MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

OCTOBER
25¢

Starting—

Menaces Of The Movies

(Miniature Golf)

CAN THEY STAY RETIRED?





twice the "IT

A wonder screen—Technicolor. *Everything* i alive with color—*natural* color! The blue in blue eyes. The ruddy glow in youthful cheeks. Sky sea, greensward—an orchid frock—or *gingham* "Twice the 'it'," you'll say, when Technicolor brings your favorite star to life. Beauty, charm, personality—nothing escapes the subtle, bewitching touch of *Technicolor!*

WINNIE LIGHTNER, champion laugh girl of the talkies, adds one more triumph to her list in Warner Bros. latest all-Technicolor comedy wow, "Hold Everything."



in Technicolor

Lovely LORETTA YOUNG takes her color bow in First National's all-Technicolor outdoor romance, "Heart of the North."

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **THE TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire (First National); **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star cast (Paramount), Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **THE CUCKOOS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio), Technicolor Sequences; **THE MARCH OF TIME,** all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **UNDER A TEXAS MOON,** with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy and Armida (Warner Bros.); **WOMAN HUNGRY,** with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.).



Radiant Youth . . . Passionate Love and Rollicking Comedy . . . A stirring romance glorified by the golden voice of the world's greatest tenor . . .

SONG O' MY HEART

A PICTURE THAT WILL BRING HAPPINESS TO MILLIONS

with

JOHN McCORMACK

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN • ALICE JOYCE
JOHN GARRICK • J. FARRELL MacDONALD
JOSEPH KERRIGAN • TOMMY CLIFFORD

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE





FOX



TODAY THE WORLD'S GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IS FOUND ON THE TALKING SCREEN!



At popular prices for the whole family!

The biggest *value* your money buys today is entertainment on the talking, singing screen! You see and hear sparkling musical hits, great plays, the work of the most famous writers, foremost music composers. Varied, colorful, stimulating entertainment that pleases all tastes and every member of the family!

The cost is so low you shouldn't miss a single opportunity to see every Paramount Picture that comes your way. Today, as for 18 years, Paramount is the greatest name in entertainment. The better theatres play Paramount regularly and often — use the name always as your guide to *"the best show in town!"*

•

RICHARD ARLEN

in "The Law Rides West"

With Rosita Moreno, Eugene Pallette, Mitzi Green and Junior Durkin. All action, all outdoors romance starring Richard Arlen.

Adapted from the novel "Spanish Acres" by Hal Evarts. Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin Knopf.

"FOLLOW THRU"

CHARLES ROGERS
NANCY CARROLL

Zelma O'Neal and Jack Haley. Paramount's all talking, all musical, all Technicolor adaptation of the sensational musical comedy success that ran 54 weeks on Broadway. Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll in a bright, sparkling story of youth and love and golf with catchy tunes and laughs galore. On the screen, "Follow Thru" has the same zip and pep, the same youthful exuberance that made the stage production such a hit. By De Sylva, Brown, Henderson and Laurence Schwab. Directed by Laurence Schwab and Lloyd Corrigan.

A SCHWAB & MANDEL PRODUCTION

"THE SPOILERS"

an

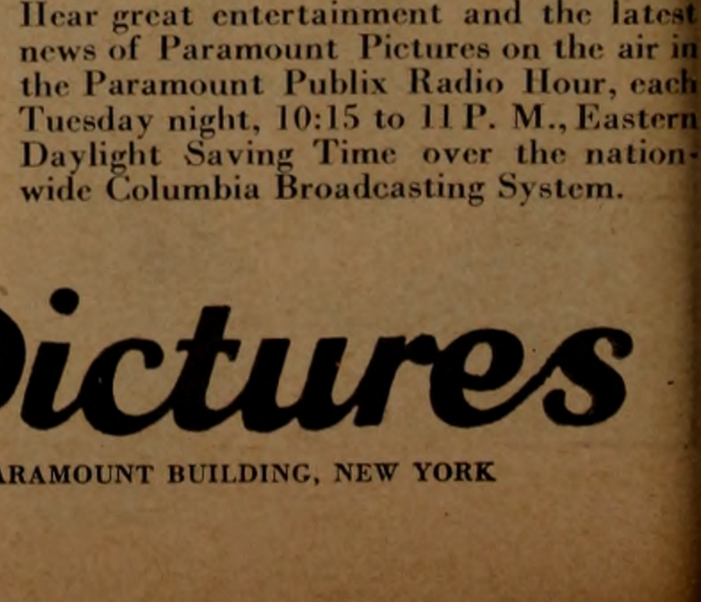
Edwin Carewe Production

with

GARY COOPER

By REX BEACH

Also in the cast are Kay Johnson, Betty Compson, William Boyd and Harry Green. Rex Beach's dynamic drama of the Alaska gold rush on the talking screen in all its strength and splendor! A story of love, hate and conflict that you will never forget



•

TUNE IN!

Hear great entertainment and the latest news of Paramount Pictures on the air in the Paramount Publix Radio Hour, each Tuesday night, 10:15 to 11 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time over the nation-wide Columbia Broadcasting System.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.

PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Vol. XXXII OCTOBER, 1930 No. 2

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Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director
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George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Secy.



Tell Us All About It

$20.00 LETTER
Be Honest With Your Publicity

Kansas City, Mo.

"All Quiet On the Western Front," a splendid super-production, recently showed in Kansas City, and a newspaper critic announced that a publicity man for that picture had asked him to stress the "girl" angle. The critic was amused; we all were—and, indignant, too.

That is a tabloid of talkie advertising today, and Hollywood pashas should realize that thousands of showgoers appreciate characterization, plot, and scenery, and endless footage of smiles, dimples, and suggestive lines, but why not use common-sense, and exploit pictures for other qualities than the number of Cut-uppin' Cuties it contains!

I read Remarque's book. Every word of it. It sank in. It was graphic, humanitarian, and the brief paragraphs of "woman interest" were there because they were necessary. And in the picture, little time was given to French mam'selles. Yet lithographs and signs gave the impression of plenty of girls. Let the publicity men be fair to Mr. Remarque and let people who haven't read the book know the merits of "All Quiet On the Western Front."

Other pictures are advertised that way, too. Are they fearful for their B. O., that they eternally play up Girls, Girls, and More Girls! In their talkie announcements? Not everyone attends a show for sex interest, absolutely not, so why discourage them with the lithographed prospect of viewing 100 minutes of women? Besides, a corking story, a capable cast, and real directing in a picture attract more fans than a huge Review.

Ask the Box Office Man—he knows!

Stanley Jacobs

$10.00 LETTER
Urging You to See Byrd

New York, N. Y.

"With Byrd At The South Pole" is, in my estimation and also, as was proven by the box-office receipts, in the estimation of millions of other movie fans, the perfect motion picture. The only fault anyone dares find with it is that it was much too short for a picture of that calibre. Personally, I could sit through three or four times more than was shown to us.

This film of a great historical event is a beautifully photographed picture of Admiral Byrd's expedition to the South Pole, presented in a manner which can be enjoyed by everyone, young or old. It is filled with human interest, is inspirational and educational and far more entertaining than many movies I have seen in a long time.

The popularity of this motion picture of Byrd's great adventure proves that those who attend the movie theaters are not all young and foolish and that we don't always want the silly, cutie girlie type of pictures and that they don't always have to have those awful hot love scenes in them to make them go over big. It also proves that a good picture does not necessarily have to be a talkie. There was no dialogue in this picture with the exception of where Floyd Gibbons describes the actual flight over the South Pole.

If you have not already seen "With Byrd At The South Pole," my advice is to do so at once. Whatever the box office price, it will be money well spent. *M. P.*

$5.00 LETTER
All Praise and No Complaints

Corona, Cal.

They came, they saw development, they conquered! The talkies, of course. And they've conquered with a vengeance. Even the tiniest and most suburban motion picture playhouse has its talkies now. They have become indispensable to the theatergoers of the world.

Talkies, aside from their value as an entertainment, novel and inspirational, have won our approval as a good which brings other good with it. Countless improvements have been made in theater 'etiquette' if we may so term it. One remembers easily the day when occupants of the row in back of us constantly read titles aloud to children or the near-sighted. No more of this annoyance with the modern actors who "speak for themselves".

Even the tiny tots . . . for some do still crash the sacred box office line . . . have given up their crying and babbling during the picture. There is simply too much competition to face . . . from the screen . . . these days.

And, no, I'm not through yet. There is still another bouquet in my basket, if you please. I think the talkies have brought to us an era of beautiful and cultured voices to be more greatly appreciated as we watch the inevitable result which it will have upon people as a whole. Who knows, the old idea of the actors as vagabonds, may be in time replaced by a new spirit . . . that of real admiration for the qualities our favorites exemplify.

But it's true! No longer is a pretty face and an unusual ability to act, the forem criterion of stardom. Today's audien demand, as well . . . a cultured, and moc lated voice from the screen. Schools specializing in voice training and elocuti and the results are ours to witness.

In case my S. E. is still a minus qualit I'll be sure of myself and confess in ju plain words that I'm certainly placing n bet on the talkies. They're great!

Maxine J. Stickle

$1.00 LETTERS
A Righteous Howl of Indignation

Oakland, Cal.

This is a protest! Not a mere reprovin slap on the wrist accompanied by "naughty naughty."

I went to see "Ingagi" along with mor than half the population of our fair city an sat in awed silence through a series of tens scenes. I gasped and shuddered at the hug gorillas, and trembled with fear when on of the brutes, (which I now find was but a 'man in ape's clothing') attempted to kidnap a village belle.

Oh, it's well enough to laugh. I've noticed a number of cartoons all poking sly fun at the public for being so easily taken in, but do you think it's fair for a motion picture company to palm off such a complete hoax on an unsuspecting audience? The reason everyone was so credulous was because of the obvious authenticity of previous travel pictures.

A travel picture that is faked is trash, nothing more. How many would have gone to see this picture if they had known it was a cheap fake? I think the majority went with the idea that a good travel picture would relieve the monotony of a deluge of "singies."

If "the powers that be" would assert their authority and insist on honest advertising, at least to a degree, the status of a great industry would be vastly improved.

A good many theater-goers were made "goats" and I, for one, don't relish the horns and whiskers! *Lucille Hall*

No Need for Exaggerated Stereotyped Characters

Baton Rouge, La.

The movies have always been known for the portrayal of exaggerated types of persons. In the early days of the silent screen, there were the vampires and the villains, which were well suited to the sensational melodramas of the period.

Unfortunately, such characters still exist. We rarely see a stenographer who doesn't chew some symphony on gum,—a reporter who doesn't run

(*Continued on page 104*)

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

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

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

Want to Laugh?

IT'S GREATER MOVIE SEASON FOR LAUGHS- *AND THAT'S NO JOKE*

HERE'S the biggest company of comedy stars that ever started off a new season's program of short features. You'll see—and hear—them all in *Educational's Talking Comedies* this fall.....and more are coming.

WHEN you want a good hearty laugh to chase your troubles away, always look for the theatre that shows

FORD STERLING
CLYDE COOK
JOHNNY HINES
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
TOM PATRICOLA
JOE PHILLIPS
BERT ROACH
MARIAN SHOCKLEY
RAY COOKE
ANDY CLYDE
MARJORIE BEEBE
PATSY O'LEARY
DAPHNE POLLARD
BETTY BOYD
BEN BARD
JOHN DARROW
MARGIE "BABE" KANE
NICK STUART
T. ROY BARNES
MONTY COLLINS
GRETA GRANSTEDT
VIRGINIA SALE
FLORENCE ROBERTS
ANN CHRISTY
CHARLES IRWIN
CYRIL CHADWICK
CHURCHILL ROSS
BUSTER WEST
JOHN WEST
VERNON DENT
HELEN BOLTON
ADRIENNE DORE
FRANK RICE
CHIQUITA
ESTELLE BRADLEY
CARMEN GUERRERO

MACK SENNETT COMEDIES
LLOYD HAMILTON COMEDIES
MERMAID Comedies
IDEAL COMEDIES
GAYETY COMEDIES
VANITY COMEDIES
Tuxedo Comedies
MACK SENNETT BREVITIES

Educational's Talking Comedies

AL ALT
JERRY DREW
DICK STEWART
RAE DAGGETT
KATHERINE McGUIRE
MARCIA MANNING
BERNARD GRANVILLE

PAUL TERRY-TOONS
Lyman H. Howe's HODGE-PODGE

Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

DOLORES DEL RIO has found romance along the matrimonial pathway again. She and **Cedric Gibbons** did what they could in the way of making promises before the good **Padre** and are now enjoying a little honeymoon before the call of the microphone interferes. . . . Romance is not flourishing in the houses where Princes once reigned. **Pola Negri** started the general exodus of nobility when she decided she could get along very nicely without **Prince M'dvani.** . . . And while the **Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye** is once again in **Hollywood,** he is no longer a guest in the household of **Gloria Swanson,** who has definitely stated that she finds single blessedness quite attractive—for the time being, at any rate.

GIVING Tit for Tat is a new pastime in the amusement world. With almost all of Broadway sunning itself on the west coast, Broadway is sort of turning the tables by calling Hollywood's most celebrated to the footlights. **Mary Pickford** is said to bend an attentive ear to the call and is expected East almost any time. . . . **Colleen Moore,** too, will try out the musical comedy stage for a while. She has been signed by **Archie Selwyn** to sing, dance and be merry. . . . **Vilma Banky** and **Rod La Rocque** are two others signed to tread the footboards of Broadway theaters. . . . **Eddie Cantor** also harkened to that ole stage urge and will try out the Palace Theater—but that's just between pictures.



Shiver m' timbers, but what's this the sea's tossed up? It looks tough, whatever it is. Maybe it's a mermaid with bobbed hair. Maybe it's that ol' davil sea dog, Jim Tully, in "Way for a Sailor"

GETTING a thrill on the other side of the amusement fence is **Mrs. Patrick Campbell,** who stormed Hollywood so successfully. She is now waiting to see how her good Public takes her talkie début in "The Play Called Life." . . . **Marjorie Rambeau,** too, is waiting with fast-beating heart the verdict on her first talkie, "Her Man." Oh, yes, there's still a thrill for everyone with the talkies to conquer. . . . **Ruth Chatterton** is getting even more enthusiastic over the opportunities of the talking pictures now that she will play both mother and daughter rôles in "The Right to Love" opposite her own husband, **Ralph Forbes.**

TAKING pounds off and putting new clothes on can be said to be among the absorbing moments of feminine film celebrities. **Constance Bennett** goes in very strongly for the ensemble idea and stresses it to the smallest detail. . . . **Clara Bow** likes sports clothes and much prefers the old white duck trousers unless she must dress to be on parade. . . . **Greta Garbo** goes in heavily for tweeds and two-piece sports dresses and, oh, yes, felt hats. Perhaps the "Green Hat" left its influence after all. . . . **Lupe Velez** runs to scarlet in her clothes. **Nancy Carroll** likes all colors and wears them all well. . . . **Marion Davies** goes in for elaborate evening clothes while **Norma Shearer** lets the modernistic note prevail for her daytime dresses and calls it an evening with printed chiffons.

CLAUDIA DELL will be the girl with "Fifty Million Frenchmen." . . . **Maurice Chevalier** returns to that dear Paris for a few months. . . . In "The Playboy of Paris" **Maurice** has a new leading woman who is, by the way, none other than **Mrs. Chevalier.** Her screen name is **Yvonne Callee.**

THE foreign invasion is by no means over—even if the talkies do seem to have come to stay. These bright foreign lads and lassies have a way of mastering the English language. And even if they don't, there is the old S.A. to consider. **Marlene Dietrich** landed from German shores with plenty of "it" and a shining personality to play with **Gary Cooper** in "Morocco" and from advanc reports, she is doing mighty well in this picture. . . . There is als **Nora Gregor,** Vienna's pet, doing **Mary Dugan** for Germany an Austria. . . . **Maurice Chevalier** found English easy and there i also another Frenchman who does well, **Andre Luget.** . . . Spai is sending a mighty contingent including **Jose Crespi,** and strangel enough a Spanish miss who calls herself **Conchita Montenegro** . . . As for Mexico, it has always been well represented. **Dolore del Rio** and **Lupe Velez** are just two of its tempestuous daughter who shine in Hollywood.

AS the first large salmon commence to appear in Colfax Bay Canada, **Clive Brook** may be found vacationing there wooing his salmon with eager eye and skilful hand . . . . **Charlie Chaplin** is recuperating in the Sierras. . . . **Claudette Colbert** is making a round-the-world tour. And she has motion picture films which she has taken to prove it! . . . **Mary Nolan** has cancelled European passages and will rest out at Lake Arrowhead, instead. Her next picture, by the way, will be "Boudoir Diplomat"—a title! . . . **Gilda Gray** is among those present in Honolulu instead of altar-bound. . . . **Edwin Carewe** is finding New York restful before work on "Resurrection" begins. . . . **Sidney Howard** will tour Europe by car. He has earned the rest after completing "Lilli" for **Evelyn Laye.** . . . **J. Farrell McDonald** will answer the call of vacation and go down to the sea on a long cruise with his wife on their yacht, "Lorna M."

NEW YORK is entertaining picture celebrities these days. They are not all pleasure bent, though. **Ed Wynn** has come East to work on "Manhattan Mary" out on Long Island. . . . **Ginger Rogers** is working in the film, too. . . . **Jack Holt** found it necessary to play around Lakehurst, N. J., for a while to take the lead in "Dirigible." . . . **Ralph Graves** is co-featured with him. . . . **Lowell Sherman** is again getting a kick out of acting and directing. This time "The Losing Game" engages his talents. . . . **Marian Nixon** transferred the old traveling bag to the R.K.O. studios for this same picture. . . . **Ben Lyon** has tucked away a five years' contract with Warners for a rainy day. . . . And **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,** too, can stop worrying about the rent coming due for a while with that long term First National option on his services.

MARILYN MORGAN changed her name recently. Celebrated with champagne n' everything. But she didn't get married to do it. Warners just thought **Marian Marsh** sounded better. . . . **Louise Brooks** appeared upon the streets of Hollywood for the first time since her divorce from **Eddie Sutherland.** And now she will be **Buck Jones'** leading woman in pictures. . . . There are persistent rumors that **Corinne Griffith** should be knitting booties for little feet. But then, that rumor is always just as persistently denied. . . . **Adolphe Menjou** is one of the old guard who has "come back" and who is as sartorially effective as ever along Hollywood Boulevard. . . . **Clara Bow's** new picture will be "Her Wedding Night." And isn't it strange, **Clara** and **Rex Bell** are reported "that way" again? . . . **Jack Pickford** has put on the domestic slippers again, having parked, matrimonially speaking, for the third time with Mary Mulhern, a New York show girl. . . . **Ben Lyon,** who plays one of the leading rôles in "Hell's Angels," dropped into New York for the premiere of the picture—and spent time at the opening autographing programs, cuffs, straw hats and newspapers.

SEND A 2c STAMP FOR THIS PRE-VIEW BOOKLET





HOW would you like to see a pre-view of all the great pictures Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is making for the coming year? We have prepared a marvelous little booklet called "Your Lucky Star," the like of which you've never seen . . . 32 pages, brimful of interest and information, telling all about the wonderful new pictures you will be seeing at your theatre from now on. Photographs of the stars. Printed in two colors and profusely illustrated . . . Be the first to know all about the coming M-G-M attractions and the pictures in which your favorite stars are going to appear.

M-G-M, known for its great stars and superlative pictures, surpasses even its own high standard this year! Don't miss these sensational features at your favorite theatre!



CLIP CLIP CLIP

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Dept. 11, 1540 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing a 2c stamp to cover cost of mailing. Please send me, free, a copy of "Your Lucky Star" booklet.

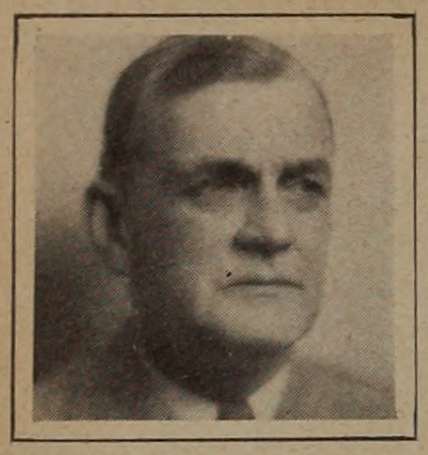
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Street _____

City _____ State _____

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



My Neighbors in Hollywood

By K.C.B.

I DON'T imagine.
THERE IS any place.
ANYWHERE IN the world.
IN WHICH there dwells.
SO MUCH of kindness.
AND OF kindly needs.
THAN CAN be found.
AMONG MY neighbors.
IN HOLLYWOOD.
AND JUST, for instance.
I KNOW one man.
AN ACTOR man.
OF THE older school.
WHO HAS a list.
OF OLD time actors.
AND ACTRESSES.
WITH WHOM he's played.
MEN AND women.
WHO HAVEN'T clicked
IN A payroll way.
AND AT Christmas time.
AND AT intervals.
THROUGHOUT the year.
TO EACH of them.
THERE GOES a check.
FOR A goodly sum.
AND I'D like to tell you.
WHO HE is.
FOR HIS fame is great.
AND YOU'D be pleased.
BUT HE wouldn't like it.
AND SO I won't.
AND ANOTHER man.
WHOM I know well.
A BIG producer.
WHO ONCE on a time.
RAN A little store.
AND I was with him.
OUT ON a set.
ABOUT THE time.
OF THE market crash.

AND HE was telling.
WHAT IT had done.
TO HIS bank account.
AND AS we talked.
THERE CAME to us.
A MIDDLE aged man.
OF SADDENED mien.
AND SEEDY clothes.
AND I moved away.
SO THE two could talk.
AND MY friend wrote.
ON A piece of paper.
WHATEVER IT was.
AND THE saddened man.
HE WENT away.
AND ANYWAY.
HOWEVER I learned it.
IT DOESN'T matter.
BUT IT was an order.
FOR A thousand dollars.
TO SAVE the home.
OF THE saddened man.
AN OLD employe.
WHO HAD broken down.
AND ANOTHER man.
WHOSE NAME is linked.
WITH HOLLYWOOD.
AND THE movie world.
HEARD SOMEONE mention.
AT A dinner party.
OF A serious illness.
WITHIN THE home.
OF A man he'd known.
AND HADN'T seen.
FOR A very long time.
AND HE knew was poor.
AND THE morning after.
HE CALLED this man.
TO COME and see him.
AND TALKED with him.
AND A sick little girl.

HAD THE best there was.
IN A fine hospital.
AND THE best there was.
OF MEDICAL care.
AND I know, too.
OF A restaurant.
A FAMOUS one.
IN HOLLYWOOD.
AND IT has the spirit.
OF HOLLYWOOD.
AND I know a man.
A WELL known man.
IN ANOTHER town.
BUT TO fame unknown.
IN HOLLYWOOD.
AND HE'D had hard luck.
AND WAS just about out.
WITH SPIRIT broken.
AND EVERYTHING.
AND HE sat himself down.
IN THIS restaurant.
WITH THE only dollar.
HE HAD in the world.
AND THE manager saw him.
AND BEING a student.
OF THE near down and out.
HE SAT with him.
AND SAID to him.
"YOU'RE A stranger here.
"AND I just want to tell you.
"IF IT ever happens.
"YOU'RE IN need of a meal.
"COME ON in here.
"ANY TIME at all."
AND ANYWAY.
IT'S A great little city.
IS HOLLYWOOD.
AND I wouldn't trade it.
FOR EVEN Brooklyn.
WITH ALL its churches.
I THANK you.

America's Greatest Actor —As You Like Him!

WARNER BROS. present

John BARRYMORE in "MOBY DICK"

With JOAN BENNETT
Lloyd Hughes, and a Great Cast

FOR seven years on the seven seas he had sought the inhuman monster that had made him a man unfit to love.

Can he win revenge against this awful enemy—or will he perish in the giant maw that has been the graveyard of a hundred men before him?

Will he ever return to his home to learn that the love he thought dead is still waiting?

These are the questions that have held hundreds of thousands spellbound through the pages of Herman Melville's immortal classic, "MOBY DICK".

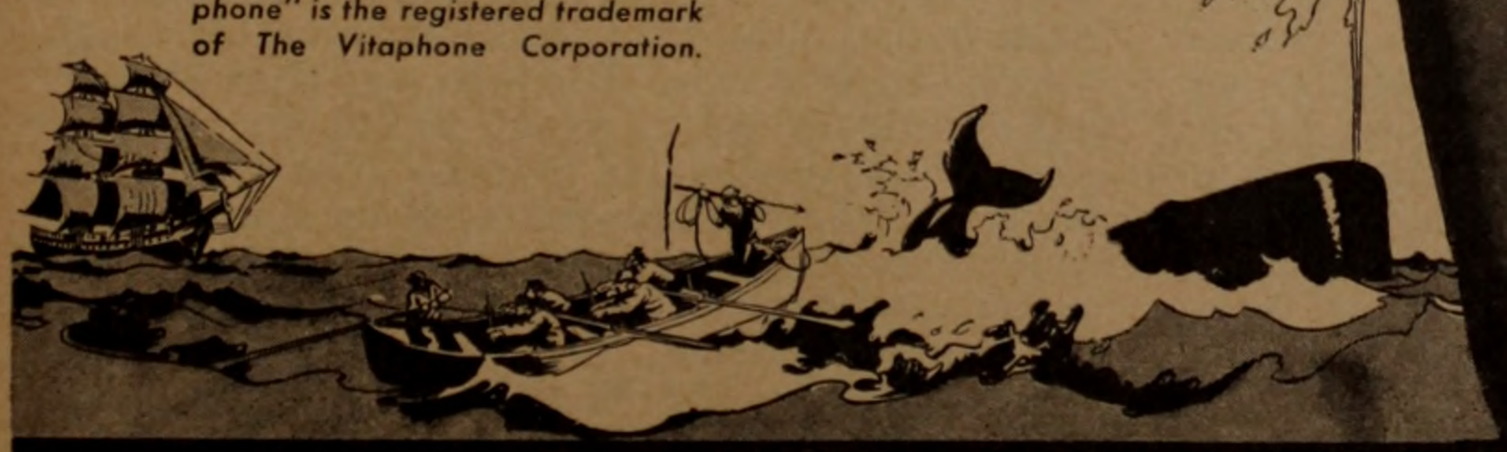
They are merely hints of the throbbing thrills thatmake"Moby Dick"John Barrymore's most glorious talking picture! See it soon, at leading theatres everywhere.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.







A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Facts *and* Figures

Intimate Items About Pictures, Past, Present And Future

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

A CHINESE merchant recently alighted from a steamer in Los Angeles harbor and announced that he had come here as the representative of a group of tradesmen in Shanghai to contract for American merchandise. "I shall make contracts for over a million dollars," he said. "We come to you for these goods because we have seen them in your moving pictures. Not only have we seen them as to their appearance, but we have seen them work. Among other things, I will buy electric refrigerators. They have commended themselves to us." That is one of the accounts Hollywood has bestowed upon these United States. And a million dollars in foreign trade is no trifle, especially when it comes from one buyer. Yet you hear supposedly reasonable folk sneering at Hollywood's pretensions to usefulness.

AND just to clinch the matter, it is less than a month since the Chilean Government awarded the Foundation Company of America a $4,500,000 contract for the construction throughout Chile of 250 schools and 20 hospitals. Jorge Delano, a Chilean picture director recently arrived in Hollywood, says that the contract was directly the result of American films made in Hollywood.



WHY DIRECTORS ARE BALD

Director, tearing out hair by the handful, as the cameras catch not only the big jungle scene, but something else: "Who in Hellywood let those cats out of the bag?"

I HEARD a Chicago business man—who, by the way, must at sometime have been vaccinated with a phonograph needle—pooh-pooh the whole influence of films on foreign trade. The Asiatics and sub-Europeans, he insisted, were too simple to know what most of the things in American pictures were intended for. Perhaps so. But you can't shove bathtubs and motor-cars and handsome clothes under a simple man's nose week after week without making him want them.

THOSE $10,000-a-week movie salary yarns—usually the last resort of a desperate publicity department—are really getting just a little too much to swallow. And now comes Walter G. Matthewson, chief of the Division of Labor Statistics in the California Department of Industrial Relations, with a brutal smash at the swollen-stipend fantasy. "Between May, 1929, and May, 1930," says Mr. Matthewson, "the average weekly earnings of motion picture folk was $54.49. This represented an increase of thirty-seven per cent. over earnings for the previous year." Now what, I ask you, are we to do with an iconoclast like that? Has the man no sympathy, no mercy? $54.49! He wouldn't even make it $54.50.

ALSO, we have been so stuffed with tales about the motion picture magnate, his millions and his power, that we have come to believe that Brother Zukor owns Paramount; and Brother Mayer, M-G-M; and Uncle Carl, Universal, and so on. But, suppose you learn that the Paramount-Publix outfit is owned by no less than 16,486 common people like you and me! Rather makes you wonder how many people Brother Adolph has to consult before he can order Clara Bow to stop talking about her love affairs.

ONCE, quite a distance back in movie history, I went with an advertising friend to call on Carl Laemmle in his New York offices. I went along to lend moral support to my friend, who had the absurd idea that it was time for picture companies to advertise their wares. His idea was that Universal should spend as much as $10,000 the first year to advertise its pictures. As I recall it now, we left quickly, followed by Uncle Carl's voice shouting to know if we thought he was crazy. Advertise? Advertise? I'm reminded of the experience, because in 1929–30 the movies spent over $100,000,000 buying advertising space. And Uncle Carl's company went—believe me—quite a long distance beyond that first suggested ten thousand that roused his ire.

(*Continued on page 16*)



Vivacious, beautiful—Alice White knows, as a charming film star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical *underglow* that *makes brilliancy natural!*

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to *ordinary* rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

The Life Principle of All Color Is Glow

The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color *showing through the skin from beneath.*

Now then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow.* On the contrary Princess Pat rouge *imparts* glow—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to *come from within the skin.* It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty* is seen—"painty" effects *never.*

Only The "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones,* perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need.*

Every Princess Pat Shade Matches Any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with *your* skin. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited.* There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night—under artificial lights. So thrillingly beautiful is this fashionable use of *just the right shade for the occasion,* that you will undoubtedly want to possess at least a shade for day—and wonderful NITE for evening use. The cost? No more—because each shade lasts its accustomed time.

Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before

Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you *try* Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you *can be.*

Princess Pat

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

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

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—



SPECIAL

Princess Pat, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago; Dept. 101-E

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

FACTS AND FIGURES

(*Continued from page 14*)

WHAT I said above about the movie business being owned by so many people also is interesting, when we look at the latest M-G-M financial report. They footed up the business for twenty-eight weeks, ending March 14, 1930, and discovered that the gross profit was $9,163,203. That runs better than a million and a half a month. Of course, there are a few trifles, such as operating expenses and taxes, to be taken out of that, but, even so, it looks like a nice, pleasant autumn for the shareholders.

LAST month, I said something about the Warner Brothers contract with Western Electric having brought them in a handsome income in the last two years. Well, that contract now has not quite two years to run, and I have what Joe Weber used to call "inside inflammation" that it will not be renewed—by mutual agreement. Gossip in the trade is that the Warners were not given as much consideration as they might have had. However that may be, when you read stories of Warner purchases of interests in Tobis-Klang-film—which is a German type of talking picture apparatus—and their acquisition of Brunswick Phonograph business, keep that Western Electric contract in mind. When the wise man is about to move, he prepares himself another home, perhaps?



If you like caricature, just cast an optic at Helen Kane in "Heads Up." Them eyes, them cheeks, them lips have funny lines again

THE calamity howlers are doing the best they can to promote a financial panic, and the motion picture industry seems determined to knock their prophecies galley-west—wherever that may be. I said that M-G-M had been having a good half-year—since the fateful October, 1929—and now I find in the morning paper the financial prediction for Paramount-Publix. Their earnings—net this time—for April, May and June, 1930, will run considerably better than last year, reaching about $2,550,000. And that's a new high-water mark.

PERHAPS this industry of ours is destined to be something more than just an amusement provider. It is even conceivable that it is going to be the big stabilizer of American business, holding things steady while the business boneheads and political pushers are trying to rock the commercial craft so hard that it ships water. Any enterprise that can extract $1,560,000,000—yes, I mean more than a billion and a half—from the public each year is a whale of a big business, and the fellows who make steel and box cars, and refine oil and provide transportation and build motor-cars and what-not can do worse than look us over and ask how the picture folk do it. Shoo these long-faced yawpers out to Hollywood, Mr. Hoover!

SERIOUSLY, let us shed a tear for Douglas Fairbanks. Poor Doug! Two or three months ago, he announced that he had given up his plans to make a new picture. Said he didn't know what the public wanted. Guessed he'd just sit around and play golf and wait for something to turn up. But Joseph Schenck had a picture written by Irving Berlin, and he needed an outstanding personality for it, so he chased Douglas into his private swimming pool and before Doug could escape, Joe had his signature on a contract to play the lead. M. Fairbanks gets $30,000 a week for ten weeks.

ONCE there was a time when every studio had to have its own laboratory to develop and print the thousands of feet of film it turned out. Then, a few gentlemen merged themselves into a company they called Consolidated Film Industries. Here and there, they picked up a laboratory, and soon they had everything in Hollywood and New York except two small concerns. But they decided that there were still some outlying trifles they needed, so they bought up a lot of patents covering film processing machines. Then they went in for color, and these recent acquisitions run into about $2,000,000.

SOMEBODY figured out the other day that a pretty fair grade of motor-car can be bought for 22 cents a pound. That sounds fairly reasonable. But when the picture statisticians get down to business, they work differently. For example: You sit in a theater and watch a 7,000-foot picture unreel on the screen. It takes just about 77 minutes to run it off. But did you ever know that for each two and three-quarters minutes of time that picture is on the screen, nearly 300 people worked a full day to make it possible?

SHORTLY after "The Birth of a Nation" made its appearance in 1915, Harry E. Aitken dreamed of a string of theaters reaching all across the land in which super-pictures—like "The Birth"—would be shown at $2 admission. He come near to putting it into execution. He acquired three houses—in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, and they operated for six months at the $2 scale. I mention this because the $1,560,000,000 theater receipts I mentioned a few paragraphs back were contributed by 5,980,000,000 people.

WOMAN'S LOVE ... MAN'S HATE ... BLAZING ROMANCE
IN A CITY AFLAME WITH CARNIVAL PLEASURES!

DIXIANA

In staggering magnificence . . . in thundering emotions comes "DIXIANA" to hold the world spellbound! ALL THAT IS LIFE HAS BEEN ENGULFED IN THIS AMAZING PRODUCTION! Romance . . . Fiery Drama . . . Bouncing Comedy . . . Revelry . . . Stupendous Spectacle! The story of Two Men . . . and a Woman who set men's hearts aflame . . . amid the Mad Abandon and Fevered Passions of Mardi Gras!

with

BEBE DANIELS
Glamorous star of song and great emotions.

EVERETT MARSHALL
Famous star of Metropolitan Opera Company.

BERT WHEELER
AND
ROBERT WOOLSEY

DOROTHY LEE

JOSEPH CAWTHORN

RALF HAROLDE

JOBYNA HOWLAND and BILL ROBINSON
(World's Greatest Tap Dancer)

Music by Harry Tierney, Book by Anne Caldwell
Directed by LUTHER REED . . . Supervised by WM. LE BARON

SCENES IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR

TUNE IN EVERY
TUESDAY EVENING
and
THURSDAY AFTERNOON
for the great
RKO HOUR
over N.B.C. Network
Famous stars . . favorite entertainers, news of Hollywood and coming productions.

COMING WITH A RUSH! AMOS 'N' ANDY in their first talking picture, Edna Ferber's "CIMARRON", John Galsworthy's "ESCAPE", "BABES IN TOYLAND", "LEATHER NECKING" and "HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE" with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey . . . not to mention a grand and gorgeous galaxy of other great attractions in THE NEW PAGEANT OF THE TITANS!

RKO DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
(Subsidiary of Radio Corp. of America)
1560 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

RADIO PICTURES



A cross-section of a tooth and the gum, infected with pyorrhea. Notice how the gum tissue (right) is pulling away from the tooth. The continuation of this separation will cause the tooth to become so loose it will probably be lost.

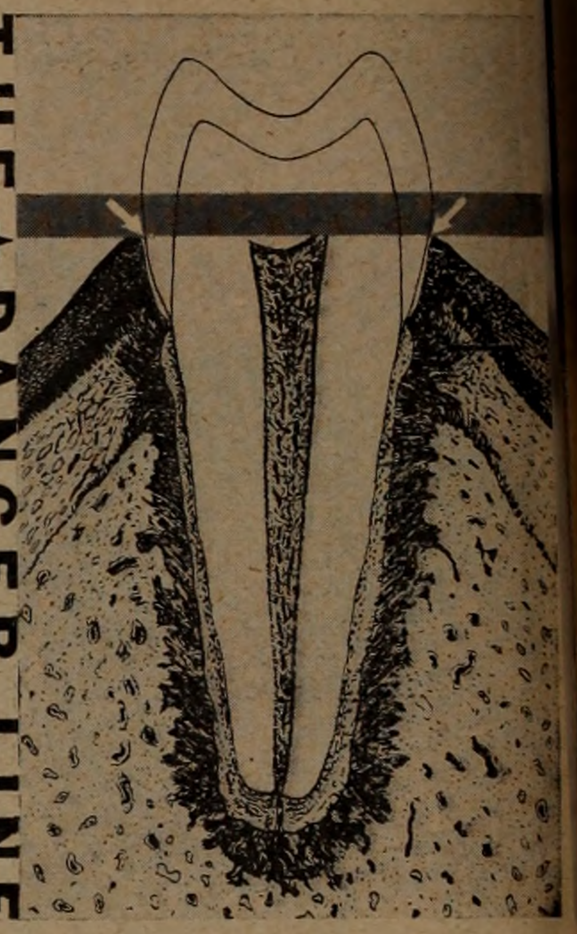
AS LONG AS THE DANGER LINE KEEPS HEALTHY,

THERE IS LITTLE DANGER OF PYORRHEA

Start today using Squibb's Dental Cream—for its help in protecting the delicate Danger Line



THE ★ DANGER LINE



★*The Danger Line is the imaginary line where gums meet teeth. As long as this knife-like edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. Nor will tooth decay spread beneath it and attack the sensitive neck of the tooth. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes and then The Danger Line no longer furnishes protection.*

True, pyorrhea is practically incurable. But there are a number of ways in which you can guard against it. Clean, healthy gums, sound teeth are a protection. For pyorrhea usually begins with an infection of the gum tissue at The Danger Line. And so . . . if you safeguard The Danger Line, pyorrhea will have little chance.

The Danger Line is where gums meet teeth. The gum margin. It is one of the most important tissues of the mouth. Never cause it to bleed by using too stiff a brush or a gritty dentifrice. Never wound it with toothpicks or hurt it with strong astringents. And . . . *never allow acids to irritate it.*

At the edge of The Danger Line is a tiny crevice too small for your tooth-brush to reach. Fermenting food particles collect here and generate destructive acids which irritate the gum tissue. No wonder the delicate gums sometimes become inflamed—and the more they recede, the wider the road is open to infection.

Ordinary dentifrices, ordinary methods are ineffectual against such a menace. But there is a safe way to combat these acids. Brush your teeth regularly with Squibb's Dental Cream. It contains 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate crevices and fissures, *where the brush fails to reach.* And, because it soothes irritation, Squibb's helps the gum margin keep firm and healthy—a real protection against infection. It cannot injure The Danger Line, for it contains no grit, no astringents.

It cleans beautifully. The *regular* use of Squibb's will restore and preserve the luster of your teeth. And it will clean *between the teeth* and in the *tiny pits and fissures.*

Get a tube and begin using it from tonight. Make it a rule to visit your dentist regularly. *Know that you are guarding against pyorrhea and tooth decay in the safest and most effective way.*

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons





LUPE VELEZ

In the center of the stage after "The Storm" and with "East Is West" lying ahead of her, what could Lupe Velez do except bear up as best she could?

Ray Jones



Fryer

DOROTHY MACKAILL

Credited in offstage Hollywood with having more sex appeal than any other star, Dorothy at last is seen in her true colors in the Technicolored "Bright Lights"



Ball

CLAIRE LUCE

Arriving from Broadway too late to start in "The Sea Wolf," Claire Luce had her talkie début postponed. But not for long. "Up the River" was started early



Bachrach

RICHARD DIX

Serious again, after a long succession of pleasant, effortless comedies, Richard Dix is now definitely looking up as the colorful *Yancey Cravat* of "Cimarron"

The Magazine With the Personality

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

· TALKS ·



By GEORGE KENT SHULER, *Publisher*

WHEN talkies bounced into Hollywood, the American movie lost two irreplaceable attractions—fast action and Emil Jannings. Word seeps out, from heretofore reliable sources, that Jannings has learned his English lessons and will return in January. Does anyone know when we can expect fast action back?

• • •

MARY Nolan fell asleep in a boat at Arrowhead Lake, and awakened with a severe case of sunburn. She was rushed to a hospital. There she was visited by a Federal narcotic inspector, brought thither by the affidavits of two nurses that Miss Nolan's arms were "full of punctures from hypodermic needles." The inspector examined her carefully, "failed to find a single needle mark." The case was dropped. At this writing, the sequel has not been printed. But we devoutly hope that the nurses or whoever gave them their little idea get all that is coming to them.

• • •

"THE Queen has abdicated—and the castle doors are open" is Hollywood's way of saying that Mary Pickford is chumming with Hollywood once more. There are also signs that there is another abdication in the making. Mary has begun disbanding the staff she has had about her for several years, and United Artists announce that her future films, if any, will not be made by her as an individual star-producer, but under their auspices. Doug, she explains, wants to withdraw from financing and making talkies—and she does not want to carry the financial burden alone. Much as we dislike the conclusion, it looks like the beginning of the end for two of moviedom's longest-reigning favorites.

• • •

THE latest silliest change in a movie title is that of the Broadway stage success, "The Command to Love." Objectionable to the Hays office under this title, the show can go on as "The Boudoir Diplomat." No little eight-year-olds could possibly guess from this that the play is the least bit naughty.

• • •

IT looks as if there is some hope for John Gilbert in his next talkie, "Way for a Sailor." For one thing, his voice has improved under the expert coaching of Dr. P. Mario Marafioti. For another thing, he will not be a romantic dandy in officer's brass buttons; he will wear dungarees. And the dialogue is being written by such censor baiters as Laurence Stallings, responsible for "The Big Parade"; Charles McArthur, co-author of "The Front Page"; and Jim Tully—you know Jim Tully. Virility at all costs is the watchword—and a good one.

• • •

MOVIES a few of us would like to see:
Clara Bow in something giving her a chance to act. Remember her in the pre-Glyn days in "Down to the Sea in Ships" (no relation to "The Fleet's In" and "True to the Navy")?

Gloria Swanson in peasant's clothes.

A gangster story in which the Big Shot is neither noble nor educated.

A spy story in which love does not complicate the complications.

Zasu Pitts in a leading rôle.

• • •

THE half-pint golf courses, renting out putters and colored golf balls on every vacant lot from Coney Island to Catalina Island, are giving the movie showmen a bad jolt. They are, in fact, panicky—talking of converting failing theaters into indoor country clubs, *et cetera*. All of which seems dreadfully unnecessary. America does not want golf so much as it wants good movies. (Please place the emphasis on the good.)

MENACES *of*

I. Pigmy Gof

Millions Cf

Dollars Awa

By CAMPBE



Above, a close-up of a course built beside a theater at First Street and Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, to attract crowds to *both* golf and movies. Movie magnates did not start worrying until golf fans started turning out at night, as at right



ONE thing after another seems to conspire to disturb the peace of mind of the motion picture impresario. The day before yesterday, it was his inability to make enough of the kind of pictures the public wanted. Yesterday, it was the public demand that all pictures be conversational. To-day, it is the public madness for poor-man's golf. To-morrow?—one can hardly blame him for looking longingly at the fortune teller's ad.

Undoubtedly, the poor picture producer and theater owner have a good deal to think about. For a time, they had the entertainment business in their grasp. People fell easily into the habit of patronizing the movies, for two principal reasons: they wanted cheap amusement at short intervals, and the picture *entrepreneur* provided it at the time when there was little else to do. But in recent years a number of competitive factors have appeared. The automobile became cheap, radio poked its head out of the maze of things unborn, and the American people began to lean more intensively to sport.

In 1921, William W. Hodkinson, one of the earliest of the intuitive picture distributors—and the organizer of the Paramount institution, by the way, told me that he considered that radio had dangerous possibilities.

"Any picture man who doesn't see a potential menace in it is asleep," he said. "It may develop into a major entertainment, or it may prove merely a minor adjunct. If the former, it might prove so competitive that the motion picture industry would have to adopt it, or effect some combination. To-day, it is free entertainment, delivered into the home. But who knows where it is heading, or how much it will affect distribution?"

Rather prophetic now, isn't it? With the Radio Co poration making pictures, and Paramount buying a hal interest in the Columbia Broadcasting system?

How It All Started

ABOUT a year ago, a Tennessee innkeeper name Garnet Carter stumbled on an idea. Doubtless, h had seen a riotous game of lawn croquet illustrated i an old copy of *Gody's Lady Book* and had mixed that in h mind with a golf match on an adjacent links. Whateve the process, the result was an eighteen-hole dwarf gol course outside his inn, with tin cans sunk in the groun and greens of cottonseed hulls. And forthwith the Ameri can public performed one of its characteristic emotiona flip-flops and went completely gaga.

Psychologically—or perhaps pathologically—the ide clicked with the public taste. For years as a nation, w have been hearing about golf. The game arrived in th United States on a recognized basis some thirty-five year ago. There had been sporadic evidences before that, o course. At first, as a nation, we sneered. Then, as a nation, we tolerated the thing. Next, as a nation, we accepted it, much as we accepted polo, the I. W. W. and

the MOVIES

Is Taking People And From The Theaters

MacCULLOCH





Moss

Above, a golf-course and a Los Angeles movie theater working not against each other, but for each other. You play golf, then rest in the movie. At left, a bird's-eye view of an elaborate course, equipped with rustic bridges, swings, *et cetera*

Carrie Nation—a sort of weakness that occupied space in the papers and rather embarrassed us, a weakness that business men were supposed to shun as they would the plague. In the last ten years, there has been grave doubt as to whether American business could be carried on without golf.

But golf never bothered the motion picture business. You see, it had to be played in daylight. So the magnates smiled and joined golf clubs—which were, and are, by no means inexpensive—and were blissfully happy. And all this time the shadow of that fellow down in Tennessee was hanging *Damocles*-like over the movie neck!

Why People Play

YOU know, folks are queer. The thing just beyond their reach is very apt to be jeered at. Golf was like that. Because a set of odd-looking clubs and a strange bag and a foppish suit of clothes and a golf membership and all the appurtenances cost money, and because valuable daylight working time must be sacrificed to play the game, golf was out of the reach of ninety-eight per cent. of us. Consequently, we affected to scorn it.

Then Tennessee put it very suddenly within our reach. And it appealed for a dozen perfectly good human reasons: (1) it was very accessible; (2) it was cheap—about the price of a movie theater admission; (3) it used regulation golf equipment; (4) it was easy to play; (5) it could be indulged in at night just around the corner; (6) a lot of other folks could see us as we played; (7) it lent itself to mild gambling; (8) one could laugh and shout and kid one's fellow players, whether known or not; (9) girls could play as well as boys; (10) it was the "millionaires' game" that had been increasingly advertised as such; (11) it could be enjoyed out-of-doors; and (12) it gave us a chance to "dress up."

"Why wouldn't it make a hit?" asks Sid Grauman, the eminent Los Angeles impresario, who shares with Roxy of New York the honor of making the most spectacular motion picture forays upon the public interest. "It appeared just at the right time, as talking picture enthusiasm began to subside a little; it gave people a chance to be participants, instead of mere spectators, and it was keyed at the right price."

The Possibilities Are Endless

NOBODY knows exactly how many of these pigmy golf-courses there are in the United States, for the figure made up yesterday is valueless to-day, since a thousand or more may have sprung into being overnight. However, on July 15 last it was estimated that more than thirty-seven thousand were in operation in the forty-eight states, and that probably twenty-thousand more were projected. In Los Angeles County alone, there are sixteen hundred miniature golf-courses, with fifteen hundred more permits applied for.

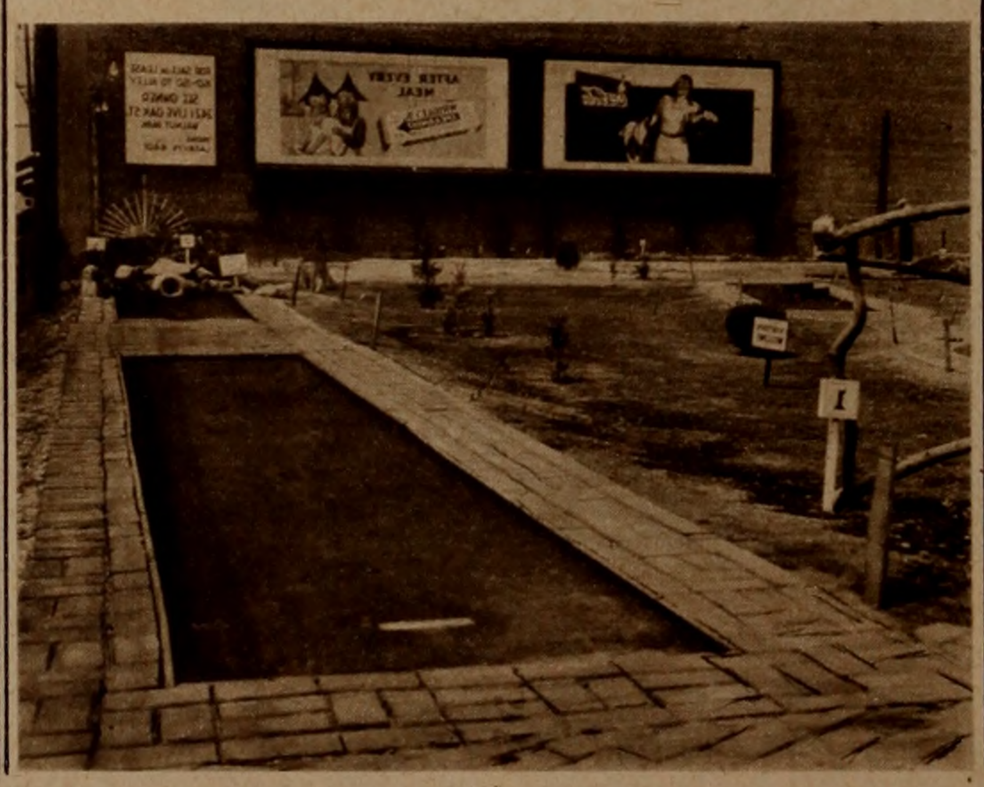
What Can The Movies Do About It?

From an investment standpoint, they cost less than even the most modest theater. As little as twenty-five hundred dollars will equip one. The usual practice is for the intending operator to seek out the owner of a suitable plot of vacant ground, offer him a percentage of the receipts in lieu of rent, and wait for him to say "Yes." A week or two is sufficient for construction. And there are plenty of vacant lots!

Some of the courses cost large sums, being ornate, elaborately landscaped and ornamentally lighted. Flashing fountains, rocky dells, rustic bridges and shady nooks are provided. A marquee with soda fountain, hot dog facilities and a barbecue sandwich kitchen can fit in nicely and add to revenue. The larger courses even provide small clubhouses with easy chairs and a rudimentary veranda. As much as twenty-five thousand dollars is spent on these. Los Angeles, about the time this sees print, probably will have a course costing a quarter of a million; but then, California permits all-year playing.



Above, a spacious California course offering not only a game, but plenty of walking exercise. The daily average attendance at such a course is about a thousand. But even simple vacant-lot courses (like the one below) draw their crowds



Defense Measures

PERHAPS the thing is merely a passing fad; but, even so, it is causing the movie men acute discomfort. The West Coast Theater chain has been meeting the menace by buying up or even starting miniature golf-courses close by their theaters. Some of the larger movie houses offer a ticket to the nearest pigmy golf-course for ten cents more than their movie admissions.

Harold B. Franklin, president of the West Coast chain, is credited with the conviction that the picture theater and the little golf-course may be contributing factors in each other's welfare. Play golf awhile and rest in the theater. See the picture and later stretch the muscles by playing a little golf. Approach from either end. Well, that remains to be seen. Anyway, West Coast is trying it out.

Installation of indoor golf-courses in unprofitable movie theaters throughout the country is being considered by Fox, Warner Brothers and Paramount-Publix, it is said, as one way of capitalizing on a craze which in some places has robbed the movies of twenty-five per cent. of their patrons. An elaborate indoor golf-course may be built in a former theater for about twenty-five thousand dollars. The first of these playhouses to be converted into golf houses is scheduled for an early opening in New York City.

Wanted: 80,000,000 People

AFTER all, we should sympathize with the picture folk. The public demand for picture improvement has caused the industry to spend more than three hundred million dollars in the last two and a half years. The little item of interest on that sum is not less than eighteen million dollars yearly—which means that, in order to pay the interest bill, close to eighty million extra patrons a week are needed in the picture theaters. And this is a sinful lot of folk, when you consider that you must extract an average of a quarter from each of them!

But let us get back to the golf business.

How well are these courses patronized? How badly are the picture men worried?

First, a friend of mine who owns one of these—and he used to be the general manager of a big Hollywood studio—says his modest course enjoys a patronage of from eight hundred to a thousand people a day. He charges a quarter for a round in the afternoon and raises the price to thirty-five cents at evening. If the player wants a second round, the price goes back to the quarter. He has one "fan" who every day for five weeks has played nine rounds! Which sets him back only two dollars and thirty-five cents.

Allow that the average patronage is three hundred a day—which is believed reasonable, since some of the big courses enjoy a patronage of two thousand players a day, or even more—and with thirty-seven thousand courses the daily play reaches more than *eleven million!* How many of these players are escaped from the picture houses? If we suppose that the average charge is a quarter, the daily take of the miniature golf-courses is more than two million, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

The Surest Remedy

GOING back to Sid Grauman again for a moment, I asked what he thought would happen—how the picture men would meet this condition.

"Better pictures, and perhaps lower admissions to the theaters," he said. "I'm not sure about the latter, but I am about the quality. You have to meet competition by improvement. Talkies are waning in popularity—perhaps not because of the talk, but just because their novelty is wearing off. In any case, we must have a finer grade of product."

And we have another factor that is a parallel menace: Night sports!

Cheaper electricity means greater use. Better lighting equipment means wider application. Until the last year or two, the artificial lighting of large outdoor areas has not been general, but now that we are being introduced to night baseball, night horse-racing and night football, it is no wonder that the movie brow is wrinkled.

The movies have been top-dog in the amusement world for quite a while. In the last few years, the picture man has sympathized in a superior sort of way with the drama

(*Continued on page 92*)



Ball

Navigation in these here parts requires plenty of latitude and a certain degree of longitude, but Ann Harding can just about fill the large order. And with her now emoting "The Greater Love," some say that she stands in—others, that she stands out. Either way, she is shore attractive

CAN THEY

The Odds And Things Are

By GLADYS



Spurr

CAN they stay retired?

That is the poser before the house to-day.

I doubt it.

Can they, could they, *would* they ever be content with the patter of Little Feet for their sound effects, the lull of a lullaby for their singies, the nursery night-light for their Kliegs? Tourist tours to Europe for their locations and the intimate, deglamoured family circle for their fan public?

I doubt it.

I doubt it, despite the fact that for years and years I have had earnest threats of retirement wammed into my ears. Credulous aural appendages they were, too, at first. And now . . .

I doubt it, despite the fact that they have always been very pathetic about it, very firm, very reasonable and very emphatic.

I doubt it, because they have put limits on themselves and lo, the limits were vistas, the endless kind, opening, one into another. They have put time limits on themselves. "In five years I shall retire . . . in three . . . in ten . . ." and so on.

They have put money limits. They have put age limits. Time goes. Money amasses. Birthdays tick off on perennially renewed calendars. And the retirers we have always with us.

When They Said They Would

"WHEN I have a million dollars," says modest Eddie Lowe, "then I'll retire, sez *I!*"

"When they find out, as they will one day, that I have a stringy neck and a crooked nose, they'll *make* me retire," omened John Gilbert before the day dawned when the strings on the outside of the throat were less important than those within. "They'll make me quit," he said, "and then I'll stop walking, a puppet, through an author's story, a scenarist's script, a director's megaphone, a cameraman's mercy. All the work o' other men. I'll get down to some honest toil of my own."

"When I have an income of two thousand dollars a month, my own home and everything I possess out of the red," announced Jack Mulhall, with his new R.K.O. contract ink-wet in his pocket.



Constance Talmadge (upper left) stayed retired. William Powell (top) wanted—still wants—to travel. Marilyn Miller (above) says, "Two more pictures . . ."

STAY RETIRED?

Several Other Against Them

HALL





Spurr

John Gilbert (upper right) thought they would make him retire. Vilma Banky (top) thought she would stay at home. Rod La Rocque (above) is not yet in India

"When I have saved enough money to travel on for the rest of my days," said Bill Powell, adding honestly, "but how will I *know* when I have enough? The more money I get, the bigger my ideas become. Can it be that this is an endless chain?"

"When I am thirty-two or thirty-four," insisted Richard Dix, some years ago. "No use in thinking I can keep on after that." "Cimarron" is now in the making, with Rich as the lusty *Yancey Cravat.*

They never do.

They *can't.*

Yes-Men and Women

NEVERTHELESS, just ask them. Their answer is always Yes, YES, *YES.* They sigh for solitude, for privacy, for travel. For a chance to Improve Their Minds. For kiddies. For the opportunity to Read a Book by their own hearthstone, the cat dozing at their slippered feet. They crave to polish the family silver, to indulge their fevered, fretted souls in all the little babbittries dear to the hearts of private Misters and Missuses.

Say they.

I doubt them.

Their actions belie their words.

I believe they would all chant in unison the words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "A quiet life, which was not life at all."

I can recall, to date and of late date, only one famous movie-ite who has actually retired of her own volition, and has stayed retired long enough to make her Exhibit A. That one is Dorothy Dalton Hammerstein, who cultivates and manages a largish farm on Long Island, supervises the cook, has a baby, does all the things a proper Little Woman does do, save play bridge and discuss her neighbors' grievances.

Dorothy is married to a famous theatrical producer with, at the time, his fingers in the picture pie. She could "come back" if she really wanted to. She doesn't want to. She recently returned to Hollywood with the prospect of making a picture. The film, for

(*Continued on page 86*)

Hallelujah! And A Percentage

Aimee Semple McPherson Has A Heaven-Sent Talkie Opportunity

By MURIEL BABCOCK



IF you have a little radio set along with the morris chairs in your front parlor, you've no doubt heard Aimee Semple McPherson, the lady evangelist. Before someone turned her off, I mean.

Come, all ye sinners, and gather 'round close. For here's a choice tidbit for you. Aimee is going to make a picture—a talking picture—which will relate the story of her life from the wind-swept prairies of Canada, to the desolate missions of China, to the green pastures of Los Angeles and Angelus Temple. The lady who walked the burning sands of the desert, that she might come home to her followers in the "pure and spotless raiment of the Lord," is going to break down and confess all—in gelatin form.

For a long time now, movie contracts, screen tests, story conferences have been brewing. It is said that every big motion picture company has offered her a contract. First Aimee would, and then she wouldn't. The indecision seemed to be tied up with the matter of percentages and lawyers, and a trip to the Holy Land—and Paris.

Now everything seems set. By the time you peruse this, Aimee should be fondling a make-up box on the Universal lot. For, believe it or not, the Laemmles, Carl, Sr., and Carl, Jr., are preparing to film the story of Aimee. At this writing, it is called "Clay in the Potter's Hand." It is based on Aimee's autobiographical book, "In the Service of the King."

Everyone Will Be There

AIMEE and her whole family, from the departed Robert Semple—her missionary first husband who exerted such influence on her life and deeds—to Roberta, the daughter; Rolph, the son; and even "Ma" Kennedy, will be characters. Although no definite announcement of the leading man has been made, for a long time the name of Kenneth Harlan has been popping into the picture. It seems that he looks very much as Robert did. It will be a full-time contract for someone, because, although the missionary's soul passed to his fathers in China, his spirit will accompany her in all scenes.

The cast should be an enormous one. They've got to put in lots of converts, and they're not going to forget the yeggs, gangsters, dope fiends, capitalists and all others who have figured in the tempestuous battle that Aimee has waged these many years against Evil. There will probably be location trips—although no mention has been made of one to Carmel.

Carl Laemmle, Sr., likes the idea of doing the picture so well that "they say" he wants personally to supervise the production, which will be staged on a spectacle scale. Everyone, of course, is entitled to one guess, or maybe two about the business of direction, but it is this writer's hunch that Aimee herself will have a lot to say about close-ups, fade-outs and what-nots.

Biblical Drama *Plus*

FOR this Mrs. McPherson is an experienced actress. Right now, she runs the best show in Los Angeles. It's a religious show, to be sure, but aside from its evangelical aspects, grand entertainment. Clad in flowing white robes, assisted by all manner of mechanical effects and props, Aimee packs religion home in strong doses.

She dramatizes everything from her post—well spotlighted—on Angelus Temple's rostrum. Just as in a drawing-room play, when the butler and footmen and maid-servants come on the scene to converse grandiloquently and

(*Continued on page 84*)



Me come from East, from big pueblo of tall teepees, me come West to land of wild men, to the land of Money-ha-ha. Christine Maple, I am call. Me come West to make big "Whoopee," be chief dancer (see the steps?), and sit pretty. ("Pretty what?" the censors shouted)

Alexander



During the late lamented heat wave, some people went from one cinema icebox to another, some went back to Nature, and some kept cool. Mary Brian went back to that old-fashioned garden and parasol and wondered how America's Busiest Sweetheart could possibly make "Social Errors"

Bredell

GLORIFYING
The American DRUNK

A Little Lager, Now And Then, Is Relished By The Leading Men

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER



Richee

Charles Ruggles doesn't see why he should stagger forever in pictures

MOTION pictures appear to be earnestly concerned, just now, with glorifying the American drunk. They have discovered that the bow-benders, the flask-totters, the boys who weave when they walk, are just frightfully funny fellows and that they are good for sure-fire laughs from any audience in this enlightened day of the Noble Experiment. Which is a heaven-sent discovery, what with audiences getting harder and harder to tickle.

It wasn't like this before Prohibition. You could never have let your hero get a bun on then—and remain the hero. Liquor automatically turned anybody into a heavy in those days. But now it seems that the surest way to gain sympathy for any character is to show him a bit boiled.

We run all the gamuts in drunk scenes, of course—from the pathos of Joseph Schildkraut in "Show Boat" down (or is it up?) to the hilarity of Laurel and Hardy getting thoroughly and tearily plastered on cold tea in "Blotto."

Al Jolson did an appealing bit of weaving in "Mammy," you remember—and was still his mother's boy. Marie Dressler, wandering maudlinly through "Anna Christie," nearly stole that picture from Greta Garbo. (Perhaps they should give Greta a rousing drunk scene from time to time!) Marjorie Rambeau had scarcely a sober moment in "My Man." John Barrymore was pleasantly bunned in "The Man from Blankley's." Clive Brook shows us how polite an English drunk can be in "Anybody's Woman." David Manners gets thoroughly squiffed in "The Truth About Youth"—his squiffed-ness, of course, being an important part of the Truth!

Drink and Be Employed

ANYONE who can play a convincing drunk scene is assured of a good job in pictures now. Studios are employing actors who are experts at this particular form of histrionic expression—and asking them to do nothing else. It requires a talent all its own.

Frank McHugh has played in seven pictures and has never had a sober part. He is First National's permanent drunk. Charles Ruggles, another consistently good alcoholic (professionally speaking, of course!), belongs to Paramount. And how the studios do treasure these boys!

I asked McHugh *why* he thought a drunk was so funny to most people. "Is a drunk *really* funny?" I wanted to know. "Or does he only seem that way when portrayed by a clever actor—the way a tramp can be made funny?"

"I think a drunk really is funny," he said. "Unless he is the kind that gets quarrelsome or weepy—and unless he gets too drunk. I have always liked to watch them. A man with just a slight edge on is nearly always funny. His brain is working so much faster than his muscles. He can think, but he can't coordinate.

"He gets absurd notions that seem very brilliant to

(*Continued on page 80*)



Frank McHugh delights in giving you that superiority feeling



But Expert McHugh insists that a drunk cannot play a drunk

Where

To Settle

Clara Bow

In A



Back in those days when sex appeal was only sex appeal, Madame Glyn took one look at Clara and said, "This is It." The name, for some unearthly reason, stuck—and the time has come to find out why. Is It in her face (raise your eyes, right)—the face that launched a thousand ships last spring? Or in her smiling lips (above), whose actions make words so unnecessary?

All portraits by Richee

Is IT?

An Argument, Stands Out Big Way



When the Public (no, not the Publix) insisted on knowing why Clara had so many fan males, there was nothing for her to do but pause on "Her Wedding Night" and show us how two and two make four million. To reveal (left) how she stands with the baldheaded row, and (above) how she looks in the moonlight. And prove, after all is said and done, that It's all over

CLASSIC



CASE V

Dorothy Manners, Court Reporter

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, and may it please Your Honor, Mr. Hays, in the August term of Classic's Open Court the case of the slaughter of silent pictures was taken up by that staunch defender of the late flickers, Charles Spencer Chaplin. Since that investigation a new corpse has been discovered—our old friend, Slapstick Comedy. And now comes the friendly Prosecuting Attorney, Mack Sennett, to lay charge against the talkies, with the microphone as co-defendant, for the death of Low-Brow Comedy. It is for you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to decide whether the deceased has met with a timely or untimely death.—Editor's Note.

MR. SENNETT: Ladies and Gentlemen of the Public, I, Mack Sennett, dean of low-brow comedies, do now find myself in the curious position of laying before you the case of the slaying of my own brain-child, the Low-Brow Comedy, and it is with mingled emotions I present my arguments to you.

Against the defendant, the talkies, I bear no grudge of ill will or disappointment, and yet, Your Honor, and Ladies and Gentlemen, I do not hold them entirely blameless in this slaying. Surely, no case has come to you through more open mind than my own, unprejudiced and unbiased, but at the same time finding defects in both the slain and the slayer.

Bear with me in a brief résumé of the life of the late Low-Brow Comedy. A silly, moronic creature, the talkies found it—and so they killed. And yet, is even a dunce who has brought laughs, and eased away troubles for both young and old alike, so low a creature as to be mercilessly eradicated?

Silly, and imbecilic as it may have been, there were many redeeming features to our late departed. For one point, it had the gift of vitality and action. True, you may deride the *kind* of action . . . pie-throwing, trick falls, somersaults, bathing-girl antics . . . as silly, foolish nonsense. I do not deny this, Ladies and Gentlemen. I created it. But, withal, it was *picture action* . . . and we are dealing in the medium of *moving* pictures.



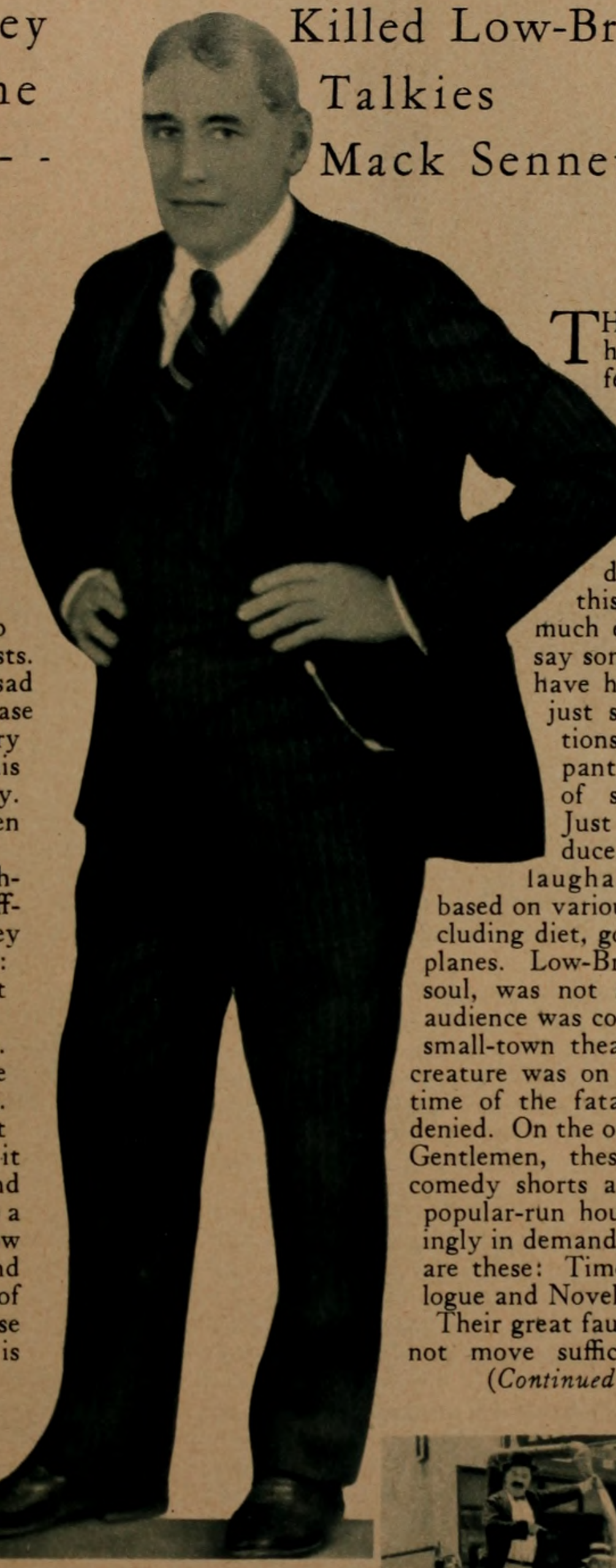
A bed, a dresser, and a washstand used to be a boudoir. But today (see right) Mack Sennett's boudoirs are in period furniture



In the old comedies, the wealthy lived in boarding-house style. But today (see left) their salons are, at the least, all to the ultra

Holds Open Court

THE CHARGE: - - - They Killed Low-Brow Comedy
THE ACCUSED: - - - The Talkies
THE PROSECUTOR: - - - - Mack Sennett



They Knew the Deceased

ALSO, from the inspiration of the late Low-Brow Comedy came amazing and lasting personalities of the screen. First and foremost always, that great genius, Charles Chaplin. That beloved laugh-girl, Mabel Normand. Harry Langdon, Gloria Swanson, Wallace Beery, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost. Low-Brow Comedy fathered and mothered these great of the entertainment world—because, Ladies and Gentlemen, in the realm of Low-Brow Comedy they never ceased to be more or less than entertainers. Art consciousness had no place in their efforts—and so they were artists. The world laughed and wept with them. But sad as it is to relate, this was not always the case after they deserted the old school. Harry Langdon, for one, suffered when he forsook his training of buffoonery for more subtle comedy. Charles Chaplin allows years to elapse between his pictures.

Often I have sat in darkened theaters, watching the new comedy modes of the Low-Brow offspring and wondered at how quickly they forsook their early training. That creed was: Action, Speed, Entertainment . . . first, last and in the middle.

But I fear that we go adrift of the real issue. We are not gathered to bemoan or question the death of Low-Brow Comedy. It is gone forever. It is a part of yesterday. We cannot bring it back if we would. I, for one, am satisfied that it is so. He who denies the inevitable, Ladies and Gentlemen, is more foolish than he who throws a custard pie. That is unwritten law. Low Comedy is dead. Sophistication of situation and dialogue has come to take its place in the field of comic entertainment. Let us consider the case of the assassin, and what cause, if any, there is for indictment.

For and Against the Accused

THE new comedy trend has this redeeming feature: It is adult entertainment. No longer are screen laughs confined to the nonsense of a child's appreciation. Speaking as a producer, I am relieved at this trend of events. It is much easier to have a man say something funny than to have him do it. There are just so many given situations that are funny in pantomime, but the field of speech is unlimited. Just recently I have produced what I hope is laughable entertainment, based on various current themes, including diet, golf, gangsters and airplanes. Low-Brow Comedy, rest its soul, was not so flexible. Too, its audience was comprised of patrons of small-town theaters. That the poor creature was on its death-bed at the time of the fatal blow is not to be denied. On the other hand, Ladies and Gentlemen, these new sophisticated comedy shorts are reaching first and popular-run houses, and are increasingly in demand. Their virtues, then, are these: Timeliness, Variety, Dialogue and Novelty.

Their great fault lies in that they do not move sufficiently fast for real

(*Continued on page 95*)





Above, Mack Sennett, dean of Low-Brow Comedy, lately done to death. At right, a scene from a Mack Sennett comedy starring Billy Bevan, in the days when humor was rough. At left, a setting for a modern, sophisticated Educational two-reeler

The Most Dramatic



Ruth Chatterton Went To The Darkest Depths Of Hell-On-Earth

As told by Ruth Chatterton

TO WALTER RAMSEY



A much needed rest from dramatic situations: Ruth Chatterton takes a nap between scenes on the set of her new picture, "Anybody's Woman"

MY most dramatic moment occurred within the walls of the most famous of all French prisons,—Santé. A hell-hole of shackled, insane murderers—infested with rats and vermin—devoid of sunlight and other light—disciplined with bayonets!

To most of you, that may seem surprising—for the reason that Santé is known the world over as a men's prison; but it is true. In fact, I have the reputation of being the only woman in the world to-day that has ever set foot inside those dank, gray walls. For a woman to get into Santé is as difficult a feat as for a man to get out. I had to pull almost every political string in France to obtain permission to enter. But that is not the start of my story.

It all began one particularly pleasant evening in Paris. I had arrived in France only a few days before, and was stopping at the *Crillon*. If I remember correctly, I had been to the theater earlier in the evening and had been in my room only about an hour—when the telephone rang. I was at a loss to understand the meaning of such a late call, but before I could stop her, my maid had answered. It seemed that someone was in the lobby and wanted to see me. A gentleman.

The Old-Young Man

BUT I knew of no gentleman who could possibly be calling me at that hour, so I told the maid to hang up the receiver. In a moment or so, the phone rang again, and in order to avert any further interruption, I took the call myself. After listening to the manager insist about the importance of the call for several minutes, I at last resigned myself to the situation and told him to put my visitor on the wire.

I had only to recognize his voice and listen to his plea before I asked him to come up immediately. The man who called was a childhood friend, a young boy in Paris for the first time in his life and in terrible trouble. I hur-

Moment *of* My Life

The rise of Ruth Chatterton as a dramatic actress has in itself been dramatic. Her screen life is invariably dramatic. But her real life? Hardly expecting to be believed, she at first assured us that her history was prosaic. And then out of the past came this memory—dramatic, unforgettable. No rôle she has ever played can compare with this unexpected rôle she actually lived.—Editor's Note.





hey both know their drama: Ruth Chatterton with Dorothy rzner, who directed her in "Sarah and Son" and "Anybody's Woman"

edly threw on some clothes and had barely finished dress- ıg when a knock came on the door. If I had only known hat that impatient knock was to mean—if I had realized ıat it was the beginning of a series of the most startling vents ever to occur to me—I wonder if I should have had ıe courage to open the door.

It is difficult for me to describe my thoughts as I saw ıy unexpected midnight visitor standing before me. Clothes torn to shreds . . . dirty and grimy . . . hatless and unshaved. He looked suddenly old, and he was barely twenty-one. I had seen him only ten days before, on the trip across. At that time, he had been youthful, full of the joy of living, well dressed, anticipating the pleasures of his first visit to the gayest city in the world. What dreadful thing could have happened?

An Escaped Prisoner

HIS story came falteringly. Briefly, it was something like this: He had stopped off in a small town about thirty miles from Paris to look about. While there, he had been thrown into jail for the crime of stealing an automobile. He had protested his innocence (in which I certainly believed), but his protests had carried no weight with the police. Then, even more serious, after two nights in the local jail, he had managed to escape and make his way to Paris. He knew they were searching for him and would probably take him back. He wanted me to help him out of the trouble. He hated to call on a woman in this emergency—but I was the only person he knew in France, and he couldn't speak a word of the language. After that much of the story, he collapsed from sheer exhaustion. My maid and I got him to the lounge and tried to make him comfortable.

As he lay there, I tried to get a clear conception of the whole thing through my very startled brain. Here was a

(Continued on page 98)



Hurrell

In A Ballet . . . It's Balance

A newcomer to Hollywood, Harriett Lake is already catching onto the ropes—and is it a ballet nuisance? She says "No." It's not her future—it's only herself—that is hanging in the balance after her going to the front in a small part in "Dough Boys"



Another Lon Chaney

He Is The Friend Of The Crook And Down-And-Outer

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

"JEEZ!" whispered the man in the front row, who was doing a turn for "paper-hanging" (passing worthless checks), "the way that guy plays the part of a con man, you'd think he'd been one hisself!"

"Aw, dummy up!" hissed a voice from the darkness. "This ain't a sassiety drammer!"

The prison picture room, usually a bedlam during the showing of a picture, was now quiet except for the voices from the screen. The hundreds of inmates of a great state penitentiary, the most critical audience before which a "crook" picture could be shown, watched in silence the unfolding of Lon Chaney's first talkie, "The Unholy Three."

"Chaney's pictures are the only ones that don't get the raspberry," says an ex-convict now working in Hollywood, "because he knows how a real crook thinks, acts and talks. Another thing: he makes human beings out of his crook characters. Which they are, even if people on the outside don't think so."

You have seen Lon Chaney in many "crook" pictures—among them, "The Miracle Man," "The Blackbird," "The Penalty," "The Monster," "Outside the Law" and "The Unholy Three." The characters he portrays in these pictures are each vastly different from the others; yet all of them possess one thing in common—a complete understanding of crook psychology.

Thousands of people familiar with the underworld, police officials and the criminals themselves, have long wondered why it was that Chaney—who, of course, has never been a crook, except for screen purposes—could portray these characters with such astounding realism, while other players who attempt crook rôles give but grotesque imitations of the real thing.



Portraits by Hurrell

The answer, never before given to the public, reveals a new and hitherto unsuspected side of the complex character of the man who is acknowledged the screen's finest character actor.

Lon Chaney understands the underworld and its people because he has studied crime and criminals. He has studied them so long and so deeply as to be recognized by leading authorities as one of the finest amateur criminologists and penologists in the world. Such men as Major-General Smedley Butler, the marine who attempted to clean up Philadelphia; Dr. T. Wendell Kilmer of the New York State prison board; Lieut. Roy Harlacher, identification authority; the famous Chief Volmer of Berkeley, California; and ex-Police Commissioner Enright of New York City, testify to Chaney's deep understanding and comprehensive grasp of their profession.

He Speaks For Themselves

EVEN more interesting is the fact that not only does he hold the respect and admiration of law-enforcement officials, but that the convicts themselves seek him out as both speaker and writer on subjects pertaining to their own problems.

(Continued on page 94)

LOOKING

Close-Ups From The Coast



Fryer



Richee

Who's IT now? When *Mitzi* Green, wise for her nine years, also looked *that* way, Clara Bow went into the background (above) in "Love Among the Millionaires"

In case you hadn't noticed, here is proof (left) that *Bernice* Claire is one singer who does not resemble a grand piano. No wonder she is "The Toast of the Legion"!

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS may have lost his professional zest since the talkies, but he still has ideas of the importance of stardom.

Before he would consider adorning **Irving** Berlin's operetta, "Reaching For The Moon," which is also to feature **Bebe** Daniels, he made it clear that the Fairbanks name was to be in letters twice as large as **Bebe's**.

Somebody ran and told **Bebe**, of course. But she just grinned and said, "Build his name a mile high and leave me off entirely."

Bebe isn't the pride of Harper Street for nothing.

• • •

WELL, at least **Mary** Lewis's separation from a gentleman named **Michael** Bohnen is a relief after this epidemic of "friendly divorces." For the first time in a long while, the Court listened to a Hollywood suit that didn't sound like a testimonial of appreciation.

It seems that once, in Berlin, he knocked her through a hotel door.

Socked her on the chin on the boat coming back.

But saved blacking both her eyes until they were comfortably settled in Hollywood.

All in all, it made **Mary** mad enough to tell the Judge all about it.

• • •

AT *the Friday night boxing bouts:*

Maurice *Chevalier stopping the show, when he climbed into the ring and shook hands with the Main Eventers.*

Winnie *Lightner looking unusually well in a smart blue sport coat.*

Gary *Cooper and* **Lupe** *Velez.* **Lupe** *in all-yellow.*

Bebe *Daniels, in a white beret, with* **Ben** *Lyon, eating peanuts.*

Ernst *Lubitsch, shouting above the din: "Sock 'eem! Sock 'eem!"*

THEM OVER

By DOROTHY MANNERS



Richee

Toujours le chevalier: making use of zat ol' underlip, *Maurice* Chevalier (above) blesses *Frances* Dee, an extra turned leading lady for "The Playboy of Paris"

Despite appearances at the right, *Dorothy* Burgess is seriously thinking of giving up vamping, now that she has a chance to be good in "The Painted Desert"



Russell Ball

A FEW days after announcing her third engagement in less than six months, Dolores Del Rio up and married Cedric Gibbons, art director. Mr. Gibbons has been no slouch at this engagement stuff himself. His name was closely linked with Aileen Pringle's for several years, and it was Cedric who cooked up that joke, along with Virginia Valli, of announcing their engagement, "just to see if the papers would print it."

Just what happened to the burning romance between Dolores and John Farrow, the scenarist, is not known.

"They say" that John would like very much to renew his friendship with Lila Lee, which went on the rocks at the time of the Del Rio interlude. At this writing Lila is ill in a sanitarium in Arizona, and unmarried. James Kirkwood has won not only his divorce (grounds: desertion), but custody of their child.

• • •

FREDERICK Lonsdale's story for Evelyn Laye arrived in Hollywood in instalments.

Evelyn, herself, brought the first part of "Lilli."

Ronald Colman arrived from London with the finish.

And now Lonsdale is here with the middle!

A CERTAIN movie star in Hollywood owns the controlling interest in one of our smartest dress-making establishments—but she insists on keeping her business venture a secret.

"Why not?" she shrugs. "My divorced husband's new sweethearts are my best customers. I can't take any chances with all that trade."

• • •

GRETA *Garbo reporting promptly at the studio for a new photographic sitting.*

John *Gilbert inviting seventy-five friends to be his guests at the première of* Ina *Claire's play, "Rebound."*

King *Vidor*, Eleanor *Boardman*, Donald *Ogden Stewart, Mr. and Mrs.* Barney *Glazer in his party.*

Eighty-two baskets of flowers jammed into Ina's *dressing-*

room at the close of the performance. A flower show.

• • •

PARAMOUNT tried once before to change **Buddy** Rogers's name to the more dignified **Charles** Rogers—but this time they are going to insist upon it. They claim that the "**Buddy**" is too juvenile to fit in with his newly sophisticated rôles and they are making no compromise with the nickname. The first time they did. Remember "**Charles** (Buddy) Rogers?" From now on, it is to be just plain **Charles** Rogers.

In the meantime, while the Great Change takes place, **Buddy's** nameless brother, "**Bh**," has been christened **Bruce** by Paramount officials.

• • •

LUNCH *in the Paramount Café:*

Marlene *Dietrich, slightly ill from the heat, sipping cold tea.*

Gary *Cooper with a week's growth of beard for Von Sternberg's new picture.*

Jesse *Lasky and* **B. P.** *Schulberg lunching out with "the help."*

Frances *Dee meeting* **Mary** *Brian for the first time and liking her "lots."*

• • •

IT doesn't take these chicks long to get ideas about their careers!

Frances Dee, the little extra girl, chosen by **Maurice** Chevalier to be his leading lady in "The Playboy of Paris" (erstwhile "The Little Café"), is now playing opposite **Charles** Rogers, who also favors newcomers.

"Of course," said **Frances**, musingly, "I'm glad to have the opportunity to be playing with Mr. Rogers in this picture, but my own part is nothing more than a walk-in walk-out rôle. No chance at characterization at all."

And she told me herself that six months ago she worked as an extra in a scene with three hundred others in a picture of **Buddy's**. (I mean **Charles's**.)

• • •

JUST *around town:*

Jean *Harlow walking from a parking station to the Embassy in an elaborate and décolleté gown, giving the natives a treat.*

Joan *Bennett denying she is secretly wed to* **John** *Considine, Jr.*

Olga *Baclanova looking at baby shoes in a shop on the Boulevard, for the best reason in the world.*

Ann *Harding,* **Joan** *Crawford and* **Ruth** *Roland making a sunburned trio at the Embassy luncheons.*

Elsie *Janis appearing in public for the first time since the death of her mother, dining quietly with a business friend.*

• • •

NOT more than a couple of years ago, **Harry** Cohn and his Columbia pictures were looked on as the death knell of fame and celebrity. Just a step above Poverty Row, **Harry** rated as a last resort. Now his contracts are being sought by the biggest directorial names in Hollywood. Those who have signed with him are: **D. W.** Griffith, **King** Vidor and **Jack** Blystone, who directed **Will** Rogers so successfully in "So This Is London."



She did not dye for dear old Hollywood: naturally a singer, as well as a blonde, *Jeanette* Loff is more or less under cover in "The Boudoir Diplomat"



Fryer

He evaded the woman question in "The Dawn Patrol," but with *Mary* Astor distracting him in "Adios," *Richard* Barthelmess has something better than steps to watch

HOLLYWOOD TODAY

RUTH Chatterton's inseparable pal in Hollywood is Lois Wilson. Lois has a rare gift for friendship with the women who reach the peak of screen attainment. For years she was Gloria Swanson's closest companion, and that at a time when Gloria was frank in admitting "she didn't trust women."

Lois spends practically every week-end with Ruth and Ralph Forbes at their home in Malibu. They spend entire days in their bathing suits and try not to hear the 'phone, lest it be some business summons from Hollywood. At the first breathing opportunity between pictures, Lois and Ruth are planning a trip to New York together.

• • •

THE scenario editor was explaining to the new writer from Broadway just what he did *not* want in a story: "We don't want old women, kids, war, crooks, society, convicts or prisons, Cinderellas, or mistaken identity themes. Now, what would you suggest?"

"The calendar," gasped the author, before he fainted.

There are daze and daze—

• • •

AROUND *the lots:*

Sue *Carol on her way to the Amos 'n' Andy tea.*

Bebe *Daniels ahead of time for an interview.*

Jeanette *Loff and* John *Boles discussing business with their mutual agent.*

Greta *Garbo surprising one of the boys around the M-G-M lot by calling him by his first name.*

Betty *Compson and* Hugh *Trevor strolling arm-in-arm toward* Betty's *set.*

DOROTHY Lee, R.K.O. cutie, who recently broke off an engagement to Fred Waring, is going to marry Jimmy Fidler, young Hollywood publicist, in the near future.

It's all very confusing to Dorothy's colored maid and practically impossible for her to keep the young men's names straight. Answering the 'phone to a newspaper reporter the other day, she gave out the astounding information that "Mis' Dor'thy gwine marry Fred Fidler" and after a sound correction from Dorothy, she called: "Hol' on! Hol' on! Gen'lemun's name is Jimmy Waring!"

• • •

EILEEN *Percy, turned newspaper columnist, on the M-G-M lot gathering gossip for her paper.*

R.K.O. seething with Indian candidates for "Cimarron."

Betty *Compson arranging a gardenia centerpiece for her own table.* Betty's *fresh-flowers-for-the-house bill runs fifteen dollars daily.*

Leila *Hyams, her mother, father and husband taking a Contract Bridge lesson.*

Ruth *Chatterton pronouncing Paris—*"Par-*ees*"*—and all Hollywood doing likewise.*

Mack *Sennett picking out a tune on the piano in his outer office.*

• • •

THE miniature golf-courses are playing merry old havoc with attendance at the movies.

And now comes the report that Fox is making every effort to buy up the little tricks that are adding gray hairs

(*Continued on page 91*)



Don English

Time and Tide wait for no man—but *Frances* Dee isn't time, and *Rosita* Moreno isn't Tide. Newcomers to the Gold Coast, both of them are on the verge of arriving



C. S. Bull

"A blonde with a brunette temperament": such a type was wanted for the rôle of *Nina T.* in "Trader Horn"—and *Edwina* Booth is the girl who met the demand

High Hose, E

If You Want To

Play The Soc





Fryer



If Santa has filled your stockings, there's nothing like sheer stuff and nonsense to put you where you belong. Let Doris MacMahon (above) tip you off to the height of fashion, and let Laura Lee (top left) give a rap about doubling those resources, but look to Inez Courtney (left) for the height of modesty

Everybody!

To Make A Fortune,

Sock Market



Archer



Fryer



If, like Laura Lee (right), you have what Broadway calls "daddies' long legs," there could be nothing wrong with the picture. And if you have plenty of support, as she does (above), you should have a balance. But if you have seen the last hose of summer, like Irene Delroy (top right), scuttle for the nearest pincushion



THE LAND *of* LIBERTIES

It's A Wise Brain Child That Knows Its Own Author

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

ONE of the things which continues to astonish me in this most astonishing of all industries is what happens to a popular novel or play when it is transferred to the screen.

A producer will pay a fabulous sum for a book that has been a best-seller or a play that has had a long run on Broadway—on the assumption that its previous popularity will draw people into picture theaters because they have already heard of it. He pays, in other words, for previous publicity.

Then, the first thing he does, upon acquiring the rights to the thing, is to disguise it by changing the title! This, I gather, is on the theory that the person who wrote it in the first place did not *know* about titles. At least, he did not know how to devise a title with box-office appeal. Well, it is a difficult thing to comprehend, after all—this box-office appeal. Erskine's "Sincerity" becomes, upon the screen, "The Lady Surrenders." And "Liliom" becomes "A Devil with Women." You see the general trend. . . .

Sometimes, of course, changes of title are necessary because the work has been forbidden by the Hays office. It doesn't matter, you understand, if they *make* the picture. They just mustn't call it by its right name. In other words, a risque story, by any other name, isn't nearly so demoralizing for the kiddies. A change of title makes everything all right.

A Rose Under Another Name

"RAIN," you recall, was forbidden—and then was made, under the name of "Sadie Thompson." Which cleaned it all up nicely.

After they get the title readjusted, they settle down to a process that is called "adapting" the story—that is, putting it into form that can be screened.

This is quite a chore and usually involves writing an entirely new story. Sometimes, a whole flock of people write stories to fit the new title. Not that *that* matters. The picture will probably have six or eight different titles before it is released.

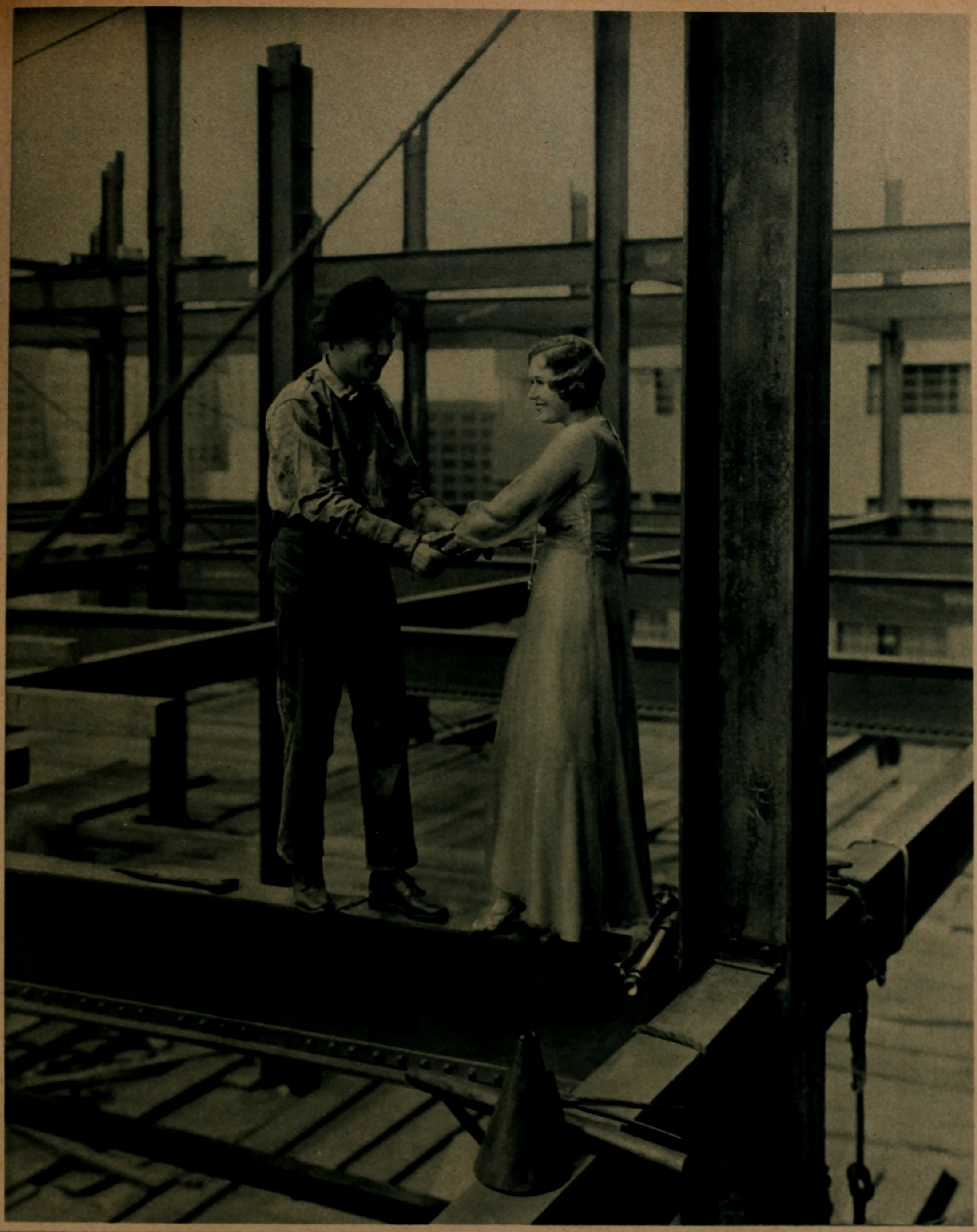
But you see, after they buy the thing, it occurs to them to look around, in a startled fashion, to see whom they have on the lot who can play in it. If they find that they do not have any people who exactly fit the rôles, then they must change the story to fit the actors they have on hand. You will admit the efficiency of this method, I am sure.

Take "Cimarron," Edna Ferber's novel, which R. K. O. is now making into a picture. *Sabra, Yancey Cravat's* wife, is really the chief character of the book. The romantic, mercurial *Yancey* flashes in and out of the story as it suits

(*Continued on page 96*)

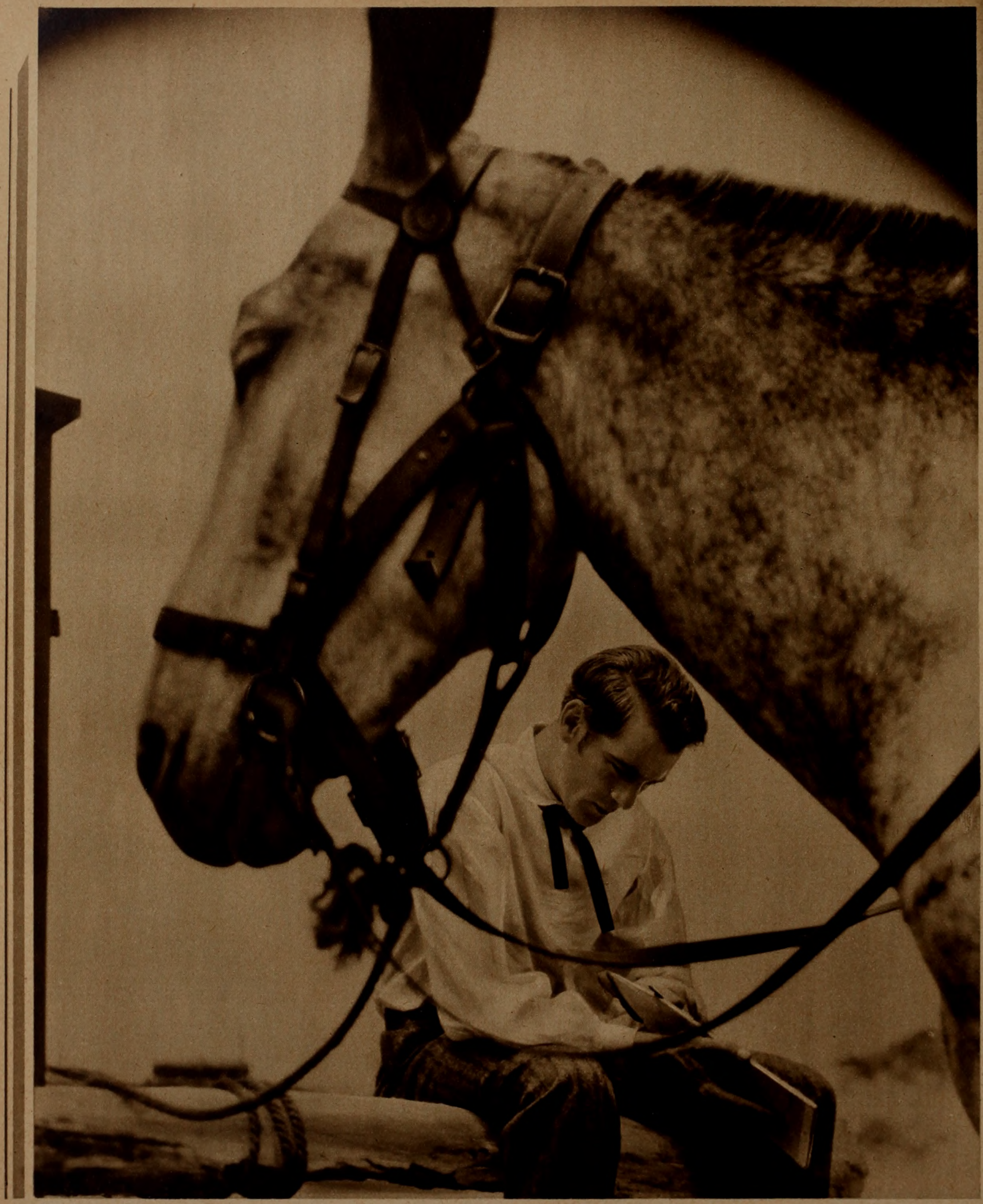


At top, a real old Western scene between Howard Estabrook, writer (left) and Louis Sarecky, associate producer, aiming to make "Cimarron." Above, Director Wesley Ruggles watches every move Estabrook makes



If Bebe could see him now, Ben Lyon could look forward to catching more than rivets. Not only backsliding himself, but trying to make Ona Munson forget where *she* is! But steelworkers, it would seem, are ever thus. At least, this is the construction of "Hot Heiress," a job calling for dexterous footwork

Longworth

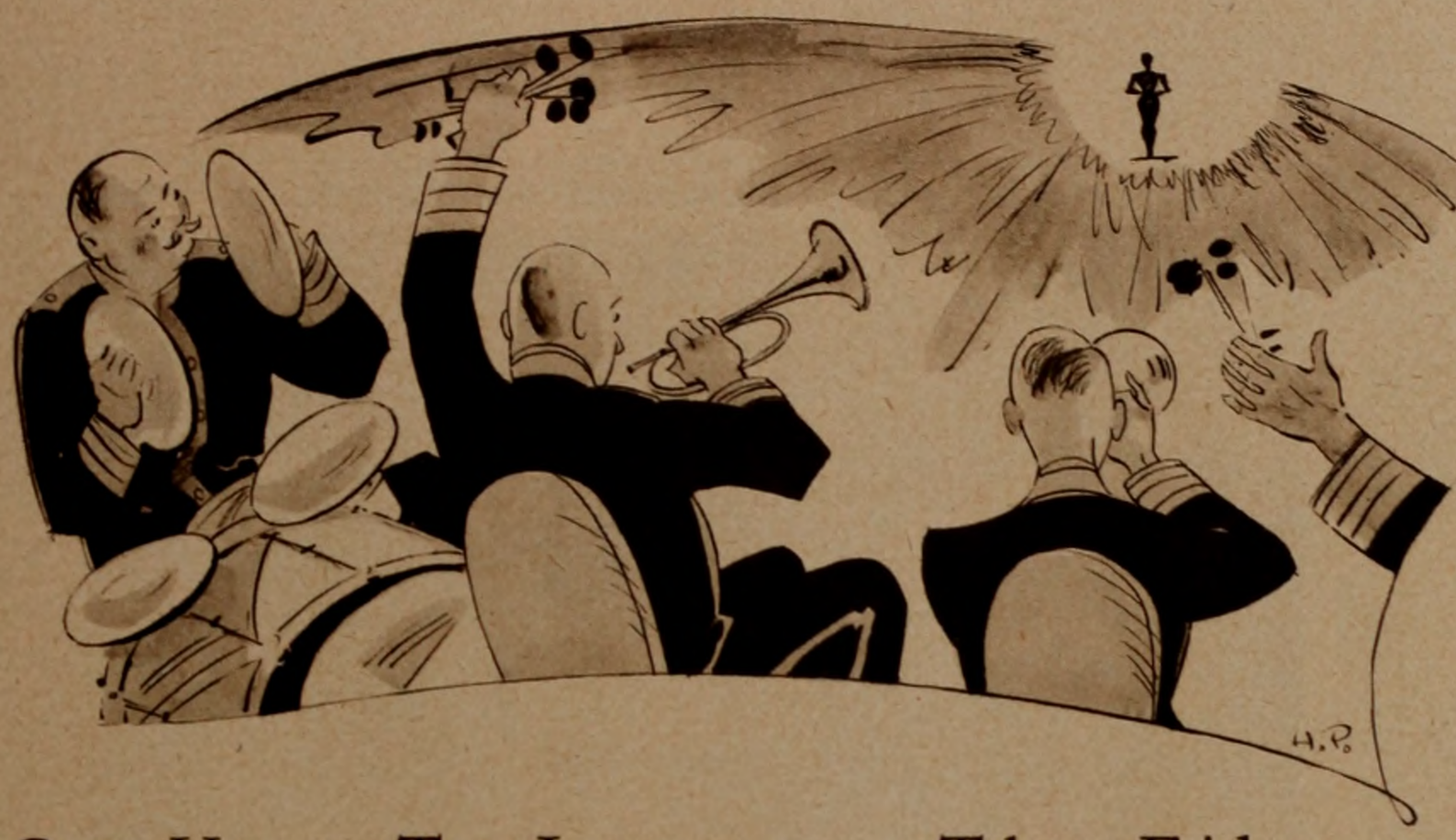


Don English

Left At The Halter

And that, opines Gary Cooper, is better than getting a hoss laugh in the vestry. Hitching posts are all right for busted broncos, but he-men shouldn't be tied down. He's got some cutting up to do yet, and, anyway, he'd rather do his fighting in pictures like "The Spoilers"

Gilding *the* Lily



By
HERBERT
CRUIKSHANK

Illustrations
By
Herman
Palmer

Or, How To Improve The Films With A Little More Silence

NO less an authority than Oscar Wilde has said that a truth ceases to be a truth when it becomes a platitude.

Yet there's many a truth hidden in platitude. In fact, it is platitude, rather than love, that makes the world go round. Civilization is founded upon it. It echoes from high places and reverberates in lowly ones.

We all know, for instance, that the pitcher who goes too often to the box "blows up" at last—generally with the score tied and three men on base in the ninth. Raided love nests demonstrate the axiom that a fool and his honey are soon parted. Obviously, people who live in glass houses shouldn't roll bones. Unless, of course, they've fixed things Down Town.

This sort of thing could go on until we were all laid end on end and stretched from dead-line to publication date. But you get the general idea. And the point that is about to be made is that Silence is Golden, even in sound pictures.

Not that the movies should be seen and not heard. Ah no, not that. True, some of them would confer a boon upon mankind if they weren't heard—or seen, for that matter. But that is neither here nor rare.

The vital fact of the matter is that the gold of silence assays higher, now that the screen re-echoes with a silvered sibilance, than ever it did when the movies were still as the voice of conscience. For then there were no contrasts. All cats, so to speak, were grey. And their mewings hushed in celluloid cenotaphs. Then a title had to tell us "Came the dawn." While now, from the peace of night, we can actually hear it boom as it thunders up from China 'cross the bay. That's what you call contrast. Silent night—sound dawn.

Business also is basically sound, they tell us, as stocks thud, bodies fall and banks crash. But think how much more dramatic the picture would be if the nation's poohbahs contributed a little silence instead of telling riddles and funny stories.



Speaking of Sound Business

THE advent of the talking screen obviated one advantage that the stage had always held over motion pictures. In the theater, one of the most effective bits of stage-craft is the use of silence in stressing a climactic moment. The mere absence of sound can make the silence shriek louder than all the clamor of Babel. Witness, for instance, the use of silence in "Journey's End," both play and picture, when in the most dramatic moment the booming of the guns is for the first time hushed.

But when all movie moonshine was stilled, silence was robbed of its theatric value. The best that could be done to gain the effect was to have the orchestral accompaniment to the picture suddenly cease when the big moment arrived. Crude as was this device, movie maestros used it not infrequently. And the mere cessation of the music emphasized the drama enacted on the screen. The next time you see a vaudevillian ride a high bicycle from gallery to stage, swing the spangled blonde over the audience by his teeth, or perform whatever feat marks the climax of his act, watch him signal the orchestra leader for silence. In the circus listen vainly for the blaring band when the tumbler makes his Leap for Life. You'll get an idea of the screen's handicap in being unable to use silence because there was too much of it.

But the talkies have obviated this. From the first of the big ones, employment of the new asset has been apparent. The tensest scene in "Broadway

(*Continued on page 99*)

It Pays To Be Poor

Chester Morris Is Cashing In As The Poorest Star In Town

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK



I THOUGHT Chester Morris was the white-haired boy of the talkies from the beginning. I didn't know he had an early struggle to his name, so far as Hollywood was concerned. I thought he simply made "Alibi," was besieged with offers on every side, commanded a fabulous salary, and had since been living off the fat of the land, regarding a thousand dollars a week as mere pin money.

Imagine my surprise to find that, for four months after "Alibi" was made, there wasn't a studio in Hollywood that would let Chester in. That he suffered the agonies of failure and poverty before he reached his present eminence.

And that now, having just built a barbecue oven in his back yard, he hasn't enough money left to buy the meat.

It was that old discoverer, D. W. Griffith, who made the first tests of Chester, while he was playing in New York in "Crime." Roland West saw those tests, when he was looking for a believable villain to play in "Alibi." He wired, offering Chester a United Artists' contract.

Chester didn't want to go. He didn't have sense enough. It wa his manager, A Woods, who arrange the whole thing an finally hustled him of to Hollywood.

Chester, that fiendish crook, arrived with the baby's bathtub under one arm and a straw suitcase in the other. He was rather relieved that Roland West wasn't at the train.

Broadway Came Off

THE next day, he presented himself to Mr. West, arrayed in spats, a derby hat, cane, and gloves. Roland took one look at him.

"H'm," he said. "Actor. Well, we don't have anything like that out here. You'll have to give that up."

Chester went to work. He finished "Alibi." United Artists, simply not Morris-conscious, failed to take up his option. For four long months he hung around Hollywood, trying to get work. But no one had ever heard of him, and no one apparently wanted to.

"Those four months were horrible," Chester said. "I hired an agent. I hired a press-agent, and I was in a Fool's Paradise every morning at breakfast when I read things about myself in the paper. I thought I was a big shot. But I soon found out that nobody read them but other actors out of work. My press-agent

(*Continued on page 102*)

Our Own News Camera



Arrived at healthy, normal adulthood, William Bakewell (above) can now get a laugh out of America's favorite reading matter. Every Friday he rushes to the newsstand for Sunday's paper, laboring under the delicious illusion, despite the fighting he saw in "All Quiet on the Western Front," that that "Mr. and Mrs." stuff is funny

Fryer

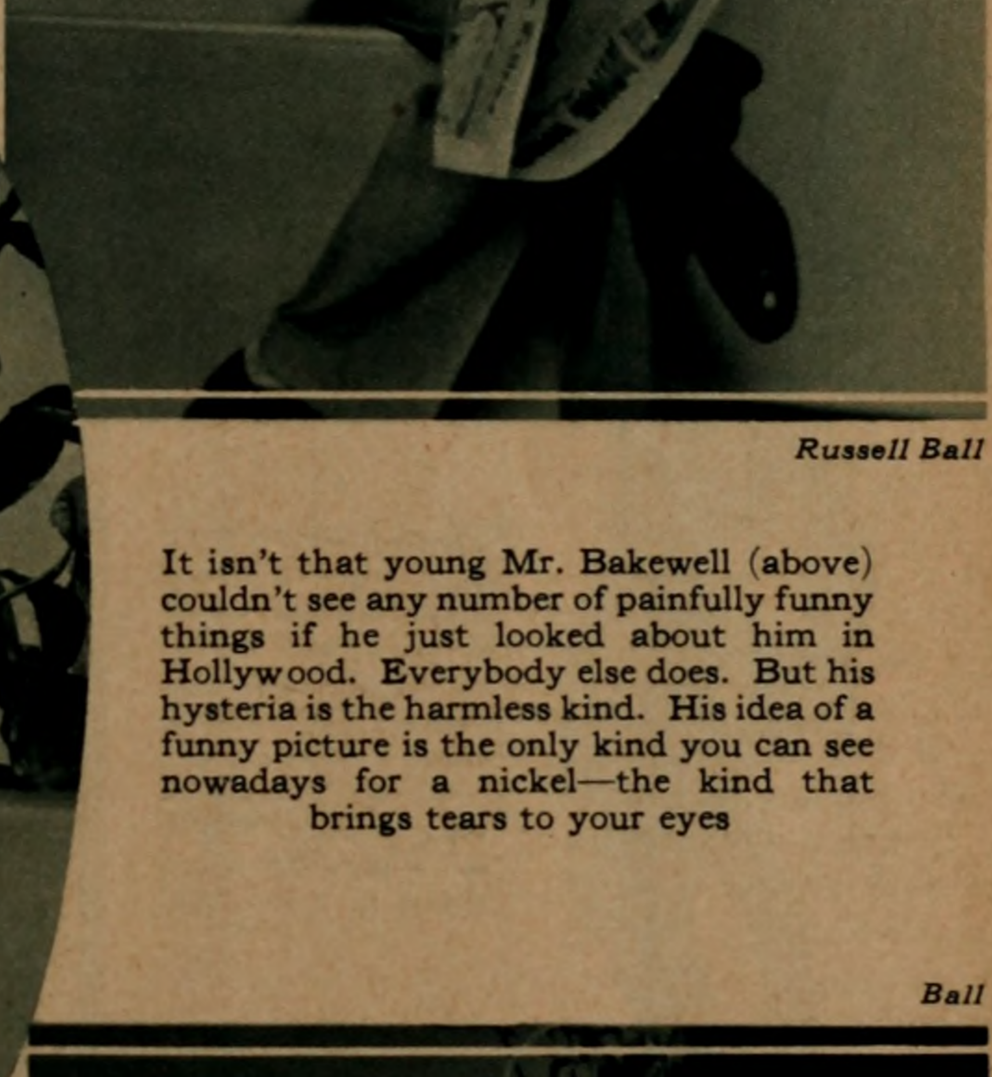
The college youths who amputated their jeans for comfort's sake didn't worry the tailors, but when the cowboys see Ruth Eddings (below) in "Whoopee," there's going to be some widespread cutting up

Alexander Photo



Alexander

When an actor isn't taking something out of an icebox, but is putting something in, it's news. Eddie Quillan (right) has just discovered what is meant by "the dog days" and intends to have cold feet tomorrow. And Joe E. Brown (left), who, like *Sherlock Holmes,* smokes a pipe, thinks it's a crime if he's trailing anybody now



Russell Ball

It isn't that young Mr. Bakewell (above) couldn't see any number of painfully funny things if he just looked about him in Hollywood. Everybody else does. But his hysteria is the harmless kind. His idea of a funny picture is the only kind you can see nowadays for a nickel—the kind that brings tears to your eyes

Ball



CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO

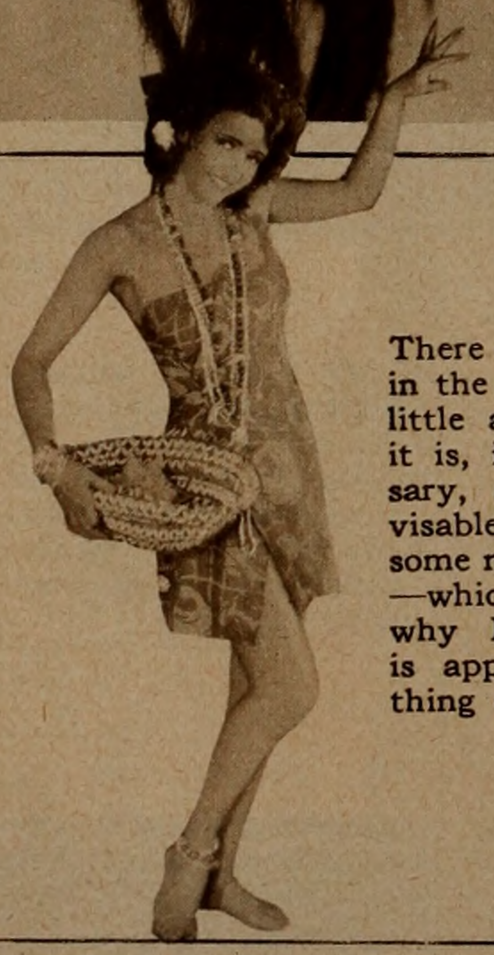


One hundred per cent. American: chief actor in the powerful silent of Indian life, "The Silent Enemy," Chief Long Lance (left), Blackfoot Indian and ex-West Pointer, is the latest "discovery" of the talent-seekers

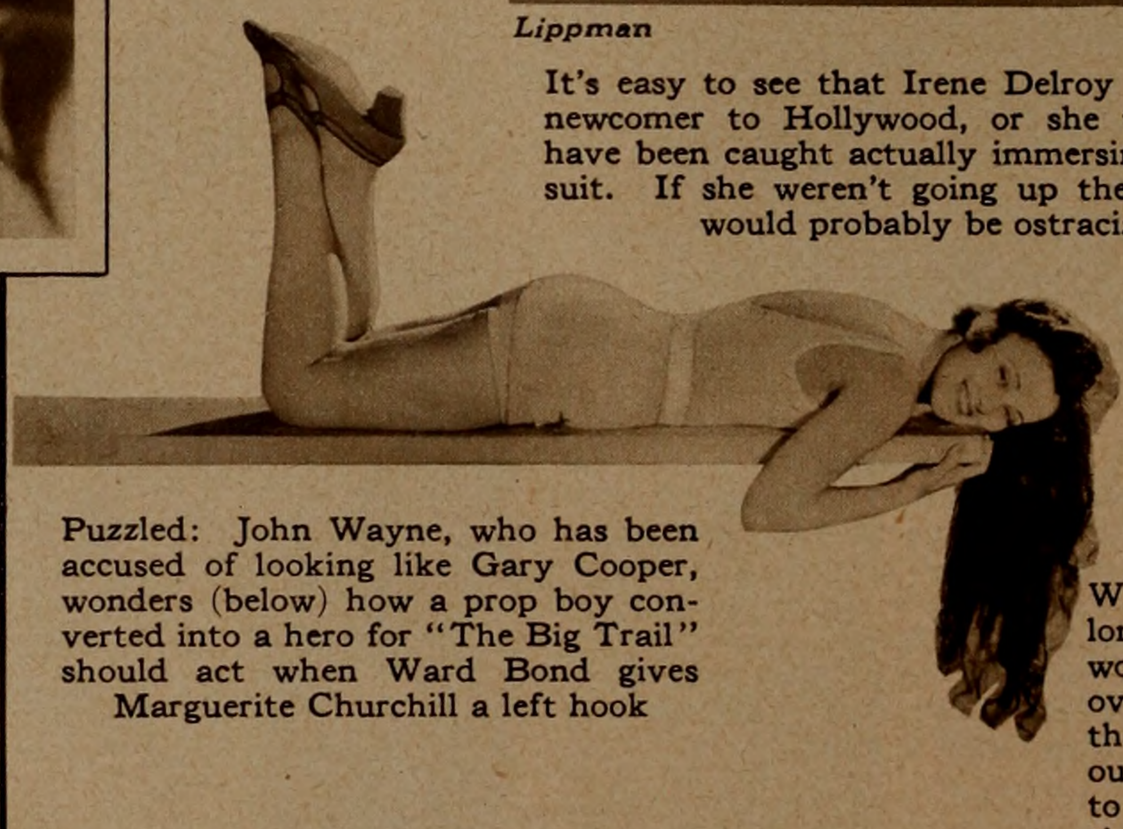


Lippman

It's easy to see that Irene Delroy (above) is a newcomer to Hollywood, or she would never have been caught actually immersing a bathing suit. If she weren't going up the ladder, she would probably be ostracized



There comes a time in the life of every little actress when it is, if not necessary, at least advisable to reveal some native talents—which explains why Betty Boyd is appearing in a thing or two (left)



Puzzled: John Wayne, who has been accused of looking like Gary Cooper, wonders (below) how a prop boy converted into a hero for "The Big Trail" should act when Ward Bond gives Marguerite Churchill a left hook

When you have long hair in Hollywood and, moreover, the kind that doesn't fall out, the best thing to do, says Lottice Howell, lying at left, is to let the matter drop





How dry they are: Frances Dee, a newcomer, and Rosita Moreno, a ditto—from Spain no less (left), having gone down to the seas again aren't so busy drying their hair as getting the sand out of it

Don English

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN



"How doth the busy little bee improve each shining hour?" That's what James Gleason (above) wants to know. With only acting and playwriting to do, he needs something to occupy his mind

In this madly talking world, it is not uncommon to lose one's head, but Mona Maris (right), for variety's sake, has apparently lost her figure. Moreover, her eyes are not open. How does the girl manage to get along so well?





With four Marxmen about, there's bound to be some shooting, and they're about, all right—about to finish "Animal Crackers" on Long Island. Below, you see them off again, in the usual order: Beppo, Groucho, Harpo and Zeppo

When you go fishing around Hollywood, you need not only a good strong line, but a baiting suit, opines Anita Page (above). She is angling for more opportunities like "Little Accident" and "War Nurse"



The flighty Irish: Maureen O'Sullivan, who isn't keeping her feet on the ground these days, with chances like "Just Imagine," illustrates (right) what the well, dressed airesses of 1980 will wear





Between Ludwig Berger, who knows a thing or two about directing, and Maurice Chevalier, there was little danger that Frances Dee (right), new to big parts, would fall down in "The Little Café"

Tabooed Topics

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY



Ever present before us Hollywood mortals—forbidden to talk naturally of natural things—is Old Man Taboo, warning us to watch our faltering step

Illustrations
By C. J. *Mulholland*

IN this quaint little hamlet, there are no Republicans. There are no Democrats. Political furies never lash its snug security. No one ever declares, vehemently, that he is a Socialist. No one cares a whoop, apparently, about the Communist party. Political controversies are unknown. Peace and quiet reign, and who cares whether a Smith or a Hoover sits in the White House?

Democrats, those staunch defenders of the Solid South, are denatured when they cross the state line. And also examined for hoof-and-mouth disease, the boll weevil, the Florida fruit fly and mint julep. Their hearty convictions on the power of the party are sent to limbo at the same time.

Neither is there age in this sweet Elysium. The years are counted for two decades and when twenty is reached, one automatically drifts into an indefinite period known as "the twenties." One stays, unless possessed of tremendous courage, for thirty or forty years, or until further face-lifting becomes impractical, and then one enters "the forties." The courageous souls who count their years by the old-fashioned twelve-months' plan are deemed exceedingly daring, but not quite fraternal.

Youth Goes on Forever

THERE are exceptions, of course. There are some who smile at the question, and admit they are in their late twenties. "Late" may be considered an admission. The curious are permitted disbelief. The wise say nothing, but nod obligingly. There are those, well on toward the century mark, whose pleasure is so great in admitting it, that they are accepted with amused tolerance. But, mostly, the inhabitants of this hamlet are still in "the twenties."

Another amazing thing about this community is the lack of religious decision. Despite that, we gather from the distinguished Professor Smiggens, D.Sc., F.R.A.S., and F.O.B., who has just returned from making an extensive survey among the natives, that it must be understood that there is no lack of faith and belief in dogma and doctrine. The streets are lined with churches, temples and synagogues, but there are no avowed Presbyterians, Catholics,

Shh! Shh! There Are Some Things You Mustn't Mention

piscopalians, Scientists, Baptists, Seventh-Day Adven-ists, Lutherans, Methodists. Devout, apparently, a odly share of them, with Sunday mornings well spent, ading chaste and Christian lives. Still, there is a strange ence when the question of determinate creed is brought). Whether this is due to bashfulness remains in doubt.

Movieland Mysteries

'TILL other mysteries arise to confound the explorer.) One is the shudder of horror with which they greet the ention of the word "liquor" in the daily prints, if it is nked with their names; and another is the sacredness ith which they treat their bootleggers' telephone num-:rs. This, in itself, is not altogether compatible, but prob-)ly has some mystic significance. It is strange and incom-ehensible, to the observer, to note the lavish manner in hich bottled goods are consumed and the utter public sregard that accompanies it.

For instance, it is never noted in the papers that a :rtain lady entertained with a cocktail party. When it aches print, the lady has given a tea. This is probably in eference to a law effective in the surrounding country iat prohibits the sale and consumption of intoxicants. In eeping it from the public prints, except on unsolicited :casions, the inhabitants, we presume, are thoughtfully :fraining from causing their civic neighbors undue :alousy.

Among certain of the members of the community, there a decided aversion to discussing any lurid or amorous ffairs that may have caused considerable comment at an arlier time. This is especially true of women who, since ne explosive publicity, have married and are luxuriating n the pleasant surety of that state. Any references to ectic events now passed are marked with evident reti-ence. However, this is not axiomatic, because any number f females glory, conversationally, in the memories of their abloid indiscretions and aver that Art is in Living Fully.

A Quaint Native Custom

PROFESSOR SMIGGENS is more or less at a loss to account for these taboos, but is rather inclined to elieve them to be of Polynesian extraction. In Polynesia, ertain things are set aside as holy by native *tapu*. After n extensive study of newspapers and magazines during his sojourn in this quaint hamlet, he finds the natives hemmed in by taboos. He finds personal prejudices that are inexplicable to the scientific mind. Hollywood, for that is the name of the hamlet, has a set of taboos that apparently are unlike any other in the world. Even the town's discovery was unusual. The site was chosen by a gentleman named DeMille as a likely spot to put a barn that had been selected as the cradle of the motion picture business. It may be the extremely modest origin of the industry, symbolized by a barn, that makes for this native purity. On occasion, its taboos are all but confusing.

No religion, no political parties, no age, unless it is very young or very, very old. Sometimes even the given name is taboo. It was Janet Gaynor who objected to telling the vast and waiting world that she had been christened Laura. Just what was behind this naïve *tapu*, no one but she and perhaps Lydell Peck, her husband, shall know. Laura is derived from the Latin "laurus" and certainly the bearer is entitled to such a wreath for her cinema performances.

The Unpardonable Error

THE uncrowned queen of this land has her special taboos, too. It is none other than Mary Pickford, who doesn't want to be called a business woman. Anything but that. Artist, actress, woman, yes—but never does she want to be described as a lady of commerce. Her press-agent takes time off to tell you, too—sometimes pointing out in articles already off the press that the unpardonable error of calling Miss Mary a business woman has been made. All this makes life exceedingly difficult in taboo town.

Frequently, in the marts of the motion picture—in the publicity departments, to be specific—you will find neat little sets of taboos all framed and ready for quick reference. Mention of marriage is one; presumably because chastity is more to be worshipped by the public than conjugal bliss. This is a taboo that has descended from the Francis X. Bushman days when gelatin heroes were not supposed to have private lives—or wives.

There was the taboo concerning Nancy Carroll, whose bright screen ways were not to be dimmed by association with husband and child. Quiet requests were made to soft-

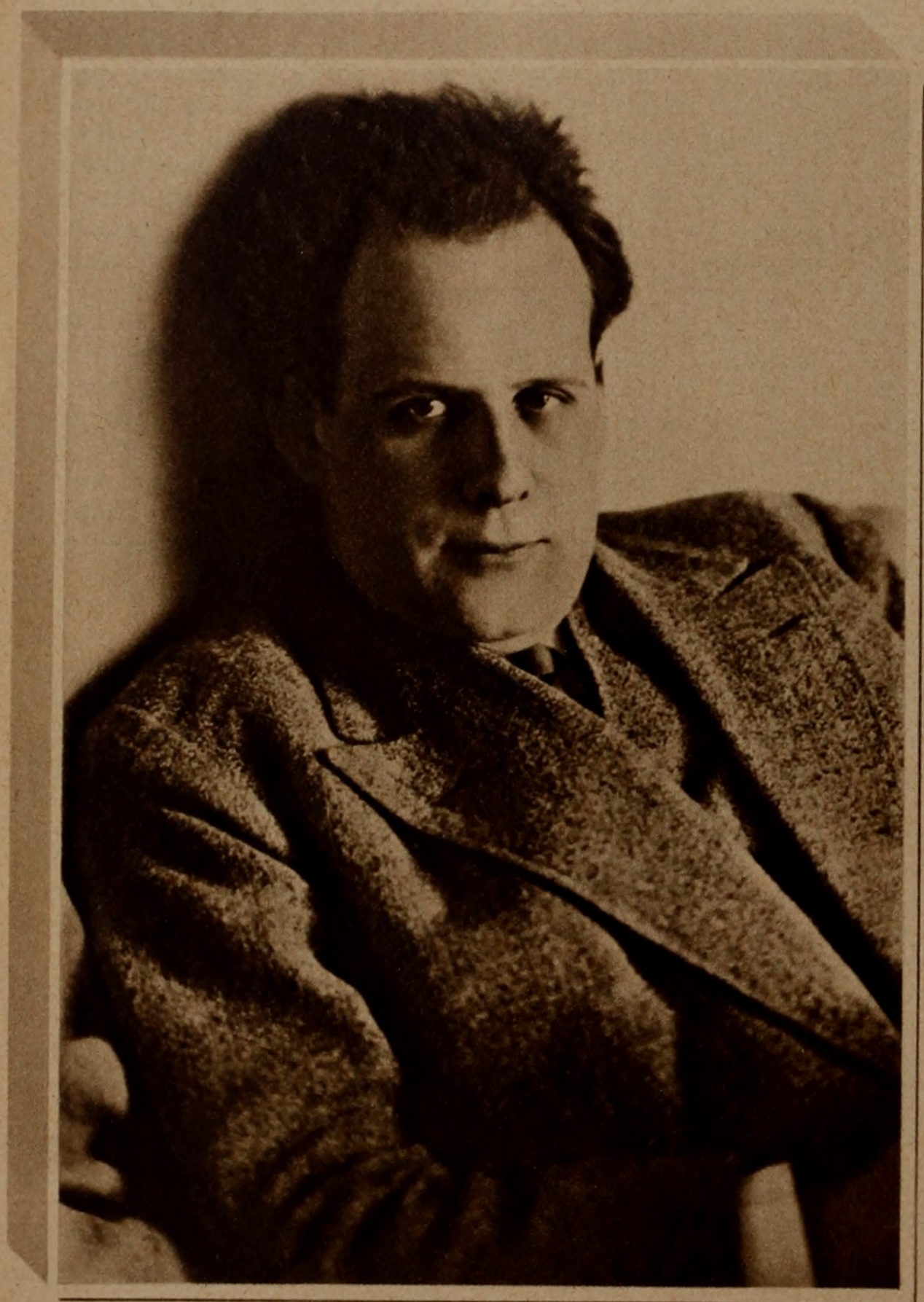
(Continued on page 89)

If you know your taboos, you will never mention what leading men have behind them in the way of women and wine. They must be ignorant of life



Menace or Messiah?

. . Eisenstein of Red Russia Speaks His Piece .



By

DOROTHY CALHOUN

A great clamor has been raised by the professional protectors and protectresses of America at the entrance of Eisenstein, the Soviet motion picture genius, into these United States. A creator of strange, chaotic and powerful motion pictures baring the drama of the masses in the Russia of today, his influence in America is impossible to predict. But here he tells what he wants to do, what America should expect from him.—Editor's Note.

TO the United States of Soviet Russia a Messiah, to the United States of America a "menace," Serge Eisenstein is to his mirror a short, stocky man, 32 years old, with wild, appropriately red hair.

Discovered at the Paramount studios, where he was reading prospective scripts for his first American picture, he was explosive with epigrams, not bombs. As sane as you or I; perhaps saner. And intensely interesting—magnetic, dynamic, far-seeing, sensitive.

There is nothing of the gloomy, Tolstoyan soul-searcher about him. He is a laughing Russian—the new Russian, he tells us, of the post-Revolutionary era, more concerned with progress than his sick soul, more interested in tractors than destiny, more like the American of today than any other people.

"Only in America and in Russia is there anything important being done on the screen," he cries. "Call my pictures—'The Old and the New' and 'Ten Days That Shook The World'—call them propaganda, if you like. What is propaganda but an idea, an idea so strong that it must find outlet in artistic expression? Dante's 'Inferno' was nothing but political propaganda at the time it was written, aimed at his party's enemies. Much of the world's art had its origin in propaganda. You Americans use the word as if you were afraid of it!

The Butterfly Crusher

"IN Russia, the making of movies is under the supervision of the Department of Education, as it should be. Rightly, the Soviet recognizes the motion picture as the greatest available means of education and spreading thought. Here you do not realize the power of what you have. You use only one tiny bit of the possibilities of the cinema—like a tremendous machine put to crushing butterflies. There is nothing you could not accomplish with the movies—nothing!

"In Russia, we are making a new world with the aid of the cinema. Our peasants cannot read or write, many of them, but they can all understand pictures, and if bread is dear and they cannot afford meat or shoes, the government has seen to it that everyone can afford amusement. In the villages, pictures are shown free. In the cities, there are especial low rates to workmen's societies and no one need go without pleasure. You think my pictures are not very amusing perhaps? But you do not understand Russia.

"Your ideas of my country and its people come from books written in the pre-Revolutionary period. That time is gone, those people are gone. In those days, they asked questions, hopelessly, of Life, of God. Now we are finding the answers to those questions. The new Russian is

(*Continued on page 92*)

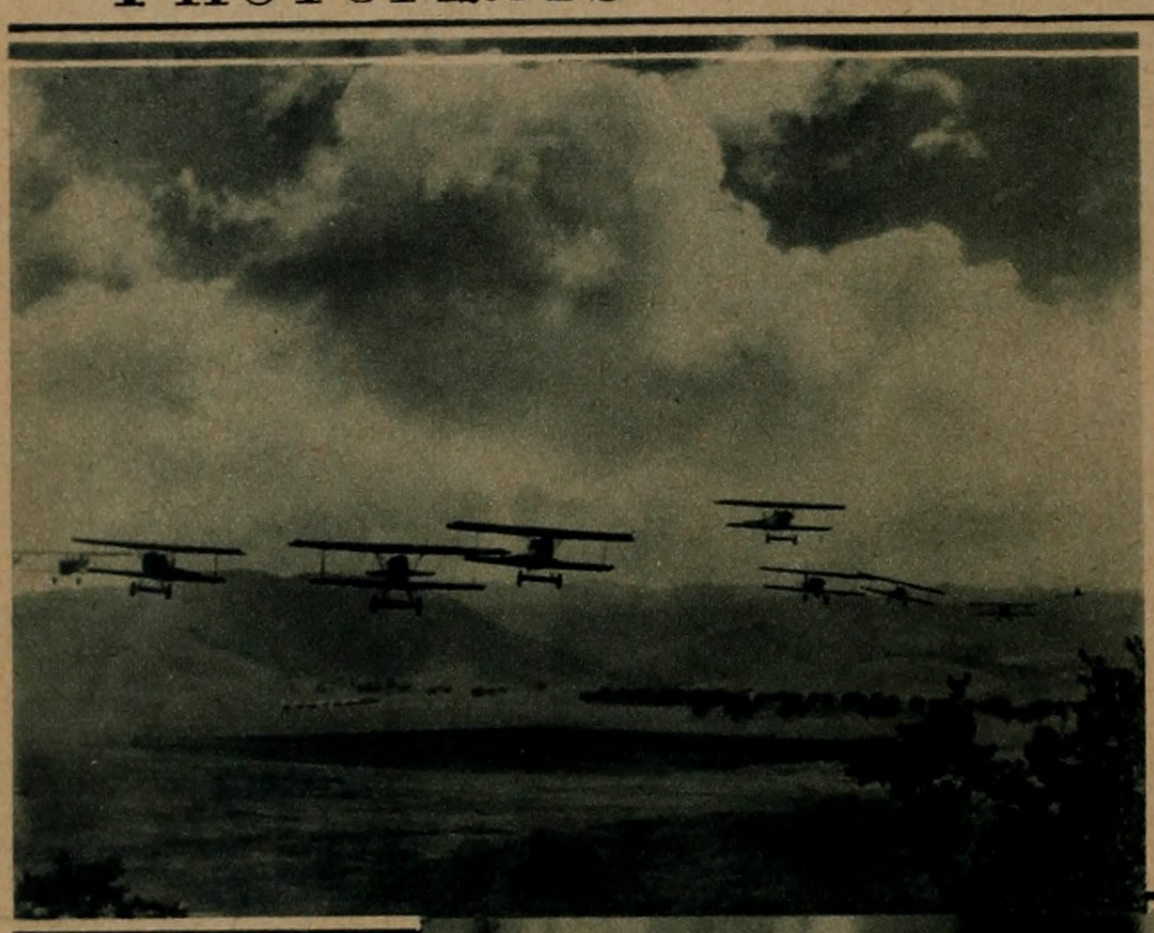


Hurrell

Robert Montgomery may be no second Jones, but he knows a hazard when he sees one. And with Dorothy Jordan playing up to him, he hopes there is something in the bag besides the clubs—for when a fellow is in "Love in the Rough," what earthly use is a mashie?

LAURENCE REID REVIEWS THE NEW PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid





Above, a squadron of planes in one of the thrilling scenes of "Hell's Angels," featuring Ben Lyon and James Hall. At the right, Lew Ayres and Constance Bennett in a scene from "Common Clay." Below, Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., make "The Dawn Patrol" worth seeing



It's Got That Kick

IT took four million dollars and three years to m this "Hell's Angels." With such a bally-h abroad one couldn't blame the public for expect something worth while.

It doesn't fail. It impresses one as being about t most stupendous thing of its kind ever filmed. W emphasis placed upon its air shots I looked for sloughing-off of the story.

True it's just a poor prop to carry the thrills wi Ben Lyon, as the younger brother, eager for life a endowed with a dash of yellow, while James Hall is t upright youth who humanizes his rôle.

But after all is said and done, the picture com through with its sky scenes. We may have becon satiated with so-called "epics of the air," but this to them all—particularly in the shots of the Zeppeli There's your "Hell's Angels"—A picture well wort seeing.

Old—But a Natural

ONE might suspect that Constance Bennett wealthy young woman of the world an glamorous heart-breaker of two continents would not be entirely comfortable portrayin the poverty-stricken, man-persecuted heroine o that hokum melodrama, "Common Clay." Bu the suspicion would be only half correct. Fo after a bit of floundering in the early sequences Constance succeeds nicely in putting herself in character. Her hesitation, however, is sufficient to permit Lew Ayres to steal first honors.

The picture is somewhat changed from the earlier screen and stage versions by the plastic surgery of the Hollywood scalpels, but the general contour is preserved.

The plot, you'll remember is about the unprotected working girl pursued—and caught—by divers villains. There's a child, a lover and a prosecuting attorney who doesn't surprise us a bit when he is exposed as Connie's unwed daddy.

Death Takes No Holidays

A VERY gallant drama, ably enacted by Richard Barthelmess, and an earnest, talented group of juveniles, "The Dawn Patrol" soars to a new altitude record for aviation photoplays. No women in the cast.

The characters are British fliers, hurried to certain death from inadequate aviation schools, and sent to meet destruction in ships all unfit to fly.

If the film has demerits they lie in the love of Hollywood for exaggeration. There is a deal of drinking, for instance. Not that the birdmen of battle flew into the cannon's mouth without a tilt with Bacchus.

But for all this, the drama is so tense, its characters so pitifully brave, that the production leaves its indelible impression upon the heart of the beholder. Mr. Barthelmess is superb. But fine as is his portrayal, he must share the ample honors with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Neil Hamilton, and the other youths in the cast.

Critic

THIS MONTH

HELL'S ANGELS
COMMON CLAY
THE DAWN PATROL
MOBY DICK
MANSLAUGHTER
RAIN OR SHINE

Love And The Law

MAYBE you remember the old, silent version of this picture, "Manslaughter." If so, you'll recall it as a distinct triumph for director Cecil De Mille. And for his stars, Tom Meighan and Leatrice Joy. Also you will be able to compare it for yourself with the present sound edition in which the new favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, supplant the old ones.

The film fable is about the same. There have been some deletions, and some additions. Thus it must be the changing times that have robbed the thriller of its tensity. In these *blasé* days it is difficult to conceive of a District Attorney—or any public official—striving to convict his lady-love of crime rather than conniving to acquit her.

But if you can accept the premise, the production of "Manslaughter" will provide satisfactory entertainment. The cast is excellent.

Thar She Blows

TO those familiar with Herman Melville's great tale, the talkie version of "Moby Dick" will seem a pale parody. To others, who like their movies moviesque, John Barrymore's latest should offer a reasonable amount of entertainment.

As in the silent version, the magnificent drama of sea adventure is secondary to a tepid romance—a romance Melville neglected to include in his story. Handsome John is again the hard-boiled tar who falls in love, then loses his leg to the White Whale, and lives only for revenge on the monster. This he gets—and the girl who has stayed young all these years.

The ship and whaling scenes are colorful, but John is ashore more often than not. Barrymore himself gives a great performance. Joan Bennett is as interesting a sweetheart as anyone could be, and Lloyd Hughes a convincingly jealous brother.

Cook's *Tour De Force*

JOE COOK will never have to imitate four Hawaiians again. He can move right out to Malibou and be a movie star. But if he does, it is to be hoped that he is provided with stronger vehicles than "Rain or Shine." The plot of this story, adapted from Cook's and another season's Broadway stage show, is watered so copiously as to prevent the star shining with his full brilliance. But nevertheless, he struggles manfully with the situation, and frequently triumphs.

It is a circus yarn with Joe foiling the villains and rescuing the heroine from a big-top fire.

The film boasts fine work by director Capra, and, on the whole, is a highly creditable achievement for Cook. The difficulty lies in the too lengthy footage devoted to many sequences, and the consequent slowing up of the entire production. This may be occasioned by the star's lack of film technique. In the theater he spends much time building up his laughs.







Above, Fredric March and Claudette Colbert contribute emotional moments in "Manslaughter." At the left, "Moby Dick" emerges as a talkie with John Barrymore supported by Joan Bennett. He also starred in the silent picture, "The Sea Beast." Below, Joe Cook and Joan Peers make merry in "Rain Or Shine"



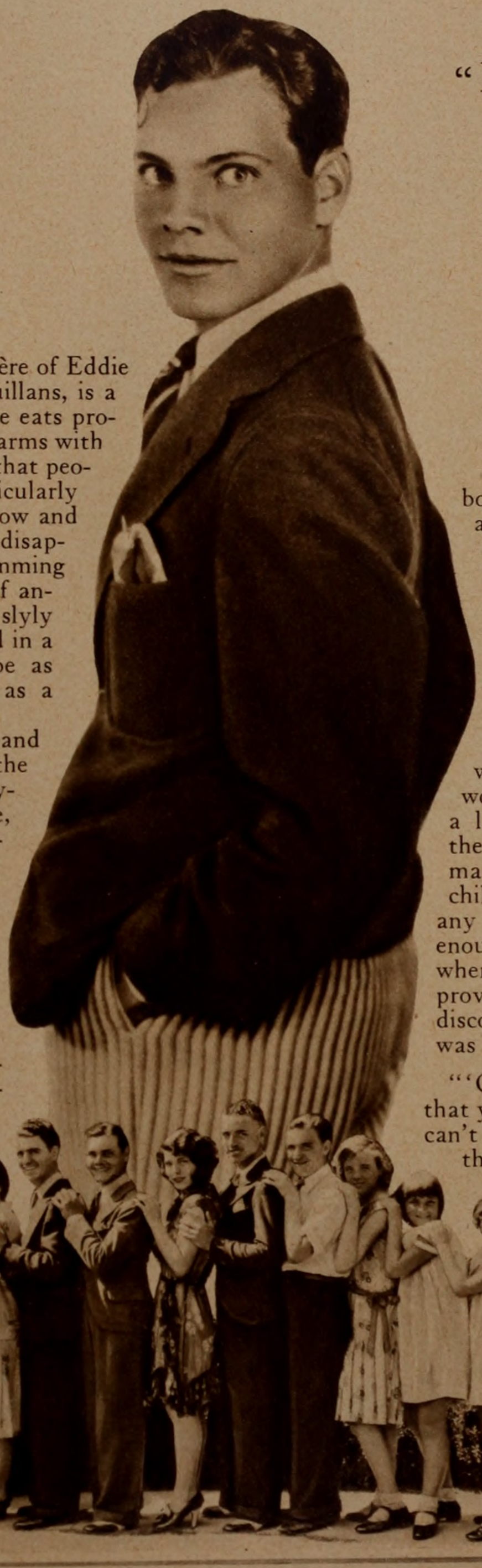
Russell Ball

Back in the days when a tar could spit a curve into the wind, gals never turned thumbs down on the uniform. Maybe in those days sailors had pockets. But sea-crafty Lois Moran is finding ways to keep her hands occupied, between the buttons and "Tonight and You"

They Know A Thing or Two

"Dad" Quillan's Youngsters Learned Their Lessons Backstage

By DOROTHY MANNERS



"DAD" Quillan, wholesale père of Eddie and the clan of other Quillans, is a grand old gentleman. He eats prodigiously. He waves his arms with Scotch gusto. He believes doggedly that people are good and that religion, particularly his religion, is vital to living life. Now and then, he thunders his approval, or disapproval, of some given point by slamming the fist of one hand into the palm of another. In another mood, he winks slyly at his own quips and teases his brood in a boneyed Scotch brogue. He can be as tender as a woman or as roaring as a deacon.

He has been an actor all his life—and all of his children are talented "by the Grace of God." He is no part of Hollywood. His heart is too big and simple, almost as big as that twenty-seven-room, old-fashioned house that covers his Scotchlings. He belongs to another day, when life was less complicated. "Dad" Quillan is a grand old gentleman.

He told me, "Hollywood can't ever do anything to my children, because they are too wise—not in book learnin', mind you, but in knowing life out of lessons from real experiences. Take Eddie. He ain't any more talented than my others, but he gets the break. All right. All right. That's the way things happen. But it won't change him any. He knows it for just what it is. A break. That's because he's a real trouper, not one of these upstarts that flares up without knowing what this business is all about. He knows that maybe to-morrow it may be one of his sisters or his brothers that's up. When Eddie was just a wee bit of a boy in a Scotch plaid skirt, swinging around on the vaudeville stage, he learned how uncertain the breaks are. I drilled it into them when they was babies.

Remedies for Swellings

"MAYBE in one town we'd get over like a house afire. Stop the show. My tots would trot back and take encores until they was more tired from that than the work of the act. And maybe I'd see just a little bit of conceit cropping out in them. But I wouldn't say nothing. No, ma'am. I'd bide my time. In teaching children, actions speak much louder than any words. I'd just wait. And sure enough, sooner or later, we'd hit a town where the act would fall flatter than the proverbial pancake. Then I'd rally my discouraged little brood around me. That was the time to tell them something.

"'Children,' I'd say, 'it goes to show you that you can't ever get in a spot where you can't be upset. You ain't never so good that somebody in the world can't up and find you pretty bad. It's part of this game. It's also part of the game of living. When you get to the point when you can take the big spots along with the rough ones, and take them both alike, you'll be wiser than an owl.'

"I taught them to come into the theater quietly and be neat in their dressing-rooms and courteous to everybody, from the headliner to the stage-hands. Vaudeville people hate

(*Continued on page 87*)

Ball

If you think the irrepressible Eddie ("who got a break") is one out of many, you are right, as you can see directly above, where "Dad" and Mrs. Quillan are backed up solidly by John, Eddie, Marie, Buster, Joe, Helen, Margaret, Isabelle and Rosebud



Richee

Contrary to all movie tradition, the hero sees what he is doing when he kisses the heroine, and the heroine is caught unprepared. But this is the first time Jackie Coogan (fast growing up) has ever made love, and the first time Mitzi Green has ever heard of such a thing—all of which only makes them a better *Tom* and *Becky* in "Tom Sawyer"

Now Hollywood *Has* Grace

And Grace Moore Has Hollywood

By
GLADYS HALL



Milton Brown

HOLLYWOOD has gone Grand Opera.

Or can it be that once upon a time Grand Opera went Hollywood?

Certain it is that ever since Lawrence Tibbett, "The Boy Wonder," shook the rafters of the Met and the hearts of his enraptured audiences, the meticulous Met, hitherto given only to plethoric Italian gentlemen and frankly non-dietary ladies, went pretty completely Modern American. Some say commercial. No matter. What does matter is that on the tide of whatever-you-call-it such un-operatic-looking persons as Mary Lewis, Grace Moore, Marion Talley and others—home-grown products with home-grown voices—swept into the view of the charmed Diamond Horseshoe.

Tibbett is held responsible for the metamorphosis of the Met. He should also be held responsible for the metamorphosis of Hollywood. For, from the night when our little town went mad over "The Rogue Song" to the present day, producers have been going more and more Grand Op.

No longer do the old simplicities prevail. No longer can we settle down to a good comfortable chit-chat on Norma Talmadge's profile or Clara Bow's knees. Ah, no. We have joined interests with Gatti-Casazza and you could hardly suppose M. Gatti-Casazza to be interested in *knees*.

New horizons, now, a bit appalling. New interests, some of them over the heads of those of us who could learnedly discourse on the merits of Westerns versus slapstick comedies. New personalities to which we must grow accustomed and learn to like, as once we learned to like olives.

Grace Moore, M-G-M's importation (*via* a private car, a swanky party and all due publicity), is *very* Grand Opera, indeed. Lacking the once traditional tummy, she fills the bill in every particular, including a foreign accent.

She is also in the grand manner. She lives in an enormous ranch house with lofty ceilings and lighted candelabra. She speaks in a *soignée* fashion of her house on the Riviera and elsewhere. She is very, very Europe. Grand operatic gentlemen drop in for luncheon and there are cocktails and wines and such food as might give tummies to emasculate angels. The conversation, touching on the Larger Aspects, smatters of the League of Nations. Italian, Spanish, French, with a few words of homespun English for the unlinguistic Press. You have to pinch yourself to believe that you are really in sturdy old America and not in some foreign salon.

Secretaries bow attendance. Water taps are turned off when they annoy the diva. She speaks of spending a week on the desert in absolute solitude. She has a house at Malibu, where she takes her sun-baths, and her masseuse. She says the first thing she does, when she arrives in a foreign country or a new town or city, is to engage a masseuse and a tutor of the language. These two servitors are the indispensables.

Filmdom's Funny Foibles

SHE is amused at Hollywood, though (when we talked) still largely unacquainted with it. She thinks the complexes Hollywoodians get about themselves and about each other amusing. She likes Greta Garbo, Gloria

(*Continued on page 82*)

The BATTLE



Gary Cooper And Fight To A Without

If the Sharkeys and Schmelings decided things as do the Messrs. Cooper and Boyd in "The Spoilers," a foul would mean nothing, and the championship question would not still be a question. *Awrrk!* Bad Boy Boyd is having his head turned —off (above). But no!—he's up again (left), inviting Gory Gary to "take that—and *that*—you d—"

of THE DECADE



Bill Boyd

Big Finish

A Referee



Back in the days when men were he-men, the biggest and best fights were in "The Spoilers." First, William Farnum and Tom Santschi were at it; then Milton Sills and Noah Beery. And now comes a talkie bout to talk about, with Gary taking a crushing blow (above), yet fighting back (right), and breaking Bad Boy's esophagus

ARE YOU M

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Illustrations By Eldon Kelley

IMAGINARY scene in a talkie:

Mr. A: "Do sing something."

Mrs. B: "I don't sing."

Miss C: "Then play the piano for us."

Mrs. B: "I don't play the piano."

Lord Q: "By Jove, then, strum us something on the uke."

Mrs. B: "I don't strum the uke."

Marquis de Z: "*Mille tonnerres!* Zen 'ow about *quelque chose* on ze saxophone?"

Mrs. B: "I don't *quelque chose*."

I said an imaginary scene. Such a thing has never happened yet in the talkies, and probably never will during the present generation. It is conceivable that our grandchildren, toddling around our gouty knees in the dim future, may tell us in their childish prattle of having seen such a thing at the picture show. But at the present stage it would be too much of a shock for the audience. All the hospitals in town would not be able to accommodate the cases of severe nervous shock which would result.

For when Mr. A asks Mrs. B to play or sing something, we all know that they have the voice-double or playing-double ready just behind the camera, and that without any banter or the slightest need for persuasion, Mrs. B will proceed to do her stuff.



Whether you are situated in the fastnesses of the desert, on the top of a mountain, or on top of the world, there is always a first-class symphony orchestra just outside camera range

Heroes Love Music

THE producers have it firmly fixed in their heads that all really nice people are musical. And to put up for the public's approval a hero or heroine who couldn't sing, play, strum or blow something —or whose double couldn't—would be courting disaster. It would be as bad, to their way of thinking, as having your hero make a noise like a bath draining out while imbibing soup. It would be as bad as having a detective come into a room with his hat off; in fact, it would be almost as disastrous as having a heroine who didn't long for babies and the love of a good man—I mean the love of a good man and babies—you know what I mean.



That is the great thing about being musical in the talkies. Instead of being denied your favorite music at such times, any instrument you may happen to play is always at hand

I am afraid the acquisition of noise by the movies continues to be a little too much for our producers. They are still very like children with a new toy. One kind of noise —the noise of people talking—isn't enough for them. They have to show off all the different sorts of sounds which their Tone and Phone devices are capable of reproducing. At first, of course, for no reason in the world they were always giving us close-ups of such pointless noises as donkeys braying and the striking of matches. They got over that after a bit, but music is just too much for them.

And So Do Villains

THE talkies now have people divided into two distinct classes: those who are musical and those who aren't. The latter class is simply no good. So there is no longer any difficulty in distinguishing between your heroes and your villains. All

MUSICAL?

If Not, There's No Hope For You In The Talkies



They were marooned somewhere near the Pole—cut off from all communication with the outside world. The director had been quick to realize that this was a time to bring in some music

charms; but one can have too much of it, not to mention the fact that, as the undertaker said to the doctor, there's a time and place for everything.

Miracle Men

IT wouldn't be so bad if they didn't all sing and play so remarkably well. When, for example, Ronald Colman and his fellow-prisoners in "Condemned" burst into a marching song, that is reasonable enough. But that they should sing it in luscious harmonies, in perfect unison and in smooth, mellow voices is rather too much to swallow. Is it—can it be—that Sam Goldwyn and his colleagues are afraid lest, if the singing were done as it really would be done in real life, audiences might think it was seriously meant to be good music? I can hardly believe it, but I don't know what other explanation to offer.

The same applies to Universal's little opus entitled "Dames Ahoy," which opens up on one of Uncle Sam's battleships. The whole ship, from stem to stern, appears to be pulsating with gorgeous melodies. And the camera takes us for a promenade through the sailors' quarters, where every man is engaged in the production of some sort of musical sound—some singing in the most perfect harmonies, others by the dozen sitting around in a nonchalant way, playing ukes, saxophones, guitars, banjos, flutes, oboes, clarinets, violins, trombones, sousaphones and what-not. "Ah!" one thinks, "this must be 'Hit the Deck.'" But it isn't. It's supposed to be a straight comedy, and we are to think it is all quite real.

The ubiquity of musical instruments in talkies is definitely one of the new wonders of the world. If a producer has an actor in his picture who can play something, his talents are certainly not going to be kept from the world by any such little thing as the unlikeliness of his particular instrument being to hand.

Imagine, for example, the superb and mighty Cecil de Mille

(*Continued on page 93*)

the nice people play or sing, and the nicer they are the better they (or their doubles) do it. If the villain is shown playing or singing, you can always bet your last dollar that he will turn out at the end to be one of those sympathetic villains. He will gallantly refrain from stealing the heroine's virtue and will probably insist on presenting her with a check for a thousand dollars as a wedding gift for the nuptials with the hero.

Musical comedies, of course, are different; although the complicated ways they have of dragging in the songs and dances, to try to make them look like something out of real life, are fascinating to study. But even the straightforward dramas have their musical frills, nowadays. No big scene is considered correct unless suddenly, in the middle of it, one of the characters asks another to perform, which he proceeds with great alacrity to do. Often even the formal request is dispensed with, and somebody starts bellowing away without a word of warning. Music, as we all know, hath



To put up for public approval a hero or heroine who couldn't sing or play something would be as bad as having a heroine who didn't long for the love of a good man and babies

Not *so* Shy

Only By Name, And Not By Nature, Is Gus Shy

By NANCY PRYOR



MR. GUS SHY of M-G-M and "Good News," lately of Broadway and "New Moon," uses a phrase that is likely to crop up in his conversation anywhere. "Just to make a long story short," he says. And says it quite often. There's nothing new about the crack, but then, Gus has been putting it into practice for some time now.

He started on his career of brevity about twelve odd years ago by making a short name out of a long one. Much to his subsequent embarrassment, he was born Augustus Frederick Scheu (pronounced any way you can get at it). The "Gus" part came naturally as a nickname, and as *Shy* was as close as most people could get to Scheu, he decided to let it go at that.

As a name, it was neat and to the point. It aroused a certain amount of flattering interest when paged in hotel lobbies, and was short enough to be easy on the electric lights when he got around to figuring that far on it. Which wasn't until several vital incidents had marked his biography-in-the-making

In the first place, Augustus F. Scheu was impolitely, but quotably (his own quotes) "a young hellion" during the first twenty years of his life. It made it tough on a highly esteemed Buffalo family, who had twice seen Gus's grandfather elected to the Mayor's chair at the City Hall. In all the fair city of Buffalo only Gus remained unimpressed with the Scheu traditions.

No Lesson-Learner

"I WAS the type," he explained, "that goes to prep school for the purpose of wrecking roadsters. As I look back, I can see I was *just the type*.

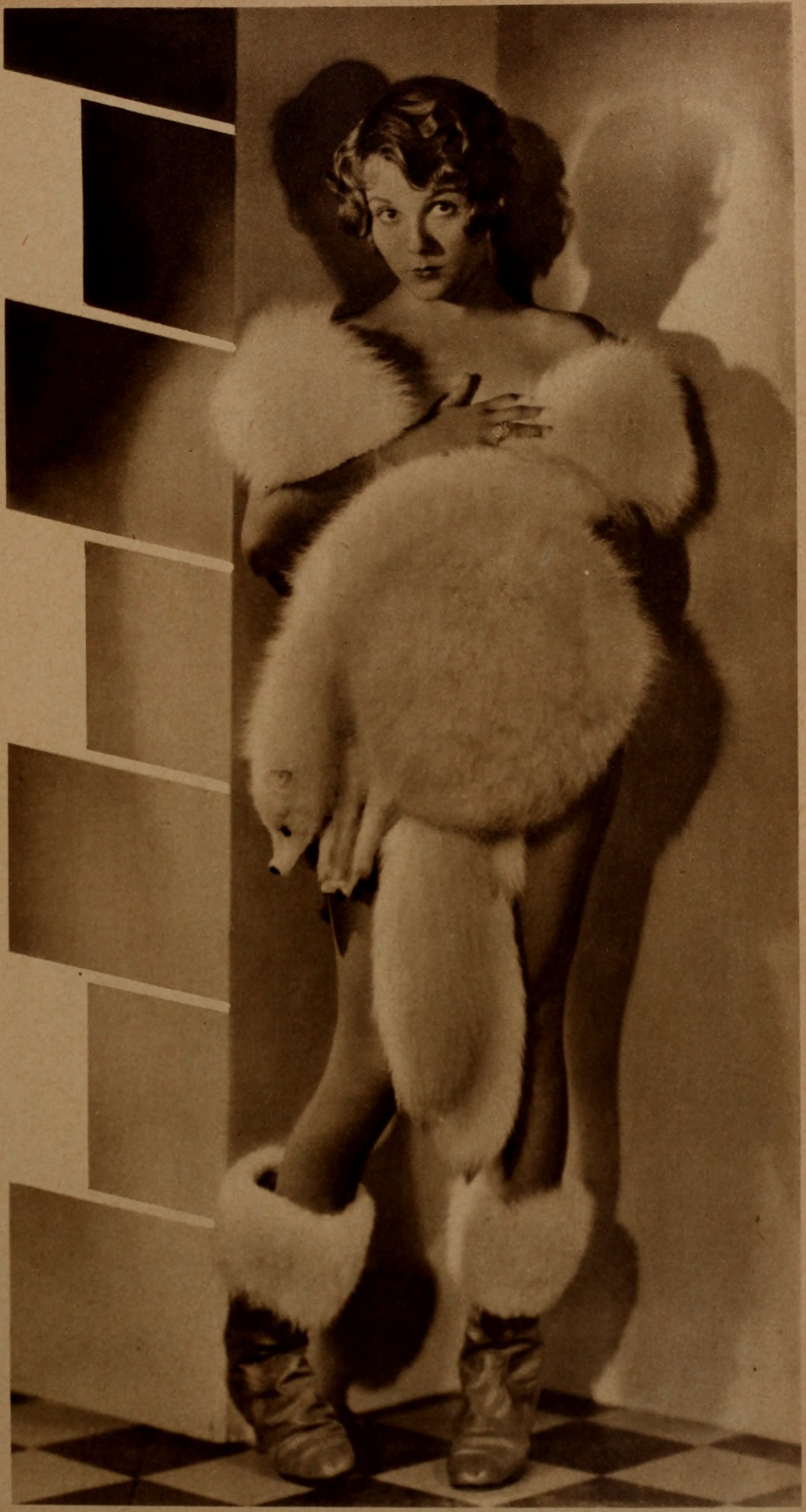
"Big scenes with the Dean with me on the receiving end . . . In on all the school frivolities, but slightly missing in the scholastic requirements . . . Long on 'ahs,' but short on 'A's.' If I was out for a letter, it wasn't the first one in the alphabet. I would probably have gone on and graduated with honors as the World's Greatest Fool, if something hadn't happened that hit me hard, right between the eyes: my Dad died. I quit school then and never went back. All the things it had stood for, to me, seemed meaningless. I didn't have the heart to play the clown any more, and I didn't know any other angle of school life."

He interrupted himself long enough to order a glass of plain water with lemon squeezed in it from a Goldwyn

Hurrell

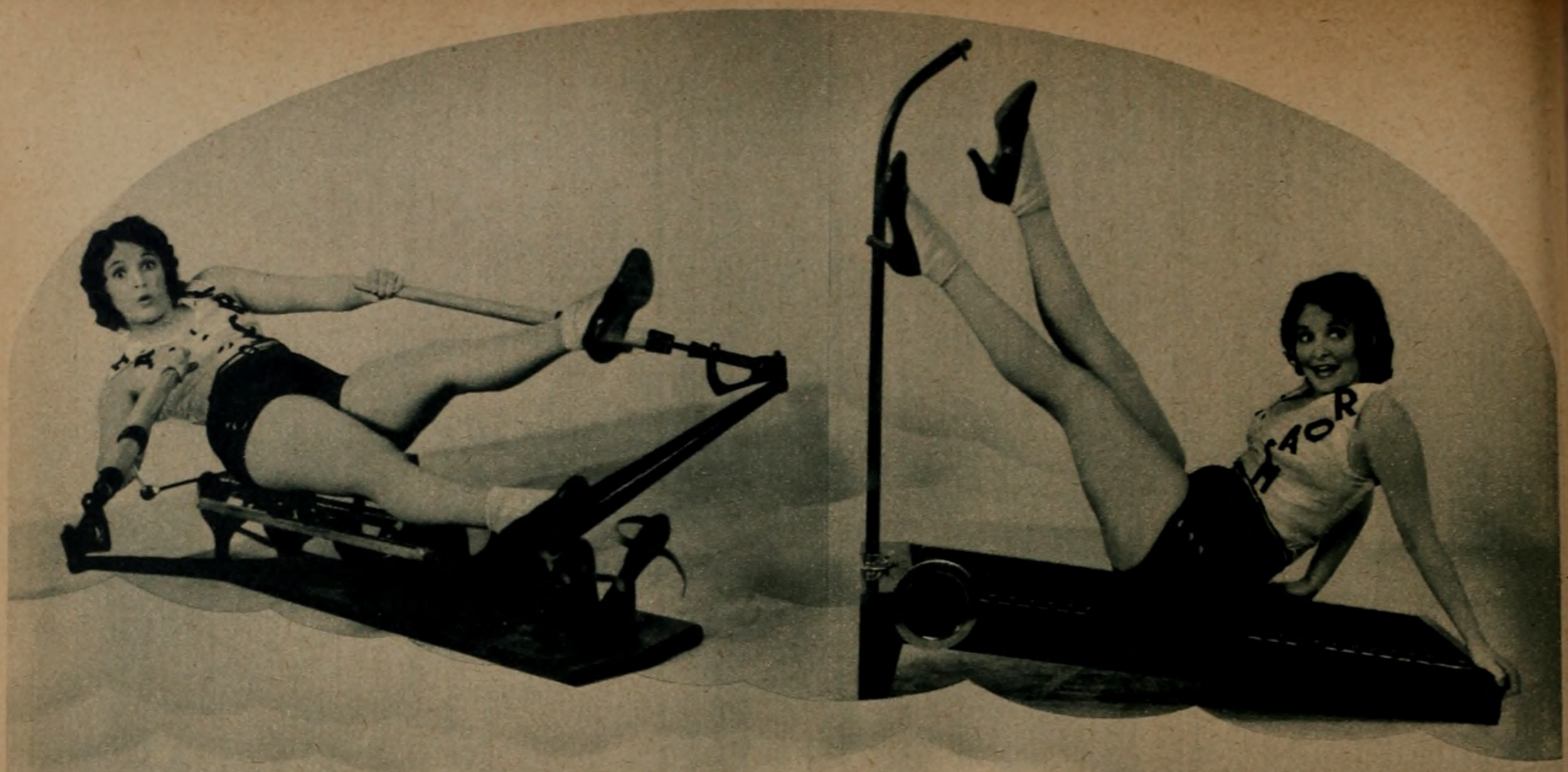
(*Continued on page 88*)

FOX PASS



When a little girl can't keep something to herself, that's a *faux pas*. But this is something else again. Dorothy Lee, tired of frocks (she wore great long ones in "Dixiana"), is, for a change, wearing fox. She is at present wrapped up in "Half-Shot at Sunrise"

Bachrach



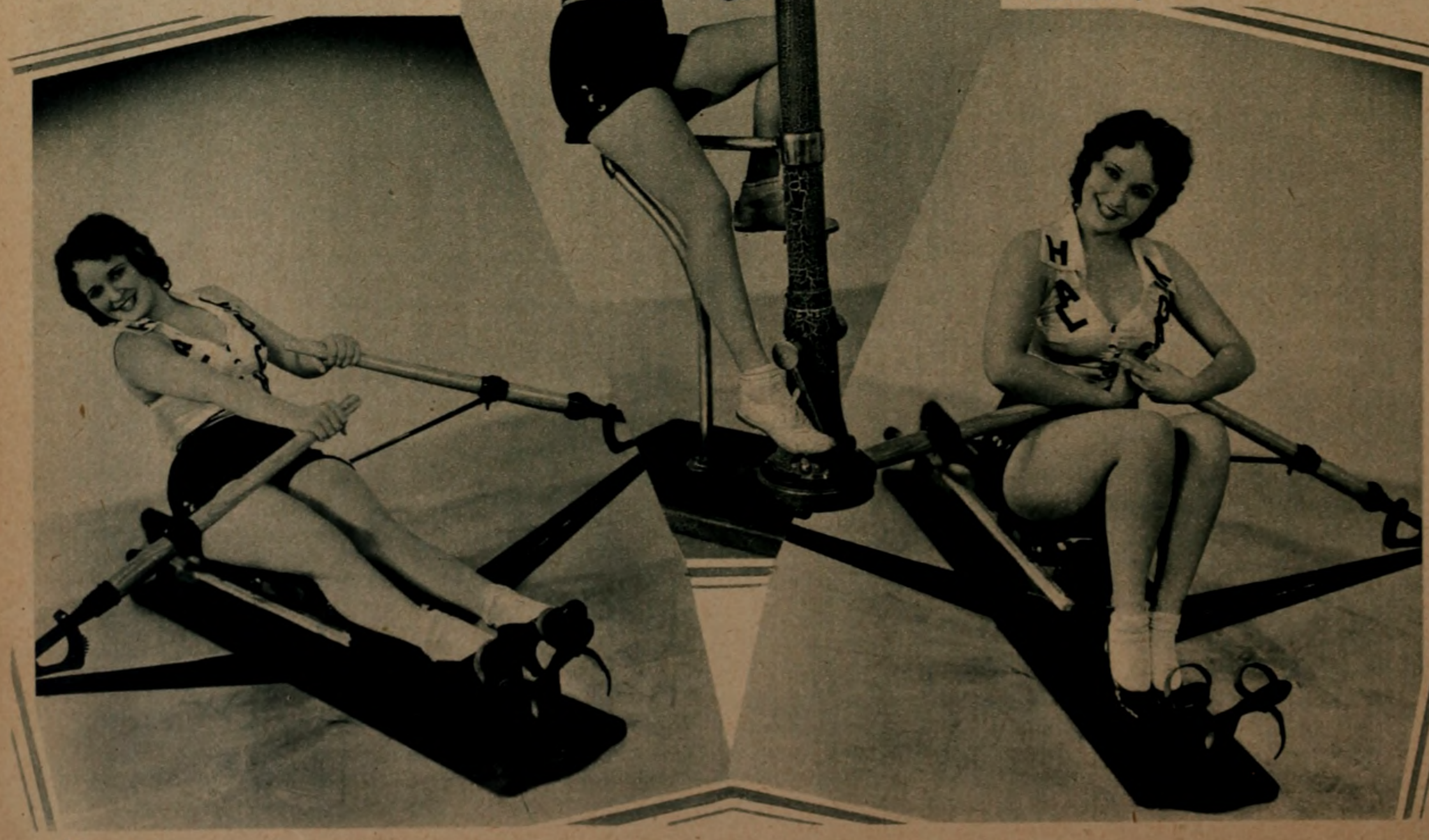
Hitting Thigh Spots

After eighteen days of Hollywood dieting (avocados, caviar, bismarck herring, *et cetera*), Dorothy Granger of Hal Roach Comedies thought to kill the fatted calf. But when she started working her weigh (above), all she lost was her balance



"'Tis better to have lost and loved, than never to have lost at all," says Dorothy, who is of the opinion that if the kind of exercise she favors (center and below) doesn't get her anywhere, there's nothing to be gained—except, perhaps, an eyeful

Portraits by Stax



OH, SO PLAYFUL!

The Boys And Girls Are Very Practical In Their Joking

By JACK GRANT

NOTHING provokes a true Hollywoodian quite so much as the merest suggestion of Eastern supremacy. If you want a heated argument, just intimate that Florida oranges surpass the California fruit. Or choose real estate or any like topic for debate. Your poor ears will be assailed by more statistics than you might suspect existed outside of the White House. Every man you meet acts like the oldest resident. Some have been here as long as a year. It must be the climate.

All of which serves as a preface to the arrival of one Joe Cook.

When Cook took his tour to Hollywood, it was for the announced purpose of recording on celluloid his successful stage antics in "Rain or Shine." Word began to get around, soon after his arrival, that the comedian is as completely mad offstage as he is on. Hollywood knew his reputation as an entertainer. It was to learn his proclivities as a host.

Joe gave parties to the film fraternity. He received them at his home in stockinged feet. He played all manner of practical jokes on his guests. He provided amusement that stopped at only one thing. Steadfastly, he refused to imitate four Hawaiians.

Tales of the Cook estate at Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, were bandied about. Here, said those who had visited the place, Joe was at his prankish best.

It seems that Joe Cook has for years been engaged in collecting "objects smaller than a man's hand." An unparalleled collection, they say. His favorite pastime is assembling a crowd in his trophy room, the walls and ceiling of which are literally covered with thousands of "objects smaller than a man's hand." The game is to guess what Joe might have overlooked in his collection. They seldom catch him.

This Cook's Concoctions

FOLKS who know Cook intimately never pick up anything lying about his home, regardless of how commonplace it might seem. They have learned by experience that telephones spurt water from transmitters, musical instruments blow clouds of flour over their clothes and the most inoffensive-appearing things are ofttimes electrically charged.

Joe also goes in for trophies that have no practical-joking effects. As example, a baseball under glass holds prominence on his mantelpiece in the "gag room." A

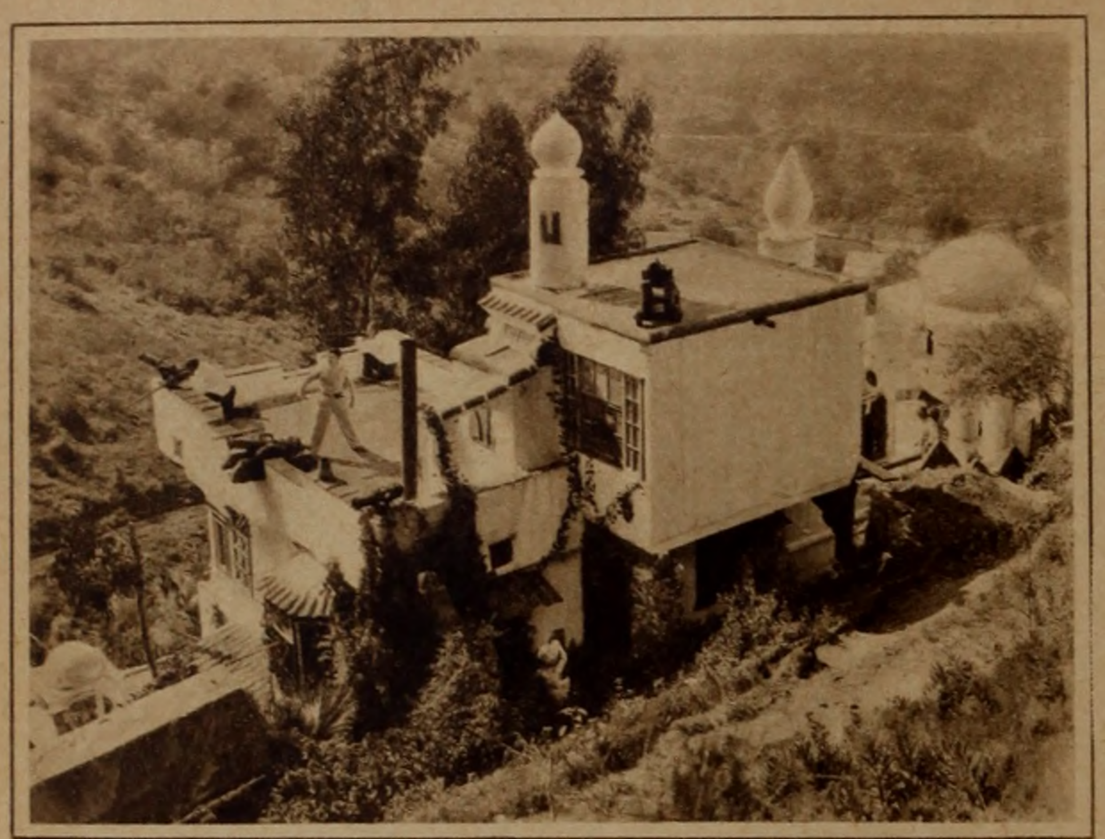


"If it isn't in the window, it's inside": the exterior of Magicland, which supplies the local jokesters with most of their little tricks. Out in front is Murray Rock, who advertises a free ring with every purchase and, bell in hand, makes good



Ann Harding is now living in a new house—a fact which obviously calls for some new surprise. This time, the telephone is the instrument of torture. You lift up the receiver, and immediately find yourself embroiled in a maddening conversation

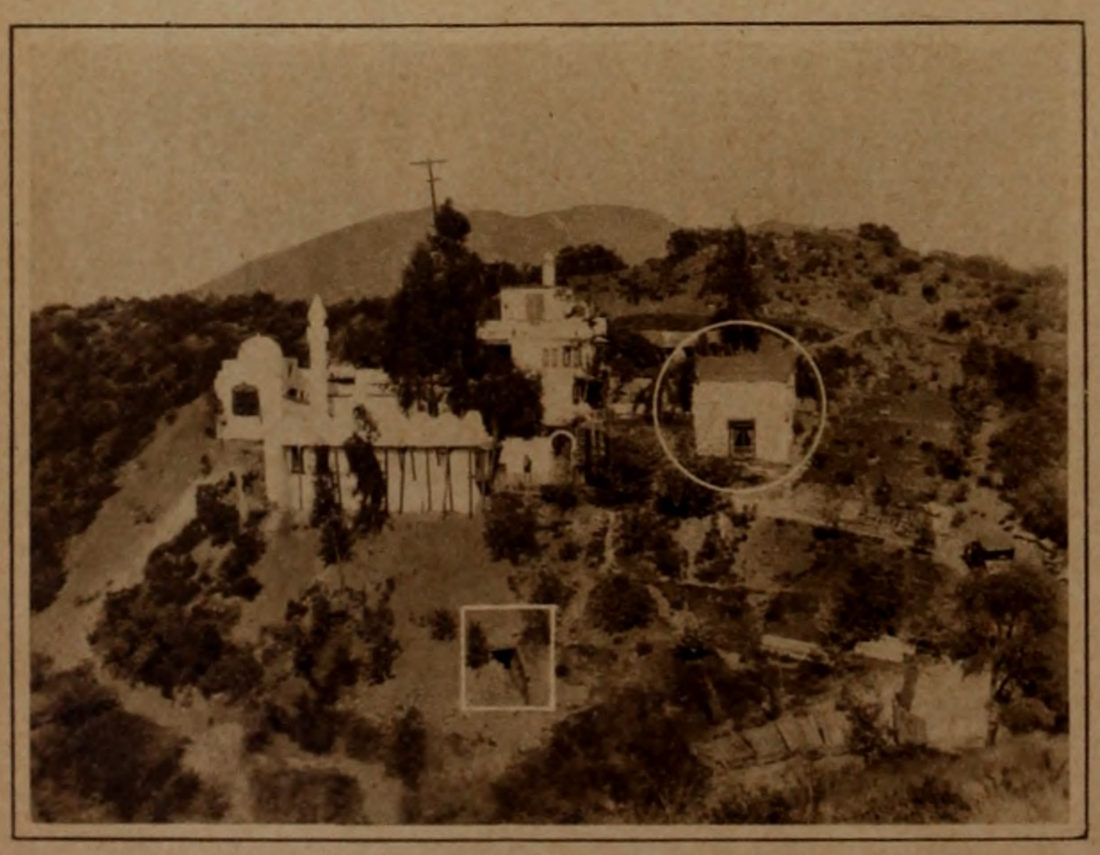
The Favorite Indoor Sports Of Hollywood



The house that Jack built: Jack MacDermott believes that a man's home should be not only a castle, but a battle-ground. In more ways than one, it is Hollywood's trickiest house



Above, Jack MacDermott in his den, furnished from movie sets. In circle is the entrance to underground passageway, Below, in square, is the exit to this passagement. In circle, the dining-room—an old ship's hull



placard beneath it reads, "This is the only known baseball in existence *not* autographed by Babe Ruth."

The cocktail-shaker deserves a word. Ingenious, best describes it. Joe discovered, quite by chance, that those punching bags that grace penny arcades were operated by a complicated series of springs. He promptly bought one and dismantled the gauge by which the poundage of your blow is registered. In its place, he mounted a clamp. Thus the formula is simplified. The ingredients for the cocktail are simply poured into the shaker, which is then placed in the clamp. One punch at the bag suffices. The vibration of the springs thoroughly mixes your drink.

Now, in any other town but Hollywood, the weird antics of Mr. Cook and the stories of his New Jersey home would have been laughed off. Hollywood, however, chose to consider him a pretender to the throne of Practical Joke-dom. Local talent included some uncrowned kings at that game. Every time a Cook anecdote was told, someone in the crowd seemed hardly able to wait for its conclusion to remark: "Yes, that's very funny—but what about the time Doug Fairbanks gave three newspaper men the juice on his wired couch?"

Crazy House

JACK MacDERMOTT'S home in the Hollywood hills has been another "I-hate-to-go-you-one-better-but—." MacDermott built the place himself. You need no assurance of that fact. One look at it is proof positive. No architect ever went that loco. It would have to be a scenario writer.

Each room is a separate building, gathered about what may be called a living-room, which also serves Mac as a study. Here most of his writing is done, performed or perpetrated. This room has five entrances, only two of which are visible—the front door and one leading onto the patio. A bookcase slides back to reveal the staircase to the roof and a sleeping porch. Another hidden passageway leads to the tiled swimming-pool. A well by the side of the fireplace takes you down a runged ladder to the subterranean labyrinth connecting all rooms.

If this sounds confusing, all I can say is: I'm sorry. As Mac himself explains, his home beggars description. You have to see it to believe it.

Take one bedroom, for example. Here an old fireplace arch is suspended from the ceiling of an alcove. The bed proper is built in the alcove with four steps on each side leading up to it. Underneath the bed and between the steps is the fireplace.

The dining-room is an ancient ship hull, sawed off at both ends. The rafters and side walls are the unboarded ribs of the vessel. Concrete now forms its anchor and base.

Drives Insanely

MacDERMOTT drives Fords exclusively. They are the only cars he will trust to carry him up his hillside. The Ford he owned before his current one was the despair of all his friends. One day, he discovered that the steering wheel was loose on the shaft. As he lifted it off, an idea was born. Taking the car to a garage, Mac had a knee drive installed for dual control.

Inviting folks for a ride, he would purposely drive recklessly, calling for the friend to remark, "I don't care much for your driving."

"You don't, eh?" Mac would reply. "Well, drive it yourself." And he would hand his companion the detached wheel.

Usually it would take several seconds for the fact the car was apparently running wild to percolate. Then a

(*Continued on page 100*)



Longworth

Allah be praised!—that wily, uncouth fellow, *Hajj,* is outside the mosque again, looking for alms and anything else he can keep up his capacious sleeves. And by the beard of the Prophet, it is a happy "Kismet" that has Otis Skinner in it, proving with his light touch that beggars *can* be choosers

THE ANSWER MAN

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

RUTH CHATTERTON FAN—You bet I'm glad to hear from you! Drop in whenever you like. You know it's easier to paddle your own canoe than it is to get an outboard motor started. **Ruth Chatterton** was born in New York City, about thirty-one years ago. The month and day being Dec. 24. She is five feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Married to **Ralph Forbes.** Appearing in *Anybody's Woman.* **Gloria Swanson's** picture *What a Widow* was filmed at the Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif., but is under contract with United Artists.

GWENDOLYN—**Clara Bow** and **Fredric March** had the leads in *True to the Navy.* **George O'Brien** and **Sue Carol** in *The Lone Star Ranger.* **Zelma O'Neal** was born in Rock Falls, Ill., May 29, does not tell the year. She is five feet two and three quarter inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, has auburn hair and blue eyes. Married to **Anthony Bushell;** hobbies: visiting fortune-tellers, golf and bridge. Some of her most recent stage productions were *Good News* and *Follow Thru.*

BUDDY SMITH—**Harry Richman** is appearing in vaudeville at this writing. You may write him care Radio-Keith-Orpheum Circuit, 1560 Broadway, N. Y. C. **Harry** was born in Newark, N. J., Oct. 10, 1895. Real name is **Henry Reichman, Jr. Maurice Chevalier** is appearing in *The Playboy of Paris,* Paramount Studios. **Bert Lytell, Patsy Ruth Miller** and **Otto Matieson** are playing in *The Lone Wolf,* Columbia Studios, **Davey Lee, Jack Holt** and **Dorothy Revier** *The Squealer.*

MISS WRIGHT—You forgot to give your address. **Alexander Gray** was born in your town, Wrightsville, Pa., Jan. 8, 1902, he is five feet ten and a half, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Widower and has one daughter **Jean.** Educated at Central High School, Philadelphia and Pennsylvania State College. He taught grammar school and continued his voice study. He later taught in Northwest Military and Naval Academy. He won a vocal contest sponsored by the National Federation of Music Clubs. Has appeared in Ziegfeld Follies, *Sally, Tell Me More, Naughty Riquette,* and *The Desert Song.* Latest screen production is *Viennese Nights.*

ESTHER B.—**Catherine Dale Owen's** first picture was *His Glorious Night,* starring **John Gilbert,** and was released in Oct. 1929. That is her real moniker. **Lila Lee** and **Ann Harding** do not give out their home addresses. Write **Miss Harding** at the Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif. **Marilyn Miller, Lawrence Gray,** in *Sunny.* **Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin** and **Rose Hobart** *The Lady Surrenders,* Universal Studios.



Richee

Phillips Holmes is taking his work seriously these days and so you won't doubt it, he posed for this picture in a serious mood, but he is happy because he has been awarded some excellent rôles lately in "Grumpy," "Her Man," and "Barber John's Boy"

VIRGINIAN—**Walter Byron** was born in Leicester, England, June 11, 1901. He is six feet tall, weighs 163 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. **William Powell,** Kansas City, Mo., six feet tall, weighs 178 pounds, brown hair and blue eyes. **Lawrence Tibbett** is about thirty years old. Married, has two children, twin boys, **Lawrence, Jr.,** and **Richard. Jeanette MacDonald** is five feet two, weighs 110 pounds, has red hair and green eyes.

NEW YORK FAN—**Lois Moran** and **Lola Lane** are five feet two. **Dixie Lee,** five three and three quarters, weighs 109 pounds. **Sharon Lynn,** five four and half, **Sue Carol,** five feet four and a h 120 pounds. **Jean Arthur,** five three, **Clara Bow,** five three and a half, pounds. Do you know that Ketc kan, Alaska, where Radio Pictur *The Silver Horde* is being film has never seen a horse? **Evel Brent** and **Joel McCrea** have t leading rôles.

MURIEL. — **Robert Fraz** played opposite **Clara Bow** in *T Keeper of the Bees.* **Donald Kei** in *The Plastic Age* and *Danci Mothers.* **Florence Vidor** a **Adolphe Menjou** in *Are Pare People?* **Bessie Love** and **Gre Nissen** in *The King on Main Stre* **Greta Nissen,** *Lost a Wife.* **Evely Brent,** *A Night Of Mystery.* **Bet Bronson's** latest picture released *The Medicine Man.* It is **Norma Brookenshire,** popular rad announcer, who does the announcin in the Vitaphone Varieties comed *The Fight.*

JUST MARY. — **Clara Bo** simply went on a diet to get bac to her present weight of 108 pounds **Alice Terry** is in France at thi writing. **Lois Moran, Lya d Putti, Jack Mulhall, Willian Collier, Jr.,** and **Clive Brook** appeared in *God Gave Me Twent Cents.* **Doris Dawson** plays oppo site **Eddie Buzzell** in *The Roya Fourflusher,* a Vitaphone Varietie comedy.

MARY S.—**John Miljan** was born in Lead City, S. Dakota. **Miljan** was on the stage for fourteen years (1908–1922), covering almost in all its branches—road, stock and repertoire. Started his screen career with Fox in 1922 appearing in *Love Letters.* I would suggest you send along a self-addressed envelope for his complete list. He is six feet tall, weighs 168 pounds, has brown hair and eyes and married to **Victorie Lowe,** nonprofessional. Hobby, horses and gardening. Playing in *Remote Control.* **Armida** in *Border Romance.*

MATILDA.—**Sharon Lynn** played opposite **Warner Baxter** in *The Coward.* The late **Marietta Millner** in *Drums of the Desert.* **Irene Rich,** *Craig's Wife* and **Martha Sleeper,** *Danger Street.* **Edna Murphy** and **Carroll Nye** in *The Black Diamond Express,* starring **Monte Blue.** Let's hear from you again real soon.

MARION G.—Well! I suppose you're saying, at last! But you know you have to wait your turn for your answer to appear here,

(*Continued on page 90*)

Paris... knows the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Massé tells how Parisian beauties have adopted this olive and palm oil method of cleansing . . . the treatment advised by 23,723 beauty specialists the world over.



Aid your beauty expert by using Palmolive. "*I advise all my clients,*" says Masse, "*Never use any soap except Palmolive. And those who follow that advice show the greatest improvement as a result of our own treatments.*"

E. Massé

16 Rue Daunou, Paris



The exquisite "schoolgirl complexion" of the smart Parisienne is due, in great measure, to daily home treatments with Palmolive.



In the beautiful environment of the Place Vendome, Masse maintains his famous salon de beaute. To his establishment come Parisian women of distinction for beauty counsel and for treatment.



Emile Massé,
of Paris . . .
beauty artist of renown, whose clients number aristocrats from all over Europe.



Pezza, *of Naples*
says that soap and water cleanliness is essential to beauty.

Echten,
of Budapest
who advises two daily cleansings with a lather of Palmolive Soap.



Jacobson
of London
warns against soaps not made of olive and palm oils—and therefore approves most heartily of Palmolive.

MASSÉ . . . the famous Massé . . . and all his well-known Parisian colleagues, too, for that matter . . . has helped Paris find the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris, where lovely ladies seem even lovelier because the whole atmosphere is charged with beauty! Paris, where experts like Massé actually receive visits from reigning queens. Where royal ladies, aristocrats, world renowned artists of opera and the theatre ask: How can I keep my beauty? What can I do, when I leave beauty-wise Paris, to keep my skin lovely?

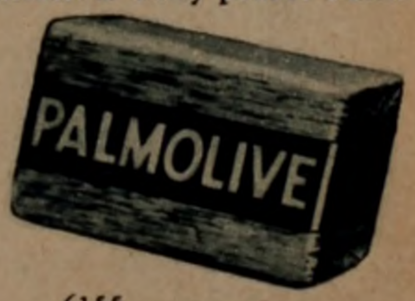
Here, of all places, beauty experts are in demand. Experts like Massé, who is invited often to attend royalty; who once journeyed all the way to Cairo to give a beauty treatment to a well-known American lady; who has won prize after prize for his artful beauty treatments.

This home treatment

What Massé advises is an ever-so-easy home treatment. You may know it. All Paris does. Paris says it's the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion." First, make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water (not hot, that may redden the skin). Second, with your finger tips massage this into face and throat, working the impurities out of the pores. Third, rinse off the soap with warm water . . . gradually colder and colder. There! Isn't that cleanliness delightful? And isn't your skin refreshingly smooth, rich in color?

The popularity of this home beauty treatment has made Palmolive one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France.

You know, there are—all told—23,723 experts who advise Palmolive. They prefer Palmolive because of its unique vegetable oil content. So will you. Use it for the bath, as well. It costs but 10 cents a cake.



6155

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

How to be

FASCINATING

as told to KATHERINE ALBERT *by*

Anita Page



"FOR the girl who wants to be charming, one thing is essential," says Anita Page, the girl whose blonde loveliness has won her universal devotion on the screen. *"It's smooth skin!*

"No matter how lovely your figure—your eyes—your hair—you can't have that compelling *something* unless your skin is softly clear and glowing. And if it is, you're sure to be attractive!

"Screen stars, you know, have to keep their skin silky smooth and fine-textured every minute. Motion picture directors found out long ago that without lovely skin no girl can hope to win and hold the hearts of millions. The glaring close-up lights reveal even the tiniest flaw!

"Several years ago, some of us discovered just the care our skin needs to keep it always at its best—Lux Toilet Soap! Then more and more of the stars began to use it until now almost every girl I know in Hollywood is devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap.

"Catherine Dale Owen, for instance. Did you ever see smoother, lovelier skin? And Kay Johnson, too. They both use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

"Regular care with Lux Toilet Soap, that's my prescription for lovely skin—and *any* girl can follow it!"



KAY JOHNSON, M. G. M. star, has a skin of delicate beauty. "It leaves my skin so smooth," she says.

BESSIE LOVE, M. G. M.'s beloved blonde star, is one of the 511 important Hollywood actresses who are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. "To the screen star lovely skin is very important," she says. "That's why I am so delighted with Lux Toilet Soap. It does leave my skin so smooth and soft."



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood



ANITA PAGE, the young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star whose beauty has won millions of hearts, in the striking, luxuriously appointed bathroom especially designed for her and built in Hollywood. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap," she says. "It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

Anita Page, you see, is one of the host of famous screen and stage stars who have found in this fine soap, so daintily white and fragrant, just the gentle care that is necessary.

Nine out of Ten Lovely Stars use it—in Hollywood —on Broadway—in Europe

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the *official* soap in all the studios.

On Broadway the stage stars are so devoted to it, it is in the dressing rooms of 71 of the 74 legitimate New York theaters!

And even in the European capitals the screen stars, like their sisters in Hollywood, are now using it to keep their skin flawless for the close-up.

You will be delighted with Lux Toilet Soap, too. With the fresh smoothness it gives your skin, with its fragrant, generous lather. Use it for your bath and for your shampoo, too. Here's luxury such as you have found only in the finest French soaps! Order several cakes—today.



CATHERINE DALE OWEN, lovely M. G. M. star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy. It's so dainty and refreshing, and it lathers freely even in the hardest water."

BETTY BRONSON, both at home and on location, cares for her ravishingly lovely skin with Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "It certainly keeps my skin charmingly smooth and soft!"



Photo by Steichen, Hollywood

LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢

Glorifying The American Drunl

(*Continued from page 33*)

him at the time. Every little thing is overemphasized for him. He becomes didactic, or profound or sentimental or puzzled—according to his nature and how much and how fast he has been drinking.

A Funny Way of Thinking

"JUST the way a drunk walks is funny to me. His center of balance, or something, shifts and he tips a little forward—or perhaps sways backward at the most astonishing angles. His face changes. It gets *loose*—the muscles sag.

"But it isn't the way a drunk looks that makes him funny. It's the way he thinks. His mind soars airily about from subject to subject. Small things seem vastly important to him. He gets profound. He is solemnly illogical and absurd and fantastic.

"I have always liked the story, which happens to be a true one, told by two gentlemen who were standing in front of the Lambs' Club one stifling night in New York. A drunk came walking down the street.

"He wasn't terribly drunk. He was in evening clothes, well-groomed, completely unruffled — just weaving a little bit in a dignified and polite manner. He paused and asked one of my friends the time.

"'Three o'clock,' he was told. He looked puzzled.

"'Three o'clock?' he repeated, a little fuzzily.

"'Yes.'

"'Three o'clock—when?'

"'Three o'clock in the morning.'

"The stranger pondered this for a moment. Then he had a bright idea. He burst into song. 'We've danced the whole night through—' he caroled. And proceeded upon his wavering way, singing merrily.

A Drunk Can't Play One

"THAT'S the sort of thing that makes them funny. Doubtless, he had some vague purpose in asking the time—trying to orient himself, or something. Then, when he heard that familiar phrase, it suggested something else to him and he was mightily pleased when he thought of that song. He was having a swell time!"

"Does it—would it—do you think it might—help you in your researches to get a little oiled, yourself, sometimes?" I suggested, with some timidity. Actors are so touchy about admitting that they ever take a drink.

This one laughed. "Not a bit," he said. "In the first place, you behave in an entirely different manner when you are really drunk from the way in which you pretend to be drunk.

"Besides, you are in no mood for self-analysis when you are drinking. And even if you could achieve introspection, you wouldn't be able to remember your conclusions the next day! You certainly couldn't play drunk scenes while you were drunk, yourself—because you would forget your lines and perform all sorts of absurdities that were not in the script.

Some Need It, Some Don't

"ALCOHOL is funny stuff. It ruins some—weak people. It is very good for others. I know men, brilliant men, who are so inhibited, so shy, that they just don't function or assert themselves unless they have a drink or two. It gives them confidence, inspires them. Those people need to drink. But the ones who can't drink a wee bit and then stop—shouldn't drink at all. We all know people of both types.

"But probably the thing that makes a drunk funny to a sober onlooker is the sense of slight superiority that the watcher develops. Psychologists say that it is the superiority feeling that makes people laugh. They like to see someone fall down in an undignified position. They like to see the pompous gentleman lose his silk hat. The more dignity an individual has, the more we like to see him humiliated. That's why it is such fun for the audience when the moral maiden aunt becomes inadvertently squiffed. We see her without her defenses. We catch her at something. She has been catching us at things for years (or she symbolizes someone who has) and we love to reverse it on her. If she makes a maudlin fool of herself—so much the better.

"We are all subtly flattered when we catch someone without his armor."



On-the-side lines: driven indoors by a light rain (let's call it a mist and give the Chamber of Commerce a break) during "Rivers End," J. Farrell MacDonald gets Charles Bickford's ideas

It Takes Technique

CHARLES RUGGLES, Paramount's super-alcoholic, apparently has not made quite such a concentrated study of his specialty as has McHugh. He declares that playing comic drunk rôles requires the sa technique that any other comedy part quires.

"If it is a funny character—and he funny situations with which to work—just the same as any other supposedly fun rôle," he remarked. "Alcohol merely gi the author an excuse to put his charac through amusing didoes. If he has be drinking, then it is logi for him to behave absu ly."

Ruggles seems to be tonished and, I suspect trifle dismayed, at bei cast so consistently for ebriated rôles in pictures.

"I played other thin besides drunks onthe stage he protested, in a pain voice. "I don't see why should stagger forever pictures—"

He does not think th drunks are funny merely b cause they are drunk One gathers that he fin actual inebriates distinct *un*-funny—even a bit di tressing—when he encou ters them in person. Or cannot imagine him carr ing his academic researche to the point of gettin oiled, himself, in the inte ests of art. He is an earnes young man. But not *th* earnest!

No Longer Poison

THE attitude of picture toward liquor ha changed to a most surpris ing degree in the past tw years. It used to be tha if a character took a drink or was portrayed as being intoxicated, he must nec essarily either come to a bad end or see the error o his ways and reform before the final fade-out. It is undoubtedly a reflection of the change in the general public attitude in these latter days of Prohibition, when the hero can drink himself into a semi-coma through most of the picture—and yet get the girl and triumph in the end, without a sign of any intention to reform.

The Hays organization tells me that it frowns upon drinking scenes "unless they are necessary for characterization or to further the plot." Which would seem to admit almost any form of alcoholism. The Association also informs me that it views with disfavor "social drinking" upon the screen—that is, cocktail parties and things. Or anything containing the implication that constant imbibing goes on in the homes of the rich! Solitary drinking and drinking among the poor, it seems, are not considered as being bad.

The organization still prefers that drinkers should come to bad ends—as William Powell did in "For the Defense."

But the dear public, apparently, is willing for its heroes and its funny men to drink as much as they like and as long as they please—and seems to view them with a good deal of sympathy and understanding, if not a *little* bit of envy!

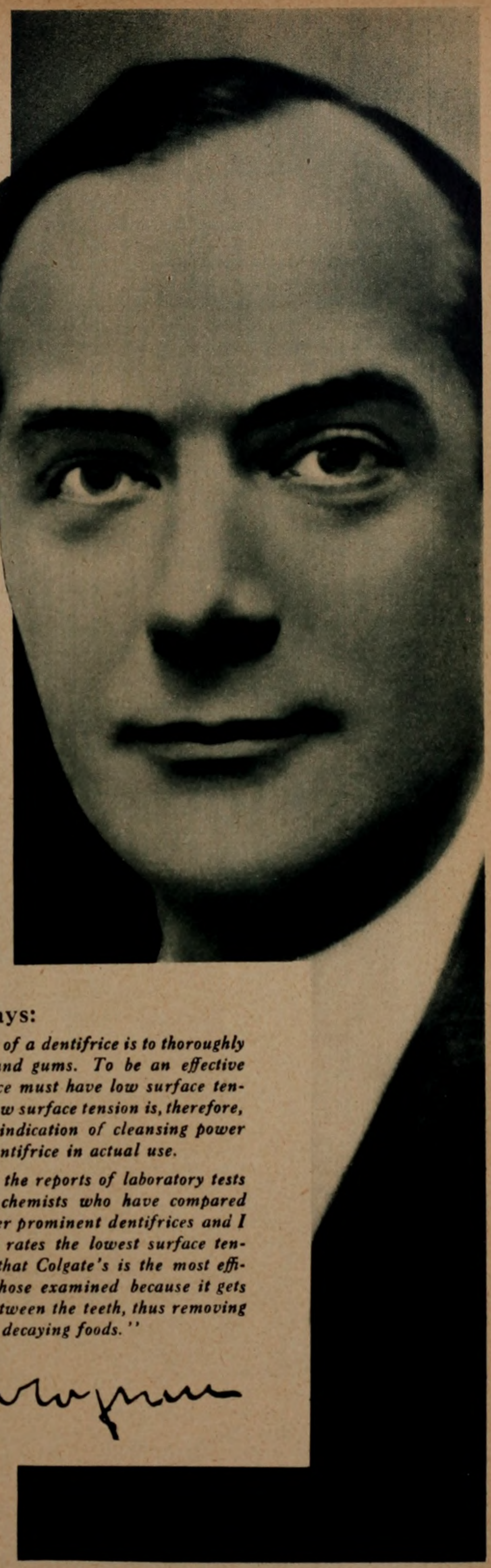
One wonders what the end will be. Will our romantic leading men all be wet?

Dr. Shirley W. Wynne

Commissioner of Health of New York City

says:

"Colgate's is most efficient cleanser"*



RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as "the most effective cleanser." His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America's greatest analytical chemists.

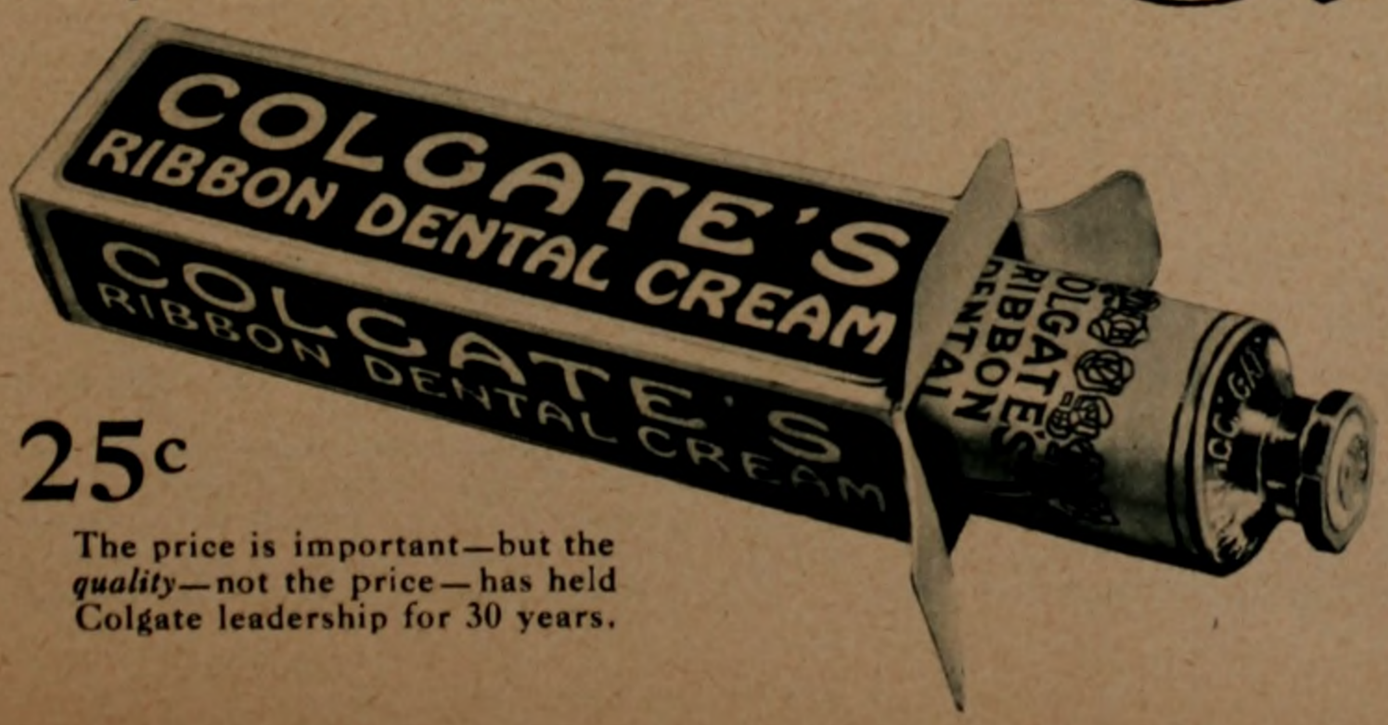
Dr. Wynne's conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M. S., Yale, Ph. D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B. S., M. S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph.D., University of Chicago, and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

All agree that Colgate's is supreme because of its penetrating foam. This active agent flushes out the decaying food particles which lodge between the teeth. Colgate's thus cleanses *completely*—in a way impossible with sluggish tooth pastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Dr. Wynne says:

"The sole function of a dentifrice is to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums. To be an effective cleanser a dentifrice must have low surface tension in solution. Low surface tension is, therefore, the true scientific indication of cleansing power on the part of a dentifrice in actual use.

****"I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate's rates the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate's is the most efficient cleanser of those examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods."***



25c

The price is important—but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

SHIRLEY W. WYNNE, M. D., Dr. P. H.

Commissioner of Health, New York City; M. D., Columbia University; Member American Medical Association; Prof. Preventive Medicine, N. Y. Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital; Prof. Public Health, Fordham School of Sociology and Social Service; Recognized internationally as an authority on matters of Public Health.

Now Hollywood Has Grace

(*Continued from page 65*)

Swanson and Ronald Colman. She doesn't know whether she will remain indefinitely or not. And she won't know until her first picture, "Jenny Lind," is made and seen. If she doesn't like what she sees, there will be an end to it. And not all the king's horses nor all the king's Mayers will prevail one jot or one tittle. Ten minutes with Grace Moore can teach you that.

It is stated pretty definitely that she is to be teamed with Lawrence Tibbett. There will be a pair! Stormy, lusty, with fever and cold courage in their souls.

It is difficult to believe that Grace Moore is just one of us gals. An American girl born in the unpretentious town of Jellico, Tennessee. The mere fact that she was born where and what she was, and that in so short a space of time has become what she is, is a dramatic story in itself. Melodramatic, really.

Where She Found Her Voice

GRACE began to sing in the church choir at home. Like her fellow-Grand-Opper, Mary Lewis, she aspired to sing to the heathen Chinee. She craved to be a missionary and bring light to the pig-tailed brethren. Looking at Miss Moore, one inclines to believe that she would have been more likely to bring them another revolution. For she has honey-colored hair and amber skin, a seductive mouth and brilliantly blue eyes. The form of an earlier goddess and a radiation of danger about her. She is rendering unto Caesar to the extent of diet and Swedish massage.

After Miss Moore had lifted the souls of the Jellicoites by her hymns, she began to realize the limits of the little home-town. Her vasty wings began to grow and beat the confining air. That enormous impatience with things as they are stirred in her and was born. She went to study music at the Ward-Belmont College in Nashville, Tenn. And under the auspices of the college she made her first public appearance at the National Theater in Washington, D. C., where she shared the program with Martinelli. Musical critics were facetious and spoke of "the Lion and the Mouse." But hand-in-glove with their humor ran a note of genuine praise. And Miss Moore, her wings again beating too heavily upon her environment, ran away to New York. She had to run, because her family frowned upon her aspirations. They might have accepted grand opera, but neither Miss Moore nor her family looked so high or so far at that time.

In New York, for a year, Grace Moore ate humble pie and was hungry. She knew no one. She tried to know no one. She had borrowed money to live on and she lived on it—just.

Grace Moore is not the type to blush unseen for very long. New York was no exception. She always went about alone. She frequented small cafés where the great and near-great of the musical world convened. She sat apart and reverenced them—and smiled. And the smile penetrated the callous cuticle of the so-called inhumane city and Grace, before she was quite aware of events, was singing in the musical comedy, "Up in the Clouds." And making a hit.

The producer of the play thought he heard things of greater dimension in Miss Moore's voice. He sent her to see Dr. P. Mario Marifioti. Dr. Marifioti would have none of her. Probably she looked entirely too decorative to fill the shoes of a Tetrazzini. Miss Moore accepted his brusque dismissal by the announcement that she would sit in his studio until he took her as his pupil. She sat for three days. In order to get rid of that immobile presence, Dr. Marifioti took her on, and to-day, in Hollywood, still teaching her, he admits that he is proud of it.



Standing for no nonsense: it is fairly obvious that Mary Duncan is not under illusions or much of anything else, as a haremite in "Kismet"

Up Above the Clouds

GRACE MOORE made her first really big hit in the Music Box Revues of 1923, 1924 and 1925. She also appeared in "Hitchy-Koo" and other musical comedies, and on the concert platform. She had reached a spectacular spot. She was a Name. She was making money. She was comfortable. She had everything. Ambition, in most of us, would have been appeased, would have curled up by so luxurious a fire and gone happily to sleep.

But the ambition of Grace Moore is a hard and voracious thing. If there are higher heavens to reach, though the way should be through Hell, she would try for the heavens. Officials of the Metropolitan suggested that she abandon her career in its high hey-day, study for a year, at the end of which time, she might—or might not—be admitted to the Met. Here was a Heaven to try for! Here was a call to arms! Miss Moore turned her back on Broadway and the lights, and settled down to a year of intensive and unremunerative work.

She made the Met. In 1928. As *Mimi* in "La Bohéme."

During the following two years, her greatest personal triumphs were as *Juliette* in "Romeo et Juliette," as *Marguerite* in "Faust," and the sensational *Manon* at the first performance of the Metropolitan this past season. Following the 1929 season, Miss Moore made a European tour. She appeared at the Paris Opera and the Opera Comique, and at the Cannes and Monte Carlo Opera houses.

And now, now she is in Hollywood.

There is courage in this girl from Jellico. Courage and storm and fever and no fear.

Her Private Public Opinion

GRACE MOORE very emphatically disagrees with Geraldine Farrar's pronouncement that opera is a dying form.

The amber-hued and trenchant lady said, "The various statements about grand opera dying have been made by artists who are doing their last mile. They are the old-fashioned performers, who cannot keep step with the spirit of to-day. The public is not as tolerant as it once was. The demands are greater, the sacrifices harder. *But, so long as there are beautiful voices in the world, opera, old or new, will live.*"

Grace Moore loves the opera. She loves the people of the opera. She loves the exactitudes, the sacrifices, the stern and unrelenting demands. At her luncheon table, the day we talked, were Giovanni Martino, the basso from the Metropolitan, young Martini, the tenor, and a distinguished conductor (from Chicago, I believe). She says the people of the opera are more fun to be with than any other group of people in the world. "They work harder, they play harder, they love harder, they live harder."

"Opera," Miss Moore continued, "is an exacting master. You cannot serve two gods, when one of them is opera. You live a life of perpetual self-sacrifice. In small ways and in great. You cannot smoke. You cannot play tennis or go in for strenuous athletics. You cannot talk too much, no matter how much you may enjoy chatting into the small hours, for talk is more exhausting for the voice than singing. Marriage is all but impossible for the dedicate devotée. Love is too exciting. A career should not come before the man you love and marry, and if you put the man before the career you are lost.

"There are tremendous compensations, of course. Opera is a rather more-than-liberal education. You must know the languages. You must know history, racial and musical. You have contacts with the finest and most interesting people in the world, in all walks. You know Europe and Europeans. You are everywhere received . . .."

There *is* something about an opera singer . . . Jenny Lind and Jeritza, Melba and Bori . . . mysterious names, names to conjure with. Grand names.

Grace Moore may be loved or she may be hated. There could be no temperate middle ground. She is an intemperate personality. She is trenchant. She is aggressive. She makes herself felt, as well as heard and seen.

"I'm a helpless prisoner!"

says MYRNA LOY

"I'm caught! . . . in a spun-silk web! I'm held . . . in a star-dust rapture! I'm captive to a lilting mood! But I love my captor . . . I'll never escape. For this mood that's captured me is Youth itself . . . a mood which stole from a perfume bottle and entered my heart . . . surrounded my soul . . . and I surrendered! See, here's the bottle . . . there's the name— Seventeen — but wait! Not a breath of it— unless YOU *want to be carried away — too!"*



SEVENTEEN . . . not a perfume alone
but a whole ensemble of gay toiletries!

The ensemble idea is smart in toilet accessories, too! . . . so Seventeen's gay and lightsome fragrance has been breathed into each of these essentials: *Powders* . . . a face powder, bath powder and talcum . . . all charmingly packaged, all exquisitely soft, all faintly scented with Seventeen . . . a *Compact,* the smartest you've ever seen, in gleaming black . . . a *Sachet,* the subtlest way to perfume lingerie . . . *Brillantines,* one solid, one liquid, to restrain straying locks and leave a fragrance that's ever so elusive.

Hallelujah! *And A Percentag*

(*Continued from page 30*)

to prepare the setting for the arrival of the star, so do Aimee's assistants, headed by "Ma" Kennedy, precede her arrival in the church auditorium. They work the congregation into a frenzy of enthusiasm for the climactic moment. Then, with the folks on their feet, palms upraised, shouting "Hallelujah," the regal figure of the evangelist comes into view, colored lights playing on her gleaming white gown.

She dramatizes everything. Sometimes, even the devil, in red robes and with the well-known horns, appears on the platform, and Aimee, shouting maledictions and praise to the Lord, drives him away. Sometimes, she depicts the Gates to Heaven and the rocky path leading to them; sometimes, the Gates to Hell with its path of primroses. Greed, Lust, Pleasure, and other symbolic figures of her sermons are represented on the rostrum. When she returned from her harrowing "kidnapping" experience, she enacted the whole business out on the church stage.

Maybe So, Maybe Not

SOMEBODY once told her she had a voice like Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore combined. Someone else remarked that she resembled Texas Guinan.

"I don't know myself," she explained in repeating this. "You see, I don't go to the theater and I've never met Texas Guinan."

How does she reconcile her present plans for film-making with her preachments all these years past against that instrument of Satan, motion pictures?

In the first interview granted on the subject, she told me. Fondling a remarkably well-behaved baby on her knee, apparently as atmosphere, she went into action. Gone were all the vestiges of the shoutin', yellin', exhortin' preacher. For this rôle, she was a modest, demure little woman in a faded blue dress.

Belle Bennett could not have done it any better.

She looked between forty and fifty years of age, much more than she appears in photographs or from the church pulpit. The famous red tresses, which have figured so much in the public prints, were a light yellow. Aimee, without doubt, has blondined her hair. Instead of being heaped on top of her head, as once, it was combed straight from her face, parted in the middle and fell in long ringlets about her neck. Her voice was subdued and quiet. She seemed almost reluctant to say anything about herself. But not *entirely* reluctant—



Longworth

The witching houri: despite the penchant of turban-wearers for ladies large and lazy, little Loretta Young wins her way into the heart and harem of Sidney Blackmer in "Kismet"

A Heaven-Sent Opportunity

"IT will be God's work to me. It will be a religious effort. The talking picture is the greatest agency for the spread of the Gospel since the invention of the printing press.

"My first production will be based on my life in the service of the Lord. Everything—everything will be included. There will be scenes depicting the terrible prosecution suffered at the hands of the money lords, the liquor barons, the rum runners, the dope fiends, the agents of the underworld in Los Angeles, who had me kidnapped and set down in the desert. Yes, I suppose we will include my long and perilous walk across the sands.

"I would like to make something tremendously fine in the way of a picture. I would like good actors to play in it. My director? Personally, I would choose some one like Cecil B. de Mille or Lionel Barrymore.

"When I was set free by my kidnappers and the newspapers were full of my experiences, I was offered a million dollars by a motion picture company to screen the story. I refused. I could see no reason then for making a picture. To-day, I will make one—for the Glory of God.

"Talking pictures have changed everything. They give me an opportunity, through sound, to promulgate the Gospel as never before. After this production is ished, I intend to make a series of serm ettes. They will be released in the ei hundred and forty-two branch churches Angelus Temple all over the country."

She Lost Her Radio Voice

AIMEE was not at all nervous when took her first tests within the stu gates, she told me. had no reason to be developed, for tests were splend The evangelist pho graphed very well, deed. Her eyes w extraordinarily lar and luminous. H profile was good. A her voice, the one th nearly blasts apart t radio loudspeaker, cords clearly and wi pleasant tonal qua ties.

The story goes th these first tests we accomplished at Te Art Studio, an ind pendent organizatic where stages and can era equipment may b rented for short perioc of time. Aimee, rol ing up to the gates i a black limousine, ac companied by he daughter, Roberta, wa assigned to the sta dressing-room, onc occupied by Dolore Del Rio. The janito is grumbling authority for the fact that Aime brought no towels.

Once before the microphone, she was apparently undecided what to say. Turning to daughter Roberta, she said: "Shall I tell a story, or shall I use a scriptural text?"

Roberta voted for the story. Aimee told one and so well, it seems, that since that day there has been no doubt about the picture being made—it just has been a question of when and where.

Aimee Semple McPherson is a great showwoman . . . and her name is known the length and breadth of America. Other evangelists have dropped more or less by the wayside, but Aimee flings out her banners and marches on. She ought to do as well in pictures as she has in the pulpit. If so, she's on her way to more success.

Although details of the business organization are a little hazy in the mind of a layman, it is said that the endeavor, besides being for the Glory of God, will be on a percentage basis. Universal at this writing will produce. The Angelus Picture Corporation and others will get a cut.

So, folks, get ready for the religious spectacle of all ages. The lady evangelist is breaking into screen drama. No doubt, she will be as colorful a figure there as she has been in countless newsreels already . . .

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at home without a teacher, in ½ the usual time and ⅓ the usual cost?

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That's a record of which we're ghty proud! A record that proves, tter than any words, how *thorough*, w *easy*, how *modern* this famous thod is.

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You study in your own home, prace as much or as little as you please. t almost before you realize it you e playing real tunes and melodies—t dull scales, as with old-fashioned ethods.

Like Playing a Game

The lessons come to you by mail. ney consist of complete printed inructions, diagrams, and all the music ou need. You simply *n't* go wrong. First ou are *told* what to do. hen a picture *shows* ou how to do it. Then ou do it yourself and *ar* it. No private acher could make it ny clearer.

As the lessons conue they become easier nd easier. For instead f just scales you learn play by *actual notes* ne favorites that formerly you've only *listened* to. You can't imagine what fun it is, until you've started!

Truly, the U. S. School method has removed all the difficulty, boredom, and extravagance from music lessons.

Fun—Popularity

You'll never know what real fun and good times are until you've learned to play some musical instrument. For music is a joy-building tonic—a sure cure for the "blues." If you can play, you are always in demand, sought after, sure of a good time. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

Never before have you had such a chance as this to become a musician—a really good player on your favorite instrument—without the deadly drudging and prohibitive expense that were such drawbacks before. At last you can start right in and *get somewhere*, quickly, cheaply, thoroughly.

Here's Proof!

"I am making excellent progress on the 'cello—*and owe it all to your easy lessons*," writes George C. Lauer of Belfast, Maine.

"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces," says Ethel Harnishfeger, Fort Wayne, Ind. "*I knew nothing about music when I started.*"

"I have completed only 20 lessons and *can play almost any kind of music I wish.* My friends are astonished," writes Turner B. Blake, of Harrisburg, Ill.

And C. C. Mittlestadt, of Mora, Minn., says, "I have been playing in the brass band for several months now. I learned to play from your *easy lessons.*"

You, too, can learn to master the piano, violin, 'cello, saxophone—any instrument you prefer—this quick, easy way! For every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always *practical.* Little theory—plenty of *accomplishment.* That's why students of the U. S. School course get ahead *twice as fast* as those who study by old-fashioned, plodding methods.

Booklet and Demonstration Lesson—FREE!

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course cannot be told on this page. A booklet has been printed, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," that explains this famous method in detail, and is yours free for the asking. With it will be sent a Free Demonstration Lesson, which *proves* how delightfully quick and easy—how *thorough*—this modern method is.

If you really want to learn to play at home—without a teacher—in one-half the usual time—and at one-third the usual cost—by all means send for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson AT ONCE. No obligation. (Instrument supplied if desired—cash or credit.) U. S. School of Music, 6010 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Finish . . . with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. It's the new, indestructible type . . . clean and easy to handle. Choose Black or Brown—35c.

When purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used for all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Any color—75c.



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Can They Stay Retired?

(*Continued from page 29*)

her, flickered out. She didn't do it. Didn't care. She went to openings and parties and tested the old life to the full. It was weighed in the balance with the Long Island farm and the baby—and found wanting.

Two Other Exceptions

PHYLLIS HAVER, our very own Phyllis, is a runner-up to Dorothy Dalton. Phyllis married Mr. Seaman of the canned goods clan. She lives in a luxurious pent-house in lower Manhattan. And only puts on make-up for the Four or Five Hundred. She has gone in for forestry, having planted sixty pine trees on the pent-house estate. Imagine *their* surprise! She drives a couple of swell cars, is in love with her husband and fairly purrs with contentment. She adores being just the Little Woman, for you *are* the Little Woman, whether you live in a pent-house or a cave.

Phyllis was recently in Hollywood for a visit. Phyllis—can you *get* it—who was as much a part of movies as the film used in the making. She didn't feel any yen to return. When any of the Hollywood boys and girls come to New York, she says, they always come to see her. She gets all the gossip, knows everything that is going on. It satisfies.

Constance Talmadge is living in our very midst. She is with us, but not of us. We almost never see her any more. Connie, who used to be the very heart of the heart of Hollywood. She is said to be more interested in reading Helpful Hints to Housewives than she ever was in reading reviews and fan letters.

There are always exceptions. To everything. Everyone knows that. But we believe that they *are* the exceptions. And there is still room for skepticism. For they are still young, and somewhere—far in the offing—there may shine a glimmer, a faint gleam, a hope, a dream . . .

Remade, Not Retired

YEARS ago, five, six or seven, Mary Pickford solemnly and consideringly assured us that she was through with kiddie parts and therefore through with the screen. She and Doug, she said, would eventually make one picture together, and then—farewell. Forever. She said that her small stature forebade her entering the dramatic field and that as childhood, even on the screen, must one day make way for maturity she, in turn, would give way to the inexorable hand of Time. She didn't. She hasn't. And now she admits that she doesn't want to. She says she would be utterly wretched, if she didn't have her finger in things movie. In order *not* to retire she has accepted and triumphed over the handicap of not being Garboesque in size.

Colleen Moore, shortly after her marriage to John McCormick, annually announced that at the expiration of her next contract she would retire, travel, have children, read books and "live private." Contracts kept on blooming like the flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra, la; and Colleen kept right on blooming with them. Colleen is no longer married. Colleen has, at this writing, neither conjugal nor cinema contract. But report hath it that Colleen is about to undergo a metamorphosis. We will see her rise, they say, a phoenix from the ashes of her adolescence. A new Colleen, with Depths, will be among us, to tarry a long, long while. We hope so.

PEOPLE conjecture about the beautiful Corinne Griffith. Will she stay as retired, as she says she will? Corinne says yes. Others say no. It would appear that Corinne is studying Voice and things. P haps for chamber music.

Years ago, Rod La Rocque sententiou assured me that he would work for f more years and then, when he had amas enough samoleons to go abroad, he wo live in India and Be Himself. You have had any picture post-cards from Rod s ing, "X marks my salt-mine. Wish y were here." Have you?

And speaking of the La Rocque fami Vilma Banky La Rocque recently and a very firmly announced that she was *throu* that she was going to stay at home and the little house *frau* she has always long to be, that she would go in for kiddies i Big Way and be a proper wife to Rodd Warner Baxter has stayed Vilma's ha from rocking the cradle for the time bei She is to play opposite the *Cisco Kid* in latest.

Lila Lee, when she married James Ki wood, resolved to abjure the grease-pai for all time. She would be domestic a have a few little Cuddleses of her ow Finances and things went flooey and it b came necessary for Lila to Do Somethi The screen was all she knew. She we through a period of desperation for fear s would *have* to retire.

Panic Time

BEBE DANIELS experienced somethi of the same panic during those da days prior to "Rio Rita." She knew th that anything she had ever said about r tirement, traveling, home-making was t bunk. She didn't *want* to be through. S knew that she had too much to give . Solitude and Europe and Improving On Mind—stale, stale, flat and profitless.

You will note that the resolve to retire is fragile thing, marked Unbreakable, but- but crash into it with a swell part, a fatti contract, a Break, the need to economi or any other Fact of Life and hear the pret tinkling sounds the pieces make.

Marilyn Miller swears by all her god Flo Ziegfeld and First National, that s will retire at the end of her next New Yo show and her next two pictures. She say she has *always* said she would retire befo the Public began to fidget and rustle its pr grammes. But how to know when th dread hour comes? There are so man outs . . . A mosquito might have bitten th audience. A wind might have passed ov the house . . .

Zasu Pitts hopes to retire when she ha enough money to adopt several more chi dren and run a Nursery of her own. Ster lizing milk means more to Zasu than starrin in pictures. So says the unique Pitts.

MILDRED DAVIS became Mrs. Harol Lloyd. She dwells in marble hall She Retired. She had a baby. She says it orful. *Not* the baby—Being Retired. "Ha old has people to the house. They tal shop, shop, shop. Sets, and what happen in the studio. When all I can do is blea hopefully, '*Oh*, Gloria has a new tooth and hope someone will be thrilled to *hea* that Gloria has a new tooth. I feel so ou of things, not a part of anything, dumb! . . .

Mary Hay promised Richard Barthel mess, when they wed, that she would per manently retire from both screen and stage She tried it. She *couldn't*. She picked up th pieces, professionally, and dropped ther matrimonially. It sometimes goes like that

Maurice Chevalier told me that his wif is content for long spells at a time, and the for long spells at a time she is not content.

Can they stay retired?

I doubt it.

They Know A Thing Or Two

(*Continued from page 63*)

:id acts as a rule. Most stage children are resh and bossy. But not my Quillans. Never.

Business, If Not Pleasure

'I'D talk to them this way: I'd say, 'If you can't be well-behaved because it's he decent, respectable thing to do, then lo it because it's good business. More flies are caught with sugar than vinegar. The more friends you got backstage, the better,' I'd tell them. 'Stay out of people's way. Keep out of the wings, unless you get permission to stand there. When you come off from your act, hike to your dressing-rooms and get your make-up off and get out of the theater.'

"It ain't boasting, no, ma'am, when I say my kids were welcomed back to every theater they played more than once.

"I taught them, this, too: to take kidding well when the joke was on themselves—but to be careful about kidding other people. That's more important in Hollywood than any place in the world. The town is full of practical jokers, whose sense of humor isn't sufficiently elastic to see the point when it is turned on them. 'But when you're the goat,' I told my kids, 'grin and bear up under it.' There's nothing worse in the show business, or any other business, than the fellow who can't see the laugh on himself. If it doesn't do anything else, it tends toward good fellowship.

"As the boys grew a little older, the business of training them became a little more complicated. Say what we will for it, and I love it, nevertheless life in the show world is a little lax. The conventions are not as strictly adhered to as they might be. It ain't deliberate wickedness, but it's carelessness. It's easy to drift into the slip-shod way of dealing with things.

The Most Important Thing

"BUT before them constantly, I kept the example of the devotion between their mother and myself. Oft-times when I traveled with the act, Mrs. Quillan and I would be separated for months at a time. And yet never once did I let my children see me miss my daily letter to her. I read every word of the letters she wrote to us. I taught them that faithfulness to one woman was the grandest thing of God's scheme. Look at mamma sitting over there laughing at me, will you? 'You scalawag,' she'll say after you're gone, 'You old scalawag!' But she'll only say it with her lips. She knows deep down in her heart that what I'm saying is the truth.

"I taught them to respect all women. Like they would their own sisters. Maybe the girls they met didn't dress, or look, or talk like their sisters, but my boys learned to treat them as such. When a man loses his respect for womanhood, he loses his respect for himself!

"'Don't ever set yourself up to judge other people,' I'd tell them. 'Maybe they haven't the same religion as yours. Or the same ideals. Or the same way of seein' things. But judgin' is not for you. Take the good you can get out of them, and leave the bad alone.'

"I didn't say they couldn't go out at night after the shows. I didn't forbid them to drink. Or to smoke. I'm too old a dog not to know that forbidden fruit is the sweetest, ma'am. I just put a proposition up to them.

It Was Up to Them

"IF you go out and make fools of yourself,' I'd say, 'that's your business. You're

(*Continued on page 93*)

Her Hands

lovely as a bride's after 10 years' housekeeping



1920

"... thanks to LUX in the dishpan," says Mrs. H. W. Simmonds

THIS attractive young homemaker has done all her own work, having her hands in and out of the dishpan three times a day—for ten years. Yet they are soft and white and smooth as when she was married ... "thanks to Lux."

"Washing dishes with Lux leaves my hands lovely looking"—Mrs. Simmonds says enthusiastically ... "so smooth and white and dainty."

A Great Discovery

Modern young homemakers themselves discovered, in using Lux for their silks and woolens, that the gentle, bland Lux suds work the same magic with their hands as with their fine fabrics.

Among thousands of young wives interviewed in 11 large cities, 96 out of every 100 use Lux—to keep their hands lovely ... in spite of housework!

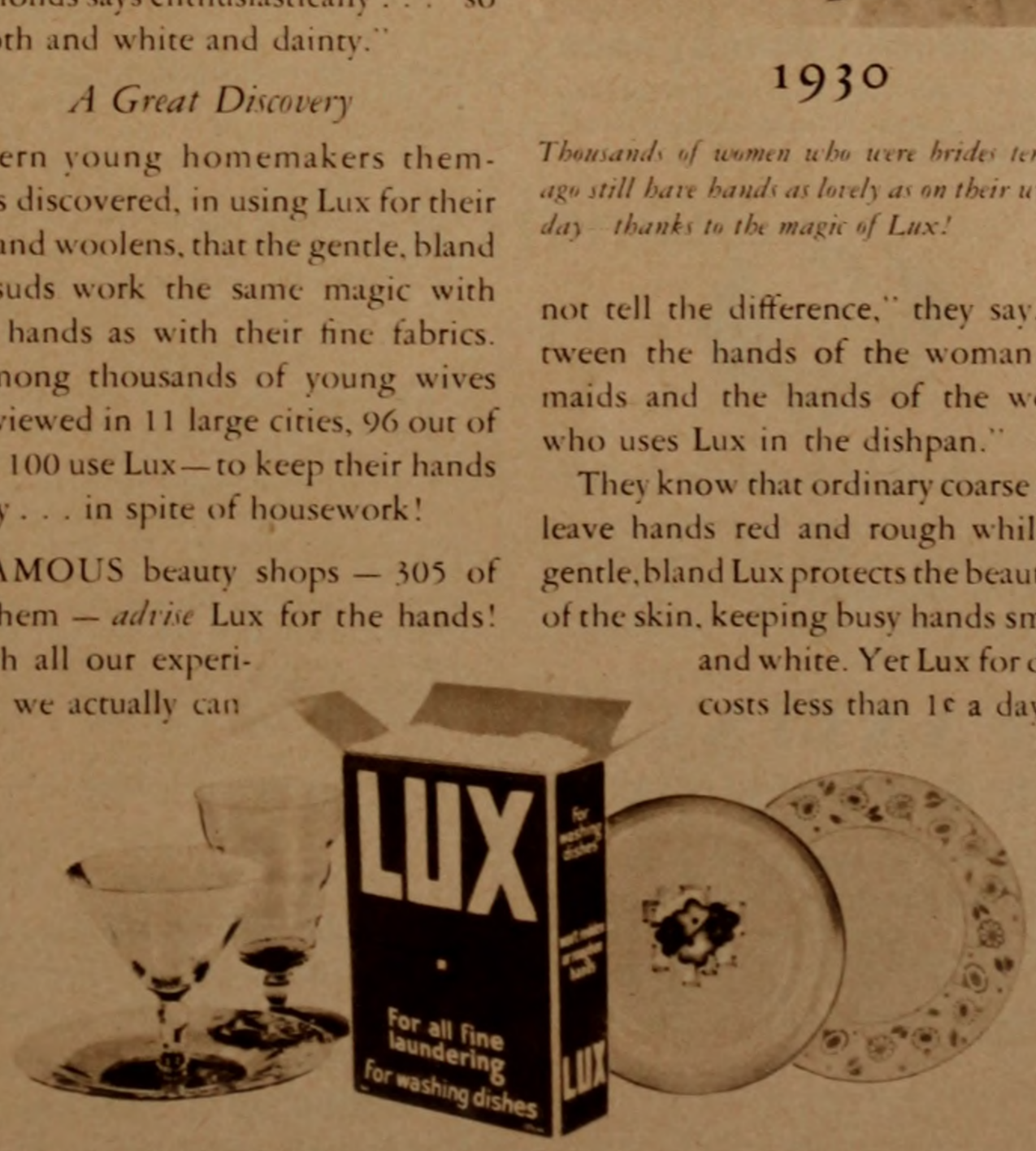
FAMOUS beauty shops — 305 of them — *advise* Lux for the hands! "With all our experience, we actually can not tell the difference," they say, "between the hands of the woman with maids and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in the dishpan."

They know that ordinary coarse soaps leave hands red and rough while the gentle, bland Lux protects the beauty oils of the skin, keeping busy hands smooth and white. Yet Lux for dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!



1930

Thousands of women who were brides ten years ago still have hands as lovely as on their wedding day—thanks to the magic of Lux!



For lovely hands · costs less than 1¢ a day



What makes china glisten?

This important truth is worth repeating: for easy and effective dishwashing, (1) scrape dishes well; (2) have *generous* suds; (3) rinse with boiling water. (And see our booklet).



When is a stocking dirty?

Summer and winter we perspire. And perspiration *attacks* silk underthings, frocks, stockings. Wash out all these promptly after wearing, whenever possible.



How best to wash woodwork?

Suds get tired. To clean easiest, best, change suds often. For spots, apply soap directly to wood.



Is your cleaning done by noon?

To have more time to do as you please, use cleaning short cuts, and have a cleaning schedule or plan.



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We offer you an unusual kind of booklet... full of short cuts, and with instructions for making a cleaning plan to fit your particular problems. Send for this booklet. Remember it's *free.*

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Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book about Baths," or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free... a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

Not So Shy

(*Continued from page 70*)

commissary waitress. It turned out that he doesn't eat lunch. Not that he's afraid of avoirdupois, like Clara Bow, but after years of arduous exercise—dancing and making comedy whoopee—on the New York stage, the life of ease in Hollywood has robbed him of his appetite. "How these people out here can eat three square meals a day and do as little as they do" is beyond him.

The Bug Took Effect

"BUT to make a long story short," he continued, taking up where he had left off in his private life, "I went to work with my two brothers in my father's insurance business. Mother wanted me to. I guess she figured that if anything would sober me down, insurance would. Of all the businesses in the world, barring undertaking, that is foremost in taking out the kinks. But the stage bug had bitten me in prep school and I had footlight fever. I thought I was quite a funny guy and that Broadway was missing a good number. When I confided at home that I had made up my mind to go down and give Ziegfeld and George White a break, there was a row.

"Somebody kept bringing up the subject of money, of which I had an embarrassing shortage—the idea being that the family would not finance my apprenticeship days in such a harum-scarum undertaking. 'All right,' said little Gus, 'I won't take any of your money.' And the joke of it is, I nearly starved to death, carrying out that threat. That brings us to the point of Local Boy Turned Out In The Cold, Cold World, doesn't it? Even a comedian has to have his sob moments. Look at Chaplin, the greatest of them all.

"I could keep you here all afternoon, telling you the gory details of my Broadway reception. But to make a long story short, it was a cinch that Ziegfeld and White hadn't seen any of my prep school plays, and I kind of got the idea that they didn't care. Everybody patted me on the back and advised me to run home. Even if I *was* all I kept telling them I was, what good would it do me? There were a hundred thousand others like Gus. The only bright spot in that part of my private life was that I made a couple of good friends. One of them was Ned Wayburn, who staged dance numbers for Broadway musical money-makers.

A Fortunate Flop

"BY sheer dint of perseverance, I got a few bits to do in that greatest of all flops of Broadway, 'Town Topics.' Don't get it into your head that Hollywood is the only place where they can throw a million away. That baby was the most expensively mounted, elaborately cast waste of a million berries since we loaned our bank-roll to Europe. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the way I've always looked at 'Town Topics,' someone spent a fortune to teach Gus Shy a few details about show business. I had my eyes ears open all the time and tried to re a little of what I saw.

"It made me so ambitious that I deci to take a show of my own on the road. will get the extent of my ambition, whe tell you I didn't have a cent of cash in pocket when I was hit by this idea. take part of that back. I think I had ab a hundred and fifty dollars to my acco in the bank. But what's money?

"Believe it or not, but I got up a pre good show. My costumes were a kno out. They should have been. I bou them second-hand from somebody who swiping them from Ziegfeld, after one of show-girls had dropped a cigarette ash them, or something. Ziegfeld paid a cou of hundred for the outfits I was getting a couple of bucks. Naturally, I coulc afford to have De Sylva, Brown a Henderson, or Irving Berlin write the mu for the show. But what did I care? Tl were working for me and didn't know I took all of their current song hits a hummed them backward. I put it all gether and it spelled, 'Honey.'

It's a Gift—Plus Work

"I MANAGED my brain-child on t tour through the sticks. Every n and then, when a comedian or a leading m would blow up on me, I'd step in and do t part myself. I learned, among other thin that it is a gift, coupled with a lot of ha work, to be funny. But you can't let t folks know you're working. It's got seem natural and spontaneous. All t comedians I've ever known got their gr hairs trying to look nonchalant. That sh may not have been the best in the world, b it taught Gus Shy a set of tricks that land him back on Broadway.

"To make a long story short," he peated, "I played the featured comic t years in 'Good News' and had an equa long run in 'New Moon.' I was just g ting to the point where I could write out r own ticket on Broadway when the mov came along. I don't know anything abo them. But here I am with an M-G-I contract. I'm not worrying. I didn't kn anything about show business when started, either. When this studio offer me the chance to play my original Broa way rôle in 'Good News,' in the screen ve sion of that musical, I figured that if I w ever going to make the dive, now was t time.

"I like it out here, all right. All exce one angle: this confounded sitting around doing nothing. I'm used to perspiring f my living. That's the reason I'm going dancing school and working out in t Athletic Club gym during my spare da between pictures. And that's that," h added, just by way of making a long sto short, as he squirted another drop of lemo in his plain water.

CORRECTION

In the story about *Mickey Mouse*, entitled "My Love Life And Other Things," in the August issue of CLASSIC, Ub Iwerks was referred to as "the originator of *Mickey Mouse*." We were in error. **Walter E. Disney** is the originator of *Mickey Mouse* and producer of the *Mickey Mouse* cartoons. Our sincere apologies to **Mr. Disney,** for not giving credit where credit is certainly due.—Editor.

Tabooed Topics

(*Continued from page 57*)

dal the matrimonial stuff on Nancy and present her as a vestal virgin, but Nancy d other thoughts. They were mostly out her small daughter, Patricia, and her ddy, Jack Kirkland, busy writing scenas. And she expressed them. It was fficult to enforce the taboo and now all e world knows about Patty and Jack.

Heroes Must Remain Heroes

ANOTHER publicity department taboo deals with the morals of leading men. one of the baser instincts can be attributed them. They are as ignorant of life and hat makes the world whirl as that captin's lassie, Joan Lowell, ever was. They ow nothing of seduction or the harsher icks. Of liquor and its consequences, they e ignorant. To them, a "side car" belongs a motor-cycle. Only once did liquor ever nquer and that, in the minds of the taboo isers, was because it was the lesser of two ils. It was admitted, in a life story, that certain lily lad of the screen had sipped the ice of the corn; but the hearers had to pay price. For this admission, the word "fast" as to be deleted from the description of the t of young folks in which he had formerly aveled. The public's illusions must be feguarded at any cost.

Mr. Charles E. Mack, fearless in the resence of the leaping antelopes and angles his modernistic house, has a pet taboo hat makes him wish to mention not at all Ir. George Circe, who is the current Moran The Two Black Crows. Any mention of hat gentleman brings a drawling comment "O-oah, tha-at's been written about SO uch."

Nick and Sue Stuart, before their marage, grew panicky if they thought any suggestion of the joint possession of a new urma rose-and-black motor vehicle was oing to be made public.

Silence Preferred

WHEN Mary Nolan, whose Broadway trade-mark was Imogene Wilson, as imported from Germany to play at elatines with the United Artist kiddies, a egular Chinese Wall of taboos was erected nd everyone was reminded that her name as Mary Nolan and nothing else. But with er skill as an actress increased, and her inema ability justifying all previous frolicng, it is now permissible to remember that he once answered to Imogene.

Some taboos are amusing. Others are ragic. Rock-ribbed is Bill Hart's refusal to alk about the short, pitiful matrimonial xperience he had. He is not anxious to gouge a painful wound. And Paul Bern, for ome reason, probably justified, refuses to e proffered to the press in an interview that paints him as the Father Confessor of Hollywood. Into his ears have undoubtedly been poured more sorrows, real and imagined, han would fill a library. Anita Page and Mother Pomares think it better not to mention Harry K. Thaw in connection with her screen career.

Ben Lyon, always gallant, retains lofty muteness on the subject of Marilyn Miller or any other of his affairs of the heart; and Charlie Chaplin is not to be wangled into chatting about his matrimonial endeavors. Harrison Ford is reluctant to discuss the aspects of his married life and whether or not he is divorced. As a matter of record, he is safely married. Jacqueline Logan draws a veil of secrecy over her marriage to Ralph Gillespie; and Madge Bellamy simply will not talk about her one flyer into matrimony with Logan Metcalf. Douglas, the Senior, would rather talk about Shakespeare or the Olympic Games than discuss his titled house guests.



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• highlights of the NOVEMBER issue

HUDDLE by Francis Wallace, CHORUS MAN by Faith Baldwin, HUMBLE PYE by Richard Connell, BEDS by Groucho Marx, OHIO STATE by Daphne Alloway McVicker.

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 76*)

unless you send a self-addressed envelope for a personal reply. **Jean Hersholt** is married to a non-professional, haven't her name. Ditto for **Jack Holt. Stan Laurel** to **Lois Neilson. Oliver Hardy, Myrtle E. Reeves,** professional. **Baclanova** is about thirty-one years old. Married to **Nicholas Soussanin. Jack Hoxie's** real name is **Stone. Gladys Brockwell** was born Sept. 26, 1894. Died July 2, 1929. **Frank Mayo,** June 28, 1886, not appearing in pictures at this time. **Winnie Lightner** was born in Greenpoint, N. Y., Aug. 17. Married and her real name is **Winifred Hanson.**

Q. M. W.—**John Garrick** has appeared in the following pictures: *The Sky Hawk*, *Fox Movietone Follies of 1930*, *Song o' My Heart*, *The Lottery Bride* and *Are You There?* Here are some of the new pictures we have in stock, **Winnie Lightner, John Garrick, Marjorie White, Lillian Roth, Catherine Dale Owen, Dorothy Lee, Sally Starr, Helen Twelvetrees, Fred Scott, Claudette Colbert, Bernice Claire, Frank Albertson, Regis Toomey, Charles Bickford, Phillips Holmes, Lew Ayres** and **Barbara Stanwyck.**

HAZEL.—**Alice White** formerly lived in Paterson, N. J., but couldn't tell you what street. Why not write direct to **Alice,** no doubt she'd be glad to tell you. She is appearing in *Sweethearts on Parade*, Columbia Studios. **William Boyd** in *Beyond Victory*, Pathe Studios. He does not give out his home address. **Eddie Cantor** has five daughters. Wait until you see him in *Whoopee*, United Artists Studios. **Buddy Rogers** has one sister, **Geraldine,** and a brother **Bh,** who is also going to appear on the screen shortly. **Bh** will be known as **Bruce Rogers** from now on.

SYLVIA.—**Ann Pennington** was born in Camden, N. J. She is four feet eleven and a half, has brown hair and eyes. Began her stage career at the age of twelve years as a member of a vaudeville team of three girls. Her stage revues include *Ziegfeld Follies*, several *George White's Scandals*, *Jack and Jill*, etc. **Marion Byron,** whose nickname is *Peanuts* and is one of the youngest and smallest actresses in motion pictures, is a graduate of the comedy lots in Hollywood, and her first big chance came when she was chosen leading lady for **Buster Keaton** in *Steamboat Bill, Jr.* **Miss Byron** formerly was in musical comedies in New York, playing with **Fannie Brice** in *Music Box Revue* and was chosen for the lead in *Tiptoes*, being taken out of the chorus for that honor.

MARIE OF BROOKLYN.—Do you know that the first all-Vitaphone Varieties program opened on April 19 at the Gaiety Theater (renamed the Roxy) in Melbourne, Australia? It is a two and a half hour picture-theater program made up entirely of Vitaphone Varieties, plus a news reel. **Jackie Coogan** was born Oct. 26, 1914. He is appearing in *Tom Sawyer*, Paramount Studios. **Frankie Darro,** Dec. 22, 1918, and is still growing. **Lila Lee,** July 25, 1905. **Marian Nixon,** Oct. 20, 1906. Appearing in *Adios*, starring **Richard Barthelmess. Marion Davies,** Jan. 3, 1900. Latest production, *Rosalie*.

MYSTERIOUS X. X.—What do you want me to do, be *Philo Vance?* **Richard Barthelmess** was born in New York City, May 9, 1895. He appeared on the stage in stock with his mother before entering pictures. Married **Mary Hay** in June, 192 Were divorced in 1926. Then to **Jessi Sargent** on April 20, 1928. Has a daught **Mary** about eight and a stepson abo twelve. **Dorothy Jordan** appearing in *Lo in the Rough*, starring **Robert Montgon ery. Richard Arlen** and **Mary Brian** *Social Errors*, Paramount.

BEE'S KNEES FROM CALIF.—**Frankie Dolan,** holder of the Pacific Coa flyweight championship for six years, playe the part of **Jack Oakie's** second in boxin scenes of *The Social Lion*. **John Barrymore'** real name is **Blythe. Eleanor Boardma** has two children. **Mabel Normand** wa born Nov. 10, 1897, and died Feb. 23, 193 **Greta Garbo** is five feet six. **Sharon Lyn** was born in Weatherford, Texas, abou twenty-three years ago. Playing in *Men o Call*, Fox Studios. The G Sisters' real name are **Eleanor** and **Carola Knospe.**

A CONSTANT READER.—Glad to hea that. **Claire Windsor** was born April 14 1897. Her son **Billy** is about nine. She i five feet six. **William Haines** played oppo site her in *The Denial*, which was released i Mar., 1925. **Miss Windsor** is not appearing in any new picture at this writing. **Tim McCoy, Allene Ray** and **Francis Ford** have the leads in *The Indians Are Coming*, Universal Studios.

INQUISITIVE.—We have quite a few this month but let's go. You ask 'em and I'll answer. **Billie Dove** was born in New York City, May 14, 1903. Latest picture, *The Lady Who Dared*. You'll have to send along a self-addressed envelope for a complete list of the various films she has appeared in, there are too many to mention here. **Ramon Novarro's** latest production is *Call of the Flesh*. He was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. **Nancy Carroll's** picture *Come Out of the Kitchen* was released as *Honey*. Now appearing in *Laughter*, **Fredric March** plays opposite.

LOLLY POP.—They're good too. No! I don't like cod liver oil, who would! But I do like buttermilk. **Sally Blane** is not married and her latest flicker is *The Little Accident*, starring **Anita Page** and **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Lillian Gish** is still single. **Betty Compson** plays opposite **Gary Cooper** in *The Spoilers*.

NOZZY.—**Dorothy Janis** played opposite **Ramon Novarro** in *The Pagan*. His picture, *The Battle of the Ladies*, was changed to *Devil May Care*, **Dorothy Jordan** played opposite. *House of Troy* changed to *In Gay Madrid*. The theme songs were Into My Heart, Santiago and Dark Night. You refer to **Frank Merrill** and **Natalie Kingston** in *Tarzan the Mighty*. **Charles Bickford** is not married to my knowledge.

BOLES FAN.—**John Boles** was born in Greenville, Texas, Oct. 28, 1898. He is six feet one, weighs 180 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Married to **Marcelite Dobbs,** they have two children. **Boles,** graduate of the University of Texas and student under Continental masters, had appeared in *Little Jessie James*, *The Romany Love Spell*, *Kitty's Kisses* and other Broadway productions when **Gloria Swanson** lured him to Hollywood for the supporting rôle in *Loves of Sunya*. His first big success was as the Red Shadow in *The Desert Song*. Now appearing in *Gypsy Love Song*.

They gave a *new* Thrill

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Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 45*)

o the heads of the boys who make the novies.

Several first-run theaters in Hollywood re offering free golf tickets with every heater ticket purchased.

• • •

ANTONIO Moreno was the only moving picture actor to be listed in "The Blue Book."

Maybe you think that didn't give Hollywood a start! Not that they were so amazed to find **Tony** among 'em, for the fascinating Daisy Moreno has long rated as a social light—but look at those who were left out: **Mary** and **Doug**, Will Hays, **Corinne** Griffith, **Richard** Barthelmess and all the rest of the cream.

• • •

JOHN *Boles and* **Evelyn** *Laye humming a duet number in rehearsal.*

Marcelite (*Mrs.*) *Boles waiting outside the sound stage in her new limousine.*

Al *Jolson pulling a* **John** *Gilbert and refusing to be interviewed.*

Janet *Gaynor and* **Lydell** *Peck making up polite, but phoney excuses to a social invitation.*

Gary *Cooper bemoaning the loss of six precious pounds through overwork.*

• • •

IT was announced that **Will Rogers'** next picture would be titled "See America First."

Several weeks later, it was also announced that Universal was engaged on a picture, featuring **Harry** Langdon and **Slim** Summerville, to be called "See America Thirst."

Now comes word that **Will's** new picture is not "definitely" titled.

No wonder.

• • •

THE release of **Charlie** Chaplin's eight-reel picture, "City Lights," means something very definite to the future of the cinema. If it is an outstanding hit, we may expect several pretentious silent picture productions immediately. One big studio, I know, is holding several big silent stories, and stars, up their sleeve in readiness in case the first returns on **Charlie's** picture warrant optimism.

• • •

IN every way possible, Hollywood has done her dingest to wring out a gossip story about **Gary** Cooper's infatuation with **June** Collyer.

"**Lupe** and **Gary** are all cleaned up," the wags gaily assured each other.

If they are—they certainly are putting up a good bluff. To my eagle reportorial eye they seem even more devoted than ever.

So far as can be made out, **Gary** himself innocently started these rumors when he openly admired **June** Collyer and said he thought she was a beautiful girl.

Gary must have forgotten that a young man in Hollywood can't even *think* about a lady without starting something.

• • •

MARY Brian is gradually getting her hair shorter and shorter. At the first clip of the barber's scissors, **Mary** couldn't stand it any shorter than a very long bob.

Now she is wearing it at a flapperish ear-length.

"One more month," said **Mary** "and it will be a boyish shingle!"



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Kotex now has rounded, tapered corners which eliminate awkward bulges and assure a snug, firm fit.

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Menaces Of The Movies

(*Continued from page 26*)

manager and producer. "Poor devil! He should have gone into something sure and permanent, like pictures." Now he is wondering if the miniature golf magnate is about to sympathize with him!

Threats and Counter-Threats

BUT don't get the idea that he is taking all this supinely, this picture magnate. At least, I don't think so—for an impressive amount of adverse legislation is being set in motion. Town councils, county boards of supervisors, State legislatures, are being invited to pass laws prohibiting this or that practice by the little golf-course. They should not be permitted to open too early or stay open too late; license fees should be so and so; this or that area should be closed to them, boards of control should investigate their morals. You know those things didn't just pop into the minds of the politicians. Someone put them there. You guess, Harold and Clara.

To meet this threat, the owners of miniature golf-courses have just banded together for defense against a possible movie monopoly of small golf-courses.

Incidentally, one of the contributing causes to popularity of the small golf-course is the opportunity to wear golf clothing. The department stores report an enormous increase in the sale of such garments. Jimmy, the shipping clerk, can buy a pair of plus fours at $4.78 and some glaring hose at $.87, while his old gray coat and cap and yellow shoes will serve nicely. Marge is more fortunate, for all she needs is a béret and some sport shoes and stockings.

Then, at the beginning, the courses supplied the clubs. Now the smart thing is to have a couple of clubs of your own. They are on the market for as little as a dollar. At first put out by the novelty factories, they are now being supplied by the big standard club-makers at the dollar price.

He'll Take a Chance Now

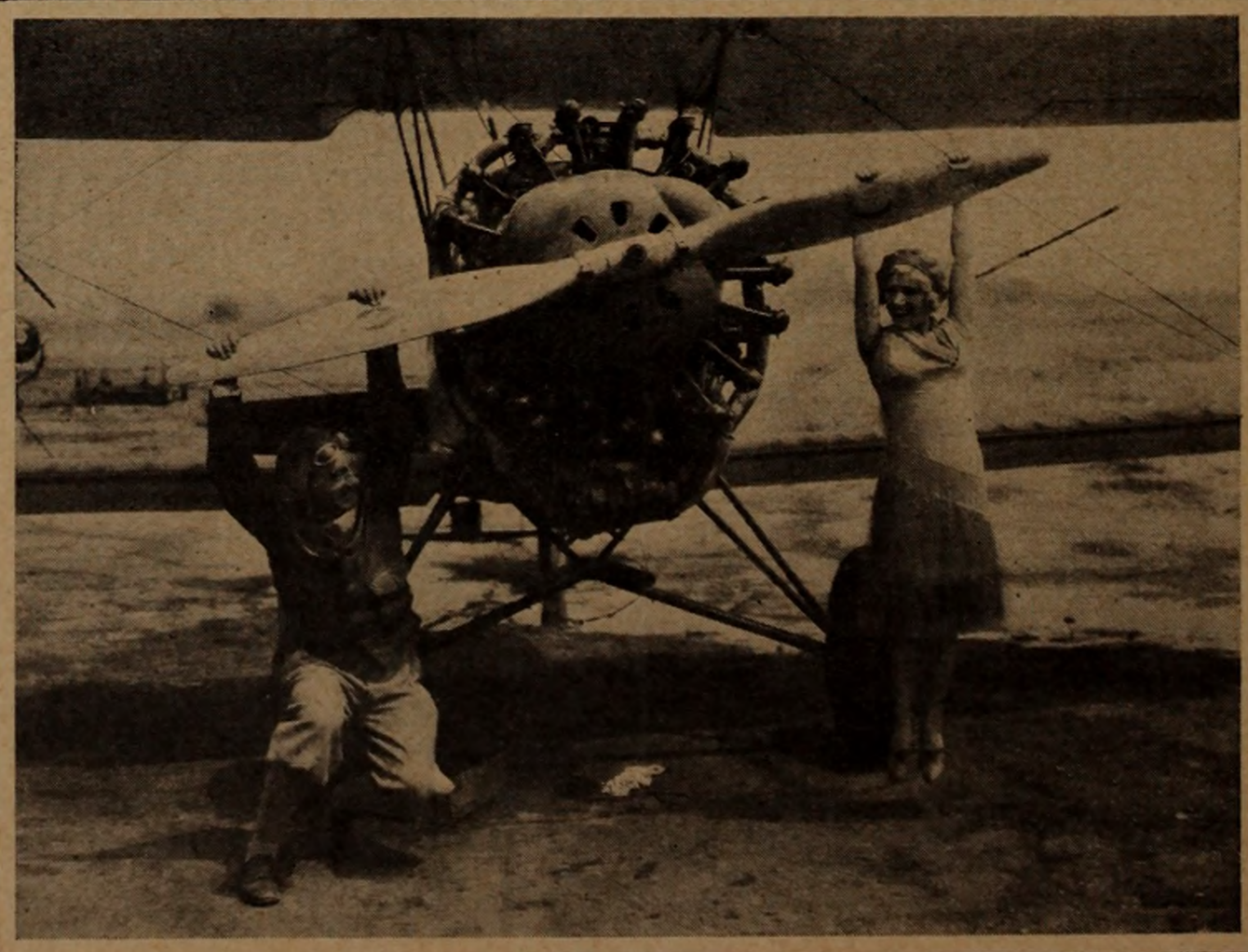
CHARLES Leonard Fletcher used to be an actor—and a good one—but of late years he has turned to golf instruction in Hollywood. He tells me that the small courses are breeding big-time golfers by the thousand. The fellow who has been too busy or too self-conscious to try on a real course will readily take a chance with the small one, and, finding it to his liking, buys into the big game.

And not only the amateur patronizes the small course. The real golfer finds it convenient and pleasant. Such men as Harold Lloyd, who has recently completed a splendid nine-hole course on his Beverly Hills estate, like the little game because they can be more easily with their friends. You see, real golf is inclined to be a lonely affair, but the little course is as intimate as a crowded rat trap.

It will be interesting to see how the picture people meet the new competition, present and to come. Ethically, the new amusement stands up well. It's public, out-of-doors, healthful and joyous. If only it doesn't develop endurance contests! That will come later.

Just a Few Figures

Small Golf		Motion Pictures	
No. of courses	37,000	No. of theaters	22,800
Est. attendance daily	11,100,000	Est. attendance daily	17,000,000
Average cost per round	$.25	Average admission	$.25
Est. daily receipts	$2,275,000	Est. daily receipts	$4,225,000



Hanging is good enough for her: the aviator wanted to start something, and even asked her to take the air, but Laura Lee isn't taking any chances with non-stop fliers

Are You Musical?

(*Continued from page 69*)

eing balked by anything like that! When e wanted someone to sing "How Am I to now?" in jail, so that his hero and heroine ould make it a sort of love-theme-song in ie later scenes, he was not perturbed by the ct that the average prison cell isn't quipped with a ukulele. A uke just apeared out of the nowhere to be strummed y the man in the next cell to Charles ickford, who, by an odd quirk of fate, hapened to have a voice of professional caliber.

That is the great thing about being musial in the talkies. Instead of being denied our favorite music at such times, any intrument you may happen to play is always o hand. If a grand piano or a harp had een called for in the "Dynamite" scene, I m sure De Mille would have seen to it that he particular cell in question was equipped ith one.

If you find it hard to sing without an ccompaniment at the odd moments when t is called for in the talkies, do not despair. Whether you are situated in the fastnesses f the desert, on the top of a mountain, or n top of the world, there is always a firstlass symphony orchestra just outside camra range, ready to give you the opening ars and help you right through your song.

In the Best Arctic Circles

THE best instance of this was a scene I saw being taken in a studio in England, short time ago. There were a half-dozen nen marooned somewhere near the North Pole—cut off by the snow from all communication with the outside world. The director had been quick to realize that this was a great time to bring in some incidental music, just to show there was still a sound track on the film. So, of course, one of the characters was turned into an ex-vaudeville performer; and the others with one voice clamored for a song. No sooner had they done so than an orchestra of sixty pieces struck up the first bars of a jazz number. Even as they played, the ex-vaude man was saying, "Oh, no, boys, you know I'm a rotten singer." The words were hardly out of his mouth when the orchestra came to where he was supposed to start singing; so without more ado, he sang.

If you're musical, the talkies are the best place for you. Anything from a symphony orchestra to a clarinet is always at hand.

They Know A Thing Or Two

(*Continued from page 87*)

growing up and you ought to know by now what you want out of life. I can't be always at your side, wiping off your mouths and setting you on your feet again. By now you ought to have some idea of the way you want to go in life and what you want to make of it.'

"That's what I'd say to them.

"'And don't forget that the Right Way is the easiest way, and the best way all along. Not because I'm telling you so. Try it for yourself. Words don't mean anything. Experience does. If you feel as good after a night of making a fool of yourself, if you look as good, if you can do as good work, if you are as proud of yourself, then go ahead. Don't forget you've only got so much to give to this business of living. Don't squander it—any more than you'd squander your savings in the banks.'

"No, ma'am, Hollywood can't do anything to my children. It hasn't to Eddie. Out at Pathé Studio, he may be one of their stars. But here, where his real life is lived, he's just one of the act."

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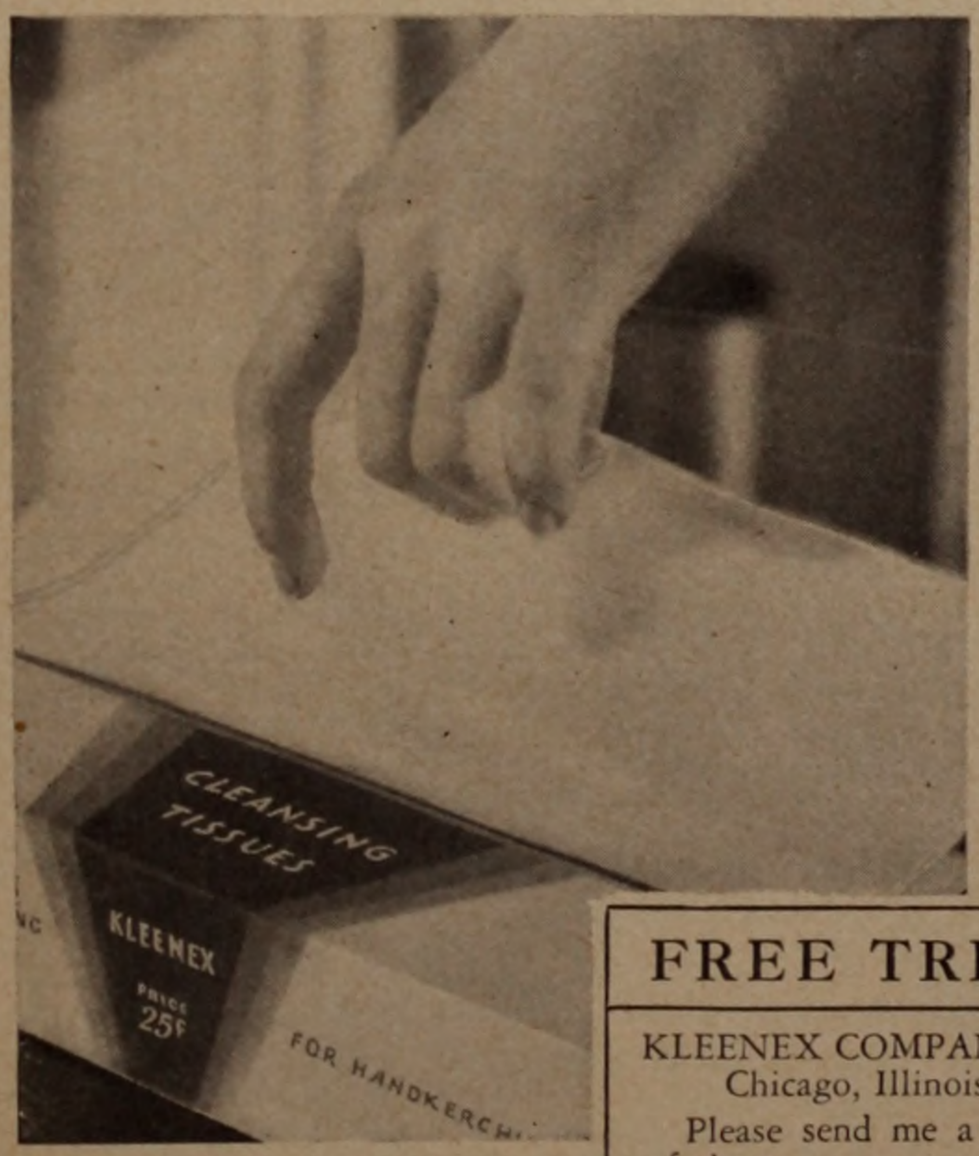
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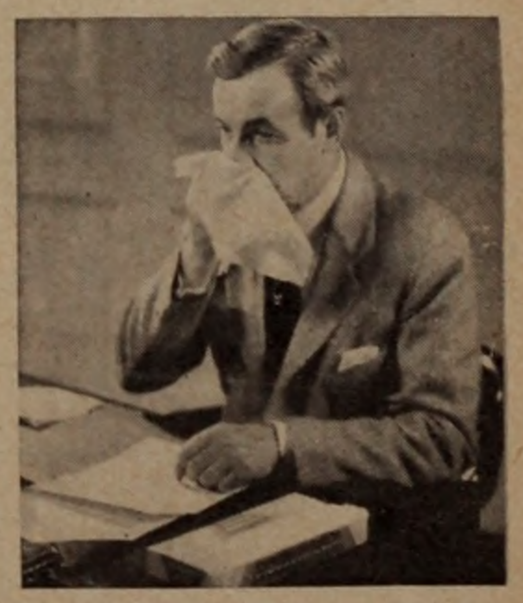
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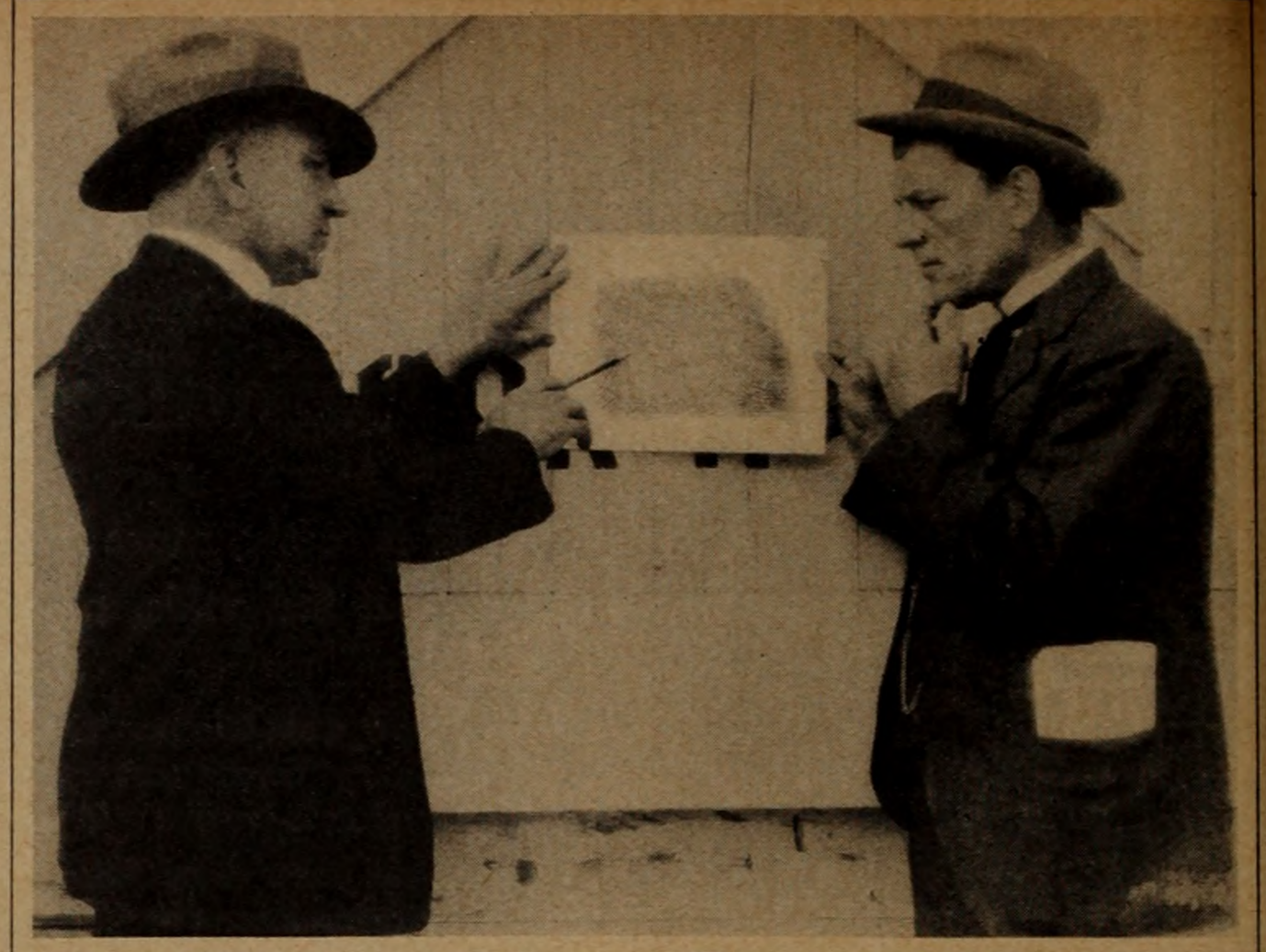


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They both know their lines: Police Lieutenant Roy Harlacher, fingerprint expert of Los Angeles, helped another expert, Lon Chaney, brush up for his detective rôle in "While the City Sleeps"

Another Lon Chaney

(*Continued from page 41*)

His articles on penology, rehabilitation and kindred subjects, appear regularly in leading prison publications and are eagerly read and quoted by the inmates. A recent article in "The Island Light," the prison-published organ of the convict body of McNeil Island Penitentiary, has been translated for reprint in similar papers all over the world.

Chaney is often requested to address convict bodies, and this year, picture-making permitting, he will be one of the principal speakers on the program of the annual meeting of the Sing Sing Mutual Welfare League. These invitations come from the convicts, not the officials.

Only a man of broad understanding and deep human sympathies could thus merit the recognition, respect and confidence of two so definitely opposed factions. That Lon Chaney has found time to gain such eminence in so difficult a profession as that of criminology, in addition to his many other interests, is a tribute to the versatile mind behind the mask of his screen impersonations.

The Society He Enters

EVER the student, the seeker after knowledge of life, Lon finds far more pleasure in the study of the criminal, the hobo and the down-and-outer than in the society with which his position in pictures entitles him to mingle. This knowledge, gained by rubbing against the ragged edges of life, has kindled in him a sympathy for the underdog. To him, the man who has run afoul of the law is not a vicious individual to be segregated and treated as a mad dog, but a human being, like himself, to whom life has been unkind.

"Criminals and law-breakers," says Lon, "are uncomfortably (for some people) like ourselves. There is, of course, the occasional individual who is utterly depraved and inherently vicious, but even he is more a case for the psychiatrist than the penologist. Men on the inside of our jails are no more wholly bad than men on the outside are wholly good, and the line between the two is often faintly drawn.

"We need more correction and less punishment. If your automobile ceases to perform, you send it to be repaired, not punished. If your tooth aches, you go to a dentist—not to be punished (although you usually are), but to find the trouble and correct it. The man who runs afoul of the law has something that needs repairing and, like the man in the dentist's chair, he must undergo a certain amount of punishment in the process.

Honesty Could Be the Policy

"I'VE met and talked with hundreds of criminals, both in jail and out, and it is my firm belief that every man has an inherent desire to be a respected member of society. The man who goes to prison should be given an opportunity to equip himself to earn an honest living upon his release. His term should be devoted to educating him to take a decent place in society rather than a post-graduate course in crime, as happens all too often to-day. It is not an insoluble problem. Much could be done toward its solution by taking politics out of our prisons and placing their administration in the hands of those who have a firm, yet sympathetic understanding of the lawbreaker and his problems.

"The placing of police officers at school-crossings will, in my estimation, prove one of the most effective instruments in reducing crime among the growing generation. When I was a boy, the 'cop' was an individual to be feared and avoided. Mothers obtained obedience by threatening to 'let the policeman get you.' With a police officer at every school-crossing, children realize that he is a likable person, to whom they can look for protection and help. Don't tell me that they won't grow up with a different attitude toward the law, and the forces that represent it, than the past generations have!"

Tradition-Breaker

LON CHANEY has never lived the traditional life of the motion picture star. He prefers studying human nature in the raw to observing it half-baked. He sees more in a grub worm than in a butterfly,

(*Continued on page 97*)

Classic Holds Open Court

(*Continued from page 37*)

omedy tempo. They follow too closely the ift of the vaudeville skit. When some iginal mind combines the moving picture ualities of action and the sophistication of alogue in one comedy effort, then is when e real laughs will start in sound comedies.

Good-Bye Acting, Hello Lines

AND where, Ladies and Gentlemen, in this new field are we developing true omedians with original means of getting ughs? The new talking comedies have ot so far given us one outstanding comedian comedienne. Where are the Harry angdons, the Mabel Normands, the Charles haplins, the Roscoe Arbuckles? What peech, so far has tickled our ribs like hose old shoes of Charlie's, like that funny addle of Arbuckle's, like that little wistful mile of Harry Langdon's?

In their place, we find legitimate dramatic ctors pinch-hitting with comedy lines for hat old guard of comedy actors. The great-st dialogue writer in the world cannot hake laughs unless the man who says them s funny.

I do not say, Ladies and Gentlemen, that t is impossible for a great comedian to ome out of the talkies. I say he has not yet ppeared. Perhaps, some day in the not so listant future, there will be a funny little han who will spring up into our hearts ecause he talks funny. Perhaps he will lisp a little bit. Or stutter. Perhaps there will e a little sobby catch in his voice that will hake everything he says pathetically unny. And this man, whoever he is, will e the first comedian of the talkies. I do ot doubt for a minute that this man, and his brand of comedy will be greater than anything produced from the field of slap-stick—with the single exception of Charlie Chaplin, who will never be equaled in any medium.

In this strange case, friends, there is no verdict to be reached. The case is open and shut. The talkies have done away with Low-Brow comedy. You do not grieve. I do not. It was justifiable homicide. Let sentence be suspended on the New Comedy —until it has developed, as it surely will, that killing type of insanity that always gets a laugh!



Giddap! Hal Roach's youngest, up on one of Pop's funny folk, says the younger generation is riding high

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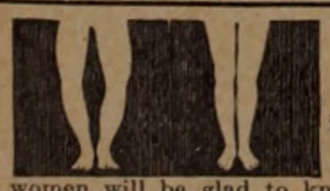
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The Land Of Liberties

(*Continued from page 48*)

his impulse. But, you see, R. K. O. has Richard Dix under contract and they are going to have to get someone from outside to play the wife. So—the emphasis of the story will just have to be gently shifted in order to give Richard more spotlight than the lady. Why should they waste spotlight on a borrowed player?

Miss Ferber naturally could not be expected to have these matters in mind when she wrote the book, since she would have no way of knowing who was going to buy the picture rights, or whom they would have under contract. So they have found it necessary to invent some extra incidents and scenes for *Yancey*, by way of indicating, in no uncertain terms, exactly who is the star of the picture.

Novelists should really make a little study of the star system, and write their stories accordingly. It would save so much subsequent trouble for the people who buy their books——

Anyhow, they brought a bevy of millionaire Osage Indians to Hollywood to play extra rôles at seven-fifty a day, as atmosphere. And they are interpolating the classic bit about the Indian who bought the hearse to use for a family car. I suppose they *couldn't* have missed that old one! (That, my children, is for "comedy relief.")

The delicate and complicated task of adaptation has been entrusted to Howard Estabrook, and I trudged over, a day or so ago, to see how he was getting on and to inquire how in the world he went about such a task. He was most helpful.

"First of all," he told me, "I read the book!"

Well, that was a surprise. I had never suspected that any adapter ever did such a thing.

"Then, we made a scenario of the entire novel. And we found that it would take at least three evenings to run the picture. So we went about deciding what parts of it to discard and how we could tighten it up to get it inside our time limit."

Now we were getting down to something. The discarding process has always intrigued me—it is usually so thorough.

"Now, the most important thing in any story is the conflict between *people*. No sweep of history, no locale, no background is important. It is the emotional clash of your characters that matters."

"Always remembering who is the star—" I reminded him.

"Exactly. Then there is censorship to consider. Situations to be suggested—deftly. A novelist can make his characters curse roundly, if it suits his purpose. We can't do that. We have to achieve our effects in some other way."

"But what if they are the kind of people who *would* curse?"

"They can't on the screen. There's no reason why they should!" he added, severely. "There is no reason to go into gutters."

I was squashed, and he continued, "So we write our story about our two people, trying our best to preserve the spirit of the book.

"That is our biggest task—preserving the spirit of the story we are adapting. The atmosphere, the feeling of a story is what people remember, much more than the actual sequence of events, as related in it.

"We stick as closely as possible to the central theme, try hard to preserve the feeling of the story, and discard as much extraneous material as seems necessary."

The process, as described by Mr. Estabrook, *does* seem a difficult and complicated one to me. But, I still insist, I find the finished product very surprising in a number of cases. And, despite what he says, I shou still imagine that censorship must prese its problems in adapting a good ma modern stories.

Sidney Howard, the author of "Th Knew What They Wanted"—the Pulitz prize play of a few years ago—told me th the Hays organization forbade making t play into a picture at one time.

"I went to see Will Hays, to ask hi why," Mr. Howard said. "And he told n that it couldn't be put upon the screen b cause an adulterous woman in the story w forgiven by her husband in the end! pointed out to him that there was a famou example, in the New Testament, of an adu terous woman who was forgiven—and tha I had imagined that I was expressing a di tinctly Christian sentiment in allowing th character in my play to enjoy similar fo giveness.

"But he said it would never do to forgiv her on the screen—even if she suffered fo her sin. No matter what happened in th New Testament. The censors wouldn't al low it."

Mr. Howard's play was made into picture recently, however — disguised, o course, under a different title. "A Lady t Love." It was tidied up by neatly amputat ing the sign and symbol of her misstep (the baby) from the script, which left feeble story about nothing in particular But Mr. Howard did the adaptation him self, and I suppose he received a nice round sum for it, so he probably didn't mind. And I am sure my own distress mattered to no one.

Babies, as a matter of fact, present a host of difficulties. (On the screen, I mean.) In adapting the play called "Little Accident," they were obliged to marry the parents briefly, in the interests of propriety—and then to annul the marriage in the interests of the story. The wedding rather took the point out of the title, it would seem. And it is one of the few titles that remain intact.

Another thing which they simply can *not* resist is to make the sets look expensive, no matter whether they fit the story or not. In the original version of this same play, the young father fled with his baby to a shabby little apartment, where he attempted to care for her with distinctly makeshift equipment. Which created one of those homely, simple, amusing situations that are delightful. But in the screen version there is the most incredible modernistic hospital—not, I trust, like any hospital anywhere in the world. And the apartment to which he flees is startlingly ornate and enormous. The nursery would shed glory on any newly-made-millionaire's child.

And what is more, we find Zasu Pitts introduced as the plaintive nursemaid. This obvious afterthought, of course, not only adds elegance to the establishment, but also the "comedy relief," which *must* be there at any cost of credibility.

Remember Laurel and Hardy in "The Rogue Song"? Somebody had that bright idea after the picture was all finished, and the bewildered pair were simply poked into the picture to balance it.

It is explained constantly that a stage play has too little action for the purposes of the screen and that action must be introduced to break up the dialogue. But—there was "Journey's End," which received almost no adapting at all, but was shot almost exactly as it was presented on the stage.

And there was "All Quiet on the Western Front," which not only "kept the spirit" of the book—but actually told the same *story* that Remarque told. And that picture is getting along all right. I wonder if adaptations need be so elaborate, after all!

Another Lon Chaney

(*Continued from page 94*)

l is drawn to those to whom life had been kind, rather than to those upon whom its ssings have been showered.

During a recent visit to New York, his re time was spent in observing the fa- iars of the night court, in company with friend, Commissioner Enright. His in- spicuousness, off the screen, enables him mingle freely with people without fear of ognition.

A part of his knowledge of the underworld s, of course, come from books; but a far ater portion of it has come from his own rsonal observations, made on park bench- in cheap "flop houses" and other obscure unts where the world's flotsam and jetsam ggregate, tossed up by the tide of ad- rsity. Many a "peterman," gunman and derworldling has spoken freely to a heavy- ouldered, roughly-clothed individual with ttered cap pulled low over strong, deeply- ched features, speaking his own language, d gone his way, little realizing that he has ntributed something of himself to the arvelous perfection of Lon Chaney's reen characterizations.

"I shed no maudlin tears over our crim- als," is the way in which Lon sums up his titude, "but I believe that our entire titude toward the man beyond the law ould be just one thing—a square deal. he Golden Rule is still a splendid idea at doesn't grow old-fashioned; and man, ter all, is still his brother's keeper!"

Menace or Messiah?

(*Continued from page 58*)

mbitious, eager to learn new ways, better ays. For the first time in our history, the easants are looking up off the ground.

"You cannot make a new Heaven and new Earth in a day or a year—it takes enerations to straighten bent backs. But he motion picture is giving them some- hing they have never had before—*Hope.* n my picture, 'The Old and the New,' you ave the whole story. The Old, men and omen no better than the beasts, tortured y a Devil, the implacable devil of the soil, hich must be turned by hand, seeded by and, reaped by hand; the New—*ma- hinery!* Men freed by tractors. Instead of ighteen hours a day in the fields, *six.*

"Picturesque? Of course, the Old order vas picturesque—shawled women flailing he grain with sticks, peasants in blue louses cutting the fields with sickles! But he world wasn't made for the tourists to ake snap shots of.

"You should watch an audience of easants seeing 'The Old and the New,' eeing with their own eyes the great beauti- ul powerful machines sweep in an army cross the grain fields, doing their work for hem. None of your American movies ever had such a breathless audience. They understand dimly that it means what even the Revolution didn't mean for them—*Freedom.* Time to live like human beings, to enjoy life. Time to learn.

"What will they do with this freedom? Who knows what the leisure of two hundred million people may mean to the world? Motion pictures can teach them what to do with their new hours of life, perhaps. But first to give them these hours! This farm I showed in my picture was the first to be turned to the great experiment of co-operation. It is the largest farm in the world. A hundred tractors work it! So many were not needed, but when it means success to the experiment, the Soviet is lavish. They provide more tractors than

(*Continued on page 103*)








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The Most Dramatic Moment Of My Life

(*Continued from page 39*)

boy with whom I had been friends ever since our childhood. We had been raised on neighboring estates and at an early age our nurses had brought us together for an afternoon of play. We had grown up and, I believe, even verged on a puppy-love affair. Then I had gone away to the stage. . .

I hadn't seen him again until the second day out on my trip to France. He had developed into a charming, delightful boy and we had a wonderful time with deck games and dancing until the boat landed. Then we separated and I had all but forgotten him. And now, here he was in trouble!

Strange Justice

SUDDENLY, he gained a semblance of consciousness and tried to tell us the remainder of his story. He had been thrown into jail for stealing a car that had been stolen and recovered *eight months before he had ever set foot in France!* That may seem impossible. But let me remind you that a person accused of crime in France is guilty until proved innocent! And besides, there seems to be no such law as our American *habeas corpus* that gives a prisoner the right to an immediate and impartial trial. No, on the contrary, France brings her prisoners to trial when the spirit moves her! I could see that the only way out was for the boy to escape the country inasmuch as they had stripped him of his passport and without it he had no way of proving his entrance into the country.

He explained that most of his belongings were still in the little room he had taken, when he arrived in town the day before. It had been difficult to locate me and he knew that he had been followed almost every time he had set foot outside his lodging place. But I had a plan. We would call the taxi-driver at the hotel and ask him to help us. It was arranged that he should take the boy to the vicinity of his room and let him out—then drive to a safe distance and wait. I gave the boy all the ready money I had with me; he thanked me, and we said farewell.

Kidnapped by the Law

BUT if I had had any idea that our *adieu* was to be in any way permanent, I was sadly mistaken! The taxi man returned to me at five o'clock in the morning with the story of the attempted escape. He had driven the boy within a block of his room and let him out. About fifteen minutes later, he saw my friend approaching the machine with a bag and just behind him were two official-looking gentlemen who had suddenly taken an interest in his movements. As the young man opened the door of the cab, one of the men stepped forward and slipped handcuffs over his wrists. Inasmuch as the driver had the motor running for a quick start, he had managed to get away. That was all.

I was frantic. My questions fairly tumbled over each other. "Where was the young man now?" "Did the two men take him back to the village thirty miles from Paris?" The poor dazed driver could not help me, so I sent him away, with the warning that he be on hand in case I should need him.

As I search my mind for the most dramatic moment of my life, I find that it is almost impossible to choose any *one* moment from the week that followed. That week was one dramatic moment after another. I shall try to give them to you as they happened to me.

First, I knew that I must have help. After all, I was but an American woman alo in Paris—and that was not such a brig outlook for a boy in grave trouble. Tru I had several friends in Paris; but they we friends I had never thought I would ne to call on. Now, I needed them most drea fully. I set the wires of the hotel burning my haste to get in touch with the Americ Embassy, the Consul, the French Sure and as many more official agencies as I cou think of at the moment. For I had receiv word that the boy was being held at t most terrible of all French prisons—Sant

Could I see him? No! It was absolute impossible. No one could see him. I begge the American Consul and the Ambassad to do something. But it seemed a hopele task. The boy was now under the status an escaped prisoner—a far, far more da gerous predicament than his original trou ble. By pulling every possible string, I ma aged to send him food and clothing; but a for seeing him and letting him know a frien was active in his behalf—never! I migh have saved myself the effort of sending th food and clothing. I learned later that h never received them. The guards saw t that.

After the third or fourth day of beggin and pleading, using tears and smiles wher I thought they would do the most good things began to take shape. I was informe that everything was being done to arrang the matter of my seeing the boy. In Amer ica, I suppose that would be easy—too easy and matter-of-course to be in any way dra matic. But France is quite different.

My "Trial"

I appeared before austere French gentlemen in fancy uniforms; I dined with the American representatives in Paris; I had audiences with every person of political importance in the city. And at last I was told that my request was to be put before the High Tribunal. At the time, I had no idea what this could mean—but I was soon to find out.

My hearing was set for an early hour in the morning. A special messenger conducted me to the "trial," and I was so frightened by his imposing bearing that I almost gave up the whole thing on the spot. Right here is where I want to say that my "trial" before the Tribunal was *one* of the most dramatic moments I have ever experienced.

I was led into a regular courtroom with a judge, jury and guards. I can't possibly describe it to you so that you might understand the pomp and ceremony that must be gone through before such a permission as I sought may be granted. But it was much more impressive than any famous murder trial in our own country—of that, you may be sure. I was required to take the stand and testify, as were all the important personages whose aid I had enlisted in favor of the boy. At last, a decision was reached. . .

I was to have the opportunity to visit him in Santé—but only through a heavy iron netting. I was not to attempt to get any closer than that. Then, after a half-hour talk by the judge, in which he went to great trouble to tell me just how great was the privilege (mentioning the fact that I was the only woman alive who had ever been granted such an extraordinary permission), I was told that I was to go to the prison at sundown the next evening. At last, the climax to a week of drama: to be the only woman alive ever to descend into the bowels of that Hell-on-Earth—Santé!

I don't believe I slept a wink that night,

(*Continued on page 101*)

Gilding The Lily

(*Continued from page 51*)

Melody," memorable as the first fine talkie, was when Bessie Love shut out the cacophony of the stage, eliminated the strident, wrangling voices of Anita Page and Charlie King, and was left alone in silence. For an appreciable time, during which you might have heard a pin drop there wasn't a sound. The audience was fascinated, hypnotized. Then, low and throbbing, her sobs broke the spell.

The most thrilling, spookiest moments in Harold Lloyd's "Welcome Danger" were those in which he and the comedy cop wandered about the Chinese den without a murmur. These incidents always came between sound factions and were so carefully timed that they stressed the most amusing bits of business in the picture. Lloyd, himself, was quick to sense that silence is golden on the silver screen, and, as he will tell you, he has made the most of it.

Gloria Swanson's record-breaker, "The Trespasser," was skilfully knit with a fine thread of silence running like a clear still brook through a forest of sound. The tragedies of the heroine she portrays were made more poignant because the deepest dramatic moments were filmed without the aid of the mike. And Gloria is so impressed with the effectiveness of such treatment that "What a Widow" was made with the value of silence in mind.

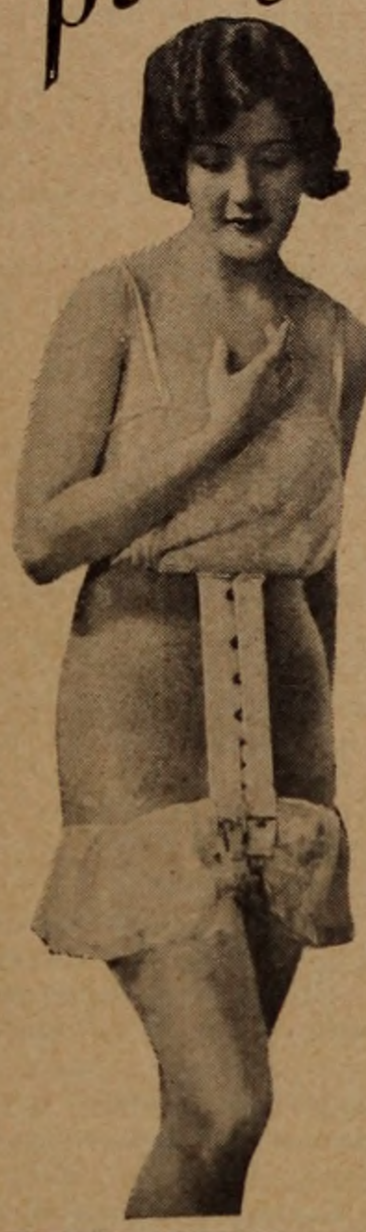
It is, perhaps that the talking screen has given a new spark of naturalness, of reality, of life, to motion pictures—in bestowing upon it the ability to portray the contrasts between sound and silence that exist in all nature. The great moments of real life are met in silence. Men and women do not vocalize under the influence of deep emotions. The mysteries of life and death are faced silently. The ecstasies of love transcend the possibilities of verbosity. Life's crises come shrouded in silence.

Alice Joyce, intelligent interpreter of many rôles in the silent drama, upon the stage, the talking screen, and, indeed, in life itself, believes silence is sound's greatest weapon. As to its realism, she cites a drama of her own life which found her small daughter close to death. Following a consultation of physicians, the chief of these advised her that the child's life hung by the proverbial thread. She greeted the announcement with silence, and not until the shadow was passed was her heart-stabbing emotion voiced.



Among his souvenirs: Burton Holmes, now making short travel features for M-G-M, has won medals, globe-trotting

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Oh, So Playful!

(*Continued from page 74*)

mad scramble to get the steering wheel back.

Without a companion in the car, Mac varied the stunt. Seeing friends on Boulevard, instead of waving his hand, he waved the wheel.

But we were talking about houses, weren't we? You have heard about Calvin Coolidge's electrical rocking-horse. Did you ever hear of Winnie Sheehan's electrical rocking-floor?

Reports vary about the operation of this mechanical phenomenon. I should like to give it to you straight but somehow or other, no one I know on the Fox lot ever heard of it. Strange!

The consensus of opinion seems to be that Sheehan has a button hidden as a false screw in the electric wall switch. He turns on the lights and, at the same time, the device which rocks the floor. The appliance has a two-fold purpose in practical joking. It makes a swell earthquake for out-of-town guests. It serves equally well in stretching the effects of a pair of highballs into the simulation of a mild snootfull.

How to Lose Your Friends

SEVERAL Hollywood jokesters have swimming-pools with false sides, which throw unsuspecting guests into the water, fully dressed or not. Breakaway furniture which collapses beneath one is so common it needs no detailing.

Jimmy Cruze indulged in several evenings of fun at the expense of his guests and lost a friendship or two for his pains. Cruze had a microphone in his garage connected to the loudspeaker of his radio. Hiring a small jazz band and an announcer, he prepared to entertain.

In the course of the evening, the radio was tuned in on a program purporting to be from KFWB, the local Warner Brothers' station. The band played a selection and the announcer got in some choice gossip about picture people in general, and some of the listening guests in particular. Much of his juicy scandal struck too near home to be comfortable. The interspersed band numbers relieved the tension slightly and allowed Jimmy a chance to communicate with the announcer to prompt him for the next outburst.

The hoax was not revealed until after one irate gentleman had left the house post-haste, headed for the real KFWB studio to revenge himself for the insinuations broadcast. He did not return that night—or since.

In the den of the new house occupied by Harry and Ann Harding Bannister is a telephone not listed on the records of the 'phone company. As the receiver is lifted, a pleasant voice asks, "How are you to-day?" Most guests, by the way, answer the query. A moment later, the voice says politely, "Now if you will deposit a nickel, I'll try to get your number."

This is a bit unexpected on a private wire and while the disconcerted caller is fumbling for change, the voice declares harshly, "Cut out this stalling or I'll disconnect the 'phone." There issues further abuse in the same vein, but as Bannister usually cannot help grinning, the tip-off ends the conversation. The device is, of course, merely a phonograph record, so adjusted that the lifting of the receiver sets it in motion.

They Stand for Doug

NEARLY everyone in Hollywood has at one time or another sat in Douglas Fairbanks's hot-spot couch. They sit to rise again, but Doug's wide grin immediately dispels resentment. He has played this prank on all comers since his earliest days in pictures. There must be thousands of other electrically wired seats in Hollywood studios and homes, but his is the most famous. To the best of anyone's knowledge, Doug has used the device only once in anger.

Three newspaper men called on Fairbanks to ask questions about a matter he considered private. He received them with a glint in his eye and asked them to be seated, maneuvering meanwhile so that they all sat on the couch. Doug stepped on the juice. The trio rose as a man.

"Going so soon?" Fairbanks inquired politely. "Well, if you must. Your business is concluded, I suppose. You came for a shock and you got it."

William Haines, although an incorrigible practical joker, has very few appliances around his own home. He did, however, fix up a house once for newly-wed friends. Returning from their honeymoon, the bride and groom found it impossible to open a window or door of their new Beverly Hills home without setting off sirens. The more they searched for the source of the contacts, the more confused they became. Unless they read this, they may never know who was responsible for their discomfort.

Monkeyshine Business

HOLLYWOOD supports a Boulevard store, called Magicland, which is devoted to the furthering of practical jokes. Its proprietor, Murray Rock, is a jovial gentleman whose whole life is dedicated to magic and joking.

He even perpetrates gags on his customers, posting a sign in the window advertising a free ring with every purchase. Bell in hand, he makes good.

The shelves of Magicland are filled with a wide assortment of jokesters' delights. There you will find rubber soap; golf balls with concussion caps that blow them to bits when hit; loaded cigars and cigarettes; soap that conceals lampblack so that the more you wash, the dirtier you get; playing cards that explode when cut—in fact, every conceivable item of waggery and some inconceivable ones.

Murray Rock has a large acquaintance in the picture colony. He serves their parties in jokes much as a caterer serves them in food. Marion Davies calls up to say she is giving a party for six. Will he send out something?

Let's see—what shall it be? The choice is narrowed down somewhat. Miss Davies is a steady customer. She has had rubber wafers, flannel pancakes, fly pins to stick between sliced bread, sugar spoons that break to spill sugar everywhere, and reversed salt and pepper shakers. Dribble glasses that have fine holes around the rim to spill liquid on the drinker are too commonly used. What shall it be?

Marion may get floating sugar, a substance that looks like the real thing, but will not sink; or perhaps a set of those spoons that melt away in hot coffee or tea. Or, again, Rock may invent something absolutely new.

He Knows Them All

FAREWELL dinners for brides or grooms are one of Rock's specialties. Bebe Daniels's and Hoot Gibson's were recent ones. Gibson has been a steady patron of Magicland ever since Rock's loaded cigarettes cured people on the lot of bumming from Hoot. A service like that is signal.

For those who may doubt the shop's patronage among the film fraternity, Magicland has a whole wall of autographs. You will find the signatures of such play folk as

(*Continued on page 101*)

The Most Dramatic Moment Of My Life

(*Continued from page 98*)

waiting . . . waiting . . . The following day was spent in a cold terror of excitement, anticipation and dread. The thought uppermost in my mind was that I had spent a week of my stay in Paris, arranging something that would probably be so horrible that it would remain in my memory the rest of my life. It never occurred to me that my fears were really well-founded. But I was to learn in a few hours that I was incapable of fearing sufficiently to cope with the reality. I had no way of realizing that I was to witness a scene that my imagination had no possibility of visualizing. I was to have a sought-for look at Hell!

The immensity of the situation began to dawn on me as I was led through the outer office of the prison, and began my journey into the depths. Will you believe me when I tell you that in this day and age this prison is still run in the same manner and by men dressed in the same uniforms as it was in the Sixteenth Century? The interior of Santé is guarded by tall, uncouth ruffians in brightly-colored suits of the dark ages before the French Revolution. Not armed with revolvers, but with long muskets equipped at all times with bayonets—sharp bayonets that these ruffians are ready to put into use at the slightest provocation.

Slowly, by the light of a tall candle, we were advancing toward the dense and musty depths that had been conceived in the mind of an early French king. At times, the light was extinguished by a sudden draft of damp air. . . And as I walked on, petrified with terror, I heard the scurry and swish of gutter rats and bats as they brushed my feet or whirled past my face. Have you ever been icy-cold with fear one moment and feverish with stark horror the next? If you have had such an experience, you have been through a Santé of reality!

Forgotten and Lost

BUT, suddenly, as if to make the situation even more terrifying (if possible), I began to hear voices—rather, shrieks and moans—terribly intensified by the cold air and echoing walls and dripping water. They were the screams and mouthings of men turned to animals under the most grueling test of human sanity ever invented. A cry in the dark has always paralyzed my heart, but what I heard in the depths of Santé were the uncontrolled screams of man-made animals. In revolt. In pain.

I was almost in a state of collapse when we came at last to the deepest caverns of this ancient prison. I could dimly see, by straining my eyes, that directly ahead of us, in the distance were the cages of the imprisoned men.

And now, for a moment of drama of the type that has never been acted.

There before me, in the dim and shadowed light cast by a flickering candle, stood the boy. My powers of description leave me in this attempt to give you even a small conception of the reality. He looked at me —or did he stare?—with the eyes of a man lost to the world of the living. His eyes strained against the light that glowed in the shape of a candle, because (as I was to learn later) Santé is forever in darkness. The half-naked animal who stood next to the boy was an insane man convicted of murder fourteen years before. Believe me when I tell you that he was frothing at the mouth!

A Women Among Madmen

NO sooner had the rest of the convicts in this Hell become used to the glare than they realized that I was a woman—the first woman many of them had seen in twenty years! There were gibberings, at first, of disbelief, then awful howls of pent-up emotion and passion. The dirge of womanless men! How I managed to retain my balance while I talked to the boy (who perhaps couldn't hear), I have never been able to fathom. Possibly, it was just the starkness of the reality that gave me a new set of nerves . . . new to women.

As I tried to convey some of the hope for his release that was in my heart, fifty insane criminals howled and cried an obligato. The miserable harmony of forgotten men. One of those who used his lungs a bit more lustily than the rest suffered a bayonet in the stomach. Soon I turned and motioned to the guard and we started our return march from the valley of the damned. As we went through the first iron gate, I turned for a parting glance at the horror I had just witnessed—gloomy, and now by the fading light of the candle, dank, hopeless. . .

Thus ends my most dramatic experience. The boy was released within a week after my visit. His family never knew of his terrible experience and I never told them. Every year, no matter where I am, that boy sends me a heart-felt message of gratitude for what I did for him in Santé. He is a man reclaimed, but a man with imperishable memories.

I have never been called upon, on stage or screen, to portray such drama as this—and I hope I never shall. I am sure that such nerve as I found myself possessed of in the depths of Santé is visited upon a woman but once!



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Oh, So Playful!

(*Continued from page 100*)

Charles Chaplin, Clara Bow, Al Jolson, Lon Chaney, Richard Barthelmess, Conrad Nagel, Marion Davies, William Haines, Sue Carol, Priscilla Dean (upside down) and even One-Eyed Connelly. More amazing still is George K. Arthur's tight-fisted scrawl.

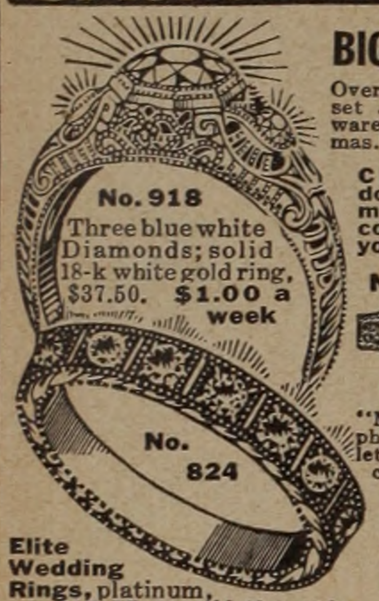
Rock's clients have their preferences in the type of joking material they desire. Gertrude Olmstead runs entirely to eatables. Sue Carol also prefers table tricks. The rubber pads that she inflated to make her guest's dinner plates jump about were a distinct success.

Jimmy Hall gave a series of three parties with material picked up at Magicland First, he entertained gentlemen of the local press; then, the Paramount publicity crew; and, finally, songwriter denizens of Hollywood's Tin Pan Alley.

Murray Rock and his Magicland are becoming a Hollywood institution. With such a strong bulwark, the West stands ready to repulse Eastern attacks from such pretenders to the dynasty as Joe Cook.

Our position, I must admit, has not always been so impregnable as it is now. Only a short time ago Magicland was unknown. When Rock first posted his shingle, saying "Magicland will soon open here," a lady from Hollywood dropped in to ask where his subdivision was located.

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It Pays To Be Poor

(*Continued from page 52*)

advised me to give a party for the press, which I did. I invited twenty-five people. I counted seventy-two—and they wrecked the house. They consumed cases and cases of liquor, and broke everything we had. I said, 'Never again!'

"After that, I watered the garden, and suffered terribly.

"Then one morning I went to a pre-view of 'Alibi' at the Chinese Theater. I couldn't sit through it. I left in the middle of the picture, went home, and started packing. I said to Susie, 'Get ready. We're going back to Broadway today.'

"Just then the 'phone rang. It was Roland West. 'What are you doing?' he asked. 'Packing? I thought so. Well, hold everything. We're coming right over.'

He Became an Investment

"HE and his wife came over. 'We're going to New York to-morrow for the opening of "Alibi," ' Roland said, 'and we're taking Susie with us. You can stay here and take care of the baby.'

"'You're going to work. I'm going to put you under personal contract for a year, and we'll see what we can do with you.'"

Chester protested. "I can't let you burden yourself with me. I've been here four months, and it looks as though I'll never get a job. You'll just be paying me out of your own pocket."

"I've never yet lost money on anything I invested in," retorted Roland, "and I won't now."

What happened after that is history. "Alibi" was a big sensation, and the personal hit made by Chester Morris was an even bigger one. The studios, which had been apathetic toward this gifted player, began fighting for him.

From the time that contract was signed, Chester became an obsession with Roland West. The director has carried benevolence and paternalism to an extreme. He has handled Chester very astutely, thought everything out to the smallest detail. He has loaned him to nearly every big studio in Hollywood—studios with many different releases—with the object of having him reach all the fans.

He reads all Chester's fan letters, studies the trend of their opinions and guides his career accordingly.

No Longer a Villain

CHESTER established himself in crook rôles. But Mr. West won't let him play any more. The public is tired of them, according to all the signs. The fans are always writing, "Why don't you let him get the girl for a change?" So Chester's going to be allowed to capitalize on some of that personal charm (refined for "sex appeal") that has been almost forgotten in the general enthusiasm for his acting.

Mr. West manages everything. All Chester has to do is to receive a small check every week. That's the beginning and end of his business worries.

But don't think Roland West is fattening on the thousands of dollars Chester now earns. This is one personal contract that will never end in a lawsuit. West gets nothing out of it but the fun of seeing what he can do with a boy who was turned down by every studio. Chester gets every penny of the huge salary Mr. West has managed for him—but not just yet.

"I'm not going to let you make a fool of yourself, the way I did when I first began to make money," Roland told his protégé. "You're going to get just enough to live on reasonably, and I'll invest the rest. When you have a trust fund of one hundred thousand dollars, it'll be time enough for you to handle your own money."

At the end of five years, the Morrises, who will still be in their infancy, will have one hundred thousand in the Bank of Italy, and another hundred thousand in a Canadian bank. The principal goes to their son Brooks when he is thirty-five.

And Chester intends to collect an extra thousand on the deal by winning a bet he made with Roland that he can keep up his modest living for the five years. Smart man, that Mr. West.

Meanwhile, Susie runs her house on fifty dollars a week. "You can't do it!" her friends assure her. "But I do," says Susie firmly. She does, and very nicely too, from what I could gather. They have a nurse for the baby, a maid named Tina who is very versatile, and maybe some more concealed about the house.

Chester consults Mr. West about everything he does. He let them buy their house, which used to be his. He let them buy a car apiece. He's even letting them have another baby.

He allows them enough to keep the little Brooks in night-overalls, or whatever you call them. Brooks is a whimsical child, very smart for his age, blond like his mama, and with a charming social instinct. At the age of two, he already knows how to totter over to the smoking stand and pass the cigarets to the assembled guests, with a perfectly devastating smile.

He can articulate something that sounds like "Daddy," and naturally Chester takes great pleasure in hearing him say it as often as possible.

"Good-night," lisped the little heir, as he took off for bed.

"Good-night, who?" prompted Chester.

"Good-night, who," said Brooks obligingly, and went romping up the stairs.

Why They Like Hollywood

EVERY Saturday, the Morrises go to the Wests' beach house at Castellamare, and stay until Monday morning. Every Tuesday, the Wests have dinner at the Morrises. Those are their most important social engagements, and they're perfectly contented.

"I was playing in 'Yellow' when I married Sue," Chester explained. "The show had already run for seventeen weeks and seemed set for a long and prosperous run, and I thought it was safe, so I said, 'Come on,' and we got married.

"The next night the two weeks' notice was posted."

They had a miserable life for a long time afterwards. The City Marshal was one of their frequent callers—collecting the rent. Food was none too plentiful, and they experienced all the other horrors familiar to impulsive young couples.

That's why they don't mind living on Mr. West's pittance. That's why they love Hollywood, their house, their view, and their garden. You might almost say they have a swimming-pool—in a way. Monta Bell has a house a little below them on the hillside, with a pool placed conveniently under the Morrises' window. Chester is thinking of constructing a chute.

Their cars aren't Lincolns. They're Dodges, to be frank.

They've just built a barbecue oven in the yard, but they haven't enough money left to buy the meat.

Just two kids trying to get along.

But when you see them swinging happily down the boulevard, hand in hand, you sigh and think—wouldn't it be wonderful to be poor!

Menace or Messiah?

(*Continued from page 97*)

necessary, the precious benzine is spilled by awkward hands on the ground—never mind! It is a baptism. Only a beginning, but in the next five years there will be twenty-five such farms, and then others—and others. Red Russia is turning green at last.

"You shall see these pictures, and so understand what is the truth about the greatest experiment ever tried by any people. Not one of your writers yet has seen Russia as she really is since the Revolution. Those who visit my country go first to the cities, to Moscow—always overcrowded, now ten times more so. They do not understand that the cities mean nothing; that crowding and hunger and the rest of the miseries they note down mean nothing; that it is in the great countrysides that the Communist experiment is being worked out and is succeeding. We in Moscow do not mind standing in line for our bread, and even going without enough bread, because we know what is happening all over the land. We know that they are learning to raise bread enough for all. The Russian people—I say it honestly—are happier than they have ever been before.

America Has Not Suffered

"IT is not an individual thing that is happening in Russia to-day. It is a mass drama. That is why I make pictures of the masses. Here in America, I do not know. You Americans are not accustomed to thinking in terms of people, of humanity—but of individuals, yourselves, your neighbors, your latest newspaper hero. Your pictures do not interpret America as a whole. Except, perhaps, those of King Vidor. You have other great directors: Milestone—but he is a Russian; von Stroheim and von Sternberg—but they are Germans.

"I should like to hope that I might show you in a motion picture, to yourselves, a great chaotic country, thinking along a thousand lines, instead of groping toward one common idea, seeking many things instead of one ideal. I have seen your unbelievable cities. I have watched pigs cut up into tiny bits in your slaughter houses, and tiny bits of iron flung together into automobiles in your factories. I have spoken to your students at the universities. And so far I do not find a mass movement in America. Perhaps you have not suffered enough yet.

"Talkies? To me, dialogue is a childish use of the great power of the microphone. Motion pictures still must move. They have no call to be poor imitations of the theater, which in itself was always a poor imitation of Life. But Sound—that is different. That is marvelous.

"When we can add to our motion pictures the sounds of life—the sounds that are not national, but understandable to all the peoples of the world—then we shall begin to make good motion pictures at last. The sounds of rain on the ground, of breathing crowds, of cries of joy and grief, and that most dramatic sound of all—the sound of the machines that are modern gods come to free humanity. It is these that the talkies mean to me. We have here in the movie studios not a completed thing, but a crude beginning whose end we hardly dare to prophesy."

So You Take the $1,500--

And trot around the globe . . .

Or buy that Straighter Eight . . .
Or save the old homestead . . .
Or start the new one . . .
Or—but you have your own ideas.
You know what you could do with it.

And don't get cynical.
You won't have to work for it—
That is, if you have
More brain than brawn,
More wit than wishbone.

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You send in titles—
We send out checks.

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Fifth, $125—Sixth, $100—
Seventh, $75.

Eighth to twelfth, $50—
Thirteenth to twentieth, $25—
Then, 50 for $10 each—
Fifty for $5 each—
And 250 for $1 each.

$5,000 in all.

If Time is Money,
Don't lose any.
Turn in a hurry
To Pages 40 and 41
Of the October

MOTION PICTURE



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DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
142 Stimson Ave. Est. 1899 DETROIT, MICH.

Black And White Read And Write

(*Continued from page 6*)

around wildly with a pencil and pad in his hand,—or a detective who doesn't wear his hat in the house.

How long will it be before the directors realize that the smiling negro mammy with the red bandanna around a fat, kinky head exists today only in the ads of pancake flour? And honestly—college men and women don't dress like the rah-rah boys and girls of the John Held, Jr., illustrations.

Perhaps at one time there was an excuse for those things; but with the marvelous possibilities of the talkies today, there is no need for it. Such exaggerated, stereotyped characters.

I hope I'm not misunderstood in this criticism; it is merely a suggestion. If I meant that there were no excellent shows with marvelous acting and all other things that go to make an artistic production, one could truthfully call me the proverbial fault-finder. But many good shows are ruined by these exaggerated portrayals. Why not tame them down somewhat or forget them entirely for a while?

Thomas Downey

Enough of This War Stuff

Minneapolis, Minn.

I am the mother of one of the boys buried under the poppies in Flanders Field, and I am wondering why it is that the movie producers insist on giving us war pictures. Although the war has been over these many years, still my son is very near to me and very dear to me and every time I see a war picture my mind travels back to that terrible time when so many fine, honest boys lost their lives.

I do not go to war pictures when I know what they are, but I have seen two or three within the last few years that I had no idea were along that line. The picture sounded interesting from the name so I went only to find a repetition of what to every mother who lost a son is a nightmare. Is it necessary to bring back all these memories? Cannot we be left with the thoughts of our sons as we knew them and not the thoughts of them over there dying by the thousands?

Mrs. S. A. R.

Wants Some Light on a Dark Subject

Evanston, Ill.

Well, I'm still trying my darndest but I can't get a little match to light up my whole room at night. They can do it in the movies though. The darling heroine jumps up in the cold night, clad in a half yard of lace, and lights a match to see what time it is, being quite sure it is past midnight. Lo and behold, the whole room is filled with light. Nell, or perhaps it's Mary, blows out the match to find herself in utter darkness. But she isn't surprised a bit, it's a movie and she knows her movies. Don't get me wrong. I have respect for the beloved screen, but things like that should not be overlooked.

Margaret Egan



Another harried heroine takes a rest cure: when Mona Maris can get away from the Hollywood villains, she hits for the hills and her new estate, eighty miles from it all

Likes Polly Because She Has No Gilded Cage

Winston-Salem, N. C.

As the majority rules, am confident I am oicing the sentiments of the people when I ake this assertion that we are all fed up n these much exaggerated mystery stars ho live in dreamland and you should not xpect us to soar the clouds and be enranced with these well advertised celebrities ny longer, as we are human and like a eal kick out of a picture. I never miss an pportunity of seeing Polly Moran, for her cting becomes vitally a part of her and her udience feel the greatest thrill they have ad since they last saw her, Polly brings us lown to terra firma when she drops that ower jaw, twists her apron and hands us *her* ine. Oh! what a scream she is, but when she ets in double harness with Marie Dressler, Ain't We Got Fun." Please give us more ike this Polly that is not in a gilded cage. don't suppose this type of a letter is much n demand. *Mrs. Jack A. Cooper*

Keep On With the Talkies But Take Out the Color

Los Angeles, Cal.

I'm really not the type that writes complaining letters to newspapers and magazines. In fact, I don't recall ever having written one before, so whether I have S. E. will be a matter of no small conjecture until I see what happens in this instance.

(Just a moment, please. I want to point out that any alleged thoughts put forward here are my own and do not represent the ideas of the world at large.—)

Talking pictures are the movies' greatest boon; color their greatest curse.

To take them up in order. Talkies have supplanted the pictures themselves as the infant industry. Reproduction is not perfect, nor does anyone expect it to be at present. Radio was far from perfect when it was as young as sound pictures. But in time I have no doubt it will be perfected.

At the same time, producers have a tendency to stilted action. One of the attractions of pictures was its ability to change scenes. If all the action is to take place in two or three scenes, we might as well return to the legitimate.

As to color. It's not natural and I don't think it should be inflicted on the public until it's perfected. *F. S.*



One character in search of six authors: Aileen Carlyle, quaint newcomer, specializes in dialects, all kinds



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Are You Coast Wise?

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Are you sure that you know Hollywood inside and out?

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And do you insist upon seeing the best pictures the stars appear in?

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