to appear at a tea which his wife was giving to what she preferred to regard as geniuses.

The guests, he knew, would have peculiar ideas, funnier haircuts and the same technique when it came to negotiating a loan.

One hundred feet away, in the cream and crimson Public Library, Pete Baker was in the unusual predicament of having his nose in a book. Mr. Baker was one of the minor cogs in the Stupefaction gears, assistant to an assistant director, a lowly and disconsolate calling where the red light was always against him. But now his eyes gleamed fanatically as he pored over the volume.

Driven into the library by the gusts of rain, Mr. Baker had foraged aimlessly about the shelves, looking for something with pictures rather than triple-jointed words, and had unearthed a *de luxe* edition of Doré's classic engravings for Dante's "Inferno." Fascinated by their macabre beauty, he grappled with the amoeba of an idea, totally oblivious to a lambent blonde who watched him from across the room.

Then, not being sufficiently artistic to forget that he pos-

Illustrated by  
Everett Shinn



Posed before the microphone and out of camera range, Carolyn became a specialist in off-stage moans and groans. But the rôle of Unknown Voice had not figured in her dreams of fame

## By Stewart Robertson

sessed a stomach, he blundered into the misty night, sprinted over to Ye Bull Pen, and froze with ecstasy as he beheld the High Mogul of Moviedom smearing himself with a maple éclair.

Never having spoken to his employer, Mr. Baker merely gawked hopefully at him and behaved in general like a pup in a pet shop window. The friendly Abe, who had reached that stage of loneliness where he would describe his birthmarks to a perfect stranger, looked at the dark and lanky youth before him, and smiled genially.

"No more tables?" he chirped. "On a night like this maybe you wouldn't mind warming this other chair, hey?"

"Thanks," quavered the intruder. "Good evening, Mr. Zoop; my name's Pete Baker. I—I work for you."

"Glad to hear it," said the president, "particular as you're different from some of the tramps I got on the payroll. Work—

they think because it rhymes with shirk it means the same thing! Excuse me for not knowing you, but should I remember all the faces in Culver City I could be librarian for the Rogues' Gallery."

"I do odd jobs for Director Adams' unit. Kind of help his assistant, you know, and take the slap when anything flops."

"Adams!" fumed Mr. Zoop. "His salary looks like a purse for racing horses, and still he's in the air about 'The Curse of Calcutta.' Maybe you heard us scrapping over it today?"

"I sure did, and Mr. Zoop, I think I've got the secret of how to put it over. I—"

"Just a second," said Abe, becoming wary. "You ain't no genius, are you?"

"Aside from Edison, y'understand, or maybe the guy that invented interest, I got no use for them." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

See the fiendish grin on the fair face of Margaret Livingston? She has just rolled her tenth straight seven, thus relieving "Casanova" Busby of his last dollar bill!



Shortly after this picture was snapped, a shot rang out in the shrubbery! Or was it a taxi back-firing?

# A Vamp Steps Out

By Marquis Busby

with the ingénues, I felt worldly enough to try a date with Hollywood's favorite vamp, Margaret Livingston.

**S**OMEBODY is always taking the joy out of life. All these years, there has been racy ruminating about the expensive tastes of the stars.

How they spend some thousands of dollars on a single orgy.

Orgy, me eye! Most of the stars wouldn't recognize an orgy if it came right up and smacked them on the chin. Maybe you can spend money in New York, Chicago or Medicine Hat. But it costs less to have a large evening *a la mode* in Hollywood than about any place in the United States, including the Alaskan territory and the Philippine Islands.

Hollywood dining and dancing places are running charity establishments, and may they never change the evil of their ways.

Margaret Livingston, all dressed up in about fifteen thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, ermine and velvet, and yours truly in the old Hart, Schaffner and Marx, visited three cafes, spent about six hours in pursuit of WHOOP-eee, found it, and it cost about twenty-five dollars.

You can't beat it at these prices. (There's a little item in the account I'd rather not mention—yet.)

The evening's expenditures swelled the grand total for five dates up to fifty dollars, ten dollars per gal. Truth compels the confession that Sally Eilers, June Collyer and Margaret Livingston got all the gravy. It didn't cost a cent to have a date with Anita Page and Lupe Velez. In those cases, we stayed at home and wore the davenport threadbare.

After a preliminary workout

years, and I'm pretty sure that she confines the big time vamping to the studios. Men just naturally trample women and children to talk to her. She's such a good fellow that she doesn't need the old come-hither in the eye. But that may be the most insidious form of vamping. The established Theda Bara technique wouldn't fool Davey Lee.

"Fine," said Margaret, when the subject of a date was broached. "Let's go to the Embassy Club."

"I'm not a member and I couldn't pay the bill," sez I.

"Why that's all right," sez she.

**T**HERE it goes again; the Hollywood girls want to save a man's money. Even the vamps are sheep in wolves' clothing. Since Anita Page and Lupe Velez had the same idea,

I thought it was high time that I redeem myself by shaking the moths out of the billfold. So the Embassy was out. We finally settled on the Double Headed Russian Eagle (you only say all of it when cold sober) for dinner, and the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador for dancing later.

Margaret was ready at the time set. I just barely had a chance to admire her comfortable, big living room with its wicked divans, and not so wicked chintz-covered chairs. I didn't even have time to look [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115 ]

## THE SWINDLE SHEET

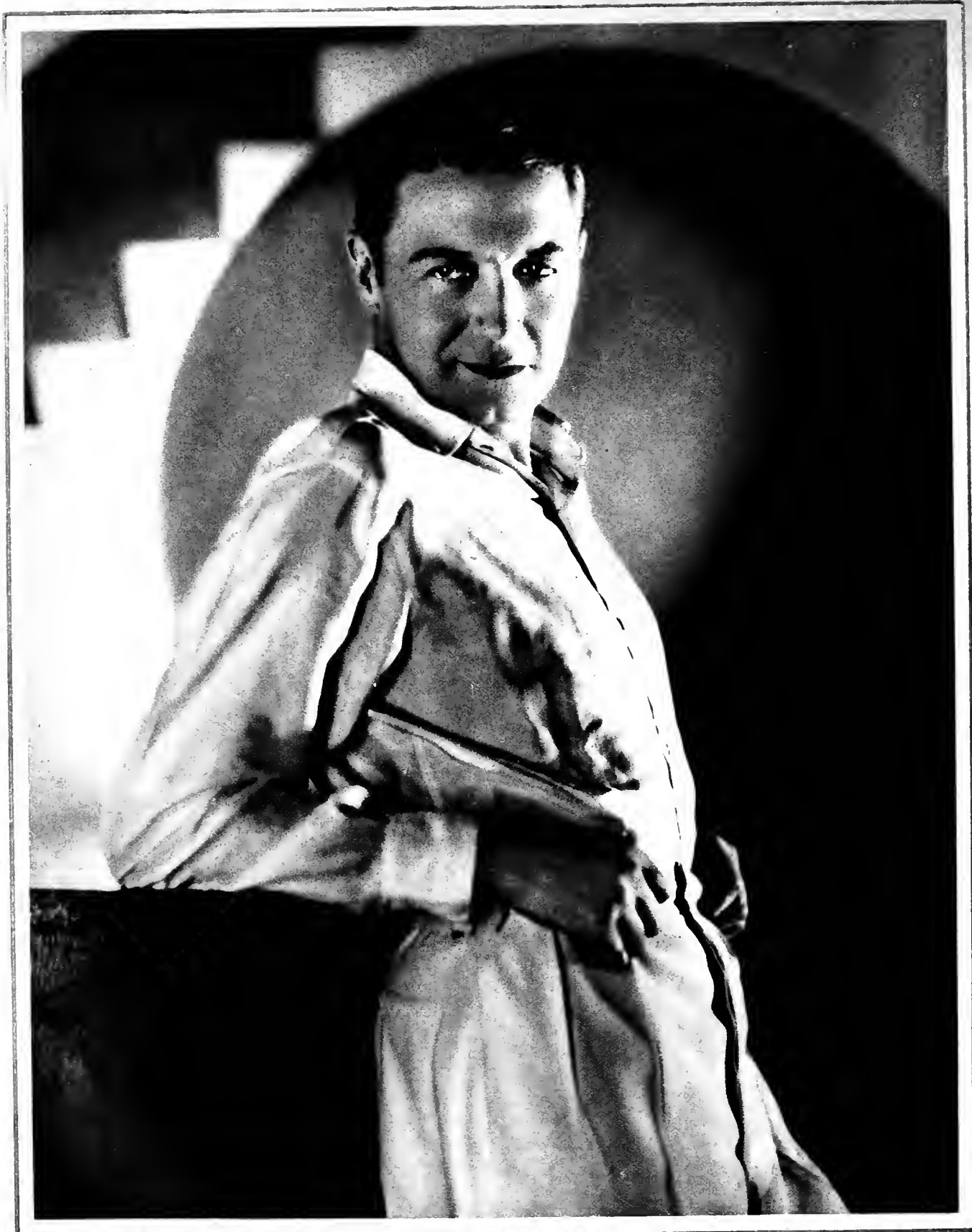
Dinner.....	\$8.75
Ambassador.....	4.25
Night Club.....	5.75
Tips.....	6.00
African Golf.....	40.00
<b>TOTAL.....</b>	<b>64.75</b>





Richee

**A**FTER all, friends, why write a caption for this? Need we announce, with valuable ink, that this is the latest picture of that so *charmant*, that so *piquant*, that so *adorable* Maurice Chevalier, Pet of Paris and Honey of Hollywood and points East? He looks like this in the new "Paramount on Parade"



Richee

**T**HIS is the one Brook who can go on forever with no kick from the fans. Christened Clive, his salary, his reputation and his gentlemanly English charm grow apace, as part follows part. Teamed with Ruth Chatterton in that elegant talkie, "The Laughing Lady." Clive was in top-hole form



**H**E has just scored one of the greatest successes in recent picture history. His magnificent voice has thrilled the phonoplay public. He has signed to leave opera and concert long enough to make one film a year. Name and rank? Lawrence Tibbett, great American baritone and star of "The Rogue Song"



Hurrell

**Y**OU wouldn't know him for the gay, spirited blade who sang, dueled and loved his way through "Devil May Care," now would you? The watchful camera catches Ramon Novarro in one of his thoughtful moods, when he is less the dashing actor and more the thoughtful boy. His new picture is "The House of Troy"

# She Wants *Beeg* Family

By Katherine Albert

*French, fiery and twenty-two is Fifi Dorsay, who just adores the keedies*

"MY grandmother, she 'ave twenty-two children. My mother, she 'ave thirteen. For me—oh, *Mon Dieu*—I 'ope I 'ave two—well, maybe three or four.

"Baby I adore. I want to be married. Oh, 'ow I love to be married. If I marry, it weel be to 'ave beeg family. I love keeds."

Thus Fifi Dorsay, Hollywood's newest sensation. Bright as Clara Bow's returned engagement ring, clever and canny as a Scotch lawyer, radiant as the California morning sun.

She rolls those *beeg, beeg* eyes—*ooh, la, la*—and, if you're a woman you decide to visit the masseuse or the modiste, or just quietly slip away and swallow a *beeg* dose of poison.

She shrugs those slim shoulders and—if you're a man—you try to remember that awfully good attorney who said he'd get you a divorce cheap.

Fifi is French, fiery and twenty-two. Oh *garcon*, she has everything. She mows 'em down and leaves 'em writhing!

The little girl who vamped Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris" and made it pretty tough on Vic McLaglen in "Hot for Paris," has just come back from a tour over the Fanchon and Marco circuit.

AND did she make *beeg* whoopee? Listen!

"I get on the *beeg, beeg* stage. I am vaudevillian again. But I know that audience, they like picture people, so I go down into the audience to sing my song. And I pick nice man with sleek hair. I muss heez hair all up. I kiss heem. I pick old man with no hair. I sing for heem. I kiss heem. Oh, he loves it! The men in the balcony they starts to scream, 'Come up 'ere, Fifi, and kiss us.'

"I say, 'Sorry. You come next show and sit on front seat and I kiss you.'

"Some of those men, they stay for five show. They don't go 'ome at all.

"One old man—he is captain on the sea—he tell the usher, 'That is first time a young girl has kissed me for thirty year.'

"Oh, I am so sorry. Thirty year without not one leetle kiss. The other men, they write me letter. They say, 'You kissed me last night. Now my girl, she is mad with me. Send me your picture to make me 'appy.'

"I am so sorry if the girls they get mad. But so many people



The bundle of dynamite known to the screen as Fifi Dorsay, whose cuteness and general ginger brought down Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris," and later had their way with Victor McLaglen in "Hot for Paris"

come. They hang on the chandelier. They like my show.

"Oh, I 'ave so many boy friend in the theater. But I 'ave just one who is real. I go to marry heem and then—puff—I do not get married."

Fifi was playing in a show in Pittsburgh. Her agent wired her to come to New York at once and have a test made. He added that it might lead to a flattering Fox contract. But Fifi didn't go to New York. Instead she went West, young woman, to marry Freddie Berrens, a vaudeville actor. "Oh, I love heem so."

She told the girls in the show she was going to be married, and they went to the train with her and gave her an enormous corsage with orange blossoms in it. But a strange and sinister fate, disguised as her agent, followed her. She was discovered in Detroit just as she was about to be married. The license was bought, the ring in the groom's pocket. But the theatrical agent cried, "No, no, Fifi, you must come back to New York and take a test. It's your big break."

"Well," said Fifi, "I go back to New York. I take my test. It is oh, so good, and I sign a *beeg* contract with Fox. Then I go back to the show in Pittsburgh. The girls say, 'Quick, quick, show us your wedding ring.'

"I SAY, 'Look, I got no wedding ring. I got this instead.' And I show them the contract.

"They all say, 'Oh, that is so much nicer than the wedding ring.'

"But I love my Freddie and I want to be married. Now I am 'ere in Hollywood, the papers they say I am engaged to Rex Bell. My sweetheart he send me a wire, 'What's this being engaged to a cowboy?'

"I send back, 'If I am engaged to cowboy it is *beeger* news to me than you.'

She met Greta Garbo through Garbo's French director, Jacques Feyder, and the two dined together one evening at the Russian Eagle. The picture must have been a strange [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



The glamorous Nita Naldi in a flashback scene from "Lawful Larceny," for which an ancient Egyptian perfume was concocted

# The Sweet-

By H. M. K. Smith



The Helen Morgan we see in "Applause." For this picture Miss Morgan bought cheap and inferior scents in keeping with her rôle

**I**T may seem unbelievable to you that perfumes play any part on picture stages except as stars use them for dousing purposes to suit their own tastes.

As a matter of fact, sweet-smelling oils and waters play a very important, though invisible, rôle in the making of movies. There must be a good odor in film-land. Perfume has a powerful effect upon the human emotions—it brings peculiar and subtle psychological reactions—most important of all, it gives the key and cue to characters, times, and places.

I know! For ten years I was the harassed fellow who fitted the stars and their characters with just the proper scent. Just one of my duties as technical expert and research man at a large Eastern studio. I furnished enough olfactory atmosphere, in that decade, to send the whole population of New York State into a series of swoons.

My first experience with the power and place of perfume in pictures came in a production of "Lawful Larceny" with Nita Naldi and Hope Hampton, which Paramount made years ago.

In it was a flashback to an episode in the life of Cleopatra, with Naldi as the seductive Queen of the Nile. Alan Dwan was the director, and, with his passion for realism in detail, he insisted that we omit nothing that our research disclosed which would add to the authentic customs of the time—and that would pass the censor.

Now, Egyptian splendor, with an unbelievable use of perfumes, was at its height during the days of Cleopatra, whose beauty and charm were said to be doubly enhanced by the variety and quantity of sweet scented unguents and lotions she used.

**T**O anoint her hands but once required the worth of 400 denarii (about \$50.00), the odor of which was wafted away on the air and lost forever.

The favorite of this exotic daughter of Egypt was called "Kyaphi," and she employed it, among other things, to bring about the downfall of the mighty general of Caesar's legions, Marc Antony.

The mysterious and magic "Kyaphi" was kept by special slaves in containers of alabaster, gold and turquoise. In ancient papyri of that day, it is written, "It is compounded of twice-eight aromatics which please most in the night; and in the light of the moon no man may withstand its power."

**W**ITH this devastating scent, Cleopatra used upon her feet an unguent called "Aegyptium," composed of oil of almonds, honey and cinnamon, impregnated with orange blossoms and henna.

While we had to guess at the identity of some of the twice-eight aromatics, we followed the recipe for "Aegyptium" to the letter, and, in addition to these, the extensively perfumed Naldi was attended by slaves bearing gold vases filled with burning incense.

For this we used what is probably the first known formula for perfume, contained in the Bible itself where, in the Book of Exodus, it was given in detail by God to Moses.

It was composed of equal parts of "Stacte" (a kind of liquid myrrh), of "Galbanum" (an aromatic gum), and of pure frankincense, so that we had in this picture a mixture of perfumes both sacred and profane.

## Speaking of Perfume,

*Did You Know That—*

**N**APOLEON drenched himself with a whole flask of *Eau de Cologne* every time he washed?

The first recipe for perfume appeared in the Book of Exodus?

The favorite scent of Henry the Eighth of England was musk, and that he used it copiously?

A famous film star was wakened each morning by the scent of flowers placed on her pillow by her maid?

# Smelling SCREEN

The expert who pursued and selected just the right scent for movie stars tells all about the use of perfumes in pictures

In preparing for Valentino's magnificent production of "Monsieur Beaucaire," extensive research both here and in France disclosed some very amusing and amazing highlights on life in the luxurious court of Louis Quinze.

ONE of them was an edict issued over the king's own hand, commanding that every lady and gentleman of the court must wash the hands at least twice a day and bathe completely at least once a month.

It is easy, then, to understand why the fascinating Madame de Pompadour expended more than half a million francs a year for perfumes and cosmetics.

Her favorite astringent bath was one composed entirely of crushed wild strawberries. After her appearance as a strawberry sundae, the Pompadour was massaged with sponges of fine silk, soaked in violet scented milk. It is little wonder that the court over which she reigned so long as queen of love and beauty should have been called "The Perfumed Court."



Lya de Putti, the fascinating foreigner, used to keep a vial of wine distilled from roses on her dressing table at the studio

To be consistent in the reproduction of this court for "Beaucaire," for which more than a quarter of a million dollars were spent for authentic costumes and an additional seventy-five thousand for real period jewelry and accessories, we had special perfumes made in Paris from the eighteenth century recipes in the archives of the French government.

PAULETTE DU VAL, who played *Pompadour* to Valentino's *Beaucaire* and Lowell Sherman's *Louis Quinze*, used a different scent with every one of her quite numerous and gorgeous costumes.

Gloria Swanson uses a different perfume with every dress in private life, and her personal collection of perfumes is something to marvel at. On the stage, however, Gloria always used perfumes that fitted the character she was playing, and I once had to make a special trip from Paris to Algiers so that she might be able to do this in a picture called "The Wages of Virtue," whose scenes were laid in the Mediterranean gateway to the desert.

IN this production, Gloria was to play the owner of a canteen for the soldiers of the Foreign Legion, and, as always, she wanted to be in perfect character. My adventures in trying to find out what these ladies were really like, what they wore and what perfumes they affected are another story, but the result was Gloria was quite correct as far as manners, clothes and sweet smells were concerned.

During the production in France of "Madame Sans Gêne," during which Miss Swanson became the Marquise [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Gloria Swanson in a scene from "Madame Sans Gêne," filmed abroad. For this production the author prepared many scents famous during the First Empire



# He Wanted To Write *the* Worst Way



Robert Montgomery in a love scene with Norma Shearer in that star's new picture, "Her Own Desire." Norma seems happy about it all

Montgomery wrote millions of words, but editors thumbed them down. Look at this picture and tell us—should he be really sorry?

**W**HEN young Mr. Robert Montgomery's pictures gain their widest circulation in these United States, he is going to be in for a load of fan mail that will break down a couple of ten-ton trucks.

If he isn't, we'll give up predicting and go in for guessing the weather. Our rheumatiz is as smart as the next man's.

Robert has charm, good looks, a soothing voice and an elastic sense of humor. He'll go far, and fast!

But if the world was cheated out of another Ernest Hemingway or F. Scott Fitzgerald, the editors have none but themselves to blame.

They returned all of Montgomery's manuscripts. He still thinks that all an editor keeps in his desk is little gummed labels—"We regret that this is not suited to our needs," or some such pleasantry.

**W**HEREVER he goes, Montgomery lugs about his short stories. He still thinks they're good. This year, he took them from his trunk, dusted them off, and sent them on the rounds again. They all came back, dragging their tails behind them—or maybe we're thinking of Bo Peep's sheep.

Next year he'll send them out again. Maybe there will be some new editors. Or a change in public taste. Or a shortage of material.

Robert Montgomery, who is now doing some heavy loving in return for an M-G-M pay-check, has collected experience the way William Haines collects antiques and Dolores Del Rio goes out for smell-good-on-hanky preparations.

He was born in a little town on the Hudson that once broke into public prints.

Harry K. Thaw escaped from a hospital there.

The Editors said  
He Did—and  
Now He's an  
Actor!

By Eugene Earle

After studying in a correct boy's school, and a tour of Europe, something happened to the family finances. Wanting to make money quickly, he dedicated himself to becoming a great author.

While he was collecting local color, or whatever it is great authors have to have, he sailed on a tramp steamer through the Panama Canal to California. His chum, and the potential illustrator of his books, went with him. The chum never came back. He liked the dark eyes in Mexico, and the hot tamales (food). He settled down to become a village squire, and the pleasant habit of siestas in the afternoon. Bob went back to New York. He drove a truck carrying a preparation that made the farmers' oat crops better. After that he

worked in an iron foundry.

All this time the Montgomery short stories were traveling from one publisher to another. He decided to give up writing for the time and pick on some other "easy" profession.

After looking over the field he picked the stage, and then starved for another two years.

The late Sam Janney, his friend, and producer of several successful shows, gave him his first real chance in "Loose Ankles." After that the sailing was a bit easier. He had long months of stock in Rochester and Baltimore, hard work and good training.

**A**S soon as his pocketbook had a slight lining he went to Europe again. He saw the Paris of the cafés and the cathedrals and all the cities in the Continental guide book. When he was down to his last few dollars he bet the works on the Helen Wills-Suzanne Lenglen match at Cannes, and cleaned up. He stayed two months longer. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



# Painting *the* Shadows

*The romantic story of a brilliant scientist, his Titian-haired wife, and the rise of Technicolored pictures*

By George Gordon



He invented Technicolor!

**N**EARLY ten years ago, after appalling labors in his laboratory, a learned gentleman named Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus stood his beautiful red-haired wife in a brightly lighted room and turned a new kind of movie camera on her.

Laboriously and with great care, the resulting film was developed.

And on the screen the beautiful Titian hair of Mrs. Natalie M. Kalmus showed beautifully Titian!

And thus, with a mop of pretty red hair, began the romantic story of the Technicolor process of photographing motion pictures in natural color—a

rescue. A dab of rouge on the bronze cheeks, a dab of makeup here and there, and the next time the statues stood out nobly, in full view.

Had you any idea that a pair of light blue eyes almost automatically barred their possessor from the black and white screen? They did, and many a blonde and blue-eyed Ziegfeld doll baby fell before the old time camera because of the pale orbs so fetching off screen.

Pale blue eyes are the Technicolor camera's particular dish, and if there's one thing it likes more than another it's a dazzling blonde. We refer you to Marilyn Miller in "Sally."

Dennis King, star of stage operetta, pouted at the thought of Technicolor when he went to Paramount to make "The Vagabond King." They coaxed him into making a test. When he saw the first rushes—which showed his blond coloring and blue eyes to perfection—he went overboard for the color idea with a splash, and is now happiest before the new camera.

**T**HE Technicolor camera plays weird tricks. Frank Fay has fiery red hair. It has a tendency to fly in the breeze, so somebody suggested he use a little brilliantine to make it lie down. He did and when the Technicolor rushes were run his hair was a brilliant green.

Ten years ago Dr. Kalmus made his first Technicolor camera. It took over a year and cost \$140,000.

Today the learned doctor is president of a \$35,000,000 corporation that makes the cameras, rents them out, furnishes technical experts and develops the colored film—the slowest and trickiest process in the whole parade from raw stock to the picture on the screen.

But the doctor and his work are only half the glamorous story. His devoted and handsome wife, the aforesaid Natalie M., is one of the most romantic figures of the day.

And it is a far cry from the day she was her husband's first model to the early months of 1930. Now she is expert supreme on all technical questions of light and color in the astonishingly complex and varied art of photographing in color.

Natalie M. Kalmus works almost with ferocity. Sixteen hours a day is nothing to this amazing woman.

She has developed the art of using color to express varieties of dramatic feeling to the highest

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84 ]



Technicolor's first star!

tale as thrilling as any that could be conjured up by the imagination of an inspired fictioneer.

The coming of talking pictures gave Technicolor its big push. Today it works miracles!

Did you know that by proper costuming and lighting the Technicolor camera can take off or put on twenty pounds in the case of any player it chooses? Well, it can, and you can page Clara Bow or Molly O'Day! What price grapefruit now?

For instance: It is a well known scientific fact, proven by the Einstein and other theories, that Russians like their chorus ladies plump. So when Director Alan Crosland, making "Song of the Flame," was faced with a whole chorus of slim American girls supposed to be Russian ladies, he was horrified, and near a stroke. But the witchery of Technicolor, by the proper use of color schemes, put no less than twenty pounds on each of these slender maidens, and in the picture they look as plump and buxom as any Muscovite could wish.

**T**HE use of color has put rouge back in the dressing rooms of the studios. Black and white pictures called for flat and uninteresting makeup, but the rouge pot is called into play again. Facial makeup photographs, in Technicolor, just as the eye sees it—so a player can almost walk from the street to the color picture stage and pass inspection by the head man of the makeup department.

This leads to droll happenings around the stages.

In one all-Technicolor subject a row of bronze statues lined the background of a scene. When the rushes hit the screen the figures were nothing but a row of smudges. They just didn't take.

But the color heroes were not daunted. They grabbed their trusty boxes and rushed to the

## Do You Know

—that Technicolor photography, by proper lighting and costuming, can reduce a lady twenty pounds, or put on that amount?

—that light blue eyes, impossible to photograph in black and white, are Technicolor's best subject?

—that yellow will not photograph in natural color, but that if you add a little red, it will? And that then it will be orange?

No? Well, you'll know even more if you will read this story on the Romance of Technicolor!

# Reeling Around

with Leonard Hall



Logical effect of the cathedral idea in movie theater building. Four rows to the rear of this picture *The Ladies' Aid* is throwing a tea fight. It is rumored that a talkie is being shown four miles east of the gentleman with the bottle

## A Snicker or Nothing

The Rialto Theater, New York, claims the continuous run record by staying open forty-two consecutive hours. They were showing "The Virginian," and Gary Cooper got so tired at four in the morning that he went to sleep and fell off his horse. . . . The hot spot is getting a great break with "Hell's Angels," "Hell's Heroes" and "Hell's Harbor." I now await the production of "Hell's Belles." . . . Fanny Brice sums up the whole picture racket when she tells the *New York Mirror* that she "was out there eight months, worked five weeks and drew three years' pay." . . . After looking long at the leading lady of "Fashions in Love" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate," I am firmly convinced that what this country needs is a good five-cent Miriam Seegar! . . . Secretary of State Stimson, Washington, Dear Stim—what are you going to do about the fact that Greta Garbo's picture, "A Woman of Affairs," was hissed and booed during its showing in Berlin? Snap into it, Hen! We want action! (Signed) Fifty Million Garbo-Maniacs Who Can't Be Wrong. . . . Columnist Ted Cook says that the reason they put bars in box-office windows is to keep the cashiers from biting the customers. . . . Little Dorothy Lee, the picture actress, startled Hollywood by appearing with black finger nails on her return from Paris, but I beat her to this by twenty-three years. . . . Wicked Hollywood, home of sin and vice! There wasn't a single arrest for drunkenness in the film city on New Year's Eve. Must have been a good lecture in town!

## The Gag of the Month Club

This month's prize of a deck of fifty-one playing cards goes to Bob Benchley, Walter Winchell and a lot of other people. If you've heard it, try to stop the printing press!

"This picture needs a punch," said the great producer. "Who can we get to put a wallop in it?"

"Why don't you get Jim Tully?" quavered a staff writer.

"He's too caustic!" said another executive.

"Get him!" thundered the great producer. "The devil with the expense!"

## Getting Personal

At last it's happened. Crash after crash sounded in the orchestra pit of the Roxy, New York, one afternoon. Police seized a young man, twenty-one and jobless, who confessed to having hurled fourteen electric light bulbs at the musicians, all of whom were doing their best! . . . Joan Bennett is very near-sighted, and wears heavy goggles off-screen. . . . Noah Beery and his wife have made up, after a two-year separation. . . . Two picture houses in Kenosha, Wis., closed their balconies at matinees, police charging that young folks used them almost exclusively for petting. But what about the evenings? . . . Mae Clark, seen in "Big Time," got a Hollywood divorce from Lew Brice, Fanny's brother. She said he had neglected her for card parties. . . . Metro's two African actors, brought to finish "Trader Horn" in Hollywood, live in a shack of their own on the lot. They do their own cooking, and insist that chickens be brought to them on the hoof. . . . Ethel Clayton and her husband, Ian Keith, have kissed and made up. . . . "Hollywood is no place for a young man without money," said Judge McCormick, in suspending sentence on Leslie Perry, 22, on condition that the lad return to New York. New York without money is no bargain, either. . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is said to have paid Eddie Cantor \$10,000 for the right to use the title of his book of market gags, "Caught Short." Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are to be featured.

# Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.

and her debutante daughter *Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel*



*Beautiful Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., of Philadelphia, New York and Biarritz, is the former Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. Her daughter, Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel, has been a brilliant favorite among this season's débutantes, since her recent début at the Ritz.*

**L**OVELY DAUGHTER of the brilliant alliance of two famous American families! Miss Edith Drexel's recent début recalls the magnificent coming-out party at the Plaza given for her mother when she was Marjorie Gould.

This season's fortunate young favorite inherits her mother's charm as well as her dark, vivacious beauty, her lovely wide-set eyes and clear, pale olive skin.

Mother and daughter, as débutantes and always, have used Pond's to keep their skin at its best. "In the old days," says Mrs. Drexel, "I used the Two Creams faithfully. Now we both delight in the soft new Cleansing Tissues and perfumed Skin Freshener. My daughter says 'Pond's is wonderful.' . . . And I agree with her!"

Follow these four steps of Pond's Method:

*During the day*—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting a little to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

*Second*—wipe away with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues, soft and so absorbent.

*Third*—briskly dab skin 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*—cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.



*Pond's Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener*

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# First sweeping HOLLYWOOD

and now

*Lux Toilet Soap cares for the*

Keep your skin exquisitely smooth just as 9 out of 10 glamorous screen stars do

LONG AGO our own charming Hollywood stars discovered that for attractiveness a girl *must* have soft, smooth skin—and discovered that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin at its very loveliest.

Then the famous Broadway stage stars became equally enthusiastic about this delicately fragrant white soap. Never have they been more grateful to it than since so many of them are playing in the talkies!

And now—in France, in England, in Germany—the European stars have adopted Lux Toilet Soap.

*In Hollywood alone 511 lovely actresses use it*

“No girl can be *attractive* unless she has the very loveliest skin.” This is the conclusion of 45 leading Hollywood directors. Small wonder, then, that Lux Toilet Soap is the chosen soap of the world’s most famous stars!

In Hollywood alone, of the 521 important actresses, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. And every one of the great film studios has made it the official soap for its dressing rooms.

At the request of the Broadway stage stars, it has been placed in their dressing rooms by 71 of the 74 legitimate New York theaters, and by other leading theaters all over the country.

If you aren’t already using this delightful soap, order several cakes—today. Its caressing lather will keep your skin lovely, just as it keeps the skin of the famous stars.



JOAN CRAWFORD  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



JANET GAYNOR  
Fox Films

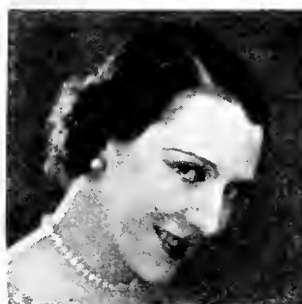
H O L L Y



MARY EATON  
“Five O’Clock Girl”



HELEN HAYES  
“Coquette”



ARLETTE MARCHAL  
French screen star



SUZANNE BIANCHETTI  
French screen star

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EVELYN BRENT  
Independent

## W O O D



MARILYN MILLER  
"Sally"



BEATRICE LILLIE  
"This Year of Grace"



LENORE ULRIC  
"Mima"



ANN PENNINGTON  
George White's "Scandals"

## B R O A D W A Y



LUCY DORAINE  
Franco-Slavic star



LIL DAGOVER  
German star



MABEL POULTON  
English star



JULIETTE COMPTON  
English star

## E U R O P E

*Luxury such as you have found only in fine  
French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake... NOW 10¢*



Chidnoff

She says: "It isn't the original pull, it's the keep-up!"

I HAD worked, without stopping, for fourteen hours. Part of that time I had been in a hectic conference, fighting for a scene that I knew was right and in which nobody else believed. I had spent four hours on the set without once sitting down. I had begun the fourth treatment of an impossible story that three other writers had given up as a bad job.

My luncheon had been sent up to my office, and I ate while I dictated. The food was as bad as the continuity. Along toward the end of the day I had watched rushes and found that part of the script had to be rewritten. And hanging over my head was the knowledge that in three days I had to turn in an original story, the idea for which had not yet come to me.

I flung myself in a chair and made a feeble attempt to powder a neglected nose, when my office door was opened timidly and a very young, very earnest girl came in. She introduced herself and sat opposite me.

"I want to be a writer," she said. "Tell me honestly, Miss Cowan, what's your pull?"

The authorities would have locked me up in a padded cell if they could have read my mind accurately. I seriously contemplated murder, but I was too exhausted to make the physical effort.

MY pull? Merciful heavens! My pull! What's my pull! The poor, eager little girl who wanted to be a writer, thought that somewhere in my past was a rich, fat executive who had given me a job because he liked the sort of earrings I wore. Or, maybe, that I had a great uncle with money who had bought my way into the studio. My pull!

I've remained silent too long. This is the time to speak. There isn't any pull except work, work, work and the ability to rebound. Why, I've been knocked flatter than a prizefighter's nose at a caustic word from Cecil De Mille,

## Sada Cowan Is Tired of Being Asked

# "What's Your Pull?"

and the next day I've sprung back like a new elastic band.

I've finished stories on hospital beds, and I've been carried to my office when I was too ill to hold up my head. I've stood for the bitterest sarcasm, and I've seen stories in which I had faith torn to bits by a director who wanted a scene built up for his favorite bit of business!

I didn't have any pull—except the pull of a locomotive going uphill.

The story of my experiences should counteract this interested-man or rich-uncle theory. And I assure you my career has been no different from that of many other women who have become successful.

Dorothy Arzner was a wealthy girl, but no one would have known it from the way she worked. She was once my secretary, and she learned every phase of the industry and gave limitless time and energy to her study before she was ready to sit in a director's chair.

LORNA MOON has been tubercular for years, but has never stopped writing. I've seen her work from twelve to sixteen hours a day without a word of complaint.

Before Frances Marion became a writer, she had gained experience as a cutter and an actress, and she was always an enthusiastic, hard worker.

Agnes Christine Johnston is another woman who has worked like a slave for her success. Florence Ryerson, Dorothy Farnum, Beulah Marie Dix and many more women have reached big salaries and wonderful success without any pull at all, but by continued work and effort.

A butter-and-egg-man or an important cousin might get you a job. He can't keep it for you unless you have writer requirements.

I CAME to California with the remains of what the sob sisters call a broken heart, and a twenty-five dollar a week income. I had seen but one movie—"Cabiria." I took room and board at a small hotel for twenty-five dollars a week (exactly the amount of my income). I thought that this Cecil De Mille the other lodgers talked about was a girl. And that "location" must be a large place, since so many people went there.

I had to do something. I had never earned my living before, but since everyone was talking about pictures, I thought I might be able to do extra work. I had a friend who knew William de Mille, so I

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84 ]

IF you have ever wanted to write for the movies, don't skip this article by Sada Cowan.

As the pioneer free-lance woman writer of Hollywood, she was one of the first women to earn a thousand dollars a week with her pen. Besides having authored dozens of successful screen dramas, she is responsible for sixteen one-act plays and many short stories. And in addition, she is one of the most charming members of Hollywood's writer colony.

She writes us: "Everybody asks a star what her pull is. They pop the same question at directors. Even writers come in for their share. Well, here's my answer!"



*Had my eye  
that sparkle...  
my cheek that bloom!*

*Many a woman's secret is not expensive beauty parlors, but a good cream and a saline laxative!*

**T**HE good that care and creams have done the skin is not to be denied or minimized. And we commend, in no uncertain terms, the good effect of careful grooming.

But we also insist that true beauty—clear complexions—healthy, fresh and flawless skins come from within as well as from without.

Lack of internal cleanliness stops many a woman from having a complexion clear and fine. Physicians everywhere testify to this truth. And so thoroughly do European women believe in internal cleanliness that every season they visit the famous saline springs—Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden—and there by drinking the health-giving waters, rid themselves of constipation and find again their youth and beauty.

Sal Hepatica is the great American way of enjoying the benefits of saline waters. It is the practical equivalent of



the natural spa waters of the continent and, like these famous waters, cleanses the system through flushing away poisons and wastes. Complexions are cleared and body and spirit rejuvenated.

Because it purifies the bloodstream

and eliminates acidity, the use of Sal Hepatica is suggested in the correction of countless ills—headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, stomach disorders, all the ailments that find their source in intestinal stoppage.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely indeed does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can improve your complexion and restore your health.

Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth," describing in detail how Sal Hepatica helps keep your skin fresh and free from blemishes, and how it helps relieve many everyday ills.

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BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-40, 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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# Sal Hepatica

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# NEWS! — VIEWS! — GOSSIP! — of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]



This new picture hat adorns the pretty head of Marilyn Morgan, young Pathe player. It is made of pale blue horsehair braid and grosgrain ribbon, to harmonize with a summer frock of white and blue



What Hollywood decrees as the right length for new sports dresses. Lillian Roth wears this tennis frock designed by Travis Banton. It is a white flat crepe with red dots. Note the higher waist-line

**FRANCES MARION**, the scenarist widow of Fred Thomson, is married again. The lad is George Hill, well known director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

They tried to keep it a secret, but you know how that is! They even went to Arizona to have the knot tied. But it didn't work, and now they are being wished happiness by all and sundry.

**HOLLYWOOD** is taking those gangster stories seriously, maybe. It's getting just like jolly, old Chicago, the last frontier of the two-gun men of the Old West. Someone even took a pot shot at Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day.

According to the mother of the sisters, her two daughters were followed by an automobile as they drove away from their home. When they sought refuge in a parking station a bullet whizzed between their heads and shattered the windshield.

Sally told a slightly different story. She said they had found the broken windshield when they returned to their car after visiting some friends in an apartment. Anyway, the bullet was real, and you can take your choice of the stories.

Just to prove that little things didn't upset her, Sally had her tonsils out the same week, although there really isn't much connection between the bullet and the tonsils.

P. S. A mean New York columnist said it wasn't a bullet—it was a brick!

**JOAN and Doug** (last names Crawford and Fairbanks) are tired of living in a Spanish atmosphere.

El Jodo is up for sale. The two now crave a little English home. Joan keeps on buying furniture. It's English now instead of Spanish.

**AFTER** years of trouping, the Gish family has a home!

When Lillian came back from Hollywood after making "The Swan," she took a long lease on a beautiful apartment in New York.

It overhangs the East River, with its fogs, its lights and its ferry boats. Lillian could drop a flat-iron on the head of a barge hand from her parlor window—if she was that sort.

There sits her beautiful invalid mother, looking across at the lights of Brooklyn. There friends like to visit.

Lillian feels more at home than she ever has before.



A Constance Bennett notion of a pretty sport ensemble. The suit is white serge, trimmed with Lake Como blue flowered satin print. A vagabond hat in felt rounds out this gay costume

**THE** most amazing spectacle that Hollywood has witnessed for many months was the showing of "The Story of Gosta Berling" at the little Filmarte Theater. This picture made motion picture history. Produced four or five years ago in Sweden, directed by Mauritz Stiller, starring Lars Hanson and featuring Greta Garbo, it was the film that decided Louis B. Mayer to bring these three to Hollywood.

You wouldn't recognize the Garbo. In it she is dark-haired, plump and ingenuous. She plays the rôle of a sweet young thing and, although there is none of the old Garbo languor, she is inexpressibly beautiful—more beautiful, many believe, than she is now.

It was her first screen appearance.

Also in the cast is one Mona Martensson. This girl was brought to America a year or so after Garbo. It was hoped that she would also become a great star. She returned to Sweden without making a picture.

**HEY!** Bill Hart fans! Cal has become official attention-caller to noble ole Bill, and is glad to print the following letter at his request:  
"As PHOTOPLAY [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 76 ]"





CAUTION! Don't be fooled into thinking a dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; correct acid mouth; or firm your gums. These are to be treated only by a dentist. The one function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth . . . any other claim is false and misleading, say the highest dental authorities.

## Why Colgate's Penetrating Foam is a "Double-Action" Cleanser

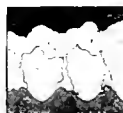
Colgate's cleans teeth two ways. It polishes the surfaces brilliantly with soft chalk powder, the material used by all dentists. But many other toothpastes can do that. Only in a toothpaste like Colgate's do you get *complete* cleansing due to the *washing* action of the famous penetrating foam which sweeps into the tiny fissures and spaces between teeth. This remarkable foam washes out the decaying particles from these hard-to-reach places where ordinary brushing can't clean. Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Leading

dentists say mere surface polishing is only half the job of cleansing. To *completely* clean the teeth, you must have the double action of Colgate's penetrating foam.

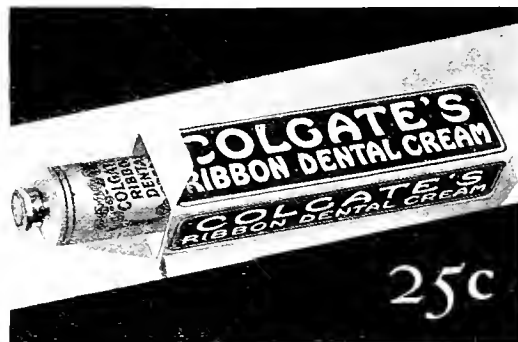
How Colgate's Cleans Crevices where Tooth Decay May Start



Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste fails to penetrate deep down where the cruses of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleaning them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



# NEWS! - VIEWS! - GOSSIP! - of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74 ]



A happy group under the California sun. John McCormack, his wife, his daughter Gwendolyn and Charlie Farrell at Fox-Movietone City, where McCormack has just finished his first film. Charlie and Gwendolyn were often together



International

The dream lover of most of the moonstruck maidens of Japan, and the Flowery Kingdom's leading matinee idol of the screen. Mr. Tsuzuya Moroguchi, called the Japanese Valentino. Like some of our own, women admire the boy, but the men profess to despise him



A merger of tennis costume and bathing suit, combining the best features of each. When Corinne Griffith leaves the surf for the courts, she just wraps herself in this jersey skirt and buttons it

has such a wide circulation, and there does not seem to be any let-up in my mail, do you mind mentioning that my address is as follows:

"The William S. Hart Company,  
"Horseshoe Ranch,  
"Newhall, Calif.

"I left my Hollywood place some time ago, and Uncle Sam does not like the forwarding job. Always sincerely yours,  
"Bill Hart."

There you are, pardner. And there you are. Hart fans.

**WHEELER and Woolsey in a Tia Juana scene in Radio Pictures' "Radio Revels":**

W.—"What'll you have?"

W.—"Oh, I'll have champagne. What's yours?"

W.—"Brandy."

W.—"Pale?"

W.—"Oh, no. A quart'll do."

**DEVIL-MAY-CARE ALICE WHITE** doesn't forget her old friends.

One of the girls she worked with in the old days married a struggling garage mechanic. They began saving for the little home. One day the girl happened to tell Alice that in two more years they'd have enough for the down payment.

"Don't be sil," said Alice. "You've got it now." And she put up the money for the first installment. If they can ever afford to pay it back—O. K. If not, they're instructed to forget it.

**ONE** of the most tragic stories in Hollywood is that of Anna Q. Nilsson.

Almost two years ago she was thrown from a horse and suffered a fractured hip.

Since that time she has been praying for recovery. Although confined to her bed, her room became a salon. Her friends did not desert her.

When she was able to be up and around at last she moved to Malibu Beach, hoping that the salt air would help her. Just recently she has gone through another operation.

A piece of bone was taken from her shin and grafted to the hip bone.

It will be months before she is up again.

**NOT** that it really matters, but the medico to Lupe Velez has placed her on a strict diet.

It seems that Lupe's inclination in the matter of menus runs to plenty of meat,

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78 ]

England's leader in Beauty Culture

# Mme. BERTHA JACOBSON

## warns "against harsh effects of soaps not made of olive and palm oils"

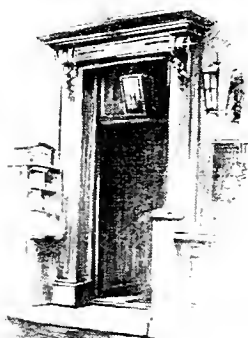
*"Other soaps may irritate the skin: may cause coarse pores and an unpleasant feeling of roughness. Palmolive is refreshing, pure, safe."*

*Bertha Jacobson*

11/12 DOVER STREET,  
LONDON, W. 1



*A corner of the quaint Victorian waiting room in Madame Jacobson's London salon.*



*Entrance to Madame Jacobson's Mayfair salon, where the smartest women of London consult this expert.*



*Madame Bertha Jacobson, herself, administering to a client in her Mayfair beauty salon.*

"WHEN women come to me for advice on the care of the skin," says Madame Bertha Jacobson, of London, "I always impress on them the need for soap and water, as cleanliness of the skin is the first step to beauty."

"But," Madame Jacobson goes on to say, "I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of olive and palm oils."

### *Dangers to skin beauty*

The skin secretes oils; the day's make-up, face creams, dirt, clog the tiny pores. Unless these accumulations are safely and gently removed, blackheads and other blemishes soon appear. And

the delicate lather of Palmolive is the chosen method for keeping skin free of these blemishes... the preferred method of more than 19,800 experts.

Both as a teacher and beauty specialist Madame Jacobson is deferred to by members of her profession. And among London society women, her superiority as a beauty specialist is unquestioned.

When Madame Jacobson urges the daily use of Palmolive

that recommendation carries the weight of authority.

### *This treatment, night and morning*

Make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder.

To get the full benefit of salon treatments, you should co-operate with your beauty specialist by using Palmolive Soap twice a day. By beginning tomorrow you will hasten the return of natural loveliness.

Since Palmolive costs so little, why not enjoy it for the bath as well as the face? Millions already do, in 48 countries the world over.



**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 WEAJ and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

Retail Price 10c

5249

# NEWS! - VIEWS! - GOSSIP! - of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

and not too well done, if you please. She has a high disdain for such little succulencies as spinach and turnips.

Cal realizes that this shatters an illusion for all of you. Lupe seemed one of those free, untrammelled souls who could eat lobster salad, roquefort cheese, and a slab of strawberry ice cream, and never bat an eye.

**T**HE Big Director wanted a man to play a Scotland Yard detective, and the casting office sent him a prospect. After a very brief confab, the director sent the actor back to the casting boss with a note. It read: "This man won't do. Hasn't a trace of a Scotch accent!"

**I**T was an impromptu conference at Radio Pictures about a likely story for Chic Sale. Nobody had an idea until Catherine, somebody's secretary, spoke up:

"May I suggest something?"

"Uh huh," uh-huhed somebody.

"Well," she said, "my boy friend told me last night that Mister Sale had written an awfully clever book, and I don't see why it mightn't be a good idea to film that. Of course, I haven't read it, but it's named 'The Specialist.'"

So they told Catherine to go ahead with her typing.



Mother Mary and her train of six Carrs. The unforgettable mother of "Over the Hill" is proud of this large and good-looking brood of her own. Mary Carr, you will be happy to know, is winning out in talking pictures, and has a good part in the new Radio Pictures drama, "Second Wife"



**B**ERLIN: A new popular song here is entitled "Greta Garbo Kissed Me in My Dream . . ."

Quick, doctor!—a double sleeping powder . . .!!!

**S**OMETIMES Cal thinks he just can't go on.

He's been chronicling the fact that Mary Brian has a new boy friend for lo, these many, weary years. Mary wins something or other for the most rumors of engagement. Bebe Daniels isn't even running a good second.

With Mary it has been Buddy Rogers, Arthur Lake, William Bakewell, Rudy Vallée, and an assortment of football

Try this on your bathing suit for 1930. Dorothy Mackaill demonstrates how to combine a sun-tanned back with a bathing suit that does not slip off the shoulders. The little draw-string she's tugging does the trick

heroes. But if we keep up with the times, we'll have to put it down in black and white that Phillips Holmes seems to have the inside track now.

He lunches with Mary, and he took her to the New Year's Day football classic at Pasadena. The worst of it is, by the time this gets into print, Mary will probably be the leading lady in another set of rumors.

**T**HE Tom Mixes separate? Pooh!

Tom and Victoria turned up in New York not long ago, happy and healthy, and soon left for Florida to try out the sunshine.

There Tom will confer with John Ringling, his circus boss. Tom's show contract for next summer calls for thirty-five weeks at a measly \$10,000 per.

**A**MERICA'S boy friend, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, turned off-screen hero the other day, registering a neat performance.

"Buddy" found his two house boys, Edicio Urequo, and his brother, Jesus, overcome by monoxide gas in their room at his new home. "Buddy" put in a hurry-up call for the inhalator squad, the police, and for two or three hospitals.

The physician finally brought them out of it, but two more minutes and "Buddy" would have been frying his own eggs.

**A**DVICE to chorus cuties: To step up your sex appeal, put things ON; don't take 'em OFF!

They learned that truth at the Radio Pic-  
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

# “CONDEMNING SHADOWS”

| *William Shakespeare, 1564-1616* |

“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** Ciga-  
rettes will bring modern figures  
or cause the reduction of flesh.  
We do declare that when tempt-  
ed 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, main-  
tain a modern, graceful form.



*When Tempted*

*Reach  
for a  
LUCKY*

*instead*

“It’s toasted”

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.



**WHEN THE  
TEN BEST  
PICTURES  
OF 1930  
ARE CHOSEN**



CHARLES BICKFORD brings a vivid reality to the rugged character of the sea-hardened mate who learns the tenderness of love from Anna Christie.



GEORGE F. MARION recreates for the talking screen the hardy role of Old Mott, the unforgettably powerful characterization he made famous in the original stage production.



MARIE DRESSLER has made the world laugh with her gayety—and now she shows a new and amazing dramatic power in the role of Marthy. A portrait of the talking screen you will never forget.



CLARENCE BROWN has directed many mighty entertainments for the screen but the greatest of all is his superb picturization of O'Neill's soul stirring drama.

**GRETA GARBO**  
**IN HER FIRST ALL-TALKING PICTURE**

**ANNA  
CHRISTIE**

Adapted by Frances Marion from Eugene O'Neill's play "Anna Christie"

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

Charles Bickford George F. Marion Marie Dressler

This soul-stirring drama of America's greatest playwright, Eugene O'Neill, will surely be selected for FilmDom's Hall of Fame! Gréta Garbo sounds the very depths of human emotions in her portrayal of Anna Christie, the erring woman who finally finds true love in the heart of a man big enough to forgive. A performance that places her definitely among the great actresses of all time. Don't miss this thrill!



**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

# The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

## SO LONG LETTY—Warners

TWO discontented husbands swap wives. That's the story. But Charlotte Greenwood as *Letty* is the whole show. Just to look at her boisterous antics is to laugh. You'll recognize the theme song, "So Long Letty." Bert Roach, Patsy Ruth Miller, Grant Withers and Claude Gillingwater add to the fun.

## THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA—Universal

UNIVERSAL has remade parts of its famous shocker, "The Phantom of the Opera," in talkie form, and synchronized the whole thing in sound. Like all such last-minute tricks, it's now a patchy picture, with some of the characters speaking but Lon Chaney still silent. But those who have never seen this exciting picture had better have a look, even if it is neither one thing nor 'tother. *Part Talkie.*

## BECAUSE I LOVED YOU—Aafa-Tobis

WE review this because it is the first Made-In-Germany talking picture to reach our resounding shores. At that, it is only about sixty-five per cent dialogue, German, of course. And it has a theme song! It's a mild love story, and the production shows that our brethren in the Fatherland still have plenty to learn. They are not quite up to Hollywood production of two years ago. *Part Talkie.*

## LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—First National

THIS would have been just another race track yarn but for two things. One is Eddie Buzzell, a musical comedy star who can sing and act, too. The other is the famous George M. Cohan music. Alice Day, as the Jockey's sweetheart, gives a sincere show.

## UP THE CONGO—Sono Art-World Wide

IF you can work yourself into a lather over those expedition things into Darkest Africa, this particular one is interesting.

## THE MOUNTED STRANGER—Universal

HOOT GIBSON is *The Riding Kid* who avenges his pappy's murder and stumbles spurs-first into a chili-hot romance in the doing. Casualties: two dead, two wounded. Just another Western.

## TROOPERS THREE—Tiffany Productions, Inc.

EVEN money (judging by the title) that this is either a back-stage story or an army picture. Ha-ha!—it's both. Slim Sumnerville's funny pan and shots of the 11th Cavalry make this interesting enough.

## WEST OF THE ROCKIES—J. Charles Davis Prod.

SOME day some bright soul will think up a new idea for a Western story; until then, "West of the Rockies" will pass muster if you're not fussy. Bandits, fast riding heroes, and pretty señoritas. Words and lip movements never quite catch up with each other.

## HER UNBORN CHILD—Windsor Picture Plays

THE grimmer side of sex. No light wines and dancing, no gay younger generation stuff. Oh my no! A sad-faced young woman

finds herself entangled with an equally sad-faced young man whose mother promises to cut him off with a penny if he marries the girl. Heigh-ho, you will pardon that yawn.

## CLANCY CAUGHT SHORT—Edward Small Prod.

THE Hollywood scenario writers ran out of Irish-Jewish jokes. After much deliberation somebody had the bright idea of a Scotch-Irish team. Then along came the stock crash to contribute more gags and a picture was born. Charlie Murray and Lucien Littlefield are the partners in comedy crime.

## THE SETTING SON—Darmour-Radio Pictures

A WILD, conglomerate satire on family relations, and for a short feature it packs an awful lot of wild, conglomerate comedy. Grandpap, rich and ailing, takes the wrong



Master Richard Arlen at the age of eight, when the word "star" was still only an astronomical term. Note the wing collar and the dignified expression. After studying this, we've decided almost any boy can make good

medicine and thinks he's cashing in. Then the family count chickens before they're hatched. Al Cooke and Alberta Vaughn stand out.

## MEXICALI ROSE—Columbia

THE beautiful Barbara Stanwyck makes her second film appearance in this well-done romantic melodrama of girls, gambling, and nice American boys on the Mexican border. And Barbara does better than well, as does Sam Hardy, who plays a merry gambler. It's pretty good entertainment.

## THE AVIATOR—Warners

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON as a shrinking neurasthenic, afraid of anything that goes up, even elevators! Patsy Ruth Miller, as the hero-worshipping girl friend, complicates matters. Lee Moran gets his share of laughs.

## FRAMED—Radio Pictures

THE night club hostess, the gangster and his moll, the young son of the police inspector. Yes, ma'am, it's another underworld picture. But the story is as trim as a pair of dainty ankles and there's a trick climax which makes you believe in scenario writers again. Evelyn Brent, for once, does the sort of thing to which she is best suited. Darn good entertainment.

## MATCH PLAY—Sennett-Educational

THIS is highly recommended for golfers. Walter Hagen, British "champeen," and Leo Diegel, American "champeen," are featured. The lads are there when it comes to the niblick, but neither are very exciting as actors. But, after all, no one expected anything else. Comedy is dragged in occasionally.

## ON THE BORDER—Warners

THIS old-fashioned thriller includes practically everything except a Chicago gang war and a Filipino uprising. Smuggling Chinese across the Mexican border. Armida sings and Rin-Tin-Tin gives his usual intelligent performance. Rest of the cast are gotten up like comic strip characters. Forget it.

## BEAU BANDIT—Radio Pictures

WE just bet a shirt that Rod LaRocque has to spend the rest of his life doing a Spanish accent. He's at it again in "Beau Bandit." The title tells all that's necessary. You can't fool us with a theme song and good photography. It's just an old-fashioned Western, and not so hot at that. Rod is just too slim and elegant for words. Doris Kenyon sings beautifully.

## MURDER ON THE ROOF—Columbia

BOO! Another murder story, this time with the crime taking place up high among the pent-houses. It's a thriller for the shock fans, and it won't disappoint them. An excellent cast projects it. A right pleasing picture of its type.

## BE YOURSELF—United Artists

THAT old "My Man" plot gets dusted off for another Fanny Brice picture. Fanny is the little self-sacrificer who stakes her heart and money on a boxer who repays her by falling for a gold-digger. Just another movie.

## THE SHIP FROM SHANGHAI—M-G-M

THIS psychological drammer got lost in the movie woods. The central idea seems to be that one class is born to command and the other to obey. The test is made on a derelict yacht adrift on the Equator. High dramatic tension does not save the picture from being distasteful at times. Louis Wolheim is guilty of over-acting as the paranoiac steward, but Kay Johnson is splendid. Conrad Nagel goes kittenish.

## DAMES AHOY—Universal

THIS one might be called "Fun in the Navy" or "How He Found the Strawberry Blonde." And if all the ancient gags were laid end to end, they'd three times encircle every comedy ever made. Glenn Tryon is supposed to be a smart-cracking sailor. The only difficulty is that the dialogue writer left out the smart cracks.

# Chase and Sanborn's **DATED** of each of these



HENRY SLEEPER, well known as a collector and connoisseur, says: "I like using things that have proven themselves by long trial. Chase & Sanborn's is that sort of coffee."



ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, the brilliant journalist and dramatic critic, says, "I not only sample plays and books, but coffee, too. For the Chase & Sanborn blend, I predict a longer run than even 'Abie's Irish Rose' enjoyed."



RICHARD HALLIBURTON, who writes so vividly of his travels in "The Royal Road to Romance" and "New Worlds to Conquer," makes this very interesting statement about coffee: "I've tasted the finest coffees of the world," he tells us—"in palm-thatched shacks in Panama, in proud palacios of Brazil, in dim bazaars in Turkey, and in most intervening points east and west. But never have I known one which could surpass Chase & Sanborn's for the perfect, indescribable flavor that comes from real freshness."

## Chase and Sanborn's

Copyright 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



# COFFEE served in the homes surprisingly domestic *well-known bachelors*

*NEW—this method of handling coffee like a perishable fresh food! Delivered freshly roasted direct to grocers twice a week . . . can't remain in the store more than 10 days!*

NOW coffee as fresh as "fresh bread" or "this morning's milk!" This is what "dated coffee" means.

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is delivered to your grocer exactly like a perishable fresh food . . . in a *dated* package . . . straight from the roasting ovens. No delay for re-handling. No storage. He gets a fresh supply twice a week . . . just enough to last until the next delivery. And any left over at the end of ten days is regularly taken back by Chase & Sanborn and replaced by fresh.

For sixty-five years Chase & Sanborn's choice blend of coffee has been preferred in many sections of the country for its color . . . its clearness . . . its smooth, rich satisfaction of taste.

Now that it is handled like a fresh food through the "Daily Delivery" system of "Standard Brands Inc.," which delivers also fresh Fleischmann's Yeast, it has the distinction among coffees of "direct from the roaster" distribution everywhere. This gives it a final flavor advantage, which makes it the inevitable choice of men and women who care about good coffee.

Don't postpone a treat. Get Chase & Sanborn's Coffee today from your grocer.



The rollicking, roistering Billy Haines of the silver screen at home is WILLIAM HAINES . . . Virginia gentleman. His menus are selected with the concern of one who makes a hobby of good living. "The fresher the better is true of roasted coffee," says this popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "That's why this dated coffee of Chase & Sanborn's is such a good idea."

GARY COOPER, Paramount star, explains that: "Having been raised on a ranch in Montana, I know that there is nothing more invigorating, when out on the range, than a cup of freshly roasted coffee. That's why, when I'm on outings, I take care to see that my supply of coffee is fresh. If a coffee is guaranteed fresh, that's the coffee for me."

LOOK FOR THE  
date  
ON THE CAN



## Coffee - DATED

# What's Your Pull?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72 ]

wrote a letter to the director and asked for an appointment, which I got.

That was all the pull I ever had—just that first contact—and I went to ask for extra work! I told him, during the course of our conversation, that I had dabbled with one-act plays, and he tactfully explained to me that I had better trade on what brains had been given me, rather than what beauty. He was working on a story and he needed an outside mind, so he offered me the chance to work with him.

I was not paid a cent for many weeks and then, suddenly, he told me he was going to New York for six weeks but he would give me a studio pass and I could learn something about the business while he was gone.

**I** MADE myself a complete nuisance. I stood behind Cecil De Mille's cameraman and I learned something of angles (they had only meant geometry to me before). Ruby Miller at that time had charge of all the girls who copied scripts. She helped me tremendously by letting me read the best continuities. I ruined the cutter's day by asking a million questions, but by the time William de Mille returned I had done a practice script of a short story of mine, which, although impossible as a film story, was technically correct enough to be shot.

Apparently William told his brother about me, for one day I was on Cecil's set when he called out, "Tell that girl with the Japanese name to come over here!"

And he offered me a job at twenty-five dollars a week to work on the continuity of "Why Change Your Wife?" with Olga Printzlau.

Cecil De Mille is one of the most charming men I know—when he isn't working. When he throws himself into production he becomes another creature.

He ripped my work to pieces. He told me I was the poorest excuse for a writer it had ever been his unhappy lot to know; that I was a rank failure, and would never succeed. After a particularly hectic scene, which left me limp

and exhausted, he raised my salary that same night to sixty dollars a week, by way of apology.

In those days the writer titled the pictures and helped with the cutting. Many, many days I was on my feet from eight in the morning until eleven or twelve at night. Sometimes I didn't have my clothes off all night long.

"Why Change Your Wife?" was completed at last. I felt that, with Olga Printzlau, I had done a good job. She was making three or four times the money I was, so I went to Mr. De Mille and told him I thought I deserved one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

"I'll give you one hundred," he said.

"I won't take it," I answered.

"Not a cent more. Take it or leave it."

"I leave it," I said, and walked out of the office.

With only one-half of one script to my credit I set myself up as a free-lance writer—the first woman to break into free-lance work. There was a little office on the Boulevard I could rent for a small sum, so I installed myself in it and sent out letters to every director in the industry, announcing that I was open for business. The first month I got two short scripts to do at one thousand dollars each.

Then I was taken ill and knew I had to go to the hospital for a major operation. I made my will and finished my last continuity the night before I left, with my fever hitting 103 degrees.

I was in the hospital when a call came from Harry Garson, who was then Clara Kimball Young's manager. He wanted to see me at once. The nurse explained I was much too ill. I took the phone. "Can't you come over here?" I asked.

He couldn't leave his office but he said he would send his car for me. The doctor forbade my going, but I went, anyhow, in a wheel chair. That day I sold him a play for six thousand dollars, and signed a contract for one thousand dollars a week to do six original stories a year for Clara Kimball Young!

Did you ever try to get six plot ideas a year? Try it some time, just for mental exercise. But

it can be done, even if it leaves you, as it left me, completely exhausted mentally and physically and ready for another hospital siege.

My life has been punctuated by illness, but I've never stopped working. I've always been a free-lance, even when I filled a twenty-one weeks' engagement at Paramount for one thousand dollars a week. It gave me no little joy to go back to De Mille at that figure when, a year before, he had refused to pay me one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week!

**T**HE story goes on from there. My life has been nothing but work and rebounds. I've had trials and disappointments that I don't even like to think about. I've had stories rejected and my pet ideas ridiculed. I've ground out plots on hospital beds and in stuffy offices, but I've kept right on. I've never stopped.

Do you blame me for contemplating murder when anyone asks me, "What's your pull?"

I've worked with directors at their homes until three and four o'clock in the morning. Incidentally, I've never had a door locked on me yet, like the heroine in the second act of the melodrama. What experiences the actresses have, I don't know. But I can speak for myself and the rest of the women writers. Directors are much too busy to bother with personalities. I've had many an insult to my professional pride, but none to my pride as a woman.

If you're the niece of a Wall Street financier, you may get your story read, but unless you know how to turn out a job in the face of every difficulty and unless you're willing to give every ounce of energy and time to your job, you won't keep a regular one.

If you have a pretty face that is admired by one of the chief high officials, you may be given *one* chance. Unless you're capable and willing to do a tremendous amount of work, you probably won't be given another.

What's your pull? Or my pull? Or anybody's pull? Hard work and plenty of it; courage; cheerfulness; resiliency; and, of course, ability.

## Painting the Shadows

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

point in its history. She and the directors of various films labor together to dress their players in the most dramatic colors, in accordance with the mood of the scene played.

She knows the clash of color to match the conflict of minds and bodies. Watch the duel scene between Dennis King and Warner Oland in "The Vagabond King." Both wear red—but dramatically different reds. And the costumes fight like the swordsmen, doubling the drama and stepping the scene into high.

**T**HE growth of the Technicolor process, as demand for it increases, is one of the most dramatic in filmland's history.

A year ago, there were just exactly eight Technicolor cameras in the world, and they were all in Hollywood.

Last summer First National had "Sally" and "Paris" in work at the same time. They had four color cameras. Warners had four. There were three more out on contract at various studios. That's all there were on earth.

And through the blistering weeks First National's four cameras worked day and night.

"Sally" was shot in the daytime. At eight in the evening "Paris" went to work, and its labors lasted until six in the morning.

That strain is easier, now. At the moment of writing there are thirty-five of these magic boxes in existence, all in Hollywood. They are making them more rapidly all the time as their laboratories multiply.

In the earlier days developing the color films was the slowest of processes. Now the printing capacity is twelve times greater than it was fourteen months ago. Technicolor speeds ahead.

And it has to! Demands on it grow week by week.

There are still many tremendous problems to be faced and whipped.

There is the one of those colors which do not yet register well.

They admit that up to now a true yellow is unobtainable. In "On With the Show" Warners photographed a yellow taxi, but it came out orange on the film. Only when red is added does yellow pick up, and then the result is more orange than yellow.

Purple does not photograph, and there is no such thing as a true blue. As a matter of fact, blue inclines to go green.

But the eye can be tricked! A sky appears blue in contrast to green foliage, so all is pretty well.

Why, there's even a Technicolor goose in Hollywood now!

When First National was making "No, No, Nanette," they wanted a golden goose for a color scene, and a prop boy lathered a goose properly with gold paint, and the shot was made.

**A**FTER the ordeal the kindly director decided that it would be merciful to relieve the goose of all its earthly woes, as the paint could not be washed off. At this moment the goose laid an egg, and not a golden one either.

The director—soft-hearted chap—decided that such a willing fowl should live and spread its glory. So to this day, in a pen on the First National lot, struts the golden goose—the first goose to be turned into a proud swan by the magic of the Technicolor process!

Will  
you pay 50¢  
to get rid of  
dandruff?



It isn't at all surprising that many thousands of women—and men—have found the solution to the troubling dandruff problem, in a 50¢ bottle of Listerine.

Dandruff, many authorities contend, is a germ disease. Full strength Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds. Even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), the stubborn germs used by the U. S. Government to test germicidal power, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000.

Listerine first dislodges and dissolves the tiny scales which are the outward evidence of dandruff, then it soothes, cools, and heals the troubled scalp. If infection is present, Listerine attacks it. The flesh tingles and glows with new health

and invigoration.

If you have any evidence of humiliating dandruff, begin with Listerine at once. Remember that it is entirely safe, and douse it *full strength* on the scalp. Then massage the latter vigorously with the finger tips. Keep the treatment up as a part of the regular soap and water shampoo, or independent of

**Note to Medical and Dental profession:**

When prescribing a mouth wash for *germicidal* purposes, make certain that it is a germicide; and not merely a colored preparation which is only deodorant and astringent.

it. If your hair and scalp are exceptionally dry, use a little olive oil in conjunction with the treatment.

You will be delighted to find how quickly Listerine overcomes ordinary cases of loose dandruff. When dandruff persists, consult your physician as the condition may require expert attention. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

L I S T E R I N E  
for dandruff

the safe antiseptic  
*kills 200,000,000*  
*germs in 15 seconds*

# The Sweet-Smelling Screen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

de la Falaise, a number of interesting things about the use of perfumes in the times of the first Empire were uncovered and utilized to give that final touch of reality to the picture which makes it perfect.

One was that the Empress Josephine was passionately fond of musk, an affection which she no doubt acquired in her native Martinique, and, still more surprising, that the most prodigal user of scent in those romantic and historic days was the Emperor himself.

EVERY time he washed, Napoleon poured over his head, shoulders and hands, an entire flask of *eau de Cologne*, and he used highly scented soap and toilet waters as well. His bill from the court perfumer for three months was for two cases of orange flower soap, three large flacons of essence of jasmine and 163 flasks of *eau de Cologne*.

This same *eau de Cologne* was first made by the brothers Farina in the city on the Rhine, where it became immensely popular among the soldiers of the various armies engaged in the Seven Years' War, and by them was subsequently introduced to all Europe.

For their further comfort, the warriors of ancient Assyria went into battle with their hair and beards elaborately curled and dripping with perfumes; the Crusaders returned from the island of Cyprus redolent of chypre, which became the favorite of King Richard of England; and Henry the Eighth, with his reputation for masculinity, was always highly scented with musk.

Perhaps my most amusing experience with the real need of perfumes to bring the final realistic note into a scene was in Herbert Brenon's production of "The Street of Forgotten Men." In this we had a bevy of those festive ladies who graced the swanky Bowery dance hall and café of the gay nineties.

When they were all dressed we took them down for Mr. Brenon's inspection—gored skirts, tight, plaid-taffeta waists, high, buttoned boots, dripping willow plumes and all. He looked them over most carefully, then turned to me and said, "They are perfect types, their clothes are wonderful, but somehow it seems to me that they still need some little thing to make them absolutely right."

It came to me like a flash. I rushed them back upstairs, while I raced to a shop in Fifty-seventh Street as fast as our most reckless studio chauffeur could drive me.

There I asked if by any chance they had a certain brand of perfume. Indeed they had, I was informed, and very chic and expensive it was. Now, this particular perfume in that same mauve decade was too daring for any but those delightful and fascinating ladies known as "fast." Its name is Jicky, it is made by the house of Guerlain, and is at the moment a very smart and sophisticated favorite.

AT any rate, I sprayed my Bowery beauties to the drenching point, and sent them back to Mr. Brenon. The moment they got near enough for him to get a whiff of "Jicky" his eyes lighted and he shouted, "Perfect, perfect—that's what it was all the time. They didn't smell the part!" Then he turned to me and said, "My Lord, what a memory!"

You will recall a play, later made into a picture called "Heliotrope," whose central theme was perfume. It was an underworld story in which a most daring criminal has a weakness for the scent of heliotrope and constantly uses it. He is framed by his wife and her lover and sent to prison for life, but manages after some time to escape.

The high point of the story is when the wife and her lover return to their darkened apartment in drunken gaiety, and their reaction

when their drink-muddled senses are finally pierced by the odor of heliotrope. There in the perfumed darkness vengeance is waiting, and they know their hour has struck.

In Jeanne Eagels' production of "The Letter," all the perfumes used by *Lady Tsen Mei* were those imported from China and made from sandalwood and ylang-ylang, and these same odors were used by the Chinese girls who were the inmates of her Singapore establishment. Chinese incense was burned throughout the picture to heighten the illusion for the performers, and only Chinese cigarettes and tobacco were used as well.

That charming artist and the idol of the studios by reason of her happy disposition, Helen Morgan, has most exquisite personal taste in perfumes. Yet in her current production of "Applause," not only did she disguise her beauty and charm beneath the frowsy exterior of a tawdry burlesque queen, but used only perfumes which she purchased herself in a cheap emporium, so that she might be utterly in character in this important detail.

Of course every woman on the screen uses



We always were strong for those saucy little bolero jackets. Especially on a slim and modish maiden like Carol Lombard. Carol's frock is of black faille crepe with collar, vestee and jacket lining of aquamarine chiffon, trimmed with tiny gold beads and garnished with a gardenia

perfume as a personal attraction, and after ten years of intimate association with some of the loveliest and most expensively perfumed ladies in the world I ought to know something of the power of perfumes and their indication of personality and peculiarities among women.

There was one exotic and tempestuous star who adopted what is probably the most unique method of being wakened ever heard of in this modern world of Big and Little Ben alarm clocks. Each morning when it was time for this princess of the cinema to rise, her maid would lay heavily scented flowers on her mistress' pillow. At first only one or two, and then more and more, until at last their odor finally penetrated the clouds of sleep and this lovely lady woke into a scented world.

ANOTHER lady of pronounced beauty and vivid personality, if perhaps less refined tastes, used a special perfume so strong that we never had any difficulty in tracing her through the studios when she was wanted on the set.

Indeed, traces of her visits lingered for hours in the air, and under the lights her perfume was sometimes almost more than we could endure. But since she said she wore it only to inspire her in her art, what could we do but bear it, and air our garments afterward?

The voluptuous de Putti used to keep on her studio dressing table a cut crystal silver-mounted decanter, which contained a gold colored liquid which smelled like perfume and which floated on a two-inch foundation of candied violets and rose leaves.

It was not a perfume, however, for like the beauties of ancient Rome who had a special wine distilled from roses, the sinuous Lya sometimes drank a little of this scented concoction. Some of her associates said this was but a canny German way of keeping others from sampling the contents of that crystal decanter, but I am sure it was only one of the many perfume complexes with which I came in contact in my ten years in the studios.

Since the days of Eve's experiments with them, perfumes have been used principally and with devastating effect to beguile the hearts and bewilder the senses of the sons of Adam.

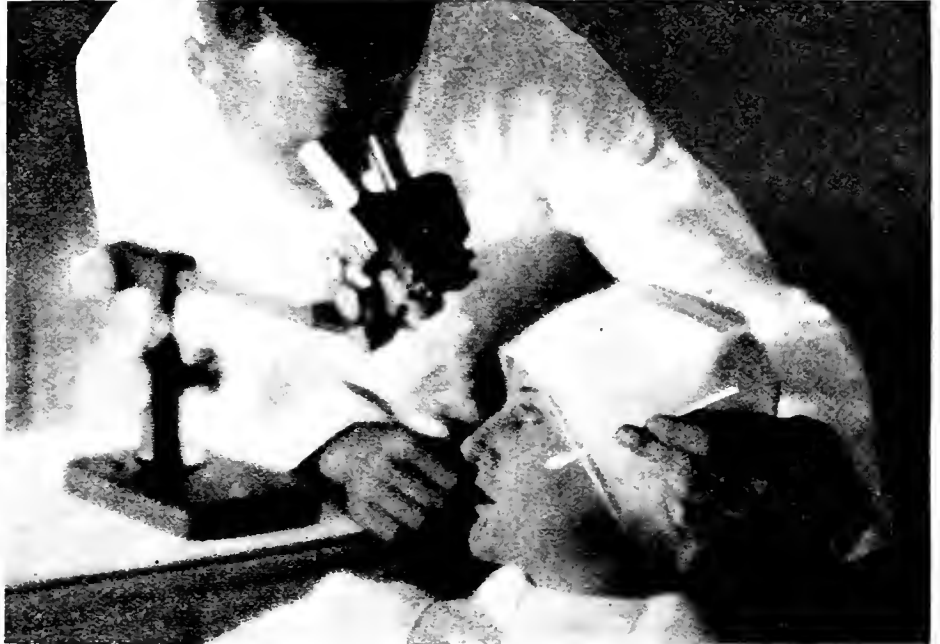
Whether women do this deliberately or innocently, it is a fact that certain perfumes do have a powerful effect upon the emotions of the opposite sex. What they are cannot be disclosed in this article lest it leave poor man without any protection whatsoever, and things are quite difficult enough for him as they are.

But there is one hint that women may take from the flowers themselves, for perfume with them is purely an attractive quality to bring on the bees and butterflies, with whom they enter into a kind of fragrant courtship.

WHILE most flowers give off their perfume by day, there are many curious exceptions which are practically scentless until darkness falls, and whose odor increases from that time up to midnight, fading again toward dawn. The perfume of these night flowers is far stronger and more penetrating than those of the blossoms of the day, and, by the same token, the visitors of the night, the night moths and other nocturnal flower lovers, are larger and stronger and shall we say rougher, than the gentler bees and butterflies of the sunlit hours.

Isn't it true, too, that the men who have the time and inclination to entertain their women friends in the daytime are apt to be gentlemen of wealth and leisure whose tastes in the pleasures of life are more delicate, more refined, than those of us who have to battle more fiercely with the world of work and can seek the company of youth and beauty only at night?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AGREE: "Doctors always use liquid solvents for thorough cleansing."

# Only a specialist told her the truth

SOMETHING must be done. Her skin was showing the unmistakable signs of age that every woman dreads—enlarged pores, tiny new wrinkles, sallowness, a coarsened, sluggish texture.

**DIAGNOSIS**—Regardless of cost she felt she must learn the cause of these blemishes—see if they couldn't be corrected. At the suggestion of her own physician she visited one of the greatest skin specialists in New York. He said to her:

"Madam, the surface of your skin is thoroughly clean but the pores are clogged with impurities—filled with an oily mixture of greasy dirt from the outside and bodily secretions from within. Germs lodge in those unclean depths. This condition interferes with the circulation. The life of the tissue is impaired. To remedy this you must cleanse the pores, dissolve out the embedded dirt. Then normal circulation will be restored. Don't forget: a clean skin is a healthy skin which will remain young for many, many years."

**TREATMENT**—With her new liquid solvent she did precisely as he had

advised. Almost at once her skin began to feel better. She experienced that delightful sensation of renewed life in the skin itself. The natural coloring and the fine texture of her complexion were being restored. Before long her friends began to ask her what new beauty treatment she had discovered... "It's a very simple thing," she said. "Just a matter of pore-deep cleansing with Ambrosia."

**WHAT IT IS**—Ambrosia, the liquid solvent that cleanses the depths of the pores, is new to American women. It was first made by a French chemist many years ago. It was named by Empress Eugenie. Until recently it was made only to private order.

Ambrosia penetrates instantly, dissolves the pore-deep dirt, rouses the circulation, normalizes and refines the skin. It prepares a dry skin to absorb a softening tissue cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles... Safe—no caustic alkali, no wax!... Quick—convenient!... Nothing to wipe away! Write for generous free sample. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 4-G 114 5th Ave., N. Y.—69 York St., Toronto, Can. No advance in price in Canada.



\$1.00 - \$1.75 - \$3.00

# AMBRŌSIA the pore-deep cleanser

## The Sweet-Smelling Screen

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]

If that is true, then by all means there should be both day and night perfumes.

Those for the aesthetic gentlemen "*d'après midi*" as well as for the caveman of the night clubs. Perfumes for the matinées and the theater at night, dependent on the mood of the play and the inclination of one's escort.

Perfumes for sports, for the tea and cocktail hours, as well as for the boudoir—but always perfume.

For a woman without perfume is like one of those hybrid roses that one comes upon at the flower shows in spring, gorgeous in form and color but utterly lacking in that charm which makes a perfect rose and a perfect woman.

SO although up to now the use of perfume has been principally to inspire the actor and to give the authority of tradition to scene and

action, it is not improbable that its charm and power may find further outlet. Sound we have and color and ever with increasing perfection, and why not perfume too? When Pompadour, in her dress of rose and silver, speaks words of love and languor, why should you not detect the odor of musk and patchouli with which her lace-bordered handkerchief is perfumed, as well as to see rose and silver and to hear her liquid syllables?

WHEN the Victorian heroine faints at the sight of a man and calls for *eau de Cologne*, or when the fragile Camille whispers, "Nanine, my smelling salts," why should not each sympathetic fan be refreshed by a whiff of those very things?

When that time comes, with color, music and perfume all combined, pictures will be perfect indeed.

## She Wants Beeg Family

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63 ]

one. The languorous, silent Greta and the spritely, tempestuous Fifi.

"But she like me and she is so nice, Miss Garbo. She never says much. She just sits and thinks."

FIFI wasn't born in Paris. Asnieres, a suburb of the capital, was her birthplace and also housed her when she went to school at a convent there.

She took a course in stenography and then when she went to Canada with her father, who is now dead, she worked as a typist and a translator.

But she was born for the theater as eggs

were made for ham, and the Greenwich Village Follies gobbled her up.

Vaudeville was an easy step.

But she isn't a silly, improvident girl. There's a brain in that thar little head. She saves her money—shrewd as all French women—and has, oh, so many boy friends, but loves only one—her Freddie.

If you haven't been kissed for thirty years—try getting a front row seat at the theater where Fifi is playing. *Mon Dieu* and a couple of *n'est ce pas*—here's one of the cutest, brightest, most charming little girls who ever planted French heels on the benighted hills of Hollywood.



Newark, N. J.

I was shocked by the change in his appearance. He looked fifty-four instead of thirty-four years. His clothes were ragged, his shoes cracked.

But most of all, his face—unshaven, and full of lines of tragedy and worry.

It was raining and he was soaking wet, yet he continued to wander in the dismal rain.

I concealed my amazement and took him to a restaurant. He ate like a wolf.

This was the United States Fencing Champion of a decade ago. How well I remembered him then, the acme of grace, action and well dressed perfection.

I wondered what had caused the

transition from a gentleman to this listless clod.

I soon found out.

I gave him money to buy shoes, etc.

With the money he bought booze. Not because he enjoyed it but because of the warmth of the speak-easy that would tolerate his presence.

I took him to a motion picture house.

We sat through a showing of "Seventh Heaven."

It was the first picture he had seen in five years.

He was amazed. It opened up a new world for him. And it cost so little.

He now holds a job, his self-respect and health.

O. J. Bell



## the western "whole in one" club

Kings of finance admiring the glistening slopes of snow-crowned peaks; bridge-weary dowagers gazing into mile-deep canyons; dancing debutantes pondering the internal fires, whence steaming geysers spout; children laughing at the antics of wild animals; gay young scions speculating upon the age of old Spanish Missions—thus the "Whole-in-One" Club swings 'round the Rock Island thru-service circle, seeing the West in one tour

COLORADO  
YELLOWSTONE  
CALIFORNIA



And many Scenic Circle Tours—in Colorado or Yellowstone or both—have been planned for the Intelligentsia—two weeks' outings on the all-expense plan. In some instances personally conducted; in others independent, "Go as you please."

For literature describing Rock Island planned vacations in detail mail this coupon.

**ROCK ISLAND**  
THE ROAD OF UNUSUAL SERVICE

Rock Island Vacation Travel Service Bureau  
786 La Salle St. Station, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me booklets descriptive of

Colorado  Yellowstone  California  All-Expense Tours through Colorado and Yellowstone (check book or books desired); and information regarding train service and low summer fares.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Cultivating Beautiful Hands on just 3 minutes a day

Busy women are finding Many Advantages in the new Cutex Liquid Polish

*Hazel Rawson Cades*  
*Good Looks Editor*  
**Woman's Home**  
*Companion says*



"HANDS reveal not only one's character, but one's fastidiousness. Well-groomed hands are an absolute necessity if a woman is to look well-groomed and attractive. The whole appearance of the hands may be altered by skillful manicuring.

"Make-up for finger nails depends not only on what you like, but also on how you look. Color gradations in polish are adapted to practical and conservative fingers as well as to the exotic and decorative.

"I use liquid polish because it stays on longer and keeps my nails looking better than any perfunctory buffing.

"Liquid polish should be applied smoothly with a tiny brush in three strokes, making the last stroke in the center heaviest to give the deepest tone.

"Leave the half-moon and white tip of the nail free of polish."

## The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

*Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips*

Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser, around the base of each nail to remove dead cuticle. Then use fresh cotton—freshly saturated—to cleanse under each *nail tip*. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

Cutex Liquid Polish protects and flatters the nails.

Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish. Then a tiny bit of Cuticle Cream or Oil, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tip.



MRS. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, whose lovely hands are famous among artists, says:

"The new Cutex Liquid Polish is so flattering. Before I use it I always soften and shape the cuticle and whiten the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Then the Liquid Polish which lasts days and days. After that a bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to feed the cuticle and my hands can meet even my husband's critical artist's eye."

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, London, Paris



Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover 35¢.  
Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢.  
Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢.  
The other Cutex preparations 35¢.

At the Beauty Salon in the SHERRY-NETHERLAND HOTEL, New York City, they say:

"Our patrons enjoy the flattering radiance of Cutex Liquid Polish and the assurance that it does not peel or discolor. And they like the gentle way Cutex Cuticle Remover moulds the cuticle and brings out the half-moons!"

### 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.)

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. OQ4, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

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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.

DOROTHY McDONALD, KIRKWOOD, MO.—It seems that there were once a couple of Irishmen named Pat and Mike, which has nothing to do with your letter but it's as good a way as any of getting friendly enough to tell you that Charles Farrell did not emote as "Tarzan the Mighty." And if it's all right for me to point, Marie Dressler and Louise Dresser are two different people. Marie's the one who clowned in "The Vagabond Lover," and if she were going to Europe she'd write 1871 on the line reserved on the passport for birth dates. Joan Crawford was born March 23, 1906, and by today has grown to the height of 5 feet and 4 inches.

RICHARD PUNCH, SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.—It was none other than William Powell who played the rôle of *Philo Vance*, the debonaire detective (or, if you prefer, the suave sleuth) who solved "The Canary Murder Case."

MICKEY, BOSTON, MASS.—Leila Hyams and Phil Berg promised to love, honor, et cetera, in 1927. Leila, who considers 13 her lucky number, is 23 years old, has blonde hair and blue eyes, is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and tips the scales at 118 pounds. Helen Twelveteeth hails from Brooklyn where they brag about Clara Bow, too.

BILLIE AND DOT, PORT STANLEY, WASH.—Conrad Veidt played "The Man Who Laughs," but I don't know whether he laughed last or not, because he's back in Berlin now. John Boles is married; he was born Oct. 27, 1899, and is 6 feet, 1 inch in height. Eleanor Boardman thinks "The Big Parade" and "Hallelujah" are among the finest pictures made, because they were directed by her husband, King Vidor.

SUE S., BRONXVILLE, N. Y.—If your idea is to cast Ruth Chatterton's horoscope, I can't help you out because Ruth hasn't divulged the day, month and year of her birth. Ralph Graves, however, speaks right up and says he was born June 9, 1900. And I hope that when it rains you'll decide it's raining daffodils because now you know that Betty Compton was born March 18, 1897.

JOE VARGAS, FOSTORIA, OHIO.—With tears of mirth streaming down these furrowed cheeks, I rise to remark that Harry Green was the comic in "Why Bring That Up?" and the whole picture in "The Kibitzer."

L. E. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—When Rudy Vallée was a little boy he wanted to be a letter carrier. But today, being 28 years old and about 6 feet tall, he plays the saxophone and clarinet. His father is French and his mother is Irish. Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891.

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 96 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.

NORA KIRKBRIDGE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—They wouldn't have missed it very far if they'd had "Manhattan Cocktail, I Love You" as the theme song for "Manhattan Cocktail"; as a matter of record, the musical motif of that piece was entitled "Another Kiss." And "Precious Little Thing Called Love" was the theme song of "The Shopworn Angel."

JANE ELIZABETH AVERY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.—Marguerite Churchill comes—and also goes—by her real name. She was seen in "Seven Faces," and multiplying that number by three gives you her age; in years, I hasten to add, not faces. Gladys Smith was born in Toronto, Canada, April 18, 1893, but she is in "The Taming of the Shrew" as Mary Pickford. Olive Borden didn't appear in "They Had to See Paris," but it might help to know that Fifi Dorsay was *Claudine* and Owen Davis, Jr., played the part of *Ross Peters* in the first talkie made by Will Rogers, America's poet lariat.

V. M. HART, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—A close observer—in fact any kind of an observer at all, if he or she is lucky enough to see her—would notice that Myrna Loy has light auburn hair, green eyes, and is 5 feet, 5 inches tall. Alice White is 5 inches shorter than Myrna, weighs 105 pounds, has dark brown eyes and, the last time I saw her, blonde hair. But you know how it is: eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we dye. Roto pictures of Alice decorated the July, 1928, and the Feb. and Sept., 1929, issues, which you can get by writing to Photoplay Magazine, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

STELLA ZAVIS, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—"Serenade" by Tonselli (not a Hollywood theme song writer) is the piece that Gloria Swanson hums in "The Trespasser."

FLORENCE BLACKSMITH, FORT WAYNE, IND.—Did you know that Carol Lombard comes from your town and in those days was known as Jane Peters? Gwen Lee played the part of *Margie* in "Untamed."

JACQUELINE DYKE, DES MOINES, IOWA.—Was a time when I'd glibly reply that Gertrude Astor is the tallest actress in the cinema set. But Jobyna Howland (of the stage "Gold Diggers") is in the movies now and Jobyna, 6 feet in height, takes away the honor from Gertrude, whom she tops by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

DAVID ARCHER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The dark-haired lass who answered to the name of *Mexico* in "River of Romance" was Natalie Kingston.

E. E. O., HARTFORD, CONN.—For the benefit of you and some 50,000,000 other fans of his, I might as well break down right here and state that

John Boles' next picture will be "Moonlight Madness." And if you'll be patient, you'll see him a little while later in "King of Jazz." Billboards are announcing brightly that Dick Barthelmess' latest film is "Son of the Gods."

J. F., ITTA BENA, MISS.—Joan Crawford's parents didn't know, when she was born March 23, 1906, that some 23 years later she'd be singing "Chant of the Jungle" in a picture called "Untamed," during which Robert Montgomery, who was born May 21, 1904, warbled "That Wonderful Something Called Love." Sylvia Beecher heroined in "Innocents of Paris."

FRANCES T. MISBACH, FLUSHING, N. Y.—If you want to try the theme song of "The Rescue" on your piano, ask for a piece called "The Swamp Song." Ralph Forbes, who introduces his wife as Ruth Chatterton, is in Corinne Griffith's new film, "Lilies of the Field." Nora Lane's latest picture is "One Hysterical Night."

BARBARA BEALL, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy got their final papers—divorce, not naturalization—Aug. 19, 1924; they were married March 2, 1923. To the best of my knowledge and belief, Laura La Plante is her real name. Claudette Colbert did her bit to make pictures bigger and better by entering movies in June, 1927.

M. S., LOUISVILLE, KY.—It looks as if all those old sayings, such as "everything comes to him who waits," are right after all. William Shakespeare waited a long time to become a movie author, but John Barrymore finally gave him a break by doing the soliloquy from "Henry VI" in "Show of Shows."

EVE OF TORONTO, CANADA.—"Sonny Boy"—Davey Lee—is climbing up on knees in vaudeville these days. Loretta Young is 5 feet,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches in height. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will sing to each other again in "High Society Blues." They've both learned to play the ukulele for that film.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]



**START TONIGHT  
THIS SWIFT  
SURE WAY TO..**

BY *Frances Ingram*

OF all the fine face creams which today are at your command, there is none, perhaps, that gives such complete care as my Milkweed Cream. It is essentially different in formula from any other fine cream—it can benefit the health of your skin when and while you use it regularly as a cleanser.

Literally hundreds of women have written me how Milkweed Cream has made their skin clearer, finer, lovelier!

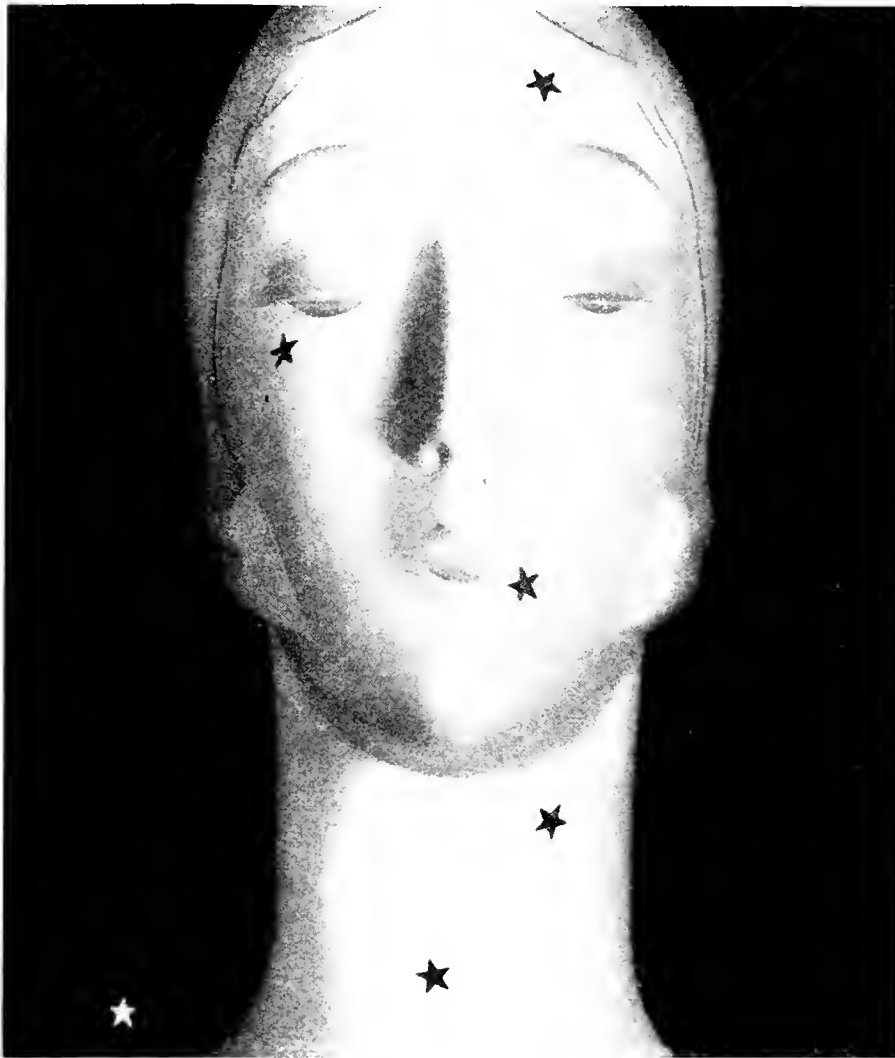
My mannequin is the guide to my method. Scrutinize your own skin at the six "starred" places, for there skin health needs great attention—there blemishes and lines mar beauty. Then follow this simple way to loveliness.

First, apply Milkweed Cream generously. Leave upon the skin a moment so the delicate oils may penetrate the pores. (*Immaculate cleanliness is the first step to lovely skin.*) Then pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh film of Milkweed and smooth into the skin until absorbed. (*Now the special toning ingredients dip into the cleansed pores to defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines.*) Pat gently at the six starred places, particularly where your mirror discloses a lack of health.

Do this faithfully every single night!

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. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

# Clearer, healthier skin



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 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.



**INGRAM'S**

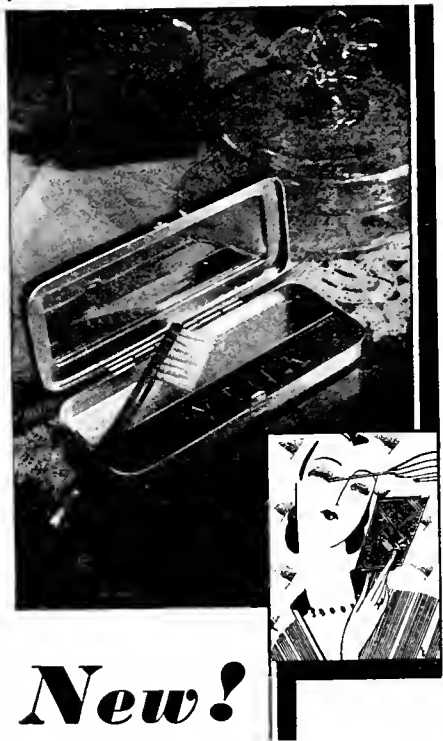
Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. A-40  
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 \_\_\_\_\_



## New! Winx in CAKE FORM

*in an adorable  
Silvery Compact*

To reveal the full beauty of your eyes—to possess the charm of shadowed, sweeping lashes—you really must discover Winx.

Now Winx comes in convenient cake form—in a new and charming silvery compact—with mirror and brush. Cake Winx is utterly different from anything you might have tried before—different because it is not hard—it's a *soft cake*, almost creamy. What does that mean?

Simply this: Cake Winx *never* makes your lashes brittle. It's like a drop of dark dew—always the lashes stay smooth and silky. Winx gives an enticing soft shadow to your eyes, a shadow that accents all the beauty, all the sparkle... The effect is wholly natural—equally smart in daylight or at night.

If you prefer a liquid preparation—Liquid Winx is the only waterproof and tearproof eyelash beautifier. Its popularity has been supreme for years... Ross Company, 243 West 17th St., New York City.

# WINX

For Lovely Lashes

## Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

ROBERT C. BARTON, VANCOUVER, B. C.—It's none of my business, of course, but you're probably breaking plenty of hearts in your home town by feeling that way about Helen Chandler. Helen hails from Charleston, S. C., and besides being 5 feet, 3 inches tall and weighing 102 pounds, has blonde hair and blue-gray eyes.

C. M. L., BURLINGTON, VT.—That was Nick Lucas who sang "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" in "Gold Diggers of Broadway." Mary Pickford was nicknamed "America's Sweetheart," so whoever it is that thinks up sobriquets, if that means what I hope it does, dubbed Nick "The Crooning Troubadour" when he strummed a guitar and vocalized in vaudeville.

SALLY, MINOT, N. D.—You, too, can now be the life and soul of every party when you answer promptly that Ann Pennington was born Dec. 23, 1896. That Rex Lease was born Feb. 11, 1903. That Buddy Rogers was born Aug. 13, 1904. That Helen Foster is 23 years old. That Greta Garbo's latest picture and her first talkie is "Anna Christie." And that Buddy's latest look-and-listen is "Halfway to Heaven." When he got halfway, Paramount started billing him as "America's Boy Friend."

HARRY HUDSON, CARROLLTON, GA.—George Arliss is sandwiching stage appearances in between his talkie screen work. And while he isn't making any films at present, he's slated to answer cries of "More! More!" judging by the way he enunciates in "Disraeli."

W. H. R., MARION, OHIO.—Barry Norton has dialogue difficulty, which, if the case is severe, can develop into film fade-out. Barry was known to his school friends back in Buenos Aires as Alfredo de Biraben. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 6, 1906. At the risk of embarrassing Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who wants to be taken for older than he is, I take my typewriter in hand to tell you that Doug, Jr., was born in New York City nineteen years ago. Charles Morton, who's latest is "Cameo Kirby," is married to Lola Medona. He entered pictures in 1927, which was 21 years after he entered the world in Vallejo, Calif.

SELMA TOBER, ST. LOUIS, MO.—As I've always said, there's nothing like having one's first impression confirmed. You were right in deciding that it was Frederic March who played opposite Ann Harding in "Paris Bound."

E. C. B., RENTON, WASH.—Before her recent divorce, Mae Clarke was Fanny Brice's sister-in-law; or, if you prefer to figure it out yourself, Mae was married to Lew Brice, who is Fanny's brother. She has light brown hair, brown eyes and a cheerful smile. And I don't have to be coaxed to tell you she is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 110 pounds, is about 19 or 20 years old and calls Philadelphia her own, her native town. Paul Page is married to Edith Allis. I'm told he always carries a rabbit's foot but keeps it out of sight.

MARY GILLIAM HILL, WILSON, N. C.—That handsome, black-haired, blue-eyed lad, Robert Montgomery, will next be seen opposite Norma Shearer in "Their Own Desire." He's 6 feet tall, weight 160 pounds, and proud neighbors in Beacon, New York, will tell you he was born there May 21, 1904.

L. M. H. AND IRENE MARIE ERIE, BELOIT, WIS.—When Harry Richman returned to New York after New Year's, he announced that he and Clara Bow would be married January 18. Only he didn't say what year. The engagement is still officially on, but he was seen about

in New York with Sally O'Neil. Allene Ray was born Jan. 2, 1901. Sally Starr, a George White's "Scandals"-Le Maire's "Affairs"-Publix Unit graduate, is about 20 years of age and still uses her own name.

BARBARA BLACKBURN, DEDHAM, MASS.—The Prince in "Street Girl" and the Marquis in "They Had to See Paris" is Ivan Lebedeff, who looks as though he'd never be at a loss to know which fork to use with which dessert. He can bow low from the waist like a Publix usher, has black hair, dark brown eyes, is 6 feet, 1 inch in height, weighs 148 pounds, and came to America from Russia where he is said to have suffered something fierce during the Bolshevik revolution. But that's another story—and what a story!

JOHN GLENN, CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Al Jolson first yelled "Ma-a-a-amy!" May 26, 1886, in Washington, D. C.

MIM KISTLER, READING, PENNA.—Charles Bickford seems to be a runner-up for two-listed he-man screen honors so far held by George Bancroft and Victor McLaglen. Bickford comes from Cambridge, Mass., has red hair and is married. His latest appearance is in "Anna Christie."

IRMA KANAGY, HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.—Reading from left to right, Lawrence Gray was born in San Francisco, Calif., July 27, 1898, and is still unmarried. He's 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Marion Davies was born Jan. 1, 1900, and is now 5 feet, 5½ inches in height, weighs 123 pounds and plays a grand game of bridge.

MARGO, HOUSTON, TEXAS.—What could be Sweden? Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1905. She has golden brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet, 6 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds.

J. A. H., SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Regis Toomey was a Sigma Chi at the U. of Pittsburgh, but he gave his frat pin to his wife. His recent screen appearances were in "Rich People," "Illusion" and "The Wheel of Life."

ROBERT BLAKE KNIGHTON, DALLAS, TEX.—Zat so fascinating Mons. Maurice Chevalier was born in Menilmontant, France, about 38 years ago. Besides zat voice and zat personality he has brown hair and blue eyes and weighs 165 pounds for his 5 feet, 11 inches of height. There was an article about him in the Sept., 1929, issue. Mona Maris was born in Buenos Aires 20 years ago and has dark hair and blue eyes. Joseph Schildkraut, also known as Pepi, weighs 159 pounds and has black hair, dark brown eyes and a Viennese temperament.

MARY SPAIN USREY, BLYTHEVILLE, ARK.—Patsy Ruth Miller is no longer known as the most engaged girl in Hollywood; she's now Mrs. Tay Garnett. Jack Oakie, who takes Gwen Lee around in Hollywood, is 27. Nancy Carroll was born in New York City Nov. 19, 1906—and on Tenth Avenue, to be exact. Charles ("Buddy" or "America's Boy-Friend") Rogers was born in Olathe, Kan., Aug. 13, 1904.

F. M. S., MOLINE, ILL.—Jason Robards, in whom you're so interested, is Carroll Nye's brother-in-law. He's married to Agnes Lynch, whose sister, Helen, is Mrs. Nye. But getting back to your question, he was born in Hillsdale, Mich., Dec. 31, 1892. Before he went into pictures, Robert Armstrong was on the stage where, with Jimmy Gleason, he scored in the play called "Is Zat So?" And it was, F. M. S., it was!

# DAGGETT *and* RAMSDELL



**McCLELLAND BARCLAY** • illustrator, and painter of smart people, says: "The new Daggett and Ramsdell packages are smart, with the utter simplicity that characterizes all good design. Their 1930 dress is in exquisite harmony with the fine scientific reputation of the products."



**HELEN MARTIN** • Director of the Delineator Beauty Institute, says: "The users of Daggett and Ramsdell products should be grateful indeed for the added value you are giving them in these lovely containers which are as practical and useful as they are smart and decorative."



**TERRY R. CRAMER** • anticipates the fashion demands of the chic women who patronize the fashion shop of Stewart, Fifth Avenue. She says: "The new Daggett and Ramsdell packages are a perfect expression of all that is fine in what is known as 'modern.' They possess that exquisite simplicity in color and design that is the keynote of the smart woman's taste, today."



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*"What a marvellous way to celebrate forty years' success"*  
say  
**FAMOUS FASHION DICTATORS**

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### SPECIAL OFFER 50 CENTS

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*Enclosed find 50 cents for the Debutante Kit.*

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

(Signed) *W. Daggett*  
FOUNDER



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"This amazing new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder actually prevents large pores" says the charming and beautiful Ziegfeld star, Miss Dorothy Flood, 10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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**MELLO-GLO prevents large pores**  
—The face powder that  
stays on longer.

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Use Mello-Glo and see your skin take on the lovely tint, the delicate bloom of youth!

MELLO-GLO prevents large pores! Made by a marvelous French process, it will not irritate the skin or leave that pasty flaky look that bespeaks clogged pores. Instead it spreads more smoothly, protecting the skin and keeping it soft and young, banishing shiny noses!

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Liberal trial size of this new wonderful face powder will be sent upon receipt of 25c. Address Mello-Glo, Dept. 5, Statler Bldg., Boston.

# The Best Records from New Pictures



By Maurice Fenton

### THE BEST SELLERS

"A Little Kiss Each Morning" from "The Vagabond Lover." "Singin' in the Bathtub" from the "Show of Shows." "If I Had a Talking Picture of You" from "Sunny Side Up."

As this is tapped off, New York is 100 per cent agog over Lawrence Tibbett's singing in "The Rogue Song."

The great Metropolitan Opera baritone, destined to be one of pictures' outstanding stars, sings the familiar music from Lehar's "Gypsy Love," plus a sentimental interpolated number by Herbert Stothart.

Six records from this picture are on the stands.

The White Dove	Lawrence Tibbett	Victor
When I'm Looking at You	Lawrence Tibbett	Victor
Narrative	Lawrence Tibbett	Victor
The Rogue Song	Lawrence Tibbett	Victor
The Rogue Song	Shilkret	Victor
The Rogue Song	Orchestra	Victor
The Rogue Song	Columbia Photo Players	Columbia

Get the Tibbett records! They're marvelous!

### DEVIL MAY CARE

Charming	Frank Munn	Brunswick
	Ben Selvin	Columbia
	Leo Reisman	Victor
Shepherd's Serenade	Ben Selvin	Columbia
	Leo Reisman	Victor
	Frank Munn	Brunswick
March of the Old Guard	Frank Munn	Brunswick

The music from the Ramon Novarro picture is pretty thin stuff. "Charming" is a nice enough piece, but ordinary.

### SWEETIE

Alma Mammy	Waring's Pennsylvanians	Victor
My Sweeter Than Sweet	The Ipana Troubadours	Columbia

These two numbers from "Sweetie" are both aces. "Alma Mammy," which Jack Oakie warbled on the screen, is dazzlingly played by the excellent Waring boys from Tyrone, Pa. As for "My Sweeter Than Sweet," it is now a best-seller, and Rudy Vallée breathes it on the radio as one of his best numbers. This recording is good. It is probable that Vallée will get it on a disc, and then watch out!

### IT'S A GREAT LIFE

Hoosier Hop	The Duncan Sisters	Victor
I'm Following You	The Duncan Sisters	Victor

One of the prize discs. The Duncans, stars of this picture, record two of its hits for Victor in fine, harmonizing style. A good buy for any album.

### THE LOVE PARADE

Nobody's Using It Now	Marion Harris	Brunswick
March of the Grenadiers	Jeanette MacDonald	Victor

The excellent and foot-teasing tunes from the uproarious Maurice Chevalier phonoplay strike the wax far too slowly.

Marion Harris, one of the best of the "hot" singers, does the Chevalier ace number well, but it's essentially a piece for a man. The leading lady of the film, the fair Jeanette, does well by the stirring march song, but it's nothing to get goose-flesh over.

The companies still overlook a bet in "Let's Be Common."

### HALLELUJAH

Waiting at the End of the Road	Paul Whiteman	Columbia
	The Revellers	Victor

This fine song, sung so beautifully by Daniel Haynes in the King Vidor picture, is a real winner. And we have two exceptional recordings of it. Whiteman's band gives it all stops and shadings, while the close-harmony Revellers give it superlative treatment on the Victor platter.

### UNTAMED

Chant of the Jungle	The Revellers	Victor
	Paul Specht	Columbia

Joan Crawford's stirring number from the picture "Untamed" has both vocal and instrumental hearings here. The Revellers bear down in their accustomed manner, while Maestro Paul Specht turns his band loose on it with good results.

### SONG OF LOVE

I'll Still Go on Wanting You	Welcome Lewis	Victor
	James Melton	Columbia

This is a sentimental ballad from Belle Baker's Columbia picture. Welcome Lewis is really welcome. She is a lady who puts just the right number of tears into such a thing. The Melton boy is a melting tenor.

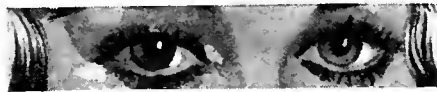
# AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

**WELL, WELL! So Beauty is Youth. Or is it that Youth is Beauty? Anyway the solution of the chief Beauty Secret of the Aztecs is that they knew how to STAY YOUNG. And, it's said, by the most inexpensive of methods—merely by chewing gum. The same sort you have in Wrigley's. Chew Wrigley's with a certain regularity every day. It tones up the skin around the mouth to an alluringly lovely glow and emphasizes your youthful beauty of lips. A woman is only as young as her lips. Try Double Mint—it's peppermint flavored.**

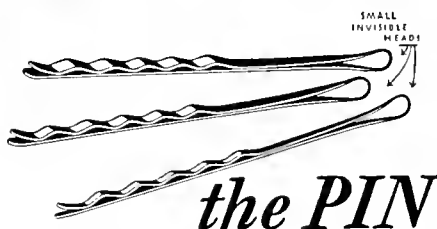
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# and *FOUND*



## the *PIN*

with the invisible head that loses itself in the hair"

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HOLD-BOBS are dainty and springy with invisible heads—in colors to match your hair.

HOLD-BOBS are different from any other make.

### Look for these exclusive features

1. Small round invisible heads.
2. Thin, springy sides. One side crimped—shapes itself to the head.
3. Smooth rounded ends.

Look for the distinctive gold or silver cards! On sale everywhere.

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Please send me the booklet on Modern Hair Culture and latest hairdress styles and sample package of pins. I am enclosing 10c to cover wrapping and postage.

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Address.....

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Blonde  Brunette

# Addresses of the Stars

## At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen  
Jean Arthur  
William Austin  
George Bancroft  
Clara Bow  
Evelyn Brent  
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  
Paul Guertzman  
James Hall

Neil Hamilton  
O. P. Heggie  
Doris Hill  
Phillips Holmes  
Helen Kane  
Dennis King  
Jack Luden  
Paul Lukas  
John Loder  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Frederic March  
David Newell  
Jack Oakie  
Warner Oland  
Guy Oliver  
William Powell  
Charles Rogers  
Lillian Roth  
Regis Toomey  
Fay Wray

## At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree  
Nils Asther  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Jack Benny  
Charles Bickford  
Edwina Booth  
John Mack Brown  
Lon Chaney  
Joan Crawford  
Karl Dane  
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  
Ramon Novarro  
Edward Nugent  
Elliott Nugent  
Catherine Dale Owen  
Anita Page  
Basil Rathbone  
Duncan Renaldo  
Dorothy Sebastian  
Norma Shearer  
Sally Starr  
Lewis Stone  
Lawrence Tibbett  
Ernest Torrence  
Raquel Torres  
Roland Young

## 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  
Sue Carol  
Helen Chandler  
Marguerite Churchill  
Mae Clark  
Sammy Cohen  
William Collier, Sr.  
June Collyer  
Joyce Compton  
Fifi Dorsay  
Louise Dresser  
Nancy Drexel  
Charles Eaton  
Stuart Erwin  
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 Maris  
Kenneth McKenna  
Victor McLaglen  
Don Jose Mojica  
Lois 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

## At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess  
Bernice Claire  
Doris Dawson  
Billie Dove  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Alexander Gray  
Corinne Griffith  
Doris Kenyon

Dorothy Mackaill  
Marilyn Miller  
Colleen Moore  
Antonio Moreno  
Jack Mulhall  
Donald Reed  
Milton Sills  
Alice White  
Loretta Young

## At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lew Ayres  
John Boles  
Ethelyn Claire  
Kathryn Crawford  
Lorayne DuVal  
Kuth Elder  
Robert Ellis  
Hoot Gibson  
Dorothy Gulliver  
Otis Harlan  
Raymond Keane  
Merna Kennedy  
Barbara Kent  
Scott Kolk  
Natalie Kingdon

Beth Laemmle  
Allen Lane  
Laura La Plante  
Fred Mackaye  
Ken Maynard  
James Murray  
Mary Nolan  
Mary Philbin  
Eddie Phillips  
Joseph Schildkraut  
Sisters G  
Glenn Tryon  
Paul Whiteman  
Barbara Worth

## At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton  
Sally Blane  
Olive Borden  
Betty Compton  
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro  
Richard Dix  
Bob Steele  
Tom Tyler

## At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong  
Constance Bennett  
William Boyd  
Ina Claire  
Alan Hale

Ann Harding  
Jeanette Loff  
Carol Lombard  
Eddie Quillan

## At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore  
Monte Blue  
Betty Bronson  
William Collier, Jr.  
Dolores Costello  
Louise Fazenda  
Audrey Ferris

Al Jolson  
Myrna Loy  
May McAvoy  
Edna Murphy  
Lois Wilson  
Grant Withers

## At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado  
Fannie Brice  
Charles Chaplin  
Dolores Del Rio  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Lillian Gish  
John Holland  
Chester Morris

Mary Pickford  
Harry Richman  
Gilbert Roland  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge  
Constance Talmadge  
Lupe Velez  
Louis Wolheim

## At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Belle Baker  
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

## 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  
Oliver Hardy  
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel  
Our Gang  
Thelma Tod

## 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, 6404 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, 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.



# TANGEE

*World famous  
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Marvelous Color Principle*



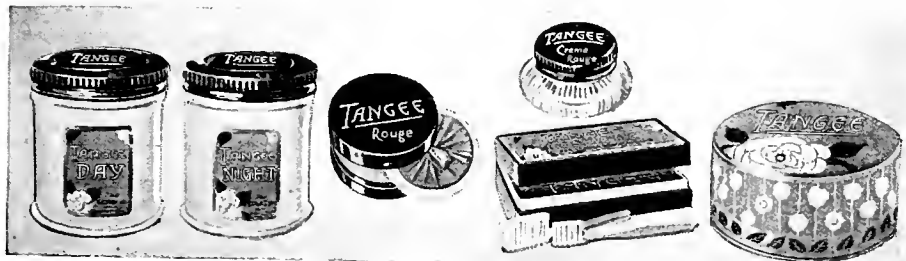
**T**angee Face Powder, in the shade most becoming and most natural to you, \$1.00. Tangee Night Cream, for cleansing and nourishing, \$1.00. Tangee Day Cream, to protect the skin and as a base for powder, \$1.00. The new Tangee Cosmetic, for beautifying lashes, brows and tinting the hair, \$1.00. All prices 25¢ more in Canada. *There is only one TANGEE. Be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package.*

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You can see the color come to your lips . . . color so lovely, so natural that it seems a very part of you. And in truth it is, for Tangee is permanent and leaves no unnatural coating or greasy smear.

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Based on the same marvelous color principle . . . Tangee Rouge Compact, 75¢ . . . Tangee Crème Rouge, \$1.00. You know that your lipstick and rouge are the same in tone.



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## Glostora

# Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

**O**UR Editorial this month, as spring dawns in 1920, is called "A Letter to a Genius."

It is addressed to one Charles Spencer Chaplin, and in it we plead with the great little clown to come back to us in all his tragicomic glory.

We say that we haven't really seen him since "Shoulder Arms," though he has made and released two mediocre comedies since. It seems to us that he doesn't like his \$10,000 a week contract and is sort of laying down on the job. "Come back, Charlie!" is our last ringing line.

In April, 1930, that's nothing but a chuckle. What would we have thought, ten years ago, if the greatest living comic genius retired into the hills to become a Great Thinker, with dyed hair and no inclination to work? Now we're lucky if we get him every eighteen months. And if we needed the toil of the great little clown in 1920, how much more do we need it now?

Alas! It's just a sad snicker.

**O**NE feature story, this month, is a private exposé of Mary Pickford's pet charity—The Los Angeles Orphan Asylum.

It tells how little Mary comforts the parentless tots with her presence and her gifts. And



Pearl White as she looked in the days when "The Perils of Pauline" and "The Exploits of Elaine" were making her the most famous serial queen in the world

how she staged many of her asylum scenes for "Stella Maris" and "The Foundling" there. And, drolly enough, in this very issue we carry Burns Mantle's review of her newest picture, "Pollyanna"!

So it's sort of a Mary Pickford Testimonial Number. But then, most of them were, back in those halcyon days of Queen Mary's reign.

**A**N excellent story on Hobart Bosworth, who went to California and regained his health at the age of fifty-two. Well, you should see him now at sixty-two—busy every day on the lots, and the handsomest elderly gentleman in Beverly Hills as he rides, all in white, down the

bridle path on the boulevard. . . . We fictionalize, in the magazine style of ten years ago, Bill Hart's newest thriller, "The Toll Gate," in which a pretty Scandinavian girl named Anna Q. Nilsson plays the girl who is put upon by the villain. . . . An historic picture of Charlie Chaplin and Max Linder in Hollywood. Max was the little French film comic imported to compete with the Chaplin rage. He flopped, and then said good-bye to Charlie. Five years later he was to die by his own hand in his beloved Paris. . . . Jim Kirkwood gives up directing to return to acting in the pictures. . . . One of the first stories on music with the movies, in this issue. It is about the arrival of huge orchestras in theaters, and the way Griffith introduced the use of special character themes in picture scores.

**T**HE Girl on the Cover, this month, is the beloved Pearl White, queen of the serials, and we print a piece by Julian Johnson about her.

In 1920 the blonde and beauteous Pearl, eight years of picture work already behind her, was living in a huge house at Bayside, Long Island, and toiling in the Fox studios. Already her serial days were over.

In 1930 she has become a thorough expatriate, dividing her time between Paris and the Riviera, where she was once reported opening an ornate casino devoted to the tonier games of chance.

There never was a more popular girl than Pearl, in her "Perils of Pauline" days. And there was never one who took retirement more seriously, or dropped out of the American scene quicker.

**A**BEAUTIFUL roto picture of Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen, with the family pup—the whole scene very lovey-dovey. Well, it wasn't long! . . . Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont are co-featured in "Slaves of Pride," a Vitagraph picture, one of those allegorical things that went out of style with chatelainé bags. . . . And Mae Murray is making her first real big one in "On With the Dance," directed by George Fitzmaurice. . . . May Allison's new picture is "The Walk-Offs," and Wally Reid's is "Double Speed." . . . Alice Brady has signed a three-year contract with Zukor. . . . Mme. Olga Petrova has just written a song called "The Road to Romany." . . . A little girl named Hope Hampton has just been made a star without any previous film experience, and her picture début is "A Modern Salome."

**O**UR rotogravure section shows—Mildred Harris, now getting a job here and there; Robert Warwick, back on the stage; Marjorie Daw, now retired and the wife of Myron Selznick; Marie Walcamp, then a great serial queen; Alice Brady, now a stage star; Herbert Rawlinson, who played in a melodrama on the New York stage last winter; Doris May, then Doug MacLean's famous leading woman and now out of the picture; Agnes Ayres, now in vaudeville.

**A**STORY in PHOTOPLAY for April, 1920, recalls the halcyon days of screen villainy. Its hero is none other than Robert McKim—"Bad Bob" he was, back thar in the days of fightin' Westerns. Bad Bob played thunder in many of the grand old Ince mellers—often as the evil foil to the nobility of Bill Hart.

He was a choir singer and an advertising salesman before he found that screen villainy paid better. Those were the days when picture villains were not as sleek as they are in 1930—but they carried bigger pistols.

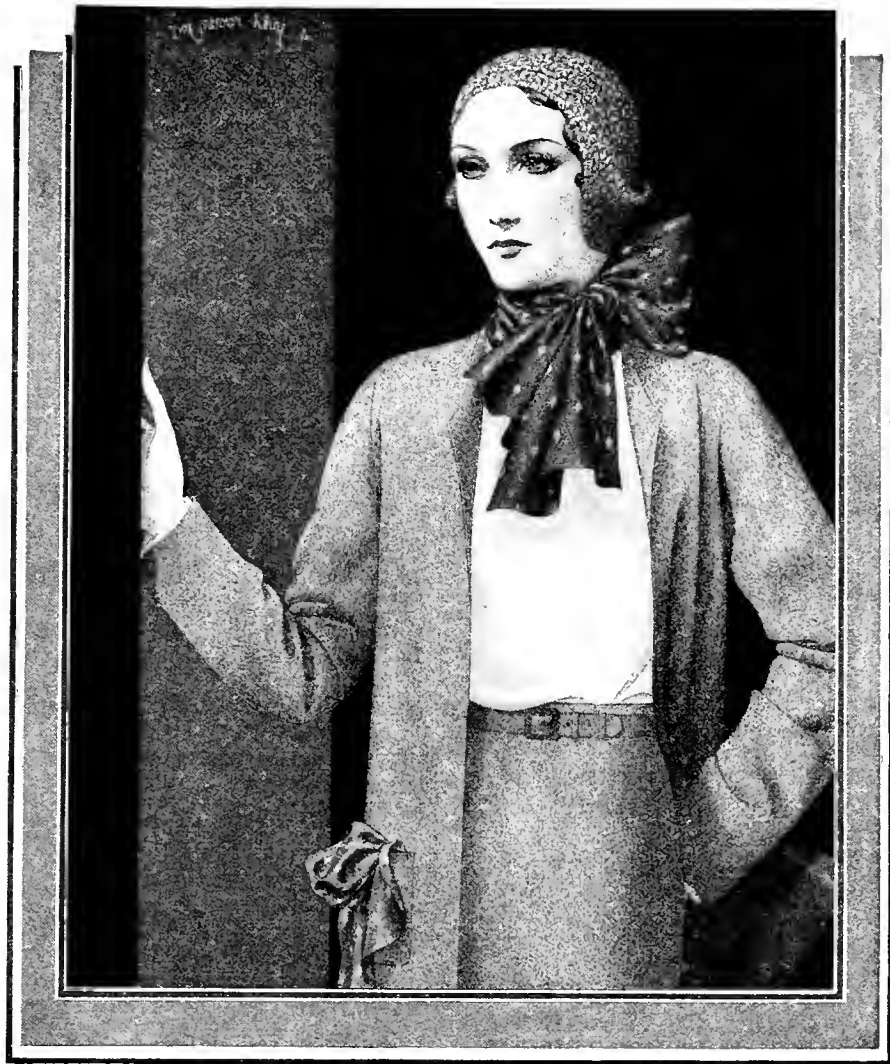
**O**WEN MOORE and Mary Pickford are working on the same lot this month, though they are divorced.

A dandy tidbit for Hollywood busybodies!



# inconspicuous

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# Hair Is What You Make It

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]



## Ages of BEAUTY

TODAY, whether you are in your 'teens or your forties, retaining a youthful complexion is largely a matter of proper knowledge and care.

*Teens* IN this first age of beauty gentle cleansing is all your skin really needs. Use my Cleansing Cream.

*Twenty* HERE with widened activities and use of make-up you need the added protection of my Finishing Cream.

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*Forty* IN the 4th age of beauty use the first three creams and add my Astringent Cream to help hold the youthful vigor of your skin.

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*Barbara Gould*

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Please send me your booklet, "Any Woman Can Look Lovelier."

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Address.....

in a smooth bob, or if long, it can be drawn back softly.

But if your soul yearns for curls where no kink has been bestowed by Nature, use judgment in selecting your method and your beauty parlor. A permanent wave can be a thing of beauty, and I'm happy to say that most of them are these days. But there are still a few unscrupulous operators who use antiquated methods and who do not always discriminate between hair that will respond to them and hair that won't.

Remember, too, that tight waves were never pretty and they are as out of date now as above-the-knee skirts.

If you prefer marcel, ask the operator to cool her ardor for speed and also her iron. Don't let her burn your hair until the ends stand out all over your head.

Are you tired of looking in the mirror at your reflection and finding it always the same—and perhaps not so satisfactory? Then try going to a new barber who will give you an entirely different type of cut. Or change the part from one side to the other, or to the middle. Or instead of having it curled, try wearing it straight for a while. Or, if you have long, straight hair and think you are beginning to look a bit frumpy, try a good wave—but not a permanent, until you are sure you like yourself in curls.

VIRGINIA:

Your complexion and your hosiery can match this season. One of the largest hosiery companies has cooperated with a maker of fine cosmetics, and has brought out four shades of stockings to match four distinct shades of face powder. So if you want to be topped and toe-ed in the same hue, just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request and I'll tell you the secret.

K. S.:

I am glad my article on self-consciousness helped you. You probably needed the contact with other young people to teach you self-reliance. In addition to red, brown and black,

which you list as your favorite colors, you can wear most shades of blue and blue-gray, dark plum, pale pink and soft rose.

JANIE S.:

If your friend likes cold cream but feels she can't afford it, then I think she would appreciate your giving her some for a birthday present. There is an agreeable, new cream in an especially decorative jar, and the price is so reasonable that if your friend likes it she will probably continue to buy it for herself. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and repeat your request, and I'll be happy to give you the name of this product.

C. G. M.:

Don't pluck your eyebrows in a thin line, as that is unbeautiful and unfashionable, but you can keep them shapely by using your tweezers once every week or two. Soaped toilet pumice used daily, and rubbed lightly on arms and legs from which hair has been removed, will help to delay its reappearance.

MARY ELIZABETH:

I think the liquid cleanser you describe is one which is advertised in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It is pleasant to use and effective, and I believe you will like it. I will be glad to send you the name of this product if you will write me again, enclosing the required stamped, self-addressed envelope.

LUCILLE:

From your description, these colors should be becoming to you: golden brown, blue and blue-gray, very dark purple, pale pink and soft rose, and white trimmed with a color. I think you should use a medium rachel powder, camille rouge and corresponding shade of lipstick.

ANNOUS:

Your correct weight is about 120 pounds. I think you will find a good cold cream simpler and more agreeable to use than the treatment you mention.



What a Parisian impressionist painter thinks of Hollywood. This is a piece of work by Monsieur Jacques Mauny entitled "Hollywood." Visible to the eye are bathing beauties, a cocktail shaker, a handsome youth and a motor car. But M. Mauny, *cher maitre*, there are so many other things! Where are Polly Moran, Arthur Caesar and the Brown Derby?



*Three fragrant exquisitries that preserve your just-bathed freshness throughout the active day*

**P**AT COOL, soothing dashes of Cheramy's April Showers Eau de Cologne over your just-bathed body. Immediately you glow with an awakened circulation—your blood racing, your muscles limbering, your skin tingling at the magic touch of this new French Lotion for the Body. Complete the ritual with the exquisite Talc and Dusting Powder fragrancd by Cheramy

with the most delightful of French odeurs—April Showers (Ondées d'Avril)—so velvety soft, so protective, so fragrant—and you will retain the fresh exhilaration of your morning plunge throughout the active day.

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"My deodorant?  
... Amolin, of  
course! It can't  
seal the pores."



Oh! . . .  
a powder deodorant  
by all means

*Luxurious! Dainty! Safe!*

USE AMOLIN as *your* deodorant. It is a powder—an exquisite, delicately scented, silky smooth powder. And the beauty of it is—Amolin is a safe deodorant which does not seal the pores.

Dainty, luxurious to use, Amolin is amazingly effective. It prevents body odors by safely neutralizing perspiration. No fear of irritation. No danger of Amolin's eating away fabrics. In a twinkling you dust it on and instantly it takes effect. All day long it absorbs odors and keeps you fresh.

Remember, we never know when we may unconsciously offend. So be wise and *safe!* Use Amolin freely. Under the arms. Over the body. Try it with the sanitary napkin, too. It's particularly good for this use.

Amolin is on sale everywhere, 55c—60c. Special offer—send 10c for a generous trial package. Write to The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. AR-4 Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 195 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.



**Amolin**  
*The dainty powder deodorant*

# These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

**JUNE CLYDE** ("Hit the Deck," Radio Pictures) has been in the show business since she was a small child. At ten she appeared on the screen in "The Sea Wolf," but during her 'teens she played in vaudeville and musical comedy with success. It was her excellent work in "Tanned Legs" that made Radio Pictures give her an excellent part in "Hit the Deck."



**DAVID NEWELL** ("The Marriage Playground," Paramount) is a Carthage, Mo., boy. He went on the stage in 1926, playing in the Stuart Walker company in Cincinnati, and later in other cities. Paramount signed him while he was playing the leading male rôle opposite Ethel Barrymore in "The Kingdom of God." He is six feet, two, and weighs 183 pounds.



**ZELMA O'NEAL** ("Follow Thru," Paramount) is a cute little product of the New York musical comedy stage. She became famous when she did her famous stomping for the "Varsity Drag" number in "Good News," and followed it with a hit in "Follow Thru," which she will do for the screen. A mad little minx, and for a year the wife of the young man just below.



**ANTHONY BUSHELL** ("Disraeli," Warner Brothers) is a blond and very young English actor who came to the attention of Broadway audiences in the stage production of Maugham's "The Sacred Flame." He married Zelma O'Neal and went West for pictures. He also appears in "The Flirting Widow," and "Journey's End," and has been signed for "The Circle."



**MIRIAM SEEGAR** ("Seven Keys to Baldpate," Radio Pictures) came to our attention, on the screen, opposite Adolphe Menjou in "Fashions in Love," his last Paramount picture. A. H. Woods sent her to London for a stage engagement, and then she came back to America and many picture jobs. Miriam, we are pleased to announce, is a native of Kokomo, Ind.



**BASIL RATHBONE** ("This Mad World," M-G-M) was a distinguished leading man of the stage long before he thought of talkies. He played the tutor in "The Swan" with Eva Le Gallienne. His first sensational talkie success came in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," opposite Norma Shearer, and he is one of the newer hits. His wife is Ouida Bergere, well known scenarist.



**DOROTHY HALL** ("The Laughing Lady," Paramount) is another Broadway actress who has caught on in talkies by way of the Paramount Long Island Studio. She first played opposite Richard Dix there in "Nothing but the Truth." Her most recent appearance has been as the baby-talking blonde in "The Laughing Lady." Little more than a bit, the part stands out.



**WALTER WOOLF** ("Golden Dawn," Warner Brothers) has been, for some years, one of the leading baritone operetta stars of Broadway. He sang and looked his handsome way to fame in "The Lady in Ermine," and has been a Shubert star ever since. "Golden Dawn," done on the stage by Arthur Hammerstein, is his first single. Walter is married to a Richmond, Va., girl.





# "Please tell me ..."

## JEAN CARROLL'S *Page on Hair Beauty*

### A special shampoo for dry hair

Dear Jean Carroll: I have always had fine, soft hair, but lately it has been very thin and seems inclined to be rather dry and split on the ends. I'd like to have it thicker, and more glossy and lustrous.—Miss H. M., Brundage, Texas.



To quote a very eminent dermatologist, over-dryness is "a condition which should not be allowed to persist." This famous doctor is chiefly interested in the preservation of people's hair—I must confess that I'm interested in the *looks*, too. So I'm glad to say that there is a special shampoo for dry hair which is *good* for your hair, and which also makes it *look nicer*.

This special shampoo is Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo made by the makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap. This lovely liquid shampoo is a pure vegetable oil soap, and it feels as gentle on the scalp as a nice fluffy cloud would. It contains soothing, softening glycerine that leaves your hair much softer and shinier than usual.

In addition to this special shampoo, I suggest that you get out your hair brush and brush and brush, to wake up those lazy oil glands. I'm sure you'll find that your hair will be healthier, and you'll get that lustre you're asking for.

### What shall I do for oily hair?

Dear Miss Carroll: My hair has an overabundance of natural oil, and to keep it looking half way decent, I have to shampoo it once a week. Most people insist that I shampoo it too often. What is your opinion?—A. J. B., Joliet, Illinois.



A shampoo once a week is not too often for oily hair. And will you forgive me if I say that this idea belongs back in the days when people thought baths were harmful?

You can shampoo oily hair oftener

than once a week, if you want to. I'd only suggest that you use a shampoo especially made for oily hair—you'll find it a great help. Such a shampoo is Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. It has an astringent quality which tends to coax the over-active oil glands back to normal.

This special "oily-hair shampoo" is also a marvelous cleanser. It leaves your hair so extra-specially clean that all the little natural lights show up.

### No dandruff allowed—says this soap from the pine woods

Dear Miss Carroll: I have quite a bit of dandruff and lately the hair seems to be coming out more than it should. I used to wash my hair every week or ten days, but this summer a very good friend told me that even oily hair shouldn't be washed oftener than every three weeks. But my hair looks dreadful before the three weeks are up, and my hair seems to come out more than ever. It used to seem better after my shampoos.—J. K. K., Green, Maine.



I can't imagine where that "every-three-weeks" rule started, but it's wrong. And it's especially terrible for anybody with a bad case of dandruff to follow that old superstition. Dandruff is a *germ* disease, and the best weapon against it is immaculate cleanliness.

I'm going to suggest a very radical change. But it is approved by doctors who specialize in the care of the hair.

Here it is—Tonight shampoo your hair with Packer's Tar Soap. Massage the good piney lather well into your scalp until you feel a little tingle. Wash your brush and comb. Repeat this tomorrow night and the next night. Then lengthen the intervals between shampoos, until you are washing your hair once a week again.

Packer's Tar Soap has been advised by doctors for years in cases of dandruff. It is gently antiseptic—to conquer those

stubborn germs—and the rich pine tar is wonderful for the scalp. In case this treatment sounds like a lot of trouble (it isn't much trouble, really), I'm going to give you a statistic to impress you . . . Doctors say that dandruff is responsible for about 79% of the cases of thinning hair.

If you have any questions to ask me, won't you write me again?

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—*radio talks* by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday 10:45 a. m., Eastern Standard Time (11:45 a. m. Eastern Daylight Time), over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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.

### Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-D, 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 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

- Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)  
 Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)  
 Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

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The safe 3-day treatment for banishing corns, Blue-jay leaves nothing to chance or guesswork. It is simple, complete, self-contained, easily applied, bath-proof. Made by one of the foremost producers of surgical dressings. Recognized for 30 years as the one mild, certain way of getting rid of corns. Buy it at any drug-gist's. 25 cents. (In Canada, 35 cents.)

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CORN PLASTER

**BAUER & BLACK**

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## Are the Stage Actors Stealing the Screen?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

theater crept up. The late Eagels and O. P. Heggie in that pioneer try at passionate human drama, "The Letter," Helen Ware in "Speak-easy." Only Jannings, the Titan, upheld the glories of pantomime. June heard Pickford in "Coquette" and the painstaking *Mary Dugan* of Norma Shearer—and the rich voice of Walter Huston, who, less than a year later was to be honored with the lead in D. W. Griffith's first talking drama. July brought the charming Chevalier and another "best performance" for Chatterton, in "Madame X." Colman crashed over in "Bulldog Drummond," another silent hero safe for the phonoplay. George Bancroft spoke well in August, and so did Menjou.

**I**N September, 1929, things happened fast! The list of best performances began to spread far down the page. Five or six was the rule in the days of silence. Talkies were stirring things up.

In that one month came Ann Harding and Hal Skelly. Nancy Carroll spoke well, as did Powell, Barthelmess and Lila Lee. Garbo was still there, silent but supreme. October—and the war raging. Basil Rathbone, Chester Morris and Ina Claire—Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen and Norma Shearer. Bebe Daniels whirled back in November—and we found Harry Green and Bert Wheeler of the theater.

By December no less than sixteen "best performances" were listed!! Gloria Swanson conquered with "The Trespasser." I note the names of George Arliss, Walter Huston, Claudette Colbert, Marjorie White from the stage.

And 1930 began with EIGHT former stage players and SEVEN picture actors on the roll of honor!

So speaks the book! But remember that, now, we must not talk of these comparative newcomers as "stage people!"

Today they are ours of the phonoplay. Side by side, actors of the stage and of the screen work with but one increasing purpose—the best performances in their power, for the greater glory of the screen, and their own advancement.

Watchman, what of 1930?

It is no secret that Pickford and Fairbanks are nearing retirement. They have labored long and well, and have brought much joy to us all. Chaplin toils by fits and starts, with few of either. Jack Gilbert? Who can tell? Clara Bow, it must be admitted, slips. Janet Gaynor's future in the new medium is not entirely assured. There is reasonable doubt about Billie Dove, Vilma Banky, Corinne Griffith, Evelyn Brent and Colleen Moore. What can we be sure of in the case of Alice White?

Norma Shearer, one of the truest troupers and most faithful students in the panic days, will go on in glory. So will the astonishing Swanson. Chatterton the Great cannot be stopped, even by a few poor parts. Garbo is a sensation in "Anna Christie," and careful casting should add to her present fame. Colman, Barthelmess, Nagel, Barrymore, Baxter, Novarro, Cooper, Arlen, Brook, Rogers—all should keep happy, busy, successful.

But youth comes surging on, with new mature talent in its wake! What a year for the youngsters! Oakie, Charlie Ruggles, the Colbert flame—Stuart Erwin, Lew Ayres, Mary Nolan and John Boles. Arthur Lake, Loretta Young, Robert Montgomery, Frederic March. Chevalier has just begun his reign. What a dash Lawrence Tibbett is going to cut!

**T**HE writing is on the wall, and even a ba-boon can read it. 1930 is the Great Divide. Down one side slide the bored, well financed stars of the last phase of silent pictures. Up the other storm the newcomers, led by stage folk, soundly trained and full of fight and resourcefulness.

People of the stage and screen now form one army under one flag—the greater glory of the talking pictures.

The youngsters march on!

They haven't any castles yet, you see, they are not hump-backed with dignity and dollars. The poor souls probably haven't even one butler!

But what fun they have. And how they can act!



Six little girls of the Gay Thirties in the garb of the Gay Nineties—proving that women are still Floradora babies at heart. Lenore Bushman, Patricia Caron, Ilka Chase, Marion Davies, Vivian Oakland and Ethel Sykes, modern maidens every one, catch the spirit of the famous Floradora Sextette in "The Gay '90's," Miss Davies' next for M-G-M

*From Paris*  
**a new odeur**  
 of the Mode  
 and for the Mode

**W**HEN Paris acclaims a new odeur, it is usually for a reason of Mode.

That is how *REVE D'OR*, newest of French fragrances, newly come to America, became the fashion-sensation of Paris. Truly of and for the new Mode—*REVE D'OR* has the same fragile loveliness, the same quiet charm, the same tantalizing softness that mark your new silhouette.

*REVE D'OR* created by the famous Piver, oldest of French parfumeurs, is expressed throughout the toiletry-ensemble of *Face Powder*, *Perfume*, *Toilet Water*, *Talc* and *Bath Powder*.

*REVE D'OR Face Powder*, in four flattering tints, including the new *Basanee* (an "after sun-tan tint") is \$1. *REVE D'OR Perfume*, \$10 - \$4. Also a purse size at \$1. *REVE D'OR Toilet Water*, \$2.50. *Talc* and *Bath Powder* \$1 each. At all good perfume counters. L. T. Piver, New York and Montreal.

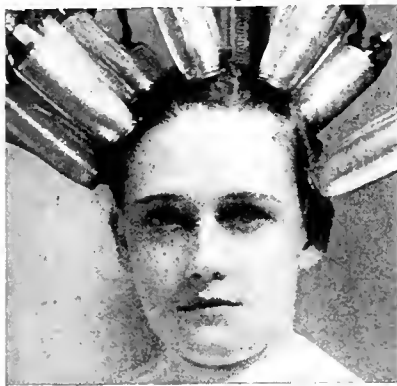


**Rêve  
 d'or**

(GOLDEN DREAM)

**PRODUCT OF PIVER... PARIS**

HOURS of this . . .

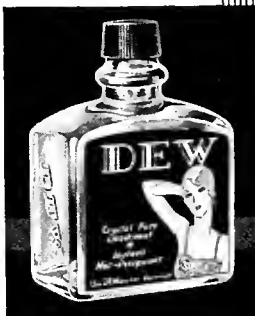


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Often all the efforts made to attain a dainty, lovely appearance are undone by ruinous, tell-tale moisture spots on a beautiful frock.

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This original crystal-pure deodorant and instant non-perspirant may be used often and at any time of day. DEW will not irritate the most tender skin or injure the most fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed. It stops perspiration instantly. It is colorless, and unscented and in a beautiful spill-proof flask. DEW instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads. At all drug and department stores. Three sizes: 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Write to Lambert-Fesler, Inc., Dept. J-11, for a generous, free sample.

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# Talking of Talkies

"LIFE is just a movie, with God as the star."—The Rev. Donald B. Aldrich, New York City.

"Without improvements, people will tire of talkers. Talking is no substitute for the good acting we had in silent pictures."—Thomas A. Edison.

"Instead of finding motion picture stars engaged in the carousals they are credited with, I found them living sane and normal lives, so they may be fit to excel in their work. In fact, I doubt if men and women in any other profession give so much thought to the way daily living affects their productive value."—Juvenile Judge Camille Kelley, Memphis, Tenn.

"After deliberating six days and six nights for a new type of picture, the producers of a big company decided to make a war story."—New York State Exhibitors' Journal.

"Motion picture work is the hardest work I know. Life isn't worth living in it. If you turn out a good one, you worry about the next. If you turn out a bad one, you are in the throes of despair. I don't know a single person in the movies who has any peace or contentment."—Anita Loos, author for stage and screen.

"In ten years, most of the good music of the world will be written for sound motion pictures."—Arthur Alexander, American musician.

"Two sound versions of 'No, No, Napoleon' are being made—one for this country, one for England. The idea is that Britishers can't understand our slang. In the American version, the hero says 'A nut factory, eh?' In the English, he says 'A madhouse, eh?' Madhouse is, you see, the English slang expression for madhouse."—F. P. A., in The New York World.

"Thirty-four years ago the motion picture industry was practically non-existent. Today the motion picture is perhaps the strongest influence in our national life."—Flint, Mich., Journal.

"I don't care anything about money. Money means nothing to me. I can always make a living. I just hope I have something to contribute to the talkies. If I haven't, I'll get out—or they'll toss me out."—George M. Cohan, author and actor.

"I believe that motion pictures are doing some harm. Too many crook and underworld pictures are being shown. Some pictures are morally bad, and the proportion is larger than it should be.

"I haven't noticed a marked improvement in the character of the moving pictures in the last five years. In fact, too many pictures are shown depicting young people drinking, smoking, and dancing ridiculously."—"Baptist Warrior," in the New York Evening Post.

FIRST DIRECTOR'S WIFE—"I just heard an awful story about your husband."

SECOND DIRECTOR'S WIFE—"Tell me! I need a new limousine!"—New York State Exhibitors' Journal.

"There is nothing mysterious about the business of writing talking picture scripts. It is only a matter of using our imaginations as we did in the old days of silent pictures. And we must all understand that nothing is impossible."—Tom J. Geraghty, veteran scenarist.

"An interviewer reports that a certain movie magnate says that he gets a lot of his good ideas from his children.

"Which explains a good deal."—Walter Winchell, New York columnist.



Together, happy, healthy and working! A fine spring for Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. Doris came back to the talking screen in Radio Pictures' "Beau Bandit," and Milton's comeback is in a Fox picture



# The complete guide-book

IF YOU'VE been a tourist in foreign lands, you've probably come to have a high regard for one or another of the standard guide-books. Surrounded by strange scenes, strange names, and with your time limited, you have turned with relief to any volume which tells you on good authority where to go and what to do.

Consider your ordinary shopping tours in the same light. Without an up-to-date guide-book of merchandise appearing within the pages of this magazine, your most casual trip to the stores would be more or less like a ramble in foreign countries.

We're speaking of the advertisements, of course. If it weren't for the advertisements you would be a stranger in the market, surrounded by strange names, strange brands. Buying would be guessing, unless you tested every article you wanted before you bought it.

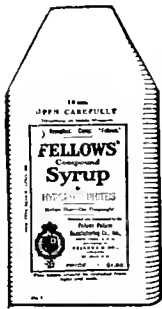
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## A Vacation in a BOTTLE



How quickly "nerves" are ironed out and glorious energy returns, even in a two weeks vacation!... But what to do, when you feel tired and run down and can't get away?

Doctors say: "Take a tonic." And in 58 countries the tonic prescribed by specialists is FELLOWS' Syrup. You take it in water, regularly. Soon you know and feel that revivifying forces are at work. Your appetite improves. Your low spirits and weariness depart. Your nervous exhaustion is corrected. You no longer magnify your troubles. You feel the refreshing contentment that vacations always bring.

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*FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets,  
a vegetable compound, are  
mild and effective.*



# FELLOWS' SYRUP

## News! Views! Gossip! of Stars and Studios!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]

tures lot the other day, while shooting a big dance number for "Radio Revels." A flock of the girls were dressed in a bit of fur and lace which was so little that if anything less were on the lovely ladies, the film would have caught fire.

"But naked as they are, they haven't got enough sex appeal!" protested the director.

"All right," offered Pearl Eaton, ensemble boss, "I'll fix that."

And she had the girls put on sheer black stockings, short enough to leave a hiatus between where the stockings ended and the panties began. And did it do the trick? Did it?—why, they had to turn off the radiators!

**AL JOLSON'S** new Mercedes sedan is just about the grandest joy wagon to be seen on Hollywood Boulevard.

The final touch of something or other is the radio receiving set, equipped with two loud speakers, one for the driver's compartment and one for the tonneau. Nothing's done by halves in this man's town.

Seems a good way to promote a wreck.

SOME years ago Cecil B. De Mille took a kid named Peverell Marley out of a Los Angeles high school and developed him into one of the ace cameramen of the picture business.

Then he married Lina Basquette, the widow of one of the Warner boys, and a dancer of note.

Lina broke in a dance act in New York, not long ago, and among the dancing men was Pev Marley.

And De Mille mourns the loss of a great cameraman.

Ah! Love!

**H**E'S only a voice, is John Bond!

A year ago the lad, from the legitimate stage, went West to act in the talkies. He's been in five—and never yet has his face appeared on the screen!

For John Bond, though a Swede, is a German voice doubler. He has been heard as John Boles in "Rio Rita," Joe Schildkraut in "Show Boat," Glenn Tryon in "Broadway" and Ben Lyon in "Lummo." Now he is Chester Morris' voice double in the German version of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa."

Well—it's a living, says John Bond.

**SOME** funny letters pour into the Hollywood studios. The following was received in the form of a straight wire at Paramount:

"Are you interested in twin boys. Fourteen months. Twenty-five pounds. Fair. Blue eyes. No skin blemishes. Identical in appearance. Starting to walk and talk. Father physician. Mother journalist. References local First National Bank." References for what?

**I**T'S a wise company that knows its own theme songs.

Mel Brown was directing Dick Dix in "I Love You," over at Radio Pictures.

"Show you're happy when you make your entrance, Mr. Dix," ordered Mel. "Whistle a tune!"

"What tune?" came back Dix.

"Any tune," answered the boss. "Let's go."

So Dix ambled blithely into camera range whistling "Love, your magic spell is everywhere—"

Two days later they had to reshoot the

scene. Radio would have had to pay royalties to Paramount for using the song.

P.S. On the retake Dick tooted "Hallelujah" from "Hit the Deck"—a good old Radio picture, and no questions asked!

**M**ONTHLY song of joy:

Lloyd Hughes, in the silent days, was just another good-looking leading man.

The talkies have made him a sparkling personality and have displayed his excellent voice!

See and hear him opposite Bebe Daniels in "Love Comes Along!"

**W**ELL, John Gilbert and Jim Tully finally had it out!

For nearly two years Gilbert has nourished a great hate against the writer because of a mean story which appeared in a monthly magazine over Tully's name, calling Gilbert unpleasant things.

Not long ago Gilbert and Ina Claire entered a restaurant. Jack saw Tully. Tossing off his overcoat, the actor went across the room to him.

Tully hit Gilbert and Gilbert hit the floor. Ina Claire persuaded her husband to leave the place.

Gilbert said, "I only did what any man would do under the circumstances."

Tully said, "I did what you or any man would do if a man came charging across a room at you. I knocked him down."

The world is waiting for Round Two of a long grudge.

**R**EFERRING to the actual instance of a wife suing for divorce because her husband admired a screen siren whom he had never seen, Director Fred Niblo tells of another man being questioned, "And have you ever loved another man's wife?"

The man replied serenely, "Surely. Norma Shearer, Vilma Banky, Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore and Nancy Carroll!"

**H**OLLYWOOD, like every other hamlet in the United States, is overrun with Garbo imitators and doubles. They get in your conscience.

But Hollywood has two outstanding examples.

One, of course, is this Geraldine De Vorak girl, who once was her official twin, and is now on her own as an actress in the Paul Whiteman "King of Jazz Revue."

The other is Elena Komisarjevskaja, and don't try to say it. The lady is a Russian, appearing with Balieff's "Chauve Souris." While the show was playing Los Angeles, Garbo-Maniacs did all but clamber to the stage in the belief that Elena was Greta. How droll! As we said a few months ago, one God, one Garbo!

**T**HERE'S trouble in the Balkans again!

From Belgrade, Serbia, comes word that Dolores del Rio, the Dark Flower, passed through there recently en route to Constantinople. The Turks are said to be mobilizing.

Dolores calls herself Marcelle Racier on the trip. She told pop-eyed interviewers that she is studying English to fit herself for the audible screen.

**F**OX has fixed up some pretty fancy dressing rooms for the stars at the new studios in Westwood. Nothing quite like them has been seen in these parts. Charlie Farrell was not allowed to have a glimpse of his suite until it was finished. He didn't even know the location of it.

Accordingly, when everything was in ship-shape, Dick Smith, the Fox decorator, offered to show Charlie where he would put on the grease paint in the future.

**J**UST by way of a little joke, the young star was ushered into Lenore Ulric's new quarters. The Ulric suite was pretty dressy with brocades, French furniture, and flossy gawgs.

"Well, how do you like it, Charlie?" asked Smith.

Charlie was too polite to faint.

"It's—it's pretty, isn't it?" he gasped.

After that he was taken over to his own rooms, which were furnished simply in comfortable English style, with hunting prints on the wall.

Charlie almost wept for joy.

While we're on the subject, that big, rough, Victor McLaglen moved into the Ulric suite when she returned to New York. Moreover, he liked it, and asked that everything be left just the same.

**E**VER since Bebe Danieis came purring onto the studio lot in her new car, they've been kidding her to death! It's one of these Ford town cars—and a replica in color, fittings and all but size of Bebe's big Rolls-Royce town car. "Good Allah, Bebe," screamed John Boles when he first saw it; "you've left your Rolls out in the rain, and it's shrunk!"

"How do you get in—with a shoe-horn?" somebody else wanted to know.

"Goodness, no!" explained Bebe. "I just stand still and pull it on over my head."

**I**T was at a Marion Davies party.

Marion slapped a record on the phonograph and let it ride. It was a boop-a-doop song in a "she" voice.

Marion turned to one of Hollywood's best known comedians, and asked:

"There!—how do you like my latest song?"

"Well—ah—it sounds all right, but—" he replied.



What! No closeups? Sunny Jim, Universal's youngest star, is looking over a cutting from his latest film, "His Bachelor Daddies." "These film editors don't know art when they see it," says Sunny



## Once you use Kotex you'll want its *lasting* protection . . . always

Kotex absorbent is now used in  
85% of America's leading hospitals

**W**HAT a comfort to feel the safety and security of Kotex protection! You'll wonder how you ever managed without it. Because this protection *lasts* . . . through busy hours. And it stays soft and comfortable. You will appreciate that.

This unique comfort is due to the Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding of which Kotex is made. This is a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with five times the absorbency.

### Hospitals use this same absorbent

Where the greatest precautions are observed, in 85% of the leading hospitals of America, this very same absorbent is used today. No woman could ask a safer guide in choosing sanitary protection.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

There are many ways in which Kotex is better: You should read the little box below. Then try Kotex and test its lasting protection for yourself.

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- 1 Keeps your mind at ease.
- 2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not a deceptive softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
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Regular Kotex—45c for 12  
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Or singly in vending cabinets through  
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Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and  
KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any  
drug, dry goods or department store.

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**At last!**  
**a WHITE cream**  
**Hair Remover**  
*... fragrant ...*



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The first and only white cream hair-remover now on the market. Del-a-tone Cream — perfected through our exclusive formulas. Modern... convenient... tremendously popular with those women who demand that their toilet requisites be pleasant to use, as well as safe and effective.

**DELATONIE**  
 The only white cream hair remover

As easy to use as cold cream. Removes hair in 3 minutes or less.

Leaves your skin soft and petal-smooth. Society women, screen and stage stars are numbered among those who find this faintly fragrant Del-a-tone Cream indispensable in removing unsightly hair from underarms, forearm, face, back of neck and legs. One trial will show you its superior advantages.



Confirm your daintiness! Use Del-a-tone before putting on sheer silk stockings.

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores or sent prepaid in plain wrapper, \$1. Money back satisfaction guarantee. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Department 84, 233 East Ontario Street, Chicago.

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company  
 Dept. 84, 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**

"But what?" she prompted.  
 "Well — er — to tell the truth, you sing through your nose a little, but a little attention to it would correct it, Marion."  
 "Oh, I'm so thankful for your criticism," she said, and kept thanking him all the rest of the evening.

And it wasn't until the next day that the comedian found out that it wasn't Marion's voice at all, but the latest Helen Morgan record he had listened to.

(Note to Helen Morgan: If you want to know who the comedian is, ask Marion. Maybe she'll tell.)

**ERIC VON STROHEIM**, who spends producers' millions so gaily while directing pictures, goes Scotch:

"Hallo. This is Von Stroheim, the Dutchman," he growled into the radio microphone at the premiere of "Devil May Care" the other night. "I suppose by this time everybody else has told you they KNOW this is a good picture. Well, I DON'T know—but I hope to Gott it iss, because I paid \$5 for my ticket!"

**AT** last the life story of Aimee Semple McPherson is being filmed—Aimee, the beautiful woman who put sex appeal in religion and who runs, in Los Angeles, one of the greatest glory factories in the world.

Harvey Gates has written the piece, and Roy Stewart, former Western star, is directing, and Cal will wager his upper plate that La Belle Aimee photographs like a million dollars.

I just am biting my fingernails waiting for this one!

**NOTE** on the wealth of Hollywood.

It may be a surprise to you to know that in all of Golden Hollywood there are only three chinchilla coats.

Of course, it won't surprise you so much if you are aware of what a rare critter the chinchilla is. It inhabits the remoter reaches of the Andes, in South America, and since for five years the animal has been protected by the laws of those parts, has been living in safety.

Any chinchilla coat you may buy from now on—you can get a dandy for \$50,000—will be made of smuggled skins.

And there are only three of them in Hollywood. One belongs to Lilyan Tashman, and maybe the tradesmen don't bow low when they get a flash of Lil and her chinchill!

**A**CERTAIN charming little actress who has been a bit out of the limelight focus attended a picture premiere in New York not long ago.

She was immediately pestered with a flock of those little autograph-hounds who hang around theater lobbies on such occasions.

One little girl took the Tactless Prize for 1930 by chirping "Oh, Miss Blank, I'm SO glad to see you tonight. I haven't seen you in pictures for just AGES!" But the little actress is a true trouper, and she has a sense of humor that doesn't quit. She still signed the girl's book, and even added "Best Wishes."

**WE** call this the neatest trick of this or any other month.

Karl Dane is taking his art seriously. He wants to hear how his voice sounds, so he found an old stethoscope in the prop room and talked into it with the sound pieces in his ears!

**A**VERY brisk young gentleman on one of the trade papers cornered young Doug Fairbanks the other day. "You'll certainly be pleased with this," he beamed. "My paper has made an estimate of the ability of every actor in talking pictures. You'll like what we said about you."

Doug waited patiently. The enthusiastic

one thumbed over the pages. At last he discovered Doug's name. "Oh, Lord," he wailed, "I made a mistake!"

Doug snatched the paper from his hand and read, "Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—not so good. O.K. if played in light juvenile rôle where not much acting is required."

**A**NITA PAGE'S father is what you might call a "star barometer." Whenever Anita comes home from the studio feeling low and discouraged her father says, "Cheer up there, old lady, things might be worse. You're not doing so badly."

But when she is happy with a nice notice of a picture or bubbling over with enthusiasm, Papa Pomares pulls at his long white beard and murmurs, "Now, don't get too high. You may be bad in the next one. Stars rise and fall in this business."

**COLLEEN MOORE** and husband John McCormick have come to the parting of the ways.

Hold everything there, it's only a professional parting. John used to handle all Colleen's pictures and he did right well by the little lady. In fact, it was a world-beating team and it was John's hard work and shrewd judgment that got Colleen where she was.

Now McCormick has accepted an offer to supervise several Paramount pictures and Colleen will sign elsewhere. They had thought of making pictures on their own but the example of many stars who had tried that and failed was held up before them.

They have worked together for so long that how they will fare as separate units is still in the lap of the gods.

**ONE** of the best laughs Charlie Chaplin has had this year came when he read a newspaper movie columnist's blat that he planned to produce "Tribby"—himself to play *Svengali*, the bewhiskered hypnotist, and Mary Lewis, the opera star, to be *Tribby*.

"If a Chaplin-sized *Svengali* ever tried to hypnotize a Mary Lewis-sized *Tribby*," he ruminated, "she'd most probably pick him up and throw him over the transom!"

**D. W. GRIFFITH** is frantically searching for an actor to play the rôle of *General Grant* in his "Abraham Lincoln."

It recalls a story of the actor who played the rôle for so many years on the stage. He was so well known for this characterization that his friends around the Lambs Club called him "General." But after the play was finished he remained out of work until he became thin and gaunt and a mere shadow of his former self.

One day he had a call from a producer. All a-twitter he rushed out on the street and called a taxi. "Where to?" asked the driver. Just at that moment an acquaintance of his passed and answered, "Grant's tomb."

**I**N line with our gesture to prove that the stars are now saving their money, we would like to call your attention to the fact that Mary Pickford had such wisdom twelve years ago.

At a recent inheritance tax query, she testified that in 1917 her salary was five hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Out of this she saved four hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Not so bad for a little girl just getting started.

**CHARLIE CHAPLIN** issued the usual Georgia Hale betrothal denial again the other day. This time a Philadelphia paper printed the report of their engagement.

"Doing the lady an injustice," said Charlie, flatly denying it. But—well, Georgia, who not so long ago finished a contract with Tiffany-Stahl, is studying voice.

"Her voice is **WONDERFUL!**" says Chaplin; "**WONDERFUL!**"

Now here's something significant: Carlyle Robinson, Charlie's spokesman, told your gumshoe-y Cal that while Charlie is determined never to make a talkie himself, he may produce some!

"As long as he keeps the tramp character, Chaplin will never talk on the screen," says Cal. "He's firm about that, no matter what anybody else says. But he may produce talkies."

And who can say but that Georgia's WONDERFUL voice may agitate the microphones under Charlie's supervision?

**T**HE beautiful home of the late Wally Reid will likely remain Spanish in exterior finish but undoubtedly the interior will be strictly English. It is now occupied by Clive Brook and his family.

**A**NOTHER star crashes the literary racket! Lois Moran has just sold a short piece to a humorous magazine. The check wasn't so big, but Lois has about worn off what figures there are on it, just showing it to pals.

Come on, let's give a big coo of delight over Lois' success in what ignorant folk call "the writing game," called a "game" because it is impossible to win.

**I**S Dorothy Mackaill going 'ome to Hengland to make talkies when her First National contract dies of natural causes?

An English magazine says she is. It reports that she has received an offer of a two-year contract for British pictures, at a higher salary than her Hollywood rate.

Dot is a naturalized American citizen, so



You can even sleep in these stunning black and white lounging pajamas. Just remove the sash and jacket—and there you are! They were designed especially for Dorothy Sebastian



# This new, smart safer way to remove cold cream

blots up unabsorbed cold cream without stretching or irritating skin

**A**VOID pulling and stretching the skin during your beauty treatments, great beauty experts are saying today. Hard rubbing and stretching pulls the skin, relaxes it . . . and ultimately may produce large pores and wrinkles.

Famous beauties know the importance of this rule. That's why you find Kleenex on the dressing tables of stage and screen stars, and in up-to-date beauty salons.

Kleenex removes cold cream without rubbing. It is so very soft and absorbent that it simply blots up all the surplus cream and, with it, embedded dirt and cosmetics. How much safer it is than harsh towels, which simply have to be rubbed severely over the face, because they are so unabsorbent. How much more hygienic than germ-laden "cold cream cloths" which drive germs and dirt back into the pores, instead of removing them.

Each Kleenex tissue comes fresh and dainty from its dust-proof package. You use it just once, then discard it. So much less expensive than soiling and ruining towels!

### For handkerchiefs, too

Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, too. It saves unpleasant laundering, and is far pleasanter to use than handkerchiefs. Each time, you use a fresh, clean, soft tissue—then discard it. Thus, cold germs are discarded, instead of being carried around in pocket or purse, to re-infect the user and infect others.

On sale at all toilet goods counters. The coupon will bring a sample.

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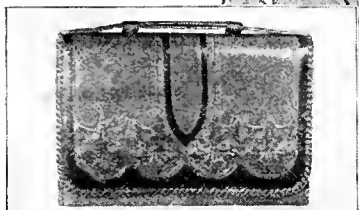


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**YOUR EASTER COSTUME**—After selecting your Easter costume, make it satisfyingly complete with a Meeker-Made bag or underarm. Or suggest it to "him" as an ideal Easter gift. You'll find a wide selection at your Jeweler's and at better Department and Drug Stores.



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she's really "one of ours," even though she should go back to the old country to beautify and enrich its struggling talking industry.

**HOLLYWOOD'S** laughing at Charles Farrell over this:

He was hurrying to the studio one morning. A motorcycle policeman sired him to a stop. "What's the big idea, young feller, of doing forty-eight in a twenty-mile zone?" he wanted to know.

"Well, officer, I'm sorry," explained Charles; "but I'm late now—you see, I'm Charles Farrell and—"

"I'm sorry," said the officer, writing out the ticket, "but I don't play golf."

**HOLLYWOOD** dialogue: "I hear the Roosevelt Hotel insists that the song writers meet in the Blossom Room every night."

"What for?"  
"To keep them out of the lobby."

**TOUGH** days again for extras in Hollywood—but some of them got a break the other day. They were hired to play the guests at a big Jewish wedding scene. There was a banquet table, heavy with frankfurters and fruit, it being a comedy.

The scene was rehearsed a half dozen times. And then everybody had to sit around and wait until they got more frankfurters.

**HELEN TWELVETREES**, the fragile star of Pathe pictures, thinks Clark Twelvetrees, her husband, was a pretty unreasonable spouse. Anyway, she had a tale of woe to unfold in the Los Angeles divorce courts.

She didn't mind particularly if he wanted to jump out of six-story hotel windows, and she didn't even object very strenuously when a three-months' hospital bill for the flight was charged to her. She did mind, however, when he got drunk and beat her up. At least, that's what she told the judge.

**EVERYBODY** felt sorry for little Maureen O'Sullivan when she was first brought to this country by Fox to play the lead opposite John McCormack.

Everybody thought she was just a poor little kid from Dublin. Well, don't waste your tears. She was quite a social bud in Ireland with an independent income and she supervised her own poultry farm which netted her about \$150 a week besides.

Hollywood finds her strange and shy, but in the old home town she was one of the most sought after debutantes.

**JETTA GOUDAL** has been forgiven, after a temporary fall from grace. It looked for a time, after that \$30,000 lawsuit against Cecil B. De Mille, that the fall might be permanent. Producers may not have such a thing as an actual "blacklist," but they do not look with favor on temperamental stars.

But Jetta has been given a job at M-G-M, and right on the same lot with C. B. She will play the leading rôle in the French version of "Unholy Night." Dorothy Sebastian enacted the same rôle in the English production.

Jetta would undoubtedly prefer an English assignment, since her accent is slight, but, at least, the ice is broken after a long, cold winter.

**JOAN CRAWFORD** has mastered her fear of horses and actually rides one in her new picture "Montana Moon." The other day she was telling about her first experience with horses. She had no more than gotten settled in the saddle when the horse proceeded to run away and throw her.

"That was the time," said a friend, "to go right out and get on another horse."  
"I did," said Joan, "three years later."

**IT** seems that, after all, Norma Talmadge doesn't give two hoots, not even one good hoot, if Joan Bennett has the star rôle in the talking version of "Smilin' Through."



Ease in 5 Minutes—Comfort in 5 Hours

## Cold in Head, Chest or Throat?

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It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars, tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



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**WEST ELECTRIC** Water Wavers don't break, bend, rust or get out of order. If one does, we'll replace it free. They're made of round aluminum tubing—light as a feather. There are no seams or edges to injure the hair. Finest steel piano wire gives proper tension for any thickness of hair, and patented ball lock prevents unfastening. At Department and 5 and 10c stores everywhere.

**WEST ELECTRIC** Aids to Beauty include also Hair Wavers, Curlers and Nets. Look for the **WEST ELECTRIC** Girl and the Orange and Black cards.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and 60c in stamps for a set of 6 and we will ship direct to you.

**West Electric Hair Curler Corp.**  
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If you remember your motion picture history you haven't forgotten Norma as the wistful shadow bride, earthbound.

Norma has no desire to do that play again. "I don't want to go back," said Norma in answer to these letters. "Every day is a new day. 'Smilin' Through' came at the right time after the war when people needed consolation, enshrinement of their dead. But now, well, it is another day."

**I** DO wish these "foreign" actors would watch their accents a little closer!

Imagine my embarrassment, at a recent party, when a glamorous importation from Paris began saying dese, dem and dose.

She must have made a long, long stopover under the Brooklyn Bridge!

**R**UTH CHATTERTON has introduced a new fad into Hollywood. Hold everything while we tell you about it. It is a draped sort of business, and underneath it she wears some mighty fancy bloomers, of all things. Every once in a while, if you pay attention, and everybody does as a matter of course, you catch a glimpse of the fancy bloomers.

Ruth wears 'em when she's hostessing at teas.

**J**UST as if Mae Murray didn't have trouble enough with all of the other lawsuits, the United States Government says that the colorful Mae is a "squatter." And no lady likes to be called a "squatter."

Mae erected her elaborate Spanish villa on the seashore. The City of Los Angeles maintains that Mae's residence is built on land made by accretions from the sea below the mean high tide line, while the rear end stands on land which legally belongs to the United States Government.

It's all very involved, and poor old Cal can't make head or tail of it. Maybe he shouldn't have mentioned it, at all.

**W**ELL, well, well!

Our old pal Du Barry, the French bad girl first immortalized by Pola Negri, is getting another whack at pictures.

And who's playing her but Norma Talmadge. And listen to the title of the picture!

"The Flame of the Flesh"—no less.

Whoops!

**J**EANETTE MACDONALD and John Decker, caricaturist, have just truced a war that begun at the Greenwich Village Theater in New York years ago. Now they're both in Hollywood—Jeanette going big at Paramount; Decker caricaturing the stars.

"But," asked nosey old Cal, "what started the feud between you two in the first place?"

"Well," smiled Jeanette, "I bent over to pick something up, and John happened to have a broom in his hand."

**A**LL of the jokes about Eugene O'Neill's endurance test drama "Strange Interlude," may be in for a revival with a cinematic flavor.

According to report—merely a report, mind you—it is quite likely that this will be Lillian Gish's next picture for United Artists. The O'Neill drama, which revived the Shakespearean aside, took six hours to perform, the audience taking time out for "sandwiches" and such things. At any rate, Lillian is leaving for Paris to confer with O'Neill on the play.

As if that weren't enough exciting news, it is probable that Ronald Colman will play the leading male rôle, and that Henry King will direct. There you have the trio responsible for that beautiful picture, "The White Sister."

Lillian has never held a brief for sophisticated rôles. In fact, for a small woman, she made a big protest about John Gilbert's kisses



## Three bitter prophecies to haunt a lovely head

**T**HE first droop in her once-proud chinline, the first small furrow at eyes or mouth, the first lines in her satiny throat—how every woman dreads them! Those are the three silent prophecies of double chin, deep wrinkles, and crêpy-textured throat.

If you would keep your face and throat free from lines, your chinline clear-cut and young, follow the simple, scientific treatments that Dorothy Gray evolved.

You can give yourself these treatments at home, in just a few moments a day. The same preparations proved successful in the salon treatments are sold at leading shops everywhere. Send the coupon for the valuable booklet which explains the Dorothy Gray method.

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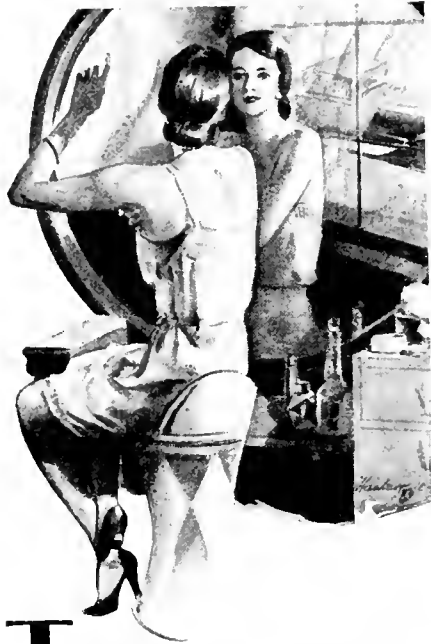
Please send me the new Dorothy Gray Booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in:

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## TIME TO GO— but still time to use MUM

Those times when you must be ready in a jiffy! Just time to slip on your dress. Not a moment more to spare—yet you must not chance perspiration offense.

Then's when you're most grateful for Mum!

In no more time than it takes to powder your nose, your underarm toilet is made with Mum. One dab of snowy cream under each arm and you're safe. Slip into your dress, and step forth—with assurance. For Mum doesn't have to dry. It is soothing—not irritating—to the skin. And just as harmless to the daintiest fabric; Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy.

This likable and usable deodorant has removed the last excuse for offending. It offers you permanent protection, for its daily use can do no harm.

*Mum does not arrest the action of the pores, or interfere in any way with their normal, necessary work. It just neutralizes the odor completely.*

Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table and make its use a daily habit, morning and night. Many women carry it in the purse, to be ready for any emergency. Spreading a little Mum on the sanitary napkin makes one serenely safe from offense. Mum Mfg. Co., N. Y.

in "La Boheme." The woman in "Strange Interlude" was no shrinking flower. But maybe it will be just another strange interlude with Lillian. Anyway, that play on words has to be used or this isn't legal.

**H**ERBERT HOOVER, if he gets tired of being President, would make a swell character actor in motion pictures.

Anyway, Fred Datig, casting director at Paramount, says so.

Datig has his own ideas on how to cast other notables of the world's news.

Charles Lindbergh would make a successful juvenile leading man. Ramsay MacDonald would clean up in business men rôles.

Mayor James Walker could get plenty of work as a live-wire salesman.

John D. Rockefeller, as the grandfather. And Thomas Edison as a good samaritan, are two other bets.

The only woman in the news to have a chance on the screen would be Helen Wills, the tennis star.

Now all that is left is just to try and get them together.

**T**HERE was much ballyhoo when it was announced that Lois Moran had been given the big singing rôle in "Bride 66," the first Arthur Hammerstein operetta.

Tests were made. Clothes were fitted. And then it was announced that somebody else would do the part because Lois had a very bad cold.

But the rumor hounds have it that Lois was given a tidy little sum to forget that she ever signed a contract.

**T**HE Empress Josephine—you know, the one Napoleon said "not tonight" to—will not improbably be Corinne Griffith's next rôle.

Corinne has been reading all she can find about Napoleon and the empress whom Napoleon ditched for Marie Louise. And Corinne and her husband, Walter Morosco, have been dicking a bit with the French Government, which is quite pleased with the idea, and all ready to let them use Fontainebleau and Malmaison for authentic backgrounds.

And this summer, when Corinne and hubby tour Europe, there may be more than just talk and dicking.

### SUNNY CALIFORNIA!

The month of January found California snow-bound in places. Some fifteen or twenty people were at Noah Beery's famous resort, "The Paradise Trout Farm." The big snows came and there was no way out. Wallace Beery acted the hero and flew over the hotel in an airplane and dropped food—like manna from heaven.

Hoot Gibson was supposed to begin a picture, but he was marooned at his farm. Marie Prevost was also snowbound in a mountain cabin in another part of the state.

"Very unusual." Ha! Ha!

**N**OW that Billie Dove and Irvin Willat have come to the parting of the marital ways, it recalls a *beau geste* made by Billie in behalf of her husband.

When the contract of the beautiful Billie came up for renewal at First National, she had innumerable demands to make. She must see all publicity written about her before it was sent out. She must have a personal publicity representative like Richard Barthelmess, Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith. She must have new dressing room quarters. And her husband should direct a big picture with an all-star cast—so it could be termed an Irvin Willat production.

The studio pondered, and finally said Billie could have her wish on two of the long list of terms. She maintained her stand that her husband should direct a big picture again.

"The Isle of Lost Ships" was an Irvin Willat Production, and the studio's answer to his wife. The picture made money and has entrenched Willat again in the directorial ranks.

**A**BOUT the best commentary on the wedded life of Florence Vidor and Jascha Heifetz is the fact that the two are living in a New York penthouse, furnished with about \$650,000 worth of modern art.

When Florence refurbished her house in Hollywood before the marriage she scorned the modern in all but one room, a playroom.

"When I feel like laughing I will go in there," she said.

Heifetz is very fond of modern furnishings. So, three guesses, who wears the trousers in the Heifetz household?

**J**OAN CRAWFORD, Ann Harding, Kay Hammond and Ruth Roland lunch together, regularly, every Wednesday.

It began on account of Ann's forgetfulness. They made their first luncheon date and Ann showed up just a week late. Now they meet every Wednesday.

Nobody can forget that.

**N**OW that they have captured a big whale off Long Beach, Calif., Warner Brothers come right out in meeting and announce that they will refilm "The Sea Beast."

"That honest-to-gosh whale was too good an opportunity to pass by. John Barrymore, who had the flappers talking to themselves with his love-making with Dolores Costello in the original silent version, will again essay the rôle, but the whale gets top billing in the name part.

It is not likely that Dolores Costello will again assume the rôle of the girl. Marian Nixon or Joan Bennett will probably be at the other end of the necking team.

**T**HE exact status of Vilma Banky's contract is still unknown.

Will Sam Goldwyn renew his option on her services or will he not? In the meantime he loaned her to M-G-M to play the leading rôle in "A Lady to Love." Now, usually just about option time, stars are as docile as extra girls. But not so Miss Banky. She brought along a lot of grand manners to the M-G-M lot, refused to see interviewers and to pose for publicity pictures, and made herself otherwise unpleasant.

It was not such a brilliant move on the Hungarian star's part.

## Hollywood's Greatest True Love Story

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

Years later, Alma Rubens told Grauman she had just read about a quick-change artist for the first time in the paper that morning.

Even when she first went to New York to seek a picture position, every dollar had to count, for she had never made more than forty dollars a week. Loss of a week's work in those days meant actual want for the helpless little family.

When they offered her a thousand dollars a week, she thought they were crazy. That's when she, with Gaston Glass and Vera Gordon, made that classic first PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Gold Medal winner, "Humoresque," for Cosmopolitan Productions.

It was at that time, too, that Ricardo Cortez first saw her. She was standing in front of a Fifth Avenue jeweler's shop, looking



at the diamond rings she never expected to have. But with her first week's pay she and her mother had bought two snappy fall coats, and Cortez was smitten on sight. He was just breaking into pictures himself, and he recognized her. But he did not meet her until some years later. In the meantime, she had married and divorced a screen writer. Then Alma and Ricardo met in the lunchroom of the First National Studios and were married a few weeks later.

JUST before leaving Hollywood to come East and join her Riccy on his vaudeville tour an old lady walked up to the table at which Alma was lunching with some friends and told her how glad she was to hear of her recovery. "Miss Rubens, I've always loved you on the screen," the white-haired old lady said. "Thank you," answered Alma. "But call me Mrs. Cortez, please. I am very proud of that name."

## A Vamp Steps Out

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58 ]

at the books and see if the leaves were cut. Sometimes they aren't, you know. A cheery fire was burning in the grate. A log had been thrown over the gas jets. Just a Hollywood fire. Nothing's real any more.

As nearly as I can describe Margaret's gown, it was white, transparent velvet, very long and very low, facing east and west. And mean, I mean. Also a word for the bracelets, five glittering diamond ones.

She had asked me not to send flowers, as she did not wear corsages. Imagine my surprise to have a florist's box arrive at the same time I did.

"Oh, you're an old dear," said Margaret. "You sent flowers anyway."

It was pretty embarrassing for a moment, but I had to admit that the posies were none of me.

"Well, pardon me," laughed Margaret. "Now you think I've been playing a 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' trick."

Some son of a gun had written on the card—"May he believe what you say, and print what you want him to print." Anyway, we decided to change the subject.

AFTER wearing bangs for as long as I have known her, Margaret has just given them to the Salvation Army to make pin cushions with. She is now displaying a brow, frank and without a blush. It gives her new dignity and charm and makes her look like a sweet girl graduate should look and seldom does.

"A man that I have known for a long time says that I appear innocent with the new hairdress," she smiled. "My women friends tell me that I shouldn't have changed—that I'm not myself any longer. But, I ask you, who does a woman try to please?"

You probably guess the way I do. After a little appetizer, we started for the Russian cafe. It was about nine o'clock when we were seated at our table. The Double Headed Russian Eagle abounds in European atmosphere, for you might be in Paris, Budapest or Petrograd. The major-domo had been a general in the Imperial Army of old Russia. The walls of the cafe are decorated boldly with red dragons spitting fire at buxom, placid Brunhildian women. The illumination of the big room is by candlelight, so romantic.

Dinner consisted of bortsch, a thick soup with sour cream, shashlik, veal roasted on swords' points over a fire, parfait Romanoff and strong Russian coffee.

Everyone else stopped eating to watch the shashlik served at our table, veal, swords and all.

"I'm no sword swallower," Margaret quavered. But the veal was shoved onto the service

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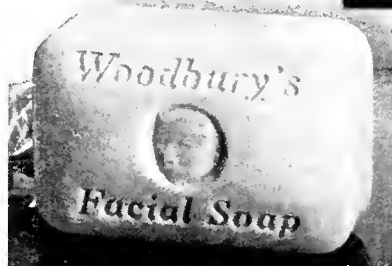


ing the skin and its needs—Woodbury's makes lovely skin texture. It reduces the size of the pores by freeing them of hardened fatty substance that has caused them to enlarge. It contracts them to natural size and keeps them clean and active.

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plates, and the swords taken back to the kitchen. Maybe they could be used for breadknives, too.

We had a request number for the orchestra. We wanted to hear "Two Guitars," but neither of us could remember exactly whether it was two or three guitars.

"I know the leader will be hurt if we underestimate the guitars," worried Margaret.

Dinner, motor check and tips came to a little more than ten dollars at the cafe. Leaving the place is a ritual. You say goodnight to everyone, and they all ask you to come again. We felt a bit slighted that the cook didn't show up in the receiving line.

THE Cocoanut Grove was the next stopping place. It was Friday night, the traditional college night in Los Angeles dancing places. The floor was packed with young collegiates, and the "colliht" lads neglected the coeds to get an eyeful of Margaret.

There's an unforgettable atmosphere to the Cocoanut Grove, too, with its tall palms, dim lanterns and long festoons of silver. The Kentucky Serenaders, from Washington and Palm Beach, were in the first week of their engagement.

Mae Murray, accompanied by her prince, awarded the dancing trophy that night.

Margaret and I had one dance. You'd have to be greased like a channel swimmer to get through that crowded floor. After a little persuasion, we managed to get our check. It was \$4.25 for drinks, the soft harmless kind.

Midnight found us ready to hit the Los Angeles version of the night club trail. I suggested the Cafe Max Fischer in Beverly Hills, smart and with good music. Margaret thought it would be a picnic to visit Central Avenue, the local Harlem. There's a very popular night club down there, with one of the best floor shows in town, and mean, low-down darky rhythm.

YOU buy your cover charge at the door, and you pay the hat check girl before you go in. You also follow the quaint custom of paying her when you go out, I discovered.

It was smoky and noisy in the big room. We were the only people in evening clothes in the place, and Margaret glittering like a Cartier display window.

"Something tells me," said Margaret, looking about, "that it would be very easy to start a fight down here."

We had an hour to talk before the show went on. We both decided that it would be just as well to keep off the dance floor, although the wide open spaces were tempting.

For the first time in four years, Margaret is passing up the annual vacation to Palm Beach. In the past, she has enjoyed that spending spree, forty dollars a day for her room. She never bought a meal. She is too popular for that. This spring she will go to Europe, her first trip.

"I CAN always get away for a couple of months," she explained. "I've never really arrived in pictures, although I've been in them for nine years. If I had really arrived, I couldn't get away. So perhaps it's just as well."

Never arrived, perhaps. Margaret has never had a sensational hit unless it was as the other woman in Murnau's artistic and unsuccessful "Sunrise." But she has had a career that has outlasted many more glittering favorites. For seven years, she was under contract, a pay check every week, first at old Ince and then with Fox.

Year before last, when she began to free lance, she worked forty-seven weeks. Last year, the year that blighted so many film careers, she worked thirty-three weeks. Yet, she says she has never arrived.

The club show went on at one-thirty. There were twenty or more performers, all colored, of course. The big wow of the evening was the spectacular dancing of two boys, the best of the kind we had ever seen.

The bill at the night club was a trifle higher than at the Ambassador, but we had bacon and tomato sandwiches.

It was three o'clock when I left Margaret at her door.

The next day, I found out that she was sick in bed with influenza, and with a fever of 103 degrees. Golly, if that news gets around, I'll never get another date. But it's the first serious complaint.

I don't know whether I'm to blame, or the food, or that low-cut gown.

Anyway, these vampires aren't as husky as the frail ingenues!

[P. S. Dear Boss, you'll notice an item of \$40 on the swindle sheet for losses at galloping dominoes! That's just a joke to go with the picture, Boss!

Ha! Ha! But you can pay it if you want to! Yours, "Wild Mark" Busby.]

## He Wanted to Write the Worst Way

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

He was scoring a success in the New York production of "Possession" when he was caught in the great tidal wave that swept so many unprotesting footlight actors to Hollywood.

The next wave swept many of them back to New York, but Bob is staying on. He has played in "College Days," "Untamed," with Joan Crawford, and "Their Own Desire," with Norma Shearer.

Bob managed to be very fresh and amusing in "Untamed" when he might have been very serious and very sad. It was a romance, and the dialogue was written by Willard Mack. Now Willard Mack is all right when it comes to the Canadian Northwest, and little woodsy Tiger Roses, but his touch is about as delicate as a blacksmith's.

Bob resorted to the well known stage trick of "throwing the lines away." He said them without any great heaving of chest or complicated eye-brow technique. If a scene is really dramatically sound and fine, it will ring true if the actor bites chunks out of the furniture.

He likes Hollywood and motion pictures.

He even likes the iron foundry, and the tramp steamer, and the truck. But it's hard to get used to it. On first nights in New York he had shakes and shivers and stage-fright.

There's no forgetting the everything-dependson-tonight feeling. He hasn't found anything in Hollywood that remotely suggests a New York first night. In the film factory it all seems like a prolonged dress rehearsal with lights.

In appearance, Bob does not suggest the beautiful movie hero of other days. He is tall and a bit too thin. His neck is a little longer than strictly necessary, and his features aren't classic. He would pass in any society for "just good-looking," but it is his frank, friendly personality plus undeniable ability that will win him success on the screen.

He is a good sportsman. He surprised the members of the Norma Shearer company by playing a bang-up game of polo, when everyone expected him to fall off his horse.

Right now it is all motion pictures with Robert Montgomery but, b'gad, he's going to have a story published some time if he has to buy his own magazine to do it.

## She Wanted to Paint

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

eagerly as any fan in Peoria or Sioux Falls. She likes Ronald Colman best of any man on the screen.

When she finishes "Young Man of Manhattan" she will go to Hollywood for one picture. She's thrilled about her first trip to the film capital—but not ga-ga. Her attitude about that is like her attitude about all things—intelligent, alert, eager. She has always hated having her picture taken because she doesn't think she photographs well. Yet she screens like a million dollars.

WHEN she started out on the stage, she used to worry because her voice sounded squeaky in emotional scenes. Today Paramount considers hers one of their most alluring voices and critics praise her rich, full tones.

She learned to use her voice by dint of hard work. She grew to be the actress that she is in the same manner. And she thinks that she can learn to be an even better actress.

Her being on the stage at all was an accident. She meant to be a painter and studied at the New York School of Applied Arts.

She came to this country from Paris when her father got an offer from a New York bank. His name was Chauchoin, but Claudette took her mother's name when she went on the stage.

When she was eighteen, someone jokingly offered her a bit in "The Wild Westcotts." She did well and discovered that the theater meant more to her than the painter's canvas.

Fibbing about the extent of her experience, she next got the lead in "The Marionette Man" with Ulrich Haupt. It was Haupt, now an outstanding figure in the talkies himself, who taught her how to use her voice.

After the "Marionette Man" she appeared in a number of stage productions and became a Broadway star. One of her most sensational hits was scored in "The Barker" in the part that Dorothy Mackaill played on the screen.

Her first picture was a silent film called "For the Love of Mike," and she thought she was so bad in it that her screen career was ended before it had begun.

Then came "The Hole in the Wall" and "The Lady Lies," phonoplays which definitely established her as one of the best bets of the new era of moving pictures. Paramount rewarded her with the lead opposite Chevalier in "The Big Pond." She and Chevalier had a grand time chattering in French and she thinks he's charming.

She is crazy about her husband, but she doesn't believe in being a jealous wife. They were secretly married when they played together in "The Barker" in London. It was one of those romances of the theater that people talk about. They do happen.

WHEN Miss Colbert and Mr. Foster came back to America their marriage was still a secret and only three people were in on it. Neither of them believes that a husband and wife should have to share relatives, so Claudette lives with her mother and he has his own apartment.

They stay home a great deal and are never seen at night clubs. He is shy and quiet, while she has all the animation of the French girl.

She has a great sense of humor and people characterize her as a "regular guy." Her sane, amused slant keeps her from taking herself too seriously. But she has too much ambition and too much real love of the theater to treat her career as a joke.

At the ripe old age of twenty-three, she has been for several years one of the outstanding figures of the New York stage. She will go even further because—she is intelligent and has no delusions of grandeur; she doesn't know what it means to be afraid of having a picture "stolen" from her.



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## 4 Million Dollars and 4 Men's Lives

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

SE5's, Sopwith Camels and other planes on the wings of which the British—the heroes of the picture are British—fliers had soared to victory, but the war had been over for ten years and they were hard to find. He collected several German Fokkers and a few other war types and then ordered a lot of post-war ships rebuilt to look the part.

He demanded a twin-engined German Gotha bomber, of which none remained in the whole wide world, and finally substituted a twin-motored Sikorsky, masked to look like a Gotha, of which more anon.

**H**IS aerial fleet assembled, he constructed a complete flying field at Inglewood, the first of several, established machine and repair shops, and hired enough pilots and mechanics to operate a transcontinental airline.

He constructed, at enormous expense, a miniature of London which was to be bombed by a Zeppelin, beautiful replicas of which were also built in miniature.

I don't know why he didn't buy the Graf Zeppelin. I guess it wasn't finished at the time. This sequence cost a mere \$460,000.

Luther Reed, the director, retired upon completion of the dramatic sequences. Mr. Hughes, who had been studying the technicalities of direction, decided to shoot the aerial stuff himself. It was his story, his money and his picture, and he felt the only way to get exactly what he wanted was to do it himself.

At the Inglewood Field one afternoon the whole undertaking nearly came to an untimely end. Mr. Hughes was a flier of some experience himself but apparently not sufficient experience to fly a tricky old Thomas Morse scout plane, which he tried to do. Ignoring the fervid protestations of his staff he started off for a little hop in this deceitful craft.

It was powered with a rotary motor and Mr. Hughes was unfamiliar with the eccentricities of rotary motors. Four hundred feet off the ground he essayed a climbing right hand turn.

The rotary motor performed its customary unfriendly trick and jerked him into a dangerous flat spin. As he whirled earthward someone was heard to murmur, "My God, there goes fifty million dollars and my job!" They rushed to the wreckage to find Mr. Hughes combing pieces of motor out of his hair and rubbing numerous contusions and abrasions. There were no broken bones. The next day he was back on the job.

The first flying casualty occurred about that time. Al Johnson, a stunt flier, was killed while transporting a plane from one location to another.

**A**BOUT March, 1928, the Inglewood field was abandoned for a new field near Van Nuys, a suburb of Los Angeles. The twin-motored bomber arrived from New York piloted by one Captain Roscoe Turner, whose skill and daring were attested to by the fact that he was the only human being in the world who could or would fly it. It was that kind of an airplane.

Caddo Field lay amid acres of potato patches, bean fields and chicken ranches. During his occupancy Mr. Hughes was just a heavy sugar daddy for the surrounding farmers. His planes' persisted in landing where they shouldn't, and he was frequently required to pay top prices for large areas of head lettuce, celery and other produce that his mischievous airships had rendered unfit for table consumption. Numerous fruit trees were also to be found in his Gargantuan market basket.

There was one scene of the bomber taking off that he insisted on getting. The field

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wasn't large enough for that particular shot, so he bought, at famine prices, a bumper crop of Irish potatoes that were ripening in an adjoining field, leveled and graded the new terrain—and then decided not to take the shot. A chicken rancher collected handsomely because the "Hell's Angels" planes made his White Leghorns scramble so frantically for cover that many were killed in the rush.

At Caddo Field, and several other places, Mr. Hughes put the prodigal Eric Von Stroheim's nose completely out of joint. I refer to his proclivities for exposing astonishing lengths of film for what anyone else would have regarded as trivial scenes. For one little close-up of the valves of an airplane engine—it would not run more than 25 feet in the finished picture—Mr. Hughes and a corps of cameramen consumed 20,000 feet of film. How mortified Von Stroheim must have been when he heard about that! On another insert scene, a close-up of a length of cable running off a reel, he got what he wanted with a mere 18,000 feet of film.

**T**HERE was a small scene in the Zeppelin sequence that, so his assistants tell me, Mr. Hughes took over 100 times before it was to his liking. When the cameraman asked which of the 100 scenes should be printed Mr. Hughes displayed an amazingly retentive mind by promptly replying "Number one and number sixteen."

In October, 1928, after a year's continuous shooting, the picture was nearly finished—so everyone thought. There were just a few aerial shots to be made. They involved a mere 40 airplanes and required clouds for their effective filming. For the first time since he had started Mr. Hughes was stymied.

He could buy almost anything he wanted, but not clouds. He simply had to have them. Southern California is notoriously free from them in the fall. In Northern California they abound—cirrus, nimbus, cumulus, any kind you want.

If the clouds wouldn't come to Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hughes would go to the clouds, so he packed his 40 planes and 40 pilots and cameramen and technicians and assistants to Oakland, California, and established headquarters at Oakland Airport. Incidentally, Oakland Airport is one of the few municipal airports in the country to show an operating profit. Per-



Collins, Mo.

I am a lonely woman on a farm with no very near neighbors. Have plenty of work to do, to be sure, but little, if any, real recreation.

We toil year in and year out with little to look forward to and less to look back on!

But once in a while I take a little trip to visit my daughter, who works in a little city, or my brother and sister, who live in a large city.

And on all such visits I am given the treat of my life, for they take me to the motion picture talkies.

My lonely farm life has spoiled me, for it has made me silent and diffident and so a poor guest and worse hostess, but the talkies take the responsibility off my shoulders and give me something to talk about after the show.

I have enjoyed the few pictures I have seen and hope some time to have a house in or near some little city where I can attend good picture shows oftener.

Daisy L. Marshall



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haps Mr. Hughes is responsible because he and his forty planes and all the entourage were there for over four months. Mr. Hughes spent his mornings searching the horizon for clouds which were frequently absent, and his afternoons paying the expenses of his aerial army, which were plenty.

En route to Oakland the second casualty occurred. Clement Phillips, a pilot who had flown in many hazardous scenes, crashed and was killed on a forced landing.

FINALLY the proper sort of clouds appeared and the 40 planes climbed into them and staged a thrilling "dog-fight" that is said to be worth every dollar the trip cost. If that is true, as I am reliably informed it is, it must be a great dog-fight. The trip cost scores of thousands of dollars.

Another digression, if you don't mind.

During all this time "Hell's Angels" was not Mr. Hughes' only activity. He found time to buy Thomas Meighan's contract from Paramount at a very tidy figure and make two pictures with this star, one of which, "The Racket," was excellent. It is said he was also realizing a handsome profit from renting out the services of Louis Wolheim and Lewis Milestone, both of whom he held under contract—a profit that was probably offset by a loss of more than \$75,000 which he paid Raymond Griffith whom he had placed under contract and then found he couldn't use.

After the Oakland delay the company came home to really finish the picture. The last important thing to be done was crash the bomber. This spectacular scene entailed spinning the huge plane down several thousand feet and then pulling it out, the actual crash to be made by other means.

Here Mr. Hughes struck another snag. Captain Turner, who had flown the thing under the most hazardous conditions, begged to be excused. He not only begged, he insisted. The bomber, he said, might be spun, but not with his body aboard. He was convinced that if it was ever put into a tail spin it would never come out until it crashed. A lot of other fliers agreed. Mr. Hughes was undaunted. He wanted the bomber to spin, therefore it was going to spin.

"Daredevil Al" Wilson, who had done much spectacular flying in "Hell's Angels," volunteered for the job—for a cash bonus. When he left the ground with a mechanic named Phil Jones inside the fuselage where he was to work smoke pots that would give the effect of a falling burning plane, Mr. Hughes had no idea his thirst for realism would be so thoroughly assuaged. Wilson climbed to 5,000 feet, kicked the bomber into a spin and promptly bailed out with his parachute. Jones, inside the body of the craft and apparently unaware that Wilson was no longer at the controls, stayed until it was too late and was instantly killed in the crash.

OFFICIAL investigations followed. Wilson was officially absolved from blame, but the Department of Commerce revoked his pilot's license for a period and the Professional Pilot's Association, of which he was a member, requested his resignation, which shows how they felt about it. Anyway, Mr. Hughes got his spin and his crash and it's a good one.

Wilson figured in another sensational accident while working in the picture. He was flying a German Fokker which was not, as subsequent events proved, mechanically in the pink. Just above a heavy blanket of fog that covered Hollywood, the propeller decided to part company with the engine, and did. Whereupon Wilson parted company with the plane, taking his parachute with him. The Fokker landed in the back yards of the Hollywood Boulevard homes of Frank Spearman, the author, and Joseph Schenck, the producer, ruining a great deal of shrubbery. Wilson landed on a house roof three blocks away, fell off and injured his arm. Which proves a roof is no place for an aviator.

"Hell's Angels" may or may not have been responsible for the death of Burton Skeenc, an expert cameraman who photographed many of the aerial scenes. Skeenc, it is said, suffered from a bad heart and high blood pressure. A tempting salary kept him on the job while friends were advising him to quit, and a severe stroke finished him.

There were several intentional crashes.

With the bomber crashed, the picture was finished, except for some minor details. That was in March, 1929. Mr. Hughes had only spent somewhere around \$3,000,000 in his year and a half on the job. "Hell's Angels" was cut, edited and previewed in a suburban theater.

Lo and behold, something was radically wrong!

It was silent.

None of the actors uttered a syllable.

WITH talkies the rage, Mr. Hughes decided that little shortcoming must be rectified. He would throw away the entire original dramatic sequences, made at a cost of nearly \$400,000, and do it all over with sound. Dialogue was required. Mr. Hughes engaged Joseph March, author of "The Wild Party," for that job. Someone wrote a new continuity. James Hall, Ben Lyon and other members of the original cast were reassembled, at considerably higher salaries. A new and unknown leading lady, Jean Harlow, was engaged. James Whale, who staged "Journey's End," the London and New York stage success, was imported to stage the talking version.

A word about Jean. One day Ben Lyon brought a girl friend to the lot, and got her a test. She was from Chicago, her name was Jean Harlow, and she was just nineteen. She clicked at once. As Harry Lang says, she was "lusciously exquisite and utterly inexperienced in pictures." It was this untried girl that Hughes entrusted with the leading feminine rôle in his mad, wonderful adventure.

And there you are.

The picture is now finished. Oh yes, there are a few details yet to be done. And, of course, Mr. Hughes might decide to do the whole thing over with the new wide-focus film that is coming into vogue—or in German, Norwegian or Esperanto. But that seems doubtful. Hard as it may be to believe, "Hell's Angels" is, barring unforeseen eventualities, just about "in the can," which is Hollywood for completed.

Whether or not it is the greatest epic of the air will be decided by the public when the picture is released. Advance reports differ. Unquestionably it has some magnificent moments. Those who have seen it say the aerial scenes are simply overwhelming in their sweep, their magnitude and their spectacular daring. They say these portions of "Hell's Angels" are undoubtedly the finest ever filmed. Almost no one has yet seen the new talking dramatic story. The old one was not supposed to be so hot. Certainly everyone will want to see "Hell's Angels," if for no other reason than to find out what four million dollars' worth of motion picture looks like.

THAT young Mr. Hughes will ever get his money back is virtually impossible. All of which I daresay is worrying me a great deal more than it is Mr. Hughes, who is probably entirely pleased with the whole affair. Look at all the fun he has had, all the talk he has stirred up, all the joy he has brought to the hearts of thousands of good, and a few bad, citizens of Hollywood. After all, when a man spends four million dollars an awful lot of people are bound to cut in on it.

Among other things, Mr. Hughes has the picture business guessing. No one who knows him will venture to say whether he is an exceedingly smart young man or the exact opposite. As a matter of fact, he is probably both. At least he can't be accused of being afraid to take a chance.

Anyone who will venture four million dollars of his own money in just one motion picture is no coward.

# The New Two-Gun Man

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50 ]

After "The Virginian," he made "Seven Days' Leave." This Barrie story, adapted from "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," has a continent and the Atlantic Ocean between its locale and the lofty plateaus of the American West. Then he made "Only the Brave," a story of the Civil War. Now comes "The Texan," to be followed by a society comedy, possibly "Civilian Clothes," made as a silent several years ago.

If he appears as a two-gun man in one picture, in the very next the fans will have a chance to see that Gary can wear Bond Street clothes as well as any man on the screen.

IT is Gary's wish that he retain his popularity for five more years. Then he will have the money to do the things he likes. He can return then to the amber days and quiet nights at "Sunnyside." When William S. Hart left Hollywood he went to his rancho at Newhall, close to Hollywood if you believe the road signs, but a million miles away in thought and environment.

Gary has turned "Sunnyside" into a dude ranch. It will be open this summer for its first season. He has his own definition of a dude ranch. In case you don't know, it is as good as any other.

"A dude ranch," says Gary, "is a place where the cowboys are only accessories."

The great, far-flung acreage in Arizona is only a dream. It is the remnant of a Spanish land grant, the size of an empire. It is up high enough to escape the heat of summer. He would like to turn that into another dude ranch.

"I'd put cattle on it, too," he planned. "Thousands of head. I could make a hundred thousand a year on the cattle."

The words, "strong, silent type" are anathema in Hollywood. When you say that about a person "you smile." Yet it describes Gary. He is quiet, even shy, and that shyness is often mistaken for dullness by people who do not know him. But Gary isn't dull. Not when you get him on a subject in which he is interested.

In more ways than one there is a similarity between Hart, the two-gun man of the old days, and Gary, the two-gun man to be. Both have the Western background. Both are descendants of good, cultured English families.

Hart's friends are loyal, but the people who did not know him considered him strange and aloof, but he had fascination. Gary is just as likable, and in addition he has youth. Youthful romance is more easily sold in the cinema marts than mature romance.

HOWEVER, if Gary is to fall heir to that great popularity that was Hart's from both men and women, he must have that unusual combination of fearlessness and tenderness.

Gary's nature is a bit more tractable than Hart's. In one way it is unfortunate. In another way it will save him from many of the heartbreaking experiences that fell to the lot of the older man. Hart believed devoutly he was right in his plan of making pictures. He would rather leave the screen than sacrifice an ideal by listening to the commands of producers who knew nothing of the West. Gary doesn't "blow up." Never since he has been in pictures has he been "temperamental" or hard to handle. He would tell you himself that he would be farther along and making more money if his disposition were not so calm. The producers rather respect a little judicious temperament, and imagine they're getting more for the money.

But if there is a new two-gun man standing on the motion picture threshold, Gary Cooper is the leading candidate at the present time.

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# Make Way for a Genius

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

"I don't think I am," gulped Pete, somewhat pleased at the title. "Now, this here 'Calcutta' was a swell, eerie, blood-curdling novel of India, but you're worrying about how to keep the creepy effect when it's made into a picture. The dialogue doesn't help; it's got to be sensed, not just heard. Am I right?"

"You don't get me," pursued Mr. Baker, staring wildly. "Listen, weren't you scared to go into a dark room when you were a kid? Aren't you afraid of the unseen even now? Ever break out with a cold sweat at that haunted feeling when you thought you heard footsteps in an empty house at midnight?"

"PLUS six," frowned Abe. "After I read that book I had to sleep with one eye open for a week. I had what the blurb on the jacket called 'A foreboding sense of doom,' but how are we going to make an audience feel it?"

"Oh!" spluttered Abe. "Chills you'll give me with them rolling eyeballs! You mean we can put it over by showing something that ain't there at all?"

Mr. Baker ceased gurgling his soup and leaned forward like a celluloid conspirator. "Scenery!" he hissed. "Implant horror by the use of light and shade."

"I DO," said Pete. "If you leave the settings to the scenic artist, what'll you get but the same old junk? A screenful of arches and idols, a cobra, a hunchback, a prayer rug and a nautch dancer who's better looking than any Hindu could be. India—according to the movies!

"Like all the rest of the gilligaloo, you're nuts," groaned Abe, signalling for his check.

# Hollywood Heart Trouble!

The past year was a big one for Danny Cupid in Hollywood. Even Bull Montana got married . . . !

Young Mister Cupid was the director in no fewer than eighteen Hollywood romances starring big names, during the year. Here they are—

- 1—Ina Claire married John Gilbert.
- 2—Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., went an' did it.
- 3—So did Sue Carol and Nick Stuart.
- 4—Bessie Love became Mrs. William Hawks. William is a broker. Their honeymoon was cut sadly short by the death of Kenneth Hawks in that ghastly airplane disaster.
- 5—Anita Stewart became Millionaire George Converse's bride.
- 6—Realtor Ruth Roland married a millionaire, too—Ben Bard.
- 7—Constance Talmadge, too—to Townsend Netcher, the wealthy.
- 8—Janet Gaynor picked a lawyer—Lydell Peck.
- 9—Carmel Myers did likewise and became Mrs. Ralph Blum.
- 10—Evelyn Brent stepped the wedding march with Director Harry Edwards.
- 11—Patsy Ruth Miller chose a director, too—Tay Garnett.
- 12—And so did Mary Eaton, who is Mrs. Millard Webb.
- 13—Jacqueline Logan became Mrs. Larry Winston. He's a broker.
- 14—May McAvoy's new hubby is a broker, too. He's Maurice Cleary.
- 15—Lina Basquette picked a cameraman, Pev Marley.
- 16—Alma Bennett is Mrs. Harry Spingler.
- 17—Boola Montan—a non-professional, Mary Poulson, married him.
- 18—And Grant Withers and Loretta Young? Mamma Young tried to have it annulled, but the kids decided to stay married!

# As for Budding Romances—

Virginia Brown Faire and Duke Worne, director, took out a marriage license in San Bernardino, then went to Big Bear, snow-drifted and isolated by storm-wrecked phone and wire lines.

Attorney Nate Freedman announces property settlement between Joseph Schildkraut and Elise Bartlett; divorce to follow.

Al K. Hall squiring Fatty Arbuckle's ex-wife, Doris Deane, everywhere. Hollywood ears cocked for wedding bells.

Joan Bennett sues former hubby, John Marion Fox, for support for their child Adrienne Ralston Fox. Fox's current wife named co-defendant because of community rights.

Mrs. John Barrymore won't play opposite hubby in the talkified "Moby Dick," as she did in "The Sea Beast." The reason is utterly puerile.



"What you want is this, only better." He sketched rapidly on the back of a menu. Mr. Zoop goggled at a rough series of jagged masses that sloped perilously toward one another. "Aha!" he chortled. "Crazy houses lurching over a crooked street, hey? What you got there is modernistic stuff, Baker, and it's a wonder them stiffs of experts didn't think of it."

MR. BAKER, having noticed the date of Doré's work, hid a grin and registered modesty. "You certainly catch on quick," he beamed. "The motif will be bulking shadows. We can focus light on just a door, or the gleam of a knife, or a corpse's face, and leave all the rest sort of a crouching outline against a sinister sky."

"Mysterious twilight all the time, see? Smoke pots drifting a veil across every episode. "Why, I can knock off a dozen more ideas if you'll let me show the scenic artist what I want. And how about a color sequence, with a moon dripping blood?"

"How much does it cost?" asked the practical Abe. "Thirty per cent of what you've appropriated, including—ah—a raise for me."

"You're appointed scenic supervisor," declared Abe, waving a toothpick in lieu of a wand. "Three hundred weekly, commencing immediate—'Calcutta' is over a week late starting production. And remember, you got no boss, only me. Adams is the same like mud to you, y'understand?"

"Thanks. That's not hard to take," said the satisfied Pete.

"Well, I got to buzz off," announced the president, recalling Momma. "See you tomorrow, Baker, and between mc'n you, you got an idea that'll put over a lot of hooey pictures. Maybe you're a genius, but keep your hair trimmed and soup off your vest, and nobody will suspicion it."

Mr. Baker leaned back, watched his employer scuttle out of the restaurant, and then ordered enough French pastry to ruin ten complexions.

Plunging into the first dentist's delight, he became aware that the perfume of orris root was competing with his *bombe Napoleon*, and glanced up to see a slim girl with a helmet of pale gold hair inspecting him through large and melting grey eyes.

"I simply *have* to talk to you," she declared. "It must be some other fellow," said Pete hastily. "Still, if—"

The girl calmly took the chair vacated by Mr. Zoop. "My name is Carolyn Gale," she said simply, "and I want to get into the movies."

"OH, yeah?" queried Mr. Baker, somewhat flustered by the direct approach. "And why do you think I can help?"

"I've seen you out at Stupefaction," said Miss Gale. "I've been hanging around the gates for a month, but nobody's noticed me. Tonight I saw you in the art room at the Library, but you left before I could get up nerve enough to speak to you. So I followed you here, and now I'm sure you're somebody very important because wasn't that Mr. Zoop you were with?"

Pete began to expand under her worshipping gaze.

"Sure," he said indulgently. "That was Abe. So you want to crash the pictures, eh? Well, maybe I can use you in a bit."

Miss Gale's fulsome lips quivered and her hands flew into the supplicating clasp approved by all amateur dramatic societies.

"If you only will!" she throbbled. "All I need is a chance, a—"

"Wait," begged the new scenic shark. "You can't expect to ease into a part just because I let you come on the lot. Besides, you're only beautiful and not particularly intriguing. However, you've got a nice voice. Can you moan?"

"I—I guess so." "Well, I'm starting an Indian opus tomorrow," said Mr. Baker, who knew the story



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Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost — you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing" which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle... its gloss and lustre... depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of... soft, rich, creamy lather... which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural... color tones... of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage, and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

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*Is it a good picture?*

*Is it an All-Talkie, Part-Talkie—Silent or Sound?*

*Is it the kind of picture I would like?*

*Which one shall we see tonight?*

*Shall we take the children?*

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Authorized interviews with your favorite actors and actresses who speak frankly because PHOTOPLAY enjoys their full confidence.

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#### PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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backward, "and in quite a few scenes I'll need some horrible offstage groans and moans. There's your chance, baby, to be a soul in torment."

MISS GALE proved herself an actress by controlling her temper. "I'll roar like a sea lion if it will make a director look my way," she asserted.

"But what do you mean when you say I'm not intriguing?"

"You're just a pretty little girl of the type that everyone knows," advised Mr. Baker. "You have to be exotic to get a tumble from the big boys nowadays."

"You ought to know," breathed the girl, secretly admiring his wavy black hair and keen features.

"None better," bluffed Pete, feeling the ice grow thinner.

He watched the girl more closely.

Her trim aloofness reminded him of his own loneliness, for he had detoured around love until success should come. And now, here it was!

"Listen, ba—, Miss Gale, could I see you home? My—my car is being repaired, but we could grab a taxi."

"Sorry," said that lady, shaking her burnished head. "I've heard all you famous Hollywood men are—"

"But I'm not—I mean—well, see you out at Culver City tomorrow. Ask for me on Stage F."

"Thank you," smiled Miss Gale. "Perhaps after I know you better, you'll come to my apartment and have supper with me and—"

"Try and stop me, that's all."

"And my mother and father and sister," ended Miss Gale. "Believe me, I'm grateful for your kindness, Mr. —"

Mr. Baker's brain spun like a concrete mixer. Months before he had resolved to translate his name into French whenever the lightning should strike, and now he trembled with anticipation.

"Pierre Boulanger," he said elegantly, in accents that would have turned a Parisian green.

"You don't act foreign," cooed the damsel, slowly rising, "but I like it awfully. Well, good night."

The filming of "The Curse of Calcutta" steamed ahead with no more than the customary amount of recrimination and rancor, and with only a few days to go it was apparent that the weird settings would receive more publicity than the somewhat banal plot. The transformation of Pete Baker into a *monsieur* caused scarcely a ripple, for too many of Hollywood's elite had saved themselves loose from some old and unprintable family tree, and an extra *oo-la-la* or so made little difference.

HIS antics around Stage F, however, were not to be borne so easily. Backed up by the main office, he inserted his rapier-like nose into every argument, acquired the habit of bellying, and began tossing such artistic jargon as "block composition," "soul revelation" and "the idea behind the idea"—all very disgusting to a realist such as Director Adams.

Thrilled by her proximity to greatness, Carolyn Gale alternately moaned and yelped her way through the picture—merely an Unknown Voice.

Nobody but M. Boulanger gave her a second look.

"I won't be satisfied until I get a test," she pouted one evening as he drove her home from a premiere. "You can't tell me these stars are so wonderful."

"Mon Doo!" shrieked Pete, giving it the tourist infection. "Haven't I told you a million times that beauty has almost nothing to do with it? You're an ash blonde, honey, and you'll screen as pale as a glass of milk. Your features fit too well; those grey eyes will vanish into all that ivory loveliness, and there's nothing for people to remember."

"I want a test," repeated the stubborn Carolyn.

"Well, I won't help you, because the result would break your heart. Can't you see I'm trying to save you from an inferiority complex because I'm so much in love with you?"

"It's a funny way to show it. Fond of me, are you? What about that other woman you go chasing after three nights a week?"

The luckless Pete was silent. He dared not tell her that the siren who lured him reclined on a shelf in the Public Library.

The book was non-loanable and out of print, therefore it was impossible to obtain a copy, and repeated visits were necessary to refresh his imagination.

In addition, with an eye to future color sequences, he had come across the work of Edmond Dulac.

"It—it's not a woman," he said weakly. "Honest, honey, there's nobody but you."

"You don't say it right," flared the girl, more suspicious than ever. "Now, you listen to me, Pierre. I'm thankful for my chance, and all that, but if you won't help me get ahead you can forget where I live. Understand?"

**M. BOULANGER** started to plead, then drew himself up with the arrogance befitting a gentleman who had recently moved into an expensive and snooty bachelor apartment. "I stand by my statement," he drawled. "I know the movies."

Miss Gale retorted angrily, for she had counted on surrender.

"All right, you can just breeze right on by," she retorted. "I'm going to ask every director I see to give me a test."

"And after they turn you down," taunted the scenic marvel, "you can come around and wail on my shoulder." His voice softened as he noticed the sheen of tears that filmed the grey eyes. "But joking aside, honey, you're not really ang—" He shied suddenly as the door thudded in his face.

His nonchalance returned the next morning when Mr. Zoop, exuding praise, went into a huddle with him over the new assignment. Another story begged for aid, and the president gazed hopefully from a pile of cost sheets and dialogue sides.

"You could put a couple crutches under this one?" he asked.

The cagey Pete simulated profound study. "It's pretty tough," he demurred, "but I'll have it worked out for you by tomorrow. No snap judgment for me, Mr. Zoop. All I can see now is the treatment for the duel scene. Pull it off on a hill with the figures silhouetted against the dawn. Luminous paint on the swords and the faces. Drape a tree with Spanish moss—it's depressing stuff—and have the seconds grouped like watching ravens."

"Smooth like a kitten's wrist!" applauded Abe. "How is it you never came to life before—maybe love woke you up, hey?"

"Yes and no," said M. Boulanger politically. "Now, speaking of my girl, I can use her in that guillotine bit, because she moans so poignantly. We'll highlight her hands tied behind her back, the hideous faces of the rabble, and the knife. We'll depict unholy glee in the mob's expression, and horror by her writhing, helpless hands."

"OH, but will that be a cheap death!" exulted Mr. Zoop. "No big expensive sets or nothing. And you won't even give your girl a break by showing her face?"

"What for?" shrugged Pete. "The audience will get more kick out of imagining the scene. And, in reality, my girl's a pip, but on the screen she'd be just another blonde."

"Kid," said Mr. Zoop solemnly, "I hate to say it, but you're a genius. Most of the phony ones want to spend a million or two to give themselves a reputation, but not you. Any time a fellow saves me money, he's a genius."

M. Boulanger grinned his thanks and speculated on a raise.

"Four hundred smackers you'll get," advised Mr. Zoop, recognizing the symptoms. "And listen, you got such an eye for scenery—maybe you could kidnap a little youth and

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SOMEWHERE in every heart is the perfect love letter. The letter you would write to the one person in all the world that you love best. Fine and true and beautiful, this letter would reveal the *real you* as no spoken words could ever do. Write this letter. The names may, of course, be fictitious. But Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. offer prizes totaling \$2850.00 in this big letter-writing contest. Read the rules on this page.

The exquisite love letters of famous men and women may be read in the world's greatest literature. But the one high quality which exalts and glorifies them forever is their passionate sincerity . . . the same sincerity which you will put into the letter you write for this contest.

Pen and paper are right on your desk. Won't you start now? These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

### Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay \$250; second best, \$150; third best, \$100; for the next five, \$20 each; \$10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of \$750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of \$1000 which this letter may win.

TYPES OF LETTERS: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a

visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

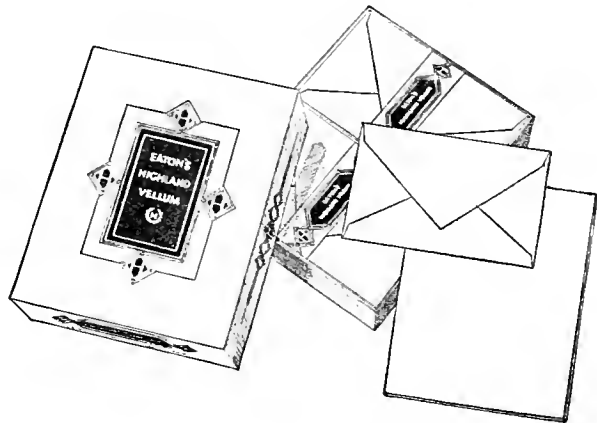
CLOSING DATE: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

IDENTIFICATION: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

WINNERS: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

FINAL JUDGES: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*; Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.

Eaton's Highland Vellum is a new smooth-surface writing paper which has won rapid popularity. It comes in blue, buff, grey, silver-grey, green, ivory and white. There are plain designs, attractive decorations, and beautiful packages to suit every taste and personality. Never before has it been possible to buy a writing paper of such unquestioned smartness at so reasonable a price. In richly decorated boxes, it makes a most acceptable gift. Of the same high quality as the famous Eaton's Highland Linen, Eaton's Highland Vellum can be bought at your nearest dealer's. Prices from 50c to \$3.50. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.



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More than 3,000,000 women have learned the secret of ever-youthful hair from Mary T. Goldman. Not one of these women has ever been asked to take the slightest risk in trying it on her own hair. Nor do we ask you to risk a thing or go to any expense.

### Single Lock Test Package FREE



We send FREE the famous Single Lock Package, or you can get full-sized bottle from your druggist on money-back guarantee. Snip a lock from your hair and make the test on this. No guessing this way. Isn't this both safe and fair? Please use coupon.

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beauty, too. Stupefaction could use one of these exotic babies."

"I'll try," promised Pete, his mind vaulting to the deluded Carolyn. Too bad she wasn't more flashy, but then, one success in a family was enough. Poor little thing, she'd need comforting when she realized that he was right, and perhaps she'd be ready to listen to a genius propose.

His heart would have leaped at that moment could he have seen the startled Carolyn, cornered in a section of the wardrobe department, her grey pupils dilated as she gazed at a swarthy, evil-looking gentleman.

"Don't dare touch it!" snapped the stranger, advancing stealthily. "Leave it the way it is, you hear me? Now raise your eyes to mine—"

**A** WEEK later M. Boulanger slithered dejectedly into the Zoop private lair and beheld his chief chewing madly on a dry cigar, thereby denoting that the storm signals were out.

"You wanted to see me?" queried Pete, trying in vain to produce the voice with the guile.

"Not want, but must," said the president shortly. "Say, why should you be so droopy? It's me that carries the load around this dump."

"I can't find my girl," groaned M. Boulanger. "Her people won't say a word nor let me into their apartment, and it's got me worried."

"Is that all?" scoffed Abe. "Get yourself another; it's been done before. Say, you know that bum Salvador?"

"The director? Sure, I do. The gossip was that you were firing him because he was lavish."

"Yes," said Mr. Zoop. "Last Friday noon when his contract expired, I gave him the air. 'No director who hires a thousand extras for a Garden of Eden picture can work for me,' I say to him. And then can you imagine the dirty trick he did me?"

Pete shook his head.

"He went over to the wardrobe to O. K. his last requisition and it seems he noticed a girl trying on some Russian costumes. She was a blonde, but the minute Salvador seen her in a black wig he let out a yell and started raving about the contrast with her big, grey eyes. A siren he'll make her, he tells the wardrobe gang, and what does he do but drag her over to Blotts Brothers and hook up with them. The dame is called Gale, and how is it nobody here gave her a glance? Not me, not you—"

M. Boulanger went cold and rigid. "Oh, yes I did," he quavered. "She's my girl."

"Your girl!" yelled Abe. "What right has a butterfingers like you to true love when you can't keep hijackers away? From under my nose they sneak sirens, and you stand there like a head usher."

"But I never saw her in a wig, and anyhow, it's your fault for firing Salvador."

"DON'T bandy words with the president," blustered Mr. Zoop. "You got to win back that girl. Is she under twenty-one?"

"Just twenty, but—"

"Marry her!" ordered Abie. "Then, as her husband, you can forbid her to work for any company but us. Of course, Joe Blotts won't give her nothing but a weekly contract until she makes good, but that pirate Salvador never picks a loser. That's why I want her for Stupefaction. It's up to you."

"But we've had a row because I wouldn't give her a tryout here."

"For once I was wrong," said Mr. Zoop sternly. "As a genius you're a lot of eyewash. You may be a wow with scenery, but I need a new juvenile star just as bad. Furthermore, I can't stand that fool Joe Blotts giving me the laugh. Get this Gale girl back, and I'll hand you a five-year contract."

M. Boulanger slunk dismally away, and after a week of futile assault on the Gale doorbell, resigned himself to being merely a disciple of Doré.

The public began to talk about his weird settings. Some of the most effective stills were hung as an art exhibit on the Biltmore mezzanine, and he was interviewed while guzzling tea from a samovar.

Pete, who was commencing to believe his press notices, viewed his luck with melancholy triumph, fully aware that the gorgeous Carolyn had become even more desirable by invisibility.

That young lady, playing minor bits in second-rate films, was not so light-hearted as she appeared. Beneath a smooth, jet wig her grey eyes assumed the qualities of white fire; garbed in form revealing gowns she moved with the sinuous grace of a black leopard and looked equally as dangerous.

But success brings its penalties, for, when working overtime to improve her technique, she discovered that part of the course consisted in thwarting Señor Salvador's inclination to make love to her.

She began to yearn more and more for the dependable Pete, and one Sunday she met him as he lay toasting on the Santa Monica sands.

"Pierre," she cooed shyly, "I'm sorry for the way I've treated you. Will you pretend that it never happened?"

"Carolyn!" howled the genius, forgetting his dignity. "What's the matter—did Blotts fire you?"

"THEY certainly did not," flashed Miss Gale, briding. "I don't like it over there, if you want to know, and besides, I've been lonesome for you all the time. You see, Pierre, my heart's in the right place after all."

"So was the rest of your anatomy, judging from your costume in that Arabian picture," scowled M. Boulanger.

"But I couldn't help it. That greasy little Salvador said I'd have to do it to get recognition."

"Come and see Abe," urged Pete. "He'll give you a better contract than Blotts, and not as a vamp, either."

"Blotts haven't signed me yet. They've been paying me by the picture, but Salvador says they want to talk terms tomorrow."

"They'll talk to the wall," grinned Pete. "Abe will be suffocated when he hears of Joe Blotts getting the runaround. You see, honey, he promised me a five-year contract if I could win you over, but what a chance with you giving an imitation of a glacier. I tried and tried—"

"For the five-year contract?"

"You know the answer yourself," said Pete seriously. "For you, honey. Furthermore, a husband and wife should work in the same studio, if they love each other."

The rosy Miss Gale eyed him mistily. "Not so fast," she murmured, snuggling closer. "I love you, too, but sometimes I feel that I hardly know you. Perhaps it's because you're a genius. Oh, Pierre dear, you haven't a dreadful past?"

"Me?" shouted M. Boulanger. "Sure, I've a past—of kowtowing to a lot of chair-warming vice-president's relatives and then having them swipe my ideas. Say, everyone is looking at us, honey. How about taking a drive back into the foothills? I won't propose for at least a week, if you'd rather."

THE Sunday evening sky had deepened from lavender to royal purple before their car rolled dustily up to a little drug store in South Pasadena. Miss Gale fanned herself with a wispy handkerchief and smiled graciously at a chubby, aproned youth.

"A Clara Bow Surprise," she tinkled. "Hurry, like a nice boy. I'm parched."

M. Boulanger ordered a duplicate, and hung over the counter to watch the youth assemble the concoction. Suddenly his voice rang out with the metallic tones of authority.

"You're all wrong," he said sharply. "The grapefruit and pineapple slivers should be spread fanwise, not all jumbled up, and on the powdered pecans instead of under them. Spoon the raspberry sherbet exactly in the middle and don't slap the whipped cream down that way."

Lay it on and crown it with a green cherry. Like this, see—" He broke off quickly as he felt Carolyn at his elbow.

"Go on," said the girl, her eyes alight. "Aw, it's nothing," disclaimed the genius, suddenly scarlet. "I—I just forgot where I was for a minute."

"You didn't forget—you remembered," throbbed Miss Gale excitedly. "How did you know all this? Come on, Pierre, cards on the table."

M. Boulanger shuffled nervously. "I just hated to see bad workmanship, particularly as I was the best soda jerker in all Indianapolis back in 1925. That's really an art in its way, you know."

"Of course it is, so why be ashamed of it? Oh, Pierre, you idiot, can't you see this makes you all the more real to me, and that I'm prouder of you for having had this past? Believe it or not, that was the best speech you ever made."

"WOMEN certainly are queer," mumbled M. Boulanger. "You mean to say that you love me more because I juggled sodas? Then will you—?"

"Ask me again when we get outside," said the radiant Carolyn. "I'm so happy, Pierre, because a girl never wants her future husband to keep secrets from her. But I suppose I'll be sorry, for I've always heard that the wife of a genius has a hard time."

"Listen," said Pete, knocking over the sundae in his earnestness. "I'm not a genius. No kidding, I mean it."

"I don't care if you're not," laughed the unbelieving Carolyn. "It wouldn't make any difference what you were, as long as you were on the level, and now I know you are. Let's go down to Ye Bull Pen Inn tonight just for sentiment. Can we, dear?"

M. Boulanger drew a desperate breath. "Just what I had in mind," he said gaily. "And on the way we'll stop in to see a friend of mine—at the Public Library."

INA CLAIRE, brilliant Patie comedienne, acknowledged the smartest dressed woman on Stage and Screen



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**A**N utterly new type of hosiery has recently been created that accomplishes what every woman has secretly wished . . . It gives bewitching slenderness to the ankle.

It makes the leg more graceful and appealing. It banishes ugly creasing and bagging at the knee. (Please note the 3 illustrations above showing the improvements made.) . . . Now, virtually every Screen Star of note favors this hosiery. Every day thousands of women are choosing it in preference to long standing favorites . . . Allen-A is now presenting this improved hosiery in the new "4000" series. Including an extra-fine gauge, all-silk chiffon with Panelcurve Heel; and a glorious Service Sheer with Panelcurve Heel. All with double Picot Tops in two-toned effect and smartest Parisian-sponsored shades. \$1.95 the pair. Other improved Allen-A styles \$1.25 to \$2.50. THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.



1—Fashioning of the knee eliminates ugly "bagging."



2—Special fashioning enhances the curve noticeably.



3—Made smaller at the ankle, a slenderness effect is gained.

## That Gustafsson Girl

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 ]

After school hours she helped a friendly barber of the neighborhood by applying lather to unshaven chins, and so earned an occasional krona. Greta isn't ashamed of this trivial episode. In fact, she seems to take considerable pride in this humble start toward bread-winning.

By now, Greta Gustafsson had grown into the very opposite of the shy, backward little girl of her school days. For at twelve she had suddenly shot up until she was as tall as she is today!

"I WAS big for my age," she says. "I am truly grateful that I haven't grown since I was twelve, for at that time my size embarrassed me horribly. Everywhere people seemed to be whispering about my awkwardness."

But Greta felt insignificant enough the day she asked for a job at the big department store of Paul U. Bergström.

A hurried clerk just took her name and address, and it was in a dark and unhappy mood that she walked the long way home across Stockholm.

But she turned to sunshine when, a few days later, the postman brought her a note requesting her to report for work at the ladies' coats department the next morning!

In a few days she was transferred to "ladies' hats." There Greta Gustafsson was on trial for a saleswoman's job, and all sorts of odd assignments fell to her lot.

One day the store's advertising manager came into the department.

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To smooth away wrinkles, the tissues under the skin must be nourished back to firmness. Dr. Charles' Flesh Food does this by absorption. You use it as an ordinary night cream. It feeds the tissues and tones them up. Wrinkles and sagging flesh disappear. It is also invaluable for rounding out hollows in the neck and shoulders.

50c the jar at any druggist's.

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"What hats are we to push this spring?" he asked the woman in charge. "Show me some models for illustrating the catalogue."

The forewoman knew just what to suggest. And to make the exhibition more graphic she put the chosen hats on the head of one of the young attendants.

It was the Gustafsson girl.

Whether Greta made the hats, or vice versa, we can't say.

The fact remains that the girl and the head-wear suited each other, and the advertising manager sent for his cameraman.

Thus the 1921 spring and summer catalogue of the house of Bergstrom published the first pictures of Greta Garbo—showing off the firm's smartest hats!

The hat-posing had given her an extra chance—that odd "break" that was to lead to the next onward step in her unique and extraordinary career.

### CHAPTER THREE— The Store Makes a Film

SINCE her climb to fame, Greta Garbo has never been called "smart," in the modern sense of the word.

That is to say—chic, flippant, chattering, continually on the go. In fact, she has been considered the antithesis—quiet, unmoved, uninterested.

Nothing—praise or blame—is supposed to ruffle her colossal calmness. Some Americans think her entirely stoical, unemotional, un-woundable.

Nothing could be more untrue.

Who can tell what emotional storms rage beneath that white, implacable calm? It is that very quality of quiet mystery that is one of her chief and most alluring charms. Every movement is achieved with a minimum of effort, conveying a sense of repose.

The popular interpretation of this manner, on the screen, is indolence. No doubt it has been heightened by the anemia from which she has suffered for several years.

Not being physically robust, she sometimes goes home to rest at midday after a hard morning's work.

Hollywood called her temperamental. She likes to sit in a quiet corner of the studio. Hollywood called her haughty. Now her fellow workers know her better. They realize that she has a deep spiritual and physical need of rest and solitude.

This only seemingly contradicts the fact that during her shop girl days she was considered unusually alert and "smart."

She was not fussy or talkative. She learned easily. Stores do not want the "smart" girl, in the cant sense of the word. The public prefers to be allowed to poke about in peace. If they need information, an alert, well-informed girl must be at their side to help. Greta Gustafsson was this sort. Wise, efficient, bright and helpful, she was watched and approved by her superiors, as one who would "get on." She was smart, in the finest sense of that abused word.

"I WAS really interested in selling hats," Garbo says of this phase of her life. "It seemed like play. I never seemed to have to think how to treat the individual whims of each customer. The right way seemed to come naturally to me. And best of all, I still found time to cultivate my great—my only—love, the theater. I dreamed of it day and night. How I admired and envied the actresses among my customers!"

"Did you spend much of your leisure at the play?" I ask her.

"Very little," she says. "Sometimes going to the theater caused me very real pain. The audience seemed to shatter my beautiful illusions, with its bad manners, its chattering. And so the plays never seemed to measure up to the glorious dramas of my dreams—the plays of my own vivid, unresting imagination." "And did you have favorites among the actors?"

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"Never. I never had what American girls call 'crushes.' Individual actors never interested me. It was the rôles they played that interested and fascinated me. I hardly even thought of the human instruments that gave them life."

I ask Garbo why she did not join the store dramatic club of earnest amateurs. In spite of her passionate love of the theater, she never did.

"That was not the real theater—it was play. I dreamed only of the true, the finest."

She continues—

"ONE day the hat department buzzed with excitement. The advertising manager came in with a large, jovial man who smiled on us all. We found he was Captain Ring, head of a Swedish firm that made advertising films.

"Soon great news broke. The store was to make a picture advertising its ability to outfit a customer from top to toe. Real actors and actresses were to have the leads, but the shop-girls were to help whenever possible.

"Captain Ring made a few notes, and was about to leave our department when the advertising manager stopped him. 'I remember a girl here who modeled a few hats for us. Perhaps we could use her!'"

Greta Gustafsson stepped forward, her heart almost breaking through her chest. Captain Ring glanced at her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But Olga Andersson, our leading lady, will make a very suitable hat mannikin." They left.

A few days later tests were made. Greta was dressed in a checkered riding habit—two sizes too large, for they wanted to make her a bit comic. She rehearsed before a large mirror.

"Great!" said the manager. "She must do this!"

So Greta Garbo's first appearance before a motion picture camera was in a comic bit for a department store propaganda film! What a beginning for the acknowledged mistress of screen tragedy!

But this little history records that she played it well, and she was very funny, and Captain Ring promised her more work in advertising films—a promise which he kept.

Does credit go to the amiable captain for her discovery?

He shares the honor with two other men—Erik Petschler and the late Mauritz Stiller. All three, in some measure, were her discoverers.

Ring, of course, was the first to photograph her with a motion picture camera. Later she acted for Petschler in her first dramatic film, "Peter the Tramp." And Stiller it was, of course, who started her on her great career in his picture, "Gosta Berling."

Her first film was made late in 1920.

The following year Captain Ring remembered Greta Gustafsson, and gave her a rôle in another. Then came a film to be shown in Japan, illustrating Swedish culture, industry and business. Again Greta was called on.

In 1922 came a chance to appear in an industrial film to be made for a firm in the city of Örebro. It was to be a northern romance, made on a grand scale, and the filming was to take place far from Stockholm. Again Captain Ring asked the store to lend him Greta Gustafsson—for the rôle of a valkyr. But now the seventeen-year-old girl was very valuable, both as saleswoman and mannikin, and her employer refused his consent. Greta was heart-broken.

THIS, then, in 1922, was the crossroads in the life of the girl. The store valued her services. Her commercial prospects seemed bright.

Perhaps, in 1930, had she remained, she would be head of the ladies' hats department!

But she had at last tasted the bitter-sweet drug of the art of acting. Henceforward she could not be satisfied with the hum-drum life of a great store. The virus had entered into her blood. She must act.

"I felt that I MUST go on the stage. I had to!" she says.



GWEN LEE, beautiful Metra-Galdwyn-Mayer player, wears Deauville Sandals in a popular black-and-white style.

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Featherweight, hand-braided Deauvilles have just that touch of chic that makes you want a pair for every summer costume. You'll especially like the new-season Deauvilles in white, egg-shell and other lovely colors. Wonderfully cool, ever so comfortable—hand-woven on American lasts, in widths AAA to C.

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Never let tiny color blemishes distress you. Remember — beneath them lies the natural beauty of your skin, the fair white skin you'd love to wear with the new, revealing frocks.

Your skin can be made naturally white, soft, and flawless. Face, neck, back, arms, and hands may be harmonized into an ensemble of fairest beauty. But not through the use of ordinary creams, powerless to whiten. Golden Peacock, a bleach cream only, is the secret.

A scented film of Golden Peacock is applied at night. As you sleep, the stains and discolorations, tan and freckles, are safely absorbed, leaving the skin smooth and white... Many thousands of women use this delightful bleach. At toiletry counters, in \$1 jars.

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A SILENT STREAM through a tunnel of trees . . . now and then a leaf sifting down to float as lightly as your "Old Town Canoe." A stroke of the blade to urge you on . . . now rest . . . now stroke again. There's nothing like idly gliding in an "Old Town Canoe"!

Actual Indian models are used in the making of "Old Towns." That's why they're so easily handled, so well-balanced, and so exceptionally steady. Their durability comes through modern manufacturing methods.

Free catalog shows paddling, sailing and square-stern models. As low as \$67. With spousons if you like. Also shows big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood outboard family boats; rowboats; dinghies; and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 124 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

## "Old Town Canoes"



No, this isn't a big circus cook-house. It's the way the picture companies feed the talkie extras in Hollywood. This is lunch hour at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and the chorus folk all sit down in the studio and break bread together. One big—grrrrr!—happy family

No longer was the problem of entering a school of dramatic art just a day-dream. It was now the one absorbing question—the one dominant purpose—of Greta Gustafsson's life!

### CHAPTER FOUR—A Real Actress

ONE July evening in 1922 a worried gentleman walked down one of Stockholm's busiest streets. A thousand problems beset his mind, for he had just secured financial backing for a film.

Work was to start in two weeks—and he had found neither his story nor his extra people! The cart was before the horse with a vengeance. The film was to be a bathing suit comedy in the Mack Sennett manner—and he had everything but the main idea and his beauties!

A display in the window of a shoe store caught his eye. He stopped. Then his eye fell on a girl standing beside him. He was struck by her beauty. Her regular features would photograph well. Her figure was plump and girlish. "That's the girl for me," he thought. But the girl had noticed his gaze, and found it unpleasant. She tossed her head—and was lost in the crowd!

So Erik A. Petschler, film director, stood there feeling foolish! The moment had passed. And anyway, could a gentleman ask a passing lady whether she would like a job in pictures? At any rate, he hadn't.

But again Greta's kind fate stepped into the drama. Two days later he took two feminine members of his troupe into Bergström's to look at some hats—and there was the girl of the shoe store window! She also recognized him, and learned who he was.

"Too bad!" thought Petschler. "A salesgirl can't leave her job to act!" He left when his purchases were made. One of his girls, however, remained to have a hat altered. She was Tyra Ryman, one of Petschler's most promising pupils.

Miss Ryman chatted with Greta. The shopgirl asked if there was a chance that Petschler would give her work in his film. Miss Ryman told her that she was perhaps the answer to the director's prayer.

Greta decided to phone him the next day. "To this day I think this is the boldest thing I have ever done," says the star.

Now let Petschler finish the story.

"Greta Gustafsson came to my office to talk matters over. I asked her to speak something, and without hesitation she recited a school piece or two. She did well. Then we talked of her possible engagement, and salary.

"The latter was small, but she accepted.

"I tried to get her summer vacation changed to the time I intended beginning my picture, but the manager said firmly that no changes could be made in the set holidays. There was nothing for it but to tell Miss Gustafsson that I could not think of jeopardizing her position."

Then Greta made the great decision.

"I don't care about my holiday—or my wages, either," she told Petschler. "I am going to act in your film!"

So it was that Greta Gustafsson traded the steady life of a shopgirl for the transitory, tricky existence of the stage and screen. From now on she lived, with her whole soul, for the theater.

"I told my mother of my decision," says Greta. "As always, she stood by me. Her only answer was—'I think you know what is best for you!'"

Thus, for the first time she came before the public, as one of a trio of bathing girls in "Peter the Tramp." She attracted no particular notice in this tiny part. Petschler said he would give her more and better parts in coming pictures—but a long time was to elapse until this came true.

GRETA'S contact with professional actors in this film told her that she must have real professional training—and immediately.

In her need she turned to Frans Enwall, formerly instructor at the Stockholm Dramatic Theater, and at that time a private coach in dramatic work.

Says Greta—

"I said to him, as young people always do to older people of the theater, that I MUST become an actress, and asked how to go about it. He told me to try for admission to the Dramatic School, and helped me to this end.

"In August came the great day of testing. If one failed, that dream was over. And in September I would be seventeen years old!

"I approached the ordeal with mixed feelings—of heavenly bliss and extreme panic. On



the fatal day my knees almost caved in. I hardly remember my entrance.

"There were about twenty people in the jury—newspapermen, critics, people from the theater, and dramatic teachers. They sat before us, in orchestra seats. But I saw nothing. All was swallowed up in the blackness of the great auditorium. I thought I was going to faint.

"But I passed my test! While I waited my turn, I heard whispers in the darkness out front. I felt doomed to failure. Then I thought of my mother, sitting at home, tense with anxiety and love for me.

"At last my moment came. I stepped to the stage and recited my piece like one in a trance. Afterward, I collapsed in the wings, and later I bolted without saying goodbye to anyone. On the way home I was in an agony of remorse. Perhaps I had ruined all by leaving without making polite farewells!

"I LAY awake all night. The next day I passed without word. I was certain I had failed. I dreamed of going back to the department store and asking for my old job.

"On the third day I had a telephone call from the school. I had passed! I thought I should die of joy! I was to be a real actress—and soon!

"My instruction at the Dramatic School began. It lasted two seasons—those of 1922-1923 and 1923-1924. The director was Gustaf Molander, who later went into pictures. Many noted men and women of the Swedish theater were on the staff.

"What a wonderful time this was in my life! It had its worries, for my family was poor, and though instruction was free I needed many things. However, my mother was sympathetic and hopeful, and my brother's and sister's financial situation gradually grew better. We managed!

"I went to the theater a great deal. It was a necessary part of my training, and we students were given passes. My comrades and I got on well. After morning classes we drank coffee at a nearby cafe and talked unendingly. My worst fault was that I was nearly always late. As no one scolded me, it became a bad habit. They even laughed when I tiptoed in after class had begun!"

But tardiness did not prevent the Gustafsson girl from being engaged as a "pupil under contract" by the Dramatic Theater. The close of school found her dreams come true. She was a dramatic actress at a salary. It was forty dollars a month!

CHAPTER FIVE—Greta Turns to Films

GRETA GUSTAFSSON'S engagement was not easily won. There were courses in elocution, voice training, fencing and gymnastics.

Greta Garbo does not like to talk of her attainments during her student years, but a fellow pupil says, "She played many parts. I remember that she was particularly charming as *Hermione* in 'A Winter's Tale.'" And her voice teacher, Karl Nygren, recalls that her voice showed great promise in her formative days.

Beside the parts played at student performances, she performed various minor rôles in the regular productions of the Dramatic Theater—such as the harlot in Per Lagerkvist's "The Invisible Man" and a rôle in Schnitzler's comedy, "A Farewell Supper."

Her contract was signed in February, 1924. But it was annulled in March! And this time she signed herself Greta-Gustafsson-Garbo!

What an eventful month February was for Garbo! For in the short time she was bound by this theatrical contract, she had made up her mind to leave the stage and devote her time to the films.

This momentous decision was made when she received a wire from Mauritz Stiller—the great director—saying "Don't make any plans for the summer." This was almost a royal command, coming from Sweden's greatest genius in the world of the photoplay.

Doctors know that perspiration odor actually precedes noticeable moisture.



"I never stain my dresses—

*yet perspiration odor is there!*

When the underarm is kept always dry and sweet with ODORONO you are absolutely safe from offending

*By Ruth Miller*

Just 3 simple gestures—and Odorono keeps you safe from worry . . .

1. PAT ON... Wash underarm with clear water and dry. Pat on Odorono—don't rub.

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3. RINSE OFF... When Odorono is entirely dry, wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. If used last thing at night, rinse off in the morning.

It's a pity perspiration doesn't always show damp half-moons under the arms! Then women would never be betrayed into thinking because their gowns show no traces, there is no odor.

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As Mauritz Stiller enters Garbo's life, we must turn back for a moment.

In the spring of 1923, Gustaf Molander had told her that the great Stiller needed a girl for a new film.

"That day, after school, I looked up Stiller. I had never met him, but his name and fame were familiar to me. I was overawed at meeting such a great man. He was not at home when I called, and I waited full of fear. At last he came in—he and his big dog. I trembled.

"WITHOUT a word, he looked at me a long, long time. Much later, he told me exactly how I was dressed that first day, down to details of shoes and stockings. After a long silence, he talked of inconsequential things, like the weather—and I sensed that he was watching me all the time.

"Suddenly he asked, 'Why don't you take off your hat and coat?' I did so. 'Let me have your telephone number.' That was all he said. It was clear to me that I had failed to interest him. I put on my hat and coat, said goodbye and left. I was disappointed, but not heart-broken at the great man's lack of interest. At that time the whole question, to me, was one of earning money. It would have been nice to have a summer job. But I let the matter drop."

To her astonishment, Stiller called her a few days later.

"Will you come to Rasunda Film City tomorrow and take a test?"

Would she!

"I rode out on a street car with my fellow pupil, Mona Martensson, who was also going to take a test. I wasn't happy—I was nervous and frightened.

"When we arrived we were made up and taken to the set. Stiller showed me a bed—told me to lie down on it, and be ill. I thought the whole business was silly. Stiller looked at me a long time. Then he asked—'Good heavens, don't you know what it is to be terribly ill?'"

"It was hard for me to understand just what he wanted, but I tried my hardest. That was the whole test. I went home puzzled and with a lost feeling. A few days later I was thunder-struck to receive word that I was to play *Countess Elizabeth Dohna* in 'Gosta Berling.'

"It was almost unbelievable—but I was deliriously happy. Much had been written about this film, expectations of success were high and my rôle was wonderful!"

Greta Garbo is silent a moment, as if trying to re-live the joy of the eighteen-year-old actress at getting her first big rôle.

## Making Hon. Movie; Titles Is As Same

A short subject from China was sent to Pathe with the native translation of the titles. They run thusly:

1. At Kyoto is many studio which is like Hollywood of Japan.
2. Many star is to make feature here and versa-vice.
3. Scene like this cost million yen—like is accustom in Hollywood.
4. All latest trick photographer defects is found in Kyoto.
5. Great star called by name of which is Rudy Valenshima.
6. Lady star much fond of by publics and director.
7. Lady extra is make-up with great comfort here.

Hon. Editor: Kyoto studio hope very sudden to make screechie picture.

Hoping you are the same  
(Signed) SAEKI  
Exhibitors Herald-World

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Subscription rates will be found on page 124. Use the convenient coupon.

"On the first day of shooting I was so frightened I could not work. I was really ill, this time! Finally they left me alone in the studio—everyone from Stiller to the lowliest stage-hand. But I felt that the director was in a corner, watching.

"When I recovered my poise, the filming went on. It was slow work. Snow scenes had to wait till winter, and the whole summer passed in filming interiors. Fortunately my fright did not last long, though to this day I am anxious and nervous while playing. I want to sit by myself. If I am spoken to, or interrupted, I am jolted clear out of my character."

WHEN "Gosta Berling" was finished, Greta Gustafsson went back to the dramatic school and signed a contract as "leading pupil." She had asked Stiller about taking a new professional name—shorter and of a more international nature. When he shared her notion that Garbo would suit well, she was no longer Greta Gustafsson, but Greta Garbo.

A few days after signing her contract, as has been told, Stiller wired her that he was ready to give her another film rôle. She asked the manager of the theater to release her from her contract. Now her bridges were burned. She had dedicated herself, once and for all time, to the photoplay!

"Gosta Berling" conquered the film world of Europe.

It was daring and brilliantly made, for its day. Stiller had a genius for picking the right people. No one influenced him. He implicitly believed in the inner voice which told him, "There is your actor!"

Time and events have proved how right he was about Greta Garbo.

This is the way the new find was hailed in a booklet issued for the opening of "Gosta Berling," and written in 1924 by Ragnar Hylten-Cavallius, the scenario writer—

"At the side of Jenny Hasselquist, Mauritz Stiller has placed two young pupils from our Royal Dramatic Theater—Mona Martensson and Greta Garbo. What are these young and charming girls but clay in the hands of the master-modeler? Does then the clay not have the same value as the hands that form it? Infinitely more! In a few years Greta Garbo will be known and admired all over the world. For hers is the gift of beauty—a rare personal and characteristic beauty!"

True prophet!  
At the opening of "Gosta Berling," Mauritz Stiller spoke. He said, among other things:

"I venture the paradox that films, as well as stage productions, ought to be played by amateurs, if they could only do it. When an actor is really 'great' he is always trying to simplify his means of expression. He is always trying to get back to the natural simplicity that was his when he knew nothing about the technique of acting. This is the most difficult thing of all."

The great director must surely have been thinking of his two young, unspoiled actresses as he spoke these words.

AND now, no longer Greta Gustafsson, but Greta Garbo! The world lay before her, and the gate to success was ajar!

She did not—could not—dream of the next chapter in the book of her life. While waiting for news of a new engagement from Stiller, she rested with relatives in the country.

Soon came word that she was to play in a film that was to be made in Constantinople. She was beckoned to the mysterious East. And from this came an engagement in Berlin.

And in Berlin she was to meet Louis B. Mayer, producing head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures!

[Eastward to Constantinople and Westward to Hollywood, life led Greta Garbo. The second and final installment of this enthralling story of her early life and career will appear in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY.]



Vivacious, beautiful — Alice White knows, as a charming film star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

# Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical *underglow* that makes *brilliance 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.

### The Life Principle of All Color is Glow

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.*

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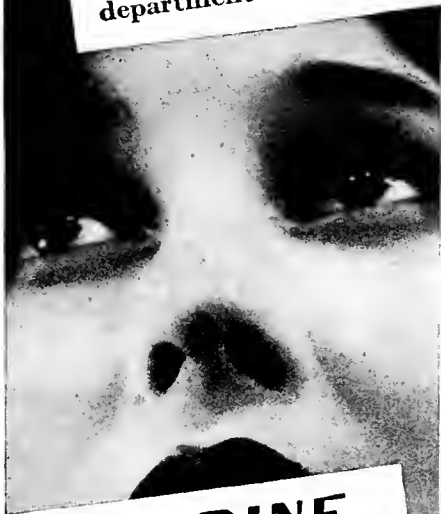
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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AVIATOR, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by James Montgomery. Adapted by Robert Lord and Arthur Caesar. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Robert Street*, Edward Everett Horton; *Grace Douglas*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Hobart*, Johnny Arthur; *Brown*, Lee Moran; *Gordon*, Edward Martindel; *Major Jules Gaillard*, Armand Kalitz; *Sam Robinson*, Kewpie Morgan; *John Douglas*, Phillips Smalley; *Brooks*, William Norton Bailey.

"BE YOURSELF"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Joseph Jackson. Adapted by Thornton Freeland and Max Marcin. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Fannie Field*, Fanny Brice; *Jerry Moore*, Robert Armstrong; *Harry Field*, Harry Green; *McCloskey*, G. Pat Collins; *Step*, Budd Fine; *Lillian*, Gertrude Astor; *Lola*, Marjorie "Babe" Kane; *Jessica*, Rita Flynn.

"BEAU BANDIT"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Wallace Smith. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Montero*, Rod LaRocque; *Coloso*, Mitchell Lewis; *Helen Wardell*, Doris Kenyon; *"Bob Cal"* Manners, Walter Long; *Perkins*, Charles B. Middleton; *Howard*, George Duryea; *Buck*, Jim Donlon; *Slim*, Charles Brinley; *Logan*, Barney Furey; *Texas*, Bill Patton.

"BECAUSE I LOVED YOU"—AFAA TOBIS.—Directed by Hans Conradi. The cast: *Inge Lund*, Mady Christians; *Otto Radney*, Walter Jankulin; *Dr. Baumgart*, Hans Stuwe; *Mariechen*, Marion Conradi; *Edith*, Trude Berlinet; *Frau Werner*, Sophie Pagay.

"BIG PARTY, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Harlan Thompson. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Flo Jenkins*, Sue Carol; *Kitty Collins*, Dixie Lee; *Jack Hunter*, Frank Albertson; *Goldfarb*, Walter Catlett; *Eddie Perkins*, Richard Keene; *Billy Greer*, Whispering Jack Smith; *Allen Welherby*, Douglas Gilmore; *Dupuy*, Charles Judels; *Mrs. Dupuy*, Ilka Chase; *Mrs. Goldfarb*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Virginia Gates*, Dorothy Brown.

"CLANCY CAUGHT SHORT"—EDWARD SMALL PROD.—From the story by Ralph Bell and Jack Wagner. Adapted by William Francis Dugan. Directed by Ted Wilde. The cast: *Michael Clancy*, Charles Murray; *Andy MacIntosh*, Lucien Littlefield; *Katie Clancy*, Miriam Segar; *Mrs. Clancy*, Aggie Herring; *Donald MacIntosh*, Edward Nugent; *Freddie Saunders*, Reed Howes.

"DAMES AHOY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Sherman Lowe. Adapted by Matt Taylor. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: *Jimmy Chase*, Glenn Tryon; *Mabel McGuire*, Helen Wright; *Bill Jones*, Otis Harlan; *MacDougal*, Eddie Gribbon; *The Blonde*, Gertrude Astor.

"FRAMED"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Paul Schofield. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Rose Manning*, Evelyn Brent; *Jimmy McArthur*, Regis Toomey; *Chuck Gaines*, Rafi Haroldie; *"Bink"* Murdoch, Maurice Black; *Inspector McArthur*, William Holden; *Sergeant Schulte*, Robert Emmet O'Connor; *Head Waiter*, Eddie Kane.

"GIRL SAID NO, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Adapted by Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Tom Ward*, William Haines; *Mary Howe*, Leila Hyams; *Hildegarde*, Polly Moran; *Mrs. Ward*, Clara Blandick; *Jimmie Ward*, William Janney; *Mr. Ward*, William Holden; *MacAndrews*, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; *Eddie Ward*, Junior Coghlan; *Alma Ward*, Phyllis Crane; *Hettie Brown*, Marie Dressler.

"HELL HARBOR"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel "Out of the Night" by Rida Johnson Young. Adapted by Fred de Gresac. Continuity by Clarke Silvernail. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Anita*, Lupe Velez; *Joseph Horngold*, Jean Hersholt; *Bob Wade*, John Holland; *Harry Morgan*, Gibson Gowland; *Burton*, Al St. John; *Peg-Les*, Harry Allen; *Blinky*, Paul E. Burns; *Spotty*, George Book-Asta.

"HER UNBORN CHILD"—WINDSOR PICTURE PLAYS, INC.—From the stage play by Howard McKent Barnes. Adapted by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Dorothy Kennedy*, Adele Ronson; *Stewart Kennedy*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Mrs. Kennedy*, Frances Underwood; *"Pegs"* Kennedy, Elizabeth Wraeger; *"Beth"* Gilbert, Pauline Drake; *Jack Conover*, Paul Clare; *Miss Conover*, Doris Rankin; *Dr. Remington*, Harry Davenport; *Mandy*, Frances Grant.

"HONEY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Come Out of the Kitchen" by Alice Duer Miller. Adapted by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Olivia Dangerfield*, Nancy Carroll; *Burton Crane*, Stanley Smith; *Charles Dangerfield*, Skeets Gallagher; *Cora Falkner*, Lillian Roth; *Helen*, Harry Green; *Doris*, Mitzi Green; *Mayme*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mrs. Falkner*, Jobyna Howland; *Randolph Weeks*, Charles Sellon.

"LADY TO LOVE, A"—M-G-M.—From the story by Sidney Howard. Directed by Victor Seastrom. The cast: *Lena*, Vilma Banky; *Tony*, Edward

G. Robinson; *Buck*, Robert Ames; *Postman*, Richard Carle; *Father McKee*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Doctor*, Anderson Lawler; *Ab Ge*, Gum Chin; *Angelo*, Henry Armetta; *George*, George Davis.

"LITTLE JOHNNY JONES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the comedy by George M. Cohan. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Johnny Jones*, Eddie Buzzell; *Mary Baker*, Alice Day; *Vivian Dale*, Edna Murphy; *Ed Baker*, Robert Edeson; *Wymen*, Wheeler Oakman; *Carbon*, Raymond Turner; *Ramon*, Donald Reed.

"LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Nell Martin. Continuity by Crane Wilbur and Willard Mack. Directed by William Nigh and Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Roy*, Charles Kaley; *Ardis*, Ethelind Terry; *Nancy*, Marion Shilling; *Joe*, Cliff Edwards; *Bessie*, Gwen Lee; *Phil*, Benny Rubin; *Edwards*, Drew Demorest; *Mr. Millaire*, John Byron; *Red Head*, Rita Flynn; *Blondie*, Hazel Craven; *Riccardi*, Gino Corrado; *Marie*, Paulette Goddard.

"LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Lester Lee and Charles Levison. Directed by Edgar Lewis. The cast: *Jane Vernon*, Suzanne Keener; *Richard Norton*, Norman Foster; *Mrs. Vernon*, Doris Rankin; *Paul Russell*, Lester Cole; *Abe Feinstein*, Abe Reynolds; *Frank Belmont*, Hooper L. Atchley; *Master of Ceremonies*, Burt Matthews; *Jig A Boo Singer*, Dorothea Adams; *Tracy and Elwood*, Themselves; *Bill Collector*, Bill Cavanaugh; *Mr. Kelly*, Jim Harkins; *Stage Door Man*, Bill Sanford; *Maid*, Catherine McAvoy; *Bill*, Frank Horton; *Aggie*, Esther Keeffe; *Dixie Singer*, Dorothy Curtis; *Mamie Dooley*, Dorothy Morrison; *Mr. Craig*, Harold Dobbins; *Mr. Rogers*, Charles Bowles; *Madame Nova*, Hedda Nova; *Miss Powell*, Elaine Harrison; *Office Boy*, Jesse Abrams; *Pianist*, Irving Actman.

"LUMMOX"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Fannie Hurst. Adapted by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Bertha Oberg*, Winifred Westover; *Chita*, Dorothy Janis; *Annie Wennerberg*, Lydia Titus; *Mrs. Forley*, Ida Darling; *Rollo Farley*, Ben Lyon; *Veronica Neidringhouse*, Myrta Bonillas; *John Bixby*, Cosmo Kyrle Bellew; *Mrs. John Bixby*, Anita Bellon; *Paul Bixby* (age 5), Robert Ullman; *Mrs. Wallenstein*, Sr., Clara Langsner; *Wally Wallenstein*, William Collier, Jr.; *May Wallenstein*, Edna Murphy; *Silly Willie*, Torben Meyer; *Mrs. McMurdy*, Fan Bourke; *Mrs. Oesstreich*, Myrtle Stedman; *Barney*, Danny O'Shea; *Paul Charvet*, William Bakewell; *Mr. Meyerbogen*, Sidney Franklin.

"MATCH PLAY"—SENNETT-EDUCATIONAL.—Directed by Mack Sennett. The cast: *Walter Hagen*, Walter Hagen; *Leo Diegel*, Leo Diegel; *Mr. Marlin*, Andy Clyde; *His Daughter*, Marjorie Beebe; *Bud*, Bud Jamison.

"MEXICALI ROSE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Gladys Lehman. Continuity by Norman Houston. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Mexicali Rose*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Happy Manning*, Sam Hardy; *Bob Manning*, William Janney; *Joe*, the Croupier, Louis Natheaux; *Loxo*, the Halfwit, Arthur Rankin; *Ortiz*, Harry Vejar; *Dad*, the Drunk, Louis King; *Manuela*, Julia Beharano.

"MONTANA MOON"—M-G-M.—From the story by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Continuity by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: *Joan*, Joan Crawford; *Larry*, John Mack Brown; *Elizabeth*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Jeff*, Ricardo Cortez; *"The Doctor"*, Benny Rubin; *Froggy*, Cliff Edwards; *Hank*, Karl Dane; *Mr. Prescott*, Lloyd Ingraham.

"MOUNTED STRANGER, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Henry Herbert Knibbs. Adapted by Arthur Rosson. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: *Pete Ainslee*, Hoot Gibson; *Pete* as Boy, Buddy Hunter; *"Pop"*, Ainslee, Milton Brown; *Steezy Gary*, Fred Burns; *"White-Eye"*, James Corey; *"Spider"* Coy, Francis Ford; *His Lookout*, Walter Patterson; *Mrs. Coy*, Francis Billington; *Bonita Coy*, Louise Lorraine.

"MURDER ON THE ROOF"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Edward Doherty. Adapted by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Molly*, Dorothy Revier; *Drinkwater*, Raymond Hutton; *Marcia*, Margaret Livingston; *Ted Palmer*, David Newell; *Joe Carozzo*, Paul Porcasi; *Monica*, Virginia Brown Faire; *Anthony Sommers*, William V. Mong; *Victor*, Louis Natheaux; *Ryan*, Fred Kelsey; *Joe Larkin*, Richard Cramer; *Emile*, Pietro Sosso; *Lucille*, Hazel Howell.

"ON THE BORDER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Lillian Hayward. Adapted by Lillian Hayward. Directed by William McCann. The cast: *Rinty*, Rin-Tin-Tin; *Peptia*, Armida; *Dave*, John B. Litel; *Farrell*, Philo McCullough; *Don Jose*, Bruce Covington; *Border Patrol*, Walter Miller; *Dusty*, Bill Irving.

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"ONLY THE BRAVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Keene Thompson. Adapted by Agnes Brand Leahy. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Captain James Braydon*, Gary Cooper; *Barbara Calhoun*, Mary Brian; *Captain Robert Darrington*, Phillips Holmes; *Elizabeth*, Virginia Bruce; *Tom Wendell*, Morgan Farley; *Lucy Cameron*, Elda Voelkel; *Vance Calhoun*, James Neill; *General Grant*, Guy Oliver; *Gen. Grant's Secretary*, Lalo Encinas.

"PEACOCK ALLEY"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS, INC.—From the story by Carey Wilson. Continuity by Frances Hyland. Directed by Marcel De Sano. The cast: *Claire Tree*, Mae Murray; *Stoddard Clayton*, George Barrand; *Jim Bradbury*, Jason Robards; *Martin Saunders*, Richard Tucker; *Dugan*, W. L. Thorne; *Bonner*, Phillips Smalley; *Paul*, E. H. Calvert; *Crosby*, Arthur Hoyt; *Walter*, Billy Bevan.

"PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Gaston Leroux. Scenario by Elliott J. Clawson. Directed by Rupert Julian. The cast: *The Phantom (Erik)*, Lon Chaney; *Christine Daae*, Mary Philbin; *Raoul De Chagny*, Norman Kerry; *Florine Papillon*, Snitz Edwards; *Simon*, Gibson Gowland; *Phillipe De Chagny*, John Sainpolis; *Carlotta*, Virginia Pearson; *The Persian*, Arthur Edmund Carewe; *Mamma Valerius*, Edith Yorke; *The Prompter*, Anton Vaverka; *Joseph Buquet*, Bernard Siegel; *La Sorelli*, Olive Ann Alcorn; *Faust*, Edward Cecil; *Mephistopheles*, Alexander Bevani; *Valentine*, John Miljan; *Martha*, Grace Marvin; *M. Richard (Manager)*, George B. Williams; *M. Moncharmin (Manager)*, Bruce Covington; *Retiring Manager*, Cesare Gravina.

"PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by John W. Considine, Jr. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Harry Raymond*, Harry Richman; *Dolores Fenton*, Joan Bennett; *James Tierney*, James Gleason; *Mrs. Teddy Van Renssler*, Aileen Pringle; *Goldie Devere*, Lilyan Tashman; *George Barnes*, Purnell Pratt; *Fenway Brooks*, Richard Tucker; *Bob Wagner*, Eddie Kane; *Dr. Blair*, George Irving; *Schmidt*, Sidney Franklin.

"SECOND WIFE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play "All the King's Men" by Fulton Oursler. Adapted by Bert Glennon. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Walter Fairchild*, Conrad Nagel; *Florence Wendell*, Lila Lee; *Gilbert Gaylord*, Hugh Huntley; *Mrs. Rhodes*, Mary Carr; *Junior*, Freddie Burke Frederick.

"SETTING SON, THE"—DARMOUR-RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by H. C. Witwer. Directed by Lewis Foster. The cast: *The Grandfather*, Irving Bacon; *Charlie Cash*, Al Cooke; *The Maid*, Jessie Girard; *Alberta Vaughn*; *A Relative*, George Grey; *A Newspaper Reporter*, Harry Bohn; *Dr. Cook*, Lewis Sargent.

"SHIP FROM SHANGHAI, THE"—M-G-M.—From the novel "Ordeal" by Dale Collins. Screen story by John Howard Lawson. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Howard Vasey*, Conrad Nagel; *Dorothy Daley*, Kay Johnson; *Viola Thorpe*, Carmel Myers; *Paul Thorpe*, Holmes Herbert; *Lady Daley*, Zeffie Tilbury; *Ted*, Louis Wolheim; *Pete*, Ivan Linow; *Reid*, Jack McDonald.

"SLIGHTLY SCARLET"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Percy Heath. Screen play by Howard Estabrook and Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by Louis Gasnier and Edwin H. Knopf. The cast: *Lucy Stavin*, Evelyn Brent; *"Hon."*, Courtenay Parkes; *Clive Brook*; *Malatraf*, Paul Lukas; *Sylvester Corbett*, Eugene Pallette; *Mrs. Sylvester Corbett*, Helen Ware; *Enid Corbett*, Virginia Bruce; *Sandy Weyman*, Henry Wadsworth; *Albert Hawkins*, Claude Allister; *Marie*, Christiane Yves; *Malstroff's Victim*, Morgan Farley.

"SO LONG LETTY"—WARNERS.—From the play by Oliver Morosco and Elinor Harris. Adapted by Robert Lord and Arthur Caesar. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Letty Robbins*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Tommy Robbins*, Bert Roach; *Grace Miller*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Harry Miller*, Grant Withers; *Claude Davis*, Claude Gillingwater; *Ruth Davis*, Marion Byron; *Sally Davis*, Helen Foster; *Clarence De Brie*, Hallam Cooley; *Joe Casey*, Harry Gribbon; *Judge*, Lloyd Ingraham.

"SON OF THE GODS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Rex Beach. Adapted by Bradley King. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Sam Lee*, Richard Barthelmess; *Alanna Wagner*, Constance Bennett; *Wagner*, Anders Randolf; *Eileen Dugan*, Mildred Van Dorn; *Lee King*, E. Allyn Warren; *Moy*, King Hou Chang; *Connie*, Geneva Mitchell; *Bathurst*, Claude King.

"SONG O' MY HEART"—FOX.—From the story by Tom Barry. Continuity by Sonya Levien. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Sean O'Carolan*, John McCormack; *Mary O'Brien*, Alice Joyce; *Fergus O'Donnell*, John Garrick; *Peter Conlon*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Joe Rafferty*, Farrell MacDonald; *Eileen O'Brien*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Tad O'Brien*, Tommy Clifford; *Mona*, Effie Ellsler; *Elizabeth*, Emily Fitzroy; *Vincent Glennon*, Edwin Schneider.

"SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS"—FOX.—From the story by Elinor Glyn. Adapted by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Kenneth Hawks. The cast: *Ludwig Kraus*, Warner Baxter; *Elinor*, Catherine Dale Owen; *Paul Strohm*, Albert Conti; *Muriel Wyndham*, Hedda Hopper; *Frederick Wyndham*, Claud Allister; *Doctor Erdmann*, Bela Lugosi.

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**"SUGAR PLUM PAPA"**—SENNETT-EDUCATIONAL.—From the story by John A. Waldron, Harry McCoy, Hampton Del Ruth and Carl Harbough. Directed by Mack Sennett. The cast: Daphne Pollard, Marjorie Beebe, Andy Clyde, Harry Gribbon, Bud Jamison, Rosemary Theby, Bert Swor, Charles Darvis.

**"TEMPLE TOWER"**—FOX.—From the novel by H. C. McNeil. Screen play by Llewellyn Hughes. Directed by Donald Gallaher. The cast: *Bulldog Drummond*, Kenneth McKenna; *Patricia Verney*, Marceline Day; *Blackton*, Henry B. Walthall; *Peter Darrell*, Cyril Chadwick; *Matthews*, Peter Gawthorne; *Gaspard*, Ivan Linow; *The Nightingale*, A. B. Lane; *Constable Muggins*, Yorke Sherwood; *The Masked Strangler*, ???

**"TROOPERS THREE"**—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS, INC.—From the story by Arthur Guy Empey. Adapted by John Francis Natteford. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Eddie Haskins*, Rex Lease; *Dorothy Clark*, Dorothy Gulliver; *Bugs*, Roscoe Karns; *Sunny*, Slim Summerville; *Hank Darby*, Tom London; *Capt. Harris*, Joseph Girard; *Halligan*, Walter Perry.

**"UP THE CONGO"**—SONO ART-WORLD WIDE.—Expedition led by Alice O'Brien and Grace Flandrau. Photography by Charles Bice. No cast.

**"WEST OF THE ROCKIES"**—J. CHARLES DAVIS PROD.—From the story by Phillip Schuyler. Directed by H. B. Carpenter. The cast: *Bob Strong*, Art Mix; *Hair-trigger Strong*, H. B. Carpenter; *George*, George Brown; *Snakey Rogers*, Cliff Lyons; *Juan Escobar*, Bud Osborne; *Celia de la Costa*, Fontaine LaRue; *Rosita*, Inez Gomez; *Beth Lee*, Ione Reed; *Tex*, Alfred Hewston; *The Sheriff*, Pete Crawford; *Pedro*, Antone Sanchez.

## Brickbats & Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

beloved Mabel and Lew in PHOTOPLAY of last July, I have prayed every night that they both would be restored to health. I understand that Mr. Cody has recovered from his long illness, but my heart aches for Mabel. Surely one who has brought so much brightness and laughter into the lives of millions ought not to be shut out from all the gayety herself.

I just want to send you a little message, dear Mabel, through my favorite movie magazine!

If the wishes and prayers of your many, many fans will make you well, you'll be doing a talkie version of that wonderful photoplay, "Mickey," before another year has rolled around.

GLADYS H. MANSFIELD.

### What We Need

Tampa, Fla.

There was a time when I rather derided the influence of the films upon our youth. I attributed to their influence much of the nervousness as well as lawlessness which seem on the increase among the thousand school children who come directly under my supervision each year. But after I selected films to present in our own building, I made a habit of sitting in different parts of the audience where I could observe first-hand the individual as well as the group reaction of children whose ages range from six to fourteen years. It was then that the great possibilities for education that may be had in films began to dawn upon me.

A. M. H.

### Nature Plus Science Equals Art

Lawrence, Kans.

Back to nature—a cry of the modern world! We can't all run into the seclusion of a forest and stay for a visit, so as usual our faithful friend, the movie, is coming to solve the problem. How? Just look at these new colored pictures they have given us! They are effective to the utmost and O. K. in realism. I have seen recently two 100 per cent colored pictures and believe me, they were 100 per cent impressive! "The Viking" and "The Gold Diggers." The ocean and the landscape of the scenes in "The Viking" were in unbelievable realism. "The Gold Diggers" was a very dazzling picture with its lively colors.

JACK.

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**Cal Bites the Dust**

Mazomaine, Wis.  
Who does Cal York think he is, to be slamming Rudy Vallée? If he finds it impossible to be anything but insulting, please tell him to keep still entirely. Just because Rudy didn't fall all over Hollywood, make a big splurge and throw a lot of parties, the movie colony couldn't see him.

"No one knew or cared an awful lot about Rudy Vallée except a few hundred thousand people in the East"—oh, indeed! Well, he seems to have done fairly well without the approval and support of all-powerful Hollywood. And he's "colorless, with no outstanding personality," is he? Don't you know, Mr. York, that it takes more personality than any six movie stars possess, to put yourself across on the radio as Rudy has done? Maybe he can't act, but what of it—he doesn't need to. He's Rudy Vallée, and that's enough.

E. GERALDINE VOSS.

**Hope He Sees Good Ones!**

Silverton, Ohio.

Here is another boost for the talkies. For years I have been trying my hand at short stories without success. I just could not seem to put the punch or the realistic touch to my stories. Hence I have a large pile of rejection slips on my desk.

Then the talkies came. I began to see how real people speak and act. It is far less difficult to describe persons after you have heard them speak than to imagine how they talk. Perhaps you, too, have noticed how much more vividly the personality of a player is brought out by speaking.

ELMER CHARLES WHALEN.

**Minding Their Pros and Cons**

Among those who rush to the support of John Gilbert—and there have been many—is MRS. L. GEORGE BRET HARTE, of Los Angeles. She says Jack has "not yet skimmed the surface of his capabilities as an artist," and that "just as he struck a note of individuality in his silent acting, so he has sounded an individual key in the new technique of his talking picture portrayals." And no pun intended, either.

ETZ YOUNG, of St. Louis, Mo., is tired of movies with heroes named Jim or Tommy or Jack. Just for a change he'd like to hear the heroine (preferably named Hortense) call "Hezekiah, Hezekiah, to my rescue!"

And once again we have offended the loyal Bow fans. MRS. C. D. RENENEW, of Portland, Ore., backed up by a regiment of Clara's fans, is out gunning for Maxine Alton. She objects to Miss Alton's article in the January issue describing the little redhead's first turbulent trip to Hollywood.

WILLIAM HIRSCH, of Los Angeles, begs producers to "cut out such scenes as torturing animals, brutally beating children, glorifying the underworld and idealizing John Barleycorn."

C. H. KHONG, of Singapore, S. S., says wistfully, "Where is Harry Langdon, the dough-faced comedian? Is he in oblivion?" (Nope, Mr. Khong, he's in Hollywood. And keep a sharp eye out for a series of short talkie comedies in which he's now appearing.)

'Tisn't only Greta who affects 'em this way. MARION SCHIFANI of New York City ends a paean of praise for Vilma Banky with this touching advice: "Die for God, for Hungary, and for Vilma." (Not us, Marion. What you do is your own business, however.)

IDA WATERS, of Corpus Christi, Texas, wants Richard Dix to stop talking way down deep in his throat. She says he's scaring all the girls to death.

MRS. E. M. L. LEAVER, an Englishwoman living in Queensland, Australia, wants to thank us for our "loyal and kind attitude to the beloved Valentino at a time when he was being badly used." (The appreciation and loyal devotion of these Valentino letters which still drift in from time to time is truly fine.)

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 ]

**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's grand voice and acting. (March)

★ **LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, THE**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer as a charming and wily lady crook who plies her trade amongst Britain's bluebloods. (Oct.)

★ **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)

**LIGHT FINGERS**—Columbia.—Nice balance between action and dialogue in this melodrama about a gang of jewel thieves. (Nov.)

★ **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.)

**LOCKED DOOR, THE**—United Artists.—An exciting melodrama ruined by weak dialogue. Note-worthy only because it brings Barbara Stanwyck to the talking screen. (Feb.)

**LONE STAR RANGER, THE**—Fox.—A Zane Grey epic garnished 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.)

**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.)

**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 DOCTOR, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix's last picture for Paramount. Dix and June Collyer are pleasing. (Nov.)

**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.)

★ **LOVE PARADE, THE**—Paramount.—Sparkling as Burgundy. Director Lubitsch conquers light opera, and Maurice Chevalier conquers all. Jeanette MacDonald is a treat to the eyes and ears. (Dec.)

**LUCKY IN LOVE**—Pathe.—Morton Downey gets back to old Erin in time to pay off the mortgage on the ancestral halls—but who cares? The Downey tenor helps—but not enough. (Nov.)

**LUCKY LARKIN**—Universal.—A typical Western and a movie that actually moves in the good old style. Ken Maynard and a trick horse. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **LUCKY STAR**—Fox.—That immortal duo. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, in a gentle and charming story. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

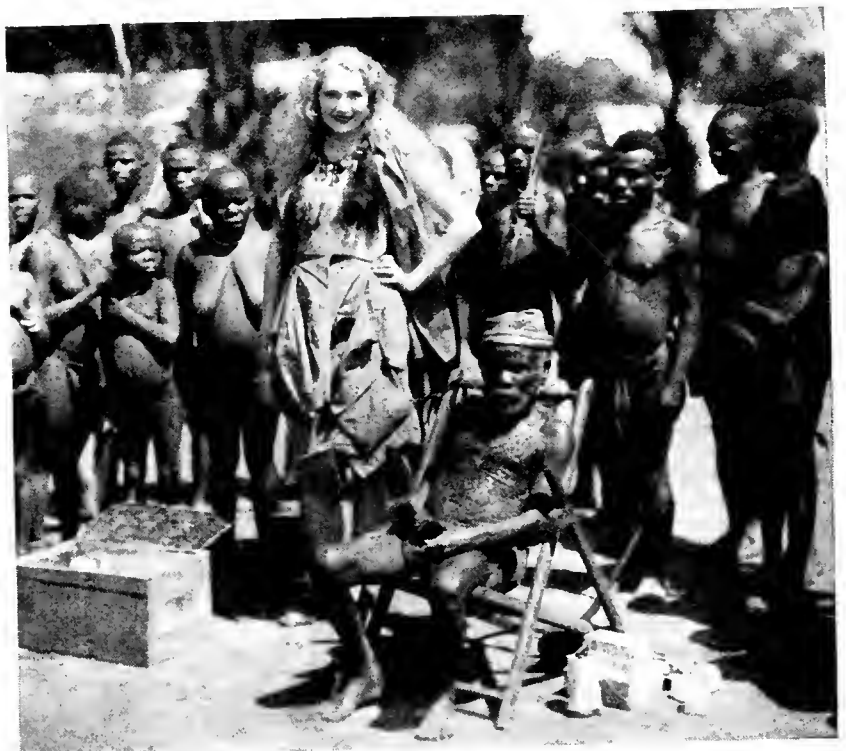
**MADONNA OF AVENUE A**—Warners.—Too grown-up for children and too childish for grown-ups. A trite yarn. (Nov.)

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

★ **MARIANNE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies proves there is no limit to her versatility. Delicious comedy and superb pathos. (Nov.)

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

**MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD**—Fox.—The first Viennese operetta to be phonoplayed. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Terris handle the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola, the laughs. Good—but should have been better. (Dec.)



The little people visit Edwina Booth at a "Trader Horn" location camp in Central Africa. The little old gentleman sitting in the foreground is chief of the pygmy tribe here shown. Beside him is a pile of presents from the white folks. Chief among them are a couple of boxes of very tasty eating soap, of a popular brand



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Charles Kenyon, another well known scenario writer, author of "The Iron Horse" and other screen successes, says: "The Palmer Institute is better equipped to teach the screen story than any institution outside of the motion picture studio."

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**MELODY LANE**—Universal.—The world seems full of clowns with breaking hearts. Eddie Leonard brings no vitality to a dead yarn. (Oct.)

**MEN ARE LIKE THAT**—Paramount.—Glorifying the Boobus Americanus. You'll love Hal Skelly's characterization of a back-slapping braggart. (Dec.)

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

**MIGHTY, THE**—Paramount.—Bancroft's greatest rôle to date and fine entertainment. If you don't think the hairy-chested one has sex appeal, see this. (Dec.)

**MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE**—Universal.—Picture of the Old South by one who has never been there. Joseph Schildkraut in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat." (Dec.)

**MISTER ANTONIO**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Leo Carillo achieves a splendid characterization in his first talking feature. The Booth Tarkington play is a well-chosen vehicle for him. (Dec.)

**MOST IMMORAL LADY, A**—First National.—Leatrice Joy fine in her first phonoplay. About a blackmail beauty who finds regeneration in the love of one of her victims.

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

**NEW YORK NIGHTS**—United Artists.—A hoke story, but Talmadge fans will be pleased with Norma's voice. (Nov.)

**NIGHT CLUB**—Paramount.—Made some time ago, this film is little but a series of face and voice tests for many Broadway celebrities. (Nov.)

**NIGHT PARADE**—Radio Pictures.—Trite yarn about a fight champion, redeemed by a good cast. The darkly seductive Aileen Pringle goes blonde. (Dec.)

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

**NIX ON DAMES**—Fox.—Cross-section of life in a theatrical boarding house. See 'em eat, sleep, shave 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)

★ **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.)

**OH, YEAH!**—Pathe.—James Gleason and Robert Armstrong of "Is Zat So" fame team up again—and how! Hilarious dialogue which plays tag with the censors. ZaSu Pitts does one of her riotous monologues. (Nov.)

**ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT**—Universal.—Fie upon you, Universal, and double fie, Mr. Denny! Someone should have known enough to prevent this social error. (Dec.)

**OPPRESSED, THE**—William Elliott Production.—This ought to be renamed The Depressed—meaning the audience. Raquel Meller disappoints. Silent. (Oct.)

**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, 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.)



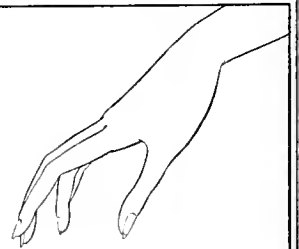
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**PARADE OF THE WEST, THE**—Universal.—The riding scenes in this Ken Maynard picture will make your hair stand on end. So will the story, but for a different reason. Not so good as Ken's last. (March)

★ **PARIS**—First National.—Ooh—zat frene Bordon! You'll love her. And you'll love Jack Buchanan and Louise Closser 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)

**PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE, THE**—Continental.—This murder story fails to provide an alibi for existing. (March)

**PICCADILLY**—World Wide.—Wonder of wonders—a truly fine British picture! Gilda Gray is starred but Anna May Wong brings home the bacon. Silent. (Oct.)

**PLEASURE CRAZED**—Fox.—A good story, smothered in English accents, and played entirely by stageactors. (Oct.)

**POINTED HEELS**—Paramount.—With Helen Kane, William Powell, Fay Wray, Phillips Holmes, Skeets Gallagher and Eugene Pallette in the cast, this backstage story is sure-fire. (Feb.)

**PRINCE AND THE DANCER, THE**—World Wide.—This European film is sure to inspire patriotism in the bosoms of American movie-goers. It's awful. Silent. (Nov.)

**RACKETEER, THE**—Pathe.—About a wealthy gangster with a heart of gold—just a rough diamond in a platinum setting. Swell work by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. (Dec.)

**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)

**RED HOT RHYTHM**—Pathe.—Alan Hale, Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn in an uneven story about a philandering song-writer. Some good dance numbers and Technicolor sequences. (Dec.)

**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.)

**RICH PEOPLE**—Pathe.—Sophisticated comedy-drama for an intelligent audience. Constance Bennett proves that money isn't all and she ought to know. (Dec.)

**RIGHTHOVEN: THE RED KNIGHT OF THE AIR**—F.P.G. Production.—A Teutonic version of "Wings" lacking all the virtues of the American epic of the air. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **RIO RITA**—Radio Pictures.—The finest of screen musicals to date. Comedy, singing, dancing and romance de luxe. Bebe Daniels wows 'em and John Boles sets hearts to fluttering anew. (Nov.)

**RIVER OF ROMANCE**—Paramount.—Humorous romance of crinoline days in the South, with excellent work by Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian and Wallace Beery. (Oct.)

★ **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 RIO GRANDE**—Fox.—Rich and roaring melodrama. Romantic Warner Baxter in his Mexican suit again. Tony Moreno, Mary Duncan, and a new cause for heartburn named Mona Maris. Two swell songs. What more do you want? (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)

**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.)



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**SAILOR'S HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Riotously funny account of a sailor on shore leave. (Oct.)

**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)

**SALUTE**—Fox.—A glorified newsreel about a West Point cadet with a kid brother at Annapolis. (Oct.)

**SATURDAY NIGHT KID, THE**—Paramount.—The old Bow punch has given way to poundage. Jean Arthur steals this picture. (Dec.)

**SEA FURY**—Supreme.—No sense taking this seriously. Regarded as a burlesque in the best Hoboken tradition it's a riot. (Dec.)

**SECOND CHOICE**—Warners.—You won't even make this third choice. A mediocre phonoplay with Dolores Costello, Chester Morris and Edna Murphy. (March)

**SEÑOR AMERICANO**—Universal.—See this, you fans who are crying for your Westerns. Ken Maynard rides, loves, fights—and sings. (Dec.)

★ **SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE**—Paramount.—Barrie'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 phonoplay version of the old laughter-and-thrill-provoking 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 phonoplay. (Jan.)

★ **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.)

**SIDE STREET**—Radio Pictures.—No telling what this might have been if not botched by bad recording. As it is, just another underworld yarn. All three of the Moores are in it. (Dec.)

**SILVER KING, THE**—British.—A good silent thriller starring our old friend Percy Marmont. Percy still suffers superbly. Silent. (Nov.)

**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.)

**SMILING IRISH EYES**—First National.—Brogues, brawls and bunkum, but you'll like Colleen Moore's talkie personality. (Oct.)

**SONG OF KENTUCKY**—Fox.—You'll care for Joseph Wagstaff's crooning. And besides there's decorative Lois Moran. (Dec.)

**SONG OF LOVE, THE**—Columbia.—Carbon copy of the yarn used for every vaudevillian who goes talkie—but Belle Baker rises above it. She's good and so is Ralph Graves. The songs aren't. (Feb.)

**SO THIS IS COLLEGE**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Happy Days." The U. S. C.-Stanford football game in sound is one of life's big moments. Otherwise just another farce that will make real collegians commit hara-kiri. (Nov.)

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★ **SO THIS IS PARIS GREEN**—Paramount—Chris-  
tie.—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 be-  
lieve in this tale for a moment—but it's grand  
entertainment. Lenore Ulric does everything, in-  
cluding the hula. A fine supporting cast including  
Charles Bickford. (Jan.)

★ **SPEEDWAY**—M-G-M.—Bill Haines disappoint-  
ing in an unoriginal racetrack yarn. Part Talkie.  
(Oct.)

★ **STREET GIRL**—Radio Pictures.—Betty Comp-  
son, Jack Oakie and John Harron in a tale about a girl  
violinist and a group of musicians. Good entertain-  
ment. (Oct.)

★ **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 finesse and Kay Fran-  
cis' sincere emoting would be high-lights in any pic-  
ture. (March)

★ **SUNNY SIDE UP**—Fox.—The royal Gaynor-  
Farrell team go into their song and dance and  
prove their versatility. A little gal named Marjorie  
White scores heavily. This is real entertainment.  
(Dec.)

★ **SWEETIE**—Paramount.—A little something in  
the collegiate line, pleasant, youthful and lively.  
Helen (Boop-a-doop) Kane and Jack Oakie wow 'em  
and Nancy Carroll is effective in an unsympathetic  
rôle. (Dec.)

★ **TALK OF HOLLYWOOD, THE**—Sona Art-  
World Wide.—This would be the talk of any town—  
it's so bad. Intended as comedy, it evolves a tragedy.  
(March)

★ **TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE**—United  
Artists.—Here's that long-awaited co-starring  
appearance of Mary and Doug. It isn't Shakespeare,  
but it's swell entertainment. (Nov.)

★ **TANNED LEGS**—Radio Pictures.—Just what the  
Tired Business Man ordered. Legs by Ann Penning-  
ton and June Clyde and whoopee by Arthur Lake.  
Peppy music. (Dec.)

★ **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 HAD TO SEE PARIS**—Fox.—What  
happens when a garageman gets rich and his  
wife gets culture. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Mar-  
guerite Churchill and Fifi Dorsay are elegant. (Dec.)

★ **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, Bessie Love is  
still being noble. (March)

★ **THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE**—M-G-M.—If  
you don't thrill over this, lie down. You're dead.  
Margaret Wycheley scores in the rôle she created  
on the stage. (Nov.)

★ **THIS MAD WORLD**—M-G-M.—A tender yet  
glamorous filmization of one of the most beautiful of  
war stories, with glorious work by Kay "Dynamite"  
Johnson and Basil Rathbone. (Nov.)

★ **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.)

★ **THREE LIVE GHOSTS**—United Artists.—An  
unimportant tale of three war buddies who return  
to life after being reported killed. The cast is from  
the stage. (Nov.)

★ **THREE LOVES**—Moviegraph.—An exciting and  
spicy German film, well directed and acted. See it.  
Silent. (Dec.)

★ **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  
once popular, but no one seems to care any more  
whether the Northwest Mounted get their man or  
not. (March)

★ **TONIGHT AT TWELVE**—Universal.—Can it be  
possible?—a mystery play without a murder or a  
Hindu servant! Good situations. (Nov.)

★ **TRESPASSER, THE**—United Artists.—  
Gloria Swanson is a sensation in her first all  
talkie. In spite of a bokey story, a superbly paced  
and splendidly acted picture. Good! (Dec.)



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days without a  
visit to the Meigh-  
an hacienda.  
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second from the  
right—mein host  
in person, Mrs.  
Raymond Hitch-  
cock, with her  
head tilted coyly,  
and the Gene Sar-  
azens, billing and  
cooing on the wall



**TRIAL MARRIAGE**—Columbia.—How to hold a wife overnight in seven reels. Racy and sophisticated. Sound. (Oct.)

**TWIN BEDS**—First National.—Frothy bedroom farce with only a mild kick. Jack Mulhall and Patsy Ruth Miller help. (Oct.)

**UNDERTOW**—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)

**UNHOLY NIGHT, THE**—M-G-M.—Swell mystery story, artistically directed by Lionel Barrymore. Roland Young and Dorothy Sebastian are great. (Oct.)

**UNTAMED**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford goes native. She's grand and so is Robert Montgomery, a newcomer. (Dec.)

**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.) Vallée fans will be pleased. (Jan.)

**VENUS**—United Artists.—Connie Talmadge made this silent picture a year ago in Southern Europe. She shouldn't have. Silent. (Jan.)

**VERY IDEA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Broad farce with Frank Craven in the rôle he created on the stage. (Oct.)

★ **VIRGINIAN, THE**—Paramount.—Good! Owen Wister's novel gone vocal and presenting Gary Cooper in his first full-dialogue appearance. (Oct.)

**WAGON MASTER, THE**—Universal.—And now the Westerns have learned to talk! Ken Maynard shyly reveals an excellent voice. (Oct.)

**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)

**WELCOME DANGER**—Paramount.—Talkies needn't worry Harold Lloyd. His voice is fine. This phonoplay is one long laugh. (Dec.)

**WHY BRING THAT UP?**—Paramount.—Study in black and white of the world's most famous brunettes—Moran and Mack. (Oct.)

**WHY LEAVE HOME**—Fox.—Story about duck-hunting husbands and fun-hunting wives, based on "Cradle Snatchers." (Nov.)

**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)

**WISE GIRL**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Kempy." High water mark in talking comedies. Unpretentious story of the love life of a youthful lumber. (Oct.)

**WOMAN RACKET, THE**—M-G-M.—Blanche Sweet deserved a better comeback than this feeble effort about a night club hostess. Blanche has a charming singing voice and is effective when the opportunity offers. (March)

**WOMAN TO WOMAN**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A product of British studios. (Dec.)

★ **WOMAN TRAP**—Paramount.—Another crime yarn, above the average, with Chester Alibi Morris, Evelyn Brent and Hal Skelly at their superb best. (Oct.)

**WONDER OF WOMEN**—M-G-M.—Strong, emotional drama of a misunderstood genius, a dutiful wife and the "other woman," played superlatively by Lewis Stone, Peggy Wood and Leila Hyams. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**WRECKER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Mediocre British film presenting Carlyle Blackwell. Sound. (Nov.)

★ **YOUNG NOWHERES**—First National.—Unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. Another poignant Barthelme portrayal. New heights for Marian Nixon. Fine all around. (Dec.)

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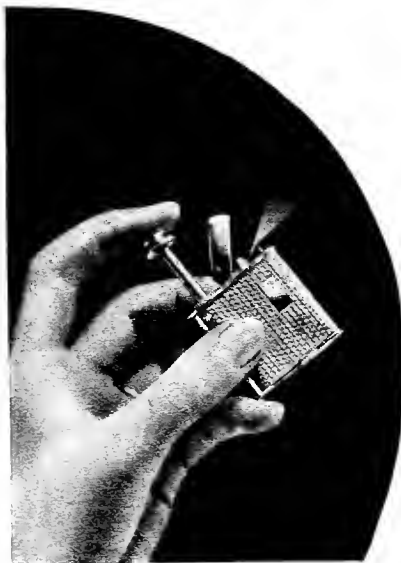
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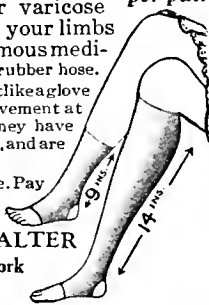


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Vol. XXXVII No. 6

May, 1930



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

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

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C—O—O

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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

**ACQUITED**—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.)

★ **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)

**APPLAUSE**—Paramount.—When this is good, it's very, very good and when it's bad it's—you know, Helen Morgan, in a rôle 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. Patsy Ruth Miller is the hero-worshipping girl friend. Need a few laughs? (April)

**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, doing none too well in a trite musical comedy. Snap into it, Gertie, and show 'em what you can do when you try! (March)

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

**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)

**BEHIND THE MAKE-UP**—Paramount.—More backstage melodrama, but different and real tris time. Hal Skelly is a restrained *Pagliacci* and Fay Wray and Kay Francis are good. (Dec.)

**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 REVUE, THE**—All-Star.—All-singing and toddling juvenile extravaganza featuring the so-called Ethel Meglin Wonder kids. If you like to hear ten-year olds singing about moonlight madness you'll like this. (Nov.)

★ **BIG TIME**—Fox.—This is closer than a brother to "Burlesque," but it's darned good. Dialogue is bright and Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke make the story convincing. (Nov.)

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

★ **BLACKMAIL**—Sono Art.—World Wide.—A few like this excellent phonoplay will put British producers among the leaders in the talkie race. (Dec.)

**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 HOOFER, 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 lad 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)

**CALL OF THE CIRCUS, THE**—Pickwick Prod.—Worth seeing because it proves that Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton can still act. Otherwise nil. (Dec.)

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

★ **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)

**CHASING RAINBOWS**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Road Show.") Another one. Bessie Love *Pagliaches* over Charlie King as in "Broadway Melody." Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and Jack Benny are funny, but even so it's just another—oh, you say it. (Jan.)

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

- "The Trespasser"
- "Rio Rita"
- "Sunny Side Up"
- "The Taming of the Shrew"
- "Condemned"
- "The Virginian"
- "Paris"

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.

**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 CAUGHT SHORT**—Edward Small Prod.—The recent stock market debacle is material for gags. It's a comedy. (April)

**COLLEGE COQUETTE, THE**—Columbia.—Another picture of college life as it ain't. There ought to be a law. (Nov.)

★ **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.)

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

**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.)

**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.)

**DARK SKIES**—Biltmore.—Old time yarn of "East Lynne" vintage. Terrible. (Nov.)

**DARK STREETS**—First National.—One of the first dual rôles in the talkies. Jack Mulhall plays an honest cop and his gangster twin and Lila Lee is his (their?) gal. (Dec.)

**DARKENED ROOMS**—Paramount.—Unimportant little comedy-drama with an O-Henry twist. Neil Hamilton scores but Evelyn Brent is again sacrificed to an unworthy vehicle. (Dec.)

**DELIGHTFUL ROGUE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rod La Rocque gives such a superb performance as a villainous pirate that the heroine marries him instead of the hero! (Dec.)

★ **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.)

★ **DISRAELI**—Warners.—Introducing George Arliss to the audible screen in one of his most brilliant characterizations. He's grand. (Dec.)

**DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE**—World Wide.—Just forget this was ever made. That's what its producers would probably like to do. Silent. (Dec.)

**DRAKE CASE, THE**—Universal.—Tense murder melodrama. Noteworthy chiefly for the late Gladys Brockwell's fine performance in the leading rôle. (Nov.)

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

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

**EVIDENCE**—Warners.—Bewhiskered drammer of circumstantial evidence in the divorce courts. But Pauline Frederick is swell and so is the rest of the cast. (Dec.)

★ **FARO NELL**—Paramount—Christie.—A reviewer's dream of what a two-reel talking comedy should be and usually isn't. Gorgeously acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller with Louise Fazenda in long yellow curls. (Dec.)

**FAST COMPANY**—Paramount.—Baseball stuff adapted from Ring Lardner's play "Elmer the Great" and garnished with bright lines. Jack Oakie takes the honors and Evelyn Brent is miscast. (Nov.)

**FAST LIFE**—First National.—"Still Life" would be a more accurate title for this melodrama. It drags. Loretta Young is lovely. (Nov.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10 ]



**FOX**  
**MOVIETONE**



# Follies of 1930

The most thrilling musical entertainment ever put on the screen! Better than the record-breaking Fox Follies of 1929! One hundred of Hollywood's most glorious girls and a dozen principals—among them El Brendel, the world's funniest Swede; William Collier, Jr.; Marjorie White, song and dance imp; Miriam Secgar and Noel Francis—gorgeous golden-voiced prima donnas. And a brilliant story, by Owen Davis, dean of American playwrights and Pulitzer prize dramatist.

Presented by WILLIAM FOX  
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# Brickbats & Bouquets



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by which a reputation may be ruined and a life broken and sacrificed.

All homage and reverence to the memory of one who could preserve the love and esteem of millions amid the fury of a venomous few.

MRS. F. R. LEBRECHT

San Francisco, Calif.

Mabel Normand has gone where the finger of scorn and the tongue of slander can no longer harm her. Let those who have censured her be kinder to her in death than they were in life. A brave little warrior has earned her eternal rest for the happiness she spread among her fellow-beings.

BERNICE C. BOWNE

## Let's All Join in the Chorus

### The \$10 Letter

Mexico, D. F., Mex.

Just come down to Mexico and see what the talkies are doing! Some say, "They are terrible and menace our Aztec personality." "Don't be silly," others argue. "Talkies are as harmless as Rudy Vallée in 'The Vagabond Lover.'" You can't stop it. It's progress."

We like them in part, because it's in part we understand them! I like to hear and see Harold Lloyd and Ruth Chatterton, even if I only catch the "come ins," "hellos" and "goodbyes." Silents are gone . . . "not for just an hour, not for just a day, not for just a year, but always."

ALEJANDRO ARAGON

### Oh, Yeah?

### The \$5 Letter

Tulsa, Okla.

Will some kind soul please do something regarding the "Oh, Yeah?" epidemic, which is sweeping our screens. Likewise this one,— "Sez you, sez who."

Both expressions have become so common. Every flapper and soda fountain cowboy in this wild and woolly Western town have placed these in their none-too-large vocabulary, and all we get is "Oh, Yeah!" from morn till night, on the streets and on the screens.

MRS. WM. F. GLOSS

### Farewell, Mabel!

Salt Lake City, Utah

I would like to pay my humble tribute to my idea of a real trouper—Mabel Normand. I feel sure she met her final "fade-out" with that brave, gay smile of hers that made millions of people love her. May she find a better world than the one she has left, with more mercy in its judgment.

I take this means of conveying to Lew Cody my sincere sympathy.

CHRISTIE LUND

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mabel Normand's passing has brought sorrow to the millions who loved her. We all know that there are accidental occurrences, not to be foreseen or avoided by human prudence,

### The Playback

BEAUTIFUL tributes to Mabel Normand. Sympathy for Lew Cody. Hundreds of these letters, but there is space for only a few.

Yes, Gloria Swanson and PHOTOPLAY "started something" when they set out to choose the most beautiful woman on the screen.

Some agree with us, but as for some others—well, our fingers are badly scorched by their letters.

In a recent issue, Katherine Albert asked if John Gilbert is through in pictures. When we last caught sight of Katie's coat-tails she was disappearing swiftly into the Great American Desert.

And a million Gilbert fans have answered with a thundering "NO!"

Garbo's new-found voice has rung around the world! She runs off with our mail bag this month, with Gilbert close at her heels. Swanson and Gaynor tie for third place; Chatterton is only one lap behind; then Farrell, Bow and Colman, in the order named. A new star flashes up to share honors with Gary Cooper—Robert Montgomery.

"The Trespasser" is the ace picture with fans this month, with "Rio Rita" and "Sunny Side Up" next.

### Oui, Oui, Fraulein

### The \$25 Letter

New York, N. Y.

Are the talkies really helping us to keep correct pronunciations and correct wording? I say no.

Why? Because half of the pictures released are spoken with foreign accents.

Instead of acquiring better English, I have acquired something very different—a French accent, mixed with Spanish polka dots, and an English-Hungarian border.

And who dares say the talkies abolish slang! After seeing "The Cock Eyed World," and "Mister Antonio," I ought to make a first class East Side newsboy.

ANN JAMACK

### We Started It—You Finish It

New York City

I'll say Gloria, and PHOTOPLAY, started something! I've seen Corinne Griffith and Billie Dove in person. Billie Dove is more naturally beautiful, with vivid, gorgeous coloring, though she hasn't Corinne's style.

I've been introduced to Ann Harding. Her beauty is genuine, her hair unbleached, her eyes real violet, her features delicate and spiritual. And equally beautiful, far surpassing Corinne, is Mary Nolan. Absolute perfection of feature, form, expression.

DOROTHY FARGO

St. Paul, Minn.

The choice of Corinne Griffith as Hollywood's prize beauty, and Billie Dove as the classic beauty, is all "hooley." In my opinion, Corinne is not "The Orchid of the Screen." Hollywood's prize beauty is Dorothy Mackaill, who has a beautiful form, a lovely face, grace and vivacity.

Ann Harding's pure classic beauty surpasses Billie Dove's, but the vote really belongs to Vilma Banky whose beauty is perfect. Janet Gaynor is as youthfully beautiful as Loretta Young, but the exotic Greta holds a place no other woman in filmland can ever hope to have.

L. EDWARDS

Houston, Texas

I resent the fact that you printed Garbo's picture last in your series of photographs of Hollywood's most beautiful women, instead of first, where of course it belongs.

R. C. MADDOX

Waterloo, N. Y.

Mary Brian is far above Corinne Griffith in being Hollywood's prize beauty. And for youthful beauty, who could find more charming examples than Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll or Alice White?

DORIS M. SAGE

### Stick, Jack, Stick

Battie Creek, Mich.

The article in February PHOTOPLAY "Is Jack Gilbert Through?" calls for an answer from his fans.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]

# The Dentifrice of the Rich

*Results—not price  
the deciding factor*

IT is true that the rich *used* to buy dentifrices in the high-price class. Now, however, they have turned by thousands to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube.

It won its position on results—not price. For price could be no factor in such homes.

We ask you to try this modern dentifrice yourself, noting these benefits:—

A delightful flavor which makes tooth brushing a pleasure.

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The brilliant luster it imparts to teeth.

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Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want. A hand-bag, for example. The saving is \$3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.

25 cents



# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

**FLIGHT**—Columbia.—The first flying talkie, and good, too. Love and adventure among the flying marines, illustrated by Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. (Dec.)

★ **FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS**—First National.—Colleen Moore's best since "We Moderns." She wears mad gowns and wigs and sings French songs with a naughty lilt. (Dec.)

**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)

**FROZEN JUSTICE**—Fox.—Hot melodrama of the cold North. Lenore Ulric and Louis Wolheim excellent. (Nov.)

★ **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 heads an excellent supporting cast. (Jan.)

**GIRL FROM HAVANA, THE**—Fox.—A racy story of gentlemen who prefer diamonds which don't belong to them. Clever cast. (Nov.)

**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.)

**GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY**—Warners.—Showing the girls at their pick and shovel work. Noteworthy for its beautiful all-Technicolor treatment and its catchy tunes. (Nov.)

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

**GREAT GABBO, THE**—James Cruze Prod.—A corking dramatic story ruined by the interpolation of musical revue stuff. Von Stroheim and Compson save the pieces. (Dec.)

**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.)

**HANDCUFFED**—Rayart.—Poverty Row at its worst which is pretty bad. (Dec.)

**HARD TO GET**—First National.—Corinne Griffith's excellent silent film "Classified" revived as a far-from-excellent talkie with Dorothy Mackaill. (Nov.)

**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)

**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 PRIVATE AFFAIR**—Pathe.—Make it your private affair to see Ann Harding in this exciting tale. She's glorious! (Nov.)

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

**HIS FIRST COMMAND**—Pathe.—A pretty sorry 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 YOUR MAN**—Universal.—Tschb, 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.)

**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 Mitzi Green. (April)

**HONOR**—Sovkino.—Interesting because a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National Film Company. The leading man is an Armenian John Gilbert. Silent. (Dec.)

**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, concocted by Raoul Walsh in his best Cock Eyed World manner. Vic McLaglen, El Brendel and Fifi Dorsay—all elegant. (Feb.)

**HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY**—UFA-Paramount.—A real beauty. This simple rural tale is exquisitely directed and superbly acted by an ace-high German cast. Sound. (Nov.)

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

**ILLUSION**—Paramount.—Buddy Rogers as a man about town may disappoint the girls—but Nancy Carroll is excellent. (Nov.)

**IN OLD CALIFORNIA**—Audible Film Corp.—Love and hate Under a Spanish Moon (Theme song.) Ho hum. (Nov.)

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

**ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE**—First National.—Scenically 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.)

**JEALOUSY**—Paramount.—De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. It is unfortunate that Jeanne Eagels' last picture should be so unworthy of her artistry. (Dec.)

★ **KIBITZER**—Paramount.—You may have to buy a new vest from laughing after you see this. Harry Green's comedy is grand. (Nov.)

**KISS, THE**—M-G-M.—The mysterious and silent Garbo, still silent, still mysterious and still Garbo. Sound. (Dec.)

★ **LADY LIES, THE**—Paramount.—Magnificently acted and staged drawing room comedy. Walter Huston and beautiful Claudette Colbert are stunning lovers and Charles Ruggles is a delightful drunk. (Dec.)

**LADY TO LOVE, A**—M-G-M.—The stage play, "They Knew What They Wanted," made censor-proof. 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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Treat yourself to a package...and try the Orange and Lemon, too, for the most delicious trio ever available at five cents each!



Lime  
drops

with  
the

HOLE



Lemon

Lime

Orange

# If you met her *now*, you'd know her..



## 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) Technicolor Sequences; **GOLDEN DAWN**, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HELL'S ANGELS**, with Ben Lyon (Caddo Productions) Technicolor Sequences; **HIT THE DECK**, with Jack Ookie and Polly Walker (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **KING OF JAZZ**, starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **MAMBA**, with Eleanor Boardman and Jean Hersholt (Tiffany); **MAMMY**, starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.) Technicolor Sequences; **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**, all-star revue (Paramount) Technicolor Sequences; **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ**, starring Harry Richman (United Artists) Technicolor Sequences; **RADIO RAMBLERS**, with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY**, starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD**, with Alice White (First National) Technicolor Sequences; **SON OF THE GODS**, starring Richard Borthelmiss (First National) Technicolor Sequences; **SONG OF THE FLAME**, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **SONG OF THE WEST**, with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE ROGUE SONG**, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **THE VAGABOND KING**, starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount).

BESSIE LOVE, in "Chasing Rainbows," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture

Technicolor has painted her true image . . . as radiantly beautiful as the warm Hollywood sunshine finds her . . . youth aglow in her cheeks, her eyes and hair. What a thrill you receive when Technicolor transports your favorite stars from shadowland to *life* . . . when the vapory blacks and grays disappear and a rainbow of living color rests upon the screen. Technicolor captivates your eyes, your imagination. It brings you *real men, real women* . . . just as *they are* . . . with Nature herself mixing the colors.

**\*Technicolor**  
*is natural color*

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

**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)

**LIGHT FINGERS**—Columbia.—Nice balance between action and dialogue in this melodrama about a gang of jewel thieves. (Nov.)

★ **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 redeem this. Otherwise just another racetrack yarn. (April)

**LOCKED DOOR, THE**—United Artists.—An exciting melodrama ruined by weak dialogue. Note-worthy only because it brings Barbara Stanwyck to the talking screen. (Feb.)

**LONE STAR RANGER, THE**—Fox.—A Zane Grey epic garnished 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.)

**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.)

**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 DOCTOR, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix's last picture for Paramount. Dix and June Collyer are pleasing. (Nov.)

**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.)

★ **LOVE PARADE, THE**—Paramount.—Sparkling as Burgundy. Director Lubitsch conquers light opera, and Maurice Chevalier conquers all. Jeanette MacDonald is a treat to the eyes and ears. (Dec.)

**LUCKY IN LOVE**—Pathe.—Morton Downey gets back to old Erin in time to pay off the mortgage on the ancestral halls—but who cares? The Downey tenor helps—but not enough. (Nov.)

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

**MADONNA OF AVENUE A**—Warners.—Too grown-up for children and too childish for grown-ups. A trite yarn. (Nov.)

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

★ **MARIANNE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies proves there is no limit to her versatility. Delicious comedy and superb pathos. (Nov.)

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

**MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD**—Fox.—The first Viennese operetta to be phonoplayed. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Terris handle the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola, the laughs. Good—but should have been better. (Dec.)

**MATCH PLAY**—Sennett-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)

**MEN ARE LIKE THAT**—Paramount.—Glorifying the Boobus Americanus. You'll love Hal Skelly's characterization of a back-slapping braggart. (Dec.)

★ **MEN WITHOUT WOMEN**—Fox.—Dealing with the horrible death of a group of men trapped in a submarine. Gruesome, 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)

**MIGHTY, THE**—Paramount.—Bancroft's greatest rôle to date and fine entertainment. If you don't think the hairy-chested one has sex appeal, see this. (Dec.)

**MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE**—Universal.—Picture of the Old South by one who has never been there. Joseph Schildkraut in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat." (Dec.)

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readers a new opportunity to  
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See page 92.

**MISTER ANTONIO**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Leo Carillo achieves a splendid characterization in his first talking feature. The Booth Tarkington play is a well-chosen vehicle for him. (Dec.)

★ **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. Frolicsome. (April)

**MOST IMMORAL LADY, A**—First National.—Leatrice Joy fine in her first phonoplay. About a blackmail beauty who finds regeneration in the love of one of her victims.

**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)

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

**NEW YORK NIGHTS**—United Artists.—A hoke story, but Talmadge fans will be pleased with Norma's voice. (Nov.)

**NIGHT CLUB**—Paramount.—Made some time ago, this film is little but a series of face and voice tests for many Broadway celebrities. (Nov.)

**NIGHT PARADE**—Radio Pictures.—Trite yarn about a fight champion, redeemed by a good cast. The darkly seductive Aileen Pringle goes blonde. (Dec.)

**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, shave 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)

★ **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.)

**OH, YEAH!**—Pathe.—James Gleason and Robert Armstrong of "Is Zat So" fame team up again—and how! Hilarious dialogue which plays tag with the censors. ZaSu Pitts does one of her riotous monologues. (Nov.)

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

**ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT**—Universal.—Fie upon you, Universal, and double fie, Mr. Denny! Someone should have known enough to prevent this social error. (Dec.)

★ **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 crying 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)

★ **PARIS**—First National.—Ooh—zat Irene Bordoni! You'll love her. And you'll love Jack Buchanan and Louise Closser 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.—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 remade with mixture of talk and sound. Lon Chaney still silent, however. Part Talkie. (April)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16 ]

# The Girl on the Cover

FOR years, no one has taken Mary Brian seriously. A good leading lady, no more, no less.

Whenever any of the male stars at Paramount needed a leading lady in a hurry, Mary was given the rôle. She offered no complaint, and played to the best of her ability.

Critics never got downright nasty about her performances, but neither did they tear pages from Mr. Webster's best seller looking for new words of praise. But because she was pretty and sweet, Mary's fans became legion.

Now these years of varied experiences are beginning to show in Mary's work. The studio is preparing her for stardom and she is developing into a really splendid actress. She came near stealing the picture in "River of Romance." Her performances in "The Virginian" and "Only the Brave" were excellent.

After years of being just another leading lady, she is changing into a clever comedienne. A leading lady of several years' standing always develops a sense of humor or a grouch. Mary was smart enough to select the first.

During all her time in Hollywood, Mary has lived her own life in her own way—just as if she hadn't migrated from Corsicana, Texas. She hasn't been married or divorced. She hasn't even been gossiped about unpleasantly.

SHE lives with her mother and brother in a small apartment in a not too impressive apartment house. They do not keep a maid. Mrs. Brian does the cooking, and they do say there is no better cook anywhere. Her brother works at a bank under his own name, Taurence Dantzer.

Taurence is a likeable, rather bashful chap, who does not bask in the reflected glory of his sister. Unfortunately, not all Hollywood brothers feel just that way about it.

Mary's mother seldom goes to the studio. When she does, everyone is glad to see her. She never goes into the "front office" and battles for more money and bigger and better rôles for her daughter.

IT all harks back to the fact that Mary Brian is a small town girl at heart. Not that she is prejudiced or hidebound with old-fashioned theories. But she is quiet and mannerly, and her tastes are extremely simple.

She dresses inconspicuously in private life. She has never smoked a cigarette in her life, not even for a screen rôle. She doesn't object in the least if other girls smoke like Pittsburgh factories.

Last summer, after many misgivings, she had her hair bobbed. That is the nearest Mary ever came to



What Would She Do  
With a Real Romance?

## Last Minute News

Doug Fairbanks' first solo talkie will be a story of the gold rush days of '49, written by himself, Lotta Woods and Porter Emerson Browne.

Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Kathryn Carver, are in America again, after seven months in France. He will do some film work in this country before returning to Paris next September.

Constance Bennett will play the lead in "Common Clay" for Fox, doing a rôle first intended for Janet Gaynor.

Ann Harding and not Ina Claire will have the leading rôle in "Holiday," a New York stage hit last season.

Greta Garbo's new leading man for "Romance" will be Gavin Gordon, a young Englishman who has been playing on the stage in Los Angeles.

Lenore Ulric will not make her two more contracted pictures for Fox. She and the studio settled for cash.

The famous melodrama, "The Unholy Three," is going to be made a talkie, with Lon Chaney, of course, in his original rôle.

Al Jolson's first for United Artists will be "Sons O' Guns," current Broadway musical hit starring Jack Donahue and Lily Damita.

Edwina Booth must fatten up to finish "Trader Horn." African ills pulled her below filming weight.

"going Hollywood." She even cried a bit over the lost tresses.

Everyone knows that she was one of the three great "discoveries" in "Peter Pan." Mary was *Wendy*, Betty Bronson was *Peter*, and Esther Ralston was *Wendy's* young mother.

Before her great chance in "Peter Pan" Mary found the studios of Hollywood as unassailable as any medieval fortress. Her change in fortune came when she won a "Miss Personality" contest at the beach. Two of her last five dollars went for a bathing suit. Two more dollars went for chiffon to alter an evening gown. With one lone dollar between success and starvation she won the one hundred dollar prize. That led to work in a theater prologue, and to an interview with Herbert Brenon, director of "Peter Pan."

MARY, never a star, has been at Paramount longer than any other contract player. She has outlasted on her own lot the more scintillant Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Adolphe Menjou and Richard Dix.

"I was the ingénue so long," she said, "it's like getting out of a rut to have fine rôles. It's a tonic. Some day I hope to be a star."

Not long ago she had a vacation of several weeks—a deserved rest, for she appears in more pictures than almost anyone on the lot. She didn't go to New York (it has been three years since she was there) and she didn't go to Europe (she has never crossed the Atlantic). She went instead to Yosemite Valley, California's vacation land, and the mecca of thousands of other home-towners.

MARY is always being reported engaged to college boys or young actors. For awhile it looked as if Mary and Buddy Rogers were becoming serious. Buddy is a hometown boy, too.

But Buddy is escorting June Collyer now and Mary is having luncheon dates with Phillips Holmes.

Hollywood got all excited when Rudy Vallée was in town. Mary lunched with him twice. All the writers wrote engagement stories. Now Rudy is crooning his love songs in New York and Mary is perfectly content to lunch with the boys in Hollywood.

In "The Virginian," she was Gary Cooper's leading lady. Richard Arlen was also in the cast. Mary and Dick have been screen lovers in numerous Paramount romances.

"When Gary made love to me in the picture I was a little embarrassed," she laughed, "to see Dick watching me. I almost felt as if I were 'chiseling.'"

If a girl takes her screen romances that seriously, what would she do with a real one?



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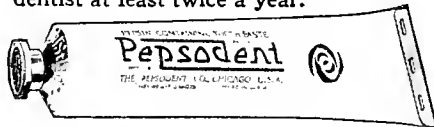
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*Do not delay*

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13 ]



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**RICHARD BLACKSTONE, B-225 FLATIRON BLDG., N. Y. C.**

**POINTED HEELS**—Paramount.—With Helen Kane, William Powell, Fay Wray, Phillips Holmes, Skeets Gallagher and Eugene Palette in the cast, this backstage story is sure-fire. (Feb.)

**PRINCE AND THE DANCER, THE**—World-Wide.—This European film is sure to inspire patriotism in the bosoms of American movie-goers. It's awful. Silent. (Nov.)

**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)

**RACKETEER, THE**—Pathe.—About a wealthy gangster with a heart of gold—just a rough diamond in a platinum setting. Swell work by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. (Dec.)

**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)

**RED HOT RHYTHM**—Pathe.—Alan Hale, Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn in an uneven story about a philandering song-writer. Some good dance numbers and Technicolor sequences. (Dec.)

**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.)

**RICH PEOPLE**—Pathe.—Sophisticated comedy-drama for an intelligent audience. Constance Bennett proves that money isn't all and she ought to know. (Dec.)

**RICHTHOFEN: THE RED KNIGHT OF THE AIR**—F.P.G. Production.—A Teutonic version of "Wings" lacking all the virtues of the American epic of the air. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **RIO RITA**—Radio Pictures.—The finest of screen musicals to date. Comedy, singing, dancing and romance de luxe. Bebe Daniels wows 'em and John Boles sets hearts to fluttering anew. (Nov.)

★ **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 inimitable 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 Moreno, Mary Duncan, and a new cause for heartburn named Mona Maris. Two swell songs. What more do you want? (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)

★ **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.)

★ **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)

★ **SATURDAY NIGHT KID, THE**—Paramount.—The old Bow punch has given way to poundage. Jean Arthur steals this picture. (Dec.)

★ **SEA FURY**—Supreme.—No sense taking this seriously. Regarded as a burlesque in the best Hoboken tradition it's a riot. (Dec.)

★ **SECOND CHOICE**—Warners.—You won't even make this third choice. A mediocre phonoplay with Dolores Costello, Chester Morris and Edna Murphy. (March)

★ **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)

★ **SENIOR AMERICANO**—Universal.—See this, you fans who are crying for your Westerns. Ken Maynard rides, loves, fights—and sings. (Dec.)

★ **SETTING SON, THE**—Darmour-Radio Pictures.—Grandpap, rich and ailing, takes the wrong medicine. The family count chickens before they're hatched. Short comedy. (April)

★ **SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE**—Paramount.—Barrie'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 phonoplay version of the old laughter-and-thrill-provoking 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 phonoplay. (Jan.)

★ **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 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.)

★ **SIDE STREET**—Radio Pictures.—No telling what this might have been if not botched by bad recording. As it is, just another underworld yarn. All three of the Moores are in it. (Dec.)

★ **SILVER KING, THE**—British.—A good silent thriller starring our old friend Percy Marmont. Percy still suffers superbly. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **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 KENTUCKY**—Fox.—You'll care for Joseph Wagstaff's crooning. And besides there's decorative Lois Moran. (Dec.)

★ **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.)

★ **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)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



**The Sensational  
Talking Picture  
TRIUMPH  
of the Celebrated Beauty**

**VILMA BANKY**

*By Special Arrangement With Samuel Goldwyn*

Gorgeous, glorious, glamorous Vilma Banky, famous star of many notable screen successes, now brings the full flower of her beauty, the full mastery of her art—to this great talking picture written by the famous American playwright, Sidney Howard.



**A LADY TO LOVE**



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**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

*"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"*

*Friendly Advice on*

# Girls' Problems

**G**ONE are the concealing lines of yester-year, when we could slouch to our hearts' content and the complete demoralization of our figures.

Is there a "spare tire" of fat where your waistline should be? Are there hollows where curves should grow?

Have you resorted to an old-fashioned, heavily boned corset that feels like a ramrod down your back, instead of the modern type that molds but does not pinch? Are you endangering your health with a starvation diet?

Don't do it. There's a better way.



Frieda Hempel

**A**FAMOUS opera singer was giving a concert in Carnegie Hall, New York. Her voice, lilting and lovely, was not the thing that impressed me most, however. I had expected that. The beauty of her voice has been praised by more competent judges than I.

What I noted with appreciation was her graceful, flowing walk. After each group of songs, with what ease she turned from her audience and left the stage, with what light steps she came back to the platform.

Hers was not the studied queenliness of the prima donna. Her figure had the proportions of the mature singer, yet her step was that of a lithe young girl.

This singer, Frieda Hempel, sponsors a line of beauty preparations, and I thought what a boon to women it would be if she could work out a formula for that exquisite walk and put it in bottles! I would certainly order the first case that was ready!

A whimsical idea—but not a useful one. Yet I did want to make it useful—to myself, and to all of you who write to me for help and advice.

So I asked Miss Hempel if she would tell me some of the things the stage had taught her about graceful movement and poise. Not only did she give me advice on these points, but she described some of the simple exercises she practices daily to keep fit and supple.

These hints will be appreciated by busy girls to whom, like myself, figure-revealing clothes have proved that they need corrective exercise, rather than old-fashioned, heavily boned corsets or starvation diets. The modern corset molds the figure, instead of pinching it.

More than any other thing, Miss Hempel stresses correct breathing as the basis of correct

posture, and proper posture as the first essential of a figure that is beautiful and flowing in line. She says:

**I**f you train yourself to breathe deeply, you are bound to hold your head correctly, your chin well up but not thrust forward, your chest leading. But do not make the mistake of lifting your shoulders.

"In the morning, practice near an open window. Raise your arms slowly sideward and upward, breathing in deeply. Touch your hands together above your head, and relaxing, slowly breathe out, bringing the hands down to the sides.

"Holding the head up and the chest out pulls the whole body into line. The age lines which settle in the throat would not develop so rapidly if the muscles of the neck were not allowed to sag and deteriorate. Even short women can give the impression of height if they carry their heads well.

"This is an exercise I have found good for the neck muscles: "Stand in front of a mirror, and lift your head up as high as you can get it. Then turn your head left and right slowly, about ten times in each direction, without relaxing.

"A right mental outlook and a happy spirit do much to keep the head high and the step light and firm. Before I walk out on the stage, I take a deep breath and forget everything but the song I am going to give to the audience, and I feel so buoyant and unconscious of my body that walking is more like floating."

Is it any wonder that this quality is reflected to her audience?

She recommends these exercises to strengthen the abdominal muscles:

"Stand with shoulders erect and heels together. Balance by looking at some mark directly ahead of you and level with the eyes. Raise one leg, bent at the knee until it is pressed against the abdomen; straighten it out in front of you and back to place. Follow with the other leg.

"Spring with legs astride. Keep legs rigid, and bend your body completely forward, relaxing like a rag doll, swinging it slowly at first and then gaining in momentum, round and round, like a

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 ]

## WRITE to ME

**I** WANT to help you. Has your skin kept some of its winter dryness? Is your hair hard to manage? Are you undecided about the shades of rouge and powder which will best become you? Are your fingernails brittle? Your hands rough and red?

My reducing booklet, containing simple corrective exercises and suggestions for menus, is free. So is my leaflet on the general care of the skin and the specific treatments for blackheads and acne.

Address me care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want a reply by mail. Otherwise your letters will be answered in turn in the magazine.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



# Do You Know Your Type

# Make-Up

## as Screen Stars Do?



PHYLLIS HAVER  
Pathe Star



MARGARET LIVINGSTON  
Independent Star



ALICE WHITE  
First National Star



RENEE ADOREE  
M-G-M Star

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**B**EAUTY!...the alluring beauty you've longed for... is hidden in the magic of a new kind of make-up known to the screen stars of Hollywood. Charm!...subtle in its fascination... Personality!...magnetic in its power of attraction... are complements of this new beauty which is emphasized to the fullest in the beguiling feminine loveliness created by this entirely new art in make-up.

Just as you have marveled at the beauty of the screen stars, so now you will marvel at the amazing beauty this new make-up will bring to you.

The secret lies in a make-up ensemble in perfect color harmony to blend with your own individual colorings and type. Color harmony make-ups tested to type and approved by famous stars such as Marion Davies, Anita Page, Joan Crawford, Bebe Daniels and scores of others. Colors in cosmetics...powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials...proved perfect under the blazing motion picture lights;

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You've seen, in hundreds of feature pictures, in millions of feet of film, the magic of make-up by Max Factor, because Max Factor's make-up is used exclusively in all the big motion picture studios.

Now in Society Make-Up, Max Factor offers to you, and every woman, the make-up beauty of cosmetic color harmony which until now has been held in Filmland. A sensation in Hollywood...it will be a beauty revelation to you.

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And **MAX FACTOR**  
Mae Murray marvels at the perfect color effect of Max Factor's lipstick. She knows it is kiss proof and water proof.

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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		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow		Answer in
Olive		Age
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# Today's Skin is just a VEIL.★



Years of scientific study are behind the Woodbury prescription for care of the skin

**DESQUAMATION.** It's happening all the time to every healthy skin.

Invisible peeling.

A veil of dead skin so light and thin you cannot see it.

But it's enough to darken and thicken your skin.

To cover up the fine, transparent beauty that lies just underneath.

Are you discouraged about your skin?

Does it seem muddy? sal-low? dull?

As if the rosy tint of pulsing blood never could glow through it again?

Then you are not giving it the help it needs!

Here is the prescription worked out by the head of the Woodbury laboratories for just such skins as yours:—

**FIRST BATHE THE FACE** gently in warm water. Then rub up in your hands a generous lather of Woodbury's soap (which was made especially for this purpose). Work this gently into your skin—from the chin up toward cheeks and temples. Now wash off with warm water. Your skin feels new, liberated. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface, for Woodbury's acts on the face as

ordinary soaps cannot. Now tone the new fresh skin. Bring it glowing health and vigor with a brisk splashing of cold water. Now go over your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel. Ah! how good it feels! Pat your face dry with the towel. Pass your hand over it. How cool and fresh. Smooth! And look! There's the glow of returning color!

Whatever creams and lotions and powders you may use, never forget this important aid to the natural desquamation every skin undergoes. See what a special

## ★ DESQUAMATION

medical term for the invisible peeling that goes on in every healthy skin, and brings out the new skin just underneath.

soap and a special treatment made to aid the skin's natural processes will do for you.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

To meet the Woodbury laboratories' exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than ordinary soaps for general toilet use.



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For the enclosed 10c—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2209 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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**N**OT the gay young matron, not the loving wife—but a mature and beautiful young woman caught by the camera in an intense and thoughtful mood. A startling new photograph of Joan Crawford, the vivid girl who has danced and toiled to stardom since she came to the screen five brief years ago

Joan Crawford, whose real name is Lucille Le Sueur, was born in San Antonio, Tex., in 1906. She is five feet, four inches tall; has red hair and blue eyes; weighs 110 pounds. Husband, Doug Fairbanks, Jr.





Autrey

Janet Gaynor was born Oct. 6, 1906, in Philadelphia. She is five feet tall; has auburn hair and brown eyes; weighs 96 pounds. Married Lydell Peck last fall

**T**IME, change and talkies cannot dim the sweet and appealing charm of little Janet Gaynor. The tiny sprite of the Fox lot got a hatful of hallelujahs for her quaint singing in "Sunny Side Up," and since then her bosses have given her many good jobs, including the latest big one, "Playmates"



Hurrell

**I**N March, 1922, Samuel Goldwyn felt lucky. He picked up a pair of dice and threw a seven. Then he picked up a lanky Virginia boy, with no motion picture training at all, and made a William Haines out of him. The rest is history. "Wild Willie" is still the superlative smart kid of the movies

William Haines was born in Staunton, Va., Jan. 1, 1900. He is six feet tall; weighs 172 pounds; has black hair and brown eyes. He has never been married or engaged



John Boles was born at Greenville, Tex., Oct. 27, 1899. He is six feet, one inch tall; has brown hair and grey blue eyes; weighs 180 pounds. Married, has two children

**A** TEXAS boy who made good in the far West. John Boles goes from smash to smash, winning the girls with his handsome countenance and all hands with his fine singing. "The Desert Song" made him famous in the tune films, and since then he has had a run of good ones. Listen for him in "La Marseillaise"



**S**HE came to pictures at seventeen, a little red-headed kid with big eyes that spoke right out loud. She symbolized the younger generation in one small ball of fire. She's climbed from nothing to stardom, and been engaged and disengaged. Hot or cold, rain or shine, give her a hand—Clara Bow!

Clara Gordon Bow was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29, 1905. She's five feet, three and a half; has red hair and brown eyes; weighs 110 pounds. In films since 1922



Helen Johnson was born in New York City not very many years ago. She is five feet, five; has blonde hair and green eyes, and weighs 120 pounds. More news later

**L**OOK what Mr. Metro, Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Mayer found! Scouting around for faces and talents, the Culver City boys came across this pert, blonde young person and invited her into the front parlor. After tea and crumpets, she signed a contract. She's Helen Johnson, and will be in "The Divorcee"



TO ENHANCE AND MAINTAIN A YOUTHFUL COMPLEXION

# COTY

## CULTURISTE CREATIONS

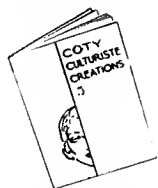
All that modern science knows of beauty culture—all the rarest most effective ingredients—are embodied, under the Coty standard of absolute purity, in Culturiste Creations. No need for costly, elaborate treatments—just four Essential Preparations—four simple things to do—and natural loveliness blossoms in your skin to stay. Only Coty could give you this—the complete and perfect beauty method at a price so distinctively moderate.

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*Begin with* - Cleansing Cream . (Colcreme) \$1.00  
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*Follow with* - Tissue Cream . . . (Night) \$1.50  
*Finish with* - Foundation Cream . . (Day) \$1.00

### FOR SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS

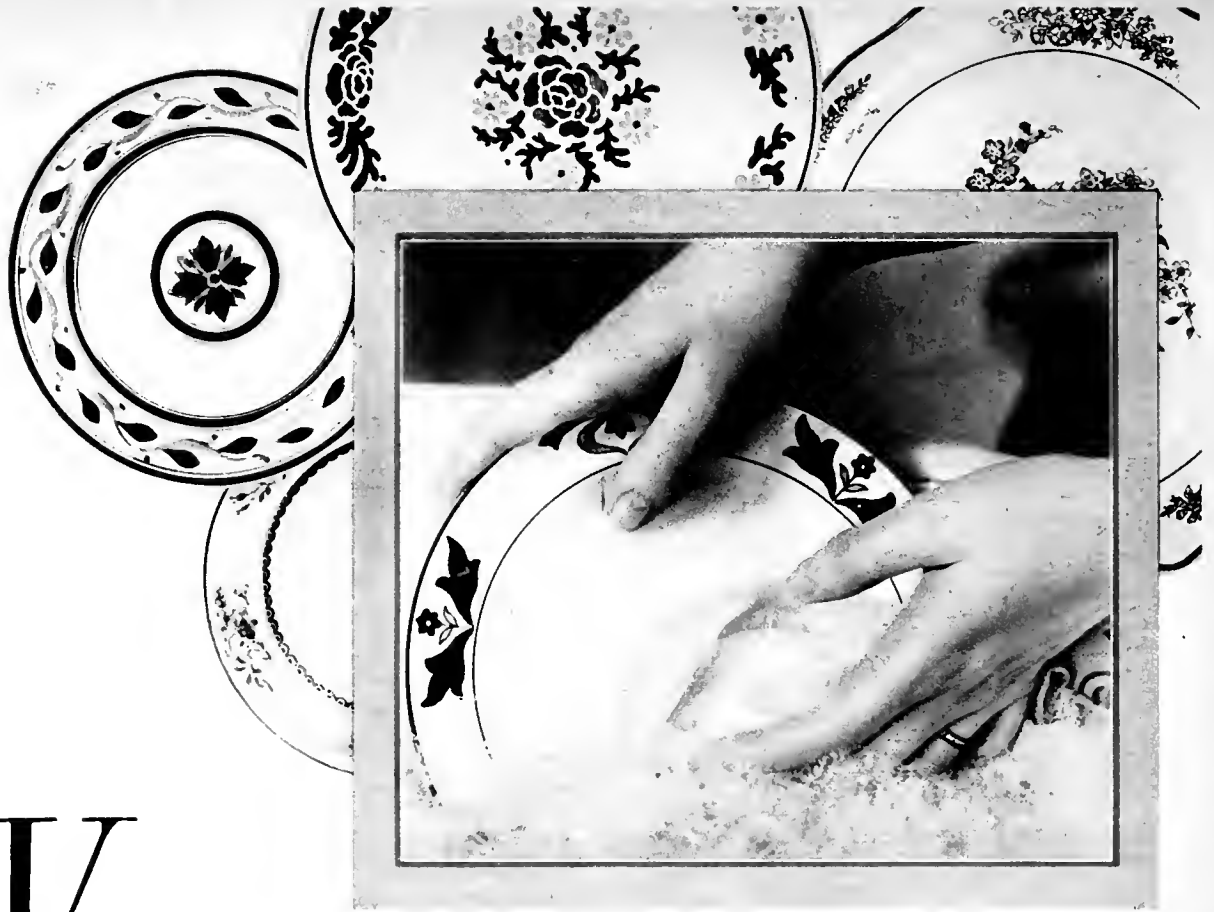
*Special Astringent* (Eau de Coty) — To correct relaxed tissues and undue oiliness . . . \$1.00  
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# “Vogue for Color in Dishes demands modern dishwashing”

By Ruth Washburn Jordan, *Home Economics Expert*

IT'S color everywhere — from fragile imported china to the gay cups and saucers at the “five and ten!”

And best of all, the salespeople tell you, these lovely new tints are easy to care for. As one of the foremost experts on china, F. J. Cuthbertson, President of the famous New York china house of Wm. H. Plummer Co., said:

“We have always warned against

harsh, strong soaps for the new china. But Lux is perfectly safe!”

The gentle Lux suds that save the beauty of fine things also save the delicate colors of these new dishes.

And washing dishes the modern way in bubbling, sparkling Lux saves your hands, too — keeps them smooth and white as the hands of leisure.

Lux guards the precious beauty oils of the skin, while ordinary soaps dry up these oils, leave the skin red and wrinkled.

Yet using gentle Lux suds for all your dishes costs so little — less than 1¢ a day!



*For all china — museum antiques (shown above) and 10¢-store pieces alike — use Lux to guard the lovely colors — and to keep your hands lovely, too!*



LUX in the dishpan keeps your hands lovely  
for less than 1¢ a day

May, 1930

The National Guide  
to Motion Pictures

[TRADE MARK]

# PHOTOPLAY

ONCE, oh, a long time ago, a man and a woman met on an ocean liner. They stood at the rail, looked out over the expanse of water, and confessed their ambitions.

"My ambition is to see my name in electric lights over a theater," said the man, "and I hope that some day you will see your name there, too."

Now all of that doesn't mean much until you know the people. Just recently has the man related the story.

It was Douglas Fairbanks, and the acquaintance of the voyage was Geraldine Farrar.

THERE had been a lot of discussion about what the talking version of "Jane Eyre" should be called. It seems that it couldn't possibly be "Jane Eyre." That title was used before.

"Well, I have a swell idea," said a scenarist to the chief, "why not call it 'Tomorrow'?"

"No," mused the chief, stroking his long gray beard thoughtfully, "that has too much vague futurity for a title."

THE scenarist came back the next day with another idea.

"I have a marvelous title this time. Let's call it 'Yesterday'."

"That won't do either," was the reply. "It wouldn't be popular, for it's too much in the past."

Not to be discouraged, the scenarist came back on the third day.

"Here's a peach of a title. Just call it 'Today'."

"Just 'Today' is too brief, too fleeting. That title is out."

They struck a beautiful compromise. "Jane Eyre" will become "The House of Fury," but Ann Harding will still be called *Jane Eyre*, unless there is something wrong with the name.

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

JAMES R. QUIRK



A FEW notes on the kaleidoscopic and bewildering changes in motion pictures:

Two years ago the talking picture was a novelty. In another year a silent picture will be the novelty.

Six months ago Technicolor pictures were just starting. In twelve months more

the untinted shadows will be obsolete.

More than half the theaters of the United States are wired for sound today. In 1931, the unwired theater will be a garage or the background of a "To Rent" sign.

IN two years, the developments of sound, color, and wide screen will make scores of millions now invested in studio and theater equipment as out of date as a two-cylinder automobile.

Out of seven hundred theaters in New York City, less than twenty are silent—and they have no trouble handling crowds.

A FEW months ago in these columns it was reported—*accurately*—that the sound experts agreed they could do nothing with Jack Gilbert's voice.

But there's now a man in Hollywood who can. He is Dr. P. M. Marafioti, former physician to the Metropolitan Opera House, and voice trainer of Caruso, Chaliapin, Scotti, Galli-Curci and others.

Dr. Marafioti says that mental training is the secret of singing and talking, and that the natural voice, unhampered by artificial training and breathing, is the perfect voice.

In unscientific language—be yourself.

YEARS ago, when Jack Gilbert was a youngster, he played in stock, and was trained by old-fashioned stage directors. All that Jack has to do, according to the theories of Dr. Marafioti, is to overcome the voice habits acquired under those directors.

Wouldn't it be great to hear Jack come back in the talkies with all the power and glamor of his splendid personality?

IT seems only yesterday that a theater owner would murder in cold blood any film salesman who tried to sell him a costume picture.

See what the talkies have done. The theater owners are fighting for them. For instance:

The Vagabond King  
The Rogue Song  
General Crack  
Taming of the Shrew  
Devil May Care  
Disraeli  
Rio Rita  
Show Boat  
The Green Goddess  
Happy Days

TWO years ago when she arrived in Los Angeles, Ruth Chatterton was publicized as the one stage actress who would never succumb to the movies.

Just another indication of how fast things change in this business.

Miss Chatterton—you would never think of calling her Ruth—came to Los Angeles for the sole purpose of being with her husband, Ralph Forbes, and in spite of splendid financial offers to go movie, spent her time producing her old New York successes on the local stage.

PARAMOUNT producers continued to coax her with big money, but she wouldn't budge.

"Say, what's the matter with that dame, anyhow?" asked one of the heads of the studio one day.

"Oh, she's arty and thinks there isn't an actor on the screen except Emil Jannings," said a lesser executive who had tried to sew her up with a contract time after time.

"Bonehead," yelled the boss. "What's her address? Call a car."

He came back with her signature for one picture—to play opposite Jannings.

Then came the talkies—and in one year she is queen of the studio.

And the queen of the lot three years ago, Pola Negri, is a mere memory.

NOW we have our first bootlegged picture, and about the only thing it is good for is to prove that Will Hays' ban is more effective than prohibition enforcement.

The picture, "White Cargo," is barred from production in the United States by the Hays organization. A British concern made it into a talkie, and it was smuggled into a Broadway theater where it died on its feet.

It was a hot potato in the theater, but as a movie it's just a cold spud.

ETHEL BARRYMORE says:

"The theater-going public won't put up with the talkies. It won't stand having its ears hurt and its intelligence insulted."

Does she mean Brother John and Brother Lionel?

A VISITING English celebrity was being shown the sights of Hollywood. He had had a particularly bad lunch at a popular café, and was then taken through Grauman's Chinese Theater. After being dragged through the interior of the place, he was taken across the street to get a perspective of the exterior.

"The finest example of modern Hollywood architecture," bragged the guide. "Isn't it beautiful?"

The visitor looked long and solemnly at the theater. It was a sunny day, and all the dragons were a gleam, the reds and yellows even more brilliant than usual.

"When does it go off?" he asked at last.

IF there was ever an opportunity for you to give a real family party at the motion picture theater, it will be when they run John McCormack's "Song O' My Heart" at your theater.

Take them all. Mother and grandmother will love it. They will have a good cry and talk about it for weeks. Sister Sue will get a mental antidote for that line of hot mamma pictures she favors, and even little brother Willie will be the better for it.

Make it a party. Watch the effect on the whole family. If they do not get along better for days, with more patience and affection, then take them all to some wild gangster picture. It's where they belong.

LATEST report on the effort of the European nation to strangle the American pictures by the quota system—that is, forcing American companies to subsidize one foreign picture for each group of American pictures imported into their countries—is, that the ambitious hangmen have hanged themselves.

Three or four British companies sold millions of pounds of stock to their patriotic countrymen, and went broke. The German government has lost millions trying to subsidize their own studios. France seems to have given it up as a bad job.

And only the other day I saw a highbrow critic (an unsuccessful movie writer) refer to the men who built up this great industry and licked the world, as pants-pressers and buttonhole-makers.

If that old gag still holds good, then Ford is still a bicycle tinker and Edison a train butcher.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S little six-year-old godson, Robert, is now in pictures. He is the son of George Ullman, Rudy's manager and best friend. He's in Herbert Brenon's fine production, "Lummox."

It was Ullman who steered Valentino's business career for the last few years of his life and, from chaos and debt, brought him to the highest pinnacle of personal popularity ever achieved by an actor. It was Ullman who stood, utterly exhausted by three days and nights of sleepless vigil, at his side when he died. It is Ullman who has worked for the past four years to salvage an estate out of his tangled personal affairs for Valentino's relatives. It is Ullman who founded and still heads the Valentino Memorial organization.

George Ullman's devotion to Rudy, alive and dead, is the finest tribute to Valentino's memory I know of. Any of us would be lucky to have one friend like that.

By  
Katherine Albert



Why everyone with the price belongs to a beach club in Southern California. Lillian Roth, the singing girl, takes a huge drink of seashore sunshine

# She Raised *the* Roof

**T**HE scene was the glittering Ziegfeld Roof, that after-theater resort on top of the New Amsterdam Theater where it costs about four dollars to stare at the head waiter.

At a ringside table sat Mr. Jesse L. Lasky, overlord of Paramount production.

He was there to feast his eyes and ears on the star of the show, M. Maurice Chevalier, the French hulloaloo already under contract to Mr. Lasky's outfit. But ho!

Forth came a shapely little minx, with snapping eyes and a mop of wild black hair.

Out of her throat came a deep, resonant voice, singing a blues song in a way that raised the fur along Mr. Lasky's spine.

"A bet!" thought Mr. Lasky, mentally figuring contracts. "A bet!"

And that's how young Lillian Roth, nineteen and full of hoopla, came to Hollywood to delight you in "The Love Parade" and make you her devoted slave in "The Vagabond King."

She's as natural as three and seven on a pair of dice. She has all the girlish charm and zippo that was Clara Bow's when the redhead first hit Hollywood. She wouldn't know an affected

mannerism if one came up to her riding a duck. And she's aces up at Paramount.

'Twas not always thus.

Lillian Roth began tinkering around the theater when she was six. At that advanced age she made her debut in a play called "The Inner Man."

Then, in her earliest teens, she went into vaudeville. She had to do dramatic impersonations because the Gerry Society wouldn't let her sing and dance. This slowed her up.

But you can't keep a good blues singer down—not for long.

**T**HE time arrived for the peppery young Lillian to make her first hit—and it was in Chicago that it happened.

There she caught on with a Shubert "Artists and Models" revue, and the Windy Citizens sat up on the end of their spines as that voice came out of the pretty little girl.

Broadway began to hear rumors—then reports—of a little singer named Lillian Roth who was knocking Chicagoans into Lake Michigan with her warbling. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]



AT the peak of her career, the height of her unusual beauty, Corinne Griffith turns away from the Hollywood studios and says Goodbye to All That. In the story on the opposite page, Marquis Busby tells you why

# Exit—Corinne Griffith

*The Orchid Lady leaves the screen to rest—and live*

By Marquis Busby

**T**HE Orchid Lady is retiring. The slim patrician, lovely Corinne Griffith, is saying good-bye to pictures. Her contract, which had another year to run at First National, has been cancelled by mutual agreement. She is at the height of her career, beautiful, rich, envied, one of the highest paid stars of the screen.

She has the courage to give it up while everything is hers. She will not see the gradual cooling of public interest.

It is an almost unprecedented thing—a great star giving up a career while she still possesses youth and beauty. There have been few cases of the kind. Geraldine Farrar left the Metropolitan while she was still adored. Maude Adams voluntarily gave up one of the most scintillant careers in the American theater. Marguerite Clark left the screen at the peak of her fame for a quiet Southern mansion.

Most screen players cling doggedly to fame. When that is gone there is hope—the old theory that one good picture will put them back on top again. Then gradually they fade into oblivion. If they haven't saved they do sec-

ondary rôles, then bits, extras, anything. Life holds nothing for them but the screen.

Corinne is not afraid of losing fame, even after it has been hers for so long. She is leaving the screen without definite plans. She may do a picture in France later on—that has been the ambition of her life. But first there must be a long rest. Time to play. To lie on the sand at Malibu in the hot sun, with no worry over tan or freckles.

For a while she will live in a present without any past or future. Then, if one knows Corinne at all, she will be tired of just playing. Underneath that languor, which has so fascinated the fans, is keen business acumen and a fighting will. Later on, you can be sure, Corinne will have plans of some kind.

"I want to take time now to find other interests in life," she says. "The time will come when I am definitely through with the screen. I want to be

ready for it. I want to know about other things then. I don't want to linger around the fringe of the business and wish I were back in the midst of it. I want to travel. I'd like to go to Africa and South America, and places I've never even had time to read about. I want to stop in little European towns and eat in centuries-old inns. I want to own a chateau in France.

"I've never had time to study. I would like to know about art and literature. When talking pictures came in I took up the study of voice. I knew nothing of harmony. I studied piano, too. It opened a whole new field to me. There are so many things I want to learn to do. Do you know, I don't even know how to play tennis?"

Corinne's career has been a long one. At eighteen she was starring at Vitagraph. She knew she was not ready for any such ambitious program, but it was in the fading days of the company, and she seemed the likeliest prospect.

Her work attracted attention in small towns, but her pictures were never shown in the more important theaters. It was like a new discovery when this

beautiful girl was finally seen by film critics in "The Common Law." Her beauty became a by-word in Hollywood. She became the "Orchid Lady."

Her dignified demeanor was never more clearly evidenced than in "The Divine Lady," one of her favorite rôles. The picture has been a sensation in Europe and South America. Even the British royal family endorsed the cinematic Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

If Corinne is patrician today it is because she has so made herself. At an age when most girls were starting to high school, she was forced to make her own [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 131]

Smiling in the sunshine, Corinne Griffith and her devoted husband and business adviser, Walter Morosco, will sail away to France, where they will live in a chateau near Paris



# The Palace of a Laugh- King

On a knoll 120 feet high, overlooking Benedict Canyon in Beverly Hills, stands the House that Laughs Built—the beautiful home of Harold Lloyd. Stretching away from it on all sides are the grounds, covering sixteen acres. Because the site is reminiscent of the hills surrounding Florence, Italy, the house and gardens follow the Italian style. This is a view of the pavilion which looks down upon the swimming pool, shown below



Looking down on Harold Lloyd's swimming pool, with its pavilion and loggia. Here Harold, Mildred and little Gloria spend a great deal of their leisure time, and the brightly furnished pavilion at the right is the scene of much entertaining



*Photos by*

Gene Kornman



*First Published  
Views of  
Harold Lloyd's  
Great California  
Estate*

This is the stunningly lovely sight one sees from the big French doors of Harold Lloyd's library. This avenue of cypress trees, with its formal garden, leads to a fountain surrounded by pepper trees. At the left you see the young Massa himself, sampling fruit from the dwarfed orange trees in the foreground



Lloyd and little Gloria putting out on the ninth hole of his private golf course. While the nine holes are only 1,660 yards long, the course is very sporty. Prince, the family pet, is resting in the background

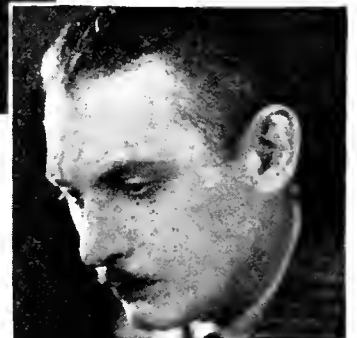
The entrance to the house that was built by the laughter of millions. As you can see, the house's design is pure Italian, the work of Webber, Staunton and Spaulding, architects. It was the work of two years



# Mabel Normand Says



Mabel Normand and Charlie Chaplin played together in the early Keystone Comedy hits—the golden age of slapstick. Left, Mack Sennett, the great comedy director who discovered and developed Mabel. Right, Lew Cody, the devoted husband she married in 1926



**B**ATTERED and beaten by life, little Mabel Normand has gone home to the Great Heart who understands all. I am sure that voices have whispered love and encouragement and devotion to her on her long, frightened journey across the Dark River—voices of crooning old Irish women whose last days were made comfortable by Mabel's generosity—voices of pitiful little extra girls who had turned to her for help and sympathy—voices of hunger that was fed—of tears that were dried.

There would be one voice whispering in a proud, strange tongue; and this would be the voice of old Minnie, the Sioux Indian who was sheltered by Mabel's bounty and who loved her with a wild devotion.

Mabel Normand was the most extraordinary character I have ever known. Certainly, the most interesting and unusual personality the screen has ever known.

There will never be another Mabel Normand. Few such vivid individualities have appeared in the world in any *metier*. Beyond that, the screen world has become too standardized to offer scope and right-of-way for another such character.

Generous, impulsive, self-effacing, impudent, untamed, misunderstood and not resentful of the cruelty of that misunderstanding. Daring in spirit, tender, brilliant, and with the eager curiosity of a child.

It was not without significance that Mabel's lips were always slightly apart—like a child drinking in a fairy story. That was the keynote of her

life. Her avid eagerness for all that life held. It was as though she realized in some dim way that she had not long to live and wanted to take a bite out of each cookie.

She was the best listener I have ever known. She listened to tramps and great authors; to soldiers who talked to her of the intricacies of military strategy and to jail birds who told her of fights with policemen.

Mabel will always be pictured in my mind as the little Irish tad with a sable coat, as the little girl who ate peanuts all over the back seat of a gorgeous imported limousine.

I suppose that no woman ever lived who has been showered with more fame and more attention; and no woman who has known so cruelly the voice of unmerited scandal. She took the brickbats without bitterness and the bouquets with a giggle.

Mabel was without vanity. She has a quality rare in creative artists of being a spectator looking at life.

When I first knew Mabel, she was the star comedienne of the old Mack Sennett Comedy Company. That was the time when the Keystone Kops were in their heyday.

## Mabel Normand

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

**B**ENEATH the gallant sparkle of her laughter,  
There always lay the hint of wistfulness,  
As if she knew that storm must follow after

The brightest day . . . Perhaps her soul could guess  
That tragedy was waiting, eager handed,

To block her path, to stay her dancing feet,  
To leave her lonely, pitiful, and stranded . . .

*Yet who shall say her life was incomplete?*

For, oh, she brought swift smiles to sorry faces

She taught a weary-hearted world to sing;  
Her presence lent new grace to lonely places,

She had the radiance of waking spring.  
Behind her mask of comedy, she waited

For every hurt the future held in store;  
She gave herself to all, nor hesitated . . .

*And died when she, at last, could give no more!*

**M**ACK SENNETT was one of the greatest figures of the screen world and Mabel was recognized as being without a peer.

In those golden Keystone days, with Mack Sennett driving and inspiring her, Mabel's great talent for comedy was in full flower. Her fellow artists were quick to recognize it.

Once PHOTOPLAY asked Mary Pickford who her favorite actress was.

Mary, at that time the fans'

# Goodbye

By  
James R. Quirk

greatest pet, answered quickly, "Mabel Normand!"

She was just the same then as when misfortunes overtook her later on. There was not one pretentious thing about her. The electricians on the set all adored the ground she walked on; and the cameramen would die in their tracks for her.

SHE was famous at that time for the fact that she scattered money around like a sailor on a spree; but I only found out little by little and always by accident, the places where her dollars rolled away. The operations she had paid for; the impoverished families she was supporting; the orphans and the widows she was helping.

I remember one incident—a gesture that no one but a natural aristocrat could have achieved.

A very old Irish woman—a relative of one of the studio help—had one ambition. She wanted to meet Mabel Normand. By request, Mabel went to have dinner with her—dressed in her most elegant party clothes.

Once in the presence of her divinity, the poor old woman was simply paralyzed. She was straight from the bogs of Ireland. Her table manners were something to send goose flesh down one's spine.

But so sweet were the manners of Mabel Normand that she promptly hung a napkin under her own chin as the old lady did. When the chops came on, she picked up the meat and gnawed it off the bone.

## Mabel's Message

"MABEL NORMAND'S two great comforts, as she lay dying, were the devotion of Lew Cody and the letters from her fans. They enabled her to meet death bravely. She asked me to tell the public, through PHOTOPLAY Magazine, of her love and appreciation. 'They have been dear to me, and sweet and kind,' she said."

And when the old lady timidly took out her pipe, Mabel found a pipe, too, and they whiffed together. That will remain, to my mind, one of the most delicate acts of chivalry it has ever been my lot to know.

Mabel had a peculiar relationship to Mack Sennett. She loved him; fought with him; feared him and respected him with something like awe. Mack Sennett was, in fact, her *Scengali*. She resented the awe she had for him; but she never could rise to artistic heights without him.

Away from Sennett, she ceased to be the great artist of the screen and became commonplace. Mostly I think it was a matter of understanding. Sennett, as Irish himself as the banshees, alone knew how to get the best from Mabel's wayward, rebellious Irish heart.

HER relationship to Charlie Chaplin also was one of the odd chapters of the screen. When he first came to the studio, Mabel liked to torture him with taunts in the mischievous way a child might have made fun of a queer-looking stranger. But she was one of the first to recognize his genius. Much of Chaplin's success in those earliest days was due to Mabel's untiring tutoring. Chaplin was a great artist from the day he was born, but he did not know screen technique.

No one grieved more sincerely over her death than he. "She was one of the truest friends I have ever known and one of the most remarkable, brilliant [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130 ]



The Mabel Normand who entered pictures so long ago—gay and pretty, with a great talent for screen comedy soon to make her famous



Mabel at the height of her beauty and the peak of her career—graduated from Keystone, with the great success, "Mickey," already achieved



Scene showing Old Gaffer Hall's first glimpse of Clara Bow—an event by which the world now sets its clocks and watches. Key: X—Miss Bow. Y—Mother. Z—Gaffer Hall

# Seeing CLARA BOW

By Leonard Hall

SOME men make pilgrimages to Mecca. Others visit the old elm where they kissed their first sweetheart. Still others hang around the sites of pre-war saloons and try to smell the forgotten whiff of bock beer.

But I had always wanted to see Clara Bow.

(And the band played "There's a hundred million others like you!")

So when the papers advertised that Miss Bow, or the Brooklyn Fire-Belle, was to appear in person, and quite a lot in the flesh, at the opening of Mr. Harry Richman's new picture in New York, I was not only practically agog, but largely agape.

I had pursued the plump peacherino before, afoot and ahorse, but never with any luck. If I was at the Paramount Studio, Miss Bow was climbing Mt. Everest. By the time I got to Mt. Everest, Clara was diving for pearls in Tahiti or being presented at the Court of St. James.

But at last I had her cornered. I was certain sure that at the hour of nine p.m., on January so and so, Miss Bow would be at the corner of Seventh Avenue and 50th Street, New York, swathed in ermine and wearing a couple of hundred orchids.

And I had a couple of Annie Oakleys, or skulls, as we call free passes to the show.

I considered it a date. I don't know how Clara felt.

"Well, mother," I said, on the fatal evening, "tonight's the night."

"DO you really think we should try it?" asked the dear old soul. "They tell me these first-night crowds are very savage. Do you remember how the mounted police charged, the night the Roxy was opened, thinking it was a Communist mass meeting?"

"Pish, mother, and a gentle and respectful fie!" I answered. "Didn't the nice fatherly press-agent say there would be adequate police protection? And that the company would send notes of condolence to all families bereaved by the première?"

"And besides, mother, I'm going to see Clara Bow tonight. I haven't felt so pert lately, what with my old Garbo and Vallée wounds troubling me in wet weather, and I may not hang on much longer."

That settled it, and at ten minutes to nine we and a thousand

other people are edging up to the Earl Carroll Theater, where the unveiling is to take place.

I have always been lucky. When the World War came along I was sound, unmarried and twenty-one. The girls I have loved have always run away with trapdrummers. I was the fellow who bought Radio and other stocks on September 15, 1929.

Naturally, being all broken out with this rash of sevens and evens, I was right in the middle of things when Vesuvius blew up with a crash that broke crockery in Philadelphia.

Out of the corner of my eye I had noticed a long, grey battleship draw up at the curb, but had thought nothing of it except to hiss faintly at the blessings of the wealthy.

Then the lid blew off.

THERE was a terrific roar, and I found myself being wafted slowly and not gently up in the air. Mother, I noticed, was floating in an opposite direction, with strong men taking an occasional kick at her as she passed.

"Help! Police!" I howled, as a number ten brogan found my floating ribs.

"CLARA BOW!" screamed a thousand throats.

To stem the attack of the thousand Bow-maddened maniacs, three lone and unhappy policemen were on the ground. Two lost their caps, badges, and nightsticks. The third is still unreported, though there is a rumor that he has been stuffed and sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

As I was being dribbled toward the curb, by toe and fist, I saw a large mop of red hair entirely surrounded by roaring, punching, semi-human beings.

A hand, like a ham, closed one of my eyes, but with the other I still saw that flaming torch being passed from arm to arm.

As I watched, one seven-foot admirer, who shall go ringing down the centuries as the Raleigh of 1930, picked up Miss Bow and with the easy swing of a trained football player, forward-passed her over the head of the ticket-taker and into the theater. It was as pretty a toss as ever I saw, and the crowd bel-  
lowed.

"Touchdown!" I croaked, and mercifully passed into unconsciousness.

Three weeks later I awoke in a little white room. A pretty nurse  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133 ]

Aged movie fan gets a look at the Brooklyn Redhead—and a kick in the ribs

# The Dunce's Cap

*Fate tried to make Sharon Lynn wear it, but she went to the head of the class in talkies!*

By  
Elaine  
Ogden

**S**HARON LYNN, who scored such a sensational success in 'Sunny Side Up,' is playing one of the leading rôles in the new Fox picture, 'In Love with Love.'"

That's just another announcement from the Fox studio, on the face of it. Just another successful talkie actress getting another assignment.

It sounds commonplace enough.

But it isn't. For behind it is the somewhat ironic story of a plucky, gallant little girl! A little girl who refused to wear the dunce cap that was placed on her head!

Sharon Lynn was one of the failures of the Paramount School. You remember that highly ballyhooed organization whose purpose was to train boys and girls for screen careers.

Sixteen students were enrolled. Eight boys. Eight girls. Very few of them have achieved anything but scant success. Two were considered rank failures. Laverne Lindsay (Sharon's name then) was one of them.

Laverne felt they had not given her a fair chance. One day she would be a great actress and show the executives. One day they would come begging her to do a part. And she told them so without mincing a single word. She was angry and hurt—but she didn't half believe herself when she flung back her defiance in their teeth.

She was a failure, a miserable failure, beaten by life, thwarted at a moment when the golden gates of success should have been opened to her. Half-heartedly, she entered the chorus of a musical revue called "Sunny." But a wire came from her parents. They had not objected to pictures, but the parental foot was put down on the chorus. They positively forbade her going on in musical comedies. She gave it up. This time she left without a word.

**L**IFE had whipped her, so she turned to the only thing left for her—death. She had defied the gods of the Paramount School but she had no strength to hurl vituperatives at the gods of destiny.

There had been, when she was a kid, one other chance for her, but she didn't want it. She had played the piano in a music store and sung the va-

rious popular songs. One night she wrote a little piece of music called, "Monte Carlo Moon." It has been a success in a way. She received \$2,000 for it (long since spent) and it was recorded by a phonograph company. But song writing was not the task she had set for herself. She knew that her only chance for happiness lay as an actress. And now neither screen nor stage wanted her.

She found a small room in a New York hotel and tried to find the answer to her questions. One morning she thought that her problem was solved. Her room was on the sixth floor. The window was open. This—then—was the answer. This—then—was the defiance she could hurl at the Paramount

Studios and at the parents who had made her leave the musical show.

A thousand thoughts raced through her mind as they always do at a time like that. Thoughts as ridiculous and irrelevant as life itself. Should she leave a note? Should she jump now or would it be better to wear her dress? What would people say when they found her body and read her pitiful note? All the dramatic gestures that she might have made came to her, but she put them all aside.

She would do the job neatly and quickly. The open window. The street below. No notes. No hysterics. No melodrama. Just end it all. Decisively. Immediately.

**S**HE went to the window and hesitated for the briefest second. And then, suddenly, a familiar sound came to her ears. On the street stood an organ grinder and a monkey. The tired instrument was wheezing out the strains of "Monte Carlo Moon." And suddenly the cloud was lifted. It was the turning point in her life. Instead of her own body, she hurled a coin from the window and watched the little monkey's lean hands pounce upon it.

At that moment she wasn't licked. She would greet life instead of bidding it adieu.

Hollywood knew her, after that, as an extra girl with a pretty voice. But voices weren't necessary to the then silent screen, so jobs were [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]



The pretty Sharon Lynn, who never even finished the course at the Paramount School in 1925. Now she is a singing and dancing success in the land of the maddening microphone

# That Gustafsson

## PART 2

### CHAPTER SIX

Constantinople—Berlin



"I have to thank Mauritz Stiller for everything in this world!" That's what Greta Garbo says of the great Swedish director who gave the little Gustafsson girl her first big chance, and built the foundation of her amazing screen art

"I HAVE to thank Mauritz Stiller for everything in this world."

This is what Greta Garbo says about the great Swedish director who gave the young Gustafsson girl her first big chance in motion pictures.

That statement is true.

In the first installment of this story of Garbo's girlhood, I told you how the great Stiller had given her an important rôle in "Gosta Berling," and of her tremendous success in the part. Now we are to see how she followed her director to the new world, and how failure and death came to him as she reached the shining pinnacle of fame.

When Mauritz Stiller died in Sweden (of a broken heart, say some) fulsome obituaries were published all over the world, and especially in Germany. In that country he is looked upon as the outstanding pioneer genius of the screen, after D. W. Griffith.

He was the first European director to use the close-up, the shifting camera, and to discover new and striking "angles."

Stiller entered pictures in 1912 under the "grand old man of Swedish films," Charles Magnusson. In 1921, the younger master brought the first Swedish film of really high quality to the screen. And Stiller's Swedish production career came to an end with "Gosta Berling."

Ahead lay his days in Germany—and Hollywood.

STILLER had an exceptional gift for carrying away his colleagues with his own enthusiasm. He knew no such word as impossible.

Despite his many friends, he was a lonely soul. Toward the end of his life he even refused to see them. The thought of their observing the devastating effects of his fatal illness was too painful. One of his last visitors was Victor Sjöström (known in America as Victor Seastrom, brilliant director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).

Sjöström brought a greeting from the master's favorite pupil, Greta Garbo. The end was near. Stiller could hardly grasp what was being told him. Almost the last words he heard were those of hail and farewell from the greatest human product of his art.

But to our story.

When "Gosta Berling" was finished, Greta Garbo went into the country to rest. While there, Stiller wrote her, suggesting that she accompany the producers to Berlin for its German première.

"I had never been away from Sweden," Greta tells me, as we sit in her rented apartment during her visit to her homeland.

"I was nervous. I asked Stiller if I was to go alone. He laughed at my fears, and told me that he and Gerda Lundequist were going too.

"Berlin received us charmingly. The première

# Girl

By  
Åke  
Sundborg

*A Swedish critic's story  
follows Garbo to Holly-  
wood—and home  
again!*



The first scene Greta Garbo and John Gilbert played together! It was in one of the early sequences of "Flesh and the Devil"

The friendship begun in this scene grew into one of the most famous and tempestuous romances in all the history of the screen

was a grand affair—it was my first experience of such a thing. We appeared on the stage, and were bombarded with flowers. I like the Germans. They don't try to get too near one—yet always there is a feeling of the warmth of their welcome in one's heart."

Stiller's little party had arrived in Berlin some time before the opening of "Gosta Berling." While Garbo spent a week sightseeing, Stiller began negotiations with various masters of the film world in regard to his future production activities. The United States was mentioned. Nothing was decided.

Meanwhile, Stiller signed to produce a film with a Russian-Turkish background. He had written much of the story himself. To get the proper locale, his company was to go to Constantinople at once. And Greta Garbo was to be one of the troupe!

THE excitement of the Berlin première over, they returned to Stockholm to make the necessary preparations. Within a month Greta Garbo was on her way to Turkey.

Constantinople fascinated the Swedish girl, who had never been away from the cold countries.

But they were busy. There was little time for seeing the strange wonders of the Near East. In Stiller's company was young Einar Hansson, soon to make a name for himself in Hollywood, and then to die tragically in a motor accident in California. A handsome boy—but not in Turkey. He was to play a ragged fugitive, and had to go about unshaven.

Christmas drew near, and production dragged. Part of the script had to be rewritten. Money from the Berlin backers was long overdue. Stiller wired, but no funds came. At last, on Christmas Eve, he left for Germany.

So Greta's first Christmas away from home was spent in far off Constantinople—where, from her lonely window in Pera, she could look off across the blue Bosphorus and dream of home.

"Almost always I was alone," she says of that time. "I saw Hansson seldom. He was so ashamed of his ragged beard that he hardly dared show himself. Twice I was invited to the Swedish Legation, but, as you know, I am not happy among strangers. Somehow, I almost liked this strange Christmas in Constantinople. There was time for rest—and dreams."

At last Stiller returned. As he had feared, his German backers had gone bankrupt. No money. All the travel and toil had been in vain.

"It was almost tragic for us," says Garbo. "The only happy soul in the little party was Hansson, who dashed madly for a barber shop and got rid of his hideous whiskers."

THE Constantinople chapter was ended. Back in Berlin, Stiller found Garbo a rôle in "The Street of Sorrow," a film about to be produced. He stayed in the German capital to negotiate with the representatives of American producers.

Then came the turning point—the great break—in the life and artistic career of Greta Garbo.

Fate sent Louis B. Mayer, producing head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to Berlin at this time. There were long discussions.

At last negotiations were completed.

Mayer was not only ready to sign Mauritz Stiller, but Greta Garbo as well!

Remember that at this time Stiller was a European master, but Garbo was just a young and almost untried actress, with

## Read of Garbo's first American triumphs—and tragedies!

only great beauty and a promising talent.

"Not much was said about me," Greta herself says. "Mr. Mayer hardly looked at me, the first time I met him. He put a contract before me. I asked Stiller if I should sign. I always obeyed Stiller instinctively. He knew what was best for me. Often I did not even know what my salary was to be. He arranged everything and gave me the money. I suppose I am a pretty poor business woman."

This first contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bound her for three years.

"Stiller told me to sign it, and I did. I was to get \$400 a week for forty weeks the first year, \$600 the second year, and \$750 the third.

"When 'The Street of Sorrow' was finished, I went home to Stockholm to prepare for my journey to America.

"I felt sure that many things were in store for me—strange things, wonderful things—yet I did not know what to expect on this great adventure. And to one in Europe, an Atlantic crossing seems like such a tremendous, portentous undertaking. It seems like a farewell forever, filled with tears.

"Both mother and I were sad about my going. But we never let on. Mother and my brother and sister saw me off at the station.

"Mother's eyes were swollen. 'Don't cry,' I said, 'I'll be back in a year—twelve short months that will hurry by!'

"'Yes,' said mother. 'Just a year!'

"It was nearly four years before I saw her again!"

It was in July, 1925, that Greta Garbo left Sweden to begin her work in America. Still relatively unknown, just a young girl in search of fortune in the new world, like thousands of others. Of course, she had a contract. But contracts are so easily broken. Three things she had—her youth, her beauty and her genius. With these three she was to open the doors of the world.

### CHAPTER SEVEN—Garbo Crosses the Sea

**G**RETA GARBO sailed from Gothenburg, Sweden, on the Steamship Drottningholm.

"The sea is wonderful," says Garbo, her eyes alight with memories of this first voyage. "Nowhere does one feel so free! At the same time one is caught—there is no escape. Then, in port, one is free to go—and lo, the sense of freedom is gone.

"Dressed warmly, I walked the deck incessantly. Sometimes I played shuffleboard. More often I stayed by myself. Never before or since have I enjoyed the bliss of perfect solitude as I did on that journey. I made only one acquaintance—a dear



For the first time in her short life Greta Garbo leaves her native Sweden. Here she is at a railway station in Bulgaria on a filming trip to Turkey that ended disastrously

little boy named Tommy. I tried my hardest to give him cakes and candies, but his parents forbade me."

The crossing was calm and pleasant.

"We entered New York harbor at night. I hardly understood the feelings of homebound Americans then, as they cried aloud at the first glimpse of the lights of their homeland. But I did when, four years later, I saw the coast of Sweden rising from the mist. This homecoming from far places—it is a beautiful, unique experience."

**F**OR some reason Greta Garbo had expected a land of flowers. But New York is not Hollywood. And she had to remain three long months in the Eastern metropolis.

"I found in New York only heat—terrific, almost unbearable heat. I didn't like my hotel—yet I seldom went out. We went to the theater sometimes, of course, but most of that trying summer I spent in my bathtub! I lay in the cool tub to keep from scorching, and dreamed and wondered of the days to come.

"At last we took the train for California! I was eager to begin work, once there. But the weeks dragged on. For four trying months I had nothing to do but wait!

"My employers had intended I should do my first picture with Stiller. But things stood in the way, and at last I was cast for a part in a film called 'The Torrent,' under the direction of Monta Bell.

"It was all very strange and terrifying. The studio was so huge that it had to be run like a factory. It all frightened me—the newness of it, the size, the numbers of people. I could not speak English, nor understand the people around me.

"Before we started 'The Torrent,' Mr. Mayer wanted me to sign a new contract, one binding me for five years. I tried to explain, in my bad English, that I was satisfied—that I wanted no changes until I had at least played a part for him. He insisted, saying that he could not risk his money on me unless I was under a five-year contract. But no changes had been made when the picture was finished."

Greta sighs a little as she remembers those first hard days.

"It was very hard work. I was at the studio from early morning until evening. After work I had to go straight home and rest. There I lay, thinking of my family. I began to long for the snows of home."

When "The Torrent" was finished, Greta Garbo moved out to Santa Monica. She wanted to be near the sea!

"Then came the happy word that I was to make 'The Temptress' under Stiller. I was over—  
[ PLEASE TURN TO  
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Greta Garbo during her first lonely days in America. This picture was snapped as she sat on the steps of her quiet hotel at Santa Monica, her refuge from the strangeness of Hollywood





# A True Short Story

*As told to*  
Walter Ramsey

**T**HE handsome young fellow who strolled along the edge of the sandy road was smiling. He had just finished telling the ocean, that rolled noisily against the rocks below the road, that life had indeed been wonderful to him.

He had met Marie earlier in the spring and since then they had been sweethearts. Young love. Praying for wealth and fame so that they might some day be married.

Under his arm he carried two small bundles. One, a few bits of food that Marie would prepare for their supper. The other (and much more important) was a bouquet of forget-me-nots. It was his way of patching up a lovers' quarrel. The flowers would tell her he was sorry.

As he walked, he wondered if other men found it as difficult to apologize as he did. To *him* it was impossible. His tongue seemed to freeze to the roof of his mouth and his lips refused to say the words, "I'm sorry." It had taken his beautiful Marie a long time to understand that forget-me-nots meant, "Forgive me, dear, and say you love me again." But when she learned to know—it had more real significance than anything he could have said.

She met him at the door of her little cabin on the beach, and kissed him in return for the flowers.

After supper they walked arm-in-arm down the sand toward

the moon. Hardly a word was spoken. A girl of eighteen and a boy of twenty can crowd a lot of romance into a sly glance or a pressure of the hand—and Marie and Jack were just that age.

When the moon got directly overhead, they sat down on a huge rock near the water. He talked of ambition. Of the future for them together. She told him what a great actor he would be some day. A star with his name in lights ten feet high. She *knew* he would.

After a bit of silence, he told her of his big secret—he had been chosen for a part in a picture starring William S. Hart. It was to start the next day.

Marie cried with joy. Imagine—her boy playing a part. Maybe some day he would get his name in the cast. Wouldn't it be wonderful? *John Gilbert* getting screen credit—wouldn't she be proud of him, then?

Marie clung closer as they walked back toward the cabin.

As she kissed him good-night, she told him she would be watching him the next day. Watching him succeed.

The little family of extras that gathered around the big set the following noon were glad to see Jack getting his first chance. It was a happy group; every one of them had been working at Inceville for two years or more.

One day they were cowboys—the next, perhaps, Indians. Today they had been Indians, but at this moment they resumed their own personalities—just men and women hoping and fearing for Jack.

**T**HE director called for the two actors to be ready at once. Jack was scared to death. His hands shook as he put the finishing touches on his make-up. As he advanced toward the center of the set to meet Hart, Marie said a little prayer. The boy faltered the first time the scene was shot and the director called "Cut!" By this time he was so nervous and pale he was beside himself. What was the matter with him? He looked angrily around the circle of onlookers. Marie was watching him adoringly—that was it! He turned to her with a vehemence that astounded everyone present and yelled, "Get out! Get out! How do you expect me to work with your eyes boring into me?"

His fists were still clenched in rage as Marie hung her head and walked slowly away. As the camera started to grind again, he caught sight of her standing behind the dressing rooms, crying.

He missed his cue again and the director gave his part to another actor. He had failed!

All day he wandered about aimlessly. Had Marie been the cause of his failure? No! She had been there to help him. He thought of her standing at the edge of the dressing rooms—crying. He had made her cry. He had hurt her with his sharp command to "Get out!" and she had been there because she loved him.

Suddenly he wheeled about and started to run in the direction of the little Italian flower shop. He must have forget-me-nots. He must have forget-me-nots. He was sorry.

It was seven o'clock when he finally got into his Civil War costume for the night's work and started for the studio again.

Under his arm was a bouquet of flowers carefully done up in blue paper and tied with ribbon. He wanted to give them to Marie before they commenced shooting so that she would know; but as he walked on the lot the director told him to hurry into a saddle and be ready at the top of the hill for the "Cavalry Charge."

Jack went off in the direction of the stables—but he ended up in front of Marie's dressing room. She wasn't there. He looked in the other rooms. No one had seen her. He wanted to wait, but he might be sent away if he didn't obey the director, so he put the package on her table and left.

At the top of the crest, he could look down and see the women gathered in front of the "Southern mansion set," and he strained his eyes to see if Marie were among them. The distance was too great.

Now the men were all in line for the charge down the slope toward the mansion. The director was about to yell "Charge," when a resounding crash came from the bottom of the hill. The mansion set had caved in!

He heard the cries of horror and pain as he spurred his horse downward. Was Marie hurt? God in heaven, he hoped not! When he reached the melée, the company was in a bedlam of excitement and hysteria. Women were screaming and men were cursing.

**T**HE moment he saw them carry her out from beneath the heavy timbers, he knew she was desperately injured. Her face was still calm and beautiful—but he knew. He cried to the director that he must get to her—he must tell her something. The older man shook his head and mumbled that it wouldn't do any good to tell Marie anything . . . she couldn't hear him any longer.

Jack was dazed as he stumbled off down the road toward the back of the lot.

Never see Marie again? Never? Never tell Marie that he had tried to say he was sorry?

Never see . . . ? Then he stopped.

When they found him an hour later, he was still standing in the doorway of her dressing room—staring at a bouquet of forget-me-nots. *In a vase!*

# Mary Carries On

**T**HERE was laughter on the set where Radio was shooting "The Goose Hangs High." Everything was right, and the sun was shining.

"All right!" shouted the director. "We'll shoot this now!"

The leading lady, bright and cheery, spoke her line—"I have to get my husband off to work."

The mood changed! The girl slumped down in a chair and buried her head in her hands. Sobs shook her body. Every one was silent. For the first time since her husband's death, Mary Astor had broken. Back of this scene lies a grim story, but one vivid with nobility—of Mary Astor's tragedy, and the gallantry with which she is carrying on.

For eight months before two planes crashed over the Pacific, killing her husband, Kenneth Hawks, and nine others, Mary Astor had been idle.

Fox let her contract expire. "No microphone experience," they said. But others had none, either!

She told her agent she would take a large salary cut. She wrote notes to casting directors. Nothing happened.

Beside her, through this trial, stood Ken Hawks. They loved each other devotedly. She could not have endured the blow to her pride had it not been for her adored Ken.



The girl who came back as tragedy struck

One evening she told her plight to Florence Eldridge, and Florence spoke to Edward Everett Horton. Within a week she was rehearsing in a play, "Among the Married."

Ken cued her in her lines—was the first to tell her she had scored a success. Two days after the opening she signed a contract for five pictures with Paramount, the first to be Bancroft's leading woman in "Ladies Love Brutes."

How happy the two were! Success again, to be enjoyed together.

Then came the tragedy. The day of the crash she told him goodbye for the last time—oh, that sad line, "I have to get my husband off to work!"

**M**ARY ASTOR craved escape—to leave Hollywood and its horror. After the first anguish, she knew she must go on. She had a job, a contract, had made a promise. Two weeks after Ken's death Mary Astor went to work. After the Bancroft picture she went to Radio for "The Goose Hangs High."

You should see her today! Seemingly carefree, she even dares speak of Ken, and the accident. But watch her on the screen, for you will see a deep, sincere, mature Mary Astor—more beautiful than ever. And there is sadness, but bravery, in her eyes!

# He's OAKIE!



By  
Tom  
Jennings

"Happy Jack" Oakie showing one of those million candle-power grins that have made him famous wherever talkies talk. What's he bawling about?

Oakie, the man with the million faces, all funny, has skittered faster to fame than any current cinemaniac. In fact, so rapidly has he shot up that his salary hasn't kept up with his public

**T**HAT Jack Oakie boy is good!

You don't have to tell him. In fact, you can't tell him. He knows all about it.

But he's the berries, anyway, and not razzberries, either. His bump of ego may be enlarged, but it is fresh, amusing ego, and you like him none the less for it.

Every time that bright "pan" of his begins to go in different directions, people fall out of their seats at movie emporiums, elderly ladies swallow their false teeth, and the school girls have hysterics. He's just funny. You can't explain why he's funny. He's got the gift.

Mrs. Oakie's boy has been stealing pictures right from under the Greek profiles of the most popular stars in Hollywood. Jack lifts his eyebrows, a wide grin spreads across his face, and the picture is wrapped and in his vest pocket.

He's a box-office riot, a Hollywood tornado. Offers come in like fan mail at Clara Bow's. The Kit Kat Club wants him to come to London. Then there are jobs offered in vaudeville, and as master of ceremonies in picture houses.

Out in Hollywood Jack works for coffee and cake money. He signed one of those contract things before he found out just how good he was. Now he's trying to do something about it. Paramount is willing to pay him more money, but they want Jack to get it and not other parties involved.

"Never mind, Jack," said one of the big bosses at Paramount. "You'll get the money in good time. You're young yet."

"Yeah," sighed Jack, "and I'm not getting any younger. Jackie Coogan retired when he was eleven."

Jack had been making hay while the moon shone as a big song and dance boy in New York when he heard about Hollywood. He hopped a fast train for the camera coast. His first call was on a girl friend from New York, lured into pictures by a fat contract.

"So I took a taxi out to her hotel, and we hoisted one together. That night she took me to a preview, and afterward out to Wesley Ruggles' for a party. I got cracking smart out there and I said to Ruggles—'Are you looking for fresh,

new talent in pictures?' And Ruggles asked—'How fresh?'

"I went out to Universal the next day and asked to see him. They wouldn't let me in at first because I didn't have an appointment, and I wondered what kind of funny business this was, anyway. I finally saw him, and he wanted to know if I could spit bee-bees through my teeth. I said, sure.

"That was how I started in pictures, spitting bee-bees and hitting Laura La Plante on the nose in 'Finders Keepers.' Afterward, Ruggles put me under personal contract."

That personal contract is Jack's fly in the ointment right now. Ruggles pays him a specified salary, and what he earns over that at Paramount is split two ways. Jack is tired of splitting. He wants it all settled before he gets his raise, so he is going to court about it. Contract difficulty or not, he still thinks Ruggles is a swell guy.

**T**HERE are six thousand ways of making a living. The statistics are Jack's and he read it in a Government report. It was just mere happenstance that he became an actor instead of one of all the other things.

During his school days in Missouri and Oklahoma his big ambition was to be the world's champion pole-vaulter. Pole vaulters seemed to be a drug on the market, so something else had to be done. He went to New York and got a job on the stock exchange. He was there during the financial crash in 1919, and at the times the bombs were exploded. That explosion had a silver lining, for it ruined the new \$8,000 drapes, and he had some swell silk shirts made out of the ruins.

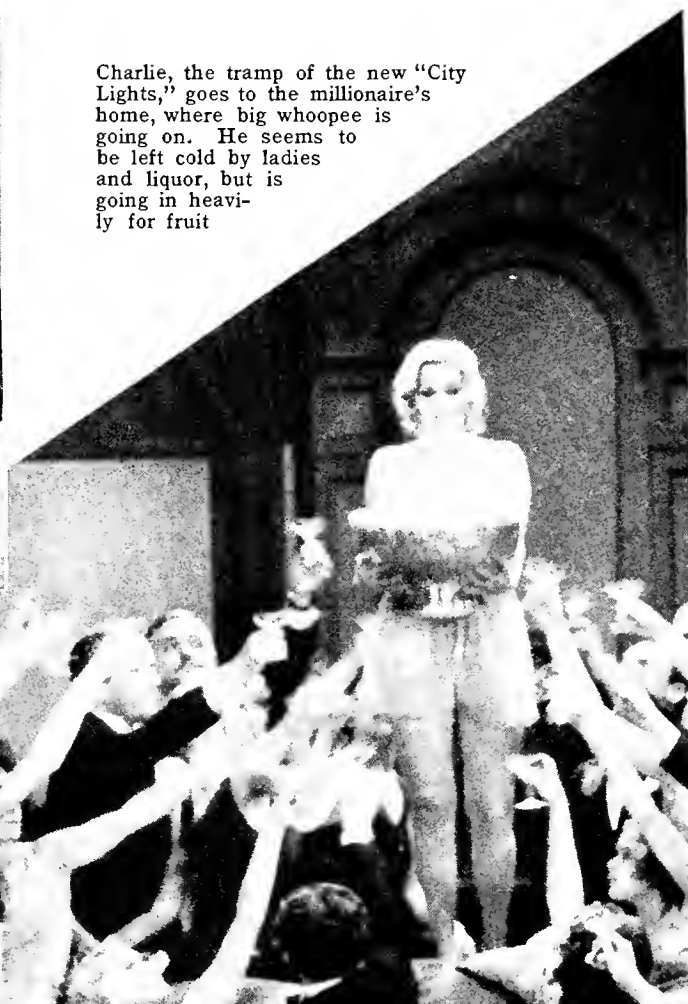
Jack was a telephone order clerk, and one of the best showmen in the place. He could talk louder and make faster signs than anybody. He will never forget the unprogrammed exhibition he put on for the Prince of Wales, when His Highness visited Wall Street. If the prince recalls the young man who seemed to have delirium tremens, fleas, and hydrophobia, with a dash of parrot fever, it was Jack.

His first experience back of the footlights was in a benefit given by the Jewish women of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



Charlie, the tramp of the new "City Lights," goes to the millionaire's home, where big whoopee is going on. He seems to be left cold by ladies and liquor, but is going in heavily for fruit

Charlie, in love with the blind flower girl, Virginia Cherrill, pays her a call with groceries



The big party is over, and the little tramp is left alone. Sitting under the bridge embankment, he nurses a carnation and dreams of the blind flower girl he loves. These three pictures tell the story of love and laughter and pathos depicted in "City Lights"

# The First Stills From Chaplin's New Picture

# No Talkies for Charlie

By Harry Lang

*Some intimate and never-told facts about the screen's only practical genius*

CHARLES CHAPLIN likes stewed tripe and hates whiskey. He does like good wines, and drinks cocktails when the occasion seems to require it. Before prohibition, he always had a well-stocked cellar, never drank much himself, and always was a perfect host alcoholically. Since prohibition came, the same is true.

Besides stewed tripe, he likes lamb stew. Those are two of his three favorite dishes. He dislikes seasoning, never uses sauces or violent condiments and doesn't care for highly spiced dishes. The one exception is curry, the hotter the better. That's his third favorite dish.

He is utterly inconsistent about eating. Sometimes he will go for twenty-four hours or longer without taking a morsel. Then he'll eat four or five meals within the next day. He goes on diets but never keeps them up. He went rabidly on a raw vegetable diet for several days. "Look at animals," he said, "they eat raw vegetables and are healthy. The elephant is the biggest and strongest animal; he eats only vegetables." That night, Charlie ate two beefsteaks, rare.

His cook will work for a day or two to prepare an epicurean meal for him. Charlie sits down and it is served. He doesn't like the looks or aroma of something before him. So he leaves the table and goes to a cheap lunch counter and eats ham and eggs. He likes to eat at drug store lunch counters. His favorite restaurant is Henry's. The proprietor is his assistant director.

When he is served something he likes very much, he takes as many as five helpings. It makes him violently ill.

Chaplin is very much afraid of illness. He has a wiry body. He takes cold very easily. Whenever he is ill, it frightens him and the best available physicians are called. The sight of a sick friend affects him so that he cannot work.

HE did not go to school. He has in his home a library of three thousand books. He reads them. He reads everything, but likes biographies best. He delights in unusual illustrations. He reads the Bible and likes it and has no religious faith of his own. A half dozen times a year, a sudden desire to go to church will seize him. Then he goes into the first church he comes to and doesn't know until he sees the clergyman what faith it is. Sometimes he doesn't know then.

Reading is one of his three favorite relaxations. The other two are walking and playing tennis. He plays tennis well. He wears partners out, because he insists on playing for five or six hours at a stretch. When he has no partner, he will play alone, against a wall, for as

long as five hours without rest. He plays, then, automatically. He is not thinking of the game; he is thinking of other things. With the racket, he is ambidextrous.

That is true too of his handwriting. He is naturally but not exclusively left-handed. He can write equally well with either hand, and writes very little. Within the past ten years, he has not written in his own hand more than a dozen personal letters. When he does write, he writes in short sentences—five or six words each.

He is rich. He could earn much more but does not take advantage of his earning capacity. He works only when he feels like it and rarely feels like it. He will go for months at a time, paying the salaries of a complete studio staff and company, but not turning a camera. Then he will suddenly appear and drive like a madman, doing ten days' work in each one and exhausting everybody, including himself. When a picture is being cut, he works as long as seventy-two hours at a stretch. He enters the cutting room clean shaven and comes out with a beard.

His studio employees never know, while a picture is in production, whether Chaplin will be down that day or not. He may not show up for days on end.

When he does appear, although he has no one in the world to account to but himself, he acts like a guilty child, making silly excuses for his absence. Then he delights in finding some tiny prop missing on the set. A spoon is not where it should be, and he crows: "Where in Hell is that damn' spoon? See, you're holding me up! THIS is what's holding me up."

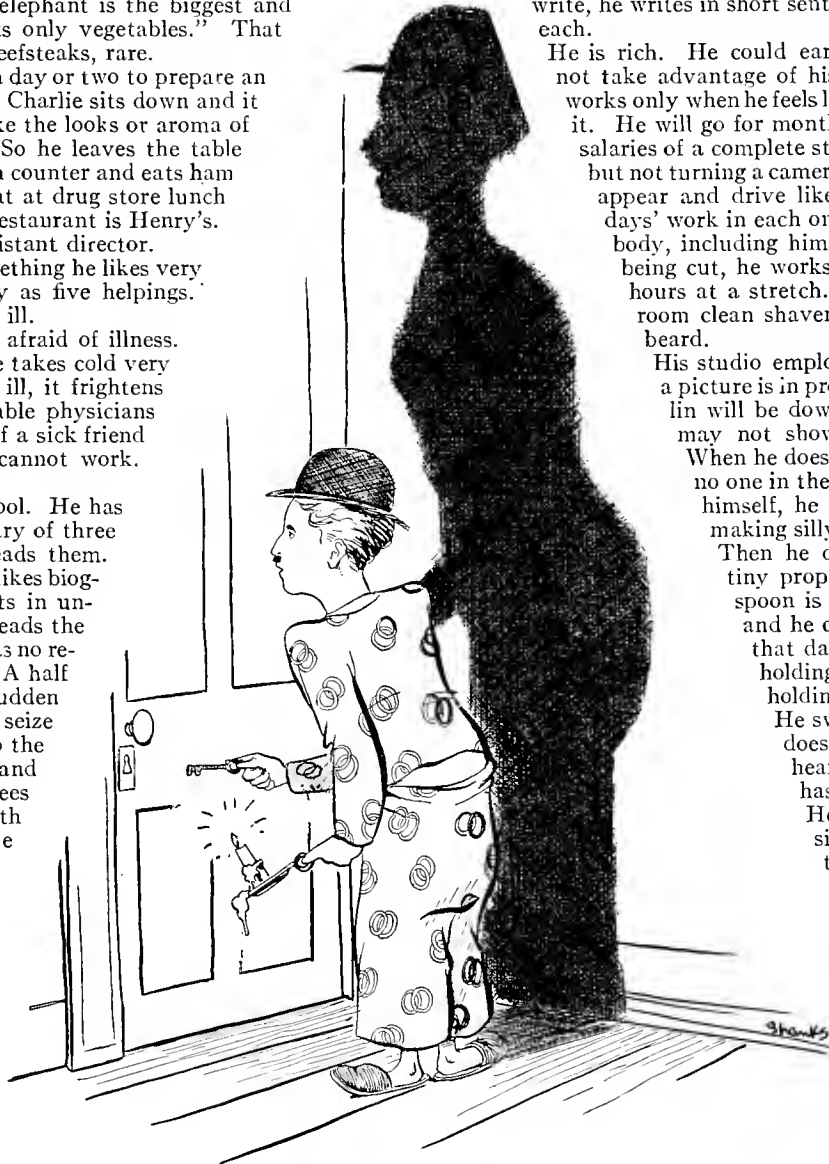
He swears now and then and doesn't care who is within hearing when he does. He has a fairly even temper.

He has a dictaphone beside his bed. Two or three times a night, he wakes up and shouts thoughts into the machine. Then he turns it off and goes back to sleep.

The next day, secretaries transcribe what he has said, and very often Chaplin doesn't know what it's all about when he reads it.

Mostly, from his bed, he

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 147]



Chaplin locks every door of his bedroom each night before turning in. We do not know for sure whether he sleeps in his derby

# NEWS! - VIEWS! -



International

Hoot will try again, even though his first matrimonial inoculation didn't seem to take. Here's Mr. Gibson, the silver-pated flying cowboy and veteran Western star, with the new fiancée, Sally Eilers. They did their 1930 courtin' both on horseback and by airplane



Can you blame poor old Buddy Rogers for looking panicky and nervous? The kid is surrounded by the five high-powered pippins who support him in "Safety in Numbers." They are—Carol Lombard, Kathryn Crawford, Josephine Dunn, Virginia Bruce and Geneva Mitchell. Safe?

**A**LTHOUGH Norma still denies it furiously, it seems a pretty safe wager that there will be a son or heiress around the Shearer-Thalberg home some time late this summer.

Intimate friends in Hollywood have said that it's so, in spite of Norma's continued disclaimers.

Furthermore, Mrs. Thalberg hasn't been assigned any stories after she finishes "Let Us Be Gay," her picture now in the factory.

They say that Irving, proud husband and prospective papa, has already laid in a couple of million cigars. And if you have any pink or blue bootees on hand, hold them in readiness for shipment West. For another royal Hollywood line seems to be in process of perpetuation!

**CLARA BOW'S** recent visit to New York was a hum-dinger. She was to be found nightly at a ringside table in the night club over which Mr. Harry Richman presides. She lost enough weight to get down to 110—her best fighting poundage. She seemed to have a right smart time.

The climax of Clara's trip, of course, was the New York première of the boy friend's picture, "Puttin' on the Ritz." It was a tough moment for women and children when Clara got out of the Rolls at the door of the Earl Carroll Theater. What a riot! Midgets like Cal were knocked down and trampled.

Finally, after vainly fighting the howling mob, three big coppers put their arms around Bow and rushed her in. Even then crowds of moonstruck flappers kept rushing down the aisle to Clara's pew, there to stand and gawp until given the bum's rush by ushers.

It was a silly night, mates! There is something a little sad about such a public rush of mush to the head.

Mr. Richman, of course, sat with his girl, and also received plenty of attention.

**ASHTON STEVENS**, the Chicago dramatic critic, reports on the ham movie actor who had been holding forth for an hour on the subject of his own magnificence as man, lover and actor.

The ham noticed traces of boredom in his one-man audience.

"Pshaw," he said, "I'm afraid I've been talking too much about myself. What did YOU think of my last picture?"

**M**R. and Mrs. Al Jolson went to the Los Angeles automobile show. The missus is the pretty tap-dancer, Ruby Keeler.

"What would you-all like, honey?" crooned that old Southerner, Al.

"Sugah, I'd mighty like that-all big cah," murmured Ruby, catching it from Al.

"Well, you-all can have it-all," said Al.

"Daddy!" cried Ruby.

"Mammy!" roared Al, falling to one knee.

So it happens that Ruby is now the owner of the biggest car at the show. It is a Mercedes, twenty-two feet from

# GOSSIP!

By  
Cal York

## and Studios



Harold Lloyd and his pretty missus, Mildred, celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary not long ago. Just to surprise mother and dad, young Gloria Lloyd dressed all up in bridal duds, picked Mr. Buddy Jarvis for the lucky groom, and had their picture taken



It's a big night for mother and son. Here are Mr. Ramon Novarro and his handsome mother, all decked out for the Hollywood première of the boy's first all-talking picture, "Devil May Care." Ramon looks proud, while mamma faces the flashlight without flinching

bumper to bumper, and set old Kunnell Jolson back a matter of \$21,500.

But that-all Ruby has got to have just what she-all wants!

**R**ING the fire bells! Hot news for local and visiting Garbo-maniacs. Greta the Gudgeous seems to be coming out of her shell!

At any rate, the secretive Swede has appeared in public eating houses several times, lately, and always in the company of a handsome and wealthy young fellow-countryman.

No romance—just real good pals.

Garbo sent Sunday evening diners at the Montmartre into spasms not long ago by showing up for dinner with him, and the place has been packed since in the hope that she will repeat, but Garbo and lightning never strike twice in the same place.

The next week she lunched at the Roosevelt, and everyone forgot to eat.

Another day she ducked tourists to lunch in a small cafe, known for its fine vittles but safe from sightseers.

So it looks as though Garbo is beginning to take a modest part in Hollywood social life.

I have it on good authority that she is enjoying these little dashes into the world, and plans to make more. But she still wears her simple sports clothes—even to Sunday dinners at the fancy Montmartre.

Incidentally, Garbo has a new girl friend—Fifi Dorsay, the

Parisian paprika. Fifi is Greta's first girl pal since she and Lilyan Tashman grew less friendly, some time back.

**T**HEY were shooting a chorus girl number on the Paul Whiteman set at Universal.

Someone picked up a dead moth.

"Wonder what killed it?" mused the script girl.

Big Paul took one look at the scantily clad baby dolls.

"Starvation," he answered.

**T**HERE may be a crown prince and princess at Pickfair! But by adoption, of course. For it seems probable that the royal Pickford line of stars will consist entirely of one generation—Queen Mary herself.

Mary and Doug are thinking of adopting a child—or perhaps two.

Pickford did this in the case of Gwynn, her sister Lottie's daughter, whom Mary loves very much. In fact, Gwynn's real name is Mary.

The Fairbankses saw a lot of needy kids during their recent foreign tour, and Mary has always loved little children. So don't be surprised if you hear of a youngster or two moving into the spare rooms at the Castle in Beverly Hills, where Mary and Doug have stray dukes and duchesses in for an occasional shot of tea.

**O**N a beautiful estate near Paris lives a stout Irish girl with almond eyes.

She speaks French like a native. She plays the piano excellently, is a fine hostess, and is devoted to her husband, one J. Searle Barclay, a gentleman with plenty of money.



P. and A.

Well, if it isn't our old Pal Benjamin Turpin, with his right eye gone completely hysterical and his face all balled up in one of those smiles that made millions laugh in the Keystone days! Ben, with his wife and attorney, is signing a contract that will take him on a year's tour of Europe, and perhaps Russia

You know her as Nita Naldi.

The years have been kind to Big Nita, except for a lot too much poundage. Mr. Barclay beamed her around New York a long time during her busier days, and, when his wife divorced him, married her.

Fat sent her off the screen. She and her husband went to France. And there, on this rich estate, sits Nita—plump, contented and musical. A far cry from the days when she was one of the most alluring of the vivacious screen vamps of the old school.

**A**FTER all these years!

It's reported that Laura LaPlante, so long the bulwark of Universal's star list, is through at that studio. It is said that she has secured a release from her contract, which had six months to run, and will free lance. She's reported dissatisfied with recent rôles.

At any rate, Laura came in off location with "The Storm" unit, and Lupe Velez was immediately signed to a long term contract. It's a good story, hot off the bargain counter. Let's see what young Laemmle can do with the Mex minx.

**L**ITTLE blonde Ruth Taylor, who came to film fame as *Lorelei*, seems to have found the gentleman who prefers her to all others.

Her marriage has been announced to Paul Zuckerman, dashing young member of the New York Stock Exchange, and an aviator during the World War. Ruth had been spending the winter in New York.

It happened that Cal, on one of his infrequent social excursions,



Polly Moran determines that her name shall go ringing down the ages with Edison, Marconi and the inventor of bathtub gin. She ups and invents this dainty contrivance called "The Grapefruit Juice Shield." It will prevent, or so Polly alleges, the customary squirt in the eye

was present at the quiet dinner party where Paul and Ruth met. They sat side by side at table, across from him, and by the time they got to the salad he could see that they had taken no end of a shine to each other.

A month later the engagement was announced. Good luck to them. Nice young people, trying to get along.

**JACK BENNY**, the comicker, had been reading about airplane wrecks just before a friend asked him about a contemplated trip to New York.

"Going by Transcontinental Air Transport?" asked the friend.

"Lissen," gulped Benny. "All T. A. T. means to me is Take A Train!"

**B**UDDY ROGERS' personal appearance visit to New York was a bustling success.

Paramount's nice clean boy-friend drew enormous crowds to the theater, and the usual flappers had their usual hysterics every time he showed his nose in public.

One noon he dropped into a well known Broadway eating place for a mouthful of noon chow, and when he had used the fingerbowl and was ready to go, the word had gotten around and it took four coppers to get him safely to his theater through the mauling, pushing mob. The folks are absolutely unrestrained at the sight of a movie star. The girls simply go haywire.

**P**OOOR Pola's bawling again!

It's a dry month that doesn't see her bathing some part of the world in tears.

A Berlin film producer, charging that Miss Negri owed him \$75,000 for negotiating American contracts, took out an attachment on the Pola's gems. And a naughty, unfeeling sheriff walked right into her hotel suite and grabbed all her jewelry, including a string of pearls.





Something tasty in the way of a purse, exhibited by something tasty in the way of a girl. Leila Hyams holds up her new envelope handbag. It is of Japanese design, and as it is in black and white, it will go nicely with any costume. But then, how could this darling be wrong?



Two of filmdom's greatest globe-trotters homeward bound! Dick and Mrs. Barthelmess arriving at the port of New York after a long foreign tour, and admiring the new skyscrapers built since they left. Dick's contract allows him plenty of holidays, and if you don't meet him in Paris, you will in Berlin—or Bangkok

After Pola had cried for Berlin's benefit, she went to St. Moritz, Switzerland, to contribute a few icy tears to the more conventional winter sports of that glamorous spot.

**W**HEN ex-president Coolidge and his wife were being shown the sights of Hollywood, it was discovered that Mrs. Coolidge was very well posted on pictures and players, as she recognized almost every player before they were introduced to her.

Also we discovered Mrs. Coolidge loves practical jokes, as she was the one who turned all the chairs upside down when they visited Will Rogers' bungalow and found him not at home.

At the first public appearance of the distinguished couple, which was at the Breakfast Club, only a few of the screen celebrities were invited.

**M**ACK SENNETT occupied a prominent place because he lived in the same town with Cal Coolidge when they were both boys.

Tony Moreno was much in evidence because he was a bright young man who read Mrs. Coolidge's gas meter before he became a picture star or she a celebrity.

Notwithstanding all this, the Duncan Sisters carried off the honors of the hour by their hilarious fun-making.

On the day given to visiting the studios of Hollywood, Mary Pickford was fortunate enough to have the party for lunch. At this time she presented all of the ladies with exquisite cloisonne boxes and the gentlemen with unusual match cases. All of which had been purchased in the Orient when she and Doug were abroad.

**A**CERTAIN electrician on the set had been watching Bill Powell all day. He never took his eyes off the actor. At last Bill sought him out and asked, "What's the matter with me?"

"Well, it's like this," said the juicer, "the working crew got

up a pool on which of the ten actors would forget his lines first. I picked you twice and lost both times."

**G**RETA GARBO attended a simple family dinner. The mother of her host, who isn't a movie fan, looked at Garbo and said, "Are you in pictures?"

"Yes," said Garbo simply, "I work in pictures."

"That's nice. I wish you a great deal of success, my dear."

**A**MATORY matters:

Mrs. Roy D'Arcy, who remarried Roy after their first divorce, asks another . . . she complains of his "supreme superiority, excessive egotism and overbearing manner"! . . . Lester C. Gibson, janitor of a Hollywood apartment house, tried to stop a little misunderstanding between Audrey Ferris and her husband. . . . Gibson got a certain bottle smashed over his head; Miss Ferris was taken to her mother's by four detectives as a bodyguard, and hubby vanished. . . . Vilma Banky, when her contract expires, will stop making pictures and make pies for hubby Rod LaRocque, she tells friends. . . . Simultaneous news items: Alice Day announces betrothal to Jack Cohen, broker, for early marriage, and Alice Day is hurt when auto in which she is riding with Carl Freeman overturns. . . . Priscilla Dean's husband's undivorced first wife sues for separate maintenance, further complicating the affair . . . Priscilla's husband, you recall, is Round-the-World Flyer Leslie Arnold, whose first wife had their divorce annulled AFTER Arnold had married Priscilla. . . . Mildred Harris, who also was once Mrs. Charles Chaplin, is divorced again . . . this time from the Florida Realtor, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



Ralph Gillespie was a part-time broker—oftener a charming playboy. Jacqueline Logan found he lacked something as a husband. Perhaps it was that, according to Jackie, she paid the bills

# Why 6 Marriages Failed

By  
Dorothy Spensley

Q. Nilsson, Agnes Ayres, Madge Bellamy, Mae Busch and Jacqueline Logan. Six of the most popular and beautiful girls in Hollywood, but what did it profit them? Were they immune from sorrow because of it? What did it cost them? Heartache, unhappiness, disillusion. And there is not one of them, strange as it may seem, who lacks the courage to take a chance again, later, of course, to see what life has in store for her. Ah, me! Of such insatiable curiosity and daring is woman.

Following in the sainted and inquisitive footsteps of dear Brother Juniper, whose investigations made noteworthy "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," let us see what was the basic thing that caused these six marriages to plunge into the chasm of divorce.

**W**HY do Hollywood marriages fail? Is there something malignant in the air of film-land that knocks the wings off Cupid? Or does conjugal bliss turn sour, out there in the sunshine, for the same old reasons that blight it all over the rest of the world?

Here are six case histories of movie marriages that went pop. Read them, and you'll find, on and between the lines, a strange similarity.

Some of us insist that marriage is the sanctified fulfillment of the biological urge. Others, bless our little hearts, get it all mixed up with moonlight and orange blossoms. But these six ladies of Hollywood prefer not to think of it much right now, if you don't mind!

They're taking time out to let ardor cool. They don't like to remember that they were once weak and gullible women, who fell for soft sighs in the moonlight—instead of strong and independent women making their way in a man's world.

But they come back for more! Gamblers all!

Most of them are healing the wounds of disillusion before they have another go at marriage. But not all.

One exception is Jacqueline Logan, who has gone fearlessly ahead and taken to herself another husband, with two ceremonies; the first in Agua Caliente and the second in Los Angeles, some months later, because Uncle Sam, that meticulous rascal, thought it best. The other is Helene Costello, who now signs herself Mrs. Lowell Sherman.

Six actresses blessed with everything that is popularly thought conducive to happy marriage. Of beauty, fame, means, they had plenty. They were, and still are, for that matter, Helene Costello, Anna

**H**ELENE COSTELLO, sister of Dolores, daughter of Maurice, assured, poised, clear-thinking, modern, tearing bits of bread into smaller bits, sat facing me. She was discussing marriage, and her own three months' excursion with Jack Regan, a childhood friend, into its deep waters. It was before the announcement of her engagement to Sherman.

"I can count the happily married couples of my acquaintance," continued Helene, clenching her left hand into a tight little fist, "on the fingers of my hand."



Madge Bellamy's marriage to Logan Metcalf lasted just exactly four days



Three years was the limit of the union between Mae Busch and John Cassell

**SOME marriages are Made  
in Heaven—**

**Others in Hollywood!**

Why do Hollywood marriages fail?

"There can be no happiness," says ANNA Q. NILSSON, "when a wife goes to the studio every day, leaving her husband to breakfast in bed, lunch at the Club and spend the afternoon at the beach!"

Says MAE BUSCH—

"Never again will I marry a man unless he is doing something. During my marriage I had to support my father, his wife, myself—and my husband!"

A record of failures—these six marriages.

But would the ex-wives try again?

With one voice, they say "Yes!"



Latin husbands, says Agnes Ayres, are wonderful suitors. But once the wedding is over, they try to dominate the whole domestic show. That's the reason, says Agnes, that her marriage to Manuel de Reachy, a fascinating Mexican, ended in the divorce court after a few years

But, despite the utter fatality of this statement, she would take a chance again, she said, and did: "... because I am a gambler. I would gamble on anything. I would lay a bet that a fly would land on this side of the line, or that red would win three times in succession. Why shouldn't I marry again? My luck might change."

**B**UT how about the illusion, the sweet illusion of happy marriage and connubial bliss that children, particularly girl children, are nurtured on? Weren't the illusions dented and cracked? Wasn't that a painful experience? Helene smiled, broadly; her hat was of smooth black straw, her dress was an orgy of green and yellow and black, fine figures, printed on chiffon.

"I never had any illusions. I was one of those children born without them. I can say this for my marriage; even if it was unsuccessful, it proved to me that my ideas on marriage at sixteen were as sound, if not sounder, than those at twenty when I married. There was a certain definite satisfaction in that.

"Jack and I had been childhood friends. I had known him for ten years. We had played together when we were kids. I married him because—because—well, a woman cannot say why she marries a man. She says she loves him because his hair

grows in a curl on his forehead, because he walks with grace, because he dances gorgeously. But that is not the real reason. I married Jack because I thought we would be companionable. I should have realized that few marriages where the husband has no occupation, other than being a charming, agreeable son of a wealthy father, and the wife is working at her profession, are successes.

"That was the fatal thing in our marriage. Jack loved to read; read newspapers. I didn't mind that, but reading does not make for a happy marriage. It doesn't make for a pay check coming in each week. It doesn't help a wife, working all day at a studio, to think of her husband, sitting at home, reading. He was a charming gentleman of leisure. Of so much leisure that we decided to separate, and we were divorced over a year ago. Jack and I married at Port Chester, New York, whereupon I immediately sailed for Havana. Three months later, in Beverly Hills, we were married by the church.

"Illusions? No, it didn't hurt them. I've never had any. The only thing my marriage cost me was money. And enough of that, too."

But with Lowell Sherman it is all to be different. Here is love. Helene is lush with its radiance. I saw her just after the engagement was announced. On her hand was a gleaming emerald, flanked by baguette diamonds, mounted on platinum with exquisite taste. Companionability, the quest for which made her marry young Regan, is forgotten in the oneness of this love. Unity, for which she had been longing, has been found. Here is a marriage, she is very, very sure, that is going to last. She has lost, on the surface, the irony with which she was armored. But, despite this, at heart she is still a gambler.

**W**HEREWITH I betook myself to Anna Q. Nilsson, who sat addressing envelopes (it was the first of the month), still in quest of data on why these six marriages fell into discard.

"It was an experience I could well have done without," said Anna Q., vigorously crossing a "t." "They say you learn by experiences, but during the two and a half years of my married life I learned nothing that I didn't know before. I have learned more and have had more time to think things out this last year or more," [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 151 ]



Helene Costello and John Regan were kid sweethearts, but couldn't stay wed



Anna Q. Nilsson and John Gunnerson reached journey's end in two years



★ *HAPPY DAYS*—Fox

"HAPPY DAYS" is Fox's latest in the big parade of phonoplay revues. It wears a minstrel suit and carries a huge red banner. A bunch of entertainers band to help an old showman save his troupe. And what an entertainment! Fox throws all its actors and all the resources of the studio into play—McLaglen and Eddie Lowe, who sing a number; El Brendel, Charlie Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Walter Catlett and dozens more. Marjorie White again is a sensation. Dick Keene and Frank Albertson play rivals for her hand. Some bright tunes. The Gaynor-Farrell number is a little unfortunate. They have to sing a sentimental song—and are so swell in romantic drama! Good, speedy entertainment. "Happy Days" was shown at the Roxy, New York, on the new wide Grandeur screen, and made everybody gasp.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *THE VAGABOND KING*—Paramount

WITH the flash and clang of sword play and the thunder of stirring choruses, "The Vagabond King" forges into the lead of phonoplay operettas.

Once this story of Francois Villon, Paris poet-vagabond who was king of France for a day, was a book. Then it was a play, and still later a stage operetta. Now, thanks to the genius and daring of Director Ludwig Berger, it is a startling example of what sound and rich color, added to a dashing story, can do for the screen. Berger does astonishing things with his all-Technicolor work—keeping his cameras on the move through palace and den, playing all sorts of tricks with light and shade.

Dennis King, who starred in the operetta on the stage, sings the lead for the screen with enormous gusto and some permissibly operatic acting. He's handsome, and can sing. Jeanette MacDonald is a beautiful but rather colorless princess. The acting star is O. P. Heggie, who gives a remarkable performance as sleazy *King Louis*. And Lillian Roth is a little better than good in a sympathetic rôle. And she gets the beautiful "Huguette Waltz" to sing—a prize! Warner Oland is more villainous than ever.

Magnificent color work, gorgeous Friml music and some first-rate acting and singing make "The Vagabond King" memorable in the life of a picture-goer. You'll be thrilled.



★ *PARAMOUNT ON PARADE*—Paramount

AND now Paramount goes revue! No story, and who cares? But color that thrills; singing that challenges Tibbetan heights; comedy that goes from chuckles to hawhaws; sugar-coated romance, sophisticated satire and slapstick burlesque; beauty in scene, sound and girls! Let's go! Chevalier, Chatterton, Oakie and—well, AND!!!! Sounds perfect, doesn't it? Glorified vaudeville that brings in virtually everybody on the Paramount lot. Oakie, Skeets Gallagher and Leon Errol are masters of unceremony. Chevalier swaggers off with the lion's share, but everybody gets a chance. Unceasing speed, beauty of sound and picture—these are outstanding characteristics.

Song hits: "Anytime's the Time to Fall in Love," "All I Want Is This One Girl," "Sweeping the Clouds Away."

# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

THE VAGABOND KING SARAH AND SON  
HAPPY DAYS PARAMOUNT ON PARADE  
FREE AND EASY  
THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS

## The Best Performances of the Month

Dennis King in "The Vagabond King"  
O. P. Heggie in "The Vagabond King"  
Ruth Chatterton in "Sarah and Son"  
Philippe De Lacy in "Sarah and Son"  
Marjorie White in "Happy Days"  
Maurice Chevalier in "Paramount on Parade"  
Jack Oakie in "Paramount on Parade"  
Buster Keaton in "Free and Easy"  
Richard Arlen in "The Light of Western Stars"  
Harry Green in "The Light of Western Stars"  
George Arliss in "The Green Goddess"  
Ramon Novarro in "Gay Madrid"  
Victor McLaglen in "On the Level"  
Marjorie Beebe in "He Trumped Her Ace"  
Sue Carol in "The Golden Calf"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 160*



★ SARAH AND SON—Paramount

IT gets almost monotonous, this repetition after each new Chatterton picture: "What a splendid actress she is!"

Here Ruth gives the character of *Sarah Storm* a force that lifts this none too extraordinary picture above the ruck and makes it an extraordinary talkie.

Noteworthy, too, is this: while foreign stars have been thrown helter-skelter into pictures artificially fitted to their irremediable accents, here Chatterton plays a rôle that requires a Teutonic accent throughout—and does it better. Chosen with fine discrimination, the rest of the cast will win your comment, "How natural they all were."

There's a love scene between Chatterton and Frederic March—not a chest-heave, not a clinch, not a kiss—that leaves one happily misty-eyed. This child, Philippe De Lacy, does another lovely piece of acting, too. Gilbert Emery, Doris Lloyd and the late Fuller Mellish, Jr., lend distinguished support; Dorothy Arzner's direction is sound.

You'll probably have a lovely cry over "Sarah and Son."

With "Sarah and Son," Ruth Chatterton's position in the van of talking picture actresses is consolidated. She conquers not only by charm of voice and developed talent, but by her amazing versatility. If the talking pictures needed but one reason for being, it could be that they brought this brilliant woman to your screen and mine.



★ FREE AND EASY—M-G-M

BUSTER KEATON'S first big talkie is in the bag—on ice B—over the top with a large, vociferous bang. Little Frosty Face makes his audible début in a whizzing comedy that has everything—from earthquaking laughter to a lot of interesting peeks beyond the watchman on the sound stages.

Keaton plays the manager of a beauty contest winner who brings his belle to Hollywood to crash pictures. Their adventures fill the film with screams and howls of joy.

Wandering around the studio you'll see, for the same admission price, Lionel Barrymore, Cecil De Mille, Gwen Lee, Fred Niblo and lots of others of note at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Anita Page is the girl, and Robert Montgomery is excellent as the romantic leading man. Keaton Kops, or No Busts for Buster!



★ THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS—Paramount

IT is amazing what can be done with that old reliable plot when a few good actors are turned loose on it.

Even the horses seem to feel better about it.

"The Light of Western Stars," from the pen of the prolific Zane Grey, is grand entertainment, thanks to the up and coming trouping of Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Harry Green, Regis Toomey and Fred Kohler. How's that for a cast sheet?

This horse opera served Jack Holt as a vehicle in the silent days, but you'd never recognize your old friend all dressed up in snappy dialogue. Richard Arlen and Harry Green do the outstanding work, but they have all the gravy. Not another "Virginian," but it does very nicely. Again the tremendous demand for big outdoor Western is proved.

# Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

**YOUNG EAGLES—**  
Paramount



**T**HE hero of "Wings" soars again in an effort to recapture some of its unforgettable moments. "Young Eagles" is another story of wartime aviation, but times have changed. The German ace is a friendly enemy. An improbable plot doesn't help, but some of the air photography is magnificent. "Buddy" Rogers is the flying hero, with Jean Arthur, Paul Lukas and Stuart Erwin giving good support.

**THE GREEN GODDESS—**  
Warners



**T**HIS melodrama of skullduggery in the Himalayas is noteworthy chiefly for another sleek and beautiful performance by George Arliss. The producers didn't get all they could out of the exciting story of three English folk whose airplane falls in the mountain principality of an oily Rajah. Alice Joyce, H. B. Warner and Ralph Forbes try, but Ivan Simpson is second best.

**GAY MADRID—**  
M-G-M



**C**OLLEGE whoopee in Spain is, according to this picture, no different from college whoopee any other place. With one grand exception. In Spain they fight duels and play guitars. But it doesn't matter when Ramon Novarro, past master of charm, swashbuckles and sings. There are roistering student songs and tender love ditties. Dorothy Jordan is again the heroine. It's pretty good!

**LET'S GO PLACES—**  
Fox



**W**ELL, if here isn't our old friend, Mistaken Identity Plot, out for an evening's fun! And the fun materializes! The big and only idea in making this film was to make folks laugh. It does. Charles Judels and Eddie Kane, going into tantrums as two temperamental Frenchmen take comedy honors. And there are at least two songs that will make a lively bid for popularity.

**THE FIGHTING LEGION—**  
Universal



**K**EN MAYNARD continues to serve up adventure with a thick coating of action. "The Fighting Legion" sounds like one of those Algerian things, but it's good old American West. An outlaw goes straight to get the murderer of a ranger, who was a pretty nice guy after all. Something doing every minute—riding, fighting and liberal doses of comedy. Dorothy Dwan provides the romance. Worth your money.

**LOOSE ANKLES—**  
First National



**E**LEVENTH degree farce. The comics run away with it, making the plot a hat rack on which to hang outrageously ludicrous gags. When Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales, as two maiden aunts, get innocently boiled in a night club, you've had your money's worth! Loretta Young makes things lively for Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in the first reel and they're engaged in the last. Too bad this goes lame in the stretch.

# The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**ON THE LEVEL—  
Fox**



**G**USTY, lusty melodrama, in which Victor McLaglen socks a flock of villains on the jaw. Vic is an iron-worker who falls for the sex-appeal member of a gang of crooks, but comes out of it just in time to save all his pals from being buncoed. Gorgeous Lilyan Tashman wears gorgeous clothes in her customary gorgeous manner. This is a typical dish of laughs and thrills. Vic is grand!



**STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL—  
M-G-M**

**R**EMEMBER when Mrs. Leslie Carter starred in "The Circle," from which this was taken? Then it was subtle English comedy, but the movies have broadened the characters and taken away much of their charm. Lewis Stone comes through intact as does Ernest Torrence and Paul Cavanagh. Catherine Dale Owen accomplishes little save wearing the stunning clothes chosen for her.

**LOVIN' THE LADIES—  
Radio Pictures**



**N**OT since the good old days when they were periodically reported engaged, have Richard Dix and Lois Wilson done any screen cooing. You'll be glad to see them again, but don't expect heavy romance, because it isn't here. "Lovin' the Ladies" is farce, and clap-trap farce at that. Star and cast are excellent. The story is pretty blah, but it's nice to see Dick and Lois.



**HE TRUMPED HER ACE—  
Sennett-Educational**

**A**T last the talking short comedies have gotten around to the bridge maniacs, and this howling Sennett success will either kill or cure. This one has unusually screaming lines and situations for bridge fans, and the rest of us will laugh, anyway. Marjorie Beebe and Johnny Burke are grand as the young honeymooners whose happiness is cracked by the ace trumping. A sure winner.

**THE GOLDEN CALF—  
Fox**



**S**UE CAROL is the efficient but homely secretary of a famous artist. Behind her spectacles flash eyes of love, so she makes herself over, poses as a Southern belle and becomes his model. (It's a wonder optometrists don't lose business through pictures like this.) The only things that save this from mediocrity are Sue Carol's work, the best she's done in many a day, and El Brendel's comedy.



**VENGEANCE—  
Columbia**

**C**OLUMBIA moves to Africa (on the lot in Hollywood) and makes a good, exciting melodrama for us, with Jack Holt being noble as the hero, Dorothy Revier very appealing as the heroine and Philip Strange, the menace. An exciting native revolt furnishes the picture's big punch, and plenty of suspense is nicely maintained. Punchy melodrama for those as likes it, and who doesn't?  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 144 ]

# AMBITIOUS

*Too intimate a true story of the studios to be told without disguising names*

ENVIOUS eyes followed Cecile Lane, extra girl, as she picked her way through the crowded Laramount Cafeteria, balancing a big tray upon which were stacked fried chicken swimming in gravy, mashed potatoes and peas, fruit salad with whipped cream, chocolate fudge cake, and a glass of milk.

A star mincing with watercress salad and a minute piece of fish looked at her and banged her fork against her plate viciously.

Even Max Nyles, youthful head of the Western Division of Production, started as he saw the little figure staggering by with the loaded tray. An almost imperceptible gesture toward pushing his chair back was abruptly checked.

Cecile found a place at a nearby table and attacked her luncheon with zest. From under her long lashes she stole an occasional side-wise glance at Max. But the smooth brown face of that young personage who held the destinies of all within the studio grounds in his capable hands was as impassive as are the faces of reigning royalty. He was inured to a constant barrage of sidewise glances from beautiful young women.

Skidds Hibbert slid into the empty place at Cecile's table.

"Say, girlie," he said, "you have been eating lunches like this one every day for the last three months I've seen you around the studios."

TWO deep dimples italicized Cecile's smile. "I do get hungry," she said.

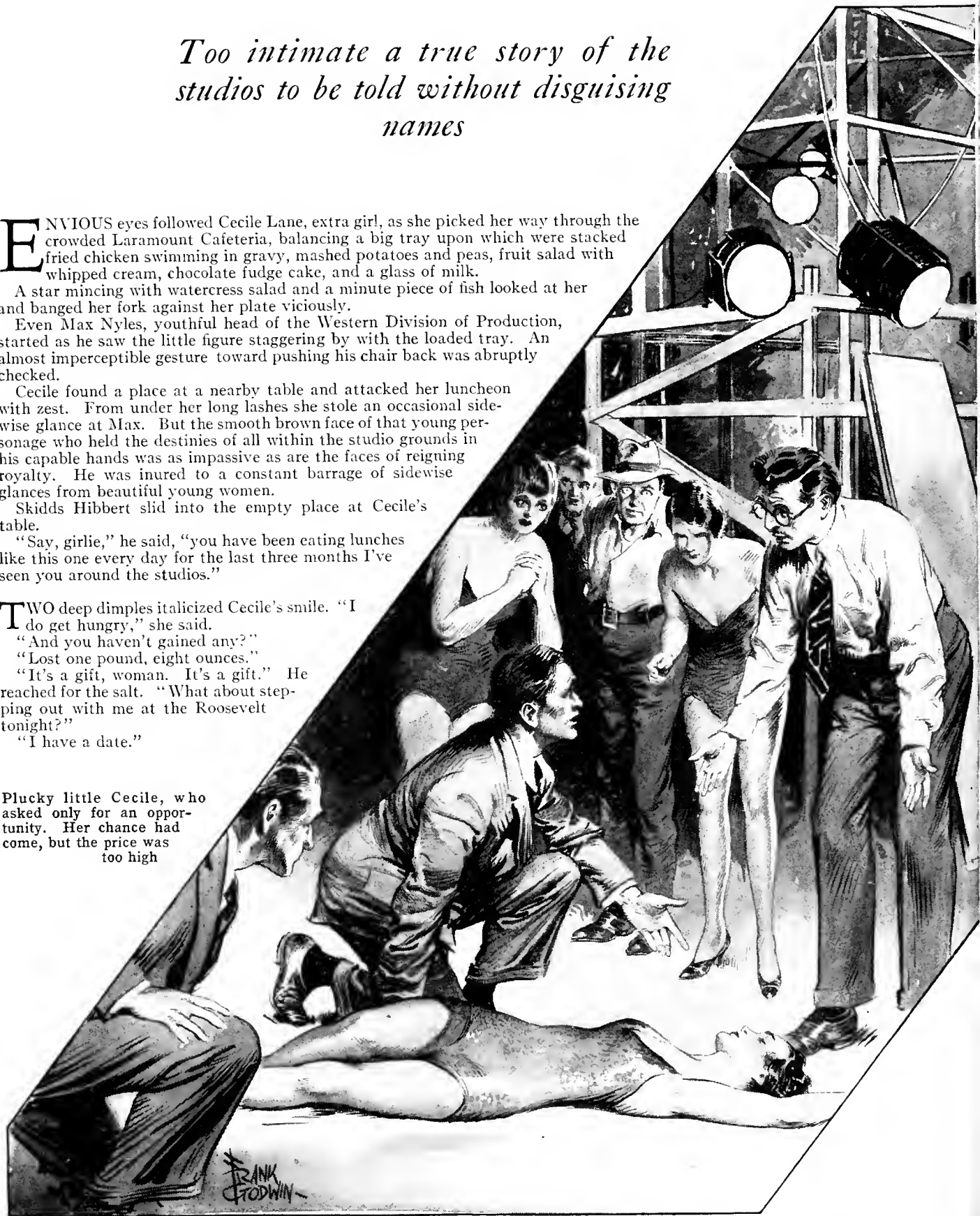
"And you haven't gained any?"

"Lost one pound, eight ounces."

"It's a gift, woman. It's a gift." He reached for the salt. "What about stepping out with me at the Roosevelt tonight?"

"I have a date."

Plucky little Cecile, who asked only for an opportunity. Her chance had come, but the price was too high





# B A B Y

By

Vesta Wills Hancock

Illustrated by  
Frank Godwin



Cecile Lane stretched at full length on her side, with one leg drawn up as close to her firm little chin as possible and an arm extended above her head. She had heard that the Arabs rested in this fashion, after long marches across desert sands. She stole a glance at two girls who were leaning against the wall and chatting in low tones. They had been recruited from a sister act in vaudeville, hardened in the six-a-day. They looked cool and rested, Cecile thought. And the girl who danced to her right was certainly a beauty. There was but one member of the chorus who did not offer real competition in looks and dancing ability, and she was a protégée of studio officials.

Cecile sighed. Once she had thought that to be one of this chorus would be an open sesame to the door of stardom. Now, she could not be sure. At times she felt as far from her goal as she had been when making the rounds of casting offices.

"In your places," yelled a leather-lunged assistant director. "Peppy now. Younk latties, remember, make it hott," shouted the young Russian dance director who had mastered the American slang better than the English language.

THE star's double climbed a ladder which a stage hand held, mounting to the huge silver platter suspended out over the footlights where she would perform the dance which had already been photographed in close-ups. The muscles of the double's sinewy calves rippled at each step.

Two electric buzzers rang. There was a round of shouts from the sound mechanics at their varied listening posts, then absolute silence until the orchestra took up the beat of the music.

"One, two, kick. One, two, three, swing. One, kick; two, kick; three, pivot. Smile. Gaily now, you are enjoying it. Harder, higher. This is the recorder dance." So Cecile cautioned herself as she went through the routine.

A cry rang out above the music.

"Stop. Stop. I won't have it," the star of the company called in a very tempest of wrath, pointing a slender shaking finger at her double. "Those terrible ropey legs can't pass as mine!"

"But, Carita," said the director, soothingly, "we can't get a double who isn't muscular. One must be sure-footed to dance on that thing forty feet up in the air. You know how you complained of it at three."

Carita stamped her foot. "There must be others. You haven't looked." Her voice dropped to a passionate murmur of protest.

THE double sat calmly on the edge of the platter, swinging the disputed legs over the side. She was evidently used to the outbursts of the stars she impersonated.

"I don't care," Carita's voice rang out again. "I won't go on with the picture, not another scene, with that woman in the part."

Cecile stepped out of the ranks of the chorus. She was pale and her voice quivered. "Will I do?" she asked. "I can dance up there."

Carita regarded her through narrowed eyes. "You have nice legs," she said, "and you know the dance. Can you keep your head at a height?"

Cecile gritted her teeth. "I will," she promised, with an anxious glance at the director's set face.

"Try it," he said.

Triumphantly the star turned to her chair. "You see how easy it is to get the right person." [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 152 ]

"To-mor-row, then?"  
"Sorry, but I'm booked up, way ahead."

"All right, if that's the way you feel about it. But let me tell you most girls in your boots would jump at the chance to chum around with me. I can do a lot for you, see? Why not pay some attention to me instead of wasting your time on come-hither looks at the boss? He's woman-proof, married to some big stockholder's daughter, and doesn't give anyone a tumble."

Cecile flushed to the roots of her honey-colored hair. "I don't give anyone come-hither looks," she denied indignantly.

"Oh, that's okeh with me, if you could get away with it. But you haven't a chance. I'm your big bet, girlie. You may think I'm just an assistant director, but let me tell you that I am just like this with the big moguls here"—he held up two fingers pressed tightly together—"and that includes Max Nyles! You've got the stuff it takes to make stars. All you need is the backing, and I'm the one who is willing to give it to you." "I have to hurry to the set." Cecile looked at her wrist watch. "We are called for one-thirty."

"Think it over. 'Pink Toes' starts shooting next week."

Cecile's dimples came into play again. "I'll be in 'Pink Toes' all right; I made the studio chorus. Just received the notice this morning."

"Say, that is a break, without any stage experience! If you can do that all alone, little one, give a thought to what you could do with me behind you."

"I'll give it a thought," Cecile promised, but she wriggled her little nose disdainfully at Skidds' back before she finished the last morsel of chocolate cake.

It was hot and close on the big sound set. Twenty slender young girls in tight silver spangles sprawled wearily at the edge of the stage while mechanics made the final adjustments with the light and sound apparatus.



Well, it looks as though poor old "Wild Mark" Busby is about washed up and ready for the cleaner! Here he is at the Goudal dinner table, with Jetta's eyes doing their very deadliest

# Sunday Night *at* Jetta's

By Marquis Busby

**A**LL in all, a Sunday night date is not so bad. But if you are staying in, pick a girl that can talk, or—neck. It would be a braver man than I that would suggest the latter with Jetta Goudal.

We just talked.

To really report an evening with Jetta, one should be Elinor Glyn and Joseph Hergesheimer all rolled into one. Ho, ho, wouldn't that be fun—Elinor Glyn and Joseph Hergesheimer rolled in one. Half of you would be looking for a good game of dominoes, and the other half would have an eye on IT.

However, it was another of those cheap dates. Here I start out with a stout heart on a snow white charger, trying to find out how much it costs to go places in Hollywood—and everyone trying to save money for me.

Maybe I've got holes in my shoes, or maybe I have a kind face. Some day I'm going stepping with an extra girl, and she will eat broiled lobster, a sirloin steak with French-fried, topping off with apple pie *à la mode*.

Then I'll find out about Hollywood night life. The stars don't know anything about it at all. I reported at Chez Goudal (French for HER HOUSE) at 6:30 Sunday evening, per agreement. The photographer had beat me there, and, at the time, was rummaging through the nether regions of the place, trying to locate the fuse box. La Goudal was still upstairs, doing the last things that every woman does before she comes downstairs. What they are, I don't know.

Jetta presented a stunning picture. She wore a long, trailing tea gown. From that time on, the train took a violent liking for my feet. No matter where I stood, I was standing on that train, which isn't the best way to make a good impression on a lady. The shade of the gown, I think, was pale salmon, but I may be wrong.

I'm not too good when it comes to calling colors. The satin slippers were green. Anyway, it was quite an ensemble. You'd expect something exotic from Jetta!

"If the Embassy had been open, we might have gone there," she explained. "If we went to the Ambassador or the Biltmore, people would just stare. I thought we would have dinner here. Perhaps we can go to a party in Beverly Hills later."

I didn't mind a *tete-à-tete* with Jetta. Some of my recent dates have been all cluttered up with families and extra boy friends.

Jetta took the greatest personal satisfaction in directing the photographer. There should have been several prop men there to shove furniture around. The Goudal furniture is heavy, the kind that leaves dents in the rugs. As it was, the photographer did all the work, and finally left a perfect wreck.

"Now is that table showing, and are the flowers in, too?" she asked.

"You're worse than a leading man (to me). You keep 'backing up' on me."

"Backing up" in studio parlance is an old trick to get your full face in the picture, while the other party has side face.

It was quite unintentional on my part. Imagine trying to steal a scene from Jetta! I'd pick somebody easy—like Al Jolson.

You really can't blame Jetta for being proud of her home. It is an exquisite place. It is her theory that beauty harmonizes. So her living room represents many countries and many periods of furniture. There is a beautiful, old Venetian cabinet, a Louis XVI sofa, flanked by a Chinese screen. The fireplace would do credit to a Roman palace and across the room is a Gothic screen, originally the door of an old confessional.

Her greatest luxury is flowers. Flowers everywhere. By the fireplace was a huge jar of tall pussy-willows. Spring flowers on the tables, freesias and larkspur. Curiously enough, the pink carnation, not very highly [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94 ]

**"Casanova" Busby goes exotic and has a date with the mysterious Goudal**

# Color- Color- Color!

*It's the keynote of  
spring fashions in  
filmland*



**H**OLLYWOOD is a blaze of gay color this spring. Above is the radiant Jeanette MacDonald wearing a bright flock of flounces and scarfs in rose and blue printed chiffon. The picture hat completes a bright ensemble. At the left we find that color rages even among the bathing caps. Pretty Leila Hyams is wearing one with a vivid pattern of leaves in gold



Leila Hyams displays a spring ensemble in yellow and brown. Her hat is woven of yellow straw, with a brown velvet band and bow, and the afternoon dress is printed yellow and brown. Note the youthful bertha collar and slender-line bodice. At the right, Lillian Roth is wearing a two-piece suit of rough mixture. Cream and brown, with gay hat and scarf



Anita Page fairly sparkles in this gaily printed afternoon ensemble. The suit shows a coat with scarf trimmings. The skirt flares from the knees, and the hat is of soft straw with the wide brim



Kay Francis wears the flower garden frock, a novelty of this spring. It is patterned with green, yellow and red flowers against a black background. A bright yellow jacket of transparent velvet completes this stunning costume, which does Kay proud



Bright yellow black-eyed susans bloom on this frock of dark silk, worn by Catherine Dale Owen. Fashioned in two-piece suit style, the yellow is carried out in the tuck-in jersey blouse, while the black is featured in hat, purse, gloves and slippers. Extremely smart, this



So gaily colored are tweeds this spring, that plainly-cut styles are being followed to better display designs. Dorothy Sebastian is wearing one of these severely made coats. It well shows the red tweed pattern, with its simple border



Kay Francis wearing the wind-breaker style suit. It is a popular model in white and pastel shades. This one is fashioned in white pongee, with the lapels accented with bands of black

Free warning to Ireland—look out, or you'll lose one of your favorite sons. Big John McCormack is so happy in California that he's bought an estate there at least half the size of Con-naught

A colleen and a couple of spalpeens. John McCormack, Tommy Clifford and Maureen O'Sullivan in a scene from "Song O' My Heart." The two youngsters were brought over from Ireland for this picture



# John Goes California

By  
Harriet Parsons

IRELAND is a bit worried. Park Avenue, New York, raises its lorgnette and tilts up its nose.

For John McCormack—John of the golden throat—has gone California!

That's what the talkies have done to a good man.

The Little Green Isle, of course, will always be his first love. His summers will still be spent at Moore Abbey, his huge estate in the County Kildare. But his winters will be spent under the California sun.

Yes, in his forties, with a glorious concert career behind him and millions in his jeans, McCormack has found two new loves.

One is the California climate and scene.

The other is the new medium of the talking, singing screen. And he expected neither!

He admits that he took a chance when he signed with William Fox to make a talking picture. Of course, the financial end was just great. But there were working conditions to consider, and always the great picture-going public in the offing. Would he be happy? Would the people like him?

Well, he has his answer now! No Pollyanna ever came skipping back from Hollywood with a gayer song of cheer than that sung by the great McCormack.

After filming much of "Song O' My Heart" in Ireland, he went West. He was king of the Fox lot the minute he stepped aboard it. They had built him a thatch-covered cottage—see picture elsewhere in this issue—for a studio and dressing room—piano and all, and for all I know, a couple of pigs and a potato patch in the back yard.

Working conditions? Just dandy! The people? Interesting and cordial!

But California? Here the handsome McCormack face breaks into a smile that would soften the heart of a traffic cop.

He likes the sun, the outdoor life, the opportunities for tennis and golf. He is so mad about the whole works that before you could say "synchronization," he stepped out and bought a huge

estate just ten minutes walk from Hollywood Boulevard.

There he'll make his headquarters from now on, under the California sun—with summers at his Irish home.

As for the Park Avenue apartment he leased for five years before hopping West—it's just too bad. McCormack tells me he's giving it up entirely.

That means that all his precious paintings and other works of art—worth at least a million dollars—will be shipped to Hollywood, to be enshrined in the new home.

"Just a shack on a hill," McCormack calls it.

Don't hint that the great John has gone Hollywood! He's apt to say "The back of me hand to ye," and perhaps fetch you a clout.

He doesn't know a Hollywoodian, or what such a creature is, unless it is a Californian who lives in picture town. He says that the idea of a particular and peculiar race living in Hollywood is all bosh and blather. He thinks there's very little jealousy out there, professional or personal.

AS for the talkies, oh me and oh my!

McCormack is enthusiastic.

They'll play a great part in the future of music, he's sure.

"Think of posterity not only being able to hear, but to see, the great musical artists of our time," says he, his eyes snapping.

"If I could only see and hear Mario and Patti as our grandchildren will be able to see and hear the great artists of today!"

He wants to make more pictures—though, as the old song says, "It all depends on you!"

The hours on the big sound stages are not heavy, and he is fascinated by the technique of the talkies. McCormack had been working hard on his picture for fifteen straight days. At last Director Frank Borzage called time out. "Go and play some golf." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 147]

# Day-Time Homes

**A**NY really good sight-seeing bus can find its way to the stars' palatial homes without a driver.

And any high class spieler will point with pride to mansions (covering many acres of Beverly Hills real estate) of the celebs.

What the visitors from Iowa and Indiana don't see are the day-time homes of the stars. Behind the exclusive walls of the studios are mansions more luxurious than "the show place" in your own home town.

They began as dressing rooms. The idea was that an actor needed some quiet place in which to put on make-up. But they're not mere dressing rooms any more. Not by a car-load of eyebrow pencils! The star dressing room has now become the star bungalow.

It is a livable house equipped with bedroom, bath, kitchen and all modern conveniences. Sometimes it is even more luxurious than the star's real home. (The studio, you see, pays for the dressing room bungalow.) No real motion picture lot is complete without at least a couple of elegantly furnished, elaborately built homes in which the star may actually live if he pleases.

I believe it was Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks who started the fad. Mary has her bungalow on the United

Artists lot. Douglas has his. The idea grew as a matter of convenience. Often Mary worked late at night and knew that she had to be on hand early the next morning. Why waste hours of her time and a lot of her energy going home? Presto—the answer, a home right at the studio! The home was built. It was called a dressing room. It's a dressing house, if anybody should ask you.

Mary has story conferences in this bungalow, entertains her friends and often lives there for a week or so. When she was in Europe she loaned her bungalow to Lillian Gish who made it her home while she was working on "One Romantic Night."

Servants, of course, are assigned to this home to keep it in order.

Douglas' dressing room bungalow is a combination business office and living quarters, but one distinctive feature of it is the steam cabinet bath which he uses to keep himself fit.

For years this elicited no jealousy from the other stars. Pickford and Fairbanks were, after all, producers as well as actors. Suddenly bungalows began springing up at all the studios and they became the symbol of success. Stars vied with each other for the best huts.

When the old Paramount studios that had stood for so long on Vine Street were torn down and the lot was moved to



A little white boudoir fit for America's everlasting sweetheart. Mary Pickford's bedroom in her elaborate studio bungalow on the United Artists lot. Mary's day-time house is a real home—kitchen, bedroom and bath



When Fox welcomed John McCormack to Movietone City, they built him this bit of old Ireland to make him feel at home. Every bit of thatch in the roof had to be fireproofed—not an old Irish custom



*The stars used to make up in dressing rooms—now they dress in bungalows*

By  
Lois Shirley



This corner of the Fox lot belongs to Will Rogers, the chewing gum king. It's all Spanish-American, and contains his dressing room, office and loafing lounge



The Orchid Lady takes her ease in the parlor of her studio bungalow at First National. Corinne Griffith resting between scenes of a new phonoplay — and very gracefully, too

Melrose Avenue, a special building was erected for dressing rooms. Every star was assigned a living room, dressing room and bath in this building.

That is, every star but Pola Negri. Pola demanded—and got—something new and different. On the south end of the first floor of the building, an elaborate suite was set aside for her. It was a livable apartment consisting of drawing room, dining room, dressing room, kitchenette and bath. Here the great star entertained. Here she gave out fantastic interviews. Here she lived while she was working. Then she went back to Europe and her apartment stood empty, until it was decided that Clara Bow deserved the extra-special suite because of her extra-special power at the box-office.

**T**HE place was done over, furnished entirely in gold and black. The living room walls are of gold leaf, adorned with photographs autographed to Clara by stars. There are tiny street lamps for illumination. The floors throughout are covered with thick, gold colored carpets. The drapes are also gold.

In the dressing room is a striking ebony dressing table with overhanging gold drapes and gold lights. The dining room is done in ebony and red Chinese lacquer.

Bizarre as it is, this suite has nothing of the Negri atmos-

phere left about it. With Clara there, you bound right in and make yourself at home. When she first moved into it, a young cub reporter came to interview her. Somehow he felt the Negri presence and, making a low bow said, "I want to congratulate you, Miss Bow, on being one of the queens of the cinema."

"Oh, be yourself," said Clara. "I may be in Pola's dressing room, but that doesn't mean I'll pull the Negri act."

The first livable dressing room bungalow on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot belonged to Marion Davies, but shortly after hers was built work was begun on Cecil De Mille's and Jack Gilbert's. The De Mille bungalow, a combination office and conference chamber, is as bizarre as a De Mille set, but Jack Gilbert's is one of the most beautiful on any lot, with its white stucco walls, its red tile roof, its wrought iron, grilled windows and its little balconies.

There are two entrances, one official, the other social. The former leads into a small anteroom and the office of Jack's secretary. The other leads into a tiled patio and a small reception room opening into a huge living room. This is carpeted with old rugs imported from Spain and the walls are white-washed and aged to a smoky gray. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142]

# —and the Quartet Sang

Cal York tells You



She Was A Churchill  
Christmas Present



Arthur Loves Two Women—  
Ma And Sis

IT seems that about nineteen years ago, Marguerite Churchill's mother gave Marguerite Churchill's father a little Christmas present. It was Marguerite.

No, Papa Churchill wasn't Scotch. All the same, poor little Marguerite has to double up on birthday and yule gifts.

"Isn't it SCANDalous?" she demands. "I'll NEVER forgive MOther! I think it was POSitively CAREless of her. No, REALLY!"

It was in Kansas City, Missouri, that Marguerite squalled her first greeting to the world. Not a microphone recorded that voice test—but now the mikes are grabbing her words all over the Fox lot, where they're expecting big things from the little red-head. Well, not so awfully red, but nice.

Marguerite came into pictures from the stage. It's quite the thing nowadays, isn't it? She took up the theater because there was really nothing else, considering . . .

You see, her dad was a theatrical producer—had stage enterprises all over the country, and a flock of 'em in South America, too. Marguerite traveled all around with him and her mother.

DAD CHURCHILL died just after Marguerite had ended her first decade of life. Three years later, the child made her stage debut in Jesse Lynch Williams' "Why Not?" She was the ingénue—at thirteen!

Then came some scholarships in the Theater Guild School, and when she was done, she popped onto Broadway as a leading lady at sixteen. The theatrical writers raved over it.

Eventually came the suggestions that she take screen tests. She stuck up her nose.

"The movies did such silly things!" she exploded explanatorily. ". . . things I simply didn't want to do." For three weeks, a Fox Films person pestered her. "To get rid of him, I finally took a test," she said. Now look at her! —in Hollywood, in talkies, and simply wild about them.

And now do you want to know something? Well, she blushes. Actually—she BLUSHES! It happened when she was asked, out of a clear sky:

"Are you engaged to anybody, yet?"

Red as a beet, she advanced the amazing idea that even a screen person is entitled to SOME privacy.

Imagine!

ARTHUR LAKE is a veteran trouper. He'll never have a second childhood—because he'll never get over his first. He's that way. He is back in California from his first trip to New York, where he broke three engagements to be sure of a ride on the subway before he had to leave. He's crazy about football and lying on the beach. And flying, even though his mama bawls him out for it. And dogs—he cried bitter tears when his dog "Bummer" died last Christmas.

He's careful about his "good side" and his "bad side" and if he's not more careful driving his car he'll smash both sides into hamburger.

Women?—surrounded by battalions of 'em, in Hollywood, and in love with two of 'em. One's his mother; the other's his sister, Florence.

Papa and mama—the family name is Silverlake—toured the South in variety and repertoire. Soon as the kid could toddle he worked, too. So did Florence. Ma Silverlake taught them first.

By fourth grade time, they went to Detroit to live, and schooled there, and later in California. He was a "Fox Kiddies" star, but vaudeville was the family meat until they inherited from a grandpa and settled down in Nashville. After Dad Silverlake died, the youngsters and their mother went back to the stage.

They joined a car show in one-night stands until the car burned up. Then they tent-showed. Arthur's work was easy. All he had to do was play the drum, take tickets at the door, sell candy, do specialties in intermissions and play kid parts.

FLORENCE got a picture job and they went to California. Arthur got a job in a cleaning and pressing shop until she found him a part at Universal.

He puppy-loved so well that he got a five-year contract. When it expired, he and Universal couldn't agree. Now he's with Radio. Remember "Tanned Legs" and "Dance Hall"? "Tommy" is his next.

He's six feet and a half inch tall. He loves to eat on dining cars and wears the cutest red and green feather in his hat.

# "Hollywood, I Love You!"

of Four New Winners



He Quit College For  
Easy Acting

ONE shouldn't try to save time by interviewing a player while he's being photographed. It gets too complicated. "You were born . . .?" I prompted Stuart Erwin as he mugged at the camera.

"Oh, quite," he agreed; "I was born . . ."

"With a football," interrupted the photographer. Now, all he meant was that he wanted Stu to pose holding a football, but you can see how one might get confused.

"— in Squaw Valley, California," continued Erwin. Then, "It was on one February 14 . . ."

"A-HAH . . .!" crowed the studio humorist from the background, "that makes him a comic Valentine!" Well, anyway, Erwin HAS been playing these silly rôles, you know—like *Axel*, with Helen Kane in "Sweetie," and the small-town wisecracker who relishes his own jokes in Clara Bow's "Dangerous Curves," and such.

IT took a year and a half of college at the University of California at Berkeley to convince Erwin that being an actor would be more fun than studying nearly three years more. So he quit college, went to Los Angeles, and asked a theatrical producer for work. He got it.

They gave him FIVE parts in one play!—with and without whiskers, as well as a German, an Irishman and a negro, all within three acts!

"And I quit college because I thought being an actor would be easier!" he sobbed.

He appeared in a whole row of legitimate productions in Los Angeles and then somebody from Fox saw him and gave him a test. It was a nice, healthy test which quickly grew up into a lusty young contract. You saw him, didn't you, in "Sally of My Dreams," "The Cock Eyed World" and "Speakeasy"?

Now Paramount has him, and they're keeping him busy shuttling from Coast to Coast, playing silly rôles in both the East and West Coast studios.

And oh, yes—he's five feet nine, weighs 165, has light brown hair, a couple of grey eyes, a charming manner, some legs, arms, ears and all that sort of thing.



From Chorus Girl To  
Prima Donna

WHAT if she does temperamentally wham a tiny foot down now and then?—and utter exclamation points? Who cares, as long as Jeanette MacDonald remains as screen-audibly satisfying as she's been in "The Love Parade" and "The Vagabond King" and "Let's Go Native"?

Whoever or whatever predetermines that "this one shall be plain, this one ugly, this one beautiful," must have been in an ambitious state of mind when Jeanette was up for planning.

Jeanette was one of the first Broadway draftees in the War to Make the Microphone Safe for the Films. With her training in stagecraft, what wonder she clicks?

Ever since she was in knee dresses, she's been studying singing and dancing. Then old marster Ned Wayburn showed her how when she was in his Capitol Theater revues.

JEANETTE took the up-from-the-ranks route. Chorus cutie in "Night Boat," small part in "Irene," better part in "Tangerine." Then a break—a leading rôle in "Fantastic Fricassee," which is what the Greenwich Village Theater WOULD call a production.

There Henry Savage saw and liked her work, and when the fricassee was scraped into the pail, he placed her under contract and gave her the lead in support of Mitzi in "The Magic Ring."

After that, it was just one musical comedy leading rôle after another on Broadway until Paramount got the idea of making "Nothing But the Truth" as a Richard Dix talkie, and needed a leading lady. Since Jeanette was singing the lead in "Yes, Yes, Yvette"—which is the musicomedie version of the N-But-the-T thing—they gave her a test. The test was awfully good to her.

Then Paramount changed a mind or two and the golden-haired, green-eyed Jeanette found herself in the lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade," hey hey . . .! "The Vagabond King" followed and then "Let's Go Native."

Not that it's awfully important, but she's a native of Philadelphia.

(EDITOR'S NOTE to Mr. R. R., millionaire broker, New York City. Dear Sir: Yes, she says she'll marry you just as soon as some stratagem is devised to overcome that awkward matter of the 3,000-odd miles between Hollywood and New York. Anyway, she's wild about you. Aren't telephone tolls and airplane hire high?)



**W**HAT with talking, singing, music, dancing, Technicolor, and now Grandeur, the studio players face a new problem almost every day. Here is Dorothy Mackaill taking a private lesson in full view of her public as Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up magician, works out her color harmony. Every beauty must have her own individual color make-up for the chromatic cameras. What next?

# Lonely Lew

By *George Gordon*

We herald the rising of the star of "All Quiet"—who likes to be alone

EVERY time one of those overnight success stories goes out from Hollywood, there are a thousand boys and girls in these United States that believe devoutly they can go and do likewise.

They start for Filmania with a railroad ticket, ten dollars in ready cash and all the youthful hope in the world. Perhaps one or two of them make good, the rest go hungry for a time and then go back to the foundry and the laundry. Overnight successes are as rare as hen's teeth, but once in years there is an exception that proves the rule.

Young Lewis Ayres will undoubtedly start another caravan to the land of the leaping shadows. Here, without a doubt, is one of the most amazing stories ever told in Hollywood. Here is a boy of twenty who will be famous when Universal releases "All Quiet on the Western Front."

It is his second picture. In the very first he played opposite Greta Garbo in "The Kiss." Before that, with the exception of one small bit, nothing, not even extra work. It is the most fabulous story since Betty Bronson and "Peter Pan."

Lewis is a handsome youngster with dark hair and eyes. He has a sensitive face, and an uncanny faculty of fading into the background when crowds of people are about. He is introspective and a dreamer. He may be popular with the fans, but he will never be a "good mixer" in Hollywood society.

Like Nils Asther, the film colony will never see much of Lewis. Already one interviewer has had a "mad" at him. The writer said that he was conceited and that his "head was in the clouds." The first charge is wrong, the second is correct. His head is in the clouds.

"Everything has come so suddenly," he said. "I can't realize it yet. I sort of expect to wake up at any moment. But my good luck wasn't as spectacular as a lot of people think. I'd quit my job in an orchestra to try pictures, and I couldn't even get extra work. I hung around the casting offices for a month before I had enough nerve to go up to the desk. I heard others ask, 'Is there anything for me?' Finally I mustered enough courage to ask myself. There never was anything for me."

ONE afternoon, when things were as black as they ever get to be, he wandered into the Blossom Room at the Roosevelt Hotel during the tea dance hour. He knew some of the boys in the orchestra. Lewis had played the banjo and sang in the orchestras at the Ambassador Hotel and Montmartre. He saw a pretty girl sitting alone at a table, and he asked her if she would like to dance. He didn't know until long after that the identity of his dancing partner. It was Lily Damita.

A manager saw him on the dance floor and placed him under contract. It was his manager that introduced him to Paul Bern, then in charge of production at Pathe. It was Paul Bern that made the "good breaks" possible. Bern, who has been the friend of so many screen aspirants, had faith in Lewis.

Bern gave him a six-months' contract at Pathe. He played a small bit in "The Sophomore," but when the six months were up Lewis was out. Bern, who had transferred over to M-G-M, had not forgotten him. He suggested the boy for the difficult dramatic rôle of the youthful lover in Greta Garbo's picture, "The Kiss."

When that picture was finished, he suggested that Lewis go out to Universal and try for the leading rôle in "All Quiet on the Western Front." It seemed hopping against hope, for every juvenile in the business wanted the rôle of Paul, the young soldier. Dozens of well-known juveniles had tried out, but Lew got the rôle and a five-year contract.

"Mr. Bern has been wonderful," he said, simply. "And I only know him to speak to. When I got that rôle I tried to thank him. He said, 'You can thank me by making good, Lew.'"

So, the boy who hocked his thousand dollar collection of banjos and mandolins a year ago in order to eat and continue his attempt at a screen career, is going to be a star.

IF the boy in the war story is his greatest rôle, the thrill of playing with Garbo was almost as great.

The first sequence made in "The Kiss" was an ardent love scene. He was terribly embarrassed, for Garbo had been an idol, and he had not even been introduced.

They say that Garbo is cold and aloof, but she made a friend of Lewis. "Won't somebody introduce me to this young man?" she asked. When they weren't working, she would talk to him.

"She was always teasing me," he smiled.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]



LEW AYRES

—*Played the banjo in a jazz band.*

—*Made love to Greta Garbo as his first job in pictures.*

—*Has the leading rôle in "All Quiet on the Western Front" as his second film rôle.*

—*Is just twenty years old!*

# They're Two-Faced

**T**HIS is the way Mr. Benton does what he calls character analysis by the face, as presented in these startling composite pictures. The right side of the face, he says, shows the conscious side of the subject, while the left displays the subconscious, or hidden characteristics of the person. He has taken a picture of each star, cut it in half, and has photographed two right sides and two lefts together. And behold!

W. E. Benton, character analyst, takes apart four more stars' faces to see why they tick



The portrait of the smiling Ramon Novarro that Mr. Benton put his tricky little face-divider to work on. It's Ramon in a very happy mood, as we like to see him



The left side of Ramon Novarro's face. Here Mr. Benton finds the strong jaw and nose, and the vivid eyes, that give the Latin boy all the determination that has made and kept him a star in pictures for several years. This is the vigorous, active Novarro who gets ahead

The right, or "conscious," side of Ramon's face is the one his admirers often think of. It is delicate, poetic, showing the strain that has made him an artist both in music and in his profession of screen acting. What a startling contrast to the left side, across the way!



Smiling Merna Kennedy, of "The Circus" and "Broadway." This is the photograph used in the experiments to the right and left. The results are a bit over-drawn



These pictures of Merna Kennedy are a bit exaggerated, as the face is turned so that the left side appears more material than it really is. This, the left, or "subconscious" side, tells Mr. Benton that she is friendly and practical, with great determination in the jaw

The right side of Merna Kennedy's face is the side we fans know best in that it conveys, according to Mr. Benton, all the artistic side of her nature. He says it shows her to be "soulful, eager, but very easily hurt. And she is very colorful and artistic, too"

# But Aren't We All?



The left, or subconscious side of little Nancy Carroll's pretty face shows her to be a clinging vine, says Mr. Benton. That is, on the subconscious side only. Moreover, says he, it displays a very languid and colorful side of her nature. This side shows her relaxed and contemplative



The picture Mr. Benton made use of in his face-dissection. It is a familiar character photograph made by one of Paramount's still photographers, with Nancy Carroll looking at the birdie



What have we here! Can this be Nancy Carroll, the carefree and smiling? It is two right sides of her face, and Mr. Benton says that this conscious side shows her to be a very determined, though slightly fearful, girl. The hard-working, ambitious Nancy who fought for stardom



The left, or hidden, side of John Boles' face, according to Mr. Benton and his little analyzer, displays the outdoor type—strenuous and aggressive. This is shown by the strong jaw and full-lipped mouth. The John Boles who would rather hunt b'ars than make love before the camera



The full-face, head-on photograph of John Boles, the answer to many maidens' prayers, that Mr. Benton chose to experiment with. A striking picture of the new idol, famous in "Rio Rita"



The right, or objective, side of John Boles' face tells a lot of stories, according to Benton. It shows him to be observant, keen, extraordinarily friendly and not a little analytical of men and affairs. Or so Mr. Benton says. This is one of the most interesting studies in the present series



NEWS ITEM—"Lawrence Tibbett sings from the time he gets up in the morning until he goes to bed at night"



# Chaney TALKS!

By  
Harry Lang

Lon the Great  
has every one  
of his thous-  
and faces  
wired for  
sound



The eloquent talkies have at last broken down Lon Chaney's sales resistance

**O**F course you know that Lon Chaney has gone talkie at last. But do you know why?

And do you know—

- that his first phonoplay will probably be "The Unholy Three," which was one of his finest silents?
- that in it, he will use *five* different voices?
- that you will never know Chaney's real voice on the screen?
- that he may make talkies in which *he* does not talk?
- that he plans to retire at the end of his present five-year contract?
- that even though he's going to make talkies, he still doesn't believe in them?
- that he says he'll never be "the man of a thousand voices," because the human voice simply isn't capable of that many variations?

But that in the next five years, Chaney will have as many voices on the screen as it is possible to achieve through every workable trick of voice inflection, mechanical device and "microphone angles."

Bet your sundae money on this: that despite his conviction that he's far more limited in tricks of voice than in tricks of appearance, Chaney is going to apply all the cleverness and ingenuity for which he's famous in an effort to do the same weird and awesome things with his talk that he has done with his face and body.

"I'll tell you frankly," said Chaney, sitting back with his inevitable cap and his not-so-often-seen horn-rimmed specs on, "that my first talking picture is going to make me—or break

me! Inside, I mean; in here. . . ." He tapped his breast. "Now, listen! I hope they like my first talkie. I'm going to try my darndest to make them like it. I'm going to make it the sound picture I

want, even if it takes a year to get it that way. And I hope they like it.

"If they do, that will be fine. But if they don't—well, it will do something to me. It will make me what I've never been since I went into pictures—a man whose sole interest is the money he's being paid. I'll just go ahead, making the required talkies under my contract terms, and collecting my pay. And at the end of five years, I'll step out of the picture, and that will be all. I'll probably retire then, anyway. I'll have enough to take it easy."

**C**HANEY, you remember, with Chaplin, held out longest against going vocal. Chaney has signed. That leaves Chaplin, still holding out—strong. Explaining his change of mind, Chaney said:

"Well, at the outset, I didn't think talkies were any good at all. You can make a picture move, yes. But simply because it is a picture, a picture *cannot* talk. To make it talk is all wrong.

"And anyway, you know, talkies were pretty awful at first. But they have overcome a lot of their early troubles by now. And it got so that everybody was making them. So, since it was the thing to do, I did it too."

It's no secret among the know-boys of Hollywood that a lot of the delay over Chaney going talkie was really over how much he would get paid for doing [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 141 ]

# Relatively Speaking—



**I**F you want a motion picture career, it is almost as disastrous to be related to a motion picture star as it is to look like one.

With the glorious exception of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and a very few others, no player who is a kinsman of a star has been able to rise above mediocrity on the screen.

There are many sister teams in Hollywood. Always one sister has gone farther than the other, as witness Dolores and Helene Costello, Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, Loretta Young and Sally Blane, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason.

For some obscure reason it doesn't pay to have a famous relative if you want to be a famous star yourself. Yet every year a brand new crop of cousins and sisters and brothers are offered for your approval.

So be glad, after all, that you're not the little sister of a great big star!



Billy Bow would be better off if his name were Joe Doakes and he did his own battling. Bits in her own pictures are all that Cousin Clara can get him

Handsome Hal Le Sueur changed his name to Crawford and went into pictures. But Sister Joan has all the family luck, and Hal is still doing extra work



You don't know the girl on the left, do you? She's famous Laura La Plante's sister, Violet



The only real part Cleve Moore has had since he followed his sister into pictures was in "Lilac Time," starring Colleen Moore! Colleen has made many efforts to smooth the way for him. Too many, perhaps



Lenore and Francis X. Bushman, Jr., both trying for a foothold in their father's profession



● Mrs. Alister McCormick, English gentlewoman to the manner born . . . descendant of the royal house of Plantagenet. By marriage a member of the distinguished McCormick family, she is the charming hostess of homes in Chicago and Santa Barbara.

Beautiful and blonde, young Mrs. McCormick has hair like pale new gold, eyes of forget-me-not blue and lovely skin like pink hawthorn blossom.

In a letter to an English friend she says: "My dear, American women are wonderful . . . they taught me how to keep my skin nice even in this climate.

"Pond's is their secret . . . four simple preparations, quick and easy to use. The wonderful Cold Cream cleanses divinely . . . the Cleansing Tissues are better than anything to remove cream. . . the Skin Freshener tones and tightens the skin . . . the Vanishing Cream is the perfect powder base for face, neck, arms . . . and keeps hands smooth and white."

Keep your own skin exquisite by Pond's famous Method . . . First, for thorough cleansing, lavishly apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day and always after exposure, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . Second, wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical . . . Third, dab face and neck with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores . . . Last, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection and exquisite finish.

MRS. ALISTER M C C O R M I C K ● F C H I C A G O ●

(Below) Flowers are Mrs. McCormick's hobby. She specializes in aloes, and has a wonderful collection of tropical plants in the garden of her beautiful new home in Santa Barbara, California.

(Right) Pond's four preparations for exquisite care of the skin . . . Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream.



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# The Secret of

*As revealed to Katherine Albert*



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

JOAN CRAWFORD, adorable young M. G. M. star, has a skin of such flawless loveliness that she faces the test of glaring close-up lights with the utmost confidence. In her own luxurious bathroom, as well as in her dressing room on location, she uses Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "I have tried innumerable French soaps, but never have I had anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."

*Joan Crawford*



"THERE'S one kind of girl who *always* attracts," says Joan Crawford, the screen star whose vivacious loveliness has won conquests by the thousand. "It's the girl with exquisite skin!

"There's something about a smooth, soft skin that's irresistible, it seems. Just watch the girl who has it. She's sure to be sought after, the center of attention wherever she goes!

"The Hollywood directors found out long ago"—Joan Crawford shook her red-brown head in emphasis—"that a girl simply *must* have ravishing skin to win her public. Those great glaring close-up lights reveal even tiny flaws, you know.

"So you can imagine how carefully every girl in Hollywood guards her skin! For a long time all the girls I know have been using Lux Toilet Soap. It does leave the skin so soft and smooth!

"Certainly, if a girl wants to have

# LUX Toilet Soap

# Fascination

by *Joan Crawford*

the charm of temptingly smooth skin (and what girl doesn't!), she ought to try this nice white soap. She's sure to be delighted with the results!"

*Nine out of Ten*

*Screen Stars use it*

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, use this fragrant white soap. And even the European stars have adopted it! You, too, will want to try it. Order several cakes—today.



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

*Above, RENÉE ADORÉE, beloved M. G. M. star, in the bathroom built for her in Hollywood. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin that smoothness I thought only costly French soaps could give."*

*Right, CARLOTTA KING, delightful M. G. M. star, has a skin of creamy softness. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin lovely!" she says, "and its lather is always so generous even in hard water."*



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

*Above, ANITA PAGE, the young M. G. M. star whose beauty has won millions of hearts, says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin wonderfully smooth and soft."*



*First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway  
—and now the European Capitals . . .*

10¢



# Reeling Around

with

Leonard Hall

## Little-Known Facts About the Stars

*Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are really man and wife.*

*Clara Bow was once called "The IT Girl" by Elinor Glyn.*

*Greta Garbo, a native of Sweden, is said to be able both to spell and pronounce "smärgasbord," which is more than I can.*

*Nancy Carroll has never played the oboe.*

*Tom Mix, according to report, is an expert horseman.*

*What famous woman star named Pickford is married to what noted actor whose first name is Douglas?*

## Ill-Timed Laughter

At the Granada Cafe, in Chicago, a popular vaudeville team has been singing a new song dedicated to Rudy Vallée. It's called "I'm Just a Megaphone Lover." . . . The Roxy Theater Hospital treated 13,000 cases last year. I hope 12,998 were broken kneecaps suffered by the end-seat hogs who won't get up to let a fellow pass. . . . George Arliss is said to be burning, in a nice British way. A fan magazine printed a reversed picture of him which put the monocle in the right eye instead of the left. . . . Loew's Capitol Theater, in Atlanta, employs the world's tallest usher—one Henry Mullins, seven feet, six. He is also used to replace burned-out light bulbs in the dome. . . . The latest from Hollywood Boulevard. Hopeful extras stand on the corner of Vine and the Boul' as a New York ham goes by. "Look," say the local hams, "another Broadway actor trying to ritz us. See—he's got socks under his spats!" . . . Jobless actors in the film colony, when asked how's tricks, now reply that they're just between promises. . . . Strange effect of the Hollywood climate on the human race. A middle-aged lady did solitary singing and dancing for six hours on top of the Hollywood Dam, in the hills above the town. What would a casting director be doing on the Hollywood Dam? . . . Variety reports that the veteran William Collier was acting with a whole bunch of young stars in a new talkie. They had dozens of lines—Collier had two. The director noticed that Will didn't have his part in his hand. "Where's your part, Mr. Collier?" he asked. "A moth ate it," answered the grand old man.

"My dear—really! This baritone must be even worse than he sounds, or he'd have been in Hollywood ages ago!"

## Gag of the Month Club

Bugs Baer, the syndicate comic, wins his fifth monthly award—best wishes for a happy and prosperous new year.

According to Mr. Baer, Mr. Harry Richman, while in New York with his "fiancée," gave Clara Bow the string for a pearl necklace.

## Getting Personal

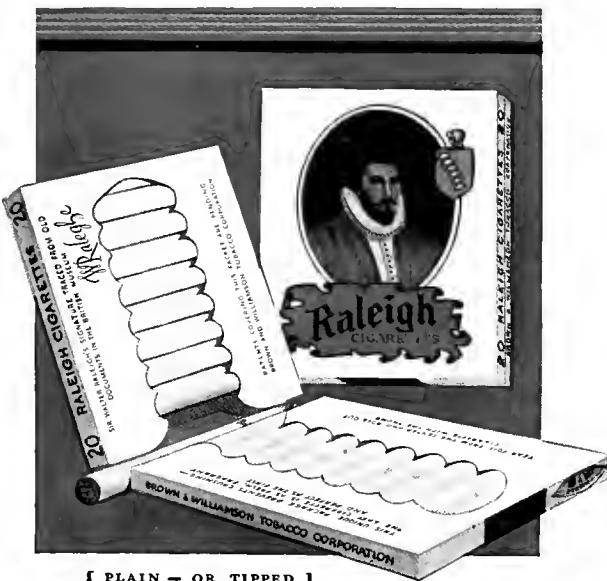
A young lady named Virginia Stone has been appearing in "Subway Express," a Broadway stage hit. She is the daughter of Lewis S. Stone, who was in pictures when Conrad Nagel still had his hair. . . . The Month's Culture Note—Chief of Police Jake Graul, of Cleveland, is now the Ohio city's entertainment censor. . . . Bebe Daniels is considered one of Hollywood's very best bridge players. . . . Rod La Rocque and Monte Blue, each six feet, three, are the tallest leading men in pictures. . . . Monte, by the way, is through at Warners, after having run up the longest term of solid service of anyone on that lot. He goes back to the days when the Vitaphone wasn't even a wistful thought. . . . London remembers Jackie Coogan's British flop. Not a manager was interested when Davey Lee was offered as a personal appearance bet. . . . Latest bulletin from the Chaplin studio—several months of work still remain on Chaplin's "City Lights," and we shall probably not see it before October. . . . For the showing of "Anna Christie" in Los Angeles, two Garbo studio doubles posed in the theater lobby wearing her costumes from the picture. Their names were (and are) Elsie Adair and Mabel Lash, and the stunt tied up traffic. . . . Alexander Gray, the "Sally" leading man, appeared in no less than five pictures before he saw himself on the screen. . . . New York Communists recently opened a theater of their own to show propaganda films. The opening movie was "The Red Communist's Bride," made in Russia. . . . Ruth Mix, daughter of Tom, is appearing on the stage in London. . . . Six theaters in Detroit, Mich., have been staying open all night, and the trick has been successful. . . . Madge Bellamy is personal-appearancing. . . . Present plans for D. W. Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln" picture call for the erection of ninety-five different sets—a record for all time. . . . Erno Rafee, famous as daddy of the theme song and conductor of the Roxy Theater orchestra, gets \$435,000 for three years' work at Warners, as general director of all musical activities. . . . Natalie Moorehead, the big blonde menace, is getting a Reno divorce from Husband Ray Phillips. . . . "Hallelujah," King Vidor's all-Negro picture, is a hit in the Argentine.



WHAT an unnecessary bore—emptying the daily shower of tobacco

grains out of a handbag . . . Handbag travel crushes and grinds tobacco out of most cigarettes—but not out of Raleigh. Twenty perfect Raleighs are packed in a strong, slim wallet-pocket which prevents shaking, crunching and crumbling your cigarettes away before you smoke them. The 31 fine tobaccos in each Raleigh deserve to be packed as well as they are blended—and you deserve to smoke them in their perfection . . . And so you will.

*It pays to pay a trifle more  
for* **Raleigh**



[ PLAIN — OR TIPPED ]

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION

*Louisville, Kentucky*



# Bowlfuls of PEP Brimful of HEALTH these are

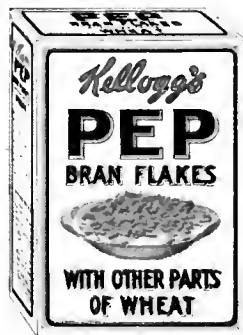
**BETTER  
BRAN FLAKES**

SWING into the march with pep in your stride. Rhythm in your muscles. Help yourself to health with a bowlful of Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes.

A wonderfully balanced food with milk or cream. Brimful of health-building wheat . . . the wholesomeness of the whole grain. With just enough bran to be mildly laxative . . . to help keep you feeling fit. And filled with the glorious flavor of PEP. The famous deliciousness that makes Kellogg's the best bran flakes you ever ate.

How the flavor thrills your taste. Every one welcomes it. At every meal. Great for young folks and folks who stay young.

Serve Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes often. For pep! For health! Look for 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



# Star Recipes for Simple Desserts

## SUE CAROL'S STRAWBERRY CAKE

3 eggs  
1 cup sugar  
2 cups flour

1 tablespoon butter  
Heaping teaspoon baking powder

Beat butter and sugar together. Add eggs, well beaten. Stir in the flour and baking powder which have been thoroughly sifted together. Bake in deep pie pans. This quantity will fill four pans.

With three pints of strawberries mix a cupful of sugar, and mash slightly. Spread the fruit between the layers of cake. The top layer of strawberries may be covered with meringue, made with the white of an egg and a tablespoon of powdered sugar. Save out the largest berries for decorating the top of the cake.

Ice box cakes are popular because they can be made the day before a party. Both these recipes give fine results:

## RUTH ROLAND'S ICE BOX CAKE

Line a bread pan with waxed paper. Cover bottom with lady fingers split in halves, or strips of sponge cake. Arrange three or four alternate layers of cake and filling.

For the filling use:

1 or 2 teaspoons cornstarch, depending upon juiciness of pineapple  
½ cup sugar  
3 egg yolks  
1 cup rich milk

1 tablespoon butter  
1 small can grated pineapple  
3 egg whites, beaten

Place cornstarch, sugar, beaten egg yolks, milk and butter in double boiler; let cook slowly until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Then add drained grated pineapple and while



A kitchen duet played by Nick Stuart and Sue Carol

still warm, the stiffly beaten egg whites. Let cool, and place in ice box overnight. When ready to serve, turn out on platter, cut in slices and heap with whipped cream.

Lemon or orange may be used instead of pineapple, using the juice of one lemon or the juice and rind of one orange.

## ALMA RUBENS' ICE BOX CAKE

Follow the same procedure as above. The only difference is in the filling, which is made as follows:

4 tablespoons sugar  
4 tablespoons water

3 strips sweet chocolate  
3 eggs

Boil sugar in water four minutes, then add chocolate cut in small pieces. Beat this mixture until it melts. Add beaten egg yolks, one at a time, and heat about ten minutes. Then pour into the whites.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



Ruth Roland stages a screen comeback in "Reno." She hasn't forgotten how to cook, either

### 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.

# "I Knew Them When—"



*Hollywood's most famous unorganized club meets to pan the stars*

By

Katherine Albert

**T**HE "I Knew Them When" Club holds regular meetings every day, rain or shine, at the corners of Vine and Hollywood Boulevard,

Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard, Highland and Hollywood Boulevard, and every other available corner.

Mass meetings are conducted in the lobbies of the less expensive hotels. Drives for new members are made at the railway stations. Secret and sinister meetings take place behind locked doors in small one-room, bath and kitchenette apartments.

You are eligible for membership if you have a ready tongue, a good imagination, a knowledge of the star's nicknames and a grievance. In order to hold office in the organization, you must have been snubbed by at least ten stars that you, personally, pushed up the ladder to fame. The chief high potentate has been passed up by every really famous player in the business.

Every man, woman and child in Hollywood has known at least one star *when*. And every man, woman and child has been instrumental in getting that star where he is, only to have a cold, disdainful shoulder turned upon him.

For a long time now I've been bored by these stories. I've had to listen to them over and over again and murmur a sympathetic "tcht, tcht, now isn't that just too terrible!" I'm tired of *tcht-tchting*. I never was very good at it, anyhow.

"Why, I remember Alice White when she didn't have a change of underwear. And what did I do? Well, I loaned her fifty cents to eat on. And what thanks do I get now? She doesn't even remember me."

"When Jack Gilbert first came out here, he thought I was a swell person because I could get him into a studio and introduce him to my pal, Maurice Tourneur. Why, I started him on his road to success. Does he give me a tumble now? No, sir, he doesn't even speak."

"**SURE**, I knew Clara Bow. She was just an extra then. And a good kid. I got her many a job for which she was thankful. But now—well, I'm just the dust under her feet."

It's the hue and cry of Hollywood. Set to a dull chant, it becomes the theme song of half the gatemen, assistant directors, publicity men, newspaper reporters, prop boys and magazine writers. "I helped her. I helped him. But I don't get any thanks for it." All together now for the big chorus!

The other evening at a party a young man drew me aside and began confidentially, "You know Dick Arlen, don't you?"

Well, don't ever do anything for him if you expect to get thanks for it. When he was just a crazy kid out here on his own and wasn't getting but a couple of

days extra work a week. I used to stake him to meals and introduce him to my big director friends. The other day I saw him over on the Paramount lot. He passed me up cold. Didn't even speak."

I mumbled something to the effect that it was just too bad and a couple of days later I said to Dick, "I met a friend of yours the other night. Boy named so and so."

"Who?" asked Dick.

I repeated the name. Dick knit his brows. "Oh, yes," he said at last. "I do seem to remember that name. Didn't he work extra when I did? But to save your life I couldn't tell you what he looks like."

"He used to stake you to meals," I persisted.

"Don't be silly," said Dick. "How could he? I never spoke more than a dozen words to him on the sets."

**I**T'S the old Hollywood racket.

A year or so ago, a big sob story about Fay Wray's entry into pictures broke all over the country. It was a great story. The only flaw in it was that it wasn't true.

A certain local photographer had been, according to the yarn, passing through Salt Lake City when he caught a glimpse of a beautiful young girl riding on a hay wagon. Her dress was torn, her face drawn and pinched by poverty, her little hands calloused by hard work. But the photographer saw beauty even in this forlorn setting and he begged her to come to Hollywood. After she arrived he photographed her and used his influence until he landed her a job in pictures.

Fay's mother was furious—so furious, in fact, that she sent to Salt Lake City to have a picture taken of their ten-room home, and demanded a statement from the president of their bank to the effect that no less than several hundreds of dollars had been deposited every month.

Certainly the family was not wealthy, but they had never lived in poverty as the photographer implied. And Fay had come to California with her brother and had attended Hollywood High School. Her mother, knowing that Fay was the beauty of the family, had hoped for a picture career for her, but it was not even contemplated until she was through school.

Another photographer claims the [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133 ]



# The Saline Springs of Youth Eternal

*How the saline method brings youth and health to modern women*

**N**EGLECT not your creams and your cosmetics—your powders and your lotions. Avail yourself of every artifice to enhance your beauty and to increase your charm. But never, *never* forget that true beauty—radiant, glowing loveliness—comes only from within.

For, without internal cleanliness, beauty is marred—the eye is clouded and the cheek is dulled. But, with the famous saline laxative, Sal Hepatica, you have the safe, sure way to sparkling radiance and a blemish-free complexion.

Sal Hepatica keeps you clean internally. It banishes the poisons and the wastes that dim your lustre. It brings freshness and clarity of skin to all who drink it.

Physicians here and abroad have long advocated the internal cleanliness that comes through drinking the saline waters. Regularly do they send their patients to the famous spas of Europe to partake

daily of the health-giving waters. Thus, by ridding themselves of constipation, the fashionable women of Europe regain health, beauty and youth.

Sal Hepatica is the practical equivalent of the European spas and, like them,

cleanses the system thoroughly of the poisons of congestion. With Sal Hepatica's gentle aid, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication are relieved. Digestions are regulated. Complexions bloom. For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely indeed does it fail to work within a half hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can improve your complexion.

Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", describing in detail how Sal Hepatica clears the skin of blemishes, and how it helps relieve many common everyday ills.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G50, 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

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

# NEWS! - VIEWS! - GOSSIP! - of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]



The agonies of creation, or how plump authors suffer. Right, Grover Jones yells the action of "The Light of Western Stars" into a dictaphone. His team-mate, William Slavens McNutt, listens, and gets set to insert dialogue

Estelle framed the cure. The lad was invited, with others, to a party at the Dempsey ménage. He danced with Estelle—and how! Knees, elbows, arms, cheeks—he used them all—until suddenly Dempsey stood planted before them.

"YOU!" said Jack. "Come upstairs. I want to talk with you!"

Castanet-kneed, the sheik followed Jack up to a bedroom.

"Wait here for me," ordered Jack, left the room, and locked the sheik in. They kept him there three hours, during which the other guests made a loud business of departure—"Good night," and "Had a lovely time" and all that. They roared their autos away—and then coasted silently back and tiptoed back into the house and gathered around the bedroom door. Inside, the pretty boy had heard their good byes, and figured he was alone with the Dempseys.

THEN Dempsey walked into the room from another door. With elaborate meaningfulness, he took off his coat.

"Now, I'm going to teach you a lesson," he said. He took off his vest. "You've been pulling this stuff of yours on too many girls out here as it is, but when you picked my wife, you went one girl too far!"

The sheik's knees sounded like a riveting machine.

"But I want to make this interesting," continued Dempsey, rolling up his sleeves. "I could flatten you against the wall with one wallop, you know, but that wouldn't be any fun. I'll give you a sporting chance. I'll stand here, and give you the key to that door . . ." He pointed to the door outside which, unbeknownst to the Lothario, all the other guests had quietly assembled and were hearing every word of the scene in the room. ". . . and if you can get there and unlock it before I reach you, you've got a chance to run for it!"

Dempsey flung him the key.

The great lover, ashen with terror, dove at the door, unlocked it and yanked it open—and there stood the rest of the guests. In an instant, he realized that the humiliation was even greater than any licking from Dempsey. He collapsed in a dead faint. The next day he took a train for New York.

**NOTE** on the tender passion:

Did you know that young Joel McCrea, that big handsome brute who works in Radio Pictures, is all that way over our Dorothy Mackaill?

A CHARACTER actor was needed to play the rôle of a motion picture producer in one of the new phonoplays. The casting director finally got around to Snitz Edwards, the funny man with the funny, funny face.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 58 ]

Everett McGovern . . . Maria Corda, who did "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," discloses her own in court and gets a divorce from Alexander Korda.

**WHAT** are all those platitudes about "*honi soit qui mal y pense*" and "avoid the appearance of evil" and such?

Well, anyway, Charlie Farrell did NOT sail for Honolulu from San Francisco aboard the S. S. Maui recently.

He had passage booked, and was even aboard, when somehow he learned that Janet Gaynor—of course, you know she's Mrs. Lydell Peck—was also booked on the boat for a Honolulu visit.

Gallantly, Charlie repacked, cancelled, and stalked down the gangplank.

Statements followed:

"Just think of the talk it would have caused!" said Farrell.

"Neither Mr. Farrell nor I," said Janet, "had any idea that the other had booked passage on this boat. No, I am NOT separated from Mr. Peck. It just happened work keeps him in Hollywood, and this is my only chance for a vacation between pictures. I'm so sorry I spoiled Mr. Farrell's vacation."

Mrs. Laura Gaynor, Janet's mother; James F. Peck, father, and Forest Peck, brother, of Hubby Lydell Peck, were all at the dock. They made no statements.

**JACK BENNY** has had his violin in hock so often that he now says that the pawnbroker can play it better than he can.

**DID** you ever hear of a sea-going nursery?

There's one in Hollywood, or to be strictly truthful, in the waters off Hollywood. On John Barrymore's new yacht, quite appropriately called "The Infanta," is a complete nursery with all those

things you find in a landlubber's kiddie koop.

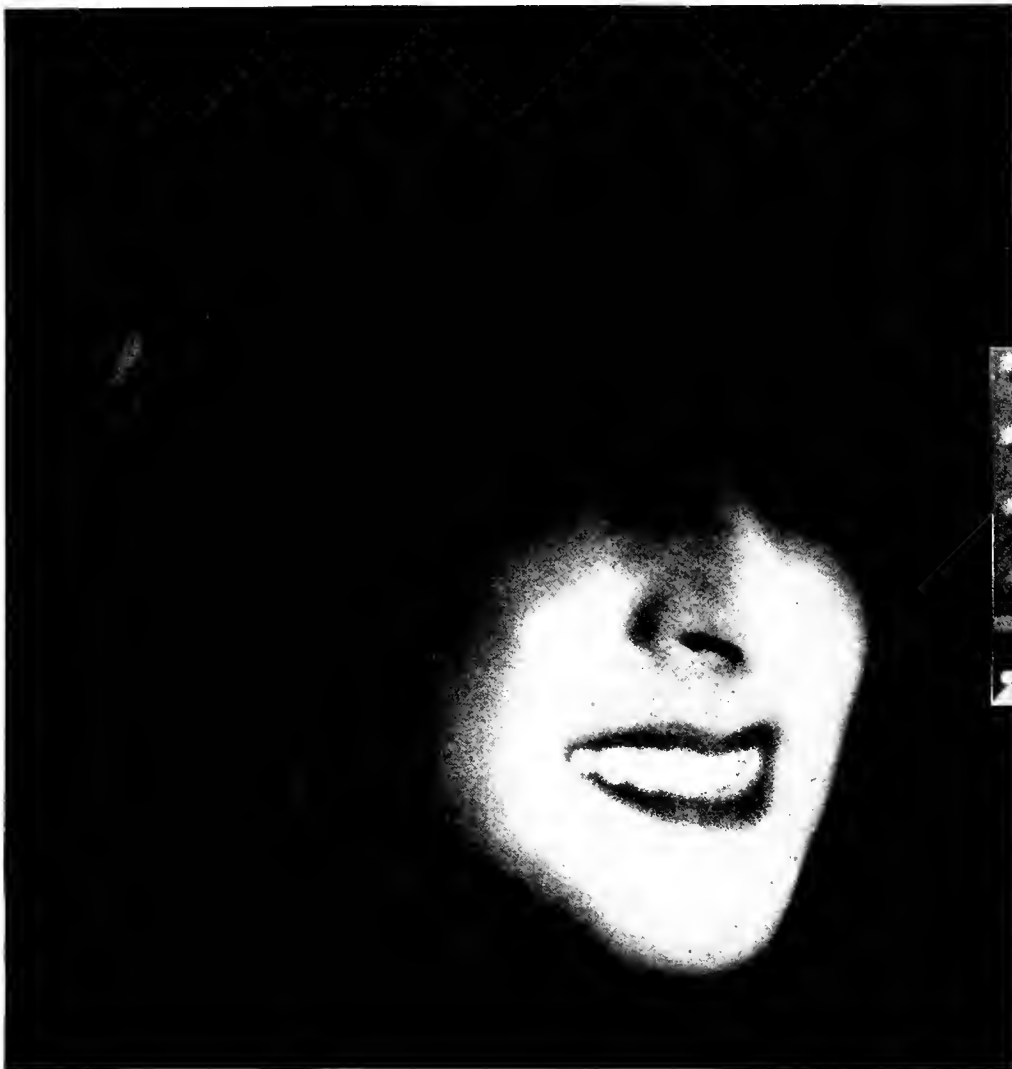
As soon as the stork pays his expected visit to the Barrymore ménage, John, Dolores, and the little Barrymorelet will sail for a cruise in South American waters.

**THE** Hollywood cure for sheiks was administered to a sleek-haired Eastern actor recently. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey.

The sheik had been dancing too much that way, you know, with Hollywood wives. Believe it or not, they resented it. So Jack and



The fair Jeanette MacDonald, who came to fame in "The Love Parade," wearing one of the big picture hats that seem set for great popularity this spring. And how she wears it!



**How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start**

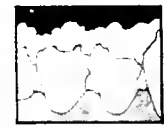


Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.



# This Cleansing Foam gives teeth an extra protection

*In addition to polishing, it penetrates the tiny spaces between teeth . . . washing out the impurities which mere surface brushing can't dislodge.*

**O**F course, you want sparkling white teeth. Colgate's polishes them brilliantly, with a soft chalk powder, a material used by all dentists to polish teeth safely.

But Colgate's does *more*. Its famous penetrating foam flushes out the decaying food particles hidden in the crevices and spaces between teeth . . . giving a hygienic bath where ordinary dentifrices can't reach.

Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Its *washing*-action enables it to get down into the tiny, hard-to-clean places and flood out decaying food

particles in a manner approved by modern dental science.

Superiority in cleansing has made Colgate's the largest selling toothpaste in the world—used by more people, recommended by more dentists than any other toothpaste.

If you have not become acquainted with Colgate's may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

*For those who prefer it, Colgate's comes in powder form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.*

**WARNING!** Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot cure pyorrhea; cannot permanently correct acid mouth; cannot firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean* . . . any other claim is false and misleading. Self-medication is dangerous. Go to your dentist frequently. . . let *him* take care of the health of your teeth and gums.

**FREE COLGATE**, Dept. M-601, P. O. Box 375, 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 .....

# NEWS! - VIEWS! - GOSSIP! - of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]

"No, Snitz," he said, "I don't think you'll do, after all. A motion picture producer should be big and important looking."

Snitz pondered deeply for a moment.

"Well," he answered, "I'm just exactly the height of Adolph Zukor. He hasn't been flopping lately, has he?"

**JOAN CRAWFORD** carries her harometer right with her. Her fingernails are the longest in Hollywood (much to Doug's disgust). They are also brittle and in dry weather are more so.

Every morning she snaps them. If they snap with a zing it will be a nice dry day. If they bend slowly then she prepares for rain.

**THERE** were any number of highlights on the little game of fisticuffs indulged in by John Gilbert and Jim Tully, the ex-hobo author.

It seems to us that the only amusing incident, and the only really worth while one in the whole sorry business, concerns the little messenger boy who rushed into the cafe with a message for Gilbert. He arrived at a most inopportune minute, Mr. Gilbert just having connected with Mr. Tully's fist.

The messenger dashed up to Ina Claire, Mrs. Gilbert.

"Is Mr. Gilbert in?" he asked.

"No," said Ina, remembering her stage comedy training, "he's out."

**GARBO** likes to take long walks.

The other day she walked from her home in Beverly Hills to Howard Greer's shop in Hollywood. Greer is the lad who tells feminine screendom what to wear, and how to wear it. Garbo doesn't care much about styles, but Greer is one of her friends.

One of the models engaged Greta in a conversation.

"I'm going downtown in a few minutes to see 'Anna Christie,'" she told Greta.

"How would you like to have me go with you?" asked Garbo.

Garbo climbed into the model's Chevrolet roadster and they drove into Los Angeles for the first evening show.

No one recognized the star as the girl in the worn greatcoat and beret. But then people very rarely recognize Garbo off the screen.

**SOMEBODY** was discussing a relative of Arthur Caesar, in Arthur Caesar's presence.

"That man is the most conceited person in the world without a shadow of a doubt," said the somebody.

Arthur Caesar stood up, anger fairly radiating from his person.

"Sir, I resent that very much. I'm the most conceited person in the world, and I want no competition."



Help! The pajama craze, which went from bed to parlor, has now hopped into the kitchen! Raquel Torres has discarded the old-time apron for a gingham pajama suit, with strap and bib trimming



Just to give you a look at the lucky Mrs. Tibbett, and mother of the Tibbett twins. Lawrence and his wife attend the world première of "Devil May Care" in Hollywood. Oddly and sadly enough, the haritone missed both the Western and Eastern openings of his smash, "The Rogue Song"

**YOUNG** Phillips Holmes, on the Paramount roster of juveniles, has had his hair bleached and curled for a forthcoming picture. Now he is a perfect blond. Whenever Jack Oakie sees him on the lot he pauses, and a puzzled expression crosses his face.

"Oh," he always says with mock surprise, "I thought for a moment that you were Carol Lombard."

Phillips walks a mile to avoid him.

**WILSON MIZNER'S** Brown Derby Cafe is the Hollywood Madison Square Garden. Eating, apparently, is incidental. Fisticuffs—ah, that's the big amusement. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



*The woman of today values expert beauty care*

## Why every woman who values beauty needs the services and advice of a Professional Beauty Expert

**D**URING recent years, beauty science has been so highly developed by the experts in this comparatively new profession that every woman is now enabled to make the most of her natural loveliness.

Laboratories are workrooms for research. Schools of beauty culture have been developed to teach workers not only the methods of perfecting external beauty but also laws affecting good health.

Today—to add that finish, that perfection of grooming which distinguishes the truly fastidious woman from her less particular sisters—a certain professional touch is needed. The deft, well trained, skilful touch of the beauty expert.

Go to Paris, home of beauty in all its forms; or to Rome, Madrid, London, Berlin, Budapest, Vienna! Wherever you travel—either here in the United States or abroad—you will

Modern beauty culture has become a science practiced by specialists whose sole task is to safeguard and heighten beauty



undoubtedly seek out experts to help protect and revitalize your good looks.

### *Throughout the world*

And it is therefore particularly interesting that more than 19,800 of these experts today recommend Palmolive Soap. What a

remarkable tribute to the purity, the blandness, the delicacy of this vegetable oil soap . . . which is based on an age-old formula combining nature's finest cosmetic oils — palm and olive—for beauty cleansing!

Palmolive does not—nor would anyone claim that it did—make all other beauty care unnecessary. It aids your beauty specialist by providing the finest natural skin cleanser, the greatest day-in-and-day-out safeguard for facial beauty.

And it is, for the same reason, an ideal bath soap. That is one of many reasons why 19,813 world-famous beauty experts recommend it . . . why they unite to urge "foundation cleansing by one means and one only—the twice daily use of Palmolive Soap."

This advertisement is published in the interests of lovelier complexions and the furtherance of the beauty profession by the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company.

5250

# NEWS! - VIEWS! - GOSSIP! - of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]

It was in this historic spot that the famous Jack Gilbert-Jim Tully fight was staged, so not to be outdone Arthur Caesar and Mickey Neilan almost came to blows.

Estelle Taylor, Jack Dempsey and several others were present when Neilan came over to the table and said some harsh words to Caesar. Before blows were struck the Caesar party left.

**T**HERE have been many funny stories told on that amazing Swede, Nils Asther, but in old Cal's opinion this one will go down in cinema history.

Nils went to Mexico for a visit. The Swedish consul, after entertaining him lavishly, presented him with a rare old bottle of brandy. Nils took it and decided to bring it to a dear friend of his at the studio. At the border he was examined by customs officers. "Bringing anything through?" he was asked.

"No," said Nils.  
"Got any liquor?"

"No," answered Nils, "only dis old bottle of brandy that I take to a goot friend to me. See, I carry it in my hand. I take it to my friend."

**T**HE officer was amazed, "But you're trying to smuggle liquor!"

"Oh, no," said Nils. "I try to smuggle no liquor. I conceal no-thing. See, I carry dis in my hand. I bring it to my friend. This is not a smuggle."



Mutia and his boy friend, Riano, having a little chow and mending at the door of their shanty on the Metro lot. The company brought them from Africa to help finish "Trader Horn." Mutia won undying fame by not liking Greta Garbo. "Stomach too thin!" he says

At last the officer said, "Well, give the bottle to me and I will see that it gets on the proper train with your baggage."

And Nils is still bewildered and his fine faith in human nature is almost completely shattered. He did not find the old bottle with his luggage and he doesn't know why.

## MARRIAGE in Hollywood:

Ethlyn Claire, former Wampas Baby Star, becomes the bride of Ernest Westmore, studio make-up chief.

Preacher does his stuff and newlyweds parade down aisle and out of church.

There, waiting at the church, stands Mrs. Westmore No. 1 and daughter Muriel, aged 7.

"Hello, daddy," pipes Muriel, and a process server steps up in back of the groom and hands him a subpoena in his divorced wife's \$1,700 back alimony suit.

A news photographer shoots a flashlight of the scene.

Westmore wallops the news photographer.

A reporter holds Westmore.

A friend of Westmore tries to smash the camera.

Bride and groom flee to where a wedding supper waits.

Photographer swears he will sue Westmore for assault.

Westmore's ex-wife swears she will prosecute back alimony suit to the limit. She works behind a grocery counter, a block from the church where the wedding was held.

**N**ED SPARKS recently took an actor friend to look for a vacant apartment. An elderly landlady answered his first call and was asked her lowest terms for an actor.

"Dead beats and bums," was her snippy reply.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120 ]

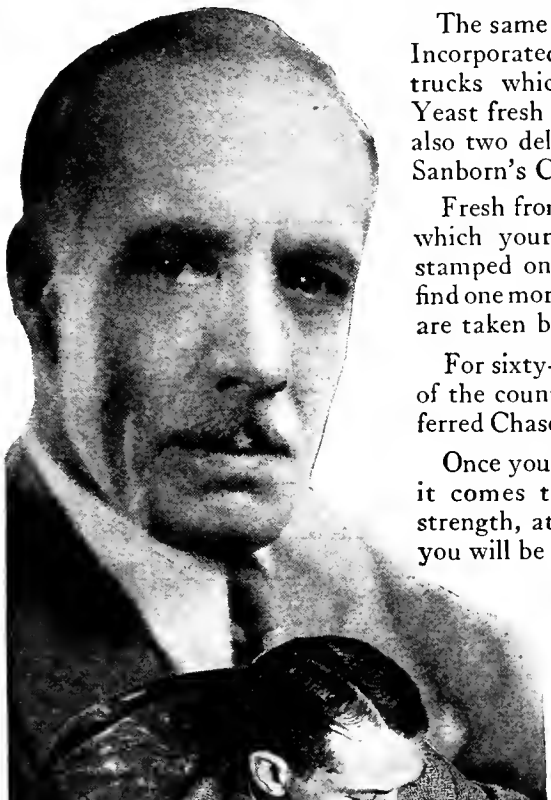
**N**ighties of Nineteen Thirty, or what the girls on the Paramount lot are wearing — for the publicity camera. Geneva Mitchell of "Safety in Numbers" shows off this diaphanous affair. The pajamas are of black Chantilly lace and satin, with a robe of lace and chiffon



# DATED COFFEE....

*enjoyed by these celebrities at home*

**LEWIS STONE**, distinguished star of the silver screen, says: "Good coffee is a good comrade whether you are working or playing. Coffee of delightful flavor is satisfying. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee gives me that satisfaction."



**N**EVER before have you had such a guarantee of fresh, full-strength flavor in your coffee!

For Chase & Sanborn's is the only coffee delivered by the same method which insures freshness in perishable fresh foods!

The same fleet of "Standard Brands Incorporated, Daily Delivery" motor trucks which deliver Fleischmann's Yeast fresh to your grocer bring him also two deliveries a week of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

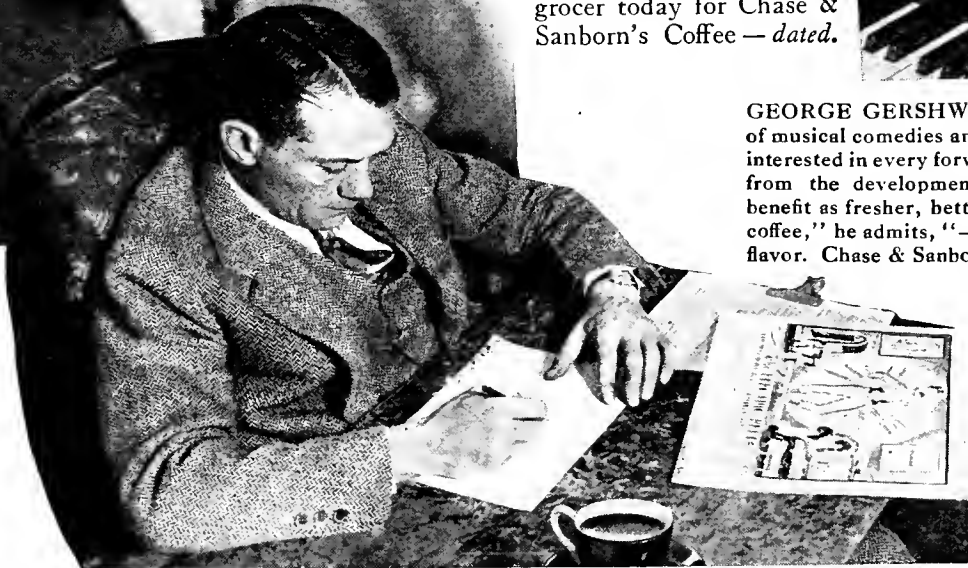
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**GEORGE GERSHWIN**, famous young composer of musical comedies and orchestral music, is vividly interested in every forward-looking accomplishment from the development of radio to as personal a benefit as fresher, better coffee. "I appreciate good coffee," he admits, "—coffee with a fresh, vigorous flavor. Chase & Sanborn's is especially good."



**JOHN HELD, JR.** . . . portraitist of the American "flapper" . . . a brilliant host to gayly clever people. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is served in his three homes, in New York, at Palm Beach and at his very famous farm. "Chase & Sanborn's Coffee," he says, "has the verve, the fragrance, found only in good coffee freshly roasted."

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# Lonely Lew

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

"She would ask me about love. She's the sort of woman I admire the most. I don't care so much for flappers. I guess it is because she is older and more experienced, and I am so young."

**H**IS own life has been as amazing as his brief, meteoric career in pictures. He was born in Minneapolis, and until he reached his "teens" he had no other name with his playmates than "Fat" Ayres.

He now carries just 150 pounds on his five feet, eleven inches of height.

He came from a musical family. His mother was a pianist, and his father had played with the Minneapolis Symphony. His grandmother has taught piano there for fifty years, and it was she who started his musical education. He didn't really become interested in music until he took up the banjo. He wanted to be the greatest banjo player in the world. Now he thinks that it is a "tinny," limited instrument, and he never plays it. He prefers the organ, and more than once he has played all night.

The height came to Lew while he was attending the San Diego high school, and the weight was lost during the months he attended the University of Arizona, going out for basketball and track. His mother was delighted in the change. She wrote to her mother that Lew was taking interest in music at last, and that he was "actually handsome."

For the last four years Lew has been away from home. He says that there is no one dearer

to him than his family, but he wants to be alone. During those four years he has played with musical revues, had a season with the orchestra at one of Detroit's leading hotels, and played in the smartest hotels and cafes in Los Angeles.

When he was eighteen, for a lark, he played and sang for several months in a Mexicali cafe. He sang love ballads while congenial drunks grew maudlin and wept bitter tears into their cocktails. Mexicali is a drear, blowsy border town. Agua Caliente is the smart resort that draws the movie crowds. They even stop at Tia Juana for a last look at the galloping dice, but it is unlikely that any of them ever saw him in Mexicali.

Lew lives alone in Hollywood.

"I couldn't live with anyone," he explained. "It would worry me. I like to play for hours at a time, and that would probably drive another person crazy. I don't like to play jazz any more. I had enough of that when I was playing in dance orchestras. I don't go out very much. Big parties scare me. I get lonely and think that I would like to go to a party. I go, and then have such a miserable time that I wish I had stayed at home."

"**W**HAT else do you like to do besides play?" I asked him.

"I like to model," he answered. "I carried a big hunk of clay around with me. I had to give it away because you have to keep it cool, and it smelled up all the food in the icebox."

Lewis is about the quietest boy among the many youngsters on the "All Quiet" set. When he finishes a scene he retires to some corner, and then when he is wanted they have to shout for him. William Bakewell and Russell Gleason have had a marvelous time on the picture, joshing each other about their shaved heads. They are lively, humorous—and good showmen. Lew is friendly with everybody, but his own natural aloofness would preclude many warm friendships.

**N**ATURALLY a great deal depends on the outcome of this picture. Lewis not the type that will go on for years as a moderate success. He will either be a tremendous hit or a failure. He makes one think a bit of Richard Barthelmess and Charlie Ray, the wistfulness of the one and the simple youth of the other, in the days when they first appeared on the screen horizon.

If Lewis is the success that Universal predicts of him, a great deal will be written about him. Not many people will understand him, for Hollywood has little time or patience for people that are hard to know. He will be called "high-hat," of course. He will have few friends because not many people will take the time to batter down that wall which he has built around himself. And he will be unhappy most of the time, the usual reward for people who build such a wall.

But he will be one of the most interesting young male stars in pictures. At least he will have the courage to be himself.

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shampoo with **LISTERINE** the safe antiseptic

# Sunday Night at Jetta's

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

regarded in California, always has a place in her apartment.

The apartment is as exotic as its mistress.

Dinner was served by an Austrian maid in the little French dining room, lit by crystal candelabra. Jetta's dinners are famous.

She said she was hungry. During the day she had eaten only an apple and drank half a cup of coffee. Her lunch usually consists of a raw carrot. Lillian Gish discovered the carrot first. Jetta might do as much for a turnip or a Bermuda onion.

The menu consisted of cream of tomato soup, oysters, squab with mushrooms, wine jelly, peas, a salad of chicory and persimmons, and pistachio ice cream. Coffee was served in the living room.

BY the time the squab course arrived, Jetta was sniffing. Oh, in a very ladylike manner. With the ice cream she began to sneeze. She had an early call the next morning at M-G-M, so she thought it would be best not to go to the party. Somebody that had something important to do with General Motors was entertaining. I was a bit sorry not to go. I always have thought that if I could reach the right individual, something could be done about my car using so much gas.

The rest of the evening was spent in front of a roaring fire, with the heat apparatus turned on, too, and with Jetta wrapped in a warm shawl. Her inability to keep warm is famous. She actually relishes talk of fire and brimstone in the hereafter.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I took

one of those electric cabinet baths? They turned the thing on full force, and after I had been in it for some time, they asked if I could stand it. I said I was just comfortable, thank you. They finally had to give up in despair. I couldn't even perspire."

She was particularly interested in hearing about the dates that preceded her. She had read in *PHOTOPLAY* that the night I dined with Lupe, she had given an impersonation of her.

"Was it good?" she wanted to know.

I was forced to say that it was good, but not flattering. It isn't necessary to go into ancient history to say that Lupe and Jetta are not exactly the *Ruth* and *Naomi* of Hollywood friendships. However, Jetta had not a word to say against the madeup Mexican.

A quiet Sunday evening, and firelight, always rather begets confidences—whether the firelight be in Peoria or Hollywood. Jetta told her philosophy of life. It is based on Olive Schreiner's "Dreams"—"To be content is to be happy." It was a surprising philosophy for Jetta. I had never imagined that she was particularly happy or content. Somehow a *Pollyanna* complex isn't just the right thing for her.

She is a confirmed fatalist. What must be, will be. If fate gives her a nasty wallop, she tries to think what she has done to deserve it. But she's a *fighting* fatalist.

This was not my first conversation with Jetta. I have known her for a long time. The first time I met her I wasn't quite sure whether she might go into a temperamental spasm and throw bric-a-brac at me. The Goudal temperament is a Hollywood legend. I've never seen

it. If she errs at all, it is in the direction of suppression. The fear of the first meeting has given place to respect for a clever woman. To me, at least, she has always been one of the screen's most interesting women—ever since the days of "The Bright Shawl."

She acts all the time, but she does it well. She has an unerring instinct for the center of the stage. When she enters a drawing room, a café, or a theater, it is all eyes front and center for La Goudal.

For the young man just embarking on a Hollywood social career—here's a tip. If you sit next to Jetta at a dinner party, don't ask questions about her past. It isn't cricket, you know.

JUST pick one of the Goudal rumors, the one you happen to like best, and let it go at that. I have heard that she is the daughter of Mati-Hari. That she is the daughter of a French father and a Javanese mother. That she is suffering from some strange, incurable tropical disease. That she was born in New York's East Side, and that her French accent is so much hoocy.

I wouldn't want to know her past. I might be disappointed in it. I prefer to think of her as the woman from nowhere, and that some day she will disappear as suddenly as she came.

She says she will end her days in a convent. And if she does, a new note of mystery and interest will enter that quiet place, and Jetta will at least have found release from difficult managers and all the other odds and ends of a strange and devious world.



One of the largest and most exciting picture sets in the history of the films, devised and erected by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on the lot at Culver City. Officials say it is the highest so far built. On the stage, Austin Young and the Dodge Sisters are leading a number for the big picture tentatively titled "The March of Time," while to the rear guards and pretty convicts are doing a lock-step dance planned by Sammy Lee. Note the enormous battery of lights needed for the scene

"A drop of it...so! and  
ten years slip away!"

says VIRGINIA VALLI

"You remember the old rainy days up in the attic? Dressed in grown-up clothes? ...putting on grown-up airs? Well, I have a theory that we grown-ups like to dress up, too...But we like to turn back the clock...and play we're our younger selves! Hats...frocks...often I buy them, to encourage that mood... And now...And now, I've a perfume... an ever so much quicker way...A breath of SEVENTEEN upon me...and I'm joyously in the role...playing I'm my youngest, gayest me!



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Powder* for after-bathing luxury...the *Talc*...the  
*Sachet*...two kinds of *Brillantine*...and the  
*Compact*, gleaming black and gold...like no other  
compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all!

# He's Oakie!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

New York. He was sort of drafted into it by Mae Leslie, who has staged innumerable benefits. After that, under the same sponsorship, he took part in the Junior League Frolic, where he met all the best blue-bloods.

"**I**GOT real chummy with Henry Bishop during the rehearsals at the Plaza Hotel. I thought he was just a mug like I was. One day Gloria Gould asked me to come to her dinner party at Sherry's. I asked if I had to wear dinner clothes, and she said, sure. I rented a tux down on Third Avenue. I had a swell time. I met all the Goulds, and had a dance with Constance Banks, the most popular deb of the season. After dinner Kingdon Gould announced the engagement of Gloria to Bishop. I felt like a sap, and all the time I thought he was some poor punk like myself."

He's never forgotten what Gloria Gould told him. "A woman has to have a name and money to go into society, but as long as a man is a gentleman he is welcome, any place."

He gave up the stock exchange and went on the stage after these preliminary successes. Sometimes he regrets the move. He might have been worth a million or two if he had stayed. The new career began as a grinning, fresh chorus boy in the Shubert musical shows.

"It's the best experience in the world, boy," he said. "There are plenty of people who began in the chorus, only they won't admit it. Well, I do. You have a chance to see what makes the wheels go 'round, and why some gags click and others die."

From the chorus Jack graduated into the revues and vaudeville.

Those were the days. Two shows a day in vaudeville. Time to have fun, and sleep until noon.

Vaudeville was a cinch compared to pictures. Now he never gets a chance to rest, or have a good time. Of course Jack always enjoys himself, but there's no definite time off for serious-minded whoopee.

It's—"Jack, we want you to do a number over the radio tonight, and be funny."

"Jack, we want you to appear at the benefit for Pekinese orphans, and be funny."

"Jack, on the set tomorrow at eight, and you'd better be funny."

And Jack, who had expected to go out that night and be merry, has to go home and go to bed. He's always ready on the set, and no temperament about him. He says he's just a hired hand, and glad to be. Once in a while he admits that they have to send the bloodhounds and blacksnake whips after him, but he likes to let them think that he has an inferiority complex.

"That temperament business is the bunk. Every time a star gets temperamental he's that much nearer the gate, and out. And it doesn't pay to be upstage. Me, I'm friendly with everybody. A camera man, if he doesn't like you, can make you photograph like Lon Chaney in character."

"Anyway, it's all hokey about 'acting' in pictures. There's no such thing as acting on the screen. Be natural. If you get over it's because you have a personality to sell. This is a manufacturing business. Say, I do what I'm told, and no back chat. I'm like that mug down there digging ditches. We both work for the same boss, and I'm no better than he is. Maybe not as good. He probably goes home to a wife and family, eats a hot dinner and goes to bed. I'm out having a gay time."

"**I**M not afraid of anybody on the screen, though. When I did a number with Zelma O'Neal in the 'Paramount Revue,' they told me I'd better be good. Well, so had she better be good. There's nobody making the same faces I do on the screen. Say, I could sing the same songs as Dennis King in 'The Vagabond King,' and do 'em without blood on my face, too. Harold Lloyd, Chaplin, Chevalier—they're 'straight men' to me."

Sure, Oakie is O.K. and maybe he's right. He "wowed" them in all of his pictures, "The

Fleet's In," "Fast Company," "Hard to Get," and "Hit the Deck." The bump of ego isn't so exaggerated—considering. Jack was a Broadway hooper, and those boys are not shrinking violets when it comes to talking about themselves. He's very likeable, and as friendly as a politician at election time, only he's sincere about it.

**I**NTERVIEWING him isn't an assignment; it's a life work. You try to lunch alone with him, and everybody within a radius of sixty feet is either at the table, or joining in on the conversation. If you go to his dressing room, he's visiting six other dressing rooms, or his entire wardrobe is on the floor and you can't get in anyway.

Jack's own conversation is amusing, at least he makes it seem so, but his wisecracks aren't nearly so funny as Bill Haines', for instance. But give the boy snappy lines in a picture, and he'll do them up brown and toasted.

His greatest charm is his complete lack of the grand manner. He lives in a boarding house, bed, dresser and shaving mug, and he still drives the "ole tin can," his original, nondescript car, or maybe it's cur. His mother has been installed in a comfortable house, where Jack has his home portraits made. Mrs. Oakie is a "good scout," says Jack, and she's making him one of the finest scrap books of any player in the business. She sees everything that is published about Jack, and that is considerable right now.

No serious romances for him yet. He beamed around Dorothy Mackaill for awhile, but Dorothy is fickle and so is Jack. Lately the girl friend has been Gwen Lee. Jack and Gwen celebrate the same birthday, November twelfth. He couldn't attend Gwen's celebration on that date, because he had to work. He's only twenty-six, but there has been a lot of theatrical experience crowded into the last six or seven years.

If he has such a thing as a favorite flower, it's ham and eggs.

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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.

ANNE M. O'BRIEN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS.—On behalf of you and fifty million other palpitating females, I beg to announce that the young man who played *Biff* in "So This Is College" and the American in "Three Live Ghosts" is Robert Montgomery. He seems to be the hero of the hour.

PATSY R.—Colleen Moore is married to John McCormick, who is probably getting lots of fan mail intended for John McCormack, the Irish tenor. John, the warbler, recently made his first talkie, "Song o' My Heart." You must see that one.

V. LARSON, CADILLAC, MICH.—That breezy young go-getter who played *Freddie Gilmore* in "Honky Tonk" is George Duryea. He's 26 years old, 6 feet tall, black-haired and blue-eyed—and he blushes if you say anything nice to him. Dorothy Lee is the cute little trick who made a hit as *Dolly* in "Rio Rita." She was born in Hollywood about seventeen years ago and came into the limelight with Fred Waring's orchestra. Watch for her in "Radio Revels."

E. S., LORAIN, OHIO.—The much-beloved Wally Reid died Jan. 18, 1923. Many young men have been groomed to fill his place, but none has succeeded. Irving Thalberg, M-G-M's little Napoleon, is Norma Shearer's one and only matrimonial venture. That good-looking lad is William Bow to you, sir, but Cousin Bill to Clara. The neighbors in Union Hill, N. J., had no idea that little Gussie Apfel would turn into Lila Lee.

MARY CAMERON, HOT SPRINGS, VA.—Charles Farrell and Charles Morton have both played opposite Janet Gaynor—but unless that makes them blood brothers they're not related. Dick Barthelmess calls Mary Hay "ex-wife" and Jessica Sargent "wife." The leading man in "Girl Overboard" signs checks Fred Mackaye.

FONZ BERRY, ATLANTA, GA.—If you want to put up a bronze tablet at Ralph Graves' birthplace the spot is Cleveland, Ohio, and the date June 9, 1900. He's 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes, and is married to Virginia Goodwin. Arthur Lake was born in 1905 and has reached an altitude of 6 feet since then.

JEANNE LOUISE STEPHENSON, GOSHEN, IND.—You just bet Bebe Daniels really sang in "Rio Rita." That voice of Bebe's brought her back with a bang. Her birth certificate gives January 14, 1901, as the Big Day and she's 5 feet, 3½ inches tall. The much-envied lady who calls herself Mrs. John Boles used to be Marcelite Dobbs. Billy Haines and Polly Moran were only gagging about that engagement.

**P**HOTOPLAY 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 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. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

LAWRENCE PILCHER, MONTREAL, CANADA.—The junior Fairbanks tips the scales at 150 and you'd have to be more than 6 feet tall to eat pie off his head. Richard Talmadge is 33 years old, 5 feet, 9 inches tall, and weighs 175 pounds. His fans are wailing because he hasn't made a picture since "The Bachelor Club," in 1928.

M. C., MCCOMB, MISS.—Mona Maris, who knows how to pronounce Buenos Aires because she was born there, played opposite Warner Baxter in "Romance of Rio Grande." Jack Pickford used to be known as Mary Pickford's kid brother. Nick Lucas is an Italian, but he was born in Newark, N. J., just the same.

N. C. C., DENVER, COLO.—Guess we'll have to get out a Gaynor-Farrell issue. Half the questions this month seem to be about Janet and Charlie. Janet made her very first appearance in Philadelphia, Pa., on October 6, 1906, and although it's 23 years since then, she's still in the 5-foot, 96-pound bantam-weight class. Charlie got four years head start and grew to 6 feet 2, and 170 pounds. Onset Bay, Mass., is his home town. Both have brown eyes, but the Farrell thatch is brown, while the Gaynor locks are a rich auburn.

L. W., SPRINGFIELD, PA.—After being the recipient of the kiss in Garbo's picture of that name, lucky Lew Ayres drew the coveted lead in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Barry Norton has signed a contract with Paramount, so you may hope to see him again soon. Unless, of course, they confine him to foreign versions.

CATHERINE WAYMIRE, ENGLEWOOD, OHIO.—The picture "Sally, Irene and Mary," was made in 1925, with Connie Bennett as *Sally*, Joan Crawford as *Irene* and Sally O'Neil as *Mary*. Just try to get 'em all into one picture now! The little girl in "The Dummy" is known to her playmates as Vendell Darr. Jackie Coogan is all grown up and attending Hollywood openings now.

HATHE ESTABROOKS, SANFORD, ME.—Gary Cooper contributed a brief but memorable bit to "Wings" as *Cadet White*. He made such an impression that—well, look at him now!

P. D. Q., OXFORD, ALA.—Where else would Jack Oakie be born but in Missouri? Sedalia, if you're a demon for detail. It all happened on November 12, 1903. The boy grew older and is now 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. His hair is sandy, his eyes are blue and his face is funny—but how they love it! Mary Nolan, on the other hand, has anything but a funny face. She's beautiful, blonde and blue-eyed and has been that way ever since December 18, 1905.

HELEN ALLEN, FORT WORTH, TEX.—Doris Kenyon, who sings in seven languages when she isn't making pictures or being Mrs. Milton Sills, played the part of Clive Brook's wife in "Interference."

RANDI MOLVER, PETERSBURG, ALASKA.—How could Billie Dove's parents guess, on May 14, 1903, that their red-faced infant would grow up to be one of the loveliest stars of a then unknown art? Billie is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. She and her director husband, Irvin Willat, have agreed to disagree. Ramon Novarro is 5 feet, 10 inches tall and a confirmed bachelor.

M. F. R., NEWPORT, R. I.—Syd Chaplin doesn't make pictures any more. He's in England. His brother, Charlie, makes about one a decade. Joan Crawford goes Western in her next, "Montana Moon."

MILDRED SHEETZ, SHELBYVILLE, KY.—"The Big Party," which sounds like the sequel to a certain Bow epic, is Sue Carol's latest. On January 17, 1902, the folks in Malmo, Sweden, held a fiesta—or the Swedish equivalent—to celebrate the arrival of Nils Asther. Another big event took place on November 19, 1906—the very first birthday of Nancy Carroll. Nancy is married to Jack Kirkland, who scribbles things for stage and screen.

FREDA DIAMOND, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Greta Gustafsson, who will figure in the history books as Garbo, the Great, has never married. Neither has Marion Davies, who arrived in this world as Marion Douras. Betty Compson's name is just that unless you want to call her Mrs. James Cruze. Imogene Wilson changed her luck when she changed her name to Mary Nolan. She's single. Janet Gaynor became Mrs. Lydell Peck not long ago. And Bill Powell went back to bachelorhood when he and Eileen Wilson got a divorce.

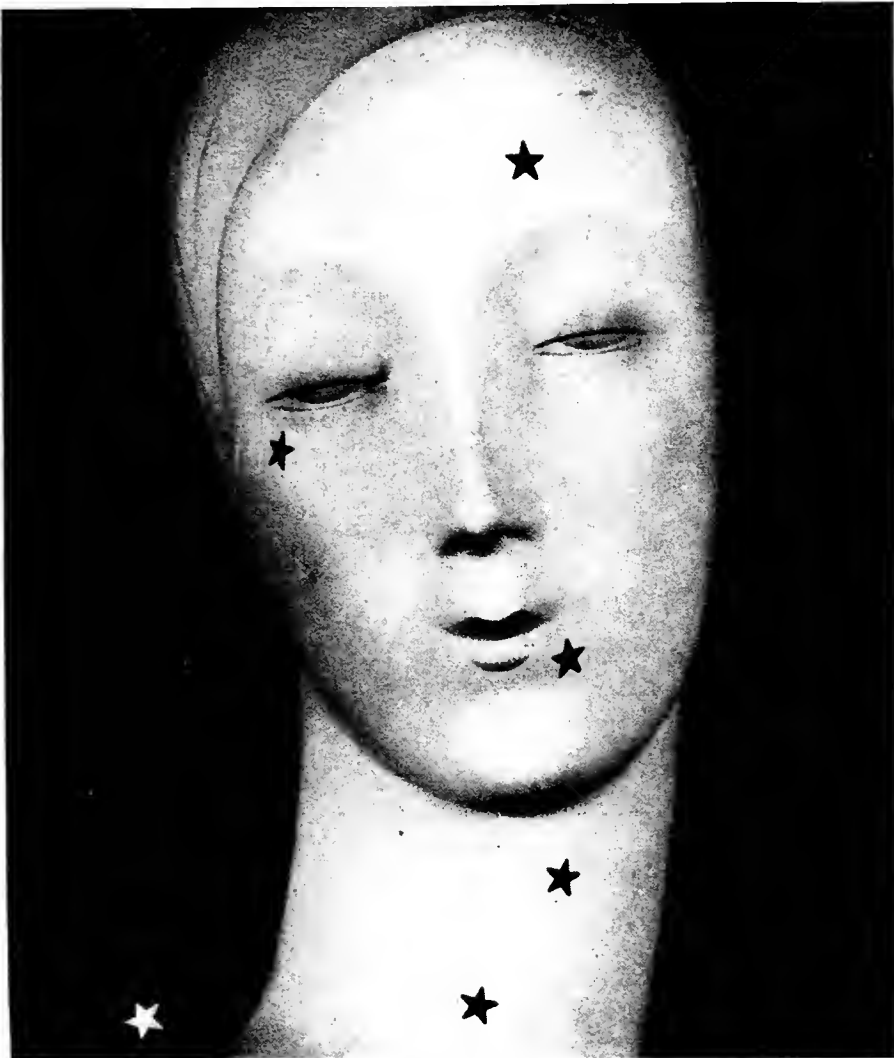
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]



# Clearer, healthier skin!

## MY CREAM AND MY METHOD CAN BRING IT SWIFTLY

BY *Frances Ingram*



NO longer do beautiful women doubt that one face cream can be very, very different from all the rest. They have discovered my Milkweed Cream! They know the benefits it brings that other creams cannot!

For Milkweed Cream is much more than a marvelous cleansing cream. It is devoted to keeping the skin healthy. While it is coaxing impurities from the pores, its special toning properties guard the complexion against blemishes, dullness and lines. Your skin becomes clearer, smoother, distractingly lovely.

My Milkweed Method is the simplest thing imaginable—just as brief as ordinary cleansing. First examine your skin critically at the six places starred on my famous mannequin; then begin this way:

First apply Milkweed Cream generously. Leave it on the skin a moment to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and light film of Milkweed Cream, and following the six starred instructions at the left, pat the cream gently into the skin. Swiftly will your skin improve in health, in freshness and in youth!

All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50c, \$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. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

LEARN FROM MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" WHY  
*"Only a healthy skin can stay young"*

★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.

★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.

★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.

★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover 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-50  
 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

# 4 Creams for the 4 Ages of Beauty

## IN YOUR 'TEENS



Your skin needs only the sure, gentle cleansing that keeps the pores unclogged. Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream gathers up all impurities without stretching the pores.

## IN YOUR TWENTIES

To keep the skin looking lovely Barbara Gould developed the second of her four basic creams—the Finishing Cream. It gives a soft dull finish that is a perfect base for powder.



## IN YOUR THIRTIES



Time attacks the tiny cells that lie beneath the skin. Barbara Gould Tissue Cream protects and guards the tissues that keep your skin smooth and unlined.

## IN YOUR FORTIES

The skin needs still another help to hold its youthful vigor. Barbara Gould Astringent Cream feeds inactive cells, and gives new life to tired skin.



## Simplicity is the keynote of the Barbara Gould Treatment

Just four essential creams! By their progressive use, according to a woman's age, any normal skin can be kept beautiful. What a discovery! This simple, scientific care of the skin, according to its age, is Barbara Gould's great triumph.

All conveniently priced at \$1.00 at leading department and drug stores.

Write for free booklet  
"Any Woman Can Look Lovelier"



*Barbara Gould*

392 Fifth Avenue, New York

# Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

**KATHERYN QUARLES, EAST POINT, GA.**—Frederic March will be 32 years old Aug. 31 if my arithmetic is correct, since his birthdate is 1898. He's married to Florence Eldridge, a Broadway actress now in films, too. Mary Brian is 22 and unmarried as yet, but a lot of young men have hopes.

**CHARLES GORDON, TRENTON, N. J.**—It is being rumored by some of our best rumorers that Lois Moran and Mickey Neilan (the former Mr. Blanche Sweet) are ca-razy about each other. Lois, who was born on March 11, 1909, has blonde hair, blue-gray eyes, is 5 feet, 1½ inches in height and stays around 118 pounds. Joseph Wagstaff left his home town, Detroit, Mich., to go on the stage and thence into movies. He has black hair and eyes, is married and there's a young Wagstaff to call him father.

**NINA RAINES, WINTON, NEW ZEALAND.**—So you go for the Brooklyn Bonfire and the Kansas Kollegian? Clara's name is Clara Gordon Bow and she was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Buddy's is Charles Rogers; he was born in Olathe, Kansas, 25 years ago; he's still single and he likes June Collyer.

**BETTY WARD, CINCINNATI, OHIO.**—That very snappy little girl who took the part of *Bee* in "Sunny Side Up" was Marjorie White, and I'm keeping an eye on her.

**A. C. G., CHARLESTON, W. VA.**—John Gilbert is 32 years old. Whoever told you Mary Pickford was 70 was just 34 years wrong. Vilma Banky is married to Rod LaRocque and likes it.

**MARGUERITE, WINNIPEG, CANADA.**—Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla was born in Zara Dalmazia, Italy, 33 years ago. He's 5 feet, 11 inches tall and is at present making a huge hit in a New York stage play called "Strictly Dishonorable." Paul Lukas used to spell his name Lukacs back in Budapest, Hungary.

**ADLEY LANDRY, PORT ARTHUR, TEX.**—"Marianne" gave Lawrence Gray his first phonoplay rôle and he scored mightily. Raymond Hackett was born in New York City, July 15, 1904. He's 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weighs 146 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes, and his latest picture is "Footlights and Fools." Raquel Torres is 21 years old, Audrey Ferris 20, and H. B. Warner 52.

**ANN MITCHELL, GLEN RIDGE, N. J.**—Welcome back! The lead in "Hard to Get" was played by Edmund Burns, who was born in Philadelphia in 1892, entered pictures in 1918 and has black hair and grey eyes. Ronald Colman's latest is "Condemned."

**A. K., MEXICO, ME.**—Anita Page's mother is English and her father Spanish-French. Tom Mix was born near El Paso, Tex. That personable young man who played the chauffeur in "The Single Standard" is Robert Castle, who was brought over from Germany just before Hollywood went talkie. Edward Nugent was the young reporter in "The Bellamy Trial."

**MRS. JOHN UTSHEK, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.**—Yep—Charles Bickford really has red hair—and when I say red I don't mean auburn. He's 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 185 pounds and is married. It wouldn't surprise me if Olive Borden and George O'Brien looked up a minister soon. Norman Kerry was Patsy Ruth Miller's boy friend in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Bill Haines and Anita Page played together in "Telling the World" and "Speedway." Their latest is "Navy Blues."

**R. W., NORMAN, OKLA.**—Wrong, my dear. Ruth Chatterton *did* play in "Sins of the Fathers." She was elegant, too.

**LILY O'BRIEN, LUFKIN, TEX.**—Conrad Nagel herod in that big IT epic "Three Weeks," and Mme. Glyn made him paste his ears back. The war picture you're thinking of was "The New Commandment," with Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon. Aileen Pringle and John Gilbert emoted together in "The Wife of the Centaur."

**I. BRYDEN, VANCOUVER, B. C.**—Hold on—here's the Oakie pedigree. Jack was born in Sedalia, Mo., 26 years ago. He's now 5 feet, 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has blue eyes and sandy hair. He takes Gwen Lee out when she isn't engaged to Charlie Kaley.

**C. D. C., WILMINGTON, DEL.**—Arthur Lake played the part of *Speed* in "The Air Circus" and suffered over his Phantom Sweetheart in "On with the Show." David Rollins was *Buddy* in "The Air Circus." Arthur is 24, hails from Corbin, Ky., is 6 feet tall, single and has light hair and blue eyes. David was born in Kansas City, Mo., is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall, has black hair and blue eyes and is a hardened old bachelor of twenty summers.

**JULIET FOLEY, OAK PARK, ILL.**—Lovely Ann Harding is 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 106 pounds. Have you seen her in "Her Private Affair"?

**M. D., NEW ORLEANS, LA.**—I suspect you of knowing more about Clive Brook already than I do—but here you are: he was born June 1, 1891, is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, and has grey eyes. His wife's name is Mildred Evelyn. You'll find a story on him in the March, 1928, PHOTOPLAY, and you'll see him next in "The Laughing Lady."

**VERA ATWOOD, ONTARIO, CANADA.**—Sorry I've been slighting you, Vera. I'm really very fond of Canadians except that they ask more questions than anyone else. Here are a few of your compatriots: Pauline Garon, Walter Huston, Barbara Kent, the Pickfords, Walter Pidgeon, Marie Prevost, Norma Shearer, Fay Wray and Mack Sennett.

**ERNESTINA HOFFMAN, DETROIT, MICH.**—Bill Haines, wise-cracker on and off, made his first big success in "Brown of Harvard," so now he's doing a talkie called "The Girl Said No," in which Leila Hyams heroines. And Anita Page, who's been teamed with Bill lately, has been cast opposite Buster Keaton in "Free and Easy." Ruth Lee Taylor was born Jan. 13, 1907. If she hadn't left her home town, Grand Rapids, Mich., you'd almost be neighbors.

**MRS. G. L., NEWARK, N. J.**—On the level, I tried to answer your letter sooner. Norma Shearer had long hair in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

**K. G., BARDSTOWN, KY.**—"The Plastic Age" was filmed in 1926 and in the leads were Donald Keith and Clara Bow, who was then going places with Gilbert Roland.

**MRS. R. C. SOMMERS, MORRISTOWN, N. J.**—Remember Winifred Bryson, who used to play vamps? She's the wife of Warner Baxter, who hails from Columbus, Ohio.

**ANXIOUS ANN, TOLEDO, OHIO.**—Alexander Gray is a widower in his early thirties and he plays the piano and sings and, I shouldn't be surprised, could yodel, too.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

# He told me that I was his Mystery Girl



Posed by Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., First National stars

## I had found the secret of allure in this thrilling, elusive fragrance

### Two For The Price Of One!

A Special Introductory Offer by leading  
dealers all over the U. S.

For \$1.00: Ben Hur Face Powder (full size \$1.00 pkg.) Ben Hur Perfume (full size \$1.00 bottle)

both for  
**\$1.00**



For 25¢: Ben Hur Talcum Powder (full size 25¢ pkg.) Ben Hur Perfume (full size 25¢ vial)

both for  
**25¢**

IT WAS while we were dancing together that Larry gazed down at me earnestly and exclaimed:

"What is it about you that is so different from other girls? Something haunting—undefinable. You are my Mystery Girl."

Of course a "Mystery Girl" could only smile—as mysteriously as possible. But I knew what it was that made Larry feel that way—the subtle "something" that he found elusive, charming, individual.

For too long before I knew him I had missed the secret of allure. No one ever tried to dance an entire evening with me, or whispered exciting things in my ear.

Then one day—about the time I first met Larry—I found a perfectly enchanting perfume. So deliciously fragrant, so delightfully elusive, as to make one seem altogether distinctive and charming. It provided the illusion of something thrilling, mysterious, which had been missing in my personality.

Almost at once I found myself enjoying a new popularity with men. And then came Larry, calling me his "Mystery Girl." The spell of my magic perfume was complete.

You will want to experience for yourself the amazing potency of this delightful fragrance. It is called Ben Hur. Send for a free trial bottle, and make its haunting, elusive charm your own.

### FREE TRIAL SAMPLE

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., 5009 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me—free—a trial bottle of Ben Hur Perfume.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## CAKE FORM

# WINX

is delightfully NEW!  
and its silvery case is  
quite irresistible

The full beauty of your eyes—the deep mystery and charm of shadowed, lovely lashes—if you really desire it, you must discover Winx!

Now Winx comes in convenient cake form—in a little silvery compact—with mirror and brush. Cake Winx is utterly different from anything you have ever tried—it is so soft and creamy. It stays soft on your eyelashes. Never makes them beaded or brittle. Always smooth, silky—smart, decidedly . . . but not a bit artificial.

And—there's a touch of perfume in the cake—just a subtle dab for your eyes. Of course smart women here and abroad are enthusiastic about Cake Winx. The fashionable New York stores sell more and more of these silvery compacts every month.

### You may prefer Liquid Winx

Liquid Winx is absolutely waterproof and tearproof. It is far more popular than any other liquid preparation. Ross Co., 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

For Lovely Lashes



## Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

M. M. J., WAUPUN, WIS.—Tenth Avenue, New York, was home and playground to Nancy LaHiff, whom you know as Nancy Carroll. Clara Bow burned up Brooklyn before they gave her the movies to play with. And Buddy Rogers was Olathe, Kansas' boy friend before he was America's.

L. E. B., TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Sure I'll settle your argument. I'll settle any argument—from a distance. Loretta Young was born January 6, 1913. You both lose. You can see Sally Starr in "The Woman Racket" and in "Not So Dumb."

MARY BROWN, MOLINE, ILL.—Will Rogers, who made gum-chewing a recognized art, used to play in Westerns. Like many other talkie stars, he has a B. S. degree. (Before Sound.)

D. A. M. N., WASHINGTON, D. C.—That most recent heart throb, Robert Montgomery, began his devastating career on May 21, 1904, in Beacon, N. Y. He wasn't such a fluent talker, then. Gertrude Astor, who held all feminine altitude records in the movies before 6-foot Jobyna Howland came along, is 5 feet, 7½ inches tall and weighs 138 pounds.

BERTHA V. DREKA, WILMINGTON, DEL.—Joan Crawford and Ramon Novarro emoted opposite one another in "Across to Singapore." The leading lady in "Redskin" was Gladys Belmont. The first 100% talking picture was titled "Lights of New York"—and little did we think—!

JOYCE AND CONNIE STARR.—Edmund Lowe has been married to Lilyan Tashman for some time and plans to stay that way. Eddie's 36 years old. When Judge Heermance of New York City writes to his beautiful daughter, Dorothea, he addresses the letters to June Collyer. Master David Rollins will not attain to what is optimistically known as "man's estate" until September 1930—but he's old enough to be engaged to Dixie Lee.

MRS. L. N., FREDERICK, OKLA.—Dorothy Mackaill played the blind girl in "Mighty Lak' a Rose"—but if you read Dottie's views on matrimony in the March PHOTOPLAY you know she's anything but blind.

MRS. A. H. GOOD, UNIVERSITY CITY, MO.—Frank Borzage, who directed "Lucky Star", ought to be called Lucky because he has two PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL Winners to his credit, "Humoresque" and "7th Heaven." William Desmond had nothing to do with the picture.

HELEN KANE, OMAHA, NEB.—Betty Compson uses her own name in pictures but in private life she is Mrs. James Cruze. Jean Arthur went to school under the name of Gladys Greene, while Anita Page used the family name, Pomares. Arthur Lake, who reaches 6 feet, is four times older than his height. Can you multiply? Philippe De Lacy was born on July 25, 1917. He is growing so fast that I cannot give you his exact height.

MARY E. RUTTER, LAWRENCE, KANS.—That "furrin" accent Ivan Lebedeff used in "Street Girl" was genuine. He left his home and fireside in Lithuania and landed in America in 1925.

CURIOSITY, ROWAYTON, CONN.—Monte really should be called *Mountain Blue* because he reaches 6 feet, 3 inches in altitude. Rudy Vallée's *Connecticut Yankee* appeared with him in "The Vagabond Lover." Gary Cooper's

next phonoplay will be "The Texan." As far as I know he and Lupe are still just engaged. Who said the Great Garbo refused to learn the English language? She speaks it in her first talkie, "Anna Christie," and will also speak it in her next picture "Romance." Malcolm McGregor was born on October 13, 1896.

DOROTHY, EVERETT, WASH.—In his hometown, Westbrook, Maine, Rudy Vallée was known as Hubert Prior Vallée. Heigh-ho everybody! He croons over WEAJ on Thursdays from 8 to 9 and on Saturdays from 12 to 1 midnight.

ERMA WILLIAMS, WATKINS GLEN, N. Y.—Gather 'round all you other fans, while I give Erma the low-down on Stanley Smith. How the girls have fallen for him! Stan was born in Kansas City, Mo., on January 6, 1907, is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. Before making his début in the talkies he appeared on the stage in such well known plays as "Kiki" and "What Price Glory." His latest talkie is "Honey." Paramount is lending him to M-G-M for "Good News." Now, girls, don't say I'm not a first class *detectuf*.

ISABEL MARY H., FLINT, MICH.—The last time I heard of Sessue Hayakawa he was in vaudeville, heading towards Hollywood and the talkies. Ronald Colman, who is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, was born on February 29, 1891. Anna Q. Nilsson is still trying to recover from an injury received when she was thrown from her horse about a year ago. Hurry up, Anna, your fans are clamoring for a picture.

E. L., BOISE, IDAHO.—Al Jolson entered this ol' world on May 26, 1886, under the title of Asa Yoelson. As soon as he decides on a story, a title and a theme song he will make another picture. MAMMMMY!

BERTHA LAMBERT, BENSON, ARIZ.—Can you guess Mona Maris' nationality if I tell you she was born in Buenos Aires? Barbara La Marr came forth from Richmond, Va., and was of French and Spanish extraction. "The Bad One" is the title of Dolores Del Rio's next phonoplay. She claims 5 feet, 4½ inches as her height. Gloria Swanson made her first bow to the world from Chicago, Ill. You'll be proud when you hear that Virginia Lee Corbin and Lloyd Hughes both hail from Arizona.

EMELIE FONTAINE, BUTTE, MONT.—Although 24 years on this earth, Barry Norton still remains a bachelor. Myrna Loy, who was born in Helena, Montana, on August 2, 1905, insists on using her own name in pictures.

A. P., NEW YORK.—Henry Daniel, who is best known for his work on the English stage, played opposite Ina Claire in "The Awful Truth." His most notable stage appearances were in "Déclasse," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Return Journey," and "The Play's the Thing." As a lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps, he toured nearly every country in the world during the war.

IRENE WARD, DETROIT, MICH.—No, indeed, Anita and Paul Page are not related. Anita's real monicker is Pomares. John Boles was born on October 27, 1899, and Clara Bow on July 29, 1905. John was married in 1917 and has two daughters.

M. S., SNELLING, CALIF.—Elise Bartlett, well known stage favorite, is the wife of Joseph Schildkraut. 'Tis rumored they won't be one much longer.



"You've never seen anything like the dirt that liquid Ambrosia removes on cotton"



ORDINARY CLEANSING  
note embedded dirt



PORE-DEEP CLEANSING  
skin is clean, smooth

▼  
SKIN MAGNIFIED 50 TIMES

## Face to face with a great skin specialist

A LITTLE WORRIED, a little embarrassed, but determined to hear the truth, you are sitting in the examining room of a great dermatologist. A light overhead searches out each tiny wrinkle; a microscope studies the texture of your face. Questions tumble over each other: "What's wrong with my skin? Must I look old?"

The doctor explains: "To look young you must keep the skin clean. Perhaps you think you've done that but under a microscope I can see dirt in the depths of the pores. It is this dirt that coarsens the skin and dulls the complexion. Dissolve out all the embedded dirt and normal circulation will be restored. Remember: doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

Ambrosia, the pore-deep cleanser that carries out the medical principle of liquid cleansing, was created by a French chemist and named by the exquisitely beautiful Empress Eugenie. Until recently it was made in this country only to the private order of notable women. Write now for generous free sample.

Apply Ambrosia on cotton; it penetrates instantly into the pores. You've never seen anything like the dirt it removes on the cotton. Repeat until a fresh pad does not show any soil—now you *know* your face is perfectly clean.

Ambrosia prepares the pores of a dry skin to absorb a softening cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles. Safe...no caustic alkali, no coarsening wax! Quick, convenient...nothing to wipe away. Hinze Ambrosia, Incorporated, Dept. 5-G, 114 Fifth Ave., New York. Dept. 5-G, 69 York St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

**4 ounces \$1.00**   ▼   **8 ounces \$1.75**   ▼   **16 ounces \$3.00**



AMBRŌSIA  
the pore-deep cleanser

## Where to use FROSTILLA



**Hands and arms:** when chapped, red, rough. A minute's massage... presto! Hands become patrician white and soft.



**Ankles and legs:** when blotched, coarsened, irritated from exposure. Also, after a depilatory. A few drops of Frostilla quickly restore smooth loveliness.



**Face and neck:**  
—when dry, reddened, wind-burned. Before and after all exposure. Makes your face powder cling.



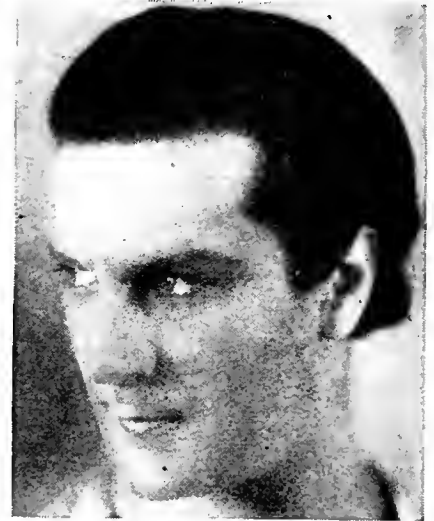
35c., 50c., \$1.  
everywhere. 10c.  
handy size at 5 &  
10c. stores. Mail  
orders filled by  
The Frostilla Co.,  
Department 65—  
Elmira, New York.

FROSTILLA is a friendly guardian against all exposure. It keeps the most weather-abused or water-abused skin smooth, soft and healthy. Have a bottle handy. Use it often.

## FROSTILLA SAVES YOUR SKIN

# The Best Records from New Pictures

By  
Maurice Fenton



Dennis King, whose recording of "The Vagabond King" music is reviewed here this month

**D**ENNIS KING'S singing in "The Vagabond King," Paramount's big all-Technicolor operetta, is interesting the screen fans and the record-players just now.

These are the new "Vagabond King" discs available—

If I Were King Dennis King Victor  
Only a Rose Richard Crooks Victor

On the other side of the first, King sings "Nichavo," from "Paramount on Parade." The Crooks record is excellent. He is a tenor.

However, if you want some good "Vagabond King" recording, have your dealer dig out a double-faced record made by Victor several years ago, when the operetta was the stage rage.

On one side, Dennis King and chorus sing "The Song of the Vagabonds," on the other Carolyn Thomson, of the stage production, sings "Only a Rose." A big seventy-five cents' worth—if you can get it.

### THE LOVE PARADE

Paris, Stay the Same  
You've Got That Thing (from "Fifty Million Frenchmen")

Nobody's Using Maurice  
It Now Chevalier  
My Love Maurice  
Parade Chevalier Victor

At last the magnetic Chevalier hits the wax—four times, and hard. These records are well worth your time and money.

### SPRING IS HERE

Have a Little Waring's  
Faith in Me Pennsylvanians Victor  
Lombardo's  
Canadians Columbia  
Cryin' for the Waring's  
Carolines Pennsylvanians Victor  
Ruth Etting  
(vocal) Columbia

Good, light numbers, particularly "Cryin' for the Carolines," which is one of the biggest hits of the spring.

### PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

Singing a Irving Kaufman  
Vagabond Song (vocal) Columbia  
Shilkret's  
Orchestra Victor  
With You Johnny Marvin  
(vocal) Victor  
Lombardo's  
Canadians Columbia  
There's Danger  
in Your Eyes, Irving Kaufman  
Cherie (vocal) Columbia  
Lombardo's  
Canadians Victor

These are grand pieces by Irving Berlin for the first talkie to star Harry Richman, who will no doubt get around to recording his own music

soon. One of the best numbers, "Puttin' on the Ritz," is not yet represented.

### SONG OF THE WEST

The One Girl John Boles Victor  
West Wind John Boles Victor

This is John Boles' first record of his movie music, and the fans will hop to it! His tenor records well, and he'll do better when he gets used to the wax. The numbers are from his latest screen operetta. The first, particularly, is a beauty.

### BE YOURSELF

When a Woman  
Loves a Man Fanny Brice  
Cooking  
Breakfast for  
the One I Love Fanny Brice

Fanny, the great comedienne, is certainly welcome back to the records. These two excellent numbers are from her latest United Artists picture, and are sung as only she can sing them.

### POINTED HEELS

I Have to Have  
You Helen Kane Victor  
Sunshine Boys Columbia  
Ain'tcha Helen Kane Victor

The Boop-a-doop girl again, doing two songs from her latest Paramount single. If you are a Kane addict you will need this for your album.

### LOVE COMES ALONG

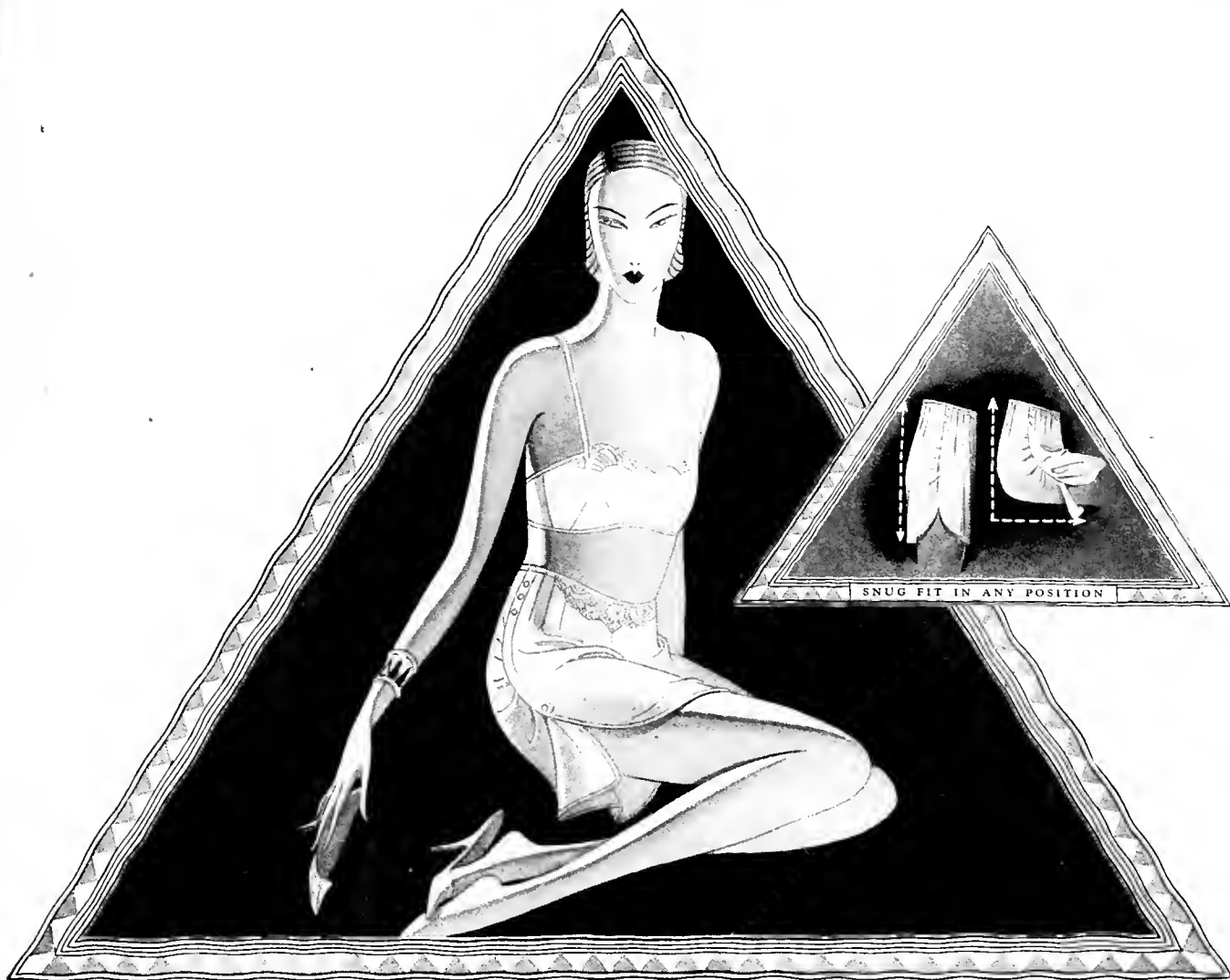
Until Love Nat Shilkret's  
Comes Along Band Victor  
Lee Morse  
and Band Columbia

This is the hit number from the latest Bebe Daniels picture. The Victor platter has Shilkret's well known band, while Miss Lee Morse croons the other, accompanied by her Blue Grass Boys. A Victor Herbertian waltz.

### HIT THE DECK

Keepin' Myself Paul Specht's  
for You Band Columbia  
Belle Mann and  
Hi-Hatters Victor

This is one of the numbers interpolated into the Youmans' score of "Hit the Deck," filmed by Radio with Jack Oakie featured. Both are dance records, with Belle Mann recording a patter refrain on the Victor disc.



## We dramatize a tuck

We have taken the ugly bagginess out of women's underdress with a clever tuck—a tuck which gives extra length and roundness to the back of the garment without unnecessary fullness. The result is a snug fit, in no matter what position the body may be. Greater freedom! Enhanced beauty! Eliminates bunched fullness. Lasts longer because it is anatomically right. A smart and complete line, for every underdress need. We have dramatized a tuck—and the women of America have welcomed it enthusiastically. That's the reason for the remarkable Kickernick success. The garment of the hour! Made by the Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Don't buy any underdress until you have seen Kickernick. At better stores everywhere. Send for booklet today.

# *Kickernick*

PATENTED UNDERDRESS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Model  
493

Sizes  
14-20  
36-42

\$8

## Ruth Taylor knows her lines

This clever little star is a devotee of lines whether she is picking a \$500 coat or an \$8 simple frock like this typical Hubrite Informal Frock of Ruff-Weave pure silk—original design, correct proportions for each size, careful finish. Ruth Taylor says you must be sure to notice the new short sleeve, the flaring godets, the ingenious bow tie. Comes in misty pastel shades—Danube blue, jonquil, orchid, azalea pink, lettuce green or gardenia white.

This and other lovely Hubrite Informal Frocks ranging from \$2 to \$12 are shown in such leading stores as

Frederick Loeser & Co., Brooklyn  
Jordan Marsh Company, Boston  
The Ernst Kern Co., Detroit  
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester  
Jacoby Bros., Inc., Los Angeles

PHOTOPLAY readers out of reach of local Hubrite stores are invited to send direct to Boston for the charming model shown, or for our *FREE Summer Style Folder P-5*

**HUBRITE**  
*Informal Frocks*  
INCORPORATED

104 Shawmut Avenue, BOSTON, MASS.

# Girls! Want a trip to Hollywood?

*Columbia Pictures promises you one if you are chosen "Miss Columbia"*



Margaret Livingston, Evelyn Brent and Dorothy Revier. These stars will entertain "Miss Columbia" during her week in Hollywood

**T**HE Columbia Pictures Corporation is seeking "Miss Columbia" among the girls of America.

The winner will receive a round trip to Hollywood, all expenses paid; a week's contract at \$250, and will pose for a new opening trailer which will introduce every Columbia picture to the screen.

**P**HOTOPLAY is cooperating with Columbia and with twelve other national magazines to find the lucky "Miss Columbia."

Our winning girl will be known as "Miss Photoplay," and will receive, as her semi-final prize, a Majestic Radio set.

From the thirteen winners "Miss Columbia" will be chosen, and the fun will be on!

## What Miss Columbia Will Win—

A round trip to Hollywood, all expenses paid. A week's contract at the Columbia Studios in Hollywood, at \$250.

Her face and figure on the opening trailer of every Columbia picture.

Lavish entertainment on the Coast by the executives and stars of Columbia pictures.

## Here Are the Rules—

Send your photograph, with measurements and other information requested in the advertisement elsewhere in this issue, to—

The "Miss Columbia" Editor, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

This magazine's winner will be chosen by our editorial staff and two Columbia executives.

She will receive a Majestic Radio set, and be known as "Miss Photoplay."

The contest closes at midnight, May 25, 1930.

**A** ROYAL greeting and grand entertainment await "Miss Columbia" in Hollywood. She will be received by the Columbia forces, headed by Harry Cohn, vice-president.

Among the stars who will entertain her and show her the sights are Evelyn Brent, Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, Margaret Livingston, Sally O'Neil, Dorothy Revier and many others.

The company promises that she will not have a dull moment. She will be filmed by "Screen Snapshots," the film fan magazine.

This is your chance to see Hollywood from the inside. And your opportunity to be seen on the screen wherever Columbia Pictures are shown.

Enter now. Send your picture, and the information requested to us, and become "Miss Photoplay."

If we know our girls, she'll be "Miss Columbia," too!



# Girlhood's Crowning Glory

## THE "RING OF RINGS"

You cannot choose with too much care the ring that is to keep this moment forever precious in memory. Only by insisting upon rings "Styled by Traub" can you be sure that you are getting Genuine Orange Blossom . . . by the world's leading manufacturer of engagement and wedding rings. You will find, too, that flawless beauty costs no more than commonness. For the better jewelers everywhere are displaying smart new Orange Blossom designs, priced as low as \$12 . . . and a complete line of Traub gift rings as well.

*Our delightful booklet "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request*

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1933 McGraw Avenue  
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*More than 400 ring styles in iridio-platinum or gold, jeweled and un-jeweled, priced as low as \$12—all readily identified by this tag.*

# T R A U B

*The Only Genuine Orange Blossom Rings*

No ring without this trade-mark is  
Genuine Orange Blossom

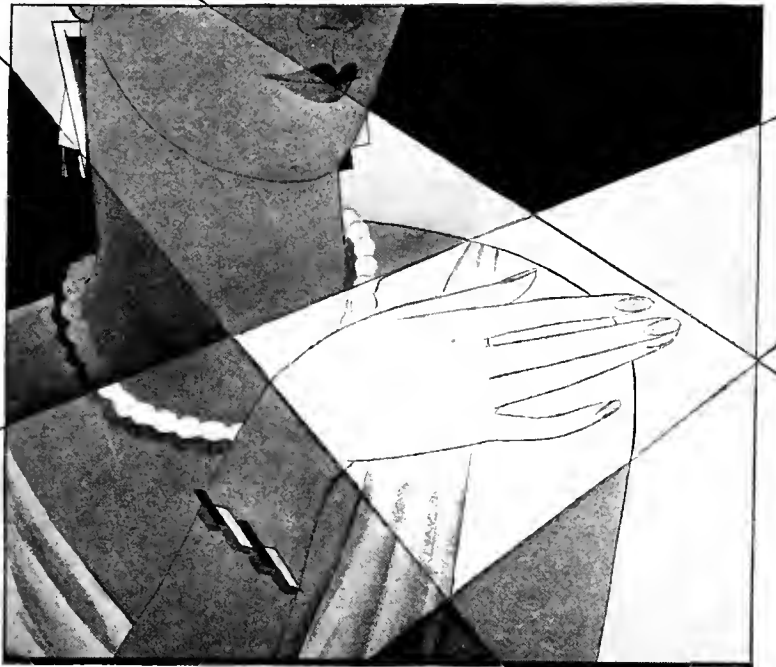
TRADE  MARK

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

GLAZO'S LOVELY TONE IS SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED TO LOOK EQUALLY WELL IN ARTIFICIAL LIGHT OR SUNLIGHT

# The Dunce's Cap

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]



scarce until she was offered a little contract with the old FBO company as the foil for the Western stars, Tom Tyler and Art Acord. Her salary was small, her rôles ineffective, but at least she was earning a living. At least she had her feet on the first rung of the ladder. She was not a complete failure—nor yet a coward.

And then, almost overnight, the talkies descended upon Hollywood and Sharon found herself singing and dancing in "Fox Movietone Follies," and when she read the critical reviews, she discovered that her number, "That's You, Baby" had been the hit of the show. "Sunny Side Up" came next and then "Happy Days." Sharon was a success in the land of the cinema.

Not long ago she met Buddy Rogers on Hollywood Boulevard.

"Remember, Buddy, our days at old Alma Mater?" said Sharon. "You were the prize pupil. And I was the little stupid at the foot of the class. The one that wore the dunce cap."

The old Rogers gallantry came to the fore. "That was another day, Sharon," he answered. "It seems to me that you're way up near the head now, yourself."

And true enough, Sharon was. The little girl who knocked off the dunce cap went happily on her way to the Fox lot—there to make good again in "In Love with Love!"

## Glazo's lovely color is constant .. never deceiving its users

WITH its delicate sheen and lovely, modish color, Glazo has a gift for flattering slender fingers. And the beauty it brings is constant, under all lights!—with never a change in tone or texture.

With many nail polishes evening light, especially, brings a disappointing difference. A dashing color fades to insignificance and dullness replaces a soft glow. Your fingertips, charming by sunlight, lose every claim to beauty.

### Correct Nail Color is Vital to Charm

Varying lighting conditions have an unflattering effect upon most nail polishes. Electric light can cause a soft lustre to appear flat and dull, or change the color of your nails to a yellowish tinge or an unpleasant purple-pink. Glazo alone remains unaffected. Glazo alone guards its modish tone under every changing condition of light.

With Glazo polish on your nails, your fingertips are always lovely—indoors and outdoors, under the dazzle of party lights or the glow of candles, just as in broad daylight.

Would you like to prove for yourself the constancy of Glazo color?

First, do your nails exactly as you want them under daylight. Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine them

carefully. Glazo will have exactly the same tone in the closet as it had in the sun!

Try this test—and we believe you will become a devotee of Glazo for life!

A good polish like Glazo lasts longer than a week. It never peels, it never cracks, and gives a soft, lively sheen that never verges on artificiality. For its covering film is so smooth and thin that you will delight in its effect and you can scarcely detect its presence.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its constant color is a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under varying lights. With Glazo your nails will always be lovely.

The smart twin bottles of Glazo (Glazo Polish and Polish Remover) may be found at all toilet goods counters and the price is 50¢.

If you would like samples of Glazo, send six cents with the coupon below.

## Coupon

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ50  
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

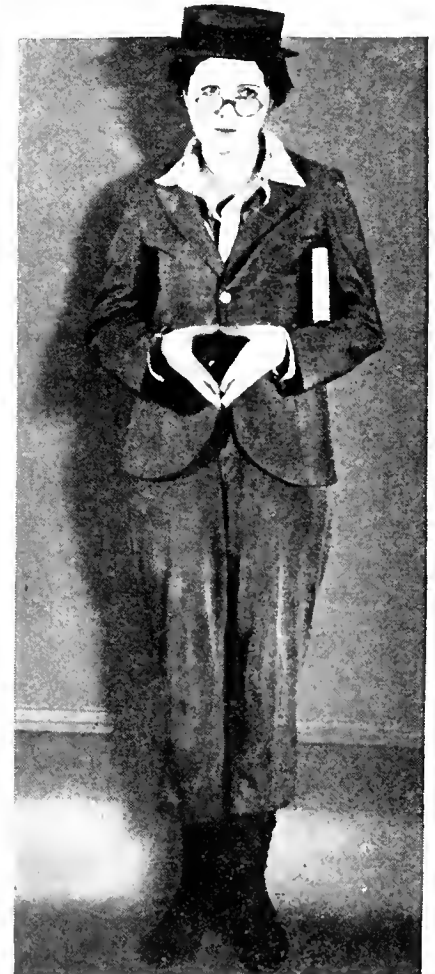
Plain  Perfumed

I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely Eloquent Hands."

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Address.....

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



Billie's début. Honest and truly, this is La Belle Dove, as she looked in her first picture, "Youth to Youth," made on the old Metro lot in Hollywood

# GLAZO

# Select your theatre by **EAR TEST**



**Hear talking pictures that sound NATURAL**  
*... in theatres which show this sign*



Nowadays it is not enough for a theatre to give you the best talking pictures. It must reproduce dialogue and other sound with utmost clearness—in short, it must pass your EAR TEST.

Go to theatres equipped by Western Electric and you make sure of ear entertainment. This apparatus gives its satisfying

results because it was made by the world's leading experts in Sound transmission, the makers of your telephone.

Look for the Western Electric sign in the lobby. Enjoy the voices of your favorite stars reproduced with full justice to their personality and art. Hear talking pictures at their best.

**Western**  **Electric**  
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MADE  
 BY THE MAKERS  
 OF YOUR  
 TELEPHONE

# Addresses of the Stars



## TANGEE The Magic Lipstick!

Tangee is Nature's loveliest color. For this is the magic of Tangee . . . it changes on your lips and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, whether you are fairest blonde, dark-est brunette or titian red.

For Tangee is like a lovely glow from within, a blush entirely without thickness or greasy smear . . . permanent, natural color which you cannot smear or rub away.

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that soothes, heals and protects. And it outlasts several of the usual lipsticks. Ask for TANGEE and be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package.

Tangee Lipstick, Crème Rouge, Face Powder, Night Cream, Day Cream, each \$1.00. Rouge Compact, 75c. Tangee Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, \$1.00.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")  
THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P-5  
417 Fifth Avenue New York

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

### At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen  
Jean Arthur  
William Austin  
George Bancroft  
Clara Bow  
Evelyn Brent  
Mary Brian  
Clive Brook  
Nancy Carroll  
Robert Castle  
Lane Chandler  
Ruth Chatterton  
Maurence Chevalier  
Chester Conklin  
Gary Cooper  
Kay Francis  
Richard "Skeets"  
Gallagher  
Harry Green  
Paul Guertzman  
James Hall

Neil Hamilton  
O. P. Heggie  
Doris Hill  
Phillips Holmes  
Helen Kane  
Dennis King  
Jack Luden  
Paul Lukas  
John Loder  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Frederic March  
David Newell  
Jack Oakie  
Warner Oland  
Guy Oliver  
William Powell  
Charles Rogers  
Lillian Roth  
Regis Toomey  
Fay Wray

### At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree  
Nils Asther  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Jack Benny  
Charles Bickford  
Edwina Booth  
John Mack Brown  
John Lon Chaney  
Joan Crawford  
Karl Dane  
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  
Ramon Novarro  
Edward Nugent  
Elliott Nugent  
Catherine Dale Owen  
Anita Page  
Basil Rathbone  
Duncan Renaldo  
Dorothy Sebastian  
Norma Shearer  
Sally Starr  
Lewis Stone  
Lawrence Tibbett  
Ernest Torrence  
Raquel Torres  
Roland Young

### 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  
Sue Carol  
Helen Chandler  
Marguerite Churchill  
Mae Clark  
Sammy Cohen  
William Collier, Sr.  
June Collyer  
Joyce Compton  
Fifi Dorsay  
Louise Dresser  
Nancy Drexel  
Charles Eaton  
Stuart Erwin  
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 Maris  
Kenneth McKenna  
Victor McLaglen  
Don Jose Mojica  
Lois Moran  
Charles Morton  
Paul Muni  
J. Harold Murray  
Harry Norton  
George O'Brien  
Paul Page  
Tom Patricola  
Sally Phipps  
David Rollins  
Arthur Stone  
Nick Stuart  
Norma Terris  
Don Terry  
Marjorie White

### At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess  
Bernice Claire  
Doris Dawson  
Billie Dove  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Alexander Gray  
Corinne Griffith  
Doris Kenyon

Dorothy Mackaill  
Marilyn Miller  
Colleen Moore  
Antonio Moreno  
Jack Muhlall  
Donald Reed  
Milton Sills  
Alice White  
Loretta Young

### At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lew Ayres  
John Boles  
Ethlyn Claire  
Kathryn Crawford  
Lorayne DuVal  
Ruth Elder  
Robert Ellis  
Hoot Gibson  
Dorothy Gulliver  
Otis Harlan  
Raymond Keane  
Merna Kennedy  
Barbara Kent  
Scott Kolk  
Natalie Kingston

Beth Laemmle  
Allen Lane  
Laura La Plante  
Fred Mackaye  
Ken Maynard  
James Murray  
Mary Nolan  
Mary Philbin  
Eddie Phillips  
Joseph Schildkrant  
Sisters G  
Glenn Tryon  
Paul Whiteman  
Barbara Worth

### At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton  
Sally Blane  
Olive Borden  
Betty Compson  
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro  
Richard Dix  
Bob Steele  
Tom Tyler

### At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong  
Constance Bennett  
William Boyd  
Ina Claire  
Alan Hale

Ann Harding  
Jeanette Loff  
Carol Lombard  
Eddie Quillan

### At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore  
Monte Blue  
Betty Bronson  
William Collier, Jr.  
Dolores Costello  
Louise Fazenda  
Audrey Ferris

Al Jolson  
Myrna Loy  
May McAvoy  
Edna Murphy  
Lois Wilson  
Grant Withers

### At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado  
Fannie Brice  
Charles Chaplin  
Dolores Del Rio  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Lillian Gish  
John Holland  
Chester Morris

Mary Pickford  
Harry Richman  
Gilbert Roland  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge  
Constance Talmadge  
Lupe Velez  
Louis Wolheim

### At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Belle Baker  
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

### 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  
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.



## DOES YOUR RECREATION REDOUBLE YOUR CIGARETTES?

♦ ♦ SHOOT FOR  
"HAPPY-MOUTH"  
IN SPUD'S  
COOLER SMOKE!

When you're taking time out from your worries . . . does your cigarette appetite increase? Then let it increase on Spud. Let it increase through a mouth and throat that are always moist, cool and comfortable. That's the way you stay with Spud . . . mouth-happy . . . right through 2 packs a day, if that's your smoking mood!

Spud's 16% cooler smoke heightens your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. It keeps your tobacco senses constantly alive to Spud's choice leaf and blend. For new thousands daily, it is making Spud the grand, 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

JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.



"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you...sent gladly on request.

# If the young wife knows



(knows ALL the facts)  
Only then she has no need for this booklet

ONLY the young wife who has tried to get true information knows how much *mis-information* her intimates have about feminine hygiene. How many theories they hold to be facts. How wrong some of these theories are, even dangerous.

There is a vast difference between the real truth and the current speculations regarding this intimate matter. And unless the young wife is absolutely sure she knows *all* the facts, she should read the Zonite booklet. Then she can be sure.

### Zonite is safe and powerful

Caustic and poisonous antiseptics! They have worried women for years! Until recently no other germicides were powerful enough for feminine hygiene! Is it any wonder that doctors and trained nurses would not advise the use of bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid? But Zonite is different. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body. And Zonite is safe. It can never cause scar-tissue nor interfere with normal secretions.

### Send coupon for booklet

All the facts about feminine hygiene are clearly given in this honest, frank booklet. Send coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, tender feet or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION		PH-05
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.		
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.		
<input type="checkbox"/> The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene <input type="checkbox"/> Use of Antiseptics in the Home		
Name .....	(Please print name)	
Address .....		
City .....	State .....	
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)		

## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

**SO THIS IS COLLEGE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under title "Happy Days.") The U. S. C.-Stanford football game in sound is one of life's big moments. Otherwise just another farce that will make real collegians commit hara-kiri. (Nov.)

**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)

★ **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)

★ **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 hula. A fine supporting cast including Charles Bickford. (Jan.)

★ **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 finesse and Kay Francis' sincere emoting would be high-lights in any picture. (March)

★ **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-Educational.—A short feature directed by Mack himself. Daphne Pollard and the rest of the hilarious gang. (April)

★ **SUNNY SIDE UP**—Fox.—The royal Gaynor-Farrell team go into their song and dance and prove their versatility. A little gal named Marjorie White scores heavily. This is real entertainment. (Dec.)

**SWEETIE**—Paramount.—A little something in the collegiate line, pleasant, youthful and lively. Helen (Boop-a-doop) Kane and Jack Oakie wow 'em and Nancy Carroll is effective in an unsympathetic rôle. (Dec.)

**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)

★ **TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE**—United Artists.—Here's that long-awaited co-starring appearance of Mary and Doug. It isn't Shakespeare, but it's swell entertainment. (Nov.)

**TANNED LEGS**—Radio Pictures.—Just what the Tired Business Man ordered. Legs by Ann Pennington and June Clyde and whoopee by Arthur Lake. Peppy music. (Dec.)

**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.)

★ **THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS**—Fox.—What happens when a garageman gets rich and his wife gets culture. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Marguerite Churchill and Fifi Dorsay are elegant. (Dec.)

**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, Bessie Love is still being noble. (March)

**THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE**—M-G-M.—If you don't thrill over this, lie down. You're dead. Margaret Wycherly scores in the rôle she created on the stage. (Nov.)

**THIS MAD WORLD**—M-G-M.—A tender yet glamorous filmization of one of the most beautiful of war stories, with glorious work by Kay "Dynamite" Johnson and Basil Rathbone. (Nov.)

★ **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.)

**THREE LIVE GHOSTS**—United Artists.—An unimportant tale of three war buddies who return to life after being reported killed. The cast is from the stage. (Nov.)

**THREE LOVES**—Moviegraph.—An exciting and spicy German film, well directed and acted. See it. Silent. (Dec.)

**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 once popular, but no one seems to care any more whether the Northwest Mounted get their man or not. (March)

**TONIGHT AT TWELVE**—Universal.—Can it be possible?—a mystery play without a murder or a Hindu servant! Good situations. (Nov.)

★ **TRESPASSER, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson is a sensation in her first all talkie. In spite of a hokey story, a superbly paced and splendidly acted picture. Good! (Dec.)

**TROOPERS THREE**—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Concerns both kinds of troupers—backstage and army. Slim Summerville is funny. (April)

**UNDERTOW**—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)

**UNTAMED**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford goes native. She's grand and so is Robert Montgomery, a newcomer. (Dec.)

**UP THE CONGO**—Sono Art-World Wide.—One more expedition into Darkest Africa. If you like them you'll like it. (April)

**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.) Vallée fans will be pleased. (Jan.)

**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)

**WELCOME DANGER**—Paramount.—Talkies needn't worry Harold Lloyd. His voice is fine. This phonoplay is one long laugh. (Dec.)

**WEST OF THE ROCKIES**—J. Charles Davis Prod.—Bandits, fast riding heroes, pretty señoritas. Same old Western plot. (April)

**WHY LEAVE HOME**—Fox.—Story about duck-hunting husbands and fun-hunting wives, based on "Cradle Snatchers." (Nov.)

**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)

**WOMAN RACKET, THE**—M-G-M.—Blanche Sweet deserved a better comeback than this feeble effort about a night club hostess. Blanche has a charming singing voice and is effective when the opportunity offers. (March)

**WOMAN TO WOMAN**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A product of British studios. (Dec.)

**WRECKER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Mediocre British film presenting Carlyle Blackwell. Sound. (Nov.)

★ **YOUNG NOWHERES**—First National.—Unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. Another poignant Barthelme portrayal. New heights for Marian Nixon. Fine all around. (Dec.)

Black net gown by Bonwit Teller & Co.  
Huge tulle fan by Lord & Taylor.  
Complexion by Armand!



clothes are more  
alluring now . . . .

# complexions must be too!

Armand Cold Cream Powder, your choice of becoming new shades, \$1. Armand Cleansing Cream, 50c and \$1.25.

BACK to feminine fashions! Back to luscious curves and alluring outlines. Never have women had greater opportunities to make themselves utterly irresistible! But with the new clothes, come the new complexions—

*Today the skin must be ALIVE*

—warmly, vividly, lusciously alive, with soft, tempting texture. And a new *tone* is in vogue—rich, mellow, like real pearls. All this demands a new kind of skin care, of course . . . deep, thorough cleansing with Armand Cleansing Cream. You'll love this dainty application that wipes away so freely, leaving such refreshing cleanness.

*Then that soft, pearly finish*

And here's the magic of the New Complexion. Armand Cold Cream Powder! You use it in a different way—and get amazingly different results! Rub it first into a clean puff—then smooth it, blend it well into the skin. Take time to do this thoroughly and then behold the soft, fair finish! Best of all, this powder *holds*. Your lovely looks are lasting!

*Try these two today—Armand Cleansing Cream and Armand Cold Cream Powder—and let your skin keep step with style! Sold at beauty counters everywhere.*



# ARMAND

CLEANSING  
CREAM

COLD CREAM  
POWDER

© 1930 by The Armand Co., Inc.

# These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month



**Can  
You  
Stand  
the  
Public  
Gaze!**

*Laura La Plante, Universal Star, appears dainty and lovely in the sleeveless sun style of the tennis court.*

**S**MART though they be, sun-styles are often embarrassingly revealing. Yet you can wear them with confidence and meet the public gaze with poise if your skin is smooth and free of ugly fuzzy hair.

And it is so easy to keep your under-arm devoid of superfluous hair when you use Del-a-tone Cream. Insures cleanliness, so essential to personal daintiness. Easy to use as cold cream, it removes hair safely and surely in 3 minutes or less.

Perfected through our exclusive formula, Del-a-tone has the distinction of being the first and only white cream hair-remover.



Faintly-fragrant, Del-a-tone Cream is the most convenient modern way to remove hair from fore-arms, legs, back of neck and face as well as from under-arm. Send coupon below for generous trial tube.

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Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores or sent prepaid in U.S. in plain wrapper \$1. Money back if desired. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Department 85, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago. 1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record peak—four times greater than any previous year.

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**JEAN HARLOW** ("Hell's Angels," United Artists) is one newcomer to the screen who didn't desert the stage for the films. She came straight from Chicago society. Howard Hughes was looking for a leading woman for his air picture, to replace Greta Nissen in the talking version. Ben Lyon introduced him to Jean Harlow. She got the job without a struggle.



**EDDIE BUZZELL** ("Little Johnny Jones," First National) came from the musical comedy stage, where for a good many years he has been a featured comic, with singing and dancing thrown in. His last venture in that line was "Lady Fingers," which he also helped write. He is the husband of Ona Munson, one of the prettiest and best musical show dancers.



**NOEL FRANCIS** ("The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted," Fox) is a real Ziegfeld girl captured by talking pictures. Not only is her beauty up to the best Ziegfeld tradition—she can sing and dance elegantly and has a nice speaking voice. Fox discovered her on the New York stage, gave her a test, immediately signed her on the dotted line, and shipped her West.



**GEORGE BARRAUD** ("The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," M-G-M) made a great hit in this brilliant talkie. Born in London, Barraud had ten years of stage experience before he was lured by the films, beginning as understudy to Sir Gerald Du Maurier. He made his American picture debut in "Flaming Youth," and is now in great demand among the companies.



**ETHELIND TERRY** ("Lord Byron of Broadway," M-G-M) has for some years been one of the noted beauties and best prima donnas on the New York music stage. She came to notice in the first "Music Box Revue," and her last big assignment on the Great White Way was the prima donna rôle in "Rio Rita," sung on the screen so notably by Bebe Daniels.



**WILLIAM COLLIER, SR.** ("Harmony at Home," Fox) is one of the grand veterans of the American stage. He was for years a star of comedy and the musical stage. He was already famous in the Weber and Fields period, and has kept busy and popular throughout the years. He is the step-father of that young picture veteran, William Collier, Jr. Hail Willie!



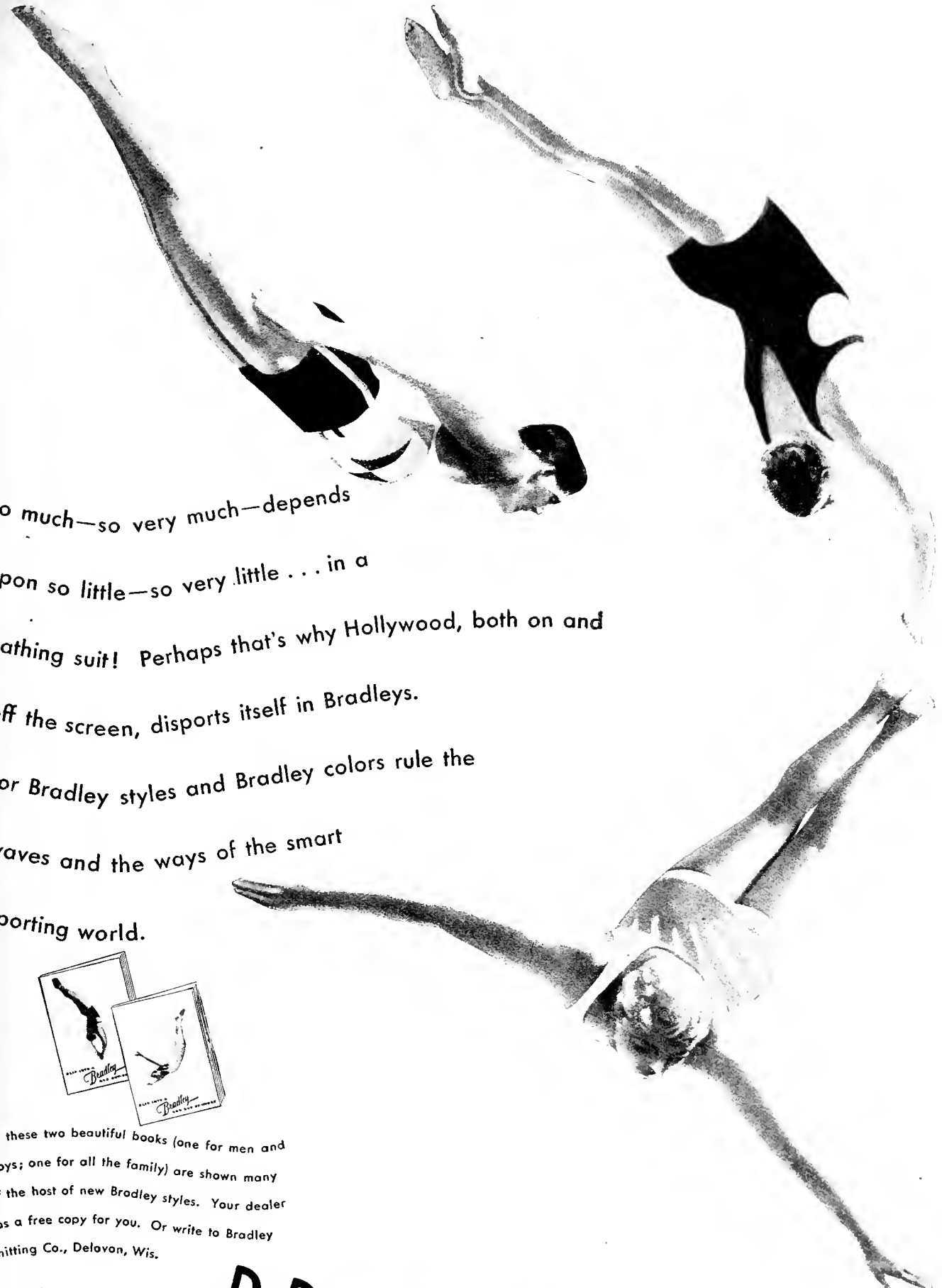
**NANCE O'NEIL** ("His Glorious Night," M-G-M) is another veteran of the speaking stage—long a star in her own right, in emotional rôles of the great days. She appeared in silent pictures about fifteen years ago, often with her husband and leading man, Alfred Hickman. Now she is dignifying the talkies with her fine voice and superb poise.



**WALTER CATLETT** ("Happy Days," Fox) comes to pictures with a brilliant stage career behind him, as one of the theater's leading comedians. He came to nation-wide note in "Sally," in support of Marilyn Miller—the Ziegfeld smash which ran for years, and has since been seen in innumerable musical shows. He made good with a bang at Fox.







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bathing suit! Perhaps that's why Hollywood, both on and  
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In these two beautiful books (one for men and boys; one for all the family) are shown many of the host of new Bradley styles. Your dealer has a free copy for you. Or write to Bradley Knitting Co., Delavan, Wis.

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THE advertising pages of PHOTOPLAY for May, 1920, show how madly the motion picture, silent type, was rushing toward its highest development in peppery style.

Here's an ad for "The Virgin of Stamboul," the Universal picture that made Priscilla Dean a really big star. (Press Agent Harry Reichenbach planted a group of fake Turks in a New York hotel, and filled the newspapers with free stories on the princess missing from a harem and at large in America. The first hugely successful movie hoax.)

Pathe takes a page to tell about its serials. Ruth Roland in "The Adventures of Ruth"; Pearl White in "The Black Secret"; Jack Dempsey in "Daredevil Jack."

Cosmopolitan Productions devotes a whole page to the films of Miss Marion Davies, notably "The Dark Star," from the Robert W. Chambers novel. And D. W. Griffith blazons the advent of "The Idol Dancer," the South

toward leading rôles and eventual stardom . . . Madge Kennedy, then prominent in films, but in 1930 again a stage star of great magnitude . . . and a very young picture of a very young French girl . . . one Renee Adoree . . . "The Big Parade" was still years from its starting point in the brain of King Vidor.

A SCREEN star finds her voice—eight years before the talkies!

The learned Burns Mantle writes a piece on Dorothy Dalton, the famous Ince film lure who has just made a sensation on the New York stage in the leading rôle of "Aphrodite," the noted Morris Gest spectacle.

She liked the stage, said the beautiful Dalton, but she preferred the good old sunlit stages of California.

WHOA! Here's a story that has a familiar ring!

It's called "Jazzing Up the Fashions," and says that motion picture stars are not content to follow the fashions—they introduce them.

We said the same thing all through 1929, pointing to the fact that the despised Hollywood line, with its empire effect, had at last been taken up by Paris and made the style law of the world.

Ten years ago Hollywood was already telling the girls what to wear and how to wear it.

THE Shadow Stage leads off this month, with Burns Mantle's review of "Why Change Your Wife?" latest of Cecil De Mille's flashing, sexy specials.

Thomas Meighan, Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels have the three leads, and Mantle says that De Mille has developed "the technique of the torso" to its highest point in Gloria's personal revelations. In fact, Burns calls it the month's sex best sellers.

THIS is the month of "River's End," Mickey Neilan's beautiful picture starring Lewis Stone and Marjorie Daw . . . "The Paliser Case," with Pauline Frederick . . . Dustin Farnum in "The Corsican Brothers." . . . Ethel Clayton in "The Thirteenth Commandment."

. . . Seena Owen declares, in an interview, that the camera is cruel to her . . . Elliott Dexter, after a year's serious illness, is back to the screen again, well and chipper . . . Theda Bara, her screen vamping days over, is on the stage starring in "The Blue Flame"—and what a piece of work that was! . . . Griffith has just paid \$175,000 for the screen rights to "Way Down East." . . . Ina Claire announces that for a year she has been the wife of James Whitaker, Chicago newspaper man.

GLAMOROUS Gaby Deslys is dead, and she's worth a story this month.

The famous revue star, whose name was linked with that of dethroned King Manuel of Portugal, once made a Famous Players picture with her husband, Harry Pilcer.

So she gets a few lines of small type in PHOTOPLAY—that beautiful woman endowed, by her press agents, with all the lure and charm of historic sirens.

ALICE JOYCE, formerly Mrs. Tom Moore, has married James Regan, son of the proprietor of the Knickerbocker Hotel, famous Gotham hostelry . . . Mary Pickford has divorced Owen Moore in Nevada . . . Elsie Ferguson has just gone back to the speaking stage . . . Chic Sale is making a picture . . . The mother of Carol Dempster dies in Hollywood. Carol, working at Griffith's Eastern studio, rushes West . . . Louise Huff, formerly Mrs. Edgar Jones, is now Mrs. Edwin A. Stillman . . . Vivian Martin is to have her own company . . . Leo Delaney, old Vitagraph star in the days of Florence Turner and Maurice Costello, dies in New York during flu epidemic.



Elaine Hammerstein was a big star in 1920. She was being heavily billed by the then-famous Selznick company

Sea picture that marked the last screen appearance of clever, sparkling little Clarine Seymour.

Selznick Pictures advertised its four stars—Clive Thomas, Eugene O'Brien, Owen Moore and Elaine Hammerstein.

Big days loomed for the grown-up movies.

IN two pages of pictures we tell the story of Griffith's new Eastern studio at Mamaroneck, New York—now a famous shrine of the motion picture.

The Old Master had bought what was once the summer home of millionaire Henry M. Flagler, once John D. Rockefeller associate and later the great developer of Florida as a winter resort. A rambling, old-timey place with forty-seven rooms, it was remodelled by Griffith into dressing rooms, shops and offices, and a studio was built behind it. Here some of Griffith's finest work was done, and many of the rich old rooms formed interior sets for his pictures.

OUR roto picture gallery this month . . . a panorama of faces . . . Juanita Hansen, first a beach beauty and in 1920 becoming known as a serial queen and candidate for the throne Pearl White was vacating . . . Wanda Hawley, then coming toward Paramount stardom . . . Rosemary Theby, vamp and leading woman, who started with old Vitagraph . . . Jack Holt, former villain, but now headed



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*Eau de Cologne 30¢ to \$3.75 the flacon*

*Talc 25¢... Dusting Powder \$1.00*

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In a straightforward way, FELLOWS' Syrup supplies the vital mineral salts and dynamic ingredients which help Nature to repair and rebuild. You will feel a mental and physical "pick-up," with the first few doses you take. Your family doctor is doubtless among those who prescribe FELLOWS' regularly. Your neighborhood druggist has it for you.

*FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets,  
vegetable compound, are  
mild and effective.*



# FELLOWS' SYRUP

## Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18 ]

pendulum. Let the hands and arms hang limp. "Scatter bits of paper around the room. With knees held tightly together and legs rigid, pick up the papers without bending knees, relaxing after each effort. This is an improvement over the usual toe-touching, bending exercise, as it makes you move about and relax and grow rigid in turn."

Miss Hempel recommends the following simple stretching exercise.

"Stand in front of a long mirror, heels together, the lower part of your body rigid. Then with a round swinging movement of the upper body, reach toward the ceiling. Now raise on tiptoe, and stretch and stretch, without overstraining. Go back to normal position, without relaxing completely. This leaves your shoulders well back, head up, and abdomen held in."

Next on Miss Hempel's list of necessary exercises are those that keep the knees supple. She says:

"Walk from the hips, not from the knees, if you would be graceful. Watch men and women on the street. You will notice that most men swing rhythmically from the hips, while women often move from the knees. That's what gives some of them a pitter-patter walk.

"Walking upstairs and downstairs is the best exercise for keeping the knees flexible. Running in place is a partial substitute for stair-climbing."

Miss Hempel adds that exercises performed indoors are apt to seem like work, and whenever possible she substitutes outdoor sports for them. She particularly stresses the value of swimming, skating and riding. Her last comment was this:

"Women must dance. Regardless of all this talk about 'dancing mothers,' they are apt to be healthy, happy, active women, the type who make good mothers."

### CINDERELLA:

The stage is an exacting, difficult profession, with many heartaches and disappointments. There are always some who struggle along indefinitely in obscure rôles, hoping for recognition. When it is slow in coming, love of the work for its own sake is the actress' compensation.

You have already proved that you have talent and you are constantly developing it. Try to be patient, and I am sure you will be given other opportunities. You have set yourself a high goal, and it can't be won easily. Just fight back depression and that sense of futility and keep on forging ahead.

### MARY L. L.:

These colors should be becoming to you: golden brown, tan, rose-beige, pale blue, navy blue, blue-gray, plum, flesh pink, soft rose, black if relieved with cream or white at the neck; all-white, or black and white.

### MRS. E.:

You say you can't spare time to use creams and lotions or to bother with make-up. You wouldn't think of leaving your teeth unbrushed and your hair uncombed, yet they take some of your time every day. Your complexion requires care, too, and even if your time is limited you surely can set aside ten minutes out of the whole day. From your description I think your skin needs stimulation.

### HELEN J.:

Brilliantly painted fingernails are coming into style, but no one can foretell how great their vogue will be. Yes, I have heard about painted teeth, but while I have seen painted fingernails, black and red enameled teeth haven't flashed before my amazed eyes as yet! But there's no telling what we women will do!

### CLARA AND ELLEN:

You're both right! In order to be truly charming, one must be thoroughly sincere. And sincerity gives a rare charm of its own. "Personality plus," as you call it, is a desirable quality only when it has a foundation of sincerity, not when it is an evanescent quality that fades upon closer acquaintance. So don't be jealous of this girl who seems so lavishly endowed. Charm that "wears well" will serve you better in the long run. And that depends on something more than a sparkling laugh and a ready tongue.

### ELEANOR S. J.:

Gwen Lee, Alice Joyce and Lilyan Tashman are just your height—five feet, seven, and they wear their clothes beautifully. To be as tall as you are, and rounded but slender, is a real gift of the gods this season. Just think of all the short, dumpy girls, struggling with higher-waisted, form-fitted styles, who would be willing to change figures with you, if they only could!

### JESSIE:

The last time we interviewed Joan Crawford she said her favorite colors for evening are pastel shades, or all-black; and for street wear, gray, tan or brown. They're hardly the colors one would expect the rollicking Joan to choose, but they are all becoming to a girl with her coloring. If you are so much like her, why don't you try on clothes in some of these shades and see if you like them?

### D. L. R.:

If your ears protrude slightly, I don't think you can do much about it except to draw your hair down instead of exposing your ears. Unless they are really unsightly I don't think you need to change your style of hairdressing since you prefer your hair behind your ears.

### VIRGIE:

Pale pink and soft rose are going to be among the favored colors this summer, and you can wear them beautifully. All pastel shades should be becoming to you. You can also wear white, most browns, dark and light blues, and blue-gray. Light greens are all right, but beware of those with an olive tinge.

### MARIAN:

If the man you like has become interested in a girl he met at your home, I don't believe there is anything you can do about it except to continue being friendly to both of them. Because he has been attracted to this other girl does not necessarily mean that he has lost interest in you. And it is really flattering to have our friends like one another. It shows that we have used good judgment in arranging for their meeting.

If this man were really in love with you it would not matter how many other girls he might meet. And if he is not, you wouldn't want to try to hold him.

### CONSTANTINOPLE:

Use a darker shade of powder than you describe, as this will even up the color of your face and neck and give you the smooth olive complexion you desire.

You can wear dark reds, most shades of brown and tan, soft blues and navy, orchid, palest pink, and cream and ivory white.

You are not overweight. And don't fret about your large mouth. One of the nicest looking girls I know has an unusually large mouth and when, in speaking about her, someone comments on the size of her mouth, someone else in the group always answers: "Yes, but isn't she attractive!" You are fortunate in having even, white teeth.

LOOK FOR  
THIS WRAPPER

This Frederics Vita Tonic Compound holds the secret of the gorgeous Vita Tonic permanent wave —the wave that is enthusiastically praised by Hollywood's Lovely Screen Stars.



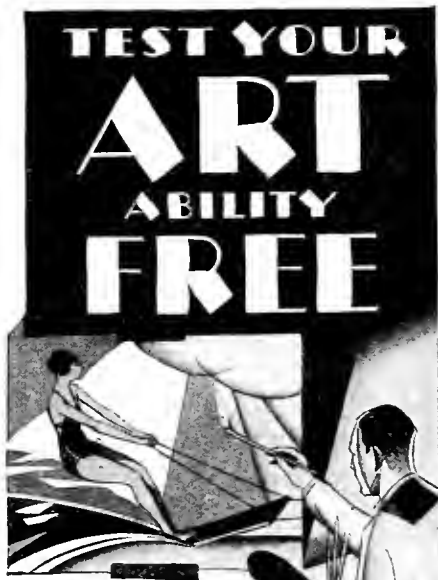
*Beautiful*  
**CATHERINE  
DALE OWEN**  
*Shares Her Secret*

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News! Views! Gossip! of Stars and Studios!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 ]

UNLESS all the signs fail, and such things have been known to happen in Hollywood, Reginald Denny is in line for an amazing comeback to his former great popularity.

He has been signed for the leading male rôle in De Mille's new operetta, "Madame Satan," and a De Mille assignment is not to be sneezed at. Not even in hay fever season. Denny is also rumored for the rôle of Danilo in the phonoplay revival of "The Merry Widow" at the same studio. It was the same rôle that provided John Gilbert with one of his greatest characterizations in the silent days.

Denny, rather to the surprise of everybody, possesses a beautiful singing voice, and has had training in light opera during his stage days. He also appeared in "The Merry Widow" on the stage.

CORINNE GRIFFITH, one of the most exclusive of the Hollywood hostesses, gave a small dinner party not so long ago. Wm. Powell was invited, but a previous engagement made his acceptance for dinner impossible. He came later, bringing along Ronald Colman.

In no time at all the Griffith doorbell began to ring. Guests, dozens of guests, came pouring in. Most of them Corinne didn't know at all. She hore up as well as she could under the circumstances, asked them their names, and introduced them to Gloria Swanson and the rest of her important invited guests. Later, after the excitement died down, she saw Powell and Colman sort of snickering in a corner.

When pinned down to it they admitted that they had attended a party earlier in the evening. Since it was just a little dull they invited everybody to drop in on Corinne. Such is social life in Hollywood, and such is a practical joke according to Powell and Colman.

CLARA BERANGER, the writer, passed a plate of gorgeous looking little cakes to some friends.

"The woman who makes these cakes," she said, "supports three children by her efforts. I've only been able to support one writing scenarios."

THAT smart guy in Baltimore who offered to post \$10,000 for a one-round bout between Jack Gilbert and Jim Tully is probably sobbing as if his little heart would break. There are going to be no more return engagements, for Jack and Jim have kissed and made up.

It happened at the home of Herman Maniewicz. Jack arrived at the party. Jim was there. Jack walked over, shook hands with Jim and Jim said he was sorry. Apparently that's that. The newspapers said that Hollywood was agog over the whole affair. But Hollywood is always being agog about something.

THE nerve-shattering memory of the air crash that killed ten men over the Pacific last winter recently stopped work for a day on a First National picture!

Its director was Howard Hawks. His brother, Kenneth, was one of those killed in the tragedy.

The First National script called for a ship to be bombed by a plane. The bomb was to be exploded by electricity as the plane dove.

But the bomb went off too soon. The swooping plane was caught in a hailstorm of debris. Only by rare skill did the stunt flyer—Lieut. E. H. Robinson—bring down his plane safely.

Howard Hawks saw it all. Still shaken by the horrible death of his brother, Kenneth, he

was completely unnerved. Work was off for the day.

MAE MURRAY'S screen career is ending in a storm of temperament, court actions and general frustration.

She has filed suit against Tiffany for \$1,750,000 damages, charging breach of contract and injury to her professional reputation. Bee-stung Mae contends that in making "Peacock Alley," her first talkie of a projected series of eight, Tiffany failed to use "any degree of skill." As a result, her "unique and extraordinary" talents were not properly exploited, and she was subjected to "ridicule and humiliation."

Phil Goldstone, general manager of the Tiffany film studio, tells a different tale.

"I don't know why Miss Murray is suing us," he says. "We gave her every break. We hired a special director from Paramount, gave her the leading man she wanted and allowed her to dictate the story treatment.

"The cameraman exhausted every possibility in trying to make a forty-year-old woman look like sweet sixteen. We had her for two more pictures. I had a nice story in which she would be a sophisticated woman of the world, but she yelled because the rôle called for a woman of middle age.

"Finally we bought up the contract, apparently to her satisfaction. I wouldn't hire Mae Murray again if she were the only actress in Hollywood. There's no room for temperament in the movies now, with so many talented boys and girls willing to work for reasonable money."

So that's that. Poor Mae! Trying to be 1919 in 1930!

YOU remember Fay Lanphier, California beauty acclaimed "Miss America" at the national pulchritude pageant at Atlantic City, 1925, and chosen for the title rôle in the Paramount picture "The American Venus." Probably the most-publicized beauty that ever emerged winner from a contest her fame was almost as brief as a butterfly's moment in the sun.

Now Miss Lanphier has suddenly reappeared in Hollywood, found working as a stenographer in the studio where once she seemed destined for an outstanding picture career.

A few weeks ago she came down from her home in San Francisco, following the closing of a beauty shop in which she was interested. Unable to find a part, though casting directors were kindly attentive, she turned to typing at Paramount to be on hand when opportunity should call.

The first script given her to copy on her new job was that of "True to the Navy," starring Clara Bow, and directed by Frank Tuttle. It is an odd trick of fate that Tuttle was one of the judges to select Fay for her part in "The American Venus," nearly five years ago. Also, he directed her in the picture, in which appeared Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ernest Torrence, and Esther Ralston.

Well, Fay is no quitter. She likes her present work, has no hard luck story, and all she asks is that she be given a break. A spirit like that deserves success. Let's hope that this time a picture career won't elude her.

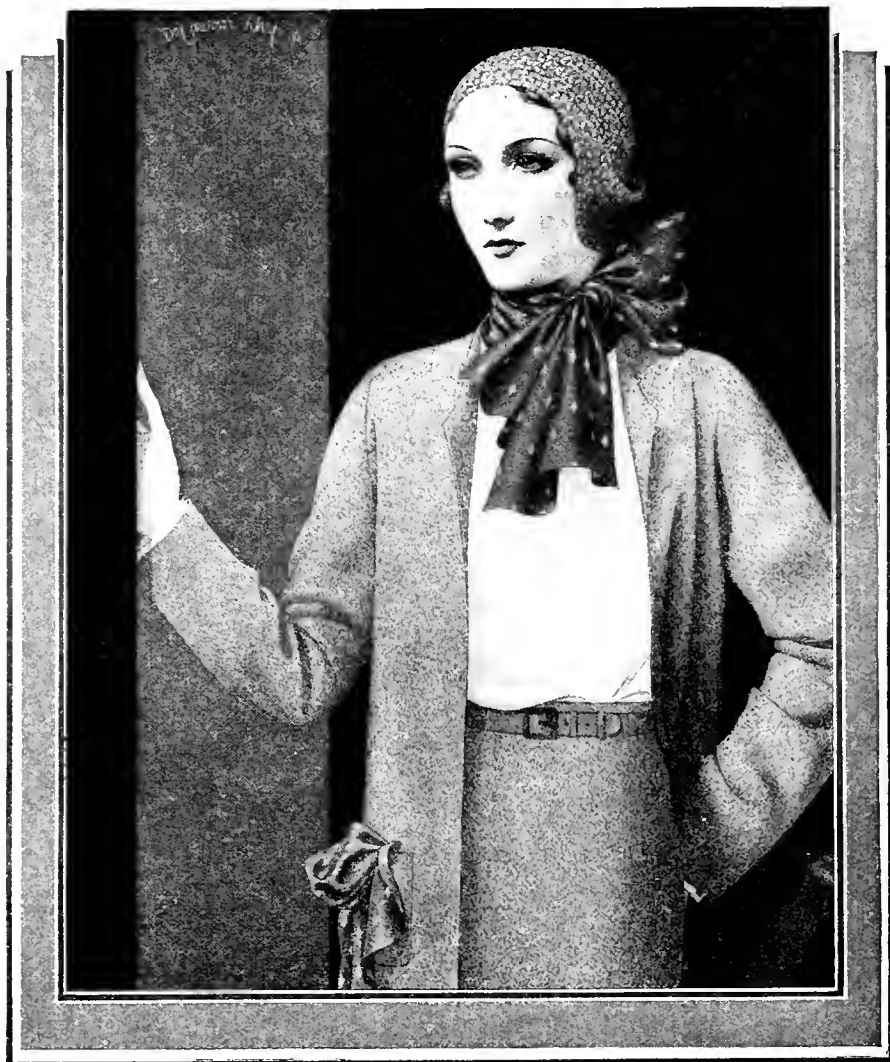
IT isn't very nice to mention it but the high point of the entertainment of the Mayfair Club dance was provided quite unintentionally by one of the Sisters G.

The two sisters, imported from Germany by Universal for a specialty in "The King of Jazz Revue," were guest dancers at the Mayfair

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122 ]

*inconspicuous*

**NEW!**  
**MODESS COMPACT—**  
**EQUALLY EFFICIENT**  
**BUT THINNER**  
**BY HALF**



**T**HOUSANDS of women have suggested something of the sort—a thinner Modess with the same superlative softness and high absorbency which have made regular Modess so acceptable. Modess Compact has exactly the same amount of material as regular Modess and is just as comfortable, but it has been slightly compressed so that it takes up only half the room—a real convenience for week-end case or pocketbook. Its inconspicuousness commends it for the snug silhouette.

In every box of Modess with seal in upper right corner you will find three Modess Compact in a special wrap, and nine regular Modess. Use

Modess Compact with the same confidence you have in regular Modess.

Every woman who tries Modess is convinced that it is softer, more comfortable, amazingly absorbent and not clumsy. For eight months we have been offering to refund the price unless Modess impresses the purchaser as being better than the kind she has been using. Thousands have tried Modess on the strength of that offer. . . . Two women have asked us to return their money.

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for the filler. It is not in layers but is a gentle, fluffy mass like cotton, graciously soft, pliant and conforming. The sides of Modess are smoothly rounded and ends are tapered for greater comfort. The specially softened gauze is meshed with a film of cotton to prevent irritation.

This offer is particularly addressed to you if you have not tried Modess. Buy one box. Unless you are convinced that Modess is better, tear off front of box, write on it your name, address, and the price, and mail to us. We will refund the money.



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## FEMININE CURVES are the VOGUE



### FILL OUT YOUR FORM this New, Easy Way

FLAT chested? Fashion demands the full, rounded shapeliest of the womanly form. The stars of Hollywood are developing their feminine charm. You, too, can quickly add extra fullness where needed. My new method pumps out the hollows and builds firm, youthful tissue. Just TRY my wonderful CREAM and special developing instruction!

**FREE Write today** Send only \$1.00 for liberal jar of DEVELOPING CREAM (in plain wrapper) and I will include FREE my special Figure Moulding Exercises and complete advice. Take advantage of this big offer — write **AT ONCE!**

**NANCY LEE**, Dept. PP-5  
Physical Culture Institute  
853 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

# News! Views! Gossip! of Stars and Studios!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120 ]

party. In the more strenuous part of their dance routine one of the Gs lost her dancing trunks. She carried off the situation with magnificent aplomb, and finished the dance.

Another near casualty occurred when the lady end of an adagio team almost missed her partner in one of those sensational whirls. More dignified entertainment was provided by Oscar Straus, the famous Venetian composer of light operas. He played his own composition, the "My Hero" number from "The Chocolate Soldier." And then the orchestra came in on the chorus. You couldn't hear Mr. Straus after that.

**C. B. DE MILLE** may go in for sensational high life in his motion pictures of society folks, but it does not extend to his family.

His daughter, Cecelia, was married quietly to Francis Edgar Calvin, Los Angeles business man. That is, it was quiet considering the ballyhoo surrounding the usual Hollywood wedding. The bridesmaids were all local society girls, and there wasn't a famous profile among the ushers. Not even many members of the colony were invited to the church.

Decorations were chaste Easter lilies against a background of wood ferns, and tall altar candles. You'd expect orchids and kleig lights at least from the director of lavish spectacles.

### NEATEST trick of the year!

**Edmund Breon**, an English actor brought to this country to appear in **Ronald Colman's** picture "Raffles," played a whole game of cricket without ever removing the monocle from his eye.

### FINANCIAL-LEGAL Items:

**Clarence Badger**, director, fined \$1,000 for kidding Uncle Sam about income taxes.

. . . **Baclanova** sued for \$1,052 by landlady who says the actress did that much worth to curtains, upholstery, furniture, dishes, pictures, walls and floors. . . **Natacha Ramhova**, one-time Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, sues **Mae Murray** for \$1,562 for clothes sold C. O. D. . . **Anita Senay**, nurse, says **Molly O'Day** has been owing her \$42 since 1928 . . . a lot of people suing **Buck Jones** for salaries.

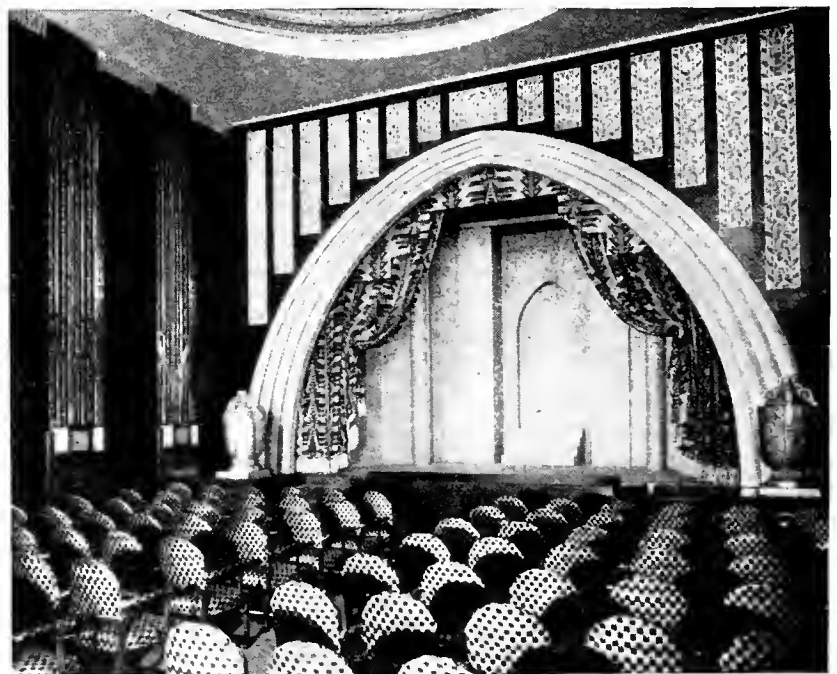
**THEY'RE** just children at heart, after all, these glittering stars. It takes so little to send them into stitches of mirth. **Vincent Barnett** is at it again. Barnett is the chap who, in the guise of a waiter or sometimes a guest, attends parties and insults people. Of course, his fee comes high—something like one hundred dollars a night.

Not long ago he appeared at the birthday dinner party given **Carl Laemmle, Sr.**, by **Carl, Jr.** He began by doubting that **Carl, Sr.**, was only sixty-three. "You look years older than that," he told the Universal producer. A little later he criticized the way the studio was run—"too many supervisors." **Carl, Jr.**, said that a supervisor's job was to help a director make mistakes. "Your directors don't need any help," said the bogus guest. "They're too proficient now."

He also attended a dinner given by a Paramount executive. He started in on **George Bancroft**. "You are certainly lucky to get all the rôles you do, because you can really only play yourself."

**Ina Claire's** turn came, too. He told **Ina** that he had heard of her in Germany. "I had no idea my fame had gone that far," said **Ina**, much pleased. "Your fame?" he asked. "What do you do? I have only heard of you as the wife of **Jack Gilbert**." **Ina** was a good sport and laughed.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124 ]



"The Theater in the Clouds," on the fiftieth floor of the Chanin Building, New York. One of the most beautiful little theaters in America, seating 200, with auditorium and lounge decorated in striking modernistic style. It is fully equipped for stage performances and talking pictures. A group of wealthy New York socialites are planning to use it several times a week for advance showings of notable motion pictures



# We are looking for Miss Columbia

There's a \$250.00 MOVIE Contract waiting for Her!



## Read the Rules of this Remarkable Opportunity

1—Columbia Pictures Corporation is seeking a girl, residing in the United States, to portray the role of Miss Columbia. To this girl, chosen by judges announced herewith, Columbia Pictures Corporation will award a contract for one week's services at the Columbia Hollywood Studios. All expenses for the week will be paid by Columbia Pictures, and an additional payment of \$250 in cash will be made for such services.

2—Miss Columbia will be asked to pose for a motion picture to be used in conjunction with all Columbia production, features and shorts, such motion picture being known as a curtain leader.

3—Should the voice of Miss Columbia be deemed suitable, she will be permitted to make this motion picture a "talkie" motion picture.

### PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

is helping Columbia Pictures Corporation in this search for Miss Columbia. If you enter the contest through that magazine, you will be entitled to competition for the elimination prize as well as compete for the beautiful Majestic Radio pictured on this page, will be awarded through the magazine to its choice made from among all the contestants who enter into the contest through the magazine. The editorial staff of Columbia Pictures will act as judges for this semi-final choice.

5—The only requirements made of contestants is that they submit their photograph, (or photographs) and other information listed under "Directions" to

### PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Contestants making such submission direct to the Corporation will not be eligible for the elimination prize.

6—The editors, or their representatives, of recognized motion picture fan magazines, two executives of Columbia Pictures Corporation, and one motion picture director will act as judges in making the final decision for the award of the Miss Columbia role. In both the semi-final elimination contest, and in the Miss Columbia contest, the decision of the judges will be final. Contest closes Midnight, May 25th, 1930.

7—No photographs or other material submitted for the purpose of these contests will be returned unless sufficient postage is included for such return.

Would you like to take the place of Miss Revier, beautiful Columbia star, at this Majestic radio? We are giving you a wonderful opportunity to do so. Read the rules of this contest carefully



Miss Columbia breathes the spirit of Columbia Pictures. See them often... Ask your local theatre manager to show Flight, Song of Love, The Melody Man, Vengeance, A Royal Romance, Broadway Scandals... and other Columbia productions

### Follow These Directions

Send your photograph (or photographs) postage prepaid, with your name and address prominently lettered on the back to Miss Columbia

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
221 West 57th St.,  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

You must also submit the following information, which will be considered in determining the winning girl:

Your age \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_ Height \_\_\_\_\_  
 Color of hair \_\_\_\_\_ Color of eyes \_\_\_\_\_  
 and the measurements of your  
 ankle \_\_\_\_\_ calf \_\_\_\_\_ thigh \_\_\_\_\_  
 hips \_\_\_\_\_ waist \_\_\_\_\_ bust \_\_\_\_\_  
 shoulders \_\_\_\_\_ neck \_\_\_\_\_

Print, do not write, your  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(This coupon is for your convenience only. You may use this, or copy it on any piece of paper. Neatness is desirable.)

# COLUMBIA Pictures for Better Entertainment



## News! Views! Gossip! of Stars and Studios!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122]



### 3 Easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness

Shade your upper eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow—see how much more “expression” comes into your eyes that very instant!

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.



**Maybelline**  
EYELASH DARKENER  
EYE SHADOW EYEBROW PENCIL  
Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes



Truly  
A FEMININE  
PROBLEM  
SOLVED



**10¢** per set  
YOU'VE always wanted “STAYETTE”. The new, dainty, lingerie pin, so absolutely effective in keeping all shoulder straps in place. Relieves that usual mental annoyance, insures complete comfort and physical poise, invisible under your sheerest gown.

At Woolworth, and other Chain and Dept. stores, or on receipt of 10 cents.

**STAYETTE**  
LINGERIE PIN  
Blessing Novelty Co., Inc., 303 4th Ave., New York

IT'S a lazy star, these days, who hasn't a side racket or two. Here are a few of them:

Gary Cooper supplies America's beefsteak from dude ranches in Arizona and Montana. Edmund Lowe has 1,200 acres in grapes. Louise Dresser owns a garage in Hollywood.

Lois Weber has hers invested in real estate. So has Betty Compson. Alexander Gray teaches singing on the side. Barthelmess swaps Hollywood business property. Director William Beaudine has a car-washing property. Mary Pickford is a collector of preferred stocks.

And of course Noah Beery's trout farm is famous. They say he keeps the fish so hungry that they have been known to leap five feet out of the tank to bite at a particularly pretty fly.

**A**ND Arthur Caesar has this legend printed across the bottom of his checks, “If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.”

IF any of you are planning to spend a summer vacation at Gary Cooper's dude ranch, the Seven Bar Nine in Montana, you might as well know the worst. Start saving right now.

The rates are very picturesque. For a guest cottage one person must spend to the tune of \$150 per week. Rates are a little more reasonable for two, \$250 per week. In case you would care to sleep in a tent it's a mere \$125 per week. If you take along your chauffeur, valet or maid, they will cost you exactly \$75 per week.

**POLA NEGRI**—what! you don't know who Pola Negri is? Why, she used to be a moving picture actress for Paramount or somebody, wasn't she?—well, anyway, Pola Negri is now a “patron of the arts,” according to a European press notice.

She financed a Polish ballet (which is NOT a jazz shoe-shining emporium!) of four men and four girls. It cost Pola \$3,000. Results yet unreported.

**POOR Bob Armstrong!** They just won't let him be an author or a fireman or an entomologist or a prestidigitator or even a song-writer on the screen! They just insist on—well, when he was signed for the lead in “Dumb Belles in Ermine,” the script called for the leading man to be an author.

“Hooroo,” chortled Bob, “now I can stop being a prize fighter in every picture!”

Then they rewrote it. In the new script Bob is—yes, you guessed it—a prize fighter.

Oh, well; just wait till he gets old and be-whiskered.

**WHO** is the beautiful star who when asked to characterize Ernst Lubitsch briefly replied: “He tells naughty stories and is good to his wife?”

**AFTER** her rôle of the sodden, old derelict of the wharves in “Anna Christie,” Marie Dressler was given the opportunity to be very elegant as a regal queen in “One Romantic Night.”

Strangely enough, though, Marie's greatest successes for years have been as congenial drunks. She used to sing inebriate songs during her old musical comedy days. It seems that not many women could do them with the proper *savoir-faire*, or whatever lady drunks are supposed to have.

Not long ago in “Dangerous Females” Marie was a riot as a spinster who imbibed too freely of blackberry cordial. The greatest success of her whole career came as the drunken, humor-

ously pathetic *Marthy* in “Anna Christie.” After that Marie will probably be a screen “sonse” from now on.

**JACK OAKIE**, “Skeets” Gallagher and Leon Errol appear together in a number in the Paramount Revue. Their skit comprises one of those “silly” songs delivered in a marked syncopated rhythm.

The first time the scene was taken Errol forgot the words when half way through. Gallagher stopped too. But not Jack Oakie. He went on ad-libbing, and keeping in perfect rhythm.

“Hurray for Mr. Lasky

Hurray for Mr. Kent,

And hurray for dear, old Paramint.”

The director laughed so hard that he couldn't say “cut.”

**OLD CAL** will never believe another story about the hardships of a location camp!

The Universal publicity department sent out long stories about the strict military regime at their camp for “All Quiet on the Western Front.” The boys in the company would sleep in tents, and live the life of soldiers at the front. There was to be no monkey business. Absolutely not.

But a little investigation found the director, and the leading players, Lewis Ayres, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, Scott Kolk and Owen Davis, Jr., living quite comfortably in a nearby hotel!

The rooms were all prettied up with white enamel furniture with fancy flowers applied on the bedsteads, and with shower baths. The showers, of course, had nothing whatever to do with the applied flowers on the beds.

According to a story from the Fox studio, the George O'Brien company is snowbound in Oregon, enduring many hardships. Old Cal wagers they have caviar and pistachio ice cream for breakfast.

**MAURICE CHEVALIER**, in San Francisco as the headline attraction at the Auto Show, collapsed.

“Influenza,” diagnosed Dr. Frank A. Kinglow. “He'll be all right, but that thing in his lung isn't doing him any good.”

“What thing?” asked the reporters.

“That piece of shrapnel he picked up in the war.”

**THERE'S** a knife-throwing scene in “Radio Revels” where a gypsy's blade pierces Bert Wheeler's silk hat. When they shot it, they rigged up invisible wires along which the knife slid to guide it through the hat. Mitchell Lewis was the thrower.

The very first time they tried it, something went wrong, and the wire sagged. Zip! went the knife through the hat all right, and also through Wheeler's scalp! It took bandages and a lot of salve—verbal and otherwise—to make Wheeler able to go on for a retake.

“Good thing it didn't hit his foot,” commented Bob Woolsey, “instead of his head. THIS way it wasn't serious.”

**JACK OAKIE** pulled the big disappearing act at Paramount recently. Studio officials were contemplating dragging lakes and calling emergency hospitals.

The young star has been trying to get a release from his personal contract to Wesley Ruggles, his discoverer. A personal agent told Jack that the only way to bring Ruggles to terms was to walk out. Jack “walked” and went down to San Diego for a holiday.

The studio officials finally located him, and are arranging to buy off his contract with the private individual. Under the "split" terms of his old contract Jack was reported to be earning only \$200 per week, although he is one of the most popular drawing cards on the screen today.

**M**ARY and Doug on their last trip abroad. Everywhere, crowds. No privacy. "Isn't this tiresome?" said one to the other. "It is. Wish we could go some place where people don't know us," said the other to one. Then, by luck, they hit a small village in the German hinterland, where nobody seemed to recognize them, and they were left very much alone.

"Isn't this wonderful?" said one to the other. "Yes, isn't it?" said the other to one.

And the next day, they hurried out of the little village to some place where people would recognize them.

**H**OLLYWOOD studio used a radio station not so long ago to broadcast a call for a child actor to play *Oliver Twist*.

Next day, eighty-five kids, with an army of relatives, stormed the studio.

**R**UTH CHATTERTON does a dialect character in "Sarah and Son"—you may have seen it. She plays the rôle of a German-born hooper who becomes, eventually, a grand opera star.

Her dialect is one of the wonders of the picture. Here's the explanation: Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink coached her.

**A**LISTER MacDONALD—son of England's prime minister—visited Hollywood to study the talking pictures. He says he'd be a producer if he weren't already an architect.

He's a silent, well poised young man with a little black goatee. Yes, he's been having a marvelous time in Hollywood. Yes, he's met a lot of the picture stars. No, he wasn't disillusioned in them. What? Oh, heah now, he wasn't mentioning any names. What? Oh, he couldn't tell right out whom he had met.

But he did add that Americans must learn to enunciate more plainly for the talkies and he thinks that the producers should give their patrons a more balanced meal of entertainment. Not so much dancing from girls without any clothes on and a few more pictures like "Chang" (which his father liked immensely) and "Disraeli."

**D**ON'T believe that Crawford girl is domestic? Why, you should be spanked and sent to bed without your supper. She spends all her spare minutes making hooked rugs and cross-stitch whatnots for the backs of chairs.

The other day the workmen at the store where she has the rugs stretched ruined one. It had taken her six weeks to make it. But was she downhearted? Not by fifty-thousand stitches. She began on another the next day.

**L**OS ANGELES Glass Manufacturer Goes Simple:

Has agents trying to sell new kind of glass to movie stars. The glass is amber tinted. Used in automobiles, it permits occupants to look out, but outsiders can't see in. Manufacturer figures it'll appeal to the shy, retiring stars.

The darned fool!

**L**ITTLE Tommy Clifford, who made such a hit in the John McCormack picture, "Song O' My Heart," is being required to read Gaelic aloud for one hour each day in an effort to preserve his delightful Irish brogue.

**T**HEY'RE calling Lupe Velez Miss Gvs Edwards now. The Mexican hell-cat has gone into the protégé business in a big way. Two



## Do you know Kotex is inconspicuous under close-fitting gowns?

The lasting softness, the fact that it deodorizes, are other reasons you will like Kotex.

**Y**OU can't imagine what a relief it is to know that your sanitary protection is inconspicuous, that it is fashioned to fit correctly, leaving no revealing outlines. This is just one of the many reasons why smart women prefer Kotex. Then, too, it deodorizes, and gives a feeling of perfect daintiness. It is soft—a lasting kind of softness that means comfort through hours of wear. It won't bulge or twist about because it's made scientifically to answer your needs in every respect.

### Made of remarkable material

Kotex is so wonderfully comfortable because it is made of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding . . . the same material that is used today by 85% of America's leading hospitals. This is a cellulose substance that performs the same function as the softest cotton with five times the absorbency.

You'll appreciate this feature of Kotex: it doesn't *have* to be worn a certain way. Either side of the pad gives the same complete, comfortable pro-

tection. In fact, every detail has been worked out to assure you utmost security.

And, of course, the reason most women first used Kotex is this: it is disposable, instantly, readily. That, alone, has made a difference in the hygienic habits of women all over the world. There are other advantages which you will discover for yourself, once you use Kotex. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

### KOTEX IS SOFT...

- 1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 2 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
- 3 *In hospitals...* The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 4 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12  
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Or singly in vending cabinets through  
West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and  
KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any  
drug, dry goods or department store.

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



## Easy to Make ★ Windows Glisten!

WHEN next you clean windows, try Energine—a tablespoonful or two to a gallon of clean warm water. See how quickly the dull glass sparkles.

No soap or powder needed. No muss! Just a soft, clean cloth wrung out of the Energine-treated water. A gentle rub or two with a dry cloth—and they're crystal clear—sparkling! Energine cleans quickly, thoroughly. Dries instantly!

At all  
Druggists

You soon become an expert in cleaning with Energine by following simple directions on 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.



World's Largest Seller

LEAVES NO ODOR

# ENERGINE

THE PERFECT CLEANING FLUID

## GRAY HAIR GONE

[ TEST BOTTLE FREE ]

Have ever-youthful hair this SAFE way. Make test yourself. No risk. No expense. We send complete Test Package FREE. This way you simply comb clear liquid through hair. Gray goes. Any shade wanted comes—black, brown, auburn, blonde. Won't rub off or stain. We do not ask you to buy—just try it at our expense.

**TEST IT FREE** 3,000,000 women have used it successfully. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. Mail coupon for Test Package.

**MARY T. GOLDMAN**  
2411 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....

Street .....

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

Color of your hair?.....

twelve-year-old tap dancers and a Spanish guitar player are under personal contract to her. Lupe is going to put them over in pictures. But until they make their fame and fortune Lupe has them at her house every night to amuse the guests who drop in.

Lupe has a quaint Mexican custom. When you enter the house she screams, "I hate you. Get out of my house." But when you want to leave she locks the door and throws the key away. You can't get out until she lets you out.

**T**HERE are good and sufficient reasons why the stars guard so zealously their home addresses and telephone numbers.

Not long ago a woman writer included the Beverly Hills address of Corinne Griffith in her article. On the day the article appeared the doorbell began to ring. There were charity cases, real estate salesmen, and fans who just thought they'd drop in and say howdy to the Orchid One. The high point of the festivities arrived when an authentic maniac came stamping up the front walk.

He was all for setting the house on fire and murdering the inhabitants. The Beverly Hills

Hollywood friends have letters from her in Berlin. "Maybe some time I come back," is the wistful line she pens. Her only chance is a foreign rôle—like they're giving Vilma Banky, for instance!—or a foreign version.

**Y**OU will be delighted to know that June Elvidge, your favorite picture star of a few years ago, is now earning a comfortable living for herself as buyer for Russeks' New York store.

**N**OT so many years ago, Lois Weber was one of the most famous directors in the business. She was the first woman to win success in the field.

Only one woman since that time has attained real prominence, Dorothy Arzner. It has been a long time since Lois has brought her talents to the screen. She has taken over the management of a huge Los Angeles apartment house, in which she has a great deal of money invested.

Her first party in the swanky new place brought out scores of her motion picture friends

## Prize Money For You!

Your chance to get the cash you may need for business, home expenses, pleasure, or luxuries.

PHOTOPLAY offers its readers \$5,000 in Seventy prizes. Watch for the new Cut-Puzzle Contest which starts in the June issue.

You cut out the several parts of the faces of picture stars, reassemble and name them correctly. That's all!

The JUNE Issue

on sale at all newsstands May 15

gendarmes finally led him away, handcuffed. Corinne has been spending most of her time lately at Malibu Beach. There aren't any telephones or addresses.

**R**AMON NOVARRO is vacationing in Mexico. And when he gets back, so they say along the Boulevard, he's going to make "The Prisoner of Zenda" as his next after "The Singer of Seville."

**W**E'D thought that Dick Arlen had already achieved enough distinction in Hollywood. But it seems that we're wrong. He is the only man to our immediate knowledge who has ever spent the night in a bed in a maternity ward.

Dick was injured on the set when he did a realistic fisticuff scene in "The Light of the Western Stars." He was rushed to the closest hospital. Every bed was taken except one in the stork room. He took it and spent the night there. But a Masonic oath of silence seals his lips.

**O**UR friend Nick Stuart, recently juvenile lead with the Fox Company, is now doing two-reel talking pictures for Mack Sennett.

**C**AMILLA HORN—remember that adorable little German blonde who flashed so briefly across the Hollywood sky?—wants to come back from Germany.

**N**O mere busted-up romance is going to sour Buster West on Hollywood. Whether Virginia Cherrill will have him or no, Buster is NOT going back East. He has signed a long-term contract to stay in Hollywood for pictures instead of going to New York to join his dad in eccentric dancing.

Buster won the heart of the fair Virginia—Charlie Chaplin's new leading beauty—last year. But around Christmas time, Virginia wanted to know what was the sense of marrying if she and Buster couldn't agree even BEFORE marriage. So she gave him back his ring. Buster, good sport, gave her in return a \$4,000 diamond bracelet as a Christmas present. They're still good friends.

**J**ACKIE COOGAN has made his first talkie. It was just a short news-reel flash in which Jackie, long-panted now, introduced his kid brother.

**T**RAGEDY'S echo:  
Mary Astor has sold her lovely home in the hills to Magazine Writer Fred McIsaac. The house was the one where Mary and her husband, Kenneth Hawks, were so happy, before death flamed out there over the Pacific. Mary is working hard. Hollywood, eyes tear-moist, admires her courage and the spirit that prohibits Mary from parading her grief.

**T**HERE'S no beating these actors for persistence. After Frank Gilmore, president of Equity, returned to New York without having done anything but get a lot of people excited, Will Hays went West and the actors went quietly to work to get what they wanted. A committee, headed by Conrad Nagel (Hollywood's official chairman), met the producers and a new standard contract was effected.

One of the biggest triumphs was that the actor is guaranteed a rest period of at least twelve hours after dismissal for the day before the actor can be called back for work. If any dispute arises it will be settled by a committee.

Other clauses prevent "doubling" except under exceptional conditions; require that the producer give the actor reasonable notice before termination of his employment; provide that if an actor is called back for retakes after six months and if his salary has increased in the meantime, the producer must pay at the higher rate; etc., etc.

It was a great day for the actor and what's more the producers didn't seem to feel badly about it. Everything was amiable and everybody is happy. And Will Hays received a lot of bouquets for his able management of the whole business.

**A**BOUT the first thing Estelle Taylor did when she got back to Hollywood from New York was to sign up with a vocal teacher. She's been vaudevilling back East, but evidently feels she needs more mi-mi-mi-ing for the larynx.

**R**EMEMBER Kathleen Key, the girl who played Ramon Novarro's leading lady in the first picture he made in Hollywood and who was also his sister in "Ben Hur"?

For the last two years she has been in Paris. She is back in Hollywood, hoping for a break in the talkies.

**C**LINICAL memorandum No. X-67:

Noah Beery: Stricken at breakfast with appendicitis. Operation successfully performed, although gangrenous condition found. Condition critical for several days. Now okeh and virtually completely recovered.

**B**EFORE Marino Pomares had a movie star in the family he was an engineer, and sort of fancied making charts and diagrams. Mr. Pomares is the father of Anita Page now.

He has it all figured out how much more it costs a girl to live if she is in the movies than if she were doing something less spectacular. He has drawn a chart illustrating the relatively increased expenditures out of her earnings because she is in the movies. She must have better clothes, a finer home, and a hundred and one incidentals which would otherwise be unnecessary.

Anyway, it figures out something like this: Outside of the movies she would spend about fifty-three per cent of her salary, saving some forty-six per cent, which now goes to "expenses."

**A**RMIDA came into Howard Greer's shop the other day to buy some dresses. Her measurements were taken. She was exactly thirty-one inches around the hips.

Whereupon three of Greer's best mannequins took poison in a jealous rage.

**F**AME!—

Rudolph Friml, the composer, went to a Hollywood bank to open an account with his first salary check from United Artists. The teller took the check, looked at it, and asked Friml to wait.

A moment or two later, the telephone rang in one of the U-A executive offices. At the other end was an official of the bank.



"Kleenex is so dainty for removing make-up! Nothing else seems really clean and sanitary after one has used these absorbent little tissues."

Betty Compson

Brilliant star of the R. K. O. productions, "Street Girl" and "The Case of Sergeant Grisca."



Kleenex comes in three safe, lovely tints—and white

# Why Kleenex is safest to remove cold cream

It's the sure way to free your pores of dangerous dirt and grime . . . without stretching or irritating skin

**N**EVER use germ-laden cloths to remove cold cream! Kleenex is the clean, the safe way. These delicate tissues are so very soft and absorbent they just blot up the surplus cold cream, along with any lingering dirt and cosmetics. The pores are left really clean.

And immaculate cleanliness is the first rule of beauty care. Bacteria, you know, start most complexion troubles, such as pimples and blackheads. And bacteria thrive on dirt.

There's still another way in which Kleenex protects your skin. Because of its amazing absorbency, Kleenex makes hard rubbing unnecessary . . . the rubbing that beauty experts believe an important cause of large pores and wrinkles.

You'll find Kleenex invaluable for

handkerchief use, especially for colds and hay fever. Use a fresh, clean tissue each time, then discard it. Thus you prevent infection . . . save laundry . . . and avoid reinfection from cold germs. Ask for Kleenex at drug and department stores.

## Kleenex

TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. PH-5

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



Mother's Day  
Sunday  
May 11th

SAY IT WITH  
FLOWERS

# FLOWERS

## PIN MONEY FOR OUR READERS

PHOTOPLAY now offers its readers the opportunity to convert their spare time into real money by becoming its subscription representatives in the town or community in which they live.

You, as a reader of PHOTOPLAY, will be quick to realize the money-making possibilities this offer affords you. Your friends—your neighbors—in fact, all the homes in your community—are prospective subscribers for PHOTOPLAY. Who, today, is not interested in moving pictures—the chief recreation of the American public?

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Chicago, Ill.

I am interested in your money-making offer to your readers. Send me the details at once.

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

"Say," asked the banker, "we have a man over here with a check from you. His name's Fry-mil or something. Is he okeh?"

Which goes to show that he may be Friml some place, but in Hollywood, Rudolph is just another bank depositor.

**PARADOX:** King Vidor made money by paying more than he should for something.

Explanation: The California law provides that when one has been mulcted by a usurer, he may recover at law thrice the amount usuriously paid.

Vidor and his brother, C. S. Vidor, borrowed money for a studio construction job. The company they borrowed from charged them more than the legal rate of interest, they alleged in a subsequent suit. The court, after hearing the evidence, agreed that they had been overcharged \$11,078.54, and awarded them damages in treble that amount—\$33,235.

**NOT** all of the stars spend their evenings in orgies, whatever one of those things are. Neil Hamilton is going to night school. Of course he isn't studying Americanization or algebra, but he goes to school nevertheless.

He is enrolled in the navigation class at the University of Southern California. Ever since Neil bought his big sail boat he has wanted to know all about it, fore and aft, port and starboard. He's the only student in the class with a real, honest-to-gosh yacht to practice on.

**WHEN** Eric Von Stroheim attends a formal party he removes his top coat and his hat, but he keeps his cane flung nonchalantly over his arm all during the festivities.

**JOAN CRAWFORD** has the most unique set of jewelry in Hollywood. It's a three in one. Doug gave it to her and, what's more, designed it all himself—the old Cellini.

When Joan is being grand it's a diamond necklace with a stunning pendant, but the pendant comes off and becomes a pin and the necklace un-snaps and becomes two bracelets that can be worn with street and afternoon frocks.

**MAYBE** the fans have never heard of Fay Marbe. Well, Hollywood hadn't either until a few months ago, but she has taught these film stars things they never dreamed about publicity.

Fay is an American girl, but her triumphs have been made for the most part in Europe. She is a notable figure in Paris, London and Berlin. Now she is on the Camera Coast, and Old Cal will give you just one guess why she's here.

Some of her exploits are really quite fascinating, and the newspapers just ate 'em alive.

Her smile is insured for fifty thousand pounds. Each leg is insured for ten thousand pounds. That's old stuff after all.

One of her most famous exploits was a divorce party. She invited a lot of estranged wives to one party, and their ex-husbands to another. Then she assembled them all at a third place. You can imagine what happened. It was a nine-day European scandal.

She has entertained the ex-Kaiser in Doorn, and she was "insulted" by a nobleman in a London night club. Of course, in some way or other, these things were revealed to the press. Most annoying, too.

**DOUG FAIRBANKS** was escorting people about the United Artists lot. He greeted a newcomer, and there were introductions. One of them was a good-looking, effective young man. Doug introduced him like this—

"... and you know Commander Byrd, don't you all?"

Gasps. Astonishment. Stupefaction. Amazement. Oh, lots of words like that!

"Commander Byrd? Commander BYRD! —why, I thought Commander Byrd was snow-

and-iced in at the South Pole. Isn't he?" someone demanded.

"Oh, that fellow at the South Pole is really Lon Chaney," someone wise-cracked.

But then it was explained that the Commander Byrd presented by Doug is really Commander J. B-I-rd, formerly of the British royal air forces, and now a noted designer of racing airplanes. He's visiting Hollywood.

**T**HE tragic death of ten men in the plane crash while filming "Such Men Are Dangerous" has at least a kindly aftermath.

The names of the eight Fox employees killed have been kept on the payroll for three months.

In addition, each bereaved family will get \$5,000 insurance money, and a share of the \$25,000 subscribed by Fox studio employees.

**"FATTY" ARBUCKLE** is finally on the very verge of the come-back threshold. After what happened, Fatty has tried almost everything—repenting, roadhouse-operating, divorcing, lunchroom-proprietoring, vaudeville, silence, and so on.

Now it's just about certain that James Cruze, of "Covered Wagon" fame, will, on the strength of his life-long friendship for Arbuckle, direct the big boy in a series of comedies. They'll be two-reelers, like those in the old days. And talkie. And we will be tickled to see him!

**I**N the death of Lydia Yeamans Titus, Hollywood lost one of its most familiar and interesting characters.

The genial Mrs. Titus had appeared in innumerable pictures, and in support of most of the greatest stars. But her last days, interesting as they were, lacked the glamour of her earlier career when she was young and beautiful. It was Lydia Yeamans Titus who made "Sally in Our Alley" one of the most famous songs of a long-gone decade. King Edward VII of England heard her sing that favorite tune, and gave her a gold bar pin showing the first notes of the song in diamonds.

During the heyday of her prosperity Mrs. Titus gave \$5,000 to the Actors' Fund for relief work. It was from this fund that she was cared for during her last days, together with the assistance of many loyal Hollywood friends.

One of her bequests was that her friend, Margaret Livingston, should receive the cherished bar pin.

**T**HERE'S a depletion in the ranks of handsome, Hollywood juveniles. If it keeps up producers may have to start another of those "New Faces Contest" things.

The sheiks with the wavy hair and melting eyes are deserting Filmania to become gigolos. Gigolos are as familiar as plumbers in London and Paris, but now they have made an official appearance on the Pacific Coast, where men have been men for the most part heretofore.

One of the smartest of Santa Barbara hostleries, and that's pretty smart if you want to know, has installed the sleek boys as part of the necessary equipment.

Young actors in Hollywood have been offered jobs at fifty dollars a week and "expenses." With production quiet at the studios it sounded good to some of them. The requirements call for good looks, agreeable manners, an impressive wardrobe. And above all, he must be a mean *hombre* on the ballroom floor.

**N**OW that "Journey's End," the brilliant English war drama, will soon be seen on the screens of the world, there's a story to tell of its origin and the amazing profits it has garnered.

A little more than a year ago its author, R. C. Sheriff, was an obscure London clerk at thirty dollars a week. Now the play is bringing in twenty thousand a week in royalties, and is being played all over the world. At first, every London producer turned thumbs down on it. Another war drama—pooh!

It is still playing in London, New York, and at least three other American cities. The

*"It used to be fun to go shopping"*



## "Why should I be so tired?"

**T**OO tired to go shopping! Too tired for the bridge invitation in the afternoon! Too tired to feel like getting dinner and to be a real pal to *him* in the evening!

The energy that gives zest to the day's activities must be protected. It arises from a well-cared-for body and from good health. Feminine hygiene is modern science's great safeguard. Do you know the facts about it?

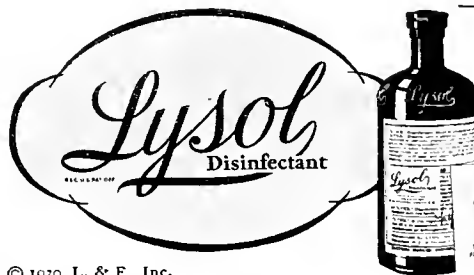
For 40 years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard anti-septic depended upon by women throughout the world for feminine hygiene. Likewise, for 40 years, doctors and hospitals the world over have depended on it at childbirth—when any possibility of infection or injury to tender tissues

must be prevented. "Lysol" has been proved safe, *effective*.

Do not be misled by the extravagant claims of so-called "non-poisonous" preparations. "Lysol" itself is *non-poisonous* when used in proper dilution. "Lysol" gives you many times more for your money because it is a *concentrated* germicide, while some of the so-called "non-poisonous" preparations contain 90% or more of water.

Get a bottle of "Lysol" today. Specific rules and advice come with each bottle. Send for the booklet offered below. It is by a prominent woman physician and is for women. It is enlightening. And it is free.

Be careful! *Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being sold.* Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."



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In Canada, address Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited  
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Please send me, free, your booklet,  
"The Facts about Feminine Hygiene"

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# GROW

**Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days**

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

**Over 10,000 Women Prove It**

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted... people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminister Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

**Results Evident in One Week**

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.

Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Send today. Special Introductory Price only \$1.95 NOW! Later \$5.00. Order NOW at low price.

*Lucille Young*

Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 665 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago. Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money. Price C. O. D. is \$1.95 plus few cents postage. If \$1.95 sent with order postage will be paid. Check if money enclosed  or C. O. D.

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**Don't be an EX-BLONDE**

"How much lighter your hair used to be." What a pity to hear this from old friends. You won't if you use Blondex. This special shampoo, for blondes only, prevents darkening—gradually restores natural, radiant beauty to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Good for scalp. Follow the advice of a million delighted users. At all standard drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.

screen production of this saga of the trenches will be released during the spring.

**T**HE winter Mayfair season started with a bang. Just everybody in the picture business was tripping the light fantastic. Even Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, who aren't seen out in public much, were there as host and hostess to a big party. Mary looked chic and sophisticated in a black sequin and tulle dress, and black slippers with red heels. She danced the first number with Johnny Mack Brown.

Also in her party were Charlie Farrell beaming Virginia Valli, and Dolores del Rio, very

elegant, with Larry Kent. Jack Pickford and Doug arrived late. It was a very gay party.

At another table was Lilyan Tashman escorted by no less than four gentlemen, and the men didn't seem to mind at all. They were Eddie Lowe, Billy Haines, Jimmy Shields and Roger Davis. Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills (Milton looking fit as a camping kit) were at the Will Hays' table.

It remained for Eric von Stroheim to pull the best gag of the evening. In lieu of place cards he had little novelties that bespoke the character of each of his guests, and at his own place was a can of film labeled, "The unfinished masterpiece. Reel 605."

## Mabel Normand Says Good-Bye

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

and self-sacrificing women any one has ever known. She was a great woman and a great character."

**M**ABEL'S illness was of long standing. When I first knew her fifteen years ago, she was suffering from tuberculosis; but so brave was her spirit that she tossed off the threat with a gay indifference.

In later years, this malady was aggravated by grave troubles and worries. Mabel was the *Patsy* who got the blame for what other people did. She suffered humiliation and disgrace in silence when she could have set herself right—by "telling on" some one else.

There was the case of the chauffeur who adored Mabel so devotedly, that he shot a man whom Mabel knew but slightly, but whom the half-crazed boy thought was bringing bad company to her harem-scarem, topsy-turvey house.

There was the William Desmond Taylor case of which Mabel honestly knew nothing; but which brought down odium and club lady resolutions upon her.

As usual in such cases, Mabel's bitterest critics were often those who owed her most of money and kindness and tolerant charity.

She realized that she had to die and met the issue bravely and without whimpering. One of her last messages was to me; when she asked me to tell the public through PHOTOPLAY Magazine of her love and appreciation. "They have been dear to me, and sweet and kind," she said.

The affection between Lew Cody and Mabel Normand that resulted in their early morning marriage has never been understood. But to one who knew them both intimately, it was a sweet story.

They had been devoted friends for years. Theirs was a comradeship of laughter—laughing at life, laughing at and with each other, laughing off troubles.

**L**EW loved Mabel, and Mabel adored Lew. No woman could have helped loving a man who brought such happiness and sunshine into a life over which death was even then trying to cast a shadow.

Even at the last, she did not lose her thirst for life.

So weak she could scarcely talk, she took up the telephone to ask eager questions of a war correspondent friend of mine who had just come back from a Mexican revolution.



Mabel Normand in her early days at Keystone. At the left, Ford Sterling is inspecting the slipper, while the Old Master, Mack Sennett, does one of his Dutch scowls. Few pictures remain of Sennett in character in his acting days



What the air raids were like; tell her about the Mexican girl who fought in the trenches; and what became of the dog who ran up and down on the top of a fire-swept trench?

He told her about a tramp aviator who had a steel extension in his leg which he used to loosen and tighten up with a screw driver he carried for the purpose. Mabel laughed. "You are a liar," her voice came gasping over the 'phone. Impudent to the last.

Mabel has gone from us, but like Chevalier Bayard—without fear and without reproach, she goes boldly forward.

## Exit—Corinne Griffith

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

living. At thirteen the Griffin (that is her real name) fortunes were on the wane. Just as in the old-fashioned melodramas, a sheriff came and foreclosed the mortgage on the "homestead." Her mother and she came to California, and Corinne tried to sell her own paintings of Santa Monica sunsets from door to door. She got her first chance in the films by winning a beauty contest in a beach ballroom.

And now the beauty contest winner is one of the most dignified, most sought after hostesses in the colony. You cannot imagine that the shadow of hardship ever crossed her life. One of her greatest charms is the fact that she does not care to talk about her beauty. She believes that education is the greatest thing a woman can possess—to be able to talk on many subjects.

"You have to have so much more in pictures now. A director no longer can tell you what to do and how to do it. It must come from within yourself. You can't make as many pictures. I was doing too many. I was supposed to make four in three years. Instead I turned out three in a little more than one year.

"I made a great deal of money, but a star must carry the picture—that is part of the star business. With dialogue to be written, and lines to learn, you can't turn pictures out like automobiles. With talkies, I don't feel that I know what is good for me. I would never tell a producer that I must do this or I mustn't do that. How can I be sure that I am right?

"It has been my ambition to portray the life of the Empress Josephine. To me she is one of the most fascinating characters in all history. If I produce it, I will go to France and work under the auspices of the government. I wouldn't finance it myself. I'd never put a nickel of my money in one of my own pictures or in anybody else's.

"I've had other offers to make pictures in this country since I left First National. I don't want to consider them. I'm going to have a good time. I no longer have to worry about money. I don't mean that I have an immense fortune, but it is enough to do the things I want to do. I saw too much poverty as a child not to save money while I was making it."

This summer Corinne and Walter Morosco, her husband and business manager of her productions, will live at Malibu Beach.

The big house in Beverly Hills will be sold. It is one of the showplaces of the colony, and it is filled with magnificent old furniture and art objects, brought from Paris and Italian cities.

In the future the Moroscocs will live six months in Europe and six months at the Malibu cottage. Corinne has the right chateau selected, near enough Paris for convenience—remote enough for atmosphere unchanged by the centuries.

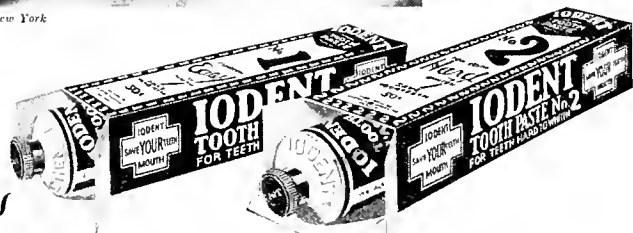
One picture is waiting for release, "Back Pay." Then the Orchid Lady is going to collect some back pay on her own—the good times and the broad education she missed as a child.

# Even HARD-TO-WHITEN TEETH *sparkle with Lustrous Beauty*



Evening dress and wrap by Hickson, Inc., New York

*Jewels, silks, hair, eyes, teeth—all owe much of their charm to natural brilliancy*



*...When this special tooth paste is used* **REGULARLY**

Remember how white and lustrous your teeth *used* to be—before time or tobacco smoke had dulled their brightness? This natural brilliancy is still there; and like tarnished silver, the enamel will instantly respond to proper cleaning.

Iodent No. 2—in the big blue tube—is specially compounded to do this work *safely and swiftly*.

When brushing with No. 2, you will notice that there is no explosion of use-

less froth in the mouth—no suggestion of harsh abrasives. The No. 2 texture is firm, yet soft. It shapes itself to the teeth and clings till it thoroughly cleans.

Iodent is the *only* dentifrice in the world that is made in two textures for the two recognized classes of teeth. Iodent Chemical Company—Detroit.

[ IODENT No. 1 for Teeth Easy to Whiten is also ideally adapted for children's tiny teeth and tender gums ]

# IODENT No. 2

FOR TEETH HARD TO WHITEN

# 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.

## OTHINE DOUBLE STRENGTH

### LEARN TO WRITE FOR THIS MONEY-MAKING MARKET

Today the field for short stories, photoplays and newspaper articles is broader than ever. Editors are eager for material—for first-rate stories—stories with the professional touch. • The Palmer Institute of Authorship has definitely proved by its hundreds of successful graduate writers that it can take men and women who wish to write—who have the initiative to apply themselves to writing—and can build up their creative efforts and train them to sell their work for cash. • Many prominent authors such as Katharine Newlin Burt, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Gertrude Atherton, Rupert Hughes, endorse Palmer Courses. Mail the coupon for complete information.

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All correspondence strictly confidential. No salesmen will call.

## She Raised the Roof

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

At fifteen she was a feature in vaudeville—sparkling, laughing, and forever singing.

It was a thousand to one shot that Broadway would get her, and it wasn't long! Winnie Lightner stepped out of a sickly show called "Delmar's Revels," and in pranced Lillian! Weakening though the show was, and all run down with box-office anaemia, the Roth kid stood out like a boil on teacher's nose, and it wasn't long till she was snapped up by the big leagues of the show world.

Well, then it was easy. Earl Carroll signed her for his "Vanities." The opera opened on a sticky night in August, and even then Lillian stuck out.

She got wonderful notices in all the papers, and when that show struck out for the tall and uncut, Miss Roth went up ten or twelve flights and joined Mr. Ziegfeld's roof show, where not even the star-spangled Chevalier dimmed the glory of her chest tones.

And then, children, Mr. Lasky got psychic, packed her off to Hollywood and gave her to us in long lengths of sizzling celluloid.

The rest you almost know. Playing opposite Lupino Lane, she was one of the gay spots of "The Love Parade."

Again the path of the merry little singing girl paralleled that of the great French revue star!



Lillian Roth was a vaudeville trouper when she was eight. Here she is shown with little sister Ann, five. The team of tiny tots sang and danced wherever the Gerry Society would let them get away with it. Lillian is now an ace Paramount songstress in "The Vagabond King"

She moved into "The Vagabond King," playing a dramatic rôle, and playing it all over the screen.

In addition, she has one of the great numbers of that tuneful Friml show, and how she sings it is our business!

And there'll be many other good parts, and songs to sing, before Hollywood sees and hears the last of this sunny child.

Of course, she's in "Honey"—in fact, she's a lot of "Honey."

**L**ILLIAN photographs older than she looks, and a good deal taller. Out West she lives with her mother and sister—works hard, and has a good time.

Oh yes, there's a boy-friend lurking.

He's a broker, not connected with the industry.

He may be some day—that is, by marriage!

## Seeing Clara Bow

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

was dribbling orange juice over my chin and down the coverlet.

I closed my eyes and dreamed happily

Other men may write deathless songs, explore undiscovered lands, shake hands with Jack Dempsey or Greta Garbo.

But I can die happily now, and it probably won't be long.

But I have seen Clara Bow!

P.S. Mother is still missing. She was last reported passing Albany and heading directly for the state of Coma.

If you will kindly return her to the PHOTOPLAY office, no questions will be asked, and no reward paid.

## "I Knew Them When—"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

discovery of Betty Bronson. He will tell you with a perfectly straight face that his pictures put her over in a big way. She had gone to him for a sitting, it is true, but Sir James M. Barrie and Herbert Brenon selected her for the rôle of "Peter Pan" that brought her success.

There is hardly a magazine writer who doesn't claim a share in the success of a star. "If it hadn't been for me and the good publicity I gave him when he was just beginning, he wouldn't be where he is today."

**P**UBLICITY has put many an actor over. It has never kept him at the top. A magazine story may do a star a certain amount of good. Very seldom does it land a contract.

A certain writer lays claim to Gary Cooper's success. It is also her story that when the Cooper family first arrived in Hollywood, she lent Mrs. Cooper her best clothes. Gary's mother towers a head over the writer and tips the scales at some fifteen or twenty pounds more.

The garments were made entirely of elastic if Mrs. Cooper ever wore them. Once the writer was cornered and admitted that the loan had consisted of one evening wrap.

Well, in my school days I've lent evening wraps to girls whose names I don't even remember.

If they ever came around offering me their undying gratitude, I'd catch the next boat for Tahiti.

But the complaints continue. "Carmel Myers snubbed me just after I did that great story on her."



## when the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—try this marvelous beauty bath

If you're compelled to come dashing home from the office or a shopping tour, and the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—swish half a package of Linit in your bath, bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and when dry, feel the exquisite smoothness of your skin.

One outstanding feature of the Linit Beauty Bath is that the results are immediate—no waiting.

Nor will you waste precious minutes "dusting" with powder, because after

the Linit Beauty Bath there is a light, exceedingly fine "coating" of Linit left on the skin which eliminates "shine" from arms and neck and which harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Pure starch from corn is the basic ingredient of Linit and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact, doctors who specialize in the treatment of the skin, regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER



## the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

Posed by  
June Collyer  
Paramount Star



# THIS IS THE RONSON *Perfu-Mist*

**T**HE PERFU-MIST is the necessary accessory for your handbag—instantly ready to renew your perfume as handily and often as your compact renews your complexion!

Each filling holds a hundred applications of your favorite perfume. Press, PRESTO—and out it floats in a delicate mist, the *correct* and *economical* way to use precious extracts.

Beautiful Purse and Boudoir Models to match your costume or scheme of decoration.

Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Sq., Newark, N. J. In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

"THE PERFECT PURSE-SIZE  
PERFUME SPRAY"



\$5 and up wherever perfumes or accessories are sold



## Give your eyes "It"

Your eyes will have "IT"—the power to *compel*—the ability to say what your lips dare not — if glorified with Delica-Brow, the instant eye beautifier!

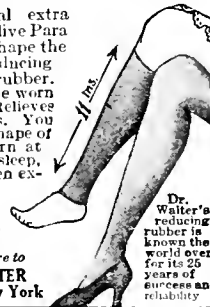
It makes eyes sparkle with new life, framing them in long, silken, sweeping lashes. Waterproof. Smartproof. Let your eyes have "IT". Ask for Delica-Brow at your favorite toilet counter today. Black or Brown. Liquid or Cake. Sample sent free upon request. Address Delica-Brow, Chicago.

## PRETTY ANKLES \$3.75 AND CALVES *per pair*

DR. WALTER'S Special extra strong Ankle Bands of live Para Rubber will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them. Made of pure Para rubber. They fit like a glove. Can be worn under any kind of hose. Relieves swelling and varicose veins. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving then extra benefit of the support.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for \$3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or by postman.

Send Ankle and Calf measure to  
**DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER**  
389 Fifth Avenue New York



Dr. Walter's reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliability

## —that youthful contour

so essential to the new fashions, is quickly accomplished with this new and patented brassiere. With amazing deftness it moulds the bust into natural, youthful lines. A delightful, undetectable creation of flesh-colored silk. Allows perfect freedom. Available also in lace, voile, batiste, crepes, etc. At all the better shops; or write to any of the following offices for full particulars.

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# KESTOS BRASSIERE

Registered Patent No. 1,881,119



"Do you think Joan Crawford thanked me for that nice interview I did? I saw her at the Roosevelt the other night and she didn't even nod."

Heigho-ho and lack-a-day. You'll pardon that yawn.

I, personally, get embarrassed and start looking for my umbrella when a star thanks me for a story.

A local newspaper reporter would not print a line of copy about Ruth Taylor because she did not remember him the second time she saw him!

Raquel Torres' discovery is claimed by a publicity man. He declares that he marveled at her beauty when she was an usher at the Chinese Theater. Maybe he did. Didn't we all?

But Raquel went all by herself to see Hunt Stromberg when he was interviewing candidates for the lead in "White Shadows in the South Seas."

Many "I Knew Them Whens" come from the old home town. One night Buddy Rogers attended a preview of his in Santa Monica. A large lady walked down the aisle and shouted, "I want to speak to Buddy Rogers."

**B**UDDY looked up. "Well, well," she said, "if it isn't little Buddy. I used to live next door to your aunt in Olathe, Kansas, and you were a little boy and used to come over to see her and eat cookies. I remember it as if it were yesterday. I'm glad to see you again and I wonder if you could get us into the studio, if me and the kids came over some day."

The ex-chorus girls have a bad time of it. An interviewer took a good slap at Nancy Carroll because she couldn't place her. They had worked in the chorus together. So had fifty other girls. Joan Crawford is always being besieged by loving friends from the chorus whom she can't remember. They go away and sign up with the "I Knew Them When."

Clive Brook is beset by so-called friends and acquaintances from England, and everybody who leaves their "r's" and "g's" dangling in space knew Dorothy Sebastian when she lived in Alabama.

There are, of course, cases where the stars have shown little gratitude for kindnesses. But, for the most part, the film folk are more than appreciative of what help they've had.

Johnny Mack Brown owes and pays a great



Marion Davies seems to be frightened by one of the new "horseless carriages." This is the way she looks as the Floradora girl in the new picture, "The Gay 90's"

debt to George Fawcett, who taught him to act and helped him over those trying days when he first came to Hollywood.

Hugh Trevor can't mention his career without giving all the credit to Richard Dix. In every Corinne Griffith picture you'll discover some rôle being played by a character actress named Ann Schaeffer. It is a friendship born in the early days, when Corinne was a struggling bit player. Ann befriended her, took her into her own dressing room and taught her how to make-up.

Now that Corinne is a star she remembers Ann by using her in every picture where it is at all possible.

**B**UT every assistant director who ever took an extra girl from the wardrobe to the set and every cameraman who ever told a bit player that she was using too dark a grease paint, claims the discovery of a great star.

Half the stories of star ingratitude are false. The other half aren't worth the telling. The star has become a personage, is easily recognized.

You may forget the little boy who sat next to you at school who is now a garage mechanic, but you won't forget that pretty Lillian Bohney who is now Billie Dove.

Come to Hollywood and join the "I Knew Them When!"

## Nine Points of the Law

By Berton Braley

Nancy Carroll's prettier far

Than you'll ever be, my dear;

Gary Cooper, movie star,

Knocks me for a goal, it's clear.

But sweet Nancy can't be mine,

Gary isn't meant for thee,

So I think it's mighty fine

I've GOT you, and you've GOT me!

Almost any movie queen

Makes your beauty seem but fair,

And the male stars of the screen

Make me look like Camembert;

But though both of us may act

Goofy when the Stars we view,

THAT'S a dream—and THIS is fact,

You've GOT me, and I've GOT you!

Should Bill Haines give you the eye

You undoubtedly would ditch me,

And I'd leave you high and dry

Should Anita Page bewitch me.

But they won't—and that is that!

And it's better, you'll agree

That we know where we are at,

I've GOT you, and you've GOT me!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1930

# Hands that Sparkle on less than 5 minutes a day



Busy women find 4 Advantages in the new Liquid Polish

### The Beauty Department of Good Housekeeping says :-

**T**HE manufacturers of nail cosmetics are giving us improved products. Among these is the new liquid polish women everywhere are adopting because of its wonderful advantages.

"First, its ease of application has materially shortened the manicure. Second, the natural gleam lasts for days. Third, this new liquid polish does not peel off, but remains smooth and firm, acting as a splendid protection for the nail. Fourth, it doesn't make nails brittle.

"The daily care of the nails is simple. Scrub them in warm soapy water. Then gently mould the cuticle with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and saturated with cuticle remover.

"A good cuticle remover is a fine bleach and whitener for under the nail tip. Dip the orange stick, tipped with cotton, in cuticle remover and run it under the nails and wash the hands."

### The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. *Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser*—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips. Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with *Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser*, around base of nail to remove dead cuticle. Use fresh cotton—freshly saturated—to cleanse under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. *Cutex Liquid Polish flatters the nails.* Remove old polish with *Cutex Liquid Polish Remover*. Apply *Cutex Liquid Polish* evenly from half-moon toward finger tip. Then use a bit of *Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil* to keep cuticle soft, and a touch of *Nail White* under nail tip to enhance the polish.

A generous size bottle of the new *Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover* costs only 35¢. *Polish and Polish Remover* together 50¢. *Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover* together 60¢. *Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser* 35¢. The other *Cutex* preparations 35¢.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

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.)  
NORTHAM WARREN  
Dept. OQ5, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.



So many smart women use it that  
it costs only 35¢ ..perfumed of course

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



## DOES MOTORING MAKE YOUR EYES SMART?

If so, apply a few drops of harmless *Murine* when you get home. It instantly ends irritation; banishes the tired, heavy feeling, and clears up the unsightly bloodshot condition that often follows exposure to sun, wind and dust.

Many persons use *Murine* daily and thus keep their eyes always clear and bright. 60c at drug and department stores.

# MURINE

FOR YOUR  
EYES



## CAST OFF IN THIS BOAT, AND UNROLL A WIDE, WHITE WAKE

HERE'S a stout boat—this "Old Town." She rides the water like a sea-gull—cuts along like a shark. Never shivers or vibrates—she's built extra-rigid. The heavy, non-leak canvas has no seams to open up, and therefore won't ever need caulking. Ideal for heavy loads, but wonderfully light and well-balanced.

Free catalog shows big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood, outboard family boats; canvas-covered, square-stern boats with sponsors; rowboats; dinghies; speedy step-planes; and all types of canoes. Write. Old Town Canoe Co., 125 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

### "Old Town Boats"

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

I have always enjoyed his pictures because of his sparkling personality. Wouldn't he need a snappy, boyish voice to go with such a personality? In my estimation, Jack has never had a really human part to portray since "The Big Parade."

I refuse to believe they can break Gilbert with one talkie. If he will only keep faith in himself and fight for better pictures, I am sure he will succeed in talkies just as he did in the silents. He fought through to the top there and he will again.

FRON DERRY

Elma, Wash.

I'm up in arms, after reading Katherine Albert's sketch of John Gilbert. He has given the public good, clean pictures, wonderful acting, and very little of the unclean gossip of many of the movie stars.

Talkie voice or no, we are with you. If your future pictures must be silent, let 'em be silent. One good silent Gilbert picture is worth many silly ones with poor acting, even with golden voices.

EFFIE V. LONG

Montevideo, Uruguay, S. A.

We want John Gilbert, whether silent or talking, for he is the greatest movie actor that ever lived.

SUSANA GHARRIER

### You're O. K., Mr. Oakie!

Baton Rouge, La.

I want Jack Oakie to know (and the best way to tell him is through PHOTOPLAY) that I'm for him, first, last and always. He's got more IT than a hundred John Gilberts.

TOOTSIE INGRAM

### The Voice with the Guile

Hope Hull, Ala.

Greta Garbo's acting in "Anna Christie" exceeds anything she has previously accomplished and proves her marvelous versatility, for she is as different from the pale, fragile heroines in

"Love," and "Wild Orchids" as East from West.

Her voice is deep, rich and resonant, exceeding our most sanguine expectations. The voice of a Viking's daughter, inherited from generations of seamen who spoke against the roar of the sea, and made themselves heard.

MIRIAM B. RICHARDSON

Dallas, Tex.

"Anna Christie" was a marked disappointment to one who had anticipated the advent of Greta's first talkie. Because of its sordid, colorless story it simply did not click, if entertainment was its purpose. What a waste of the artist's talent and charm! Why can't we have Greta Garbo in a more attractive vehicle? Clothes do not make the star, but a beautifully gowned Greta in a lovely setting at least satisfies our expectation of her.

And can't Hollywood furnish her a more suitable leading man? Why not John Gilbert?

IRENE FREEMAN

### His Fate Is in Your Hands

Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

Allow me to inform you that here we have no, or very little time, for "that flat-chested, anæmic, goldfish out of water" Garbo (as she was called by a correspondent). Garbo can do nothing but wrong; Billie Dove and Joan Crawford nothing but right!

THOMAS A. WILLINGTON

### Dieting?

Cincinnati, Ohio

Joan Crawford is just about right. I would no more miss her pictures than I would miss my meals.

MISS C. WAGNER

### Well, That Settles That!

Brockton, Mass.

All these people who are raising such a howl about "canned music" ought to get canned themselves. If you abhorers of canned music want to be so particular about tonal quality,



Looking down into the lighted well of a talkie set from the light gallery. Under the battery of arcs, far below, Jack Oakie and Zelma O'Neal are singing "I'm in Training for You" in "Paramount on Parade"

kindly go to some opera house or music hall. But *please* lay off the present form of music making in talking pictures. Personally, I think it's swell.

ELMER H. SWANSON

**Off with Their Mustachios!**

Montreal, Can.

Oh, how I hate a mustachio! I really don't know why I go to a show and waste my money so. Our leading men—they make me sore. My aesthetic feelings are hurt to the core. Gilbert's mustache, four inches or more, straddles his face till it's a hirsute disgrace, whenever he grins (this he does most of the time, and I'm not saying this just to make a rhyme). I really could stick him full of pins!

There's Rod LaRocque—used to look like a man, till he grew a third eyebrow, according to plan. Nils Asther, who came over the seas, has also succumbed to this strange disease. Many people there be who agree that they'd love to see Colman without his mustachio. His profile would then be superb. Douglas, Sr., before he grew IT, made with me a very big hit. Too bad—it's sad! We must count our blessings, let's see—Novarro, Buddy, Barthelmess, all three—handsome, clean-shaven as can be. Thank heaven, say we!

CONSTANCE MARGARET BROOKS

**Stick to Your Singing, Rudy**

Seattle, Wash.

Why must people who excel in some other line of entertainment be starred in motion pictures? A case in point is "The Vagabond Lover," but Rudy's really pleasing voice does not justify making him a resistless wooer. He might have been featured as a singer and band leader, and some more seasoned actor allowed to do the emoting.

This is by no means the only picture which attempts to make emotional actors out of musical entertainers, but it is the most recent disappointment.

CHET GRIGGS

**Savannah Goes Vallée**

Savannah, Ga.

Charles Rogers in "Illusion" was at the theater for one night only. Rogers is great and everybody wanted to see "Illusion"—but Rudy Vallée was to sing at the same time the movie was on. What happened? Every radio in town was hearing Rudy, while Buddy acted for twenty students.

VALERIE ROTHCHILDE

**More! More!**

Wheeling, W. Va.

I have recently seen Gary Cooper in "Seven Days' Leave." To me it represents a new era in entertainment. Congratulations to Paramount for giving us this picture, which puts to shame many more pretentious and spectacular films.

CALDER B. VAUGHAN

**With Love and Kisses**

Devonshire, England

Very great appreciation has been felt here in England for the excellent review you gave "Blackmail," as it again proves that if our studios make a film that is good, you are only too glad to praise it. It is a great spirit.

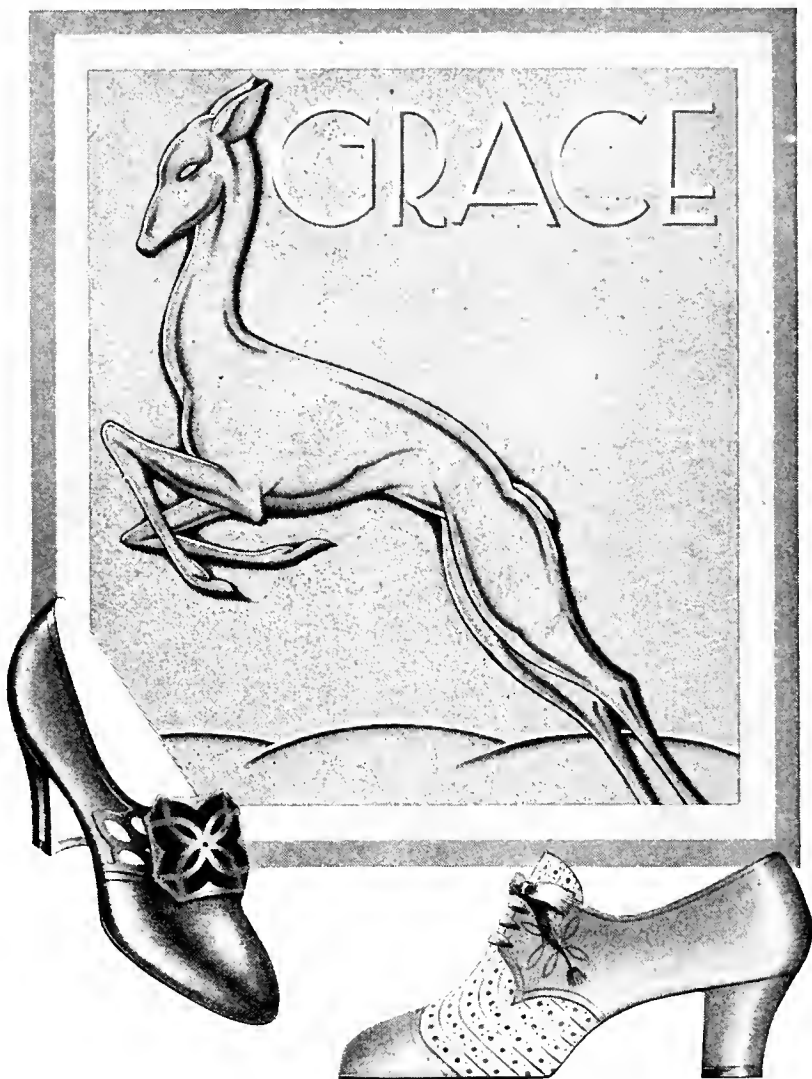
I have been a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY for five years, mainly because I can always rely upon what you say before choosing my movies.

OLIVE S. BESSELL

**Any Relation to Wild Willie?**

Montreal, Can.

What is there in Clara Bow that everybody likes? She has a good voice and is pretty, but she must be careful about her weight. Joan



**FOOT SAVER SHOES**

fit the need, the mode and the foot

FEET that have walked not wisely but too well through the paths of fatigue, take a fresh lease on life with Foot Savers ... Twitching muscles sink into lissome calm. Taut, tired lines relax into supple grace. Pain and pressure vanish ... It is as though the weary foot stretched limberly and sighed with relief, "It's good to be free again!" ... But Foot Saver's talents are not limited to the patented inbuilt construction, so firmly and comfortably supporting the arch. A flair for chic is theirs, as well, and the deffest way imaginable of suggesting ankle-slimness!

Let us send you this New Style Portfolio! *The Spring style book radiates with Foot Saver modes that speak with a beguiling Paris accent. Tell us where to send it!*

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 416 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

Please send me, without charge, your Portfolio of Footwear Fashions



Name .....

Address .....

PS-35

Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co., Whitman, Mass., and Slater Shoe Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

*"It's miraculous the way you keep them so clean and white!"*

PERHAPS you've said that very thing to some friend whose white kid slippers attracted your attention. Actually, white kid slippers can always look as clean and fresh, as snowy white as the day you bought them if you use Cinderella Kid White. It keeps them delicate, too, and prevents yellowing. That's all-important, isn't it? Try it and see!

At the Better Shoe Stores

**Cinderella**  
Kid White

Made by  
Everett & Barron Co.  
Providence, R. I.



Crawford was very good in "Untamed" but why don't they use a suitable man? Robert Montgomery is too young for her.

W. HAINES

**We Are Thinking This Over**

Chateau St. Louis, Que., Can.  
Shirley F. Moxom's letter in the March issue, "A Cry for Quarter," is one of the best. Thousands of fans send quarters for pictures of the favorites—and get nothing. Where do the quarters go? After I saw Marian Nixon in "The Rainbow Man" I sent one dollar for her picture, and did not get it. From now on I do what all the other bozos should do—I don't write and send money for my favorites' pictures. Why doesn't PHOTOPLAY sell them? Then we would be sure to get them.

J. POULIOT

**More About Those Photographs**

Meggets, S. Car.  
Teach Nils Asther to talk, as you did Garbo, if you must. But just give him back to us in another film soon, under any conditions. Why, he is the answer to every maiden's prayer for a "screen sweetheart." And I can say all this after sending five quarters for a picture of him, without a single answer. Could there be greater loyalty or sincerity?

N. S.

**Going Up, Eddie!**

Hyattsville, Md.  
Edward Everett Horton deserves a big bouquet for his fine work in "The Aviator." He is a marvelous comedian, and oh, those funny expressions of his!

PAULINE L. REELEY

**Just Try to Do It**

The nicest thing about a regular musical show is that performers will return—if sufficiently applauded. The worst thing about "The Broadway Melody" and "Show Boat" was that I had to see the former three times to hear enough of the theme song, and the latter four times to hear Helen Morgan and see "East Lynn" enough to satisfy me.

Couldn't producers arrange encores for the high spots in their productions, and leave it to the applause of the audience as to whether or not they should be run? Think of the advertising possibilities! "Twelve encores in New York for Dolly Dollé singing 'Whoopie'!"

ELEANOR MCARDLE

**Posies for "Wild Mark"**

Valley City, N. D.  
Three cheers for Mark Busby! That boy certainly knows his typewriter. He could make an income tax report sound like a fairy tale. Please encourage him to keep on writing reports of evenings spent with various stars. Those are an evening's entertainment for anyone

ESTELLE LARSEN

**Foster-Dick**

David City, Nebr.  
Richard Barthelmess in "Son of the Gods" portrays the real emotions of a foster son. He refuses to be glad when it is proved he is but the foster son of the man who had so tenderly reared him from infancy. For that moment of the play I bring the thanks of every foster parent and every adopted child who sees this picture.

FLORELLA OWEN

**Give Gaynor Drama!**

Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Why should a charming little star like Janet Gaynor be asked to do a silly, stupid picture like "Sunny Side Up"? Why make her sing?

**FAIRYSTONE**

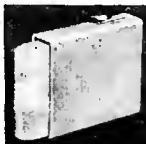


**New Beauty INSTANTLY**

*Colorless Skins take on Rose-Petal Softness, and the Bloom of Youth!*

The first light application of this marvelous French cosmetic brings a noticeable change! Beautiful complexions become even *more* lovely! Sallow, clouded skins take on a petal-like texture and a clear, rich, irresistible coloring. Consistent use quickly banishes pimples, blackheads, and other blemishes. Combines properties of powder, cleanser, antiseptic, and astringent. Easily and quickly applied from the novel Fairystone package. Price, 50 cents, from leading beauty shops, drug and department stores, or direct. Try it today.

Send this advertisement, and 10c to cover mailing, for Free Trial of this magic working cosmetic. Another dime also brings sample of Fairystone Rouge. **FAIRYSTONE DIST. CO.** 625 Polk Bldg. Detroit



**The Girl the Men Admire**



TO be attractive to men you must have a clear skin—rich red blood coursing through your veins.

If you have thin, pale blood, if you are weak, listless—lack smartness—what can be done? Plenty! Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for your blood and stomach. Your druggist has it in tablets or liquid, whichever you prefer.

You will become admired by men when you regain your rosebud complexion, clear skin—free from pimples, steady nerves, sparkling eyes, and that pleasing personality which radiates from a perfectly healthy woman.

Write the Staff of the Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for medical advice. It is free and strictly confidential.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.



Could anything have been lovelier than "7th Heaven" or "Street Angel"?

Let us have more of this variety of plays and less revues. Give us good actors in good plays and don't ask them to sing and dance when they have no talent for either.

MILDRED HOYT

### On the Other Hand—

Baltimore, Md.

Recently I had the pleasure of seeing that inimitable couple, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, in "Sunny Side Up." As usual, it was delicious. Stick together, Janet and Charlie. You were created for one another—in pictures, of course.

MRS. LEROY A. SCHMIDT

### Would It Be Charlie?

Taft, Calif.

What's the matter with Charlie Chaplin? Can't he break away from his slouchy, baggy clothes, his dinky mustache, and give us something new? Let's see him dressed up as a City Swell, a Sheik or a Romeo for once, and see the real Charlie.

DOLLIE HAYS

### Power for Lita

Dallas, Texas

Just finished reading about Lita Gray Chaplin in PHOTOPLAY and I think she's wonderful. I admire her spunk. More power to you, Lita!

DORIS ARMSTRONG

### What Is Love?

Ashland, Pa.

I was very interested in Dorothy Mackaill's "Second Thoughts on Matrimony" in the March PHOTOPLAY. I think too many stars marry each other and really aren't in love, merely infatuated. It would be a good idea if some of Hollywood's lovely stars would take a trip between pictures, through states like New York, Pennsylvania, etc., and come in contact with the fans who really worship them. They would find ideal lovers, then.

RALPH MILLER

### He's Bored

Kansas City, Mo.

I enjoyed "Wings," "The Big Parade," "The Broadway Melody" and other worthy progenitors of a lot of imitations, but I don't enjoy a steady fare of any type of entertainment. And this paucity of plot, absence of originality, theme bankruptcy, or whatever it may be called, is a terrific bore to those of us who look for the best in talkies.

J. B. SHANAHAN

### The Modern Method

Columbus, Ohio

I am the mother of two rapidly developing young girls, thirteen and fifteen years of age.

I am not fearful of their future in this so-called "fast" age; neither am I resorting to old-fashioned discipline to enforce my idea of character forming.

My way has been easy, natural and very enjoyable to both girls, Dad and myself, by way of the "movies" and now the splendid "talkies."

Since early age they have attended movies of every sort, and learned from them every lesson a girl ought to know in order to stand squarely on both feet and ruh shoulders with the world, which is a good old world notwithstanding.

LAURABEL BRACK

### She Stayed to Pray

Milwaukee, Wis.

Let me confess that heretofore I have felt indifferent about the talkies. But last night

# ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT TO WIN \$1000.00

OF COURSE, this contest has proved tremendously popular. Yes, we've received lots of entries. Some days the mail has been pretty heavy, we'll admit. But there's almost a whole month left; you still have plenty of time; a letter is easy to write; you have a splendid chance of winning; sit down right now and write us that letter!

Read the rules printed below. Notice that you can enter all or any of the three divisions of the contest. Remember, too, that no special literary talent is required. The judges are plain, ordinary human beings just like the rest of us . . . talking our language . . . living on our street . . . thinking and acting just like millions of fine, splendid people all over this country. Simply imagine yourself in any of the situations given and put down what you would say.

You may win \$10 . . . \$20 . . . \$150 . . . \$250 . . . and if you're the grand prize winner, \$750 extra! Judging will not begin until after the contest closes, May 31. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

## Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay \$250; second best, \$150; third best, \$100; for the next five, \$20 each; \$10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of \$750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of \$1000 which this letter may win.

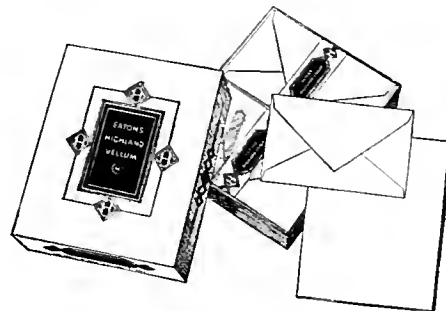
**TYPES OF LETTERS:** 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread and butter" letter (a letter expressing appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter sent to some friend who is going away).

**CLOSING DATE:** All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

**IDENTIFICATION:** Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

**WINNERS:** The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

**FINAL JUDGES:** Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*; Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.



# EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM

HIGHLAND LINEN

# What Do You Want To Know About The Pictures?

*Is it a good picture?*

*Is it an All-Talkie, Part-Talkie—Silent or Sound?*

*Is it the kind of picture I would like?*

*Which one shall we see tonight?*

*Shall we take the children?*

PHOTOPLAY will solve these problems for you—save your picture time and money.

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

is truly the outstanding publication in the great field of motion pictures. Its stories, its special articles, its exclusive features and departments are absolutely different from anything to be found anywhere else.

### Photoplay gives you:

A wealth of intimate details of the daily lives of the screen stars on the lots and in their homes.

Striking editorials that cut, without fear or favor, into the very heart of the motion picture industry.

Authorized interviews with your favorite actors and actresses who speak frankly because PHOTOPLAY enjoys their full confidence.

Articles about every phase of the screen by such authorities as Marquis Busby, Leonard Hall and Katherine Albert.

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## Photoplay's "Shadow Stage"

is nationally famous. Here are reviews of *all* the new pictures, with the casts of *all* the players. PHOTOPLAY also prints monthly a complete summary of every picture reviewed in its pages for the previous six months. These are but a few of a dozen great departments in which PHOTOPLAY is as up-to-the-minute as your daily newspaper. You cannot really know the fascinating world of the screen unless you are a regular reader of

## PHOTOPLAY

SUPERB FICTION

by the Foremost Writers

a theater in my city gave the blind folks a treat.

At first they sat in their seats rather pitifully, without much hope of enjoying the evening, but the picture hadn't been running ten minutes when they were smiling and applauding—and you never saw such happy people. The tap dancing went over big and they guffawed at the jokes and wisecracks. They merrily kept time with the music. After the performance they stood in the lobby making dates with their blind friends for more visits to the talkies. MRS. RAY V. FITZGERALD

### Not So Dumb

Ensley, Ala.

The growing list of PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal pictures is a real argument against censorship. It is also a direct challenge to any critic who thinks that the average motion picture fan rates a moronic average in intellect.

The last Gold Medal picture, "Four Sons"—the story of a German mother's love for her four sons, and a picture chosen by the American public as the best picture of the year—is not only highly worthy of the medal, but is also very appropriately chosen at a time when all the world is beginning to realize the ruthlessness and futility of war, such as was depicted in "Four Sons."

No—there is no need for any long-faced censor or snooty highbrow to safeguard the morals and intelligence of the motion picture public.

MRS. RUTH CUNIFF

### Come Out of That Stove, Rudy!

San Pedro, Calif.

The canned music that goes with the talkies is often very irritating and many times ruins the picture altogether, for they can't keep the orchestra or instruments silent a minute. Often it is impossible to hear the dialogue because of the music. The canned music makes the pictures look ridiculous, too. For instance, suppose that there is a scene where a boy and a girl are flirting in the kitchen and at the same time the orchestra is playing. The audience can't see the orchestra, yet the music comes out by the same way as do the voices of the boy and the girl.

I have often wondered where in the dickens that orchestra is playing in that kitchen anyway, and why. The same feeling is created in every scene where the audience can't see the musicians, but the actors only. I know that the music is intended to be substituted for the organ or orchestra music that used to be played in movie houses before the talkies came, but it will not do for the reason I have already said, that the music comes out by the same loud speaker as do the voices of the actors, and the audience gets the impression that the music is part of the play.

So I would advise cutting out canned music altogether, except when it is a part of the play and the musicians can be seen by the audience.

A CRITICAL FAN



Manila, P. I.

To me, here in the Orient, the saddest thing is the "leper ship" that cruises among the many islands of the Philippine group every few months, collecting lepers—men, women and children who must go into exile at Culion. There is but one bright spot where the weariest can relax—and forget. That place is the movies.

There is surely no mission in life so beautifully worth while as to inspire hope, to give courage to "carry on" the fight for life—if the fight is hopeless, to give hours of surcease.

P. P. POORE

## Enough Is Too Much

New York City

Perhaps PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, being truly a power in the motion picture world, would take up the cudgels against a real bore.

Neighborhood movie houses devote at least half an hour of every program to excerpts from "Coming Attractions." They show what are unquestionably the big moments of the picture and have the stars in it make some really inane remarks. In my opinion it spoils the fun of actually seeing the picture.

These preliminary "ads" are shown at every performance for weeks before the picture arrives and it almost discourages the movie fan when he has to sit through the same rigmarole about four times.

Don't you think the theater owners are getting a little overzealous?

BELLE B. BERG

## Fireman, Save My Child

Seattle, Wash.

Seems to me the crying need of the movies is someone to think of the needs of the children. With Mary Pickford grown up, Bill Hart's type extinct, and now Harold Lloyd gone in for gruesome dope films, it really seems we've no one we can depend upon for happy fun.

With apartment life so popular, children are sent to the movies to be out of the way. In the neighborhood theaters, it is very sad to see three-fourths of the attendance children, yet nothing for them but underworld and murder mysteries.

JULIET OLSEN

## Extending a Hand

Hendersonville, N. C.

If more people wrote paragraphs similar to Cal York's about Alma Rubens in January's PHOTOPLAY there would be fewer narcotic addicts, fewer ruined careers, and less unhappiness. Alma Rubens should be highly commended for her courage and strength of character. To have conquered the addiction in five months is something to be justly proud of, and not only did she complete her cure, hut, with self-confidence regained, she helped others back on their feet. Let's give this little girl a great big hand and welcome her back after her great triumph.

SYDIA S. BRACKETT

## Chaney Talks!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

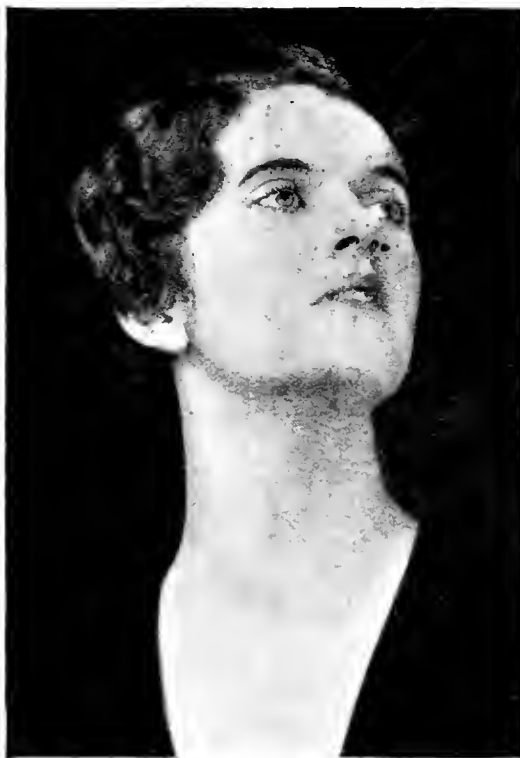
it. That's what held up the negotiations between him and M-G-M. Not Chaney's publicized aversion for dialogue films.

Chaney has been snooping around the sound rooms and the recording devices at the studio for weeks. He has been in the mixing rooms, not only watching the sound mixer do his stuff, but occasionally doing the mixing himself, and experimenting. He won't discuss the extent of those experiments, but everything he says about what he hopes to do and what he thinks can be done betrays the fact that he has been studying, studying, studying sound—and with the same devotion and intensity with which he has applied himself to the intricacies of facial and physical make-up.

Why, the man won't even admit that he has had voice tests made! He even goes so far as to deny it—and you can believe him, if you want to, when he says:

"No, I haven't taken a single sound test. I'm not going to. What's the good of them? I'm going to start shooting my first talkie without making a single test in advance."

He says he's not going to take voice culture, either. "It ruins voices," he snorts. "That's what is the matter with John Gilbert!"



## *She who is smooth of throat looks forever young*

A SMOOTH young throat is one of the loveliest gifts—yours for the keeping. How wickedly foolish it is to let a crêpe-like texture give your throat cruel lines! A crêpy throat looks so dreadfully old, and an elderly throat makes even a young woman look middle-aged.

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*The next time you go to Paris, you will find a new Dorothy Gray salon charmingly situated in a lovely old house at number 54, Avenue George V. Expertly staffed by skilled operators, the new Paris salon offers you the same Dorothy Gray treatments so justly famous in America.*

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Janet Gaynor's studio home. A corner of the living room of her bungalow dressing room, showing the nook where she snatches a bite of lunch

## Day-Time Homes

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

The ceilings are beamed. The hanging lamps of the living room are exact copies of old Spanish sun-dials, swung by chains, and the fireplace is raised a foot from the floor and its andirons are antiques of wrought iron in a sunflower pattern.

**I**N one corner is Jack's desk. It is of heavy Spanish leaf pattern and was copied from one in a museum in Madrid.

Other rare pieces in the room include a sixteenth century priest's cape, a panel from a Spanish shrine, an ancient tapestry and a carving of one of the Apostles.

The living room opens on a walled garden on one side, and on the other side of the entrance hall is the kitchen and butler's pantry.

The circular staircase leads to the apartment above. Here is a lounging room done in modernistic style with black and silver furniture and lip-stick red cushions and drapes. There is a sun balcony off this, and a dressing room and bath.

In many ways Jack's studio house is more gorgeous than his real home, perched atop one of Hollywood's highest hills.

The studio that has outdone itself in the matter of day-time homes is Fox. A new star is just an excuse for a new bungalow. The elaborate dressing room idea has cost a pretty penny.

It isn't the original outlay, it's what comes later.

When the new stars have bungalows that means that the old stand-bys like Charlie Farrell, Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter have to be satisfied, too.

And are—expense notwithstanding.

**T**HE bungalows of Will Rogers and John McCormack are the most spectacular.

His low adobe bungalow is a perfect setting for the rope-swinging, gum-chewing Will Rogers.

In its sandy garden one finds rare cacti brought from the desert just to make Will feel at home.

Inside there is a dressing room, lounging room, office, kitchenette and bath. The house is furnished in true California style.

**W**HEN John McCormack was signed, it was proper, of course, that his day-time home should be as smart as Rogers'. And it is. The studio officials ordered for him the finest type of thatched cottage (in order to meet the fire regulations, every straw used in the roof had to be shipped in a fire-proof solution) similar to those found in prosperous Irish hamlets. It makes John feel all *shillalah* and combines dressing room, rehearsal hall and office.

The most attractive room in the building is the living room studio. The raftered ceiling and walls are decorated to give the appearance of whitewash, and the drapes are of glazed English chintz in soft green, old red, yellow and mauve.

A linen rug in green and gold is thrown over the oak floor and there are also a couple of old-fashioned hooked rugs. The mahogany desk and bookcase are of the Georgian period, while the table back of the davenport is a Tudor copy, done in chestnut.

The end tables are of oak of the Jacobean type and the Farthingale chair is upholstered in blue and gold damask.

**O**F course, there is a grand piano and behind it is a Welsh dresser of cherry with its old English pewter, its Toby jug, its luster mug, etc.

On the walls throughout the cottage hang old English prints of hunting scenes.

There are but two bungalows on the First National lot.

One of them is Corinne Griffith's. It is a stucco house with living room, bedroom, dressing room, bath and kitchenette. The living room is luxurious.

Its predominating color is turquoise blue and many of its furnishings are in black and silver.

A cream colored carpet is laid to the base-board.

The dressing room is equipped with long mirrors, perfectly lighted, and there are special closets for shoes, hats, dresses, etc.

THE other bungalow at First National might start a new studio war any day now. It was built originally for Colleen Moore.

It is Spanish stucco and boasts a living room, dining room, kitchen, bath and bedroom. Its feature is the amount of closet and cupboard space.

Almost one entire wall of the living room is given over to cupboards, while closets have been built in every available space.

The entrance is reached through a tiled courtyard in the corner of which is a fountain. The patio is roofed and enclosed by a wall.

When Colleen used it, it was beautifully furnished, but now it stands empty except for a few necessary pieces of furniture. Colleen's contract with First National expired and everyone wondered, "Who is going to get her bungalow?"

Would Billie Dove fall heir to it?

Or Dorothy Mackaill?

Or Alice White?

Or Richard Barthelmess?

When it is turned over to a star, look out for some fire works from the ones who don't get it. To keep everybody peaceful, Jack Warner is using it now for occasional conferences.

At present these are the most interesting day-time homes of the stars. Others may be built, but if it keeps up, they'll have to tear down the stages and the property rooms and wardrobe buildings at the studios to make room for them.

MAYBE some day the lots will be turned over to bungalows and everybody will stop work. Each new star demands a new bungalow and each old star thinks he is entitled to one. Where will it all end?



Vancouver, Canada

I do not believe I have ever shed a tear over a photoplay until I saw "Sorrell and Son."

For six years, I, a captain in the Canadian Service during the late war, have lived, with my son, a life so parallel to that of "Sorrell and Son" that I could not restrain the tears.

Six years ago, we left a home of tears, broken hearts and shattered ideals, and since then I have been mother and dad. I know how to wash neck and ears, sew on buttons, plan a birthday party, get him to bed, get him ready for school. And Saturday night (our night) we go to a movie show, and I am carried away from my daily work and home responsibilities.

Often have I wondered whether or not I am doing all I possibly can for my boy. Now I have found the answer, for "Sorrell and Son" gave me courage to go on, to hope for the future; and the assurance that I have done and still am doing all that is reasonably possible.

Like "Sorrell and Son," we have no secrets and are pals. My work is as yet only half completed, and although I aspire to the goal attained by Captain Sorrell, I may not reach it.

Should I do so, I will then be able to say, "My job is finished."

A. R. C.

INA CLAIRE, brilliant Pathé comedienne, acknowledged the smartest dressed woman on Stage and Screen.



The same hosiery styles worn by Screen Stars and shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York stores—are available at Allen-A dealers the country over. Priced from \$1.25 to \$2.50 the pair. These same styles are made and sold in Canada.



# Startling difference in shapeliness attained with this new hose

The secret of shapely legs is no longer a secret. As you will quickly learn the first time you wear this newly improved Allen-A hosiery that has won the favor of Hollywood's most brilliant Stars . . . Three unique improvements (illustrated at right) account for the startling difference. First, this hosiery molds *creaselessly* to the knee. Second, it *accentuates* the natural curve of the leg. Third, it gives new *slenderness* to the ankle . . . Allen-A is now presenting this improved hosiery in the new "4000" series. Including an extra-fine gauge, all-silk chiffon with Panelcurve Heel; and a glorious Service Sheer with Panelcurve Heel. All with double Picot Tops in two-toned effect and smartest Parisian-sponsored shades. \$1.95 the pair. Other Allen-A styles \$1.25 to \$2.50. THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.



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3—Made smaller at the ankle, a slenderizing effect is gained.



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# The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

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### THE BENSON MURDER CASE— Paramount

ANOTHER elegant Van Dine mystery story with that master of suavity, Bill Powell, again as *Philo Vance*. Bill plays that rôle so convincingly that you find yourself asking who stole the money out of the milk bottle when you meet him on the street. This time a stock broker is murdered and everybody is suspected, but old man *Vance* skillfully gets his killer. See it.

### CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M

JUST one too many carbon copies of "The Broadway Melody" have been made, and this pleasant little single is it. Charles King and Bessie Love again play tangled lovers behind the scenes, and the good old tale holds very little interest. But that pleasing team, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler, together with George K. Arthur dig out some laughs, and because of their labors and the leads' charm, the film entertains.

### MAMBA—Tiffany Prod.

THIS is advertised as the first all-Technicolor drama. The picture begins as a character study of a brutal German landowner in East Africa at the outbreak of the war, and ends as exciting melodrama, with British and German troops and revolting natives fighting madly. Jean Hersholt is brilliant as the brutal one and Eleanor Boardman negative as his ladylike wife. Ralph Forbes, very English, becomes a very Prussian major.

### CRAZY THAT WAY—Fox

JOLLY entertainment about two lads in love with a blonde, who finds she loves somebody else. Kenneth McKenna, Jason Robards and

Regis Toomey as the trio, and Joan Bennett as the girl, bubble through this speedy comedy in fine style. Joan wears some lovely clothes, and can't she wear 'em?

### THE MELODY MAN—Columbia

COLUMBIA has turned out a pleasant sentimental picture about the conflict between youth and old age. Though the film stars William Collier, Jr., and Alice Day, the better work is done by John Sainpolis. There is a pretty song, "Broken Dreams," which young Collier sings, and even a Technicolor sequence.

### WHITE CARGO—W. P. Film Co.

WILL HAYS banned this story of the white man's deterioration in hot Africa from the American studios, but this literal filming of the stage play was made in London and shown in New York. It is a slow, badly recorded melodrama—with a few brilliant spots of acting and atmosphere. And there is nothing naughty about the scenes between *Tondelevo*, native girl, and the white boys. One fine acting job, that of the late Leslie Faber. Not worth bootlegging.

### CHILDREN OF PLEASURE—M-G-M

IF you don't know what a song writer's heart is like, see this picture. If you don't care, that's your business. Lawrence Gray—remember how grand he was in "Marianne"?—is the sharps-and-flats gentleman. "The Whole Darned Thing's for You" and "Leave It That Way" are hit numbers. There are two leading ladies—one of whom, Wynne Gibson, has everything it takes. You'll be seeing more of this kid.



Two very dear girl friends meet on the United Artists lot. A remarkably fine picture of Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge as the two stars look today

**DOUBLE CROSS ROADS—Fox**

**SURPRISE!** That nice old grandmother and that sweet country girl are just mean old crooks after all. But the gang of thieves all get shot by machine guns and the boy and girl, admirably played by Robert Ames and Lila Lee, decide to go straight. For all that, the film's entertaining.

**THE CHINA EXPRESS—Sovkino**

**WITH** America alive with talkies, the film company subsidized by Russia's Soviet government continues to turn out silent melodramas, and this is one of its best. The action takes place on a fast train rushing through China, and it is hair-raising melodrama. A white man assaults a Chinese girl and is killed by her brother. Then come terrific racial battles between white and yellow people. Rough stuff, but exciting. *Silent.*

**HIDEOUT—Universal**

**JAMES MURRAY**, as the college racketeer, kept reminding us of Evelyn Brent—he glowered so. Here's the world's strangest conception of a college campus. There is a plot, but perhaps it's kinder not to mention it. Kathryn Crawford sings nicely, and does all she can, but it isn't enough to save this.

**SONG OF THE WEST—Warners**

**OWING** to a mediocre script and uninspired direction, what might have been a magnificent outdoor operetta, all-Technicolor, is pretty feeble. "The Song" is faint, in spite of excellent singing by John Boles and a vigorous tragi-comic performance by Joe E. Brown. Some of the Vincent Youmans music is gorgeous, but unexploited. Ambitious but dull.

**A ROYAL ROMANCE—Columbia**

**YOU** won't believe it but there's a mythical kingdom, a young American with an inheritance, a beautiful countess who kidnaps her own child, a scheming adventuress and the crown jewels hidden in the cellar. Buster Collier emerges with a good performance, and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful.

**MURDER WILL OUT—First National**

**IF** you aren't too weighed down with troubles of your own, you should scare up a few thrills during "Murder Will Out." It's mystery with a high society background. Good acting and elaborate settings make it seem a bit important. Jack Mulhall and Lila Lee are excellent, with Noah Beery standing out in support.

**SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners**

**WINNIE LIGHTNER** *should* have said NO when Warners tried to star her as a dramatic actress. Winnie's a grand entertainer—but as a broken-hearted night club hostess—no! The picture isn't bad entertainment—but you've seen it all before. Chester Morris is fine in the same rôle he's been playing ever since "Alibi." Sally Eilers shows promise.

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

**SOMEBODY** must have thought the Cohens and Kellys could be funny in Scotland and kilts. There may be folks who will still think so after seeing this picture. Then again, there will be others who will suggest just where to send the Cohens and Kellys on their next voyage—one way!

**THE GREAT DIVIDE—First National**

**A** LOT of things went wrong with this talkie version of "The Great Divide," the grand old play of years ago. Dorothy Mackaill overdoes in her attempt to be a flip society girl, and Ian Keith is more than a little hammy as the big he-person who tries to make her sensible. There are some nice Mexican fiesta scenes, but, as a whole, this is hard to take.



LEILA HYAMS, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, is wearing Deauville Sandals in a smart new strap model.

## INSEPARABLE! SUMMER and Deauville Sandals

For new-season, featherweight smartness—cool, imported Deauville Sandals. Everyone with a sense of chic is wearing them. So very smart and colorful, so wonderfully comfortable in hot weather. Hand-woven on American lasts with narrow-fitting heels, they fit as if made to order.

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### KETTLE CREEK—Universal

OH, well when everything else fails, you can always say that Ken Maynard is a simply swell rider. Those last minute chases are always exciting, and in "Kettle Creek" Ken even stands up on two horses at the same time. Situations are literally dragged in by the heels. The plot grab bag has been used freely. But can that boy ride!

### HIS DARK CHAPTER—Sono Art-World Wide

THE gentleman crook gets a job as chauffeur in a wealthy family. You think he's there to steal the jewels. But does he? Not by your old scenario! He marries the daughter instead, for he isn't a real crook, he just gets bad breaks. The story is familiar, but Reginald Denny has a nice English voice. A pleasant enough evening.

### HELLO SISTER—James Cruze Prod.

A WILD flapper has to swear off gin and cigarettes and take an active part in church work in order to inherit a million dollars. The first thing she does is to fall in love with the fellow that passes the collection plate. Olive Borden and Lloyd Hughes are satisfactory lovers. "Hello Sister" is nice sentimental entertainment, with enough humor to keep it from becoming too sticky.

### BEYOND THE RIO GRANDE—Big Four Film

IT seems Jack Perrin rescued the girl from this Mexican joint. "Mooney promised me work so I could help mother pay off the mortgage," sez she. "Waal, don't cry, li'l gal! I'll find yuh work," sez Jack. So then in comes the villain, Mooney. "Out in this hyah country, we brands skunks!" sez Jack. So then there's a lot more stuff mixed up with pistols and horses, and bye and bye it ends. It's all talking, but why?



Five years ago every picture theater goer knew this girl's face, not to mention her figure. Remember Fay Lanphier, prize beauty of 1925, and featured in "The American Venus"? Now, while she copies scripts, at Paramount's Hollywood studio, she awaits the re-call to fame



## Know the joy of a Perfect skin

No more tan and freckles—muddy sallow color. No more pimples, roughness and redness to threaten the beauty of your skin! Now, with this one wonderful beauty-aid—Nadinola Bleaching Cream—you can make and keep your skin exquisitely white, petal-smooth and lovely, quickly and safely.

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream works mildly and gently, yet quickly and surely. Written money-back guarantee, together with simple directions, in every package. Begin using Nadinola tonight. At toilet counters, extra large size \$1; regular size 50c. Or, order from Dept. P-5, National Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn.

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## John Goes California

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

Borzage told the star, "We won't need you at all tomorrow. Get a rest and some sunshine."

Did he?

At eleven the next morning, McCormack was on the set. He couldn't stay away—just wanted to watch the company act up. That's what the talkies have done to one of the world's greatest concert tenors—certainly its leading tigger-at-the-heartstrings.

Does he want to make more pictures? And, as Aunt Maggie used to say, how!

Now, at the height of his career McCormack is a handsome dog, with a fine head, hair waving back from a high forehead, clear cut features—and a fascinating smile. His brogue—and what a brogue!—is rich and musical.

Here's a grand man, with the whole world his playground, going California, for all the world like the first tourist from Iowa who went out there accompanied by his rheumatism and remained to play polo!

**B**UT we can't close on this hysterical note, much as we'd like to for the sake of the International Pollyanna League.

Was there *NOTHING* that he didn't like?

Oh yes—one thing!

He detests the long, 200-foot kisses of the pictures' silent days. He says he'd have been a bit riled if anything like that had gone on, as such matters are the exclusive prerogative of the boudoir.

But McCormack was spared that, and it is as well, for his figure is, well, impressive.

That's the only tiny discord in the McCormack symphony of happiness, and it doesn't spoil the tune.

As for the rest—sunshine, roses, and the birdies tweeting. The talkies are great. And, asks the great McCormack, will the public like him and want more of his sweet singing?

He certainly hopes so. For John McCormack has gone Holly—no, California!—in a huge and happy way!

## No Talkies for Charlie

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

dictates ideas for his pictures. Frequently, however, after an argument with someone earlier that evening, he will suddenly awake during the night thinking of an answer for something the other fellow said. Then he declaims it into the dictaphone, sometimes for several records full. When it is transcribed, he throws it away.

**R**ATHER than buy sheet music, he writes his own. He has composed more than twenty numbers, ranging from jazz to ballads and music of classical type. He has never published any of his own compositions. He has written a half dozen numbers for his current picture, "City Lights," including the theme song.

He never took a music lesson in his life and plays proficiently the piano, organ, violin, cello, concertina, saxophone, guitar and ukulele. He has a huge pipe organ in his home, and sits alone at it for hours, improvising. He bows his violin and cello with his left hand, fingering with his right. The instruments are strung "backwards."

He lives alone in a huge house with six male

# New.. a feminine scent

for a

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**O**NCE more, you are your feminine loveliest. Again your silhouette is subtly revealing—agleam in silks—supple in velvets. Never before has a Mode more ably spoken your charms.

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servants. The only feminine touches about the house are his own. He will not let anyone else make a fire in any of his fireplaces. He insists on building them himself, invariably.

Instead of burning logs, he burns huge chunks of coal.

His hair grows very fast. He has to have it cut at least four times a month. It used to be dark brown. Now it comes out grey, but for his pictures, he dyes it dark brown. Because it grows so rapidly, he has to have it dyed every ten days or so while making a film. He doesn't dye it at other times.

He has never worn a beard. He has only once had a mustache of his own and it wasn't much. He raised it while on a vacation with Douglas Fairbanks. When he got back to the studio, everybody laughed at it. He got mad and shaved it off at once. He has never raised one since.

**H**IS prop mustache has dwindled steadily through the years. When he first began in pictures, it extended beyond his lip-ends. Now it is a tiny double smudge under his nostrils. In three years, at the present rate, it should disappear entirely.

He hates to put on make-up, and he uses an unusually heavy one. To the eye, when in make-up, he does not look at all like the Charlie Chaplin you see on the screen. He does virtually all his own directing.

His eyes are blue. When he is happy, they are light blue. When he is worried, bothered or angry, they are dark blue. The iris changes from light blue to almost black, within a half hour.

He bathes as often as four times a day. When he rises, and at noon, and before dinner, and before bed. He sings opera in the tub or the shower. Baritone. He knows the tunes but not the words, so he makes up French or Italian or Spanish or German, or even Japanese or Chinese, as he goes along. He cannot speak any foreign language. The words he makes up are pure imagery.

He wears very loud pajamas and locks himself in his bedroom. He locks every door in his bedroom, even that to his private bathroom. He will not unlock one of these doors until he awakes for morning. He keeps his windows open.

When he awakes, Kono, his Japanese servant, brings two morning newspapers and his breakfast. He invariably breakfasts and reads through both newspapers before getting out of bed. He reads everything in each paper and has his own opinions. He gets vexed at editorials or news stories which disagree with his views and sometimes calls the writers harsh names to his friends.

He has more than two dozen lounging robes. He always gets out of the right side of his bed at precisely the same spot. Kono is trained so that Chaplin's bedroom mules lie at the spot where his feet naturally fall into them when he swings his legs out of bed. If they don't, Charlie is annoyed.

**K**ONO has his clothes laid out for him, but frequently Chaplin feels that they do not fit his mood, so he brushes them aside and rummages through his wardrobe for his own choice. He has many suits. Each suit is pressed and hung in his closet immediately after he takes it off. He may wish to put the same one on again immediately. He is very fastidious about his clothes but he lets his beard go with abandon.

Sometimes he does not shave for five or six days at a stretch.

His pocket kerchief and his necktie must match. He hates breaking in new shoes. He has a favorite pair of shoes, black patent leather with grey cloth button tops. He has owned that pair twelve years and prefers them to all others.

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He uses a great deal of a certain perfume for which he pays \$40 per two-ounce container.

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**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**  
Dept. PM-5, 750 N. Michigan, Chicago

He sprinkles it around his dressing room. He always wears black silk socks. Black and dark blue are his favorite colors.

He likes to talk. He particularly likes to talk at the meal table. It is not unusual for him to sit down with friends at a café for dinner at six. At midnight, he has not moved from the table, and orders a second meal. He will frequently take an attitude directly at variance with his true belief, merely for the sake of argument, which he loves. He hates to talk about himself and avoids interviewers to an embarrassing extent.

HE likes women and likes to be in their company but is afraid of them. He fears he cannot please them. They are usually wild about him. He believes he is a good judge of women, but has been known to be notoriously wrong. He thinks he can analyze their characters by the shape of their mouths, ears, nostrils and other facial characteristics, and tries to criticize his friends' women on that basis. He will not stand for any criticism of the women he is with on any basis.

He rarely goes out alone with women, and when he does it is usually Georgia Hale. He denies he will marry her.

He autographs very few portraits or photographs with his own hand. Only for his very closest intimates. For the rest, he has had made a rubber stamp duplicate of his own signature.

He likes to be alone. He takes long walks alone. He will walk fifteen miles, then go to a telephone and call for his automobile. He excuses himself in the midst of a studio conference and leaves everybody waiting. He doesn't show up until the next day, or later.

Sometimes on his way home from the studio, he will stop the car about half way there, and run the rest of the way afoot. He has three cars—a roadster and a limousine and a town car. He prefers to drive himself, letting the chauffeur ride in the back seat.

He doesn't see any sense to golf because it's foolish to whack a ball away and then hunt for it. When he was seventeen, he entered without training into a twenty-six mile marathon in England and came in second. He loves swimming and baseball, but thinks football is foolish.

He is a splendid boxer and a keen boxing fan and usually picks the winner of a bout before the first bell.

He plays bridge well and after a half hour, he quits. He doesn't care to concentrate on the game any longer than that. He does not gamble at cards or horses or dice and plays thousands in the stock market. He buys phonograph records by the dozen, frequently sneaking into an obscure record shop to listen to them by the hour before buying.

HE doesn't understand why people think he was born in Paris when he was born in London and in sixteen years he has only been back to London once. He didn't like it that time. It "depressed" him.

He is going back this year. He loves traveling and dislikes flying. He was one of the first to fly in aviation's infancy and doesn't think it's "ready" now, so he doesn't fly any more.

During the war he tried to enlist in the army, but he was too short and underweight. He served in the army intelligence division and helped sell Liberty Bonds. He is a sincere American. He has never taken out his first United States naturalization papers. In politics he is faintly socialistic, if anything.

He is generous to an extreme with his friends until they double-cross him in anything. Then he is "off them" for life. The same with confidences. He trusts everyone until he is betrayed.

He cannot bring himself to hurt people, physically or their feelings. When he corrects the lowliest extra on his set, he does it privately and not loudly.

He rarely goes to bed before midnight and



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THERE'S no concealing them. These days—the unsightly hairs that are so disfiguring. Sheer, transparent hosiery will not hide them ... the puff-sleeved or sleeveless frocks of the new daytime mode will not cover them. There's but one thing to do—destroy the growth.

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then has no set hours for sleeping. On the nights he goes to bed latest, he is liable to wake up earliest and vice versa. He likes to play practical jokes if they do not hurt anyone in any way.

WHEN he reads, he wears horn-rimmed glasses. He does not smoke. Up to a year ago, he smoked between four and five packs of cigarettes a day. For no reason he decided to quit. He has never smoked since unless the action of a scene calls for it, and then he prefers a cigar.

He never wears jewelry or a watch. He owns ten watches. He never carries any money in his pockets. When he buys something, he is well enough known to charge it. His favorite café proprietor sends him a bill at the end of each month. He never signs checks nor tips waitresses. The café owner pays the tips and adds it to the bill. If he does need cash, he has to borrow it. His friends know this and always have extra cash along when they go out with him.

When he is with someone and steps into a shop to buy some article of clothing, he always buys the friend the same. Once he and a friend went to San Francisco for a short trip. They took no evening clothes. While there, Chaplin suddenly decided to go out dressed. He bought a complete evening outfit, and one for the friend, too, even though the friend wasn't going along. The friend still has it.

He doesn't like tale-bearers and doesn't bear any himself. He likes buttermilk and coffee and sometimes holds up production in the middle of a scene to have a cup of tea. He once tried to drink sauerkraut juice and couldn't swallow the stuff.

When he discusses how he appears on the

screen, he doesn't say "I." He says "he," as though the Chaplin on the screen were another person entirely. When he is excited about a subject, he is utterly oblivious of himself. He has been known to stand in his dressing room stark naked for a half hour or more, excitedly arguing with an acquaintance who may have dropped in while he was undressing.

He likes to dance and his favorite dance is the tango. He dreads social functions until he gets there and then he's the center of the party, no matter how big it is. Whenever he gives a function himself, he gives it on a big scale and swears the next day he'll never give another.

He hates yes-men and loves arguments. He lays traps to see whether or not certain of his associates are yessing him. If they are, they soon go elsewhere.

He has no pets. He had a parrot but when the newspapers began printing about parrot fever, he gave it away. He has no dogs but if he had one, he would have a mongrel because he prefers them to thoroughbreds.

HE likes good plays and silent pictures and newsreels. He takes newsreels home by the half dozen to run in his private projection room at nights.

He has never sat through a talking picture. He insists they are far inferior to silents. He says he will never, never, never make a talkie.

And he feels the same way about wide-film pictures. After he saw one in Hollywood, Chaplin said the public would lose its eyesight trying to follow the action on the big sheet—and that he'll never, never make one.

So there you are. Chaplin, the clown and genius. Just snapshots.

## Talking of Talkies

"THE day that sees men waiting at the stage door for an electric phonograph to come out, will see the day that the talkies will triumph over the theater."—George Jean Nathan, dramatic critic.

"THE theater, as we know it today, is being wiped out by the motion picture because the motion picture requires no effort to think, and when the motion picture is wiped out, it will be because something else has been discovered which requires even less effort to think."—Channing Pollock, playwright.

"NO amount of dialogue can express the sweet, sincere and invariably speechless emotion we call love."—Norma Talmadge.

A HAPPY event had taken place in the home of the great film producer.

"Here's the son and heir, sir," said the nurse, holding up the newcomer.

The producer gave the child a perfunctory glance.

"Sorry," he said absently, "not quite the type!"—The Tatler.

"A GOOD talking picture is inferior to a good stage play, while a good silent picture is superior to a good stage play."—Charles Chaplin.

"THROUGH the potent medium of the movies, Broadway's influence is being exerted in every main street in the land, and Broadway's hard-boiled philosophy is rapidly becoming a national religion."—Robert E. Sherwood, film critic.

"I THINK it is a very serious mistake for parents to allow their young children to go to the average moving picture show or to see

any picture which they themselves, or people they trust, have not seen beforehand. Forty or fifty per cent of the feature pictures today have some intentionally indecent scenes in them."—The Rev. Clifford Shay Twombly, Lancaster, Pa.

STAR—"When the director told his assistant she was fired, what did the poor chap say?"

CAMERAMAN—"The assistant said, 'What? After all these years?'"—Film Daily.

"THE outlook for the picture business in general for 1930 is most encouraging. The high standard of product during the last year created new interest in pictures. If the same consistency of entertainment is maintained, pictures will attain their greatest prosperity this year."—Harold Lloyd.

"THE fact that my greatest following are women and children, with a large smattering of older folks, proves that boop-a-dooping is just a more natural reflection of public taste than when Shakespeare ruled the day."—Helen Kane, stage and screen actress, in "Life."

"TALKIES, while forcing their influence on the speaking stage, will never supplant the stage in the hearts and minds of the American people."—Martin Flavin, playwright.

"THE other day I saw and heard a distinguished surgeon perform and explain a difficult operation. It took place thousands of miles from where I was sitting, but a talking film had brought his technique and his explanation to me and to a group of interested surgeons. The talking pictures may make a profound contribution to the processes of education."—President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin.

## Why 6 Marriages Failed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

touching a cane made necessary by her fall from a horse, "than I did from my marriage to John Gunnerson.

"Jack is a charming boy, probably the most charming boy I have known, but over two years of married life with him has made me realize that if ever I marry again, it will be with a man who has already accomplished something.

"Women admire a man who has acquitted himself well in some undertaking. Success is a breeder of adoration. Few men can be loved for themselves alone. If the woman is forced to go forth to earn her living and his, love and respect soon end.

"THERE can be no happiness when a wife goes to the studio every morning and knows that she leaves her husband to breakfast in bed, lunch at the club, swim at the beach, and come home all full of vigor and vitality, to suggest that she hurry and take her make-up off so they can go out to dine and dance. Not when she is dead-tired and weary, with her soles burning and her eyes seared by Kleig lights.

"If I ever marry again it will be out of the profession. It's worth giving everything up, rather than trying to mix the two. A husband is, after all, entitled to certain rights. He is entitled to affection, graciousness and undivided devotion. That is, if he is going to support a wife as a husband should. A wife can't give him that if she has a motion picture career.

"Jack and I have been divorced since 1926. I see his family frequently. They are among my very good friends, and I am very happy with their friendship. I have only seen Jack once since our separation. But neither that marriage, nor my first, has turned me from the grand old institution. I am not afraid to take another chance—on the conditions that I have already said."

A chain, so they say, is only as strong as its weakest link, and the weakest link, apparently, in these marriages is that of economics. There is pathos in these bindings where the bride, so sure that she is being loved for herself, her beauty and her talents, finds that her spouse thinks more of her bankroll.

It was that way, so the story has it, with Jacqueline Logan who suddenly, after several distinguished engagements, startled the world and her friends by marrying Ralph Gillespie, a sometime broker, but more frequently a handsome playboy. The story continues that after eight months or more of married life, during which time Jackie worked hard and faithfully to support the estate of marriage, she finally grew very weary of being the special providence that provided means for the household and left it, hastily, first stuffing a hundred dollar check, made out to her husband, into a convenient bureau drawer. With it was a little note that foretold things were at an end.

OF this Jackie would rather not hear any more, and rightly, particularly with the diamond circlet of Larry Winston, young realtor, glistening on her third finger, left. It is with hasty warmth that we can condone her speedy efforts to marry Winston in Agua Caliente, Old Mexico, too soon after papers separating her from Gillespie were dried. With one unhappy marriage behind her, she was undoubtedly all too anxious to profit by her experience and make this second enduring; the latter a fact to which all of her intimates are agreed.

"But," says Jackie, pensively, "first marriage is hard on second. There always arises that thought, in caresses and in daily contacts,

## as told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men



## "WOMEN USE TOO MUCH ROUGE"

THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal*.

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of 'What was her other husband's reaction to this?'

Agnes Ayres watched four-year-old Maria Eugenia Reachi walk down the garden path until the flippant pink of her dress was obscured by greenery. "No," she said, slowly, "I am not sorry I married, because I love her. And I would marry again, because I love children. I would like to have many children. I love to rear them. I would be happy with them, almost to the exclusion of motion picture work. But if I do marry again, he will be an American.

"Latin men are wonderful lovers and poor husbands."

It was two years ago last June that she received her divorce from Manuel de Reachi, consular official of the Mexican government, assigned to Los Angeles.

"OUR wedding was too hasty. I met him at a dinner. We were married almost immediately. I don't like to talk about it. There are things which are better kept silent. He is a man of extreme fascination, with the manners and grace of the foreigner. But Latins are so different from Anglo-Saxons. The two should never attempt intermarriage. The Latin code is too different from ours. As suitors, they are wonderful, but once they marry, they try to dominate. In their country that is all right. Women have been brought up to accept it. But here . . . Why! even after my divorce, Mr. Reachi, who comes to see Maria, insisted that I let my hair, which I had bobbed, grow long again. He wanted it as it had been during our marriage.

"It is difficult for people with careers. Marriage is not for artists. And yet we are entitled to that which is normal in every life. We should have children. I want children. Even if my marriage was unsuccessful, it brought me Maria."

Madge Bellamy is one whose marriage is shrouded in more or less mystery. Married hurriedly, impetuously, in Tia Juana to Logan Metcalf, a real estate broker, her marriage was a swirl of sorry events, apparently, that ended just four days after it began and was finally

severed by divorce. Madge, sensitive, easily wounded, does not dwell upon any chapters of it.

"You can be sure in choosing a horse or a career," says Madge, smiling, "but not a husband. I am trying to forget my experience. Trying to put it out of my life. Would I marry again?" she paused, a Shakespearean past arising to aid her. "Didn't Shakespeare say 'She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd; She is a woman, therefore may be won'?"

MAE BUSCH thought a moment, tapping a cigarette on her thumb nail:

"I'm like Anna Q. Never again will I marry a man unless he has done something, or is doing something. No more idle sons of the rich for me. Of course, it was stubbornness that made me marry John Cassell. His parents objected and we insisted, then, on getting married. It was on a Thursday. It was raining, too. I remember that very well. Rain . . . funny. That was about four years ago. We have been divorced nearly a year, now.

"John is another charming boy, but, like Anna, I had the feeling that when I went to the studio he was doing absolutely nothing. I had my husband to support, my father, his wife and myself. It was pretty much of a drain on resources.

"My experiences—I have had two failures in marriage—have not turned me against it. On the contrary, I'd marry again. But I'd give up my career to make it a real success. I would marry an actor, certainly. I have heard girls argue that they wouldn't. But, first, I would be sure that the actor was a man and not a *poscur*. I want more than a vain, empty shell.

"They say actors don't make good husbands. Some don't, but there are exceptions, and the exceptions don't make the newspapers. Look at Dick Arlen and Joby Ralston. Could you find a happier married couple anywhere? Of course, Dick is not like most actors. He is a man. And Joby has sacrificed her career for marriage. But, really, it has not been a sacrifice. It has been her gift to marriage. She doesn't look on it as a sacrifice."

## Ambitious Baby

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

"I see," he retorted grimly, "but the scene isn't taken yet."

A stage hand held the ladder up to the lofty platter, but the double made no move to come down. "I get my pay just the same," she shouted.

"Yes, yes," the director returned impatiently, and she began her descent.

AT the bottom she paused to speak to Cecile. "Take care; it's slippery."

"Lights only," shouted the director. "A rehearsal for her. And you," jerking his thumb at the double, "take the girl's place in the chorus."

"Extra check?" asked the sinewy one impatiently.

"All right, you little bandit."

"Charge it to temperamental losses," she called over her shoulder.

The director grinned. The little double had worked with him in countless pictures, Carita in two.

Cecile went through the rehearsal without mishap. But during the time they set the sound connections she could not keep her eyes from wandering downward. Forty feet was not so far, she told herself—she had dived that distance. But with the sharp edge of the stage below her, and the musicians and instruments massed beyond that, she felt as if she were suspended alone in space.

Once she leaned down to touch the iron rods

which were riveted to the platter. It gave her a passing sense of security to know how firm they were.

"Camera. Silence," came the call from below.

Cecile took up the formula she had devised to fit the routine of the dance.

"One, two, kick. One, two, three, swing. One, kick; two, kick; three, pivot. Smile. Gaily now, you are enjoying it. Harder, higher . . ."

She stifled a scream. She must not spoil the scene.

Her foot had slipped. But it wouldn't do to lose step, to spoil this chance for individual recognition. Hastily she recaptured the rhythm. Hastily, too hastily. She slipped; pitched; was hurtling through the air.

"My God!" Max Nyles, who had slipped in to watch the number, crowded his way to the limp figure. "Who let her go up there?"

"SHE volunteered, sir," said the director. "But Nyles didn't hear him."

"Don't touch her. Don't move her until the doctor comes," Nyles ordered the men who bent above the limp figure lying at the edge of the orchestra pit where she had ricocheted from the edge of the stage.

"Stop work for the day. Clear all these people out," Max ordered, holding Cecile's two little white hands in his dark brown ones.

They followed his orders. The star led the

way, supported on either side by an assistant director, and with the script girl offering smelling salts at every other step.

"He's a good executive," said a cameraman, lighting his pipe outside the door, "but he'd make a hell of a director. Too chicken-hearted."

"Looks like curtains for the kid," mused the little double trotting at his side. "But she had no business going up. It was a rotten fall she made; took it stiff and tense, instead of limbering up. I'll bet Carita won't kick when I do that dance tomorrow."

**T**HE Publicity Director studied the yellow slip the messenger boy laid before him.

"Who is Cecile Lane?" he asked his secretary, blowing a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"The extra who tried to double for Carita in the platter dance. She's been waiting for hours."

"Send her on in. I might as well get it over with."

Presently Cecile sat before him, her little hands tightly clasped in her lap. The beautiful modeling of her face had been fined down to lines that were almost sharp. Her blue eyes looked enormous, startling. Pain had etched her youthful prettiness into heart-breaking beauty. Upon her back she wore a cruel iron harness which distorted her figure. A small girl to begin with, she now looked like a hump-backed dwarf.

"Why do you want to work for me?" asked Dawson gruffly, to hide his emotion. "Didn't the company make a settlement with you, take care of your hospital bill? I thought Nyles arranged that."

"Oh, I have been taken care of—wonderfully," said Cecile, in a voice so tender and warm that Dawson felt involuntary cold prickles along his spine. That this small, wrecked creature should be grateful!

"Mr. Nyles said I should remain on the payroll. But I don't want a pension. I want a job."

"Are you a stenographer?"

"No-o. But I can type a little," eagerly, "and I could do filing. Surely you can fit me in somewhere and let me be useful!"

Dawson pointed out the window.

"See that sunshine. People come from all over the world just to have a chance to bask in it. Beyond those hills is the ocean, and the warm, golden sand. That's where you belong, out there, dreaming and dozing until you are well and strong, not prisoned in these dark offices. That's what we all work for, a chance to get out of them. You have it. I advise you to use it."

His secretary set to work with an eraser. She had piled up the keys on her typewriter in her amazement at her employer's poetical outburst.

**C**ECILE smiled at him. "But I love it here. If I can't work on the sets I'll be glad to do anything, just to be in the studio."

Dawson threw up his hands. "I'll ask Fogarty if he can use you."

Fogarty consented doubtfully. Any help was better than no help at all.

"I'm specializing in silhouettes," he explained. "And I write the captions and stories to accompany them. The foreign periodicals are partial to this type of stuff."

"I can be of real help, then." Cecile's blue eyes were shining. "I know French and German, and I can read Spanish."

"Isn't that rather unusual for an extra girl?" Fogarty asked quizzically.

"There are all kinds of extra girls," said Cecile.

She proved very helpful, not only for her knowledge of languages, but for whimsical turns of phrases which she contributed to his stories, and odd little quirks of thought which made good pegs on which to hang his publicity sketches. She was unstinted in her enthusiastic praise for his work, and her interest in



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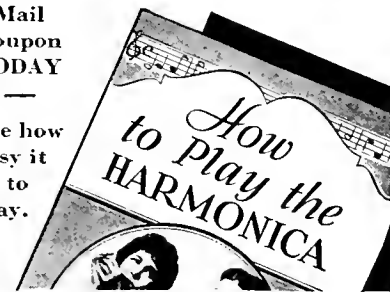
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every detail. Fogarty, who was a big, handsome, lazy Irishman, found her restless energy stimulating.

Once he came in to find her absorbed in the study of a large still of Max Nyles.

"I don't know where we can use that," he said. "Most executives like to have us get publicity for them, but Nyles never asks for it, and since it isn't easy to slip such pictures over on the editors we have just filed that one away."

"He has such a strong profile. Don't you think it would be interesting to feature him as the puppet master, with lace-like silhouettes framing the picture?"

"Hmmm," Fogarty considered.

"I have it worked out here." Cecile bent over a crowded drawer.

**T**HERE was pity in Fogarty's eyes as he watched the sunlight tangled in her bright hair.

"I've tickets for the play at the Writers' Club tonight. Would you like to go?" he asked.

Cecile glanced up, surprised. "I don't go out now," she answered simply.

"Gad," thought Fogarty, "for cool courage and no whining!"

"May I come over then?"

The girl's clear eyes were troubled. Her dimples showed in an apologetic smile. "I— I . . ."

"That's all right. If there is someone else, I don't want to butt in."

"There is someone else," said Cecile softly, "but I think it was sweet of you to ask me, as I am."

"Any man who wouldn't like you as you are is a fool," Fogarty returned hotly.

He left the office for the still studio with troubled thoughts. Dawson had told him that Nyles had kept Cecile on the payroll, and that was most unusual. Cash settlements were simpler and cheaper. Nyles had shown no interest in the girl—barely nodded when they met. Yet it hadn't escaped Fogarty's attention that one of the first things Cecile had done was to add Nyles' picture to the scores of others on the office walls. She had pinned it so it faced her desk. The kid had had enough bad breaks without falling for a married man!

Several weeks later Cecile created a mild sensation in the publicity department by coming in from lunch, walking carefully and erect, without her braces.

"It is only for a half-hour now," she boasted gaily, "but it is the beginning of the end for Mr. Straitjacket."

"And I suppose the Publicity Department will lose its cheap help," Dawson teased.

Cecile looked startled.

"I hope I've satisfied Mr. Fogarty." She turned to the young Irishman. "I doubt if I can dance again, even when the braces are off. And I've learned in this department how few are the extra's chances against stage-trained competition."

"Don't worry ho—, my dear," said Fogarty. "You can stay with me as long as you like, even if I have to pay your salary out of my own pocket."

**J**UST before five o'clock on a particularly busy day, Skidds Hibbert burst into the office, ignoring Cecile at her corner desk.

"Just what does Desault want, anyway?" he demanded of Fogarty. "This little girl of mine has everything: face, figure, pep, and a big-time voice. Yet he walks out while her test is running. You promised me she'd have a chance at the part."

"Go on back to peddling papers, and don't bother me," said Fogarty. "How do I know what Desault wants? To see half of Hollywood in the projection room, if you ask me."

"But I promised Francine . . ."

"Yeah, I know. You're long on promises. Now, get this. Francine could have had her test without you, and with you she can't get anything more. Desault says he doesn't want her, and that settles it."

Fogarty turned his back and started dialing the telephone.

"I'd like to know what I've done to have the scheduling of tests wished on me," he grumbled to Cecile afterwards. "The worst part of it is dealing with these self-appointed go-betweens like Hibbert."

"Oh, Mr. Fogarty, could you arrange for me to have a test?" Cecile's voice was trembling with excitement. "I could play the part, I know I could. I loved it when I read the synopsis on your desk. And I'm stronger now; I can go without the braces for hours at a time. If Desault is seeing so many, perhaps he would see me."

"I thought," said Fogarty, in a voice he tried to make quite off-hand, "that you didn't want to leave my office."

"Not for extra work. But this—this part might make me."

"Desault has seen over seventy people already. I can arrange a test, but that doesn't mean he will take you."

"You will, then? Oh, you are so good to me. It is too wonderful to be true!"

She left the office radiant.

Fogarty shook his fist at a picture on the wall.

"Why should she look at you when she said that? You frosted icicle, you!"

**F**OGARTY seated himself beside Cecile in the darkened projection room. She had put on her clumsy harness again, and her face looked white and drawn.

He reached over and took her hand. It was cold as ice.

She pressed his warm, brown fingers, but withdrew her hand.

"You've done the best you could for me," she whispered. "Whether I make it or not, I'll never forget that."

Desault sat by himself in a far corner, his face cold and inscrutable.

**T**HE lights flashed out, and Cecile spoke from the screen.

She stretched out her slender arms to the sunlight pouring in the window.

"Oh, I am so happy, so happy," she said, and her voice was round and golden, singing, as radiant as her face.

A telegram was handed her. As she read it the joy drained from her, and her body slumped in despair. Her face was a tragic mask; her youth and beauty emphasized the cruelty of her grief.

When she spoke her lines, Fogarty felt his heart turn over.

An alarm clock rang on her bureau. She stared at it as if she had never seen it before. Like one who walks in her sleep, she rose and turned it off.

With her back to the audience, but her face visible in the mirror, she pulled herself together by a heroic effort.

She whispered a name, slowly as if she loved the sound lingering in her ears, filling the syllables with love, and tenderness, and grief beyond words.

"But I must take care of mother," she said.

She stood quite still for a moment, and Fogarty felt himself sharing the agony of her struggle for self-control. Then she called out in a brave, clear voice, "Is breakfast ready, dear? I can't afford to be late for work." A second later she added, "Now," and fell in a huddled heap across the bed.

**T**HE lights flashed on. No one made a sound. Fogarty could see Cecile's white hands clasped tightly in her lap.

Desault rose and crossed the room. With one finger he lightly touched the braces.

"Ah," he said, "I see now why it is that you so well can play that part."

"You like my work?" Cecile questioned tremulously.

"Beautiful child," said Desault, "the part is made for you."



Fogarty sprang from his seat and raced toward Max Nyles' office.

Desault should be made to commit himself in writing at once.

He expected to search the ground for Nyles, but found that young man standing at the window of his office, as if waiting for him.

**W**ITHOUT a word Nyles followed the excited Irishman, who was pouring a flood of extravagant praise in his ear.

They ran the test film again. When the lights were turned on, Fogarty noted that Nyles' dark face was gray, and his eyes feverishly bright.

"You see," said Desault, "I wait. I will not be rushed, and I find the one girl fitted to play the part."

"One failure is enough to break a director in this country," said Nyles. "We are paying you a big salary and giving you a free hand. You wish an unknown girl to play the star rôle, knowing this?"

"Yes," said Desault. "For she can act, this girl. She has soul. She will do."

In three steps Max Nyles was across the room, and before their astonished eyes he took Cecile into his arms.

"Well, ambitious baby, you made it! And alone!" He kissed her, before he turned to say proudly: "This is my wife. She felt that she could never be sure, if I introduced her, that her ability, and not my name, brought success. I told her that the chances were a million to one against her as an unknown. But she made it!"

**F**OGARTY tossed a lock of hair out of his eyes as he pounded out the story.

"Gee, what a break for the Publicity Department," he breathed blissfully.

"Yeh? Write it while you feel that way," said Dawson, before he closed the door behind him.

"The papers may run it, but I'm telling you the wise-cracking fans won't believe it."

Fogarty frowned at the closed door.

"For that matter, I'd rather it weren't true," he muttered.

And with a wry smile he rose, took Max Nyles' picture from the wall, tore it into small bits and tossed the fragments into the waste basket.

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## That Gustafsson Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

joyed. We understood each other! But Stiller did not understand American methods. There came a break, and my old director was replaced by Fred Niblo. I was heartbroken—and so was Stiller. I didn't think I could go on. And it was so hard for me to follow direction in English.

"But I worked on. For six months, from morning till night. Over twenty gowns to try on, over and over again. I care nothing about clothes, and there were numberless dresses for each part. When I am off the set I don't want to have to think of clothes at all."

Garbo is silent a moment. A shadow of pain crosses her face.

"Then a heavier blow fell. News came of my sister's death. I was in agony. I was tired, sick, broken. But there was nothing for it but to go on. I never missed a rehearsal, I was never late on the set. My poor little sister! She had acted with me in 'Two Kings,' a romantic Swedish film. I have seen this picture here in Stockholm. I see my dead sister live again on the screen, with me at her side!"

At this time, Greta Garbo had become news for the American press. An odd Swedish girl. "Obstinate"—"hard to handle"—these were some of the reports.

AFTER "The Temptress," Garbo was given the script of "Flesh and the Devil."

It was this picture that was to bring her her first great American fame.

And during its making she was to meet the striking, romantic John Gilbert, whose name was to be coupled with hers for a long time.

"I did not like the part," Garbo tells me. "I did not want to be a silly vamp. I could see no sense in dressing up and fooling around, just being seductive."

"Mr. Mayer wanted to begin shooting right away. I told him I was tired and ill—that I felt I could not do justice to a new rôle without rest—and that I felt sure the part was not suited to me."

"But he was anxious to begin work. I took the train back to Santa Monica, went to bed, and tried to puzzle out my situation."

"New rumors in the papers. 'Greta Garbo is going back to Sweden.' 'She is capricious, hard to manage.'"

"After forty-eight hours, I decided to go back to the studio. I was tired, and ill, and had just lost my sister, but it didn't seem to matter. I returned."

"I don't know how I should have managed if I had not been cast opposite John Gilbert. I had hardly met him before. He is quite a wonderful man—vital, eager, enthusiastic. He was on the set at nine each morning. He was so kind that I felt better—through him I seemed to establish my first real contact with the strange American world. If he had not come into my life at this time, I should probably have come home to Sweden at once, my American career over."

"We finished 'Flesh and the Devil.' I was helped by the knowledge that Stiller was getting his bearings and coming into his own. His three American masterpieces, 'Hotel Imperial,' 'The Confession of a Woman,' and 'The Street of Sin,' were still to come. But I could see that he was getting his chance. I was happy for him, and this helped me through my own troubles."

AFTER "Flesh and the Devil," the company sent her a script called "Women Love Diamonds." Greta Garbo was to play a vamp.

"This upset me again," she says. "I felt I simply could not do another such rôle. It seemed to me that my future in America was at stake. I went back to my hotel and waited.

Next morning the studio called to ask me to look at some sketches for the film. I refused, and did not go.

"This was the first time I had actually disregarded the wishes of my company, apart from my refusal to sign a new contract. Then came the explosion! I received a letter telling me that I had broken my contract by refusing to come to the studio, which was construed as a refusal to work."

"As I had broken the contract, said my company, they were no longer under any obligations to pay me. Then began seven months of no work and no salary!"

### CHAPTER EIGHT—Among the Stars

GRETA GARBO was in the world capital of the movies, with a broken contract, and almost no friends to whom she could turn.

What should she do? Leave Hollywood? She felt that all could be set right if she would sign a new contract, as the company had requested. But neither side wanted to take the first step. Greta Garbo simply stayed on at home.

After a while the papers began to hint that the mercurial Garbo was running short of funds.

The conflict was a long one.

"I was very unhappy," says Garbo, speaking of this period in her American career.

"I thought often of going home. It was much like being wildly in love. One moment praying for deliverance—the next realizing it is impossible to tear one's self away."

"My direct need was for an intelligent, experienced person who could judge my position from a business point of view. My lawyer had helped, but he knew little of studio affairs. One day a friend told me of just the sort of man I needed to handle my tangled life in motion pictures. He would understand that I wished no trouble—only to make good films."

"This began my business association with Mr. Harry Edington. For more than a week we had long talks every day. At the end of this time he said he was ready to take over the management of my affairs. He was convinced, he told me, that I was not as difficult to handle as the newspapers had said. We drew up an agreement. From that day to this Mr. Edington has taken care of all my affairs—my contract, my income, all negotiations concerning my work. This has been an immeasurable relief to me."

"Since then I have had no difficulties—no discord. Mr. Edington drew up a new five-year contract, and I signed it. The document assured me a greater income than I had ever dreamed of obtaining."

"Most of my professional contentment I owe to the guidance of this intelligent and understanding man, who took over my affairs when they were in an unhappy and precarious condition."

WITH her business affairs in comfortable shape, Greta Garbo began to take a little more part in the social life of Hollywood.

The center of the social activities of the growing Swedish colonies was the beautiful Santa Monica home of Victor Sjöström. Mauritz Stiller was a familiar figure there. He and his colleague had often collaborated during their film days in Sweden. Greta Garbo began to drop in often. She liked to unburden herself to the director's charming wife, and she began to be a chum of the two little girls of the family, Greta and Guje.

At this time Garbo lived in Santa Monica, at a big, old-fashioned hotel that faced the sea. She felt happier there than anywhere else, some distance from the film colony itself.

(Since that time she has rented a long, low bungalow somewhat nearer her studio.)

Garbo has extremely simple tastes. Clothes, as creations, bore her. She usually wears loose-fitting gowns, comfortable hats and low-heeled shoes. She hates "dressing up." Often she has appeared at formal dinners in sports clothes, to the mingled scandal and amusement of the various guests.

She has two cars. She prefers her little Ford coupe—largely, she says, because it is unpretentious and seldom noticed. She greatly prefers horseback riding to motoring.

Garbo is the soul of frankness. She accepts only invitations that appeal to her. If she doesn't feel like going, she says so at once, and in no uncertain terms. She never offers the transparent excuse of a headache, or things of that sort. And she has an excellent sense of humor.

One of the miracles of Garbo's American life is that her name has been connected, romantically, with those of so few men. Newspapers have continually coupled her name with that of John Gilbert, and prophesied their marriage.

(That eternal rumor was put to rest by Gilbert's marriage to Ina Claire.)

I DO not expect Greta Garbo to say much on the subject of love. But I summon my courage, and ask.

"Love?" she says, laughing a little. "Well, it is the beginning and the ending of a woman's education. How can one express love if one has never experienced it? Who has not been in love?"

"Marriage? I have said over and over again that I do not know. There is always my overwhelming desire to be alone."

Victor Sjöström, who knows her as well as anyone in Hollywood, has been asked how she takes her success.

"She lives quietly, and is a sensible and saving girl. She is ambitious and conscientious in her work. She is more serious than most young girls, though lately she has become more companionable, and has taken up tennis and water polo. But she still likes best to be alone."

Crowded though her days were, a secret hunger tugged at the heartstrings of the young star.

It was homesickness—an unresting longing for the sights and sounds of her motherland—for her mother, her brother, her old friends. At last she could stand it no longer. She arranged a long holiday—a breathing space in her unremitting work before the camera.

She could spend Christmas with her own people in her own country. But this time she came home to Sweden a world-famous film star. Hardly a memory was left of a frightened, lonely little girl who saw the Northern coast fade into the mist, as she turned her eyes toward the trials and toils and chances of a new world!

CHAPTER NINE—Christmas in Sweden

CHRISTMAS, the world over, is the time of longing for home, and the friends of youth.

Nowhere on earth is this feeling stronger than among the Swedish people. The Christmas rush on Swedish railways is terrific. Even Swedes in far distant lands make every sacrifice to spend the happy feast in their own country and at their own firesides.

And no event in the Swedish year is quite so exciting as the arrival of the "Christmas Ship" from America at the port of Gothenburg. Stockholm papers send special correspondents to meet the liners.

The "Christmas Ship" of 1928 was the Kungsholm, pride of the Swedish-American line. The natural excitement over her arrival was heightened by the fact that she not only carried princes of the blood royal, but a queen of the screen!

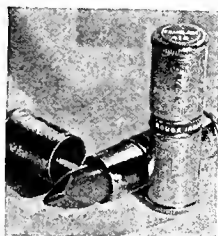
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and the suspense, in Sweden, grew terrific. Garbo's homecoming had already stirred the public deeply.

Meanwhile, in America, reports of Greta's journey had caused much excitement, and many newspapers had planned to waylay her along the route of her transcontinental train. Hundreds thronged the stations where the Limited was to stop. That is the sort of thing Garbo dislikes intensely. And the story of how she eluded journalistic pursuit is a long and thrilling tale in itself.

FOR elude it she did. While everybody thought the star was still at her hotel, one "Alice Smith" was speeding East on another train. Even her luggage had been marked "A. S." No one recognized, in the quiet girl wearing dark glasses, and with dark curls peeping from beneath her hat, the Garbo of screen fame.

In Chicago an actress friend recognized her, but respected her secret, and she reached New York uninterviewed.

Metropolitan newspapers had got wind of her arrival, and an army of newspaper reporters and cameramen met the train. No "Alice Smith" alighted. For Miss Alice Smith had left the Limited at Harmon, thirty-six miles north of New York, and had motored to the city.

Hotels were haunted by reporters, but no Greta Garbo or Alice Smith was found. No one thought of the tiny hotel she had hated so when she had stayed there on her arrival in America years before!

Early on her sailing day she boarded the Kungsholm. But someone had preceded her to her cabin. It was a New York reporter. That lucky and resourceful youngster was the

only journalist to interview her in three thousand miles of travel. She had fooled the entire press of America, and this one interview, broadcast throughout the country, had far greater publicity value than hundreds of conventional interviews would have carried.

On board she could no longer maintain her incognito. And when the ship docked a huge throng swirled about her, and damaged the taxi that bore her away from the pier at Gothenburg.

For the first time in nearly four years, she was back in her own country, and could celebrate Christmas with her people. Even so, she was nearly frustrated. During the ocean crossing, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer radioed her several times to return to Hollywood by the first ship. They wanted her for retakes on "A Woman of Affairs," her last picture with John Gilbert.

But Garbo managed to safeguard her precious holiday—and could taste once more the traditional Christmas dish of Sweden, "lyefish," and try to get the "almond of luck" hidden in the Christmas rice pudding.

ASK the obvious question. How does it feel to be home again?

"I am unspeakably happy. Of course Hollywood is fascinating. But I also had many unpleasant experiences. And don't believe the silly stories about life in Hollywood. I am sure there are just as many temptations in Stockholm as in Hollywood. The American film colony means, above all things, work, and I have worked as hard as anyone. I am exhausted now. It will be lovely to have a real rest."

Nils Asther had planned to come home at the same time, but business matters pre-

vented. When the trip was being discussed, Garbo said: "When we get home, Nils will eat himself to death and I'll sleep so that I'll never wake up again!"

And sleep she has, but not quite to that point. Of course, she has not been left in the peace she craves. That would be expecting too much, for one so famous.

For her visit, Greta Garbo rented an apartment at Karlbergsvägen 52. It's a rather famous place, that apartment, as a haven for Swedish film stars home from America. Lars Hansson lived there when he was getting his own home settled, and Victor Sjöström has stayed there.

At first, her telephone calls nearly drove Garbo crazy. One day, when there had been over sixty calls before two in the afternoon, nearly all from total strangers, she simply had the connection entirely cut off. Her Swedish admirers just wanted to hear the sound of her voice!

IT was not only curious fans who haunted Garbo's first days and nights at home. She was bombarded with offers of various kinds. UFA begged her to come to Berlin for one film, but her American contract forbade such an engagement. Stockholm theaters asked her to appear. She half agreed to appear in Tolstoy's "Resurrection," but grew panicky and frightened and gave up the part after the first rehearsal.

Of course she visited Stockholm's film city, Råsunda, where she watched some scenes for "The Triumph of the Heart," starring Carl Brisson. She was warmly received—especially by her oldest friend in the film world, Axel Nilsson, who acts as business agent for all Swedish film artists in America.

Brisson, famous European star, met Garbo at a picture theater soon after her arrival in Sweden. He held out both hands to her. "Well, if it isn't little Greta! It's been along time, hasn't it?"

"Do you know Greta Garbo?" asked a friend.

"Garbo?" asked Brisson, thunderstruck. "Was that Greta Garbo? When I saw her last she was Greta Gustafsson, a little pupil at the Dramatic School!"

Time passed quickly. Garbo visited all the leading theaters, usually attracting more attention than the performance. She declined most of the many invitations to parties that she naturally received.

For a few days she was the guest of Count and Countess Wachmeister, at Tistad Castle, south of Stockholm.

She even visited a film company on location north of the capital city. But the greater part of the time she spent quietly, with her family. This, of course, she loved best and wanted most.

At last, the dreaded time came when she must think of goodbyes.

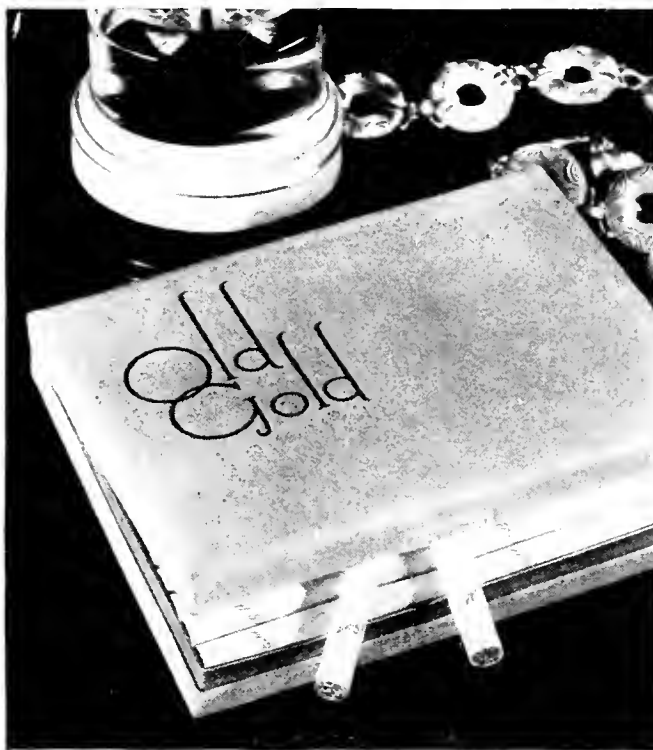
No one will ever know the tears and heart-burnings that accompanied Greta Garbo's farewells to her beloved mother.

But the dreaded day came at last. To avoid public attention, she left Stockholm one day ahead of schedule time—to the consternation of the city's army of photographers. Only her nearest relatives knew the secret. And on March 9, 1929, she sailed from Gothenburg once more.

AND so my story comes to an end. But it is only the story of a beginning, and of an interlude in the life of a great artist—a rest, among familiar scenes, between toil and toil.

No star shines forever in the film firmament. Yet I surely feel that Greta Garbo's star will shine on, whoever the next sensation may be.

And so we leave her—it seems to me, on the brink of her greatest fame. The story of her girlhood and first glory, glamorous and dramatic, behind her. And what shining triumphs before her, only time and fate can tell!



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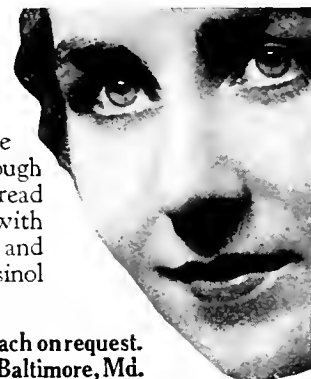
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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BENSON MURDER CASE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by S. S. VanDine. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Philo Vance*, William Powell; *Miss Detroy*, Natalie Moorehead; *Sergeant Heath*, Eugene Pallette; *Adolphe Mohler*, Paul Lukas; *Harry Grey*, William Boyd; *John F. X. Markham*, E. H. Calvert; *Anthony Benson*, Richard Tucker; *Mrs. Paulo Banning*, May Beatty; *Albert*, Mischea Auer; *Sam*, Otto Yamaoka; *Burt*, Charles McMurchy; *Wesley*, Dick Rush.

"BEYOND THE RIO GRANDE"—BIG FOUR FILM.—From the story by Carl Krusada. Directed by Harry Webb. The cast: *Bert Allen*, Jack Perrin; *Joe Kemp*, Franklin Farnum; *Betty Burke*, Charline Burt; *Phil*, Buffalo Bill, Jr.; *Al Mooney*, Pete Morrison; *Dick*, Edmund Cobb; *Mother*, Emma Tansey; *Sheriff*, Henry Roquemore; *Doctor*, Henry Taylor.

"CHASING RAINBOWS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Bess Meredith. Adapted by Wells Root. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Carlie*, Bessie Love; *Terry*, Charles King; *Eddie*, Jack Benny; *Lester*, George K. Arthur; *Polly*, Polly Moran; *Peggy*, Gwen Lee; *Daphne*, Nita Martan; *Cordova*, Eddie Phillips; *Donnie*, Marie Dressler; *Lonning*, Youcca Toubetzko.

"CHILDREN OF PLEASURE"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Song Writer" by Crane Wilbur. Scenario by Richard Schayer. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Danny Regan*, Lawrence Gray; *Emma Gray*, Wynne Gibson; *Pat Thayer*, Helen Johnson; *Rod Peck*, Kenneth Thomson; *Bernie*, Lee Kolmar; *Fanny Kaye*, May Boley; *Andy Little*, Benny Rubin.

"CHINA EXPRESS, THE"—SOVKINO.—Directed by Illy Trauberg. The cast: S. Minin, San Bo Van, Chui Chai Wan, Chzan Kai, A. Vardul, Chai Wan San, Lian Din Do, J. Goodkin, I. Slavcliev.

"COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by John McDermott. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: *Cohen*, George Sidney; *Kelly*, Charlie Murray; *Mrs. Cohen*, Vera Gordon; *Mrs. Kelly*, Kate Price; *McPherson*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *McDonald*, William Colvin; *Princess of Morania*, Lloyd Whitlock.

"CRAZY THAT WAY"—FOX.—From the play "In Love With Love" by Vincent Lawrence. Adapted by Marion Orth. Directed by Hamilton McFadden. The cast: *Ann Jordan*, Joan Bennett; *Bob*, Regis Toomey; *Frank Oakes*, Jason Robards; *Jack Gardner*, Kenneth McKenna; *Miriam Sears*, Sharon Lynn.

"DOUBLE CROSS ROADS"—FOX.—From the story "Yonder Grow the Daisies" by William Lipman. Screen play by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Alfred L. Werker. The cast: *David Harty*, Robert Ames; *Mary Corlyle*, Lila Lee; *Mrs. Corlyle*, Edythe Chapman; *Gene Dyke*, Montagu Love; *Happy Max*, Ned Sparks; *Deuce Wilson*, Tom Jackson; *Mrs. Tilton*, Charlotte Walker; *Warden*, George MacFarlane; *Caleb*, William V. Mong; *Carotaker*, Thomas Jefferson.

"FIGHTING LEGION, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Bennett Cohen. Directed by Harry J. Brown. The cast: *Dave Hayes*, Ken Maynard; *Molly Williams*, Dorothy Dwan; *Dad Williams*, Harry Todd; *Cloudy Jones*, Frank Rice; *Jack Bowie*, Ernest Adams; *Burt Edwards*, Stanley Blystone; *John Blake*, Jack Fowler; *Tom Dawson*, Bob Walker; *Hook Brothers*, Les Bates, Charles Whittaker, Bill Nestelle; *Torzan*, by Himself.

"FREE AND EASY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Richard Schayer. Adapted by Paul Dickey. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Elmer*, Buster Keaton; *Elvira*, Anita Page; *Ma*, Trixie Friganza; *Larry*, Robert Montgomery; *Director Niblo*, Fred Niblo; *Officer*, Edgar Dearing; *Bedroom Scene*, Gwen Lee, John Miljan, Lionel Barrymore; *A Guest*, William Haines; *Master of Ceremonies*, William Collier, Sr.; *Case Scene*, Dorothy Sebastian, Karl Dane; *Director Burton*, David Burton.

"GAY MADRID"—M-G-M.—From the story by Alejandro Perez Lugin. Continuity by Bess Meredith and Salisbury Field. Directed by Robert Leonard. The cast: *Ricardo*, Ramon Novarro; *Carmina*, Dorothy Jordan; *La Panterita*, Lottice Howell; *Marques*, Claude King; *Donna Generosa*, Eugenie Besserer; *Rivas*, William V. Mong; *Dona Concha*, Beryl Mercer; *Jacinta*, Nanel Price; *Octavio*, Herbert Clark; *Ernesto*, David Scott; *Enrique*, George Chandler; *Corpuento*, Bruce Coleman.

"GOLDEN CALF, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Aaron Davis. Continuity by Marion Orth. Directed by Millard Webb. The cast: *Marybell Cobb*, Sue Carol; *Philip Homer*, Jack Mullahall; *Knute Olson*, El Brendel; *Alice*, Marjorie White; *Tommie*, Richard Keene; *Edwards*, Paul Page; *Master of Ceremonies*, Walter Catlett; *Comedienne*, Ilka Chase.

"GREAT DIVIDE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by William Vaughan Moody. Screen play by Fred Myton. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: *Ruth Jordan*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Stephen Ghent*, Ian Keith; *Texas Tommy*, Lucien Littlefield; *Dutch Romeo*, Ben Hendricks; *Manuela*, Myrna Loy; *Wong*, Frank Tang; *Edgar*, Creighton Hale; *MacGregor*, George Fawcett; *Yvna*, Jean Laverty; *Amsbury*, Claude Gillingwater; *Joe Morgan*, Roy Stewart;

*Ruth's friend*, James Ford; *Polly*, Jean Lorraine; *Ruth's friend*, Gordon Elliott.

"GREEN GODDESS, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by William Archer. Scenario by Julien Josephson. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Rajah of Rukh*, George Arliss; *Lucilio*, Alice Joyce; *Dr. Traherne*, Ralph Forbes; *Major Crespin*, H. B. Warner; *Watkins*, Ivan Simpson; *Lieut. Carew*, Reggy Sheffield; *An Ayoh*, Betty Boyd; *High Priest*, David Tearle; *Temple Priest*, Nigel De Brulier.

"HAPPY DAYS"—FOX.—From the story by Sidney Lanfield. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Col. Billy Batcher*, Charles E. Evans; *Margie*, Marjorie White; *Dick*, Richard Keene; *Jig*, Stuart Erwin; *Nancy Lee*, Martha Lee Sparks; *Sheriff Benton*, Clifford Dempsey. Minstrel Ensemble: Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Victor McLaglen, El Brendel, Edmund Lowe, William Collier, Tom Patricola, Dixie Lee, George Jessel, Sharon Lynn, Will Rogers, Walter Catlett, Warner Baxter, Ann Pennington, David Rollins, Nick Stuart, Frank Albertson, Rex Bell; *George MacFarlane* and James J. Corbett (Interlocutors).

"HELLO SISTER"—JAMES CRUZE PROD.—From the story "Clipped Wings" by Reita Lambert. Continuity by Brian Marlow. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Lee*, Newell Olive Borden; *Marshall Jones*, Lloyd Hughes; *Fraser Newell*, George Fawcett; *Martha Piddie*, Bodil Rosing; *Tippie*, Rose Norman Peck; *John Stanley*, Howard Hickman; *Randall Carr*, Raymond Keane; *Dr. Sallus*, Wilfred Lucas; *Horace Piddie*, James T. Mack; *Appleby Sims*, Harry Macdonald.

"HE TRUMPED HER ACE"—SENNETT-EDUCATIONAL.—From the story by John A. Waldron. Directed by A. Leslie Pearce. The cast: *Marjorie Beebe*, Johnny Burke, Rosemary Theby, Lew Kelly, Bud Jamison.

"HIDEOUT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Lambert Hillier. Adapted by Arthur Ripley. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: *Morley Wallace*, Jimmie Dorgan, James Murray; *Dorothy Evans*, Kathryn Crawford; *Jerry*, Jackie Hanlon; *Joe Hennessy*, Frank DeVoe; *Dorgan*, Frank Campeau; *Atlas*, George Hackathorne; *William Burke*, Robert Elliott; *Mrs. Dorgan*, Sarah Padden; *Mrs. Evans*, Jane Keckley; *Dean*, Richard Carlyle; *Coach*, Eddie Hearn.

"HIS DARK CHAPTER"—SONO ART—WORLD WIDE.—From the novel by E. J. Rath. Screen play by Harvey H. Godes. Directed by George J. Stone. The cast: *Hade Hagelins*, Reginald Denny; *Eileen Kilbourne*, Miriam Sears; *Mr. Kilbourne*, Harvey Clarke; *Mrs. Kilbourne*, Lucille Ward; *Kone Kilbourne*, Carlyle Moore; *Morion Kilbourne*, Anita Louise; *Elsie Thayer*, Norma Drew; *Morgue de la Fresnoe*, Christian Yves; *William*, English buller. Charles Coleman; *Hanna*, the maid, Greta Granstedt.

"KETTLE CREEK"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Bennett Cohen. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *Ken McTavish*, Ken Maynard; *Coral Harland*, Kathryn Crawford; *Jud McTavish*, Otis Harlan; *Len Harland*, Paul Hurst; *Judge Keets*, Richard Carlyle; *Abner Harland*, Les Bates; *Rusty*, P. W. Holmes; *Sam*, Blue Washington; *Sandy McTavish*, Fred Burns.

"STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL"—M-G-M.—From the story "The Circle" by Somerset Maugham. Directed by David Burton. The cast: *Elizabeth*, Catherine Dale Owen; *Ted*, Paul Cavanagh; *Arnold*, Tyrrell Davis; *Clive*, Lewis Stone; *Porteous*, Ernest Torrence; *Kitty*, Allison Skipworth; *Anno*, Mary Forbes; *Butler*, Wilfred Noy; *Footman*, William O'Brien.

"LET'S GO PLACES"—FOX.—From the story by William K. Wells. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Paul Adams*, Joseph Wagstaff; *Marjorie Lorraine*, Lola Lane; *Virginia Gordon*, Sharon Lynn; *J. Speed Quinn*, Frank Richardson; *Rex Wardell*, Walter Catlett; *Dixie*, Dixie Lee; *Du Bonnet*, Charles Judels; *Mrs. Du Bonnet*, Ilka Chase; *Ben King*, Larry Steers.

"LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Zane Grey. Adapted by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin H. Knopf. The cast: *Dick Bailey*, Richard Arlen; *Ruth Hammond*, Mary Brian; *Mr. Slack*, Fred Kohler; *"Pie-Pan"*, Paltz, Harry Green; *Bob Drexell*, Regis Toomey; *Griff Meeker*, William LeMaire; *Stig Whalen*, George Chandler; *"Square-Toe"*, Boots, Sid Saylor; *Sheriff Jarvis*, Guy Oliver; *Pop Skelly*, Gus Saville.

"LOOSE ANKLES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Sam Janney. Directed by Ted Wilde. The cast: *Ann Harper*, Loretta Young; *Gil Hayden*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Ann Sarah Harper*, Louise Fazenda; *Ant Katherine Harper*, Ethel Wales; *Major Rupert Harper*, Otis Harlan; *Agnes*, Daphne Pollard; *Betty*, Inez Courtney; *Terry*, Norman Selby; *Audy*, Eddie Nugent; *Linton*, Raymond Keane.

"LOVIN' THE LADIES"—RAOIO PICTURES.—From the story "I Love You" by William LeBaron. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Mel Brown. The cast: *Peter Darby*, Richard Dix; *Joan Bentley*, Lois Wilson; *Jimmie Farnsworth*, Allen Kearns; *Louise Endicott*, Rita LaRoy; *Betty Duncan*, Renee Macready; *Marie*, the maid, Virginia Sale; *George Van Horn*, Selmer Jackson; *Brooks*, the butler, Anthony Bushell; *Sogotelli*, Henry Armetta.

"MAMBA"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by F. Schumann-Heink and John Reinhardt. Continuity by Tom Miranda and Winifred Dunn. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: *August Bolte* (Mamba), Jean Hersholt; *Helen von Linden*, Eleanor Boardman; *Karl von Reiden*, Ralph Forbes; *Count von Linden*, Josef Swickard; *Major Cromwell*, Claude Fleming; *Cockney Servant*, William Stanton; *Major von Schultz*, William von Brincken; *Hassim*, Noble Johnson; *Hassim's Daughter*, Hazel Jones; *British Soldier*, Arthur Stone; *German Soldier*, Torben Meyer.

"MELODY MAN, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Continuity by Howard J. Green. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Al Tyler*, William Collier, Jr.; *Elsa*, Alice Day; *Von Kemper*, John Sainpolis; *Joe Yates*, Johnny Walker; *Martha*, Mildred Harris; *Prince Frederick*, Albert Conti; *Gustaf*, Tenen Holtz; *Adolph*, Lee Kohlmer; *Von Bader*, Bertram Marburgh; *Franz Josef*, Anton Veverka; *Bachman*, Major Nichols.

"MURDER WILL OUT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Murray Leinster. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Leonard Staunton*, Jack Mulhall; *Jeanne Baldwin*, Lila Lee; *Lieut. Condon*, Noah Beery; *Senator Baldwin*, Alec B. Francis; *Dr. Mansfield*, Tully Marshall; *Jack Baldwin*, Malcolm MacGregor; *Alan Fitzhugh*, Claud Allister.

"ON THE LEVEL"—FOX.—From the story by Wm. K. Wells. Adapted by Dudley Nichols. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Biff Williams*, Victor McLaglen; *Danny Madden*, William Harrigan; *Lynn Crawford*, Lilyan Tashman; *Don Bradley*, Arthur Stone; *Atom Whalen*, Aggie Herring; *Mary Whalen*, Mary McAllister; *Buck*, Ben Hewlett; *Dawson*, Harry Tenbrook; *Professor*, R. O. Pennell.

"PARAMOUNT ON PARADE"—PARAMOUNT.—Directed by Dorothy Arzner, Otto Brower, Edmund Goulding, Victor Heerman, Edwin Knopf, Rowland V. Lee, Ernst Lubitsch, Lothar Mendes, Victor Schertzinger, Edward Sutherland, Frank Tuttle. The cast: Richard Arlen, Jean Arthur, William Austin, George Bancroft, Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Mary Brian, Clive Brook, Virginia Bruce, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Maurice Chevalier, Gary Cooper, Leon Errol, Stuart Erwin, Kay Francis, Skeets Gallagher, Harry Green, Mitzi Green, James Hall, Phillips Holmes, Helen Kane, Dennis King, Abe Lyman and his band, Frederic March, Nino Martini, David Newell, Jack Oakie, Warner Oland, Zelma O'Neal, Eugene Pallette, Joan Peers, William Powell, Charles Rogers, Lillian Roth, Stanley Smith and Fay Wray.

"ROYAL ROMANCE, A"—COLUMBIA.—Continuity by Norman Houston. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *John Hale*, William Collier, Jr.; *Countess Von Baden*, Pauline Starke; *Rusty*, Clarence Muse; *Frau Muller*, Ann Brody; *Mother*, Eugenie Besserer; *Hans*, Walter P. Lewis; *Mitzi*, Betty Boyd; *Count Von Baden*, Ullrich Haupt; *Magistrate*, Bert Sprotte; *Gloria*, Dorothy De Borja.

"SARAH AND SON"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Timothy Shea. Adapted by Zoe Akins. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Sarah Storm*, Ruth Chatterton; *Howard Vanning*, Frederic March; *Jim Gray*, Fuller Mellish, Jr.; *John Ashmore*, Gilbert Emery; *Mrs. Ashmore*, Doris Lloyd; *Cyril Belloc*, William Stack; *Bobby*, Philippe De Lacy.

"SHE COULDN'T SAY NO"—WARNERS.—From the story by Benjamin M. Kaye. Adapted by Robert Lord and Arthur Caesar. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Winnie Harper*, Winnie Lightner; *Jerry Casey*, Chester Morris; *Iris*, Sally Eilers; *Tommy Blake*, Johnny Arthur; *Big John*, Tully Marshall; *Coro*, Louise Beavers.

"SONG OF THE WEST"—WARNERS.—From the operetta "Rainbow" by Laurence Stallings and Oscar Hammerstein II. Screen play by Harvey Thew. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Stanton*, John Boles; *Virginia*, Vivienne Segal; *Hasty*, Joe E. Brown; *Lotta*, Marie Wells; *Darola*, Sam Hardy; *Penny*, Marion Byron; *Sergeant Major*, Eddie Gribbon; *Colonel*, Ed Martindel; *Singleton*, Rudolph Cameron.

"VAGABOND KING, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Justin Huntly McCarthy. Screen adaptation by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Ludwig Berger. The cast: *Francois Villon*, Dennis King; *Katherine*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Louis XI*, O. P. Heggie; *Huguette*, Lillian Roth; *Thibault*, Warner Oland; *Olivier*, Arthur Stone; *Astrologer*, Thomas Ricketts.

"VENGEANCE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Ralph Graves. Continuity by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *John Meadham*, Jack Holt; *Margaret Summers*, Dorothy Revier; *Charles Summers*, Philip Strange; *The Doctor*, George Pearce; *The Ambassador*, Hayden Stevenson; *Nidia*, Irma Harrison.

"WHITE CARGO"—W. P. FILM CO.—From the play by Leon Gordon and Ida Vera Simonton. Directed by J. B. Williams and A. W. Barnes. The cast: *Heston*, Leslie Faber (ate); *Ashley*, John Hamilton; *Langford*, Maurice Evans; *The Doctor*, Sebastian Smith; *The Missionary*, Humberston Wright; *The Skipper*, Henri De Vries; *The Mate*, George Turner; *Worthing*, Tom Helmore; *Tondeleyo*, Gypsy Rhouna.

"YOUNG EAGLES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Lt. Gene Banks*, Charles Rogers; *Mary Gordon*, Jean Arthur; *Von Koch*, Paul Lukas; *Lt. Pudge Higgins*, Stuart Erwin; *Lt. Graham*, Frank Ross; *Lt. Barker*, Jack Luden; *Lt. Mason*, Freeman Wood; *Major Lewis*, Gordon De Main; *Coleman Wilder*, George Irving; *Captain Deming*, Stanley Blystone; *Scotty*, James Finlayson; *Flo Welford*, Virginia Bruce.

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*The Young  
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babies. And their whole reason is packed in one sentence—"Only washing with a pure soap and water really cleanses the pores."

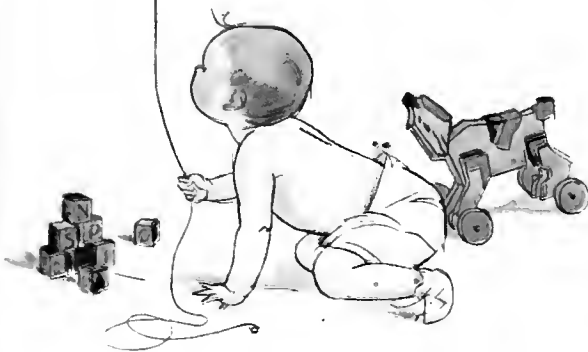
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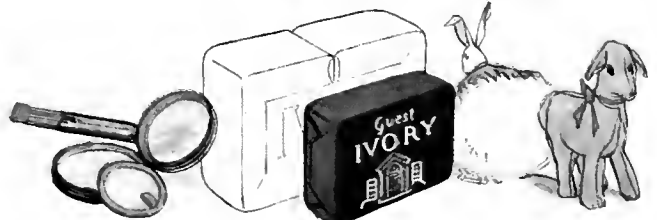


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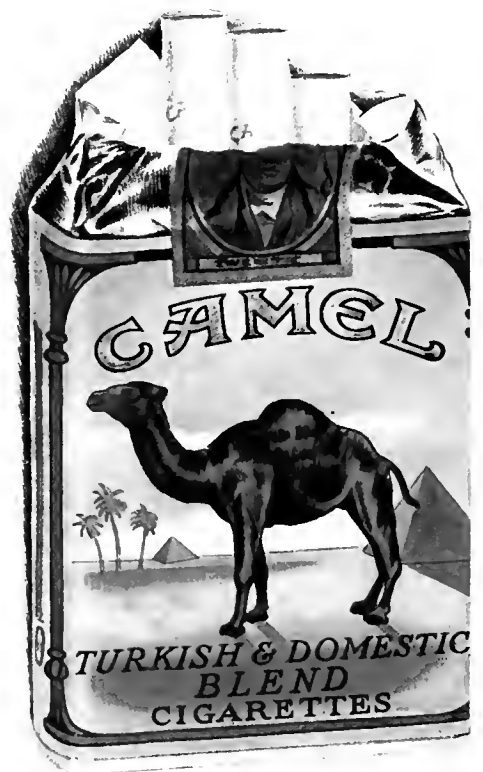
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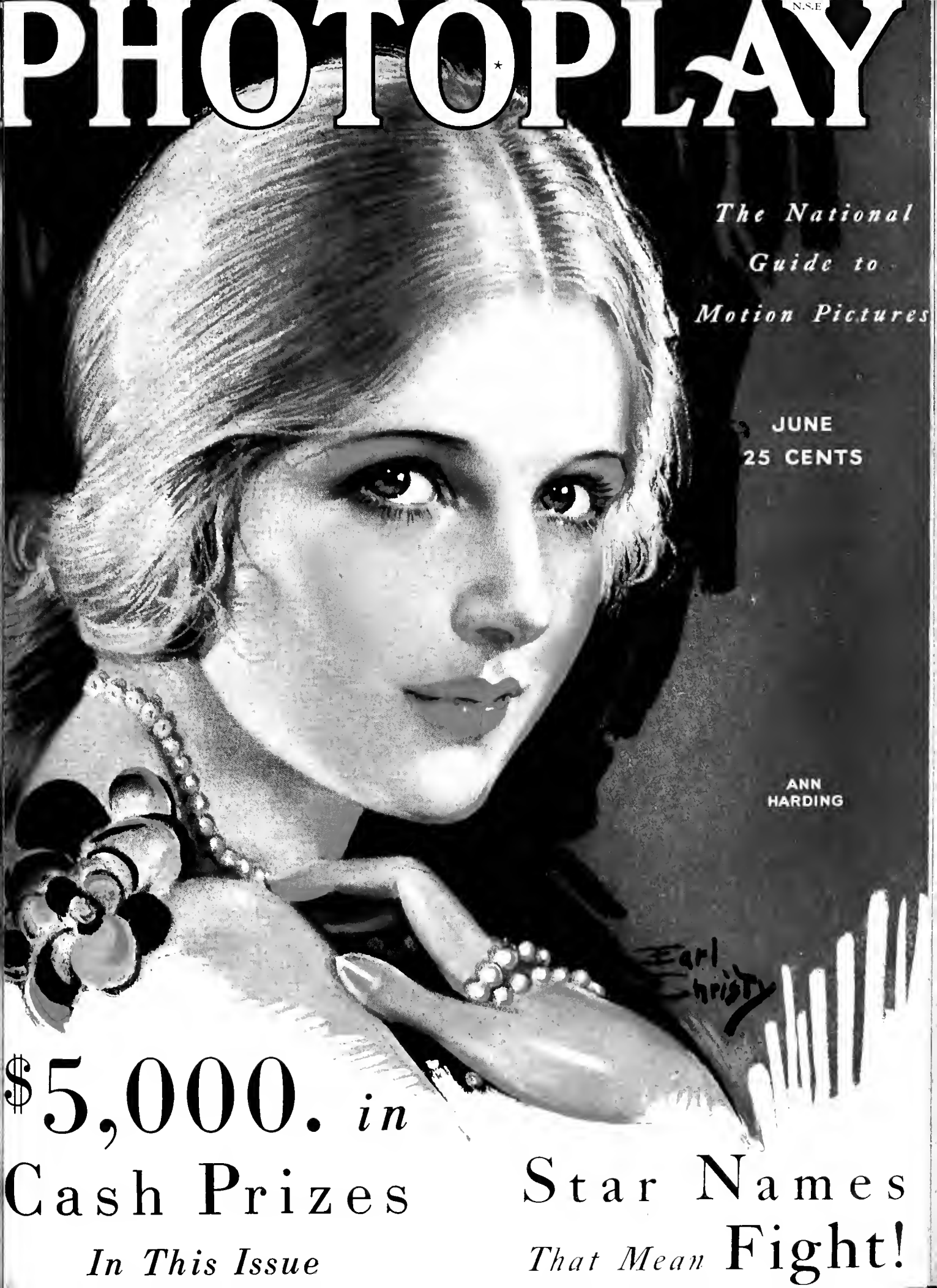
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# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

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Vol. XXXVIII No. 1

June, 1930



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

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# The Girl on the Cover

**A**WAY from the screen, Ann Harding's pale face is innocent of powder, rouge or lipstick. She doesn't even pencil her eyebrows, which are as light as her straight, straw-colored hair.

You think the hair will come tumbling down any minute, for surely so few pins could not hold the insecure knot at the back. Yet for some obscure reason the knot remains. Her eyes are blue.

Her low, poignant voice is one of the secrets of her great charm. Outwardly passive, when she speaks her voice betrays her and reveals hidden wells of emotionalism. Yet she seems as little like an actress as your next-door neighbor.

She started her adult life as a business woman. One of her first positions was as typist and file clerk for an insurance company, at \$12.50 a week. She was a good worker and a success in business.

At the same time she did home reading for Famous Players in New York, typing synopses of the books she read. She received five dollars for each synopsis.

**A**NN is a *doer*, in spite of her seeming passivity. She found time to join the Provincetown Players in New York, and soon gave most of her time to acting. Her first big Broadway success was in the stage play, "Tarnish."

She went to Hollywood in those first, hectic days of talkies, as did so many stage players. But, unlike many of the others, Ann remained to become a part of the film colony.

Her heart is with the town. Her career lies before the camera. She is perfectly happy about her work for the first time in her life.

**T**HE thought of going back to the stage sends shivers of horror up and down my spine," she said. "I'm going to stay in Hollywood forever. I never want to go back to New York.

"I've been in Hollywood a year, and I'm still excited about it. The studio is new and entrancing. The stage is a terrific grind. I can remember when I've been so ill I should have been in a hospital, yet I've had to go on. And I've been so bored with a rôle that I could have screamed. Yet I had to do it over and over again.

"Here, in pictures, you play the rôle once before the camera. You have that one big thrill, and that's the scene that will be shown throughout the world.

"It's not only the studio that excites me. It's everything about Hollywood. A home that is really mine, fresh air and sunshine—all the pleasant things in life.



Typist, Wife, Mother  
and Star

## Last Minute News

Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque are headed for a definite split-up. Mother-in-law trouble is reported as the cause.

Lon Chaney burst a blood vessel in his throat while imitating a parrot during the making of "The Unholy Three" and was taken to a hospital.

Amos 'n' Andy, famous radio team, has signed with Radio Pictures. Many companies bid for the boys. Their first film will be called "Check and Double Check."

Colleen Moore admits that all is over between her and Husband John McCormick. "We just fight," says Colleen. "I love her with all my heart," says John. A divorce is coming. The couple were married in 1923.

Eleanor Hunt, red-headed chorus girl, gets the lead opposite Eddie Cantor in the Ziegfeld-Goldwyn production of "Whoopee."

Milton Sills has signed a long-term contract with Fox, on the strength of fine work in "A Very Practical Joke."

Pauline Frederick has chosen Hugh Chisholm Leighton, of Portland, Ore., and New York, for her fourth husband. She has been thrice divorced.

Agnes Ayres and Lewis Milestone, the director, are to marry in June, it is reported. This will be Agnes' third.

Constance Bennett will play *Eve* in a Pathe film version of John Erskine's book, "Adam and Eve."

"And then, of course, there are Harry and Jane, and I know I won't have to be separated from them."

**I**T is impossible to speak of Ann Harding without including Harry Bannister, her husband. Something happens to Ann's eyes, something indefinably lovely, when she speaks of him and her eighteen-months-old baby, Jane.

She and Harry were married four days after they met. "Long engagements are silly," she says. "You don't make up your mind to be engaged. You make up your mind to be married. Then why wait?"

When she first came to Hollywood she had rather bad luck with interviewers. She found herself being misquoted and her statements exaggerated.

She decided she would be aloof and build up an air of mystery about herself. But she couldn't pull the big secrecy act. She simply had to be herself and admit her absorbing love for her husband and baby.

They are building a home, and Harry Bannister spends most of his time at the new house. In big boots and an old coat he watches every nail that is driven. He and Ann designed the house without benefit of an architect. They figured out the floor plan to suit their needs, and then consulted an engineer to find out if it was practical.

"It's not just a lot with a house on it," Ann says. "It's a marvelous site, with such a gorgeous view that you cry when you see it. You feel you can look out over all the world."

She adores her friends. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are among her dearest friends. Ruth Roland and Kay Hammond are also close to her.

**W**ITH only three pictures to her credit—"Paris Bound," "Her Private Affair" (in which her husband was her leading man), and "Condemned," she is already a fixture in that large fan heart.

"But I do have to be careful," she added, "about not getting 'typed.' In all my pictures I have been the one around whom the action has centered, but I never do much myself. I want to make a picture in which I make the action.

"A dramatic picture, based on 'Jane Eyre,' is my next. It's a grand story. You know that marvelous scene where the wedding is stopped in the middle?"

And that brought on more talk about weddings, which is Ann's favorite subject.

"Oh, marriage is just grand," she says. "It works—honestly—and I advise everybody I know to be married. I feel sorry for all the people who aren't."

# Germs Incite Tooth Decay

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is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth disorders.

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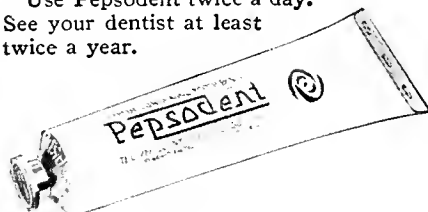
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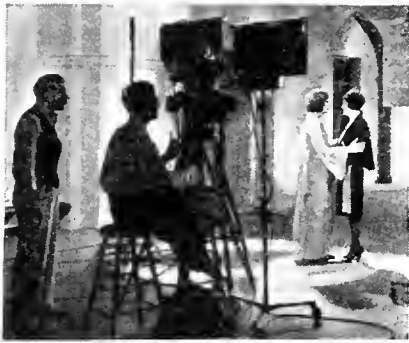
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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

**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.)

★ **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)

**APPLAUSE**—Paramount.—When this is good, it's very, very good and when it's bad it's—you know, Helen Morgan, in a rôle 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. Patsy Ruth Miller is the hero-worshipping girl friend. Need a few laughs? (April)

**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, doing none too well in a trite musical comedy. Snap into it, Gertie, and show 'em what you can do when you try! (March)

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

**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)

**BEHIND THE MAKE-UP**—Paramount.—More backstage melodrama, but different and real this time. Hal Skelly is a restrained *Pagliacci* and Fay Wray and Kay Francis are good. (Dec.)

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

**BEYOND THE RIO GRANDE**—Big Four Film.—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)

**BIG PARTY, THE**—Fox.—A Sue Carol picture, but they handed it to Dixie Lee. Heaps 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*ing this time. Plenty of thrills. (Feb.)

★ **BLACKMAIL**—Sono Art—World Wide.—A few like this excellent photoplay will put British producers among the leaders in the talkie race. (Dec.)

**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 HOOFER, 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 lad 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)

**CALL OF THE CIRCUS, THE**—Pickwick Prod.—Worth seeing because it proves that Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton can still act. Otherwise nil. (Dec.)

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

★ **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 *Grischia*. (March)

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.

**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)

**CLANCY CAUGHT SHORT**—Edward Small Prod.—The recent stock market debacle is material for gags. It's a comedy. (April)

**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.)

**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)

**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.)

**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.)

**DARK STREETS**—First National.—One of the first dual rôles in the talkies. Jack Mulhall plays an honest cop and his gangster twin and Lila Lee is his (their?) gal. (Dec.)

**DARKENED ROOMS**—Paramount.—Unimportant little comedy-drama with an O-Henry twist. Neil Hamilton scores but Evelyn Brent is again sacrificed to an unworthy vehicle. (Dec.)

**DELIGHTFUL ROGUE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rod La Rocque gives such a superb performance as a villainous pirate that the heroine marries him instead of the hero! (Dec.)

★ **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.)

★ **DISRAELI**—Warners.—Introducing George Arliss to the audible screen in one of his most brilliant characterizations. He's grand. (Dec.)

**DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE**—World Wide.—Just forget this was ever made. That's what its producers would probably like to do. *Silent*. (Dec.)

**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 14 ]



# WILL ROGERS



Will Rogers seasick on a liner—  
riding to hounds with an English lord  
—as the stern parent—as the not-so-

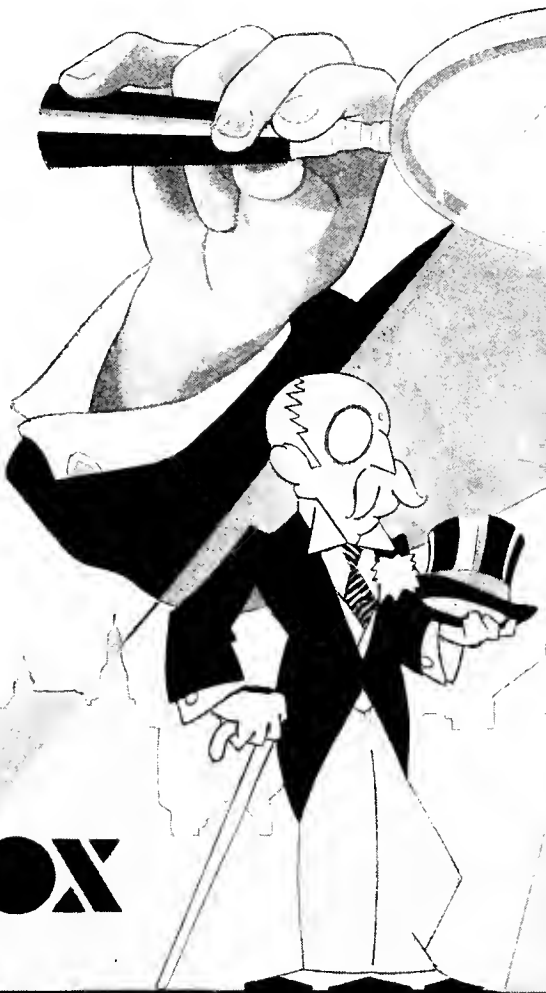
stern parent—enough laughs for a lifetime!  
You've read his stuff in the papers, heard him  
over the radio, seen him on the stage and in  
that hilarious Fox hit, "They Had to See Paris."

Now comes the high spot in his career.

It's the funniest role Will Rogers  
ever played! And the best show he



was ever in! ... A sparkling love-  
story, too, with Irene Rich, Maureen  
O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson.



in  
**SO THIS IS  
LONDON**

**FOX**

# Brickbats & Bouquets

Don't miss the chance to win one of the three monthly prizes of \$25, \$10 and \$5, awarded to the best letters. We want your views, but just plain spiteful letters won't be printed. Limit your comments to 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and address used, don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. No letters will be returned



## The \$25 Letter

Regina, Sask., Can.

I WOULD sit through reels and reels of the dullest feature picture just to see a two-reel comedy with Charlie Chase, Lloyd Hamilton, Harry Gribbon, or Laurel and Hardy. I am sure there are others who would be influenced to see the program if they knew these funmakers were on the bill, even though they did not care for the feature.

I almost missed one of the funniest comedies I ever saw by not knowing Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, in "Dangerous Females," were on the program. Why don't theater managers advertise the two-reel comedy as well as the feature picture?

W. R. HANKS.

## The \$10 Letter

Pittsburgh, Pa.

YEARS ago I roamed America and Europe and found much pleasure, which makes the humdrum existence of today a little hard to bear.

But today I crossed thousands of miles of tangled jungles! I saw savages never before visited by white men! Wild elephants, fleet-running antelope!

As I wandered through the forests a voice talked to me and told me about the rare sights. The voice died away, but the spell will be over me for a long time.

I wish that we, who toil in the treadmill of civilized bondage, might hope for some pictures like "Up the Congo."

JEANNETTE LLOYD.

## The \$5 Letter

Los Angeles, Calif.

CAN'T something be done to kill or cure the chronic peanut-eaters, sack-rattlers, perpetual conversationalists and self-appointed vocal and foot accompanists to musical scores who spell absolute ruination to an evening's entertainment?

It is amazing, the number of people who go to the movies for a lap picnic! The point of an entire picture may be lost when, at a highly dramatic moment, one's thick-skinned neighbor plunges into the depths of a sack after a chocolate caramel, starting a rattle like that of a tin roof in a rainstorm!

E. A. ADLER.

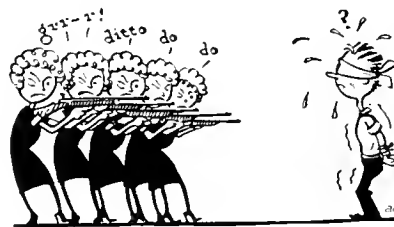
THE best fun of the whole editorial month is in reading your stimulating letters. Some give good suggestions. Some make us chuckle. And some wallop us right on the chin, if they think we deserve it!

Marie Dressler is the big bone of contention this month—and we don't mean anatomically! You say she didn't steal Rudy Vallée's picture—that she couldn't possibly have stolen "Anna Christie," even if she had appeared in every single scene! But you all admit she's good!

The flood of letters from the Vallée Defense Brigade is almost equalled by those praising Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." Lawrence Tibbett and Ramon Novarro come next. Dennis King is not overlooked, either. He gets much praise for his fine singing in "The Vagabond King." Al Jolson and the two Grays—Alexander and Lawrence—are popular. You'll notice that this month the singers get the high votes, as well as the high notes. But Robert Montgomery and Clive Brook don't lag far behind the others.

For the girls! Garbo has spoken, and her voice has echoed, though sometimes hollowly, in every heart. The Great Garbo War is on, and there are no pacifists. They're either champions or enemies, to the death! Ruth Chatterton, Janet Gaynor, Evelyn Brent and Marion Davies are big names in this month's mail.

"Anna Christie," "The Love Parade," "The Rogue Song," and "Sarah and Son" are the month's most discussed phonoplays.



## Cal Faces Firing Squad!

Chicago, Ill.

I USED to think nothing could be worse than a "catty" woman. But a "catty" man is much worse!

Just because Rudy Vallée's picture wasn't the flop Cal York thought it should be, because Rudy is so popular with women, Cal said the picture was saved by Marie Dressler.

I don't think I ever laughed more than I did at Marie, but when I left the theater I wasn't thinking of her! And neither were the girls who went with me!

Rudy is a type all by himself, not only his music and his singing, but his looks!

HELEN SHEA.



## —And Dodges 4 Cannon Balls

Jamaica, L. I.

RUDY VALLÉE is our favorite on radio, stage and screen. Also on records. We will always go to see him. He can act, sing divinely, and play the saxophone like nobody's business!

N. E. KEATING.  
ELSIE COLES.  
BEATRICE GRAY.  
GAIL WILSON.

## And Yet . . .!

Bronx, New York.

WHY all the fuss about a mediocre saxophone player with a flat voice? As far as S. A. is concerned, he lacks IT.

And Garbo in "Anna Christie"—her acting was amateurish in the scene where she tells all to her lover and father. Her voice and gesticulations were awful. Marie Dressler saved the picture from being a flop.

Ruth Chatterton in "Sarah and Son" was the best picture I have seen in a long while. Give us more good performances by Clive Brook, Ruth Chatterton, and Evelyn Brent.

L. FINEBERG.

## Up, Marie, and Atom!

Leighton, Ala.

OF course Marie Dressler is a good actress, but compared with Greta Garbo, Marie is an atom.

CLAUDE KING.

## Fog Horn? My, My!

Denver, Colo.

COMPARING impressions of Garbo with a dozen friends, I found only one really liked her. One thought her "different," and the others voted her "inane, expressionless and monotonous." Her recent picture, though by far the best work I have seen her do, gave us her voice—like a fog horn, if you ask me.

Attractions accompanying Garbo pictures are above the average. Try putting her over as a principal feature and awake to the fact that she is not the popular queen she is believed to be by many.

MRS. S. J. GLENN.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]

# Buy handkerchiefs with what it saves you



That's just one suggestion for that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. There are many others. Gloves for example. Hosiery for women. Socks for men. Let's stop there. Nobody needs to tell a woman how to spend money.

25¢



## Such a gentle, exhilarating dentifrice . . . *white, dazzling teeth at a saving of \$3 a year*

UNTIL you have tried Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ you will never know how effective, pleasant—and how economical—a dentifrice can be.

Men and women tell us that little brushing is necessary; they say that its action seems almost automatic. Discolorations left by food and tobacco disappear at once. The superfine cleansing and polishing agents reach the crevices between the teeth and dislodge decaying particles of food. To

the broad surfaces of the teeth they impart a flashing luster that others envy. And remember, they cleanse safely; being harder than tartar, they remove it; and being softer than enamel, are harmless to it.

Yet this dentifrice costs you but 25¢ the large tube. And it is made by the makers of Listerine—proof enough for anybody that its merit is beyond question. Such a paste at such a price is made possible by economical buying power, modern methods of manufacture, and mass production.

More than a million people, having

satisfied themselves by actual tests that Listerine Tooth Paste is superior, have discarded costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more. The saving that follows amounts to \$3 a year per person. That saving becomes increasingly important when the family is large.

Don't take our word for the merit of Listerine Tooth Paste. Get a tube today at your druggist's and try it for a month. We predict that you will be so satisfied that you will not care to use any other. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

# Warm Weather Charm

## Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

What are your warm weather problems? To tan or not to tan, and if so, how to do it painlessly? Can I help you to improve your hair? Your complexion? Your figure?

My reducing booklet, giving corrective exercises and simple menus, is yours for the asking. So is my leaflet on the general care of the skin and the treatment of blackheads and acne.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want a personal reply. Otherwise your letters will be answered in turn in the magazine.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

linen or mercerized weaves—are life-savers for us working girls. Dark printed silks are especially practical and look gay and summery. Dark blue georgette, wool-crepe and soft knitted fabrics are also excellent suit materials.

A good dark blue doesn't get that rusty look that black is apt to take on; it doesn't look dull and wintry, as black is apt to do; and yet it is as utilitarian as black. Besides, it does something to most complexions—something very flattering. Almost any girl can wear dark blue to advantage. Combined with a white, a cream or flesh-colored blouse it's the perfect costume.

**H**ARMONIZING blouses of neutral tone are necessary for that morning when you discover you haven't a single clean light blouse. Varied with the lighter tuck-in or overblouses, or a thin sweater or two, you can keep fresh as a daisy with little effort.

Your jacket can be hung aside during the day, and when you slip into it at night you will be ready for that dinner date or the evening at the movies.

Printed chiffons are good. Many chiffons do not require pressing but can be dipped in lukewarm suds and just shaken out to dry. It's wise to buy separate slips, as they must be ironed smooth.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110 ]



Dainty Janet Gaynor, Fox star, whose mirror reflects only girlish charm and loveliness

**N**OBODY wants to stay indoors on pleasant, warm evenings—or fiercely hot ones!—standing over a bowl of suds and the heat of an iron. Yet the business girl faces one big problem that threatens some of the fun and freedom of summer.

She must keep dainty and cool looking all the time, and sooty warm days play havoc with light colored clothes.

She can't alternate with a few frocks that are sent to the cleaner now and then to be renovated, as she may in cold weather. She has to be fresh and sweet from tip to toe every morning and every evening, if she would keep that newly-tubbed look that makes the plainest girl attractive.

Unless you have someone at home to wash out a few pieces for you, or unless you can afford a regular laundress, do your summer shopping with this question of cleanliness uppermost.

Jacket suits in dark colors but of light-weight materials—silks, novelty cottons,



Evelyn Brent says: "Charm can't be bought in bottles, but lovely scents are charm's first aids"

# In Technicolor Pictures

... You Have Seen the

# Magic Beauty of MAKE-UP By Max Factor

Now You, Yourself, May Discover what a Beauty Miracle You Can Perform with Society Make-Up Created by Max Factor, Filmland's Genius of Make-Up. See coupon below for priceless beauty gift.

**C**OLOR Harmony is the magic artistry to accentuate alluring beauty in a new kind of make-up originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, for the screen stars of Hollywood ... and you.

This new idea in Society Make-Up ... in the powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites important to your everyday beauty ... is so certain in beauty results that in all Technicolor Pictures, as well as in all pictures from all the big Hollywood studios, Max Factor's Make-Up is beauty insurance in wonderful productions costing millions.

"True enhancement of beauty depends upon correct color harmony in the make-up ensemble", says Max Factor, Genius of Make-Up in Filmland. "No more is beauty in pictures risked to the haphazard selection of a face powder, or rouge or lipstick. The complete make-up is developed in perfect color harmony to blend with the colorings of the individual, whether she be blonde, brunette, redhead or brownette"

Now, you, and everywoman, may share this priceless beauty secret discovered by Max Factor and proved perfect by the host of stars in Hollywood! A Society Make-Up ensemble ... powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, etc. ... so perfect in color harmony, in texture, in velvety smoothness that the complete make-up blends perfectly with the skin texture enhancing natural beauty without visibly revealing make-up.

Think what this beauty discovery means to you in added charm and fascination. Think how wonderful it will be to have your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up created for you by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, just as though you were a screen star.

Discover now what Hollywood's Make-Up secret will bring to you personally in new beauty. Just mail coupon to Max Factor for your complexion analysis, make-up color harmony chart and copy of his book, "The New Art of Make-Up" ... a gift prized by the famous stars of filmland and perhaps the most important you may ever receive.

## 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)



BERNICE CLAIRE, featured in First National Technicolor Pictures, "No, No, Nanette" and "Song of the Flame."



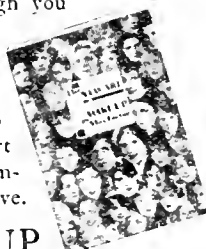
Photographed at First National Studio by Bert Longworth

DOROTHY MACKAILL, featured in First National's Technicolor Picture "Bright Lights" and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King ... using the correct color harmony shade in Max Factor's Lipstick.



ALICE WHITE, featured in First National's Technicolor Picture "Show Girl of Hollywood!"

When you see a technicolor picture, you see the magic beauty of Make-Up by Max Factor.



TECHNICOLOR MOTION PICTURE CORPORATION  
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA  
122 NORTH BROAD STREET  
FEBRUARY 12, 1930.

Mr. Max Factor,  
Max Factor & Co., Inc.,  
1636 N. Highland Avenue  
Hollywood, California

My dear Mr. Factor:-

Permit me to thank you for your splendid cooperation in make-up research in connection with Technicolor productions.

Our color staff, comprising artists of national and international reputation, and our corps of enthusiastic experts in color photography, are able to obtain from the use of your powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, etc.

The perfect blending made possible by your make-up ensemble creates correct color harmony for the various types of beauty represented by our feature stars.

For that reason, we recommend the use of Max Factor's Make-Up in Technicolor pictures.

Sincerely yours,  
*Walter M. Johnson*  
Color Director,  
TECHNICOLOR MOTION PICTURE CORPORATION

**MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS**  
Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-6-25

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		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive		Answer with Check Mark

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

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

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

**EVIDENCE**—Warners.—Bewhiskered drammer of circumstantial evidence in the divorce courts. But Pauline Frederick is swell and so is the rest of the cast. (Dec.)

★ **FARO NELL**—Paramount-Christie.—A reviewer's dream of what a two-reel talking comedy should be and usually isn't. Gorgeously acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller with Louise Fazenda in long yellow curls. (Dec.)

**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)

**FLIGHT**—Columbia.—The first flying talkie, and good, too. Love and adventure among the flying marines, illustrated by Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. (Dec.)

★ **FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS**—First National.—Colleen Moore's best since "We Moderns." She wears mad gowns and wigs and sings French songs with a naughty lilt. (Dec.)

**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 Ramon Novarro swashbuckles and sings! Again he serenades 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 heads 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'Neill'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 spifficated, 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 slavey 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)

**GREAT GABBO, THE**—James Cruze Prod.—A corking dramatic story ruined by the interpolation of musical revue stuff. Von Stroheim and Compson save the pieces. (Dec.)

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

**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.)

**HANDCUFFED**—Rayart.—Poverty Row at its worst which is pretty bad. (Dec.)

★ **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 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 glowers. Kathryn Crawford sings nicely. It's kinder not to go on. (May)

**HIS FIRST COMMAND**—Pathe.—A pretty sorry 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 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.)

**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 Mitzi Green. (April)

**HONOR**—Sovkino.—Interesting because a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National Film Company. The leading man is an Armenian John Gilbert. Silent. (Dec.)

**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.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16 ]

## 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 14 ]

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

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

**ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE**—First National.—Scenically 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.)

**JEALOUSY**—Paramount.—De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. It is unfortunate that Jeanne Eagels' last picture should be so unworthy of her artistry. (Dec.)

**KISS, THE**—M-G-M.—The mysterious and silent Garbo, still silent, still mysterious and still Garbo. Sound. (Dec.)

★ **LADY LIES, THE**—Paramount.—Magnificently acted and staged drawing room comedy. Walter Huston and beautiful Chaudette Colbert are stunning lovers and Charles Ruggles is a delightful drunk. (Dec.)

**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 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 Kollier. 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 redeem this. Otherwise just another racetrack yarn. (April)

**LOCKED DOOR, THE**—United Artists.—An exciting melodrama ruined by weak dialogue. Note-worthy only because it brings Barbara Stanwyck to the talking screen. (Feb.)

**LONE STAR RANGER, THE**—Fox.—A Zane Grey epic garnished 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 wise-cracks. (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.)

**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.)

★ **LOVE PARADE, THE**—Paramount.—Sparkling as Burgundy. Director Lubitsch conquers light opera, and Maurice Chevalier conquers all. Jeanette MacDonald is a treat to the eyes and ears. (Dec.)

**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)

**MAID TO ORDER**—Jessie Weil Prod.—Come out, Julian Eltinge, we knew 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 Harsholt does brilliant work. (May)

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

**MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD**—Fox.—The first Viennese operetta to be phonographed. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Terris handle the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola, the laughs. Good—but should have been better. (Dec.)

**MATCH PLAY**—Sennett-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 Sainpolis. (May)

**MEN ARE LIKE THAT**—Paramount.—Glorifying the Boobus Americanus. You'll love Hal Skelly's characterization of a back-slapping braggart. (Dec.)

★ **MEN WITHOUT WOMEN**—Fox.—Dealing with the horrible death of a group of men trapped in a submarine. Gruesome, 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)

**MIGHTY, THE**—Paramount.—Bancroft's greatest rôle to date and fine entertainment. If you don't think the hairy-chested one has sex appeal, see this. (Dec.)

**MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE**—Universal.—Picture of the Old South by one who has never been there. Joseph Schildkraut in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat." (Dec.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 18 ]



# VITAPHONE

JOINS TWO JOYOUS STARS IN ONE GREAT COMEDY SPECIAL



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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

**MISTER ANTONIO**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Leo Carillo achieves a splendid characterization in his first talking feature. The Booth Tarkington play is a well-chosen vehicle for him. (Dec.)

★ **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. Frolicsome. (April)

**MOST IMMORAL LADY, A**—First National.—Leatrice Joy fine in her first phonoplay. About a blackmail beauty who finds regeneration in the love of one of her victims.

**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 gob who steals Anita Page from her happy home. (Jan.)

**NIGHT PARADE**—Radio Pictures.—Trite yarn about a fight champion, redeemed by a good cast. The darkly seductive Aileen Pringle goes blonde. (Dec.)

**NIGHT RIDE**—Universal.—Yarn about a hard-boiled gangster and a harder-boiled reporter, with Joseph Schildkraut and Edward Robison 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, shave 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)

★ **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.)

**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 melodrama, with laughs and thrills. Victor McLaglen fine in usual he-man rôle. Lilyan Tashman a gorgeous lady-crook. (May)

**ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT**—Universal.—Fie upon you, Universal, and double fie, Mr. Denny! Someone should have known enough to prevent this social error. (Dec.)

★ **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 crying 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 goes 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 Closser 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)

## The Contest of the Year

As announced on the cover, the big cut-picture puzzle contest starts in this issue of

## PHOTOPLAY

Your chance at a share of the \$5,000 prize money awaits you on pages 60 and 62. Your luck is as good as anyone's. Try it!

**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 remade with mixture of talk and sound. Lon Chaney still silent, however. Part Talkie. (April)

**POINTED HEELS**—Paramount.—With Helen Kane, William Powell, Fay Wray, Phillips Holmes, Skeets 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)

**RACKETEER, THE**—Pathe.—About a wealthy gangster with a heart of gold—just a rough diamond in a platinum setting. Swell work by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. (Dec.)

**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)

**RED HOT RHYTHM**—Pathe.—Alan Hale, Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn in an uneven story about a philandering song-writer. Some good dance numbers and Technicolor sequences. (Dec.)

**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.)

**RICH PEOPLE**—Pathe.—Sophisticated comedy-drama for an intelligent audience. Constance Bennett proves that money isn't all and she ought to know. (Dec.)

★ **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 imitable 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 RIO GRANDE**—Fox.—Rich and roaring melodrama. Romantic Warner Baxter in his Mexican suit again. Tony Moreno, Mary Duncan, and a new cause for heartburn named Mona Maris. Two swell songs. What more do you want? (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 Collier gives good performance and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful. (May)

**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.)

**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)

**SATURDAY NIGHT KID, THE**—Paramount.—The old Bow punch has given way to poundage. Jean Arthur steals this picture. (Dec.)

**SEA FURY**—Supreme.—No sense taking this seriously. Regarded as a burlesque in the best Hoboken tradition it's a riot. (Dec.)

**SECOND CHOICE**—Warners.—You won't even make this third choice. A mediocre phonoplay with Dolores Costello, Chester Morris and Edna Murphy. (March)

**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)

**SENIOR AMERICANO**—Universal.—See this, you fans who are crying for your Westerns. Ken Maynard rides, loves, fights—and sings. (Dec.)

**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.—Barrie'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 phonoplay version of the old laughter-and-thrill-provoking favorite. Richard Dix again battles the microphone to a knockout finish. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 21]

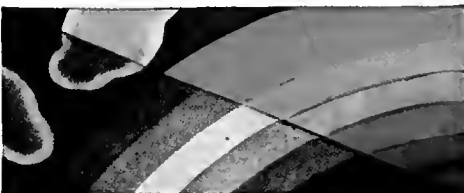


SOME OF THE  
TECHNICOLOR  
PRODUCTIONS

**BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT**, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **BRIGHT LIGHTS**, with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA**, with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures) Technicolor Sequences; **GOLDEN DAWN**, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HIT THE DECK**, with Jack Oakie and Polly Walker (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **KING OF JAZZ**, starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **MAMBA**, with Eleanor Boardman and Jean Hersholt (Tiffany); **MAMMY**, starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.) Technicolor Sequences; **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**, all-star revue (Paramount) Technicolor Sequences; **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ**, starring Harry Richman (United Artists) Technicolor Sequences; **RADIO RAMBLERS**, with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY**, starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD**, with Alice White (First National) Technicolor Sequences; **SONG OF THE FLAME**, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **SONG OF THE WEST**, with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE ROGUE SONG**, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **THE VAGABOND KING**, starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount).

**MAURICE CHEVALIER** — whose personality wooed and won the whole United States in his sensational Paramount successes—stars again in "Paramount on Parade."

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**Technicolor**  
*is* natural color

# "And O'er His Heart A SHADOW FELL"

(Edgar Allan Poe, 1809-1849)

"COMING EVENTS CAST  
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"

(Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844)

## AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from  
over-indulgence

We do not represent that smoking **Lucky Strike** Cigarettes will 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 trim figure.



*When Tempted*  
**Reach  
for a  
LUCKY**  
*instead*

## "It's toasted"

© 1930, The American  
Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough.

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18 ]

**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 phonoplay. (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 drammer but it went astray. Dramatic, but sometimes distasteful. Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Kay Johnson, the latter splendid. (April)

★ **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.)

**SIDE STREET**—Radio Pictures.—No telling what this might have been if not botched by bad recording. As it is, just another underworld yarn. All three of the Moores are in it. (Dec.)

**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 Pallette 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 KENTUCKY**—Fox.—You'll care for Joseph Wagstaff's crooning. And besides there's decorative Lois Moran. (Dec.)

**SONG OF LOVE, THE**—Columbia.—Carbon copy of the yarn used for every vaudevillian who goes talkie—but Belle Baker rises above it. She's good and so is Ralph Graves. The songs aren't. (Feb.)

**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)

**SONG OF THE WEST**—Warners.—All-Technicolor outdoor operetta. Ambitious, but dull. (May)

**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)

★ **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)

★ **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 hula. A fine supporting cast including Charles Bickford. (Jan.)

★ **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 finesse 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 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-Educational.—A short feature directed by Mack himself. Daphne Pollard and the rest of the hilarious gang. (April)

★ **SUNNY SIDE UP**—Fox.—The royal Gaynor-Farrell team go into their song and dance and prove their versatility. A little gal named Marjorie White scores heavily. This is real entertainment. (Dec.)

**SWEETIE**—Paramount.—A little something in the collegiate line, pleasant, youthful and lively. Helen (Boop-a-doop) Kane and Jack Oakie wow 'em and Nancy Carroll is effective in an unsympathetic rôle. (Dec.)

**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)

★ **TRESPASSER, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson is a sensation in her first all talkie. In spite of a hokey story, a superbly paced and splendidly acted picture. Good! (Dec.)

**TROOPERS THREE**—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Concerns both kinds of troupers—backstage and army. Slim Summerville is funny. (April)

**UNDERTOW**—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)

**UNTAMED**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford goes native. She's grand and so is Robert Montgomery, a newcomer. (Dec.)

**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 Friml music. Jeanette 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.) Vallée fans will be pleased. (Jan.)

**VENUS**—United Artists.—Connie Talmadge made this silent picture a year ago in Southern Europe. She shouldn't have. Silent. (Jan.)

**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 when Anna May Wong's unique personality flashes on the screen. Silent. (March)

**WELCOME DANGER**—Paramount.—Talkies needn't worry Harold Lloyd. His voice is fine. This phonoplay is one long laugh. (Dec.)

**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 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)

**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)

**WOMAN RACKET, THE**—M-G-M.—Blanche Sweet deserved a better comeback than this feeble effort about a night club hostess. Blanche has a charming singing voice and is effective when the opportunity offers. (March)

**WOMAN TO WOMAN**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A product of British studios. (Dec.)

**YOUNG EAGLES**—Paramount.—Not another "Wings." Buddy Rogers the flying hero, Jean Arthur his inspiration. Magnificent air photography, and satisfactory enough story. (May)

★ **YOUNG NOWHERES**—First National.—Unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. Another poignant Barthelmess portrayal. New heights for Marian Nixon. Fine all around. (Dec.)

## Order Your Book of Stars Early!

It will be a genuine pleasure to you to be the first to show your friends a copy of the new, up-to-the-minute edition of "Stars of the Photoplay," with its array of over 250 of the finest, latest and most characteristic portraits of motion picture players ever brought together.

Details of how to obtain this beautiful work will be found on page 117, this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

**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)

**TANNED LEGS**—Radio Pictures.—Just what the Tired Business Man ordered. Legs by Ann Pennington and June Clyde and whoopee by Arthur Lake. Peppy music. (Dec.)

**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.)

★ **THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS**—Fox.—What happens when a garageman gets rich and his wife gets culture. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Marguerite Churchill and Fifi Dorsay are elegant. (Dec.)

**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, Bessie 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.)

**THREE LOVES**—Movigraph.—An exciting and spicy German film, well directed and acted. See it. Silent. (Dec.)

**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.)

**CAN A WOMAN  
CHANGE A MAN'S  
IDEA OF HER  
PERSONALITY?**



Posed by Leila Hyams and Conrad Nagel, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.

A subtle, delicious fragrance worked this magic for me

**Two For The Price Of One!**

A Special Introductory Offer by leading dealers all over the U. S.

For \$1.00: Ben Hur Face Powder (full size \$1.00 pkg.) Ben Hur Perfume (full size \$1.00 bottle)

both  
for  
**\$1.00**



For 25¢: Ben Hur Talcum Powder (full size 25¢ pkg.) Ben Hur Perfume (full size 25¢ vial)

both for **25¢**

**F**OND of outdoor sports, and excelling in them, I was known in our crowd as "a good playfellow." Suddenly I found myself riding and hiking most of the time with one man, and liking it—tremendously.

One day while we stopped to eat our picnic lunch on a fine hike together, he turned to me and said enthusiastically: "Gee, you're a wonderful outdoor girl, aren't you!"

Right then I discovered that I didn't want him to think of me only in the role of cooking bacon over a camp fire. I would have to do something about it—and quickly.

I cut out the outdoor sports with him for a while. I resorted to all the feminine wiles I knew—to delicate frocks, inadequate slippers, freshly waved hair—and to that most feminine, most subtle lure of all—an elusive, haunting perfume.

It was the spell of that delightful, enticing fragrance that seemed to release a new, alluring personality for me. I was no longer just "an outdoor girl" to the man I cared for. For him I became a part of romance and mystery. I knew it even before the night he said to me: "My, you're just wonderful—outdoors, indoors—anywhere at all!"

This delicious perfume is Ben Hur. For you, too, it can work the magic of opening men's eyes to a new, enchanting side of your personality. Send for a free trial bottle—discover for yourself its potent charm.

**FREE TRIAL SAMPLE**

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., 5011 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me—free—a trial bottle of Ben Hur Perfume.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**L**IKE a thunderclap came the knowledge that this is the June issue of PHOTOPLAY! And what does one think of in June? No, not the early mosquito crop! Brides! And so, to strike that novel note, we give you the prettiest bride picture we could scare up in all Hollywood—little Jean Arthur!

Jean Arthur, whose real name is Gladys Greene, was born in New York 22 years ago. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 107 pounds, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Jean is with Paramount





Clarence Sinclair Bull



Ruth Harriet Louise

**M**Y, MY, MY! What an "Alibi" can do for a young man, if properly applied! It was the picture of that name that shot Mr. Chester Morris into phonoplay fame. His grand work as the gangster in the picture buried him under an avalanche of such parts, and Chester has been mean and murderous in every studio in Hollywood during the past year. And what a swell actor Chet is!

**U**NLIKE Chester, next door, this young man is swamped, by fan mail because he is such a nice, clean-cut boy. You just know he's kind to his mother, and courtly to the girls. Robert Montgomery, since his first picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has grown increasingly popular. He's the arch-type of the stage juveniles who have done so well in pictures since the talkies came





Hurrell

**T**HE latest sister team to send Hollywood dancing mad, and to practise on our sensibilities from the talking screen. Meet the Dodge Sisters, two beautiful and talented young ladies who came to pictures from the Broadway musical comedy stage, after serving a term in the *Folies Bergere* of Paris. Their names are Beth and Betty, and they will be seen in Metro's old-timers' revue



Josephine Dunn needn't look so pensive, up above here. She's wearing Hollywood's new word in girlish street attire. The little cap sleeves are both new and smart. The dress is grey crepe, with circular flounces. The hat is also of grey crepe, and the accessories are likewise grey



No longer need you complain that you can't wear the brimless hat! Constance Bennett shows this new hat of horsehair braid in a wood violet color, with large satin flowers in a lighter shade forming the crown



Marilyn Miller is wearing a "hostess negligee" of graceful simplicity. It is of soft blue satin, with a draped bodice and neckline. The long, irregular pleated skirt is a distinct novelty



Merna Kennedy wears one of the season's smartest ensembles for the beach. Trousers and coat are dark brown jersey. The coat is trimmed in a geometric design in yellow, the same color used for the sleeveless blouse, piped with brown, and with brown buttons



When smarter black net-lace gowns than this are worn, Corinne Griffith will wear them. The lace is worn over a black satin silhouette gown, with a tight-fitting skirt which flares at the bottom. Notice that it touches the floor, front and back, but is shorter at the sides



You won't find a better example this spring of a frock that typifies the modern trend. Josephine Dunn wears this dress of moiré, in a blue flowered pattern. It has the long, snug hip-line, ending with three graduated circular ruffles. The bodice is fitted. Notice the jewels



**W**HOA! Who's this dangerous child now menacing the peace of mind of the great motion picture public? Can it be Fifi Dorsay? No, it can't. But it can be, and is, little Mary Brian, playing hooky from the nice-girl rôles she's had so many years. Below is the demure and dainty Brian lass we know best



Dyar and Kichee



# COLOUR HARMONY

# COTY

Rouge, Face Powder and Lipstick  
— so perfectly attuned in shade  
that their use together assures  
those artistic, individual  
colour harmonies which  
really smart make-  
up demands.



NEW INDELIBLE  
LIPSTICK  
Specially shaped to  
define the lips. Light,  
Medium, Dark. \$1.00



FACE POWDER  
Ten "Personal" shades  
All Coty odeurs  
Standard size \$1.00  
Double size \$1.50.



ROUGE  
Five distinctive shades  
East Indian or Powder  
Puff Design Box. \$1.00.

Perfect colour harmony even to your fingertips—Coty Perfumed Liquid Polish

# ELINOR GLYN

ANSWERS  
THE QUESTION

## "What is **IT** in Dress?"



"Dear Miss Glyn: Won't you please write an article about how men like a girl to dress? I try to buy nice clothes, but somehow I just don't know the secret... men overlook me, while other girls who don't spend more than I do are popular."

GLADYS M——

**W**HAT is "it" in dress? What appeals instantly to a man's taste?

Many girls—wives, too—have asked me this, and the answer is simple.

Men are drab-looking creatures, therefore they get a thrill out of the gay, colorful clothes women wear. Shouldn't we play up to this? Here are two simple rules:

**FIRST**, select the colors most becoming to you.

**THEN**, keep them lovely and vibrant as long as you wear them.

Remember, only just as long as the color is kept in its perfect, new state has it the power to charm. Just a little fading takes away some of the power to thrill—means a loss of "it."

Be careful to guard color charm, always. There is a sure way to do this, through the use of that wonderful product, Lux. Ordinary soaps steal away a bit of color pigment as

they cleanse, but

Lux is especially made to preserve colors in all their joyous allure.

### *And in Your Home*

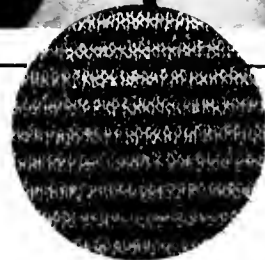
Your surroundings, too, can help get over your personality, your charm.

Keep pretty curtains, slip covers, table linens, always as gayly colorful as new. Here, too, Lux will help you, for men love color.

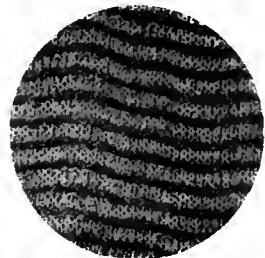
ELINOR GLYN



*In this printed silk frock it is color which gives you a thrill when you see it! Lux is especially made to preserve this magic charm of color!*



Sample (magnified) *Luxed* 10 times—wool and silk fibres in place, no shrinking, shape and color perfect—like new.



Sample (equally magnified) washed 10 times in ordinary "good" soap—fibres out of place, color dulled, garment shrunken.



*If it's safe in water,  
it's safe in **LUX***

June, 1930

# The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(TRADE MARK)

# PHOTOPLAY

**A** PRODUCER met Lila Lee on the lot. "How did you like my last picture?" she asked.

He hesitated. "Have you signed that long-term contract with us yet?" he asked.

"Yes," said Lila.

The producer beamed. "You were great!"

**L**ISTEN to the story of a little bunch of gardenias and the trouble they caused.

In "What a Widow!" Gloria Swanson wears a black velvet afternoon gown trimmed with white gardenias at the shoulder. She appeared on the set.

"What's that rustling noise?" asked the mixer.

Gloria hung her head and confessed it was the artificial gardenias. It was impossible to have real ones, since they would wilt so quickly under the lights.

The wardrobe woman was called. Presently she appeared with a bunch of gardenias made of white velvet. No rustling now, but the raw edges of the petals shed all over Gloria's dress. She looked like little Eva out in the snow storm.

Nothing daunted they tried again, this time by dipping the edges of the petals in collodion to keep the threads from shedding. Nothing is too difficult in Hollywood—not even gardenias.

**T**HIS business of doing legal things before a talkie camera, to record the contract visually and audibly as well as in writing, is spreading—

Mary Lewis recorded her contract with Pathe that way, you may recall.

And now matrimony's "I do" follows. And you might know it would be a lawyer's idea.

George Stahlman, deputy district attorney for Los Angeles County, married Viola Evans, an actress, on a sound stage at the M-G-M studios. Production on a Greta Garbo picture was held up while Stahlman and

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

JAMES R. QUIRK



**L**OS ANGELES courts recently granted two wives divorces on the ground that their respective hubbies wouldn't take them to the movies.

That constituted cruelty, so the courts held.

Well, pretty soon they'll ask the groom: ". . . and do you promise to love, cherish and take her to the movies regularly . . .?"

**J**UST how many actors make our movies? The Film Daily year book lists about 6,000—each of whom has appeared in at least one film. But in a whole year there aren't more than five thousand name parts, which means that there are more players than jobs, if each had one part a year.

Of course, this is wild figuring. The bulk of our film acting is done by no more than seven hundred actors.

So for every one who owns a Rolls, there are plenty a little behind in the rent.

**R**ICH or poor, they still want jobs in the movies! At one of the studios there is a hard-working assistant director whose private income is something like \$1,500 a week, who lives at one of the smartest hotels and drives an expensive car.

A script girl at another lot is the daughter of a multi-millionaire. She lives in luxury but gets a kick out of being on a set all day long.

And, strangely enough, these people are good, competent workers.

Miss Evans stepped onto the set. The mike was swung over their heads, and Superior Judge Valentine (what a name for a marrier!) performed the ceremony.

"But what was the idea?" asked Director Clarence Brown afterward.

"Evidence, Mr. Brown!" said the lawyer-groom.

CATHERINE SIBLEY is a Hollywood girl—beautiful but *not* dumb.

She wanted to get into moving pictures, but so do thousands of other girls. Most of them, Catherine had to admit, were more beautiful than herself.

"What chance have I on that ground?" she asked. "None," she replied.

Did she quit? No! She spent hours making herself up as ugly as possible—even to the extent of synthetic warts and other artificial facial blemishes.

She did it so well that they wrote a part into "Moby Dick" for her to play. In the script, the part is designated as "The Ugly Girl."

And so brains, not beauty, got a girl her chance with no less famous a star than John Barrymore!

IF you can figure this one out we'll send you a box of burnt cork and an autographed copy of "Mammy."

When the auto show was on in Los Angeles, Al Jolson bought an \$18,000 foreign touring car for himself and a \$22,500 sedan for Ruby Keeler, his wife. He paid cash.

Two weeks later he purchased a Ford coupé *on time!*

ONE of the directors at Fox was looking for a girl with high voltage sex-appeal for a certain sequence in a new picture. He and the casting director were conferring on prospects.

"How about So-and-So?" suggested the latter, naming a girl with whom the director was at the time on bad terms.

"Her?" snorted the director. "Why listen!—if we cast her as *Lady Godiva* even, the horse would steal the scene!"

THEY had, at great expense and trouble, employed a well-known stage actor, a character man, to do an important rôle in a picture. He arrived in Los Angeles and was met at the train. He was small, unpretentious, and in his hand he clutched an umbrella.

The producer looked at him and turned to his assistant. "Oh, he will never do. He isn't the type at all. Why did we ever have him come out? Get another man at once."

But the director believed in the old fellow and took a test of him in make-up, dressed for the rôle, the next day.

The producer happened on the set.

"Well, there," he said, "that's more like it. There's the man you need and right under your very nose, too. Isn't it a shame we sent all the way to New York for the other fellow?"

ABOUT the best known gent in Hollywood is none other than his satanic majesty. He is publicized more than Clara Bow and Greta Garbo.

There have been forty-four motion pictures using the name "Devil" in the title. Only nine times has the word "Satan" appeared. It's too formal, any-

way. There's something chummy about his other name.

Devil's winter home, sometimes called "Hell," has found its way to the main title of a screen offering exactly twenty-four times.

Now all that remains is for a transcontinental railroad to put on an excursion. That publicity should be good for something.

AMOS 'N' ANDY will get a quarter of a million dollars for one talkie. They will keep right up on their broadcasting from Los Angeles.

These lads became a factor in the picture business months ago, however. Theater managers in many parts of the country found attendance dropping off while they were on the air, and hundreds of theaters were forced to broadcast their inimitable nightly radio performances to get the crowds back.

ONE Sunday recently the Rev. Dr. Cadman, one of the leading spirits of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, preached a sermon over the radio in which he announced that the Council was busy investigating the motion picture business.

Two days later, Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts demanded that Congress investigate the Federated Council of Churches.

Wilkie Collins once wrote a story called "The Biter Bit." The title would apply aptly to this little sequence of events.

AMERICAN motion picture producers aren't the only ones with a set of morals. The recent Hays set of rules to keep talkies 99.44 per cent pure brought an echo in the form of a news dispatch from Britain, where 300 films were held up during the past year for such things as:

Materializing Christ; putting ministers of religion in bad spots; inciting workers to riot; girls and women with too much giggle-water aboard; orgy stuff; "indecorous" dancing; marital infidelity; cruelty to animals; sympathizing with crooks—and ridiculing the Prince of Wales.

THE sun has never set on "Ben Hur." Since it was first released several years ago, this picture has been playing continuously in some portion of the globe.

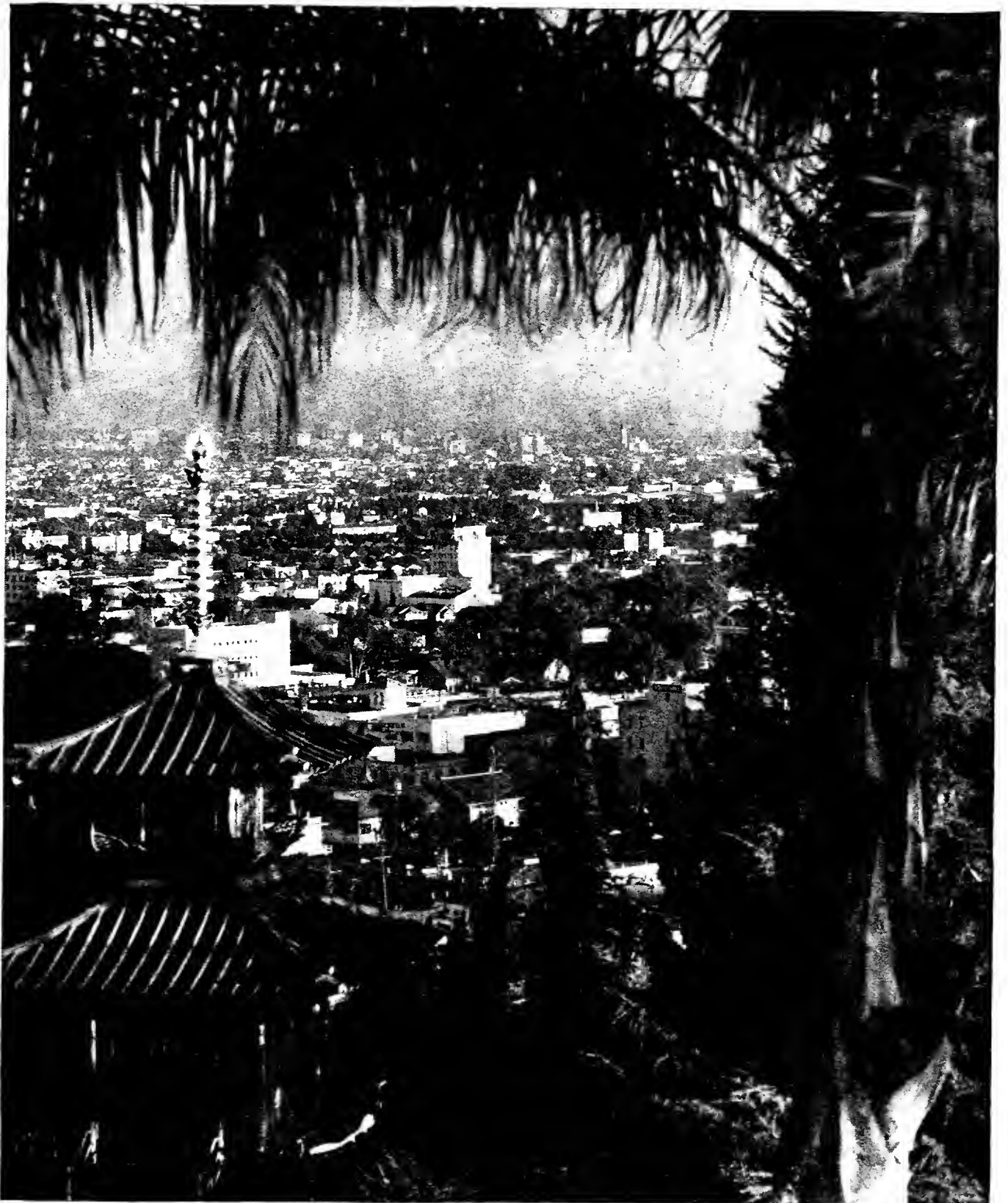
Now it has struck its first snag. "Ben Hur" has found trouble with the censors, unbelievable as it may seem.

Chinese censors found objection to it on the ground that it was "propaganda of superstitious beliefs, namely, Christianity."

JOHNNY FARROW, the young Paramount writer, has a definition for a cad that is about as good as any other.

"A cad is a man who strikes a lady without taking off his hat."





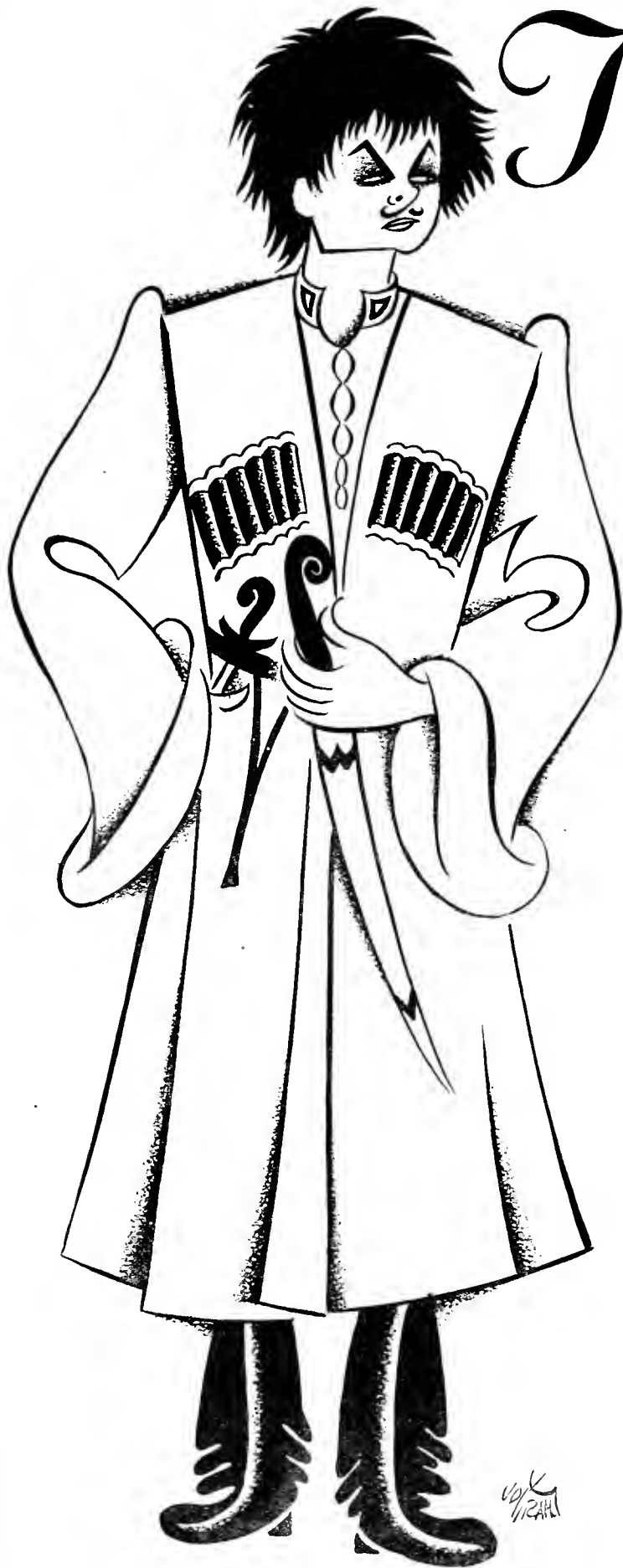
Underwood and Underwood

# Looking Down *011* Dream-Town

**B**ATHED in the brilliant sunshine of late afternoon, Hollywood lies before you. This picture was taken from the famous Bernheimer oriental garden, on a hill above the city. Hollywood Boulevard is just at the hill's foot, and in the distance you can see Los Angeles' taller towers.

# Two Kings-

*"Singing Larry" Tibbett  
The New Battle*



Lawrence Tibbett, still in boots and coachman's coat from "The Rogue Song," glowers, in a deep baritone way, at his rival across the page

**R**ED dawn on the Hollywood battlefield. But not silent! Dawns in Hollywood are all wired for sound, especially when there's a swell battle on.

The thunder of voices comes from the Brown Derby front. In the Montmartre sector rises the rattle of machine-gun conversation, nervous and high-strung.

Two factions are at it again.

"Larry Tibbett for Merrie California!" roars one side, as it plunges to the assault, adjectives waving in the breeze.

"*La Patrie! Pour la France! Chevalier forever!*" screams the other, lunging with French irregular verbs.

One side says Maurice Chevalier is the greatest personality to flash across a silver sheet since Thomas Edison began to monkey around with those camera businesses.

The other army, just as positive, advances the statement that Lawrence Tibbett will become a greater vogue than Valentino—that everything will be swept before him like a straw in a flood.

The talking screen reaches adolescence in the two great personages of these men. There were triumphs in the phonographs before, pretty decisive triumphs. But no players have caused quite as much discussion as Chevalier and Tibbett in Hollywood.

Whatever it takes to become idols, they have. Personal magnetism in abundance; that strange, indefinable something called glamor; the qualities that can sweep a circumspect audience from their seats and turn them into cheering maniacs.

So, two conquerors of the world of the films come to Hollywood from the opposite ends of the globe. Chevalier from Menilmontant, a suburb of Paris, the gay capital city of every man's heart. Tibbett from the romantic valleys of California. There is no question of the greatness of both. But is one really the greater?

**B**OTH of them are young, with the best years of life still ahead. Neither is handsome. Robust health and strength, but not good looks as Hollywood measures beauty. Chevalier is the *farceur par excellence*, the joyous, humorous lover in "Innocents of Paris" and "The Love Parade." Tibbett, the mad, glorious adventurer in "The Rogue Song." Both of them sing.

Chevalier's genius is the naughty little inflection he can give to a perfectly nice song, and still you don't mind your mother hearing it. Tibbett's voice booms out from the screen, rousing and magnificent, when the screen has been accustomed only to hush-a-by songs, crooned into the microphone.

The score is even in acting ability. The score is even in popularity. The Chevalier-Tibbett battle goes on. There's enough ammunition to last a long time. Each faction will fight it out on these grounds if it takes all summer, with a couple of winters thrown in.

And each star, if it is necessary to mention slightly embarrassing things, made a debut into fan favor with really inferior pictures. Neither "The Innocents of Paris" nor "The Rogue Song" was exactly a towering masterpiece as an acting vehicle. Chevalier had a

# One Throne

vs. "Kid" Chevalier—  
of Hollywood

By

Marquis Busby

worthy story in "The Love Parade." Tibbett has yet to make a second picture. The play is not the thing when the star is a great personality. But how many stars are there that can emerge successfully from a weak, creaking play?

THERE was no royal road to fame for either star. Chevalier was in turn a carpenter, a printer, a paint salesman and a nail maker. Tibbett had to struggle up from the ranks, too. Once he worked for several weeks in a light opera company in Los Angeles. The company went broke without paying a salary. And that money was needed sorely. He went with the Metropolitan Opera Company as an extra singer at seventy-five dollars a week.

Then success for both Chevalier and Tibbett. The young California baritone made one of the most sensational débuts in the history of the famous old opera house, as *Ford* in "Falstaff." When he sings in opera or concert in Los Angeles, near his home town, it is almost necessary to send in a riot call to quiet the audience. Chevalier also became a New York "cyclone" after European triumphs. When he appeared at the Ziegfeld Roof last summer there was an eleven dollar cover charge, and twenty takers for every seat.

Both have personal popularity as well as the adulation of the public. Both are simple, friendly and un-actorish. They make friends with the humblest workman on the studio lot as well as the lordly stars. Chevalier drives a Ford. Tibbett refuses to have a valet.

Even the critics can't find enough adjectives to describe the two new sensations of the screen. Whole pages were torn out of Webster's in the search for words. Typewriter ribbons have turned pale at the extravagant praise. Here are just a few excerpts from reviews, selected at random.

"If ever there was a dominating, fascinating, captivating, sparkling personality, Maurice Chevalier belongs to it. Such charm!"

"IN Tibbett's songs he is superb—a tremendously forceful personality. And his rich, voluminous baritone is stunningly recorded."

"Chevalier should become one of the screen's greatest comedians. He has a gift of pantomime which makes speech almost unnecessary."

"Lawrence Tibbett hasn't merely got a voice. He's a fine looking man with a way of thrilling his audiences."

"In short, I am inclined to look upon Chevalier in the light of the jolliest thing that has happened to Hollywood in a month of rainy Sundays."

"There is not the slightest doubt that the Metropolitan star is the greatest factor brought to pictures since the advent of sound." [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



Maurice Chevalier, in the spangles of "The Love Parade," gives Monsieur Tibbett one of those grins—nice, but more than a little naughty

# She Gambled—and

*Jeanette Loff could have drifted safely, but she chose to fight the tide to film fame*

# WON!

By Robert Cranford

REMEMBER those old-fashioned framed mottoes? Well, Jeanette Loff ought to have two of them hanging on her dressing room wall! One should read:

"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."

And then, immediately beneath it:

"IS THAT SO!"

Because, as far as Jeanette's career is concerned, the ancient crack about the rolling stone is just so much raspberry puree. She could have stayed sitting tight in a steady job at Pathe and being just another pretty blonde.

But she couldn't see it that way. She took a chance and rolled loose.

As a result, she's got a starring contract at Universal, with four times as much golden moss per week as she would have gathered at Pathe.

As a matter of fact, this is the story of the girl's confidence in herself, and of the courage that enabled her to justify it.

For it takes no mean quota of nerve to turn down a sure-thing contract and go free-lancing in precarious movieland these days.

That's what Jeanette did! So that you may the better understand just what she did, and why, let's flash back to the girl's background—find out, too, how she came to be in pictures in the first place.

We can start with Jeanette at sixteen, playing the piano in a movie theater in a small town in Saskatchewan province, Canada. Her dad was a violinist, and she inherited music-love from him, it seems.

Maybe it was while she played hour after hour, there, watching the stars on the screen, that she subconsciously absorbed a fundamental knowledge of screen technique.

It was there, too, that she first noticed she looked like Vilma Banky. Her friends told her of the resemblance.

"Why don't you go to Hollywood and maybe get a job being Vilma's double?" they'd kid her.

They really did think, of course, that looking like some famous star would be a great asset if one wanted to break into pictures. They didn't know that it's quite the contrary—that resemblance to a well-known player is really a handicap to the screen beginner.

WELL, when she was seventeen, the Loffs moved to Portland, Oregon. There she studied at a music conservatory—voice culture and the pipe organ. From that, it was just another step to playing the organ at the big picture houses there. She sang, now and then, in a prologue. And then she went to Hollywood.

No idea of entering pictures was in her mind. It was just a vacation. Naturally, she'd always wanted to see Hollywood close up—what girl doesn't? But what girl really expects to be suddenly offered a movie contract? And that's virtually what happened to Jeanette.

Just for fun, after several acquaintances she had met in Hollywood suggested it, she enrolled at several casting offices. She got a few small parts—and then somebody at Pathe noticed her, and before she knew it, she had a contract!

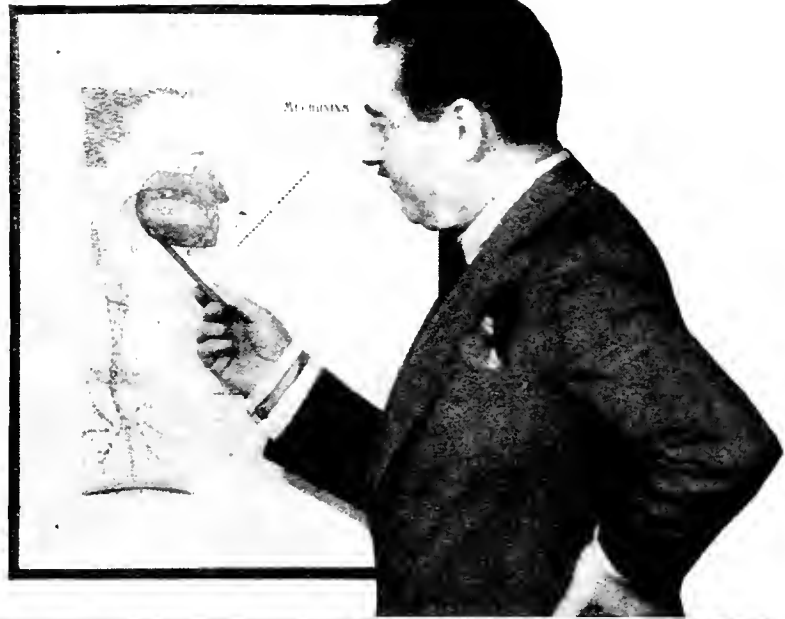
Now, with that, most girls [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



The girl who was game enough to take a chance by giving up a comfy contract and gambling her future in pictures. A new photographic study of Jeanette Loff



At the right stands Dr. Mario Marafioti, noted voice specialist, with a chart of the human loud speaker. He says that the voice of Mr. Gilbert, left, can be fixed



# "Gilbert's Voice is all Right"

By  
Dolores  
Foster

That's the verdict of Dr. Marafioti, noted specialist who is helping Hollywood sing and talk

**J**OHN GILBERT'S voice is all right! So says Dr. P. M. Marafioti, noted throat specialist for opera stars and now in Hollywood.

"Jack Gilbert, with care and training, will speak as well from the screen as any actor you can name," says the doctor.

That settles that! And after noted technical experts of sound films said that Gilbert's voice would have to go as was!

Moreover, anybody can sing—if the mind responds to music—according to the doctor. Caruso's throat, his vocal apparatus, was not nearly as good as the average.

All throats are pretty much alike. And by learning a few mechanics you can warble as high as Ellen Beach Yaw or you can rumble "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" to your heart's content.

So believes Dr. Mario Marafioti who, wrapped up in a bundle of theories, has come to Hollywood to improve the voices of John Gilbert, Anita Page, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and all the others on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

He was, for years, throat specialist at the Metropolitan Grand Opera House and has had in his care such singers as Caruso, Chaliapin, Scotti, Ruffo, Galli-Curci, Emma Calve and Victor Maurel. It was the little Italian doctor who taught Gloria Swanson to sing. She had but fourteen lessons before she made "The Trespasser." His theories are as unique as they are simple, like all great theories.

"The average person binds himself up with interference," said the doctor. "He tightens his throat. He tightens all the muscles connected with singing. It is natural to speak well and flowingly. We hamper ourselves with unnaturalness. We do not relax. The average singing instructor takes a wrong viewpoint."

The doctor uses no unnatural methods. He simply kids his pupils along. He begins by having them read poetry in a foreign language that they do not understand. Then he has

them read the same thing in English. At last the pupils sing the poem. He teaches them to relax completely, to remove all interference from the vocal cords, to let the voice pour out in an unrestrained manner. That's all.

"Opera, as such, is dead," said the doctor. "There will be only opera on the screen. It may take eight years or so before the great Wagnerian operas will be filmed, but it will come, and the wise studios are those that will prepare for that day by training boys and girls who, in three years, will be able to sing those scores.

"**T**HE talent of the future is to be found in the choruses. Just yesterday a little girl came to me. I saw the possibilities of a marvelous contralto voice. I'm going to train that girl. She will not demand the salary of the already well established singers. In three years her voice will be as great as any."

And so another skilled scientist has come to Hollywood. The microphone makes strange demands. Now it has demanded voices. The studios stop at nothing to get them. The signing of Dr. Marafioti to a contract is one of the signs of the times. Most important of all, he has said that Jack Gilbert's voice can and will be perfected for the screen.

That, ladies and gentlemen, may be the answer to thousands of prayers of recent months.

The question of Gilbert's rather high-pitched voice has roused fandom recently. Sound experts, interviewed for this magazine, told us they feared that all their mechanical tinkering could do little for a voice with Gilbert's peculiar timbre. And that made us all unhappy!

Where mechanical science failed, medical science may step in and succeed. At least, we have Dr. Marafioti's assurance that with training, cultivation and care John Gilbert's speech will be a treat to the ear of his admirers.

Welcome to Hollywood, Doc!

# STAR Names *that*



Well, did Jean Arthur steal "The Saturday Night Kid" from Clara Bow? Ever since PHOTOPLAY asked that simple question, in a headline over a story, the Bow Shock Battalions of Faithful Fans have hurled shot and shell at us. Clara's is one of the names that mean fight. This is a scene from that much-mooted picture

**I**N all the long and laughable history of the world no race of demi-gods has existed whose fame is so zealously and jealously guarded as the motion picture actors.

This makes writing pieces for magazines like PHOTOPLAY approximately as safe as chucking a Bengal tiger under the chin.

An outraged fan, her hair standing on end because of some fancied insult to her dream-star, makes a leopard a mere tabby-cat for the front parlor.

Sooner or later a writer is bound to run out of "superbs." He hunts around his desk and can't find a single "magnificent" among the chewed pencil-ends. There isn't a single "colossal" to be had, though he sends the boy out to borrow a couple from a press agent friend.

That's when it gets tough.

For then the writer is forced to make the actors human, with blood in their veins instead of toilet water and dream-oil. Then he either leaves town by the next freight, or on a rail, with feathers in his hair.

It is far safer to say in print that the President of the United States is a big clown than even to hint that Clara Bow is four ounces on the wrong side of the Howe scale.

**T**HE classic crack of all time concerning harsh words is the Virginian's—"When you say that, Trampas, SMILE!"

Smile? Magazine writers howl with disarming laughter as they delicately suggest that competent listeners have said that Mr. John Gilbert's voice is not all our fancies painted it before the microphone arose and smote him across the larynx

We smile and say these matters of record in our most dulcet tones, and what do we get? Just another cargo of raspberries by fast freight. Oh, how we suffer! I am addressed as "Cock-Eyed Hall" by some irate subscriber because I daintily suggest that Miss Patty Patootie is a shade less divine than Sarah Bernhardt.

I tell you, it's hard on a sensitive, poetic guy.

There has never been a time in the history of pictures when there weren't star names that meant fight.

For the last couple of months there have been four that meant a public brannigan of the first water whenever they were mentioned in anything but a coo.

I pass the case of the immortal Garbo without comment. It has been gone into thoroughly in these pages before, and the

*A*RE the stars' fans loyal?  
*Why, they'll fight a  
magazine writer at the  
drop of the mildest adjective*

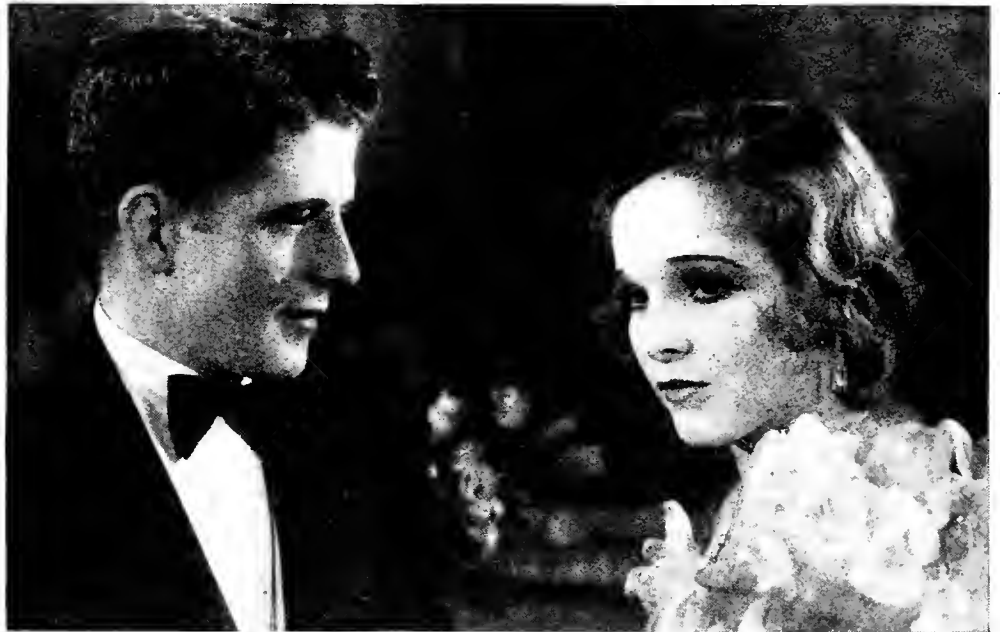


John Gilbert and Catherine Dale Owen in "His Glorious Night," Jack's talkie. His fans rushed to his defense after this unfortunate start

# Mean FIGHT!

By  
Leonard  
Hall

Rudy Vallée, by way of radio and his talking picture, has won a legion of admirers and defenders among the fans. One even mild word at his expense brings their bullets about our ears like swarming bees. Here are Rudy and Sally Blane in "The Vagabond Lover"



*THERE are four names that mean battle in the movies today. One word out of turn, and the brawl begins*



Garbo, the incomparable. No one can say "boo" about Greta without getting several "bahs," and perhaps a punch in the nose, in return

eternal Garbo controversy brought out the classic slogan of all time from a young lady in Escanaba, Mich.: "There is one God—also one Garbo!"

This Garbo thing goes on forever. (Note to Garbo-maniacs—she is perfect! Now, please don't start anything!)

But she is not alone!

The other three that have taken twenty years off the tag-end of my life recently are:

Clara Bow.

John Gilbert.

Rudy Vallée.

The latest Bow battle began when we asked, in our sweetest tones, whether clever little Jean Arthur had stolen "The Saturday Night Kid" from Our Clara. It seems to me that the red-head was also spoken of as "plump."

Well, "plump" was a nice word. If we had been speaking of anybody but La Belle Bow we could have said "fat" and gotten away with it. But oh boy! And as for anybody stealing her picture! You'd have thought we'd formally accused Clara's fans of stealing mother's best spoons.

THE next day we were working in the cellar, with Bow fans screaming at the doors and stalking us when we went home, heavily guarded by police!

Does Clara Bow's name mean fight?

Listen to a few blasts by Bow fans:

A young lady in Houston, Tex., dips her quill in liquid fire and shoots this from the hip—"No, most emphatically NO, Jean Arthur did not steal Clara Bow's picture! With all due respect to Miss Arthur, she didn't and can't hold a candlelight to Clara!"

From Oklahoma City comes the cry, "Clara isn't too fat and her hair's beautiful! She's prettier than ever. If Miss Bow never has anyone but Jean Arthur in her pictures, she has nothing to worry about!"

And always the refrain—"You are always attacking Clara Bow! Let US be the critics of her pictures!"

Now, if there's ever been an "attack" on Clara Bow in this magazine, I'll engage to eat two hundred copies of the issue at high noon on any public square.

But to bitter-enders among the Bow fans, anything from a rumor to a hint is a headlong [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

Meet Sylvia Ulbeck, ninety-eight pounds of human TNT, who kneads unneeded flesh from the stars

# Holly-

By  
Katherine  
Albert

**A** WILD and barbaric jazz melody poured from the high-powered radio in the office of Sylvia Ulbeck, Hollywood's most famous beauty expert and flesh-thumper.

"Why on earth do you keep that thing going all day long?" asked an innocent bystander with weak ears.

"That," said Sylvia, with a pretty smile, "is to drown out the screams of my patients."

For Sylvia treats 'em rough and makes 'em like it. She is the greatest pummeling and pounding expert of the film colony. Fat disappears under her magic fingers. Faces change their shape when she works on them. She is the beauty expert *extraordinaire*.

Stars beg for appointments. They await her convenience. For Sylvia is the vogue. Her name is on every lip. And they speak of her work in hushed tones. The players know that Sylvia is responsible for more film successes than any other woman on the Gold Coast.

Sylvia is a doctor, a psychologist, a stimulant, a *masseuse* all rolled into one. Without doubt she is the most amazing Hollywood personality off the screen. A human dynamo, a volcano of vigor and the *confidante* of half of Hollywood.

It is Sylvia who was responsible for Mae Murray's lithe, gorgeous figure, although she gets no credit for it, having sued Mae for back payments.

Without Sylvia, Mary Lewis, brilliant star of the Metropolitan, might never have signed a motion picture contract.

Exhibitors would not be clamoring for Alice White's films had not Sylvia completely remodeled her figure.

Everyone raved over the way Ina Claire looked in her first picture.

"The camera has been kind to her," gossipers said.

It was not the camera that was kind to Ina. It was Sylvia who was cruel to her, who pinched the flesh away and tightened up every nerve and sinew in her face and body.

Gloria Swanson might not have made her spectacular come-back had it not been for Sylvia's all-powerful hands. Gloria is constantly in Sylvia's care and Sylvia travels with the star wherever she goes.

She has so much personality that when they needed a woman of small physique and determined purpose for a part in Gloria's next picture, they reached out and grabbed Sylvia for it. So you will probably see her in "What a Widow!"

The list of those who come to her is long and composed of famous names. Norma Shearer, Anna Q. Nilsson, Dorothy Mackaill, Jetta Goudal, Betty Bronson, Ruth Chatterton, Marion Davies, Ann Harding, Sally O'Neil, Kathryn Crawford, Norma Talmadge, Evelyn Brent, Laura La Plante, Hedda Hopper, Marie Dressler, Carmelita Geraghty, Marie Prevost and more—oh, many, many more.

Not only the women, but the men flock to her little office at the Pathe Studio where she is under contract.

One star arrived in fear and trembling for the first treatment.

Sylvia sniffed. "You've had a drink of whiskey," she said.

"Yes," answered the star, quaveringly. "They told me I would need it."

Sylvia started in on the rubbing and pummeling. When it was over the star staggered to her feet.

"I didn't need whiskey," she gasped. "What I should have taken was chloroform."

Sylvia doesn't play favorites. She takes it off or puts it on. She treats the nerves



Here is Sylvia herself—four feet, ten inches of blonde dynamite, and pretty enough to adorn pictures. She's tiny, but there's power in those hands, and a mighty will under that thatch of yellow hair, her clients say



# wood's *Beauty* Sculptor

and the glands, building energy and health as well as beauty. And, for good measure, she throws in sound advice and brilliant wit.

New patients are sometimes surprised at the vigor and color of her language. But they have to stand for it. When they enter her salon they are just women, not stars or beauties.

There is hardly a perfect figure in Hollywood or anywhere, for that matter. Sylvia helps to make them perfect. She is, in her way, a great *artiste*, a great sculptor who deals with warm flesh and blood, rather than cold clay and marble. A pinch here, a dig there and—woosh!—another double chin is gone! Pummeling here, pounding there and—whoops!—those hips are as slender as reeds.

There is a superstition in Hollywood that there are no limitations of the human figure. Anything can be done. You can look exactly as you want to look if you can persuade Sylvia to work you completely over!

Even malformed bones can be camouflaged by this miracle worker of Hollywood. If you're bowlegged, Sylvia takes off the flesh on the outer part of the leg and builds it up on the inner, and an illusion is created. Sylvia is Old Lady Nature's first assistant.

ONE of her recent and amazing miracles was performed on Mary Lewis. Mary had a divine voice. Nobody could deny that, but her body was plump and her face was round as a dinner plate. At one time she had weighed more than 150 pounds. She was built along generous Wagnerian lines. When Mary arrived in Hollywood a mutual friend came to Sylvia and begged the wonder-worker to take her.

"I can't," wailed Sylvia. "I simply can't. I've too much to do. I work night and day as it is. I can't take another patient." For Sylvia is up at six every morning and she often treats straight through until midnight. She sometimes takes eleven or twelve patients a day.

"But Mary needs you so," the friend insisted. And that's Sylvia's weakness. If she feels that she is needed she gives her time and energy to extra girl and star alike. She feels that she has a mission in life. But she was adamant about Mary Lewis. She thought she could handle nobody else.

And then, one day, Mary came to her and she knew that it was necessary for her to take the singer.

Sylvia began her work and, as if by magic, the flesh disappeared under the tortuous treatment. For a massage from Sylvia is no Roman holiday. They pay a cruel price for beauty—these women who *must* be beautiful.

She rubbed and pinched and pounded. It was a long, agonizing process, but Mary Lewis had courage, and she stood it. Now she weighs about 128 pounds. But it was not alone her figure that stood the treatment. Sylvia changed that round, plump face into a heart-shaped one. She absolutely eliminated the protruding muscles, developed from singing, on Mary's jaw!

All during the time that she was working with her, Sylvia's enthusiasm was limitless. She talked about Mary on the Pathe lot.

She told how lovely she looked, and she did not allow her to take a camera test until she had finished her, until she had moulded her face and form as it should be moulded.

The two adore each other. Sylvia loves Mary as a mother loves a child. And why shouldn't she? Did she not create her loveliness?

Mary Lewis was too fat. But Constance Bennett was too thin. When the eldest Bennett sister came back to Hollywood from Europe she was ill and wan and weighed only 94 pounds. But even so, her face was too square. Sylvia moulded her face and, at the same time, she built up her body. Constance, radiant and beautiful, now weighs 112 pounds. She has never looked lovelier.

Marie Prevost came to Sylvia not long ago. She wanted to be made over so that she could make a come-back in pictures. But she took the treatments lightly at first and would not follow Sylvia's instructions.

"I won't take you," Sylvia said, "unless you do exactly as I say." And Marie knew Sylvia would carry out that threat, so she obeyed her after that without quibbling. For Sylvia is as temperamental as the stars themselves. She knows what she has to give. She knows that they need her more than she needs them.

Sylvia has found a surprising amount of courage among the stars. "They take the treatments like soldiers," she said. "For the most part they do not complain, and whenever they don't obey me they know I won't take them any more.

"I love the opera stars best because I'm so thrilled when I take off those ugly muscles on their faces. Mary

[ PLEASE TURN TO  
PAGE 126 ]



Sylvia doesn't limit her magic hands to rubbing off weight. Here she is relieving the comical Eddie Quillan of a pain in the neck



When Mary Lewis, opera star, came to Hollywood she was a bit heavy for films. Sylvia is taking care of that

# The Good-Luck Girl



*Want to be a famous leading man?  
Play opposite Marion Davies  
and fortune will smile on you!*

It wasn't until he played opposite Marion Davies in "The Cardboard Lover" that Nils Asther really became successful



Ralph Graves was just another nice-looking boy until he was given a wig and told to play opposite Marion in the spectacular "Yolandita." Then he was demanded for many good rôles



When Harrison Ford was cast as Miss Davies' leading man in "Little Old New York" his fortune was made. Producers sought him, and he was set for a long, successful career



Johnny Mack Brown's collegiate manner and good looks skyrocketed him to good jobs after his first big lead opposite Marion in "The Fair Co-Ed." Since then he has never lacked for real good rôles



Lawrence Gray wasn't going so hot, there for a time. But the romantic lead in "Marianne" with Marion fell into his lap, and since then he has been handed all sorts of nice jobs



Miriam Seegar  
and Reginald  
Denny in a scene  
from "What a  
Man!"

# DISCOVERED— Reginald Denny!

By  
Elaine  
Ogden

*The farce war-horse of Uni-  
versal gets bigger and better  
in the talkies*

**A**NY day now, if you're smart, you'll drop in to see a Sono-Art picture called "What a Man!"

It's a talkie farce, this baby—and a good one, packed with laughs from stem to stern. And in the leading rôle you'll see a handsome man wearing a chauffeur suit. His name will be Denny—*Reginald Denny!*

And if you're a real copper-riveted fan of the old school, you'll give three large cheers and be heaved out of the theater. For here is a veteran star of the pictures, living again and greater than any fan ever thought he'd be.

Reginald Denny, the old war-horse of Universal, has been discovered again by the talkies. He's shed ten years. He's busy, and he's happy, and producers are begging for him and his voice.

And here's the romantic tale of Denny's fall—and almost miraculous rise!

Reginald Denny knew he was through. Just completely washed up. Finished.

**H**E could, of course, go back to the stage in England. But his home is in California and so is the mountain cabin where he delights in entertaining his friends. He knew, however, that he could not keep on turning out bad pictures. His contract with Universal called for one year more, but suddenly, with one decisive gesture, he ended it. No money could pay him for being utterly bored with his work, sick and disgusted with his efforts. It was better to leave before the last year was finished. If he remained they might not even want him in England.

Thus Denny a few months ago.

For seven years he had been at Universal. Seven years grinding out pictures like so many cards of white buttons. Five pictures for five years. Then four a year. Farces. Light

comedies. The same characterizations. The same situations. The same bits of business. He felt guilty when he gave his occupation as actor to the census taker. He wasn't an actor, he was a mechanic.

**T**HEY called him temperamental. But Denny isn't that type. Too English, too conservative. He was fighting for existence on the screen. It was a losing battle.

Maybe you remember the last two pictures he made, just to finish out his program. They were called "Embarrassing Moments" and "One Hysterical Night." He knew they were bad, as you did. But you didn't make them. After all, they bore his name.

Once he made a final effort. There was a nice little story called "That's My Daddy" that he persuaded them to buy. While it was in the making he believed in it, but when he saw it completed he realized that the cutting and titles had ruined whatever charm it might have had.

"If this picture goes out like this I'll never make another," he said.

"But it's already been shipped to New York," they answered. "Then get it back," said Denny. "I'm not bluffing about being through if this is released!"

They brought it back. It was re-edited and Denny was fairly well satisfied. But upon its return to New York wires came from the home office saying, "This is absolutely the worst Denny film that has ever been made." Immediately Reg went to Carl Laemmle, Senior. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 147]

# *The Ugly Duckling Who*



**T**HIS girl has everything. Rare beauty of face—  
complexion, coloring, hair, features. A lovely  
figure. Beautiful clothes, which she wears beauti-  
fully. A happy marriage. A more-than-promising  
career

# Became a Great Beauty

Remember Pauline Starke, the plain little girl who played pathetic rôles in silent pictures? Here's the story of a Cinderella who became a beautiful Princess

By Janet French



**F**UNDAMENTALLY, she has remained the same. Mrs. Jack White, who rides in a Rolls Royce and entertains in a beautifully appointed home in Beverly Hills is, at heart, the little Pauline Starke who did extra work and bits for Griffith and drove a hard bargain for her first cheap fur coat "on time."

It is the outer woman, and not the inner, that has changed. In the old days you knew Pauline was a fine actress. You could look at her and tell she had pluck and will power and a capacity for hard, hard work.

But you never said, "Oh, isn't she beautiful?"

You called her interesting looking, perhaps, and at one time, when she affected a boyish bob, you might have added that she possessed distinction. She was never cast in lavish rôles where she wore gorgeous, glittering clothes, except once when she played in a very bad Elinor Glyn picture. She was invariably the brow-beaten, weepy heroine who, in rags and tatters, sat by the old hearthstone while the stunning blonde from the city walked off with her man.

And no girl has had more disappointments, professionally, more heartaches than Pauline. She achieved a share of success at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and when her contract expired there, she became as forgotten as the people who arrive first at parties.

And then suddenly, as suddenness goes in the unaware city of Hollywood, she blossomed out into one of the most beautiful of all the beautiful women in filmdom.

You gasp when she comes into a room. She wears her clothes so well. Her figure is so lovely. But most of all you notice her face, a softly radiant face, womanly and calm. A few years ago you might have damued that same face by saying, as you do when you're forced to look at an old family album, "Er—she has character."

**S**UDDENLY there was something more than character in Pauline's face. Suddenly it possessed real, vital, deep, fascinating beauty, the kind that makes Hollywood murmur, "Oh, isn't she too lovely?"

The ugly duckling has become so beautiful that it makes a lump rise in your throat when you look at her.

And what has brought about this change? How has such a transformation taken place?

There are two reasons for it. One is utterly material. That is easy to talk about. The other is as mysterious as misery. And that is hard to tell.

The almost tragic child Pauline Starke used to be—the little actress who had to be content with obscure parts and scant praise. After she married Jack White she began to develop into the lovely girl on the opposite page

The facts that meet the eye are these:

Pauline had often said to herself, as every daughter of Eve does, "I wonder how I'd look if I had blonde hair!" So when she was cast as a Norse maiden in "The Viking" and they told her she must wear a blonde wig, she said, "It would be better if I dyed my own hair and pinned on long braids."

**I**T was, of course, her own private alibi. She wanted to be a blonde for a while. The hair was dyed and, after several experiments, she decided upon a reddish-gold that does not look bleached and photographs a soft brown.

Her cheek bones are high and there are hollows in her cheeks, a natural formation of her face. In the old days cameramen used to worry over angles, for when her hair was black and was pulled out over her cheeks it accentuated the hollowness and cast a dark shadow. The reddish gold color doesn't do that. It takes away those hollows, for it does not contrast so severely.

Then she put on a little weight, which rounded out her figure. She took a great deal of care of herself, got plenty of sleep and outdoor exercise.

This is what she tells you when you ask what has brought about the change. But this isn't all. Just the dyeing of her hair, the putting on of a little weight, the acquiring of a transparent complexion, does not account for the glory in her eyes, the radiance that shines out from her.

When you talk to her husband, Jack White, he says: "Certainly Pauline is beautiful now, and I did it." That, in a way, is the answer. But the story goes deeper than that.

I recall one afternoon, several years ago, when I dropped in at Pauline's house to chat. Mildred Harris came in later and we had tea. Pauline looked over the table and said, "But mother, there isn't any lemon." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 143]

# Lucky Girl

By  
Grace Mack  
&  
Will Chappel

**I**NTERVIEWED in her Rolls-Royce, Miss Dawn said: "I think everybody is searching for happiness—don't you? Some people are just luckier than others about finding it."

"Yourself, for instance," said the interviewer. "You have *everything*."

"Yes," agreed the girl whose name had burned up thousands of amperes in front of theaters all over the country. "I—have everything."

Most of the time she convinced herself that this was true. Certainly she had every proof.

When she went into a shop they would sell her anything on credit, because she was Doreen Dawn. For her to wear an evening gown, a sports frock, a hat, was to *make* the designer of it. If she used a cream, a powder, a perfume, its success was assured.

Her repeated presence at a restaurant or night club guaranteed its popularity. One shrewd manager always kept a table reserved for her, and the orchestra had standing orders to play that popular waltz hit, "Doreen," the moment she entered.

Admiration trailed her wherever she went. "Lucky girl," they said when they glimpsed her blonde head through the windows of her limousine. Girls less fortunate stared after her enviously and longed to touch the ermine of her wrap.

Hers was one of Hollywood's Cinderella sagas—the story of an unknown girl who had found a short cut to stardom through marriage with a great producer. Ben Silvers' financial arms were so strong that with one gesture he had lifted her high up the ladder which the world calls fame. He idolized her. She had merely to look up at him from under those long plaintive lashes and say: "Daddy, I want this—or this—or *this*," and it was hers.

She loved him in a way. Had it not been for him, she might have been punching a time clock as a stenographer or a sales-girl. She might have been living in a dismal hall bedroom instead of the Spanish castle, atop Hollywood's highest hill. She was grateful for all he had done for her. She did, indeed, have



everything. But sometimes when the moon was full, sometimes when the pungent fragrance of acacia blossoms stole through her window, she wished that he were a few years younger, that the flesh on his cheeks were firmer, and that his mouth did not always taste of cigars.

The Spanish castle was his latest tribute to Doreen. "*Mediterranean*," the architect had called it. "*Illegitimate Castilian*" would, perhaps, have been more appropriate. It had that conspicuous richness which picture money buys so easily. Rare old tapestries. Soft velvet hangings. Antique furniture, some of it suspiciously Grand Rapids. Ornate bathrooms.

**B**UT, most conspicuous of all, was the swimming pool. "I want something beautiful and exotic," the great producer had told the contractor, "something with *class*—know what I mean? Something that'll make all these other pools around here look like a bunch of cheap swimming holes."

"Colored tile, I presume," said the contractor. "How about a cool jade green?"

"Green's too ordinary," scoffed the producer. "I want gold!"



Doreen, wearing her fantastic gold-sequined bathing suit, studied Clyde's girl. She wore a cheap little crepe frock. But envy stabbed Doreen as Clyde looked at his sweetheart

How lucky  
WAS this  
spoiled lit-  
tle queen  
who ruled  
all but one  
heart?

The contractor quickly took the cue. "Oh, something in the Greco-Roman style?"

"Now you're talking." Mr. Silvers' enthusiasm kindled. "Greco-Roman. That's what I want—with a gold fountain in the middle," he said. "And some nude figures up on top of the fountain, and a place below like a seashell where my wife can sit and let the water splash over her." He had confused Greco-Roman with *De Millean*.

THE contractor knew his racket. "The fountain will certainly be original," he agreed. "But, if you will permit me to say so, Mr. Silvers, you would secure a much more *exotic* effect," he purposely used the producer's pet word, "by placing it at the far end of the pool and on a higher level, so that the water cascades down the steps." He sketched a design on the back of an envelope to show Mr. Silvers just what he meant.

"O. K.," agreed Mr. Silvers, visualizing a miniature Niagara.

"Now about lights—I want colored lights concealed along the sides of the pool and on the bottom, so that at night the water will shimmy like waves—see?"

"Yes," agreed the dazed contractor, "lights would produce an iridescent effect. Of course you understand that will run into money—"

Mr. Silvers' shrug indicated this was quite unimportant. "No amount of money is too much to spend on a home," he said emphatically. "This place has cost me a hundred grand already, but what I mean is, no amount of money is too much to spend on a home."

The contractor agreed that anything for the home was a good investment.

And so Mr. Silvers' golden pool out-Romaned the Romans. Like a lake of clear amber it nestled in the velvety green of the hillside, and at night, when the lights were on, it shimmered with a phosphorescent glow.

But, ironically enough, the gorgeous girl whom Ben Silvers was glorifying could not swim!

Very decorative she was, in a bathing suit of golden sequins which would have been more at home at a musical comedy mer-

maid. She lolled in the hollow of the gold seashell, dimpling playfully at her admiring husband, as the water from the fountain cascaded. But the novelty of this soon wore off.

"Daddy," she asked at the conclusion of her first swimming party, "don't you think I ought to take swimming lessons?"

"Sure! I'll have a man here tomorrow."

At the Athletic Club, where the producer occasionally played poker, he found Clyde Berg, who had been recommended to him as one of the best instructors on the Coast.

"How much do you make here?"

"Twenty-five dollars for three afternoons a week."

"I'll give you thirty-five to come up to my pool and teach my wife, Doreen Dawn, how to swim."

Mr. Silvers merely noticed that young Berg was athletic looking and seemed to know his business.

Doreen was more observing. She first saw Clyde standing at the edge of the pool, clad in a one-piece tank suit. As she looked him over appreciatively, she experienced a thrill, new to her.

"This is my wife—Miss Dawn." Mr. Silvers introduced them.

"How-do-you-do," she said, trying to force her eyes from his supple, hard young body, so broad-shouldered, yet so narrow-joined.

"Berg here says he can teach you to swim and dive in ten lessons, sweetheart." Though he never went in the water himself, Mr. Silvers was attired in a black and green bathing suit and a batik dressing gown which gapped open and revealed his thin, blue-veined legs.

AS Doreen's gaze wandered to her husband, then back to Clyde, she was thinking: "God certainly does play favorites." Aloud, she said: "Do you think I will be an apt pupil, Mr. Berg?" She flashed him the devastating Doreen Dawn smile which had caused so many screen casualties.

Now that she looked at his face she saw that he had a clean cut, almost rugged beauty; a profile which might have graced a Florentine cameo, and unruly blond hair which fell into a crisp ringlet over one eye. Yes, he really was handsome—in an unstandardized way. She was acutely conscious of a desire to run her hands along the satin smoothness of his bronzed torso.

"I am sure you will be, Miss Dawn," he said politely. His eyes traveled from her face to her bathing suit; not boldly, but with a certain boyish shyness which amused and delighted

*The story of a lucky girl who had everything—but love*



As Doreen, yellow-haired, and wearing her famous suit of golden sequins, lolled on her throne beside the pool, she looked every inch a queen. But there was hunger in her heart

Doreen. Learning to swim was going to be much more interesting than she had anticipated. "But your suit," he said rather hesitantly, as though fearful of displeasing her, "I'm afraid you'll have to change to something else."

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Mr. Silvers before Doreen could speak. "Why, that suit cost me plenty. I had it specially designed for her. It took three women more than a month to sew on all those little gold scales. There's not another bathing suit like it in the world."

CLYDE did not need to be told that. "It's beautiful," he admitted, "but she can't swim in it. Plain wool's the thing to swim in."

Doreen, to her husband's surprise, was willing to change. "Mr. Berg ought to know best, daddy."

In a few moments she reappeared, clad in a regulation swimming suit. "That's better," said Clyde as she stepped gingerly into the shallow end of the pool.

Mr. Silvers lighted a fresh cigar, and lounged luxuriously in the gay striped hammock alongside the pool. He intended to see that his thirty-five dollars were well spent.

"The first thing to learn is absolute self-confidence in the water," explained Clyde academically. "You can't sink. Remember that. Now—just relax. Try to get the sensation of lying on the water—like on a bed. Head back . . . that's right. Bring the legs up. You *can't* sink."

The water was warm, but a slight shiver trembled down Doreen's exquisite body as Clyde's hand touched her bare back. She laughed nervously, lost her poise, and clutched at him as she felt herself going under. The lean, silky feel of a water otter could have been no smoother than Clyde's slim waist.

"Relax," he ordered brusquely. "Keep your hands at your sides—your legs straight out."

People simply did not order Doreen about like that. She looked up at him in astonishment.

"Try it again," he said; and she found herself obeying him.

"Don't you teach the breast stroke?" called Mr. Silvers, who thought it was time for more action.

"No—just the crawl," replied Clyde, directing Doreen over to the side of the pool. "Hang here with your hands," he ordered, "your face down."

He caught hold of her feet [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 156 ]



# They Think Alike!



He Likes Jazz Records

Garbo and Chaney, the Sphinxes of Culver City, are mystery twins

By

Cal York



She Doesn't Wear Jewelry

OF all the people in the world whose names would be brought together in analytical comparison, it would seem that Greta Garbo and Lon Chaney would be the very last.

And yet, strange as it may seem, they are curiously alike in so many respects that a weighing of their enigmatical personalities is inevitable.

To begin with, Garbo and Chaney occupy the most unique positions in the motion picture industry, both having carved niches of their own, won fame for characterizations so individual and distinct that their names have become dictionary synonyms.

Garbo neither answers fan mail nor sends fan pictures.

Chaney doesn't even read his fan letters.

Both Garbo and Chaney are as much a mystery in Hollywood as in Grand Rapids. They attend no parties. Shun premières. Make no personal appearances and see their own pictures only by sneaking in and out of darkened theaters to avoid recognition.

Garbo guards her private life jealously. Yes, her parents were obscure Swedish people. But that is all that is known of them. Chaney's parents were deaf mutes. And that suffices so far as he is concerned.

When Garbo finishes her day's work and leaves the lot, no one has the least idea where she may be found ten minutes or ten hours later.

Chaney takes off his make-up and, so far as the studio knows, vanishes in thin air until due on the set the next day.

**BOTH** look entirely different off the screen and could walk, side by side, down Hollywood boulevard in broad daylight without being recognized. Chaney, always modestly attired in a conservative suit, horned-rimmed glasses and a peaked cap, might be taken for a shipping clerk.

Garbo strolls in a rakish felt hat with a wide, turned-down brim, and cloaked in a mannish balmacan that

might proclaim her a nurse out for a breath of fresh air.

Both live in rented houses.

Both are thrifty, living economically, indulging in few luxuries not available to any working man or woman.

Both abhor ostentation.

Both are devastatingly frank in conversation and mince no words.

Both say "No" frequently and "Yes" seldom.

Both are more interested in work than anything else and are sticklers for punctuality, in arriving on the set promptly—and leaving promptly.

Both choose their friends outside of motion pictures.

Both are fond of the ocean.

Both keep entirely out of Hollywood news happenings.

Both are credited with enormous publicity space and neither has a press agent.

Both make themselves up and sit in story and costume conferences for their pictures.

Both like jazz phonograph records and newsreels.

Both drive the same kind of car.

Both are amateur photographers.

Both like raw spinach salad and anchovies.

Both are dog lovers.

Both are avid readers of good books.

Both study languages.

Both have secret telephone numbers.

Both hate jewelry.

## Lon Chaney and Greta Garbo

—have worked on the same lot for five years

—shun publicity and public appearances

—answer no fan mail

—admire each other's work

—drive the same kind of car

—love the sea and solitude

—dominate every picture they appear in

—live in rented houses

And Are Only Bowing Acquaintances!

**CHANEY** cannot, by any imagination, be called handsome and Garbo's famous profile is not beautiful according to accepted artistic standards. Yet both possess magnetic personalities that overwhelm any physical disparity.

It is a known fact in motion picture circles that Garbo and Chaney alone are perhaps the only two stars who dominate every picture in which they appear. No matter the story, [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130 ]

# NEWS!—VIEWS!— of Stars



While some people are still rummaging for last summer's bathing suit, Hollywood is plunging about in the ocean. June Collyer, now a Paramount actress, waving to come on in—the end of the pier is fine!

**E**VERYTHING is all sunshine and happiness at the Grant Withers-Loretta Young home.

The apartment is one of the most beautifully furnished in Hollywood and the bride and groom are as happy as if there had been no trouble over the wedding. What is more, Loretta's mother has forgiven all. The other day Loretta had invited guests over for dinner, but had forgotten that it was the cook's night off.

In a panic she called her mother, who came to the apartment and cooked the best meal that has been served there since the marriage.

Even Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young, her sisters, are reconciled.

**I**F it were not for the word "ironic" we'd just give up writing about Hollywood, for here's a real little sob story, even if it did have a happy ending.

When Grant Withers and Loretta Young came back from Arizona, after their elopement, Loretta's mother took steps to have the marriage annulled. That day Grant and Loretta were working in a picture together. They played love scenes, no doubt among the most poignant ever filmed, for they believed that their gorgeous happiness was crashing about their heads.



P. and A.

A spry little old gentleman who now finds himself, to his surprise, a king of the talking screen. Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss as they looked on their recent return from a holiday in Merrie England

Around Loretta's neck, on a ribbon, was her wedding ring. She could not wear it in the picture and she did not know then that she would ever wear it again.

They believed that the law was not to allow them to adore each other, but before the camera they might pour forth their love.

**C**ONSTANCE BENNETT and Eric Von Stroheim were doing a love scene in "Three Faces East."

"Now," said the director, "I want a little more hot stuff in this scene. Kiss her like you meant it, Von."

Von did.

They listened to the play-back.

"Wait a minute," said the director. "What was the snapping sound I heard?"

"That," said Connie, "was the third vertebra in my neck."

**A**LITTLE old gentleman—with a mincing step, and monocle in eye—came down the gang-plank of a trans-Atlantic liner in New York not long ago.

And a hint of a tear glistened in his unglazed eye.

The little old gentleman was Mr. George Arliss, whose amazing film success with "Disraeli" has almost made him forget his beloved theater. And the tear was in his eye because, for the first time in thirty years, "Hinky Bits Hail Columbia" was not along!

That (for Heaven's sake!) is the name of the Arliss parrot, probably the most beloved bird in the world. A harsh and unfeeling government has refused to allow pollys, pretty or otherwise, to enter this country since the psittacosis scare.

So Hinky-and-so-on had to be left in England.

# GOSSIP! — *By* Cal York

## *and* Studios



P. and A.

The spooks of *Falcon Lair*, Valentino's hilltop home, have been laid! A beautiful view of the house, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carey. Harry found out why the ghosts were so active there



P. and A.

Harry Carey, now living in *Falcon Lair*, the Valentino house, holding a spook-maker. Electricians found that hidden wires and batteries produced the weird lights and noises that haunted the house

"Here I am," Arliss told the press, "a broken-hearted man! I had expected to put a very nice play on the legitimate stage. Now I shall hurry to Hollywood, make a talking picture, and hurry back to my parrot."

But there was a twinkle in the eye of the little old gentleman as he told this to the press—with a very solemn face.

**O**H me, oh my! Do ambulances clang, doctors rush, and yes-girls scream?

Clara Bow cut her finger on a broken bottle while playing in a drug-store scene for her navy picture.

She was rushed to a hospital.

And the newspaper story gravely and naively said—

"Physicians thought they could save Miss Bow's hand from deformity."

**H**OLLYWOOD was having one of its silly nights.

Searchlights played on the heavens and swept the skies.

There were dozens of them. Ground was being broken for a new hotel!

A cynical old Broadway actor looked up at the sky.

"Ah well," he sneered, "another Hollywood mother is lighting the candle in the window for her wayward son!"

**A**T a quiet sanatorium away from Hollywood, Renee Adoree is trying to regain her health and strength.

She has been ailing for some months, and tried a trip to Mexico, but it didn't help.

She went to work in Ramon Novarro's latest picture, and a doctor was on the set with her most of the time.

Physicians say she will be all right if she rests and takes care of herself.

She will be at the sanatorium until August, at least.

Poor little Renee, who might have been one of the greatest stars.

Like the girl in Mike Arlen's book, "she is never let off anything."

**T**HE tantrums of Mae Murray and Pola Negri are now forgotten, for Hollywood has its Mary Nolan.

The Nolan girl has torn Universal limb from limb. She has passed fighting talk to everyone from Carl Laemmle down to the boy who waters the elephants. She has demanded, raged, stormed, and caused more trouble than a hundred ordinary actresses.

U had faith in her, and nursed her along, but an open break came during the making of "What Men Want," and Pauline Starke replaced her in the lead.

Mary Nolan has been hounded to here and back.

She's had a tough life, and the Frank Tinney trouble, when she was Imogene Wilson, would have completely licked a weaker girl.

Mary, however, stood up under the rough handling, and everyone's been giving her a hand for her success at Universal.



The smallest manicure set in Hollywood, and probably in the world, according to Sally Blane. Sally allows it can be palmed in the hand, worn around the neck as a pendant, and probably carried in the shoe. Handy, she says

Then, with bad advice from a gentleman friend and her own spirit of fight, the Universal trouble has come. It is now reported that things have been patched up, and that she will go back to work.

Mary Nolan has been making a big mistake with these bitter scenes.

She's not a big enough actress to get away with that sort of thing.

She is still showing promise, and that's all. If she's smart, she'll settle down and work hard, and get in the big money.

There's danger in all this temperament business.

Studios won't stand it now-a-days. A little more, and the Nolan will be out before she's really in!

**T**HE book "Ex-Wife" was banned from the screen.

They made it anyhow and called it "The Divorcee."

The billing reads like this: "Taken from a novel by Ursula Parrott." It doesn't say what novel.

And speaking of "ex's" reminds us that some old meanie has dubbed Clara Bow the "Ex-it Girl."

**W**ILL she be another Joan Lowell—expectorating figure-eights in the wind and learning to box a compass before she knows how to bead her eye-lashes?

That's what we're wondering about young Dolores Barrymore, the baby daughter of John and Dolores Costello. Before she was born, John, pulling hard for a son, announced that the infant would go nautical at an early age—sailing the South Seas with mamma and papa on the new *Infanta*.

Barrymore recovered quickly from his first shock at the sex of the new Barrymore, and was very pleased. The girl weighed seven pounds, nine ounces, when she made her earthly debut, and is said to be lusty.

Dolores is John's second daughter. His first, Diane, was born



A good look at the man lucky enough to be married to Evelyn Brent. The star and her director-husband, Harry Edwards, talking it over while having a spot of oolong and a few of the little beaver-board cakes so popular today

of his marriage to the lady whose pen name is Michael Strange, and who is now Mrs. Harrison Tweed, of New York.

**T**HE mystery that has shrouded for years the big house on the high hill is ended.

*Falcon Lair*, the castle in the clouds of the late Rudolph Valentino, was never haunted at all. An explanation for the weird lights that flashed on and off in the deserted house, the eerie tappings and the unearthly sound of wings in the dead of night, has been found.

The first tenant of *Falcon Lair* in four years, Harry Carey, has uncovered an amazing secret.

It all came about by the discovery of a maze of electrical wire that surrounded a chimney.

The wires were found back of a built-in bookcase and finally led to a bedroom below, and thence to a hitherto unknown compartment beneath the house.

In this room there was a large box, the terminal of all the strange wiring, quite independent of the house current.

**O**NE of the many caretakers in the strange history of this long deserted mansion was a spiritualist with a following. In the dead of night seances were held. During these seances the spirit of Valentino, garbed in his sheik raiment, was made to appear from a huge cabinet. The strange lights aided in the illusion.

Pale blue and green lights flashed mysteriously on and off throughout the house.

Another mystery was revealed when Carey found the source of the tapping and flapping of wings.

One day he chanced to find a door, overgrown by dank shrubbery.

When he opened it there was a rush of bats.

But even now when the mysteries are revealed there is a steady stream of sightseers to *Falcon Lair*.

Carey has been forced to keep the gates locked to keep out souvenir hunters.

However, the Careys are not overly-fond of the place, even when they know it isn't haunted. When their lease expires they are moving back to their ranch.

At least the mystery house has been given a clean bill of health.



Acme

Hollywood-bound, and full of smiles, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou stand on the deck of the *Majestic* and give the photographers both barrels! While in Paris, 'Dolphe made a talkie in French and English, and lost his appendix, too



Just about the prettiest picture of a pretty girl we could find among several thousand samples submitted by the glib press agents. This is little Helen Twelvetrees as she looks in Pathe's musical circus picture, "Swing High"

**C**HARLES "Big Boy" Bickford has been proving a handful around Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The trouble with Bickford is that while other actors were spending their film earnings for Rolls-Royces, he was investing his money in paying properties, like gas stations, fishing boats and markets.

The big red-head is so well-heeled that he can really afford to kick over the traces.

He doesn't like to hit the deck at eight in the morning, and if he doesn't care to work nights, he won't.

Metro delicately pointed out that his contract allowed for night work—whereupon Charlie offered to buy back the paper for \$100,000.

What's to be done with an actor like that? It puts the company on the spot, because he's been such a hit in pictures they don't want to let him get away to another outfit that will promise him bankers' hours.

It's all Bickford's fault for saving his money, and let it be a lesson to all actors!

#### **M**ONTHLY optimism note:

It is reported that Mistinguette, French music hall star famous for her beautiful legs, expects to startle Hollywood.

Listen, Misty! You might as well bring a half-dozen oranges out there, in a brown paper bag!

**T**HE Rudy Vallée hysteria, as this is written, continues to rage.

He still has New York women in a frenzy.

His book, "Vagabond Dreams Come True," kicked up dust. Men kidded it some, but it has had a grand sale.

Rudy and his band helped it along by playing concerts in big department stores, after which Vallée autographed copies.

His mother and dad attended one of these at Wanamaker's, and tears rolled down Pop Vallée's cheeks as the boy paid his respects to his parents in well-chosen words. Mother stayed dry-eyed.

Oddly—or is it?—Rudy receives more fan mail from mothers and middle-aged or young women than from the flaps. They want to mother him, probably.

It's all very nice.

**M**Y mushy old heart was taken way back, not long ago. Lou Tellegen got married, for the fourth time. And Geraldine Farrar, once the darling of the opera, gave out a statement to the press.

The Tellegen-Farrar romance, born in the Lasky studio in Hollywood fourteen years ago, was a sensation. They played together in big pictures.

She then ruled the Metropolitan opera.

But it didn't last. Tellegen, for the last few years, has been fussing around in unsuccessful stage shows. Age is creeping up on him.

And the beloved Gerry?

She's forty-eight now, and singing in concert—still beautiful, with her grey hair.

This is her only comment on the new Tellegen wedding:

"Tellegen and I have gone our separate ways. I have no interest in his marriage whatsoever!"

And that's all that is left of a mighty love affair of not so terribly long ago!

What a futile, silly sort of world it is!

**N**OW and then something happens in Hollywood that is just too much for Cal's calloused noodle.

The latest is Janet Gaynor's reported walkout on the leading feminine rôle in "Liliom."

Why she did it, if she did, Heaven only knows. The part, in this great Molnar play, is a plum [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



# What was *the Best* Picture



*It's up to you! Balloting begins this month for the tenth annual award of The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal, Filmland's Nobel Prize*

## of 1929?

**B**ALLOTING begins this month to choose the best picture released during the year 1929.

To the producer of the film so chosen goes the tenth annual award of The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor—the most sought after prize in the motion picture world.

What the famous Pulitzer Prize is to literature and the drama, The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is to the film world. But whereas the Pulitzer awards are made by juries of professional critics and of artists, the PHOTOPLAY Medal is given by your ballots alone. It is truly the voice of the people that chooses the best picture of the year.

It is your privilege to help make this great award. For your convenience a ballot is printed below. Use it. Below, also, is a list of fifty outstanding pictures released last year. Your choice is by no means limited to these. Any picture released during 1929 is eligible and the balloting for the award for 1929 is especially interesting and significant for two reasons.

First, it marks the tenth anniversary of the founding of this great annual event. No doubt you have followed the Medal awards, but to refresh your memories the honored list of splendid pictures is printed in the box at the right.

Truly a noble line of photoplays. Each, we feel, marked the high point of its particular year. The list is a graphic, concise history of the onward march of the motion picture. From the beautiful, touching "Humoresque" to the tender, rich "Four Sons" of 1928, the pictures have been worthy of the honor they have received.

Second, this year you will be called upon to choose the first talking picture to be honored.

In 1929 the motion picture industry was reborn, with sound. New values, new points of view, a new technique, all came in

with the microphone. New stars appeared in the photoplay heavens, and many of the old disappeared, or began to fade.

This adds a fresh tang to the balloting that commences with this issue. We feel sure that the same wisdom and good taste that you have displayed in making past awards will govern the choice of the first phonoplay to receive the Medal.

From the beginning we have asked that in awarding the PHOTOPLAY Medal, personalities be forgotten, and that all aspects of a picture be considered. The chosen picture should be preeminent in story, in direction, and in acting; it should be distinguished by the motive, intent and spirit behind its making.

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.

And now to the choice! May it be the worthiest!

### 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"

### 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 Reave 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. Cheyney, 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>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>                  |                                 |

### 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 \_\_\_\_\_

# "I'm No Ladies' Man!"



"And I can lick the guy that says I am!" thunders Mr. Dix

By  
Elliot  
Martin

Mr. Richard Dix, or "Knockout" Dix, in a belligerent frame of mind. His perfect bachelor repose—with pipe and slippers—has been shattered by someone calling him a sheik

WHAT touched it off was a perfectly innocent question I put to him.

"Tell me," I asked hopefully, "just how you knock all these gorgeous beauties dead like that? Just as man to man, what IS your—ah—technique?"

His pearl stud almost hit me on the chin as he stiffened.

"Tell you WHAT?" he asked, registering astonishment.

"Tell me what makes you such a sheik—such a lady-killer," I explained.

"Who? ME? Me a lady-killer?" he roared. "Say, what the hell are you talking about, anyway?"

"Well look here, Dix," I explained; "you know tootin' well that you've got the reputation of being one of the best catch-as-catch-can lovemakers in Hollywood. Why, I personally know of at least—lemme see—six girls you've been reported engaged to, counting the current one, and—"

"Now look here," thundered Dix, shaking his right forefinger under my nose; "you look here!! I'm sick and tired of all that—that—stuff. I'm fed up on being pictured as what I'm not! I've—"

"But what about Lois Wilson?" I peeped.

"We were just good friends, Lois and I. My 'engagement' to her was just another of these so-and-so lies that have gotten things into such a state that I'm even given the air at parties because husbands and brothers are afraid to have me meet their wives! I—"

"AND Mary Brian?" I ventured.

"—am NOT a lady-killer. I am—"

"Or Charlotte Byrd. Or Alyce Mills," I enumerated.

"—NOT a sheik. It's all wrong. Why, every time I turn—"

"And what about Marceline Day?" I insisted.

"—around, somebody or some press-agent or some reporter

or some gossip has me engaged to some other girl. Anybody'd think I have nothing to do but run around giving away engagement rings!!!"

"Why, even now," I told him, "the papers all over the country have you engaged to Maxine Glass, haven't they? Is it true?"

"I have nothing to say," said Dix.

"Which means?" I urged.

"It means that I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY!" he boomed.

"Oh, all right, all right. But what about this story I read about your slipping in unseen and hanging a diamond engagement ring on her Christmas Tree?" I demanded. "Was that true, or just a publicity stunt you pulled?"

"I," HE said, glaring at me like I was the villain in the piece and he the hero in the last act, "don't do things like that for publicity. That is a lie—a ump-ump lie!!" Only he didn't say ump-ump; he said two other words. "And what's more, we may as well have this out right now. I want you to get me straight.

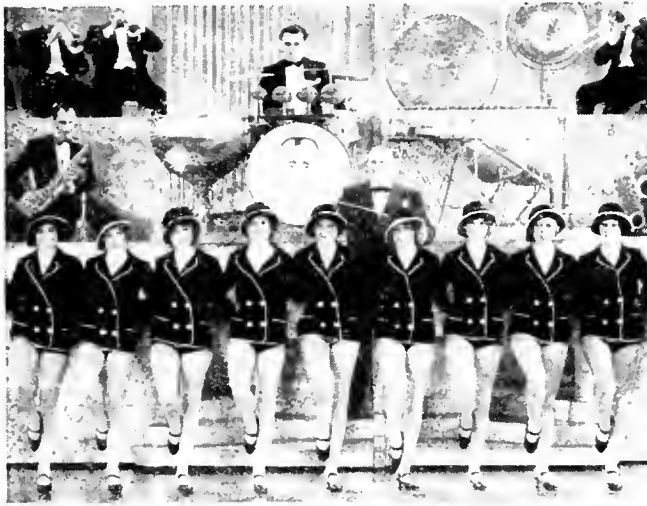
"All these stories about my being a lady-killer, and getting engaged to seventy-one girls and giving away a diamond ring every other week all belong in the same category with the press-agent hooley that's been peddled about until people think I'm so gooey that I'm sticky! Do I look like a sheik? Do I look like a sap? Do I look like a sucker? Do I look like a sheik, I ask you?"

"Look at this funny nose of mine. Look at this mug! Could I be a lady-killer with this?"

There being nothing to say, I said it. Dix went on.

"I'm fed up, I tell you. And I'm going to tell you some facts right now, and smash the daylights out of a whole lot of things that have been whispered and shouted and printed about me—stories about my personal affairs, and stories about my work.

"In the first place, I sort of believe that all this 'sheik' gossip about me dates back to my friendship with Valentino. This has never been printed before. Rudy and I became friends when he was getting five dollars [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



★ KING OF JAZZ—Universal

HERE'S that Paul Whiteman revue at last—and when fans fight over which revue is best, this will have heavy backing! Two factors greaten it—Whiteman's music, and the daring innovations wrought for the screen by Stage Director John Murray Anderson. In color, lighting, spectacle and photography he has opened new fields.

Items: Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" is tremendously played and pictured. How John Boles and male chorus sing that "Song of the Dawn"! Gorgeous beauty in the Wedding Veil sequence. For sheer spectacle, the Melting Pot finale can't be beaten. Jeanette Loff blondely lovely; John Boles lustily vocal; William Kent freshly comic. Whiteman's Band is great!—and those Rhythm Boys . . . ! If you like revues—oh boy!



★ THE BAD ONE—United Artists

IT'S a far cry from "Ramona" and "Evangeline" to "The Bad One," but after seeing this we have decided that original stories are better for Dolores. This is one by John Farrow. It gives Del Rio an opportunity to win back any friends she may have lost on former pictures, for she retains all the "What Price Glory" fire, without its vulgarity. Fitzmaurice has directed delightfully.

An adventurous, romantic story, laid in cosmopolitan Marseilles, with Del Rio giving a daring characterization of a café girl. She is again teamed with Eddie Lowe, who sings as delightfully as does Del Rio. She dances, too, to Berlin's "To a Tango Melody." No wonder Eddie Lowe never has one minute's vacation—he's so versatile. If you are fed up on musical shows, thank your exhibitor for this. A treat.

# The Shadow Stage

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

## A Review of the New Pictures



★ JOURNEY'S END—Tiffany Productions

A PICTURE of such poignant beauty that words can be but feeble praise. A picture of stark tragedy, ruthless but human. A picture that will grip you as perhaps no other has done. "Journey's End" is a magnificent milestone in motion picture history. Not for weak hearts, and too gruesome for the little ones.

Another war story, yet like no other that has gone before, it will be the sensation of the screen just as the play has given new life to the legitimate stage. The stage production has been seen in many countries, and played in many tongues. Now it comes to the screen under the simple, sympathetic direction of James Whale, the stage director who launched it in London.

Situations so tense as to be almost unbearable are relieved by virile humor, never forced. The locale is a front line dugout under bombardment. It is the last few, grim hours before the advance of English troops. Raw nerves, tender memories of home, fear, grasping at every straw to forget thoughts of death beyond.

Colin Clive, of the original London company, is superb as *Captain Stanhope*. It is a tempered, balanced performance, building to a terrifically dramatic scene when his friend and first lieutenant is killed in a raid. Anthony Bushell is splendid as *Lieutenant Hibbard*. Others who score are Billy Bevan, Ian Maclaren, David Manners and Charles Gerrard. "Journey's End" is unforgettable.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

JOURNEY'S END      ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT  
KING OF JAZZ    THE BAD ONE    THE DIVORCEE  
ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

## The Best Performances of the Month

Colin Clive in "Journey's End"  
Anthony Bushell in "Journey's End"  
Lillian Gish in "One Romantic Night"  
O. P. Heggie in "One Romantic Night"  
Marie Dressler in "One Romantic Night"  
Jeanette Loff in "King of Jazz"  
Dolores Del Rio in "The Bad One"  
Edmund Lowe in "The Bad One"  
Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"  
Lew Ayres in "All Quiet on the Western Front"  
John Wray in "All Quiet on the Western Front"  
Alice White in "Show Girl of Hollywood"  
John Boles in "Captain of the Guard"  
John Barrymore in "The Man from Blankley's"  
Al Jolson in "Mammy"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 152*



★ ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT—United Artists

**B**IG news this month! Another first-line star of the silents blooms on the talking screen—not only with an excellent phonoplay voice, but in an entirely new character!

Not a fan in the country suspected the existence of the Lillian Gish who sparkles through this romantic comedy. Not only is she beautiful—she is alluring, fit to set the heads of prince and commoner awhirl. Her voice, in quality, is first rate. Her speech is a model for all American actresses, in that it is utterly without affectation. It is purest American, as contrasted with that of the poorly equipped girls who fake an English accent with disastrous results.

You may gather that "One Romantic Night" is a personal triumph for Lillian Gish, and it is. This tale of the love of a princess and a serious young tutor, with a young prince and a marriage of state hanging over the romance, gives the star a chance to be beautiful, gay and gently sad. The whipped, woeiful Lillian of other days is pushed aside by a new, vivacious person. Her playing is a model for high comediennees.

She is aided by excellent performances by O. P. Heggie and Marie Dressler—two fine actors who always rise above a weak story. Conrad Nagel plays the tutor with some distinction—Rod LaRocque does the prince with none.

Lillian Gish's first talkie performance is truly distinguished. It makes a visit a delightful obligation.



★ THE DIVORCEE—M-G-M

**T**HEY banned the book "Ex-Wife" from the screen. But it was quite all right to film "The Divorcee" and the strange thing is that whereas the book, although it sold hugely, was not what you might call a classic, the picture is.

This has turned out to be a problem piece, as neat an essay on marital unfaithfulness as has been made in Hollywood. It sets Norma Shearer at the very top of the acting class. It gives Chester Morris a chance for another swell performance. The direction is as subtle as the scent of orchids and the clothes are gorgeous.

You won't forget this picture and you'll undoubtedly go home and have a good long talk with your spouse. But more important, you'll be amused and held spellbound until the last reel. Don't miss it.



★ ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—Universal

**T**HIS picture is so faithful to Remarque's sensational book that it is foolish to quibble over trifling disappointments. The efforts to screen this powerful portrayal of the effects of war is a huge undertaking and almost certain to fall short of perfection. Not a real master-picture, but it does give a realistic story of the war experiences that happen to any youth. The daily intimate experiences are impressive, the battle scenes tremendously dramatic.

Lew Ayres plays the young man around whom the story revolves, and his part is a difficult one. Only in spots does he betray his inexperience. Excellent characterizations by John Wray, Russell Gleason, Billy Bakewell, Louis Wolheim and Ben Alexander. The picture is only slightly less gripping than the book. This is a great compliment.

# Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

**SHOW GIRL  
IN HOLLY-  
WOOD**—First  
National



**CAPTAIN OF  
THE GUARD**  
—Universal

**A**LICE WHITE'S best talkie, without a quibble! McEvoy's story of the adventures of a little New York show girl in movieland fits this cute child to perfection, and she plays it grandly. A lot of interesting back-set stuff, with plenty of laughs in the satire on studio ways. Some magnificent Technicolor, and a song or so. This is first-rate entertainment, in spite of a soggy spot or two.

**T**HEY went and spoiled a thrilling and massive picture of the birth of the *Marseillaise* with some trite, gooey bits, and a jumbled story. But its thundering mobs race the pulse, and John Boles sings superbly and acts well. Laura La Plante does what she can with a part that doesn't fit. Charles Wakefield Cadman supplies some good tunes. Stunning in spots, but it might have been great.

**LADIES  
LOVE  
BRUTES**—  
Paramount



**THE MAN  
FROM  
BLANKLEY'S**  
—Warners

**T**HE title gives this away, and when you realize that your favorite, George Bancroft, is the star, you know what to look for. As a crude but wealthy builder, his efforts to acquire culture prove both hilarious and pathetic. Mary Astor is the charming inspiration. There is a thrilling fight, worth the price of admission, and novelty in that Bancroft loses the girl. Good entertainment.

**F**ANCY the great Barrymore profile in slapstick comedy! Then, if you feel you can bear it, see his amusing portrayal of *Lord Strathpeffer* who, blinded by London fog and befogged by English ale, attends the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides the love interest. But it's John's picture and John's little joke, and we refuse to take it seriously. But he's a swell *farceur*.

**YOUNG  
DESIRE**—  
Universal



**SPRING IS  
HERE**—First  
National

**I**T moves at a fast pace, there is color in the carnival scenes, and it ends with a thrill. "Young Desire" tells the conventional story of a circus girl who loves a rich boy, but it is treated unconventionally. The thrill comes when the girl casts herself from a balloon to her death. Mary Nolan gives an excellent performance, while Mae Busch, Ralf Harolde and William Janney are good.

**A**T last Ford Sterling gets a chance to do his stuff in a very big way, and Louise Fazenda gives a priceless characterization as the hen-pecked wife. Beyond this, the picture is an average musical comedy. The featured players are Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray. Both these people have lovely voices, and all the music of the original show is retained and well recorded. Excellent entertainment.

# The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**SAFETY IN NUMBERS—**  
*Paramount*



**PEACHES-AN'-CREAM** for the Buddy Rogers fans. The other three or four people in America will probably like it, too. Buddy plays a \$25,000,000 heir who's put by his worldly-wise uncle in care of three good little "Follies" girls for an education. He gets it, and one of the girls for good measure. Buddy sings a half dozen songs. One number is headed for a hit. It is called "The Pick-Up."



**MAMMY—**  
*Warners*

**AGAIN** Al Jolson, one of the world's greatest entertainers, arises above his story to make an entertaining movie, singing good Irving Berlin songs. "Mammy" is a minstrel piece, with good performances by Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser backing up the star. Louise is the mammy. A good spot of Technicolor, and some tunes that leave the theater with you. Good Jolson!

**CAUGHT SHORT—**  
*M-G-M*



**MAYBE** people can snicker now at the stock market crash. That incomparable pair of funsters, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, are rival boarding house keepers who play the market and lose all. Some of the comedy is feeble, but there are wildly hilarious moments. Marie has most of the funny answers. Anita Page and Charles Morton are the lovers. You'll enjoy the good, rough fun.



**ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE—**  
*Radio Pictures*

**VEILLER'S** "Chatterbox," which Fay Bainter made popular on the stage, comes to the screen without loss of charm. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are sweethearts in real life and that may account for the fact that they make this one of the most delightful crook pictures that has come out of the sound rooms in this talking era. Ben bids fair to exceed his former popularity, while Bebe is at her best.

**RUNAWAY BRIDE—**  
*Radio Pictures*



**MARY ASTOR** is so lovely and charming you forget that this is a clap-trap melodrama which tries to be a light comedy and fails. The rich society girl elopes with the rich society boy who turns out to be just a cad. There are murders and thieves and a string of \$50,000 pearls. Just one thing after another like that. Lloyd Hughes is pleasant, and Natalie Moorehead—well, there is a gal.



**THE CUCKOOS—**  
*Radio Pictures*

**CHECK** your critical goggles and roar at this nonsensical musical comedy. It features Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, who hit a screen high in "Rio Rita." It's a big show, too, with all the trimmings, including some elegant playing by Dorothy Lee and Jobyna Howland. You'll take home one fine tune, "I Love You So Much." But oh, what laughs! Great for spring fever. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 161]



# 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





Mannatt

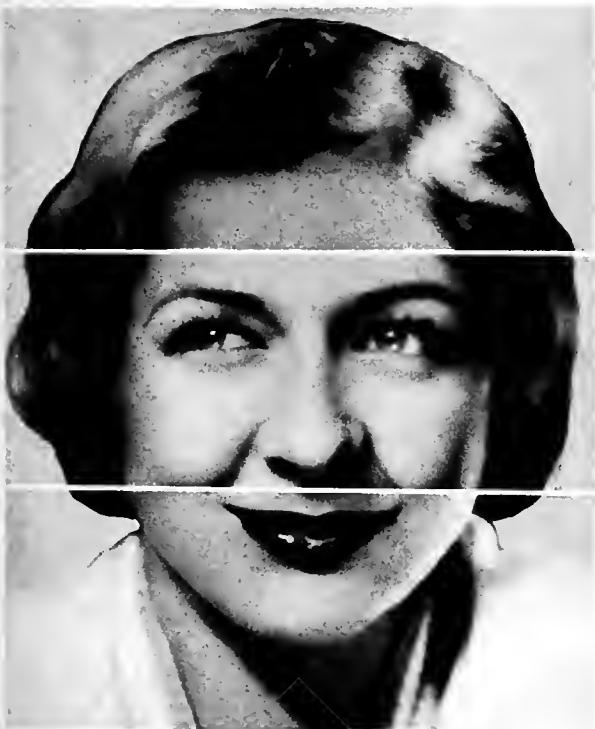
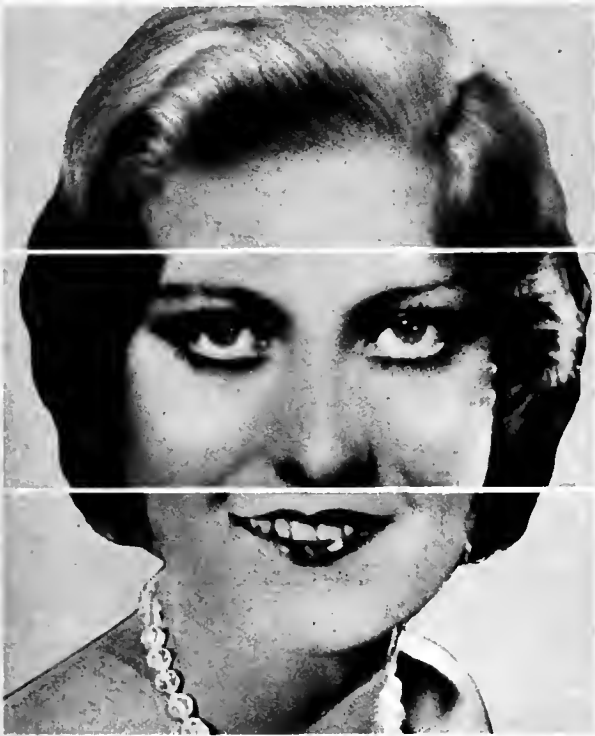
"SWINGIN' IN THE LANE," as sung and swung by Marion Davies and Lawrence Gray in a scene from her new picture, "The Floradora Girls." Seated on a cluster of arcs you will see Mr. Harry Beaumont, the director. He represents The Thirsty Thirties, we suppose. Note that the mike swings with them

*This Way to Cut Puzzle*



*Turn Over*

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



Upper

The hair was a Wampas star some years ago,  
The eyes are a bride of a year;  
The mouth made her hit in a talkie, and she  
Will go a long way, never fear!

Lower

The hair—despite much opposition—was wed,  
The eyes are a director's wife;  
The mouth was a dancer upon the legit,  
And PHOTOPLAY published her life.

Upper

The hair's name is Spanish, but not on the screen;  
The eyes from a Mormon state came;  
The mouth got a coveted part, which she sang,  
And it brought her considerable fame.

Lower

The hair is dark red, it's just one of her charms,  
The eyes in the East first saw light;  
The mouth has two sisters as lovely as she,  
For one family that scarcely seems right!

## RESUME

*Two of them are blondes, and three of them are wed,  
And one is reported engaged;  
And two, through their marriage, got into the press,  
And were—we'll tell the world!—well front-paged . . .  
All four have light eyes, and just one hair of brown—  
And one girl was born in a Southwestern town*



Upper

The hair is from England—from London, no less!  
The eyes from Al Smith's city came;  
The mouth had his birth in the middle Northwest,  
And his screen name is not his right name.

Lower

The hair hails from the Sunflower State;  
The eyes went to high school and college;  
The mouth is twice married, a daughter has he,  
And his work combines talent and knowledge.

Upper

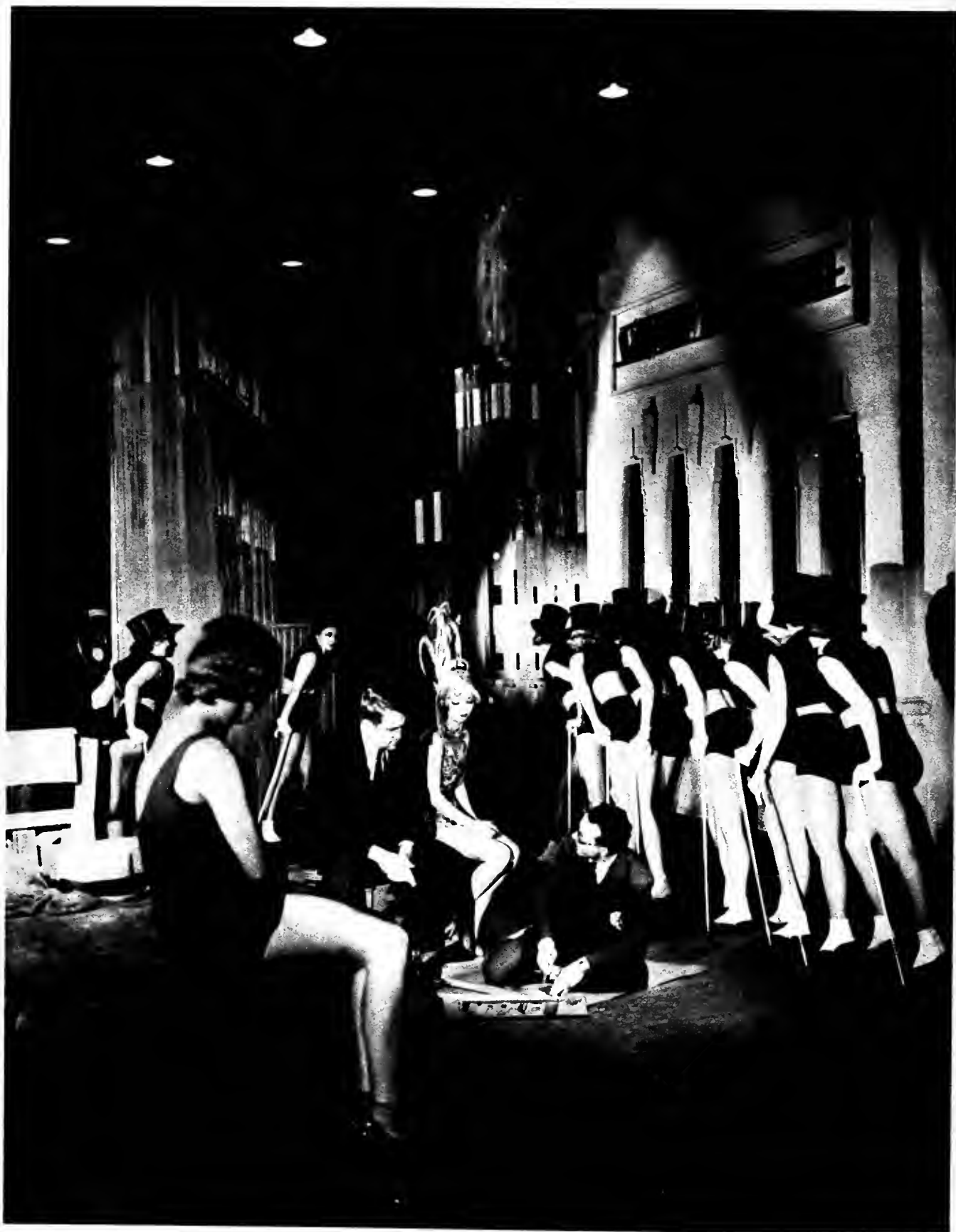
The hair was with Griffith for quite a long while,  
The eyes are as black as the night;  
The mouth has appeared on the stage, overseas,  
And five feet, eleven's his height.

Lower

The hair is unmarried—they say he's engaged—  
The eyes own a swell talkie voice;  
The mouth studied writing in college, but he  
Made the movies his permanent choice.

RESUME

*Two men are six-footers, and one slightly less;  
And three are decided brunettes—  
And two are unmarried, although they're the sort  
That no sane girl ever forgets!  
One man's faced divorce and remarried; and one  
Who was married just once, has a daughter and son.*



**Y**OU would be surprised at how much technical preparation is required by camera-and-microphone revues. Every step must be carefully planned. Here's Director Cline and his dance director telling Alice White just where to move when the camera and orchestra start on "Sweet Mama," which, from the looks of things, will not be exactly a Chautauqua affair



# He has The Girls Gasping!

By

Miriam Hughes

Hollywood's belles are tinkling  
about Walter Pidgeon, who  
charms as well as he sings

WHAT causes those loud huzzahs I hear echoing up and down Hollywood Boulevard?

Did you notice that not-so-well suppressed excitement over the luncheon tables at the Embassy Club?

What is that rustling noise? Why, that's all the powder puffs in the film capital scurrying over all the ladies' noses.

Why are all the feminine heads together and all the feminine tongues clacking?

Don't you know? Haven't you heard? There's a gentleman in town! An eligible one! An unattached one! In the city that has been called (and rightly, too!) a manless town, such a phenomenon is the event of the more or less social season.

In the hamlet that harbors the aloof Mr. Colman, the inaccessible Mr. Powell and the much-married Mr. Gilbert, Walter Pidgeon has created a sensation.

Name sounds vaguely familiar, doesn't it? Saw him in a couple of silents some years ago, didn't you? Or was it two other handsome men?

He was, like John Boles, neglected by the silent "drama." He has just come into his own along with the microphone. He's the toast of the film colony. Directors of musical films cry for him. Just a few short months ago he couldn't get a job. Now he has more than he can do.

Wait until you see him and hear him in "Bride of the Regiment." Now he's doing the lead in "Mlle. Modiste," and pretty soon he begins work in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

However, it is not alone his professional activities that interest us (and you, too, madame). I know you won't believe me when I tell you about it so if you'll send a self-addressed, stamped envelope I'll furnish signed affidavits to the effect that:

He is tall—six feet something or other—remarkably handsome and always well-tailored.

HE is consistently gallant, is never at a loss for a *Beau Brummel* phrase, but in no way suggests the smart-cracker.

His home is one of the most perfectly appointed and smoothly managed in the hills of the Beverlys.

His wines are excellent although he, himself, has never tasted them.

He is as natural as the key of C, and as charming as a Barrie hero.

Walter has the finest head of hair of any man on the screen. And here's his secret—he never washes it!

He keeps his scalp clean and in the pink of condition by brushing it several times a day. He uses an extra large brush with bristles of whalebone, about an inch and a half long. And he has been doing this for years.

He is still young, thirty-two or three, I should say, but is quite past the bounding juvenile stage (I'm sure that even at seventeen he was not a juvenile).

He is always master of himself in any situation whatsoever.

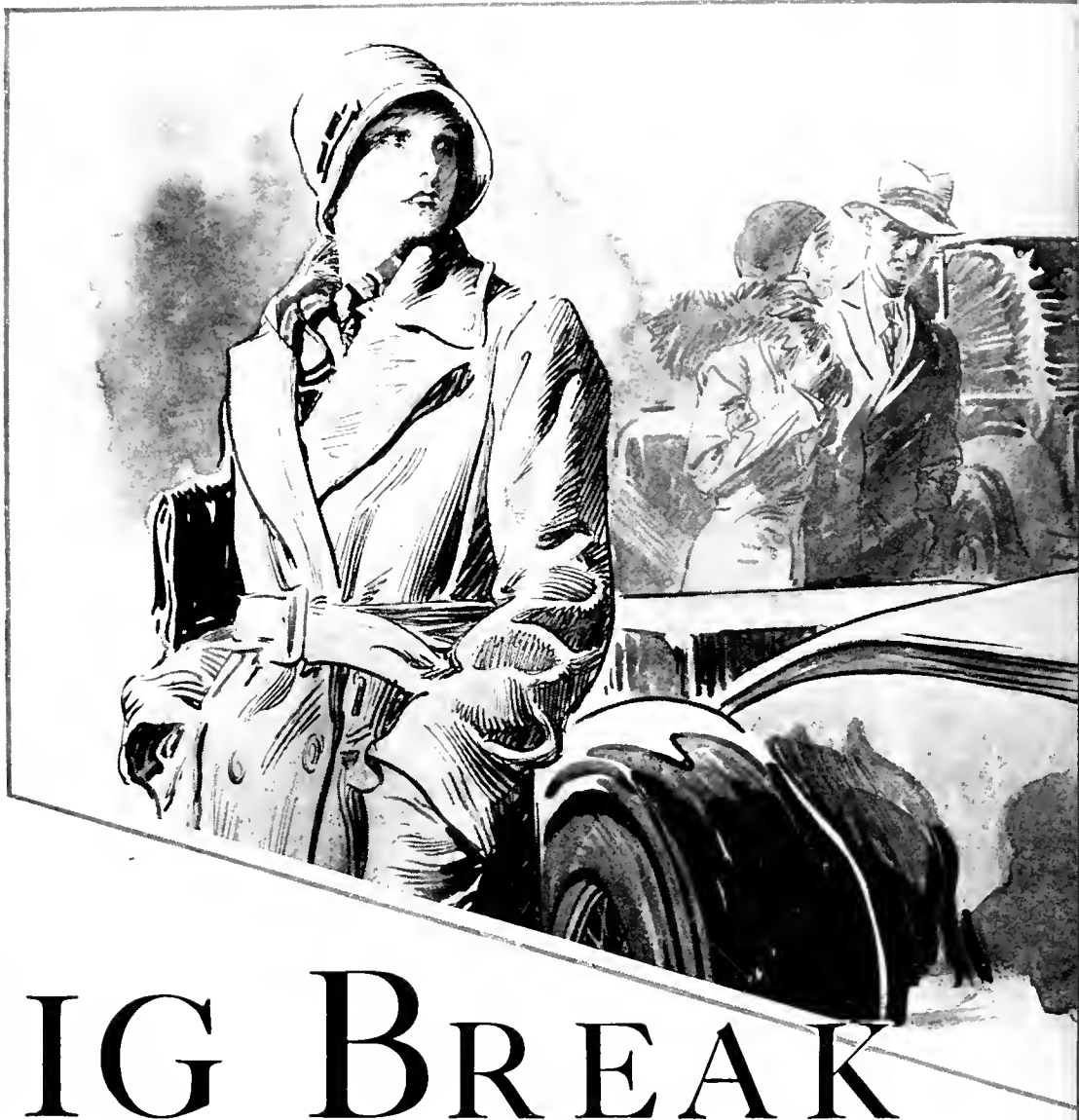
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 145 ]



Walter Pidgeon, like John Boles, is a singer who gave up his voice to be a nonentity in silent pictures. Then, again like John, the microphone gave him his big shot. Now he's a hit in singies, and a social lion!

The

# BIG BREAK



THE one year Mildred Cooley had bestowed on herself to make her way in Hollywood had stretched into three, and with her trunk packed and her mind made up, Mildred was going home the next morning.

Three years and not even a screen test. Not even one luncheon at the Montmartre, not a glimpse of the Coconut Grove or the Blossom Room. Not a single director had as much as looked at her, and toward the end there had even been a dearth of five-dollar extra work.

As she sat alone in her very small apartment on this, her last night, she could name not a single soul in Hollywood who might be called a friend, not even an acquaintance who would be interested in hearing her say good-bye.

It was 8:30, and Mildred decided to take one last stroll on the first and last thing she had loved in Hollywood—the Boulevard. It was a gorgeous night, the air heavy with orange blossoms, and the Hollywoodland sign blinking happily.

If anyone had bothered to look at Mildred, he would have noted she was really a very lovely girl. She was almost beautiful this night as she walked languidly along, her big polo coat wrapped about her carefully cultivated slenderness, her blue eyes full of unshed tears, and a ninety-eight-cent cloche perched on the red hair of a shade that is peculiar to Hollywood.

She was in the always damp and perfumed block where the Hollywood Hotel stands when she heard a horn softly sounded. It had been so long since Mildred had been honked at by anyone but delivery boys that she didn't turn. Again the horn sounded insinuatingly. She turned, and drawn up close to the curb

was Paul Lenclos, idol of half the girls in America and Europe. "Hello," said he, opening the door of his roadster. "I've been looking for you all over Hollywood."

Now Mildred knew all about Paul Lenclos. His amours, current and past, had been an interesting topic on many a set, for scandal concerning those high in the profession is the breath of life to a Hollywood extra. Yet even at that moment she assured herself that he was the handsomest man in the world.

"How could you be looking for me?" asked Mildred. "I don't even know you." No girl living would have missed an opportunity to at least talk with Paul Lenclos.

"Of course, I was looking for you—I'm lonesome, and I've been looking all over town for a pretty little girl—and you're the prettiest little girl in Hollywood."

MILDRED knew he had been drinking, and that Paul Lenclos would never be searching the streets of Hollywood for someone to assuage his loneliness if he were sober. Nevertheless, she was thrilled as she had never been thrilled before.

The scent of orange blossoms seemed to grow sweeter, and, after all, it was her last night in Hollywood. The tears she had been keeping back all evening started to fall. She tried to walk on, but he held her back.

"You're lonesome, too—why, you're crying! Come on, darling, and we'll comfort each other."

Slowly they drove out along the Boulevard, toward Beverly Hills. Paul didn't pay much attention to Mildred. He seemed more interested in listening to his own lengthy dissertations on



Mildred turned. In the car was Paul Lenclos, the star. He opened the door invitingly. "I don't know who you are," he said, "but I've been looking for you everywhere. You're the prettiest girl in Hollywood!"

By  
Eleanore Griffin

*The most charmingly  
ironic tale that ever came  
out of Hollywood's mad  
pursuit of fame*

the sadness of life. Finally he began to deliver dissertations in French, and Mildred returned to her own sad plight. After all, the one thing she had wanted of life was to be an actress. And tomorrow she was returning, a failure, without ever having had a chance. A shabby and almost hungry failure, to boot. As she considered the past three years she concluded that this ride with Paul Lenclos was the only event that in any way approached the colorful, and he seemed to have completely forgotten her presence.

WHEN he finally glanced at her, it was to make known the interesting fact that he was hungry. Then he started a long argument with himself as to whether his hunger should be appeased at one of the many roadhouses in the environs of Hollywood, or whether he would prefer to dine at his home. He decided in favor of his home, and turned the car about.

Mildred decided to leave her disinterested host when they again reached Hollywood, but when they arrived at the corner on which she planned to say good-bye, one glance at the smooth and dusky contour of his cheek had an effect that made her want to see the adventure through. By this time tomorrow anything that might happen would be but a memory, she thought, recklessly.

They climbed the narrow streets of Whitley Heights, which looked as Mildred imagined villages in Italy must, and stopped at a green gate in a white wall over which red roses drooped.

"Well, here we are," said Paul as he helped her from the car in a most impersonal way.

"Any calls?" he asked the little Japanese boy who opened the door. Yes, there were many calls, and all from women. The most beautiful and sought after women in Hollywood.

They had supper on a little table before the fireplace. It was the sort of supper Mildred had always read about—caviar and champagne, and across the table Paul Lenclos. She didn't like caviar, and champagne was a disappointment, but just to look at Paul was feast enough for a lifetime, she felt. However, she couldn't flatter herself that she was making much of an impression. He hadn't even asked her name.

Once during the supper he looked at her and said, "You know you are a very pretty girl. How old are you?" And for the first time since she arrived in Hollywood, Mildred told the truth, "Twenty-four." He returned to his caviar.

"I'm leaving Hollywood tomorrow for good," she vouchsafed after an interval of silence.

"WELL, maybe you're wise," was all the response Paul offered. He didn't care to know where she was going, where she had come from, what she did, or who she was. Mildred sighed audibly, remembering that time on the set, when, dressed in dirty peasant rags, she had stood in the mob and cheered Paul as he passed on a white horse. How even the most blasé extras had been affected by the scene.

How remote he had seemed, and how much more remote he seemed now, though she was [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 154 ]

Pretty Constance Bennett tells our Katherine Albert how she would whip, wheedle or coax a half-dozen Hollywood he-men

**I**N order to hold a husband—if one wants to hold a husband—a woman must be amusing, and have charm, a sense of humor and intelligence.”

Thus spake Constance Bennett over her demi-tasse. She had just returned from Paris with trunkfuls of new clothes, a new contract and a new divorce. Does any woman want more? Is there, after all, anything else that life has to offer?

Constance Bennett is as chic as monogrammed note-paper and as sophisticated as black velvet and diamonds. Hers is the true sophistication that masks itself behind a pair of naive eyes and doesn't flaunt itself nor get in her golden hair.

Daughter of the famous Richard Bennett, who has never been what you might call bucolic. Divorced wife of Phil Plant, dashing young millionaire. Center of a coterie of friends. You, too, could have a coterie of friends if you were as worldly as Connie. A coterie goes hand in hand with Paris gowns and modern novels and bacardi cocktails.

# How I Would Manage Six Famous Husbands



“If I were married to Eddie Lowe,” says Connie, “I’d manage him just as his wife, Lilyan Tashman, does!”  
That’s real praise!

And there she sat, the picture of everything that she should be the picture of, a young divorcee discussing marriage. “Aren’t those four things really all that a woman needs to make a success of marriage?” she asked.

“Oh, do be specific,” I said, for I’m that kind of a person. I like to know that if all the paper rosettes used on lamb chops were laid end to end they’d reach from the Algonquin to the Montmartre and that in the United States last year 89,675 college sophomores had 89,675 raccoon coats re-lined.

But Connie turned those blue, blue eyes upon me and went on, “Oh, all right. If I wanted to hold a husband I’d rather submerge my own personality. Not, mind you, to bolster up his ego. No man needs that. He was born with ego or he wouldn’t be a man. I’d simply submerge myself a bit to make things go smoothly.”

“And what would you do with a sense of humor?” I asked. “I used to have a sense of humor myself. It seems, if I re-



Miss Bennett says she’d keep just as far from his professional life as possible, were she the spouse of Richard Barthelmess

member correctly, that I once laughed at a man when I saw him in a ridiculous situation.

“After that I became just so much flotsam and jetsam on the sea of life.” “Certainly,” said Connie, “and it served you right. The sense of humor must never manifest itself. It’s for your own protection. To fortify yourself against all your husband’s absurdities. You mustn’t laugh at men. At least not before them. Save those laughs for evenings when he’s at the club.”



“John Barrymore must be the Head Man of the family,” Connie says. She thinks he likes a good listener, and lots of real comfort



handle him in the same way as you'd handle a man like—well, Ronald Colman."

Connie knit her brows. They're probably the only things she has knit or ever will. "No," she said, "I guess you're right but only in a broad sort of way. I'd still want to be charming, intelligent, amusing and have a sense of humor, but I'd apply these differently to meet the needs of each man."

"All right," I said, "go ahead. How would you manage six different men? How would you be the successful wife of, say George Bancroft, Ronald Colman, Richard Barthelmess, Jack Gilbert, John Barrymore and Edmund Lowe?"

Connie settled herself comfortably, lit another cigarette and began.

JOHN BARRYMORE

**"To hold a husband," says Connie Bennett, "a woman must have charm, humor, wisdom!"**

**W**ELL, there's John Barrymore. Certainly he's a man in whom you must submerge yourself. When he sits down to tell a story you must listen to the story. You mustn't, indeed you mustn't, burst out with, "When you're through with that one now I'll tell one." You must put his interests first. He must be the most important member of the family.

"John's a man who needs and demands comfort. You must look out for that. If I were married to him I would have a



If Miss Bennett were Mrs. George Bancroft, she'd act "the little woman," she says. Lots of clinging-vine technique for George

You include all men in your remarks. You imply that every man may be managed like every other man."

"Well, in a way, that's true."

"It isn't," I said. I was sort of in a huff by this time. "Anyhow, I've no intention of believing you. Don't tell me that if you were married to George Bancroft, for instance, you'd

"I'm tired," I said, "of hearing women like you go on about husbands. The trouble with you is you're getting normal again.

Connie Bennett would treat Jack Gilbert like a four-year-old boy, if she were his wife. She'd suggest, rather than domineer



Ah, Ronnie Colman! If Connie were Mrs. Ronnie, she'd be very circumspect, because she believes him to be a real one-woman man

smoothly running home. I'd never have any hitch in the domestic machinery, but I'd never ask his advice about how to run the house. I'd never let him in on the inner workings. Although Jack likes a home and hates going out to big parties, he is really not a domestic person. I'd never, never tell him about

the troubles I'd just had with the cook or that the butler couldn't seem to make the salads right or that the second maid was in love with the milk man. Although Jack wants to be master in his own house, he'd never want the real 'little woman' type."

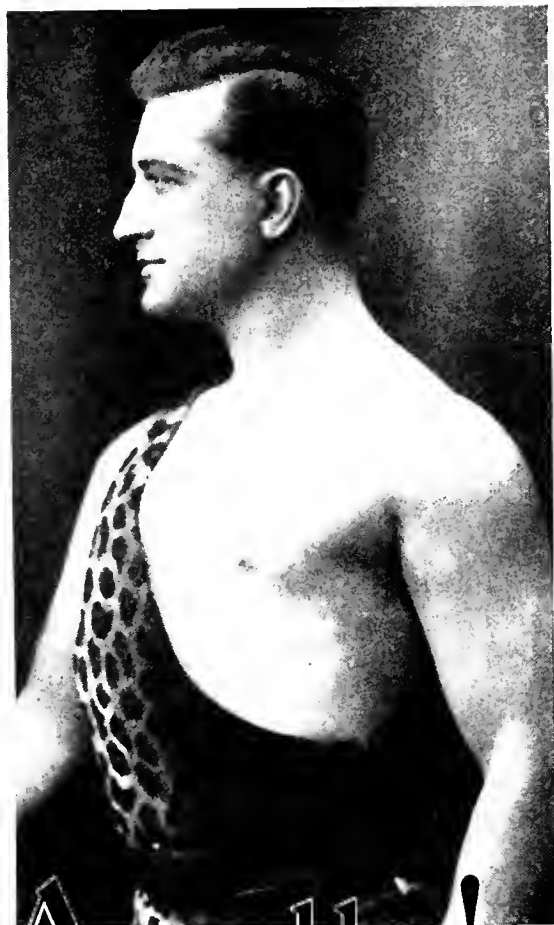
GEORGE BANCROFT

**B**UT George Bancroft—ah, I'd certainly play the little woman for him!

"I'd take a great interest in all his affairs and learn to listen and listen and listen. Oh, I'd be [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124 ]



Big George Bancroft, left, carefully inspects the male beauty of Francis X. Bushman, so ardently adored fifteen years ago. And the title of George's new picture is "Ladies Love Brutes!"



# Goodbye, Apollo!

By Tom Jennings

**W**HATEVER became of the fair young maiden with the cherished chromo of Sir Galahad, that hung in the honor spot in her boudoir?

She's writing scented fan letters to George Bancroft, Al Jolson and Jack Oakie. A year ago it was "Buddy" Rogers, Nils Asther and Charles Farrell. And before that it was Francis X. Bushman, William Farnum and J. Warren Kerrigan.

Something pretty terrible to contemplate has happened to this Greek God business. If Apollo and Adonis ever showed up at a studio they would be put to work shifting scenery from the stage back to the prop room. Without any warning whatever the boys with the profiles and the dreamy eyes have been given a race for the money by gents with little or no claim to manly beauty.

Blame it, as you will, on talking pictures, or the new long skirts, the past year brought some surprising changes in public fancy.

No longer does the hero have to be an apple-cheeked youth, and with-the-strength-of-ten-for-his-heart-is-pure. He can have a face that a mother would need dark glasses to view with any equanimity. And he can be all sorts of a dirty cuss, if he

reforms before the picture ends. Let the chips fall wherever chips are supposed to fall, but the answers to a maiden's prayer of the year past have not been the matinee idol type.

George Bancroft draws the flaps to the box-office in droves. They like Lon Chaney. Jack Oakie is the new boarding school delight. Maurice Chevalier is another white hope. The sweet young things are for a Victor McLaglen rough-house, or Al Jolson songs about "Sonny Boy," and "Mighty Oaks from Little Acorns Grow."

These lads are the ace-high heroes, despite the fact that George Bancroft has been a pretty tough *hombre* in his pictures. Lon Chaney is about as romantic as the Congressional Record, and Al Jolson always seems to be in some kind of cinematic mess, what with going to jail and such things. Victor McLaglen, in the fillums, is ardent enough, but even Pollyanna would know that he was out for no good. And Jack Oakie, perhaps the most sensational juvenile discovery of the past year, would not be chosen by Elinor Glyn as a sexy hero.

Youthful beauty and grace of person is no longer strictly necessary for screen success with either sex. It is strikingly true in the case of the men. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

*Rough-hewn faces supplant the chiselled nose in the hearts of the fans*



Film idols, 1915 and 1930 models. At the left is Victor McLaglen at his toughest; at the right, J. Warren Kerrigan of pious movie memory

# Glory By Proxy

*Laura Hope Crews helped Gloria Swanson to new fame in "The Trespasser"*

By Harry Lang



She Breathed Her Genius Into Gloria Swanson

HERE is an unusual story, indeed.

It is of Laura Hope Crews. It reveals for the first time the odd—and splendid—thing that has come to pass for her.

Literally brought up on the stage, actress since before the dawn of the century, she never in all those years quite satisfied her own ambitions as an actress.

Now, almost overnight, she has achieved brilliant success in a strange field—as a motion picture executive. And here is the most interesting facet of the whole thing—those very hopes and ambitions she is now satisfying, not through her own acting, but through that of Gloria Swanson!

"I probably will never go behind the footlights again," she tells you. "All my own ambitions I seem now to have centered in Gloria Swanson. All I ever hoped for myself, I feel I want to do for her."

It's at the Pathe Studios in Culver City, where Gloria makes her pictures, that you'll find Laura Crews. She has a tremendous office. But there's nothing stagy about it. It's business, not show.

"Just what is your title?" you ask her.

"I haven't any. I just have a grand contract. It covers everything," she explains. "Producing, acting, writing plays, finding plays, coaching."

It's not for Swanson alone that Laura Crews functions. There are Helen Twelvetrees, Constance Bennett, Ann Harding—for all of these she reads plays and advises and suggests. It is said, and not denied, that nothing is produced at the Pathe lot unless she first has been consulted, and approves. There isn't another woman in the industry with a post as powerful and as important.

Yet, with all this achievement, it is not of herself but of Gloria she prefers to talk. In Gloria, she is utterly wrapped up.

"She is wonderful. A won-

derful actress—and a wonderful woman. She is intelligent. She understands. She is not a puppet—to accept directions or suggestions blindly. You give her a suggestion, and she gives you back better than you had in mind when you suggested."

It was not Swanson, nor Pathe, that brought Laura Hope Crews to Hollywood. It was Norma Talmadge, seeking the best coaching talent she could find to help her with "New York Nights." In Miss Crews, she felt she had found that talent and experience. Born in San Francisco, making her stage debut at the age of four at the old Baldwin Theater there, Laura Crews lived for the theater from then on. In 1900 she went to New York. For two seasons she was with the Murray Hill Stock Company, a famous organization. Then she joined Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann."

Then came the contract to which she attributes the first great portion of what she has learned in the theater—a ten-year-long association with Henry Miller. "The Great Divide," and "My Husband's Wife" were two of her outstanding plays of this period.

Then came more good fortune—association with John Drew, and later with David Belasco. Subsequently, she played opposite Leo Deitrichstein, and after that with the Theater Guild. "Mr. Pim [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Gloria bids good-bye to her son—the most touching scene in "The Trespasser." This talkie brought Miss Crews her vicarious glory

*Filmland is over-populated with camera-wise kidlets who know all the tricks*



P. & A.



The famous Watson film family. Left to right, Papa and Mamma, Coy, Vivian, Gloria, Louise, Harry, Billy, Delmar and Garry. At left—Garry doing his well-known impersonation of Al Smith

believe that if but given the chance, they would make Davey Lee look like a second-rate character actor.

Davey Lee, by the way, was arrested three or four times while on his vaudeville tour. The complaints have something to do with

the child labor laws. He was also sued for breach of contract. And he's four years old. But he receives a big salary.

Some 2,239 children applied for permits to work at the Board of Education last year. Out of the lot only seven per cent worked more than seven days of the year. So don't bring the little one to Hollywood!

The children who do work, the ones of whom the directors are sure (an unknown child, by the way, is a bigger gamble than an unknown leading woman), keep busy.

It is the director's job to make them act. It is the mother's task to keep them simple, natural, docile and unspoiled. These requisites are much more important than beauty. Comparatively few of the regulars are radiantly beautiful. The little dolls you see parading up and down the boulevard are, for the most part, hangers-on.

It is surprising that the picture kids (and I'm not considering the Jackie Cogans and the Davey Lees, about whom you already know), brought up in the hybrid atmosphere of the studios, should be like every other kid.

They're a trifle brighter, perhaps, are usually a little ahead of their grades in school. Perhaps only their standard of interest is changed. It is much more thrilling to them, for instance, to watch a fire engine siren down the street than it is to see Mary Pickford. It is more fascinating to talk to a street car motorman than it is to talk to Douglas Fairbanks. And it

**W**HEN the golden-haired angel child takes the right hand of his film mama and the left hand of his film papa and lisps out, "Don't you nevah quarrel no moah" in the last reel of the pictures, somebody in the audience murmurs, "Oh, isn't he adorable?"

And the visitor from Iowa who happens to be on the set when the scene is filmed murmurs, "Oh, isn't he adorable?"

And later on some fatuous lady stops the angel child on the street and says, "Weren't you the little boy who was so adorable in such and such a film?"

Is it any wonder that the kids sometimes turn out to be spoiled brats with prop courtesies and prop smiles? But the wise mother of an infant prodigy works over-time at keeping the little money maker unspoiled, for at the first sign of conceit, the director looks about for another child.

And there are plenty of children in Hollywood whose parents



# DON'T Bring Your Child to Hollywood

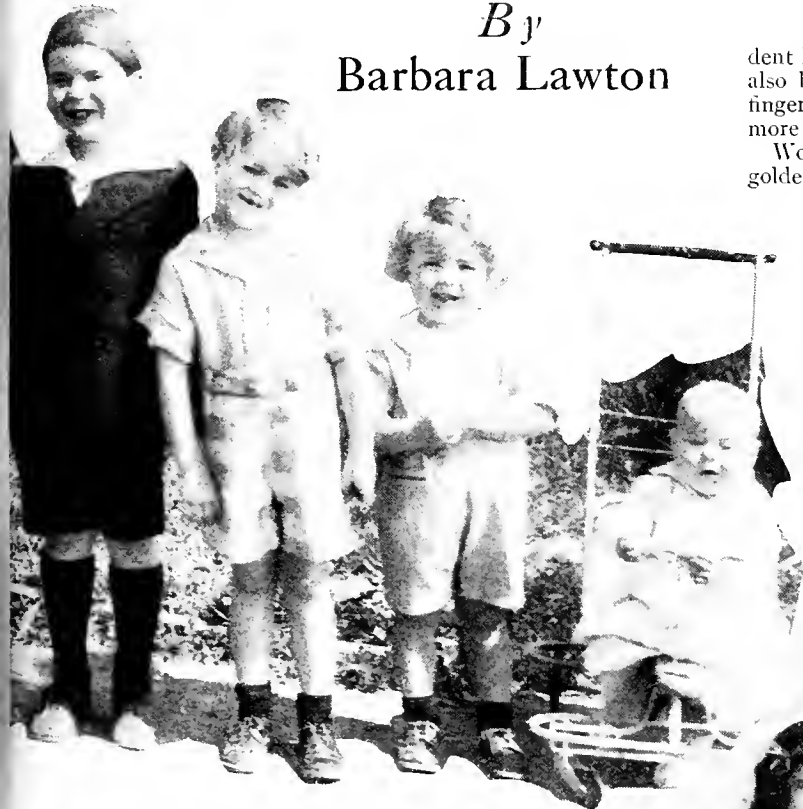
By  
Barbara Lawton

dent little faces suffer through various popular ditties. I've also been pursued until if anybody so much as pointed a finger at me I'd shout, "No, no, I don't want to see any more children."

Word sort of got around until my life was a burden and golden-haired babies would tug at my skirts while fond mamas asked, "Are you the young lady from PHOTOPLAY who is writing about the children in pictures?" I finally got to explaining that I didn't speak English.

The children of the adult picture stars are kept from the public eye. They are shielded, sent to private schools and kept out of the studios where their parents work. The child who actually earns his living in pictures must be kept before the public, the director, the casting director and any others who might help him get a job. This is the mother's task.

You see the combed and brushed picture kids wherever you turn in Hollywood. The mothers put them on parade, keep them on the alert, when they are abroad. When [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 148]



The Watson tribe, above, ranges in age from Coy, sixteen, to Garry, seven months at the time this photo was taken. All appear in pictures, their careers being managed by Pop Watson, who used to work in the studios

is more exciting to attend the public schools with a lot of other children than to be privately tutored on the set.

But little David Durand's ambition is to be a lieutenant in the aviation service and Jane La Verne, judging from her assortment of baby dolls, is going to turn into a Grade-A mother. So there you are.

Certainly they're as hardy, perhaps more so, than the average child, for the Los Angeles laws require that they be thoroughly examined by a physician once every three months. Certainly they are not beaten and scolded. It stands to reason that a mother isn't going to wear her meal ticket down to its warp and woof. Nor are they pampered darlings. Little Muriel McCormac, that amazing twelve-year-old child in "Dynamite," has a certain set of daily chores to do like any other twelve-year-old.

The only difference between them and other children is that they make a lot of money. Some of them support their parents. Others have their money put away for them in trust funds for their education.

I've talked to a number of the kids and their mothers. I've listened to innumerable xylophone solos, heard innumerable recitations and watched ar-



The Johnson family, one of filmland's brightest. Left to right, Camilla, Cullen, Kenneth, Carmencita, Dick Winslow and Seesel Ann. All are true troupers



**D**RAW in a little closer, folks! We'll let you in on a studio secret. This is the way the picture magicians make those thrilling snow scenes—sometimes. At any rate, here is Patsy Ruth Miller skiing along fit to break a leg, for the benefit of the Warner cameraman. The snow is the nice synthetic kind. But the skis are real—and so, oddly enough, is Patsy Ruth

# He Didn't Know How!



John Murray Anderson, who directed "King of Jazz"

But John Murray Anderson taught old movie dogs new tricks in making "King of Jazz"

By

Harry Lang



Paul Whiteman, big star of Universal's big revue

**F**IVE months ago he knew absolutely nothing about making moving pictures.

Then they came to him and said: "See here, you. We want to make a picture that will make everybody in and out of moviedom sit up and yell for more. We want to do things with color and cameras and sound that have never been done before. We want to spend a million or two on it. We want you to direct it!"

Sounds crazy, doesn't it?—just like walking up to a paper-hanger and saying to him: "Say, we're going to produce a grand opera and we want you to be the star."

But it wasn't like that, exactly. You see, the man to whom the amazing proposal was made was John Murray Anderson—though a tyro in movies, one of the outstanding stage revue producers of the age.

Anderson was flabbergasted at the proposition. He knew his ignorance of movie-making.

"Well," he finally said, "you're taking an awful gamble on me. I don't know a thing about pictures. If you want to be that crazy, though, I'll go. But I've got to have absolute charge of the picture!"

"O. K.," said Universal. And so, strange as it is, they gave outright command of making a two-million-dollar movie to a man who didn't know any more about it than an Eskimo knows about sausage-grinding in Bavaria.

And what a picture John Murray Anderson has just finished! You probably know about it by now—the Paul Whiteman "King of Jazz" revue. It takes sound-screen revues by the scruff of the neck and yanks them leagues forward in progress.

This story is about some of the things John Murray Anderson has accomplished in "King of Jazz"—and his own explanations, reasons, ideas and philosophy. For while it's conceivable, though hardly probable, that you won't like the picture, it's nevertheless certain that you'll be amazed at it. And you ought to know about them.

In the first place, the "tricks"...! Camera tricks, sound tricks, doubling tricks.

Anderson doesn't believe in this Hollywood hush about that sort of thing. He believes that the picture fan is intelligent enough to realize that if a picture is great, it's great no matter what was done in the

studio to make it so. He doesn't "shush" everybody who tries to tell how this or that effect was produced. He tells you himself, and then tells you how it made the picture better.

And so he tells you that every musical number in "King of Jazz" is "ghosted." Another word for it is "dubbed." That is to say, the sound and the picture were shot at different times. When you see and hear Whiteman's band playing from the screen, or the *Rhythm Boys* hot-voicing it, you may as well know right now that the music or song you are hearing was recorded at an entirely different time and place than the picture in which you see them producing it!

Why?

"For two reasons," Anderson tells you. "In the first place, Whiteman, master of modern jazz music, felt that all sound recording should be done under the most perfect possible sound conditions. You can't get perfect sound conditions yet on a stage while you're shooting a big scene. There are poor acoustics, extraneous noises, the bad effect on the musicians produced by the watching off-stage workers.

**A**ND so when we made the sound-tracks we made them separately from the picture, just as we'd make phonograph records. We concentrated on making as perfect a record as possible. And we got sound results that will be evident to any hearer instantly.

"After we had the sound we shot the scene. With the sort of rhythm music in this picture, it was comparatively easy to get perfect synchronization. I defy anybody to detect, when 'King of Jazz' is seen, that sound and sight were *not* shot simultaneously.

"Another thing—the fact that the sound was already recorded when we made the picture gave me, as director, the same latitude the old-time silent picture director had. Though I was directing a sound film, I could nevertheless talk as much as I wanted to during shooting of the picture. Stage workers could make as much noise as they needed to; cameramen, technicians could all work undisturbed by the cramping necessity for silence. We were unhampered—and the result, I believe, shows as definitely in the excellence of the picture as in the perfection of the sound."

Anderson tells you about camera tricks. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]

**T**HE Paul Whiteman picture, "King of Jazz," almost turned out to be another "Hell's Angels" for cost.

Universal hired Paul and his band before they had a story. Then they tried to write a love story around big Whiteman. Hollywood roared. Thousands of dollars dribbled out, and still no picture.

Then they hired John Murray Anderson, stage revue producer, who knew nothing about pictures.

Well, the "film ignoramus" has finished "King of Jazz." It cost \$2,000,000, but Universal says they'll get their money back.

Read this story of John Murray Anderson and his \$2,000,000 beauty!



Ruth Harriet Louise

**T**HESSE two pretty girls are not, as you suspect, sorority sisters talking about last night's "date." Believe it or not, they are mother and daughter. The lacy blonde, of course, is Leila Hyams, and the other is her mother, Leila, half of the noted vaudeville team of Hyams and McIntyre

# Three's A Crowd!

By  
Marquis  
Busby



Just as Polly Moran and Mark Busby were settling down for a jolly chat about the Einstein theory, that vampish Marie Dressler came in and began wooing him with caviar

## Our "Lone Wolf" is almost lured from Polly Moran by that Dressler Siren

POLLY MORAN was sitting, hunched-up, in the corner of William Haines' upstairs living room, looking exactly as if she had swallowed a woolly worm.

"I've got indigestion something terrible," she moaned. "If it had been anyone but you I'd called off this date."

I sympathized. There's nothing more unpleasant than indigestion—unless it's red flannel underwear.

"It's really a swell break for you," she continued. "I couldn't eat a thing for dinner. I'll be about the cheapest date you've ever had, and here I was all set for a steak smothered in mushrooms. It's all on account of that dill pickle I ate before breakfast this morning. Now I should know better than to eat a dill pickle before breakfast, and with my stomach. But they looked so good, and with such handsome warts on them, I've been sitting around home all day hanging on to a hot water bottle."

When Polly and I made the date she suggested that we go out calling, ring doorbells and tear off mailboxes. It would be a change from premières with June Collyer, evenings at home with Lupe Velez, Anita Page and Jetta Goudal, and dance places with Margaret Livingston.

An evening spent calling on Polly's pals promised a million laughs. Polly is a born comedienne, the life of every party, and her friends are just as gay. For general convenience all the way around we agreed to meet at the house of William Haines.

POLLY and Bill are the greatest friends. In fact Bill himself would rather step out with Polly than a whole season of Wampas Baby Stars. And, it's more than likely that Polly is invited to more parties than most of them combined, at that.

"I'll bet you never saw a house like this before," said Polly, boosting Bill's stock.

Bill tried to look modest.

"You get the personality of the owner the minute you come in."

Polly began to brighten up in a few minutes. The tummy ache didn't hurt quite so much after a few Haines wisecracks.

The friendship between Bill and Polly, pretty well publicized

recently, is not always understood by the fans.

They seem to believe it is a firm, romantic attachment.

"I got a letter from a fan the other day," Polly said, "and she wanted to know what a handsome young fel-

low like Bill saw in a funny dame like me."

"It's your girlish figure," replied Bill.

Bill likes to further the impression of a romance. When a new fan writer comes to Hollywood, not familiar with his penchant for joking, he mentions the fact that he is engaged to Polly—"she's one of the Morans of Virginia, you know."

Polly and Bill together showed me over the house. It is a beautiful place.

"Just look at this wall paper in the dining room," said Polly. "You've never seen anything like it. It's hand-painted."

THE paper presented lovely landscape panels. One panel in particular caught Polly's eye. It was a high bridge, with a woman and child crossing over. Underneath the bridge was a hungry-looking crocodile, showing all of his teeth.

"That's 'Peg' Talmadge carrying little Norma," she informed me. "That crocodile looks familiar, too. I've seen that smile before. Oh, yes, I know. It's Roy D'Arcy."

From Bill's place we drove up to Marie Dressler's. We took Polly's car. She said no one could find the place except her chauffeur. Marie's house is on a winding hillside street. The dwellings are built flush with the street. You step from the car at the doorway, and climb a long flight of stairs to the living room floor. It is all very foreign, like a narrow, old street in Italy. Polly calls the place "Marie's Italian flat."

Marie herself met us at the door.

"You'll have to excuse the way I look," she explained. "I was tired this evening, so I just put on this *peignoir*."

"They're still wrappers to me," Polly volunteered.

Marie's maid brought in a big selection of *hors d'oeuvres*. There were caviar ones, devilled eggs with little pearl onions in the center, and some with tasty white fish. Polly calls them "those little biscuits."

"The fish ones are good," Polly said. "They are made from that whale they just caught down at Long Beach."

Perhaps if you've seen the Polly [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]

# The Stars' Two Faces—



W. E. Benton, character analyst, tells what he finds in the faces of four more stars



A conventional studio portrait of William Haines, upon which Mr. Benton bends his analyzer, with the results shown on either hand. This is the good-looking, clowning Willie we know on the screen. See what Benton finds



This is the left, or subconscious, side of Haines' face. Benton finds that it shows the alert, athletic, somewhat combative side of the nature of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer playboy

The right, or conscious, side of Wild Willie's face shows his sensitiveness and colorful personality. This is the Haines that appreciates and enjoys all the niceties of life



Buster Keaton's face, shown here in all its mournful glory, is going to surprise you. This portrait of little Sad-Pan is the one Mr. Benton chose for purposes of tricky analysis



The left, or "hidden," side of Buster Keaton's rather sad face. This, according to Benton, shows his humorous, friendly, talkative side. This Keaton would go for amiable teasing

The right side of Buster Keaton's face—the one the world knows best. This shows a quiet, thoughtful—even tragic—little fellow. But he has a keen sense of balance and proportion

# And What They Tell!

**T**HIS is the way Mr. Benton does what he calls character analysis by the face, as presented in these striking composite pictures. The right side of the face, he says, shows the conscious side of the subject, while the left displays the subconscious, or hidden characteristics of the person. He has taken a picture of each star, cut it in half, and has photographed two right sides and two lefts together. The results, with the original photographs used, are here published. This is the third and last of a series of these unusual experiments with the faces of our favorites. While PHOTOPLAY holds no brief for Mr. Benton's method of analysis—haven't these trick pictures been interesting?



The picture of Mary Pickford upon which Mr. Benton chose to operate with his little pocket analyzer. A pretty portrait of America's Sweetheart, taken at the time of "Coquette"



The right side of the Pickford face—that best known to her army of fans. It has all the sweetness, tenderness and charm that we have learned to associate with her screen rôles



This is the left side of Mary Pickford's face—the one we do not think of. This is Mary's aggressive nature—firm-jawed, businesslike. It shows Pickford to be a grand fighter



The left side of the Fairbanks face, the "hidden" side. This is the more tragic, more subdued, more artistic side of his face. Did you ever think of this part of his nature?



Douglas Fairbanks staring straight into the camera's eagle eye. A popular pose of Doug, whose strong face Benton takes apart in the two striking pictures shown on either hand



The right side of Fairbanks' face is the aggressive, business-like, keen-minded side—the Doug that is vigorous and fond of sport, both personally and for his pictures' sake

Child Movie Star: "I warn you, dad! One more smack and I cut your allowance!"



# Reeling Around with Leonard Hall

## The Gentlemanly Usher

*The gentlemanly usher with his gentlemanly bow  
And his Chesterfieldian manner, is the cat's pajamas now.  
His uniform's immaculate, without a spot or speck,  
His smile is simply lovely, and he pains me in the neck!*

*The gentlemanly usher glides before me down the aisle  
And snaps to smart attention in a military style.  
How splendid is his bearing! How pleasing is his glance!  
And how I'd like to swing my foot and kick him in the pants!*  
—Berton Braley

## With a Leer

Life says that its idea of real news would be if a lion shot Martin Johnson. . . . Mae Murray, as you know, has been suing Tiffany films for \$1,750,000, charging all sorts of high crimes and misdemeanors. Tiffany professes not to be worried. "Just Miss Murray's annual spring suit," says the Tiffany attorney. She filed it in plenty of time for the Easter Parade. . . . Feed box information says that Paramount theaters are selling \$500,000 worth of candy a year. From what I hear when I go to the Paramount, New York, I judge that about \$498,000 of that comes from the sale of peanut brittle. . . . Rob Wagner says that this is Hollywood good-fellowship—"Pal, if you ever need a friend, come to me! I'll look around and see if I can dig one up for you!" . . . English talkie joke, with thanks to "Punch"—Visitor at talkie studio: "What's that little man doing over there with the pop gun?" Director: "Ah, he's a very important guy around here! He's the noise in the big champagne orgy!" . . . Speaking of punch, Jim Tully, hobo-novelist-pugilist, is now writing dialogue on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. They also employ a fellow named Gilbert. Oh, boy! When they meet in the commissary for lunch, how the lettuce-leaves will fly! Clara Bow has a French double, Mireille Perrey, who is a musical comedy hit. Of course, we shall accept nothing but the original Brooklyn brand of it.

## The Gag of the Month Club

This month's prize of a slightly soiled Roxy usher's uniform goes to a dialogue writer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who did the speeches for "The Woman Racket." Two girls are emerging from one of these stuffy night clubs, where the atmosphere is 98 per cent smoke. "What a funny odor!" says one, as she reaches the street. "You sap!" says the other, "that's fresh air!"

## Getting Personal

Marjorie Daw is the mother of a daughter. The father, Myron Selznick, is up and about. . . . Out of the mists of the past comes none other than King Baggot! The old Universal matinee idol is appearing in Fox's "Czar of Broadway"—his first film appearance in seven years. . . . In France Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are known as "Jeannette Jaynor et Charles Fawel." . . . Six Detroit picture houses now stay open all night, all showing all talkies. Patrons must not use them as sleeping rooms. One snore and the bouncer heaves the customer into the street. . . . Mary Miles Minter has worked off thirty-five pounds and still wants to come back to pictures. . . . Betty Compson has the finest collection of Paisley shawls in Hollywood. . . . Pearl White is now living like a queen in Egypt, with frequent visits to Paris and the Riviera.

## Barrymore Joke, No. 324,790

An extra man in a John Barrymore picture crashed a party where the star was a guest. After a few jolts of California moon, the extra came up to Jawn, slapped him on the back, and yelled, "How are you, Jack, old boy?" Barrymore fixed him with a glare and pointed that beautiful nose.

"Don't be so formal!" said the star. "Just call me 'kid.'" "





Miss

**VIRGINIA CARTER  
RANDOLPH**

“A SOUTHERN GIRL’S DUTY to mankind is to make herself charming.” So says Miss Virginia Carter Randolph, of the historic Randolphs who came from England in the 17th Century.

Radiant young favorite of romantic old Warrenton, Virginia, she is a bonny wee thing, adorably pretty, with laughing blue eyes, sunshiny gold-brown hair, and skin as fair as an infant angel’s, flower-like, fragile, exquisitely cared for.

“A Southern girl *must* have a lovely skin,” this popular young favorite declares. She says she has “used Pond’s ever since she was a little girl.

“That lovely Cold Cream keeps your skin so marvelously clean and the ducky new Cleansing Tissues are perfectly divine . . . the Skin Freshener makes your cheeks as pink as roses, and a little Vanishing Cream before you powder will keep you pretty as a picture all evening.

“You’re so much happier when you know you are looking your loveliest!”

**F**OLLOW these four steps of Pond’s sure, swift Method:

During the day . . . *First*, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond’s Cold Cream, several times and always after exposure. Pat on with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . *Then*, with Pond’s Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical, wipe away all cream and dirt . . . *Next*, briskly dab with Pond’s Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm . . . *Last*, smooth on a delicate film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection. Use it also to keep your hands exquisite.



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*98% of the lovely complexions  
cared for with*



JOAN CRAWFORD, lovely M.G.M. star: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy."



SUE CAROL, vivacious Fox Films' star: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap."



BETTY COMPSON, charming Radio Pictures' star: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for smooth skin."



BETTY BRONSON, delightfully winsome star: "So wonderfully soothing!"



above BILLIE DOVE, lovable First National star.

right BEBE DANIELS, beautiful Radio Pictures' star.



MAY MCAVOY, popular little star: "Lux Toilet Soap is so refreshing."



MARY ASTOR, charming star: "Lux Toilet Soap is so soothing to the skin."

**N**O SINGLE BEAUTY touches hearts as a petal-smooth skin does. People are subtly drawn to the girl who has it . . . cluster about her admiringly.

Nobody knows this better than do the girls who have won the hearts of millions . . . on the screen. For Hollywood directors found out long ago that unless a girl has the smoothest of skin for the all-important close-up, she can never hold her public.

As Raoul Walsh, famous Fox director, puts it: "Smooth, beautiful skin is the most potent charm a girl can have . . . and an absolute essential for stardom on the screen."

And you can keep *your* skin just as lovely as the screen stars do! Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. First, five or six of them began to use it . . . found out how perfectly smooth and soft it keeps the skin . . . and it wasn't long before 9 out of 10 famous stars were using this delightfully fragrant white soap.

# LUX Toilet Soap

# as 511 Hollywood Actresses do . . .

*you see on the screen are  
Lux Toilet Soap . . .*

And, under the glaring lights of the close-up, only the slightest amount of make-up can be used . . . the skin of the stars must be *naturally* lovely.

## 9 out of 10 lovely stars use it

Not only in their own luxurious bathrooms do they use it, but on location. For at the actresses' request all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

The loveliest Broadway stage stars, too, are enthusiastic about the way Lux Toilet Soap cares for their skin . . . and oh, so grateful to it since so many of them have successfully passed the screen test for talking pictures!

And the European stars are now using it! In France . . . in England . . . in Germany.

If *you* aren't one of the millions of women who are already devoted to this dainty soap, order several cakes today. You will be delighted with the way it cares for *your* skin.



MARION DAVIES, charming M.G.M. star: "I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."



EVELYN BRENT, fascinating star: "Lux Toilet Soap is pleasing and soothing."



JANET GAYNOR, Fox Films' adorable little star: "Lux Toilet Soap has the caressing quality of fine French soaps."



ELEANOR BOARDMAN, appealing beautiful star: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent".



MARION NIXON, Warner Brothers' exquisite star: "As marvelous as French soaps."



DOROTHY MACKALL, enchanting star: "It's certainly a wonderful soap."



CLARA BOW, Paramount's scintillating star.



MARY BRIAN, ever beloved Paramount star.

*First sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway  
—and now the European capitals . . . 10¢*



*That's Why*  
so many **SCREEN STARS**  
*have chosen*

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ASK the motion picture director why this star and that star are outstanding in their success. Beauty? Only good looks are necessary. Histrionic ability? Many brilliant screen stars are only fair actresses. What then—Personality?

That is the secret—Personality! That, too, is the secret of success for Meeker-Made Fine Leather Handbags and Underarms and Men's Billfolds, etc. . . . **PURSE PERSONALITY.** An answer to the question "Why have so many Screen Stars chosen Meeker-Made Fine Leather Handbags and Underarms?"

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# The Best Records from New Pictures

By Maurice Fenton

## THE BEST SELLERS

"The One Girl," from "Song of the West." "Cryin' for the Carolines," from "Spring Is Here." "Nobody's Sweetheart," from "The Vagabond Lover."

**T**HE big news of this month is that John McCormack has newly recorded, on Victor Red Seal records, four of his numbers in "Song o' My Heart." They are:

The Rose of Tralee  
Ireland, Mother Ireland  
I Feel You Near Me  
A Pair of Blue Eyes

The four numbers are on two double-faced discs. They are as good as any records John has ever made, and Victor has a tremendous list of them, exclusively.

## LOVE COMES ALONG

Until Love Comes Along	Bebe Daniels	Victor
Night Winds	Lee Morse and her Blue Grass Boys	Victor
	Bebe Daniels	Victor

Bebe is getting better, disc by disc. These two numbers from her musical picture are beautifully sung.

## MAMMY

To My Mammy	Gene Austin, tenor	Victor
Let Me Sing, I'm Happy	Gene Austin, tenor	Victor
Looking at You	Waring's Pennsylvanians	Victor
	Gene Austin, tenor	Victor
	Waring's Pennsylvanians	Victor

While we are waiting for Al Jolson to put his latest movie music on the wax, these numbers, sung by Gene Austin and played by Fred Waring's band, will do nicely.

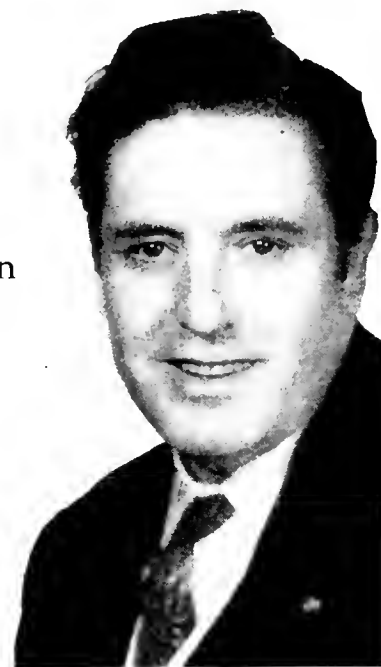
They are all Irving Berlin's songs, from the score of Al's latest single, and are all in the old master's best popular manner. And that's plenty good.

## PARAMOUNT ON PARADE

Sweepin' the Clouds Away	Coon-Sanders Orchestra	Victor
Anytime's the Time to Fall in Love	The Photoplayers	Columbia
	Phil Spitalny's Orchestra	Victor

Last month we told of the arrival of a Dennis King record of "Nichavo," one of the songs from the big Paramount revue.

Here are two more hits therefrom, done by dance bands. Phil's effort is particularly fine, he having a smart band and being a smart boy. More records from "Paramount on Parade," one of the Spring's really big pictures, are on the way.



John McCormack Records  
Four Songs

## HONEY

In My Little Hope Chest	High Hatters Photoplayers	Victor
You Singers	Charleston Chasers	Columbia
		Columbia

Two of the frothy, light numbers from Nancy Carroll's latest picture—"Sweetie's" successor.

The first is a ballad—the second, a chorus piece. The Columbia Photoplayers get better with each record.

## PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

Puttin' on the Ritz	All by Brunswick
There's Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie	
Singing a Vagabond Song	
With You	

Well, here you are—Harry Richman himself singing the hit songs of his United Artists picture for the wax.

Richman sings mighty well. And you'll be interested in hearing Clara Bow's boy-friend (ex?) singing the numbers he does on the screen. Burnett's band accompanies him.

## HOT FOR PARIS

Sweet Nothings of Love	Merle Johnson and his Columbia Ceco Couriers
------------------------	--

A piping hot number played with the lid off by Johnson and his blistering band. Hot like the McLaglen talkie.

## THE GRAND PARADE

Molly Ipana	Charles Lawman, tenor	Columbia
Huntley's Orchestra	Troubadours, band	Columbia
		Brunswick

A nice Irish number, in waltz time. A smooth, easy and pretty piece, getting very popular. From Pathe's minstrel picture.

# A Saline for superb Complexions



*Sparkling eyes and glowing health  
are the rewards of those who use  
the saline method*

**I**N the quest for radiant loveliness, let this be your motto, this your shining guide, "True beauty comes only from within".

For of all the truths that relate to beauty, the greatest is the secret of internal cleanliness—and the safe and natural means of keeping clean within is by the saline method with Sal Hepatica.

Not for an instant does this famous laxative supplant the creams and lotions to which you are attached. Rather, it aids and augments them. For Sal Hepatica, by clearing the system of poisons and acids, frees the skin of blemishes and lifts from it the dull and sallow cast that denotes a sluggish system. It brings to your cheeks a moonlight clarity

and a youthful, translucent smoothness.

European beauties know well the benefits of the saline method. Whatever lotions they use, whatever treatments they take, they not only start the day with a mild saline solution in the morning, but they go, when they can, for the

"saline cure" at the great springs of Europe. To drink salines is fashionable as well as effective!

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of Europe's famous spas. By purifying 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, twinges of rheumatism, auto-intoxication, 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 the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which tells in complete detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty



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BRISTOL-MYERS Co., Dept. G60, 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 \_\_\_\_\_  
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★ ★ ★

# Sal Hepatica

# Fred Marches On



Frederic March gives other screen lovers a fast run these days

By

Phillip Merton

**W**ITHOUT having much to say about it, Frederic March is being elevated by the fans to the rank of a great lover. Such a sighing he creates among the ladies when he looks "that way" at Clara Bow or Ann Harding, Colleen Moore or Ruth Chatterton.

He has been compared to John Gilbert by people who once mastered the old parlor trick of proving that black is white. Really, there isn't much basis for comparison. Gilbert is all fire and drama. He can tell a woman that he loves her in one breath, and with the next inform her that he hates her, without even shifting into second. March confines his acting to the stage and the screen.

The one is a dynamo of emotions, the other is an intellectual. Not the kind of intellectual, however, that disdains to wash behind the ears.

March admires Gilbert tremendously. He would like to do the Gilbert type of thing without heavy stress on the big time loving. He likes rôles that savor of character, as do many of the Gilbert acting assignments.

"If the audience gets tired of seeing a man always looking the same, and with his hair parted always in the same place, think how the actor feels about it," he said. "On the stage I liked rôles like 'Liliom,' 'The Guardsman,' and 'Hell Bent for Heaven.' In 'Tommy' I even played an uncle who looked like Abraham Lincoln."

During his college days at the University of Wisconsin he found time to go out for track, manage the football team, be president of his class, and win a scholarship. This wasn't quite enough to keep him busy. He also went out for dramatics. Strangely enough, nothing in college was to mean quite so much to him in the future as that scholarship in commerce. The scholarship took him to New York, and the nation's foremost theater mart.

The president of the National City Bank of New York offered scholarships to one man each from twenty universities.

Fred March got a real baptism of fire in his first talkie. He played Clara Bow's professor-crush in "The Wild Party," and what she didn't do to his academic dignity just isn't in the curriculum!

After college days were over they were to serve an apprenticeship in the New York banking house, and then be sent to posts in foreign countries. The idea of counting pesos in some South American bank sounded good to a young college boy.

Heads of banking institutions change, and when the change came to the National City Bank the new president was not so hot about running a travel

bureau for collegiates. The boys were put to work in the bank, per agreement, and they stayed there. Freddy, looking the field over, saw men who had been there for three or four years, with the prospect of becoming assistant cashiers if they were good boys and kept away from Ziegfeld stage doors.

"The chances seemed pretty slim of ever being sent to a foreign city," he explained, "so I told them at the bank I would like to try something entirely different. I asked for a year's leave, as I didn't want to burn my bridges completely. What I really wanted to do was have a try at the stage and to find out if I could make a go of it.

"MY first job was as an assistant stage manager in the Belasco production of 'Deburau,' starring Lionel Atwill. I played two minor rôles in the show as well. In one act I was all made up to look like Victor Hugo. It was just a start, but I knew that it was the sort of thing I wanted to do."

The most important engagement of his career was a summer season at the old Ilitch Gardens in Denver. His leading lady was Florence Eldridge. Frederic thought that she was a particularly nice person. During the following summer at the same theater he saw no reason to change his original opinion. In fact, he thought a great deal more of her. They were married.

Both Frederic and Florence gave up promising New York engagements to try the Coast. Florence was the first to achieve a reputation in Los Angeles. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 151]



# It cleans the crevices *between* teeth!

Between the teeth . . . in tiny crevices . . . there's where decaying food collects. Mere surface brushing won't dislodge these impurities. Colgate's *floods* them out . . . its active, penetrating foam surges into the hard-to-clean places where sluggish pasty dentifrices won't go . . . Dissolving the deposits . . . *washing* them away . . . cleansing the crevices thoroughly, as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Try Colgate's . . . it is approved by more Dentists; *used* by more people, than any other toothpaste made.



*The World's Largest Selling Toothpaste*

# Buddy Conquers Broadway!



When we say that Buddy Rogers was a riot in New York, we mean it. Here is Mr. Rogers being boosted into the Paramount Theater's stage door by cops and attachés

"PUT your head out that window again and I'll pinch you!" That's what the New York cop said to Buddy Rogers.

The scene was the Paramount Theater where Buddy was acting as master of ceremonies. Hundreds of flappers, not content with watching their idol in the theater, had crowded around the stage door. Buddy smiled at them from his dressing room window, thinking they would go away. Instead they stayed and, every time Buddy smiled, more collected. At last they became a traffic menace and the law stepped in.

Buddy had found that it was impossible to make the trip from the theater to the Ambassador Hotel without being mobbed, so he moved into the Astor, right across the street. Even then, he had to take a taxi and drive around the block several times before he dared to get out.

Buddy is Hollywood's contribution to Broadway. He's the one and only Western master of ceremonies to knock the White Way cold, break theater box-office records and set the flappers wild.

Strangely enough, it was Buddy's idea. He didn't know what he was letting himself in for.

He had played the rôle of a jazz band leader in "Close Harmony" and the pep and personality stuff got into his blood. Thanks to a hurry-up teacher he had learned to play the piano, pretty loud and pretty jazzy, and to sing. He had bought a little organ for \$60 and, between scenes in his dressing room, wheezed out a melody or two. Saxophone and cornet weren't hard and he didn't feel embarrassed with a baton.

BUT when he suggested going to New York for a week's engagement, officials shook their heads. "Too much competition in the big town, my boy," they said sagely. But Buddy persuaded them to let him try.

He felt perfectly at ease on the stage. He has camera fright every time he begins a new picture, but the theater held no terrors for him. The flaps caused him all the trouble while he filled his engagements, a week in New York and a week in Brooklyn.

He made his first entrance by coming up from the pit playing

By  
Alice Ingram

## Young Mr. Rogers of Olathe and Hollywood captures the Big Town's heart

the organ. He lost six handkerchiefs a day, for every time he appeared some girl in the first row would snatch the hankie from his pocket and dash from the theater with her trophy.

From eleven A. M. until midnight, Buddy remained at the theater. The house was packed every performance, but most of the girls arrived at the first show and stayed through. This annoyed the manager. He couldn't make money like that, so he announced after every performance that Buddy would appear at the stage door. There was always a stampede.

Then they had to buy another ticket to get back in.

There was one young lady as persistent as an insurance agent. Every show found her seated in the front row and she was always first in line at the stage door. She followed the actor to Brooklyn and when he left the theater on the last night she shouted after him, "I'll be seeing you in Hollywood, Buddy." He expected to discover her at the station upon his return.

Several girls rushed on the stage during the performance. Once, in Brooklyn, a little boy marched up on

the stage and insisted on reciting a little speech. He said it six times before Buddy could shut him off.

EVERY night when Buddy returned to his hotel there were hundreds of messages for him. "Call Dorothy Mackaill at such and such a number," or "Dick Arlen is in town. He wants you to give him a ring." At first he believed and called. Always a feminine voice answered the phone. "Oh please forgive me. I'm not Dorothy Mackaill, but I just wanted to hear your voice again."

Many got to see him by insisting that they were sent by their school papers to interview him. Invariably the list of questions ended with:

"Now how can I get in pictures?"

Buddy has returned. He looks thinner and there's a trace of world weariness in his face. He sighs when you ask him about those hectic weeks.

"Gee," he says, mopping his brow, "I'm glad to be back in Hollywood where nobody knows me!"



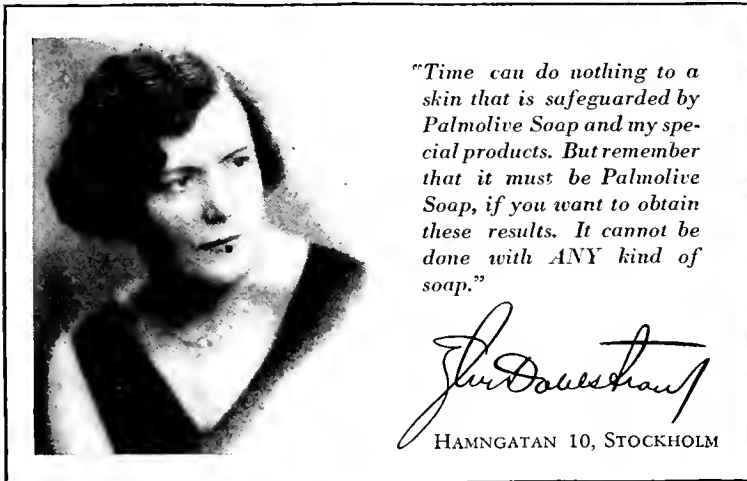
# "I place Palmolive Soap *first* because of its vegetable oils"

says

Madame

ELIN DAHLSTRAND

*foremost beauty specialist  
of Stockholm*



*In the treatments given by her assistants Madame Dahlstrand finds that Palmolive is most beneficial.*

"HOWEVER successful I am with my beauty treatments, all my efforts would be in vain if my clients did not continue the treatments in their own homes," says Mme. Dahlstrand. "My principle for home treatments is first of all to keep the skin clean, and Palmolive Soap is my valuable assistant in the service of beauty."

In all Sweden there is no more important beauty shop than that of Mme. Dahlstrand, of Stockholm, whose beauty theory was learned in Paris, center of the cosmetic arts.

"This fine facial soap," she goes on to say, "keeps the surface of the skin well protected. It is bland and neutral. Use it with warm water, for careful cleansing; then rinse with cold water (water

The fine vegetable oils in Palmolive Soap are nature's most effective safeguard for the lovely texture of the skin

of icy temperature is good) to prevent relaxation of the skin or sagging."

*In Paris, London, Rome, Madrid*

The great specialists all over the world, 19,813 of them, agree on the efficacy of Palmolive Soap. They may differ on dozens, hundreds of other theories. But on this one facial treatment they all agree.

They all realize that soap must cleanse without irritating;

must refresh and beautify the skin without injuring its delicate texture. And Palmolive answers these needs perfectly. Its vegetable oils have been used by lovely women since the days of Cleopatra. It is used today by millions—for the bath as well as the face—because it costs so little.

Palmolive owes its natural green color to palm and olive oils . . . to no other fats whatever. The fresh odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

"Vegetable oils in soaps," says Mme. Dahlstrand, "will improve your color and tone up your skin."

Take Mme. Dahlstrand's advice and begin this very day to use Palmolive.



Retail Price 10c

**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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the right accent to beautiful eyes . . .  
you'll find it in this newest, smartest  
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Cake Winx is soft to give a natural  
lady look. It is perfumed ever so  
slightly—for flattery. And it is  
packed in a slim compact that is as  
good looking as it is practical. You  
can take it with you in an envelope  
purse.

Cake Winx is so different from any-  
thing you have ever tried. It never  
makes eyelashes brittle. And—best  
of all—because it is soft, it is easier  
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Liquid Winx—if you prefer it.  
Liquid Winx is most popular because  
it gives the desirable natural effect  
and is absolutely waterproof.

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# Addresses of the Stars

## At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen	Neil Hamilton
Jean Arthur	O. P. Heggie
William Austin	Doris Hill
George Bancroft	Phillips Holmes
Clara Bow	Helen Kane
Mary Brian	Dennis King
Clive Brook	Jack Luden
Nancy Carroll	Paul Lukas
Robert Castle	John Loder
Lane Chandler	Jeanette MacDonald
Ruth Chatterton	Fredric March
Maurice Chevalier	David Newell
Chester Conklin	Jack Oakie
Gary Cooper	Warner Oland
Kay Francis	Guy Oliver
Richard "Skeets" Gallagher	William Powell
Harry Green	Charles Rogers
Paul Guertzman	Lillian Roth
James Hall	Regis Toomey
	Fay Wray

## At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree	Buster Keaton
Nils Asther	Charles King
Lionel Barrymore	Carlotta King
Wallace Beery	Gwen Lee
Jack Benny	Bessie Love
Charles Bickford	Nina Mae McKinney
Edwina Booth	John Miljan
John Mack Brown	Robert Montgomery
Lon Chaney	Polly Moran
Joan Crawford	Conrad Nagel
Karl Dane	Ramon Novarro
Marion Davies	Edward Nugent
Mary Doran	Elliott Nugent
Duncan Sisters	Catherine Dale Owen
Josephine Dunn	Anita Page
Cliff Edwards	Basil Rathbone
Greta Garbo	Duncan Renaldo
John Gilbert	Dorothy Sebastian
Lawrence Gray	Norma Shearer
Raymond Hackett	Sally Starr
William Haines	Lewis Stone
Marion Harris	Lawrence Tibbett
Leila Hyams	Ernest Torrence
Kay Johnson	Raquel Torres
Dorothy Jordan	Roland Young

## At Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Albertson	Richard Keene
Robert Ames	Lola Lane
Mary Astor	Dixie Lee
Ben Bard	Ivan Linow
Warner Baxter	Edmund Lowe
Rex Bell	Sharon Lynn
El Brendel	Farrell MacDonald
Warren Burke	Mona Maris
Sue Carol	Kenneth McKenna
Helen Chandler	Victor McLaglen
Marguerite Churchill	Don Jose Mojica
Mae Clark	Lois Moran
Sammy Cohen	Charles Morton
William Collier, Sr.	Paul Muni
June Collyer	J. Harold Murray
Joyce Compton	Barry Norton
Fifi Dorsay	George O'Brien
Louise Dresser	Paul Page
Nancy Drexel	Tom Patricola
Charles Eaton	Sally Phipps
Stuart Erwin	David Rollins
Charles Farrell	Arthur Stone
Stepin Fetchit	Nick Stuart
John Garrick	Norma Terris
Janet Gaynor	Don Terry
William Harrigan	Marjorie White

## At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelme	Dorothy Mackaill
Bernice Claire	Marilyn Miller
Doris Dawson	Colleen Moore
Billie Dove	Antonio Moreno
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Jack Muhlall
Alexander Gray	Donald Reed
Corinne Griffith	Milton Sills
Doris Kenyon	Alice White
	Loretta Young

## At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lew Ayres	Allen Lane
John Boles	Laura La Plante
Ethlyn Claire	Jeanette Loff
Kathryn Crawford	Fred Mackaye
Lorayne DuVal	Ken Maynard
Robert Ellis	James Murray
Hoot Gibson	Mary Nolan
Dorothy Gulliver	Mary Philbin
Otis Harlan	Eddie Phillips
Raymond Keane	Joseph Schildkraut
Merna Kennedy	Sisters G
Barbara Kent	Glenn Tryon
Scott Kolk	Paul Whiteman
Natalie Kingston	Barbara Worth
Beth Laemmle	

## At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton	Frankie Darro
Sally Blane	Richard Dix
Olive Borden	Bob Steele
Betty Compson	Tom Tyler
Bebe Daniels	

## At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong	Alan Hale
Constance Bennett	Ann Harding
William Boyd	Carol Lombard
Ina Claire	Eddie Quillan

## At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore	Al Jolson
Monte Blue	Myrna Loy
Betty Bronson	May McAvoy
William Collier, Jr.	Edna Murphy
Dolores Costello	Lois Wilson
Louise Fazenda	Grant Withers
Audrey Ferris	

## At United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado	Mary Pickford
Fannie Brice	Harry Richman
Charles Chaplin	Gilbert Roland
Dolores Del Rio	Gloria Swanson
Douglas Fairbanks	Norma Talmadge
Lillian Gish	Constance Talmadge
John Holland	Lupe Velaz
Chester Morris	Louis Wolheim

## At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Belle Baker	Ralph Ince
Evelyn Brent	Margaret Livingston
William Collier, Jr.	Ben Lyon
Jack Egan	Shirley Mason
Ralph Graves	Dorothy Revier
Sam Hardy	Marie Saxon
Jack Holt	Johnnie Walker

## In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky	Ronald Colman
Walter Byron	Lily Damita

## In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Roland Drew	LeRoy Mason
Rita Carewe	

## At Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Charley Chase	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Harry Langdon	Thelma Todd

## At Sono Art-World Wide, care of Metropolitan Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Reginald Denny	Jacqueline Logan
Eddie Dowling	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.

*Just "plain folks" at home...*  
*these glamorous successes find*  
**DATED** Coffee *luxuriously satisfying*

**T**HE fastidious buy "24-hour eggs" in a dated package. Careful mothers pour milk from a bottle with a dated cap. Now you, lover of good coffee, can get yours fresh from the roasting ovens . . . with the date stamped on the can.

For sixty-five years, Chase & Sanborn's Coffee has been a favorite in many sections of the country. Now, through the same "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., which delivers fresh Fleischmann's Yeast, this extra fine coffee speeds to your grocer wherever you are, straight from the roaster.

No storage . . . no delay for re-handling. Two deliveries a week . . . the date that your grocer gets it plainly marked in large type on the label of each can.

And no Chase & Sanborn's Coffee can remain in your grocer's store more than ten days. Any cans left over at the end of that period are regularly collected and replaced by fresh. So you are *sure* your coffee comes to you at its supreme best. Not a whiff of its delectable aroma and flavor is lost before it reaches you!

Get Chase & Sanborn's Coffee from your grocer today. Your first cup will make all undated coffees as obsolete for you as the Victorian mustache cup.

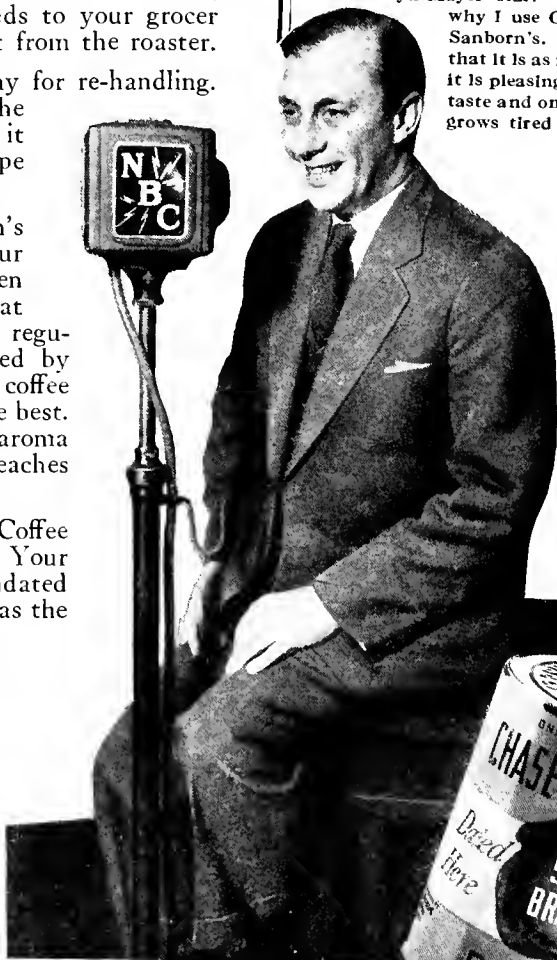
GRAHAM McNAMEE and Radio grew up together. There are very few people who do not know his pulsing, eager voice which makes words leap to glowing pictures. "Chase & Sanborn's Coffee," he says, "reaches the top of coffee flavor. It is undeviatingly mellow and rich and full-flavored."



"No Swedish dinner is complete without a cup of good coffee," says NILS ASTHER, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "That's why I use Chase & Sanborn's. I know that it is as fresh as it is pleasing to the taste and one never grows tired of it."

IRVIN COBB, author, states his preference for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee: "I think Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is as near to being perfect as anything in this imperfect world ever gets to be."

ERIC DREXEL, distinguished sportsman, noted huntsman, comments appreciatively on Chase & Sanborn's Coffee: "It is great coffee. Has a tang all its own—because of its freshness, I dare say."



LOOK FOR THE  
*date*  
 ON THE CAN

*Chase and Sanborn's Coffee* **DATED**



## Velvetize your skin with the Velvetskin Patter

Pat-pat-pat—Beauty experts agree that patting the skin is the only proper way to apply creams and tone up facial muscles.

How many women have the patience to follow up this treatment every day?

The **Velvetskin Patter** changes a tiresome duty into an enjoyable relaxation.

The gentle, caressing touch of the rapidly moving "fingers" of this little stimulator works the cream in and out of the pores—takes the "sag" and "tag" out of the facial muscles—brings the pink to the cheeks, and the velvet texture that Nature intended.

### **Beauty Is Your Heritage**

Pat away the lines of neglect. Erase the markings of time and age.

**Velvetskin Patter** is endorsed and used by hundreds of stage and screen beauties to whom the care of the complexion is of utmost importance.

Look for the **Velvetskin Patter** at Beauty Shops, Department Stores, Drug Stores or Electrical Stores. If you don't see it, mail the coupon for the Beauty Book describing **Velvetskin Patter** and its uses or send \$5.00 and it will be sent to you. Try it for 30 days and if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded.

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Mark X here  For alternating current, complete \$5.  
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Mark X here  For free beauty booklet only.

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Address.....  
City.....  
My dealer's name.....

# These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

**JOAN PEERS** ("Applause," Paramount) broke upon our delighted gaze in the Helen Morgan picture as one of the best young actresses ever to break into talkies. She is the daughter of Frank Peers, manager of the Adelphi Theater, Chicago, and made her first appearance on the stage at the age of three. Paramount took her to Hollywood. She now works for Columbia.



**RICHARD KEENE** ("Happy Days," Fox) is another young song and dance man lured from the Broadway stage by the singies. Dick appeared in innumerable musical shows in New York, but Fox snared him and put him under contract. He made his picture debut in "Big Time," and since that big time has played in "Why Leave Home," "The Big Party" and "The Golden Calf."



**"GINGER" ROGERS** ("Young Man of Manhattan," Paramount) is an Independence, Mo., girl who was discovered by Paul Ash, and was a sensation singing in Publix presentations. Then she went into "Top Speed," a Broadway musical show, and scored again. Paramount, who found Helen Kane the same way, lost no time in getting "Ginger" on the dotted line.



**HARRY RICHMAN** ("Puttin' on the Ritz," United Artists) has been in the headlines for months as the "fiance" of Clara Bow. Harry got his start in New York singing in night clubs, several years ago. Then for two seasons he scored heavily singing the hit songs in George White's "Scandals." Now he has his own night spot, "The Club Richman."



**JUDITH VOSSELLI** ("The Rogue Song," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is another talkie debutante from the stage. Born in Spain, she was brought to America when two years old. She has had a distinguished career in the American theater, usually playing menaces—also her forte in films. She made her talkie debut in Ina Claire's Pathe picture, "The Awful Truth."



**ALLAN PRIOR** ("Bride of the Regiment," First National) has for some years been one of the leading lights in American operetta, notably those produced by the Messrs. Shubert during the recent operetta vogue. He did his best singing in "The Song of Love," done five years ago. With the present musical craze in pictures, it was certain Allan would be heard.



**JOBYNA HOWLAND** ("Honey," Paramount) is one of the best known comedienne on the comedy stage. Over six feet tall, she was first famous for her work in Belasco's stage production of "The Gold Diggers," with Ina Claire. Later, she went to London for the same rôle. She played in the Eddie Cantor show, "Kid Boots," for three entire seasons.



**SCOTT KOLK** ("Marianne," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) began his entertainment career as trap-drummer and dancer with a popular jazz band in Washington, D. C. Then followed an engagement in musical comedy, with his picture chores following in due course. His full name is Walter Scott Kolk. He will be seen soon in Universal's "All Quiet on the Western Front."



# They say it about her . . .



## . . . they may say it about you

**WHAT** a pity it is that so many otherwise fastidious men and women give no thought to keeping their breath beyond reproach.

The case of this attractive Boston girl is typical. Her charm is undeniable. Her clothes are the envy of less fortunate women. Actually, she's one girl in a thousand. Yet her women friends, if they invite her to parties at all, invite her out of courtesy. As for men, they call once and that is the end of it. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is too high a hurdle for sensitive people.

You yourself cannot be sure that

at this very moment you are free of halitosis. The damnable thing about this condition is that while obvious to others, the victim herself is seldom aware of it. So many every day conditions are responsible for halitosis that few people escape it entirely—food fermentation in the mouth, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, or other mild infections of the mouth, nose, and throat. Also stomach derangements caused by excesses of eating or drinking.

The swift, certain way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to

rinse your mouth with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, morning and night, and between times before meeting others. Keep a bottle handy at home and office for this purpose.

Being a safe but active germicide\*, full strength Listerine checks decomposition and infection which cause odors. Then, being a powerful deodorant, overcomes the odors themselves. The breath is left sweet, clean and wholesome. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

\*Full strength Listerine kills 200,000,000 Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in 15 seconds—fastest time science has accurately recorded—20 times faster than required by U. S. Government to qualify as a germicide.

## Listerine *ends* halitosis

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

# NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

if ever one fell into a trouper's lap. It is dramatic, romantic, tender, gentle, fiery, poetic and thoroughly beautiful.

It was this part that made Eva LeGallienne famous among women of the stage. And yet they say that, in spite of the pleas of Frank Borzage and Charlie Farrell, Janet wouldn't touch it with a poker, and went sailing off to Honolulu.

Janet, would you mind telling a puzzled old man just why?

**HARRY LANGDON** says while he was working at the old Sennett studio he came across something pretty interesting from an archeological standpoint.

One day a plank was ripped up from an old stage, and underneath was discovered—a petrified pie!

**MATORY** Advices—  
 . . . Clarke Twelvetrees jumped out of a hotel window and his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, divorced him. . . . Carmen Pantages announces termination of her



Paramount's three young aces—the boys who mean millions to their company and great joy to their fans. Buddy Rogers, Dick Arlen and Gary Cooper pose for their picture on the old home lot out West



What the well-dressed girl golfer is wearing on the links this spring, or the stars in stripes forever! Thelma Todd, who for some time has been toiling in Roach comedies, moves into features for Paramount. This is one of her costumes for the musical "Follow Thru"

betrothal to John Considine, Jr., who is seen everywhere with Joan Bennett . . . but Carmen and John say they're still good friends. . . . Marilyn Miller, who was Mrs. Jack Pickford No. 2, says she will marry again, and Jack Pickford, just returned from a world tour with Doug and Mary, is seen places with Mary Melhearne, once of the Follies. . . . Lola Lane definitely asserts that her much-published engagement to Mervin Williams, young stage and screen actor who walked for a year with a broken back in a plaster cast, is off.

. . . Composer Nacio Herb Brown's wife sues for divorce and says Nacio got that way about Doris Eaton . . . and Doris says the charge is "too ridiculous!" . . . Lina Basquette's daughter is legally adopted by the Harry Warners . . . Lina, now married to Pev Marley, one-time DeMille cameraman, used to be Mrs. Sam Warner and the child, now three and a half, has been living with the Harrys.

**AND** then there's the story of Monte Blue's near-sighted friend who looked out of Monte's living room window and saw the patio fountain.

There's a cute stone figure of a nude little boy—you know the kind.

The friend—remember, he was near-sighted

or something—turned and wagged a reproachful forefinger at the actor.

"Monte," said he, "those two sons of yours are nice little lads, but . . ."

"But what?" asked Blue.

"But listen, Monte; when you let 'em play in the garden, you should put anyway pants on them!"

**THERE'S** more than make-believe tragedy in "Sarah and Son," the Ruth Chatterton picture.

Fuller Mellish, Jr., played her worthless husband. His last scene in the picture was his death-bed bit.

And that was his last scene on any screen. Two months after it was made he died suddenly in his Eastern home.

But "Sarah and Son" opened at a great theater on Broadway, as Mellish lay dead a few miles away. And those who were aware of it all, felt more than a little ghostly as Ruth Chatterton sang an old lullaby near the bedside of the dying man.

**JACK OAKIE'S** sweat shirt has attained to the eminence of a Hollywood institution.

When Oakie appears wearing something besides a sweat shirt, everybody gasps and wonders what's happened. They even did when he attended a permeer recently in a tux.

"Aw," he explained, "the laundry lost me sweat shirt!"

**GRETA GARBO'S** first talkie, "Anna Christie," has been a complete triumph.

The picture, during its first week at the great Capitol Theater, New York, smashed the house record by \$10,000. Enormous lines stormed

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96 ]

"We are advertised by our loving friends"



Ruth and Naomi Hosto, Dupo, Illinois

These Beautiful Twins  
were fed on

## Mellin's Food and Milk

Their excellent health, their happy expressions and their activity furnish convincing evidence that the nourishment they received during the entire period of bottle feeding was in every way suitable for normal growth and development of early life.

*Write today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food  
and a copy of our book, "The Care and  
Feeding of Infants"*



**Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.**

# NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94 ]

the theater—even for the nightly midnight shows. It was a sight to see.

Some have said that they didn't like her voice, or that to hear her talk dissipated much of the glamorous mystery that has made her famous. The great majority, I think, say that her deep, resonant and expressive voice was all that was needed to make her a great and complete artist in pictures.

That's how Cal feels. And he's palpitating for her second, "Romance."

**H**OLLYWOOD'S great, star-thronged openings are something to wire the pater about—but there's nothing quite like a premiere that brings Al Jolson back to Broadway.

For Al is Broadway's own—its beloved and favorite son. For years, in musical extravaganza, he packed the famous Winter Garden, and became known as the greatest single entertainer and personal showman on the American stage.

And how the big street did take him to its heart at the New York opening of "Mammy!" Al, brown as a nut, ran down the aisle after the showing, perched on a piano, sang songs and made a little Jolsonian speech.

Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello snapped in grinning mood after their recent marriage. This is Helene's second try, and Lowell's third. His second wife was little Pauline Garon



International

It was a homecoming for him, and for his thousands of old friends, and believe me, it was a heart-warming night. He's peculiarly Broadway's own. Hollywood just borrows him.

**G**OSSIP hounds of Hollywood are rubbing their hands in uncontrolled glee and preparing to spend a lot of merry hours on the "Follow Thru" set.

Nancy Carroll is in the picture. So is Zelma O'Neal. Both are red heads. The picture is in Technicolor. Nancy's hair photographs red. Zelma's doesn't. Or it didn't until Zelma went and had it dyed so that it would be just the right color. And there's an unwritten law in Hollywood that one red head to a picture is the absolute limit. Heigh-ho! There'll be some temperamental days and hectic nights on that little hillum.

**C**ORINNE GRIFFITH, the screen's most dignified beauty, occasionally unbends.

At her own terribly swank dinner party, she spent most of the evening dancing in a gentleman guest's patent leather pumps. Her own shoes were too small.

The patent leathers were far too large, for that matter, but at least they were comfortable.

**O**F course, everyone knew in advance that the marriage of Edith Mayer, daughter of Louis B. Mayer, to William Goetz, would not be an ordinary garden variety of wedding.

The gala occasion of the wedding of a daughter of the reigning house at M-G-M was solemnized in the gold ballroom of the Biltmore Hotel, with just about everybody that is any-

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99 ]



Cosmo

This gentleman is Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s, stepfather, no less. Jack Whiting, the musical comedy juvenile, who is married to the first Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., waves good-bye to Broadway as he heads West for motion picture work



**A**  
**Remarkable**  
**Kodak**  
**for \$9**



*A Wonderful  
 Commencement Gift*

HANDSOME, dashing, colorful...very much the gay cavalier is this crack picture-taker. Not alone for its fine clothes and engaging air will this camera be famed... the Pocket Kodak Junior is as easy to use as a Brownie.

Opens quickly, ready for pictures.

A swagger companion for any man or woman who enjoys taking pictures, Pocket Kodak Junior makes the ideal Commencement gift. With case to match, it comes in attractive hues of blue, brown and green; also in black.

As remarkable as the camera is the price. For No. 1, making  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$  pictures, \$9; with case, \$11. For No. 1A, making  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  pictures, \$10; with case, \$12.50.

See the Pocket Kodak Juniors at any Kodak dealer's.

Eastman Kodak Company,  
 Rochester, New York.



*Pocket Kodak*  
**JUNIOR**

Always ready for adventures in picture-taking.  
 Two sizes, four colors.



*Kodak Petite*



*Colored  
 Brownie*

**KODAKS PETITE—**

Exquisite creations that are gay as Seventeen...smart as a new French hat. COLORS: blue, gray, rose, lavender, green. Picture size:  $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ . Price: with case to match, \$7.50.

• • •

**COLORED BROWNIES—**

The ideal Graduation Gift for a child. COLORS: red, green, gray, brown, blue. No. 2, making  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$  pictures, is \$3; with case, \$5. No. 2A, making  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  pictures, is \$4; with case, \$6.



Take these **3** easy steps to  
**INSTANT**  
 Loveliness. . .



WHEN purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue 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. Encased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity, at 75c.



Maybelline preparations may be obtained at all toilet goods counters. Maybelline Co., Chicago

Millions of women instantly gain added charm and loveliness with these three delightful, easy-to-use Maybelline preparations. They use *Maybelline Eye Shadow* to accentuate the depth of color of their eyes and to add a subtle, refined note of charming allure. Four colors: Black, Brown, Blue, and Green.

Then—they use *Maybelline Eyelash Darkener* to instantly make their lashes appear dark, long, and beautifully luxuriant—to make their eyes appear larger, more brilliant and bewitchingly inviting. There are two forms of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener: Solid form and the waterproof Liquid; either in Black or Brown.

The third and final step is a touch with *Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil* to artistically shape the brows. You will like this pencil. It is the clean, indestructible type, and may be had in Black and Brown.

Take these three easy steps to instant loveliness *now*. Begin with the Eye Shadow, follow with the Eyelash Darkener, and finish with the Eyebrow Pencil. Then, from the height of your new found beauty, observe with what ease you attained such delightful results. This radiant transformation is achieved only by using genuine Maybelline products. Insist upon them.

*Maybelline*

E Y E L A S H   D A R K E N E R   \   E Y E   S H A D O W   \   E Y E B R O W   P E N C I L

*Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes*

# NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96 ]



The attendants of Edith Mayer, daughter of Louis B., when she married William Goetz. Bessie Love, Marion Davies, Corinne Griffith, the bride, Irene Mayer, Carmel Myers, Catherine Bennett and May McAvoy

body at all among the guests. Only the most popular and experienced bridesmaids were in the party. In the all-star cast in the parade to the altar were Bessie Love, Marion Davies, Corinne Griffith, Irene Mayer, sister of the bride; Carmel Myers, Catherine Bennett and May McAvoy.

Wedding presents poured in from all over the world. Among the first gifts to arrive was a big parcel from the White House. L. B. Mayer is a friend of President Hoover, and was a staunch supporter during the past election.

The bride wore a white satin gown with a long court train. Her veil was of duchesse and rose-point lace, and her bouquet was of white orchids and lilies of the valley. The maid of honor wore yellow crepe romaine, and the bridesmaids wore gowns of turquoise blue romaine and carried sheaves of pink camellias.

Anyway, it was one of the most brilliant weddings of this or any other Hollywood season.

**HELENE COSTELLO** recently changed her name to Mrs. Lowell Sherman at a quiet wedding, minus the fuss and feathers usually attending such events in Hollywood. Brother-in-law John Barrymore gave the bride in marriage, and Evelyn Brent was the maid of honor. Dolores Costello missed the celebration on account of the interesting family event awaiting the Barrymores.

About the only really unusual aspect of the whole thing was the fact that the bride wept copiously throughout the ceremony. In a way, the wedding was not such a happy event.

The mother of the Costello girls died not long ago, they are estranged from their father, Maurice Costello, and even Dolores could not be present.

**WHEN** Norma Talmadge completes "Du Barry," her second talking picture, she will make only two more screen appearances.

Then she will retire. It has long been Norma's wish to live in Europe. Fame means very little to her now, after all the years that

she has been at the top of the ladder. Perhaps no star in Hollywood lives as quiet a life as Norma.

Conrad Nagel will probably be the leading man in "Du Barry." It will be the first time in two years that Norma has made a picture without Gilbert Roland in the leading male rôle.

Roland has been borrowed by M-G-M at a salary said to be three times his United Artists pay check. Metro is also considering him for a long-term contract.

**THEY** pay a cruel price for fame. The picture industry makes strange demands. The Goddess of Entertainment must be served.

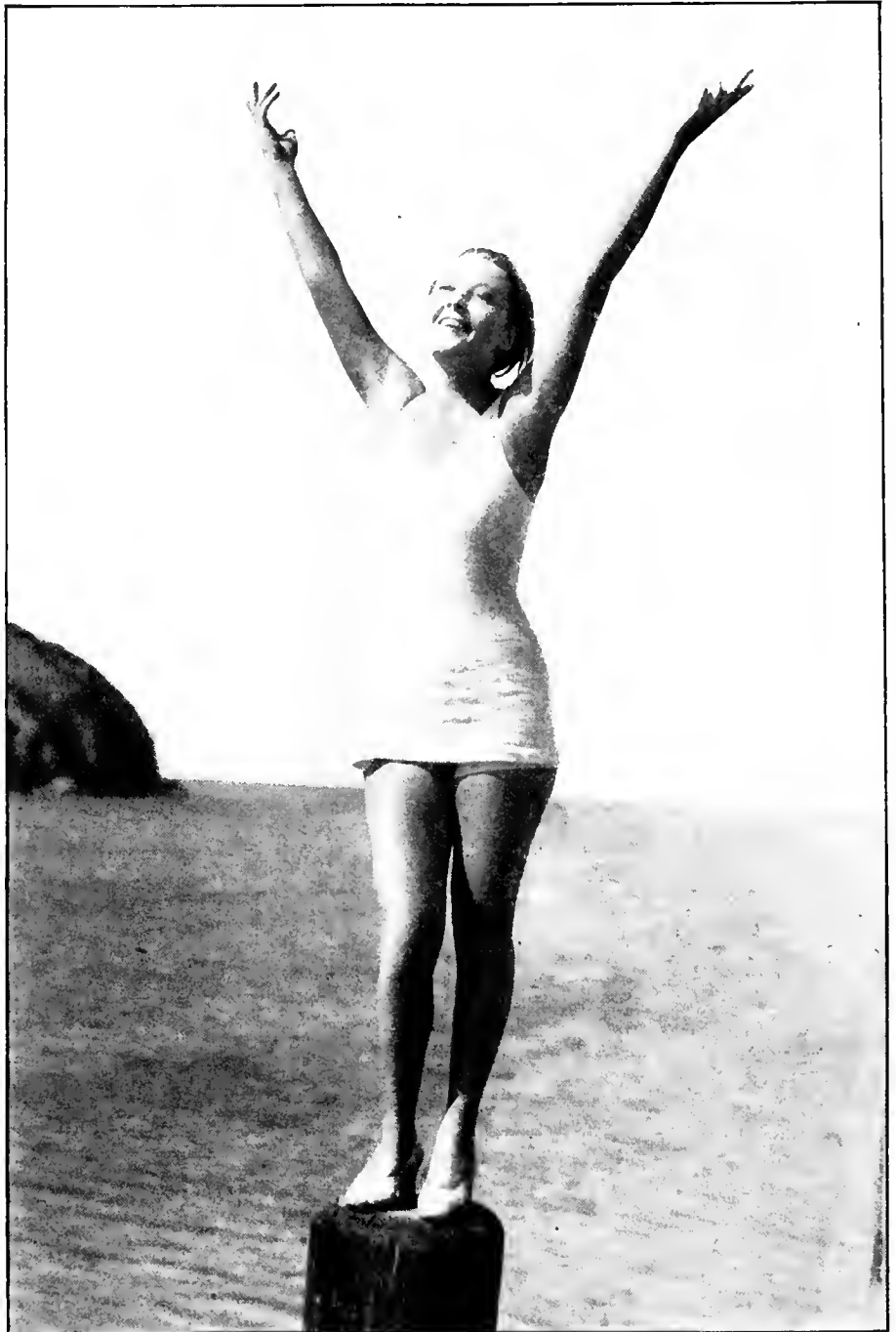
Little Edwina Booth, who went to Africa to be the white goddess in "Trader Horn" has not yet recovered her strength. The sunstroke, the fever and the languor of the jungle have left her broken in health. She and her mother have taken a house at the beach (the studio, by [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 134]

The business of home-building, by one of Hollywood's happiest couples. Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, working on their new house. The little daughter is carrying a hod somewhere offstage



# Grace that is natural and always attractive

DOROTHY MACKAILL  
First National Pictures, Inc.



TODAY, to be really beautiful, one must be radiantly healthy, yet desirably feminine. Youthfully slender, but with never a trace of the "flatness" of yesterday.

How many girls, dieting to achieve this fashionable figure, have destroyed both health and charm!

And so unnecessarily!

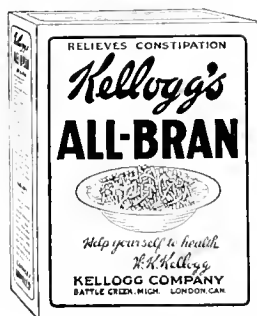
By following a few simple rules it is comparatively easy to control the weight—and be healthy and more beautiful while doing so.

Eat balanced menus—designed to reduce safely. Avoid the two great dangers of dieting—*anemia* and improper elimination.

One delightful product that is *not fattening* will help avoid both of these dreaded dangers. It is Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Add it to any reducing diet. It furnishes the roughage your system needs to keep it clean and healthy.

Improper elimination is one of beauty's greatest foes! It is the most frequent cause of pimples, sallow complexions, lines of age, listlessness and disease. Just two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily is guaranteed to eliminate this danger.



In addition, it helps prevent dietary anemia by adding iron to the blood. Iron brings glorious color to the lips and complexion. With milk or fruit juices, important vitamins are introduced to balance the diet.

You can eat Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in so many delightful ways—*without adding many calories to the diet*. In fruit juices—sprinkled on salads, in soups. Cook it in bran muffins, omelettes, breads. New processes have improved ALL-BRAN—both in texture and in taste. Recommended by doctors.

Always ask for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—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-6  
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Food that Satisfies



Those who aren't watching their starches and sugars (and we aren't all!) will enjoy these new recipes. Evelyn Brent is a serious-minded cook, and Warner Baxter an accomplished taster

**E**VERYBODY in Hollywood doesn't diet to keep thin. But we hear so much talk about reducing diets, and so much of it emanates from screen circles, that we are apt to forget there are plenty of hearty appetites left to relish good substantial food.

Evelyn Brent's Chicken Pie is not for those who weigh themselves daily and wince at each additional fraction of a pound gained.

But it's a satisfying dish for a hungry family. This is her recipe:

## Chicken Pie

**D**RESS, clean and cut up two fowls. Put in a stewpan with one onion, cover with boiling water and cook slowly, until meat is tender. If you like, you may add a few small pieces of salt pork.

When chicken is half cooked, add one-half tablespoon salt and one-eighth teaspoon pepper.

Remove chicken, strain stock, skim off fat, and then cook until reduced to four cups.

Thicken stock with one-third cup flour diluted with enough cold water to pour easily. When boiling point is reached add three tablespoons butter, bit by bit, and more salt if necessary.

Place a small cup in center of baking dish; arrange around it pieces of chicken, removing some of the larger bones; pour over gravy and cool.

Cover with pie crust in which several incisions have been made, that there may be an outlet for escape of steam and gases.

Wet edge of crust and put around a rim, having rim come close to edge.

Bake in a moderate oven until crust is well risen and browned. Roll remnants of pastry and cut in diamond shaped pieces, bake, and serve with pie when reheated. If puff paste is used, it is best to bake top separately.

**W**ARNER BAXTER contributes his recipe for a dish for the non-dieters. It's tempting, so if you want to keep your girlish figure, better not read any further!

## Huckleberry Cake

1 cup granulated sugar	1 egg well beaten
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter	$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour
1 cup milk	2 teaspoons baking powder
	1 quart huckleberries

Rub the butter and sugar into a cream. Add next beaten egg, then stir in milk. Gradually add flour, having baking powder thoroughly mixed in the last half cup of flour. Beat all together thoroughly, and last, lightly stir in the huckleberries, cleaned and dry. Bake in a cake pan in a good oven.

It is better to put the pan on the bottom of the oven first so that the cake will rise to its required height, then change to a higher shelf so that it may get done on the top. Otherwise the top gets hard before the baking powder has done its work.

Serve hot. Eat with butter.

**L**AST month I gave you Ruth Roland's recipe for Pineapple Icebox Cake. She has sent me two more of her cherished recipes, to pass along to you.

## Egg Plant

Soak egg plant one half hour in salt water; then slice in pieces one-quarter inch thick. Grease a casserole well, and place a layer of tomato, onion, celery and peppers at the bottom. Then cover with a layer of the sliced egg plant, alternating layers until the casserole is filled.

Bake one hour. Fifteen minutes before finished, put a layer of bacon strips across the top, returning to the oven to finish baking.

## Fruit Jumbles

Take one-half pound chopped dates and one-half pound shelled walnuts, and rub together with one and one-half cupfuls flour.

In another dish beat one-half cup butter, three-quarters cup sugar, two eggs, one teaspoon vanilla, and one scant teaspoon baking soda.

Then mix all well together, drop from spoon on ungreased pan, making small cakes. Bake in moderate oven.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

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.

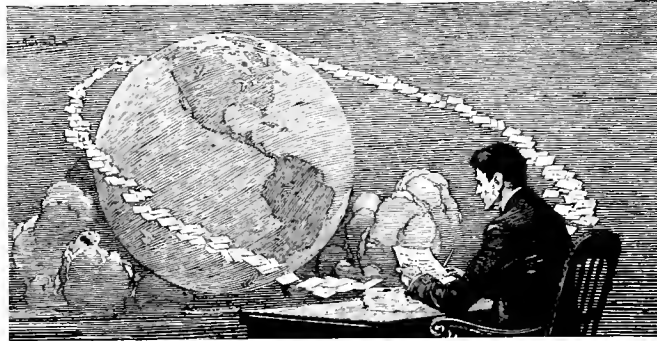
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Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.

# 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.

LESTIA WASHINGTON, PIEDMONT, S. C.—Any relation to George and Martha? Beth Sully, now Mrs. Jack Whiting, is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, mother. While I am here I would like to straighten out a little matter of much controversy. Doug, Jr., was born Dec. 9, 1907 and his wife, Joan Crawford, March 23, 1908. So help me Allah, I didn't mean to misquote these dates on so many previous occasions. Mary Philbin is still single. Alice White will be 23 years old July 25. Jean Richey, who is now one year old, had the distinction of making her first squawkie at the age of two weeks. She appeared with Winifred Westover in "Lumox."

FRANCES LAURICELLI, BUFFALO, N. Y.—You might say you were only kiddin' when you started that argument. Well, anyway, your friend wins. Dolores Costello is Mrs. John Barrymore and has been since November 24, 1928. Her sister Helene, divorced wife of Jack Regan, recently married Lowell Sherman, ex-husband of Pauline Garon.

J. T. C., HONG KONG.—No speakum velly good Chineese. Mary Duncan was born in Luttrellville, Va., Aug. 13, 1905. Incidentally, Buddy Rogers celebrates his birthday on Aug. 13 too, but he is one year older than Mary.

VIVIAN WERTZ, ABERDEEN, S. D.—It must be the step-child of Aberdeen, Scotland. No, Vi, I don't know where you can get free pictures of the movie stars. It costs thousands of dollars annually to have photos made and the studios have asked the stars to charge 25 cents for each photo so that they may cut down expenses a little.

H. A. LAURELDALE, PA.—Heigh-ho, they are after Rudy again. He attended the University of Maine and later went to Yale. Sh-h-h-h! Someone just whispered that he picked up the sax in Maine and started crooning in jail—I mean Yale. He has blond hair and blue-grey eyes. His marriage to Leonia McCoy was annulled.

JACK HENSON, GREENSBORO, N. C.—I think a person who is as psychic as you are ought to make lots of money in the stock market. Now let me predict a few things. The beautiful face you saw in "The Girl from Woolworths" belongs to Rita Flynn. She is a newcomer and you will see her again in the latest Fannie Brice picture, "Be Yourself." I'm with you. Three cheers for the Talkies, Technicolor and all the Stars.

V. M. JAKLE, UNIVERSITY CITY, MO.—As far back as 1918 Will "Beech-nut" Rogers was rope-swinging in the movies. His next picture will be "So This Is London."

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 90 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.

GENEVIEVE LEIGH, TORONTO, CANADA.—I never consider it work to answer questions about Stanley Smith. Stan is 5 feet, 11½, weighs 160 and has blond hair and blue eyes. He claims Kansas City, Mo., as his birthplace and January 6, 1907, as the date.

ELEANOR ATKINSON, FULTON, MO.—I am not certain whether I should just heave a big sigh, or come out there and crown you. We'll have to let it stand that way for the present. After all the stories, articles, titles, sub-titles, and what have you? I never thought I would be obliged to give out the Great Garbo's measurements again. For the benefit of those who have not been listening, may I repeat that Greta is 24 years old, stands 5 feet 6, weighs 125 and has light golden brown hair and blue eyes. That will be all for today, children.

C. M., VIRDEN, ILL.—Dun't call me Ignatius, I dun't like it. It doesn't appeal to my a—er—artistic nature. The only part of Jack Oakie that's Scotch is his hair—it's SANDY. Whoops, m' dear.

F. C. B., BRATTLEBORO, VT.—You got your streets mixed up a little. The picture was called "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and not "Gold Diggers of New York." Conway Tearle played the part of *Uncle Steve*. At present House Peters is living in California and not doing anything in pictures.

A. L. B., BREWSTER, MINN.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray, stars of "No, No, Nanette," are both from the stage. ZaSu Pitts was born in 1898 and Louise Fazenda in 1899.

LEO GALLO—The theme song of "Romance of Rio Grande" was "You'll Find the Answer in My Eyes." I wouldn't state definitely, but maybe Ben Turpin was the inspiration.

CELIA SCHAEFER, W. ORANGE, N. J.—In "Rio Rita" the bad, naughty Kinkajou turned out to be *Ravenoff*, who in private life is known as George Renevant.

FRANCES AYDELOTTE, CALUMET CITY, ILL.—Helen Morgan, stage star and night club favorite, hails from Danville, Ill. Is that far from your town? June Collyer and Don Terry played the leads in "Me, Gangster," which was released a couple of years ago.

L. B. W., MOOSE JAW, SASK., CANADA.—You're right. Charlie Chase does his own vocalizing, and how that boy can tum-teddle-tumtum. Claud Allister played the part of *Algy* in "Bulldog Drummond" and *Spoofy* in "Three Live Ghosts." Maybe they'll call him Percy in his next. Dorothy and Dixie Lee are not related.

EVELYN ANDERSON, RICHMOND, VA.—Despite your predictions, I didn't pass out. I'm here stronger 'n ever. Your big moment, Nick Lucas, was born in Newark, New Jersey, of Italian parentage, Aug. 22, 1897 and christened Nicholas Lucanese. He is 5 feet, 8, weighs 150 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Married and has one daughter.

V. TAUTJAN, JR., OAKLAND, CALIF.—How some folks get their favorites mixed up! Gosh, wouldn't Clara Bow laugh if she heard this one. Clara's eyes are brown, both of 'em. It is Colleen Moore who has one brown and one blue eye.

THE "Y" BOYS, LYNN, MASS.—Youst one beeg, heppy familiee, eh? The beautiful blonde who played opposite John Gilbert in "His Glorious Night" was Catherine Dale Owen of the stage. Her most recent pictures are "Such Men Are Dangerous" and "The Rogue Song."

C. BEEBE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Your favorite, Jean Arthur, who is twenty-two years old, has changed her name several times. She was christened Gladys Greene, but when she went into the movies she became Jean Arthur. Next she was Mrs. Julian Ancker, then a divorcee, and presto—she's Jean Arthur once more. I assure you that all these aliases haven't spoiled Jean one bit. Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, well-known stage star, is about 23 years old.

ANNA K. FULTON, EUTAW, ALA.—I think I would make a lot of money if I went in the music publishing business. In "Devil May Care" you heard the following songs—"Charming," "Shepherd's Serenade," "If He Cared," "March of the Old Guard." Ramon Novarro, star of the picture, was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899, and christened Ramon Samaniegos. Lloyd Hughes, your other handsome hero, hails from Bisbee, Arizona, where he was born, Oct. 21, 1897. He has dark brown hair and dark grey eyes.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

**MY CREAM HAS A  
SINGULAR GIFT FOR  
MAKING YOUR SKIN..**

Clearer, healthier!

BY *Frances Ingram*

**M**Y Milkweed Cream does quite a bit more for your skin than any other face creams I know. Like all good creams it cares exquisitely for the skin's surface, because it is a marvelous cleanser.

But, in addition, it is devoted to the health of your skin; it has the unique effect of making the skin texture finer. "Clears my complexion" . . . "So much smoother", are the phrases I meet most often in my correspondence with women who use Milkweed Cream.

The secret lies in the formula of Milkweed Cream. Its special ingredients care for the skin's health . . . its delicate oils cleanse and purify gently. Dullness and lines go. Youth comes to your skin!

My mannequin's six "stars" show the places where skin beauty is controlled. Study them in your own mirror, and start tonight, with Milkweed Cream, to have a healthier, lovelier skin.

*The Milkweed Way to Loveliness*

First, apply Milkweed Cream generously. Leave upon the skin 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, following the six starred instructions below, pat the cream gently into the skin.

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**

Milkweed Cream



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 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.

Frances Ingram, Dept. A-60  
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 \_\_\_\_\_

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## Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

**I**F you want to make your hair... easy to manage... and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush... and brush it through your hair... when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

### Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that... it will stay any style you arrange it... even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.



**Glostora**

## Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

MRS. E. W., DETROIT, MICH.—Lowell Sherman and Pauline Garon were married Feb. 15, 1926 and divorced in August, 1927. Lowell recently married Helene Costello, sister of Dolores, but Pauline has managed to dodge Cupid so far. Ralph Graves' first wife was Marjorie Seamon, who passed away in 1923. He is now married to Virginia Goodwin, a non-professional. Ralph's real name is Hofheimer and he has one son by his first marriage.

MABEL ROGERS, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Annotha winnah, Mabel, you were right. It was John Barrymore and not Lionel who had the lead in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Where do I come in on the bargain?

J. L., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—I agree with you that Morton Downey has one grand voice. He is in his late twenties and is married to Barbara Bennett, sister of Joan and Constance. Ruth Chatterton was born in Li'l Old New Yawk. Barbara Kent was born in Gadsby, Alberta, Canada, Dec. 16, 1909. Her real name is Barbara Cloutman. In "Flight" Jack Holt played the part of *Panama* and Ralph Graves was *Lifty*. Ralph is really very clever. He wrote that story, you know.

SONNY BOY, LOUISVILLE, KY.—Are you the original "climb upon my knee" or just a carbon copy? I am so glad that you like the new way we are doing the rotogravure in PHOTOPLAY. Here are some other Kentuckyites—Robert Agnew, Joyce Compton, D. W. Griffith, Norma Lee, Mary Nolan, Sally Rand and Francis MacDonald. I almost forgot your other question. John Holland was born in Kenosha, Wis., June 11, 1899. He is 6 feet, 2½; weighs 185, and has brown hair and blue eyes. 'Tis reported that he likes Mae Busch very much.

N. O., SEATTLE, WASH.—Norma Shearer is 25 years old and Robert Montgomery is 26. Bob is still single. I really don't know how he stays that way. Clara Bow's next picture will be "True to the Navy" and, believe it or not, she has seven leading men. Did I hear someone whisper "let her have the whole navy"?

CURIOUS PEGGY, TAMPA, FLA.—To settle all disputes and so forth, let me announce that Loretta Young was born, Jan. 6, 1913. Her mother has withdrawn her annulment suit and Loretta and her husband, Grant Withers, are living happily together.

DIANE, ARAPAHOE, NEBR.—Why all the secrecy? Cops after ya? At last I have some information about Lew Ayres, target of the Garbo kiss. Lew, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Ayres, was born in Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 28, about twenty years ago. He is 5 feet, 11, weighs 155, and has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. For three years prior to his movie debut, he played and sang with various dance orchestras. He is under five-year contract to Universal and plays the lead in "All Quiet on the Western Front" which is reviewed in this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

GLADYS SULLIVAN, BOSSIER CITY, LA.—I think your questions were downright sensible. Ken Maynard is married to a very charming lady. She is a non-professional and her maiden name went into complete oblivion when she took the name of Maynard. Arthur Lake, who reaches 6 feet in altitude, was born in Corbin, Ky., in 1905. The lad has light hair, blue eyes and is still single.

M. REINHARDT, STAMBOUL, TURKEY.—And plum pudding and we're still months away from

Thanksgiving. Now to get down to business. Among the blond heroes, we have Stanley Smith, Conrad Nagel, Charles Eaton and William Boyd. You will have to write to the Fox Studios for the information you desire on the songs of the "Fox Follies." In "Submarine" the boys sang "Pals, Just Pals." The theme song of "The Trail of '98" was "I Found Gold When I Found You." Had I been consulted, I would have suggested "Dig a Little Deeper."

PEGGY KAZELL, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Living right in the midst of the movie industry you really should know a great deal about the stars. Eddie Nugent was born Feb. 7, 1904, and is 6 feet, 1 inch tall. That's his own name and he is still a bachelor. If you will look elsewhere in this issue you will find Robert Montgomery's address.

SO AND SO, EVERETT, MASS.—I'll bite; how long is a short circuit? You asked just exactly thirteen questions and as I'm a superstitious, old duffer, I'm going to leave off a few for luck. Here are the birthdates—Louise Fazenda, Jan. 25, 1899; Bessie Love, Sept. 10, 1898; Mary Duncan, Aug. 13, 1905; Charles Rogers, Aug. 13, 1904; Lupe Velez, July 18, 1909 and Gary Cooper, May 7, 1901. Next time I see Lupe I'll tell her you object to her cussing so much. Rosetta is the comedienne of the Duncan Sisters team. Vivian is reported engaged to Nils Asther.

B. M. C., SEATTLE, WASH.—You're a great little story writer. The name of the picture you described was "Drag," with Richard Barthelmess. Alice Day and Lila Lee appeared with him, Alice being the one he married in the film. Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891; and is 5 feet, 11 inches tall.

CAROLYN J. ALEXANDER, CHARLESTON, W. VA.—It would be hard for me to tell you just who Robert Montgomery prefers in his pictures, as he has appeared opposite such favorites as Joan Bennett, Norma Shearer, Sally Starr and Joan Crawford. Bob hails from Beacon, New York, where he was born May 21, 1904. He is 6 feet, weighs 160, and has black hair and blue eyes. His latest picture is "The Divorcee" in which he again appears opposite the beautiful Norma. Ooooooh yeh, he's still single.

IVA BLANC, BEAVER DAM, WIS.—Goshdam, I swear right back at you. Your home state has the distinction of claiming Lillian Leighton as one of its fair daughters, the place of her nativity being Auroraville. There are only two things you can do about that cousin of yours. Either write him again or just forget him. Sound advice, eh?

C. L., WILKINSBURG, PA.—In the "Show of Shows" Frank Fay's solo contribution was called "Your Love Is All That I Crave." Really all that I crave is my schnaps. The Great Swedish Invasion was christened Greta Gustafsson. An' if I have to repeat that again, well. . . .

FELICE MARTY, PITTSBURGH, PA.—I believe I would be afraid to live on Squirrel Hill. Can you guess why? Huh, huh, that's the reason exactly. Clive Brook is a very proficient violinist, having studied the instrument for eight years. Now you see I am not kiddin' when I say that he did his own playing in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes." Clive hails from merrie ol' London. His latest picture is "Slightly Scarlet." You will also see him with the rest of the gang in "Paramount on Parade."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]





AN OLD  
BEAUTY  
SECRET

NANCY  
CARROLL  
and her billion  
candle power  
personality!  
From Paramount.



K-34

ACCORDING to Biart, the historian, the Aztecs rarely lost their teeth. And, their lips stayed marvels of youthful loveliness even into old age. Could this signify that you are only as young as your lips? Was it this that caused the Spanish conquerors to remark about the prettiness of the Aztec women? But how to keep lips young? It is now known that these wily enchantresses chewed gum. Doubtless this was their great and inexpensive Beauty Secret—since chewing is so very important for the attractive shaping of the mouth. Wrigley's is the same sort of chewing gum as the Aztecs', only more perfect. Chew it at least ten minutes a day and watch the new charm added to your lips. Try Double Mint, the delicious new peppermint flavor.

## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104 ]



### TANGEE

### For Natural Loveliness

In an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you put it on . . . blends perfectly with your individual complexion—whether blonde, brunette, or titaan. For Tangee brings out Nature's own color.

Tangee leaves no trace of grease or pigment . . . nothing except a lovely glow—so beautiful, so natural, and so lasting.

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base. It not only beautifies the lips, but actually soothes, heals and protects.

Tangee Lipstick, \$1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75¢ . . . Crème Rouge, \$1. Face Powder, blended to match the natural skin tones, \$1. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, \$1. Day Cream, protects the skin, \$1. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, \$1.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET  
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P. 6

417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

INTERESTED PHOTOPLAY READER, TORONTO, CANADA.—You're right when you say that you are just one of countless hundreds of John Boles admirers. His latest releases are "Song of the West" and "Captain of the Guard." The latter is reviewed in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Don't miss this, girls. Jaw'n's next will be "Moonlight Madness." Hey! Hey!

ELIZABETH MYERS, GETTYSBURG, PA.—Here's another speech for Gettysburg and all points North, South, East and West. In a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY, Cal York stated that John Bond, German voice doubler, was heard as John Boles in "Rio Rita." This statement has brought many letters of inquiry to my desk. Now, if you children will all get out your books and read aloud the paragraph in question, you will note that Mr. Bond spoke and sang only in the German version of "Rio Rita." Evidently Mr. Boles no speak da Deutsch.

VERA BERG, MADISON, WIS.—If, at first, you don't succeed—luck is with you this time, m' dear. Ruth Chatterton celebrates her birthday on December 24. Oh boy, what a Xmas present she was! She has brown hair and grey eyes and has been married to Ralph Forbes since 1924. Her latest release is "Sarah and Son."

MAY BELL JACKSON, MONTEREY, TENN.—You have a very good memory. In 1926, Vera Reynolds and Edmund Burns made a silent picture titled, "Sunny Side Up." Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell recently made a talkie version of it.

D. L. M., POCOTELLO, IDAHO.—Being rather a bashful sort of chap, I cannot get up enough courage to send you clippings about myself. Al Jolson calls Ruby Keeler "Mammy." They were married Sept. 21, 1928. John Harron played opposite Betty Compson in "Street Girl." Greta Nissen and Vilma Banky are not related. Greta hails from Norway and Vilma from Sweden.

QUAKER GIRL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The beautiful Jeanette MacDonald is a product of your home town, where she was born June 18, 1907. She is 5 feet, 5, weighs 122, and has red-gold hair and greenish-blue eyes. You will soon see her in "Let's Go Native" with James Hall and Jack Oakie.

S. AND K., SAN BRUNO, CALIF.—I was quite right when I said that Gary Cooper was the young aviator who was killed in "Wings." Gary played the part of Cadet White who was killed in an airplane collision in the first part of the picture. Dick Arlen died toward the end of the picture when he was brought down in a German plane he had stolen from the German airdrome. Now, does that refresh your memory? Gary Cooper had the lead in "The Legion of the Condemned."

MARY OATMAN, OVERLAND, MO.—You have made a grave error by getting your heroes mixed up a little. James Murray was the hero in "The Crowd." You did not see Ralph Forbes in that picture.

GIUSEPPE AJELLO, PALERMO, ITALY.—The theme song of "The Divine Lady" bore the inspired title "Lady Divine." Bet it took a lot of studio conferences to think that one up!

E. NIED, HOBOKEN, N. J.—During my last visit to Hoboken a line from Wordsworth about something or other came to me, but after it came I didn't know what to do with it and life has never been the same since. Jean Arthur is

about 23. Dolores Costello made her début in Pittsburgh 25 years ago. Basil Rathbone played the part of *Philo Vance* in "The Bishop Murder Case," but Bill Powell will be *Philo* again in "The Benson Murder Case."

M. CONSTANTINO, WOODHAVEN, L. I.—Take my hand and let's see if we can't get together on this: Dorothy Gulliver, an alumna of "The Collegians," played the other feminine rôle in "Night Parade." Anita Page was born Aug. 4, 1910. Helen Kane first started to boop-boopa-doop on Aug. 4, too.

BEATRICE GEORGE, EAST PITTSBURGH, PENNA.—No movie scrapbook is complete without the information that J. Harold Murray was born in South Berwick, Maine, Feb. 17, 1891. And that, furthermore, he has light hair and blue eyes, is 5 feet, 11 inches tall and not only does he look as though he'd weigh 160 pounds but he does weigh 160 pounds.

R. B. C., ELM CITY, N. C.—Paul Muni, who is going Lon Chaney one better by accumulating the title of "The Man with a Thousand Voices," was born in Vienna, Austria, Sept. 22, 1897.

DON ABBOTT, ROCKINGHAM, N. H.—Having seen *Philo Vance* I deduce that by the "baby-face" in "Gold Diggers of Broadway" you mean Helen Foster. Bebe Daniels originally dwelt in Dallas, Texas; Gloria Swanson comes from Chicago, and Billie Dove is a native New Yorker. Alberta Vaughn's latest pictures are "Show of Shows" and "Under a Texas Moon." Carmel Myers was *Flo Palfrey* in "Sorrell and Son."

F. D., TULAROSA, N. M.—Richard Arlen heroed in "She's a Sheik."

H. T. M., CHICAGO, ILL.—Lon Chaney made his first face April 1, 1883. The Great Garbo was originally entitled Greta Gustafsson. Richard Dix is engaged to marry Maxine Glass. Dolores Del Rio, whose Mexican family bore the name of Asunsolo, was divorced from Jaime Martinez Del Rio in June, 1928; he died six months later.

V. A. A., WOOLSTOCK, IOWA.—I've often mused, in my quiet way, upon the fact that children in comic-strips never grow up. But they do in the movies, for little Mary Kornman, who used to be the blonde heart-interest in "Our Gang," is now a dignified, but still blonde, ingénue of sixteen. A young man by the name of Clifford Stark is reported engaged to Anita Page, who is so strictly chaperoned by her parents that the engagement, if true, will probably take in the entire Pomares family.

HOT AND TOT, CHARLESTON, W. VA.—I saved my dimes for years to be able to listen to Lawrence Tibbett sing in the Metropolitan Opera Company, but Catherine Dale Owen got paid while Tibbett warbled to her in "The Rogue Song," her latest release. Ann Pennington was first noticed to have dimpled knees Dec. 23, 1896. The late Jeanne Eagles played opposite John Gilbert in a picture called "Man, Woman and Sin."

H. G. M., POCOMOKE CITY, MD.—The little Byron girl—who is called "Peanuts" because her name is Marion—is 19 years old; she was the smallest of the *Three Musketeers* in "Broadway Babies," and is in "The Forward Pass" too. Betty Compson sang a piece called "Let Me Have My Dreams" in "On With the Show." And Ethel Waters, the dark-skinned blues singer, warbled "Am I Blue?" in that one, too.



“Please tell me ...”

## JEAN CARROLL'S Page on Hair Beauty

### What to do for oily hair

Dear Miss Carroll: I have naturally wavy hair and for the first days after a shampoo it looks lovely, all soft and wavy. But, this soon passes off and in a little over a week, it becomes excessively oily and stringy. Added to this is the fact that it comes out in handfuls when I have it shampooed and every time I comb it I lose quite a lot. This is very discouraging, because I have decided to let my hair grow. But at this rate it will be just ages before there's enough of it to do up.—M. S., New Rochelle, N. Y.



Dear M. S., Don't be discouraged. Think what a problem you'd have if you were trying to grow *straight* hair! But to go on to your troubles—you say your hair gets oily in a little over a week. That's a fairly usual trouble. And the first rule is—shampoo your hair *oftener* than once a week. The next rule is—use a special shampoo for oily hair.

I'm going to tell you about a shampoo for oily hair—Packer's Liquid Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is safe and gentle—it is made of pure vegetable oils—but it is also slightly astringent and tends to tighten up the relaxed oil glands. Use it every four or five days at first.

Then for falling hair... If you shampoo your hair regularly with this healthful pine tar shampoo, I think you'll notice an improvement. The gentle stimulation you get from the astringent quality of the shampoo tends to tone up the scalp.

In addition, you should use a little daily massage. The good rich blood will come racing up to nourish the hair follicles and keep them strong and healthy.

One thing more—often that combination of oily hair and falling hair means *dandruff*. If you have noticed any of those little flaky bits that speak of dandruff will you read what I have written in answer to the last letter on this page?

It would be very hard for me to exaggerate the importance of scalp massage.

### A special shampoo for dry hair

Dear Miss Carroll: Can you tell me which of the Packer Shampoos will be best for my hair? Every time I wash my hair it is so flyaway afterwards that for several weeks I cannot keep it in place. It snaps and seems to tangle about the comb, so that it is very difficult to do anything with it.—Mrs. J. R. F., Oxford, Michigan.



Dry hair *is* difficult to manage. It often breaks off, too. I'd suggest a little daily massage. Then, I'd use a special shampoo for dry hair that I'm going to tell you about.

This is Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, one of the nicest shampoos I've ever tried. It's a lovely golden liquid, very easy to use because it's so lathery and rinses so easily. It is a pure vegetable oil soap, with softening, soothing glycerine that leaves your hair softer and easier to manage.

Every two weeks I'd use this special shampoo, and then between times I'd drop a little oil of sweet almonds on the scalp with a medicine dropper. I'm sure these simple rules will make your hair more manageable.

### And for dandruff—

Dear Miss Carroll: Everyone tells me that I have beautiful hair and yet even though I wash it once a week it gets oily about the fourth day and then does not look pretty. I also have a great deal of dandruff.—Miss R. W. M., Strathcona, Alberta, Canada.



Dandruff and excessively oily hair often go together. Experts, and by that I mean doctors who specialize in the care of the hair, call it *seborrheic dermatitis*, and they agree that it is an infection—and *very* dangerous.

So I'm going to urge you to start in right away to shampoo once a day for

three days with Packer's Tar Soap. This famous soap has long been a standard remedy in cases of dandruff. These frequent shampoos are antiseptic. They bring the healthful piney lather of Packer's Tar Soap into frequent contact with your scalp—and dandruff germs *hate* pine tar.

After you've had your three every-day shampoos, you ought to be able to control the dandruff by shampooing twice a week, and then once a week—unless your dandruff is serious. If it is, I suggest that you go to see a good dermatologist.

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—*radio talks* by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday 10:45 a. m. (Eastern Daylight Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System. 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.

### Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. Dept. 16-F, 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 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3—coin; not stamps).

- Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)  
 Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)  
 Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

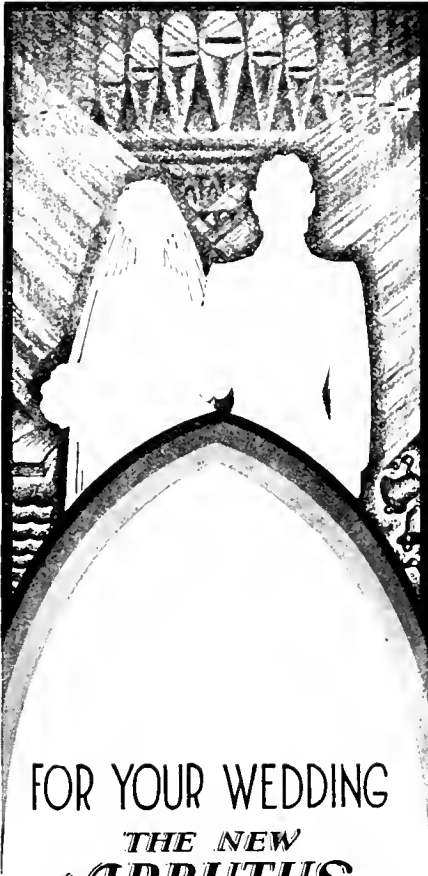
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# Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY



## FOR YOUR WEDDING

### THE NEW ARBUTUS WEDDING RING

—By Brogan

**T**HE most charming wedding ring has been made still more charming! The deft touches of modern craftsmen have created an air of delicacy and refinement in perfect harmony with the modern vogue.

You will want to see the modern, new Arbutus wedding ring—like the flower itself,—symbol of sincerity and love. Ask your jeweler, he will be proud and pleased to show it to you. >>>>>

Send for your free copy of the *Bride's Book*—an authoritative guide covering all social occasions from the engagement to the honeymoon.



**BYARD F. BROGAN**  
PHILADELPHIA

**J**UNE, 1920, was a month unusually notable in the history of motion pictures and their magazines.

For it was in that month that PHOTOPLAY began the great business of debanking the studio press-agents—of taking the gloss off the stars and showing the human beings beneath the tinsel and war-paint.

One of our stories was devoted to Theda Bara, who some years before had come out of the mists of Egypt to startle the fans with her man-handling.

In June, 1920, Theda had been appearing on the New York stage in a preposterous play called "The Blue Flame." And we tell the true and simple story of Theodosia Goodman, of Cincinnati, who came to New York and played small parts as Theodosia de Coppet, and then became the screen's first and most vicious vampire as Theda Bara—or "Arab Death," respelled.

So ten years ago the game of truth began in earnest—the game that was to make our favorites, not demi-gods, but real men and women with virtues—and flaws.

**I**N another part of the magazine is a story called "The Lonely Princess."

It tells the touching story of Mary Miles Minter, the second-run Mary Pickford of a decade ago.

It related how the little blonde thing has a palace, a blue automobile, a lot of servants in a big palace—and no romance and no fun. Nothing ever happened to Mary Miles but work.

All very sad. But we can save our tears. It wasn't long until a lot of things began to happen to the lonely princess—and not all of them were pretty.

**T**HESE are the pictures of the month that are luring us to the movies after dinner. . . . John Barrymore gets cheers for his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and so does its director, John S. Robertson (still prosperous and busy). In this picture one Anita Dooley did a bit that shone. You know her as Nita Naldi. . . . D. W. Griffith crashes out with South Seas stuff, "The Idol Dancer," with Dick Barthelmess and Clarine Seymour, whose hula-hula was admired. She died soon after this picture was shown. . . . Connie Talmadge appears in "In Search of a Sinner." . . . Dorothy Gish in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town." . . . Wally Reid in "Excuse My Dust," one of his series of racing yarns. . . . Tom Moore and Naomi Childers in "Duds." . . . Charlie Ray in "The Village Sleuth," another of his barefoot boy series. . . . Mr. Jack Dempsey, having massacred Mr. Jess Willard, appears in "Daredevil Jack." . . . Harold Lloyd's two-reeler, "Haunted Spooks," is cheered, and our reviewer says his new leading lady, Mildred Davis, is just as nice as Bebe Daniels ever was.

**N**ORMA TALMADGE becomes fashion editor of PHOTOPLAY this month.

And she's awfully grateful to Mr. Quirk for asking her. In her first piece, Norma blames the rapidly changing styles, with international flavor, on the war. (It was a little too early to blame them on prohibition!)

And we see, in the headline, what is more than ever true—namely, that the movies are creating fashions and not merely following the commands of Paris. We knew it ten years ago, when we hired Norma Talmadge.

**A**BIG piece of Broadway's royal family, the Barrymores—still ruling, though the two boys, Lionel and Jack, are Hollywood fixtures.

In 1920 all three were still stage stars, dabbling in films. Ethel made a picture now and then, Lionel had been in many, and Jack had just clicked with "Jekyll and Hyde."

Of the trio, only Ethel still rules in the theater.

Lionel does noble directing for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, while poor John struggles along on \$900,000 a year from Warners.

**T**HE roto section has pretty pictures of Helene Chadwick, Dotty Gish and Jane Novak. . . . And we go into the early trials and triumphs of Colleen Moore—Kathleen Morrison, of Port Huron, Mich.—from the days when D. W. Griffith gave her her first film jobs to June, 1920, when she is toiling in Christie Comedy specials. Even then, Colleen had one brown eye, one blue. . . . And a story on Katherine MacDonald, "The American Beauty" whose career was to be comparatively short and rather unsuccessful. The piece is called "Beauty—Her Great Handicap." Later she was found to have others. . . . Fatty Arbuckle stars in "The Round-Up," famous play which featured a fat and jolly sheriff. In the cast were two men now directors, Eddie Sutherland and Irving Cummings. And Guy Oliver, now playing his five hundredth and some film rôle.



Katherine MacDonald, "The American Beauty" of ten years ago. Her screen reign was brief and unexciting. But what a peach!

**W**E give our readers the real lowdown on the romance that ultimately resulted in the splicing of Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks.

The famous pair first met when both were working on the old Lasky lot—Mary the most famous woman in pictures and Doug a comparative newcomer to stardom. But the romance didn't get white-hot until the pair went out to peddle Liberty Bonds to keep the Germans from landing at New York and blowing up the Times Building.

Then came never-ending stories of hot hate between Doug and Owen Moore, then Mary's husband. But finally there was a divorce, and the wedding hells rang out for the couple.

And for ten years Mary and Doug have sat on a Beverly Hill and looked down at the kingdoms of the world—some of which they possess.

**T**HIS month we run a contest on "What Motion Pictures Mean to Me."

First prize is corralled by one who signs herself "An Old Maid." She says the movies help her forget her age by letting her re-live the past; they intensify her sympathy and understanding; they stimulate her love of youth and romance. And she wins the \$25.



## It's the tuck that tells

If the human body never moved, well fitting undergarments would be easy to make. But for a body in action the ordinary garment soon becomes baggy, uncomfortable, ugly. We have eliminated superfluous fullness with a clever tuck. Snug fitting underdress always—no matter what the position may be! A short front, with a longer, expanding back, enables you to wear one full size smaller. Fits the body in motion. Gives greater freedom in action—eliminates bulkiness. A boon to women! That's the reason for its great success. A full line in all smart designs and materials. Beautifully made—by the Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis. Don't buy until you have seen them. At better stores everywhere. Send for booklet.

*Kickernick*

PATENTED UNDERDRESS



"It absolutely banishes shiny noses—this wonderful new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder" says Miss Dorothy Flood, 10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Ziegfeld star, noted for her beauty.



"It's just like the bloom of youth—this wonderful Mello-glo face powder, made by a marvelous new French-process" says lovely actress Miss Kae English, 7218 Thirty-fourth Ave., Jackson Heights, Long Island, N. Y.

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## Beautiful Women Laud New Wonderful Powder

MELLO-GLO *face powder—stays on longer and prevents large pores*

There are definite REASONS why MELLO-GLO is the face powder the world's most beautiful women prefer above all others! It is sifted and sifted through fine silk meshes—mixed and re-mixed until it presents perfect uniformity, and gains that amazing power of STAYING ON longer!

Its color has passed the rigid tests of the United States Government—a delicate shade that blends magically with your complexion, giving it the lovely bloom of youth.

It is the smoothest powder made. Created by a marvelous new French process, it prevents large pores—protecting the skin against the rough aged look. MELLO-GLO does not irritate the skin, or cause a pasty, flaky look.

For a smooth girlish complexion—use MELLO-GLO. There are no substitutes. Only MELLO-GLO has this secret formula and the new process. 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. 17, Statler Bldg., Boston.

## Warm Weather Charm

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]

Wash silks, and cottons that iron like a handkerchief, are nice. One doesn't mind an occasional evening over the ironing board, or a few dollars for laundry, in the worthy cause of looking one's prettiest.

Of course, these are just suggestions. Your own shops and your own needs will be your best shopping guide.

Stock up on plain underwear, the sort that requires little pressing. Have enough corsets and girdles so they can be tubbed or dry-cleaned often.

And don't try to economize on handkerchiefs. Let your motto be:  
"Always a clean hankie!"

**IN-BETWEEN** baths, a bottle of delicately scented toilet water or cologne and a box of fleecy powder are wonderful fresheners. Along with a light cleansing cream or lotion, a skin freshener, and a package of cleansing tissues, they should be a part of every girl's desk equipment.

I can't tell you how often they've buoyed up my drooping spirits, to say nothing of my bedraggled appearance!

A deodorant for the underarms, used as often as necessary, will help to preserve your poise on the hottest day.

Freshly washed gloves, tucked away in your desk for emergencies, will give you a dressed-up air some evening when you're feeling particularly tired and grimy.

It seems so much more difficult to keep nails attractive in hot weather, when hands are plunged into water so often. So we have to give them a little extra care.

And perhaps most important of all, excepting a clean, clear complexion, is our hair. Neat hair is always the basis of charm, but never so much as in summer.

A messy head can wreck the daintiest ensemble.

Be sure and keep your hair well brushed and glossy.

Shampoo it as frequently as necessary. If it is bobbed, keep the neckline clean-cut.

Spic-and-span cleanliness, superlative neatness, refreshing daintiness—that's any girl's warm weather charm.

**SALLY:**

Your normal weight is about 135 pounds, so you are slightly underweight. To improve the line of your hips, you need corrective exercises, rather than a reducing diet. I'll be happy to send you my booklet of exercises, if you will forward a stamped, self-addressed envelope and request the booklet.

These colors should be becoming to you: black, if your skin is fair enough, or if relieved by white or cream at the neck; golden brown, most blues and blue-grays, dark purple, soft rose and pale pink.

**EMILY J.:**

You're in distinguished company! Janet Gaynor, Bessie Love, Mary Pickford, Shirley Mason, and Alice White are all just your height, five feet.

So a good way to choose the type of clothes and the skirt length most becoming to you is to see as many pictures as possible in which these stars appear, and to note what they wear and how they wear it!

**MARY AND MOLLIE:**

Use a lighter cream for cleansing your skin. The one you mention is a skin food and tissue builder, and is designed to be used in conjunction with cleansing cream.

**MRS. J. M. Q.:**

You can wear all shades of brown, dark blues, pale green, rose taupe, amber tones and

pale yellow, flesh pink, black, cream and ivory white, and the pale blues and green-blues that are such popular colors this season.

Use a pale rose lipstick for daytime, to accentuate the fairness of your skin and to harmonize with it. At night you can use a slightly deeper tint.

**DOROTHY ELEANOR:**

These are your best colors: black of high lustre, oyster white, dark brown and bronze, peacock, navy and delft blues, pale and dark green, pearl and dove grays, soft violet and wistaria, pale yellow and delicate pink.

**GEORGINE:**

You are trying to do too many things at once. A business woman, who is her own housekeeper besides, should not attempt also to be her own dressmaker.

Even though you don't like the clothes you buy as well as those you make, it is better to sacrifice quality in material and to safeguard your health and vitality.

Buy fewer and better garments and choose them with care, and I am sure you can find the things you want among the ready-mades.

**MRS. J.:**

If you are Lupe Velez' type and want to bring out vividness, then I think the choice of a red chiffon dance frock is a good one. And that happens to be Miss Velez' favorite color for evening wear.

**MYRTLE:**

If you don't like heavy scents, there are many delicate floral and bouquet odors from which to choose. These are particularly nice for warm weather.

And if you prefer, you can use a mild toilet water, instead of the perfume.

There are also some lightly scented colognes that are especially agreeable in summer. And sachet, tucked in your underwear drawer between layers of cotton, will give just that dash of fragrance you like.

**BRIDE-TO-BE:**

Your gloves can be of white suede or glace kid, long enough to wrinkle down gracefully and softly, to correspond with the femininity of your gown.

Yes, I think a long string of pearls will be just the right touch in jewelry.

**CLARA S.:**

You need to watch your diet and general physical condition, besides taking better external care of your complexion. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my skin leaflet, which will set you on the right road towards complexion beauty.

**JEANNETTE:**

Instead of cutting the cuticle with a nail scissors, use one of the excellent cuticle removing liquids.

In addition, you may need to apply a softening cuticle cream at night. If you will send me the required envelope I shall be glad to mail you a reprint of my article on the care of hands and nails.

**MRS. S.:**

Talking pictures are going to be of great assistance to you in learning the correct pronunciation of words and in improving your vocabulary. In addition to attending as many pictures as possible, continue your reading and consult your dictionary as frequently as necessary. The librarian in your local library will probably be glad to help you compile a list of books on subjects that are interesting to you.



Which theatre to-night?

let the **EAR TEST**  
decide...

Hear talking pictures reproduced **NATURALLY**  
... look for this sign in the lobby



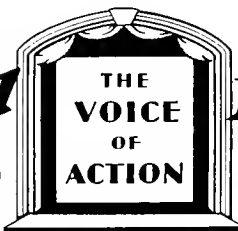
"That's my favorite theatre too. Their talkies always sound so natural."

You'll say the same thing about theatres equipped with the Western Electric Sound System. It is made by the makers of your telephone—people who for more than 50 years have known how to build good sound reproducing apparatus.

Don't simply ask what picture is playing or who is the star. Select your theatre by **EAR TEST**. Enjoy all the art that producers and actors put into the dialogue and the music.

Find out which houses in your neighborhood are using Western Electric equipment—look for the identifying sign in the lobby.

**Western Electric**  
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MADE  
BY THE MAKERS  
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# When your daughter asks this question



## Let her read "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"

IT should be a source of happiness for any woman to have her daughter's confidence. Far better that she should go to you with an intimate question than to casual friends and acquaintances. Far safer that you should tell her about feminine hygiene, knowing that the correct information may save her from future distress. Telling your daughter is made easy by this frank yet scientific booklet called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." Send for a copy. Let her read it herself.

### Warning against caustic poisons

In the past, the only germicides powerful enough for feminine hygiene were caustic and poisonous. Even though doctors realized the importance of surgical cleanliness, they looked with grave doubts at the women who insisted upon using bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid.

Now there is Zonite. Far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body. But safe. Safe as pure water. Zonite will never cause hardened membranes and scar-tissue nor interfere with normal secretions.

### Complete information in this book

Send for this book today. The whole truth about feminine hygiene given freely and frankly. Mail coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, tender feet or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, \$1 Both in U. S. A. and Canada



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION PH-06  
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.  
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

- The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene  
 Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....  
(Please print name)

Address.....

City..... State.....  
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

# Glory By Proxy

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

Passes By" was one of her great successes. Another was "The Silver Cord"—written for her.

And "The Silver Cord" is the one play that may change her mind about never acting again, she admits.

"I'd rather like to do that in talking pictures," she explains.

"It was written for me. And what's more, in it I can be as old as I like. And that's so nice, now."

It was in January, last year, that Miss Crews came to California to coach Norma Talmadge.

Six weeks later she was "loaned" to Gloria Swanson for "The Trespasser."

She helped write and direct that master picture, as well as coach Gloria for dialogue and "theater." She is now working on Gloria's next.

"AS a matter of fact, I have Gloria's next three pictures roughly in mind now," she adds. "I haven't selected them, you understand; it is just the basic idea that is formed. Gloria must not be a one-rôle actress. In her next three pictures, each of her rôles will be totally unlike any of the others. She is an actress of amazing capabilities."

It was the brilliant success of "The Trespasser" that really solidified Laura Crews' new success.

She is modest about what she did. She will not tell you what lines, what business, what action were the result of her work. She prefers to let you believe that it was all Gloria, after all. But she does tell you of how, after "The Trespasser," the Pathe heads came to her without any advance information—"led me to this office, and simply installed me!"

"My contract expired the first of the year. Now I have a new one. It runs indefinitely. And on Christmas, they handed me a package of bonds—a little bonus."

"IN spite of all this, don't you miss the theater?" you ask her.

"Up to now," she replies, "I haven't had time to!" Then she tells you of the time it takes to read through plays and stories, to find those that are suitable for her stars, and for Swanson.

You ask to know, then, whether after her

many years of the theater, her new activity isn't a colossal change, requiring great readjustment.

"NO—after all, even though you see me here behind a business desk, in a business office, I still know I have not left the theater entirely.

"The talkies find the theater fits in very closely. Tempo means much in pictures now, as in the theater.

"Act? Naturally, I still have some desire to act. But it is not great enough or strong enough to tempt me back, out of this. I love finding plays for others to star in."

"You have played in pictures, haven't you?" you ask her.

"Oh, yes. And I loathed it. It was 'Charming Sinners.'

"I did a night shift. I had to get up at 4 A.M. and be funny.

"But I couldn't do it!"

"What of the theater do you miss most?"

"I miss the audience."

"What, if anything, makes up to you for that?"

"In achieving my own hopes and ambitions through the work of others. In seeing a scene I have worked over being done as perfectly as I'd want to do it myself, if I could. From that, I get the same thrill I used to get from an audience.

"When I see Gloria Swanson in scenes we've worked over together—see her doing the thing as beautifully as I'd want to—I get the same joy that I hope I've given at times to my audiences."

"Are you here now to stay, Miss Crews?"

"I DON'T think I'll ever go back to the theater. I don't see when I'll ever have time.

"Out here, I seem to have forgotten that I've ever had any other life besides this.

"Why, last October I went to New York for six weeks to see some plays. I thought when I went that I'd find myself homesick for the footlights and the stage. But I was wrong. You couldn't get me to stay there! And yet, I'd never stay in Hollywood without a trip to New York every so often, to sort of keep myself on my feet, alive. In the tropics, when you're dying you know you're dying. In Hollywood, you just die!"

# Two Kings—One Throne!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

"Chevalier has an appeal that the ladies love."

"Tibbett is the possessor of a film personality that even in the days of the silents would have catapulted him into the first ranks of virilely romantic actors."

"Chevalier will become a world idol."

"Tibbett is the personification of what Hollywood insists it wants—a new screen type."

Certainly they represent new types, past the age of extreme youth, not handsome, but representatives of that much maligned word, sophistication.

They have an almost equal start on the climb to highest Olympus. Smashing triumphs to their credit.

It will be a race worth watching. What will be written a year from today?

At least the rival camps are drawn up in full battle array.

The ammunition is extravagant praise for their chosen favorites.

"Chevalier forever!"

"Tibbett for king!"

THE only real difficulty is that there is so much to be said on both sides. But still there is room for but one on the throne of the All-High.

What do you think about it, anyway? Let the editor of PHOTOPLAY know your favorite!





Is  
 a month  
 too long to plan  
 for LOVELINESS  
 ?



# The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test

“**W**OULD you try a thing once if you heard it was good? Would you try it twice if you found you liked it? Would you try it a week if you got results? And a month if you became convinced it was the grandest formula that had ever come your way?

“What is it that every woman yearns for, hoards, and regrets most bitterly when it passes? Beyond all question it is loveliness. *Yet loveliness is within every woman's power.*”

“Take away the mystery. Think of loveliness seriously. The glamorous ones have never been merely the ladies with perfect noses and bodies built to scale. They have been those who have brought skill and determination



to bear upon their natural endowments, and have *willed* themselves to be admired . . .”

The startling yet convincing statements above are from the opening paragraphs of one of the most interesting booklets published for women in many a day, “The Thirty Day Loveliness Test.”

Most women know, or should,

the principal things that contribute to feminine loveliness: like cleanliness of body, a clean and clear complexion, nice hands, nice hair, nice arms, immaculacy as to dress, accessories that are neat and trim. But where oh where to begin! . . . to find a definite program . . . a plan you *know* will bring you each day nearer to true personality, to poise and lovely charm!

If this has been your plea and problem, if you are interested in splendid information and in simple instructions that anyone can carry out, then we earnestly urge that you send for this most unusual booklet, “The Thirty Day Loveliness Test.” Remember, it is being offered *free!*

## 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, P-1  
 45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.  
 Please send me free of all cost, “The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test.”

Name .....

Address .....

# Three's A Crowd

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77 ]

Moran-Marie Dressler comedies about the Irish you would expect Marie's house to smell like cornbeef and cabbage. You're wrong. It is a charming home. There are rare things in it, collected from all over the world. A picture of the late Lillian Russell, lovingly inscribed to "Marie," was on the grand piano.

A HUGE patio opens from the living room. At the end of the patio is a swimming pool, and there is an amazing view of Hollywood and Los Angeles, a vast, living carpet of lights, stretching away to the sea.

Marie was terribly proud of an editorial that had just appeared in a San Francisco paper. The writer had been everywhere and seen about everything excepting the signing of the Magna Charta and the sinking of the Maine, but the greatest acting he had ever seen was her work in "Anna Christie."

I told her that she would find another great tribute in the April PHOTOPLAY, not yet out at that time.

A real estate man, a friend of Marie's, dropped in to call. He was looking for a house for a Broadway star. She was willing to pay one thousand dollars a month.

"She can have mine for a hundred," said Polly; "airedale hairs and all."

La Moran's own house is modest, but as the quaint saying goes, it's home to her. Not long ago an Eastern visitor, with a letter of introduction, came to call. She drove to the house, had a look at it, and drove away. She couldn't believe that a movie star would live in any such place.

"Well, it's my own," was Polly's philosophic answer. "I told her she should see the sunken gardens and elegant Roman pools in the rear. It's somebody else's, but it's a view just the same."

Polly decided it was time to go. She said that Marie was a dangerous woman with the men, that if I stayed any longer the story would be all about Marie.

It being by now all of nine-thirty I was feeling the pangs of hunger.

The *hors d'oeuvres* had just sort of teased my appetite.

"I couldn't eat much," Polly worried, "but let's go to the Roosevelt for a while, anyhow. I'll listen to you eat soup."

On the way from Marie's to the hotel, Polly told me how she had said "No, Mr. DeMille."

DeMille had wanted her for a rôle in "Madam Satan." She had agreed, and was asked to be on the set at nine the next morning. Because she had been working so hard on a previous picture she persuaded him to postpone the call until ten.

At ten the next morning she was still pounding the pillow, sleeping the sleep of the worn-out just.

The phone rang. A secretary's voice said that Mr. DeMille wanted to know where Polly Moran was.

"Tell him I need my sleep," Polly yawned. Pretty soon the phone rang again.

"Mr. DeMille says you can take a nice, long sleep. He's changed his plans."

For a lady with indigestion Polly made a strange choice of food. She had a lobster cock-

tail. The waiter tried to suggest everything else on the menu.

"That's all I want. I know it's your business to try and sell the hotel, but I don't want any, today. Tell that to Mr. Roosevelt."

I went in for some heavy eating. We watched the dancers circulating about the floor. Laura LaPlante, in dark glasses, sat at a table nearby.

A very grand lady was sitting at a table across the floor. From her shoulder a crimson wrap trailed to the carpet.

"I haven't my glasses," Polly explained. "Is that a Swift's Premium ham she has hung on her shoulder?"

She commented on the dancers. "That fellow talks a good dance."

"Do you see that oldish fellow dancing with the red hot mama? I'll bet she's his stenographer, and his wife is staying home with the kids."

"There's a number with red hair. She's been getting ready for that heavy sugar daddy since nine o'clock this morning."

BY the time the lobster had been interred, Polly was having indigestion again.

"Wouldn't you know that I would take something like that? I start the day with a dill pickle, and wind up with a lobster cocktail. I think I'll have to go home."

The check was just \$3.20. It was so small, and the evening had been so large, that I tipped seventy-five cents.

"Take me along on another date," Polly asked. "I'll take shorthand notes for you."

## PHOTOPLAY is First Again!

*Beginning in the JULY Issue:*

### "A CHEVALIER of FRANCE"

*—The Romantic and Exciting Life  
Story of Maurice Chevalier—  
Man, Soldier, Artist*

MAURICE CHEVALIER is the new romantic idol of the world's film fans. Beginning with the July issue, Ida Zeitlin tells you the thrilling story of his life—his boyhood, his gallant war service, his first Parisian triumphs, his capture of America.

*This is the story you've been wanting—and here it is!  
Don't miss the life story of Chevalier*

**Begin it in the July Issue of PHOTOPLAY—On all Newsstands June 15**



More than 400 ring styles in iridio-platinum or gold, jeweled and un-jeweled, priced as low as \$12— all readily identified by this tag.



To Mark

## Milestones IN MEMORY . . .

Life's really BIG moments are all too few and fleeting . . . they deserve recognition in gifts of enduring beauty. To mark such milestones fittingly in memory, choose from the new line of diamond rings Styled by Traub. Their smartness will be a source of lasting pride . . . their craftsmanship will bring growing satisfaction. The better jewelers everywhere display GENUINE Orange Blossom . . . readily identified by the Traub trade-mark, which proclaims quality in both gems and precious metals, and guarantees unequalled value in engagement, wedding and gift rings.

*Our delightful booklet "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request.*

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
1933 McGraw Avenue Detroit, U. S. A.

**T R A U B**

*The Only Genuine Orange Blossom Rings*

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TRADE  ORANGE BLOSSOM MARK

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says JUNE COLLYER,

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of the silver screen.

"It's the first time in  
all my days I've known  
a perfume that could  
keep step with a whiz  
of a sport frock . . .  
and a love of a dance  
frock, too . . .

"Seventeen is mine . . .  
All around the clock  
I wear it . . . I tell  
people that I think it  
was just made for me!"



If you're a modern . . .

SEVENTEEN is for you

A perfume . . . newer than the  
newest small talk! More modern  
than your swiftest motor  
car. More daring than your  
latest thought.

Yet subtle too . . . naive . . . and  
elfin . . . Like a dryad's darting  
shyness . . . springtime . . . April  
. . . taken in crystal draughts.

SEVENTEEN is you . . . a  
whisper of your own verve  
and personality . . . the accent  
for your modern, sparkling  
different charms.

« « «

Try *Seventeen* today . . . you  
will find it wherever fine  
toilettries are sold

And how delightful to know that  
every rite of the dressing table can  
be fragranced with *Seventeen*! The  
*Perfume*, in such exquisite little  
French flacons . . . the *Powder*, so  
new and smart in shadings . . . the  
*Toilet Water*, like a caress . . . the  
fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-  
bathing luxury . . . the *Talc* . . . the  
*Sachet* . . . two kinds of *Brillantine*  
. . . and the *Compact*, gleaming black  
and gold . . . like no other compact  
you've seen. You will adore them all!

# "I'm No Ladies' Man!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

a day doing extra parts. He used to come to me and ask: "Dick, why is it that I can not make a go in the pictures?" That's how far back I knew him. After he became famous as the world's champion sheik, he and I were still friends. People knew it. From that, they gathered the idea that I, too, must be a sheik. I don't know how else they'd get the idea.

"I hate to go to parties and have people look at me as though I were Exhibit A—The Great Lover. I'm tired of having husbands and brothers keep an eye on me. I'm tired of having women look at me as though to say: 'Please don't, but if you must, don't be too rough!' I'm tired of getting the air at parties because people have read all these heart-breaking feats I'm accused of. I'm just a normal every-day man—and I pride myself on being a man's man. I pride myself on the true friendship I have among the men who work with me.

"That for the heart-breaker stuff. Now for these press-agent stories!"

HE yanked open the cover of the press-book he had gotten from the studio publicity department and pointed to a harrowing tale that told how Dix almost fell to his death leaping a twelve-foot chasm.

"—shuddered as he gazed on a tiny, ribbon-like river, 200 feet below," the article read; "... measured the distance across the crevasse . . . at least twelve feet. . . . The director ordered him to leap. . . . 'Are you yellow?' he asked. . . . Dix breathed a prayer and ran and leaped. . . . His body crashed against the other wall and his hands and nails dug into the earth and rock a few inches below the surface. . . . then he dug his feet in, and inch by inch climbed while cameras ground . . . his knees, hips, chest, shoulders were bruised, and the flesh was torn from his palms and fingers . . . turning, he cursed the director and shouted: 'There—now am I yellow?' . . ."

Dix finished reading the epic and said: "That is a lot of garbage!" He said other things about it. "Listen. I wouldn't jump

a twelve-foot chasm for four thousand jobs! If some stunt man wants to make ten dollars doing it, that's his business."

He dragged out another clip. It was from Ted Cook's famous Coo-coo newspaper column. Under the heading BULL-etin, was a paragraph culled from a Dix press-agent story: "Richard Dix does all his stunts himself. He never will consent to the use of a double.

"Ted Cook was right to head that BULL," he said. "That's all it is. A girl interviewer once asked me: 'O, Mith-ter Dixth, do you really drive a hundred mileth an hour in thotho auto pictureth?' I told her no—and then the little fool went ahead and printed a story that I actually drove one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour and wouldn't use a double.

"I've been called 'sucker' too, because of these gift stories. I'm supposed to be giving people something all the time. There was a story that I gave away my beach house to Eddie Cronjager, my cameraman. Oh, yeah? Here's the facts: I had paid \$1,000 on a beach lot, but couldn't get together with the developers on what I wanted to build. I got sore and decided to give up the lot, forfeit my \$1,000. About this time, I was going to make a present of a cigarette case to Cronjager, in appreciation of the fine photography he had done with me. He heard about the beach lot, and said as long as I was going to lose the equity why not transfer it to him. So I did—and saved the price of the cigarette case.

"They say I'm a sucker on the market. It's said that I lost \$100,000 in the late Wall Street affair. Well, for those who are interested, let me say that my 'losses' are only paper losses—and that I haven't lost a cent in actual money.

"All sorts of lies have been printed about me under the excuse of publicity. They weren't harmful, but I want people to get me straight. For one thing, it's been said that I hate California and want to work in New York. As a matter of fact, I loathe New York. It's been printed that I was selected over eighty other

famous stars to play the lead in 'The Christian,' which was my big hit. The fact is that I was lucky to get the part, because they couldn't find anybody willing to take it. Barrymore, Kirkwood, H. B. Warner—they all turned it down.

"There was another story that, in 'The Quarterback,' I showed up a lot of famous football stars by outplaying them. Raspberries!—we had thirty-three college players, some of them All-Americans. I was scared stiff to go in and play with them—on the muddy field and the cold day the picture was shot. I was afraid they'd muss me up so I never could play in pictures again.

"SO in spite of the rule against liquor, I got a case of good stuff. I said to the football squad: 'Look here, fellows. Keep this quiet, but it's a wet cold day, and you might like a little something to keep you warm. Well, here it is. And listen—you can smear my face, and I'll be out of pictures for life, but if you sort of lay off my funny nose and give me a chance, I'll still get along.' And that gang of murderers never even scratched me!

"Lots of other blah—that I learned the entire Indian language while making 'Red-skin'. All I can really say is *Ya-ta-hay*, which means hello. They say I'm a night owl; that I go to all the night clubs and things like that. The fact is that when I'm working on a picture, you can't get me out at night. I'm in bed early nights, and every morning—believe this or not—I'm at the studio at 6:15, working out. I've got to keep this—'(and he thumped his equator) "—down, you see. When I'm working on a picture, you can't even get me to take a drink. Not even one cocktail."

"But when you're between pictures?" I asked.

"Well, I've got a mountain place, without even a telephone in it. Only a few very good friends know where it is. We go up there and—well, we tell 'em we're working on the next story, or something."

# Stars of the Photoplay

Your copy of STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY, the beautiful and artistic new edition of portraits of famous motion picture stars now being prepared by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, will soon be ready. It will contain more than 250 of the very latest and best portraits and short biographical sketches of favorite screen players.

Place your order  
**NOW**  
for the limited first  
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STARS of the Photoplay will be 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.

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Please place on file my order for one copy of the new, 1930 number of Stars of the Photoplay, for which I enclose \$1.75. It is understood that this order will be filled at the earliest possible time.

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Address.....

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P-J



**In the  
same time it  
takes to powder**



**I**T'S applied in an instant.

It can't do any harm.

You can—and should—use this snowy, soothing cream for every occasion.

Mum offers *permanent* protection from underarm offense, for it is something you can *always* use.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a daily habit. Morning and evening. Then you're always safe. Never at a disadvantage. No hour of the day or night can ever be ruined by that arch-enemy of charm—body odor.

That's the beauty of Mum! The utter simplicity of its use. You need not plan ahead, nor make elaborate preparations for its application. Nor wait for it to dry, or fear its effect on skin, or dainty fabrics. The moment you've used Mum, you're ready to go! And absolutely safeguarded against perspiration odors.

Mum is as bland as any face cream and is, in fact, beneficial to skin. Perfectly harmless to fabrics. Its only action is to neutralize those odors caused by the chemistry of the body.

Keep your jar of Mum on your dressing table. Use it freely, and be serenely confident of yourself all the time. All toilet-goods counters 35c. Or nearly three times the quantity for 60c. And you use so little each time! There's no waste.

# Short Subjects of the Month

**T**HIS month PHOTOPLAY inaugurates its newest department, designed to make your talkie shopping easier and happier.

Each month we shall review outstanding short subjects of the hour. The coming of talkies has brought astounding advances in the field of short pictures, particularly in the comedy line.

This month we review the first comedy made with Mack Sennett's own natural-color process.

## RADIO KISSES

*Sennett-Educational*

Not only is this Master Mack's first comedy made with his own Sennett-Color process, but he turns composer and writes its theme song, "Radio Kisses." The color is soft-toned. About a radio love-adviser who gets her own man.

## DON'T BELIEVE IT

*Paramount-Christie*

A howl, thanks to the excellent comedy work of the ever-dependable Jimmy Gleason. James plays a quizzically plastered gent who, instead of going to a show called "Florida," is put aboard a boat for that state. One of the very funniest of recent short comics.

## BRATS

*Hal Roach-M-G-M*

A double-barrelled novelty, packed with laughs. Laurel and Hardy play their own sons as well as themselves—using, for the kid parts, enormous sets and props that make the comedians look tiny. There is no story, but a great succession of gags that are really rich.

## HELLO, THAR!

*Warner Vitaphone Variety*

Eddie Buzzell, the little singing comedian, is the star of this two-reel satire on the Yukon's gold-rush days. It has a bit of a story, tied together with Eddie's well-told gags, old and new. Eddie even stops satirizing long enough to sing a song. Above average.

## HONEYMOON ZEPPELIN

*Sennett-Educational*

A genuine top-notch comedy—especially good since it gives us thrills and laughs both. Nick Stuart is the star. He plays an aviator in love with a girl whose papa owns a dirigible. And the good old Sennettian thrills come with transfers from plane to blimp in mid-air.

## THE STRONGER SEX

*Paramount-Christie*

A farce about marriage—old ideas versus new. Carmel Myers is lovely in lounging pajamas, as the author of sophisticated don't-get-married books for flappers. Bert Roach does the best he can with comedy based on the idea that it's funny to sneeze loud and often.

## COLLEGE HOUNDS

*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

This is the second experimental comic played entirely by dogs, with the human voice dubbed

in. And it's tremendously funny, being a canine burlesque on that good old Plot No. 4,520—the college movie. The hero of this is that football star, "Red Mange." See it!

## THE PEOPLE VERSUS

*Warner Vitaphone Variety*

Brief, punchy drama. It only runs six minutes, which is just right for one dramatic smash idea. Frank Campeau, the grand villain of silent days, plays a murderer.

## A TIGHT SQUEEZE

*Pathé*

Really another photographed vaudeville skit, with Jimmy Conlin doing comedy and the late George LaMaire, its producer, playing straight. There are some very pretty girls in the picture, but they are only atmosphere, and the comedy is mild to fair, and no more.

## SISTER'S PEST

*Universal*

Another excellent two-reel comedy starring that grand baby comedian, "Sunny Jim." This little boy's pictures are perfect entertainment for children. This one has him being pestiferous around the old home for quite a while, and then causing the arrest of two bad men.

## DAD KNOWS BEST

*Jack White-Educational*

When and if they give Taylor Holmes some real farce stories for this veteran and first-rate dress suit comedian, we'll have something. This one starts well, but ends dismally when he and the elderly gal get tight. Holmes is always clever.

## ALL TEED UP

*Hal Roach-M-G-M*

This is another golf comedy, but not at all technical, and Charley Chase fans will enjoy the adventures of their hero among the mashie niblicks. Thelma Todd, the so-beautiful, plays the daughter of the golf club president. Plenty of laughter, and a sizzling finish.

## LET ME EXPLAIN

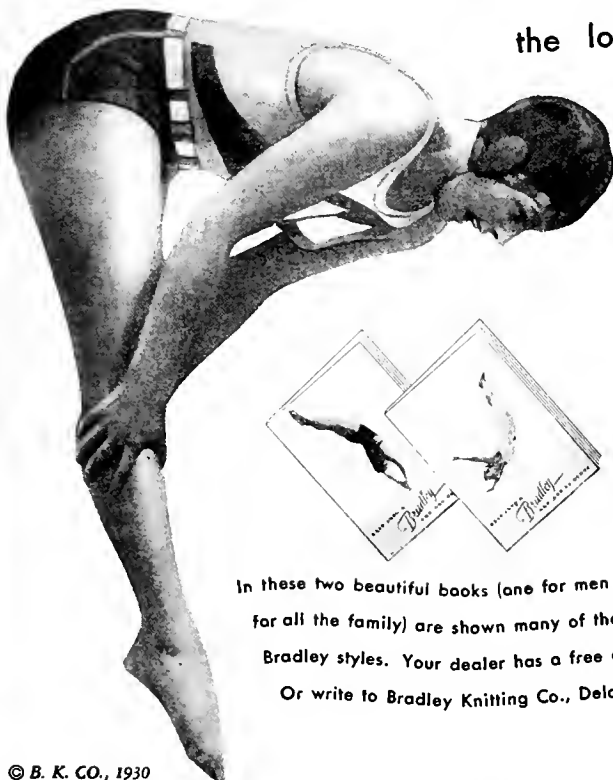
*Paramount-Christie*

Taylor Holmes, again, trying hard with material that is none too hot. It's a matrimonial triangle, with Holmes, in his familiar rôle of a hubby, accused of doing a little quiet

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]



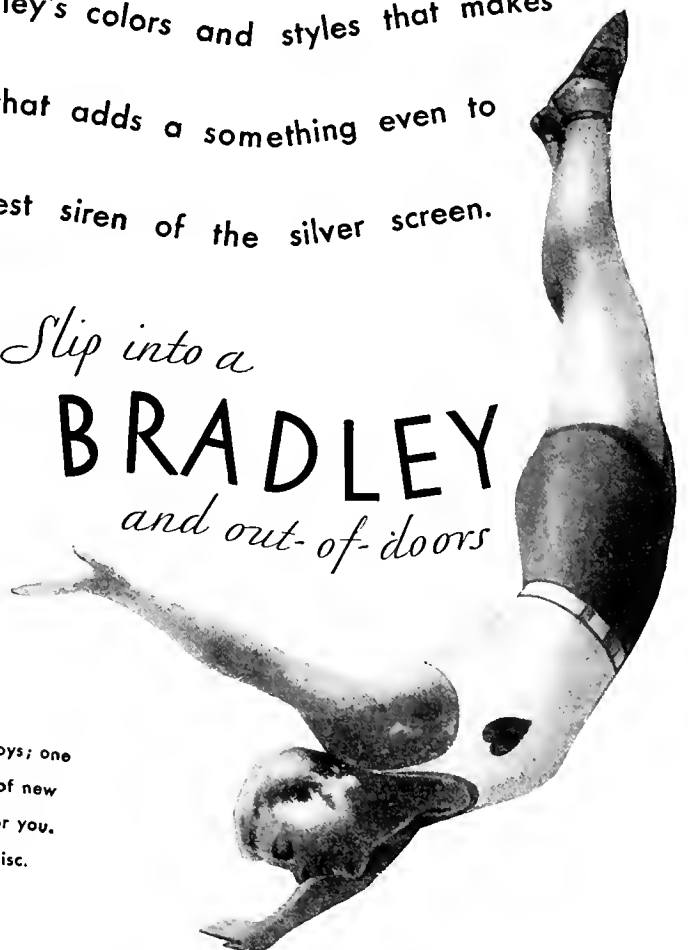
When you've seen yourself in a Bradley  
 you've seen yourself at your bathing - suit  
 best . . . For there's a snap to Bradley's colors and styles that makes  
 mermen of mere men—and that adds a something even to  
 the loveliest siren of the silver screen.



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**BRADLEY**  
*and out-of-doors*



In these two beautiful books (one for men and boys; one  
 for all the family) are shown many of the host of new  
 Bradley styles. Your dealer has a free copy for you.  
 Or write to Bradley Knitting Co., Delavan, Wisc.



**NEW**—LIPSTICK REDS! NAIL POLISHES IN THE SMART LIPSTICK COLORS ARE ANNOUNCED EXCLUSIVELY BY GLAZO



# Glazo's smart colors never vary in evening light

**S**URELY, you have told yourself, a nail polish that looks lovely in frank sunlight will be even more charming at night. And then, when the party lights went on — you found a disappointing difference.

For under artificial light the gleaming daytime smartness of many polishes fades — or takes on a yellow tinge or a lavender hue. Glazo, alone, remains unaffected by varying lighting conditions. Its pure modish color is lovely by sunlight, lovely by lamplight, lovely in dim light and lovely in brilliance.

*The color of your nails must be perfection — always*

And now, when fashion dictates new vivid reds to give chic accent to the evening mode, it is more important than ever that the color of your nail polish remain unchanged and constant under any light.

Prove Glazo's constancy of color to yourself. You will see that Glazo has the same lovely tone by artificial light that it has in the sun.

Glazo goes on evenly and it never peels or cracks. It lasts for more than a week.

No matter what you think you like in nail

polishes, try Glazo. With Glazo you are sure that your nails will always be lovely.

*See the new Lipstick Reds — in three shades, perfumed!*

Nothing quite so chic has ever sparkled on feminine fingertips as these new Lipstick Reds of Glazo's—Flame, Geranium and Crimson. They are lovely reds!—brilliant and dramatic. And in the new Paris manner they harmonize, respectively, with *light, medium and dark* lipsticks in a smart symphony of color.

They are delightfully perfumed — but so delicately that they will not conflict with any favorite perfume you may wish to use.

Besides the perfumed Lipstick Reds, Glazo Colorless and Glazo Natural may also be found at all good toilet goods counters.

If you wish samples of Glazo, send the coupon with six cents for each shade requested.

**COUPON**

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- Natural     Flame
- Geranium     Crimson

Please send me the samples of Glazo I have checked above. I enclose six cents for each sample requested. Total amount enclosed . . . . . cents.

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Address . . . . .  
City . . . . . State . . . . .

# GLAZO

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

## Short Subjects of the Month

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118 ]

two-timing. Thanks to Taylor's talents, this is more than just two talky reels.

**MARTINELLI**  
Warner-Vitaphone

While this is just ten minutes of "Faust" music by one of the leading tenors of the Metropolitan, it is worthy of note because it is another of the excellent and very popular Martinelli numbers. The tenor here is supported by two other singers as *Marguerite* and *Mephisto*.

**WESTERN KNIGHTS**  
Mermaid-Educational

A labored effort at Wild Western comedy, with little Eddie Lambert as a tenderfoot and Al St. John as an India-rubber cowhand—both beset by villainous cattle rustlers. Not very funny, though Lambert has a few good lines and situations.

**THE DRESDEN DOLLS**  
Paramount

The old collector's figurines come to life and cut up high jinks at midnight. "Gamby," toe dancer, formerly of Roxy's gang, a duo of comical eccentric dancers, and a bit of melody make this a bright one-reeler.

**MICKEY'S MASTER MIND**  
Radio Pictures

None other than Mickey McGuire uncovers graft in the high places. The Toonerville "kids" keep things moving. They publish a newspaper, and Mickey goes to a party as a split-pint Julian Eltinge. The children will love it.

**WHAT A LIFE**  
Warner Vitaphone Variety

Prison life as the reformers would have it. The convicts actually weep when their terms are up. Pretty cretonnes in the cells, with gangsters knitting socks. Good farcical satire. Virginia Sale turns in a neat performance as a reforming lady.

**EVENTUALLY BUT NOT NOW**  
Radio Pictures

A barnstorming reform politician gets on the same train with a touring girl show. His speech to two Indians while the town voters are getting an eyeful of the girls is a comedy highlight. Alberta Vaughn is featured.

**ABSENT-MINDED**  
Warner Vitaphone Variety

If you're absent-minded, all the memory courses in the world won't do you a bit of good. Wallace Ford is a handsome, breezy comedian and looks promising for longer features. There are a few good snickers in this reel.

**—AND WIFE**  
Warner Vitaphone Variety

A gay grass widower marries his first wife, and leaves prospective wife, number two, swooning into her bridal bouquet. Noel Madison and Bernice Elliott are featured. Miss Elliott has a grand microphone voice.



*inconspicuous*

## MODESS COMPACT

Thinner—  
for the fitted silhouette

THE SLIM, classically long, unbroken lines of evening and afternoon frocks render doubly acceptable the concealing thinness of Modess Compact. Its inconspicuousness is attained without sacrifice of efficiency or the gracious softness which has so commended Modess to women.

Modess Compact is simply regular Modess, gently compressed. It has exactly the same amount of material, the same absorbency, the same yielding pliancy. Yet it is thinner by half.

This refinement is made possible by the wholly different construction of Modess and by the fluffy, cotton-like, disposable filler.

To provide an assortment adapted to the range of gowns of smartly dressed women, three Modess Compacts, in a special wrap, are included in every box of regular Modess.



We have convincing evidence that every woman who tries Modess prefers it to the kind she had been using. The obvious superiority of Modess will, we are confident, impress you.

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*World's largest makers of surgical dressings,  
bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.*



DORIS DAWSON  
POPULAR STAR

# What Has She Done?

**What has this clever girl done to make her hair so lovely? How does she keep those exquisite soft tones—those tiny dancing lights in her hair?**

**Her secret is Golden Glint Shampoo. You'd never think a single shampooing could make one's hair so beautiful, so radiant—and do it so easily! You'll be delighted with the soft loveliness—the "tiny tint"—it imparts. At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample.**

## FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 604 Rainier Ave., Dept. F  
Seattle, Wash. \*\*\*\*\* Please send a free sample.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Color of my hair \_\_\_\_\_

# Goodbye, Apollo!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70 ]

To a lesser extent it is true of the women. Ruth Chatterton has gone like a house afire, and La Chatterton is a mature woman of the world. Ina Claire, Helen Kane, Kay Johnson, Irene Bordoni and others, were not of the type to make much headway on the old pantomimic screen. The silent heroine had to look eighteen if she had a son playing fullback on the college varsity. If she didn't—"raus."

For some strange reason or other, in those days, mature romance was considered a bit vulgar, like saying "legs" for limbs. The only heart throbs possible took place between two pretty youngsters who should have been home doing their algebra.

**I**f you don't believe it, look what happened to Elsie Ferguson, Alice Brady, William Faversham and Billie Burke when they attempted a screen career. The fans were curious enough to go once or twice, but after that they burned the pavement across the street to see Tottie Two-shoes and Harold Lovelace in "Young Hearts Athrob." Geraldine Farrar made better headway for a time, but Gerry was such a vivid, flame-like creature, and don't forget, Wallace Reid helped some.

But now comes the dawn of the golden day for the strong, silent gent and the chap with the face like a relief map of the Rockies.

In a national poll of theater owners, Lon Chaney was at the top of the list. "Hoot" Gibson was near the top. And Bancroft was running a good race. Only "Buddy" Rogers was holding his own near the top of the ladder, and perhaps he's the exception that proves the rule. The fans were still loyal to Clara Bow and Colleen Moore. Feminine fashions haven't changed as much, but it's on-with-the-new with the men.

Of the newer men in the talkies, not many are handsome. Charles Bickford is Garbo's lover in "Anna Christie." Well, well, and Garbo used to be necked by such decorative boy friends as John Gilbert and Nils Asther. Bickford is rugged looking, and seems thoroughly capable of settling a race riot, but he is not the old bandoline favorite of yore.

Lawrence Tibbett, who burst across the film horizon in "The Rogue Song," is virile and dynamic but he is not handsome, that is, if you judge by the old standards for Hollywood male pulchritude. But how he can sing, and he does a good job of wooing Catherine Dale Owen in the picture. Even the advertisements for the

opus state—"He takes what he pleases, and he pleases what he takes." You've gotta be good to do that.

Heresy this may be, but Gary Cooper is scarcely the accepted handsome type. Good looking in the strong, silent way, but the gentleman from Montana is in the position of being one of the coming great stars of the screen. Paramount, who hands out Gary's pay checks, intends to keep him in the classification of strong, silent men. Gary is not the matinee idol type, popular as he is, and he probably has never heard of an amethyst thumb ring. That was Francis X. Bushman's idea, and it was just the stuff that the girl fan of several years ago read with bated breath, instead of helping ma with the dishes.

Of course no one ever said that comedians had to be good looking. Buster Keaton, Harry Langdon and Lloyd Hamilton have funny faces and should be glad of it. But along comes a new entry into the ranks of the great fun-makers. El Brendel, who came mighty near copping the honors from Messrs. McLaglen and Lowe in "The Cock Eyed World," isn't handsome either, but he is being groomed for eventful stardom at Fox.

**A**NOTHER young man to gain prominence on the Fox lot, a studio that in time past has gone in heavily for male good looks—Charles Farrell, Barry Norton and Charles Morton—is Paul Muni. Muni is a great protean artist, a genius at make-up and an excellent actor no matter whose phiz he is wearing. His own face, by the way, is strong and attractive, but not handsome.

Scarcely any of the more recent newcomers to the fraternity of film heroes correspond to their more handsome brothers of the past. Proof is in the telling. Harry Bannister in "Her Private Affair"; Robert Ames in "The Trespasser"; Basil Rathbone in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"; Lee Tracy in "Big Time" and Walter Huston in "The Lady Lies" are examples.

The newcomers are even succeeding off the screen. Harry Richman, not good looking either, and that little Clara Bow matter, for instance.

And if you think it takes good looks to win a beautiful wife, you should see the little peach that answers to the name of Mrs. "Bull" Montana. No matter HOW you slice it, the "Bull" isn't beautiful.



I am a graduate nurse and have been ill in bed for three years, fighting tuberculosis. I kept up my cheerful fight until the beginning of the third year. The doctor did not give me any hope, and I had not the heart to go on.

One day I said: "Oh, what I would give if I could only see a movie, even though I never get well!" Arrangements were made and the doctor gave his consent, saying I was hopeless, anyway.

My friends all thought they were granting a dying wish.

A big, comfortable machine was turned into an ambulance and I was taken to the nearest theater. I couldn't sit through the entire picture, as I was extremely weak, but I remembered all that I had the strength to stay and see. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were the players.

From that day I took a new lease on life, and have made such progress as to astonish the doctors. I hope in another year to be so improved I can really enjoy life.

Jean Leitch, R. N.

“Free  
and  
Easy”

are Anita Page’s pretty feet in the smart slender-ness of

The **Selby** ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

These are suave, graceful shoes that impart charming grace to the wearer, through their exclusive, inbuilt natural treadbase that provides correct support with barefoot freedom.

No wonder they are the chosen footwear of motion picture stars whose feet must reveal sartorial perfection as well as rhythmic motion to the magnifying lens of the camera. Just the shoes, too, for every woman who wants smart footwear that beautifies her feet and keeps them youthful, tireless, expressive, buoyant.

Your Selby dealer will be glad to show you the season’s new styles for every occasion. His name on request.



MADLINE . . . a 1930 model of the slenderizing center strap slipper. Beige kidskin with cleverly placed accent of brown opalescent kidskin.



Miss Anita Page, whose trim Arch Preserver footwear . . . the Madeline in beige and brown . . . carry her to new triumphs in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture “Free and Easy.”

There is only one Selby Arch Preserver Shoe. Its principles of construction are fully protected by patents. Identify the genuine by this trade-mark on sole and lining. Made for women, juniors, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Rockland, Mass.



Mail this coupon or write to the Selby Shoe Company, 272 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio, for new Free Booklet No. P-72, *The Modern Shoe for Modern Dress*, dealer’s name, and pictures of the latest shoe styles from Paris and New York.

Name.....  
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TREAT that

corn

sensibly

It's hard to keep your mind on your work and on a miserable throbbing corn, all at once. The business-like course is to apply Blue-jay and return to your dictation!

This is the sensible treatment—perfected through thirty years by one of the foremost makers of surgical dressings. It ends pain instantly, by ending the pressure that causes pain. Then mild medication makes the relief permanent, penetrating the corn and preparing it for removal. Millions of corns have been banished this way—safely, avoiding the risk of infection that lurks in paring.

Why nurse a corn when relief waits at any druggist's? End yours today with Blue-jay, the clean, pleasant, bath-proof 3-day treatment. 25 cents (in Canada, 35 cents).

# Blue-jay

CORN PLASTER

**BAUER & BLACK**

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY  
Chicago . . . New York . . . Toronto



## How I Would Manage 6 Famous Husbands

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

"IN many ways Ronald and Dick Barthelmess are alike.

"I believe that almost the same type of woman could hold them both.

"If I were married to Dick I'd be as far from his professional life as possible. I'd never question him about his work and I'd not want fame myself. I'd try to keep his mind off the studio and I'd never mix in any studio politics or intrigues, but I'd have to be a very good scout.

"I'd be ready for anything, a jaunt to Hawaii, a trip to Europe, a golf game, a tennis match, a quiet evening at home with friends—anything that would amuse and interest him. I'd be perfectly natural, for Dick hates sham more than almost anyone I know.

"I'd be simple, intelligent and alive—but I wouldn't have a career of my own—and by the way, he has just that sort of wife. She's a peach."

JOHN GILBERT

"AH, now if I were married to Jack Gilbert! I'd treat him like a four-year-old boy. Humor him? Give in to his moods? I'd have to fall back on good old 'yes and no.'

"I'd let him think that I was giving in to his moods and I'd let him have the ones that

so sympathetic and understanding and wide-eyed and I'd let him 'there, there' me just as much as he liked. George is the big he-man type. He's awfully interested in athletics and you might think, off hand, that I'd be athletic, too, for the sake of harmony—but you're wrong.

"No man—much less Bancroft—wants a wife who can swim or play tennis or golf better than he.

"If I were married to George I'd be the clinging vine and the shrinking violet and I'd stand in awe of him and marvel at his prowess and daring and skill."

EDMUND LOWE

"IF I were married to Eddie Lowe I think I'd manage him exactly as Lilyan Tashman does.

"There's a smart woman who knows how to handle a smart man. Eddie is sophisticated and he likes sophistication in women. I'd be most awfully continental with Eddie, bright and chic—he loves to see women dress beautifully—and I'd make no attempt at dull domesticity.

"Eddie wouldn't have a little sit-by-the-fire for a wife. No sir, stimulating conversation and wit for him!

"I'd try to know and understand him—as I would with all of them—and I shouldn't mind

### Big Money Is Looking For You!

**WHAT** couldn't you do with a fat slice of \$5,000!

The opportunity to share in PHOTOPLAY'S annual award to observant readers is offered in this issue. Turn to pages 60 and 62, and join in this fascinating quest for treasure.

at all if he had an outside flirtation or two. In fact, I'd rather encourage it, because I'd know that Eddie is the sort of man who can handle and rather needs that sort of thing. Nor would I restrain myself from doing a little flirting of my own.

"It would amuse Eddie.

"Of course, I'd be very careful about the men with whom I flirted. They'd have to be interesting men of whom Eddie wouldn't be ashamed. I'd give Eddie Lowe absolute freedom."

RONALD COLMAN

"I CERTAINLY would never flirt with anybody else if I were married to Ronald Colman. If Colman had the right wife he'd be a one-woman man absolutely and I'd be a one-man woman, or the marriage wouldn't last at all.

"I couldn't hurt him, ever. For Ronnie is very sensitive and shy—yes, honestly, he's shy—and although he likes sophistication, it's different from the kind Eddie Lowe likes.

"Ronald is thoughtful and intellectual and he would want his wife to be like that, too. I'd like all his friends and I'd read a great deal to acquaint myself with the things in which he's interested. I'd never foist dull people upon him.

"I'd give him complete privacy, for Ronnie is a meditative soul who hates brass bands about the place.

"But I'd be, oh, so amusing, especially to his friends."

didn't really matter. In the big, vital gestures of life, if I saw him making himself ridiculous, I'd try to change him, but I'd never attempt coercion. I'd change him in such a way that he wouldn't know I was changing him. He would think it was all his idea that he go to the studio peacefully and iron out all his difficulties. I'd manage Jack by the power of suggestion and never by force.

"I'd never match my will against his in open combat.

"I'd get the worst of it, for Jack has a grand mind. I'd let him believe me sweet and docile as a lamb.

"I'd suggest rather than domineer and I'd never, never be greater than he on the screen nor let him think I knew more than he did.

"There—that's all, and I'm right. The generalization covers them all.

"Wouldn't I need charm, intelligence, the power to be amusing, and a sense of humor to do this?"

"But now that I've been specific to satisfy your craving for it, and now that I've told you how I'd handle six different men if I were married to them, I'll tell you something else. I'll tell you that all this doesn't mean a thing. I'm like the old maid who has theories about how to bring up children.

"And I'll make you a little bet that I'd be a hopeless failure as the wife of John Barrymore or Jack Gilbert or George Bancroft or Dick Barthelmess or Ronnie Colman or Eddie Lowe. It's all very well to talk about how to make a success of marriage.

"The trick is to do it!"



*From Paris...three exquisite that soothe and stimulate, preserving your just-bathed freshness throughout the active day*

*Eau de Cologne 30¢ to \$3.75 the flacon.  
Talc 25¢ .... Face Powder 75¢*

Retain the clean, crisp radiance, the vigor and pep of the morning shower! Pat stimulating dashes of Cheramy's April Showers Eau de Cologne over your body. Feel new life surging through your veins—rejuvenate, exhilarate under the magic of this new French Lotion for the Body. Then—the Talc and Face Powders—petal smooth, both veils of soothing perfection—fragrant with the glamorous odeur of Springtime in Paris, April Showers (Ondées d'Avril)—protection that retains your just-bathed freshness throughout the active day.

# April Showers by **CHERAMY** 380. RUE ST. HONORÉ **PARIS**

# Hollywood's Beauty Sculptor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]



## GROW—

### Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

**T**HE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can *have them*—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

#### Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Heffleinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminister Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

#### Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee* results that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

*Lucille Young*

*Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.*

LUCILLE YOUNG,  
666 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.

Price C. O. D. is \$1.95 plus few cents postage. If money sent with order price is \$1.95 and postage is prepaid.

State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D. \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

St. Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Lewis is an angel. And I hope that Eleanor Painter comes out here, for she is so lovely and so beautiful and would have such a marvelous screen personality."

Norma Shearer's arms and shoulders were a trifle muscular.

Norma loves to swim and play tennis and it was on the muscles caused by these exercises that Sylvia worked, for Norma is not overweight.

**I**N New York Ina Claire had been working too hard to give much attention to her face. Nor did the footlights make the same demands that the camera did.

Ina's nose was broad. Sylvia literally changed its shape by massage and tightened up her chin and jaw.

Anna Q. Nilsson is another patient. Sylvia goes to the hospital every evening, where Anna has been lying for months with a fractured hip. She keeps Anna's face the beautiful thing it was before the accident. This is a labor of love, too. Anna cannot get Sylvia to send bills.

Many of the stars come to her simply for nerve treatment. They lead such strenuous lives—these beautiful film women—that relaxation is necessary, and they always leave Sylvia's office with new vigor and enthusiasm.

Then what is the secret of all this? How does the wonder-worker work? What does Sylvia have that the others do not have?

In the first place, Sylvia is no mere *massenseur*. She graduated from a nurses' course in Denmark and then studied anatomy and massage for years in Swedish medical colleges.

Her treatments are the most important part of the course, for she has some divine gift. "I do not work merely on the flesh," she said. "I go straight to the nerves and to the glands. When I'm through with a treatment the patient feels stimulated. But that is not all. They must obey me while they are away from me."

With freak diets Sylvia has no patience, but she does make those who want to reduce cut down on sweets, starches and fats. She also makes the subjects refrain from all alcohol. They must have at least six hours sleep at night, eight or more if possible. They must eat fruit every day.

She does not believe in strenuous exercise. "Swimming makes ugly muscles through the arms and shoulders," Sylvia said. "Tennis, too. But I believe in exercises and I give them. Stretching, relaxing exercises are the only ones for the beauty seeker. And I don't mean vigorous stretching.

**I** TEACH my patients to lie on a bed or across a chair and stretch languorously, like a gorgeous, lazy animal.

"No one, two, three bend at the waist stuff! Just slow; relaxing stretching, until the body tingles and feels alive.

"The rest I do myself. I work so that the glands feed the body properly. My treatments aren't painless, but what does that matter when the results are there?"

And, what is more, the results *are* there. Sylvia has never failed. That's why she is one of the most important women in Hollywood.

A beauty force. A face and figure moulder. A flesh sculptor!



A composer goes wild. Director Allan Dwan and Gloria Swanson don't seem to care for the tunes pounded out by Vincent Youmans, who is doing the music for her new film, "What a Widow"

# Perspiration stains & embarrassing odor

## *Odorono utterly frees you from their worry*

**"I don't perspire enough to need it" — dangerous words**

*by Ruth Miller*

**W**ARM WEATHER! And with it the haunting worry lest other people detect the unmistakable odor of perspiration—or lest you know the humiliation of a damp stain on your dress! This summer need hold no such terrors—you can be absolutely certain that not one pretty dress will be ruined if you guard against it by using Odorono.

"But I don't perspire enough to need it," some women say. And, because a dress is not actually stained, run the risk of unforgivable perspiration odor!

Doctors know that perspiration odor often precedes noticeable moisture.

But you *can* be safe. Odorono diverts perspiration from the shut-in underarm to areas where it quickly evaporates.

### A Physician's Formula —

A physician worked out the Odorono formula for his own use for relief from perspiration. Today millions of bottles are bought every year by careful women.

Odorono absolutely protects you from the danger of odor and your gowns from possible stains, and, being a mild antiseptic, it helps protect your skin from infection. It is so easy to use—and leaves no greasiness to smudge your dresses, no sticky feeling on the underarm.

### Why there are Two Odoronos

The familiar ruby colored Odorono Regular Strength is for use twice a week on normal skins. The new colorless Odorono Mild is made especially for sensitive skins and for frequent use—every day or every other day, as you need, or in an emergency. Use it any time. At toilet-goods counters everywhere—35¢, 60¢ and \$1.00.



### Just 3 simple gestures—

- 1. PAT ON . . .** Wash underarm with clear water and dry. Pat on Odorono—don't rub.
- 2. LET DRY . . .** Let underarm dry thoroughly before clothing touches it. If using Odorono Mild, let dry at least fifteen minutes. If using Odorono Regular Strength, let stay on and dry overnight.
- 3. RINSE OFF . . .** When Odorono is entirely dry, wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. If used last thing at night, rinse off in the morning.



**IF YOU PREFER** to use Odorono only twice a week or need a stronger solution, buy the familiar ruby colored Odorono Regular Strength. For sensitive skin and for frequent use, buy the new colorless Odorono Mild.

# ODO-RONO

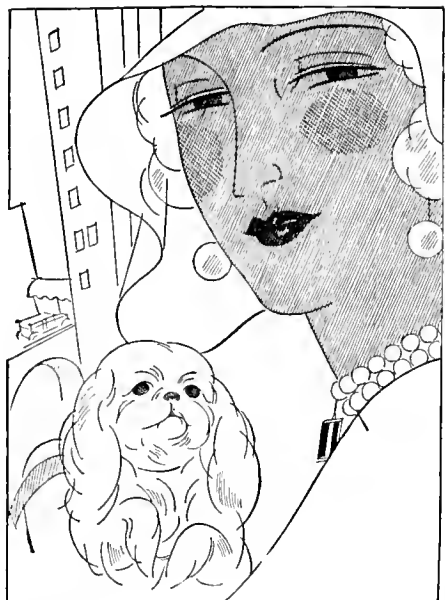
*ends perspiration annoyance and odor*

Send 10¢ for samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono Mild and Crème Odorono. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., Inc., Dept. QO-6  
191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

## She Gambled—and Won!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]



## A debutante confesses

"My favorite deodorant?  
... Amolin of course!  
It can't seal pores."

THAT exquisite charm—daintiness—guard it! And guard it *safely!* Make Amolin your deodorant. Soft, fine, snow-white, Amolin is a powder deodorant. A *safe* deodorant! It does not seal the pores.

*Dainty! Luxurious! Safe!*

Amolin prevents body odors by *neutralizing* perspiration. It is amazingly effective. Applied with ease at any moment—without muss or fuss. No waiting—it takes effect instantly. No fear of irritation. No danger of Amolin's eating away clothing. Dust it on and be confident. Amolin stops odors and keeps you fresh all day.

Body odors are unpardonable. Yet no one can escape them without taking constant precautions. Use Amolin—the safe deodorant. Rest assured, it *cannot* seal delicate pores. Dust it freely under the arms. Over the body. On sanitary napkins, too. It's very good indeed for this purpose.

Amolin is on sale everywhere, 35c—60c. Special offer—send 10c for a generous trial package. Write to The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. AR-6, Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Makers of **Norwich** Unguentine

# Amolin

*The dainty powder deodorant*

would have been thrilled to death, and quite satisfied to let well enough alone. It wasn't a bad contract at all—she got fair parts, not-so-bad eating salary. She could probably have stayed on there indefinitely—a good-looking young blonde who'd come in handy for small leads, and such.

But here's where this story of Jeanette Loff makes its point!—Jeanette Loff wasn't satisfied with being just another blonde. After little more than a year with Pathe, she began to realize that she wasn't getting any place.

"THEY never gave me any real parts to do," she tells you. "Oh, they gave me leads here and there, but nothing really worth while. They promised better, but it never materialized.

"You know, when one stays too long in one place, people kind of lose track of one. That's what was happening to me. I knew I could do better things than they were giving me. I knew I could sing, but when I suggested it, they never gave me a chance to prove it. I felt, too, that I had it in me to do better rôles than those in which I was being cast.

"I began to feel they had no confidence in me, and that started breaking my spirit. A girl's out of luck if she stays on after that. I began to feel that I was really no good after all. 'Maybe I'm short here and there,' I used to think. Oh, I was working up a swell inferiority complex!"

She thought it over. Two courses were open—either sit tight and take what she could get, or cut loose and take a chance.

You'd never believe, when you meet this quiet little blonde with the baby-blue eyes, that she's got the sort of grit and spirit that one usually describes as "go-getter." She has! "Lay-off time came," she goes on with her story. "I was 'between pictures.' I could have waited, but instead, I thought I'd try to get something better."

And so, by her own efforts, she sold herself

for a part in "Party Girl" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Her voice test was good—so good that they gave her the chance Pathe withheld. They wrote two songs into the picture especially for her.

That settled it! Jeanette felt that to go back to mediocre parts at her former salary would be to admit defeat. When Pathe wanted her to come back, she just said no!

In Hollywood, there are many actors and actresses with names better known than Jeanette's, who would gladly take a contract these days, rather than risk free-lancing. But not this Loff girl. She had a certain goal—talkie stardom—and she didn't intend to accept any compromise.

"Anyway, I could always go back to organ grinding," she smiles.

You start to compliment her on her grit, and she interrupts to tell you that it was all luck. She goes on to explain how she made a test record for Paul Whiteman. They wanted some girl for a bridal veil number in the "King of Jazz" revue,—a pretty blonde who could sing.

PAUL heard her test record and grunted "O.K." But others at Universal were not so laconic. They saw they had a find. And instead of just doing the one bridal veil number, they gave her three other songs to do—and then followed up with a long-term contract offer.

She had just turned down the Pathe offer. Did she turn down this one, too? She did *not!* This was the kind of a job and contract that she had been aiming for. It gave her what she wanted—stardom certainty, the chance to sing, and a salary four times what she had been getting before.

After the Whiteman picture, she does one as star with John Boles of the nice profile and big voice. And after that, other big rôles are awaiting her.

But Loff is like that!

## Talking of Talkies

"THE only ones to be driven permanently from Hollywood by the talkies are those who were 'hams' even when the screen was silent."—Richard Barthelmess.

"BEFORE I do anything important such as signing a contract or giving a concert, I usually find time to go to a picture show. It's restful and diverting, and afterward I can approach the matter in hand with a fresh viewpoint."—John McCormack.

"I CONSIDER the so-called 'all-talkie,' the film with conversation from beginning to end, nothing but rotten trash. The sound part of the American and German films is a luxury, an element that has just happened to be added to them, but which has nothing to do with the films themselves."—S. M. Eisenstein, Russian director.

"THE chief danger of censorship is that it is commonly exercised by clever men with ulterior motives, or by fools."—The Churchmen.

"IN my opinion, no picture except an operetta should have more than four songs, but these four should be sung often. Even a musical comedy shouldn't have more than four, or at the most, five, songs, of which two are almost certain to become hits."—Irving Berlin, song writer.

"WHAT with books being titled 'Ex-Wife,' 'Ex-Husband' and 'Ex-Mistress,' Irving Hoffman suggests that someone should write a book about John Barrymore and call it 'Ex-Actor'."—The New York Daily News.

"TO say that all movies must be silent and that there must be no talkies is as unreasonable as a dogmatic statement that downtown banks must not have uptown branches."—The New York Evening Post.

"CECIL B. DE MILLE says he doesn't believe television will keep people from the theater. . . . No, sir, it will probably take another thousand or so versions of 'Broadway' to turn the trick!"—The Toledo Blade.

"THE talkies are so frozen in their details that they afford few opportunities for the genial errors that may happen at any time in any stage play, and lend it human warmth. For the talkies simply retake a scene where a mistake occurs, just as a typist would erase an error on a machine, and the canned goods comes out perfectly straight, as if nothing had happened."—John Anderson, dramatic critic.

"THE English language is an utterly inadequate instrument for those concerned in the film industry, because of its barrenness of superlatives."—Justice Mackinnon.



LOOK FOR THIS WRAPPER

Some unscrupulous Hairdressers, offering cheap waves, are resorting to the use of cheap, harmful substitute wrappers on their clients' heads in order to save twenty to thirty cents a head on a permanent wave. Be careful of these cheap, inferior supplies—they will digest and dissolve the outer coat off your hair and leave it in a harsh and strawy condition. Don't accept such statements as "just as good" or "better." Insist on a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave—the permanent wave that is enthusiastically praised by Hollywood's lovely screen stars.



# BARBARA KENT

*Universal Pictures Star says:  
Insist on a Genuine  
Vita-Tonic Wave"*

"EVERYONE wants to know how I keep the soft, natural, lovely, wave in my hair", says Barbara Kent. "Really, you can have the same wide, lustrous, gorgeous wave if you insist, as I do, on a Genuine Frederics Vita Tonic Wave."

To be sure, however, that you are getting a Genuine Vita Tonic wave, ask to see the name "Frederics Vita Tonic" on each wrapper used on every wound tress of hair. Let us send you our interesting booklet, which tells how to take care of your wave, together with one of Frederics Vita Tonic wrappers. Take it with you when going for your permanent. See that no harmful imitations are used.

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Art as used in advertising, in magazines, newspapers, etc., is a mouth-piece for modern business. It is a field worthy of any ambitious man or woman. This pleasant, modern profession is *not* restricted to a few "geniuses." If you like to draw, it is an almost sure indication of talent which should be developed into real money-making ability.

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Take this first step toward a successful art career today by sending for our Art Questionnaire, which tests your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc. It may lead the way to a bigger future—a fascinating and profitable profession.

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The Federal Course is the result of over 25 years of actual experience of producing illustrations and designs. You receive illustrated lessons by many leading artists and illustrators, and *individual personal* criticism of your work. It will develop your talent in the shortest possible time, so you can start to earn money quickly.

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Please send me free Art Questionnaire and book "Your Future."

Name.....

Age..... Present Occupation.....

Address.....

# Star Names That Mean Fight!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

assault, and they thirst for the writer's pale blue gore.

Does her name mean fight? No holds barred!

As for Mr. Gilbert, we've never had anything but honeyed words and high hopes.

When we asked, in print, "Is John Gilbert Through?" we hoped in spirit and type that he wasn't.

We asked a simple question, justified by the fact that Mr. Gilbert's first talkie was getting horse-laugh, or snickers, in some of the best theaters. But you'd have thought we had denounced him in ringing terms, and the good old Die-Hard Gilbertians said it with bombs and blackjacks!

**I** THINK that article was the most unfair and unreasonable thing you've ever printed!" thundered Lewiston, Me., home state of the immortal Vallée.

"No, John Gilbert is NOT through! Our Jack, our hero of the screen! A man who has made hearts beat as he has ours—no, he cannot be through!" That's the battle cry from Providence, R. I.

"Huh!" writes Little Rock, Ark. "They say he did not talk well! If anyone has ever talked any better, show him to the world!"

Nashville, Tenn., is in a frenzy. "I am angry! I am outraged! Is Jack Gilbert through? By all the gods—no! Who is trying to ruin this man? This genius? It surely can't be anything but politics!"

"Good luck to you, John Gilbert! You're not HALF through!"

So take that, Jack! But she puts a stinger in the last line by saying, "Mr. Gilbert is not my favorite actor. It is Ronald Colman."

How'd you like to hear her defend Recluse Ronnie?

This isn't the half of it. Dozens of the Old Guard came storming to Gilbert's defense. And there seemed to be a faint insinuation that I had secretly poisoned Jack's lentil soup or put ground glass in his dancing pumps.

(Jack, if you are low in your mind, right now, a look at some of your champions' mail would certainly set you up. They are with you over a hundred per cent. So take your voice lessons, be a good boy and justify the faith and prayers of these devoted people who would be for you even if you chirped like a canary or cawed like a crow!)

**T**HE fourth name that means fight, in this quartet of embattled men and women, is that of—I mention it with bated breath and a rolling eye—Rudy Vallée.

Even as I write it, I look quickly over my shoulder to see if a girl with a dirk is creeping up to amputate my head.

How the girls fight for the lad with the lazy

eyes, the droning voice and the storm-tossed curls!

"Rudy is not only a success in his picture—he is a wow!" storms a lady of Mountain Park, Okla. "Let me say that Rudy is superb!"

And she says it, in three closely written pages.

**T**O hint that he was not feted and petted in Hollywood is to defy the lightning of the fan's wrath.

"Hollywood's social pretensions and assumed superiority would be tragic if it were not so funny," writes a young lady from Newark, N. J.

Is it hinted that his manner is so shy as to be almost negative? Down come the rocks and pop bottles.

"Just a Mother," of Newport News, Va., says, "It's a shame the way they criticize Rudy Vallée. They say he was shy in his picture. Well, he was not used to kissing the young lady he hardly knew!"

It is courting death to mention Vallée's name in anything but an awe-struck whisper. I shouldn't dare breathe the story now current in New York about Rudy.

You know, the one about the interview Mark Hellinger, a Broadway columnist, had with him. He found Rudy a nice boy, but a bit conceited.

Just for a pleasant joke, Hellinger asked "Well, how about Jolson? He's a great entertainer, too, don't you think?"

And, according to the columnist, Vallée answered, very seriously, "Oh yes, of course! But in an entirely different line!"

That's a sample of the sort of thing I wouldn't dare to write in PHOTOPLAY. My life wouldn't be worth a nickel the moment after the magazine appeared.

**W**ELL, there are the four names that cannot be trifled with. The names that mean fight to the fans, as I write these words.

Next week there'll be one or two more, no doubt. That means one or two more chances for an old-fashioned necktie party.

I don't want to be misquoted, now that I've gotten into this thing.

These are my sentiments, right now:

Greta Garbo is "incomparable!"

Clara Bow is at fighting weight, and nobody could steal a picture of hers with a ton of TNT!

Jack Gilbert's voice reminds me of Tibbett and Ruffo and Caruso combined.

Rudy Vallée is "adorable."

That lets me out of these fighting names for this month. But, strictly on the q. t. and between us, did Jean Arthur steal Clara's picture?

# They Think Alike!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

director, or cast, it is a *Garbo Picture*—or a *Chaney Picture*—to workers, exhibitors and public.

Although they have been on the M-G-M lot together for five years, Garbo and Chaney are comparative strangers, merely bowing acquaintances. They see each other's pictures but don't discuss them.

"Garbo is the Bernhardt of the screen," Chaney recently declared. "She is the greatest feminine personality I have ever seen in the theater or in films."

Of Chaney, Garbo has said:

"His work intrigues me. He is an artist, a creator of illusions that stimulate imagination. I think he is a magnificent character actor."

Agmation picture executive who knows both; nodded approval of the comparison of the two stars.

"Yes, they are very much alike," he agreed. "They are direct and thorough in every detail of business. They both know what they want and, I might add, know how to get it!"

**HER SIN WAS  
NO GREATER  
THAN HIS . . . .**

*but*

**SHE WAS A  
WOMAN**



*the Incomparable*

**NORMA  
SHEARER**

*in THE,*

**DIVORCÉE**

*with*

Chester Morris  
Conrad Nagel  
Robt. Montgomery

*Directed by*  
Robert Z. Leonard



**I**F the world permits the husband to philander—why not the wife? Here is a frank, outspoken and daring drama that exposes the hypocrisy of modern marriage. Norma Shearer again proves her genius in the most dazzling performance of her career. She was wonderful in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney". She was marvelous in "Their Own Desire". She is superb in "The Divorcee" which is destined to be one of the most talked of pictures in years.



**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

*"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"*

# Face powders that add new enchantment



There's a tint and a texture to suit every type in these flattering, fragrant face powders—Shari, Cara Nome, Duska. They are lasting and alluring. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you.



## He Didn't Know How!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75 ]

"The film is full of them," he says, blandly, while horrified press-agents stand by aghast. "I've tried to crowd as many camera tricks in as I could—not for the sake of doing tricks, but only because I wanted to get effects that make the picture more entertaining."

For instance, here are some of the stunts—

**A**T Whiteman's first entrance, he carries a suitcase. He opens the suitcase—and his famous band steps out and plays for you.

In the "Rhapsody in Blue" number, the scene opens with a pianist playing the Gershwin gem.

The piano grows and grows and grows, until finally it's so big that the top opens up and out pops Paul and his band and a flock of chorus girls who dance the tune on the keys.

That for tricks.

Now here's another thing for which Anderson deserves approbation:

For the first time he has made extensive use of projected color in Technicolor photography. Let's explain that.

Heretofore, they have photographed colored costumes and sets under white light. But Anderson snapped his fingers and said: "Why can't we shoot colored lights?"—the same as the spotlights and floodlights on the stage, to which he had been accustomed.

So they tried it.

"—and I want to say right here," Anderson interpolates, "that in all these new things I had the whole-hearted cooperation of our technicians. When I suggested trying something that hadn't been done in pictures before, they didn't yell 'It can't be done!' Instead, they did it!"

So in "King of Jazz," you'll see the use of colored lights—green, and red, and blue. You'll see iridescent effects that are startling. You'll see colors changing—colors of costumes, of sets; colors on players' faces.

**A**DANCER, his body painted brilliant black, like patent leather, dances atop a huge drum. From one side, a red light is focused on him; from the other, a green glare; from in front, a white ray.

And, as a result, on the background behind the dancer will appear three dancing shadows—one black, one red, and one green.

It is the old "multiple shadow" effect—a thing that has bothered directors before and caused more light-moving to get rid of it than a little. But Anderson, instead of trying to get away from the multiple shadows, used them!

Of course, Anderson has used things that were not new to the pictures—but how he has used them! In the Whiteman picture, there are the "Gold Set" in which the beautiful "Melting Pot" sequence is played; the "Rhapsody in Blue" set, in which a gigantic blue piano is set on a mirror-like floor, back-

grounded against a glittering silver drop, and trick sets in which things move and change until you wonder how they do it.

**N**OW, let Anderson explain how he feels about it all. A lifetime in the theater has trained him in stage ideas. Yet he's not what you would expect to find. He's a quiet-spoken man who thinks. He looks ahead. He anticipates, and he prophesies. He sees a dying theater, and a new art that will arise out of what the screen is now going through.

"The theater," he says, "is fading into insignificance. When we get stereoscopic film, together with the improved sound that is coming, and the new color achievements that are inevitable, things will be possible to the camera to which the stage could never hope to aspire.

"The man who doesn't realize the importance of the screen now is just a fool. The theater man who comes to the screen and tries to bring the limited teachings of the stage with him is also foolish.

"A new type of entertainment is springing up. The actor or actress trained in stage artificiality is doomed. Singers will arise who could never get anywhere on the stage, for in the sound pictures, volume is not necessary; the recording provides that artificially. Quality of voice will rule, not quantity. I, if I make more pictures, will cast not from the stage, but from players who know the screen.

"Color will make the screen become to the director like the canvas to the artist. Subtleties of color which are barely approximated on the stage will be used to the utmost on the screen.

"And the legitimate stage, except in New York, will die. For who in the world will pay five or six dollars to see a revue done on the stage with shoddy scenery, second-rate actors and second-rate musicians, when for less than a dollar they can see a show like 'The Rogue Song'—and greater ones in the future? The stage will die because it simply won't be able to compete.

**"W**HEN I came here, ignorant of pictures but trained in everything of the stage, I cast all that aside. I started with no idea of making a stage revue, but I did have a definite idea of doing things not possible on the stage. To try to bring the artificiality of the theater to the screen is drivel. In a stage revue, the story is merely stupidity on which one hangs the numbers; but on the screen, you've got to have a story—a real story—in addition to the numbers.

"What the screen will bring in the future—pictures, colors, sound—is unimaginable. We can only guess at it. Already, I have some ideas for another picture which would now, if I told them, sound like impossible imaginings. But wait . . ."



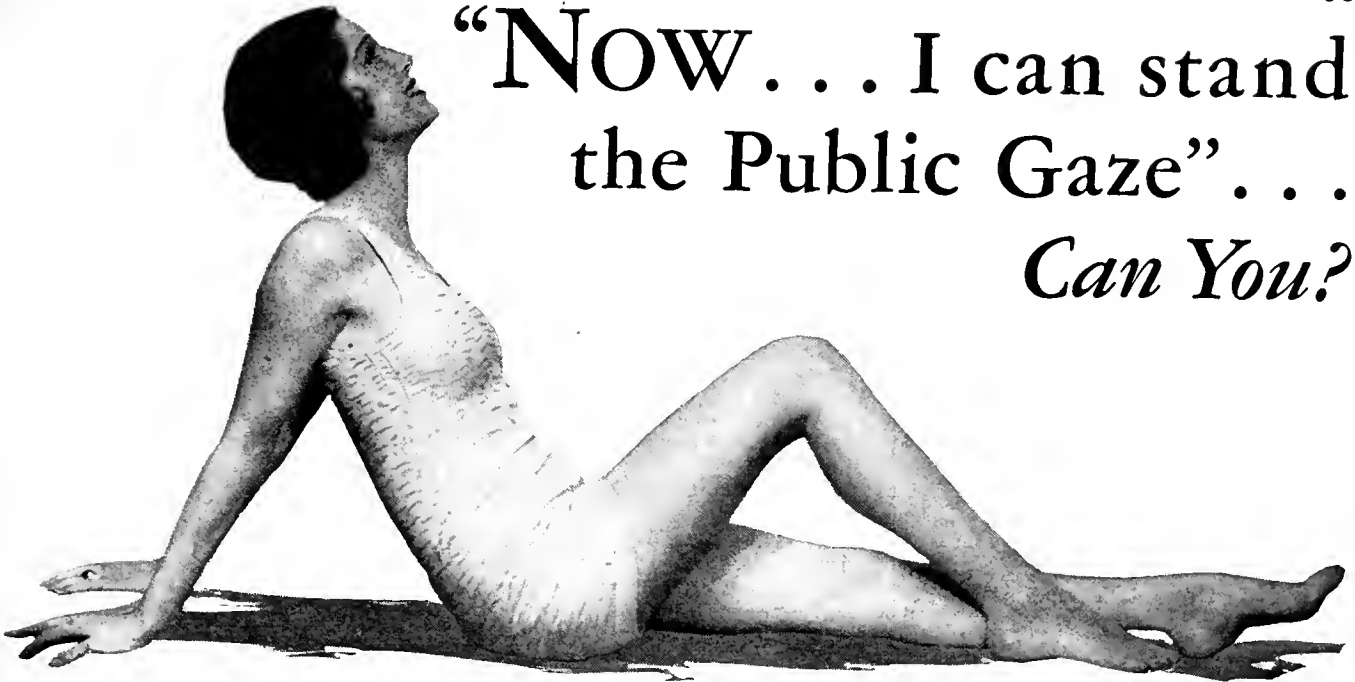
### Canal Zone

For the past six months I have been confined in a military prison on the Canal Zone. We are allowed to see motion pictures once a week. Westerns and comedy go over big.

If the readers of the "Brickbats & Bouquets" department could see the faces of the men when they return from the show, the name would be changed to just "Bouquets."

J. E.

“NOW . . . I can stand  
the Public Gaze” . . .  
*Can You?*

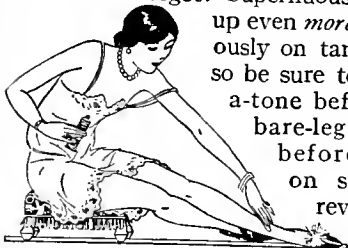


Dainty LORETTA YOUNG, First National Star, believes in the health and beauty-giving power of the Sun

*In a recent issue of*  
**PHOTOPLAY—**  
**JOAN CRAWFORD**  
*says:*

“I think the stockingless vogue will always last. Tanned legs without hose are most attractive and I shall continue to go stockingless, even with the new styles, except with tailored street dresses.”

But don't forget!—Superfluous hair shows up even *more* conspicuously on tanned skins, so be sure to use Del-a-tone before going bare-legged—also before you put on sheer, all-revealing silk stockings.



**C**HARM . . . illusive . . . appealing . . . the first requisite of those who wish to be able to stand the public gaze.

It is so easy to be dainty . . . to appear lovely in other people's eyes . . . if you keep your skin smooth and free of superfluous hair.

Lounging on the beach with strong sunlight on your bare legs . . . at dinner with lamplight shining on your bare arms . . . Wherever you are, whatever you do, you can meet the public gaze with poise if you confirm your daintiness with Del-a-tone.



*Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.*

Easy to use as cold cream, it actually removes hair safely and pleasantly in three minutes or less.

Perfected through our exclusive formula, Del-a-tone Cream is the first and only white cream hair-remover.

Society women, stage and screen stars . . . renowned for their charm . . . prefer Del-a-tone Cream to all other methods for removing superfluous hair from under-arm, fore-arm, legs, back of neck and face. It's so *modern*, swift, convenient and so safe.

Send coupon below for trial tube.

Delatone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper \$1. Money back if desired. (Trial tube 10c—use coupon below.) Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company (Established 1908), Dept. 86, The Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

# DEL-A-TONE

The Only White Cream Hair-remover

**TRIAL  
OFFER**

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company  
Dept. 86, 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.....

1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority—that's why.

# News! Views! Gossip! of Stars and Studios!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99 ]

## 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 seldom that 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

**Popular**

Learn saxophone, cornet, trombone—any band instrument. Be popular. It's easy. Learn quicker and gain greater musical success on a Conn. Endorsed by Sousa and the world's greatest artists. Easiest to play in perfect tune. Many exclusive features. Yet they cost no more.

**Write for Free Book**  
Free Trial—Easy Payments on any Conn. Write for special offer and free book. Mention instrument.

**C. G. CONN, Ltd.**  
629 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

Joseph Falk, Atkinson, Mass., earned \$9,000.00 playing a Conn saxophone while in college. Appeared in 8 countries; plays 22 instruments, nearly all Conns.

**CONN**  
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BAND INSTRUMENTS

the way, is paying all expenses) and everyone hopes that by fall she will be herself again. But nobody knows. She may never be really well again.

### OH-HA! Monthly Innuendo!

Ronald Colman is one of the few men of the screen who don't make a practice of falling in love with their leading women. In fact, he tries to avoid them as much as possible. But he has shown more interest in the sophisticated and smart Kay Francis than in any charmer that has appeared on his set in many a sequence.

WHEN that little red-headed Bow girl sets out to do anything she usually does. She realized some months ago that she had to reduce. She did and now weighs 110 pounds. And this brings on wardrobe trouble.

"I've only got four dresses I can wear," she said, "and I'm afraid to have any of my others made smaller for fear I'll get fat again."

But that doesn't matter. Old Cal has never been one to insist that Clara wear real clothes. Those filmy what-do-you-call-ums will do just as well.

THERE'S a brand new wrinkle in the Gloria Swanson productions, and it isn't in one of Gloria's Hollywood frocks either.

For the first time in the history of the motion picture business, a film has been "shot" in dress rehearsal form. Gloria's forthcoming comedy, "What a Widow!" was shot in three days. Of course, the public will never see this film. Scenes were made on partially dressed stages, and the cast in many sequences wore street clothes. But the play itself was complete.

THIS novel experiment is the idea of Joseph P. Kennedy, in general charge of Gloria's productions. He believes it will save time and

money in the long run. Before the actual film destined for release is made, the cast, director and technicians can view the complete dress rehearsal, rectify mistakes and allow adequate spacing for comedy lines in the correct places instead of taking wide chances.

After the rehearsal film was completed, the actual shooting was expected to take just ten days, or thirteen days in all on a thirty-five-day shooting schedule. Not one scene was expected to be made that could not be used in the finished product after the visual rehearsal. The cost of the dress rehearsal did not exceed by more than \$10,000 the carrying on of actual rehearsals with the full cast.

It is a daring experiment in Hollywood, but after all, the public will be more interested in Gloria's twenty-one new gowns.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S announcement that he intends to form a great producing company to make non-talking pictures, using such stars as John Gilbert and others of prominence, has given the anti-talkers an open chance to express themselves.

Ever since the announcement was made, the Chaplin studio has received a steady deluge of commendations from all over the world—by letter, phone, cable, radiogram.

But from John Gilbert came only this: "Mr. Gilbert has never, talked with Mr. Chaplin about the proposal to make silent pictures."

To which Chaplin merely raised his eyebrows and smiled.

HOLLYWOOD is always digging up phenomena of one sort or another, and the latest is Miss Barbara Leonard.

This lass, a San Francisco girl, speaks English, German, Spanish, French and Italian.

Oddly enough, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to make "Monsieur le Fox" in these [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136 ]



Amos 'n' Andy, in the flesh and without the burnt cork. The famous radio team has just signed to make a feature comedy for Radio Pictures, for plenty money. Their real names, as pictured, are Freeman F. Gosden (Amos), of Richmond, Va., and Charles J. Correll (Andy), of Peoria, Ill. A year ago they were getting \$100 a week

## NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, colds, nervous, dizzy spells and headaches are caused by NERVE EXHAUSTION. Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves! Learn how to regain vigor, calmness and self-confidence. Send 25c for this amazing book. RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-226 FLATIRON BUILDING, N. Y. C.

## What Every Girl Should Know

No, not sex. Not a little booklet ladeled 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!**



Lena Rue

# News! Views! Gossip! of Stars and Studios!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134]



## Instantly Removes Spots from Shoes ★

THERE'S nothing better than Energine to keep shoes spotless. Nothing easier to use or quicker to take effect.

Moisten a clean cloth with Energine and gently rub spot. It vanishes instantly. Leather then quickly responds to polish. Energine dries instantly.

Energine removes dirt and greases spots instantly from tan shoes, white shoes, slippers of brocade, satin or suede—in fact, from any leather or fabric.

At all Druggists



You soon become an expert in removing spots with Energine by following simple directions on 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.

World's Largest Seller

LEAVES NO ODOR  
**ENERGINE**  
THE PERFECT CLEANING FLUID

## A FREE OFFER

Prove to yourself what millions of women know about



# GRAY HAIR

You run no risk. We don't ask you to buy. We only ask you to test Mary T. Goldman's way. Snip off a single lock. Simply comb colorless liquid through hair and desired color comes—black, brown, auburn, blonde. Nothing to rub or wash off.

This way is entirely SAFE. Don't hesitate. Convince yourself by testing first. More than 3,000,000 women have used it in over 30 years.



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**MARY T. GOLDMAN**  
2414 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....

Street .....

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

Color of your hair?.....

five languages at once. What more natural than Babs should get the job?

Of course she did. So there's another "first time in history" for your scrapbook.

If they decide to make a Choctaw version they'll have to find another girl. And that will be tough on Barbara!

**N**OW we know what happens to good little Hal Roach kid actors when they grow up! They become Hal Roach adolescent actors.

Five former "Our Gang" players, whose places have been taken by the present "gangsters" as the former ones grew out of type, have been signed to play in a "Puppy Love" series. Mary Kornman, Spec O'Donnell and Gertrude Messenger are among them.

**T**HE only picture to rival "Hell's Angels" as a production endurance contest in the making, is to be done over for a phonoplay. "Ben Hur" will learn to talk. No one had the slightest hopes that this pretentious silent film, made to the tune of \$3,500,000, would ever pay out. Now the intake during

the years it has been released is approaching the mark of \$10,000,000. Of course, that isn't all gravy to M-G-M. The great bulk of the profits have gone to the Klaw and Erlanger interests, which owned the Lew Wallace play. The picture is still being shown in various parts of the world, and the profits have not ceased to roll in.

When "Ben Hur" is remade it will be filmed at the studio. There will be no location jaunt to Italy, which made the cost so staggering in the original, silent version. Most of the foreign-filmed scenes were discarded in the completed production in favor of scenes made right in Culver City on the back lot.

"Ben Hur" and "The Big Parade" are still regarded as the outstanding achievements of M-G-M during the old silent regime.

**T**HINGS reached a pretty mess in the Hollywood social colony when three leaders elected to give parties on the same night.

Corinne Griffith got her bids in first and well in advance. Corinne entertained one hundred and fifty guests with a dinner dance at the Embassy Club. In fact she took the entire club over for her party.

Along came Mary Pickford with a party



International

Two pictures of the same girl—a friend of ours of years' standing. Mary Miles Minter put on eighty pounds in seven months, with the result shown at the left. Then she went to Dr. Sansome, an expert on the chemistry of the body, with the result shown at the right. Mary Miles is now twenty-eight. She's happy and healthy, and lives in a beautiful home in Santa Barbara. Don't be too surprised if you hear of her accepting a picture offer



for Lady Mountbatten. The dinner was given at Pickfair, but Mary wanted to assemble her guests later at the Embassy for dancing. Also, she would have liked some of Corinne's guests at her own table.

The third person to enter the m el e was John Considine, the United Artists executive, who was entertaining for Eastern friends. He also wanted to have his party at the Embassy. A few of Corinne's guests doubled in brass from one party to the other, but she had the club to herself, and for the entire evening. But two or three people were pretty mad about it. Guess who!

**T**HE easy life of one picture a year has sort of palled on Mary Pickford. Hereafter she will make three pictures a year, which must be pretty upsetting to a staid place like United Artists.

Recently the studio has been just sort of a social hall for visiting celebrities. An awfully nice place to give teas, and Doug still has his gymnasium there. Mary is starting the busy life with "Forever Yours," a story which carries the star from a young girl to old age.

Incidentally, "Forever Yours" is an adaptation of "Secrets," one of Norma Talmadge's most successful pictures. It will be rewritten for Mary.

**I**F you think stars don't study their parts, consider this:

"Let Us Be Gay" played at a Hollywood legitimate theater while it was being filmed as a movie at M-G-M. Violet Heming, stage star, played the lead in the stage play.

And Norma Shearer, playing the lead in the talkie, saw the play four times the very first week!

**L**IKE a million and one other girls, on and off the screen, Ina Claire had always wondered how she would look with Titian hair. But she didn't have the nerve to try it! So Fate stepped in.

Visiting New York for a few days, she decided that a henna rinse would be a fine tonic for hair that was dulled by the dust of cross-continent travel. Just one of those quick rinses that burnish up lights without altering the color.

Just as Mrs. Jack Gilbert's head was nicely packed in henna, the building engineer decided to turn off all the water to make some repairs to the pipes. Battalions of armed guards with bayonets soon changed his mind for him. But by the time the henna was rinsed away, Ina was a brick-top. And how she hated it!

After frantic treatment with peroxide bleaches, she finally emerged as flaxen-haired as the blondette *fraulein*, several shades lighter than her own color but decidedly becoming.

**N**O less an authority than Sam Goldwyn, her boss, has hinted that Vilma Banky is through, according to current report.

The accent, says Sam, has licked the Hungarian Rhapsody, who shot up like a rocket after her first American appearance opposite Ronald Colman. And in spite of the fact of her fine work in the talkie, "A Lady to Love."

Add to this grief the report that she and Rod La Rocque are having marriage trouble and you have a considerable load of woe for the gorgeous Vilma to tote.

Too bad, Vilma thrilled us.

As she comes down, another Goldwyn actress, Lily Damita, goes up. Her French speech is considered cute for the talkies, and she is in demand. Lily, by the way, had a grand season of it in "Sons o' Guns," the Broadway musical comedy smash.

**M**AYBE Laurel and Hardy think they're famous. Maybe they are. Anyway, this happened at the preview of the Whiteman



## Why 85% of America's leading hospitals use Kotex absorbent

Because of its comfort and hygienic value, Kotex absorbent is used today by 85% of our great hospitals.

**I**F you are one of the millions of women who prefer Kotex because of its marvelous comfort and convenience, you'll be delighted to know hospitals approve it from the health standpoint, too. More than that—85% of all the leading hospitals of the United States actually use Kotex absorbent in their hospital work!

Please note the list of hospitals at the right. Famous hospitals . . . where patients receive the finest care that medical science can offer. These hospitals select Kotex . . . just as you do . . . for the comfort it assures. But they have another reason, too . . . they know its hygienic value.

### Why Kotex is more hygienic

Kotex is made of a remarkable absorbent, known as Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. Cellucotton is five times more absorbent than the finest surgical cotton. It absorbs *away from the surface*, leaving the surface soft and delicate.

Kotex is made of layer on filmy layer of this wonderful Cellucotton. These layers permit circulation of air and keep Kotex light and cool.

Kotex has many other advantages which dainty women know and like. Corners are rounded and tapered so the pad is always inconspicuous. Kotex deodorizes, thus removing another source of embarrassment. And Kotex is disposable . . . there's no laundry, fuss or embarrassment.

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

*These Famous Hospitals are only a few of the hundreds that use Kotex Pads:*

CHICAGO MEMORIAL  
HOSPITAL of Chicago

PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL  
of Philadelphia

LENOX HILL HOSPITAL  
of New York City

UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL  
of Baltimore

MT. SINAI HOSPITAL  
of Milwaukee

CENTRAL DISPENSARY AND  
EMERGENCY HOSPITAL  
of Washington, D. C.

BAPTIST HOSPITAL  
of Houston, Texas

### KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

- 1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
- 2 *Safe, secure* . . . Keeps your mind at ease.
- 3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.
- 4 *Deodorizes*, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
- 5 *Disposable*, completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12  
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12  
Or singly in vending cabinets through  
West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.



Notice the  
Kissproof lips of  
PATSY RUTH MILLER  
when you see her in  
"Show of Shows"



## "At Last! a Lipstick that really stays on"

—says lovely Patsy Ruth Miller, screen famous for the beauty of her lips.

"Both on the set and off I can't be bothered continually retouching my lips. That is why I prefer Kissproof. When I put it on my lips in the morning, I know they'll stay 'put' and look their best until evening comes."

Miss Miller is just one of the Hollywood stars—one of the 5,000,000 daily users—who have found that Kissproof gives the lips a lasting perfection, as subtly alluring as Nature itself at her very best.

This modern lasting waterproof lipstick is available at toilet counters everywhere.

# Kissproof



## Skin Hopeless?

Is it marred by pimples, blackheads or similar blemishes? Then begin today to use Resinol Soap and Ointment. Apply the ointment to the irritated spots. In fifteen minutes wash off with Resinol Soap and warm water—rinse well. This simple treatment is bringing smooth, clear complexions to many who had thought them hopeless. The daily use of Resinol Soap tends to prevent blemishes.

**FREE** Trial size package on request.  
Resinol, Dept. 6-F, Baltimore, Md.

# Resinol



The fuss and feathers that go into a simple little love scene for the talkies. At the right are Mary Lawlor and Stanley Smith acting it out. Microphones, cameras, orchestra, lights and props are all over the place. How can Stanley keep his mind on his work?

picture, "King of Jazz," at a Los Angeles theater:

Into the reserved section filed the Universal family party—headed by "Uncle Carl" Laemmle himself. The regular program was in progress, and on the screen at the time, Messrs. Laurel and Hardy were disporting themselves.

"Uncle Carl" gazed at them for a while.

"What is this?" he demanded of his daughter.

"A comedy, papa," she told him.

"H'm."

Silence. Then:

"So? And tell me—who are these people up there?"

**RAOUL WALSH** makes quick profit:

He bought a horse named Gray-ola on a Friday. On Sunday, he entered it in a race at Agua Caliente. It won. Purse: \$29,200; cost of horse \$15,000; profit, \$14,200.

**NOT** long ago Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were shopping. Suddenly a woman rushed up to Doug and said, "Well, well, if it isn't Billy Bakewell! You don't mind if I shake your hand, do you? You know, at first I thought you were Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but I see now that you're my favorite actor, Billy Bakewell. How is 'All Quiet on the Western Front'?"

"Very quiet," said Doug.

The lady espied Joan. "And this is Sally Blane, isn't it?" she beamed enthusiastically. "Well, now, I'm so glad that you're going around with a nice girl like Miss Blane. Good luck and all the happiness in the world!"

**THEY** do say that wedding bells will ring out for Natalie Moorehead and Director Alan Crosland before very long now.

**THE** first Jewish talking pictures have made their bow.

Judea Films, Inc., are making a series of twenty-six two-reelers in Jewish. Two were released in early spring, with notables of the Jewish theater in the casts.

The first was a musical comedy called "Style and Class," featuring Marty Baratz and Goldie Eisman, well known in New York's East Side theaters.

Later on, Judea Films will make a feature film on Zion's history.

**NOTES** on two of Hollywood's prodigal sons: Emil Jannings, between German pictures, has been appearing on the stage in Vienna. He is reviving rôles he played before pictures claimed him.

Conrad Veidt, who used to work for Carl Laemmle, is playing the lead in a comedy called "He," by Alfred Savoir, as a pleasant change from constant movie work.

**LEW CODY** is back! Back on the screen. Looking fine. Feeling great. Old Cal will lead the cheers. He's playing the rôle Ian Keith was supposed to do in Gloria Swanson's picture, "What a Widow!"

**MABEL NORMAND'S** will was read to the family. It left everything to her mother. "That's the way I wanted it," said Lew Cody, Mabel's husband. "That's as it should be."

Mabel's mother and sister went to Hollywood for the funeral and decided to stay there. They will sell their holdings back in Staten Island.

**"THE Queen"** is dead. Long live Gloria Swanson!

Old "Queen Kelly," the \$800,000 beauty begun by Eric von Stroheim and finished by general decay, has been finally thrown away. It was to have been Swanson's first talkie.

There was some talk of making an operetta out of it, but no good came of that. Somewhere are many, many film cans. They hold all that is mortal of eight hundred thousand good American dollars tossed into a movie that turned sour, and could never be made sweet again.

**MARY PICKFORD** and Warner Baxter gave the outstanding performances during the year ending July 31, 1929, according to the awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, of Hollywood.

Warner Baxter won his award for his performance in the outdoor production, "In Old Arizona," Mary Pickford, for her performance in "Coquette." The winning production, chosen by a vote of Academy members, was "The Broadway Melody."

Director: Frank Lloyd for his direction of "The Divine Lady," "Drag" and "Weary River."

Cameraman: Clyde De Vinna for the photography in "White Shadows in the South Seas."

Art Director: Cedric Gibbons for the art direction in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

Writer: Hans Kraly for "The Patriot."

Now you can talk it over among yourselves.

**I**F you look closely you will see Sidney Bartlett in Alice White's picture, "Man Crazy." Sidney is the one and only in Alice's off-screen life, although Bobby Agnew is the one and only in the picture.

Sidney's rôle is little more than a bit, but Alice thinks that it is a start for her handsome fiancé.

**W**HENEVER Charles Farrell doesn't have to display his profile in front of a camera he takes to the high seas in his yacht. That Cape Cod ancestry does things to Charlie.

One sailing expedition this winter almost marked the end of his career. He got caught in stormy seas between the Santa Cruz Islands and Santa Barbara. Waves were a mile high, and there was a ninety-mile gale blowing. Anyway, Charlie thought so. Usually it is just a pleasant sail through more or less pleasant channel waters. On this occasion it took sixteen hours. But Captain Charlie brought in his ship, and he wasn't even seasick. His father, who was along, didn't fare so well. In fact he doesn't know yet why they call it the Pacific Ocean.

**B**ARRY NORTON, having been let out of his contract at Fox, is playing in Spanish versions at different studios. Barry is one young fellow who can't ever seem to get his financial difficulties straightened out.

Although everybody told him he'd better wait until option time he plugged up his ears to advice and rented an elaborate apartment. The floors didn't suit him. He had special ones put in. All the fixtures had to be changed before he'd live in the place. His money began getting lower so he furnished only his bedroom. In the sumptuous dining room there was a card table and four chairs. The living room and library were empty.

And in this state he lived until his contract ended and he had to give up the expensive furniture-less apartment. He's living more simply and comfortably now.

**T**HERE'S a little actress at a certain studio who is not what you would call exactly refined. The director decided that she should be made more ladylike, but he had broached the subject to her before and later decided that parrots talk like maiden aunts in comparison.

He let the idea drop for awhile but when he began her picture he framed her. He instructed everybody on the set to call her "Miss Blank," to rise when she entered the stage and to remember all the sage words of Emily Post. So far it has had a remarkable effect. The star is becoming more and more ladylike by the minute.

Who is the Greatest French Loan to America?

**Chevalier!**

Read his life story which begins in the July PHOTOPLAY

# The daintiest way to remove cold cream

Pastel tinted Kleenex Tissues . . . which are used once, then discarded



Exquisite tints . . . absolutely pure and safe . . . make Kleenex especially dainty. The smart, modern box automatically hands out two sheets at a time.

**O**NE important reason why Kleenex is essential to proper beauty care is this: it is absolutely clean and hygienic.

Most methods of cold cream removal are inefficient, and even dangerously unclean. Cold cream cloths, for instance, are usually filled with germs. And germs in the pores are

the starting point of pimples and blackheads. Towels are inefficient, because their harshness prevents absorption, and thus oil and dirt are not removed.

Soft, dainty Kleenex tissues actually blot up the surplus cold cream. Along with the cream come any dirt and cosmetics which may be lingering in the pores.

It isn't necessary to rub and scrub and stretch the skin, which beauty experts say induces wrinkles and premature aging. And it isn't necessary to soil and ruin towels.

Many people use Kleenex almost exclusively for handkerchiefs. Think how much more sanitary it is, when there's a cold! Kleenex is used just once, then discarded. Cold germs are discarded, too, instead of being carried about in a damp handkerchief, to infect others, and re-infect the user.

Kleenex does away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering. Ask for Kleenex at any drug or department store.



SALLY EILERS is another screen favorite who considers Kleenex an absolute essential: "I'd expect all sorts of complexion trouble if I didn't use Kleenex regularly to remove every trace of make-up. It's so thorough, so sanitary."

*Sally Eilers*

**Kleenex Cleansing Tissues TO REMOVE COLD CREAM**

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. Please send a sample of Kleenex to: PH-6

Name .....  
Address .....  
City .....



# Brickbats & Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

## Search Us!

Media, Pa.

The Garbo-Dressler controversy is a very bitter one to me. I won't admit that Marie stole one foot of film from the divine idol, although she gives a superb rendition. But even in the scenes where Marie appears, Garbo never lets you take your eyes from her a second.

God, how can such a woman be!

RICHARD E. PASSMORE.

## Raucous? Tut, Tut!

Louisville, Ky.

Garbo's voice at the climax of "Anna Christie" is raucous and unmusical, and her enunciation much too rapid for good recording. Just why so many are Garbo-mad I cannot understand. She is no doubt a fine emotional actress. But Pauline Frederick is far greater, and so is Ruth Chatterton.

EVELYN ANDERSON.

# And She Can't Explain!

*Larry for her partner, but she must keep off her feet! Nature plays cruel pranks on girls who haven't learned.*

A marvel at tennis. Everywhere at once, alert and dangerous. Deftly returning each play. Stopping the fastest volley with amazing skill.

What a pity she has not learned to stop periodic pains as easily! In just a few moments, with Midol.

Any woman who now submits meekly to monthly martyrdom will find in these little tablets a boon on those dreaded days. For Midol renders them entirely painless.

One or two tablets, taken in time, will spare you even a twinge of muscular pain. Or, if your suffering has already started, it will subside in from five to seven minutes. No matter how great your usual discomfort. Whether you are fourteen, or forty. Midol ends the pain! Safely, and in a hurry.

Midol is not a narcotic. So it may be used, with perfect safety, as often as there is the slightest need. Specialists produced Midol for one merciful purpose. To stop all the agony that is needlessly inflicted at regular intervals.

*Midol does not halt or even hinder the natural process. But it does banish the unnatural pain!*

More than one million modern women have turned to these tiny tablets for relief of such suffering. And Midol has given them extra days of freedom every month. Its discovery has removed their last excuse for ever giving-in to periodic pains.

Midol offers relief in a most convenient form, too. The trim case in which the tablets come will tuck away easily in your purse or pocket. Ready for any emergency. Ready to relieve any sudden pain—headaches, neuralgia, etc.

All druggists have Midol for fifty cents. Get a box today, and be prepared. Or, you may try it without cost. The coupon brings free proof that Midol can save you suffering.

*Personal*

The makers of Midol offer a *free trial case* (in a plain wrapper) to prove that all such pain is needless. Simply mail this coupon to MIDOL, 170 Varick St., New York.

Name.....  
 St.....  
 P. O.....

P. 6-30



Golden-brown is the color which dominates this street costume chosen by Marguerite Churchill this Spring. It is of chiffon tweed, and features both a pleated skirt and pleated cape. The neckline is outlined with white egg-shell crepe

**Throaty? Maybe So!**

New York City.

Greta Garbo's deep, throaty voice in "Anna Christie" shocked me at first. But she loses none of her mysterious power and charm. The same can be said of Gloria Swanson.

Neither Gloria nor Greta is beautiful, but they have that something that all women long for. And Ruth Chatterton isn't very far behind.

OLIVE PIERCE.

**Wants Gilbert and Garbo**

Boston, Mass.

Greta Garbo's voice is the most unusual I've heard in talkies. I was so fascinated by it that I lost track of the plot! And her laugh is the kind one reads about in novels.

Why don't they star Greta with John Gilbert once more? If the big men in Hollywood only realized how much we fans crave seeing these two together again they would do it.

E. G.

**Box-Office Bonanza!**

Chicago, Ill.

Maurice Chevalier is due to be the 1930 film sensation. He gives the impression that he wants to make everybody happy, and he surely succeeds. I saw "The Love Parade" ten times.

MARGARET STERLING.

**Appreciation of Alma**

Cleveland, Ohio.

Many thanks for your very human story about Alma Rubens in the April PHOTOPLAY. It is fine to know about her brave fight for health and the true reason for her breakdown.

It is great to have an editor who will go to the trouble to investigate these tragedies and give us the plain truth, and not insinuations that are harmful.

I want to be one of her old-time admirers to wish her all success in the talkies.

MARY STEVENSON.

**The House Is Pinched!**

Portsmouth, Ohio.

I am cashier in a theater where we are arrested every single Sunday for keeping open! But we greet the law cheerfully, pay our fine, and continue to pack our houses each Sunday.

What is the harm in Sunday movies, when they don't interfere with anyone's religious duties?

J. M.

**John Bowls Her Over!**

Dayton, Ohio.

After hearing the crooning Vallée and the deafening Tibbett, we music lovers who do not care for "sweet nothings" and are not versed in the Art of Grand Opera, listen with keener appreciation to the singing of John Boles!

M. J. NEEDHAM.

**Free Photographs?**

Abilene, Texas.

Back in 1923 I began sending for movie stars' pictures. Nine times out of ten I received the picture and a letter thanking me for the compliments. But it is no longer that way.

We pay enough to see pictures without having to pay for the player's photographs. The producers make enough money from the public. I have spent an hour on one letter to a star and never even got an answer, and therefore I never see that star's pictures now. The real fan letters—the long ones—should get attention.

J. H. POOL.

**IS SUNBURN  
HARMFUL?**

**A**SIDE from the obvious agony, aside from the ugly red patches and blisters it causes, does sunburn really *harm* your skin? It does! A severe sunburn can leave your lovely skin looking leathery and old, in spite of prolonged after-treatment. *Prevent* painful sunburn by using Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream before exposure to the sun. This creamy lotion actually prevents sunburn by absorbing that part of the ultra-violet ray which is responsible for the burning. Your skin will gradually take on a smooth, golden tan under a normal application of Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream. Should you wish to avoid even the suggestion of tan, use Sunburn Cream very generously.

Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream is sold at all leading shops. It costs \$2.00.

**DOROTHY GRAY***Dorothy Gray Building*

685 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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San Francisco • Washington • Atlantic City

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# OLD GOLD



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cigarettes in a new *Parisian* velour box!



Have you seen them . . . these delightfully smart new packages of fifty "O. G.s" . . . covered with velvety velour paper, in the soft color of old gold? You'll find them most enticing boxes to pass to your guests . . . to use as bridge prizes . . . or just to keep on your own dressing table. And they cost no more than the regular "fifties" tin.

If your dealer can not supply you, send 35¢ to Old Gold, 119 West 40th Street, New York City, N. Y.

"NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

## She Thrills to Tibbett

Buffalo, N. Y.

I am an old lady, and am proud to say I have heard and seen Lawrence Tibbett every day during our theater's showing of "The Rogue Song," generally staying for a second performance just to hear his heavenly voice.

GRANDMA MILLER.

## We're Still Giving It Thought

Montreal, Canada.

I have spent a small fortune trying to get Greta Garbo's photograph from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but I'm still waiting for one.

If you would sell them to the fans I am sure you would do a knockout trade!

CICELY GOODE.

## Well, Isn't It True?

Seattle, Wash.

Why did you spoil the cover of the March PHOTOPLAY with that line, "The Most Imitated Magazine in the World"? Who cares about that? Who wants to pay for your advertising? Be yourself!

A. R.



A few months ago we told you that Hollywood considers Loretta Young the prettiest of its younger sisters. And this is one of her prettiest Summer frocks, in green-printed crepe de chine. She is wearing the Deauville type of sandal, which is so popular in Hollywood

# VOICE



Now you can have the VOICE you want

**100% Improvement Guaranteed**

Send today for free Voice Book telling about amazing New SILENT Method of Voice Training. Increase your range, your tone qualities. Banish huskiness and hoarseness. Learn to sing with greater ease. 100% improvement guaranteed—or money back. Write today for free booklet—one of the greatest booklets on voice training ever written.

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Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Make money taking pictures. Photographs in big demand. Commercial Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for new free book. Opportunities in Modern Photography. American School of Photography, Dept. 125-A  
3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.



**GRAY or FADED HAIR Unnecessary**

NOW THAT B. PAUL'S HENNA SO QUICKLY RETURNS NATURAL COLOR

**Why Have Gray or Faded Hair USE B. PAUL'S HENNA**

Try this wonderful hair coloring. see what an amazing, beautifying transformation it will bring about in your appearance. Easily imparts the desired color to your hair in **ONE BRIEF APPLICATION**. Composed Henna Herbs and several other ingredients. Leaves the hair soft and glossy unaffected by shampooing, previous dyes, tonics or oils.

14 shades, Black to Blonde. Price \$1.10 P. P.

**B. PAUL'S WHITE PASTE (Formerly Called "White Henna" for lightening blonde hair grown dark. Price \$2.25 P. P. Free Advice and Booklet.**

**MON. B. PAUL, Dept. 5-X, 21 W. 39th St., N.Y.**

## MONEY IN PAINTING MINIATURES

EASY home method of coloring photographs and miniatures. No drawing talent needed. Large demand for specialists. Complete artist's outfit. Free Booklet. Dept. 460, National Art School, 1008 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

## Lovely "Lummox"

Trenton, N. J.

Winifred Westover is one of the most beautiful women I have seen on the screen. Her lovely face and body, her strength, her courage, her mental honesty, make "Lummox" an epic of beauty.

JOAN LEVIN.

## Why, Mr. Keljik!

St. Paul, Minn.

Lillian Roth! How surprised and delighted I was with her acting in "The Vagabond King." Imagine! A brunette actress worth hearing and seeing!

ZOVAG KELJIK.

## Not Even Lupe's Gar-ee?

Fairfield, Ala.

I can't understand why some producer does not make a real honest-to-goodness all-talking Western. To do this he would have to page the only real "two-gun" star of the films—William S. Hart. Bill would be welcomed back by all the Western fans. In my opinion no one can take his place.

J. H. TRUCKS.

## A Minority Vote

Greenville, Texas.

PHOTOPLAY is my favorite magazine, but I want to see a man on the cover! I'm sure there are others who would simply shout for joy to see Gary Cooper, or John Boles, or Robert Montgomery, or Ramon Novarro on the cover of our good old PHOTOPLAY.

ALWILDA WEBB.

## Just Give Them Time

Hightstown, N. J.

Why, oh why, don't they use good talking equipment in the smaller theaters? The difference between New York theater reproduction and many small-town theaters is as great as that between the Pacific Ocean and a mud-puddle.

ANDREW JOHNSTON.

## The Ugly Duckling

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"I'll get the lemon," Mrs. Starke said, "but there was a time when neither you nor Mildred knew a tea cup from a coffee cup."

We all laughed. Pauline most of all.

For there have been bitter years for Pauline, years of struggle and poverty and pity. She never had a real childhood. At fourteen she was working on the screen in the days when it was work and not a career, when a stock actress for Griffith gave every waking hour to the master. At fourteen Pauline was supporting both her mother and grandmother.

**T**HERE was nothing but work in Pauline's life. Of course, there was tenderness, and a great bond between her and her mother, but she knew no life save the dull path between the studio and whatever tiny apartment they occupied at the time.

Even when she began to get breaks and made more money, life was a fight for her. She had to struggle against her looks and her lack of background.

I shall never forget when she returned from her first trip to New York. She had suddenly become aware of another world, a world of gayety and laughter, of bright talk and frivolous sophistication.

We sat together one day, just after her return, in her dressing room.



★  
**DESQUAMATION**

medical term for the invisible peeling that goes on in every healthy skin, and brings out the new skin just underneath.

*Lift that Veil* ★  
**THERE'S REAL BEAUTY  
UNDERNEATH**

**J**UST UNDERNEATH the skin you see, there's a lovely, transparent new skin waiting to come through!

It's fresh and clear as baby skin.

A veil of old skin covers it. A veil so thin you cannot see it.

But wait! Day by day, *invisibly*, this veil of old skin is *peeling off* to let the new skin through.

That's *DESQUAMATION*.

It's a natural process of the skin. And there's a promise in it for every girl.

**FIRST BATHE THE FACE** gently in *warm* water. Then rub up in your hands a generous lather of Woodbury's soap (which was made especially for this purpose.) Work this gently into your skin, from the chin up toward cheeks and temples. Now wash off

with warm water. Your skin feels new, liberated. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface. Now *tone* the new fresh skin. Bring it glowing health and vigor with a brisk splashing of *cold* water. Ah! how good it feels! Now go over your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel.

See what a prescription based on the fundamental processes of the skin will do for *your* skin.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

To meet the Woodbury laboratories' exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use. *The Andrew Jergens Company—Cincinnati, Ohio.*

**SEND FOR THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET**

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2211 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.

For the enclosed 10c—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., 2211 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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See what a soap made to aid the skin's natural processes will do. Give your skin its first Woodbury treatment today.

# Nonspi

AN ANTISEPTIC LIQUID

Keeps Your Armpits Dry and Odorless



**NONSPI** destroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration to parts of the body where there is better evaporation—and need be used on an average of but two nights each week.

**NONSPI** will also protect your clothing from those ruinous, discoloring, destructive perspiration stains, in addition to keeping your armpits dry, odorless and sweet.

More than a million men and women keep their armpits dry and odorless and save their clothing by using this old, tried and proven preparation which is used, endorsed and recommended by physicians and nurses.

Get a bottle of **NONSPI** today. Apply it tonight. Use it the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter. Your Toilet Goods Dealer and Druggist has it at 50c (several months' supply) or if you prefer

Accept our 10c Trial Offer (several weeks' supply).

The Nonspi Company  
2641 Walnut Street  
Kansas City, Mo.

For the enclosed 10c (coin or stamps) send me a trial size bottle of **NONSPI**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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## Miles of Mountain Lake

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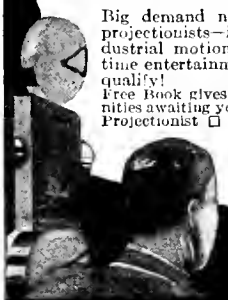
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"Honestly," she said, "I simply didn't know that there were people like that in the world. They're all so alive. They talk about such interesting things. And will you believe it, nobody even mentioned pictures! I was out of my depth, so I didn't say much. I simply sat by and absorbed everything I could. I felt as if I were going to school. I didn't know there was a life like that."

**T**HE only life she knew, you see, was one of work, a life wherein her days were given to doing the task that fell before her. She did not have a chance to sit back and analyze herself. The battle for existence had been too hard to admit of introspection. She had no time for the luxuries of the mind.

Her marriage to Jack White was a great surprise. She had known him for several years. They had been excellent friends, but nobody thought that they would marry. And then they did. And Pauline's life took on a new color.

She had been a workman, now she became a woman. She had wealth and position, and the sort of man that Pauline needs—a companionable, understanding man.

For the first time she began to think—to stand off and watch the little Pauline who had been caught up so early in the whirl of life that she had had no time to live. She was tired, very tired, when she first married, and she was content to bask in the glory of her new surroundings. She became a wife, and felt that she wanted to put her career out of her mind. She felt settled, somehow. Everything took

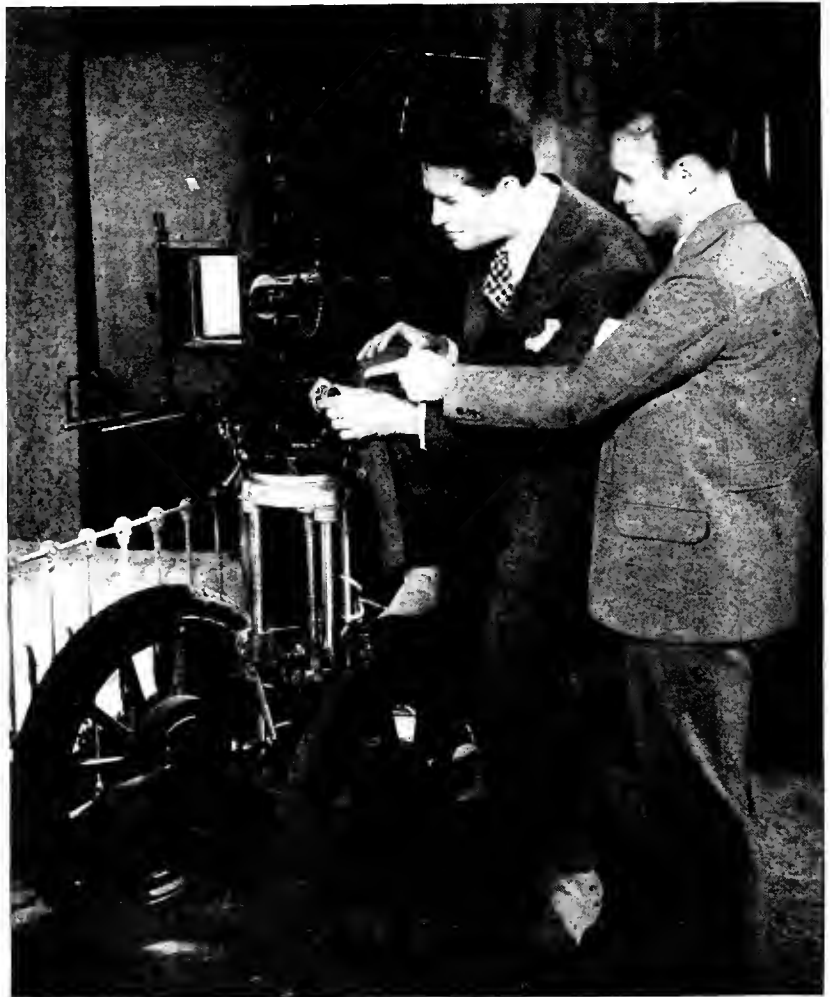
on a meaning. She had glimpsed a new life in New York, but she saw now what she wanted, something staple and solid and fine. I believe it was at this time that her beauty began to develop. It was not the beauty of blonde hair and a rounded figure and shadows gone from her cheeks, but the glory of a woman who had found that for which she had been unconsciously seeking.

But she began to grow restless. She had been in the race too long to sit back and watch the winners come in.

She felt herself growing useless. She had nothing to do, so she tried creating certain jobs. She would manage the marketing herself. But she was not content for long with unnecessary domesticity. She had found everything in her life with Jack. She was a real wife, but not a housewife. There is a difference.

Jack encouraged her to go on with her screen work. When the whistles blew at midnight of 1929, she said to herself and to him, "I've been futile for a year. I've been leading a useless life. I have not justified my existence. It is true that I am content. It is true that I have found happiness. But there is no real happiness for me without work."

**N**OW she began to look for rôles. She knew that she must make a talking picture or, perhaps, her last chance was gone. She had been off the screen for almost a year and she pitched into work in earnest. She took a part with Columbia and she had a good manager. When Mary Nolan pulled her famous temperamental act at Universal, Pauline was the lucky girl



Maurice Chevalier and Cameraman George Folsey of Paramount are inspecting the very last word in enclosed cameras for use on sound stages. Absolutely silent in its work, and mobile because mounted on the light geared truck, this is what studio technicians have been laboring on for nearly three years



who stepped into her shoes in "What Men Want."

When you see her in that picture you will see a gorgeously beautiful woman. You will forget the little Cinderella heroine you knew in the old silent days.

The battle for success, which she wouldn't go through again, but which she would not trade for anything, gave her character. Her love and understanding of life have given her beauty. The ugly duckling has become the lovely swan.

No girl has had a harder struggle. No one has come through it more bravely. And she is without pose of any sort. She'll be the same tomorrow, whether you left her just last night or haven't seen her for five years.

## He Has the Girls Gasping

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

I realize that all this sounds like Elinor Glyn in her most vibratory mood and I shed a tear for our good old pal, Cal York, who'll be laid up with writer's cramp from rumoring Walter's engagements. (No less than eight charming damosels have confided a secret crush and have offered me huge sums of money for an introduction.)

But Walter is a bit too suave, a bit too sure of himself to let the world in on his affairs of the heart. And surely he'll never talk about them. But he is, without doubt, the most attractive man who has graced these wan shores in many a California sun.

It is not snap judgment (at which, I must admit, I'm never any good, anyhow) that makes me go on like this. The first time I saw him was at the studio. He had been held up by a fencing lesson, and the studio commissary was crowded when we arrived. The only small table was occupied by a solitary and very grumpy looking gentleman.

"I'm afraid we'll have to sit at this big table," I said.

"Nonsense," said Pidgeon. "No such thing." He strode across the room to the man at the small table. What he said I don't know. I expected to see frowns and black looks cast in my direction. On the contrary, I watched Walter move the man—coffee cup, sandwich and all—to the big table while we took the small one. And the man smiled and bowed and seemed pleased that he had been allowed the privilege of moving.

A FEW evenings later we dined at Pidgeon's home. There were six of us (Walter seldom entertains a larger group). He opened the door himself.

"I haven't a butler," he said, "but I rather like doing the job myself."

The drawing room to which we were admitted is charming, with no hint of bizarre Hollywood in its dull drapes, its soft, rich rug and the excellent collection of books that line the walls.

At dinner (a perfect meal, sturdy and a bit English, for Walter was born in Canada) he managed the roast and the conversation with equal grace and facility.

Coffee and cigarettes were served in the living room.

And very good talk, not brilliant, not high-flown but just nice and comfortable.

The whole evening was touched, magically, by charm.

There was music later. Walter at the piano thumbing through various scores and singing whatever bits were called for. Wagner's "Dreams," Brahms' "Sapphic Ode," Schumann, Schubert, "Duna" and a Negro spiritual or two.

He insisted that we were leaving much too early when he took us to our cars.

# Hands that Charm on just 3 minutes a day

Busy women find 4 delightful advantages  
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*Helena Leigh*  
Beauty Editor of  
**Harper's Bazaar** says:

"THERE is no longer any doubt that liquid polish is indispensable to the well-groomed woman. If she wants her hands to be as smart as her frock, her hat or her coiffure, she has no recourse but to use liquid enamel on her nails.

"The use of liquid polish has several definite advantages. In the first place, it is quick, more lasting, supplies a much higher polish to the nails and gives them a delightful color."

What woman need neglect her hands—now? With the new liquid polish, so easily applied, even the busiest women can have nails always lovely. One manicure a week, when you use liquid polish, will keep your nails radiant—with only three minutes' care each day. Just enough time to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.

The new Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover 35¢. Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢. At toilet-goods counters everywhere.



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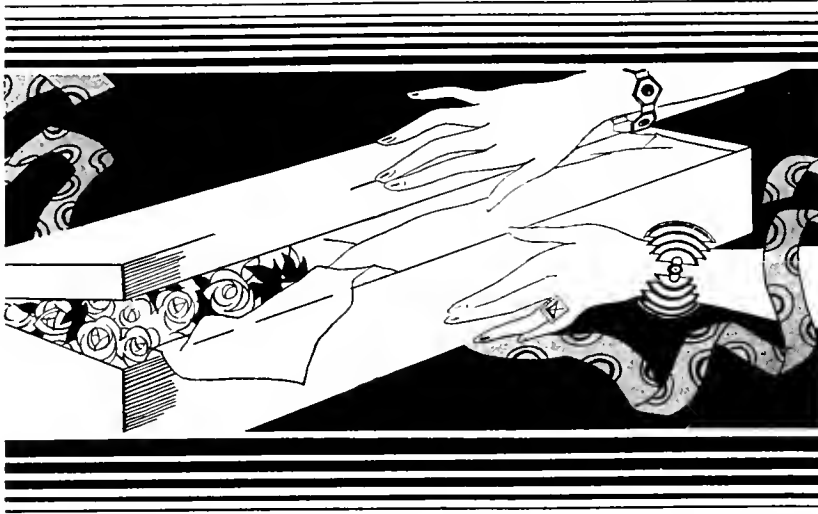
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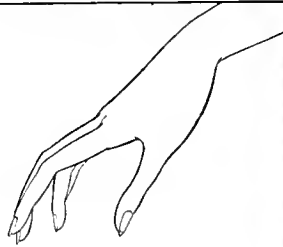


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It is difficult to set down such things on paper. Grace and charm don't behave very well on a typewriter, but as we left, one of the gentlemen who is inclined to grow a bit pedantic at times, said, "Now, that boy is a credit to the motion picture industry."

The phrase will suffice until there is a better one.

But he is more than that. He is one of Hollywood's most delightful young men.

His background is rather what you might expect. He went to war, served in the trenches and languished in a French hospital for eighteen months after the Armistice. When he was well enough to be up and about he came to the United States and put what money he had inherited into a brokerage firm in Boston. But music interested him more than bonds and he made annual trips to Europe to keep up his studies.

It was at this time that he married a non-professional girl who bore him one child, a girl, and died at the baby's birth.

**I**MEDIATELY afterwards a financial crash wiped him out and ill health claimed him. But he isn't a quitter, and he went on with his music until he at last found an opportunity of going on concert tour with Elsie Janis. Later, he went into vaudeville with her and played in musical comedies and revues.

Several years ago when he came to Hollywood Walter was granted an interview with Louis B. Mayer.

"You're not an American, are you?" Mayer asked.

"No, I'm from Canada," said Walter.

"What part?"

"New Brunswick."

"What town?"

"St. Johns."

Mayer frowned. "Who told you to say that?"

Walter was puzzled. "I don't know what you mean."

"That's my home town," said Mayer. "I left when I was sixteen but I love the place. I thought maybe somebody tipped you off about it. But I see they didn't. Let's have lunch and talk about all the old friends."

But Walter's accomplishments were not appreciated in the studios.

With the coming of the sound film, however, his success was assured.

He is not only, as our friend said, a credit to the motion picture industry. In a town devoted to manners it is refreshing to find one person, at least, with manner!



Bedford, Va.

The age of seventy-one finds me all alone, spending the evening of my life at a Home for the Aged. A lonely bachelor with no family ties, all my old friends gone before me—literally set upon the shelf.

But I am not "out of it" altogether. Every day I take my walk to the theater near the Home and there I see the far-away places where I have travelled in my day. I live again my long-past youth, my loves and happy experiences.

Current events of the outside world are brought before my very eyes, keeping me posted and up-to-the-minute on world problems. When the old fellows at the Home begin to tell me about the battle at Appomattox, I tell them about the Conference at Paris.

Thank God for the movies. My life would be empty without them.

James Mitchell

## Discovered Reginald Denny

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 ]

"I've come to make you a proposition," he said. "They all say this is a bad picture. Very well, let me sign a contract to the effect that if it flops I'll work for you for six months for nothing or until every cent of your losses is paid back, but if it is a success, then I'm to have final word on stories and cutting."

Laemmle would think it over. He thought it over. But decided against it. After all, it was an amazing proposition.

"THAT'S [My Daddy]" made more money than any other Denny starring picture made in the last several years.

"But," said Denny, "they called me a Bolshevik. They said I was hard to manage. I like doing farce but I wasn't doing good farce.

"I'm honest when I say I never want to be a star again. It's much better to be a featured player. If I'm a featured player I'm cast properly. A story comes up for consideration. It has been picked without thought of cast. There is a rôle that I may characterize. They give it to me.

"But when I'm a star they say, 'Now we must find a story'—vehicle, they insist upon calling it—'for Denny.' And they build a plot around my personality, making me exactly as I was in every film I've ever played.

"I knew it couldn't go on. I knew that I was being killed off on the screen. It wouldn't have surprised me if the dear old public had thrown rocks at me every time I so much as showed my face on the Boulevard. And I felt that because of the bad ones I'd made nobody would give me work. "When my contract was terminated by mutual agreement, I left the lot feeling certain that I should never step inside another studio again."

But what Denny had failed to take into consideration was the talkies, and that he had not only a nice English voice but that he had sung baritone in light operas. His singing voice had broken while he was doing, strangely enough, "Gypsy Love," the operetta from which Lawrence Tibbett's "The Rogue Song" was adapted.

However, few voices are damaged beyond repair. When Reg discovered that Sono-Art was interested in him and was going to make him a proposition, he got a vocal teacher. Suddenly he realized that there was a chance.

This time he would not make similar mistakes. His first picture for Sono-Art was called "His Dark Chapter," later changed to "What a Man!" They wanted him to play the rôle of a youngster.

"THAT'S ridiculous," said Denny. "The character in the story is thirty-five. At that I'm giving myself a few years. I'm thirty-nine, you see, and why should I try to look and act younger than I am?"

Apparently he was right, because while he was doing this part Cecil De Mille was casting about for a *Monsieur* for "Madame Satan." He tested Denny and found him to be the man. The character is played in a light, farcical manner and he sings several numbers.

Reg is now under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and still has three films to do for Sono-Art. Just a few months ago he thought he was finished!

Reg has taken a new, long term lease on life. He is handsomer than ever before. His work fascinates him now. He attacks each new day with vigor. Denny's come-back is one of the most surprising in the industry.

They rave about him over on the M-G-M lot as if he were a brand-new discovery. And, in a way, he is. Discovered—at the end of a fading career.



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The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . . its gloss and lustre . . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

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Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage, and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

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No difference in price

*Philip Morris*

## Don't Bring Your Child to Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

they are near the studio gates they are marketable products. Away from the studio, in their homes, they become natural and ordinary. It is that side of their lives that is not well known.

Perhaps the most amazing home I visited was a modest little cottage away from the Hollywood district, that houses the Johnson family. The children get in your hair, tangle in your shoe laces and crawl into your pockets. Wynonah Johnson, the mother, herself a newspaper woman, watches over this brood of surprising chicks.

KENNETH is the oldest. He's sixteen. Then there are Dick Winslow, fourteen, Camilla, eleven, Seesel Ann, seven, Carmencita, five (you remember her as the talented child in "Blue Skies"), and Cullen, "Little Buttercup," two and a half. Cullen's greatest claim to fame is his indestructibility. He has been carried away on the backs of the villain's horses, been snatched up by airplanes, gone through flood, fire and famine and is as cheerful as ever.

It is Mrs. Johnson's theory that any child of average intelligence can do anything he wants to do, can express himself in any of the arts if he is allowed enough freedom. The ire of other movie mamas is raised when she says that eighty per cent of the children in any orphanage can act as well as the children now in pictures. She gives her kids absolute freedom. A week in the Johnson home would put you under the care of a nerve specialist, but it certainly wouldn't bore you.

Dick Winslow, for instance, plays the xylophone, cornet and drums. He also builds furniture, writes plays and draws pictures. He has interviewed Anna Pavlova, Elsie Janis, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Carrie Jacobs Bond and numerous other celebrities. He has written the interviews and sold them.

Camilla writes poetry (which has been published), and Kenneth, who is going to be an architect, makes the most amazing masks in the Benda manner. They all sew, cook, build, write, paint and play musical instruments.

The back yard is taken up with their Packing Box Theater, the smallest show house in the world. A great star gave them their projection machine, another their footlights, but the rest is their own doing. They write their plays, stage them, costume them and build the scenery. Acting, now having become somewhat of a bore, is left to the kids in the neighborhood, who are well paid for their services.

When there is a national disaster the kids say "Aw, gee, that's too bad," and then, with brightened faces, "Now we can give a benefit," which they do in the theater. It seats thirty, if they are contortionists and can wrap their knees around their necks.

THEY give elaborate dinners composed of their own dishes. A new concoction is tried out three times. If, after having eaten it, you don't turn a pale sea green, it is recorded in the Johnson cook book, an amazing tome full of naive instructions to the chef.

Dick Winslow is playing a part with George Jessel in "The Hurdy-Gurdy Man." One set represented a music shop. Dick played every instrument. When he had finished, Jessel looked at him in amazement and said "Look here, you don't juggle, by any chance, do you?"

You might imagine that the youngsters have been forced to do all these stunts. Not so. It is their play. They simply express themselves rhythmically and are allowed to experiment.

One afternoon Mrs. Johnson came home to find Dick Winslow lying on the floor on a piece of cloth, while Kenneth traced the outline of

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(See page 60 for full particulars regarding Contest)

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his body with chalk. The result was almost a suit of clothes. The only defect was that Kenneth neglected to leave an opening so that Dick could get into it.

They attend the Hollywood Bowl concerts in a body and have the largest children's library in the city, but their money is being put away for their education because Mrs. Johnson hopes that none of them will want to become actors or actresses. They're already that, having played in innumerable films, "The Godless Girl," "Marianne," "Sparrows," "Winning of Barbara Worth," "The Way of All Flesh," "Wonder of Women" and tons of others.

They're the most wholesome, delightful, happy lot you ever saw. They're too busy to think about themselves and become affected.

**U**PON the slight shoulders of Nanci Price, that unusual kid in "The Doctor's Secret," rests the family burden. Her mother is deaf, so Nanci, who is only eleven, manages the small household. She has just completed a long part in "The Girl in the Show" for which she received \$125 a week.

Perhaps she is the strangest child of all. Old and canny beyond her years, she has the bills made out in her name, writes the checks, answers all telephone calls and only has a manager to keep herself from taking too little money for the rôles she plays.

She interviews all directors for parts and does the talking. "I'm often disappointed when I don't get cast," she said, "but then—that's life."

I asked her what she liked to play. I thought she might prefer Hop Scotch to Run, Sheep, Run. Instead she answered, "Dramatic rôles." I discovered that her recreation lies in dressing up and acting with her dolls, quite alone.

But it is not a lonely life led by David Durand (you remember him in "Innocents of Paris"). Although he is only seven he plays at football, aviation, street car and school, and his life on the sets (I watched him at Columbia, doing a scene in "The Love Song") is also one long game, where it is a great treat to help the assistant cameraman mark up the scenes on the board.

The only way in which he differs from any other boy his age is that he supports his mother, a semi-invalid with a dislocated back who was deserted by her husband when David was six months old.

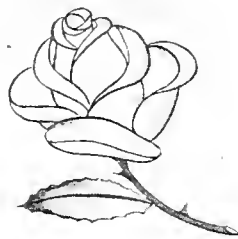
It is her job to keep the kid simple and unspoiled. When gushy ladies say, "You're just a little genius, aren't you?" Mrs. Durand adds, *sotto voce*, "She doesn't know you like I do."

It's the other children, however, who do the spoiling. They crowd around the youngsters to question them about their life behind the mysterious gates of the studio. But eventually the children become hardened to this and are embarrassed by the questions hurled at them. If a picture of Coy Watson is playing in town and if the members of his Boy Scout band find out about it and attend, his day is completely ruined.

**C**OY is the oldest member of the Watson family, another large and bounding brood whose careers are managed by their father, once a property man, an assistant director and an assistant cameraman.

Their house, in the shadow of the old Mack Sennett studios where the kids were born, looks like a middlewestern farm. You stumble over broken skates and inner tubes. There is an improvised swing in the front yard, a trapeze made from a lead pipe and a couple of ropes, and an old saddle thrown over a carpenter's horse, for thrilling moonlight rides with Indians behind. Every kid in the neighborhood makes this his playground.

This family includes Coy, sixteen, Vivian, fourteen, Gloria, twelve, Louise, nine, Harry, seven, Billy, five, Delmar, two, and Garry, seven months. They all appeared in "Drag" and in dozens of others including "The Very Idea," "The Smart Set," "The Callahans and the Murphys," etc.



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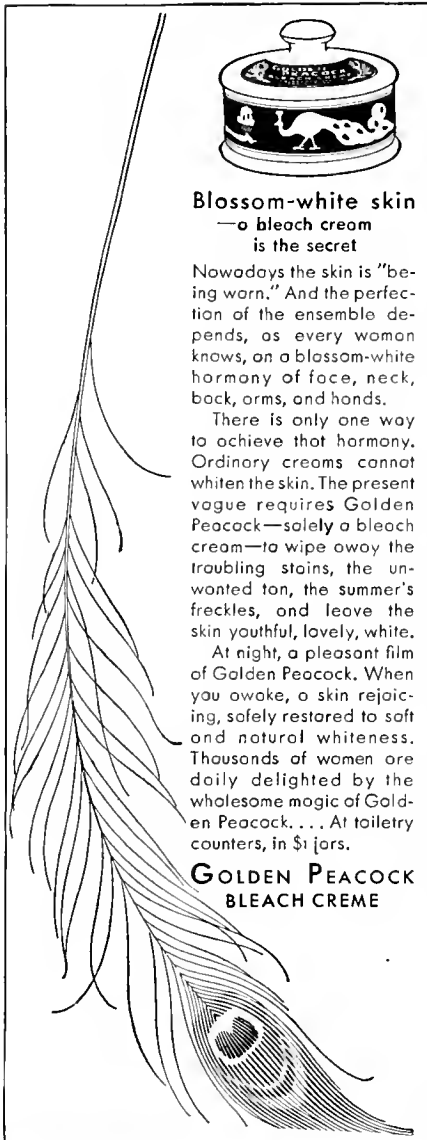
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There is only one way to achieve that harmony. Ordinary creams cannot whiten the skin. The present vogue requires Golden Peacock—safely a bleach cream—to wipe away the troubling stains, the unwanted ton, the summer's freckles, and leave the skin youthful, lovely, white.

At night, a pleasant film of Golden Peacock. When you awake, a skin rejoicing, safely restored to soft and natural whiteness. Thousands of women are daily delighted by the wholesome magic of Golden Peacock. . . . At toiletry counters, in \$1 jars.

**GOLDEN PEACOCK BLEACH CREME**

Papa Watson puts them through their paces. If he knows that one of them has been cast for a part he has each do the scene. The chosen one is given a variety of ideas about his work.

They can all cry at the drop of a chapeau. And real tears, too, from little Delmar to big Coy. Papa Watson turns to Louise or Gloria or Harry or Billy and says, "Cry," and immediately there's a deluge that makes the flood scenes from "Noah's Ark" look like a fish pond.

And a second later Coy is pulling Gloria's hair and Harry is showing his newest stunt on the trapeze. Crying is a part of a day's work. It's a job, like washing behind your ears, only it isn't quite so unpleasant.

But all is not roses in the Watson family. They take their work seriously, and papa doesn't believe in sparing the rod. When a little Watson returns from the studio all the other little Watsons ask how he did his job. If he did well, he's congratulated. If he did badly, he gets a right royal family razzing.

**I**n a much less hectic atmosphere, because there are not so many of her, lives little Jane La Verne, the seven-year-old kid who wept her way through "Show Boat" and got seventy-five dollars a week for it. Jane's father is a professional baseball umpire, now touring the South, and Jane and her mother hold down the old homestead when he's away. Mrs. La Verne keeps Jane natural by letting her choose her playmates from among the children in the neighborhood, rather than from the professional youngsters.

There's a big playhouse in the back yard and an amazing assortment of dolls in every state of decay.

By the horrible example method Mrs. La Verne keeps her a real kid. Whenever they are on the set or in a home and some kid gets obstreperous Mrs. La Verne says, "Now see, there's a bad, spoiled child, whom nobody loves."

Jane's money is going into singing and dancing lessons so that she will be prepared for the stage career that her mother hopes for her.

Muriel McCormac is another child completely untouched by the glamor of the films. Her aunt is Betty Hart, Selig's first leading woman, and it was from her that she learned the rudiments of screen technique. Muriel goes to school, as they all must, but avoids the little girls who question her too much about her work. She is a quaint, old-fashioned child who told me that her greatest interest was in nature. She belongs to a bird club and makes it tough on all the lizards that venture to the door. She keeps her own room in order, does her own mending and washes the supper dishes.

There are dozens of other well known youngsters in pictures who have regular work. Douglas Scott, Buster Slaven, Douglas Haig, Patty Falkenstein, Carl Bush, Godfrey Craig and, of course, all the various members of "Our Gang." Of them all there are very few conceited little prigs. Directors demand simplicity and naturalness. They don't want acting from children. They want fresh, spontaneous reactions.

**M**R. THOMAS, who is in charge of the work permits at the Board of Education, often receives reports of cruelty. The teachers on the sets, who are paid by the studio but employed by the Board of Education, make the only bona-fide reports, as a rule, and these are few and far between. Sometimes cases are reported by visitors, but most often by jealous mothers who resent the work received by some popular child.

Thomas has found the picture youngsters normal, ordinary kids with sturdy bodies and active minds. Because of the individual attention they receive on the sets and because of their natural aptitude they are more often than not ahead of their classes.

The only difference between them and other bright children is that they get more kick out of going swimming than spending a day at a studio.



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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

# Fred Marches On

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]

She was leading lady for Edward Everett Horton in several productions at his theater. Whenever he could manage it, Frederic was in the theater. No two people were ever more in love than Frederic and Florence. Whenever someone wanted to introduce Frederic they forgot his name and called him Mr. Eldridge. It always embarrassed the other person but it bothered Frederic not a whit.

His own great chance came in the Los Angeles Belasco production of "The Royal Family." People have said that the play was patterned from the Barrymore family, the reigning house in the American Theater. Frederic played a very John Barrymore-ish actor. He looked like Barrymore, and he had the Barrymore gestures.

Everyone in Hollywood saw the play as a matter of course. Even John came down to see how someone else did John Barrymore. Frederic had been scared to death, expecting a brick to fly over the footlights at any moment. But, at the end of the second act, someone said that Barrymore was roaring with laughter. After that it was easier.

At the end of the play, John called on Frederic in his dressing room, and congratulated him on a good job. Ethel, so the story goes, accepted the play with considerably less grace. She is reported to have broken a long friendship with Edna Ferber, the co-author of the piece, for daring to wax facetious about so great a family.

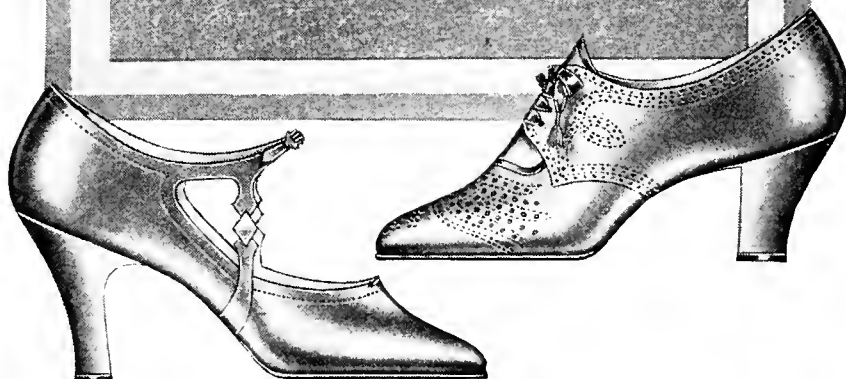
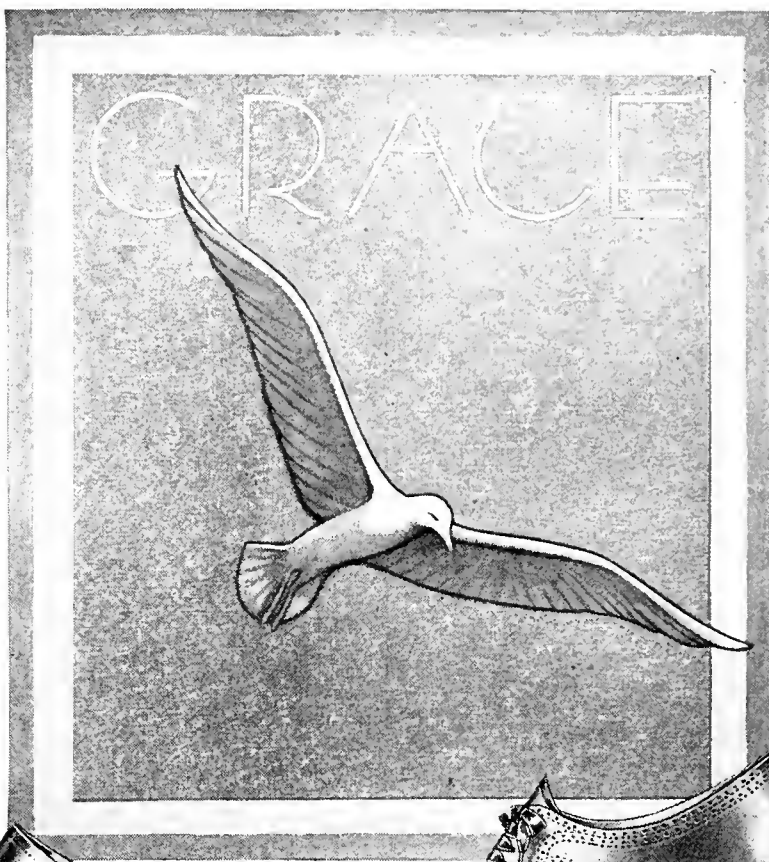
While the play was in San Francisco, Frederic made his first camera test. The city by the Golden Gate was pretty dark that season of year, so his first test was made on the roof of the St. Francis Hotel, with his manager flying up from Los Angeles to see that everything was just right.

His picture debut was in a test rôle in "The Dummy." He first came to the attention of the fans as the good-looking young professor in "The Wild Party." It was pretty conclusively settled after that. He was Ann Harding's hero in "Paris Bound," and Colleen Moore's in "Footlights and Fools." His two most recent appearances have been in "The Marriage Playground" and "Sarah and Son."

The March ménage is a pleasant, rambling house in Beverly Hills. He is fond of horseback riding, and the bridle path runs directly past his home. His other favorite sport is tennis, and he is a crack player.

Life to the Marches is unhurried, in spite of the hectic atmosphere of the studios and the theaters. At one time he admitted to a foolish, unceasing energy. Then he had acute appendicitis with plenty of time to lie in bed and think things out in general. Since then he has taken things more easily. Now he likes to sit around and talk after a good workout on the court.

Frederic and his wife are members of Hollywood's "dignified" set, the Nagels, Lois Wilson, Ruth Chatterton, Ralph Forbes, and of the English Colony in Filmania.



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Pg-30

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the stage play "The Chatterbox" by Bayard Veiller. Adapted by Wallace Smith. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: Marie, Bebe Daniels; Jimmy, Ben Lyon; Kelcey, Robert Emmett O'Connor; Mr. Matson, John Ince; Mrs. Matson, Daisy Belmore; Nellie, Betty Pierce.

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Erich Maria Remarque. Adapted by Maxwell Anderson. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Katczinsky*, Louis Wolheim; *Paul Baumer*, Lewis Ayres; *Himmelstoss*, John Wray; *Tjaden*, George "Slim" Summerville; *Muller*, Russell Gleason; *Albert*, William Bakewell; *Leer*, Scott Kolk; *Behm*, Walter Brown Rogers; *Kemmerich*, Ben Alexander; *Peter*, Owen Davis, Jr.; *Mrs. Baumer*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mr. Baumer*, Edwin Maxwell; *Detering*, Harold Goodwin; *Miss Baumer*, Lucille Powers; *Ilse*, Richard Alexander; *Lieutenant Bertinck*, Pat Collins; *Suzanne*, Yola D'Avril; *Kantorek*, Arnold Lucy; *Ginger*, Bill Irving; *French Girls*, Renee Dameron and Poupee Andriot; *Herr Meyer*, Edmund Breese; *Hammacher*, Heinie Conklin; *Sister Libertine*, Bertha Mann; *Wachter*, Bodil Rosing; *French soldier*, Raymond Griffith; *Poster girl*, Joan Marsh.

"ANYBODY'S WAR"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Charles E. Mack. Adapted by Hector Turnbull. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Amos Crow*, *Willie Crow*, *The Two Black Crows*, Moran and Mack; *Mary Jane Robinson*, Joan Peers; *Ted Reinhardt*, Neil Hamilton; *Captain Davis*, Walter McGrail; *Sergeant Skip*, Walter Weems; *Comilla*, Betty Farrington.

"BAD ONE, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by John Farrow. Adapted by Carey Wilson and Howard Emmett Rogers. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Lita*, Dolores Del Rio; *Jerry Flanagan*, Edmund Lowe; *Spaniard*, Don Alvarado; *Mme. Durand*, Blanche Friderici; *Mme. Pompier*, Adrienne D'Ambicourt; *Pierre Ferrande*, Ulrich Haupt; *Borloff*, Mitchell Lewis; *Blanchet*, Ralph Lewis; *Gida*, Yola D'Avril; *Judge*, John Sainpolis; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Henry Kolker; *Pety*, Charles McNaughton; *Warden*, George Fawcett.

"CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Houston Branch. Adapted by Arthur Ripley. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: *Marie Morney*, Laura La Plante; *Rouget de L'Isle*, John Boles; *Bazin*, Sam De Grasse; *Marnay*, James Marcus; *Colonel of Hussars*, Lionel Belmore; *Louis XVI*, Stuart Holmes; *Marie Antoinette*, Evelyn Hall; *Magistrate*, Claude Fleming; *Piette*, Murdock MacQuarrie; *Danton*, Richard Cramer; *Materoun*, Harry Burkhardt; *Robespierre*, George Hackathorne; *Priest*, De Witt Jennings.

"CAUGHT SHORT"—M-G-M.—Continuity by Willard Mack. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Marie Jones*, Marie Dressler; *Polly Smith*, Polly Moran; *Genevieve Jones*, Anita Page; *William Smith*, Charles Morton; *Frankie*, Thomas Conlin; *Johnny*, Douglas Haig; *Priscilla*, Nancy Price; *Sophy*, Greta Mann; *Mr. Frisby*, Herbert Prior; *Mr. Kidd*, T. Roy Barnes; *Mr. Thull*, Edward Dillon; *Miss Ambrose*, Alice Moe; *Manicurist*, Gwen Lee; *Peddler*, Lee Kohlmar; *Fanny Lee*, Greta Granstedt.

"COCK O' THE WALK"—SONO ART—WORLD WIDE.—From the novel "Soul of the Tango" by Arturo S. Mom. Continuity by Nagene Searle and Frances Guilian. Directed by R. William Neil. The cast: *Carlos*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Narila*, Myrna Loy; *Jose*, Phillip Steeman; *Ortego*, Edward Peil; *Cafe Manager*, John Beck; *Rosa Vallejo*, Olive Tell; *Senor Vallejo*, Wilfred Lucas; *Pedro*, Frank Jonason; *Paulina Casiro*, Sally Long; *Maria*, Natalie Joyce.

"COURAGE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Thomas Barry. Adapted by Walter Anthony. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Mory Colbrook* Belle Bennett; *Muriel Colbrook*, Marian Nixon; *Lynn Willard*, Rex Bell; *James Rudlin*, Richard Tucker; *Bill Colbrook*, Leon Janney; *Reynald Colbrook*, Carter de Haven, Jr.; *Aunt Caroline*, Blanche Friderici.

"CUCKOOS, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the musical comedy "The Ramblers" by Guy Bolton, Harry Ruby and Bert Kalmar. Adapted by Cy Woods. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Sparrow*, Bert Wheeler; *Professor Bird*, Robert Woolsey; *Ruth*, June Clyde; *Billy*, Hugh Trevor; *Anita*, Dorothy Lee; *The Baron*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Gypsy Queen*, Marguerita Padula; *Julius*, Mitchell Lewis; *Fannie Hurst*, Jobyna Howland.

"CZAR OF BROADWAY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Gene Towne. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: *Morton Bradley*, John Wray; *Connie Colton*, Betty Compson; *Jay Grant*, John Harron; *Francis*, Claud Allister; *Harry Foster*, Wilbur Mack; *Dane Harper*, King Baggot; *McNab*, Edmund Breese.

"DIVORCEE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Ursula Parrott. Continuity by John Meehan. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Jerry*, Norma Shearer; *Ted*, Chester Morris; *Paul*, Conrad Nagel; *Don*, Robert Montgomery; *Helen*, Florence

Eldridge; *Mary*, Helen Millard; *Bill*, Robert Elliott; *Janice*, Mary Doran; *Hank*, Tyler Brooke; *Hannah*, Zella Sears; *Dr. Bernard*, George Irving; *Dorothy*, Helen Johnson.

"GUILTY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story "The Black Sheep" by Dorothy Howell. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Carolyn*, Virginia Valli; *Bob Lee*, John Holland; *Polk*, John Sainpolis; *Mariha*, Lydia Knott; *Lee*, Erville Alderson; *Doctor Bennett*, Richard Carlyle; *Jefferson*, Clarence Muse; *Jerry*, Eddie Clayton; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Robert T. Haines; *Warden*, Frank Fanning; *Judge*, Ed Cecil; *Lucy*, Gertrude Howard.

"HOLD EVERYTHING"—WARNERS.—From the play by B. G. De Sylva and John McGowan. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Gink Schiner*, Joe E. Brown; *Toots Breen*, Winnie Lightner; *Georges La Verne*, Georges Carpentier; *Sue Burke*, Sally O'Neil; *Pop O'Keefe*, Edmund Breese; *Nosey Bartlett*, Bert Roach; *Norine Lloyd*, Dorothy Revier; *Murphy Levy*, Jack Curtis; *Bob Morgan*, Tony Stabenau; *Dan Larkin*, Lew Harvey; *The Kicker*, Jimmie Quinn.

"IN THE NEXT ROOM"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Burton E. Stevenson. Adapted by Harvey Gates. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *James Godfrey*, Jack Mullanah; *Lorna*, Alice Day; *Tim Morcl*, detective, Robert O'Connor; *Philip Yantine*, John Sainpolis; *Parks*, the butler, Claud Allister; *Mrs. O'Connor*, housekeeper, Aggie Herring; *Inspector Grady*, DeWitt Jennings; *Snitzer*, Webster Campbell.

"ISLE OF ESCAPE"—WARNERS.—From the novel by Jack McLaren. Adapted by Lucien Hubbard and J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Dave H'ade*, Monte Blue; *Maira*, Myrna Loy; *Stella*, Betty Compson; *Shane*, Noah Beery; *Judge*, Ivan Simpson; *Hank*, Jack Acroyd; *Loru*, Nena Quartaro; *Manna*, Duke Kahanamoku; *Dolobe*, Nick De Ruiz; *Ma Blackney*, Rose Dione; *Dutch Planter*, Adolph Milar.

"JOURNEY'S END"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the play by R. C. Sherriff. Adapted by Joseph Moncure March. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Captain Stanhope*, Colin Clive; *Lieut. Osborne*, Ian Maclaren; *2nd Lieut. Raleigh*, David Manners; *2nd Lieut. Trotter*, Billy Bevan; *2nd Lieut. Hibbert*, Anthony Bushell; *Captain Hardy*, Robert A'Dair; *Private Mason*, Charles Gerrard; *Sergeant Major*, Thomas Whiteley; *The Colonel*, Jack Pitcairn; *German Soldier*, Warner Klinger.

"KING OF JAZZ"—UNIVERSAL.—Scenario by Edward T. Lowe. Dialogue by Charles McArthur. Directed by John Murray Anderson. The cast: Paul Whiteman and his band, John Boles, Jeanette Loff, Laura La Plante, Charlie Murray, George Sidney, Glenn Tryon, Merna Kennedy, Billy Kent, Grace Hayes, Jeanie Lang, The Sisters G, Charles Gles, Frank Leslie, The Brox Sisters, Charles Irwin, Al Norman, Paul Howard, Stanley Smith, Jacques Cartier, Paul Whiteman Rhythm Boys, Marian Statter and Don Rose; *The Tommy Atkins Sextette*, Kathryn Crawford, and The Russell Market Dancers.

"LADIES LOVE BRUTES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Pardon My Glove" by Zoe Akins. Screen play by Waldemar Young and Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Joe Forziati*, George Bancroft; *Mimi Howell*, Mary Astor; *Dwight Howell*, Frederic March; *Lucille Gates*, Margaret Quimby; *Mike Mendino*, Stanley Fields; *Slattery*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *George Wyndham*, Lawford Davidson; *Mrs. Forziati*, Ferick Boros; *Joey Forziati*, David Durand; *Jackie Howell*, Freddie Burke Frederick; *Slip*, Paul Fix; *The Tailor*, Claud Allister.

"MAMMY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Irving Berlin. Adapted by L. G. Rigby. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Al Fuller*, Al Jolson; *Nora Meadows*, Lois Moran; *Mrs. Fuller*, Louise Dresser; *Hesly*, Lovell Sherman; *Meadows*, Hobart Bosworth; *Slats*, Tully Marshall; *Tambo*, Mitchell Lewis; *Sherrif*, Jack Curtis; *Pig Eyes*, Stanley Fields; *Props*, Ray Cooke.

"MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by F. Anstey. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Lord Strathpeffer*, John Barrymore; *Morkery Saxon*, Loretta Young; *Mr. Poffley*, William Austin; *Uncle Gabriel Gilwattle*, Albert Gran; *Mrs. Tidmarsh*, Enayl Fitzroy; *Mr. Tidmarsh*, Dick Henderson; *Daggs*, Edgar Norton; *Miss Flinders*, Dale Fuller; *Mr. Ditchwater*, D'Arcy Corrigan; *Mrs. Ditchwater*, May Miller; *Mrs. Gilwattle*, Louise Carver; *Mr. Bodfish*, Yorke Sherwood; *Mrs. Bodfish*, Diana Hope; *Miss Bugle*, Tiny Jones; *Gwenie*, Angella Mawby.

"NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Audrey and Waverly Carter. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Patricia*, Billie Dove; *Dr. Allan Pomroy*, Kenneth Thomson; *Paul Gherardi*, Basil



Rathbone; *Countess Olga Bolakireff*, Kay Francis; *Sir Thomas Hawley*, Montagu Love; *Lord Percival Northmore*, Philip Strange; *Duchess of Loth*, Elinor Vandivere; *Serge*, Gino Corrado; *Lady Keene*, Blanche Friderici.

"ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play "The Swan" by Ferentz Molnar. Adapted by Melville Baker. Directed by Paul Stein. The cast: *Alexandra*, Lillian Gish; *Prince Albert*, Rod La Rocque; *Dr. Nicholas Haller*, Conrad Nagel; *Princess Beatrice*, Marie Dressler; *Father Benedict*, O. P. Heggie; *Count Lutzen*, Albert Conti; *Coland Wunderlich*, Edgar Norton; *Symphorosa*, Billie Bennett; *George*, Phillippe de Lacy; *Arsene*, Byron Sage; *Mitzi*, Barbara Leonard.

"PLAYING AROUND"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "Sheba" by Vina Delmar. Adapted by Adele Commandini. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Sheba Miller*, Alice White; *Nickey Solomon*, Chester Morris; *Jack*, William Bakewell; *Pa Miller*, Richard Carlyle; *Maudie*, Marion Byron; *Joe*, Maurice Black; *Morgan*, Lionel Belmore; *Master of Ceremonies*, Shep Camp; *Mrs. Feuerbeck*, Ann Brody; *Mrs. Lippincott*, Nellie V. Nichols.

"ROUGH ROMANCE"—FOX.—From the story by Kenneth B. Clarke. Scenario by Elliott Lester. Directed by A. F. Erickson. The cast: *Billy West*, George O'Brien; *Marna Reynolds*, Helen Chandler; *Loup LaTour*, Antonio Moreno; *Sheriff Mill Powers*, Roy Stewart; *Chick Carson*, Harry Cording; *Dad Reynolds*, David Hartord; *Laramie*, Eddie Borden; *Flossie*, Noel Francis; *Pop Nichols*, Frank Lanning.

"RUNAWAY BRIDE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play "Cooking Her Goose" by Lolita Ann Westman and H. H. Van Loan. Adapted by Jane Murfin. Directed by Donald Crisp. The cast: *Mary Gray*, Mary Astor; *Blaine*, Lloyd Hughes; *Dick Mercer*, David Newell; *Clara*, Natalie Moorehead; *"Red" Dugan*, Maurice Black; *Daly*, Paul Hurst; *Williams*, Edgar Norton; *Barney*, Francis MacDonald; *Whitey*, Herry Tenbrook; *Shorty*, Phil Biady; *Dr. Kent*, Theodore Lorch.

"SAFETY IN NUMBERS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Marion, Jr. and Percy Heath. Scenario by Marion Dix. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *William Butler Reynolds*, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; *Jacqueline*, Kathryn Crawford; *Maxine*, Josephine Dunn; *Pauline*, Carol Lombard; *Cleo Carewe*, Geneva Mitchell; *Bertram Shipro*, Roscoe Karns; *Phil Kempton*, Francis MacDonald; *Alma McGregor*, Virginia Bruce; *F. Carstairs Reynolds*, Richard Tucker; *Jules*, Raoul Paoli; *Commodore Brinker*, Lawrence Grant; *Messaline*, Louise Beavers.

"SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by J. P. McEvoy. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Dixie Dugan*, Alice White; *Jimmy Doyle*, Jack Mulhall; *Sam Otis*, producer, Ford Sterling; *Donna Harris*, Blanche Sweet; *Frank Buelow*, director, John Miljan; *Nebbick's secretary*, Virginia Sale; *Office Boy*, Spec O'Donnell; *Kramer*, Lee Shumway; *Bing*, Herman Bing.

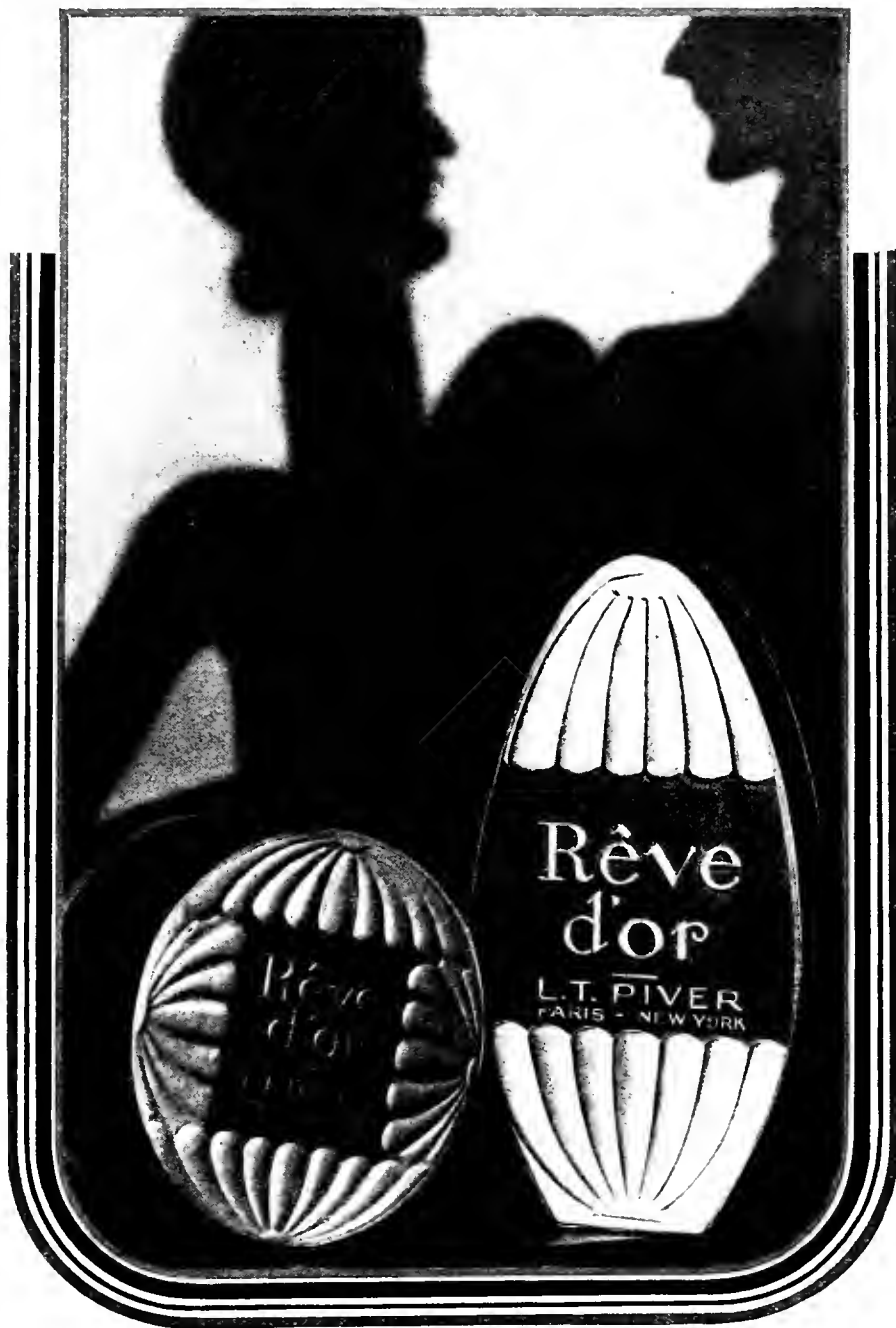
"SPRING IS HERE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the musical play by Owen Davis. Adapted by James A. Starr. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Steve Alden*, Lawrence Gray; *Terry Clayton*, Alexander Gray; *Betty Braley*, Bernice Claire; *Emily Braley*, Louise Fazenda; *Peter Braley*, Ford Sterling; *Rita Clayton*, Natalie Moorehead; *Mary Jane Braley*, Inez Courtney; *Stacy Hayden*, Frank Albertson.

"SUNNY SKIES"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Continuity by Earl Snell. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Benny Krantz*, Benny Rubin; *Mary Norris*, Marcelline Day; *Jim Grant*, Rex Lease; *Doris*, Marjorie Kane; *Isadore Krantz*, Harry Lee; *College Widow*, Greta Garstedt; *Stubble*, Wesley Barry; *Dave*, Robert Randall; *Smith*, James Wilcox.

"UNDER A TEXAS MOON"—WARNERS.—From the story by Stewart Edward White. Scenario by Gordon Rigby. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Don Carlos*, Frank Fay; *Roquella*, Raquel Torres; *Lolita Romero*, Myrna Loy; *Dolores*, Armida; *Jed Parker*, Noah Beery; *Pedro*, Georgie Stone; *Phillipe*, George Cooper; *Bad Man of Pool*, Fred Kohler; *Girl of the Pool*, Betty Boyd; *Jose Romero*, Charles Sellon; *Buch Johnson*, Jack Curtis; *Pancho Gonzales*, Sam Appel; *Aldrich*, Tully Marshall; *Lolita Roberto*, Mona Maris; *Antonio*, Francisco Maran; *Tom*, Tom Dix; *Jerry*, Jerry Barrett; *Mother*, Inez Gomez; *Moza*, Edythe Kramera; *Don Roberto*, Bruce Covington.

"WIDE OPEN"—WARNERS.—From the novel "The Narrow Street" by Edward Bateman Morris. Adapted by James A. Starr and Arthur Caesar. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Simon Haldane*, Edward Everett Horton; *Julia Faulkner*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Agatha Hathaway*, Louise Fazenda; *Agatha's Mother*, Vera Lewis; *Bob H'yeth*, T. Roy Barnes; *Trundle*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Easter*, Louise Beaver; *Nell Martin*, Edna Murphy; *Mr. Faulkner*, Frank Beal; *Means*, Vincent Barnett; *Doctor*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Office Boy*, Bobby Gordon; *Richards*, B. B. B.

"YOUNG DESIRE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "Carnival Girl" by William R. Doyle, adapted by Winnifred Reeve and Matt Taylor. Directed by Lew Collins. The cast: *Helen Herbert*, Mary Nolan; *Bobby Spencer*, William Jannay; *Blackie*, Ralf Harold; *May*, Mae Busch; *Mr. Spencer*, George Irving; *Mrs. Spencer*, Claire McDowell.



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# The Big Break

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

seated not two feet from him. She thought: "I guess I was born never to have an affair, never to arouse—"

But Paul was speaking. "I suppose I had better take you home—it's almost twelve o'clock, and if you are leaving tomorrow . . ."

Was this the end of her beautiful adventure? "Would you think it very silly if I asked a favor of you?" began Mildred in a very small voice. Paul looked a bit perturbed. All his life women had been asking varied and astonishing favors.

"Since I am leaving tomorrow, forever, would you give me a picture of yourself as a memento of my last evening in Hollywood?"

Relieved and a bit pleased, Paul took a sheaf of photographs from a drawer in the table, and, with more attention than Mildred had seen him devote to any other thing, chose one.

"WILL you write something on it?" asked Mildred, and accordingly he wrote.

Mildred put on her coat and straightened the little cloche. Paul had one more drink before they left, and Mildred, thinking of the many curves of Whitley Heights, remembered that he had been drinking steadily since they had entered the house. They rounded a curve and below them lay Hollywood. From this spot Hollywood is fairyland. A million lights sparkle. Hollywood, city of dreams—which come true for so very few.

"Stop, just a moment," cried Mildred. "Let me have just one farewell look."

Obediently he stopped the car. And then he kissed her. Even then Mildred knew he kissed her just because he was such a charming actor, and with the lights glittering far below them and roses all around them, it was the only thing to do. But she was satisfied. No matter what happened, Paul Lenclos had kissed her. It made up for all the lonely nights she had spent in Hollywood. But Paul seemed unable to keep his mind on her.

A moment later they were on their way, and Paul was no longer Paul Lenclos, film star, but an aviator in the French Flying Corps. Mumbling to himself in his native tongue, he was flying high above the trenches. He was pursuing a German Fokker. Now he was laughing crazily as he, in some miraculous way, rounded a curve.

Mildred screamed and clung to his arm, begging him to stop. She tried to seize the wheel, and he pushed her roughly into her corner. Just ahead was a sharp turn in the road. Over they went. The car seemed to scream in agony. It felt as if they were dropping a mile. "This can't be happening to me," thought Mildred—and then the crash. Then darkness, and something red like a pinwheel whirling in her brain.

She returned to consciousness ten minutes later. A siren was shrieking. Someone was wiping her face. It was cool and damp.

"Paul," she groaned, "where is Paul?" Her hands were clutching something; refusing to surrender something to the person who had been wiping her face; a piece of paper—his picture, her memento, all she had to take from Hollywood.

"No, no," she moaned, "it's all I have."  
"Poor child, she knows he's dead," she heard a woman say.

\* \* \*

IT was afternoon and she was back in her apartment. All morning long newspaper men had been bothering her, and all she could do was cry when they asked questions, which seemed to them very significant and an excellent answer. But they had taken her picture of Paul. They seemed much impressed when

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she begged for that, and promised to return it in a little while.

Most puzzling of all, two studio executives had telephoned her, asking that she call as soon as she felt well enough. Very queer, all of this.

Her landlady entered, bringing the afternoon papers. She seemed to regard Mildred with respectful interest. That was strange, considering that she was supposed to vacate this apartment today, and money for future rent was a very problematical affair.

SHE opened the papers. What did it all mean? A whole panel of Hollywood beauties, and in the center a huge picture of herself. Directly beneath was the picture of Paul, the picture he had given her last night, and on it was written, "To the prettiest girl in Hollywood, from Paul Lenclos."

And the headline, PAUL LENCLOS DIES IN ARMS OF "PRETTIEST GIRL." There were columns and columns, even pages and pages. She was broken-hearted, the paper said. She and Paul were going to be married. She was his secret and only love. Long stories of his many reported engagements to famous beauties. Paul Lenclos, connoisseur of beauty, had called her the prettiest girl in Hollywood. Each paper had a different story, but all were clear on one point—she was the prettiest girl in Hollywood.

What should she do? Should she contradict the stories? Tell them that she had known Paul Lenclos for less than three hours, that he wasn't even interested enough to ask her name, that picking her up had been only a drunken whim, and that he hadn't looked at her closely enough to know whether she was pretty or not? That she had worked extra in every studio in Hollywood for three years and hadn't attracted enough attention to get a badly needed call back when the day's work was done?

The landlady appeared again. There was a gentleman downstairs who insisted on seeing her. What was his name? Mr. Ivan Blumenthal. Ivan Blumenthal of Perfection Pictures. Yes. She would see him.

Mr. Blumenthal entered. He took a long look at the features that peered from the front page of every paper in town, and which were being relayed all over the world.

"You know I don't think you are so pretty," said Mr. Blumenthal. Mildred pressed her handkerchief to her nose and opened her blue eyes. "What does it matter now, Mr. Blumenthal?" she asked in a delicate voice.

"Just this much. If Paul Lenclos said you were the prettiest girl in Hollywood, there are plenty of fools who will wave a contract in front of your nose without even looking at you. Well, I'm taking a good look at you, and I'm taking it first. Will you take \$300 a week with us?"

"Oh, Mr. Blumenthal, at a time like this?" Mildred had a strange, entirely new feeling. Maybe she could act.

"Well, there is no time to be lost. Make it \$350. Are you taking it?"

"Yes, Mr. Blumenthal. I think it would make me feel different about things."

"All right," said Mr. Blumenthal, "we'll be around in the morning with the contract. And another thing, we don't stand for any heavy and sensational affairs at our studio. You've had your big love affair, and we'll expect Sunday School behavior from you. This time it was great stuff, but another one would be poison."

"YES, Mr. Blumenthal," sighed Mildred, and her handkerchief again sought her slightly pink little nose.

"So it wasn't to be my last night in Hollywood," mused Mildred as the door closed behind Mr. Blumenthal.

The papers next morning each carried an exclusive statement from Mildred Cooley to the effect that she was going to endeavor to forget her sorrow in her work.

"After all," said Miss Cooley, "I'm only nineteen."

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# Lucky Girl

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48 ]

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and stretched her body out in the water, explaining the routine of the thrash. "Now—up, down—up, down—toes out—*knees stiff.*" He clasped one knee to keep it from bending. "Up, down—up, down—one, two—one, two—" He slid his hands along her thighs. "Your legs must kick from the hips—like scissors."

**A**FTER a few minutes of this Doreen was exhausted. She had not intended that swimming should be such a serious business.

"Daddy," she called to Mr. Silvers, who was clip-clopping along the edge of the pool in a pair of old Turkish bedroom slippers. "Please get Doreen a cigarette."

She pulled herself out of the pool and sat on the edge, dangling her legs.

"Please come up here beside me," she smiled encouragingly at Clyde.

He shook his head. "No cigarettes, Miss Dawn."

"Oh, please." Her red mouth pouted. "Just one."

"Not if you're going to be a swimmer," he insisted. "You need your wind."

"But she's not going to swim any channels," said Mr. Silvers, who had returned in time to hear the last remark. He handed Doreen a gold-tipped cigarette and snapped the lighter for her.

"No, daddy." She made a little gesture of refusal. "I guess Mr. Berg knows best." She looked down at Clyde flirtatiously from under those professionally plaintive lashes and was rewarded by seeing the trace of a blush creep into his cheeks. "He's a little afraid of me," she thought. "But he'll soon get over that." Many of her leading men were like that—at first. She had yet to meet the man, however, who could resist Doreen Dawn for long, when she really wanted to be irresistible.

But several lessons later, in spite of numerous friendly overtures on her part, Clyde continued to maintain a politely impersonal manner. Doreen was not fooled. His careful politeness too obviously contradicted the adoration she read in his eyes. It seemed a little odd, however, that he made no attempt to take the slightest advantage of the opportunity which the deep water afforded them. She could now swim the length of the pool and back, and there had been several occasions when he could have momentarily abandoned his instructor manner.

"Perhaps it's because daddy is always here," she told herself. If she and Clyde were alone, it would doubtless be quite different.

Certainly he was unlike any of the men she knew; and she felt that there were many, many things which *she* could teach him.

Not, she was quick to assure herself, that her interest in this young swimmer was *scrivens*. Certainly not. But she had acquired a taste for unsampled emotions, just as she had acquired a taste for caviar and truffles. His shyness, his seeming inexperience with women, intrigued her.

"I want you to try to dive today," he told her at the beginning of the seventh lesson. "Stand here." He moved her forward to the edge of the pool. "Clamp your toes over the edge. Then bend your knees as though you were going to sit down. Right down, now—come on!"

For the first time Doreen hesitated. An idea had just occurred to her. Perhaps it had been a mistake to follow his instructions so aptly. This time she would experiment.

"I'm—*afraid.*" She faked a little shiver. "What if I lost my breath—I mean what if I should *drown?*"

Clyde laughed. "Not much chance, with me here."

"Would you save me, Clyde?" she teased. "I certainly would, Miss Dawn. I'd see that you got artificial respiration."

"Artificial?" She looked up at him, innocently wide-eyed. "What do you mean?"

"I'd move your arms back and forth firmly against your diaphragm—*so,*" he explained simply, illustrating by grasping her arms at the wrists. Something which she mentally called an emotional "kick" shot down her spine. Fascinated, she watched the action of his biceps, the ripple of the long, lithe muscles.

"**B**UT suppose that didn't work?" she persisted, conscious of an odd tightening in her throat.

"Well, if that didn't work, I'd exhale my breath into your lungs."

"How?" she asked, deliberately challenging him to hurdle that wall of politeness which he had built between them.

Clyde hesitated. His eyes sought the opposite end of the pool, where Mr. Silvers was dozing in the hammock.

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State of Illinois, ) ss  
County of Cook )

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Publishing Co., 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Editor, James R. Quirk, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, Leonard Hall, 221 W. 57th Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Kathryn Dougherty, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Photoplay Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.; Estate of E. M. Colvico, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Kathryn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; and also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

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(Signature of Business Manager.)  
M. EVELYN McEVILLY,  
(My commission expires January 15, 1931)

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"How would you do it, Clyde?" she repeated in a low voice.

"It's simple. I'd press my mouth against your lips and breathe slowly—in, out—in, out—timing my exhalation with your inhalation."

"Come on, let's try the dive." He quickly changed the subject. Before she could remonstrate he had pushed her shoulders downward. She found herself in a sitting position, his hands beneath her, basket fashion. He showed her how to come up from the squat, to throw her arms back, then forward, projecting her body out into the water with a spring.

But Doreen had scarcely heard him. She muffed the dive completely and struck the water, flat. The impact took her breath. She came up gasping. He caught her and pulled her back to the ladder.

"I—almost lost my breath. Didn't I?" she clutched at his arm with a nervous little laugh.

ON Friday night Mr. Silvers, following the custom of other picture producers, attended the fights at the stadium. Doreen stayed at home. It was the one evening which she could spend as she pleased.

"Sure you won't be lonesome, sweetheart?"  
 "No, daddy." She lifted indifferent lips for him to kiss and tried to keep from shuddering as his tobacco breath struck her nostrils. "I'm tired from my swimming lesson. I'll just read a little while and then go to bed."

"Tomorrow's your last lesson, ain't it?"  
 "Yes—tomorrow's the last." Why did he have to remind her of that just then?

"Well, it's been worth the money." He stood in the doorway, balancing himself on his heels, a habit which always annoyed Doreen. "That young Berg certainly knows his stuff, don't he?"

"He's—wonderful."  
 When he had gone she asked her maid to bring a certain ermine-trimmed negligee of which she was very fond. Her restless fingers reached for a crystal atomizer and sprayed perfume across her mouth where the cigar taste still lingered. It was a very compelling perfume. Mr. Silvers had paid an alleged East Indian prince an exorbitant sum to compound it, especially for her. For a moment she closed her eyes and languorously inhaled its potent fragrance.

"Is that all, Madame?"  
 "Yes, Marie. I won't need you any more tonight."

Drawing the negligee about her, she went out on the balcony. Below her, the pool shimmered in the light of a full moon which was just creeping over the dark hill back of their castle. Somewhere a radio voice was crooning:

*At the parting of the ways  
 You took all my happy days  
 And left me lonesome nights.  
 Morning never comes too soon;  
 I can bear the afternoon,  
 But oh, those lonesome nights. . . .*

Her thoughts rushed back to Clyde. She wondered what he did in the evenings. Went to a movie, doubtless. Only yesterday he had asked her the name of her latest picture and where it would be shown.

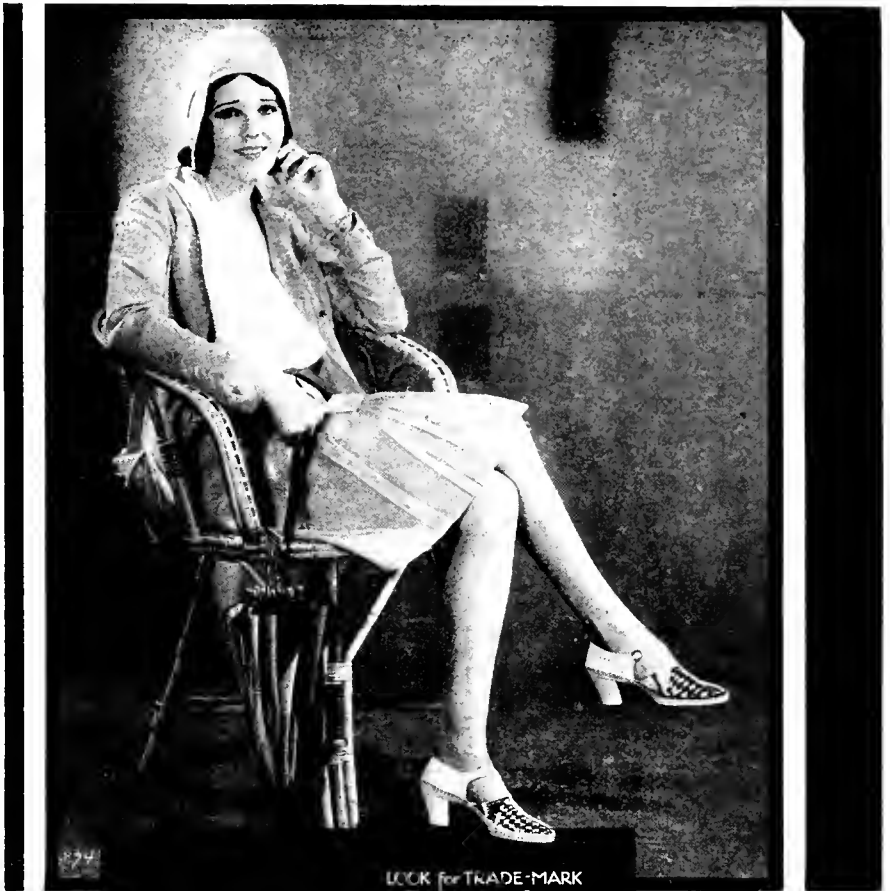
"Do you like me on the screen, Clyde?" she asked flirtatiously.

"I don't think I've missed a single one of your pictures, Miss Dawn."

IT intrigued her to think of him, sitting in the darkened theater, looking up at her. Pensively, she imagined him saying to himself: "Only a few hours ago she was close enough for me to touch—to take in my arms." If only she could see the expression on his face as he watched her on the screen.

The moon climbed higher. For a moment she stood motionless, a slender silhouette against the railing, her hands folded at her breasts. Tomorrow would be their last day. But—tonight was tonight!

A temptation, which had come upon her too



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suddenly to resist, sent her to the telephone. She called the athletic club and asked for Clyde. A feeling very much like stage-fright came over her as she waited for them to call him.

She lighted a cigarette, then quickly crushed it out as she remembered that he had told her she must not smoke. Imagine his ordering her about like that—and getting away with it! Her fingers, with their long, deeply tinted nails, tapped a broken rhythm on the table. What if he wasn't in? What if—

*You took all my happy days  
And left me lonesome nights. . .*

Scarcely aware of what she was doing, she hummed the tune, stopping abruptly when she heard Clyde say "hello."

"Clyde—" she drawled softly, intimately. "This is Doreen."

"Oh, hello, Miss Dawn." She thrilled at that surprised note in his voice.

"I'm—all alone—"  
"Why, that's too bad, Miss Dawn. Where's Mr. Silvers?"

"He's gone to the fights. He always goes to the fights on Friday nights." She was giving him this tip for future reference. "I've been watching the water. It's lovely tonight in the moonlight. I wish you could see it—"

"Yeah—I'll bet it's sure pretty at night."  
"I was wondering if you could come up—right away—and give me another lesson? I'm afraid to go in the pool at night—alone."  
Breathlessly she waited for his reply.

"Gee, Miss Dawn—I'm terribly sorry—but I can't tonight. I've got a swimming meet on—here at the club."

Doreen frowned. It annoyed her to be denied anything.

"Do they have meets every Friday night?" she asked pointedly.

"No—this is something special. Trials."

She could not tell whether he had deliberately ignored her veiled invitation for future Friday nights or had simply failed to understand her meaning. And she had been in such a rare mood, too! She hung up the receiver with a shrug and lighted a cigarette.

THOUGH she had rather expected a business conference to keep her husband away that afternoon, Mr. Silvers was present for the last lesson. Lounging, as usual, in his hammock, he read what his newspaper clippings had to say about the happy home life of Doreen Dawn. He gazed proudly at the picture of Doreen in the ermine-trimmed negligee, standing before a sunken bath, shaped to resemble a water lily; Doreen with her Russian wolf-hound; Doreen selecting a book from a shelf of rare old first editions. He was so engrossed in the story that he failed to notice his wife, about to dive off into the deep end of the pool.

"Now I want you to stand here and watch me," Clyde was saying. "I'll go through the dive once, slowly, so that you can follow me. Then, when I come out, I want you to do the same thing."

He had not referred to her telephone call. He seemed, if anything, more coldly business-like than ever. Doreen simply could not understand him. Hadn't she given him every encouragement? Well, she would show him that she, at least, was fearless.

She watched him draw himself to his full height and dive. He cut the water, knife-like. Far down she could see his supple body, skimming away from a wake of bubbly amber. In a moment he would be up again, his blond hair, tawny in the sun, breaking the surface. In just a moment. . .

But before that moment had elapsed, Doreen dived. Her body shot straight to the bottom of the pool. In one swift second her arms had found Clyde and clasped him to her. She had taken him unaware. But, as suddenly as she had grabbed him, she released him, tried to regain her now exhausted breath, and choked. Desperately she struck out with her hands,



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but it was no use. She was floundering, strangling. She felt Clyde's arms about her, knew vaguely that his thrust at the bottom had shot them to the surface. But by the time Clyde reached the ladder, with his pupil clutched in his arm, she was completely out.

"My God! What's the matter?" called Mr. Silvers excitedly as he saw Clyde straddling Doreen's body that now lay limp on the tile walk.

"She just strangled a little." He was working her arms back and forth.

"Strangled?" gasped Mr. Silvers, dropping to his knees beside her. "Quick, somebody!" he shouted in a panic. "Get the doctor!"

"You don't need a doctor," said Clyde calmly. "She'll be all right in a minute." He turned her on her side but very little water rewarded that procedure.

"I told her to keep out of that deep water," cried Mr. Silvers hysterically. "I warned her—" He was hopping about like a fussy little bantam, begging Clyde to "do something."

CLYDE paid no attention to him. He was applying the full pressure of his arms and body against her lungs. Then, leaning down, he clasped his lips over her mouth which, oddly enough, he did not have to pry open. Mechanically, he gave her his breath. In, out—in, out—



Loretta Young—Star of First National Pictures—reveals a bewitching smile as she powders with Princess Pat.

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Doreen opened her eyes to tiny slits. The wet blond head of the boy was smothering her face. She had been kissed, professionally and otherwise—but never like this. She closed her eyes and let her mouth yield to his.

But this, she found out a moment later, was a mistake, for Clyde abandoned the Swedish method of resuscitation. Quickly he turned her over, interlaced his fingers beneath her and roughly jounced her up and down; then swung her around to her original position on her back. She opened her eyes with startled surprise. Clyde was staring at her suspiciously.

"She's all right now." He turned abruptly to Mr. Silvers.

"Are you all right, sweetheart?" Mr. Silvers lovingly pillowed her head in his arms, his pudgy hands smoothing back her damp hair. She smiled faintly, and he kissed her. "There'll be no more of this diving business," he said. "After this you'll stay out of that deep water."

"But daddy," she sighed, her eyes seeking Clyde's, "I—love deep water—"

AND so the swimming lessons ended, but the memory of that kiss—so brief and yet so potent—lingered on. Feminine intuition—and past experience—told Doreen that there would be a sequel. She was not one of those girls whom men kissed and then forgot.

"He'll call up to ask if I'm all right," she smiled wisely, "And then—" She dramatized the scene which would follow.

But days passed and there was no word from Clyde. Doreen, who had furnished the motivation for so many celluloid emotions, found herself motivated by an emotion as inflammable as the celluloid itself. She thought

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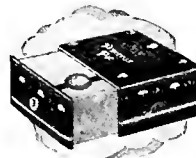
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of asking Silvers to let her do an aquatic story next and give Clyde a rôle in the picture, but she discarded that idea as being inopportune.

"I'll wait until Friday night," she told herself. "If he doesn't call then—"

But on Friday afternoon, just after she had returned from the studio, Clyde telephoned.

"Miss Dawn—this is Clyde Berg."

"Oh, hel-lo. How are you?" she asked in a low voice. Unfortunately, daddy was in the room.

"I'm fine. Say Miss Dawn—I hope you won't think I'm fresh," he began self-consciously.

"Why, of course I won't," she hastened to reassure him, shifting her position so that Mr. Silvers could not see her face.

"I've been telling my girl-friend about that pool of yours and she's just crazy to see it. I was wondering if you'd let me bring her up so she could just have a look at it—"

Doreen winced. Her heart seemed to have nose-dived toward her stomach. From far away she heard her voice saying:

"Certainly. Bring her up—any time—"

"This afternoon?" he asked eagerly.

"If you like—"

"Who was it?" demanded Mr. Silvers when she had hung up the receiver.

"Clyde Berg," she said, dully.

"What'd he want?"

"Oh, he wants to bring some girl up here to see the pool."

"Yeah?" Mr. Silvers always relished an opportunity to exhibit the pool. "When's he coming?"

"This afternoon." She reached for a cigarette.

HE balanced himself on his heels for a moment. Then: "Say sweetheart, why don't you put on your gold bathing suit and give the kid a kick?"

"Don't be silly," she said irritably. "Why should I make a personal appearance just to give somebody's girl-friend a thrill?"

But feminine pride, and an overwhelming desire to see Clyde just once more, caused her to change her mind.

When he and the girl arrived, Doreen was lolling lazily in the hollow of the seashell, clad in the fantastic gold-sequined suit.

"This is Gladys Murray," Clyde introduced her proudly.

"You'll never see another pool like this, Gladys," said Mr. Silvers.

"Gee—it's just marvelous," gurgled the girl. She referred to the pool, but her deep blue eyes were looking up at Doreen as though viewing some golden creature from another world.

Doreen should have felt rewarded for the trouble of changing into her bathing suit, but, oddly enough, she did not. As she watched Clyde, with his arm about the girl, walk around the pool, while Mr. Silvers gave statistics on the cost, a sharp stab of envy pierced her.

It was odd, she reflected, how you could think you had everything; and then along came somebody—a swimming instructor, of all people—and a cuddly young girl in a cheap little crepe frock and a mop of soft brown hair, and suddenly you knew that you did not have so much!

AFTER all, what did she have? This Spanish castle! For the first time she saw it as it really was.

A show place—an ornate billboard—glorifying Doreen Dawn.

Suddenly she stepped down from the seashell and started toward the house, but Clyde intercepted her.

"It was certainly great of you to let us come," he said. "We sure appreciate it."

She could scarcely trust her voice to speak. "If there's ever anything I can do for you, Clyde—I mean if there's ever any favor—"

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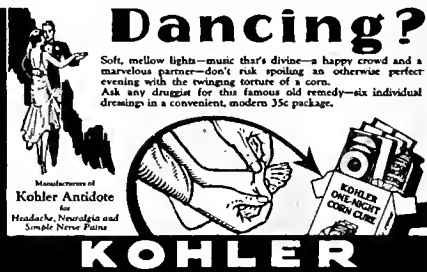


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In the back of her mind was the faint hope that he might still have some need of her.

"Well, there is one favor I'd like to ask, Miss Dawn." He looked down at Gladys who had hooked her arm through his. "You see you've always been Gladys' favorite actress. She's taken me to see every picture you've ever played in." He patted the girl's hand tenderly. "If you'd give her one of your pictures—and maybe autograph it—I guess it would just about give her the thrill of her life."

"Oh, if you only would, Miss Dawn," echoed Gladys.

DOREEN looked at the girl's young, unlipsticked mouth. A very kissable mouth it was. And as she thought of Clyde's lips closing over it, a sharp little pain stabbed at her heart.

"Why—of course I'll give you a picture. Just a moment—" She hurried into the house before they could see the sudden tears that were forcing their way into her eyes.

Later, a maid brought the picture down to Gladys.

"Isn't it just too beautiful," sighed Gladys. "And look what she wrote." She passed the picture to Clyde. The inscription read:

"Doreen Dawn's best wishes to a very lucky girl."

"Isn't it funny," said Gladys. "that she should have written that—to me!"

## The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

### COURAGE—Warners

A FINE stage play becomes a moving, entertaining phonoplay. "Courage" tells the story of a mother, who, somehow, can't hold on to money, and her brood of seven children. *Bill*, the youngest, saves the day in his usual competent manner. Belle Bennett, the mother, is fine. Marian Nixon and Rex Bell are the young lovers, but you'll like *Bill*, Leon Janney, best of all.

### PLAYING AROUND—First National

THIS is just a fair Alice White picture, with a certain amount of entertainment in spite of its lack of originality and acting power. Alice gives up the honorable intentions of Billy Bakewell, an honest soda-squirt, for the pretty speeches and city ways of Chester Morris. From "Sheba," a story by Viña Delmar.

### WIDE OPEN—Warners

THE office under-dog has a brilliant idea to revolutionize the business. After a series of amusing mishaps he is made over-lord and marries the boss' daughter. It's the old plot, and a less gifted comedian than Edward Everett Horton could not have made it so funny. But somebody erred in making the situations so vulgar that you hesitate to take your best girl.

### SUNNY SKIES—Tiffany Productions

MOVIE college students are at it again. Drinking and loving and making touch-downs in the last minute of play. You can almost bear it until Benny Rubin starts getting pathetic and his pal gives him a blood transfusion. Then you've just got to get away from it all. Couple of good tunes are "Wanna Find a Boy" and "Must Be Love."

### A NOTORIOUS AFFAIR—First National

FOR the host of theater-goers who are tired of having the players burst into song, this picture will be a relief. Furthermore, it has



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## Cut Puzzle Contest

some sequences in which Billie Dove wears beautiful clothes and looks her gorgeous self. This is enough to satisfy her admirers. But even with Kay Francis as the vamp and Basil Rathbone as the faithless husband, it's not convincingly "A Notorious Affair."

### UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warners

NO heavy drama here! Director Curtiz, and Frank Fay in a gay caballero rôle, have poked fun at old melodramas of the Mexican border. And they've turned out a gay and dashing Technicolor single, with the help of a well-picked cast, including Noah Beery, Tully Marshall and that cute little trick, Armida. "Under a Texas Moon" is the nice theme song. When it's satire, it's fun.

### COCK O' THE WALK—Sono Art—World Wide

ABOUT the most startling disclosure in "Cock o' the Walk" is the fact that Joseph Schildkraut, a good actor, is capable of a surprisingly bad performance. He does everything but bite chunks out of the scenery. We don't know, of course, but we think the dialogue was made up on the spur of the moment. Myrna Loy is attractive as a lady with a suicide complex. This is awful.

### GUILTY—Columbia

ANOTHER story of the self-sacrificing daughter, who gives up her great love to save her father. The conviction of the lover, on circumstantial evidence, gives us quite a scare, but of course the execution is stayed at the eleventh hour. Virginia Valli as the daughter, John Sainpolis, the father, and John Holland, the lover, give a feeling of reality to an otherwise mediocre melodrama.

### HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont

HERE'S a British-made film which gives a slant on the English viewpoint as to future world politics. It's a weird conception of how



One of the best stories PHOTOPLAY published in the past year was "Pickles and Pictures," and this man wrote it. Jerome Beatty—publicity chief for Technicolor—sold no less than twenty-four short stories and articles to first-rate magazines during 1929—a world's record for comparative newcomers in the writing racket

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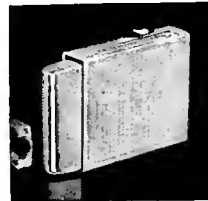
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the next world war does not happen. Technically, it's deucedly entertaining because of the praiseworthy ingenuity which is displayed in envisioning the manner in which we'll live ten years from now. As a story, though, it's quite dreary.

#### ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners

SHE married him to lift the mortgage on the sold homestead, but she was wife in name only. (Honestly, they're still using that old plot!) This time it's laid in the South Sea Islands and peopled with derelict white men and native head-hunters. Monte Blue, Betty Compson and Noah Beery do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results.

#### ANYBODY'S WAR—Paramount

THE *Two Black Crows* join the army with mildly amusing results. Apparently it was thought that romance was needed, so Neil Hamilton and Joan Peers were rushed in to look nice. It doesn't help the picture much, and it certainly will not add to the popularity of Neil and Joan. The *Crow* with the tired voice is, of course, outstanding, but the dog actor, *Deep Stuff*, got the most sympathy from the preview audience.

#### HOLD EVERYTHING—Warners

THIS is a patchwork quilt, interesting only in spots. Joe E. Brown is swell as the sluggo prize fighter, Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs, and Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Otherwise it lacks whatever made it a hit on Broadway when it was a show. It was filmed several months ago, and you'll be shocked to see the girls in knee dresses.

#### ROUGH ROMANCE—Fox

"ROUGH ROMANCE" is a good title for this. The edges are rough too. It's all about the goings on of lumberjacks in the Oregon forest. Scenery is grand but nature gets the credit for that. George O'Brien's chest is seen to good advantage and Helen Chandler goes Gish. Poor Antonio Moreno is lost as the rough villain. Time is taken for a few chorus routines. Boop-a-doop. It doesn't help a bit.

#### CZAR OF BROADWAY—Universal

THIS is Universal's version of "Street of Chance." Be prepared for a lot more of them. They always tag along after a hit. But John Wray isn't a Bill Powell, and at best this is an imitation. The saucy Broadway gambler (Oh, can it be the late Mr. Rothstein?) gives his trust to a naive boy who turns out to be a newspaper reporter. It's amusing enough if you haven't seen the original.

#### IN THE NEXT ROOM— First National

THIS is a melodrama that thrills, even though it is a little deliberate and artificial. It's a murder mystery thing that had some success on the stage several years ago. Jack Mulhall, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads.

#### THE MAN HUNTER—Warners

A BEACH-COMBING melodrama, with Rin-Tin-Tin as the star, that slows to a feeble totter because of a drab and drawn-out story. John Loder and Nora Lane are the human principals involved. The dog is his usual clever and obedient self.

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Remarkably*

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!



*Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished, but reappearance of hair slowed amazingly.*

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

#### WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your



*There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms, hair-free as a child's.*

hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

*And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

#### WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both \$1 and 60c sizes. The \$1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

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## Neet Cream Hair Remover

A FREE BOOK  
EXPLAINS  
HOW  
MASTER YOUR LIFE!

Use the Powers of the Inner Self and Infinite mind Practical Rosicrucian methods help to overcome Life's obstacles and put you in tune with Cosmic Vibrations for Health and Happiness Learn the Great Truths Write for Free Book to—

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**H**ES at it again. That great big he-man, Charles Bickford, is once more a grimy brute, smashing everyone and everything in sight.

We stepped inside the big sound stage where Charlie is making his new picture, and nearly trampled the poor doorman to death trying to get right out again. Groans and moans greeted us. Finally we crept closer and peeped.

There on the floor of a filthy old shack lay John Miljan and over him sprawled Bickford, his wild red hair waving like a danger signal in a stiff breeze. He fought and kicked and groaned. We watched, fascinated. Then with one mighty effort Bickford hurls Miljan, with a deafening crash, right through the side of the shack and it's over.

And there we stood, chewing a hole through the hem of our best dress and shaking like Uncle Elmer with his ague. Bickford is an escaped convict turned minister in this picture. Over in a corner, little Raquel Torres, the girl in the case, sits calmly by, apparently unmoved by all the turmoil about.

But it's too much for us, so we dash around to Bill Haines' set to see what's new.



Dorothy Jordan and Ramon Novarro rehearse a love scene for the M-G-M musical romance, "The Singer of Seville." Sara Hamilton says you will be carried away by Ramon's singing in this film

# Studio Rambles

**O**NE look at Bill and we immediately get hysterical in our new handkerchief. Bill is all dressed up in a checkered vest, a diamond-studded necktie, a watch chain that must weigh a pound, and a derby hat, bigger and flatter than Stepin Fetchit's feet. And for no good reason the derby has a wide, white band neatly draped around it.

You see, Bill is a barker in a third-rate carnival touring the West. Over in one corner is a group of dancers. Cowboys and Indians are all over the place. In another corner we spied Francis X. Bushman, Jr., all dressed up like a cowboy, slapping on the powder puff like no cowhand we ever saw in the wide open spaces.

We peeped under a huge sombrero that passed by, and there was Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike). Just fancy that Haines boy in a Western! And here's a secret Mr. Niblo, the director, whispered to us. Billy gets his smartie complex padded good and properly in this one.

**W**E step into the Ramon Novarro set and just stand there, gasping and gasping. The sight that meets our eyes is simply breathtaking. Tremendous. The scene is the interior of a huge opera house, elaborately gilded and ornamented, and ablaze with lights.

Extras in gorgeous jewels and costumes stroll about. Diamonds gleam from the boxes. There is a babble of foreign tongues and accents. In the balcony, bridge games, among the extras, are in progress. A huge orchestra sits in the pit, tuning up.

Ernest Torrence, one of the cast, rehearses his lines aloud. Dorothy Jordan sits in back of the theater watching the colorful scene.

Ramon is about to sing the famous Pagliacci number which you will hear in this, his newest picture. Mr. Brabin, the director, is ready

now. Everyone is all attention. The bridge games are cast aside. Quiet now. More lights blaze on. The orchestra plays softly. The curtain quivers and parts. Out steps Ramon in his white satin clown suit, his face painted clown fashion.

He sings. His golden voice rings out. He sings with his soul in torment. He grovels on his knees, laughing hysterically. We hang on to our seats, spellbound. He sinks to the floor, laughing, laughing, laughing.

The curtain falls and we are calmly wearing an extra's clown hat, and three seats away the extra has on our best red felt.

**W**E stopped half way out to lot two and looked about us. Could this really be Hollywood and not Chicago? For there came to our ears the rat-tat-tat of many machine guns. It's the big jail break for Chester Morris' new prison story, they tell us.

The walls of a big gray penitentiary swallow us up, and we're in a prison yard. Convicts, mad with the desire for freedom, surge all about us. There's Chester Morris over there in the

thickest of the fight. Guards and officers dash about. Robert Montgomery is shot to the ground. Wallace Beery bellows and fights his way to the machine guns.

This is no Sunday School rally, let me tell you. Grime and sweat cover the faces of the men. Karl Dane, looking comical and scared at the same time, hunts about for a place to shoot his wad.

And there's George Marion of "Anna Christie" fame.

We're glad to get out at least half alive.

Later, on one of the big stages, Chester Morris shows us the dark damp cell where he is kept in solitary confinement, and the prison hospital with the long rows of white iron beds. It's the most depressing place I've ever been in.

**W**HAT a contrast is the Cecil De Mille set. Everyone seems to be running about in nighties. Reginald Denny, in a gold and blue bathrobe, pounds on a bedroom door. Inside the room Kay Johnson, without her dress, runs wildly about in her slip. Lillian Roth, in a black nightie, jumps in and out of bed with a rapidity that leaves us dazed.

It's all in "Madam Satan" of

course, and it's hilariously funny. After the scene had been shot, everyone puts on more clothes and gathers about Roland Young, also in the cast, who draws some caricatures amid roars of laughter.

Elsie Janis is in conference in one corner with Mr. De Mille. Kay Johnson begins softly to play an old love song on the property piano.

The settings are the usual De Mille stuff and yes, I won't keep you in suspense any longer—the picture has a bathtub!

**A**ND what a stir on the "Abraham Lincoln" set! The entire picture of ninety distinct episodes is being completed in thirty-one days, which is a monumental achievement, especially when you remember that D. W. Griffith is a veteran of the days when super-productions took months to complete.

Walter Huston faced a gigantic task in making up for the Lincoln rôle. For the Lincoln of later life, he usually spends three hours at his dressing table before he is ready for the cameras. He spares nothing that will add to the perfection and accuracy of his characterization.

**O**VER on the stages where "Are You There?" is being filmed, Beatrice Lillie, the star, came limping along.

"What's the matter?" I inquired sympathetically.

"I have to do a dance—an adagio dance at that," moaned Beatrice. "And those two huskies who toss me lightly from heah to theah can't tell the floor from the air. Ah, the pain of it!" And she—just a trifle proudly, it seemed to me—exhibited a sprained wrist and half a dozen assorted bruises as sacrifices to her art.

By Sara Hamilton

# "The Helen Chase?"

the lawyer asked

"My wife always reads your

complexion articles—and

won't use any soap but Camay"

Can you imagine how surprised and pleased I was when a lawyer, whom I met at dinner the other night, told me he knew all about Camay and these complexion articles of mine?

He told me how pleased his wife had been when she read about a soap which had a really authoritative approval, because her skin was so very sensitive. And—that, ever since the first week she tried Camay, she had been most enthusiastic about its gentleness.

As a matter of fact, incidents like this are constantly coming up. I'm always running into people from every part of the country—relatives or old friends come from down home in Kentucky or friends of friends look me up. And letters and letters pour in—all telling me news about Camay.

But, really, you can't wonder at such popularity when you realize that the loveliest soap you can possibly use has been approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists.

If a fragrant Camay cleansing isn't already your favorite

beauty treatment, let me give you my word that there just never before was anything like Camay!

*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 the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

*Dr. Allen P. Perry*  
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Perry who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

**Face Your World With Loveliness**—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-60, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

**Camay is 10¢ a cake**



Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap—(called Calay in Canada)





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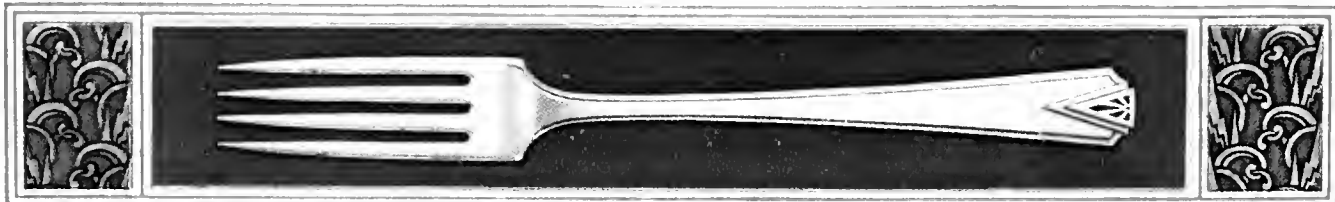
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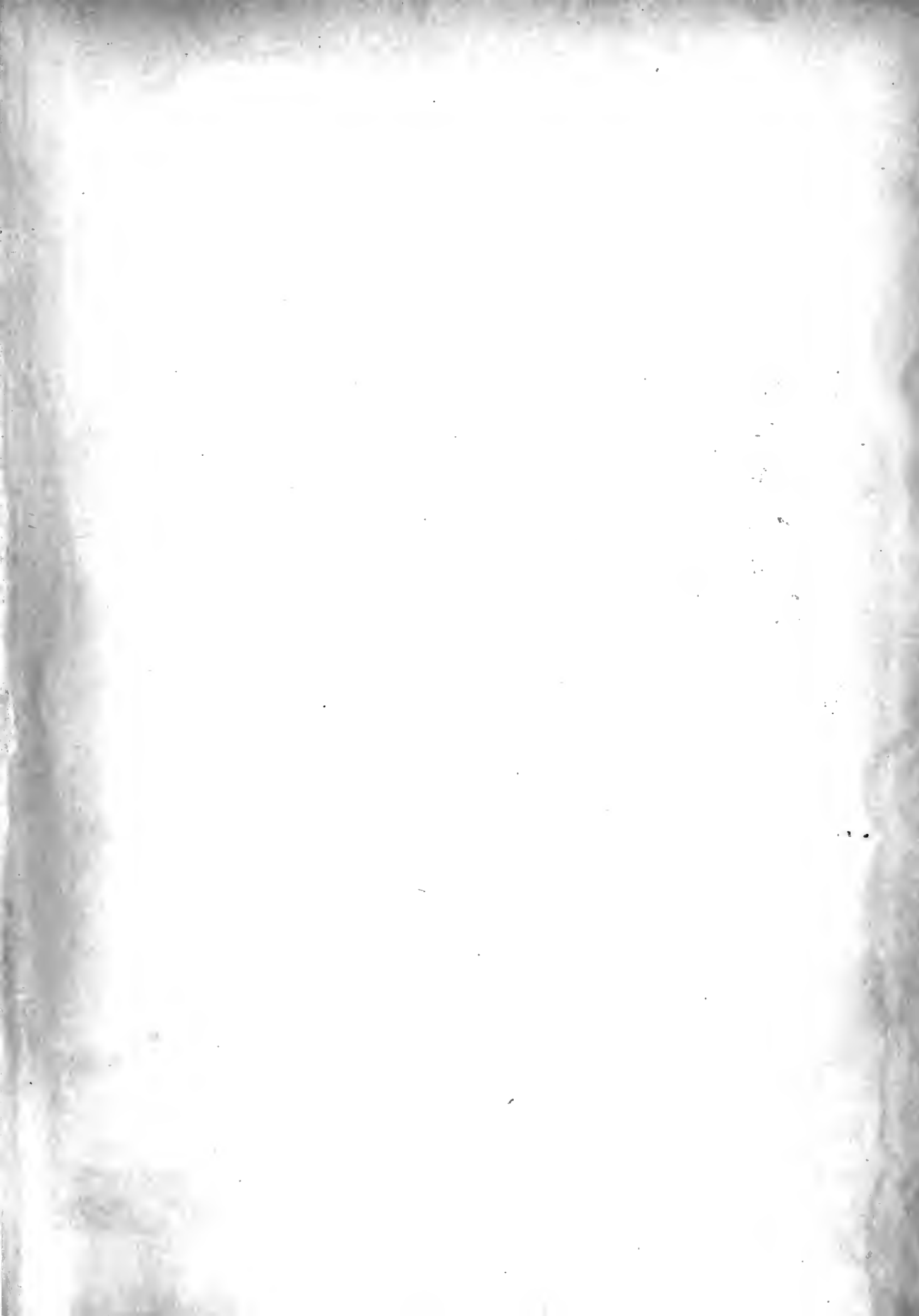


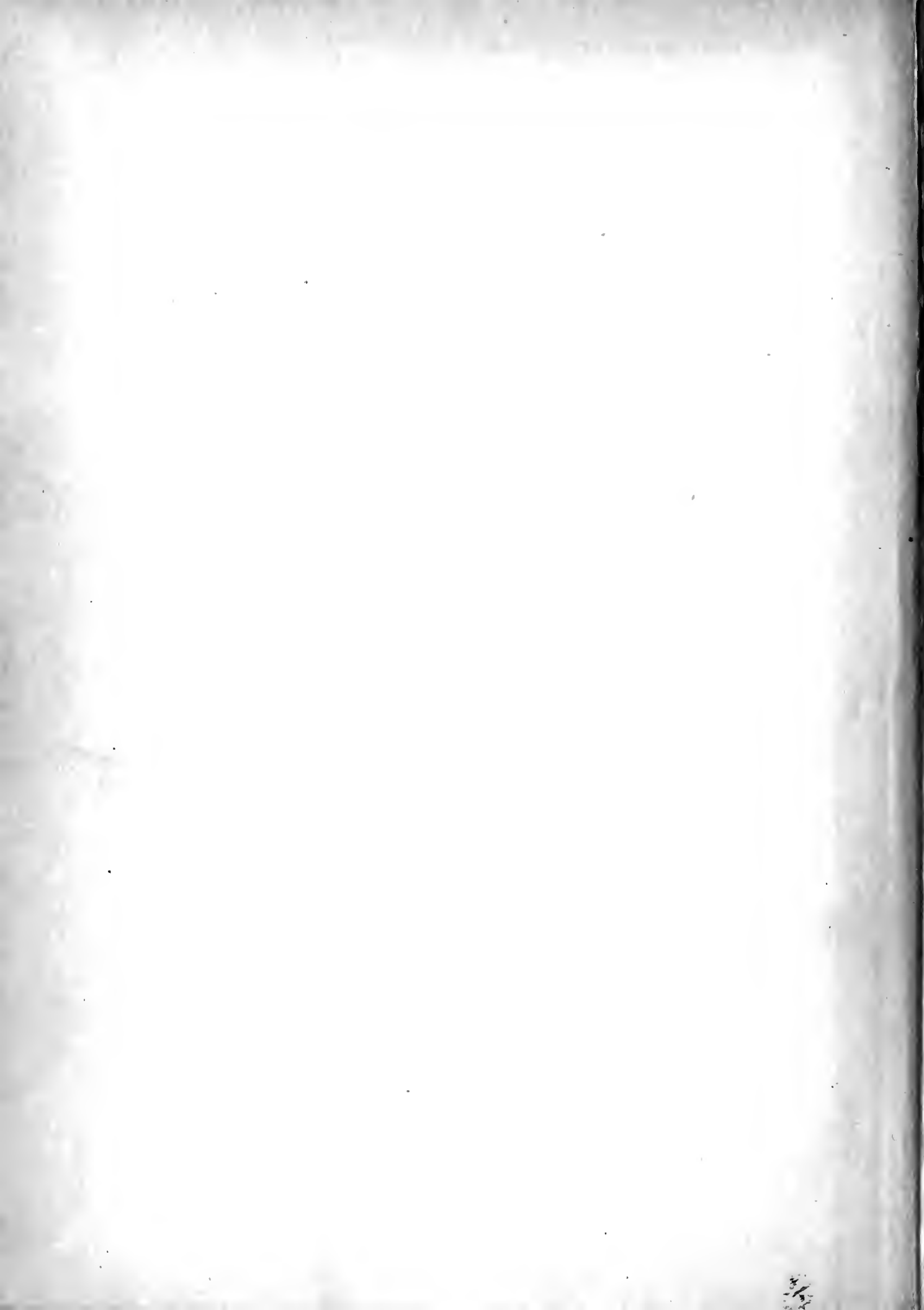
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