

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

NOVEMBER

25 CENTS



INA CLAIRE

Earl Christy

**Why Women
Go Crazy About
CLARK GABLE!**

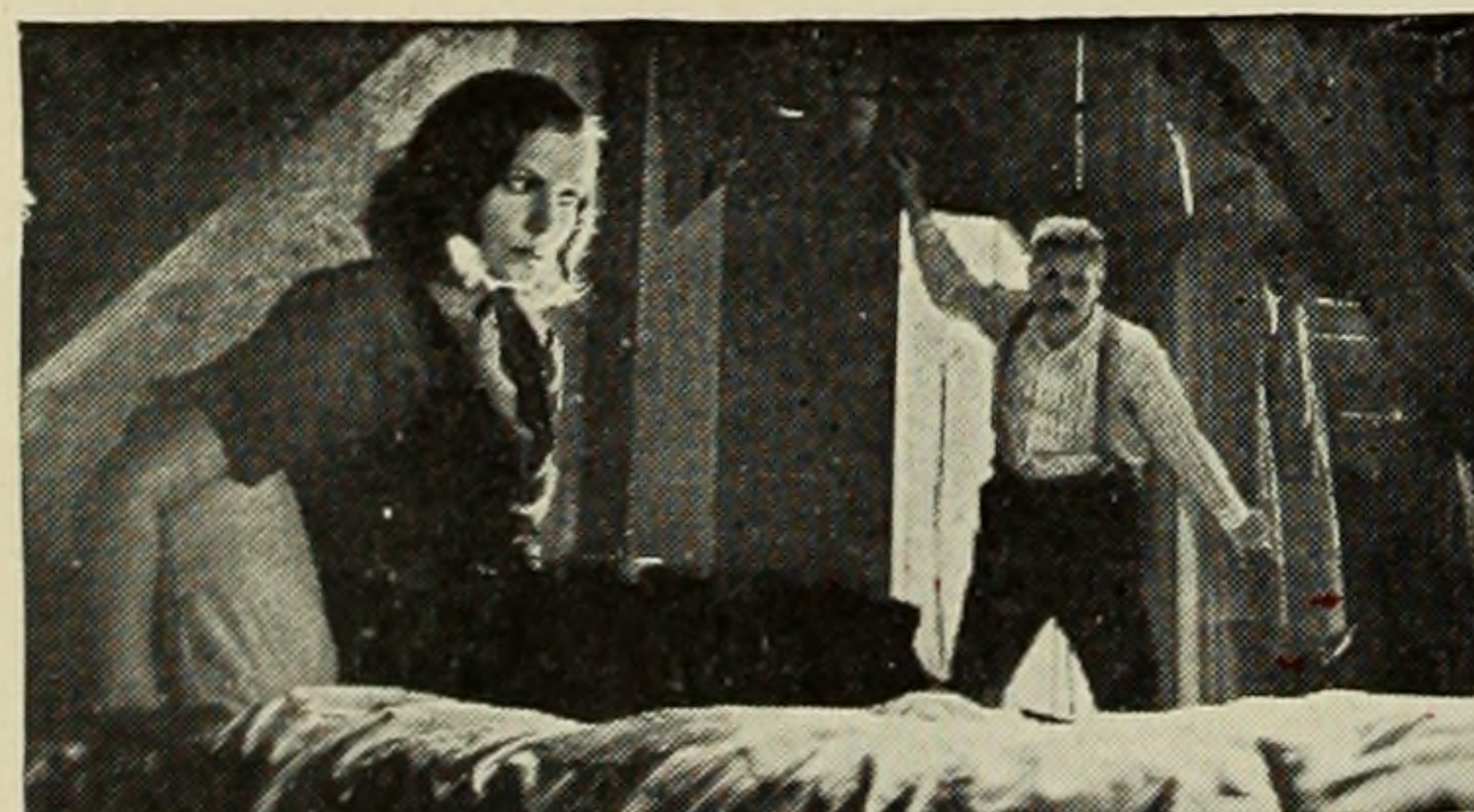
**Don't Go Platinum
Blonde Yet! Wait!**

THE ONE AND ONLY
GRETA GARBO IN THE
ARMS OF FASCINATING
CLARK GABLE! WHAT
A PAIR OF SCREEN
LOVERS THEY MAKE!



GRETA

GARBO



Sold by her father, she runs away.



The circus owner shows his true colors!

magnificently thrilling in
David Graham Phillips classic love story—

SUSAN LENOX

(HER FALL AND RISE)

with an all-star cast including

CLARK GABLE Jean HERSHOLT
John MILJAN

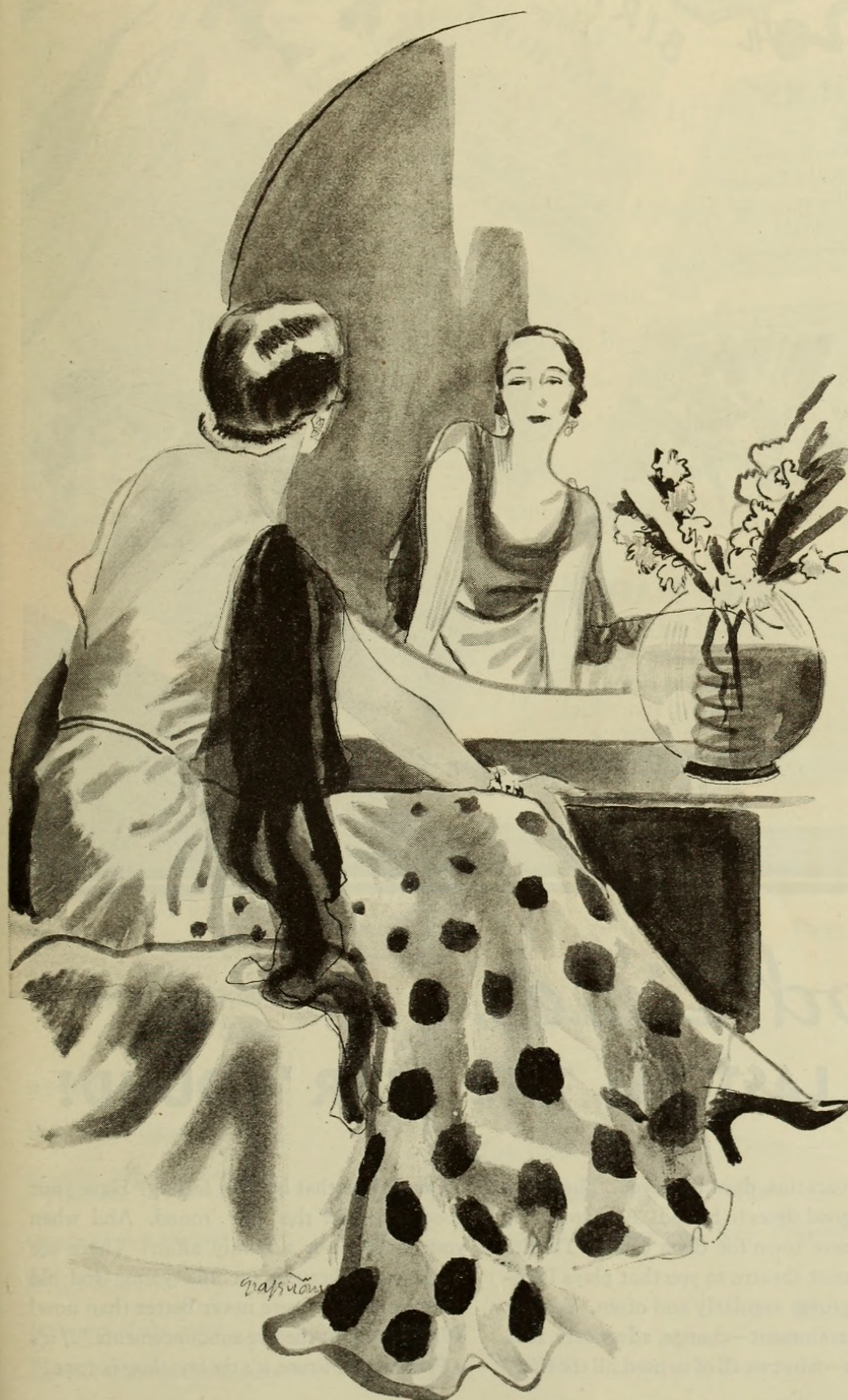
A ROBERT Z. LEONARD Production

Get ready for the supreme, exotic thrill of your picture-going days! Here truly is gorgeous Greta Garbo in the picture that will make you forget all her previous triumphs. Come and be thrilled!



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"Pink Tooth Brush"—I really can't laugh *that* off!



"PINK"—on your tooth brush—seemingly innocent, isn't it? Yet "pink tooth brush" is an indication of a gum condition which may cause you no end of trouble before you're through with it!

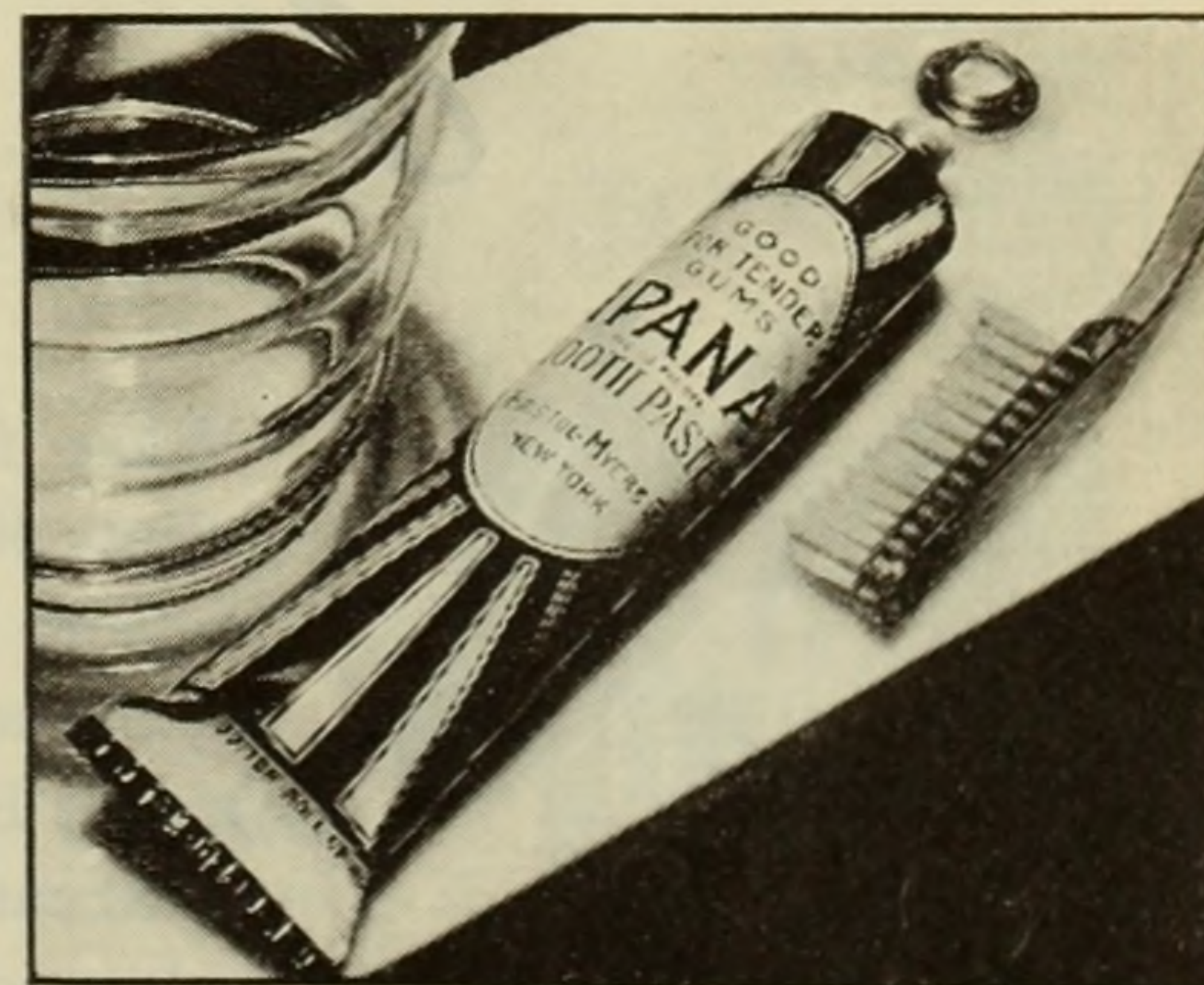
It means that your gums are lazy, flabby, and becoming more and more tender with every day. You've eaten soft foods ever since you ate anything at all. And your gums, lacking the exercise that is absolutely necessary to their health, have gradually lost the vigorous hardness they had when you were a child. That's why they tend to bleed—that's why you had better do something at once about this "pink tooth brush" business!

If you don't, your teeth are going to look dull and grayish. But far more serious than the good-looks of your teeth is any one of a number of gum troubles that "pink tooth brush" makes you susceptible to. Gingivitis, for instance. Or Vincent's disease. And you wouldn't ever *choose* to have pyorrhea, would you?—though that's far more rare.

If you ignore "pink tooth brush", you may even be risking the soundness of good teeth through infection at the roots!

To check "pink tooth brush" isn't complicated or expensive. All you have to do is to get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Brush your teeth with it in the usual way. Then put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush or finger-tip, and lightly massage it into those inactive, touchy gums of yours.

You'll like the way it makes your gums feel, and the way it brings back almost at once a nice sparkle to your teeth. Keep on using it—regularly—with massage—and you won't be bothered for long with "pink tooth brush"! Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage! He'll explain *why* it checks "pink tooth brush" so summarily!



Ipana tooth paste

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-111
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

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

PARAMOUNT'S 20th BIRTHDAY JUBILEE

"24 HOURS"
with Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins, Regis Toomey
 Based upon the novel by Louis Bromfield
 Directed by Marion Gering

George BANCROFT
in "RICH MAN'S FOLLY"
with Frances Dee and Juliette Compton. Directed by John Cromwell.

"MY SIN"
starring TALLULAH BANKHEAD, FREDRIC MARCH
 Directed by George Abbott

"THE ROAD TO RENO"
with Lilyan Tashman, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Peggy Shannon, William Boyd, Irving Pichel, *more*
 Directed by Richard Wallace

"SOOKY"
with ROBERT COOGAN, Jackie Cooper and a great kid cast. Based upon the book by Percy Crosby.
Same cast and director as "Skippy"

"THE MAD PARADE"
 A WILLIAM BEAUDINE Production *with* Evelyn Brent, Irene Rich, Louise Fazenda, Lilyan Tashman

THESE *Good times* **LAST ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND!**



What if vacation days are over? There are plenty of good times to be had! And you don't have to leave town for them either! They're at the nearest theatre to you that plays Paramount Pictures regularly and often. You get great entertainment—change, adventure, rest, relaxation—what we all of us need, all the time!

So don't lose that holiday feeling! Have your good times all the year 'round. And when you go, make it a family affair! There are Paramount Pictures for all—young and old alike—and they were never better than now! Watch for your theatre announcements. "If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"

Paramount
 PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR.



Pictures
 PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XL No. 6

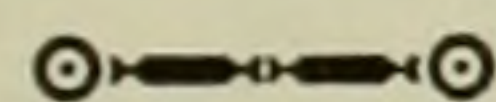
JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

November, 1931



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

1920	1923	1926
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"The COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"
1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"
1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"
	1929	
	"DISRAELI"	



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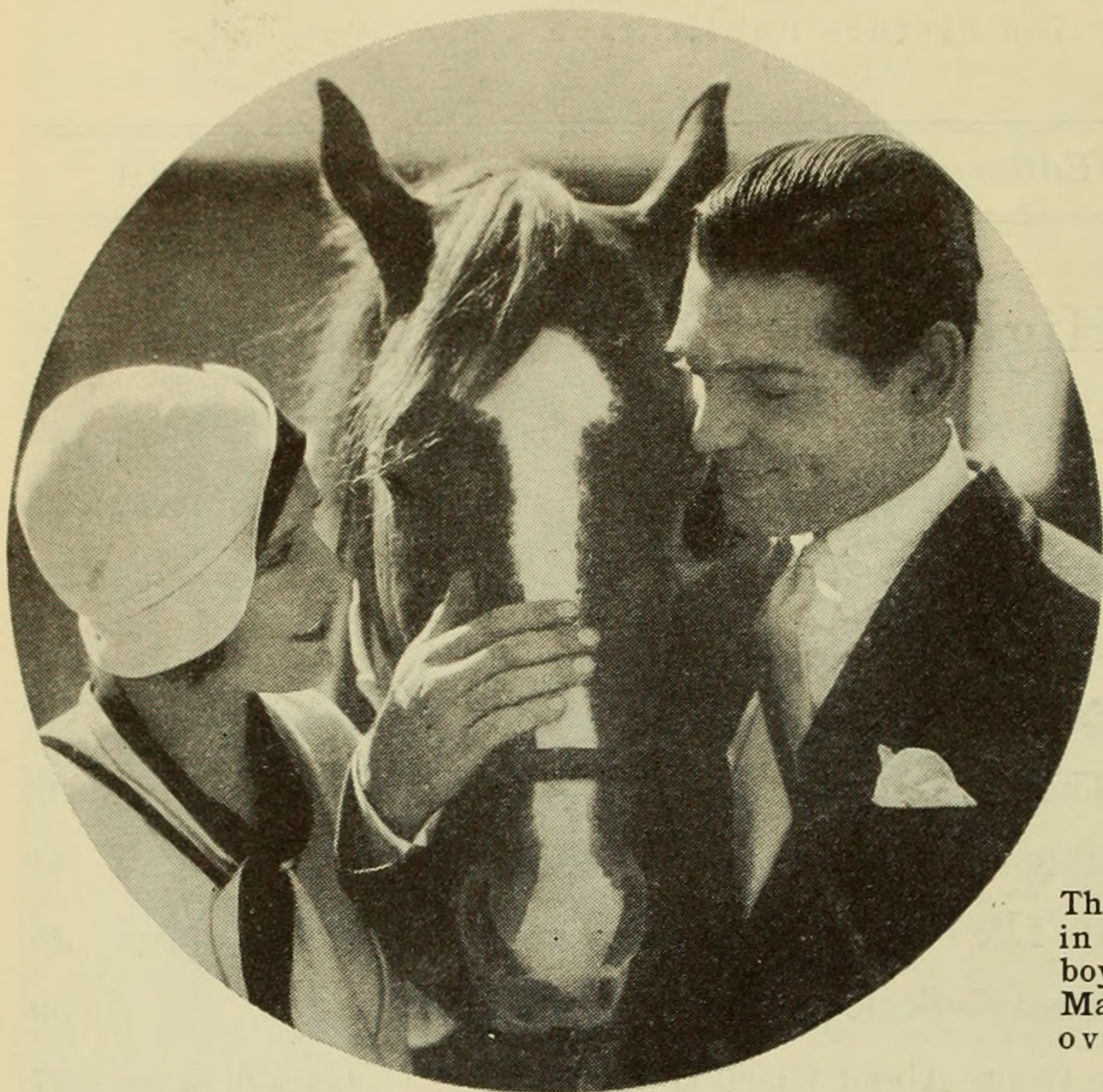
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Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

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

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

The folks are writing in madly about this boy! Clark Gable and Madge Evans talk it over in "Sporting Blood"

than to run the streets or go to some questionable place of amusement.

GLADYS E. CLOYD,
Spokane, Wash.

Clark Gable

CLARK GABLE is the most fascinating actor since Valentino.

ANNE HEENEY,
Gloucester, Mass.

Why all this excitement over Clark Gable? He seems to me to be just an ordinary looking boy with a harsh, unmusical voice and very limited acting ability. I hope the girls don't boost him too high and then let him down with a dull thud. It's a tragic thing to be one of these overnight movie stars. Here today and goodness knows where tomorrow.

CAROLINE FOREMAN,
St. Louis, Mo.

"Yancey" Dix

RICHARD DIX is worth more to the screen than all the new finds. He was magnificent in "Cimarron" and "Donovan's Kid."

He should be given a little of the publicity given Clark Gable, who could not survive without it, and who hasn't one-half the looks, talent, or ingratiating manner of Dix.

JANE AUSTIN,
Detroit, Mich.

Listen to This!

WHY all this raving about Garbo? Personally, I would rather have Marie Dressler.

And why does every Hollywood star think she's got to be a blonde? Give us some real brunettes!

HAZEL LANGDON,
Sandwich, Mass.

What a picture! What a laugh! I just saw Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in "Politics." I have been a Dressler fan for some time but Marie's latest is the best yet.

FRED K. MASSEY,
Wilmington, Del.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

The \$25 Letter

TO say that the "Public" demands or rejects a certain type of picture is as silly as to assert that the Public has blue eyes!

Once in a while a masterpiece comes along—like "Street Scene," like "Min and Bill," or "Skippy"—and we all recognize it. Usually there is a multiplicity of "Publics," each with its legitimate taste to be satisfied.

When the producers have learned that they must give us an adequate variety of stars and stories, and when we have learned to use the more carefully considered reviews and criticisms as our entertainment guides, then the mythical Public with its legendary preferences can fade into limbo.

J. L. HUEY,
Berkeley, Calif.

The \$10 Letter

I'M raising a younger brother, and being only twenty myself, I am often at my wits end to impress certain things upon him.

It's hard for me to point out the pitfalls that he should guard against, and when I do point them out, well, it seems that only seeing is believing.

Happily, I hit upon a scene in a recent picture that illustrated something I was trying to impress on him, so I took Bub to see the movie.

After the show I asked if he still thought gangsters were brave fellows, who led wonderful, exciting lives. (Jack Holt, one of the boy's favorites, playing a gangster, was killed at the end of the picture.)

Bub slowly shook his head and looking me straight in the face replied:

"You were right, Lee. That would be no position for a Williams to find himself in."

This is just one instance in which I have received aid from movies that have a good moral.

M. LEROY WILLIAMS,
East Moline, Ill.

The \$5 Letter

I'LL never again lament spending money for movies. If you peruse the local Bradstreet you'll discover I'm only a business man with a weakness for golf. I also possess a wife who is a darling, but who never cared much for golf. The last few months, however, whenever I was dragged to a movie, it seemed that Bobby Jones or someone was giving a golf lesson.

To make a long story short, my wife's interest was aroused in spite of herself, and now I get all the golf sympathy I need!

RICHARD MATTHEWS,
Seattle, Wash.

Right, Mrs. Cloyd!

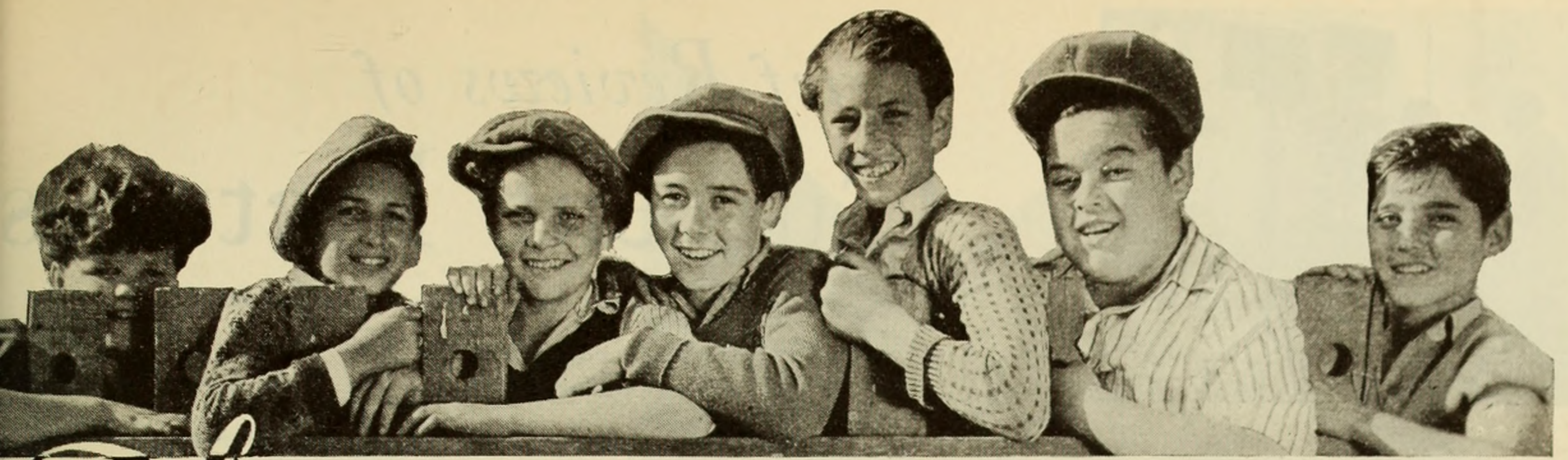
SOME folks condemn the Sunday shows, but I would rather have my children see a good, clean show on Sunday afternoon

THE Gable deluge continues, with the nosegays for Clark far outnumbering the thwacks. No doubt that the big boy is the rampaging rage of the month, with high words of praise for his labors in "Sporting Blood." Now the folks are yelling for "Susan Lenox," with Garbo and Gable both!

Sylvia Sidney and James Cagney also drew a few bushels of nice messages. Of the picture crop, "Street Scene" is being heavily praised, and so are "Guilty Hands" and "The Star Witness." "An American Tragedy" continues to provoke vigorous discussion, both pro and con, with the pro's outnumbering the con's.

An exciting month—and the pictures' fiscal year is just beginning. Looks like a piping hot fall in the talkie line!

Take your pens in hand!



The gang's all here!

Take the family to see—

PENROD AND SAM

with **LEON
JANNEY**

JUNIOR COUGHLAN
MATT MOORE : DOROTHY
PETERSON : ZASU PITTS
and a host of kids

Screen play and dialogue by
Waldemar Young

Directed by
WILLIAM BEAUDINE

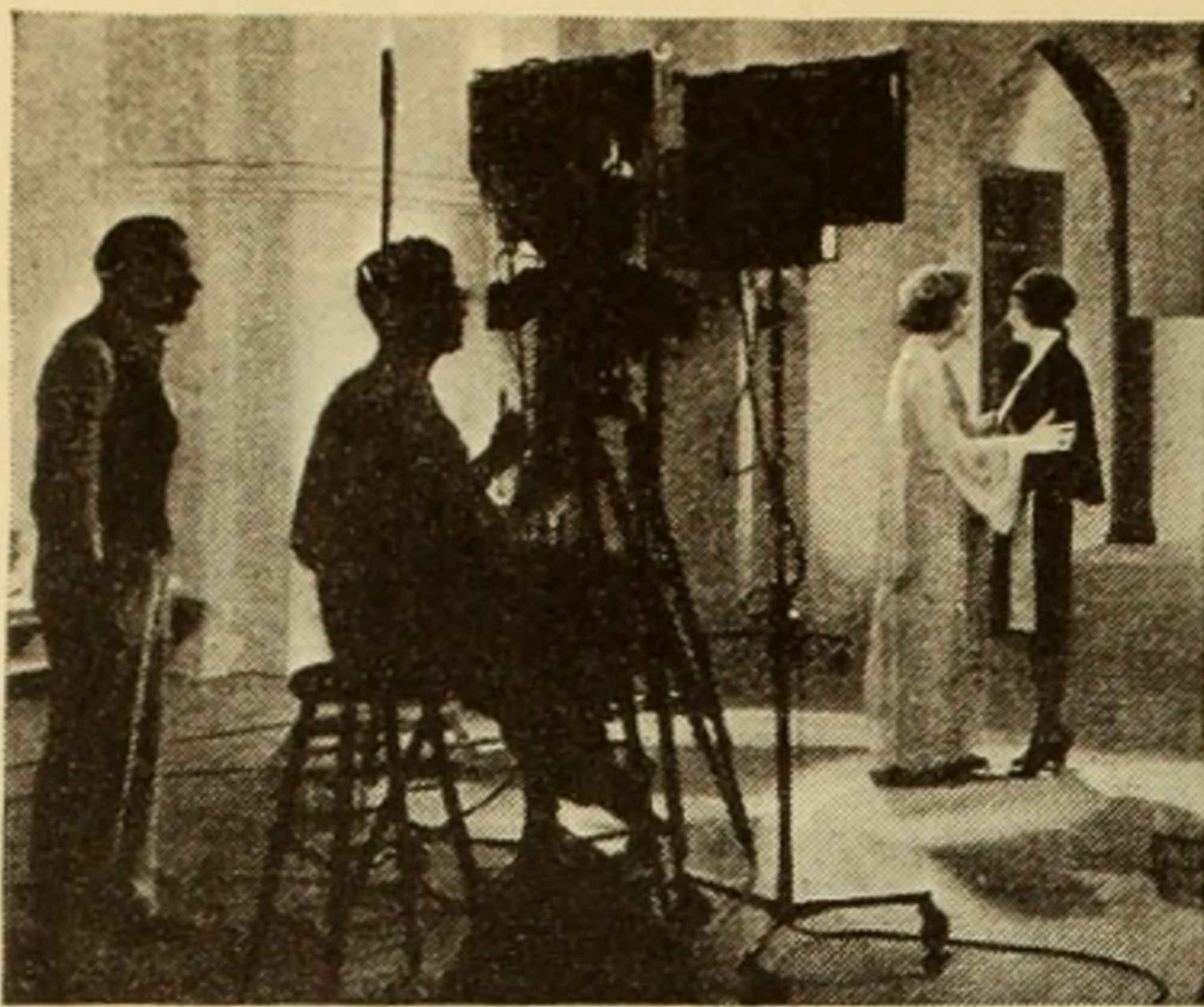


An epic of youth which will fascinate father and mother, and delight the kids . . . The inimitable Penrod proves that boys will be boys . . . The more children you take to see this picture the greater will be your pleasure — and theirs . . . Find out when Penrod and Sam are coming to town . . . See them! . . . You'll have the time of your life.

A BOOTH TARKINGTON
comedy drama of immortal youth

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE, THE—Fox.—Jeanette MacDonald and Victor McLaglen in a laugh-worthy farce. (July)

AGE FOR LOVE, THE—Caddo.—Billie Dove is good but the old familiar story doesn't click. (Oct.)

★ **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**—Warners.—George Arliss, need we say more? Another superb characterization of an historic figure. (Aug.)

ALIAS THE BAD MAN—Tiffany Prod.—You probably won't like this even if you're a Western fan. Ken Maynard is okay—but you simply don't believe that story. (Sept.)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—Fox.—Elissa Landi gives a charming performance in a rather ordinary piece. Lewis Stone and Paul Cavanagh support her. See *la Landi*. (July)

★ **AMERICAN TRAGEDY, AN**—Paramount.—Dreiser's great tragedy becomes one of the month's best pictures. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney head a glorious cast. Not for the children. (Aug.)

BACHELOR APARTMENT—Radio Pictures.—The superb direction and acting of Lowell Sherman make this sophisticated story interesting from start to finish. Mae Murray returns as a modern vamp, a restless married woman. Splendid cast. (May)

★ **BAD GIRL**—Fox.—You'll laugh and cry over this, made from the novel of the same name. Sally Eilers is all the girls who live next door. That new kid, James Dunn, bears watching. Don't miss this one. (Sept.)

BAD SISTER—Universal.—Sidney Fox, talented little newcomer, plays the title rôle in this entirely natural story based on Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt." Conrad Nagel is the hero. (May)

★ **BARGAIN, THE**—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Fame.") Beautifully and humanly told story of everyday people. Nothing spectacular, but full of charm. Doris Kenyon heads a perfect cast. (June)

BEYOND VICTORY—RKO-Pathé.—Poor war film, starring Bill Boyd. ZaSu Pitts, Lew Cody and Jimmy Gleason make the effort but can't do much for this one. (May)

BIG BUSINESS GIRL—First National.—Lively comedy of 1931 styles in business and love. Plenty of laughs, some thrills, Ricardo Cortez, Frank Albertson and Loretta Young in pretty clothes. A good movie. (May)

BLACK CAMEL, THE—Fox.—Here's your old pal *Charlie Chan* (sure, it's only Warner Oland) unraveling the mystery of a movie star's murder in Honolulu. Great stuff for the mystery-minded and other folks, too. (Sept.)

BORN TO LOVE—RKO-Pathé.—Ancient plot of the war nurse. Two officers and whose-baby-is-it fails to be highly entertaining in spite of the efforts of Constance Bennett. (June)

★ **BOUGHT**—Warners.—Connie Bennett and her father, Richard, rip off a real picture. Elegant acting, clothes you'll be ca-razy for, and a vivid, human story. Ben Lyon does the best work of his career. (Sept.)

BRANDED—Columbia.—Good scenery, good riding, good ol' Buck Jones. But let's have less talk and more action in Westerns. (Oct.)

BRAT, THE—Fox.—Remember Sally O'Neil? What a comeback the kid stages in this old Maude Fulton comedy-drama. And what a rough and tumble fight she and Virginia Cherrill have! (Sept.)

BROAD MINDED—First National.—Joe E. Brown tries hard to bring a lot of moribund jokes and gags back to life, but there's scarcely a giggle. (June)

★ **BUSINESS AND PLEASURE**—Fox.—Will Rogers is a riot. (Oct.)

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners.—A dull story about a Robin-Hoodish captain whose lawless deeds are all for a good end. Victor Varconi and Fay Wray. (July)

CAUGHT—Paramount.—The plot is pretty silly. Boy (Dick Arlen) finds mother (Louise Dresser) is outlaw he was sent out to get—but Louise is worth the admission. (Sept.)

CAUGHT PLASTERED—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "Full of Notions.")—If you like Wheeler and Woolsey, don't let this get by you, for it's one of their best comedies to date. (Sept.)

CHANCES—First National.—Young Doug's first starring picture is a war thriller. The lad is good but the story is so-so. (July)

Fashion Takes a Holiday!

And Seymour has filled your fashion calendar for you in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY. There isn't a holiday date for which he hasn't found a good screen style suggestion—smart tips you won't want to miss.

What's New?

Just turn to the Seymour Fashion Section in the

December PHOTOPLAY

And you'll soon find out whether the Eugenie hat is really out—what your favorite star will be wearing this winter and how you can adapt screen styles to your own type and taste.

★ **CITY STREETS**—Paramount.—Absorbing, fast-moving gang melodrama, well directed. Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney (from the New York stage) give grand performances. Don't miss it. (June)

CLEARING THE RANGE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson and the wife, Sally Eilers, in a fine Western with thrills, laughs and plenty of action. (June)

COMMON LAW, THE—RKO-Pathé.—A poor adaptation of an old favorite but Constance Bennett is worth seeing. Sophisticated fare. (Aug.)

COMRADES OF 1918—Forenfilms.—Gruesome, harrowing German talkie follows the fortunes of four young Teuton soldiers in the last year of the late war. Don't take the children. (May)

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED—Paramount.—Not a very convincing piece with Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes and Norman Foster. College atmosphere. (Aug.)

★ **DADDY LONG LEGS**—Fox.—The beloved classic with Janet Gaynor in a rôle just suited to her but just a little too saccharine. Warner Baxter as the bachelor. Take the family. (July)

DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON—Paramount.—Sessue Hayakawa and Anna May Wong in an Oriental mystery. Recommended if you like your murders sinister. (Oct.)

DAYBREAK—M-G-M.—The charming performances of Helen Chandler and Ramon Novarro, as the student prince, make this romantic and wistful love story well worth seeing. (June)

DER GROSSE TENOR—UFA.—A slow moving all-German talkie with Emil Jannings in a typical Jannings rôle. A song or two. (Aug.)

★ **DIRIGIBLE**—Columbia.—Thrilling melodrama of adventure at the South Pole. The Navy helped make it and the airplane and dirigible shots leave you breathless. Ralph Graves, Jack Holt and Fay Wray take high honors. (May)

★ **DISHONORED**—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich exciting as an Austrian spy in a tense story, splendidly directed. Victor McLaglen great as the Russian officer. (May)

DUDE RANCH—Paramount.—Jack Oakie woos and wins June Collyer in this hilarious comedy on a dude ranch, *locale* of many complications. Not a dull moment. (June)

EAST OF BORNEO—Universal.—The title tells the story. Real Borneo scenery, excellent studio "fakes." Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart make it interesting enough. (Sept.)

ENEMIES OF THE LAW—Regal Prod.—Unless you want to see Lou Tellegen's brand new face-lift, you can check this off your list. Not even Mary Nolan's beauty compensates for that old formula 877—a gangster story. (Sept.)

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE—Radio Pictures.—One of the talkiest talkies yet released. (July)

EX-BAD BOY—Universal.—If you like gag-farce, you'll get a kick out of this. Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur give fine comedy acting. (Aug.)

EXPENSIVE WOMEN—Warners.—A pretty unhappy return to the screen for Dolores Costello. The less said about it the better. (Aug.)

EXPRESS 13—UFA.—A thrilling German dialogue film that makes you wish you'd paid more attention to your German teacher. (Oct.)

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF—Radio Pictures.—Edna May Oliver's first starring film. You'll laugh and—what's more—you'll cry. In Technicolor. See it. (Oct.)

FIGHTING SHERIFF, THE—Columbia.—Recommended for dyed-in-the-wool Western fans. Others will find it just average film fare. Buck Jones is the hero. (Sept.)

FINGER POINTS, THE—First National.—Dick Barthelmess as a reporter for one of Chicago's biggest newspapers, gets in with gangsters. An intensely absorbing story. Fay Wray and Regis Toomey give splendid support. (May)

FIRST AID—Sono Art.—In which a lot of people—Grant Withers, Marjorie Beebe and Wheeler Oakman—do a lot of unconvincing things unconvincingly. (Sept.)

FIVE AND TEN—M-G-M.—Marion Davies with a splendid cast. Adapted from the Fannie Hurst story—jerky in spots. (Aug.)

★ **FIVE STAR FINAL**—First National.—Rush to the nearest theater. You mustn't miss this exciting story of tabloid newspaper sensationalism. Eddie Robinson is superb. (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

Sob sister

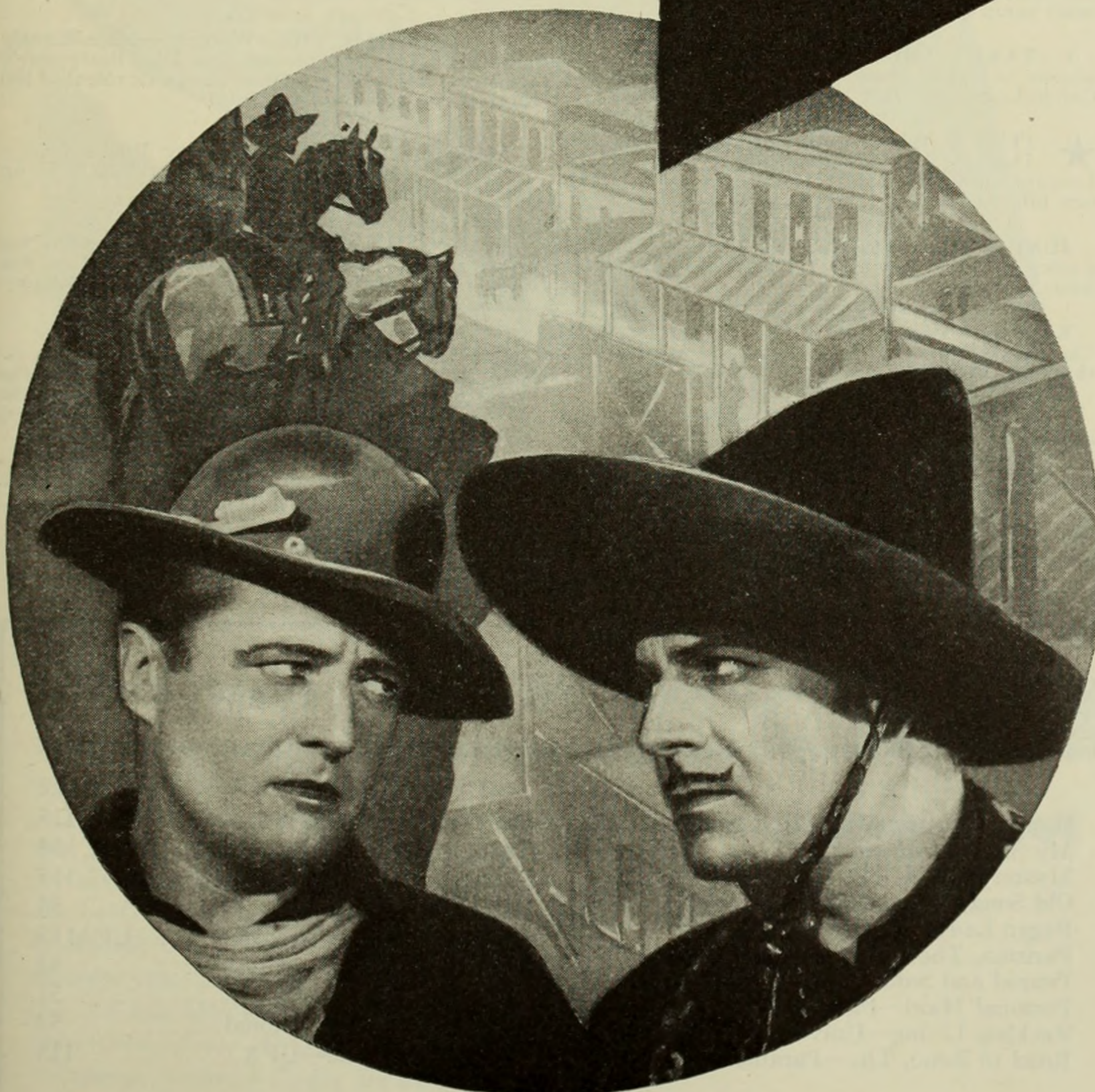
didn't believe in marriage but she believed in love! Reckless, seeking the flower of life in barren hills. A girl and a boy, rival reporters — till the girl is taken for a ride — a dynamic modern drama with a tremendous climax. With lovely Linda Watkins and the brilliant young star, James Dunn, who recently made a sensational picture debut in the most popular picture of the year, *Bad Girl*.



THE CISCO KID

O. Henry's lovable bandit at his old tricks again—pursued and thwarted by the happy warrior of the law, Sergeant Micky Dunn. A picture as exciting and romantic as that well-remembered FOX epic, *In Old Arizona* — the first all-talking outdoor sound picture ever made. In *The Cisco Kid*, Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe are re-united in a wild, free action-thriller of the outdoors — another screen masterpiece by

FOX



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FLOOD, THE—Columbia.—A weak, poorly directed story which the good acting of Eleanor Boardman and Monte Blue cannot save. (July)

★ **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**—(Also released as *Newly Rich*)—Paramount.—An entertaining picture for kids and grown-ups. Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green in some swell acting. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

★ **FREE SOUL, A**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore in a picture that will hold you, but in plot and treatment it's for grown-ups only. (July)

FRIENDS AND LOVERS—Radio Pictures.—Adolphe Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim and Lily Damita get tangled up in an involved yarn that tries to be too sophisticated. (Oct.)

★ **FRONT PAGE, THE**—United Artists.—Whirlwind newspaper talkie, full of thrills, laughs and sobs. You've simply got to see it. Adolphe Menjou great as the managing editor. (May)

GAY DIPLOMAT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Ivan Lebedeff intrigues the ladies (Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin) in this story of Balkan intrigue. (Oct.)

★ **GIRL HABIT, THE**—Paramount.—An uproarious farce that boosts Charles Ruggles to stardom. It's all laughs. See it! (Aug.)

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN—Warners.—Frank Fay is the gift—Laura La Plante the receiver, but after many hilarious complications. Well worth seeing. (May)

GOLDIE—Fox.—If you like lusty, gusty stuff, this'll do. Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer make a new comedy team. (Aug.)

GOLD DUST GERTIE—Warners.—Exuberant Winnie Lightner gambols through a poor story. (July)

GOOD BAD GIRL, THE—Columbia.—The old plot of the girl who leaves the racket to marry and go straight. (July)

GRAFT—Universal.—A fast action thriller. Regis Toomey is a dumbbell reporter and Sue Carol is heart interest. (Oct.)

GREAT LOVER, THE—M-G-M.—Adolphe Menjou breaks hearts. Irene Dunne breaks into song. Both do good jobs. (Sept.)

★ **GUARDSMAN, THE**—M-G-M.—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. You'll be ca-razy about them in this sophisticated comedy. See it, but don't take the kids. (Oct.)

GUILTY HANDS—M-G-M.—That Lionel Barrymore—how he can act! You know he is the murderer, but will they discover his guilt? You'd better find out. (Sept.)

GUN SMOKE—Paramount.—Great for the kids, this old-time Western melodrama, with Dick Arlen as a cowboy, Mary Brian, the girl, and William Boyd, the menace. (May)

HARD HOMBRE, THE—Allied.—For kids and grown-ups. A novel Western Hoot Gibson and Lina Basquette. (Oct.)

HELL'S VALLEY—National Players, Ltd.—Very little story, if any, but lots of riding and shooting in this Western, with Virginia Brown Faire, Wally Wales and Vivian Rich sharing the acting honors. (June)

HIGH STAKES—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as an amateur detective is the main reason for seeing this. Mae Murray is the woman in the case. (July)

HOLY TERROR, A—Fox.—A two-fisted Western with George O'Brien. Good, wholesome entertainment. (Aug.)

HONEYMOON LANE—Sono Art.—Not a great picture, but a delightful one. A nice romance between Eddie Dowling (who sings) and June Collyer. And that swell comic, Ray Dooley. (Sept.)

HONOR AMONG LOVERS—Paramount.—Good dialogue in this story of love between boss and secretary, with excellent performances by Fredric March, Claudette Colbert and that Ace of Cads, Monroe Owsley. (May)

★ **HUCKLEBERRY FINN**—Paramount.—This sequel to "Tom Sawyer" will cure the blues. Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin take you back to old swimmin' hole days. (Oct.)

HUSH MONEY—Fox.—Another gangster film and not a very thrilling one. Joan Bennett and Hardie Albright try hard. (Aug.)

I LIKE YOUR NERVE—First National.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., acts just like his father did in "The Americano." He does it well, too. The story is weak. (Sept.)

IMMORTAL VAGABOND, THE—UFA.—A edious Tyrolian story without a single yodel. Nice scenery, good acting, English dialogue. (Oct.)

INDISCREET—United Artists.—Good, entertaining story. Gloria Swanson sings well. Ben Lyon and Arthur Lake great support. (June)

IRON MAN—Universal.—Lew Ayres is starred as the prize-fighter but Bob Armstrong, in the rôle of manager, steals the picture. Jean Harlow plays her usual vamp rôle. (June)

I TAKE THIS WOMAN—Paramount.—A wheezy old plot dressed up for Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. Just another movie. (Aug.)

★ **IT'S A WISE CHILD**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies' rare gift for comedy and Robert Leonard's direction make this old stage play a brand new hilarious farce not to be missed. (May)

JUST A GIGOLO—M-G-M.—William Haines in a spicy, amusing offering. But leave the children at home. (July)

KICK IN—Paramount.—They tried hard to make Clara Bow dramatic, sympathetic and emotional in this one. Regis Toomey is great. (July)

LADIES' MAN—Paramount.—William Powell as a sympathetic and attractive gigolo, charms Olive Tell, Carole Lombard and Kay Francis. Entertaining picture. (June)

★ **LARCENY LANE**—Warners.—James Cagney and Joan Blondell in another "crook picture" that's top-notch entertainment. (Oct.)

LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE—Universal.—Just another Western—but this one is South of the Rio Grande. Fair entertainment with Johnny Mack Brown, Leo Carillo and Dorothy Burgess. (Sept.)

LAST FLIGHT, THE—First National.—Gay aviators in Paris make the first half grand, but the somber part is not so good. Richard Barthelme's work is overshadowed by the others in the cast. (Oct.)

LAST PARADE, THE—Columbia.—Another gangster picture and good too, with thrills, suspense, romance and laughs. Jack Holt and Tom Moore are rivals for Constance Cummings' favor. Jack wins. (May)

LAUGH AND GET RICH—Radio Pictures.—Misadventures of a boarding house mistress, played by Edna May Oliver, and her chronically tired hubby, Hugh Herbert. Good for plenty of laughs. (May)

LAUGHING SINNERS—M-G-M.—Not so good, but if you are a Joan Crawford fan you may like it. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton, too. (Aug.)

LAWLESS WOMAN, THE—Chesterfield Pictures.—An uninteresting, unimportant film. A gangster-newspaper plot, poorly done. (Aug.)

★ **LAWYER'S SECRET, THE**—Paramount.—Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur give fine performances. Intense drama. (July)

★ **LE MILLION**—Tobis Production.—It's not necessary to understand the language to get all the fun out of this French musical farce. (Aug.)

LIGHTNING FLYER, THE—Columbia.—Jimmy Hall as the wild young son, who makes good and wins the love of a good woman—Dorothy Sebastian. Not so good; then again, not so bad. (May)

LOVER COME BACK—Columbia.—Betty Bronson changing her type with rather sorry results. (Aug.)

LULLABY, THE—M-G-M.—Your old friend "Madame X" dressed up in none too new garments. What a shame that capable Helen Hayes had to make her film début in this trite story. (Sept.)

MAD GENIUS, THE—Warners.—Magnificently produced and photographed, but John Barrymore's artistry is so perfect in an unsympathetic rôle that the story leaves a bad taste. (July)

MAD PARADE, THE—Liberty Productions.—The woman's side of the war done brilliantly by an all-feminine cast. (July)

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE—Paramount.—Not up to the standard of most Ruth Chatterton films. But there's a new young man named Ralph Bellamy who is particularly good. (Sept.)

★ **MALTESE FALCON, THE**—Warners.—Gripping mystery story from the novel by the same name. The sleek Ricardo Cortez plays the demon detective superbly and Bebe Daniels does excellent work. Don't miss it. (June)

MAN IN POSSESSION, THE—M-G-M.—Robert Montgomery in a spicy comedy full of situations and sparkling lines. Amusing. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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FIRST DOWN after the game



THE CHAMPAGNE
OF GINGER ALES

OCTOBER has a history all its own. And most of it is football. Then the old grads feel like undergrads, and all the highways on a Saturday lead to the stadiums.

And Canada Dry seems to sparkle even more gaily in tune with the nip in the weather . . . to become more welcome because of the stirring times.

Certainly no celebration could be without this Champagne of Ginger Ales . . . and seem complete. For it's most of all when you're having a good time that you want Canada Dry.

Now Priced for the Thrifty

And now that the price of this fine old ginger ale is so low, it appeals to your more serious moments, too, when you stop to count your pennies. For there never was a greater value in ginger ales.

Make sure you always have an ample supply of Canada Dry. In most cities it now comes in two sizes—the new large size and the familiar twelve-ounce bottle.

A football party buffet

Little sandwiches shaped like footballs to satisfy an appetite made large by an afternoon in the open air . . . olives stuffed with anchovies, pimientos, almonds, and pearl onions to help work up another appetite for dinner . . . some caviar and canapés . . . and above all, cool, sparkling glasses of Canada Dry to take the huskiness out of your throat and to refresh and exhilarate you. Make the ice cubes of frozen ginger ale, too, so you won't dilute the flavor. Let your guests help themselves.—Originated by IDA BAILEY ALLEN, President National Radio Home Makers Club.

CANADA DRY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A NEW LARGE SIZE • A NEW LOW PRICE

She can stand a "close-up" ..
can you?



Millions welcome this thrift dentifrice that beautifies teeth so swiftly

EVEN before thrift became the watchword in the home, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ had achieved amazing popularity, particularly with women. Millions rejected more costly dentifrices in favor of it.

They found, as you will find, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a snowy cleanliness, and flashing lustre ordinary dentifrices fail to achieve.

They found, as you will find, that it cleanses every crevice

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

and erases discolorations and tartar, yet does not harm the precious enamel itself.

They welcomed, as you will welcome, that wonderful feeling of cleanliness and invigoration it imparts to the mouth—the feeling you associate with Listerine itself.

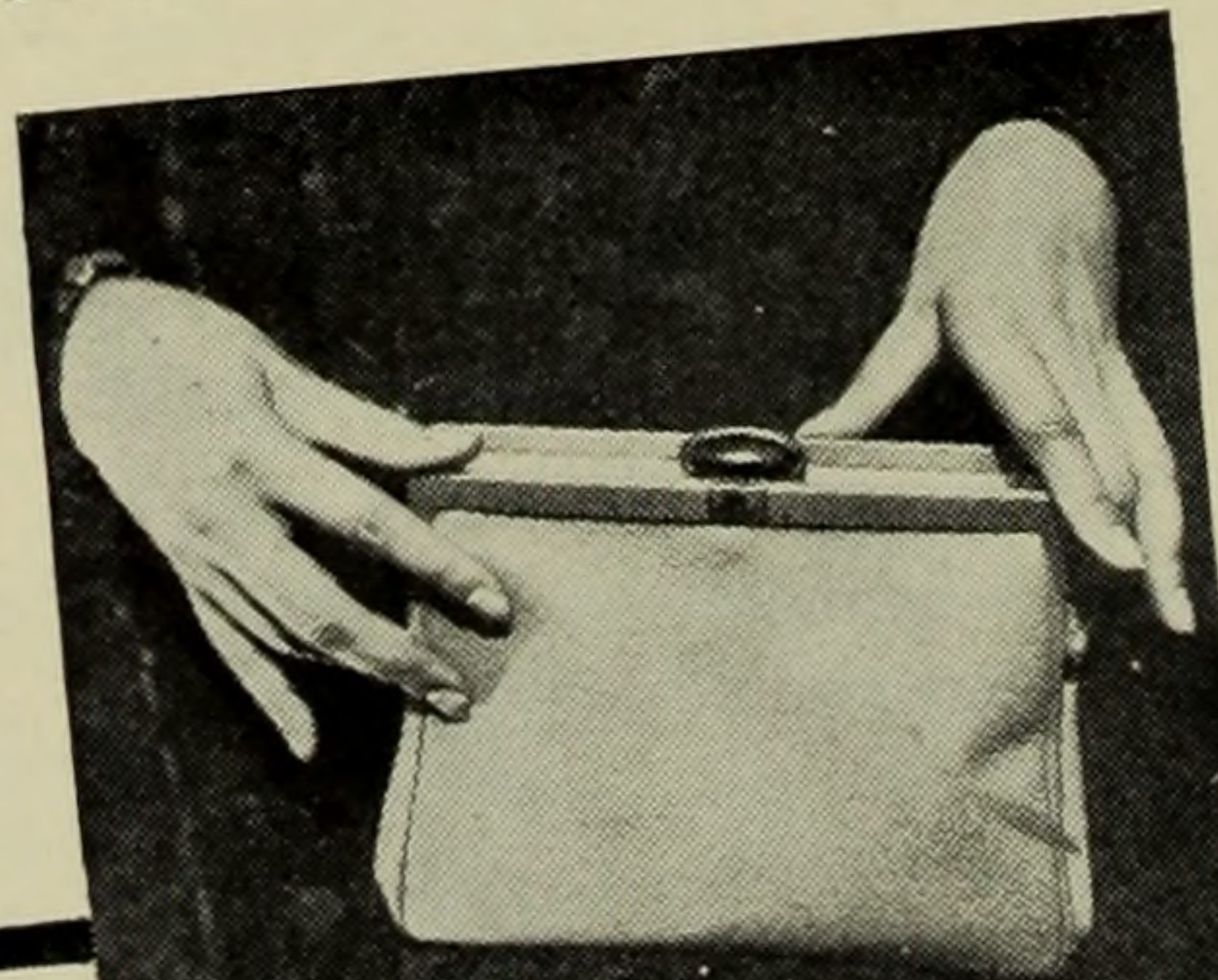
And while it didn't seem as important then as it does now, the saving of \$3 a year over 50¢ dentifrices was nevertheless a factor. You'll appreciate its thrifti-

ness now more than ever.

That we can offer such a quality paste at the price of 25¢ is due solely to cost cutting methods of manufacture and distribution. Get a tube today. Make it prove its merits to you.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

You can buy yourself a new
hand bag with that \$3 you save



That's one suggestion for spending that \$3 you save every year by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.



25¢

Dressing The Turkey

Anita Page gives a culinary lesson in preparing the Thanksgiving bird



The best-dressed turkey in Hollywood! At least this one promises to be as Anita Page puts a last stitch into its sleek sides. You can almost taste the savory dressing

A GREAT deal of the success of your Thanksgiving turkey depends upon the way it is dressed. A tasteless stuffing can take much of the epicurean glamour from even the fattest and tastiest bird.

Anita Page has a culinary ritual which she faithfully follows in the dressing of the family turkey. And those who have been lucky enough to eat turkey with the Pomares family can tell you that the dressing is simply delicious. There are really nine distinct steps in dressing turkey *à la Page*. Here they are:

First Anita carefully scrapes the turkey free of all pin feathers with a sharp knife. Then she breaks up as much of a loaf of sandwich bread as is needed to fill the great void of Sir Turk. Many people prefer to use stale bread, rather than the fresh for their dressings.

To the bread, Anita adds celery diced in small pieces. And then, here is one thing that makes Anita's dressing so rich and tasty. Instead of using water, as many people do, Anita adds rich cream to the other dressing ingredients. The dressing is then seasoned to taste with salt, pepper, sage, and whatever else your fancy favors.

The last few steps are getting the turkey ready to be popped into the oven. The dressing is put into the turkey, the opening sewed up with a needle and strong linen thread, and Anita even goes so far as to tie the legs securely with thread. Just before the turkey is put into the oven in the roaster, Anita dashes a little extra salt and pepper seasoning over the whole outside of the bird.

SINCE Turkey is not the whole meal on Thanksgiving boards, it is well to have some attractive lighter dishes to add glory to your menu. Lil Dagover, the new German star recently imported to Hollywood, has a delicious salad recipe which would be perfect for the Thanksgiving feast.

It is called *Mazdaznan Salad*. Here is the way she prepares it. She takes lettuce leaves and arranges them on plates. On the leaves she places a mixture of white and blue raisins, pineapple, two oranges in quarters, a bit of grapefruit, and a lemon. To these fruits is added two eggs thoroughly beaten with cream and a bit of salt. When this has been slowly mixed until it thickens, she adds whipped cream. With this salad, Miss

Dagover says she likes to serve dainty thin toast and herbs.

ALTHOUGH many people stick to the good old-fashioned Thanksgiving desserts, such as mince or pumpkin pie and plum pudding, there are as many who say it is well to have the meal end with lighter fare, perhaps an ice or a sherbet. Belle Bennett has a recipe for a most decorative and tempting dish in the lighter vein. It is a *frozen orange parfait*. It proves a delightful topper to rich foods and leaves the digestion quite intact.

The ingredients for the parfait are as follows: 1½ cups orange juice, 1½ cups sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons granulated gelatine, 3 tablespoons boiling water, 1 pint cream, yolks of 5 eggs, and candied orange peel with pistachio nuts as garnish.

Mix the fruit juice, sugar and yolks of eggs. Cook over boiling water until the mixture thickens; then add the gelatine dissolved in boiling water. Cool, freeze to a mush, add whipped cream; and continue freezing. Mould, and serve it garnished with the candied orange peel and the pistachio nuts.

Those who have automatic refrigeration will find this an easy dessert to prepare at any time. It is especially effective looking when served in tall parfait or sherbet glasses. Cookies, little colorfully iced cakes or even layer cake adds to this course.

In order to achieve a well-balanced Thanksgiving menu, you must consider the richness of the main dishes and have enough vegetables and lighter foods to make the meal digestible. It isn't worthwhile to spend the following day regretting the amounts of temptingly rich foods you could not resist! And Thanksgiving seems to be one event when dieting goes by the board.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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

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

Read What The Real Critics Write!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

Even a person without the slightest gift of humor, or the worst pessimist in the world, could not fail to shake with mirth if they went to see "Politics."

I have already seen it twice and I could see it again without being bored. It is the funniest yet, and in the world of mirth I rank Marie Dressler and Polly Moran first.

RUTH G. RUTHERFORD,
Queens Village, N. Y.

Never will I forget the day some eighteen years ago when Marie Dressler was playing in "Tillie's Nightmare" at the Manhattan Opera House. I lived around the corner and, childlike, had been romping too enthusiastically. I soon came to grief when I fell several steps to the pavement. It was Marie Dressler who picked me up, dried my tears, and consoled me with a plate of ice cream.

The remembrance of that beautiful gesture of hers is one of my fondest memories. However, that is typical of Marie.

MATHILDA E. SCOMMODAN,
New York City

Readers Say—

Madge Evans looks like Norma Shearer and is very fascinating. Her performances in "Guilty Hands" with Lionel Barrymore, and in "Sporting Blood" with Clark Gable, were splendid.

MARIE KROMIS,
Detroit, Mich.

Why let John Boles' beautiful voice go to "Seed"?

M. LOWENBERG,
Detroit, Mich.

What is the matter with Ruth Chatterton? Or the person that chooses her stories?

LILLIAN E. GEORGER,
Snyder, N. Y.

Adult Movies

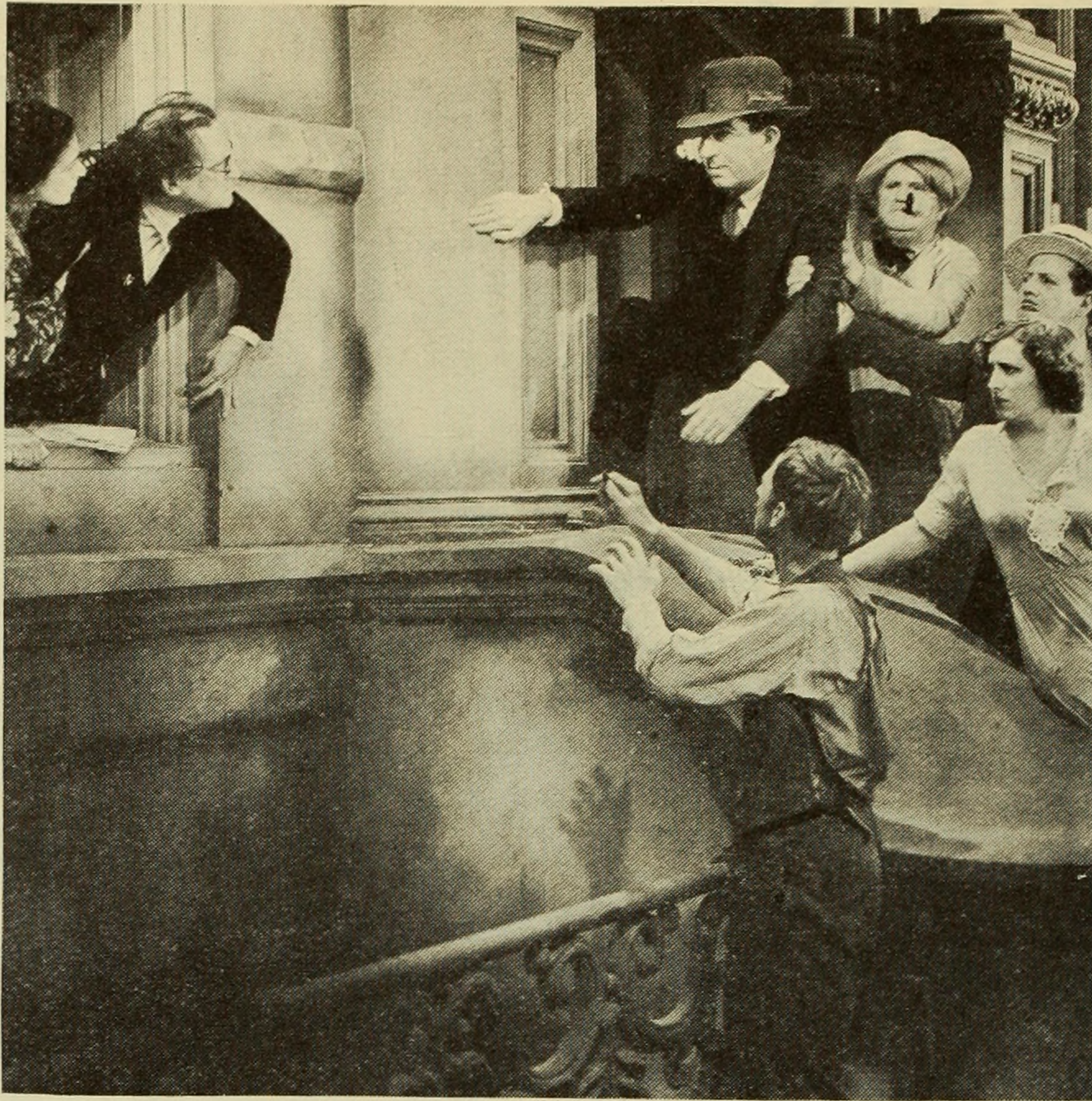
Anent this controversy about movies for adults, or movies for children, why not both, and on the same programs? What a child can't and doesn't understand won't hurt him. Only his eye will be affected, and that educationally, toward grace, charm and loveliness.

What he can understand, and it is frequently more than we adults give him credit for, won't hurt him either, if it's true to life, no matter how sordid or how tragic. It's better for children to learn these things from pictures or books than in the gutter or through tragic mistakes in their own lives.

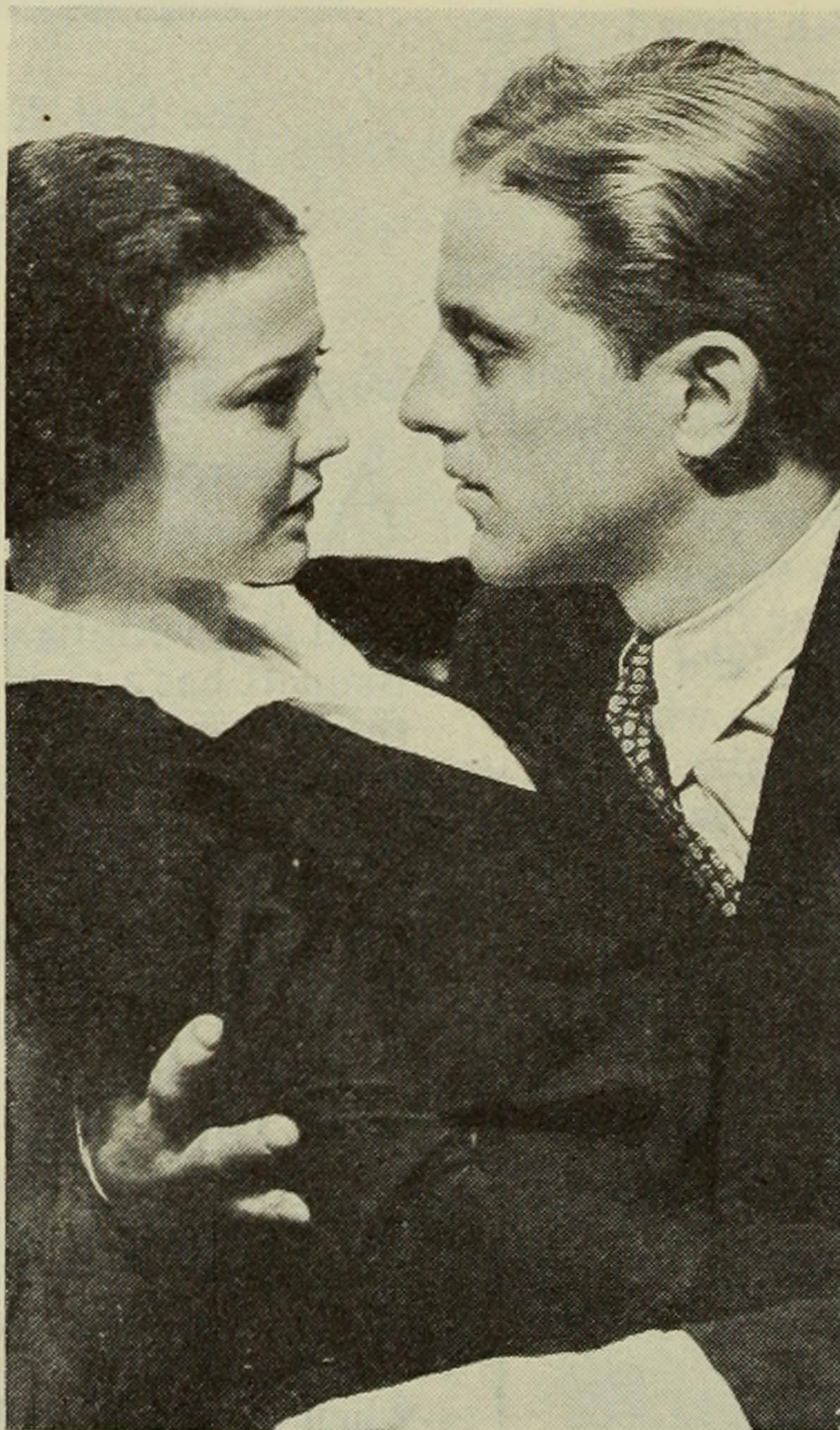
When I was eight, I pulled Ibsen's "A Doll's House" off the family bookshelf. The title attracted me. That is all I remember, that and how disappointed I was to find it wasn't about dolls after all.

So here's for "A Free Soul" and Mickey Mouse and everything between that contains good fun, high adventure, homely sentiment or deep emotion, social or psychological understanding.

HELEN FRANK SHAVER,
Dayton, Ohio



A vivid tableau from "Street Scene"—that stirring, heart-breaking drama of life in one squalid New York tenement. Scores of letters are pouring in pronouncing the picture a masterpiece and heaping high praise on the actors and Director King Vidor



The young lovers of "An American Tragedy," that much-discussed talkie forged from Dreiser's novel. Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes are being bombarded with posies for their excellent work in the picture

Jim Cagney

A bouquet to James Cagney for his work, not only in "The Public Enemy," but even in his smaller parts. He is a real actor, one with courage enough to take an unsympathetic rôle and one with ability enough to gain sympathy and even admiration for such a rat as *Tommy Powers*.

VERA CLARKE,
Chicago, Ill.

"The Star Witness"

I have recently seen that thoroughly enjoyable picture, "The Star Witness." It is undoubtedly the best portrayal of middle-class American family life to reach the screen.

JAMES AULTZ,
Charleston, W. Va.

Appreciation

May I, as a reader of PHOTOPLAY, express my appreciation of the articles, "The Way I See It," by Ronald Colman and "Don't Expect Too Much," by Marie Dressler? These truths were genuinely helpful to us because they were gems from the thought life of two individuals who have made the struggle for success and have been big enough to stand that success after it was attained.

FLORENCE Z. WAGNER,
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

The Bennetts

I have always wondered where Constance and Joan Bennett got their talent. Lately I solved this question. I saw Richard Bennett in "Bought."

HERBERT HARRISON,
Newark, N. J.

Praise

Give Una Merkel, Eddie Nugent, and that new lad named John Arledge (who played in "Daddy Long Legs") more parts. They are good! And they make a good picture a perfect one.

JUANITA ROBERTS,
Nashville, Tenn.

Don't Go, Greta!

All the rumors of Garbo leaving the screen are very alarming! If Greta goes, Hollywood will lose its most vibrant personality and its greatest actress.

EDITH ATKINS,
London, Canada

Wow! Stop Your Ears!

It's been a long time between Garbo pictures. Does that show they are having a hard time fitting stories to her limited range, now that she is committed to talkies? It seems to me that Greta served her purpose in pictures, and fascinated us all, in her silent romances. I'm beginning to wonder if her great days as a public idol are not over. Stars don't last forever, especially when their mediums change.

MARY F. STILTON,
Portland, Me.

Red-Hot Notes From Keen-eyed Fans

"Street Scene"

"Street Scene" is, in my opinion, the finest talking picture Hollywood has turned out. One I intend to see again and again. It is so real and gripping.

THOMAS F. RYAN,
New York City



The "Glamour" Thing

There is so much talk about that "glamour" in actresses like Garbo, Dietrich and Norma Shearer. Who says the public is fed up with the "sweet" rôles that are played by Janet Gaynor, Dorothy Jordan and Mary Brian? Give us more!

E. C. DAHL,
Columbia, Conn.

It was good news to learn that Mary Brian, who for six years has been Paramount's saccharine standby, is off to Europe in search of sophistication. She is a splendid little actress and I am sure she will make the "glamour" grade.

VINCENT BELGARBO,
Chicago, Ill.

Is Clara Finished?

I was very much interested in Harry Lang's swell story on Clara Bow in the desert, blonde hair, billowing curves and all. Honestly, I'm hoping for a comeback from the girl, but I really think that maybe she'd better forget the talkies and settle down into a regular home girl—with Rex Bell, if she loves him. Clara had her fling in pictures—and she was a star for five years. The talkies seem to have her licked. Why not recognize it, and try another kind of life for a while, out of the limelight?

GEORGE FARWELL,
Birmingham, Ala.

The splendid article in PHOTOPLAY, "Roughing It with Clara," has tended to increase my admiration for Clara Bow by leaps and bounds. I have never failed to see any of her pictures. She has all the qualities of a fine actress, even though her effervescence is usually misinterpreted.

LEORA L. CHUSETT
East Pittsburgh, Penna.

Your recent account of Clara Bow's temporary retirement was intimate, human and revealing, and, therefore, thoroughly enjoyable. The article gave the reader real insight into the character of the real Clara, and I feel assured that she will come back.

ADELAIDE BURNETT,
Washington, D. C.

What! Another Clara?

The other day I saw Peggy Shannon in "Silence," and I certainly think she can take Clara Bow's place.

R. MADISON,
Cincinnati, Ohio

I have seen both Sylvia Sidney and Peggy Shannon and, with apologies to both, they are no Clara Bows.

FRANK JONES,
Washington, D. C.

Walter Huston tells the family! A big scene from "The Star Witness," now stirring up excited comment from the fan army. Left to right: Huston, Dick Moore, Frances Starr, Eddie Nugent, George Ernest, Sally Blane, Grant Mitchell, Chic Sale and Allan Lane



These hands are guilty! At least, the picture says so. Lionel Barrymore is being highly complimented for his work in "Guilty Hands," and so is Kay Francis, shown here with him in one of the vital moments of that film

It's an Education

The highest possible praise goes to "An American Tragedy." Every boy and girl in their teens should see the picture. It is an education in itself.

GEORGE HOWARD,
San Antonio, Texas

Worth Every Penny!

Tuesday and Friday evenings mean to our family what "first nights" do to Hollywoodians. Speaking sensibly, perhaps we shouldn't afford those two dollars and forty cents for our bi-weekly movie; however, speaking for contentment's sake, the sum seems trifling.

We've succumbed to cinematic glamour to the extent of refusing to become irritated when minor inconsistencies occasionally appear on the screen. Falling in with the spirit of the picture helps even the most skeptical patron lose the chip from his shoulder.

KATHERINE HOOD,
Tucson, Ariz.

Mostly Cheers

Three cheers for Robert Montgomery! He is not only handsome but his acting is superb. I saw "Shipmates" four times and enjoyed it more each time. Dorothy Jordan is the type to play opposite him—not Garbo or Shearer.

ANN MCMILLER,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Have just seen "This Modern Age" and after seeing Pauline Frederick, I am wondering why she is playing featured parts instead of starring? As an actress she towers over many. She has finish, technique and a warmth in her work which most stars lack.

ESTHER CONLOW,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Do give us more of Claudette Colbert. She is simply wonderful, possessing a distinct charm and exotic personality all her own.

MARY CHILD,
San Diego, Calif.

Let us see more of that adorable little Dorothy Jordan. I see all her pictures.

JUNE CAMPBELL,
New Orleans, La.

Junior Durkin is a marvelous actor and a genuine boy. Is there higher praise for a boy actor than that?

ETHEL MARIE HELMER,
Iron River, Wis.

Posey for Sylvia

I hope Sylvia Sidney will get the breaks. She is so refreshingly different from the rank and file that, in spite of the fact that she has appeared in only a few pictures, she now holds the place in my esteem which Greta Garbo has held. True, Garbo is different too, but not as humanly so as is Sylvia.

JOY BUNDENTHAL,
Lansing, Mich.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MAN OF THE WORLD—Paramount.—Good picture; not much action but plenty of drama and a great performance by William Powell. Carole Lombard is the lovely heroine. (May)

MEET THE WIFE—Columbia.—Lew Cody and Laura La Plante excellent in a hilarious farce taken from the old stage play. Plenty of laughs. (June)

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Columbia.—Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (Oct.)

MEN OF THE SKY—First National.—Yep, it's an aviation war story—but it's pretty flimsy stuff. Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting. (Sept.)

★ **MERELY MARY ANN**—Fox.—Take your hankie to this one, but be sure to go. Not since "7th Heaven" have Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor been so whimsical and idyllic. (Sept.)

MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA, THE—Super Film.—Even if you no speak *Deutsch*, you'll enjoy this. Rippling waltzes and sparkling gayety make this foreign film worthwhile. (Sept.)

★ **MILLIONAIRE, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss—need we say more? This time he plays a wealthy American automobile manufacturer. Evelyn Knapp is the attractive daughter and David Manners, the business partner. See it. (May)

★ **MIRACLE WOMAN, THE**—Columbia.—A well staged, directed, and photographed picture with Barbara Stanwyck doing her best work as a female evangelist. (Aug.)

MONKEY BUSINESS—Paramount.—Messrs. Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of assorted lunacy. No beginning, no end—just gorgeous nonsense. (Oct.)

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP—Nat. Spitzer Prod.—Fishing adventures in Magdalena Bay, off the Mexican coast, where mammoth fish abound. For fish fans. (July)

MOTHER AND SON—Monogram Prod.—Another Reno story, with Clara Kimball Young as *Faro Lil*. (Oct.)

MR. LEMON OF ORANGE—Fox.—El Brendel, starring, in some mistaken identity stuff. Riotously funny in spots, and Fifi Dorsay helps a lot. (May)

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT—Tiffany Prod.—Yep, it's a mystery story and a swell one! Alice White, in a small part, has a sex-appeal voice. (Oct.)

MURDER BY THE CLOCK—Paramount.—With such a cast, headed by Lilyan Tashman, this should have been swell. But alas! and alack! this gruesome, murder story is nothing but gruesome. (Sept.)

MYSTERY OF LIFE, THE—Classic.—Clarence Darrow and a Smith College zoology professor explain evolution. Uh-huh, it's as dull as it sounds. (Sept.)

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—M-G-M.—Lavishly produced remake of the old silent, but not nearly so good. Leslie Howard great in some scenes. (June)

NEWLY RICH—See **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**.

NIGHT ANGEL, THE—Paramount.—A bad display for the talents of Nancy Carroll and Fredric March. (Aug.)

★ **NIGHT NURSE**—Warners.—Drag out your pet adjectives, go see this and use 'em. It's great. Barbara Stanwyck, Ben Lyon and a grand cast. (Aug.)

PAGLIACCI—Audio Cinema Prod.—Bad grand opera poorly transferred to the screen. (May)

★ **PALMY DAYS**—United Artists.—A typical Eddie Cantor-and-nonsense show that should bring film musicals back. (Oct.)

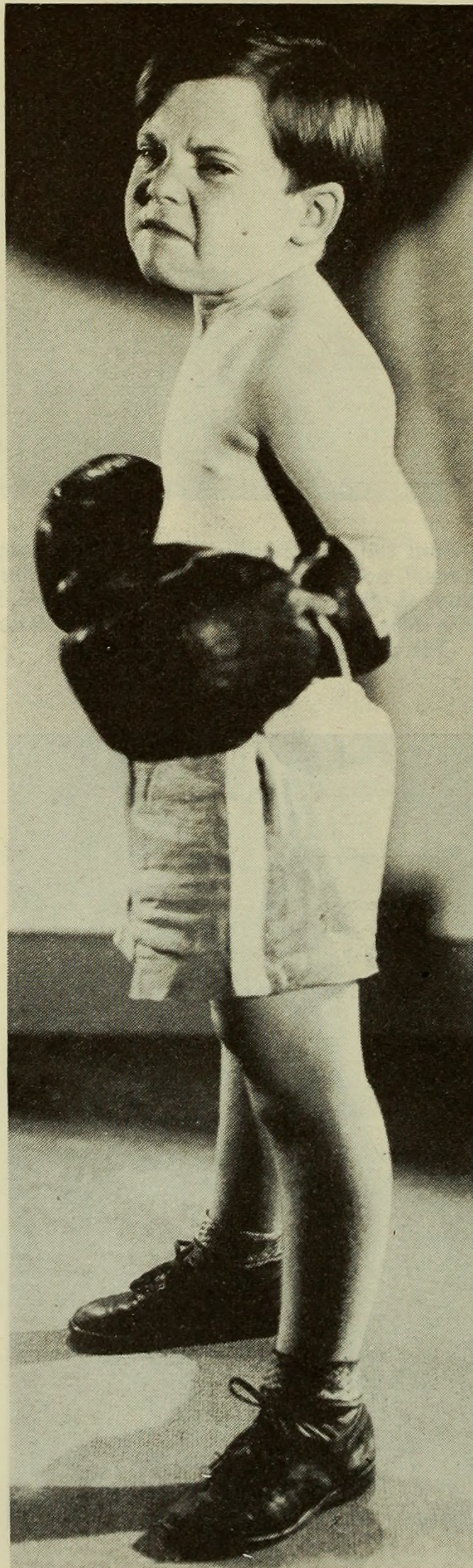
PARDON US—Hal Roach—M-G-M.—Laurel and Hardy in a lot of hokum. Funny. (Oct.)

PARTY HUSBAND—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie work hard as the newlyweds, but the story is weak. (June)

★ **POLITICS**—M-G-M.—Polly Moran and Marie Dressler start you off with a giggle and you'll laugh all the way through the picture. Don't miss these two attempting to clean up the town. (Sept.)

PRIVATE SCANDAL, A—Headline Prod.—Another underworld story in which the crook reforms. (Oct.)

PUBLIC DEFENDER, THE—Radio Pictures.—After "Cimarron" you expect too much of Richard Dix. That's why this story of a man who brings a gang of crooks to justice is disappointing. (Sept.)



The youngest contract player in pictures, up to now. Paramount has just slapped a long-term document on Jerry Tucker, aged four. Jerry has been an extra man, and gets a regular job because of his swell recitations, with gestures

PUBLIC ENEMY, THE—Warners.—A gangster picture that is lining the thrill-seekers up at the box-office. (June)

★ **QUICK MILLIONS**—Fox.—Another excellent gangster picture if you go for them. Spencer Tracy is the leader of the racketeers, and you'll like Sally Eilers. (June)

REBOUND—RKO-Pathe.—Not in the big amusement class but worth seeing. Ina Claire and Robert Ames. (Aug.)

RECKLESS HOUR, THE—First National.—An old story with a few new twists. Dorothy Mackaill and a good cast. Just fair. (Aug.)

RIDER OF THE PLAINS, A—Syndicate.—Grand old Western full of hokum, and a happy, happy ending. (May)

ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE—Warners.—Bill Powell and Doris Kenyon—splendid in a tropical drama of tangled loves and desires. (Oct.)

ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Cheri Bibi.") Jack Gilbert in an entertaining drama. Lots of tragedy, but a happy ending and Leila Hyams as the heroine. Well worth seeing. (June)

SALVATION NELL—Tiffany-Cruze.—Religion and sentiment are pretty obvious in this out-of-date story, but Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves make you believe every word of it. (Sept.)

★ **SECRET CALL, THE**—Paramount.—Peggy Shannon, who pinch-hits for Clara Bow in this one, scores a solid hit. It's a political story with love interest. Dick Arlen excellent. (Sept.)

★ **SECRET SIX, THE**—M-G-M.—Still another gang story but with more humor. Splendid cast, includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Clark Gable, Johnny Mack Brown and Jean Harlow. (June)

★ **SECRETS OF A SECRETARY**—Paramount.—The actors make this worth the price. Claudette Colbert is fine and that Herbert Marshall, from the stage, is one of those men you don't forget. (Sept.)

★ **SEED**—Universal.—Interesting and realistic story based on Charles Norris' novel. John Boles doesn't sing but his acting is superb. Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin both excellent. Don't miss it. (June)

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR—Warners-First Division.—British-made mystery film, rather long-drawn-out but not lacking in interest. *Sherlock Holmes* and *Watson* solve another murder mystery. (Sept.)

SHIPMATES—M-G-M.—Plenty of pep and action, plus the United States Navy, make this a veritable gale of laughter from beginning to end. Robert Montgomery heads the cast. (June)

SHIPS OF HATE—Trem Carr.—Murder and gruesomeness on shipboard. Just fair. Don't pass up game a of bridge for it. (Aug.)

SIDE SHOW—Warners.—Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth try hard, but the un-funny lines are distressing. A circus story. (Sept.)

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK—M-G-M.—A laugh a moment and just the right number of moments with "dead pan" Buster Keaton, Cliff Edwards and Anita Page. (Oct.)

SILENCE—Paramount.—Sure-fire melodrama with a punch. Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau and Peggy Shannon. (Oct.)

6 CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—An amusing farce with a pretty obvious plot. (July)

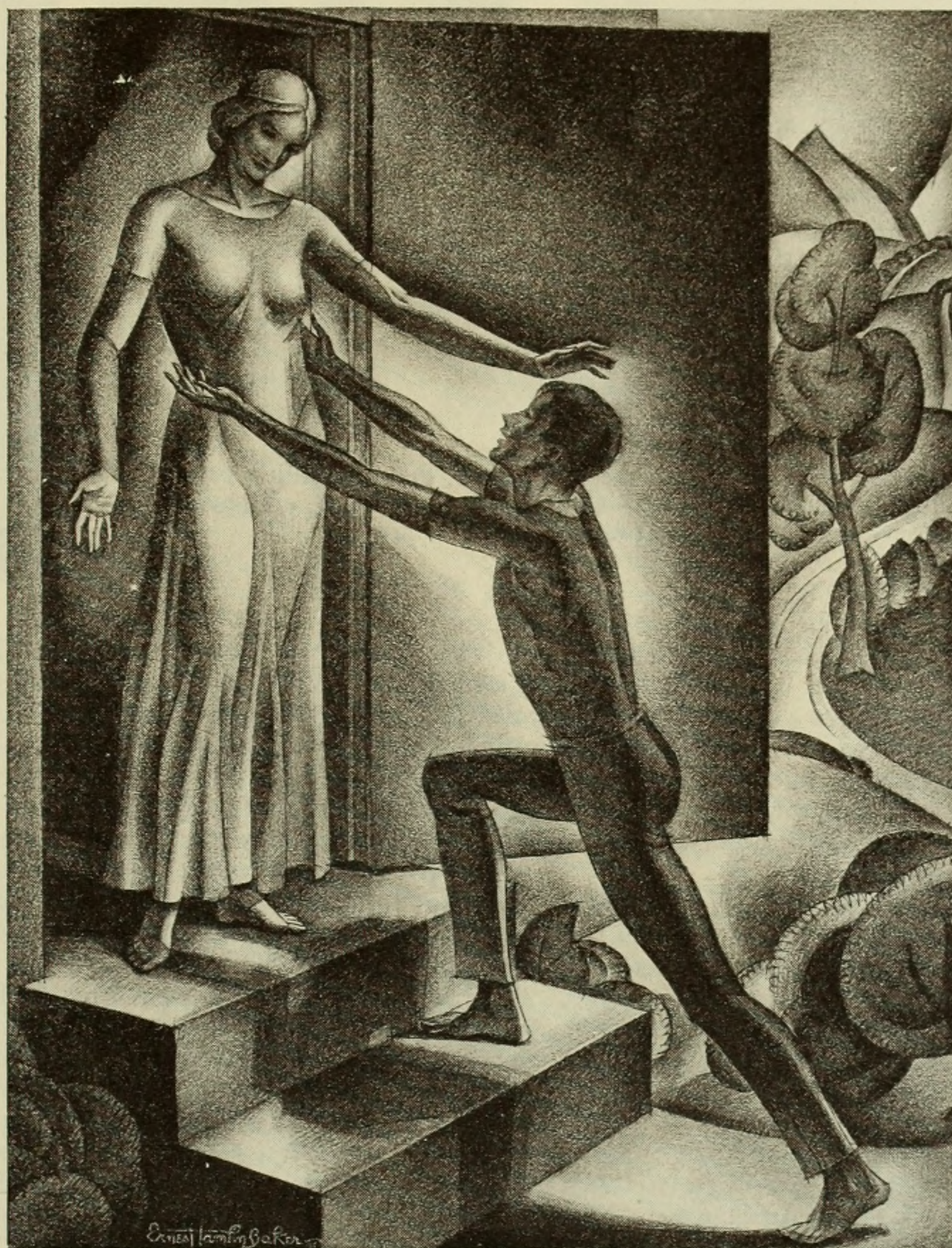
SKIN GAME, THE—British International.—Pretty tedious. An excellent English cast, however. (Sept.)

★ **SKIPPY**—Paramount.—Jackie Cooper as *Skippy*, and Bobby Coogan as *Sooky* entirely lovable in this grand picture based on Percy Crosby's famous comic strip. Young and old alike will love it. (May)

SKYLINE—Fox.—Thomas Meighan builds skyscrapers and saves Hardie Albright from vamp Myrna Loy. Good entertainment. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

A L O N G T H E H I G H R O A D O F L I F E

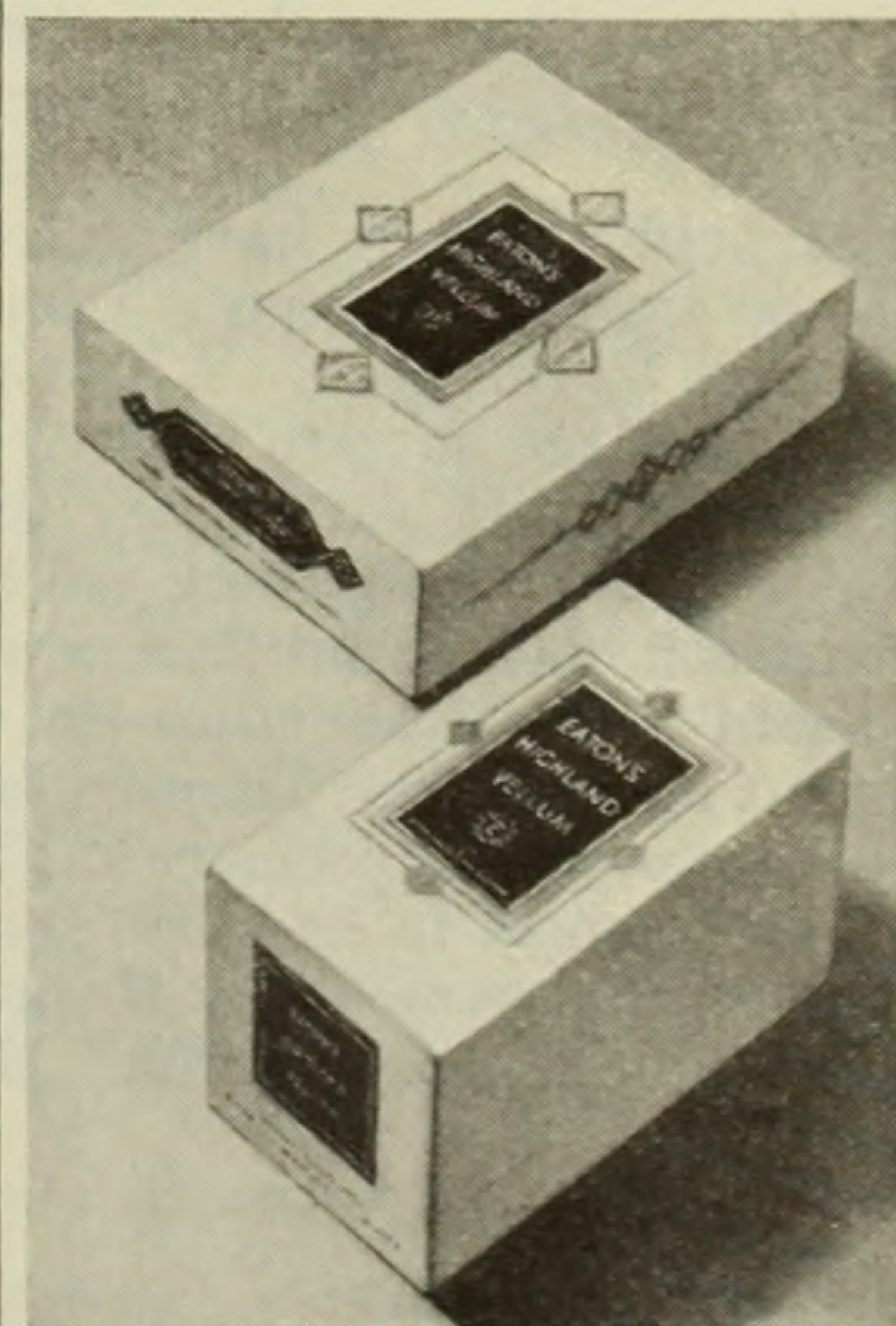


He has come home again,
and we have had a true
thanksgiving. He is still
just my boy, and having
him back has made me
very happy. If only you
could have been here."

WHEN THEY COME HOME

The paper takes the words as eagerly as he will read them. It holds them as clearly as he will seem to hear her speak . . . It is the Eaton's Highland paper she always uses. The touch of it, the rustle of it as he unfolds it, always make him feel that she is near . . . along the highroad of life, letters unite two who are apart, sharing great moments and little happenings. For years, Eaton's Highland papers have been chosen to serve this purpose, in countless homes . . . Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

EATON'S
HIGHLAND
Linen and Vellum
 WRITING PAPERS



The favored forms in Eaton's Highland Vellum are the letter paper and the correspondence cards, white or colors. Eaton's Highland Vellum and Eaton's Highland Linen may be had at Stationery Departments everywhere.

FIFTY CENTS THE BOX

Hatlines Mold Headlines



Here are four examples of the softer, more feminine type of hairdress which screen stars are now affecting. These are described in detail below

PERHAPS it may seem a bit silly to change your whole mode of hairdressing for a fashionable hat whim of the moment, but it seems necessary unless you wish to look out of the picture this season. The more of these new hats I see, the more convinced I become that it takes very careful hairdressing to make them look really smart. You simply can't perch a saucy little hat atop your old bob and hope for it to look anything but incongruous.

Hair has decided back interest this year. It has a soft, feminine look, yet its careful grooming does not give the impression of being too studied. None of that uninteresting and aging "done-up" look that heads had in former days. Yet hair once again is done up. By that I do not mean that it is necessarily long, but I do mean that even the medium length bob is so arranged that it has a close, head molding line that is deceptively long hairish.

The moment a hatline moves up from the nape of the neck, something has to be done about the hairline. This year both the side and the back of the head have to be taken into consideration. Those who have actually long hair have a slight advantage. They can brush their hair up off one ear, wave it to follow the headline, and merely knot it to suit their hats at the back.

The bobbed heads have not so simple a task. Their hair must be trained to keep a trim line from forehead down the left cheek to the neck. A soft roll of hair, or curls pinned or trained in place have to replace the long haired knot.

Recently while waiting my turn at the hairdressers I overheard a smart young thing tell her hairdresser, "Just trim the underneath ends, I am letting my hair grow but I may cut it off again." That sums up the way most women feel at the moment about hair. They are torn between conflicting ideas—no one wants to leap before she is certain what the rest will do!

In an attempt to establish some basis of uniformity in hairdress, a recent meeting of prominent hairdressers reached certain points of agreement. Here's what they think.

The head must have a sculptured look—that is, the small, close-fitting hairdress is still the best. Hair should subtly flatter the proportions of the face. A few say the whole ear must show on the left side, others only a little more than the tip. All agree that some ear should show. I think you will have to let your ears be the guide to that, however. In most cases the partially covered ear is a more becoming style.

Waves must roll back. Many of these hairdressers show the hair cut in graduated lengths to allow for a series of soft curls at the sides. Nearly all of them agree that the hair should not be longer than six inches in back, and that a length of from two to three inches is the most popular. Every one of them advocates having the hair thinned out so that it will stress the outline of the head. Too much, and too thick hair adds age, they claim.

The longer, fluffy bob has been the accepted mode for over a year now on the screen. It has been done in various ways but, withal, a certain monotony. New pictures, however, are revealing more and more stars with strikingly individual coiffures.

FEMININITY is the keynote of smart screen hairdressing at the moment. I have picked four interesting ones as seen on stars of both sophisticated and more youthful types.

Lilyan Tashman wears one of the smartest arrangements of the season—sophisticated yet youthful. Her blonde hair is waved up and back off the ear. The short ends are pinned down in almost sculptured curls. This is a perfect coiffure for any of the new hats.

Anita Page exemplifies a more youthful type with her fluffy evening hairdress. Her longer bob is softly curled and drawn back over the ears, a few ends being left on either side to soften the line of the cheek. A jeweled touch appears in the form of a pin caught at one side.

Lynn Fontanne, who is the charming stage star now appearing in her first screen rôle, wears [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

HAVE you an aggravating hair problem? Are you puzzled about the best colors for your type, or your make-up? I will mail you a letter of personal advice if you will tell me your specific problem. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Simply by asking for them you may have my booklet of normalizing exercises and reducing menus; also my complexion leaflet, giving specific treatment for blackheads and acne as well as general advice on the care of the skin.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Is Hollywood's Indescribable "IT"

Hidden in the MAGIC OF MAKE-UP

Is make-up the secret of the glamorous beauty of the screen stars?

Can every girl create a beauty that thrills... a personality that attracts... with Hollywood's Make-Up Secret?

Read the answer... by Hollywood's Make-Up Genius... Max Factor.

"IT"... that indescribable something about a personality that attracts, that allures, that appeals; that is magnetic and electric. Every famous screen star has it... and holds an audience of millions spellbound. What is the secret?

"What we have discovered in pictures about beauty, about make-up, about cosmetics... every woman should know. True! make-up is magic... and in the magic of make-up lies more than new beauty... but the wand of make-up is not so magical, so mysterious that every woman cannot wave it over herself and produce in her own likeness the vision of beauty she has always dreamed of." And then Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, creator of make-up for the leading motion picture stars and studios, told me the secrets of make-up which every woman will want to know.

If you would double your beauty... gain new personality... new charm... new attraction... listen! In Hollywood, screen stars are using a new kind of make-up for street and social wear. It is based on cosmetic color harmony... Max Factor's famous discovery which revolutionized make-up in Hollywood, and caused all stars and studios to adopt his make-up exclusively. A make-up ensemble... powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other essentials in perfect color harmonies for every individual type of beauty... in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette.

And each star has her own individual color harmony, too... just the exact shades in each essential to blend into a make-up ensemble exactly suited to her own individual personality... suggested by Max Factor to accentuate the allure of natural beauty. No wonder millions silently applaud the fascinating beauty of the stars.

Now you... like a screen star... may share this secret of beauty. Max Factor will create for you... just as he would for a screen star... your own color harmony in make-up, according to your own complexion analysis, and with this priceless gift you will receive a copy of his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." Discover this make-up secret of Hollywood's... and you'll discover the one way to new beauty, new fascination, and that indescribable something called "it" which until now has been held within the glamorous world called Hollywood. Mail courtesy coupon now.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) © 1931 Max Factor



CLARA BOW
Famous Star

Clara Bow writes: "For the last six years I have used Max Factor's Make-Up and find it the only satisfying make-up on the market."

Clara Bow

* * *

JUNE COLLYER, popular star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using Max Factor's Lipstick



You'll Discover...

Why all Blondes or all Brunettes should not use the same color harmony in make-up.

Why Brownettes and Titians may ruin beauty with "off-color" make-up.

How to acquire a perfect skin for faultless everyday make-up.

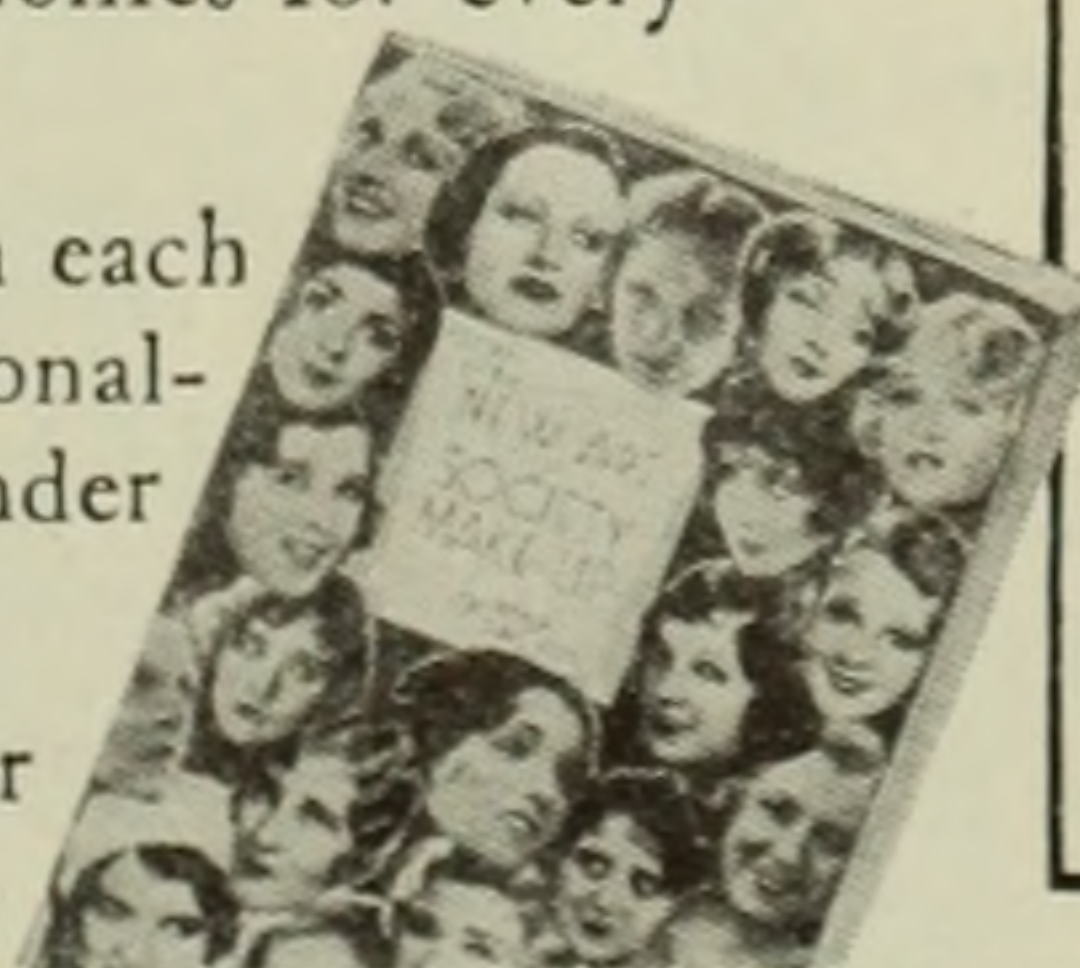
How to make-up a dry-skin.

How to make-up an oily skin.

The difference between theatrical and street make-up.

Three secrets of successful everyday make-up.

Answers to twelve troublesome make-up problems.



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-11-49
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Address _____	Fair... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
City _____	Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily... <input type="checkbox"/>
State _____	Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist... <input type="checkbox"/>
	Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
		Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
		Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
		Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD	
			Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	



More than 29 DISEASES
may enter the body through the
MOUTH, nose, and throat

These figures are impressive. So too is the statement of one of the world's most distinguished physicians "that if mouth infection could be excluded, the other channels by which disease gains entrance into the body might almost be ignored." Both clearly indicate the importance of keeping the mouth clean at all times, and of immediately consulting your physician in case of illness.

KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLEAN
CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR

On arising and before retiring
gargle with LISTERINE

Reduces Risk of COLDS 50%, tests show

Wouldn't you like to escape a nasty cold this winter? Wouldn't you like to dodge an irritated throat? Wouldn't it be great if the children didn't have to be kept home from school?

Use a safe mouth wash

Your first step toward accomplishing this is to use a *safe* mouth wash. One that is safe and healing rather than harsh and destructive to tissue. One that can be used *full strength*. Literally millions have proved the value of using full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle on arising and before retiring. And from three to five times a day when a cold is coming on, or there is irritation in the throat.

Listerine's germicidal effect is simply amazing. In the mouth it reduces bacteria 98%. This no doubt accounts for the fact that it reduced colds 50% as shown by a series of scientifically controlled tests.

Read the facts:

102 persons in normal health were under medical observation from November 15, 1930, to February 1, 1931. 34 of them, designated as "controls" did not gargle Listerine at all. 34 gargled it twice a day. The remaining 34 gargled five times daily. Now see what happened:

One-half as many colds *for garglers*

The "controls" (those who did not use Listerine) contracted twice as many colds as those who gargled Listerine twice daily. Moreover, their colds lasted three times as long and were four times as severe.

Now let us compare the "controls" with those who gargled Listerine five times a day:

The "controls" had three times as many colds, which were four times as severe and lasted four times as long.

Due to germicidal action and *healing effect*

Such results are due to two great qualities of Listerine:

Its marked germicidal action which enables it to reduce mouth bacteria 98% and to kill germs in the fastest time possible to record.

Its soothing, healing effect on the mucous membrane. Unlike harsh antiseptics Listerine causes none of the tissue irritations which allow germs easier entrance. Listerine actually protects the surface and aids recovery in case of infection.

Always keep Listerine handy in home and office. Use it regularly, and at the first sign of trouble increase the gargle to a frequency of from three to five times a day and call your doctor. Remember, Listerine is a powerful germicide and at the same time safe. And what's more, it is pleasant to taste. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

The safe antiseptic that is pleasant to taste



Bull

THE Garbo her real friends know! A waggish little smile breaking through the white mask that usually hides her dreams, unharried by picture woes, rested after a night's sleep unbroken by her chronic insomnia. She's happy! Ever see anything more charming?



IT took a brief but fascinating flash of stage success on Broadway to teach Hollywood producers what a fine actress little Lois Moran really is. No dull ingénue rôles for her any more—she's sound star material! Here, Lois is smiling her way through Columbia's new "Men in Her Life"



Phyfe

SHE has the alluring flash of foreign mystery that audiences love—this dashing girl called Elissa Landi. Born of royal Austrian blood, married to an Englishman, winning stage fame in London and picture triumphs in America—what drama has been crammed into her twenty-seven years!



Dyar

CAMERA poise was probably invented by the calm and collected Mr. Clive Brook—and that elegant English voice plays sweet tunes on feminine heart-strings. Contained, cool and every inch the gentlemanly trouper, Mr. Brook now labors on a picture called "Husband's Holiday"

the GOSSARD Line of Beauty



The photograph shows a new MisSimplicity model of super-Royal Batiste and fine lace, with hip panels of Gossard's improved Charmosette elastic. This new weave is lighter and much more supple than formerly, yet it retains its famous slenderizing quality. Bulgy hips simply haven't a chance against this marvelous elastic! The diagonal pull of MisSimplicity's converging waistline straps raises the bust, slenderizes the waist and smooths away the diaphragm and abdomen flesh... A foundation garment that will make the new clothes look as if they were designed for you! . . . Model 8468.

MisSimplicity* and **CHARMOSETTE****

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
(Pat. Appl. For)

**Exclusive with Gossard
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

“I FELT AS IF THEY WERE

Staring

right

at

my

Hands”



“How horridly red a few weeks of dishwashing had left them” . . .

“I just love being a bride and having a little house of my own to care for! But dear knows I don't want to look like a drudge.

“So I was perfectly horror-struck—we were giving our first party and they all begged me to play—when I had a really good look at my HANDS! Against the white keyboard they looked rough and red—utterly hideous! I felt as if everybody were staring right at them.

“But the very next morning Jack's mother told me how she kept her hands so beautifully cared for through years of housekeeping.

Mother G—'s Hint

“I always use LUX for dishes and other soap-and-water tasks,” she said. “So many soaps, you know, dry up the natural oils of the skin. That's why your hands get so rough and chapped looking. But Lux is wonderful for the hands, and it's inexpensive.”

“I could bless Mother G—for that beauty hint! Just a few Lux dishwashings made my hands snow-white and satiny again.”

Beauty Experts

The experienced experts in 305 fa-

mous beauty shops advise Lux as the best beauty treatment for hands busy with housewifely doings. Do try it yourself. Those beautiful Lux bubbles—so enticing to look at—are sheer joy to sensitive skin! They fairly caress one's hands into loveliness!



The big package of Lux does six weeks' dishes, thereby bringing the cost down to less than 1 cent a day! Such a tiny cost!

LUX FOR DISHES . . .

Lovely Hands for less than 1¢ a day

November, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
James R. Quirk

DISGUIISING myself as a Javanese priest, I got past the platoon of grenadiers guarding the secret showing of Doug Fairbanks' sensational six-reel revelation of his Oriental adventures during his recent trip. Just as I stumbled my way through the darkness to a seat, stepping on the toes of six music composers who were scoring the picture, Doug, unarmed, was chasing a tiger through the jungle, tearing a hunter right from out of his foaming jaws. Then, coming to grips with the huge cat, he choked him to death with his bare hands.

Forgetting my disguise in the excitement I leaned over to one of the music fellows and whispered, "Say, Doug isn't going to try to put that over on us, is he? Has he gone plumb nuts?"

Just at that moment the scene changed. And before the composer had a chance to reply I felt so cheap I changed my seat in the darkness.

I cannot tell the rest. Javanese priests don't tell all they know.

If you try to keep a boy away from that picture you're just encouraging disobedience.

THEY tell a lot of stories about the adventures of celebrated writers in Hollywood, some of them true. But here is one I witnessed.

A few days before the associate producer, very self-satisfied with himself as a section boss of the studio writers, told the new arrival from New York:

"Put all that junk you've been telling me in writing. And say, get it in tomorrow early. Get me something on paper so I'll know where you're going."

Next morning I walked the writer, and laid a long, narrow slip of paper on the desk.

"That's where I'm going," he said.

The paper was a ticket to New York.



THE most devastating remark I have heard in Hollywood came from Will Rogers, who greeted a dialogue writer on the Fox lot with, "Well, what are you spoiling now?"

"**T**HE Spirit of Notre Dame," in which J. Farrell MacDonald takes the part of the late Knute Rockne, just missed the presses for the Reviews Department of PHOTOPLAY this month. It's one of the best of this or any other month. The great Carideo, the Four Horsemen, and Lew Ayres are splendid. Put this down on your "must see" list.

THE same Michael Farmer, Irish millionaire and playboy, who came over from Europe on the same boat with Gloria Swanson, was, only a year ago, positively gurgling about Marilyn Miller. As a token of his admiration and affection, he gave her in London a beautiful diamond that went the limit of good taste in size.

During a spat one night, the dainty star tried to return the ring. He wouldn't accept it, and she threw it on the sidewalk before him and rushed into the hotel. Michael had dashed off in his car.

When she got upstairs to her apartment, she thought of that gleaming precious stone lying there so lonely, and dashed right out again.

And the strange part of it is that the ring was still there, unseen by hundreds of passers-by.

TWO supervisors who recently moved from one studio, where they were credited with some joint success, to another, where in three months they haven't given the slightest indication of ability, are now known as Hem and Haw.

The Secret Wedding of

MARY ASTOR was married on June 29, 1931, to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, celebrated Los Angeles physician and specialist.

At the time this story is written, no one knows of this marriage except the servants of Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe. Not even the judge in Yuma, Arizona, knows who the young couple was that he married on that sizzling afternoon, one of the hottest of the early summer.

"Lucille Langhanke Hawks" and "Franklyn Thorpe" meant nothing to siesta-resting Yuma.

But even if the reporters had been on the streets instead of taking their siestas, I doubt if they would have recognized her. Her glorious auburn hair was sleeked back into a tight knot and covered by a non-descript felt which we, in Hollywood, describe, *a la Garbo!*

Her graceful, Venus-proportioned figure, which you are accustomed to see in svelte evening gowns or riding habits in pictures, looked like any other slim woman's body beneath the striped linen dress with low-cut arm holes as its only distinguishing feature.

No! I doubt if there was a reporter in Yuma who would have suspected that this stenographer-looking young woman with the casual sounding name of *Lucille Langhanke Hawks* was one of Hollywood's highest-paid representatives of glamour.

As for the man—just another Los Angeles doctor eloping with one of his patients. That was the judge's guess. And he was right. His only error was his failure to recognize the patient.

When Kenneth Hawks died Mary was playing in the legitimate show, "Among the Married." But you know that story. When they brought her the news of that fearful aeroplane accident and the tragic death of her director-husband, Mary collapsed. Any woman would have done that. But Mary's collapse lasted. Lasted until a great specialist said she must retire for two years into a sanitarium.

BUT Mary couldn't retire for two years. She didn't have the money. You see, there was no life insurance and very few savings. After all, Mary and Kenneth were really just beginning in the very big money. And they had spent the smaller sums to promote themselves to the larger. A very old Hollywood story.

"I can't give up for two years; I can't go away—" she told the doctor.

"It is your choice. Complete rest or death—"

Mary preferred death; in fact, death during those first horrible months was more welcome than life to her. She admits it.

Lee Tracy, the clever screen and stage actor, was a personal friend of Dr. Thorpe's; he was a personal friend of Mary's.

"Please see him, Mary. I know he's a specialist in another line but he's got a wonderful mind. You need more than medicine. He would understand your problem and help you. Please—see him."

For days Lee pleaded; for days Mary, who distrusted all doctors, refused to see him. But as the days wore on and she got thinner and thinner; as the small savings grew thinner, also, she lost interest in the battle. "If you want me to see him that badly, go get him, Lee," she consented.

Lee brought him. And Dr. Thorpe, true to the ethics of his profession, said the case was not for him and called in another specialist who was an expert on the wasting-away of nervously-wrought men and women.

The verdict was the same. Two years in a sanitarium.



Mary Astor, ill and heartbroken, did not care to live. Kindness, understanding, were the medicine that cured her. Thence grew a mutual sympathy. And so she and the handsome physician were married. Just the reverse of the old story of the grateful patient who fell in love with and married his beautiful nurse

Mary Astor

By Ruth Biery



An exclusive and romantic story of the physician so lucky as to win the love of his beautiful patient

Mary promised to do exactly as she was told if this man could bring health back to her without a sanitarium; if he would let her work and earn some money.

Now, Dr. Thorpe did not specialize in those who were inviting tuberculosis by loss of desire to live. But he did know the psychology of women who suffer in mind and body. He studied Mary.

"He cured me through sympathy and understanding," says Mary. "Oh, his darkened room and his flat-on-my-back policy; his milk diet and all the other professional things helped but it was his kindness, his willingness to listen to my troubles any moment of the day or the night which cured.

"He made me *want* to get well and that was ninety per cent of the battle.

"I was alone in the Hacienda Apartments. He was a good listener. And what I needed most then was someone who would listen and help me mentally.

"TO him I was just an interesting case.

"Gradually I snapped out of that mental lethargy. In eight weeks I was back at work. 'Holiday' came like a reward for the hell of mental depression from which I had been suffering. It made me appreciate life so I could put some of that appreciation into my acting! I was a new woman in the heart; I was—so they tell me—a new woman on the screen. My RKO contract followed.

"But I was still going to bed at eight o'clock. Only, by this time, I was able to go to the doctor's office. Twice a week for check-ups; so he could see whether I was over-taxing my energy—both physical and mental.

"I can't tell you where love began. He says he couldn't tell you either. One day he asked me to dine with him; another he took me to luncheon. I had become so accustomed to pouring my entire heart out to him; he had become so accustomed to taking care of me—

"Gradually we began to understand that our relationship had grown into something deeper than that which exists between a physician and patient. We both realized it—not as a grand passion or love-at-first sight but as a growth from some deep, mutual understanding.

"We didn't really plan our marriage as a deep secret. We did not wish a fanfare of publicity about it. The world might view a second marriage from a sensational angle; Kenneth's death had been so sensational and so tragic. If we could avoid all that news-

paper notoriety for a while—we preferred it. We couldn't in Los Angeles. During that three days of waiting for permission to wed, reporters were certain to learn it. So, one morning, we just drove to Yuma and said nothing about it. The heat and the siesta hour were in our favor. Back in Hollywood, we just said nothing about it! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

And Mary's answer was the same. Death was her choice as it had been in the beginning.

But Lee Tracy was persistent. "Could you cure her at home, Dr. Thorpe?"

"I might if she did exactly as I order. It's not my business but since she refuses to obey doctors who make it theirs—"

Don't Go Platinum Yet! *Read before you Dye!*

By May Allerton

LISTEN carefully, you girls who have gazed in wonderment, perhaps tinged with a touch of envy, at the glistening white locks of Jean Harlow and other stars and players of the screen.

Wait, all you thousands of girls who have written PHOTOPLAY that you are considering going the limit in light coloring and asking for information about "platinum blonde."

You are going to get that information here and now, every enlightening and every bitter fact.

Then, if you must go platinum, be it upon your own head. It will be anyhow. But do not say that PHOTOPLAY did not warn you.

Jean Harlow started the fad, for *fad* it is, in "Hell's Angels." In that picture she played the rôle of a seductive, irresistible charmer before whom men fell as if they were mown down by a machine gun.

Capitalizing on the public interest in the girl in that rôle, producers vied with each other to cast her in similar rôles in other pictures; always the platinum bullet that shattered masculine life and honor; the epitome of sex appeal in the parts she played, the clothes she wore.

It was natural, therefore, that the startlingly white hair should be taken as a symbol of devastating femininity.

It is not the first time in motion picture history that a distinctive style of hair became of world-wide interest. Nearly two score years ago Irene Castle's motion pictures sent millions of girls scurrying into the hair dressing parlors of the world to have their long locks shorn to a short bob. Garbo's longish bob, reaching to the shoulder, and curled on the end, cost hairdressers millions of dollars, when old and young alike permitted their hair to grow again.

EVEN men were not immune to the screen influence. Valentino's sleek hair, brushed straight back, and glistening with pomade, made millions of dollars for the manufacturers of men's hair dressings, and created the "sheik" type, adding a new meaning to the word in our language.

Although Jean Harlow started the fad you cannot blame her for it. She is a natural blonde of the lightest type. The platinum coloring of her hair gives it life and vibrancy when struck by the incandescent lamps, and its photographic effect is so startling that several stars have made use of it.

Joan Crawford used something like it in "This Modern Age," but discarded it, and permitted her hair to regain its natural coloring. Lola Lane (now Mrs. Lew Ayres) is one screen beauty who frankly admits she has gone platinum. Her hair was naturally a very light brown, but she found that the platinum color softened the hair line on her forehead and gave her a better screen result.

The best hairdressers of New York and Hollywood, as well as cities in other sections of the country, report that thousands and thousands of women, young and old, have come into their establishments intent on becoming platinum blondes.

In nearly every case these women have been warned that,

except for one woman in a thousand, it is a hazardous proceeding which may be followed by regret,

and even disastrous results. Inexpertly done, it can result in complete, if temporary, baldness.

The majority of reputable beauty shop proprietors and operators positively refuse to attempt it except for those with hair so light in coloring that it requires little extra bleaching.

In its effort to learn all there was to be learned about platinum hair PHOTOPLAY representatives interviewed thirty of the best and most reputable hairdressers of New York, Chicago and Hollywood.

We learned details that will make your hair stand on end.

"Platinum blonde" is really almost white hair with a faint blueish-lavender tint. The effect is secured by a thorough bleaching of the hair in a treatment that may last four or five hours, a whole day, or even longer, depending on how dark the hair is to begin with. Extra strength peroxide, with a few drops of strong ammonia added, is applied to the hair and allowed to dry. This is repeated over and over until every bit of color is extracted from the hair.

Some beauty shops mix the peroxide and ammonia into a white paste which contains

magnesium and this is called a "white henna," but it's the peroxide and ammonia which do the bleaching. Making a paste out of it is merely to prevent the bleach from running, and is effective when "touching up" the roots of the hair later on. A preparation made by the dye manufacturers is also used for bleaching in many shops.

After the hair has been thoroughly bleached, the platinum rinse is applied as the finishing touch. This rinse is a definite dye, just as much so as a dye used for black or brown hair. Simply taking the color out of the hair does not make a platinum blonde. If this were true, every woman with snow-white hair would be platinum. Nor does just a rinse of simple French blueing do the work.

THERE is danger and even physical suffering if you get an operator who does not understand exactly what is to be done. If the scalp is sensitive, the pain is excruciating when the bleach is applied. This does not last long, however, unless there is a scalp abrasion. Then the results might be serious.

All this sounds discouraging, doesn't it? That's just what we intended it to be. But you haven't heard anything yet.

There's a little matter of upkeep I want to mention.

The cost of the original platinum process, followed by the necessary shampoo and wave, will be anywhere from \$7.50 to \$50, depending on the color of the hair to start, and the exclusiveness of the shop doing the work. That pretty item, however, is only the beginning of weekly expenditures to keep your platinum head looking well groomed.

Unless the hair is very light to start with, it will need a "touch up" once a week or the roots will begin to look dark. "Touch ups" vary in different [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Here is the stark truth about the new fad. PHOTOPLAY warns its readers that it is suitable to only one woman in a thousand, and, inexpertly done, is a hazardous proceeding which may be followed by the keenest regret



She Started
It All

JEAN HARLOW is responsible for the Platinum Blonde vogue. Beauty specialists warn women in this issue that only those gifted with her naturally light coloring, transparent skin, white teeth, should consider it. Next month PHOTOPLAY'S cover will show the exact color of platinum hair



HOT-CHA-CHA and whoopee! Lupe and Larry—and are they a team? The maddest, gayest set on the M-G-M lot. Lupe Velez and Lawrence Tibbett are playing together in "The Cuban," with old "Trader" Van Dyke, who took a troupe into darkest Africa, directing



Stagg

LUPE is the dancing and singing girl in a Havana cabaret and Larry is a big marine who casts that sort of eyes her way. Jimmy Durante is also in it. What a picture it should be! Music, romance, comedy. Everything's hot on this set—even the camera!

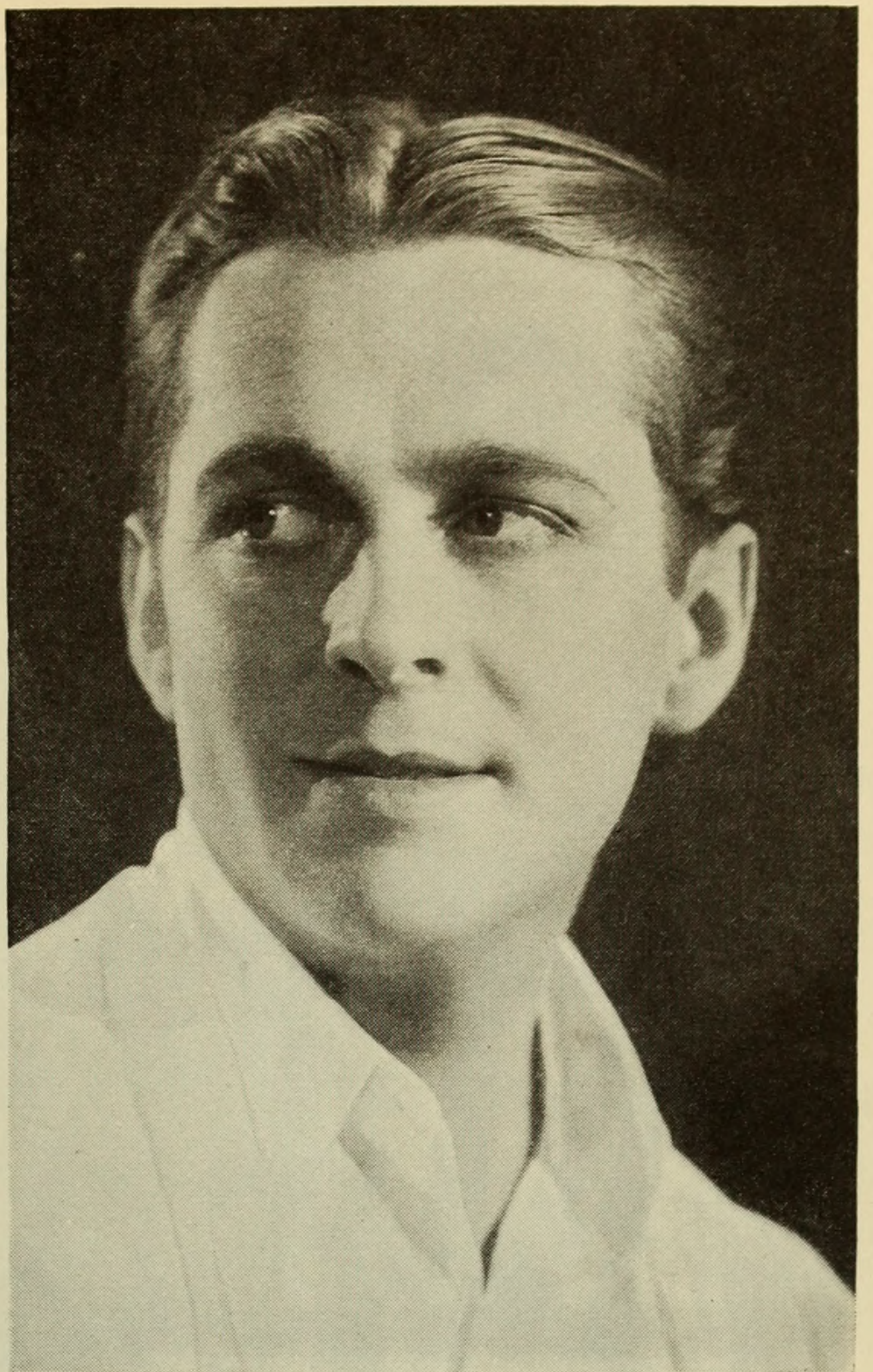


Photographs by Hal Phyfe

"SALLY," says James Dunn to the little Eilers darling who shared the big hit in "Bad Girl," "looks as though we put it over. Now let 'em bring on the big parts for us, the fatter and tougher the better." We say "Attaboy, Jim!"

Jimmie HATES Sandwiches

The newest screen sensation tried to get rich quick, but a gal ran away with his roll, and now look at him



Here's Jimmie, pride of the House of Dunn—the good boy who was so sensational in "Bad Girl" that we all saw a new star in the sky the night that picture opened

HE'S a big hit in the movies now—one of those overnight stardom crashers. He and Sally Eilers in "Bad Girl" knocked the box-office receipts sky-high. But it isn't so long ago that he nearly starved to death.

It was while he was selling lunch wagons around New York on a commission basis that he didn't have enough money to buy himself a sandwich.

Now he can eat ten meals a day if he wants to and hates the sight of ham sandwiches and crullers.

His salary these past few months has been two hundred and fifty dollars weekly. It will be doubled soon; then doubled again. He's bought a Buick car, brought his mother from New York City, paid up all his past debts and is ready now to settle down and save some real money.

And he'll save it—with the astuteness of one who has been without money and therefore realizes it's a good friend to stick to.

Father Dunn was a speculator; he's made three fortunes in rapid succession and lost them even more quickly than he made them. Wall Street; pools; corners, etc.

Only-child Jimmie was almost through High School when father lost his first big gamble. He was fifteen; he became an office boy in an automobile company. Then he chalked up numbers in a broker's office. Selling automobiles came next. Only they didn't sell, so he tried lunch wagons. They sold so well that he saved more than ten thousand dollars.

"That was an accident," he says. "I was making a great deal or I couldn't have done it. I was spending so much on myself—and a girl—"

In fact, he was spending so much on running around and finding out the secrets of life—sowing his wild oats, I believe a novelist would call it—that he decided to make a big fortune on what little was left of that ten thousand dollars. He put it on stock and in ten minutes was poorer than his father!

And as though fate had decided to teach him a lesson in one big experience, the lunch wagons stopped selling. He was down to—his fear of bending over and tempting the strength of his trousers.

One day he was sitting in a Chinese restaurant with Peggy. No, Peggy

wasn't the one who helped spend the money. That damsel had disappeared when the ten thousand went. Peggy was leading lady in obscure picture serials. She suggested that Paramount could use another extra.

"I've tried everything," he answered, "I might as well try that."

Enough to prevent starvation; then the Eastern studio closed and moved to Hollywood. James couldn't come. He didn't have carfare.

Peggy telephoned and suggested he try for a part in "The Night Stick" on the Amsterdam Roof. They turned him down. He descended in the elevator, ran into Johnny Wray, the author, waiting to enter the same elevator. Wray took one look, said, "Did they turn you down for that part?"

"Yes."

"Come back with me!"

Who said it must be the moment plus the man?

GOOD money for a while. Then no engagements; no money. A year ago Christmas he was in Pittsburgh with exactly fifty dollars. He dropped into a gambling place called "The Showboat" and won three hundred and fifty dollars in ten minutes. He quit. And he hasn't gambled since for more than twenty dollars.

"And I won't." His lips draw into a straight line which makes him look a bit bitter. "There is no such thing as easy money. You have to work for it in the long run—that is, if you are to have a normal, healthy life. I've seen too much of the other in my own family. My mother hadn't had a real home in three years. When I got a test with Fox and they gave me this

chance, the first thing I did was to send for her. I've had nothing but restaurant food for years. They can't drag me from

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

By Jeanne North

Must They Be Selfish



Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler thought up friendly and funny gags all through Europe, but one never let the other get the best of it publicly. Yet they're pals

Hollywood stars may be the best of friends when they're away from the studio—but before the camera it's another story

By Frances Denton

pal with whom one slips off fishing or hunting or boating on every possible occasion; to object to boosting a friend with whom one plays tennis almost daily—

And yet, in Hollywood vernacular, Powell's attitude was merely good business. He summed it all up when he said: "Ronald Colman is my personal friend but he is my professional rival."

We are all professional rivals in this business. Our friendships, real friendships, are rare because of this work-a-day competition. William Powell and Ronald Colman are to be congratulated because they *can be friends* away from their business.

THERE are really few among us big enough to be able to refuse "second billing" to a professional rival and then play a game of tennis with the one we have thus spurned. That these two men remain friends is what causes the wonderment in Hollywood—not that they refuse to extend the glad hand to each other.

To an outsider peeping through Hollywood's glass windows, our people must often look as though the golden rule were unknown to them. Yet they follow it—from the professional angle. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." William Powell did unto Ronald Colman exactly as he would

expect Ronald to do unto him. He protected his own interests.

Richard Barthelmess is the third member, as you know, of this triumvirate of friendship. "The Three Musketeers," Hollywood calls them. Barthelmess, personally, is one of the kindest men we have in the industry but professionally he is ultra careful.

Eric Arnold died the same sort of death in "The Big Parade" that Raymond Griffith did in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Perhaps you remember the good-looking chap who tore your hearts so capably. Hollywood said, "He'll be a star in a year. Watch this boy Eric."

He was getting good parts, too, when he was cast for an excellent rôle in Barthelmess' "The Amateur Gentleman." "There's the part! Watch this boy after he's finished this picture."

Arnold fitted his wardrobe; studied his part. Oh, yes, they studied for their rôles even in the days of silents. He reported for work the first morning only to be told he had been replaced by John Miljan. He demanded an explanation. "Your eyes photograph too light," an assistant director told him. "But

A WRITER (not this one) had an assignment to write a story on Ronald Colman. He could discover no new angle so he decided to appeal to William Powell—Colman's closest friend.

"Please tell me something about Mr. Colman which has never been printed," he began across the luncheon table. "You must know many anecdotes. Of course, I will use you in the story so it will mean publicity for you, too!"

Powell jumped to his feet, nearly upsetting the table. What he said may have been okay coming from the lips of a virile gentleman but it would never do for us to print!

The writer gasped. "But I thought he's your best friend—" he stammered as soon as Powell paused for a moment.

"Certainly he is. But he's a *star*, too! You are the third writer who has asked me about him. If I get myself into his stories, I'll just be playing *second*—"

To make it short, William Powell absolutely refused to take second billing to one of the most intimate friends he has in the world.

At first glance this looks cruel, heartless and selfish. To refuse to talk of a crony; to oppose saying a kind word of the

To Win Screen Fame?

my eyes photographed okay before," he stuttered. And so strange, and so cruel, is our city that when the word went out that he had been dropped from this part he never secured another which meant an up-grade push on the ladder.

A year later he met the assistant director. "What was really the trouble?" he pleaded.

"You photographed too young. You made Barthelness look too old. They put Miljan in for that reason."

Barthelness had no intention of hurting another actor but he had every intention of protecting himself. He'd fought long and hard for his eight-thousand-dollar-a-week position. He was not old-looking, but in comparison with a young boy—after all, Barthelness was the hero of the production; he could run no risk (or his company could run no risks for him) of a comparison which might make him look older than he was!

Dick is not selling bonds or automobiles or merchandise. He is peddling just one thing—the Barthelness personality. He must protect that personality as every one else in Hollywood protects his. And it is the actor who protects personality the most shrewdly, the most selfishly, if you prefer, who remains an actor!

In fact, when we come right down to brass tacks and look at this weird business, the only one in the world which deals with personality as a commodity, and personality only, we cannot blame Constance Bennett for being selfish. If letting Anita Page wear make-up in "The Easiest Way" at M-G-M would detract from *la* Bennett's screen potentialities, Connie *should* fight to keep Anita Page from wearing it. The Bennett personality has no other insurance against competition except *self-assurance*.

BUT there are ways and ways of handling this business of being selfish. There is the way of being tactful and the way of being nasty. Evelyn Brent, in spite of her independence, was really tactful when she was making "The Mad Parade," that all-woman war picture.

Betty secured June Clyde her



In Richard Barthelness' "Amateur Gentleman" John Miljan (right) played the part to which a younger actor was first assigned



Evelyn Brent got June Clyde her rôle in "The Mad Parade" and then did her best to steal her scenes. It's only Hollywood

rôle in that part—the first rôle of importance June had played since she left the Radio roster. Yet Betty, interested as she was personally in dainty little June, was determined that June should take no scenes from her.

Betty played a hard-boiled woman—one who took June's man without qualm of conscience according to the script. There was a big scene between the two. June was in tears, pleading—weeping for this woman to spurn the man whom June had loved since childhood. Betty was supposed to remain coldly indifferent, hard-hearted to the end.

But, when they shot the scene, Betty realized June was doing such a beautiful job of acting that she would get all the sympathy. The audience would

either forget hard-hearted Betty or hate her. Betty unbent and allowed herself to weep a little. Stole a little of June's stuff, to put it in bald-faced language.

The director ordered a retake, telling Betty of her error. Each time Betty spoiled the take. When she found she wasn't allowed to cry, she managed to make some error. She forgot her lines; she moved in the wrong way; she made other technical mistakes.

NOW, it is difficult to do an emotional scene over and over. Each time you do it, you lose some of the spontaneity of the action. Your make-up becomes spotty; your temper unruly. But if Betty could make her little pal June less effective, the audience would give her less attention. Finally the director snapped at her, "We'll use this take no matter what you do, Betty!"

And Betty unbent, became a trifle sorry she was taking this girl's man from her!

When I asked June about it, she smiled: "I don't blame Betty. It was hard, of course. But it was Betty's picture. She was the *star*. It was her business to protect her interests but it was my business to protect [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



William Powell and Ronald Colman are real buddies, but Bill wants his own publicity

Here, Girls, Are Screen Clothes

Millions of women will flock to the film, "The Greeks Had a Word for It," to see the gorgeous clothes designed by Gabrielle Chanel, whom Samuel Goldwyn brought from Paris to create styles for his stars. Here, on the right, is Madge Evans in a tailored suit of green soft velour cloth. It features a form-fitting, single breasted jacket, and wide cavalier cuffs



Zowie! When you see this superb ensemble (left) of black velvet and black lace (worn by Ina Claire) on the screen, you've seen style that is style. The peplum, vestee, and cuffs of lace on this velvet suit are sensational. The snappy beaver hat (below) covers one eye. The coquettish band holding it in place demands the longer hairdress



That Will Start Something!

Exclusive Fashion
Photographs by
Kenneth Alexander



Chanel's *pièce de résistance*, in beige wool, worn by Miss Claire. Gaze upon those daring double-fold cuffs, lined with white piqué; then note the matching folds down the front of the frock and the high neckline. The knitted tam-style hat and the bag are of different material but match the soft beige of the dress.

Our bet is a thousand to one that this outfit will be widely copied. If this producer keeps up this style speed his pictures will be world premières of advance fashions

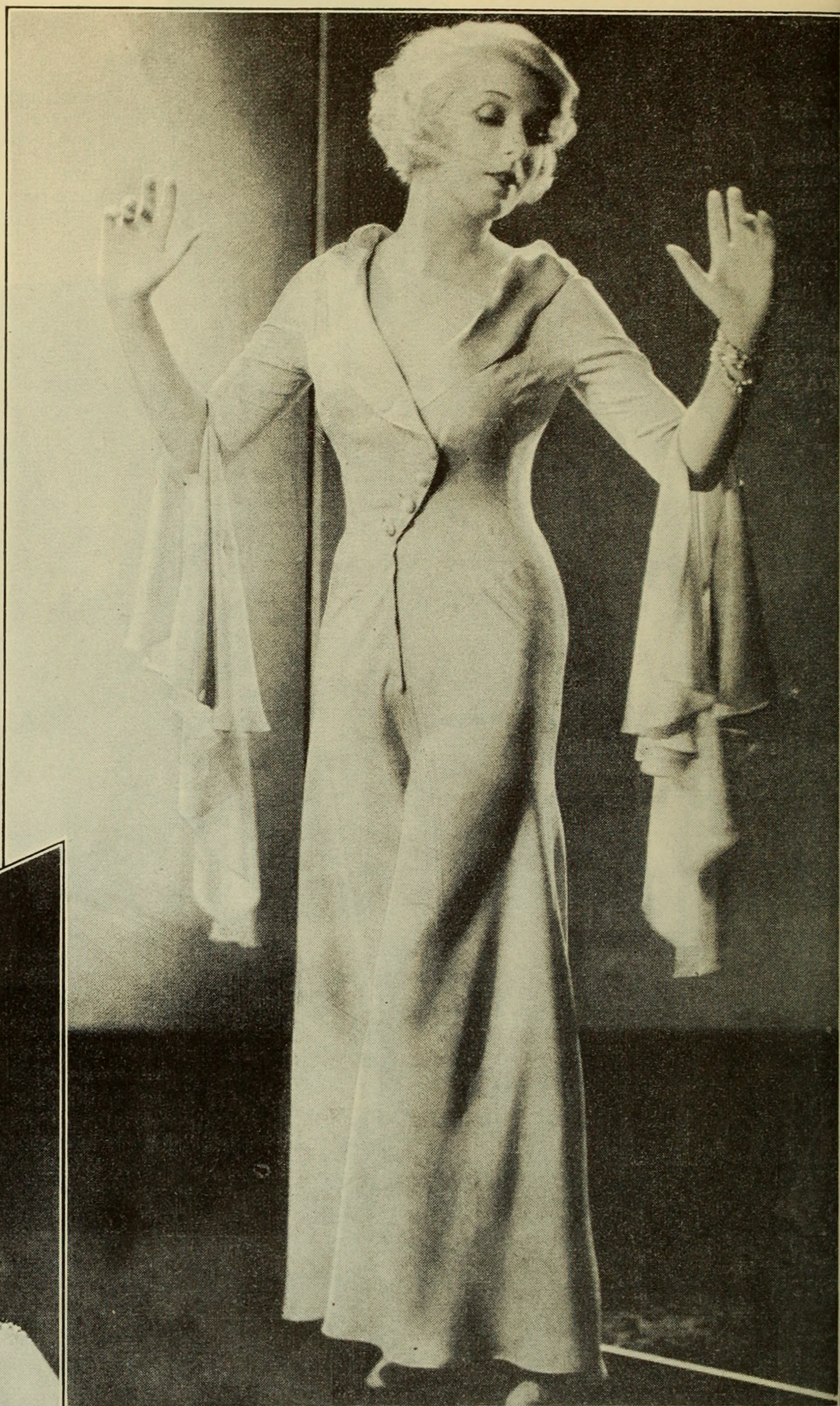
This suit, worn by Joan Blondell, is in two-toned heavy silk; the skirt dark brown, the coat of beige with buttons and stitching to match the skirt. Note the long shoulder line. The pocketbook, shoes and hat are also brown. That Fisher fur does look a little skimpy

First You See These Goldwyn-Chanel

YOU may see these styles later in other publications, but, as usual, you find the genuine Hollywood news, style and otherwise, first in PHOTOPLAY.

Ina Claire, assisted by Joan Blondell, the champion picture-stealer of Hollywood, and Madge Evans, just a few years ago a child actress, will soon show you how three beautiful gold-digging charmers go about their work. Samuel Goldwyn, who is producing for United Artists, while in Paris induced Gabrielle Chanel to come to Hollywood to create style for Gloria Swanson, Ina Claire and his other stars.

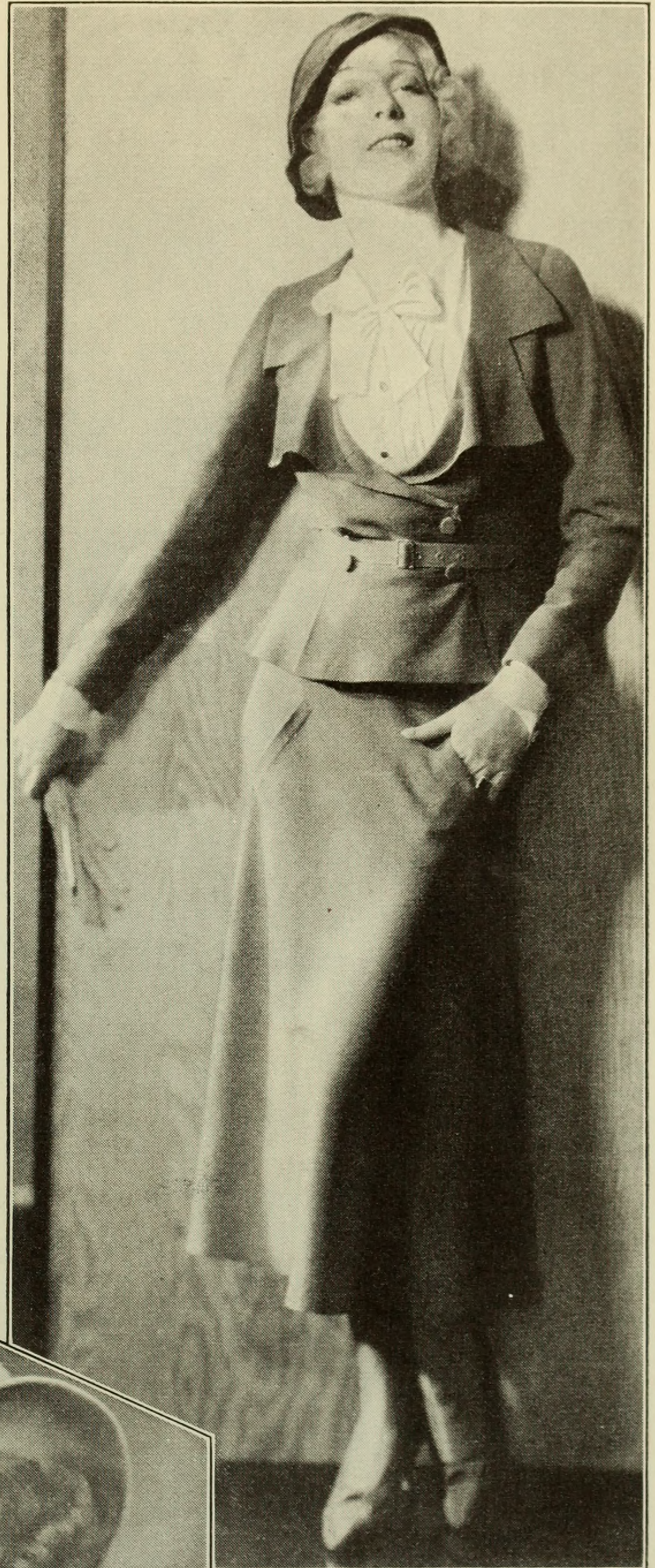
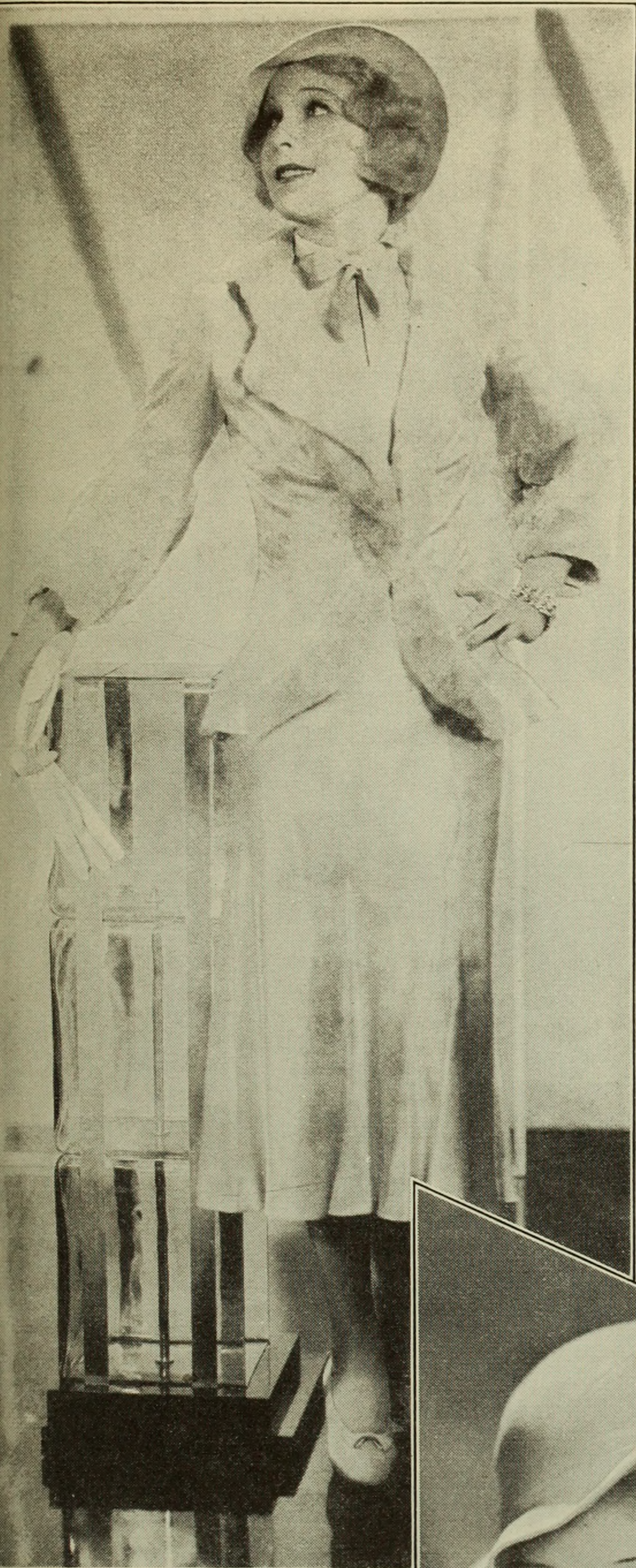
These styles have been carefully guarded from the gaze of American designers lest they be copied before they reached the screen. Gloria, on her recent return trip from abroad, did not dare wear one of them on the steamship, appearing only in sports clothes. You will see the new clothes designed for her in "Tonight or Never," now in production.



Chanel's newest trick in jewelry is to avoid wearing it around the neck. Wear it as a trimming on the neckline of your frock, if you dress as Joan Blondell does

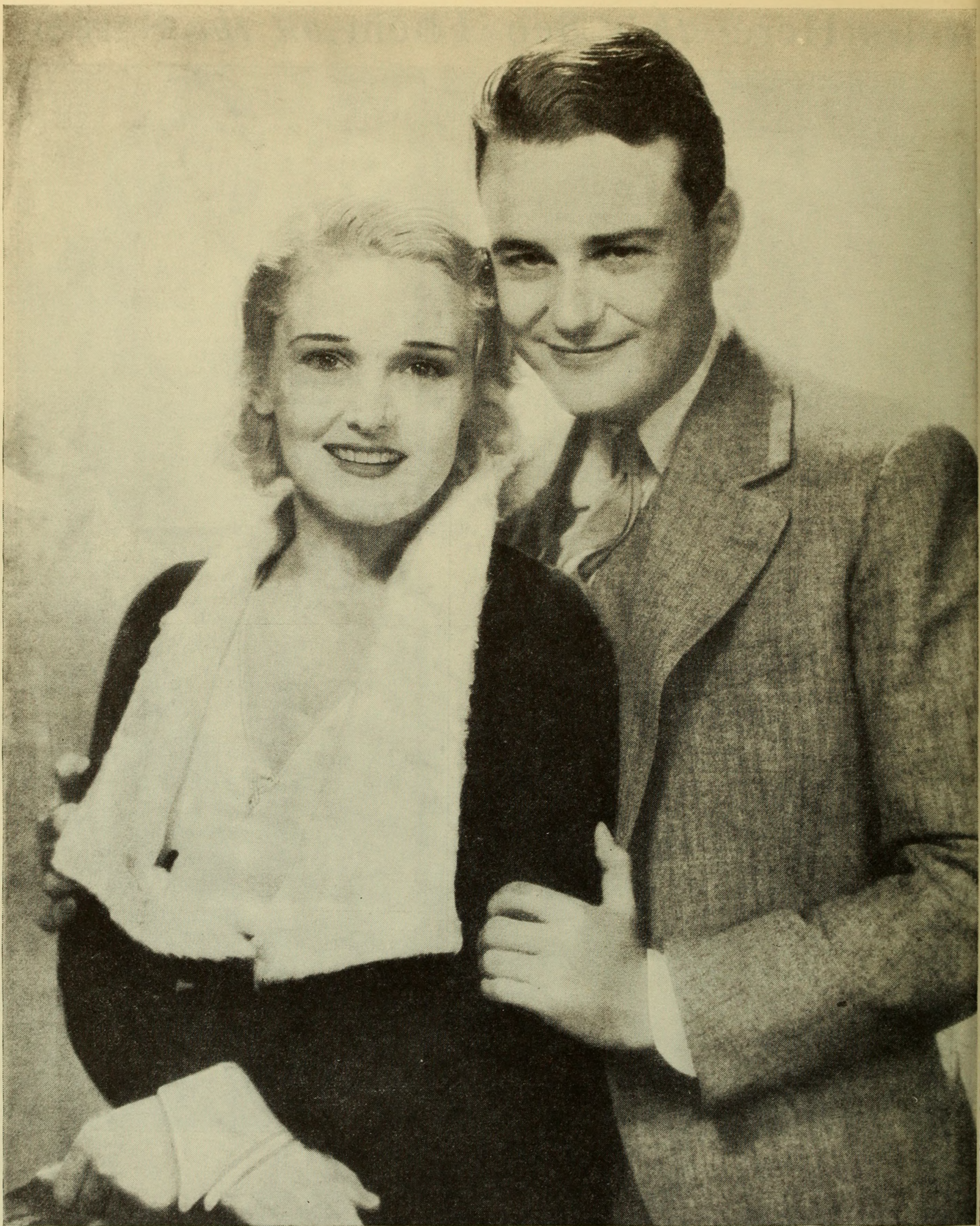
Ah! Two ahs! Cast your eyes over Ina Claire's luscious blue satin pajama outfit and hope that Santa Claus will bring you one for Christmas. It is undoubtedly the smartest thing that has been created to date. Chanel says pajamas for evening wear are abominable, but she knows how to make them alluring for the boudoir. Cut on the bias, one's figure must be well nigh perfect to wear this

Styles Here—then See Them *on the Screen*



na Claire's cream-colored satin suit is lavishly trimmed in beige satin and harks back a generation, as do many of the newest ideas. Aside from the form-fitting jacket, the barrel sleeve and very high neckline, the most interesting thing about this creation is the length of the skirt. Chanel decrees that the length of street skirts may be adapted to individual proportions. The rakish hat (at right) with the new side tilt is of cream colored velour

This suit of light-weight woolen material must have been Chanel's favorite. In it she combines practicability and style, youth and charm. Two pockets in a circular skirt, a peplum that flares ever so little, a high-necked beige linen blouse and a bowler hat of blue felt is about as dashing an outfit as a girl could pray for. Add to this a red leather belt and red buttons on your blouse—and who could resist you?



THE happy smiles that light up the faces of Lew Ayres and Lola Lane mean something! They are honeymoon grins! For the troubled romance of Lew and Lola stopped jangling, and culminated in the merry chime of wedding bells. Tiffs mean nothing when all comes out right. So good luck, Lew and Lola!

So They Were Married

By Rilla Page Palmborg

WELL, they up and married, did Lew

Ayres and Lola Lane—after as troublous and tremulous a romance as moon-mad Hollywood has seen.

And it looked, for a long time, as though the mating would never come off. Only twenty-two, both those youngsters—and the woes and misunderstandings of young love loom large and formidable at that age.

But they married, and are happy—and here for the first time is the complete love story of Lola and Lew—and may the marriage be as euphonious as their names!

"I would rather be Mrs. Lew Ayres than the greatest actress in the world," declared Lola, one day.

"Fame—money—mean nothing to me unless I have Lola Lane to share them with," vowed Lew, the same day.

But Lola was packing her trunks. She would soon be on her way to the New York stage.

And Lew was piling up fame and money as he worked long hours before the camera.

Lew appeared at the Embassy roof garden escorting a blonde. She was not Lola Lane. Lola was seen at a fashionable airport club with a famous young producer. She said nothing. But Hollywood thought that actions sometimes spoke louder than words.

Hollywood shook its head. "Too bad. I guess that romance is all washed up."

Lola herself believed this to be the end.

And the tragedy of it all was that she still loved Lew.

Lew thought *finis* had been written with indelible ink.

The pity of it was that he still loved Lola.

While Lola was packing her trunks, Lew was walking along the trail that led from his house far back into the Hollywood hills. Lew always walked in the hills when he was troubled.

He was trying to figure out why he and Lola couldn't get along. He loved her. There was no doubt about that.

NO, it wasn't Lola Lane he loved. It was that rollicking, mischievous, adorable Irish minx, Dorothy Mulligan.

But how ridiculous! Dorothy Mulligan and Lola Lane were the same girl. Lola Lane was only the stage name Gus Edwards had given Dorothy Mulligan when she sang and danced her way into his New York musical revue, some five years ago.

But were they the same girls?

The sparkling, witty, sophisticated Lola who gleamed like a flashing diamond in any gay gathering, was irritating. Her quick, easy friendliness was annoying.

Evenings with Lola Lane often ended with harsh words and sometimes tears.

Blonde, blue-eyed Dorothy, with her sweet, thoughtful ways, was quite another person. Dorothy's lovable, laughing friendliness glowed like the soft warmth from a steady light.

"Lola doesn't understand! Why

can't she understand?" The words pounded as Lew kept walking farther and farther over the narrow trail that led into the hills.

LOLA, eyes red and swollen from weeping, was throwing a heap of lovely silk and velvet gowns into her trunk.

What did it matter if they were a crumpled mess! Nothing mattered! Everything was wrong!

She sank back on her bed among the soft pile of lace and silk.

Her mind kept going round and round in a circle. She couldn't understand Lew. One day he was sweet and understanding. The next he was hard and cold; a stranger she did not know.

She lay with eyes closed recalling that first night when she fell in love with him. For it *was* love at first sight.

She was sitting in a darkened theater, holding hands with a young director whom she thought she loved. He squeezed her fingers when "All Quiet on the Western Front" flashed on the screen.

The picture held her right from the start. When Lew appeared she caught her breath and quickly drew her hand away from her escort.

"Something gripped me right here," she said, laying her hand on her heart. "That face! Those eyes! That smile!"

"Something wonderful seemed to reach out to me from nowhere."

"That night I went to sleep hoping I could meet Lew Ayres and praying that if I did he would be like the boy in the picture and not just another leading man."

"A few days later I was hurrying into the Brown Derby to keep a luncheon engagement."

"My heart came up in my throat when I saw Lew Ayres seated at a table next to mine."

"He was sitting with a director whom I knew. This man came over to me saying that Lew wanted to meet me. He asked if he could bring him over to my table."

"And then Lew was sitting beside me asking me for a dinner date and writing my address in his little book. I didn't keep him waiting a minute when he drove up in his car that night."

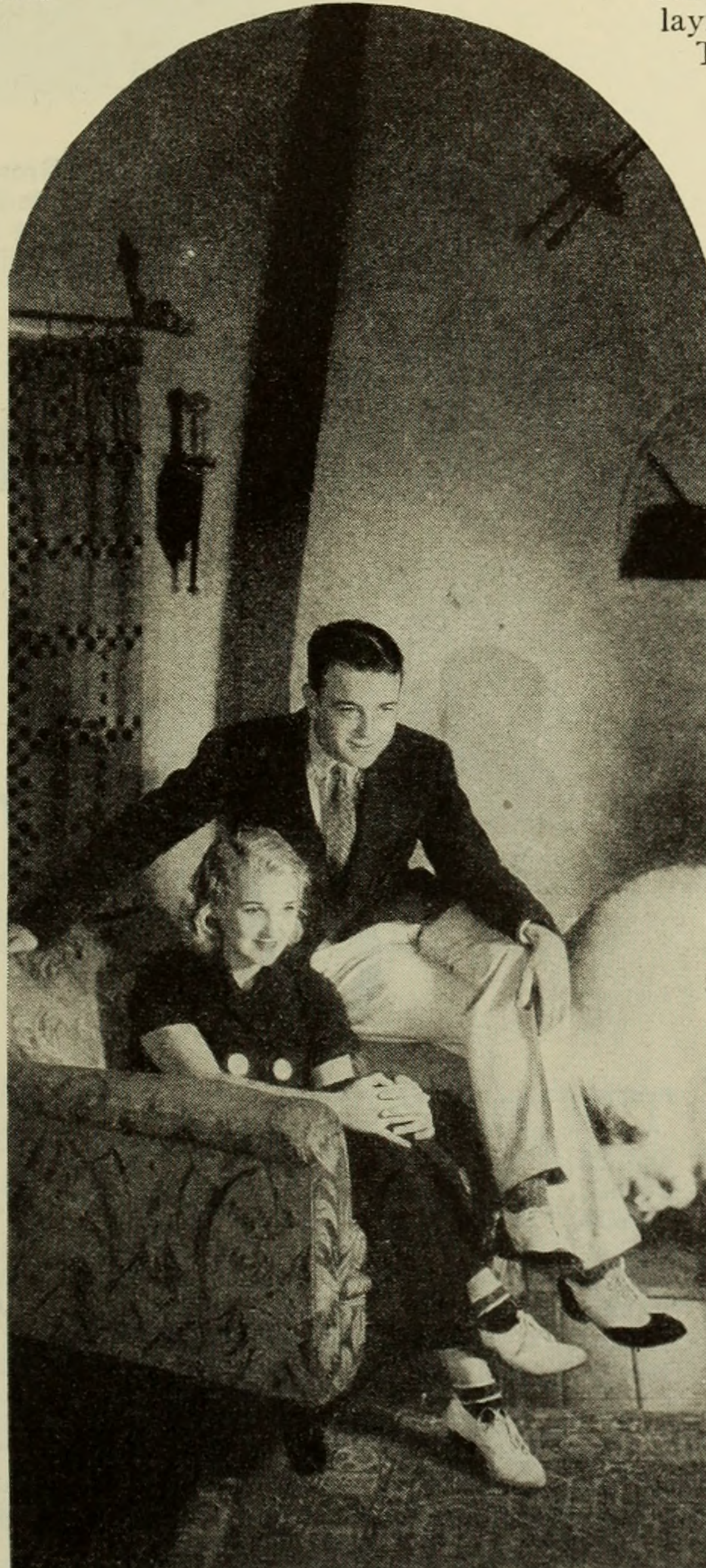
"WE dined at the Roosevelt hotel. Our first dance together was to the same refrain Lew and Lily Damita danced to on that very same dance floor the night Lewis Milestone, the director of 'All Quiet on the Western Front,' first saw Lew. It was after watching him circle the polished dancing square that Mr. Milestone decided Lew was the young man he wanted for the part of the boy."

"While we were dancing Lew whispered—'Something *big* is going to happen to both of us—dancing again to this same refrain!'"

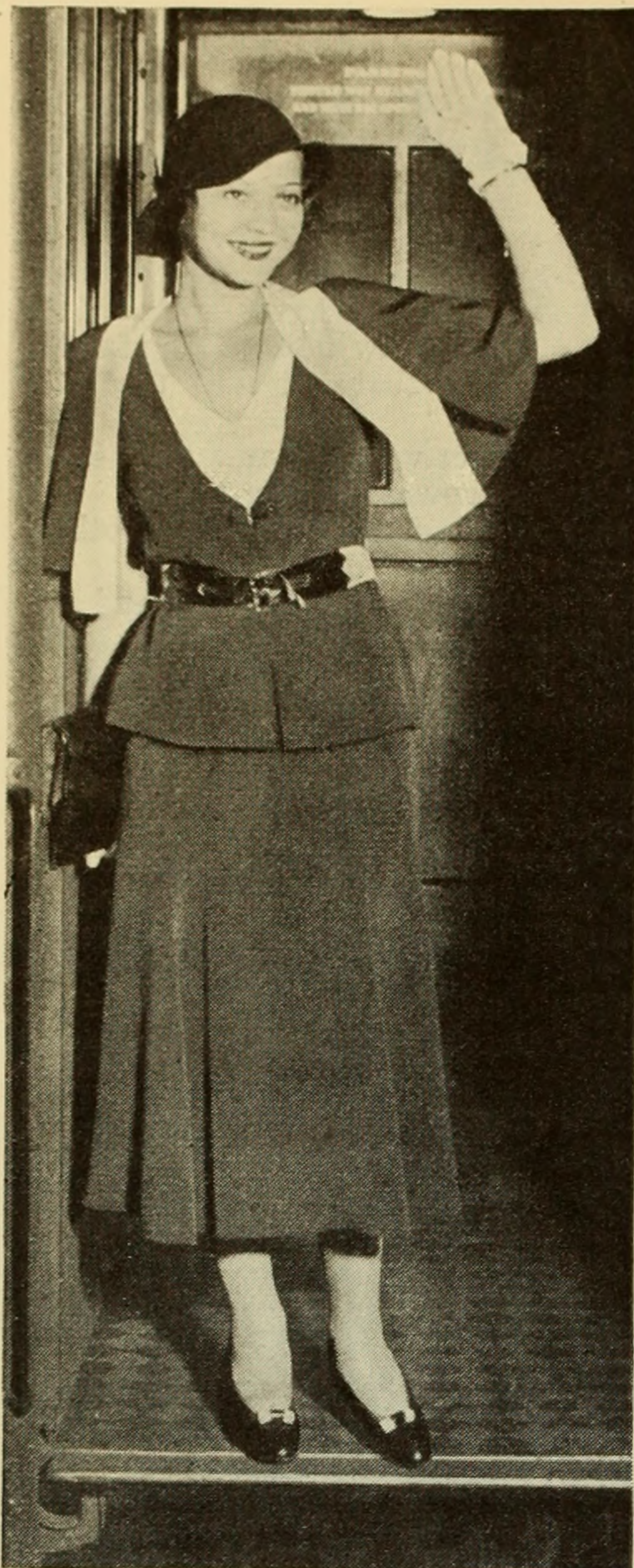
"After a few dances we drove high up on a hill overlooking the twinkling lights of Hollywood. I was disgusted with Lew when he tried to kiss me."

"Just another leading man, I thought, as he took me home."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



How's this for a peek at domestic bliss? Lew Ayres and Lola Lane gathered for a quiet evening at the old family fireside



Acme

"Heigho, New York!" says Sylvia Sidney, home on a flying visit after her picture hits in "Street Scene" and "An American Tragedy." And "Whoopee for you, Sylvie!" says Gotham, right back

WHEN Greta Garbo and Clark Gable started "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox" they were reported by others who worked in the production to be most enthusiastic about each other. They chatted between scenes, gave professional credit to each other, etc. Things were quite chummy.

But when the retakes came, again, according to reports of others on the picture, they recognized one another with a cool "good morning." No chumminess; just casualness.

Now, we wonder if one stole a scene—or what happened!

LINDA WATKINS, of the stage, is playing her first important rôle in pictures with Jimmie Dunn in "Sob Sister."

Linda has a deep laugh which resounds to the farthest corners of even the huge sound stages. And she is likely to laugh at any moment.

How to tone down that laugh? Director Al Santell believes that gags teach better lessons than lectures.

One day when Linda came on the set, she let out her usual "roar."

A prop boy threw her a live fish from a pail of water. In a few moments, she let out another. A second fish was tossed to her.

"When they sound like a seal, treat 'em like one," the director told her.



Mr. Brown proudly presents Miss Brown, latest addition to the family of Joe E. It is obvious that the lady is camera-struck, as she is taking the lens very big, and her hair is on end. Miss Brown seems to have left her wardrobe in the dressing-room

Cal York

Announcing-

THAT long, tall boy from Montana has shed the sombrero, the neckerchief, the chaps and lariat for spats, cane and derby. Well, almost. Gary Cooper is a big New York success. In Hollywood he was just a nice kid—a little shy, a little *gauche* and more than a little tongue-tied. But something's happened to him. In New York he's just that smart and tosses off a wisecrack with every cup of—er—tea.

MARY PICKFORD answered the report that she would retire from the screen, briefly and decisively. "I simply couldn't retire now and leave 'Kiki' as my last picture."

JIMMY DURANTE, that irresistible fun maker who almost stole "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" from Bill Haines, and is now playing in the Lawrence Tibbett picture, "The

Cuban," was sitting in the corner of the set studying what looked to be music.

"What are you doing, Jimmy?" somebody asked.

"They asked me to learn all of Tibbett's songs so if his voice should go back on him, I can sing them!"

He whirled on Lupe Velez who was standing by sneaking a few pulls from a cigarette. "My dear Miss Velez, please stop smoking. You know it is forbidden on this set. My voice, my dear. My voice."

Watch Durante! He is one of the greatest natural comedians in the world and will be a star soon.

INSIDE STUFF FROM THE BOY WITH THE ARROW! . . . Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer to marry when she's finalled, rumor still has it. . . . Young Russell Gleason and Mary Brian. . . . When you read this



International

Still another Hollywood baby, and this one is bored limp with pictures already! "Oh dear me, just another cameraman!" yawns Mary Esther Webb, nestling close to mamma Esther Ralston. Papa George Webb, back of the camera, makes faces for daughter

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings - On!

Rita LaRoy will be Mrs. Hershfield, unless . . . Grant Withers—Loretta Young divorce granted. . . . Eddie Quillan and Maureen O'Sullivan stepping out together . . . and Sidney Fox and Eddie Buzzell . . . The Rex Leases finally go for a decree . . . after repeated partings and reconciliations . . . she says he haha-ed her study of philosophy . . . his own was Omar Khayyam's about the jug o' wine, she adds . . . and he was too quarrelsome. . . . Don Alvarado and Mrs. Don Alvarado living apart . . . she at the Alvarado home, he at the Athletic Club . . . say they won't get a divorce, though . . . and Don is seen very, very much, these days and nights, squiring Marilyn Miller about Hollywood's where-to-goes.

M-G-M plans, as this is written, to put into the cast of "Grand Hotel" not one but **FOUR** stars!—Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford,

John Gilbert, Clark Gable. And perhaps even other star names will be added.

Well, if they don't have to call out the militia on THAT set, and give the director a suit of armor to wear, it'll merely be because stars ain't what they uster be.

But boy-oh-boy, what a grand hypodermic shot of adrenalin that picture will be for the gasping ol' box-office!

AT last! Cecil B. De Mille, touring Europe, found the man in a remote hamlet far back in Germany's hinterland.

What man? Why . . . "I asked a man," wrote De Mille to a Hollywood friend, "if he liked Greta Garbo, and he replied he had never tasted it."

De Mille adds the town has no moving pictures.



International

Hollywood is cheering up! Marion Davies is home, after a long European holiday, and more famous and delightful Davies parties are in prospect. And Marion seems to have cornered the orchid market

CONGRATULATIONS, Warner Baxter, and a low bow from the waist! Warner is now head fan mail receiver on the Fox lot. More letters come to him than to Janet Gaynor. Janet is first among the ladies, however. But Elissa Landi is running her a close second. Which shows what publicity can do. Elissa has had wagon loads of press notices but very few pictures.

And Charlie Farrell has dropped behind. Way behind. Which may only be temporary or it may be because Charlie got married and the gals feel there isn't much use writing to him.

WHENEVER a lad gets a big break, everybody in Hollywood starts remembering him when. . . . All of a sudden dozens of Clark Gable yarns are spinning up and down the boulevard like tops. And there is plenty of Gable legend, for the guy was knocked around the old village for that long.

Maybe Schulberg, head man at Paramount, would like a nice new gun to blow his own brains out. He had a chance at Gable, too. His secretary saw pictures of the lad (presented by his manager, Josephine Dillon, whom he later married, but who isn't the present Mrs. G.). The secretary liked his looks and begged Schulberg to give Clark a chance. Schulberg consented to let him play Alice Joyce's brother in "White Man." When he saw the rushes he threatened to fire the secretary.

Love! Marriage! Divorce! Laughter! Tears!



Acme

Lovelier than ever, and happy about her concert success in Europe, Doris Kenyon, widow of the beloved Milton Sills, comes home from a trip abroad. Frankly, now, was Gorgeous Doris ever a mite prettier?

AT last Greta Garbo has a picture which she wants to make. And I honestly believe it is the first about which she has been truly enthusiastic. Usually the studio has persuaded her to make them against her better judgment and she has admitted to her few close friends when they were completed that she hates them.

But Mata Hari—the famous spy—has always intrigued the mysterious Garbo. And the picture has been designed from artistic as well as story angles. For example, a Javanese temple is being reproduced in one of the largest sets ever erected in Hollywood. Here the spy dances. Will Greta actually dance or will there be a double? Probably the latter. Camera tricks are being employed for that number. You don't actually see the girl remove her clothes but you know she's taken them off!

Then there's the scene where the entire room is dark. The light from two cigarettes alone indicates the action. It's a love scene between Greta and Ramon Novarro who is being co-starred with her. The romantic Ramon and subtle Greta making love with only lighted cigarettes to trace their movements—Doesn't your spine quiver?

Garbo is quoted as saying she likes this because it introduces true European realism which she has admittedly missed in her former productions.

PRIZE title change of the year: Warner Brothers began a railroad picture on the working title: "The Steel Highway."

When it came out, it was: "Other Men's Women."

Ah, me . . . !

SHE'S a brave woman, Esther Ralston, or so the feminine portion of Hollywood has decided.

She permitted herself to gain sixty-five pounds before her little girl was born and everyone is thinking of the difficult job ahead of her—that of reducing to camera size before

she may continue her interrupted picture career.

Incidentally, Esther revealed that she had turned down \$100,000 in movie contracts so as to stay at home for a half year to care for the new arrival.

CLARA BOW walked into the publicity department of Paramount, her old studio home, during a recent visit to Hollywood from the Rex Bell ranch.

"And are you going to Universal or Metro, Clara? We hear they've all been making you offers."

Clara shook her head. "I don't think I'm going anywhere. Why should I? Up there on the ranch you buy a cow for forty dollars and in a few weeks it has a calf and you've doubled your money!"

Rather optimistic ranch financing and a new angle to Clara's retirement!

DID you know that Clara Bow's present boy friend is George F. Beldam?

Now don't get excited. That's Rex Bell's real name.

AND now they've decided to make Ruth Chatterton the pure little gal in her last Paramount picture.

She was supposed to be a not-perfect woman, speaking morally, in "Once A Lady." And then the executives got worried. Bad women were not going over so hot with the censors. When the picture was well under way they demanded the script changed to make Ruth not so bad. Ruth balked. She wanted a good story.

To change the script in the middle of production—! There was a battle.

"Okay!" exclaimed the execs. "We'll make it both ways. Then we'll take the better."

Now, we wonder, will Ruth be just a little bad or a lot bad when we finally see her next picture!

WHAT did Kathryn Crawford do to lose ten pounds in seven days? Wouldn't you like to know? Well, gather 'round and hear the big secret. She registered at a Hollywood hospital and went to bed. She took two glasses of orange juice a day while a trained nurse and a doctor watched her pulse and her blood pressure. When she returned to demand her part in "Flying High" exactly seven days later (promised if she lost the ten) the nurse went with her and was on the set during the making of the entire picture.

When Kathryn became hungry the nurse poured a mixture of fruit and vegetable juices from a thermos bottle.

Kathryn lost the weight but she doesn't recommend the diet unless the doctor and the nurse are added attractions.

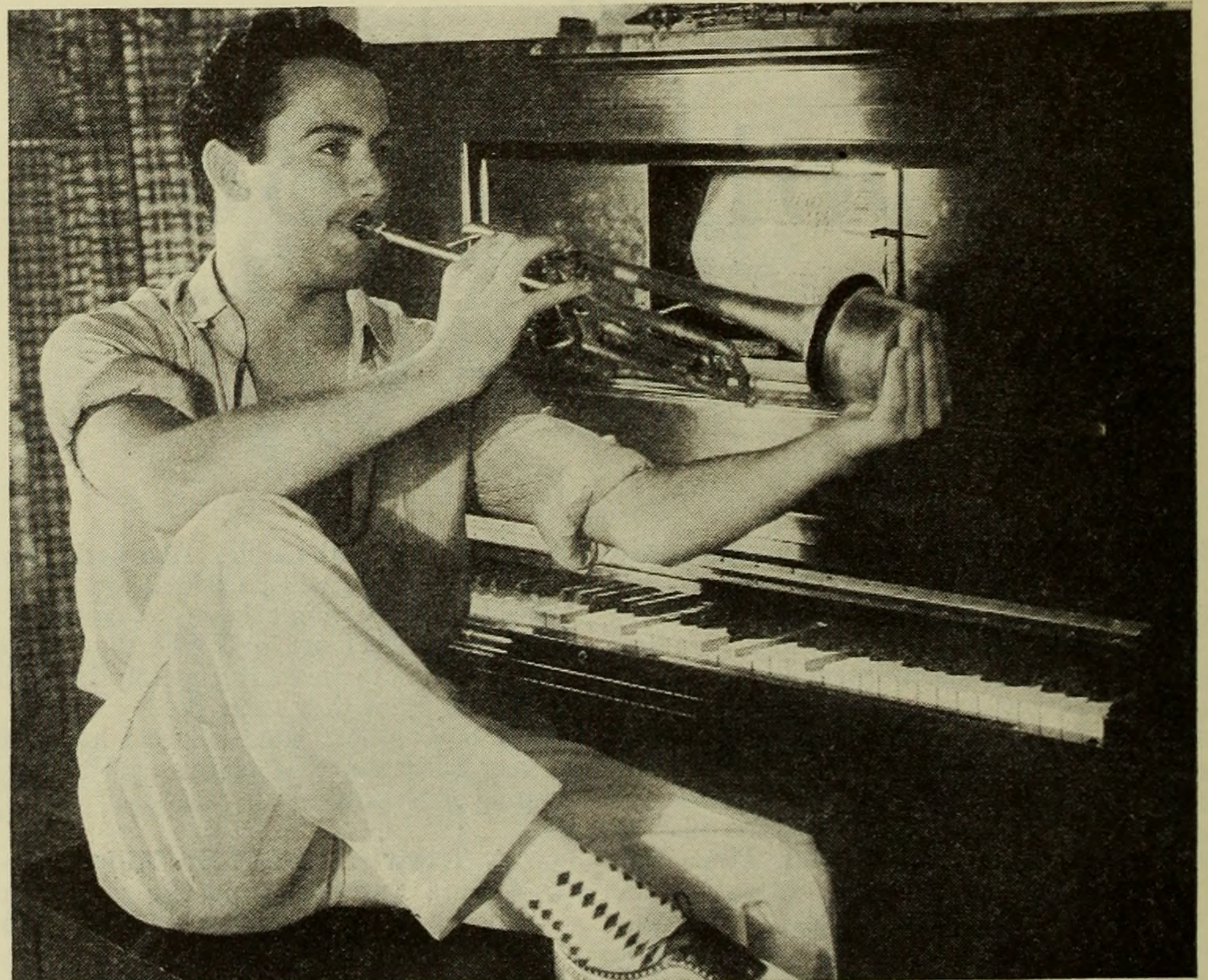
ONE of the songs Estelle Taylor includes in her repertoire for her vaudeville tour is entitled: "How I Miss That Man!"

BILLIE DOVE'S prematurely graying hair excites much comment these days. It photographs like an ash blonde and in no way detracts from her loveliness off the screen.

DID you know that, between other jobs, Clark Gable was an accountant for the Firestone Company in Akron, Ohio, in 1918?

And that he has twelve books on the table of his new dressing room at Metro? Eight of them are poetry. We peeped between the covers and they're thumb worn and many passages are heavily underscored. *He reads them!*

HOLLYWOOD HEART BEATS . . . Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli go on yachting trips . . . and who do you suppose are their boat-guests? . . . Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck . . . and how they must laugh and laugh and laugh . . . and laugh . . . Mrs. Rudy Vallée back in Hollywood, where



Exclusive picture of young man taming wild and raging cornet! Mr. Charles Buddy Rogers, soon to take the trail as proprietor and head tooter of a jazz band, gets in a little key-bugle practice, accompanied by his player-piano. Mr. Rogers reports that the player-piano hits few sour notes

Hollywood Life *is* Stranger *than* Pictures!

she used to be Fay Webb . . . and all the boys that knew her when! . . . she says she'll go out with them, too. . . . "Rudy won't mind. We understand each other. He's not jealous." . . . She says he does NOT croon to her at home . . . well, that gives them a chance.

MAE CLARKE and Henry Froelich make no secret of the fact they plan to be married as soon as Mae's divorce becomes final in the early summer.

Who is Froelich? One of the best cameramen in the business. And here's the human interest: He was Colleen Moore's cameraman and before Mae became engaged to him she was engaged to John McCormick, Colleen's first husband.

It was Colleen's first husband who introduced Colleen's cameraman to Mae.

WHILE Joan Bennett was in the hospital, recovering from the broken leg she suffered in a riding accident, she was being attended regularly by a manicurist.

One evening, going out of the hospital after polishing Joan's nails, the manicurist slipped, fell and fractured three vertebrae.

They gave her a room next to Joan's.

JOAN is planning a party for the day her doctor orders her plaster cast taken off. Then all her friends will be asked to autograph the cast.

"People have statuary all over their houses. Why can't I have one of my torso?" says Joan.

JOAN CRAWFORD has chestnut brown hair again. She stopped being a blonde the moment the studio put the final okay on "This Modern Age" and she was positive there would be no more retakes for it.

Joan hated those platinum locks. She went light for "Laughing Sinners" and "This Modern Age." And if she has her way she'll never do it again!

MARIE DRESSLER was the first, I believe, to insist that one star couldn't make a picture—that it takes an entire cast of excellent players. She has insisted over at Metro that she would rather be in a small part in a good picture than a star with a lot of unknown players.

Metro must have listened to Marie. For the first time in their history they are matching their best players—putting two or more stars in one production rather than expecting each star to sell separate productions.

Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro—two who have always been expected to sell separate productions. Picture: "Life of Mata Hari."

Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. Both top notchers. Picture: "The Champ."

Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. Oh, yes, Bob is a star now and *not* the leading man for Shearer. Picture: "Private Lives."

ROBERT WILLIAMS got a big hand for his work in "Devotion" with Ann Harding at the Los Angeles formal, five dollar a night opening. So big that the house clamored for a bow and a curtain speech.

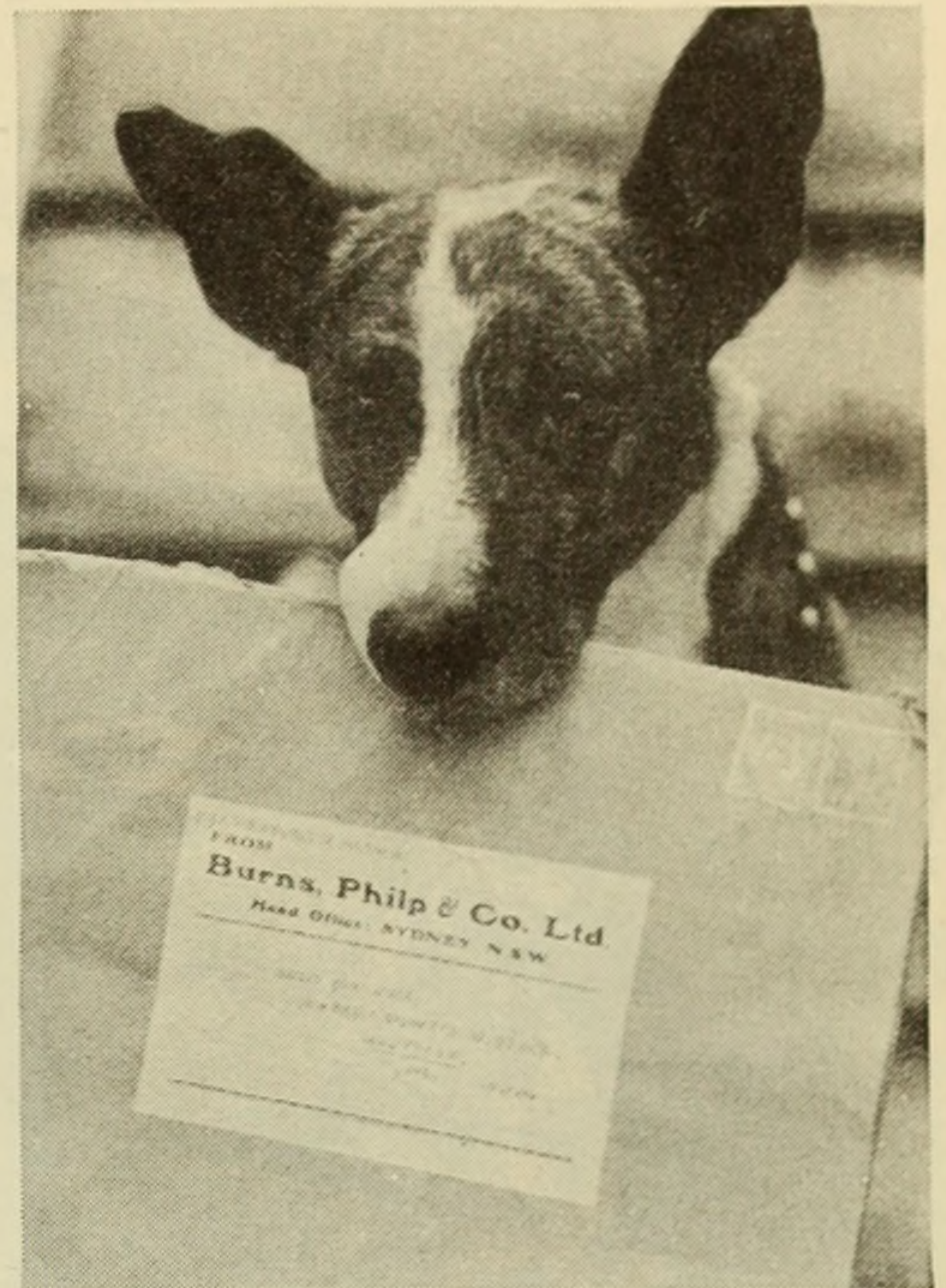
Robert demurred but finally went to the stage.

He was obviously fluttered. "I—I certainly enjoyed making this picture with Constance Bennett," he began.

Credit is due to Ann Harding for laughing as loudly as any.

RUTH CHATTERTON is one actress who does NOT dye her hair for picture rôles. She uses wigs.

LOVE AND SUCH THINGS . . . John Marion Fox, Joan Bennett's ex-hubby, is an ex-hubby again . . . wife No. 2, Mrs. Polly Perkins Fox, divorced him in Seattle. . . . The Paul Whitemans (Margaret Livingston) honeymooned in Hollywood. . . . The Jimmy Gleasons celebrated their silver wedding. . . . The Jack Gilbert-Marjorie King romance is



Buster, famous actor in Metro dog comedies, or barkies, gets some mail. An Australian fan magazine sends him his published picture, addressed to "Buster, Dog Actor," at the old home studios

off. . . . Ronald Colman is tossing those burn 'em up glances in Thelma Todd's direction . . . and he's known her all these years. . . . They are dusting off the church aisle for writer Carey Wilson and Carmelita Geraghty.

THE movie scenario writer will soon have to take all those big romantic scenes out of gardens silvered by moonlight and put them on passenger trains. Connie and the Marquis crossed the continent together. Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer were together on the train from New York to Hollywood. And now Lily Damita.

Willie Vanderbilt, Jr., was on the same boat with her when she arrived in New York, but millionaire Sidney Smith (she denied her engagement to him) was on the train with her from New York to Chicago and on to Hollywood.

And when she got off at the Chicago station there was Prince Louis Ferdinand Hohenzollern, son of the former Crown Prince of Germany, to meet her. A smart photographer snapped their pictures together. And, when the prince offered to buy the plate—"because it would be most embarrassing if the picture were published"—but was refused, Lily countered by posing and posing in hopes there'd be a better negative. However, we bet it's a good one.

CONNIE BENNETT took refuge in wisecracking, when Hollywood reporters besieged her, on her return from Paris, with questions about the Marquis—

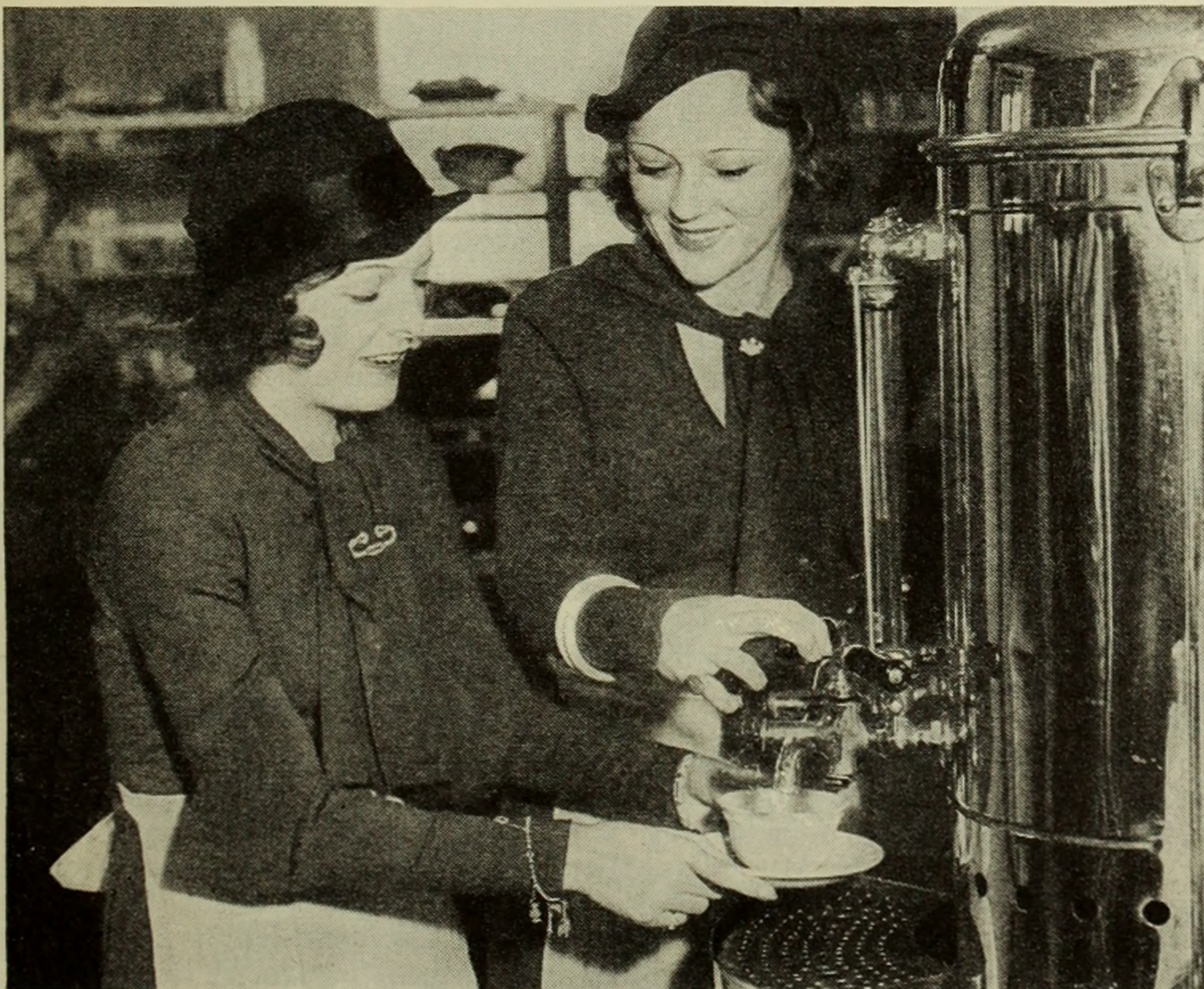
"Oh, you see," Connie giggled, "I married him in Paris and we now have two children who are following us on a fast freight and that's all I care to say on that at the present time."

P. S.—The children never arrived.

KAY FRANCIS wears an old-fashioned wide gold wedding ring. She takes it off for pictures. She has to.

But hubby Kenneth KacKenna understands that; he's in the same business.

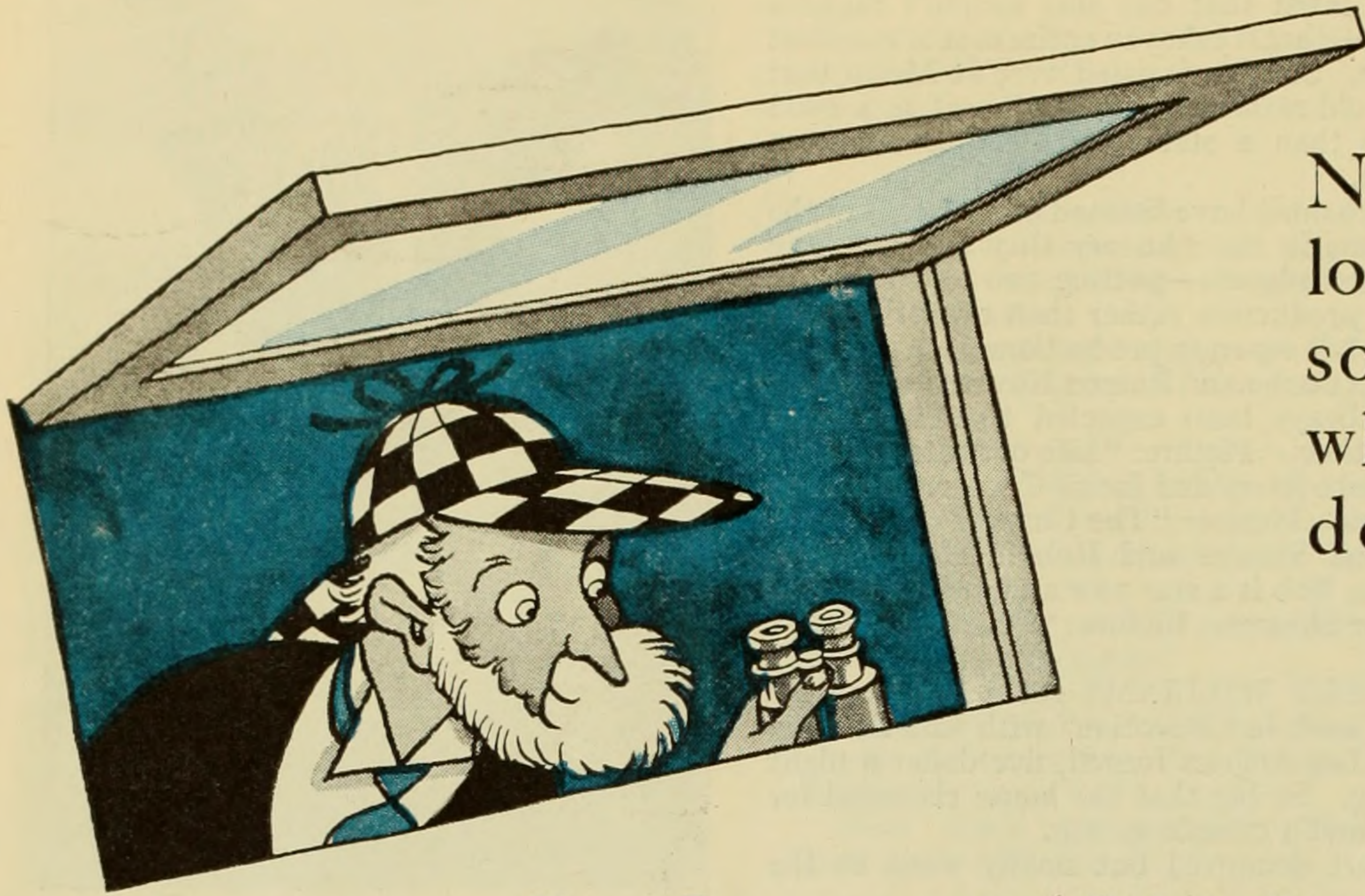
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]



Wide World

The girls help out, and prove they can draw coffee as well as crowds of movie fans. Here you see Marian Nixon and Sally "Bad Girl" Eilers, Hoot Gibson's pretty *frau*, acting as waitresses for the Hollywood Assistance League. Well, they can assist us to sinkers and java any time at all!

The Extra-Private



Noted Hollywood lock-picker and transom-peeker reveals what famous "Legs" does with her days—and nights!

By Leonard (Old Snoop) Hall

MARLENE DIETRICH is essentially a "home girl." The famous German star, shy and retiring in company, which she seldom is in, said today, "I am happiest among my kiddie. Also among my hubby and my book. I am also extremely happy among my sauce-pan. Ach, you should taste my *pfann-kuchen und kartoffel-salat*. Also, my *strudel*. I am very, very happy among my *strudel*. And I like to be alone!"

As one of the leading sneakers of Hollywood, known to the police as "Key-Hole" Hall, I went on the prowl. Today I can present to you, for the first time anywhere, a verbatim account of twenty-four typical hours in the life of Marlene "Legs" Dietrich. (Not to be confused with "Legs" Diamond.)

The Dietrich day (and every day is Dietrich day with me!)—

8 A.M.—Marlene is awakened by three photographers, under the bed, quarreling over who shall get the first snapshot of the star putting on her mules. Bathes, her small daughter washing her back and her husband handing her the so-and-so's while she dresses. Breakfasts, discovering a cameraman disguised as a grapefruit and another as a sliver of burned toast. Expresses pleasure when told that a cameraman has fallen down the chimney during the night.

8:30 A.M.—What is known as "Dietrich's Quiet Hour." On the lawn before the house massed military bands play "*Deutschland Uber Alles Except Hollywood*," Miss Marlene playing the bass drum with her knee-caps. Other numbers are "I Used to Love Louisa 'til Marlay-nah Came Along" and "If You Snap My Garters, I'll Snap You on the Nose." Dietrich then boards three Rolls-Royces and pushes off for the studio. She would be unaccompanied if it were not for twenty motorcycle cops and ten cameramen on trucks. The star obligingly stands on her head, puts her feet on the windshield and juggles four Jonathan apples.

9:00 A.M.—Slightly burned about the face by a premature explosion of flashlight powder. "Poof! Idd iss nudding!" she tells the press. "Only my face!"

9:30 A.M.—Delivers a ten minute address to a delegation of rotogravure section editors on "Your Knees Know."

10 A.M.—Radio speech over a network of 150 stations, from the studio. "I luff my husband and my leedle girl," Miss Dietrich says in part. *Herr Von Sternberg—ach*, he is a genius! Such a great director. I luff my husband and am happiest among my *schnitzel*. I want to make great pictures for the American people. I luff the American people, and my husband and my leedle girl!"

10:30 A.M.—On the set. Mr. Von Sternberg is directing her in "Below the Equator." Her costume is an old peach basket. "Now, Miss Dietrich," he calls softly, "the left ankle, please! Now the right knee-cap. Quiver it gently!

Give me anger with the left knee, Miss Dietrich!" Several susceptible young prop boys faint dead away.

12 Noon—Luncheon as guest of honor of the Dairymen's Association, Miss Dietrich speaks on "Better Calves."

1 P.M.—Back on the set. Miss Dietrich is now wearing a cherry colored sunbonnet with coral piping and an insert of turkey-red fichu. The scene is a night club in Panama City. Marlene is playing twenty-four Albertina Rasch dancing girls, thus showing no less than forty-eight perfect Dietrich legs at one and the same time, thus breaking the record held for forty years by a New York City octopus. "I can't stand it," screams an assistant director. Cinematographer Lee Garmes has sixty-six cameras focussed on the set, some of them shooting through lace, cellophane, cob-webs and an old pair of overalls he found somewhere. "Umph!" said Director Von Sternberg. "A great day!" He dismisses the troupe by firing a field-gun and running up the Von Sternberg house-flag.

2:30 P.M.—Retakes of scenes showing Miss Dietrich's brow, ears, neck, elbows and torso. These were taken by error and an assistant director while Director Von Sternberg was out seeing a lady about an Airedale. Scenes are substituted displaying Miss Dietrich's knees, thighs, ankles, arches (far from fallen), great toes, and shin-bones. "Looks like a great audience picture!" murmurs the crowd, now numbering 7,000.

3 P.M.—Miss Dietrich poses for still photographs at the studio. Among the poses shot is one with Miss Dietrich with an arm around her little girl, while her little girl has her arm around her daddy and her daddy has an arm around Mr. Von Sternberg's throat.

Other poses: Director Von Sternberg holding Marlene with one hand and her husband with the other, while the little girl rides a high bicycle.

Miss Dietrich standing on her head holding Von Sternberg on one foot and her husband on the other, while the little girl waves the German and American flags.

Director Von Sternberg playing a bassoon, Marlene a left handed oboe, her husband a swinette and the little girl a kazoo.

All four singing "Down by the Old Mill Stream."

4 P.M.—Miss Dietrich receives a deputation from the American Association for the Prevention of Bare-Legged Women. "I promise to wear sheer opera-length hosiery whenever the part permits," says Miss Dietrich. Thanksgiving by the chaplain, and grand display of fireworks on the lawn.

5 P.M.—Miss Dietrich, wearing shorts, plays nine holes of golf. She is alone save for six caddies, her husband, her little girl, Mr. B. P. Schulberg, fourteen cameramen (seven movie and seven still) and the Fourth Infantry, California National Guard. She takes ninety-nine.

Life of Marlene Dietrich

6 P.M.—A half hour nap. Flashlight Drill by Photographers' Union on the lawn.

6:30 P.M.—Marlene dresses for dinner, or *abendessen*. She chooses, for the occasion, a tulle butterfly net trimmed with mauve cellophane, hip length, with insertions of sheer plate glass. "Let's eat!" she says, and the Grand March to the eating-room forms and sets out.

7 P.M.—Dinner, served by cameramen and reformers disguised as butlers and busboys. A plate is served and exposed with each course. Seventy-four guests, including officials of film and camera companies, newspaper and magazine publishers, her husband and her little girl. Miss Dietrich responds to the toast—"Down with Long Skirts, A Menace to the Health of American Women!" (Cheers and flashlights.)

9 P.M.—Private film showing in drawing-room. Preview of new D. W. Griffith epic, "Legs Through the Ages."

10 P.M.—Bed. Platoon of police drive cameramen from bedroom, house, grounds and county, at pistol point.

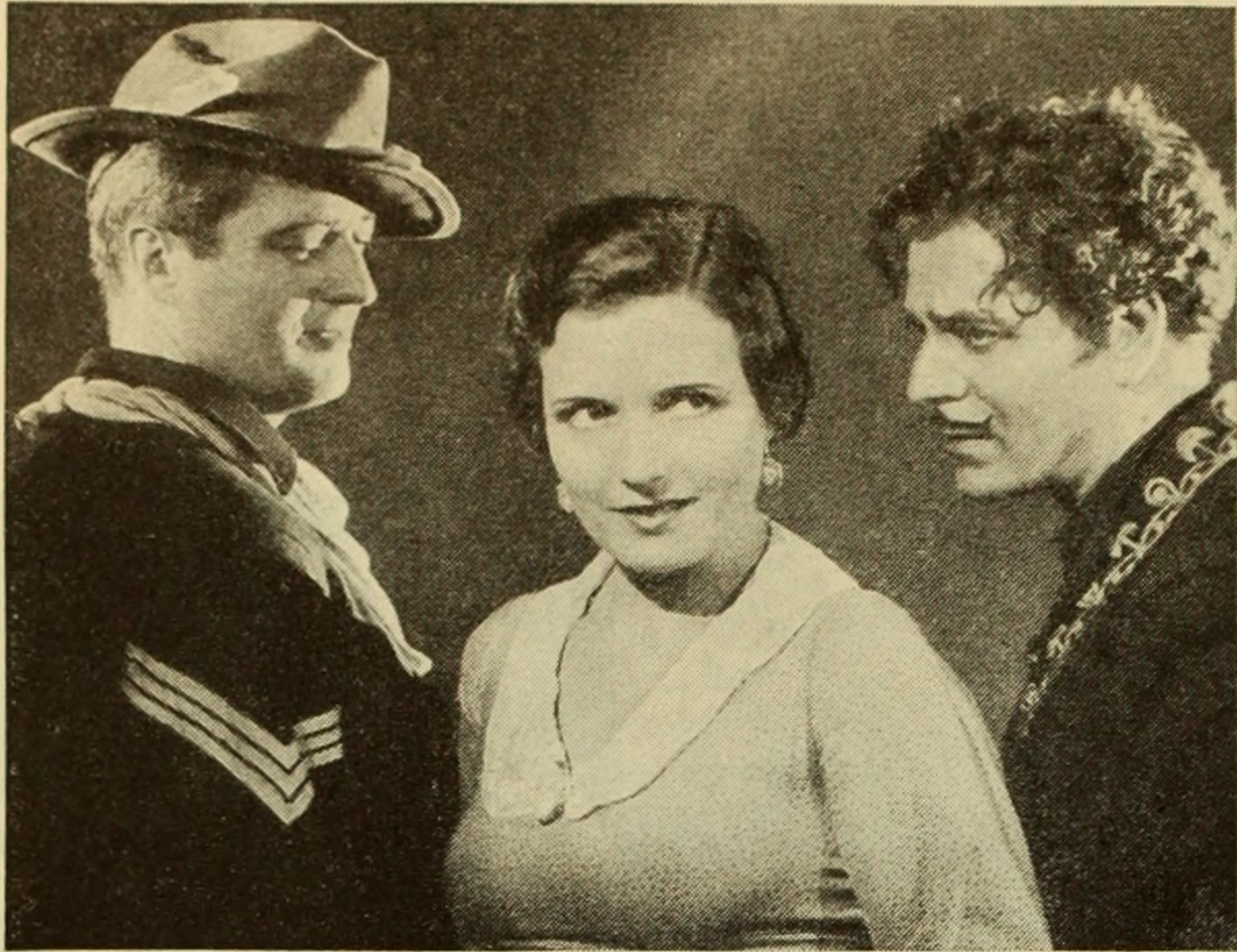
"I luff to be alone!" murmurs Marlene, as the Sandman approaches at the end of another quiet, sheltered day.

The start of the Dietrich day. Marlene is awakened by three photographers quarreling as to who shall get the first snap at the star putting on her mules and kimona. Just a typical quiet morning! On the opposite page you will see "Old Snoop" Hall viewing the scene with alarm



Illustrated by Van Arsdale

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *THE CISCO KID*—Fox

BECAUSE of the popularity of Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe and the superb scenic shots, this picture, from the old O. Henry thriller, should make money. It's too bad that we've seen variations of it several times, as it detracts from the novelty. Edmund Lowe has been *Sergeant Quirt* before. He's the same women-all-fall-for-me sergeant here. But he does a swell job. Warner Baxter will make every woman's heart pitter-patter. He's never been more subtly fascinating than as the dashing Mexican buccaneer.

Conchita Montenegro is alluring and shows promise. Nora Lane surprises. You think at times she is Alice Joyce, so definitely does she resemble her and so aptly does she handle a Joyce rôle. Al Cohn deserves a red apple for adroit adaptation of so well-known a story. See it.



★ *BAD COMPANY*—RKO-Pathe

AND still they come—more gangster pictures. The big idea seems to be to take the same old machine-gunny goings-on and spread them over some new plot-angle.

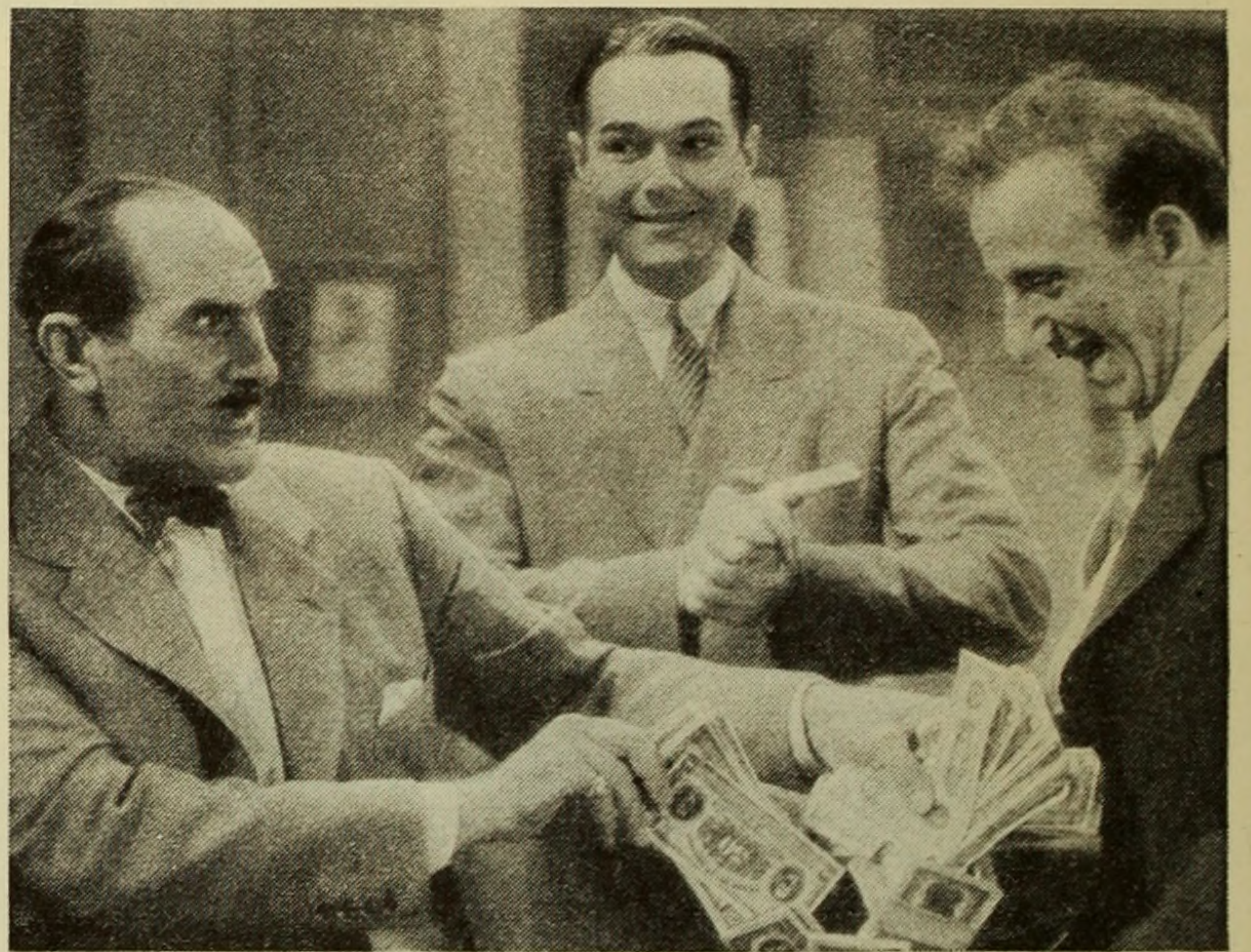
The "different" angle in this one is that Helen Twelvetrees' brother and sweetheart are both gangsters, and she doesn't know it until the shooting begins. It starts when her sweetheart's gang-boss wants Helen for himself, so the jolly old gang custom of putting-on-the-spot starts.

"Bad Company" stands above the ruck of gang stories because of the fine acting, with Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez taking the honors. You may think that Cortez steals the picture—which is getting to be a Cortez habit. John Garrick and Arthur Stone deserve applause.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD*—M-G-M

WALLINGFORD, good on the stage, fair on the silent screen, at last finds his true medium in the talkies—and how the revamped old Wallingford tale does whiz now! And, too, it gives William Haines, the best chance he's ever had, for his special sort of ability. As *Wallingford*, he drops the usual smart-aleck, wisecracking stuff and becomes sincere, human and enjoyable.

Next to Haines, Jimmy Durante and Ernest Torrence take the honors—and there'll be many a one to say that Durante steals the show from the star. This boy, Durante, by the way, is knocking Hollywood for a row of dialogue writers and is going to be one of the big shots all over the country before many more feet of film have passed through the camera.

The story is about a young crook who "is putty in the hands of a girl." His two cronies try to keep him crooked, but when he falls in love, he talks them into going straight and making a lot of money thereby. Imagine their surprise! Even you who remember *Wallingford* in short stories won't be disappointed.

They said Bill Haines was slipping. This picture proves how wrong they were. Go see it and you will be convinced.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD
BAD COMPANY

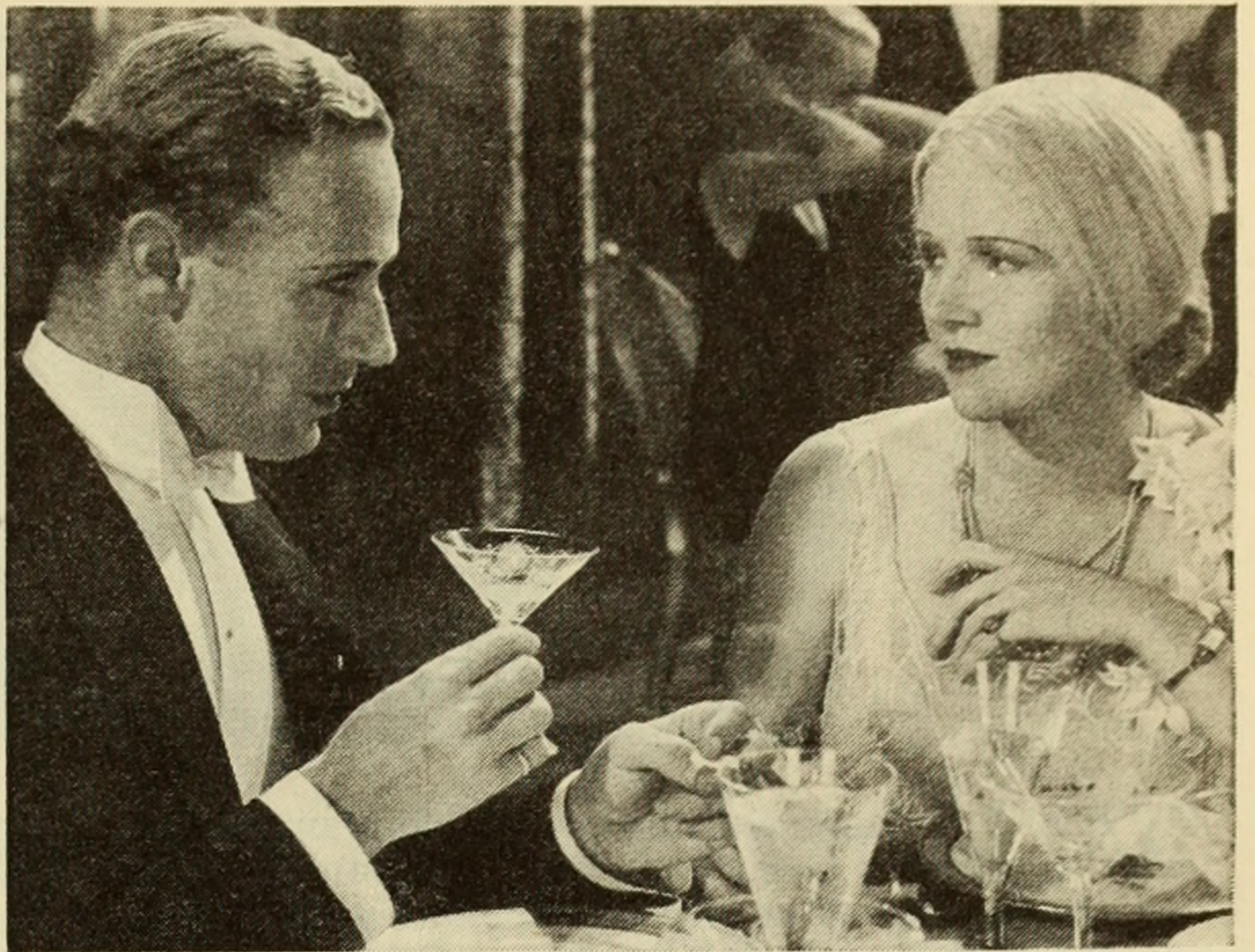
CONSOLATION MARRIAGE
THE CISCO KID

DEVOTION
24 HOURS

The Best Performances of the Month

William Haines in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"
Jimmy Durante in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"
Helen Twelvetrees in "Bad Company"
Ricardo Cortez in "Bad Company"
Irene Dunne in "Consolation Marriage"
Pat O'Brien in "Consolation Marriage"
Clive Brook in "24 Hours"
Warner Baxter in "The Cisco Kid"
Edmund Lowe in "The Cisco Kid"
Ann Harding in "Devotion"
Leslie Howard in "Devotion"
Robert Williams in "Devotion"
Linda Watkins in "Sob Sister"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 128



★ DEVOTION—RKO-Pathe

THIS proves what a perfect cast and excellent direction can do for a worm-eaten, inconsequential story.

We don't often advise you to see a picture made from a poorly constructed story. But we do advise you not to miss this because you will enjoy every second.

Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Robert Williams and Louise Closser Hale have never shown their adroitness more. And that is saying a great deal. Excellent dialogue helps, but it is the humanness of the performances which red chalks this as a headliner. Director Robert Milton also deserves a big hand. He made a bright green tree from dead timber. Ann loves Leslie; Leslie has a wife; Robert Williams wants Ann. How it ends doesn't matter. We warn you not to miss it.



★ CONSOLATION MARRIAGE—Radio Pictures

HERE'S a not-out-of-the-ordinary story, transformed into a fine picture by superb dialogue, direction and acting. "Consolation Marriage" is, too, that rare example of true sophistication in screen fare that occasionally appears amid all the mess of pseudo-sophistication.

The story deals with two young folks, each jilted by their respective loves, who accidentally meet and in a spirit of well-what-of-it, get married—for consolation. Time passes and to each comes the chance to return to the original sweetheart. But the old loves have grown cold, and they discover that their consolation marriage has become the real thing.

It sounds trite, and it might easily have been. But Humphrey Pearson sat down and wrote some of the finest 1931, real-people dialogue you've ever heard from the screen. And Director Paul Sloane climbed up on a high place and stayed there throughout his direction of the film, never once dropping to the level of mediocrity. Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien poured their best into their portrayal of the two youngsters. Irene's work is as good as her "Cimarron" performance; O'Brien bests his "Front Page" rôle. John Halliday and Matt Moore do grand work.

Myrna Loy scintillates briefly in a rôle that fits her as perfectly as her gowns.

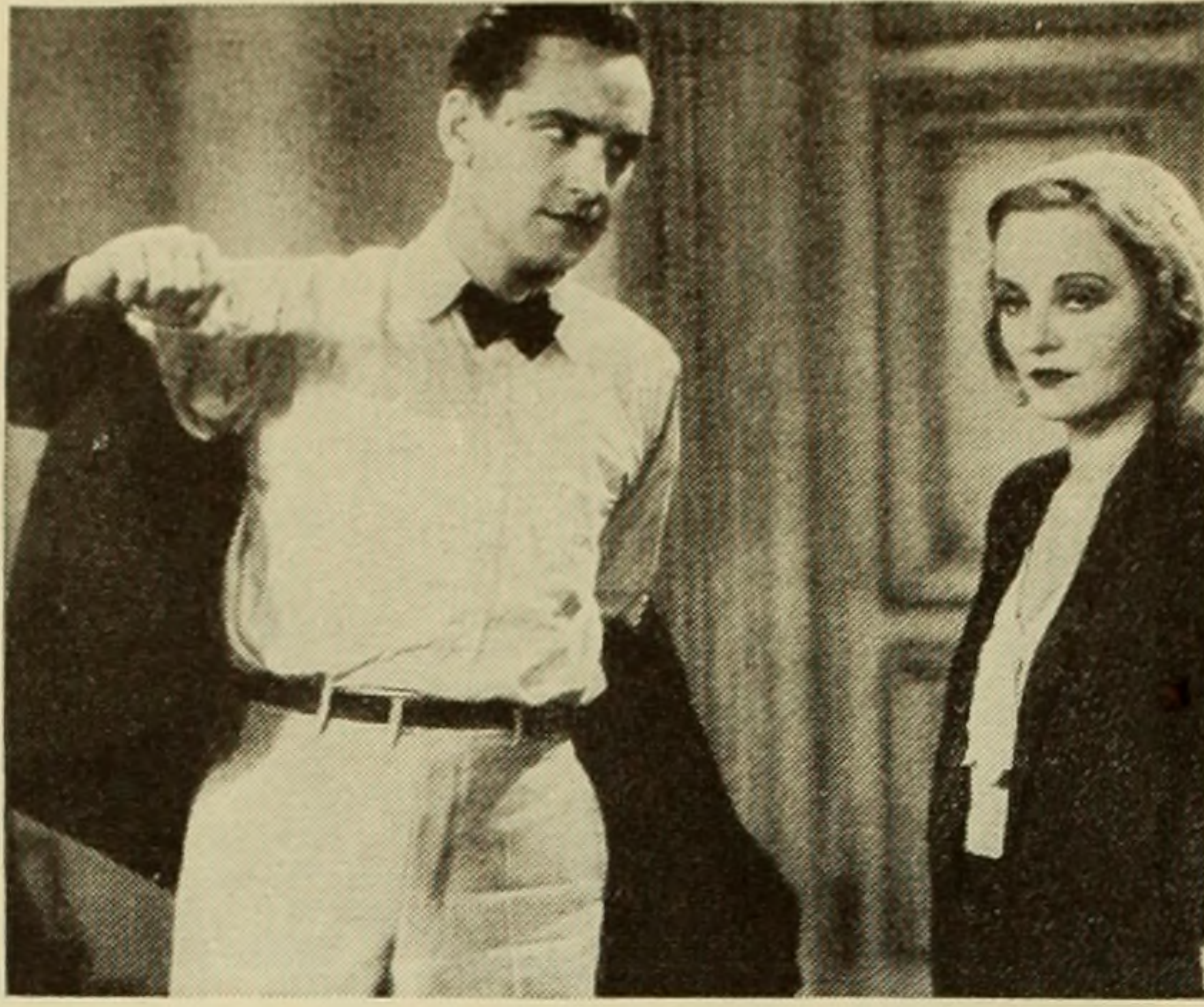


★ 24 HOURS—Paramount

MIRACLE of miracles, here is a picture that is not only good but different. The idea is to show all that happens in twenty-four hours in a big city. There are murders, births, legal and illegal loves, deaths, tragedy and comedy. Against this background is projected the main theme of the story—two worlds, high and low, come into contact for a brief moment. Clive Brook is a highbrow who drinks like a lowbrow, and Miriam Hopkins is a lowbrow who thinks like a highbrow. Kay Francis deserts her husband, Clive, to—but— See this one! You'll be sorry if you miss it. The actors are excellent, direction is splendid; even the cameramen were inspired. But why change the title of Rupert Hughes' fine story, "Shattered Glass"?

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

MY SIN—
Paramount



WHAT an improvement over Tallulah Bankhead's first film, "Tarnished Lady"! In this Miss Bankhead is *that* sleek and smart, and does some excellent acting. The story is another of those "should a woman tell her past" things with people who know about her popping up all over the place. But it's worth a look at Bankhead and Fredric March, who gives his usual fine, sincere performance.

THIS MODERN AGE—
M-G-M



THIS picture was reviewed in the July issue. Since then it has been almost entirely remade. Now Joan Crawford is supported by Pauline Frederick, as mother, instead of Marjorie Rambeau. Neil Hamilton and Monroe Owsley remain the same. In July we said it was a ridiculous story. We say the same in November. But Joan is lovely and the picture has lots of box-office appeal.

A DANGEROUS AFFAIR—
Columbia



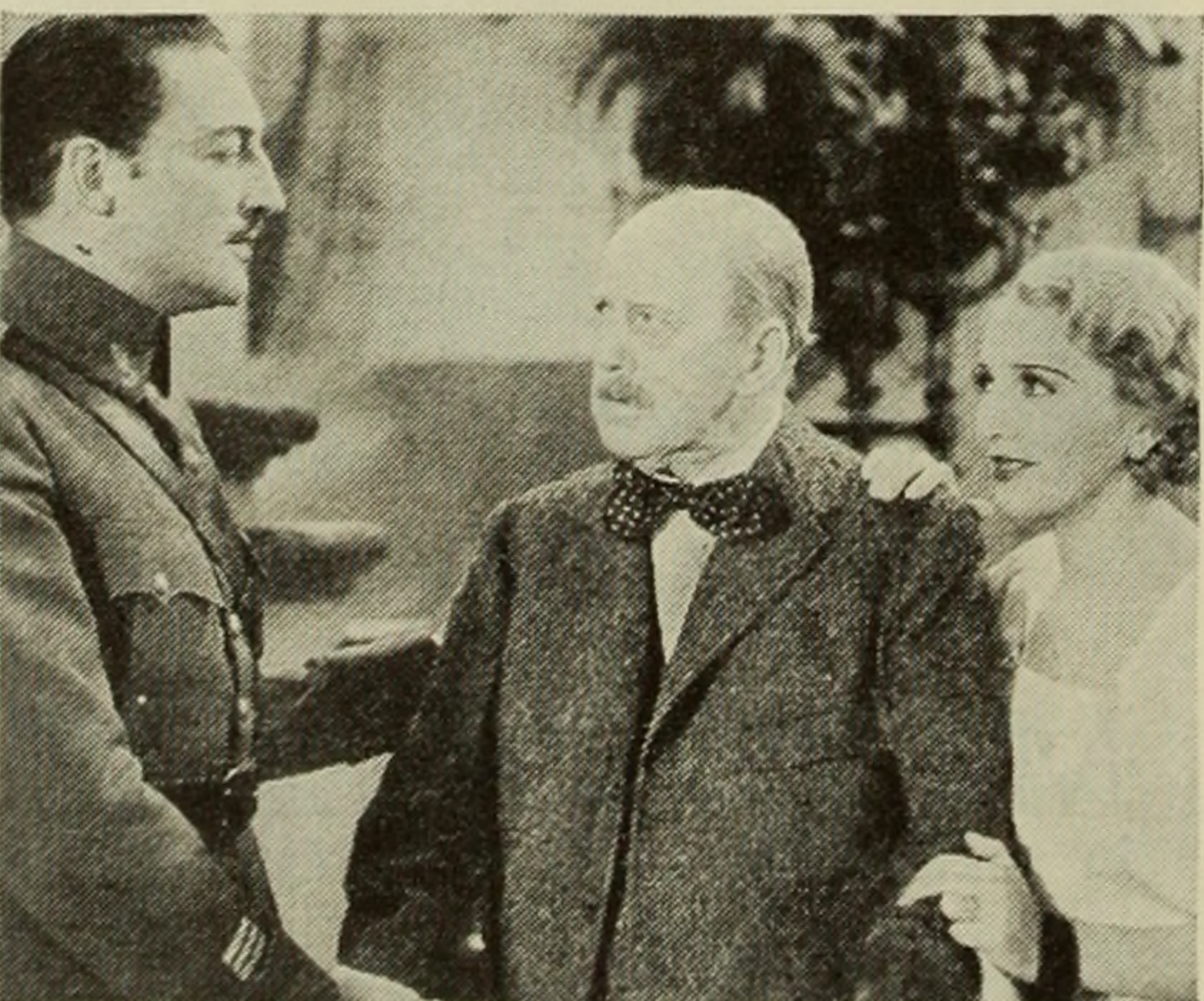
JACK HOLT and Ralph Graves are rapidly coming to the very top as one of those he-men teams in pictures. They're working in double harness again in this fast-moving and surprise-filled "shrieker." A "shrieker," you know, is one of those hair-raising mystery things, where hands reach out from walls and you never know what will happen next. This is exciting entertainment.

PENROD AND SAM—
First National



REMEMBER Ben Alexander in the silent version of Tarkington's "Penrod and Sam"? Leon Janney, as the lovable, mischievous *Penrod*, and Junior Coghlan, his pal, bring it to the talking screen. The escapades of the two boys and their gang are entertaining. Even the hard-boiled will shed tears at the death of the dog. ZaSu Pitts is excellent in a small part. Kids will love it.

HONOR OF THE FAMILY—
First National



THERE'S little left of the Balzac story in this but the title—and who knows but that they'll change that, too, before this review sees print? The story has been changed so that an adventuress is the heroine, and Bebe Daniels plays the rôle spicily. It's about a war between her and an old man's nephew to see who gets his money. Both do, together. Innuendo-filled dialogue.

HOMICIDE SQUAD—
Universal



LEO CARRILLO does his usual Italian dialogue tricks with the English language, this time as the ruthless gang leader, in what turns out to be just another gang picture. The course of true gangsters has the traditional rough going. There is the usual quota of guns and gore before the gang chief gets his death slug from a police gun. Mary Brian, Russell Gleason and Noah Beery are the other outstanding players.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

THE ROAD TO RENO—
Paramount



A NUMBER of Paramount's important players appear in this, but somehow it doesn't quite measure up. It deals with a woman who marries and divorces frequently. She ruins the lives of those close to her—even to the extent of murder and suicide. There are plenty of "big" scenes, and on that basis it has interest. Lilyan Tashman, Buddy Rogers and Peggy Shannon do splendid work.

WE THREE—
First National



THERE have been many worse and many better pictures than this. This is one of those in-betweens so hard to describe. It neither bores nor thrills. Rose Hobart is a maid in a cheap boarding-house with a stigma on her name inherited from her mother. She catches a millionaire on the rebound. Complications result. Ben Lyon, Claude Gillingwater and Miss Hobart are excellent.

PERSONAL MAID—
Paramount



SO somebody thought it would be a fine idea if they put Nancy Carroll in a story about a personal maid. It was a cute idea—and a nice characterization was established by Nancy, but something went wrong with the plot when the dissolute son from Harvard arrived. Mary Boland is grand, but the story just isn't there—which makes it kind of hard on the actors. Pat O'Brien and Gene Raymond help.

SOB SISTER—
Fox



HERE'S a delightful new screen personality—Linda Watkins, a blonde with a kick. And opposite Jimmie Dunn, too. With these two first rate newcomers teamed, the picture's bound to be good. It's newspaper stuff, with Linda and Jimmie rival reporters. Linda uses her sex appeal, and that's where the trouble comes. But it all ends happily. There's plenty of action in this, and it's a cinch you'll like it!

SHANGHAIED LOVE—
Columbia



IN the silents, this was "The Blood Ship," and it was a fast thriller. But in transition to the talking screen it has lost a good deal of its action through too much dialogue. It's all about mutiny and gory evil-doings on a ship. Richard Cromwell gives a nice performance; so does Noah Beery. Others outstanding in the cast are Sally Blane, Willard Robertson and Richard Alexander.

RECKLESS LIVING—
Universal



A SNAPPY, hold-your-interest program picture. Ricardo Cortez is the pleasant villain seeking Norman Foster's wife. We can't blame him. Mae Clarke is worth chasing. Since Norman is the one bootlegger in New York not making money, Mae is a bit tempted by the suave placer of race-horse bets. However, real love conquers as it should.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 115]



Big Shot

Alwein, the producer who always got what he wanted, thought he could make a star out of any beautiful woman

THE stories of Aladdin and Sam Alwein are a lot alike. Aladdin was a poor boy, wasn't he? Well, so was Sam. He was born over on the East Side of New York. He lived in a three-room tenement with his mother and father and six younger sisters and brothers. About the time Sam climbed into the eighth grade, his father needed financial help so badly that Sam went to work. He got a job as office boy for Carl Feitelbaum of the Solar Films, just when moving pictures started to make millions.

Carl took a liking to the boy. When he went to California he took him along, and when he picked up an old studio for the mortgage he put Sam in charge. The studio showed a profit the first year, and Sam was made.

From that point on he gets to look more and more like Aladdin. True, he didn't have a lamp to rub. But he had a check book to write in. He didn't have djinns and genii and slaves to bounce in out of nowhere to grant his slightest wish. But he could hire almost anybody he wanted, to do anything he wanted. He wasn't a prince. But he was a *Big Shot* in Hollywood. Wasn't he president and general manager of one of the most important film companies?

He even had a princess. Sam didn't need a lamp to find her, either. As a matter of fact, he found her while he was trying to put out a light, the light of one of his stars.

The morning it all started, Barbara Henderson, Sam's best emotional star, refused to play the lead in a feature booked for immediate release. Sam sent for her.

Barbara Henderson was blonde, cultured and poised. Success had assured her. She was beautiful and she moved into the room under its steady assurance.

"Yes, Mr. Alwein," she said, and Sam was captured again by the husky voice that had held her fans to her after the advent of the talkies. Smiling, he motioned her to a seat and sat down himself.

"**I** HEAR you don't like the new picture," he said. "What's the matter with it? I paid thirty-five thousand dollars for it. It's a best seller. It's got everything the public wants. Love. Sacrifice. A bad woman goin' straight."

"My part is overshadowed," she told him. "The wife gets all the sympathy. People will come out of the theaters remembering her and not me. My public will be disappointed. They'll remember I've lost. I have only two big scenes, the one where I steal him from his wife, the other where I give him up."

"This picture," Sam patiently pointed out, "is booked and scheduled for production. We've sold your name with it to the exhibitors. You got to play it."

"No," she disagreed, "I don't have to play it. They have even cut my two big scenes, to put over the wife. And the dialogue isn't good. It couldn't be, even if Shakespeare wrote it."

"Listen, Miss Henderson," Sam said. "Get this. I read one of Shakespeare's plays, 'Hamlet,' and that baby couldn't work



By
Charles J. McGuirk

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

on this lot. I got seven dialogue writers could put it all over him. Maybe he was good in his day, but that was a long time ago."

"Shakespeare," Miss Henderson told him, "was the greatest dramatist of all time."

"Yeh?" said Sam. "Well, why ain't his plays sellin'? He's out of copyright and anybody can lift him. And when they do, the play's a flop. And listen, Miss Henderson, we ain't makin' pictures for highbrows. We're makin' pictures for the high school boy and girl and the tired stenographer and the business man and his wife. Virtue gets its own reward. A bad man or woman can't win, but they get all the emotional breaks. See?"

"My public won't stand for it," she said.

"Your public," Sam said, and his voice squeaked a little.

The story of a Hollywood Aladdin who rubbed his lamp the wrong way



Margaret Sperry did not, it was obvious, take direction readily. She reacted slowly and crudely to the sham emotions she had been told to depict — love, joy, anger and grief

"Who made your public, Miss Henderson? We did. We built you up with good pictures and swell publicity. Do you know what you cost us in three years? One million and a half dollars."

"And what did I make for you, Mr. Alwein?" she asked. "Four times that, at least. You didn't build me up because you loved me. You did it because I made money for you. Now I'm nearly at the end of my contract and you're giving me a bad picture so that I won't be able to ask for a decent salary. Well, I won't play it. That's final."

"All right," said Sam. "But if you don't play it, you won't play in another picture for us. And we'll get somebody who will."

"You haven't got anybody who can do my stuff," she told him.

"No, we haven't," he agreed, "but we'll get somebody. We'll make a new star. It'll be easy. There's thirty thousand beautiful women from all over the world in Hollywood beggin' for the chance. I can pick out one of them and make a star out of her. I've done it before. I can do it again."

She was strangely unimpressed.

"Fine, Mr. Alwein," she said. "I hope you do. Now I wonder if I could go down to Bermuda for a couple of weeks."

"You can go to —. You can go anywhere you like," Sam said. "And when you come back, you'll see a new star bein' made. We make 'em and we break 'em."

"Get me," he ordered his studio manager, "a girl to take Henderson's place. She's got to be beautiful and she's got to have *It*. Make it snappy. The picture is scheduled and the sets are all built. You got to shoot it in six weeks."

AT first sight of Margaret Sperry, Sam Alwein felt he had found a star whose luster, when he had developed her, would make Barbara Henderson's seem a faint glimmer. He knew this immediately when she flashed before him in the three hundred feet of her screen test. Even in the black and white of the picture, he sensed she was a redhead. She was, he learned from her application card, twenty-three, but she looked eighteen.

She had *It* decidedly, in her well-rounded body, her soft eyes, her sulky, passionate mouth and in the unconscious poise that goes with the possession of beauty. She was tiny, a Venus in miniature.

Her voice, like that of many beautiful women, was not in keeping with the rest of her. It was unmodulated. But it was soft. And pleasing. It could be molded by a skilled elocutionist.

She did not, it was obvious, take direction readily. She reacted slowly and crudely to the sham emotions she had been told to depict—love, joy, anger and grief.

But he knew she was a find from the way he himself reacted to her screen presence. His brain approved her as it did Barbara Henderson, but his emotions were eager in endorsement. He felt she was the kind of woman he could love and marry and he pictured the millions of fans agreeing enormously with him. This surprised him. That personal thought had never before entered into his judgment of any actress.

He sent for her. Her real presence bore out the promise of the screen. She was so beautiful that for one of the few times in his life he was self-conscious in a woman's presence.

"Miss Sperry," he said uncertainly, "I guess you haven't had much experience actin', but you got other things the public wants. You're goin' to work right away in this picture. You're goin' to have all the help we can give you. You'll have Mr. Hal Reynolds, the best director we got. It's the chance of a lifetime. If you make good, you'll be a star. While we're findin' out about you, we'll pay you—" he was going to say a hundred, but looking into her eyes, he was surprised to hear himself saying "—five hundred a week."

She stared at him, her eyes big with fright.

"I'm scared," she told him. "I'll never be able to do it. I don't know anything about acting. Mr. Alwein, I should never have taken that test. I only did it for fun and neither Mother nor I thought for a minute I had a chance. We just got in from Iowa, and we learned you were searching for an unknown actress to develop.

"I'm afraid the camera was too kind to me. How can I ever learn to act to play the leading



The first sight of that beautiful girl made Sam think he had found a lustrous new star

part in a picture? Why, I don't think I'll even dare try it."

"You got to try it!" he told her emphatically. "I said I could make an actress out of any woman, any beautiful woman. It won't be hard, Miss Sperry. You got all our resources behind you. You'll have one of the best directors in the business workin' on you. All you have to do is what he tells you. Reynolds could make a wooden Indian act."

Hollywood was skeptical about this new experiment. It was the talk of the studios. Sam Alwein had gone crazy and was taking a girl with no experience on either stage or screen and was insisting he could make her a great star.

Sam, himself, had no doubts about it.

"I'm willing to spend a million to put this picture and this girl over," he told Hal Reynolds, ace director. "And I'm countin' on you, Hal. I admit it's a tough assignment. She never had any experience. You'll have to go slow with her. Don't panic her. Right now she's scared to death. If you have to, cut the dialogue away down and put over the business in action. Anything you do is all right with me as long as she clicks."

"Okay, Chief," said Reynolds. "If she's got anything, I'll bring it out. If she hasn't, I can't. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, you know."

"I know it, Hal," Sam admitted. "But this girl's all silk."

* * *

HOW do you suppose Aladdin would have felt if he had rubbed his lamp and said:

"I'd like to have a couple of bales of your best Oriental rugs, a peck of diamonds, some solid gold braziers for the living-room and a few gallons of that new jasmine toilet water. And you might bring along a couple of pure-bred, milk-white Arabian horses—and, oh yes, a beautiful princess."

And nothing happened?

Well, that's the way Sam Alwein felt.

For the first time in the years he had been a Big Shot, the old lamp wasn't working. Neither was the magic carpet.

It worried him. He felt that his ability as a producer who could pull romance and love and adventure out of a photographic dark room, much as a parlor magician draws a rabbit out of a hat, was beginning to slip. That a little problem like making a star out of an unknown should be enough to throw him.

Yet, sitting in his office one morning three weeks after the new picture had gone into production, Sam Alwein admitted to himself that the possibilities were against Margaret Sperry proving a smashing hit in pictures. He had not seen any more of her on the screen since he had been captured by her test, but the reports were not encouraging. It was her voice. Hal Reynolds practically admitted it was hopeless.

Sam could understand that a microphone might magnify its soft huskiness into harshness. A peacock has a harsh voice but nobody kicks. They accept the voice along with the beauty of the bird. Well, they would have to do the same thing with Margaret Sperry. Her beauty, he figured, would hold her audiences until the rest of her sneaked up on them, because that's the way it had happened with him.

AFTER their first conversation in his office, Sam, it must be admitted, had begun to have his doubts. He was preparing to sink several hundred thousand dollars into a production and nobody does that, even in Hollywood, without being assured of at least an even chance of getting it back. He wanted to be sure that his first impressions had been correct. So he had sent for her the morning they started work on the picture. He still remembered the thrill of satisfaction the sight of her had given him.

She was dressed for her rôle of home-wrecker in a décolleté green evening gown, and in her heavy make-up she looked at first glance sophisticated and

blasé. Her beauty made him catch his breath.

"I asked you to come to see me," he said, "because I want to tell you not to be frightened. You'll find acting will come easy in a little while."

"But I am frightened," she told him, and laughed nervously. "Only I promise you, I'm going to try hard."

"That's all you have to do," Sam smiled. "You'll make it."

It was five days before he saw her again. Though he wanted to badly enough, he didn't go near the stage in which she was working. He was afraid his presence would, as he expressed it, "panic" her.

But he never remembered being as anxious about anything in his life as he was for the success of this picture—and this girl. He happened to be standing at the studio entrance late one afternoon when she came out to enter the car the studio had set aside for her use.

"How are things comin' along?" he greeted her.

"I don't know, Mr. Alwein," she said. "I may be doing very well. If I'm not, it's my own fault. I want you to know I've never met such kindness in my life. Everyone in the place tries to help me. And Mr. Reynolds is wonderful to me."

"Yeh?" Sam said. He wondered if Reynolds was making any passes at her. "What does he do that's wonderful?"

"Why, he spends hours going over my scenes with me again and again."

When her car had driven away, he turned back and walked into Reynolds' office.

"How's the picture comin', Hal?" he asked.

"All right, I guess." Reynolds was non-committal.

"How's the new girl, Miss—Miss Sperry?"

"How would you expect a raw [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

He Is The Real Thing!

A pen portrait of Ivan Lebedeff

By Harry Lang

IVAN LEBEDEFF is Hollywood's champion hand-kisser, but he can't understand why people talk so much about his doing it.

To him, he says, it's as natural as shaking hands. He seems quite unable to realize that in Hollywood, where hand-kissing is no more a custom than rubbing noses like South Sea Islanders, it naturally occasions a deal of giggling comment.

It's related that he once met a feminine acquaintance while swimming, and nearly drowned trying to kiss her hand—but probably that isn't true.

He encounters a lady he knows. He suddenly halts that headlong military stride of his, and comes to attention. He clicks his heels together smartly. He doesn't lift his hat, because he doesn't wear any. But he jackknives at the waist to a right angle, grasps the lady's extended hand in his, and kisses it smartly. So the lady nearly swoons and swears from then on that there's at least *one* gentleman in Hollywood and he's Ivan Lebedeff. And newspaper columnists and Hollywood chatterers say a lot of funny things.

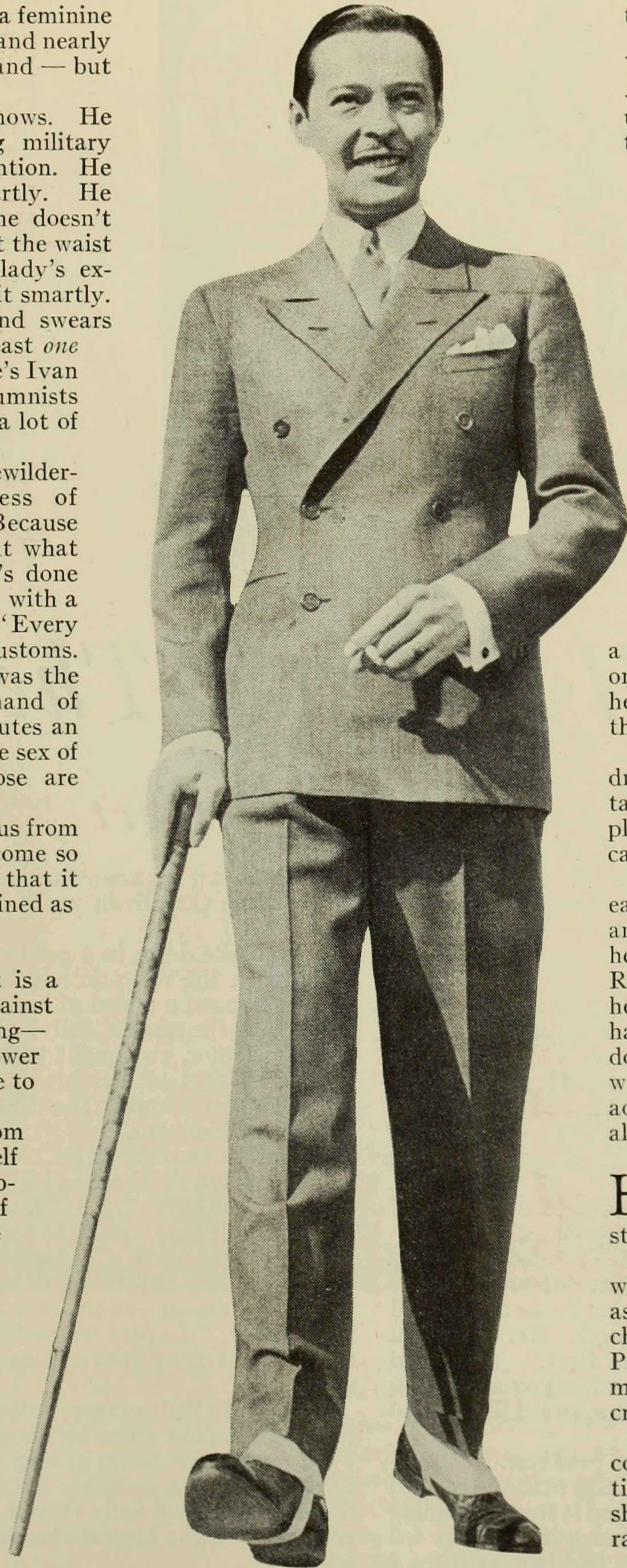
"But why?" Ivan asks in bewilderment—well-acted, regardless of whether it's sincere or not. Because you can never quite tell, about what Ivan says or does, whether it's done sincerely or, on the other hand, with a deliberate aim for effect. "Every nation has its own particular customs. Before the war, in Russia, it was the custom for men to kiss the hand of women in greeting. It constitutes an expression of respect toward the sex of a man's own mother." Those are Ivan's own explanatory words.

"The custom was trained in us from earliest childhood, and has become so deeply rooted in consciousness that it is just as natural for men so trained as is shaking hands.

PERSONALLY, I think it is a very beautiful custom against which I can say only one thing—that is, there are fewer and fewer hands in the world that deserve to be kissed!

"I do not see in this custom anything comical, and I myself am astonished that so much publicity has been given this way of mine. In St. Petersburg, before the war, had someone come from the United States and started to chew gum in social circles, no one would have commented, even though they might have thought it a strange habit. If anyone had dared to make an ironical remark about it, he would have been instantly stopped and told it is bad form to comment about such things."

Ivan draws himself up in his military dignity, and goes on:



Ivan, in spats and cane, assumes this attitude just before he decides to kiss a lady's hand

"We kiss the hands of married women—and of unmarried women only if they are artists. Or of women between whose age and mine there is a pronounced difference. We never kiss the hand of a woman when the meeting is of a purely business nature. And I personally make it a rule *never* to kiss the hand of a woman, no matter what the occasion, if I feel she is the type who might be embarrassed by the act."

EVEN aside from his hand-kissing forays, Lebedeff is one of the most unusually unusual men in Hollywood, where to be unusual is usually usual.

He never wears a hat except when it's raining. Says he's more comfortable without a hat, but admits he only began going hatless when he first came to Hollywood.

He is proud of the type of masculine beauty he represents, and will avoid anything that might tend to destroy the regularity of his features. He is so near-sighted that he cannot recognize friends, even when they are quite close to him, yet he will not wear glasses.

He does, however, carry a monocle. It is not, like most monocles, merely a disc of clear glass; it is, in Ivan's case, actually a lens.

When he pops into a restaurant, he slips it into his eye and through it, takes a quick glance around to see if there is anyone near whom he should recognize. Then he reads the menu through it, and when that's done, he slips it back into his pocket.

Because of his near-sightedness, he never drives an automobile. He always uses taxis, or hired cars. He is the only featured player in Hollywood who does not own a car.

He always carries a walking stick, and is easily one of Hollywood's most strikingly and immaculately dressed men. The reason he carries a stick is because, while in Russian military service in his earlier life, he formed the habit of holding in his left hand the hilt of his sword. When he abandoned the uniform, he felt so uncomfortable without something in his hand that he adopted the habit of carrying a stick, always.

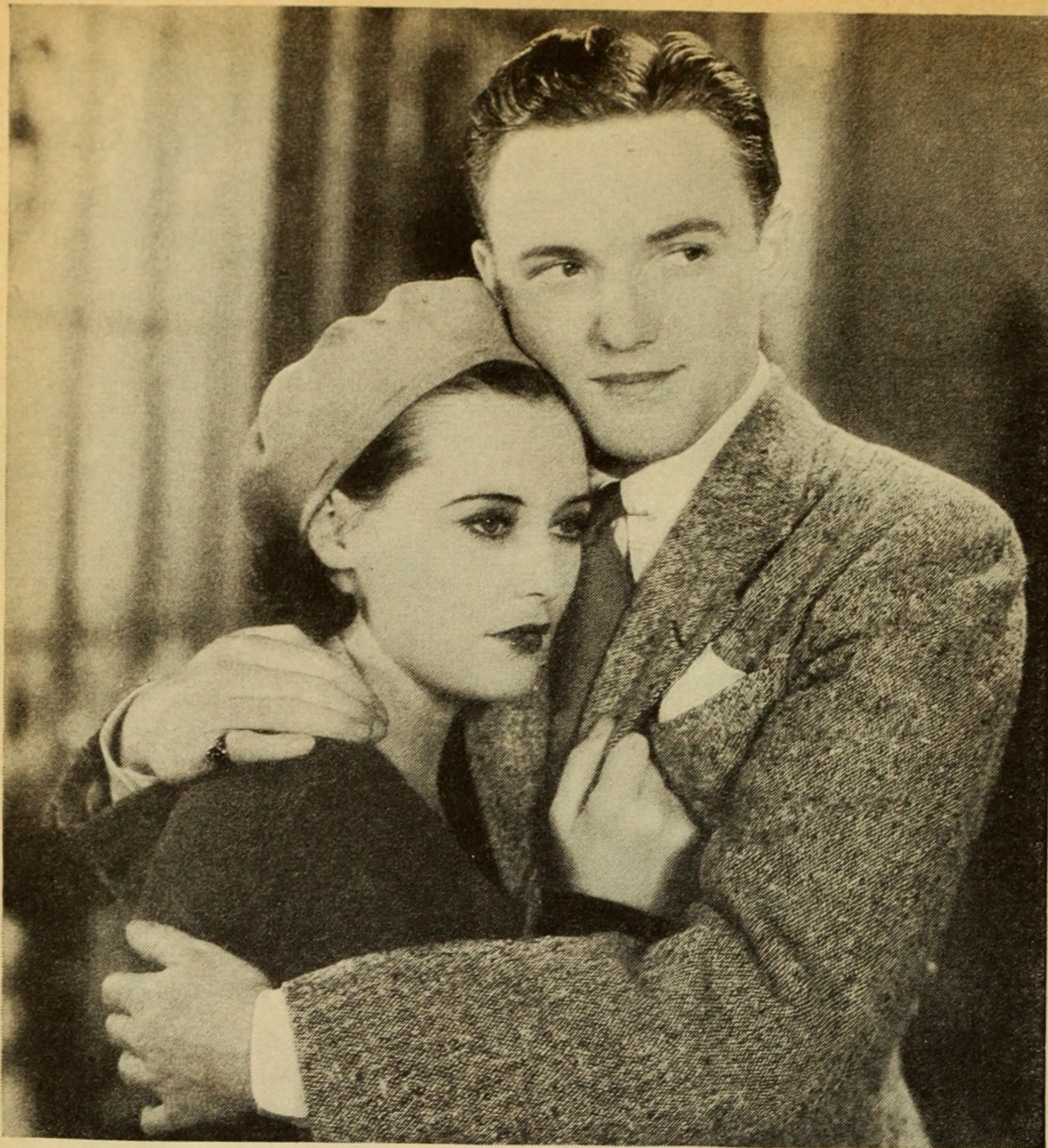
HE owns a half-dozen sticks—all bamboo and alike. He does not swing the stick when walking. He carries it rigidly.

He wears his clothes like a uniform. He walks as though on parade—his backbone as stiff as a night club *couvert* charge, his chin up, and stepping out like a company of Prussian guards. Even were he wearing a mask, you could pick Lebedeff out of a crowd of hundreds by that walk of his.

He has his clothes made to order, of course, and always in the same style—tight-waisted coats, form-fitting. His shirts are all made to order. Colors?—he rarely deviates from brown, gray or green.

He always shaves himself, and frequently twice a day. He shaves with two razors—a safety, and an old-fashioned straight razor.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



"Ah," sighs Sally, "this is more like it," as she snuggles into Frank Albertson's arms in "The Brat." Away from pictures for a year while new faces leered at her from the screen, she thought her lucky shamrock had turned into a thistle. Then she got her Irish up and went out and fought for herself. Result — a great screen comeback. Read on, gentle reader, read on

How Sally Got "The Brat"

SALLY O'NEIL has made a big comeback. Fox has signed her to a five-year contract.

By Katherine Albert

Everybody raves about her work in "The Brat." The last picture she made before that was one year ago. Since then Sally has been out in the cold. And then—suddenly—the comeback.

In Hollywood you forget about the people who don't work. Oh, you see them around and say "hello" but they don't mean much. After all, Sally hadn't worked for a year. The last picture she made was not good, because Sally's brother was in trouble at the time and the nerve-strain showed in her performance. That idle year made Sally miserable and so she kept putting deadlines on herself.

"I'll hang on three more months," she'd say, "and if nothing happens in that time, well . . ."

And later, she'd say, "Well, I'll stick around for a couple of months more and if nothing happens then, well . . ."

Nothing happened. Nothing happened—but bad news—for a year. But one day her manager secured an interview for her with a local stage producer. He wanted her to do a play and gave her a handful of scripts to glance through. Her eye fell on that old favorite, Maude Fulton's "The Brat." Sally had never heard of it (she was playing marbles when you and I were seeing that one) but she liked the title. It sounded like her, so she asked to do it.

"It's got whiskers on it," said the stage producer.

But Sally took the play home with her. She read and re-read it all one night. She loved it and memorized it from beginning to end, but the half-formed plan of producing it as a play fell through. And then Sally heard that Fox had bought it for a picture.

"I've just got to do it," she said to herself. "That's my big chance—it's now or never." And she spent hours alone in her

room acting it out from beginning to end.

A few days later she picked up a paper and saw an announcement that either Dorothy Jordan or Maureen O'Sullivan would play the name rôle in "The Brat."

Sally broke down in a good old-fashioned cry, but, like the heroines in the neurotic novels, she didn't feel a bit better. That afternoon a friend of hers, a priest, called on her.

"What's the matter, Sally?" he asked. "You look blue."

"Say, father, you ought to know the answer to this," said Sally. "Is God dead or has the depression hit heaven?" And she told him about "The Brat" and Dorothy Jordan and Maureen O'Sullivan.

The priest read the script. "Why, this was written for you" he said. "Who's directing it?"

"John Ford," wailed Sally.

"You wait here," said the priest. "I know Jack Ford. I'm going to have a talk with him!"

The next day Sally was called to the studio for a test.

"I don't expect you to know anything about this part," said Ford to her, "the play was before your time, but you take the test and just *ad lib* lines such as you think a kid like that would say."

Sally said a little prayer, walked before the camera and began reciting the play scene by scene. She was letter perfect and Ford spent five hours taking that one test. When it was finished he had a complete outline of the entire play.

And that's how Sally O'Neil got the part and the five-year contract and the biggest chance at a comeback anybody ever had.

With tears in those ridiculously big eyes of hers she says, "God did that—I know He did. 'God helps those who help themselves' is my motto from now on."

Seymour Says—

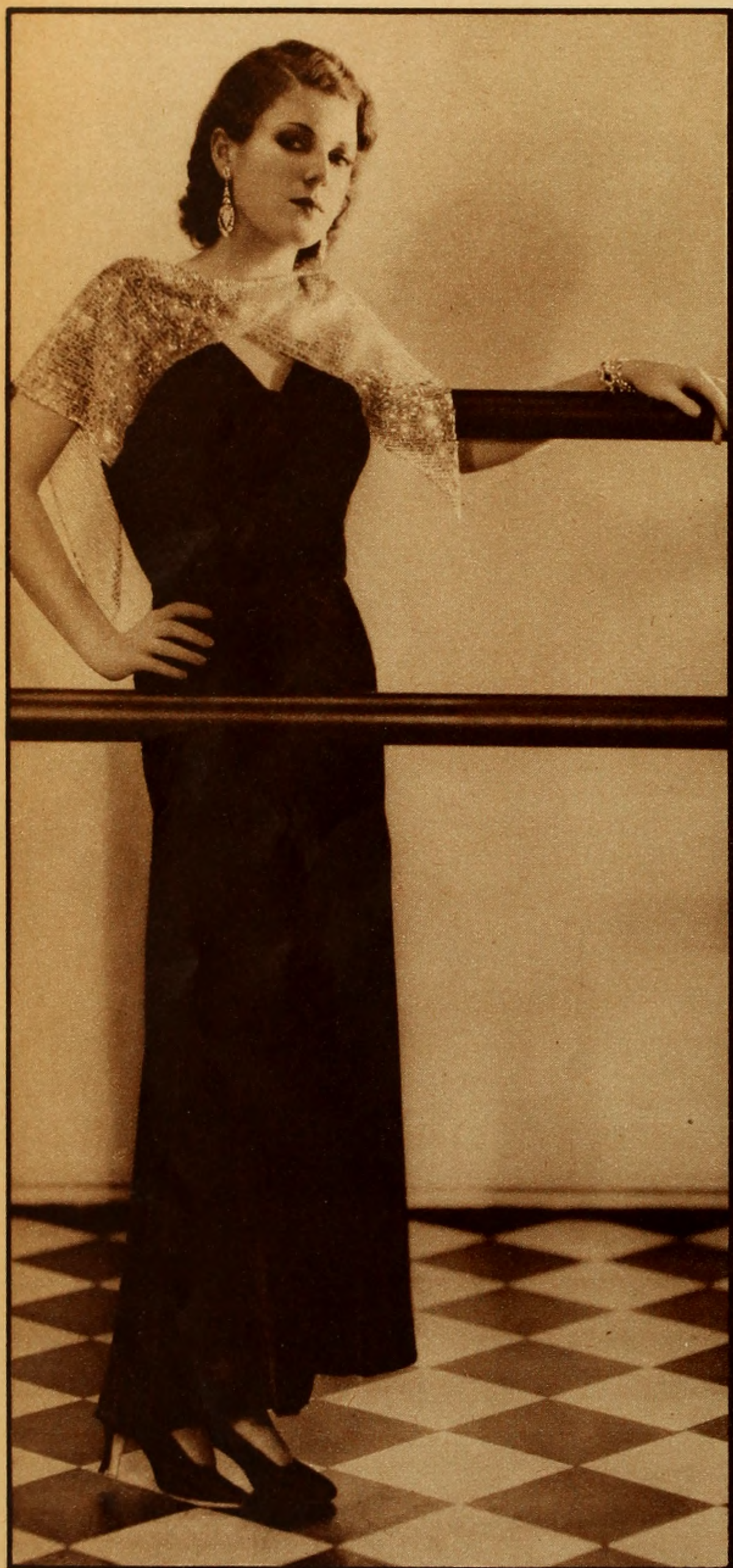
The Screen Reflects Fashion In Her Best Role



WHITE SATIN

THIS stunning picture of Marilyn Miller might well be titled "Rhapsody in White." Certainly there isn't a detail that strikes a false note. White is still high in evening fashions, and when it is white satin, nothing is smarter. This gown of Marilyn's has the fitted bodice and draped hipline that is new. Interesting diagonal tying of the narrow scarf. There's a discreet bit of beading on the shoulders, if you look closely. The skirt is full, but almost straight—and slipper length. Nice slippers in satin, by the way.

One Dress Can Play Lead For Several Winter Wraps



USUALLY one coat does duty for several dresses—but Ruth Hall reverses the idea and has one frock play up to several wraps. For evening she picks an almost straight line black velvet gown. That molded hipline and snug bodice are smart. And I think using that draped scarf of silver sequins as the only trimming is a clever touch. Good taste in the court earrings. You should have one frock like this. It's practical.



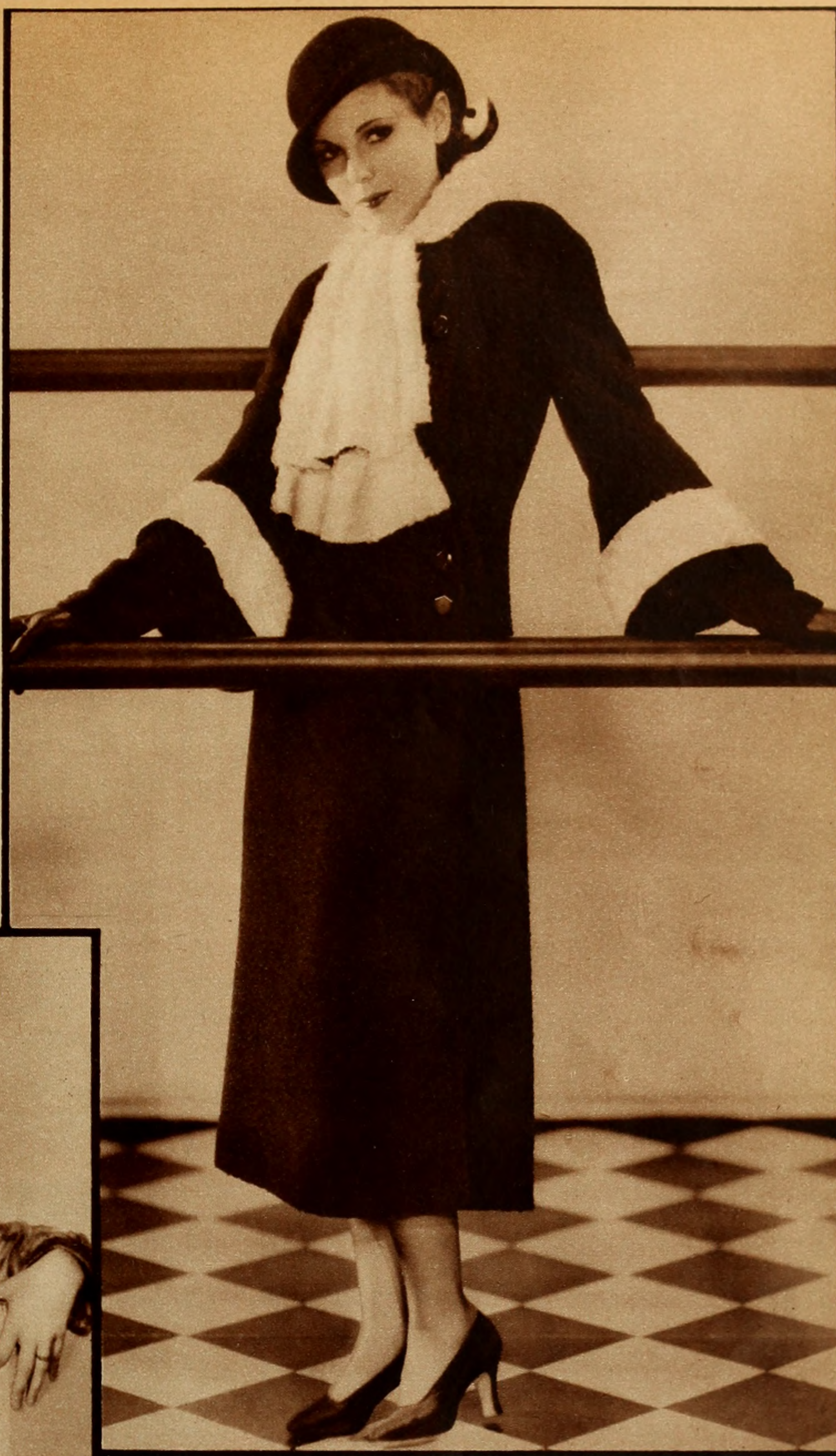
FEELING rather elegant one evening, Ruth wears this short ermine bolero with the velvet frock. The sleeves flare out at the wrists and are scalloped. That bow tie of fur is new. An inexpensive version of this in white hare would be equally smart.



HERE'S the period trend in a velvet jacket with leg o' mutton sleeve fullness. Notice that the fullness comes below the close tucking. I like that soft, draped neckline, don't you? It's flattering.



THE ABBREVIATED jacket of Ruth Hall's two-piece green jersey barely reaches the brightly striped girdle. That brown derby with the chenille brim and feathered cockade is new.



LOOK at those sleeves! If they don't date back a century I don't know my fashions. This black dress coat has so many good points I'll have to enumerate them. There's the fabric—a new woolen in bouclé weave. And the white galyac Ascot and sleeve banding. The line of the coat, too, almost straight and buttoned at one side with buttons high at the neck and again just below the waist. Ruth wears the jersey with it, also.



HERE'S the perfect all 'round fur coat—gray kidskin. Note the straight lines, deep revers, button closing and swagger pockets. That green leather belt matches the buttons—nice touch. Worn over the jersey frock, shown above. An inexpensive but very wearable coat for any girl.

— Seymour

Copy The Stars In Buying



"RICH MAN'S FOLLY" is the title of the picture in which this suit of Frances Dee's appears. The title would lead you to expect extravagant costumes, but certainly this is the height of conservative good taste. I like that double-breasted, fitted jacket. And that high white collar is decidedly new and youthful. Nice accessories, Frances. Trim black suede bag, kid pumps and black suede gloves. Oh, yes, the suit is black woolen, the blouse white silk piqué. You could wear this all Winter under your fur coat.



IF YOU want to look romantic this season, I suggest an ostrich feather on your hat. Doesn't Karen Morley look the part in this black felt hat with white ostrich plume at one side? This is one of the modified types of romantic headgear. The black and white bead necklace has three more strands and is one of the smartest I've seen.



EVERYONE seems to have a feather in the hat this year. Here's Karen Morley again, but this time in a more tailored mood. Her black felt has a rolling brim all around and is worn lower in the back. The feather is black and white.

And Wearing The New Modes



SPEAKING of romantic styles, here's Dorothy Jordan doing it up in the grand manner! A wine velvet hat has a sweeping ostrich plume falling from its brim. You can't see it, but she carries a quaint muff!



BLACK and white is still one of the best color contrasts, all other bright ones notwithstanding. Peggy Shannon does well by it in this black woolen dress trimmed with white piqué. Notice the high neckline, fitted bodice and the side closing stressed by white buttons. Those sleeves are new. I don't like your hat, Peggy. You can get a close-up of this in "The Road to Reno."



SATIN trimmed with wool! That is the latest quirk to the contrasting idea—not only color contrast, but now fabric contrast. Ruth Hall's black satin dress has two wide revers, one in white satin, the other in lipstick red wool crepe.

— Seymour —

Gold In Evening Fashions



THOSE divorcing ladies in "The Road to Reno" have a chance to wear some knockout evening clothes. Take Judith Wood, for instance; she gets her gold in more than alimony! Her black chiffon dress is brocaded all over in it. That scarf draped so casually over one shoulder is seen in similar guise on many of the season's best evening dresses. Don't try to count those bracelets, you'll get dizzy. I'd feel happier about it all with a few less.

— Seymour



IN THE same picture Peggy Shannon wears a semi-formal dress that I would recommend for any girl. It is gold metal cloth. Made simply with a fitted bodice, short sleeves and a tapering flared skirt, ruffled at the hem. Notice the slipper length, just right for this type of dress. The metal strap slippers to match are perfect. There's an absence of jewelry, you will note if you look closely, the dress is elegant enough by itself.



Elmer Fryer

RAGS, even silk ones, are certainly royal raiment when Joan Blondell wears 'em! And surely the widely-publicized Blondell understandings are always a welcome spectacle. Lawk, what a pert little minx it is! Joan's been busy in "Larceny Lane," with James Cagney

Why WOMEN Go CRAZY



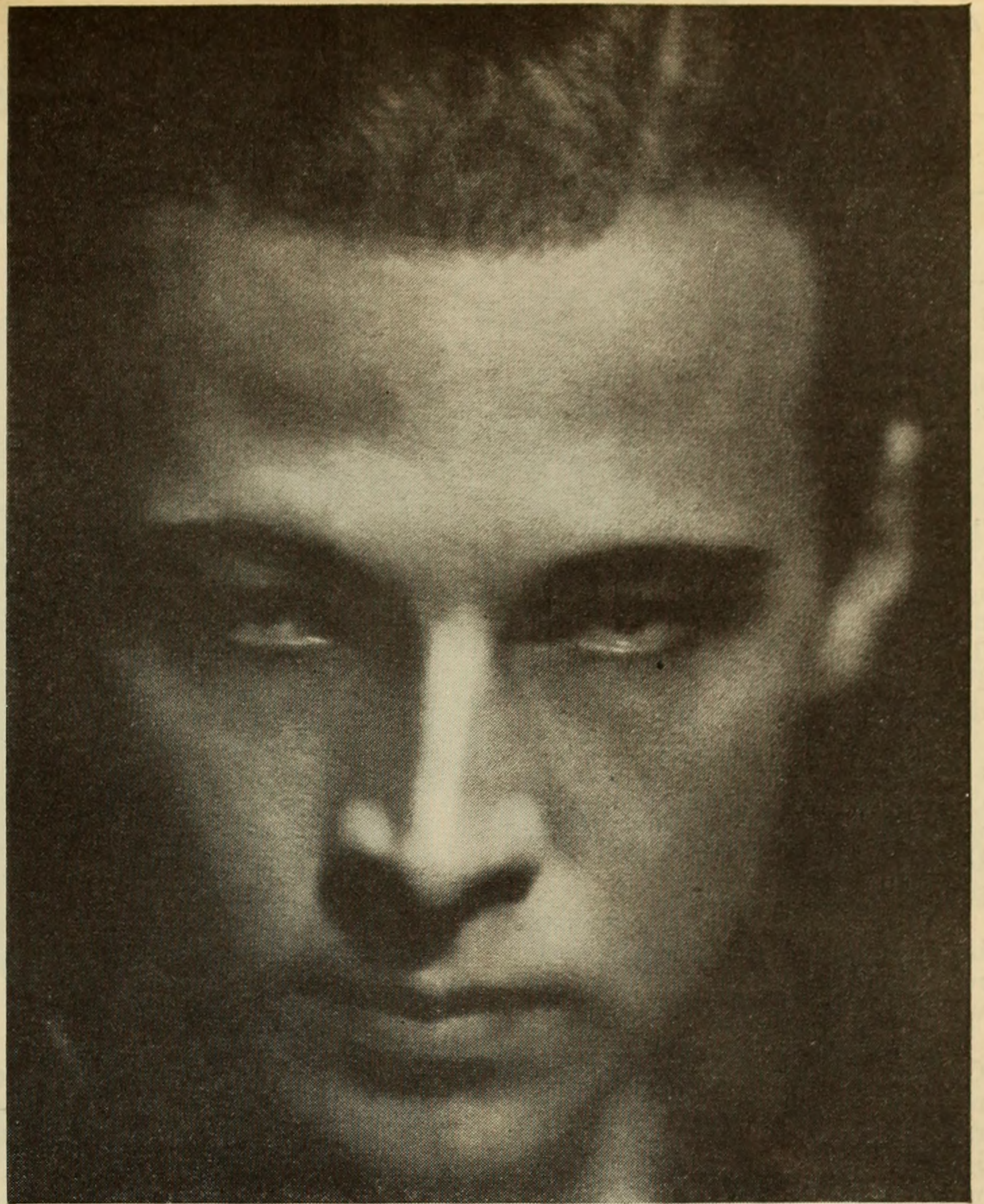
ON the screen Clark Gable meets every woman with a challenge in his eyes, a mocking grin culminating in a laughing dimple, an aloofness that is not far distant, and a skillful parry for every attempt to throw him off his guard. An adroit opponent in a duel of sex



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About CLARK GABLE

By
James R. Quirk



Clark Gable has some of the qualities that made Valentino the one great idol of the screen. But it is doubtful if he will ever approach the unprecedented heights of Rudy's romantic appeal

CLARK GABLE is the male sensation of the screen today because in every rôle he has played the part of a man who fears neither Jack Dempsey nor Peggy Joyce.

He is a caveman with a club in one hand and a book of poetry in the other.

Here is no tender lover, strumming sweet love songs; no smitten cavalier throwing his mantle over a puddle to save the tender tootsies of his fair one; no ga-ga stripping crying life is o'er lest the sweet object of his tender affections will not permit him to dedicate his life, liberty and fortune to her eternal whimsies.

In one short year he has made most phenomenal and dazzling progress. He may never achieve the heights of romantic idolatry of Valentino, nor the year-in and year-out box office assurance of Chaplin or Fairbanks; but there is no one man on the screen today whose personality so intrigues the feminine audience.

A strange phenomenon of feminine psychology, the almost instantaneous success of this new type of lover. Note that I did not use the word "hero." For Clark Gable's popularity does not rest upon the foundation of noble deeds, tender passion, nor self-sacrifice. As a lover he begins with indifference, demands utter submission, and ends with either complete and uncompromising domination or defeat. And there is no defeat in him save death.

Ace Wilfong, in "Free Soul," was the apex of a series of such characterizations. *Jan* (Norma Shearer), refined and fragile, glories in her infatuation for the man to whose will she must and did yield. The character of the noble self-sacrificing, and honorable lover, played by Leslie Howard, a much more artistic and ver-

satile actor, paled into insignificance in his final victory.

Is it that the ladies and gentlemen of the audience have been fed up with too much super-human nobility, hearts of gold, and all that sort of thing in our motion picture actors?

How often have we watched some nin-com-poop of a fair damsel treat the self-sacrificing and languishing hero like a sap, and make him go through all kinds of hell to come into a close-up with her at the finish, when all the time we wanted to tip him off that she was a selfish, dizzy dame, and not worth the effort?

On the screen Clark Gable meets every woman with a challenge in his eyes, a mocking grin culminating in a laughing dimple, an aloofness that is not far distant, and a skillful parry for every attempt to throw him off his guard. An adroit opponent in a duel of sex.

It is that uncertainty about him, that self-assuredness, that indifference that interests women. He is like a magnet that both attracts and repels. That complex mystery, woman, is baffled [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



It was "The Sheik" that made Valentino the most glamorous personality on the screen. In that picture his wooing of Agnes Ayres was no more gentle than the motion picture love technique that Clark Gable uses with such dazzling success today

The Unknown Hollywood

By Katherine Albert

HOLLYWOOD, ten or twelve years ago, was a lusty place. There wasn't a chinchilla coat or a top hat in the town. And—maybe it's only because I'm old enough to reminisce—it seems to me that people had a lot more fun then.

I wish I could rebuild the place for you. A low, white city, open to the sun. Little, clubby. A friendly town. There wasn't much Beverly Hills and you didn't need an Oxford telephone number or an Oxford accent to be admitted into the Kingdom of God. There were a few limousines, but a Rolls-Royce parked against the curb drew a crowd.

Nobody was grand. Nobody used a broad "A." Hollywood was a child, charming and naïve. Now it's a woman of the world, sparkling, bizarre, hard and bitter, with a painted face and narrow eyes.

It is natural that the village should become adult, but don't blame me for regretting the passing of the Hollywood I knew.

Last month I told you that D. W. Griffith went to New York leaving me broken-heartedly clutching separate letters of introduction to Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks (who were not married to each other at the time). Doug worked at the Fairbanks Studio, now Tec-Art, and Mary rented space across the street at Brunton, which has become Paramount's enormous studio. Melrose Avenue—now a flourishing business street—was then lined with eucalyptus trees, and there were only a few small bungalows between the end of the Western Avenue car line and the studios—seven long blocks away.

If my memory serves me correctly, I was admitted to Mary Pickford's dressing-room on the Brunton lot at once. She was



"Register fright," said the director. And Katherine Albert turned on the works thus in "The Saphead" 12 years ago

standing erect, with some sort of blue negligée caught about her, and her hair—the famous Pickford curls—caught on top of her head with a couple of pins. I'm not tall, but I towered above her and she gave me the smallest hand I've ever felt, in a brief, firm clasp. Her voice was brisk and crisp and, although she was pleasant, she smiled not at all.

I've seen her dozens of times since, of course, and only on the rarest of occasions have I known her to smile. I can't remember ever hearing her laugh heartily.

I discovered that I couldn't talk to her—too calm, too impersonal, too distantly polite. Nothing at all passed between us. She was sweet. She was businesslike. She promised me—quickly and conclusively—a bit in "Pollyanna" on which she was working. Later I learned that this standoffishness is defense mechanism.

ONLY a few months ago she came to a tea which I attended. She arrived late. She was unsmiling. The hostess met her at the door. Mary clung to her, looking at the guests—there were a hundred or more—who filled the lobby of the *Chateau Elysée*. "Walk in with me," she said. "I'm

always terrified of going into a room where there are so many people." And yet her arrival had caused a hush to fall. In spite of her timidity—which is often mistaken for something else—she remains the reigning queen of Hollywood.

Leaving Pickford, I went across the street to discover that Fairbanks was not in but that director Victor Fleming, who was later to become engaged to Clara Bow, would see me. He is a tall, loose-jointed man and I remember him as he sat, hunched down in his chair, legs sprawled out in front of him, looking at me through half-closed eyes.

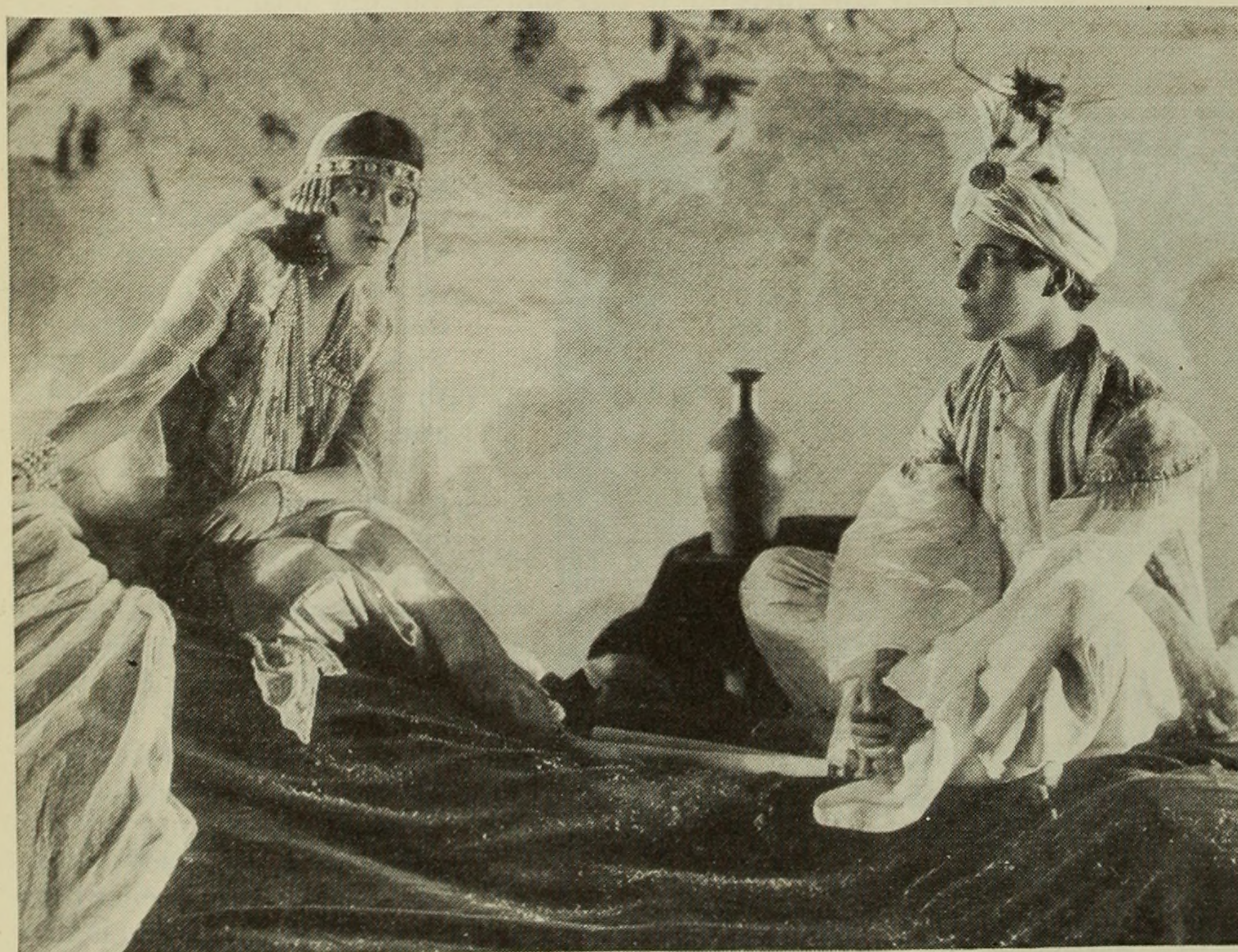
I could talk to him. I did, telling him my ridiculous hopes, my vain ambitions. Once or twice he laughed. But he was sensitive, understanding, and I'm sure a person as naïve and quaint as I was an anomaly to him.

Finally he stopped me and called in a Mr. Smith who looked me over, in a kindly fashion, and said I might have a part in a picture he was to do if I'd "come back in two weeks." I didn't know then that that was—and still is—Hollywood's favorite alibi. But, immensely elated with prospects of two jobs, I walked to the Western Avenue car line.

IN a very few days Pickford's casting man called me, but the "bit" in "Pollyanna" turned out to be one day's extra work with a bunch of kids much younger than I, which gave me no chance to "emote." However, I still had the promised "part" from Mr. Smith.

Two weeks to the day after I'd seen him I again presented myself at Fairbanks Studios and asked for Mr. Smith. The office boy gave me a withering glance. "He ain't been here for ten days," he said, and then, seeing the quick tears that sprang to my eyes, he added, "I think he went to Metro."

Metro is a good two and a half miles from Fairbanks. There was no crosstown transportation. It had begun to rain—just to make things more devastating for me—and I walked

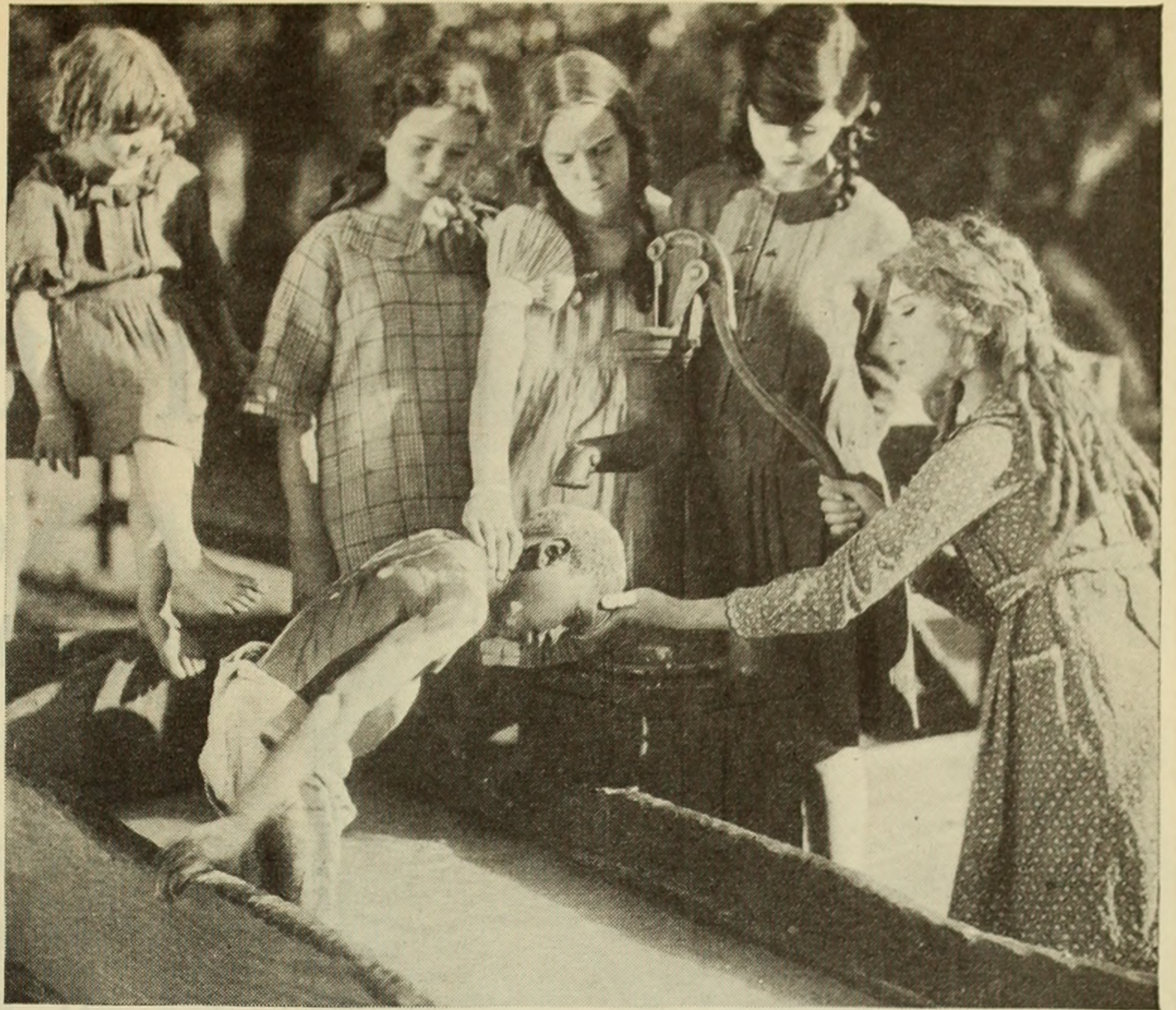


Ramon Novarro, young and eager, in his first film, "The Lover's Oath," with Kathleen Key. This was before Ingram had discovered Ramon

I Know

Part Two

Another fascinating never-told story of the studios in which you learn things about your favorites you didn't know before



Here's our Mary in curls and pout before she went sophisticated. The interested "actress" on Pickford's right is the author of this story. "Pollyanna" is the film

that weary route so many have taken with the tears mingling with raindrops on my cheeks.

The Metro Studios was one of the biggest then and a brilliant array of stars have shone out from those low, white buildings. It is old and gray and hoary now—waiting patiently like some octogenarian for the leprous finger of time to completely demolish it.

Those who live nearby whisper that the place is haunted and that the ghosts of Rudolph Valentino, Barbara LaMarr and Harold Lockwood still stalk those musty stages and that the whirr of cameras which caught their beauty may still be heard at night.

Then, all was bustle and activity and when I asked—through my tears—for Mr. Smith, the gateman laughed. "Well, girlie, we got about a hundred Mr. Smiths working here. What does he do?"

It occurred to me that I didn't know whether he was a writer or a director or an actor or a supervisor. "He's going to make a picture," I said. "He's only been here a little while."

"You wouldn't by any chance mean Winchell Smith, now?"

Well, I'd read my theatrical news and the name of the famous playwright, the author of "The New Henrietta," "Brewster's Millions," etc., etc., struck me. I was sure I didn't mean Winchell Smith, but the gateman called him and told me to go right in.

It was Winchell Smith who smiled and said, "I was going to call you." And he led me to the casting office, where I signed for a part to run eight weeks at fifty dollars a week!

A new world had opened up. I was an actress now, a player of parts. Oh boy, some fun!

Inside, the studio was lovely, with the dressing-rooms in a neat, whitewashed row. I was assigned one with Cleo Madison. Poor, beautiful, tragic Cleo. I used to think her the victim of moods, only, for one moment she would be super-gay, brilliant, sparkling, with a quick wit and ready to give me advice about pictures. And in a very short time she was silent, lethargic, miserable, sitting with her head in her hands over her make-up shelf. Perhaps in an hour

—usually when I'd left the dressing-room for a moment—she'd come alive again, her eyes gleaming like a Broadway electric sign.

Viola Dana's dressing-room was only a few doors away. She was not yet married to Lefty Flynn (poor Vi, poor Lefty, what devotion she gave him). She was at the peak of her career, a bright, vivacious bundle of energy, and in love with the daredevil aviator, Lieutenant Locklear.

She used to stand on a little rustic bridge in the garden in front of the dressing-rooms, while Locklear circled overhead, coming so close that the two could shout at each other while the rest of us (we were not so air-minded then) fled for cover. I can see her now—a vivid exclamation point, in some brightly colored frock, standing there waving and shouting to her sweetheart. Locklear would swoop down, almost touching her; and then lift away, running the wheels of his plane along the roof of a stage—thereby throwing the actors into a panic from which they would not recover for hours.

Oh, it was all very gay and beautiful—that great bird and that small, avid girl. Some months later I watched his plane crash into the earth. It was at night and they said he confused the sky rockets they had sent up with the ground lights. He was mangled beyond recognition.

Nazimova—I make the genuflexion when I say the name—was queen of the lot. She did not know then that by being writer, actress, director and supervisor of all her pictures she was killing herself professionally. When she was not in costume, she hurried about the lot, her hair standing out like an Australian bushman's, her funny little turned-out feet in flat-heeled, "sensible" shoes and her dress of some dark material, neither in style nor out, a dress that could have been worn then

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



May Allison was the most beloved and charming person on the Metro lot



“I Cannot Write That Story —

That's what the writer
said, but we believe
it was Leila Hyams
who was unmasked

I HAVE always said that I felt more sorry for Clara Bow than for any girl in pictures. Because she is too-much-talked-about.

I've changed my mind. I feel more sorry for Leila Hyams. Because she is not-enough-talked-about!

For five years I have been wanting to write a story about Leila. She is one of the girls in this business whose friendship I really cherish.

She's normal and healthy and capable and honest. She has a beautiful home, a successful, charming-companion husband: manager-of-stars Phil Berg.

She's a good bridge player, an excellent swimmer, a hostess and guest trained to the best manner. In addition, she's sublimely beautiful, with the cultured features and grace accredited by history to the Greek goddess.

But I can't write a story about her.

Incidentally, she's a capable actress. So capable that for two years Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer didn't give her three days in succession between pictures. Leading lady three times for John Gilbert; innumerable times for William Haines; for Robert Montgomery, Buster Keaton, etc. The *etc.* includes every male star whom Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has employed in three years.

And when you've said that, you've said all there is to say about Leila.

Yet there must be color and glamour and romance suppressed within her which eludes the eye of a writer but not the eye of the camera.

Otherwise, why the letters which pour into PHOTOPLAY asking, "Why don't we see more of Leila Hyams? Why not give her better pictures? Why don't you run a story about her?"

Shearer, Crawford, Garbo! All M-G-M headliners. Leila is at the same studio. She's more beautiful than any of the three; yet, when I read those letters, I knew I couldn't write a story about her. She's so darned normal.

But when the order (and the letters which motivated the command) came from the editor of PHOTOPLAY, I gritted my teeth and went out to see her. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

Too darn normal! That's Leila Hyams' publicity pain! Beautiful, talented, wholesome, the lovely Hyams girl can't break into headlines with just a happy home life and not a whiff of scandal!

The Screen Is Leila's Only Publicity

By Ruth Leiber

BUT I Can *Unmask* Jean Harlow!"

HOLLYWOOD has been mistaken in Jean Harlow. Hollywood is frequently mistaken in first impressions of newcomers. It is prone to take them on their figure-value as well as their face-value.

Really, unless you have lived in this city and become a member of the inner-circle gossips, you may not be able to understand just what Jean's figure has done for her as well as to her.

Of course, "Hell's Angels" had much to do with the card-cataloging of Jean. In this picture she was all bad. Her gorgeous figure, lavishly exposed, stamped her as a bad, bad vampire.

The moment it was released she was classified as the most sensational sex-appealer in pictures. Both professionally and personally.

In all fairness, however, I cannot say that the picture and Hollywood were entirely to blame. Jean Harlow comes in for a little of the censure.

You see, this was not Jean's first picture. Oh, I don't refer to her original contract with Hal Roach which was broken by mutual consent because millionaire grandfather, S. D. Harlow of Kansas City, said he'd disinherit her if she didn't leave pictures. That was three years ago. I refer to her little rôle in Clara Bow's "Saturday Night Kid," her parts as a glorified extra girl at \$15 a day (anything over \$10 makes it "glorified"), her tiny bit in "Paramount on Parade." Jean was not a newcomer, as Howard Hughes' publicity venders would have had us believe. She was just another young daughter of the Middle West determined to get a foothold on the magic carpet of motion pictures.

But being herself didn't help that ambition much. Her foot had slipped about a bit on the carpet but it hadn't even approached a spot which hinted of a permanent position.

And then—"Hell's Angels." The platinum blonde vamp; the most sexy find of the talkie era. Hot diggidy!

She determined to live up to that. With all the hectic, jumbled emotions of her eighteen years she made her decision. "If being a vamp, a sex-wonder, is going to make me a success, I'll be one in earnest."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Poor Jean Harlow! Why poor, you ask? Because, trying to act socially as she looked and performed in her siren rôles, Jean fell afoul of Hollywood's gossip-hounds—and it hurt, badly

Gossip-Mongers Manufacture Jean's



Photographs by Hurrell

THE greatest little showman of them all—every move a picture, and a peppy one! Here Lupe Velez plays the coy maiden. The next minute she may waft a shoe at the butler

The Best Showman

In Town

The whole life of loop-the-Lupe Velez is an act—but what an exciting one!



Leaping Lupe Velez holds still long enough to have her picture taken. This is the Mexican Madcap on one of her quieter days

HOLLYWOOD is a town of showmen and showwomen; folk who make a living from acts—on the screen and off. Each has a specialty, head-lined performance.

Garbo and mystery; Lilyan Tashman and sophistication; Janet Gaynor and wistfulness; Constance Bennett and money; Clara Bow and sex-appeal. Take any of the truly big names and you'll find you can classify the personalities behind them as definitely as canneries classify packed fruits by labels.

Which is as it should be, of course. The stars sell their personalities; they *must be* adapted to labels. And the star who can develop the best personality reaches the big money the fastest, just as high-grade peaches bring more per can than low-grade.

Now, I'm going to make a startling statement. One which may bring the wrath of Hollywood upon me. I think Greta Garbo may object to this statement! For even Greta hates to have her thunder stolen from her. She thinks she's the best showman in Hollywood, but—

Lupe Velez, Mexican spit-fire, wins first honors. She is the best showman or showwoman in the entire profession.

IHAVE known Lupe since her earliest days in this business. I lived next door to her; took care of her when she needed care—which was seldom. I went through the Al Jolson, Tom Mix, Gary Cooper episodes with her. And I say she is the best showman because I know she is the most natural, the most primitive, the most unaffected offspring of an affected generation.

Her entire life is an act. There is never a moment when she is not emoting—putting on a show as definitely as a vaudeville performer before a filled house.

Only Lupe doesn't need the full house. She acts for her mother, her secretary, her servants, her friends—herself even. She tells of her childhood: "I used to act before a mirror." She still acts before one. I have slipped to her bedroom unannounced and seen her parading before a mirror—showing off herself *to herself* as openly and unconsciously as small children show off before company.

Lupe recently told me: "There are times when *you* want to scream. I know it; I have seen the times. But you don't, because you are afraid of what people will think of you. I am not afraid. Why should I be? If I want to scream, I scream. To hell with what they think of me."

The truth. I have heard her do it. "An act!" others call it.

Certainly. But an act as natural as the one nature puts on when it has two clouds collide to produce light-

ning and thunder. So what's to be done about it?

"I do as I please because I get more fun out of life. I laugh; I get mad; I cry. I like to laugh; I get fun out of being mad; I enjoy crying. When I feel like crying, I am happier to cry.

"Other people like to see me, too. I am always different. I am always interesting. I know that, too. They even envy me because I am myself; that is why they talk about me.

"Most people live life like one note on the piano. Da-da-da-da." She sang it on the same note. "Is that pretty I ask you? But do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-ti-do. Do-Do! You go up; you go down. You live on the high note; you live on the low one. But you never live the same."

We were in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary. She sang the monotonous da-da-da. She sang the scale; jumped from low *do* to high. Everyone stopped eating to stare. Lupe was having the time of her life. So were the others!

THE very fact that we were in the commissary at all was proof of Lupe's showmanship. She had finished her work in "The Cuban" with Lawrence Tibbett. I had made an appointment to interview her at her home. Then her maid telephoned asking that I change to the lunchroom.

I laughed. I knew the motive behind that move. It wouldn't be so good for my interview. Commissaries are noisy, crowded, a natural fence between the star and the interviewer. But it would be a good act for Lupe!

She isn't under contract to Metro. During the making of "The Cuban," the Metro publicity department had rushed interviewers down to the set to see Tibbett, Karen Morley, Director W. S. Van Dyke and others under contract to them. Studios always push the publicity of those who earn bread and butter from them and for them. Why urge publicity on others

who are come-today-and-gone-tomorrow?

But why, also, shouldn't Lupe show them she didn't need a publicity department? Why shouldn't she let that little working world in which she had been living during the picture know that PHOTOPLAY was writing a story about her? They couldn't know if we were alone in her home, could they?

And what an act she put on for us all. "Hello, baby!" It didn't make any difference whether she was addressing a waitress or Ramon Novarro. She pranced out into the kitchen. Of course, that is forbidden. But nothing is forbidden to Lupe. "What have you for me today?" Her arm around the

cooks, the bus boys, the dishwashers.

"A special dish of sliced chicken with tomatoes—"[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

By Ruth Biery

More Radio Stars Go Movie

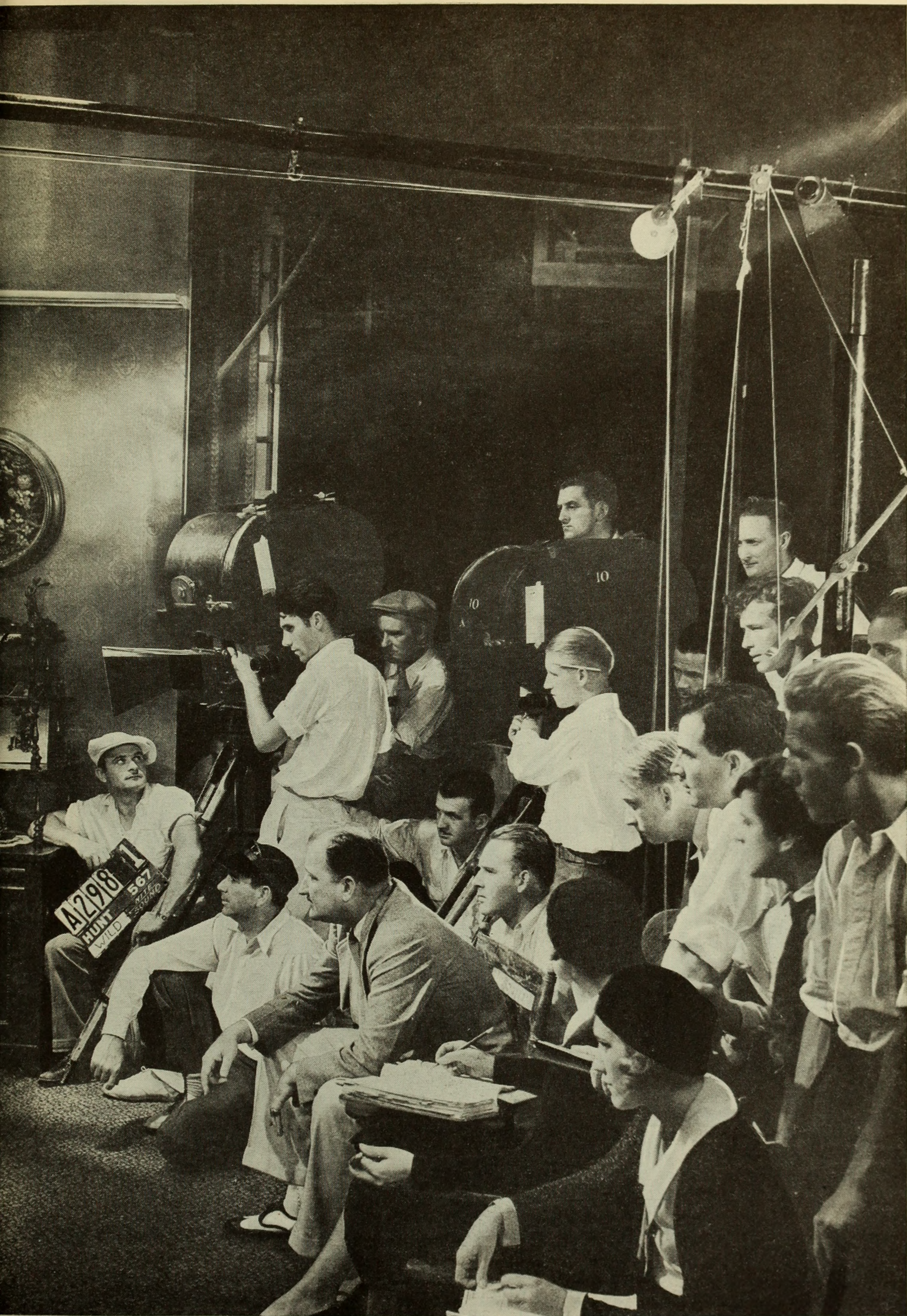
Well, by gum, ole Seth Parker got purty scared when he walked into the studio and had to do his actin' before all those folks. 'Tain't like that up at the radio station.

The microphone is no novelty to Seth and his troupe. You've heard them broadcasting every Sunday evening. But the camera is something else again. This grand action picture was caught at the Radio Pictures Studios where Seth and his crowd are making a picture called "Other People's Business," and in addition to the original troupe Bette Davis, Frank Albertson and little Frankie Darro have been added to the cast.

In the actual scene you'll discover (standing left to right) Raymond Hunter, *Cap'n*; Sophia Lord, *Liz*; Bennett Kilpack, *Cephus*; and (seated) Effie Palmer, *Ma Parker*, and Philips Lord, *Seth Parker*. That's all you'll get when you see the picture.

In the working crew—that strange power behind the throne—you'll find the script girl, the dialogue girl, director Bill Seiter, assistant director Sam Nelson, second assistant director Eddie Kelley and head cameraman J. Roy Hunt. It takes a lot of folks—fore and aft—to make a movie.

Photograph by Stagg

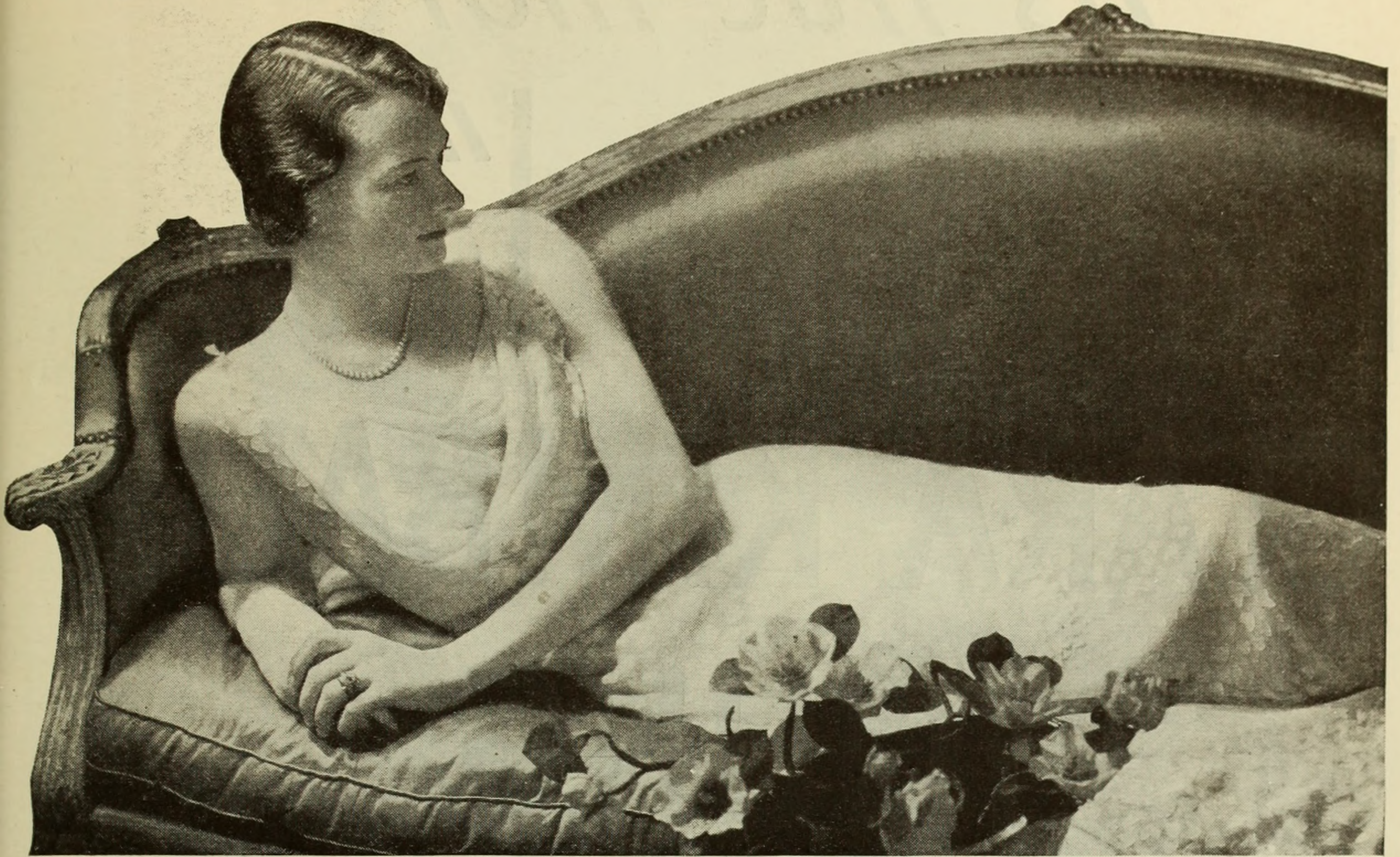




Richee

SUNSHINE and shadow, or what'll you have, dark or light? Two glittering diggers of gold await the coming of two susceptible gentlemen with two plump bankrolls. And will they get their men! Blonde Lilyan Tashman and raven-haired Kay Francis as they look in Paramount's "Girls About Town," an epic of the merry maidens

M^{RS.} Alfred Victor du Pont —



Blonde, irresistible, she is one of the most gifted younger hostesses of Wilmington and Philadelphia

— whose cameo complexion is part of her gracious living

SHE stepped out of one of the leading women's colleges, married . . . and was catapulted into a life of travel which necessitated her meeting people of all sorts . . .

They fell promptly under her spell, for Mrs. du Pont is typical of the very young matron of distinguished background in her varied enthusiasms, her poise and her common sense.

Her cameo complexion has the exquisite delicacy of a Fragonard portrait . . . "Why do I use Pond's?" Mrs. du

Pont asks. "I have excellent reasons . . . the method is so simple and quick . . . it does wonders for your skin . . . and you can buy Pond's everywhere you go, which is a comfort."

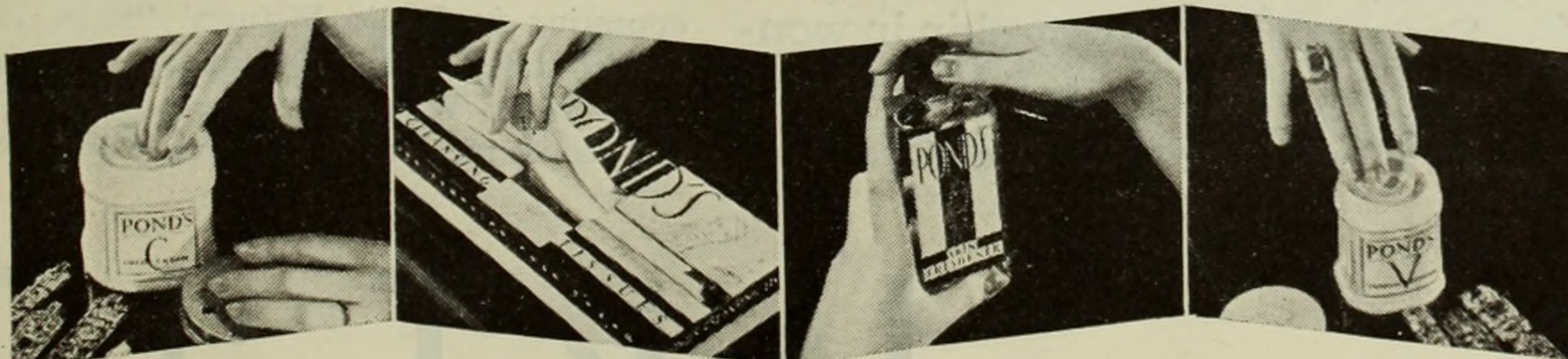
Four simple steps for exquisite skin:

1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing of your face and neck, several times a day, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt to the surface . . . at bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, less expensive yet more efficient because *softer* and half again more absorbent . . . They come in white or peach color.

3. Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to tone and firm, banish oiliness, close pores and refine skin texture.

4. Always before you powder, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream to make powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises blemishes and gives an exquisite finish . . . Use Vanishing Cream wherever you powder — neck, shoulders, arms . . . And on your hands to keep them smooth and white.



The secret of a cameo complexion is here revealed, Pond's four preparations for the care of the skin

Tune in on Pond's Fridays 9:30 P.M., E. S. T., Leo Reisman and his Orchestra, WEA and N. B. C. Network

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"It's true that
I am 38!" says
**CLARA KIMBALL
YOUNG**

*Famous
Screen
favorite says
No woman
need look
her age*
#J

"I REALLY AM 38 years old," says Clara Kimball Young. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the lovely sparkling freshness of youth can be charming at almost any age. Stage and screen stars guard complexion beauty above all. They know that a skin smoothly soft is always appealing.

"Several years ago I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would keep my skin in wonderful condition, and now that I have returned to the screen, I

depend on the gentle lather of this nice soap to keep my skin youthfully smooth and fresh."

*How 9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars
Guard Complexion Beauty*

In Hollywood, of the 613 important actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap! It is the official soap in *all* the great film studios. It is found in theatres throughout the country!

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG — who is appearing in Radio Pictures' "Kept Husbands," after an absence from the screen of many years. Who would dream, looking at this recent picture, that she is 38 years old!

Lux Toilet



Soap—10¢

Questions & Answers

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



At four, Madge Evans was a screen actress. Grown up now, she's been rediscovered by movie-goers

THIS month the Answer Man was deluged with questions about "that new actress," Madge Evans. Most of the fans really believe that Madge is new to pictures, but the truth of the matter is that she is an old-timer. Not in years, of course, as Madge first saw light on August 1, 1909.

At the age of six months she began her career when she posed for commercial artists. At four she became a screen actress and for several years played child parts, starring in a series of children's pictures. When she outgrew these rôles she was sent to Europe to school.

At seventeen she made her first Broadway appearance in "Daisy-Mame." M-G-M took her from the stage and gave her the lead opposite Ramon Novarro in "Son of India." Since then she has played in "Sporting Blood," "Guilty Hands," and "West of Broadway." Madge is 5 feet, 4, weighs 116 and has golden hair and blue eyes. She is still single.

Hardie Albright is runner-up to Madge in this month's mail bag. Hardie is a real newcomer, having entered pictures in February, 1931. Fox scouts discovered him playing on the stage in New York in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," and signed him for talkies.

He began his stage work after graduating from Carnegie Institute with a B. A. degree. He was the juvenile lead in "Cradle Song," "Young Sinners," and several George Arliss plays. His first screen appearance was in "Young Sinners," with Thomas Meighan and Dorothy Jordan. This was followed by "Hush Money" and "Skyline."

Hardie was born in Charleroi, Penna., a suburb of Pittsburgh, on December 16, 1905. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. At this writing he is still fancy free. Fancy that, with all those fascinating girls in Hollywood!

EDITH BROWN, NEW ZEALAND—Bill Haines is an example of how a young chap can make good in pictures without having previous stage or screen experience. Bill was chosen by Samuel Goldwyn in a nation-wide search for new faces for the screen. That was in 1922. Bill worked hard and is now listed among the best known leading men. He was born in Staunton, Va., on January 1, 1900.

DOROTHY SANDERS, AMITE, LA.—You get your wish, Dot. Joan Crawford is letting her hair go back to its natural shade of red-brown. Marjorie White was the cute little trick you saw with grinning Joe Brown in "Broad Minded." Connie Bennett confesses that her birth date is October 3, 1905. She is a native of New York City.

MISS P. C. J., SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Rin-Tin-Tin is still making pictures. Serials, to be exact. Joan Marsh was born in Porterville, Calif., on July 10, 1914. Her latest picture is "Politics."

DOROTHY WENZ, PETOSKEY, MICH.—And I thought it was Russia! The blonde Evelyn Laye is a product of London, England. Kathlyn Williams was the woman who visited the college with Warner Baxter in "Daddy Long Legs."

IRENE BERATTO, PITTSBURG, CALIF.—Nancy Carroll's new hubby is Bolton Mallory. They were married on July 3, 1931. Nancy has a five-year-old daughter, Patricia Kirkland, by her first marriage.

L. K. OF WISCONSIN—You got the wrong impression when you read that "Trader Horn" cost Mrs. Renaldo her husband. It didn't mean that he died. Mrs. Renaldo lost him through the divorce courts. Ho hum!

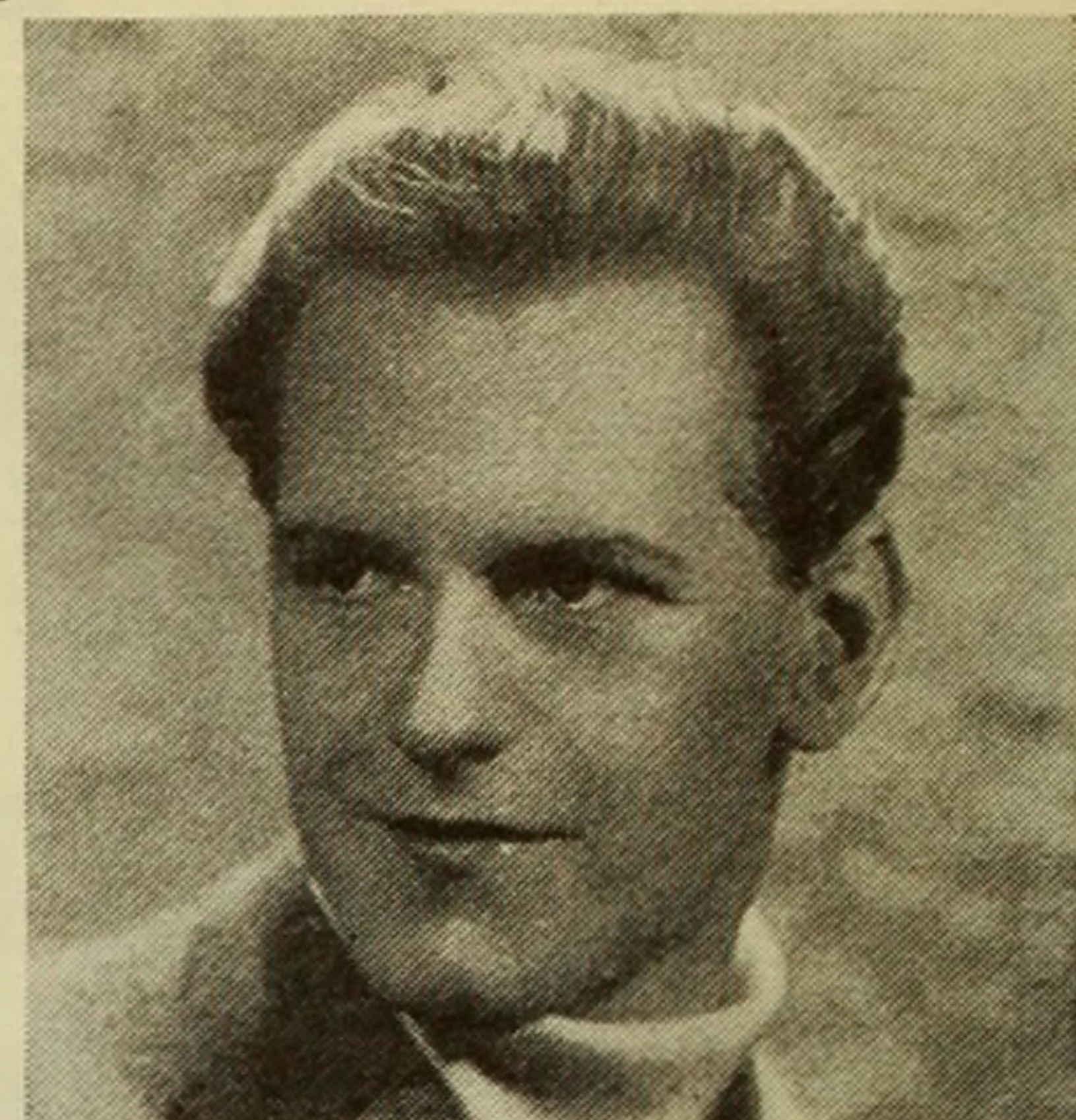
M. M., ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND—PHOTOPLAY printed an article about Edward G. Robinson in the April, 1931, issue. You can get that issue by sending 25c to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

W. D. MCMURRAY, SMYRNA, TENN.—Anita Louise played the rôle of Helen Twelvetrees' daughter in "Millie." Anita was born in New York City on January 9, 1917. Her real name is Anita Louise Fremault.

J. I. H., ALDAN, PA.—You're right. John Arledge played the rôle of Jimmy in "Daddy Long Legs." John was born in Crockett, Texas, on March 12, 1907. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 140 and has gray-blue eyes and wavy blond hair. Was educated in Crockett Schools and attended the University of Texas for two years. Was once a piano player in Paul Whiteman's orchestra. Latest picture is "The Spider."

A PHOTOPLAY READER—Gary Cooper played the part of *Cadet White* in "Wings." After appearing on the screen for just a few minutes, he made a quick exit via a plane crash. James Hall and Ben Lyon played the leads in "Hell's Angels." Gary did not appear in this picture at all.

MARLIN CLARK, HILLSDALE, MICH.—Irene Purcell was born in Hammond, Ind., and educated at the Anne Morgan School in Chicago. She appeared on the stage in "The Idol," "Cross Roads," "Dancing Partner," and a number of other productions before signing for the talkies. Her latest picture is "The Man in Possession." Lilian Bond was born in London on January 18, 1909. She is 5 feet, 4, weighs 114 and has auburn hair and hazel eyes.



Hardie Albright deserted the stage for the talkies. Hundreds of picture fans are asking about him now

Appeared on the stage in London before entering pictures in January, 1931. Her latest picture is "The Squaw Man." Lilian is married.

BLUE EYES OF CAROLINA—Karen Morley was the girl who played the rôle of *Maizie* in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." She was also the discarded sweetheart who jumped out of the window in "Inspiration." Karen was good in a minor rôle in "Politics" and she's with Garbo in "Susan Lenox."

M. CARLTON, MIAMI, FLA.—Frank Albertson was born in Fergus Falls, Minn., Feb. 2, 1909. He is 5 feet, 9, weighs 145, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Frank and the missus, Virginia Shelley, were married March 7, 1931.

MRS. E. BETTS, HAMILTON, N. Y.—Whoever told you that Will Rogers was educated at Oxford was kidding. Will received his schooling at the Willie Hassell School, in Neosho, and at Kemper Military Academy, Missouri.

JANET HAPPEL, STOCKERTOWN, PA.—Dennis King is delighting radio fans with his grand tenor voice. He broadcasts over Station WABC, in New York. Dennis was born in Warwickshire, England, Nov. 2, 1897, the son of Elizabeth King and John Pratt. He is married to Edith Wright. Estelle Taylor was born in Wilmington, Del., May 20, 1900.

NORMAN ELDER, LONDON, ENG.—Your little hometown has quite a few representatives in the Hollywood film colony. There are Clive Brook, Charlie Chaplin, John Loder, George Arliss, Roland Young, Victor McLaglen and Ralph Forbes, all from London. Ronnie Colman hails from Richmond, Surrey, and Anthony Bushell from Westerham, Kent. Enough for a baseball team and they'd sure draw a crowd.

ROSA NOVARRO, ROZALE, CUBA—Any relation to Ramon? You sure have a grand memory, Rosa. Tom Douglas who recently signed up for the talkies is the same Tom who appeared in silent pictures back in 1920. Of course he was just a kid then. Later he went to England where he made a name for himself on the stage, returning to America last March bent on getting his name on the talking screen. Tom was born in Louisville, Ky., September 4, 1906. He is 5 feet, 10½, weighs 140 and has blond hair and brown eyes.

8 Great Beauty Editors of the World praise this Nail Make-up

for its lasting lustre, gleaming beauty . . . and romance

By actual count, Cutex Liquid Polish is today the outstanding international favorite.

"The newest aid to romance," says Maribel, beauty editor of Spain's *Cosmópolis*. Martine Renier, fashion editress of the great Parisian magazine, *Femina*, declares: "This nail make-up is essential to French chic."

Cutex has five very definite advantages. Madge Garland, fashion editress of London, speaks for all beauty-wise women when she says . . .

"Its brilliant lustre is unequalled. It goes on simply, quickly and smoothly. Stays brilliant and unmarred for days . . . and does not turn yellow, crack, or peel." And . . . Cutex is economical. It gives fingertips the

lovely sparkle of romance at a fascinatingly thrifty price!

And now there is instant snowy whiteness for nail tips with the new Cutex Nail White Pencil. Keep one always in your purse—it doubles the allure of Cutex Liquid Polish!

Follow the easy Cutex manicure method described in the booklet.

After this quick manicure once a week a few minutes each day will keep your nails lovely. Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips and use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

Cutex Manicure Preparations are only 35¢.
Cutex Liquid Polish with Remover, 50¢.
Cutex Nail White Pencil now 25¢.

NORTHAM WARREN · New York · London · Paris



LONDON



NEW YORK



BUENOS AIRES



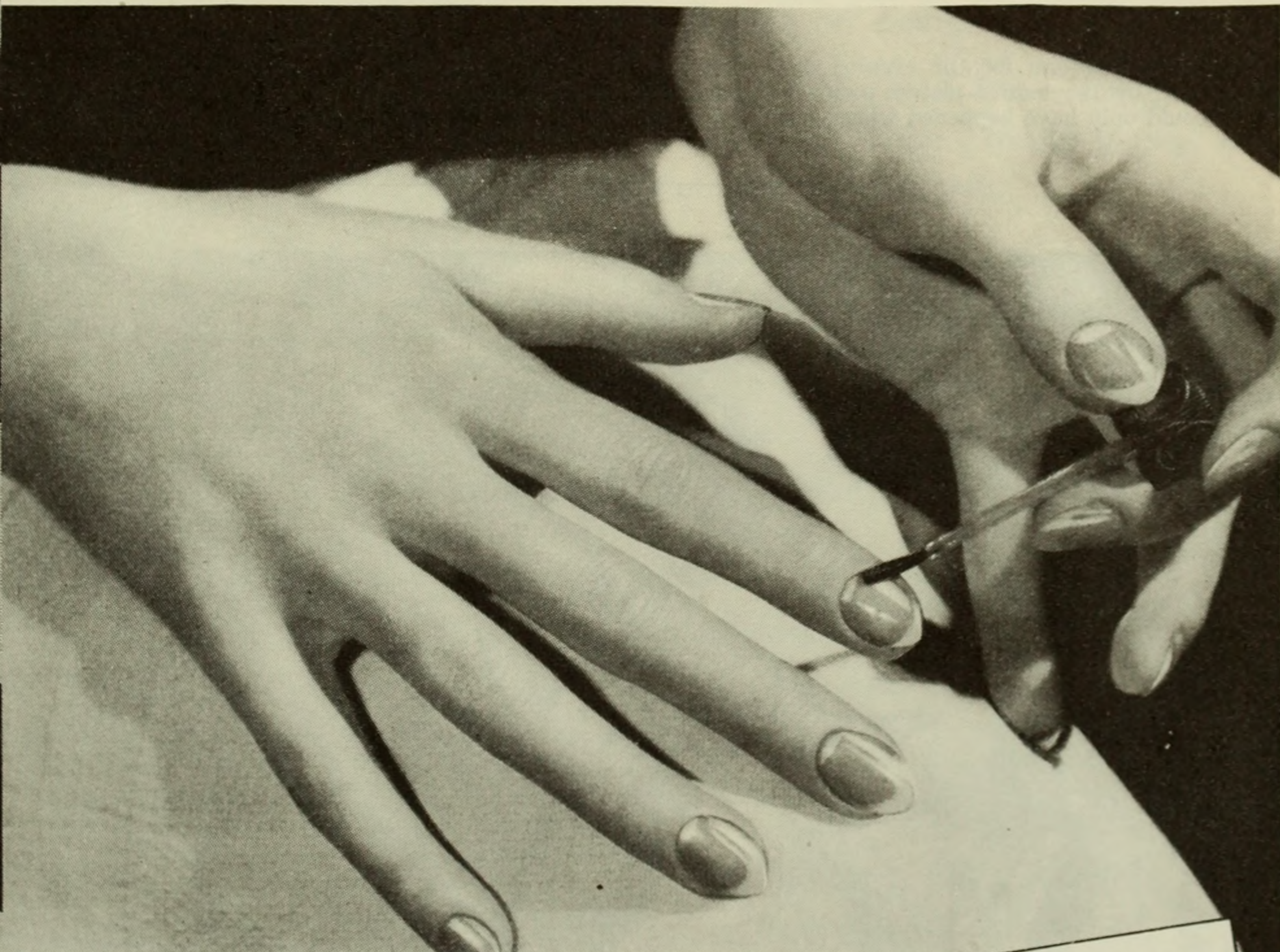
BUDAPEST



PARIS



VIENNA



Now a screw-tight cap of gleaming black bakelite gives the Cutex Liquid Polish bottle added smartness and does away forever with broken corks! It has brush attached, and when in use, always keeps the brush tip off the table top.

Cutex Liquid Polish

... ONLY 35¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2320, Montreal.)
NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 1 Q 11
191 Hudson Street New York, N. Y.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

HELLEN TWELVETREES went into some small towns of Washington and Oregon states to meet her husband's relatives. She has recently married Frank Woody, local real estate dealer.

His nieces invited all of their sorority sisters from miles around to meet Helen. And did those college girls have a thrill!

A motion picture star who was almost one of them.

"What woman in Hollywood did they ask about most?" we inquired.

"Jean Harlow!" Helen answered without hesitating.

CONRAD NAGEL is the hero, not of Hollywood, but all of Los Angeles.

He held 110,000 people—yes that is one hundred and ten thousand—quiet, interested and patient under the greatest difficulties when he was master of ceremonies for the pageant of jewels, the electrical parade, which climaxed the two week celebration in commemoration of the founding of the city.

The events and floats were delayed by the hordes who could not gain admission to the Coliseum. Three hundred thousand people swarmed outside who were too late to get seats, to get a glimpse of electrical miracles on wheels.

And because of Conrad's clever handling of the situation there was not a booh from the inside because the show ran for six hours rather than three.

THE entire program for the evening was furnished by the motion picture industry. And it could only have happened where that

Industry is. There are not enough generators in any other city in the world to put on such a display.

Incidentally, more stars appeared for the function than ever appeared personally for any other.

SIDNEY FOX never goes onto the stage or onto a set without wearing a piece of carved jade. Genevieve Tobin, another Universal player, won't wear green. Not even a green dress. It brings her bad luck, she feels. She had just one flop on the stage—and she wore a green dress in it.

A CLOSE friend of the Duncan sisters tells us they had the misfortune to lose practically everything they had saved, on the stockmarket. And this was just after Vivian married Nils Asther and split the team. Perhaps that's why the rumor persists that Vivian will not return to Nils but park her baby and return to the stage with Rosita.

WALLACE BEERY paused in his rehearsal on "The Champ" set. "It must be about time for lunch," he suggested.

Little Jackie Cooper, co-star, pulled out his watch hurriedly. "Nope! It's only half-past eleven. Your stomach is faster than your watch, Wally."

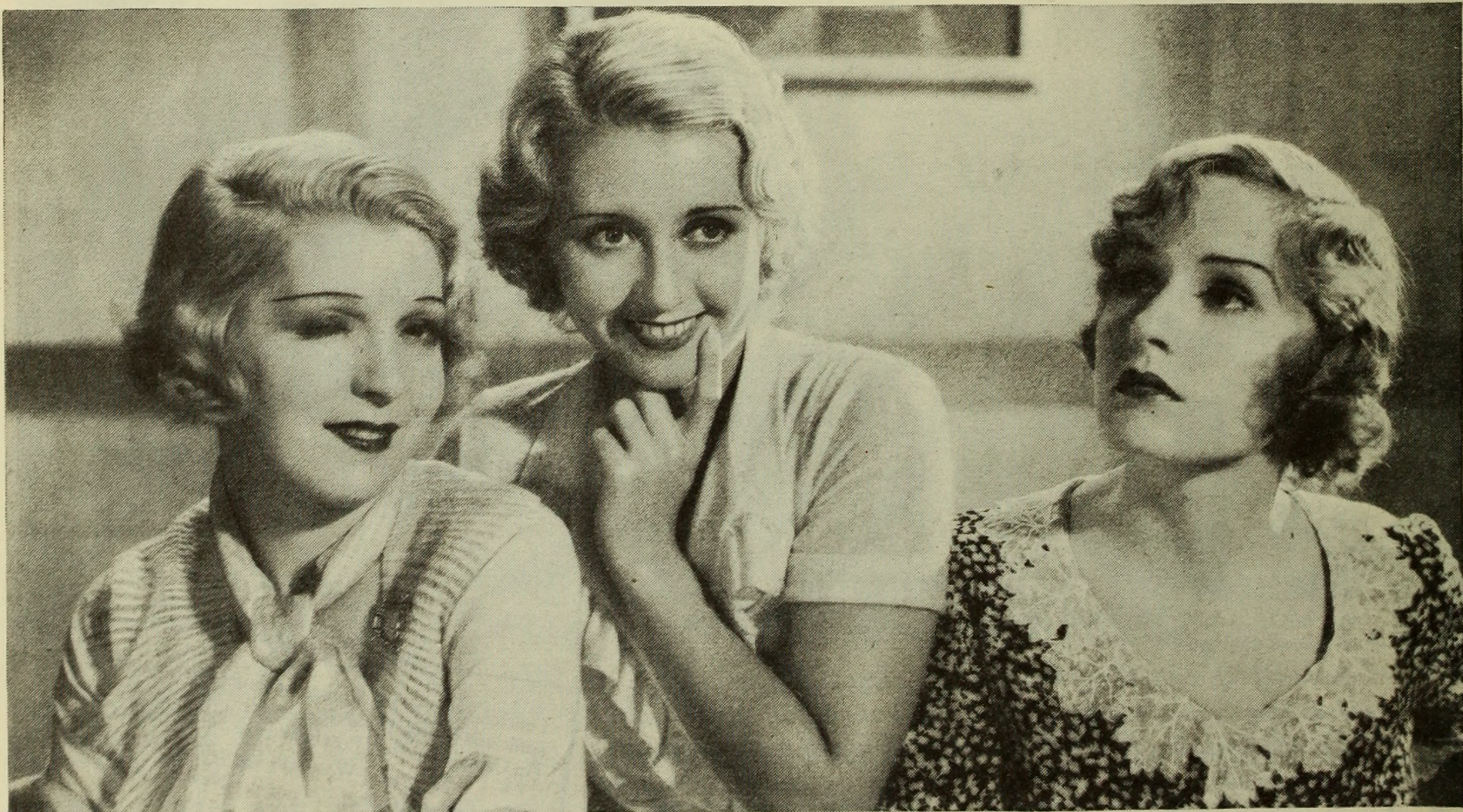
MORE SPOT NEWS FROM CUPID . . . Edwina Booth goes into court in answer to the eighteen charges filed by Mrs. Duncan Renaldo . . . asserting that Edwina had stolen Renaldo's love while making "Trader

Horn" in Africa. . . . Edwina's lawyer asked her, in a row of eighteen questions, if each of Mrs. Renaldo's charges was true . . . eighteen times, Edwina's lovely lips whispered merely "No!" . . . there was no other witness . . . the Judge decided in her favor, killing Mrs. Renaldo's \$50,000 alienation suit. . . . It's all curtains between Billie Dove and Howard Hell's Angels Hughes . . . no steady for Hughes as yet, but been seen out with her and her and her . . . Billie too . . . but now (at least as this is written) there's a very steady steady . . . he's Robert Kennaston, a rancher, who knows as much about oranges, lemons, avocados as Hughes does about oil wells and movies. . . . Hollywood is amused and bemused by Ina and Jack . . . uhuh, Claire and Gilbert . . . they go places together! . . . but it's all in friendship . . . they say.

KAY FRANCIS introduced a new one the other day at Malibu Beach. She appeared in pajamas which had zipper fastenings on the rear of the trousers.

A SEVENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD farmer in Louisiana, sight just restored after twenty years blindness, said one of the first things he wants to see is Marlene Dietrich on the screen . . . at 71! Fie! . . . When they toss off a stiff drink in a movie, it's tea. . . . Joan Bennett will have to learn to walk again, after her broken hip heals, the doctors say. . . . Kay Francis, tall Warner star, wears smallest shoe—size four. . . . Paul Whiteman lost sixty-seven pounds to become a groom.

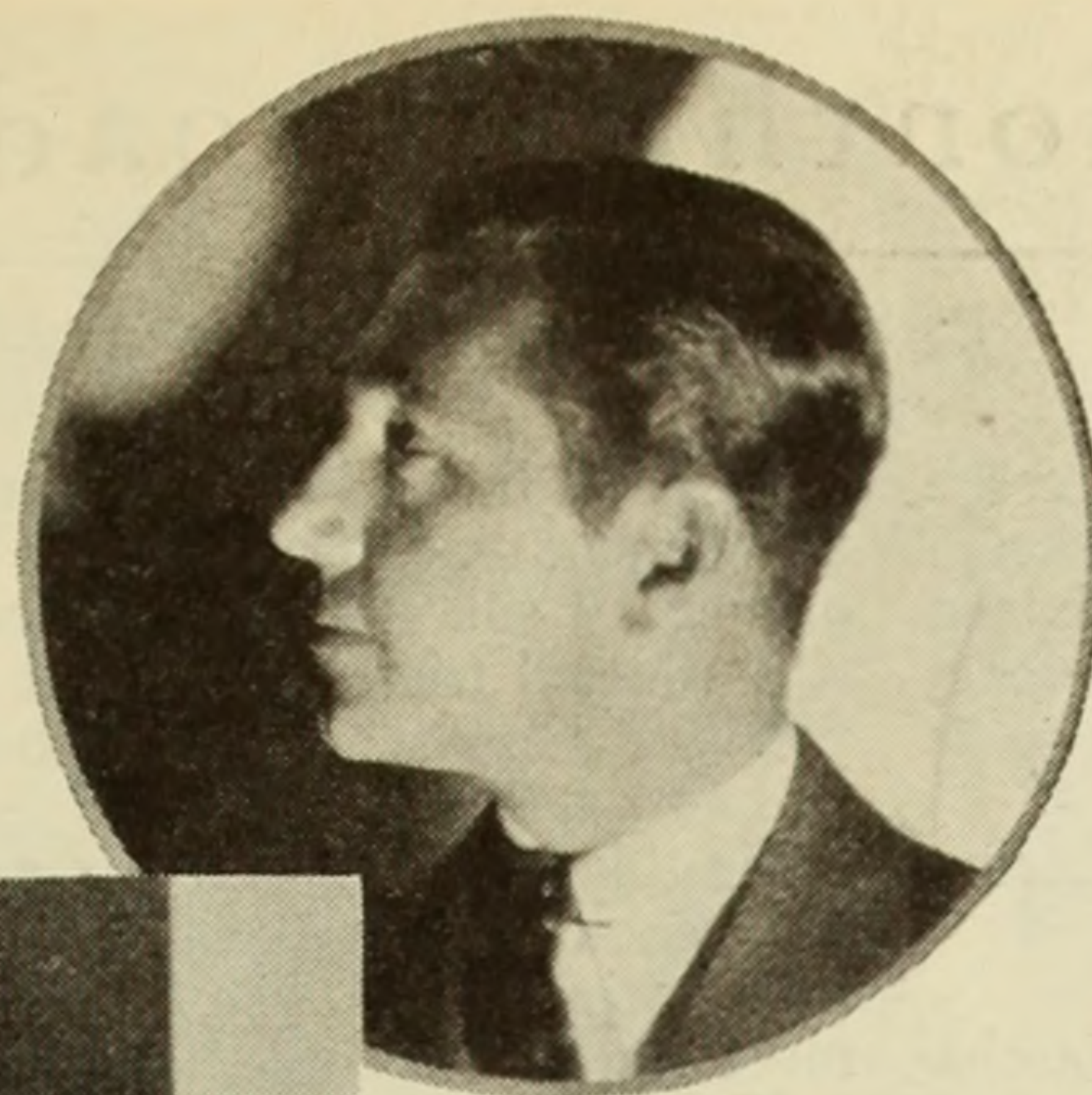
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



What chance would any man have against these girls who play three sprightly gold-diggers in Samuel Goldwyn's production of "The Greeks Had a Word for It," which promises to be one of the hits of the screen year. Up ahead in this issue are four pages of eye-smashing clothes designed for them by the famous Gabrielle Chanel. The girls are Ina Claire, the star, who plays the wise, scheming one; Joan Blondell, the happy-go-lucky; and Madge Evans, the dreamy, artistic type of easy-wayer. A grand combination of types and actresses

"The richness and softness which I invariably find in Skinner weaves are of great assistance to me in arriving at smart effects on the screen."

MAX RÉE



Modeling Masterpieces

FOR this graceful evening gown for Mary Astor, Max Réé, supervising art director of RKO-Radio Pictures, selected Skinner's Flat Crepe. A deep wine shade was chosen to accentuate her patrician, brunette beauty.

Note the intriguing neck-line—softly draped, cowl fashion. And the intricate going, with graceful fullness to the skirt.

Long, flowing lines bring increasing importance to perfection of fabric finish. Skinner's Crepes give full play to the originality of famous Hollywood costume designers.

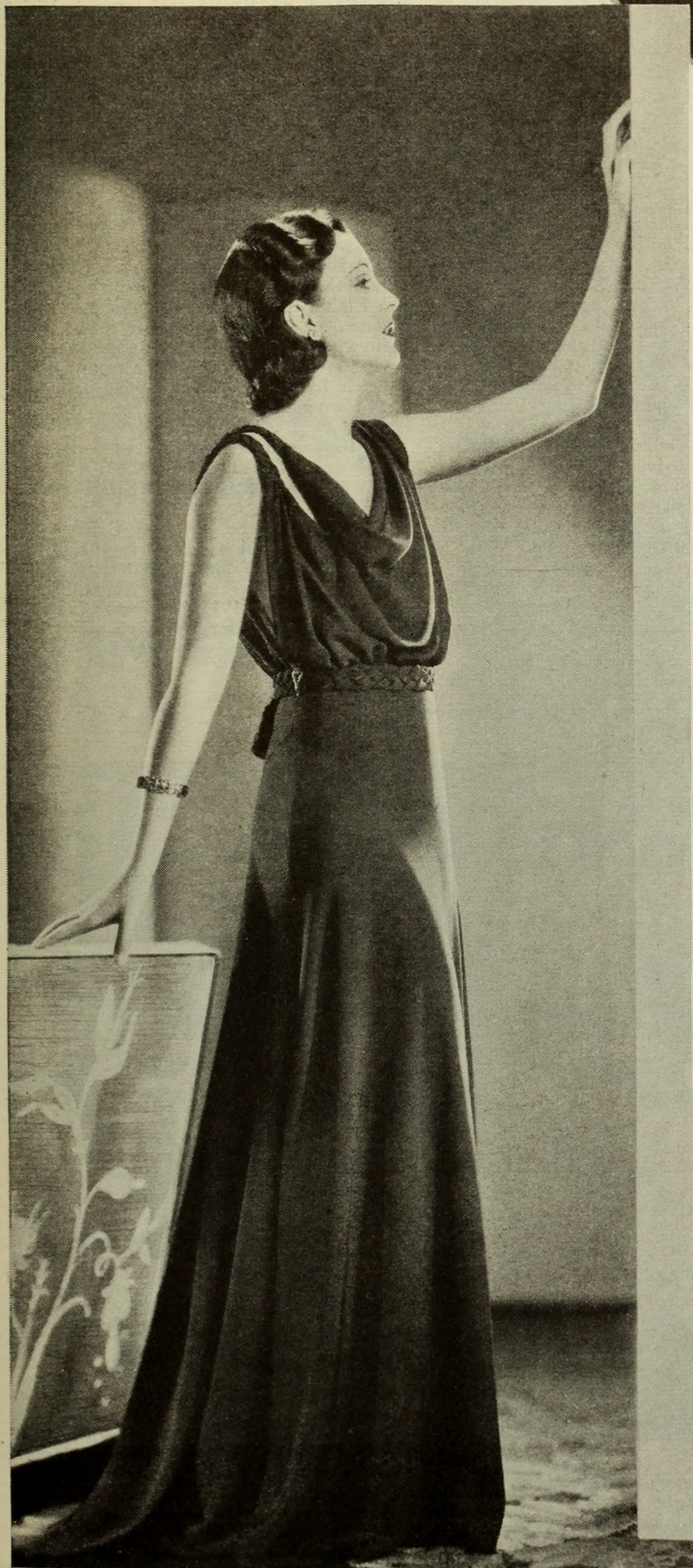
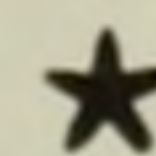
WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia Los Angeles
Mills, Holyoke, Mass. Established 1848

"LOOK FOR THE NAME
IN THE SELVAGE"



Skinner's Silks



MARY ASTOR, Radio Pictures Player

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

HERE'S a little inside yarn about Roscoe Ates which shows the irony of fate!

He really stuttered until he was sixteen when he took lessons on corrective speech—long, hard, arduous lessons to correct his fault so he could make a living.

And he's made his fame by remembering how he used to stutter!

FLORENCE VIDOR and husband Jascha Heifitz were entertaining. It was one of their usual ultra-ultra dinner parties. A famous Hollywood wit (a writer) breezed in and was greeted by Mrs. Heifitz in the best manner.

He glanced around for the host with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, when does he play?" he asked, spying violinist Heifitz in a corner.

Florence was annoyed. Such rudeness. She wished to put him in his place.

When the next group arrived she took the guests to the wise-cracker to accomplish introductions.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she looked at him. "I don't believe I remember your name."

Mr. Humorist returned look for look. "Oh, that's all right, Florence. We know each other so well that you may just call me Toots."

SEEMS that we've dug up a lot about Clara Bow's history that has never been told before, during the month. But the best yarn of all is how Clara Bow and Joan Lowell (yes, the author of the much discussed "Cradle of the Deep") out-ritzed one another.

Clara was making \$150 a week and living in a two-room bungalow court with papa Bow. Joan was making \$75 a week at the old Ince

studio and living in a tiny bungalow down by the gas house. Neither had a maid, a car and only a few silk stockings apiece.

A mutual friend decided it would be beneficial for these two we-want-to-get-famous girls to know one another.

He told Clara: "Joan has a membership to the beach club and plays tennis. She has a nice social standing and could help you to meet the right people."

He told Joan: "Clara doesn't know many people. You could help her there. But she's under contract to Schulberg and knows other producers. She could help you to meet them and get good breaks. You go and call on her."

SO Joan left her gas-house vicinity and went to call on Clara in her two rooms.

They sat in Clara's tiny place and looked at one another.

"I'm sorry," Clara said, "but I gave my chauffeur the night off so I cannot take you for a ride."

"Isn't that strange?" Joan answered. "But I gave mine the same night. So I can't take you riding, either."

"Well, we can sit here and talk," Clara said hospitably.

So they sat and talked. Maids came next. Clara's were out but Joan insisted Clara should come over soon and see hers. They were both moving in a few days to big houses. Joan spoke last, here, so hers was the biggest. It went on for an hour. Which won? It was a toss-up.

And the next day Clara went back to the mutual friend and asked why he ever sent such a girl as Joan Lowell to her. "Stuck-up, conceited, etc.—"

And Joan went to him with the same question and accusations about Clara.

It wasn't until the other day when talking with Clara that the friend got the low-down on what happened. He told us the story.

MARIAN MARSH'S real name is Violet Krauth. . . . Wanda Hawley (remember her?) is touring the Middle West, lecturing on beauty secrets in department stores. . . . Sylvia Sidney likes liverwurst and onion sandwiches. . . . Everybody in Paris is talking about Charlie Chaplin's wanting Mrs. Frank J. Gould to be a movie actress.

CLARK GABLE'S nickname is "Dutchy." . . . Edna Mae Oliver wears wax earplugs at night so the California frogs and mocking birds won't keep her awake. . . . Louise Glauum is living quietly in Kansas City. . . . without the leopard skins and peacock feathers. . . . Claire Windsor is going traveling with Al Jolson. . . . All perfectly proper, they're playing in a show together. . . . Buddy Rogers is leaving Paramount to tour the country with his own band. . . . Goody, goody, for the small town girls.

SIGN on theater marquee:
CLIVE BROOK
ALWAYS COOL INSIDE

THERE'S a scene in "The Cuban," the Tibbett-Velez picture, laid in 1917. And there's a huge signboard in that scene advertising Norma Shearer. Now, if Norma Shearer were being billed in 1917 then I was alive when Cleo baited her line for Anthony.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

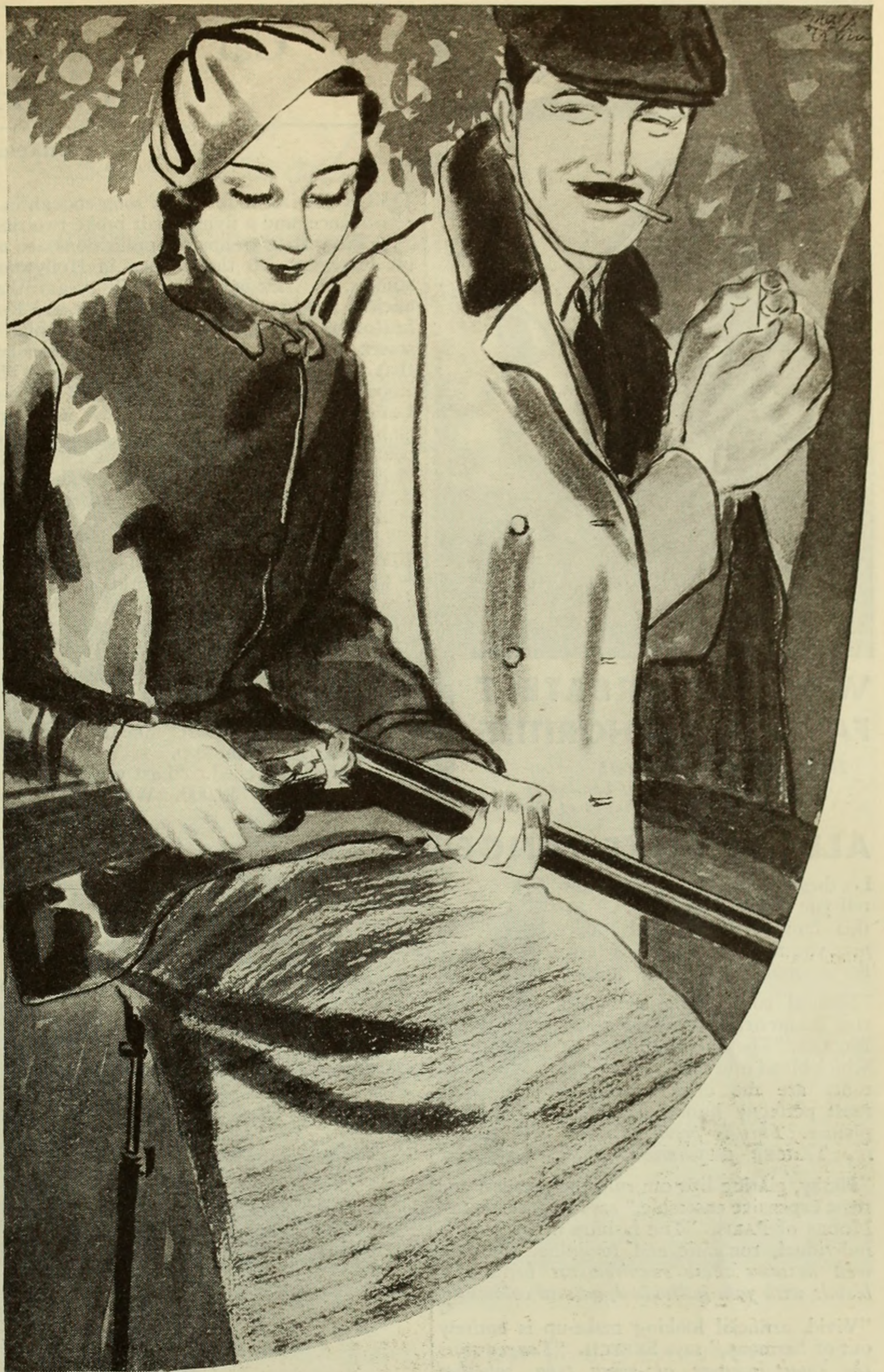


Stagg

This is the way they throw a stork shower in Hollywood. It was given for Bebe Daniels about ten days before the arrival of little Barbara Lyon. Mrs. George Fitzmaurice and Louella Parsons were the hostesses. Barbara could live on her presents until all danger of the depression blows over, and have enough left to go through finishing school, later on. You'll find in this group Norma Talmadge, May Allison, Lois Wilson, Billie Dove, Carmel Myers, Sally Eilers, Olive Tell, Betty Compson, Eileen Percy and other stars and wives of directors and executives

**BECAUSE
THEY APPLAUD
"CLEAN HITS"
IN SPORTS
AND
CIGARETTES**

Schooled in the healthy pleasures of field and forest, sportsmen and sportswomen quickly recognized Spud as their very own. Here was not only full-qualified tobacco fragrance. Here was actually the clean-fresh-taste idea expressed in a cigarette . . . producing a "mouth-happiness" that belonged with that grand outdoor feeling. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.



SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U. S.) . . . 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

TANGEE



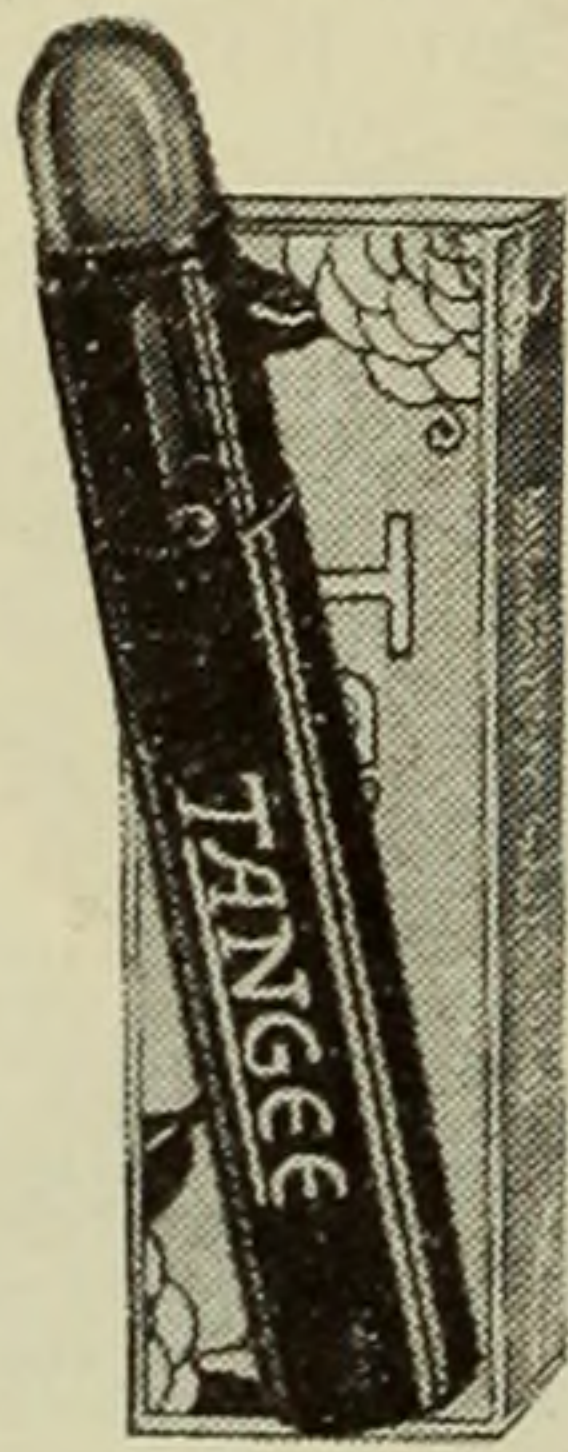
WORLD'S GREATEST FASHION AUTHORITIES

Harper's Bazaar of New York
Tatler, and Sketch of London
Jardin des Modes of Paris

ALL APPROVE TANGEE

Let these great fashion magazines tell you about TANGEE . . . how this famous lipstick and rouge give you that *natural* color which is so much in vogue today!

"Natural color is the mode of the moment," says HARPER'S BAZAAR. "The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture. *This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do.*"



"Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble," says LE JARDIN DES MODES OF PARIS. "The fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE well answers these requirements because it blends with your individual, natural coloring."

"Vivid, artificial looking make-up is entirely out of harmony," says SKETCH. "Tangee suits the smart woman of every type, whether blonde, brunette or Titian." And TATLER adds, "Tangee gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth . . . so rich in color and yet so natural!"

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy! NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of TANGEE LIPSTICK and ROUGE COMPACT for professional and evening use.

To Match Tangee Lipstick!



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P9

417 Fifth Avenue

New York

Name _____

Address _____

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

BUCK JONES didn't duck soon enough in a sequence, and a flying chair broke two ribs. . . . Fifty stenographers' applications are on file for every job that's open in Hollywood studios. . . . Doug Junior still wears that ancient felt hat. . . . Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque (Mr. and Mrs., you know) plan a screen return. . . . The rumor still persists that Clara Bow's comeback will be in "The Impatient Virgin" for Universal. . . . Ernst Lubitsch is never without his cigar, and Clark Gable his pipe. . . . Jean Harlow writes poetry, as pastime. . . . Eddie Cantor calls his fifth and youngest child "Five Star Final." . . . Some call the Malibu residents Maliboobs. . . .

FRANCES MARION, the highest salaried woman scenarist in the world, was driving down Hollywood Boulevard and made some wrong move in traffic. A cop came rushing forward. "Say," he yelled, "what's the matter with you? Haven't you got any brains?"

Frances let it pass and drove on. Then she began to get good and sore. She turned around and came back to the cop.

"Listen," she yelled. "Last year my brains were worth just \$150,000. What did you get for yours?"

LUPE VELEZ and Leslie Fenton, who are excellent friends—nothing else—found themselves with some spare time on their hands the other evening. Leslie, like Lupe, does as he pleases when he pleases. The two decided to call telephone numbers.

They snatched numbers from the phone book at random, not even noticing the names. Lupe was on the line, this time.

"This is Dr. so and so's residence," a feminine voice answered.

"Where is that sandwich the doctor promised me last night?" she inquired.

"I beg your pardon. This is the doctor's wife. What can I do for you?"

"Call him to the phone."

"He isn't here but I am his wife. I can take the message."

"Well, I am his sweetheart and I don't believe you could," and the minx hung up the phone. Naughty Lupe! If you caused trouble perhaps the doctor's wife will read this and understand.

CLARA BOW dropped into a sale at a Hollywood drug store the other day to buy \$1.50 bath salts marked down to 87 cents. When she discovered that only two bottles were allowed to the customer she had every elevator boy in the building make a purchase for her.

The red-head has learned economy!

LILYAN TASHMAN discovered late one afternoon that she had to work that evening. They were rushing production on "Girls About Town."

She telephoned Eddie Lowe at their Malibu house suggesting that they spend the night at their closed place in Beverly even though they had no servants there and would have to go out for breakfast. Eddie agreed, came in and had dinner with her and went to a show while she was working. "We'll meet at the house," Lil said.

Then they cut work early. Lil arrived at the house, dismissed the chauffeur, went to the door and opened her bag to get her key. Her studio maid had made a mistake and given her the bag she used in the picture. There was *nothing* in it.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Well, why shouldn't the bride's mother get a camera break? Here's Bill Powell's nice mother-in-law, the mother of Carole Lombard. Mamma and daughter are shown on the deck of the liner that brought the honeymooners back from Hawaii. And where's Bill?



*Los Angeles women
scored 115 wrong guesses out of 132
....then learned*

SMARTNESS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH PRICE



THE PARIS PATTERN IN FORMAL DINNER SETTING — IMAGINE! 50 PIECES COST ONLY \$29.00!

“GUESS THE PRICE,” said our Traveling Reporter. And before 132 Los Angeles women—each in her own home—he placed a set of 50 pieces of the stunning silverplate shown here.

Each woman fingered the pieces, judged weight, beauty of detail. Then each made her guess—

And 115 out of 132 guessed wrong! Far, far too high! Many guesses ran nearly twice as high as the actual price of the silverplate! For—imagine this!

A service for 12 costs only \$29.00!

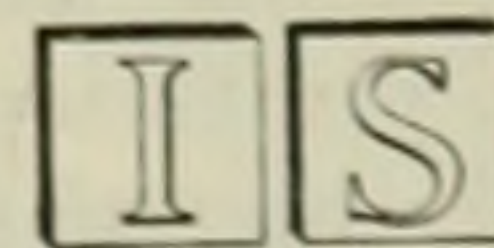
Who'd ever expect that for \$29.00 you could get 12 model-handled

knives with stainless steel blades, 12 forks, 12 teaspoons, 12 dessert spoons, a sugar shell, a butter knife—all in a decorative case. And in silverplate as distinctive as sterling!

For Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate is as truly beautiful as that! Styled by to-day's leading stylists—designed by masters—this silverplate is as far removed as the poles from the silverplate that you'd expect so moderate a price to buy! It is proof that to-day, in silverplate as in so many other things, *smartness has nothing to do with price!*

See this silverplate. See the new Viande* style in knife and fork—in

smart homes everywhere. (Mrs. Emily Post calls the Viande knife “the perfect instrument.”) See the matching hollowware, an innovation at this price. Then remember—Wm. Rogers & Son—Genuine Original Rogers Silverplate—is guaranteed for years of wear. Many dealers offer this silverplate on the Deferred Payment Plan.



The Mark of the
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Meriden, Conn.
Also makers of International Sterling,
1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate and
Holmes & Edwards Inlaid.

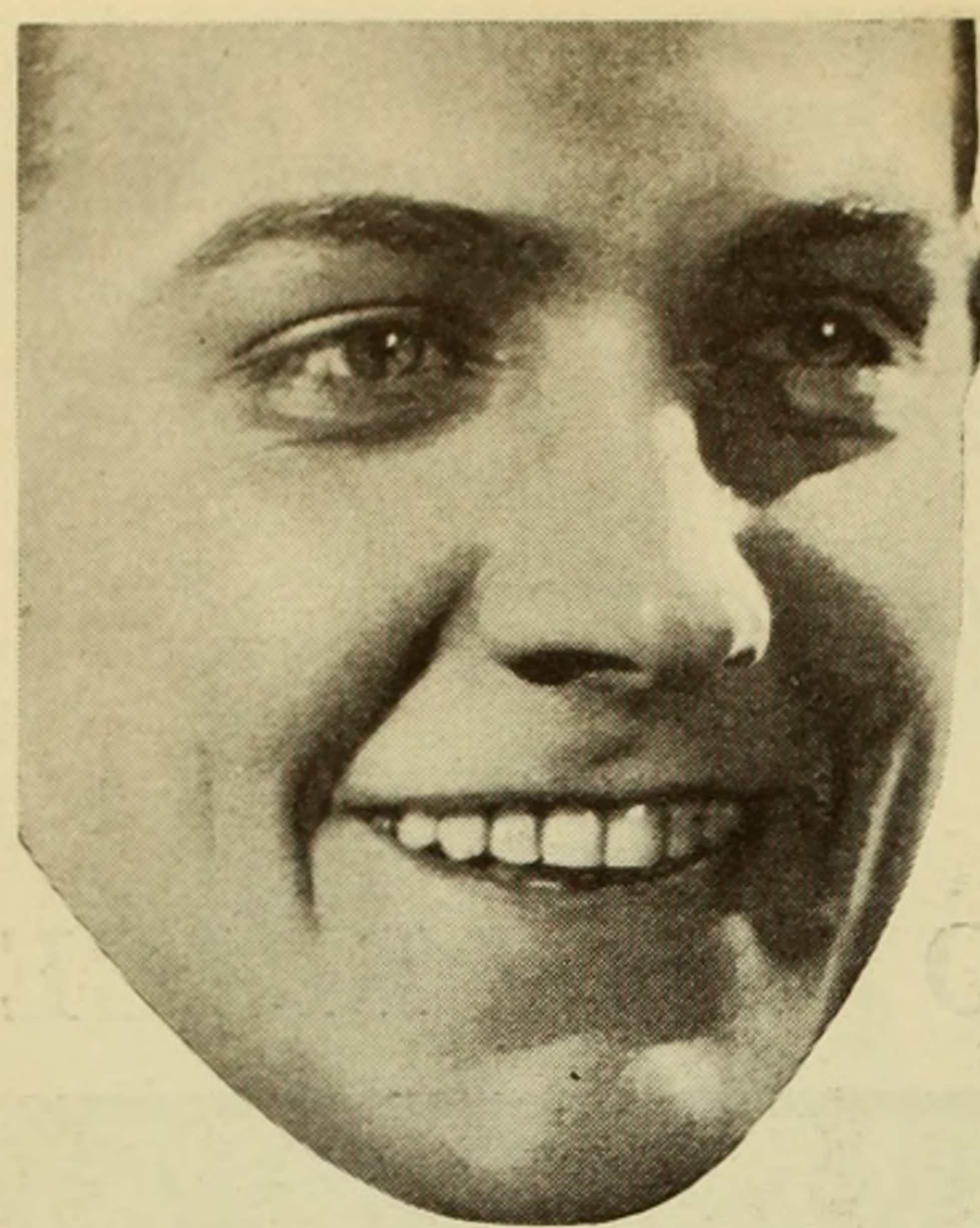
*Trade Mark—Viande Knife—Patent Applied for

WM. ROGERS & SON

Silverplate

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



We Threw Out the Pretty Girl to Please 2,000,000 Men

I PROTEST," says a recent letter from F. J. Molitor, of Akron, Ohio, "because all your ads show pretty girl pictures. Give us men a break. We use your brush, too. There must be at least two million men like me who think nothing can touch a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush for quality and results. How about chucking the brown-haired beauties and giving us a picture of a man with good teeth . . . ?"

Dear Mr. Molitor: Above is your answer. But this sets no precedent. We reserve the right to go back to the "beauties." Frankly, we think they have more attention value.

They enable us to attract millions of readers, men and women. Then we can tell them how Pro-phy-lac-tic has been making tooth brushes, brushes of all kinds, and nothing but brushes, for more than forty years. We can tell them how our experience and the merit of our products have won us an international reputation as bristle authorities.

Our endeavor is to win new users who want whiter teeth and healthier gums. We ask them to switch from their present tooth brush to the modern Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. It has the famous tufted toe which reaches places back of the molars (back teeth) rarely touched by others.

This extraordinary tooth brush is the new, scientific, medium size. Not a midget that skimps on bristle. Not an old-fashioned big brush. But one correct for average mouths. *Large enough* to clean, polish, and massage the gums, at split-second speed.

Hasty brushers find that it leaves the teeth and mouth feeling cleaner in less time than any other.

It is a precision dental instrument made in accordance with professional specifications. The only nationally advertised 50¢ tooth brush produced in its own plant. This explains why it gives greater value. The smaller Youth's size is 35¢. Child's size, 25¢. All guaranteed without reservation.

No matter what brush you are using now, try a Tufted . . . You will thank us for the suggestion. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, Florence, Mass.

Pro-phy-lac-tic

IT was bitter cold. Lil had on a light suit. She began walking up and down the driveway. Someone in the next house raised a curtain. "Perhaps they'll think I'm a burglar and shoot me," she mused. And was she jittering! But the Tashman courage kept her going. The brave Tashmans—they call 'em.

So she went into her garage and crept into the extra car left there. She drowsed. When she awakened she thought she smelled fumes. What were all those awful stories about people dying in garages? She got up and, dragging an old blanket from the bottom of the extra car, the beautiful sophisticated Tashman curled up on the back porch and shivered for two hours until friend husband arrived with a key! This is now known along the boulevard as "Lil's exciting night."

LUPE VELEZ has four new fur coats—making a grand total of an even dozen—and five new fur neck pieces. Lupe's hobby is furs, and if ever she failed in pictures she'd be qualified as a fur dealer. No kidding. She knows furs as do few women. She picks her skins, matches them herself, designs her coats and has them made according to her own specifications. You might cheat her on diamonds but you'd never call a rabbit an ermine and slip it over on the little gal from Mexico.

LAURENCE TIBBETT, Director W. S. Van Dyke and others on "The Cuban" picture are bewailing the fact that Joan Crawford's waistline is so small. And Joan isn't even in the film!

Leading lady Lupe Velez was the hey-hey and pep kid of the set. Every working day was just one big party until Lupe became conscious of Joan's waistline. It was inches smaller than hers. Lupe couldn't stand that! She must be as slim as La Crawford. She went on an orange juice diet and refused all solid foods.

At the end of eight days Lawrence Tibbett said.

"She's not the same girl. She drags around the set where she used to jump. All her whoopee influence is gone. We wish she'd never seen an orange."

THE Richard Barthelmess's were without a chauffeur for an evening. They were attending a party which Joan Crawford and Doug. Jr. were also attending.

Dick called Joan and asked if they would stop by for them.

"I'm sorry but we haven't room."

Dick couldn't understand because the Fairbanks Jr. limousine is a large affair. But there was Joan and Doug and their secretary and Joan's personal body guard. Dick laughing kidded Joan, asking if she didn't think Doug. Jr., the chauffeur, the secretary and himself could protect her.

"I pay this man to do this and besides I feel safer when he is along!"

Well, well, there was a day when Gloria Swanson had a body guard, you know. And it was when she was at the zenith of the big money.

VARIETY reports that a female impersonator calling himself Dorian Gray has written a play called "The Private Life of Greta Garbo" and wants it produced with himself playing the Swedish Northern Light! Whoops!

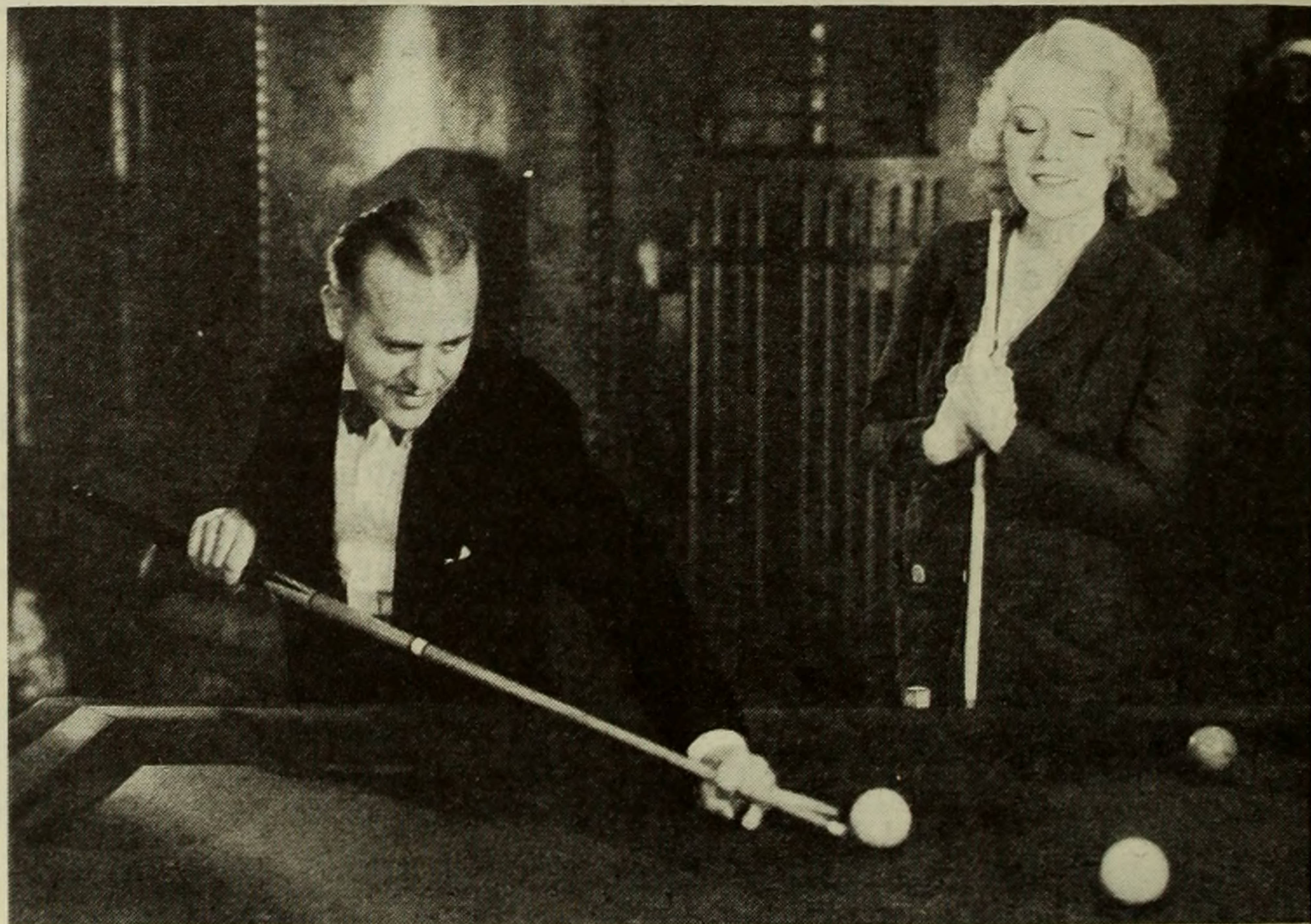
MARY KINNY is just another of the thousands of girls who come to Hollywood to crash the studio gates.

She came from Cincinnati, weighing 109. She tried and tried, but no luck. Climate good, though—and up went her weight to 120.

Mary got scared. She'd read about stars having to keep their weight down. So she went on a diet.

They picked her up outside the Paramount studios the other day. Collapsed from undernourishment.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



"Watch this!" says the famous Willie Hoppe, billiard shark, as he runs off a few hundred, to Anita Page's amusement. "Watch this!" says Anita, missing the cue ball by an inch. Willie has made a snappy billiard short subject for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

**CREATORS OF IMMORTAL "CIMARRON"
BRING YOU THE FABULOUS STORY OF MODERN
YOUTH... A MOTION PICTURE WHICH LIFTS A
CLARION VOICE TO WARN A GODLESS GENERATION!**

**PUT IT IMMEDIATELY
ON YOUR
CURRENT MOVIE LIST**

Super-drama that strides boldly from out the ranks of routine productions and lays bare the amazing story of many of today's young moderns . . .

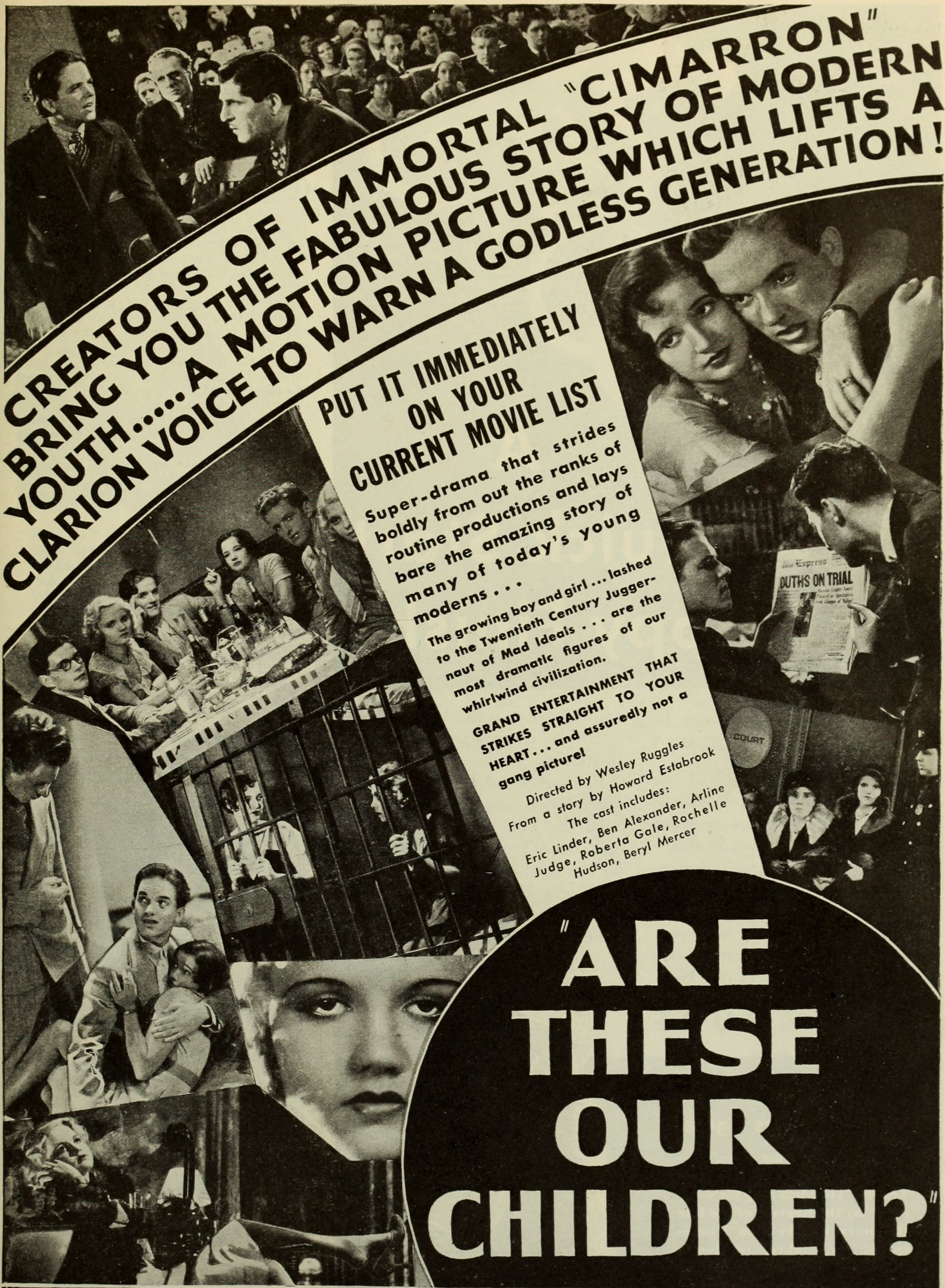
The growing boy and girl . . . lashed to the Twentieth Century Juggernaut of Mad Ideals . . . are the most dramatic figures of our whirlwind civilization.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT THAT STRIKES STRAIGHT TO YOUR HEART . . . and assuredly not a gang picture!

Directed by Wesley Ruggles
From a story by Howard Estabrook
The cast includes:
Eric Linder, Ben Alexander, Arline Judge, Roberta Gale, Rochelle Hudson, Beryl Mercer

"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"

RKO RADIO PICTURE





A Quick Start a Happy Finish!

Ivory Snow dissolves in lukewarm water instantly!

A quick start? You should see Ivory Snow bubble into suds, the instant it touches water—even lukewarm water! Now you *start*—with instant lukewarm suds—exactly the right temperature for washing fragile silks and woolens.

Now—no waiting for hot water. No guessing at temperatures. No beating up suds. Every tiny Ivory

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

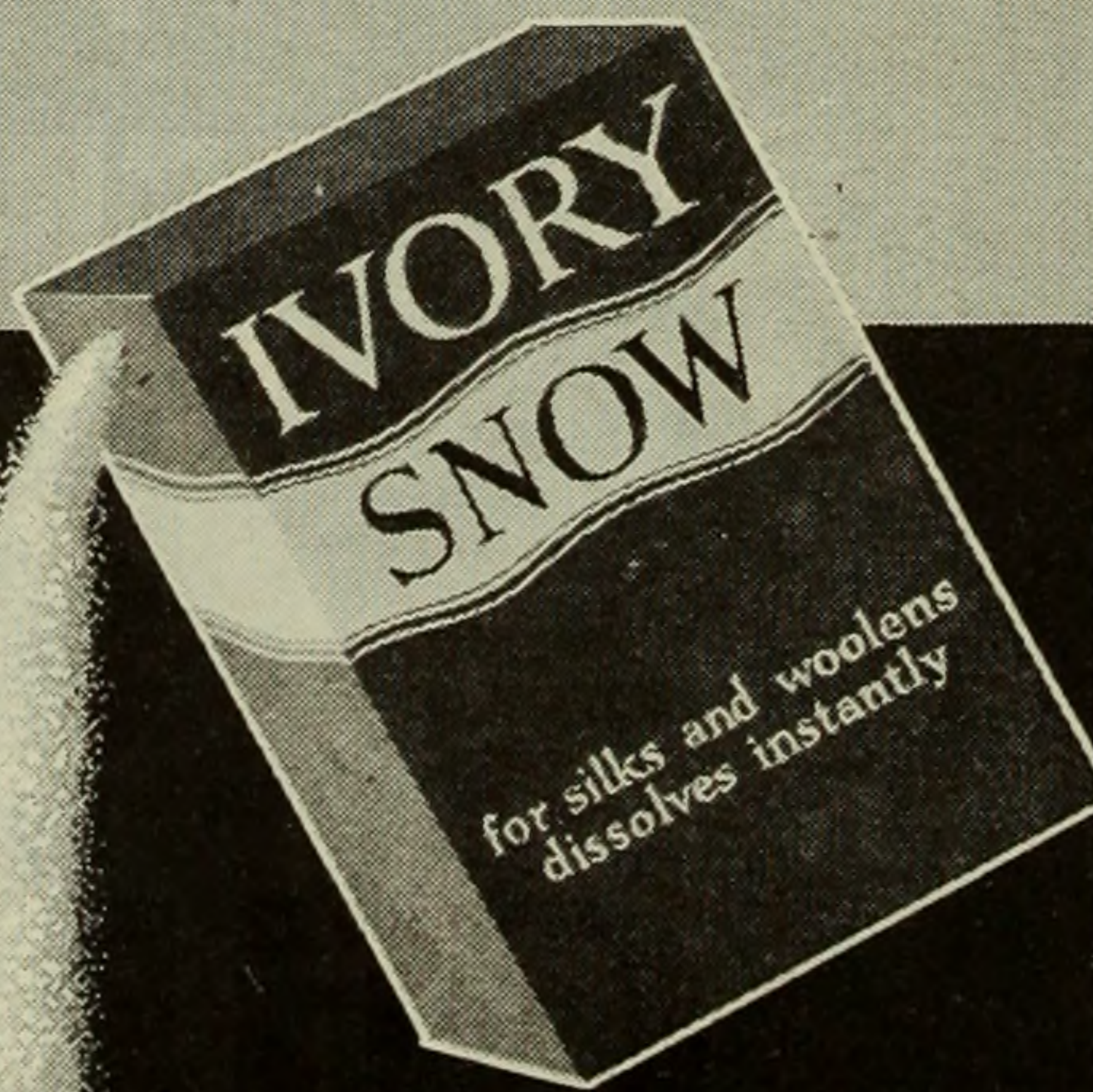
© 1931, P. & G. Co.

Snow pearl pops into rich Ivory suds—not one is left undissolved to stick to delicate wool or silk.

P. S.—About that happy finish? Well, Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap. So your precious clothes come out of Ivory Snow suds looking like new! A box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢—a big box too—big enough to protect hundreds of dollars worth of lovely clothes.

Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

“A perfect soap for silks,” say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. “The ideal soap for woolens,” say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Home-spuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

COMEDY Director Ernie Pagano was instructing Virginia Brooks on how she should exit from a scene, running backwards. To illustrate his idea, Ernie gave a demonstration and backed right into an old lady who was coming up the walk to the entrance of the Ambassador Hotel, where they were on location.

Ernie offered his most profuse apologies and explained that a scene for a motion picture was being taken and would she kindly step aside until it was finished.

After the shot was made, Ernie, to make amends, placed a chair in a convenient spot and asked the lady if she would like to be seated and watch how a motion picture was made.

The lady thanked him and said, “I would be very much interested. You know, my son also makes motion pictures.”

“Is that so,” answered Pagano, “perhaps I know him. What is his name?”

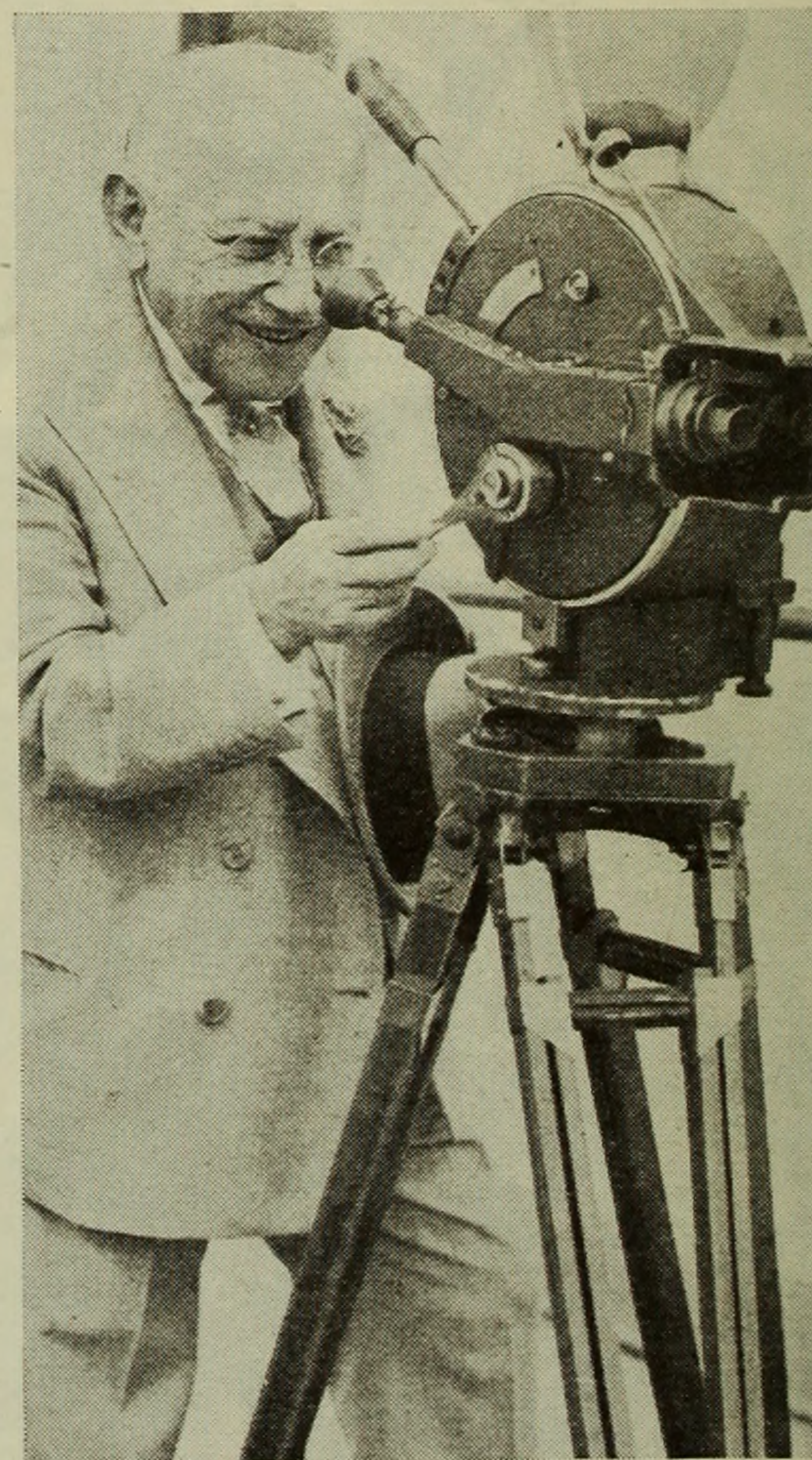
And the lady replied: “Jesse Lasky!” Quick fade-out with Pagano doing a 108 out of the scene.

A CERTAIN director whose wife is a notorious talker was showing said *frau* the proposed site for their new home.

“What do you think of that view?” he asked her.

“Well, it just leaves me speechless,” she answered.

“Fine,” said the director. “We’ll buy it.”



International

Uncle Carl turns the camera crank! Carl Laemmle, grand old man of pictures and father of Carl, Jr., and Universal, gets the range on one of the dinguses that made him famous



New York found her in Hollywood—then Hollywood found her in New York. That's how Claire Dodd came to Paramount pictures. Flo Ziegfeld brought her from Los Angeles. After a season in the "Follies," Hollywood lured her back with a beautiful picture contract. Pretty?

RECENT court formalities anent little Jackie Cooper's guardianship revealed some interesting facts and figures.

The boy's mother, Mabel Leonard Cooper, sought legal guardianship. It was explained that Jackie's father, John, and she, were divorced early in 1928—and his present whereabouts, she asserted, are unknown.

Wonder, wherever he is, what he thinks of his lad now?

Finances: Jackie's assets were set down as his contract, giving him \$1,300 a week now and scaling up to \$4,000 a week during the third year; a \$50,000 thirteen-year endowment policy, and \$8,000 in cash.

Mrs. Cooper asked the court for permission to spend \$1,600 of his earnings monthly on maintenance of Jackie in his profession.

ONE morning Roscoe Ates drove into Radio studio in a brand new eight-cylinder car and offered to take everybody for a ride.

"Why must we all go today?" one of his customers asked.

"Because this is the l-l-last chance I'll have to d-d-d-rive it," the famous stutterer answered. "My wife and daughter will see it to-night and then I'll only be the o-o-owner."

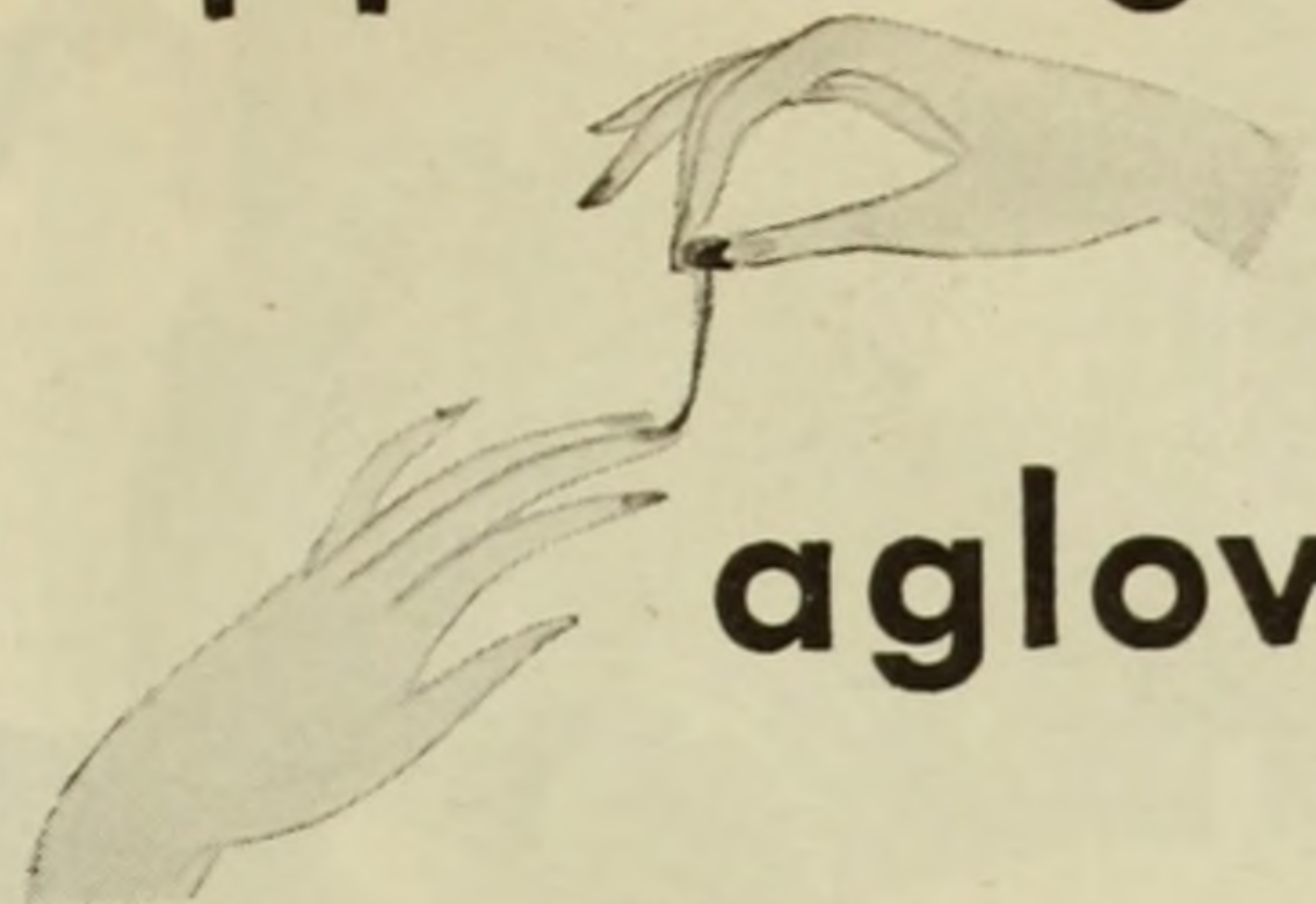
SCENE: studio private projection room. As the picture rolled on, it just got worse.

"Finis"—lights were turned on—glum faces.

Finally a voice: "Well, it needs cutting." Another voice: "Yeah—right up the middle."

WE made a discovery last week. Lupe Velez can dance almost any step after seeing it once, though she never had a dancing lesson in her life; we also knew she could put over a new song though she never had a singing lesson and that she is the cleverest mimic in Hollywood, but we never suspected she could embroider like the leader of a Friday Sewing

Approving eyes linger... on the fingers aglow with GLAZO



YOUNG women, smart women, are Glazo's most ardent devotees. For Glazo confers a special charm to fingertips that no other polish ever quite attains.

Glazo Liquid Polishes are exactly correct in shade. Exquisite tints they are—that somehow make your hands look whiter, and keep on good terms with the many shades of your various frocks.

Because they are finer in quality, they brush on easily and evenly, without "piling up". They never turn white at the edges, and never appear purplish under artificial lights.

The twin package of Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover is the most famous and the most widely used in the entire manicure field. And there are many Glazo innovations just as fine.

Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème introduces a new and superior method of cuticle care. This gentle cream quickly removes excess cuticle and leaves the cuticle margins soft and even.

Glazo Nicotine Remover banishes nicotine, ink, and other stains that mar the beauty of lovely hands. Glazo Nail White, Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream—each adds to that special Glazo charm.

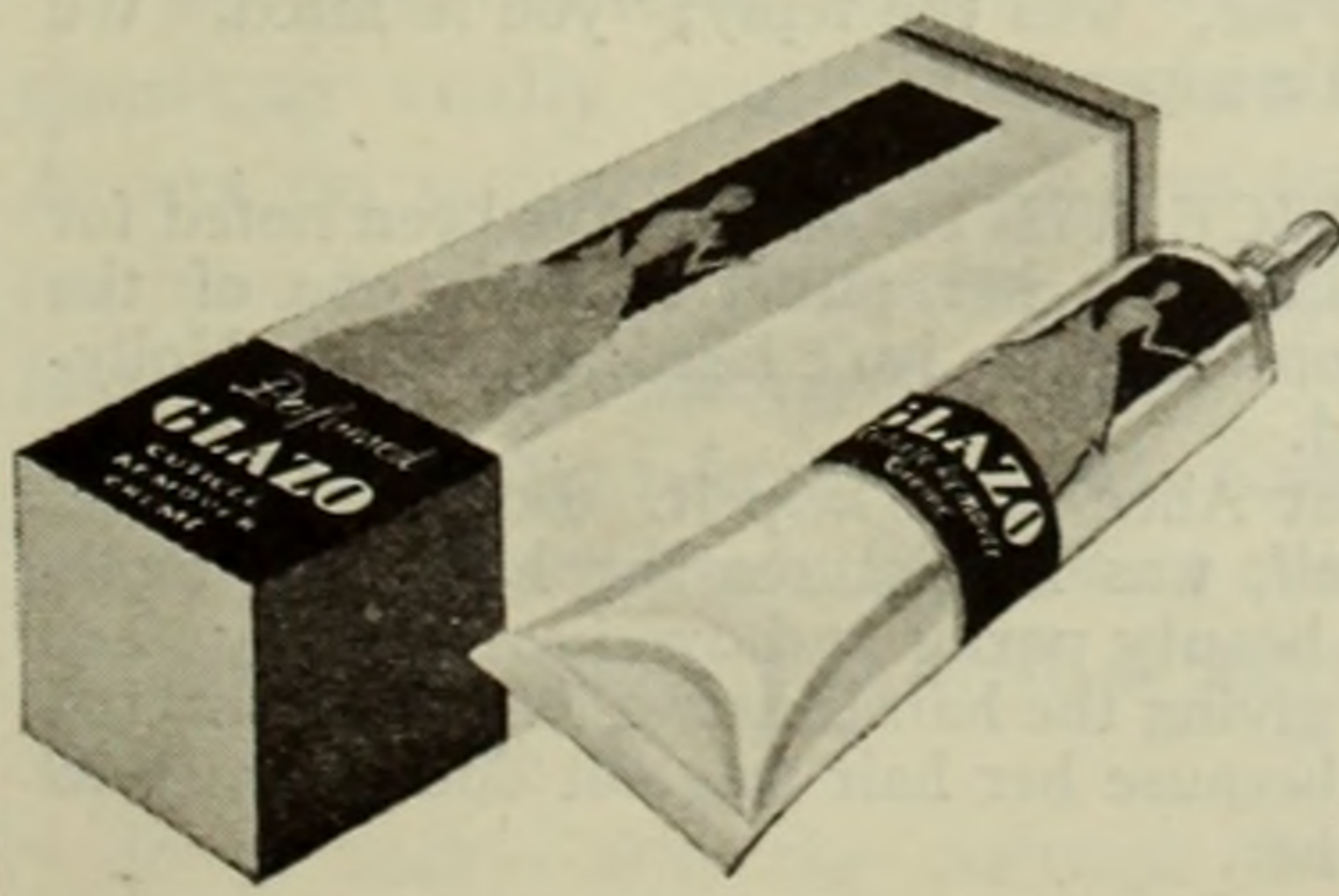


(Right) — The famous Glazo twin package contains both Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover—conveniently packaged together, 50c. Your choice of Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell.



(Above)—Perfumed Glazo Liquid Nail Polish comes in this smart new package. Natural, Flame, Geranium or Crimson—in a large bottle, 50c. Perfumed Glazo Polish Remover, 35c.

(Below)—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème presents a new and superior method of cuticle care. Emollient oils soften, while excess cuticle is gently removed. In a convenient tube, 50c.



GLAZO

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-111
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

I enclose ten cents. Please send me samples of Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and the new Cuticle Remover Crème. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

MACK SENNETT

brings to
the screen

RADIO'S LATEST and GREATEST SENSATION
BING CROSBY



“**I SURRENDER
DEAR**”

As great on the screen as he is on the air... the new king of radio crooners... California's famous discovery who has become the country's reigning favorite overnight—that's Bing Crosby. You'll never forget the thrill of his inimitable rich baritone as he sings his most popular song "I Surrender Dear." Romance, rhythm and rollicking comedy are packed into this picture in glorious gobs.

.....

The biggest laughs, the fastest action—beauty, comedy and thrills—are always to be had at the theatre showing *Educational Pictures*. So watch for others such as Al Christie's *Vanity Comedies*; the speedy, peppy *Mermaid Comedies*; Mack Sennett's *Brevities*, in natural color; and a host of other sparkling tid-bits of moviedom.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President

Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y.



Now, here's a girl who believes in being all set when the crisis comes! That smart Louise Fazenda has done her Christmas shopping early—two whole months early—and here are just a few of the 500 gifts she intends to pass out when the holiday rolls round

Circle. Well, she can and does. She learned it as a child in the convents of Mexico.

It's a rare treat to find perpetual motion Lupe sitting in a quiet corner between scenes of "The Cuban" embroidering doilies for her friends.

DUKE R. LEE, the old-time serial actor now playing small-bit heavies, dropped into the cutting room at M-G-M.

"What do you do with the left-overs, the faces on the cutting room floor?" he asked.

"Oh, we make them into pictures for release in China."

"Well, in one country I'm a star," Lee answered in glee.

HOLLYWOOD doesn't call 'em "beautiful but dumb" any more. Now they're just "It-wits."

HE came to the studio looking for a job. "I haven't much—I'm not handsome, haven't many brains, don't know much, admit I'm lazy, can't . . ."

"Fine," was the reply; "you're hired. We need a supervisor."

ALICE WHITE has always been noted for speaking her piece. That's one of the reasons why she isn't liked in political Hollywood.

But Alice can't help it. Long before she, herself, was in pictures she happened to be in a beauty parlor and overheard a very ritzy star giving the hairdresser a first-class bawling out because her hair was not done exactly to suit her.

Alice listened until she could stand it no longer. Then she dashed into the star's booth.

"You're just taking advantage of your money and position," she said. "And this poor girl here has done her best. Lord knows, she doesn't make much money and she has to stand on her feet all day long. If you don't like what she does you might at least tell her in a nice way."

The star was furious and she forgot her grand manners long enough to indulge in some pretty common words with the little spitfire. But Alice wasn't sorry she spoke up.

INCIDENTALLY Alice, who has had a tough time of it in Hollywood and has been the victim of a lot of talk by a lot of meanies, has a heart as big as Connie Bennett's salary. When Alice was playing in Detroit she went to a sanatorium for the tubercular to visit a girl, a fan with whom she has been corresponding for four years. And all those patients—most of them kids—are still talking about it.

AN autograph-hound stopped Ben Lyon the other day.

"Oh, Mister Arlen," she gushed, "you're my favorite actor. Please let me have your autograph."

"Certainly," grinned Lyon. And signed Richard Arlen's name in the girl's book.

AN interviewer asked Lionel Barrymore why he had given up directing for acting.

"Well, you can't blame a potato for not being an apple, can you?" he said.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

Those Mad Marx Brothers

"Animal Crackers," starring the Marx Brothers, may not have been a great picture or taught any moral lesson, but it gave me the best evening's entertainment I have had in a long time and prepared me for the next day's work in good shape during this "repression," as Amos 'n' Andy call it.

ROBERT T. BURNS,
Omaha, Nebr.

George Arliss

Give us more pictures like "The Millionaire," with George and Florence Arliss. Through them we can point out to old fogies that movies are giving us something more than gang wars and divorce court scenes.

George Arliss has a subtle fineness in his acting that we quickly recognize but seldom see. We are eager to take our grandparents to a show like "The Millionaire" so they can see the excellencies in modern talkies.

VIOLA WINTERBURN,
South Bellingham, Wash.

The success of George Arliss' films—"Disraeli," "Old English," and "The Millionaire," provides a defense to criticism of the movies. The shadow art which can produce such plays merits serious consideration among the arts. Perhaps, if producers had more confidence in the intelligence of audiences . . . ?

FAITH BOYCE,
Hollywood, Calif.

There is only one complaint to make about that wonderful actor—George Arliss. We don't see him half often enough.

True, he is not over-handsome. But humor,



Why risk a substitute

when you know Kotex is safe?

Kotex is shaped to fit; it stays soft; it is adjustable; easily disposed of.

SURFACE resemblance to Kotex is not enough! Your sanitary protection must be clean, like Kotex, through and through. Hygienically clean. Made under rigid sanitary conditions. Only then can you know your health is protected in every way.

You have this assurance with Kotex. It's the world's standard. Hospitals use it—it fully meets their requirements.

But how about substitutes?

But how is one to know about nameless substitutes, of whose makers you know nothing? How are they made? Where? What assurance have you of their fitness for this purpose?

You have a right to know—these questions vitally concern your health. Accept no sanitary protection that cannot answer them to your complete satisfaction, and guarantee your safety.

After all, why take a chance? Kotex is available everywhere, and offers every advantage of comfort as well as safety. It is shaped to fit.

It is soft—and the softness lasts,

because laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding distribute moisture scientifically. It is treated to deodorize. Adjustable to individual needs.

Buy Kotex at any drug, dry goods or department store; or, singly, in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, Chicago.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

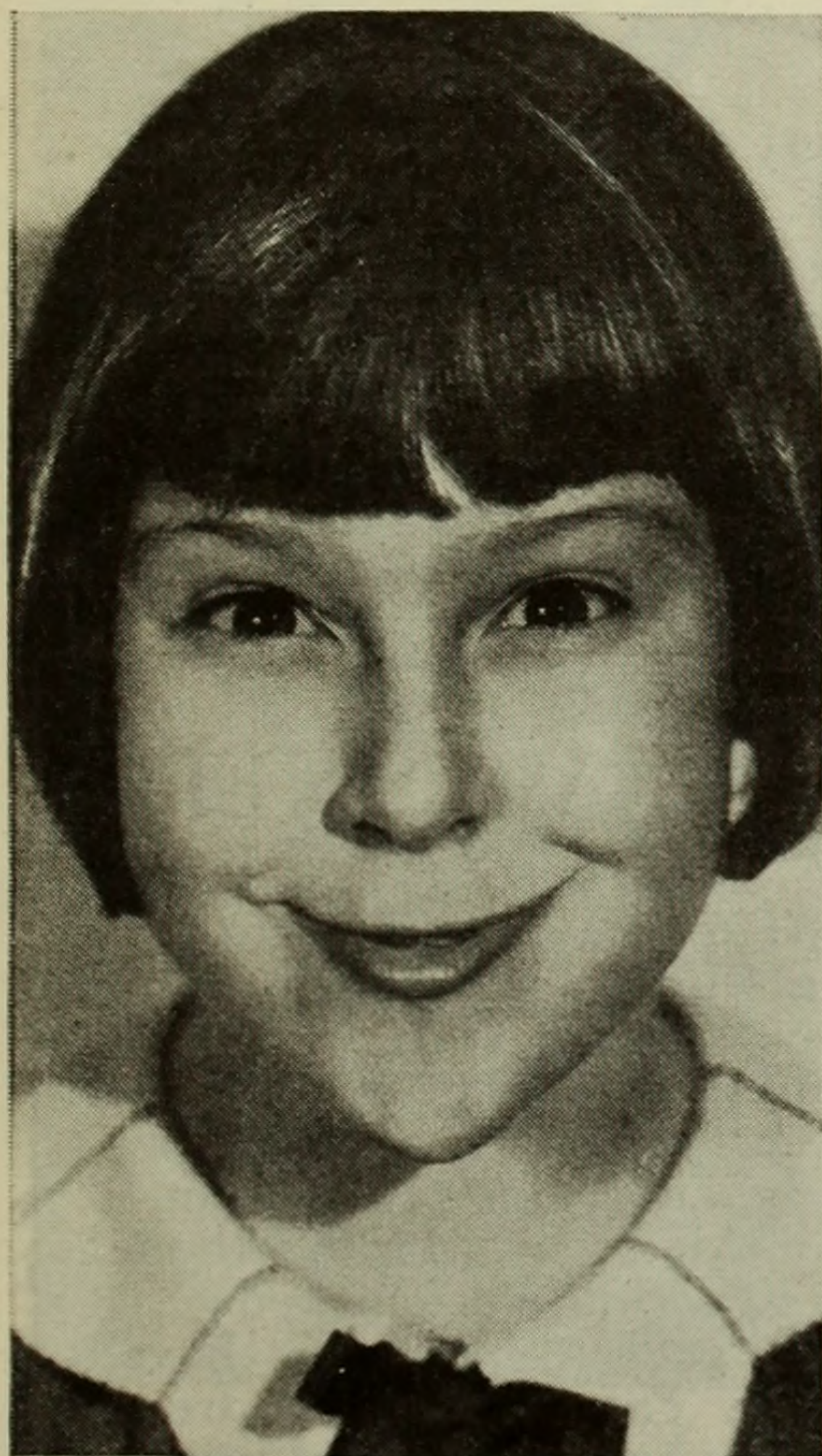
- 1 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 4 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

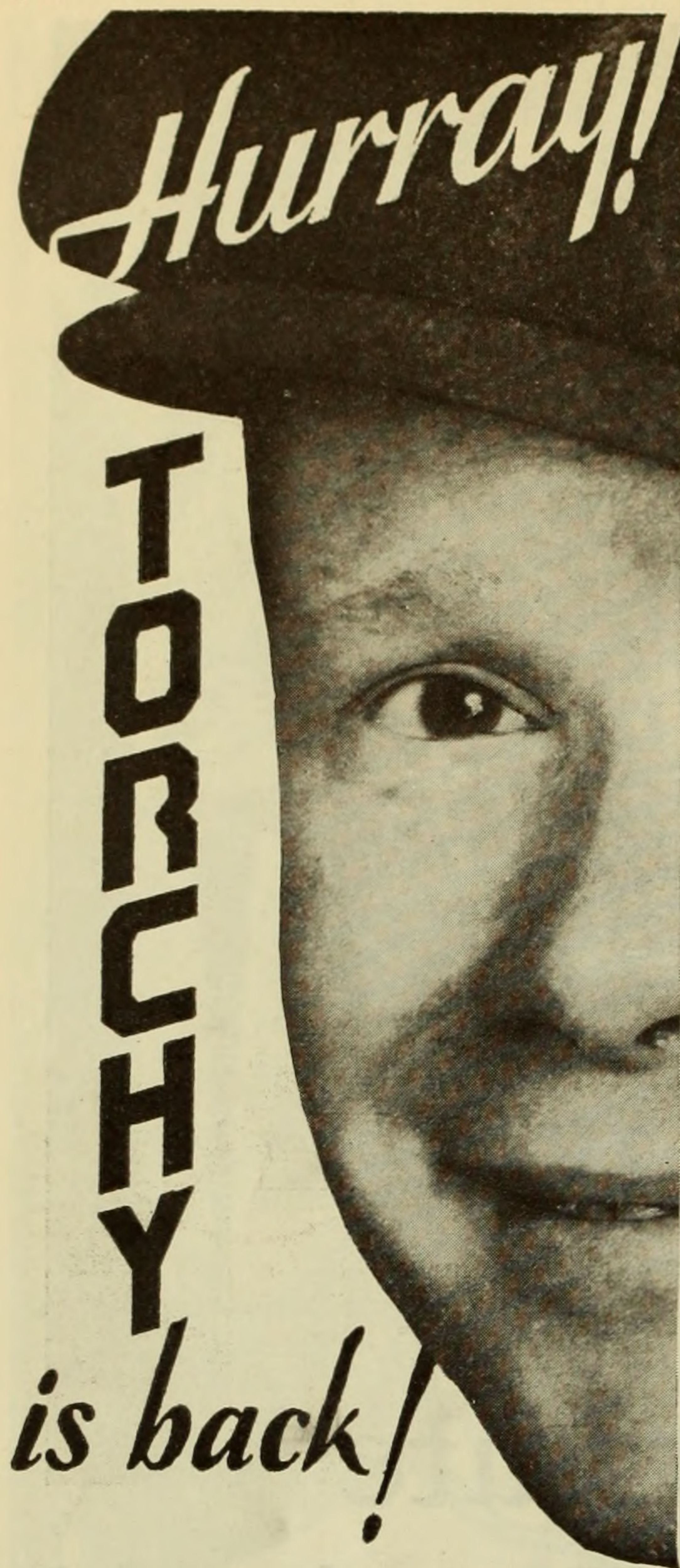
brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins



No, this is not Maurice Chevalier! It is merely Mitzi Green's impersonation of the French furor. Pshaw—we knew it was Ole Mitz all the time!



Torchy—laughable, lovable, adolescent youth—irrepressible, irresponsible, always in hot water.

Educational brings Torchy back to the screen with Ray Cooke—a boy born to fit the mischievous character from the popular Sewell Ford stories. His boyish escapades will delight you—and you'll *never* forget his beaming, freckled face.

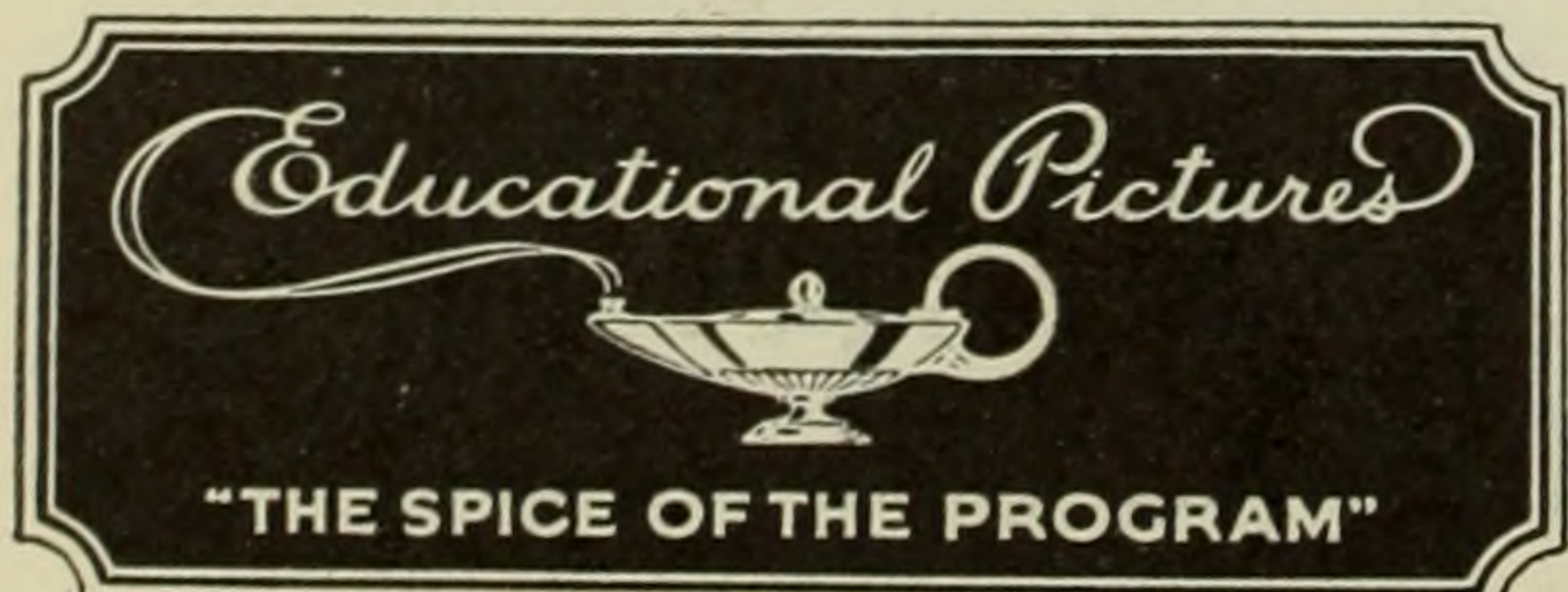
TORCHY COMEDIES

Featuring **RAY COOKE**
Produced by **C. C. BURR**

These Torchy Comedies are coming to your neighborhood theatre. Watch for them, and don't forget *Educational's* other short subject entertainment such as Mack Sennett's sparkling comedies; three "Hollywood Girls" in Ideal Comedies; the snappy Terry-Toon cartoons; the gorgeous Romantic Journeys in Multi-color; and other quality short pictures by *Educational*.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President

Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



Alexander

Fox didn't want to play favorites so they chose a blonde, a brunette and a red head as their candidates for stardom. The young ladies are known as "debutante stars" and are (left to right) Helen Mack, Linda Watkins and Conchita Montenegro. Helen is the red head

craftiness and fond affection are mirrored in turn in his otherwise unattractive eyes. His enunciation is perfect, and one's ear is ever conscious that he speaks English as it was always meant to be spoken.

MABEL G. SAYER,
Reading, Penna.

Censorship

One of the easiest things a censor does is to kid himself that what he doesn't happen to like is a menace to all theatergoers. Some pictures might indicate a need of censorship, but it would be a dangerous step.

The movies as a whole do not, in my

estimation, justify a tyranny of this sort.

J. E. McMILLIN,
Lachine, Que., Can.

Claudette

Why don't the fans acclaim Claudette Colbert? I'm not a "writing fan" myself, but this lack of enthusiasm for one as gifted as Miss Colbert stirs my typewriter to action. She has taken her place so quietly and without the blare of publicity agents, and it seems to me she deserves that much more credit for the popularity she is making for herself.

E. MARIE TEBB,
Aberdeen, Wash.

NEXT MONTH The Story Contest WINNER!

Awfully sorry, authors—but we'll have to ask you to wait another month! Picking the winners of the Warner Bros.-PHOTOPLAY \$2,000 Prize Contest proved to be the biggest job we've ever tackled. In the December issue the best story to fit the title of "Beauty and the Boss" and all other winners will be announced.

The heat forced us to cut our judging down to twelve hours a day. Week-end trips, golf games and ocean plunges went by the board. Every single manuscript got minute consideration. First a thousand scripts were picked. As this goes to press we have them cut to five hundred. Please be patient—and watch the December issue!

THE EDITOR.

Vicarious Romance

One would think, being past the romantic age, I would be through with romance. But I'm not.

I live over much of the past when I go to the movies, at least the pleasant part.

Even though pictures cannot, or have not solved the problem why old maids like me cannot find a mate, I think I could get most any spinster I know to agree that they make living a little more pleasant for us.

M. H.
Durham, No. Car.

Tolerance

After several years of rather constant movie attendance, I have been trying to analyze my reaction to motion pictures' influence. What they have done more than anything else, I find, has been to teach me tolerance. From a puritanical and holier-than-thou attitude, I have been brought to see that most of us are susceptible to the urgencies of circumstance, and to desire, and that patience and understanding tolerance are two of the greatest qualities a man can have.

C. J. WINKLEY,
Clinton, Wis.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



Leave it to Anita Page to revive a nice old gadget—the ring handkerchief-folder. This was the fashion many years ago, and it's just as nice today. But of course Anita could make any gadget worth-while, don't you think?

"But dare I wash it?"

"It will wash beautifully — just use Ivory."

For a \$345 bridal set . . .
\$500 silk stockings . . .
"IVORY" — say salespeople

Use on your own dainty things the soap which salespeople in the finest stores approve . . . pure white Ivory.

The famous New York store which actually sold stockings of cobwebby handmade lace at \$500 a pair said: "We can recommend Ivory with confidence because we know it is pure."

Salespeople in the nicest store in Washington that sells Parisian coats to millionaire babies recommend Ivory for all baby garments. "Ivory is safest for colors and keeps woollens soft and fluffy."

Recently in a leading Boston depart-

ment store, Ivory was the only soap recommended in interviews with salespeople for washing silk dresses, sweaters, baby clothes, and sets of the loveliest French underwear costing hundreds of dollars.

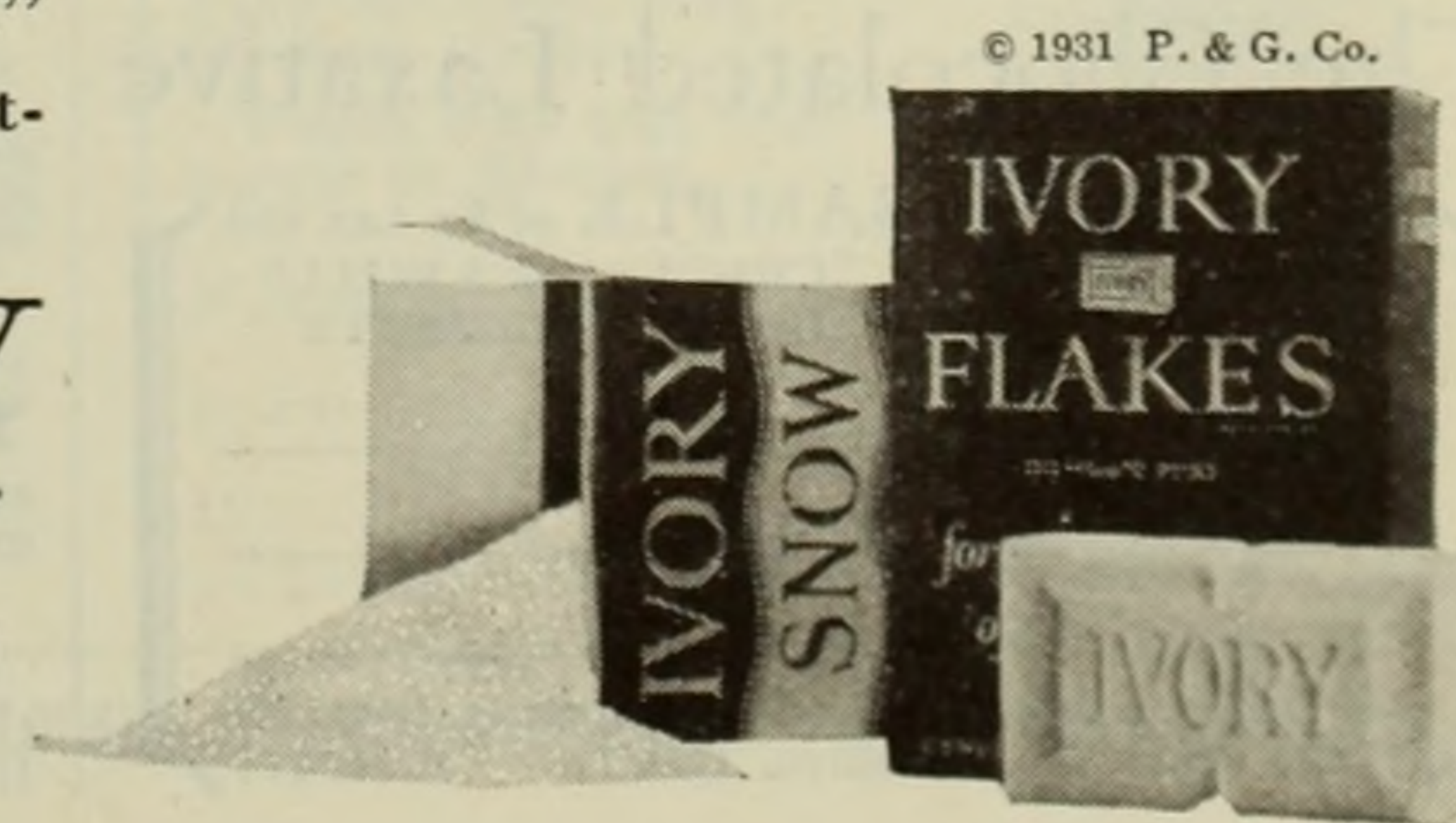
In the fine stores of your own city you will find Ivory recommended oftener than any other soap.

You can buy Ivory Soap in cake form, or quick-dissolving Ivory Flakes, or Ivory Snow.

IVORY

Kind to everything it touches

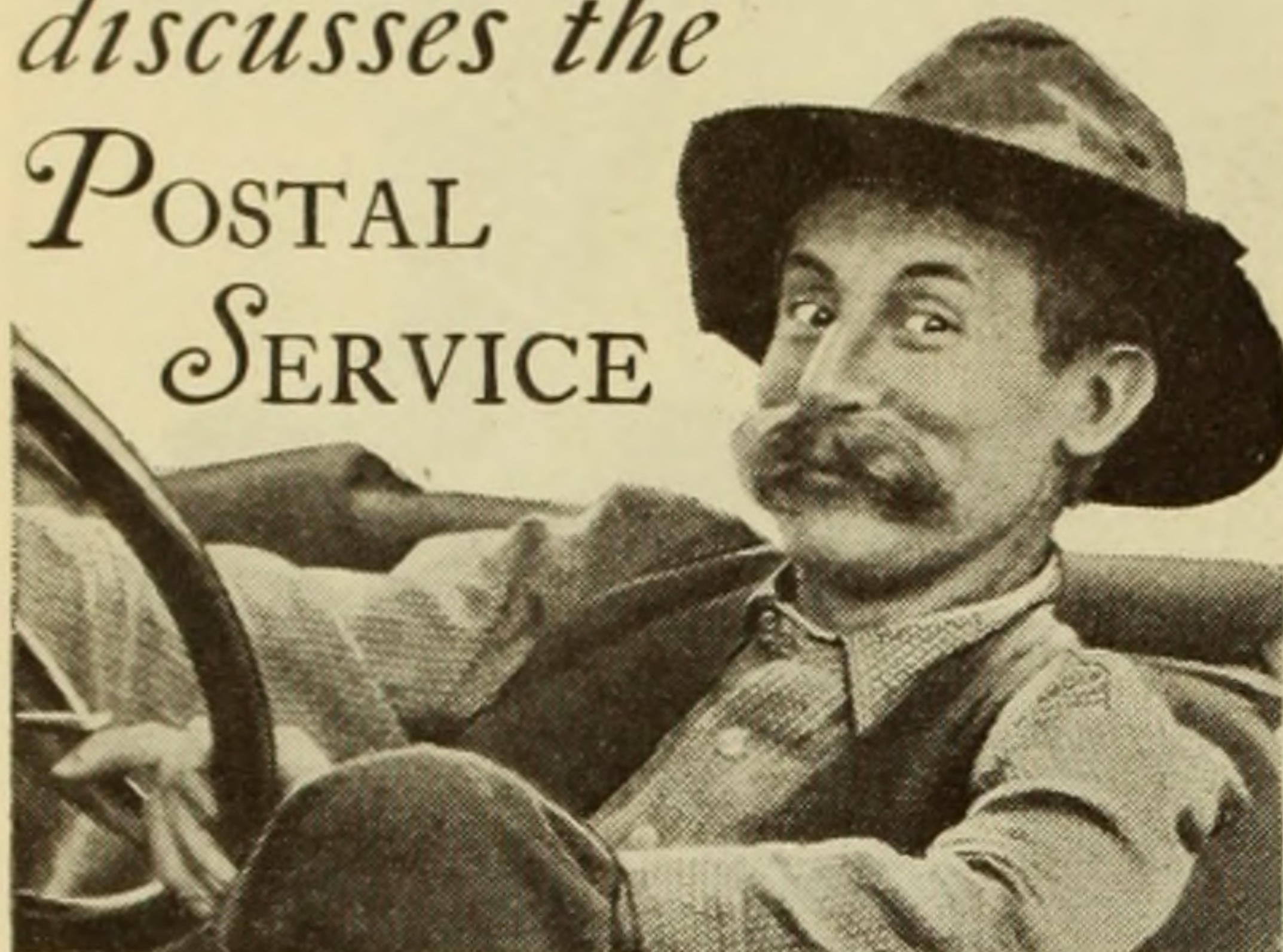
99 44/100 % Pure



© 1931 P. & G. Co.

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

discusses the
POSTAL
SERVICE



POSTMAN NEWT seemed to take a delight in deliverin' bills and often seemed reluctant to hand you a letter from your boy or girl in the city. By the noise he made at your door you never could tell if he had a picture card, an ordinary two-center, an airmail or an airmail special delivery. It all was jest mean spirited on his part. Things went from bad to worse till folks started writin' to Washington to have Newt recalled.

Then one day Grandma White, returnin' good for evil, sez: "Newt, have some of these little chocolate candies?" Newt took 'em and ate 'em. Every day or so for a week Grandma gave him some.

Well sir, there ain't a finer postman in the country than Newt now. He delivers bills with regrets. He smiles when he has a regular letter. And you can tell by the noise he makes at the door whether you ought to rush out or jest let him drop your mail in the box.

"Chic" Sale

Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate. But in it is concealed that scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the correct quality, in the correct proportion, in the correct dose.

Millions look for the familiar blue tin Ex-Lax box, because Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. At all druggists. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, or send coupon for sample.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative

FREE SAMPLE of Ex-Lax and "CHIC" SALE'S WELLS CORNERS GAZETTE

Name

Address

City State

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co. P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. P. H. 111



Wide World

Here's Lily Damita, turning loose the famous million-candlepower grin as her liner pulls into New York harbor after a holiday at home. What a girl! What zest and zingo! Now for some more talkies, full of the old Damita beauty and zip

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

SKY RAIDERS, THE—Columbia.—Gangsters in the air! Thrilling stuff and good entertainment. (July)

★ **SMART MONEY**—Warners.—Moves as fast as the money on the gambling tables in it. Plenty of laughs and excitement. (July)

SMART WOMAN—Radio Pictures.—What a performance Mary Astor gives and in what beautiful clothes! A charming, sophisticated yarn of the "Holiday" school. (Oct.)

★ **SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE**—Paramount.—One of the breeziest and most tuneful entertainments in a long time. Chevalier at his best, under Lubitsch direction. See it. (July)

SON OF INDIA—M-G-M.—A fairy-tale sort of thing with Ramon Novarro as Prince Charming. If you like Oriental romance, this is it! (Aug.)

SPIDER, THE—Fox.—Thrills and shivers over a murder in a theater. Eddie Lowe is grand and suspense is geared on high. (Oct.)

SPORTING BLOOD—M-G-M.—The biography of a race horse. Not interested? All right, then, Clark Gable has a featured rôle. That should get you. It's a good movie. (Sept.)

★ **SQUAW MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—A new version of a grand old story. See it by all means. Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez. (Aug.)

★ **STAR WITNESS, THE**—First National.—At last! An entirely new plot with suspense, humor, heartache. Walter Huston, Chic Sale and Frances Starr are in it. Worth your time. (Sept.)

★ **STEPPING OUT**—M-G-M.—Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reg. Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lilian Bond make this light comedy one continual laugh. See it. (May)

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer, the last word in sophistication and beautifully gowned in a vivid drama of modern life by the same author as "The Divorcee." To be seen. (May)

★ **STREET SCENE**—United Artists.—Thirty-four excellent actors and super-direction by King Vidor make this one of the great pictures of the year. A vivid cross-section of life you'll never forget. (Oct.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Columbia.—Jack Holt in a thrilling mystery of the stage that lost its kick in the movie version. (July)

SUNDOWN TRAIL—RKO-Pathe.—Good acting helps a poor Western. (Oct.)

★ **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE**—M-G-M.—Romance spread thick, passion strong. You Garbo-maniacs will eat it up. Clark Gable plays opposite. Don't miss it. (Sept.)

SVENGALI—Warners.—Well worth seeing for John Barrymore's superb performance in the title rôle. The story is rather gruesome. Don't take the children. (June)

SWANEE RIVER—Sono Art-World Wide.—Thelma Todd and Grant Withers try, but just can't save this melodrama from being anything but ordinary. (May)

SWEEPSTAKES—RKO-Pathe.—Some romance, thrills and fast lines in a race-track yarn. Quillan and Gleason take honors. (Aug.)

★ **TABU**—Paramount.—A poem of a picture laid in the South Seas, with an all-native cast, beautifully directed by the late F. W. Murnau. Fine synchronized musical score. (May)

TAILOR MADE MAN, A—M-G-M.—The jaunty and self-confident Bill Haines plays this old Charlie Ray silent with a new restraint that is delightful. You'll laugh and like it. (May)

TARNISHED LADY—Paramount.—Introducing Tallulah Bankhead, from Alabama and the London stage, in a heavy love drama. Clive Brook is the leading man. (June)



COLDS

make handkerchiefs revolting!

For your own sake and that of others, use Kleenex disposable tissues

HERE'S a remarkable thing about Kleenex. Those who use it regularly, invariably report: "A handkerchief seems perfectly disgusting to me now."

So it will be with you. Habit has blinded you to the actual condition of your handkerchief. You've gone on, year after year, carrying incredible pollution in your handkerchief. Tests show a single use during colds may pollute a handkerchief with 240,000 danger germs.

Use Kleenex and destroy

Now we ask you to try Kleenex. We send you a sample free, at your request. Try Kleenex for a week. Use each tissue just once, then destroy it. Free yourself from handkerchief washing. Compare the exquisite, cloth-like texture of these dainty tissues with the softest of old

KLEENEX Disposable TISSUES

linen handkerchiefs. Then try to go back to handkerchiefs. Like so many others, you will find your handkerchief "perfectly disgusting." You will want to destroy it after using, as you have learned to do with Kleenex.

Use Kleenex for polishing spectacles; for dusting; for wiping razor blades; and for removing face creams.

Buy Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store.



PNEUMOCOCCUS GERMS

(illustrated above) were among the dangerous germs found in handkerchiefs used during colds. Use Kleenex Tissues and destroy at once, to avoid self-infection when you have a cold.

Kleenex Company, Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____
 In Canada, Add.: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

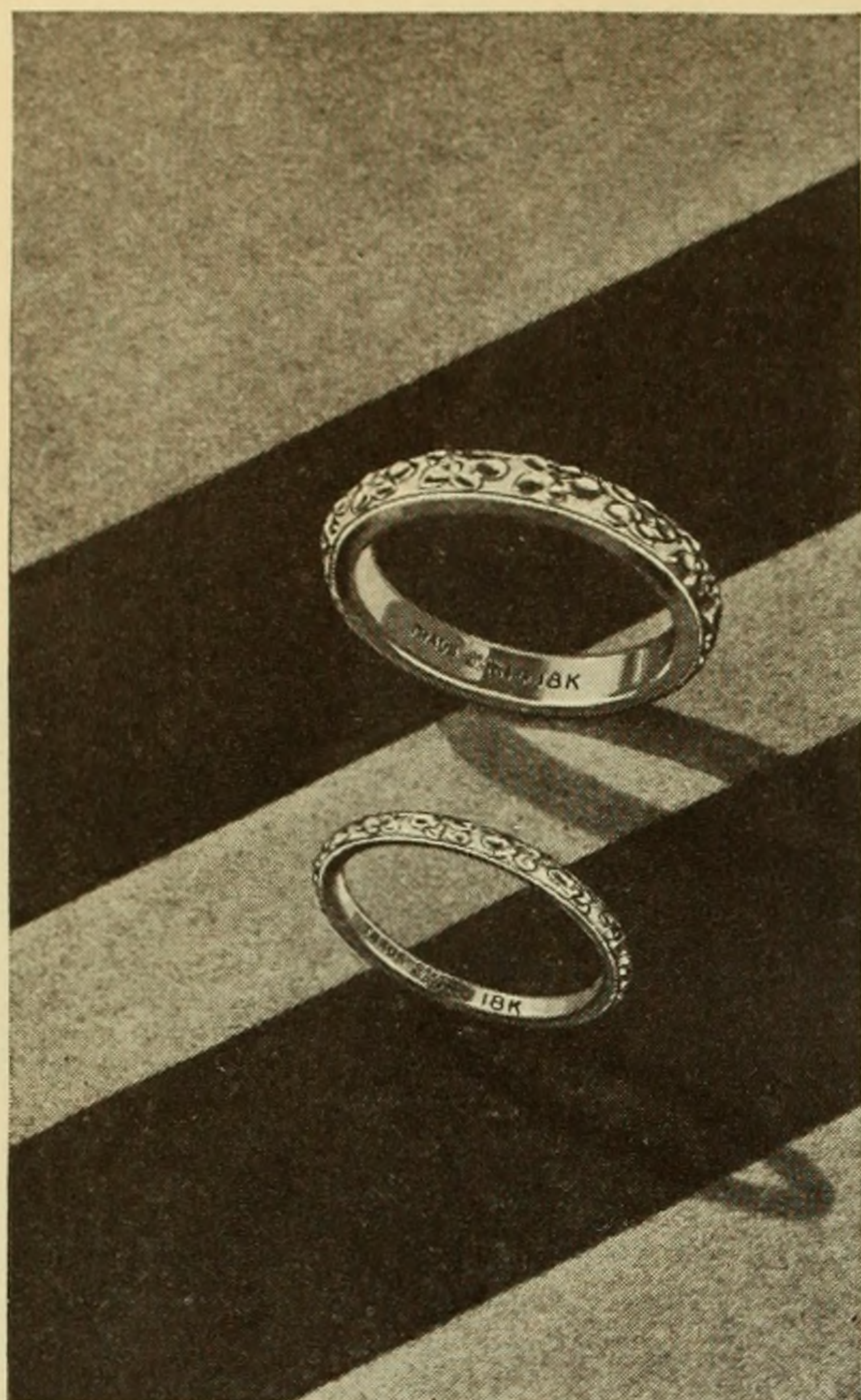


PH-11



Hail to another newcomer! Shake hands, nicely, with Astrid Allwyn, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer recruit. She's a Swedish girl, born in America, who has played on the New York stage. Metro may be a little partial to Swedes, because of some girl named Garbo, or something

Dirty handkerchiefs are a menace to society!



They'll say . . . "A perfect match"

• There's a double charm in these Traub matched sets. The Girl will want a delicate circlet . . . hand-chased, and finely finished. The Man will prefer a wider band, of the same design, yet heavier—more masculine. And both are right and both are satisfied . . . when wedding rings are designed for two!

• Shall yours be of gold or platinum . . . engraved, or studded with gems? It's fun to choose, and wise not to hurry, in purchasing rings you'll wear for so long. And it's easy to choose, and surely it's wise, to buy a Traub!

• For Traub rings are carefully executed, of the finest metals, of chosen gems. They're designed in beauty, and made by skilled craftsmen. Perfect unbroken circles, Traub rings are seamless and flawless.

• Stop in and consult your jeweler . . . and ask his advice about your purchase. He has other things of the same fine character that you will need for your new home.

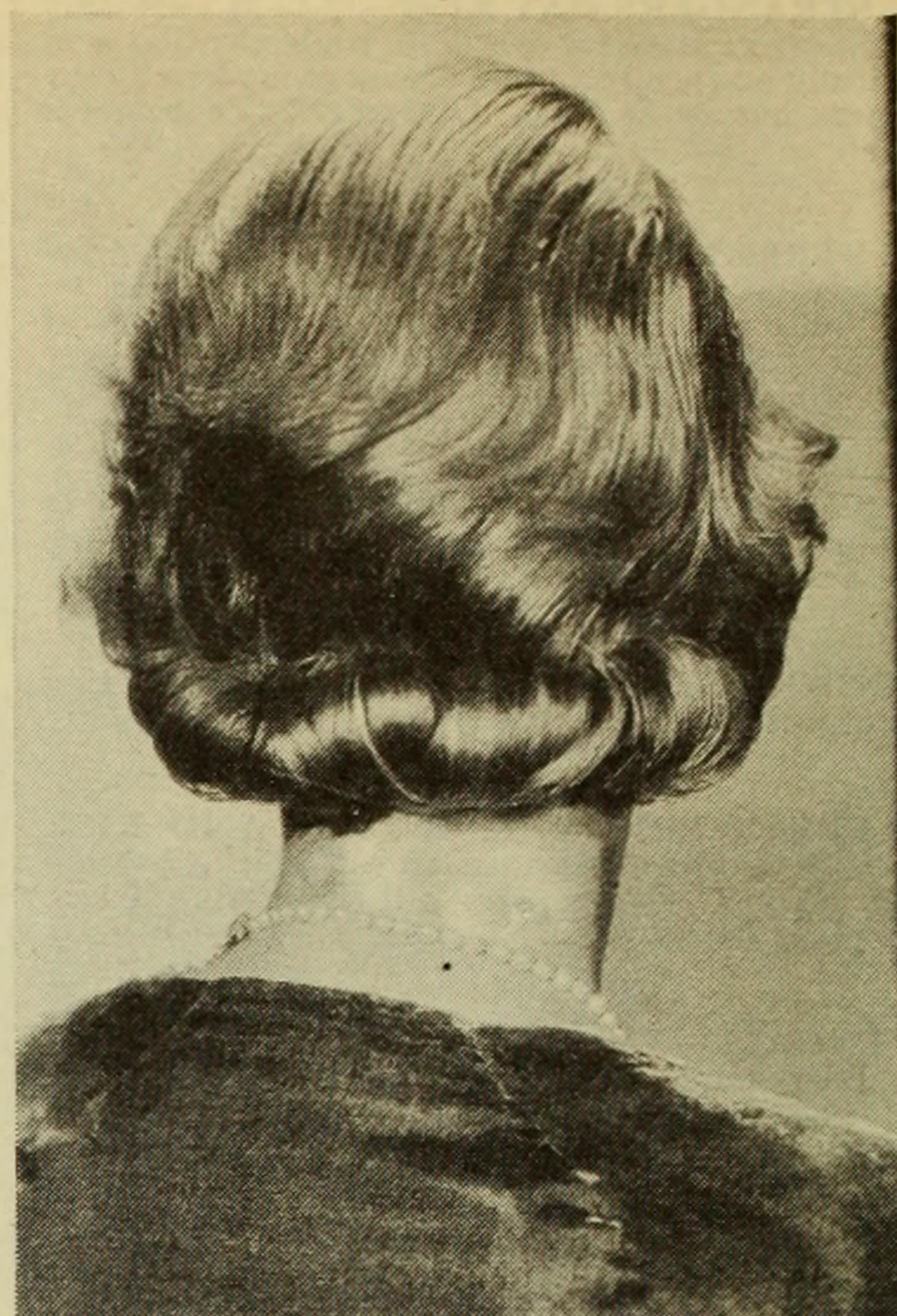
• And we'll be delighted to help you too. Send for our booklet, "Bridal Etiquette," when you're planning the perfect wedding . . . for the perfect match. Traub Manufacturing Company, 1933 McGraw Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, and Walkerville, Ontario.

Look for this mark on every
Genuine "Orange Blossom" ring



Traub

Above—Groom's Orange Blossom wedding ring in platinum, from \$55, in gold, from \$18. Bride's Orange Blossom ring in platinum, from \$22.50, in gold, from \$10. . . . Many other Traub engagement and wedding rings from \$10 to \$500.



And how do you like Juliette Compton's hair-comb? Brand-new, and her own idea. Her locks are parted just off the middle on the right side, and are worn in a loose roll at the nape of the neck. You'll see Juliette this way in "Rich Man's Folly"

TEXAS RANGER, THE—Columbia.—Carmelita Geraghty is the gal, Buck Jones the hero. (July)

THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL—UFA.—A dreary tragedy. Foreign made, English dialogue. (Oct.)

THREE LOVES—Terra.—Marlene Dietrich is the only reason for seeing this three-year-old German silent. (Aug.)

THREE WHO LOVED—Radio Pictures.—Excellent acting by Betty Compson and Conrad Nagel in a production that suffers from too much story. (Aug.)

TOO MANY COOKS—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler's first starring picture, minus Mr. Woolsey. Plenty of laughs, some lumps in the throat and Dorothy Lee as the heart appeal. (June)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC**—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Greta Nissen plus an exciting melodramatic plot, make this one of those hit pictures you mustn't fail to see. (Sept.)

TRANSGRESSION—Radio Pictures.—The same old angle of the eternal triangle. Kay Francis wears swell clothes. (Aug.)

TRAPPED—Big Four.—Fights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases, plus a confused plot. (June)

TRAVELING HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures.—Risqué but not objectionably so. Top-notch acting, with Evelyn Brent in the lead. (July)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—Tiffany.—A Western in old swashbuckling style, nothing new but good entertainment. Ken Maynard and horse! (Aug.)

UNFAITHFUL—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton, a society matron who can't divorce her faithless husband (Paul Cavanaugh) without involving her own sister-in-law, and so goes to the dogs. Good for the Chatterton fans. (May)

UNHOLY GARDEN, THE—United Artists.—Far-fetched melodrama and romance in a Sahara castle, with Ronald Colman working hard to save the impossible story. (Oct.)

UPPER UNDERWORLD—First National.—Different from the average racketeering picture and bound to make you think. (July)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Paramount.—Young love and its struggles neatly handled by Norman Foster, as a young author, and his wife, played by Carole Lombard. Sprightly dialogue. (July)

★ **VICE SQUAD, THE**—Paramount.—Besides being something that will keep you interested, this is a picture you'll think about. Paul Lukas, Kay Francis and Helen Johnson are excellent. (July)

VIKING, THE—Varick Frissell Production.—A picture of the boat that met Arctic tragedy. Good photography. (Aug.)

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE—Universal.—One of those over-sexed things. Starts off to be a howl and then goes serious and ends by being pretty bad. (June)

WAITING AT THE CHURCH—Radio Pictures.—An amusing story with lovely Technicolor effects. (July)

★ **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—Universal.—It's morbid, yes, but it's intelligent and honest screen fare. A war background, but don't let that stop you. You'll like Mae Clarke. (Sept.)

WEST OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—John Gilbert's voice is low—so is the entertainment value of the picture. Jack is a war veteran with six months to live. (Oct.)

WHITE SHOULDERS—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's dramatic story makes an interesting picture. Jack Holt, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez form the triangle. (July)

WICKED—Fox.—Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen are good in a too heavy drama about a bank robber and his wife who go to jail. (Oct.)

WILD HORSE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson captures a wild horse, a bank bandit, a murderer and his audience's approval, all in one handsome gesture. (Sept.)

WILD WEST WHOOPEE—Cosmo.—Jack Perrin in a conventional Western saved by a thrilling rodeo sequence and the noble work of his horse, Starlight. Josephine Hill is the heroine. (May)

WOMAN BETWEEN, THE—Radio Pictures.—Heavy drama with lots of emotion and a song from Lily Damita. Miriam Seegar is the one bright spot. (June)

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A—RKO-Pathe.—Only average entertainment, in spite of a cast which does its best. Helen Twelvetrees, ZaSu Pitts and Lew Cody. (July)

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER—Tiffany-Cruze.—Your old friend Clara Kimball Young makes a good comeback in this story of racketeers and illicit love. A lively film with plenty of comedy relief. (Sept.)

WOMEN LOVE ONCE—Paramount.—Producers wasted their time and that of Eleanor Boardman and Paul Lukas on this one. (Aug.)

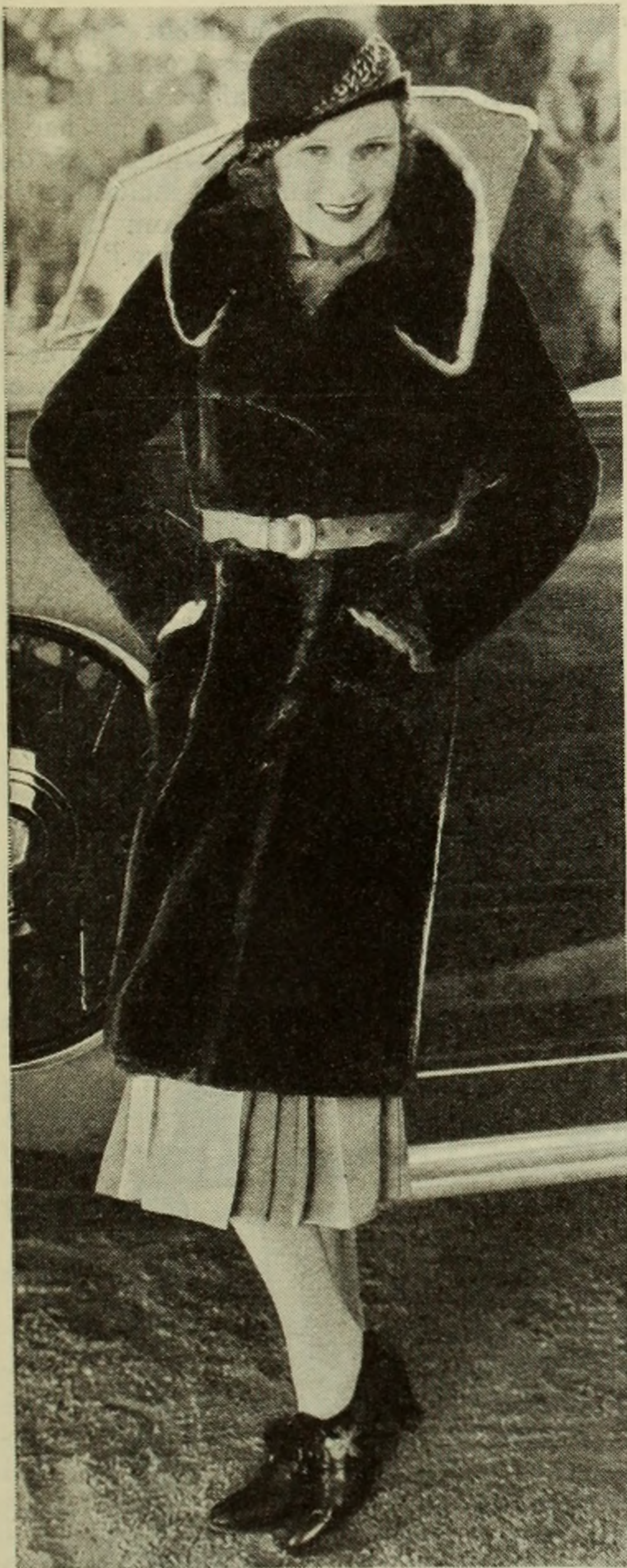
WOMEN MEN MARRY — Headline Prod. — Don't take this picture too seriously and you may not find it too dull. Sally Blane is nice and Natalie Moorhead wears startling clothes. (Sept.)

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as *Quirt* and *Flagg* of "What Price Glory" fame, continue their adventures. Good, rough entertainment, but not a Sunday school text. (July)

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—Fox.—Another grand Will Rogers' film, funny enough to make you forget a toothache. (July)

★ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID**—Radio Pictures.—Good. From Rex Beach's story "Big Brother." Little Jackie Cooper practically steals the show in spite of Dix's excellent work. (July)

YOUNG SINNERS—Fox.—The old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting. Thomas Meighan is a bright spot, Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright give an exhibition of couch wrestling. (July)

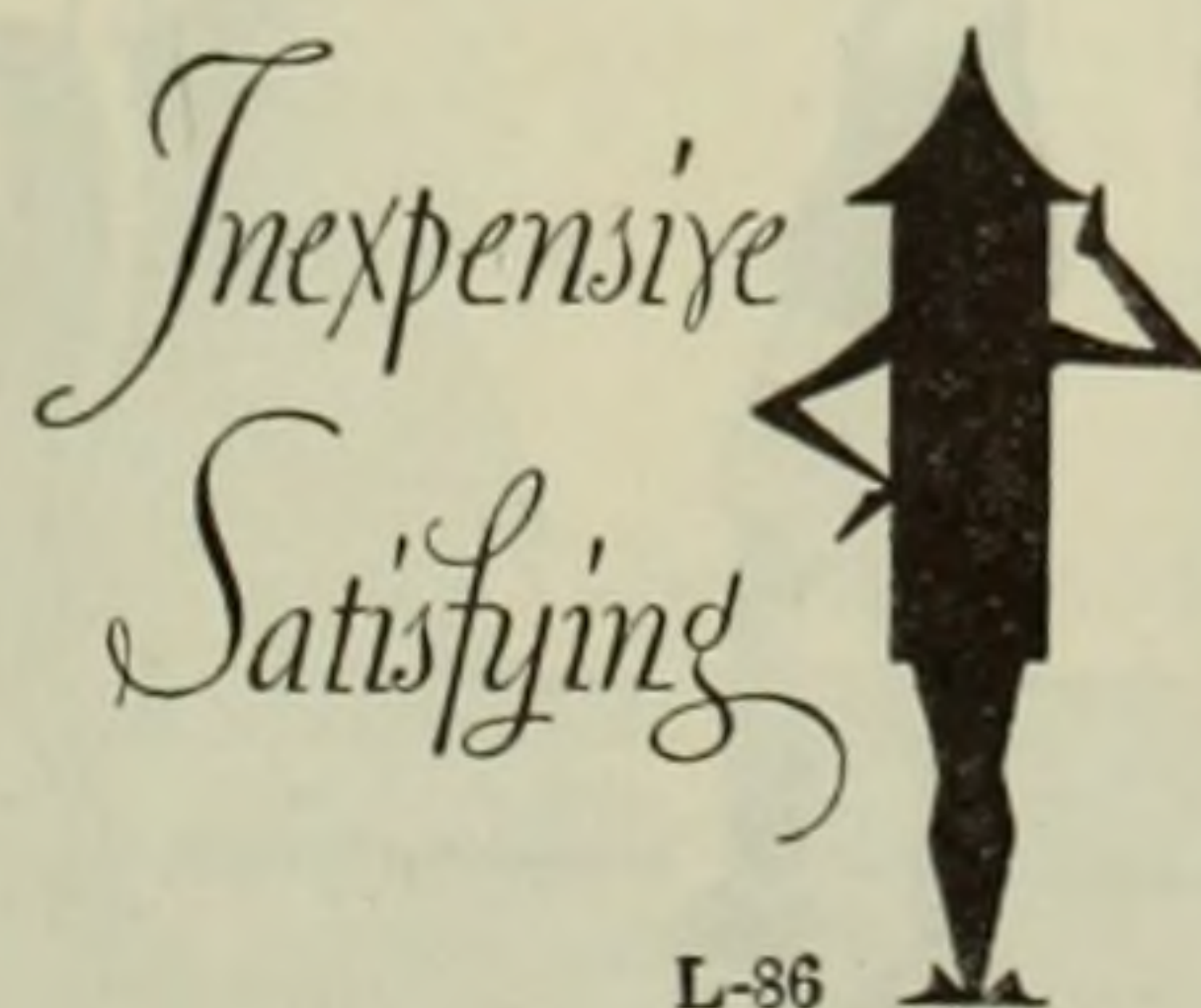


Seymour seems to think this outfit of Dorothy Jordan's is about right. The fur is bronze Alaskan seal which is very popular this Winter. It takes a three-quarter length that Seymour says is good and that hat is pretty perky, too. All in all, Dorothy is a smart girl!



Veiled beauty

Among beauty's fascinations, what can equal a lovely mouth? Even the eyes have less power to draw and capture. In Oriental Lands, you know, women had to veil the lower part of the face. Convention and the jealousy of their men did not dare risk the display of alluring lips. But we veil neither mouth nor eyes; we use every beauty aid to both. That is why women are chewing **DOUBLE MINT**. More chewing exercise than modern foods afford is needed for facial beauty. So enjoy **DOUBLE MINT** daily. It keeps lips young.



WRIGLEY'S

At last...



..what women have been
hoping for.. a **NEW**
improved **MAYBELLINE**
Eyelash Beautifier, that...

... does not smart the eyes if accidentally gotten into them...

... is perfectly tear-proof and will not run or smear...

... applies more evenly and smoothly with greater ease...

... contains beneficial oils that tend to promote the growth of the lashes and keep them soft and glossy...

... removes easily with soap and water or with cold cream.

REGARDLESS of your past experience with eyelash darkeners, go to your toilet goods counter and purchase a package of the new solid form Maybelline. Absolutely harmless. You will be amazed and delighted with the results. 75¢—Black or Brown.

For 10¢ and coupon below we will send Purse Size for trial.

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

CLIP

MAYBELLINE Co., 5900-12 Ridge Ave., Chicago
10¢ enclosed. Send me a Purse Size package of the new Maybelline. Black Brown.

Name.....

Address.....

Don't Go Platinum Yet!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

shops from \$2 to \$6, not counting the shampoo and wave. Bleached hair should have an oil shampoo at least once a week or oftener, which adds another \$1.50 or \$2. All dyed or bleached hair needs constant attention to brushing, oiling and shampooing to retain a glossy appearance, without which no head of hair is attractive. And platinum is one shade that cannot be neglected.

Remember also, *excessively* bleached hair can not be permanently waved. No reputable shop would take a chance with it. The possibilities are that it would become a gelatinous mass after the permanent, and every vestige of it break off at the roots, leaving the customer in need of a wig rather than a wave.

Are you feeling terrible now? Well, bear with me a while longer. I have more sad news.

You can't have platinum hair and dress like ordinary folks. You must have expensive clothes to live up to that hair. It is theatrical and spectacular. You must have theatrical and spectacular clothes. You must always look your best. No simple clothes with that hair. No ma'am! Furs and velvets and laces and brocades are an absolute necessity. Platinum hair, like the metal for which it is named, is the most expensive of all.

If you're still deadly determined to go platinum, then be sure of a few things about yourself first.

You must be young—not more than twenty-five. You must have a transparent skin. You must consider the color of your teeth, for teeth that are at all inclined to be yellow seem even more so with platinum hair.

You must be sophisticated, or at least highly modern. You simply must not consider it if you're the old-fashioned type. You must have sparkling eyes and should have a tip-tilted nose.

Your make-up will need careful attention, for platinum hair lightens the entire color tone of the face.

Now don't let all this discourage you about making the most of whatever share of beauty you have. That is every woman's right and duty to herself. Moderate bleaching and tinting of the hair is an accepted method of enhancing the attractiveness of women, and with the new style in hats which displays the hair so generously, blonde hair will probably have a greater vogue than ever before.

It's one thing to have a light bleach to bring out the high lights in one's hair, but something else again to go platinum.

Here is the consensus of opinion among the best hairdressers in New York, Chicago and Hollywood:

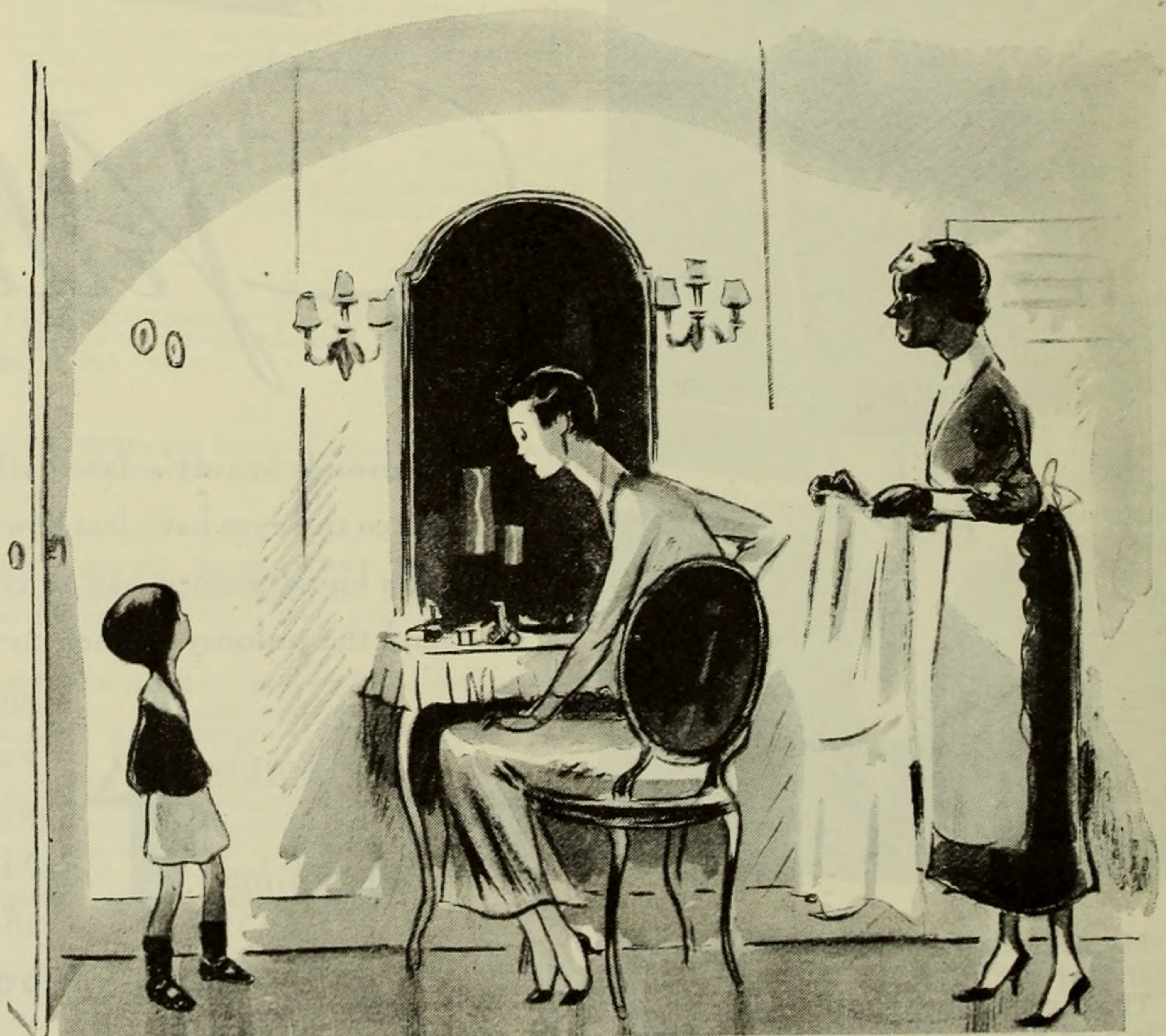
"It is absolutely ruinous to the hair of the average person. If you go platinum you can expect to have nice hair for a period of six months only. Then it will break off and the life will be gone." (John, at R. Louis, New York, who has treated Jean Harlow's hair.)

"When naturally dark hair is bleached to the *average* blonde shade it loses ninety per cent of its life. The platinum rinse makes it even lighter; therefore, you can judge its effect upon the hair." (Semon, of the Dorothy Gray salon, New York.)

"IT will cost you, dependent upon the original color of your hair, from \$14 to \$40 a month for the bleaching alone and this does not include waves, which must be had at least twice a week, because platinum hair does not hold the wave. And, not including time spent on waves, it will take from twelve to twenty hours a month of your time." (Emile, New York.)

"If you become a platinum blonde you must change your entire makeup, using completely different color of rouge, powder, lipstick, etc. Your hair must be washed and waved at least twice a week and dyed once a week." (Reno, of Charles of the Ritz, New York.)

"It is the most expensive of all hair dyes



Copyright 1931, LIFE Publishing Company

"Do you mind if I dye my hair blonde, Mummy—I'm not getting anywhere with the men"

and requires only the most expert handling." (Mary Elizabeth Johnston, head of Hudnut Salon, New York.)

"The coating left by the rinse makes the hair very difficult to manage for soft effects, as it stretches the wave in both permanents and naturally curly hair. It sometimes even takes out a natural wave." (Kathleen Mary Quinlan, New York.)

"Truly elegant women will consider it no more than a fad of the moment and will not

Picking the Winners!

The judges are hard at work on the solutions submitted in

PHOTOPLAY'S Famous \$5,000 Annual Prize Contest

The names of the lucky 70 who win prizes will be announced in the

January, 1932, Issue of PHOTOPLAY

On sale at all newsstands about Dec. 10

subject their hair to it." (Madame Helena Rubenstein, New York.)

"Platinum bleaching is injurious to the hair, even when expertly done." (Dimitri—from Antoine of Paris—at Saks Fifth Ave., New York.)

Paul, of Fifth Ave., New York, refuses to do the job at all, for he says it ruins his permanent wave business, because the hair breaks off and leaves nothing for him to wave.

"Normal bleaching is not particularly injurious to the hair, if given care with oil shampoos and brushing, but bleaching necessary for a platinum color kills the hair and the results will be disastrous unless one is naturally very blonde to start with." (Anna, of Anna Louise, Hollywood.)

"The strenuous bleaching necessary to a platinum color is not approved by Elizabeth Arden. The patron is informed of this and we only give the treatment if she insists upon it, or has already had it elsewhere." (Eugene Flugel, of Elizabeth Arden, Chicago.)

Summing the platinum question up it seems to be this:

IT is a fad, and as such is all right for the movie stars and stage folks. They have enough money and time to do it, and not only can they afford the very best hairdressers, but they have the privilege of going back to natural when the hair begins to break and it's all in the service of Art. It looks great on the screen but it simply isn't for the likes of you and me—the average girls who do the average things.

Jean Harlow herself, fighting against the continuance of the ultra-sexy rôles in her screen career, decries the "platinum" craze more than anyone else. She has expressed herself on the question to PHOTOPLAY representatives who have aided in the collection of the information contained in this article.

ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES

POINT THE WAY TO SKIN LOVELINESS



HALF-FACE TEST PROVES WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP FINEST OF ALL BEAUTY AIDS.

"Skin finer on right side." "Oiliness, blackheads gone." "Pores shrunk." "Better color, skin clearer."

Reports of 15 dermatologists reveal what happened when 612 women compared Woodbury's Facial Soap with other cleansers in a 30-day test!

Each day, these 612 women cared for the left side of their faces with their customary preparations. On the right side, each applied Woodbury's Facial Soap.

By the end of the month, Woodbury's had corrected 103 cases of blackheads, 83 cases of coarse pores, 115 cases of excessive oiliness, 106 cases of acne, 81 cases of dry skin. Even naturally lovely skins grew clearer, more healthy, under Woodbury's care. No other beauty treatments showed such results.



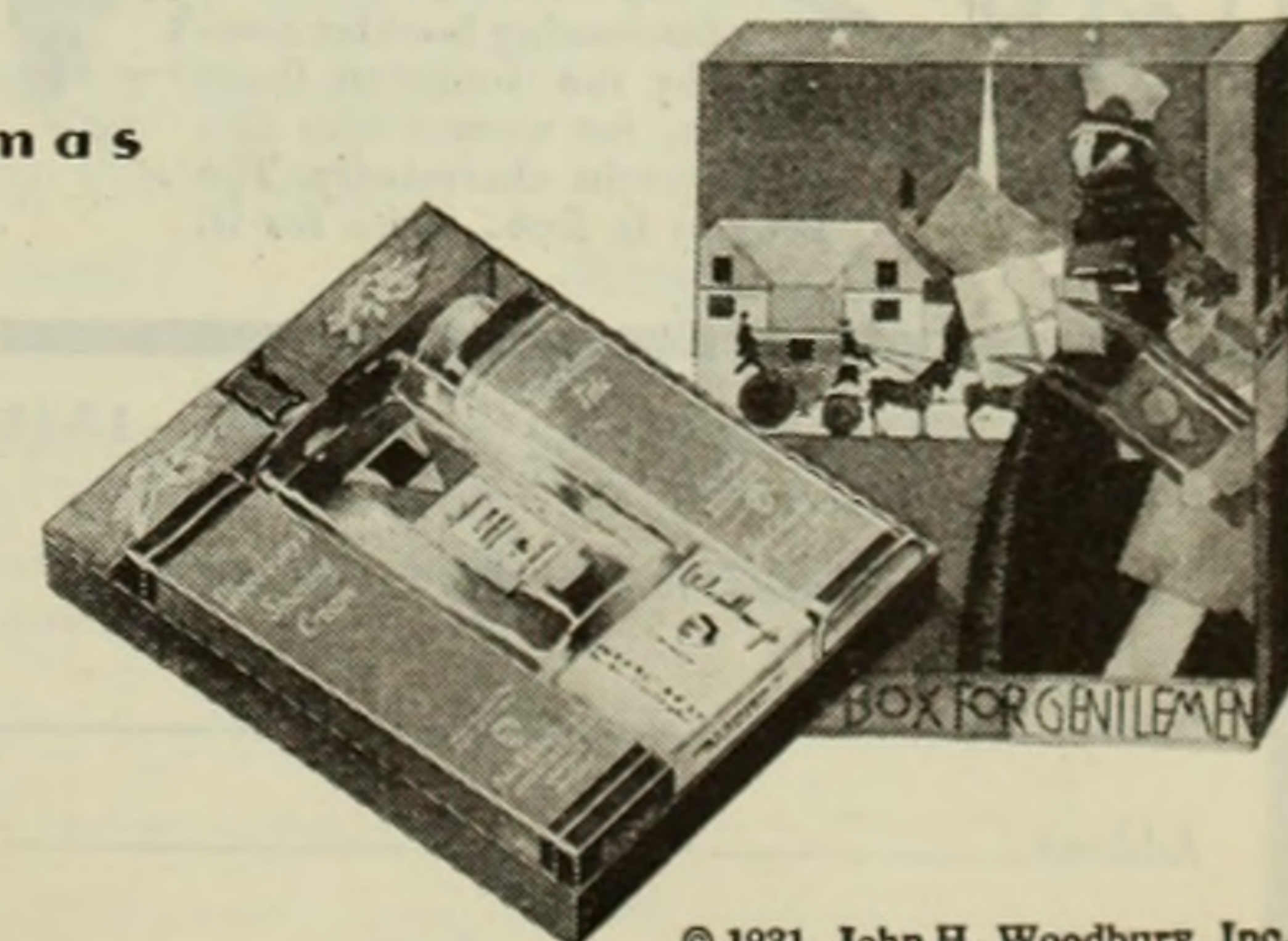
The reasons for this are in the special formula of Woodbury's. In superfine ingredients. In milling methods, too costly to be used in ordinary toilet soap.

Resolve now to use Woodbury's on your skin, to have "a skin you love to touch" if you lack one . . . to insure its sacred future if your skin is already lovely.

The nearest drug store or toilet goods counter has Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . or we will mail a generous sample together with "The Index to Loveliness" for 10¢ and your name and address. John H. Woodbury, Inc., 811 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

To please a Man at Christmas

New Woodbury's Gift Box for Men. The gift every man wants—but seldom buys himself! It contains Woodbury's Facial Soap, Talc, Shaving Cream, and Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion . . . Special value for one dollar. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.





No guesswork here!

Johnston offers

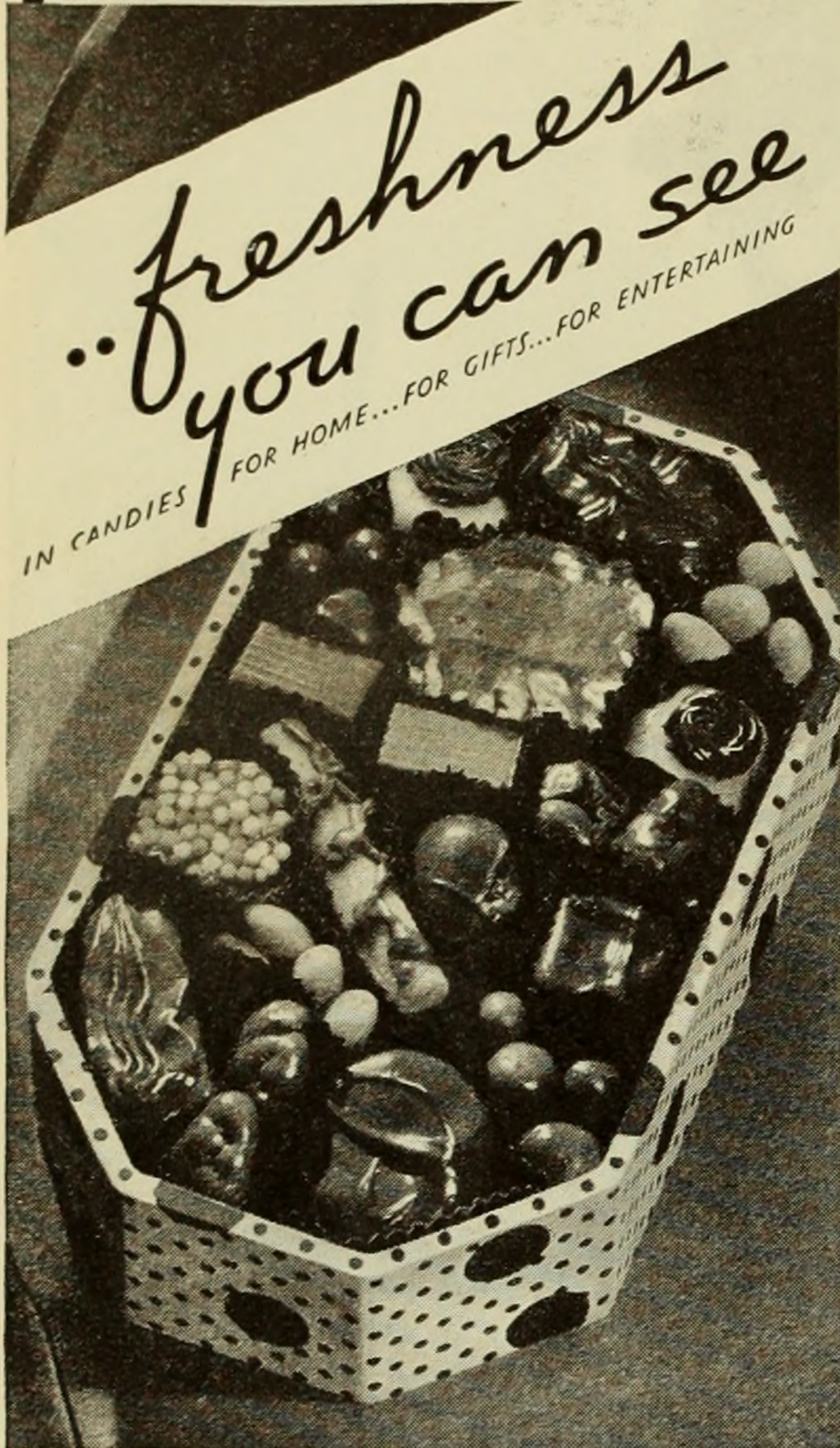


TABLEAU by Johnston is a totally new idea in candy packaging! Wherever you live, you now can buy candy from a famous maker—and be sure of perfect, glowing freshness every time!

The package is smart, sparkling, modern. A package you can give with pride... but amazingly uncostly. And there's an assortment for every taste and purse!

For gifts, for personal enjoyment, why risk inferior candies ever?... now that Johnston offers freshness you can see.

Johnston's

"My 3 Nicest Parties" is a fascinating booklet compiled by the Johnston Party Bureau, for women who like to entertain charmingly. The booklet is free—write for it.



ROBERT A. JOHNSTON CO.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

13-11

Please send me free booklet "My 3 Nicest Parties."

Name.....

Address.....

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

The Secret Wedding of Mary Astor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

"You see," she smiled, "if you just act normally in Hollywood and quietly you can get away with natural happenings just the same as you can in other cities. We have made no great effort to keep it hidden so it has remained hidden."

And why has she told it now? Because she and Dr. Thorpe want to live a natural, normal life. They *want* their friends to know it.

"Really, it is as though the first half of my life were a closed book. I am another woman. I remember the first Mary Astor as though she were some one else. I know she was happy; I am glad that this one can also be happy.

"You have heard of my fifteen year plan. I entered pictures in 1920. I had planned to

retire in 1935. Fifteen years is a long life for a picture actress.

"Perhaps I won't. Of course, I can never tell—no one can tell about life. But I know I am never going to put my career before children again!

"What does a prolonged career bring you but dollars? To become a passé actress with a few extra dollars?—Never! Although half of my life is closed and although I never open the shutters, that half has taught me its lessons. Take life day by day; happiness as it comes to you.

"Fight for success—yes; but don't burn all your reserve oil in that fight. Enjoy as you go along; take time to relax and appreciate happiness—you can never enjoy just cold silver dollars."

Why Women Go Crazy About Clark Gable

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

by a greater mystery than her own—a man she cannot understand.

SKILLFULLY, his producers have given him parts that make him enigmatic. He has never been all white, never been all black. Almost every rôle in which he has played holds back, until the denouement, a phase of his character that he has kept concealed. Mystery has been monopolized by women. Clark Gable has stolen one of their most potent weapons and turned it on them.

The characters which he plays today would have been repugnant a few years ago. With one exception, he has played hard-boiled guys, and his success has been based on those parts. Is it not possible that the long series of gangster pictures, making heroes of underworld characters (pardon, Mr. Hays), has led up to a tolerance, then an acceptance, then an admiration, of such men?

And, without any intent to discuss anything

political or topical, may there not be an unconscious glorification of the man who, in utter disregard of all law, goes out and gets what he wants at the risk of his neck?

Women love fighting men. Clark Gable has never played the coward nor the weakling. He has been a fighter, whether outside the law as in "Free Soul" or as a Salvation Army worker in "Laughing Sinners."

BUT is Clark Gable all actor? Does he not project something of himself on the screen? He is not, and he does.

For twenty years, boy and man, I have been an observer of the screen; for these sixteen years, come next Michaelmas, as editor of PHOTOPLAY. And I can say truthfully, having had occasion to know most of the famous folks of the screen, that, all in all, no actor can hide his real personality behind greasepaint, make-up, nor art. The camera reads the mind and unmasks the individual.



Members of the Dick Arlen Wheeling and Basket Lunch Social Club all ready for one of their outings. Richard organized it at Toluca Lake, where he lives. The members, left to right—Walter Huston, Jobyna Ralston, Dick, Frances Dee and Phillips Holmes

Clark Gable has never been the lady-killer in real life any more than he has on the screen. He has been a stage actor for years. Starting out from a Pennsylvania Dutch family as a lad he has wandered all over America on his own. He has ridden the brake beams of a freight car. He has known hunger. He has known women. He has been married twice (three times, some say), so he ought to know something of women. Six years ago, as a small part player on the same lot where he shines today above Jack Gilbert, he was unnoticed.

THEN he returned to the theater under the management of Louis MacLoon, who, two years ago, held him under contract at the lowly figure of \$175 a week.

Things went bad and MacLoon was forced to release him because there was no more work in sight.

He again sought work in the movies. This time fate was kind. He got the break.

I do not want to spoil any illusions but I must tell you about the first time I ever saw Clark Gable off the screen. I was lunching in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer restaurant in Culver City when he came in.

A particularly effusive and beautiful blonde screen actress rushed up to him and introduced herself.

"Oh, Mr. Gable," she gushed, "I think you are the finest actor on the screen."

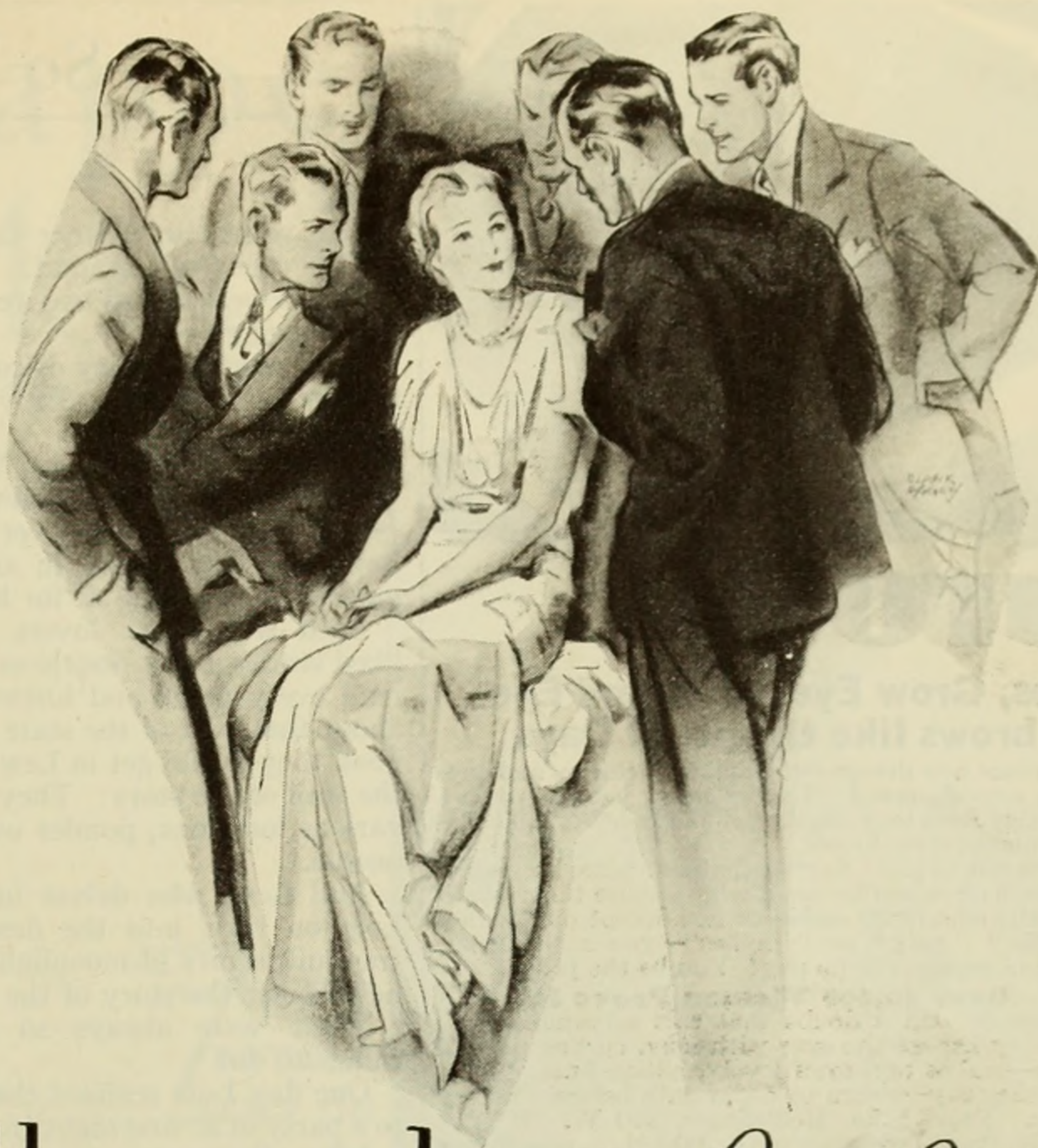
I have never seen a man more ill at ease. He looked around appealingly. He stood on one foot, then the other. I felt that under his rough, three-day beard (he was making re-takes for "Susan Lenox") he was blushing like a school boy.

"Thanks—ah—yes—thank you," he stammered, "but I'm afraid there are a lot of them on this lot who know the tricks better than I do."

"Oh, but Mr. Gable, everyone knows you are so wonderful—"

"Yes—thanks," he said, "thanks—yes—thank you. I must be back on the set—yes—thank you."

And the big tough-looking guy in the three-day beard rushed out of the restaurant and hid in his dressing-room, lunching on a ham sandwich and a glass of milk.



Will you be a lovelier person by **Dec. 15th**?

Here is a sensible, *practical* loveliness plan—*The Thirty Day Loveliness Test*.

This remarkable little book is *free!* Yet through it you may become (perhaps in just a few short weeks) a *lovelier, more likable, happier* person.

* * *

Isn't there one unbreakable rule that underlies all modern feminine loveliness?

Hands, for instance, to be really beautiful must also be really clean. The recipe for high-lights in the hair is frequent, generous shampoos.

Skin anywhere on the body that is cleansed thoroughly each day is apt to be clearer, healthier, more colorful. Especially is this true of the skin of the face, constantly exposed as it is to grime of all kinds.

And finally there is that mysterious quality of self-confidence and extra charm. Is there any better guess than

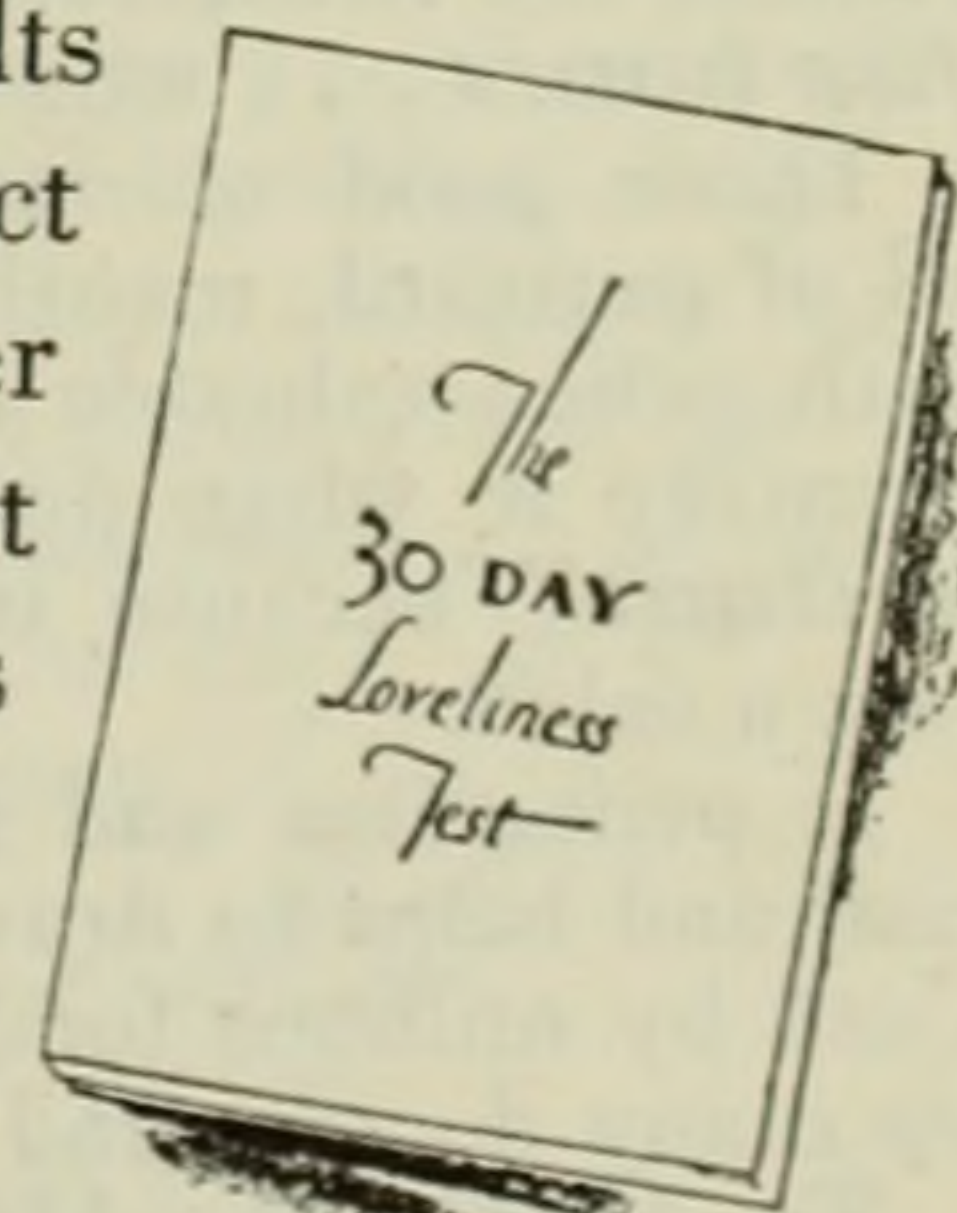
that this comes on those mornings and those evenings when we just have had a cleansing bath . . . and in addition have treated ourselves to a *complete* change of clothes?

* * *

It isn't that we do not know these things about loveliness—and cleanliness. It's just that this is such a busy old world.

And right there is where this free little book *The Thirty Day Loveliness Test* is such a help. It provides you with an easy but carefully-worked-out program to follow day-by-day.

As for the results that you may expect—say by December 15th, if you write at once—well, that is for you to find out! Use the coupon below—*now!*



November Birthdays

- November 1—Laura La Plante
- November 2—Dennis King
- November 4—Don Alvarado, Dixie Lee, Will Rogers
- November 5—Joel McCrea
- November 7—Mona Maris, Alice Day, Joe Cobb
- November 8—Marie Prevost
- November 9—Marie Dressler, John Miljan
- November 11—Raquel Torres, Roland Young
- November 12—Gwen Lee, Jack Oakie
- November 13—Eddie Buzzell
- November 15—Lewis Stone
- November 16—Lawrence Tibbett
- November 17—Betty Bronson
- November 18—Frances Marion
- November 19—Nancy Carroll
- November 20—Robert Armstrong, Reginald Denny
- November 21—Jobyna Ralston
- November 22—Charles Mack
- November 25—Helene Chadwick, Margaret Livingston, Vera Reynolds
- November 26—Frances Dee
- November 29—Mildred Harris, Kay Johnson, Rod LaRocque, Genevieve Tobin
- November 30—Jacqueline Logan

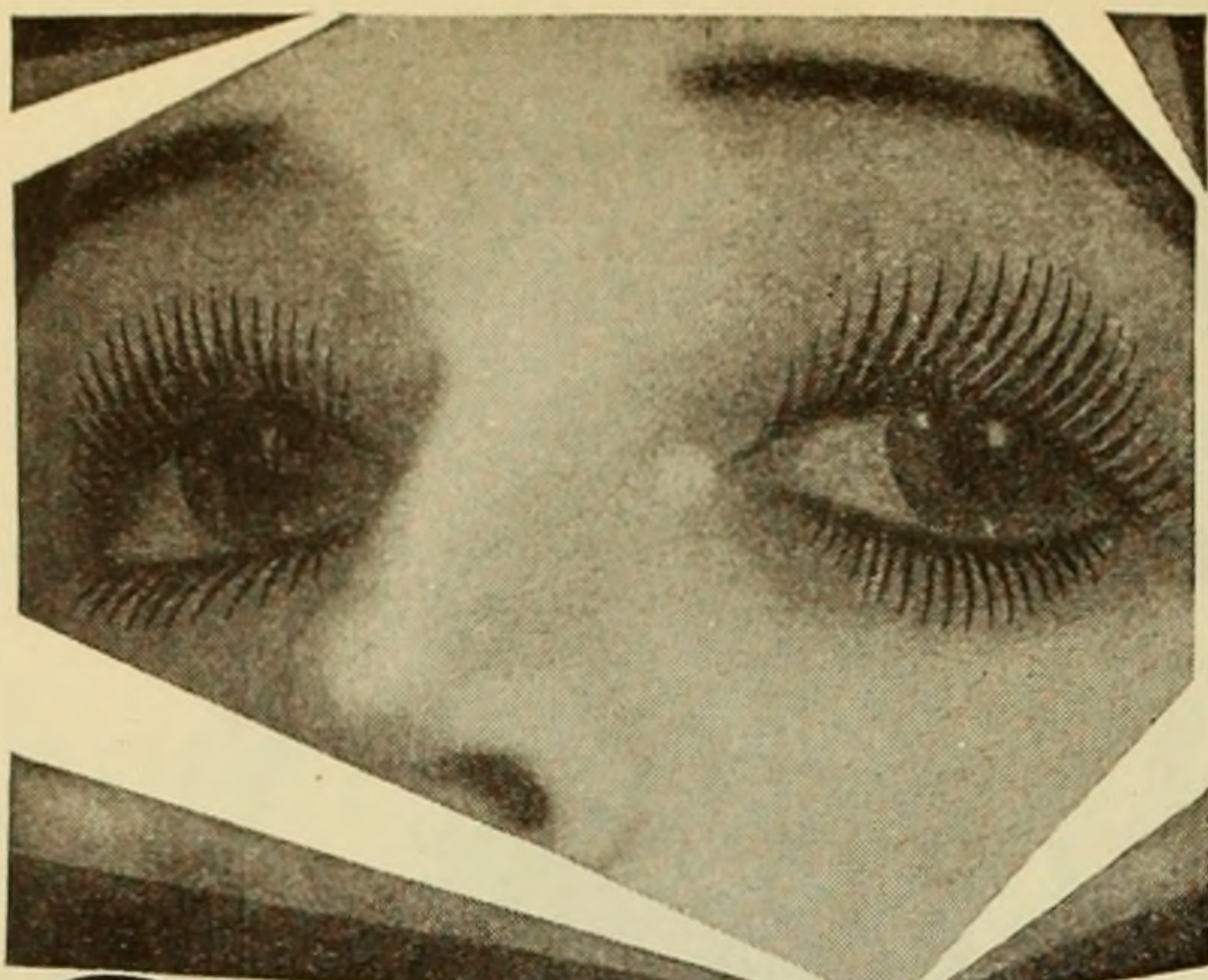
CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. N11, P11-31
 45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
 Please send me free of all cost "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."
 Name.....
 Street.....
 City..... State.....

So They Were Married

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]



GROW

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Heffefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted... people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa., says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says: "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident in One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.

Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Send today. Special Introductory Price only \$1.95 NOW! Later \$5.00. Order NOW at low price.

Lucille Young

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It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



But, somehow, neither Lew nor Lola could get the other out of mind.

In two weeks these two were again out dining and dancing.

And, suddenly, they discovered it was great fun to be together. They had so much in common.

BOTH loved to swim and play tennis. Each could sit for hours over a game of chess. Lew, who had played in an orchestra, loved music. Lola would sit for hours at the piano.

Both were book lovers. They especially liked stories about Southern California. They read every novel and history they could find about that part of the state. After finishing a book they would get in Lew's car and hunt up the trail of the story. They would stop at the various locations; ponder over the scenes and people.

And Lew, who delves in astronomy, took Lola on trips into the desert, where in the tranquil beauty of moonlight on silvery sands, he told her the story of the stars.

There were always so many interesting things to do!

One day Lola realized that she hadn't been to a party or a "first night" for weeks and weeks.

Like all young, attractive girls she loved pretty frocks and the joy of being seen and admired in them.

She liked people and commenced to long to see some of her friends.

She laughed at Lew's excuses when she suggested that they "step out" a bit.

It was then that they had their first lovers' quarrel.

When Lew took Lola down to San Diego to eat Thanksgiving dinner with his mother and step-father and little half-sister and brother, Hollywood realized there was something serious to this romance.

They went down again for Christmas. But both denied they were engaged. Lola said they were too young. That they were thinking of a career—not marriage.

Christmas, Lew gave Lola a beautiful walnut cabinet holding a victrola and radio.

Lola gave Lew a handsome fitted traveling bag.

They continued to deny their engagement when Lew, on Lola's birthday, presented her with a handsome diamond wrist watch.

And then Lew was ordered to Sacramento on location.

He was starring in "Heaven on Earth." This was their first separation.

THERE were long letters! There were telegrams! There were lengthy telephone conversations!

After Lew had been gone three weeks, Lola



Do they look like twins—these cute youngsters with whom big George Bancroft is playing horsie-back? They are playing twins in his new picture, "Rich Man's Folly," but they really aren't. They are really Kenneth Coughlin and Marilyn Joan Stubblefield. Suitable twins weren't to be found—and these kids will certainly do, eh?

was awakened one midnight by a long distance telephone call from Sacramento.

"Is this you, Lolie? This is Lew. Lolie, will you marry me? Careers don't matter! Nothing matters if I can't have you!"

And Lola knew that Lew spoke the truth. She laughed back at him, "I might have known that you would ask me to marry you on the telephone—when I had dreamed of it happening among moonlight and roses."

With a little catch in her voice, she whispered, "Yes, I'll marry you, Lew."

Then what plans! What happiness!

AND now she was packing her trunk to go to New York!

What had happened? Cross words! Angry words!

The exquisite wrist watch set with diamonds almost thrown at Lew. Lew solemnly taking off the watch Lola had once so lovingly fastened on his wrist.

It was all over! She would go back to New York!

Lew would never see her again!

That night, heartbroken Dorothy Mulligan cried herself to sleep to be awakened at four o'clock in the morning by the persistent ringing of her bedside telephone.

A beloved voice came over the wire. "Lolie, this is Lew. I didn't mean a word I said. Nothing in the world matters but you! I must see you! I must talk to you! I am coming right over! Meet me out in front!"

As dawn was lighting up the Hollywood skies, Lew and Lola drove through the hills trying to straighten out this tangled web called life.

That day Lola unpacked her trunks and cancelled her reservations to New York.

That night Lew drew up to Lola's front door in a long, low, shining, high-powered, new roadster.

Again they drove through the Hollywood hills. This time they were planning their honeymoon.

Lew had only two more weeks on his picture. He was tired. He had spent long days in the hot sun making football scenes for "The Spirit of Notre Dame." The studio had given him a six-weeks vacation.

They would be married as soon as he was through. They would rather Hollywood didn't know their secret until they were on their way.

Lew stole up to the office of his young boss, Carl Laemmle, Jr., to confide the great news. "Hooray," said Junior, in effect, "I'll help in any way I can."

"The Spirit of Notre Dame" was finally finished. But Lew and Lola crossed their friends.

They had secretly planned a simple wedding at Lew's home atop a high Hollywood hill. There the wedding would take place, with the writer and her husband and two others as the witnesses.

Lew would slip on the bride's finger the beautiful ring of platinum links set with diamonds—Mr. and Mrs. Ayres would step into the big family car and slip away on the wedding journey.

That was the plan. But it wasn't to be that way.

LEW and Lola slipped away to Las Vegas, Nev., one of Hollywood's favorite Gretna Greens. Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire had the knot tied there, too, you remember. A license was issued to Lewis Frederick Ayer, of Minneapolis, and Dorothy Mulligan, of Des Moines, Ia.—their real names. Judge William Orr tied the knot—tightly. Witnesses were Leroy Mason, actor, and Louise Graham.

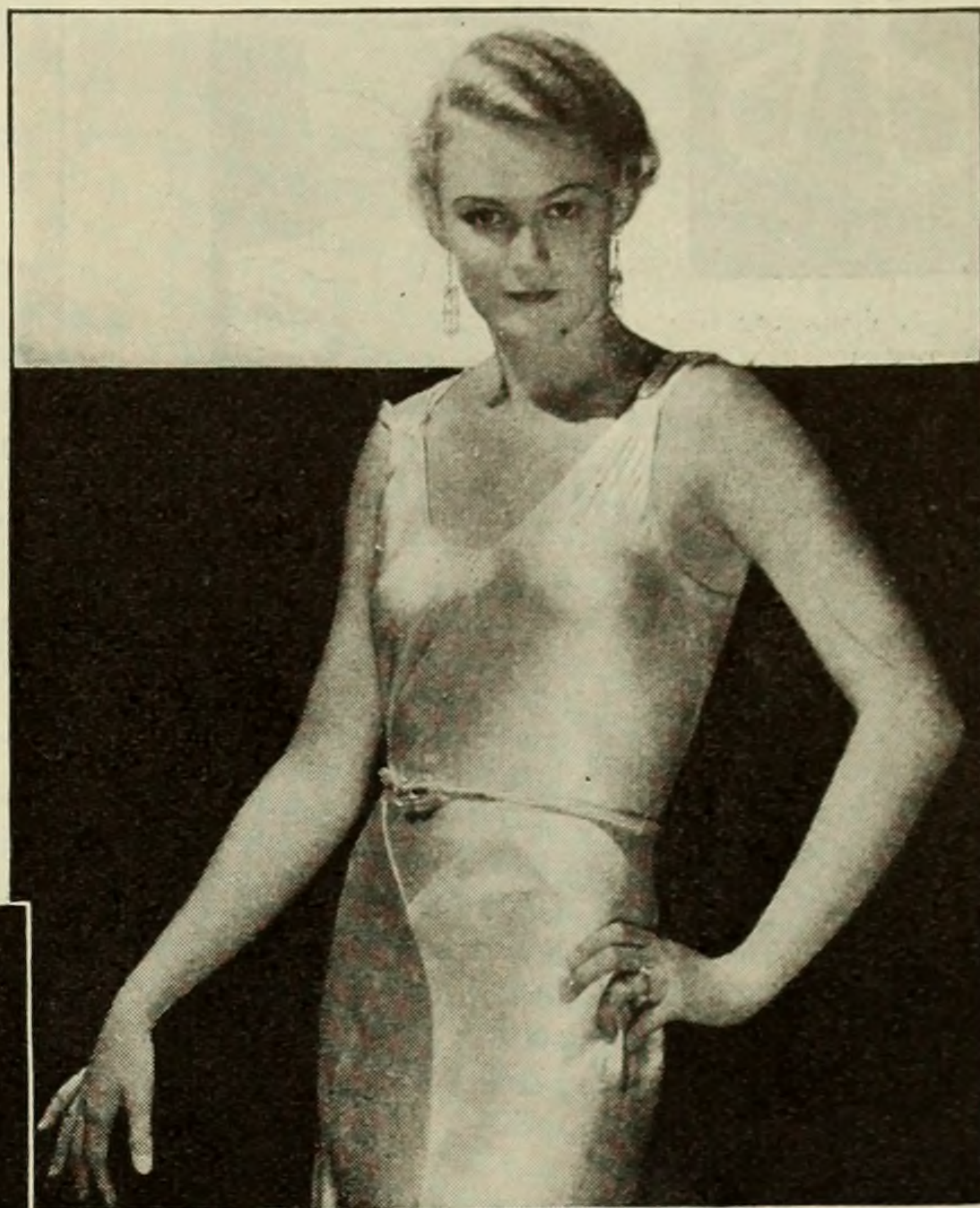
And away they went on the wedding journey.

So that's the story of a rocky romance that turned smooth in the home stretch. A grand young couple—and plenty in love.

Keep that way, children—we are all pulling for you!

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Because of its unrivaled record in "the land of winter sports," it was brought to the United States... to you. After a few winters here, in a few states only—Italian Balm has won another victory. Many leading merchants tell us that *they have never seen* American women give such quick and enthusiastic approval to a hand and face lotion.

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Not six, nor ten—but sixteen ingredients are used in Italian Balm. These are scientifically blended by an imported and secret process. Italian Balm is *not at all* like the usual commercial or store-made skin lotion. Invention of an internationally-famous Italian dermatologist—it is made today exactly as his original formula prescribed, including importations from France, Persia, Italy and other foreign lands.

Get a bottle of Italian Balm today at your drug or department store. It is for sale in long-

lasting 35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottles. Or, send in the coupon now. Try Italian Balm at our expense.

GUARANTEE

Thousands of tests have proved that Italian Balm banishes the irritation and redness of chapped skin more quickly than any other hand lotion you can buy. If it fails to give you better protection, or to banish chapped skin more quickly, than any lotion you have ever used, your purchase money will be refunded cheerfully. Italian Balm is guaranteed to be a superior product.

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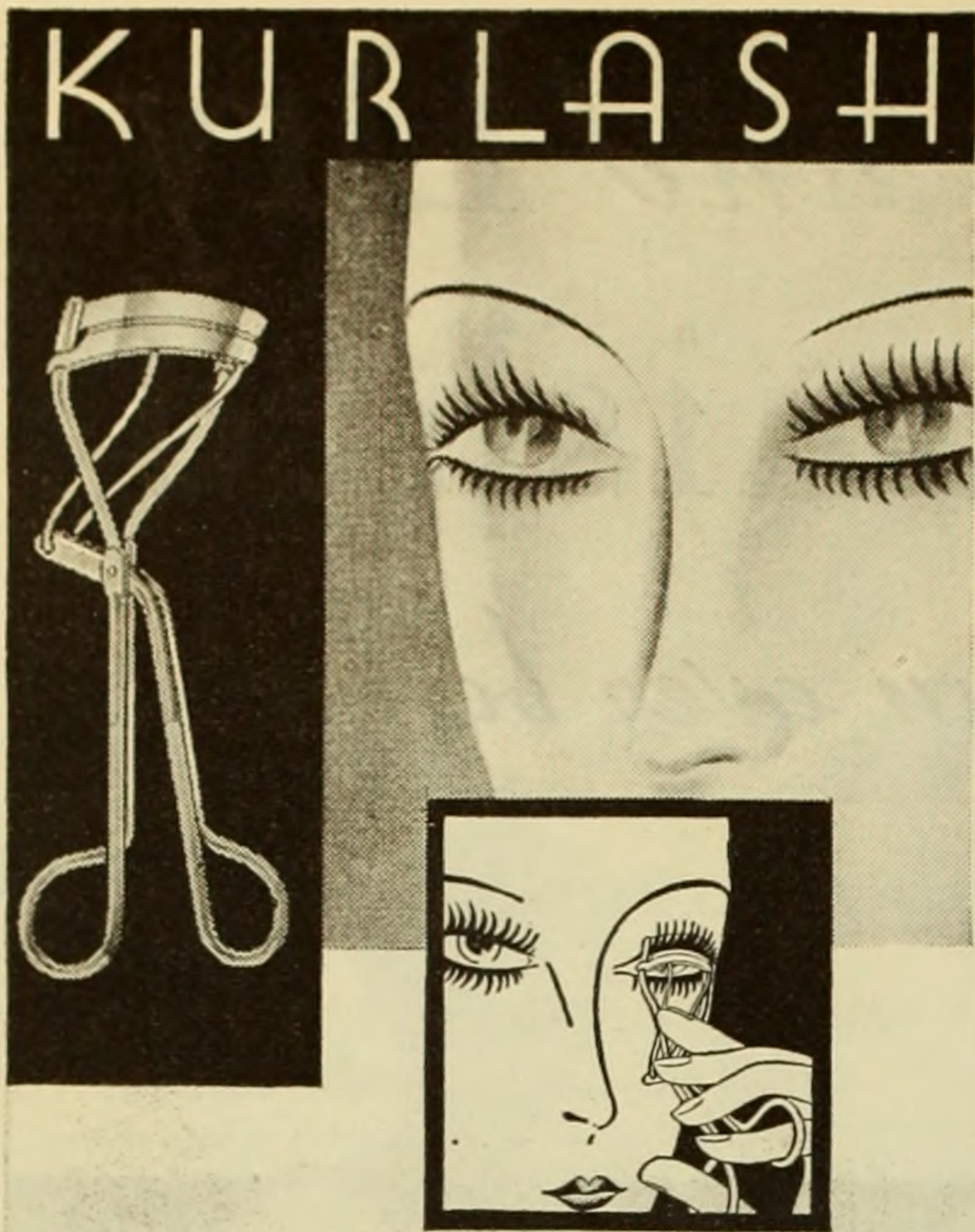
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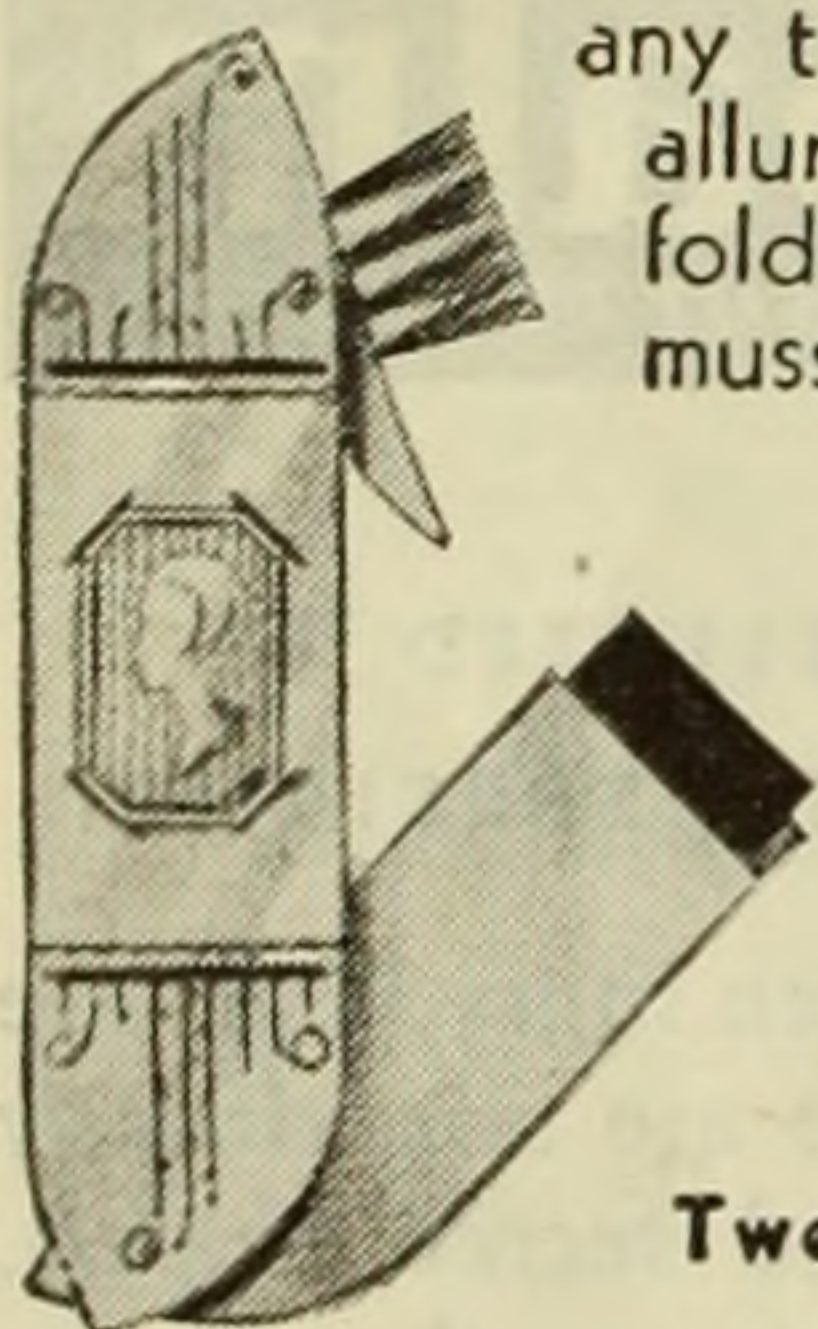
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BASTIAN BROS. CO., 37 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

The Best Showman In Town

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

Something specially prepared for her diet. Now Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo can order special dishes any day. But no chef at Metro would dare make one up in advance. In the first place, they'd never think of it. They couldn't help but think of Lupe. She took care of that with the chefs exactly as she took care of it with the directors.

Some people say Lupe is not a lady. "What the hell? How can they tell? To act like everyone else—is that what they call a lady? Then I am not a lady!"

However, sometimes she puts on her lady-act in a grand manner.

For example, she is very busy taking her mother to the Ascot races right now. Almost every evening. There are big crowds at those races. Her mother screams with excitement! Lupe claps her hand over her mother's mouth. "Mothah, deah! Please do not scream like that. I am a lady!" And the entire crowd forgets to look at the races. They are too busy watching Lupe be a lady.

DURING her recent visit in New York, Lupe got a huge thrill from ragging Peggy Hopkins Joyce. It took Lupe only a few seconds to decide that the famous Miss Joyce did not have a keen sense of humor. "Now watch me!" she told Jimmy Walker and other members of the group with whom she was seeing the sights.

They passed over a bridge. A mighty yacht was cruising down the river. "See that yacht!" Lupe screeched, above the traffic, at Peggy. "That ees mine!"

"Is it?" Miss Joyce looked at her with double interest.

They passed a park far out in the country. "See that park? I owned that once. But it was too expensive to keep up so I give it to the county."

"Did you?" Miss Joyce looked at her with triple interest.

"Peggee!" Lupe screeched with horror. "You are chewing gum. I am a lady. You must not chew gum with me. Spit it out."

Miss Joyce spit it out. All an act, but an act as natural, to Lupe, as nature's rains or droughts or river-currents.

She holds the floor in any group through sheer force of vitality. One never talks, himself, when Lupe is present. He doesn't want to.

An extremely brilliant and poised and beautiful actress who is conversationally equal to diplomats, bank presidents, international wits, said to me recently following an evening she had spent with Lupe: "I have never met anyone who could make me feel so futile. I just don't know I exist when she is around me. I am, can be, nothing but an audience to her. And when she goes, although I have not said a word, I am utterly exhausted."

Nothing but an audience! A remarkable tribute to the real showmanship of Lupe.

YOU have read of the incident with Lilyan Tashman at the Embassy Club when the wearing of long kid gloves first returned to vogue. Lilyan entered, wearing them. Lupe had none. She wrapped two napkins around her arms. "Must be in style," she said loudly. Lilyan was at the next table. She handed her gloves to Lupe. Hot words followed.

That is the story you have read. It is true in the fact; it is not true in the motive. No one seemed to notice that Dolores Del Rio entered at almost the same time as Lilyan—also wearing kid gloves. Lupe makes no secret of her dislike for Dolores. A rivalry as natural as the rest of Lupe's rampant emotions.

Lupe used the napkin gag to annoy Dolores. Lilyan accepted the challenge. Lupe could

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have straightened the mistake in a moment. "Why spoil a good show?" thought the showman who had unwittingly cornered the spotlight for the evening.

I could go on forever about her pranks and her antics. Some day, I am going to write a book about her. She furnishes fresh material twenty-four hours in the day. Yes, even when she is sleeping. For she sleeps in a bed like no one else's. A bed much wider than it is long; a bed less than a foot from the floor.

I don't believe she's awakened in the same mood twice in her life. She may throw a shoe at you; she may tell you you are the most adorable person living. But she'll tell it in as many different ways as there are mornings for her to awaken.

But I couldn't complete even a short article upon Lupe without saying something of her truthfulness, her loyalty, her kindness to those whom she loves.

She loved Gary Cooper. With all of the devotion of her exaggerated nature. I have seen her beat him with her shoe one moment and sob because she has done it, the next; I have heard her rail at him in anger so terrible that I feared his life was in danger. But if another person said an unkind word about Gary I have *known* that his or her life was in danger.

WHAT happened? One day Lupe wanted to get married; the next day she didn't. She was afraid of her career. But more than that she was afraid of her freedom; her showmanship nature. "A husband might try to stop me. If he did I would kill him. I am afraid," she once told me. *Afraid of herself because of herself.*

Some days Gary wanted to marry; some days he didn't. To be married to Lupe—ah, it is a grave responsibility.

This continued for nearly three years and then—he saw her off on the train when she left for her vaudeville engagement. She was crying. "Why, don't cry, dear—" he told her.

"I am crying because I will never see you again. I am through. And when I am through, I am through. This could not go on forever—"

"No, no, Becca (their pet name for each other). When you come back—"

"I will not see you. It is better so!"

And she meant it. She has brains, our Lupe. She knew it must come—she speeded the inevitable day. Brains! A keen insight into her own and others' natures.

"But if he ever need me," she tells me, "if he ever get poor and have no work, I sell everything I have, I scrub floors if necessary to help him. But I never see him!"

An act? Certainly. As everything she says or does is an act. A scene from life! A true scene. She would do that exactly as she does everything else—from the depths of a volatile, hurricane-like but compassionate and loyal nature. A nature which has probably never had a duplicate. At least, in Hollywood, the home of eruptive natures, it has no competition on record.



Madame Norine, Famous Beautician to Stage Stars Tells How to Look Years Younger

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For Flabby Skin, Heavy Chin Line
For "Crepy" Lines on Neck, Sagging
For Faded Skin, Excessive Dryness
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Redness, Roughness, Try This
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Older Actresses, When Made to Look Young by This Amazing Method, Can Play Youthful Parts. You, Too, Can Look Years Younger and Lovelier This Quick Way.

**See Instantaneous New Beauty
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Haven't you wondered why certain older actresses can still play youthful parts?

Many whom you know to be 50 years old look like 30. Some of 60 look like 40. *Not a line or flaw in their wonderful skins!*

These stars are subjected to strains, late hours, drying desert suns "on location," and the destructive effects of harsh grease paints. Their skins would look old and blemished very quickly if they used *ordinary* beauty methods.

But I keep *older* stage and screen stars *young looking* with certain secret imported youthifiers and beautifiers not found in the usual preparations used by the general public.

Among the *younger* movie favorites who also praise my preparations are Dorothy Mackaill, Pauline Starke, Betty Compson, Estelle Taylor, Lila Lee, Marie Prevost and many others whose unlined, flawless, girlish skins are so admired.

Three Wonderful Beauty Secrets

I have supplied professional clients with these remarkable preparations for 40 years. My family have been beauticians for generations and among our prized possessions are *three wonderful secrets* learned years ago and handed down in the family. These 3 preparations represent a *complete* beauty-youth treatment.

Now I have decided that these preparations are too wonderful to be confined to leading actresses, screen stars and fashionable women who continually send from afar for these 3 preparations which I alone know how to make.

I want every one to have them. So I am willing for you to test their wondrous results on trial. Send no money—just mail coupon today.

Look Years Younger and Lovelier

See those erasable age-lines and crowsfeet smooth out like magic. Flabby skin becomes firm. Faded skin becomes youthful. Large pores reduce. Pimples, blackheads due to clogged pores vanish.

Excessive oiliness or dryness ends. You gain the soft, clear, smooth, creamy white skin of younger years. You don't have to *wait* for results—new skin beauty right away.

The most elaborate beauty treatments—carried on for months—may not youthify and beautify your skin as these *three* remarkable preparations of mine will so quickly. *There is nothing else in the world like them.* The secret has never left our family in spite of wonderful offers from great cosmetic manufacturers.

Try It Now. Send No Money

Mail the coupon today. Send no money. I will immediately send you these three preparations—a *full sized jar of each*—which represents the *complete*

treatment that makes you look years younger and lovelier so quickly.

When the postman brings the package, deposit with him only \$1.98 (plus a few cents postage). I ask this to keep children from sending. This money is to be returned on request.

Use treatment 10 days on trial. You must be thrilled with the banishment of lines. With new youthful looks and beauty. You must be convinced that the quick results of my simple treatment are better than a long course of beauty parlor treatments. You must be convinced that the 3 preparations which make up this treatment are better than many for which you have paid \$10 to \$15.

Otherwise, within 10 days you are to return what is left. I'll instantly return the money you deposited with the postman and make you a present of the quantity used.

If you do keep these three preparations, there is no more to pay. I am thinking of charging \$5 for them later, but to introduce them, I have set the price at only \$1.98 for all 3.

Your purchase also entitles you to personal advice from me on any beauty subjects.

Be Sure to Mail Coupon Today

But you must send quickly. It is so hard to get these imported ingredients that I can make up only a limited quantity at a time outside of the amount necessary for my present customers. So I may have to delay those who send late. Best to mail coupon today.

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Without any money in advance send me the three preparations that are responsible for the youthful looks of so many older stage stars. I will pay the postman the special introductory price of only \$1.98 (plus a few cents postage) on arrival. If for any reason whatever I return what is left in the 3 jars, within 10 days, you agree to return my money instantly, without question. I am to be sole judge in this matter. If I keep them, there is no more to pay.

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TO OUR CANADIAN READERS

PHOTOPLAY wants you to know that your subscription will be completed without additional tariff charge or any reduction in the number of months it has to run.

We are giving you this information as you may be wondering what effect the new Canadian tariff, on United States publications, will have on your subscription.

The Canadian Government has been very generous regarding subscriptions placed before June 2, 1931, and we are very glad to be able to pass this information on to you.



an Eyelash Make-up
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IT'S TRUE—true and proven. A mascara which gives lashes a *Double Treatment*—that is the new discovery.

It's called the new Liquid Winx. First you use it as a waterproof mascara. It darkens lashes, makes them look soft, delicate and fascinating. Eyes take on new sparkle, new appeal. Yet the effect is natural—in good taste.

And (while you use Winx as a mascara) it actually promotes the health and growth of lashes. Winx contains stimulating oils which turn skimpy, straggly lashes into a long, curly, bewitching fringe. A week's use actually shows definite improvements!

You may try the new Liquid Winx—simply by sending 10¢ for a Vanity Size—enough for a month's use.

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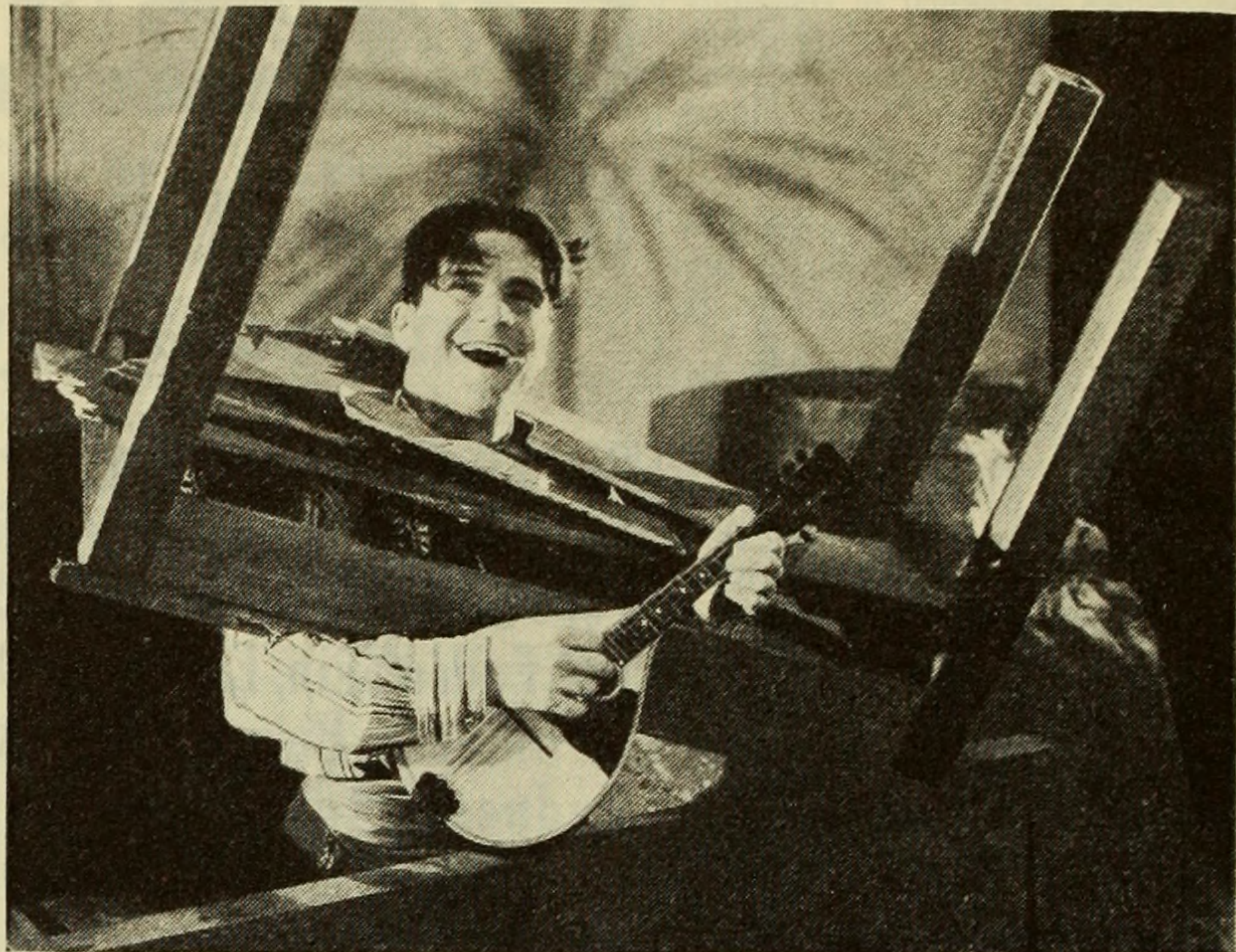
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Short Subjects of the Month



Anything for a laugh—and Tom Patricola comes up singing. Good comedies like "The Tamale Vendor," reviewed below, will cure your blues

THE TAMALE VENDOR

Educational-Ideal

Just enough story to provide a background for Tom Patricola's bag of tricks, his nimble dancing, pleasing singing and strumming accompaniment. Some laughs, a couple of pretty girls, and a hilarious gag situation at the finish.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

RKO-Van Beuren

Another one of Floyd Gibbons' fascinating "supreme thrills." Scenes of the dramatic episodes of the morning of July 18, 1918, when the Allies delivered the decisive blow of the war, with Gibbons recounting the thrilling story in his own breathless fashion. It's educational and entertaining, too.

DREAMWORLD

Educational

Claude Flemming takes you on a tour of picturesque and interesting points not far from Hollywood. Photographed in Multicolor, the outdoor scenes are particularly lovely. A pleasant version of the travelogue film.

OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS

M-G-M

A perfectly swell short for sportsmen as well as other people, showing the stars who will participate in the coming Olympic events. With amusing dialogue written and spoken by Pete Smith, it also recounts a little of the history of various athletic achievements.

THE FRESHMAN'S FINISH

Educational-Vanity

Another of those capering college comedies. Outboard motor races seem to be the screen fad of the moment. The hero wins in a bathtub and the villain is shown up as a cad and bounder.

WEDGE PLAY

Tiffany

This is the second of those interesting and instructive sports shorts on football. The wedge play that enabled the Georgia team to make the thrilling touchdown after the kick-off against Yale last year is featured. Great stuff.

KICKING GAME

Tiffany

Number three in the football shorts that are so colorfully showing audiences the best football talent in the country. Howard Jones introduces The University of Michigan team with Coach Harry Kepke giving pointers on kicking. Coach Wallace Wade and his eleven, Bill Ingram of California, and Lou Little of Columbia contribute also.

POKER WIDOWS

Educational-Sennett

Husbands who play poker will find out in this funny comedy what happens to their wives. A jealous husband, a bored wife, and a philandering dancing master get badly triangled.

THE WORLD FLIER

Educational-Sennett

The comedy element is pretty strained, but there is a good outboard motorboat race. Loretta Turnbull and Harold Ferguson, the world's speedboat champions, are featured along with the Sennett cast. Natural color.

VAGABOND MELODIES

Educational-Lyman H. Howe

Colorful scenes of the strolling city minstrels to be found on New York streets. There's a hurdy-gurdy, a musical merry-go-round, some Arabian players, and a German street band that is completely out of tune, as usual. Cleverly photographed.

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

Mildred in Wonderland

As I am a working girl having to wear the modest garb that the average working girl's salary necessitates, coming in contact with people who wear business clothes, some of which aren't any too neat, do you wonder at my jumping at every chance I have to go to a movie?

There I can see charming people in gorgeous clothes and hear interesting conversation. It makes me think life is lovely. And of them all, I had rather see Constance Bennett.

MILDRED LEWIS,
Kennesaw, Ga.

Casts at Conclusion?

When I go to a picture I enjoy knowing who's who in it. The fad now, it seems, is to stage an actor memory contest, for the list of players is given without the name of the characters they are portraying. The star of the picture may be good, but oftentimes his supporting cast is better. I, for one, am in favor of giving them better recognition. They are the drawing card for many a picture I attend.

I am in a quandary as to how I am to learn the names of the new ones who appear in the casts. An excellent idea, I think, is that method, used in "The Front Page" and other recent pictures, of showing at the conclusion of a picture the character and his name.

C. D. PRICE,
Raleigh, N. C.

Real-Life Drama!

To the talkie, "Outward Bound," I attribute the fact that I am still dwelling upon this earth!

I had been finding the world pretty hard to combat. I had lost my job; the girl that I loved married someone else; life seemed not worth the living. I was on the verge of committing suicide when by chance I happened to see "Outward Bound."

I felt that I, too, was on that mysterious ship as one who had committed suicide—and, oh, how terrible I felt about it! And was I glad to get off and take another chance at life!

I am happy to report that I am finding living isn't half so bad!

R. M.,
Casper, Wyoming

Orchids for Landi

Here's a big bouquet of orchids for Elissa Landi. She's superb! All my old favorites have faded into the background. And her smile—I found myself looking and waiting for it throughout the picture.

Don't put her in a class with Garbo or Dietrich—let her be herself.

DORENE PRESTON,
San Francisco, Calif.

"Son of India"

After seeing Ramon Novarro and Madge Evans in "Son of India," I cannot refrain from commenting upon it. To me it was one of the

sweetest rôles Novarro has ever done. The picture was delightfully refreshing after seeing so much of this so-called "modern" stuff.

FANNIE MAE GEISLER,
Indianapolis, Ind.

I have just seen Ramon Novarro in "Son of India," and though I admire this star tremendously, I feel that, through miscasting, he is losing some of the magnificence and nobility which he brought to former pictures.

Although he has been successful in other glamorous rôles, the hackneyed plot and sentimental palaver of his most recent showing is enough to embarrass the staunchest Novarro fans.

OLGA DASTE,
New Orleans, La.

Those Retiring Stars

Three cheers for the movie stars who know when and how to retire. It's too bad that some of them hang on and on, trying to make the public keep on liking them. It's as fatal to their popularity as for a woman to keep pouring out affection on a man whose heart she has already lost.

How much wiser are the stars who retire gracefully while still popular, leaving us pleasant memories of them at their best. We hate to lose them, but we know we can't keep them forever. It's rather sad, but life has a habit of moving on, and even movie luminaries must move with it.

LOUISE FLEMING,
Michigan City, Ind.

Scoring an EXTRA POINT in smoking pleasure

It's the *extra point* that wins football games—and it's the *extra smoking pleasure* that wins friends for Beech-Nut Gum. Try chewing a stick of Beech-Nut before you light up the next smoke. Cool, refreshing, flavorful, it quickens your taste sense, makes every smoke taste like the first one of the day—adds to your smoking pleasure. Remember, always, there is no other gum so good as Beech-Nut.

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Spearmint Flavors



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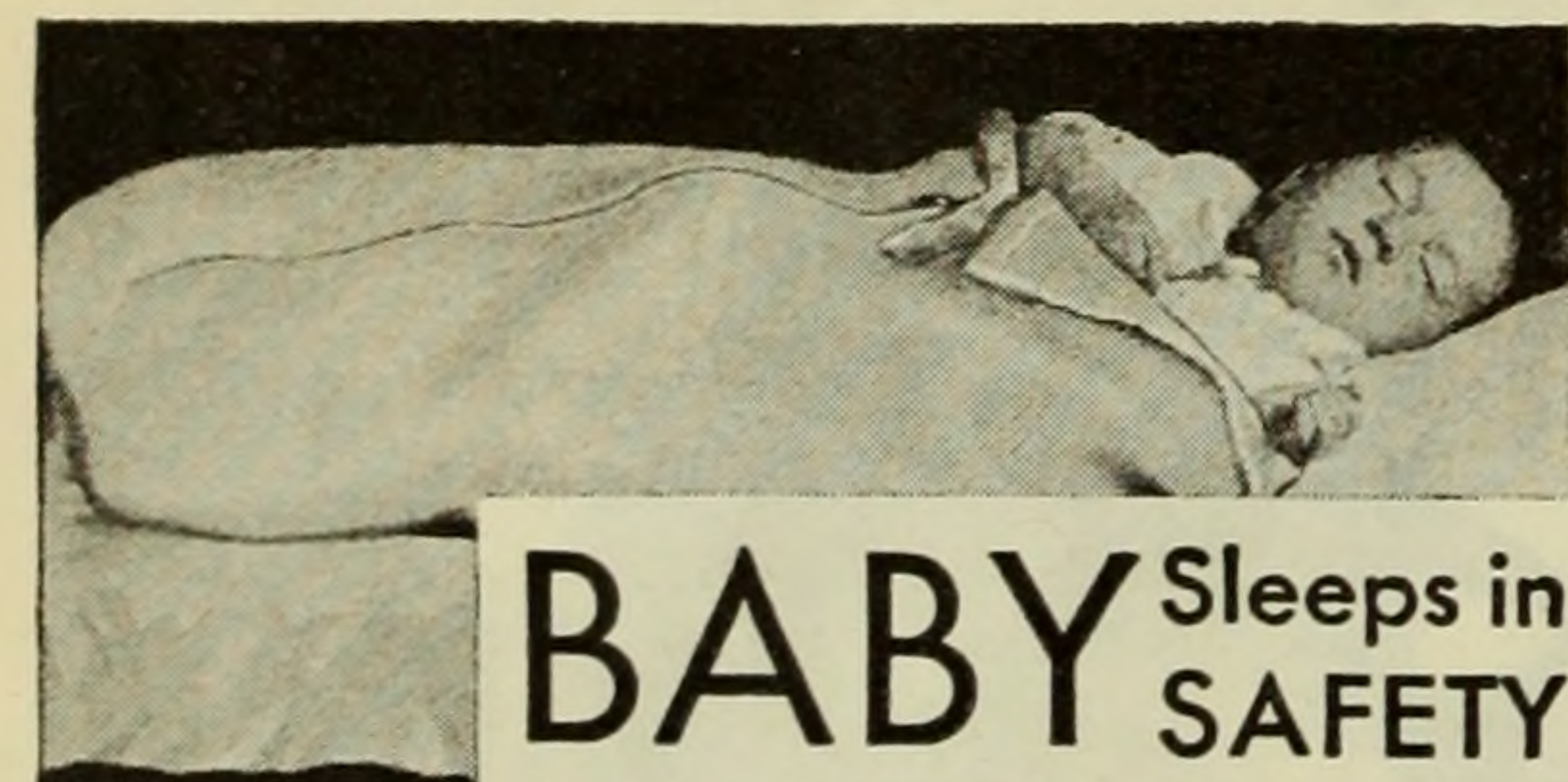


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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Marie Dressler

WE got all hot and bothered editorially about the art of the cinema and smugly announced that the motion pictures were in the midst of their "greatest crisis." Nowadays we're for good entertainment without the art and the crises.

We were also pretty angry at the salaries paid some of the stars. We thought it ridiculous that a certain comedian drew down \$1,000. Suppose somebody had told us then that one day we'd print Connie Bennett's weekly stipend of \$30,000!

An interviewer reported that Raymond Hatton's Nipponese make-up in "Kayosho" was so good that Sessue Hayakawa talked Japanese to Ray.

There was a story about Gladys Hulette and a ravishing portrait of Pearl White reading PHOTOPLAY.

Julian Johnston waxed eloquent over a movie called "Jaffery," a thrilling film without a

murder, cliff, railway collision, fight, motor chase, or any divorce-court material. Mae Marsh got a cheer for her work in Anita Loos' story, "The Little Liar."

"The Reward of Patience" was notable for the return of "Lottie Pickford's passionate, dark beauty to screens which have long been pale for lack of it." Oh, Mr. Johnston! In the same picture a lad named Adolphe Menjou had a small part.

Dorothy Kelly was the girl on the cover and the gallery section included Fanny Ward, Eddie Lyons, Eugene O'Brien, Grace Valentine, Helene Rosson, DeWolf Hopper, Dorothy Dalton and Clara Kimball Young.

Cal York items: Reports that Douglas Fairbanks has signed for another year with Fine Arts at a salary of \$3,000 a week have been denied. . . . Theda Bara mourned the death of her Russian wolfhound, Czar Nicholas. . . . Blanche Sweet has a new director, Marshall Neilan. . . . Anna Little and Allan Forrest were married. . . . Marie Dressler is about to make another "Tillie" story. . . . Mary Miles Minter's age is fourteen years and six months.

10 Years Ago



George Arliss

FROM beneath the brim of an enormous hat, Gloria Swanson said, "If my little baby wants to be an actress when she is older, I won't try to stop her." And there was a picture of Gloria wheeling the baby buggy! And a charming picture it was.

Now you can't get Gloria to mention her children for publication.

We ran a grand story about Douglas Fairbanks, written by his valet. In spite of the fact that Mary was Doug's loving wife the man-servant said, "If I should leave Mr. Fairbanks for a day, I shudder to think what would become of him. About clothes and small details he is helpless as a child."

After seeing Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm" with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, the critics called Joseph Schildkraut "the future great actor," so we used a big story about him and the interviewer plaintively hoped that Joe wouldn't be spoiled. *O tempora. O mores!*

What's this? Yessir, ten years ago we listed "Disraeli" with George Arliss as one of the best films. (The talking version of the same picture won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal last year.) Fairbanks' "Three Musketeers" made the grade in a big way and we were enthusiastic about Constance Talmadge in "Wedding Bells" and Betty Compson in "At the End of the World."

Marion Davies graced our cover and the gallery pictures were Mae Murray, Mary Carr, Jane and Katherine Lee, Dorothy Gish, Anita Stewart, Vivian Martin and Marie Prevost.

Cal York items: Rudolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres are at work on "The Sheik" . . . Charlie Chaplin is off for a visit to his home in England. . . . Bebe Daniels and Jack Dempsey deny their engagement and Bebe says she doesn't ever intend to get married. (Remember Ben and Baby Barbara?) . . . Lou Tellen is suing Geraldine Farrar for a divorce. . . . Jackie Coogan is the only six-year-old kid in the world to own a car. . . . Reports of a separation between Gloria Swanson and Herbert Somborn.

5 Years Ago



Renee Adoree

WE just made this issue with the news that Mabel Normand and Lew Cody were married!

We are still mourning Rudolph Valentino, and in a story entitled "The Price They Pay for Stardom" we pointed out that he might be alive now had he not been a star.

The two rivals for the social leadership of Hollywood were Mrs. Antonio Moreno and Mrs. Earle Williams. Both women were millionairesses married to stars. (A few months ago Mrs. Williams killed herself because of poverty.) Hollywood, it was pointed out in this story, had become intensely social.

We mentioned Marion Davies' distinguished parties, but we added that "she entertains spasmodically and it's a sideline with her. She has her work!" And Mary Pickford was not mentioned! Now, of course, Mary and Marion wear the social crowns.

But then we said, "No actress can give the

time or thought to make herself really a social leader."

A long story explained why Sam Goldwyn paid \$125,000 for the novel, "The Winning of Barbara Worth," in which Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky were starred.

The last photograph of Rudolph Valentino was used with a condensed version of his life story.

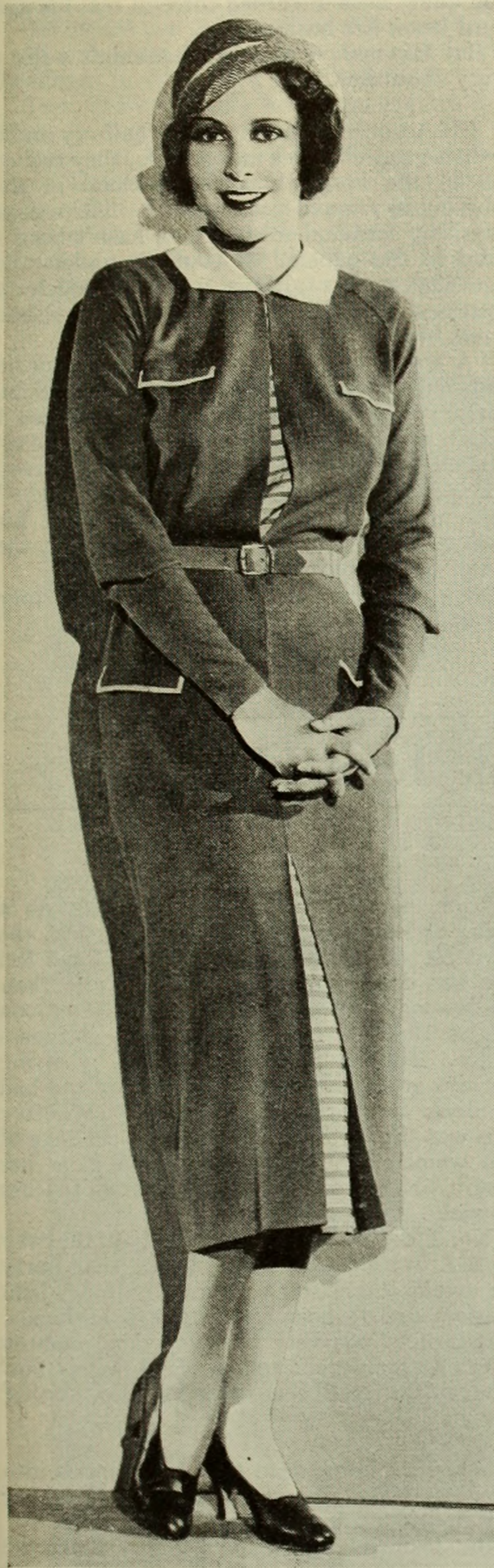
"Beau Geste" (will you ever forget it?), which covered Ronnie Colman, Ralph Forbes, Neil Hamilton and William Powell with glory, was given best notice along with Jack Gilbert's "Bardelys, the Magnificent." We liked "Tin Gods" with Renee Adoree and Tommy Meighan. Little Renee was the smiling girl on the cover and the stars in the gallery included Norma Shearer, Fay Wray, Jacqueline Logan, Reginald Denny, Red Grange, Greta Garbo and Blanche Sweet.

Cal York items: Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor were married at the home of Marion Davies. . . . Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills were about to be married. . . . Anna Q. Nilsson was visiting in Sweden.

I Cannot Write That Story—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

"Leila, I've had a terrible break. I have to write a story about you!"
 Her face clouded. "I'm sorry for you, Ruth, really I am. I understand. I don't know what to do. I've about decided you have to act half-cracked to make a headline success in this business. What shall I do? Go around smashing up sets or vamp Clark Gable at the Cocoanut Grove dances?"
 "I really think I am the champion publicity



You can't have too many woolen costumes this season according to Seymour. Certainly not if they are all as good looking as this one of Frances Dee's. It is a brown woolen with a striped brown and beige silk underneath giving it a coat-like look. Does that hat really fit you, Frances?

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A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor and less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably. It is changing previous conceptions of cos-



Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

meticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

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 Beautifully Developed
 IS FASHION'S DECREE—a full, rounded form of feminine grace and charm. If you are flat-chested and unattractive, investigate the National Developer. Sold for fifteen years—praised by hundreds. Write for booklet, "BEAUTY CURVES DEVELOPED," sent FREE—no obligation.

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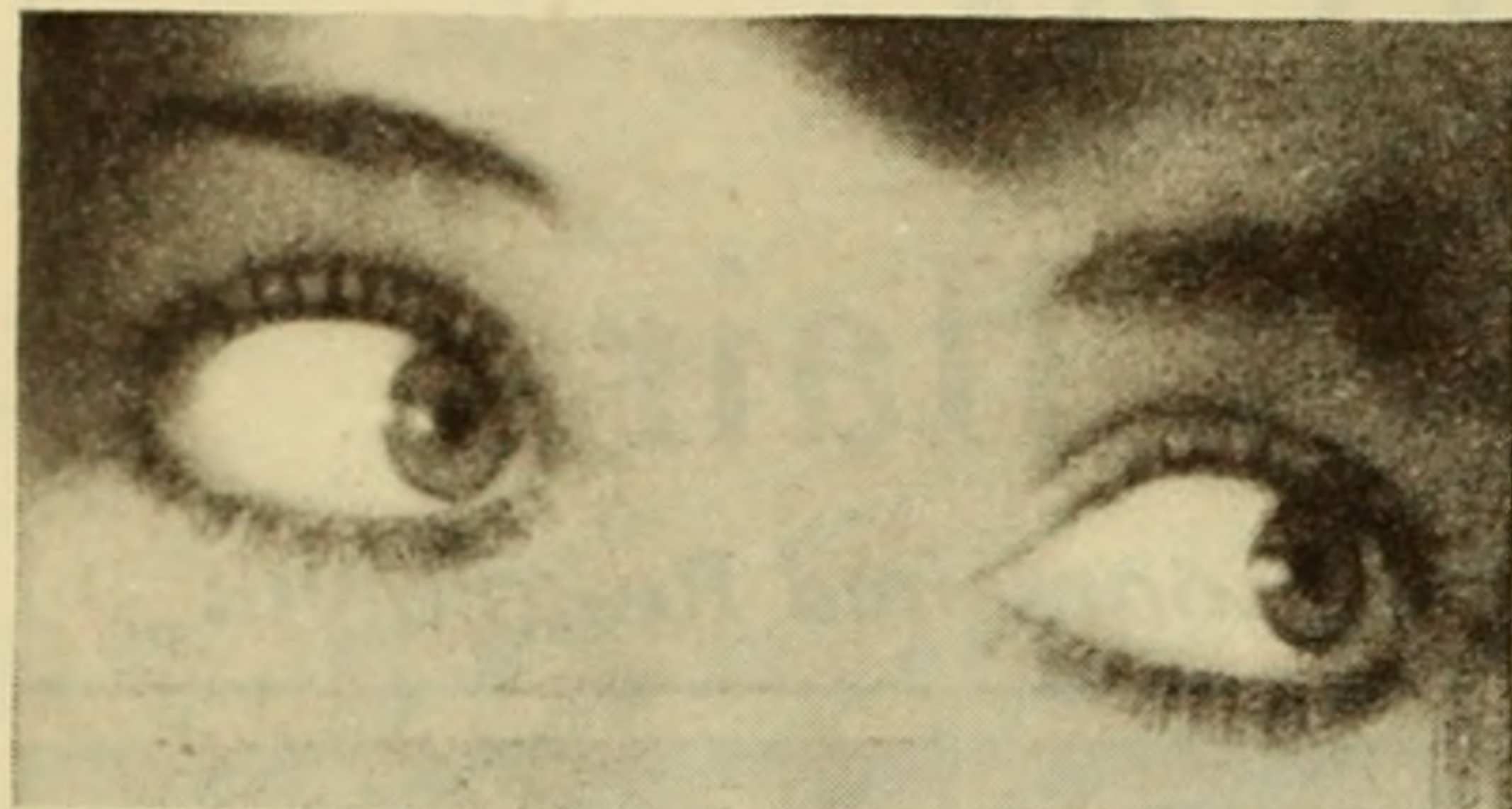
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flop of Hollywood," she sighed. Tears flirted with her eyelashes.

"My mother had the same trouble. Do you suppose I inherited it from her? I remember sitting in the corner of the dressing-room when reporters came to see her. She, too, was happily married. Hyams and McIntyre—the vaudeville team. Mother would try to think up things to say but she'd always end with: 'I'm sorry, boys, I just have no skeletons to rattle!'

"I was practically born acting. It's part of my nature. But acting isn't enough, now. You see, I'm happy and to be successful in pictures, one shouldn't be happy—"

It was right at this moment that I transferred my sympathy from Clara to Leila.

"You see, I simply can't get it out of my head that being happy is really important. You know, I was to play the lead in 'The Lion and the Mouse,' the first part-talkie. I was in New York. Phil and I decided to get married.

"The day before the ceremony, Warners telegraphed me to take the next train; production had been moved up. I know what I should have done. I should have taken the train and given the story to the newspapers. Can't you see it?

"Actress leaves man on eve of wedding for career. Leila Hyams to be starred in first talkie!"

"Instead, I sent a wire to Warners that I couldn't come, and then got married. They broke my contract. I was out but I was happy. Sorry? N—n—o. Only, I can't give up my career, either. I told you I was born acting. If I were given just one big picture—my one chance—I know I could do it!"

Yes, Leila could do it. But how much would it help her? Does acting create your success in pictures? Does it really start you in the big box-office? Let's take those big names.

Crawford! Would Joan have been the big hit of today if she had entered pictures as a

lady? Hey-hey publicity made her name a byword with thousands. Dancing cups, broken engagements. True, she is the dignified Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., now, but when you see her typifying the younger generation on the screen, you know she has *lived* what she is portraying.

Garbo? When you see her moving mysteriously, sinuously across the screen you know she's as mysterious in person as she is in her shadow.

Shearer! You know she struggled and fought and trained herself with heartaches to become the svelte wife-of-a-producer.

Bennett. Ah, Constance! Champagne and caviar. She's tasted them in life; she represents them to you from experience.

Velez! When she vamps a man you know she's vamped such names as Tom Mix, Al Jolson, Gary Cooper.

Swanson. When Gloria discards a husband you know she's discarded three in real life and must know her business.

But Hyams? I told her I couldn't write a story about her.

LEILA puckered her nose in a half-cry and a half-giggle. "Three months ago, they rushed me to the hospital at five o'clock in the morning to remove my appendix. Three days later, my husband said, 'There hasn't been a word in the papers.' I couldn't understand it. The papers always make so much of actresses' appendixes. Here, I should have had a real break!"

"A few moments later the doctor came in and said, 'The newspaper boys called and insisted you were in the hospital. I insisted I didn't know a thing about it. You've overworked for two years; you've had no rest. I knew you wouldn't want to be disturbed—I didn't say anything; I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world. But I'd even lost the break due me on my appendix!'"

So now you see why I cannot write a story about Leila Hyams.

But I Can Unmask Jean Harlow

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

She raised that determined little chin in the same independent way she had so recently raised it to her horror-stricken grandfather when she said: "You made your own money. Now, I am going to make mine. I am going back into pictures." Grandpa took her at her word. She is still disinherited!

SHE set out to be a vamp as she had set out to be an actress. Hollywood had paid no attention to her glorious cream and white complexion; her sweet eyes; that lurking ingénue expression.

But when Hollywood saw her figure—All right! It should see her figure.

I met Jean Harlow shortly after that decision. It was at a five o'clock cocktail party. Most of the women, even our most famous actresses, were in sport clothes or semi-tailored street things. Jean arrived in black satin. Sleeky, form-clinging, exposing black satin.

It was cut to—well, the same point it was cut in "Hell's Angels."

She removed her come-hither hat because her startling white hair was even more come-hitherish. Within five seconds after she entered that room every man had gravitated to the Jean Harlow corner. Nor did they leave; Jean saw to that. She was acting—just as she had acted in "Hell's Angels." She'd show them.

The women gathered in another corner—gathered to whisper about Jean Harlow. You can guess what they said. You know women. And more than one of them had a husband fighting for air in that other corner!

Now, personally, I didn't see Jean do a thing or hear her say a word which was the least bit unladylike at that party. I did feel she was dressed more for Monte Carlo than Hollywood, where people come to afternoon affairs directly from the sets—in business attire. But she had explained that by saying she was going on to an evening affair and had to dress for both simultaneously. Whether this was the truth or an excuse for the sake of the women I didn't know, but I gave her credit for the good taste which prompted her to make some explanation.

No, I didn't see anything out of the way myself, but I heard stories about that party for weeks thereafter. Stories of how Jean Harlow acted; how she vamped husbands. The hostess was very busy for three months after it happened telling Hollywood how ashamed she had been of Jean Harlow at that party.

JEAN went home dead tired and slipped into her pajamas. She was a success; at least her foot had found its spot on the magic rug.

But Jean reckoned without knowledge of the terrible ogre which haunts all Hollywood celebrities. That old devil, gossip.

She was living up to what she thought Hollywood expected of her. Hollywood began living up to what it thought Jean expected of them.

Her picture appeared in a Los Angeles paper. It was black-captioned "Sex-quisite." She went to New York. On the train she received a wire to return for retakes on "The

Secret Six." She was in New York exactly one night. But Walter Winchell said in his column that she was being seen and taken around (as though it were night after night) with the "big, little producer with the bow tie." George White had been on the same train. They were seen out that one night together.

JIMMY WALKER was at Palm Springs at the same time that Jean and her mother and father were among those present. The first night a group of fifteen gossiped in the huge drawing-room of the hotel. Jimmy did rather single out Jean. You couldn't blame him. But they were not alone for a moment and he did talk to many other women.

The next evening was identically the same. She did not see him alone once during the two days. The morning after the second evening in the public drawing-room she was awakened at six A. M. "This is Jimmy Walker speaking."

"Why are you calling me at this hour?"

"I just wanted to warn you we are in the headlines in New York this morning."

Jean and her family left Palm Springs in a hurry.

Jean and her mother and father went to Agua Caliente for a few days. They had a suite. One morning as she was leaving the Casino, she ran into Hal Roach and Leo McCarey. "I swear we didn't stand and chat over three moments. It was the only time I saw them down there."

A syndicate writer printed a story that Jean and Mr. Roach were at Agua Caliente together and *fireside trouble was pending in the Roach home.*

Jean is naturally a democratic youngster. She almost makes a fetish of it. On the set, she chats with prop boys, electricians, cameramen, grips, assistant directors, stars and directors alike. No snobbish lines for her. As Joan Crawford did when she began in this business. You remember how Joan gave her picture to a musician, and his wife sued, naming her as corespondent? As I remember it, Joan learned his name for the first time because of the suit! Well, Jean went to work on a certain picture. Only a few days later rumor went out, "Vamp Jean Harlow is after her cameraman hook, line and sinker." Jean had never seen him off the set!

WE could go on with enough examples to fill all of our pages. A twenty-year-old youngster has become, in the public mind, one of the most blasé seducers of the film colony.

I believed it myself until I had been in her home enough times to be convinced against the seeming truth of all the published stories and word-of-mouth information.

Jean Harlow is exactly like numerous other young girls who have always been blessed—or cursed—with too much spending money. She went to half a dozen of America's private schools. She was mischievous, restless, the epitome of the modern girl who thinks it is

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THOUGH blessed with the lineaments of a goddess—though gowned by Lanvin, and hatted by Agnes—a woman may yet fail in attractiveness because of the poisons that collect in the system. For attractiveness, that elusive quality, depends most of all on *internal cleanliness.*

When poisons cloud the skin, dull the eyes, drag down the spirits, kill charm—all the beauty treatments in the world cannot correct the damage they do!

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SAL HEPATICA



Ona Munson (what a pretty girl!) presents her two Chihuahua pups. Names not given, but we suggest "Love 'em" and "Leave 'em." Incidentally, Ernst Lubitsch was recently noted shopping Hollywood Boulevard for a diamond ring. Now listen for the wedding bells for Ernst and Ona. They have been keeping company for months

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**Woman Loses 15½ pounds
in 2 Weeks!**

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ZIPepilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
(Formerly \$5.00) Now in a new \$1.00 size package

Permanently Destroys Hair

life to remonstrate at the restraints put upon her. Jean remonstrated so vehemently that she married, at sixteen, Charles Freemont McGrew, Second, a youth with a lot of money and modern ideas of freedom. She divorced him last January. It was a kid marriage.

Jean was restless. She had the blood of her grandfather in her.

He wanted to do big things—make a lot of money.

He did it by buying lands and selling them at a profit. She refused to knuckle down to living on his money as he had refused to knuckle to living on someone else's money before her.

But she's not a vamp by nature. Because of her beauty and allure she attracts men unconsciously.

NOW, she seldom goes out without both her mother and father with her. She is home by midnight. She goes to few Hollywood parties. The other day two boys she has known for years dropped into Hollywood from Chicago. They wanted her to join a dancing party.

"We went to Coconut Grove. There wasn't even a catsup bottle on or under that table and yet I heard that I fell down on the floor I was so drunk. I hate Hollywood. I suppose

it sounds like biting the hand that feeds you. But I mean, I hate it because I just can't be myself—they won't let me."

I don't suppose I can convince you and maybe it wouldn't be good for Jean if I did. Perhaps she'll get further as the "sex-vulture." That's her own expression. Hollywood has got her scared to death. She's at the point, now, where she's even scared of men whom she has known for ages.

AS for her pictures. "In 'Platinum Blonde' (her new Columbia picture), I don't wear a dress cut beneath the throat line. I had a terrible fight with Warner Bros. over 'The Public Enemy,' and they'll probably never let me make another picture for them. I won't be a vamp on the screen again. You can't guess the pictures I've turned down because the moment I'm signed they change the script to undress me—

"I've decided I'm going to be an actress, not a professional sex-vulture. If I don't, I'll get a job as a clothes model."

Will she succeed? It's an interesting problem—one of the most interesting in Hollywood today. Once stamped as a type it's hard to break away. And there's always her figure—but somehow, I'm betting she'll live down that figure.



She inherits a great part, this pretty little Dorothy Dix. Dorothy is to play Vee in the new series of "Torchy" comedies for Educational. When the original series was made in silent form some years back, such current stars as Dorothy Mackaill, Clara Bow, Jacqueline Logan, Norma Shearer and Billie Dove played in the "Torchies." How about a little stardom for Dotty Dix?

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

THE DREYFUS CASE—Columbia

THIS account of the famous Dreyfus and Emile Zola rumpus (go on—brush up on your history as we did) is done with precision and accuracy (Dreyfus supervised it) but without much warmth. Taking place mostly in the French courts, it will appeal to people who like that sort of heavy film fare. Splendidly acted. Made in England with a British cast.

HEAVEN ON EARTH—Universal

IF you're a Lew Ayres fan you'll probably like this, but Lew is about the only reason for seeing it. The hatred between the shanty-boaters and the steam-boaters on the Mississippi is the theme of the picture. There is one thrilling scene, however, when the shanty-boaters are set adrift. 1931 Baby Star Anita Louise is splendid, but they should not have given her that Southern accent to do.

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP—Columbia

THE same old plot, that of the two-pals-and-one-wife, and it's a shame to waste Richard Cromwell, one of the few youngsters with real talent, on such hokum. In this he and Jack Holt are deep-sea divers. The storm and underwater scenes are thrilling and the dance hall is a nice piece of realism.

THE MYSTERY TRAIN— Darmour Prod.

A MYSTERY melodrama of the old school, with enough sure-fire hokum and suspense to satisfy both kiddies and grown-ups. Marceline Day and Nick Stuart carry the love interest, while Hedda Hopper and Bryant Washburn keep you guessing about the "mystery." Al Cooke does well with the comedy.

THE WHITE DEVIL—UFA

THE Russians are at it again—fighting seriously, loving seriously and suffering seriously in those big fur hats. This movie, made in Germany with English dialogue, is about a Caucasian leader who rescues an innocent dancer from the Czar and gets killed for his trouble. But some of the shots are magnificent. Lil Dagover, over here now, is beautiful, and it's quite impressive.

SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?— Regal Prod.

A DREARY story about a doctor torn between his duty as a medico to keep silent and his duty toward his son to tell a consulting-room secret. Spoken in the most Oxfordian British, it is still pretty monotonous stuff. The cast is all English. You wouldn't know them.

THE PARISIAN—Capital Prod.

A DOLPHE MENJOU and Elissa Landi made this one in England. And it goes to show that the gals get their glamour after they hit Hollywood. At least you would never believe Elissa could turn out to be the sloe-eyed mystic. Menjou is his usual suave self either at home or abroad, but the story (peppy lad tries to make father a business man) is twaddle.

THE OLD SONG (DAS ALTE LIED)— Kreutzburg Prod.

THEY have Cinderellas in Austria, too. And they also have wicked vamps. This yarn, with German dialogue, is about a young baron who falls in love with a Viennese shopgirl. But it's interesting, mostly because of Lil Dagover, the glamorous, langourous menace, who is making pictures in Hollywood this very minute.

A STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG (EIN BURSCHENLIED AUS HEIDELBERG)—UFA

WHETHER or not you understand German this is a grand picture, with rollicking students, rollicking tunes and rollicking acting. The extras are all real Heidelberg boys and the cameras did their grinding on the old Heidelberg campus, or whatever they call it over there. There's a story, with very good actors, but the scenery and the songs are what make it worthwhile.

WOMEN MEN MARRY— Headline Prod.

THIS is a melodrama that finishes as a comedy without intending to do so. It relates the experiences of two married couples in New York. These rôles are played by Natalie Moorehead, Kenneth Harlan as her husband, and Randolph Scott as Sally Blane's. The story is obvious, but players do their best and a good time is had by all.

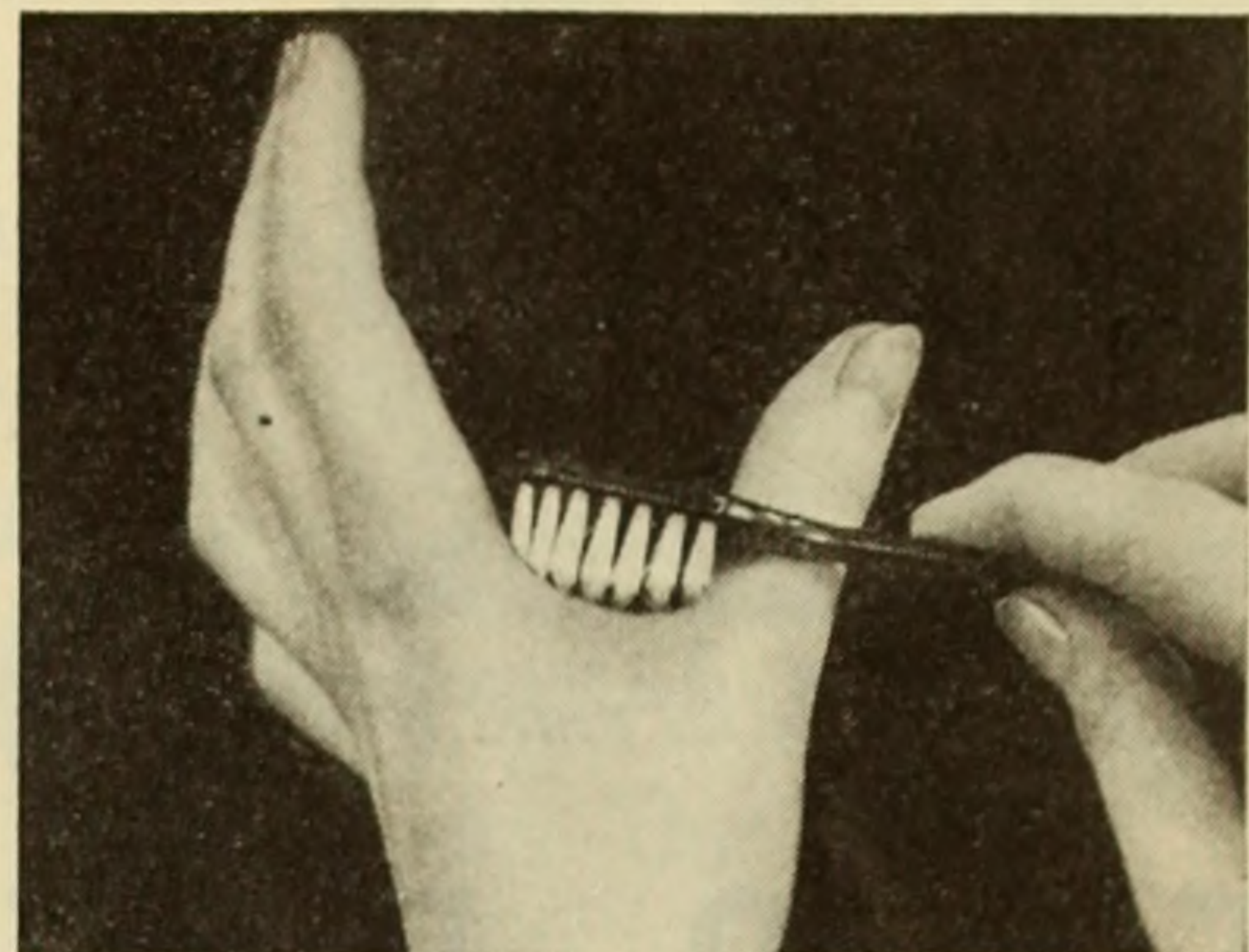
THE SEA GHOST—Imperial Prod.

LAURA LA PLANTE is too fine an actress and too lovely to look at to play in such an old-fashioned melodrama as this. It's a complicated story about a naval officer who is sent to find a will at the bottom of the ocean.

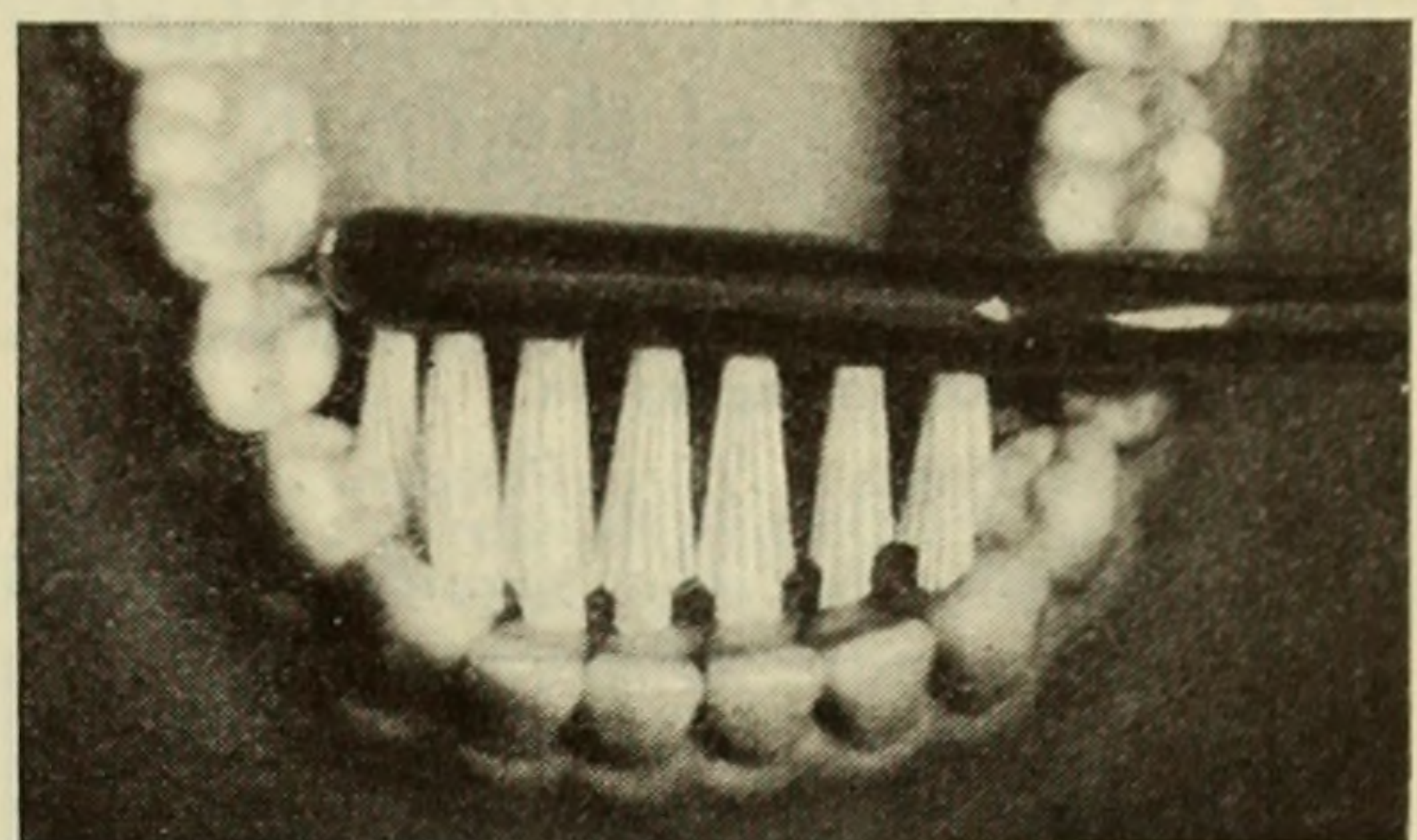
PAGAN LADY—Columbia

THE Sadie Thompson theme is given a new dress in this briskly moving melodrama of Cuba, bootleggers and reformers. Evelyn Brent starts out as a barmaid but is taken in tow by the two-fisted Charles Bickford, head of a bootlegging gang. In the end they both reform, and the story leaves you with a laugh. William Farnum, Conrad Nagel and Roland Young are other good actors in the cast.

BETTER SHAPE



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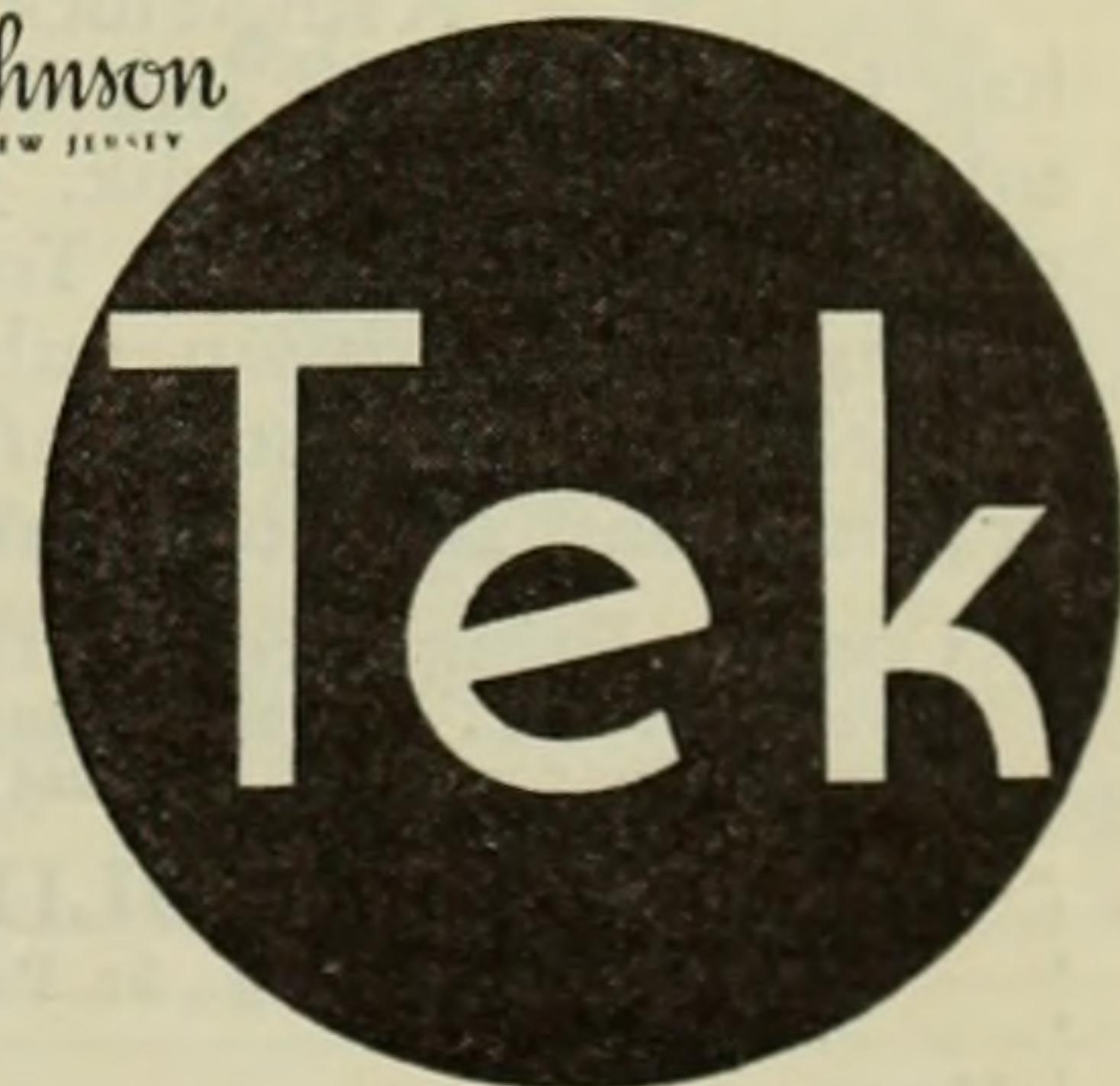


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The Unknown Hollywood I Know

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]



● Evalyn Knapp, Warner Bros. Picture Star, one of the Fairest of the Fair.

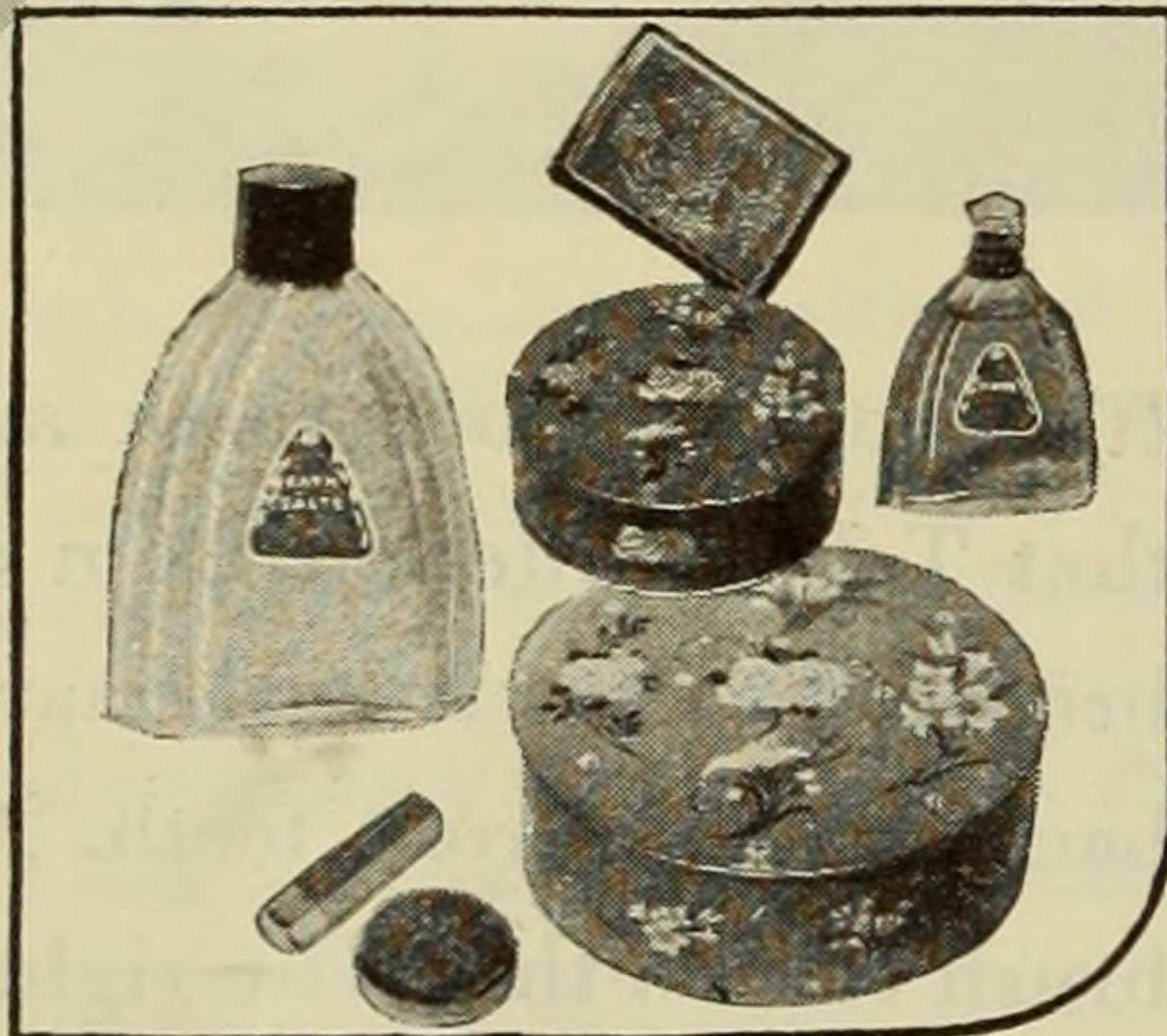
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Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

or now or fifty years from now. Nazimova, like Bernhardt, had that knack of never dating her clothes.

But on the set—ah, she was different. Oh, mind you, no one was allowed to watch her. She had her sets enclosed in black flats, but we kids used to dig holes in the flats and, like boys at the knot holes of a baseball fence, watch her. I shall never forget her coming down the stairs in a scene from "Camille," lithe and radiant, that strange neurotic little face contorted into what we thought then was great emotional acting.

Her leading man was a young fellow just getting a few good breaks. Rudolph Valentino was the name.

THE most beloved person on the lot was May Allison. Her disposition was as beautiful as her face. Everyone from the office boy to the greatest star loved her and knew that she had something more than beauty—charm and intelligence.

I have often regretted that May retired before the talking picture came in. She has one of the loveliest speaking voices I have ever listened to.

The picture in which I was playing was "The Saphead," adapted from Winchell Smith's "The New Henrietta," and in it was the dean of American actors, the late William H. Crane; Buster Keaton (whose first feature length picture it was), Odette Tyler (a contemporary of Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore) and Irving Cummings (now a famous director).

The first day I had to rush into the midst of a wedding with "the poipers," a group of letters that would, when read (and they were read in that good old melodrama) prove the suave villain really a villain. Just before I went on to do the scene the prop boy handed me the letters I was to carry. To hide my nervousness I ran through them. They were old fan letters addressed to Harold Lockwood, who had been

dead for months. It gave me a strange, ghoulish feeling. I don't remember what I did the first rehearsal.

William H. Crane was really the star of "The Saphead," but before it was finished dead-pan Keaton had tucked it under his arm and walked away with it. Buster was an earnest young man in those days, trying very hard to make a go of what he thought his one big chance. He took his gags very seriously and worked them out with precision. He was a different person on Wednesday night at the old Sunset Inn.

Pardon me while I brush away a tear for Sunset Inn. It was the gayest, most sparkling of places where you drank your liquor straight and danced as you saw fit. It stands deserted now, looking over the Pacific, reminiscing, perhaps, upon the glory that it once had. Other vivid amusement spots were the Vernon Country Club, the Ship Cafe, Nat Goodwin's place and a few others, now all deserted.

A gay and lusty crew sped to Sunset Inn every Wednesday night. Fatty Arbuckle (this was, of course, before the tragedy for which he has paid so dearly), Vi Dana, Shirley Mason, Alice Lake, Buster—oh, what swell times they had. Good talk, good liquor, and dancing. I sometimes wonder, when I look over those smart and studiously gowned, well-groomed, soft-voiced stars at the Embassy Club and the Mayfair, if they are having the fun we used to have at Sunset. I'll take a few small bets.

THURSDAY night was the dance at the "hotel." You didn't need to ask what hotel. You meant that charming old Hollywood Hotel that rambles, rather dejectedly now, over a square block of valuable Hollywood real estate. The dances were open to all—no admission. Just being a resident of the little town admitted you. Such a thing could not happen today. The stars must have their own private clubs to avoid curiosity seekers.



Nazimova was queen of the Metro lot and, boy, oh boy, did she emote! Here she is in "Camille." Her leading man was a comparatively unknown actor. The name was Rudolph Valentino

But then nobody cared much for picture people.

The younger crowd came to those dances and it was at one of them that a good looking boy first saw a tall, disjointed girl with slim dangling hands—and loved her.

A few months later Tom Gallery and ZaSu Pitts were married.

One evening my mother and I went to the Hollywood Community Theater to see a pantomime in which a friend of mine, Starke Patteson, was playing. It was called "The Spanish Fandango." The theater, a sweet little vine-covered building on Ivor Street (on the site of which one of the swankiest and ritziest of Hollywood apartments now stands) seemed expectant that night. Only a scant hundred people could be seated there, but that night something was in the atmosphere.

The curtain rose. The leading man, dressed in a gay Spanish costume, appeared. The small audience gasped. He was, without doubt, the most beautiful male thing we had any of us ever seen. He had grace, charm, beauty, talent and—you could rather feel it from over those improvised footlights—courage. The curtain went down upon a hushed group. I've never seen anything as lovely as his performance.

MY mother and I hurried out onto the little porch to find Starke Patteson and to say, "Who is that beautiful boy?"

We were not the only ones who had asked the question. Directly behind us a young man was saying, "Who is that boy?" And he was answered, "He's made one picture for Ferdinand Pinney Earle, 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.' And he's teaching music now."

"I want to see him," said the young man. It was, of course, Rex Ingram who had asked, and the beautiful princeling of "The Spanish Fandango" was Ramon Novarro.

Although Rex Ingram re-discovered him, it was Ferdinand Pinney Earle (you know him as "Affinity Earle" through the front pages of the newspapers and, incidentally, he is as mild a man as you'd meet anywhere and not at all the gay *Don Juan* he's been pictured) who first brought Ramon to the screen. The film was released five years after it was made as "The Lover's Oath."

Beautiful Kathleen Key, in those days clear-eyed and Madonna-like, who was recently embroiled in an ugly scandal with Buster Keaton, played the lead. It was one of the most idyllic films ever made. Too lovely for the box-office, at least in those days.

After that night at the theater Ramon worked for Rex Ingram. I remember that the Community Theater wanted to repeat "The Spanish Fandango," but Ramon couldn't because he had grown a Van Dyke beard for his rôle of *Rupert of Hentzau* in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

I COULD weep for the old Hollywood. We loved each other more in those days, we were better friends. There was so little politics and throat-cutting. There was no bustle, no hubbub. Each person did his job and that was that. It was all lazy and, somehow, very sweet.

Don't think me as sentimental as I really am. Oh, I'm thrilled by the mad parade that is Hollywood today and I realize that its crass exhibitionism and bold ballyhoo is an interesting American cacophony, but I cannot help but feel sad when I think of the passing of that old and very lovely town.

Next month I'll take you with me into the strange underworld of Hollywood and show you some of the pitfalls ready for a girl trying to break into pictures in those days. I'm approached by a blackmailer and find out about the fly-by-night quickie companies. I decide to give up acting permanently and begin my so-called literary career which gives me contact with more and more stars.

20th Prize

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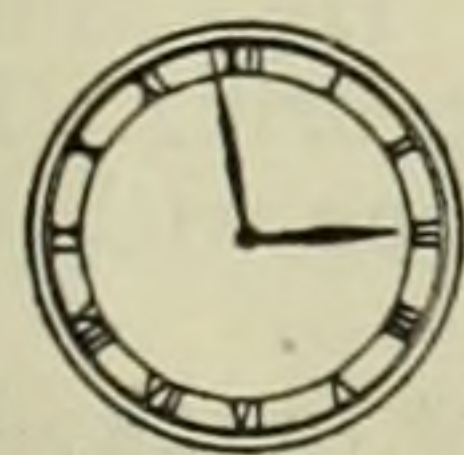
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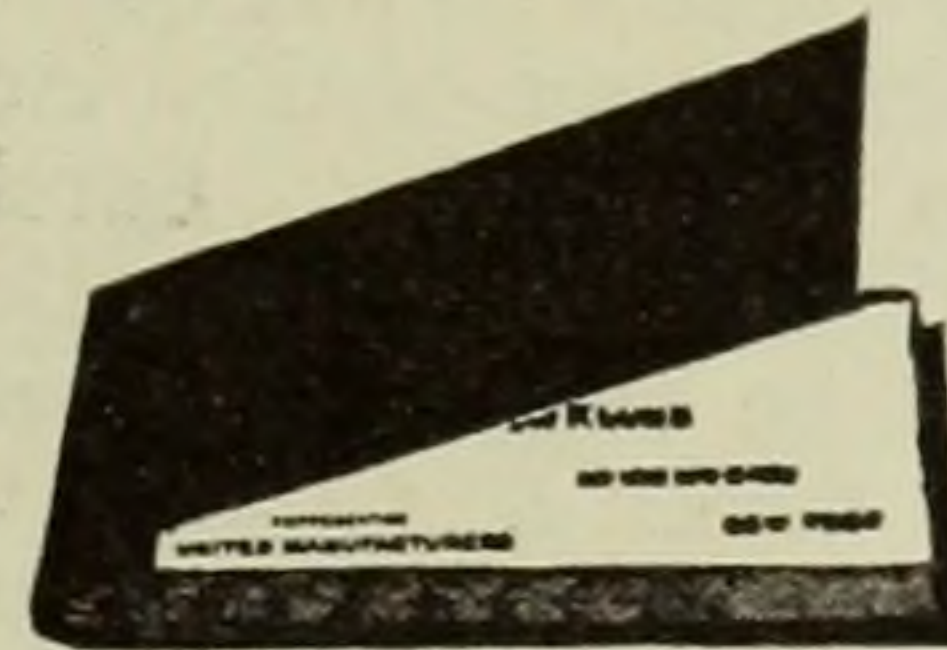
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Jimmie Hates Sandwiches

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

home-cooking unless mother needs a rest from cooking it for me.

"No! Life is a matter of compensations. You make money easily, you lose it more easily. You have success quickly; you lose it more quickly. I have lived high; I have starved. I have learned to appreciate an honest, sane existence. I hope for success out here but I have six months to save money so if my contract isn't taken up next time, I'll have a nest egg and not have to worry. This is just a good job to me and I'm not going to forget it.

"I am not going to believe what my press-agent writes about me.

"No matter what he says, I know it's all a matter of work and getting back exactly what you put into it!"

OF course he's sophisticated! So sophisticated that he's naïve when it's necessary. He uses naïveness as many wary men before him have used it.

When Hollywood folks heard that "Bad Girl" was breaking all Roxy Theater records in New York City and that James Dunn was heralded as the latest *Charles Farrell* screen possibility—it sat back on its collective haunches and chorused, "Who is this James Dunn person?" And when the word came that he was to be the next Charlie Farrell, that he was the new team-partner of Janet Gaynor—well, we can't blame Hollywood for wanting to know, can we?

Especially, we cannot blame the Hollywood girls! They are all a-twitter and a-chirp about this lad who has slipped so quietly into their midst and taken such a big place in such a brief period of time. In fact, to be a bit commonplace, the girls are after this new lad hook, line and sinker. The only trouble is: To date they don't know what bait to use!

James Dunn looks like the kind who would snap at the first bait thrown him. He's so unassuming and so sort of naïve appearing. He lives in a demure little house, alone with his mother.

He doesn't go out much—except to take his mother to some-of-the-places-which-she-should-see in the evening. Surely, he would snap at a really thrilling invitation.

But he didn't! He just thanked the hostesses sweetly, naïvely and gratefully and reckoned he'd better stay home with his mother. She would be lonesome. Which might have been bashfulness, but again—might it not have been wisdom? Perhaps he had watched other fish get caught in an equally guileless fashion.

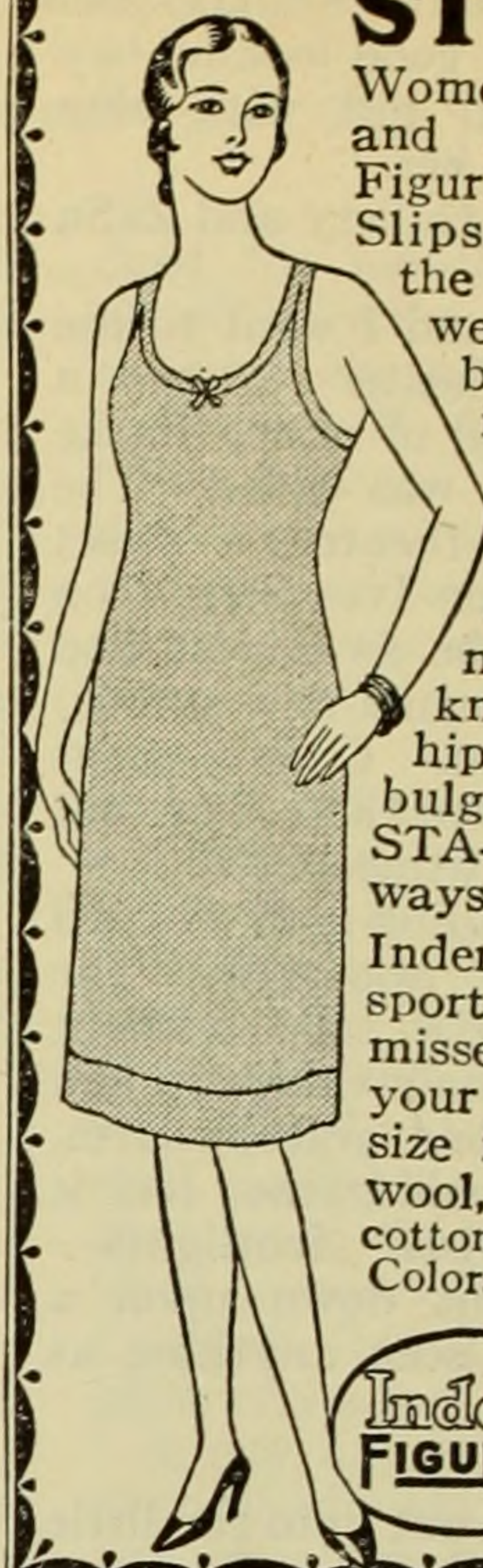
They delved further into his record. He looked about twenty-two. He was twenty-six! Still, that didn't prove anything. Life might have passed him by even until the thirties.

HE has never been out of love—not for any long period. In love now? Of course he is—with a non-professional girl in New York City. Long distance love is the cheapest! And James Dunn has been too busy getting his feet on financial *terra firma* to try anything in the short-wave length area.

He's been here six months—his second six-month option has been taken up by the Fox Company as this is written. He admits that he is just beginning to breathe freely without wondering whether there'll be another three days in his life when he will be forced to go on a sandwich diet.

P. S.—The Hollywood gossip has started in. One newspaper movie columnist says he was seen at lunch with Sally O'Neil. See story about Sally elsewhere in this issue. Perhaps they were just comparing notes on tough times.

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Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

a striking evening coiffure in "The Guardsman." It is typical of the Empress Eugenie period which is influencing the new hats and mode in general. Miss Fontanne has long, luxurious dark hair which she parts in the middle, waves close to her face, pulls away from the ears enough to show the tips, and knots in an unusually large knot at the nape of the neck. The jeweled comb and the long court earrings emphasize the period influence.

Jeweled ornaments in the hair for evening are becoming more and more important.

A VERY simple but charming hairdress for the long haired young girl is that of Lita Chevet's. The hair is waved back and down over the ears to be caught in a knot which follows the downward sweep of the neckline.

You must not overlook the fact that a well groomed head requires more than skilful dressing. The care of the hair is exceedingly important. Dry scalp, oily, stringy wisps of hair, and a dull, lifeless look can never be covered up by the cleverest arranging.

To have glossy, healthy looking hair you have to allot a good bit of time every week to its care. First of all, keep your hair clean. A good shampoo once a week or at least once every two weeks, is essential. Brush your hair every night.

Massage your scalp with the fingertips so a good stimulation is promoted.

Watch your diet! Yes, it is true, healthy hair reflects a healthy condition of the body which in turn is dependent on the right foods. Starches, fats and oils in excess are more than likely to cause an oily condition of the scalp.

MARIE:

The daily use of a mild astringent will help reduce your pores. Apply it after you have cleansed your face. Avoid using water that is too hot. The large pores may have been aggravated during the Summer because of excessive perspiration. However, a good face powder will not encourage them. Be sure your skin is thoroughly dry when applying it. If you will send me your full address on a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will send my leaflet on the prevention and cure of blackheads.

LOUISE:

You must make a definite effort to overcome this nervous condition you mention. You are the only one who can do it.

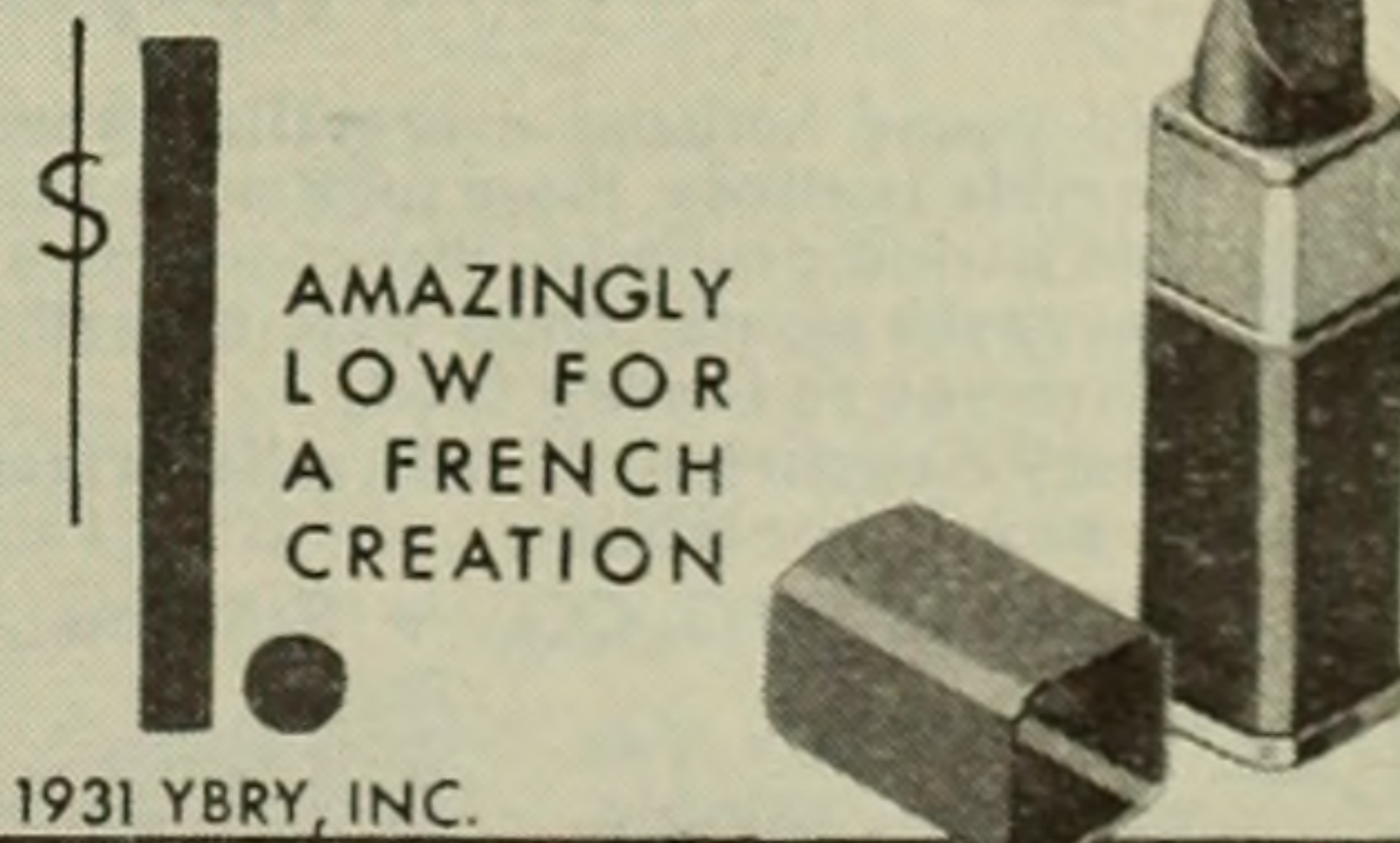
Learn to relax first of all. Before you start to do anything, slow yourself down to an even tempo. Get as much rest as you can, especially after meals. Try a simple routine existence for about a month.



Seymour says that even jewelry is delving into past periods for inspiration in design. This white necklace of Karen Morley's just reeks of your grandmother's old jewelry box. Nice with your black outfit, too, Karen

Sophisticated!
Then, of course, you need Ybry—the lipstick permanent that makes indifferent lips different! Ybry never betrays you—or the one who finds your lips adorable... 5 flattering shades. Scented with "world's costliest parfum."

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Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

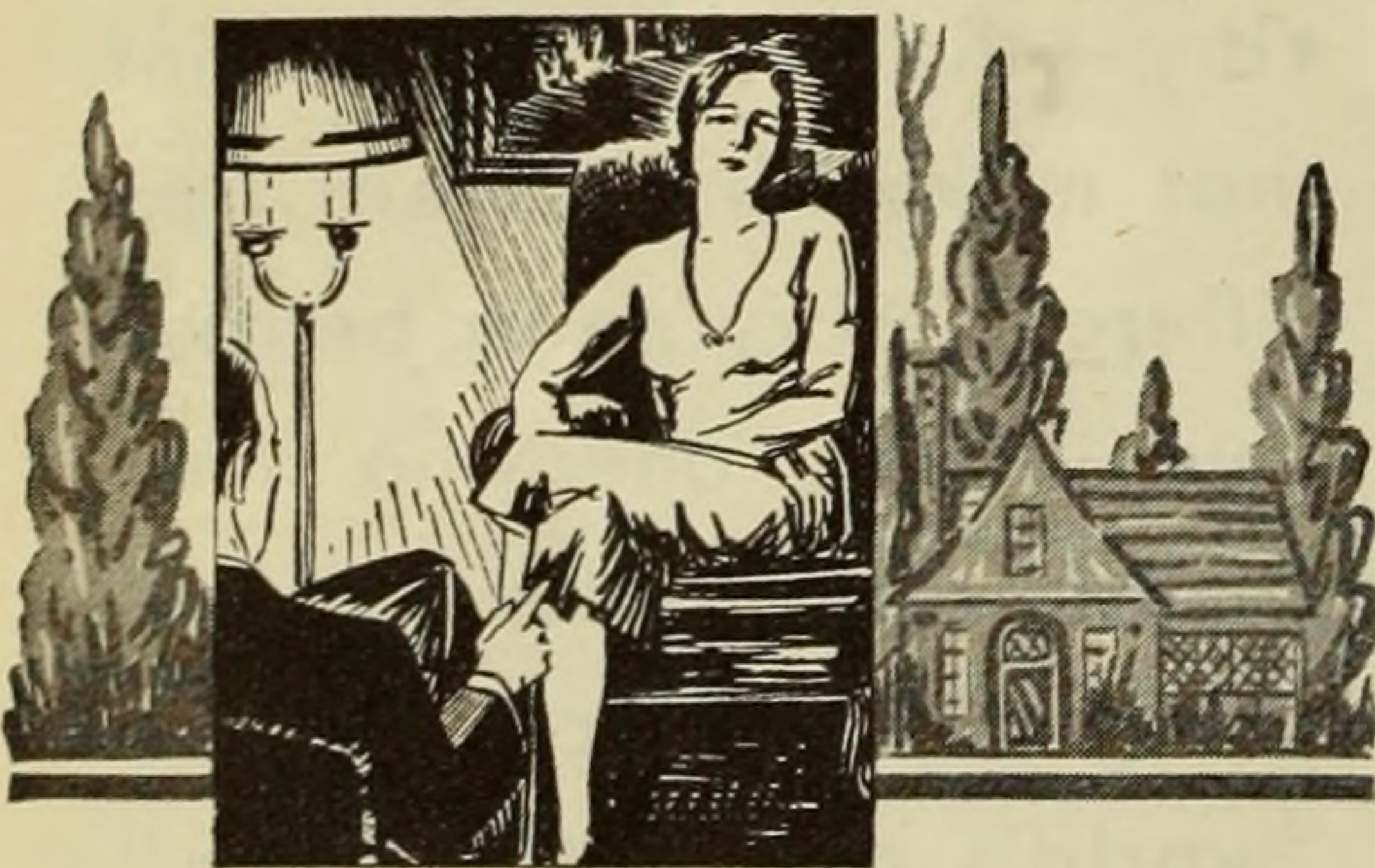
The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really beautifies—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it! Does more than merely cleanse. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance; that exquisite softness of tone that everyone admires! Millions use regularly! You'll like it! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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Absorb all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin fleck off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

JEAN:

Your hair is naturally more brunette than blonde and that is why it remains light for only a few days after the shampoo. If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I shall be glad to send you my complexion leaflet.

ANNA:

An excellent exercise for improving the line of the legs and hips is as follows:

First, stand straight, head up, chest high, shoulders back, abdomen flat, feet together and hands on hips. With your right leg supporting the weight of the body, swing the left leg forward and backward like the pendulum of a clock, going as far as possible forward and backward, holding the left leg lightly so that it can swing easily. Do this about a dozen times and repeat with the other foot, weight on the left leg, swinging the right.

The following shades should be becoming

to your blue-eyed, blonde-haired type: Yellow to blend with the tone of your hair, pink and rose, most soft shades of pale green as well as deeper greens, pale and deep clear blues, black of high lustre, white, gray, bronze and nut browns.

YVETTE C.:

It is difficult to reduce the bust, but exercise is helpful. The following exercises are beneficial.

Raise the arms straight in front of you to the height of your shoulders, palms inward. With a vigorous motion, throw them apart as far as you can. Lower them to your sides for a moment. Repeat ten times.

Stretch the right arm straight down the thigh. Swing the arm to the right and up, then down, describing a complete circle in front of you. Repeat with the left arm. Follow this by describing circles with both arms.

Big Shot

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

amateur to be coming into a picture cold?" No, Reynolds wasn't making any passes. "Maybe she'd be great if she'd been playing, say six months. Maybe, if I can perform a miracle, she will be anyway."

"Hal," Sam told him solemnly, "she will. If I didn't know you were a miracle man, I'd never given you the picture to do."

From a drawer in his desk, Sam took a well-thumbed sheaf of "stills" of Margaret Sperry taken in the shooting of the picture. This photograph, he thought, looked like she did the night of his dinner party. It had occurred to him that it might be well to give her an idea of the social side of Hollywood, so he had given a little dinner party for her in his Aladdin's palace. Reynolds and Mrs. Reynolds were there.

TOGETHER they had leaned on the railing and gazed at the stars above the vague purple hills; at the jeweled snakes that were Wilshire and Sunset and Santa Monica Boulevards; at the varicolored signs glowing like flowers of fire in the blue-black night.

"It's beautiful. Oh, it is beautiful!" she sighed.

"Yeh," Sam agreed. "Nice place, Hollywood. The pictures made it. And they'll make you, Miss Sperry. In a couple of years you can build a place like this."

"Like this? Oh, no."

"What's the matter with it? It cost me nearly a million."

"Oh, it isn't that. It's a palace. Like Aladdin's in 'The Arabian Nights.' But it's so big. I'd be lost in it. And lonesome. Mr. Alwein, I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed in me. I'm not at all suited for pictures. I can't act. I don't care about it. And I think you are paying me too much money. I'm saving all of it because I think I'll fail and if I do, I am going to return it."

She laughed softly. "Honestly, even if I were a great actress, I can't imagine being worth the salary you're paying me. I can't imagine anybody being worth it."

Sam had to grab the railing to keep from falling. Could you imagine anybody in pictures saving their salary so they could return it if their stuff didn't go over? It was one for the book.

"What do you want me to do, Miss Sperry?" he asked her, curiously.

"Oh, I don't know. I've never thought much about it. I'm afraid I'd like to do just nothing. I think I'd like to have a nice little home with some roses around it. It would have to have a big kitchen, because I like to cook. It would be near the water because I like to swim and, oh, I don't know, just a nice place to live and be contented."

"Alone?"

She looked at him and then away.

"Why, no," she said, "not alone. I suppose every woman dreams of a man—somebody to—"

"Haven't you ever found anybody?"

"No," she said, firmly and hastily. "And I'm not looking for anybody. All this is away off somewhere in the future."

He stood beside her, silent, trying to understand a lot of things she had said and a lot more things that were making him feel the way he did at that moment.

He knew that he was just like a moving picture audience and the way he was feeling just then made him realize what she would do to those same audiences when she appeared on the screen.

"Listen," he said at last, "you like swimmin'. Come on and I'll show you my pool. It's the biggest private plunge in southern California."

And that night, after she and the other guests had gone, he realized for the first time that his palace was a little too big. And also that it was a lonesome pile in which to live alone.

Next day a buzzer rang on his desk and he piled the sheaf of photographs into the drawer and pressed down the lever.

"Yeh," he said.

"Mr. Reynolds is waiting for you in your projection room, Mr. Alwein, with the rushes."

THEY were terrible!

Seven thousand feet of Margaret Sperry, or an animated cartoon of Margaret Sperry, speaking in a raucous voice; making wooden love to another woman's husband; confronting the wronged wife; giving up the man she was supposed to love; making preparations to kill herself, with all the despair of a woman in front of a bargain counter.

They couldn't take away her beauty. That dominated every scene. But the other things made it ridiculous.

Her gestures were those of a mannequin. You could almost see the dangling strings above her.

Her voice blared. And you couldn't understand her. Why, audiences would laugh themselves to death!

Silence held for nearly five minutes after the lights went up, and you could have cut it—with an ice pick. Sam stared at the bare white metal screen. Reynolds looked at him, grinning crookedly.

"Well?" he said at last.

"Well," Sam admitted, "it ain't so hot, is it?"

"Hot? It's lousy! What are you going to do about it?"

"Why," Sam said, surprised, "go on makin' it. We'll release it as a program picture."

"Not with me directing," Reynolds flatly declared. "Listen, Sam. That girl is a peach. She's the grandest little trouper I ever worked with. And, believe me, I worked with her. Hours and hours and hours. She freezes up soon as the lights go on and the cameras start to grind. Crawls into her shell and pulls it in after her. You've just seen her. She can't act. She knows she can't act. And she don't want to act! I can't throw my reputation away on a picture like this is going to be. I'm through!"

"ALL right, Mr. Reynolds," Sam snapped, and his face was the imperturbable mask of the Big Shot. "But I say she's goin' to act. So she's goin' to act. Your resignation is accepted. And you can count on me for the best references."

Back in his office, Sam took out the photographs again and looked them over carefully. Where did that subtle something disappear to in the moving pictures—that something so apparent in the still photographs and that made her real self walk in loveliness? It *must* be Reynolds' fault. And he was such a swell director, too. He hated to lose him. But he was going to put that girl over if— The buzzer rang.

"Yeh," he said.

"Miss Sperry is here, Mr. Alwein. She says she must see you immediately."

"Show her in," he said, dusting the photographs back into the drawer.

She was dressed for the street, in something blue which brought out the violet of her eyes and the red gold of her thick, lustrous hair. When his eyes had fiercely drunk her in, he knew that hers was the image which had kept

him awake and restless and dissatisfied in his palace in Beverly Hills.

Suddenly, he knew he loved her, just as he knew she had heard of Reynolds' resignation and was bringing back her unearned salary as she said she would.

He held up his hand.

"I know what you're going to say, Miss Sperry," he said. "But don't say it. When I saw your picture on the screen, I thought you were the most beautiful woman in the world. I still think so. I thought I wanted to make you a great actress. I just found out different. I don't care whether you ever act. Only don't go away. If you stick around Hollywood a little while, we'll build that little place with the roses around it. And meanwhile we could live out at my place. I'd—"

"Are you proposing to me—Sam?" she asked softly.

"Yeh," he admitted. "I know it's kinda sudden but—"

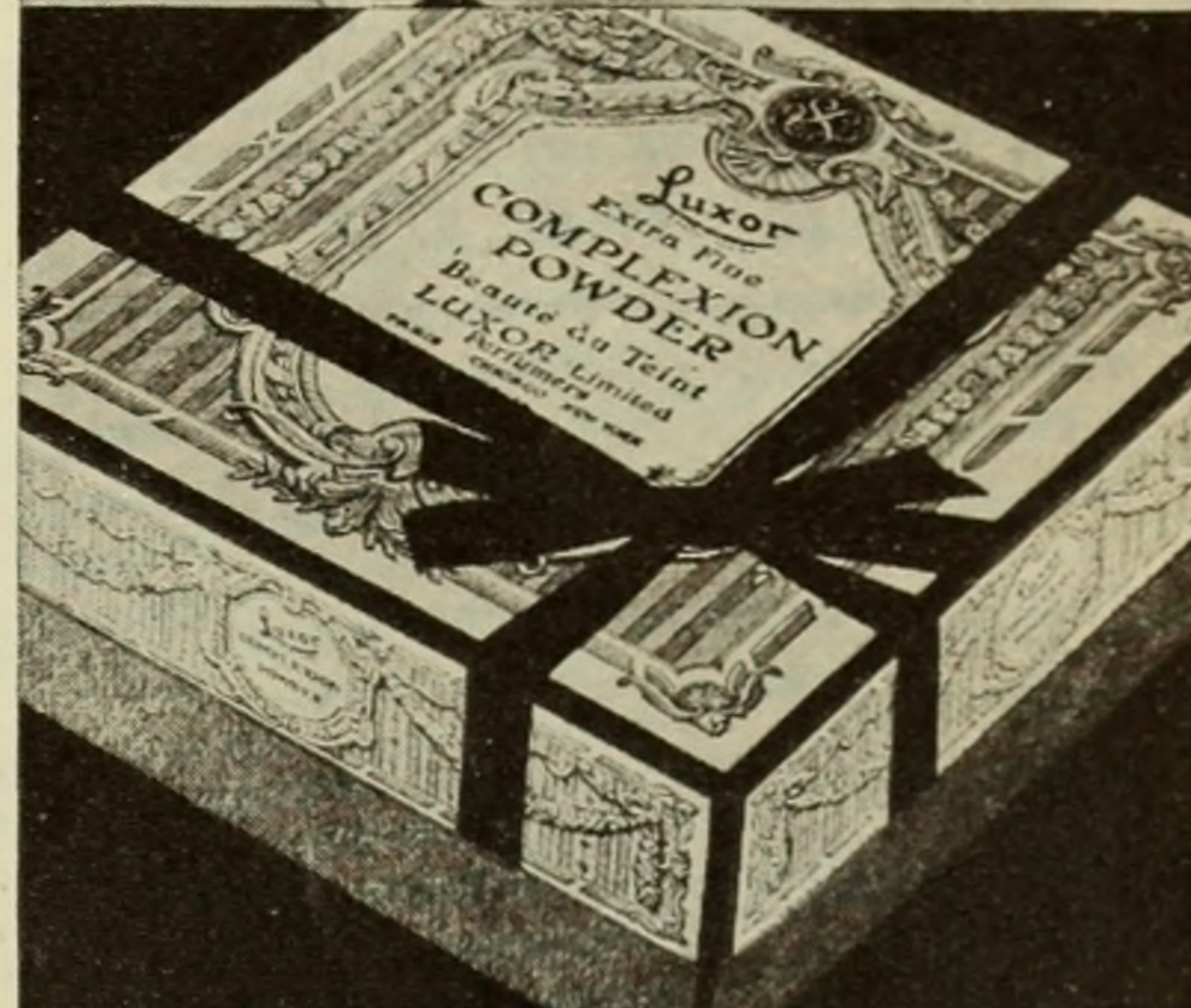
"Sam! Don't you know love at first sight when you see it? I did. And you may be one of Hollywood's biggest *Big Shots*, but to me you'll always be—"

"DUMB. I know. Miss—Marg, you got the swellest lips I ever saw. Oh, Baby, you're sweet!"

"And Mr. Reynolds doesn't resign?"

"Resign? Why, he's the best director in Hollywood. And I'm cablin' my best woman star, Miss Henderson. She's in Bermuda. Now, what kind of roses are you goin' to want—"

And you think "The Arabian Nights" are the bunk!



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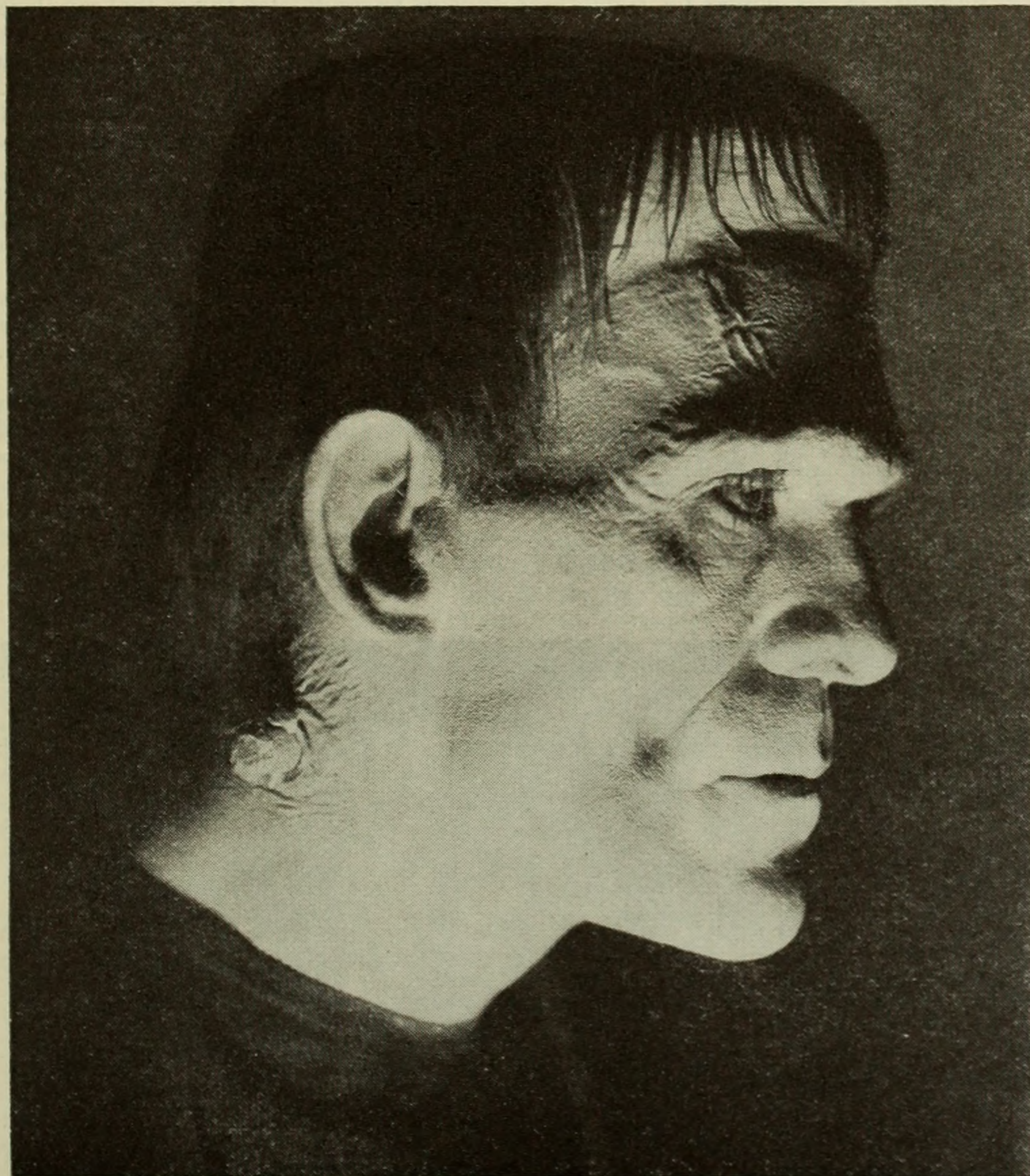
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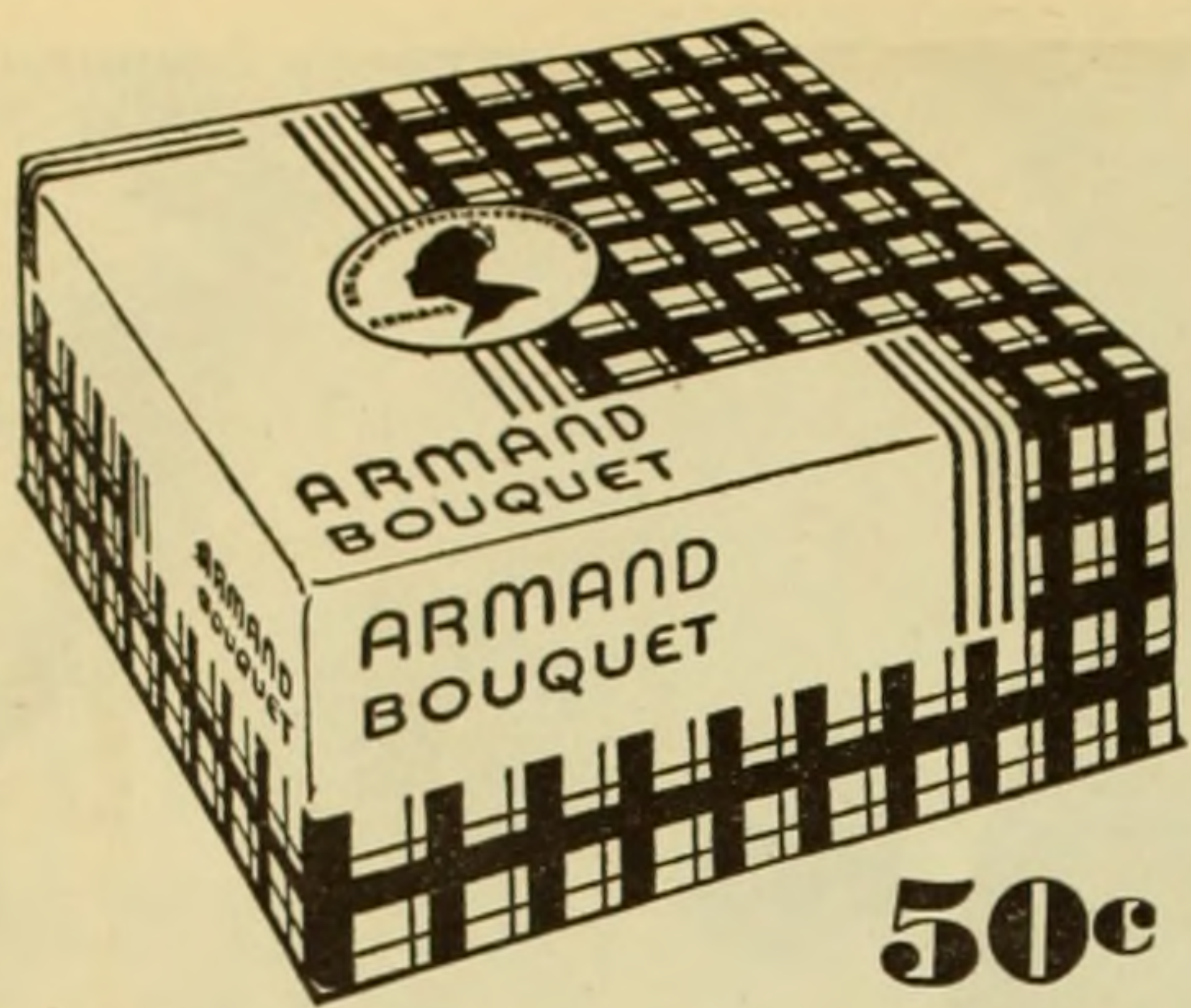
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He Is the Real Thing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

He uses the safety on his neck, for safety, and the other on his face, because he can shave closer with it. His beard is so strong that unless he shaves very close, he still looks unshaved. He trims his own moustache because he can keep it in better shape that way than a barber can. The moustache is a trick affair—starting down vertically from each nostril, and then breaking at a right angle into a short horizontal line.

IVAN is a bachelor. He lives in a hotel—has one room, not a suite. The walls of it are covered almost entirely with framed photographs of friends, acquaintances and relatives. Among the collection is a portrait of the former Czar Nicholas.

He lives in a hotel room because there is no middle course for him—it must be either a one-room arrangement, or a whole house with a complete staff of servants—cook, valet, house-boys, maids, butler, and so on. He wouldn't live in an apartment manned by but one servant.

He always has flowers in his rooms.

Lebedeff will not smoke your cigarettes. He always refuses the proffer of smokes, and uses his own instead. He has them especially made from a personal blend of Turkish tobaccos. They are made in New York and are Russian style—with the long tube of untobacco-filled paper at the lip end.

When he gets into his room, he discards the severe formality of his clothes for comfort—pajamas and dressing-gown. He does not wear these fancy Russian pajamas. When he undresses, no matter how late or tired, he always meticulously hangs up or lays away every article of clothing he takes off. He doesn't throw his socks and beeveedes around the bedroom, like you an' me. . . .

He takes violent fancies to certain suits he likes, and when they wear out, he goes to great lengths to have them duplicated as to cut and material.

His full name is Ivan Basil Lebedeff. The "Basil" was his father's first name.

He signs only Ivan Lebedeff, always followed by five dots—a series of three and another pair, like this: "Ivan Lebedeff" The dots represent, he explains, an "S" and an "I," in some manner. The "S" and "I" stand for his family motto—*Semper Idem*—Always the Same.

He has no steady girl friends. Oh, once in a

while he has gone out several times in succession with some one girl—Thelma Todd, for instance—but now he is rarely seen twice with the same girl. If you ask him why, he answers: "The girls are the answer to that."

He can cook Russian food, but doesn't, because he doesn't care much for Russian food. He attends a Russian club in Hollywood once in a while because "it reminds me of Russia, distantly." Once every year—on Easter night—he attends the Russian church in Hollywood.

He is six feet, one inch tall. His first name is correctly pronounced Ee-von, but because everybody calls him Eye-van in Hollywood, he has adopted that pronunciation himself.

He never goes to bed before 4 A. M., when not working. He never arises before eleven. He has breakfast served in his room always, but not in bed. When he rises, he brushes his teeth and gets under a cool shower. By that time, the breakfast he has ordered has been served. He dresses after breakfast. He does not sing in the bath and dislikes hot baths.

He uses *eau de cologne* to kill the smell of fresh laundry, which he cannot tolerate.

His chief pastime is writing—letters and stories. He carries on a voluminous correspondence with fans, and writes all his letters himself, in longhand. His choice of sports is tennis. Or riding.

He says he has no superstitions, but insists he has a sixth sense—a premonitory sense. He believes he can foretell things that are about to happen to him, good or bad. When he senses something agreeable about to happen, he allows himself to fall into a highly receptive mood; if he has a hunch of something unpleasant to come, he comports himself with particular care and guard.

He dislikes highly seasoned food, and ordinary people. He likes either extremely humble people, or extremely highly educated folk. People between the two classifications do not particularly interest him. He detests crowds, but is not afraid of facing them. He has never experienced stage fright, self-consciousness.

HE attends every theater or film première in or near Hollywood. For two reasons—they give him a chance to fix a date to repay a social obligation which, otherwise, he would be too lazy to do, and they afford him double entertainment because he can watch with interest both the show and the first-night audience.



Behind the scenes when a pretty movie star comes to town! The battery of camera boys ready to shoot (in a nice way) Marian Marsh as she arrives at Grand Central Station, New York. But what you saw in the papers was a pretty picture of Marian, and flowers, framed in the car window

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He never smokes between courses of a meal. He drinks moderately but never drinks when alone. He drinks very little "when the sun can be seen"—in other words, confines his drinking virtually entirely to the night.

He has a nickname. It is "Vanichka." It means "on the gay side of life, and always on the go." It was first applied to him when, in old St. Petersburg, a well-known gypsy entertainer sang a toast to him in the song titled "Vanichka." Ever since then, the name has stuck to him, and his intimates call him neither Lebedeff, nor Ivan, but "Vanichka."

He had one other nickname—the purple-cap devil. That was during the war, and it arose from the color of his uniform cap, and his daring. He was gassed during the war, and seriously wounded when a bullet passed entirely through his body.

His hands and fingernails are always immaculate. He cannot stand the sight of the tiniest particle of dirt under his fingernail. Yet he has never had a professional manicure in his life. He manicures his own fingernails once a week. He keeps in physical fitness by taking Swedish exercises and periodical massages.

HE is a gentleman, and says there is a great difference between gentlemen and noblemen. "In Russia, we tell a gentleman by four things—first, how he deals with women in

general; second, how he deals with women who are attached to his friends; third, how he drinks; fourth, how he gambles."

Ivan is not easily offended. He is not irritated by petty attempts to irritate him. He believes he can take offense only from his equals. But once offended, he never forgets nor forgives. He does not think much of humans.

He says he has seen them, in his lifetime, do such horrible things and in such disgusting aspects that he feels it is too much to give thought to people, much less despise them.

He wears four rings—three on one finger, a fourth on another. One of the three is a very old plain gold band which was once an engagement ring of an ancestor; the other is a school ring; the third is a band of steel encased in gold. "It represents a very sacred memory," he says. So sacred that he will not discuss it further. The fourth is a ruby, heavily mounted in gold, and carved on the under side, in the likeness of Alexander of Macedonia. The carving was done nearly four hundred years before Christ. Ivan's uncle gave it to him many years ago.

Ivan does not care what people think or say about him. He pays no attention to criticisms, spoken or printed. He declares people flatter themselves if they think they're getting under his skin.

Must They Be Selfish?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

mine. I grit my teeth and tried to do it better each time no matter what happened."

When the scene was finished the two girls locked arms and walked from the set together. A tribute to both women.

Sometimes I think, during the days spent in doing nothing but watching and reporting the happenings of these famous people, that professional selfishness is the most consciously developed trait in the business. And the most necessary! It takes so little to lose all one has gained!

CLARA BOW is the most truly unselfish person I know in the profession. And look what has happened to Clara! She gave Daisy De Voe an unselfish love. I know. I have been in Clara's home when they were together. She even opened her pocket book to her. You know how Daisy repaid her. When I visited Clara in the hospital five days after her latest breakdown, I told her Peggy Shannon looked like a comer. "She's a great little girl, Clara, and a trouper. She may usurp your place."

Clara's face lit with a joyful smile. "Wouldn't that be fine? I'd like to see some other girl make a success and to know my illness helped her to do it! I do hope 'The Secret Call' is a good picture. And I hope Sylvia Sidney who took my part in 'City Streets' is a success, too. That would make it worthwhile, wouldn't it?"

She has always been like that. And look where she is at this writing. Living on a ranch far away from people; disillusioned; disgusted with pictures. Her naturally generous, impulsive, unrestrained nature could not stand the arduousness of developing the selfishness necessary to protect her.

There is an interesting battle going on out at Metro these days. At least, people call it a battle. Friends say that Joan Crawford holds Norma Shearer responsible for her own poor pictures. It is well known that Joan has wanted to play many of the pictures Norma has drawn. But she doesn't blame Norma.

Norma married Irving Thalberg, the producing boss of the lot; Norma secured the advantage through that marriage. Joan's picture, "Our Dancing Daughters," put her to the fore; Norma immediately secured "The Divorcee" which Joan wanted to play. Oh, how she wanted to play it!

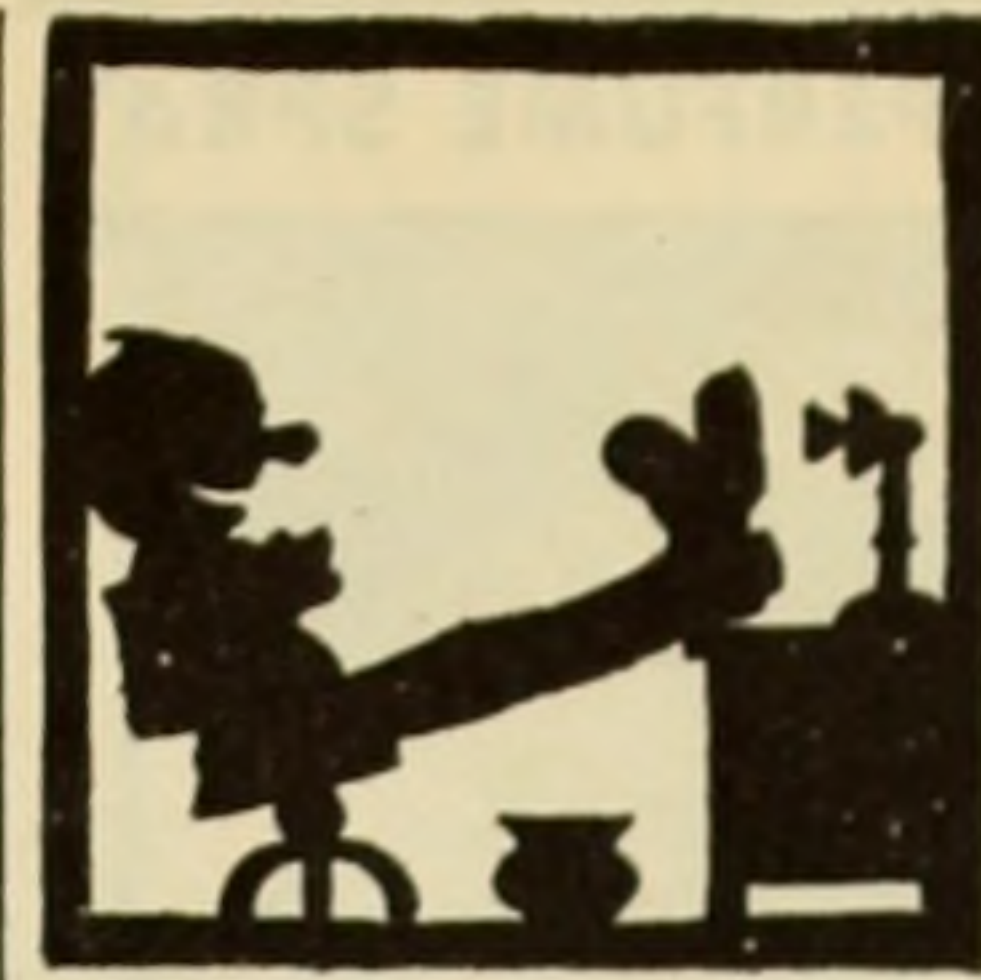
Norma followed with "Strangers May Kiss" and Joan countered by packing the box-office with "Paid." And then Joan had two mediocre pictures, "Laughing Sinners" and "This Modern Age." To her intimates and sometimes *not* to her intimates, Joan blames Norma Shearer for those bad pictures. She feels Norma influenced her producer husband to give her bad stories. Joan didn't want to stay on the lot—we wonder if Norma wasn't just shrewd enough to keep her? After all, Joan Crawford on the *home* lot can be watched and kept in check; Joan Crawford on another lot might be given the very stories which would seriously compete with Norma's.

Ah, it's an interesting battle, with Joan making the mistake of all impulsive women who have trained themselves to be selfish rather than being born selfish; no one could ever persuade Norma to say an unkind word about Joan. She is too subtle. She plays a silent game of poker. And yet—who can blame either woman? Had they met in any other walk of life, they might have been friends. But meeting on the same lot in the motion picture profession, they have fought their way to the top by slow, painful steps which have been carpeted with bitter disillusion. They cannot be expected to love one another.

I have often wondered how long the deep friendship of Richard Dix and William LeBaron would endure the onslaughts of this profession. When Richard Dix was through at Paramount, dropped from their roster, Producer LeBaron, a personal friend of years standing, held the controlling reins at Radio Pictures studio. He sent for Dix and gave him a new opportunity. A salary and a commission. Richard told me, himself, that this commission had netted him less than \$2,000, not including "Cimarron," on which the profit has not yet, of course, been computed.

"CIMARRON" re-made Dix. It was a gift-rôle from friend producer. No one else wanted him for the part. Not even director Wesley Ruggles.

You know its success. Dix thought he should be worth a straight salary in well-rounded figures. Friend LeBaron went to New York. That give Richard his opportunity. Richard has often said, "If Bill LeBaron asked me to work for fifty dollars a week, I'd do it."



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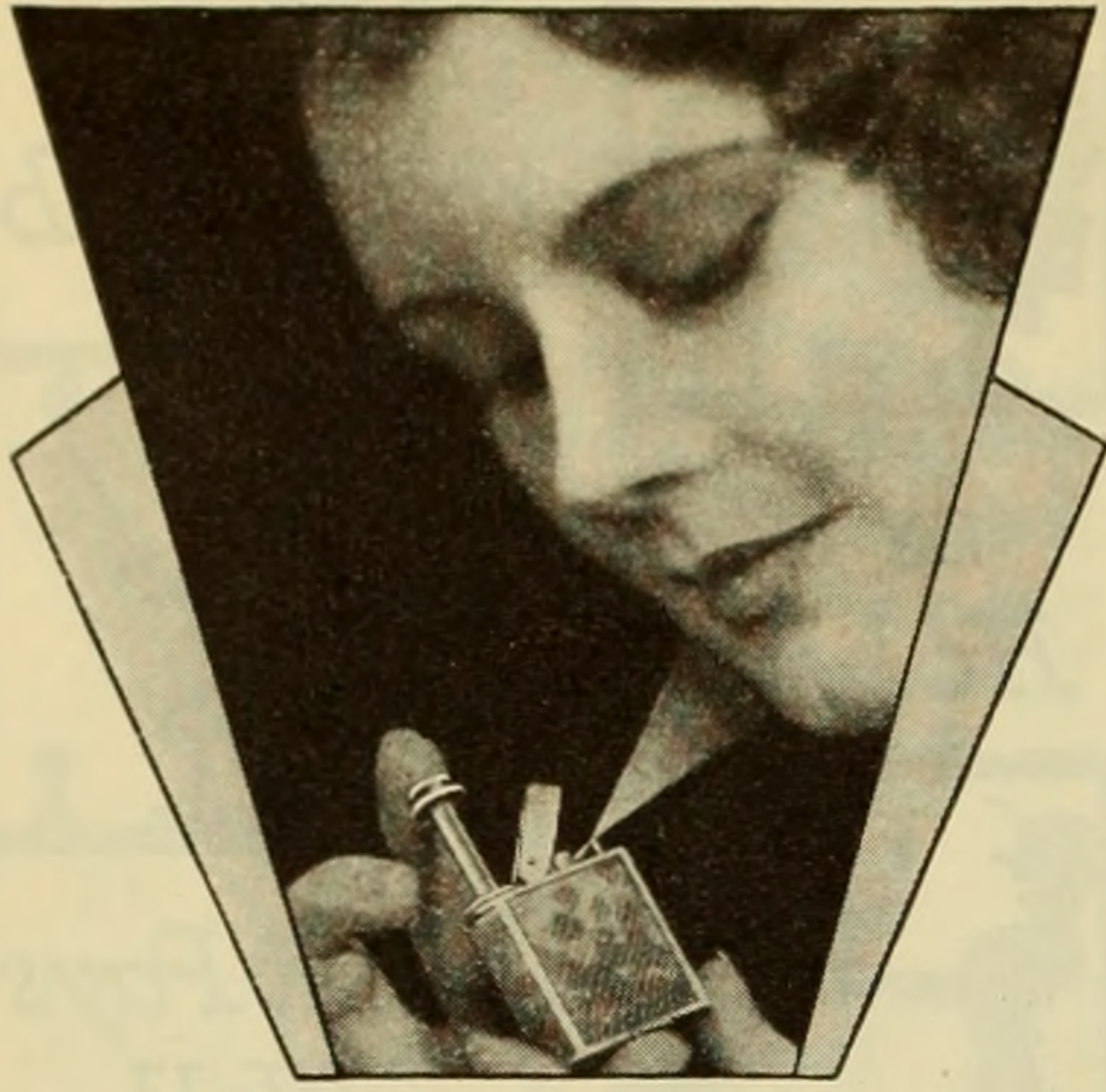


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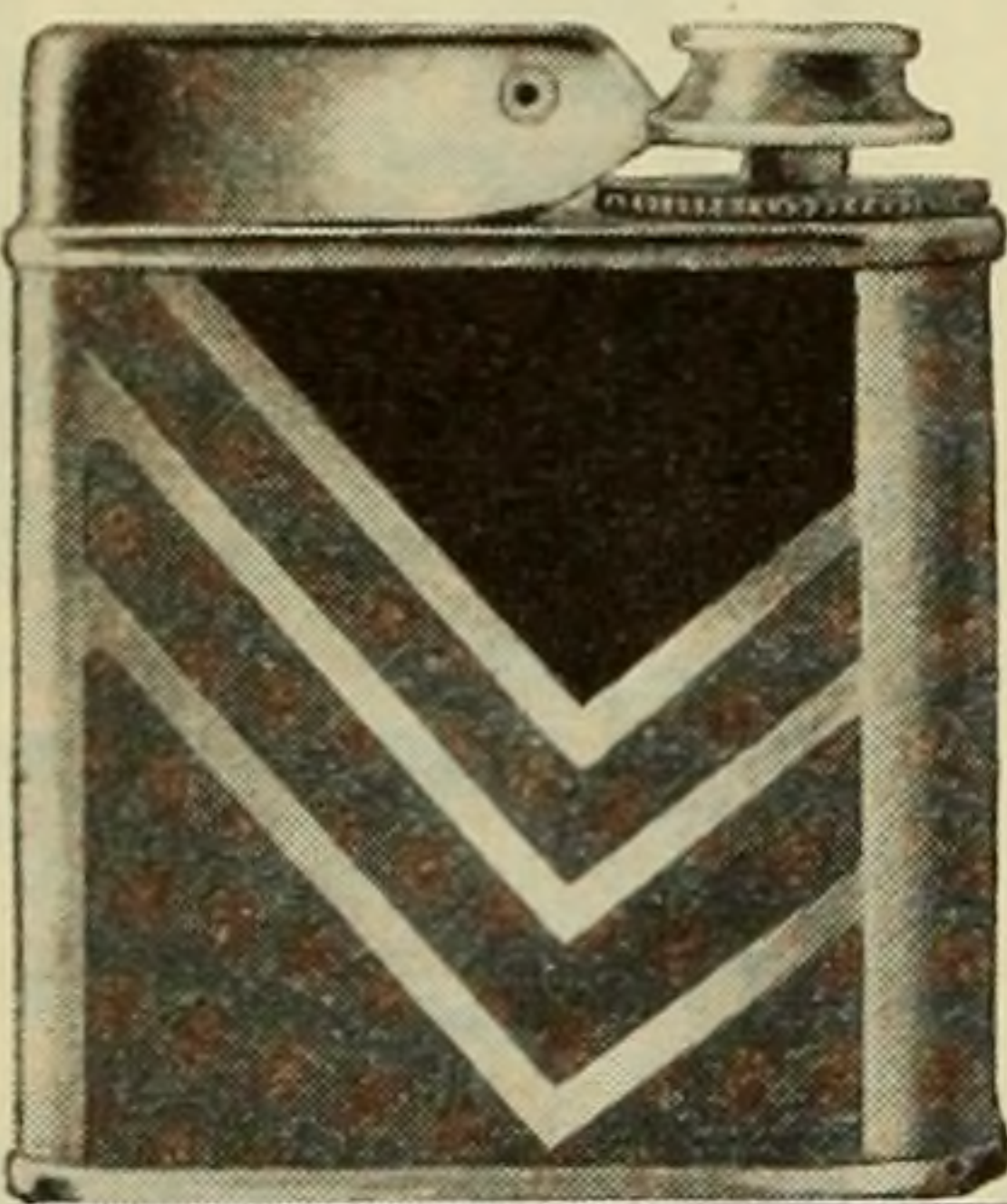
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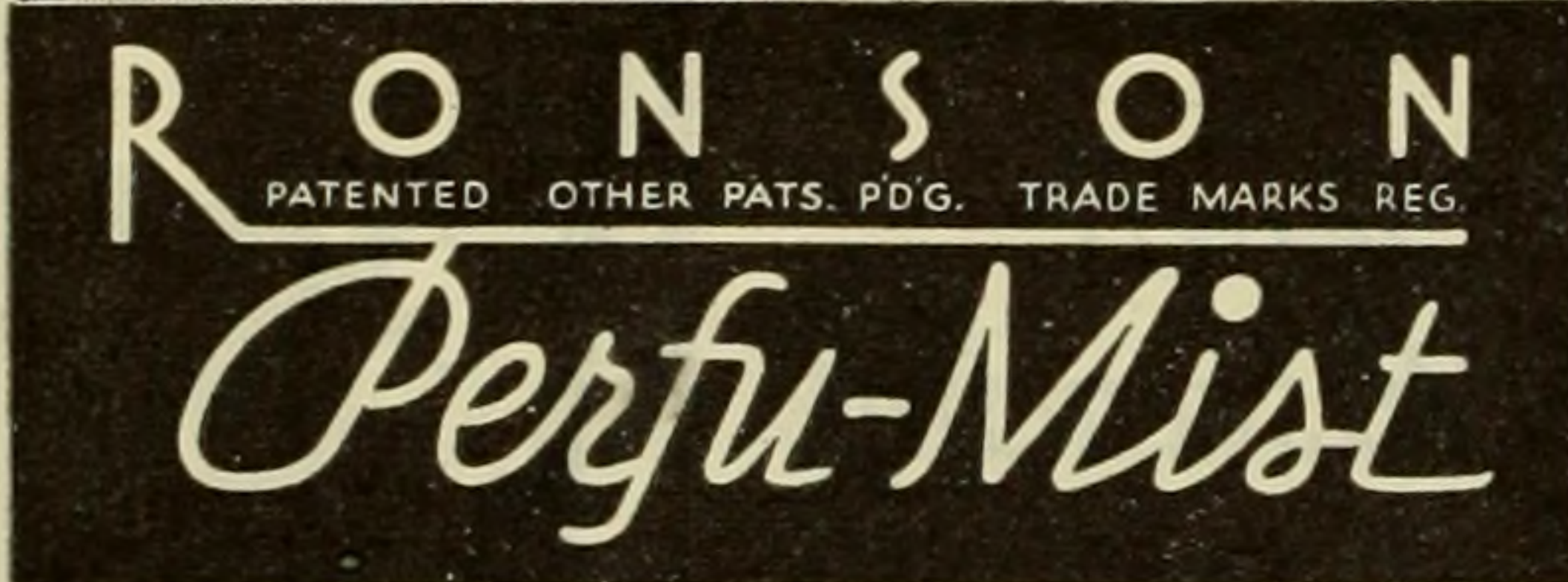


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The personal loyalty speaking. But when Richard's contract came up for discussion the producer was away. Dix hired a manager and let him talk with the Radio officials. They could not get together.

LeBaron returned home. "I'll fix it," he said brightly. And Mr. Richard Dix, intimate friend, refused to talk to Producer LeBaron. Oh, he'd talk on tennis or golf or the latest after dinner story. But when it came to business, he'd look a bit sheepish and say, "You know, Bill, you weren't here so I hired a manager. I can't talk one word. He won't let me."

THE I-must-protect-myself professional Dix had conquered the "I'd-work-for-fifty-dollars-a-week-for-Bill" personal Dix as Hollywood had expected. Bill LeBaron just laughs. Richard is a good business man, he says.

On the same lot, Radio, are two players who have made their success teamed together. Yet there are no more selfish professional men in Hollywood than Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler. In fact, I expect to be scolded roundly by Bert for putting Robert's name first in this story! You see, neither one can stand to see the other win the most simple laurels. Bert bought a bicycle; Robert came onto the lot the next morning with a motorcycle.

Then Robert bought a new and expensive car. The publicity department had the purchase noted in Los Angeles newspapers. Three days later, Bert drove onto the lot with a new car of the same make. There is never a scene which they do not fight to take from one another.

Yet, when Robert Woolsey's single starring picture, "Everything's Rosie," called for a baby, the first thing he did was to send for the Wheeler youngster. The child was to say only two words: "Everything's rosy." She tried it again and again yet all she could say was: "Everything's Bobby!" The tot had been so trained to talk about Uncle Bobby that she could not connect even one line for Uncle Bobby's picture with anything but his name! Selfish to the point of foolishness profession-

ally, the first person Robert Woolsey thought of was Bert Wheeler's child; the one word Bert Wheeler's child could not forget, because of home-training, was the name of Robert Woolsey! Give that child a few more years (she is two now) and she will learn!

Mitzi Green is one of the most self-protecting young ladies in business. When she was playing with Lilyan Tashman in "Finn and Hattie," Mitzi stole so many scenes that Lilyan finally took her by the hand and said cajolingly, "Mitzi, please give Aunt Lil a chance." Mitzi smiled sweetly, went back into the scene clinging to "Aunt Lil's" hand and promptly used every device known to actors to steal the scene all over.

Hollywood does not blame its professionally selfish people. It understands them. They smile—I might almost say they smile fondly—at the Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford situation. They do not take sides; they merely watch the battle and bet on the winner. But the personally selfish ones—oh, those are the people who are criticized by their brothers.

For Hollywood will not forgive petty selfishness which means no advancements.

We could go on and on, as usual, but we have tried to show you enough examples to illustrate our premise: Selfishness is a necessity of our personality-commodity business.

AND there's a sad side to that premise! We, in Hollywood, are called hard-boiled. We are. All selfish people are hard; the two come together.

If we fight long enough for self—if we protect ourselves as we must for success—we cannot but influence our inner characters. We cannot be selfish in business for long years and remain unselfish in person.

Ah, the big successes—the Gloria Swansons with three husbands sacrificed to a career; the Mary Pickfords, Norma Shearers, Constance Bennetts, Greta Garbos, the big names of the industry—have sacrificed everything to a development of self—a personality which brings them fabulous sums of money.

Yet, has the selfishness really paid? We wonder!



"Please give Aunt Lil a chance in this scene," Lil Tashman begged Mitzi Green in "Finn and Hattie." Mitzi smiled sweetly, went back into the scene and promptly proceeded to steal it

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames	Phillips Holmes
Richard Arlen	Lenita Lane
George Bancroft	Carole Lombard
Carman Barnes	Paul Lukas
Eleanor Boardman	Frances Moffat
William Boyd	Rosita Moreno
John Brendon	Jack Oakie
Chas. D. Brown	Vivienne Osborne
Ruth Chatterton	Eugene Pallette
Juliette Compton	Ramon Pereda
Jackie Coogan	Irving Pichel
Robert Coogan	Charles Rogers
Gary Cooper	Jackie Searl
Frances Dee	Peggy Shannon
Marlene Dietrich	Sylvia Sydney
Claire Dodd	Lilyan Tashman
Tom Douglas	Kent Taylor
Junior Durkin	Regis Toomey
Stuart Erwin	Dorothy Tree
Skeets Gallagher	Allen Vincent
Marjorie Gateson	Charles Trowbridge
Wynne Gibson	Anna May Wong
Mitzi Green	Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson	Mae Marsh
Hardie Albright	Victor McLaglen
John Arledge	Thomas Meighan
Warner Baxter	Una Merkel
Joan Bennett	Don Jose Mojica
El Brendel	Conchita Montenegro
Joan Castle	Goodee Montgomery
Paul Cavanagh	Ralph Morgan
Virginia Cherrill	Greta Nissen
Marguerite Churchill	George O'Brien
William Collier, Sr.	Sally O'Neil
Roxanne Curtis	Lawrence O'Sullivan
Jesse DeVorska	Maureen O'Sullivan
Donald Dillaway	Cecelia Parker
Allan Dinehart	William Pawley
James Dunn	Yvonne Pelletier
Sally Eilers	Gaylord Pendleton
Charles Farrell	Howard Phillips
Janet Gaynor	Terrance Ray
Minna Gombell	Manya Roberti
William Holden	Will Rogers
Olin Howland	Peggy Ross
Warren Hymer	Rosalie Roy
J. M. Kerrigan	George E. Stone
James Kirkwood	James Todd
Elissa Landi	Spencer Tracy
Nora Lane	Linda Watkins
Edmund Lowe	Marjorie White
Myrna Loy	Charles Williams
Jeanette MacDonald	Elda Vokel
Kenneth MacKenna	

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames	Kitty Kelly
Mary Astor	Geoffrey Kerr
Roscoe Ates	Rita LaRoy
Evelyn Brent	Ivan Lebedeff
Joseph Cawthorn	Dorothy Lee
Lita Chevret	Eric Linden
Ricardo Cortez	Phillips "Seth Parker"
Lily Damita	Lord
John Darrow	Joel McCrea
Claudia Dell	Addie McPhail
Dolores Del Rio	Ken Murray
Richard Dix	Edna May Oliver
Irene Dunne	Lawrence Olivier
Jill Esmond	William Post
Noel Francis	Lowell Sherman
Roberta Gale	Ned Sparks
Morgan Galloway	Ruth Weston
John Halliday	Bert Wheeler
Hugh Herbert	Hope Williams
Leyland Hodgson	Robert Woolsey
Rochelle Hudson	

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor	Al Jolson
Charles Chaplin	Evelyn Laye
Ina Claire	Chester Morris
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks	Gloria Swanson
Jean Harlow	Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell	Jack Holt
Richard Cromwell	Buck Jones
Constance Cummings	Loretta Sayers
Susan Fleming	Barbara Stanwyck
Ralph Graves	John Wayne

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres	Bela Lugosi
John Boles	Slim Summerville
Lucile Browne	Sally Sweet
Bette Davis	Genevieve Tobin
Sidney Fox	Lois Wilson
Rose Hobart	

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Dorothy Appleby	Leila Hyams
Nils Asther	Dorothy Jordan
William Bakewell	Buster Keaton
Lionel Barrymore	Marjorie King
Wallace Beery	Alfred Lunt and
Charles Bickford	Lynn Fontanne
Edwina Booth	Joan Marsh
Herbert Braggiotti	Adolphe Menjou
John Mack Brown	John Miljan
Jackie Cooper	Ray Milland
Joan Crawford	Robert Montgomery
Janet Currie	Polly Moran
Marion Davies	Karen Morley
Reginald Denny	Conrad Nagel
Kent Douglass	Ramon Novarro
Marie Dressler	Ivor Novello
Jimmy Durante	Monroe Owsley
Cliff Edwards	Anita Page
Phyllis Elgar	Marie Prevost
Madge Evans	Irene Purcell
Clark Gable	Marjorie Rambeau
Greta Garbo	Ruth Selwyn
John Gilbert	Norma Shearer
Charlotte Greenwood	Gus Shy
William Haines	C. Aubrey Smith
Neil Hamilton	Lewis Stone
Helen Hayes	Lawrence Tibbett
Jean Hersholt	Ernest Torrence
Hedda Hopper	Lester Vail
Leslie Howard	Robert Young

RKO-Pathé Studios

Robert Armstrong	Pola Negri
Constance Bennett	Mary Nolan
Bill Boyd	Eddie Quillan
James Gleason	Marion Shilling
Ann Harding	Helen Twelvetrees
June MacCloy	Robert Williams

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Stan Laurel
Mickey Daniels	Gertie Messinger
Dorothy Granger	Our Gang
Oliver Hardy	David Sharpe
Mary Kornman	Grady Sutton
Harry Langdon	Thelma Todd

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss	Leon Janney
John Barrymore	Evalyn Knapp
Richard Barthelmess	Winnie Lightner
Joan Blondell	Ben Lyon
Lilian Bond	Dorothy Mackaill
Joe E. Brown	Mae Madison
Anthony Bushell	David Manners
Charles Butterworth	Marian Marsh
James Cagney	Marilyn Miller
Donald Cook	Dorothy Peterson
Bebe Daniels	William Powell
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	James Rennie
Kay Francis	Edward G. Robinson
Ruth Hall	Loretta Young
Ralf Harolde	Polly Walters
Walter Huston	Warren William

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead	Miriam Hopkins
George Barbier	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Marx Brothers
Nancy Carroll	Frank Morgan
Maurice Chevalier	Gene Raymond
Claudette Colbert	Charlie Ruggles
Tamara Geva	Charles Starrett

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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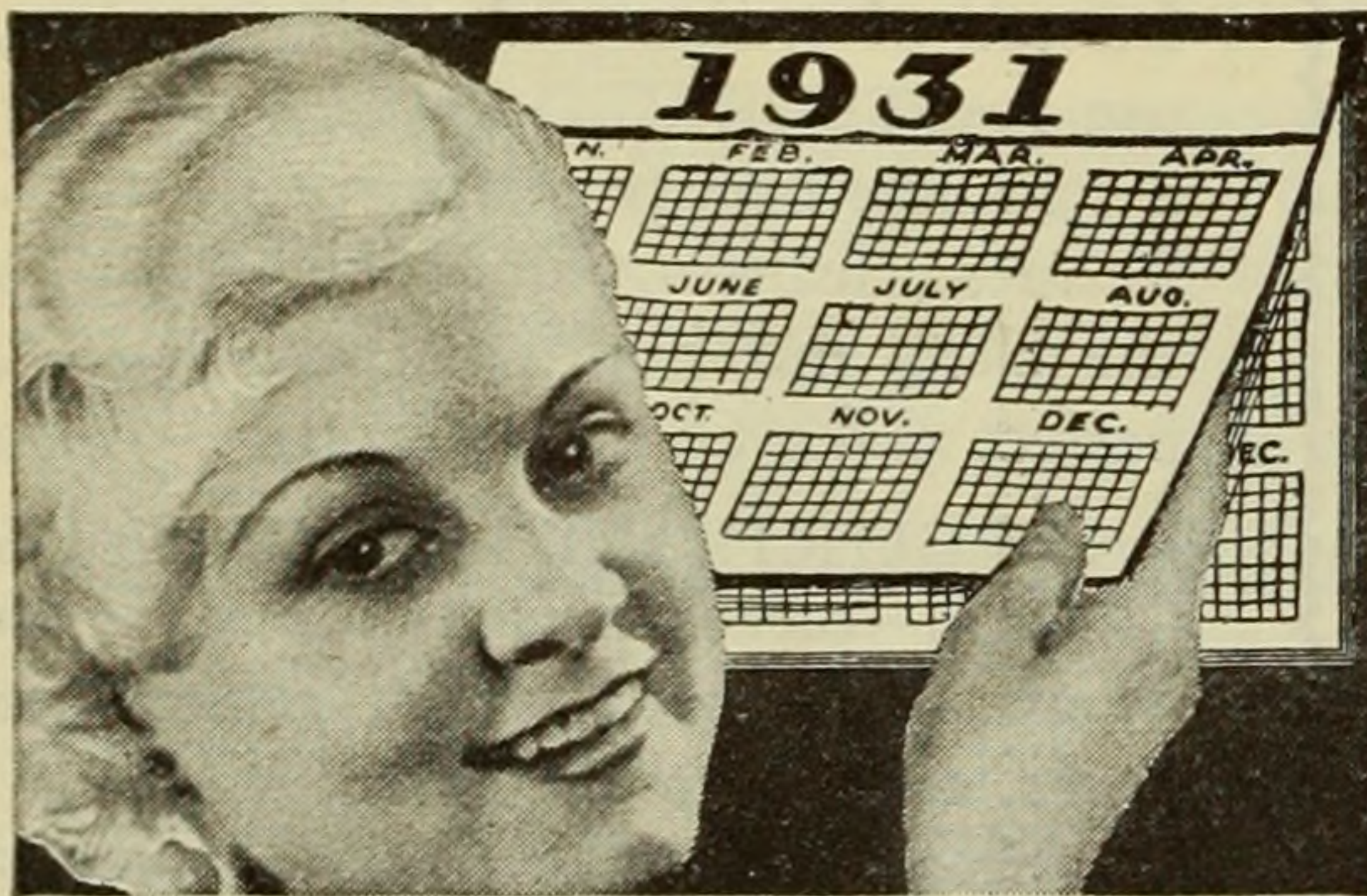
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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"BAD COMPANY"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Jack Lait. Scenario by Thomas Buckingham and Tay Garnett. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Helen*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Goldie Gorio*, Ricardo Cortez; *Steve*, John Garrick; *Butler*, Paul Hurst; *King*, Frank Conroy; *Doc*, Frank McHugh; *Barnes*, Kenneth Thomson; *Dummy*, Arthur Stone; *Emma*, Emma Dunn; *Henry*, William V. Mong; *Monk*, Wade Boteler; *Pearson*, Al Herman; *McBaine*, Harry Carey; *Buff*, Edgar Kennedy; *Elevator Boy*, Mike Donlin; *Secretary*, Gladden James; *Prof*, Robert Keith; *Bert*, George Byron; *Conway*, Harold Goodwin.

"CISCO KID, THE"—FOX.—From the screen play by Al Cohn. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *The Cisco Kid*, Warner Baxter; *Mickey Dunn*, Edmund Lowe; *Carmencita*, Conchita Montenegro; *Sally Benton*, Nora Lane; *Sheriff Tex Ransom*, Frederick Burt; *Enos Hankins*, Willard Robertson; *Dixon*, James Bradbury, Jr.; *Bouse*, Jack Dillon; *Lopez*, Charles Stevens; *Gordito*, Chris Martin; *Billy*, Douglas Haig; *Annie*, Marilyn Knowlden.

"CONSOLATION MARRIAGE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Bill Cunningham. Adapted by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Mary*, Irene Dunne; *Steve*, Pat O'Brien; *Jeff*, John Halliday; *The Colonel*, Matt Moore; *Aubrey*, Lester Vail; *Elaine*, Myrna Loy.

"DANGEROUS AFFAIR, A"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Howard J. Green. Adapted by Howard J. Green. Directed by Edward J. Sedgwick. The cast: *Lieutenant McHenry*, Jack Holt; *Wally Cook*, Ralph Graves; *Marjory Randolph*, Sally Blane; *Florence*, Susan Fleming; *Letty*, Blanche Frederici; *Nelson*, Edward Brophy; *City Editor*, DeWitt Jennings; *Harvey*, Tyler Brooks; *Lionel*, William V. Mong; *Tom Randolph*, Fredric Santley; *Plunkett*, Sidney Bracy; *Tupper*, Charles Middleton; *Peggy*, Ester Muir.

"DEVOTION"—RKO-PATHE.—From the novel "A Little Flat in the Temple" by Pamela Wynne. Scenario by Graham John and Horace Jackson. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: *Shirley*, Ann Harding; *Trent*, Leslie Howard; *Harrington*, Robert Williams; *Mr. Mortimer*, O. P. Heggie; *Mrs. Mortimer*, Louise Closser Hale; *Sergeant Coggins*, Dudley Digges; *Mrs. Coggins*, Allison Skipworth; *Pansie*, Doris Lloyd; *Margaret*, Ruth Weston; *Marjorie*, Joan Carr; *Elsie*, Joyce Coad; *Derek*, Douglas Scott; *Bridget*, Tempe Pigott; *Gas Inspector*, Forrester Harvey; *Maid*, Margaret Daily; *Young Man*, Pat Somerset; *Mrs. Trent*, Olive Tell; *Junior Partner*, Claude King; *Telegraph Boy*, Donald Stewart; *Reporter*, Cyril Delevante.

"DREYFUSCASE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Adapted from the play by Herzog and Rehfisch. Directed by F. W. Kraemer and Milton Rosmer. The cast: *Capt. Alfred Dreyfus*, Cedric Hardwicke; *Lucie Dreyfus*, Beatrix Thomson; *Colonel Picquart*, Charles Carson; *Emile Zola*, George Merritt; *Labori*, Sam Livesey; *Major Esterhazy*, Garry Marsh; *Colonel Henry*, Henry Caine; *Major Paty du Clam*, George Skillan; *Clemenceau*, Leonard Shepherd; *General Mercier*, Arthur Hardy; *Boisdeffre*, Kay Souper; *Mathieu Dreyfus*, A. Sarner; *Demanche*, Frederick Leister; *Pellieux*, Fisher White; *Dubois*, A. Sofaer; *Bertilhon*, Leslie Frith; *Marguerite*, Violet Howard; *President*, Zola Trial; *Reginald Dance*; *Cavaignac*, George Zucco; *Lauth*, Nigel Barrie; *President*, *Dreyfus Court-Martial*, Randle Ayrton.

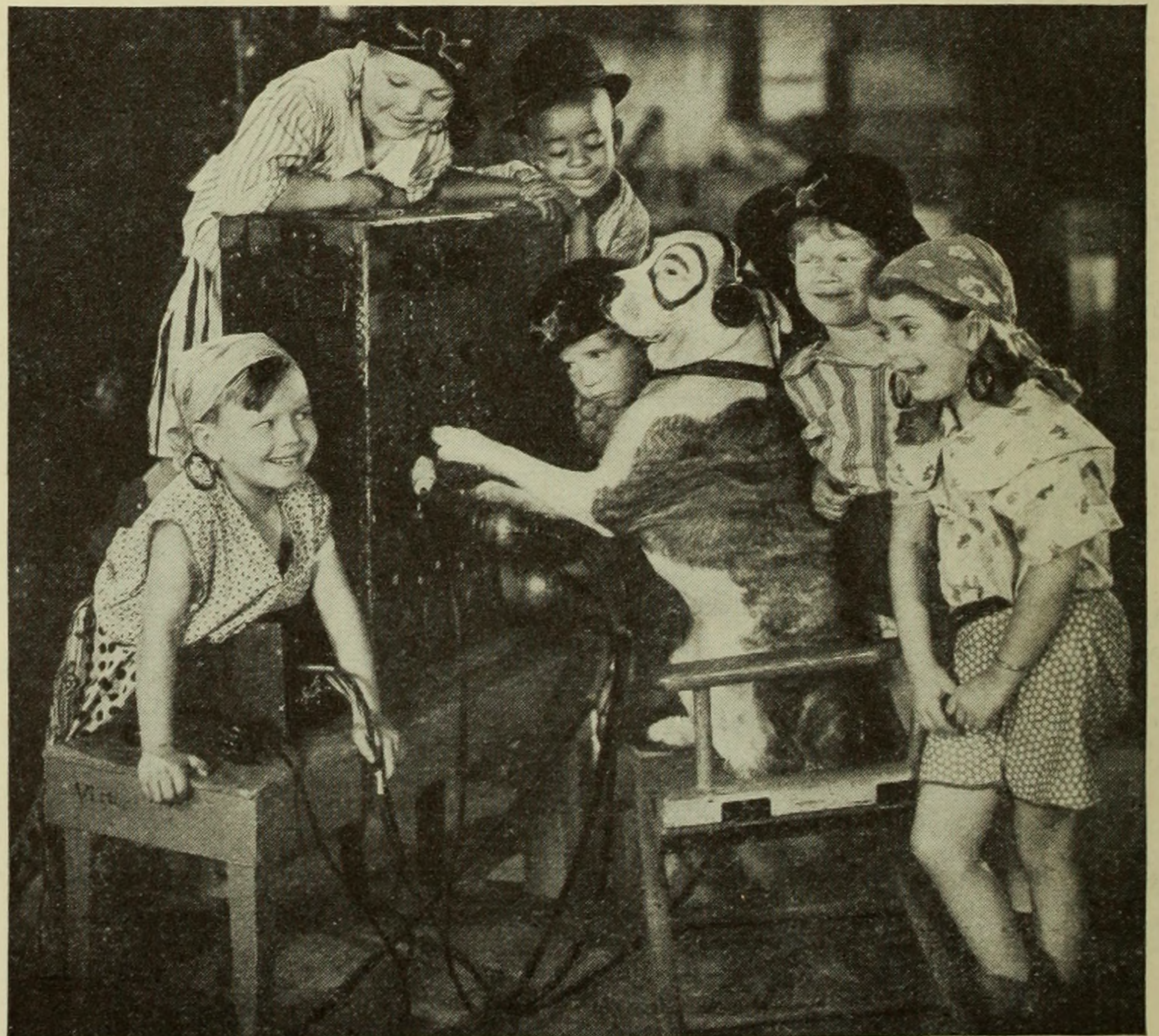
"FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP"—COLUMBIA.—From the screen play by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Tim*, Jack Holt; *Myra*, Loretta Sayers; *Pinky*, Richard Cromwell; *Florine*, Mary Doran; *Conchita*, Christina Montt; *Mate*, Wallace MacDonald; *Brewster*, Henry Mowbray.

"GET - RICH - QUICK WALLINGFORD"—M-G-M.—From the novel by George Randolph Chester. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Wallingford*, William Haines; *Blackie Daw*, Ernest Torrence; *Dorothy*, Leila Hyams; *Schnozzle*, James Durante; *McGonigal*, Guy Kibbee; *Henry Harper*, Hale Hamilton; *Mr. Tuttle*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Layton*, Clara Blandick; *Mr. Layton*, Walter Walker; *Henry*, Henry Armetta; *Mrs. Dalrymple*, Lucy Beaumont.

"HEAVEN ON EARTH"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "Mississippi" by Ben Lucien Burman. Adapted by Ray Doyle. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *States*, Lew Ayres; *Towhead*, Anita Louise; *Captain Lilly*, Harry Beresford; *Vergie*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Merchant*, Slim Summerville; *Butler Eye*, Alf P. James; *Preacher Daniel*, Harlan Knight; *Dr. Boax*, Jack Duffy; *Chicken Sam*, Peter Richmond; *Marty*, Robert Burns; *Andy*, Lew Kelly; *Buffalo*, Jules Cowles; *Maggie*, Louise Emmons; *Voodoo Sue*, Louise Beavers; *The Dog*, Lew Ayres' mongrel "Fido."

"HOMICIDE SQUAD"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Henry La Cossitt. Adapted by John Thomas Neville. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Louie*, Leo Carrillo; *Captain Buckley*, Noah Beery; *Millie*, Mary Brian; *Joe*, Russell Gleason; *Proctor*, Pat O'Malley; *Hugo*, J. Carroll Naish.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



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Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126]

"HONOR OF THE FAMILY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Balzac. Adapted by James Ashmore Creeland. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Laura*, Bebe Daniels; *Captain Boris*, Warren William; *Tony Revere*, Alan Mowbray; *Mme. Boris*, Planche Frederici; *Paul Barony*, Frederick Kerr; *Roszi, the Maid*, Dita Parlo; *Joseph*, Alan Lane; *Kouski*, Harry Cording; *Capt. Elek*, Murray Kinnell; *Renard*, Henry Gordon; *Bela*, Alphonzo Ethier; *Lieut. Kolman*, Carl Miller.

"MY SIN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Fred Jackson. Scenario by Owen Davis and Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by George Abbott. The cast: *Carlotta*, Tallulah Bankhead; *Ann Trevor*, Tallulah Bankhead; *Dick Grady*, Fredric March; *Roger Melcalf*, Harry Davenport; *Larry Gordon*, Scott Kolk; *Mrs. Gordon*, Anne Sutherland; *Paula Marsden*, Margaret Adams; *Helen Grace*, Lily Cahill; *James Bradford*, Jay Fasset.

"MYSTERY TRAIN, THE"—DARMOUR PROD.—From the story by Hampton Del Ruth. Adapted by Hampton Del Ruth. Directed by Philip Whitman. The cast: *Ronald Stanhope*, Nick Stuart; *Joan*, Marceline Day; *Mrs. Radcliffe*, Hedda Hopper; *William Mortimer*, Bryant Washburn; *Bridegroom*, Al Cooke; *Sheriff*, Joe Girard.

"OLD SONG, THE" (DAS ALTE LIED)—KREUTZBURG PROD.—Directed by Eric Waschneck. The cast: *Countess Eggedy*, Lil Dagover; *Annel Haslinger*, Lien Deyers; *Hans von Langen*, Igo Sym; *Postsekretaer Haslinger*, Gustav Rickelt; *Baronin von Langen*, Ida Wuest; *Xandel*, Paul Hoerbiger; *Bob*, Bob Stoll; *Jacques*, Felix Bressart; *Frau Treitelbach*, Lucie Euler; *Soffka*, Maria Forescu; *Count Hoyos*, Franz Scharwenka.

"PAGAN LADY"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by William Du Bois. Scenario by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Dot Hunter*, Evelyn Brent; *Ernest Todd*, Conrad Nagel; *Dingo Mike*, Charles Bickford; *Doctor Heath*, Roland Young; *Mal Todd*, William Farnum; *Nellie*, Lucille Gleason; *Jerry*, Leslie Fenton; *Gwen*, Gwen Lee.

"PARISIAN, THE"—CAPITAL PROD.—From the story by Leopold Marchand. Adapted by Mary Murillo. Directed by Jean de Limur. The cast: *Gerome*, Adolphe Menjou; *Gerard*, Roger Treville; *Stanley*, Redgie; *Lepetissale*, Williams; *Julien*, Campion; *Yvonne*, Elissa Landi; *Secretary*, Renee Savoye; *Mado*, Valery; *La Concierge*, Pauline Carton.

"PENROD AND SAM"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Penrod*, Leon Janney; *Sam*, Junior Coghlan; *Georgie*, Billy Lord; *Rodney*, Nestor Aber; *Mrs. Schofield*, Dorothy Peterson; *Mr. Schofield*, Matt Moore; *Mrs. Bassett*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mr. Bassett*, Johnny Arthur; *Marjorie*, Margaret Marquis; *Mr. Bills*, Charles Sellon; *Mr. Williams*, Wade Boteler; *Verman*, Robt. Dandridge; *Margaret Schofield*, Helen Beaudine; *Delia*, Gertrude Howard.

"PERSONAL MAID"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Grace Perkins. Adapted by Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Nora Ryan*, Nancy Carroll; *Dick Gary*, Gene Raymond; *Peter Shea*, Pat O'Brien; *Kipp*, Hugh O'Connell; *Mrs. Otis Gary*, Mary Boland; *Gary Gary*, George Fawcett; *Barrows*, Ernest Lawford; *Gwen Gary*, Charlotte Wynters; *Ma Ryan*, Jessie Busley; *Pa Ryan*, Donald Meek; *Mrs. Wurtz*, Clara Langsner; *Anna Ryan*, Terry Carroll; *Otis Gary*, Lewis Dayton; *Buttons*, George Offerman; *Fink*, Francis Fraunie.

"RECKLESS LIVING"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "On the Up and Up" by Eva K. Flint and Martha Madison. Adapted by Tom Reed. Directed by Cyril Gardner. The cast: *Curly*, Ricardo Cortez; *Bee*, Mae Clarke; *Doggie*, Norman Foster; *Alice*, Marie Prevost; *The Drunk*, Slim Summerville; *Ryan*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *McManus*, Thomas Jackson; *Block*, Louis Nacheaux; *Alf*, Murray Kinnell; *Kid Regan*, Russell Hopton; *Spike*, Perry Ivins; *Jerry*, Brooks Benedict.

"ROAD TO RENO, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Virginia Kellogg. Scenario by Josephine Lovett. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Jackie Millet*, Lilyan Tashman; *Tom Wood*, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; *Lee Millet*, Peggy Shannon; *Jerry Kenton*, William Boyd; *Robert Millet*, Irving Pichel; *Mrs. It-Fitch*, Wynne Gibson; *Hoppie*, Skeets Gallagher; *Jeff Millet*, Tom Douglas; *Elsie*, Judith Wood.

"SEA GHOST, THE"—IMPERIAL PROD.—From the story by Burnet Hershey. Continuity by William Nigh and Jo Van Ronkel. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Evelyn*, Laura La Plante; *Capt. Winter*, Alan Hale; *Percy*, Claud Allister; *Sykes*, Clarence Wilson; *Ludwig*, Peter Erkelenz.

"SHANGHAIED LOVE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Norman Springer. Adapted by Roy Chanslor and Jack Cunningham. Directed by

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George B. Seitz. The cast: *John*, Richard Cromwell; *Angus Swope*, Noah Beery; *Mary*, Sally Blane; *Newman*, Willard Robertson; *The Rat*, Sidney Bracy; *Eric*, Dick Alexander; *Fitzgibbons*, Edwin J. Brady; *Deaken*, Erville Alderson; *Lynch*, Jack Cheatham; *Snowflake*, Fred Toomes; *Knitting Swede*, Lionel Belmore.

"SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL"—REGAL PROD.—Directed by Manning Haynes. The cast: *Dr. Bruce Smith*, Basil Fill; *Joan Murray*, Noah Baring; *Mrs. Norman*, Gladys Jennings; *Roger Bruce Smith*, Maurice Evans; *Muriel Ashton*, Anna Neagle; *John Carson*, Walter Sodes; *Emma*, Claire Greet; *The Judge*, A. G. Poulton; *Counsel for Defense*, C. Wood; *Counsel for Prosecution*, H. Braban.

"SOB SISTER"—Fox.—From the novel by Mildred Gilman. Scenario by Edwin Burke. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Gary Webster*, James Dunn; *Jane Ray*, Linda Watkins; *Daisy*, Molly O'Day; *Vonnie*, Minna Gombell; *Ned*, Howard Phillips; *Johnny*, George E. Stone; *Editor*, Chas. Middleton; *Pat*, Eddie Dillon; *Vonnie's Husband*, Ernie Wood; *Slim*, Lex Lindsay; *Johnny*, Harold Waldridge; *Fred Smith*, Neal Burns; *Pa Stevens*, Harry Beresford; *Ma Stevens*, Sarah Padden; *Dutch Lewis*, George Byron; *Lefty*, Edwin Sturgis; *Gimp*, Maurice Black; *Marcia Harris*, Virginia Sale.

"STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A" (EIN BURSCHENLIED AUS HEIDELBERG)—UFA.—From the story by Ernst Neubach and Hans Wilhelm. Directed by Karl Hartl. The cast: *John Miller*, Ernst Stahl-Nachbaur; *Elinor Miller*, Betty Bird; *Robert Dahlberg*, Willi Forst; *Bornemann sen*,

Albert Paulig; *Bornemann junr*, Hans Brausewetter; *Sam Mayer*, Hermann Blass; *The Landlady*, Ida Wuest.

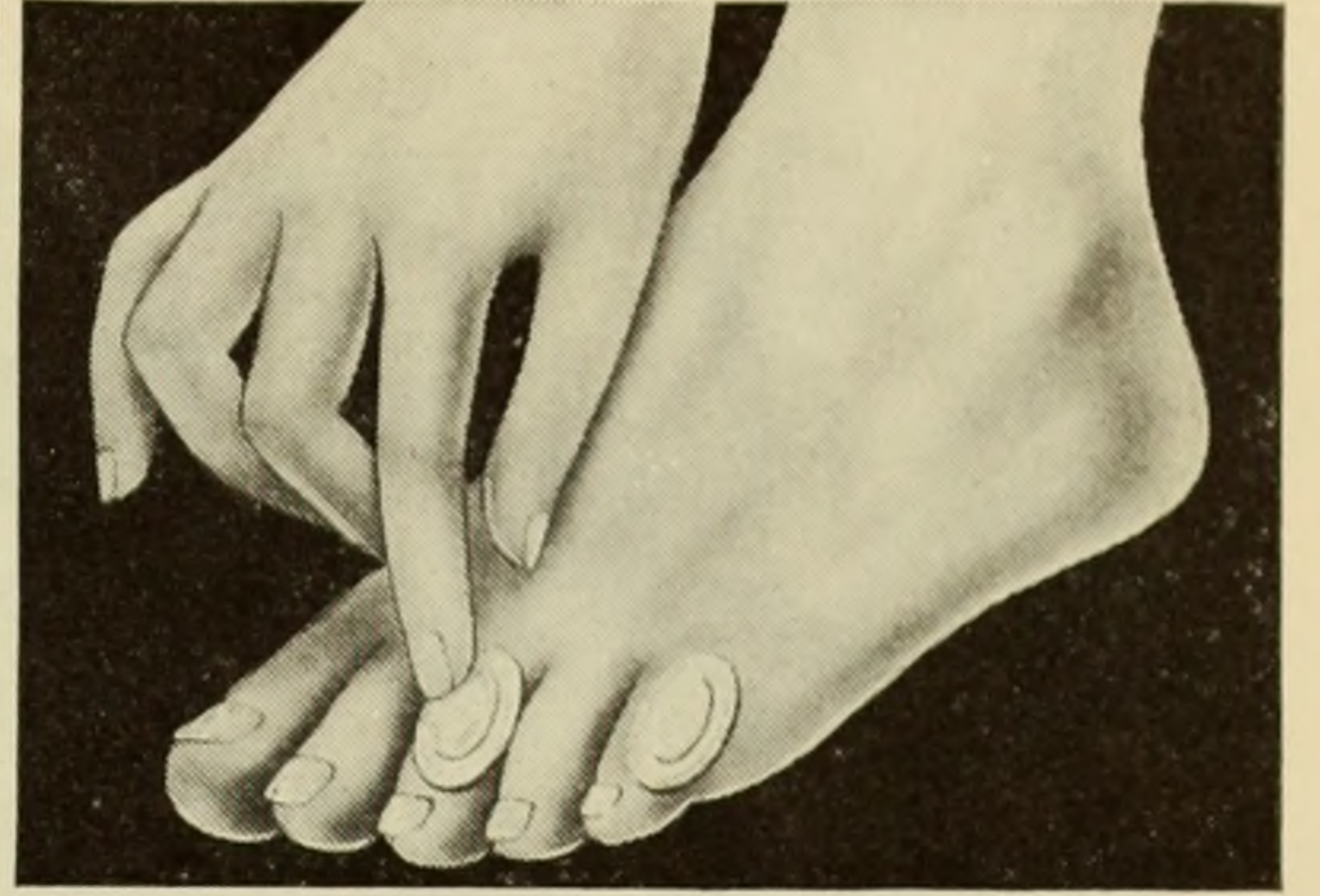
"THIS MODERN AGE"—M-G-M.—From the story "Girls Together" by Mildred Cram. Continuity by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Nicholas Grinde. The cast: *Valentine*, Joan Crawford; *Diane*, Pauline Frederick; *Bob*, Neil Hamilton; *Tony*, Monroe Owsley; *Mr. Blake*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mrs. Blake*, Emma Dunn; *Andre De Gaignon*, Albert Conti; *Marie*, Adrienne D'Ambri-court; *Alyce*, Marcelle Corday.

"24 HOURS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Louis Bromfield. Scenario by Louise Weitzenkorn. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Jim Towner*, Clive Brook; *Fanny Towner*, Kay Francis; *Rosie Dugan*, Miriam Hopkins; *Sicily Tony*, Regis Toomey; *Hector Champion*, George Barbier; *Ruby Wintringham*, Adrienne Ames; *Savina Jerrold*, Charlotte Granville; *David Melbourn*, Minor Watson; *Mrs. Dacklehorst*, Lucille LaVerne; *Pat Healy*, Wade Boteler.

"WE THREE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Edith Fitzgerald. Directed by John Adolphi. The cast: *Stella*, Rose Hobart; *Sidney Brock*, Ben Lyon; *Mr. Brock*, Claude Gillingwater; *Mrs. Squires*, Emma Dunn; *Connie*, Juliette Compton; *Tony*, Bert Roach; *Louise Brock*, Florence Britton; *Mrs. Bird*, Adele Watson; *Mrs. Munsey*, Louise Mackintosh; *Sandy*, Delmar Watson; *Tipton*, Edgar Norton.

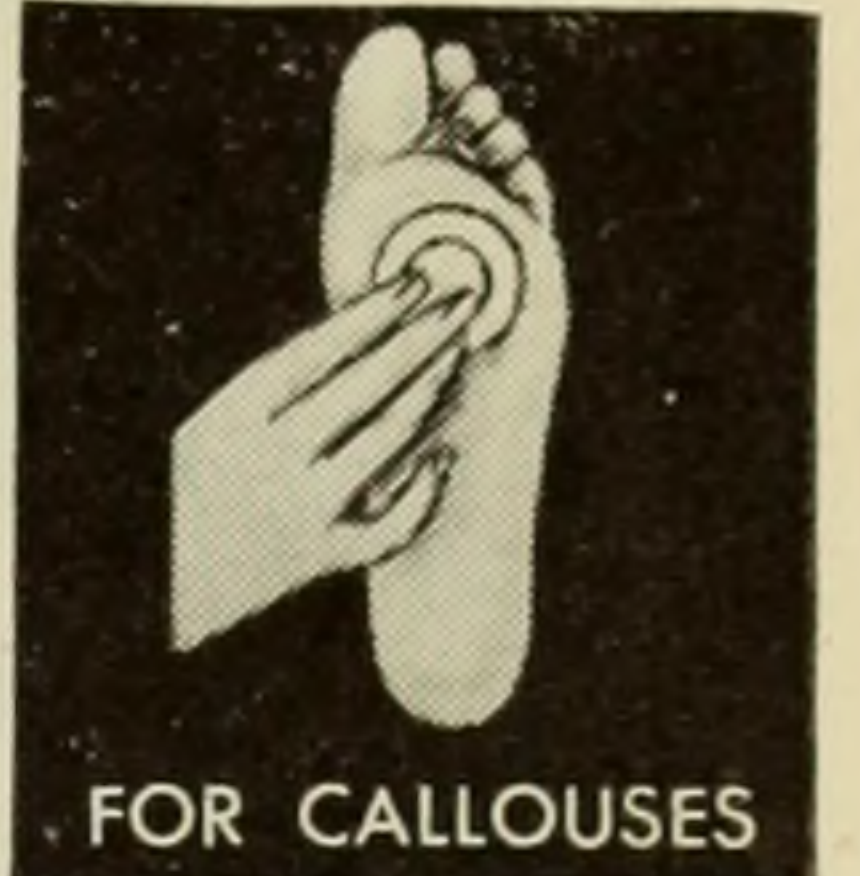
"WHITE DEVIL, THE"—UFA.—From the novel "Hadschi Murat" by Tolstoy. Directed by Alexander Wolkoff. The cast: *Hadschi Murat*, Ivan Mosjoukine; *Nelidowa*, Lil Dagover; *Saira*, Betty Amann; *The Czar*, Fritz Alberty.

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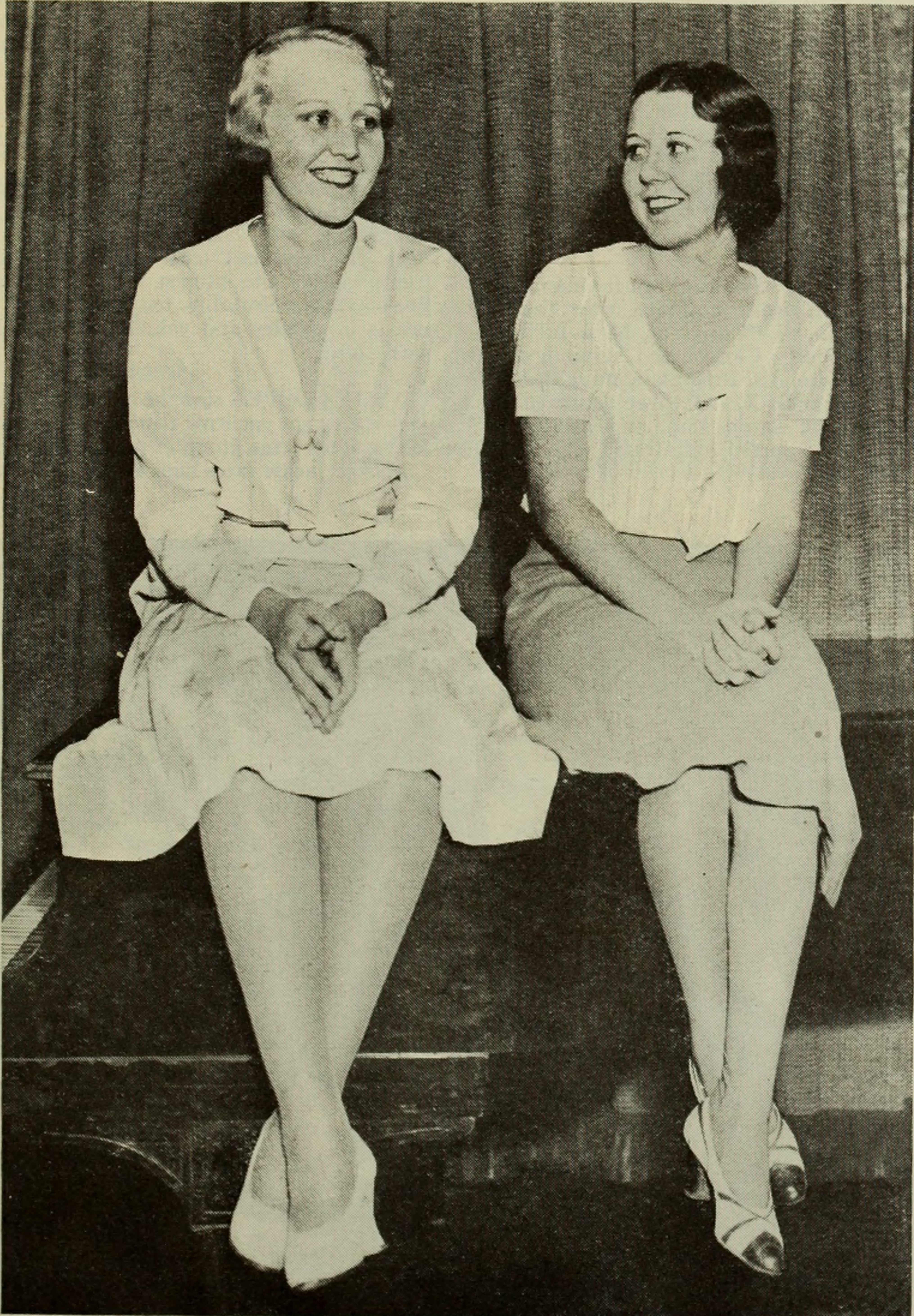
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Bet you don't recognize these two pretty girls. They were sensationally successful child actresses before Garbo went to work in a Swedish hat shop. Jane and Katherine Lee, grown up and appearing in a stage show in New York

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]



Acme

A CERTAIN Hollywood boy was paying unwanted and marked attentions to Maureen O'Sullivan.

He was asked so repeatedly to stop annoying the lady that at last some wit dubbed him, "O'Sullivan's heel!"

The name has stuck.

VARIETY reports the one about the temperamental director who was listening to an actor read a part.

"Is it O. K.?" asked the actor.

"Not yet," said the director.

"Would you come back tomorrow and read it again, wearing a grey suit?"

FORTY homely girls wanted for "Flying High!"

And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer could not get enough answers from that call. There simply aren't forty girls in Hollywood who will admit they are homely. Production is being held up until they're found.

FELINE Observation by Hollywood Chatter-Writer:

"Lily Damita has gotten down to normal weight by riding horseback—and so has the horse."

NOT negligible is the trained animal population of Hollywood. Talkies hit them a nasty wallop, for most of the commands on which they worked were given in sound, and the mike picked up the trainer's calls, of course.

But the owners adapted themselves and have now taught their animals to obey sign commands. So the lean days that fell upon the animal trainers in the first era of the talkies have passed.

There's a trained goose, for instance, who gets \$60 a day when she works.

There's a trained cat that rates \$35 a day.

And there's a parrot that swears in five languages.

VARIETY nominates Author Arthur Caesar for the office of super yes-man because he plays polo with Darryl Zanuck, First National-

Warner chief, and when the latter falls off his horse, Caesar takes a tumble, too.

SOMEONE asked Lionel Barrymore to describe Clark Gable. He answered promptly:

"Rudolph Valentino made up as Jack Dempsey!"

A HOLLYWOOD Tragedy!—
Noted director and wife on outs. Battle all the time.

Director finally, for peace of mind, convinced wife she ought to go on vacation. She does.

Director breathes sigh of relief.

Studio calls him. Assigns him to new picture starting with location trip. "Location" is same place wife went.

Fade out.

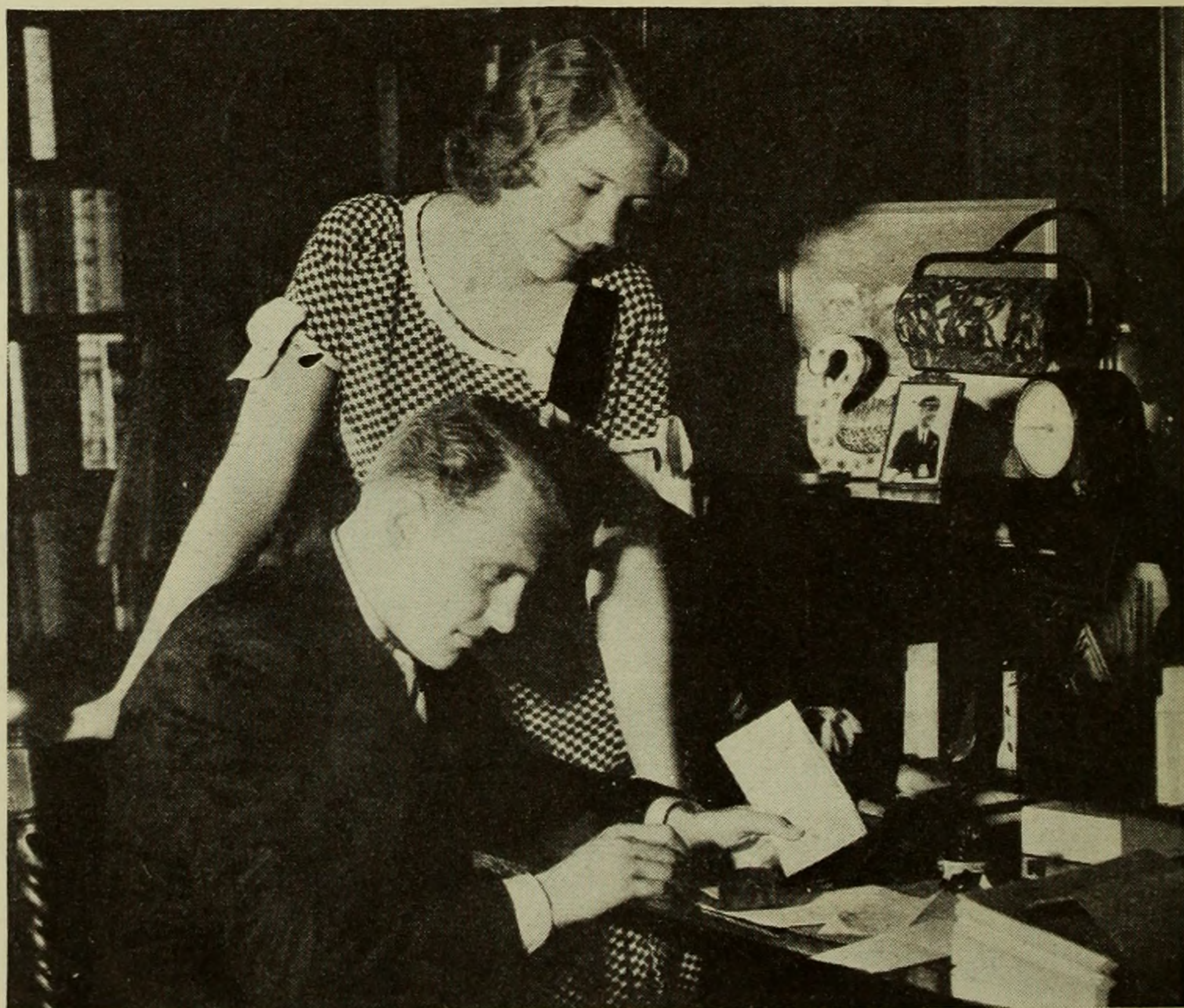
IT'S come to the point where a man cannot walk into the Hollywood Athletic Club with a suitcase without the newspapers announcing he's moved from his home and left little wifey lonely.

OF course, she will—but Clara Bow would never have to work again for the rest of her life, if she didn't want to.

Out of her six-year starring, she has saved at least a quarter of a million dollars. Of this, \$150,000 is with a Los Angeles bank in the form of permanent trust fund, from which Clara will get the interest for life, enough to live on and comfortably, too, thank you. The rest is in jewelry and valuable Beverly Hills real estate.

JACKIE COOPER was the only actor invited upon a recent yachting trip given by Louis B. Mayer for a large group of personal friends.

Master Jackie rates high at his new studio.



We call to your notice Ralph Bellamy, splendid stage actor who played opposite Ruth Chatterton in "The Magnificent Lie." And his wife, Katherine Willard, actress, beauty and grand cook. Here they are, balancing the budget in the new Hollywood home

twice the beauty

from face powder
if you use

princess pat

the
famous
almond base
makes it
different.



Face powder gives the greatest beauty when it is *softest*. The characteristic of Princess Pat face powder, which invariably brings delight, is its *unusual* softness. It gives to the skin a new, velvety smoothness — beauty that is natural, and not “powdery.”

All the many advantages of Princess Pat face powder are due to its almond base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different — bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really knows the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried “the powder with the almond base.”

A Difference With a Reason. So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are *explained*?

If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

Consequently there really *is* a reason for the difference immediately noticeable when Princess Pat face powder is tried.

And Your Skin is Actually Improved. Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately — as powder — as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings — longer than you’d dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin*. All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities. Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal* — in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

Yes, Princess Pat *does give* “twice the beauty” from face powder — and millions of women use it for this reason,

PRINCESS PAT



get this Week End Set — SPECIAL

The popular Week End Set for this coupon and 25c (coin). Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, almond base Powder and three creams in liberal, attractive sizes. Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

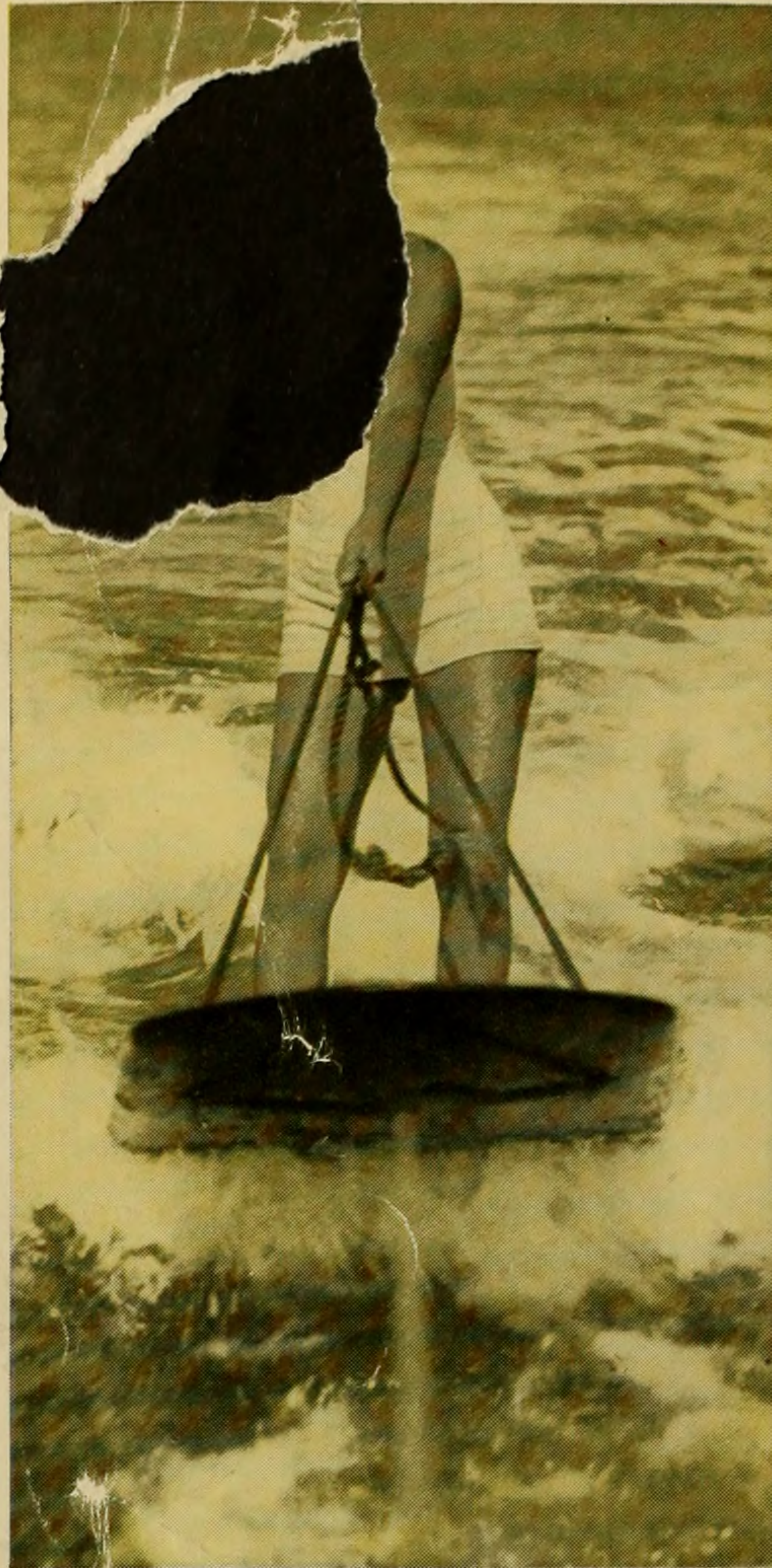
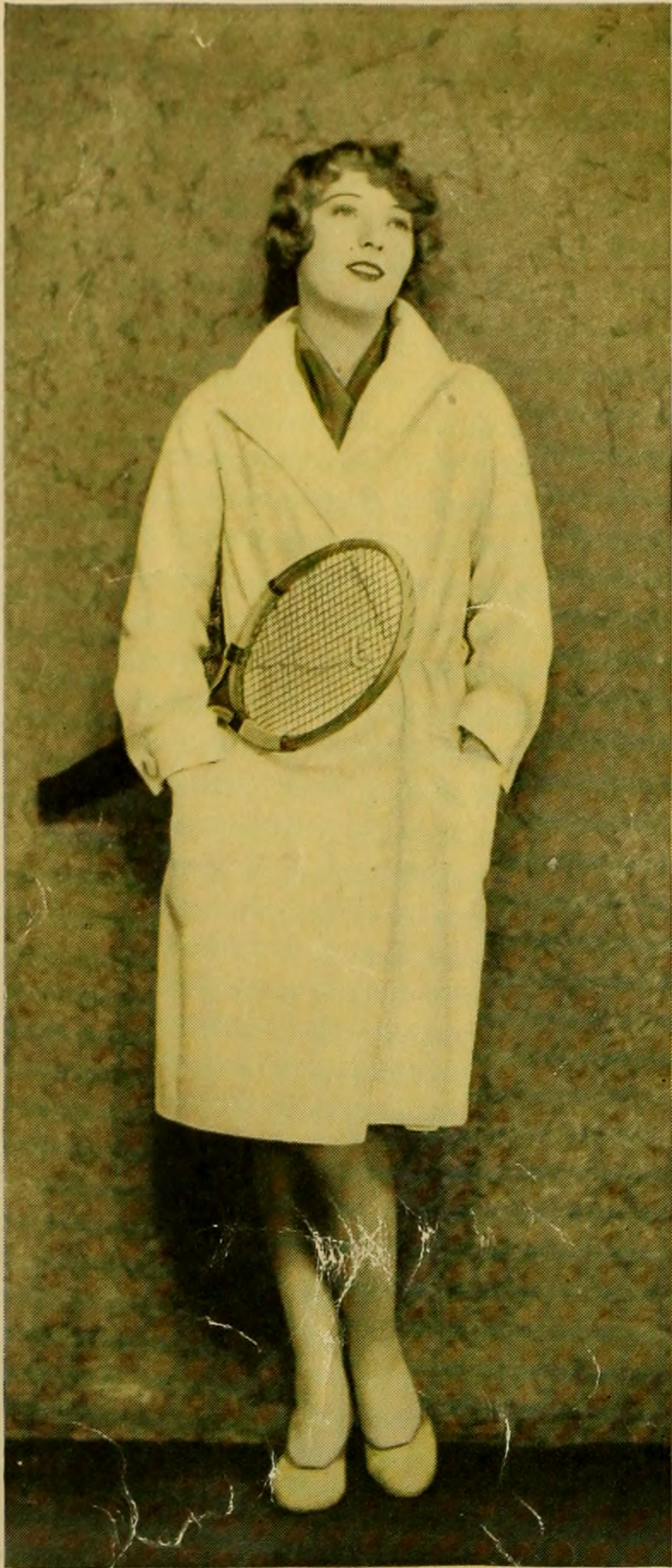
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Dept. 156-B. Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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DOROTHY MACKAILL, poised and lovely First National star for sports she wears the simplest things . . . a white tennis coat, a swimming suit as active as the aquaplane she rides. But for evening . . . this magnificent couturier gown of black lace, with its stunning wrap of velvet and white fox.



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IS THE NEW SPICE OF FASHION

THE modern girl may revel in a veritable galaxy of gowns. There are charming costumes for almost every hour of the day. But if these are tempting, they are none the less exacting. They require a figure with graceful curves, with rounded contours to set them off to best effect.

Clinging gowns reveal the form almost as much as the audacious swimming suit. Both are subtle compliments to the vibrant beauty of modern women.

Fortunately, most women can attain this fashionable figure—by wise control of their weight. Yet there are pitfalls. Unless a reducing diet, otherwise adequate, contains plenty of roughage, improper elimination may develop. Poisons spread through the body. Headaches, dizziness, yellow skins, pimples are natural results.

There is a pleasant, modern way to insure plenty of roughage in the diet.

Simply eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily. This delicious cereal is guaranteed to overcome the danger of faulty elimination. Isn't it much better to enjoy this natural food than to risk habit-forming pills and drugs?

You will like the many ways Kellogg's ALL-BRAN can be eaten *without adding many calories to the menu*. Milk brings out the delightful nut-like flavor. Use ALL-BRAN in cooking



too. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN also provides iron, Nature's rouge for cheeks and lips. Eat it regularly. Ask for the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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