

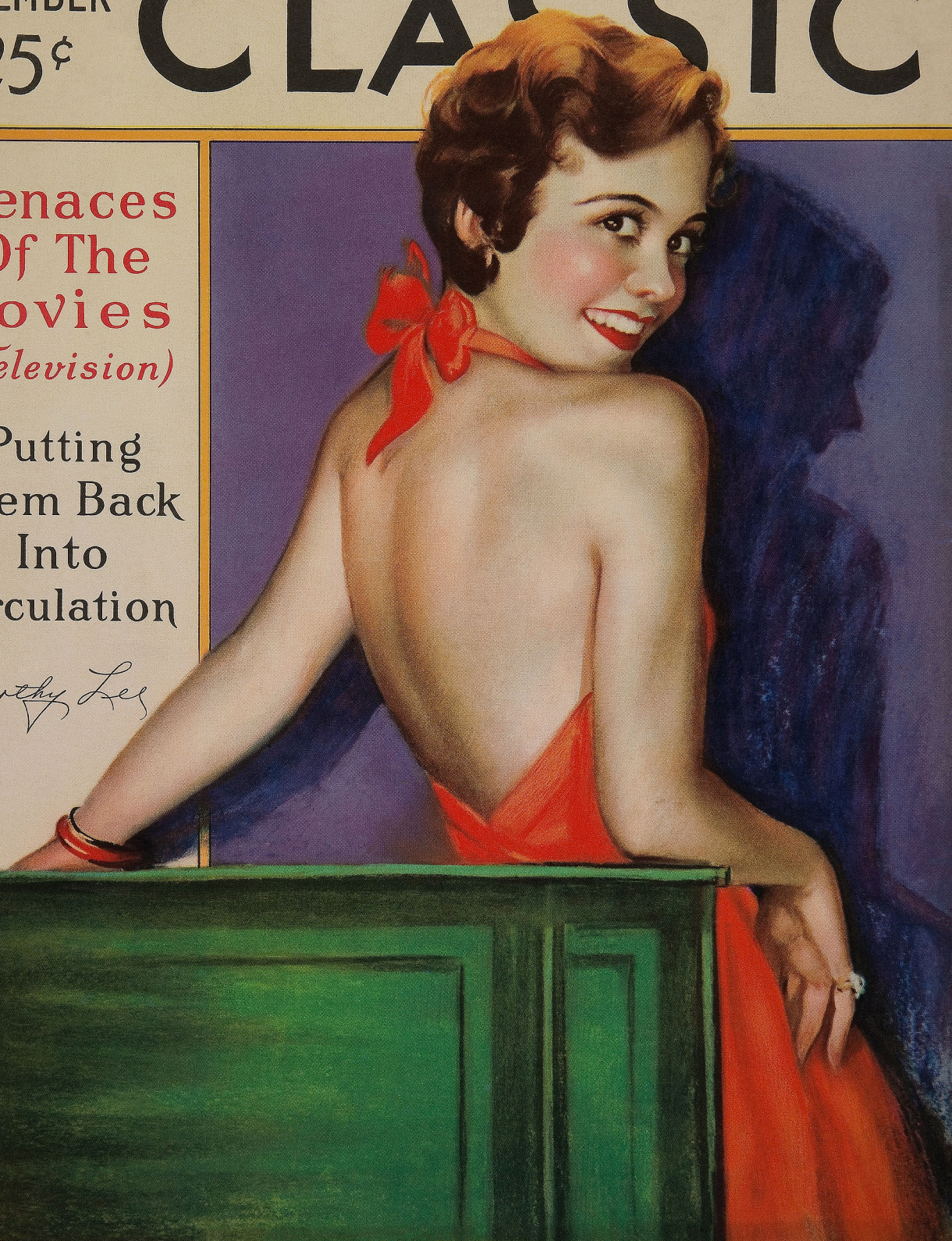
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

NOVEMBER
25¢

Menaces
Of The
Movies
(Television)

Putting
Them Back
Into
Circulation

Dorothy Lee





SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIGHT LIGHTS, with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA**, with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures), Technicolor Sequence; **FOLLOW THRU**, with Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS**, with Claudia Dell and Perry Askam (Warner Bros.); **TOAST OF THE LEGION**, with Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS**, all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **WHOOPEE**, starring Eddie Cantor (Samuel Goldwyn—Florenz Ziegfeld).

Marion . . . as she *is*

Through even the gray, shadowy limitations of black and white films, the color of Marion Davies's personality reached out and touched the hearts of millions.

Now, you have a chance to see that colorful personality *without* limitations—in Technicolor. To enjoy to the full the radiance of a charm that has won her unique position in filmdom.

With Technicolor's aid you see, at last, reality on the screen. Color—lavish, laid on with Nature's true touch—fires your imagination. You see the stars as they really are.

MARION DAVIES gives the screen one of the finest performances of her colorful career in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's musical vehicle—"The Florodora Girl," embellished with Technicolor scenes.

in **T** e c h n i c o l o r

THE FALL SEASON STARTS WITH **3** OUTSTANDING FOX TALKING PICTURES

FROM a shabby shop on the East Side she fought her way to power and luxury as the greatest modiste on Fifth Avenue. Calculating and crafty, she was never beaten till she opposed her son's love for a penniless girl. IRENE RICH in the great role of her career; H. B. WARNER magnificent as the suave financier who tries to buy the son's sweetheart; RAYMOND HACKETT as the boy. Directed by Guthrie McClintic.

THE SEA WOLF



ON YOUR BACK



JACK LONDON'S greatest story given life and voice. Human passions in the raw battling to a stupendous climax as a brave boy, a wayward girl and a demon sea-captain meet their destiny on a sealing ship where man-made laws are laughed to scorn! An outstanding cast including MILTON SILLS, Jane Keith and Raymond Hackett. Directed by ALFRED SANTELL.

RUBE GOLDBERG—you know Rube—comedy cartoonist specializing in nutty inventions—has turned his talents to the talking screen with riotous results. Stay away from Soup to Nuts if you can't stand mirthquakes. Here's a new kind of flesh and blood comedy—seven reels of goofy entertainment with a dash of song. Introducing to the screen Ted Healey and his racketeers. Also Frances McCoy, Lucile Brown, Stanley Smith and Charles Winninger. Story, dialog and gags by Rube Goldberg. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff.

SOUP TO NUTS



Your favorite entertainment

FOX

MOVIETONE PICTURES

HAROLD



LLOYD



"FEET FIRST"

HAPPY days are here again! Here comes Harold with a brand new bag of tricks that will make your sides ache with laughter! Fun no end, thrills galore, action every second.

☞ Harold Lloyd's All-Talking picture "Feet First." Your eyes will be glued to the screen and you'll hang on every word! More than a motion picture—an *event* the whole family looks forward to with keen anticipation. Get set now for the great gloom destroyer of 1930! Get set and go! ☞ Your Theatre Manager will gladly tell you when "Feet First" is coming to your town. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. A Paramount Release. ☞ "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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Pictures
PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. XXXII

NOVEMBER, 1930

No. 3

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Cover Drawing of Dorothy Lee by Marland Stone

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Tell Us All About It

\$20.00 LETTER *Eulogy to Lon Chaney*

New Haven, Conn.

The grim reaper has struck again. This time robbing the screen of its finest character actor. The tragic death of Lon Chaney has left a void which cannot be filled. Modest and unassuming, "The Man Of A Thousand Faces," as he was sometimes called, was devoted to his art and always attained the height of perfection in the characters he portrayed.

We all know that he was not a vain man as was proved by the fact that he didn't mind creating the grotesque characters which he played so well. He stopped at nothing to gain reality and to make his characters just as atrocious as the story called. He saw to it that every detail connected with the rôle was properly attended to. Pride would not have permitted any other actor to undertake such morbid parts, yet Lon Chaney played them for many years and would have gone on for many more years if the curtain of death had not been drawn.

Moviedom will not soon forget *Tito* of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" or *Echo* of "The Unholy Three" or *Quasimodo* of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and his famous *Mister Wu*, "He Who Gets Slapped" and "The Phantom of the Opera."

His untimely passing is mourned by his millions of loyal fans. *E. L. B.*

\$10.00 LETTER *Has the Inevitable Happened?*

Corona, Cal.

Unless I miss my guess, those pearly gates of filmdom are growing more fastidious as to just what scenarios they allow to slip within. The discard undoubtedly boasts many a trifling, rehashed, musical comedy which (thanks to the powers that be) didn't quite crash the line of "those accepted."

I believe that the public has finally grown wise and decided that he's pretty weary of false eyelashes, tap dancers, and glamorous finales. Today's theater-goers want a little more of the real thing—life! No, I don't mean great quantities of tears, battlefields and corpses, or over-done domestic tragedies, but some honest-to-goodness character acting, acting that demands all the finest abilities of a player.

Perhaps a great many people fulfil the threadbare qualifications of an ability to dance, sing, and reveal a pleasant reflection in the looking glass, but it takes an H. B. Warner or a Belle Bennett to "get" an audience as these two did in "Wild Company" and "Courage."

These shallow, plotless talkies in which real personality is shoved to the background to give the center of the stage to a gymnastic heroine or a waxed hero have a tendency to flood the market. On the other hand, pictures like "The Big House" and

"All Quiet on the Western Front" are my idea of number-one films. These pictures are real, dominated by figures that live in one's memory long after recollections of dazzling choruses and novel songs have faded. I'm not advocating an entire leave of absence for our musical comedies, but I would like a few less and more character stories.

Maxine J. Stickle

\$5.00 LETTER *In Regal Splendor*

Oakland, Cal.

After hiking for hours up Persian carpets, past expensive paintings and draperies, in and out of beautifully colored lobbies and waiting rooms, being dazzled by glistening crystal lamps and hand carved ivory woodwork, passing gaudy uniformed generals and fancy dressed guides, saluting whenever anyone came by, past gold, diamonds and precious stones, I finally got into the auditorium part of the theater. Sweating past rows and rows of plush and deluxe leather seats, I finally landed in a cubby hole and lay down exhausted from the strenuous climb, and not caring if I never saw the show.

The theaters nowadays are more beautiful and massive than any European opera house or Oriental palace. This was a novelty for a while. The pictures no longer attracted the crowds because they all had the same plot hashed over and over again, so the producers set out and built a flock of Buckingham Palaces costing more than the contents of the United States Treasury, to draw the public. The people went to the theaters, not to the shows and after a while the novelty of grand shrines to the gods of the flicker wore off, so the writers and head men in the mecca of pictures are again wracking their brains trying to think up another kind of bait.

When at last I reached the seat assigned to me by admiral something-or-other, what kind of picture do you think I saw? A villain had the mortgage on the farm and was going to throw the girl out into the snow when the hero rushed in and paid the sum. 1850 stuff, dressed up! I fainted outright and the Alpine climbers miles below me were still showing the faithful to their seats!

W. C. H.

\$1.00 LETTERS *Feeling of Friendship Created by Talkies*

Albany, N. Y.

Perhaps the most vital and perplexing question in the world today is—how to maintain peace among nations.

Wars are caused largely by fear and distrust, and these in turn are caused by misunderstanding. It is perfectly natural for the people of one nation to misunderstand those of another, there being differences in language, customs and ideas.

With the advent of the "talkies," the foreigner has become a very much more real person to us. We hear him speak his dialect, and it amuses us; we hear him express his ideas, and begin to understand him. He is, after all, we discover, just a human being like ourselves, with the same hopes and aspirations.

With understanding, fear and distrust fade away, and are replaced by a feeling of friendship and good-will, and the way is paved for a lasting peace. *M. E. Bates*

Doesn't Fancy New Faces

Philadelphia, Pa.

I am just about discouraged trying to find a picture in which I am sufficiently interested to want to see and I don't doubt but that there are plenty of other fans who feel the same way. The theaters have been deluged with such names as Fannie Brice, Lawrence Tibbett, Ted Lewis, Winnie Lightner, Harry Richman, Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray—and others. These names draw to a great extent in the theaters of large cities, where they mean something to the people, but do they attract the smaller theaters and the smaller towns? And even though I do live in Philadelphia, I am not particularly interested in these stage people. When I go to the movies I want to see the players I have known and have appreciated. I want to continue to see films containing such names as Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo, William Haines, Vilma Banky, Bebe Daniels, Clive Brook, Evelyn Brent, and so on. I want to see the youthful good looks of such attractive personalities as Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, Buddy Rogers, Loretta Young, Grant Withers, Nancy Carroll, Norma Shearer, and I want to see and hear plenty of them!

The producers are forcing new faces (and very trying they are in most cases) and new voices on the movie audiences and I can't see or hear where these new faces and new voices are any better, in most cases, than the established favorites. Moving picture audiences prefer to see the regular stars rather than new talent, and that the reason they are not seeing them in the talkies so much as formerly is *not* because these stars have failed in the new era, but because the producers are determined

(Continued on page 103)

You may have S.A., but do you have S.E.? Motion Picture CLASSIC wants to know. We want you to join our free clinic. If the tests show that you have a superior kind of S.E., you stand in line for one of the prizes: \$20 for first, \$10 for second, \$5 for third and \$1 for every other letter published.

To join the clinic all you have to do is to write a letter of, say, 200 to 250 words, about some phase of the movies, advancing an idea, an appreciation, or a criticism, without becoming ga-ga or vituperative. Sign your full name and address, and mail the letter to: Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture CLASSIC, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City. No letters can be returned, and we reserve the right to print any or all that we like.

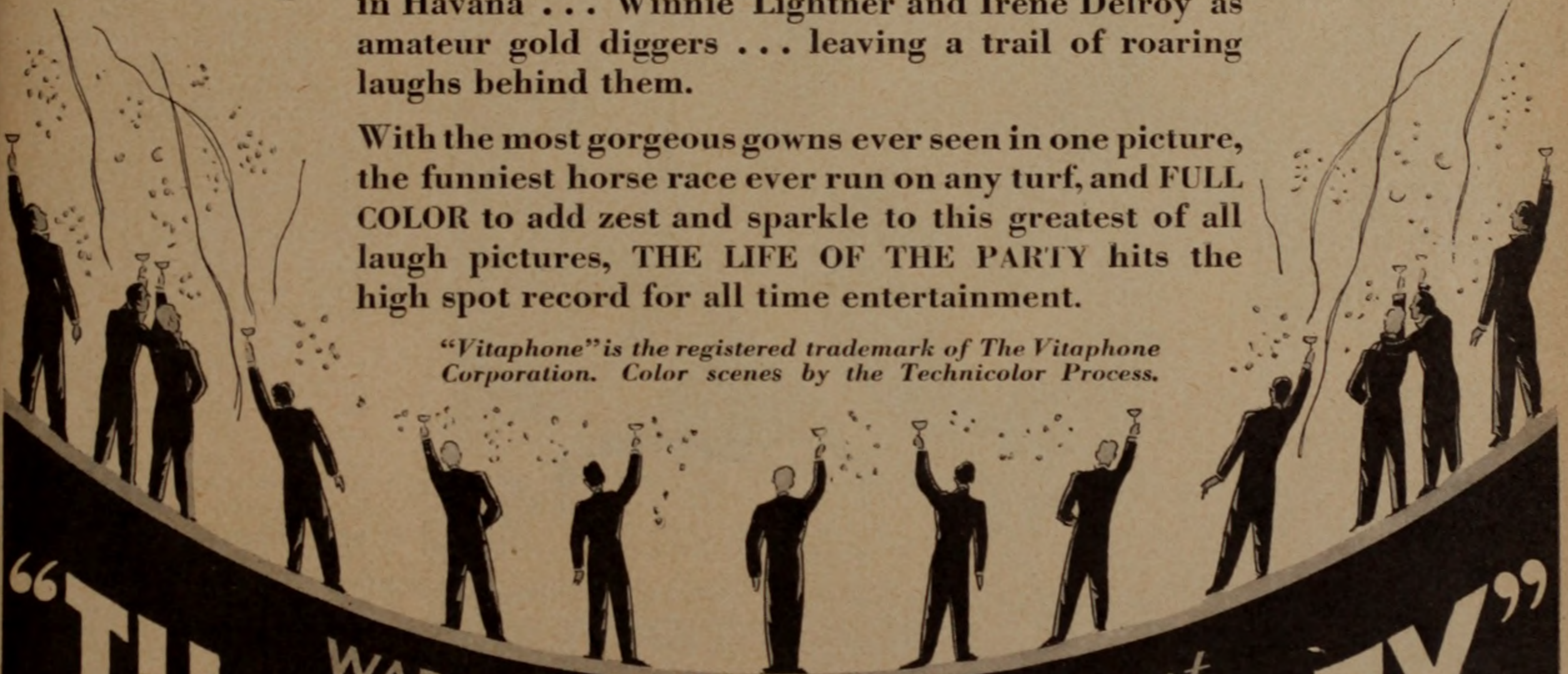
Having done this much, you will perhaps be conscious, without our telling you, that you have S.E. But if you win a prize, or your letter is printed, there can be no doubt about it; you have Self-Expression.



From a Broadway music store to the swankiest hotel in Havana . . . Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy as amateur gold diggers . . . leaving a trail of roaring laughs behind them.

With the most gorgeous gowns ever seen in one picture, the funniest horse race ever run on any turf, and FULL COLOR to add zest and sparkle to this greatest of all laugh pictures, **THE LIFE OF THE PARTY** hits the high spot record for all time entertainment.

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WARNER BROTHERS *Present*
"THE LIFE of the PARTY"
 with **WINNIE LIGHTNER**
 IRENE DELROY JACK WHITING CHARLES BUTTERWORTH CHARLES JUDELS

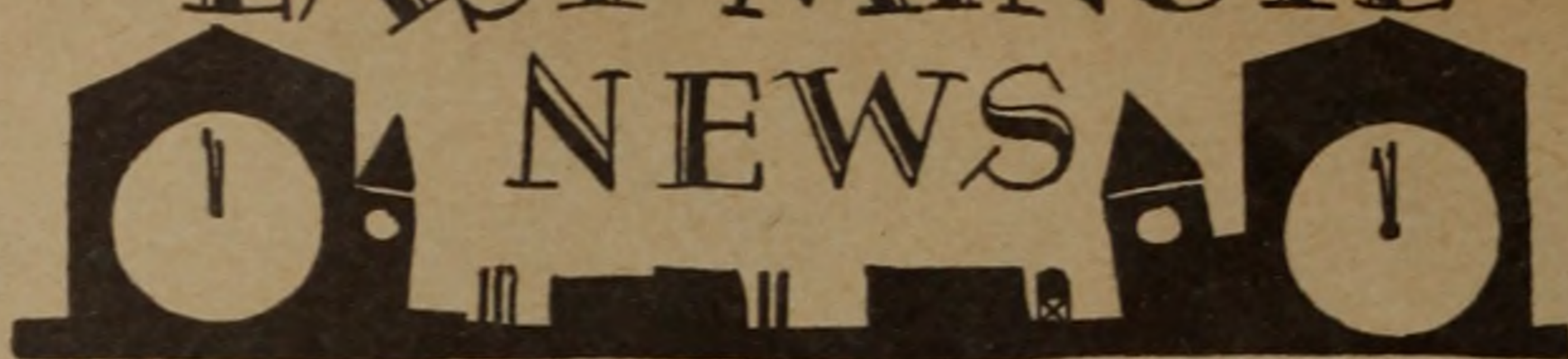
BASED ON THE ORIGINAL STORY by MELVILLE CROSSMAN
 DIALOGUE and ADAPTATION by ARTHUR CAESAR
 DIRECTED by ROY DEL RUTH



A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE



LAST MINUTE NEWS



THE stork has been about the most active bird noticed on the motion picture horizon. The house of **Thalberg** has been recently visited and **Norma Shearer** has a new rôle—that of motherhood, to add to her career. The baby has been named **Irving** for his daddy. It won't be long now, before **Miss Shearer** will return to the screen. In fact, she's contemplating "Susan Lennox" before Christmas time . . . **Florence Vidor**, too, caught a flying visit from the stork, who left a little daughter for **Mr. and Mrs. Jascha Heifetz** . . . The house of **Carl Laemmle**, also is casting eyes heavenward for the appearance of the bird. **Carl Laemmle, Sr.**, delayed trips East awaiting the arrival of his grandchild.

CUPID at the present time seems to be running the stork a pretty close race. **Thornton Freeland** and the former **June Clyde** have been honeymooning in New York where they came to attend the opening of "Whoopie" . . . And the cables are being watched for word of the wedding of **Agnes Ayres** and **Lewis Milestone** who have been abroad for some time. . . . **Lupe Velez** and **Gary Cooper** are again giving evidences of being ready to walk altarward. . . . **Vivian Duncan** and **Nils Asther** are up to their neckings in wedded bliss now that they are returned to Hollywood from their honeymoon. . . **Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pickford** too, are giving Montmartre diners an opportunity to see how happy they are, now that they are married. . . . And to prove that marriages in Hollywood sometimes "take," **Lilyan Tashman** proudly displays a beautiful diamond and jade bracelet given to her by **Edmund Lowe** to celebrate their fifth wedding anniversary!

LON CHANEY, "the man with a thousand faces," left almost his entire estate of over a half a million to his second wife **Hazel** and donated a single dollar to his first wife. . . . Among those who do not bow to each other when they meet on Hollywood Boulevard are **John Barrymore** and **Lowell Sherman**—just friendly brothers-in-law! **Dolores** and **Helen**, the sisters, it is noticed, are bowing coolly, too. . . .

BETTY COMPSON and **James Cruze** may no longer be married but they manage to work mighty well together before the microphone. **Betty** has the leading rôle in "She Got What She Wanted" which **Jim** is directing. . . . Society is taking up the movies in a big way with Mrs. **Glæzner**, the wife of the vice-president of **Cartier's**, making her debut in "Sin Takes a Holiday." **Kendall Lee** is the name selected for movie purposes. **Kendall**, by the by, is an intimate friend of **Constance Bennett**. . . . Society will have to move several paces backward, however, with kings going movie in a serious way. The **Kings of Siam** and **Abyssinia** both lend attentive ears and eyes to the talkies and are having their palaces wired to show them.

NANCY CARROLL is in New York to work at the Paramount Long Island studio. Then, too, she has another interest East—her husband's new play, "Frankie and Johnnie". . . . **Joan Crawford** keeps on being a modern maiden in "Girls Together" but in "Within the Law" will become serious for the first time. . . . **William Haines** plays opposite her in this picture, following his gangster rôle in "Gentlemen's Fate" **William Farnum** is

scheduled definitely to return to pictures. "The Painted Desert" will be his next venture. . . . **Mary Pickford** won't abandon the talkies for the stage, but will do "Kiki". . . . **Charlie Chaplin** will make a personal appearance in London when "City Lights" is world premiered.

CONRAD NAGEL has been in New York a' seeing things of nights. He surely was entitled to all that he could see, for this was his first vacation in six years. . . . **Ann Harding** and **E. H. Griffith** will go abroad to do the scenes for "Rebound." . . . **Al Jolson**, too, sailed to make a film in Germany. After that's attended to, he will make "Sons o' Guns" in Hollywood. And they do say that the mammy singer has refused a **Palace Theater** offer of \$12,000 a week. These are happy days for **Al**. . . . **Clara Bow's** red head has been seen bobbing around at first nights in New York. She is vacationing a bit before starting work on a really serious picture at the **Paramount Long Island studios**. . . . **Colleen Moore** and **Virginia Valli** are in New York. **Colleen** to start rehearsals in her musical comedy **Claudette Colbert** is another New Yorker. She will be noticed round about the town for some time after that world trip which landed her in **Paramount studios** on Long Island just as the first autumn leaves fell. . . . **Dorothy Arzner** reached New York to direct the first **Colbert** eastern picture.



Dyar

Keeping his head between them: and with **Betty Boyd**, new comedienne (left), and **Frances Dee**, his new leading lady, both pretty close, that's no effort for **Charles Rogers** in "Along Came Youth"

THE ships news reporters are being kept busy by screen celebrities hopping on and off the big liners. **Dorothy Mackaill** got all caught up on that London vacation and spent a few busy days in New York before the long trek to Hollywood and a new long-term contract with **First National**. . . . **Lily Damita** left that dear Paris and will celebrate her return to the movies by making a picture with **Al Jolson** when he finishes showing Germany how to sing a mammy song. . . . **Ivan Lebedeff** popped into New York for a little visit before boarding the *Isle de France*. . . . **Mr. and Mrs. Morton Downey**, **Barbara Bennett** are ready for points West after a London season. . . . **Archie Mayo** will be

among those present when the *Bremen* puts out to sea. . . . **Lillian Gish**, forsaking the movies permanently, returned on the *Paris* for another trial on the Broadway stage. . . . **Albert Lewis** will find himself among American vacationers abroad these crisp fall days. . . . **Hal Roach**, on the other hand, is taking up aviation in a serious way. Traveled from the coast all the way by plane for the polo matches and then hopped off to Boston for a brief spell just to prove how air-minded he is.

THESE hospitable shores are being invaded by foreign actors who are finding Hollywood streets paved with gold—something like the days of '49! **José Crespo** is back from Mexico where he retired when it seemed as though the talkies had banished foreigners. Now he is back and doing nicely, accent and all for Spanish versions of **M. G. M.** films. . . . **Barry Norton**, from the Argentine, **Lupe Velez** from Mexico, and **Lupita Tovar** are others who find their foreign tongue an asset instead of a liability. . . . Germany is sending a mighty contingent. "Those Who Dance" alone, features **Carla Barthell**, **Lizy Arna**, and **Anton Pointener**. . . . **Lotti Loder**, straight from *Unter den Linden* is another seemingly permanent guest out Hollywood way. . . .

The **ONE** story that held millions
breathless.... The **ONE** girl who
could bring it to vivid life ...



BELASCO'S epic story of the
strangest gamble a woman ever made. Strangest stakes ever left
to the fate of cards. Strangest climax in show history as the 'golden
girl' gambles the one time in her life—for love—And *cheats* to win!

Twelve stirring situations all brought to you with the artistry,
charm and compelling beauty of—

ANN HARDING *as*
The **GIRL of the GOLDEN WEST**

JAMES RENNIE • HARRY BANNISTER

Based on the play by DAVID BELASCO

A JOHN FRANCIS DILLON *Production.*



A FIRST NATIONAL AND VITAPHONE PRODUCTION

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Classic's

Old



Family

Album

White

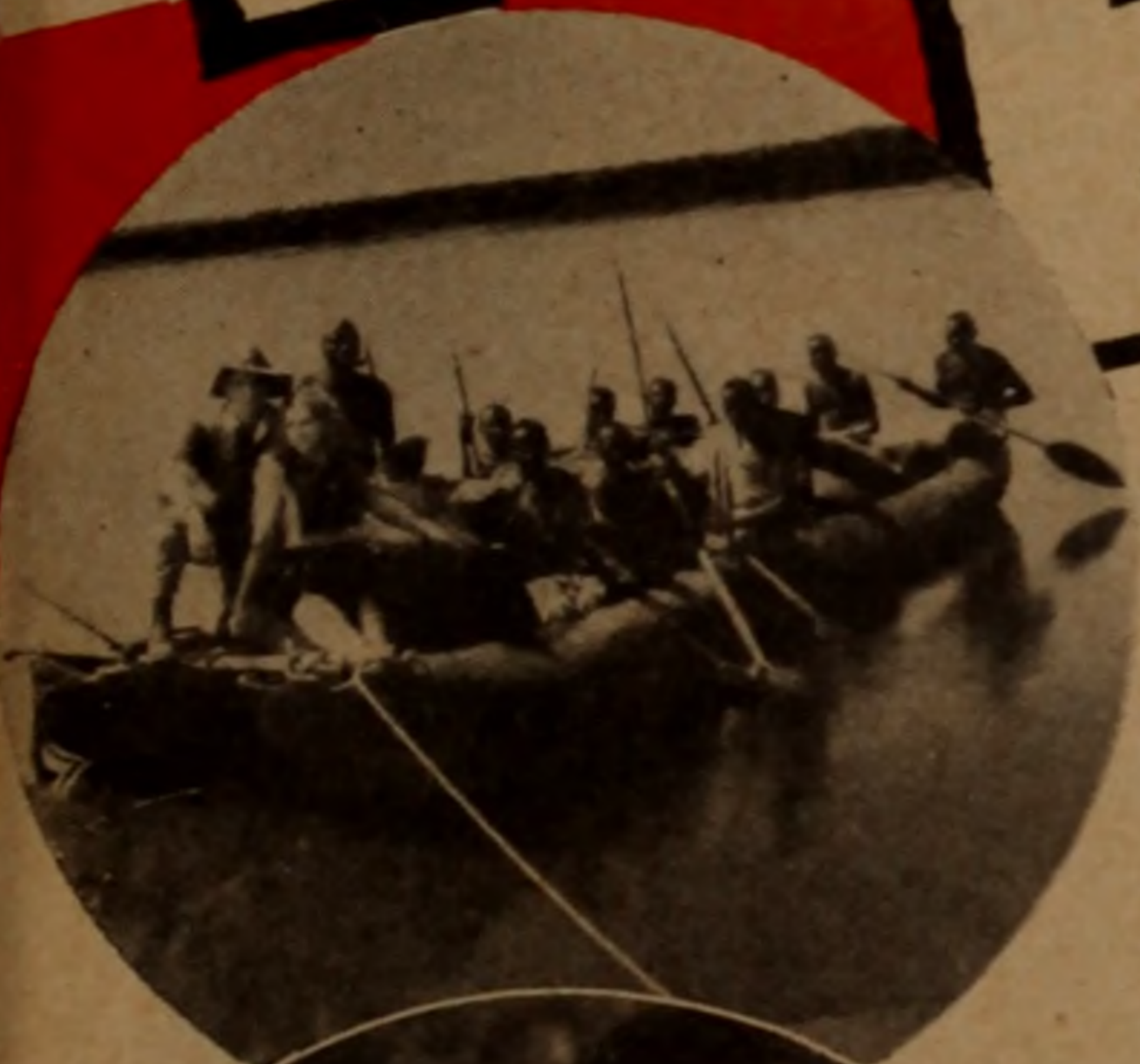
Back in those ballet days, she may have been on her toes, but, being just one of a family of acrobats, she had her hands full every time she was in a picture. She did not stand out as *Marilyn Miller*



THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE OF ALL TIME

TRADER HORN

FILMED IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA!



THE MOST AMBITIOUS PICTURE UNDERTAKING SINCE BEN HUR!

PLAYED against a background of tropical danger and primitive passion, the great book that thrilled the world has come to life with all its adventure and all its romance. The ivory coast of Africa, the jungle, a ruby worth a king's ransom, a white orphan girl worshipped as a goddess, love's awakening for this girl and her English lover, their thrilling escape from the natives and the terrors of the jungle! An all-talking production . . . the greatest thrill picture ever shown!

with
Harry Carey
Duncan Renaldo
Edwina Booth

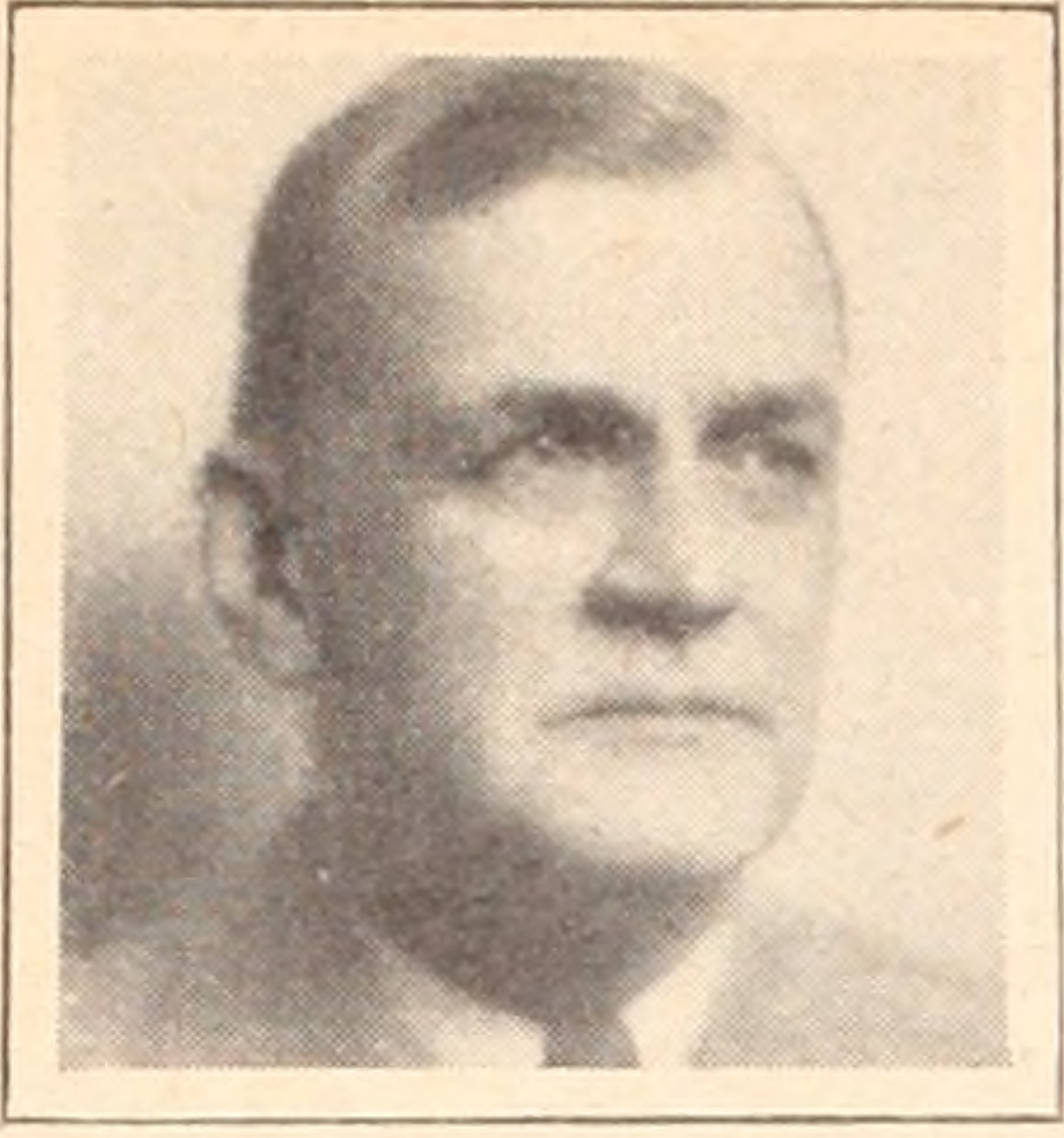
From the famous novel by *Trader Horn* and *Ethelreda Lewis*

Directed by **W. S. VAN DYCK**
who made "WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS."

METRO-GOLDWYN-M

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"





My Neighbors in Hollywood

By
K.C.B.

I'M IN Nevada.
AS I write this.
WITH MY typewriter table.
BESIDE A window.
WHERE I may look out.
ON LAKE Tahoe.
AND IF I wished.
I COULD step outside.
AND THROW a stone.
INTO CALIFORNIA.
AND IF it happens.
YOU REMEMBER "Lightnin'"
AND OLD Bill Jones.
FRANK BACON played.
YOU WILL recall.
THE SCENE was laid.
ON THE border line.
OF THE Reno state.
WITH ITS quick divorce.
AND THE Golden state.
THAT LIES westward.
AND ANYWAY.
I'VE COME up here.
WITH A lot of my neighbors.
FROM HOLLYWOOD.
AND FOR three days.
AS I write this.
I'VE BEEN running around.
AS A hanger-on.
KEEPING OUT of the way.
OF CAMERA men.
AND MICROPHONES.
AND MOTOR trucks.
AND BIG sound trucks.
THE WHILE Will Rogers.
AMBLES AROUND.
AS "LIGHTNIN' Bill."
AND LOUISE Dresser.
WHO PLAYS Ma Jones.

THE WIFE of Bill.
SMELLS OF his breath.
TO ASSURE herself.
HE HAS been drinking.
OR HASN'T been.
OR WHATEVER it is.
SHE WANTS to know.
AND ANYWAY.
AS I wander around.
FROM SHOT to shot.
I THINK always.
OF MY friend Frank Bacon.
WHO DREAMED out "Lightnin'"
UP HERE in the hills.
OF THE High Sierra.
WHERE WE are now.
AND AFTER a lifetime.
ON THE stage.
TROUPE ABOUT.
THROUGH ONE night stands.
AND HIS hair grown white.
AND HIS gentle face.
MARKED WITH the years.
THAT HAD come to him.
TOOK HIS manuscript.
AND THE hopes he held.
FOR "LIGHTNIN' Bill."
AND CARRIED them back.
TO NEW York town.
AND SOMETIMES dreams.
REALLY DO come true.
AND FRANK'S dream did.
AND ON a night.
AT THE Gaiety.
AND THE usual crowd.
THAT COMES to see.
ANOTHER FAILURE.
OR BY kind fortune.
A SUCCESS perhaps.

THIS UNKNOWN actor.
TO THE most of them.
UNHERALDED.
AND TO fame unknown.
ADDED THE name.
OF "LIGHTNIN' Bill."
TO THE famous rôles.
OF AMERICA'S stage.
AND THOSE of us.
WHO HAD known Frank.
THROUGH HIS wandering days.
AND THERE were a few.
WHO SAT out front.
ON HIS opening night.
WE CRIED a little.
IN THE joy of it.
AND ANYWAY.
IT WAS Frank's big night.
AND FOR three years.
HE STAYED right there.
AT THE Gaiety.
LOOKING FORWARD.
ALL THE time.
TO TAKING Bill.
OUT INTO the West.
WHENCE HE had come.
BUT HE didn't get there.
FOR ON the way.
HIS LAST call came.
BUT IF it is.
HE CAN look back.
I THINK perhaps.
HE WILL be glad.
THAT WE'RE all up here.
IN THE hills he loved.
AND THAT Bill Jones.
IS BACK again.
WHERE HE was born.
I THANK you.

Columbia Has The Best Directors~ Assuring You The Best Pictures!



FRANK CAPRA for
DIRIGIBLE


With JACK HOLT and RALPH GRAVES

From Lieut. Commander Frank Wead's great story. Mr. Capra directed "Rain or Shine," "Flight," "Submarine," "Ladies of Leisure," etc.



HOWARD HAWKS for
THE CRIMINAL CODE

From the sensational New York Stage hit by Martin Flavin . . . and winner of the Theatre Club Trophy as the best play of the year. Mr. Hawks directed "The Dawn Patrol," "The Air Circus" and others.




JOHN BLYSTONE for
TOL'ABLE DAVID

Your demands bring Joseph Hergesheimer's immortal screen classic to the motion picture theatre as a talking picture. Mr. Blystone is the director of "So This is London" and many other hits.



VICTOR FLEMING for
ARIZONA


Written for the screen by Jules Furthman from Augustus Thomas' greatest outdoor play. To be produced on an epic scale. Mr. Fleming directed "The Virginian," "Common Clay" and others.



JOHN ROBERTSON for
MADONNA OF THE STREETS

With EVELYN BRENT

An adaptation of W. B. Maxwell's wonderful novel, "The Ragged Messenger." Mr. Robertson directed Mary Pickford and Richard Barthelmess in many of their outstanding successes.



LIONEL BARRYMORE for
A GREAT PICTURE

With BARBARA STANWYCK

(Watch for announcement of title.) The greatest star find of years in a smashing drama made from a tremendous story. Mr. Barrymore directed "The Rogue Song," "Madame X" and many others.

Meet Miss Columbia

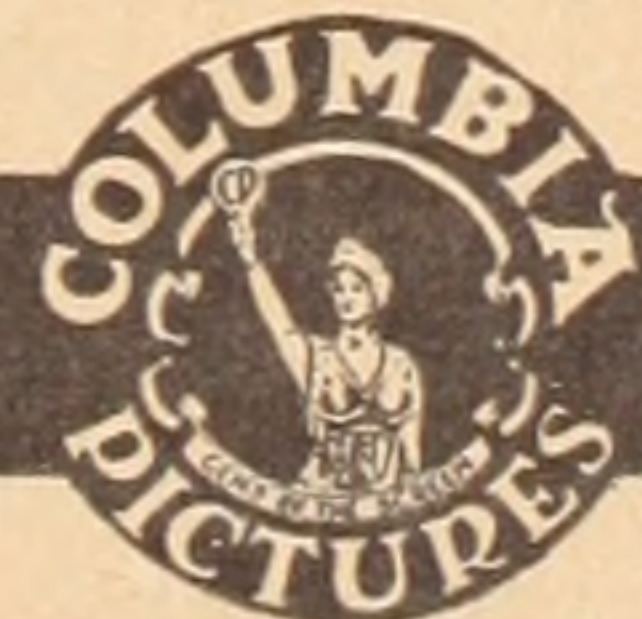


LESLEY BETH STOREY of Brooklyn, N. Y., winner in Columbia's great nation-wide search for "Miss Columbia." She has been awarded a week's contract at \$250.00 and a free trip to Hollywood. She was the selection of the New Movie and allied magazines.

Runners up for honors as Miss Columbia, all of whom have been awarded Majestic Radios, were: Dorothy Dawes, Brooklyn, N. Y., nominated by *Film Fun*; Dorothy Brown, Des Moines, Ia., *Screen Romances*; Jean Eckler, West Palm Beach, Fla., *Motion Picture Magazine*; Donna Barton, Tulsa, Okla., *Motion Picture Classic*; Vera Martin, New York, N.Y., *Screen Book*; Bernice Maiwald, Laconia, N. H., *Motion Picture Stories*; Meta Diane Neuburg, Tuckahoe, N. Y., *Photoplay*; Mercedes Janet Rice, Banning, Ga., *Screenland*.

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Ask your favorite theatre when these pictures will be shown.



Facts and Figures

Intimate Items
About Pictures,
Past, Present
And Future

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

EXPERIENCE, said the old copybooks, is the best teacher. Well, perhaps—but in the light of the recent effort to have the moving picture companies provide stock market facilities on the West Coast, it begins to look as if some of those October scars are beginning to heal. Whatever might have happened to the big industrial stocks, the picture securities are showing signs of life. Here is the result of a recent survey made by the Los Angeles Stock Exchange:

Of the total membership of the Exchange, 83% had transactions in RKO Securities, 80% in Fox Film, 79% in Warner Brothers, 69% in Paramount-Publix, 67% in General Theaters Equipment, 54% in Loew's, 49% in Pathé, 16% in Columbia and 14% in Universal. That would seem to show that the picture industry hasn't sunk so low in the affections of the investor as the calamity-howlers would have us believe.

ONE of the reasons, possibly, is that the picture companies manage to pay respectable dividends. Paramount-Publix, just as an example, announced net profits for the first six months of 1930 of \$8,434,000. Unfortunately for the Gloom Guard, that record is just 65% better than for the corresponding period of 1929. The thousands of stockholders naturally decline to take seriously all the wild tales of disaster that are abroad.

AND don't get the idea that better business is confined to one company. It isn't. RKO earned net profits of well over \$2,000,000 for the first half of 1930, as against a little more than \$600,000 in the first six months of 1929. The quality of some of the pictures may be terrible; possibly the public is getting awfully tired of them; and it may be that the players ought to be sent back to the rolling mills or the soda fountains or whatever, but—somehow the yawps carry little influence in the face of the financial facts. So when someone tells you about the

number of studios and theaters closing down, lift one eyebrow and remark: "Oh, yeah?"

THREE bandits fell into one of the most common of errors the other day—the error of believing that a millionaire carries cash with him. They held up Douglas Fairbanks, and in his own home. Douglas had no money on him. He had to brouse and scratch around the house for some and finally rounded up a

total of \$27. The chances are that a very rich man handles less actual money in the course of a year than the garage man or the dress-maker. He does not need it because the greater number of his business transactions are based on his credit. There was that time when John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had to have \$3.75 and could find only eighty cents in his pocket. So, Bandits, don't waste your valuable time on Rich Folks. Go after the Little Fellow.



P&A

Figures and a fact: when Le Roy Prinz, staging a new revue in a Los Angeles theater, issued a call for chorus girls, more than 500 wanted work. These are the lucky few who found it.

EVERY now and then, some one goes into hysterics over "monopolies" and "trusts" and "octopi" and what not. Usually, it is one of our moronic legislators at Washington trying to convince the folks back home that he is awake and on the job. It is just lately that the Western Electric Company and the General Electric Company have been put in the monopoly class and accused of dividing up all the theaters, to the exclusion of everyone else, in supplying sound equipment.

A few days ago, I hunted up a list of all the manufacturers of such equipment. There are just ninety (90) of them. They have the oddest names for their product. For example: Amplion, Beltone, Cinevox, Dramaphone, Electrofone, Filmophone, Halgrophone, Kinotone, Lifestone, Mellaphone, Norophone, Orotone, Picturfone, Q-Phone, Radiotone, Speakaphone, Talkafilm, Ultraphone, Vocaphone, Wonderphone.

(Continued on page 16)

Doctors Show

Talkie Stars

How To End COLDS

in a Few Hours

TEMPTING taste! Surprisingly quick relief! Then the joy of facing the microphone without fear of spoiling a picture by the snuffle of a head cold, the husky hoarseness of a chest cold or the static-like discord of an untimely cough.

This, briefly, is the new experience told by scores of "talkie" stars.

For doctors have shown the way to quickly end head colds, coughs or chest colds. And at the first sign of a cold players are now given a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Soon the cold is gone! For this hospital certified remedy has been chosen by physicians as the best of different widely used methods to treat colds. Test cases have proved that it gives the quickest, surest relief.



ROBT. ARMSTRONG
Starring in
The Record Run
Dumbbells in Ermine
Lookin' for Trouble
Beyond Victory

throat was inflamed by constant coughing and his voice was hoarse.

Then he was given double strength doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral every 15 minutes until congestion started clearing up, then a spoonful every two hours.

In just an hour or so the medication began to relieve congestion. Breathing became easier; the spasmodic attacks of coughing ceased and by dinner time he was feeling like a different person. When friends arrived for bridge that evening his hoarseness had almost entirely dis-

Robert Armstrong Finds Quickest Way to End Colds

ROBERT ARMSTRONG for example, had a severe cough caused by neglecting a chest cold. Examination showed that his breathing passages were congested, his



LILA LEE
Starring in
Second Wife
Misbehaving Ladie
The Unholy Three



ALEC FRANCIS
Starring in
Case of Sergeant Grischa
Captain Applejack
Outward Bound

appeared. The next day he was delighted to find that Cherry Pectoral had cleared up the cold so that his voice was in condition to go ahead with the picture.

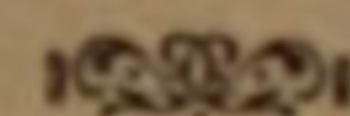
Alice White Used Cherry Pectoral to Get Rid of Cold Caught at Dance

ALICE WHITE is still another, like Lila Lee, Roland Drew, Nancy Drexel, Robert Montgomery and scores of Hollywood stars, who has taken the advice of physicians and found how quickly colds disappear after a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"During a recent dance", says Miss White, "I became overheated on the dance floor and walked out on the veranda to cool off. As a result I caught a severe cold. The next day my head and chest were so congested with cold that the director advised me to stay at home. He realized that my hoarse voice would simply spoil the picture.

"By evening the cold was worse and I was advised to take Ayer's Pectoral every 15 minutes until congestion began to clear up, then once every two or three hours.

"By night my fever was gone. I was able to sleep without coughing. The next day my voice cleared up so that I could work—and in just a day or so I was astonished to find that all trace of the cold had disappeared. No wonder Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a necessity to players, especially now that talkies demand that one's voice be kept free from the effects of a cough or cold."



Ayer's Pectoral was hospital certified as the best of the different widely used methods tested for head colds, coughs and chest colds because it gave the quickest, surest relief—with absolute safety. It is now featured by all leading druggists.



ALICE WHITE
Starring in
Sweethearts on Parade
Man Crazy
The Naughty Flirt

FACTS AND FIGURES

(Continued from page 14)

WHILE sound pictures have eliminated hundreds of good folk from the studio payrolls, they have given other specialists their chance. For instance, there is little Charlie Gamares. Charlie used to put in most of his time painting portraits, but now he's a gorilla specialist. He makes gorilla costumes and paints the faces. Then he puts on a suit and "gorills" in a most convincing manner. Once Charlie was satisfied with a very modest daily fee. Lately he has demanded \$500 a day.

And there is Count Cutelli, who will guarantee to imitate any noise you can name. He doubles for frogs, animals (any kind), sea-waves, motorboats, hurricanes, steam whistles, airplanes, babies and most kinds of machinery. And about seventy-two other noise-makers are listed in the studios, ready to imitate anything from a slowly creaking door to a loud noisy elephant trumpet.

I'M not sure whether the efficiency principle will do the picture business any good or not. The half-dozen companies putting forth newsreels use up about 10,000,000 feet of film each year. But—and maybe we should be thankful for this—only 500,000 feet ever reach the theaters. Think of the thousands of naked babies, Japanese fishing scenes, and bathing girls we have been spared.

And the average director uses up about 50,000 feet of negative film to get the 7,000 feet you finally see on the screen. Before the talking pictures came along, he used to shoot several times that amount. In "Ben Hur," Fred Niblo shot 750,000 feet of film to get the 12,000 feet that made the eventual picture. Imagine the feelings of the financial and engineering sharps who broke into pictures within the last two years! No wonder the sanitariums were overpopulated for months!

TIME was when you could scare a theater-towner into convulsions by telling him that this or that was not interesting the children. But lately he doesn't scare so easily, because he has discovered that about 5% of his patronage comes from persons under 16 years of age. Columbia University in New York analyzed a theater audience for a week. In that time, 150,000 people passed through its doors. Of the total number, there were 8,250 under 21 years

of age: only a small number being children. And another odd circumstance was discovered. Children under 12 years remembered very little of the details of any picture, but they disliked the wrongdoers very positively. But how they liked heroes! Lindbergh, Tom Mix and Doug Fairbanks outclassed all the villains and bedimmed all the crime.

ANYONE who doesn't think that talking pictures have changed the character of theater audiences might do worse than consider how greatly studio fan mail has changed. Not the mail addressed to the players, but that coming to the studio itself, and generally dealing with criticism, suggestion, advice, encouragement.

Two years ago, the average big "lot" had from 500 to 750 letters a day. Now, such concerns as Paramount, Fox, M-G-M and RKO get as many as 1,500 each, the greater number being quite sane in their comments. The studio folk believe the intelligence of the picture public is on a higher level since the talkies came. Rude persons like H. L. Mencken insist that it had to go up since it could not by any possibility fall lower.



P & A

Los Angeles doesn't have any honest-to-goodness free lunches, but the hordes of always-hopeful unemployed—like this one outside Warner Brothers Studio—call themselves the "breadlines"

THE financial firm of Halsey-Stuart and Company have made a survey of the picture business and find that the investment in theaters and exhibition equipment runs to \$1,250,000,000. That means that more than 300,000,000 people have to slip their admission fees over the glass shelf every year just to pay the interest on the investment.

Put it another way: every twentieth one of you pays the interest; every seventeenth person pays for the profit; and the rest just pay to keep the machine going.

A PRODUCER showed me his cost-sheet for a new feature picture not long ago. It was a seven-reeler, and the total figure ran to just \$478,099.51. He mentioned that it had been 37 days in the making. My mind went back to the earlier days of the picture business, when I dropped in at the old Solax studio in Flushing, L. I., and found the entire staff—of seven people—in a heavy conference. They were half-way through production of a one-reeler, and the cost to date had been \$850. They had found that they couldn't tell the story in one reel. It would have to be two, and that meant more than \$500

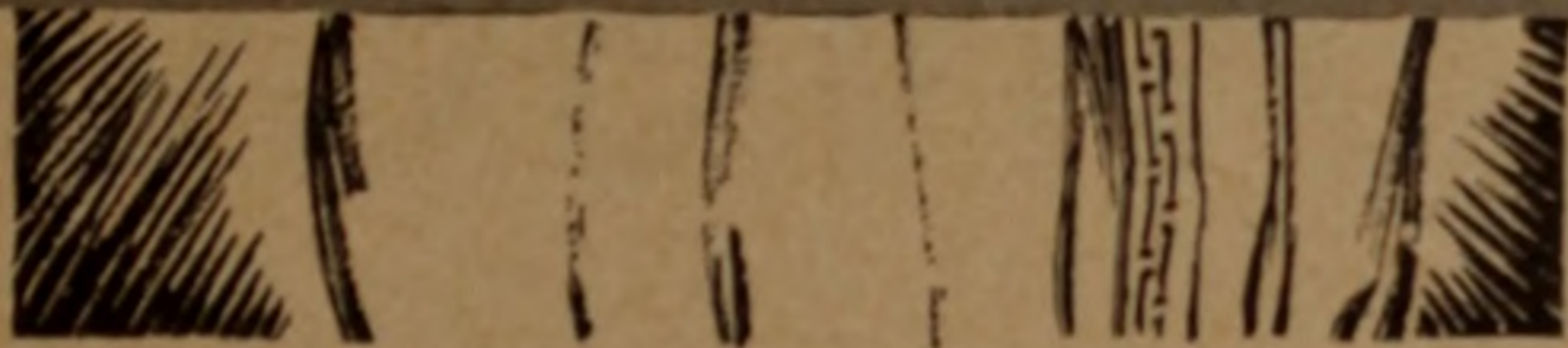
(Continued on page 106)



if you would
 have the
VOICE
 you want

ANSWER THIS AD

ESPECIALLY IF ALL OTHER METHODS HAVE FAILED



If you have voice ambitions — if you have tried other methods without success — yes, even if you have lost your voice or are afraid of losing it — or even if you stammer or stutter . . . mail coupon now and learn about the marvelous results Prof. Feuchtinger's great SILENT method of voice training has brought to thousands upon thousands of men and women — *even after other methods failed!* Your voice has marvelous possibilities that you may not even suspect . . . let us reveal them to you . . . let us tell you the real facts about your voice . . . Write — mail coupon now.

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And now the most astounding part of it all. This school offers to train you at home, by mail, at a very nominal cost and absolutely guarantees to improve your voice at least 100% or refund every penny of your tuition. The Feuchtinger Perfect Voice SILENT Method of Voice Training has been successfully taught on this *guaranteed* basis for nearly a fifth of a century to over 30,000 men and women . . . Investigate! . . . Send today for free book telling all about this *guaranteed* voice course . . . *mail coupon now!* . . . PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 12-68, 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail Now for Free Voice Book with True Experiences of Others

Perfect Voice Institute,
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 Studio 12-68 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE and without obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture" with true experiences of others. I have checked subject in which I am most interested.

- Weak Voice
- Singing
- Stammering
- Speaking

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

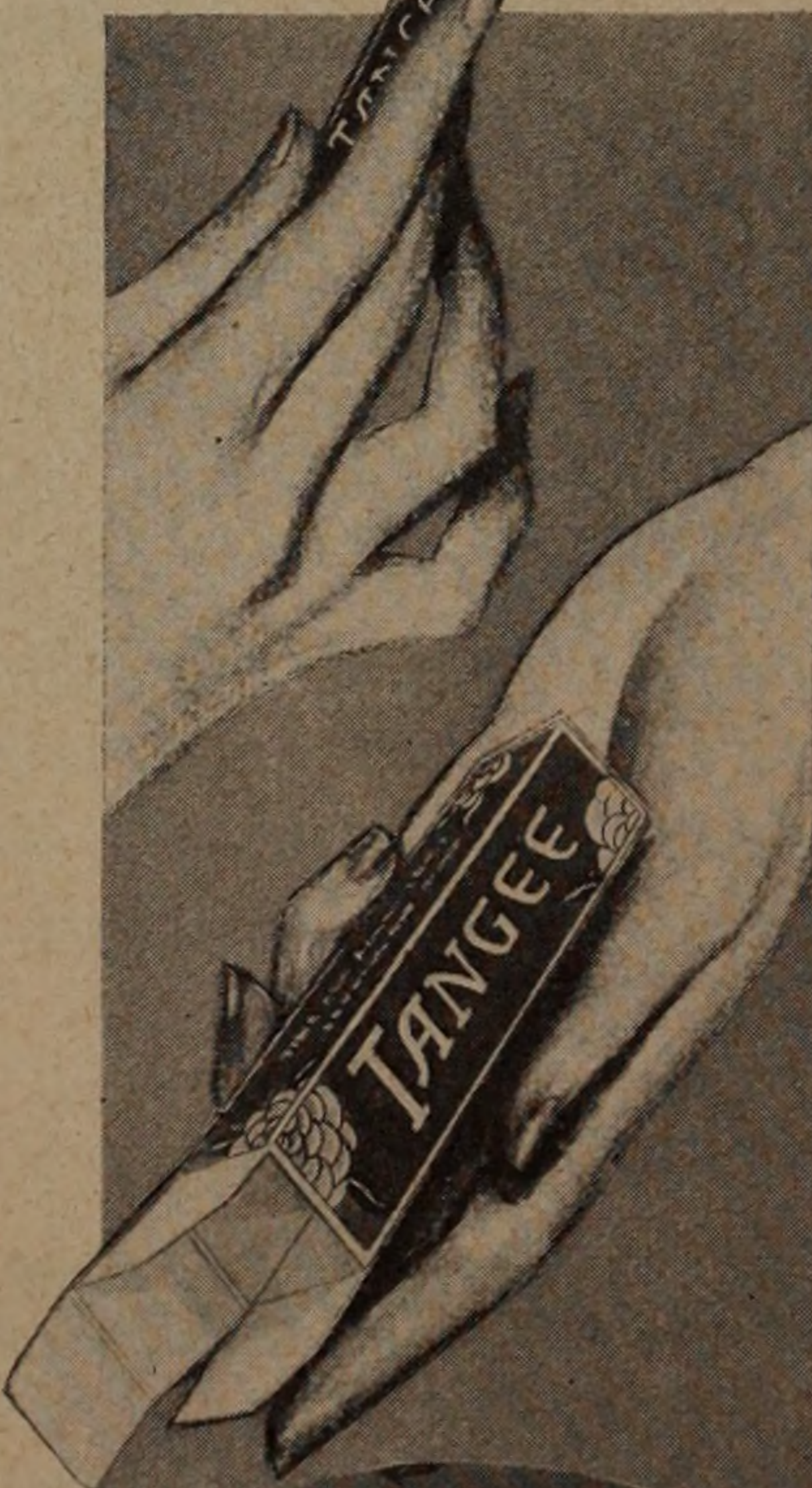
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ITS COLOR CHANGES . . .
to blend with your complexion

*There is only one TANGEE
 Be sure you see the name
 TANGEE on the package.*

Tangee Lipstick, \$1. Also 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, a foundation cream, protects the skin, \$1. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, \$1.



TANGEE

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee changes as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your individual complexion, whether blonde, brunette or titian.

For Tangee gives a natural glow without thickness or substance . . . permanent, with never a trace of grease or smear. The exact shade of this glow depends both upon how much Tangee you apply and upon your own natural coloring.

Tangee keeps lips lovely all day long. Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base . . . it not only beautifies but actually soothes and heals. And it lasts twice as long as other lipsticks.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
 (Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")
 THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. M. C.-11
 417 Fifth Avenue New York

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



Russell Ball

LOIS MORAN

Once the daughter of *Stella Dallas*, Lois seemed destined to be a sad child forever. But in the talkies she was allowed to grow up and smile—and was, happily, “Not Damaged”



Richee

Yes, he is collegiate—despite the fact that from Hollywood High School he went into stock company, and from that school into the movies. An apt pupil, Stanley Smith now is going up the scale, with lovelight in his eyes

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

• TALKS •

THE drama of Lon Chaney's life fulfilled the requirements of tragedy. It was a drama of pity and terror.

Born of parents who could neither hear nor talk, he was able to speak to them only in pantomime.

Leaving school at the age of nine to care for his ill mother, he was only beginning his self-education.

A circus contortionist, a comedy dancer and actor in small stock companies, he was eventually stranded in California. Too poor to return East, he wandered to Hollywood.

Always an experimenter with make-up, even in his scene-shifting days, he produced such startling effects, when the opportunity came, that they called him "The Man of a Thousand Faces." And the title was a handicap.

Until his appearance without make-up in "Tell It to the Marines," the critics were loath to call him a great actor. Before the critics, the public saw the genius behind the masks.

Idolized beyond most stars, he never became wealthy. He shunned publicity and poses. Wealth, as compared with sincerity, meant nothing to him.

A creator of grotesques, he was grotesquely oblivious of the effect on his frail constitution of some of the painful harnesses he wore, of some of the make-up chemicals that he breathed.

One of the most eloquent of actors, all but one of his pictures were silent. And that one cost him his life.

Last month, it was our sad fortune to publish what was destined to be the last magazine interview he gave—an interview that told of his little-known friendship for society's debtors. It was titled, "Another Lon Chaney."

It was an unfortunate and ironic title. There is no other Lon Chaney. There never will be another.

• • •

ROME had its Mæcenas, Hollywood has its Howard Hughes. And a royal spender he is.

Didn't he go to every possible trouble, and to every possible expense, to make "Hell's Angels" a great spectacle? But it was the picture, not the story, that cost him money. The story, unless Hollywood is mistaken again, came from the bargain counter; he economized in the wrong direction.

• • •

MARY PICKFORD and Arch Selwyn, New York stage producer, apparently got together and had a nice little chat. They announced that the party of the first part would star on Broadway this winter for the party of the second part. Now Mary announces that she has changed her mind, is going to film "Kiki," instead. Or isn't she? Or is she? Heads we win, tails you lose.

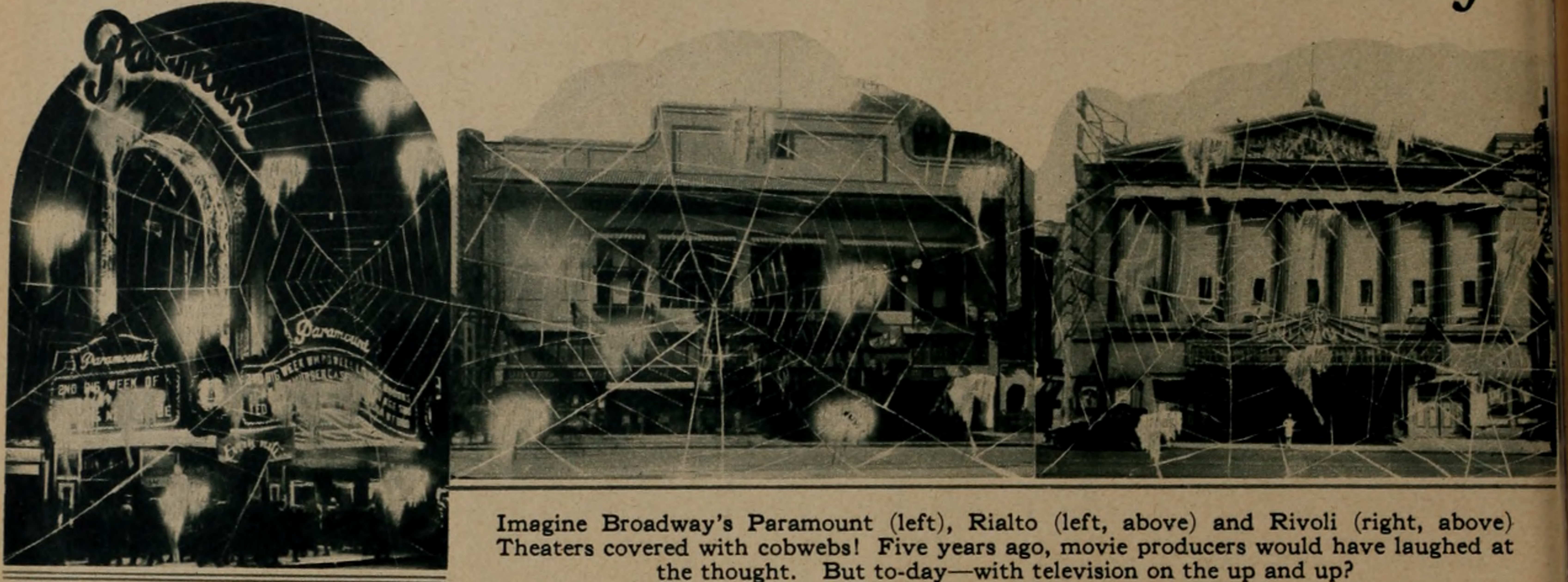
• • •

FRANCES DEE, an extra girl, is spotted by Maurice Chevalier, and becomes his leading lady. Roy Radabaugh, a struggling young local sculptor, is given a chance to change his name to Richard Cromwell and become *Tol'able David*. A personable young film salesman, renamed Kane Richmond, will be the champion of "The Leather Pushers." Wayne Morrison, carrying some scenery past Raoul Walsh, is persuaded to become John Wayne and the hero of "The Big Trail." Sounds easy, doesn't it? Accidents *will* happen, even in an unemployment center like Hollywood. The approximate ratio is: once in ten thousand times.

• • •

ALL is milk and honey now at Fox, for Janet Gaynor has returned. And just in time, too. Maureen O'Sullivan had almost been made into a starring partner for Charles Farrell. As for the vivacious Maureen, it would look as if the luck of the Irish has deserted her. On the other hand, she now may have the chance to be herself—a very different personality from the wistful Janet.

MENACES of



Imagine Broadway's Paramount (left), Rialto (left, above) and Rivoli (right, above) Theaters covered with cobwebs! Five years ago, movie producers would have laughed at the thought. But to-day—with television on the up and up?

Where Is Television?

THERE is no use at all in disputing the power of the press. Generally, that power is quite reasonably and accurately used, but occasionally the sensational orgy of headlines is about something of which they know little or nothing, and the result is frequently unfortunate. These news jags usually concern scientific matters.

There's television, for example.

A combination of one Greek word and one English word, presumably intended to indicate sight at a distance; it is just now rather upsetting to the minds of motion picture producers, theater owners and investors in picture securities—to say nothing of those well-disposed folk always anxious to pioneer with their dollars. (Confidentially, the last-named are known in Wall Street as "suckers.") Actually, however, television is intended to describe any process by which a person at one place—Chicago, for instance—can see what is going on in another place—let us say New Orleans.

The picture business is often the last to know about the inventions which may affect, or even revolutionize it. For five or six years, the talkies were being perfected in the experimental laboratories of electrical companies, before the picture producers woke up to what was going on. And when they did wake up, their first reaction was one of terror. The new is always threatening! It is said on reliable authority that several of the biggest motion picture executives went to the Warner Brothers and remonstrated with them, begging them to hold off sound a while longer and save the equipment and investment of the studios. Is it possible that television is being delayed purposely for fear of its startling possibilities?

Rumors of its perfection are legion.

Recently, in Schenectady, the General Electric Company experts put on a demonstration, during the course

of which a musician was dimly seen waving his baton and directing an orchestra whose music poured forth from a loud speaker—the picture appearing on a small screen.

A very few miles were bridged in what was frankly an experiment. Earlier, the Bell Telephone Company's radio laboratory at Whippany, N. J., had broadcast some television pictures at more or less regular intervals, and these had been picked up by experimenters at various points.

In Washington, D. C., C. Francis Jenkins, one of the inventors of the motion picture projector, has done considerable television work. And in England, J. C. Baird has made more than a little progress in transmitting recognizable likenesses over various distances. Add some German and French experiments and you come to the following conclusion.

It is possible to transmit by radio waves some reproductions of current events. And there are amateur radio sharps at work all over the country, striving to produce good television results. Also—and this is stated without any prejudice whatever—a number of astute and long-visioned gentlemen have anticipated the scientific situation by organizing commercial companies to manufacture and sell television apparatus for the home. Two such television receivers were ex-

hibited at the May convention of the Radio Manufacturers' Association at Atlantic City.

Also, stock in television companies is for sale!

Looking Back Five Years

A FEW days before this article began to roll off a typewriter, I set afoot two simple inquiries, just to check my own information. I felt certain that the whole television situation was altogether too chimerical in its present stage of development to warrant the wild press tales I had been reading. I felt—and still feel—that any-

Why Movie Men Look Harassed

Another disturbing thought occurs. If we are to distribute by radio-television, is it necessary to go to the trouble of putting the picture—or all the pictures, rather—on celluloid film at all? Why not good stock companies at various strategic points, with their performances broadcast—televisionally?

Then what happens to the motion picture studios and their enormous equipment and investment? What happens to the motion picture stars? This thing begins to look rather terrifying to the industry!

the MOVIES



Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater in Los Angeles (left, above) and the Metropolitan Opera House (right, above) are two of America's best-known show places. Are they destined for the television spider's web? David Sarnoff (right) is optimistic

By CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH

thing like a true commercial development that would put current events or pictures in the home, as current music is broadcast to-day, is a long, long way off; and that the present state of the art will not justify a tithe of the newspaper claims. But I wanted to be sure.

Let us first have a little history. Five years ago—in May, 1925—I visited David Sarnoff, then vice-president and now president of the Radio Corporation of America, and said:

"Do you see television on the commercial horizon?"

"Yes. Probably in five years," he replied. "I say that, considering the progress made by radio in four years, and always with certain reservations."

Mr. Sarnoff Is No Prophet

SO I inquired again of Mr. Sarnoff, this time in May, 1930, and he wrote:

"While a good deal of constructive work has been done in the field of television and I am optimistic about the ultimate possibilities, I can only say that it is still in the laboratory stage and I doubt whether anyone can speak with certainty as to the exact time when television will be a commercial reality. The rôle of the prophet is always hazardous, and if I have learned nothing else in the last five years, I have at least learned to be more cautious about prophesying."

So, I had one confirmation, and here is the other, from a man who—because of certain professional relationships—must remain in the background. (A man, by the way, whose inventions are in use in the transmission of photographs by trans-Atlantic communication; whose developments are in use in making talking pictures, and whose television work has been in association with one of the foremost experimenters in America.)

Partly Possible

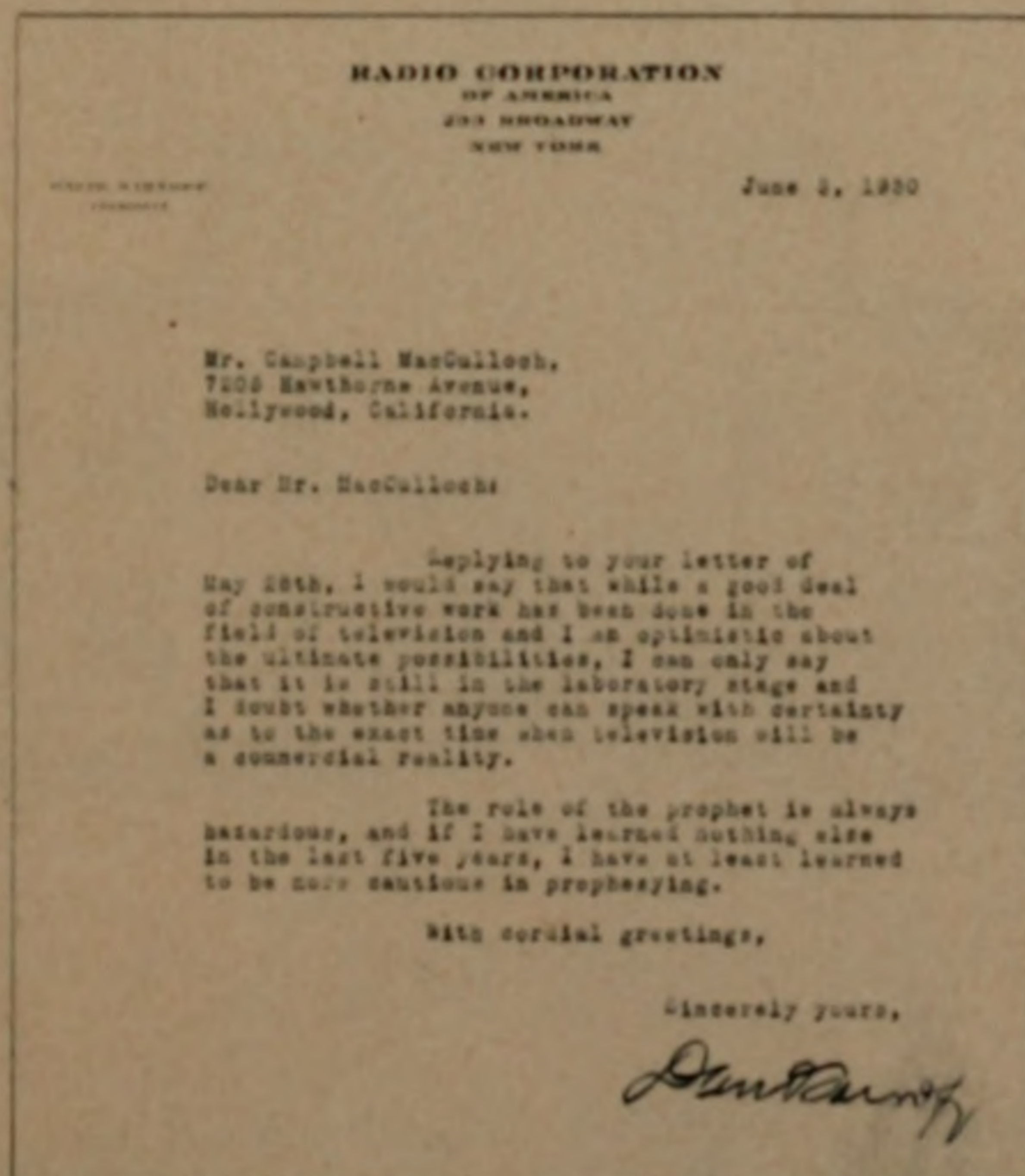
"TELEVISION—of a sort—is commercially possible to-day," he said. "But when I say that, I mean that it is feasible to place a simple subject before a televisor and to transmit—either by radio or wires—that vision. However, neither the subject nor the audience will be enthusiastic about it. The subject won't like the heat from the amount of light that is necessary, and the audience won't be very appreciative of the ill-defined, uncertain picture on a very small screen."

"Unfortunately, television is not like photography, which is more or less an instantaneous process—a flood of light reflected in various intensities from an object or objects, and falling simultaneously on a sensitive emulsion to be recorded as one effect. Television is to-day a building-up process, and the more surface it is necessary to display, the longer time is required to build it."

"The only television principle with which I am familiar is that of the scanning disc. There is no need to go into detail, but until this scanning process—which involves time—can be replaced with some method which requires no time, relatively speaking, there will be no wide commercial application of television on a practical scale."

Television Movies?

THE other well-touted phase of television has to do with the transmission of motion pictures. To-day, this is not practical in anything like a commercial sense. Nobody knows when it will be. There are such elemental and experimental things as "radio movies," which are merely minute silhouettes or outlines; but they are experimental and nothing else.



A New Menace To Worry Producers And Players

The motion picture difficulty is apparent from the expert remarks just made. If it takes an appreciable time to transmit—televisionally—one small picture, how much more time will be required to transmit twenty-four pictures? The problem is put that way because, in every second of time on the motion picture screen, twenty-four distinct and separate pictures are shown and removed. Each requires a distinct time to build.

Still, a very small device might change all this, and make television a practical reality. And we are an ingenious nation. Whenever we need an invention, there is almost always someone to invent it. At any moment, someone may supply the missing link to complete television. Possibly to-day—*now*—it has been invented!

Looking Far Ahead

LET us take a long look down the corridors of the future and imagine what may occur when it is possible to transmit both current events and motion pictures by television.

To begin with, the first, or current events division, may affect the newsreels to some extent. If there is a football game on New Year's Day at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, it may be possible, ultimately, to transmit every detail as it occurs. At three in the afternoon in Pasadena, it will be six o'clock in the evening in New York and eleven at night in London, while in Tokio the hour will be six in the morning. Perhaps the time difference is not important, but the problem of assembling a number of interesting current events into one progressive program is another matter. So, possibly, we must fall back on the transmission of motion pictures, even for the newsreel.

No one doubts that the distribution of any product is a grave and intricate problem. Getting a single motion picture production to the various theaters where it is to be shown costs almost a third of the total price the theater pays for it. And it is complicated. But what if it could be transmitted by radio-television from three or more central stations simultaneously, to appear on the screens of subscriber theaters at the same moment? Does not that eliminate many physical problems and much duplication of film?

Obstacles in the Way

A STUDIO makes a motion picture. The result is a negative. From this, a hundred to a hundred and fifty positive prints are made at a cost that runs into thousands of dollars. Thirty-two exchanges or branch

offices—manned by managers, salesmen, inspectors, clerks—handle the film, and the express company ships it here and there. That's where the thirty per cent. distribution cost goes.

What is to become of all that labor and profit on print making if we transmit by radio-television? But radio transmission also costs money. A good radio station easily eats up a quarter of a million a year in operating costs. And all theaters in one time zone may not want to run the same picture, so it may be necessary to transmit ten or twelve different pictures to satisfy them. Perhaps a hundred or even two hundred different pictures are shown in a single time zone now.

But a dozen different pictures will also require a dozen different stations operating on a dozen different wave lengths. The Eastern zone may be transmitting eleven pictures at seven o'clock to-night, while the Chicago zone is delivering twelve. Unfortunately, radio impulses don't stop sharp at zone limits, so instead of those twelve channels you may need fifty or more, and then what becomes of the regular radio programs?

Disturbing Thoughts

SHORT waves, says someone. Perhaps, but from the row that has been going on in Washington over the allocation of these, any effort to grab as many as fifty for picture transmission will precipitate a riot.

And another disturbing thought occurs. If we are to distribute by radio-television, is it necessary to go to the trouble of putting the picture—or all the pictures, rather—on celluloid film at all? Why not good stock companies at various strategic points, with their performance broadcast—televisionally?

Then what happens to the motion picture studios and their enormous equipment

and investment? What happens to the motion picture stars? It looks rather terrifying to the industry!

But perhaps, after all, it will be better to continue putting the picture on the film. The stage can never equal the breadth, scope and epic sweep of the motion picture, which is, after completion, merely the accumulation of many scenes made at many places at many times, but shown as one. However, don't let us lose sight of the possibility that the speaking stage may have an important part to play in the televisionally equipped motion picture theater. Television would then be a *Frankenstein*, destroying the very business which created it.

(Continued on page 101)



Radio came, and the studios still stood. Talkies came, and the studios remade themselves. And now television is almost here—a threat to even such potent studios as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (above) and Famous Players-Lasky (below)





Helen
Twelvetrees
has become decidedly
fashionable. Several studios
would like her to step out with
them. But after being Universally
liked in "The Cat Creeps," she
became engaged to Pathé again,
and, when last seen, was still
theirs—standing out in
"The Painted
Desert"

Chidnoff

Putting Them Back

Practice Makes Perfect Marriage

By HELEN



be when one achieves the single state and—uh—looks about for new prospects. It is a bit worrisome, wondering whether the old appeal is as potent as ever and whether one shows one's age very much, and so forth.

The effect of newly acquired singleness varies considerably with individuals. Naturally.

For instance, I think divorce has been very becoming to Colleen Moore. She has positively *bloomed* since her separation from John McCormick. She has bought a lot of new clothes—sloofy, sophisticated clothes, if you please. No more

HOLLYWOOD probably has more divorces per square inch than any other city of its size in the world. It is one of the things for which it is famous. (I hope you don't think I'm boasting—it's *true!*)

We go *in* for divorce, as it were. We do it with finesse and finish. No people anywhere, I'll wager, think up neater or more adroit "grounds" for the thing than Hollywoodians do. "Mental cruelty" is the usual charge made by wives desiring to achieve the single state and generously willing to save their husbands' feelings, when the allegations are reported in print. And the things they say!

After this is accomplished, of course, the two members of the team are automatically put back into circulation. I mean they are open to new offers. Available for re-sale. A trifle shopworn, perhaps, and ruffled. But really better than new, because they have had the advantage of practice.

As a matter of fact, this practice business makes amateur competition difficult in the marriage marts of Hollywood. What chance do you think a person has, who has never been married, in comparison with all these agile people who have been at it off and on, for years?

It is much the same situation as that of an unknown and untried actor trying to compete with an experienced and famous one who is "between contracts." Experience counts, my dears, in marriage—as in acting.

The Problems of Comebacks

GETTING back into circulation successfully is a fine little problem in itself. Not that one's status is at all questionable in these circles, as it may still be in some repressed and backward quarters of this earth. (I wouldn't know about *that!*) But it is a little bit precarious.

Unless one has kept one's hand in (of course, a flock of them have), one does not know exactly how—er—*good* one is going to



Now that Charlie Chaplin (upper left) and Betty Compson (left) are back in circulation, Lita Grey Chaplin (upper right) and James Cruze (below) are victims of partial eclipses



Into Circulation

In The Hollywood Market

LOUISE WALKER

simple, girlish effects for her! And she is wearing earrings and large, alluring hats and things.

She looks almost grown-up, these days, and she dashes about to parties as she never did before. She is surrounded constantly with swarms of personable and eager young men, plying her with compliments and making her easily the belle of any gathering

All Play, and No Work

SHE has not worked, either, since the separation, and one gathers that she doesn't care in the least

When Colleen Moore shook off the shackles (top right), John McCormick (top left) faded into the background. As did Irvin Willat (below) when Billie Dove (right) was free



whether she makes another picture soon or not. She seems to be having a gay and frivolous holiday—from matrimony and from pictures, simultaneously. And it is certainly agreeing with her.

'Snice.

Betty Compson has bloomed considerably, too, since her divorce from James Cruze. She seems to be seeing a good deal of young Hugh Trevor, who gooples at her in the most flattering manner, if you know what I mean. It's a sort of gee-but-you-are-beautiful-please-be-good-to-me expression.

It is very satisfying for a freshly circulating young woman to acquire a handsome and devoted escort right away. It is reassuring. Besides being most convenient.

Betty, I imagine, is enjoying being "company" instead of "hostess," for a while. One of the things about which she complained in her life with Jimmy, you know, was the frequency and overpowering size of his parties. The Cruze household was simply overrun with oddly assorted guests most of the time. And Betty grew pretty tired of it, I can tell you.

So, naturally, after she returned to circulation, she preferred circulating as a guest, herself, for a time. You really can't blame her. And she seems to be having a lovely time.

Far From the Madding Crowd

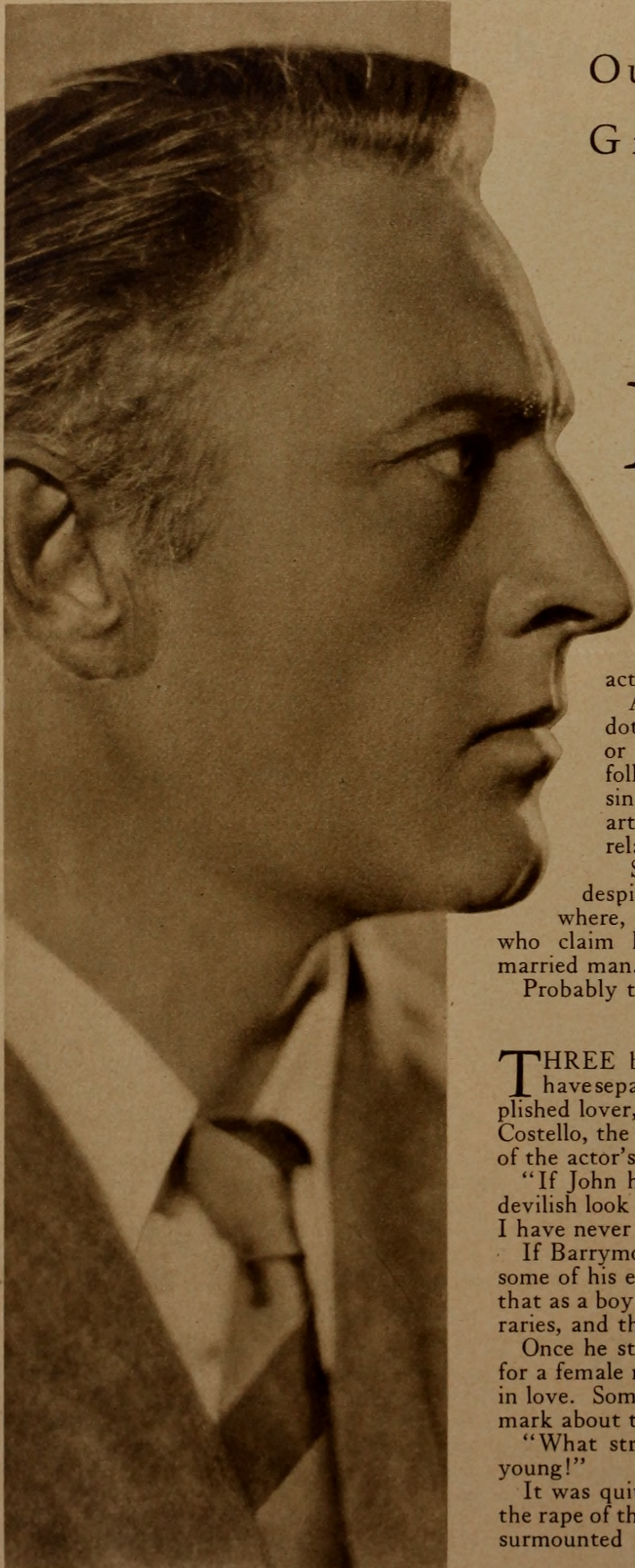
BILLIE DOVE acquired a *most* desirable and devoted escort as soon as she was divorced, too. Howard Hughes, who is not only wealthy, but also is a power in pictures—the sort of chap who can Do Things for an ambitious young screen beauty. (She acquired a gorgeous sable coat at the same moment—which caused just *such* a twittering among Hollywood gossips.)

But Billie didn't "go social" and butterfly a bit when she emerged from marriage. On the contrary, she withdrew to a house somewhere in the hills above Hollywood and wouldn't tell

(Continued on page 88)



The Legendary Barrymore



Our Foremost Actor's
Greatest Rôle Is - - -

John Barrymore

By JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN

MORE than any living Thespian, John Barrymore is a legend.

His greatest rôle, close friends and associates think, is—*John Barrymore*.

Into no *Hamlet*, no *Richard III*, has he poured the romance, the waggish humor, the cynical honesty, the utterly unconventional, colorful individuality that make his own character his masterpiece.

Art? Inheritance? Product of environment?

No one knows, Barrymore least of all. Either his character is an excellent work of art, or a gesture of Dame Nature, bent on creating one really human actor!

About his private-life character, a rare group of anecdotes has collected, many of them unprintably bawdy or profane, but all of them delightful. They have followed him around the world, accumulating steadily since his earliest days as a vagabond actor, newspaper artist, and ne'er-do-well sponger on friends and famous relatives.

Some of his most whimsical pranks are very recent, despite the fact that there are people in Hollywood—where, probably, his choicest episodes have been enacted—who claim he has turned business-*Babbitt* and very-proper married man.

Probably the *Babbitt* pose is just another prank.

To the Ladies

THREE beautiful and voluptuous Hollywood film actresses have separately remarked that, while Barrymore is not an accomplished lover, he is an ideal husband. None of them was Dolores Costello, the present Mrs. Barrymore, which caused an old friend of the actor's to remark:

"If John heard that, he'd cock up one eye with that shrewd, devilish look of his and say: 'But how can these ladies judge?—I have never married them!'"

If Barrymore's later episodes were more amusing and colorful, some of his earlier ones were charming. He admits, for instance, that as a boy he was a much more prolific liar than his contemporaries, and that he was not unversed in theft.

Once he stole his Grandmother Drew's jewels to buy a rosary for a female many years his senior, with whom he fancied himself in love. Something of the actor's character is expressed in his remark about the incident:

"What strange inroads religion makes into the minds of the young!"

It was quite some time later that he played the stellar part in the rape of the sword from the hand of the figure of Victory, which surmounted the old Dewey Arch in New York. Three news-

(Continued on page 93)



Otto Dyar

Putting Off The Dog

Not that *le Chevalier* ever put on the canine. *Maurice* knows and likes his public too well for that. He is simply trying to kid a pal into believing that Paris is a doggier town than Hollywood—and that there even *les chiens* are mad about "The Playboy of Paris"



It was fairly obvious, when he all but walked away with "The Grand Parade," that Fred Scott was not only going to "Swing High," but would be going to the front. And in "Beyond Victory" he arrives—a little surprised to find that it wasn't more of a battle

THE WALTZ DREAMER

And California
Sunshine Helps
Oscar Straus
To Dream

By

MOLLIE MERRICK

LIGHT luncheons with heavy lions make food for much of our Hollywood thought.

Since local producers acquired the habit of reaching out into the world beyond cinemaland and lifting the great from their secure retreats—for all the world like a conjurer nipping a rabbit out of thin air—you can choose your lion with impunity any day, on any lot.

Having progressed through an artistic appreciation with Mahonri Young, and a bit of dramatic dilettanting with G. A. Sil Vara, Oscar Straus claimed attention as most-famous of the musical group to be snared from the Old World.

It is a far cry from a Paris atelier to a concrete cubicle on a Hollywood studio lot. But Oscar Straus (not related to Johann Strauss, and spelled with one S) likes it. He says so—emphatically.

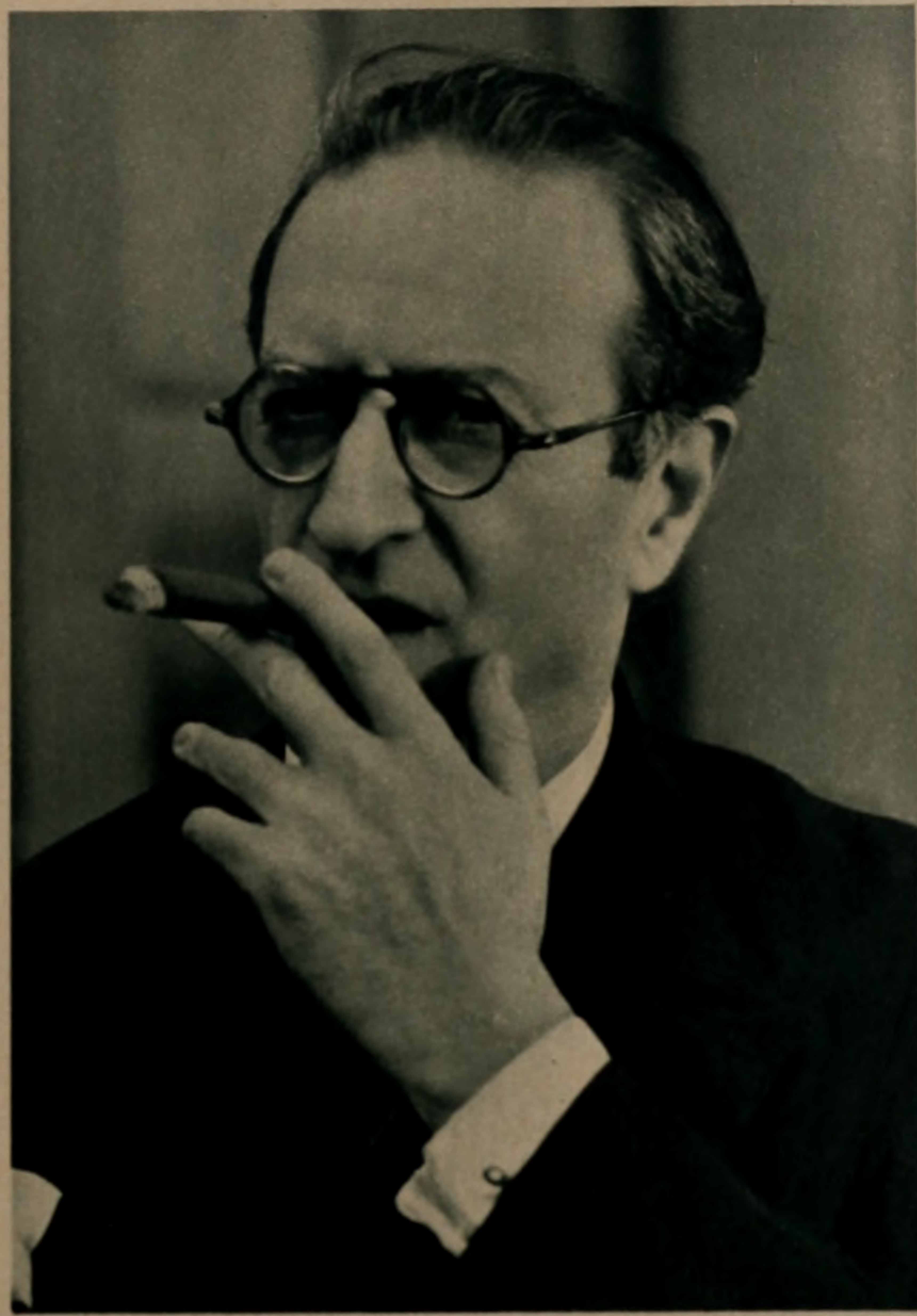
Don't think we arrived at this conclusion within the half-hour following our introduction. The great musician smiled upon being presented, gave me the genealogical and spelling rubrics of his name, then lapsed into a profound and restful silence, the while we progressed through endless commissary tables to our allotted one.

The Dream Waltz

OSCAR STRAUS stood out in my consciousness chiefly as composer of "The Chocolate Soldier." He it was who had given the world that waltz of maximum sex-appeal:

*"Come, come, I love you only—
My heart is true;
Come, come, my life is lonely—
I long for you.
Come, come, naught can efface you;
My arms are aching now to embrace you;
Thou art divine!
Come, come, I love you only—
Come, hero mine!"*

Such things as this, I had concluded on the long drive to Culver City, are written out of burning temperaments. Are written in torrential tantrums. Have a fourth-dimensional significance. The genius through whom such perfect



Longworth

rhythm reaches earth must have a transcendental quality.

I murmured something of all this as the waitress passed us the studio menu. Mr. Straus, a delicate look of concern on his fine worn face, did not answer immediately. A significant silence lay between us. Then:

"I am perplexed," said Mr. Straus, with the level-eyed passivity of a child, waked from deep sleep: "I am perplexed to know just what to say."

He dropped his eyes to the menu; then raised them to the blue-and-white waitress:

"It is very confusing. Do you think I would like the stuffed pig's knuckle?"

The Release Words

SHE thought Mr. Straus would like it very much indeed. She was gone an incredibly short time, but the interval did not furnish me with any key to the mystery of genius. A gentle coma had descended upon Oscar Straus. It was broken only by the arrival of the dish in question and my asparagus vinaigrette.

The composer of "The Chocolate Soldier" studied the
(Continued on page 86)

Join The Navy

Loretta Young
Favors Naval



For a steady diet, there is nothing like Hollywood—but Loretta wanted to know how the Navy reduces. So she boarded the *U. S. S. California*—and became a flag-waver (top right). For she heard (top left and above) what radio operators take, and discovered (left) another way to get light

Portraits by Elmer Fryer

--And See Stars

F o r O n e,
R e d u c t i o n



Calling on a battleship is one thing Loretta obviously enjoys (top right). But all of a quarter-mile from shore, she had a hard time getting her bearings (above) until she started to run up all the signal flags (top left) and was bluntly told where she was. Then it was taps for Loretta (right)

C L A S S I C



CASE VII

COURT REPORTER: ROBERT FENDER

Modern Youth may be guilty of speeding, of musical murder, and of assault and battery on the good old Mother Tongue. But are the bright-eyed youngsters guilty of everything they are accused of by their model elders? How about these charges against the youth of that so-called modern Babylon—Hollywood? William Janney and his cronies are here to tell how innocent they are.—Editor's Note.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY: Do you stand for youth?

The Defendant: I do.

P. A.: Well, sit down. (*Turns to courtroom for appreciation of his little joke. Gets booed. Continues:*) Maybe you don't know it, but we, the people, feel that the youth of today isn't so much.

Young Bill Janney: You'll have me crying next—

P. A.: And that it can easily be found guilty on at least four counts—

Janney: Let's have 'em. One at a time—

P. A.:—and that you'll have to talk awfully fast to do any good for yourself. In the first place, we believe modern youth, especially modern Hollywood youth, is headed straight for hell.

Janney: Mr. Prosecutor! Please! Your language! Remember there are gentlemen in the audience. (*Turns to courtroom.*) Will Messrs. Russell Gleason, William Bakewell and Arthur Lake please present proof that they are gentlemen?

(*The Messrs. Gleason, Bakewell and Lake present prima-facie evidence.*)

They're Hardly Themselves

JANNEY: I might as well explain. I brought these gentlemen along as witnesses. At this very moment, they are in the audience disguised as each other. William

Bakewell, for instance, represents Russell Gleason, who is disguised as Arthur Lake. Mr. Lake, in turn, appears in my likeness, while I—Gentlemen, very few know this—in reality, I am Greta Garbo.

P. A. (with tears streaming down his face): As God is my witness, I've been a cad. Can you ever forgive me?

Janney: Youth is quick to forget. All is forgiven.

P. A.: Good! And now let's get on with the trial. Personally, I'd like to get to the beach. May I ask Witness Russell Gleason to step to the stand?

(*Russell Gleason advances, doing a soft-shoe dance.*)

Clerk: Will the witness repeat after me: "I, Russell Gleason, being of sound mind and body and all that rubbish, do hereby swear and so forth, that I will speak the truth, only the truth and nothing but the truth, unless I think of something better?"

Russell: You took the words right out of my mouth.

Clerk (to P. A.): He's O. K. Shoot.

P. A.: My charge against you, as a representative of Hollywood youth, is that you waste time, our most valuable possession. Is that right?

His Idea of Fun

RUSSELL: That's right, except that it's wrong. My time is pretty well divided. Work claims most of it. The rest I spend at playing as hard as I can play. I've found that's necessary.

P. A.: Ah, yes—*playing!* Your idea of the best time in the world is to dawdle away time in a night-club, possibly?

Russell: Sorry to disappoint you, but *no*. There will be lots of time for that when I'm *your* age. Right now I'd rather meet interesting people—all I can. If you've got your pencil and paper ready, you might write down that Russell Gleason says that his idea of the best time in the world is to listen to those brighter than himself. I know of

Hold's Open Court

The Charge: Modern Youth Is All To The Bad
 The Plaintiffs: Their Elders
 The Defendants: William Janney And Pals

nothing better than to sit by while my maw and paw and their friends say things. That exhilarates me quite a lot more than Hollywood gin, even if it were gin.

P. A. (to William Janney): Do you believe that?

Janney: I happen to know it's true. Meeting, listening and talking to interesting people is Russ Gleason's major sin.

P. A. (disgustedly): Witness dismissed. And now may I ask Mr. Arthur Lake to ooze forward? (Mr. Lake does so, with variations. He looks a little tired, and the Prosecuting Attorney, noticing it, attacks him with:) Tell me, Mr. Lake. What did you do last night?

Arthur Lake: Well—Mom's got an ulcerated tooth and—

P. A.: Very interesting, Mr. Lake. Very interesting and a little touching, but what has that to do with you?

Arthur Lake: Nothing, except that I spent the night supplying her with hot towels.

A Little Wink Is a Big Sin

THE Prosecuting Attorney is embarrassed. (Hastily runs through notes, then:) What would you say if I charged you, as one of the young men of Hollywood, with being excessively wild?

Arthur Lake: I'd fight that charge. I am not wild. And neither are the boys I know. We haven't got time to be wild. When we are older and have arrived, we may have time for that. But right now there are too many necessary things to do.

This is a tough age—the toughest in history. Whatever we do, we must do it just a little better than the rest, if we want to keep up. Of course, that is particularly true of this business, but it applies in every other as well. I know of ten boys in as many different businesses.



Three of the younger set defending modern youth are Arthur Lake, William Janney and Russell Gleason, who, striking a counselor's pose, is shouting "Answer 'Yes' or 'No!'"

About half of them are college graduates, yet every single one of them is attending night school. They work all day and study half the night. And, if on the way home at night, they stop to wink at a girl, there are a thousand reformers and professional meddlers all ready to jump in and brand them "wild." It's a business—

P. A. Then you would place this age above past younger generations?

Arthur Lake: I would, I do, I have. If the present crop of young ones weren't a lot busier, wiser and brainier than those before them, they'd just naturally go under, they couldn't stand the racket. And

now, if you'll excuse me, I'll get back to my work—

P. A.: Which is?

Arthur Lake: Studying my present part, rehearsing my next picture, taking instruction in voice, dancing and foreign languages, looking out a little for things at home and—

His Elders Were Joy-Killers

P. A.: Enough! Witness excused! But before this court adjourns, I'd like to ask Mr. Janney to call Mr. William Bakewell to the stand.

Janney: How about it, Bill?

William Bakewell: I'm almost there. Mr. Prosecuting Attorney, you may fire when ready.

P. A.: As one of the younger set, I charge you with lack of ambition and aim in life. What is your answer?

William Bakewell: Just this—that if I listened to the

(Continued on page 99)

IF IT HAPPENED
IN HOLLYWOOD,
IT'S NEWS . . .
MAYBE

MOVIE STARS
AT PARTY;

THE bigger the name, the better the story. But the name does not have to be big, the story does not have to be good. All that is necessary is a Hollywood dateline. And you are sure to read it. It has become a racket, this business of Hollywood headlines. For years, newspapers all over the country have been breaking out with stories, which, had they not emanated from Los Angeles' best-known suburb and had the smell of picture studios, would have been lost in the news agencies. For years, the names of prominent picture stars have had more linotype used on them than any

other class of public figures. They are front-page news. Editors themselves commented on this fact when Rudolph Valentino and Charles Eliot died on the same day. The actor's death was retailed to the public in streamers across the front page of every newspaper in the country, while the obituary notices of the president emeritus of Harvard were included among others on inside pages.

Clara Bow takes a room in a Texas hotel and a reporter assumes that she is there to pay hush money to a local dentist's wife. Wham! The explosion of the hot story is echoed in eight-column headlines all over the land.

Rex Lease, a minor actor, takes a sock at Vivian Duncan, herself hardly a national figure, and in Hollywood the story holds page one for three days running. If the principals in the brawl had been an iceman and a maid, the news would have been lost with the fire report on page 12.

Lina Basquette takes poison, and Mussolini's threat of war on France is pushed behind the sport pages to make way for front-page sob-stories of the domestic tragedy.

Why Is It?

YOU are the reader of a magazine devoted exclusively to information, gossip and pictures of Hollywood celebrities. You buy it in preference to any of a dozen periodicals in which you would conceivably learn who rules the United States and why, and other great big, two-ton facts.

Do you know exactly why your interest is so much keener in what fan writers have to say about Greta Garbo, Clara Bow and Company than in any discussion H. L. Mencken might stir up about Senator Jazzbo in his green-covered American Mercury?

It's not because Hollywood is better publicized than Washington. There are three active newspapermen, writing from the Capital daily, to every Hollywood reporter. Ten words go out over the telegraph wires from the Senate Press Gallery to every one that's written for publication from Hollywood.

And yet almost any newspaper reader can tell you the name of John Gilbert's present wife. Few can quickly name the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, even if he did almost become President.

What's the answer?

An erudite editor of one of Mr. Hearst's news-

STEPPING OFF?

INJURED



P&A

Clara Bow, Hollywood's flaming youth, here to see "friends," would not confirm or deny her coming marriage



Carsey

Vivian Duncan, screen siren, accuses Rex Lease, movie hero, of blacking her eye at gay Hollywood party last night

BEATEN ARREST ACTOR

By

WILBUR

MORSE, JR.

papers for "People Who Think" recently tossed off what is possibly the answer.

"What the public is most interested in reading are stories of blood, love and money."

Granting that the *New York Times* and the Baltimore "Sunpapers" are circulated for the most part among people who want either to look at the pictures in the rotogravure sections, or read about the love-life of penguins at the pole, an acceptance of this eagle-eyed editor's policy explains a lot about the newspaper stories just now emanating from Hollywood—and the public's unquestioned interest in them.

It explains why our shy and retiring stars of the silver screen, try as hard as they may, can't keep off the front pages.

For in the imagination of millions of newspaper readers, both those who think and those who merely look at the pictures, Hollywood is a symbolic center of those three interesting phases of life: blood, love and money.

Combine the frequency of murders—dramatic murders; and suicides—tragic suicides; with the imagery of most picture stars as worshipers of Venus and Bacchus, and children of Cræsus, and you can understand why the "people who think" regard Hollywood as the world's most fascinating source of news about blood, love and money.

You Imagine You Know Them

THERE is another reason why this land of oranges and applesauce is the shadowy windowshade for so many eyes, the keyhole for so many ears.

One of the principles upon which several great newspapers have built staggering circulations is printing names, names and more names. For example, old Mrs. Jones, of 6054 Yasmine street, is always more interested in reading that Mrs. Hawkins at 6062 Yasmine street, fell downstairs and broke her ankle, than why King George caught influenza.

Now, it's a fact that constant attendance at the movies, and constant worship at the shrine of some cinema star, result in a feeling of almost personal intimacy with the actor or actress. That's why a minor picture actor gets a hundred times more fan letters than the most famous matinée idol of Broadway.

Any newcomer to Hollywood will tell you that he almost involuntarily said "Hello" to the first

picture personage he happened to meet on the Boulevard. He had a subconscious feeling of knowing the player. Similarly, that subconscious feeling of knowing the stars personally after seeing them so often, suffering with them, loving with them—on the screen—stirs up in Mrs. Jones almost as neighborly a response to the printed name of Ronald Colman as that of Mrs. Hawkins.

Their neighborhood movie theater is the center of so many millions of people's lives, then, that news of the stars they see there, and of the town where the stars live,

(Continued on page 98)

UNHAPPY



Freulich

Lina Basquette, film star, playing tragic rôle in real life, takes poison. Hospital physicians say she will recover

THRICE HAPPY



P&A

Jack Pickford, brother of Mary Pickford, screen star, with his bride of yesterday, Mary Mulhern, Broadway actress



Spanish Mainly

After all these torrid years of sailing the cinema seas, Lupe Velez at last has wind of a boatload of bullion coming her way. And is it going to get past her? Not while she is on deck—a star boarder, with mischief in her eyes, and with her hands full



*Portraits especially posed for Classic
by Gene*

The Kid

Also Talks

Jackie Coogan Is Back
From School For
"Tom Sawyer"

BY

NANCY PRYOR

SIXTEEN years old; a fresh sprinkling of freckles across his nose; seventy-five hundred dollars weekly in salary; an avid appetite for toasted cheese sandwiches, plus chocolate milk-shakes—and Jackie Coogan is back for the talkies. The Kid, himself, is sounding his *a's* and clearing his juvenile throat for the microphone.

For six months, the Paramount company held up the production of the talking "Tom Sawyer" until Jackie had finished his term of second-year high school—which shows how excited that astute company became over the prospect of Jackie's return to the fold.

On the other hand, Jackie is not so excited, viewing the entire situation with disconcerting calm and professing neither nervousness nor excitement in the new adventure with the mike. Sure, the picture's all right, but as a topic of conversational interest it isn't one, two, three with the excellence of toasted cheese sandwiches as fried by the Paramount chef—or, if you like, the relative nonsense of diets and dieting.

"I like plump women," he remarked, gravely examining his cheese sandwich in all its glory. "It makes them more appealing. For instance, you," he glanced casually at me, as though summing up my possible height, "could weigh a hundred and forty pounds and look great. You didn't know that, did you? Why these women want to diet, I don't know. If they'd only bother to look at a weight scale and find out what their normal weight is, they wouldn't bother with this starving stuff. Over at school, we have a weight scale, so I know all about that."

Polite Wandering

BY some miraculous cooperation of conversation and mastication that first sandwich had disappeared and Jackie gave his order for a second. I think he ate three altogether, with two tall glasses of milk-shake. I took it that the weight scale over at school allowed Jackie several pounds leeway which he was trying to make up in a hurry, though I thought him rather plumply-pleasing already.

But come! Wasn't it just *too* exciting to work in "Tom

(Continued on page 94)

Gordon



LOOKING

Close-Ups From The Coast



Bredell



Fryer

All dressed up with plenty of places to go: Ona Munson (above), mourned on Broadway, is all wrapped up in her new work, enjoying "Going Wild" and being "The Hot Heiress"

Sitting up exercises: Lillian Roth (left), having reached the top of the ladder, is resting on air—keeping in shape to off-balance Jack Oakie in "Sea Legs"

Hillman as to which one had given the other the more elaborate gift. A stray remark of Sue Carol's just about cinched it:

"Well, Marian can ride around in that Packard phaeton she gave Eddie. That's a typical wife's gift to her husband—something she can get some good from, herself. But Eddie's never going to get any wear out of that diamond bracelet he gave Marian!"

...

HOLLYWOOD is set and determined to "engage" Josef von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich with matrimonial attentions, which might be all right if the lady did not have an undivorced husband in Germany.

There is no doubt but that the Paramount director is deeply devoted to his fascinating star, but something tells me the wedding bells will not ring any time in the immediate future.

The gossips have it that Marlene is none too happy in Hollywood. She has a small daughter in Germany in whom all her interests are centered. By the way, she pronounces her first name—Mar-lana.

...

PATSY RUTH MILLER attracting much attention in a stunning green evening gown at the Olsen Supper Club. Carmelita Geraghty, equally effective in ivory satin, at the same place, in the same party.

HOLLYWOOD is intrigued with this month's gossip of the Two Broken-Hearted Young Men. Gavin Gordon is supposed to be one of them. Lew Ayres, the other.

The stories are romantic.

Gavin, they say, fell desperately in love with Greta Garbo during the filming of "Romance," and that his so-called "overacting" in that film was prompted by a heartfelt, but hopeless infatuation for the glamorous Scandinavian. Anyway, close friends of the young man say he is going through a heart-breaking experience with unreciprocated love.

On the other hand, no one in Hollywood is more disturbed over this gossip concerning Constance Bennett and Gloria's Marquis—then young Lew Ayres. He really likes Connie an awful lot, does Lew.

...

A FRIENDLY argument was taking place at the anniversary dinner of Marian Nixon and Eddie

THEM OVER

By DOROTHY
MANNERS



Phyle

Via New York and London, Claire Luce (above) finally arrived in Los Angeles, the world's largest city (in area), where, she was told, she should enjoy "Luxury"

Not posing for that old college wheeze—"Does your girl smoke?" "Almost": Inez Courtney (right) is simply looking right smart for a newcomer in "The Hot Heiress"



Fryer

Richard Arlen autographing an album for a check-room girl.

Mary Brian wearing a coat valued at thirty-thousand dollars for fashion pictures.

William Boyd burning his hand badly in an attempt to keep an extra man from striking a match on a box of explosive.

• • •

AFTER a year of somewhat strained relations, Sue Carol's mother has at last put her official blessing on the union of Sue and Nick Stuart.

She remembered their wedding anniversary with a beautiful gift of silver service plates that are the pride and joy of the new Carol-Stuart home.

Sue was so thrilled and happy that she called Chicago immediately to thank her mother.

• • •

BETTY COMPSON and Richard Dix dancing at the Coconut Grove.

Hugh Trevor in the same party.

Jimmy Hall, Merna Kennedy and Bobby Agnew at a Hollywood picture show.

Louise Brooks back in Hollywood going places with Connie Talmadge's former boy-friend, Eddie Kane.

Mary Eaton and Millard Webb and Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson in a spirited game of contract bridge.

THEY tell this one on Lowell Sherman:

The last time Lowell was crossing the Atlantic, a gay party of his friends were also aboard. The evening before the boat was to dock, the party gained momentum and a very good and noisy time was being had by all. About twelve o'clock, Lowell retired for what he termed "a little rest." An hour later he returned, fully dressed and complaining.

"Really," he drawled, "you're making a dreadful amount of noise. I can't sleep." After about ten or fifteen minutes, he again left the group to make another effort to sleep. This attempt was equally unsuccessful. So he dressed and came back again.

"Honestly," he said, as only Lowell Sherman could say it, "not only are the people on this boat being disturbed—but other boats are complaining!"

• • •

JEAN HARLOW, in the most beautiful evening gown of the season, stepping out with Ernie Torgler, young broker.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF

Loretta Young congratulating Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on his new starring contract.

Joan Crawford beaming with pride at her husband's success.

Lawrence Tibbett lunching in a vivid bathrobe in the M-G-M café.

• • •

THE feud between Cecil de Mille and Charles Bickford evidently hasn't extended into a family affair, for William de Mille has selected the virile red-headed boy for the lead in "The Passion Flower."

Bickford and Cecil de Mille reached some sort of heated misunderstanding during the filming of "Dynamite" that has never been cleared up. The story goes that De Mille made a characteristically sarcastic remark about Charlie's acting ability and, in place of cringing (as most of them do), the Bickford fellow came right back with some equally sarcastic reference to De Mille's directorial talents.

• • •

"**I** AM still engaged," confessed Lily Damita, to the Parisian reporters on the occasion of her return to her native city, and spoiled it all by adding: "But I cannot tell you my fiancé's name. By the time you would have published the news, I might have changed it."

• • •

KAY FRANCIS "fishing" quarters out of her fan mail letters.

M-G-M café waitress on her way to Greta Garbo's dressing-

room with a bottle of near-beer.

John Boles, his wife and four friends in a heavy Black Jack game at Malibu.

Janet Gaynor receiving the press at a "make up" luncheon at the Fox Studio.

Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow dining at the Cocoanut Grove—and very mutually interested, too.

• • •

GLORIA and the Marquis de la Falaise, etc., have reached a definite parting of the ways.

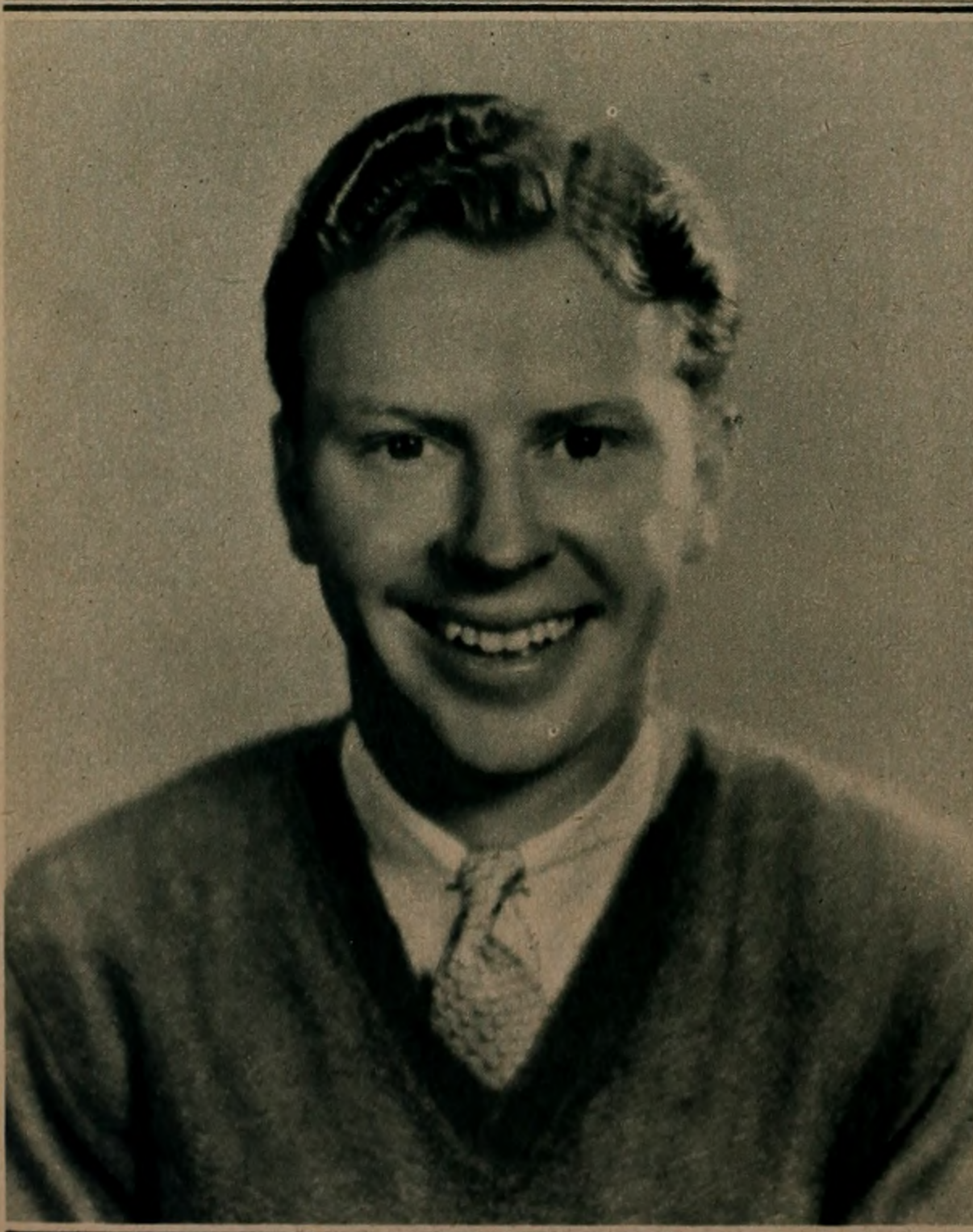
Several weeks ago, before the arrival of Hank in Hollywood, Gloria gave out an interview in which she said she hoped her titled husband would not want a divorce. She said she was perfectly content with their marital relations, even though it meant that Hank lived his life in Paris, while Hollywood claimed most of her time.

Evidently this long distance romance did not appeal so much to the Marquis. He had been in Hollywood only a day when both he and Gloria verified reports of their separation.

Hank's first official call in the film city was on Constance Bennett.

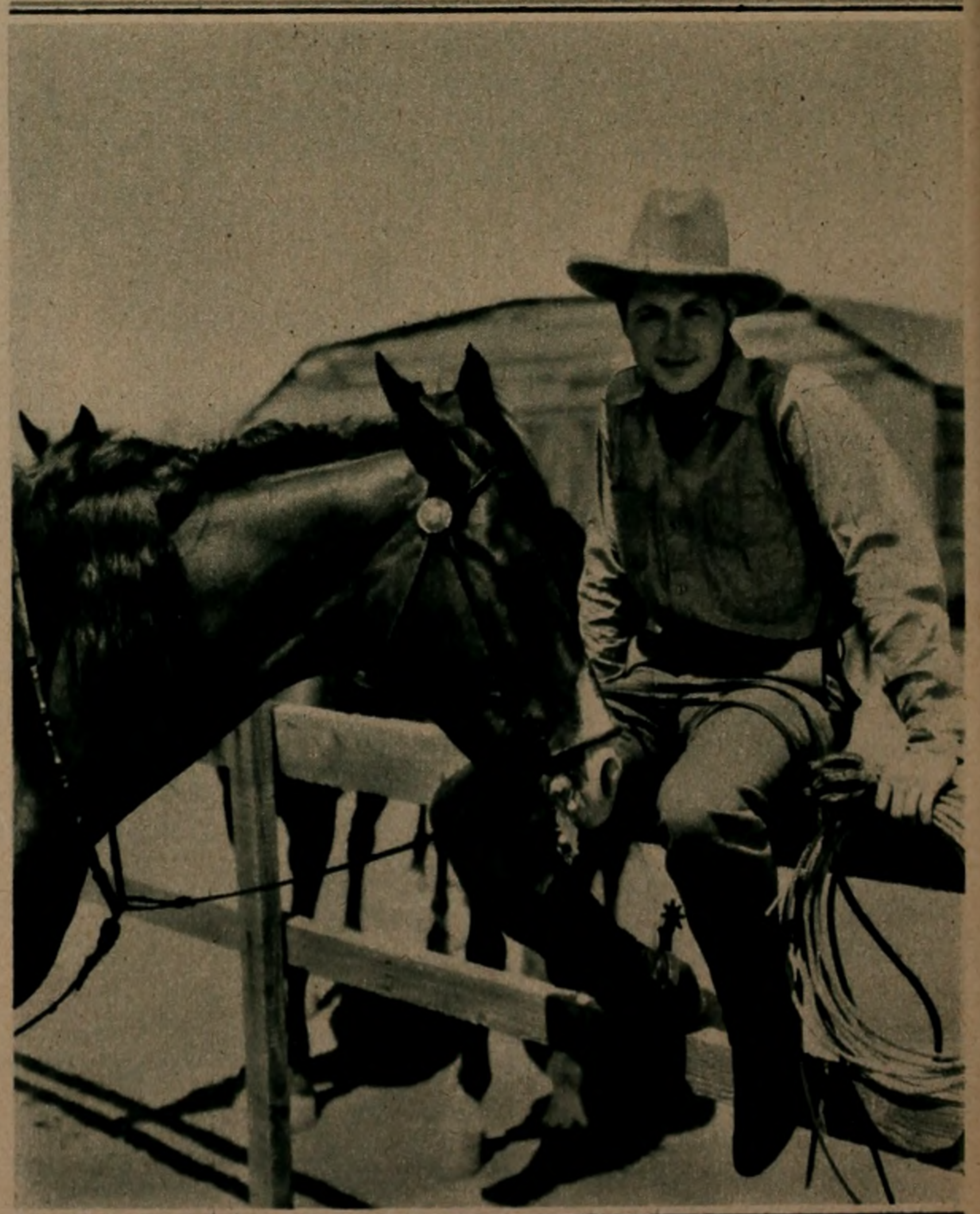
• • •

NOT more than a week after the parting of Gloria and Hank, the lady's first husband, Wally Beery, confirmed reports of divorce proceedings in his own household. Wally, stout villain of the screen, merely says that the present Mrs. Beery is "just going away." No, she isn't coming back. That's all, thank you.



Fryer

The voice with the grin wins: besides being young Doug's young stepfather, Jack Whiting gets a kick out of working at "Top Speed" and other things, after Broadway



Having won his spurs, Robert Montgomery is beginning to look more and more like a fixture on the West Coast. He has just lassoed another big part in "War Nurse"

HOLLYWOOD TODAY

Wally and Arita Mary Gillman have been married seven years. They met when 'Rita was an extra girl and Beery was King in Doug Fairbanks's "Robin Hood." She is one of the most beautiful blondes in Hollywood.

• • •

JEANETTE LOFF wearing amber-colored finger nails to match an amber bracelet.

Lupe Velez, suffering from a nervous headache, crying softly in her dressing-room.

Joan Crawford, young Doug and Lawrence Tibbett lunching together.

Hedda Hopper being offered the job of social correspondent for a movie book and almost taking it.

• • •

BEBE DANIELS' best girl-friend, Marie Mosquini, is going to take a fling at the talkies in "New Moon," which co-stars Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore.

Marie is all excited about it—and so is Bebe. These two became fast friends, way back in the Hal Roach days when Bebe was leading lady to Harold Lloyd and Marie supported Snub Pollard.

Since Bebe's marriage to Ben Lyon, Marie has been making her home with Bebe's mother, who is not only one of the most popular human beings in Hollywood—but the best bridge player.

• • •

LUPE VELEZ now comes out in print and says: "Gary and I were never in love—we are just good friends!"

Which may mean one of several things: . . . the beginning of the end of their romance . . . a temporary quarrel . . . or just an attempt to throw off the reporters who insist they are married.

Maybe they were "never in love," but I can well remember when Lupe used to cry "Garree, I loff you" at the top of her lungs on the slightest provocation.

• • •

CLARA BOW has undergone a radical change in her personal wardrobe. While Clara's clothes have always been vivid, she has never been a candidate for the title of "the best-dressed woman in Hollywood." And yet, in her last couple of public appearances, Clara has looked very smart, and incidentally, prettier than she has in years.

One of Clara's new outfits is a fawn-colored Fall suit with which she wears two perfectly matched silver fox furs; an Oxford-gray hat and a smart envelope-bag. Clara cut a dashing figure when she wore this outfit to the studio. The general run of surprised comment was: "Well, for goodness sake—"

• • •

AGAIN Paramount comes to the fore with the most dashing bit of publicity news of all. To quote:

"A princess who claims descent from that famous siren of history, Cleopatra, is Hollywood's latest royal visitor.

"It is no visit of state that Princess Athena Piaribes is making in the film city. The lure of talking pictures brought her. Like many another possessor of a proud title,

(Continued on page 89)



In the fore-ground: having at last found a golf course just her size, Marjorie White is being Tommy Clifford's age for an afternoon and exercising her voice



Dyar

No, he is not paging Lupe. Nor is he inviting a molar expedition. After a hard day's work in "Morocco," Gary Cooper's vocal organs simply need a good, long rest

A Dog For



With dog comedies on the up and up, M-G-M now has enough canines to match Anita Page's every mood. When it's excitement she wants, as above, *Big Boy* is all set

But if she feels a flirtatious pout and a sirenish mood coming on, only little limpid-eyed *Oscar*, at top left, is a match for her in side-longing looks and posing

And then there come those inevitable moments when Hollywood is as boring as a poor movie, and she needs a sympathetic pal like tired and true old *Brownie*, left

Every Mood



When a girl has been featured in one good picture after another, and is wistfully waiting for stardom, it helps to have a watchdog like *Buster*, above, also alert

And when she is in one of those "love me, love my dog" moods and wants to look downright hard to handle, it's *Bozo*, top right, that growls out the danger signals

Then, of course, there are times when coy, winsome tactics are diplomatic, and bright little lop-eared *Sandy*, right, is one friend that is quick to catch on





Clara's New Beau

By

DOROTHY
MANNERS

UNLIKE Harry Richman, there's no danger in his eyes, *Cherie*, but maybe Clara doesn't care. On the contrary, his eyes are quite blue and guileless and he uses them for smiling.

He isn't smarty, or sophisticated or night-clubby. Dinner coats make him mad and just average coats make him uncomfortable. For the sort of social life he covers in his daily routine, a sweater serves all purposes nicely.

Three or four years ago the Fox Company jerked him up from cowboy-ing in Buck Jones unit and starred him after changing his name to Rex Bell. He does not look like a cowboy and so his pictures of wild West life were not particularly successful. He looks like a typical Hollywood juvenile.

His hair is black, though it used to be blond. This sudden change of coloring threw several newspaper reporters into a raft of subtle and sarcastic comments. "He dyed it to please Clara," quoth one sister with a giggle up her sleeve. As a matter of fact, he dyed it because his hair was so sun-faded it registered in streaks for the camera. The dye job he considers entirely unsuccessful. As soon as Nature permits, he will again be a blond—streaks and all. "He's dyed his eyebrows and plucked them, too,"



Romance has always beckoned to Clara Bow, the promising protege of Madame ("The It Woman") Glyn. But life is never dull for a girl who has one pressing (or even depressing) engagement after another. Her first beau was Gilbert Roland, then came Gary Cooper, followed by "Vic" Fleming, the director—and the one and only Harry Richman. The latest to receive Clara's favors is Rex Bell, the former cowboy actor

Gilbert, Gary, "Vic" Fleming, Harry - - And Now Rex, In The Order Named

gleefully reported the same lady who called attention to his hair, and this, too, was supposed to be in honor of Clara. The truth is, when he dyed his hair, he got the dye all over his face, including his eyebrows, and he looked so "villainish" with scowling black brows that he tried to rub off the dye with pumice stone. When that wouldn't work, he yanked them out!

She Speaks His Language

HE'S really a nice kid, eager and friendly and enthusiastic like a young pup. He insists he hasn't had much education and doesn't always speak "proper English." That is one reason he is so attracted to Clara. She didn't have much education to start with, either, but it's "wonderful how she's learned about—things." She never, never makes a mistake in grammar. And she helps Rex with his own little difficulties, too. Whenever he starts a sentence with "It don't" or some other phrase that grates on Clara's educated ear, she makes him go back and start all over again.

He's been hanging around Hollywood
(Continued on page 97)



Elmer Fryer

As a pirate, James Rennie cannot be kept down. After all those years that he was anchored in New York, it seems good to get up with the sea-gulls to look out for his fortunes. Right now, there's a ship coming in, and, being *Captain Blood*, he's certain it's going to be his



Elmer Fryer

When she and Universal parted, Laura La Plante expressed a belief that there were other fish in the sea. And if appearances aren't deceiving, she was right. Not conscious of being on the rocks, she is, at the present moment, in a position to land a number of things

The Rest of Lady Peel

Beatrice Lillie

Gives An Interview

Between Winks

To

HALE HORTON

"LADY PEEL," I inquired, politely, "just how does the Lord react to your camera sittings?"

Having seen that sad-faced elfin-like creature, Beatrice Lillie in a "Charlot's Revue," I knew her to be something of a drollster, and subtle as the wind. So when I had been informed by the efficient Fox publicity force that she might be found in her dressing-room-bungalow, I had legged it across the hot lot and at the moment was peering eagerly through a screen door, behind which I presumed my quarry was lurking.

"Camera sittings?" came a voice. "Camera sittings? I rather fancy I miss your meaning. Furthermore, I'm not Miss Lillie, but rather her secretary, Miss Walsh, and Miss Lillie's husband is a baronet, and not a Lord, and at present Miss Lillie is sleeping. Won't you come in?"

So I entered; and she reluctantly pushed me through another door, where I found my objective stretched out comfortably on a couch. With one eye, she peered at me gloomily. Her face was shaded with sorrow; and I couldn't help noticing that she appeared to advantage in green pajamas. However, out of deference to her exhausted condition, I postponed my question relative to the aforementioned sittings.

"I suppose," she sighed, "that we must talk about something. It's customary, isn't it, Walshie?"

"I fear that such is the custom."

Suggesting the Impossible

"THEN"—and Miss Lillie indicated a chandelier composed of pink grape-vines, intertwined with daffodils and purple roses—"let's discuss *that*."

Obviously, it was impossible. I told her so. With a shrug she went back to sleep, Miss Walsh went into a trance, and your correspondent took advantage of the resulting lull by mulling over a few facts of Miss Lillie's life.

Recalling, for instance, that she was the result of a union in Canada between an Englishwoman and an Irishman—and she's really comparatively young, her birthday having fallen on May, the nineteenth. Even at so tender an age, Miss Lillie has done rather well, as she actually broke into the "writies," not so long ago, with an article on "Should a Husband Eat Breakfast Alone?" She, herself, however, seldom eats breakfast, with the exception of a pot of tea, and she usually takes it in bed. On the few occasions when she has felt the urge for an early morning repast, she is reported to have shown a decided preference

for kippered herring and cold canned tomatoes, which are as good reasons as any for abstinence.

In spite of later success, her first attempts at connecting with the stage met with repeated failure; she argues that she was simply "no good." Finally, she connived an introduction to Charlot, with whom she obtained an audition and a three-year contract—and it differed from the typical talkie contract in that it contained no six-month-option clause.

Her first big part was in a play called "Now's the Time," aptly titled by an electrician, one presumes, for the lights went out the moment her number commenced—and stayed out, until she had left the stage.

The Lyons' Share

AFTER a few more plays, she came to Los Angeles, in vaudeville, and every night during the run, Ben Lyon and his Bebe sat in the front row, wearing long, black beards at which they would stroke, until Miss Lillie had miraculously finished her appearance. No doubt deeply affected by this hairy reception, she trotted back home and got married.

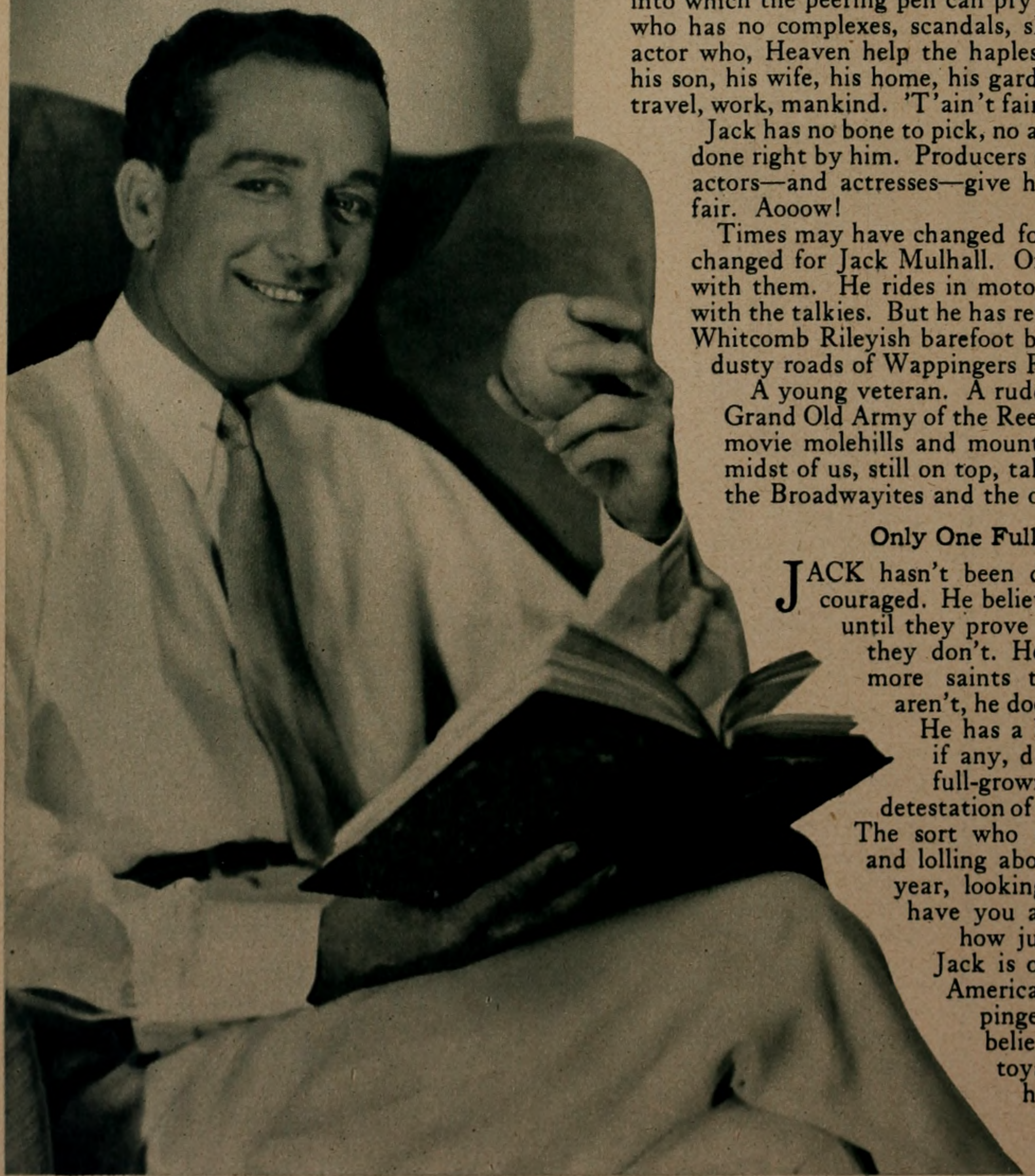
(Continued on page 84)



He Acts Natural

By
GLADYS HALL

Which Explains Some
Things About
Jack Mulhall



YOU cannot get Freudian about Jack Mulhall. Ah me, what is there to write of when you are dealing with the sunny simplicity of soul of an Irish-American from Wappingers Falls, N. Y.? How can you go on and on and on about a movie actor who has no dim and dark abysses into which the peering pen can pry and probe? A movie actor who has no complexes, scandals, skeletons or sins? A movie actor who, Heaven help the hapless scrivener, is crazy about his son, his wife, his home, his garden, tennis, golf, swimming, travel, work, mankind. 'T'ain't fair.

Jack has no bone to pick, no axe to grind. Hollywood has done right by him. Producers are good fellows. His fellow actors—and actresses—give him the breaks. Critics are fair. Aooow!

Times may have changed for some folks. They haven't changed for Jack Mulhall. Or rather, he hasn't changed with them. He rides in motors and airplanes. He talks with the talkies. But he has remained, at heart, the James Whitcomb Rileyish barefoot boy who trudged the sunny, dusty roads of Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

A young veteran. A ruddy-haired candidate for the Grand Old Army of the Reelpublic. Seventeen years of movie molehills and mountains finds Jack still in the midst of us, still on top, talking away with the best of the Broadwayites and the other survivors of the fittest.

Only One Full-Grown Dislike

JACK hasn't been downed. He is never discouraged. He believes that men are his friends until they prove to be the contrary, which they don't. He believes that women are more saints than sinners, and if they aren't, he doesn't want to hear about it.

He has a lot of lusty likes and few, if any, dark dislikes. The only one full-grown enough to talk about is his detestation of Little Folks with Big Heads. The sort who are touching you one year and lolling about in their Rollses the next year, looking very distingué or what-have you and saying faintly, "Aow, how ju du"?

Jack is one of six rampaging Irish-American Mulhalls. From Wappingers Falls, N. Y. He still believes in the tenets and the toys of his boyhood. A boyhood hymned by James Whitcomb Riley. A boyhood where the lads hiked

(Continued on page 80)

Bachrach

Our Own News Camera



Richee

Gone are the long, dark shroud, the scrawny figure, and the wizened face. This is 1930, and to bewitch anybody nowadays, Clara Bow reveals (above), a girl has to have something besides black cats

Pleasure bent: even as genial and successful a dog-trainer as Rennie Renfro (below) has to be sat on every so often, what with the way he works them to supply demand for M-G-M's canine comedies

Bjerring



Hand in hand: Fred Scott, who first swung high in "The Grand Parade," is glad to meet someone else who is famous after one picture—Jean Harlow (below), only a Chicago society girl before "Hell's Angels"

Ball



Dyar

She has a good time all the time: when she isn't confounding interviewers with spelling tests, Mitzi Green (above) is looking for more conquests in apple tubs and Tom (Jackie Coogan) Sawyer

"It's beastly hot," pants Oh (that's his name), Sue Carol's favorite sitting bull (all movie dogs talk, you know), but Sue is keeping cool, even if she is Amos 'n' Andy's leading lady

Hendrickson



CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO



Wenger

Up on the carpet: usherettes in the Fox Carthay Circle Theater in Los Angeles are kept off their feet for a half-hour each day by this sort of thing (left). All of which only proves that if you work in a movie, you work



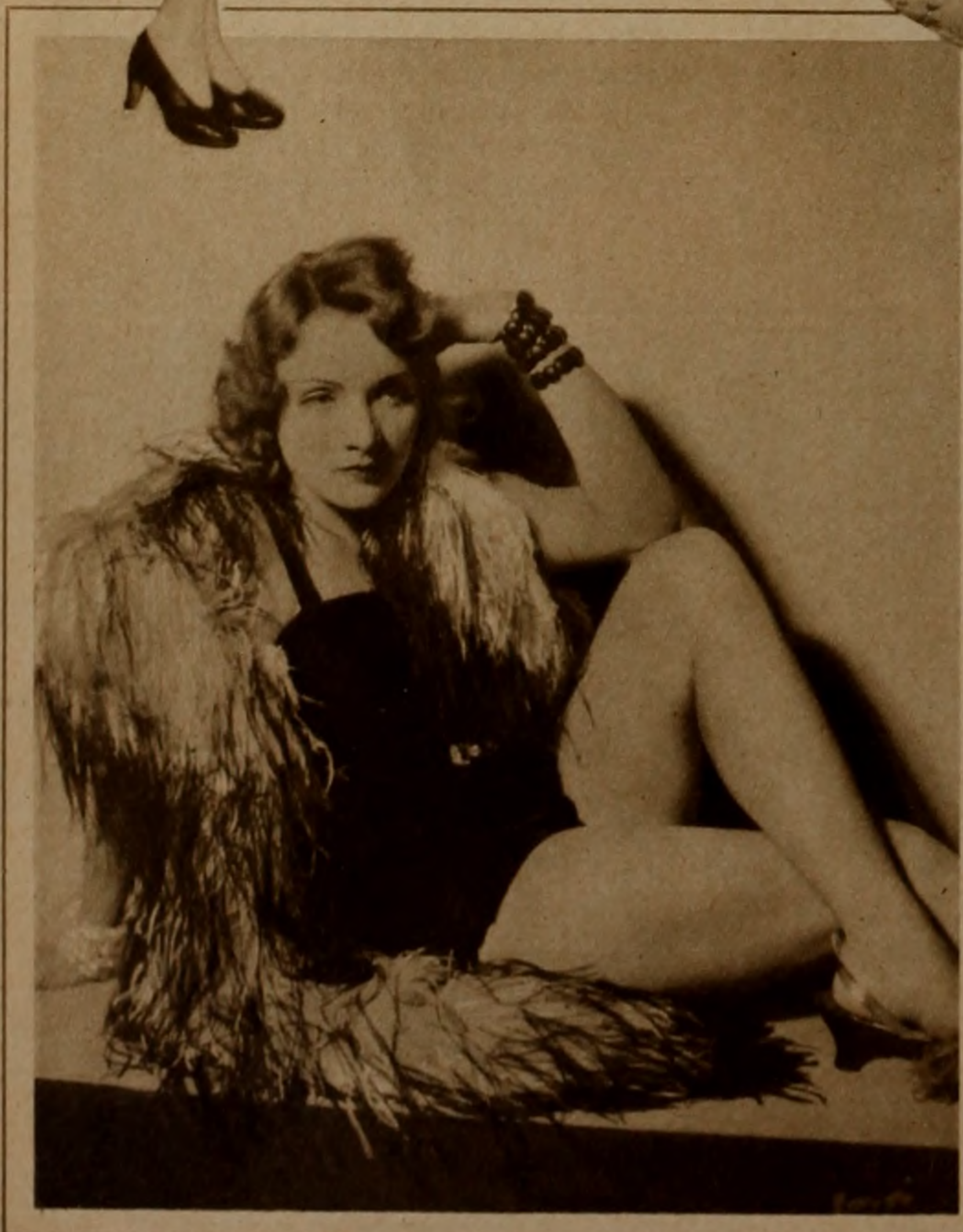
Richee



Two little hips and a big hooray—and they are the least you can give to see Barbara Lee (left) in "Whoopee," the wow musical comedy. And she is only one of Mr. Ziegfeld's gifts to Hollywood



A slight oversight: Aunt (Clara Blandick) Polly overlooks her specs (above) to find Tom and Huck Finn, to the amusement of Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin, who are America's best-known boy friends in the talkie version of "Tom Sawyer"



Most of them build swimming pools, but newcomer Claire Luce (above) preferred a fish pond. Then, no one could possibly call her a bathing beauty, and she would keep out of deep water

Not-so-heavy thinker: the first talented German to enter American talkies, Marlene Dietrich (left) is, figuratively speaking, wondering how she can be in both Hollywood and "Morocco"

Richee



English

You know how salt acts on cucumbers? Well, offstage, cool-as-a-cucumber Charlie Ruggles (above) is taking no chances on getting pickled. It's under the water, not the weather, for him

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN



Families will be families (right): on one of those Sunday afternoons they always spend together, this is how they looked to a snapshot fiend: (front row) Robert Armstrong, Mrs. Gleason and son Russell; (back row) Mrs. Armstrong and James Gleason



Stax

As the movie producers say, there is more than one way to get around a runt golf course: and little Dorothy De Borba, new addition to Our Gang (above), is in a position to show you how, Chubby being able to stand a little more weight



There are more ways than one to avoid getting cold shoulders in Hollywood: and Albertina Vitak, soloist dancer (right), reveals how warm she is in the snow number of "The March of Time"



Hurrell



Hawaiian News Bureau

Surf bathing in Hawaii: Harold Lloyd, out to show his company a good time between scenes of "Feet First," gives them a taste of the sea and how Hawaiians go places and do things

Jazzbohemian: having played in enough successes to be able to afford a playhouse all her own at Malibu Beach, Raquel Torres (above) defies anyone to teach her how to get the blues

Just to prove what bally, silly things hats are, anyway (Hollywood doesn't wear them), William Janney gets under Claude Allister's tall English topper (right), and Claude goes collegiate



A "VILLAIN" Smiles --

But Paul Lukas
Does Not Like
To Do It

By GLADYS HALL



A TRAIN pulled into the Hungarian capital Budapest. A bell rang. A whistle blew. Passengers disembarked. A child was born.

The child was Paul Lukas. The date, May 26. The year — he should tell! Aren't "villains" ageless?

He remains an only child. He has no living relatives. Only in-laws.

When he began his career in the theaters, he changed his name to Paul Lukas. He doesn't tell his real one.

He has been called "The Hungarian Lew Cody." He has also been called "The Hungarian John Barrymore." Because he has played rôles similar to the latter. Because he somehow suggests the former.

He resents both "compliments." Feels that Messrs. Cody and Barrymore doubtless resent them also.

He wishes to be Paul Lukas, himself, or no one at all. He is militantly individualistic. Probably an egotist.

He doesn't believe in "second Valentinos" or "third Mary Pickfords."

Labels, tags, stereotypes and formulas are taboo.

He is six feet one and one-half inches tall. Weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds stripped. Has curious hazel eyes. Brown hair receding. A generous, predatory nose. A sophisticated, adult mouth.

Hardly Practical

HE flew to the interview. That is, flew to the nearest alighting place. Arrived breathless, clad in a wind-breaker and knickers. Dropped to one knee and kissed the hand. Which (the kneedropping) goes the Lebedeffs, the Asthers and the Schildkrauts one or two better.

He believes that American men are too practical. Too generous with money and too grudging with romance. They haven't enough time to drop on knees and kiss hands. A pity. Beautiful women do not like practical men—until they have experienced impractical men, and then it is usually too late for them to be choosy. Plain women like practical men even less.

When in school, he was the head of all dramatic clubs, amateur theatricals and sing-songs, if they have such things in Hungary. He thought himself pretty good. So did his admiring fellow Thespians. He still does. They still do.

American film actors and Hungarian stage stars are responsible for his being in our midst. He saw the work of both and knew that it was his work.

He prefers the stage, but asked me not to mention it.

His father had a big advertising business. He naturally wanted his only son to join him. His only son tried it and stuck for a month. Was ineffably bored, pleasantly regretful, and departed. This was after he had risked his life for his country. He felt that he had earned his freedom.

His Front Lines

HE was in the War and did his best acting in the trenches and thereabouts. Served a goodish time and had enough of it. Didn't want to die. Too much to do. Too much to be alive for. Was "taken" with shakings and tremb-

(Continued on page 101)

A "VILLAIN" *Laughs* ---

And Lew Cody
Laughs Till It
Hurts

By GLADYS HALL

LEW CODY . . .

With, I should say, less to smile about.

Lew has been generous with Life. He has poured generous libations of heart and purse, of friendship and love. Life has been generous with Lew. Money and fame and friendship and the fleshpots. In all, I shouldn't wonder, but the essentials. Those simple, homely things that remain with a man for his comforting when the fleshpots have lost their savor.

Lew has given Life some tough pummelings. Life has retaliated in kind.

The last bout, it looked as if Life would come off a smirking victor. Death so near to him. Illness. The end of a contract. The need of Beginning Again after traveling a long and arduous road. From the days when matinee girls in White Plains hugged a debonair photograph to their palpitant bosoms and murmured "Lew . . ." to the days of Aileen Pringle-Lew Cody comedies, when the daughters of those same palpitant bosoms likewise murmured "Lew . . ."

Lew has busted back at Life and, at this writing the odds are even, with Lew a bit to the fore.

Laughter That Hurts

LEW sits in his patio in his own backyard. He wears a silk kimono and an African sun helmet.

The patio is carpeted with beach sand. Back of it there is a pool. Over the pool and to the rear is a sign. It reads, "Ye Comfort Station."

On either side of Lew is draped a beauteous damsel or so. Aged nineteen. He calls them "old hags." And laughs. The laughter is impersonal enough to hurt.

Lew is going through all tricks that have lost their savor. He is amused. He is no longer bemused.

Probably James is the only human being who means very much to Lew at the present. The one who is close and familiar and necessary. James is the negro man Lew has had for years. And James refers to Lew and himself as "We." He says, "We are going to have our pictures made . . . We have been sick, but we're better now . . . We don't want a day off . . . We go down to Central Avenue and gets into trouble. That is no place for us. Here is where we belong."

The only time James uses the first person singular is when he refers to "My car."

The Unwelcome Guest

IF AN envious guest suggests to James that there might be more money and more leisure elsewhere, James says, "We will have to talk that over, suh," thus panicking the disloyal guest, who incidentally, is a guest in one house no longer.

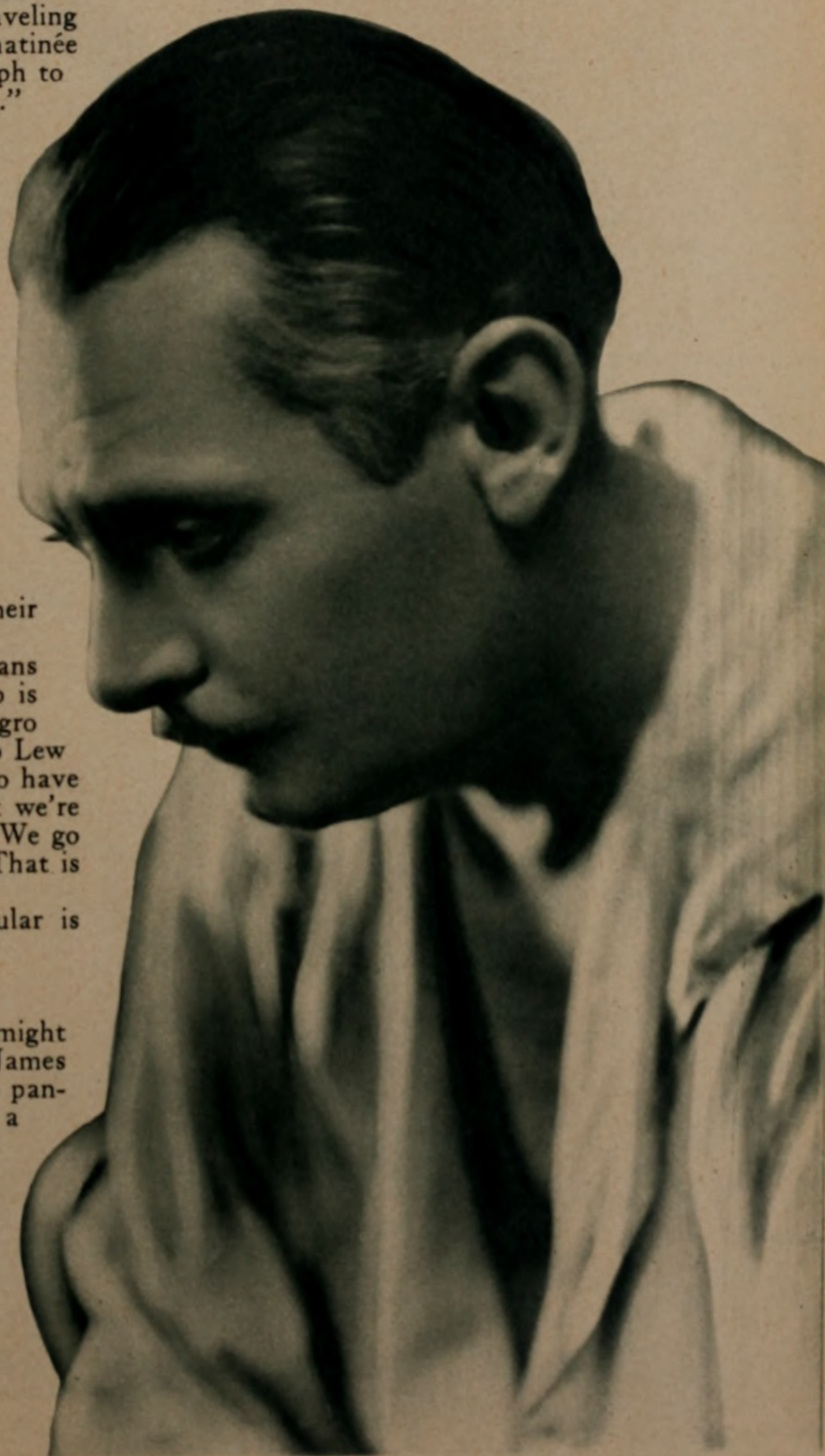
Lew commands loyalty. Or he doesn't command it. He just plain gets it. Deserved or not, there it is, unwavering, long-lived and wholly unequivocal.

"We" play tricks. Lew and James sit in the sun and spin tricks to trap the unwary guest.

The radio plays. There is a pause for a station announcement. The announcer says, "If anyone knows the whereabouts of Gladys Hall, last seen driving toward Beverly Hills, will they kindly report to headquarters?"

This is usually good for a slight fainting fit or a

(Continued on page 100)





M E E T T H E K I L L E R



Edward G. Robinson Is Hunted Down And All But Fingerprinted

By ALLEN ERWIN

BANG! Bang! A fancy little gat responds to Edward G. Robinson's trigger finger. The rival gangster gasps, clutches his side where the bullets are supposed to take effect, writhes a bit, and falls in the heap he has rehearsed twenty times. Something's got to be done about that fall; it's still far from perfect.

The juvenile's eyes pop convincingly, but noiselessly. He's hiding behind the curtain, and you can just bet he's seen everything. He'll make a mental note of all this.

Then, when Edward G. decides to give him the works, he'll remember the advice of Miss Stufflebean, his dear old Sunday School teacher, get smitten with noble intentions, vow to travel the straight and narrow, and be properly relieved when his moll arrives with the dicks, right when Mr. Robinson is all ready to take him for a ride.

Foiled again! But Edward G. doesn't give a hang. He just doesn't seem ever to learn his lesson. He simply packs up his greasepaint, brushes his pearl-gray spats, sends the foppish striped suit with the yellow waistcoat to the dry cleaners, and moves to another studio, to do his dirty work all over again. Being depraved is paying awfully well this season.

It Pays to Be Bad

ROBINSON'S success in the portrayal of gangsters will probably make him the successor of Eric von Stroheim as the man you love to hate. He has worn a groove in his trigger finger



Fryer

When he expresses himself as *Little Caesar* (as at top), you'll forget that he wouldn't know a gangster if he saw one

and his income-tax report has become something for experts to worry over.

With only six pictures completed, his salary is already substantially more than that of most of the handsome youths whose spines shiver, cinematically, of course, when he is perpetrating one of his expert treacheries.

The handsome youths receive hundreds of letters from loyal fans. Letters which have long since ceased to give them any pleasure; mash notes from adoring high-school girls; timid compliments from married women in the outlying districts, which thinly conceal the fact the present husband hasn't quite fulfilled the qualifications of romantic idealism.

Robinson's letters from screen fans can be counted upon his fingers. Yet no actor in Hollywood can derive more enjoyment from fan letters.

He would like to receive mash notes and hear women say, "There goes Edward G. Robinson. Isn't he handsome?" He'd simply eat it up and work like the devil to live up to the part. This matinee-idol complex, with a face the Fates meant for leers, is his major incongruity. He thinks he's a very complex person, but his other incongruities exist mostly in his imagination.

Not At All Bashful

HE is frankly egotistical. Extremely proud of his accomplishments during sixteen years spent on the stage, he knows he's good and he likes to hear people say it.

He doesn't just want publicity; he craves it. Craves it so much that, shortly after his arrival in Hollywood he

(Continued on page 96)



Warm But Not Bothered



Summer may be past, but Leila Hyams is still basking in the sun. Even the climate is agreeing with her—that she ought to be colorful as John Gilbert's girl in "Way for a Sailor"

Hurrell

LAURENCE REID
REVIEWS
THE NEW
PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid



Confetti Time in N'Orleans

"DIXIANA" has its good points. And some nice curves, too. The latter are contributed by Mrs. Ben Lyon—Bebe Daniels to you. The former include some colorful ensembles, a handsome production, a few pleasing songs, the presence of those "cuckoos," Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, a show-stopping interpolation by the tap-dancing Bill Robinson, and a hip-hip-hurrah performance by Ralph Harolde, one of the most up-'n'-coming menaces in movieland.

The film is obviously designed to follow in the footsteps of "Rio Rita." But it fails to attain the excellence of that picture. And, moreover, it is a year later.

Bebe is cast as a song-and-dance girl in a Louisiana carnival. Love comes. And also conflict. Then finally there is a spectacular sequence in the colorful New Orleans gambling resort of the villain, lots of Mardi Gras stuff, a duel and a final clinch.

Another Cameo for Arliss

WHEN it comes to exquisite character etchings, Mr. George Arliss is undoubtedly the finest artist yet to give his talents to the screen. In "Old English" this first gentleman of the cinema bestows upon his ever-increasing public another boon in his conception of the doughty ageling whom he created in the theater.

"Old English," be it known, is the nickname of a British octogenarian who has known his wild oats during the reign preceding that of the dear late Queen. Yes, he has had his moments. And as a result is equipped with a fine set of grandchildren whose 'scutcheons are crossed with the bar sinister. The film deals with his guileful plan to provide for these illegitimate darlings before departing this world on the final great adventure. There is a villain in the piece.

The tale is somewhat outmoded if judged by current cinema standards. There is a dearth of action, and just the suggestion of the usual "young love interest." Betty Lawford and the young woman who is so charming as the Irish maid stamp themselves with the hall-mark of talent.

The Great American Film

ITS producers call it "the most important picture in fifteen years." But the mighty film drama, "Abraham Lincoln," is more than this. It is the outstanding contribution of the cinema to the great collection of Americana preserved by camera and celluloid for future generations. And it is the *magnum opus* of the "Old Master," David Wark Griffith.

There is inspiration in every chapter of the film story which traces "The Emancipator" from the lowly cabin of his birth to the high places of world fame and universal recognition. In telling his tale, Griffith has stressed the humanity of his hero. His theme is Lincoln, the Man—rather than Lincoln, the Legend.

It is perfectly cast, with Walter Huston making himself immortal in the title rôle, and Una Merkel, as the tragic Ann Rutledge whom Lincoln loved and lost.



Above, Bebe Daniels has a colorful rôle in her new film, "Dixiana," supported by Ralph Harolde and a singing and dancing ensemble. At the right, George Arliss (excellent as usual) and Betty Lawford in "Old English." Below, Walter Huston as Lincoln at Ann Rutledge's bedside, with Una Merkel playing the part of the tragic sweetheart



Critic

THIS MONTH

DIXIANA ABRAHAM LINCOLN
OLD ENGLISH MONTE CARLO
ROMANCE ANIMAL CRACKERS

Garbo at Her Best

IT is probable that her latest—and greatest—photoplay, "Romance," marks the zenith of Greta Garbo's glamorous career. For it is impossible to imagine a finer portrayal than that offered by the "White Flame." So if you want Garbo at her best—seek and see "Romance."

The film is an almost literal transcription of the play which brought a decade of fame to Doris Keane. Greta is that turbulent-souled singer, *Rita Cavallini*, who finally yields her heart to a youthful cleric.

Garbo plumbs new dramatic depths. She adds new charm to her attractions, and is very much the star of the production. But the very sure support of Lewis Stone adds to the excellence of the lavishly mounted production. The selection of Gavin Gordon as the priestly lover is less fortunate, but the shadow of the great Garbo softens the glare of his defects.

Triumph for Director and Cast

AFTER all's said and done, "Monte Carlo," Ernst Lubitsch's latest, is a musical comedy. It is something of a triumph for the director, for his light, skilful touch is apparent in every sequence. But the picture itself lacks the broad appeal which has distinguished his most popular efforts. Now and then the production fairly sparkles. But there are frequent intervals of darkness between the lightning flashes.

The plot is one of those things about a dashing nobleman, wealthy, of course, who disguises himself as a hair-dresser in order to gain access to the affections and the boudoir of the beautiful, haughty and impecunious Countess. The story provides the leading players with opportunities for several songs—solos and duets. And the casting of Jack Buchanan, the London-New York stage favorite, and Jeanette MacDonald, in the leading rôles, assures tuneful vocalizing, and a certain grace and graciousness that must be listed among the chief charms of the production.

Lunatics at Large

SOME of the funniest fumadiddles of filmdom are presented by those hilarious hoodlums, the Four Marx Brothers, in their new mirth-movie, "Animal Crackers." There's no more sense to the talkie than there is to its title. But if you want to laugh until the tears wash the blues away, this one is just what the doctor ordered.

The plot of the piece is lost somewhere in the shuffle. Or, more probably, Groucho, Harpo, Zeppo and Chico sneaked up on it in some dark corner of the studio, and tossed it bodily out the window. In any event, it is lost, strayed or stolen. And no reward offered. The brothers work singly and in bunches to bring you a conglomeration of gorgeous nonsense. And if you fail to giggle with glee at their antics, better have the funny-bone examined immediately.



Above, Greta Garbo has a wistful moment in "Romance"—with Lewis Stone trying to soothe her. At the left, Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald carry on a frolicsome scene in "Monte Carlo," a talkie which gives the English actor a chance to do his stuff. Below, the four Marx Brothers make a talkie of their stage hit, "Animal Crackers"



JOAN CRAWFORD

discovers new silverware
treasures in "PIECES of 8"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The Viande Knives and Forks and
companion pieces for her table.

That very modern young lady, Joan
Crawford, appears in the role of that
dashing pirate girl, Johanna Silver,
the symbol of 1847 ROGERS BROS.
famous "Pieces of 8."

For Joan . . . like thousands and
thousands of other modern young
women, has discovered the new
Viande pieces for her table. The
silverware treasure of this modern
age. Knives with long handles and
short blades. Forks with long handles
and short tines. And the companion
pieces . . . salad forks, salad knives,
butter spreaders and dessert forks.

And, of course, her silver is in
"Pieces of 8." Eights of the
essentials . . . dinner knives and
dinner forks, 8 tea spoons, 8 dessert
spoons . . . and a sugar spoon and a
butter knife. And the most delight-
ful of all . . . this gorgeous array of
America's oldest and finest silver-
plate in the newest Viande shapes
and forms . . . costs but \$49.50.

. . . .

Viande Knives, Sixes, \$15.00 . . . Eights, \$20.00
Viande Forks, Sixes, \$8.25. Eights, \$11.00.
3 Piece Tea Set \$40.00 . . . Tray \$20.00.
Silhouette pattern.

The Viande Knife, U. S. Patent Applied For.
Canadian Registration Granted Feb. 11, 1930.



JOAN CRAWFORD, starring in the
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture,
"Our Blushing Brides."

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVER PLATE

a Product of the International Silver Company

Write International Silver Company, Factory E, Meriden, Connecticut,
for booklet Y-57, "What the well-dressed table will wear in silverware."



They're in the Barkies Now

It's Time To Wish You
Could Lead A Dog's Life

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER



JIGGS

THERE has been much ado in the past year or two about new players. Actors hitherto unknown on the screen have startled us by arising to abrupt prominence in talking pictures.

And now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has signed a whole new stock company of some forty or more promising players—all at

once. It is a novel arrangement all around. The young actors live all together on an elaborate country place out in the San Fernando Valley.

They are carefully watched. Their diets are prescribed for them individually, by experts.

They are kept in excellent physical trim and they have rehearsals of one sort or another every day of their lives, whether they are actually at work on a picture or not.

No gay night-life in Hollywood or them. No parties or cocktails or rich food at the Cocanut Grove. They go to bed at sundown and take regular exercise and study their rôles. They live for their Art.

Sounds like a dog's life, doesn't it? But they do not appear to mind. After all, you know, if one is an Artist—and if one's rations are of the best and if one's directors know all those sensitive little spots back of one's ears where one likes to be scratched—well, one can put up with some restrictions. A bone and a ball and a soft bed. Reward enough for a good little dog, any day.

They Know Their Movies

NOT all of these players are newcomers to the screen. *Jiggs* and *Buster* and several of the others have had valuable screen credit for years. They even enjoy voluminous fan mail. And must needs send out a great many photographs to admirers all over the world.

Bustar—that tall, lean, aquiline leading man—comes from a long line of stage people. His father was once a male star. And famous, too. But now, *Buster, senior*, is getting a little gray and grizzled and has devel-

oped unmistakable jowls. So he is relegated to "character rôles" and must leave the romantic parts to his promising son!

I hesitate a little bit to reveal that the lovely, languishing, blonde lady—the Greta Garbo of the "barkies"—who will play Greta's rôle in the forthcoming canine version of

"Anna Christie"—is known, most inappropriately, as *Oscar*. Sometimes, *Oscar* dons male attire and portrays a young man. It all depends upon the requirements of the story. And all the artists are very nice, indeed, about doing whatever they are asked to do.

Jiggs, in particular, is an old hand at the business. And I am sure you never saw so versatile an actor in your life. He plays old men or young flappers with equal verve and enthusiasm—his portrayal depending largely upon what sort of costume they give him. And, of course, what sort of voice.

Four Legged Humans

FOR the present series of pictures is an innovation. *Jiggs* and *Buster* and *Oscar* never were permitted to talk before. Their articulation was restricted to well-timed "woofs" and nicely modulated "grrrrs!" Now, if you please, they have human beings to talk for them—as well as to sew and cook and valet.

They have voices and costumes and characterizations to consider. They have become people.

And do they like it? Well—yes and no. They love their Work, of course. But, naturally, it is a little hard to share the spotlight after one has been the real star of all one's pictures. They are nearly as apprehensive about finding their voices on the screen as some of our silent picture human actors were.

Their two directors, Jules White and Zion Myers, tell me that they have had a deal of *bona fide* artistic temperament to cope with in their work with the four-footed geniuses. The old troupers in the company never had to work with other



JIGGS'S SON



Above, the Marie Dressler of the Barkies



WHIPPET



BUSTER

(Continued on page 82)



FREE FACES WEST

"Could you possibly use my head?" is all that a star asks of her friends nowadays. Then, like Lilyan Tashman (above), she has Roy Radabaugh make much of her. At right, above, he holds his view of Katherine Cornell, and, from top to bottom, you see what he has done for Miss Cornell, Beatrice Lillie, Ilka Chase, Lilyan Tashman and Patsy Ruth Miller. The artist, himself—under the name of Richard Cromwell—is being given to the talkies in the title rôle of "Tol'able David"

Portraits by Russell Ball

She Longed To Be Liked

By

ELISABETH
GOLDBECK



Rose Hobart, who came from the New York stage to play opposite Charles Farrell in "Liliom" (as below), replacing the absent Janet Gaynor, would like to return to New York. Her reason: she wants to act



But Now
Rose Hobart
Is Wiser

"When I was still in my early teens, they were divorced—at a time when divorce was considered not quite the thing. I can remember, in school, being looked down on a bit, for that reason. That was probably the beginning of my inferiority complex.

"I was sent to many different schools. I never stayed more than a year in any one. I just began to get comfortable, to know the girls and to settle down, when I was whisked off to some other part of the country. And I never did finish school—which was one reason why I was so ashamed of my mind.

"When I was very young, I was sent to stay with my grandmother in France, to study piano. I was expected to become a pianist, but I never wanted to. I loved the harp. If I had been allowed to study the harp, I would have kept on with a musical career."

In spite of herself, Rose became an accomplished pianist, and still takes her music pretty seriously.

Beyond a Doubt

"**B**UT I didn't like piano, and I longed to go on the stage. I was always sure I could act, and I've never had one moment of doubt about whether I was good or not."

Her stage career began with a season in Chautauqua, when she was fourteen.

"I got the job myself. Mother didn't object, because she was divorced by that time, and anything that brought money into the family coffers was all right. I made twenty-five dollars a week, and sent ten dollars home. I don't know how I ever did it, but I had as much fun on that tour as I've ever had in my life. And even then, I got very good notices."

She spent several years retiring to Woodstock when she

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ROSE HOBART used to have a frightful inferiority complex about her mind.

This may seem fantastic to anyone who has talked with her since she came to Hollywood. After a great success in "Death Takes A Holiday" in New York, Rose came West to play the rebellious Janet Gaynor's part in "Liliom." And in the studios, without exception, people have found her one of the most self-assertive and confident young women that ever came to town.

But it's true that up to a year ago Rose thought she was dumb. She believed her opinion was worthless, that almost anyone knew more than she did. She was afraid to speak up in any company, too timid and self-disparaging to express an idea on any subject.

Then she went to a psychoanalyst—and he, so to speak, gave her back her mind. Realizing at last that it's a pretty capable one, as minds go, she's like a child who has just learned to swim. You can hardly get Rose out of the water. Exercising that brain, displaying it to a surprised and slightly resentful world, is her favorite sport.

With a degree of introspection that has hardly ever been equalled, she has been examining herself to see what she is like and what can be done about it. She finds she can trace all her characteristics back to the unhappy experiences of her childhood.

A Statue of Freedom

"I'M extravagantly independent, for instance," she said, "and I have a fierce desire for security and all things that are sound and stable. That's all because of my precarious childhood."

She was born in New York, and spent her first seventeen summers in the artists' colony of Woodstock, Vermont. Both her parents were musicians, both were French, and both were extremely erratic.



Flora *and*
Lillian Roth
Are Sunk In

It wasn't that Frances Dee and Lillian Roth couldn't show finesse without fins, but you know how girls are never contented with what they already have. So Paramount floated them as mermaids, and now they are bubbling over with contentment (top left), learning the ropes (above) and stealing some other sirens' stuff (left)

Portraits exclusively by Otto Dyar



Otto Dyar Photos

F a u n a

and Frances Dee

A Rock Garden



On the surface, Frances's interest seemed to be in "The Playboy of Paris" and Lillian was working overtime on "Sea Legs." But at the bottom, their only thoughts were (as above) of the waves in their hair, and (top right) of the two best-looking jewel cases in Davy Jones's locker, and (right) of how much they could stow away

How to Treat



At the left, three of the chorus of "Dixiana" who lend a military flavor to a song number. Above, an ensemble of Fox Movietone girls who appeared in "The Golden Calf"

AMONG the things in American life which are getting bigger and better, in this rapid-moving era, are chorus-girls.

We all know, of course, that they are getting bigger. Has not the Great Flo himself handed down from Olympus the edict that Miss 1931 shall display "womanly curves"?

But the trend toward the better is as pronounced as that toward the bigger. Chorus-girls are getting refined; half of them use broad "a's" and practically all can understand the long words in Will Hays's speeches. A totally different class of girl is drifting into the work. And the result is that chorus masters are having to use an entirely new technique in dealing with their high-steppers.

Hollywood, as ever, leads in the new movement for more refined language from chorus masters. With the craze for backstage pictures and musical comedy talkies, the chorus became one of the big items of a picture studio. And you could trust Hollywood not to put up with any rough talk in front of young and (often) innocent girls.

The order went forth for a Kindness to Chorus-Girls Week; and so instantly and surely did the idea catch on, that after it was over you found all the chorus directors in the business vying with one another as to which of them could coo the softest. Soon the house of Paramount was proudly announcing to humanity that within its doors was to be found "Hollywood's softest-spoken chorus master." His name, which should be emblazoned on the scroll of history, is David Bennett.

Praiseworthy Girls

AND what results Bennett is getting through his policy of giving his girls "a rest and a cheering word of praise when they are tired"! It's a pleasure to work with such a fine, good-hu-

Among Other Things

Names, Never

BY CEDRIC

mored gang, he cries delightedly. And personally, we can well believe it.

Well, in our restless and inquisitive way, we went ahead and made a survey of conditions in other Hollywood pastures where ladies of the ensemble do their gamboling. What we found will prove a veritable sock in the kisser for those gullible movie fans (their name is legion) who believe chorus masters behind the cameras talk to their girls as do the ones which the cameras show us on the screen.

We found, to be notably brief, a consistently lofty tone in the relations of chorus directors and their minions. We found that the average chorus director in the talkie studios neither chews, spits nor swears at his work; that eight times out of ten he takes his hat off when riding in the elevator with girls of his troupe; that he addresses them by their first names, not as "you with the fat thighs" or collectively as "a rheumy bunch of grandmothers." And the bouquets he hands out to his girls, when an interviewer comes sailing by! It almost makes you blush to hear them. But it is a blush of pride for the en-

nobling and purifying influence of the talking pictures.



At the left is Betty Recklaw, a charmer in the "Dixiana" chorus

Chorus-Girls



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have had dancing ensembles for several of their pictures. Above, a group of girls about to step their routine. At right are three other girls from "Dixiana"



Never Call Them Think They're Hard

BELFRAGE

On Their Honor

JUST as an example of the way things have changed—I'm willing to bet that nobody thought there was such a thing as "a sense of honor" among chorines. Yet that is what Russell Markert, who trained the girls for Universal's "King of Jazz," found it expedient to appeal to. Markert knew all his girls by their first names and made a sort of family matter of the work. And the girls looked on him as a pal of the higher and better sort, and didn't slack on the job. Markert never had to call upon the Deity to make the girls put vim into their high-kicks. He just told them what to do, and they were too dashed decent not to put all they had into the execution of his commands.

Then you can toddle over to First National and seek out His Excellency, Larry Ceballos. And what do you find? The same spirit of friendliness, co-operation, shoulder-to-shoulder and give-and-take, only perhaps more so. Now Larry admits that there are chorines deplorably lacking in the fine new spirit. Often they are extremely clever, but they find it impossible to conquer the demons, disobedience and unpunctuality. Then they have to go. But Larry has weeded all such poorly greased parts from

his high-kicking machine long ago; and, to-day, his girls on both Warner and First National lots are one and all of the highest type. According to Larry, the modern Hollywood chorus master's task is an easy one, so far as getting work out of his girls is concerned. A kind word here, a beaming smile there, and everything goes forward without a hitch.

Blushing Beauties

PARAMOUNT may have Hollywood's softest-spoken chorus master, but R-K-O has the most refined set of girls in town, if we may believe Pearl Eaton, directress of high-kicks for that emporium. Pearl spent many weary weeks separating sheep from goats, and interviewed four thousand girls to get a chorus of forty. The group finally selected was made up of girls of such a high type that when Ivan Lebedeff was brought up and introduced, and kissed their forty right hands, all but three of the girls rushed off and buried their heads in their mothers' laps. Pearl Eaton immediately knew that all was well.

She proceeded from the first moment on "Kindness to Chorus-Girls" lines, and everything has been hunky-dory right along. Not only has she encouraged her girls with kind looks and words, but she has given each of them a chance occasionally to do a specialty or speak a line or two. As a result, she has made herself securely popular. The girls will do anything for Pearl Eaton, and you have only to watch them at work to know that the very idea of harshness or strained relations between Pearl and girl is unthinkable.

All of Hollywood's chorus directors agree that there's just one reason for the change in chorus-girls—competition. The glamour of the studios attracts so many girls that there

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Helen Fairweather, at right, a decorative member of First National



It's Free and Easy

If You're Sure You're Broke,
Come To Hollywood

By

ROBERT
FENDER

HOLLYWOOD may not be one of the best things in life, but it's free. And easy. Easy, that is, to work for a gratuitous living.

Are you weary of supporting yourself? Then come, as did Rudolph Valentino, Ricardo Cortez, Gary Cooper, Grant Withers, Jim Tully, director Bill Seiter and others—oh, many others—to the town that will *support you!* Are you yearning for a screen career? Then come to this cock-eyed town and earn while you yearn.

Rudolph, Ricardo, Gary, Grant, Jim, Bill and those others have demonstrated—nay, conclusively proved—that all a man needs he can get here for nothing. You don't believe it? Then you're my man. Move that ash-tray over where you'll have a chance of hitting it. And settle down for a little read.

First of all, what does a man really need? Assuming, of course, that he already has at least one pair of trousers, he needs: (1) Food, (2) Shelter and (3) Amusement. Bring those trousers with you to Hollywood. Also bring what will pass as a dress suit. And a razor. Your arsenal is now complete. Hollywood and its gravy is now yours for the taking.

How about getting free food and shelter in Hollywood? The town has no breadline. And even if it had, one would hate to forget oneself to the point of using it. *Vulgar*



You will find solid comfort in Pershing Square Park (above), where Valentino, among others, waited to be discovered; and (below) in Hollenbeck Park, which was Gary Cooper's first Hollywood home



breadline. But there's still that question of free board and room. Very well. Jim Tully, himself, points the way.

Like this: turn up at a star's or near star's house with a strange tale—*any* strange tale that will make you out an "interesting person"—and let things take their course. Tully, you remember, used the hobo story. It worked. Everywhere, he was accepted as that interesting hobo fellow. He simply made a racket of romanticism. Food and shelter followed. No less a personage than Charles Chaplin took him into camp and saw to it personally that he ate regularly and slept soundly. The fact that he was badly stung for his trouble; that Tully later came out with articles that bit the hand that fed him, has no place here. Enough that Tully got all the free meals and drinks out of Hollywood that he could use.

Too, there was the bright youngster who turned up in Hollywood with a fake title, to the delight of his stomach. This chap posed as a nephew of Franz Josef of Austria. Hollywood couldn't do enough for him. For three solid months, he ate and drank the best the town offered: At the end of that time, someone bothered to look up his credentials. Result: Franz Josef's "nephew" went back to his old stand at the soda fountain. But it was good while it lasted.

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MARK
TWIN'S
BOY

Richee

When Junior Durkin was given the rôle of *Huckleberry Finn* in the talkie rendition of "Tom Sawyer," no complaints were received at Paramount. He may have grown up on Broadway, but, like *Huck*, he is a constant waif—partial to open collars, mussed hair, dirty nails, mumbly-peg and whittling. Not to mention Mitzi Green, "Tom Sawyer's" *Becky Thatcher*



First, a broken slate; next, a broken doll; and then a broken heart. All to the sad—that's Dorothy Jordan, the only grown-up little girl in Hollywood who can revel in minor tragedies. Now she has a part in "Dark Star." And that is another break

Little Sob-Sister

Ladies of "Whoopee"

And Their Frank
Opinions Of
Hollywood Men,
Morals And Movies

By

DOROTHY MANNERS

Four little "Whoopee" girls, dimpled of knee,
One didn't show—and so there were three.

THE first to arrive was a pert-eyed youngster named Bobbe. Bobbe Weeks—"and please don't spell it 'Bobbie!'"

The second was a languid, fresh-peach edition of a blonde named Virginia Bruce, Hollywood's own contribution to the ranks of the show girls, and she had never seen Broadway past Seventh Street, Los Angeles.

The third was Georgia Lerch, formerly of George White's Scandals, and she looked athletic. Brown and firm. Pale blonde hair against healthy skin. Friendly, this one, and gently humorous.

The fourth never did show. But no one was surprised. "She wouldn't!"—in friendly little giggles—"Probably lost her lip stick"—"Didn't set her alarm clock for 4 P.M."—"Maybe she thought it was some Thursday next week!"

"Oh, well," grinned a Bright Young Man—who has been associated with Follies, Scandals and Hollywood show-girls all through the production of Sam Goldwyn's "Whoopee"—"Maybe it's just as well. Get 'em all together at once and they're liable to kick each other in the chin."

"Whatta you mean—'kick each other in the chin?'" I demanded suavely, lowering my lorgnette. "Don't tell me that the cherubs actually fight among themselves!"

But They Have Differences

"**C**OME to think of it, I don't believe they actually came to blows," went on the Bright Young Man. "But what can you expect of a dozen beautiful gals thrown together for three months? All sizes, all shapes, all types of them. Blondes, brunettes and red-heads. Wisecrackers, ingenues fresh out of the syrup, and now and then a couple who know what it's all about. No two of them talked up the same street.

"There was Muriel Finley, a Ziegfeld Follies girl, imported for 'Whoopee'—she could hardly wait for the picture to be over to blow! It didn't take that snappy child



Gregg Toland

Bobbe Weeks—"rabid on the subject of sunny Hollywood, even if she is Ziegfeld's favorite chorus girl"

long to shake the Hollywood dust from her French heels and catch the first train back to what she called a Real Town. She didn't get any words mixed up in her chewing gum on what she thought of Hollywood shortcomings: the men were handsome, but poor and uninteresting, the places were dull—and the work!—well, who ever heard of getting up at 8 A.M.?

"Mary Coyle was only slightly less vehement. Mary was Fifth Avenue, if I ever saw it. She might have learned to like it out here a little better, only she had a perfectly good husband back in New York, and he and the bright lights were calling.

"On the other hand, Bobbe Weeks—you'll meet Bobbe—a California convert if I ever saw one. Rabid on the subject of sunny Hollywood, even if she is Ziegfeld's favorite chorus girl and the cleverest little dancer in

They Disagree About The Town



D. W. Griffith thought Virginia Bruce (at top) looked like Lillian Gish, and Irving Berlin told her she would get the breaks. But Virginia wonders. While Georgia Lerch (at bottom) is wondering if she can winter in New York and summer in Hollywood

Kenneth Alexander

anybody's 'line.' Mix in Virginia Bruce (a Hollywood brand of show-girl about as sophisticated as *Elsie Dinsmore*) and Georgia Lerch (witty, experienced and clever and knows show business from A to Z) and about eight other equally varying types, opinions and lingoes—and what have you? Not a sorority!"

Broadway? Forget It!

I WAS just nodding my head on the idea of seeing the ladies in "relays" when Bobbe Weeks arrived.

She's cute, she's pert, and was she excited! About two hours previous, a "call" had come through from Warner Brothers which meant that she was awarded a six months' contract with that company and a chance to settle in Hollywood. "Gee," she breathed, "Gee!" Her eyes are blue, but her hair is black and straight. A white *béret*, well back on her head, was an unconsciously striking effect. She settled deep down in a chair and hunted feverishly for an illusive package of cigarettes with fingers that shook slightly. Why not? Wasn't she sure of six months more in Hollywood—and who knows? Maybe she would click and remain in "Paradise" the rest of her life.

"Sure, I'm crazy about it here! I didn't know there was any place like this before. Everything about it is just like in a story book. I sent my regrets to Broadway the minute I got off the train.

"Broadway excitement? Say, Broadway wasn't so exciting to me. I was a chorus girl and don't ever let anybody tell you that a chorus girl's life isn't hard work. I used to be so tired after the evening performance I'd run right home to mother. They tell me that there are some awfully exciting night-clubs and whoopee resorts going along Broadway for the people that have time to get around to them, but I could count the night-clubs I've been in on one hand.

Out Where Men Are Pale

"HOLLYWOOD is my idea of excitement. You keep the kind of hours out here that don't leave you too tired to have a good time in the evening. I've seen more night-life in Hollywood than I ever ran across on Broadway.

"And the men—well, believe me, there's a great difference in the men. All Broadway men look alike to me. They're all one type. Slightly oldish, but well massaged, immaculate dinner clothes, gardenia in the lapel, and reeking of some sort of barber's tonic. They're good spenders and don't bat an eye at putting on the dog, but what's that in comparison to a Hollywood boy who is good-looking, dances well, and furnishes several honest-to-goodness laughs throughout the evening?

"Hollywood men are more sociable, if you know what I mean. They don't only take you out—they go along with you! On the other hand, if a girl goes out with a typical Broadway man, she's sort of a hired audience and spends a bored evening listening to his latest escapades on the Stock Market."

Bobbe shot a polite, but feverish glance at a wrist watch and said something about a test down at Warner's. If it was all right with everybody, she thought she'd better be dashing along. "Hope I see you around," I called after her rapidly vanishing figure. She stuck her head back through the door, grinning like a little imp, "I hope you see me around Hollywood the rest of my life," she agreed and disappeared.

After Bobbe's electric now-you-see-her-and-now-you-

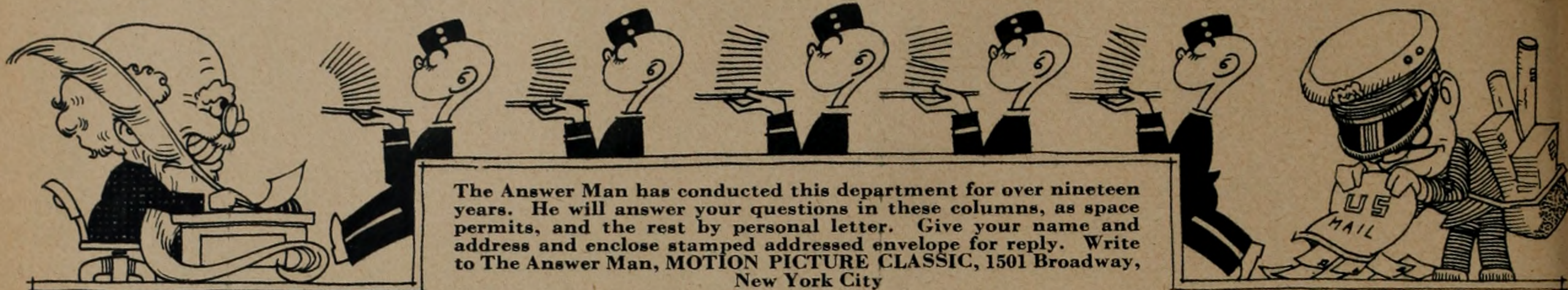
(Continued on page 96)



Bert Longworth

This business of shooting up in the marshes of Hollywood is just too ducky for words, hints the (or *de*, if you insist) coy Laura Lee. The little dog laughs to see such sport, knowing that left-handsome Laura isn't aiming to bring down anything but houses in "Going Wild"

THE ANSWER MAN



The Answer Man has conducted this department for over nineteen years. He will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City

UNA—Rudy Vallee was born July 28, 1901, and is five feet eleven inches tall. **Mitzi Green** was born in New York City about nine years ago and her real name is **Keno**. She is not related to **Harry Green**. **Evelyn Laye**, London, England, July 10, 1900, five feet five, blonde hair and blue eyes, real name **Froud**. Appearing in "Lilli," United Artists Studios. **John Boles** plays opposite **Miss Laye**, in this production.

SALLY ANN—These obstacle golf courses ought to be good training for householders who have to get the coal past the furnace door. **Helen Foster** is very much alive to my knowledge. **Clive Brook** was born in London, England, June 1, 1891. His latest picture is "The Greater Love," starring **Ann Harding**. **Ruth Roland**, San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 26, 1892. Appearing in "Reno." Has auburn hair and blue eyes. **El Brendel**, Philadelphia, Pa., March 25, 1891, five feet eight, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and eyes.

GLADYS—**Bert Lytell** was born in New York City, Feb. 24, 1885. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 153 pounds, has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. He has been married and divorced from **Evelyn Vaughan** and **Claire Windsor**. His present wife is **Grace Menken**. Has been appearing in pictures since 1917. Latest production "Brothers," Columbia Studios. **Stuart Erwin**, Squaw Valley, Calif., Feb. 14, does not tell the year, five feet nine, weighs 165 pounds, red hair and grey eyes.

AMELIA—The girls who appeared in "Safety in Numbers" were **Kathryn Crawford**, **Carol Lombard** and **Josephine Dunn**. **Nils Asther**, **Charles Bickford** and **Raquel Torres** in "The Sea Bat." **Helen Kane** was born in New York City about twenty-two years ago. Real name is **Schroeder**. **Lillian Roth** is not married or engaged, appearing in "Animal Crackers." **Catherine Moylan**, Dallas, Texas, about twenty years ago, five feet two and a half, weighs 108 pounds, has blonde hair and green eyes.

JONORA—**Art Acord** was born in Stillwater, Okla., Feb. 19, 1890, he is six feet one, weighs 185 pounds, has light hair and blue eyes. He is divorced from **Edith Sterling** and **Louise Lorraine**. **Agnes Ayres**, Carbondale, Ill., April 10, 1898, five feet four and a half, weighs 125 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. Real name **Agnes Hinkle**. **Mary Brian** was loaned to Warners to appear in "Captain Applejack." She is now appearing in "Social Errors," Paramount Studios. We do not answer questions pertaining to the religion of the stars.

ARTHUR—**John Mack Brown** was born in Dotham, Ala., Sept. 4, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black

hair and brown eyes. Married to **Cornelia Foster**, they have a daughter. His first picture was "The Bugle Call," starring **Jackie Coogan**. Latest flicker "Great Day," starring **Joan Crawford**, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. **Helen Foster** is about twenty-three years old, five feet tall, weighs 102 pounds.

MARION—**Colin Clive** was born in St. Malo, France, Jan. 21, 1900, has brown hair and eyes. Married to **Jeanne de Casalis**. "Journey's End" is the only picture he has appeared in up to this time. **Bernice Claire**, Oakland, Cal., March 22, 1909, five feet two and a half, weighs 116 pounds, has

dark brown hair and blue eyes. Real name **Bernice Claire Jahnigan**. Next picture "Toast of the Legion."

JUST BOBBIE—**Barry Norton** hails from Buenos Aires, Argentine, June 16, 1905. Real name **Alfredo de Biraben**. Playing in the Spanish versions of "The Benson Murder Case" and "East Is West." **Janet Gaynor**, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6, 1907. **Richard Cromwell** and **Joan Peers** are playing in the talkie version of "Tol'able David," Columbia Studios. **Kay Francis** and **Walter Huston** in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount Studios. **Edna Murphy**, **Kenneth Harlan** and **Gertrude Astor** are playing in a mystery serial "Finger Prints," which is in production at the Universal Studios.

PHYLLIS—**Greta Garbo** was born in Sweden, Sept. 18, 1906. She is five feet six, weighs 126 pounds. **Bebe Daniels** first name is pronounced Bee-Bee, not Bay-Bay. **Jetta Goudal**, Ja as in jail, Goo-dahl g as in good. **Raquel Torres** is not married. **Armida** is appearing on the stage at this writing. **Ronald Colman** was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, Feb. 9, 1891. **Constance Bennett** and **Adolphe Menjou** are playing in "Sin Takes a Holiday."

FLORENCE—Gosh! it would take me a month of Sundays to give you all the biographies you requested. However, here are a few of your favorites. **Charles Rogers** was born Aug. 13, 1904, he is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black curly hair and brown eyes. **Lupe Velez**, Mexico, July 18, 1909, five feet one, 105 pounds, black hair and brown eyes. Real name **Villalabos**. **Joan Bennett**, New York City, Feb. 27, 1911, five two, 100 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. **Constance Bennett** is about twenty-five, five four, 99 pounds, blonde hair, blue eyes. **Ruth Chatterton**, thirty-one, five feet two and a half, 110 pounds.

BARBARA—**Ralph Forbes** hails from England, born Sept. 31, 1898, he is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. Has been married to **Ruth Chatterton** since 1924. Appearing in "Her Wedding Night," starring **Clara Bow**. **Bert Wheeler** was born in Paterson, N. J. Hobby is six-day bicycle races. Stage experience began as prop boy with a stock company in Paterson, and later became a member of that company. Has appeared in the "Ziegfeld Follies," Gus Edwards Revue, vaudeville, and the stage and screen version of "Rio Rita." Receives his fan mail at the Radio Pictures Studios.

PUSS FROM MONTANA—**Gary Cooper**, **Myrna Loy**, **Patricia Archer**, **Lane Chandler**, **Helen Lynch** and **Kathlyn Williams** are some of the players who were born in Montana. **Bebe Daniels** was born in Dallas, Texas, Jan. 14, 1901, she is five feet four, weighs 123 pounds, has black



Riches

It's no fish story that **Jeanette MacDonald** managed to get away by herself and reel in a mountain trout before she started work on "Stolen Thunder"

(Continued from page 104)

In Spain... beauty experts insist on olive and palm oils

to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Specialists in beauty culture — 23,723* of them, the world over — agree on this one way to keep skin lovely.

Tejêro advises you: "Massage a fine lather of Palmolive into the skin — so — rinse it off with refreshing clear water — to icy-cold temperature. There! that leaves the skin smooth, fresh and lovely."

Luis Tejêro



Evidence of that schoolgirl complexion is found over and over again in the olive-tinted, warm color of the lovely Spanish senorita.



TEJÊRO, whose beautysalon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain. At right is shown the facade of Tejêro's establishment.

SEILER, of Geneva, Switzerland — who joins 23,723 beauty specialists in recommending Palmolive.



DON'T think, just because nature is so kind to sunny Spain, that the lovely Spanish senoritas can afford to neglect their complexions. Tejêro, the well-known Barcelona beauty specialist, will tell you otherwise.

With the Spaniard's fiery spirit, he becomes indignant when his smart clients don't follow his advice. "How dare you mistreat your complexion," he storms, "when it is so easy to use this twice-a-day treatment?"

Treatment advised by 23,723 specialists

You know the treatment to which he refers. It is stressed by 23,723 beauty specialists — the world over. Before all else they empha-

*by actual count

size the need of a pure soap and water for foundation cleanliness. And every single one of them considers Palmolive best.

In 16 countries, women are told to "keep that schoolgirl complexion" by the daily use of this vegetable oil soap.

Simply massage a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water into the face and throat. (Don't use hot water—that is apt to redden and irritate sensitive skin.) Rinse with warm water, then colder and colder. Use that as a basis for makeup. Never fail to observe this rule of cleanliness before retiring.

P. S. Because Palmolive is so inexpensive it is the natural choice of experts as a bath soap, too. It protects sensitive skin from irritation.



6221

Retail Price 10c

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR

Broadcast every Wednesday night — from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAJ and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

How to be

AS TOLD TO KATHERINE ALBERT

BY

Bebe Daniels

"HOW to be captivating?" Bebe Daniels smiled a deprecating little smile as she considered my question. But when she began to speak her appealingly beautiful brown eyes were thoughtful.

And then I learned this lovely actress feels emphatically there's one thing has more to do with a girl's attractiveness than any other charm—a beautiful skin—clear, soft, smooth.

How alluring in any girl! How sure to win admiration! And to the screen star, Bebe Daniels earnestly explained, a skin of breath-taking loveliness is really essential!

"Only the girl with smooth skin," she said, "need not fear the relentless eye of the camera. For even the cleverest make-up will not suffice under the searching lens of the close-up.

"That is why," she went on seriously, "many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features.

"Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely."



BETTY COMPSON
Radio Pictures' star

Compson . . . exquisite June Clyde . . . Actually 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are kept silky-smooth by this soothing, fragrant soap.

Lux Toilet Soap is just like the expensive soaps you get in France, Hollywood says. And the lovely stars use it regularly at home and wherever they're making pictures as well.

They like its dainty fragrance, and the quick, generous lather, even in the hardest water . . . And, above all, the exquisite softness it gives their skin.

So enthusiastic are they, indeed, that Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.



SALLY BLANE
Radio Pictures' Player

9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

On Broadway the stars of the outstanding stage successes, too, use it. And since so many of them are playing in the talkies, with so many close-ups, they are more than ever grateful to this delicately fragrant white soap!

The European screen stars, too—in France, in England, in Germany—have now adopted it. You will be just as delighted with it. Order several cakes—today.



ANNA Q. NILSSON
Lovely blonde star

Hollywood's favorite
beauty care

Bebe Daniels, you see, is one of the 511 beloved Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

Fascinating Anna Q. Nilsson . . . cunning little Sally Blane . . . vividly charming Betty



JUNE CLYDE
Radio Pictures' Player

LUX Toilet Soap

CAPTIVATING



Photo by Bachrach, Hollywood

BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in the luxurious blue and silvery gray bathroom which is one of the most beautiful seen in Hollywood. She is one of the 511 important actresses there who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly, both at home and in their

dressing rooms. "Many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin," she says, "have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features. Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely!"

Bebe Daniels

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway

—and now the European Capitals . . .

10¢

He Acts Natural

(Continued from page 52)

to the ole swimin' hole and, on Big Days, two miles barefoot along a dusty road to where the mighty Hudson invited their stripped, skinny adventuring bodies. That was Something, back in the days when neither airplanes, movies, radios nor Mr. Ford had made the world safe for democracy. The days when petting was unknown and the Village Drunkard was the only guy who had ever heard of prohibition.

He Did Everything But Act

JACK went barefoot through the long, clover-sweet summer days. Barefoot with an old straw hat flapping atop his shaggy head. In the winters, he wore hip-boots and shoveled his way to the little red schoolhouse. He and his lusty brothers and his buxom sisters and the neighbors' kids. He had a silent, tight-lipped, big-hearted father, who didn't talk much, because he didn't get a chance. He had a comfortable, kindly mother who knew nothing of cocktail parties, Bridge games or *Edipus* complexes.

Jack nudded in the autumn and berried in the summer. He got the kick of his life, when along about spring, the Performing Bear came to town, heralded from afar by that piercing, mysterious whistle that can mean only one thing in all the thrilling world. To this day, Lon Chaney makes a poor second to Bruin dancing on his short hind-legs.

Yessir, that was a boyhood as *was* one. Santa Claus coming once a year, faithful and dependable. The long dusty roads to trudge down, with Adventure's shining face at every turnstile. A happy boyhood in a normal, Irish-American family under a sky where God in his heaven ruled the best of all possible worlds. The last family in the world to suspect that they had a potential movie actor living in their midst.

And So He Became An Actor

TODAY, one of Jack's brothers is an engineer and the other a salesman, I believe he said. His mother and one sister are living, too. They may not quite understand the mysteriously gifted brother who is known, now, to so vast a world; but they see all of his pictures three and four times and they talk about him in that proud, family boasting way so good to hear.

Jack had often thought he would like to be an actor. He'd heard tell of 'em. He hadn't an idea how to become one. A Mulhall *wouldn't*. Then a small carnival company came to town. It looked fun. It was even better'n the Performing Bear. (Large praise.) Jack attached himself to the

motley little crew and assisted the Houdini of the outfit in taking white rabbits out of his hat for the bewildered joy of the gaping townfolk. It was even more fun to see the goggle-eyes of the good people, credulous and clamoring.

Jack trekked with the carnival until he got to Passaic, N. J. A long way from home. Seein' the world, that was. For Jack had never been on a railroad or a trolley car. He had never been to New York City. He had never been inside a real theater. The Mulhalls never were great hands for traveling.

In Passaic, Jack got himself a job with a

again. He has sky-rocketed up and he has ker-plunked down again. He has been leading man for both Constance and Norma Talmadge. He has, for years, played *I-spy* with stardom, waiting just around the next corner. No sooner did he catch the elusive fey by the shirt-tails than along came a Valentino and sent the world mad over Latin heroes with sloe-eyes. No room then for an honest Irish-American from Wappingers Falls. Jack found himself side-switched to melodramas and serials. And he took it all on the chin and bided his time. In a couple of years the public right-

about-faced again and wanted their Irish-American back. They knew what he was all about. The boy from Wappingers Falls, who spoke their language, who laughed over what they laughed over and wept as they wept. Jack, on one of these tides, was signed by First National, was with them for six or seven years and ended his contract as a star.

Jack doesn't believe in wearing out your welcome in any one spot. If he has any advice to give to young men who want to know all about Hollywood, it is to say "Don't let them get tired of seeing your

face around." When that time comes, as come it will, Jack believes in moving on. He moved out of First National with the idea of free-lancing. He didn't get a chance. R. K. O. reached out for him with stardom as a bait and "The Fall Guy" was his first picture under the new contract.

Acting Himself

JACK hasn't changed. He isn't going to change. He still believes that acting is being yourself. He talks on the screen as he talks at home, when he is not on exhibition. He believes that people want human beings and not mannequins who say "How ju du" on the screen and "Begates" off the screen.

He lives in a charming home, attractive but not bristling with butlers, swimming pools, marquetry or Gobelins. He wants to build a home down Santa Monica way. It is his dream to get it all paid for, his garden planted and enough money so that he will have the sufficient sum of two thousand dollars a month whether he ever works again or not. That, he says, is ample for any family. He wants to travel and to live long whiles in different countries, until he gets the feel of them. He wants to get his son, thirteen, by his first wife, started in life, and educated. He keeps him now, away from Hollywood and the pseudo-sophisticates of the studios. He loves his wife, his son, his home, his work, his fellow-men—and he doesn't invite his soul and ask: Why?



Kornman

He did it for the kiddies; after "Safety Last," you might have thought Harold Lloyd would never be so screamingly funny again, but in "Feet First" this is only one of the ways he saves himself for the cause of American humor

stock company at the Whitehead Op'ry House. And there he received his first instructions in the ancient art of mummung. Jack had never thought about having to learn to act. You were just *yourself*, weren't you? You did things all folks do, so that all folks may weep with you, or laugh with you, as the case may be. If you were Jack Mulhall, did you have to be Edwin Booth or someone? Fantastic, but apparently you did....

Jack learned his artistic alphabet and remained—Jack Mulhall.

One season of that and then he joined a Ned Wayburn show on Broadway and played bits. At that time D. W. Griffith was looking for talent for the old Biograph Company, cradle of so many luminaries. He spotted young Jack and his Irish laughter, and young Jack packed his duds and moved over to Biograph. He played his very first part, a small one, in a company boasting Lionel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Antonio Moreno, Bobby Harron and Micky Neilan. They were all swell to him back in those days. They are all swell to him now. There are mechanical changes, says Jack, but the heart is in the same old place and *stays there*.

His winning Irish smile purchased him a ticket to California when the Biograph moved West.

Jack is a young veteran of pictures. He has been through the mill and back



COLGATE announces the acceptance of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

Be guided in your choice of a toothpaste by the acceptance of the Council on Dental Therapeutics.

Use Colgate's — not only the largest-selling toothpaste in the world — but a toothpaste recommended by dentists for more than a quarter of a century.

Colgate's cleans teeth safely; it contains only safe cleansing agents. It leaves the teeth clean; the mouth refreshed and pleasant-tasting.

Colgate's is used by more people than any other dentifrice.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

They're In The Barkies Now

(Continued from page 63)

dogs before. They have played scenes with people. And when a dog appears upon the screen, naturally all eyes are attracted to him—human-canine relations being what they are—and the two-legged creatures, striding about, become mere props.

Jiggs and Buster and their experienced colleagues have not cared at all for the idea of working with others of their kind. They have been nervous and "edgy," Mr. White and Mr. Myers inform me. They resented, in a truly artistic fashion, the presence of other dogs on the set and were distinctly irritated by the attention paid to the interlopers.

Their Solid Comforts

ALL this, despite the fact that their prestige was nicely upheld in all the arrangements made for their comfort. Each star and featured player has his own "dressing-room," sacred to him. It might look like a mere little dog-house to you. But it is a dressing-room, nevertheless, and each of the favored little animals has one to himself.

And just let some other dog-actor try to usurp it! Just let him try—

"They surely know their own pens and guard them jealously," Mr. White told me. "I think a dog's sense of property must be one of his strongest instincts. You should see the fireworks, if we try to put one dog's costume on another! They can smell the difference, you know. And how they resent it!"

The company possesses a wardrobe containing over a thousand costumes—carefully tailored to measure. And quite a chore it is to get them dressed in the morning, too. Although they put up with it more calmly now than they did at first—and don't spend a lot of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's valuable time trying to scuffle out of their trousers backward as they did when they were first introduced to them.

All kinds of sanitary precautions are carefully observed. It would never do for a prominent actor to acquire a flea that would impel him to pause in the midst of an important scene and scratch his ear!

Luckier Dogs

ELABORATE arrangements are made to insure the most comfortable temperature of the atmosphere in which the little actors work. Expensive cooling systems were installed upon their stage during the warm weather this summer. Electric fans hummed incessantly and fresh, iced water was supplied at regular intervals.

They worked for very brief periods with frequent stops for rest and relaxation. You see, if a dog becomes overheated or excited, he pants and his red tongue hangs out—and his efforts to portray human beings are not convincing.

"We only let them pant," Mr. Myers explained, "in the love scenes."

I have seen highly paid human actors, working under the augmented lights used for color-photography, who would have sacrificed dollars and

dollars if they might have been treated with as much consideration as are the stars of "the barkies."

The attitude of the dogs toward their work is pretty similar to that of human actors. They do it for what they get out of it. A little bit of beefsteak. A puppy biscuit. A tiny tidbit of sugar. One of them refuses to work at all unless someone shows

him a ball—and his reward, upon completing a scene to the directors' satisfaction—is a hilarious chase after the rolling, red rubber sphere. The general idea is the same as that of any other actor.

"Imagine tossing Charles Bickford a biscuit if he did a scene well!" someone said to Mr. White.

"Well—imagine offering him an extra five thousand berries!" he retorted. "It all depends upon what a person wants—"

Know When They're Good

LIKE human artists, some of the dogs work better for one man than for another. Mr. and Mrs. Renfro, who are not only trainers, but also own and supervise the kennels where the dogs live, both have their favorites who will work for no one else. There are four or five other trainers, each of whom is responsible for a special group of dogs.

The little chaps know all the signals and when the director says, "O. K. Cut!" they all drop to their four feet and scamper off the set. However, if he remarks, "That's lousy! Once more," tails hang between legs and the actors register deep shame.

The pictures, of course, are shot in "silents" and afterward the voices are "dubbed in" on the sound track. It is quite a nice problem for directors and supervisors to select human actors whose voices and deliveries are suitable for little dogs who are, in turn, portraying human beings.

The stories are all essentially satirical. Yet the human actors who furnish the lines must take them as seriously as possible. It is this very seriousness, in playing melodrama (they are nearly all melodramatic, you will observe), that makes the thing amusing when the voices seem to come from dogs, wearing clothes and occupying sets, fashioned in miniature imitation of those used in serious human drama. If the actors who speak the lines play their rôles "straight"—those voices coming, apparently, from the small creatures who look so ludicrously human in their artificial trappings and who are still so obviously lovable little dogs, will be grotesque enough.

There is a note of irony in the story of the girl who worked for years trying to achieve a career in pictures—and who has settled down at last, for the time being, anyhow, to be a voice for a dog!

They also tell a story of a stock company actor who came to town to break into the movies, and brought his dog along with him. At first, they lived in a rooming house; then they slept in various parks, and took their meals at the back doors of restaurants. The actor couldn't even get on the waiting lists of extras, and he didn't have the nerve to introduce himself and his story to some magnanimous star. And then came a day when it rained, a limousine passed them, a head peered out, and said, "Ah—a new face!" It was a producer. He bought the dog, took him home and made him into a star. Now the actor is a dog-biscuit salesman.



When a bark means a bite: the dogs jump at every chance to eat (above) from the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Rennie Renfro. Below, Mr. Renfro teaches Buster to put his best foot forward



A studio executive, noticing that his small daughter had stopped asking him for movie money, investigated. She told him, "There's too much talking, and nothing doing."

The executive considered this a tip. He immediately began campaigning for a series of action pictures.

The children must be brought back to the theaters!

As you will discover in the December

Motion Picture CLASSIC

"A Perfume . . .

taught me the secret of *Youth* . . .

says

LILA LEE

"**YOUTH**—what is it? An age? . . . a number of years? No—I thought that once . . . before I knew . . . about Seventeen. Seventeen—you've seen it? Worn it? Oh, you must! A glorious fragrance, like nothing else . . . except perhaps . . . those rose-colored dreams, those gossamer fancies . . . one has at Seventeen! It took Seventeen to teach me that Youth's a mood . . . to be recaptured . . . triumphantly worn . . . forever, if I like!"

Eight Toiletries bear the fragrance of Seventeen

The Perfume . . . in a French-cut flacon, so smart . . . A Compact (single or double) which may be changed into a loose-powder compact. A Face Powder in subtle youthful shades. A Dusting Powder . . . that makes your bath luxurious. A Talcum. A Toilet Water . . . so refreshing. Two Brillantines . . . solid or liquid. A Sachet . . . the correct way to scent one's clothing and lingerie.

Pictured at the left are Seventeen Perfume, Seventeen Sachet, and Seventeen Face Powder.

6209

Seventeen

The Rest Of Lady Peel

(Continued from page 51)

For a honeymoon, she and the Bart, Sir Robert Peel, motored through the south of France for a while and finally took the boat for New York. It was then that she propositioned Ziegfeld for a job of work, and Ziegfeld said thumbs down, proving that even Ziegfeld's not immortal. Faintly piqued, Miss Lillie returned to London, gave birth to a son, and played in "Up in Mabel's Room." Then the World War broke out. During the War, she devoted her talents to entertaining the soldiers in London. It was shortly after this that she annexed that bodyguard with the freckled face and the name, as advertised, of Katherine Walsh, who acts as secretarial-manager, companion and interpreter.

After being starred in several "Charlot's Revues," she returned to Hollywood and made "Exit Smiling"—"which is just what I did," Miss Lillie has said. "At least, in so far as the movies were concerned. It was pretty terrible, don't you think?"

But since the advent of the talkies she has been called again to the land of sunshine, sunshine and sunshine, where she is making "Are You There?" for Fox—the studio taking advantage of her subtle, whimsical humor by having her jump into a haystack with Ham Hamilton, execute a burlesque adagio dance and sing in the bathtub.

Unheard-of Society

BUT so much for the mulling. After all, I was squatting in Miss Lillie's bungalow for the sole purpose of discussing things pertinent; and it may have been the bathtub allusion that reminded me of that all-important problem, society. And again, of course, there may have been no connection. However, when I suggested the subject of society, Miss Lillie rose up on an elbow and studied me curiously.

"Society? Society? I had no idea there was such a thing. . . ." And once more she sank back on the couch.

"The line of demarcation is rather faint," Walshie admitted, deftly catching up the thread of the conversation, "but I presume society exists—even in Hollywood."

"Hollywood," Lady Peel muttered, without opening an eye. "Hollywood. It's rather different from London. Am I not right, Walshie?"

"Quite, Miss Lillie. But I might elaborate a bit."

"You may do anything you want to," was the smothered reply, "if you'll only be quiet about it."

"They are so filled with energy around this studio," was Walshie's comment, "that Miss Lillie scarcely has time for a wink—ah, now she appears to have dropped off to sleep. But about Hollywood and London: It's not that Miss Lillie objects to Hollywood people. She has some nice friends out here, like Mr. and Mrs. Barthelmess, Miss Swanson, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon, not to mention several others. But she feels that friendship, in Hollywood, depends more on what you *do* than what you *are*. Do you follow me? This is not to her liking."

The Noble English Stage

AND Miss Lillie's ideas on friendship are consistent with those of the entire English aristocracy. You will find more tolerance among the aristocracy, and society, of England toward actors and actresses, for this same reason—but of course I'm referring to the legitimate stage—than you will find among the, ah, society of America.

"This also is due in a measure to the fact that our stage has more prestige than

the American. You will even find titled personages in some of our choruses! Without doubt, if pressed, we could put on a musical comedy with an all-aristocratic cast, if that is the phrase. On our stage, you will find people like Lady Peel, Lady Ashley, Lady Innes-Karr, who is the wife of Lord Innes-Karr, Lady Windham, Lady Tree, wife of Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, and a number of others.

"Furthermore, when our stars are accepted socially, they are accepted completely and not held in the light of paid-entertainers, as is the rather unique custom in



America. Let me again point out that over there you are taken for what you *are* and not necessarily for what you *do*. The fact that Miss Lillie married Sir Robert Peel, fifth baronet of England, in no way furthered her social standing. She attended the Prince of Wales' garden parties before she married Sir Robert; and, indeed, has attended them since."

"Bravo, Walshie!" came a faint, jumbled whisper. "Now tell him about the party-crashing."

Whereupon Walshie allowed her rather

severe countenance to melt into a tolerant grin.

Too-Informal Hollywood

MISS LILLIE is amazed by the hordes of uninvited guests that crash parties, and by the nonchalant manner in which invited guests bring their friends. Apparently, a host is deeply wounded unless a number of unexpected arrivals are announced. Such a procedure seems in some vague way to stamp the party with exclusiveness. Now in London, when a host invites ten guests for dinner, he expects ten and not thirty. Ah, yes, Hollywood's a bit too informal for Miss Lillie. . . .

"However," she quickly added, "Miss Lillie likes any place in which she is kept busy. The truth is that on a number of occasions she has admitted to being deeply affected by Hollywood. . . ." A faint shudder coursed through Lady Peel's green-swathed body.

After a few moments, the ensuing silence in the hot studio bungalow was broken by Sam Wurtzel's pleading voice: "Say, Miss Lillie," it went, "can't you please be on set in fifteen minutes?"

Tortuously raising herself to an elbow, Miss Lillie opened an eye.

"But when am I supposed to sleep? I worked until seven o'clock last night and now, when it's barely noon, you want me to appear on the set again, or rather in a bathtub. Are you a slave driver?"

Mr. Wurtzel looked like a man who thought seventeen hours' sleep should be enough for anyone, even Lady Peel, but he discreetly bowed out with, "Then come whenever you are thoroughly rested, Miss Lillie."

Ah, Yes, Her Husband

AND before she could close her eye, just in fact as she was reestablishing somniferous relations with the couch, I admitted my curiosity as to whether or not she would come back for another picture, after, of course, visiting her husband in London.

"Yes, if this picture's any good, I'll be back. And if it's as bad as my other ones, I shall, most definitely, remain in London and confine myself to the stage. It surely will be nice seeing my son again. . . ."

"But about your husband—"

"My son," she iterated, "is a darling boy. The name is Robert; and at present he's in school in Switzerland."

Deciding to press my point in a roundabout fashion, I displayed an interest in any thoughts she might have, relative to the Hollywood divorce situation.

"Are they caused, for instance, by excessive temperament?"

"Bunk," was Lady Peel's emphatic retort. "It's just the old cry for new faces."

Then quickly I sank the hook: "Is there any truth in the rumor that you and the Bart are separated by something substantially more impassable than the Atlantic?"

"Getting a divorce in London," Walshie replied, for Lady Peel had promptly fallen asleep, "is comparable to signing your own death warrant. And we did so enjoy our interview. . . ."

As my reply was mocked by a faint, tremulous snore, I clutched at my hat, and silently tiptoed away.



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What to do?

What to do?

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For a more beautiful complexion, try some of the many suggestions in our booklet, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

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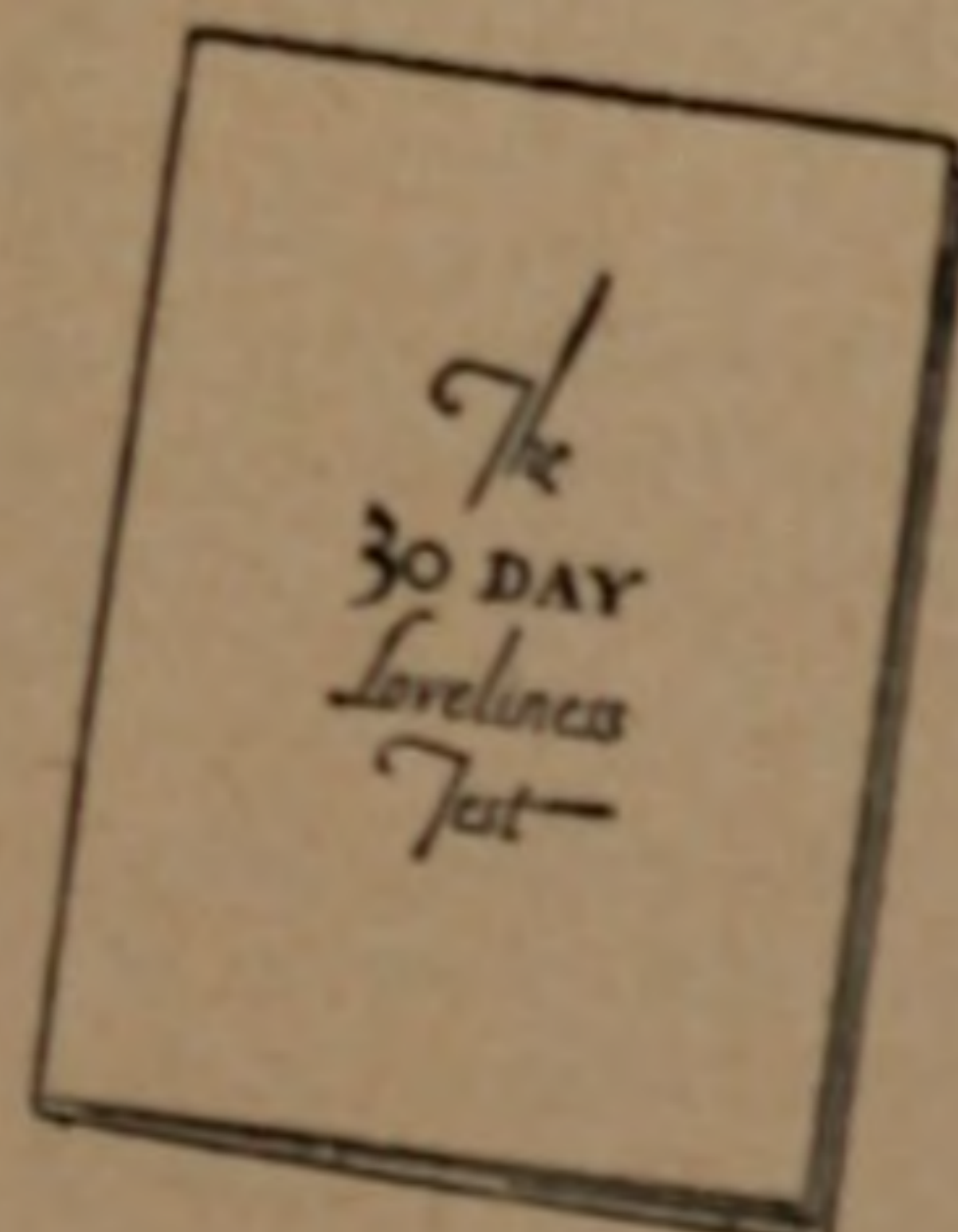
To have beautiful hands, never wash them casually. Scrub them well. Rinse them thoroughly. Dry them completely. (See booklet).

The way to loveliness is in this book

There IS a way to loveliness . . . a way that anyone may take. And its cost . . . only a little effort on your part . . . an earnest wish that you may become a happier, more charming, and better liked person.

What is loveliness? Let's see if we can't list some of the precious ingredients. First, isn't loveliness a quality of "inner spirit," made up, in turn, of things like pride in self, and confidence? (Here, surely, is the truest source of poise and personality).

Next, isn't loveliness better health . . . disclosing itself in many ways, as in skin that is clear and tinted naturally, hair that has a luster, and eyes a sparkle. Third, loveliness undoubtedly is charm of dress . . . style, neatness, immaculacy.



Loveliness is all and principally these things. Don't you agree?

Then possibly you will also hold with us that right in your own home, in your bath tub and basin, in your laundry bag and dresser drawer, are vast possibilities for you of greater loveliness.

But where to start! What, precisely, to do! Isn't that the big problem?

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The Waltz Dreamer

(Continued from page 33)

situation gravely and hesitated to begin.

"I am disappointed," he confided. "It doesn't look at all as I had imagined it. But—" with a sudden flash of optimism—"it may prove a pleasant surprise. Your dish, now, is highly ornamental—*stunning*, I should say."

An inner demon goaded me. "Ya-aaa-ah!" it taunted, "are you to be beaten by a pig's knuckle?"

"Come, come," I murmured. (I was about to add, "this won't do.") But the words released something in the genius brain:

"Now *that* was a lyric," said Oscar Straus, abandoning the pig's knuckle with a suddenness typically male. He kissed his finger tips.

"Ah, that indeed *is* a lyric! A man can write real music when he is furnished with such lines. I am not writing just now. I am waiting for the book. This business of fitting words to music which is already written doesn't suit me. I must fit my music to the words. That is as it should be.

"Arthur Schnitzler's story, 'Daybreak,' is to be my vehicle. It is a magnificent thing. We shall, I dare say, denature it a bit for movie uses. The end is far too strong for *opera bouffe*. But once I get the book—the music will fly, with all this sunshine . . ."

Sunshine Music

SUNSHINE, it seems, does wonders with the *genus* musician, of which Oscar Straus is a shining exemplar. Twenty-five years of musical composition have rendered him adept at this art which burns fitfully in the breast of the proselyte. He wrote the musical score of "Danube Love Song" in a fortnight.

"It caused the rumor that I had left Warners before my work was finished," he said. "People did not believe such a score could be written in so brief a period of time. But sunshine—that speeds things up. . . ."

About us were the heterogeneous human assortment of studioland. Joan Crawford, chrome-faced and scarlet-mouthed in make-up. Roland Young, his greasepaint meticulously protected by a neckerchief. Dr. Marafioti of the Metropolitan, in close conference with as many lovely ladies of the cinema as could insinuate themselves into his presence during the duration of his luncheon. Julia Faye, Bessie Love, Anita Page—each coaxing a bit of the famous voice doctor's time. Comedians in outlandish costumings. The violent rubaceous color-harmony of Charles Bickford. Troops of little blondined angels. A dark-eyed vampire quite obvious in her black velvet and sequins. And, smiling blandly among them, Oscar Straus of Wien, composer of "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Waltz Dream," "Mariette" and a score of immortal things.

Even Better Times To Come

"RECORDING," says this genius with the perfect musical ear, "is amazing. The Hollywood studio product is far finer than what we hear in theaters at the present time. But, in the future, theaters of ideal size and with ideal acoustical requirements will give the entire country the thing

we have here. Then we shall hear music!

"It is more difficult," says Oscar Straus, "to write music for a talking picture than for a legitimate performance. On the legitimate stage, you only need a couple of song hits. The rest may be interesting material in which the choreography or the scenic investiture carries the interest. But in the talking picture, every song must be a hit, else it goes flat.

"In the theater, to begin with, you have



Ray Jones

Before he became the sensation of 1930, Lew Ayres was a blues singer. So you'll have to believe that he can play the organ and mandolin, as well as the radio and phonograph

the orchestra, which plays the overture. The overture is a general assembly of all the airs which are to run through the performance. The audience is more or less acquainted with the music, therefore, before the performance begins. When the number presents itself, it is, to a certain extent, familiar.

"Now, in the talking picture, the song breaks on the consciousness of the audience when the number begins in the performance. It comes cold to them. It must be a fulfilling melody, else they will not catch it at a single hearing. And we do not repeat *ad infinitum* in talking pictures as we have developed the habit of doing on our stage."

Talkies with Overtures

"THAT is food for thought," said I. "The day comes then, when the talking picture of musical type will begin with an overture, for all the world like the legitimate performance. The orchestra will play the overture as the people find their seats. There will be no attempt to divert them on the screen. The melodies will sink into their consciousness as they do in the theater. And prepare a way for themselves against the time when they occur in the picture."

"Precisely," said Oscar Straus with a gracious wave of his fine nervous hand.

On his fourth finger was a heavy gold band with a huge embedded emerald. It was reminiscent of the lavish emeralds on Fyodor Chaliapin's large white hands. A series of initials in black enamel script, on either side of the stone, gave it an old-fashioned solidity. But there is nothing old-fashioned about Oscar Straus.

For many years now he has had his atelier in Paris. The Wien of his birth, once the gayest and most captivating city of the earth, he finds too sad for musical composition since the War. He has a son, Irving, who will soon come to Hollywood. Irving, at seventeen, has gained recognition for his jazz compositions. He is an expositor of the *môde moderne*.

Because of this, he and his father do not discuss music, although they are vitally interested each in the other's work.

"I am of another generation and of another school," says Oscar Straus (with one S), "so we would only get into useless argument."

Hollywood an Experience

HOLLYWOOD is colorful and fascinating, because it is new and utterly different from anything Oscar Straus had ever seen. A creative person lives by his experiences. He has never before lived in a land where oil derricks pierce the horizons. Nor has his music before been written in a bungalow adjoining Buster Keaton's. One writes under terrific pressure in Hollywood: Oscar Straus likes that also.

"Mariette" was done in Paris with Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps. There, one knows, if the music is good at all, *la Printemps* will carry it through to a Parisian triumph. Here, one does not know. One has no idea who the leading lady will be. Or the leading man. One does not know the reactions of producers, of audiences. Everything is foreign and

fascinating and life-giving to the creative person, because of the novelty.

By this time the stuffed pig's knuckle was no novelty to Oscar Straus of Wien, Paris and Hollywood. The waitress bore it away with a flourish worthy of the *Reserve de Beaulieu*, instead of a commissary dining-room.

"It was most intriguing," said Oscar Straus with a gentle air of complacence. "Most intriguing."

I looked up with a thank-you on my tongue. It is not often an interviewer is so complimented by a great man.

Oscar Straus of Wien was speaking to the waitress. His charming reference was for the stuffed pig's knuckle.

I pocketed my pride. After all, genius is genius and one must not expect weighty compliments at light luncheons with heavy lions.

We rose. We made our way toward the exit. He was bowing and smiling to friends and acquaintances.

We were outside, outside in the melodious sunshine. Somewhere, a strain of jazz tinkled. It seemed incongruous—with Oscar Straus about—that anyone could be playing harsh music. But Oscar Straus did not seem to notice.



Jeanette Loff



Jack Oakie

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Putting Them Back Into Circulation

(Continued from page 29)

anyone her address or telephone number. She used to be seen at parties and in cafés a great deal. But not since she is single. One hardly ever sees her now.

You can never tell how it will affect them. One of the most curious of Hollywood customs, it seems to me, is that of announcing people's "engagements" to people who are still entangled in matrimony elsewhere. This usually presages a forthcoming divorce, of course.

Engaged? Well, Hardly

WHY, the rumors of Constance Bennett's engagement to Gloria Swanson's "Hank" flew so thick and fast—long before Gloria had ever admitted that there was even a shadow of a rift in her marriage—that Constance was obliged to make official and firm denials in the public prints. I may be old-fashioned or something, but it still seems funny to me to talk of being engaged to some other lady's current spouse.

There may have been something to it, at that. Anyhow, the effect of the separation on the Marquis de la Falaise has appeared to be a chronic attendance upon Miss Bennett ever since he has been in Hollywood this time. Gloria has not appeared in public at all.

Kay Francis, too, has denied emphatically that she is engaged to Ronald Colman—which seems logical to me, since he, in turn, denies that he is even contemplating a divorce from his wife.

Hordes of men prefer to "circulate" in a semi-wedded state, such as Ronnie enjoys. They think it saves them a deal of trouble with ambitious young women who would like to collect for breach of promise or something. Ronnie has frequently said that he considered it "a very good thing" for him to publicize the fact that he is married. Plenty of them feel the same way about it.

That is, they want all the safety of the wedded state but none of the responsibilities. It makes circulating so much safer!

Distress Calls

THEN again, some men are suddenly overwhelmed with their own helplessness after the tie is broken. Ernst Lubitsch had to call his wife to help him find a suitable house and to interview prospective servants for him, after they parted. He simply could not cope with domestic details alone at all.

She had to select a comfortable home for him and see him nicely settled in it before she could proceed with the divorce!

And another newly bereft husband of my acquaintance rushed to his erstwhile wife in dismay one night, begging her to tie his dress tie for him. He was starting his circulating and had an engagement to take a blonde to dinner—and he simply could not manage that horrible dress bow! The wife was nice about it. But I'm afraid she giggled.

Of course, some of them leap so quickly from marriage to marriage that there is practically no interim for circulating at all. Hardly anyone knew that Sue Carol had a

husband somewhere back East. She engaged to Nick Stuart so long. And we hardly recovered from our astonishment at the announcement of her divorce before we were gasping again at the news that she and Nick had been married for weeks. You never know where they are!

Married Before You Knew It

NO one in Hollywood knew that J. Winton was divorcing Charles K. Lyon until they read of her marriage in New York to a broker or somebody. It seems that the ink on the divorce decree was scarcely dry before the wedding was accomplished.

Sometimes, it almost seems as if the formalities of divorce had been overlooked entirely—the things move so swiftly. There was a lot of ado when John Barrymore married Dolores Costello, because no one had heard that he was divorced from his old wife.

Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes lived apart for about a year and both of them were considered distinctly eligible. And Hollywood was just that disconcerted when they suddenly decided to resume their lives together. Ruth explained that they found that they didn't have nearly so much fun apart as they did together. Apparent circulating lost its charm, after a time.

Charles Chaplin always gets very morose and lugubrious when he is divorced and evinces all sorts of symptoms of being a woman-hater. Or at least, a distruster of the sex. But he gets over it after a while. At least, he always has. He says that he will never marry again.

Farewell, 1930 Style

THE Eddie Sutherlands introduced a neat new wrinkle into divorce custom the other day when they entertained what they called "a separation party." It was a sort of debut-dinner for both of them—at the Embassy Club—to announce to their friends that they were returning to circulation.

They said that they had decided to separate, but before they did it, they wanted to entertain the people who had been nice to them while they were married to one another. All very amiable and friendly.

Generally, the "ex-es" remain upon pretty good terms with one another and display the friendliest sort of interest in each other's affairs of the heart.

I heard a young wife announce her impending separation only recently by saying brightly, to a friend, "My dear! I think you have always been a little interested in my husband. Well—you may have him now. I'm going to divorce him. I think you and he would make a splendid couple—he's such a nice chap, you know. I think you would get on very well, and I'd like to see you both happy and settled!"

The strange part of it is that I think she meant it. Her concern for her husband was sincere. She was putting him back into circulation and she wanted him to be content.

◆	The county clerk writes them into marriage—	◆
◆	The judge writes them out of it—	◆
◆	The press-agents write the papers—	◆
◆	And the papers write the news.	◆
◆	And, somewhere in the shuffle,	◆
◆	The stars lose their individuality.	◆
◆	If you want all the news, and	◆
◆	The personalities, too, keep pace with	◆
Motion Picture CLASSIC		

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 45)

he princess has been forced to make her own way in life.

"Princess Athena is not without her small court in Hollywood, however. The Arabian musicians, with whom she is appearing in the Foreign Legion picture, 'Morocco,' address her by her title and show her the deference they consider her rank. To them, she is 'our princess.'"

• • •

JACKIE COOGAN spurning the white-tablecloth brigade of the Paramount café and eating with the technicians at the counter.

Joan Crawford, Douglas, Jr., Kay Hammond, Ruth Roland and Ben Bard among Ann Harding's guests at a theater party.

Sally Starr and Fred Scott at the same play.

Sally's supposed-to-be boy-friend, Eddie Quillan, escorting his Mother and Dad.

• • •

SEVERAL Hollywood globe-trotters have recently returned to the home fold, singing the praises of London, and telling of the gay receptions they were accorded there. Heretofore, Paris has always been the favorite playground, but London seems to be stepping right up when it comes to entertaining visiting movie stars.

Marion Davies made a personal appearance in the city of the fogs, and thousands of "conservative" English folk stampeded the entrance of the theater and the "bobbies" had their hands full, holding the crowd in check. When Marion made her appearance upon the stage, the entire audience rose and cheered.

Charlie King was another visiting fireman to bring back glowing tales of his London reception. And while Buster Keaton insisted he was on a vacation and refused to make personal appearances, he was not without his share of traffic-stopping, himself.

• • •

DIET continues to be a favorite subject of Hollywood conversation. The Eighteen-Day diet is dead and buried. Lamb chops and pineapple are as out-of-date as last year's hat. All you hear about now is—soup and buttermilk.

Winnie Lightner introduced this one, I believe. Anyway, whoever introduced it, soup and buttermilk is the last word in weight-reduction conversations.

• • •

NORMA SHEARER cabling good wishes and congratulations to Talullah Bankhead the night she opened "Let Us Be Gay" in London.

Certain film producer wondering if the life story of Jeanne Eagels would make suitable material for a movie.

John Boles teaching his small daughter to swim.

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe waltzing in the Blossom Room.

• • •

THE latest feminine adornment in Hollywood is the beret. Not that the beret, *per se*, is a novelty. But the top-piece in question heretofore has been something to wear for sports—not here, there and everywhere.

Hollywood just can't be bothered by being formal. Let Paris decree straight and narrow lines, and Hollywood promptly gives its belt a good healthy pull. Let Parisian couturiers stock up with large hats and Hollywood dons the smallest thing it can find.

Now the girls aren't wearing hat brims around their faces, but little wavelets their best friends never knew they had. And you hear that femininity is coming back.

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It's Free And Easy

(Continued from page 70)

First-Class Rackets

AND although Hollywood has been fooled that way many times, it's still a Grade A racket. You, too, should pick up a title on the way out. Most any title will do as far as Hollywood's concerned. Oh, yes—and a family crest would be nice, too. Spend about twenty minutes figuring one out before you start. You can use it here in place of a meal ticket.

However you work it, as romantic "hobo" or titled "nobility," be sure to bring a good supply of sarcasm. Criticize continuously. Find fault with the food, furniture and *filet mignon*. Question your host's taste in drinks, drapes and dressing-gowns. Be nasty. Be impossible. Raise trouble with Hollywood and the movies. Your host, instead of kicking you out, will titter, gasp and straightway announce you as a Great Man—one with the courage of his convictions. You're made.

Still another way of gathering in the gratis groceries and shelter is to park on the porch of some star until he asks what it's all about. That's your cue to crash out with the story of how you've come clear across the continent just to see him. Soon after, go into your faint. You'll be taken in and nursed back to health—a long slow process. Long and slow, that is, if you're at all clever.

Or, if you prefer, begin loading up the star with news of the home-town. Funny as it sounds, that also works. Your average actor is provincial to the point of hick. Bring lots of news of the home-folks to the folks in Hollywood. Soon after, if you see any more food you'll scream.

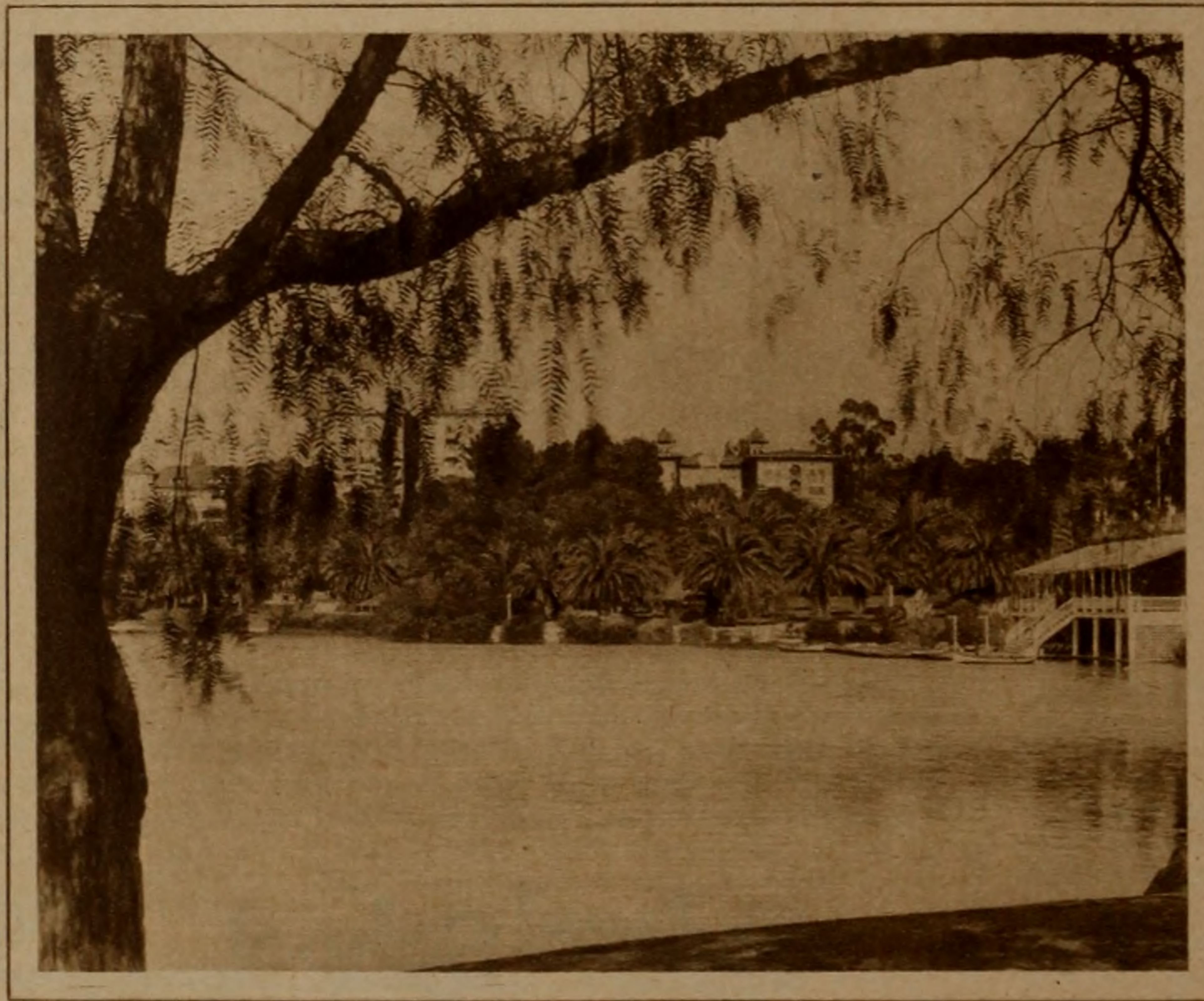
Parking Allowed

PERHAPS you'd prefer not being made part of a Hollywood household. Perhaps the outdoors is strong within you as it was within Gary Cooper, Grant Withers, Rudolph Valentino and Bill Seiter. It was for you, then, that Hollywood and Los Angeles made their parks. With our mild temperate climate (you've surely heard of our mild, temperate climate), you'll find our public parks to be perfectly delightful living quarters. It's simply a matter of picking your favorite.

Westlake Park, for instance, has the lake. This is favored by those in whose blood runs the call of the sea. Grant Withers is said to have preferred Westlake. Rumor has it that the soft lap-lapping of the waves on the shore helped his insomnia. Pershing Square Park, across from the fashionable Biltmore,

has always rated highest with those having a social standing at stake. Valentino is said to have liked it. Valentino is said also to have preferred the newspapers there; excellent for wiping one's face after a hurried wash. Late editions, goes the anecdote, were recommended by him, both for the news they contained and for their thickness.

Gary Cooper, or so it goes, liked the peace and quiet of Griffith Park, located on the edge of Hollywood. Here he would sit by the hour, broke and jobless, true, but quietly content as he watched gentlefolk fall off their horses. He also was partial to Hollen-



Keystone

Another good stopping-place, before you get acquainted with some star who will be delighted to hear your story, is Westlake Park. Grant Withers always preferred Westlake

beck Park. You, too, will find one to your liking. Just one more word. Don't overlook the spacious grounds of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Personally, I think it has them all beat.

You Can Let It Rain

WITH the rains, you may want to give up your Park and take winter quarters. That is the time, according to Bill Seiter and many before him, to select the parking station of your choice. That's what Seiter did in his plug-ugly days. The Lincolns and Cads are best, he says, for stretching out. Simply wait till business starts falling off. Then as the attendant begins napping, head straight for the car of your choice, pull down the curtains and call it a day. As Grand Rapids bed men say—we *must* get our sleep.

With food and shelter out of the way, we may now turn our attention to amusement: *free* amusement. And there, my dears, is where Hollywood has the whole world skinned. Had the late Mr. Barnum seen the

shows that are daily enacted on Hollywood Boulevard, he would have sighed and straightway, and for all time, have handed in his tights. Probably that's why the circus never amounts to much in Hollywood. The side-show freaks running around loose here are far better than the real thing. Name the free amusement you're craving and I'll tell you where to look for it. Do you like cowboys and rope-tossing acts? Turn up at Hollywood and Cahuenga boulevards. There you'll find a couple dozen rangy saddle-hands waiting for westerns to come back. And as they wait they daily put on a show of which even Buffalo Bill would approve.

How To Be Entertained

OR probably you'd like a party. Well, the ladies of Hollywood are often stuck for extra men for their dinner dances. While walking peaceably along the Boulevard, you're very apt to be herded suddenly into a carload of other last minute guests. That very thing has happened more than once. If you are ever so drafted, don't be alarmed about not knowing anyone at the party. You'll have plenty company. With parties given on the wholesale dimensions you find here, it's ten to one that the hostess doesn't know anyone there, either. Just eat and drink whatever's in sight and check up another free evening.

Remember that you are free to leave the party if it bores you;

free to try all the other parties in town, till you find one that looks good. Just amble along till you find a mob of cars parked in front of a house. That usually means party. Ooze into the house and snuggle up to the punch. No one will bother you. After a while, it won't matter if they do.

Hollywood, besides being democratic as to its guest list, is woefully dumb. The only ones who don't attend the parties here are the invited guests. That makes it better for you. Break up enough furniture and they'll take you for a regular. And as the party breaks up, don't be alarmed when the guests start thanking you for the splendid evening they've had. *Someone* has to be host.

This testimony should be enough to start you on your way to this town of easy gravy. Now if you don't come to Hollywood to get in on the free racket, we'll know it's just because you're a ninny who's afraid of traveling on a train.



... now watch us
tackle a **Milky Way**

Just think how one would taste! That center, barely crumbling as you bite through it . . . its flavor telling of fresh sweet milk and delicious *malted* milk. Topping that, the golden layer of just slightly chewy caramel; and then, outside of all, that rich brown coating of wonderful, pure milk chocolate. What a rare combination of goodness, and how satisfying, when you crave good candy. Oh boy . . . imagine how good one would taste *right this minute!*

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OLD GOLD first appeared on Hollywood "lots," November 9, 1926. In just 90 days it was one of the four most popular brands among the celebrities of the screen.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

The Legendary Barrymore

(Continued from page 30)

paper cronies—Carl Decker, Frank Butler and Rip Anthony, were with him—but it was young John who actually climbed up and removed the huge thing of wood and plaster from its rightful place. The young men then took it from saloon to saloon on Broadway, and for their prowess were awarded many a round of drinks.

The Punishment Fitted Him

GEORGE BRIDGMAN, noted artist and teacher of art, who was Barrymore's instructor, says of his student:

"The boy's bold originality was developing in his sketches, although, of course, they showed the influence of Doré. He had the makings of a painter in him."

Doré was first inflicted on Barrymore as a punishment. A copy of Dante's "Inferno," illustrated by the famous Frenchman, was given the boy to read when he was twelve years old, as punishment for hitting another lad in the ear with a hard-boiled egg.

He feels that Doré influenced not only his sketches, but his very character, instilling in him the touch of the *macabre* that occasionally is evident in his nature.

Young Barrymore sold a play poster for five dollars. Andrew Carnegie bought his gruesome drawing, "The Hangman," for ten dollars. And before he finally secured employment as a newspaper artist, he had obtained other trifling sums for his artistic labors.

He worked for eighteen months on the staff of the New York Evening Journal. He usually illustrated Arthur Brisbane's editorial page, but occasionally one of his gloomy, allegorical, symbolic drawings illustrated the optimistic verses of Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

His Excuse Was Acceptable

THE first trial of this strange combination brought strong protests from the poetess, and young Barrymore was sent to meet her and explain.

"Madame, my drawings are probably deficient because I did not stay in art school long enough to draw feet," he told her. "I must always hide feet in grass."

Miss Wilcox was hearty in her praise of Barrymore's next illustrations. He was later discharged for a botched political drawing.

Barrymore turned from art to acting with regret. As he puts it:

"I only went back to the stage because there is hope—at least, money—for the bad actor. The indifferent painter usually starves."

Perhaps the reason Barrymore is such a great actor and such a colorful individual to-day is that he never really liked or respected the profession of his famous family.

Strange friendships have always been his characteristic. He has met great person-

alities, and kings and queens, but the characters that have interested him far more have nearly always been relatively obscure, such as Rip Anthony, artist, and Frank Butler, newspaper writer.

The Friend of His Choice

AT an important Hollywood film studio, one of his cronies was the gatekeeper. That worthy was always welcome to come to the Barrymore dressing-room and, when there, was always sure of a drink.

The biggest executives of the film company were formally introduced to "Jim" when they met him in the star's dressing-room, and they had to enjoy his company.



No bed of roses: but Joyce Compton is enjoying Hollywood despite. The reason: she appears to be in something better than clover, and blossoming out, after being with Will Rogers in "Lightnin'."

A climax was reached one day, when Barrymore returned to Los Angeles from New York. All of the studio's chief executives were at the train to meet him. Hovering timidly on the outskirts, and no doubt frowned at, was "Jim."

"Ha, you old loafer, so you got my wire!" he shouted. "That's fine. Where's your car?"

Arm-in-arm with the gateman, he dashed away, climbed into a rickety old car, and rattled off. Behind him, he left his baggage and his valet for the executives to escort in the awaiting Rolls-Royces!

Fireworks Display

ONE of his best pieces of acting in a studio never reached the screen.

His special photographer, Bill, had arranged to take Barrymore to the auto races one Sunday. Saturday afternoon, the production manager decided that the company, which was behind schedule, would have to work late that night. Bill realized that, if Barrymore worked until midnight or later Saturday, he would never get up in time for the races next day.

"Guess this crabs our plan, doesn't it?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't think we'll work late," Barrymore replied.

He wore a long cloak in the next scene. The cloak kept falling off. He broke a wooden trellis. Some lady visitors came on the set and disturbed the players. Barrymore gradually worked himself into a towering rage. At last the scene was nearly completed. Then the cloak fell off again!

With a howl, followed by cursing that sent the lady visitors away with hands over their ears, the star tore the cloak to rags and strode off the set.

The company discussed the blow-up with hushed voices. It was decided that no more work could be done, and everyone was dismissed for the week-end.

Bill, with many forebodings and qualms of fear, forced himself to invade the lion's den. He was determined to ask Barrymore if he still wanted to go to the races.

The Lion Unbearded

BEFORE he could knock at the stellar door, however, it opened and a redfaced, perspiring chief executive of the studio came out, retreating gracelessly and in confusion.

"You aren't going in there, are you, Bill?" he gasped.

"Y-yes sir! I gotta see him. Is he awful mad?"

"Boiling! Better not disturb him. He'll knock your head off."

Doggedly, but with misgivings, Bill opened the door a crack and peered in. Barrymore caught sight of him.

"Hey, Bill, you old wart-hog! Come in, d—you! Didn't I tell you we'd not work late to-day?"

Not long ago, Winston Churchill visited Barrymore at the studio.

The only person the star introduced to the famous British statesman was another crony, "Tiny" Jones, a diminutive extra woman, who was formerly Dorothy Mackaill's maid.

"Tiny's a country-woman of yours," Barrymore explained. "Besides, she's a real person."

The Human-Being Test

ANOTHER anecdote gives a clue to the genesis of some of his friendships.

A new executive was to be presented to Barrymore. This was precarious, for the star's violent dislikes are as characteristic as his sudden friendships.

One of the cronies, as ambassador, warily led the newcomer into the Presence.

Staring hard, Barrymore shook hands with the new man. The latter stared boldly back. It was like two fighters touching gloves before the bout.

Drinks were brought. The newcomer insisted that his famous host be served first. With a wise eye cocked at his visitor, the star poured a staggeringly tall whiskey, and shot into it a mere finger or so of seltzer.

The new man deliberately poured a taller drink of whiskey, and a mere *f-f-tt* of seltzer!

Barrymore grinned.

"I'm glad you're a human being!" he declared. "Up the river, old top!"

MOTION PICTURE ACTING



JEROME STORM, left Directing
CONSTANCE TALMADGE, star in 'THE GOLDFISH'
Right, C GARDNER SULLIVAN, Supervisor.

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The Kid Also Talks

(Continued from page 41)

Sawyer," with nice little Mitzi Green and that brand-new mike? (I often wonder if I am not just a little silly when I talk with children. I never quite seem to know when they have crossed that line from childhood into human beings. Sometimes I think I actually coo at them).

Sure, he said, it was nice to take a fling at the talkies. Ever since they came in, he'd wanted to try them to see just what made 'em tick. You got the idea he would have had the same interest in a new automobile motor or a self-setting alarm clock. His mind wandered politely from the subject. Mary Brian had come in and taken the next table.

Jackie observed her silently for a moment. "The most beautiful girl on the screen"—this with the tone of a connoisseur. "She isn't too skinny."

There might have been more on the charms of Mary as seen by her youthful admirer, if that second toasted cheese hadn't arrived at just this time. For the next moment or two Jackie gave this masterpiece of culinary art his undivided attention.

Food For Thought

"IT'S wonderful the way that fellow makes these," he mused. "They aren't all messy like most cheese sandwiches. The cheese is toasted right in between the bread"—his expressive hands illustrated in pantomime just how the cheese and the bread got together,—“and then it's put on a special sort of frying plate. I wish you'd have a bite," he offered.

After that, I don't know what kept me from ordering one myself.

Later, Jackie's father told me he had always been that way. Didn't care a darn about fame. It just didn't mean anything to him. He never quite "got" it—or rather, it never quite "got him." He just won't talk pictures.

"He's far more interested in the things that interest most boys of his age who have never set foot on the stage, or in a motion picture studio.

"He gets a kick out of such things as belonging to the German, French, English and American Boy Scouts. When we traveled in Europe on his personal appearance tour a couple of years ago, it didn't mean anything to Jackie that they were still talking about 'The Kid'—just as if it had been made yesterday. The biggest thrill of that tour to him was the opportunity to attend the International Convention of the Boy Scouts.

He Likes What He Gets

"HE'S nutty about airplanes, and things like that, and over at Loyola he wants the boys to forget he is Jackie Coogan, the movie star. If he

wants to go to the mat with a certain boy over a disputed point, he wants it to be on a boy-to-boy basis.

"His mother and I have tried to keep Jackie unspoiled by not giving him what he asks for right away. I bought a tricky little model of a kite-airplane the other day and Jackie went crazy about it. He started business negotiations for it right away. First, he asked me to give it to him. Then he offered to buy it. I'm going to let him wait a little while for it—he'll appreciate it more when he gets it."

At this moment, the Kid, who had been visiting the table of Gary Cooper during this eulogy on his robust fellowhood, returned bearing—believe it or not—another cheese sandwich. Something in Coogan, Sr.'s expression must have smitten him, for he murmured: "This isn't exactly for me—I know you like them, Dad." And it turned out that Dad did.

"The people in Europe have the real idea about eating," said Jackie, because, after all, this was an interview and something was expected in the conversational line. "They really know food, even though they do spring some funny novelties on you. I never thought in my whole life I'd ever be able to eat a snail. But, honest, they're delicious! The first time I ordered them, I ate six and after I finished those, I ordered six more. They don't taste like what you'd think snails taste like, at all."

The Coogan Mystery

IN spite of Jackie's cultivated taste, his father says he is most difficult to feed at home.

"He will sit down to a delicious meal—and then inform us out of a clear sky that there is nothing on the table he really likes. That is always his cue to make a polite get-away down the street to one of those barbecue-sandwich places. He brings back one of those pork or beef concoctions just dripping in that gooey sauce. His mother nearly had a fit, at first—but he hasn't broken down yet. I don't know whether it is a sign that the food is all right—or that Jackie has a tin stomach."

Jackie only smiled. After all, it's his own secret.

Somebody, an assistant director, I think, came and said Jackie was wanted back on the set. For the first time since the last cheese sandwich, Jackie lighted up a bit. "Excuse me, please, I'm glad to have met you," and, just like that, he was gone—cheese sandwich and all.

"Mr. Coogan," I pried on from a sense of duty, "isn't he just a little excited over the picture—I mean, at home doesn't he say anything?"

Coogan, Sr., shook his head. "Fame doesn't mean anything to Jackie."

That being the case, I said I thought I'd have one of those cheese sandwiches.

With the talkies, hokum is being squeezed off the screen—
A blah remark sounds even worse than it looks.
But written hokum looks bad enough—
Especially when you have been seeing it
For years and years and yet more years—
Material that went over big in the days
When movies were designed for ten-year-olds.
The alert, adult audience of to-day
Knows hokum at first sight, and
Keeps away from it, by reading

Motion Picture CLASSIC
"It's The Magazine With The Personality"

How To Treat Chorus-Girls

(Continued from page 69)

are at least a hundred to-day for every job, even in the chorus. So you have to be extraordinarily good at your kicks, splits and taps to qualify for a permanent chorus job at one of the big studios. Thus the chorus director's job is done for him before he starts, so far as getting work out of the girls is concerned. All he has to do is tell them what he wants, and they can do it with little or no trouble. So we see that even if the new Will Hays's code of ethics for Hollywood had not been introduced, there would be little need for swearing at chorines. The victory for purity is complete.

How It All Started

DANNY DARE, who is overseer of massed feminine gyrations for Fox, steps forward to tell us the evolution of chorus-girl treatment from earliest times to the present enlightened day.

It was Leon Errol, he says, who discovered the art of staging dances without the use of profanity. Errol is said to have "killed his girls with kindness." Before his day, the backers of Broadway shows would sit in the orchestra at rehearsals and listen to chorus directors yelling and screaming at the chorines. If a girl answered back, she went straight out into the street and did not return. The chorines had to be as tough as steel to stand it. But then, in a way, chorus masters had a right to expect them to stand up against profanity; for many of them could do nothing else except walk, and that only with the strange one-knee-over-the-other gait which generally betokens knock-knees.

The change came from show-girls to dance-girls. A lady of the ensemble had to be able to do something; and for what she could do she commanded a certain amount of respect. The old manner of directing ensembles, as exemplified by Ned Wayburn and Ziegfeld in former days, began to fade out. The use of profanity became a thing of the past. And "ladies of the ensemble," so-called for dozens of years, were treated a little more like ladies and a little less like inmates of an orphanage.

To-day, says Dare, the average chorine has to be a far better dancer than the star used to be in the old days; and with modern Hollywood competition—with thousands of girls struggling for a place, be it ever so humble, in the limelight—the chorus-girl who can get a job is no less than an expert in every line of dancing. Profanity is not only undignified—it is unnecessary.

As for the show-girls of the old school, they are now doing their knock-knee walking in millinery and fashion shops. They are not wanted in the show business. Their tough hides are no longer any use to them.

I asked Ivan Lebedeff—the very man whose hand-kissing sent thirty-seven girls at R-K-O to the floor for a count of ten—if he had any views on the correct treatment of chorus-girls, and, if so, to spill them or forever hold his peace.

Ivan frowned, then smiled a *Mona Lisa* smile.

"It all depends on your taste," he said. "I prefer the old-fashioned way myself."

He pondered further.

"Also," he continued, "there are two divisions of the problem—above the waist-line and below the waist-line."

"I mean by this, of course, treating a chorus-girl intellectually and treating her professionally."

I scratched my head as he walked on. Queer birds, these foreign chaps. Intellectually, forsooth!



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Meet The Killer

(Continued from page 58)

hired a free-lance press-agent to get the editors jogged up a bit.

The press-agent would handle his account for a hundred and fifty dollars per week. He paid for expensive portraits that he never saw; dashed hither and yon, buying lunches for newspapermen; talked long and impressively whenever a member of the Fourth Estate happened along. This went on for many weeks, to the tune of one hundred and fifty dollars every seven days, plus costly portrait-sittings, plus lunches.

He isn't a notorious spender, so naturally he demanded to know what, besides income-tax exemption, all this was getting him. The press-agent was indignant, but a few five-line notices in newspaper dramatic sections were all that could be produced. He still wants publicity, but he's not going to be made a sucker to get it.

Observing Stage Law

ALTHOUGH he hasn't been interviewed very much, he's nothing if not thorough about it. The interviewers one meets in fiction and stage plays always carry little black notebooks with a supply of well-pointed pencils. Mr. Robinson reads extensively and has seen no end of plays. He wants to give out a good interview just as earnestly as he wants to play the title rôle in "Dracula."

So it isn't surprising when he suggests that one produce one's notebook and pencil to take down what he says. It doesn't really matter if what he says is substantially the same thing actors have been saying since time immemorial; to see a pencil scratching on a notebook inspires his best efforts.

It isn't as though Mr. Robinson didn't know what interviewing is all about. He does. He has read interviews and he has ideas about what the public wants to know. There's the matter of favorite food, for instance.

"Say that fruits are my favorite food. Put it fruits and tobacco. That's good, isn't it?"

This sprightly bit of humor was accompanied by a little slap on the elbow—our elbow—which is one of the typical Robinson mannerisms. After delivering himself of an observation he considers unusually apt, it is his custom, by way of emphasis, to lean forward and give the listener a slight slap with the back of his hand.

He never lets a good thing, whether it be a joke or a characterization, elude him for lack of following it up. The impulse to

follow up is responsible for his being typed as a gangster. He was tremendously successful in the stage production of "The Racket," and was promptly brought out to Hollywood to be sleek and suave in "Night Ride." Since then, producers haven't been able to get enough of his nasty doings.

He has never, to his knowledge, seen a gangster in the flesh. The character he did in "The Racket" was popularly supposed to be a take-off on "Scarface" Al Capone. He never even heard of Capone until after the play had closed.

Being typed rather disturbs an actor who is otherwise well pleased with himself. On the stage, he did plays that movie audiences would consider decidedly high-brow and worked for impresarios who spell art with a capital A. Now he's laboring in the once-despised flickers and playing conventional villains calculated to make little children shudder.

Notwithstanding which, he announces, "I'm too individual to be tied down with a contract."

And does he love his symphonies? That's easy. Does Clara Bow love her front-page stories.

He can neither play nor read a note of music, but he expands indefinitely on the finer points of Tschaiakowsky's *Symphony Pathétique*. What's more, he can spell Tschaiakowsky. He professes to abhor jazz, yet people-who-should-know say he's an unusually expert ballroom dancer. He leased a box at the Hollywood Bowl and goes religiously to hear the symphonies under the stars.

He pumps a mean player-piano, too. Once when an original mood possessed him, he cut sections from a half-dozen player rolls and pasted them together, in an effort to achieve something unique. Judging from his wife's comments, the result was even more than he had hoped for. Now, no amount of persuasion will enable one to hear the Robinson Original. It is for his own solitary enjoyment.

"Tell them my tastes are very diversified," he instructed. "Say that when I have a day off in New York I go to an opera matinee, then to a prize-fight in the evening, and enjoy one as much as the other."

Crap-shooting is his favored sport. The perusal of Sunday newspapers is his major excursion into current literature, because he prefers reading books which time has proved worth while. He speaks seven languages.

Ladies of "Whoopee"

(Continued from page 74)

don't-act, Virginia Bruce was like a strawberry ice cream soda after a gin fizz. She's quiet—but beautiful. Very, very beautiful. Tall. Blonde. Her obvious inexperience takes on the coloring of bewilderment. She talks, looks and acts as you might expect Lillian Gish to talk, look and act in a chorus. Several men who darted in and out of the office on the United Artists lot spotted Virginia sitting so erectly in her pale pink dress and called out: "Hello, Beautiful." "Hello," she answered politely and softly.

"All the men I've met since I've been in pictures are awfully encouraging," she admitted in calm repression. "I'm not really a show-girl, you know. That is, I never worked in a stage show. I came out to Hollywood originally to go to school, but since the talkies started I've worked in many musical comedies. I had a contract

with Paramount for six months—but nothing happened." She fixed me gently with those lovely puzzled eyes.

"I've had an offer from Mr. Ziegfeld to go back to New York for the next Follies—but I don't know whether I should or not. It would mean being separated from my family—and I think I would just die. I've never been away from my family, and New York seems so cold and unfriendly from what I've heard about it. I'm not the type that likes to go around to lots of places with different men. I like being at home with people I know. I really don't know what to do.

What Can Be the Matter?

IF things just broke right for me in the talkies, I'm sure I would love this work. Just when I'm beginning to feel
(Continued on page 102)

Desist Doctor I have Changed

Oh, please don't, doctor,
Please don't tell me
I ought to try some more
Of that awful stuff.

It didn't help me a bit.

And really, doctor,
I don't need it.

Why, it has even got so that
I don't even crave
A little prescription,
Now and then.

No longer am I sick,
Or tired, or bored.

My eyes have stopped
Burning and aching.
My head doesn't feel
Like a bale of cotton.
My appetite is good again

I happened, all by myself,
On what I need.
And it surely is
A sure cure for hokum
And the doldrums.

That's why I have changed.

I tossed all that other stuff
Into the grate—and
Settled down to enjoying
Some he-man doses
Of

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

"It's the Magazine
With the Personality"

Clara's New Beau

(Continued from page 48)

for some time (when he was a kid he used to caddy for Wally Reid on the golf links) but it is only lately he has begun to crash any degree of interest. He's lost the cowboy background in favor of straight juvenile screen leads—and then this "stuff" about an engagement between him and Clara, has certainly stirred up talk, to say the least.

"Everybody wants to give me advice about Clara," he commented, settling himself into a chair in my apartment which was not quite large enough for him. "A few people around the studio have even tried to run our friendship for us—if you can beat that! One fellow said to me: 'Don't let yourself get serious, kid, she'll only break your heart and give you the air.' Another said: 'Keep your heart out of it but crash in on the publicity.' I could have socked that one. I guess I should have—but I was so surprised I was dumb. For the most part I let them rant their heads off and don't say anything myself.

Keen for Clara

"I FEEL it's nobody's business about myself and Clara's friendship. I don't mind telling you this, though. I'd rather be in the company of Clara than any other man or woman I've ever known. She's so darn kind and generous to everybody and they're so mean to her—except a few of her real close friends and I'm not so crazy about all of them—but you can't argue with Clara—she thinks they're fine.

"I wonder why people don't leave Clara alone? She never bothers anybody. She leads the quietest life of any girl in Hollywood.

"Lots of times when I ask her to come to a theater, or out dancing, she says she'd rather sit home and play cards. She's crazy about cards. She likes Poker some, but she'd rather play Rummy or Chess. Did you know she was the best Chess player of Brooklyn? She's the champion. It takes a lot of brains to play that game.

"I'm perfectly happy just knowing I can drop over to Clara's house and sit around talking to her. There's a real companionship in our friendship. We do just what we want to do without trying to put on an act for each other. If Clara's tired and wants to get some rest, she'll excuse herself to the rest of us and go to bed. Even when she can't sleep she likes to lie there and relax. Her health isn't so awful good, you know. What she really needs is a long rest away from this town.

"We don't make any demands on each other, either. None of that jealous 'checking up' business. Maybe I won't see Clara for a couple of days. Maybe I'll drop over to another girl's house and take her to a movie, or something. It doesn't make any difference to Clara. We're real friends.

Has Given Him Courage

"SHE advises me a lot about my studio work, too. She thinks it's great I'm studying with a dramatic art teacher and trying to improve myself that way. She's given me a lot of courage about things—and I never felt that way before.

"I haven't worked in four months. At one time that would have scared me to death. I'd be sure they were trying to get rid of me at the studio and I'd be panicky. But lately with this new way of looking at things I think: 'Well, what if they do let me go?' In fact, not longer than a couple of weeks ago I went to an official of the studio and asked for my release. I told him I felt I was in a rut. Not that I was sore about anything or blaming them. I wasn't. I figured maybe I'd been hanging around

(Continued on page 99)



Nelson's work (1) before and (2) after Federal School training.

Now he **DRAW\$**
the things he wants

LOOK at drawing No. 1 above. Then compare it with No. 2 and note the improvement Federal School training has made in the work of Art Nelson. He formerly worked as a surveyor's assistant at \$18.00 a week. Today as an illustrator he makes \$65.00 a week. He says, "The Federal Schools made this possible through their training and co-operation as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student." Nelson is one of many young people making big money because of Federal training.

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Occupation

Address



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City _____ State _____

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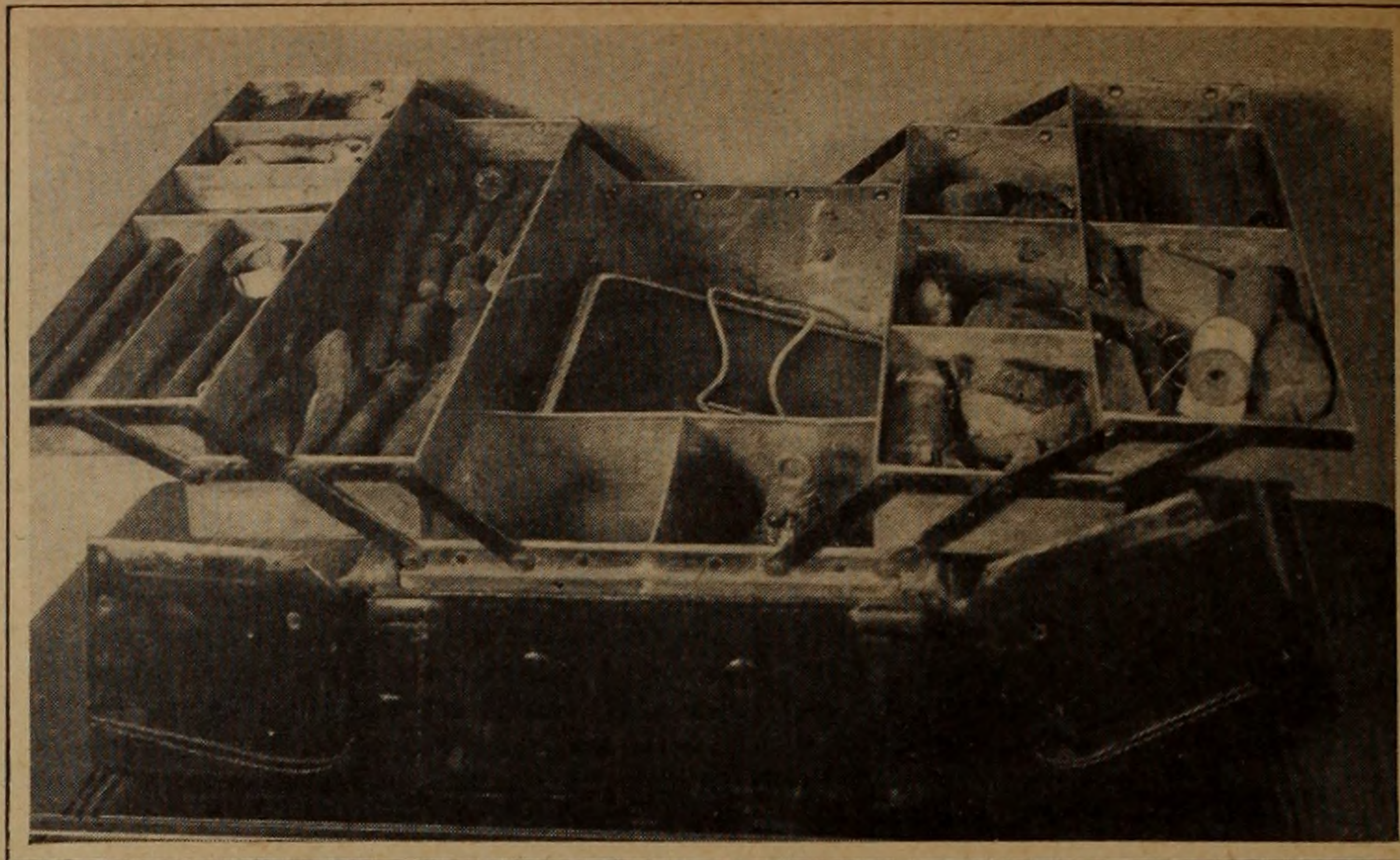
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Lon Chaney's make-up box carried every possible shade of color and device for portraying his varied rôles. With this box the late lamented star mastered the art of characterization

The Daily Terror

(Continued from page 39)

interests them more than anything else in the paper. Especially if that story has a tang of blood, love or money.

There's one answer, then. A second, one seldom touched on by the newspaper editors themselves, requires another preface before its explanation.

Not long ago, the somewhat sensational-minded managing editor of a New York tabloid, with no other instigation than his own imagination, deliberately stirred up such a furor of renewed interest in the famous Hall-Mills murder in New Brunswick, New Jersey, that the whole case was trotted back to court and the front pages.

There seems little doubt that that tabloid's accusations were first, last and always purely a circulation stunt. A bid for public attention through which so many more newspapers could be sold, and therefore so many more advertisers attracted to that particular paper.

Sensation with a Reason

THE most sensational stories, then, are often "hopped up" purely at the command of the circulation department, or through the doubtful enterprise of an ambitious editor.

The murderer of William Desmond Taylor, the movie director, was sought for years by the circulation managers and editors of Los Angeles newspapers—and, occasionally, by a political-minded District Attorney—long after the Los Angeles police had pigeon-holed their investigations as impossible of success.

Not only are *bona fide* stories overplayed, overwritten and oversold because of their Hollywood connections, but often the Hollywood connection with a story is dragged from so far afield that it's almost imperceptible, just to give the report of a messy murder the smell of studio lights, a tang of cinema glamour.

Lita Grey Chaplin's former butler is murdered on a lonely road near Salt Lake City and the press—that is, that part of the press which has a continual red rash—goes to every extreme but libel, and pretty close to that, to drag the name of Charlie Chaplin into the case.

Clara Bow goes to the hospital, and the papers say her visit was occasioned by everything from the cold shoulder of Harry Richman to the hot edge of a razor blade.

News-Hounds' Victims

CORINNE GRIFFITH is playing tennis in Burbank when the papers print a dispatch from London, locating her in a maternity hospital in England.

Douglas Fairbanks goes to Europe to watch some golf and the professional gossips spell every sort of surmise.

Every move of Mary Pickford's less famous relatives, Jack and Lottie, is followed by prod-nosed reporters—not, you may be sure, because the Great American Public cares much what either of them do, but because the name Pickford looks intriguing in headlines and sells papers.

And there is a tip to you, who would save your pennies on dull Monday afternoons when you hear the lusty-lunged "boot-jackers" calling out extras. When the headlines say "Actor," you may be sure the person is obscure. And even when the name is bannered, ten times out of twelve, the smack of sensation hinted in the headline will not be justified in the story itself.

"Screen Actress Summoned in Beauty Marring Case," a Monday afternoon headline may read. Follow down to the last dull paragraph in the yarn and you'll learn that Mary Dokes got burned while having a facial in the shop of John Gish. Mary claims it was because Gish was careless. Gish's lawyer, passing a wink and a quart of gin to the court reporters, claims the beauty parlor owner is never careless.

"Why, to show you what an expert operator he is, I'd like the court's permission to subpoena a well-known movie star as a character witness for the defendant." He names the star. Needless to say, neither she nor her studio allow anything more to be said on the matter after the first afternoon's extra.

But when you hear someone say: "Oh, that's just newspaper talk," and dismiss a story with an incredulous sneer because he has been fooled once too often, don't put all the blame on the reporters.

Remember that in every newspaper organization there is a circulation manager whose demands for the sale of papers are more exacting than the orders for accuracy on the part of editors. A Hollywood dateline will make a headline that sells papers, especially if it bears one of the famous names: Pickford, Chaplin, Bow, or Garbo.

Classic Holds Open Court

(Continued from page 37)

older generation any more than I have, your charge would be well founded. Why? Because, with the exception of my family, all the encouragement I've received from those older than myself has been negligible; all the advice they have given me has been negative; all the help I've had at their hands has been a damp, clammy sort of help which is just a little worse than no help at all.

Before I started acting, my kind friends older than I did everything possible to stop me. "Be an engineer," they said, "or a doctor or lawyer or anything—anything but an actor." I replied that I was interested in nothing but acting, whereupon they shook their heads sadly and gave me up. I had to go to those of my own age for help and encouragement.

The Only Fun They Have

AND once I'd started acting, the oldsters in the business went out of their way to dampen my spirits. They warned me so often and predicted so many different kinds of disaster for me that I suddenly realized that here was their only enjoyment in life.

P. A.: You mean?

William Bakewell: I mean that the older generation actually enjoys scaring the younger generation. It's a sort of sadism in which they indulge. And now is as good a time as any for me to place a counter-charge against you older ones. I hereby charge you with taking the joy out of life!

William Janney: Will the Prosecuting Attorney answer that charge?

P. A.: Well, frankly, I've got another case. I'm late now. (Exits.)

William Janney: Will anyone in the courtroom answer that charge?

(Courtroom suddenly becomes empty.)

William Janney (to others): And now, thanks to you, I am able to announce a clean sweep for youth. Will the witnesses join their champion in a quiet egg-nog?

(The others accept with pleasure and, shaking hands, the three depart for a local egg-nog emporium. This trial is over.)

Clara's New Beau

(Continued from page 97)

there so long they had just become used to me and overlooked me. If I got away I might be able to make a fresh start. But they wouldn't let me go. I suppose they are just waiting for my contract to run out.

"I've got everything all figured out about my screen work. I'm going to try very hard to make a go of it—because I like the work especially since I got away from Westerns. I'm going to give myself every possible chance to make a go of it as a young leading man. But I'm not going to hang on forever like most of these boys do. In a year or so if things aren't beginning to line up for me—I'm going to quit and go into some sort of business outside the movie game. After all, this isn't the only life in the world—and it can make you plenty miserable if you'll let it.

"It isn't big success that matters either. Wally Reid wasn't happy with all his glory. Clara isn't happy with hers. The only thing that matters as I see it is to feel you are accomplishing something—and improving yourself."

If you don't hear much about Rex and Clara, just bear in mind that *this* boy has some ideas about what *isn't* news.

Body Beauty is returning Excess Fat is doomed

That evidence is everywhere. In every circle you see slim figures coming back in an amazing way. They are coming without abnormal exercise or diet, without harmful drugs.

Medical science has found that a weak gland is a great cause of obesity. It has learned how to repair the deficiency—by feeding the gland. Doctors the world over now employ this method. It has become a standard treatment. A new era has come to people who wish to keep their beauty, health and vim.

Marmola prescription tablets embody this new factor—thyroid. A world-famous laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. Every box contains the formula and the reasons for results. You and your doctor can know exactly what you are taking. So you need not worry about harm. Modern doctors—everywhere—fight excess fat in this way.

Marmola has a remarkable record. It has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others, and the use has grown and grown. Now it is time-tested, and it stands supreme in its field, while false helps have disappeared by scores.

Marmola feeds the system a gland factor which largely controls nutrition. Its great purpose is to help turn food into fuel and energy rather than to fat. It also excites other glands to activity.



Obese people usually lack that factor.

Try Marmola. Price \$1.00. Read the book in the box, learn the reasons for results. Then, when the pounds drop away, tell your friends who should know. Don't wait longer. Excess fat robs life of half its joy.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

A tip . . . from Andrew Carnegie

Asked to explain his phenomenal success, Andrew Carnegie blandly attributed it to his ability to get men to work for him who knew more than he did.

And that's a formula for success. Nobody who is really successful does all the work himself. He employs other people's minds and efforts.

Do you do the same in the intricate business of running your home and taking care of your family? You can, quite easily.

You can employ specialists in diet; you can serve the master dishes of famous chefs; you can have the advice of style authorities in selecting your clothes, of whole electrical laboratories in buying household appliances, by reading the advertisements.

All the newest knowledge—knowledge millions of dollars and years of effort have won—is contained in the advertisements.

If you will use the advertisements in this magazine as Andrew Carnegie used men who knew more than he did, every dollar you spend will be spent wisely, economically, and will return full measure of satisfaction. That's the way to be a success in the greatest business in the world—making a home.



It pays to read the advertisements

Science Discovers LIQUID that has no color "yet"



WILL the wonders of science never cease! Now a scientist has discovered a colorless liquid that actually imparts color to Gray Hair no matter what your age—no matter how Gray your hair—no matter what else you might have used without satisfaction. Already hundreds of thousands of people have used this amazing discovery. It is called Kolor-Bak and is as simple to use as A.B.C. You merely comb it into your hair and the color comes—the Gray disappears so gradually, so perfectly, that no one detects it. Another strange thing about this colorless liquid is that the one very same bottle will do for Blonde, Black, Brown, or Auburn. Now you don't need to experiment with uncertain, messy, sticky preparations that may endanger your hair. Kolor-Bak, the clean, colorless liquid, leaves the beautiful sheen of your hair unchanged. Get a bottle from any druggist or department store today—and if Kolor-Bak doesn't make you look 10 years younger, your money will be refunded any time you request. **KOLOR-BAK—Imparts Color to Gray Hair**

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A "Villain" Laughs - - -

(Continued from page 57)

mild hysteria, according to the state of conscience of the person paged.

Eminent visiting editors, lawyers, pugilists, actors and even clergy have had this tried on them. It is Lew's commentary on his sex that not one of them has remained a natural hue. All have turned pale and rushed to the 'phone to tell their Little Wimmie not to believe a word they hear on that horrid radio. None have caught on.

Strange Interlude

LEW sits in the sun and spins tales . . . Things that have happened to him in the Past. Things that still happen . . .

Once, when he was playing in San Francisco, a little old lady, very old and very fragile, began to talk to him from the audience. For that little lady there were two people in the crowded theater—herself and Lew. She said, "I knew you were like this. I knew you were not as they say you are." This was the time when Lew was billed as "The Butterfly Man" and mothers were locking up their daughters against the winged one's depredations.

Incidentally, it was one of the times Lew's heart was broken.

After the performance Lew leapt the footlights and went to the little old lady. He held out his hand. And she said, loudly and emphatically, "I won't shake hands with you." The audience started and gasped. Lew stammered and flushed. He said he was sorry he had offended her. He asked her if she wouldn't do him the honor to shake hands with him. The little old lady smiled up at him. There was a glitter in her eyes. She pulled the stalwart man to her tiny knees. She said "I won't shake hands with you because—I want to kiss you."

Then and there, in the crowded house, a firm friendship was made. The little old lady told Lew she had three beautiful daughters. He could "have his pick." Lew visited the modest little homestead. There were the three beautiful daughters. He didn't take his pick, but he and his little old lady still correspond. She follows him in all his pictures, all his personal griefs and joys. She is his mother by proxy.

His Friends in Need

MOST of the women who write to Lew are little old ladies.

They want to comfort him in the sorrows they feel he has had.

They want to reform him. They tell him that they just know he is a good man. They seem to realize that a debonair manner does not necessarily mean a debonair heart.

They knit him mufflers and woolen socks and prepare for him cookies and jam. He is the erring son they have, or might have had. He is the young husband who

broke their hearts and lives in their dreams.

Or little girls write to him. Children. They tell him all about their troubles at home. The mother who doesn't understand. The dad who doesn't care. They wish they could have Lew for a Daddy. *He* would care, they say. He would understand. Perhaps they are right . . .

Down-and-outers write to him. Men who have Come Back. Men who are trying to Re-Enter. Men who seem to feel that here is a man neither better nor worse than they.

Tragic Clowning

LEW talks about Mabel.

"They made only one like her. That one is gone. The best companion any man—or any woman—ever had.

"One of the last times I saw her alive—just toward the end, she said to me, 'Lew, I want you to divorce me. No, don't kid. Be serious just this once. I really mean it. I've never been anything but a drag on you. I want you to be free.'"

Lew, who was to be forever free so soon—and knew it.

And the "villain" smiled. He threw back his head and laughed. The most painful laughter that ever constricted his swollen throat. "Who've you got your eye on?" he said, "What's the big idea, giving me the go-by? Who is the fellow?"

And another time, the only time, "Lew, do you really think I'll get out of this?"

And the "villain" said, "I'm afraid so. I suppose I'll have to have you tagging around . . ."

Who said *Pagliacci*?

You see, they always kidded. It was their way, the one with the other. The face of Death had no power over them.

Now—As Then

THE dark cloud seems to have passed by the man who may be called, in Hungary, "The American Paul Lukas."

Lew is working again, is well again. "What a Widow!" "Beyond Victory." He says that Gloria Swanson is the best sport, the most generous co-worker he has ever known . . .

"Old hags" still cluster about him. Little old ladies still try to comfort him, to reform him.

Norman Kerry is still his pal. Mickey Neilan drops by for a hand-made julep. Visiting dignitaries and undignitaries spend their womanless hours with a man's man.

Lew plays the old tricks. Laughs the old laughter. Gives life a wham in the ribs and takes the comebacks. Is not afraid to die, for the prologue has never been niggardly, no matter what else it may have been.

Fun has been fun. There is a fiddler to pay.

Another "villain" smiles . . .

THERE MUST BE REASONS

Miniature golf has taken away movie fans like a flu epidemic.

Children are staying away from the talkies and, in many cases, also keeping adults away.

The producers seem constantly menaced by loss of patronage.

Why? What's wrong with the movies? What do people want to see?

What would you, for instance, enjoy seeing next year?

Turn to page 107 and help the puzzled producers.

Cultivate that satisfied feeling that comes when you unload your likes and dislikes—

And know that what you have to say is going to count.

Are You Playing For Money?

In a lottery,
You have to have luck . . .
At a race-track,
You have to have intuition . . .
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bank account . . .

It is, in short,
The opportunity
of a puzzling lifetime.

This goodly fortune
Is waiting for you
On pages 40 and 41
Of the November

MOTION PICTURE

A "Villain" Smiles

(Continued from page 56)

lings. A perfect case of shell-shock. They tried to trap him. They would waken him suddenly in the middle of the night. The ruse didn't work. Paul awoke shaking and trembling. He convinced his audience and was sent home to recuperate. Like a homing bird, he flew to the nearest theater.

His debut was in 1916 at the Comedy Theater, Budapest. In the title rôle of Molnar's "Liliom," given us on these shores by our own Joe Schildkraut.

He has played in almost every conceivable play and in every conceivable rôle.

One night he waited table and said, "Thank ye, Sir." The next night he seduced Royalty or wore a crown himself. Shaw, Shakespeare, Galsworthy, the Russians, Wilde, all were the glittering axes on which he sharpened his art.

Such catholicity has given him his pet aversion—for factory methods, for stereotypes. For playing a "smiling villain" once, scoring a hit, and being expected to play the same until the last bell rings.

A Samson, No Less

MAX REINHARDT saw Lukas in Budapest and took him as guest artist to the theaters of Berlin and Vienna. In Berlin, Lukas joined up with Ufa and played Samson in "Samson and Delilah."

Adolph Zukor attended performances of "Antonia" in the Comedy Theater and immediately negotiated with Paul for his appearance on the Paramount lot. And his first rôle was in Pola Negri's "Loves of An Actress." Since which time he has made "Three Sinners," "Manhattan Cocktail," "Shopworn Angel," "The Wolf of Wall Street," "Illusion," "Slightly Scarlet," "Young Eagles," "The Benson Murder Case" and others.

He thinks Emil Jannings is a very great actor. Hand-made. Conscious. Calculated. Mental.

There are two kinds of actors, he says. One works with the head. The other with the emotions. It is the latter who make you cry and get mascara all over your rouge.

He believes a great actor can be made, but that the greatest of all are born. The born ones are those who use their emotions.

A great actor does not need to be intelligent. Many intelligent actors are hams.

The use of fantastic or macabre make-up does not require acting. Acting is in the eyes.

In Hungary, they especially love Chaplin, Norma Talmadge and Douglas Fairbanks.

Habitually Normal

HE is married to "a nice girl." Hungarian. For three years. No descendants.

He has a home in Bev Hills and goes to it when the day's work is done. All his habits are normal.

He has a Hungarian cook who cooks American style.

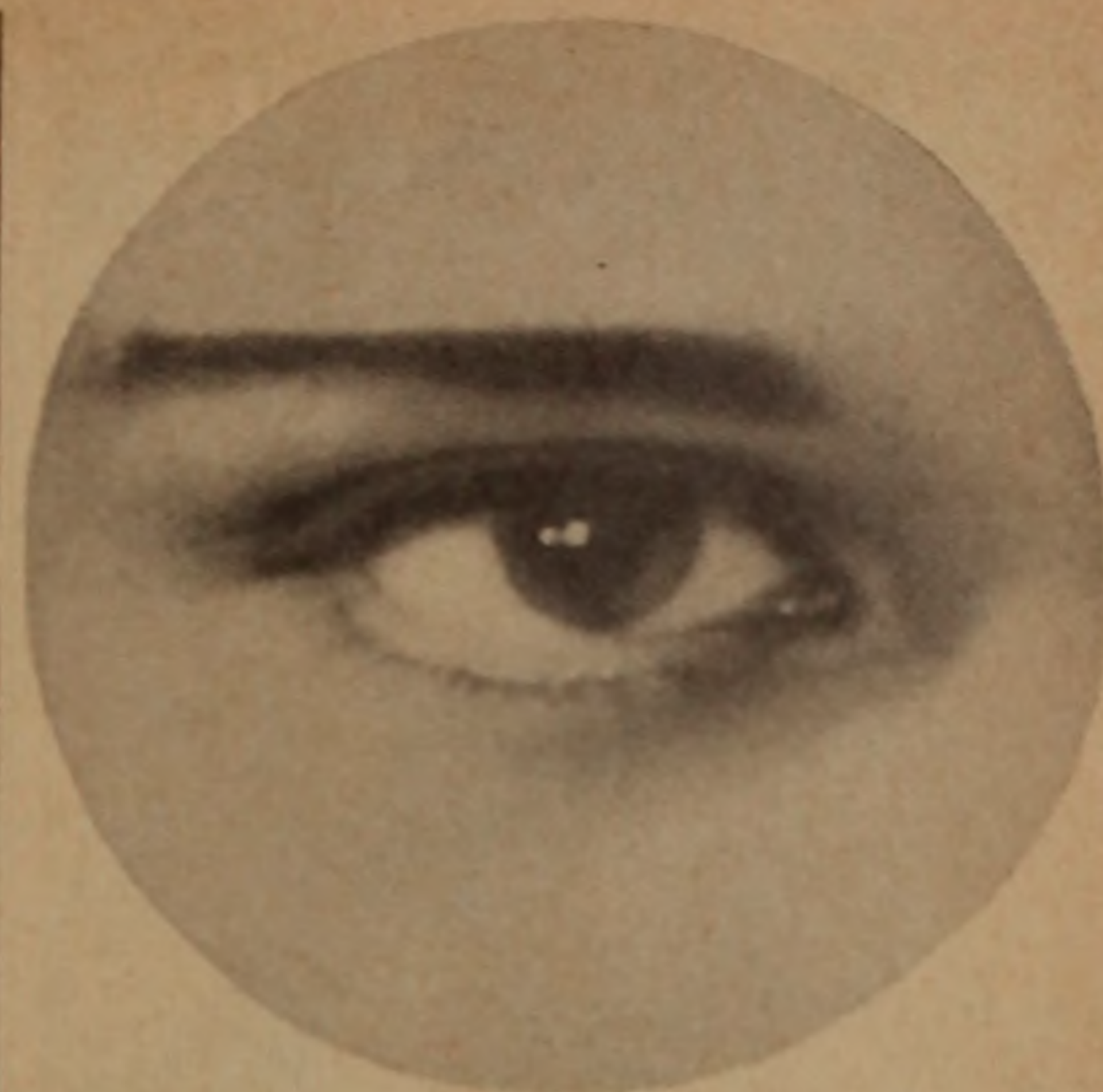
He suits his food to the climate. Hungarian food is his favorite when in Hungary. Lighter sustenance over here.

He doesn't care for ice cream sodas or lemon-pop.

He does not believe that merely beautiful women are sufficient for any man. Unless he be a traveling salesman or an adolescent. Even in the primary sex emotions he believes intelligence and an accompanying sensitivity to be far more important than mere beauty. A merely pretty face gives the sophisticated man no sense of conquest.

He feels that his race is akin to the Russians. And, like the Russians, is introspective and has thought considerably along psychological lines.

He has now stopped thinking. He takes
(Continued on page 103)



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She Longed To Be Liked

(Continued from page 65)

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had no job, and hurrying back to Broadway when sent for. One of her first parts was the child in "Liliom," with Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut starred. It's one of the few plays that she has remembered word for word, and it almost drove her crazy when they changed a few lines in the screen version.

Eventually came "Death Takes a Holiday," reams of critical enthusiasm, the inevitable Hollywood offer—and the psychoanalyst.

The Woman and the Girl

ROSE is a strange, contradictory person, one of those personalities that doesn't linger definitely in the mind. In make-up she becomes a rather sophisticated woman—verging on the type of Evelyn Brent, though not so striking. At home, she's more like Lois Moran. Very brown, absurdly young, and persistently intellectual. She has a nice, high brow,—probably a great satisfaction to her—and green eyes, handsome and thoughtful. In spite of the psychologist, she hasn't yet quite laid the ghost of her numerous complexes and inhibitions.

"I was always stiff and frigid," she continued. "People felt it on the stage, and in my voice. I couldn't give an inch of myself to anybody. I tried all the things that are usually suggested as a cure for inhibitions, but they didn't work. I used to wonder, 'How can it be, when I know I'm this lovely person, emotional, terrified, and completely feminine? Why do I have to be tied up like this?'"

"All my life, I wanted terribly to be liked, and nobody ever liked me. Until this last year, I never had a real friend. I knew hundreds of people, superficially. Now I've looked them all over, with a new vision, weeded out most of them, and thought to

myself, 'These people are of no consequence. I'm bound for somewhere, and I can't waste my time on them.' I don't care much now whether I'm liked or not, and consequently people are beginning to like me. Oh, I've only just begun on the things I can do to myself. It has made all the difference in the world to me."

Hollywood Horrors

MISS HOBART thinks Hollywood is an impossible place. She's just a little bit perverse about it. Having dinner in her patio, with stars, moon, and pepper trees making a fantastically perfect setting, she sighed, "I wish I were in a speakeasy in New York. With false stars painted on the ceiling. This place is so beautiful! It reminds you of all the lovely places you've ever known, makes you want lovely things—and you can't do anything about it."

"It changes people so! There are many people here whom I knew in New York, but they're very different. It dulls the edges a little. They're not quite so sharp, not quite so brilliant. There is absolutely no mental stimulation here. I want to go back to New York, because it's impossible to act in motion pictures. There's no continuity—it's impossible to sustain an emotion, the way you do on the stage. You don't even know what part of the story you're doing. It's entirely stylized and mechanical. And I want to act!"

Rose Hobart takes her work, herself, and her mental processes with a profound gravity. Still constrained, immature, a little sharp, she is trying her best to become a richer and warmer personality through psyching herself. But, with the greatest respect for the method she has chosen, I think that growing up is going to do Rose as much good as anything.

Ladies of "Whoopee"

(Continued from page 96)

awfully discouraged, someone comes along and advises me to hang on here for awhile.

"I met Irving Berlin yesterday—and he was so sweet to me. I think he is one of the nicest men I ever met. He said: 'Virginia, just stick it out, you'll get the breaks.' And when I met D. W. Griffith, he said he thought I was a lot like Lillian Gish. So many people have told me I was just the type that Griffith used in his pictures, and I rather expected something to come of our meeting—but, so far, nothing has. When Paramount signed me six months ago, I thought my troubles were over, but they didn't do anything for me, either. I took lots of publicity pictures, that's all. They made quite a fuss about my being 'Hollywood's Own Show-Girl,' but I never got a good part." She sighed ever so slightly. I murmured something. It didn't seem right that anything so pink and beautiful should be so discouraged.

Heading for Home

IN a little while she went away, as beautiful and bewildered as ever, to make way for Georgia Lerch of Broadway, poised, calm and four years of George White's Scandals behind her.

Georgia wore a little athletic green hat and a summery comfortable dress of the same material. She smiles easily and quickly, but she doesn't laugh much. Her voice is deep and dramatic. It is quite clear that she is one of those "now and thens" who know what it is all about. She was as

poised as Ruth Chatterton and as self-assured.

"Now that 'Whoopee' is finished, I'm planning a short trip back to New York," she explained. "My home is there. No matter how crazy I became over another place, I think I would have to get back to New York every now and then. My roots are in New York—but I love Hollywood."

"I live very quietly here. I live very quietly in New York, for that matter. I don't think I can give you any pointers on night-life in either place. I don't go in for it, much. It's daytime Hollywood and daytime New York that mean the most to me."

The Ideal Combination

"I LOVE New York Fall and Winter seasons. I love this summer I have spent in Hollywood. The days we weren't actually working on 'Whoopee,' I was at the beach swimming, or riding through the hills, or playing tennis or golf. To-day I shampooed my hair and walked up on a Hollywood hill back of my apartment to dry it. I sat there in the sun with all Hollywood in the valley at my feet and wondered why I wanted to go back to New York."

"It isn't until evening comes on that I realize I am homesick for show time. I was in the Scandals for four years and I grew to love coming into the theater, seeing all the girls. If you have ever been in the show business, I think it becomes part of your life."

A "Villain" Smiles

(Continued from page 101)

the days—and the nights—as they come. He has no philosophy of life. Doesn't want one. No conclusion has ever been reached. No conclusion ever will be reached. He has no theories. He discarded all ologies and isms in college. He is not afraid to die.

Ready for Anything

IF he should die to-day he would have had so many beautiful things happen to him. It would have been worth while. . . .

And yet—while there are beautifully, intelligently responsive women in the world, there are so many *more* beautiful things that can happen. . . .

He believes the French idea of marriage—marriages of convenience, with permissible liaisons on the side—is the only civilized solution to the question. Points of view may be different from practice. . . .

Aviation is his hobby. Gets the most gorgeous thrill in the world by rising at dawn and flying above the clouds. No matter what has happened on earth—vexations, problems, disappointments—all dissolve in that celestial ether. . . .

The really great love of his life is his work. He almost worships it. He is happy in any spot on the globe, so long as he is working.

If he is a villain, he is a smiling one, whether he likes it or not. With a liberated mind and a kind heart.

Black and White Read and Write

(Continued from page 6)

to find new stars who will be willing to work for less money.

Such is the lament of one mere fan—who believes she is expressing the reactions of many others. Can't something be done? Before long I shall be giving the movies up in despair, and that will be bad for me—and for the box-office, whose funds I have helped for some years to swell considerably!

Ellen W. White

Where Stricter Censorship Is Needed

West Lawn, Pa.

The love interest in life being what it is I don't suppose anything can be done to eliminate the intensity of love scenes but it seems to me that stricter censorship is needed of billboard illustrations of movies.

They reek with sex and compromising situations. Billboard advertising is legitimate and has a definite function to perform but exaggerated statements and indelicate postures and insinuations certainly tend to degrade the movie art and create disgust in the onlooker.

"Hot stuff" billboard advertising may be raw meat to the roughnecks but it doesn't sit so well on the average stomach.

Joseph E. Kerr

Giving Joan A Big Hand

Yazoo City, Miss.

We have been told so many times to "Give this little girl," and "That little girl a Big Hand"—well, I am in favor of giving Joan Crawford two big hands.

Of all the actresses who have played parts portraying the modern American society girl, I don't think there is one who equals Joan. After seeing her in "Our Modern

(Continued on page 105)

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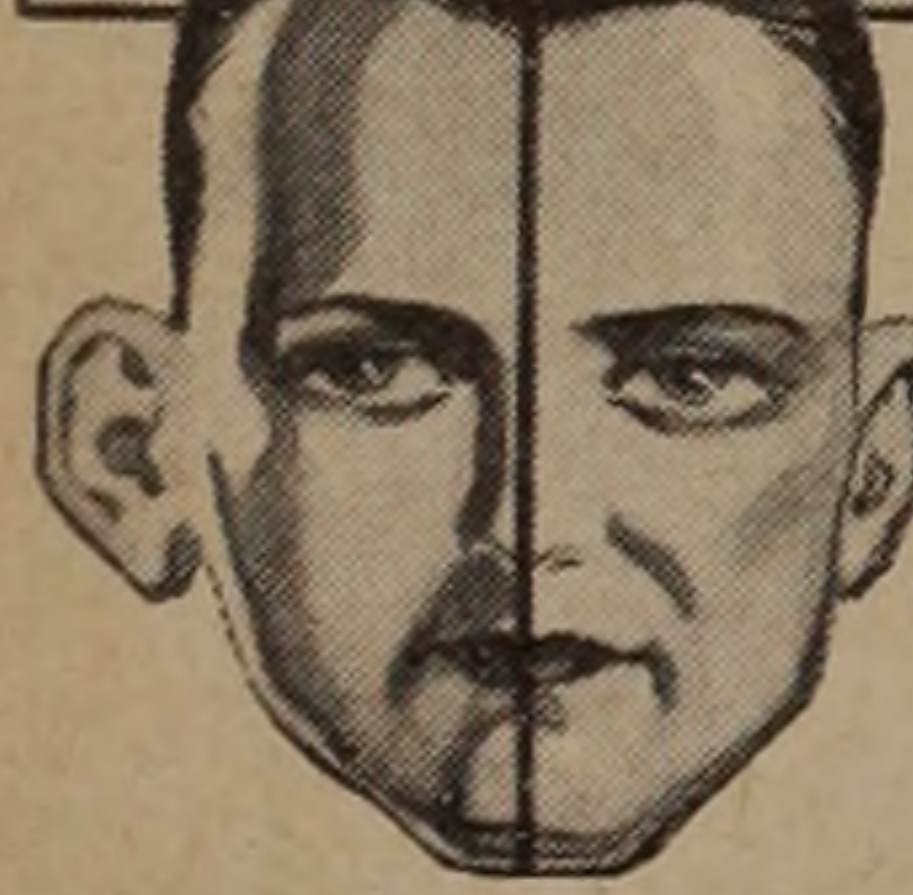
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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 76)

hair and eyes. **Dorothy Lee**, Los Angeles, Calif., May 23, 1911. She is five feet one, weighs 95 pounds, has brown curly hair and blue-grey eyes. Playing in "Half Shot at Sunrise," Radio Pictures Studios.

INTERESTED ONE—They say that the owners of those new small cars can use the packing box for a garage—that is, until the wife tries to put the car away. **Hugh Allen** was born in Oakland, Calif., Nov. 5, 1903. He is six feet tall, weighs 200 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Real name **Allen Hughes**. Educated at Tremont High School, Oakland, Cal. Hobbies, mechanics, block printing (linoleum cuts). His first appearance in pictures was a part in "Sally" in 1924. Since then he has appeared in "Annapolis," "Plastered in Paris," "Dress Parade," "Object Alimony," "Sin Town," and Pathé serials. **Arthur Lake** was born in Corbin, Ky., in 1910.

MADLINE MEUSE—**Joe E. Brown** is five feet seven and a half inches tall, weighs 149 pounds. **Winnie Lightner**, five five, 125 pounds. **Barbara Stanwyck** was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16, 1907, she is five feet five, weighs 118 pounds, married to **Frank Fay** and is appearing in "The Miracle Woman." **Charles Bickford**, Cambridge, Mass. Does not tell his age. **George Arliss**, London, England, April 10, 1868. **Jack Oakie** will be seen next in "Sea Legs," Paramount Studios.

IG—**Nancy Drexel** was born on April 5. **Helen Lynch**, April 6. **Neal Hart**, April 7. **Mary Pickford**, **Rosemary Theby** and **Yola d'Arvil** April 8. Send along a self-addressed envelope for a complete list of fan clubs. **Colleen Moore** was born in Port Huron, Mich., Aug. 8, 1902. She is five feet four, weighs 108 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Real name **Kathleen Morrison** and she is not active on the screen at this time, but is planning to appear on the stage this Fall.

BROOK FAN—**Clive Brook** was born in London, England, June 1, 1891. He is five feet eleven, weighs 149 pounds, has brown hair and grey eyes. Married to **Mildred Evelyn**, they have two children, **Faith** and **Clive, Jr.** Latest production "The Greater Love." Receives his fan mail at the Paramount-Publix Studios. **Mary Brian**, whose real name is **Louise Dantzer**, took the name of **Brian** from her father. It was his middle name. **Fifi Dorsay** is appearing in "Those Three French Girls," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

JIMMIE LEE—**Charles Rogers** is not married or engaged. **Claude Allister** did not appear in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu." I believe you refer to **William Austin**, who played the rôle of the Englishman. **Alice White** is twenty years old and was educated at the Hollywood High School and Roanoke College, Virginia. **Richard Arlen** is thirty-one years old, latest picture "The Santa Fé Trail." **Charles Bickford** in "The Passion Flower." **Clara Bow** "Her Wedding Night."

AMELIA—**Earle Foxe** was born in Oxford, Ohio, on Dec. 25, does not tell the year. He is six feet two, weighs 180 pounds, has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes, English and Irish descent and served with the London-Irish Machine-Gun Division in the World War. Most recent picture released was "Good Intentions," starring **Edmund Lowe**. **Gary Cooper** and **Marlene Dietrich** are playing in "Morocco," Paramount-Publix Studios.

MARGIE—Glad to hear from you again. **Marian Nixon** was born in Superior, Wis., Oct. 20, 1906. She is five feet two, weighs 109 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Latest picture "The Losing Game." **Jeanette MacDonald**, Philadelphia, Pa., five feet two, weighs 110 pounds, has red hair and green eyes. **Joan Crawford**, San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1908, five feet four, 120 pounds, brown hair and blue eyes. Appearing in "The Great Day." **Ivan Lebedeff** in Uspolai, Lithuania, June 18, 1899, playing in "Conspiracy."

VERNON—Yes, it begins to look as though the real vanishing American is the pedestrian. The talkies that **Marian Nixon** has appeared in are: "Out of the Ruins," "Geraldine," "Big Time," "The Red Sword," "The Rainbow Man," "General Crack," "In the Headline," "Say It with Songs," "Show of Shows," "Young Nowheres," "Courage," "Scarlet Pages" and "The Losing Game." **Myrna Loy's** latest flicker is "Renegades," Fox Studios. **Lois Moran**, **Walter Byron**, **Phillips Holmes** and **Mae Clarke** have the leads in "Play Called Life," Fox Studios.

FRANKIE—**Ramon Novarro's** latest picture is "Call of the Flesh," **Dorothy Jordan** plays opposite. **Lupe Velez** and **Gary Cooper** are still engaged to our knowledge. **June Collyer** was born in New York City about twenty-four years ago. Entered pictures in 1927. Real name is **Dorothea Heermance**. **Claudette Colbert**, Paris, France, she is five feet five, weighs 103 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Married to **Norman Foster**. **Jeanette MacDonald's** latest picture is "Stolen Thunder."

MARIE—A hundred years ago most of this country was unsettled. Conditions today seem to be about the same. **Elliott Nugent** was born Sept. 20, 1901. Married to **Norma Lee** and is appearing in "Sins of the Children," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. **Basil Rathbone** is married to **Ouida Bergere**, latest production "The Lady Surrenders," Universal Studios. **Janet Gaynor** and **Charles Farrell** in "The Man Who Came Back," Fox Studios.

CLEO—**Anita Page** has one brother, I don't believe she has a sister. Why not write direct to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. I'm sure she will be glad to hear from you. **Anita's** latest picture is "War Nurse." **Carol Dempster** hasn't been active in pictures for some time. **Bessie Love** was born Sept. 10, 1898. **Joel McCrea** was born in Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 5, 1905. Has brown hair and blue eyes. Educated, Hollywood High School, University of Southern California, and Pomona College. He is not married and is playing in "The Silver Horde," starring **Evelyn Brent**.

RUTHIE—**Rex Lease** is the chap you refer to who played the rôle of **Jim Grant** in "Sunny Skies." **Rex** was born in Central City, Va. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and green eyes. Playing in "The Utah Kid," Tiffany Productions. **Kenneth Thomson**, Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 7, 1899, six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Married to **Alden Gay**, professional. Played on the stage before entering pictures. Here are a few of the flickers he has appeared in: "Corporal Kate," "White Gold," "Broadway Melody," "The Girl from Havana," "The Notorious Affair," "Sweet Mama," "Lawful Larceny," "The Doorway to Hell" and "Sweethearts on Parade."

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Black and White Read and Write

(Continued from page 103)

Maidens," I could hardly wait to see and hear her first talkie. Although I haven't read any articles, telling how she conquered the Microphone, as are written about so many stars, I think she has an unusually good voice. In my estimation, the songs she sang in "Untamed," went over a great deal better than many of the songs I have heard in these "Song and Dance" pictures, where the star is really supposed to be a singer.

Since "Montana Moon" has played our theater, the number of her fans here has increased 100%.

Here's wishing Miss Crawford a world of success, for she certainly provides us with good entertainment when she appears in a picture.
Mrs. L. O. Grounds

An Appreciation To All

Auburn Park, Chicago, Ill.

To a great extent the beauty within ourselves comes as a response to beauty from without. To connoisseurs of true beauty (in the highest meaning) much may be gleaned from the Screen and it's world.

Beauty of heart and character in Expedition members and beauty of snow and ice artistry and sea-foam embroidery in the scenery of "With Byrd at the South Pole"; beauty of melody, song and story in "The Vagabond King"; beauty of color and the picturesque in "Under Western Skies"; irresistible beauty of humor in comedy masterpieces; beauty of golden voice; beauty of gayety and rhythm in Marilyn Miller's dancing; beauty of childhood naiveté in Phillippe de Lacy; friendliness of the Chevalier personality; beauty of wholesome nature in Mary Brian; manliness of Larry Gray; rugged romance and taciturn charm of Gary Cooper; exquisite feeling and girlish beauty of Janet Gaynor; glimpses of genius in unexpected flashes; directorial beauty of those homely little human touches that play the heartstrings and make the whole world akin; photographic beauty; inspirational beauty of brave example so often and unconsciously given by artists who gained achievement via paths of hardships and by sincerity of effort and purpose.

Barbara Mueller

Forget the "Hearts and Flowers"

Dallas, Tex.

Why have I not known before that you not only invite, but offer remuneration for criticisms of the Talkies? Since their inception, I have gone about tirelessly uttering my sole complaint against them, only to get a laconic, "I quite agree with you," from my friends, not knowing that I might tell my grievance to headquarters.

This is what irks my soul. I resent these outbursts of orchestration, which render conversation inaudible at crucial moments. In more than one picture, just as I've been on the edge of the seat, knowing the lover was about to say the thing I'd waited all through the picture to hear him say—Crash!—"Hearts and Flowers," completely obliterates his words and I just want to roll over and play dead.

I know that soft music affects the emotions, but the actors we have now don't need any help to bring the tears and thrills. Who wants to hear music when we can hear Fredric March say—Oh! just anything.

I'm not very old, and I'm not at all deaf, but I can't listen to two things at once. When I want to hear music, I can always turn on the radio, but when I go to a talkie, I want to hear them TALK.

D. Millicent Burton

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30x4.95-21"		2.90 1.35	32x4	2.95 1.15	
30x5.00-20"		2.95 1.35	33x4	2.95 1.15	
28x5.25-18"		2.95 1.35	34x4	3.50 1.15	
30x5.25-20"		2.95 1.35	32x4 1/2	3.20 1.45	
31x5.25-21"		3.20 1.35	33x4 1/2	3.20 1.45	
30x5.77-20"		3.20 1.40	34x4 1/2	3.45 1.45	
31x6.00-19"		3.20 1.40	30x5	3.60 1.75	
32x6.00-20"		3.20 1.40	33x5	3.60 1.75	
33x6.00-21"		3.20 1.45	35x5	4.45 1.75	
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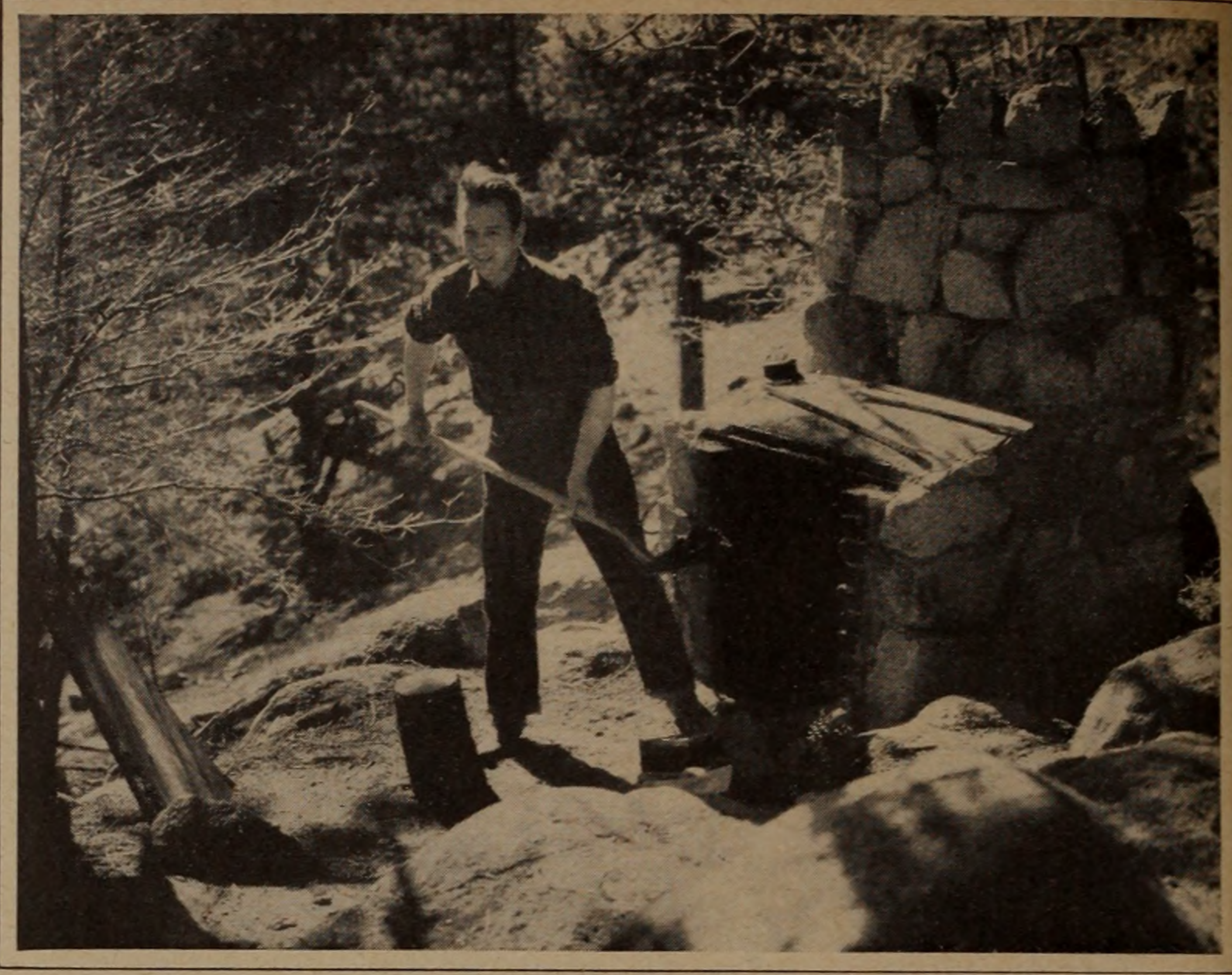
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Hurrell
 He can't find enough to do: what with "Madam Satan" and his mountain lodge both finished, Reginald Denny now is building a grill out where the cook can curse as loud as he pleases

Facts and Figures

(Continued from page 16)

more. The big question was: could the theaters stand the cost of a two-reeler, and where were they to get the extra \$500? Besides, it meant another day and a half to make it!

IN Russia, they apparently have larger ideas of the value of the motion pictures than we have. Recent reports show that in Moscow alone there are 400 workers' clubs, and all of these are to be equipped with projection machines. The idea is to make pictures embodying Soviet ideals and then distribute them among the clubs.

Nobody in this country seems to have discovered that the 28,865 labor unions might be a field for the sale of motion picture equipment and that even pictures themselves might be made for this market.

QUITE a number of years ago, Paul Smith, then the pastor of a San Francisco church, hurtled into New York City and organized the International Church Film Corporation. He had produced a picture called "The Finger of Justice," and it had created a furor. The earnings were large, and Dr. Smith figured that it would be a good idea to make special pictures for the churches. But Kaiser Wilhelm's helmet began to pinch his head about then—in 1914—and the church film business was lost somewhere in the picture shuffle.

The Western Electric folk are now looking into the church business. They have listed 230,000 churches, and are getting up a special talking equipment for them. Don't be surprised if you drop in at your special kirk some day to find the pulpit empty and the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, or some other spiritual spell-binder, delivering the sermon via the talking screen. Mind you, there are more than 58,000,000 churchgoers in these United States!

YOUNG Howard Hughes, who made "Hell's Angels" at a cost of—whatever number you can think of—quickest, has gone into the business of providing color for motion pictures. He has bought the Multicolor Company and now is digging foundations for a big laboratory in Hollywood. Brother Hughes believes that if you're going to simulate life by making pictures emit sounds, you ought to simulate life a little more by making the pictures look like nature—hence the new color laboratory. The latest reports are that 97 of the 1930-31 pictures are to be in full color.

AND talking about color pictures, did you know that there are more than 400 movie theaters in the United States that are exclusively for negroes? No white folks wanted. And when spasms of economy seize the managements, and they eliminate the gorgeously uniformed doorman, the business falls off. Yes, sir. Nobody is going to pay fifteen or twenty cents' admission unless they get some frills thrown in.

THE Fox Company is moving all its production to the new great Fox Hills studio, comprising 153 acres on the outskirts of Hollywood. About \$50,000,000 represents the investment in this place. And when Thomas A. Edison built his first studio—which he called The Black Maria—he spent \$637.28 on it. And the first actor didn't get a cent for his work.

AND talking about Edison, the first film he bought from George Eastman cost him \$2.70 (and that, by the way, was the first film sale Eastman made), but last year the three big film stock makers sold the industry more than \$30,000,000 worth of film. That's a little progress.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

THE PRODUCERS ARE WAITING FOR YOUR ANSWERS

WHAT, exactly, do you want? That is the question now before harassed movie producers.

At present they are only guessing. Until you tell them what you want, and do not want, this is all they can do.

They spend a fortune on a spectacle which, judging from past reactions, the public wants—and the public stays away. They spend a few dollars on a casual picture—and there is standing room only. Thinking that they have learned a lesson, they concentrate on unsensational pictures—and the public registers a loud and prompt objection.

Frankly, they have reached a crisis. To even a casual observer, it is obvious that many people are staying away from the movies. There must be reasons. And there must be ways to bring them back. What are they?

They want to know what you like and do not like, what you want and do not want. They not only want your advice, they desperately need it.

Below, we are asking you a few questions. They are the questions uppermost in producers' minds in their present dilemma. Your answers to these questions can solve many of their problems, are certain to influence future production.

What do you want to see next year? What don't you want to see?

You can tell us, and through us, the entire industry—simply by filling out the questionnaire and mailing it to us. If you are also in a mood to express your opinions in a letter, by all means do so. Remember that every letter that the editor receives is eligible for the prizes given monthly for the best fan letters received.

EXPRESS YOURSELF! Tell the movie world what you think!

1. Do you want more talkie revivals of old silent pictures?
2. Would you like to see some silent pictures?
3. Do you want more adaptations from plays, or more original screen stories?
4. Which interests you most—comedy, tragedy, or melodrama?
5. What type of picture bores you?
6. What type of picture do you think has been overdone?
7. Is there (1) enough romance in the talkies to suit you?
- (2) Enough action?
8. With the talkies, are you drawn more to the theaters by stories or by stars?
9. Do you prefer pictures in color or in black and white?
10. Do you like the wide screen?
11. Do you like musical movies?
12. If so, which do you prefer—romance, comedy, or revue?
13. What type of shorts do you prefer? (Two-reel comedies, cartoons, vaudeville, scenics, etc.)
14. What would you like to see on the screen? (List your favorite plays, novels or stories.)
15. What is your idea of a good talkie? (Tell us in your own words or cite specific pictures.)

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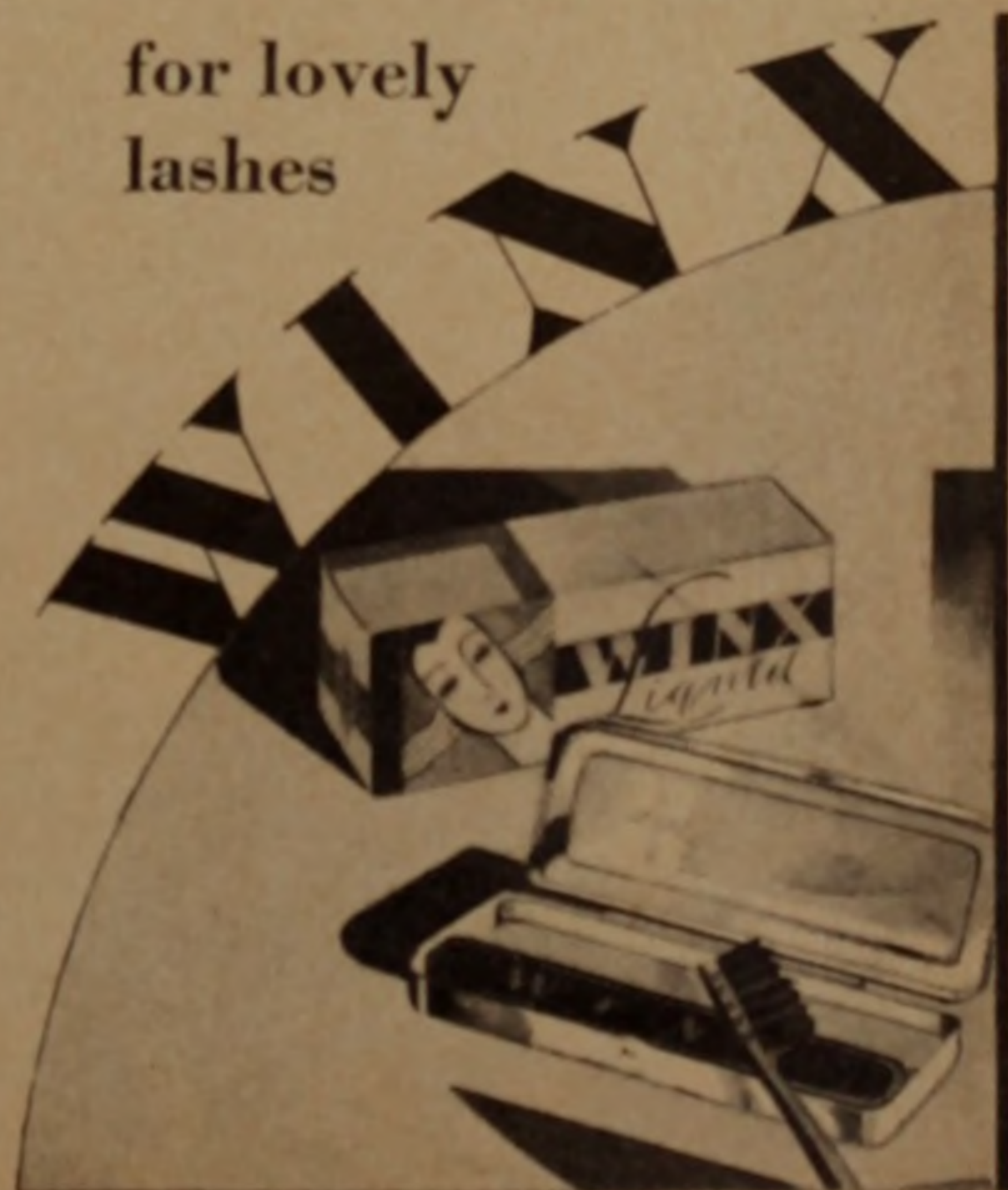
Perhaps you hesitate. Perhaps you just hate to put ordinary mascaras on your lashes. Perhaps you feel that made-up lashes—stiff and beady—are in bad taste...

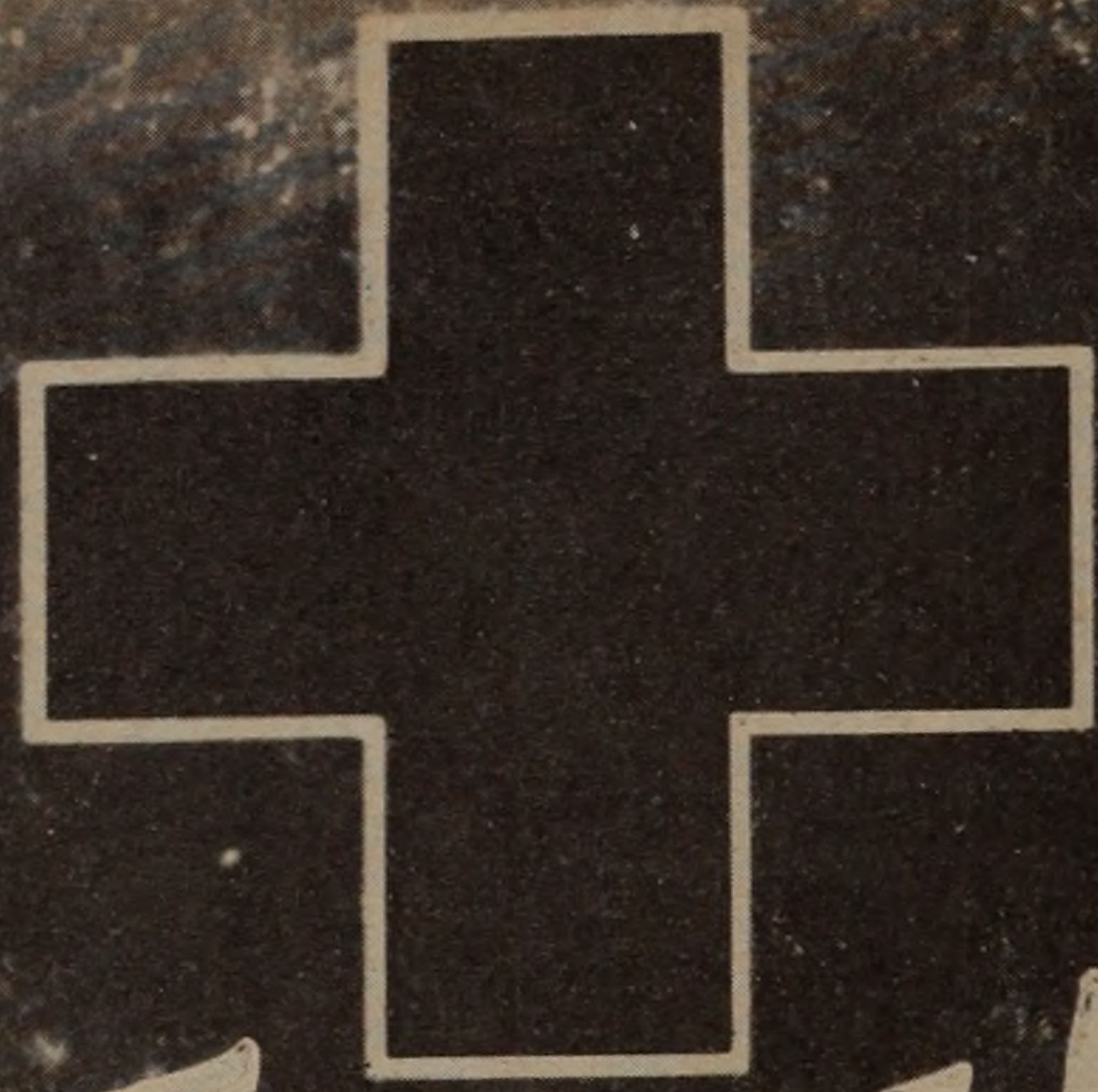
Of course you're right... And therefore, you will be the more interested in a new and absolutely different eyelash treatment.

It is the *new* Winx with the "double treatment" formula. First—of course—it darkens and shadows lashes. The effect is always good taste, natural, appealing... But that isn't all... Winx actually *softens* lashes... "Brittle" or coarse lashes—so often the result of ordinary make-up—are impossible with Winx. Indeed, regular treatment with Winx helps lashes to grow fine—curly.

Winx comes in two forms: *Liquid*, which is easy to apply and is absolutely waterproof. *Cake*, which in its chic silvery compact can be carried even in a small purse... Ask for the *new* Winx!

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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.

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