

MOTION PICTURE

DECEMBER

25¢

CLASSIC

MENACES  
OF THE  
MOVIES

*(The Vanishing  
Children)*

SOLD  
DOWN THE  
BOULEVARD

HOW WOMEN  
— HAVE —  
CHANGED THEM

*(Lawrence Tibbett)*

*Lila Lee*







**THE LOTTERY BRIDE**  
 JEANETTE MacDONALD, JOE E. BROWN  
 and ZASU PITTS place United Artists' new  
 Technicolor musical-romance, "The Lottery  
 Bride," among the hit-headliners of the  
 current season. Don't miss this one.

# Her charm made a vital, stimulating presence

No longer do screen limitations restrict this vital Jeanette MacDonald to shadowy motions in black and gray.

In *The Lottery Bride* she walks before you a living presence—her color and charm richly expressed in the color and charm of Technicolor.

Only in Technicolor can the true sweep of life actually pass before you on the screen. You hear, and now you see, people and things actually as they are. The true image, the very living presence, is yours to command—through the magic of Technicolor.

## TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels, Everett Marshall, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN, all-star cast (Warner Bros.); FOLLOW THRU, with Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); HELL'S ANGELS, with Ben Lyon, James Hall, Jane Winton and Thelma Todd (Caddo) Technicolor Sequences; SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS, with Claudia Dell and Perry Askam (Warner Bros.); THE LIFE OF THE PARTY, with Winnie Lightner (Warner Bros.); THE TOAST OF THE LEGION, with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); VIENNESE NIGHTS, all-star cast (Warner Bros.); WHOOPEE, starring Eddie Cantor (Samuel Goldwyn-Florenz Ziegfeld).

# T★ Technicolor







**A Touchdown! featuring the ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM**

What is behind the success of a great football team? Men? Teamwork? Coaching? Watch Joan Bennett vamp the whole All-American team into playing for her and you'll agree that sometimes — "Maybe it's Love!"

featuring

**JOE E. BROWN JOAN BENNETT JAMES HALL**

**Coach Howard Jones**  
*Univ. of So. Cal.*  
**W. K. Schoonover**  
*Arkansas*  
**E. N. Sleight**  
*Purdue*  
**George Gibson**  
*Minnesota*  
**Tim Moynihan**  
*Notre Dame*  
**Ray Montgomery**  
*Pittsburgh*

Based on the story by  
**Mark Canfield**  
screen play and dialogue by  
**Joseph Jackson**

**Otto Pommerening**  
*Michigan*  
**Kenneth Haycraft**  
*Minnesota*  
**Russell Saunders**  
*Univ. of So. Cal.*  
**Howard Harpster**  
*Carnegie Tech.*  
**Paul Scull**  
*Univ. of Penn.*  
**William Banker**  
*Tulane*

Directed by  
**WILLIAM WELLMAN**  
*Director of "Wings"*



**WARNER BROS. present**

**Maybe It's Love**

**A WARNER BROS. AND VITAPHONE PICTURE**



# Fun for everyone from 6 to 60!

You enjoyed Tom Sawyer and his gang when you read of them as a kid—you laugh even more uproariously when you read about them now. But when you actually meet them on the Paramount screen you'll love them more than ever before—you'll laugh as you've never laughed yet!



**MITZI GREEN**

The lovable, laughable imp of the screen as Becky Thatcher



**JUNIOR DURKIN**

Bringing to life that freckled, mischievous, irresistible Huckleberry Finn

Directed by John Cromwell

**JACKIE COOGAN**

Hear the most famous boy in the world in his first talking picture—and his ideal part as Tom himself



Mark Twain, whose stories of these adventurous kids made his fame immortal.

# "TOM SAWYER"

SEE and hear them pay Tom to let them whitewash the fence! Follow Huck, Tom and Joe to the island where they played pirate while the town thought they'd been drowned—and then see them attend their own funeral! Listen to Tom "get engaged" to Becky Thatcher. Played by America's most famous juvenile actors—real kids, all of them—and produced by the greatest picture organization in the world, "Tom Sawyer" is a picture everybody should see. It will be a treat for children—and for you too! *If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!*

TUNE IN! Paramount Publix Radio Hour, each Tuesday evening, 10.15 to 11 P.M. Eastern Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

**Paramount**  
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.



**Pictures**  
PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.



# MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. XXXII

DECEMBER, 1930

No. 4

## Notable Features in This Issue:

Menaces Of The Movies—The Vanishing Children.....	Campbell MacCulloch	24
Sold Down The Boulevard—Stars Are Traded.....	Reginald Tavinor	28
How Women Have Changed Them—LAWRENCE TIBBETT.....	Gladys Hall	30
Classic Holds Open Court—The People Vs. Miss Hollywood.....	Hale Horton	36
Bringing Back The Thrillers—Serials Gone Talkie.....	Reginald Tavinor	38
Their Private Love Lives—Experts Don't Practice What They Preach.....	Dorothy Manners	68
What Do You Mean—"Star"?—Can You Tell The Difference?.....	Jack Grant	73

The Classic Gallery.....	Greta Garbo, Sue Carol, Evalyn Knapp, Jackie Coogan..	19-22
Picture page—GENEVIEVE TOBIN.....		27
Picture page—GARY COOPER.....		31
The Honey And The Moon—picture page, LUCILLE WILLIAMS.....		32
Chevalier Himself—Maurice A French American.....	Elisabeth Goldbeck	33
A Blonde In The Dark—picture page, LEILA HYAMS.....		34
Picture page—ERNEST TORRENCE.....		40
You Can't Win—JEANETTE MACDONALD.....	Elisabeth Goldbeck	41
The Noted Dame Team—picture pages, Football Girls.....		46
They'll Pay You To Insult Them—Take Your Dirty Digs To Hollywood..	Helen Louise Walker	48
Picture page—RICHARD CROMWELL.....		49
Picture page—ANN HARDING.....		50
The Man You Hate To Love—LOWELL SHERMAN.....	Faith Service	51
Around The World Broke—JOHN HOLLAND.....	Gladys Hall	52
Long Shots With The Big Shots—They Do Take Chances.....	Dorothy Manners	56
Believe Him Or Not—ROBERT L. RIPLEY.....	Herbert Cruickshank	58
Picture page—MARIE DRESSLER.....		59
The High Cost Of Football—picture page, JOAN MARSH.....		62
Normal, Though An Actor—ELLIOT NUGENT.....	Robert Fender	63
The Weighs And Means Committee—picture page, FRANCES DEE and MATHILDE COMONT.....		64
Plenty Smart Girl—RAQUEL TORRES.....	Dorothy Manners	65
Stepping Ahead Of The Movies—picture pages, LARRY CEBALLOS and DANCING GIRLS.....		66
The Newest Dough-Boy—SLIM SUMMerville.....	Helen Louise Walker	70
Picture page—JAMES and RUSSELL GLEASON.....		71
Picture page—SIDNEY BLACKMER.....		72
Picture page—IAN KEITH.....		75

## The CLASSIC'S Famous Departments

Last-Minute News.....		8
My Neighbors In Hollywood.....	K. C. B.	12
Facts and Figures—Intimate Items About Pictures.....	Campbell MacCulloch	14
Black And White—Read And Write (Prize Letters).....		16
Looking Them Over—Newsy Close-Ups.....	Dorothy Manners	42
Our Own News Camera—The Screen World In Pictures.....		53
The Celluloid Critic—Some Current Films In Review.....	Laurence Reid	60
The Answer Man.....		76

Cover Drawing of Lila Lee by Marland Stone, from a portrait by Russell Ball

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director

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*Rawl*

*The*

# THE BIG

With JOHN WAYNE •  
MARGUERITE CHURCHILL • EL BRENDEL  
TULLY MARSHALL • DAVID ROLLINS  
• TYRONE POWER •  
*and 20,000 others* in an all-talking  
movietone romance



**FOX**



Walsh's

# THE TRAIL

Young love and courage sweep on to triumph in this tremendous story of the winning of the West. Twenty thousand pioneers in a magnificent migration, vanquishing Indian, bear, buffalo, blizzard. New thrills await you in this, the most important picture ever produced.



FOX





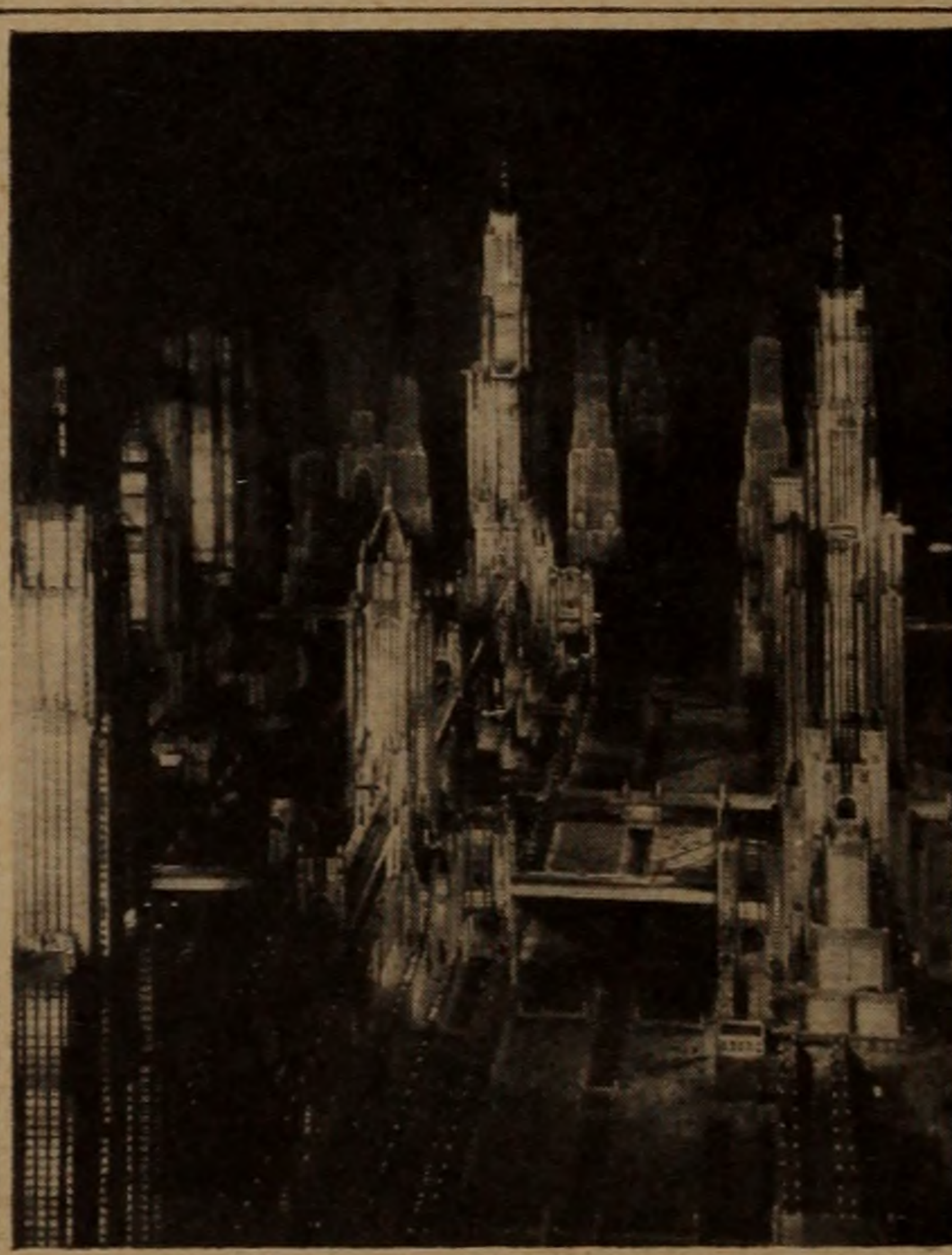
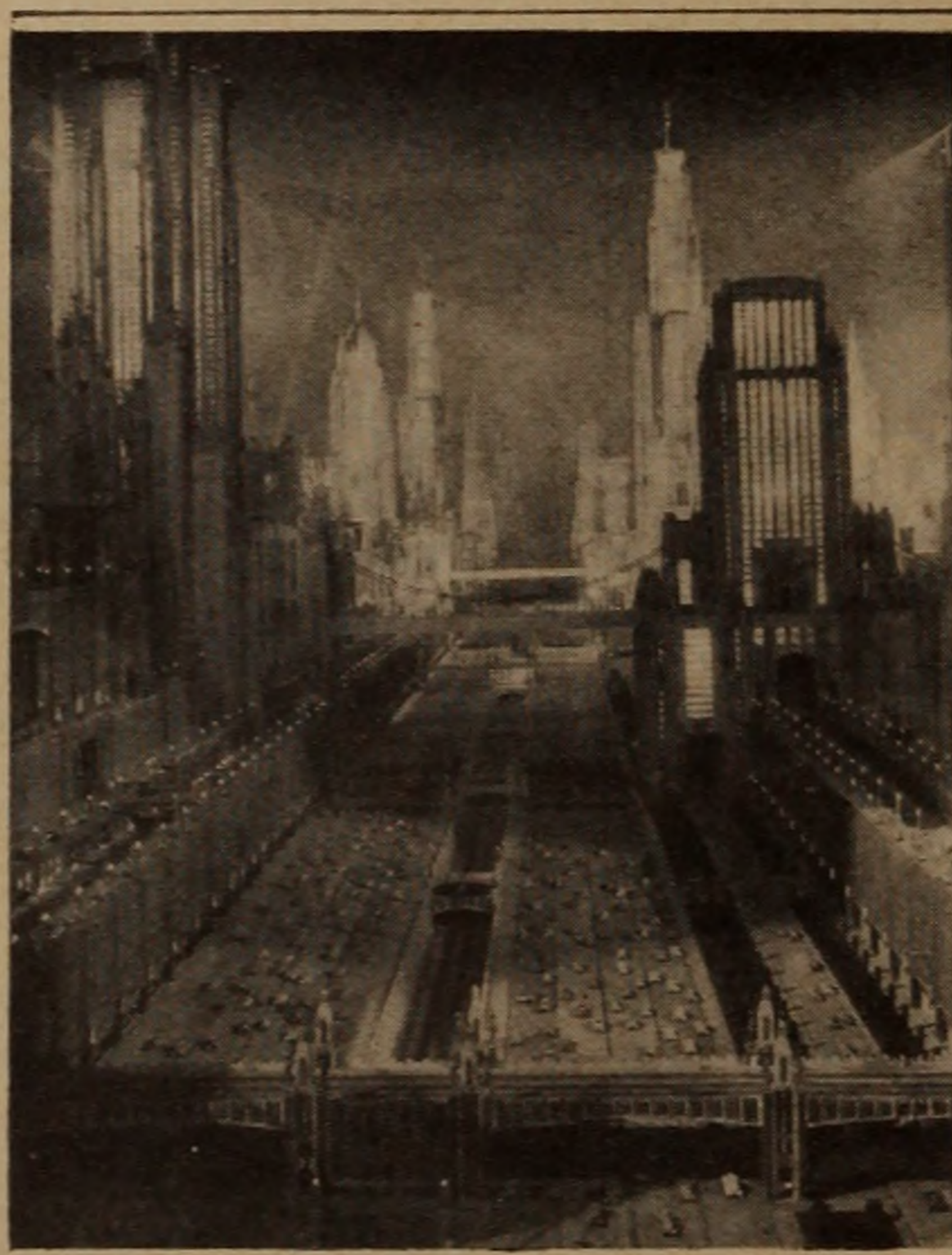
# LAST MINUTE NEWS



**J**OHAN BARRYMORE is plunging into mysteries in a determined way. He's not content to ferret out the home of the elusive white seal aboard his yacht with **Dolores** and the new baby, but plans to play an old-fashioned sleuth of the *Sherlock Holmes* school in "The Maltese Falcon." . . . Screen detectives have a way of keeping in front of the Kliegs. **DeWitt Jennings**, who has done little else but unravel screen mysteries, is again scheduled to do detective work as the captain of the guard in "Criminal Code." . . . **William Powell**, the **Van Dyne** detective-de-luxe, will holiday for a while before starting to work on "New Morals," in which **Richard Tucker** also will try his master hand.

**T**HE cowboy is roaming the hills again with his accustomed dash now that Western films are coming into their own. **Ken Maynard** will have a whole series of them to make his come-back a complete success.

His first picture will be "The Midnight Stage," an old-fashioned thriller in which **Jeanette Loff** will be the heroine. . . . Little **Ruth Mix**, seeing the trend of the times, believes it wise to follow in daddy's footsteps and will try out the great big hat with the great big brim in "Red Fork Range," the first of a new series of westerns featuring **Wally Wales**. . . . It seems to be the day of the very much younger generation anyway. Little four-year-old **Billy Haggerty** is trying to fit into the golden shoes of **Jackie Coogan** and **Davy Lee** in **Mae Robson's** picture, "Mother's Millions."



New York in 1980: elevated boulevards with cross traffic on a different plane, heaven-scrapers instead of skyscrapers, and human beings mere atoms. Thus is it predicted in "Just Imagine"

## JETTA GOUDAL

**J**is one of Hollywood's newest brides. Her marriage to **Harold Grieve**, interior decorator, will give her temperament a new outlet, as she plans to become an active partner in her husband's work. . . . **Marie Mosquini**, as maid of honor to **Bebe Daniels**, caught the bride's bouquet and is living up to tradition by announcing her engagement to **Dr. Lee De Forrest**. . . . **Helen Twelvetrees**, it is rumored, has been asked to change her name. This time, not through the holy bonds of matrimony, but for publicity purposes. It seems as though **Twelvetrees** is too long for electric light featuring and just **Tree** will have to do. . . . Old Lady Rumor has just heard that **Mary McCormick** is engaged to **Prince Mdivani**, at present the husband of **Pola Negri**, who has a divorce all scheduled. . . . Perhaps that accounts for the wistful air of **Pola** in Paris, these days. . . . **Barbara Kent** may spend part of her honeymoon abroad if it is really true that she and **Paul Fejos** have looked for and found the silver lining.

**D**ANCE, little lady—that's the slogan these days. Dancing feet carry themselves right to stardom. **Barbara Stanwyck** proved it. She started as a cabaret dancer and now does dramatic rôles with Columbia. . . . **Joan Crawford** has been dancing for quite a while and only recently found herself growing dramatic in "Within the Law." . . . **Nancy Carroll's** toes carried her into starring rôles in pictures—and so did the twinkling feet of **Marilyn Miller**, **Fifi Dorsay** and **Lily Damita**.

**T**HE football season is commencing to draw the west coast crowds again. **Ruth Roland** is having a very gay holiday in

New York, shopping, seeing the big games, and night-clubbing. . . . **Marion Davies** whirled about for a bit before taking the Paris fall styles out home with her. . . . **Fifi Dorsay** has been partying around in New York for some time and never seems to tire of it. . . . **Ernest Torrence** stayed in New York just long enough to say "hello," en route to Hollywood from a Scotland vacation. . . . **Buddy Rogers** and his mother sailed to see a bit of London, Paris, Germany, Nice and Italy—just a nice little vacation between pictures. . . . **Conrad Nagel** and his wife are now on the receiving line in Hollywood after their holiday in New York. . . . **Richard Barthelmess** is resting up in the East and spends a good deal of his time in Connecticut, on his estate.

**O**NE of the very fastest trips ever recorded was that of **Joan Bennett** to New York. She just turned right round again

and went back to make, so they say, "Smilin' Through." . . . **Constance Bennett**, on the other hand, contents herself with trips just across the border to Agua Caliente, where she was accompanied by her mother and **Gloria's Marquis de la Falais**. . . . **The Marquis**, by the by, is now connected with R.K.O. . . . **James Rennie** hopped the choo choos East en route to Europe with a fat contract all signed by First National. His wife, **Dorothy Gish**, did not accompany him. She hasn't been accompanying the handsome **James** anywhere in some time, as a matter of fact. . . . **Mary Eaton** and her husband, **Millard Webb**, are two others who will sail

to see London in a Fall fog. . . . **Barbara Kent** will go relative hunting when she arrives in London town—in fact, she plans to have Christmas dinner, Yule log and everything at her grandmother's home there.

**G**ENEVIEVE TOBIN has joined the Malibu Beach colony. . . . **Lois Moran** is all rested from a little vacation at Santa Barbara. . . . **Gary Cooper** wants to add French, German and Spanish to his English way of making love in pictures and is taking up a course in languages. . . . **Richard Dix** is signing for another visit to New York and its interesting streets "somewhere in the fifties." . . . **Joan Crawford** and **Douglas Fairbanks** have been separated for the first time since their marriage when **Doug** was on location in Arizona.

**C**LARA BOW has again caused a general lifting of the eyebrows with the title "No Limit"—a picture with a gambling sequence! . . . **Norman Foster**, husband of **Claudette Colbert**, is scheduled to play opposite the red-haired headline-hunter. . . . **Claudette**, herself, is looking forward to bigger and better pictures, with "Strictly Business" to start her on her way. . . . **Myrna Loy** is wearing a smile these days. She's all signed up with Fox. . . . **Lily Damita** will continue right along with "Sons o'Guns" when **Al Jolson** gets into his stride with that picture. . . . **Ruby Keeler**, the mammy singer's mammy, has given up all thoughts of "The Vanderbilt Revue" and will tarry awhile with **Jolson** in Hollywood.

**INA CLAIRE** and **John Gilbert** still deny reports of a separation.



# HELP

# yourself to the best time you've had in years!

"Where the H--- is Mulligan?"

Out go the lights! On go the thrills! Into the mystery-mansion stalks the "Gorilla", a mind of a master-criminal—lust-cravings of a beast. In walk Mulligan and Garrity, the two dumb detectives, and then the fun begins. It shouldn't be missed.



# THE GORILLA



FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, INC.  
presents it with

LILA LEE                      JOE FRISCO

Harry Gribbon . . . Walter Pidgeon

Story by Ralph Spence  
Directed by Bryan Foy

Mysterious! Hilarious! Stupendous! "The Gorilla" Will Give You The Thrill Of Your LAFFtime!

Mulligan and Garrity (Joe Frisco and Harry Gribbon) the two blundering detectives who see all, hear all and know nothing. They're a riot!



"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation designating its products.

## A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE





# TALKIE TERRORS

Birds have to migrate East during epidemic of air pictures

*Drawn ever so heavenly by SHELLHASE*



# A Popular Novel

# FREE

● Many girls find, when the tumult and orange blossoms have died down, that love is not enough. Others are finding before marriage that they cannot build their lives on the affection of men. So business claims them.

Your modern business girl! Ready to be stimulated by success. Free to do as she pleases with her future. The great public interest in her and her problems was responsible for the enthusiastic reception accorded the serial publication of *Big Business Girl* in COLLEGE HUMOR. It is soon to be released as a feature moving picture by Warner Brothers.

And now this story is being brought out as a regular full length novel, bound in boards and with a four color jacket, under the imprint of Farrar & Rinehart. It has already enjoyed a phenomenal advance sale. For a very short time, until December 31, 1930, *this book will be given away absolutely free to subscribers to COLLEGE HUMOR.*

If you were to purchase single copies of this magazine at newsstands, the price would be thirty-five cents a copy. The advantage of subscribing for one year at three dollars or two years at five dollars (twenty-four issues) is apparent to everybody. And the novel will be given away for good measure!

Since this offer has a strict time limit, we suggest using the coupon at once.

**CollegeHumor**  
MAGAZINE

*The magazine with a  
College Education*

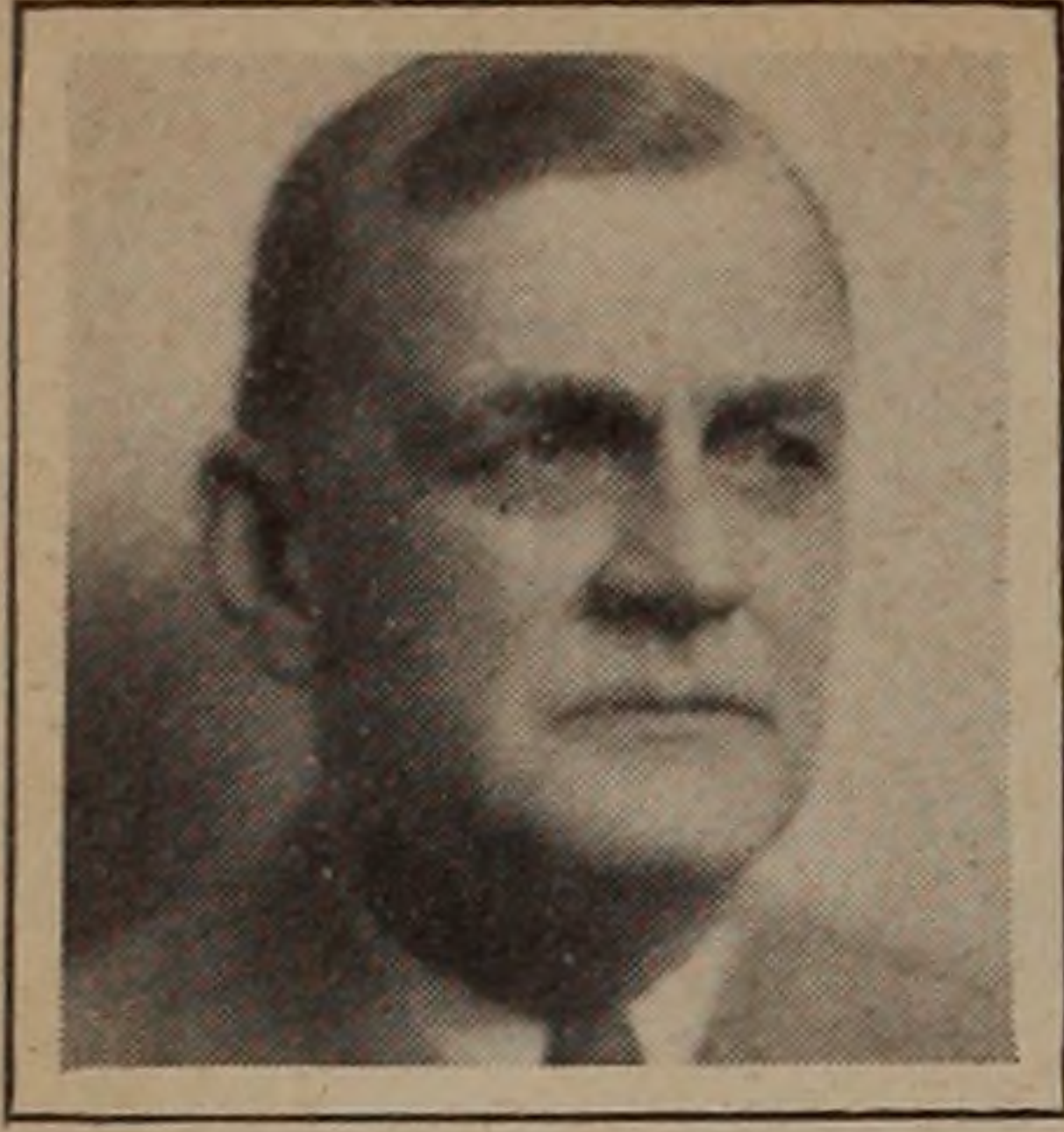


*This book about Claire MacIntyre, a big business girl, makes a fine gift or a valuable addition to your library.*

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 City .....State .....  
 and COLLEGE HUMOR for one year at \$3  to  
 two years at \$5   
 Name .....Address .....  
 City .....State .....

Regularly College Humor costs 35 cents a copy.  
 Canadian postage 50 cents a year additional; foreign postage \$1.00.





# My Neighbors in Hollywood

By  
K.C.B.

IF I had to work.  
IN MOTION pictures.  
I'D LIKE to work.  
FOR CHARLIE Chaplin.  
AND WHY that's so.  
IS THAT I'm lazy.  
AND HAVE a horror.  
OF BEING rushed.  
AND JUST for instance.  
OCCASIONALLY.  
ON AN afternoon.  
I DRIVE myself.  
TO THE Chaplin lot.  
AND FIND a chair.  
AND SIT me down.  
AND WATCH them work.  
AND AFTER a while.  
ALONG ABOUT four.  
OR THEREABOUTS.  
THE WORKING ceases.  
AND EVERYBODY.  
GOES HUSTLING off.  
AND SOMEBODY comes.  
WITH A little table.  
TO WHEREVER it is.  
THAT CHARLIE is.  
AND PUTS it down.  
AND TEA is brought.  
AND SANDWICHES.  
AND IF it happens.  
YOU'RE A friend of Charlie's.  
YOU SIT with him.  
AND DRINK your tea.  
AND TALK with him.  
AND FOR thirty minutes.  
OR WHATEVER the time.  
IT'S JUST the same.  
AS THOUGH you sat.  
IN AN English home.

WITH NOTHING but leisure.  
AHEAD OF you.  
AND THEN all at once.  
THE RECESS ends.  
AND A whistle blows.  
AND EVERYBODY.  
COMES HUSTLING back.  
AND ANYWAY.  
ON THE day I write.  
IT'S BEEN two years.  
AND SOME added months.  
SINCE CHARLIE began.  
ON "CITY Lights."  
AND TODAY it's done.  
AND IN its making.  
TEN THOUSAND persons.  
DREW PAY checks.  
FOR WHATEVER the time.  
THEY WERE at work.  
AND ON every day.  
NO MATTER the scene.  
THAT WAS being shot.  
CHARLIE TOOK time.  
TO DRINK his tea.  
AND I recall.  
A YEAR ago.  
I THINK it was.  
ON A summer day.  
AND I went out.  
TO THE Chaplin lot.  
AND THE gateman said.  
THERE WAS nobody there.  
AND NOBODY working.  
OR ANYTHING.  
AND THEN I found.  
THAT FOR four days.  
THEY'D CUT out work.  
SO THAT Charlie could go.  
TO THE tennis matches.

WHERE WORLD-famed players.  
WERE IN tournament.  
AND THAT'S my idea.  
OF MAKING pictures.  
OR WRITING books.  
OR SELLING groceries.  
OR ANYTHING.  
AND I'D like to work.  
FOR A bird like that.  
AND IT'S nobody's business.  
EXCEPT JUST Charlie's.  
FOR IT'S his own money.  
THAT HE'S working with.  
AND NO bank owns him.  
OR ANYTHING.  
AND IF it happens.  
HE WANTS to loaf.  
AND LET the workers.  
ON HIS yearly staff.  
HAVE A few days off.  
HE DOESN'T even.  
HAVE TO say he's sick.  
HE CAN go right out.  
WITH HIS conscience clear.  
AND IN good health.  
AND ENJOY himself.  
AND AS I've said.  
IF EVER it happens.  
I AM an actor.  
AND I'LL have to hurry.  
IF I'M going to be.  
I WANT to work.  
FOR MR. Chaplin.  
INSTEAD OF some guy.  
WHO DOESN'T like tea.  
IN THE afternoon.  
OR NEVER goes.  
TO A tennis match.  
I THANK you.



# Test Your Skill



## QUALIFY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN \$650.00

**T**HE hunt is about to start. The hounds have been unleashed and are impatient to pick up the scent. Somewhere in the pack are two dogs exactly alike—identical to the eye in size, pose, markings on the legs, bodies, heads and tails. How well developed are your powers of observation? How quick is your eye? Can you find the twin dogs? It will cost you nothing to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

If you can find the twin dogs send the numbers together with your name and address. Six thousand dollars to be paid in 10 equal first prizes. Each one

\$600.00 or a brand new Chevrolet, 2-door sedan, the model pictured above, with many extra prizes of \$50.00 each—you can win one by being prompt—making a total first prize of \$650.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prizes there are dozens of other well chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique “advertising-to-the-public” program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, Illinois, or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

J. F. LARSON,  
Room 271, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois





# Facts and Figures

Intimate Items  
About Pictures,  
Past, Present  
And Future

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

BECAUSE he has been in the picture business some fifteen or twenty years, the presumption is that Ivan Abramson has come to believe some of the wildly exaggerated bunkum the publicity departments turn out. At least that seems the charitable view, or how else account for Ivan's suit to compel Will Hays into court to explain how he uses the *hundred million dollars* annually the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America are said by Ivan to collect and spend?

Just for the sake of the record, the M. P. P. & D. of A. is much more modest than Ivan seems to believe. It collects and uses about one per cent of the excited Abramson figure, which isn't so much when you consider the industry's two-billion-dollar income.

THERE must be something out of synchronism with the news reports about the growing unpopularity of American talking pictures among foreigners. We're sending more audible film overseas than ever before. For instance, in the first six months of 1930 we exported 144,932,674 feet of film, which was valued at \$4,127,172. Compare that with the same period in 1929 when we exported 121,810,453 feet and collected \$3,331,022 for it. If you're interested, you'll find that this year we got a higher price per foot by .02 cents than we had last year.

Those calamity-howlers who have been telling us that Great Britain had organized against our pictures have been listening in on the wrong station, because John Bull took more than double as much talking film from us in the first half of 1930 as he did in 1929. If you must have the figures, they are 23,677,004 feet these first six months and 11,195,243 the previous period. I got those figures from the Department of Commerce, and they're official.

AND while we're talking about exports, don't let anyone tell you that talk is cheap. The manufacturers of talking-picture equipment sold \$4,585,000 worth of their apparatus between January 1 and June 30 of this year, just for export alone. Most of it went to England, though both France and Canada figured well.

While we're on the subject of such apparatus, last year I counted 173 firms making it, but the mortality must have been terrible since, because less than half that number reported for business this September. From the sounds some of that equipment made, the only wonder is that there were not more financial funerals, and corporate executions. And why the ear-phone business is so slow.



International Newsreel

Three film faces East: Claire Dodd, Christine Maple and Virginia Bruce, beginners all, were picked by Florenz Ziegfeld as the Hollywood girls he would like to glorify. It will cost Talkie Town plenty to get them back

gram for 1930-31. There is a well-known Arabian proverb that recites the experience of a desert-dweller who permitted his camel to put merely his head in the tent, and—you probably recall it as well as I do, so finish the application for yourself.

A FEW days since, I came across a statement of the gross receipts of the Roxy Theater in New York City for one week. The figure was \$176,812. And there are between 5,500 and 6,000 seats in the establishment. That

(Continued on page 93)



# CHOOSE

YOUR  
ROUGE shades  
this NEW,  
fascinating way

Forget all about "matching  
your skin" and select shades  
to match your costume



**C**ATCH THE SPIRIT, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat Rouge *does not blot out the skin*. The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat Rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat Rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds*. Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat Rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

**WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge**

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value*. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades*.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same*. You couldn't use *other shades* for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

**Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge**

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Summer-tan*. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

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*Princess Pat Lip Rouge* a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

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## Tell Us All About It

### \$20.00 LETTER "Abraham Lincoln" A Masterpiece

Philadelphia, Pa.

For the first time I have seen the Abraham Lincoln that my imagination has always conjured up. For the first time I have seen a living, breathing Lincoln, with all the faults and all the virtues of a human being. A Lincoln stripped of romantic legends, a Lincoln that stands in all his elemental rawness, in all his elemental tenderness.

D. W. Griffith has dipped into history and extracted from it the beauty of human life. But he had the courage to leave in all the daring crudity, all the daring realism that touches our experience, that clutches at our hearts, that brings to our cheeks flushes of shame as well as pride.

Here, for the first time on the screen, I have beheld the true greatness and the great weakness of the man whose awkward, stooping shoulders once carried the cross of a whole nation's suffering. I beheld his greatness in his very hours of failure, and I beheld his failure in his very hour of greatness. Such is the magic with which Griffith has touched his latest masterpiece! Such is the magic which the art of Walter Huston injects into Lincoln's portrayal!

I consider it a great privilege to have seen it, and a greater privilege to have the opportunity of telling my friends about it. The Abraham Lincoln I have seen will remain enshrined in my heart forever.

Pearl Kustin

### \$10.00 LETTER Glorifying Gloria

Pittsburgh, Pa.

I am in the mood of singing the praises of Gloria Swanson. What an actress she is and what a picture she made of "What A Widow!" Had some other star played the almost slap-stick rôle of "Tam," the wealthy and merry widow, "What A Widow!" would have become just another cheap slapstick comedy, but with Gloria Swanson it was nothing short of high class comedy.

Gloria is a real artist and she has proved her ability and versatility in doing light comedy parts as well as heavy dramatic rôles, doing justice to the two distinctly different types of acting as only a finished artist of her calibre could do. She has poise and charm.

However, while I enjoyed the comedy "What A Widow," I prefer Gloria in the type of parts she played in "Sadie Thompson" and "The Trespasser." These rôles gave her many opportunities to do some real dramatic acting.

In closing I wish to say a word for the novel manner in which the announcements preceding the picture, "What A Widow!" were presented when giving the names of the author, director, cast, etc., etc.

J. A. Nichols

### \$5.00 LETTER And Now The "Smellies"

Hollywood, Cal.

In Hollywood it is said that something must be done to revive movie-goers' interest in motion pictures—but how? Sight has been well served; hearing is pleased but it has in store for it undreamed of satisfaction; color laboratories are striving for more natural color effects and will get them but the screen still lacks good perspective and relief while our olfactory nerves have been left entirely without entertainment. Now that we have the "talkies" why not the "smellies" as well? What we should have next is a smell of the movies—I had a taste of this when Sid Grauman opened the "Hollywood Review" at his Chinese Theater in Hollywood. It was during the screening of an orange grove scene Sid wafted through the house, via the ventilators, a wonderful orange blossom perfume and the audience was spellbound. Everyone was struck with the realism which leads us to believe scent effects should be written into the script so that appropriate odors and perfumes would be released at the proper time. Outdoor scenes would easily lend themselves to such elaboration, an easy matter for perfumers. Certainly a lady's boudoir should be scented with perfume. A kitchen might smell of fresh baked bread or a juicy roast in the oven. Should the odor of gasoline be emitted from a garage and what does a ship's hold smell like? When the roses are sent to the leading lady in her dressing-room, why shouldn't we smell them as well as she. Apparently all very ridiculous but easily possible and very probable before long.

Miss M. Young

### \$1.00 LETTERS Judge by Virtues, Not Faults

San Francisco, Cal.

At the outset, I wish to say that no one has a greater reverence and appreciation for the Arts than I. I worship the geniuses of literature and am enthralled by the magic of music.

It is quite impossible to understand the few carping critics, who laugh outright when someone speaks of the Motion Picture industry as an Art. That many pictures are

stupidly dull, inane or merely hokum, anyone will readily admit, but then, an Art is to be judged not so much by its faults as by its virtues. No critic would care to be quoted as saying that most "literary" productions, for instance, are praiseworthy. For one great novel or poem, there are virtually hundreds upon hundreds of trashy novels or puerile poetic effusions! It is inconceivable that any sane person would deny that Motion Pictures not only add greatly to the enjoyment of countless millions but that a magnificent production *does* occasionally flash itself across the Silver Screen, to shed some sunshine on our none-too-happy lives.

A. M. Egan

### Chevalier Charms His Audience

Chicago, Ill.

The local movie house was cool and dark as I crept into a seat. Outside, the glare and noise of the city were harsh and irritating to raw, tired nerves, but inside the cool anaesthesia of the darkness and the music crept over me and dulled the weariness and irritation.

I succumbed. And onto the silver sheet flashed a face—the face of a man who will not soon be forgotten. No one can explain the charm of his features. It comes from within. When he does not smile, the face is somber and ordinary. But when he speaks or sings, it is like lighting a searchlight in a dark room. He seems to say—

"Smile, my friend! Forget the troubles that have turned your face to gloom and set your teeth on edge. The world is not so bad a place after all—I like it! I have seen its ugly side too—more often than you perhaps—but I have forgotten that. Smile with me, my friend!"

There is something touching about his gay philosophy—the radiant good humor of a man whose life has had its seamy and sordid chapters; who could still take a good many knocks on the head and "like it!"

I admire him—for his humor, and his sparkle, and his vivacity, and for the startlingly charming things he does to our English language.

And as for America—may he "like it" well enough to stay and give the country a few more exquisite hours of laughter and song—this Chevalier of France!

Gwennie James

### Pictures Lack Individuality

Oakland, Cal.

The day of reckoning, as far as the motion picture industry is concerned, is at hand and the producers realizing this fact have asked, through the medium of Motion Picture Classic, just what sort of pictures the public really wants. I have filled out a questionnaire and am also expressing my opinion by letter.

I really thought this day was to  
(Continued on page 107)

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, there can be no doubt about it; you have Self-Expression.



# \$5000.00

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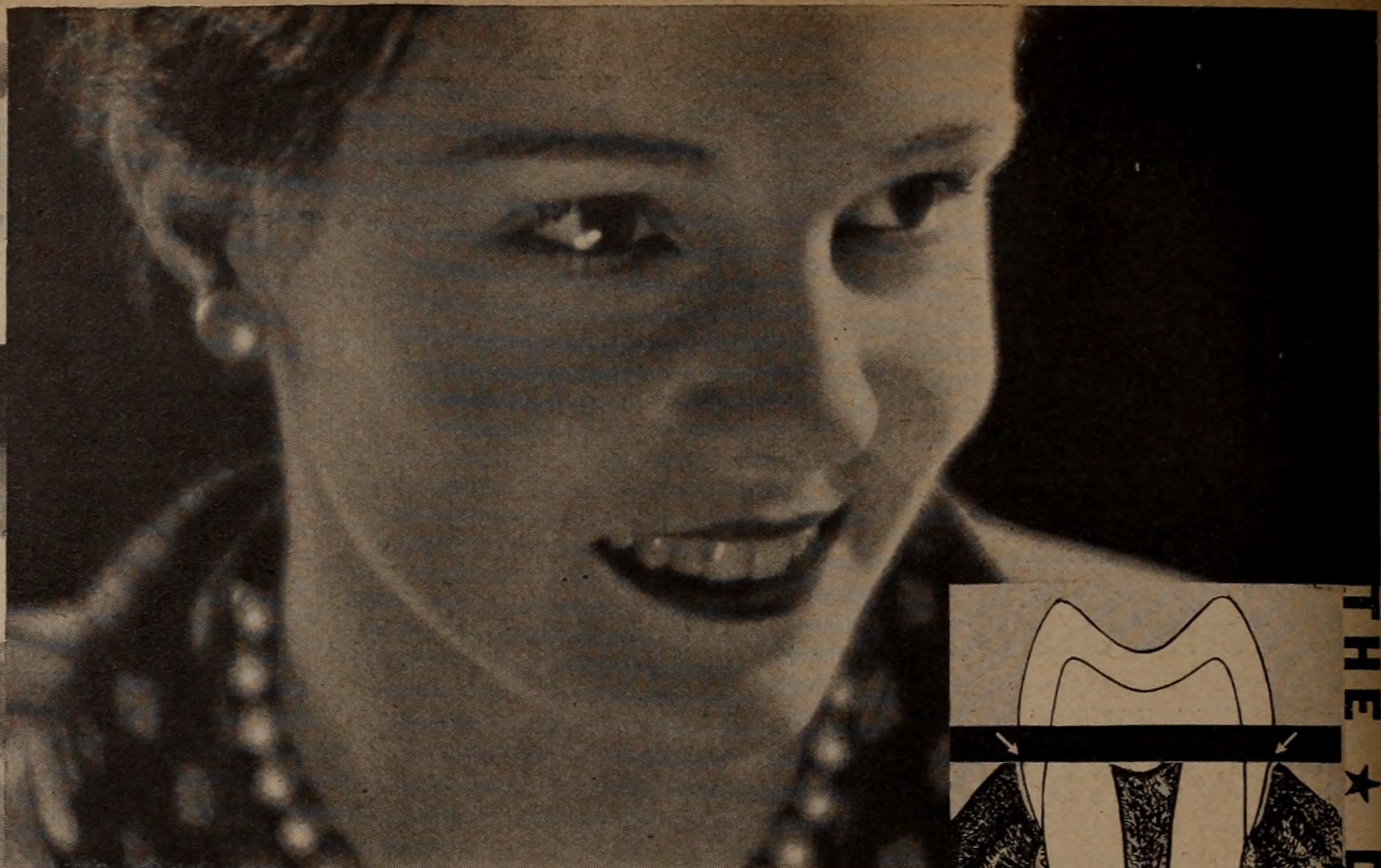
Gingival third decay is a form of decay common during pregnancy because of the



tendency towards excess acidity. It results from acid attacks near the necks of the teeth, along The Danger Line, where gums meet teeth and where there is a tiny crevice. Fermenting food particles and the



acid-forming germs of decay collect here, because your tooth-brush can't penetrate such a tiny crevice. There is an old saying that one baby costs two of its mother's teeth.



## THE EXPECTANT MOTHER SHOULD, BY ALL MEANS, KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

for it is the only type of dentifrice that can bring these special benefits to protect the teeth of motherhood

MANY a woman emerges from the trying period of pregnancy with her teeth and gums in bad condition—sometimes she loses one or more teeth. But this certainly need not happen.

During pregnancy, a woman's teeth are unusually susceptible to decay—due, first, to the demands upon the lime stores of her body and, second, to the presence of germ acids in the mouth. Correct food, including the necessary vitamins and mineral salts, and the regular use of Squibb's Dental Cream, will aid in combating decay.

Years ago, physicians and dentists began to advise expectant mothers to use Milk of Magnesia as a mouth

wash to combat germ acids. How natural then that today an increasing number of both professions consider Squibb's Dental Cream a valuable aid during pregnancy—

far beyond the powers of other types of dentifrices.

It is 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Each time you brush your teeth with Squibb's you combat germ acids. You force countless particles of Milk of Magnesia into the crevices and fissures of your teeth.

One of the most vital parts of the mouth is the thin margin of tissue where the gums join the teeth. It is called The Danger Line because it is a real point of danger for everybody. Here pyorrhea starts. Here, also, occurs gingival third decay—so prevalent during pregnancy.

Squibb's affords The Danger Line wonderful protection. It definitely soothes irritation and helps keep your gums firm and sound.

How beautifully Squibb's cleans the teeth—and so safely. It contains no grit, no astringents, nothing which might injure the delicate gum edge. Use Squibb's every day. Your teeth will keep so much more attractive and healthy. For you'll be giving your gums the safest of care and your teeth the finest possible protection against decay.



THE DANGER LINE

★The Danger Line is the line where gums meet teeth. As long as this thin edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes and then The Danger Line no longer furnishes protection. Never let this happen.







GRETA GARBO

Seen in a new light, "the woman of mystery" is a young girl, unspoiled by fame, who has only enviable eyelash shadows under her eyes — open for "Inspiration"





*Fryer*

## SUE CAROL

Also adept at the younger generation's wiles, Sue is Clara Bow's potential rival. Featured in "Check and Double Check," she now is flirting with the breaks





*Fryer*

## EVALYN KNAPP

At first she was in shorts, but not for long. J. L. Warner himself discovered the error. Now she is being spotlighted in "Mother's Cry"





## JACKIE COOGAN

How *The Kid* has grown! Sixteen he is now—a dramatic age. Just the time to begin speaking for himself and to fall in love for the first time—which he does in “Tom Sawyer”



MOTION PICTURE  
CLASSIC

• TALKS •

**WHY** all this picking on Clara Bow? Why all this dragging her down? Since when has it been a crime to be from Coney Island, and admit it? Since when has it been a sin not to be high-brow?

• • •

**WHO'S** putting on the dog? Not Clara. She is one of the few sincere people in Hollywood. She is, if nothing else, herself. From the mob, she is of the mob. She does not pretend to be anything else. You like her as she is, or you do not like her. Better a stormy petrel any day than a tame pigeon.

• • •

**THE** inevitable has also happened to Greta Garbo. For her offstage reticence and aloofness, she is at last the victim of a rumor that her mind is a vacuum, that off the screen she cannot talk. Some of those sweet California grapes have turned most sour.

• • •

**SPEAKING** of Greta Garbo reminds us that there was a plan under way to make Marlene Dietrich, Germany's first gift to the native talkies, equally inaccessible, equally mysterious. But Marlene insisted that there was only one Garbo. And such a potential sensation is this girl that she had her way. She can be whatever she wants to be.

• • •

**THE** title of "Frankie and Johnnie" was changed to "Her Man," for fear that the dear old public would not know who *Frankie* and *Johnnie* were. And to make sure that Americana-lovers would not recognize them, the scene was shifted to Havana, and *Frankie* did not kill her man "because he done her wrong." He was bumped off in the approved movie manner—by a handy third party. And *Frankie* came to a happy ending.

**SOMETIMES**, the better the box-office title, the more disappointing the picture. We are thinking of "Love Among the Millionaires" and "The Office Wife." The same old fan fodder, dished up in the same old way.

• • •

**WITH** the rising popularity of M-G-M's canine comedies and Tiffany's chimpanzee howls, some of the erstwhile human comedians are beginning to look like white elephants.

• • •

**ADOLPHE MENJOU**, we are convinced, is an exceptional man-about-town. Capable of good French, he is being allowed to recover his American fans, beginning with "New Moon." Antonio Moreno, who speaks Spanish, is apparently lost to his English-speaking fans. Ditto Barry Norton, from the Argentine, a young sensation in silents.

• • •

**JACK OAKIE**, making personal appearances in Chicago, did a hide-out act after hours. Local gangsters, it seems, sometimes ask tribute from movie stars (Eddie Cantor, among others, has been asked). And thrifty Jack, in case you didn't know, has a saving sense of humor.

• • •

**PERSONAL** appearances are, in general, our idea of something to miss. Those who make them never—or approximately never—appear to advantage. They sing, they dance, or they wisecrack. Why don't they ever appear in one-act playlets, giving them a chance to lead a normal existence—and giving us a chance to retain a shred of our illusions? The impression that screen actors cannot act is gaining momentum at every stage "performance." It will soon reach blizzard proportions.



# Menaces of



The crowds that talkies attract: adult, well-dressed, educated. Night crowds. In the daytime it is rare to see groups of children similarly waiting outside talkie theaters

**S**UPPOSE you had been making a neat profit out of your business and then, quite suddenly, it began to decline. In order to correct this, you made a vital improvement in your product that restored your profit very satisfactorily, and the rose tints again graced the financial skies. And then suppose that your improvement was alienating four or five per cent. of your customers, which reduced your profit again very materially. What would you do?

That is the situation of the motion picture producers and exhibitors who have discovered that talking pictures are keeping the children out of their theaters. The cry used to be "The movies are a children's entertainment, appealing chiefly to eight-year-old minds." Now the exhibitors are actually begging the producers to make some pictures that will attract the children and stop the appalling losses among the kid fans—losses that threaten the industry with one of the most serious crises it has yet had to meet. Special children's matinées, kid comics, animal shorts, one and two-reel fairy stories, cartoons and novelties designed to appeal to children are part of the program



Mary Astor, Monroe Owsley, Ann Harding and Robert Ames in "Holiday"—the kind of picture children do not like

## The Vanishing Mean

By CAMPBELL

of every movie house and studio these days. And even these threaten to be unavailing to bring back the enormous child-audience which the talkies have lost the industry.

Few of us are previsionary, so we adopt certain developments of our civilization without much thought or knowledge of how these are eventually to affect us in other directions.

### The Audience Changes

**T**HERE came the talking pictures, for example, when audiences stormed the theaters that were first to show them—and when I say audiences, I mean women, men, adolescents and children alike. They wanted to hear the shadows talk. And they continued to storm the theaters all through two satisfying years. But in January of this year of grace the exhibitors began to observe a change. Not that there was any particular diminution of interest, but they noticed that the composition of the audiences was different. There were fewer children!

And that was important, because to a considerable degree children draw adults in their train.

Inquiry developed and then it became apparent that youngsters under the age of twelve years did not care greatly for dialogue pictures—that is, the average example of the audible cinema. The reason was not far to seek. The primitive or immature mind is by instinct respondent to ideas in *action*, while the more mature mind can easily respond to ideas in *words*. (Don't be alarmed, for we're not going too deeply into applied psychology.)

And about the same time this fact was beginning to percolate through the producers' minds, it also became apparent that sound pictures were not the best possible medium for plots of violent action. Douglas Fairbanks came right out and admitted that he doubted whether his type of fast-action picture could be made at all with dialogue, and on that account he was considering quitting the game, so far as his own feature pictures were concerned.



# the Movies



## Children . . . Vanishing Millions

M A C C U L L O C H

### The Cost of the Loss

EXHIBITORS who know their theater audiences know that children of twelve years and under constitute from six to eight per cent. of the cinema attendance. Getting down to actual figures, that means that approximately 8,500,000 to 9,000,000 children go to the motion picture houses each week. In cash, that means somewhere between \$1,250,000 and \$1,500,000 a week in admissions. Of course, I'm not trying to argue that children have suddenly ceased to attend the theaters. They haven't, but probably child attendance is forty per cent. less than it was, and this means that theater receipts are lower from this cause by some \$25,000,000 a year. Without unnecessarily frowning the reader's brow, this sum represents a two per cent. interest on the total motion picture theater investment of the United States!

But two per cent. is not so much, you may say.

Possibly not, but the lack of it prevented one motion picture producing company from paying its stockholders any dividend last August, so if you happened to be one of that company's shareholders you may have a better idea of the importance of the kids at the cinemas.

Going backward just for a moment: children, as a rule, do not care much for social problems, emotional reactions, sex, philosophy, politics or education. They are too elemental to grasp the complexity of these things. But broad, easily interpreted *action* interests them tremendously; elemental humor leaves them supine—but not silent—with delight. As Rob Wagner recently pointed out, the child likes "cataclysm, tumult and noise." And Mr. Wagner notes that when in a recent picture George Arliss quite evidently contemplated suicide from a ten-story window, the children in the audience cheered wildly at the prospect of a swell soul-satisfying squonchy smash.

### Today's Temptation

UNFORTUNATELY, a very large proportion of talking pictures deal with just these abstract intellectual

William Powell, who came to the height of his fame in talkies, is an exception to the general rule. On location in Chicago, he finds that he is still a hero to the youngsters

subjects. The temptation to make *talkies* instead of *movies* these days is great. Stage plays are transposed, word for word, to the screen. Actors stand about on sets discussing their emotions, arguing, exchanging witty repartee, and performing no more violent action than drinking a cup of tea or using a telephone. The old stage restrictions of time and place and setting have crept onto the screen. "When are they going to *do* something?" the children demand, wriggling with boredom.

Both producers and exhibitors are awake to this situation and some are willing to discuss it. Harold B. Franklin is president of the West Coast Theaters, an impressive aggregation of playhouses. Recently he returned from a tour of the country inquiring into theater conditions.

"We cannot disguise from ourselves that the sophisticated talking picture is not popular with children," he told me. "Neither is a treatise on calculus—simply because the young minds don't understand either of them. Once all was action on the screen. A man drew a gun from his pocket and even a five-year-old could be sure something dramatic was about to happen to the wicked



Another scene from "Holiday," made by Pathé for adults. There are other big features coming, designed for children



# The Children Want Some Action

tiger all set to pounce on the innocent lamb. But now when the man says:

"Bill, hand me that rod so I can bump off this varmint," they're not so sure, for those are a lot of words. And in many pictures there is ample dialogue of a more difficult sort with very little action to interpret it. Often it is difficult enough for adults to grasp the ideas behind swiftly spoken language, so why need we be astonished if the young child feels bored?

## Their Likes and Dislikes

**U**NDoubtedly, something is needed to provide proper entertainment for the child, but—it must not be deliberately designed for the immature mentality. Children do not like pictures for children. Most of them are quick and bright if you give them something to be quick and bright about, but I doubt if we can expect them to appreciate the subtleties of O'Neill drama. Children are not sophisticates, and we might as well recognize this.

"Probably the trend toward 'Westerns' will help considerably, for the 'Western' is essentially a primitive action story, even when upholstered with suitable dialogue. There are horses, lariats, mountains, villains and the trappings of romance. And children are incurably romantic, if not always love-conscious. It is romantic to them to see the hero rescue the lovely heroine, and very satisfying to see the villain get his just deserts. And I believe some good, clean, romantically active serials would help a great deal. *But whatever is done in this direction must have an appeal also for the adult mind.* We can no longer afford to make movies that appeal only to children.

"I say that because it is economically impossible—or at least impractical—to produce pictures for five or six per cent. of the picture audience. One picture is merely part of a program, which means that its profit to the theater must always be but a part of the admission price. The producers undoubtedly are taking the necessary steps to solve this problem."

Mr. Franklin's remarks seem to point rather unerringly to elemental drama as the solution, and it is quite possible

that the motion picture studios have begun to appreciate that solution for themselves, since something very close indeed to sheer melodrama is under way in a number of them.

One of the oldest principles of playwriting is that the audience should do most of the work. For that, it is necessary that the audience use its imagination; and to use its imagination, it must have some fairly comprehensive idea of an event to occur, or a result to accrue as the result of something now happening. If the action is pictorially simple and direct, even a young child can share with an adult this imaginative pleasure, and as a result you may have a successful piece of entertainment.

That is why the old Bill Hart, or Bill Farnum, or Douglas Fairbanks—or Pearl White—epics had such a broad appeal. They cut right across the mentalities of so many persons of various ages and gave tremendous stimulus to imagination of the simplest but most satisfying sort.

And in the old silent pictures, titles were used to explain action where necessary. The rule was one foot of film to each word of title. So a nine-word exposition occupied the screen for exactly six seconds—ample time for an alert mind to read it through *more than twice*, and sufficient for the slower mind to absorb the simple idea. But dialogue doesn't work that way. If you doubt that the average mind is slow, ask ten people an unfamiliar question quickly and note that nine of them will ask

to have it repeated. Dialogue pictures don't permit the little auditor to say: "What did the man say, Mamma?"—at least not too often before the usher comes down the aisle in response to protests.

## How to Satisfy Both?

**P**ATHÉ quickly appreciated the need for children's entertainment, and E. B. Derr, in charge of production on the West Coast, already has made plans for a type that will satisfy the youngsters without alienating the grown-up. He says:

"Juvenile patronage cannot be ignored—and should not  
(Continued on page 84)



Crowley

A "knock-out" scene from "The Spoilers"—the kind of picture children do like. They are bringing back the Westerns



A scene outside any talkie theater, anywhere, anytime: the children have practically vanished, and in their places are adults. Will producers be able to bring back the first fans and still hold the new ones?





If you see her once, you cannot help seeing her twice. Coming from Broadway stardom, Genevieve Tobin looks twice as good as the usual screen good-looker. Having scored a personal hit in "A Lady Surrenders," she now is acting (please accent) in a photographic version of Sidney Howard's play, "Half Gods"




# Sold Down

By REGINALD TAVINER

John Boles was recently "borrowed" in exactly the same way by Samuel Goldwyn for "Escapade." And that's where another feature of the "borrowing" comes in. Carl Laemmle, to whom Boles is under contract, didn't "loan" him to Mr. Goldwyn for anything like Boles's contract salary. As a matter of fact, it was about three times that much.

But then, Samuel Goldwyn doesn't loan his players for their contract salaries, either. The price varies with the plantation — but the



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is very much in the market; Constance Bennett, a Pathé star, was "borrowed" by two other companies; Lew Ayres went out on "loan" after "All Quiet"; and Ben Lyon thought he would never get back home

**P**OOOR old *Uncle Tom* was sold down the river whether he liked it or not. He didn't—but that had no more to do with it then than a movie star's likes or dislikes have to do with it now.

Many a star and featured player is "borrowed" from studio to studio just as *Uncle Tom* was sold from plantation to plantation. Producers "own" their players just as baseball clubs own their teams or *Little Eva's* daddy owned *Uncle Tom*.

The whip nowadays is the contract. They sign, and then it's up to the studio. They have to work where, when, and how they are told. If they don't—well, their salaries just naturally stop. And they can't get a salary from any other producer so long as the contract remains in force.

Rudolph Valentino found that out. And, more lately, Janet Gaynor.

The studios "borrow" players among themselves just as next-door neighbors borrow flour or sugar from each other when they're out. But nowadays the players usually like to be borrowed, because it is only the most popular ones that are in demand.

For instance, Bebe Daniels, under long-term contract to RKO, has just finished "Ex-Mistress" at Warner Brothers' and now is at United Artists', co-starring with Doug Fairbanks, Senior, in "Reaching for the Moon."

## Hollywood's New Tourists

**S**HE was "borrowed" because both the Warners and Joseph Schenck happened to need her particular type. But it's long odds that Bebe herself wasn't asked. Mr. Le Baron would arrange all that

players always get just the same.

Because of the profit in these "borrowings," some of the most popular players in Hollywood are beginning to think that their contracts are really tour-tickets to the other studios, so seldom do they make a picture at their own.

Joan Bennett has just gone back to United Artists', her own home lot, to make her first picture there in many, many moons.

But perhaps, of all Hollywood, Conrad Nagel holds the endurance record for staying "foreign." About every studio in the business has "borrowed" him from M-G-M, where his contract reposes in the vault, and he has played at Warners' for so long now that he almost believes he belongs there.

He declares that whenever he walks in his sleep, he instinctively heads for Sunset Boulevard instead of for Culver City



# the Boulevard

Like *Uncle Tom*, Stars Are  
Traded Here And Then There

## "There's a Reason"

THE real reason why "borrowing" has become so prevalent in the motion picture industry is that there aren't enough really top-notch players to go 'round. The studio with enough big people to fit every rôle in its production schedule simply doesn't exist; consequently, Hollywood is always on the next-door neighbor's back steps.

Certain players fit best certain types of rôles, and that's why they are borrowed.

It isn't only the players, either.

Personalities behind the camera are reflected upon the screen almost as much as those in front of it. Directors, scenarists, dialogue writers—they all are borrowed just like the actors and actresses. So are even the cameramen and designers.

Just a glance at the pictures coming out of Hollywood these days shows how widespread borrowing has become.

Dorothy Sebastian, under contract to M-G-M, has just made pictures for both Pathé and Columbia. Edmund Lowe, who ordinarily parks his make-up box at Fox, has

the longest single term away from their own studios when they went to Caddo for "Hell's Angels." Neither of them thought that he ever would get back.

George Barnes, one of Hollywood's "ace" cameramen, was borrowed by both Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson for their recent productions. Johanna Mathieson, Universal's designer, is frequently "loaned" for big costume films.

Sometimes, however, people are "borrowed" and not "paid back."

Such an instance was Sue Carol's. Under contract to Fox, she was loaned to RKO, and by mutual consent between Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Le Baron, she stayed at Radio.

Certain personalities, of course, are never loaned—or they haven't been yet. Garbo, and Barrymore, and such unapproachables. Rumor has it, however, that one of the younger executives did "proposition" Paramount for Maurice Chevalier for rather a naughty film that he thought no one else could "get away with," but another actor did have to get away with it, just the same.

At least, the producer hopes that he did. The film hasn't been released as yet.

Sound pictures have had a great deal to do with the present borrowing situation, since voice quality has so greatly narrowed down the choice of suitable players. In the old silent days, almost any "type" could carry the

(Continued on page 89)



been loaned to First National, Pathé, and United Artists. Constance Bennett, whose dotted line was signed at Pathé, was borrowed by Warners and Fox. Ann Harding, Pathé star, has just done "The Girl of the Golden West" at First National, while Marian Nixon, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Jean Arthur, Rita La Roy, Barbara Kent and dozens of others can seldom be found where they belong.

James Hall and Ben Lyon, of course, served

Left to right, Joan Bennett, who is first hither and then thither; John Boles and Bebe Daniels, who like to be "loaned"; and Janet Gaynor, who found she was not free



# How Women Have Changed Them

By  
GLADYS  
HALL



Lawrence Tibbett

Has Cast

Shyness To

The Four

Winds

**L**A W R E N C E  
T I B B E T T has  
changed. "The  
Rogue Song"  
changed him. The vio-  
lent admirations of wom-  
en have changed him. He  
admits it. "Why not?"

The man I talked with several months ago, just before "The Rogue Song" went into production, is no more. That was a quiet man, still remembering Bakersfield and lean years, obscurities and sacrifices and poverty and thin loveliness when only the stars were hospitable. He was diffident. He was dimmed. He clung to the commonplaces. His confidence was cloaked and guarded. His stride was moderate. His laughter was temperate. He was frightened. He admits that, too.

One of Lawrence Tibbett's outstanding charms is his admission of all things, good and bad. His lusty admission of life in all its manifold phases. No mincer of words is he. Not any more. No standing with reluctant feet on any rock-bound shore.

Then, in that pre-"Rogue Song" day, he was about to gamble for huge stakes. He was throwing on the table all the cards he had, to win or lose. He won.

He said, "I was taking a gigantic risk and I knew it. I stood to lose everything I had worked so hard for, everything I had gained. I had my public—the Opera public. Not a very large one compared to the picture public, but discriminating, finely critical. I didn't know how I would screen. I did know that I was not what is known as 'a screen type.' I didn't know how my voice

## Lawrence Tibbett says:

We are all cowards when it comes to living.

There is so much more adventure in life than any of us take advantage of! Because we are afraid of something. Our little reputations. Our "good name." What "they" might say.

We close so many doors right in our own faces! Stand behind them, peering, peeking, wishing . . .

Women do not like safe, sound, practical men. Or rather, I should say they do not love them. They say they do. They lie.

Women love dangerous men . . . destructive men.

Independent women are the most fascinating women of all. For the independent woman gives a man the sense of perpetual chase. He is never sure of her.

would record. The mike was not so perfect, not so pliable as it is now. I had a very bad scare, too, in the very beginning. My recording was bad. Very bad. The high notes were muted. The sting was taken out. There was every chance of people saying, 'Poor Tibbett, he is losing his voice. . . .'

## Happy to Admit It

**O**NCE a rumor like that starts circulating, it takes a lifetime to live it down, if ever. I was really *horribly* frightened. No success I had previously made helped me then. I stood to lose everything and to gain—nothing. Not even a contract was assured me unless 'The Rogue Song' proved to be successful.

"And then—the opening. I am a different man since that night. I walk down the street, now, and people nudge each other and say, 'There goes Lawrence Tibbett!' And my head goes up! My heart begins to pump. I feel the blood in my veins and a sense of tremendous elation. Life is

worth while. Fame—publicity—are the very blood in the veins of life. *I love it.* I love people to recognize me, to be thrilled when they see me, to follow me, to try to get glimpses. I am flattered. *I eat it up.* And especially—especially when 'the people' are pretty girls!

"I get a kick out of it. Why not? Isn't attention, being in the limelight, being popular and sought-after the thing we strive for from the very first time we crow for attention

(Continued on page 90)





*Dyar*

Hailing from Montana, where men may be men, but cows are steers, Gary Cooper stands out on the Hollywood skyline the way the Woolworth Building towers over lower New York. At the present time, he is being confused with a mountain or two in "Fighting Caravans"





## The Honey And The Moon

Some have a memory of faces, but Lucille Williams has a face for memories. Even the night falls, and the moon is upset. The Pathé comedies she plays up to are all becoming serious about marriage. Obviously, this will never do. Stardom is seen in the distance



# Chevalier Himself ·

## Maurice Only Seems To Be A French American

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

ONE of Hollywood's pet superstitions is that Chevalier has become Americanized. Various things gave rise to the myth. One was the marvelous performance he gave as the Franco-American *Babbitt* in "The Big Pond." So convincing was the transformation that it seemed Maurice himself must carry pencils on his ears and talk slang for the rest of his life.

Another is that Chevalier, in person, fails so utterly to meet the popular specifications for a Frenchman, that people who didn't have a chance to scrutinize him on his arrival get the impression that America has altered him to fit her national ways.

There's his cap, for instance—always a source of disappointment to those who have a blind faith in the Frenchman of the black silk hat. And his clean-shaven face where, according to the traditions of the industry, there should be an impudent mustache!

And most misleading of all—his personality. How disconcerting for those who expect a gay, chattering, gesturing, romantic, trifling Frenchman, to find a person with all the outward appearance of a sober American business man!

The key to that enigma is simple. Chevalier is a great actor—not of a part, but of a personality. It's hard for anyone to realize that a personality can be assumed—especially one so lively, so spontaneous. Everyone who meets Chevalier is amazed by the complete absence of that sparkle and eagerness that seem so innately and inevitably his on the screen.

### The Star Hoarder

EVEN his close friends admit that he saves that radiant good humor and affection for professional use—on the stage, on the screen, and for being a master of ceremonies. The brilliance of it is not dimmed by overwork.

In an entirely different way, his own private personality is very charming, too. Quiet, sympathetic, kindly, a little patient, without eagerness, without enthusiasm, he is a contradiction of everything you believed about him. Like the wrong side of a lustrous fabric.

When he says, "I am very happy," he neither looks happy, nor acts happy. He almost looks disappointed. But very sweet.

Chevalier denies that he has become Americanized in Hollywood.

"I was very American before I ever came to America," he said, in a very tentative sort of English. "The modern

(Continued on page 96)





# A Blonde



Where was Leila Hyams when the lights went out? Still in front of the camera, cutting a fine figure... proving that even in darkest Hollywood a blonde can have headlines and footlights, though both ends do have a way of not meeting

*Exclusive portraits by Bull*



# In The Dark



Like the girl in the Coles Phillips drawings, Leila Hyams proves that when one can lose so much, the ends justify the means. And brings to light the fact that since "The Big House" and "Way for a Sailor," she is a blonde apart



# CLASSIC



## CASE VIII

COURT REPORTER: HALE HORTON

The last case in the docket—but not the least. Miss Hollywood, who has been accused of everything this side of treason, now stands practically accused of that. The charge is Disloyalty to Old-Time Friends. Her plea is that Loyalty is out of the question. Mr. Edmund Goulding, an able fellow, is directing her defense.—Editor's Note

**T**HE case of *The People vs. Miss Hollywood* has been raging for many months and even Miss Hollywood's best friends admit that the prosecution has scored heavily—so heavily, in fact, that Miss Hollywood is now in the hospital, on the verge of having a nervous collapse.

The defense has frantically called witnesses to attest to Miss Hollywood's numerous loyalties, as for example, Ben Lyon's friendship for Hal Howe; Mrs. Ben Lyon's (*née* Bebe Daniels) adherence to Marie Mosquini; and Frances Marion's easing Marie Dressler into a thirty-five-hundred-dollar-a-week contract when Marie was presumed to be through. They told of Mary Pickford's retaining on her payroll a group of oldsters from the old Biograph Company.

Defense witnesses have testified that Richard Dix has "adopted" his cameraman and that Gary Cooper's best friend is an electrician on the Paramount lot; and that Cecil de Mille not only always makes a place in his pictures for James Keckley, but invariably finds a spot for a woman whose husband was killed in one of De Mille's earlier efforts.

The prosecution has called a dazzling galaxy of stars, including Jack Gilbert, Betty Compson, Alice White, Sue Carol, John Boles and America's two sweethearts, the Marys Brian and Pickford. These witnesses have severely dented the defense by swearing that one must be self-centered and egotistical, in order to attain any marked

degree of success; and when one is self-centered, one picks one's friends efficiently.

The jury has been so visibly affected that the prosecution has grown careless to a point where they even minimize the danger that might beset them when the star witness for the defense, Mr. Edmund Goulding is called.

### Goulding Enters the Case

**A**BURST of applause fills the courtroom as Mr. Goulding, immaculate in English tweeds, strides jauntily down the aisle, eagerly followed by his five secretarial blondes.

**Mr. Goulding:** (*bowing from waist*): "Your Honor . . ."

**His Honor** (*standing and bowing*): "Mr. Goulding . . ."

**Plaintiff's Attorney:** "I object! The court has no legal right to influence the jury by showing such unprecedented courtesy!"

**His Honor:** "The court admits to having been swept off its feet. Pray, proceed, Mr. Goulding . . ."

**Mr. Goulding:** "I have just left the hospital where lies Miss Hollywood, so pale and wan, but I might say, utterly feminine in her black lace pajamas . . ."

**P. A.:** "I object to black lace pajamas—"

**His Honor** (*interrupting viciously*): "Pray, proceed, Mr. Goulding."

**Mr. Goulding:** "And knowing that I not only write and direct my own pictures, but compose the musical scores as well, Miss Hollywood has decided that I am versatile enough to take over the defense . . ."

He bows pleasantly to the defense attorney, who rises indignantly, beckons to his four assistants and stalks out of the courtroom amid jeers and catcalls. Obviously, Mr. Goulding not only has the spectators, but the jury as well. The P. A. fidgets nervously.

**Mr. Goulding:** "So, with the court's permission, I shall now call myself as a witness."



# Hold's Open Court

THE CASE: The People  
vs. Miss Hollywood

THE CHARGE: Disloyalty  
To Old-Time Friends

Clerk of Court: "Do-you-swear-to-tell-the-truth-the-whole-truth-and-nothing-but-the-truth-so-help-you-God?"

## The Surprising Admission

**MR. GOULDING** (*waving C of C aside*): "Certainly. I shall begin by admitting that loyalty in Hollywood is out of the question . . ."

The P. A.'s mouth drops open. Surprise is writ largely on everyone's face.

**Mr. Goulding** (*continuing*): "In the first place, the essential tools for a beginner in Hollywood are friends. These friends must be in the business. As a rule, the first friends eagerly sought after may be an assistant director, a member of some publicity department or an outside boy in the casting office. But when the aspirant once gets inside the studio, these friends begin to pall, and there looms on the horizon a new and less available friend—the author, scenario writer, director or supervisor. Once these have all been conquered, stardom looms in sight, making it advisable to cultivate the producer or the banker in Wall Street.

"These friends do not mix. The friends of yesterday are not the friends of to-day, and the friends of to-day certainly will not be the friends of to-morrow. Loyalty is out of the question—and this fact would be accepted by the newly discarded friends if the aspirant to success only made it apparent that he actually was on his way. This entails a certain amount of bitterness.

"The conquerer of Hollywood might be compared to a tree that bears new leaves each Spring and forgets the leaves of last Autumn. The tree would be smothered if it failed to shed last year's leaves, but kept them all, year after year, and attempted to mix them. Wally Reid failed to shed last year's leaves. His heart was too big. And they choked him like barnacles clinging to the bottom of a graceful boat. He grew tired, and, in the end, useless. Norman Kerry's heart forbade him to say 'good-bye,' and now he trembles on the threshold of oblivion."

## Faint Hearts Never Win

**MR. GOULDING** (*questioning himself*): "Then Miss Hollywood drops her friends through cowardice?"

**Mr. Goulding** (*answering himself*): "On the contrary. It is no task for the chicken-livered, this discarding of friends. At the openings of famous restaurants, at all the premières, at the beaches or in the cafés, Miss Hollywood hears slurs suggesting that 'She's got a big head . . . I knew her when . . . Oh, that one . . .' If she doesn't actually hear the remarks, she senses them; and then real courage is needed. The weak ones turn back and apologize, making extravagant display of recognition. They are the bad surgeons afraid to cut. Miss Hollywood, however, deciding that she was there to stay, walked straight on

EDMUND GOULDING  
At the Bar



with her head in the air—not a snob, but a good business woman."

**Mr. Goulding** (*interrupting himself*): "But do you mean to have us believe that she must drop all of her friends?"

**Mr. Goulding** (*answering himself*): "No, sir, I don't. She merely separates the wheat from the chaff. With each new stride, a few worth-while friends are carried along into the next realm, and not discarded until they have proclaimed by some word or act their inability to stand the altitude. For the success of Miss Hollywood, as well as an aviator, is greatly dependent upon this talent."

As the prosecution voices no desire to cross-examine him, Mr. Goulding leaves the witness stand and summons Clarence Badger.

**P. A.** (*sotto voce to assistant*): "If the defense attorney continues in this strain, he'll hang himself, as well as

(Continued on page 87)



# Bringing Back

The Villain Still

And Not Silently,

BY REGINALD



Allene Ray, at top, is happy to be starred in "The Indians Are Coming"—despite the fact that the villain (above) is telling Francis Ford, old serial favorite (right), "I can save her from sure death—at a price!"

THE age of miracles is not past. Not in Hollywood, anyhow.

Remember Poor Pauline? And Hysterical Helen? Not to mention the Riots of Ruth, the Gallops of Grace, the Exploits of Elaine and all the rest?

Well, they're still just one jump ahead of the Clutching Claw!

They're still being chased around the burning decks by the same pair of longhorn mustaches. They're still being tied to the railroad tracks by the same mocking pearl-gray spats. They're still being hurtled through the same ten hair-raising episodes by the same Finger of Fate—and still teetering on the edge of the cliff till next Saturday.

Only nowadays the Horrid Hand isn't the only shadow stalking them from the background. Now they have another foe to fight, another peril to overcome—for the "mike" has been added to all the rest. The lowly serial, the dime novel of the movies and the last stand of the ten-twenty-thirt', has just made it unanimous.

They've gone talkie, too!

At first blush it would seem that a serial in sound would be something of an anachronism. Something like a prehistoric man picking his teeth with a stone hatchet while he listened to Amos 'n' Andy. Or knocking his wife loose from her bearskin step-ins because she shaved under her arms with his last razor blade.

But with the movies, as the old hymn has it, nothing is impossible. Hollywood moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform.

Indeed, Why Not?

AND anyhow, if sweeties in the features are permitted to burst into a grand-opera farewell every time their lips get three inches away from each other, why shouldn't the arch-enemies of the serials be allowed to break into similar screams with what they have to bear?

If we can stand for the hero in a feature whispering such tender sentiments as "You are wetter than the dew at morn, my love!" into his sheba's ear, then why not for "Unhand me, Mortmorency! Rawther than share the fruits of your perfidy, I will yump over younder precipice!" from the serial queen?

The answer is—we're going to have to!

At the present time, only one major studio has gone in for talkie serials—Universal. But the holocaust threatens. There are rumors that Pathé, the



# The Thrillers

Pursues Her

Either

TAVINER

original serial producer, is soon to start making them again. So far, only two have been made, with a third in the making and a fourth on the way.

But they aren't called serials any more. Oh, no—they're chapter plays now. But what's in a name when the chapters still end in the middle?

Like so many other things in Hollywood, the first sound serial just happened that way. Actually, it was an afterthought; the sound, if not the serial. It was begun as a silent film, and for four days shot that way—and it actually was called "The Indians Are Coming!"

Those Indians really were responsible for the sound.

## Sound's Effects

SOMEBODY had the happy inspiration that Indians who sounded like Indians would be much more realistic than Indians who merely looked like Indians, so forthwith the mikes were installed and the war-whoops preserved for posterity, too.

Such was the beginning of the talkie serial. And while sound films themselves are now three years old, the first sound serial is scarcely older than that many months.

Twenty-odd years ago they began, but outside of the mike, they haven't changed so much.

Perhaps it is very appropriate, therefore, that this first sound serial is made around a pioneer story: the covered-wagon-and-gold-rush epic, with the same scalp-hunting redskins of Broncho Billy's day. There are twelve episodes, each more blood-curdling than the last, and the climax of the film, of course, comes when the feather-tops attack.

They still circle around the wagon train at night on their war ponies, yelling like fiends and shooting like maniacs, just as they did in the first movies ever made. And they still bite the dust precisely as they did then—and it's precisely the same dust.

But they all do it noisily now and it all brings a new thrill in sound, especially since serial audiences are just about the same now as they were then—small boys at heart, who still love to see the heroine tied to the stake and rescued just in the nick of time.

## They Love Their Work

IT is very appropriate, too, that both Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, the most pursued heroine and the deepest-dyed villain of movie history, have parts in "The Indians Are Coming!" They have endured since the Perils of Pauline, the Hazards of Helen, and so on, and they still endure in the new world of sound.

(Continued on page 86)



Colonel Tim McCoy and Miss Ray are captured. Says the Chief, "The palefaces must die—catchem heap big bonfire!"

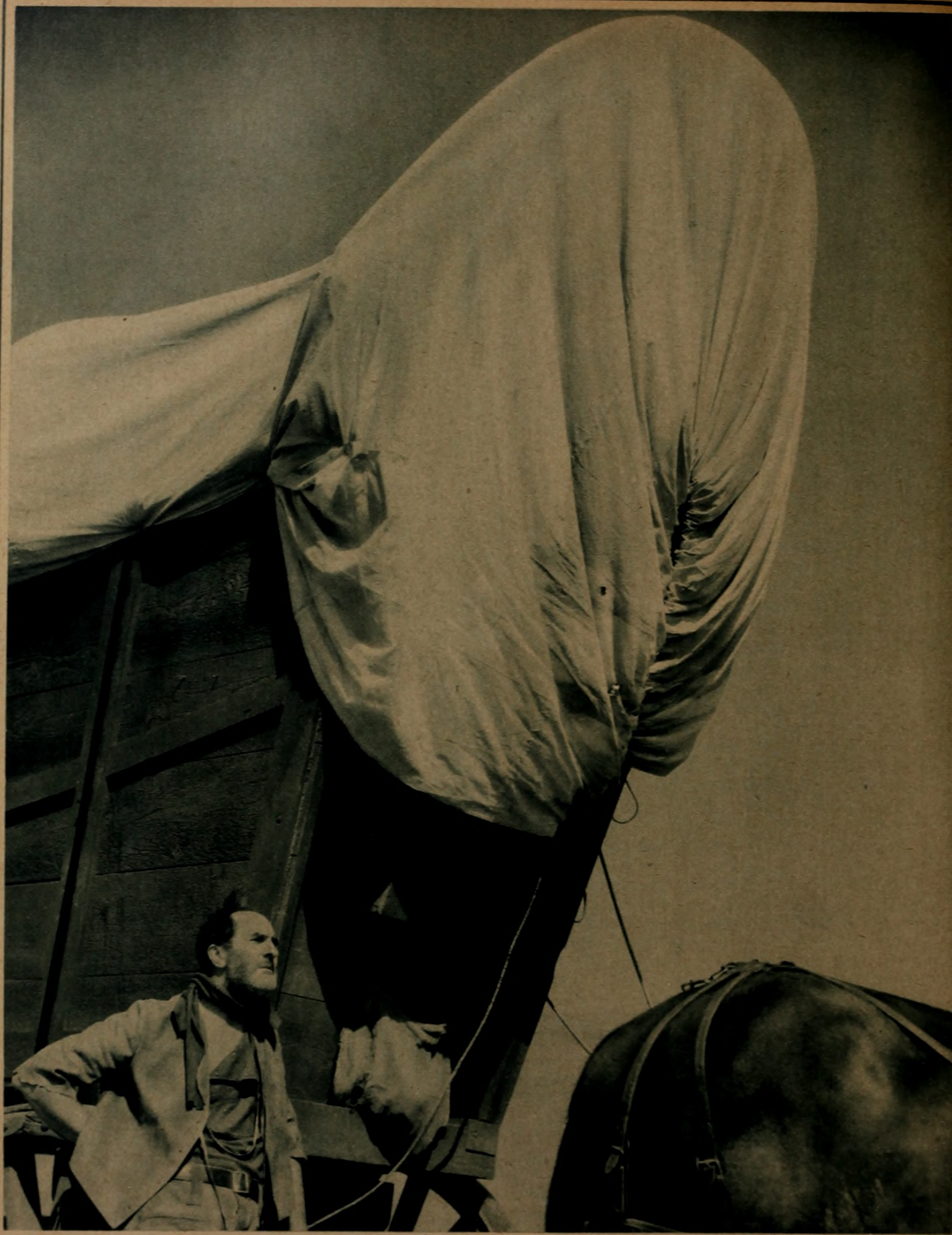


Colonel McCoy appears in time to warn Miss Ray. His warning: "The redskins are on the warpath—we must flee!"



The hero saves the heroine from another savage attack. This Indian's whoop nearly split the microphone





"There's a free-for-all ahead," mutters that uncanny Scot, Ernest Torrence, between his whiskers, like a good scout. Not since he rode out in front with "The Covered Wagon" has he had to see red a mile away, but with "Fighting Caravans" he proves that *Bill Jackson* still knows how to take a train to the Coast



# . . . You Can't Win

If You've Ever  
Been Mean To  
Jeanette MacDonald  
It's Just Too Bad

By

ELISABETH GOLDBECK

**B**ECAUSE I had been informed by a dotting publicity department that Jeanette MacDonald had no faults, she insisted on telling them all. Or rather, she confessed all the faults she used to have, and explained why she's such a nice, faultless girl to-day.

According to Jeanette, only one really serious flaw has survived. She holds grudges—that's all. But she goes in for that with the zeal that most people distribute along a whole lifetime of horrid traits. I have never seen anyone animated by such a fierce desire to get even.

Jeanette's greatest thrill in life is the day when, perhaps years after the wrong has been done her, revenge is in her grasp. It means more to her than publishing a novel or finding an oil well in the backyard would mean to most people.

"The chance always comes," she said, "though sometimes I have to wait a long, long time. I don't really mind any of the things people do to me, because I'm *sure* I'm going to get back at them some day—and after that I feel all right about it. It never bothers me again."

I found her out on the porch, amidst slips of paper with "*Où est votre frère?*" scratched on them, showing that the menace of the foreign version has invaded the MacDonald household, too.

Jeanette is twice as pretty off the screen as on. She's like champagne. Her personality is like that—fresh, effervescent. She even looks like champagne, golden and sparkling.

## She Learned When a Child

**E**XTREMELY frank and forthright, she has a sunny disposition that still isn't too annoyingly sweet. Just peppery enough to be stimulating.

"I was a very naughty child," she said. "I did everything that was wrong and mean—but I was taught lessons that cured me of all my bad habits. I don't deserve any credit for behaving as well as I do now."

"I'm a strong believer in retribution. I don't dare do anything bad, because I'm afraid something will happen



Dyar

to me, just as I've seen it happen, always, to the people who have done mean things to me. But that's the only thing that stops me.

"In school, I used to be a terrible liar, but I was always caught and punished. I stole chalk, too. I used to stuff a few pieces into the pocket of my blouse, every chance I got, and cover it with my handkerchief. At the end of the term—I'll never forget it—my teacher called me in. She said, 'Because you've been a very sweet little girl, I want to give you something that I'm sure you'll like'—and she handed me a whole box of chalk. That was the worst punishment I ever had."

"I was in a musical comedy on Broadway that closed long before the costumes were worn out. I stole the slippers I had worn, and took them home with me. The first time I put them on, I sprained my ankle."

"Since I've been in pictures, I've had letters from several of my teachers. I appreciate them very much, because it was so long ago and I treated them so badly. I used to be able to belch marvelously when I was a kid."

(Continued on page 104)



# LOOKING

Close-Ups  
From The Coast



Richee

**N**OW that "Way For A Sailor" is not the great "comeback" his many friends had hoped for John Gilbert, the gossips are busily discussing the newly developed apathy in Jack and his lack of enthusiasm in anything pertaining to pictures.

They say that he walked through the entire filming with the greatest indifference. That never once did he exhibit the slightest flicker of that old Gilbert fire and verve, which used to mean so much to his silent pictures.

Which brings to mind that Jack and Marshall Neilan, the director, have one particularly outstanding trait in common. They are the best "winners" in the world. No matter how dizzy the heights of their success, they remain charming, natural and balanced. But they cannot cope with failure. It leaves them flat and disheartened.

• • •

**E**VELYN Laye introduced a neat novelty for divorcées in Hollywood.

She wears her wedding ring on the little finger of the same hand where it formerly rested as a pledge. The platinum band was cut down to fit the smaller finger soon after Evelyn filed divorce proceedings against Sonny Hale early in 1930.

Evelyn says she will never marry again. Maybe she



Lansing Brown

The lady of the hollow heart: as *Mme. Muskat* in "Liliom" and as *Dixie Lee* in "Cimarron," *Estelle Taylor* (above) is the first talkie siren to be taken seriously

What ho? Here is *George Bancroft*, who has just weathered one Paramount tempest, at sea again—and again raising his voice (left), this time nautically in "Derelict"

wears the former seal lest she might be tempted to forget.

• • •

**S**EEN at Katherine Cornell's "first night:" *Marlene Dietrich* and *Josef von Sternberg* seated in dignified glory in a box.

*Jeanette MacDonald* quite the sensation of "intermission" in black velvet trimmed with blonde-fox.

*Ruth Roland* and *Ben Bard* standing through the entire first scene, rather than disturb by their late arrival.

*Russell Gleason* in a party of Los Angeles debutantes.

*Lew Cody* and *Owen Moore* smoking between acts.

• • •

**T**HE Fox studios have never quite forgiven *Maureen O'Sullivan* for not being a quaint little Irish lassie and living up to a legendary publicity rôle.

When *Maureen* exhibited a very modern yen for theaters, Hollywood parties, supper clubs and a gay circle of young friends, the studio promptly clamped a chaperon in her household.

As it turned out, the joke is entirely on the studio.

*Maureen* is crazy about the chaperon. That is, she was crazy about her until the studio decided there was really no need, and called the chaperon off.



# THEM OVER

By DOROTHY  
MANNERS



Ball

The diplomat: with *Ruth Chatterton* and *Clara Bow* vying for Paramount prizes, *Ralph Forbes* (above) acts as *Ruth's* real spouse and as *Clara's* reel late husband

He has his lighter moments again: having proved in foreign versions that he still is fashionable, *Adolphe Menjou* (right) is lighting up in Tibbett's "New Moon"



Hurrell

**T**HE rumor persists that all is not going well in the romance between *Billie Dove* and *Howard Hughes*. Hollywood expected *Billie* and the young Texas millionaire to be married as soon as her divorce papers were final. But now they say that any idea of wedding bells has been postponed, though Mr. Hughes is busy selecting plays and stories which will star *Billie* on her return from Europe.

By the way, did you know that *Howard Hughes* is the nephew of *Rupert Hughes*?

• • •

**J**OAN and *Constance Bennett*, *John Considine, Jr.* and the *Marquis de la Falaise* dining at the *Biltmore*.

*Lupe Velez*, in a financial frame of mind, carefully balancing her check book by a bank statement.

*Walter Huston* and *Dick Arlen* entertaining at a "stag" party aboard their partnership yacht.

*Evelyn Brent* impatiently cooling her heels in the reception room at the *Embassy*, waiting for a tardy friend.

*June Clyde* and "T" *Freeland* entertaining at a poker party right after their honeymoon.

• • •

**N**ORMA Shearer, her sister, *Athole*, and their mother used to do extra work around the New York

studios years ago when *Norma* was trying to get a start. They all three wore light blue evening gowns and were known to the casting directors as "the three little girls in blue." Strangely enough, it was *Athole*, or the young mother, who was usually selected to do any "bit" that came up. Which only goes to prove that first guesses aren't always right.

• • •

**O**NE of the strangest sounds in Hollywood is that of *Edmund Lowe* referring to dignified and socially impeccable *Lilyan Tashman* as "Lil." Even husbands should not be permitted such out-of-character liberty.

• • •

**J**EAN Harlow and *Ernie Torgler* in a tête-à-tête all-by-ourselves-group at *Marian Nixon's*.

*Greta Garbo* with a movie magazine under her arm on her way to her dressing-room.

*Ramon Novarro* lunching at the director's table in the *M-G-M café*.

*Irene Rich*, looking like her young daughter's sister, dining in the *Blossom Room*.

*Sally Blane* being mistaken for her sister, *Loretta Young*, and forging her name to an autograph.



# NEWS AND VIEWS OF

**T**HE people around the Paramount lot are beginning to believe that Marlene Dietrich is far more interested in the arrival of the postman with letters from her family in Germany than in her next, or last, starring picture.

The other day she was gleefully translating the information, culled from the most recent letter, that her young daughter, Maria, was learning to speak English so that she would be able to converse with Marlene in her adopted tongue—when she gets back to Germany.

The baby seems to have the idea that because "mother" is speaking English she has forgotten German entirely.

. . .

**J**OAN Crawford begins every one of her starring vehicles with a Swan Song of despair. She is always sure it is going to be terrible, that the critics will pan her, that someone will steal the honors by giving a better performance, and that it is doubtful if she will ever make another picture.

It isn't until the picture cleans up at the box-office and the critics hail her as a young Pauline Frederick all over again, that she becomes pacified. And then only until she begins another picture! Joan's moaning begins all over again, the first time she reads the script.

. . .

**G**UESS whom Walter Huston picks as the finest actress on the screen?

None other than our pal, Clara Bow. He says she is an instinctive artist.

That's high praise from the man who gives such a superb performance in "Abraham Lincoln."

. . .

**R**UTH Chatterton and Evelyn Laye in a mutual admiration contest.

Ronald Colman getting off to the third start on his new picture.

United Artists refusing to give out any information on Joan Bennett's baby or former husband.

Leatrice Joy and a very attentive escort dining at the Cocoanut Grove.

Gary Cooper inviting his father to lunch with him at the Paramount café.

. . .

**T**HE five actresses selected by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best performances in talking pictures for the year ending July 31 are: Nancy Carroll in "The Devil's Holiday;" Ruth Chatterton in "Sarah and Son;" Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie" and "Romance;" Norma Shearer in "The Divorcée;" and Gloria Swanson in "The Trespasser." Ann Harding in "Holiday" would have rated as a candidate in the voting for first place had that picture been released before July 31.

The actors chosen were: George Arliss in "Disraeli;" Wallace Beery in "The Big House;" Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade;" Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond;" Lawrence Tibbett in "The Rogue Song."

By the time you read this, the voting will all be over



Fryer

They meet again: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. tells Joan Crawford her face seems familiar. Work separates them so much that they are Hollywood's least married couple



Dyar

A farewell to arms: Kenneth MacKenna and Kay Francis, who have never been married to one another before, find that Sherman was right in "The Virtuous Sin"



# HOLLYWOOD TODAY

and you'll know which of these excellent performances won out over the others.

• • •

**P**ARAMOUNT has changed Carol Lombard's name to Carole Lombard, and awarded her a nice, long contract. The Carole is supposed to be more feminine than Carol.

Remember when Carol, or Carole, was just plain Jane Peters and supposed to be engaged to Lloyd Pantages?

• • •

**P**ATSY O'Leary, one of the Mack Sennett featured starlets, visits the studio daily between pictures to enjoy a sun bath atop one of the big sound stages.

Strolling across the lot one day in a new flesh-colored bathing-suit, she met Andy Clyde.

"How do you like my new sun outfit?" inquired Pat.

"Where is it?" said Andy.

"Why, I'm wearing it," replied Pat.

"Shades of Gloria Swanson and Marie Prevost!" retorted Andy. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

• • •

**J**OHN Boles growing a beard for "Resurrection."

Carl Laemmle, Jr. all puffed up over being an "uncle."

Lew Ayres breaking all Universal fan-mail records, following his success in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Anita Page parking her car two blocks away from the M-G-M studio for want of better parking space.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. posing for publicity pictures

with Joan Crawford. (Sample on opposite page.)

• • •

**B**ETTY Compson tells this one—her favorite Scotch story:

MacPherson wanted to buy an automobile—but he hated to part with the money. After an entire day spent in bickering with a harassed salesman over accessories that Mac thought should be free, he finally consented to a demonstration.

The salesman started the car into operation.

"What are you doing?" asked Mac.

"Throwing in the clutch," replied the salesman.

"Good," said Mac. "I'll take the car!"

• • •

**T**HE minute Lily Damita arrives in Hollywood, she is always shipped off to the wide open spaces. The last time the peppy Parisienne arrived, she was shipped off the very next day for an eight-week location trip in the wilds of Santa Cruz Island. On this trip out, Miss Damita was met at the station by a representative of Paramount who told her she was to leave that evening for a three weeks' location in the desert and mountains with Gary Cooper and company.

• • •

**A**T the preview of Gilbert's "Way For A Sailor," John Gilbert, Irving Thalberg, and Paul Bern fighting their way to the curb through a crushing crowd.

(Continued on page 95)



Russell Ball

An eye-opener: Eddie Quillan and Miriam Seegar forget the formula and register surprise at each other's technique—but that is how they make "Big Money"



Prohibition may be a farce to some people, but not to Slim Summerville and Harry Langdon. They are wondering what the censors might do to "See America Thirst"



# The Noted Dame

The Road To Fame



Richee

The other girls were all afraid to tackle Clara Bow, so they made her cheer leader (left). The "P" stands for Publicity—good old Alma Mater



Longworth

Above, the Four Horsewomen, just as they went into a huddle to decide who's to do the kicking. What's biting them is a 200-lb. fullback on the other team, and they're out to even the score. Above, at right, the holdback, the setback, and the bitter end



Dyar

Lillian Roth (above) had the game and the ball tucked away, when Marion Shilling sailed into her and held those lines. As a passer, Lillian is backward (right)—which may explain why the position of center is so tempting to the rest of the squad





# Team

Is A Rockne One



Longworth

Marian Nixon (above) looks over the field for a good opening. A movie opening—and a pass



Kling



Dyar

Lillian Roth hasn't had enough fall training, so Marion Shilling (above) has to bring her 'round with a football fan. While Dorothy Lee (left) thinks things may come to a pretty pass if her whistle sounds like the ref's. Right, time out for substitution

Longworth





# They'll Pay You To Insult Them



By  
HELEN LOUISE  
WALKER

**A**RE you a good insulter? Can you achieve an attitude of bored superiority? Can you hold your tongue in your cheek so that it shows?

If you can do these things, if you are an expert at plain and fancy sneering—then you should pack your suitcase at once and hie yourself to Hollywood. Sneerers are at a premium here.

Take Lady Maureen Stanley, who arrived here recently to assume the responsibility of the position of "social adviser" on Ronald Colman's next picture. That girl is going to get along in Hollywood. She knows what to do and how to do it.

Her job, I gather, is to see that no serious breaches of etiquette slip into any of the scenes in Mr. Colman's next opus. That Ronnie uses the correct fork and that no one drinks tea from his saucer. She will furnish the director with such obscure tidbits of information as the fact that at breakfast in an English country house, the first lady who enters the dining-room assumes the responsibility of pouring the tea—be she guest or hostess. Things like that. She will receive a nice, round sum of most desirable American dollars for knowing the ritual.

Which is all very nice for Lady Stanley. Of course, it might occur to you that if Frederick Lonsdale, who wrote the story, didn't know the ritual, then he shouldn't have put his tale into that locale or have dealt with those circles. (However, he must have been a little upset while he was writing it. He kept getting into fits of petulance and scurrying back to England and having to be lured and coaxed and petted before he would return. From which

Lady Maureen Stanley (center) runs down Hollywood—and in rolls the coin. And Eric von Stroheim (right) and Charles Bickford (left) make good livings by calling spades by their right names

If You Are  
Expert At  
Dirty Digs, Hie  
Yourself To  
Hollywood

distractions, pleasant publicity accrued to the picture—and to him.)

## The Lady Is a Showman

**H**OWEVER, the whole proceeding might seem to you a distinct reflection upon Sam's faith in Mr. Lonsdale.

To say nothing of his faith in his director. And even in Mr. Colman. If Ronald doesn't know how to behave "in society," then it might seem to you that he were miscast in such a rôle.

But I believe that Sam's lack of faith in these prominent people had little to do with his employing Lady Stanley. I think rather that Lady Stanley simply knows how to put on a good show.

She does not, it appears, like America. (An excellent start.) She does not like Americans. Nor Hollywood. Nor the pictures that are made here. In fact, she remarked soon after arriving that she thought American pictures were "perfectly terrible."

The nicest thing about the country in general, and Hollywood in particular, she says, is that we "have so much of that lovely gold!" After all, even a Titled Lady must live. And there are, as usual, "the taxes at home, you know." To explain her bothering with such crassness.

(Continued on page 105)





*Fraker*

New to these hyar Hollywood hills, not so famous for their moonshine as their sunshine, Richard Cromwell wonders what is brewing for him. As *Tol'able David*, will he battle his way to fame—as did Richard Barthelmess (in inset) in the days of The Great Silence?





*Russell Ball*

When Ann Harding went on the stage, her father wrote her a letter of farewell. He thought he had lost a good daughter. But recently there was a reconciliation. He knows now—particularly since "The Greater Love"—how good an actress can sometimes be



# The Man You Hate To Love

Without His  
Dress-Suit, Lowell  
Sherman Is No  
Passionate  
Chiropodist

By FAITH SERVICE

I WAS all set to call this story "Playing With Life."

It was to be all about that suave dilettante, Lowell Sherman, and his method and mannerism of mauling the poor jade, Life, about. It seemed to me to be a swell idea.

It was prompted by watching Mr. Sherman through a succession of white-gloved villainies on stage and screen. Capped by his self-directed performance in "Lawful Larceny." Surely, here was a charming exterior masking a—oh, but I *can't* go on. I don't know you well enough. . . .

Anyway, he crabbed m'copy.

It was Robert Browning who said, "O make us happy and you make us good."

Mr. Sherman, I am afraid, is happy.

Work out the rest for yourself. It pains me to say it.

A shrewd observer recently spoke of Lowell Sherman (another shrewd observer) and his marriages, and said, "Pauline Garon was right for him *as he seems*. Helene Costello is right for him *as he is*."

A *very* astute comment. For Lowell Sherman, like so many charming and civilized persons, is not as he seems—on the screen. He says, "It would be so monotonous, dear." He *does* say "dear." But not in the sugar-daddy-on-the-make fashion of old B'way. There is something very kindly about him. I'm sorry, but there is. Kindly and tolerant and seasoned—and young.

## That Is the Question

IT is one of this civilized person's chief contentions that actors should not carry their professional characters with them into real life. "If you must be a passionate chiropodist on the screen," he asks, "*must* you be a passionate chiropodist off the screen?" And the answer to that seems fairly obvious.

Mr. Sherman—you naturally call him Mister Sherman, and not Lowell-ole-man—maintains that this is one reason why actors are held in faint contempt or viewed as museum pieces by the laity. They are museum pieces. They insist upon being museum pieces. They will strike



Spurr

their museum attitudes, when no attitudinizing is called for. They persist in going about the face of the earth being sheiks, vampires, Great Lovers, perpetual ingenues, traducers of virtue, devastating heroes and what-have-you, when they have stepped from the studio gates to the route the milkman takes. . . . "So amusing, dear. . . ."

Nor, Mr. Sherman holds, does a screen hero, to *be* a screen hero, need to be compounded of milk and honey. The greatest of them all, Valentino, could not well have been labeled a mama's boy. He did not exude the effluvia of prayer-books and Sunday schools. He was, really, quite a bad boy to begin with, though he usually came out in the last reel chastised and with his mind on Higher Things. Which is the way, dear, life should be. . . . progressive.

## Why Villains Are Loved

"CONSISTENT virtue on the screen, dear, is the very skim-milk of monotony. Americans love the conquest of virtue over vice. And in the black heart of a white-gloved villain, one note of sincerity, a mere *soupcou* of heart-break is more genuinely poignant, more moving, than whole reels of—well, we won't say who, dear—being steadfast and dependable."

(Continued on page 80)



# Around *the* World

## Broke

### So Hollywood Was Logical In John Holland's Life

By GLADYS HALL

York City with fifty cents. *Crap.* Twenty-five of the fifty went for some sort of an official stamp on his luggage. Twenty-five from fifty leaves—but do it yourself.

#### Parking in Parks

JOHN wandered over to Battery Park. He found a dime in the gutter, probably dropped there by some indigent newsy. On thirty-five cents, John subsisted for five days. He slept on the park benches by night and was wakened via the heel-warming process in the mornings. The system was simple. You moved on when the copper tapped you. You described a circle and you came back to the same bench again. You developed a

fondness for your own bench. A sort of pride of possession. John says he didn't get very fraternal with the other park-benchers. There isn't much social life there, he says. People keep pretty much to themselves.

After the five days, John obtained a job with the United Fruit Company. He checked bananas. Those he didn't check, he ate. To this day, he says, he has a hemorrhage when he looks at a nice ripe banana.

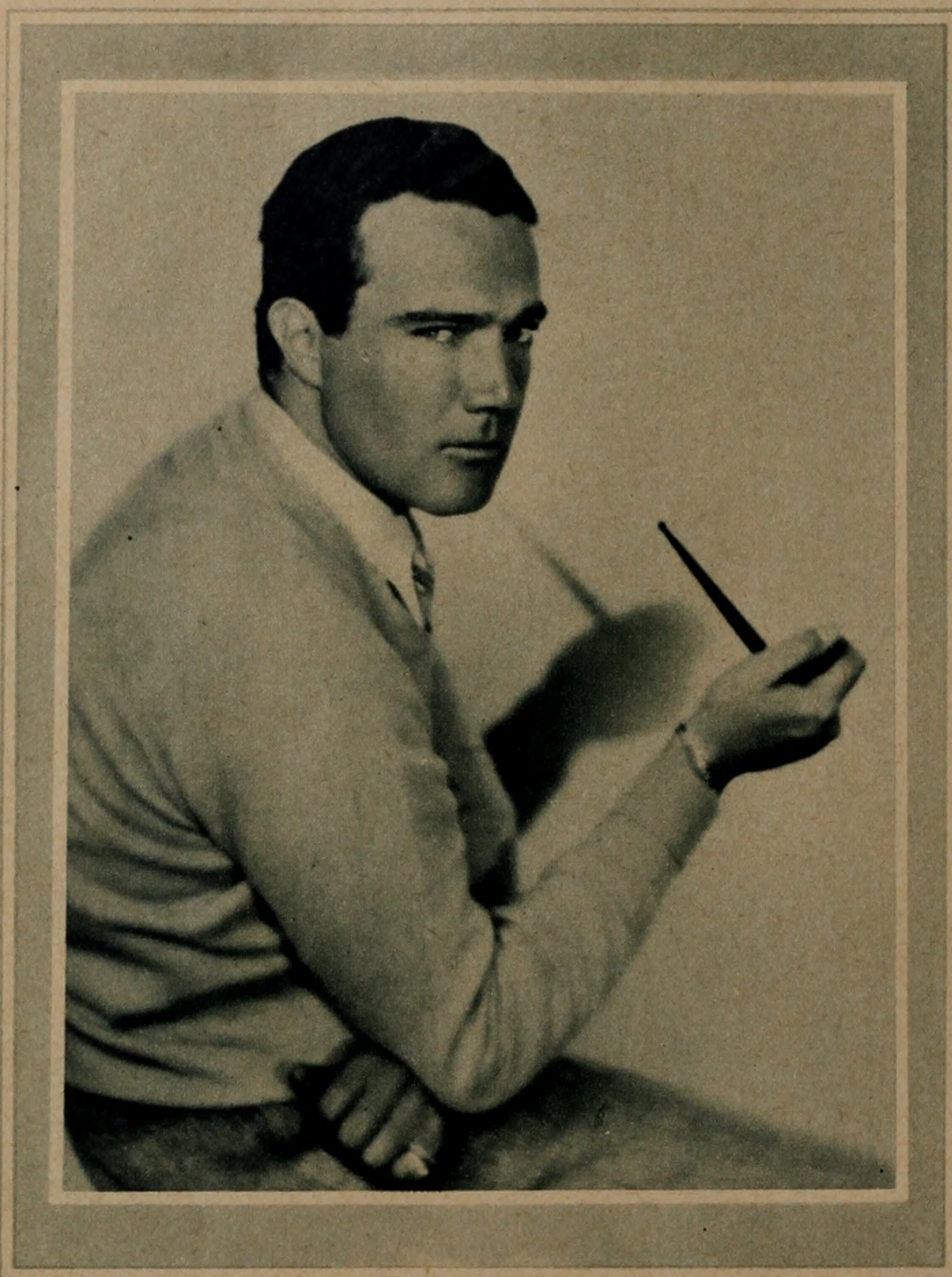
During this interval he slept in the Newsboys' Rooming House and flop-houses. You pay a nickel or a dime and you fling yourself on the floor and feel luxurious with four walls around you and a roof over your head. And plenty of companionship.

Batting around the docks, John ran into a chum of his. They read a sign that said things about enlisting in the Canadian Army. It was "something to do." They enlisted.

#### Being Broke Didn't Matter

AND, after some preliminary training, found themselves in Siberia and for two years in Vladivostok. Broke. *Crap.* And other things. Their thirty dollars a month, army pay, didn't last them more than one night in the town. There was a Russian countess. It was a polyglot, tragic place with broken-down Europeans scat-

(Continued on page 82)



Ball

JOHN HOLLAND'S folks were "in trade." Down South, suh, in Greensboro, North Carolina. They hoped the same sturdy career for their only son.

But John had tender spots, instead of textiles, in his racing blood. He had seen little boys and immature youths working in the textile mills. They had lint clinging to them—all over their clothes and hands and faces and hair. Besides, they were pale and anemic and coughed badly and had hollow, young-old eyes. They made him distinctly ill. From his very infancy, John shuddered away from textiles.

John was sent to school. He was kicked out. John was sent to another school. He ran away. John was sent to another school. He took a girl horseback-riding through the Spring woods, in defiance of his father's strict orders to the contrary, and was chased out of town at the point of a shotgun by his tried, tempestuous parent.

The point of the shotgun precipitated John into the Navy, to see the world. Indeed, he *did*. He circumnavigated a goodly portion of the globe and was dead broke in every port. *Crap* games.

After two years of good old Uncle Sam on the high seas, John got fed up and obtained leave. He joined a prospecting expedition to South America. The prospecting was not prosperous. John set sail from Rio de Janeiro with a thousand dollars in his jeans. He landed in New



# Our Own News Camera

Guess who (below)? What actor is going over the top himself—and doing it with his eyes closed? Could it be anybody but that ol' soak, Charles Ruggles, one of the screen's cleanest comedians?



The old army game: Robert Montgomery (below), who went to military school to be a polo player, is trying to give us the impression he went to Hollywood for the same reason. But he's nowhere near his goal

Hurrell



Director William Seiter, experimenting with double exposure (above), tells Laura La Plante that she ought to appear twice in the same picture, and his wife supposes she'll half to do it  
Fryer



English

Bull



Chinning bars: at the top, Yola D'Avril, Fifi Dorsay and Sandra Ravel do some reflecting in a café as "Those Three French Girls"; above, Chico, Harpo, Zeppo and Groucho Marx expose themselves as four unhappy cinema actors

Zerrenner



# CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO COAST



Fryer

Now that he is a full-fledged star and about to do a sequel to "The Dawn Patrol," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (above) feels that he is earning enough to support a good-sized dog. So he is raising a Great Dane—and a big yelpmate the pup is likely to be

An old Spanish costume: having just learned that all famous screen girls first attracted attention in small things, Rita La Roy of "Check and Double Check" (right) is out to show her poise



Bachrach

Research workers: two of Harold Lloyd's demon publicity men (right) on the way to Hawaii with the "Feet First" company to look over the leis of the land and to pick up a little Hawaiian at Waikiki



Sitting for a photograph isn't what it used to be, back in the Ziegfeld days: Catherine Moylan (below, right) is nearly all in after a few months of this movie grind



Remembering her lines: Dorothy McNulty's figure is no little accident. She has an exercise machine (above)—and that, say the other girls, shows the pull she has



C. S. Bull



How would you like your goose—or mayhap turkey—cooked? In the Louise Fazenda manner (left)? If you think the girl is trying to be comical again, just write for her recipe. She also invites kitchen confidences

Fryer



C. S. Bull

It's a hard life; at least for Doris Lloyd (left), a newcomer who has her moments in John Gilbert's "Way for a Sailor." One day she may have lines like *Anna Christie*, and the next she may be a suspicious dance hall blonde with a Prohibition thirst

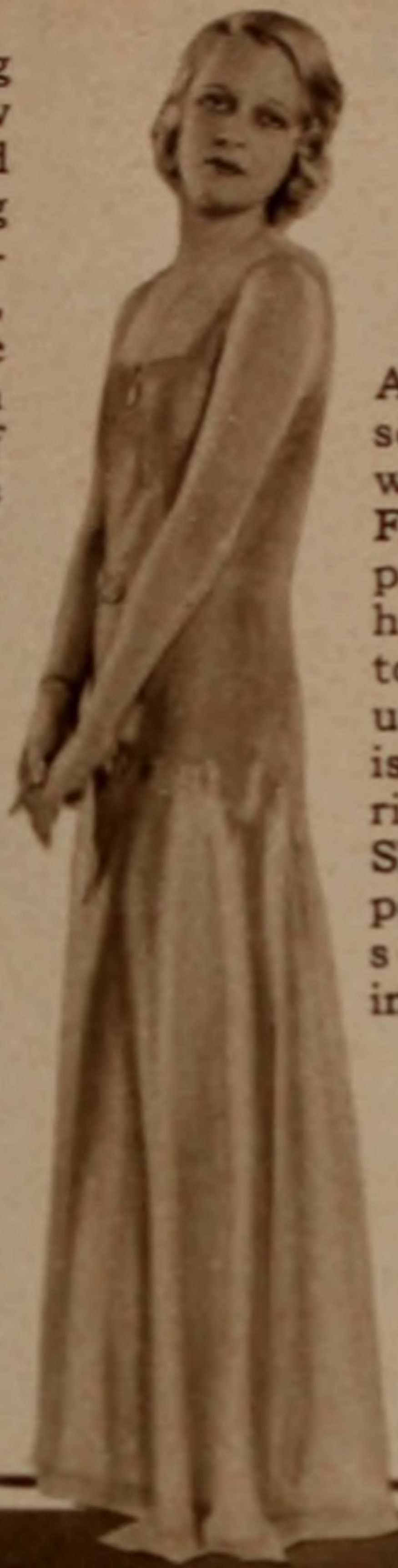


# COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN



He's looking around: Lew Ayres, rumored to be breaking his heart for Constance Bennett, steps out on the Universal lot with Jeanette Loff (left)—and makes sure the photographer is behind him

Would you know he was from Broadway? Joe Frisco, who has never been seen without his cigar or heard without his stutter, rests in style (below), now that he has crashed the talkies in "The Gorilla"



At last she has something to wear: Noel Francis (left), packing away her dancing togs, assures us that there is nothing seriously wrong. She is just expecting to go somewhere in "Lightnin'"



The lengths to which he has gone: Leon Errol, a comedian of long standing (above), now committing "Social Errors," illustrates how long a New Yorker can be in Hollywood



Our antique maiden: Joan Crawford may seem to revel in wistful whoopee and black satin pajamas, but the real revelation is that her bedroom is furnished in the old-fashioned manner (above)

She knew him when: Frances McCoy (right), who has just made a non-stop flight from Manhattan to Hollywood, meets up with Ted Healy in "Soup to Nuts," and reminds him of those happy Broadway nights when he didn't have to dress like a clown to be one



"Where doth I go from here?" The always befuddled Ed Wynn, a panic in any year, has strayed into the talkie version of "Manhattan Mary"—and finds himself in an ice predicament (right)





# Long Shots With T

By

DOROTHY MANNERS

Illustrations By Eldon Kelley

**T**HE "big shot" gambler of them all is Joseph Schenck, who gambles with men and millions and pinochle and stock tapes.

The "lucky boy" of Hollywood is Raoul Walsh, who has twice collected in the neighborhood of seventeen thousand dollars at Agua Caliente, and, in the resulting publicity, stirred up more business for the Mexican resort than the Dolly Sisters' winnings at Monte Carlo.

The most spectacular bridge winnings were collected by Bebe Daniels from Samuel Goldwyn, to the amount of three thousand samoleons.

The "unluckiest" of them all is John Gilbert. By his own word, he has never won even a stuffed egg at a picnic raffle, and he has been on the losing end of as much as hundreds of thousands in the stock market.

The biggest "bet taker" is Al Jolson, who will wager on anything, including automobile licenses, golf games, prize-fights and whether or not it is going to rain to-morrow.

But win or lose, big or little, they can't help "taking a sporting chance" any more than they can help breathing, or being in the movies. The very sporting element that makes them demigods makes gamblers of most of them. They roll Youth and Talent for a "natural," and "bury" a consuming ambition to "draw out" on Fame. An uncertain profession, this movie game, the greatest chance-play in the world. A gambler's game of down to-day—and up to-morrow. Here yesterday—and gone forever. Now you see it, and now you don't. No chance to play "safe." The rules would be written as they went along—if there were any rules. Is it any wonder that Chance games from Fame to Bridge so enthuse these people of the "chanciest" game in the world, next to the professional gambler's?

## Takers Aplenty

**I** HAVE yet to see an actor turn down a bet. I'm not saying some of them don't. I just haven't seen it. And I've seen plenty taken—and lost—and won.

If the Hollywood gambling stakes seem unduly large, it is to be remembered that the Hollywood exchequer is equally in proportion. Samuel Goldwyn loses three thousand dollars in a bridge game—but then Samuel Goldwyn is a man of considerable fortune. Joseph Schenck drops a million or more in a market crash. "And he'll never miss it," is the consensus of Hollywood opinion. Dame Fortune rode with Joseph Schenck in the amassing of that fortune. It was not timidly acquired, and what goes up may come down—and go up again—on the Wheels of Chance.

For the sheer excitement of winning or losing, Joseph

Just for fun, Raoul Walsh, honeymooning at Agua Caliente, put \$500 on the double-0—and made \$17,000 (top). Samuel Goldwyn once wrote out a check to Bebe Daniels for \$3,000 after a bridge game (right)





# The Big Shots

## Those In The Movie Game Like To Take Chances



Schenck loves pinochle for unique and odd stakes. They tell the story of a pinochle hand Schenck played with his old friend Al Jolson, with a *de luxe* apartment as the prize. It seems that Schenck owns an exclusive apartment building (he owns several of them) and he said to Al, who was looking for a place, something to this effect: "We'll play a little game of pinochle and if I win, you'll take that apartment and pay double the rent for a year. If you win, you'll get it without charge for the same length of time."

Jolson won, but whether or not Al took the apartment I don't know. He's very innocent about that pinochle hand.

"Joe and I are always playing some game for pretty high stakes," he admitted when pressed for details, "but we usually call them off. Sure, we usually call them off," he added with a burst of inspiration.

### Lucky Thirteen Thousand

AS an explanation, it saved details—and "crowing." No good gambler likes to gloat over his haul. It just isn't done except in a rare case like Raoul Walsh's sensational scoops at Caliente, which reached the newspapers.

It happened that Walsh took his new bride on a honeymoon trip to Agua Caliente, where they have, among other things, an interesting gambling salon. Just for the fun of it, he dropped a five-hundred-dollar bet on the 00 of a roulette table; and the joke was on the Casino, because that was just the time the 00 showed up, earning the Hollywood director seventeen thousand dollars and making a nice honeymoon trip. But even at best that was just Luck riding at high tide. Raoul likes to believe he backed his judgment with that race-horse he bought. According to the papers, he purchased the fleet little animal for thirteen thousand dollars. The first race she ran earned him thirty thousand, checking up another seventeen-thousand-dollar win for the director of "The Cock-Eyed World."

"I don't believe I have the makings of a 'big stud' gambler," protested Edmund Lowe. "The stiffest bets I ever make are on football games. I figure I have about five hundred dollars' worth of fun out of the football season and I usually pyramid my losses to try to keep that much ahead. Last year I guessed wrong on the University of Southern California three times. I bet Stanford would beat them. I bet they would beat the University of California and Notre Dame. It seems

that I got on the wrong end of those decisions each time—which meant I was out fifteen hundred dollars.

"All right," I said to myself, "I'll give those boys just one more chance," so I

(Continued on page 98)

The "unluckiest" of them all is John Gilbert (top), who has lost thousands in the stockmarket. Joseph Schenck and Al Jolson (left) once played pinochle with a *de luxe* apartment as the prize



# Believe Him Or Not

By

HERBERT  
CRUIKSHANK

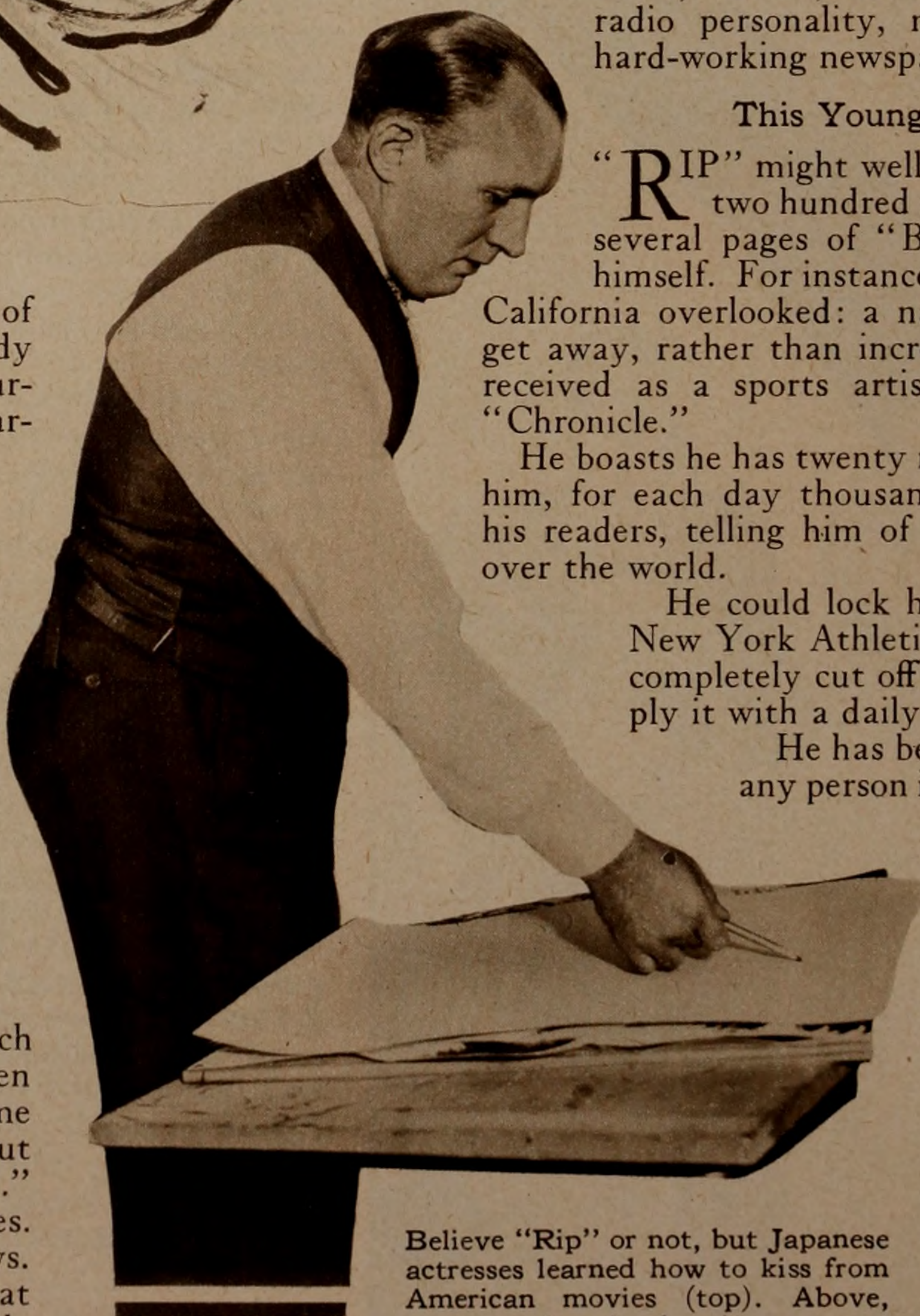
**I**F YOU ask me the name of the most interesting man in America—if you ask me—the name won't be Lindbergh, Hoover, Capone, Byrd, Smith, Dempsey or Jones. It will be that of a sparse-haired young man, with sparkling eyes; alert, nervous manner; the light step of an athlete; a face that further impresses one as that of a ball-player or pugilist; a body sheathed in close-cut clothes that further accentuate the muscular appearance; dental equipment that forces a perpetual half-smile; a truly remarkable fellow.

He told me forty four-letter words for God. He told me about a real "father of his country"—a big-time daddy whom 888 children called "Pop" without fear of successful contradiction by their mothers. Of two mothers—one eight years old, the other ninety. And of the latter's husband, the Casanova of Czywuszyn at 105.

He told me the world's longest cuss-word—"Himmelherrgottkreuzmillionendonnerwetter"—which had no effect on the taxi-driver when I tried it. About Ed Ek, whose name is the shortest in America, and about a word of 184 letters meaning "hash." He convinced me that fish climb trees. That clams eat men—which is news. That birds bark and sands sing. That a man had been born with double eyes—and one with none at all. That there was a woman with a forked tongue. That the ocean is dusty. That there was a one-armed paper-hanger with the hives. That Lindbergh was not the first, but the sixty-seventh to make an Atlantic non-stop flight.



Rip



Believe "Rip" or not, but Japanese actresses learned how to kiss from American movies (top). Above, how he does it.

• • • But  
Robert L. Ripley  
Says He Is  
No Actor

But perhaps you have seen one of the fourteen editions of his book, in which case you'll know that my nomination for the most interesting man in America goes to Robert L. Ripley. Believe it or not! Robert L. Ripley, artist, author, actor, athlete, world-traveler, radio personality, millionaire, clubman and hard-working newspaper man.

## This Young Man Went East

**"RIP"** might well—and easily—provide his two hundred and sixty newspapers with several pages of "Believe It or Not" about himself. For instance, he's one good thing that California overlooked: a native son. They let him get away, rather than increase the \$22.50 salary he received as a sports artist on the San Francisco "Chronicle."

He boasts he has twenty million people working for him, for each day thousands of letters arrive from his readers, telling him of strange facts existing all over the world.

He could lock himself in his room at the New York Athletic Club for ten years and, completely cut off from the world, still supply it with a daily "Believe It or Not."

He has been called a liar more than any person in history. And upon each occasion has proved his contention.

He is the world's most widely imitated artist. I suggested Robert Edgren, beloved sports writer and artist of another day, was a minor offender in this regard. "That's okay," said "Rip," "I used to imitate him." There are others, however, of whom he is not so tolerant. He credits Harry Hershfeld with getting

him the job that marked the beginning of "the breaks." He's the highest-paid artist of the sort in the world. His gross income is over one million dollars a year—and

(Continued on page 88)





Hurrell

Having played practically everything worth playing, Marie Dressler is not yet satisfied. She now wants to play a piano. And if she decides that she will—well, she will. She could even steal it if she cared to—just like she steals a picture. That's the Dressler way. And be convincing about it, too. Marie is now resting from the serious problems of "Dark Star," and might even play a duet with Polly Moran in "Reducing"



# TAKING INTO

CLASSIC'S REVIEWS BY



**HER MAN** Here is bang-up melodrama and a fight that makes movie history. As a result, it can be catalogued as ace entertainment. It's about our old boy-friend, *Johnnie*, and his girl-friend, *Frankie*. He was her man until a sailor came along—and you know how sailors are. Ricardo Cortez is superb as a dagger-throwing gigolo; Helen Twelvetrees gets a medal of her own for an excellent characterization; Phillips Holmes steps to the front rank of screen juveniles as the sea faring laddie, while for a bit of great acting we doff the chapeau to Marjorie Rambeau. Between thrills you'll laugh yourself silly at Jimmie Gleason.



**A LADY SURRENDERS** Conrad Nagel is good in this poor picture. They've tried to make Rose Hobart and Genevieve Tobin do a Ruth Chatterton, and it doesn't come off. The fable is about a misunderstood husband and a discontented wife. And, of course, the wife's best friend. It's supposed to be very smart and sophisticated—but don't be afraid to giggle, Broadway did. In spots Mr. Nagel goes coy. And Mr. Nagel's coyness is not so good as Mr. Nagel's seriousness. But, on the whole, he has never given a better portrayal. The two new actresses from Broadway do as well as anyone could with the situations and dialogue.



**WHAT A WIDOW!** Here's Gloria Swanson and a million dollars' worth of style in a fast-paced comedy that might be funnier. At times the plentiful action recalls Ol' Massa Sennett and the good old days when the bathing girls wore bloomers. The plot is about the romances of a wealthy, merry widow and provides Lew Cody with a comeback chance in the rôle of a gay inebriate. Owen Moore is the hero and Margaret Livingston a blonde vamp. If the picture doesn't advance Glorious Gloria histrionically, it at least proves her versatile and provides an hour of rather rollicking entertainment.



**OUTWARD BOUND** A creditable effort to photograph the stage play about a voyage to the hereafter, this one appeals to the few rather than the multitude. It is a picture that lends prestige to the industry, but those who remember "Feet of Clay" will find the same theme better handled in the earlier drama. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Helen Chandler are the young couple who attempt suicide when denied love, and return to life only after literally rubbing shoulders with death. However, the picture shows a worthy purpose of the producers to strike out toward something original—something with an intelligent idea behind it.



# THE TALKIES

LAURENCE REID *The Celluloid Critic*

They've messed up Molnar's play about the carousel barker who goes to Heaven and is granted one day more on earth to do a good deed—and fails. Originally it was a poignant, affecting drama in which Joseph Schildkraut gave a masterly characterization of the misunderstood boy who just couldn't be good. But the best scenes have been eliminated, perhaps because the idea of a heavenly police court is a bit advanced for the censors—or the producers. Charlie Farrell is a nice boy—but an amateurish *Liliom*. Rose Hobart is ineffably better than in "A Lady Surrenders," and Estelle Taylor hasn't quite enough footage to steal the picture.

## LILIOM



Florenz Ziegfeld makes his movie bow as co-producer of Eddie Cantor's musical stage smash. It is very funny and very beautiful providing you haven't seen the show. Perhaps you'll think the wise-cracks got their wisdom with old age, but you'll like Cantor and the Technicolor. There are two new songs which aren't at all bad. And the girls are beautiful—but you can't meet 'em after the show, so don't hang around the stage door! Any way you look at it, you'll find color and movement and Eddie Cantor—and Eddie is as prominent as the color. It is the first musical comedy to come out of Hollywood with that certain something that Broadway has.

## WHOOPEE



This latest De Mille "epic" is something in the nature of an antiquated museum piece decked up in the lavish gew-gaws associated with this director's production. It cost plenty. But it doesn't mean anything. The story is about an angelic wife who becomes a little devilish to win the affections of her wandering boy-friend. Reginald Denny dresses up in a Dennis King suit for a masque ball sequence. Kay Johnson impresses as a fine but unsympathetic actress, and Lillian Roth has nice legs. The ball takes place on a zeppelin. A nice little De Mille touch that may dazzle you. Or daze you.

## MADAME SATAN



Walter Huston, showing more versatility than any actor in Hollywood, turned easily and surely from Lincoln to give us his idea of the "bes' dam caballero in all Mexico." That is the Huston way—to do his job and do it well. But he doesn't do quite so well here as in his Lincoln study. Then, too, we've had so many of these below-the-border melodramas of the good bad man that this one seems to creak a little. But it still holds some kick and quite a bit of shootin.' Dorothy Revier, James Rennie and Sydney Blackmer aid the action with slightly less merit.

## THE BAD MAN





*The*  
High  
Cost  
*of*  
Football



*Hurrell Photos*

Someone has to pay if a girl like Joan Marsh is in the stands, and pay, and pay. The seats have to be on the forty-five-yard line, the flowers have to be chrysanthemums, and dinner at the Ritz, etc. And the co-edified youth at her side may never suspect that she is thinking only of Joe Fullback—who told her last night that he could die for her and dear old Siwash





# Normal, Though An Actor

By

ROBERT

FENDER

**A**ND to-day, readers of all nations, we take up Elliot Nugent, or how to be normal though an author-actor. Elliot's history is closely connected with his new picture, "For the Love of Lil." That picture may not yet have arrived at your local Bijou Palace or it may have come and gone.

If you have followed your Hollywood, however, you will know that the story deals with the life of an average home-loving American man—a man like the thirty-odd others on your block, with a wife and children, a car that could stand a little paint, and a golf game that could stand quite a little improvement. One who is as kind and gentle as they come, yet one who is known to leave the breakfast table occasionally in ruffled mood, slammed door and all. One who tries valiantly to keep up with the modern knickknacks on a salary that provides for little more than a knickknack-less living. One who laughs and cries and fights and makes up. And one, finally, who manages to *keep going* through it all, unemotionally fine and brave, the salt of the earth.

Elliot Nugent is the first of his kind I've met in Hollywood. Before the meeting, a friend of his and mine inferred that he would prove a treat. "Nugent," he said, "is different." He was right. Nugent is totally different from his Hollywood brethren. He has been here a year and a half, but were he here ten years he would remain immune to the horrible local infections.

## A Pound of Prevention

**E**LLIOT could never "go Hollywood," for the very good reason that years ago he "went" Dover, Ohio. Wherever he is, New York, Hollywood or worse, he will forever remain untouched by those soul-withering pestilences, *wisecrackery* and *artificiality*, offshoots from the



Russell Ball

## Elliot Nugent Will Never Contract Those Hollywood Diseases

parent disease of showdom. There is enough native human nature in him to act forever as a charm against the evils of professional life.

Young Nugent is a specialist in human nature. He is the average man's ambassador to Broadway and Hollywood. His "Dulcy" and "The Poor Nut" are plays of the people, by the people and for the people. The fact that they may rate

sniffs from snooty critics doesn't bother Nugent. He is out, quite openly, to supply wholesale enjoyment. If dilettantes find his handicraft a little too earthy, they will just have to find it a little too earthy, that's all. He knows his business too well to be sidetracked by clever columnists.

He let me in on that business. (He talks like a young college instructor. Precisely clipped speech accentuated by the use of his thin, almost hard mouth and delicate hands.)

"Average people," he told me, "have to be pampered in their plays and movies. They won't stand for their lives to be portrayed in a cold, analytical manner. They won't tolerate anyone who holds the mirror too closely

up to life. They find the reflection too displeasing. No one's daily life is all that it might be. We don't go to the theater or movies to be reminded of that fact. We go for entertainment.

## He Prefers the Public

**F**ROM the critics' point of view, that play or movie is probably best which allows no quarter in faithfully presenting the daily scene. These fellows would have whining wives written in as whining wives, and cross, tired husbands depicted as they actually are. Unpleasantness, they say, figures prominently in everyday life and so has

(Continued on page 103)





## The Weighs and Means Committee



Dyar Portraits

Mathilde Comot rocks the scales at 375 pounds and means Big Business. Frances Dee weighs 118 pounds and means to differ. Between them they can use 39 yards of negligée (Frances takes a par four); and 21 yards of riding habit (Frances goes out in seven). They are the thick and thin of It in "Along Came Youth"





# Plenty Smart Girl

Not A Star, Not A Failure,  
Raquel Torres Is On Constant Guard

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

"I AM afreed," said Raquel Torres, "of ever' thing of Hollywood. But most I am afreed of success—of failure, of loff, of friendsheeps. I am even afreed of myself. So much depen' on me. There is no one else to fight my battles. No mother, no father, no brothers. I read Clara Bow's story on the heart-aches of success—and I know stories of failure by heart. But beleeve me, Dor'thy, this beezness of being half-way 'long, theez is hard, too!"

I think she is the prettiest brunette child I have ever seen. Not the most beautiful, but the prettiest. Her eyes are so large, her lashes so carefully and effectively mas-caraoed. Her naturally dark skin is golden with the right tint of powder. There is a lushness to the scarlet fulness of her mouth and her teeth flash white and even when she smiles. She sparkles more than Dolores Del Rio, her countrywoman, but she is calmer and more thoughtful than Lupe.

Around the studio they call her "Rakkie" and "keed" her about the bright color of her clothes. She does not mind that they "keed" her. As long as they "keed," it means they loff her. But one leetle misstep and they do not loff her any more. One mus' be so careful when one is ambitious like Rakkie, the little Mexican girl who rose from ushership at a Grauman theater to fame in "White Shadows in the South Seas"—and a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract.

## The Danger Spot

"I AM in fonny place—I am not beeg star and yet ever'body say: 'Rakkie, you gettin' along fine! You lucky girl,' they say. 'You got contract with beeg studio like M-G-M. You meet nize people and they loff you.' Theez is what they tell me—but Rakkie know many more theengs in her heart. Theez contract is no good unless Rakkie is plenty smart girl! There are so many theengs, such leetle theengs that can undo in five meen-utes what Rakkie build up in three years!"

"Suppose man ask me out to dinner! I like man—I thenk maybe I like to have dinner with heem. But first I mus' stop and ask myself: 'Is man married? No! Well, then, is man got sweetheart who will hate Rakkie and make enemies for her?' When you are meedway alon' to success, one should not have enemies. Maybe some girl get mad at other girl and she got freends who are beeg in studio. Theez girl tell her friends about the oth-er girl and they hate, roo. When beeg part come up, they say, 'No!

Bull

She shall not have theez part because she hurt my fren's feelings!"

"Maybe theez girl has seen man only once. Maybe in her heart she is innocence. But people are queek to say she is bad for taking man away! I try so hard never to hurt people's feelings and yet . . .

"I loff Ramon Novarro. In moovies he is so sweet, so gentle, so kind. I loff to make picture with him—we are both Mexicans—but I guess I hurt Ramon's feelings some time of which I do not know. He does not want Rakkie in picture. I thenk he does not like me—and I am hurt very deep, Dor'thy.

(Continued on page 102)





# Stepping Ahead



Pardon Their  
But Larry  
Is An

Talkie revues may not pay—  
but there's still gold in those  
heels, opines Larry Ceballos,  
now getting the girls in shape  
for prologues in Warner  
theaters. At first (above)  
they hung their heads; then  
(left) they spread them-  
selves; and now (below)  
they have plenty on their hands





# *of the* Movies



Smiling,  
Ceballos  
"Angel"

Out of work? No—out of Hollywood! And thanks to Mr. Ceballos, they still are in this game (right). And still have positions to be happy about (below), (above) are still able to show us the certain rights that they have





# Their Private

The Experts Don'  
They Preach And

By

DOROTHY MANNERS

SO they are love experts, are they? Well, rawther! Regard those tenderly passionate episodes of their professional moments, which have gone further in educating International Neckers in the right grips and holds than the compiled works of Beatrice Fairfax. They even write articles about love as a scientific study. About their Love Lives. About Men and Women. About How To Hold A Husband and How To Lose An Unwelcome Suitor. How to Fascinate, Charm and Hog-Tie and all the other little subtleties. It's all very learned.

But, me, I'm puzzled! I'm befuddled and hazy. Not about what they say of love. Dear me, no! But what they *do* about it in their private love practice. Maybe I'm an old meanie in bringing it up, but what the, as Constance Bennett might well say, can you expect from movie writers?

There was a time, and you may remember, when Greta Garbo and John Gilbert were awfully that way about each other. Now, there was a romance of experts, if there was ever one. The great mystery woman of the screen, in whose heart smolders all there is to know about love (adv.), and her palpitating boy-friend, who is no slouch in the game himself. At the time of this survey, they had had one of their frequent lovers' quarrels. Since they were experts, it was a case in which one might have expected a great deal of technique and novelty displayed on both sides.

## The Usual Symptoms

ALONG about the second day of the Great Dispute, Donald Ogden Stewart, John V. A. Weaver, Charles Ray and a few others, including John Gilbert, were spending Sunday at the home of King and Eleanor Boardman Vidor. You didn't need binoculars to see that Mr. Gilbert was in a bad mood. When he played tennis, he slammed the ball as if he had some personal grudge against it. When he was spoken to, half the time he didn't hear, and the other half he just didn't answer. Twice, he left the courts and dialed his own home with a vigor that should have given the telephone company considerable trouble. Once connected, he'd bawl, "Has anyone called me?" From the way the receiver went back on the hook, you might not have *known* what the answer was, but there was no law against guessing. About two o'clock in the afternoon, he picked up his racquet and went home.



Some ten minutes later, Eleanor and a few of the girls were in her bedroom, cooling off, when the 'phone rang. Not that I meant to eavesdrop (or, anyway, that's my story), but you know how clear a voice will come through a transmitter sometimes? This particular voice from the other end said: "Hul-lo. This is Gree-ta." For quite some time, they exchanged pleasantries. How was Eleanor? She was fine! How was Greta? She was fine, too! Why hadn't they seen her in a couple of days? Busy? Oh, too bad. It went on and on like that. Subtle was no word for it. Finally, that far-away, heavily-accented voice inquired with all the nonchalance in the world, "Haff you seen Yan?" Yes, it turned out that he had just left. "Oh," said the voice. There was considerable pause. And then a slight but unmistakable sigh. "Juss don't tell heem that I called." And that was that. Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, the great love experts? Why not Joe Doakes and his girl, Min? Is it any wonder that I wonder?

## Now She Talks Baby-Talk

OR take Joan Crawford with her screen creed of flapper independence, the pace-setter for the Teens, the Love-Em-And-Leave-Em philosopher of the movies. The girl who used to preach to flapperdom, "Never let a man see you are too much in love with him. Suspense is half the battle!"

Believe it or leave it, but in private love she even disjoints young Doug's chicken at the table, because he hates to do it himself!

She has yet to accept a social engagement without consulting him.

When she lunches with a girl-friend in Hollywood, she leaves ten thousand messages so that he can find her at a moment's notice.

They talk baby-talk in some crazy language they have cooked up between them—and any good love expert will tell you that baby-talk violates the first principle of the game. At theaters they sit with their arms and heads so closely together that someone once remarked that if Joan



# Love Lives •

Always Practise What  
Picture



Crawford and young Doug and Alice White and Cy Bartlett sat in adjoining seats in the front row, the four rows back of them would be a total loss so far as vision was concerned.

## Cy Tells the World

**A**LICE is another of our most quoted experts on the science of love. There is a girl who has ideas. Once she was quoted as

saying, "Don't lose your personality in any man." And then, again: "The man who loves me must love me as I am. I could not be other than I am, even in the name of love." And that's all right, too, as advice. But in Alice's private practice of love, you sort of have to except Cy Bartlett . . . or where are you?

Cy has done the best re-write job to date on a Hollywood flapper's philosophy of love. Even Doug's domestication of Joan isn't on a par with this. Along with the refining process that substitutes books for night-clubs and bridge for hey-hey, Cy has built up a competent and enthusiastic audience in Alice. 'Tis wonderful to see.

She sits and listens and nods at the pearls of wisdom that fall from his lips. She has put in as long as half-hour stretches with eyes agog and head a-bobbin' at Cy's latest observations on anything from this to that. From the Government to the newest Hollywood gossip. It was up in her press-agent's office one day that Alice timidly began a little story of her own:

"We were coming back from Caliente, Saturday . . ." she started, ". . . when the most astounding thing happened," continued Cy. And continued and continued.

". . . and just when we thought they weren't going to let us play bridge on the train," put in Alice, all excited and so carried away that she forgot and interrupted.

"Now, let me tell it, dear," consoled Cy. "I remember perfectly what happened." And he did. You could tell he did by the way Alice kept nodding her head and corroborating his story, with just the right shading of appreciative mirth and understanding.

(Continued on page 107)

Top to bottom, Lupe Velez really mothers Gary Cooper; Joan Crawford doesn't keep Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in suspense; Richard Arlen calls Jobyna Ralston "Mamma." And Greta Garbo and John Gilbert (in inset) acted like Joe Doaks and his girl, Min





# The Newest Dough - Boy

Slim Summerville Is In  
The Front Lines, Despite  
That Rude Captain

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

**W**HEN Slim (George) Summerville gets to be a grandfather (which is a funny thought, in itself) and his grandchildren cluster 'round his knee and chirp, "And what did YOU do for the Great War, Grampa?"

Slim is perhaps going to be just a leetle mite embarrassed.

"We-ell," he will have to admit, in the drawl that is already pretty famous, "I didn't do much for the Great War—but the Great War did a lot for me!"

"WHAT?" they will cry, recoiling in patriotic horror. "Not—a profiteer? Tell us it isn't true, Grampa! Not that!"

"No! No!" he will amend, hastily. "Not a profiteer. A comedian."

Which will still take some explaining.

For, if it hadn't been for the Great War—then there would have been no pictures like "All Quiet on the Western Front" to picture the horror of it all. And if there hadn't been a picture like "All Quiet," in which a note of comedy was needed to make the public able to bear it at all, then Slim might have been still plugging along as "comedy relief" with nary a featured rôle—let alone stardom in the offing for him. You see? That's how things work out sometimes.

But I'd better tell you right away how it happened that he didn't win any medals in the real War—lest you get a wrong impression. Let him tell it.

## Long, Long Ago

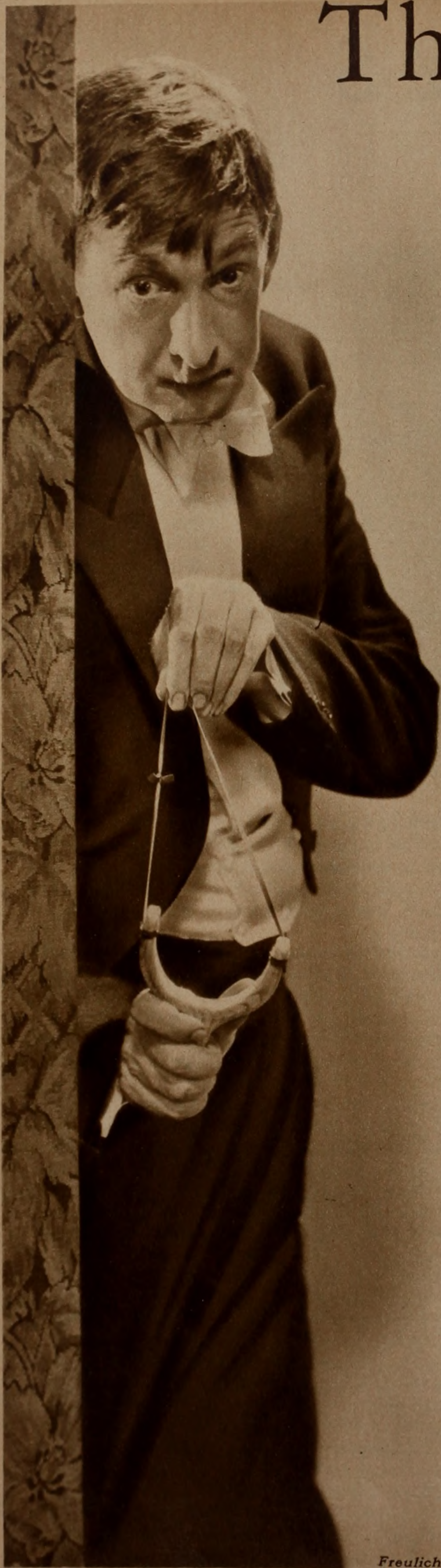
"IT was like this," he says. "When I was drafted and went up to register, the officer in charge took one look at me and said, 'My Gawd! Look at what we're getting now!' They wouldn't even take my name.

"I was seventy pounds under weight for my height . . . But he needn't have been so rude about it. Not that I was anxious to go to war, you understand. I just didn't like his *tone!*"

One can hardly blame him. But if, by any chance, Slim should encounter that rude army officer to-day, he could make an impolite gesture (if he were that kind of a man) and say, "Yah! Yah! Yah!" Or something like that.

For his very—er—skinny-ness is worth lots and lots of big round silver dollars to him now, although to-day he is fatter. Hardly more than *forty* pounds under weight, I should say, at a rough guess. (After his remarks about that officer, I didn't like to inquire the exact figures.) Anyhow, it is a little ironic that the physical lack that kept him out of the real army is the very thing that marks him to-day as the "typical," amusing enlisted man. He looks as the public thinks a private *should* look. Which is swell for Slim!

(Continued on page 100)



Freulich





*Russell Ball*

The irrepressible Gleasons—Russell, the son, and James, the father—can turn their backs on the camera any time they want. Besides being active actors (they march on in "Beyond Victory"), they are able authors. Their pens are as expressive as their pans. It is to smile!





Portrait of a man having difficulties with his choler. He'd like to cuss, but he'd better knot. Even the walls have ears in Hollywood, and if it ever got out that at times he loses control of that Southern accent, how could Sidney Blackmer ever look himself in the face again?

*Longworth*



# What Do You Mean -- "STAR"?

## Can You Tell The Difference Between Featured Players And Stars?

By JACK GRANT

**I**F there is one thing about which picture players are supersensitive, it is this question of stardom. To the public at large, every actor on the screen is a "movie star." Newspaper headline writers have literally a mania for the appellation—particularly, if the rest of the phrase is "Involved in Scandal."

Actually, there are only forty-four players to-day who can rightfully be called "movie stars."

In the film fraternity, actors are as thoroughly class-conscious as the army-training-camp officers were in war-time. Perhaps you remember how a Second Lieutenant would visibly swell when by chance you called him Captain. Refer to a featured player as a star, and you can get the same reaction. But demote, however inadvertently, an established star to the featured class and your stock as a man-about-town decreases accordingly. The etiquette of proper designations would baffle an *Emily Post*.

Generally speaking, there are five distinct classifications of film acting—namely: stars, featured players, bit players, extras and atmosphere. The differences are more or less academically defined.

Stardom is officially conferred upon an actor only when his popularity and prominence are deemed more important to the box-office than the title of his current picture. The difference might be said to depend entirely upon an "in" or a "with." Thus when a picture billing reads Joe Doaks in "Sympathetic Sin," Joe is being starred. If the title precedes Joe's name as "Sympathetic Sin" with Joe Doaks, he is only featured.

### Subtle Differences

**M**ANY featured players of to-day can never hope to attain star rating. Their names in a cast definitely draw some patronage, but they have reached their pinnacle. Others are now being groomed for approaching stardom.

The line that is hewn between featured and bit players generally depends upon the amount of "business" an assigned part affords. A

The little words "in" and "with" tell the story. Maurice Chevalier was starred in "The Love Parade." Gary Cooper, ordinarily starred, was a featured player in "The Spoilers." Clara Bow was starred in "Love Among the Millionaires"





## Some Like Stardom - - But Others?



Norma Shearer's name was several times more attractive than "The Divorcée." The names of Mary Brian and Fredric March meant less than "The Marriage Playground." Dolores Costello rated slightly more than "Glorious Betsy"



featured player may find his rôle cut to the "bit" classification. As a salve to his vanity, the industry then refers to it as a "featured bit." A nice custom.

More often, however, the bit players are the ones who solve our screen servant problem, essaying as they do the characterization of butlers, maids, valets and the like.

Then there are the extras. They feel their prominence in the social scale as keenly as the rest. At least, they are on a rung higher than just "atmosphere."

As near as I can gather, the distinction extras assume from the mob rests in the fact that they are ordered by the dozen rather than in carload lots. Their faces in a café scene may be indistinguishable, but at least they receive pay checks as individuals. "Atmosphere" is contracted for as a group, acts as a group, and are paid off each day in cash—in a group. They are merely the crowd in the grandstand or the mob at the castle gates.

"Why," you say at this juncture, "that isn't difficult. Anyone with half an eye can see who's who in the social register of filmdom. What's hard about it?"

### Upsetting the Formula

UNFORTUNATELY, there are several complications that must be taken into account. The A B C's of stardom are rigidly observed in Hollywood, but your local theater manager frequently upsets the tradition. The name of a sectional favorite means money to his box-office. He knows who will draw the most patronage, so he usurps the privilege of conferring stardom as he sees fit in newspaper advertising and billboards.

The most amusing instance I know of such billing occurred in the Negro section of Los Angeles. Oscar, the colored bootblack at Paramount, has an enormous fan following in this locality. Consequently, a small theater literally plastered the district with handbills reading: "Tonight Oscar Smith in 'Man Power' with R. Dix."

More recently comes the report of a Lynchburg, Va., exhibitor, who made Anita Page the star of "Caught Short" and scarcely mentioned Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in the advertising. The marquee of a Minneapolis theater read "Mitzi Green and Clara Bow in 'Love Among the Millionaires.'" Clara was lucky to retain co-stardom.

The studios have little control over the situation. All they can do is to request adherence to proper billing. In the posters and advertising matter they distribute and on the title frames of the release prints, the billing is correctly given. As a matter of fact, in the majority of cases the credits are worked out in percentages.

For example, the cast sheet of the Warner Brothers' production of "Moby Dick" reads John Barrymore 100%, title 75%, Joan Bennett (featured) 50%, Lloyd Hughes and other members of the supporting cast 20%. The director generally receives 20% billing, the author 3% and the adapter 2%.

All of which means that the star's name in type is to be full-size and the picture's title three-quarters, while the leading lady's name is only half as large. The director's billing varies according to his box-office draw. Ernst Lubitsch, D. W. Griffith and Cecil de Mille frequently take 100% and precedence over the picture's title. In a number of instances these qualifications in type percentages are written into the actor's contract.

### Now Starred, Now Featured

TO become even more involved: Stars sometimes accept rôles in important productions and as a result receive only feature billing. Generally the cause of

(Continued on page 78)





*Ray Jones*

If there is one thing Ian Keith enjoys giving, it is uniform performances. And for his work in "The Boudoir Diplomat," he gets a medal. That war between the sexes, you know. A master tactician, Monsieur Keith is never at a loss to know how to maneuver his lines



# 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

**BETTIE**—Rudy Vallee was born in Island Pond, Maine, July 28, 1901. He is of French-Canadian and Irish descent. Real name Hubert Prior Vallee. He is five feet eleven, weighs 162 pounds, and has curly blond hair and blue eyes. Graduated from Yale in 1927. Also attended the University of Maine. Plays several varieties of saxophone, including the different baritone and clarinet, also the drums. Rudy is appearing as Master of Ceremonies at the Brooklyn Paramount Theater.

**A READER**—I recognized your writing, Miss Wax. Sharon Lynn was born in Weatherford, Texas, about twenty-three years ago. **Joyce Compton** in Kentucky, twenty-one years ago, she has blonde hair and blue eyes. **Maureen O'Sullivan**, Boyle, Ireland, May 17, 1911. **Marguerite Churchill**, Kansas City, Kansas, about nineteen years ago. The latest growing figures show that **Jackie Coogan** shows that he is five feet tall, weighs 95 pounds and has dark blond hair and brown eyes. **George Bancroft's** latest picture is "Derelict," Paramount Studios.

**A. S.**—**Barbara Stanwyck** was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16, 1907. She is five feet five, weighs 118 pounds, has auburn hair and dark blue eyes. Real name is Ruby Stevens and she is married to **Frank Fay**. Latest picture "Illicit." **Marguerite Churchill**, Kansas City, about nineteen years ago, she is five feet six, weighs 124 pounds, auburn hair and brown eyes. Her hobby is dramatic art and she is not married. **Robert Ames**, **Bela Lugosi** and **Helen Chandler** have the leading rôles in "Dracula," which is in production at the Universal Studios.

**CLAUDIA DELL FANS**—Miss **Dell** was born in San Antonio, Texas. She attended school in Mexico for several years and finished at Main Avenue High School in San Antonio. Went to New York with her aunt, **Mary Dell**, well-known stage player, and obtained a position in Ziegfeld's Follies as an understudy for **Irene Delroy**. A season in London followed in which she played in "Merry Mary." Her first screen appearance was in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," which was followed by "Big Boy," starring **Al Jolson**. Miss **Dell** has blonde hair and blue eyes.

**NORTH CAROLINA NIC**—You refer to **Ann Christy**, who appeared in the Mack Sennett comedy "Good-Bye Legs." Ann was born in Logansport, Ind., May 31, 1909. She is five feet tall, weighs 100 pounds, has dark hair and eyes. Real name **Gladys Cronin**. She has appeared in Century, Christie and Educational

comedies and with **Harold Lloyd** in "Speedy." **Basil Rathbone's** latest picture is "Sin Takes a Holiday," Pathé Studios. **Neil Hamilton** in "Network."

**DIXIE LEE FANS**—**Dixie** was born in Harriman, Tenn., Nov. 4, 1911. In May, 1928, Miss Lee won a Blues-singing contest in Chicago, under the name of **Dixie Carroll**. This resulted in an engagement at the College Inn in Chicago. This was followed by a rôle in the road of "Good News." After six weeks in that company



Bachrach

With production finished on "Ex-Mistress," in which she played opposite **Ben Lyon** who, as you should know by this time, is her husband, **Bebe Daniels** is lending her charms to the **Douglas Fairbanks** picture, "Reaching for the Moon"

she was transferred to the New York company. She later signed a contract with Fox Studios and took the name of Lee. Her real name being **Wilma Wyatt**, she is five feet three inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has

blonde hair and brown eyes. Married to **Bing Crosby** since Sept. 29, 1930.

**JUNE**—**Edmund Lowe** was born in San José, Cal., March 3, 1893. After being graduated with the degree of master of arts from the Santa Clara University in his native city, Mr. Lowe studied law for two years, but he abandoned the legal profession for the stage. Went to San Francisco and was soon engaged by the Alcazar Stock Company. Then he turned to the screen. In addition to the title rôle in "The Fool," he played the leading male rôle in "Is Zat So," "East Lynne," "The Silent Command," "In the Palace of the King" and numerous others. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Married to **Lilyan Tashman** and his latest picture is "The Shepper Newfounder." Fox Studios.

**JEAN**—**Joan Bennett** was born in Palisades, New Jersey, Feb. 27, 1911. Daughter of **Richard Bennett** and **Adrienne Morrison**, sister of **Constance** and **Barbara Bennett**. Educated at Waterbury, Conn., Versailles, France. Specialized in music and languages. Has appeared in two stage productions, one opposite her father in "Jarnegan." First screen rôle in "Raffles," starring **Ronald Colman**. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Appearing in "Scotland Yard," Fox Studios.

**MARGARET**—**Renee Adoree** was born in Lille, France, about twenty-eight years ago. She is five feet three, has dark hair and eyes. **Lawrence Gray**, San Francisco, Cal., July 27, 1898, five feet ten, weighs 160 pounds, brown hair and green eyes. You're wrong, he is not married. **Ralph Forbes**, England, Sept. 30, 1898, six feet tall, blond hair and blue eyes. Married to **Ruth Chatterton** and is appearing in "Beau Ideal."

**MARION**—Remember the Scotchman who tried to buy a seven-passenger Austin? **Robert Ames** was born in Hartford, Conn. He is five feet ten, weighs 155 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Mr. Ames entered pictures in 1925 and has appeared in the following—"The Wedding Song," "Three Faces East," "Voice of the City," "Rich People," "The Trespasser," "Nix on Dames," "A Lady to Love," "Not Damaged," "Double Crossroads," "Holiday," "War Nurse" and "Dracula." Married to **Marion Oakes**.

**FLOSSIE**—**Marie Prevost** hails from Sarnia, Canada, and has a birthday on Nov. 8. She is five feet four, about 125 pounds, (Continued on page 106)





Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer of New York  
*distinguished exponent of beauty culture*

tells you how to keep that  
schoolgirl complexion

THERE'S scarcely a beauty specialist in all America who doesn't know the name of Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer; Mrs. Maurer, for years an outstanding American leader in beauty culture, graduated some 80,000 pupils! Her influence is felt, her opinion respected, wherever beauty theory is taught. "Tell us," we asked Mrs. Maurer, "a good plan for keeping youth and beauty . . . an easy plan and one that every woman can follow."

*First, consult an expert*

"Well—first of all," she replied, "find a beauty specialist in whom you have confidence and get into the habit of consulting her regularly. That is every bit as necessary as the proper home care.

"Then, learn a few plain truths about yourself. This, for instance: that your skin must be kept thoroughly clean if you want to keep that school-



girl complexion!"  
"And what," we wanted to know, "do you consider the best way to keep the skin clean?"

"Personally," Mrs. Maurer answered, "I consider Palmolive Soap a primary aid in attaining a lovely skin because I am a firm believer in the virtues of olive oil for beauty cleansing—and Palmolive, as you know, is made of olive and palm oils."

Mrs. Maurer, of course, advises Palmolive together with the various creams and cosmetics which she, herself, manufactures—for she is today president of a well-known cosmetics firm and an outstanding authority on beauty products.

"When you use Palmolive," says Mrs. Maurer, "work its lather gently into the skin of face and throat with your hands or with a soft cloth; then rinse with both warm and cold water before applying make-up."

And—since Palmolive costs only 10 cents the cake—it is advised (and used) for the bath as well. To keep that schoolgirl complexion act on expert advice. Use Palmolive.



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

6244 Retail Price 10c



# What Do You Mean -- "STAR"?

(Continued from page 74)

of such procedure is what has become known as "blind booking."

At the beginning of the film season, to be exact, in June, each studio announces a schedule of the year's releases. The full product is seldom definitely chosen. So it is announced by RKO, for example, that Richard Dix will make a trio of starring vehicles. None of the titles are given. The pictures may not even have been selected. The RKO sales force have only this information to work with as they make the rounds of exhibitors. They sell the three Dix releases solely upon the basis of his popularity as a star.

Then the studio acquires the screen rights of "Cimarron," a best-seller by Edna Ferber. They budget a million and a half dollars for production. It becomes a "special." Richard Dix, it is decided, is the logical actor to play *Yancey Cravat*. But three Dix starring pictures have been sold at program prices. RKO must have higher rentals from the larger city theaters in order to make a profit on their heavy production investment. Dix, therefore, is featured, not starred, in "Cimarron." Previous contracts are not violated. The day is saved.

Bebe Daniels played "Rio Rita" and "Dixiana" under featured instead of star billing in like circumstances. Norma Shearer forsook stardom for her rôle in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Gary Cooper is only featured in "The Spoilers."

## She Declines, With Thanks

STELLAR prominence is usually highly sought-after of course, but Marie Dressler, for one, will have none of it. M-G-M recently announced that Marie would be starred. Miss Dressler declined with thanks. If it was just the same to the studio, she would prefer playing the parts she liked, however small. According to the Dressler, this business of being a star cramps one's style.

Which, I imagine, brings us to the advantages of stardom, if any. Naturally, there are some special privileges accorded the chosen few. Their dressing-rooms, for one thing, are more elaborate. A cubbyhole in the main building no longer suffices for their make-up mirrors. Nothing short of a suite of rooms, often an entire bungalow, can now meet their needs. If you doubt me, look at the sumptuous quarters built for Will Rogers at the Fox Hills Studio. Incidentally, Rogers is the only player currently on the Fox lot who is granted star billing. Vice-President "Winnie" Sheehan, I am told, does not believe in stars. To his mind, the picture is the thing.

I have heard of one young lady who cried when her studio elevated her to stardom. I cannot pretend to know what was in her mind, but I can augur a guess. Perhaps she was thinking of the notably short span of popularity that marks the average star's professional life. A featured player can continue working indefinitely in supporting rôles. Lesser players grow old gracefully, their assignments changing step by step to fit their years. Not so a star.

The eyes of the whole world are on the star. His or her name draws the public to the box-office. If the play is poorly produced, ineptly fitted to the star's talents, or for any other reason fails to please, only one person is blamed—the star. After two or three such mediocre productions, popu-

larity is impaired; and the producer, looking over his records of box-office receipts, says, "So-and-so isn't drawing the business any more. We won't take up her option next month." The queen is dead, long live the queen.

For the fans make stars and take stardom away. The star system began when the public demanded the names of the then unidentified favorites in the old Biograph days.



Mary Pickford (right) was the first star. Richard Barthelmess (left) and Marion Davies (top) are always greater than their pictures. Will Rogers (bottom) is the only Fox star

The personality hidden by the producer as the "Biograph Girl" was revealed as Mary Pickford, first lady of the films.

## They Have to Be Good

A LOT of twaddle is talked about putting one or another personality over with the public. Intelligent handling of budding stars helps them on to their goal, of course, but not even the millions of a Howard Hughes could make the public lionize an uninteresting individual. People simply refuse to pay good money to see someone

they do not want to see. Curiosity may draw them once or twice to determine why all the publicity. Curiosity satisfied, interest lags.

Producers pretend to rail against the star system. Yet they continue to import personalities from the stage, musical circles, sporting life and other lines of endeavor, hoping to make movie stars of them. Often these individuals are accorded stardom in their initial appearances. Thus Hollywood's list of official stars is temporarily increased by such names as John McCormack, Paul Whiteman, Harry Richman, Rudy Vallée, Dennis King, the Four Marx Brothers, Cyril Maude, Moran and Mack, "Red" Grange and "Babe" Ruth. Some of them may again make starring features in Hollywood, but their names do not belong on the official roster.

On the list of forty-three that accompanies this article, only Amos 'n' Andy of radio fame have yet to prove their screen starring mettle.

To my definite knowledge, at least ten names will be added to our list in the near future. Walter Huston will be co-starred with Dolores Del Rio in his next picture for United Artists. After which his contract calls for solo starring vehicles. Eddie Cantor is to be starred by Samuel Goldwyn in at least one picture a year for the next five years. Stardom will be conferred on Evelyn Laye in her first Goldwyn feature.

Joan Bennett is scheduled by United Artists to star in "Smiling Thru" and Chester Morris will be afforded stellar billing in his next after "The Bat Whispers." Dorothy MacKail will be reinstated to star rating, following her return to the First National banner. That company is also contemplating starring Loretta Young, Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown. Lupe Velez is the foremost bet at Universal.

## Looking Over the Field

THERE is little doubt that those ten names will soon augment our slim roll call of forty-three. If I were asked—though I haven't been—to name the dozen featured players of to-day who stand in line for stardom, my guess would be Helen Twelvetrees, Claudette Colbert, Jeanette MacDonald, Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich and Kay Johnson; and among the men, Charles Ruggles, Clive Brook, Robert Montgomery, Lowell Sherman, Charles Bickford and John Mack Brown.

It may be noted that none of the players just mentioned are of the Fox contract lists. As previously stated, the powers that be at Fox studios do not believe in stardom. Because of this opinion, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Warner Baxter, Victor McLaglen, and Edmund Lowe are rated only as featured players. Elsewhere they would be stars.

But despite individual prejudices against it, the star system will endure in Hollywood. The name of an established favorite draws you to the box-office more often than the title of a picture. It isn't *what* is being shown at your neighborhood theater, it's *who* is playing there that attracts your attention. You say, "Let's go to see Greta Garbo in 'Romance.'" You seldom say, "Let's go to see 'Romance.'"

These observations are not my personal  
(Continued on page 101)



"This Christmas worry is so silly...  
just give Seventeen to everyone"

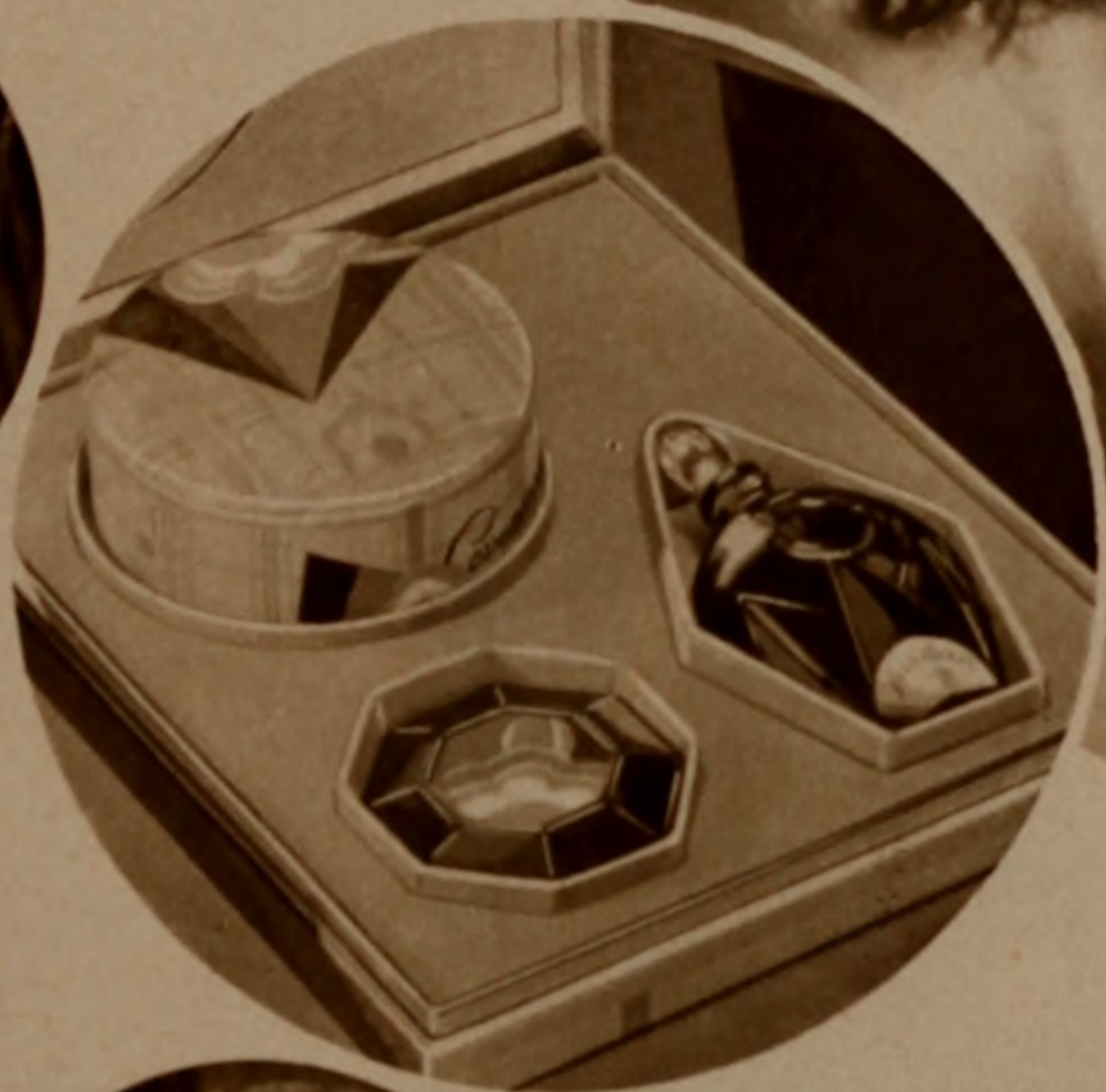
Sue Carol

"Honestly, can you think of any girl who wouldn't love Seventeen for Christmas? And when you fall in love with Seventeen—you simply can't be happy until you have it in Face Powder too... and even in your compact! In fact, I think those three would be a perfect Christmas gift."



*Alice White's Choice*

An impressive gift for a nominal sum... Bath Powder in a beautiful metal container, Toilet Water and Brillantine. \$3.00.



*Sue Carol's Choice*

A handsome Gift Package containing Seventeen Perfume in the French-cut flacon... the double Seventeen compact... and a box of face powder. \$5.00.



*June Collyer's Choice*

A single Seventeen compact and petite bottle of Seventeen perfume, specially packaged. Convenient for mailing. \$2.00.

Christmas shoppers—here's help! Advice from Sue Carol—June Collyer—and Alice White.

These three know what girls like. They know the likes and dislikes of the nation. And what is even more important, they are typical normal girls themselves!

They tell you here that every girl adores Seventeen.

Seventeen is the latest perfume hit. It was named Seventeen because it breathes Youth. It is an odor that speaks to you of the dreams, the fancies, the April moods of Seventeen.

But perhaps you want to give a more costly gift. Sue Carol, June Collyer and Alice White tell you what to do. Select *several* Seventeen toilet articles.

Or if you want a little gift, you may select several Seventeen articles that cost but 50 cents each!

The packages are so gifty looking! They combine the smartness and colorful charm that go straight to every woman's heart. The same *motif* runs through all... Seventeen gives you an *ensemble* of toilettries—the latest, smartest note!

Study the gift selections of Miss Carol, Miss Collyer, and Miss White. Or make up your own groupings. Then take your list to your nearest toilet goods counter.

# Seventeen



Toilet Water \$1.25



Talcum Powder 50c



Compact \$1 and \$2



The Perfume \$2.00



Dusting Powder \$1.00



Sachet 50c



Brillantine 50c



Face Powder \$1.00



# The Man You Hate To Love

(Continued from page 51)

One would assume, however, that the suave *Casanova* of stage and screen would be at least a *wee* bit evil off the stage and screen. It isn't quite sporting of Mr. Sherman to be a decent sort. It really isn't.

One might justifiably be pardoned for supposing his intentions to be just the least bit dishonorable. Not at all. I am afraid; I am very *much* afraid, that Mr. Sherman Means Well. To smash the Golden Calf of Mr. Sherman still more completely, I must even go further and state that all the probabilities point to the fact that he *Does Well*.

To be evil seems to be the farthest thought from that adroit mind. Perhaps he *has* been. That sinister straw, at least, we may salvage from the wreck of Mr. Sherman. For he, too, has the flavor of one who has not spent his life in Sunday School. His ingenuous pleasure in ingenious things may come, now, as a robust reaction from less wholesome fare. Who knows? He is not widely communicative. He prefers to discuss the technicalities of his job and the pleasure of working for Mr. Le Baron, rather than the precise shade of gray, black or white of his own well-manicured soul.

But viewing him as a mummer only, I still contend that we have the right to suppose his interests to lie among the more decadent pleasures, his thrills to be spiced with the condiments of the erotic epicure. But viewed as a man, denuded of grease-paint, gardenia and top hat—not at all. Under that impeccable exterior—and it is just as impeccable off as on, hug that to your barren bosoms—there beats the enthusiastic heart of the easily enchanted child. Which is, if you but knew it, your true sophisticate. For only those, says Mr. Sherman, who are very stupid, or only those who are preposterous poseurs, can ever be bored, cynical or disillusioned.

In addition, he maintains that there are only two foods in the world worth eating. One is ham-and-eggs. The other is caviar. Therein lies his rich and mellow philosophy of life. The consummate epicure savors both and finds both good—at times. Different times.

He believes, does this *soigné* gentleman, in the femininity and domesticity of woman. Domesticity, he says, is what a man marries for. What else? What, indeed?

He believes in the economic independence of woman, providing the woman does not have to be independent. Then, he says, a man's pride might suffer and things go flooey, dear. But every woman should have, at least, an avocation. An interest. Even if it chanced to be paper-hanging. It would be odd, dear, if your little wife should crave to express herself via paper hanging. But if such *should* be the case, your duty would be to develop this talent, even though, being of commoner clay, you might not be able to follow her up so high a ladder.

And such delightful nonsense. . .

Surely, Michael Arlen "wrote" Lowell Sherman. . .

Mr. Sherman laughs, a robust laugh it is, too, when you ask him if he is a cynic, world-weary, disillusioned. Not even to

please a lady with a hang-dog expression will he admit to any of these faded characteristics.

On the contrary, he still believes in Santa Claus, adores presents (especially when they are tied up with paper and string), and would murder anyone who opened a Christmas gift of his before the Yule-tide dawned. He didn't *say* that he hangs his sock up by the fireplace, but nothing could surprise me. Least of all, that.

He is no skeptic. He believes in marriage, nor could he be disillusioned. He admits

Eiffel Tower and says "My, my!" with the rest of us.

He and Helene love to go to funny little places and eat hot dogs and hamburgers. They have *favorite* little places where they eat h.ds and hs. Helene likes hamburgers and Lowell likes hot dogs and this is, to date the only fundamental point on which they have differed.

He says he has a sense of the grotesque, but Helene has a sense of humor.

He is extremely uxorious. He loves to talk about the Little Woman. He narrates with pride how she always looks as if she had stepped forth fresh from the well-known band-box; how she can motor for miles, all in spotless white, as spotless when she reaches her destination as when she set out for it; how she orders the maids about in their hotel suite and "keeps house" no matter where she may be; how they take trips to Santa Barbara together and play practical jokes and are goofy.

He wants to build a home, raise flowers and children, read books.

He loves to go to Venice (Cal.) and other amusement parks and shoot little painted guns at funny targets and win a pound of tea. He adores to ride on merry-go-rounds and chute the chutes and have his fortune told and guess weights.

He says that no one can make sandwiches for him but himself. Sandwiches, he maintains, are *important*. They are one of the things of life that can be either dire or delicious. He is very serious about sandwiches.

He says he is, really, only interested in his own. His own people. He likes to be kind, to Do Good, but only after his Own are taken care of.

He thinks unselfishness can be, and often is, more of a vice than a virtue.

Mr. Sherman was discouraged with Hollywood and with himself in Hollywood a while back. He felt, however, that if They persisted in paying him an incredible salary for wearing last year's dress-suit and cocking a significant eyebrow, who was he to say them nay? None the less, he felt bored. He felt that he

wasn't getting anywhere. It was all rather silly, dear. Then Bill Le Baron of R.K.O. sent for him and Hollywood turned a different profile. One with contour. Purpose. Meaning. Intelligence. Opportunity.

He says, "Ruth Chatterton and I are our oldest friends."

He feels sorry for the little, unwise Clara Bows and Alice Whites. He thinks they are far more to be pitied than scorned.

He disagrees with an eminent director who once rated the intelligence of the fan public at nine years of age. Mr. Sherman says it is thirty years of age. Mature. Discriminating.

He loves clothes. He always wears white suede gloves. The roughish kind. He buys them in London because they are cheaper there, dear, if you must know. He keeps pairs secreted about the house so he'll surprise himself and have a fresh pair when he needs 'em. He dotes upon surprises, even if he has to give them to himself.



Freulich

O, it's always dry weather, when good fellows get together: Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville as two citizens who are no additions to the pop elation in "See America Thirst"

that it is a gamble, but so is everything. Going up in aeroplanes. Poker. Bootleggers. Things. Nothing is certain. There are always earthquakes.

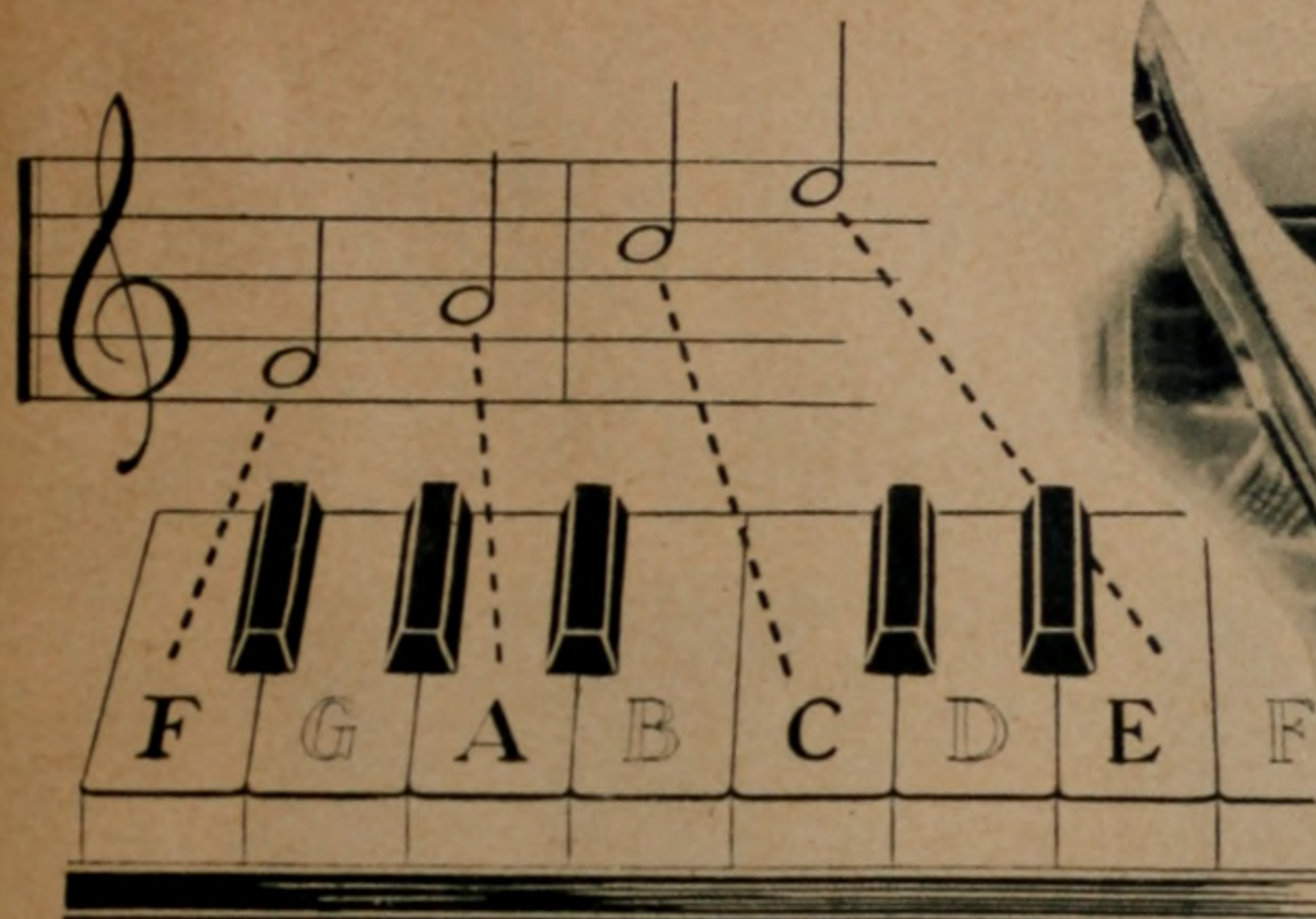
And he says, "If you go to Caliente or to Monte Carlo, you gamble and lose or you gamble and win. In either case, you gamble again. Why not apply the same principles when you are playing for higher stakes?"

When Mr. Sherman goes abroad, he does all the things the best Cook's Tourists do. He is very sorry if it causes pain or incredulity. It remains a fact.

He stands before the Tower of London and wants to know the exact *spot* where the Two Little Princes were murdered. He goes to the Cheshire Cheese and sits in the chair once occupied by Charles Dickens and feels little literary shivers go up and down his spine. He walks in Kensington Gardens and a little white bird keeps him company. When in Paris, he stands with bared head at the tomb of Napoleon and stares at the



# Just as EASY as it looks



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**S**TOP cheating yourself out of musical good times. Stop thinking that learning music is nothing but one grinding session of monotonous exercises and harsh-sounding scales after another . . . days, months and years of difficult technique and dry-as-dust theory under the thumb of a private teacher.

Don't let others talk you into believing any such thing. It's ridiculous—absolutely! And we've already proved it to the complete satisfaction of over 600,000 enthusiastic students who have learned to play their favorite instrument right at home—without a teacher.

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Take a look at the above diagram. Looks easy, doesn't it? Well, it's every bit as simple as it looks. First a note—then a letter. Plenty of clear instructions *tell* you how each bar is played—lots of diagram pictures *show* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. Everything to make learning a joy. Nothing to make you lose patience. No headaches. In fact, the U. S. School of Music has made the reading and playing of music so simple that you don't have to know one note from another to begin.

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Your first thrill comes with your very first lesson. For you are given a piece with a real melody to play by *actual notes*. Dreamy waltzes, heart-

throbbing ballads, stirring marches, sparkling sonatas, restful etudes follow in short order. No standing still. Progress is rapid. In this way, you become a capable performer months sooner than you could ever expect to the old-fashioned way. Yet, no matter what instrument you select, the cost of learning is the same—just an average cost of only a few cents a day.

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School will do the rest. And bear in mind, no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

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# Around the World Broke

(Continued from page 52)

tered here and there, huddling. You couldn't whine about being broke in Vladivostok. You couldn't holler about so simple a predicament, when you saw the things you did see and heard the tales you heard. When you lived amidst it all—people who had lost everything and would never have anything again. Because their spirits were crushed and dry, and their hearts were broken, beyond repair.

John came back from the War with not a scratch—on his body. The bruises on his mind and soul are his own affair.

He was wanted at home. The family still clung—less loudly, but still persistently—to the hope of textiles. John was softened toward the family and familiar things. He decided to give it a try and went to the North Carolina Engineering College to study textile engineering. He stayed one month.

He couldn't go it any more than he had been able to go the various schools. It bored him. It didn't make sense. It wasn't life, as he had felt it once

and as now he knew it. He still remembered, with a faint nausea, the pale little stunted boys he had seen in the mills at home. He couldn't work up the spirit of living and dying for dear old Alma Mater. He departed again for New York. The family purse-strings were sharply severed. He was broke again.

John "stopped" at the Mills Hotel. He not only stopped there, he slung hash in the cafeteria of that hostelry, phenomenally inexpensive and for men only. He waited on "their Majesties, the Bums." He found that while gents are frequently bores and boors, bums are frequently pretty good fellows—and, when they can be, lavish with tips. It was also possible, now and then, to hand some down-and-outer a feed and forget to collect for it. That was life.

John slung sodas for a while in Page and Shaw's. And fell in love with the hostess. He stayed in love with her for three years and would have married her, if it hadn't been for the fact that he couldn't seem to work very long, or very steadily, not even when it came to working in the close proximity of the Dear One.

## Ambition Comes Along

HE chaffed for a while. Cars for rental service.

Then he got ambitious and landed a job in Wanamaker's, selling gents' clothing. Ambition soared and he went to Macy's to study merchandizing.

While he was in Macy's, on the very verge of boredom, and still broke, Bijou Fernandez came scouting for the Paramount School. He had once met her socially. She suggested to John that he become a movie actor. That was one thing he had never thought about. And as he hadn't thought about it before and as it was daubed with colors he had never tried before, it sounded jake. He forgot about it again for several months and then remembered it again. Tests were made

me. I'm probably crazy, but it's comfortable not to know it."

John's family left him with the idea of buying an orange grove and settling down. They offered to finance it, once he had found his spot. He motored all over Southern California and had a gorgeous time looking at groves. And then he got a call from Henry King at Inspiration Pictures to make "She Goes to War." He had been told not to work for seven months. He had been

out of the hospital scarcely seven weeks.

He says, "I was probably goofy during the entire making of the picture, the hardest one I've ever had to make. They rode me like the devil. Every day, I expected my brain to go blot-to again. I'm still expecting it."

After which, John made "Black Magic," "College Coquette," "Hell Harbor," "Guilty" and "Eyes of the World." He doesn't know what he'll do next. He's broke at the moment. He won't be long—for his step-father recently died and left him enough to keep him a

long, long way from ever being broke again, whether he works or not.

## Not So Good in Hollywood

BEING broke the world wide over has given John the shape and feel of people. New Yorkers are kind. In Vladivostok it didn't matter. In Hollywood it's not so good. When you have a contract and your health, you are hailed at every turning with "Hello there, how's things?" When you lose your contract and your health—and if you lose one, you lose the other—people suffer from failing eyesight.

"None of which," says John, "matters to me. People do not matter to me. Collectively, I mean. Public opinion doesn't matter to me. I can bear it equally well—when people want to 'know' me and when they don't. I can't say that I am entirely self-sufficient. But three or four friends to share things with are enough.

"Brains are the only things in the world that really interest me—for long. There are not so many in the world. People say that actors are particularly deficient above the eyebrows. Taking the world as I've found it, by and large, I should say that this deficiency is general. Ronald Colman and Bill Powell—nothing wrong with their cerebral processes, either in quantity or quality. And Gloria Swanson—great. There is a girl who has been down more often than anyone else in the business. But she always comes up and each time greater than she was before.

(Continued on page 97)



P. & A. Photos

Who said "barnyard golf"? This is "Pasture Pool," and is Hollywood's newest discovery. First, you use your club as a billiard cue, then as a golf stick. The hazards are barnyard beasts, which squawk realistically when the balls roll down their throats to the greens

of him. They were rotten. More tests were made. They were even rottener. Things were said about him. He was wrong, they told him, wrong from every angle, in every way a man could be wrong. Nobody had ever been wronger.

Says John, "They rather oversold me. Nobody could be as rotten as that. I decided then and there that I'd be an actor. Not because I was encouraged—because I was squashed. I swore an oath that I'd give myself twelve months to the very day. If by that time I hadn't succeeded—well, it's a big world to be broke in."

John played about as an extra. Nobody paid much attention to him. The middle of the twelfth month was upon him. The last week. The last day. As if written for an O. Henry ending, on the very last day John landed a contract with Fox and was sent to the West Coast.

## Broke—and a Breakdown

HE landed in Hollywood—broke. He made "Rich, But Honest" and "The Secret Studio" with Olive Borden. And then he had a nervous breakdown, complicated with make-up poisoning. His system suffered from the breakdown and his face from a violent rash. He finished the job completely by flooding his brain with blood. They wired his mother to come West to spare them the trouble of burying him. She did—but he fooled them. They operated. An operation never before successful. . . .

"And perhaps it wasn't successful with



# Colds and Coughs spoil "Talkie" Films

... so Stars End Colds Quickly Pleasant Way Doctors Advise



**T**HE quickest way to get rid of a cold is no longer mere guesswork in Hollywood! For colds not only make stars feel miserable, but there's still another risk. Expensive sound films may be spoiled by hoarseness or an untimely cough or sneeze.

At the first sign of a cold, leading stars are now given a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Pectoral. It has been certified by leading doctors as the best of different remedies tested. Such stars as Robert Montgomery, Betty Compson, Marion Nixon, June Collyer, Glenn Tryon, Alec Francis, Robert Armstrong, Roland Drew, Alice White, James Gleason and scores of others have found how pleasant Pectoral is to take—how quickly it ends a miserable cold.



**ROBT. MONTGOMERY**  
starring in  
"The Big House",  
"Our Blushing Brides",  
"The Divorcee",  
"Love in the Rough",  
"War Nurses".

### Robert Montgomery Among Many Stars Who Use This Pleasant Way to End Colds

**R**OBERT MONTGOMERY, for example, had a severe cold which made him feel too miserable to work. Hoarseness impaired his voice. Then he started taking a spoonful of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral every 15 minutes so that his cold would be relieved in time to resume work at the studio next day.

"The quick relief from Ayer's Pectoral was certainly remarkable", said Mr. Montgomery. "Almost immediately my cold began to disappear. By night, I was a great deal better and the next morning I awoke with the welcome freedom from congestion. In just a day or so Ayer's Pectoral licked the cold completely and I was able to resume work without needless loss of time."



**BETTY COMPSON**  
starring in  
"Case of Sergeant Grischa",  
"Czar of Broadway",  
"His Woman",  
"The Spoilers".



**MARION NIXON**  
Starring in "The Singin' Fool", "College Lover", "Courage", "General Crack".

### Marion Nixon Avoids Spoiling Sound Film by Ending Her Cold Almost Overnight

**M**ARION NIXON is still another who has taken the advice of physicians and found how quickly colds are ended by a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Pectoral.

"My director was frantic", says Miss Nixon, "when I arrived at the studio with a terrible cold, which had started in my head and spread down into my chest. It was simply too hoarse to work. It was very clear that unless I could end the cold quickly there would either be expensive delay or the risk of coughing or sneezing while the photoplay was being recorded."

"Within a few minutes after I was given a pleasant spoonful of Ayer's Pectoral, I was relieved by its comforting, healing warmth. That night, I was able to enjoy refreshing sleep, which had been impossible the night before. The next morning I felt a great deal better and by afternoon my voice cleared up so that I could continue making the picture. In just a day or so, all the disagreeable symptoms of my cold had disappeared entirely."



**JUNE COLLYER**  
starring in  
"Mlle Modiste",  
"Three Sisters",  
"The Love Doctor",  
"Toast of the Legion",  
"Sweet Kitty Bellairs",  
"A Man From Wyoming",  
"Charlie's Aunt".



**GLENN TRYON**  
starring in  
"King of Jazz",  
"It Can Be Done",  
"Broadway",  
"The Song Plugger",  
"Barnum Was Right",  
"Skinner Steps Out",  
"Dames Ahoy!"

Ayer's Pectoral was certified by a group of hospital physicians as the best of different widely used methods tested for head colds, coughs and chest colds. It is pleasant to take and gives the quickest, surest relief—with absolute safety, even when given to children. Pectoral is now featured by all leading druggists.



# Menaces of the Movies

(Continued from page 26)

be. And while I believe that in the past, pictures for children have not been successful, I think this was because the child intelligence was rated too low. Children have the faculty of seeing truth with slight effort, and they are often prone to detect sophistry and poor drama more quickly than their elders.

"It is difficult to tell a false story without false emotions, and if the emotions are false, the story is likely to label itself as cheaply untrue. Since children are direct and natural in their responses where adults may incline to the artificial, they resent cheap pathos. Our effort will be to provide suitable dramatic action in picture form that will ring true and that will plainly interpret the simplest basic human emotions, such as 'Rawhide' with Bill Boyd, 'The Painted Desert' and 'North of the Moon' on our next year's schedule.

"The patronage of children is vital to the motion picture theater, not only because of the cash involved, but because the habit of imbibing good entertainment at regular intervals is likely to persist in later years, and the child begging to-day to be taken to the picture theater will tomorrow be able to gratify this desire out of his own pocket."

## Griffith Knows

D. W. GRIFFITH, dean of all motion picture producers, has always regarded the child mind as the most valuable gauge of motion picture entertainment. Recently he talked with me of the possibility of driving the children from the talking picture theaters as something serious.

"Motion pictures are wholly unlike the stage or literature in almost every important phase," he said. "To begin with, the spoken drama has never made

a tremendous appeal to children in the mass. Occasionally some great spectacle like the old Drury Lane pantomimes, illustrating the familiar fairy tales, might interest the young ones, but in the main the stage makes its appeal to the elders. Besides, the stage can and does classify its audiences, as does literature. Melodrama, comedy, farce, sex, poetry or the classics can be produced at reasonable cost and attract enough patronage to return a profit over the cost. But the motion picture is

different. Its first expense is tremendous if it is to be effective, and to return that cost it must appeal not to hundreds of persons, but to hundreds of thousands!

"For that broad appeal to be possible, the picture must be elemental in its plot and unfoldment. Long ago great playwrights discovered that five or six emotions reached the generality of human beings. Then when newspapers became entertainment factors in the late Nineties, their editors made the

work twenty-two years ago—back to that old Biograph studio on Fourteenth Street in New York—it is difficult to find one of his efforts that do not bear out his argument. For example, "Judith of Bethulia," "The Escape," "The Battle of the Sexes," "The Birth of a Nation," "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East," on down to "The Drums of Love" and "Abraham Lincoln," they all deal with elemental human emotions—which, after all, constitute real drama.

Cecil de Mille, it is safe to say, made the same discovery early in his career. Anyone can test for himself the truth of the Griffith contention. Take the story of "Hamlet," tell it in modern English to a group of children—just the bare skeleton of the story—and see the tremendous interest it arouses. Note the avidity with which the old Bible stories are absorbed by the young folks, and we're forced to admit that it all comes down to basic emotion.

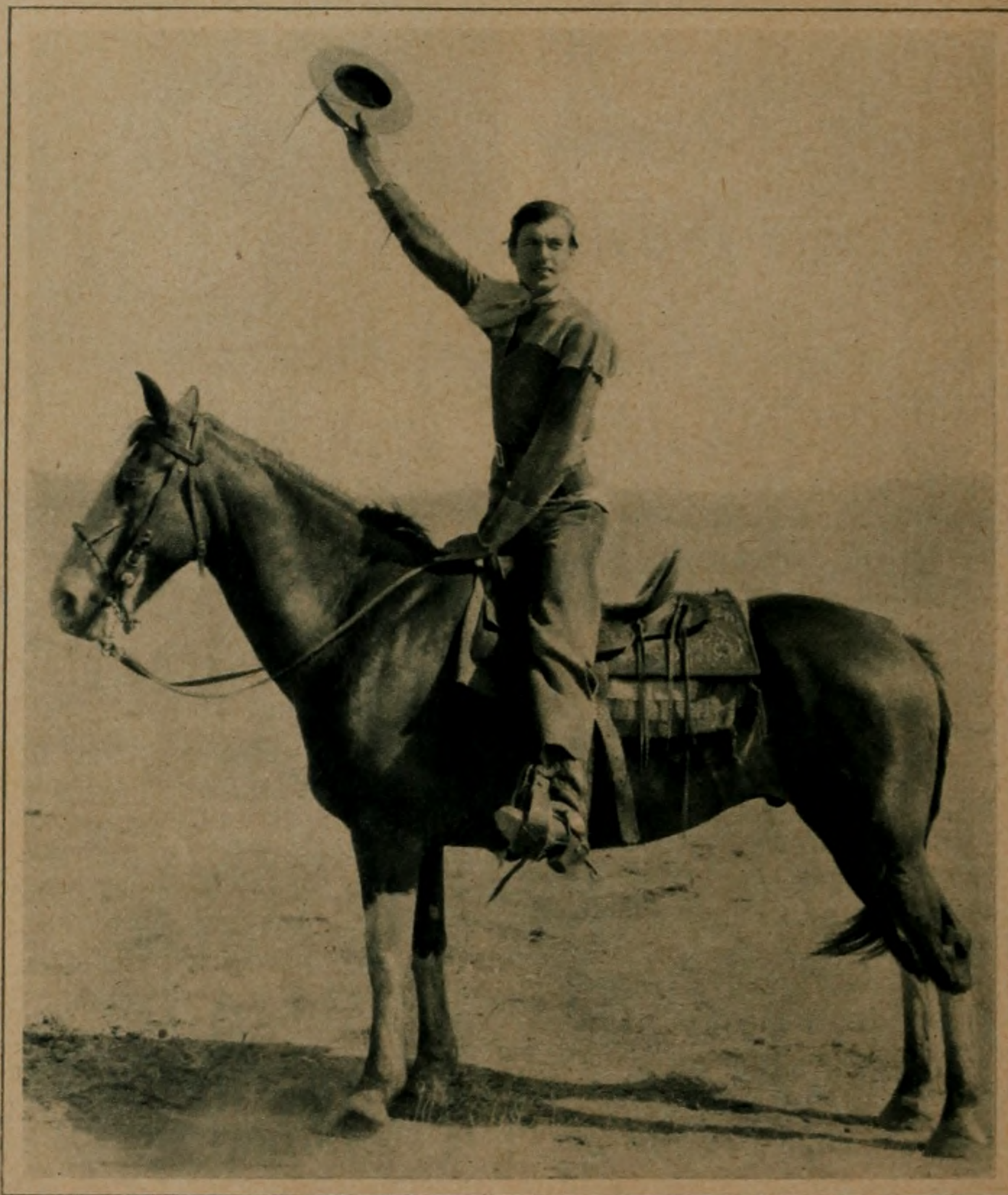
If the pictures have to some extent lost the child patronage, they can get it back—and still keep their adult customers—by giving us a few more "In Old Arizonas," "Virginians" and the like. Even a "Broken Blossom" or two.

However, as a final word, the falling off is not solely a production problem. It has also to do with changes in exhibition. The rise of the palatial show house, with the accompanying decline of the little neighborhood theater, is a factor. You see, the big house must have a big admission price to pay for the gold and marble and gorgeous uniforms, where the little house can operate on a small price. Also, the big theater is in the crowded centers of population, and the little theater in a residential district.

Parents could give the children fifty cents and send two or three of them around the corner to the small theater, knowing them to be both safe and close at hand—and from under foot for a few hours, but they can't send them downtown at a cost of seventy-five cents each.

Also, "little pitchers have big ears." And parents are not going to let their offspring hear things beyond their years.

All in all, it is a problem that is putting wrinkles in a number of lofty movie brows.



Gary Cooper is riding high as one of Paramount's biggest assets in the crusade to bring back the children, and still hold the adults. He stays outdoors, and gives them action

same discovery that Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes and Shakespeare had made centuries before. They learned that for a tale to have universal attraction it must deal with love, revenge, wealth, self-sacrifice, high adventure or the supernatural. From the castle to the cot, those elementals are rooted in all of us."

## The Test of Time

THERE is a very useful tip for all picture producers. If we go back to Griffith's

You have been reading of What Menaces the Movies from the Outside: Read the *INSIDE* Story Next Month





Jeanette Loff



Jack Oakie

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Lawrence Tibbett	Neil Hamilton
Jack Oakie	Kay Johnson
John McCormack	Lila Lee
George Arliss	Jeanette Loff
Norma Shearer	Jeanette MacDonald
Joseph Schildkraut	Chester Morris
Catherine Dale Owen	Lupe Velez
Jean Arthur	Stanley Smith
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# Bringing Back the Thrillers

(Continued from page 39)

There are many feature stars who haven't lasted a tenth as long.

Of course, neither Miss Cunard nor Mr. Ford could be expected to play the leads after so many years, so they support Allene Ray, who for six years was the Pathé serial queen, and Colonel Tim McCoy. Serials, with these players—except McCoy—are first loves; unlike one-time feature leads who have since "condescended" to serials, they consider the to-be-continued-next-week thrillers far more interesting than any feature could possibly be.

"One day," they say, "we have to fall off a ten-story building, jump from an airplane down the smokestack of a steamer the next, and on the third be thrown into a den of lions. What eternal triangle can be anything more than just geometry compared with years of that?"

The pace of the "chapter play" is swift in the studio as well as on the screen—or it used to be, before the mikes were put on the job. In the silent days, the average number of scenes shot in a day was around eighty, and once a record of one hundred and twenty-six was made between sunrise and moonset, which is the serial day.

But with the addition of sound, all that is changed.

## The Shots That Are Heard

**D**URING the first four days' production of "The Indians Are Coming!" about sixty scenes were photographed each day. But the fifth day, when the switch was made to sound, only fourteen scenes were taken. And that was about the average for the rest of the picture.

Still, the final footage is completed quicker than it used to be. A ten-episode picture used to take three months in the making; now it is finished in about four weeks. The answer is that dialogue slows up the action, greatly reducing the total number of scenes. Then, almost all the footage shot is actually used, because sound footage is much too expensive to be thrown away.

The same thing has happened in feature pictures, also. A sound picture will run perhaps one-third to one-half as many scenes as a silent picture of equal length, so that the action, though more expensive, is much slower. Very few sound films are "overshot" nowadays. Dialogue is at least supposed to be in continuity, so that whole scenes can no longer be "lifted out" and simply thrown away.

It is exactly the same with serials in sound.

Pauline still flees and the villain still pursues her, but she neither flees nor he pursues so far or so fast.

Retakes in serials, of course, are practically unknown. So are second shots. Once is plenty, and it's on to the next scene. For this reason, if no other, the technical crews and cameramen used in the production of "chapter plays" are perhaps the most efficient in the business. They have to be. And the photography in a serial, where there is much work and very little fussing either

director informs the heroine, "and starts tickling the soles of your feet to make you tell where the diamond-studded cowbells are. You say: 'You can torture me till I swoon dead away, you yellow cur, but never will I reveal their hiding place!'—see? All right, we'll make it a close-up so that you can put over the agony. Let's shoot it!"

And, forsooth, they do!

"Aha, my proud beauty," leers the villain, "now I have you in my power! Marry me and masticate the mortgage, or—there comes the train that will crush out your life!"

But the audience hears the faraway beat of racing hoofs. They know the hero is rushing to the rescue aboard that bronc, but the sound of the wheels grows nearer, the hiss of escaping steam grows louder. They go wild—and who wouldn't?

## Why Thrillers Are Popular

**P**RESIDENT WILSON, between formulating his famous Fourteen Points, relaxed by reading detective stories. That's why serial audiences are not made up entirely of kids.

"Unhand her, you viper!" pants the hero as he slides down from the hurricane deck of his hoss, "unhand her—sock!" There is a thud as his fist connects, another as the villain connects with the floor—and what is half as satisfactory as a sock that may be heard, as well as seen?

A knife hurtles out of the darkness and sticks in the wall an inch from the heroine's slender neck—with an audible "plop!" The sack is thrust over the hero's head—and his gurgles are heard from within. The secret panel slides shut—with a muffled, unmistakable "click!" The trap-door gapes open and the detective falls through with a crash. That, and all the rest of the time-honored thrills now have thrills anew.

The second talkie serial, "Spell of the Circus," is a thriller of the sawdust rings with Alberta Vaughn and Francis X. Bushman, Jr., featured in the trapezes and chicanery. "Fingerprints," a detective yarn now in production, boasts Kenneth Harlan and Edna Murphy as leads, while "Mutiny," a sea story scheduled as the next, has not yet been cast. But all their breathlessness now will be tenfold, for the day of the silent serial is past. It had to come—even if it is a bit tough on the edges of the seats!



To be continued: Allene Ray and Colonel Tim McCoy seem about to meet a fate as bad as death, for the Chief is saying, "The law of the red man is immutable—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and two palefaces for every Indian killed"

with players or with equipment, is usually excellent.

## What the Villains Voice

**C**OMPARED with making super-supers, the production of serials is like that of Fords against Rolls-Royces. It doesn't follow that one is any better than the other; they merely cater to a different clientele. Then again, it takes the profits on the serials to pay for the supers.

What do they say in serials? Just what they used to say in the old melos—only more so. Scripts are virtually unknown; they usually make them up just about as the youngsters make up their neighborhood dramas in the back yard. The director knows approximately where he is headed, and that's all that's necessary.

Then the "inspiration" comes something like this:

"The heavy comes in and grabs you," the

You have been reading of *What Menaces the Movies from the Outside.* Read the **INSIDE** Story Next Month



## Classic Holds Open Court

(Continued from page 37)

Miss Hollywood." (Assistant nods wisely.)

In response to Mr. Goulding's deft quizzing, Mr. Badger explains that while Miss Hollywood undoubtedly would like to keep in touch with her old-time friends, it is quite impossible, due to her new business and studio contacts. He points out that so terrific is the competition that if she should slip up ever so little on these new contacts, any number of capable players would eagerly snatch at her place.

### Known by Their Company

**MR. GOULDING:** "Mr. Badger is one of our oldest directors! He knows whereof he speaks! I feel confident that so intelligent a jury must realize that to be seen in Hollywood with a comparative failure gives you as definite a black eye as being a failure yourself."

**Mr. Goulding (dramatically):** "My next witness is Mr. Fred Niblo, who will tell you of the Great Chasm."

**P. A. (shouting to the jury):** "A chasm of ill-gotten gain! I trust you decent-minded members of the jury to see that this wanton, mercenary, gold-glutted little wretch, Miss Hollywood, receives a fitting punishment."

**Mr. Niblo (equably):** "This chasm is not widened so much by wealth as by a sudden difference in mentality. Such is inevitable. Miss Hollywood, to take a lovely example, was spurred on to success either through fear of defeat, because of a desire for fame and perhaps money, or to know the joy of accomplishing something. Howsoever it was, she fought gamely. And during the fight she was much too busy to think of developing her mental capacities. But once she achieved the heights, she breathed more freely, began to study, to travel, and in many ways to acquire considerable culture and learning. While the ones who remained behind either stagnated mentally or at least stayed in the same old rut—interesting to themselves, perhaps, but deadly to their successful friend..."

**Mr. Goulding (facing the jury and fiercely pounding his fists):** "And that's the invariable reaction! They impose on the successes of life! Often they attempt to wheedle money, and if rebuffed they become furious—even threatening! Discarded friends are automatically dangerous. They harbor resentment and enmity. For some reason or other, they feel like partners discarded in a large business shuffle. And by the virtues that originally made them friends, by the very faults that caused them to be discarded, these people make vicious enemies."

### Two Women in the Case

**P. A.** "Are we to understand, Mr. Goulding, that your *mental chasm* exonerates Miss Hollywood from deserting her good friends, Blanche Sweet and Lila Lee, when they temporarily retired from the screen?"

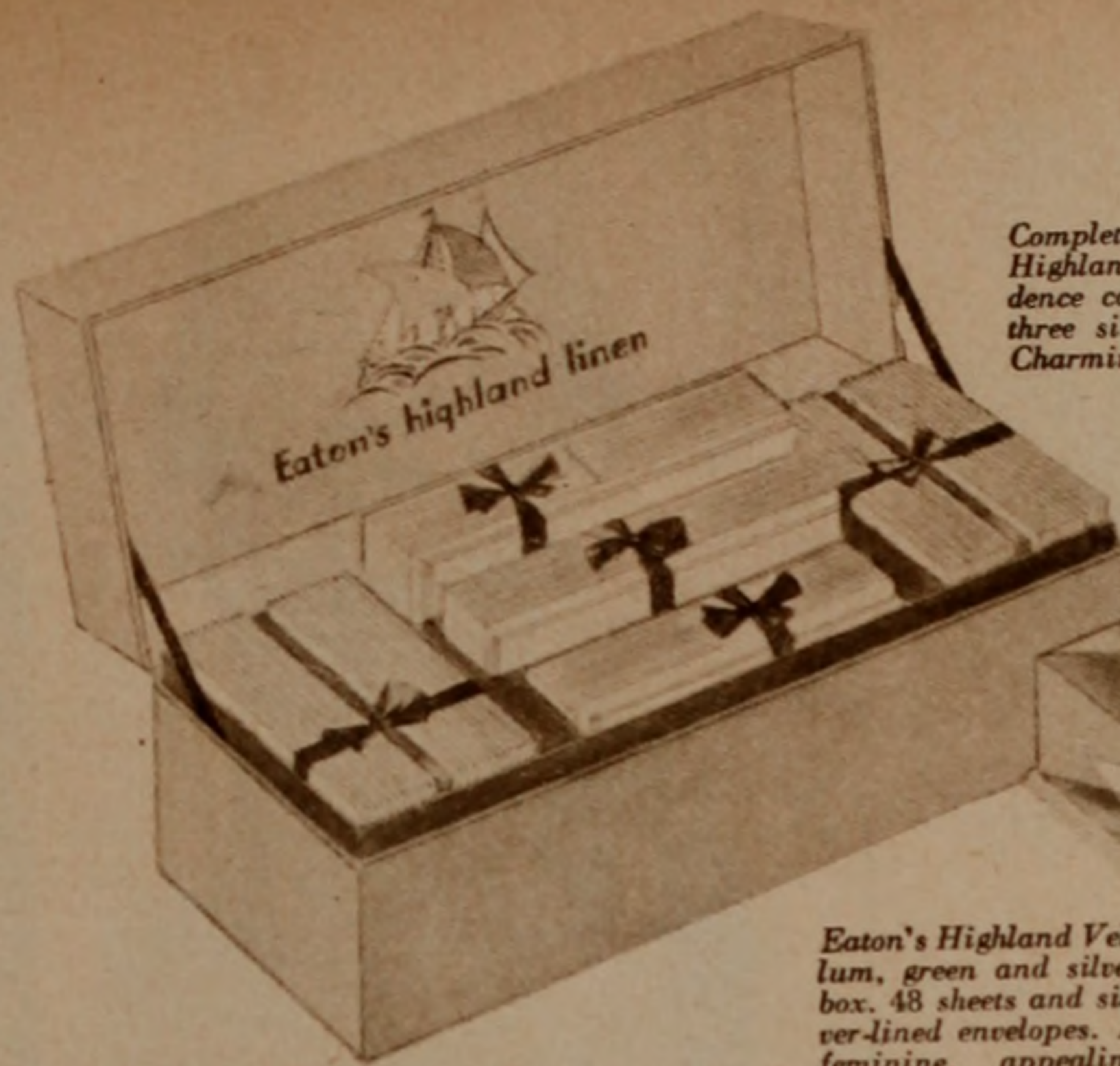
**Mr. Goulding (affably):** "Miss Sweet is here. You may question her."

**P. A.:** "Miss Sweet, is it not true that when you were in difficulties, you were cruelly deserted by Miss Hollywood?"

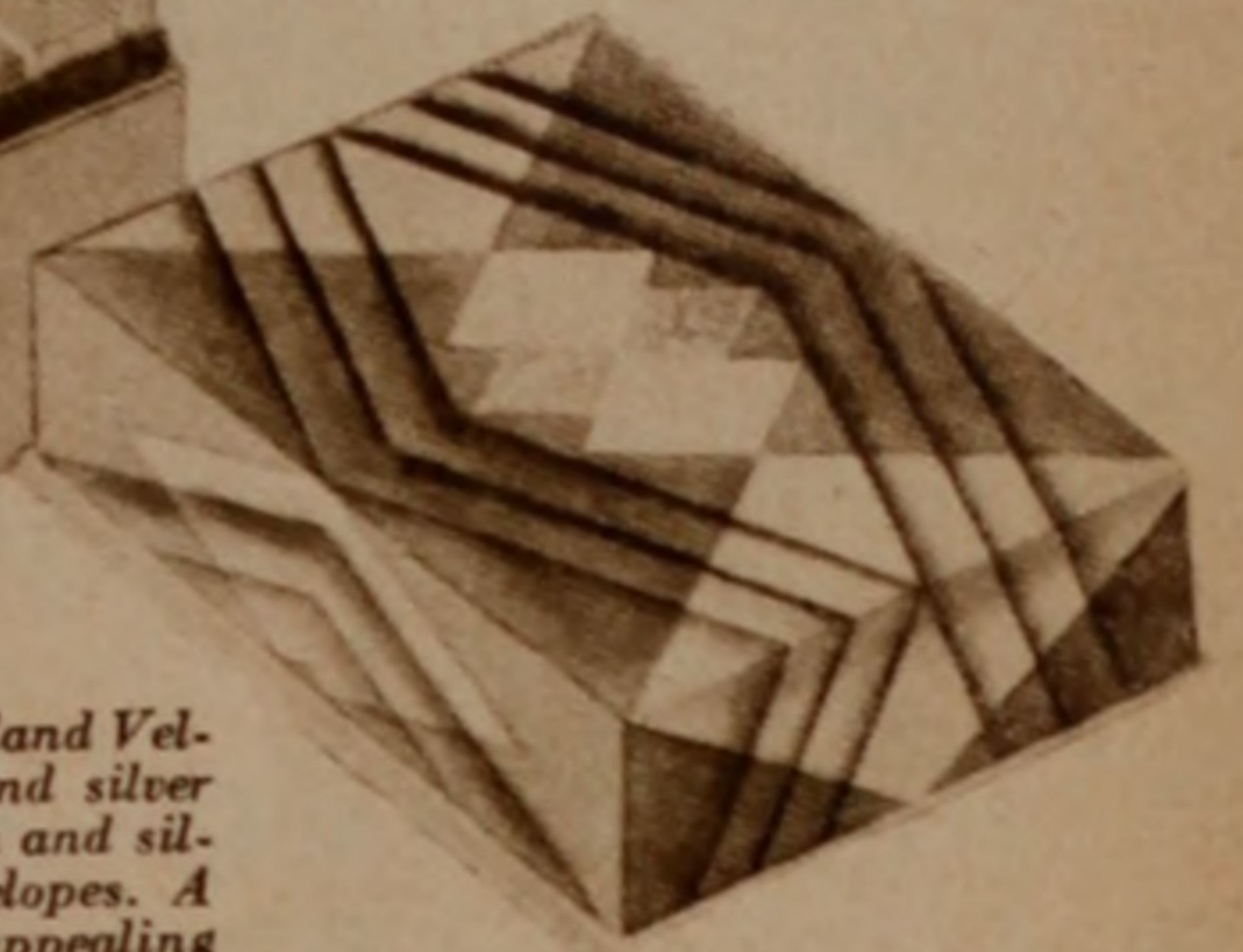
**Miss Sweet:** "Surely. I have no illusions regarding friendship. Many people cultivated me with the hope of taking advantage of the friendship—and more power to them... But I have since found that such friendships were nothing but artificial intimacies, and by beginning on the wrong basis the entire structure was weakened. My few *real* friends stayed by. And it was Miss Hollywood who taught me to distinguish between *friends* and mere *acquaintances*."

This new angle causes a conjectural buzz to sweep from the jury box throughout the room, and during the confusion Mr. Goulding puts Lila Lee on the stand.

(Continued on page 94)



Complete Assortment, Eaton's Highland Linen. Correspondence cards and note paper in three sizes, in all 120 sheets. Charming for a man to give to a woman, \$5.



Eaton's Highland Vellum, green and silver box. 48 sheets and silver-lined envelopes. A feminine, appealing gift, \$2.50.

Eaton's Deckle Vellum in white. Envelopes lined in silver and pastels. A gorgeous silver cabinet. Any woman would love it. \$3.50.



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Eaton's Sport Vellum. The gay decorative box makes this delightful package a thrilling gift for a young girl, \$2.50.

This says it,  
my dear...  
To him...  
To her...

FOR EVERY NAME on your list you want a gift that will fittingly express your sentiment. And yet, you'd like one that could be selected quickly, wouldn't you? Choose writing paper, then. It is so delightfully appropriate at Christmas time that you'll easily find gifts for a dozen persons. Eaton's Highland Vellum, with its new velvet-finish surface, is made in so many shades that you can find a suitable gift for almost every one. Eaton's Highland Linen likewise offers you a wide and pleasing possibility of choice. And it is always true that, if the men you know are struggling with their choice of gifts, they'll thank you forever for suggesting this way out. Wherever good stationery is sold, you can buy these writing papers. 50 cents to \$7.50 per box. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

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EYE SHADOW — EYEBROW PENCIL  
Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes



GIRAFFE GIRL of Padung  
HAS A NECK 14 INCHES LONG



At the left, one of the peculiar facts Ripley asks you to believe. At the right, the globe-trotter himself—with baggage labels from a few of the places he has found interesting

## Believe Him or Not

(Continued from page 58)

don't forget that the \$22.50 days are not so far behind.

He has been abroad almost every year for almost twenty. Travel was his hobby long before he began delving for "Believe It or Not's." He has explored—not visited, but explored—seventy foreign lands.

### A Gift to America

HE was born on Christmas Day, and he has several years to travel before reaching the forty mark. He has been married. But isn't. Although, from the looks of things, he soon may be.

He sold his first drawing to "Life" for eight dollars. Probably too much. It was captioned "The Village Belle Was Slowly Ringing," and presented a freckle-faced lady yokel engineering a clothes-wringer. That was his first false step.

He began his career on the San Francisco "Bulletin," quit the "Chronicle" for the New York "Globe" and later the "Post," "Telegram" and now the great Hearst chain of publications.

He has been making "Believe It or Not's" for almost ten years. The first was an accident. It was a dull day in the "Globe" sports department, and "Rip" drew a filler of sports oddities. For no reason at all, he called it "Believe It or Not."

He never took a drawing lesson.

He broke an arm trying out for professional baseball with John McGraw. He has competed in numerous handball championship tournaments, and won the New York championship in 1926.

Jack Dempsey says that "Rip" is a good boxer. Vincent Richards proclaims his ability at tennis. The record shows what he can do at handball. And he admits his prowess at golf—believe it or not!

He comes of American stock. His father's name is Isaac. His mother, Lily Belle Yocka, was born in a covered wagon during his grandparents' trek across the overland trail to California.

His favorite among the many to whom he is compared is Marco Polo. But you

can't blame him when the others include Baron Munchausen, Doc Cook and Ananias.

### Big Business

HE employs a research staff, a linguist and several secretaries. Their main duties are to handle the more-than-a-million letters he receives annually, and to authenticate the "Believe It or Not's" offered in the correspondence. About three per cent. find their way into the papers.

He is the discoverer of that 156-year-old Turkish trophy recently imported to America. He is also the discoverer of the two-hundred-odd year old Chinaman who will soon be calling the Turk "kid," if something isn't done to prevent his receiving a key to the city.

He is the author of a number of books besides the "Believe It or Not's," which will probably become an annual feature—the second being due shortly. Among his contributions to literature are "Ripley's Rambles 'Round the World," a baseball guide, a boxing record and a book about his South American rambles.

He delivers his drawings to the King Features Syndicate once a week in batches—one for each day. He works three weeks ahead. Quite generally he postpones his labors until the eleventh hour, then locks himself in his room and is inaccessible to the world until the work is completed.

He eats well, but moderately. The same goes for his drinking.

He has about the only "racket" that appears inexhaustible. He can keep it up forever—and the public will continue clamoring.

Among his own favorite "Believe It or Not's" is the fact that Leif Ericson, actual discoverer of America, landed in Maine and called it Vineland because of the excellent quality of the wine made from its grapes. And, believe it or not, Maine was the first state to go dry. Moreover, Volstead, a landsman of Leif's, was instrumental in putting the curse of drought on our fair land. For,

(Continued on page 101)



## Sold Down the Boulevard

(Continued from page 29)

rôle and loaning big stars was virtually unheard of; studios then were much more jealous of exclusive contracts than at present.

But now, with the exception of the "immortals," it's only a question of the price.

### The Wall Street Influence

**E**VEN the biggest studios now carry on the payroll under contract only a fraction of the huge stock companies of former days, and with the growing control and "efficiency" of Wall Street and the banks, it seems that even these are being constantly pared down. Contract people nowadays number for the most part only the biggest players and directors and a few "youngsters" capable of development—and profit.

Bush-leaguers, these last, whom their "owners" hope some day to sell or loan to the majors. Quite outside of the pictures they make at very moderate salaries to the producers who discover them, there is as much money in raising a winner on the screen as on the race-track.

An outstanding example of this is Lewis Ayres, the young hero of "All Quiet on the Western Front." That one picture moved him up from a banjo player to a star, and his present five-year contract is worth a fortune. After "All Quiet," he immediately went out on "loan."

Whenever a major player is loaned, the deal between the studio that "owns" the contract and the studio that "borrows" the player is fenced around with inhibitions, prohibitions, clauses, codicils, postscripts, and what-not. A few bad pictures will ruin any player, no matter how talented or how popular he or she may be; so whenever such a personality is loaned there are more conditions in the contract than quills in a porcupine.

### What's in the Contracts

**T**HE "loaning" studio does all it can to protect its property. First, the part to be played must be approved—not by the player, but by the studio to whom he or she belongs. Then, the "billing" has to be arranged—everything from the player's position in the cast to the size of the lettering on the screen and the type on the billboards on which his name will appear.

The other players must be approved as fit company, and sometimes even the dialogue and wardrobe are specified.

In Boless case, the number of songs that he should sing in the picture were set forth, sealed, and signed.

Not infrequently, nearly a whole cast is "borrowed." For "The Little Accident," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was borrowed from First National, Anita Page from M-G-M, Sally Blane from RKO, and so on.

But sometimes even the most popular players don't have to be borrowed—the studios just give them away.

Such an instance was that of Richard Dix and Bebe Daniels, two of RKO's biggest stars. They were big stars at Paramount, too, until somebody looked at their salaries and whistled. They weren't sold down the boulevard; they were shooed down. Then came "Rio Rita" for Bebe and now "Cimarron" for Dix.

It costs plenty to "borrow" them now.

Pathé did the same thing with Jeanette Loff and Stanley Smith, whereupon Universal and Paramount, respectively, instantly snapped them up.

It's all very much the same on all the plantations these days, for the studios are all specializing more and more upon stories and less and less upon stars. They buy a story, and borrow the stars to fit it, which means a far better product upon the screen.

And as far as the stars themselves are concerned—well, Uncle Tom is bedecked in diamonds now.

# "My Fat Shall Go"

Say That Today—Then Do This

You know that it can go, because people all about you have reduced. In the past few years, excess fat has been disappearing fast. Not by starvation, not by over-exercise, not by harmful drugs. Science has found a new way to fight fat. Doctors now employ it the world over. They supply a gland secretion—a big factor in nutrition. It is now known that the lack of that permits too much food to turn to fat.

Profit by this modern knowledge. Supply what the system lacks. It is easy, pleasant and effective. Start now.

### Listen to the Warnings

Doctors everywhere are proclaiming the dangers of fat. It is a blight to beauty, health and vitality. It shortens life, over-taxes the heart, robs life of half its joys.

Listen also to the warnings against starvation and over-exercise. Fight fat as modern doctors fight it—with a gland food. A world-famous laboratory now supplies you what they use, in Marmola prescription tablets.

Marmola tablets have been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. It has stood the test of time, while false treatments by the hundreds have failed and disappeared.

Users have told others, and the use has spread. Now in every circle one can see its



results. The burden of fat has been lifted for multitudes in a helpful, vitalizing way.

Go do what they did. Excess fat is folly in these scientific days. Get a box of Marmola. Price \$1.00. A book in the box tells you how it acts and why. It also states the formula complete.

## MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS

The Right Way to Reduce

## Semper idem

"ALWAYS THE SAME" . . . a good slogan for any one of a thousand advertised articles whose superior qualities are maintained year in and year out.

Have you ever stopped to consider the time, patience, skill, money and experience invested in every one of the articles you see advertised in this magazine? No matter where it may be—a lead pencil or an expensive automobile—the problems of maintaining and *improving* quality are constantly in the minds of those responsible for their manufacture. Quality must be maintained at all hazards. Quality must be bettered wherever and whenever possible. Price must be kept at a level that will insure the utmost in value.

Advertised goods must, and do, live up to their advertising. "Semper idem"—always the same. They cannot afford to vary in the least.

Trust advertised goods. Buy them regularly. Read advertising to learn what is new. Read it to know what others are buying. Read it to ascertain how you can save money and yet get better merchandise.



Read the advertisements . . . they stand for quality merchandise . . . semper idem



# How Women Have Changed Them

(Continued from page 30)

in the cradle and cry if we fail to get it? Isn't that the secret, burning ambition of every small boy in the schoolroom? To be the Big Shot with the fellows. To be a bigger shot with the girls. To excel at football or baseball or track or dramatics or *something*—so that envious small boys and admiring small girls may jostle excitedly and say 'Gee, there goes Bill Smith!'

## Oblivion Must Be Deadly

"IT'S the same thing as we grow up. The same thing, matured—outwardly. We pretend we don't like it. We pretend we are bored, sensitive to publicity, shrinking, avoiding. Bunk! *We love it!* And most of all, we love it when some pretty girl says, 'There goes—Lawrence Tibbett!'

"To be conspicuous everywhere, never to have any privacy at all, never to let loose for fear of the critical public eye *is* tiring at times. But everything is tiring at times. And God, how much *more* tiring it would be never to be noticed at all! Oblivion must be a kind of death. Refined, but hellish ...

"Women, of course, are my greatest audience.

"A great percentage of my fan letters come from women. Women in their thirties and in their forties. I wish I could know them all. I wish I could follow up some of the letters I get. They are the very source of adventure. Some of them promise beautiful adventure. Some of them should be turned over to Mr. Freud ... I couldn't of course. I wouldn't dare.

"We are all cowards when it comes to living.

"There is so much more adventure in life than any of us take advantage of! Because we are afraid of something. Our little reputations. Our 'good name.' Our families. The feelings of this one or that. What 'they' might say. False constructions. Our careers. Everything. ...

## The Eternal Need

"WE close so many doors right in our own faces! Stand behind them, peering, peeking, wishing ... It's a pity! We don't make the most of life. Adventure is the pulse of living. Women are adventure for men, and men are adventure for women.

"And I believe that singers need adventure more, perhaps, than artists in any other line. *All* artists need it. Need emotion to recharge the batteries. Need adventuring emotionally to put color into their pigments, poetry into their words, soul into their violins. And a singer most of all. For a singer must be not only a singer, he must be an actor, too. And to get that sting into the voice, to pour forth that vehemence, to rise to that tremendous pitch and hold it—it needs a strain of wildness for food. *I* need it.

"It's odd, how people come to believe you are the character you portray on the screen. Women who never paid any attention to me before look at me now—since 'The Rogue Song'—with different eyes. I was amused at hearing that at the opening of 'The

Rogue Song,' between the acts, women did not compliment the production, nor comment on my voice—they said, 'What a lover he would make!'

"I sang just as well before I made 'The Rogue Song.' I had had my success at the Metropolitan. I had *not* made 'The Rogue Song' and everyone was different. Old friends of the family—women to whom I was 'just Lawrence,' neither very exciting nor very stimulating—well, they have changed, too. Rather hard for me to live up to that character!



Hurrell

After "The Rogue Song," women expected Lawrence Tibbett to live up to his rôle in real life. What will they expect after seeing him as *Michael* in "New Moon"?

## Ananias's Sisters

"WOMEN do not like safe, sound practical men.

"Women do not like successful business men. Competent men. Machine-minded efficient men. Or rather, I should say they do not *love* them. They say they do. *They* lie. Women always lie about the emotions. They have been brought up to lie about them, to disguise them, to deny them. They do not even know when they are doing it.

"Women love wild men.

"Women love dangerous men.

"Women love destructive men.

"Women love fanatically, endlessly, the man who promises them heartbreak and homelessness. Bitterness and storm. The man who promises them nothing at all.

"Women love men who laugh—at things of which they have no knowledge.

"Women do not like roués. Not the jaded, sophisticated types. They love men with a touch of naïveté. Something of the

boy to mother, something of the moon-reaching child to protect.

"Women prefer to protect rather than to be protected.

"When a woman protects, she is in her native element. She has the cradle again. Her arms and her heart are filled. She likes to worry and fuss and fear.

"And from women men expect and care most for flattery and admiration, for comfort and pride. Beauty, to a man, may be the least thing of all—and often is. Freedom, to a man, is the most vital quality.

The need to feel that he is *free*.

## The Starving Sex

"THE women of America are starved for romance. For glamour. For poetry. They are far more starved for poetry than for passion.

"Women love to be wooed with words. They get too little of that. The American man is profligate with gifts and flowers. He is niggardly with time and that gentle, soft wooing that is the rhythm of love. Women can live forever on verbal adoration.

"I believe that a man can love one woman all his life long *if* the woman will allow love to cut its own channels, naturally—naturally changing with the inevitable passing of time.

"No emotion remains static.

"And few, if any women, and very few men, understand emotion. We are a romantically educated people. We see the fiction of love—and balk at the fact.

"Women think of emotion, of love, as perpetual romance. That first roseate state is all of love to them—an aura transfiguring their lives as it does in the beginning. They do not know that a different quality must constantly replace the qualities that have gone before.

"Women have no talent for, and no desire for, companionship with the man or men they have loved.

"And companionship between men and women has been, it seems to me, too often disregarded, not given its proper due.

Companionship can be, should be, the most beautiful emotion of all. The emotion of being necessary, of having someone close at hand who is necessary to you.

"Men tire of women who insist upon perpetual histrionics. Perpetual and fiery proofs of love. Women who look to them always as the Great Lover and are satisfied with nothing else.

## The Most Fascinating Women

"INDEPENDENT women—economically independent, mentally or spiritually independent, any kind of independent at all—are the most fascinating women of all. For the independent woman gives a man the sense of perpetual chase. He is never sure of her. A woman who is independent is never wholly subjugated. At any moment, for any reason, she can say 'Good-bye.' There is no stronger hold than this."

And Lawrence Tibbett laughed. He threw back his head and laughed his lusty,

(Continued on page 97)



# They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

## A L I C E W H I T E

*She pounded pavements . . . pounded studio-doors . . . pounded the keys of a battered typewriter. Then a keen-eyed director spotted Alice . . . and in a few short years a new White star rose in Hollywood's heavens.*

Luck? . . . Luck nothing! Alice White was endowed by *Nature* with a special charm to thrill the millions.

OLD GOLD, too, is one of *Nature's* favorites. Endowed with mellow, sweeter tobaccos. It gave to millions a brand new taste-thrill, without a trace of throat-irritation. That's why OLD GOLD broke into the "Big-4" in less than a year . . . why today it's the country's fastest growing cigarette.



In Seattle, OLD GOLD appeared Feb., 1927. Just three months later it was one of the Northwest's four leading cigarettes.



*"A star secretary, is she? Well, she's twinkling in the wrong role!"*

Just a few years ago a noted producer discovered Alice White pounding a studio typewriter. Today, she thrills millions when she stars in a picture.



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BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

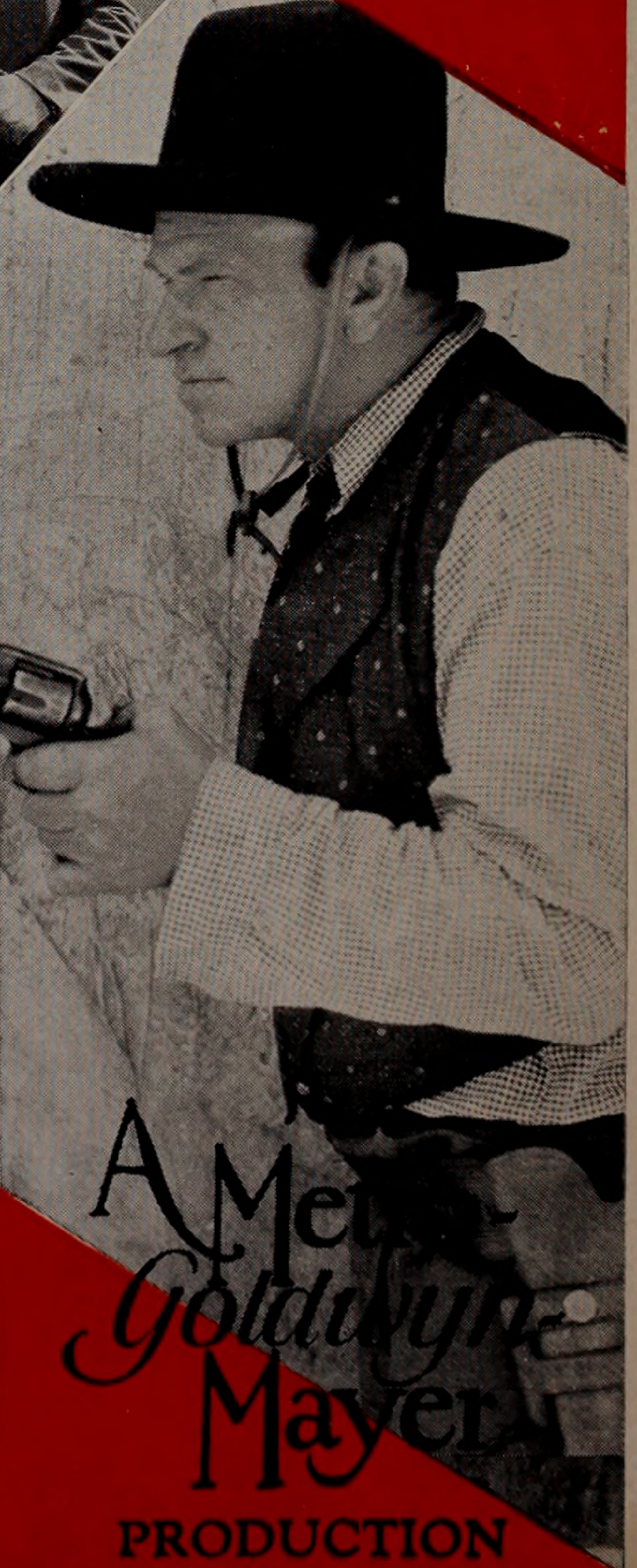
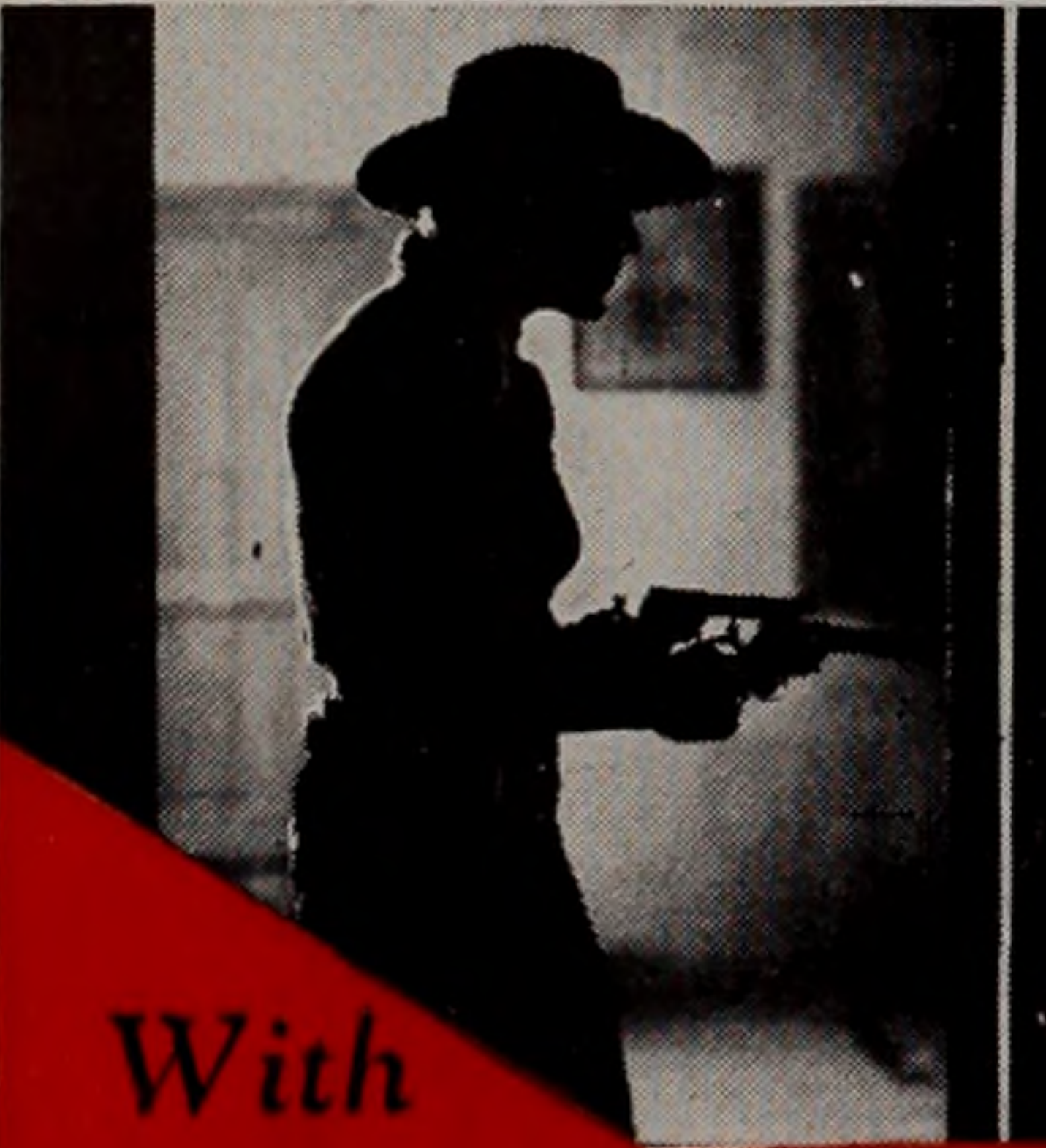
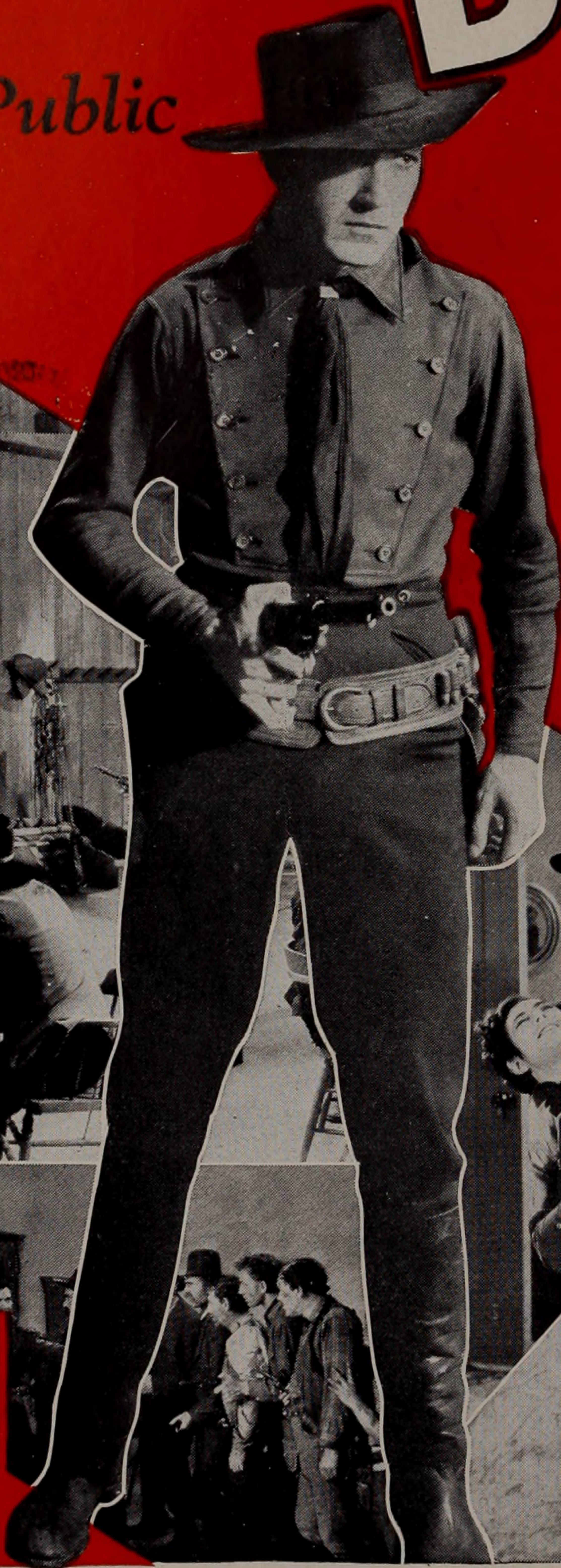


# WANTED!

by the  
American Public

# BILLY THE KID

KING  
VIDOR'S  
Great Epic of  
the Lawless West



With  
**John Mack Brown**  
**Wallace Beery**  
Kay Johnson  
Karl Dane

## A FIGHTER TO THE END—A LOVER UNAFRAID!

A great motion picture has come to the theatres of the world. A drama of love, power, revenge, greed! King Vidor, who created "The Big Parade," has brought to the talking screen this amazing story based on the life of that notorious "bad man" of the lawless West—Billy the Kid. In this picture M-G-M has produced for you the most thrilling frontier drama ever filmed! You'll want to see the mighty Wallace Beery give one of the greatest performances of his career—equal to his masterful triumph in "The Big House." Never before have you felt the power, the might and majesty of the Great West as you will experience it in "Billy the Kid."



A Metro-  
Goldwyn-  
Mayer  
PRODUCTION



# Facts and Figures

(Continued from page 14)

recalled the little bit of history of the first motion picture theater in America, as told to me by Harry Davis of Pittsburgh a number of years ago.

In the fall of 1905, Davis and a partner named Harris, who had both been operating in theater enterprises and Pittsburgh real estate, owned a small store on Smithfield Street in that city, in the business section. Harris had heard about pictures in motion and, with some odds and ends of equipment, fitted the store up. He opened it the day before Thanksgiving in 1905, with 200 seats. The initial program was "The Great Train Robbery" and the gross receipts for the first seven days were \$513. Within three weeks, the business had grown until the theater was running from eight in the morning until midnight and the profits were \$1,000 a week. That experiment has grown into nearly 23,000 picture houses in the United States.

**A**ND speaking of historical matters, when I called at the Hollywood office of CLASSIC the other day, I bumped into a genial white-haired gentleman in the corridor. His name is John R. Freuler, who in the same year, 1905, was a real-estate operator in Milwaukee. That year he was introduced to a red-headed ex-policeman who had a moving picture outfit and two reels of film. In a week they opened what they called the Comique Theater, and some weeks they cleared as much as \$18. A year later, he was a partner in a film exchange. In 1915 he was president of Mutual Film Corporation—which disappeared, but I noticed on Freuler's door that he is back in the picture business.

**A**PPARENTLY, it makes a difference who steers the boat. I've just had a look at the Fox financial statement of August 25. Here's the main item:

	1929	1930
Current assets . . .	\$23,408,565	\$30,444,121
Current liabilities . . .	46,101,586	12,229,245

This means that the company owns about \$7,000,000 more in property values than it did a year ago, and owes \$34,000,000 less, which is one reason why the money sharps predict a dividend of about \$9 a share for this year.

**L**AST week I talked with a young man who does extra work in the studios. Because I was curious about his earnings he told me very frankly, reading his figures from a little black notebook. In seven months he had earned just \$1,543.75, and had worked 145 days to do it. That averages a trifle more than \$50 a week, but out of it he had to spend \$300 renewing his wardrobe, so that cut his net to

about \$41, which, when you think of it, is just about what a competent shipping clerk will earn. And he was an exceptionally useful young citizen, too. The studios paid the extra people just \$2,229,076 last year. A lot of money, isn't it? But divide it up among 17,500 of them and it works out to very little more than 40 cents a day.

**T**HERE seems to be something about money that causes unpleasant changes in the people who handle it. For years there have been complaints by the actors that the studios gave them unfair treatment when it came to payments for services rendered. The studio heads heard about it and it



DRAWN FROM MEMORY

Remember those comparatively silent days, when you used to see musicians when you went to the movies? And it was only now and then that you wondered if what you were hearing was music?

bothered them. Then the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences got a standard contract into use. Next it acted as an arbitrator in cases of dispute between the actor and the studio. And after it had handled dozens of such cases—90 per cent. of them in favor of the actor—it discovered something. Most of the trouble lay with the people in charge of the accounting and casting departments. They would go to unheard-of lengths to gyp a player out of a day's pay. Mind you, the studio heads didn't want that, and no one asked these people to do it. The mere act of handling money did something to them, and they had to be very sharply informed that it wouldn't go down. There's less trouble on that score now—but think how grieved a studio paymaster must be at the loss of such opportunities!

**S**OMETIMES I wonder why the bright, snappy girls who come to Hollywood from all over the country don't think about some activity in the picture business except acting, at least to begin with. Just the other day I had occasion to frequent a film cutting-room for a time, and the smartest cutter I encountered was a girl. She could take a couple of dozen reels of sound film and match them all up properly, cut in this or that sound in its proper place and do it swiftly and well. I found out she got \$20 a reel for her work.

"You get along pretty well, don't you?" I said.

"Most of the time," she said. "I thought I wanted to bust in on the screen; then I got into this work. Most weeks I can make one hun-

dred and fifty dollars. Three weeks ago I cut and assembled eighteen reels of film by working overtime. That was three hundred and sixty dollars."

That girl makes more money than the average actress whose salary is \$500 a week—some weeks.

**P**ASSING down Romaine Street in Hollywood, I happened on the big concrete studio that Howard Hughes is building to house his Multicolor Company—an organization that puts color into motion pictures. As the contractors have been working day and night on this big plant, Hughes is evidently in one of his customary hurries. And then I remembered that all this color motion-picture photography is just twenty-four years old. It was in July, 1906, that Charles Urban and G. Albert Smith took Smith's little boy and girl into the latter's garden at Brighton, England, and ran fifty feet of prepared color film through a special camera. Six hours later, they projected the result, and the first motion picture in color was born. Eighteen months later, *Kinemacolor* had its first public presentation in London. This "colored" child has grown some since then and become quite a swell young lady.

**W**HEN things happen in the picture industry, the results are often like an earthquake; new adjustments occur all along the production line. For years, "Poverty Row" was an institution in Hollywood. It was not specifically a place, but rather a state of mind, though Gower Street and Sunset Boulevard seemed the center. A few economical gentlemen usually managed to get a story on credit or promises, get together a cheap company—generally also on promises—and hire a temporarily idle big star for a day or two. They turned out a five or six-reeler in as many days, and when they figured up, the effort had cost anywhere from \$2,500 to \$5,000. And sometimes these things clicked.

Then along came sound and just about blasted "Poverty Row" out of existence. You see, you can't do much economizing with sound. The cost of film recording—minus such accessories as film and laboratory charges—runs close to \$1,000 a day. The very thought of that figure put a lump in the throat of the Row operators, and most of them are occupied elsewhere today. And it's rather a pity, because they did set a pace for the big studios—where the same quality of picture quite frequently cost ten or fifteen times as much. It was a good institution.





DORIS DAWSON  
POPULAR STAR

# New "Make-up" Idea Improves Whole Appearance!

In Paris.....Hollywood.....everywhere — a smart new beauty secret is being whispered. It is simply this—that your *hair* needs "make-up" just as your complexion does—to accent its charm.

Cleanliness for your hair? Yes, of course—but you have a right to expect something *more* of your shampoo. A "tiny-tint" that transforms your hair like magic!.....Alluring sheen!.....That exquisite soft radiance that men admire!.....*With no more effort than you use in ordinary shampooing!* Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way!

No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Nobody will guess your secret, *but they'll envy you!* 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

### FREE

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Seattle, Wash. \*\*\*\* Please send a free sample.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Color of my hair: \_\_\_\_\_

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Size 16x20 inches  
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed. **98c**  
**SEND NO MONEY**  
Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargements size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.  
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You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents, coin or stamps, for 288 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years. **BENJAMIN N. BOGUE**  
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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.  
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Longworth

Up against a stone wall: and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bannister, the *Sheriff* and the *Girl*, respectively, of "The Girl of the Golden West," are glad to be there. It's part of their new hilltop home

## Classic Holds Open Court

(Continued from page 87)

P. A. (attempting to conceal his annoyance):  
"Miss Lee, you, too, were deserted?"

Miss Lee: "Yeowss. But only by fair-weather chiselers. From now on I pick my friends canny, like a Scotchman. Miss Hollywood is not to blame. It's simply that the town is loaded with people who run around crying: 'Do I know him? Say we're just like that!' with gestures—when at best the person has only met the star casually or interviewed her or something . . ."

In some confusion, the P. A. dismisses Miss Lee.

### Survival Sacrifices

**MR. GOULDING** (expansively): "Miss Hollywood and Miss Lee were congenial companions, but even so when Miss Lee dropped out of pictures temporarily, Miss Hollywood could do nothing but shudder at the tragedy, for her own career absorbed her time. It's the old cry of the survival of the fittest—greatly intensified because of the competitive congestion. Having fought their way to the top, only those prominent players like Miss Hollywood who have the courage to sacrifice their loyalties can possibly survive.

"In summing up, let me point out that Miss Hollywood has *tried* to keep in touch with her more unfortunate friends; but even when she has not outgrown them mentally, even when she knows these people are not out to impose on her, she simply has no time for anything but much hard work and perhaps a little good hard play with her immediate business associates and intimate friends. Being tremendously ambitious, Miss Hollywood is prepared to make sacrifices that engender in the more or less contented element a feeling of scorn. But since ambition and sacrifice go hand in hand, and since effective ambition is so exceedingly rare, I rather fancy that the jury will find that if Miss Hollywood is guilty of any crime at all, it is that of *Justifiable Disloyalty* and nothing more!"

As great shouts of approval sweep the courtroom, mingling with cries of "You tell 'em, Gouldie!" Mr. Goulding bows. The court bows. The jury bows *en masse*. The P. A. frantically clutches the bottom of his chair.

After deliberating for eleven seconds, the jury brings in a verdict of Guilty in the first degree of *Justifiable Disloyalty*. Mr. Goulding has won again.

At last you have the chance  
To tell producers just what  
You want and do not want.  
Turn to Page 108 and release  
Those long-suppressed desires.



# Reduce Hips



often 2 to 4 inches  
in 10 days

**YOU** can do it—*easily*—with the wonderful new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle. Makes you look slimmer the instant you put it on. Exerts a constant, gentle massage that breaks down the fat cells, moulds away flabby flesh and reduces waist and hips—often from 2 to 4 inches in 10 days. Made of finest quality, fresh, live, pure Plantation Rubber by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co. Cool, comfortable, light—some models weigh as little as 9½ ounces (garters included)—full of tiny holes to let skin breathe.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, published MONTHLY, at CHICAGO, ILL., for October 1st, 1930. State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Motion Picture Publications Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Laurence Reid, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Laurence Reid, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Business Manager, Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Silver Screen Publications, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; W. S. Pettit, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Henry L. Terhune, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; E. Van Vorst, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent, or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only) DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., BUSINESS MANAGER. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1930. Elizabeth Bentley. (My commission expires March 30th, 1932.)

## Looking Them Over

Continued from page 45)

**IT** looks as though Norma Shearer was planning to pull a Gloria Swanson and a Nancy Carroll and refuse to permit her tiny son to be photographed, or written into publicity copy.

The newspaper boys have been standing on one foot and then another, patiently waiting to broadcast the royal heir to M-G-M in his first gurgles, but they have been continually put off.

Now comes word that there will be no publicity in regard to young Thalberg, Jr.

• • •

**RUTH CHATTERTON**, who made a mother-love history in "Sarah and Son," again plays a mother in "The Right to Love"—and, in addition, plays her daughter. Different from dual rôles heretofore, this will offer Ruth an opportunity to put her arms around her other self, pass in front of herself, and, as the daughter, even sit in her mother-self's lap.

This magic will be accomplished by the Dunning Process—perfected by Carroll Dunning and his son, Dodge, over a long period of years. Through this process, actors can appear against any desired background. In "Anna Christie," filmed in Hollywood, Greta Garbo was able to sail past the skyline of New York. In "They Had to See Paris," filmed in Hollywood, Will Rogers was able to taxi through authentic Parisian streets. And now, if advance rumors are true, La Chatterton is to be filmed against herself.

• • •

**CLARA BOW** and Rex Bell entered a Reno, Nev., hotel, and were spotted by Will Rogers, who invited them to dinner. Afterward, they decided to do some small-time gambling. Clara signed some blank checks for chips, which she thought represented fifty-cent pieces. She lost. A few days later, her bank notified her that checks for \$13,500 had come through. What should they do? "Stop payment," gasped Clara—and crash! into the headlines went the familiar name again. And along with it, that of Will Rogers. Will querulously complained, "I don't like this riding to fame on the skirts of Clara Bow."

• • •



Raising his voice: Tom Patricola shows how theme songs can be elevated

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Maureen O'Sullivan may not be able to see him, but that does not prevent John Garrick from kissing only her cheek. Nowadays, they say, innocence is bliss

## Chevalier Himself

(Continued from page 33)

young Frenchman is very different from the old-time type. He looks American. He is clean-shaved and clean-cut, and he combines the French wit with the American humor.

"There is a great difference between them. French humor I would describe as a smile with a tear behind it. American humor is a smile with a laugh behind it. Do you understand?"

He smiled encouragingly and went on groping for words to make himself clearer.

"The French humor is with thoughts," he said, with knitted brow. "The American humor is something you can see.

"The old-time Frenchman could understand just a little of American humor, but beyond that he had no idea what it meant. Now he can understand most of it.

"Because I was a comedian, because I was a dancer, I went around with the boys, and I learned that American spirit.

"My English has improved a little, of course. I know a little better where to put the intonations. At first I talked English with the French singing intonations. Now I can put them nearer the right place. But I still have an accent. It's true, the studio didn't want me to lose it. But if they had said, 'Mr. Chevalier, here is a contract for a million dollars if you lose your accent'—I would still have my accent! I cannot help that."

Contrary to the rumors, he didn't seem to use any slang at all.

"Oh, not with ladies!" he protested. "But on the set, among men, I talk a lot of slang. Hot slang—how do you call it? Slang that is not very nice.

"You think I cannot swear." He said it with a challenge. "Once I had a contest, with an electrician who has a reputation in the studio for swearing better than anybody. I won.

"But I didn't learn that in America. The first English I learned was in the war, from the American soldiers. They taught me to swear. Before I knew how to say, 'Good morning, how are you?' I knew all the bad words. Then I came to America; and sometimes men, when they get together, talk bad words just for fun. So you see I have very complete instruction in that.

"I will never be the American business man—that is foolish. But I have learned a great deal from living in America. Everyone should spend part of the year on each continent. They are entirely different, like different worlds, and it helps you to understand everything."

I think Chevalier has changed very little. He is still talking about Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, and still prefers them to all others.

He has worked hard to reach his present position, and terribly resents anyone who threatens his dignity. His sense of humor does not come to his rescue at such a time.

"I am a very funny fellow—" he said, "I have to be very frank. For my own little dignity, I can't say anything that I don't absolutely mean. I think the American public is immense. They have made me very happy. They are very cruel, but very fair. When they like you, they express it, they say so, they make you feel like one of them."

Chevalier loves and treasures the worldwide fame that pictures have brought him, and never ceases to be amazed by it. He is one star who confesses to reading all the fan magazines, and can even tell one from another. Only one bad article has ever been written about him—a piece called "Monsieur est Fatigué," written by a man who saw Chevalier at the end of a hard day, and mistook exhaustion for snobbishness.

"I don't mind what people say about me," Monsieur protested gently, "but I like justice. I know my little bad things, my little weaknesses—everybody has those—and though I would rather not read about them, it does not make me angry. But unfairness I do not like. This fellow didn't say anything very bad—because I didn't do anything very bad except to be tired. But he tried to say I was putting on the high stuff.

"I am not angry, because those things help you to keep your balance. You read the good things and you think, 'Well, I am pretty fine,' and it is good to read something by someone who doesn't like you. It does no harm. It doesn't matter to the people who like you. They will be loyal—until they don't like you any more."



# Around the World Broke

(Continued from page 82)

"I think Lowell Sherman is a tremendous performer. He once told me that an actor must act *all the time*, off stage and screen and on. Act getting in and out of his car, strolling down the boulevard, having his shoes shined, act behind closed doors. I'm afraid he's right.

## He Knows One

"I've known only two men in the business who work intelligently. I've known only one man in the business who really knows his job. Only one.

"I've seen only three great pictures in my life, which isn't much of a yardstick to go by. I seldom go to pictures. They afford me only synthetic amusement, and, as I have no desire to imitate the way other people do things, they give me nothing from a self-improvement standpoint. Anyway, the three great pictures are "The Lady Lies," "Men Without Women" and "All Quiet on the Western Front."

"I've been in love three times—which hasn't much to do with anything. I've been married once. An error on my part. I didn't know it. She turned out to be a swell cook. It lasted two years. *Not* one of the three times.

"Being an actor doesn't satisfy me. Being a director would. Some day I hope to hitch my wagon to the one man I've mentioned who knows his job. I want to be his man *Friday*. I believe in the entertainment value of the screen—for most people. It's tremendous. It has no rival. I have some theories—as who hasn't? I want a chance to work 'em out. . . .

"Life's pretty swell, if you don't take it too seriously and keep away from make-up poisoning—*inside and out*."

# How Women Have Changed Them

(Continued from page 90)

vehement laugh, wild and strong and full—at what? At what he had said? At what he had left unsaid? At himself? At me? At life? At death?

The quiet family man from Bakersfield is gone.

The conservative "Boy Wonder" of the Metropolitan is gone.

In his place is a wild man, a dangerous man, a destructive man. A man who could promise heart-break and homelessness, bitterness and storm. A man who could promise nothing at all. A little boy who needs to be comforted. A moon-reaching child. A naïve youngling who hugs his triumph to his breast with great bear-hugs, loving it, showing it off. . . .

A man who laughs—at what?

A rogue with a sovereign song in his throat?

Now you guess!

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Ball

The Strange Case of Eddie Quillan: he is what the chiropractors call a book case. When reading, he tortures his vertebrae by having his feet, not his head, in the air

## Long Shots With the Big Shots

(Continued from page 57)

wagered two thousand on them against Pittsburgh on the New Year's game. If they won, I would be exactly five hundred dollars ahead—and that's what happened. I'll probably play the same system this year, though I hope I guess right a couple of times before those bets get up in the thousands."

All sporting events, particularly football, prize-fights and golf tournaments usually find the film people interested to the extent of backing up their guesses with bets. The first fistic encounter of Dempsey and Tunney found the late Ward Crane a twenty-five-thousand-dollar loser. Incidentally, Hollywood took wallopings on both the Dempsey-Tunney fights. Dempsey is a prime favorite in film town.

Hollywood has a gift for guessing wrong on prize-fights. In the first place, it is characteristic for an actor to bet on his "favorite" instead of his judgment. The Sharkey-Schmeling bout won scant few bets out of Hollywood. There wasn't any "favorite"; that personal element of seeing a pal win was missing.

On the other hand, at the regular Friday night bouts at the American Legion you'll find Richard Dix, John Boles and others "taking corners" at anywhere from a dollar to twenty-five dollars a bout. The last time I saw Mal St. Clair he was leaving the stadium with two hundred dollars of somebody's money.

Even the kids get a great boot out of what they love to call their "gambling."

### Joan Almost Broke the Bank

"AS a gambler," laughed young Doug Fairbanks, Jr., "Joan takes the cake. She'd bet a dollar on anything, but not much more than that."

"The last time we were down at Caliente I nearly dropped over when I saw Joan take out a twenty-dollar stack of Black Jack chips. Believe me, for her that was a terrific plunge. About an hour later, I wandered back by her table and she was exactly twenty dollars ahead. And what was she doing but cashing in! I think she was more

proud of that money than any she has ever earned. You would have thought she had broken the bank. You couldn't get her near the gambling tables after that. I think she figured she was getting away with their entire profits. I'm not much of a gambler myself, though now and then I like to bet on the Southern California football team. I think the biggest bet I made, and lost, last year was a hundred-dollar fling on the U.S.C.-Notre Dame game."

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart have their own little system of gambling that makes them winners even when they lose.

### Saving by Gambling

"WE make bets between ourselves on everything that comes along," she explained. "But we seldom bet with outsiders. It keeps the money in the family, and yet we have all the fun of betting."

"We have a little bank which is kept just for our gambling splurges. We put our bridge winnings in it, and pay our losses from the same source. In football season, Nick will bet on one team and I'll take the other. Same thing goes for baseball and prize-fights, and it doesn't matter who loses—he must put that amount in the gambling bank. I won ten dollars on the Sharkey-Schmeling fight and I guess that's one of our largest donations since we've had the bank."

"You see, we don't bet much. When we play bridge, it's usually with the kids at a tenth-of-a-cent a point. Seven dollars and a half is our biggest bridge-winning to date, and usually we bet five dollars apiece, even money, on the various games and contests. Even at that slow rate, you'd be surprised how that little bank gets along. In six months we acquired two hundred and eighty dollars."

Bebe Daniels is an expert at all card games—particularly contract bridge. To this day, Bebe regrets winning such a large sum from Samuel Goldwyn, and she won't be satisfied until he has won back the entire three thousand. As a rule, she does not play for such large stakes.



## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 76)

dark hair and blue eyes. **Kenneth Harlan**, New York City, July 29, 1895, six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Was married to **Doris Booth** in May, 1930. **Walter Miller** was born in 1892, six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, dark hair and eyes. Haven't the date of his marriage to **Eileen Schofield**. **John Cromwell**, Toledo, Ohio, six feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, brown hair and gray eyes and is married to **Kay Johnson**, who is twenty-six years old, five feet four inches tall, 120 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes.

**PAULINE**—**Eleanor Boardman** was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 10, 1896. Educated in Germantown schools after being graduated from high school she attended the Academy of Fine Arts where she learned interior decorating and designing. **Miss Boardman** later became an artist's model and at the same time entered a beauty contest conducted by a motion picture company. After playing small parts for some time she was given the leading rôle in "Souls for Sale" which was released in 1923. She is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has copper colored hair and green eyes. Married to **King Vidor** and they have two children. Latest picture is "The Great Meadow," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

**C. S.**—**Olive Borden** and **Tom Tyler** are not related. Olive's real name is Sybil Tinkle and she was born in Norfolk, Va., July 14, 1907. Tom hails from Port Henry, N. Y., and is about twenty-seven years old. Real name is **William Burns**. **John**  
(Continued on page 106)



Marian Shockley and her polka-dot dress were spied by Al Christie. As a result she was given the job of supporting Ray Cooke (holding Marian's hand) in Educational-Vanity comedies.

# THERE WILL BE NO FUNERAL...

Perhaps you remember reading,  
A few years ago, a short story  
About a young man who saw  
The need for certain inventions  
And worked to create them,  
Only to discover, each time,  
That someone was before him.

There was nothing new under the sun.

So he decided to commit suicide,  
And his method was most original.  
This, at least, would be  
One invention exclusively his.  
But the police, investigating,  
Found in his room a newspaper  
In which there was a story  
Of another man's self-destruction  
In the same identical manner.

And now comes along another  
Short story, somewhat different.  
This concerns a group  
Of virile young minds  
Who also felt the need  
For inventiveness, for new things—  
And went ahead and created them.  
And this time—

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# The Newest Dough Boy

(Continued from page 70)

He is seeing quite a lot of trenches now. Slim has been in pictures for fifteen years. He has acted in and directed two-reel comedies during most of that time. His first recognition in feature productions was in "Troopers Three"—in which, you remember, he joined the cavalry. Then came "All Quiet" and then "See America Thirst" in which he was teamed with Harry Langdon. Now he is back in two-reelers—a sort of permanent soldier.

## His Private Pranks

HE is quite as droll off the screen as he is on it. Lean, awkward, lazy—with a deplorable tendency toward practical jokes on the set.

During the filming of "All Quiet," he made life miserable for a certain plump Teutonic gentleman who was connected with the company. Slim carried a stout rubber band and a supply of tin-foil which, as any small boy can tell you, makes a formidable "wad" for a "sling-shot." And whenever the Teutonic gentleman leaned over, he was in dire danger of receiving a tin-foil "wad" in the—er—rear. In vain did the director storm. In vain did the plump gent threaten revenge. Slim always looked so *innocent* . . .

I visited his current trench the other day. I explained, nervously, that I was very gunshy and he assured me that there would be no explosions. Just dialogue, that afternoon.

"Don't sit on the steps of the power truck," he warned me. "We have it electrified—just to play little pranks on people." I thanked him. "If there *should* be a charge exploded—which I am sure there won't—relax your muscles and open your mouth," he told me. I concentrated on that.

A prop man was complaining that there was a shortage of firecrackers, which were needed for some shot or other. Slim, it was explained, had used them all up, putting them in the backs of the pants of unsuspecting visitors on the set. (I began to wish I hadn't come!)

## It Was to Laugh

A CAMERAMAN remarked, ostentatiously, "I guess there won't be any jokes played *to-day!*"

"He thinks you're my wife!" Slim whispered, twinkling. (That was a revealing remark!)

He found me a chair, amid sand-bags and things. There was a brief rehearsal. Suddenly I saw a prop man about to throw a switch. Suspicion came upon me. I covered my ears, relaxed and opened my mouth. There was a terrific explosion—about ten feet away from me. We were swallowed up in a dense cloud of dust and smoke. A large portion of the San Fernando Valley got into my mouth.

When the dust cleared a little and I dared open my eyes, I found the So-and-So beside me, shaking with laughter.

"I'm terribly sorry!" he said, belying his looks. "I really didn't think there would be any explosions."

"Four more for this shot," murmured the script girl.

I was brave. I bore it. And when I went back to the publicity department in my clothes that had been white—and with my face that had been fairly ditto—and said, "Guess who this is!" they all chorused,

"Amos 'n' Andy! . . . Miss Pittsburgh! . . ." "Well! Well! That's what you get for being an interviewer!"

## Soldier of Fortune

SUMMERVILLE led a vagabond sort of existence before he came to Hollywood and went to work for Sennett as an extra. He ran away from home while he was still a youngster and wandered about the country learning an amazing assortment of trades. He worked in brickyards, lumber mills and machine shops. Once he worked in a coffin factory.

And once—just once—he promoted a prize-fight. It was a preliminary bout in some series of matches or other and he hired both the contestants. One was a big, tough taxi driver who had but one eye. The other was a little bird he picked up on the street. It looked like a pretty one-sided match.

"I thought I'd better sit in the corner of the big guy," Slim says. "And I bet all my money on him. Do you know—that big fellow never struck a blow! The little one just chased him 'round and 'round the ring until I got so mad I jumped up and hit him with a water bucket!"

Another episode in a prize-fight ring nearly ended Slim's career at a very early stage. And what in the world should we have done *then* for a typical enlisted man to fight our mock movie wars?

He and another comedian from Sennett's were to put on a comic fistic encounter for a charity benefit at Santa Monica. The climax of the fight, as planned, was to come when the seconds would rush into the ring, smack the contestants over the heads with break-away bottles and drag them away.

## The Joke Came Hard

THE bottles were made of resin. Just before the performance, it occurred to Slim that it would be funnier if they were filled with water. So he filled them. Water, it seems, hardens resin and makes it as solid as any glass—if not a little solidier! So when he was smacked, the bottle didn't break. But his head did.

There was nothing make-believe about his unconscious state. Later he awoke, amid the tweeting of the little birdies, and wandered unsteadily out onto the pier nearby. He was just on the point of stepping off into the Pacific Ocean when someone saw and rescued him. Mercy!

Slim will do a series of two-reel comedies in which he wins various pretty girls of various nationalities, despite the machinations of the big, tough top-sergeant—the natural enemy, one gathers, of all privates.

The supervisor on the series, a shrewd gentleman named Kaufman, explained to me that Slim's chief charm is his wistfulness.

"A comedian must look helpless," he said. "He must look as if he would always get the worst of it. There must be a sweetness about him. Then, when he triumphs unexpectedly, in the end—everyone is pleased!"

The Chaplin legend, you see, is still doing a lot for the sad-faced boys!

So far as I am concerned, the moment in "Troopers Three" when Slim fell off his horse and then rose to give it a long, long look of hurt reproach was one of the brightest in recent pictures. Because of it I even forgive him for those bangs on the set!

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Motion Picture CLASSIC



# Believe Him or Not

(Continued from page 88)

believe it or not, there really is a prohibition law kicking around somewhere.

## Speaking of Movie Actors

"RIP" declares the hardest work he has ever done is under his Warner Brothers' contract to make twenty-six "Believe It or Not" short talking movies. "I'm no actor," says "Rip." The cameras and microphone had him petrified at first—but now it's all part of the day's work. And what a day! "Rip" recalls one that began at six o'clock in the morning and ended about that hour the following day.

He says the funniest thing in the movies is the directors. That is, next to the supervisors. His biggest kick is in watching them act out all the rôles.

In all seriousness he declares that the movies will put both newspapers and magazines "on the spot." He declares that newsreels such as the Hearst Metrotone News will supply the public with world information. "And," he adds, "believe it or not, I mean within the next few years—less than ten!"

If you catch him off-guard, he'll admit that his middle name is LeRoy.

In his opinion the strangest material he has dug up has emanated from the Orient. But he insists that the ways of the heathen Chinese and other peoples of far lands are no more odd to us than are our customs to them.

His drawings are as much in vogue in Australia, Norway, Japan, Brazil and equally distant points as they are in New York, Wahoo, or Hollywood. The papers publishing them are "protected" within a radius of fifty miles. That is, no other paper can contract for the Ripley feature.

The one thing he dislikes about his work is that between the drawings, radio, books, personal appearances, movies, and the rest of his activities, he has so little time for the convivialities that are so dear to both artist and newspaper man.

All of which may give you a little idea of why Robert L. Ripley is the most interesting man in America—if you ask *me*—believe it or not!

# What Do You Mean — "STAR" ?

(Continued from page 78)

opinion alone. They are founded upon the experiences of the industry over many years of picture-making. They are the premise upon which the star system is based.

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Fryer

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## Plenty Smart Girl

(Continued from page 65)

### The Boy She Would Have Married

"YOU remember theez brother of Ramon's who die? Joe? I loff Joe better than any man in world. He loff me. When we go to school long, long time ago, he tell me: 'Rakkie, when we finish school, we get married.' I used to keed him. 'Not marriage for me.' I would say, 'When I get through school I go in the moovies. I am goin' see your beeg brother, Ramon, who is beeg star in moovies and he will help me to be a star.'

"Theez make Joe very mad. How he scol! He say he loff me and we goin' to be married. He say he do not want moovie star for wife. He want Rakkie.

"But, Dor'thy, I got to go to work! I got to make money to help out with family. So I get job as usher at Grauman's Chinese. Theez job I do not like so much—but it is money. Maybe you know story of how I am discover' as usher and how moovies make test of me for 'White Shadows in South Sea'? I tol' theez story many times. When theez happen, I am crazy with happiness and excitement.

"I go away for five months with company to South Seas—I come back and picture is beeg heet! I am happiest girl in worl' when I hear picture goin' to show in Grauman's, where I used to work. I am crazy. I am excitement. I am very busy—but theez does not make difference between Joe and me. We are in loff.

### Too Happy Perhaps

"I THENK we mus' have been too happy! Maybe peoples are not suppose' to be so happy as Joe and Rakkie. Joe becomes ver' seek—and my heart aches with worry for heem!

"The day he die, I am at Ramon's house. I cannot say how I hurt inside. Poor Ramon—how he loffed that boy. I thenk somethin' wonderful and sweet and lovelee die in that family when Joe die. I cannot tell Ramon how I feel. I take hees hand—I try to tell heem that way what my lips cannot say. That is all—except later, when Mr. Mayer heemself want me to play with

Ramon in 'The Pagan,' someone tell me I will not play in part because I haff hurt Ramon's feelings.

"I will never be happy, Dor'thy, until I know how I hurt Ramon. He does not say. When I ask him why I do not play in hees picture, he say: 'I do not want girl with accent in my picture.' If you ever hear that Rakkie Torres is goin' to play in picture with Ramon Novarro, you weel know she is happies' girl in world.

"I do not want thees should sound like sob-story, Dor'thy. I am lucky girl in having friends like Dolores Del Rio. She is so good to me. Never does she have party that Rakkie isn't invited. 'I am your friend, Rakkie,' she say. 'Not for jus' leetle while, but all the time.'

### Dolores Thought The Same

"I AM so glad she is beeg star. I am so glad she is success. Ever' time I go up to her beeg house that is so beautiful I thenk, 'Will I ever have so much as Dolores? Will I ever have house like theez?'

"Dolores laugh at theez, always. She say she used to feel same way when she firs' came to Hollywood and went to beautiful houses like Marion Davies and Mary Pickford. And now she got one of her own, but she say: 'Beeg house is not happiness, Rakkie. Happiness is inside.'

"I do not know whether I ever be beeg success like Dolores. But I try hard to do my bes'. I am very careful with my money, Dor'thy. I save and save and put away much of it. If I am not beeg success, I will not have to worry when moovie days are over.

"I thenk I like to try somethin' else besides South-Sea-girl parts. I would loff a dress-up part, but they still put Rakkie in rags. Maybe some day I will get theez break they call it. Maybe some day I will wear beautiful clothes and people will say 'Raquel Torres is different from what I have always expec'. She can do other theengs besides wear a rose in her hair. She is good all-around actress.'

"But now I wait carefully—and hope!"



## Normal, Though An Actor

(Continued from page 63)

its place in plays and movies. Cowardice, selfishness, friction—all of these belong in a vehicle, if that vehicle is to be 'good theater.'

"I think that's probably true, but I know from experience that the average person will not take his discord in straight doses. Pat Kearny wrote a good play once, but it didn't do well because he presented the pitiful characters in too unsympathetic a light. It was about a married couple that had unrealizable ambitions. The wife wanted to be another Mary Pickford and the husband craved membership in a certain fraternal organization.

"The play fell comparatively flat because half of the women in the audience themselves harbored the natural desire to be someone a little grander than themselves and most of the men had at one time or another wished to belong to some club or group denied them. When the light of hope went out for the couple in the play, it went out, simultaneously, in the hearts of those in the audience. Nothing remained but a cold nothingness. What they had just witnessed was life unadorned (a pretty cruel sight by the way), *not entertainment*.

"HUMOR would have saved that. It might not be considered the highest ethics of dramaturgy, but I think a lot more enjoyment would have resulted if, toward the end of the play, that man and wife were allowed to have found something else they wanted just as much as their hopeless desires. Then they might have laughed at their earlier despair (with the audience laughing with them) and everything would be rosy. The playwright, in so patching things up, might be accused of having made a sacrifice at the altar of *Pollyanna*. But what of it? If enjoyment for many people can result from so simple a process, then no depressing play should remain unpatched."

I interrupted with: "You've made a lot of money out of 'the average person.' What do you actually think of him?"

"My answer," Nugent said, "will put me down as a snob, because as a matter of fact I don't much care for average people. They're so damn dull. I like those who go to the trouble of pulling themselves out of the rut into the above-average class. And I like them solely because they're more interesting.

"I LIKE average people when I get to know them, but a man hasn't time to get to know everyone. I never pick a man up on the highway when I'm motoring, because I know I won't have time to know him intimately, and until that time I should find him dull and stupid. I don't go to the public beach, for fear of having my time wasted by average, mediocre people. I know where I can always find bright entertaining fellows. Why waste time on the others?"

Perhaps Elliot Nugent is down on the home-folks. After all, he's packed enough of "the people" into his twenty-nine years to be a little fed up on them. Listening to him as I did would give one the impression that he is through with the average man for all time. The only thing that upsets that thought is to see the human sympathy and naturalness he gets into writing about and acting the part of that average man—jobs that can't be faked.

Then you know that such is not the case. He may be idly considering what a nice change a naughty bedroom farce would be. But it is only a momentary revolt. Business men occasionally long to be artists.

It's only—shall we say "average"?

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# You Can't Win

(Continued from page 41)

I'd bend over my desk and hold a book up and do it just as loud as I could. The teacher never could tell who it was, and it nearly drove her crazy."

One of the letters was from her, proving that there are more ways than one to make an impression.

"But you can see why I'm such a model girl now, and why I'm so certain of getting back at the people who have been mean to me."

Just to show you what an expert Jeanette is at this grudge racket: When she was eight years old, a little boy who had promised to take her to a Hallowe'en party failed to show up, and she was very mortified. The next day in the school-yard, when she asked him why he didn't come, he turned around and gallantly told her to go climb a sour-apple tree.

Jeanette grew to womanhood, still seething at the memory of that insult. About two years ago, she and her mother returned to Philadelphia for a visit. The boy innocently called her up and said he would love to see her.

Jeanette seized the 'phone, her green eyes blazing.

"Once you told me to climb a sour-apple tree," she snapped. "Now, how'd you like to do the same thing?"—and she hung up with a bang. She felt fine after that.

When she was in the chorus of "The Night Boat," younger and less experienced than any of the others, the company came into New York one night and were told to get off at 125th Street instead of Grand Central. Jeanette didn't know how to get home from there. She knew one of the principals, who was sitting beside her, lived in the same block with her, so she timidly asked, "Can you tell me how to get to Forty-Ninth Street from here?" The woman gave her a contemptuous look.

"I really don't know," she said. "I'm taking a taxi."

Years later, when Jeanette was a big leading lady and the other woman wasn't much of anything, they were introduced in a café. "I remember you very well," said the other woman effusively. "I don't believe we've met before," said Jeanette, drawing herself up to her full height. It made a new woman of her.

"Of course," she admitted, "I should have been able to get all the satisfaction I wanted from just having the opportunity to snub her, without actually doing it. But I'm afraid I'm not quite big enough for that."

She must have a long list of Hollywood people to be dealt with when Fate gets around to it.

"People were very cruel to me when I

first came out," she said—more wistfully than resentfully, strangely enough. Her voice has a tremulous quality when she least suspects it.

"I thought, 'Well, as long as I'm going out there, I'll be one of them.' I had a big part, and I expected to be welcome. But nobody at the studio had anything to do with me. I'm sure they didn't realize what they were doing, or they wouldn't have been so cruel. Not one of them spoke to me. And I used to look right straight at every person I passed on the lot, hoping that someone would smile at me.

"George Bancroft was the only person who spoke. He came up and shook hands and said he hoped I'd be very happy working there. Mary Brian used to smile at me sometimes, but they were the only ones who gave any sign.

"Since then, I've met people in Hollywood whom I like very much and who have been lovely to me. And my feelings aren't hurt any more, and never could be again. But I will never expect anything of Hollywood actors.

"There is such a great prejudice against stage people. I have been repeatedly attacked in the press by people whom I've never met and who have never even seen me. I can't explain it, but it doesn't worry me, because I know I'll be given the opportunity to get even, sooner or later."

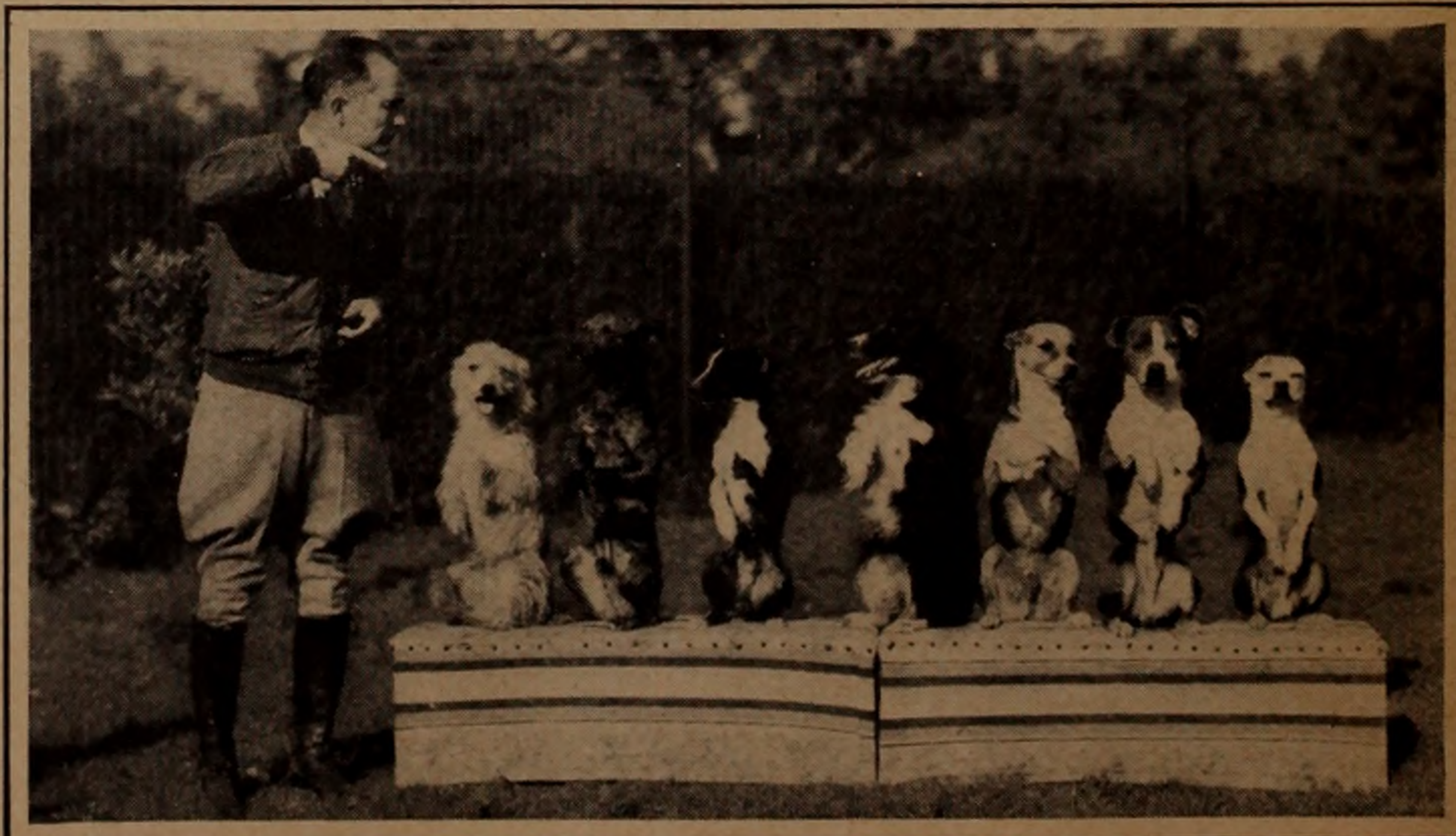
She began to smile happily, in anticipation of her one vice. It's quite a feat to be able to talk about your own vengefulness for an hour, and still give the impression of being completely delightful and good-natured.

The reports of the MacDonald temperament are greatly exaggerated, according to Jeanette.

"I don't know how the rumor got started. I am particular about my clothes—I think every actress is. But I never have any trouble with them. The wardrobe at Paramount is perfectly fine. And I'm fussy about my hair, because I don't think there's anything that makes so much difference in a woman's appearance, do you? But I don't call that being temperamental.

"As a matter of fact, if I ever have an outburst of temper, everyone on the set roars with laughter at me, and I end up by apologizing, and feel very silly and ashamed of myself. But that's not what I call temperament."

Personally, I like a girl with a little spirit. Jeanette knows what she wants and usually gets it. But if you ever happen to hear any rumors about temperament or other mean traits, you can be sure they aren't true.



"What are you laughing at?" barks out Rennie Renfro to the center canine, standing for training for M-G-M's doggy comedies



# They'll Pay You to Insult Them

(Continued from page 48)

Lady Stanley knows her stuff. She will get on in Hollywood in a large way. To all appearances, she has an excellent contempt for the entire industry and everyone in it. There is no surer way to success and "that lovely gold" than to take that attitude.

Producers will pay you in exact proportion to your contempt for them—and for pictures. The more superior you are, the more you sneer at them, the better will be your job.

## Broadway Buzzards

IN the upheaval that followed the advent of talking pictures, hundreds of contemptuous experts at this and that were imported from New York. The very name, "New York," is impressive to Hollywood. There is a general impression that New Yorkers consider us provincial or something. That they laugh at us (and not in their sleeves, either), that they look upon us very much as a Da Vinci might contemplate a McManus and his *Jiggs*. We are amusing. But low.

We make money out of our product. Therefore, we hang our heads in shame and admit that we are not "true artist." We are commercial and we know it is degrading. We are Philistines. We are clods. We are *Babbitts*. Mountebanks. Buttonhole-makers. There are wrinkles in our vests and the wrinkles are filled with crumbs.

Hollywood has been told all these things so often that it accepts them and no longer even flinches. But our magnates plead humbly with the sneerers to come and show them where they are wrong—at the magnates' expense. They pay the sneerers more money than they ever saw before to do it—and are pathetically grateful for the privilege.

It all seems to be part of a curious little game. They'll stop you from doing it if they can. But they'll pay you money for doing it if you persist!

## Jim's Their Pal Now

JIM TULLY, for instance, lampooned the industry for years in print. He laid bare all sorts of scandals and revealed embarrassing personal weaknesses. He was barred, officially, from nearly every lot.

Yet—Paramount bought the rights to two of his novels and then called him in and paid him well to supervise production on them. He popped Jack Gilbert in the jaw—and was subsequently invited to act in Jack's next picture! That's the way it works.

Ruth Chatterton admits that she used to have supreme contempt for motion pictures. That was in the old, silent days and they made her lots and lots of glittering offers, which she spurned, with her piquant and aristocratic nose uptilted.

When talking pictures came along and she gained respect for the new form—and when she was obviously twice as valuable as she would have been before—no one wanted her. It took the stubborn Emil Jannings to go to war for her and almost force his company to give her a chance.

She has saved herself by achieving a wholesome attitude of criticism toward methods of production now in use. She is appalled and scornful at the lack of business common-sense used in making pictures. And she says so to executives. If she maintains this viewpoint, she will probably survive.

## Charlie Tells Them

THERE is Charles Bickford. Executives shudder at his frank and caustic comments upon pictures. He says things like

"lousy" and "fools" and "rotten" right out loud. Folks mutter that he is "talking himself out of a job." But I observe that directors squabble over him and studios strive eagerly to borrow him—while a good many meeker souls are slinking away to return to the stage whence they and he all came.

Look at Eric von Stroheim! For goodness' sake! No one could possibly have less respect for the holders of picture purse-strings than he has. No one could have a greater contempt for producers and their formulas, for commercialism, for restrictions, for practicality, for any of the accepted picture tenets, than Von.

He flings their money, with grand gestures, to the winds. He insults them to their faces and to the Press. He sneers at the mentality, the race, the habits and the aims of all producers. Yet there is always some one of them who will give him a job, open his purse and attempt to cope with Von, while he shows them how a picture should be made in ninety-eight reels.

He has had more quarrels with Universal, perhaps, than with any other studio. But he is returning there, at their urgent request and for plenty of money, to remake "Blind Husbands" in talking pictures. Doubtless there will be fireworks, hot words, name-calling, maybe (goody! goody!) a little fighting. And someone will make him a nice, fat offer as soon as it is over. Or perhaps while it is in progress.

## Pay Dirt

A YEAR ago, there were in Hollywood two young men—a title writer and a press-agent by respective professions. Neither had a job and their prospects were growing less of getting them. So they sat them down and wrote a book about Hollywood. An insulting book. They called people names by name, if you know what I mean.

The industry was indignant. It wanted steps taken about them. They were "ingrates" and "biters of hands that fed them." (Albeit the hands hadn't fed them so very well toward the last!) And then they sold the picture rights to their insulting book for a spectacular sum and are now in the process of being besieged for original stories. I should have liked to see either of them try to sell an original screen story before!

When Viña Delmar was at Warners, writing something or other for them, press-agents used to call interviewers and suggest that they come over to have little talks with her. "That is," they would add, "if you don't mind being insulted! She insults everyone!" The latter remark was nothing more nor less than a boast, I assure you. They were as proud as could be of her. She was their pet exhibit.

It used to be said of Arthur Caesar that every time he insulted a producer, he had his salary raised. I am assured that it happened on the day when, hearing a newsboy shouting, "Extra! So-and-So assassinated!" he rushed out to buy a paper and returned, in huge disgust, remarking, "I thought he said Joe Schenck was killed. Wrong man, as usual!" That was considered just a *screaming* remark and won Arthur loads and loads of praise.

Oh, it's a splendid place for sneerers. You really should practise a little—say on traffic cops and in-laws—and when you reach a point of perfection at which you can make them foam at the mouth with two-and-a-half remarks—then you are ready to collect in Hollywood.



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# The Answer Man

(Continued from page 99)

Wayne's real name is **Duke Morrison**. **Dorothy Lee** was born in Los Angeles, Cal., May 23, 1911. Her latest production is "Hook, Line and Sinkers." **Bernice Claire's** latest is "Kiss Me Again." **Dennis King** is five feet eleven and a half inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. **John Garrick**, five ten and a half. **Wallace MacDonald**, five ten, weighs 150 pounds.

**VIVIAN**—The trouble with playing football is that you're apt to get athlete's foot on the neck. **Ronald Colman** was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, Feb. 9, 1891. That is his real name. Latest production released is "Raffles." **Maurice Chevalier**, Menilmontant, near Paris, France, about thirty-one years ago. **Richard Cromwell** has been selected to play the title rôle in "Tol'able David," which is in production at the Columbia Studios. **Richard** is twenty years old. He is an art student with no previous theatrical experience. Despite the fact, however, **Cromwell** has a surprising amount of natural histrionic ability. He has a keen boyish charm, reminding one of **Charles Ray**.

**MARGARET**—**Bob Steele** is about twenty-seven years old, six feet tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. **Joan Marsh** is about sixteen, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Leather Pushers." **Dorothy Sebastian** was born in Birmingham, Alabama, April 21, 1903, she is five feet three, weighs 114 pounds, has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. That is **Lewis Ayres'** real name.

**WINIFRED**—Glad to hear from you again! **Nancy Carroll** has been appearing in pictures since 1927. Latest picture "Two Against Death." **Phillips Holmes** was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., about twenty-one years ago. He is six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Appearing in "Criminal Code." Receives his fan mail at the Paramount Studios. **Lewis Ayres**, Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 28, 1908, five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, dark brown hair, dark blue eyes. Married to **Alice Caddy**. Latest production "Mississippi," Universal Studios. Educated at the San Diego High School, University of Arizona. Has appeared in amateur drama, three years of singing and playing with dance orchestras, plays banjo, guitar and piano.

**ELISE**—Yes, **Tom Mix** is going to return to pictures. I'll bet you're glad? **Buck Jones** is appearing in "Down Trail," Columbia Studios. **Monte Blue** was born in Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 11, 1890. He is six feet two, weighs 180 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Married to **Tove Jansen**, they have two children, **Barbara Ann** and **Richard**.

**NONA**—**Harold Lloyd** was born in Burchard, Neb., in 1883. He is six feet tall, weighs 156 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes, married to **Mildred Davis**. Latest picture "Feet First." **Reginald Denny**, London, England, Nov. 20, 1899, six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes. **Charles Chaplin**, England, April 16, 1889, five feet four, 125 pounds, gray-brown hair, blue eyes. **Loretta Young** has brown hair and hazel eyes. Latest picture is "Heart of the North."

**Q. A.**—**Armida** was born in Sonora, Mexico, about eighteen years ago. She is four feet eleven, weighs 90 pounds, and has black hair and eyes. Real name is **Vendrell**.

At this writing she is appearing on the stage in "Nina Rosa," a musical production. **Sally Blane**, Salida, Colo., July 11, 1909, five feet four and a half, weighs 117 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes. Real name **Betty Jane** and her sisters are **Loretta** and **Polly Ann Young**. Latest production "Leather Pushers." **Josephine Dunn**, New York City, May 1, 1910, five feet five, 119 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes.

**ELLEN**—**Bob Custer** was born in Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 18, 1900. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes. Married to **Elizabeth Cudahy**. **Tom Tyler**, Port Henry, N. Y., about twenty-seven years ago. **Tom** wanted to become a movie star in the worst way, so he spent his savings for a correspondence course in motion picture acting. When the course was completed he started for Hollywood, and was three years arriving there, as he had to work his way out. Worked as an extra for two years. He later became the champion weight lifter when he was invited to join the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Here are some of the films he has appeared in "Ben Hur," "The Only Thing," "The Flying U Ranch," "Sonora Kid," "Splitting the Breeze," "The Gambler's Game," and a number of others.

**BETTY KENO**—That's **Mitzi Green's** real name too! **Kenneth MacKenna** was born in Canterbury, N. H., on Aug. 19, 1899. Received his early education in Paris. He later took up a general course of instruction at the Ethical Culture School in New York and finished at Columbia University. Spent three years in a Wall Street banking house before he decided on a career behind the footlights. His first stage appearance was in 1919 when he played the leading male rôle in "At 9:45." Becoming affiliated with the Theatre Guild, produced and played the leads in "Windows," "Forever After," and other successful productions. During the war was a Sergeant in the Tank Corps, stationed at Gettysburg, Pa. His first picture was with **Bebe Daniels** in "Miss Bluebeard," which was released in Feb., 1925. Has light brown hair and blue eyes. Hobbies are football, hockey and all outdoor sports.

**BLUE EYES**—**Alice Joyce** is married to **James Regan** and has two daughters: **Alice**, about thirteen and **Peggy**, about seven. **Zasu Pitts** to **Tom Gallery**, one daughter **Ann** and an adopted son **Donald Michael**. **Jack Mulhall**, **Evelyn Winans** and has one son. **Jack Oakie** is not married or engaged. **Kay Johnson** was born in Mount Vernon, N. Y., about twenty-six years ago. She is married to **John Cromwell**, actor and director. **Miss Johnson's** latest picture is "The Passion Flower." **David Lee's** latest is "The Squealer," starring **Jack Holt** and **Dorothy Revier**. **Jeanette MacDonald** is not married and is appearing in "Stolen Thunder."

**SUNDOWN SLIM**—I would suggest you write the music department at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., regarding the composer of the song you refer to. **Marjorie Rambeau**, who makes her screen debut in "Her Man," again wears a bracelet as a good luck charm which has a distinct connection with every one of her big stage successes. The bracelet is formed by a gold chain to which are attached about twenty gold trinkets including goldfish, elephants, old shoes, revolvers, daggers, and a dozen other things. **Mary Brian** is appearing in "The Royal Family."

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# Their Private Love Lives

(Continued from page 69)

## His Best Friend

IN the face of all the purple publicity in regard to the love affair of Lupe Velez and her "Garee," it is somewhat of a shock to watch these "love experts" at the private practice of their own game.

True, Lupe is likely to lean over, every now and then, and bite Gary's ear, just as they say she does, but the disappointment lies in that it is more playful than passionate. For an average day of romance, Lupe is perfectly content to spell out "I love you" in sign language to Gary when he's 'way across the room. They even indulge in such commonplaces as neat telephone disputes as to whether or not Gary is late to Lupe's for dinner.

"My clock says six-thirty," Gary alibis mildly.

"An' my clock says see-ven," complains Lupe . . . the gal who is supposed to whoop it up in love . . . in other words, the passion flower of the screen.

When they quarrel, she vows up and down she will never speak to him again, and then, when he calls up, she breaks out in tears. In calmer moments like dinner parties, she insists that Gary sit at the head of her table, and, hostess or not, she sits right next to him. She watches his food and hounds him to eat more, so he won't be so "skeeney."

## And Some Are Very Married

IF he does not 'phone her exactly on the appointed time, she is sure he has been killed in an automobile accident. She is invariably the first one to suggest leaving Hollywood parties because "Garee" has an early call. She mothers, and scolds and fusses over him. The Old Woman Who Lived In The Shoe, who had so many children she didn't know what to do, has nothing on Lupe in love—in private. But hot stuff!

I'm laffin'.

Richard Arlen calls Jobyna Ralston "the little woman," and "Mamma." She calls him "Papa" and banks his checks.

"Remember to treat your wife as you would a sweetheart, as a constant source of surprise and novelty," advises Edmund Lowe. But in private love, he calls the sophisticated Lilyan Tashman, "Lil."

Any time after nine o'clock Janet Gaynor is likely to crawl up into Lydell Peck's lap and doze off for a moment or two.

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart use entirely different straws in the same ice-cream-soda glass.

If these "Love Experts" have any tricks that aren't known to Joe and Susie Bridegroom the world over—I haven't spotted them yet.

# Black and White Read and Write

(Continued from page 16)

present itself many months ago, but some unforeseen element kept the producers spending their money in vain. Now that they have seen that their efforts have been for naught, they are asking WHY!

There is only one answer. Producers have been like a lot of sheep, just following. To give you a concrete example, Warner Brothers made the first musical comedy picture and apparently it was quite a success; so what did the other producers do? They made so many musical pictures, spending fabulous sums on scenery, that now the public cannot even go the word Musical. Why can't the producers use a little discretion and instead of being a lot of sheep, be individual. That to me is the only reason why the Talkies are a flop. Producers have forgotten that repetition becomes very monotonous and in this day and age when we are traveling at a rapid pace, we want something *different*, something *new* and something to *think* about. Just as one admires individuality in dress and in people, they wish it also in their entertainment.

I have thought a great deal on this subject and have it in my mind perhaps much better than I express it on paper, but nevertheless I believe if each and every producer would try and make his picture just a little different and a little better, he would have no difficulty in bringing before the public the kind of picture we enjoy.

Gladys A. Toscano

## Good Diction Via Talkies

Gross Pointe, Michigan

Talking pictures may yet be the salvation of the country—at least so far as diction is concerned. Certainly an unprecedented

vista of opportunity has been thrown open to people living in regions removed from the cultural centers.

For many years it has been said that the best, the only truly "pure" English diction is that used on the professional stage. Now the talking movies, with an accessibility far surpassing that of the legitimate productions, may avail themselves of this reputation. It is to be hoped that they will do so. Therein lies the possibility of a needed standardization of good diction throughout the United States.

If I had been able, when I was younger, to observe aurally the speech of our better actors and actresses, I might have saved many of the hours of effort which I expended while I was studying in dramatic schools.

Among the stars whose enunciation of the spoken word deserves commendation is Ann Harding. During the years when she was leading lady of a stock company in Detroit I often had the pleasure of hearing and seeing her.

Josephine Rankin

## Love Scenes Can Be Put Across

Los Angeles, Cal.

So the producers are complaining of the lack of attendance at the movies. Well then, tell them to give us romance and love scenes like those in the silent pictures instead of laughing hyenas or warbling song birds.

Love scenes can be put across in the talkies as well as in the silent pictures; witness, John Barrymore in "General Crack." I am sure most fans are tired of this hysterical nonsense the movies are serving us.

Here's hoping for talking pictures with the technique of silent ones. If the legitimate stage shows can put it across, why not the talkies?

Miss Self-Expression

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# WHAT

## ... Do You Want?

### THE PRODUCERS ARE WAITING FOR YOUR ANSWERS

**W**HAT, 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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