$1500.00 in Cash Prizes IN THIS ISSUE
THE OFFICE? Who cares! Shopping to do? Who cares! Just lazing around on a stolen afternoon...and smoking Spuds. Spud’s gentle menthol-coolness does to fragrant tobacco what a bit of a breeze does to the midsummer sun.

SMOKE SPUDS

MENTHOL-COoled Cigarettes

20 FOR 15c (25c IN CANADA)... THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
What a FOOL She is!

Sends HOURS ON HER HAIR . . . BUT NEVER HAS A

MOMENT FOR HER TEETH AND GUMS . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

This young lady is wise to take excellent care of her hair. But isn't she foolish not to take good care of her teeth and gums? To pass inspection—you must have healthy gums and bright teeth.

"Pink" upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums. And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—and the charm of your smile!

For "pink tooth brush" may lead to serious troubles of the gums—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even the dread pyorrhea. And it is a constant threat to the good-looks of your teeth.

**IPANA AND MASSAGE DEFEAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or tooth brush.

Buy a full-size tube of Ipana—today. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will be brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

---

**IPANA**

**TOOTH PASTE**
Photoplay Magazine for July, 1933

MARION DAVIES... an absolutely bewitching creature in PEG O' MY HEART!

When J. Hartley Manners wrote the stage play he asked for a lot...a child of the sea and the sun whose natural charm was so great that sophisticated London society would fall down and worship her. In M-G-M-Cosmopolitan's screen version Marion Davies is the very elfin creature that Manners must have dreamed about... "Peg O' My Heart" is a sensitive and beautiful production by Robert Z. Leonard, from an adaptation by Francis Marion.

* The reproduction above of an original painting of Marion Davies by William Cotton is the third of a series of caricatures by famous artists of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.
Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920  "HUMORESQUE"
1921  "TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922  "ROBIN HOOD"
1923  "THE COVERED WAGON"
1924  "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925  "THE BIG PARADE"
1926  "BEAU GESTE"
1927  "7th HEAVEN"
1928  "FOUR SONS"
1929  "DISHRAELI"
1930  "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931  "CIMARRON"

Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets 8
Hollywood Menus 18
Questions and Answers 82
Addresses of the Stars 112
Casts of Current Photoplays 116

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures 10
The Shadow Stage 58

Personalities

Joan Looks Forward 30
Marlene Is Free At Last 31
Garbo's Gamble 37
A Pipe Is His Scepter 42
Barbara Bennett Talks 47
A Rebel Against Life 62
Lemon Coconut Cake 71
A “New Deal” in Actors 71
Gloria Swanson 76

On the cover—Helen Hayes—Painted by Earl Christy
WARNER BROS. SURPASS

GOLD

Bigger stars—more gorgeous girls—more song hits—more lavish spectacle. Of course you'll see it! With

WARREN WILLIAM • ALINE MacMAHON
RUBY KEELER • JOAN BLONDELL
GINGER ROGERS • DICK POWELL
GUY KIBBEE and Many Others

Directed by MERVYN LEROY
THE GLORIES OF "42nd STREET" WITH DIGGERS OF 1933
THE $25 LETTER

During these difficult times I found I had only one dollar a week to spend on amusements, travel, etc. As one dollar would not pay club fees, bridge teas, etc. I gave them up and decided to use the money for movies and traveling—yes traveling. I travel by my own power downtown to a show four times a week to an early matinee and see the best for twenty-five cents. A distance of eight miles! That multiplied by four makes a very good walk each week for a woman of fifty-nine.

The walk now is nothing to me. I come in as peppy as I go out.

Mrs. B. H. Bruce, Toronto, Ont., Can.

THE $10 LETTER

AT BEST AT WORST

MARENE DIETRICH
An angel with a past. Form without substance.

GRETA GARBO
A sultry fjord. Venus with neuralgia.

MARIEL HOPKINS
Scandal whispered in. A cocktail without ice.

LESLEY HOWARD
A poet selling bonds. A bond salesman writing poetry.

GEORGE RAFT
Pimientos and olives. An Eighth Avenue barber shop.

ANNA MAY WONG
Buddha winking. Sandalwood incense in Woolworth’s.

CHARLES B. NELSON, New York, N. Y.

THE $5 LETTER

Being the oldest sister of nine fatherless children I learned social etiquette mostly through the school of hard knocks, so I decided to help the younger members of the family. My mother and I planned to try movies. The children were thrilled with the idea being taught and entertained at the same time. It was delightfully surprising to see how fast they learned. Now they do and say easily and unconsciously the things that I learned through embarrassing situations.

R. F. SEAMOR, Tacoma, Wash.

RUBY’S STILL "WOWING 'EM"

After the recent releases featuring gigantic apes, lion men, waxen mummiers and murder a la carte, “42nd Street” came as a great relief. When you come down to brass tacks, there is one sure way to pep up a weary audience, a way that has pleased the tired business man—and others—for many years, and that is a group of pretty girls, some snappy music, good dancing and a few colorful scenes. Ruby Keeler demonstrated that Al Jolson has something to sing about besides his mummy.

HELEN M. WATSON, Concord, N. H.

Ruby Keeler is like a buoyant breath of spring air, after the exotic perfume of a Hepburn or Crawford. She conforms to no accepted formula for a heroine. Glamorous, sophisticated, beautiful, clever—it is evident that the usual glib adjectives do not apply. She is natural and individual.

If there ever was a time when the average American girl was the self-sufficient, artificial creature the movies made her out, Ruby Keeler has opened the way for a new era of individualism.

ESTHER M. SPORE, Oberlin, Ohio

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn’t count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

WHO CAN HELP?

I wish to get in touch with every movie Fan Club in the United States, but do not know where I can obtain a list. Is it possible for Photoplay to print this list in its next issue?

MAY REILLY, 424 E. 57th St., New York City

NOW THAT GARBO’S BACK—

In your April Photoplay, I read the story by Ada Cummings about Garbo. It was extremely interesting, except—I disagree entirely on Miss Cummings’ opinion of high school students and their preference for sweet girlish heroines. I only wish I had the mill! We want Garbo as she is, as only she can be: “Glamorous!” She is our ideal. We love her and are waiting contentedly till she returns to us.

Oh, please Mr. Producer, don’t change our beloved into one of us. It is because she is unusual that we can escape from our uncolorful school surroundings.

JEANNE BENDELL, Norfolk, Neb.

You can be sure I bought the April number of Photoplay with its two splendid articles, “Is the Garbo Rage Over?” and “What is This Thing Called ‘X’?”

As far as I am concerned, the “Garbo rage” will never be over. Garbo has something that no other actress—not even Hepburn, Crawford or Dietrich, the other “X” girls—can ever possess.

I agree with the writer of this article that Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins are potential “X” girls; but Sylvia Sidney seems too sweet, too colorless, to have this quality. In her place, I’d substitute Constance Bennett, who is certainly slow-moving enough to qualify.

ROBIN MARSH, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Your April issue asks what we suppose it thinks is a daring question: “Is the Garbo Rage Over?”

Here at last, we said, is someone who has courage to tell the truth.

But instead of a clear cut statement to the affirmative, there is paragraph after paragraph of evasion.

Garbo of the “silents” was really an illusion, mysterious, strange and fascinating. But the screen microphone. Garbo hurled her harsh, brittle tones at a surprised audience and the spell was broken.

If only she could realize that one must seek joy and accept sorrow to understand life, to acquire that mellow, rich personality that makes Marie Dressler great.

It takes more than cleverness to make an actress.

GENE MASTERTON, Bryn Mawr, Penna.

CANADA ON “CAVALCADE”

“Cavalcade”—what a marvelous picture! We, as British subjects, are obliged to take off our hats to the producers of “Cavalcade.” Any company that is diplomat enough to produce a picture revealing the history of another country, without a trace of sarcasm, ridicule or prejudice, deserves the salute of the nation represented.

Each member of the cast gave outstanding performances, but this only goes to show that Britain produces the players, but it takes American companies to do them justice.

VICTORIA DONOVAN, Toronto, Can.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]
Meet Alma Mammy and Her Hotcha Pappy!

Here's dear old "Whoosis" set to gay music!

Here's college... as a pink-kneed rhapsody of kissable co-eds know it... but dare not tell it!

Here's a picture with no long underwear, but plenty of campus life in the raw, raw, raw!

"College Humor"

A Paramount Picture with

BING CROSBY
RICHARD ARLEN
MARY CARLISLE
JACK OAKIE
GEORGE GRACIE BURNS & ALLEN

DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES

Here's college daze and Ox-road nights... done by a cast of song-dance-and laugh stars... borrowed from Broadway, the Radio, and Hollywood!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORP.
Paramount Building, N.Y.C.

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE... IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN"
**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

$1500.00 will be shared with you for correct answers to MOVIE MUDLIES

Here’s your big chance to take part in an absolutely new type of prize contest. More fascinating than jigsaw puzzles ever were.

For "Mudlles," directions, and rules, turn to pages 32 and 33, this issue of PHOTOPLAY

And start to win right now!

**COIENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE—Universal.**—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jolyon Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (May)

**CONSTANCE, THE—World-Wide.**—Chic Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the test show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (May)

**CRASHIN’ BROADWAY—Monogram.**—Rex Bell starts as a stage cowbow, and while on tour becomes a real one. Doris Hill, Charles King, also help. (March)


**CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio.**—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

**DESTINATION UNKNOWN—Universal.**—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing runaways on a sinking ship. Pat O’Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

**DEVIL’S BROTHER, THE—Hal Roach—M-G-M.**—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Pre-Dynastic," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughter. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

**DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Niles and others in a Western that’s not Hoot at his best. (April)

**ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Allied.**—A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (May)

**ELMER THE GREAT—First National.**—Fine baseball and first time. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (June)

**EX-LADY—Warners.—Bette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic cry. (April)

**FACE IN THE SKY, THE—Fox.**—A good cast with Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon can’t make this a good picture. (March)

**FIRE IN THE SKY**—M-G-M. Mae Clarke fine in a dill tale about a two-timing skyscraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (May)

**FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures.**—A Conan Doyle tale of a shelled veteran’s adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (June)

**42ND STREET—Warners.**—Outpoints all previous revues. Ruby Keeler jumps from chorus to fame in a life with a story and as an actress. You must see this! (March)

**FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.**—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music. (May)

**FROM HELL TO HEAVEN—Paramount.**—A great cast are told a good story about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow’s horse race. Jack Oakie in it. (April)

**GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE—M-G-M.**—“What an inspired President would do to depression,” splendidly played by Walter Huston, Karen Morley, Franchot Tone in fine support. (June)

**GAMBLING SEX—Freuler Film.**—Ruth Hall, an heiress who shows the word, and Grant Withers, in a drollly done race-track tale. (March)

**GHOST TRAIN, THE—Gainborough.**—A spectacular train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror cracks badly. (May)

**GIRL MISSING—Warner.**—You can be, without missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (June)

**GREAT SLAND—Warners.**—You needn’t know bridge to enjoy this rollicking satire on bridge experts, done by a Russian writer (Paul Lukas) and a Latin-heel girl (Lotitta Young). (March)

**GREAT JASPER, THE—RKO-Radio.**—The life of an expansive Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a grand performance), who makes good at Atlantic City fortune-telling, and with Wern Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (April)

[A] [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]
IT'S FUN TO BEFooLED

SPECIAL TODAY
Live Dog from an Empty Kennel

I SAW A MAGICIAN BUILD A DOG KENNEL LAST NIGHT AND MAKE A REAL DOG JUMP OUT OF IT!

HERE'S WHAT HE SAW ---
THE MAGICIAN ERECTED A KENNEL ON SMALL PLATFORM SHOWING THE AUDIENCE EVERY SECTION OF THE DOG HOUSE AS HE INSTALLED IT. MAGICIAN WHISTLED AND OUT POPPED A DOG.

WANT TO KNOW HOW HE DID IT?
YES --- IF YOU KNOW.

THE DOG WAS INSIDE THE PLATFORM ALL THE TIME.
WHEN THE KENNEL IS BUILT THE MAGICIAN PULLS A CATCH IN THE FLOOR AND THE DOG JUMPS OUT.

HAVE A CIGARETTE?
NO THANK YOU. MY THROAT DOESN'T LIKE THAT KIND.

WHY, I THOUGHT THESE WERE THE BEST KIND FOR THE THROAT.
LISTEN, YOU MAY KNOW DOG KENNEL TRICKS BUT YOU CERTAINLY ARE MESSING YOURSELF ABOUT YOUR CIGARETTES. REAL THROAT EASE COMES FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO. HAVE A CAMEL!

THIS IS EASY ON MY THROAT, I GUESS I'VE BEEN FOOLING MYSELF ABOUT CIGARETTES.

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS.

IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. Try Camels and learn what costlier tobaccos mean in making a cigarette mild, cool, pleasing.

NO TRICKS—JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS
Up from the gay Southern resorts come these lovely new Surf Suits by B.V. D. • Each glamorous model—fashionable as the latest Paris evening gown—reflects the smart line, the exquisite blending of colors, the expert designing of couturier genius. • The new B.V. D. Pampered Wool, the softest bathing suit worsted you've ever put your hand to; the subtle blending of Lastex with B.V. D.'s fine yarns; the new B.V. D. Tweed Knit—are but three fabrics in a realm of gorgeous materials.

• Write us for the name of the smart shop in your town where you may see them. The B.V. D. Co., Inc., Empire State Bldg., N.Y. C.
HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM—United Artists. — A novel arrangement of words and song with Al Jolson entertaining. (March)

HANDLE WITH CARE—Fox.—Introducing Boots Mallory, abetted by Jimmy Durante. Two "Pooh's bad boys," Buster Phelps and George Ernest, steal what show there is. (March)

HARD TO HANDLE—Warners.—Not hard, however, to take. Jimmy Cagney rises, via jail, from a marathon dance manager to a big business man in real estate. (March)

HELL BELOW—M-G-M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Corking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madison Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don’t miss it. (June)

HELLO, EVERYBODY!—Paramount. — Strictly for Kate Smith fans. They’ll vote it great. Kate’s dancing is a riot. (March)

HERTHA’S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forgot. Candid act done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (June)

HOT PEPPER—Fox.—If rough humor suits you, here are Sergeant Quin and Captain Flag (Edmund Lowe and Victor McGlaglen) tangling with Lupe Velez in a night club. (March)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose daughter is (Alexander Kirkland) isn’t so good. Fair entertainment. (June)

I’CH WILL NIGHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON’T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.—A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. (May)

IHRE MAJESTAT DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)—Warners—First National.—No English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Princes Lovers) marrying beneath itself. Kwiet von Nagy). (April)

INFERNO MACHINE—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (May)

JUNGLE BRIDE—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain lousy. (April)

KEYHOLE, THE—Warners.—Kay Francis and George Brent lend romance to a blackmailing mystery. (May)

★ KING KONG — RKO-Radio. — A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (April)

LADY IN HELL—Universal.—A Jim Fulton on the chain-gang theme with horror piled on in great gobs. Pat O’Brien is interesting. (March)

LIFE OF JIMMY DOLEN, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a weak story with rubber stamp plot about a missed prizefighter. (May)

LITTLE GIANT, THE—Warners.—Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You’ll like this one. (June)

LOOKING FORWARD—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (June)

LOVE IN MOROCCO—Gaumont British—Fox Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it’s a washout. (June)

LUCKY DEVILS—RKO-Radio.—Bill Boyd and brother stuntmen who put thrills in the movies in a fast-moving tale with a punch. (March)

LUXURY LINER—Paramount.—About a doctor pursuing an erring wife onto an ocean liner. Good cast balled by a weak story. (March)

★ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 19}
What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

"Double rôles" always interest—and most of our readers say Walter Huston did splendidly with a variant of the idea in "Gabriel Over the White House." Here he is as the genial, back-slapping President, with Dickie Moore and Karen Morley. Later—but you might want to see favorites to play a diversity of rôles. That proves they are actors and actresses, does it not?

HUGH J. McCONVILLE, New York, N. Y.

Was Mabel Argo's winning letter in the April Photoplay meant to awaken the public's thinking?

I, for one, understand a star's aversion to being "typed." To be able completely to hide one's own type in the creation of an unfamiliar personality proves that the star can really act. If Janet Gaynor could play a dual rôle in one cinema, what pamacis of praise weight be singing about her?

The great Garbo, because of her varied rôles, is a person of mystery. We wonder what type she really is in private life. We don't need much imagination to picture the real personality of the star who is paraded in feature after feature kindly to the star's type.

MYRTLE WARNER, Belmont, Calif.

Movie producers are too fond of "types." For example, Garbo in "As You Desire Me," or Crawford in "Rain." Two versatile and interesting players. But the little mannerisms, the tricks of speech and expression, were essentially Greta or Joan. In comparison take Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madame Claudet." While that picture lasted there was no Helen Hayes. You were watching the thrilling, tragic life of Madame herself.

Garbo and Crawford are grand, but they need to get away from themselves for a while.

P. FRY, Toronto, Can.

A NEW STAR?

Yes, I have my favorites and many of them, too, but never before did I sing their praises to Photoplay. However, the stellar performance of Franchot Tone prompts this letter. What a splendid actor! His work in "Today We Live!" ranks high above the others. Yes, I enjoyed Joan and Gary. Only Joan is a wee bit too tragic; her face a little too starch and startling.

But the friendship between Tone and his "pal" in "Today We Live!"; I can never forget it. I think I shall always remember Franchot with his pipe between his teeth, his rare, illuminating smiles, his short, clipped speech, and, oh, just everything about him!

PHILLYS N. LATHAM, Pittsburgh, Penna.

READING THE RIDDLE OF HEPBURN

I have never had my opinion of a person change so suddenly as it did while watching Katharine Hepburn.

She had many qualities which I didn't like. She seemed awkward and had a terribly coarse voice. But after watching her for some time I was crazy about her.

She seems to be a person who is made attractive to other people by emphasizing all of her worst qualities.

MARY M. ROBINSON, Petersburg, Va.

What is this Hollywood influence? Katharine Hepburn is a perfectly normal, healthy girl on the stage, as mysterious as you or I. Then, Hollywood—and look at her—hollow cheeks, all bones, no flesh, staring eyes. Here is another lovely girl gone Garbo on us.

Miss Hepburn, please be natural on the screen as well as off. And please put on some weight. Otherwise, you are charming and very interesting.

YVONNE LASSUS, New York, N. Y. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]
Need new shoes again, eh?
Yes—and I’ve saved the $3 to buy them

This modern tooth paste polishes teeth to sparkling whiteness—but never scratches

Next time you look into a mirror, ask yourself if your teeth are as beautifully white as you’d like them to be... if that 40 or 50-cent tooth paste you’re using is worth the money... if you wouldn’t better pay 25 cents and polish away that dulness and yellowness with safe, pleasant-tasting Listerine Tooth Paste.

And next time “baby needs a new pair of shoes”—or a new pair of rompers or a new sweater or what-not—ask yourself if $3 or so saved on tooth paste wouldn’t come in handy!

It’s a simple case of common sense and arithmetic. You couldn’t get anything better for your teeth and gums, at any price, than Listerine Tooth Paste. The Listerine name is your guarantee of that! But luckily the price is 25 cents—or about $3 less, in a year, than the cost of any dentifrice worthy of being mentioned in the same breath.

So why not try a tube? You’ll like the taste. And the new cleansing and polishing agent contained in this superior dentifrice will brighten your teeth amazingly. Being harder than the tartar that clings to the teeth, this ingredient swiftly removes it, together with tobacco stain and all other discoloration. But since it is softer than the tooth enamel, it cannot scratch or harm the surface of the teeth in any way.

Note how your teeth glisten and sparkle after you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Note how firm and healthy your gums feel. Note the pleasing, exhilarating sensation throughout your entire mouth. And buy yourself something you need with that three dollars you save! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

25¢
For the
Big Tube
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT

See what you can buy with the $3 you save

Here are just a few of the things $3 will buy. And you can save that much simply by changing to Listerine Tooth Paste!

Handkerchiefs, Hat, or Hose; Panties, Gloves, or Knickers; Pyjamas, or Underwear; Bathrobe, or Raincoat; Collars, or Muffler; Sneakers; Moccasins; House Slippers, or Shoes; Rubber, or Galoshes; Belt, Suspender, and Garters (all 3); Overalls or Lumber Jacket; one or two Dress Shirts; Neckties, Shirts, or Cuff Links; Spark Plugs, Tire Chains, or Jack; Spotlight, or Tail and Stop Light; a Horn, or Brake Bands; Auto Clock, or Inner Tube; 20 Gallons of Gasoline.

AND IT MAKES THE BREATH SWEETER
Movie-Goers All Over the World

THAT PERFECT "MAEDCHEN"

I pronounce "Maedchen in Uniform" the most perfect motion picture that has yet graced the American screen. Gentle Dorothy Wick's classic beauty haunts one for months, and her unassuming grace and intensity make Garbo and Crawford seem rather gauche. Flaxen-haired, demure Hertha Thiele is incomparably lovely. By comparison the posturing sinuosities of a Gaynor or a Nixon appears quite absurd. The cast, from the domineering, heartless principal to the last giggling, hysterical schoolgirl, is immeasurably splendid.

FRANKLIN H. KENNEDY, Chicago, Ill.

To me, one of the chief charms of "Maedchen in Uniform" was the naturalness of the girls. Each had her own individual personality, and like any group in real life, there were honesty as well as good-looking girls.

Our producers would have assembled a cast of flawless beauties for this, and lost half the story's reality—also much of the sympathy.

D. H. CHAPMAN, Los Angeles, Calif.

"GABRIEL" STIRS THEM

Walter Huston always comes through. It doesn't matter which kind of part he is asked to play, a hero or a villain, he is equally successful with either. In "Gabriel Over the White House" we enjoy him as a hero and a villain in the same picture.

Nobody could be more the genial politician than the President Hammond we despised before the auto accident, and nobody more the patriotic statesman than the same character after the transformation.

If there's a better actor in the business than Walter Huston, who is he?

MARSHALL MILLS, Boston, Mass.

The people of this nation are truly indebted to Walter Huston, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and the author for their work in putting "Gabriel Over the White House" before the public. It is the greatest and most dynamic bit of good propaganda ever put forth by any agency, including radio and newspapers.

Incidentally, after seeing "Gabriel Over the White House" I had occasion to walk past the Executive Mansion on my way home. And somehow it did seem quite plausible that the Angel of Revelation has made his presence known to the head of our country.

J. L. NORRIS, Washington, D. C.

After seeing "Gabriel Over the White House" I can truly say that it is the best picture I have seen in years. It not only shows the greatness of the actors and the director, but it gives the people of the United States a very good idea of the greatness of the man we have in our White House today.

I have never written to you before, but after seeing this picture I just couldn't help but let you know how I enjoyed it.

E. B. HARRISON, Lanett, Ala.

JACK VS. GEORGE

I have read "I'm Right, You're Wrong," Photoplay's story of why George Raft refused, and of how Jack LaRue accepted, the lead in "The Story of Temple Drake."

Raft said: "No woman would ever want to see me in any other role if I played it. They'd always remember me as Trigger and hate me."

Three musketeers who, with Gary Cooper, provide the romance, high adventure and pathos of "Today We Live." Joan and Robert Young, of course, you know; but Franchot Tone, at the left, may be new. He's displaying the pipe and smile mentioned in one of the letters we print.

When two such players as Helen Hayes and Clark Gable are cast in a picture like "The White Sister," there's bound to be nation-wide comment. There was—with a wide variety of views, and most of the argument centering about Clark in the rôle.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

NO DOZING HERE!

"A Beltime Story" is anything but—perhaps that is why we enjoyed it so much. Is there anything, anywhere, to equal Maurice's clowning? That swaggering walk when he takes LeRoy for an airing is inimitable and typically 'Chevalian.' No one else could get away with it—it would be too vulgar. But we only sit and grin at him.

Baby LeRoy is a darling and smart enough without their having to fake a "da, da, da," on him, though I'll admit it was cleverly done.

I could go on and rave about the others, but that would take too long and someone might accuse me of "putting" the show. Come to think of it, I am. It was a darn good show.

LULA K. LUTZ, San Antonio, Texas

The closing of our theaters because of wage disputes almost coincided with the banking holiday declared by the President and subsequent banking restrictions. Thus, when people most needed relaxation and entertainment, the greatest modern source of entertainment and relaxation was taken from them.

This was brought sharply home to me by the troubles of one of my friends, who was frantic over endangered deposits which represented lifetime savings. She herself cried, "If only I could go to a movie and forget myself for a few hours I'd feel better."

Cleveland's movie-goers missed their movies so much that many drove twenty-five and thirty miles to neighboring cities to enjoy their favorite recreation.

MARRIN KELLOG, Cleveland, Ohio
SCHOOL FOR SCENARISTS

A play, a novel, a short story all require an attracting, almost startling, beginning to get the attention of the reader or onlooker. The film producers have been displaying excellent taste in the presentations of their pictures today.

An instance—I cannot forget the effects the introductions to two of last year's pictures—"24 Hours" and "Good Sport"—had on me. Nowadays when one goes into a theater worrying about interest due on notes, the grocery bill, the security of his job, etcetera, he may not realize it, but the introduction does play an outstanding role in transferring him to a mood that will make him appreciate and enjoy the production.

MAY HASENPLUG, Geneva, Ohio

Repression—the word of the hour! Two lines with something between them, a suggested thought rather than a spoken one, and an after-theater feeling that here, at last, is a tid-bit to exercise the gray matter and go a long way toward raising the cinema from the level—a little above nadir—set for it by H.L. Mencken. It's really a simple matter to make a good talkie. Just remember that repression is the motif—not repression or depression.

MAUD O'BRYAN, New Orleans, La.

TAKE A BOW, WESTERNS!

May I extend a "thank you" to a portion of the moving picture industry rarely mentioned in the pages of magazines by critics or by sophisticated movie-goers? I refer to the Westerns. What would we mothers of small boys do without them?

Parents really are in a difficult position. The productions which we enjoy ourselves are hardly suited to children, and yet we can't deprive the poor youngsters of such entertainment altogether. And that's where the cowboys come dashing to our rescue!

Westerns may be crude, cheaply-made, naive, but they are clean, wholesome, amusing and exciting without being gruesome. As for ruining the children's taste for better things—nonsense.

Don't boys always go through an adventure story age and then grow up to appreciate Nobel prize winners? My husband admits that the Nick Carter books were his favorite works of art when he was growing up.

MRS. J. WITHERSPOON, Fort Worth, Texas

SCREEN SUCCESS HINT

Screen personalities don't have to have "it." It's "C" or "G" that gives them personality-plus. Will anyone dispute this? Young actors and actresses who wish to make a name for themselves should be sure to select a name beginning with either "C" or "G," and if possible both.

What made Clark Gable rise to sudden fame? His initials, are they not "C" and "G"? Greta Garbo has the strong combination of two "G's." Of the three Bennett sisters, who climbed to greatest heights, Con-

As the arresting schoolteacher of "Maedchen in Uniform," Dorothea Wieck created a veritable sensation by the artistic perfection of her work. Now that she is in Hollywood, everyone seems agog for news of what she will do to maintain the pace.
Modern Jelly Making

Strawberry Jam

4 cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar
½ bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit grind two quarts of ripe berries, or crush completely, one layer at a time, so that each berry is reduced to a pulp. Put sugar and prepared fruit into kettle, mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over very hot fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for one minute. Remove from fire and stir in fruit pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just five minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Paraffin and cover. Each recipe makes ten glasses.

Ten Simple Steps Toward Perfection
1. Follow recipe to the minutest detail.
2. Thoroughly wash the fruit.
3. Kettle should be not quite half full of mixture. Large enough to permit full rolling boil. See illus. below.
4. If only half a bottle fruit pectin needed, turn bottle upside down. Hold straight until liquid runs out to exactly half bottle mark. See illus. below.
5. Fire should be hottest possible, in order to reduce cooking time and preserve fruit flavor and color.
6. Remove film, stir and repeat if recipe requires it. It will be helpful to have a bowl of water at hand to rinse spoon.
7. Pour jelly directly from saucepan into glasses. Jam, however, should be poured from measuring cup so fruit will be evenly distributed. See illus. below.
8. Melt paraffin over hot water while batch is cooking. Use new paraffin for best results. To facilitate pouring, use old coffee or tea pot. See illus. below.
9. Wait until glasses are cool before applying covers.
10. Store in cool, dry place free from dust and mildew.

Having finished her chore of the moment, Fay Wray cheerfully puts the lid on this part of her day's activity.

At one time jelly making might well have been considered a chore. But to the modern housewife it is indeed a pleasant and interesting task.

Jams and jellies are made a bit differently. Illustrated below are four important steps in their preparation. Later in this article we shall consider these and many more equally important and modern steps that should be followed if you will improve your jellies and jams.

Strawberry Jelly

4 cups (2 lbs.) juice
7½ cups (3½ lbs.) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare juice, crush thoroughly or grind three quarts of ripe berries. Place in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Put sugar and juice into saucepan and mix. Bring to boil over hot fire and at once add fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for one-half minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin and cover.

Fill kettle less than half so as to permit proper boiling.

Always use fruit pectin for perfection in jelly making.

Proper way to pour jams for even distribution of fruit.

Use an old coffee or tea pot for pouring the paraffin.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

"M,"—Nerofilm—Based on the Dusseldorf child murders, and not a melodrama; Not for children of emotional adults; English subtitles. (June)

MADE ON BROADWAY—M G M—Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Palette in a dull one over a knobby girl. (June)

MALAY NIGHTS—Mayfair Pictures—Hopelessly dull yarn of the Malayan pearl beds with Johnny Mack Brown, Dorothy Burgess and others. (March)

MAN HUNT—RKO-Radio—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy sleuth, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (April)

MAN WHO WON, THE—British International—A playboy nobleman drags through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (May)

☆ MASQUERADER, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists—Ronald Colman does superbly in the double role of English gentleman and dissolute cousin, whose identity he assumes. (May)

☆ MEN MUST FIGHT—M G M—Victor vs. patriotism, championed by Diana Wynyard and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (April)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

MIND READER, THE—First National—Warren William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—Paramount—Lione Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wife Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (March)

MUSSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia—While II Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, THE—Warner—A Technicolor shocker about a half-crazed wax museum proprietor (Lione Atwill) who uses weird (and deadly) methods on Fay Wray to get exhibits. Don't take the kiddies. (March)

NAGANA—Universal—Scientist Melvyn Douglas and Tala Birell seek to conquer sleeping sickness, but nearly succumb to African savages and crocodiles. Good atmosphere and animals, however. (March)

☆ NO MAN OF HER OWN—Paramount—Clark Gable and Carole Lombard at their best in a near-naughtiness, but delectable story of a gentleman-crook returned by love. (March)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too (good). (June)

OFFICER 13—Allied—What happens to a motorcycle cop (Monte Blue) in a politics-ridden force when he tries to avenge a fellow officer killed by a politically powerful driver? Half hits the mark. (March)

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (May)

OUR BETTERS—RKO-Radio—Sophisticated (and raw) sexy drama in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (May)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts honeymooning, with mamma along? (May)

PARACHUTE JUMPER—Warners—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Betty Compson, and Frank McHugh in crazy but enjoyable attempts to ace the Malayan jungle and tangle with gangsters (Leo Carrillo). (March)

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mae Clarke. (May)


[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]
Remember Her?

How could I forget her!

Of course she remembered Helen! Helen was the kind of girl you couldn’t easily forget. Poor thing—it was not her beauty, not her charm, that lingered in the memory, but something else about her...

HOW’S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

Without knowing it, everyone is subject now and then to halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Even one offense is hard for others to forgive—or forget. They do not bother to find out whether you are habitually guilty of this grave social fault. They take it for granted that you are, and whisper among themselves. But do they tell you? Never. That, of course, is the insidious thing about halitosis. You never know...

There is only one way to play safe. Gargle and rinse the mouth with Listerine. Do this every morning, every evening, and whenever you are going to meet others. Make it a habit as inflexible as bathing or brushing the teeth.

Then you will be sure. For Listerine ends halitosis promptly. It instantly corrects the cause of 90% of all cases of unpleasant breath—fermentation of food particles lodged in the teeth. And simultaneously—because of its deodorant power—Listerine overcomes the odors themselves.

There is no other product for this purpose that can compare with Listerine. Ordinary antiseptics can’t hide, in 12 hours, odors that Listerine corrects at once. Clinical tests under medical supervision, have established that fact.

So make sure you use genuine Listerine. You will find it most agreeable—with none of the medicinal flavor of harsh mouth washes. Listerine is the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. Lambert Pharmacal Co.
IF this is the way Janet Gaynor smiled at Henry Garat when she went to see him off at the train, we're not surprised that Monsieur left Hollywood raving about its beauties. Now Janet is intriguing Warner Baxter in their latest picture together, "Paddy, The Next Best Thing." Little Miss Gaynor certainly registers strongly with her leading men.
ONLY God can make a tree," sing the radio crooners, but talkies surely made a star of Helen Twelvetrees. They developed her into one of our fairest feminine flowers. Maybe that's why she spent so many sunny hours in her garden after finishing "A Bedtime Story." Now Helen is doing "Disgraced," and how she can play that kind o' rôle!
WASN'T so long ago Nils Asther left Hollywood because of his speech. But he worked and studied to perfect his English and that's how he shed his heavy accent. Since his return and talkie success, Nils bought a hillside home overlooking the broad country. "Night Flight" is soon to be seen and he's working in "Strange Rhapsody"
LANGUOROUS lady; seductive, exotic—wouldn’t you know we were trying to expose just a faint glimpse of what the lovely Jean Harlow can be like when she starts out to do some serious sirening? “Hold Your Man” is her latest production, and the story is as vivid as its intriguing title; Jean’s going platinum in more ways than one
Beautifully Waved Hair

Set right with Sta-Rite Wave Set
kept right with Sta-Rite Hair Pins!

THE sweep of a wave... the wisp of a curl... how important they are to the evening's success... and pleasure. And how easy they are to have when you use STA-RITE Wave Set. Delicately fragrant, colorless and pure, it leaves your hair soft, lovely and "natural." Use it freely without fear of "wave set dandruff."* Buy it at your favorite store in convenient 15, 25 and 50 cent sizes.

New hair fashions require modern hair pins — common old-fashioned pins just won't do. STA-RITE'S individualized selection offers you three styles, each created to meet a definite hair dressing need. Trust them to keep your wave in place just as you arrange it and comfort yourself with the knowledge that "Sta-Rites won't fall out." At all stores or send 25 cents for complete dressing table assortment.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Toronto, Canada.

*STA-RITE Wave Set will not leave flakes or scales in the hair.
“Keeping slim...means keeping our contracts” explain Joan Blondell and Warren William

How the famous “Hollywood Lunch” has helped stars “keep fit without fat!”

Excess weight carries a terrible price in Hollywood! It can mean not only loss of public popularity, but a cancelled contract, too. Is it any wonder screen stars become practical dieticians?

They know menus! And they eat the foods that build energy, and shun the dishes that add flesh.

Heavy lunches are out!
Visit any studio around noon time. You'll see few stars indulging in a heavy, fattening meal. Stars need pep—not pounds—for the afternoon grind.

And they get it with what has become famous in moviedom as the “Hollywood Lunch!”

Here, for example, we see Warren William and Joan Blondell, catching a meal at the Warner-First National studio between shots of their new picture “Goodbye Again.” What are they lunching on? Just this...a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!

Keep fit with “Hollywood Lunch”
If you want to keep fit, pass up the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest tasting malted milk you ever drank—Borden's Malted Milk!

Why Borden's is better
Borden's is better because it's richer.

Richer in nourishment and energy-building values. Richer in vitamins A, B, and G. And infinitely better-tasting, because every attendant at a soda fountain serving Borden’s is instructed, by Borden, how to mix the perfect malted milk!

Have your first “Hollywood Lunch” tomorrow. Note how delicious it is—and how satisfying!

And remember—you can also buy Borden's Malted Milk in handy glass jars for home use.

KEEP FIT with the “HOLLYWOOD LUNCH”
...A SANDWICH...AND A GLASS OF Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND
LILIAN HARVEY, wonder woman! No one believed, at first, that she could really do all that the publicity department claimed for her. But she does toe dance, tap dance, walk a tight rope, she competes in long distance swimming meets and fancy diving, rides horseback and stunts while bicycling.

A reporter said: “I believe all but the tight rope walking.” So she led him to the music hall on the Fox lot where they had a tight rope and not only did she walk it but she  

AND, devotees of dieting, what do you think of this? She eats seven meals a day! Yes, seven! The other day in the Fox commissary, she consumed a heavy soup, corn beef, cabbage and boiled potato, a full sized chicken salad and two orders of apple pie  

At two thirty the same day, she returned between shots for tea, fruit salad and a double order of apple pie  

Gary Cooper says she’s the darndest woman he ever met. We can’t improve on that description.

WAS George Raft smart in refusing to play the rôle of Trigger in “The Story of Temple Drake”? Trigger, you will recall, is the despicable bad man of the picture, portrayed by Jack LaRue.

Undoubtedly, if such a long established actor as Gary Cooper, Clark Gable or Robert Montgomery had been cast for this rôle, there would have been a storm of protest from motion picture theatergoers.

The story, from William Faulkner’s novel “Sanctuary,” is morbidly sordid. Miss Hopkins’ picture vitality is too robust to be seriously damaged by her part as Temple Drake. And Jack LaRue is not handicapped by a record of particularly pleasant rôles. He has always done his work well as a more or less sinister type and is a splendid actor. Nevertheless, there is always a line on which it might be wise to pause.

In any event, I doubt that anyone will insist that “The Story of Temple Drake” is entertainment in its best sense.

GRETA GARBO tried to creep into Hollywood via San Diego without being seen. Marlene Dietrich secretly tried to creep out of Hollywood by train and likewise failed. The world has learned at last that this isn’t press-agent stuff. Garbo is really timid of people.

And Dietrich fears America’s racketeers. It is safe to prophesy that no screen woman will ever occupy a more exalted place in the eyes of the public than either of these.

Possibly never as high again.

Indeed the twilight of all screen goddesses may be at hand. For is it not possible to foresee in this changing world that the star system, whose downfall has so often been predicted, may come about within the next few years?

And yet Hollywood defies all prophecy.

ACCORDING to Variety, of every ten actors in Hollywood only one can find a part during the year.

Records show that of nearly ten thousand—and this included bit players—practically eleven hundred got jobs with the major companies.

And the army of seventeen thousand extras fared far worse.

Directors, too, are on Meager Street. Out of about four hundred recognized ones, a trifle over half actually were in action during the twelve months’ period.

Obviously, today, Hollywood offers but a long shot gamble to the newcomer.

NEVER, in the history of motion pictures, has there been such a wholesale dropping of contract players.

Joan Bennett is out, after onemore picture at Fox. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Marian Nixon, Nancy Carroll, John Gilbert, Bebe Daniels, and many others, including Tala Birell and Lew Ayres, who are out at Universal no longer have contracts.

It looks like every actor for himself in the future. No matter what you meant to the studio yesterday, it doesn’t mean much tomorrow.

And yet, Hollywood’s greatest economic pressure is the lack of leading men.

Women stars can’t begin their pictures until the few men in demand have finished with the lady ahead of them!

Hollywood, the paradoxical!
WHEN Dorothea Wieck of "Maedchen in Uniform" fame arrived in Hollywood, an American friend said:

"Your English will be much better than ours, for we depend so much on slang."


Motion pictures are always in the wrong. Just like a child with a stepmother. Either they are too tough, unchaste, horrible, inartistic, or frivolous. Now they are accused of being too serious.

And most of this criticism has come from those people who maintain that picture making is only an industry, whereas they pretend to insist it should be an Art. And don't forget a capital A. They say what the world now needs is a few good laughs.

As I have pointed out more than once before in these pages, the life represented on the screen is more often than not a reflection of current conditions. Consciously or unconsciously, the producers have followed public psychology—what the great majority are thinking about. And that is art at its best. It has always been so. Comedy is said to be the need of the day. But that is only a half truth, for comedy is the need of all times.

Let the critics go ahead and manufacture comedy if they can. You cannot make people laugh for two hours by waving a wand. That there are not more good comedies on the screen today is not because the producers do not know the great value and need of them. It is because they are so hard to create.

The phone rang in the M-G-M publicity department. "Please give me Joan Crawford's phone number," said a child's voice.

"Sorry, sonny, but we're not permitted to give out Miss Crawford's number."

"But I gotta thank her for a gift she sent me," the voice persisted.

"We'll be very glad to do it for you."

"No, I wanna do it myself," the child answered.

"Well, we can't give out her number to strangers. That's final."

"Hey, you, I'll have you know me and Joan are good friends."

"Say, who is this, anyway?"

"Jackie Cooper."

They wrote the new Connie Bennett story, "Bed of Roses," "on the cuff."

A common Hollywood expression—meaning the company has no script but makes up the story, dialogue and all, as it goes along.

It takes a clever director and clever star to do that. Gregory La Cava did much of "Gabriel Over the White House" in that way. Also, "The Half-Naked Truth." This time, he had Connie to help him. Luncheon on the set. Dialogue between bites. Working from eight in the morning until midnight. The picture completed, Connie sailed for Honolulu.

Incidentally, Connie always takes a hand in her own direction. Which sometimes sends directors home. Remember Fitzmaurice on "Rockabye"? But La Cava welcomed her help, for this director believes in using all the brains that happen to be around him.

Jackson Heifetz, famous violinist and husband of Florence Vidor, was telling a group of interested listeners how hard he had worked and how long.

"I began supporting my family when I was five years old," he said impressively.

"And before that I suppose you were just a bum!" spoke up Harpo Marx.

The executive office at Paramount might well be called "The House of Lost Hopes."

Bebe Daniels built it for a dressing-room. Paid for it herself, but because she built it on Paramount's property it didn't belong to her.

Four months after she moved in, she moved out of Paramount. Contract not renewed.

She left it to Richard Dix. He was that happy! He ran around saying, "Look what I have," and inviting every one in for a—sandwich.

Four months later, he was gone.

Then Clara Bow. Three months later—George Bancroft. Three weeks—Naturally, no star would use it. Their superstitions are real to them.

As far as that goes, neither scenario writers nor executives have grown old in it. Perhaps there is some sense in these superstitions, after all.

Lee Tracy's big scene in "Dinner At Eight" (in fact, his only one) consists of telling John Barrymore, playing an actor, that he is through.

"You're dead and you don't know it," Lee screamed during the first rehearsal.

Jack interrupted to scratch his head. "You know, Lee, those lines of yours sound faintly biographical."

Like their baths, stars must have their daily movie shot. Away from the studios—resting or vacating—they carry their little "home" movie cameras with them. When they are not having their friends shoot them, they are shooting their friends.

One of the neatest tricks of the year—and it was a double play at that—was that of Clark Gable and Helen Hayes. Each surprised the other by presentation of a film secretly made of the other while waiting on the set.

It is just as hard to keep a movie actor away from the lens as it is a reporter from the smell of ink.

Kathryn Dougherty
This Soap ... Camay ... Can Help a Girl in All her Beauty Contests

Maybe you think it's going a bit far to say, "You, Madame, are competing in a Beauty Contest!" But so you are—every day you live. The curve of your lips, the contours of your cheeks, the very texture of your skin—all are visible to the searching, judging eyes of men and other women.

Your friends see it—your husband sees it—the world at large sees your skin better than you do. And the impression others get of your beauty depends upon the care you give your skin.

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Not on the word of some society lady or movie actress. But because Camay improves the skin of every girl who is smart enough to use it—because Camay is milder, more luxuriant of lather, more delicate on the feminine complexion.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

In the past six months thousands and thousands of clever girls have changed their old soap habits. They've taken up Camay. Camay should cost more than other soaps. It doesn't—it costs you less! Check that up and see what a surprise is in store for you!
"It is only an expression of weakness to blame others for our mistakes or bad luck," says Joan Crawford. "We alone are responsible for that."

This is an exclusive interview, given by Miss Crawford for Photoplay. In it she answers several questions her public have been asking, and tells, for the first time, the intimate details of her marriage to Doug, Jr. Ed. "My marriage was not a failure," Joan Crawford said. It was like a volley shot after the orgy of publicity attending the breaking up of Hollywood's famous love match—the marriage, just about four years ago, of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

"Some people may think our jealous, suspicious nature questioning her at length as to where she had been, with whom she had talked, with whom she had lunched, and various other activities.

This attitude, she said in those divorce papers, had become unreasonable during the past year.

Joan said in her complaint, "Mr. Fairbanks added a habit of arguing with me about the most trivial of objects. He talked loudly at these times and the arguments would continue far into the night."

These arguments kept her from getting necessary rest and made her so [Please turn to page 101]
Marlene Is Free At Last

By Ruth Biery

W HEN you read this Marlene Dietrich will be in France.

When is she returning to the country that gave her international fame and to which she has, in turn, added a certain prestige?

I went to ask her this question a couple of days before she was to depart. And I was really a bit sorry; I had sought her. She was so like a young girl beckoned by spring; so like the adventurer off to his first uncharted cruise of exploration.

"I am free. Free! Do you know what that means? I do not want plans. I do not want to know exactly what I will do.

"I am going to France and spend the summer with my husband. Is that not enough?"

She stretched her arms toward the great-beyond which lay, not in the luxurious little dressing-room in which we were talking, but in the great world into which she was going after nearly three years in American studio activity.

"This is the day I have waited for. Now, I can sit back and wait. I do not have to plan. If a beautiful story should come, I can do it. This is my new arrangement with Paramount. I have signed for only two pictures. Now, no one can say, 'We must have a Dietrich story. It must be finished by a certain date.'

A company cannot be expected to let a star sit back and wait a year if she wishes. It cannot afford to let her wait until the right story comes. It has an investment.

"But, now, there is a new idea contract.

"Freedom means happiness. I have it.

"Why must I say what I will do when I do not want to even think about it?"

M ARLENE'S fight culminated in her new freedom, after she had shown her dissatisfaction.

I telephoned Mr. Von Sternberg in Berlin and he advised me to make 'The Song of Songs.' Now I do my own way about everything. No, I'll not sign another long contract. Never!"

It is well known that Paramount offered her the proverbial world-with-a-fence. Price was no consideration. As for directors, they welcomed Von Sternberg with a home-week celebration. He is to do a Crawford-Gable picture while Marlene is away.

Whenever Marlene speaks of "we" and "our" she is referring to the team of Dietrich and Von Sternberg. "We can produce our own, if we desire. When they make a picture in America, they have a hundred thousand [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]
$1,500,000 in Prizes

HEREWITH begins Photoplay\'s new and fascinating "Movie Muddles" contest— with handsome cash prizes totaling $1,500 for those who prove most skillful in working puzzles that all of you will enjoy.

Puzzles that provide the fun of cut puzzle pictures, jigsaw puzzles, and that test your knowledge of motion pictures and motion picture stars, all in one—yet are so planned as to be neither tedious nor time-consuming.

The prizes and rules are on the opposite page, and of course you\'ll want to understand them thoroughly.

WHAT "MOVIE MUDDLES" ARE

Across the tops of these two pages you will find sixteen strips, each divided into four parts; and each part shows a portion of a face. You are to weave eight of these strips together until you have one complete face, every part matching; then to do the same with the remaining eight strips.

But when you have completed the weaving, two of the parts on each strip will be hidden; and the strips can be re-woven so these hidden parts form another face. So altogether this month\'s "Muddle" will yield four complete pictures, when all the solutions have been found. Another "Muddle" printed next month in our August issue, and a third, printed in our September issue, will complete the contest.

Do not send in solutions until you have finished all three sets. Be sure to read contest rules on opposite page before you begin work.

HOW YOU COMPETE FOR A PRIZE

To compete for a share in the $1,500 prizes, you first find all four of the pictures which can be obtained from each "Muddle," and identify each part shown. Then assemble each "Muddle" to show two of the four faces. Then beneath each picture you name the person shown, and a picture in which that person has appeared. You also name the two other persons whose pictures could have been made with that "Muddle," and motion pictures in which they have appeared. Then send your completed entry, mounted on paper or cardboard, to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, Photoplay Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., in time to reach them by midnight of September 20, 1933.

That\'s simple, isn\'t it, as well as good fun? While neatness of arrangement will be considered in selecting the winners, elaborate presentations will have no better chance than plain, simple ones.

HINTS FOR WORKING "MOVIE MUDDLES"

Hereewith we give two sketches to suggest how you work out a "Muddle." For instance, if you think the eyes on strips A and B in Fig. 1 belong in one face, cross the strips as shown. Then, if you think the part of a nose on strip C belongs with the two eyes, place it as shown; and continue weaving in other strips, matching the features, until you have a completed picture, such as shown in Fig. 2. But take note: While the strips in Fig. 2 are shown somewhat apart, so you can see the "weave" in your entry you should fit neatly and correctly together. And these sketches, of course, are just suggestions as to how to proceed. Start now to play this new, fascinating game!
for Movie Muddles

1. Eighty-four cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:
   First Prize ................................. $500.00
   Second Prize ............................... 250.00
   Third Prize ................................. 100.00
   Fourth Prize ................................. 50.00
   Forty Prizes of $10 each .................. 400.00
   Forty Prizes of $5 each .................... 200.00

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) Photoplay Magazine is publishing "Movie Muddles" of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four pictures, each divided into sixteen parts, with the parts arranged upon sixteen strips, will appear in each issue; and the strips will constitute the "Muddle" for that issue.

3. The parts will be so arranged that eight strips, properly selected and properly interwoven, will present a picture of one actor or actress, while the remaining eight, properly interwoven, will present a picture of another actor or actress; but it will also be possible by a different interweaving, to obtain the pictures of two other actors, actresses, or of an actor and actress, as the case may be, with the sixteen strips.

4. Correct solution of the "Muddle" presented in each issue consists of two correctly interwoven pictures, together with the correct names of the two persons shown, the correct names of the two other persons whose pictures could have been obtained by a different interweaving, and, with each of the four names of persons, the correct name of a motion picture in which that person has appeared.

5. Each of the three "Muddles," or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the required names written, lettered, or typewritten below the two pictures obtained from assembling each month's "Muddle."

6. $1,500 in prizes, as specified in rule 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most nearly arranged solutions of the three "Muddles" presented during the contest.

7. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Muddle" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Muddles," accompanied by the required names and information, as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, Photoplay Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on, or attached to, your entry, and that it carries sufficient postage.

8. Aside from accuracy in solving the "Muddles" and giving the required names, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired.

9. You need not be a subscriber or reader of Photoplay Magazine to compete. You may copy or trace the strips from the originals in Photoplay Magazine and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of Photoplay Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

10. The judges will be a committee of members selected by Photoplay. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

11. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

12. The contest will close at midnight on September 30th. All solutions should be in by that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with Photoplay Magazine. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1934, issue of Photoplay.
"Is It True You Are Not Getting A Divorce?"

Suddenly, Wally stopped, a look of suspicion in his eyes. "Say, what are you driving at, anyway?" he snarled.

"Ah hah," said Lilly. "It's true, then. It's true what all Hollywood is whispering. Isn't it true, you are not getting a divorce?"

"By heavens," screamed Wally. "I'll get you for this. You trapped me into this. Who do you think you are? Mae West? Well, go on and spread your scandal. Tell the world I defy them. Tell them all. If I never act in another movie, I'll not get a divorce to please anyone. Not if I lose every follower I ever had."

And with that, he leaped into his airplane, and for days he flew over Cahuenga Pass while down below the town of Hollywood seethed with the scandal.

Alas, poor Wally, when the gas runs out.

Into the Fredric March home the woman now known as "Lilly, the Scandal Snooper," next found her way.

The handsome Freddie, as unsuspecting a lad as ever Jekyllled into a Hyde, met Lilly at the door of his Laguna Beach home.

"Come in," he smiled. "Glad to see you. Mrs. March will be down in a moment. She's caring for the baby."

"You're between pictures, aren't you?" Lilly beamed (a dyed in the wool beamer, was Lilly).

"Yes, I've just finished 'The Eagle and the Hawk' and I'm getting a little rest and recreation before my next one."

"You're getting it here?" Lilly asked.

"Oh, Mr. Beery," gurgled Lilly, the magazine scandal snooper, "I hear you just dote on your baby, Carol Ann!"

"Oh, Mr. Beery," gurgled Lilly, the magazine snooper. Lilly was a gurgler of the vilest type, and a blonde to boot. But practically no one had the nerve to bunt her.

"I hear you just dote on your new baby, Carol Ann?"

That was, as near as Lilly remembers, about noon on Tuesday. On Thursday, at 3:30 p.m., Wally was still talking about Carol Ann.

"And you take her everywhere with you, don't you?" Lilly managed to interrupt.

"Yes," Wally boomed, "that kid is my life. I—"

"And you care for her yourself, don't you?" Lilly bubbled. (The hussy was a bubbler as well.) "Changing her little cr— I mean—"

"I do," Wally cried. "And what's more, I pay all her clothes. Myself, personally. Why, when I'm away from that kid two hours I can't wait to get home."

"Oh, then you are happy to get home?" Lilly urged.

"I am," Wally went on. "Since those kids came, Mrs. Beery and I have everything we need to make us happy. We—"
"Why, yes," Freddie said.
"Recreation? And fun? Here, with Mrs. March?" (What iron Lilly can put into her inquisitive voice.)
"Of course," Freddie smiled.
"Mrs. March and I go in swimming every morning before breakfast. After breakfast, we play a swift game of tennis and take long rides with the baby every afternoon."
"You do all this together?" Lilly asked, incredulously.
"Certainly," Freddie said. "Of course, after we get the three more babies we're planning to adopt—"
"Stop, Freddie," Mrs. March called from the stairway. "She's leading you on."
"So," said Lilly, triumphantly—"in the tone of "Aha, I've got you there!"—"is it true, then, you are not getting a divorce?"
Mrs. March swooned on the stairway. For just a fraction of a second Freddie hesitated and then dashed to her side.
"Yes, it is true," Freddie shouted, defiantly. "Let Hollywood say what it will. Let all my followers desert me. Mrs. March and I will bear this thing together. If my career is to be sacrificed, let it be sacrificed. Only don't let Gary Cooper get all my good parts," he added as an afterthought.
"Goodbye," he called dramatically, "I will hide away until this mess has blown over. I will not remain here and have reporters contaminating my home. Farewell. A fond farewell!" And with that, he plunged into the sea and remained hidden beneath a wave.
Alas, poor Freddie, when the tide runs out, what will happen?
With practically every one of the other

Mickey got sore and chased her all the way to China; but, alas, when those awful Japs move in

Freddie March's wife swooned. He dashed to her. "Yes, it's true," he cried, "we are not getting a divorce!"

seven happy Hollywood homes closed tight, windows barred (a la Dietrich) against her, Lilly was hard put for more lives to wreck.

In his dark pit, beneath the trap door, sat Mr. Arliss, alone with Jenner, a cold in his head, and his tea. And, oh yes, his monocle. Afraid to come out. He had heard of this terrible Lilly.

High in the air, lonely, cold and hungry, flew Wally. Afraid to land.

Cold, wet and sneezing, hid Freddie beneath a watery wave. Daring hardly to breathe.

The picture business was practically a standstill. The Richard Barthelmesses, the Warner Baxters, the Robert Montgomerys were locked within their various homes. Afraid to come out.

Lilly, with her accusing questions of "Is it true you curl your husband's hair for him every morning?" and "Is it true you air your wife's Pekinese every Monday, Wednesday and Friday?" was driving the movie colony insane. Homes, to say nothing of lives and careers, were totally wrecked.

When the horrible Conrad Nagel scandal broke, and papers all over the country (with three paragraphs by Walter Winchell) carried the damning news that the Nagels were not getting or even planning a divorce, Hollywood decided something must be done about Lilly.
Who Is Brian Aherne?

The British lad from the Broadway stage, who plays opposite Dietrich, is exposed

By
Reginald Taviner

A stage success, he high-hatted movies and thought them vulgar. After scoring contracts, he was intrigued by Dietrich and went to Hollywood to be her lover in Paramount's "Song of Songs"

That's what Hollywood would like to know—who is Brian Aherne? And the reason Hollywood's curiosity is so piqued, why its appetite is so on edge for the hors d'oeuvres of information, is because Brian Aherne has just left Hollywood after playing opposite Marlene Dietrich in "The Song of Songs"—and Hollywood still knows nothing about him.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Aherne thumbed his rather aristocratic nose at Hollywood for a long time, washing his hands of the movie hol polloi from his superior height on the stage, and got away with it; more, he made Hollywood like it. Ever since he appeared with Katherine Cornell in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" on the New York stage, Hollywood has been making him picture offers, and Mr. Aherne has been turning them down. He received, altogether, no less than ten offers to write his own ticket, and among the reasons he gave for declining all such offers were the following:

He regarded the movies as a rich but extremely vulgar off-spring of the theater, and did not wish to associate with them.

He regarded his private life as private to himself, and did not wish to have it mauled by the sensational American press by becoming identified with pictures.

He regarded the stage as the only true medium of theatrical art and did not wish to soil his technique by contaminating it with such a mechanical contraption as a camera.

He regarded the plethora of movie money as both undesirable and unnecessary, especially insofar as he himself was concerned.

And be it said—at that time at least—Mr. Aherne was obviously sincere in his expressed sentiments about the movies, especially as he was the pupil, protege, and leading man of Miss Cornell and she invariably expressed those sentiments herself.

However, and not so long ago, Mr. Aherne was hired to play in "Lucrece," also opposite Miss Cornell, and he naturally expected the play to have a long and profitable run. But "Lucrece" did not have a long and profitable run; instead, it folded up inconspicuously within a month. Mr. Aherne, thus between engagements, no longer turned a deaf ear to Hollywood's luring.

Paramount offered him $2,500 a week—which sum also he had previously been offered by M-G-M—and Mr. Aherne accepted. The only provision with which he sugared his capitulation was that he should not be bothered by the publicity department or by pestiferous newspaper and magazine interviewers. And, in return for this concession, he conceded Paramount options for future pictures if they should happen to want him, so that the bondage of Art into Egypt was made complete. Thus the male Garbo—in a publicity sense, at all events—came to Hollywood.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]
GARBO'S Gamble

Is she taking one with the kind of clothes she will wear in her next film?

By Arline Hodgekins

The name of Greta Garbo still holds magic. When she went home last summer on a vacation, Hollywood wondered if she would ever return. And if she did return, would she still hold first place in the line-up of stars—a pedestal from which she could have come toppling down as easily as not, perhaps more easily.

But Garbo is still the fascinating creature who intrigues her followers. They have been asking us what she is going to do now, what are her plans, how long will she remain here? And here are a few of the answers:

A new Garbo, enthusiastic, smiling, contented, she has signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for but two pictures. The first one, already scheduled for production, is "Queen Christina," a story of the Swedish queen of that name who reigned in the Seventeenth Century. History shows that she should have lived in the Twentieth Century, so advanced were her ideas on many subjects, so tolerant was she on religious matters.

And here's one for Dietrich: fully half of Garbo's costumes will be men's attire, mostly uniforms.

When Adrian, the Metro designer, called on Garbo to show her his sketches of the costumes he had in mind, he says Garbo waxed most enthusiastic over the masculine attire and merely shrugged at the pretty pretties any girl might wear.

Garbo went immediately after arriving to the Santa Monica home of her close friend, Mrs. Salka Viertel, who worked on the development of Garbo's new story. Greta is going to live with her until she finds a satisfactory house, hedged in from peering eyes, where she can take her daily sun bath in comfort, and live precisely as she likes.

Walter Wanger, who produced "Gabriel Over the White House" called on Garbo a few days after she'd been made comfortable at the Viertel home. And he came away a little afraid that Garbo was still the "I tank 1 go home" star, who did go home exactly when she wanted to.

His visit was to talk over production plans on her new picture. They got along all right until Wanger suggested to Garbo that she report for work on the Metro lot on May 15. Garbo got up, walked to the door and literally put Wanger out into the cold, cold world, saying; "Anyone who wants to put me to work so soon couldn't possibly be my friend."

However, she called Wanger on the telephone when he arrived back at the studio to make sure he understood she was only joking and to reassure him she would be very, very happy to start work on the 15th. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]
Splashing

Johnny of the iron nerves, gum-chewing Buster, and Eleanor Holm, who doesn't swim in pictures

By Mac Miller

Miss Holm, who mermaided to such fame that Hollywood called her. Still, she graciously gives our photographer this nice, cooling picture

Eleanor and Buster a-tilting it in the Ambassador pool! No wonder summer visitors are glad these two splashed their way into films!

Mac Miller, author of this article, has been, respectively, Southern California inter-scholastic sprint champion, captain of his college swimming team, and a member of several national championship swimming teams representing the Hollywood Athletic Club.

“TIMERS and judges ready—swimmers ready—BANG!”

These words quicken the pulse of any professional or amateur swimmer alive—he be Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Eleanor Holm, or just one of the fellows on the relay team.

If the national swimming championships of 1928, at San Francisco, could be re-enacted today, the swimming enthusiasts would be crowded out of the stands by movie devotees who do not know a back stroke from a back flip. Each would be ogling and craning for a glimpse of his favorite screen hero; for the big splash in Hollywood this year has been made by two young men who were the stars of that meet.

It was there that Buster Crabbe, who was to become Paramount’s “King of the Jungle,” made his American debut. He was a tall, quiet, bronzed, American youth from Hawaii, with a disarming grin as wide as his shoulders. Buster, however, startled the entire swimming world that week by walking, or rather paddling, off with all the distance events, and wresting the high-point crown from the famous Johnny Weissmuller.
Into Films

Both boys would have roared with laughter had anyone told them that, in 1933, they would be running around in panther skins and grease paint for the benefit of Hollywood cameras; but, quite unconsciously, they were acquiring just the knack which has made them so striking on the screen.

It isn't entirely magnificent muscular development, it isn't entirely their profiles, which make Weissmuller and Crabbe outstanding as film heroes. It is the poise, the grace of motion, the complete naturalness, which came from appearing before thousands of people in nothing but a six ounce silk racing suit, and from forgetting everything but the determination to do a job—to win a race.

Certainly, Johnny Weissmuller proved in that meet that relaxation is one of the things a champion swimmer learns automatically.

How do I know? I was "one of the boys on the relay team" from the Hollywood Athletic Club.

The swimmers were lined up for the finals of the hundred meter free style. On the edge of Fleishacker Pool stood the gentleman, now generally known as Tarzan of the Apes. He was defending his National title against a most formidable array of sprinters, including George Kofac from New York, big Paul Samson from Michigan, and Alonzo Kimball from Hollywood.

The finalis had drawn their lane numbers from a hat, removed their sweat pants and shirts and loosened up in the water by losing easily up and down the hundred meter straightaway.

The usual excited hush settled over the stands as the boys lined up for the starter's gun.

The swimmers crouched on their marks. Sunlight blazed on the pool. On a long green slope which stretched a mile away stood the famous San Francisco Presidio, well stocked with cannons, soldiers and barracks.

The starter pointed his gun heavenward and barked out, "Timers and judges ready—swimmers ready."

And just at that moment, as if by some psychic message, one of the fort's biggest and loudest cannons went off with a reverberating "boom."

Seven men sprang from their starting marks.

One stood still.

Seven men shot nearly a dozen feet through the air.

One stood still.

Those seven men smacked the water simultaneously. But the eighth sat down nonchalantly and grinned.

He was Johnny Weissmuller. He had learned from years of experience the secret of relaxation, so that his nerves did not betray him into a false start.

As the crowd quieted and the swimmers returned to their marks, Johnny chatted easily with the starter. At the finish of the race, which Tarzan won by passing Kohac in the last ten meters, the timers recorded a new world's mark.

False starts are the most disconcerting things which can happen.

"Once you get to worrying about it, you might as well quit," Johnny explained when I talked to him about his swimming and screen careers.

We were at the Hollywood Athletic Club having lunch down in the locker room, where food is served to members who feel like eating in nothing more than a towel.

Tarzan was having some soup.

"Speaking of worrying," I asked, "what about that time you held up a race for ten minutes?"

"I thought I never would find a piece of wood," he grinned.

Knocking on wood was Johnny's one superstition. All through his swimming career, Johnny's rotund coach, Bill Bachrach of the Illinois Athletic Club, had scoffed at it, and all through his career Johnny seriously had continued to find a bit of wood to knock on before he swam.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]
Can you name them? Try; then see page 105. Photo by Stagg

Hollywood at Play

It's Tuesday night. The night of nights. The stepping out night of the movie village.

And Hollywood, the town of glitter and glamour, goes out to play. With the cares of the day behind, the burning Klief lights, the grease paint, the difficult scenes, shattered hopes and broken dreams—all forgotten for the moment. Hollywood dons its best low-in-the-back frock, its immaculate dinner coat, and off it trots.

It's the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel.

Behind a waving stick, a steady smile and a
deep red carnation, stands Phil Harris, the orchestra leader, looking down. On Hollywood at play. The smile beams, the stick flutters and the keen blue eyes of Phil Harris spot the romances, the shattered ones and the budding ones, of the movie stars, while the strains of the lilting music float gently upward to the astonished little stuffed monkeys hanging tail downward in the cocoanut palms.

Lew Ayres sits alone at one of the tables. Across the room Lola Lane, his recently divorced spouse, makes merry with a group of people. And Phil Harris, sensing something, waves his baton and the orchestra plays, in its most appealing manner, "Maybe It's Because I Love You Too Much."

By Sara Hamilton
A Pipe Is *His* Scepter

By

Reginald Taviner

Merian C. Cooper shows Cameraman Schoedsack a new script. Facing death to make "Chang" and "Grass," they found "King Kong" soothing.

YOU wouldn't guess who he is at all if you happened to bump into him on the street, and he'd be the last one on earth to tell. In his elaborate paneled office, he can press little ivory buttons and bring stars and directors on the jump to obey him. But he's more likely to step up to someone's elbow, and with a quiet wave of a pipe stem, pass judgment on matters involving millions. One throne-like chair in the sanctum will bear his battered old felt hat; and in place of "college cut" clothes, you'll find him in a brown smoking jacket and gray pants.

But when it comes to results! Well, about the first gesture this new production chief made for RKO Radio was to reach into that dilapidated old hat and pull out, not a white rabbit, but a fifty-foot ape which he turned into one of the year's biggest box-office sensations. Yes, *King Kong*.

In the same quiet way some years ago, utterly unknown and without brace of trumpets, he emerged from the wilds of Asia to wow the world with "Grass" and "Chang."

There is no "movie mogul" swank about RKO's new boss of all its production

That was, is, and will be Merian C. Cooper's way. Other moguls can have throne rooms if they like. Good pictures are all he asks; swank can go hang. He hasn't time for it.

"King Kong" was actually conceived while the man who now captains RKO-Radio production was adventuring in the back stretches of Asia gathering that epic of a nomadic tribe which we saw some years ago as "Grass." *Kong's* terrifying, deep-chested roar was heard by him while he stood calmly behind his camera facing that horde of thundering, trumpeting elephants in "Chang." But the actual "King Kong" had yet not been formulated. It took Hollywood to crystallize it—by what, if you please, might be called a fluke.

"After Ernest B. Schoedsack and I had finished making 'Four Feathers,'" is the way Cooper explains it, "I came back to Hollywood with a gorilla picture in mind. I wanted to go to Africa and film it in the real gorilla country; but I couldn't find anyone willing to put up the money.

"However, when I saw all the prehistoric animals they had lying around this studio, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]"
RED-HEADED baby face, with a will all her own! They looked around for just such a girl and suddenly thought of Ginger Rogers. She's a natural for the star role in RKO-Radio's "Careless," in which an overnight radio star goes temperamental following the success of her "Dish Rag" sponsor. Ginger was snappy in "Gold Diggers of 1935"
THE little Evans girl is growing up and going in for backless evening gowns 'n' everything. No wonder, when they cast her in such sensational vehicles as "The Mayor of Hell" and "Never Give a Sucker a Break." We'll see her soon in "Dinner at Eight." But where's that rumor about a romance? Will Miss Evans please speak up and confess?
WELL, well, if it isn't dear old Andy Clyde taking a snooze after the day's nonsense. Little Shirley Temple has been cavorting with Andy all day long before the camera and they're both tuckered out from giving laughs to the movie-going world. "Now, folks," Andy would say, "don't get yourselves excited, I'll be ready in a jiffy if ye jes lemme be!"
LIFE is like that; only a few years ago Ruby Keeler stepped out of the Ziegfeld spotlight so hubby Al Jolson might enjoy his own unshadowed glory. Now that Al has quit pictures, Ruby is having her break. She did so well in “42nd Street,” she rated a choice spot with Dick Powell in “Gold Diggers of 1933.” Ruby was a Texas Guinan girl.
They haven’t changed a bit! Even in childhood, Connie got what she wanted, Baby Joan was always shy, and Barbara, at four, was content with a doll and a play house.

**Barbara Bennett Talks**

EVERYONE who doesn’t know us really well has asked one question from time to time. They want to know who was the most popular sister in our family. Whether it was Constance or Joan or myself. Who had the most dates, who received the most invitations. And then they always ask us why.

So I’m going to tell some of the little intimate things about the Bennett family, little family occurrences — bits from our life — how Daddy Richard became Constance’s best friend—perhaps a little closer to Connie than to Joan or myself—reasons why Constance married first and why Joan married when she did, and why I, who really loved domesticity with a keener sense than either of my two sisters, married last; to a professional singer, Morton Downey, with whom I have less domestic existence than my movie star sisters enjoy with their husbands in Hollywood.

When I look back at our early girlhood from my present vantage point of maturity, I often smile at the memory of our life together under the Bennett roof. We rarely lived long enough in one house to have the memories most children do of home and fireside and pantries at Thanksgiving time. We were a gypsy family, moving constantly from place to place, living at hotels or on steamers—sometimes in Europe, in New York, in California, in Greenwich Village, and on Park Avenue—necessitated by the ever-changing fortunes and itineraries of an actor father, Richard Bennett.

My earliest memory of us three girls together is when we lived in Greenwich Village, on the North side of Washington Square in one of those big, old, rickety brick houses now inhabited by waning aristocrats and struggling artists.

There was a basement, windows which faced the pavement level and behind it a huge kitchen with a coal range in which the most delectable things were baked by our family cook. You see, mother was in the theater, too. Her stage name was Adrienne Morrison, and with father Joan and I were terribly frightened by sight of him. But Constance, true to the courage which has stood by her in later years, walked right up to Mr. Claus and demanded an explanation.

“You should have been on your way taking care of all the other children, Santa,” she scolded him gently. “Why have you stayed here all night?”

Santa Claus was nonplussed. But Connie was adamant. He became so baffled by Connie’s...[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]
Maybe you never heard Pete go tweet, tweet, tweet on his piccolo, but you'll have the chance to hear Buddy Rogers trill a few notes on his soprano saxophone in "Five Cents a Glass," his latest. Buddy gave us a musical sample on the radio for some time, and now he's to be seen as well as heard in pictures.

FEARING kidnappers, Marlene Dietrich slipped quietly out of Hollywood on her way to Europe. Her little seven-year-old daughter, Maria, was the cause of her solicitude. You will recall that at the time of the Lindbergh baby kidnapping, picture stars also received threats, and that as a consequence Marlene's child is always attended by an armed guard.

Miss Dietrich said goodbye to her friends at Paramount, and then did her best to keep the time and place of her departure secret. She will join her husband on the French Riviera. Her return is scheduled for October, when she will make two more pictures for Paramount under Josef Von Sternberg's direction.

Well, bon voyage, Marlene.

SO different was Gloria Swanson's last homecoming in comparison with the ovation she received on another occasion when she returned to Hollywood after a prolonged absence. Most of the motion picture colony, led by Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, gathered on that first occasion to welcome Gloria home.

With her were her two children, Joseph and

Gloria, and her husband at the moment, the Marquis de la Falaise.

But when she arrived this time the crowd was small.

With her Miss Swanson had her husband, Michael Farmer, and two dogs.

Her three children are in Switzerland.

WHAT do you suppose the great Clark Gable does just before one of those fervent love scenes of his in "Hold Your Man?" He gazes down at the blonde Jean Harlow, makes a funny snoot, tweaks her nose, and then begins, "Darling, I love you." Sorry to spoil your fun, girls, but that's the great Gable in action.

She's all wet and knows it. While the Marquis is away, Connie can play in the El Mirador pool, Palm Springs' coolest spot in the heart of the desert. Just a little marital vacation for Connie and Henry.
He wants his sugar—and Lionel is sure to get it in more ways than one 'cause that's an old Barrymore custom. With those tart remarks Lionel can make in pictures, we'd never suspect he had such a sweet tooth but look at Liny at this garden tea party!

PINK saved Ann Harding's life. When the boat in which she was sailing with Alexander Kirkland and her secretary, Marie Lombard, capsized three miles off Havana, Ann removed her bright pink dress. It was that bright pink in the tropical sky that attracted the attention of a passing boat, and the three were rescued. Their boatman who attempted to swim ashore to bring help went down after a few yards. Sharks! Ann says she is making a money settlement on the boatman's widow and her fatherless seven children.

DID you know that Mae West was once the strong lady in the show? The shoulders on which dumb-bells and acrobats, etcetera,

Ducking for cover! That's Katharine Hepburn doing a Garbo, as the naughty cameraman spots her on the lot. Strictly Russian, my dears, those blue denim trousers and the Russian blouse

Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson have been friends since those days long ago when both were movie beginners. Meeting at a tea party recently, they went in for a good old-fashioned confab on who's who and why, and if not why not. Mary is bedecked in ermine and Gloria in fine lace—something to envy, girls!

rested? Some times old timers' memories are too long, aren't they?

DICK ARLEN has a weakness for Spanish food—but he encountered an enchilada socially the other night that practically started a bonfire. "Boy!" yelped the Arlen, reaching for his beer, "that's hotter than a kiss from a girl making a screen test!"

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone! This begins to look serious.

Every Sunday night at the Beverly Wilshire dancing, and once a week at the Coconut Grove.

Reminds me of the days when Joan first came to Hollywood. She became famous as a frequenter of the places-to-dine and dance before she became famous as an actress.

But what a different Joan who returns today to her first places-of-fame! The dancing kid has metamorphosed into the great star. I wonder if memories ever crowd upon her as she dances with dignity, poise and assured success around those familiar floors.

Wide World
Filmdom Musters Its Infantry, for

Bebe and Ben are off to Europe for a semi-vacation with their little daughter Barbara Bebe Lyon. After her good work in Warners’ “42nd Street,” Bebe Daniels signed to do two British pictures and the family are to have a jolly time this summer combining work and play. Their first trip abroad

RICHARD BENNETT was entertaining. He is the perfect host—always thinking up amusements for his guests. So he removed his shoes and stockings and exhibited his famous perfectly groomed and highly-colored (artificially) toe-nails!

THEY called Lilian Harvey by phone in her dressing room.

“I am still asleep,” she answered and hung up.

JANET GAYNOR has been a friend of Charlie Farrell’s a long time. Neither her marriage to Lydell Peck nor Charlie’s to Virginia Valli has interrupted their liking for each other.

As long as both parties were married, gossips left them more or less alone. But now that Janet is free—it is natural that Hollywood gossip should start to “fear” Charlie.

It is difficult to break an intimacy established through such an experience as they had in making “7th Heaven”—creating fame together. But it is also difficult to make such an intimacy culminate in true romance and “happiness ever after” when it has passed the white heat of romance and cooled into the solid embers of friendship.

But, still, Hollywood persists in wondering.

“WELL,” a friend said to the director, William Wellman, “I see by the papers you gave your fiance a car.”

“That’s not so,” the director shouted. “I don’t know where such stories start. It was just a Chevrolet.”

WELL, well, the romantic contest’s over, girls. And the girl who won Buster Crabbe, that handsome Apollo of movies, is Miss Adah Held of Beverly Hills.

Ever since Buster’s breaking into movies after the Olympic games in which he participated, the Hollywood beauties have given him a fair chase for his name. But it was a society girl who captured him and they honeymooned at Del Monte.

In that story of Jackie Cooper’s mother marrying Charles Bigelow there is a heartache for Bob Golden.

For years Bob was assistant director for Harold Lloyd. Then he went to M-G-M and met Jackie Cooper, and, of course, Jackie’s mother.

Jackie’s affection for Bob was one of the

To arms, to arms, yells Daddy Frank Woody, and his infant son Jack regards him with amazement—or does he?—while Mama Helen Twelve-trees looks on. If beauty, like races, is won by a nose, Helen Twelve-trees cops the purse. And look at Jackie’s retrousse. He’ll be an actor sure
Doesn't Everyone Love a Parade?

finest things in the motion picture business and the three of them soon found more than just business to talk about.

Bob and Jackie won't be separated now, of course, for after all, Jackie is still appearing in pictures and Bob will still help direct them. But it won't be quite the same.

SYLVIA SIDNEY tells this one on herself!

She was in her “old woman” make-up for “Jennie Gerhardt.” She turned toward a friend. “How do I look?”

“Oh, you don't look much older. About thirty-seven.”

REMEMBER the little “Our Gang” sweetheart Mary Kornman? Well, Mary has grown up into a full-fledged ingenue, and Dick Arlen himself says she will hand everybody a big surprise in “College Humor.”

Now that musicals are in vogue again, this one is going all of them one better. They have one scene on the campus, a “rhythm” scene, in which everything is syncopated—and we mean everything . . . the cars, the trees, the buildings. And it isn't an earthquake, either!

WITH one little touch of superstition, to which every bride is entitled, Billie Dove remarked abstruse her nuptials with Robert Kenaston: “I don't want to get married when the minute hand of the clock is going downward.” So, when she and her Santa Monica sportsman were united in Yuma, Arizona, the time was 5:57 P.M. Recall how Producer Howard Hughes and she were once almost inseparable? Well, there has been many an ardent swain after Billie's fair hand. And you know that the artist Willy Pogany said she has almost perfect features.

MAYBE the other star who told us is slightly disgruntled, but she remarked that a Dietrich picture was accomplished by making five hundred close-ups of Marlene, and selecting the best ones. And that any girl would be good who had that many chances at a scene!

CLARENCE BROWN gave up his honeymoon with the lovely Alice Joyce, to direct “Night Flight.” That's what he thinks of the story.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]
Durante: I spy, I spy, a lady crying. Tell me, little lady, why do you cry?

Garbo: Oh, I am blue.

Durante: No, no, lady! Violets are blue.

Garbo: You are truly my friend?

Durante: Sure! I'd be anybody's friend. Even Walter Winchell's.

Garbo: Then I will tell you why I cry. I cry because I am all alone. All the world knows the Garbo is always in solitude. And now, I will tell you my secret sorrow, why I am all alone.

Durante: Why the Garbo is all alone? Why don't you take lessons in how to be popular?

Garbo: Oh, it is much worse than that. I am ashamed to be seen in the world. I am afraid they will laugh at me.

How Garbo and Durante became soul mates

Marionettes and dialogue

By Meyer Levin

Photos by Geoffrey Gilbert

Scene: A couch. On the couch, weeping, lies Greta Garbo.

Enter, Jimmy Durante, nose first.

Durante: I spy, I spy, a lady crying. Tell me, little lady, why do you cry?

Garbo: Oh, I have big suffering.

Durante: It's her! It's her! Little Greta Garbo. What has a Gargo got to gargle about? Why do you weep?
DURANTE: Laugh at the Garbo? Impossible! The trouble with you is you got an inferiority complex. Why don't you stand on your feet and face the world?

GARBO: That is it. I cannot face the world with those feet.

DURANTE: What's the matter with those feet?

GARBO: Look! (She shows him a foot.) Number eleven.

DURANTE: That's nothing! (He points to the schnozzle.) Look! Number one hundred eleven.

GARBO: Ah, no!

DURANTE: Ah nose!

GARBO: Even so—

DURANTE: Put your woes behind you, what do you care? (He sings.)

GARBO: No, my feet, they are much bigger than your nose.

DURANTE: What! What are you incinerating? Who said they got a bigger anything than my schnozzle?

GARBO: All right. Measure! Measure! (She lifts her foot to his nose.)

DURANTE: You mean, put it there?

GARBO: Measseeere!

DURANTE: (Puts his nose to her foot.) Okay, baby. Measere!

GARBO: They fit! They are one size!

DURANTE: They're mates. Hah, soul mates. Sole mates! Greta Garbo and Jimmy Durante. (He sings.)

GARBO: Yeah, me, baby, what do you say.

DURANTE: We hitch up and make a team! Okay?

GARBO: Jimmy, okay! You got big nose, I got big feet—

DURANTE: Put them together and ain't life sweet! Stand on your feet and face the world, baby! (He sings.)

GARBO: With my nose and your feet. We've got the whole world beat!

DURANTE: (They clench.)

CURTAIN

Garbo: Jimmy, okay. You got big nose, I got big feet. Durante: Ain't life sweet!
I had been treating Connie Bennett for some time when I got a call from sister Joan asking me to take her as a patient. At the time, she was living 'way up in the Hollywood hills back of Ronnie Colman’s secluded house. I found the house at last, but it was miles from the road, and the only way to get to it was to walk up flights and flights of stairs.

I walked and walked and climbed and climbed. I was nearer heaven than I had ever been when I rang her doorbell. Somebody let me in and told me to go upstairs—yes, honestly, more stairs!—to her bedroom. I climbed again, and at last there was Joan in her lovely modernistic boudoir. It was all in light purple and silver, but I wasn’t in any mood to admire interior decoration.

I took one look at Joan’s legs and exclaimed, “Good Lord!” No wonder your calves are fat and you’re humpy when you’ve got to climb those stairs every day.”

She gave me one of those wide, innocent looks of hers. “But I thought climbing stairs was good for reducing,” she said.

“Good for reducing your resistance,” I said. “I can see that if you don’t need me for anything else, you need me to get some common sense into your head. How do you feel?”

“Tired,” said Joan, “and weak.”

“No wonder.”

And that was my introduction to Joan Bennett. And lots of women seem to think that walking up and down stairs is good exercise. It will put weight on—it will never take it off. Dancing is wonderful for reducing, but not climbing stairs.

Well, I asked Joan to walk back and forth across the room a couple of times to see if she were balanced properly on her feet, because bad posture and carriage can wear you down and give you that fagged out feeling faster than anything else. Joan slumped. So I stood behind her and gave her a good rousing whack between the shoulder blades.

She straightened up then—and did it plenty fast, too. And I want all you girls to listen to me. No matter how young and beautiful you may be, unless you carry yourself well, you won’t have a nice personality. Good posture is the foundation of charm. And don’t you forget it!

After I treated Joan I gave her exercises to make her hold her shoulders up. She paid me for it—and paid me well. I’m giving it to you girls for nothing, so pay attention. This isn’t massage. It’s a special treatment of my own and now all my girls who go around looking like the letter S, hop to this treatment.

With your left hand grab hold of the muscle just over your right shoulder blade. Then with your thumb dig under the shoulder blade as if you wanted to gouge it out of your back.

Graceful bows, a slant as of respectful attention—these have their screen place. But done with a hint of the débutante slouch—not so good. That’s why Joan Bennett enlisted Sylvia’s help.

Weight, body irregularities, whatever the problem, for years Hollywood’s first thought was “Get Sylvia to fix it.” Joan Bennett’s story, told this month, is only one in the hundreds of cases which made Sylvia America’s most famous masseuse and beauty culturist.

Now Sylvia’s expert advice is yours to use, free of charge, through Photoplay Magazine. On page 84 you’ll read how others are being helped, and how easily you can take advantage of this splendid new service. Turn here now—read about it—then let Sylvia help with your problem.

Don’t be afraid to dig in deep and hard. You’re not so delicate, and it won’t hurt you. While you’re doing it keep your right hand on your hip and a little toward the back. Now repeat this on the left shoulder blade, digging in with your right thumb.

The reason Joan slumped—and the reason most people do—is because the nerves were starved and there was a lack of circulation. But believe me, when you get through digging into those old shoulder blades, there’ll be plenty of circulation. Don’t tell me you can’t get your arms around at your back. I know you can!

The stars had me to do it for them. You have to do it yourself. I know it’s not easy—but is anything that is worthwhile easy?

While Joan was resting after her treatment I showed her an exercise for correct posture that she had to do daily. Here it is: In your stocking feet place your feet pointing straight to the front. Now put two or three books on top of your head. Put your arms behind your back, with the elbow of your left arm resting in the palm of your right hand, and the right elbow in the left hand. Walk back and forth across the floor ten or fifteen times. You think that’s childish and old-fashioned? Let me tell you lots of those old-fashioned methods are grand. In this way you train the muscles of your neck to support your head properly. It makes you hold your head up. It keeps you from throwing your chin forward and looking foolish.

Joan Bennett always slumped in her chair when she sat down, but I made her stop that at once by telling her always to choose a straight, high-backed chair and sit well back in it, with her back and head resting against the back of the chair. Here’s a don’t for you. Don’t cross your legs. It stops circulation.
Bennett "Straighten Up"

Read Sylvia's many helpful answers, girls, on page 84!

Then I gave her one more exercise for posture. Dancing and dancing and dancing with her arms above her head. That draws up the muscles and it makes you feel great! And believe me, the folks around Joan's studio were grateful for what I did for her, because she had always been impossible in the fitting-room. That girl couldn't stand still for two minutes—much less the hours and hours that dress fittings require. She was always fidgeting and having to go sit down for a few minutes. Honestly, she used to send the wardrobe people into hysterics.

And do you know why she did that? Simply because she didn't know how to stand properly, because she didn't have good balance. If you girls who have jobs that keep you on your feet all day will just take those posture exercises and distribute your weight equally on your two feet, you'll be amazed at how much better you feel.

You know, it's a funny thing about Joan. She had a reputation for being temperamental around the studios. They called her a "real Bennett"—not just "Connie's little sister." She would fly off the handle at anything and when they didn't do things to suit her, she'd raise a row.

Once she was making a picture in which she was supposed to wear orchids. Now, artificial flowers look much better photographically than real ones. But Joan wanted real ones. Would she take the studio artificials? She would not! They argued and argued with her, but she wouldn't budge, and it wound up by her getting real orchids.

I say that's the way she was around the studio, but with me she was entirely different. She was like a meek little kid and never complained once. When I'd tell her to do something she'd say, "Yes, darling." And do it. When I told her she had to be home by nine o'clock every evening, she was. She only kept me waiting once—and that was when she had an important studio conference with her boss (and at that time her sweetheart) John Considine.

Now the point is that Joan trusted me. She knew I was working for her good and if you
Clara "Once Overs"

They say England is a man's country. From what I saw my first day in London, I'll say it's so. The men you see strolling down the streets sure have class. But the women . . . ! Big feet, big hands, no make-up to speak of, and the frumpiest clothes!

Even in the restaurants you see some of the funniest ruins not listed in the guide book. Had lunch at a place where the waiter staggers up to you carrying a whole side of beef, mutton, or lamb on a platter, and you pick out the cut you want. Chefs in white caps and aprons keep the meat hot by turning it on a spit and right out in full view. Saw an old lady who looked like a mid-Victorian duchess. She was wearing a dress of that vintage that my washwoman on the ranch would have turned up her nose at.

They make fun of American men in England. Say they spoil their wives and are terribly hen-pecked. Maybe they mean they let them buy too many good-looking clothes. An Englishman's motto seems to be—"Treat your women rough and keep 'em badly dressed. And don't let 'em talk too much."

Gee, London is big and old. Everywhere you turn you're bumping into history and monuments. It's so different from American cities.

I almost had hysterics when I saw the London cabs. Are they relics? They rattle along at about one mile every three hours. You go practically crazy waiting to get places. But you can't hurry anybody in London. They think we Americans are silly for rushing around so. It's all like a slow-motion camera compared with life in the U. S. A.

Went to Westminster Abbey. Grand, the way they honor their famous dead. Makes me feel religious. We spent nearly three hours walking around and looking at those wonderful monuments, and the inscriptions in the stone floor, the carvings of the Crusader Knights, and the old kings and queens of England. They must have been awfully funny-looking people.

Then we went to look at the monument of the Unknown Soldier. It stands in the middle of the street they call Whitehall—right between Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. That cenotaph is piled with fresh wreaths and flowers every day. Every time you pass you see somebody there, remembering the war, I guess. It seems like they'll never be able to forget it in Europe.

A party was given in my honor at the Whitehall Theater. Did I feel grand? It was a midnight after the show supper in Marion Lorne's dressing-room. She's the star of the big London hit—"Roadhouse"—produced by her husband, Walter Hackett. He's one of the big-timers in the theater world there. . . . If I keep up this champagne diet very much longer, I'll be in the same class as Kate Smith soon. And I'm not talking about singing, either!

Visited the Tower of London. Just a cozy, damp place where they used to lock up people before they chopped their heads off. Nice people, those old English!

And did those old kings have

"Gee, London is old. You're always bumping into history. Even the taxis are relics"
“I wouldn’t mind having a few diamonds and emeralds from the Crown jewels. Fat chance of getting them, though, with those big beef eaters standing guard.

“The Statue of Liberty and lil’ ole New York. So that ends that! Wonder when I’ll be going again?”

temper? I’ll tell the world. And could they think up nice little tricks for torturing their wives and other relations and the people they wanted to have out of the way! Gives me the creeps to think of it.

I don’t care much for jewelry, but I wouldn’t mind having a couple of those diamonds and emeralds from the Crown jewels. Might come in handy in the next depression. Fat chance of getting them, though. They keep them locked up in a glass case with a couple of guys called “beef eaters” standing on guard all day long. “Beef eaters” wear the funniest looking hats and short pants I’ve ever seen. Their cheeks are very red and their stomachs very fat. I never knew eating beef made you that way.

Another funny thing about the English is they never seem to feel the cold. It’s always damp and wet and horrible in London—but in the private houses they haven’t any central heating. Only fireplaces. Usually the head of the family (England is a man’s country) keeps the heat out of the rest of the room by standing with his back to the fireplace and warming his “whats-is.” So the women have to get used to the cold. Maybe that’s why their hands are so red—and their cheeks, too. They wear “woolies” here—ugh! Well, I’ll take mine with steam heat and silk step-ins!

Oh, the squire’s life is the life for me! I learned that word the other day when we went down to Tom Wall’s estate near London. It’s what they call the landowners in Merrie England. Tom’s an English actor and a swell fellow, who spends his time breeding horses and dogs between making pictures and starring in plays. His famous horse, April V, won the 1932 Derby. And was Tom impressed “by the
NEVER GIVE A Sucker A BREAK—M-G-M

A HOWLING, smashing, screaming success. Lee Tracy out-Tracies anything to date as the go-getting, ambulance chasing, shyster lawyer.

Right on the dot at every accident, even before it gets through happening. Lee reaps clients like a farmer reaps wheat, and by hook or crook (mostly crook) outwits the big corporations at every turn. And are they burned? But he's finally tripped by no less a tripper than the fair Madge Evans. And does he fall?

Second to that of Lee stands the marvelous performance of Frank Morgan as the drunken doctor accomplice. Madge Evans comes through in a big way as the little "stool pigeon" who falls for Lee, while Charles Butterworth as Floppy, the professional accident case, brings many a howl.

THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND—Fox

A VAST army of magnificent Amazons is ruled by Marjorie Rambeau as the head I-Am, and all are agog because the Greeks are invading. The men, however, stay home to curl their beards, while the stalwart women go forth to war, led by the resplendent Elissa Landi.

But there is a villain—Ernest Truex, charming husband of Marjorie. While the Greeks, in between fights, are trying to sell the Amazons on matrimony—David Manners being particularly strong for Elissa—naughty Ernest lets the Greeks get the magic girdle which gives the Amazons their martial spirit. They are captured—and do they like it!

Fast and furious laughs, both subtle and rowdy, and excellent, lavish setting. It's a distinct triumph for Director Walter Lang and the cast, and a grand treat for you.

REUNION IN VIENNA—M-G-M

A sparkling bit of Viennese charm as ever twinkled across a movie screen. Adhering strictly to the Robert Sherwood play with lavish sets, this bit of exquisite entertainment dealing with the faded glory of the Hapsburgs, simply must not be missed.

It comes about because the remnants of Austrian nobility plan a celebration on Emperor Francis Joseph's birthday, and there are rumors that the madcap Archduke Rudolf, now a taxi-driver in Nice, will attempt to slip past the Austrian police and join the party. This causes restiveness in the home of a former princess-sweetheart of his, now married to a stern but understanding doctor and psychiatrist, who figures that the war to lay the ghost of this old romance is to let his wife try to recapture it, minus court glamour.

The part of Rudolf is right down the romantic John Barrymore alley, and what he does with it! Diana Wynyard, if not the princess of the play, is splendidly acceptable; Frank Morgan adds a grand husband, while Frank's papa (Henry Travers)—well, just wait till you see papa!

May Robson, Una Merkel, and others are in the cast; and it all goes with zestful swing and dash. It catches, too, the pathetic futility of the Hapsburgs; and if the underlying character conflict in the princess is not quite as well set forth as it was in the play, the Wynyard charm makes up amply for the lack of subtle characterization.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

REUNION IN VIENNA
PILGRIMAGE
NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK
BONDAGE
PEG O' MY HEART
THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND
THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK
"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"

The Best Performances of the Month

John Barrymore in "Reunion in Vienna"
Henry Travers in "Reunion in Vienna"
Henrietta Crosman in "Pilgrimage"
Lee Tracy in "Never Give a Sucker a Break"
Frank Morgan in "Never Give a Sucker a Break"
Elissa Landi in "The Warrior's Husband"
Ernest Truex in "The Warrior's Husband"
Dorothy Jordan in "Bondage"
Fredric March in "The Eagle and the Hawk"
Claudette Colbert in "I Cover the Waterfront"
Ben Lyon in "I Cover the Waterfront"
Laurel Hope Crews in "The Silver Cord"
Frances Dee in "The Silver Cord"

* Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 116

Pilgrimage—Fox

The sheer excellence of this poignant story about a Gold Star mother's sorrow unquestionably entitles it to premier rank among the film offerings of the month. Henrietta Crosman, as the mother, unwittingly prepares her own sorrow when, to break up a match between her son, Norman Foster, and Marian Nixon, she has him drafted. He is killed; and to add to her bitterness, Marian has a child, which the mother refuses to recognize.

Then comes the pilgrimage which resolves the heartbreak. Going to France with other Gold Star mothers, she finds herself too torn by her hatreds and her feeling that she is her son's murderer to stand the prospect of visiting his grave. While in this mood, she encounters a couple in Paris undergoing the trial through which her son and his sweetheart went, thanks to her—and from there the story works out to its moving ending.

As might be expected of one with her stellar stage record, Henrietta Crosman gives a sterling performance, while both Norman and Marian do all that might be expected. They are well supported by Lucille LaVerne, Maurice Murphy, Heather Angel, Jay Ward, Hedda Hopper and Charles Grapewin, while the production and direction are excellent. Don't hesitate about this one—subject to the qualification that those who lost loved ones in the World War might find it distressing.

Eagle and the Hawk—Paramount

A gripping portrayal of the friendship, even unto death, of two aviators, Fredric March and Cary Grant, in the World War.

Fredric, a renowned ace, nevertheless feels a growing aversion for the horror and senselessness of it all—and through all the stirring adventures of the pair, you can see this growing on him. At last he cracks under the strain, commits suicide—and faithful Cary, strapping him into the airplane, takes off at dawn for the enemy lines. Together they go down, March to eternal glory, and Cary to a life of suffering. Beautifully told, with an epic performance by Fredric March, its one fault may lie in our overfamiliarity with the subject matter and theme. Carole Lombard has effective bits, while Jack Oakie contributes notable, broad humor.
THE old Peg, well ornamented with nice musical numbers and splendid voices. Marion Davies, as the little Irish girl who suddenly becomes an heiress, gives us a rich brogue and a performance replete with sentiment. J. Farrell MacDonald is an authentic Pat, and the charming performance of Onslow Stevens should place him well up among popular leading men. Robert Greig contributes his usual good Butler.

HOSPITAL life and romance come in for another whirl when Gloria Stuart, unconscious from a gangster beating, catches the eye of philandering chief surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence her, and there is great adventure, some fine pathos (contributed by David Manners and Vince Barnett), and a rousing climax. Kiddies, though, might sleep better for not seeing it.

A NEW adventure of dashing detective Thatcher Colt (Adolphe Menjou). This time he unravels the mystery when rivalry between husband Dwight Frye and lover Donald Cook leads to the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen in the midst of her art. Excellent circus atmosphere and a wow finish make this an extremely palatable dish for lovers of mystery and adventure fare.

DIFFICULT to appraise beyond reporting that there’s nothing of Max Miller’s book in it except the title. The difficulty lies in the fact that the story is a concoction of hokum melodrama about a fisherman (Ernest Torrence) who smuggles Chinamen, and gets caught when newspaper reporter Ben Lyon works on his daughter (Claudette Colbert); yet the actors turn this material into a grand show. Our guess is you’ll like it.
BARMERS Wheeler and Woolsey are such nuts, the American Indians decide to send them to the Peace Conference in Geneva. Villain Louis Calhern, a bullet manufacturer, sets siren Marjorie White to stop them; and that's about all the sense there is to it. The nonsense sometimes is good and sometimes awful; this is not the best Wheeler and Woolsey we've seen. Pretty girls, though, help the eye appeal.

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount

EDDIE LOWE, a fast-working "con" man, wins the love of mission-girl Nancy Carroll, and she follows him through fair weather and foul—mostly foul. She plugs away; however, at his reform, and seems to have won the day, when Eddie gets double-crossed and also killed. Well acted by these principals and Bob Armstrong, Warren Hymer, Lew Cody, Grant Mitchell, Luis Alberni, Dorothy Burgess; not extraordinary.

LILLY TURNER—First National

ONE man goes insane and is committed to an asylum because of her; another takes to drink; a third loses his great opportunity in life—and no one gets anywhere. Including Ruth Chatterton, who causes the desolation. There is simply no excuse for the picture having been made. George Brent, Frank McHugh and Guy Kibbee suffer for her through endless reels. You'll suffer, too, if you sit it out!

SEX in the raw—all about a "fine old Southern family" girl (Miriam Hopkins) who leads men on only to let them down, until she encounters the gangster Trigger (Jack LaRue). Finally she shoots him and confesses all, to save a man on trial for killing one of Trigger's victims. Like good soldiers, the players do well, thus adding quinine to the already bitter draught provided by plot. Not for children.

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO-Radio

A MYSTERY thriller that starts quickly and keeps up the pace from murder to murder, with the sinister Black Ace at the bottom of the gory doings. Banker Grant Mitchell takes an airplane to escape death, promised for "tomorrow at seven," but his fate strikes on time to the minute. Thereupon writer Chester Morris uncovers the villain, and two rousing fights end the villainy.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62—Warner

DISMISSED from the diplomatic service, William Powell turns private detective, in a crooked agency run by Arthur Hohl. One of his jobs is to frame Margaret Lindsay; but he marries her instead and shows up the crooks. Margaret's work is fine; but Bill Powell's smooth playing merely emphasizes the mediocrity of plot and direction.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 93]
A Rebel Against Life

But Miriam Hopkins has no quarrel with life itself. She drinks its full measure.

By May Allison Quirk

A Southern girl who refused to remain homely; who refused to conform to the traditions of her birthplace. Miriam Hopkins in the name rôle of "The Story of Temple Drake" no longer surprises her fellow townsmen.

You can't pigeon-hole the Hopkins person. She fits no mold. Just when you think you've analyzed her, go her typed, she throws everything into reverse with all the dynamic force of that old rebel leader himself, Major Cutter, who is one of her ancestors.

To this day, Miriam's mother expects only the unexpected from her offspring.

Take the matter of beauty, for instance.

Years ago, Mrs. Hopkins used to look wistfully at her second daughter as she grew long-legged, freckled faced and flat-chested. She had been one of the great belles of the South herself. No doubt, she hoped her two daughters would inherit her charm and flair for social matters.

But here was Miriam, the youngest, growing up without a trace of looks, other than that mop of pale gold hair. She needn't have worried about the lack of beauty in the younger Hopkins, however.

While Miriam was passing through that awkward, chrysalis stage she managed to make quite a career for herself. Her path of progress took her swiftly from school to the chorus of a Broadway show, through that to small parts in other musical comedies, and finally into the ingénue lead of a dramatic production.

If her physical graces were not exceptional, she made up for it in mental courage. She tackled anything.

Many Broadway casts bore her name without leaving any greater impression on the New York public other than that of an acceptable ingénue.

Then almost overnight, it seemed, something happened to the Hopkins girl. She budded and blossomed.

New York became conscious of the physical charm of Miriam Hopkins. From being a good little ingénue, with a mop of pale gold hair and rather bad carriage, she turned into an actress of such physical allure as to set the bald heads wagging and the pulses tingling.

Another apple cart capsized.

In "Lysistrata," that Greek comedy of war and sex, Miriam came to full bloom as one of the most luscious eyeballs behind the footlights.

I hadn't known her personally before that time, but I had wondered many times how she had come so far. I met her shortly after the "Lysistrata" triumph and her success was no longer a mystery to me.

I encountered a devastating candor of thought and speech and a mind as sensitive as a hair trigger. With every move of her expressive, nervous hands and her crisp way of talking she belied her Southern birth. Expect only the unexpected from Miriam.

When Paramount made her an offer for pictures, she wasn't at all enthusiastic. People [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]
ENIGMATIC, this lad Gene Raymond, the appealing boy of "Zoo in Budapest," who's really a strapping athlete. He eats heartily, yet stays slim; dislikes being called a platinum blond, though he is. But he's most sphinxlike when someone asks which lady has engaged his affections. We'll see him soon in Columbia's "Ann Carver's Profession"
EVERYONE is picking cotton this summer—especially Hollywood! Gloria Stuart wears this delightful red and white gingham in her new picture called "It's Great to Be Alive." It's youthful and cool looking with a high collar of white organie ruffles, tying in a bow at front. An undersleeve of white organie is edged with gingham and topped by three organie ruffles. Gloria's belt is organie with a white buckle—shoes to match her dress.

MESH belts are smart accessories for your summer dresses. One of the newest designs is sketched above. The mesh is formed by alternating squares of pastel enamel and silver, the clever buckle is silver. You will be charmed with the variety of costume colors to be had in these—blue, green, white, and others.
SOME would call this a necklace, but it is really more like a collar that fits snugly about the neck. The mesh is the same as that in the belt except in solid colors without the silver. It comes in matching colors so that you may form a very smart ensemble with the two pieces. Grand with higher necklines.

MARIAN NIXON wears this attractive blue piqué hat with the dress shown at the right. It is a sailor with the brim turned up at back. Ric-rac braid and blue tassel make the interesting trimming.

MARIAN'S dress is another type of cotton which you should have in your wardrobe this summer. The blue piqué skirt is topped by a sleeveless jacket of the same. Blue and white polka dotted sleeves and collar on the organdie blouse add a crisp accent. The frill down the front of the blouse and the under collar are piped in blue. Rita Kaufman designed this for "Five Cents a Glass."
White For Your Coat And Suits

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. ... Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 110.

BEBE DANIELS is a blithe young poster artist in "Cocktail Hour" and this is one of the good looking costumes she wears. It's a white coat, designed by Kalloch to look coachman-like. The sleeves puff out to give that "tray" shoulder effect. A pert overseas cap! Bebe's brunette hair and the dark scarf contrast perfectly with her smart white outfit.

YOU'LL have no packing worries if you use this new light-weight luggage designed for air travel. Each case weighs less than three pounds, yet the capacity is marvelous. Fabric with zip top.
Two Favorite Summer Styles

THE wide T-strap sandal is a great favorite this season. This one in white Artillery calf is a perfect complement for tailored or sports clothes. Perforated detail.

WHAT could be cooler or more useful than this trim white suit worn by Lilian Bond? A navy blue and white printed blouse gives the smart dark-with-white accent. Lilian's jacket buttons down the front and has two clever "reefer-like" pockets on either side. A Nancy of Hollywood model.

ANOTHER grand summer suit is this one in a new silk linen which Ruth Hall will wear in "I'll Be Hanged if I Do." The jacket, slightly fitted, fastens tuxedo-fashion in front. The bright plaid blouse has a jaunty scarf collar. Another design by Nancy of Hollywood.
Here's what Gloria Stuart wears on a summer evening in her role of a wealthy young New Yorker in "It's Great to Be Alive." And isn't it just the perfect thing for your dancing evenings? Pale green striped organdie with puff sleeves and demure sailor collar of white taffeta. The bodice has a high waist-line.

Blue and white cord mesh makes this T-strap sandal both a smart and a practical choice for resort wear. You will find that you need several pairs to match your costumes. A versatile shoe for beach, sports and general uses—and quite within the budget!

This is Travis Banton's idea of what a gay young co-ed may wear for late afternoon and early evening campus activities! Lona Andre wears it in "College Humor." Pale pink satin with graceful sleeves of pleated chiffon edged with satin. Almost tailored is the blouse with its peplum of pleated satin. That wide belt is rose crepe—charming!
AN answer to feminine prayers is this new bathing cap that gives a soft contour to the face. Haven't you wished for a cap design that would give your face a break when the hair was tucked in? Crepe rubber with a beguiling dip over one eye!

HOLLYWOOD is favoring either patterned or ribbed weaves in bathing suits. Thus this clever suit is typical of the stars' choice. A brassiere uplift in front and the back has a new adjustable sunback achieved by ties.
FROM the day she broke home ties at York, England, to play in London, Dorothy Mackaill has done as she liked. Now she's happy being Mrs. Neil Miller; so long term studio contracts just don't interest her. But she did do one film with Clark Gable — just to study at first hand that he-man technique everyone was raving about. She approved
Lemon Coconut Cake...

O-LA-LA, such a time, after such a three months! No wonder Henry Garat sighed a huge sigh of relief as he sank into his chair on the "Europa," vacation bound to France after three months opposite Janet Gaynor in "Adorable."

Last minute retakes had parted him from his baggage in Hollywood, forcing a week's living in one suit. When he changed his American money for French, the gold situation nicked him for several hundred dollars. At the last minute, he found the "Europa" would get him home quicker—but all the special food for the dog was on the "Leviathan." The French consul and a motorcycle police squad were needed to retrieve it.

But it was worth it! Again, o-o-la-la—from the man who'd been so afraid of Hollywood, afraid of the beautiful vamps, the terrible cruelty he'd read about.

"Eat was wond'rous, he said. "Everybody so very nice. But everything that could happen, happen to me there."

"That day we go to Caliente. Just as we come out to get into my car, pool... something had gone wrong with the ignition and she caught fire... So big fires. The firemen come, but my car is too bad. We go weeth friends to Caliente. But I was sorry. They all gamble—I try. First I win 80. Then I play again and I lose 150. My wife had stored away $20 or we could not eat next day."

"When we got back to Hollywood," added Betty, Henry's charming English wife, aged twenty-three; "we were terribly tired. So Henry lay down to rest before going that night for retakes. I was just coming upstairs when everything began to rock. Henry jumped up and rushed into the hall. 'I am sick,' he called. 'Everything go round.'"

Hours later they heard it was a quake.

Then Betty told her unforgettable Hollywood experience.

"Henry's birthday was always our day together," she said, "and always prepared a coconut lemon layer cake for him—that's his favorite, you know. So I made one. For the last touch I wrote with lemon icing, 'To Henry from Betty-—Happy Birthday.' At seven o'clock he rang the front doorbell, and set down a package on the hall table—a coconut lemon layer cake—"To Henry from Janet!"

"It took the edge completely off my cake. But I understood. Miss Gaynor was just being nice to his leading man. And she knew he liked lemon coconut better than any other cake. So I became in that moment a Hollywood wife."

"Yes," Henry laughed. "Little Janet she want to make me feel at home. She is so very sweet, so very delicate, such a tiny delicate voice, too..."

They'll be back in August for another romantic role with little Janet Gaynor—Janet of the lemon coconut birthday cake. By the way—the name's pronounced Gar-rah.

A "New Deal" in Actors...

YOU can take a long lingering look (and you will, don't worry) at this Franchot Tone person, who acted in "Today We Live" and "Gabriel Over the White House," and realize that here he is at last. The type of "new deal" actor Hollywood has needed so long.

He isn't overwhelmed in the least by Hollywood. Franchot's been places, knows real people, and isn't impressed by Hollywood's blondes.

You'll seldom read his name in cheap gossip columns. He's here to work. The answer to the producers' cry when they discovered that motion picture audiences did rate higher than twelve years old in mentality.

Franchot Tone is a young lad of good family and means. He needn't have acted for a living.

But he chose acting because he liked it. And went seriously about mastering it. Acted in college plays at Cornell University. Became president of the drama league. Finished Cornell in three and one-half years and won a Phi Beta Kappa pin.

After school, it was stock in Buffalo. After stock, New York. Not Broadway. Into a little theater in Greenwich Village, Franchot went and worked. Hard.

At last, he was ready for Broadway. He appeared in "The Age of Innocence," as a middle-aged man and played it so expertly, few people ever realized that a mere youth was behind that role. Then on to "Red Dust," "Hotel Universe," "Green Grow the Lilacs," "Pagan Lady," "Theatre Guild, Group Theatre, and with all this behind him—Hollywood.

Franchot lives at the beach with Tommy Thompson, his friend. Having had luxuries all his life, theatrical mansions with hysterial swimming pools fail to impress him. A Korean boy tends to the housework. Franchot actually shipped his old Ford on from New York.

Simply because he liked it. He goes out very little. Would rather play checkers with Tommy. Has two dogs—"Mata Hari," the dachshund, and scottie "Yoo Hoo," a present from Joan Crawford.

He's not especially good looking, as the artists portray movie actors. He has plain brown hair, brown eyes, and a grand voice. But he gives that feeling of assurance some doctors do when the tummy aches.

"We've got to learn in movies," Franchot said one day, "to take it easy. It's too tense. Every scene is played exactly as if it were the grand climax of the play. Everyone is tied up in knots. We'll learn to relax and then we'll be all right."

And somehow, the way he said it, not egotistically but just reassuringly, one knew everything would be right.

And he's normal. Except for two things. His name, pronounced Fran-show; and he'll never go honeymooning to Niagara Falls. He was born there.
THE extreme sophistication of Carole Lombard’s latest coiffure created for “The Eagle and the Hawk” convinces us that one need not be bobbed to look very chic. That engaging bang contrasts charmingly with the braid at the neck. Significant, these long screen coiffures.

Perhaps an attic or forgotten drawer may yield a braid with which to disguise your short locks in this regal manner for evening. Perfect with a sheer dance frock. That bang, which lengthens the head, shortens the face, is suggested only if your eyes are large, features delicate.
The severity of the back is tempered by oblique tiers of ringlets. A harmonious touch is the swirl of the bang repeated at the back. This is a lovely arrangement for hair rich in color or texture; those wide swirls give it full play.

Wynne Gibson finds a light wave set lotion helpful in arranging her hair. She stresses the desirability of a thin lotion to be sprayed on. Her preparation comes with attached spray. Is lightly scented.

Another version of the bang designed for Genevieve Tobin in "Pleasure Cruise" by Denis Phillips, and an ideal summer coiffure. It is cool, becoming with and without a hat, requires only a handful of curls, easily obtainable by permanent or finger-wave. The piece de resistance, that bang, is very obliging, for you can both comb and curl it a number of ways. Up-keep is very small.

What can approach the allure of fragrant hair? Kathleen Burke illustrates one of the newest Hollywood fads. While hair is damp from shampoo, a perfume lotion is applied by the operator. Perfume clings.
PATRICIA ELLIS shows you a real studio make-up trick—that of using a Chinese brush to apply lip paste. Outline the mouth carefully, then fill in with the rouge. If the color is too heavy, blot gently with tissue. This is especially recommended for evening.

MIRIAM shows the second step to lovely lashes that defy detection—trimming them to the right length. Many Hollywood stars apply them only to the outer corner. This creates a glamorous sweep in the Garbo manner.

HOW art may aid nature in luxuriant lashes is depicted by Miriam Jordan. An infinitesimal globule of paste is touched to the natural lash, the artificial lash attached to the real one.

A BEAUTY practice almost as old as beauty, itself, and one undoubtedly followed by our great-grandmothers. Patricia Ellis uses a towel to gently mould back her cuticle whenever she washes her hands. Every girl may well do this.
Poetic Values
In Powder And Rouge

If you use a flat powder puff, try folding it as Una does hers. This prevents scattering of your powder and presses the powder more permanently on your skin. Many of us need to change our powder at this season, possibly to one or two shades darker.

The same rouging principles apply to cream rouge, as illustrated by Una Merkel. As a rule, cream rouge is advisable for the initial application, dry rouge is suggested for a touch-up now and then. For lasting make-up.

Una Merkel's rouge puff is carefully poised at the vital color area for the average young face. The advisability of applying rouge high on the full part of the cheeks, blending toward the temples, cannot be over-stressed for a natural and soft appearance.

Dorothy Jordan is using one of those new one-hand lipsticks. A flip of the thumb and it opens. Dorothy's skin is fair, so she chooses a flamingo or blush shade, both with rose tone.

(For more beauty tips turn to page 30)
GLORIA SWANSON back in Hollywood sunshine after a sojourn in foggy England making "Perfect Understanding." When the curious ask her if she has come to stay, she mentions vaguely a farm in France and reminds them that she and Michael left the children in Switzerland. Nor will Mr. Farmer tell. Says he, "No definite plans"
Why risk a single washing failure — it costs DOLLARS!

A BARGAIN? YES—but one wrong washing may wipe out ALL you save! Keep it like new all season long this simple way

"IN TIMES LIKE THESE," women say, "every dollar counts! We can't afford to have a single dress or sweater spoiled in washing. We simply have to keep things looking new.

"That's why, nowadays, we are insisting on safe Lux."

CAN YOU afford to risk a single precious dollar? You needn't! Lux is made to protect every kind of washable fabric... all the brilliant beauty of color, too. Through one washing... through scores. All season long!

Gentle Lux draws out the soil and perspiration safely. There's no harmful alkali as there often is in ordinary soaps to fade and shrink things. There's no cake-soap rubbing to streak color, ruin texture. If it's safe in water alone, it's safe in Lux.

Many things you thought had to be cleaned can be Luxed. It's so easy... and because Lux keeps your precious things new looking so much longer, you'll find clothes money goes twice as far. A worth-while saving!

FOR DISHES, TOO: Inexpensive beauty care—Lux in the dishpan. Keeps hands white for 14 a day.

Save colors—save fabrics with Safe LUX
Recent portrait of MARIAN NIXON, fascinating screen star. Read how this lovely star's advice brought happiness to Miss Autumn Sims, of Cincinnati

"I followed Marian Nixon's advice—"

3 "So I started right away to use Lux Toilet Soap regularly, as Marian Nixon says she does. Then I watched my skin very carefully..."
"I'm certainly glad I followed Marian Nixon's advice," says Miss Autumn Sims of Cincinnati. "A few years ago men seemed to like me well enough, but something was lacking, and I couldn't help knowing it. When it came to dates and flowers some other girl was likely to win out."

"Marian Nixon was my favorite star. I've always thought her adorable. One night it occurred to me that following her complexion advice might make me more attractive."

Stop being satisfied with a complexion that isn't truly exquisite. Have the kind of skin that wins. It doesn't take much time or money. I use the simplest care in the world because I've found it the very best care. I use regularly gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. It protects my skin perfectly - keeps it always smooth and soft.

"I knew the trick was turned when men began to pay me the kind of attention I'd always longed for. I realized for the first time what a tremendous difference lovely skin makes. Do you wonder I'm grateful to Marian Nixon?"

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 696 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the official soap in all the large film studios. Let it beautify your skin!
Mr. WESTMORE is making-up Gloria Mossman. Gloria's left brow is too high, heavy. Right brow shows correct line but her own brow interferes. Right eye is good; left, bad.

I WISH every reader of this department could have been with me recently when Perc Westmore, one of the famous make-up twins, Perc and Ern, gave a demonstration of screen make-up at the Warner Brothers' studio. A player from the lot, Gloria Mossman, was chosen. Her make-up was strictly professional for the screen, but Mr. Westmore mentioned many vital points that apply to us all personally.

Gloria first cleansed her face thoroughly with cream, then washed it with soap and water. Then Mr. Westmore patted on a number twenty-seven grease paint. He admonished us never to rub anything on our faces, always to pat it gently. Rubbing can break down tissue and injure it; patting will never harm. Remember this when you apply your creams and especially rouge and powder. Never try to grind make-up into your skin; rather put it on your skin.

The most interesting work began with Gloria's eyes. She made up one in her accustomed fashion; Mr. Westmore made up the other, according to his artistic make-up theories. Let us consider this eye. He thinks the brow should follow the bony ledge above the eye. This is an infallible rule for attractive and flattering brows. Let this idea, then, serve as a guide for you who want to shape your brows. The distance, then, from the brow to the eye will usually be the same as the width of the opened eye. Mr. Westmore advocates a curved or arched line; he considers straight lines masculine and points to Garbo and Dietrich as two stars made masculine by straight lines. The brow should be about as long as the eye and tapered at the end. Here is where a deft touch of your eye-brow pencil comes in.

The actual eye make-up is especially interesting. With a lining pencil, Mr. Westmore drew a line on the upper lid, perhaps a sixteenth of an inch from the lash-line. He explained that if this line is too close to the lashes it gives a blunted, uncertain effect. Perhaps you've noticed this in photographs at times. A light line is now drawn from the inner corner outward, perhaps a quarter of an inch, depending upon size of the eye. A similar line is drawn from slightly beyond the outer corner inward, so that the center of the eye is unlined. This frames, enlarges, accents the eye yet does not detract from the expression which must register through the pupil itself. A light application of mascara finishes this procedure.

If you use shadow, Mr. Westmore thinks it should extend from the brow to the lash-line, the color concentrated at the latter and fading toward the brow. Brown fulfills most shadow needs except for the very fair-skinned, when a blue-gray is suggested. Never, never use shadow beneath the eye.

You can do almost anything with a mouth through the medium of rouge. For pictures, rouge is often applied with a Chinesen brush and if your own rouge is fairly soft you will find this a grand dressing-table trick. The ideal mouth extends as far as the eye pupil and has a slight upward tilt at the corners. Mr. Westmore decried the "depression mouth," as he calls it and said that every girl with a drooping mouth should give the upper lip a slight touch of rouge at the corners to lift it. When your upper lip is perfected, draw it lightly over the lower one. This will show you exactly where to place the rouge there.

Powder should be pressed on gently and generously, then dusted off with a brush that comes for this purpose. If you have lines in your skin be sure to smooth them out before powdering, either by relaxing the face or smoothing the skin between the fingers. Otherwise, the powder will cover merely the top skin, leaving the lines more pronounced than ever.

The average young face should rouge the full part of the cheeks blending it lightly toward the temples. If your eyes are tired or shadowed, bring the rouge lightly almost to the lash-line. This does wonders for a weary face.
"The secret of perfect make-up I learned from Hollywood's make-up genius, Max Factor... that my powder, rouge and lipstick must be in color harmony to blend with my own complexion colorings. You know that for years Max Factor has created make-up for the stars and the studios of Hollywood, so it is only natural that I follow his advice for both screen and street make-up. Perhaps these suggestions will help you to find new beauty with make-up."

1. "For my colorings... blonde hair, blue eyes and fair skin... I use Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Its color harmony tone is perfect for me... and it creates a sati-smooth make-up that clings for hours, which every screen star depends upon. And here's a hint about powdering... always pat it on, removing surplus with the face powder brush."

2. "Pat on a touch of rouge following the natural curve of the cheekbone... and then soften the edges by blending with the finger tips. To be sure of correct color harmony, I use Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge... its delicate texture and creamy smoothness help a lot in blending a beautiful, soft coloring."

3. "Always dry your lips and keep them dry when applying lipstick. Make up the upper lip first and trace this lip contour on lower lip by simply compressing lips together; then fill in. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes my make-up color harmony. It's moisture-proof, permanent in color, lasts all day... three good reasons why I use it."

P. S. — "Of course, in my new picture, "Ex-Lady" I use Max Factor's Make-Up exclusively, too. In fact, in every picture from every studio you can actually see how perfect Max Factor's Make-Up is."

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices... Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

For your own personal make-up harmony chart, mail coupon to Max Factor.

MAX FACTOR'S SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Cosmetics of the Stars • HOLLYWOOD
Face Powder... Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

© 1933 Max Factor
Buster Crabbe again springs to the foreground, but this time as a movie star and champion swimmer. Letters came from every corner of the globe asking about him.

Sports enthusiasts, who are acquainted with his swimming records, want to know about his private life. Movie-goers want to know about both. And here they are.

Buster was born about 25 years ago in Oakland, Calif. His boyhood days were spent in Hawaii. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 188 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He attributes his fine physique to swimming. Learned it from the natives of Honolulu, he left the University of Hawaii after his first year and entered the University of Southern California, graduating from there in 1932.

Twice represented the U.S. in the Olympic Games, once in Amsterdam and last year in Los Angeles, where he captured the 400-meter championship. He holds five world swimming records, and thirty-five national championships.

Is also credited with having saved twenty-two persons from drowning, while he was a life-guard during his summer vacations. He and Johnny Weissmuller are boom pals. Prior to winning the role of the Lion Man in "King of the Jungle" Buster appeared in a small part in "That's My Boy" for Columbia.

His real name is Clarence Linden Crabbe (pronounced Crab). He speaks the Hawaiian language like a native, show him a ukulele, guitar or piano, and he'll show you some expert playing on any of them. If he hasn't made good in pictures at the end of a year, he plans to study law.

On April 13 of this year, Buster and Adah Virginia Held eloped to Yuma, Ariz. Their friendship began two years ago when he was a student at the University of Southern California.

Ruth A. Ishoff, Fullerton, Mo.—Yes'm, those long luxurious eyebrows of Garbo's are very costly to keep up. She used to wear a 35-K AAA when she goes shopping. Helen Hayes won the Academy Award for the best acting last year. So what—you Garbiniacsas?

Frank Dillard, Weston, W. Va.—Cecilia Parker uses her own name in pictures. She was born in Fort William, Ont., Canada, on April 26, 1914. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 115 and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Received her education in Hollywood. Had no stage experience prior to her movie debut. She is an accomplished pianist and has a voice cultured for opera. Her nationality? Well, you figure it out. She says she is English, Irish, Welsh, German and Swiss. Her latest picture is "Unknown Valley" with Buck Jones.

Sally Akins, Boulder, Colo.—Hope this settles the argument. John Gilbert is not related to the Barrymores. Who started that rumor, anyway?

J. Nadel, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Twenty years ago Paramount made "The Count of Monte Cristo" with James O'Neill in the role of Edmond Dantes, the Count. O'Neill made this character famous on the stage for many years. In 1922 Fox made another version of this famous Dumas tale with John Gilbert in the role of Dantes.

Irene Roberts, Chicago, Ill.—Irene, here's what I know about Rafaela Ottocino, the lady who played the part of Russian Rita in "The Three Musketeers." Rafaela was born in Venice, Italy, on March 4, 1896. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 130 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. She was associated with the stage for twenty years, appearing in "The Great Lover," "Sherlock Holmes," "Diamon Lil," "Grand Hotel," and other well-known productions. Made her movie debut in "Grand Hotel." This was followed by "As You Desire Me," "The Washington Masquerade," and "Bon voyage." She watched for her in the new Lilian Harvey-John Boles musical romance, "My Life Betrayed."

Mac West is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., born there on August 17, 1900. She has blonde hair and violet eyes. Her new picture is titled "I'm No Angel."

Susan Dean, New York City, N. Y.—Greta Garbo returned to California, via the Swedish freighter, Annie Christie. I mean Annie Johnson, April 30. Her contract calls for two pictures a year, the first of which will be "Queen Christina."

Danny Costigan, Cleveland, O.—Why all the interest in red heads, Danny? Here are a few of the popular brick-tops—Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, James Cagney, Ginger Rogers, Charles Bickford, Peggy Shannon and William Gargan. I am sure if you will visit the drug or department stores of Cleveland, you can get the cosmetics you inquired about. If not, you will find an advertisement in this issue which will tell you how to obtain the articles you want.

Margaretta Mansell, Cramlingtonshire, Eng.—John Barrymore is 5 feet, 10 inches tall. Lionel tops him by two inches. In "Grand Hotel" Lionel appeared shorter because his role called for him to look "stooped." Carlotta King was the beautiful leading lady in "The Desert Song."

Donald Stahl, Beechres, Ohio.—Shake, feller! Your kind words cheered me up. Richard Cromwell recently signed a new contract with Columbia and his name now appears on our address page.

Miss Arna G. McVee, Hamlet, N. C.—You didn't tell me the name of the picture or the film company. I wanted to reach it Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. However, the address of that company is Culver City, Calif.

Mrs. H. G. Gilbin, Albany, Cape.—Gloria Swanson's infant daughter was christened Michele. Gloria has two other children, a daughter by her second marriage and a son by adoption.

Ralph Martínez, San Francisco, Calif.—Ramón Novarro was born in Durango, Mex; Rosita Moreno, in Pachuca, Mex; and Conchita Montenegro in San Sebastian, Spain. Ramon is 34 years old; Rosita 23, and Conchita 22. Ricardo Cortez was born in New York City on Sept. 19, 1899. His real name is Jacob Kranz.

Muriel Carter, San Antonio, Tex.—Fredric March was born on August 31, 1898, and christened Frederick McIntyre Bickel. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Some of his more recent pictures are "Merry We Go To Hell," "Sinning Through," "The Sign of the Cross," and "Tonight Is Ours." His latest is "The Eagle and the Hawk."

Laure Kayne, Summit, N. J.—Another March follower. Fredric has been doing picture work since 1928. Before that he was on the stage. Among the plays he appeared in were "Shavings," "Tarnish," and "Devil in the Cheese." He was married to Florence Edlidge, well-known stage and screen actress, on May 30, 1927. Last October they adopted a baby girl and christened her Penelope.

A Friend, Yonkers, N. Y.—Mustn't fight, Helen. I don't want you to look like "The Brute" which was a title of a picture in 1927. I am not sure, but I think it was "Dive." Now to settle the bet. The players in your "Our Dancing Daughters" were Joan Crawford, John Mack Brown, Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page, Kathryn Williams, Nils Asther and Edward Nugent.
Now! Hollywood's Smartest Fashions for July, 1933

The Styles of the Stars at Work and at Play!

From the Style Show of the Studios come "Hollywood Fashions"... a monthly pageant of all that is new and smart in latest motion picture wardrobes! Now you may choose the styles you most admire from costumes of favorite stars!

Faithful copies of the smartest styles worn by the most fashionable actresses at work and at play (see Pages 64-69) are selected by Seymour, Photoplay's stylist, and sold at modest prices by prominent stores (See Page 110).

A "Hollywood Fashion" for July is this charming suit of washable silk, only one of the colorful styles shown in Photoplay's fashion section this month and reproduced through the courtesy of Lilian Bond! Its charming original was chosen for her personal wardrobe by Miss Bond herself; see her in Columbia's smartly costumed picture play, "When Strangers Marry."

If "Hollywood Fashions" Are Not Sold in Your City

Send Photoplay Your Name, Address and the Store You Patronize, on the Margin Below
and nervous. You should have seen the change in her after a few weeks of my treatment.

Now here's something you might not believe, but I swear it's true.

WHEN I first went to Joan Bennett, her complexion was not so good.

Don't ask me about make-up and proper powders and things like that—there's somebody else's job—but what I did for Joan was to work on her complexion from the inside out. I put her on my complexion diet. Remember that she wasn't too fat—except in the calves of her legs and her hips and this I took off with massage and exercise. But I didn't need to give her a reducing diet. What she needed was to get herself in a good condition so that her skin would clear up.

And here's the diet:

First thing in the morning take half glass of mineral water. That's to clear out the intestinal tract.

BREAKFAST

Any fresh fruit in season with cream (if strawberries and blackberries are too sour use a little sugar)

One coddled egg (and don't tell me you've forgotten how to cook a coddled egg—I told you in the April issue)

Two or three slices of rye crisp (don't faint at that amount. I told you it wasn't a reducing diet) with butter and honey

Coffee

At eleven o'clock a glass of orange juice

LUNCH

Two heaping tablespoons of cottage cheese
Two lettuce leaves
One whole sliced tomato
(These three foods taken together are wonderful for the complexion)

Lemon juice dressing

Small baked potato with butter (and eat the skin)

Glass of skimmed milk or buttermilk

At four a glass of tomato juice

DINNER

Celery (and eat the leaves, too)
Jellied consommé or clear soup

Any grilled, broiled, boiled or baked meat that isn't greasy

Three vegetables (one starchy and two non-

Starch is needed in this diet)

Green salad (lettuce, endive or watercress)
Small ice cream, gelatin or fresh fruit
Small piece of angel food cake

Demi-tasse

Before going to bed at night, glass of grapefruit juice.

Now I promise you that this diet won't put on excess weight.

It's well balanced and not heavy. It gives you plenty of nourishment.

But remember this, it won't do your complexion a bit of good if you slump when you walk and sit, because when you slump you cramp your liver, and a sluggish liver will cause all sorts of complexion difficulties.

I wish you could have seen Joan when I first took her and then again after I had her under my care for a few weeks. At first her complexion was sallow and her skin was bad from irregular diet. But, believe me, I stirred up her circulation and got her system working correctly.

You must take care of your skin from the outside, too.

Use good creams and powders; but you've got to be well and healthy before you can really have a marvelous skin.

JOAN never varied from my treatment. She took it all like a little soldier. Oh, she's independent, like every Bennett. She's no gentle Julia. She knows her own mind and she speaks her little piece, but she knows her own mind well enough to realize that she wanted to be as lovely as she could be. She was smart as a whip—like every Bennett—and that's why she said, "Yes, darling," when I told her what to do.

Because she knew what I could do for her.

So there, girls, learn a lesson from a Bennett. Take your exercises daily. Clear up your skin with that diet.

Hold your head up. Throw those shoulders back. Walk as if you owned the world, instead of as if you were ashamed to be seen on the street.

Why, look—you feel better and look better already.

And don't let your Aunt Sylvia catch you slumping again!

Answers by Sylvia

NERVOUS BLOTCHING

Dear Sylvia:

Maybe you'll think I'm silly but whenever I get nervous, red splotches come out on my face and hands. I wish you'd tell me what to do about it.

M. L., Portland, Me.

Well, that's an easy one. Don't get nervous. Honestly, that's just what I mean. You can care and control your nerves. Go on a good, sensible diet. The one I've given this month—the one I gave Joan Bennett for her complexion—would be fine.

Drink plenty of grapefruit juice before going to bed. That will relax you. Take good brisk exercises every morning. Don't take hot baths—warm showers instead.

And stop thinking about yourself! Nine times out of ten nervous people are selfish people.

Get outside interests, and you'll find you're not half so nervous.

REDDUCING

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I've followed your reducing diet and have lost fifteen pounds.

That's not bad, but it's true. But I still want to take off a lump of fat over each hip and diet doesn't seem to do that.

Mrs. R. L. T., Omaha, Neb.

Diet will reduce you all over but you've got to work on those lumps of fat with the two hands God gave you. Squeeze that fat off. You can if you have the courage. Just dig in with your hands and squeeze and break down that fatty tissue. Then, with a Turkish towel over the lumps, pound and pound and pound with the palms of your hands. If you had enough power to stay on the diet, you've got enough power to do that!

My Dear Sylvia:

I'm only twenty-three years old. Don't you think it's terrible that I'm getting a "space tire" around my middle? Do you know anything I can do about it?

W. H. L., Baton Rouge, La.

You bet it's terrible. And I certainly know what you can do about it. Here's the exercise. Stand with your hands on your hips and your feet straight to the front. Now move your torso in a large circle, bending over so that you can feel the upper part of your body smushing down on that spare tire. Do this twenty or thirty times a day. Just break down those fat tissues. As you're doing this knead your waistline with your hands as if you were kneading dough.

Go to it, you're too young to be getting fat. But, for that matter, there's no woman old enough to be fat.

ANEMIA AND REDUCING

Dear Sylvia:

I'd love to get thin but I'm slightly anemic and feel that I shouldn't go on a diet. But I do want to get thin.

P. E. C., Montgomery, Ala.

I love to get hold of you "slightly anemic" girls. You can get thin just like the rest of the girls by curing the slight anemia with simple remedies. Here they are: Eat plenty of liver. Have it every day. Then boil turnip tops in water, letting them simmer slowly until all the juice is cooked out. Squeeze off this juice and drink as much of it as you can—three or four glasses a day. I'll admit it's not the best drink in the world, but it's not so bad. When you're doing that, you can take my reducing diets.

"LATE DINNER" TROUBLE

Dear Sylvia:

I think your diet is marvelous and a doctor told me that there was plenty of well-balanced nourishment on it, but my job makes it im-
possible for me to have my dinner until about eight o'clock at night. With the light luncheon I eat, I get weak before I have my dinner. Please advise.

F. H., St. Paul, Minn.

About two o'clock in the afternoon take a glass of tomato juice. At four a glass of orange juice or a cup of tea with lemon. At six you can have another glass of orange juice. That will give you plenty of strength.

DROOPING MOUTH

Dear Sylvia:
The corners of my mouth droop and it gives me such a sullen look. What can I do about it?

B. R., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Did you ever try smiling? That turns up the corners of your mouth. Simple, isn’t it? Then every night and morning, gently massage the corners of your mouth with a rotary movement to stimulate the muscles. Also, with the tips of your fingers work hard just under the cheek bones near the ear. Also, work above the cheek bones, just under the temples. Can you feel the muscles around your mouth pulling upwards? You’ve got to stimulate those muscles and make them hold up the corners of your mouth.

If you want a baby’s smooth, clear skin, use the baby’s beauty treatment

Quick! There’s no time to lose if you’re going to rival the babies in this matter of skin loveliness. Start right now to smooth up your skin—avoid drying soaps—just the way a baby does. Use pure gentle Ivory Soap.

Did you ever hear a doctor or nurse advise any fancy-smelling, colored soaps for a baby? Of course not. Only white odorless Ivory is safe enough for babies’ delicate peach-bloom complexities.

So take a tip from the youngest generation . . . It’s smart to be a baby about your soap!

Your skin needs Ivory’s purity just as much as a baby’s. So give your face pure Ivory cleansings to keep it young and smooth. And take your Ivory bath tonight. Cover yourself all over with Ivory’s creamy foam—splash, rinse—not a “dried-out” feeling after an Ivory bath.

Be honest, now. Have you ever seen your skin so shining clean . . . so baby-smooth? That’s what Ivory cleansings do to the sleepiest grown-up skins. Be grateful, too, that an Ivory bath is an odorless bath. No soap smell lingers to cover up the fragrance of his favorite scent.

And he mum when he murmurs that you’re growing lovelier every day. It’s your secret that your Ivory beauty treatments cost only a few cents at any grocer’s.

Ivory Soap

99 1/100 0/0 pure • It floats
Here's only one time when Connie Bennett does not rank among Hollywood's leaders of fashions.

She is forced to retire to the ranks during the summer.

She can't tan. And a girl who isn't tanned in Hollywood might just as well be wearing bustles.

Dorothea Wieck has upset all of Hollywood's preconceived notions of European actresses.

How she's upset them!

Pose, mystery, aloofness were expected. Garbo and Dietrich stuff.

And then this girl, brought here because of her sensational success in "Maedchen in Uniform" upset all precedents.

On the train, while crossing the California desert, all the passengers congregated in the air-cooled dining car and entertained each other with tricks.

When it came Dorothea's turn, she pulled back her hair and wiggled her ears.

And she does it for anyone who asks her—including producers.

George Raft is going Garbo-ish. He got off the train sixty-eight miles outside of Los Angeles to avoid the crowds waiting to peep at him. But the joke of it was there wasn't anyone there to see him anyway.

A good friend of his tells us that big Gary Cooper's greatest weakness is his soft heart.

He gets himself involved in romantic attachments—romantic on one side, at least—and hasn't the heart to hurt anyone, so they go on and on and on.

Suggests that Gary take a correspondence course in "How to get out of jams," and practise saying a good firm "no" in front of his mirror for ten minutes every morning.

"Wanted," the sign in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's casting office read, "one small boy with Jean Harlow's platinum hair and Clark Gable's smile."

And they're still trying to find the lad.

The news that Jack Holt and his wife are divorced will come as a surprise to many people. But the fact that they have been living apart for a year will startle even Hollywood. Jack has always been very quiet and inconspicuous in his private life, and managed to keep it pretty much out of the public eye.

We thought she was going around with Producer Howard Hughes but here is Ginger Rogers out with Lew Ayres. We simply can't keep up with Ginger. She and Lew had a grand time at the closing of the Little Club's social season at the Ambassador.
Well, what Don and Martha Sleeper were doing to the beer and the pretzels and the dance floor of the Beverly-Wilshire the other night was just like nothing at all!

JOAN MARSH is covering territory these days, driving the big Cadillac that belongs to Tommy Lee, son of Don Lee, Hollywood dealer.

If it isn’t a romance when a bad hands over his car to a girl, we don’t know what is.

NOW, sex appeal hasn’t been what we’ve all been accrediting to Lionel Barrymore, but just listen to this!

In a scene in “Dinner at Eight” Billie Burke and Lionel, as husband and wife, kiss each other. And immediately after the kiss, Billie blew up in her lines. Couldn’t remember a word. She turned to Director Cukor.

“I’m sorry, but you can’t expect anyone to get over Lionel that quickly.”

CLARA BOW didn’t want to take the cut requested by Fox.

But signing meant ten thousand dollars cash at once.

She signed. For one more picture.

Of course, Clara always has that $125,000 trust fund but the interest from that, these days, don’t go far when you count the dependents she supports.

I’m told—and good authority, too—that Clara and Rex had a little difference. Clara didn’t feel she could afford to take a mortgage on Rex’s mother’s house. When will they do away with money so girls like Clara don’t have to worry?

She’s the kind who’d like to sing and play and ride horseback and forget.

She’s gone up to Rex’s ranch to do just that until her next picture is ready.

But she can’t forget entirely because producer Sam Rork has gone right along to see that she loses those extra pounds she annexed in Europe.

MIRIAM JORDAN has a Pomeronian called “Pretty” from whom she is never separated.

The other evening, Miriam and “Pretty” were watching a movie. The picture got wild. Loud talking.

“Pretty” barked.

An usher leaned over to Miriam.

“Here’s your sixty-five cents, madame. Please leave at once.”

Now, we wonder if the usher had known who Miriam was, what would have happened?

IT’S Hollywood!

Dancing at the Beverly-Wilshire were Colleen Moore and her husband, Al Scott. Going at them from a nearby table, sat John McCormick, Colleen’s former husband.

Dining at Sardi’s were the glorious Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer. Alone at a nearby table and stealing sly glances at the two, sat Wally Beery, Gloria’s former husband.

Lunching at the Brown Derby, Norma Talmadge, radiant in a red outfit and with her was George Jessel.

Alone at a corner table, gazing at them, sat Joseph Schenck, Norma’s estranged husband.

Yes, it’s Hollywood!

PHOENIX HOISERY WITH CUSTOM-FIT TOP

ARE you among the lucky ones who aren’t afflicted? . . .

More likely—you belong to the 90% who do experience one of these common hosiery troubles—gagged thighs, too loose, too long or too short stocking tops. Now—goodbye to all that! You can have perfect comfort in Phoenix Custom-Fit Tops, which fit any size leg. They stretch both ways; up and down, round and round. And they can be garnered to any length without fear of garter runs. Wear Phoenix Hosiery with Custom-Fit Top, priced from 75c to $1.95.

NEW! . . . PHOENIX DESERT TONES, smartest hosiery colors for Summer. Featuring FIESTA, the all-occasion shade.
A CERTAIN neighborhood in Beverly Hills is a-buzz with gossip. It seems Wally Ford's little six-year-old girl has been visiting among the neighbors, telling them the astonishing news that she isn't really Mr. and Mrs. Ford's little girl. She was really born in Paris, she fabricates and, if they promise not to tell anyone, why, Ginger Rogers is her real mother.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, whose contract with Warner Brothers for $300,000 for two pictures, entailing approximately ten weeks work, made her the highest priced actress in the history of the screen, may be without a job at all this summer.

Her contract with RKO-Radio is about to expire and probably will not be renewed. And theoretically, RKO not renewing the contract, Connie will be put on the auction block of the newly organized Artists' Service Bureau to be sold to the highest bidder among motion picture companies.

It was on the "Jennie Gerhardt" set and Sylvia Sidney, Don Cook and little Cora Sue Collins sat at the breakfast table with cameras and lights turned on them.

Five times Sylvia blew up in her lines with Cora Sue never missing a line or a cue.

During the next scene, Don Cook made the errors and again Cora Sue never missed a word.

"Well," Cora Sue finally said, "I'll just get down and play 'til you two learn your lines."

And you should have seen the look on their faces.

THE next "biggest social event of the season" probably will be the wedding of Eleanor Boardman, recently divorced from King Vidor, to Harry D'Arrast, motion picture director. Such is the latest Hollywood gossip.

At the same time, D'Arrast, Vidor and two or three others are considering forming a company to produce pictures.

Seldom does an actor have a chance to stand before an audience and have them applaud him hours on end.

This was Lucien Littlefield's unique experience when he played the radio announcer in "Careless." They took all the applause takes at once!

The cameraman was puzzled. The electricians were stumped. No matter at what angle they turned the camera or the lights during the making of "Dinner At Eight," a dark smudge on Madge Evans' chin still stood out. They worried and fretted and fumed.

At last, Madge, her eyes twinkling, stepped in with the explanation. Perhaps if Mr. Barrymore would shave a bit closer, it might help. "You see, every time he kisses me, his whiskers rub off a tiny bit of my make-up. That's why the dark smudge shows."

GEORGI RAFT had scarcely completed his personal appearance tour and headed back towards Hollywood before Marjorie King, his chief interest in life, flew in by airplane.

She, too, is going to try a motion picture career, she says.

JOAN CRAWFORD takes her sun-tan with salad dressing—equal parts of olive oil and vinegar applied generously, then two hours' sunning in her own back yard.

Madge Evans, another sun-tan success, likes her vinegar straight—no oil, thank you!

WHEN Anita Louise left for New York, Tom Brown looked heart-broken. But a couple of days later, the blues were but a memory.

"What's happened, Tom? Get a special delivery letter?"

"No. I'm doing a routine with Patricia Ellis."

His old friends heard with a distinct pang that Ernest Torrence had passed away in New York.

Torrence was going to England on the Empress of Britain, but two hours before the ship sailed he decided not to attempt the voyage.

He had muscular rheumatism, he thought.

Two weeks later he underwent an operation for "an intestinal ailment and gall stones."

LATEST on the Blessed Event list—John Considine and Carmen Pantages Considine.

GEORGE RAFT has a weakness for microscopes.

The other afternoon he strolled in the prop department—and there was a microscope. George adjusted things and was busily looking, when up came a prop man.

"Looking for microbes?" asked the friendly p. m.

"Nope," answered Raft. "William Faulkner!" (author)

MARIE DRESSLER looks better than she has for years.

Every precaution was taken to protect her during the making of "Dinner At Eight." A boy placed a chair behind her wherever she was—except in the actual set. Nine times out of ten Marie kicked it out of her way and stood!

What the world needs is just some of that Marie Dressler spirit!
IT looks as if all those who called it a divorce for Sue Carol and Nick Stuart may be wrong.

Sue and Nick are starting out on another personal appearance tour, and although Sue is quoted as having made an impulsive declaration to friends—it may be just an "impulsive declaration," marriage being full of things like that.

Sue wants to return to pictures, although a substantial independent income does not render it imperative. She looks prettier than ever, and we can think of no good reason why she shouldn’t regain her once tremendous screen following if she wants to.

FREDDIE and Florence March were holding a dinner table discussion about a certain man. "He’s a bore," dismissed Freddie.

"No fair," defended Florence, "until you amplify it. Just what is a bore. If he’s a bore why is he one?"

"Well, it’s like this. When you ask him how he is, he tells you!"

Freddie won, hands down.

The stork is hovering over Hollywood again and this time the chimney he has picked on is that of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vidor. Mrs. Vidor is Karen Morley to you.

The new arrival is expected about October or November—the beauteous secretary of "Gabriel Over the White House" will retire from the screen until after the stranger shows up, and Hollywood, of course, is hoping that it will be another Karen.

PICTURE, if you can, Jack Oakie dressed to the nines in a brand-new brown suit, foulard tie (spring-ish) tan shirt and starched collar.

In all this sartorial splendor, he strolled into one of the night-spots—to be met with the sight of Peggy Hopkins Joyce ensconced at a table with Rowland Brown (director).

Exercising admirable restraint, Oakie said not a word. He merely strolled up to their table, ripped off his hard collar and hot tie, flung them with a dramatic gesture at Peggy’s feet—and marched out!

The vows that made Margaret Ettinger and Ross Shattuck man and wife had just been taken when one of the guests sneaked to the cloak room to wipe away the proverbial tears and in that cloak room were Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson. They weren’t talking. They were cuddling.

Yet, Sally Eilers has gone to Europe with a final statement that the separation is final.

MITCHELL, ten year old son of scenario-writer Agnes Christine Johnston, wanted to see "King Kong." Aggie hesitated. "I am afraid you will dream, dear." But she capitulated.

A week later, the boy asked to see it again. "I want to go because I don’t dream when I see ‘King Kong.’ I don’t have to."

"I’m taking my baby to Europe with me."

Beebe Daniels said, "I may be selfish in taking her, but I wouldn’t know a moment’s peace without her. Either she goes or those two pictures for British International go unmade." Incidentally, this is Beebe’s first trip across the sea.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90 ]

**THEN A BIG IDEA HIT HIM**

by Jimmies

A WEEK LATER

WOULDN’T MISS MY
LIFEBOU SHOWER
FOR ANYTHING. NEVER
HAD ANOTHER SOAP
FRESHEN AND PEP
ME UP SO

BET THERE’S NO
"B.O." LEFT AFTER
THAT GRAND
LATHER

"B.O." GONE — no more
sniffs from Mary Lou

HOW ABOUT GOING
SOMEWHERE TONIGHT
FOR A LITTLE DANCING,
MARY LOU? OR IS IT
TOO HOT?

IT’S NEVER
TOO HOT TO
DANCE WITH
THE RIGHT PERSON
SURE I’LL GO!

SKIN’S A LOT CLEARER AND HEALTHIER,
TOO. NO SIGNS OF THOSE PESKY BLISTERS
NOW, GETTING LIFEBOU WAS A REAL
INSPIRATION

Hot, sticky weather
but no "B.O." if—

**BATHE**

regularly with Lifebuoy.

Make it your safeguard against offending. See how much cleaner you feel than with ordinary toilet soaps.

For Lifebuoy’s rich, hygienic lather penetrates and purifies pores — stops "B.O." (body odor). Its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection.

**Tones up** "tired" skins

Lifebuoy’s bland, creamy lather gently frees pores of clogged impurities — clears and freshens complexion to healthy radiance.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.
Glen Da Farrell found a different gangster type to admire.
After going around so steadily with Allen Jenkins that we unofficial observers were thinking how nice it was for a boy and a girl, specializing in tough rôles on the screen, falling for each other in real life, Glenda crosses us up and begins going places with Jack LaRue. And is Allen burnt up!

A cameraman was trying to get some "stills" of Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in close embrace. "Hold her in your arms," he shouted.
Clark seized Jean in a fervent embrace.
"Not so tight in your arms, or so close," the cameraman yelled.
"Listen, mister," Clark twinkled, "this is the way I work. Take it this way or not at all."
The cameraman took it.

Don't tell me these Hollywood movie actresses can't take it. Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster were making a rough and tumble scene. Norman was to sock Miss Rogers squarely on the jaw. The first take, Norman let go a wallop which sent Miss Rogers off in a corner, out cold. A few minutes later she rose to her feet and, swaying groggily, said to the director, "Was that all right or shall we do it over?"

A LOT of fancy shopping usually precedes a movie star's vacation in Europe. But the first thing Ruth Chatterton bought for her European jaunt was neither a fancy frock nor a hat.
It was ten cartons of good old chewing gum. Ruth, you know, is a confirmed chewing gum addict.
At the beginning of "The White Sister," Helen Hayes' mail increased by leaps and bounds. Helen was elated until she began opening the letters. "And believe it or not," said Helen with a sigh, "they, every single one, began: "So glad you're going to play with our marvelous Clark Gable."

Janet Gaynor is going to pass up Honolulu this summer, preferring Europe. During the past several years Janet has made repeated trips to Honolulu, finally buying a place there.
Her record for journeys there and back was equalled only by that of Dorothy Mackaill. However, Dorothy met Neil Miller over there and married him—and quit.

Hurrah! Lilian Harvey has joined the "no hat" club of Hollywood and goes swinging about town with her blonde curls flying free.
Karen Morley is credited with the "no hat" fad as Karen never wears a hat except in movies.
Connie Cummings is another young woman who refuses to be bothered with a hat. One thing about it, girls, it does save the wave and helps the pocket book along.

Those four dogs Alice Brady brought to Hollywood with her know when the whistle blows it is time to quit work and go home.
But the signal is a peculiar one they have learned from long experience in the theater.
Miss Brady may go in and out of her dressing-room a dozen times a day, but as long as she has grease paint on the dogs lie quietly without making any disturbance.
But, when she removes the grease paint they begin to yelp and jump about, scarcely able to contain themselves, for they know it's time to go home.

Everybody knows that Katharine Hepburn takes her shoes off before playing an emotional scene.
But did you know she has been scowling all over the lot because Maxwell Sherman, director, wiped her overalls, had them pressed and put into a picture frame?
Patchled and biled, the overalls had been Hepburn's every working outfit since she hit Hollywood.

Sylvia Sidney has twenty-five new costumes for "Jennie Gerhardt," but eighteen of them are calico!

Clara Bow has never destroyed a fan better. She keeps them in an especially constructed vault in her Beverly Hills home, so Clara says.
Genevieve Tobin never wears a green dress because the only unsuccessful play in which she ever appeared called for her to wear three outfits. Each one green.
Lilian Harvey, Janet Gaynor and Marian Nixon are three of the tiniest girls in pictures. Lilian weighs 92 pounds, Janet 98, and Marian just 94.

Cary Grant has been in the hospital twice since the making of "She Done Him Wrong." It may be because Mac West, in order to appear taller in that picture, wore six inch heels which threw all her weight on Cary in the love scenes and practically worn him out. But Cary's willing to stay in a hospital forever, for another chance in a Mac West picture.

Phil. ("So This Is") Harris is part Indian, which must account for the pow-wows he can stir up in some of our best dancing places.
Telling little meeting cold, he stop scene disillusionment. not ing other another "pour is unique one daughter: go on Browning Jean, skirt thing.

And yet, when Jean's maid came over to her on the set to change her slippers, and Jean, in the meanest white satin gown seen in these parts recently, pulled her long trailing skirt half way up to her knee, a prop man sitting well back on the set in a canvas chair leaned over so far to look, that he fell right off on the floor! And was his pan pink!

Marie Dressler is telling this one:

A friend of many years induced her to go one afternoon to a meeting of a little literary group where the poems of Robert Browning were to be read and discussed.

With them was the friend's daughter—one of those "sweet young things."

The hours dragged on interminably while one member after the other read or attempted to read Browning's stuff.

On their way home, the mother said to the daughter:

"Well, dear, what did you think of it?"

"I don't blame Peaches for leaving him," the daughter replied.

A certain very fine actor from one of our very first acting families, has his own unique method of getting things pretty much under his own control, during any scene with another actor. He plays very close in the other actor's face, and as he talks, his adversary is liberally sprayed with a fine moisture, highly scented with good whiskey and garlic.

A trifle disconcerting, you will have to admit—for the other actor can't help wondering if he will have any make-up left, aside from the general annoyance. No indeed, we will not tell you who he is, because in all probability he is your favorite romantic screen idol, and you wouldn't sleep a wink tonight after such a disillusionment.

Four and a half hours in a swimming pool with wet clothes hanging around her. One scene which Connie Bennett made for "Bed of Roses."

And Joel McCrea, her leading man, had to stop to take a rub down so he wouldn't catch cold, while Connie never left the water.

[Please turn to page 118]

7 kinds of stains discolor teeth—Colgate's removes all seven

Many an attractive woman wonders why her teeth are often dull, lustreless—even after brushing.

She doesn't know that the things she eats and drinks put seven kinds of stains on her teeth.

She doesn't know that ordinary toothpastes will not remove all seven. That Colgate's will.

For Colgate's, unlike ordinary toothpastes, does not rely on one way of cleansing—it has two actions.

Some food stains yield to polishing action, some only to emulsive action. Both are needed to give teeth spotless lustre.

As you brush Colgate's over your teeth, it foams. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists use—completes the job of removing the stains, leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—beautiful—charming.

So stop trying to get teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only half the job. Start today using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream for 10 days. Notice what a difference it makes in your appearance—how much cleaner it gets your teeth. The large-size tube at your druggist's, only 25c.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth, use Colgate's twice a day, and see your dentist frequently.
New Beauty Secret
changed her whole Appearance!

NICE. From a fine family. Yet men were puzzled by the appearance of her lips.
So artificial ... so conspicuous. Reason enough why she switched to a lipstick that flattens the lips with rich, natural color ... banishing that painted look!

Lips naturally rose-colored!

The trouble is, you never suspect yourself of a cheap appearance. Yet any ordinary lipstick hardens your mouth with a painted look. Tangee, however, cannot make your lips look painted!

Tangee isn't paint. It's different. In the stick, Tangee is orange. Does that mean orange lips, you say? Absolutely not! Put it on. Watch it change color instantly to the one shade of bluish rose perfect for you.

Use Tangee—for alluring lips ... fresh with natural color the whole day through! Sold at drug stores and cosmetic counters. See special triple offer below.

Tangee Creme Rouge

Use Tangee Creme Rouge for perfect summer make-up! Cheeks glow all day with natural looking color ... even in swimming. For Tangee is waterproof. Greaseless ... cannot clog pores. Its vanishing cream base protects your skin.

Marlene Is Free At Last
(continued from page 31)

dollars of costs before they start. We would have no such burden if we should ever operate on our own.

Marlene paused. Her eyes were on the trees in the Paramount yard beyond the open door. I wondered if she was picturing them as trees of France or Italy or perhaps some tiny island in the Mediterranean.

"Do I understand that you will make pictures only with Mr. Von Sternberg?" I asked.

"Of course. Why must people forget that I came to the United States only because he asked me. I was pushed into being a film actress. I am not one in the usual sense, you know. I will act in his pictures or I will be his cutter or his assistant director. When he wants me to work with him, I will do so. And it does not make any difference whether it is in Hollywood or Australia.

"They have said we have separated. That is ridiculous. On the contrary, this last month has made me more certain than ever that I have always been right. If he wants me to, I will make pictures only with Mr. Von Sternberg! No, I will not make personal appearances in Europe. I will not make films for foreign companies!"

M.R. VON STERNBERG has not announced his entire plans. Contrary to reports from Europe, he did not confer with European directors about working for Marlene. He refused to grant interviews and all reports of his activities over there were hearsay.

He did make an agreement with the editor of a Netherlands newspaper that he would talk to him about American pictures but not for publication. The day following the two hour conference, this editor wrote requesting Mr. Von Sternberg's participation in a book of film promises, as an editor, he felt he owed the people of Holland the Von Sternberg view of American pictures. The director replied:

"You must not be angry with me if I prefer to continue to remain silent. It's a matter of absolute indifference to me whether I am praised or censured. Nothing I can say would ever be important. My screen work alone might be of consequence and I am not too certain about that!"

Despite this international silence, Josef Von Sternberg will have his office in Hollywood. And the business of that office will be the making of pictures.

He needs little financing from even himself. I haven't a doubt that he will be able to repeat with his fair partner helping to edit, direct and cut—in addition to acting. For she spoke the truth when she said, "I am not a film actress in the usual sense, you know."

MARLENE DIETRICH is the most interesting and the most baffling of them all. I know her better than many; I understand her less. Even Garbo is easier of interpretation.

I did not believe at one time that Marlene was sincere in what may seem to us an almost fanatical devotion to Von Sternberg's work. I questioned whether she would refuse the huge sums which I knew American companies would offer. But I believe, now, Fact proves that she has been constant to her statement, and that only she can make pictures for him; I will return for the same reason." German conditions have made only one change.

She will vacation in France. As I sat watching her on this afternoon so soon before she would leave us, my mind reverted to the first time I had seen her. She was the house-guest at a luncheon. She had just arrived; this was her initiation.

No woman could have looked more feminine. A blue chiffon gown trailed about the toes of her slippers; a large, floppy hat of the old garden variety covered her head; the softest, most translucent complexion and those intense eyes. Yet she appeared stolid, even Frau-ish, as Americans interpret the term. She looked a hundred years old than actress. The betting odds among writers were six to one against her.

She was there to be bet upon; to be viewed and written about as a prospective celebrity. But when she came, I had an odd feeling. I had the unprecedented sensation that I was not just one of an audience watching the monkey in its cage, but that I was, indeed, the monkey. I wondered what I despisement of us would be, even as I was leaving to describe her. She still does that to me. I retreat from an interview with her feeling the exhaustion which rightfully belongs to the one-being-interviewed.

I REMINDED her of that first personal appearance. I told her she had looked stolid.

"It was the dress that day," she explained. "But I had on this suit, this same suit I am wearing today, when I came to America."

That suit is a perfectly-padded and tailored man's gray, smooth serge. She was wearing a reddish-tinged, strictly masculine shirt and red tie with it. Man's shoes. Even the shirt was buttoned to the neck when she landed in New York.

She had come out deck in it, ready for her first step on American soil. A Paramount official had told her and said, "But you can't. You can't. You can't!" She was in dainty gown, elaborately fur coat. The same official had pinned coquettish orchids upon her shoulder.

The next day she prepared to call upon New York friends. Another male suit, shirt, tie, hat. "But you can't. You can't. They wouldn't let you walk through the streets of New York. In Hollywood, maybe—"

SO she looked to Hollywood with the same longing of freedom with which she is now looking to Europe.

But when she appeared here in a costume that had been rare in Europe except for teas and evening, the world claimed she was imitating Garbo.

"You can't be said to be imitating Garbo," they protested.

It was then that she became the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. Her ultra-feminine costumes out-styled those of either Tashman or Kay Francis. And there was always a coquettish on her shoulder. Flowers had become synonymous with feminine apparel to her.

She was miserable. I was so fel. I could not stand them."

There were other "you can'ts and you mustn'ts." She had come to the land of freedom to find less freedom than at any moment since she left school.

Only one understood her. His understanding had induced her to come to this country; it kept her here. She and Von Sternberg became partners, co-workers fighting for freedom—freedom to express themselves through pictures. It was the American public that gave her the initial courage to return to the cinema. She wrote, "I was well-armed when I wore a dress suit in "Morocco." The public adored it. The white male suit in "Blonde Venus" reitered this approval.

She had been given a chance to go to Europe that she recaptured almost complete independence. She returned with Maria, the seven-year-old daughter who is more important to her than careers or cars. She brought trunks filled with newly tailored male
The Shadow Stage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

HELLO SISTER—Fox

Comedy situations by the inimitable ZaSu Pitts help this considerably. The age-old plot where the boy, having temporarily broken off with her because of false accusations by a smart-aleck pal, rescues his sweetheart from a burning building. The romance of two lonesome kids in a big city—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory. Fair entertainment.

SAMARANG—B. F. Zeidman Prod.

An unusually good study of Malaysian life, with a native male lead who outpoints Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe on all scores. The lady, too, is excellent to look upon—and since the camera kept on grinding after she lost the brassiere she had fashioned for the occasion, “Goona Goona” takes a back seat in its specialty. Thrilling pearl diving, and shark and octopus fights; ideally done, utterly sincere and charming.

CORRUPTION—Win. Berke Prod.

Perfectly acceptable entertainment; a lot worse pictures have been made by major studios at greater cost. Not exactly a new story about the boy mayor (Preston Foster) who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town, but this version is capably handled and the mysterious murder twist is a peach. You’ll get plenty of action and an excellent performance by Evalyn Knapp.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—Paramount

Somebody sure spilled the whole bag of nuts this time. Representatives of all nations gather in China to buy Dr. House’s invention, and everybody goes crazy, including...
"She's pretty"
"She's lively"
"She's a good dancer"

why on earth doesn't she...?

CAN you blame him for blaming her? For wondering why she doesn't do something about it?
A girl who has everything to make her popular, yet fails to "click!"
And the pity of it is, it's her own fault, her own carelessness.

It's hard to forgive a girl who has the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it is so easy to be always sweet and dainty—with Mum!
A quick fingertip of Mum applied to each underarm when you dress—that's all there is to it. Just a little half minute and you're protected for all day or evening!

The beauty of Mum is that you can use it any time. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing, you know.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can use it immediately after shaving under the arms.

Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It just prevents its ugly odor. Don't let this disagreeable thing stand between you and popularity. Play safe with Mum. 3c and 60c at all toilet counters. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Still another way Mum helps women—As a deodorant for sanitary napkins Mum has the gratitude of countless women. It insures protection.

the audience. Rapid fire stuff with gags la machine gun—the Four Marx Brothers not even missed. Movie stars, radio stars—and, oh yes, the matrimonial star, Peggy Hopkins Joyce—take part.

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal

A WELL constructed story interspersed with pep and action brings this Western up among the top notchers. Ken Maynard, a feature rider with a Western show, turns detective, runs down a band of criminals and scares up no end of excitement. The picture keeps up the interest throughout and has plenty of good riding and beautiful scenery as well. Adults will enjoy this one as well as kids.

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount

TO translate this bizarre title, let it be said— that the eagle is the American one, and the son is the saga of an honest old brewer (Jean Hersholt) who accepts prohibition only to be murdered by gangsters when 32 becomes legal. Thereupon his wife (Louise Drescher) and his son (Richard Atten), with aid from the son's A. E. F. buddies, mop up on the villains. Spotty handling keeps it from being a "Cavalcade" of beer.

THE MAN FROM MONTEREY—Warners

A WESTERN action dish, with Spanish sauce; John Wayne defeats crooked efforts to do a Spanish Don out of his land in the days when Uncle Sam was taking over California. He has a good "Mark of Zorro" scene with a sword, and of course he snaffles the Don's daughter (Ruth Hall). Luise Alberni adds excellent laughs. Aimed largely at the kiddie trade; and they'll love it.

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio

BILL BOYD, a hospital house surgeon, outwits the gangsters but loses his buddy Bill Gargan, an ambulance driver; while Wynne Gibson contributes a lovely nurse. Would stack up in the current epidemic of hospital pictures, with more even, action and some operations on the dialogue. And what would happen to hospital pictures if the customers ever discover that doctors do not visit nurses in their rooms?

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio

A COMBINATION travelogue and thriller, with Richard Halliburton at the microphone. Hindoo religious customs, some of them horrible to Occidental minds, and shots of the Himalayas, keep up the intrigue. As the star, Carole, tries to rescue a white girl from Buddhist fanatics, and a fight of a lion (yes, in India!) and a tiger thrown in to enliven proceedings. We're doubtful.

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount

CAROLE LOMBARD goes spooky, under Halperin direction; but the result is not for a repeat effort. It seems that, thanks to some psycho-medical hocus-pocus, worked by H. B. Warner, the soul of fictional Vivienne Osborne, executed for murder, gets into Carole. She then has a yen to murder Alan Dinehart, who's meantine been trying to crook her with fake medium stuff. Unconvincing.

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures

THEY certainly weren't kind to Helen Chandler, when they put her into this limping expose of alimony as a racket. What makes it worse is the fact that the situation is entirely authentic, and deserves ripping up; but this attempt to do a needed job simply fizzes out through a variety of faults.
THE WORLD GONE MAD—
Majestic Pictures

A MIXED-UP melodrama, with crooked bankers as the villains behind the gangsters, for a change. To avoid exposure they have the district attorney murdered; whereupon reporter Pat O'Brien works on gun moll Evelyn Brent to get at the truth, and new district attorney Neil Hamilton finds himself torn between love for Mary Brian and his duty of prosecuting her papa, chief banker-crook John Sainpolis. Too scrambled to be good.

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.

DRAMATIC bits borrowed from successful films of the year and thrown together in a hodge-podge, about a racing driver accused of being yellow. Even the work of James Murray, Joan Marsh and Jackie Searl couldn't redeem it.

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures

THIS exposé of the spirituallist racket is an exposé of bad picture making. A vicious story uses seances and crystal readings to fleece wealthy dupes. But if his victims are naive, he's doubly so; he carelessly employs an unknown young man who happens to be a reporter. Before justice is done, though, the story cracks through a hypnotism and two murders.

A Rebel Against
Life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

wondered what on earth the girl could be thinking of. No actress in her right mind was supposed to turn a deaf ear to Hollywood's song of Lorelei. But the Hopkins girl wasn't thinking of Hollywood. She was thinking of New York. She was madly in love with the place. Her own ebullient youth was stimulated by the magnificence of its buildings, shops, art galleries, libraries and every kind of human being. Humanity has always fascinated Miriam. In New York there were hundreds of opportunities for study of it. Hollywood wasn't used to being refused. They raised the ante. Miriam went West—protesting—but she went.

Again the unexpected happened. Her screen début was far from auspicious. She got off to a slow start in a bad picture.

FOR quite a while she tottered perilously on the brink between hit and failure; too interesting a personality to be a flop and not good enough material to be a sensational success. It took 'The Smiling Lieutenant' and 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' to make the picture-going public realize that here was a girl who could not only sketch the periphery of life but the core and center as well.

Paramount began calling her their next big star. Photoplay called her the screen's most bewitching siren.

But Hollywood itself never got used to Miriam Hopkins. They tried to fit her into one of its many grooves. It was no use.

They couldn't understand that she had achieved that state of blessedness in which she simply did not do anything she didn't want to do.

When the homesickness for New York became unbearable, she just hopped a plane for the East. No fuss, no explanation, no publicity!

INSTANTLY...A SKIN AS
SOFT AS VELVET

Merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results convince you!

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Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. P-7, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York

Please send me .............. perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below: I enclose $ ............ and ........ LINIT package tops.

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Money Savers!

General Electric leads in the manufacture of lamps for use in the production of motion pictures, just as it has led for thirty years in the development and improvement of lamps for all other lighting purposes...making them give more light for the same amount of current. We invite you to buy Edison MAZDA Lamps because they are good...because lamps marked don't waste current, as so many inferior "cheap" lamps do...because they make electricity an even more economical servant. When you buy Edison MAZDA Lamps you get a real bargain—because these lamps continue to give you your money's worth of light throughout their entire life.

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Immediately gossip said she had had a row with the studio, that she was returning to the stage, that she had a sweetheart in New York.

None of these things was true.

More recently, she threw the whole studio into a panic over her refusal to make "No Man of Her Own" with Clark Gable.

Shades of Hollywood! Gable was the world's great lover of the moment, and most feminine stars would have bartered their birthright for the chance of playing opposite him.

For Hollywood, and its hard working men and women, are just as susceptible to any personality that comes up over the horizon as are the inhabitants of the country's most obscure village.

Miriam's reasons for refusing to make "No Man of Her Own" were definite and sensible, according to her light. She felt the part was utterly unsuited to her, and voluntarily went off salary for many weeks while the studio engaged Carole Lombard for the part.

But ugly rumor again reared its head and declared that Miriam's real complaint was based on a couple of scene-stealing episodes which would fall to the lot of Dorothy Mackaill in the picture.

Miriam never took the trouble to deny it, or anything else that was said. She never makes explanations. "Your friends do not need them and your enemies do not believe them," she says.

It was the same with her marriage and divorce from Austin Parker, and subsequent adoption of a small baby boy. These things kept Hollywood guessing for months.

Recently we talked of this.

"I have to lead my life as it seems right for me, not how it will please others," she said. "I want to live actively, not passively. Happiness is one phase of life. We do not know where we shall find it; in marriage, or friendship, or motherhood. Only through joy and sorrow can we develop. I am willing to experience life, to feel, in order that I may think clearly. Life is exciting, however, under any circumstances."

HUNGER is a great driving force, whether it be for food to nourish the body, or for the soul's stimulation. I feel that Miriam Hopkins is hungry for the things in life which come through the development of the finer sensibilities.

It is slightly ironical that this should be so, when there is no one on the screen more capable of portraying voluptuous chastity, or voluptuousness not so chaste, as Miriam Hopkins.

More apple carts to the four winds.

We strolled out into the garden where the baby was basking in the sun with her nurse. Michael is adorable beyond description. Brown as a chestnut, with broad shoulders and sturdy legs, just beginning to pull himself up with the aid of a chair. That day, only an infinitesimal pair of green knitted trunks covered his small person. Miriam has had him since he was ten days old. She denies, laughingly, that he has any great maternal instinct, but the way she holds him and looks at him speaks her adoration of him more forcibly than any words could do.

"There are several advantages in having an adopted child," she answered to a question of mine. "In the first place, I couldn't possibly have had one of my own as perfect as the precious one I found. Furthermore, it gives me an advantage over real mothers. Not being part of me, it's perfectly proper for me to rave over the beauty of him all I want to. And have you ever seen anything so lovely?"

I looked at Miriam bendling over the baby and realized that despite the fresh looking youth of her, the twinkling eyes and tumbled hair, that here was a woman capable of living life right down to its palpitations; and that she would so live it.

They'll probably be married when you read this—Doris Kenyon Sills, widow of Milton Sills, and Arthur Hopkins of Syracuse, N. Y., where both used to live. Doris is resuming screen work after a short retirement. Here you see them holding one of their congratulatory telegrams.
She'll never conform. But her superb sense of humor will save her from carrying the rebellion too far. One is conscious of it in everything she says or does.

Even her screen vamping is done with humor and a sense of grace, an impudent vulgarity that makes her misbehaviors seem well-behaved.

At that time, Miriam was getting ready to begin work on "Sanctuary," William Faulkner's book on the South. It has been released to the public as "The Story of Temple Drake." As one Southerner to another, I was curious to get Miriam's reactions to the story. It had produced such a revulsion of feeling within me I could not finish reading the book.

REMEMBERING her mother's admonition, "Miriam always does the unexpected," I should have been prepared for her answer, but I wasn't. I wasn't prepared for the tolerance, the kindliness of her thought.

"I do not agree with many people that Faulkner writes of the characters that he does just to be—shall we say—off color. The incidents around which the story of 'Sanctuary' was written actually occurred. Faulkner is a fine writer, and as such, realism in all forms appeal to him. There are conditions of life today, and individuals, who do not fit into our civilization, but they are a part of this world we live in. We should know about them."

"But, Miriam," I protested, "sewage makes just as deep a cut in the ground as pure water, and aren't we better off not knowing certain things which must leave their imprint upon us?"

Her answer was that infectious giggle which is so typically her own.

"You've been talking to my mother," she laughed. "She was terribly upset to learn that I was to play in 'Sanctuary.' She thinks it a very bad book indeed. But the picture will not be offensive. Certain situations will be handled with great delicacy. And if we can present characters who are 'misfits' according to our standards, and present them sympathetically, doesn't that help all of us to a better understanding of our fellow creatures?"

Someone once said that life betrays the revel. But I have a distinct feeling that Miriam Hopkins, no matter what destiny is hers, will not be defeated.
Now it's TASTE BLINDNESS!

Let's talk sense, literally. Seeing, smelling, feeling—important to be sure. But how about your sense of taste? Science now calls attention to taste-blindness, a most unfortunate human ailment.

If you're taste-blind, you can't hope to know the joys of flavor, taste and zest in what you eat. Such a person will accept an ordinary, watery tomato juice without comment.

But most of us, reveling in the full enjoyment of our faculties, are not taste-blind. We know the advantages of the tasty, tangy flavor of College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail. Demand that product from the grocer man—the College Inn label is our promise of perfection, and your protection from tasteless, mediocre tomato juices.

ELEANOR HOLM. Warners contract player and Olympic champion, carefully bobbed-up from a long, clean dive into Ambassador Hotel pool and shook the water out of her short brown hair.

"Are you working out for a part in a picture?" I asked her from the diving board.

"Yes. My contract calls for a double in any swimming scenes," she said as she shuffled through the water on her back.

"What?" I almost fell off the board with astonishment.

Eleanor Holm, the Olympic champion, using a double for swimming scenes! I wanted don a the pool in nothing flat to catch her.

"What do you mean, double?" I asked.

As we plowed lazily back to deep water, she explained.

"I had offers from four major studios during the Olympic games, but they all wanted me to swim. I wanted to keep my amateur standing, and I turned them down. Then Warner Bros. came around with a contract, and said that they didn't care about me as a swimmer, anyway. They thought I was screen material in other clothes besides bathing suits. So I signed with them."

I first met Eleanor at the 1929 Nationals in San Francisco. At that time, she was an Olympic games veteran, the defending champion in the backstroke and medley, and an attractive little number.

But Eleanor's comment swept the grandstand when Eleanor grazed the salty waters of Fleishhacker pool.

"Charlie, a pip she'll be in a couple years."

"Naw, Gawge, them muscle molls are all alike. She'll look just like Jim Londos. You can have 'em."

Whether or not Gawge is interested, Eleanor does not look like Jim Londos. Swimming develops long, smooth muscles, anyway, not the knobby knots which come from weight-lifting, wrestling or, for that matter, toe dancing.

THE breath-taking Miss Holm has everything: Looks, personality, a great sense of humor. And she can lash out a song in a most entrancing fashion.

This I learned by accident recently. During a hull in conversation while we were sun-bathing on the roof, I began to hum the chorus of a tuneful ditty, "Shuffle Off to Buffalo."

Eleanor sat up abruptly and directed upon me that special frown of hers that signals I've ever stopped.

"Hey, lay off that tune!"

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"It's a good tune, isn't it?"

"But you see I sang that 'Shuffle Off to Buffalo' in every town from Hollywood to New York on the '42nd Street' Special. I like it, but I'm ready to leave it alone."

Eleanor likes everything about Hollywood—with one exception: The reports which go flying around about her love life. Dame Rumor has had her engaged to, or in love with, any number of young, rising stars. There are all kinds of names whose name I have never even heard," she said, laughing. "The truth of the matter is, I am not engaged and not in love. I'm too busy with a couple of careers."

For the past five years I have had plenty of chance to watch Buster Crabbe's meteoric rise closely. I've trailed him across the Silver Gate in San Diego bay, up and down a pool at Manhattan beach, and through the surf in a mile race at Santa Monica. I have had some good shots of his feet in action.

Crabbe has been in training since he was two years old, when his family left Oakland, California, for Hawaii. Later, when he was in grammar school, he swam to his high school and vacations in the water, playing with the gay beach crowd, and instructing tourists in the art of riding the long, rolling breakers with a surf-board.

It was swimming that taught Buster relaxation, but it was handling a surf-board that gave him his powerful shoulders and perfect sense of balance.

While attending Punahou High School, Buster began to take swimming really seriously. Dad Center, veteran coach of the Outrigger Canoe Club, told him that he might make it big in the big memorial pool. Buster's home, however, was situated a mile up the coast from the club, and Buster did not like that mile hike. So, each day after school, he hopped off into the breakers, swam the mile down to the coast to the pool, took his workout and polished the day off by swimming another mile back home. Three times a week they say swimmers are best.

While thus preparing to follow in the footsteps of the renowned Duke Kahanamoku, Buster was unconsciously training himself for the screen.

All his life, Buster has denied himself things which would interfere with his swimming. He didn't smoke, he didn't drink.

But he did have one dissipation. Chewing gum.

One amusing incident in regard to that gum
sticks in my mind. It was before a big race. Buster was in the water. This is a common practice. Swimmers load around in the water to loosen up, cool off, and relax in general before swimming an event.

All during these preliminaries, Buster calmly chewed his gum, but he had to do something with it during the race, for it would have hindered his breathing.

Plop it went down on the edge of his starting mark.

Bang went the gun. Off Buster sped.

EIGHT laps later his hand slapped the finish mark. Then his other hand reached over, picked up the gum, and he was chewing calmly while the others were still thrashing down the straightaway.

So, if you want to be a movie star, relax, stick your gum on the side of the pool, move to Hawaii at the age of two, and knock regularly on matches!

Garbo's Gamble

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

In return for the complete breath Wanger then was able to draw, he promised Garbo all her old crew back on the job for the picture. Garbo thanked him profusely.

As usual, Garbo is seen every morning walking briskly along unfrequented roads, but she is combining her morning exercise with house hunting, for she has stopped and looked over several places in her daily hike. At this moment, she cannot make up her mind which of three possible homes in Brentwood she likes best.

But despite the remarkable ovation Garbo received when she recently stepped from the "Annie Johnson" at San Diego—a reception dramatically contrasting to that of seven years ago when she first arrived, an unknown, frightened immigrant—crowds now milling about for hours hoping to catch a glimpse of the hard-to-see famous star—there was one thorn to mar the beauty of the glory she knew still was hers.

It was the news that her hairdresser, the one woman in the whole world who could change Garbo's entire facial expression by her clever arrangement of the Garbo coiffure, was gone. Gone beyond recalling. For Ruby Neely had been killed in an automobile accident last winter while Garbo was in Sweden.

And Greta knew nothing of the accident until someone broke the news to her the day she came back. Garbo wept, openly, frankly, unashamed of the emotion which the news had stirred within her.

It was a tribute which Ruby Neely's friends say the departed hairdresser, the girl who loved the Garbo tresses with a personal devotion, would never have forgotten.

Who will direct Garbo's next picture? Maybe Lubitsch will be borrowed from Paramount. Maybe Josef Von Sternberg, who should know everything now about movie stars wearing men's clothes.

For it wasn't so long ago that Marlene Dietrich was going places on the arm of Josef Von Sternberg, all triggered out in a man's tuxedo. Remember?

It is interesting to look forward with Garbo from this point. No one knows what her future will be. It is as much her own gamble as everyone's concerned. No one knows, not even her bosses, how long she plans to remain in America.

And not a few people are speculating with the idea that when the public sees Garbo in masculine attire in "Queen Christina" a new vogue will swing up—a vogue more sweeping than that which Dietrich inspired.

Use Kleenex disposable tissues instead of handkerchiefs! Sanitary! Economical! No washing—no spreading germs.

STOCK UP on Kleenex during this nation-wide sale! Take advantage of this remarkably low price. It costs much less to use Kleenex than to pay for handkerchief laundry!

And think of the greater safety! No germ-filled handkerchiefs to infect hands, pockets, laundry bags. No soiled, disgusting handkerchiefs to carry germs back to your face. No repulsive handkerchief washing. You use a fresh Kleenex Tissue every time. It's safe. It's dry and soothing. Soft and very absorbent. Saves nose from getting red and raw.

Try these Kleenex uses

Lots of other uses for Kleenex, too. For removing face creams and applying powder and make-up. For cleaning glasses and wiping razor blades. For applying ointments and salves, to keep from staining garments.

Use Kleenex freely, at this low price. And get yours now, while supplies last. At drug and department stores.
magnitude of it!” Hot cha cha—cha cha cha haahh!

Now I can’t decide if I want to live in a wild place like our ranch, or on a country estate like Tom’s, near Epsom Downs. Such beautiful gardens and ponds. Makes you think England is just one big park when you drive through the country. And such very green grass!

Spent the morning seeing the stables and kennels. Spent lunch time eating oysters and drinking champagne! Who said country life was simple? Country life in England is about as simple as a De Mille set. But the nicest part of it is that the landowners really don’t have to do anything but go in for sports or brige, or drink tea—which they do more than anything else.

And such tea! Strong as Johnny Weissmuller’s bicpess. Their servants do everything for them and give them the sort of devotion that the massa and the missy got down South before the Civil War.

Spent an afternoon on Epsom Downs having my picture taken with April V., and giving reporters the low-down on England. Imagine me being photographed with a race horse!

ENGLISHMEN may be good-looking—but German girls are divine!

I never saw such a city for beautiful women as Berlin. Take it from me, none of them wear hats that make them look like old-time duchesses, or clothes that make them look like their grandmothers. Chic is the word—and how! I don’t know how anyone ever got the idea that German girls were fat and looked like housekeepers.

If they used to be that way, somebody like Madame Sylvia must have started a beauty course and cleaned up.

How they get the money to buy the chic clothes they wear, when conditions are so terrible, I don’t know.

The Fox people gave an elegant party for me. A whole crew of German film celebrities were there. Lilian Harvey, who was the darling of the movies in Europe, and who is now in Hollywood; her boy friend, Willy Fritsch; Eric Pommer, who produces pictures like Lubitsch does; and Eric Charell, who directed “Congress Dances”; and lots of others.

Lilian helped to show us the night life of Berlin, which kept us on the go all the time. It’s much gayer than London or New York—and everybody said it is much more exciting than Paris.

Judging by what we saw, I should say it was! A regular riot!

Oh—is Berlin sophisticated? We Hollywooders are just babes in the woods compared to them!

The waiters and shopkeepers and people like that kept on calling me “Gnadige Frau.” In German that means high-born lady. I felt like saying to them, “Come on, be yourselves!”

I WENT to the “Tiergarten,” which is German for zoo, and means animal garden. I can’t make up my mind whether it is better than the Bronx Zoo or not.

It’s quite a problem, because I consider myself an authority on zoes—never miss one whatever we are!

I simply went crazy over two baby lions they had there, and over a sea horse, of all things. I had quite a crush on the sea horse and visited him often. I scared Rex to death by insisting on feeding the baby lions. But I waited till the keeper took mama and papa out into another cage.

“Safety first” isn’t always my motto—but I guess you have to draw the line at being reckless somewhere!

They try to make all the animals feel perfectly at home by fixing up the cages, or tanks, or whatever they live in, to look exactly like the places where the animals lived. So one minute you’re looking at a scene in the tropical jungles, and the next, you’re shivering in the Arctic.

It’s very interesting to study the habits of the animals, too. I think it improves your mind, and makes you understand humans being better. It’s a regular education to watch the way the males treat their females, and vice versa. It gave me some real, deep ideas about life.

WE were on the move from the time we left St. Moritz. The Riviera was a whirl, and although we had a grand time there, and won some money at Monte Carlo, I was all worn out and glad when we were on the ship. Fun is fun, but enough is enough.

I was beginning to worry about how I would take off some of the extra padding that
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20 to 30% greater protection

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New Patented Equalizer

The new patented Equalizer in Kotex gives 20 to 30% greater protection; more adequate but less bulky protection; a feeling of lasting safety. An intimate explanation of the new Equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

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Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer . . . and this is why:

1—it took two and one-half years to perfect.
2—a board of three hundred women tested it.
3—medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
4—AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copyright, 1933, Kotex Co.
harbor of all films. Joan wanted a home, the security of marriage and an assured place
in the magic circle of Hollywood.
She had already sailed all the adventurous seas she cared to sail—and she valued fully
this thing she had worked so hard to win.
Joan Crawford did not regard her as the
typical Hollywood romance—fast and fur-
rious while luck held out—something to be
regarded as just another role, to be thor-
oughly enjoyed while it endured and lightly forgotten
when it ended. No, Joan had the man she wanted and she wanted the man she had—and
everything he represented.
Proudly she brought him to her white home
she loves so well, with its cool white rooms
and its sunny white garden. For so far Joan
was concerned, the goose was hanging high.
No, she was not deaf, either, to the gossip
and predictions, nor blind in knowing looks
and head wags. She knew that if ever a
marriage was publicly booked for the rocks,
hers was. In fact, the wise ones about Holly-
wood said it wouldn’t live to a six months’
niversary, and as for lasting more than a
year—well, that was actually funny.
In other words, this girl knew that her
marriage was considered the most brittle in
all Hollywood’s collection of thin romances,
and that the smart ones along the well-known
Boulevard de Banke would prick the balloon
themselves, should the opportunity afford itself, just to prove the truth of their pre-
dictions.
Joan knows all these things. She has thought
of them often in the past few months since
her divorce action from Doug. I asked her
how she felt about it and she said:

HOW do I feel toward those who wished me
unlucky? Well, I don’t know that any-
one really did that. I think I wished myself
less luck, because of my habit of exaggerating
things. Because some people predicted my
marriage would be a failure, I exaggerated it
to the extent of thinking everybody wished
that. That was silly—and it hurt me. It
held me back from making many friendships
I should have enjoyed. And we need friendships
to help us forget our little problems and
to help us develop so that we can create
something worthwhile. Now I want to
really create something.
“Worrying about what people think of us
will beat anyone. We can go through very
trying experiences if we do not worry about
them. So, from now on, I’m going to give no
thought to what other people think. I’m just
going to do what I feel is right, and let it go
at that.”
The day we talked of these things Joan was
sitting in her sunny garden, soaking up old
Sol’s rays and trying to add a little more tan
to her already mahogany coloring. She
was reaching toward the perpetrator of a
comedy. If she is running away, she is doing it in a very husky manner—and
and if she is living in the glories of yesterday’s
romance she has a very peculiar way of show-
ing it, as she talks about it tomorrow.
Previously Joan Crawford insisted upon
drama for her pictures. Now she wants to
do a comedy. I asked her why.

SOMETHING a little gay wouldn’t hurt me
right now,” she answered, “and I seriously
think at this time America needs light and
happy films. In these days of depression
and—”

Is Joan bitter? If she is, she hides it re-
markably well, manner and attitude are
free from rancor. If she feels she has a
grievance against those who predicted so
broadly and freely the collapse of her mar-
rriage, she in no way expresses it, either in
words or action. Instead, she seems to feel
that whatever is, is the best.
We were speaking of another actress, a
woman whose romance has recently gone on
the rocks, and Joan expressing, no doubt, her
own innermost feelings remarked:

“Does she needs other interests and I’ve tried
to make her have them, tried to make her share
herself a little with us. Other interests would
take her mind off her misfortune. It is a
shame this thing had to happen to her, and
it hurts me to see her suffering silently over it.
“She knew all about it, long before it
happened. But any woman hates to admit
a thing like that. She won’t admit the man
she had her eyes on to her—but she hates to
admit she has failed. What my friend needs
now is a little fighting spirit—and other
interests,” Joan told me.

Joan is very game. She’s taking all the
complaints, the cold shoulders, the cut-backs
and the predictions with a shrug of her pretty
shoulders. But deep down, buried beneath
the gaiety and the carefree spirit she displays
since her broken romance there is an intensity
which Crawford is actress enough to hide—
and hide well.

Barbara Bennett Talks

(Continued from Page 47)
clever arguments that in self defense and
desperation, he unmasked and lo—it was none
other than our own dear daddy, Richard Bennett.

Then I recall those days when we lived on
Eightsy-second Street and Park Avenue, rather
far uptown from the noise and clamor which
had begun to creep in around us in Greenwich
Village. Constance was a tomboy. She had
run with urchins down there and made mud
pies in back yards, getting herself generally
mussed up every day with youngsters in those
neighboring streets where Judy O’Grady’s
children play on an equal footing with the
children of Fifth Avenue aristocrats.

When we moved to the uptown house,
Constance sailed for days for the children
down there. She refused to stay dressed up.
Her sashes and lace simplicities we all put
away. But Joan, quite the opposite, was a model
little girl with her ruffles and pinking and curls,
always like a child in a picture book. Joan
always loved clothes. It is amusing sometimes
when I think how “grand lady” Constance be-
came when she was sixteen and boys began to
tell her she was pretty. Joan had always been
a nice little girl, very feminine, very demure.
And she is that same way today. But Constance
had a complete turn-about of per-
sonality when she outgrew her childhood.

If Joan were hurt, even to bruising her little
finger or scratching her face, she would go
quickly off in a corner and wait until the pain
subsided. If Constance were hurt, she’d let
you know about it quickly and she’d insist
upon having the very best doctor at once.

Now I don’t mean this as a slam at Conni-
E was an original make-up; an entirely
different sort of person from Joan, as different
and as interesting as sunlight compared to
moonlight.

Then came those trips to Europe—to Paris,
London, to the gay watering spots of the Con-
stantine Europe which we felt our first adolescent
pride in popularity.

I admit that Constance was by far the most
popular of any of us. She had a way of reach-
ing out, intuitively, and catching from life
whatever it was that she wanted at the moment.
Maybe it was only a new sweater or a new

Lots of stars wear swimming suits but
few stars wear them as well—or as
often—as Joan Blondell. She swims
for fun, swims for health, swims at
every opportunity. She is wearing the
new Jantzen Molded-Fit Formal. It is
really three suits in one because it has
three distinct back designs: the square
back, the cross strap and the necklace
tie for sun-bathing.

Advertisement
place to stop or a new boy friend or a brand-new set of ratty mannequins. Anyway, there always was something about Constance which forced life to give her what she wanted. Joan and I, though very fortunate in getting what we desired, were the sort of girls who sat quietly back and let life drop its gifts into our laps.

I recall the first time Constance had to admit that she was wrong—and had to take a punishment for her error.

There had been a football game at Princeton and Constance had been invited to go with one of the local swains. She was about sixteen years old at the time and Mother had kept her in very simple, girlish clothes.

Constance wanted a fur stole—they were the fashion rage then. Mother was horrified. And refused to allow it. But Constance wanted a fur stole with all her heart and she was miserable because she couldn't have it.

So what do you suppose happened? Maybe Dad understood that longing; maybe Constance had inherited the adornment trait from him. It was in any event, Dad saw that Mother's wardrobe was ajar that day and that no maid was about, just about the time Constance was ready to start for the game. Needless to say, Constance breezed out wearing Mother's pet necklace—ridiculous, of course, for a girl of her age. She flung it with a grand gesture about her slender shoulders and strode out of the house, waving the air of a duchess on parade.

Everything might have been all right if Constance, in her excitement of cheering on the football players, had not dropped the fur through the crevice of the grandstand. It could not be retrieved.

For days she telephoned that stadium office trying to locate the necklace. And Mother, unaware that it had even been "borrowed," never missed it until one night she was going to the theater in a hurry.

There was a terrible to do about it. Connie was crying and floor alone in her bedroom for hours, wondering what to do. But, just like Constance, who has always faced life's issues squarely, she voted in favor of making a clean breast of it. It was this spirit which made Dad and Connie kindred souls from that day forth.

And she took her punishment like a soldier, later remarking that the punishment was worth the thrill she had had that day with the beloved fur stole about her shoulders. She's been like that ever since, asking nothing from life but what she's willing to pay for, regardless of the price in personal sacrifice. She has given up most of her young life to long hours of work in the studio where Connie enjoys her film fame. She has given up many other of life's gifts because she has a keen sense of values and knows how to balance the budget of her happiness.

I was in this spirit that Constance eloped with that same boy from Princeton, Chester Morehead, because she thought marriage was one of the things she wanted at the time. Mother had the marriage promptly annulled.

Then, at a Park Avenue tea she found Phil Plant being presented. And she knew at once she was going to marry Phil some time. He made love to her, as she had expected. And it wasn't long after Constance became Mrs. Phil Plant. Now, of course, Connie is the Marquise de la Falaise de la Courray.

As for Joan, when the telephone wasn't ringing for Constance, Joan's boy friends managed to sandwich in a few calls for her. She was popular then, filling the Cotillion, retelling sort of way. That she has developed the spark of intensity which came to her later in Hollywood has always been utterly amazing to me. Little Joan, the youngest of us three, had always been very flower-like and babyish.

Once, when she was sailing for Europe to meet Mother, living then in Paris, I went down to see her off. A college boy I'd met in Seattle on a visit, was on the boat. I introduced him to little sister Joan, admonishing him to take

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photoPlay Magazine for July, 1933

Whose was it?

no matter—film has it now!

Remove film...safeguard the beauty of your smile

FILM is the sticky mucin in saliva. It forms in coats and patches. Biss of food stick to it. Some cause stain—others can't be seen.

In this moist, warm film live millions of tiny, rod-shaped germs called Lactobacillus. They multiply. They decompose food particles. They produce strong acids that dissolve enamel and then destroy the part beneath. Soon the tooth is too far gone to save—and that's the result of tooth decay.

Other germs found in film are associated with dread "trench mouth." Still others are linked with pyorrhea. And all of these are incalculable in the coating dentists know as dental plaque—and we call film.

"What can I do to fight decay?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because the true value of a tooth paste is determined by its polishing material.

The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Its power to remove film stain is revolutionary!

And so, when tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use it twice a day and see your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste
She knows how!

She is too clever to let drib, dull hair spoil her attractiveness. Her hair is always soft, lustrous, radiant with tiny dancing lights—the subject of much admiration—and not a little envy. She wouldn't think of using ordinary soaps. She uses Golden Glint Shampoo.

*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing your hair, has a fashionable "tip-in—• a little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individuality! Regular use of your daily dose of this sample will show you the difference. Send for it now!*

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USE VAUV (Pronounced Vove)

It doesn't harm or romances out of your life. It keeps this lovely skin. Avoid the embarrassment and discomfort of having others wonder about your complexion. Men, too, are quick to take note.

Use Vauv. It absorbs the extra oil in your skin and leaves it soft and smooth. Use Vauv as a powder base, just a bit of oil. Use Vauv in your hair, and you can be sure all over the next day. Do not use too much. Your Vauv will be restocked. Remember the rule: No Vauv, no trouble.
Two months ago her skin was dull and blotchy—Men never looked at her—Today her lovely skin brings her admirers and romance.

Have the Clear, Lovely Skin Men Can’t Resist!

Read How a Remarkable Pasteurized Yeast Ends Ugly Spots and Blemishes and Keeps the Skin Youthful and Alluring

A CLEAR, lovely skin, a fresh, radiant complexion, eyes that sparkle—have you these charms that win men’s hearts? If not, try eating this new type, scientifically pasteurized yeast that is bringing beauty and vivacity to thousands of women.

Skin and complexion troubles, says medical science, are nearly always caused by constipation or a run down nervous condition. To combat these causes of bad skin you need to enrich your diet with certain nutritive elements. In many of our most common foods these elements are entirely lacking. Few people get enough of them for maximum health.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain concentrated stores of these corrective substances. These tablets are pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G.

These precious elements strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs. They fortify your weakened nervous system. Thus they aid in building the health and vivacity that make you irresistible to others.

These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are nothing but pure yeast pressed into convenient, easy-to-take form. A scientific heating process gives this yeast a delicious, nut-like flavor. It cannot cause gas or discomfort and it is always uniform.

This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

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Thankful for clear skin again: “I certainly am pleased at the results. Yeast Foam Tablets have given me, Before I started taking them my face looked terrible. Now it is beautifully clear. I can’t thank you enough for the relief your yeast has afforded me.”

OAKWOOD, WIS.

Not a blemish now: “My face was so covered with pimples and rashes that I was ashamed to walk down the street. I have now been taking Yeast Foam Tablets for three months. They have done wonders for me. There is not a blemish on my face.” CLEVELAND, OHIO

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105

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1933

Hollywood At Play

(Shown in photograph on pages 40 and 41)

THE STARS IN COCONUT GROVE

T

HE extreme left-hand couple on the floor is Maureen O’Sullivan and Johnny Farrow. Next, Viola Dana and Sidney Lanfield, and third from the left, Hoot Gibson smiles at his partner. Behind Hoot, Dick and Mrs. Arlen, and in the lower right hand corner of the page, Marie Prevost and Buster Collier.

On the right-hand page in the foreground are (left) Helen Vinson with Al Hall, and (right) Skeets and Mrs. Gallager. Behind these cuties we see, left to right, Zeyppo and Mrs. Marx, Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna, Cleo and Mrs. Broox, Carole Lombard and Bill Powell.

On the steps at the left, Ruth, Tom and Mrs. Mix are being shown in, while to the right on the stairs a similar service is being performed for Adolph and Mrs. Menjou (Kathryn Carver).

and Day?” she asked Phil several weeks before it was heard in Hollywood. “Get it.” And he got it. Somehow, Joan’s prophecies concerning song hits always come true.

And then there’s Joan dancing around rather dreamily with Ricardo Cortez or Gary Cooper or Clark Cable, often to the strains of “Waltzing In A Dream,” and holding a creamy white gardenia between her teeth.

You should have seen Mr. Sight-See-er Tourist the first night he beheld that. And a visiting Elko leaned out of the balcony so far he lost his balance, clutched a palm tree and swung on the same limb with a petrified monkey until help came.

But, by goosh, he was goin’ to make sure he saw what he thought he saw, and tell the folks back home the latest way to sport a corsage.

DIGNIFIED little Joan Bennett moves gracefully about the floor with hubby, Gene Markey. Joan has a very stately way of holding her aristocratic head and she carries herself straight as an arrow when gliding around. She looks sister Constance with the Marquis coming down the stairway. Joan smiles . . . then she sees Gilbert Roland just behind Connie and knows that it is to be his turn instead of HArry’s.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., moves from table to table for a little chat with friends. His quick eye takes in the panoply and stops for a brief moment on a table across the floor. It is Joan, smiling dreamily into the handsome face of Franchot Tone.

Doug moves on. The next moment he is gliding beautifully across the dance floor with—Katharine Hepburn. Glamorous, interesting, unusual Katharine who keeps Hollywood puzzled as much as Doug does. There should be something in common, at least, between these two personalities when they begin chatting. It’s Harris, night after night, behind the waving baton, who instantly senses the stars’ moods. Knows, almost, what these world-famous people are thinking.

There was something about the way little Alice White smiled, something big and hurt about her eyes, as she sat at her table near the dance floor, which told Phil the story of what was to come. The parting of the ways with her fiancé, Cy Bartlett. The baton waved a bit slower that night, the music beat a throbbled in sympathy.

It happened the next day, that break. And it was Phil who knew again instantly when Cy and Alice made up. That evening he played “Say It Isn’t So,” and Alice smiled.

Above the softly lighted floor are balconies. It’s interesting to watch the progress of a shy
and blooming new romance. They sit at their balcony table, far in the background. At a glance, Phil takes it in, and knows. Gradually, with carefully selected music, he brings them out. A waltz, a tango or a love song and, sure enough, they're smiling over the rail for all the world to see.

The romance of Dick Powell and Mary Brian bloomed in the Coconut Grove. A balcony bloom. Cary Grant first saw the lovely Virginia Cherrill from behind a palm tree in the Grove.

There was the night a few years back when the lovely Jean Harlow sat at a ring-side table and Howard Hughes sat directly across. Howard and Jean hadn't known each other. But that waving, fluttering baton, that steady smile and, finally, the music to “Can’t We Be Friends?” did the trick. Jean and Howard were dancing. This was long before tragedy stalked into Jean's life—before her first break in Hughes' picture, “Hell's Angels.”

The red carnation, the very dark, crimson flower in the button hole of Phil's dinner jacket, had all the up and coming movie boys on the jump. Hollywood flappers were almost hysterical trying to find the same flower. But the nearest they could come to it was an anemic light red. While Doug Jr., who knew the secret, smiled and said nothing. As a matter of fact, the flower is usually dyed each day for the orchestra leader. And, is that an idea?

It's to the strains of the Argentine tango that Charlisse Chaplin and Paulette Goddard do their fanciest stepping. The dips, the glides, the twists of Charlie and Paulette, are something to write long letters home about. It was in the midst of the dance that one Tuesday, that a commotion was heard at one end of the orchestra platform. The door to “The Little Club,” just adjoining, had opened and, in a body, out stepped the Four Marx Brothers. Phil immediately sensed danger, took a firmer hold on the baton and “Take Me In Your Arms” floated out over the Grove.

Without a word or a minute's planning, the four Marxes stepped to the front of the platform and immediately began singing “Dinah.” Which had absolutely no connection with the music being played.

“Dinah, is there anything finer,” they yelped, while the waltz went on. “In the state of Carolina,” they quartetted while the drummer hesitated and missed two beats and a bang. The saxophonist was playing half “Dinah” and half waltz. The piano player was feebly wiping his brow. “Dinah” kept right on going. The dancers, after trying to “Dinah” and waltz at the same time, stopped in utter astonishment.

With a jing-bang of the baton, the orchestra immediately swung into “Dinah” just as the Marx Brothers decided that “Take Me In Your Arms” was a better tune anyway, and, heaven help us, here was the orchestra on “Dinah” and the Marx Brothers on “Take Me In Your Arms,” and half the audience rolling on the floor and the other half up the palm trees with the coconuts.

At the sad, very sad, conclusion, the Marxes took a bow and announced that, really, all they were looking for anyhow, was the check room.

And twenty-seven gentlemen, including Joel McCrea, Richard Arlen and Gene Raymond, rushed them to the check room, while “Take Me In Your Arms” got off to another start.

From Harris' bandstand, it's interesting to note how the different stars dance. He can give you the low-down on them all. Gloria Stuart and her husband, both beautiful dancers, glide quickly and swiftly across the floor; Gloria with her eyes closed. Jean Crawford and her partner are rather slow, dreamy dancers. Joan always with her head thrown back, as if listening to far off music, and the everlasting gaiety between her teeth or resting fragrant in the palm of her hand.

Dorothy Mackaill, the jolliest dancer on the floor, calling to this one, or chatting with that one. Mae Murray, once a professional, is a smooth, perfect tangoer.

Carole Lombard is in perfect rhythm with Bill Powell. Joan Blondell and Georgie Barnes step lively.

When a certain player wishes to publicly announce that all, alas, is over, he attends the Grove with a new heart interest. And the world accepts it as a public announcement.

Los Angeles newspapers recently carried the

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PHOTOPLAY’S MOVIE MUDDLES CONTEST

Turn to page 33 in this issue for conditions of contest. See how simple it is, and it is open to everyone.

“As artist to artist” in the Ambassador's gay Coconut Grove. When Thelma Todd and husband Pasquale De Cicco were still good friends, shown in a momentary aside with Phil Harris, who waves the baton for his famous orchestra. Phil has a prominent role also in “Melody Cruise”
announcement that a certain actor and his wife had parted. "Couldn't be," Hollywood shrugged. But when the star appeared at the Grove the very next Tuesday night with another lady, Hollywood knew that he wanted to tell them it was true. The same thing happened to Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello, To Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor. "The Declaration of Independence," the Grove has been dubbed.

Here, among the palms and lights, come motion picture executives and officials. Searching for talent. More casting is done in the Coconut Grove than is really done at the studios.

For instance, there were those two RKO-Radio scouts who sat night after night, at a table near the orchestra. With one eye cocked downward, Phil went through his program. Wondering. Glancing over the floor to see who might be spotted for what was, evidently, a big role. Thinking perhaps that by certain selections he might bring out their good points. And then, at the end of two weeks' watching, the men arose and walked over to Phil. "Like to see you," they said. "So, behind sheltering palms, they told him. Carefully they'd been watching him, that grin, that red, oh so red, carnation, and would he make a picture for them?

For once, the baton wouldn't wave. It merely fluttered. And so Phil Harris came to the movies in that grand three reel, "So This Is Harris." With more pictures to come.

In fact, they wanted only a two reel short, but the thing turned out so well, the powers that be decided not an inch of those three reels could be cut.

No wonder the boy friends of those lady stars watch with a jealous eye when Phil steps up to the edge of the platform and begins his song. And Phil, standing there with the lights pouring down upon him, knows what's going on.

"When It's Darkness on the Delta" he sings, while all the time to himself he thinks, "Look at that bozo. Trying to edge that blonde cutie away. Doesn't want her to listen, eh? Well, she'll listen and he'll like it." And on the song goes, and she listens and the boy friend does like it. Never dreaming, of course, that behind those twinkling blue eyes of Phil's and those deep, full teasing notes, a comedy all his own is going on.

There are always certain people of the movie colony who make spectacular entrances. With the music swelling a little louder or growing a little softer.

Mary Pickford, for instance, always draws a grand sweep from the orchestra, and Mary usually has more than one escort.

Claudette Colbert, with her own husband, Norman Foster, also draws a special serenade. Here is an occasion.

But it's Maurice Chevalier, that gay Maurice, with the lovely Lilian Harvey, who makes ze grand splash. Zowie.

Down the steps they come, the Frenchman and the English star. Every eye fastened upon them. The trumpets trump, the flute flutters, the drums roll and Phil's grin grows with the music.

While right behind them, always, comes the tall, French secretary of Maurice's. It's always a threesome, never a twosome, for Chevalier.

And can he dance? Mon Dieu and a hot cha-cha. Ask Phil.

Occasionally, an erring husband comes tripping blithely in with a cutie on his arm. Immediately, Phil seizes the large, ebony baton and makes a sweeping no-no-no across instead of the usual up and down gesture. The gentleman knows to take to his heels. Wife is probably present.

But the climax of climaxes was reached recently. The beauteous Peggy Hopkins Joyce had arrived in town. The Grove was abuzz with excitement. Everyone knew the lovely Peggy would certainly be at the Grove.

---

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says LILYAN TASHMAN

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City................................................... State...................... Color of your Hair
in a blazing mass of diamonds that would have even the stupefied monkeys throwing coconuts at the customers.

And then, Tuesday night arrived. Ten o'clock came. No Peggy. No diamonds. No handsome prince of an escort. Eleven o'clock came. Twelve o'clock. And then, suddenly, even the orchestra let out a sour, surprised note.

There, at the top of the stairs, stood Peggy.

Without a single piece of jewelry and clutching the arm of Jack Oskie in a white sweat shirt. Only Phil's quick action in snapping the orchestra into "Only a Shanty in Old Shanty Town," saved the day.


Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

**Penal Code, The**—Freer Film.—An ex-convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this mouth-eaten plot. (May)

**Perfect Understanding**—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his madreds. (May)

**Phantom Broadcast, The**—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (June)

★ **Pick Up**—Paramount.—Taxi driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Syms, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Handsome done, good comedy. (June)

★ **Picture Snatcher**—Warner.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy tails for the daughter of a cop who sent him up. Sparkling dialogue (June)

**Pleasure Cruise**—Fox.—Jealous Roland Young as a ship's butcher keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (June)

★ **Private Jones**—Universal.—Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (April)

★ **Rasputin and the Empress**—MG-M.—All three Barrymores in one film, plus Ralph Morgan and Diana Wynyard, provide a display of personal art rarely exceeded in pictures. Don't miss it. (March)

★ **Rebel, The**—Universal.—Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) leads a revolt. Great scenery, Vilma Banky, Worth seeing. (June)

**Rome Express**—Gaumont British—Universal.—An excellently done train ride, with a briefing melodrama thrown in. Fine cast, Conrad Veidt as the villain. (April)

**Sailor Be Good**—RKO—Radio.—Barrelhouse humor features this appearance of Jack Oskie, as a bickulous goy. (March)

**Sailor's Luck**—Fox.—Ruston "Jack ache" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

**Scarlet River**—RKO—Radio.—A so-so "low-down" on Shanghai with Tom Keene, Dorothy Wilson, Clifton Chayten, Rosco Attes and Ed Kennedy. (March)

**Second Hand Wife**—Fox.—A slow tempoed Kathleen Norris tale. Helen Vinson the merry-go-round wife who tosses hubby Ralph Bellamy to the high-minded secretary, Sally Eilers. (March)

**Secret of Madame Blanche, The**—M-G-M.—Too bad the Madame X theme can't be given a well-earned rest. Jean Parker rather grabs the show from Irene Dunne. (March)

★ **Secrets**—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford firms her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (April)

**Secrets of Wau Sin, The**—Invincible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Leslie Wilcox and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (April)

★ **She Done Him Wrong**—Paramount.—Rita Johnson triumphs about the gay Nineties on the Bowery, with Mae West, Cary Grant, Noah Beery and others. Not for tender minds. (March)

**Shrek in the Night**—Allied.—In fact plenty of tricks, with George Murphy, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (June)

The French—they think of everything. The good-hearted souls began to feel sorry for all the people who waited for French trains without anything to do, so they have opened up a picture theater at the railroad station in Paris, or the Gare St.-Lazare, if you want to be ritzy. The cinema house features news reels and shorts and who cares if the trains aren't on time?
SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures.—End- less slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "hot." (April)

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—Warner.—Lovely scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (April)

SO THIS IS AFRICA—Columbia.— Wheeler and Woolsey go through the usual and routine razzmatazz to the animal pictures. (March)

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandall-Delac Prod.—Five Euro- peans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (April)

★ STATE FAIR—Fox.—A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louis Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (April)

★ STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (May)

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, no. (June)

STEET PERSONAL.—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

★ SWEEPINGS—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pennant and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no good children spoil all. (May)

★ TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachts man John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge police. Strong cast, but as drama a bit incred ible. (June)

★ TERROR TRAIL—Universal.—Tom Mix foils a hypnotic leading citizen, some horse thieves, and rescues Naomi judge in proper Muscioni style. (March)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough.—English actors attempting French farce. (May)

★ TODAY WE LIVE—M-G-M.—Joan Craw ford and John Garfield as an English-Warship commander engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Starring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

★ TONIGHT IS OURS—Paramount.—A deftly done bit of Graustarkian adventure and romance, with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. (March)

★ TOPAZE—RKO-Radio.—John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outwits life and the slickers. Superb. (April)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrive-grabbers jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Mu Erwin. (May)

VAMPIRE BAT, THE—Majestic Pictures.—"Dracula's" humor stuff that creeps in the telling, although Lionel Atwill, Fox-Wray and Melvyn Douglas lend considerable interest. (March)

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram.—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaya. (April)

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M.—And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton sighted abroad as brewers. (April)

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable.—Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (May)

★ WHISTLING IN THE DARK—M-G-M.—Ernest Truex and Una Merkel are in a tale about a crime writer made to invent a perfect crime for use by his captors. (March)

★ WHITE SISTER, THE—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable in a good work in this story of a girl who, having her officer lover dead, becomes a nun. (May)

WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount.—Co operative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (April)

WOMEN WON'T TELL—Chesterfield.—An abandoned child found on a city dump grows into a great tennis star; rubber stamp阅历 stater. (March)

★ WORKING MAN, THE—Warner.—George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a proper old magpie who saves his dear rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (June)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage pests; splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (June)
Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 64 to 69) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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G. Fox & Company, Inc.,
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ILLINOIS—
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“Is It True You Are Not Getting a Divorce?”

[Continued from page 35]

Meetings of the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences were called. Mass meetings were held at Pickfair. It was finally voted, after the Four Marx Brothers had been thrown out for the third time, that Jimmy Cagney should land Lilly a sock on the jaw that would end her scalded snooping forever. But no one could persuade Jimmy to come out from under the bed.

He, too, was a happy home man who feared disgrace.

Then stepped forth the man who created Hollywood’s greatest hero, Mr. Walt Disney, with a plan. And it worked.

The next day, when Lilly stepped forth with notebook in hand, Mickey Mouse promptly ran up the amazed and dumbfounded leg of Lilly and last heard of, she was still up a tree in China.

Alas, poor Lilly, when the Japs move in.

Nora—“I’m in misery when I have to wear high heels. I’m dying to take my slippers off.”

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Brian Aherne  
Adrienne Ames  
Lora Andre  
Richard Arlen  
George Barret  
Richard Bennett  
Mary Boland  
Gracie Bradley  
Clive Brook  
Kathleen Burke  
Burns and Allen  
Maurice Chevrill  
Claudette Colbert  
Mar Colman  
Gary Cooper  
Ricardo Cortez  
Buster Crabbe  
Bing Crosby  
Marlene Dietrich  
Patricia Felix  
Wyatt (Gibson  
Gary Grant  
Shirley Grey  
William Harrigan  
Verna Hillie

**Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.**

Heather Angel  
Frank Atkinson  
Warner Baxter  
Joan Bennett  
Joan Blondel  
Clara Bow  
El Brendel  
Hermita Cushman  
James Dunn  
Sally Eilers  
Norman Foster  
Henry Cogart  
Janet Gaynor  
Lilac Harvey  
Miriam Jordan  
Victor Jory  
Howard Lady  
Eliza Landi  
Win Lawrence  

**United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.**

Eddie Canto  
Charles Chaplin  
Ronald Colman  
Douglas Fairbanks

**Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.**

Walter Connolly  
Donald Cook  
Richard Cromwell  
Jack Holt  
Tim McCoy

**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios**

Tad Alexander  
Elizabith Allan  
Nils Asther  
Edel Barrymore  
John Barrymore  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Alice Brady  
Charles Bartenworth  
Mary Carlisle  
Virginia Cherrill  
Mac Clarke  
Jackie Cooper  
Joan Crawford  
Marion Davies  
Mae Elsesser  
Nelson Eddy  
Stuart Erwin  
Mae Murray  
Milton Evans  
Charles Hagen  
Greta Garbo  
C. Henry Gordon  
Lawrence Grant  
William Haines  
Louise Closer Hale  
Jean Harlow  
Helen Hayes  
Jean Harshboler  
Philippe Holmes

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**Universal City, Calif.**

**Universal Studios**

Vince Barnett  
Tom Brown  
Andy Clyde  
Jack Jones  
Karloff

**Warners-First National Studios**

Hardie Albright  
Loretta Andrews  
George Arliss  
Richard Barthelmess  
Joan Blondell  
George Brent  
Joe E. Brown  
Lynn Bremner  
James Cagney  
Maxine Caufield  
Rhut Chatterton  
Bebe Daniels  
Betty Davis  
Claire Dodd  
Ruth Donnelly  
Ann Doran  
Patricia Ellis  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Glenda Farrell  
Preston Foster  
Kav Francis  
Gerardine Grace  
Eleanor Holm  
Ann Hum  
Harold Huber

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**Burbank, Calif.**

**Hollywood, Calif.**

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.  
Virginia Brown Bree, 112 Gower St.  
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.  
Philippe De Lacy, 604 Guarnty Bidg.  
Lloyd Hughes, 116 Taft Ave.  
Harold Loyd, 640 Santa Monica Blvd.

**Los Angeles, Calif.**

Neil Hamilton, 9915 Rosewood Ave.  
Pat O'Malley, 161 Talia  
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.  
Estelle Taylor, 2214 Los Feliz Blvd.

**Culver City, Calif.**

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Holly Gilbert  
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A Pipe Is His Scepler

[continued from page 42]

I decided I'd make my gorilla picture anyway—and make it right here. After Edgar Wallace and I got together a few times, the gorilla outgrew even the rest of those monsters and became Kong."

That's how the most thrilling freak that ever came out of Hollywood reached the screen. Cooper remains as unlike the typical studio big shot as chalk is unlike cheese.

THE "I" so conspicuous in the conversations of many others is absent from Cooper's vocabulary. In everything he has ever done he gives the bulk of the credit to somebody else.

He does not visualize himself as a movie Mussolini.

"I don't know why they pick on me to run things," is the way he puts it. "I guess they were just hard up for somebody and had to take a chance on me. But it's fun to be in the spot where you make the wheels go 'round."

Cooper, even though he never talks, has always made the wheels go 'round. He will tell you how Schoedsack, his partner on their jungle pictures, stood in a pit in Siam and ground away at his camera while that avalanche of elephants charged over his head; but he won't tell you that he himself ground away at another camera, smash in front of those pounding pachyderms, without the protection of a pit.

"Schoedsack was by far the better cameraman of the two of us," he said, "so usually he worked the camera while I worked with that.

He doesn't add that it would have been just too bad for both of them if the man with the gun had ever failed.

He speaks of all his adventures, of all his pictures—including "King Kong"—much as a schoolboy recounts his escapades. There is no boasting or bombast; just a shy grin on his bronzed face as though he were still wondering how he ever got away with it. Particularly is this true of "Chang," where the charge of those elephants had an amusing, if embarrassing, aftermath.

It seems that after he and Schoedsack had built the corral, they gathered up all the huge beasts they could find, interspersing tame ones among the captured wild ones, and then, for the purposes of the picture, turned the whole horde loose.

"When we got through there were elephants scattered all over Siam," he grinned, "and what they did to the countryside was plenty. It took the natives weeks to round them up again—and they were plenty mad at us."

Throughout all their expeditions, Cooper and Schoedsack never suffered any hurt and rarely lost a man. Their preparations were made with the infinite care which alone insured safety and success. Of course, Cooper explains accidents will happen. Such as the time when a part of their safari got it the way of an ordinarily peaceful hippo; or when some of the wandering tribe, in "Gunga Din," swimming their horses across the river with inflated goat skins for water-wings, were swept away and drowned.

"Gunga" was not in any sense a staged picture," Cooper remarked. "The migration of the tribes in search of food occurs every year, and we were able to photograph it. While we were doing so, Schoedsack and I always slept on the bare ground with only a couple of blankets and a piece of canvas to cover us. We were always in the best possible physical trim.

"But now," he added disgustedly, "every time I get in a draft in this office I get the flu."

---

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c\$1,500 in CASH PRIZES in MOVIE MUDDLES CONTEST—SEE PAGE 39

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Her Frank Answer Taught Me

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In three days my skin, too, was gorgeously smooth—clear—white. No more redness, sallowness, freckles or blackheads. I keep it flawless, too, by simply spending ten minutes a week with Golden Pencock Bleach Creme—just rub the lightest film imaginable over my skin twice a week. It's so much—simple—economic! Get a jar of Golden Pencock Bleach Creme today, yourself—simply ask for it at any drug store or toilet-goods counter.
Which shows you pretty accurately Mr. Cooper's unique viewpoint about Hollywood in general and about himself as a studio big shot in particular. Except as a means of making pictures Merian C. Cooper cares nothing about money. The accumulation of wealth, as typified by Hollywood's golden bath tubs, is in his opinion just as futile as going to Hollywood parties. He wastes no effort on either.

His motion picture career actually began when his naval career ended, although some years passed before he got his hands on a camera or enough money to carry out the idea. In his graduating year at Annapolis, while on his last foreign cruise as a midshipman, he went ashore skyharking. On the one leave he gathered enough demerits to set him down. Thus the United States Navy deprived itself of an outstanding sailor. Somehow you feel, though, that even as an admiral he would prefer that old brown hat and coat to the usual cargo of gold braid.

After leaving Annapolis by request, he wandered among the cities of America as an itinerant and soiled reporter, and finally drifted downtown to North Carolina to try writing. A travel magazine then told him he could accompany a private movie expedition if he wanted to act as the magazine's correspondent and was willing to work his way. He did, and was.

It is quite characteristic of Cooper that while sketching this phase of his life, he quite "forgot" to mention that during the war he was commander of an air squadron and an American ace. The expedition with which he went out took off aboard an old sailing yacht for Singapore, the East Indies, Suez, and the East coast of Africa.

Shortly after their arrival at Nairobi, the lion-hunting base, the cameraman quit. Schoesack was sent out to replace him, and that is how he and Cooper first met.

While on this expedition the things they saw being done wrong gave them an idea of things they could do right. When their current job was washed up, they started out together with a camera, a gun and two blankets on a journey—wandering over the greater part of Asia looking for something to shoot. The immediate result was "Grass," which took audiences all over the world by storm.

"Just the same," said Cooper, "I have never yet done anything I've been satisfied with. Somewhere, I always felt fed up with what I was doing, and when I had finished I knew I had missed.

"That goes even for 'King Kong,'" which was like doing laboratory work compared with making pictures in the field; and I hope that I always feel that way. Whenever I come to the place where I'm satisfied with what I've done, I'll know automatically that I'm through."

Beside his desk stands a plane geography globe. To him that globe is the crystal ball of his existence, the focusing point of all his thoughts. Put your finger anywhere on it and the odds are that he has been there. More, the odds are that he will go back.

"Yes, I hope to start out again some day," he will say quietly, dreamily, that far-away look accentuated in his eyes. "I should hate to think that the fun's all over."

And he will. It's in the cards that sooner or later he will get out his old camera and spine pad, squat down the barrel of his rifle, wipe off the lens of his camera, and be on his way. And his voice will be jubilant again as he cries the magic word:

"Here!"

Which, in the language of those who remain behind, means safari, outlist, caravan.

---

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P11-7-33.
Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

WARTIME grimness did not prevent us, in July 1928, from showing how Charlie Chaplin could fill the gap caused by the death of his "villain," Eric Campbell, in an automobile accident. Someone had suggested William Jennings Bryan as substitute—so with a retoucher's aid, we showed how this would work.

Charlie, meantime, had just gone speechless, while he, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Sr. were talking to the country selling liberty bonds. And to complete our record on Charlie for the month we reviewed "A Dog's Life" and said, "Mr. Chaplin is the one buffoon in pictures who imparts to his most hilarious moments recognizable human emotions." Was that recognition of genius, or what?

Wartime psychology had turned Wally Reid into a funny one. During a Red Cross benefit, he auctioned off a fine dog snapped from the audience—only to find that he had sold his own birthday present to Mrs. Reid! For a salutary note, we recorded the death of Mary Maurice, long famous as Vitagraph's "screen mother."

Among newsmakers, we told an eager world that Mary Miles Minter was "sweet sixteen" on April Fool's Day last, while Paramount was promising a new star, not yet sixteen; Lila Lee, known as "Cuddles," Tallulah Bankhead was a candidate for screen stardom, and Texan Gail Anson, erstwhile of Westerns, was doing a Broadway girl in "The Love Brokers."

Polly Moran, Mack Sennett "sorrel girl," had obtained a divorce, and for lighter reading we explained Bill Hart's tricky way of lighting matches. The perennial "best-dressed woman argument lay between Elsie Ferguson and Alla Nazimova at the time.

Of stars at the peak, we had stories on Susie Hayakawa, Louise Glaum, Alice Brady, Louise Huff, Pauline Starke. Cover: Doris Kenyon.

10 Years Ago

SOME handy milestones of movie history found their way into our issue of July. 1933. In speaking of Mary Pickford, we said it was then fourteen years since she had entered movies—and her entrance came just fifteen years after the moving picture had been invented. To complete the parallel, Mary was born in the same year that Edison invented the first successful projecting device, the peepohole kinetoscope.

Although a spring release, "The Covered Wagon" was still commanding national attention. In this issue we told how J. Warren Kerrigan made his "comeback" in it, after a long absence from the screen. He had been away, to be with his invalid mother and sister. Lois Wilson of the same film was, we took pleasure in reporting, one woman to whom all Hollywood pointed proudly in refutation of claims that movie people couldn't live normal, fine lives.

Another current sensation was Harold Lloyd's "Safety Last!"—and we told how those hair-raising skyscraper shots had been obtained. Harold had built part of a skyscraper on the roof of a real one—and if he had fallen, he would have hit the roof two stories down, instead of the far distant street. Camera angles did the rest.

After seeing Griffith's "The White Rose;" we hailed a screen newcomer—Neil Hamilton, who got his first chance to show his real ability in that film. Another "arrival" was Colleen Moore—just signed to a long term contract with First National. Of the established stars, Douglas Fairbanks Sr. was working on "The Thief of Bagdad," Mary Pickford was "Rosita," and First National had just bought the rights to Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie." The title role was given to Blanche Sweet (this was two years before Garbo had been heard of in America, and live before she played the role.

Cover: Pauline Garon.

5 Years Ago

IN July, 1928, the "sex appeal" business had been bruiting sufficiently so that our plain duty seemed to lie in throwing scientific light upon the matter. Dr. Louis Bisch, therefore, gave us the psychological "lowdown," while Elinor Glyn laid out complete courses of action under the intriguing title, "How to Get a Man and How to Hold Him."

Jack Gilbert was warming up in the second installment of his life story, dwelling with his heart in pictures—as an extra in Inceville Westerns. His first day's job was being a dead miner in a burning mine—and he ruined the take by getting up when the flames had half consumed his shoes. His first part was a bit with Bill Hart—which led to a real part a year later.

The "news of the month" in casting circles was provided by Samuel Goldwyn. His Ronald Coleman-Vilma Banky team was fine, but too expensive; so he was importing Lili Damita for Ronald and Walter Byron for Vilma. Lili averred that gold would not lure her from France, but to play with Jf. Coleman—ah...well...something.

A young lady attracting considerable attention these days was glamorous Joan Crawford, of whom fine things were predicted once she got a chance. Of course, the many rumors of a Fairbanks marriage didn't lessen public interest in Joan a bit. Hollywood was interested likewise in Philippe de Lacy, an adopted war orphan called "the screen's handiest boy." He lived in the house occupied by Barbara Stanwyck; and in one of Dave's early films, was killed by a flash of his gun. By the time he started the press, he was considered something of a jinx.

Richard Dix had just pulled through an attack of appendicitis that all but killed him, and we told how he felt to expect death. George Currie, head of a noted dramatic school, told at length about training Marion Davies and others. Ruth Taylor had the cover.

Want a brand new thrill? wear SEVENTEEN!

LIFE just can't be dull—unexciting— for those who wear the fragrance of Seventeen!

It lifts you up—and carries you away—across years and years— to that gayer, thrill- inger world where all lived in at seventeen!

Give this pleasure to yourself and those around you! Wear Seventeen—respond to its subtle invitation to be young—glamorous—and carefree!

Wear Seventeen's fragrance in Perfume... Toilet Water... Sachet and a complete Ensemble of Scented Toilettries.

MAISON JEURELLE
247 Park Avenue, New York

Makers of Seventeen
IRENE DUNNE has solved that injuries-from-bicycling problem. After taking five serious spills, she ordered herself a tricycle.

WHEN Dolores Del Rio built her new home several years ago, she included a swimming pool.

She's never been in it, but wears her colorful swimming suits for sun-bathing.

JOAN BLONDELL is running right down the chromatic scale, when it comes to hair shades. Has gone from platinum to strawberry pink.

The irrepressible Blondell says she is going to try a lovely plaid effect next, working gradually into a Japanese sunset with curled-noodle bangs.

WHEN Irene Dunne left for her vacation at La Quinta (rival desert resort for Palm Springs), she was wearing a little wash dress which looked like linen and which had cost her exactly $3.50.

NOW that Loretta Young has transferred her affections to Bruce Cabot and Lew Ayres has allowed his option on Lola Lane to lapse, Herbert Sondern, former husband of Gloria Swanson, and Lola are consoling each other.

JOAN CRAWFORD apparently has given up the thought of disposing of the house in Brentwood that was her home and Douglas' for practically all of the years they were married.

Certainly because the real estate market is so low at the moment she has decided to keep it and continue to live in it.

And although she had it completely redecorated inside only a short time ago, she again is having it redecorated, this time outside as well as in.

Which is a natural sort of thing to do, no doubt, because, as it was, it suggested too many memories.

Douglas is expected to go on the stage.

KATHARINE HEPBURN was approached by a magazine-writer, who asked for a description of the traveling dress she wore when she arrived back in Hollywood. The m.w. waited, pencil poised, for a full, detailed description.

"Well," elucidated to Hepburn, "It's a sort of a gray flannel or something, with.long sleeves and nickel plated gadgets to hold it together.

Oh yes. And it has a skirt."

GAIL PATRICK, one of the "Panther Women" prize winners, is a Southern girl.

She electrified the set a few days ago by announcing seriously that she had been invited to run for Governor of Alabama.

And Dick Arlen, the old Paramount George Bernard Shaw, remarked, "You're equipped o. k. physically, Gail—but how are you mentally?"

SALLY EILERS went to Europe without hubby Hoot Gibson. They want to think things over during the separation and decide whether their marriage will continue.

And when she boarded the train, she found that some wag had placed an owl in her drawing room. In hope, I suppose, it would "hoot."

LIONEL BARRYMORE had been wanting a certain painting for years. It was recently offered to him at the extremely low price of $250.

He shook his head, "Too much. And if you don't think $250 is a lot of money today, just try to borrow it."

MAYBE Janet Gaynor is lonely now that she and Lydell Peck are divorced, but people who sit up late at the dance places are already beginning to remark how Janet, Charles Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, are frequently in the same party.

While she and Lydell were married Janet was rarely seen at night clubs.

Oh, grandmother, what big curls you have! But it isn't grandmother, children, nor the wolf. It's George Arliss as Voltaire—a serious rôle in a serious drama. When "Voltaire" was recently completed, Arliss called it the best movie he had made.
At the MAGIC THEATRE
THIS WEEK
Mark and Dot See
"ALICE AND THE LOOKING GLASS"

WHAT AN ATTRACTIVE LOOKING GIRL.

LOOK...HE'S PUTTING THE SCREEN AROUND HER. WONDER WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT?

M-M-M-M.

YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE.

SHE HAS DISAPPEARED!

THE TRICK AS MARK EXPLAINED IT.

MAIN PART OF GLASS CAN BE RAISED UP INTO THIS WOOD PANEL, EXPOSING CUT-OUT PORTION FOR LADY'S ESCAPE.

MIRROR IS IN TWO SECTIONS, DIVIDED AT THE SHELF WHERE LADY STANDS.

ASSISTANT HAULING ALICE THROUGH HOLE IN THE MIRROR.

MARK, I'LL BET EVEN YOU DON'T KNOW HOW THAT WAS DONE.

WASN'T IT GREAT SHE MADE HERSELF WANKASHED.

AREN'T ALL CIGARETTES MADE PRACTICALLY THE SAME WAY?

YES, I KNOW...BUT CAMELS ARE MILD-ER AND THEY HAVE REAL FLAVOR TRY ONE.

SAY, DOT, THIS DOES TASTE GRAND.

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS!"

MARK HAS LEARNED NOW TO WATCH FOR ILLUSIONS IN MAGIC AND ILLUSIONS IN CIGARETTES.
HE LIKED CAMELS BETTER, ONCE HE TRIED THEM. YOU WILL ENJOY THEM TOO!

It's more fun to know!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand... They combine mildness and flavor. They demonstrate the truth of the saying. "It's the tobacco that counts."

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36-PAGE ILLUSTRATED MAGIC BOOK CONTAINING 23 MYSTIFYING CIGARETTE, CARD AND COIN TRICKS. YOU CAN FOOLED THOSE 'WISE GUYS' THAT KNOW IT ALL, WITHOUT SKILL OR PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE. MAIL ORDER BLANK AT RIGHT WITH THE FRONTS FROM FIVE PACKS OF CAMELS.

NO TRICKS IN CAMELS...JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS
WE can't deny it—a pretty face gives a girl a good start towards popularity.

But there's one thing even the prettiest face can't win out against—the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on a girl's person and clothing. Nothing more quickly and surely turns masculine admiration away, than this kind of unpleasantness.

And it's all the harder to forgive because it's so easy to avoid. With Mum! A light fingertipful of this snowy deodorant cream under each arm when you dress—and you're safe for all day!

Use Mum any time. For it's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—even a sensitive skin. It's so soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration. It simply takes away all objectionable body odor.

When Mum makes it so easy, so simple to avoid underarm odor, isn't it foolish to risk hurting yourself by this social lapse? You can get Mum at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins gives that assurance of protection which means freedom from worry and peace of mind on this old problem.
He thought he was tough and so did she. But the tougher they are the harder they fall. And how they fall for each other in "HOLD YOUR MAN!" He thought he could let her suffer for his sake...she knew she could do it and smile! And what a climax! To the thousands who were thrilled by "Red Dust" it's great news that Jean Harlow and Clark Gable are together again. M-G-M believes it is their greatest picture. You will, too! Directed by Sam Wood.

*The reproduction above of an original painting of Clark Gable and Jean Harlow by Syman Shimin, is one of a series of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars
High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots ........................................ KATHRYN DOUGHERTY 23
The Photo That Made Garbo ................................. HAL WHIN 26
Now It's $12,500 a Week ......................................... JILLA PAGE PALMBOUR 27
Wonder What Old Man Gossip Will Say to This? ......... 29
How 12 Stars Make Love ........................................ HILARY LYNN 30
$1,500 in Prizes for Movie Muddles ......................... 34
Yoo Hoo! Here Comes Gracie! .................................. SARA HAMILTON 36
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood ............. 44
Scene from "Tugboat Annie" ...................................... 48
3 Days—and Sylvia Had Brightened Sidney Fox's Whole Life SYLVIA 52
Seymour—PHOTOPLAY's Style Authority .................... 60
The Beauty Search Is On ........................................... 67
It's Play Time Hour ................................................ 68
PHOTOPLAY's Hollywood Beauty Shop ....................... CAROLYN VAN WYCK 73

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures .............................. 12
The Shadow Stage ..................................................... 54

Personalities

Jack LaRue's Big Secret ........................................... RUTH BERRY AND ELEANOR PACKER 28
The Miracle of Louise Fazenda's Baby ....................... EDMITH MEREDITH 33
Daddy of the Studio Family! ...................................... HARRY SANTLER 38
A Harp in Honolulu .................................................. 43
Meet Joan's Best Friend ........................................... From the diary of PAT O'BRIEN
Ronald's Painted Mustache ...................................... REX TERROR 31
"All Women Are Sirens at Heart" ............................... Says Mister Lubitsch to MAY ALLISON QURK 38
He Can't Even Feed a Friend! ................................. ROMA BANTON 70
Well! Well! So This Is Hepburn! ............................... SARA HAMILTON 71
To Be Happy—Give! .................................................. 72

On the cover—Katharine Hepburn—Painted by Earl Christy.

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

1920  "HUMORESQUE"
1921 "TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922 "ROBIN HOOD"
1923 "THE COVERED WAGON"
1924 "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925 "THE BIG PARADE"
1926 "BEAU GESTE"
1927 "7th HEAVEN"
1928 "FOUR SONS"
1929 "DISRAELI"
1930 "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931 "CIMARRON"

Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets ........................................... 8
Hollywood Menus .................................................. 16
Questions and Answers .......................................... 82
Addresses of the Stars ............................................ 109
Casts of Current Photoplays .................................... 112

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"The Old Car Comes"

A Mobiloil Movie with Adolphe Menjou*, Dorothy Mackaill

1 HUSBAND: "I wish we hadn't been roped into going to the Lake with the Chases this week-end. Our car will look so shabby beside their grand new car."

2 WIFE: "I know, but Mrs. Chase says their car is laid up for repairs—even if it is new. Unless we all go in our car, we can't go. And I don't want to disappoint Jimmy."

4 HUSBAND: "I found that good oil makes most any car last longer and run better and cost less. I stick to Mobiloil and never use anything else."

5 MRS. CHASE: "My husband certainly seemed impressed with the way your car runs."

*Now appearing in Columbia's "The Circus Queen Murder"

On your vacation trip, make sure your car gets Double-Range
"Through!"
and The Gleasons

CHASE: "Say, this old bus of yours certainly runs well.—Four years old?—How in the world do you do it!"

HUSBAND: "The Chases were nice, weren't they? And Mr. Chase certainly couldn't get over the way our car runs. He seemed tickled about that Mobiloil tip I gave him."

Today's speeds give oils double the wallop they took 3 years ago. That is why—today—you need Mobiloil. It can take punishment—because it is double-range. Drive slow...you get no gum or carbon. Drive fast...Mobiloil does not thin out dangerously. You save expensive repairs. You lengthen car life. And because Mobiloil lasts longer, your yearly oil bill is actually less. That is why—at 30¢ a quart—Mobiloil is the largest-selling oil in the world. Change to Mobiloil today!

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION
MERCHANT OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK AND VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Save oil costs
Save car costs

protection with Mobiloil
Dorothy Jordan gives one of the best performances of the year in it. Let's see her in more pictures like "Bondage"—and let's wipe the smug conventionalists off the map! ROBERT P. SAALBACH, Pittsburgh, Penna.

HOW ABOUT IT, MAURICE?

I've just seen "A Bedtime Story." It's great. You were great, Mr. Chevalier, and so was MONSTRE Le Baby. But, just for fun, tell us who really cried for the baby?

Once or twice, yes, I'll admit he did cry. We not only heard him, we saw him.

But, more than once, his crying could be heard, but the glimpses of the baby showed him happy and placid.

MARION FAY, Pittsburgh, Penna.

A NICE ONE FOR NEIL.

Overnight sensations may be necessary to keep up public interest, but the others who stick represent the true Hollywood. I would say that Neil Hamilton heads this class of player. Close at his heels would be Conrad Nagel.

Surely it must be nearly ten years since I saw Neil Hamilton in D. W. Griffith's "America." And yet he is one you think of today. How is that done? My solution would be—a personality of perennial appeal, and the ability to act in an even, careful manner.

ARTHUR F. JONES, New York, N. Y.

LOOKING INTO "LOOKING FORWARD"

I have just seen the new picture entitled "Looking Forward" and without hesitation recommend it as one of the finest motion pictures.

8
When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month: $25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn’t count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

CAREFUL, careful—if we argue too much, it will be too hearing, here in the middle of the summer! But there’s no argument about some things—the supreme charm of Helen Hayes in “The White Sister,” and that rollicking, “knock-em-over” Lee Tracy! (One group wants to start a “Tracy for Mayor” movement up in Staid Old Boston right now. Wouldn’t that make “The Hub” turn faster?) Among personalities, an outstanding hit of the month is Ramon Novarro, and together with earning the customary praise for Joan, Gary and Robert Young, “Today We Live” has won Franchot Tone a considerable niche in the affections of movie-goers. “Looking Forward,” which has been called a critic’s picture, drew keenly discerning comment. Janet Gaynor’s “Adorable,” of course, is starting to be a letter-magnet, and it’s plain that Henry Garat is highly popular.

In general comment, the chorus of demand for happy endings is growing ever stronger. Not that the others aren’t recognized as good—but the times, they say, provide grief enough. And many a writer protests against “panning” stars, because one doesn’t happen to like them. Why not, they ask, just stay away?

Lee Tracy, of course, remains a high favorite—and it’s on the cards that “The Nuisance” will cause his star to shine even more brightly. It’s not hard to understand why, when you see him at work, as here with Madge Evans in the accident scene, persuading her to sue the car company picture industry has turned out in many years. But—what has affected the studio to such a sad extent that they star Lionel Barrymore in electric lights, while Lewis Stone is grudgingly granted a half-inch of small type in the bills and advertisements?

Lewis Stone was the star of the picture, in fact he was the picture itself. With any other actor in his role, the film would have been a flop, regardless if all the brood of Barrymores were starred and co-starred in it.

FRANK E. RANDLE, JR., Clinton, Miss.

Apropos of “Looking Forward,” I’d like to applaud that perfect bit done by the washerwoman when she is informed by Mrs. Boston that she “needn’t come Monday”—That bit was the high spot in the play for me. In that half minute the near-hopeless struggle of the character’s dreary life was portrayed—the crippled child, the wretched, burdened home to which she was returning. I hope that actress gets some truly good parts. She deserves them.

ELLIOTT BEALEY, Ton’s River, N. J.

OH, THESE TYPES!

I am so sick of reading of “types” of movie actresses! The Garbo type! The Bow type! The Hepburn type!

I went to see “Christopher Strong” the other night and here was Katharine Hepburn, already set hard in the mold of her “type,” Galvanized and crystallized into an entirely different being from the girl in “Bill of Divorcement,” far more of a female robot than anything else to me.

Thank heaven, there is one woman that cannot be typed, and that is Marie Dressler! M. LOTY, Minneapolis, Minn.

MARY'S "SECRETS"

Yesterday I saw Mary Pickford in "Secrets." A more beautifully drawn picture of a real woman I believe I have never seen.

Mary gave us the "secret" of true marital happiness, when she said, "In every marriage there are secrets which only one man and one woman know, and they can't be shared."

Give us a nation of Mary's for our wives and mothers, and our country is secure!

R. L. HARRIS, Fayetteville, Tenn.

Nothing but "Secrets" could have persuaded me that I was wrong in immediately starting suit for divorce when the "other woman" entered our married life some weeks ago. As I watched Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard go through life together on the silver screen, overcoming obstacle after obstacle, till the happy ending, I decided to take a tip from Mary's "secrets"—and hold my husband, too!

And thanks to Mary Pickford's grand picture, I still have my husband, his undivided love and a rosy future ahead instead of a broken-up home, unhappiness and regrets.


Do we want the characters in our movies true to life, or don't we?

We do. Then why have a woman of forty play the part of a debutante? Yes, I mean Mary Pickford.

This is the day of Joan Crawford, Bette Davis and Kay Francis.

Why not allow Mary Pickford to retire from the screen gracefully, so Mother and Dad can remember "that beautiful Mary Pickford" of their day?

ROBIN PAULMAN, Wellesley, N. Y.
What the Audience Thinks

CONTINUED

The love interest was some of the most exquisite I have seen since "Lady Frederick." Lacking as it did all those "passionate scenes" that seem to be considered essential. Yet her vibrant and alive they were and so convincing. The true spirit shone out like a halo.

I didn't particularly care for Franchot Tone the first time I saw him in "Gabriel Over the White House." But he reached my heart in "Today We Live."

May we see him as a lover? Women like that light behind a curtain; that smouldering fire waiting for the flame. Nothing requires more subtlety than a well-done love scene. We have too many of them.

Franchot Tone belongs to a select company of nine members. The others are: George Arliss, Lionel Barrymore, Charles Laughton, Paul Lukas, Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall, Ralph Morgan and Irving Pichel. These nine possess that rare faculty of letting us read their thoughts. They live their parts.

KALIFUS KURTZ, Louisville, Ky.

PLENTY AGREE WITH THIS!

A nurse has to have some pretty steady nerves and plenty of patience. If she didn't go to a theater one or twice a week—where she can sit in peace and relax and enjoy a good picture—why she wouldn't last long. "Today We Live," with Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper and others, served humanity with tears, laughs, thrills and love. What more could humanity ask? Give us more like them, and give us more wonderful acting of Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Gary's pal, Mark.

OLGA MILLER, San Francisco, Calif.

HELEN SCORES—THEY DIVIDE ON CLARK

Another Helen Hayes triumph! That means I've seen "The White Sister." No other actress could have played this role half so beautifully. You leave the theater raving about the Hayes histrionics rather than the picture.

And here's the trouble in a nutshell: nobody likes a sad ending. We go to the movies for entertainment—not to break our hearts. We have our own troubles.

Now while Clark Gable is God's gift to neglected wives, I still feel he is miscast in serious roles. He is better fitted for devil-may-care pictures like "Red Dust."

VIOLET LANE, Charlotte, N. C.

HATS OFF TO RAMON!

If your critic chooses to relegate those who appreciated and enjoyed "The Barbarian" to a "romance-starved" group, I shall be most happy as one of them.

Twould be as easy to divorce romance from love as it would be to eliminate the lovely fragrance from the rose or the melodious harmony from "Love Song of the Nile."

I wish that I knew Ramon Novarro, that I might thank him for his superb performance.

ESCEILERE O'NEILL, Portland, Ore.

Hail to "The Barbarian" and the superb acting of Ramon Novarro! Having seen "The Sheik," with Valentino three times, I think "The Barbarian" was a far more fascinating and beautiful story. Novarro has always been my ideal screen hero. He is "romance" itself, so handsome in face and figure, with that sparkle of fun and mischief shining from his eyes, and with a voice so sweet and appealing.

GRACE LAMOIN, Spokane, Wash.

"MOVIES AND MORALS"

I can't see through all this talk of the movies being responsible for the "downfall" (if it is downfall) of the younger generation. I am eighteen years old and have been attending movies all my life, which gives me the right to talk, being a movie-goer of the younger generation. I think some people is trying to make me try to tell me that I am demoralized.

DOROTHY BUNCE, Los Angeles, Calif.

At least once a year Mr. and Mrs. Movie Public wake up, stretch—yawn—and decide to ask and demand "bigger and better" cinema. They claim that the shock of sex dramas, ghost shooting and horror films. They cry for something uplifting. Now, every once in a while an unwisely producer heeds their cry. He puts out a movie, clean. A "Lady's Profession"—a cinema that has everything Mr. and Mrs. Movie Public asked for. Do they flock to the show to see it? Sure, they hurry to the show, but the one next door, where that nice clean, different picture "The Story of Temple Drake" is to be seen. They come out satisfied—stretch—yawn, and retire until ready to make their annual kick.

MILDRED SCHMIDT, Chicago, Ill. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 17.]

It does seem that Ramon Novarro admirers—and they are legion—can't see him enough. Certainly the letters evoked by his appearance as an Egyptian dragman in "The Barbarian" go far to prove it. So to help meet the demand, here is a fine dressing-room shot of Ramon as Jamil.

"ADORABLE" HENRY!

Janet Gaynor and Henry Garat in "Adorable" take all the prizes. Words fail to express the exquisiteness, charm, loveliness and perfection of this new captivating team.

G. M. SILVER, Portsmouth, Ohio

Last night I saw what I consider the most entertaining and delightful film of the year. "Adorable" with Henry Garat. You will notice I say "with Henry Garat." The reason is he steals the picture, despite the fact that in it Janet Gaynor attained her long deserved break, and was allowed to wear some nice clothes for a change.

That Garat follow sure has all the personality it takes to get across, plus a pleasing voice and charming smile.

M. E. BARBER, Detroit, Mich.

HURRAH FOR MAYOR TRACY!

There are forty-six girls in my office. We voted on the favorite male stars a few weeks ago and Lee Tracy was the winner, and the girls stated that if he would come to Boston and throw his hat in the "ring" he could be Mayor of Boston any time. Please send this message to Lee, as he may tire of movie life.

46 BOSTON GIRLS, Boston, Mass.

"GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE"

I came away awed by the magnificence of the thing, with nothing but admiration for the minds who can conceive such a vehicle and put it before the public in an entertaining enough manner to drive home the thought back of it all.
"This Tooth Paste makes my teeth look Marvelous...

yet I pay only 25¢ a tube"

Dear Mabel:

In spite of the depression, George and I managed to enjoy life during the last few months.

I guess I wrote you that George had taken his third salary cut and that we are now calling the old place on the hill “the-next-to-nothing-house” because we have next to nothing to keep it going.

But honestly, Mabel, it’s been fun discovering how easy it is to get along without things we used to consider important.

I am dressing on about a tenth of what I used to. We are eating for about a third of what it used to cost. And if you were to see me in my bathing suit, which I made myself, you’d say it was a good thing (about the food, I mean) because I’ve actually lost just pounds.

And George beams on me as he hasn’t beamed in years. We are really getting acquainted all over again. We are actually finding happiness in the depression.

By the way, I’ve found you can save money on tooth paste just as you can on toilet goods and groceries. Let me give you a little helpful home hint. Try Listerine Tooth Paste. It makes my teeth look simply marvelous. And, of course, the fact that it saves about $3 a year, over 50¢ tooth pastes, is a particularly happy thought in these times. I don’t know why I never tried it before. I’ve used Listerine all my life but somehow I never did get acquainted with the Tooth Paste until recently.

George wishes to be remembered and says that if you have still got your Chewie it would be nice to have you dash down and take in one of the football games this fall.

Lots of love,

Helen

At last! Bristles can’t come out!

PROC-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH

with PERMA-GRIP (U.S. PAT. No. 1471661)

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢

REMOVES FILM FASTER
Consult this picture shopping guide and your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

AFTER THE BALL.—Gaumont, British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughty English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (April)

AIR HOSTESS.—Columbia.—Evelyn Knapp's wildly troubles, suffered while cheering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (April)

ALIMONY MADNESS.—Mayfair Pictures.—A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony racket. (July)

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS.—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a "mercy murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mae Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (April)

BARBARIAN, THE.—M-G-M.—If starred for romance, see Egyptian guide Roman Novarro do a combined "Sheik" and "Grandstarck" with Myrna Loy. (June)

BEDTIME STORY.—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BEHIND JURY DOORS.—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Collier and cast lend some life to the old tale of the reporter who clears the sweetheart's father of murder. (April)

BE MINE TONIGHT.—Gaumont, British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (April)

BIG CAGE, THE.—Universal.—Clyde Beatty in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some bits in bad taste. (May)

BIG DRIVE, THE.—First Division.—Horribly gruesome, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (April)

BLONDIE JOHNSON.—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (April)

BONDAGE.—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a "minded girl" raised by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafaela Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (March)

BROADWAY BAD.—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (May)

CENTRAL AIRPORT.—First National.—When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (June)

CHRISTOPHER STRONG.—RKO Radio.—Katherine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (May)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE.—Columbia.—Scotty Mclalie-Miron scores the murder of trapese performer Greta Novack. Grand circus; a wow finish. (July)

CLEAR ALL WIRLES.—M-G-M.—A weak story about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy) who falls in love with his boss, and the world. (April)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE.—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jolynn Howard and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (May)

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE.—World Wide.—Clarice Windor deserts Conrad Nagel and the test show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (May)

CORRUPTION.—Wm. Berke Prod.—Preston Foster as a bow marrier who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evelyn Knapp good. (July)

CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE.—Paramount.—Acceptable mystery, with Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson. (April)

CROSS FIRE.—RKO Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

DESTINATION UNKNOWN.—Universal.—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing criminals on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE.—Hal Roach.—M-G-M.—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy as rascals for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

DIPLOMANNES.—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavish girl display. (July)

DUDE BANDIT, THE.—Allied.—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (June)

EAGLE AND THE HAWK.—Paramount.—The much used anti-war theme of the arms that cracks under the strain of the killing. Production March superb; fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, others. (July)

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE.—Allied.—A great story of a secret marriage, arguments over a will, He-lurn. (May)

ELMER THE GREAT.—First National.—Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (June)

EMERGENCY CALL.—RKO Radio.—Another hospital, gangster, doctor-and-nurse medley, by Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, just sporting. (July)

EX-LADY.—Warner.—Bette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic eyeful. (April)

FAST WORKERS.—M-G-M.—Mac Clarke fine in a dull tale about a two-timing sky-scraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (May)

FIRES OF FATE.—Powers Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a shell-backed veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (June)

FRIEDERIKE.—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe, with music. (May)

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN.—Paramount.—A great cast in a grand mix-up about people who go to a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oakie's in it. (April)

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE.—M-G-M.—With an inspired President would do to depression, splendidly played by Walter Huston. Karen Morley, Franchot Tone in fine support. (June)

GHOST TRAIN, THE.—Gainsborough.—A spectacular train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror creeps slowly. (May)

GIRL IN 419.—Paramount.—Sex and adventure in a hospital, where gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to strike Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jeanne Dumas. Fast-stepping; well done. (July)

GIRL MISSING.—Warner.—You can be, wigs out missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (June)
A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

GRANDMA'S A DEAR
— BUT DADDY... IF SHE COMES I'LL NEVER GET IN WITH THE CROWD HERE. AS IT IS, THEY...

HONEY, I CAN'T STAY ANY LONGER AND I WON'T LEAVE YOU AT A HOTEL ALONE

NEXT WEEK
NOT GOING TO THE DANCE... WHY, CHILD, WHAT'S WRONG?

TIRED OF BEING A WALL-FLOWER, GRANDMA — THAT'S ALL

MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO BE VERY FRANK. YOU'RE A PRETTY GIRL BUT NOT ALWAYS... DAINTY....

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I'VE NOTICED....

GRANDMA, YOU CAN'T MEAN I'VE BEEN CARELESS ABOUT 'B.O.' I'LL GET LIFEBUOY RIGHT AWAY

WHAT A WONDERFUL TOILET SOAP LIFEBOUY IS! I FEEL SO CLEAN — NO "B.O." NOW. GRANDMA'S COMING WAS A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

"B.O." GONE — most popular girl at the hotel!

GRANDMA AND I WANT TO STAY ANOTHER WEEK, DADDY! WE'RE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME

Its purifying lather keeps complexions lovely, too

LIFEBOUY lather gets you extra-clean from head to toe! It guards your personal daintiness — guards your skin beauty, too. That's because it purifies the pores. Wash with it daily — see your complexion grow clearer, fresher, younger!

Lifebuoy's hygienic, quickly-vanishing scent is your assurance of real "B.O." (body odor) protection.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14 ]
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[continued from page 13]

LILLY TURNER—First Nationals—Inevitable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (July)

LITTLE GIANT, THE—Warners—Eddie Robinson, just married, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (June)

LOOKING FORWARD—M.G.M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and the bottle. This movie is a slice. (June)

LOVE IN MOROCCO—Gaumont British. Risky flim-flam. But North African sex and fighting but no romance is a wasted. (June)

Lucky Dog—Universal—Canine actor Buster turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "sort of buck" Clic Salee (not a young man). (July)

MAD ON BROADWAY—M.G.M.—Robert Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Maggie Evans and Eugene Pallico in a dell one over a Rowery girl. (June)

MAN FROM MONTREAL, THE—Warners—John Wayne is a criminal here is a mechanism which we cannot see in the facts. (July)

MAN HUNT—RKO—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy scout, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (April)

MAN WHO WON, THE—British International. A blackmailer blackmails through tedious scenes as a depression farmer. (May)


MEN MUST FIGHT—M.G.M. Patricia Morison vs. patriotism, championed by Don Ameche and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superably acted. (April)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures. A horribly done horror picture. Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

MIND READER, THE—First National. Warners. No correct film. The only moral of the Western is that Crockett is an автомобиля, crystal gazee racket on high society. (May)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—Paramount. Lionel Atwill kills with a sword, flees with Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

MUSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia. White J. Davis makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

NASCUSE, THE—M.G.M.—Reviewed under the title "Murder's A Bitch." Lee Tracy at his best as a sleazy lawyer and ambus- chance killer. Mrs. Marshall adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice, until Magee Evans tries them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia. Leo Carrillo gets good role in a naturalized barbarian practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram. A strong cast somehow misses Dickens' flavor. (May)

OUR BETTERS—RKO—Sophisticated (and rare) very doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Keable-Cooper. (July)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal—Can't you imagine the fun Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts home-mixing, with mamma along? (June)

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia. A 'good' revenge plot, with Mac Carey. (June)

PEG O' MY HEART—M.G.M.—The old musical favorite, pleasantly done by Marlowe Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Olmstead Stevens. (July)

PEANUT CODE, THE—Freudian Film. An ec- cept above is easier on Regis Toomey than this motes- cent plot. (July)

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—United Artists. This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hulh in spite of his madhead. (May)

PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE—Monogram. Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow of a radio creaser. Involved plot doesn't hold. (June)

PICTURE SNATCHER—Warner. Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (June)

PILGRIMAGE—Fox. Henrietta Crosman as a murder who loses a son in France. She is completely engrossing until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, expertly done. (July)

PLEASURE CRUISE—Fox. jealous Roland Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (June)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE #2—Warners. Not a thrilling thriller with Jef Powers, who was told to frame Margaret Lindsay but married her. (July)

PRIVATE JONES—Universal. Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but says no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red, blooded entertainment. (April)


REUNION IN VIENNA—M.G.M.—John Barrymore, as the noted Archdeacon Ralphy, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard. Brilliantly gay and naughty: it should delight every- one. (April)

ROVE EXPRESS—Gaumont British—Universal. An excellently done train ride, with a delicious melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (April)

SAILOR'S LUCK—Fox. Rita Lee "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

SALAMANDS—Zelma-United Artists. A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Starring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (July)

SECRETS—United Artists. Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford finds her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (April)

SECRETS OF WU SHIN, THE—Invisogin—An Evans but a great newspaper folks (Les Wilson and Grant Witters) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (April)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A—Allied—In fact plenty of shrieks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (June)

SILVER CORD, THE—RKO—Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother; son Joel McCrea's wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, dancer of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparkling but talky. (July)

SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayer-Fair Pictures. Endless slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "lily.” (April)

SOMERSEW IN SONORA—Warners—Lov- ley scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—too num. (April)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount. An honest old bear hunter (Jean Hersholt) is killed by natives; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (July)

SOUS LA Lune de MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—VanDyke-Dole Prod. Five European and two Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (April)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

Page

Adorable—Fox 
Bed of Roses—RKO Radio 
Below the Sea—Columbia 
Billy Rose's—RKO Radio 
Called on Account of Darkness—Bryan Foy Prod. 
Cheating Blondes—Equitable Pictures 
Cocktail Hour—Columbia 
Copper, The King Killer—Sidney Snow Prod. 
Dinner at Eight—M.G.M 
Died Tange Mittlercrass Three Days in the Guardhous—Allianz Tom-film Prod. 

Page

Flying Devils, The—RKO Radio 
Forgotten Men—Jewel Prod. 
Gambling Ship—Paramount 
Gold Diggers and All—W. Vanders 
Heroes for Sale—First National 
Hold Me Tight—Fox 
Jennie Gerhardt—Paramount 
Laughing at Life—Mascot Pictures 
Melody Cruise—RKO Radio 
Mayor of Hell, The—Warners 
Midnight Mary—M.G.M 
Morgenton Dawn—UPA 

Page

Night and Day—Gaumont-British 
Over the Seven Seas—William K. Vanderbilt 
Professional Sweetheart—RKO Radio
She Had to Say Yes—First National 
Silk Express, The—Walters 
Soldiers of the Storm—Columbia 
Sphinx, The—Monogram 
Study in Scarlet, A—World Wide 
Sunset Pass—Paramount 
Taming the Jungle—Invincible 
Thunder Over Mexico—Sol Lesser 
When Ladies Meet—M.G.M 
When Strangers Marry—Columbia 

Page

98 
98 
98 
98 
98 
98 
98 
98 
98 
98 
98 
98
STATE FAIR — Fox. — A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (New Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize long. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (May)

STATE TROOPER — Columbia. — A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Reeds Toomey wins the day and Evelyn Knapp. (May)

STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE — Paramount. — Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue. Serdil, repulsive. (July)

STRANGE PEOPLE — Chesterfield. — If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this relish of old horrors worth filming. (June)

STRICTLY PERSONAL — Paramount. — None too exciting mystery stuff. Mariejade Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillian. (May)

SUCCINCT MONEY — Hollywood Pictures. — Miserably done expose of fake mediums. (July)

SUPERNATURAL — Paramount. — Carole Lombard attempted a spooky "Transmutation of Souls" thriller in this one. (July)

SWEETHEARTS ONLY — Paramount. — A.S. A. Husting, Helene Costello and Jean Hersholt. Strongly worst, but as drama a bit incredible. (June)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE — Gainsborough. — English ace in attempting French farce. (May)

TODAY WE LIVE — M-G-M. — Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Cary Grant. Stirring war scenes. Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN — RKO. — Some melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills one to the dot. Vivienne Osborne. (July)

TOPAZ — RKO. — John Barrymore takes his profit in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outwits the sinister, Superb. (July)

TRICK FOR TRICK — Fox. — Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters. Sally Blane and Tom Diigan. (June)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM — Paramount. — A far, breezy Western with 5th Erwin. (May)

WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE — Fox. — Real story about the Amazons of old—women warriors, led by Queen Marjorie Rambeau and Eliza Landi. But Ernest Truex, in a trick, lets the Greeks win; and how the Amazons like what happens then. Excellent fun. (July)

WEST OF SINGAPORE — Monogram. — An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaya. (July)

WHAT ABOUT BEER? — M-G-M. — And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (July)

WHAT PRICE DECENCY? — Equitable. — Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (May)

WHITE SISTER, THE — M-G-M. — Helen Hayes and Clark Cable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (May)

WOMAN ACCUSED, THE — Paramount. — Co-operative anthology achieves a tautling no-toad of Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (July)

WORKING MAN, THE — Warner. — George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a poverty old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from the spin. Rosemary De Camp is the gift. (July)

WORLD GONE MAD, THE — Majestic Pictures. — A wickedly thrilling, albeit crude, thriller about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure. Doesn't click. (July)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST — Fox. — Gene Raymond and Loretta Young in the midst of savage pests. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (May)

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ZiP Depilatory Cream

is an ideal product, a smooth mild white cream for removing hair from the arms, legs and body. You will be surprised how quickly it works. And it's perfumed! Giant tube only 50c.
Tempting Salads
And Sandwiches

Prepared With A Minimum Of Effort

Leila Hyams demonstrates how she “tosses together” a light but healthy and delicious mid-summer lunch in but twenty minutes

Summer Menu Delights

LIKE Leila, you too can have more play time during the warm weather, by serving meals that require a minimum of time and effort for the making. We may completely forget the word skill in the preparation of summer lunches, for the most delightful things just “go together” somehow.

After all, it is best for our health’s sake to eat light in summer. Besides, it affords us the opportunity of a vacation from the kitchen a good part of the time.

You can order cold cuts from your butcher; fix up a salad in a very few minutes; slice some white, rye, or whole-wheat bread, or perhaps you prefer one of the many varieties of dainty rolls or biscuits; add olives, pickles and potato chips, and there you have it. A luncheon quite to order for any hungry adult.

Beer, iced tea or coffee would serve as a very appropriate complement.

Here is a salad I feel sure you will want to try.

AVOCADO AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

Peel an avocado and cut in small pieces. Dice two slices of pineapple into cubes. Arrange on crisp bed of lettuce, and pour this dressing over it. Four tablespoons of olive oil, one tablespoon lemon juice and one of lime juice, one-half teaspoon of salt, a dash of paprika, pepper and a pinch of sugar. This is one of Leila Hyams’ favorite salad recipes. Serves two.

We all have our personal preferences, and Phyllis Fraser’s is fruit salad with a cream cheese dressing.

Peel and dice the fruit. This must be done just before the salad is served, for best results. Apples, oranges, grapefruit, pears, dates, pineapple and grapes make up the body of the salad. Cherries and nuts may be added, if desired. When the fruit is diced, instead of mixing the various kinds together, Phyllis makes the individual salads by placing portions of each fruit on each salad plate.

Some time before you plan to serve your salad, mix three egg yolks with one tablespoon of sugar, the juice of one lemon, two tablespoons butter and a dash of salt and pepper, and cook in a double boiler. Stir the mixture constantly. When cooked to creamy consistency, cool and pour into mixing bowl and set in refrigerator for a few hours.

After arranging the fruit on plates, blend one-half package of cream cheese into the dressing. When mixture is smooth and creamy, told three beaten egg whites into it. This dressing is ideal for almost any fruit salad.

SANDWICHES are always a boon on a hot day. This one is called the “Humidity.” Peel and chop one cold cucumber. Add one-fourth cup shredded coconuts, and two tablespoons mayonnaise. Drain for a minute. Spread on thin buttered slices of white bread.

Another very appetizing sandwich is the “Russian.” It is best to use cold brown bread, sliced very thin, or Russian rye. For the filling, use flaked cold salmon seasoned with lemon juice, salt and a dash of pepper. Place a leaf of lettuce on the bread, then the filling. The mayonnaise should be spread on the other slice.

One of Leila Hyams’ specials, she makes by combining one cup of chopped celery, six ripe olives, chopped, and a heaping tablespoon of chopped English walnut meats. Mix with a little mayonnaise and spread on thin buttered white bread. Allow these sandwiches to stand in the refrigerator for a short time before serving.

HERE is a simple and very delicious salad. Stuff large, raw prunes with cottage cheese and pecan meats. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise, if desired. Dainty sandwiches of plain brown bread are a very tasty accompaniment.

One is so much more capable of handling the problems of the day—whether at the office, in sports, or in the home—if one abides by proper diet at this time of year.
The Audience Talks Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

A "GARBOorage" THOUGHT

Is the Garbo "rage" over? Let us hope so, for when it is Garbo will go right on making good pictures, and the true Garbo admirers, and those who can appreciate fine acting, will continue to see them.

L. C. MILLER, St. Louis, Mo.

FIRST RETURNS ON "PEG"

Thank heaven for an occasional picture like "Peg o' My Heart." We've had so much blood and thunder in our screen fare for the past few years that one would think the Great American Public had entirely forgotten that life may have its lighter moments. We've learned so much from seeing gangsters portrayed on the screen that it is surprising that we have the nerve to go out on the public streets for fear of facing a bullet, and suddenly we realize that these realistic stories have been done to death.

So we are glad that Garbo is returning once more to the screen and that we may again behold a heroine unbelievably innocent and charming.

LEONARD EURY, Boone, N. C.

WHILE SHE'S "OFFA HER"

Someone ought to tell Mary a secret—that she is no longer America's sweetheart. "Secrets" was tame. There's a touch of wild West stuff, there's some of the "East Lynne" variety, there's some "Covered Wagon" scenes, and a dash of "Silver Dollar."

Mary, you'd better rest on your laurels and let America remember you as its good old-fashioned sweetheart.

FRANCES CLARK, Ocala, Fla.

ON TO PERFECTION!

The public surely expect a great many impossible things of the movie industry, don't they? Here are a vast army of actors, actresses, directors, stage hands, electricians, oh, numerous others, working unceasingly to produce something pleasing and good for us ... and yet the public always want them to go one better.

What do they expect? The impossible? Or perfection? I can't think of any other one thing on this earth that offers a wider or more marvelous pastime. To think that for an unbelievably small sum we can enter a lovely theater and sit enthralled over Ann Harding's grand convincing voice and manner—Leslie Howard's cultural influence—Irene Dunne's sincere characterizations—Janet Gaynor's wistfulness—Norma Shearer's versatility ... and yet complain of minor defects?

ANN KATHERINE BAKER, Syracuse, N. Y.

SLANTS AND ODDMENTS

Here's how collegians at a strictly boys' college—St. Mary's of California—regard the cinema. Nearly every room in my dormitory is decorated somewhat unconventionally with anywhere from one to one hundred pictures, with scarce an exception, all women. Some decorators go in for "specialty" pictures, filling the walls with pictures of only one actress. Marie Dressler, Loreta Young, and Sylvia Sidney are the three I noted as being singled out for this special honor.

Few rooms are without at least one picture of Garbo. And, strange to say, few rooms contain Garbo.

RAND HUNT, St. Mary's College, Calif.

and enjoy the tempting taste of KELLOGG'S PEP

Active people everywhere enjoy Kellogg's PEP. The famous Kellogg flavor pleases them. Golden wheat. Flaked. Toasted. Delicious with milk or cream.

And there is more than flavor! Kellogg's PEP is packed with the goodness of wheat. The energy. The nourishment. Plus enough bran to be mildly laxative.

Enjoy PEP often. Popular with the whole family. Always fresh at your grocer's in the heat-sealed waxite bag. Always handy in the Easy-Open package. Both are exclusive Kellogg features. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.
ask yourself the same question... then use Listerine

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. Moreover, halitosis is a constant threat, because its causes are common and of every-day occurrence.

Most cases of halitosis are caused by the fermentation of tiny bits of food left clinging to teeth and gums even after careful tooth brushing. A decaying tooth, a leaky filling, improperly-fitting bridge-work, also cause it. And of course excesses of eating and drinking, and minor infections of the oral tract.

Recognizing this risk, why take the chance of offending others? Why not make sure your breath is sweet and agreeable today and every day? You can do it by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine on arising and before retiring—and if you wish to be particularly careful, before all social engagements.

Listerine halts fermentation, arrests decay, and checks infection, the major causes of breath odors—and then overcomes the odors themselves. Your mouth feels clean, fresh, and invigorated. Your breath becomes sweet and agreeable.

Don't expect immediate or lasting deodorant effect from so-called "bargain" mouth washes. Tests have shown that they have failed to hide in 12 hours odors that Listerine conquers instantly. When you want to be sure that your breath does not offend, use Listerine and Listerine only.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

BEFORE SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS

LISTERINE

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS
HE'S Jimmie's buddy and you can't hurt one of 'em without hurting the other. That's the way that Dunn boy plays, whether it's dames or just dogs. And the square shootin' kid has worked through terrific desert heat to finish "Arizona to Broadway" with Joan Bennett, on schedule. Now he plans to hit out for a fine vacation in the hills
The blue-blooded lady o' the films has walked out cold and many of her followers will surely miss her. Elissa Landi hopped a high-powered private airplane, whisking skyward and Eastward—far from the maddening din of Hollywood. It's said she prefers the stage and peacefully won literary laurels to all the silent applause of studio work.
GEORGE RAFT wants to be a gentleman in his pictures—not because he's tired of gangster rôles, but because gentlemen still prefer blondes. And how the blondes go for George; Marjorie King is his best girl right now and she may become the Missus, though George once renounced wedding bells. "Midnight Club" is his latest
DOROTHY JORDAN would rather work all day than go shopping. She doesn’t like to buy clothes. One look at Dorothy in that white wool bathing suit and many would say that her wardrobe is complete. The little girl from sunny Tennessee is being teamed with Joel McCrea for romantic rôles. They will be seen together very soon.
THE influence of motion pictures has, on the whole, not only made women more selective in their wearing apparel and manners, but more robust mentally.

There is only one logical cause for the widespread feminine interest today in prize-fights, and that is the screen. Likable young actors, cast as heroes of the ring, upset the tradition that prize-fighting was engaged in only by human gorillas and washed away the stigma that has clung both to the participants and to the sport itself.

A long day has passed since the good, prim ladies of the land tsched, tsched over the newspaper accounts of Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons at the ringside shouting at her husband. "Soak him in the slats, Bob. Soak him in the slats!"

FAY WRAY, who has gone "gay '90" in the picture "One Sunday Afternoon," with many flourishes, willow plumes and tight corsets, says, "You know, I've just made a discovery. The maidens of the nineties were no more frail and modest with their fainting all over the place than we are today. The only trouble was they were so crowded together between steel frames they just naturally lost consciousness every once in a while and everyone imagined they were dainty."

SINCE Garbo, probably no actress has appealed to the popular imagination like Katharine Hepburn. As great in her acting as any other feminine star on the screen today, she triumphs over indifferent parts in indifferent pictures. It is not altogether her his-trionic ability that accounts for her success. She has that uncanny quality that makes her a natural star. Dietrich had it from the beginning, as had Valentino.

Artists like George Arliss and Norma Shearer attain their eminence more by the subtlety of their technique perfected by unusual intelligence, rather than by innate magnetism.

Incidentally, stardom so hardly won is likely to be of long endurance.

FAME is as relative as the taste for it. Mahatma Gandhi is a big name to you, but he may be outdone in fame by the local pie-eating champion.

Out in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, a well set up chap wanted to buy a license to hunt bears. Suspiciously the game warden asked, "Are you one of these reforestation army guys?" Satisfied after a little conversation that the applicant was not trying to pass himself off as a resident of the state and hence get his license at a cheaper rate, the warden warmed up to the genial personality of the man. After the stranger's departure, the warden's assistant said, "That guy looks like Clark Gable."

"Yep," said the warden, "that's the name he gave me, all right. Seems like I've seen him somewhere before. But who the —— is Clark Gable?"

HOW long will the star system last? As long as there are actors and actresses of outstanding popularity to bring the public in. Now and again some producer, discouraged in his attempts to force some merely capable actor to stardom, wonders if, after all, the starring system pays. It does if he has a real star.

Whether it is right or not that it should be so, big names usually outrank big plays.

There is an elusive thing called personality, which cannot be analyzed but which is recognized at sight. And all real stars have that elusive something.

BUT some of the big names are passing out. Their death rate is greater than their birth rate. It is a rare personality that can endure the blinding glare of publicity for several years without the public tiring of him. Screen actors today have a more skillful technique than ever. But that doesn't seem enough. Perhaps the constant parade of new faces bewilders movie patrons. And no one individuality has time to stamp himself upon their consciousness. The test is, how long will the new, suddenly risen star shine.

YOU'RE likely to hear a lot about Pert Kelton from now on. Pert is the young lady who did so well in "Bed of Roses." Perhaps the version that comes to your local playhouse will have been cut, for technical reasons, but in the preview Pert's performance was grand.

She evidently heard someone say, "Go 'West' young woman!"—only Pert didn't go too far west. She takes a Mae West character and drapes it on...
Pert Kelton until it fits—especially around the hips. Pert has been doing the same type of character in vaudeville for several seasons—also did a knockout impersonation of Chaplin.

Keep your eye peeled for Pert—she’s got what it takes.

And then there is the case of Margaret Sullavan—the young lady of twenty-two summers, from Virginia, who is going to have her name misspelled frequently, because she does not use the traditional Irish spelling.

Margaret was playing the ingenue role in “Dinner at Eight” on the New York stage and was snapped up by Universal. She is now playing the lead in what that company regards as its most important production of the year. Two fistfuls of some of the most outstanding actors in Hollywood support her. And John Boles is the lucky lad who makes love to her.

As soon as Margaret reached Los Angeles, she attended a performance of the stage version of “Dinner at Eight.” “You see,” she remarked, “I never saw it. I only played in it.”

How much do the people of the United States pay annually in admissions to motion picture theaters?

The estimate, according to the Motion Picture Almanac, issued yearly by the Martin Quigley Publications, is $1,100,000,000. The capital investment is $2,000,000,000. The number of persons employed was 320,000.

During 1932 admission prices dropped twenty-five per cent under those of 1931.

For every dollar that goes into the cashier’s cage, only four and one-half cents of it go into the actor’s pockets.

Last year between fifty-five and seventy millions of us attended the motion picture theaters. And seventy-five to eighty-five per cent of us entered for the evening performance between seven-thirty and eight-thirty.

America may have left far behind its pioner-farming days, but the wild west he-man hero will always be with us. Buck Jones, cowboy movie star, is said to be the “fan” champion of Hollywood. His admirers have an organized club, The Buck Jones Rangers.

And the total number of members is so large it would make almost any leader of a political organization green with envy.

In one community in California the local branch numbers three thousand seven hundred boys, with a thirty-six piece band.

It is hardly a coincidence that some years ago another cowboy actor, Tom Mix, was rated a leader in screen popularity. Box-office returns of the smaller communities rolled upward in impressive pluralities.

One cannot always tell the national popularity of an actor by his standing on Broadway.

It looks as though, before many months are over, Hollywood studios will be as busy as steel plants filling wartime orders.

Warners-First National, for example, has a heavier production schedule than at any time during the past eight years.

Maybe by this time next year we will all be wondering whether the big depression was anything but a dream.

Fake jungle films are under the ban of Uncle Sam himself. The Federal Trade Commission is against them.

Some of them have been pretty crude, like that of the African native woman, shown consorting with gorillas. But others have been entertaining and exciting.

Some “nature” films that have never been questioned as to authenticity, and were completely accepted for fact by the public, had, nevertheless, for the practiced eye, some fake shots in them.

And again, many of the animal films have been genuine, down to the last frame of the last reel.

Sometimes the imitation seems better than the genuine, as in the case of a can of Mexican battle film, some years ago, when a studio disgustedly rejected a most conscientious cameraman’s shooting as spurious.

Clara Bow pops in and out of life like a flaming comet. A dash from Raquel: Clarita, which she shares with her husband, Rex Bell, into a picture; then a high-powered tour abroad, returning to America with an alarming array of dates; next into retirement once more on the sandy deserts of Nevada where, running for jack rabbits with a rifle and tumbling them on the run, she’s taking off the extra poundage.

By mid-summer she is expected to have reduced to 118, when she will be ready to make another picture. You can’t slow Clara down. Her flame bursts out brighter each time.

Either the Prince of Wales has gone democratic or pictures have gone aristocratic. It is hard to say which. At any rate, for the price of a shilling (equivalent to two bits) the English are going to see the Prince of Wales doing about everything except fall off a horse.

They have assembled a film of His Royal Highness, said to be made up of all the motion pictures ever taken of him in England or abroad. The proceeds will go to English charities. No doubt they will let us Americans have a look in, too, at our local theaters.

Kathryn Dougherty
Don't resist the new colorful clothes. Just be sensible and ask the salesgirl if they will wash. Follow her advice when she says, "Yes, but to be safe, wash them with Ivory."

Salespeople are that way about Ivory Flakes — awfully partial, because they know that Ivory Flakes are made from pure Ivory Soap, the soap that's safe for a baby's skin — hence it's safest for your saucy silk prints and pastel cotton frocks and fuzzy-wuzzy sweaters!

Ivory Flakes are made for lazy girls who want instant suds. Does that mean you? Try those tiny curls of soap — see how fast they twinkle into thick suds in lukewarm water. Keep away from flat clinging flakes — they cause soap spots!

Remember what Vogue says, "The girl with a lot of uncared-for dresses is dowdy. The girl with a few dresses, in immaculate condition, looks smart." Something to think about, girls. Better buy one of those bargain boxes of Ivory Flakes today, and start dipping your pretties through Ivory suds every night!

IVORY FLAKES

Salespeople everywhere say: "Wash it with Ivory!" 99 1/2% pure
The Photo That Made Garbo

This is the picture which, under amazing circumstances, won the new Swedish girl her first Hollywood chance.

THE great Swedish director, Stiller, was in Hollywood, and all filmland was wondering what miracles would be seen, when his initial efforts should come to view. With him was one of those "necessary bargains"—a young Swedish girl, named Greta Gustafsson, whom he had insisted must come if he did; but nobody paid much attention to her.

Stiller was a great director, of course, and this girl might have a lot in her—for Sweden. But for Hollywood—ho-hum! Of course, Stiller would learn in due time.

In a sumptuous directors' room, highly-placed movie executives sat around a table, listening to their chief. A messenger entered and handed the chief a flat envelope. Automatically, as he talked, he opened the envelope, glanced at the picture enclosed—then glanced once again.

Here was no studio portrait, no elaborate presentation, employing every artifice of make-up and lighting. Instead, a simple, natural picture, taken in New York—a picture with a slim, firm hand, the hand of a great actress, lightly touching the throat with an eloquent gesture. Conversation died while the chief studied the eyes, noted the strong, blonde hair—

"Who is this?" the chief demanded.

"Why, this is the Gustafsson girl from Sweden. You know, Stiller wouldn't come without her, so we—"

"My God!" the executive shouted. "Don't tell me this is that Swede that's been hanging around here for the last couple of weeks! What's ready now—"The Torrent'? Put her in that. There's stuff in that girl or I don't know values—"

"The Torrent" appeared, with "that Swede"—now named Greta Garbo—as the feminine lead; and the rest of the story is part of movie history.

By Hal Wren
Now It's $12,500 A Week

And here is another early studio study of the "screen Garbo" who instantly made good on her hard-won chance

By Rilla Page Palmborg

The offer stood at two and one quarter million dollars for the term of the contract—and real money. And coolly, levelly, without argument, Garbo said, "No!"

She actually was turning down that fabulous sum was putting it to one side in order to have what she said she wanted! Independence—

This was the devastating shock of last year's negotiations, which led to the now famous decision—"I tank I go home to Sweden." Two and one quarter million dollars, turned down like that. For a whim, a fancy—

M-G-M had known that "new contract time" would be ticklish—for contrary to what many think, M-G-M had been enjoying an enormous bargain in its Swedish star. In contrast to Connie Bennett's thirty thousand a week, and Gloria Swanson's twenty thousand, when working. M-G-M had been obtaining the world's greatest motion picture attraction for—thirty-five hundred dollars a week. That was to be remembered, now that the contract was expiring.

Not that Garbo had complained—and M-G-M had ample reason to believe that she had been happy on their lot. Also that she gave them credit for setting her feet on the ladder that had led to world fame. But now their purpose was to forestall any doubts, any hangings back, by hanging up an offer so dazzling that human nature simply could not refuse.

And they had done it, long before expiration of the existing contract, by offering to replace it with one offering eight thousand dollars a week for three years, with additional options.

And Garbo had refused!

Instantly a torrent of argument [Please turn to page 85]
FOR a year and a half, Jack LaRue struggled with his unrequited love for Mae West.

During those eighteen months, they played together in "Diamond Lil" on the New York stage. He lived only for the one scene in which he gathered her into his arms and gave expression to his unconquerable yearning.

That one brief period in each day was the bubbling spring which kept life within him. The twenty-three hours and forty-five minutes between those ecstatic times were interminable stretches of dry, barren sands lying between lush oases.

Yet these moments were lived before the eyes of thousands. He was the Spanish lover of Lil in the play which was bringing Mae wealth and fame. To her, he was just one of the many men who attempted to win her in the play. To him, she was the one woman—the answer to manhood's tenderest, yet wildest, dreams. He fought for an opportunity to find such moments when the eyes of the world were not upon them.

He sought chances to show his love when he was not paid to do so. Such chances were refused him.

The situation continued for a year and a half. It could not continue forever. Love, even though it is one-sided, must have its eventual climax.

Jack brought his own climax. He realized that his emotions were a mire into which he was sinking more and more deeply. If he did not use the last strength which was in him to pull himself free, he would be lost to himself forever.

Mae was taking "Diamond Lil" onto the road. Chicago, Detroit and other by-way theater cities. Jack refused to go with her.

It was a turmoil-born decision. Were not those fifteen moments of heaven, even though they were commercial moments, better than none? Jack had learned long ago that the eyes of the multitude meant nothing. He never thought about them.

"I grabbed her to me; put my lips against hers—it is the most kissable mouth in the world—and forgot everything except that great, unconquerable feeling within me," he said years later. "Once in a while, I would imagine she was my wife and that I was holding her in the home [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]
HERE'S the subject Hollywood has been buzzing about ever since blonde and pretty Lilian Harvey set her tiny foot on the Fox lot. They realized that Janet Gaynor was the reigning queen. She was red-headed, also pretty and very demure. And Janet had heretofore the undivided attention of every studio employee when she was in sight.

Every time Janet came on the set, electricians stopped electrifying and sent their sparks of admiration in Gaynor's direction; prop boys stood on boxes to get just a glimpse of the diminutive star; script girls eyed her enviously. It was La Gaynor. And no one had ever encroached upon her limelight as the reigning queen of Fox studio.

Not until Lilian Harvey appeared. Then the prop boys began setting up higher boxes to get a glimpse of this new movie beauty; directors listened attentively to Lilian's every suggestion; script girls wondered if there were any more at home like her over in London.

Hollywood buzzed. Would they have a scrap? Would Janet resent Lilian's popularity? Would the old bugbear of professional jealousy start the battle of the beauties? And if so, who would win out?

Somewhere, as gossip flies in the film town, Janet Gaynor heard what was being said. Someone had insinuated that the gossips were waiting for that imminent scrap. So Janet, with her characteristic directness, made up her mind. The next day she startled the whole studio by coming across the lot, stepping over ropes and cables, electric equipment, boxes, barrels, old scenery and folded camp chairs—she came directly to the set where Lilian Harvey was working in "My Lips Betray."

Director John Blystone got up from his chair and came toward Janet, a puzzled expression in his eyes.

"I want to see Lilian," Janet told him simply. Miss Harvey stepped out of rehearsal and came over.

"I've been wanting to know you better," Janet said, in her ladylike way. "I think we ought to be friends. So I've come over to pay you a little call."

Lilian Harvey was delighted. Director Blystone gave Janet his chair and propped himself on a stool. The two beauties got along with each other beautifully. And knocked old man gossip for a goal when they flashed their famous smiles at each other.
Here are the twelve, then. Let's see how they react to the great experience before the camera. What tactics the men use to get their women—what wiles the women use, if any, to hold their men. Let's discover whether these specimen screen lovers can make the grade as ideal dream lovers for the men and women, the boys and girls in their audiences.

MAURICE CHEVALIER

To him love is a game. Something gay, charming, debonair. Something to sing about, not to agonize over. Maurice doesn't indulge in passionate embraces and long drawn out, close-up kisses. Ladies do not swoon in his arms. Maurice woos them with the piquancy of his personality—not by the stormy depths of his ardor. He caresses with his eyes, with delicious little facial grimaces—and overcomes his willing victims by the insinuating delight and force of his charm.

Watching him on the screen one gets the impression that just being in love is the important thing to Maurice. Whether she happens to be Lil, Mimi, Nanette, Violette, Mitai or Louise isn't vital, so long as she's young and pert and fair. Given the stimulus of a pretty face, falling in love is almost automatic with the gay Parisian. His is the attitude of the completely unself-conscious, confident, questing male. He takes love lightly, in his stride. And being a Frenchman, he finds it an amusing, lilting musical comedy affair, with couples forever making love and laughter under the chestnut trees in the Bôis!

LESLE HOWARD

With him, the spiritual element of love always dominates. In his caresses there

None who saw Leslie Howard with Norma Shearer in "Smiling Through" need be told he is pre-eminent in one kind of love-making. But can you tell what may be his type of charm?

Mae West is in a class by herself, as those who saw her with Gilbert Roland in "She Done Him Wrong" know. Her style has its points as well as curves. Yes, Mae is unique.
Stars Make LOVE

Some sweep them away, some just lift an eyebrow. Which are which?

By Hilary Lynn

is much more of frail tenderness, of worshipful adoration, than of engulfing passion.

One recollects the quiet way he has of looking at his beloved, as if he wished to photograph her image on his mind and heart and carry it about with him forever. One imagines him brushing a woman's hair with his lips—delicately caressing her fingertips. In his love making there are so many gracious nuances, so many tiny tokens of affection and respect that women want, but so seldom get, from less subtle lovers. Half shy, half impulsive, Leslie Howard's screen wooing indicates clearly that it's the woman herself who matters to him—not the fact of being in love, nor the fleeting pleasure of making love.

MAE WEST

To her sex is love, and love is sex. She makes no bones about it. She exploits her superabundant sex-appeal without the slightest hesitation.

Mae makes love to men—and how! She calls a spade a spade in no uncertain accents. She knows what she wants and goes after it with zest. Men are her game—but, in pursuing them, she plays a man's game. Because Mae really has the same attitude towards this man-woman business as has any healthy, uncomplicated male. Sex is no tragedy. Nor should there be any sense of guilt attached to it. Sex is something to enjoy, something to laugh about. Certainly not a harmful, sinful thing.

In Mae's pictures (she writes her own dialogue) the characters are never the slaves of love. Queen Mae emerges at the climax, a conqueror—both of so-called wicked man and the iron law. And, needless to say, sporting several more diamond bracelets.

And so her less fortunate sisters—who are sometimes broken by love—watch with envy while Mae swivels her lush hips, rotates her heavy-lidded eyes and draws in that husky voice: "Any man can be had!"

Wherein lies the miracle of her power, they ask themselves. In the fact that Queen Mae never allows herself to feel too deeply. Never lets it "get her."

And never, never gives a man the whip hand by letting him know he can be sure of...
Few love teams won world affection as did Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. The reason is simple; it lay in a perfect affinity, everyone sensed, jointing them as lover types.

Her. Yet ask any man if she isn’t the most completely feminine personality on the screen today!

GARY COOPER

To him love is an emotion that gets you completely, and makes you suffer.

Gary is always slightly indifferent, sometimes even defiant, in his attitude to his women on the screen. He’s wary, he’s fearful. Because he knows, if he lets himself go, it’s a body-and-soul affair. No half-way measures.

For Gary is essentially romantic and essentially monogamous. You feel that he’s saving himself for the one woman. And when that woman comes along, he gives himself up to her with adoration and worship.

But he’s remote and aloof. Actually waits for the woman to take the first steps. Remember “Morocco” and “Today We Live”? In these pictures, Marlene Dietrich and Joan Crawford were the aggressors. He was the passive recipient of their caresses until he believed in them.

Despite all his dominating personality, despite all his defiance to women, Gary Cooper is always the shy young boy afraid of being hurt.

Tempestuous Katharine Hepburn! Her type is world wide; yet she was an immediate sensation. This glimpse of her in “Christopher Strong” may help to explain why.

HELEN HAYES

To her, love is the ultimate justification of life. And although in her love, she has that frail quality of virginity, she has also the grim determination of a tigress to stick to her mate through thick and thin.

There is something tragic in her sweet trust, and something consecrated. Nothing can shake her faith in her man. With the first shy kiss she gives her lover, you know that she is doomed to love, not wisely, but too well.

One can almost chart her reactions. Perhaps she is walking in a moonlit garden with her young man. Swept away by the loveliness of the night, he stoops to kiss her. She is innocent. This is probably her first kiss of love. She recoils ever so slightly. He kisses her again. Her face lights with pure ecstasy, and with a movement, strangely eager for one with so many inhibitions, she covers his face with little kisses. That look of joy; that one gesture, tells the story of a soul. You know that the vague dreams of her love-starved, ascetic girlhood have been realized. That she is already even willing to die for this man who has given her a glorious awakening.

JOAN CRAWFORD

To her love is a vital urge—something she can’t do without. There’s a challenge in the way she looks at a man. In the droop of her lids—in the full, scarlet streak of her wide, voluptuous mouth.

Try as she will to discipline her emotions, her pulse seems to throb to quicker measure than that of most women. She must release that terrific spring of energy, and she does so by continually involving herself emotionally.

Unlike Mae West, Joan has, in her screen roles, a very active conscience.

Please turn to page 103.
The Miracle of Louise Fazenda's Baby

By Edith Meredith

"I PRAYED for a baby. It was the one request I wanted to have granted more than anything else in the world.

"Ever since I have been old enough to think about it seriously, I have wanted a baby — just a bit of humanity to be my very own. After I married Hal, I hoped more than ever; but time went on and I thought of it only occasionally.

"Then came my trip to Quebec, and my visit to this marvelous old church." She was speaking of the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, that quaint, historic church in the heart of the French provinces, a spot teeming with legend, where millions have prayed for their hearts' desire. "I was walking quietly along when the thought suddenly came to me that here, at last, might be the answer to my own constant prayer.

"It was just about twilight, and a dead hush had spread over everything as I went into the church.

"I felt that I was alone with God; alone to pour out the hunger of my starved soul, in the quiet beauty of that little old chapel."

That is Louise Fazenda's story of the prayer that now is answered — with an answer that now cuddles in her arms, but soon will be romping and answering to the name of Hal — or, more formally, Hal Brent Wallis, Jr. The Queen of Custard Pie, the Ugly Duckling of the Films, has now found the bluebird in her life. While back of this answer to her prayer stands the equally fascinating story of a life that was the same prayer — a life which seemed doomed to disappointment, until just now.

Louise Fazenda was born in Lafayette, Indiana, of a French father and a Holland Dutch mother. When she was still very young her folks moved to the Mexican section of Los Angeles. She was the ugly duckling of the neighborhood; yet this flame of maternal instinct already was burning high in her.

The Fazenda grocery store was on the corner. From here each day after school Louise would carry coal oil by the bucket to neighboring houses. Sometimes she peeped within some of these places, mostly Mexican. A few Filipino children scampered about with Hawaiians, and there was a goodly mixture of Chinese; almond-eyed little youngsters with skins as soft as yellow velvet. American families had just begun to seep into this part of the old Mexican Los Angeles. And it was within their walls that Louise caught her very first glimpse of what it meant to enjoy luxuries. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
YOU can start now with Photoplay's new and fascinating "Movie Muddles" Contest, that will pay $1,500 in cash prizes for skill in a game that offers all the fun of cut puzzle pictures and jigsaw puzzles rolled in one. The contest started in July—so you need only see that issue.

And if you are skillful, you'll have just as good a chance for a share of this $1,500 prize money as anyone who started last month.

The prizes and rules are on the opposite page, and of course you'll want to understand them thoroughly.

WHAT "MOVIE MUDDES" ARE

Across the tops of these two pages you will find sixteen strips, each divided into four parts; and each part shows a portion of a face. You are to weave eight of these strips together until you have one complete face, every part matching; then to do the same with the remaining eight strips.

But when you have completed the weaving, two of the parts on each strip will be hidden; and the strips can be re-woven so these hidden parts form another face. So together this month's "Muddle" will yield four complete pictures. The first "Muddle" appeared in last month's Photoplay; and the third and last, in next month's—the September—issue, will complete the "Movie Muddles" contest.

Do not send in solutions until you have finished all three sets. Be sure to read contest rules on opposite page before you begin work.

HOW YOU COMPETE FOR A PRIZE

To compete for a share in the $1,500 prizes, you first find all four of the pictures which can be obtained from each "Muddle," and identify each person shown. Then assemble each "Muddle" to show two of the four faces. Then beneath each picture you name the person shown, and a picture in which that person has appeared. You also name the two other persons whose pictures could have been made with that "Muddle," and motion pictures in which they have appeared. Then send your completed entry, mounted on paper or cardboard, to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, Photoplay Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., in time to reach them by midnight of September 20, 1933.

That's simple, isn't it, as well as good fun? While neatness of arrangement will be considered in selecting the winners, elaborate presentations will have no better chance than plain, simple ones.

HINTS FOR WORKING "MOVIE MUDDES"

Herewith we give two sketches to suggest how you work out a "Muddle." For instance, if you think the eyes on strips A and B in Fig. 1 belong in one face, cross the strips as shown. Then, if you think the part of a nose on strip C belongs with the two eyes, place it as shown; and continue weaving in other strips, matching the features, until you have a completed picture, such as shown in Fig. 2. (But take note: While the strips in Fig. 2 are shown somewhat apart, so you can see the "weave," in your entry they should fit neatly and correctly together. And these sketches, of course, are just suggestions as to how to proceed.) Start now to play this new, fascinating game!
Eighty-four cash prizes will be paid by Photo Play Magazine, as follows:

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<tr>
<th>Prize</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
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<td>Second Prize</td>
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<td>Third Prize</td>
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<td>Fourth Prize</td>
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<td>Forty Prizes of $10 each</td>
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<td>Forty Prizes of 85 each</td>
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In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) Photo Play Magazine is publishing "Movie Muddles" of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four pictures, each divided into sixteen parts, with the parts arranged upon sixteen strips, will appear in each issue; and the strips will constitute the "Muddle" for that issue.

The parts will be so arranged that eight strips, properly selected and properly interwoven, will present a picture of one actor or actress, while the remaining eight, properly interwoven, will present a picture of another actor or actress; but it will also be possible by a different interweaving, to obtain the pictures of two other actors, actresses, or of an actor and actress, as the case may be, with the sixteen strips.

Correct solution of the "Muddle" presented in each issue consists of two correctly interwoven pictures, together with the correct names of the two persons shown, the correct names of the two other persons whose pictures could have been obtained by a different interweaving, and, with each of the four names of persons, the correct name of a motion picture in which that person has appeared.

Each of the three "Muddles," or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the required names written, lettered, or typewritten below the two pictures obtained from assembling each month's "Muddle."

$1,500 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly arranged solutions of the three "Muddles" presented during the contest.

Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Muddle" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Muddles," accompanied by the required names and information, as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, Photo Play Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on, or attached to, your entry, and that it carries sufficient postage.

Aside from accuracy in solving the "Muddles" and giving the required names, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired.

You need not be a subscriber or reader of Photo Play Magazine to compete. You may copy or trace the strips from the originals in Photo Play Magazine and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of Photo Play Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

The judges will be a committee of members selected by Photo Play. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the content is open to everyone everywhere.

In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions should be in by that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with Photo Play Magazine. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1934, issue of Photo Play.
That Allen girl cracks up scenes like a blind man would an airplane

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

grand. Wait people. Mr. Sutherland, have these dancing girls stop a minute. I have—"

"But Gracie, look. We're in the midst of a scene. You can't—"

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, you're going to love this. You're going to absolutely adore this idea. Now, here girls—" Gracie pushes the group of bewildered dancing girls to one side—"now wait everybody. Yoo hoo up there in the attic with the lights. Stop electrifying a moment. Oh, Mr. Sutherland, this is grand. I have a grand idea for a theme song."

"A theme—Oh, my gawd," the director groans.

"Now this story is about the International House. A hotel, isn't it? Well, now why couldn't we have these girls come in like this, see—and sing, 'Hotel me pretty maiden'?

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, don't you love it? See? 'Hotel me pretty maiden,' and right away everyone would know what the picture was about."

"GRACIE," the director moans. "I—oh, Gracie—"

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, just the way you said that reminded me of my brother. Did I ever tell you—?"

Feebly, the director tottered to the open air. While the whole disorganized set seethed with confusion, over popped Gracie to Peggy. At her dressing table.

"Oh, Miss Joyce, you'll die at this but I never knew till this minute who you were."

"Who did you think I was, Gracie?"

"Oh, Miss Joyce, you'll love this but I thought all the time you were Aimee Semple McPherson."

"Oh, gawd help me. Gracie, you mean—you—"

"Yes sir, isn't that the funniest thing? I guess it was the three names. You both have so many names. And then when they said you got lost in the desert in this picture, why I just
thought it was Aimee. I can't understand how I did it."

"Gracie--"

"Only I don't think Aimee had Stu Erwin with her on her desert trip. I'm not sure, but I don't think so. Oh, Miss Joyce, you've had a lotta husbands, haven't you?"

"I've had some."

"Well, I was wondering. Did you ever marry my brother? So many people have and I thought you might sort of look back over your husbands and try to remember. He's, well, he's sort of an Indian. My brother is."

"An Indian, for the love of heaven."

"Well, sort of an Indian, Miss Joyce. By marriage, I mean. You see when he was home last time he told me about it."

"Oh, he was telling you about it?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. He tells me everything. My brother does. He was telling me how much he loved his squad on toast."

"His squad, Gracie?"

"Yes, that's Indian for wife. Only you would wonder what my brother was doing on the toast, wouldn't you. But that's the way my brother is, Miss Joyce. Why my brother--?"

"Excuse me. Peggy arose, pale and trembling. Her diamonds clasped in her hands. Slowly she groped for the open door, just as the director, slightly refreshed, staggered back. Then Gracie was right up on the balcony. "Oh, Mr. Fields, I bet I know why you wear that hat. So you can pull a rabbit out of it. My brother--?"

"Gracie, another word, and I mean this. I'll throw you over this balcony."

"Oh, Mr. Fields. I'll bet you say that to all the girls. Flatterer!"

Below, in the lobby, the director was once again at work with the dancing girls.

"Oh wait. Yoo hoo, Mr. Sutherland," Gracie called, "I--"

"Now Gracie, quit it. I'm directing this--"

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland. I just accidentally happened to think--"

"It would have to be an accident," Mr. Fields interrupted.

"Oh, Mr. Fields, you say the nicest things," Gracie smiled.

"But Mr. Sutherland, where are the animals?"

"What animals?" the bewildered director asked.

"Ooooooo, Mr. Sutherland, aren't we going to have any animals in this picture? Oh, I couldn't act in a picture without animals. Everyone has animals. Like Fay Wray."

"Like Fay Wray, Gracie?"

"Yes, you know. She had a large buffoon called 'Ping Pong' in her picture."

"She [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]"

"Oh, Miss Joyce, you'll love this but I thought all the time you were Aimee Semple McPherson. You both got three names, see? But my brother says..."
Daddy of the Studio Family!

Joan's troubles, Clark's worries, all find their way to "L.B.'s" ears—and get settled nicely

By Harry Sanleigh

M-G-M, Clark simply marched through the hierarchy of offices—assistant-assistants, secretaries to secretaries, then the secretaries, and so right on up to the top. Asked in, he told his feelings—and that was that. Eddie Lowe became the doctor, and Clark went to work with Jean Harlow in "Hold Your Man."

That's one side of "L. B."—formally known as Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M. "Mr. Mayer told me, when I first came to the studio, not to hesitate to talk to him about anything," Clark explained. "That, of course, is said often in many organizations—is just as routine as "Welcome" on the doormat. The pay-off in this case was that L. B. meant it; so, as Clark says, "I go to him just as I would to a father. You can imagine how much it means to have someone like that, someone who knows what it's all about, to tell you what to do. And to help you out of your mistakes."

ONE might say that this is all right for a Clark Gable. He could invade the sanctum of a man who's always terrifically busy, who has a temper and may hang the desk when the temper's stirred, who's a driving executive and a shrewd bargainer, and always has a dozen and one matters awaiting his attention. What though, of others lacking the prestige of a Gable?

Well, after Dorothy Jordan's first picture at the studio, she got word—ominous to her at the time—that L. B. wanted to see her. Knees quaked a bit as she walked into the cream-colored office, and faced the grayish-haired man with the soft brown eyes hidden behind glasses. But as he talked, fright vanished. He was relating his impressions of her—his confidence in her future—also some things he thought would help. Result: she immediately enrolled in two schools, one for dancing and one for voice. There emerged the Dorothy of "Min and Bill"—an astonishing transformation from the demure, half-frightened little heroine of "Devil May Care."

The Mayer eye is always out for situations like that. Having battled his way up from a start at fourteen bossing a ship salvaging plant at St. John's, New Brunswick, he knows the value of a helping hand in those trying initial stages of a career, and he loves to extend it—just as, in his quiet way, he does a tremendous amount of good through philanthropic channels and through his active participation in Los Angeles civic affairs.

So the "babies" of the family, the Mary Carlises, Jean Parkers and the others have just as free access to him as any leading star.

His explanation of all this, if asked, undoubtedly would be that it's all good business. How can any family do good work unless it's a happy family—and what could be more of a family, needing understanding care, than a roster of high-strung stars? Which may be so, as far as it goes—but it doesn't go far enough to explain many things that happen.

Joan Crawford, for instance. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]
LORETTA YOUNG, still fancy free, appears to be looking seriously into her future, despite rumors of that romance with Gene Raymond. Loretta has quit Warners and is freelancing now. Her most recent picture is "Midnight Lady" for M-G-M. With her divorce from Grant Withers nearly two years ago, she took on more dignified rôles.

EVERYONE thought Ann Dvorak reckless when she ran out on Hollywood last year to go on a honeymoon cruise with husband Leslie Fenton. But she's back again, a serious minded little lady, anxious as ever to work, and work hard at the studio.

ELIZABETH ALLAN hails from England and surely you recall her in "Looking Forward" where she did so well for M-G-M she was engaged for a part in RKO-Radio's "The Public Be Sold." And do you notice the metal mesh collar and cuff set she has?
Is that a gesture, we wonder, to hide the love light in your eye, Joan? Any one might wonder after the gossip linking you with Franchot Tone. Gone are the little Crawford artifices of high, narrow brows and exotic coiffure. La Crawford looks perfectly au naturel this summer, both in face and figure. "Dancing Lady" she is doing—and how!
IF Bing Crosby can sail a ship as thrillingly as he can croon a melody we don’t wonder yachting is such a favorite sport off California shores. Bing’s out there, you know, to make pictures for Paramount and you’ll not only see him but hear him in “College Humor” his latest film. His devotees liked him so well, he won a grand contract
BEHIND those soft brown eyes Heather Angel has a spirit which will carry her far. For she has studied everything from fencing to screaming which might tend to help her career. She once toured India and Arabia with a stock company just for experience. She's signed with Fox and will be in "Berkeley Square" with Leslie Howard.
A Harp in Honolulu

And what an all-star circus they had when that Hawaiian beach and moon got to work!

From the diary of
Pat O'Brien

Wilmington, Calif.
On Board S. S. Mariposa

APRIL 7, 1933—I wanted to go to New York, my bride of two years wanted to go to Honolulu, so we compromised and sailed for Hawaii. Here we are on a grand ship which goes all the way to Australia. Honolulu will be far enough for the O'Briens, as this is our first boat ride since the Old Mill at Coney Island. We're due to shove off at 10 P.M., but upon our arrival we discover that everybody is celebrating the return of beer.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey are on the boat with us. It looks like a tough spot for billing for O'Brien. With that gang of comics I'll be lucky to get a laugh in my stateroom.

The phone rings. It's Bill and Mary Gargan come to wish us bon voyage. Phone again. There's a party in Bert Wheeler's stateroom. We join the gang. Everybody in Hollywood is there. No wonder Bert is celebrating April 7. It's his birthday, beer is back, and he and Woolsey have just signed the biggest contract of their careers, with RKO Radio. What a party! Done in real Wheeler and Woolsey fashion.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien bid farewell to Hawaii and throw the leis they are wearing into the water. If the leis float to shore, the travelers are certain to return to the island.

Between loading an enormous cargo of beer and unloading the guests, we finally shove off at 3 A.M. And so to bed.

April 8th.—It's night of the first day out. I'm relaxing in my stateroom. No, I'm not sick. Just tired, that's all. Looking over my shoulder, Patricia O'Brien is getting a laugh. May as well admit I'm seasick—and homesick for land, and only the first day out. This Pacific belies its name.

This isn't my day. I lose the ship's pool, but if I had won the Irish sweepstakes my enthusiasm would have been nil. One consolation—all my pals are sick, too, except Wheeler. He beats the rap. Woolsey gets all the laughs today, and Bert is too mad to get sick.

Today is the first time I have ever seen Bob Woolsey without the inevitable cigar. When he gets back to Hollywood he will be looking for the guy who told him to drink brandy as a preventive for seasickness. And, then there's the pal (?) who told me about champagne. But, the real tragedy of today tops everything. No beer! The entire cargo is consigned to the thirsty in Honolulu. We passengers can't get a drop. Might as well be sick.

April 9th.—Today we have had the "lying bee." Who didn't get sick and why not? Outside of the irressible Wheeler, the only good sailor in our gang is Mrs. Frank Borzage. She is traveling back and forth between Hollywood and the islands so often these days that she knows all the answers. Mrs. Jack Ford is with her. Rena is out to beat the Hawaiian travel records held by Dorothy [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

The little invalid girl—right—whom the movie people entertained, goes to the beach with Pat O'Brien, Ruby Keeler, and Al Jolson.
A famous movie producer and a promising young ingenue are romancing, and they don't care who knows it! As a globe-trotting explorer, Merian C. Cooper sailed the seven seas and saw the capitals of Europe alone. But back in Hollywood he prefers company. His choice is Dorothy Jordan.

The two months Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer spent in Hollywood reached something of a climax just before they returned to Europe.

Michael appeared alone one evening at the Colony Club, that swank place run by the Wertheimer-Goldy combination which at the moment gets all the play from the motion picture crowd.

An hour later, Gloria came in with two other people.

And, whether or not it was the continental influence or something much closer home, Gloria and Michael moved about the place, each seemingly ignoring the other's presence.

"A LOT of people have strange ideas about acting," remarked a friend to Jack Barrymore.

"So have a lot of actors," reflected the Barrymore.

Franchot Tone has rented a house out in Brentwood. And his back yard meets Joan Crawford's!

Solveig Dietz, the girl whose husband filed suit against Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for this, that and the other thing, had booked

Mae West learned long ago how it feels to face the judge, but only recently did she have a chance to turn her back on the jury and share the bench, gavel and all. The sheriff showed her the jail, too. "Nicest jail I ever was in," said Mae.

Jean Harlow gets her bruises before she has her fight. Painlessly applied, the make-up man puts them on carefully and not too big, for in the film, "Hold Your Man," Clark Gable rescues Jean before she is walloped to the limit.
The Monthly Broadcast
of
Hollywood
Goings-On!

passage upon the same ship on which Douglas
was sailing for Europe!
That is what Douglas said he had learned
just in the nick of time.
So he had cancelled his passage, Douglas
phoned breathlessly, and was sailing later.
So Joan said something like:
"There, there, dear boy!"
And went on to dinner with Franchot Tone.

INFORMED that an obscure attorney in New
York was threatening to file suit upon behalf
of a client, a janitor, in which the janitor would
charge his wife with bigamy and name Jack
LaRue as her first husband, LaRue said:
"The girl and I went together for four years.
Then she fell in love with a friend of mine. I
went my way and she went hers. We were
never married."

OVERHEARD in the extra girls’
dressing room of the M-G-M
studio in Culver City.
"Acting in the movies is swell, all
right. I had this call this morning
for a three dollar a day job and was I
happy? Then I discovered there’s no
bus runs here any more and no way
to get here.
"So I spent $1.65 to get here in a
taxi and it will cost me another
$1.65 to get back. At that rate I’m
just out 30 cents so far and I’ve had
no lunch yet. Ain’t acting in the
movies swell?"

Walter Winchell, the gossip who
airs everybody’s secrets, is
very quiet about his own wife.
But a cameraman snapped them
together — no scandal — while
they were handing out scallions
and orchids on the West Coast

This lounge-ful of movie celebrities
would be paradise for an autograph
hound! Clark and Mrs. Gable are
side by side; Leslie Howard, who
pales next to Joan Crawford’s sun-tan
make-up, helps make the English
actress, Heather Angel, feel at home.
Franchot Tone tries to steal a glance
across at Joan. The Gables gave the
party at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel

DID you know that Marion Davies employs
twenty servants in her beach home, and
pays her cook $250 a month? Instead of a
housekeeper, she has a house manager, a man
who has held the post for many years. Marion
is very loyal to all her employees, and depres-
sion or no, never parted with one of them.

A YOUNG fellow walked up to the window
of the KKO casting office and asked,
"Anything for me today?" It was part of his
daily routine; the question had become
habitual. He didn’t even notice that the clerk
was out to lunch, the office empty. But an
executive hurrying by saw the face at the
window, grabbed the boy, had screen tests
made, and cast him in "Fog Bound." The new
"discovery" is Howard Wilson.

CLARA BOW doesn’t want her picture taken
until she reduces more of that excess pound-
age! And something else about Clara—she
never goes to movies. Doesn’t like them.
“I wuz a boid in a gilded cage, folks, but now I’m a free-livin’ soul.” Sounds like Jimmy and looks like Durante, but you’ll have to guess again. It’s Jerry Lester doing a Schnozzola impersonation in Fox’s “Arizona to Broadway”

CONSTANCE BENNETT had to give up her plans for a trip to Honolulu this summer simply because the gossipers began to point to the fact that Gilbert Roland was already there.

But she will not have to forego a frequent plunge in the surf or an occasional hour on the beach.

Roland is back in Hollywood and has taken a house at Santa Monica, where a gay little party gathers almost every afternoon.

And Connie is usually the gayest one of the crowd.

STUART WIN says there ain’t no justice, or he would collect two salaries all the time—one as actor and the other as dialogue writer. In nearly every script of the picture in which he is acting, the line appears frequently, “Erwin enters. Business.”

So Stu invents his own business—and the dialogue to go with it.

WHEN Joan Crawford was questioned about Franchot Tone she said impatiently:

“Why does Hollywood always have to read romance into everything? Franchot and I are good friends. He’s taught me things about acting. I shan’t allow talk to spoil our association.”

HENRY GARAT, in Janet Gaynor’s “Adorable,” made his American debut under the most distressing circumstances.

First, his wife had to leave for England several weeks ahead of him.

Second, he suffered all during the making of the film with a stomach ulcer. He was unable to eat or sleep for weeks.

Lastly, when about to leave Hollywood, he sent his trunk on ahead of him, only to discover he would have to remain a week longer for retakes.

And Henry with one suit to his name. Henry comes back in the fall to star with Lilian Harvey.

OVERHEARD in a motion picture theater where “The White Sister” was playing.

Boy Friend: “What did you want to come to this show for?”

The Girl: “Because I like Richard Hayes.”

Boy Friend: “Oh yeah? You mean Clark Gable, don’t you?”

The Girl: “No, John, you know it’s not Clark. It’s Helen I like.”

Boy Friend: “Listen, Mary, don’t kid me. It’s Gable. You’ve been with him from the first kiss.”

Silence.

But oh, for the life of an Eskimo—with the thermometer grinning vengefully around 96. Here’s Mala and Aba at home in their igloo in M-G-M’s film “Eskimo” made in the chilly open spaces of the far North. Brrrr ... mister could you spare a thin slice of ice?

Mrs. Barthelmann’s movie star husband Dick (Richard to you) enjoying a vacation between pictures. Here are the popular couple on one of those Panama boat rides from ocean to ocean.
Imagine the amusement of the press when the Countess showed up at a press party given by Gene Raymond and refused to meet the press. Practically nobody minded.

**WELL**, Peggy,' a friend said to Peggy Hopkins Joyce recently, "I'm leaving for New York tomorrow. Want to say goodbye?"

"Goodbye, Mary," Peggy said. And then added very quickly, "Could you let me have your telephone numbers while you're gone?"

**A TALL**, blonde girl walked through the Paramount gate the other day. "Gee, it's funny the number of people who look like Garbo out here," Jack LaRue remarked. And then the bomb burst.

It was Garbo. At the Paramount studios with her friend, Mrs. Berthold Viertel, to get a glimpse of Dietrich's new picture, "The Song of Songs."

It looks very much as if Rouhen Mamoulian, who directed "Song of Songs," will also direct Garbo in "Queen Christina."

**CONNIE BENNETT'S** husband, Henri de la Falaise, has gone to the Indies to make a picture, and expects to be gone four months.

Connie is backing the picture and, as Hollywood knows its shrewd little Bennett, the picture better be good. Connie makes few mistakes in business.

"**MISS GIBSON,**" said Wynne's cook Mamie, "you all shouldn't eat them things. Know what they are?"

"Why certainly, Mamie," Wynne replied, "they're sweetbreads."

"No ma'm, they ain't. Them things is a cow's tonsils."

**THEY** swear, out in Hollywood, that Lionel Barrymore turns in those marvelous performances without in the least knowing what picture he's working in or why.

Engrossed in his etching, he'll be summoned to the set. "All right, all right, where's the girl with the script? What do I say in this scene?"

And he'll go in, speak his lines and do his bits of business and hurry right back to his etching.

Half the time he hasn't the least idea whether he's still making "Dinner at Eight" or "Stranger's Return."

When Lionel isn't etching, he's sleeping. Movies are mere incidentals to this artist. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]
AN entire waterfront was brought from Seattle to make this setting for M-G-M's "Tugboat Annie." The set is built on the shores of a large lake near the studios. Seattle buildings which couldn't be moved were photographed, and reproduced in exact detail.
MARIE DRESSLER, as Annie Brennan, is having waterfront trouble with Captain Wallace Beery who has just wrecked Annie's tugboat. She is leading him off for punishment. Mervyn LeRoy, watching intently from gunwale of tug, is directing their exit.
Meet Joan's Best Friend

She said it was her life's ambition to make him proud of her—and she did

By
Maurine Parker

abruptly during her freshman year. Her school days meant little to Joan. But she has one lasting memento of those days that no one can ever take from her—the friendship of the man who will always be "Daddy Wood" to her, but who, in educational circles, is known as James Madison Wood, President of Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri.

I've known James Madison Wood for years and I know him to be a man whose heart is big enough to encompass the interests of every one of his seven hundred students. I have never seen him walk across the campus of Stephens College alone. I have seen him hundreds of times with four or five chattering young ladies on each arm.

In my own days at the College I was feeling the pangs of "mental growing pains." I was confused about problems of discipline with which every student government contends. I said to him, "How can I judge another girl—how can I decide whether she's right or wrong, when her life and her background may have been entirely different from mine?" His only answer was a brief one. "Who are you to judge? Who am I to judge? If it is for anyone to do—it is certainly out of our realm."

In those words you have a picture of the man.

It was when Joan's picture "Sally, Irene and Mary" was released, that President Wood told me the beginning of this story.

Joan, once Lucille Le Sueur, then Billie Cassin, came to the college in the fall of 1922. Billie Cassin was ambitious. The college field representatives said she could make if she was willing to work in the college dining-room to defray tuition fees. This offered a release from a wretched life at home. Billie's childhood had been a hard and disappointing one. She came to the college a disillusioned child.

When Joan and Doug were engaged, "the best friend" received this picture, signed from Joan: "To my dearest and only 'Daddy' Wood. My life's ambition is to make you proud of me. Ever—Billie." To which Doug added: "To Mr. Wood—I feel proud to know you—almost as proud as I am of having my 'Billie' (which was once your 'Billie') and I guess, in a way, will always be as my affianced— which is saying a great deal—(Dodo) Douglas Fairbanks Jr." The date of this was March 25, 1929


But Hollywood doesn't know of an influence that came into Joan's life ten years ago—the influence of a man who believed in her.

I had known of it. I had never felt the force of it until I saw them together.

We stood in a crowded theater lobby—the man and I. She stood on the first step of the balcony stairway—peering eagerly into that crowd.

They pressed close around her—eager for a smile, an autograph, a glance.

But Joan Crawford saw no one in the crowd until she saw the man by my side. In a second she had reached us.

"Daddy Wood! Daddy Wood!" She fairly shouted it. I knew the story. Those people crowding around us didn't know. They must have wondered.

What could these two have in common? This gray-haired man of dignity—executive, scholar, educator. This gay, exuberant, vibrant girl—celebrity in her own right.

You have read of Joan's brief college career, which ended
RONALD'S Painted Mustache

He was pestered into a screen test, and he failed—until they applied grease paint

By Rex Torring

RECENT news that Ronald Colman is giving Hollywood the go-by in favor of a year's trip around the world and then whatever may strike his fancy, ends an eleven year saga of success—success that began with a mustache hastily painted on his upper lip by producer Henry King, after the said Henry had gone one night, half in earnest and half idly, to see "La Tendresse" at the Empire Theater in New York City.

The earnest part of Henry's visit was getting a line on an actress he was considering for a part in "The White Sister," which he was planning to produce with Lillian Gish in the stellar spot. He was in need, too, of a male lead to play opposite Lillian; but after trying everyone he could think of, he had about despaired of that. In fact, he was on the point of sailing for location in Rome without a lead, in the hope of picking up what he wanted in Europe.

Thus Henry King's thoughts when the curtain went up on the show—and incidentally, on Ronald Colman's screen career as well. For, while King was sitting with a half-hearted eye on the play, suddenly he saw something which made him sit up very straight.

A young actor had come on the stage, leaping a wall and then making love in romantic fashion; an actor of slight, graceful figure with a clean shaven face and a mop of bushy hair. Mark that, the actor had bushy hair and was clean shaven.

As soon as he saw this youngest King forgot all about the play, about the actress he had come to see, and everything else. All he thought about was "The White Sister" he was going to make, and the young actor he saw on the stage before him now. In this quiet, positive personality which so strangely affected him, King believed that he had found, not a player to do a minor part, but the very leading man he wanted.

So sure of this was he that as soon as the show was over he sent his card to the young actor's dressing-room. The actor consented to see him, but as soon as he entered King received a tremendous surprise.

"I tell you quite frankly, before we even begin, that you'll simply be wasting your time," Colman told him as soon as he made known the object of his visit. "I've been all through that before, and I know that it is quite useless to consider me for the screen.

From the film that "made" Ronald Colman on the screen in one appearance—"The White Sister" with Lillian Gish! The "first time out" for the mustache that turned the trick.

"I don't screen at all well; and I spent months in Holly-
wood trying to make a go of it. If there had been any chance, don't you suppose some of those directors out there would have seen it?

ALL that was true. Ronnie had spent heart-breaking months in Hollywood, trying to get in—and rising occasionally to an extra's job, principally because he had, and could wear with distinction, a gentleman's wardrobe. So film offers were nothing but a siren song to Ronnie now.

But King didn't know this—and accustomed as he was to having unknown young actors and actresses jump at even a remote possibility of getting into pictures, he gasped.

"Well," he said as soon as he recovered. "I still think I'm right and that you are the man for it." Then, without going any farther for the moment toward a deal, he asked permission to sit down and tell the story of "The White Sister." Colman nodded politely. King's motive was to watch Ronald's reaction—and as the story progressed, he was more than satisfied. Colman's expressions...
3 Days—and Sylvia had

Mysteriously attractive and charming—yet behind this aspect of Sidney’s, once stood the specter of anemia. To banish it from Sidney’s life was the task assigned Sylvia. She was going away in three days! Yet Sylvia succeeded, completely

WHEN I first heard Sidney Fox’s voice it was just three days before I went to New York to sell my book “Hollywood Undressed.” Her chaperon called me and asked me to take Sidney as a patient. I explained that I was leaving shortly and might be gone for a month or so, and I thought it would be foolish for Sidney to begin with me. What could I do in just three days?

I had hardly hung up the phone when it rang again. This time I heard a soft, timid voice saying, “This is Sidney Fox and please take me, Madame Sylvia. I know you’ve only three days, but take me twice a day, please.”

“I don’t know what I can do in three days,” I told her, “but if it’s a matter of life and death, okay.”

Well, she came right over—she and her chaperon, and they both were amazed when they saw my waiting room full of fat ones and thin ones and lumpy ones waiting to be treated. Sidney was very childish looking—dressed all in pink. I took Sidney by her little hand, and led her into my studio.

She was quite the little lady and very dignified and, believe me, she got a shock when I opened the door. For there were Carmel Myers, Dorothy Mac-Kall, Helen Gahagan (Melvyn Douglas’s wife), Vicki Baum, and a couple of others waiting for me. And every one of them was in nothing but an expectant smile. Sidney’s eyes nearly popped out of her head and I think she wanted to run.

“Take your clothes off and make yourself comfortable while I work on these girls,” I told her. Well, she was very modest and slowly slipped her clothes off, covering herself up with a sheet and then getting into the far corner of one of the couches.

I started on Vicki Baum and went at her like nobody’s business—slapping and pounding. Sidney just sat there all huddled up, her eyes like saucers. “Ooh,” she said, “did it hurt?”

“I love it,” Vicki shouted back between slaps. “She’s just stretching my muscles and it feels marvelous.”

“Ooh,” said Sidney, and got farther back in the corner.

FOR years Sylvia, America’s most famous physical culturist and massage, has been Hollywood’s court of last resort for problems in her field. This month she gives another revelation in her fascinating series about how she helped noted stars through crises that threatened their careers.

Also, Sylvia has agreed to do something wonderfully helpful for everybody. Now she will answer personally your letters. On page 84 she answers many questions, and tells how easily you too may obtain her help. Look now to learn how America’s most expert help is yours for the asking! (Inset, Sylvia)
Brightened Sidney Fox’s Whole Life!

Just about that time Carmel Myers grabbed a sheet and disappeared. In a couple of minutes I heard my ice-box door slam and in another minute Carmel and my maid came in with a big dish of fruit jello and thin coffee cream. “Come on girls, light in,” said Carmel. “This is good for you.” And she imitated my accent to perfection. Suddenly I heard a yell and a howl of laughter. Some way, I don’t know how, Sidney had wigged out of the sheet and fallen—sitting down—in the jello. Carmel and Dorothy Mackail rolled on the floor laughing, but Sidney hardly cracked a smile.

“This jello was meant to be eaten,” I shouted. “It’s good for you, but it should be inside and not out. So just for that, Carmel, I’m going to take Sidney first and make the rest of you wait!”

Well, Carmel got mad at that and went out of the room, slamming the door. But I couldn’t be bothered. You’ve got to be a philosopher in Hollywood.

So I turned to Sidney. She has small bones—tiny ankles and shoulders—and she was nicely covered with fat all over. But her main trouble was anemia. She told me she loathed exercising and that came partly from the anemia. Anemic people just haven’t the energy to take violent exercise; so somebody has to help them. You girls, get your mother or your sister or a friend to do what I did for Sidney. And anybody can do it. It isn’t hard at all. You can’t force an anemic person to do anything. They’re always temperamental and cranky. That goes with it. When those people show pep, it’s just sheer will power.

And now here’s what I did for Sidney. I made her relax, lying with her arms at her sides. And slowly, little by little, I brought her toes over her head. And that can be done! But you’ve got to be absolutely relaxed and have confidence that it’s possible. You’ll think that the stretching under the knee is the worst, but it isn’t. Relax those hip muscles! And make whoever is doing this to you stick at it until the toes are brought over the head. It makes you feel grand, for it gets the circulation going in the spine.

After that I made Sidney raise herself up and touch her toes (keeping her knees stiff) with the tips of her fingers. I mean, I tried to. She couldn’t do it at first and I pushed and pushed her shoulders forward, trying to get her face down to her knees. And that’s where you may have to have some help. Get a friend to help you to get down to your knees by pushing your shoulders.

While I was doing this to Sidney, the rest of the girls all laughed. “Shut up!” I told them. “None of you were so hot when you first started. Don’t you laugh at Sidney.” For I could see that she was a very sensitive girl. Later I was to discover that she has a brilliant mind.

The only other thing I had Sidney do was to turn on the radio to a snappy dance tune and just sway her hips from side to side with her arms over her head. That silly, simple exercise is marvelous. It gives you grace, it reduces hips and gets the blood circulating. But be sure to hold your shoulders up straight while you’re doing it.

And now for the diet I gave her. Because she had anemia she had to take liver extract, which [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]
Select Your Pictures and You Won't

The Shadow Stage

ADORABLE—Fox

JANET'S back again, and how! The old elf Janet—and the only difference is that she's a madcap princess this time, in love with Henry Garat, an officer of her personal regiment. And Henry—well, there's someone to draw feminine sighs from all, over any audience! We say, hail to a new star, without any argument whatever.

The story is the light little tale one might expect it to be—just enough to carry the music and dancing through the gorgeous settings and gay love-making to the final fadeout. The skating scene is one that for sheer beauty will stay long in mind.

C. Aubrey Smith lends laughable incidents as the prime minister, and Herbert Mundin has some bits. Altogether, it's a fine summer night's fun.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933—Warners

If you thought "42nd Street" was good, you have a date with any theater showing this one. It's another Ruby Keeler show that has everything "42nd Street" didn't!

To start things off, chorine Ruby is in love with Dick Powell, a penniless song writer. But when things look hopeless, Dick digs up money, the show goes big, and zowie! In pops Warren William, brother of the show's "angel," from staid old Boston. No chorus girls in his family. No sir!

What to do? Ruby's roommates, Joan Blondell and Aline MacMahon, decide to work on Warren and his co-killer, Guy Kibbee, and we'll let the film tell what happens to them. But it's rich, we promise you, and at that it's only the foundation upon which Director Mervyn LeRoy and dance impresario Busby Berkeley have built music, ensemble numbers, and acting that are splendid.

Coming to performances, Ruby still wins you at sight—although she has too little to do. Dick Powell, especially in his song numbers, is a treat; while Warren William, Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee turn in the excellent work you might expect from such artists. But the surprise of the show is the new Joan Blondell. Cast as a traditional gold digger, she achieves absolutely compelling emotional power. Wait till you hear her lead that "Forgotten Man" finale! Ginger Rogers and Ned Sparks, too, are delightful.

THE MAYOR OF HELL—Warners

GET a load of this. The Cagney meets a tougher guy than he is—and reforms him!

Jimmy, as Patsy, controls a gang and a lot of votes, so he rates a soft political job, which includes routine inspection of a boy's reform school. Here he meets Jimmy Smith, played by Frankie Darrow, who gives a performance of a tough, unmanageable kid you won't forget in a hurry. Patsy gets an eyeful of cruel discipline—also of Madge Evans, the school nurse. Both decide him to take the place over.

He ousts the superintendent, and institutes self-government, with Jimmy Smith as "mayor." Things go nicely until Patsy's gang goes haywire. He returns to show 'em who's who—and somebody gets shot. Patsy has to hide. The school superintendent returns—but see it.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933 WHEN LADIES MEET
ADORABLE THE MAYOR OF HELL
DINNER AT EIGHT PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART

The Best Performances of the Month

Joan Blondell in "Gold Diggers of 1933"
Aline MacMahon in "Gold Diggers of 1933"
Ann Harding in "When Ladies Meet"
Myrna Loy in "When Ladies Meet"
Janet Gaynor in "Adorable"
Henry Garat in "Adorable"
Frankie Darro in "The Mayor of Hell"
Lee Tracy in "Dinner at Eight"
Billie Burke in "Dinner at Eight"
John Barrymore in "Dinner at Eight"
Marie Dressler in "Dinner at Eight"
Loretta Young in "Midnight Mary"
Sylvia Sidney in "Jennie Gerhardt"

Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 112

★ WHEN LADIES MEET—M-G-M

If ever there has been more sparkling polite comedy, with an undercurrent of drama, we can't remember it. And it is that handling of the old reliable triangle plot—letting it run as an undercurrent to delightfully polished and perfect acting from a cast headed by Ann Harding, Myrna Loy and Frank Morgan, which makes this memorable. Philandering publisher Frank Morgan makes the trouble, when his roving eye lights upon the young and "modern" author, Myrna Loy. Of course, many "conferences" ensue, while Myrna's devoted boy friend, Bob Montgomery, struggles desperately against it, and gushing widow Alice Brady urges the match on. (And how she can say the wrong thing at the right time!)

At last Bob, in despair, by a trick brings Frank's wife, Ann Harding, into the mix-up—and now the smoldering drama gathers strength, bursts into flame, and produces some of the finest acting of the year, doubly memorable for its repressed subtlety. Ann Harding's quiet, heartbroken denunciation of her husband is a masterpiece, while Myrna Loy never has drawn a character to better advantage.

It's not a picture to excite, nor is it a great treat for those liking their romance flaming, spicy, or red blooded. Its charm lies rather in its haunting, flawless delicacy, and utterly human treatment, plus dialogue that is a delight.

★ DINER AT EIGHT—M-G-M

Again a strong studio puts in most of the stars on its plot, adds some freelancers, plus a plot that was a smash hit on Broadway—and emerges with a grand evening's entertainment, if you don't mind a mixed-up affair.

Lionel Barrymore's wife (Billie Burke) decides to give a dinner, and invites the stage and screen has-beens, Marie Dressler and John Barrymore, Wally Beery, an uncouth financier with an uncouth wife to match in Jean Harlow; philanderer Eddie Lowe and wife Karen Morley, and Phillips Holmes, engaged to Madge Evans.

And then what a mix-up! The guests of honor depart for Florida, Lionel has a heart-attack, John ends all when his agent, Lee Tracy, tells him he's through—and so it goes. But if you like all-star entertainment—here it is!

★ PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART—RKO-Radio

Ginger Rogers does a real star's job this time, with her particular type of material; and helped by a good cast, she turns out a good evening of entertainment.

It begins when brilliant press-agent Frank McHugh builds her up as the radio "Purity Girl," advertising manufacturer Gregory Ratoff's "Ipsie Wippsie Wash Cloths." Ginger, however, sob's, then storms her desire to "sin and suffer"; so to save the day, Frank McHugh imports noble mountain-boy Norman Foster to provide romance. Ginger likes the idea; they have a radio wedding. Then fire-works: ZaSu Pitts, Franklin Pangborn, Lucien Littlefield, and others, add fun—and while much more might have been made of the story, there's plenty a chuckle. And you'll be ready for an encore when you see Ginger do her stuff!
LORETTA YOUNG proves conclusively that she is a distinguished dramatic actress—and we always knew she was beautiful. Here’s a new kind of gangster’s moll, and finally she shoots Ricardo Cortez, the gangster, to save the young lawyer she has fallen in love with. Yes, he is Franchot Tone—and very nice, too. Andy Devine sings—don’t miss that. Excellent cast, including Una Merkel and Martha Sleeper.

SYLVIA SIDNEY walks the Back Streets of Donald Cook’s life, giving unselfishly of her love for years, only to have him discard her for another. The story, taken from the book by Theodore Dreiser, is aged and leisurely told, but the sincere performances given by Sylvia and Donald hold the interest to the end. Cora Sue Collins, as Sylvia’s daughter, livens things up considerably.

ALIVE with clever situations, bright spots and interesting details, this story of a barber who became a high powered and crooked financier is good fun up to the climax, which falls apart a bit. George E. Stone, a “little guy” with a big brain, is amazingly good, while Reginald Owen, his partner in crime, is a grand surprise. Phillips Holmes, Fay Wray, Minna Gombell, Lilian Bond are happily cast.

DISTINGUISHED by trick camera shots, interesting score, beautiful ice ballet, pretty girls—and Charlie Ruggles—this musical will give you a diverting evening. Not much plot—seems Charlie is in trouble with his wife, and two beauties accidentally sail off in his stateroom. The film can go on with the story from there. Production is on a lavish scale. You will remember a funny guy named Chic Chandler.

INGREDIENTS, comedy, sex, melodrama, and a dash of music: Bebe Daniels shaking. A successful artist who wants “life,” she scorns the love of Randolph Scott and sails to Europe; but on shipboard playboy Sidney Blackmer trips her. Seeking consolation with Muriel Kirkland, a pseudo-Russian pianist, she visits Paris, where Sidney is all but murdered. Satisfactory if not outstanding.

EXCITEMENT from the first shot to the last, after stock gamblers corner the silk market. The manufacturers order a special supply from Japan, and the question is, will the shipment be delayed between Seattle and New York? Neil Hamilton, Guy Kibbee and an excellent cast argue it out with the villains, and you’ll feel the thrills as though you were on the train. Thoroughly acceptable melodrama.
EVERYTHING but the kitchen sink—including such an octopus—is in this one; but Fay Wray, Ralph Bellamy and Fredrik Vogeding achieve good thrills and chills. Bad Freddie, once captain of a U-boat, knows where much gold is sunk; so he and diver Ralph go on a deep-sea scientific expedition financed by Fay. Gold, greed and love do the rest; great undersea scenes. (Also released as “Hell’s Cargo.”)

HOLD ME TIGHT—

Fox

JAMES DUNN, just married to Sally Ellers, loses his job in the department store where Sally also works. Things go to pieces, and a jealous house detective plans a fur robbery to implicate Sally and James. He's discovered; there's a fight, all's well. Sally and Jimmie charming as usual—but wouldn't a new (and intelligent) plot be in order for this good team? Frank McHugh and June Clyde help freshen it a bit.

BEAUTIFULLY photographed, acted and directed, this depressing Somerset Maugham tale of a young outcast who steals his best friend’s girl, leaves one with a deep blue hangover. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ralph Bellamy, Dudley Digges are splendid, while magnificent storm scenes at sea and several scenes between two old sea captains, Arthur Hohl and William V. Mong, add splashes of color.

IT'S labeled a Connie Bennett picture, but there must be some mistake. The star is really a little girl named Perd Kelton, who gets out of reform school the same time Connie does—and promptly reverts to type. Connie decides on the “bed of roses” system, with some initial success—but the roses develop thorns when she meets a cotton-barge boy named Joel McCrea and falls in love. Not for the little kiddies.

IF you've been holding out against Westerns all these years, you might as well give in. This one has everything, up to and including a plot which thickens as it should. Perfectly marvelous shots of Red Rock Canyon, taking you far, far away from worry and heat, plus wonderful horses and riding. Randy Scott is a lovable heavy, and Tom Keene, Harry Carey, Fuzzy Knight, Kathleen Burke do nicely.

POOR Dick Barthelmes in the war gets the grief and the dope habit; another gets the medals. Then his mother commits suicide, his wife is killed in a riot; Dick is unjustly jailed for it. Things get worse—but we just couldn’t stand more! This should end broadline pictures; what's left for any actor (or audience) to suffer through?

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 98]
"All Women Are Sirens at Heart"
says Mister Lubitsch
To May Allison Quirk

The great director analyzes some famous screen personalities

Ernst Lubitsch, creator of stars, believes that charm is the most important thing in the world to a woman. That, given proper setting and opportunity, every woman desires to be a seductress suddenly seem subtle and brilliant, has always had something of the Svengali touch about it.
I cannot recall a single piece of bad acting given under his direction.
From the time, about fourteen years ago, that he led Pola Negri through the tortuous, dramatic heights of the German-made picture, "Passion," right down to Miriam Hopkins' scintillating performance in "Trouble in Paradise," his record is unbroken. "Passion" brought Pola international fame and gave them both Hollywood contracts.
Lubitsch was born in Berlin, Germany, about forty-one years ago. He was brought up in his native city, received all his early training as an actor in the theater there, and directed his first motion pictures in Germany.
Yet his fundamental qualities are as un-Germanic as is the lissome body of Marlene Dietrich.

LUBITSCH'S handling of risqué situations is French in its subtlety. His sense of humor and play might be Gaelic. His worship of beauty, whether it be in a human being, a landscape, or an exquisite bar of music, might easily come from some early Latin lineage.
I have heard him search for words to describe his emotions over a purple sunset in the desert canyons of Palm Springs, or the dark massive line of oak trees silhouetted against the gray dawn of a new day.
Furthermore, he knows more about feminine psychology than any man I have ever met. That, in itself, is disconcerting.
But one day recently I took courage in hand and obtained an interview. I wanted to learn more about his special brand of wizardry.

"How is it that every actress acquires unsuspected sex allure under your direction?"

He grinned at me and then scored one with his answer. He knows the frailties of our sex, that man.

"All women are sirens at heart," he said. "No matter how unemotional, how stolid, a woman may be, she has moments when her greatest desire is to be—shall we call it, a courtesan, siren or seductress? The exactly proper emotional condition and environment will bring it to the surface.

"If I manage to develop some quality in a player that the public has been unaware of, it is [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]"
YOU'VE seen him as banker, broker and bad man; now Warren William goes high hat in his latest picture, "Lady for a Day." Just what the well-dressed man is wearing to ultra swanky functions this summer Warren demonstrates with the dash that is so characteristic of him. But what other man could be so nonchalant in these formal togs?
Dark Dress With White Piqué Coat

WHAT a fashion scoop this is! Charming Adrienne Ames has permitted us to have several of her stunning personal fashions for reproduction—and that means that all of you may wear the exact copies. One of Adrienne’s favorite costumes for hot days in Hollywood is this ensemble of dark cotton dress and cool white piqué coat. Her dress is black linen. Black is one of the big fashion surprises of this summer, you know. White piqué trims her short sleeves and makes the clever collar.

AND here is the coat trimly buttoned over the dress. Isn’t it good looking? Slightly fitted through the waist, it deviates from the usual three-quarter swagger coat by buttoning part way down the front with crystal buttons. The shoulder detail is interesting, tucks giving the wider shoulder line. White piqué gauntlets and a white piqué hat are Adrienne’s finishing touches. You will see her next in “Disgraced.” Smart fashions in it, too!
Two Costumes That Look Toward Fall—

It isn't too early to start thinking about new fall fashions, so when you see Helen Twelvetrees in "Disgraced," be sure to note this striking ensemble. You can wear it now for traveling, later for all sorts of smart events. A yellow and brown tweed dress is trimmed with yellow leather—and the topcoat is leather, lined with tweed. Shallow tweed sailor to match. A stunning Travis Banton design.

A PERFECT first fall dress, this blue-gray woolen two-piece dress designed by Travis Banton for Helen Twelvetrees' rôle of fashion model in "Disgraced." Note how cleverly the shoulder detail gives both height and width—an important trend. A fabric cord fastens the blouse, cleverly circling each button.
HERE it is in black and white—one of the smartest summer evening ensembles from Adrienne Ames' own wardrobe. Huge fuzzy white leaves are boldly printed on black pebble crepe with a black satin sash making a striking splash of contrast at the bodice. The skirt is slim and straight, but very long.

WITH the coat it is completely charming. The puffed out sleeves and the demure high neckline are nice touches. The diamond bracelet on the right arm is Adrienne's only jewelry accent. You will need such a gown for vacation parties.
Chiffon Is A Perfect Midsummer Selection

— Seymour

This is the back view to show you how the gown is cut deeply—an interesting contrast to the high neckline in front. Two rows of pleating give the sleeves grace, the same pleating edges the hemline. Notice that the sash sweeps down to the floor.

You need so many dinner gowns for hot midsummer evenings. At least, so thinks Adrienne Ames who chooses soft printed chiffon as one of those charming "extras" in her own wardrobe. Blue and red flowers on a gray background is the color scheme—cool sounding, isn't it? The sash is of vivid blue and red silk, giving the dress a demure touch.
LAID skirts are a new Hollywood vogue. Everyone is wearing them for daytime about town. Arline Judge tops hers by a piqué blouse and mess jacket.

THE newest bicycling costume around Hollywood is this one. Trousers that are like jodhpurs made in all sorts of fabrics and colors. A tricky idea.

A STARCHED white shirt bosom with tiny crystal buttons like shirt studs and a huge piqué bow, are the amusing touches Marlene Dietrich gives this black costume.

JUST touch a button and it opens — press another and the picture is snapped in a jiffy! A camera Hollywood uses for its snapshooting.

HERE'S a note from Miriam Jordan's lunching costume the other day. A striped silk bow and floppy matching flowers arranged down the opening of her jacket casually but smartly.

BLUE and white gingham checks make a big sports handkerchief carried about Hollywood by Lona Andre.

BRACELET and earrings of crystal, onyx, silver worn by Gloria Swanson.
Three Stars in Own Fashions

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Here sponsored by PHOTO-PLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities.

Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTO-PLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 111.

ANOTHER personal fashion of Adrienne Ames—this ensemble that offers an unusual fabric combination. The swagger coat fastens with metal clips, in white piqué. The dress is a light-weight diagonal woolen in blue and white. Piqué at the neckline—belt in green.

ORETTA YOUNG designed this charming dress herself. She says it is one of her prized costumes. Gray lightweight woolen with a bloused back which becomes a bolero in front. The collar is organdie ruching, cleverly placed.

MINNA GOMBELL adopts the plaid skirt fad in this smart suit from her personal wardrobe which she has kindly permitted us to copy for you. Brown and white plaid with brown jacket and a cape collar of the plaid. Grand for traveling on summer or fall days.
THE lady of a thousand moods—that's what they call Ruth Chatterton in Hollywood. And no wonder when Ruth can go from society drawing-room rôles to that of dance hall dizzy with the easy grace of a finished actress. She is now playing the bad lady in "Lilly Turner." Gossip says she'll soon be doing a real life mother rôle
The Beauty Search Is On

Hollywood is constantly on the lookout for new faces to take the places of old

By Reginald Taverne

There's always a bull market in beauty, and in Hollywood the search for beauty never ends. The screen must have new personalities, both men and women, unceasingly; and the bill comes high. An army of scouts is employed by all the major studios constantly looking for the kind of face which will ring the bell at the box-office. And even these professional scouts, haunting every hamlet and village, every town and city throughout the land, cannot keep up with the demand.

A new personality which "catches on" is worth millions to the fortunate producer who discovers it, and from the stages of Broadway or small-time vaudeville, from bargain basements and small farms, an endless procession of recruits is brought to Hollywood upon the chance that some will click. Streams of the world's most beautiful women and handsomest men constantly flow to the movie city; most of them, alas, to quickly drift away again.

For every new screen personality who is discovered, thousands who are never heard of pass before the testing cameras. But once in a blue moon the camera catches that elusive something which foreshadows a new sensation—a Garbo, a Hepburn, a Mae West. Each of these pays the bills for the others and makes the never-ceasing search worth while. The producer who discovers such a star knows the exultation of the prospector who stumbles upon gold.

Whenever a new stage star skyrockets above the horizon, a producer's agent is there waiting with his fountain pen in hand. Whenever a pretty girl flies across the ocean or does any other spectacular stunt, a film scout is ready at the spot she lands. For the turnover in beauty is enormous; the life of even an established screen star being only a few years. And when the public, always fickle, tires of one personality, the vacant place must be filled by another.

Competition between the various studios is keen. Within the past few years the trend has been to depend largely upon the importation of foreign stars; the Dietrichs, Wynyards, Lilian Harveys, Sarí Marítas, Wera Engels, and so on. But there are never enough people to satisfy the almost inexhaustible maw of the cinema; the camera devours beauty just as the old ogres of the fairy tales used to do. For every descending star there must be an ascending star, because the public appetite for new faces, new personalities, is insatiable.

Chevalier, Del Rio, Lupe Velez, Clive Brook, Charles Laughton, Claudette Colbert, El Brendel, Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman, Karen Morley—these are but a drop in the bucket. They are the top now, but they will not last forever. So the search must go on. Millions of feet of film must be exposed to find even one face that can be made immortal, and yet the one must not be missed. [请转到第106页]
The bad man of the movies offers Joan Bennett a cup of tea, straight. Mr. LaRue should know that pretzels require a beverage with a *little* alcoholic content! Jack is serving Joan at one of those parties which are so popular at the new Vendome Cafe

Shirley Mason, a favorite star in the silent days, is shown here with her husband, Director Sid Lanfield. Shirley's sister, Viola Dana, is going back on the screen. But Shirley is too busy taking care of Sid and their two-year-old daughter, Sheila, to think of acting

Doug has lost his moustache! Maybe that's why he is looking so glum. Katharine Hepburn is gaily trying to cheer him up and make him forget his loss with rapid-fire conversation. But Doug won't be fooled. Katie is back at the studio to stay a while now
When the stars become hosts and hostesses or just plain guests

PHOTOS BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS

Clark Gable and his wife seem to be having a good time at the party given at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Mrs. Gable is an ideal mate for a star—never wants the limelight and has no desire to act in films.

Even on a hot day Jackie Cooper will leave the pool to talk with Loretta Young. They enjoy frequent chats together at the Beverly Hills Athletic Club where Loretta goes to take her daily dozen and Jackie swims.

Ever since gossips began to pair Gary Cooper's name with Countess di Frasso, snoopy people and photographers have been trying to snap them together. The Countess, who has absolutely no screen ambitions, is visiting in Hollywood, where most of her friends are famous stars.
He Can't Even Feed A Friend!

Ridiculous, when it's Cagney? Still it's so. He was trying to feed all who "touched" him.

By Roma Banton

If you knew Jimmy Cagney "away back when"—
And if you met him in Hollywood, with a hard-luck tale about being broke—
You'd get the address of a certain Hollywood restaurant where you could eat at his expense. You'd get a pleasant smile—and that's all.

Hard-hearted? Is Jimmy feeling the need to pinch pennies himself?

Far from it. That's what would happen because—well, because they've handcuffed Jimmy, put padlocks on his pockets, to save him from himself; and from those who knew him "in the good old days." He doesn't get a cent that he can give away; he has been sternly spoken to about giving checks to those needing help, in the effort to break through the iron control; and even this restaurant to which you would be referred is paid by those in charge of saving his money.

In spite of himself, Jimmy's days as a handy Christmas tree for all those wanting a new, shiny present, are over.

All of which is the latest installment in the long and interesting serial story entitled "Pinning the Halo on Jimmy Cagney—and Making It Stay Pinned." It began back in those days, as you may remember, that fairly sizzled and crackled all over Hollywood—the days when Warner Bros. wanted him to do "Blessed Event" and he was willing—at double the salary called for by his contract.

You've heard how the argument ran. In substance, Jimmy:
"My two brothers are doctors. I've always wanted to be one. So twice the money—or it'll be James Cagney, M.D."

Warners: "Oh, no. We hold a contract, and under its terms you can't do anything but act—and act at the contract price."

It was when Jimmy emerged from that meeting that his eyes were downcast; his red hair smoothed from its usual one-end to sleek lines of meekness. Jimmy had taken the veil. The Motion Picture Academy had crowned him with a halo.

Jimmy had consented to wear it—for a price: the salary he had originally desired. But he could keep the salary only as long as he wore the halo, which meant, among things:

He must not talk to or with producers. His managers would tend to all necessary or unnecessary conversation. Hence the lowered eyes when Jimmy meets them.

Second. He must never talk of anything that happened in that meeting. He can talk about his love-life or his preference in flowers and breakfast foods; he can even give out his life story, if he omits all references to private courts held in the motion picture business.

Third. He must seek the Academy's advice on anything important. The papa's of this business must be given a chance to add rules which they may have forgotten under pressure of the original meeting. (Jimmy asked them this spring, for example, about taking the half-salary cut. They said, take it. He took it.)

There were other out-of-court restraints hanging constantly over Jimmy. Even before the Academy meeting, he had given his agents power of attorney, doing so at the conclusion of his first year in pictures.

I fixed that up when I found that after a year's work, I'd come up even. Not a cent lost—not saved, either," he explains.
Still he had not spent [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]
Well! Well! So This Is Hepburn!

By Sara Hamilton

Katharine Hepburn has a face full of freckles. And an amazing way of eating her salad. She breaks her lettuce into small shreds and dips each piece into the salad oil. For no reason. One way or the other.

She's crazy about the freckles. And hopes one day to have them featured. On the screen. Wearing no make-up whatsoever. So that each brown spot may stand out like a head light. And knock the customers out of their seats.

She uses no creams. Or powders. Or anything. And has each freckle named. Minnie, Lizzie, Tillie, Gertrude, etc. Gertrude is a "beaut." Over her left eye. Tillie, on the nose, is no slouch, herself.

Her hair is a light, reddish brown. Slightly faded by the sun. It's parted on the left side. And flies about hysterically. After a shampoo, the ends are wrapped in innumerable curl papers. While the hair is damp. And allowed to dry. The result is astounding. There's less curl than before she began.

Her greatest acting is done off the screen. And done to a crisp. She came to Hollywood a slightly known actress. With no beauty. Little charm. And decided to do something to make up for lack. She has.

The Hepburn antics are the talk of the town. In the polite drawing-room vernacular of Hollywood, the "gal is nerts." As a matter of fact, she's a little girl dressing up in "funny" clothes. Having a gorgeous time. You must all come over sometime. Katie is liable to dress up like Aunt Hettie. Ruffled panties and all.

Her walk is rather graceful. Because she studied ballet dancing for years. But she seldom sits on chairs. It's usually on pianos. Or the middle of roadways.

She has a disturbing way of completely looking right through one. And knowing all. Heaven forbid. She'll take apart every new person she encounters. If he's not intelligent. Or witty. Or amusing. Goodbye to him. And please slam the door on your way out. She loves loud noises.

On days she feels particularly kittenish, out comes the shawl. It's silk. With fringe. And things. This she ties tightly about her head. With a knot under her chin. And goes flying into beauty parlors. And places. As nonchalantly as Lil Tashman. In something by Chanel.

"The gal is nerts," says Hollywood, as it watches dynamic Katharine Hepburn flying about in the oddest ways. But the truth is, she's crazy—like a fox!

Her shoes are something to write home about. She buys them from peasants. In strange, little, out-of-the-way places. In Europe. And they look it. One pair is made entirely of cloth. Wrapped and wrapped and wrapped. Exactly like Uncle Herman with the gout. But the hob-nail pair are the LuLu's. They clink. Or something. When she walks.

One day her director, George Cukor, announced that visitors, very important visitors, were coming the next day. And would Katharine please wear civilian clothes. On that occasion she chose the silk shawl. Tied tightly. And the hob-nail. The visitors aren't over it yet. Never will be, as a matter of fact. The overalls (you've heard about the overalls, of course) have been washed. And laundered. Until they are very soft. And ridiculously faded. In places. Her top coats are made of tweed. Imported. And beautifully tailored. With wide shoulders. And everything. These she wears with a delightful piece of rope. Plain rope. Tied about the middle. And how's your Aunt Gracie, these days?

The minute one of her scenes calls for the slightest emotion, off come her shoes. All her love [please turn to page 99]
To Be Happy-Give!

By Jane Hampton

Jean Harlow is the only star in the whole history of Hollywood who has not only survived notoriety but who has come through the barrage of mud bombs that burst upon her, a better understood and better liked woman. And certainly a greater actress.

What has she said? What has she done to accomplish this?

The answer is—nothing. And, yet, not quite that, either. In her own, individualistic way, the real Jean Harlow asserted herself.

When Paul Bern, Jean's husband of a few months, was found dead on the floor of his bedroom, a tornado of gossip and trouble burst about the glistening white head of his bride. But women, or at least a great majority of them, did not turn against her. They didn't need to then. They already loathed her.

She was the most thoroughly disliked star in Hollywood, not only by the women of Hollywood, but by women all over the country. She represented, on the screen, of course, the type of woman they all feared and hated the most. The type of woman who can and may steal the other woman's man.

Yet today Jean Harlow has hundreds of thousands of loyal followers and loyal friends. Ready, anxious to stand by her. And day by day they multiply.

People like Marie Dressler, Frances Marion, Marion Davies, have all come to respect and love Jean Harlow. The roster of friends and admirers grows daily out in Hollywood, where the idea is to trample on anyone thought to be down. The worth of the girl has certainly been proved over and over by the dignified manner in which she has borne her trouble.

So Jean Harlow says. And after her bitter time, she should know that she's been cleared forever. Words that would have immediately removed every bit of blame from her shoulders. Words that would have cleared her name forever.

But words that would have, at the same time, reflected on the man she loved, who now lay dead.
CAN you believe it? Artificial nails are now made to replace your broken, scarred or unattractive ones. They come in shapes and colors to match your own. You can apply them or have your manicurist do it for you. Lona Andre shows you how to fit a thumb-nail.

HERE is Joan Crawford in her backyard, acquiring the famous Crawford tan. If you can tan pleasingly, as Joan does, time your sunbaths, use glasses to protect the eyes and a sun-tan oil to give you even tone, yet keep the skin soft.

THERE is nothing like soap and water for skin beauty, thinks June Vlasek. June finds a complexion brush a great help in preventing normal skin ailments. Use with soap and water or skim over the dry, cream-cleansed skin.
FOR ALL GIRLS WHO

UNA MERKEL has worked out for us six plans whereby you may make yourself both look and feel entirely different, at will. With your summery dance frocks, try scooping up your curled ends in this bewitching top-knot. Cut a few wisps for the face, long enough to be combed back on other occasions. This truly Victorian ruse is guaranteed to floor the most discriminating male. You will like it, too. Very cunning.

IF your mood prompts you to appear queen-like and coolly beautiful, comb back your hair from a short center part in this manner. For the unusual chignon, use a braid or arrange sedate curls in a quaint Gibson-girlish knot. Stunning!

HERE Una becomes very glamorous with both coronet and curls for evening. I doubt if you can all supply coronets, but that tight fringe of curls is lovely and solves perfectly the problem of every girl with a long, slender neck.
Like To Look Different!

For general purposes, from dusk to dawn, Una suggests this simple and attractive arrangement for the girl with permanent or natural curls. If your face is broad, bring the ear curls slightly forward to lengthen the contour. A modern permanent will give the original curl design from which you achieve these and other charming arrangements. Insist upon one of the recognized permanent methods.

Una appears to like herself this way as much as we do. A center part, a halo of soft hair, dizzy bangs and clips, if you like them. This style is usually flattering unless your features are heavy. Then brush back the bangs. No clips.

A jeweled clip lends an evening air to this coiffure. Without the clip, it is perfect for afternoon. Comb the curls into a fluff, from a low, short part brush a band of hair smoothly across the head. Comfortable with hats.
DOROTHY WILSON took down her long hair, pinned a velvet band about it, donned an Alice-in-Wonderland frock just to show us an appealing summer hair trick. Long or short-haired, you will find a ribbon or one of those new bandeaux ideal for outdoor looks and comfort. Include a gay ribbon or bandeau in your vacation bag.

"How to Outwit Summer Suns" might be the title of these two poses by Maureen O'Sullivan. After exposure, always cleanse with cream. Follow by patting a skin and tissue cream gently over the entire face. Sleep with a little under the eyes.

(For more beauty tips turn to page 80)
"LIKE MOST EVERYONE IN HOLLYWOOD" she says
"I INSIST ON LUX"

"Daintiness without extravagance—that's what Lux makes possible," says this exquisite young star. "Lux protects colors and fabrics, leaves my things like new. My maid washes my lingerie in Lux after every wearing. Also, stockings washed in Lux every night wear longer and fit better."

Protect your pretty things with Lux, just as Irene Dunne does. Keep them like new twice as long! Lux has none of the harmful alkali ordinary soaps often contain. Remember—anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Official in all the big studios...

Wardrobe Director of the R. K. O. Radio Studio, Walter Plunkett (shown with Gladys Baxter) says: "Some of our costumes have been used in many pictures—yet they look new. Lux saves us thousands in cleaning bills and cost of replacement, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long."

Hollywood says—don't trust to luck—TRUST TO LUX
Hollywood is simply wild

AUTHORITIES STATE...
"Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements all skin needs"... Read about it!

SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN: It contains has... and must have

SKIN, science has found, contains certain precious elements. These elements, found in youthful skin of every type, keep it fresh, smooth, attractive, young... help guard it when exposed to wind, dust and sun.

The gradual loss of these elements is what makes skin get old-looking, dry, rough, unattractive.

But scientists give this welcome and all-important message... you can now check the loss of these precious elements.

This Soap actually contains Precious Elements found in skin itself

Now scientists attest the fact that Lux Toilet Soap, with its complete freedom from harshness, its ready solubility and its content of such precious elements, is an unquestionable aid in keeping the skin young-looking... softly smooth.

Small wonder that Lux Toilet Soap is used by nearly all of the famous screen stars, who must keep their skin radiant, smooth, young-looking!

Small wonder it is the official soap in all the large Hollywood film studios.

A Younger-Looking, Lovelier YOU

Science tells you that pure, safe Lux Toilet Soap actually contains precious elements all skin must have to look youthful.

For EVERY Type of Skin
Photographed in Hollywood

... where 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps skin young-looking. The Hollywood stars in the foreground, reading from left to right, are GENEVIEVE TOBIN, 'BOOTS' MALLORY (Fox star), GWILI ANDRE and ANITA PAGE.

precious elements skin itself to stay YOUTHFUL!

HOLLYWOOD has proved, through years of daily use, that this soap actually keeps every type of skin young-looking.

MILLIONS of women (and men) everywhere confirm Hollywood's experience.

Won't YOU prove the beautifying effect this fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap can have on your skin?

...oily...dry..."in-between"—

"It really has made MY skin look younger..."

"What the Hollywood stars say about Lux Toilet Soap is exactly what I've found out in my own case," writes Miss Evelene Miller of New York. Miss Miller adds: "I've been using this soap for three years now and I find it really has made my skin much younger-looking. I will never use any other!"
Vacation Suggestions For Beauty

By Carolyn Van Wyck

Betty Furness reminds you not to forget your elbows in summer. They have a way of darkening and roughening. Betty applies bleach cream at night, vanishing cream by day to keep them soft for summer.

Who is the young lady beneath those absorbent cotton blinders? None other than merry Mary Carlisle, who knows enough to protect her eyes while sun-bathing. Glasses do, also.

Here is a new summer trick that one of the Hollywood gentleman stars whispered to me. Rub Eau de Cologne or toilet water over your ankles, legs and arms, and mosquitoes will not bite you. Mosquitoes will not bite Carolyn anyway, so I can vouch for the accuracy of this statement. But I think it's worth trying.

The prize trick of the month comes to us from Fifth Avenue, and consists of a new leg make-up that permits you to go stockless without that usual ungroomed look. It is a smooth, velvety finish for the legs in warm summer tones that does something simply grand for you, especially when you wear white. Recommended for beach, country, vacation and week-ends. Lovely for evening, also.

Janet Gaynor, in "Adorable," makes the most of her entrancing smile. Some girls have that gift of a rare smile that actually transfigures the face. No other human spontaneous act is as miraculous as a perfect smile. But to make yours perfect, watch your teeth. They should be white, sparkling, clean, clean, clean.

Lupé Velez tells me that much of her dazzling smile is due to her cleaning methods. After the use of her preferred dentifrice, she brushes her teeth with a mixture of trichloracetic acid and peroxide. This gives an extra cleansing and whitening touch, and is very worth trying.

Joan Crawford recently appeared with a hair arrangement that ought to be good for one trial, at least. Her fairly full bob was parted on the side, the hair swept across to the other side and the ends of this wisp braided and looped around in a circle. At least, that's different, isn't it? And if you can make a nice, neat little braid, that ought to earn you some comments on your personal appearance. Try it once, just for fun.

If you expect to have any bodily coolness and comfort this summer, add to your bathroom accessories a big box of dusting powder and a big bottle of toilet water or Eau de Cologne. After your shower, take a few handfuls of the lotion and slap it over your body.

If you use a bleach cream for freckles or burn, as many of you will, Susan Fleming warns you to dust the lashes and brows first with an eyelash grower or vaseline to protect them from the bleaching effect.

Keeping cool, dainty and fresh in summer is often a problem. And so I have delved into the subject and found a number of Hollywood secrets for you, together with names of preparations. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for this leaflet, or others on hair, skin, perfume and make-up. Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Let it dry, then dust yourself with the powder. That will make you feel like an angel. Or if you are very hurried and simply can't squeeze in the shower, use the lotion and then powder. It will wake you up and revitalize you, no end.

A new summer beauty kit, that is just about all anyone could desire, comes in gaily striped rubberized fabric to resemble a generous handbag. Inside, is everything to protect your skin, keep it lovely on all occasions and to make you most enchanting at the moment. There is a bleach cream, which cleanses, removes impurities and keeps your skin smooth and supple; an astringent tonic to be used after the cream or as a liquid facial cleanser. A sunproof beauty lotion actually protects against the sun, sooths any burn you may have previously accumulated and acts as an evening make-up base. A grand sunscreen oil permits just the degree of tan you desire, yet protects against sunburn and freckles. A waterproof rouge means that you may go in the ocean with a radiant face and also come out with it, instead of that purplish or deadly white look that many faces get from salt water. A deodorant talcum assures personal daintiness on all occasions.

The flattering warm, red-brown tone of a new gypsy-tan sunproof powder also included not only gives you a perfect summer glow but counteracts the burning rays of the sun. What more could you ask?

A little eyelash grower or vaseline smoothed over the brows and lashes before you swim seems to protect them and makes you better looking as a sand siren.
"If our figures expand... our salaries shrink"

say GENEVIEVE TOBIN and JACK HOLT

Closeups of charming Genevieve Tobin (above) and Jack Holt (below) enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" between scenes of "The Wrecker"... a new Columbia production.

KEEP FIT WITH THE HOLLYWOOD LUNCH... A SANDWICH... AND A GLASS OF BORDEN'S RICHER MALTED MILK

KEEPING SLIM is a hobby with some people... and a matter of pride with others. But with movie stars, keeping slim is a necessity! For a few extra pounds can cost a star a contract.

That's why screen celebrities insist on meals that give plenty of nourishment... without bulging the silhouette!

Heavy lunches are out!

When the work of a studio pauses at noon... mighty few stars eat a heavy, fattening lunch. They need energy for the afternoon's grind. And many of them get it in a light, nourishing lunch... the "Hollywood Lunch."

For example, here are Genevieve Tobin and Jack Holt, getting the energy they need... without fear of fat. For they're enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch"... a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit!

If you want to keep fit... pass up the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and a glass of the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever tasted... Borden's Malted Milk!

Borden's is better

Borden's is a richer malted milk. Richer in energy-building nourishment. Richer in vitamins A, B and G. And every attendant serving Borden's is trained to mix the best malted milk!

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit tomorrow! And don't forget... for home use, buy Borden's Malted Milk in the handy glass jars.

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND
THE readers' letters went West with a bang this month, and I don’t mean Mae West. Just good old wild and woolly West with cowboys and horses and thrills. Tom Keene, Bob Steele, Tom Tyler, Ken Maynard and John Wayne are the popular dare-devil, hard-riding heroes they are asking about. I'll wager my best banana that most of you asking about Tom Keene have seen him on the screen as George Duryea and didn’t know that the two names belonged to the one lad. Don’t you remember Duryea in DeMille’s “Godless Girls”? With Keene, Duryea in “Tide of the Empire,” and with Sophie Tucker in “Honky Tonk”? Tom was born in Sleepy Hollow, N.Y., on December 30, 1903. Duryea is his real name. When he went into Westerns he changed it because he didn’t think a French name suited his Irish pan. He is of French and Irish parentage. Is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is married to Grace Stanford, stage actress.

Prior to entering pictures he was on the stage. Played in “Mae’s Irish Rose” in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Australia and New Zealand. He is a graduate of Carnegie Tech. For pastime he prefers riding his favorite mount. “Flash.” Swimming and tennis are his favorite sports.

Tom Tyler came into this world of ours as William Burns in Port Henry, N.Y., on August 8, 1904. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 190 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He entered pictures in 1920. Believe it or not, he was a singer and entertainer before that. For several years now he has held the world’s weight-lifting record in class. Tom’s pony answers to the name of “Flashlight.”

Ken Maynard hails from Mission, Texas. Was born there on July 21, 1895. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has black hair and gray eyes. Is of Scotch-Irish descent. Entered pictures in 1923. His superior horsemanship won him the role of Paul Revere in Marion Davies’ picture “Janice Meredith.” Ken plays a fiddle and banjo. Has compiled a book of famous cowboy songs. Holds the world’s championship medal for riding and has several medals for roping. He is a graduate of the Virginia Military School and holds a degree as an engineer. He is married to a non-people, Mary Tarzan, his horse, whom he trained for pictures, is a regular scene stealer. When Ken’s not riding him, he’s airplane riding. Is a licensed pilot, and his contract anchors him to the ground during the production of a picture. The studio is afraid he might get injured.

Bob Steele, in private life Robert Bradbury, Jr., was born in Portland, Ore., on January 23, 1907. His father, Robert, Sr., trained him for his picture career which began in 1929. Both his parents were well-known on the stage. Has a twin brother, Bill. Bob is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 165 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. A tall, slender youngster with a narrow face and a slight build. He is called for himself as a trick gunman, roper and rider. His horse, which supports him in pictures, is called “Boy.”

John Wayne was working at Fox as a prop boy with dreams of some day becoming a director, when Raoul Walsh discovered him and gave him the hero role in “The Big Trail.” John was born in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26, 1907. When a child, his family moved West where he learned to ride Western ponies. Later they moved to Glendale, Calif., where John attended school. He was a student at the University of Southern California when he got the job at Fox. He was well-known on the University football team as Duke Morrison. That’s his own name. He adopted the other name when he went into pictures. John is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 200 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His fancy riding on “Duke,” his wonder horse, would stand out in any rodeo. Several months ago his engagement to Josephine Saenz, daughter of Joe Saenz, Panama Consul in Los Angeles, was announced.

MAUDE MASON—I don’t think you are too tall, Maude. However, the movies and stage are rather hard fields to try to break into just now. Gail Patrick is 5 feet, 7 inches tall; Kathleen Burke is 5 feet 6; Diana Wynyard is half an inch taller than Kathleen. Benita Hume is just 5 feet, 6.

KEMP LIEVE, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Show this to your opponent and let him be convinced. The role of the Spanish girl in “The Passionate Plumber” was played by Mona Maris. The words she said when throwing dishes, etc. were, “Can’t you see how I love you?” And Gilbert Roland, not John Gilbert, was the villain. This picture was reviewed in our April 1932 issue.

M. FARRELL—The picture “Les Miserables” was brought to the silver screen in January 1918 by Fox. William Farnum played the role of Jean Valjean. In September 1927, Universal imported a French version of this with an all foreign cast headed by Gabriel Gabrio.

JULIE BENNETT, SEDALIA, MO.—One of Jack Oakie’s hometowns, eh? Joan Crawford is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Frances Dee is one inch shorter and seven pounds lighter than Joan. Jack LaRue was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., on May 4th. He doesn’t tell what year.

NORMA GRESSELLE, BUFFALO, N.Y.—Limited space keeps me from giving you all the information you requested. John Warburton was born in Liverpool, Eng., on June 18, 1899. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 168 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Was on the stage for 12 years before he started in pictures in 1931. He can play nineteen musical instruments, but not at all the same time.

Frank Lawton is the son of Frank Mokeley, an American actor and Daisy May Collier, British stage actress. He was born in London on September 30, 1904. Was educated at Langley Hall and studied for the stage at the Academy of Dramatic Arts. Appeared in “Young Woodley,” “The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,” “Interference” and many other plays. Made his movie début in 1928 when he brought “Young Woodley” to the British screen. Fox brought him here from London to play the role of Joe Marrogi in “Cavalcade.” With that finished, he returned to England to do more work. He expects to return to Hollywood for further picture work. Send me a stamped return envelope and I will answer your other questions.

Ask The Answer Man

As George Duryea he made his film debut. Now he's Tom Keene

Tom Tyler holds the world's weight-lifting record in his class

Ken's contract keeps him on terra firma while making a picture

When it comes to trick roping, Bob Steele's record can't be beat

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 211 W. 57th St., New York City.
"Here's the one we took when Dick wasn't looking"

"I've got the pictures!" That brings them running. It was fun when the snapshots were taken... It's even more fun when you get your first look at the prints.

You can now make snapshots that were never possible before. Kodak VERICHROME Film has simply revolutionized picture making. Bright light isn't necessary. Nobody need be posed, or squint at the sun. Just snap folks in their easiest, gayest moments—you'll get pictures to exclaim over. Pictures for your memory book.


Uno Merkel on her sea-worthy steed, Pride of Old Kentucky, is on her way out to ride the waves and to make good her home state's boast of "beautiful women and fast horses." Uno's next is "Salt Water" with ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak
**How Sylvia Brightened Sidney Fox's Whole Life!**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

She hated. But at last I made her put it in vegetable soup and in her other vegetables; then she didn’t mind it so much. I had her take a plate of it a day. Then I had her eat plenty of cooked turnip tops, cooked celery, lettuce, carrots, lima beans, rare meat, fruit juices and tons and tons of gelatin.

If you want to make your anemic person happy, put in the gelatin; for they are very blood-producing. Also red raspberries. Gelatin twice a day, every day! And it’s good for anemic people even three times a day; they should add a dish of it before going to bed at night.

For the three days before I went to New York I treated Sidney twice a day and I showed her chapter on what to do while I was gone. There’s no use making an anemic person take violent exercises, but Sidney had to lose some weight, too, so here’s what she had to do:

- Place an enormous bath towel all over yourself and have someone slap you good and hard all over, paying particular attention to the spine but pounding the spine with the side of the hands, rat-a-tat-tat, as fast as you can go up and down the spine. This makes the blood rush through your veins and you want to get right to work.
- Sidney was polly-polly all over, but this slapping opens up the pores and the fat-producing water that we all have under the skin has a chance to get out.
- Slapping—that hard and vigorous slapping—is a wonderful general reducer.
- I made Sidney go to bed at eleven and get up at seven. Then she took a lukewarm shower afterward rubbed herself with a Turkish towel all over, mostly on the spine, until she was as pink as a baby. Then she put on a few clothing a person might eat breakfast. This gave her a pores a chance to breathe and to get rid of the water under the skin.
- Well, you should have seen the difference that girl when I returned to Hollywood a month later. Not only was she much better physically, but mentally as well, for Sidney is a most peculiar mental type. One minute she acts like the Queen of Sheba (and that’s an attitude they don’t like in Hollywood) and the next minute she is just a lonely little girl. She always felt she was misunderstood, and she was; but, I learned to love her very much. She is one of the most generous people I know. While I was treating her those three days I happened to mention that I needed a steamer trunk and the next day she sent one to me and also a pair of lovely pajamas.
- After she was in my care I remembered just one temperamental outburst. It was when I had gotten back and she had signed me up just to guide her diet and slap her a bit (she paid me $50 a week for that and I’m telling you girls exactly what I did for her, which you can have done for yourselves). I was dressed to go out to dinner when the phone rang and the chaperon asked me to come to Universal Studios at once. When I got to Sidney’s dressing-room she told me I could use anything she had used to have—I found a physician there. She told me that Sidney was suffering from a bad case of nerves.
- Pretty soon we heard Sidney’s heels on the walk and in she came. She walked straight through the outside room and into the dressing-room. We waited for a minute, but I’ve never stood for nonsense and, besides, I was ready to go out to dinner. So I went into the dressing-room and found her there throwing all the pillows on the floor. She was in a regular Sarah Bernhardt rage.
- I don’t often lose my temper, but I went up to her and shook her and yelled at her to stop it. She was so surprised that she went limp in my arms, for no one else had dared to do that. And then she began to cry and to tell me that she had just seen her “rushing” and that they were awful.
- “Snap out of it,” I said. “You’re pretty. You can act. And you’re just as good as you believe you are.”
- She had never had anyone talk straight to her before. Once she was quieted down she thanked me for what I had done, telling me that I had saved her from being a fool.

And that, I want you to know, is just one of my treatments. You know, it isn’t just diet and exercise that makes you beautiful and healthy. Your disposition has a lot to do with it. One big emotional scene can tear you down worse than a rich pie. Honestly! And you know how I feel about rich pies? So don’t give way to your feelings. Control yourself, because you haven’t got any. You don’t have anything but time to make you snap out of it, as I did with Sidney. You’ve got to do it for yourself. And you can if you’ll just use a little will power and common sense.

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**Answers by Sylvia**

**Dieting and Reducing**

Dear Sylvia:

I’ve tried and tried to take your exercises, but I can’t. I know that I’m slightly anemic and when I force myself to exercise I’m all worn out.

M. L., Portland, Ore.

Of course you can’t take exercises when you’re anemic, but here’s what you can do.

Read this month’s article about Sidney Fox carefully and have somebody help you to do all the things I did for her.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Mine is a peculiar problem. I weigh 160 pounds and I look as if I could hardly get away. If I’m going on a diet I’ll be cranky. I wish there were some way to make him understand.

Mrs. R. L., Birmingham, Ala.

You won’t get cranky on my diet because you’ll have plenty of food. I don’t believe in starving people. And you’ll never have that haggard look. Convince your husband by taking the diet lists to your doctor and asking his advice. I am sure the doctor will tell you then. So ask your husband if you may take the diet for a week if you’re cranky— you’ll give it up. You won’t be. When those pounds start rolling off you’ll be so full of pep and so happy that your husband will write a letter and thank me.

Dear Sir:

I am 5 feet 4 inches tall; weigh 115 pounds, but have a double chin. Would a diet help?

B. D., Newburg, W. Va.

Diet is not necessary. Try this simple exercise.

SMEAR COLD CREAM ON BOTH HANDS. With palm of left hand rub down and well under chin. With back of right hand rub up. Do this briskly. Then slap under chin with the back of the hands.

**Lumpy Hips cured**

My dear Sylvia:

The lumps over my hips are black and blue—or rather the places where the lumps used to be. It’s marvellous to have that fat off. But now I want to know what I should do to keep them off. Will they come back?

R. T. H., Butte, Mont.

You bet they won’t come back—not when you’ve dug and pounded at them as you have. But to play safe and keep the fat off all over, be careful of your diet—no rich foods, no heavy meals, and not too much of anything. Congratulations on your will power. Letters like yours make me feel great.

**GOOD FOR WEAK ANKLES**

Dear Sylvia:

My ankles are very weak and when I walk fast they turn and throw me all off balance. I wish you could give me an exercise to strengthen them.

E. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

In the first place get sensible shoes for walking—with medium heels. Here’s your exercise. Sit in a chair very straight with your legs out straight in front of you. Then, without bending the knee, swing your toes down as far as possible and then forward as far as possible. You can do this twenty or thirty times a day. Whenever you’re sitting reading or sewing stick out your legs and start doing this exercise. It will be marvellous for you. Then practice walking with your feet straight ahead. Forget turning the toes out; as you were probably taught in school. It’s better to walk a little pigeon-toed than to turn the toes out.

**SMALL HEAD?**

Dear Madame Sylvia:

My head is small for my body. I look out of proportion and it worries me all the time.

R. T., Boston, Mass.

I know what you’ve been doing—listening to a lot of catty girl friends who have been telling you this. “Are you sure your head is small for your body?” I think small, trim heads are very nice. But if you’ve convinced, then get your body more slim and arrange your hair so that it makes your head look larger. But above all, trust your own judgment and don’t listen to what other people tell you.

84
Now It's $12,500  
A Week

[continued from page 27]
fell upon her. Didn't she realize that film fame was tricky? A year away from the public eye, and her world-wide favor might be gone! She didn't answer, but she didn't budge, either. Just sat stonily, although they knew that she knew. (Hadn't she seen John Gilbert, with whom she had been happy to do one of her first films, go in a twinkling?) Didn't she know that with conditions what they were, it might well be impossible for any company to offer her any such sum a year later, however much it might want to?

STILL, no argument—just two bombshell statements, each more devastating than the other. She didn't know whether she'd care to make any pictures next year. And as though that weren't enough, there came the second—like unto nothing, it is safe to say, that Hollywood had ever heard before:

"How then do you know I will be worth eight thousand dollars a week to you a year from now?"

That had them all gasping—and while they gasped, the press of the world literally blazed with rumors. Garbo, as was her way, said nothing. And the doughty battlers of M-G-M, recovering from their shock, tried another tack. They felt sure that if she should want to make pictures again, their chances of getting her were best of anyone in the world. So—

They presented her with one of the most unusual offers ever made to a star. She was invited to agree that if she should ever want to make another picture, she would do so under Metro's banner—at $12,500 a week, for every week she felt like working. Not quite that, of course; pictures begun were to be finished. But that meant nothing in this case; Garbo always had been a good trouper about her work. If, while on one picture, she wanted to make another, her salary would run during whatever time it took the studio to get ready. For the rest—

There wasn't any "rest." No strings, no conditions; just that standing offer. She could go to Sweden, stay as long as she liked; there would be no pleas, no pressure, no harassment. When, as, and if she wanted to come back, M-G-M would be ready. So would $12,500 a week.

And that was why, after Garbo had sailed, M-G-M was within the strictest limits of truth when they answered all queries with "We don't know."

They literally didn't know; so far as they could judge, Garbo herself didn't know; nobody did. All they could cling to was the faith that if she did come back, it would be under the M-G-M banner—

WHAT happened away off in Sweden this past spring, to bring the word that thrilled the whole Metro lot—"Garbo is coming back?" It's a guess—Garbo being what she is—but the best place to lay a bet seems to be that among other factors, was the lure of playing Queen Christina, Sweden's great ruler. Her mother, sitting in a darkened theater in Sweden, proudly watching her little daughter Greta—poor little Greta Gustafsson, who as a child lathered faces in a Stockholm barber shop—portraying to an admiring world Sweden's great national woman hero—

However that may be, Garbo is now busy with her friend, Mrs. Berthold Viertel, wife of the German motion picture director, hunting a house and otherwise getting established. Metro is humming with excitement—and there matters stand until the next development. And meanwhile the paymaster chalks up $12,500 a week.

Olive oil protects the youth of your skin—
and it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

WHEN the ancients sought protection for lovely skin, they found it in the natural oils of olive and palm. And in more than 3,000 years, nothing has ever been found to take their place.

It is these beauty oils that give to Palmolive Soap its blandness, its mild, gentle cleansing quality. No other fats go into Palmolive. Its rich lather searches the pores for impurities—and removes them thoroughly but in utter safety to delicate skin.

And Palmolive is now so inexpensive that it can be used liberally for the bath as well as the face... for the entire family.

Follow this treatment prescribed by over 20,000 experts

Morning and evening: work a rich, thick lather of Palmolive Soap and lukewarm water into the skin of face, throat and shoulders. Rinse—first with warm water, then with cold. Watch how this revives and refines the beauty of your skin.

The vial at the left shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake.
hand kissing, leaving an astonished Peggy flat.
And then the wandering eye will light on the blonde Shirley Grey at another table and off he's gone. Leaving Adrienne and Peggy to stare together.

No wonder they call him "Fickle Jack."

ROMANCING. Miriam Hopkins is dividing her time between Director King and Jean Negulesco. . . Maurice Chevalier and Benita Hume dining together—a romance? . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow shopping in the ten-cent store. Looks serious! . . .

Rumor reports a romance between Estelle Taylor and Russ Columbo. . . When Abe Lyman arrived in Hollywood, Estelle was the first one he wanted to see. . . Can it be Estelle's interest in music? . . . Glenda Farrell, gossipers say, will be led to the altar by Edwin Gelsey. . . Alan Dinehart and Mozelle Britton have announced their engagement.

MARRIAGES. Minna Gombell was quietly married to banker Joseph Seton. . . Lottie Pickford and John Locke were married in Mexico without saying a word to sister Mary. . . . This is Lottie's fourth venture. . . . Her divorce from husband No. 3 doesn't become final until next December. . . Constance Cummings cabled friends that she was recently married to playwright Ben Levy in London.

The suave Menjou and the sophisticated Hepburn pool their charms and popularity stocks rise to dizzying heights in "The Morning Glory" in which they play opposite each other. Katherine abandons her overalls for sequins but Menjou is right at home in his old reliable "soup and fish" outfit.

TRY and be patient—but you will view the Mae West legs, so far shrouded in mystery and voluminous ruffles, in her next picture, "I'm No Angel."

She goes right into a lion's cage in a Hassan uniform, with tights and boots. And (hold everything) she does a Rhumia, in "suitable costume," whatever that is. All we can do is sit tight and try to keep from gnawing our fingernails until this epic is released.

CREDIT Conrad Camy with: "If Joe E. Brown had Jimmy Durante's nose he'd look like a tennis racquet!"

HEATHER ANGEL sneezed. And the consequen-

ces!

The sneeze burst open a seam in Heather's tight-fitting blouse she wears in "Berkeley Square." Two wardrobe girls, who were just ready to leave, were compelled to remain and mend the dress. The delay caused one of the girls to miss a dinner date with her young man, who in a huff at the supposed slight, up and married her blonde rival.

The other girl arrived just too late to intercept a hurglar who had walked off with everything she owned.

The makeup girl who had to remain to re-

dress the wig that flew off with the sneeze, ran into a police car in her hurry to make up time getting home, and landed in a police court.

The delay held up the whole cast and cost, in round money, somewhere around $1,276.82.

Please don't sneeze again, Heather!

DOROTHEA WIECK is unconsciously ad-

vertising Marion Davies' "Peg O' My Heart," as one sees her walking across the lot at a slight distance. In a large floppy black hat, with her Sealyham tucked under one arm, you would swear it was Marion.

FOR the first time within our memory, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe are both making a picture on the Paramount lot . . . but not the same picture. Lowe is playing opposite Wynne Gibson in "Her Bodyguard" and Lilyan is appearing in the Charlie Ruggles epic, "Mama Loves Papa." Charlie is "Papa"—but Lilyan is not "Mama." Mary Roland is.

PARAMOUNT can't get over it.

A fan wrote the studio a letter saying her favorite picture of the year was "The Sin of Claudette Colbert" and would they please make another like it.

They hope she means "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" which was made by M-G-M.

HE'S known in Hollywood as "Fickle Jack LaRue." He will spy lovely Peggy Hopkins, Joyce and kiss her hand. Out of the corner of his eye, he'll be observing the gorgeous Adrienne Ames, and he's off for more

Frances Fuller, imported from the stage, brings a refreshing, unsophis-
ticated personality to the screen in "One Sunday Afternoon," in which she plays opposite Gary Cooper. This marks Frances' screen debut, and looks as though we'll see her often.
A NEW way to earn money is open to beauteous young things in Hollywood. A bicycle magnate is giving a couple of luscious little blondes ten dollars apiece every Sunday, lade them in carriages and bicycles, just to speed the day on the highways and byways of the countryside.

Salary, etc., under the heading, "Advertising."

AFTER her success in "42nd Street," Ruby Keeler had a long letter from her mother. "I’ve only seen your picture seven times, Ruby," she wrote, "so I’m going with your aunt Ella tonight, your sister to-morrow night, Mrs. Evans the next night and—"

Warm support, that!

HOLLYWOOD is ten days away from anywhere," says Constance Bennett as she announces she will quit the screen in another eighteen months and retire to the South of France.

"There it is only an over-night trip to most of the gay places of the world."

She and her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, will build a home in France, she says. "He came to Hollywood where my work was. It is only fair we should go to France to live where his people are."

THE biggest laugh Hollywood has had for a long time was the other night when Jack Oakie, master of ceremonies at a benefit performance, made a soulful, dramatic speech introducing Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and Ben Turpin came on the stage instead. Ben hadn’t been listening—just thought his turn was next.

DOROTHEA WIECK, the new German actress, has no superstitions except the number 13 . . . and it is her lucky number. She says every successful play in which she has appeared has opened on the 13th. Production in "Maedchen in Uniform" began on the 13th. She was recently married on that lucky date, and it was a terrible wrench to leave her husband in Berlin, where he is manager of the largest radio broadcasting station.

AND there’s that rather ambiguous little remark of Dorothea Wieck’s. After a press party given by the studio, someone asked Dorothea how she liked Hollywood.

"Vell, I don’t know yet," she said, "I’ve only met newspaper people so far. But it may be all right after awhile."

Or, who knows, Dorothea, it may get even vorse."

AND George Raft says Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante is the only man in the world who can smoke a cigar in the rain without getting it wet.

NOW that Sergei Eisenstein’s picture, "Thunder Over Mexico," is released, we recall something a young art student who was in Mexico at the same time, told us about this extraordinary man.

When Eisenstein was in Hollywood, some time before the Mexican trip, he took a fancy to the blue and white striped overalls worn by milkmen. He bought dozens of pairs. This was his costume all the time he was in Mexico, on every occasion. He considered it in keeping with his radical and socialistic beliefs.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

Rubie Keeler has never seen a rush of herself. Every night, after the day's shooting, every actor in the picture makes one grand leap for the projection room to look over the scenes taken on the previous day. Not Ruby. She is too afraid of seeing a bad one and having it influence her future work in the picture. She goes only to the preview.

Baby LeRoy is back home in Altadena, catching up with his sun-bathing, after a triumphant interval as a movie actor in Hollywood. His mother took him to the studio on a visit the other day—and all production automatically ceased, while everybody down to the last hard-boiled prop man made strange sounds.

Miriam Hopkins is getting very scotch these days since she has established a trust fund for the baby. Now she has moved into a cheaper apartment.

Accused of being primly English, Miriam Jordan bobbed her hair, had a permanent wave, and changed her name to Mimi. Jolly well gone Hollywood, what?

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy were on that long planned vacation in the Yosemite Valley. Mrs. Tracy was feeding the bears peanuts while Spencer snapped her picture.

"Hold it," Spencer yelled and the bear took him literally. He grabbed Mrs. Tracy by the arm and "held it." She was bitten so badly they were forced to return to Hollywood after one hour in the park.

A friend of Jimmy Cagney's who has two youngsters had promised them a trip to the zoo. Thinking Cagney might be amused, he called him and said, "Would you like me to take you to the zoo?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Cagney, "if they want me, let them come after me."

Katharine Hepburn was coming back to Hollywood on the train and the conductor entered her compartment at San Francisco to check on her ticket and baggage.

"Name?" he asked.

"Hepburn," she answered.

"Hebbard?" he wanted to know.

"How do you spell it?" he asked.

"What's the first name?" he wanted to know next.

"Just make it K., Mister, and forget it."

So the conductor very neatly wrote the information out and handed her the slip. It read "Kay Hepburn."

THE Fredric Marches were in the market for a new cook. Florence handed Freddie a handful of letters, remarking, "Here are some references to look over."

"References?" Freddie snorted. "Get them to submit samples!"

A nice sweet little dumb-dora met Gary Cooper on the set, and was doing her best to interest him in a conversation.

"I've seen every one of your pictures except 'The Virginian!,'" exclaimed the blue-eyed lass. "Just why did they call you the Virginian?"

"Why, uh," explained Gary, logically, "because I come from Montana!"

By mistake Helen Morgan was accused of trying to smuggle $2,000 worth of French lingerie through the customs without paying duty. "Hmmm, that's funny," Helen commented when confronted with the lingerie addressed to her, "because I never wear underwear."

They were discussing a certain lady who has been married several times and Al Scott, Colleen Moore's husband, said he thought she should be given a medal for bravery.

"Why that?" inquired Gloria Swanson. "I think she should be stuffed."

And Gloria herself has been married four times.

Richard Ralston Arlen—you'd guess by his name this newly arrived youngster was the son of Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston and you'd be right. For this new movie celebrity boasts a composite of the names his Dad and Mom made known everywhere. He knows how to pose, too.
FIVE times they had shot the same scene in "Hold Your Man!" and each time the director was dissatisfied. "Something wrong with the way that bit player says those lines," Sam Wood, the director, fumed. "And she was fine yesterday. Hate to stop production now and hunt some one else."

Timidly the little bit player approached the director. "Mr. Wood," she said, "I think I could do better if I could take out my chewing gum."

"My jaw," he screamed, "have you chewing gum in your mouth? Why don't you throw it out?"

"Well, I was afraid someone would step on it in here," she said, "and I was afraid to take time to run outside and throw it away. I was afraid someone else might get my lines."

So time was taken out while a nervous little girl packed her gum.

NILS ASTHER'S Great Dane, frightened at the rough appearance of Wally Beery in his "Tugboat Annie" make-up, decided to take a nip at Beery. Nils tied the dog in his dressing room. The dog took another nip at the night watchman.

Now all dogs in the future are harnessed from the M-G-M lot. But Alice Brady swears that unless her four dogs are allowed to remain in her dressing room on the lot, she'll never make another scene in her picture. Just dog nip!

THE second generation of male Moores is with us. John Thomas Moore, Jr., is the name of the latest Moore, born May 10th at the Santa Monica Hospital.

Eleanor Merry, of the stage, is his mother. His father is Tom Moore, the smallest of the "Smilin' Moores."

Owen and Matt are his uncles. "And he's a fine boy," declares his grandmother Merry, "just the very image of his father!"

JACK OAKIE took his mother to San Francisco with him on that benefit performance trip. He was being paged all one day by newspaper people who wanted an interview—but no Oakie. Seems Jack and mama were out riding up and down the hills in "cable cars," and had a perfectly grand time.

GEORGE KAUFMAN, the playwright, was attending a revival of one of his plays.

The company was bad. The leading man was bad. The whole thing was bad.

At the end of the second act, Kaufman could stand it no longer.

He rushed out and sent the leading man a telegram which read: "Am sitting in the back row. Wish you were here."

EXTRA! EXTRA! Mac West has actually invested in a pair of slacks and wears them to the studio.

After holding out in utter horror, La West admits they are the most comfortable informal attire she has ever worn, but adds she will make a handsome present to anyone who ever finds her gallivanting down Hollywood Boulevard in a pair of the darn things.

CREDITS Dolores Del Rio with something new in the way of dog kennels.

She has had a house built for Mike, her bull dog, that matches the architecture of her own home.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]

Clothes washed this way last much longer
...you save lots of money!

WHY scrub clothes these sweltering days—why boil them and fill up the kitchen with steam? Keep comfortable—keep cool! Just wash the clothes in creamy Rinso suds, and they'll come 4 or 5 shades whiter—safely.

In fact, clothes washed the gentle "scrub-less" Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save lots of money! Your colored clothes will stay bright and fresh. You'll save your strength—save your hands, too.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps. Home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—makers of 40 famous washers—recommend Rinso. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning.

It's safe for your finest
cottons and linens
—white or colors

The biggest-selling package soap in America
He Can't Even Feed A Friend

[continued from page 70]

it on himself—wherein we begin to glimpse the reasons for his present status.

His home was not only modest; it was almost unmodest, as Hollywood looks at homes. Eight rooms, including baths. No swimming pool; no tennis court. One couple for servants. A frankly-old roadster.

CAGNEY’S trouble lay in his generosity. Anyone who could reach him to make a touch, came away with something in his hand. Broadway had known him as an easy-mark; Hollywood had moved to Hollywood. So Cagney turned to his managers for self-protection. And started something that led directly to the existing situation.

At that time his managers made him a weekly spending allowance. He was not supposed to give away one cent above what he could spare from it.

At once that led to trouble—plenty of it. They could—and did—refuse to hand out more money—but they couldn’t very well refuse to make good checks which Jimmy had no legal right to draw. The publicity would be bad for Jimmy.

“You’re absolutely right,” Jimmy always confessed. “I had no right to draw that check. I don’t blame you a bit. I hired you to protect me. I’ll promise—”

Then he might go right out and draw another for some new hard-story teller.

FINALLY, they reached an agreement. Jimmy was to stop giving away money. Even his allowance. He was to inform everyone who claimed to be hungry that they could get a meal at The Pig and Whistle on Hollywood boulevard and charge it to James Cagney. The managers made carte blanche arrangements with the restaurant.

Immediately Jimmy discovered a side of human nature during that month which his managers, wife and friends had been trying to tell him all along. When the askers couldn’t get cash, only one took advantage of that meal arrangement during the first month. Jimmy didn’t like that. He’d rather have spent the money to keep from knowing.

But conditions changed as the depression deepened. Now those free meal bills are running so high that the managers are threatening a limit. The last row was about that. Jimmy agreed, again, that the managers were right, but he held out against the limit. Jimmy’s been hungry, himself, you see—

So there’s no telling how the arrangement will wind up. But if the past means anything, Jimmy at least will manage to continue feeding all and sundry. At least, that was my impression, gathered when I asked him about all this halo business. My leading question had been in substance, how long can it last?

“I should last forever. My contract does. At least, four years seems forever. But I never know how much a thing irks me until I blow up. Then, when the explosion comes, I know it’s been getting on my nerves!”

That sounds like the day in 1920 when, just out of school, he slapped on his derby hat, stuck a copy of “Jean Christophe” under his arm and went to work as a clerk scanning the windows of the curb market—reporting stock sales; checking orders, etc.

A call for a quotation came in. He laid down “Jean Christophe”; dispatched a boy into the street to get the quotation; picked up “Christophe” . . . Ten minutes passed. The boy had not returned.

“I decided he’d disappeared into a crap game or cellar. The bosses kept calling. Each one was a man just above the man who had called the moment before. Finally, the big-gun himself came to the phone. And, without warning, I found myself telling him exactly what he could do with his job—and went out with my derby and ‘Christophe.’ Incidentally, I was dead broke.”

OR a later incident, closer to the stage: “I had been broke and without a job for a long time. I had to work. I took a job as property man in the theater. They gave me a call for 7:30 P.M., so I would get things ready before the actors arrived. I am always late. That’s what they pay me. I arrived at twenty minutes to eight.

“The stage manager, who was English, met me when I came in. I said I was sorry but he became abusive. Again, I found myself telling him exactly what I had told the head bawler—

Noah used to be the big shot until brother Wally Beery scored so triumphantly Noah’s movie villainizing became blurred. Over the luncheon table at the Brown Derby Wally admits there’s a lion and a mouse in almost every family but insists you can never tell which will be which in film business.
out on the stock job. Again, I had no money and no job."

Then came the day, six years ago, when he was chosen to play a role in England which Lee Tracy had played in this country. All through the rehearsals there were difficulties because Jimmy did not look and act exactly as had Lee Tracy. "I couldn't and I wouldn't imitate." Jimmy does not lower his eyes when he makes this statement! He wanted to tell the producers what he had told the stock and stage managers. Only, there was good money involved. He'd wait—

THE night before the boat sailed for London, he was fired.

The producers expected him to take a small cash settlement and forget it. "There was one, long, continual, drawn-out blow-up. We had another act every night—until they got tired. I collected salary for seven months; the run of the show."

So this battle with Warner Bros. was not his initial fight to secure the money he thought he deserved. He had been good before—

"Just what did you mean, Jimmy, when you said, 'My halo should last indefinitely?'"

He looked at me; he looked around the Warner Bros. commissary. There were no members of the Academy hiding in corners. "Well, if a halo rests easily on your head for the time being, you'd be a fool not to wear one, wouldn't you? And then, again, I'm told it's becoming! If it slips to a rakish angle now and then—"

"Do you think anyone ever really takes advice? Your judgment is influenced only when the advice is in pretty strict accordance with your own ideas, isn't it?"

"They talk about politics. But perhaps the best politics is letting people think you are taking their advice!"

I looked at him a long moment. I had been told that Jimmy was straining at the bit. I asked him about it.

"Can't tell until I blow up. But if it wouldn't be good common sense to blow up right now?"

I tried another tack.

"Have you given up all desires, then, to become a doctor?"

He laughed. A good, loud, infectious laugh. "Never had any. Say, I have two brothers who are doctors. I've seen enough of their hard work so I wouldn't touch it. Their lives are never their own."

"But you told the producers—"

"I had to tell them something, didn't I? I've always reacted to the need of the moment. I sort of needed another profession. My brothers being doctors, it looked sensible—"

"Say, I've never acted on anyone's advise—ah, before. It's always been a response to the need of the moment. If the need is a doctor or a halo—"

This time, I laughed. That—"ah, before", I had been such an obvious after thought. And suddenly I realized that we have all misunderstood this beloved, inimitable Cagney person. We'd agreed, in Hollywood, that he'd changed his entire nature for money. He'd sunk his own personality into the background because he was greedy.

HOLLYWOOD is wrong again. Laughingly, tragically wrong. Jimmy Cagney's halo will last just as long as he wants it to. Not a moment longer. And it was placed over his head just as he willed it to be. He set the date, with newspaper men; he used his brothers' profession.

He promised to be a good little boy because he wanted to be a good little boy. He called the Academy about the cut—but he had already written saying he would take it!

"I have always responded to the need of the moment."

He always will! Whoever heard of an Irishman who is not a true politician?

7 kinds of stains discolor teeth—
COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN!

Perhaps, like many women, you have noticed that sometimes your teeth remain dull—cloudy . . . even after brushing.

Here's why! The things you eat and drink leave seven kinds of stains on teeth. And all are a menace to the beauty of teeth unless removed daily.

Two cleaning actions needed
Most toothpastes have only one way of attacking all stains. But all stains will not yield to any one way.

Some stains can be removed by emulsive action. Others respond only to polishing action.

Colgate's does a complete job because it gives you both actions. As you brush it over your teeth it forms. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away.

The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists recommend—completes the job of removing the stains; leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—lustrous!

Notice the difference!

Stop trying to get your teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only half the job. Get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it for 10 days. Notice how much cleaner it gets your teeth—what a difference it makes in your appearance. The large-size tube is only 25c.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—
use Colgate after every meal.
See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth
Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group No. 5—Minerals, Group No. 6—Fruits, Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.
which I had provided I completely forgot that I was holding her to bring entertainment to others.

While he struggled for strength to leave the troupe, he walked the streets of New York, arguing with himself. Should he lose those boys whom events seemed then, all that made life worth living? He had no other job. It might mean months of privation, even near-starvation, to renounce his demons which his moments of ecstasy brought him.

The troupe left New York without him. For six months, Jack LaRue did nothing. Managers could not be expected to understand why an actor should renounce a good part in a money-making show in the middle of its engagement. And Jack did not talk.

A half dozen men followed in the role of the Spanish lover. One after another, they fell from the show. Not one could give the zest, the realism, which Jack LaRue had given. Mae and her famous manager, Timoney, were in despair seeking another young man to make love as Jack LaRue had done.

Of course, Mae knew. What woman wouldn't? For the first time, she must have realized that a young man in love can play a scene with the woman loved better than the best trained professional actor.

So when Timoney went to New York, he sought Jack. He offered him back his job at a large increase in salary. Jack needed that money.

Yet he refused. Either acceptance or rejection meant misery. But the misery of privation in money was less potent and less salable than the misery of privation in love.

It was on Timoney's advice that Timoney had returned to "Diamond Lil" with Jack's refusal, that Jack really wondered whether life was worth living, and whether—

What might have come of that had circumstances been different, as he walked the streets wrestling with his problem, no one—not even Jack—ever know. Perhaps life, in itself, was asserting its instinctive demand to be preserved more strongly than his torn emotions allowed him to see. Perhaps it was, as he thought, that the convenient, clinging suggestion of a ready means of death was not at hand.

That night he had no gun. No poison. No extra dose of veronal. Of course, there was the river. But the river was so ordinary; so colorless. Remember, Jack LaRue had been an actor for ten years. If there was to be an exit, it had to be a good one, a sensation. So all the elements needed to complete such a tragedy did not click together to bring decisive action.

So, morning came from behind the skyscrapers with Jack still walking the streets of New York, as so many young men in love and out of work have walked them for generations. And with that time came,—Jack LaRue's renouncement! During that day he would decide.

So often postponement means a change of mind. With the return of the sun—Jack has never been known for much he over the fair weather that embraced New York on that day—came a stir of ambition. Just one more visit to a manager. If he could find work—

If this were a fiction story we would tell, of course, how Jack recovered to find the inevitable sweet little girl waiting to heal his wounded heart and clasp his pavement-worn stockings. But this is life. Jack LaRue did not recover. He has not yet forgotten.

Less than three years after the night when he thought of suicide because of love for Mae West, he found himself working on the same motion picture lot with her. He and Mae signed contracts with the same company! Mae West, the girl for whom he had paid the play which for a year and a half had brought him fifteen minutes of his greatest happiness and twenty-three hours and forty-five minutes of his greatest misery.

When they first met on the Paramount lot, Jack was not yet under contract. He was playing a comparatively inconsequential role in Helen Hayes' and Jerry Cooper's "Farewell to Arms." He was far from fame and stardom. In fact he was searching for the one role which would make the thousands of pictures which Jack LaRue had looked upon; rather than overlook him as an inadequate background for better-known players.

"Diamond Lil"! If he could only play that fifteen minutes which he had lived on the stage! The role in which he knew he could make the public remember?

That is the way he explained to Ruth Collier, his manager, his desire for a comparatively small role in Mae's first big picture.

He did not need to explain to himself. His heart was already pounding its throbbing reason to him, "If I can only hold her in my arms again. What does anything else matter. Just once, even for a motion picture."

He fought for that role with the energy which love, rather than ambition, gave him. Yet he lost. His failure was due neither to himself nor to Mae. Mae's name was new, too, in pictures. Paramount officials intended to surround her new name with actors whose fame was already built. Gilbert Roland had been known as a picture player for forty years. For these reasons for which Jack LaRue had almost given his life some years previously. But this time Jack did not walk the streets trying to decide upon a profession out of a variety of its reactions—even upon the same person.

"I pounded the streets before. I pounded on executive doors this time. I was determined to make my name big enough so I could play with Mae West!"

And therein lies the secret of why Jack was willing to play the hard-boiled, sinister lead in "The Story of Temple Drake," which George Raft had refused. If that part would make his name remembered; if it would make picture-gazers conscious of his existence, then maybe he would be cast in the next Mae West production.

He is trying to secure a role now in "I'm No Angel." As this is written, no decision has been made. "But if I don't get in this one, I'll get in another.

I was a sap to hunt for tip sheet that night. It was I will, some day, like a man at last. But I guess we're all calves when we first get hit like that. Love is a bombshell and no soldier thinks clearly when a bomb knows him by name!"

"I don't know what it is about Mac. It isn't only her voluptuousness; not only those soft, warm lips that make you want to keep right on kissing them. It's her straightforwardness. Her pounces are always clean. You have a sort of a sporting admiration for her while you are dying to grab her in your arms. And when it is hopeless all the time. You wait and see. I probably wouldn't have been under contract even if it hadn't been for Mae. I tell you, not getting that part in "Diamond Lil," the one I created—nearly broke my heart. But it made me get something—"

"My God, of course you can say I love her. It's the truth. And the truth can't hurt any one, can it?"

Ronald's Painted Mustache

[continued from page 51]
Again protesting that it would be useless, Ronald nevertheless acquiesced. King sent out to a nearby drugstore for a bottle of hair oil, and with it thoroughly doused Colman's scalp. Then he combed the hair straight back from his forehead, and, as an after-thought, borrowed an eyebrow pencil from in the stenographer in the next room and drew in a mustache on Colman's upper lip.

The actor, looking on in a mirror as King did as he pleased, simply smiled that same enigmatic smile.

"It's very good of you to take so much trouble," his eyes seemed to say, "but I'm afraid you simply can't make a screen actor of me."

"I know it's there," King thought to himself as he brushed and pencilled, "and I'm going to get it on the screen somehow."

When the make-up was finished King again placed Colman before the same antiquated camera, and this time directed him even more carefully than before.

When the second test was ready for the projection room, King took not only Colman to see it, but Lillian Gish as well.

The rest is cinema history, for all the world now knows what the three of them saw on the screen that day. It was not the hair-oil and the little pencilled mustache which made Colman, of course; these, as King explains, were merely touches to heighten the screen personality he saw on the stage that night.

"When I first saw the man," he said, "I knew he had what I wanted—what the world wanted. When I saw that first test, I knew that the bushy hair which he wore then and his clean shaven face made his head photograph too long. All that did was plaster down the hair and pencil in the mustache to shorten the camera features—the rest, everything that has made Ronald what he is on the screen, is Colman himself."

Mary Pickford is an enthusiastic follower of the bicycle fad and her costume is both cool and practical. Two-wheelers have become so popular in Hollywood that rent-a-bike stations have been opened near the studios and all the stars are pedalling.

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Meet Joan's Best Friend

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

Her position there humiliated her. She was desperately unhappy. She tried to hide it. She danced—tiresely.

She danced with university students at all their parties—always in borrowed clothes.

She danced into the kitchen with trays full of dishes—antagonized the stewardess.

She danced into her clothes as she dressed for class.

One of her school chums told me when she saw the opening shot of "Our Dancing Daughters" that she would have known it was Billie if the picture had ended there. She had seen her do that dozens of times.

She broke every rule—she laughed at discipline.

She was broke most of the time—she laughed it off.

No one knew how hard up she really was.

No one except Mr. Lake, the watchman.

When she was entirely insolvent, Mr. Lake seemed to sense it and would slip a dollar in her pocket. She kept an account of those loans—twelve dollars in all. As soon as she arrived in Hollywood she sent him a check for fifteen dollars. The last time I saw him he had the check—still unashed—a cherished possession.

She put up a brave front. But underneath, Joan was unhappy.

No one knew that. No one except President Wood. He had known it for weeks, but he was afraid she would be even less happy elsewhere.

One day the college steward passed the Wabash station, saw her getting on the train and asked what the trouble was. Billie, by that time in tears, said, "I can't stand it any longer. I've got to go home!" The steward asked her to come back and talk to the President.

She refused, "No. I don't want him to know anything about it. I've disappointed him. I don't want him to persuade me to stay." Then, with tears and protests, she went back.

She told President Wood that she was completely licked—that she had thought her pride would help her over the rough spots, but the whole thing was too much for her.

He didn't propound the advantages of higher education. He told her, with that warm understanding of which he is capable, that it was a question for her to decide—that his only concern was for her success and happiness. The one promise he exacted from her was that no matter what happened, she always would keep in touch with him.

He told me afterwards that it was with serious misgivings he saw her leave his office that afternoon—a little sixteen-year-old girl—highly artistic in temperament—tragically sensitive.

He said, "With the right breaks after leaving here, I knew she would come through with flying colors. If the winds were too bitter, I did not know what might happen."

The winds were bitter—the sea was rough. You know the story of her hard work and harder luck—her hard won but mediocre successes in Chicago and New York. Her advent to Hollywood—months and months and months of hardship—the play girl—the home-wrecker—heart-breaker—life of the party!

Dr. Wood read all this. He had seen her only once after she left school—that was for a brief visit on a trip back to Kansas City. He knew the struggle Joan was having—knew, because he had seen in her a deep and fine intelligence, a sensitive and artistic temperament, a fund of talents, and with it an eager zest for life.

A BUSINESS trip took him to the Coast and he was determined to see her.

She had dinner with him at the Biltmore Hotel.

During the course of the dinner she asked, "Am I still your Billie?"

His reply was, "Yes and no. There is an even more apparent surface happiness. But there is an expression I don't like—a kind of cynicism, Billie. Why?"

She knew the answer, even in those dancing days when she was apparently getting all she wanted from life.

"Daddy Wood, we live such a life of sham that life itself gets to be like a dream. You are the only one, among the thousands who shout my praises, who is an honest-to-goodness friend, who would stand by me through all kinds of weather."

They talked of life and love and friendship, marriage and education and world affairs—Joan and this man of learning.

They still do.

She often writes to tell him what she is reading—what she is thinking.

When Joan saw President Wood again she

"Gazing at Gable" is a highly popular pastime in most circles—and here's Sam Wood indulging in it, while Clark does some hot stuff with Jean Harlow for "Hold Your Man." Well, Jean isn't so tepid herself—so Sam ought to be satisfied
was in the throes of that engagement to Michael Cudahy—the engagement the newspapers pounced upon with such gusto.

Joan told him all those feelings she couldn't express to anyone else—didn't dare voice. She argued the thing pro and con—thinking aloud with an understanding listener.

He didn't advise. He knew that once Joan had put those thoughts into words she was on solid ground. She wasn't in love with Mike Cudahy—knew she wasn't. Knew he wasn't in love with her—not the kind of love she wanted.

Knew he wouldn't have noticed her if she hadn't been the much publicized celebrity—the dancing, lauging, unfiring companion for many, many evenings at the Grove.

President Wood could have told the newspapers there would be no Crawford-Cudahy nuptials, long before the news broke. When they were together again after several months, President Wood saw a change. He asked the reason.

Joan said simply, "I had dinner with you on the 9th of October. Just two weeks later I found the friend for whom I was looking. On the 23rd of October I met Dodo for the first time!"

Dr. Wood told me he had never before seen this girl whom he knew so well as happy as she was at that moment. That was recommendation enough. Doug and the college president were to be friends. And thus was formed one of Hollywood's unknown triangles—a man of fifty years of wisdom and experience and a boy and a girl equally ardent in their esteem for him.

That night at the theater, we were in Doug's dressing-room showering praises upon the young Fairbanks for his performance. It was the opening night of "The Youngest." Joan turned to me and said, "Is there anything in life better than being proud of someone you love?"

Then to the gray-haired man she said, "Daddy Wood, my life's ambition is to make you proud of me." To which he smiled an answer that said more honestly than words that he saw.

I want Joan Crawford to be sure of that! I want her to know that he said to me, not many days ago:

"I am proud of her achievements. I am even more proud of her as a person, for her success is not to be measured in terms of box-office receipts. These are but tributes to her greatness as an artist and a woman. I am proud to be her friend."

Heart Throb

My work has always been along the literary lines; and I have found it to be a most entertaining, interesting form of occupation. I have met up with people much to my liking, it has helped me to understand human nature and given me an insight into life generally. An accident heretofore of my sight, and although there are times when I am deeply depressed, I force myself to realize that in spite of all, I have the keen memories of days and times which will always be mine. Thanks to all this, the loss of sight no longer overcomes me. The "Brickbats and Bouquets!" are alive in my heart and the characters and various surrounding episodes they reveal never can be taken from me.

Mrs. Charlotte H. Twombly, Laconia, N. H.

EXCESS HAIR LOOKS BLACKER WHEN WET—-MARCHAND'S MAKES IT UNNOTICEABLE!

Wet your arm. See how the light, fuzzy hair seems to grow blacker. And leg hair when wet shows up even heavier and uglier!

Men look at your legs and arms. How can they fail to see excess hair—made darker than ever, when you go in bathing?

For the sake of appearance, daintiness—keep arms and legs attractive.

Make excess hair unnoticeable with Marchand's—quickly, easily. Then you won't mind how wet arms get!

WEARING SLEEVELESS DRESSES, sheer stockings, or going barelegged—take the same precaution—because excess hair may be quite noticeable, even when dry.

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Marchand's Golden Hair Wash has a nation-wide reputation for reliability. Thousands of attractive blonde women use Marchand's—to impart youthful color and beauty to faded hair—to make drab hair lustrous and lovely. It is used at home, safely and successfully.

To get the desired results, be sure you get the genuine. Ask for "MARCHAND'S"—see that the label spells—

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

TO GET BY MAIL, fill in coupon, mail with 545 (stamps accepted) to—C. Marchand Co., 231 W. 19th St., New York City.

Name

Address

City
"All Women Are Sirens At Heart"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

because I try to avoid the obvious in type. I never cast a typical vampire for a vampire role. There is no great excitement in seeing that sort of woman preparing her net for a man. Observing a vampire move before she makes it. But there is a thrill in seeing a lady of refined background and culture lose herself in the game of love.

"But Idid get good results from my players because I do not start a picture until I know every character in the story as intimately as if they had been friends of mine in the flesh. Consequently, there is no in decision in characterization after we get going."

"I want to know your purely personal impressions of the lovely ladies you've directed," I pleaded.

"There come to mind Pola Negri, Mary Pickford, Florence Vidor, Jeanette MacDonald and Miriam Hopkins."

"Thoughts of Pola are saddening," she mused. "She should be at the summit of her career today. She is not old, some years under forty, which is young for an emotional actress. And Pola has almost limitless emotional paths."

"At the beginning of her career, her work was her passion. Everything and everybody were subservient to it. I have never known anyone so tireless and conscientious about her work as Pola was in those early days. Her ambition consumed her.

"But when success and world adulation were hers, Pola could not control herself. She could not hold her own emotions in check; allowed that great caldron of suppressed desire to overflow, spread itself, and be wasted in a dozen different directions."

"POLA should never have married. She is one person whose nature is absolutely true to her physical type. She is brunette all through. There is something of the savage in her. Perhaps primitive would be a better word. Refined, of course, through education and associations, but dangerous when not understood."

"Of course, one can never say when a great actress' career is over. There's no time limit for those things if the will is strong enough."

"Pola can conquer herself, she might again conquer the public." "And Mary?" I queried.

He shifted his cigar and was thoughtful for a moment.

"Mary Pickford is something more than a great actress. She is a great person. My first American picture, 'Rosita,' was made with her. That was eleven years ago. My English was very poor then. Her kindness and cooperation made working with her a joy."

"There were no rules, no restrictions. She knew what someone has called, the altar of time. Yet she is not old. It is only because the world insists that Mary shall always be a child. It seems to me that the public has always expected more of Mary Pickford than any other screen actress. It's because she represents an idealism never to be associated with any of the newer actresses.

"She is a great comédienne. She has what Marie Dressler has as an older woman—comedy touched with pathos. Mary possesses indomitable courage and pluck."

FINANCIAL insecurity gave her a great driving force in earlier life. Perhaps a hunger for further artistic development at this period of her life may carry her to greater things.

"But in any event, somewhere in the corridors of time, Mary Pickford's flame will still dare to burn."

"What do you consider a woman's greatest asset?" I suddenly asked.

"Charm," he answered without waiting a split second. "Charm is the most important thing in the world to a woman. It is a composite quality, impossible to analyze. It takes a little part of so many things to produce charm."

"Florence Vidor has it to a large degree. She is the essence of refinement. Under the right circumstances, her type might defy the rules of chastity, but never the rules of decorum.

"She has a very sensitive, intelligent mind. There is constant conflict between thought and emotion with her. At times, it may have reflected her professional career, but it produced an intensely fascinating woman."

"Florence is what I call a brunette with a blonde soul. Marriage and motherhood have been very good for her. She should even return to the screen, you would see a deeper, more highly versatile actress, with fire and emotional intensity.

"You know, of course," I reminded him, "that the public gives you full credit for having developed both Jeanette MacDonald and Miriam Hopkins?"

"It's hard to explain with them," he answered. "They are both very interesting personalities, and totally different."

WHEN Louise was fourteen, she got a job in a candy factory. She told her mother it paid more than office work. But in reality she wanted to be able to bring home boxes of licorice drops, all-day suckers, chocolate strings—and watch the faces of poor children light up with joy when she handed out the goodies.

"When Jeanette first worked for me in 'The Love Parade' she was still an ingenue. I mean by that, an ingenue at heart, within her own soul. She was very, very pretty and knew it. Her beauty and voice had given her some standing on the stage, but she was undeveloped within.

"She did not make you feel."

"In sophisticated comedy today, she has few equal. And Jeanette is still improving herself. She will go on. How far, depends on how long her ambition remains at the pitch it is now."

"There is a very level head underneath that red gold hair, and a sense of humor not often found in beautiful women."

The Maestro got up to take a turn around the room. He's a restless fellow. The big cigar was being replaced by a fresh one. I bolted headlong into the subject of "Design for Living" and the fact that Miriam Hopkins was to play the lead in it. As the Noel Coward play stands now, she seems unsuited to the part.

He grinned at me again. "Are you raised on the subject of the Coward play?" I find nearly everyone goes to extremes about it. They either think it is the very best, or the very worst play, they've seen. I hope your heart will not be broken to know that we are completely rewriting it. Had to, of course, for the screen. Miriam Hopkins will be ideal for the girl who loves two men very, very much as we are developing it.

"MIRIAM is a very complex personality, and fascinating because of it. She is that most unusual combination: a blonde with an earthy quality not suggested by her physical make-up."

"Her type is an irresistible siren. Her almost baby face gives no hint of the tigerish possibilities of her emotions. If she cared enough, she could be all things to a man, a wife, companion and mistress, but Miriam will seldom care enough."

"She is a self-sufficient person in many ways, loving her books, loving her solitude. There's nothing spurious about any part that she plays. She's capable of feeling every scene she does."

"Well, here's to them, and the many other lovely ladies I've directed," he said.

"Is it worth it?"

"It is, I've never heard anything less. Photography's favorite Pilsner. Life, love and lager! Great combination—"

The Miracle of Louise Fazenda's Baby

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

There were cozy little beds for the children of these families, nurseries fixed up with cute trimmings, rattles and drums and kites. One of the American ladies gave little Louise a doll one day when she'd delivered the groceries. And Louise has that doll to this day.

At the time, with her Latin predisposition to affection, Louise would walk hours, happily pulled along in a little cart, surrounded by the crooked streets with her charge, being as attentive a little-girl-mama as any of the older women who'd reared anywhere from thirteen to two hundred children.

She would be happy, too, minding the neighbors' children. And many a fashionable young business man today in Los Angeles can recall the terrible urge of ear-scrubbing and nose-wiping which Louise Fazenda considered her maternal duty when as a child she would be set to mind a brood of neighborhood kids while their mothers went shopping.

Louise looked forward eagerly to the time when she would be all grown up and her youth charming would come riding into her life. Then, she could have a house full of children, little pets to keep her company, to come running to her with their troubles and to make her own. In addition to whose mother their playtime was music no matter how nerve-wracking the din.

WHEN Louise was fourteen, she got a job in a candy factory. She told her mother it paid more than office work. But in reality she wanted to be able to bring home boxes of licorice drops, all-day suckers, chocolate strings—and watch the faces of poor children light up with joy when she handed out the goodies.

That's the way Louise Fazenda has always been.

It was the bitterest moment of her life when, years later, a physician told her gently one day that motherhood probably never be for her. Louise had been playing an especially rough scene in one of her Inimitable comedies when a studio funster pulled a chair from beneath her and she was about to sit down. Down she went. And for the count. She was carried from the studio, agonized with pain. There was a brief recuperation. She wrote scenes of "Her" Lubitsch's favorite Pilsner. Life, love and lager! Great combination—

Louise had married young. She was Mrs. Noel Smith
at the time. And a few years later, Louise Fazenda was divorced—she brought the suit against her husband to give him back his freedom. They never had any children.

The little ugly duckling of Mexican town had grown up to be quite a beauty. For Louise is an entirely different personality off-screen in looks and mannerisms than she is when doing her stuff before the camera. She is chic, hazel-eyed, brown haired, and wears the most fashionable clothes as only Hollywood can turn them out.

But there was always that terrific longing for a baby. Louise would pick up little children in the streets, hug them to her a moment, then set them down and walk quickly away. Always there was a tear in her eye, ready to trickle down her cheek if anyone remarked how much she loved children. She wanted a baby. She wanted just a mite of humanity to cuddle; just a little bit of loveliness out of the nowhere into the here, as the immortal poem goes.

Then came Hal Wallis into her life. Hal was a publicity man with Warners when Louise first met him. They fell in love on sight; one of those silent, wordless love affairs because words were inadequate to express the depth of emotion they felt for each other.

When Hal and Louise were married over five years ago, all Hollywood turned out for the occasion. Louise is very popular. And Hal was her man; the man she'd chosen for her husband. So everyone came to Louise's wedding and wished her happiness. Secretly, not a guest that day shook her hand as they left but didn't wish that Louise would have a baby. Her closest friends knew it would be the fulfillment of the supreme desire of her life.

But time rolled on. And Louise was a hit in talkies. Her squeaks and squeals delighted millions of movie-goers. Her custard pie antics were the joy of children everywhere. And with her new popularity in talkies, Louise's income rolled up accordingly. Hal Wallis, too, rose to the heights.

He is now an important Warner Bros. executive.

More than ever Louise wanted a baby now. She not only had all of her maternal devotion to give a child, but she and her husband could supply the luxuries which make life run so smoothly. Making good in pictures, she confessed recently, was merely the inspiration for this great adventure—the adventure of giving her baby his chance in life. She's held to that thought for many years. But Louise never had a baby; and had all but come to believe that life meant to cheat her forever of this joy, when there came the answer to her prayer at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré.

Nor was Louise Fazenda the only one to be impressed by the seeming miracle of Hal, Jr. As she tells it:

"I wish you could have seen the strange, abashed look on the faces of the men who have worked with me for years around the studios, ever since I was a kid at Sennett's. They couldn't seem to realize it. It gave me the funniest feeling at first, but then I figured out what was the matter.

"You see, for years I had not been a girl or a woman to these men at all. I had been a comic, who wore funny clothes, hung from chandeliers, slid down stairways and was a target for pies and plaster. They've never thought of me as a woman.

"That was why I got all those funny looks when the studio announced to the newspapers that Louise Fazenda would retire temporarily from the screen while she was waiting for the stork.

"No one but myself can know the happiness which was mine the day they set my own baby in my arms. I know that other mothers have felt this joy. But to me there was something divine about it—something of that indescribable soulful beauty which came to me at the shrine that evening when I had been so close to God.

"And how glad I am now, for him, that I've been a comic all the years I've been waiting. I have a grand big attic all fixed for him when he begins to grow up and play pirate. I've scads of toys already picked out for little Hal. I'm glad now I've saved all my old picture costumes.

"He'll have such a glorious time up in that attic, dressing up in costumes and showing his chums how grand he can be."

There's plenty of Browns in the telephone book but only one Brown family to Joe. And here they are, the famous movie comedian with the Missus and his son, Joe, Jr., out for an evening's fun together. Joe E. Brown is a riot in a restaurant and capers aren't just salad trimmings to him, either

Guard your DRESSES
Spare your FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost You Both

New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you can afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

Odorono Protects your Charm and Saves your Dresses

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture must be prevented for the sake of your dresses and your friends. And greasy creams, sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps cannot save you. But with Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.

There's plenty of Browns in the telephone book but only one Brown family to Joe. And here they are, the famous movie comedian with the Missus and his son, Joe, Jr., out for an evening's fun together. Joe E. Brown is a riot in a restaurant and capers aren't just salad trimmings to him, either
THE SPHINX—Monogram

A mystery film that ranks well up. Packled with a big name cast, among them Lionel Atwill as the devil and Douglas Fairbanks as the mystery, Theodore Newton as the swift-tongued reporter, Sheila Terry as the society editor, and Paul Hurst and Luis Alberni stand out. The suspense is all that mystery lovers would ask.

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod.

Perhaps plain Americans are just dumb when confronted with Russian art; but this one from the Communist expert, Sergei Eisenstein, showing Mexican peon voices, seemed to score most with its absolutely magnificent scenes of mountains, clouds, ruins. Shows a terrific punishment for a peon revolt over seduction of a girl, and other good bits, taken with peons; but Sergei couldn't help thinking Mexico was Russia, at the end.

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia

A neat personal triumph for Regis Toomey, as an aviator of Uncle Sam's Mexican border patrol. Beside hustling good work, he takes the usual melodramatic stuff about liquor runners and the nice daughter Anita Page of the political big shot and crook, and makes it into strong entertainment. Good flying, too, and the youngsters should love it. Robert Ellis is a deliciously villainous villain.

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.

Here's the real stuff in war pictures—official films from fourteen countries. Nothing, it seems, was too strong or too gruesome to put in. Submarines, airplanes, infamy, everything in all its drama and horror, from the first shot to the Peace Conference; it's the next thing to having been there. Unhappily, someone just couldn't get material tell its own story; but you needn't listen to the talk.

COUGAR, THE KILL KING—Sidney Snow Prod.

JAY C. BRUCE, official lion hunter for the state of California, gives us a season's glimpse of the thrilling and dangerous business of slaying or capturing the cougar, or puma. One of the thrills is subduing a female cat with nothing but a stick and rope. Producer Snow did the photography in the same fine fashion that gave us "Big Game Hunting in Africa," and also explains what happens.

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount

The gamblers go nautical—at least, they do along about the fourth reel. Previously, Cary Grant, arted gunman, and Benita Hume, the gambler's moll, give each other the old fake name gag on a train to develop a tellous two-timing situation. Then the film gets involved with a gambler's feud, hijacking water-taxi, and so on. A good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant excellent, Benita Hume badly miscast.

NIGHT AND DAY—Gum公告-British

A mixture of music and melodrama that, thanks perhaps to English fondness for talk and then more talk, doesn't quite jell. Jack Hulbert, the comic, wants to get on the police force; papa, a Scotland Yard man, says no, so Jack does anyway, and makes good when sweetheart Winifred Shotter gets tangled with crooks. That's the story, and it has funny moments; but it's not any strenuous effort to see it.

THE FLYING DEVILS—RKO-Radio

A few breath-taking air thrills tend to liven up the old story of one brother's sacrifice for another. Ralph Bellamy, boss of an air circus, tries to crack up Eric Linden when Eric falls in love with his wife, Arline Judge. Bruce Cabot, an ace flyer, saves his brother's life. Cliff Edwards, as an inebriated stunt flyer, adds a bit of fun. Not much entertainment value.

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS—William K. Vanderbilt

If you'd like to know something of how it feels to be a multimillionaire sailing your own yacht around the world, here you are: it's Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's own record of a trip in search of marine specimens for his museum. Most of the footage is in equatorial waters of the Pacific, with splendid South Sea Island shots and some breath-taking color. Mr. Vanderbilt explains events as we go.

A STUDY IN SCARLET—World Wide

The title is authentic and that's as near as it comes to being Conan Doyle's tale of that name. Reginald Owen as Sherlock Holmes unearthed a Hollywood gang of jewel thieves headed by Alan Dinehart; Anna May Wong spices the villainy. Fairish melodrama, if you don't know what fiction's all-time greatest detective could and should be.

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible

For those who like their lion taming, Melvin Koontz demonstrates the authoritative masculine method, and Olga Celeste shows what sympathy and loving kindness will do. Interest is added by the fact that the beasts are caught for you in the jungle, prior to being trained.

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Columbia

Jack Holt and Lilian Bond might have made an interesting team with a good story, but this plot is too hackneyed. He goes to the tropics to work and his society bride follows. Boredom, the other man—you can guess the rest.

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.

This is a combination of "Sonny Boy" and "Elmer The Great," with the virtues of neither. Big leaguer Wallace Ford pulls plenty of boons and gets fired, because he's too proud to tell anybody he is going blind; Dickie Moore is the littlelever-stricken youngster who won't get well unless his idol comes and sees him. Ho-hum.

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures

A comedy in which Thelma Todd plays a dual role of two sisters. There is a murder mystery, an unscrupulous reporter and a night club atmosphere—but there isn't any very strong interest. Cast includes Mae Busch, Ral Harold and Inez Courtney.

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—First National

Seeing this picture is much like taking a ride on a merry-go-round. You get all dizzy, but you don't get anywhere. The plot, though very slim, is also very involved—all about a New York crook and a girl, Loretta Young, forced by sales-manager Regis Toomey to entertain out-of-town buyer Lyle Talbot.

LAUGHING AT LIFE—Mascot Pictures

A workmanlike treatment of a Richard Harding Davis type of story—the soldier of fortune who runs arms in a banana republic and then gets in to a jam. Victor McLaglen is the adventurer, Conchita Montenegro adds spice, and a host of big names play bit parts. Routine in plot interest, but lots of suspense and thrills.

MORGENTOT (DAWN)—UFA

A dramatic tale of submarine warfare. The members of the cast fit their parts so perfectly that one feels as though one actually lived the moments with them. The film is well handled in every respect. A brief prologue and titles in English help those whose knowledge of German is limited.

DREI TAGE MITTELALTER—THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.

One of the best German comedies that have been shown in this country. Gay and tuneful, holding interest throughout. Lucie English, as the mayor's housemaid, must find her child's father; and there's plenty of gay, tuneful fun while she does it. You should know your German, although there is a brief prologue in English.
Well! Well! So This Is Hepburn!

[Continued from Page 71]

making. And bosom heaving. And going bravely off to die. Is done in her stocking feet. She simply cannot be emotional with her shoes on. She never hesitates to tell the finest actress on the stage that straighten his lines. And that he's a nitwit of the highest order. As far as acting is concerned. As a result, she was constantly being thrown out of New York shows.

In fact, in "The Warrior's Husband," the New York stage play, they simply tossed Katharine out of the cast. And she then brought her right back. Because she was so darn good. In the part. But you should see how she handles Leslie Howard. Oh, my dears. Tak. Tak. Tak. It gets him all nervous. And everything. But with John Barrymore, it's perfectly all right. He likes it. As a matter of fact, he's pleased about it. The way she sausages back and things.

She never wears any jewelry. Except one large, eccentric looking ring. And orders a chicken sandwich and iced coffee every day for lunch. Snow in the mountains. Chilly winds. Or cold in the head. No difference. Katharine's not going to order it. The waiters simply don't understand it. She has given up trying to be honest about it. "There must be something the matter with her," she says. "But no."

That girl will drink one iced coffee too many some day. You mark my words."

She talks louder than any other else in the dining room. In fact, her table is always at the center of some, however slight, commotion. But the minute she faces a camera, her voice tones down to normal. No sir, she will not, she says, have her acts taken. And don't try to argue. She will not be in gallery at two o'clock to have any pictures taken. She's there at one forty-five. And goes at it in a business-like way.

No soft lights or graceful poses are permitted. She wants angular, striking, forceful poses. It's her stock in trade to be grotesquely lovely. And she knows it. But you think for a moment even, that she's coming up to any publicity department to look over the pictures, she says. She simply isn't interested. In anything about Hollywood. But if they are expecting her at three o'clock, it's too bad for them.

She's there at two-thirty. And with quick, keen eyes she pulls out the ones she wants. Knowing exactly why she likes this one. Or doesn't like that one. And no hedging about it.

The minute a picture is finished, she's off for New York. Her home life is even a greater secret than Garbo's. No one at her studio has ever been in the inside of her home. Or outside, as far as that goes. Or knows her phone number.

She lets no stock reporters. And magazine writers. With tales of her innumerable children. Some colored. And some few Eskimos among the lot.


"She's well read. And very intelligent. Loves good music. Attending concerts of merit. Dresses up in dramatic and slightly insane clothes. That suit her perfectly. Stories of her fabulous wealth accompanied her to Hollywood. Which she promptly denied in such a manner that everyone immediately believed them. In an imported limousine with uniformed chauffeur, she'd ride very grandly through the studio gates. And stay under an executive's window. With much honking. And blowing of horns. When she appeared at the window, impressed until he could scarcely bear it, she'd wave very nonchalantly. And ride on.

Firmly convinced that the lady was an heiress of great social standing, they immediately re-signed her. At three times her former salary. The next day she drove in. In a peculiarly smelling Ford roadster. That made funny noises. And had something fantastically wrong with its carburetor.

She and a girl friend once toured Europe in a dilapidated car. For the sum of five dollars a day. Camping out and astonishing natives into speechless wonder.

She has a habit of running her hands through her hair. And looks ghastly in hats. On an electrician on the set, she noticed his old felt hat. And bought it. On the spot. Cleaned and reshocked, she wears it for good. And loves it. Because it's old. She hates new things. Even her new things look old. At least eighty years. And yet about them is a well-made, well-bred something that marks them distinctly as her own.

She gets along famously with prop men. And electricians. Because she's a good sport. And can take it. As well as dish it out. On the set of her new picture, "The Morning Glory," someone wired up a chair. And Katharine spent all her spare time electrifying innocent sitters into wild hysterics. But when she discovered someone had rewired and Katharine herself leaped six feet into the air, she was as pleased as Punch. And howled with laughter.

Her slender stand-in looks somewhat like her. And Katharine is quite fond of her. "Let's take your pictures together," they urged. And were amazed when she refused. "It wouldn't be fair to her," she argued. "This girl has a future in pictures. If she's typed as looking too much like me, it will spoil her chances."

She talks too fast. And has a ghastly time trying to slow down her speeches for the microphone. Her laugh is loud. And jovial. She's not old. But she knows better. She paints her mouth down at the corners. Which gives it an alarming, but fascinating, appearance. She knows it.

She's natural. Unaffected. Except to exaggerate herself. For the benefit of Hollywood. At the beauty parlor, she'll hang in among the well-dressed stars looking like an immigrant. It's a loud, very loud, "Hi there, old lady. Hey there, old bean," to everyone. Till the customers are compelled to take turns on the massage table. Trying to recover. She's that much like a cyclone. In Kansas. Or wherever it is they have cyclones.

She'll think her feet up on the dressing-table while her hair is being wrapped in their paper curlers. And there between the bottles of "Summer's Night" perfume and eyelash dye will rest Katherine's feet. Nine times out of ten, in holnails.

Lipstick, by the way, is the only make-up she uses. Of the screen.

She swims magnificently. And her diving is the wonder of all who have witnessed it. But when she removed her golf clubs from their wrappings for the first time in three or four months, they all declined to go right out and shoot 80—well that was, of course, too much. It slayed Hollywood as Hollywood hasn't been slain in years. It turns out she came in second in the Connecticut tournaments.

One day during the silk-shawl-tied-under-

You can Trust Vicks Mouth-wash

VICKS Voratone Antiseptic is made by the same people who make Vicks VapoRub—it had to be extra good to carry the Vicks name. In fact, it actually exceeds accepted standards of antiseptic strength.

Even when diluted with equal parts of water, it is still a highly efficient antiseptic mouth-wash. Yet it's pleasant and safe when used full-strength.

And—either way—what a clean taste, what a delightful tingle, it leaves in your mouth! You just know you can trust it to stop bad breath. For sore throat, too, and all your usual uses.

Yet the big 3½ bottle contains three times as much... lasts three times as long... as the popular 25¢ sellers.

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BIG 10-oz. BOTTLE... 35¢

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GARGLE... Sore Throat, etc.
MOUTH-WASH. After Smoking, etc.
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They are the wide band type with photographs of prominent Hollywood Stars etched right into the metal. Start the fad in your town or locality by being the first one to possess one of these beautiful bracelets.

Don't judge them by the low price we are asking for them—they are really very attractive as well as serviceable bracelets, and they are lacquered to maintain that beautiful gold-like finish.

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Ernest A. Bachrach

Mary Duncan will play the rôle of a temperamental stage star in "Morning Glory." Miss Duncan was once a stage star herself, and though she has been in movies for several years Broadway still talks of her vivid portrayal of Poppo in "Shanghai Gesture"
A Harp In Honolulu

[Continued from page 43]

Mackail and Janet Gaynor. The "lying bee" takes up all of this second day out, but I am well enough to win the ship's pool. Score one for Mrs. O'Brien's boy Pat.

April 10th.—We all have our sea legs now. Going in for all the deck sports. And O'Brien gets acquainted with the ship itself for the first time. Everything's swell, lots of entertainment provided, but the swimming pool must have been built originally for gold fish and transported to the Mariposa for midgets, and not more than two of those.

There are horse races in miniature, but no chance for an inside tip on these allies, even with our own pal Jim Crofton, one of the barons of Agua Caliente, aboard. Jim is taking a second honeymoon with a grand little girl, Mona Rico. (Remember, they almost lost their lives on their first in an airplane crash down near Mexico City?)

With no bags to carry our cash on, Jim and I play the slot machines instead. The wrong jockey is up for Crofton, as I win the jack pot. Just to keep it in the family, the won't put up another. The O'Briens are doing all right.

Al Jolson wins the ship's pool today, and when night comes the whole Hollywood crowd reports to the dinner table to go for the groceries in a big way. Hope it isn't a mistake.

April 11th.—Patricia O'Brien and Patricia Parker, who is Bert Wheeler's heart throb, are poor arguments for a famine. They have gone off that Hollywood diet. And they annoy Woodsey and Jolson to death with their kilobites in those high-powered bridge games. Bert and I use them for keno stooze. More sports today. Deck tennis is a great game if you like deck tennis. We shoot clay pigeons. When Wheeler gets the rifle in his hands he shoots everything but the Captain. And the lucky little stiff wins the pool today.

April 12th.—The acting profession is in bad with the rest of the passengers. We troopers have split the ship's pool like a fixed black jack gained Woodsey cops a pool, and I finally top the billing by winning two. Five days at sea, five pools, five actors! How's that?

We arrive in tropical waters. Molokai in the distance. Planes roaring overhead...as we steam into the harbor we are surrounded by yachts, sampans, fishing boats, diving boys fly madly about. Stenographers weep noisily into their handkerchiefs. The way everyone is snapping at them. And everywhere.

And then, a delegation awaits her train. And she's just as liable to emerge from the baggage car or engine, as not. Does, in fact.

She's the "new woman" Hollywood has awaited so long. She brings a new tempo. A new-something-vital in heroines. She hasn't the swooning seductiveness of Garbo. Or Dietrich.

Or the ladylike charm of Ray Francis. Or Ruth Chatterton. But a wild, sweeping, effervescent combination of all. She's the female Jim Cagney of the screen. She has detached herself from all Hollywood. High on a hill built of her own cunning, she stands.

And surveys this Hollywood below her. And imagine, this is all free of it.

At its bewildering gape, heart-breaking blunders, she laughs. And laughs. And laughs.

She's smart. She's shrewd. She's clever. But she's forgotten one thing. Hollywood always laughs last. One day she'll find that out.
BETWEEN THE SCENES

Elizabeth Arden has a brilliant new idea for MAKE-UP!

It is a velvety finish for legs. It comes in paste form, in a tube. It serves as a perfect covering for blemishes.

It is superb without stockings for tennis and other outdoor sports including those delightful new-old fads of roller skating and bicycling.

It is superb under sheer evening stockings for dancing and dining.

It comes in three shades: light, dark and evening.

It is called Velva Beauty Film, and the price is $1.25.

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BY THE DAY

at the

SHERRY-NETHERLAND

Do you know that transients can enjoy the residential luxury of this hotel? Charmingly decorated rooms overlooking beautiful Central Park. Fixed-price meals, as well as a la carte. Fifth Ave. at 59th St., on Central Park, New York.

natives... the strains of the Royal Hawaiian orchestra and the fragrance of the leis tell us that we have arrived in Honolulu. We are taken to the Royal Hawaiian hotel, which looks to me like the Taj Mahal.

April 17th. — How can you keep a guy a diary in a paradise like this? It's all like a beautiful dream. Hollywood is far away.

We have just come from the most beautiful wedding I have ever seen. Patsy Parker's sister, a dainty little blonde beauty like Patsy, marries a stalwart young army aviator.

The site of the ceremony is a little old Hawaiian church which serves both to keep alive the breath of a rapidly dying race.

In keeping with the old symbols, no red flowers are used in decorating the church. They bring bad luck.

Words cannot describe the scene. Superlatively military. The bride is a daughter of an army officer from Texas.

Bert Wheeler gives the bride away. Sentiment is overwhelming when Wheeler, to save footage, does a hurdle over the bridal veil, rather than a casual walk around the aisles. "Ler liteful is..." Like one of his comedies. Woolsey turns to me and says, "Church or no church, I knew that guy would gum it up." And Mrs. Boley gets all the things right and gets the laughs out of Wheeler. She yells at Bert's broad jump and only Bob's admonishing pinch subsides her chuckles.

"Tough Bill's" a favorite at these ceremonies because of the exotic pictures that... that lovely little bride and her handsome husband leaving the little Hawaiian church, under the canopy of swords held aloft by the white-clad officers.

All our girls are crying... I look at Woolsey and Wheeler and Crofton and Jolson... the big mugs are wiping a tear or two away. "A dearie..." doesn't a Gael always shed a tear at a wedding?"

April 19th. — Waikiki has become the Malibu of the tropics. We live on the beach. With the expert aid of Tough Bill, Joe Miner and Panama, Hawaiian beach boys, we become runners up for the surfboard championship. A few of us in these outrigger canoes.

We even learn how an octopus is killed. Tough Bill... what a guy... becomes my bodyguard and pal. By this time I'm a sucker for the Pacific and I'm a cinch to become a Kamaaina. (One who returns to Hawaii.)

That grand old swimming champion, Duke Kahanamoku, is still in vivid prominence. We hope they send him to the Chicago World's Fair as the ambassador of the Hawaiian islands, because he has brought them more honor and prestige than anyone else.

April 23rd. — They have the fights in Honolulu just like the Olympic and the Legion in Hollywood. We like the fighters even if no one can pronounce their names. Bob Woolsey gives a terrific laugh when he is selected to introduce a surprise referee. "Introducing the world's greatest referee and the world's busiest referee — Al Jolson." Al is a riot, as usual.

April 25th. — We have had the thrill of both Hawaiian and Japanese feasts. First, the Japanese. Groceries are tabu until the shoes come off... we don kimono's... when you're in Rome do as the Japs do, say we... and wear Oriental style, which is a far cry from the Brown Derby.

But the real thrill is the Luau. Hawaiian for feast. Our host is Earl Thacker, one of Hawaii's writers. They serve fish and other delicacies wrapped in Ti leaves and laked for several hours. Besides, they serve large bowls of poi (close approach to mulciiage), raw fish, seaweed, and countless other tidbits not to be found in Sardi's. To eat it, we lie length on our opus (stomachs) and the crooning of the natives, convinced we Malahinis newcomers) that Hawaii is the "beauty spot of the world."

April 27th. — What would you do if you met a girl, just sixteen, and endowed with more than her share of adolescent charm, but cursed with a heart ailment so grave as to cull our last remnants of hope; to wonder how she is still alive? We decided to give out a little altruism. The scene, a suite in the Royal Hawaiian hotel... guest of honor, the girl who has enjoyed well, or no entertainer... the music of our versatile beach boys... the entertainers. Jolson, Keeler, Wheeler, Woolsey, Mona Rico, Winona Love and divers other musical numbers... all new... Winona's hands have never been more expressive in Hawaiian dances.

Mona dances a rumba in her most seductive Latin... her eyes... "beauty spot of the world... beauty spot of the world..." Those delicately-upright figures... "Buffalo Bill"... "The Colonel,"... "Soupy Boy." We're all so hypnotized by his magnetic personality that we fail to notice the tears of the little guest... mute testimony of her gratitude. This one little suite in the plush Royal Hawaiian hotel witnesses a performance for one little girl that money could never buy.

April 29th. — Our holiday is nearing an end. Today we put Wheeler and the Woolseys away for a little Japanese liner bound for Yokohama. Although they are sure to get a big kick out of their world tour I know they hate to leave us. They are leaving us with several tidbits. One tidbit is a Japanese... our one idea is to go and see the big parade. With the exception of a few old tricks and a lot of color, no one has put on a show like it. The boats are... the horses are... the men are... the music is... the parade is..."
How Twelve Stars Make Love

[continued from page 32]

Therefore, she's always playing the role of a girl who suffers from too much emotion.
Being the impulsive, hot-blooded creature that she is on the screen, she becomes seriously entangled with one man, only to find herself falling hopelessly in love with another.
Also, and for the same reason, she finds herself naturally and inevitably drawn to the silent, different type of male. This, combined with the fact of her free, dominating personality, often makes it necessary for her to make the advances in love-making.
All of which makes stirring drama—but hectic, complicated living.

GEORGE RAFT

With his almost insolent attitude toward love and his high-handed domination over his screen sweethearts, George Raft represents a type of lover many American women prefer.
This suspicious hero with the narrowed eyes, sneering lips and sneaky movements plays the very old Nick with his ladies. He's mentally brutal to them, and they like it.
George is never eloquent when he woos his lady—neither with words nor kisses. No impulsive lover, he:
There's something almost sinister in the cold control of his desires. Something almost sinister, too, in the meaning he puts into his voice and into those slant-black slant eyes when he looks at a woman. Sinister, arrogant, and absolutely sure.
Like the gods of old, George works slowly but surely. Tantalizing his women by his evasiveness, making them hunger for his chary caresses. Through his screen impersonations, George Raft clearly indicates that he doesn't trust women, and he doesn't trust love. Is that why they go ga-ga over him?

JANET GAYNOR

Demure and dependent, the feminine ideal of romantic poetry—Janet Gaynor is a million miles removed from the opulent Mae West in her lovemaking behavior.
She is gentle, wistful, yet enormously appealing in her sweet passiveness.
Janet never arouses sultry passions in the bosoms of her swains.
Her helpless, flilly awakens in them a reverential, almost paternal attitude—a desire to protect. This no great shattering moments either of tragedy or joy ruffle Janet's gentle love scenes.
Even at her most flirtatious—when she attracts some handsome, reckless young blade like Henry Garat with her adorable, kittenish ways—whatever faintly dishonorable motive he may have had is quickly transformed to something comforting steadily. Completely approved of by middle-aged ladies.
Janet is the eternal sweet girl graduate who makes husbands of men.
Her destiny seems to be, like Penelope, to sit by the fireside in a rose-covered cottage, waiting for her man to come home. And he never fails her.
Perhaps, after all, it's not only the Mae Wests who get what they want!

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Made for great love and great sorrow, there's something taut about this high-strung, volatile creature.
She's like the finely drawn silver wire on an instrument from which the one man she loves can alone draw out the music.
When Katharine Hepburn makes love, she is never passive, like Janet Gaynor. She gives herself completely, volacloudically. Without a trace of coquettishness. She's passionate. She's vital.
She acts out her conviction that the world's well lost for love.
Yet, because she's an idealist with a strong Puritanical fibre in her make-up, she refuses to compromise.
If love can't stand the bright light of day—better be done with it!
Therefore, even in her most carefree lovemaking moments, in her happiest caresses, there's something fiercely serious. Exalted.

Kay Francis is past mistress of one type of love-making, and here Bill Powell (in "One Way Passage") is learning how potent it can be

As long as the world loves love, it will thrill to the technique used by John Barrymore. We see it here with Camilla Horn in "Tempest"
A Glorious VACATION

...moderate in cost

This year in Atlantic City, at the Ritz-Carlton, you can enjoy all the pleasures of seashore life—sports, health, rest and recreation—at amazingly moderate costs.

Yet, as always, the Ritz-Carlton maintains its grand tradition of superlative service, marvelous food and complete luxury. Every room has private bath supplied with both fresh and sea water. Ocean bathing direct from your room. Dinner and supper dancing in the spectacular new Ritz Garden and Boardwalk Cafe.

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Almost religious. A fanatical devotion to her man and a straightforward sincerity that's apt to frighten him with its intensity.

CLARK GABLE

His technique is brusque, direct, almost savage at times. The elemental male who recognizes his physical and spiritual hungers and goes out spontaneously to satisfy them.

His cruelty is never the cool, calculating kind, such as George Raft's might be. It is an impulsive brutality, passionate and uncontrollable. He 'treats 'em rough' because it is his instinct to do so—the instinct of the vigorous, self-assertive, conquering male.

But Clark has another side to his amorous screen nature. He can be gentle—in an awkward, embarrassed, inarticulate way. His kindness is like that of a gruff St. Bernard, roughly pawing at a baby kitten. But it is a staunch gentleness that gives promise of loyalty and devotion, despite the fact that Clark is always far more at ease in the rôle of the dominating lover.

KAY FRANCIS

Kay Francis accepts men and their passions as a necessary part of the scheme of things. So she allows them to make love to her.

Their companionship, their admiration are important to her welfare, and their love-making is a part of this. Not that it is distasteful to her. But she has an ambitious, collected control over herself and her emotions. Poesed, suave, this stunning woman of the world is as sure of the effective quality of her kisses as she is of the fashionableness of her gowns and coiffure.

She seems to have learned that no good can come of allowing a passion to consume one—and although she may feel with great depth and sincerity, she prefers to hold herself in reserve.

Even when Kay is cast as a vampire, there is that quality of aloofness about her. She responds to the amorous advances of her lovers—but she never abandons herself. She is always the fine lady, behaving in love almost as decorously as she would when pouring tea.

JOHN BARRYMORE

He is (or was) the beau ideal of screen lovers. Handsome, courtly, dashing, he can effectively break down the frail fortress of a woman's resistance to him.

John's a fiery, impassioned lover. A calculating lover, too. Every word, every caress is artful, deliberate, conscious. He has coolly studied both the whims and weaknesses of women and has developed a technique of love-making of the most devastating kind. Note "Reunion in Vienna" and "Grand Hotel."

A picture story may demand his faithfulness to one woman. But by the very insinuation of his glance, by the connoisseurship of his embraces, we suspect that John's carefully rehearsed love-making smacks of the Don Juan. For it's the excitement and thrill of the chase that inspires him.

Thus love becomes an intriguic, diverting adventure of the senses. To vanquish a woman is a bouquet for John's Humphries' vanity. For is not this Adonis of the Barrymores the eternally arrogant, the masterful male?

The Winner

of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the best picture of 1932 will be announced in the September issue
To Be Happy—Give!
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

She refused and still refuses to utter those words.
Quietly Jean stole back to work one week after the tragedy. Insisted upon going, not only to save her company many thousands of dollars overhead, but to save her sanity as well.

"And the first scene I did was the bath in the rain barrel scene in 'Red Dust.' You remember it, of course?"

You see, she didn't say, "You can imagine how I felt."

She made no bid for sympathy of any kind, when she said that. She never has.

"I CAN'T talk about it," she told me in her dressing room, only the other day. "You see, I just can't. As soon as I say anything, people are sure to misunderstand. I--please--I just want to keep it to myself.

"I've never been afraid of anything in my life," she said. "Never. So I wasn't afraid to face this. And, after we once bravely face an issue, half the battle is won, isn't it?"

"I know in my heart I was right. I'd done no wrong. And so long as you know you're right and never let go of that thought for one moment, nothing much can happen. No doubts, no black thoughts ever entered my mind.

"I'm telling you honestly, the thought that this might hinder my career never once entered my mind.

"I am a sincere person. I didn't need to go about explaining to others how sincerely I felt this. For, if you really are sincere, others know it too. They'll feel it.

"Isn't it true, too, that when some great and terrible things happen in our lives we are given the strength to bear it?"

"I know I was. From somewhere I got the strength to go on with my work. Which saved my life.

"After a while letters began pouring in. Thousands of them. Their faith and loyalty poured over me in waves. I tried to forget myself and give, give, give, to these people who were beginning to believe in me. I felt I owed them for their loyalty.

"I can honestly say I never hated anyone in my life. I may dislike some of the things they do, especially small, petty things, but I have never hated anyone. And I try to be tolerant, too.

"You see, what I am trying to say is that what we give out in this world, we are sure to get back twofold.

"To those who follow my picture work and who find the world suddenly bursting about them, I say from experience, remember there are others about us to whom we owe something. Try to think of them. Get back to your normal way of thinking and doing as soon as possible.

"Try, too, to remember there are always so many things to be grateful for. The more things we're grateful for, the more things we have to be grateful about. It's an endless, swelling chain.

CARRY your sorrow and your troubles in your own heart. It's your sorrow. Given to you to bear.

"Bear it. You'll be given the strength. And the help."

And so speaks the girl whom Hollywood said was through. Washed up. Finished.

Refusing to ask for sympathy. Refusing to utter the word which might bring her understanding and approval. Locking her grief and sorrow in her own heart. Closing the door and turning the key. Bearing it alone.

And the world has respectfully removed its hat and bowed its head in sympathy for Jean Harlow. For, you see, she loved Paul Bern. All the world knows that now.

Hollywood whispered:
"AIREDALE"

● She was beautiful, but movie people work under pitiless lights, playing glaring sunshine. Hollywood called her an "Airedale" because her arms and legs betrayed superfluous hair.

You'll never guess her name— she is now one of the most perfectly groomed women in the world— thanks to X-Bazin Cream. With X-Bazin, any woman can be exquisitely free of hair on legs, arms and under-arms.

Constant research and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, more and more efficient, more and more agreeable. This really reliable cream depilatory leaves your skin excruciatingly smooth, white and hairless— without irrita-

Bears, stubble, or that blue, shaved look. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on reliable X-Bazin— accept no substitutes. In new giant size tubes at drug and department stores— 60c. Good size tube 10c in 10-cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

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● LAVA SOAP

Powdery pumice removes stains.
Soothing glycerine protects hands.

You know that you can rub and scrub forever with ordinary toilet soaps and still make no headway against cigarette stains. But try something new! Turn the job over to Lava Soap and watch how quickly those ugly, yellowish patches disappear.

When Lava's thick, heavy lather and fine, powdery pumice team together even stubborn stains-weeks old—succumb to a couple of treatments.

This hard-working soap is gentle, too—glycerine and other oils soothe and protect the skin. Effective against all kinds of hand stains—silver polish, vegetables, berries, paint, others. Gets dirtiest hands clean in less than a minute.

FREE— a full-sized cake of Lava. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 368, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio. Give full name and address.

GETS THE STAIN—PROTECTS THE SKIN

$1,500 in CASH PRIZES in MOVIE MUDDLES CONTEST—SEE PAGE 34
Isn’t this interesting?

TO FIND all of the fine features in a Sanitary Belt which the new *Woven-to-Fit "Silhouette" by Hickory possesses—you’ll agree is truly a revelation. Supreme comfort, delightfully soft and dainty—yet dependably secure, long wearing and economical. 50c.

*Woven-to-Fit. This exclusive, patented Hickory construction is an additional “Silhouette” feature. Conforms perfectly to the body contour. Because its shape is permanently woven in the booms, it ensures super comfort, perfect fit, unusual security. It simply cannot wrinkle, bind, irritate or slip. Tailored of soft, easy-stretch, fine quality Lastaex that wears and wears, Guaranteed to withstand boiling and ironing.

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You’ll like HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, too

MONEY FOR YOU! $1,500.

IN CASH PRIZES

Turn to page 35 of this issue for conditions of Movie Muddles Contest.

The Beauty Search Is On

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

The thirty finally selected will be given five-week contracts at fifty dollars per week each to appear in the forthcoming feature, "So This is Beauty." Each of the thirty will be given a prize of $1,000 to the man and the woman who appear to best advantage in the film when finished.

ACCORDING to McClelland Barclay, the standard by which the ancients judged physical perfection included the provision that the body should measure eight times the length of the head.

But for the modern perfection of beauty, the head length is proportioned to the body by the factor of four and one half times. Even at that, many of our idols if they appeared in that proportion might be quite grotesque. If Janet Gaynor’s body were lengthened to seven and one half times the measurement of her head, Janet would be as tall as Gargantua. By the same token, some of our biggest stars would shrink. Slim Summervile would have to go back to knee pants, Charles Laughton would become a giant.

In the contest, the rules are that contestants be over seventeen and under thirty; the women between 5 feet, 3 inches and 5 feet 7 inches and the men between 5 feet, 10 inches and 6 feet, 2 inches and from 130 to 190 pounds.

Of course, minor variations will not bar contestants from competition. The judges hope every young man and woman who feels he or she has an even chance will enter the contest.

When the contest is over Hollywood expects to have the pick of the present generation and to have discovered today the stars of tomorrow. With one lavish gesture, one grand effort, Paramount will ferret out the beauty that a thousand scouts might spend years in finding. Miles of lovely figures and handsome faces will flicker across the Hollywood testing screen—a quick-smiling boy from Ireland, an Indian princess with a cloud of dark hair, a cool beauty from the shores of Wales, farm boys, shop girls, society women, village sheiks—and among them will be faces that some day everyone will know.

**oo Hoo! Here Comes Gracie!**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

means "King Kong," I’ll bet twenty bucks, an electrician murmured.

"Well, Gracie, we can’t have any ‘buffoons’ in this one but we do have a cat and some kittens.

"Oh, goodie," Gracie clapped her hands. "I love kittens. But, of course, it would be cuter, don’t you think, Mr. Sutherland, if we could have an ape and some little ‘apianies’?"

"Gracie, 1—oh, my gawd!"

"Wait. Wait, everybody. I know something even better. We don’t need any animals at all. Lookie, we can just sing that new animal song."

"Animal song, Gracie?"

"Yes, you know. ‘Shuffle off the buffalo.’"

With a nervous, shaking hand Mr. Fields removed a thermometer from his pocket and proceeded to take his temperature. Seven electricians sat frozen at their posts. Someone dashed wildly for a glass of water for a rapidly swooning director.

"Oh, goodie. You know what, Mr. Sutherland? We could have the girls ride down these marble stairs on buffalos."

"Ride down on buffalos, eh?" Mr. Burns asked, looking up from his script.

"Yes, and just imagine..."

"Gracie," Mr. Burns asked, "did it ever occur to you that buffalos are American animals and the authors laid this story in Wu Hu, China?"

"They did what? Gracie" wanted to know.

"They laid this story in China."

"Oh, George, you’re the silliest man. You don’t listen. They wrote it—"

"You don’t lay—oh, my gawd," George moaned. "Get me out." He joined Peggie in the open air.

Mr. Fields examined his thermometer. His temperature was exactly 101 degrees.

"Oh, Mr. Erwin," she said, galloping over to Stu in his corner, "you know you just look like my brother. I was just saying to George how much Mr. Erwin looks like my brother.

"You—er—you were, Gracie?"
"Yes, you know, Mr. Erwin, my brother is the dumbest looking person. Only he isn't really.

"He isn't really dumb, you mean?"

"Yes, but one of the handsomest. My brother is a very smart man. He always said my family had no business nicknaming me the way they did.

"Oh, your family nicknamed you, eh?"

"Yes. My brother says my real name is Dis-Gracie. They just call me Gracie, though."

"Gracie, you tickle me."

"Why, Mr. Erwin, it's a funny request."

"And right before everybody, too."

Once again Mr. Sutherland had begun the scene.

"You hoo, Mr. Sutherland," Gracie called from the corner, "I just thought up the grandest thing. Now—"

Hurrily Mr. Fields again removed the thermometer from his case.

"Now, Gracie, honestly, I can't bear any more," the director said.

"Oh, you flatterer. I know you'd love this. Now listen, Rody. I'm going to sing in this picture, isn't he?"

"Yes, but—"

"And the name of this Chinese town is Wu His, isn't it?"

"Y-e-s, but now Gracie—"

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, you're going to love this. This is grand. Now why couldn't kindly sing, 'Just a Grapefruit in the Valley,' Wu Hu?"

Mr. Fields examined the thermometer. His fever was exactly 104 and two-tenths.

By this time, Peggy was back. And Gracie was right after her.

"Oh, Miss Joyce, someone was telling me—"

"I think it was the boy with the perspiration sweater—that—"

"The boy with what, Gracie?"

"That boy, John Allright or something. With the—you know, perspiration sweater, or—"

"Gracie, could you mean Jack Oakie? The boy with the sweat shirt?"

"Oh, yes. Imagine. Isn't that silly? Well, he was telling me you had one of the biggest diamonds in the world?"

"Yes, that's true, Gracie, I have."

"For goodness' sake. How long would it take Babe Ruth to run around it, do you think?"

"Babe Ruth run—you?"

"Yes, my brother says he can run around the Chicago diamond in twenty seconds."

"I see. You mean Babe Ruth, the ball play it?"

"Oh, no, Miss Joyce, he isn't a ball player. He's a poet."

"A poet? Babe Ruth, a poet?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Joyce. Haven't you heard of his Homer. "It's about Homer Khayyam. Don't you love poetry, Miss Joyce?"

"Yes, I do, Gracie, but I must confess I'm not very well read."

"Oh, Miss Joyce, why you're hardly red a bit. What makes you say that? Have you been in the sun?"

"Gracie, I—will you go—"

"Miss Joyce, I just love that scene you and Mr. Fields have in that little Austin. I didn't know you felt funny when you saw that little Austin? I'll bet you thought your limousine had a child right in the hotel, didn't you?"

"Gracie, please, please—"

"Oh, Miss Joyce, you're so clever with men. Do you think I could ever get a husband?"

"I think so."

"I did get one, once."

"And what became of him, Gracie?"

"Oh, his wife raised the dickens. I had to put him right back."

And all the while we know that cute little Gracie is the devoted wife as well as radio and film partner of George Burns.

"Yoo hoo, Mr. Sutherland," Gracie waved. Mr. Fields hurrily reached for his thermometer.

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, I just thought of the grandest thing. Listen, why couldn't Mac West?"

"Just a moment, Gracie." Miss Joyce interrupted on her way to the fresh air, "I'm the star of this picture."

"Oh, I know, Miss Joyce, but you can't tell fortunes."

"Can't tell fortunes. Listen, I can tell a fortune two continents away."

And Peggy went on.

"Oh, I just love those big lights," Gracie told the electricians. "What are they called?"

"Klieg," they told her.

"What?"

"Klieg, klieg, klieg."

"Oh, I know that song, Gracie scoffed.

What song? they asked her.

"Why, that Santa Claus song. You know. Up on the house top, klieg, klieg, klieg."

Mr. Fields examined his thermometer and collapsed. They carried him off in a fever of exactly 105 and eight tenths.

"Oh, look. What's this big thing that moves around?" Gracie asked next.

"That's a dolly," they told her.

"Oh, you can't fool me. That's no dolly."

"It's a dolly."

"All right then. Let's hear it say 'mama.' "

And with that they gave up. There was a general rush for the door.

"For heaven's sake," Gracie complained "and just when I was going to tell them about my brother."

Daddy of the Studio Family

[continued from page 38]

and the way she leaned on him during all her trouble. Many a time, imposing gentlemen with thousands, she brought home, hundreds of thousands of dollars, cooked their heel in the waiting room, while Joan sat behind the closed door, talking it all out with "Pope"—she calls him—reporting developments, getting advice, being steered aright through all those trying months while her divorce was in the air. She afforded an excellent illustration to that saying in the Mayer office: "No matter what appointments I have or how pressing business matters may be, the studio family comes first."

But the attitude of "helping out for business sake" would draw Joan and all the others to him in time of personal trouble. The magnet is the feeling they sense in him—the same that makes him the proudest grandfather on earth, and a bosom pal of Jackie Cooper's, and that transcends any mere care for business interests. It shows also in other ways, beside the tenacity of stars in trouble to seek him, as instinctively as they would seek a trusted father of their own. To mention one, he doesn't wait for troubles to come to him. He's out and about—in shirt sleeves, usually—for anything can bring a fighting gleam to the Mayer eye; it's swank or high-hat of any kind—to satisfy himself that all is well; and ever and anon he manages to pounce on something.

MARIE DRESSLER, for example—trying to help outside activities on top of a wearing studio schedule, and driving herself straight for a breakdown. L. B. noted that—he stepped in—and put his foot down flat in a dozen different places. Four hours' work a day—that was to be the limit—and until

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Edward C. Fogh, Managing Director

Madison Ave. and 45 St., NEW YORK

A UNITED HOTEL
Marie got the habit, he was there at the end of the four hours to bundle her off home. Interviewers, photographers, all the paraphernalia of publicity that necessarily surrounds a star—out!

 Completely out. Not even friends were permitted to bother her now.

 It's a joy now to see how Marie and L. B. get along. If it's a question of a week-end at Santa Barbara, a little run East to New York—his opinion is taken. And she finds, too, when it's a trip, that all arrangements have been made—there's nothing for her to do but go.

 And why not? L. B. would ask. She's been battling the world single-handed all her life—why shouldn't someone else carry a bit of it for her now? So he does—and you should see how Marie loves it.

KAREN MONTROSE is another who came under the Mayer eye, and came in for Mayer attention, before she knew it. Hers was the same story as Marie Dressler's—too much work for her strength. He opened his campaign with a vacation for Karen—then watchful care to see that her diet was right. Milk during the day was one of the precautions that took most hammering; but he won.

Nothing could have been more natural, then, when Karen and Charles Vidor fell in love, than that L. B. should hear about it. You may remember the furore there was among the publicity people when they learned that a secret marriage had got by them—and also found themselves unable to locate the happy couple, honeymooning now that Karen's picture was done. Nor did it help them to think that L. B. had known all along—but being the good confidante he was, had said nothing.

There is, of course, another side to L. B. The world of business, without being a fighter and an A-1 bargainer. Both of these L. B. is—though occasionally the bargaining takes a whimsical turn. It did recently, when the time came for a new Wally Brey contract. Bogus men being what they were—grain in the teeth for the fights for what they wanted—contract discussions were to the point and earnest. But L. B., had advised Wally about buying his varnish, something, he wrote, to Professor Carol Ann, and almost everything else in Wally's life, knew his man. He settled the argument by letting Wally have the walk-in skin boat with the Dyke whistle brought from the Arctic after directing the picture, "Eskimo." Wally wanted that boat more than anything else L. B. could have offered.

The same watchful interest for the true best interest of all concerned pops forth in other ways. Marie, Louis B. Mayer had a love of film, and knew it—some years, playing "Exotic Orientals" and doing well at it. Also she was desperately tired of the type; but not having made a real mark as yet, was in no position to make demands.

And she well knew the general tendency, if an actress was "sure fire" as a type, to keep her at it, rather than risk losing ground by a change.

However, she knew something of L. B. too—so took her problem to him. He listened—undoubtedly drawing on his veteran knowledge that is the very letter which the man who's happy in his or her role, regardless of the past—and agreed to let her try "going American," provided she would study grace and voice placement. We all know what Myrna has done since.

That was good business, of course—springing from the far-sightedness natural to a temperamental producer that causes biographies of noted figures in history for favorite reading matter, that views films as powerful factors in education, and for years has fought the urge to grab quick profits at the box office with indirect material. But L. B. it's respect for "having them happy" goes deeper. When Polly Moran, with nearly a year still to go on her contract, turned down the studio's big offers, she came to him. After thoroughly canvassing the situation he agreed to let her go, if she liked. A valuable asset if she had and the contract entitled him to—"or at least to keep her off the air; but as long as her whole heart and desire ran the other way—well, you know—

He can dish out hard advice as well, when needed. When talks came in, it looked to all as though Nils Asther, with his thick accent, certainly was out. L. B. and Nils both had that—but L. B. added, that if Nils would be content to drop out, and put in two years on his English, they would see what might be done.

When Nils was ready, he got his contract—was loaned to Columbia for "The Better Tea of General Yen" and movie-goers haven't quit raving about it yet.

Courage too—he has, and can give, plenty of that. His favorite motto—it shows prominently in his office by the way—is, "When you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and start back."

And this is the kind of guy that has made the top in the movie business by his own efforts has needed that ability in plenty, but L. B. can give it to others. Maureen O'Sullivan, for instance, desperately discouraged and homesick for Ireland.

It was L. B., who pulled her over the top, through the trying period to the point where she would rest without jeopardizing her career.

From what wells does all this many-sided understanding spring? First of course, there is Louis B. Mayer's career—one that couldn't help give him an all-around view of the motion picture business and those in it. Born in Boston, he started, as aforesaid, in the shipbuilding business, spent six months at Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he built a little, run-down theater into the town's leading playhouse.

Others were added until he had the largest chain New England, and the next step was production with his own organization—the L. B. Mayer Company, which is the second "M" of "M-G-M."—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And this is the kind of guy that has made the top in the movie business from director and star through film exchanges and distributors, right down to the Saturday afternoon boy who hands over your change. Louis B. Mayer has the knack of human nature, as seen in one of the most trying businesses on earth, must stand something more— and we have plenty of clues to it.

Louis B. Mayer, for one thing, lives on the beach at Santa Monica, revels in the tang of salt water, and gets on with less sleep than almost anyone in Hollywood. He loves to walk, with his dog, through the Thousand Oaks of human nature any after-dinner audience without a quaver. Yet he hates full-dress, prefers plain foods (including a passion for onions), and can weep unabashed at sob yarns.

He is moved deeply when old employees pass on over the Great Divide; sports a rakish cap, and loves to step on the gas when in his car.

Each of which means, doesn't it, that at the bottom L. B. Mayer must be in love with life, the world, and with his surroundings? Which makes it very simple to understand, if not to emulate—for a man who adds to that kindly, generous, gusto, a thoroughgoing love of life, as well as its pitfalls and dangers, almost certainly will turn out to be what Louis B. Mayer is—a man who knows how to handle the most temperamental of businesses, and the more than temperamental people in it, like a happy family.
Addresses of the STARS

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne
Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.
John Barrymore
Eliot Ness
Nana Asomdel
Frank Alain
Palmer
Sherwood
Eugene
dite

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Charley Chase
Jean Howard
Elise Barrymore
Morgan
John Barrymore
Mary Carlisle
Mae Clarke
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
James Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Mae West
William Haines
Louise Closer Hale
Russell Hardie
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Vince Barnett
Tom Brown
Ken Maynard
Anna Devine
Clark Gable
Chester Morris
Mae Clarke
Greta Garbo
Rosemary Clooney
Frank Morgan
Mae Clarke
Greta Garbo
Ken Maynard

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
Loretta Andrews
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Georges Gersh
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Maxim Canetow
Judy Canova
Andy Devine
Edward G. Robinson
Jeanette MacDonald
Jackie Cooper
Joan Blondell
John Barrymore
Mae West
William Haines
Louise Closer Hale
Russell Hardie
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt

Burbank, Calif.

Burbank Studios

Robert Agnew
Joe E. Brown
Lorna Dune
Loretta Andrews
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Maxim Canetow
Judy Canova
Andy Devine
Edward G. Robinson
Jeanette MacDonald
Jackie Cooper
Joan Blondell
John Barrymore
Mae West
William Haines
Louise Closer Hale
Russell Hardie
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Elise Barrymore
John Barrymore
Mary Carlisle
Mae West
Jean Howard
Elise Barrymore
Mary Carlisle
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Eliot Ness
Nana Asomdel
Frank Alain
Palmer
Sherwood
Eugene
dite

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Tim McCoy

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1932 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Estelle Taylor, 5234 Los Feliz Blvd.

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 4375 La Miranda Ave.
Virginia Brown Fair, 1437 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Philippe De Lancy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 615 east Blvd.
Harold Lloyd, 640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Verdell Allen
Heather Angel
Frank L. Alexander
Warner Baxter
John Beals
Clarice Boyce
El Brendel
Hector Crossman
Florence Desmond
James Dunn
Sally Eders
Norman Foster
Preston Foster
Henry Garine
Jack Garner
Lillian Harvey
Miriam Jordan
Vic Jory
Howard Lally
Elissa Landi

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Robert Benchley
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
June Brewster
Bruce Cabot
Chic Chandler
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Betty Furness
William Garwood
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn

RL United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Coleman
Douglas Fairbanks

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Tim McCoy

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Harold Lloyd, 640 Santa Monica Blvd.

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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

THE leading item of war activity news in our issue of August, 1918, was the elaborate ball given by Bill Hart to the officers of "his" regiment, the 7th Infantry, which called itself "The Bill Hart Two-Gun Men." We showed pictures of another interesting war activity, D.W. Griffith using titled English women in his inspirational "The Great Love." Among the notables appearing were Dowager Queen Alexandra and Lady Diana Manners.

A leading item about established players was the news that Mabel Normand, library was surprisingly "high brow" in character. She had also tried her hand at more serious work with "Joan of Plattsburg," showing a girl determined to be an American Joan of Arc. Louise Glau was interviewed, and we told that for all her feculence on the screen (everyone was talking about her next war of stabbing a lover), she was quite the incense in real life.

Jack Holt had left his mail-sled job in Alaska to start with Paramount, and Gloria Swanson, after three years of comedy, got her first big chance. She landed at the Lipton's hatpin factory, gone to the dressing-room for it, and encountered Director Jack Conklin. In a few minutes of talk, he decided to use her in "Society for Sale."

Another newcomer was Marguerite Clark brought to repeat her exquisitely beautiful "Little Fox" and Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Marion Davies was at work on her first film, "Cecilia of the Pink Roses."

An odd experience of Dustin Farnum's found notice. He had been on a ranch location, and one of the girls living there was a "natural born star." To Dustin's amazement, she was willing to help in this film, but utterly declined a contract. Cover: Mabel Normand.

10 Years Ago

THE "costume picture" rage, launched by the success of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," fell flat, according to our issue of August, 1928. Some seven "super-spectacles," each one costing well over half a million dollars, were going through the studios. Of these Ramon Novarro's "Scaramouche," D.W. Griffith's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and Doug Fairbanks, Sr.'s "The Thief of Bagdad," probably are the best remembered. Speaking of Doug, Sr., his son's arrival in Hollywood, to make his picture debut, was chronicled in this issue. Papa didn't like the idea at all—but since Doug, Jr., had been under his mother's guidance, they didn't count.

These were also days when the foreign invasion was running strong. German directors Ernst Lubitsch and Eric von Stroheim were supplemented by Swedish director, Victor Searstrom; and the latest acting recruit was Joseph Schildkraut, over from Vienna to play in "The Master of Man." Still, this issue printed interviews with a score of veteran directors, setting forth the need of new faces and new names for exploitation. In contrast to that, our fragment history of movie pictures told how, prior to 1909, companies refused to name players, lest they get fancy ideas about salary.

It was in that year that the rule broke down, through desire to exploit Cecil Spooer and Annette Kellerman, thus making these the first "stars."

It was in 1909, too, that D.W. Griffith grabbed John Barrymore, fresh from art school in Paris, and signed him to a contract. -in by an unknown girl, Anita Loos; (Anita got $15 for the effort.) "Penrod and Sam" and Griffith's "The White Rose" were the leading pictures reviewed this month.

Cover: Marion Davies.

5 Years Ago

Now Men Adore Her Milky-White Skin

Mabel Normand

John Barrymore

Janet Gaynor

Pola Negri, in just five years before, was shown departing for Europe, "to forget the movies," and Balcamova, the dynamic Russian who had come to America with the Moscow Art Theatre group, was being groomed to take her place. What a time fate chose for that, with foreign accents so soon to be spread on the film for all to hear!

Happily, among other favorites, was the "Pillow Talk" girl and many who survived. Notably, Clara Bow, the reigning "fan mail" queen of the moment. Gary Cooper, his "Beau Sabreur" triumph now enhanced by his work in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," was another. And Lupe Velez, brought originally to Los Angeles for Fanchon & Marco stage presentations, was just finishing her seventh stage of hot-chasing about the startled film colony.

Lastly, an interesting hit credited to a filming of Buddy Rogers at Princeton. On the cover—Billie Dove.
Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month’s fashion section (Pages 60 to 65) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ARKANSAS—
Poclock's, Fort Smith.

ILLINOIS—
G. C. Willis, Dry Goods, Chicago.
Linn & Scruggs Dry Goods Co., Decatur.
Clarke & Company, Peoria.
Owens, Incorporated, Rockford.
S. A. Barker Company, Springfield.

INDIANA—
Wolff & Dessauer, Fort Wayne.
Robertson Bros., Dept. Store, Inc., South Bend.

IOWA—
M. L. Parker Company, Davenport.
Youseer Brothers, Inc., Des Moines.

MARYLAND—
Hochschild, Kohn & Company, Baltimore.

MICHIGAN—
The J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit.
Wurzburg's, Grand Rapids.
L. H. Field Company, Jackson.

MINNESOTA—
The Dayton Company, Minneapolis.
The Fandel Company, St. Cloud.

NEW JERSEY—
Quackenbush Company, Paterson.

NEW YORK—
The Morton Company, Binghamton.
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn.
J. N. Adam & Company, Buffalo.
The Gorton Company, Elmira.
Bloomingdale's, New York City.

B. Forman Company, Rochester.

NORTH CAROLINA—
J. B. Ivy & Company, Charlotte.

OHIO—
The A. Polsey Company, Akron.
The Stern & Mann Company, Canton.
The John Shillito Company, Cincinnati.
The Lindecker Company, Cleveland.
The Morehouse-Martens Co., Columbus.
The Rike-Kumler Company, Dayton.
The Strouss-Hirschberg Co., Youngstown.

PENNSYLVANIA—
Bowman & Company, Harrisburg.
Watt & Shand, Lancaster.
Gemel Brothers, Philadelphia.
Joseph Horne Company, Pittsburgh.
Penn Traffic Company, Johnstown.

TEXAS—
Levy Bros., Dry Goods Co., Houston.

WEST VIRGINIA—
Coyle & Richardson, Inc., Charleston.

WISCONSIN—
Henderson-Hoyt Company, Oshkosh.

DOMINION OF CANADA—
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd., Calgary.
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd., Edmonton.
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd., Halifax.
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CASTS OF CURRENT PHOTOPLAYS

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue.


"BED OF ROSES"—RKO—RAO.—From the story by Wanda Tuchock, Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: Bess Flowers; William Boyd; Jeanne Crain; John Beal; William Tabbert; John Van Eyck; Robert Lowery; Jack McCall; Stephen Fariar; John Halliday; Margaret O'Brien; Bert Kelton; Father Donan; Samuel Hinds.

"BELLO THE SEA"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Jo Swerling. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: Steve McCarry; Ralph Bellamy; Diane Temples; Fay Wray; Karl Schmerling; Fredric Vogel; Harry Morgan; John D. Waddell; William Campbell; Jack W. Kelly; Jackson; Paul Page.

"BIG BRAIN THE "—RKO—RAO.—From the story by Ben Bartlett. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: Max Weather, George E. Stone; Terry; Phillips Holmes; Nancy Carlin; Lily Wray; Nan Wright; Minna Gombell; Lad Darlington; Reginald Owen; Dorothy; Lilian Bond; Lad Latham; Reginald; Slick Ryan; Sam Hardy; Justice of Peace, Lucien Littlefield; Doc Thomas; Dostihe Dumbrell; C. E. Goddaball; Bertin Churchill; Detective; Robert Emmett O'Connor.

"CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS"—Bryan Fox Productions. From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Screen play by William Jacobs. Directed by Ben Stoloff. The cast: Terry McCull, Wallace Ford; Mary Melanie; Barbara Kent; Billy Mather; June Moore; Umbria; J. Farrell MacDonald; Bessie; Marion Byron; Cary; Cather; Cohen; Martin Moran; Rue; David Worth; Mike; Mike Dolan.

"CHEETING BLONDES"—UNIVERSAL PICTURES.—From the story by Gertie Des Wentworth. James. Adapted by Lewis B. Foster and Iden Mitre. Directed by Frank Le Pavilion. The cast: Anne Ferrick; Thelma Todd; Elsie Manner; Thelma Todd; Lawton; Ralf Harolde; Polly; Ima Courtenaye; Mike Goldfish; Milton Wills; Myra; Jessie; Mike; Mike; Mike; Marjorie Palmer; Robert Lowery; City Editor; William Humphrey; Iris; Dorothy Gulliver; Jim Carter; Brooks Benedict; Eddie; Eddie Fetherston; Ferdi; Ben Savage.

"COULTAIL HOUR"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by James K. McGuire. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Richard Schayer. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: Claudia Helm; Frank Darien; Randolph Morgan; Randolph Scott; Ollie; Margaret Walsh; Jack LaFarge; Jesse; Ralph; Latvia; Sydney Blackmer; Philip; Barry Norton; Jack Davidson; Phil; Patricia; Glamour; Smith; Edna Fredericks; Dick; Larry; Jesse; Jay; Eaton; Moe; Willie Fung; Attorney; Paul McVey; Foster; Oscar Smith.

"COWGAR, THE KING KILLER"—SONNY NEWS Producing Co.—Starring John W. Young, playing a snow, starring Jay C. Bruce and his dog, Ranger.

"DINNER AT EIGHT"—M-G-M.—From the play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Screen play by Frances Marion and Herman J. Mankiewicz. The cast: Mitzi Lane; Marie Dressler; Larry Ronnell; John Barrymore; Donald Pickard; Wallace Beery; King Pachot; John Harlow; Oliver Jordan; Lionel Barrymore; Max Kane; Lee Tracy; De Wine Talt; Edmund Lowe; Mrs; Mrs; Jollie Burke; Paula Jordan; Madge Evans; Jo; Nogoo; Jean Hersholt; Miss; Kaye Talmadge; Karen Marden; Marie Lawrence; Louis Cameron; Hacks; DeGrazia; Phillips Holmes; Mrs; Hendell; May Robson; Edie; Eddy; Eddie; Thea; Thea; Thea; Leatrice Joy; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; Miss; 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We have selected the six poses illustrated above and have reproduced them in color on good quality stock. Sheet size of each picture 5¼” x 4¼”. They will be supplied unmounted suitable for framing or mounting in your picture collection.

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PH 8-33
CHIQUITA CARSONNE, eighteen-year-old Georgia girl, is having a vogue in Hollywood "reading the stars for the stars."

Gary Cooper is credited with having "discovered" her and is sponsoring her.

She says, for instance, that Gary will be married within two years.

She told Richard Arlen that his and Jobyna's baby would have a Caesarean birth.

Jack LaRue, she predicts, will have "business and domestic disturbances."

And Claudette Colbert should "hit closer bond" with her husband, Norman Foster, Chiquita declares, else there will be a divorce within a year, with Foster as the complainant.

So Chiquita says.

OVER on the "One Sunday Afternoon" set a carnival was in full blast with a greased pig in a ring and everything. For several days it was noticed Gary Cooper kept hanging around the greased pig. At last, he was unable to resist it any longer and went into the ring after the pig.

Immediately the whole set was in a state of excitement. Work was completely suspended while the director, players and extras gathered outside the ring to watch Gary "try" to catch the pig. People were screaming instructions, "grab her by the snout! and get her into a corner!"

At last, after two weary hours, Gary managed to land the pig. But by that time everyone was so exhausted, work was called off till the next day.

HOLLYWOOD'S hermit, Jack Holt, has been stepping out to parties lately and seems to like it. Jack's adventures into night life began shortly after his divorce.

EVERYBODY seems to have the wrong lowdown on the Rudy Vallee-Fay Webb business, including some famous columnists.

Raquel Torres, who is Fay's close friend and confidante, says Rudy has telephoned Fay several times a week since she returned to California, asking her to make up. What very few people realize is the fact that Fay's health makes it impossible for her to remain in the damp climate of New York. Also, and obviously, there could be no night life for her. This has been the real reason for her frequent trips to California—not family quarrels, as rumor would have it.

THAT air of suspense has at last relaxed, over Paramount way. Everybody waited with bated breath (don't ask what they used for bait!) to see who would inherit the prize dressing-room of the lot—La Dietrich's.

The tension is over. Nobody gets it, until Marlene herself moves back, the latter part of August, when she returns to make the two pictures for which she signed just before her departure.

AND who among all the boys that for years have been trying to draw even a flicker of interest from Greta Garbo ever thought it could be done by means of a dog.

But Lee Duncan, who owned and trained the great Rin-Tin-Tin, has done it.

He presented La Garbo with a descendant of the old dog and Garbo was that flattered.

MERVYN LE ROY, director of "A Tugboat Annie," is such a tiny fellow they've nicknamed him the "Fly."

The other day, the supervisor came strolling onto the set. An electrician looked up and called to Mervyn: "Hey, Fly, here comes your swatter."

PHIL STONG, who wrote "State Fair" and "Stranger's Return," just bought himself an Iowa farm for $8,500.

Nothing remarkable about that—except that it happens to be the farm on which he was born, and which his father sold, in 1918, for $40,000.

LISTING the names of ten men whom he considers to be the best dressed in the world, Adolphe Menjou privately puts himself first, the Prince of Wales second.

Also, Menjou has another trick. He frequently modifies his list so that the name of his host-at-the-moment may be included.

Thoroughbreds all, Leslie Howard and his two English setters, "Ned" and "Lady" and what a British gentleman atmosphere they create together! That's what Leslie's breathing now. He's in England to make a picture, and then a play.
In Chicago . . . .

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS
are sold exclusively by
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

It forecasts fall! Helen Twelvetrees, clever frock from Paramount's play, "Disgraced," a "Hollywood Fashion."

Stores Nationally known for their style leadership sell "Hollywood Fashions," genuine motion picture costumes selected and sponsored by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for faithful copies of the clever clothes presented on Pages 60-65 of this issue at Bloomingdale's, New York City; Abraham & Straus of Brooklyn, Hudson's of Detroit and The Dayton Company of Minneapolis . . . to name but a few of the confidence-commanding institutions listed for your reference on Page 111.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
In Association with WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, Inc.
Lucky Strike Cigarettes

It's toasted

No more need be said
“I Know Women By Their Eyes”
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

The successful hostess plans her menu with great attention to flavors. However famous her mushroom soup may be she does not serve it before roast duckling, but offers instead a simple bouillon.

After fine food only fine tobacco can be really enjoyed—that is why Camels are so often served in homes famous for their thoughtful hospitality.

Leaf tobacco for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to $1.00, but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

Jewels by Marcus  Linen by Massé
Crystal by Plummer  Flavor and mildness by Camel

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
This young lady keeps her finger-tips beautifully manicured. People admire and comment on her lovely hands. They are discreetly silent, of course, about her dingy teeth—but they do notice them.

Examine your own teeth—and gums!

If your gums are flabby and tender and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush—the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

For neglected, "pink tooth brush" may lead to serious gum troubles—to gingivitis, Vincent’s disease and even to pyorrhea. It may cloud the brightness and sparkle of your teeth, and may even endanger teeth that are perfectly sound.

**IPANA AND MASSAGE**

**DEFEAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

To have firm, healthy gums and good-looking, bright teeth, do this:

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. And each time, put a little extra Ipana on your tooth brush or finger-tip and massage it into your tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana helps tone your gums.

Today’s foods are too soft and creamy to give proper stimulation to your gums. But the massage with Ipana corrects this.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana today. Follow the Ipana method, and very soon you’ll have brighter, whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will disappear.

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

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NIGHT FLIGHT

JOHN BARRYMORE
HELEN HAYES
CLARK GABLE
LIONEL BARRYMORE
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
MYRNA LOY

A CLARENCE BROWN Production

The Spectacular Romance based on the Prize Novel "Night Flight" has been made into a Giant Entertainment. It takes its place alongside of the Biggest Productions created at the Miracle Studios of M-G-M.

David O. Selznick, Executive Producer

ONLY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER COULD DO IT!
High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long Shots .......................... Kathryn Dougherty 25
So Comes the End of the Rainbow Trail ........ Agnes Foster 28
The Barnstorming Barneysores .................... Ruth Rankin 32
“I Know Women by Their Eyes” ................... Hilary Lynn 36
“Smilin’ Through” Wins! ............................ 38
Cal York’s Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood .. 46
$1,500 in Prizes for Movie Muddles ............... 52
They Conquered Self-Consciousness ............... Adele Whitely Fletcher 54
Seymour—Photoplay’s Style Authority ............ 61
How Sylvia Insured Jean Harlow’s Success ...... Stella 70
More Hollywood Good Times ........................ 72
The Hollywood Beauty Shop ........................ Carolyn Van Wyck 75

Photoplay’s Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures .................. 8
The Shadow Stage ................................... 56

Personalities

Janet Gaynor ........................................ 31
It Wasn’t the Baby’s Fault! ......................... Jack Jamison 33
Mama Loves Papa .................................... Hilary Lynn 40
She Lived in a Glass Cage .......................... James Marion 45
White Woman in the Jungle ......................... Virginia Maxwell 50
Joan’s Heart Still Beats for Doug ................. Fred Arnold 60
Poor “Maedchen”! .................................. Reginald Tavner 69
Don’t Live With Your Mother-in-Law Says Irene Dunne to Virginia Maxwell 74

On the cover—Marion Davies—Painted by Earl Christy
The Audience Talks Back

Just when one might expect the nationwide enthusiasm over Ruby Keeler and her co-stars in "42nd Street" to run its course, along they come with "Gold Diggers of 1933"—and it promises greater popularity than its predecessor! So here's Ruby and co-star Dick Powell

The $25 Letter

I correspond with relatives scattered through Europe. We usually discuss the movies and movie stars.

I find that through the movies the Europeans see the human side of America. The majority of the European nations are now struggling out of their financial rats and they see the way the Americans are taking the so-called depression over here. The movies have awakened a deeper feeling between us.

So I say to the actors and actresses, as well as the directors, "Keep up the good work, the whole world is for you."

Wyona Watson, Indianapolis, Ind.
(The people of foreign nations seem to be with us, even though their politicians are not. Ed.)

The $10 Letter

As I am "fat and forty," I naturally want to slump and let myself go. But a visit to the pictures will snap me right out of it.

When the beautiful heroine appears on the screen in all her youthful allure, I find myself turning up the corners of my mouth and pushing my straggly waves in place, while I firmly resolve to lose ten pounds next week and get a finger-wave tomorrow!

The movies keep me eternally young.

Mrs. W. Roy Porter, Ladonia, Texas

The $5 Letter

I know that every movie lover keeps a scrap book on Photoplay—the Shadow Stage! This is what I do and have done for the past four and a half years; remove the rivets from the magazine and carefully remove the full pages of the reviews and the casts and bind them in a complete book at the end of the year, using the brief reviews for July and January following for an index. This serves me in three ways: (1) Look up the picture to see if it is worth seeing; (2) Study the cast after the show; (3) Amuse myself by remembering the shows again through the older books.


Would-Be Boy Friends

The picture was over! Lights flashed on, and as happy crowds poured into the street humming "42nd Street" and "Shuffle Off!" a small boy suddenly asked his mother:

"Do you think I'll ever have a girl like Ruby Keeler, mother?"

Men paused to smile sympathetically... girls laughed... everyone looked kindly on the little fellow. He had voiced something which nearly all of us felt: "Here's a girl I'd love for sister, pal or sweetheart!"

Why? Because she was real! Her big eyes had their own natural beauty, and best of all... oh, crown of crowns... she wore her own dark, wavy hair! What a relief after the torrent of peroxide waves!

Keep it dark, Ruby! Keep it dark!

Robert B. Patton, Philadelphia, Penna.

The Perfect Host

The other night a gang of kids decided to come to my house. Mother was tired and didn't want a lot of noise, so I felt rather concerned about how I could entertain them.

When they arrived we all piled in the car and started for a ride. We had gone a few miles when one of the gang shouted, "Hey, you stop!" "What's the matter?" I asked, as I put on the brakes, "a flat tire?"

"No, worse than that. We just passed a theater showing '42nd Street,' and I'm broke!"

Well, for once we were in luck. I had enough change in my pocket to get us all in. And it was a good show. And how! They all agreed they liked my way of entertaining.

I've often said I would not care to see the same show twice, but I could see "42nd Street" a dozen times and still enjoy it.

Barbara H. Bryant, El Cajon, Calif.

Picture Savers

I would like to say a word or two for our "unstarred stars."

As I look back upon the gigantic parade of films that have flickered before my eyes, the two most outstanding "unstarred stars," in my opinion, are Lewis Stone and James Gleason. These two have saved many a picture from disaster.

Mary Schubert, Tacoma, Wash.

Garbo!

I have listened to a great deal of discussion as to why Garbo is so popular and I think I know the secret. Garbo is poetry personified, and I've noticed that people who enjoy poetry also enjoy Garbo.

Of course, all of us do not care for poetry and for the same reason there are many who do not care for Garbo.

Norma Nelson, Coville, Wash. [Please turn to page 14]
You can’t go wrong if you say “Let’s go Tonight to see one of these great WARNER BROS. PICTURES”

"CAPTURED!" with LESLIE HOWARD. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paul Lukas. A dramatic surprise you will never forget!

"MARY STEVENS, M.D." with KAY FRANCIS...LYLE TALBOT...GLENDA FARRELL. The passionate pilgrimage of a woman doctor...

"GOODBYE AGAIN" B’way’s sensational stage success with Joan Blondell, Warren William, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Chandler, Wallace Ford, Hugh Herbert.

GEORGE ARLISS in "VOLTAIRE" with DORIS KENYON. The greatest characterization that Arliss has yet brought to the screen.

AND WATCH FOR EDWARD G. ROBINSON, KAY FRANCIS, GENEVIEVE TOBIN IN "I LOVED A WOMAN"
Movie Muddles $1,500.00 Contest will be found on pages 52 and 53 this issue of Photoplay.

It's not too late to try your hand if you haven't started. More fascinating than anything you have ever before tackled.

ADORABLE—Fox. Janet Gaynor in a pay, lovely, soft ball about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat is the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (A aug)

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox. Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a lightly English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (June)

AIR ITONESS—Columbia. Evalyn Knapp's wove trouble, suffered while dressed in a mock airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (A pr)

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures. A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony factor. (A)

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia. Alan Dinehart pulls a "money murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Ma Clarke's money. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (A pr)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M. If starved for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a "sindled" "Sheik" and "Groosaer" shows of Myrna Loy. (June)


BEDTIME STORY—A. Paramount—Baby LeRoy, giving a great performance, reforming gay bachelor for Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BEHIND JURY DOORS—Mayfair Pictures. Juster Collier and Geraldine Page are resurfaced as "Coneball" and the Ashes. (A pr)


BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaumont British-Universe. A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (A pr)

BIG BRAIN, THE—RKO-Radio. Clever and fast, except in the climax. George O'Brien is the brain climber to public. steroids of Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BIG CAGE, THE—Universal. Clyde Ray is in tiring arts. training schools. Some shots. Some hits. in bad taste. (May)

BIG DRIVE, THE—First Division. A very gory, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the War. (A pr)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National. Well acted gangster stuff. with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (A pr)

BONDAGE—Fox. Dorothy Jordan as a "misunderstood girl" ruined by crime at the hands of Ralph Williams, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendidly treated in a grim subject. (July)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox. Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway. Thin. (May)

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod. This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (Aug)

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National. When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (A pr)

CHIRING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures. A would-be murder mystery and sex. it's not. (July)

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—RKO-Radio. Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in a which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (May)


CLEAR ALL WIRES—M-G-M. A wow about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his boss, and the world. (A pr)


CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio. Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Kene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox. Thin as a crook tale, but Miriam Jordan, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (A pr)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tanfiam Prod. A somewhat slow piece about an embezzler. Max Pallenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (June)

DER HAUPMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)—Carlzicknayger Prod. A down-and-out oilman borrows a uniform and rules the roost for a day. (A pr)

DESTINATION UNKNOWN—Universal. —Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing run-away on a sinking ship. Put O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)


DINNER AT EIGHT—M-G-M. Another funny star. There's limited talent by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (A)

DIPLOMATIC—RKO-Radio. Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots. Awful in others; lavish girl display. (July)

DREI TAGE MITTTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)—Allianz Tanfam Prod. Excellent comedy situations when the mayor's maid seeks the father of her child. German dialogue. (Aug)

DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied. Hoot Gibson. Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (June)

EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE—Paramount. The much used anti-war theme of the ace who cracks under the strain of killing. Fredric March superb; fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, others. (July)

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Allied. —A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (May)

ELMER THE GREAT—First National. Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoors Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (June)

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio. Another hospital, gauged, doctor-and-nurse melod. led by Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, spotty. (July)
"YOU MUST SEE PILGRIMAGE"

The new season's biggest thrill... talked about by everyone who's seen it... and you'll rave too! "PILGRIMAGE"... burning story of three great loves... a picture too big for words to describe. Be sure you see it... so ask your theatre manager now when he plans to show it. "PILGRIMAGE"... triumph of Fox Films, new leader in Motion Picture Entertainment,

"WE JUST SAW 'PILGRIMAGE'... DON'T MISS IT!"
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

EX-LADY—Warners.—Bette Davis is far from conventional love until a stern and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic vehicle. (Apr Il)

FAST WORKERS—M.G.M.—Mae Clarke fine in a dull tale about a two-times skyscraper ripster (Jack Gilbett). (May)

FIRES OF FATE—Power Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a plaster-backed veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (June)

FLYING DEVILS, THE—RKO Radio.—Jeaus hubbub and excitement in the air circus, trying to crash Eric Linden. Eric's brother, Bruce Cabot, sacrifices himself in air battle with Belkam. (Aug)

FORGOTTEN JEWEL—Jewel Prod.—Official war films from fourteen countries; nothing too strong to put in. Fine if you can stand seeing what really happened. (Aug)

FRIEDEKIE—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe, with music. (May)

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN—Paramount.—A great stunt in a grand mess about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oakie in it. (Apr Il)

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE—M-G-M.—The bitterest of comedies, a satirical picture of a President who would do to depression; splendidly played by Walter Huston and Kaye Moody. Franchot Tone in fine support. (June)

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount.—A good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant, Benita Hume, in a bodly worked out gangster piece. (Aug)

GHOST TRAIN, THE—Gainsborough.—A special train—supposed to cause sleepers, but the horror breaks bodly. (May)

GIRL IN 49, THE—Paramount.—Sex and adventure in a hospital, where gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Fast-stepping, done well. (Jul)

GIRL, MISSING—Warners.—You can be, without missing much; Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (June)

GOLD DUGGERS OF 1933—Warners.—Another and even better "22nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A woos musical. (Aug)

GREAT JASPER, THE—RKO Radio.—The life of an expatriate Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a great performance), who makes go at Atlantic City fortun-telling, and with Vera Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (Apr Il)

HELL BELOW—M.G.M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Carking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don't miss it. (June)

HELLOSISTER—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Malone get in a formula plot—soldier makes trouble, the truth comes out, etc. Zasu Pitts helps a lot. (July)

HEROES FOR SALE—First National.—Boo hoo! It's not too sweet—all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Bitterness! (Aug)

HERTHA'S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forget... Candid axe done sincerely, German with English subtitles. (June)

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.—An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (July)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.—Another Jimmie Dunn-Sally Elters opus, poor boy besting the villain, they live happily, etc. (Aug)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-minded old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (June)

I WILL NOT WISSEN WER DU BST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE) INTERWORLD PROD.—A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. (May)

"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"—United Artists.—Another and even better "22nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A woos musical. (Aug)

IHRE MAJESTAT DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)—Warners—First National.—No English subtitles, to the German tale of an aristocracy (Francis Lederer) inspiring himself (Kathia von Nagy). (Apr Il)

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll sticks to con-man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (July)

INDIA—Eagle.—A poor piece of work; bad acting, flat story, underproduction. (Aug)

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INFERNO MACHINE—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama, over-sexy. (May)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—Paramount.—A riot of gags, minor talents, mere punch lines, with William C. Fields and others, while Sta Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (Aug)

JENNIE GERHARDT—Paramount.—An experiment. Sylvia Sidney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unweeded, loved her man throughout life. (July)

JUNGLE BRIDE—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain hokey. (Apr Il)

KEYHOLE, THE—Warners.—Kay Francis and George Brent lend romance to a half-baking myst. (May)

KING KONG—RKO Radio.—A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (May)

KING OF THE AFRICA—Universal.—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (May)

KING OF THE JUNGLE—Paramount.—Buster Keaton debuts as the "Lion Man," famed by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (May)

KING OF THE WILD HORSES—Columbia.—Tiring animal stuff, featuring the stallion Rex and fellow equines. (Apr Il)

KING'S VACATION, THE—Warners.—George Arliss in a light but droll piece about a king freed by revolution and his wife to seek his first love. (Apr Il)

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE—Universal.—Paul Lukas makes a faultless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (May)

LADY'S PROFESSION, A—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you laugh too much to mind. Alizon Skipworth and Roland Young as titled Britons unwittingly running a speakeasy. (Aug)

LAUGHING AT LIFE—Masque Pictures.—A well-done Richard Harding Davis type of tale about a woman Victor McLaglen raising Cain in a banana republic. (Aug)

LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a misled prizefighter. (July)

LILLY TURNER—First National.—Inexcusable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a sideshow performer. Worth avoiding. (July)

LITTLE GIANT, THE—Warners.—Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a savior by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (June)

LOOKING FORWARD—M.G.M.—This achievement is in perfection. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (June)

LOVE IN MOROCCO—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (June)

LUCKY DOG—Universal.—Canine actor Butler turns in a good performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chie Sale (cast as a young man). (July)

"M"—Nerofilm.—Based on the Duesseldorf child Voltaire, the picture is for children or emotional adults. English subtitles. (June)

MADE ON BROADWAY—M.G.M.—Bob Montgomery, Sally Elters, Madge Evans and Eugene Pallette in a dull one over a literary girl. (June)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Page 10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SONG OF SONGS"

A Rouben Mamoulian Production with Brian Aherne, Lionel Atwill, Alison Skipworth, from the story by Hermann Sudermann and play by Edward Sheldon.

One of the world's great stories comes to the star who can make it live... "The Song of Songs"—the Love of Loves—blindly sought through tragic amours by a woman too feminine to grasp true happiness.
MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE.—Warner.—John Wayne in a historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in ’99. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (July)

MAN HUNT.—RKO-Radio.—Junior Durkin, an anthropomorphic seal, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (Apr)

MAN WHO WON, THE.—British International.—A playboy nobleman dragges through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (May)

MASQUERADER, THE.—Goldwyn.—United Artists, which has superbly in the double role of English gentleman and disolute conman, whose identity he assume. (May)

MAYOR OF HELL, THE.—Warner.—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform when he marries Frances Dee, things hum. Madge Evans. (Aug)

MELODY CRUISE.—RKO Radio.—Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (Apr)

MEN MUST FIGHT.—M-G-M.—Pacificism av, patriotism, championed by John Garfield and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (Apr)

MIDNIGHT MARY.—M-G-M.—Loretta Young does a better than usual gun moll; she boosts big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Franchot Tone for the plot. (April)

MIDNIGHT WARNING.—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

MIND READER, THE.—First National.—Warren William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

MORGENROT (DAWN).—UFA.—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (Aug)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO.—Paramount.—Lionel Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wife Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

MUSOLINI SPEAKS.—Columbia.—While H Doctor makes an address, "cut in" shows the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

NARROW CORNER, THE.—Warner.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a higubrious tale of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (Aug)

NIGHT AND DAY.—Gaumont-British.—Mixed puns and melodrama, done in fin de siecle British fashion; the mixture doesn’t jell. (Aug)

NIUSANCE, THE.—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break.") Lee Tracy at his best as a sinister lawyer and abduc- tion cluser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunk doctor accomplish, until Madge Evans tops them up. Fast, packed with angles. (July)

OBEY THE LAW.—Columbia.—Les Carloo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

OLIVER TWIST.—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens flavor. (May)

OUR BETTERS.—RKO-Radio.—Sophisticated and raw; sexy doing in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Bumble-Coober. (May)

OUT ALL NIGHT.—Universal.—Can’t you imagine: a Sammamish and Zane Grey pit of hoonymooning, with mafia along? (May)

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS.—William K. Vanderbilt.—Mr. Vanderbilt’s child’s journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (Aug)

PAROLE.—Colin.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mac Clark. (May)

PEG O’ MY HEART.—M-G-M.—The old musical favorite, pleasantly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Oskar Zeller. (July)

PELICAN CODE, THE.—Michelangelo Films.—An escape from the no-man’s land of this no-man’s plot. (May)

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING.—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves happily in spite of his misdeeds. (May)

PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE.—Monogram.—Companion stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn’t help. (June)

PICTURE SNATCHER.—Warner.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (June)

PILGRIMAGE.—Fox.—Hermietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, exquisitely done. (July)

PENAL CODE, THE.—First Film.—An ex- convict’s problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (May)

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SAILOR’S LUCK.—Fox.—Ritons "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sea is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

SAMARANG.—Zeitlin-United Artists.—A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (July)

SECRETS.—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl; Pickford flies her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. All worth seeing. (Apr)

SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE.—Incredible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folk (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (Apr)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES.—First National.—Loretta Young, check-and-suit model, must be agreeable to out-of-town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (Aug)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT,—A.—Allied.—In fact plenty of shricks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-line thriller. (June)

SILK EXPRESS, THE.—Warner.—Good melodrama; tries to stop a silk shipment from Japan. Neil Hamilton; fine support. (Apr)

SILVER CORD, THE.—RKO Radio.—Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother; son Joel McCrea as wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancée of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparkling but "tacky." (July)

SISTER TO JUDAS.—Mayfair Pictures.—Endless revels about a girl who tries to rise by being "lady." (Apr)

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM.—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol lieutenant and bigger smugglers; Regis Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (Aug)

SOMEBODY IN SONORA.—Warner.—Love-ly story would make a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (April)

SONG OF THE EAGLE.—Paramount.—An honest old beer baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (July)

SOUS LA LUNE DU MARCON (MOON OVER MOROCCO).—Vandall-Delph Prod.—Five Europeans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (Apr)

SPINX, THE.—Monogram.—Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill still as chief chiller; Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Louis Al bun. (Aug)

STATE FAIR.—Fox.—A lonely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Jane Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (Low Ayres and Willo Filer) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (Apr)

STATE TROOPER.—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evelyn Knapp. (May)

STORY OF TEMPLE Drake, THE.—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue, Sordid, repulsive. (July)

STRANGE PEOPLE.—Cheltenham.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rebash of old horrors worth filming. (June)

STRUCTLY PERSONAL.—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff; Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A.—World Wide.—Has Regis Toomey as Sherlock Holmes, but Conan Doyle wouldn’t know the story. Fair. (Aug)

SUCKER MONEY.—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done expose of fake medallions. (July)

SUNSET PASS.—Paramount.—A Western that is one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone’s time. (Aug)
YOUR TEETH SO MUCH Whiter YOUR BREATH SO MUCH Sweeter

Most of the women (and very critical women they are, too) who use Listerine Tooth Paste offer this interesting comment.

"It cleans so much better, makes my teeth so much whiter and breath so agreeable that I wouldn’t use any other."

What more honest, more practical comment could be made about a dentifrice? And when you consider that more than 2,000,000 women have chosen Listerine Tooth Paste in preference to more costly dentifrices, the statement must be true. The fact that they pay only 25¢ for Listerine Tooth Paste, thus saving approximately $3.00 a year over 50¢ varieties, is incidental.

Results are what you are interested in. Won’t you try a tube? Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
Read These Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

SILLY, BUT NICE

Is there ever a word of commendation published in favor of the cleverly conceived and artistically portrayed semi-comic (if you will allow me) picture, namely Walt Disney’s “Silly Symphony”? I have in mind particularly “Babes in the Woods” done in color, but I have seen many of Disney’s Silly Symphonies and I have yet to witness one that was not amusing.

The music, and it is good music, too, synchronizes so perfectly with every action of the subjects of the picture, that I marvel at the unlimited patience and ingenuity it must require to set up such a picture.

E. B. STOLBA, Pasadena, Calif.

SUGAR-COATED CULTURE

With only a dollar to spend each week for all cultural training, I decided that the movies were my strongest ally. By careful selection of pictures, my children are gaining real knowledge and polish, while being entertained, and are much better mannered and well informed than in days when movies were a rare luxury.

To mothers who feel that the depression is robbing their children of cultural advantages, I say, “Take them to the movies, and be grateful to the producers and artists who make it possible for everyone to know perfect English, appreciate real beauty, and feel the inspiration of high ideals.”

MRS. MARY E. BUDA, Englewood, Col.

HAS GARBO GROWN COLD?

Allow me to throw a brick—aimed at the head of that silent sophisticate, Greta Garbo. I don’t like her, and don’t mind saying so.

Those hollow cheeks and drooping eyelids make her look more fit for a sanitarium than a moving picture. The discontented droop of her mouth is anything but lovely, and her movements are studied, artificial.

Too unnatural, too cold, too extreme! And the pity of it is, she could be beautiful if she’d leave off that “sick cat” expression and smile a little oftener. With her possibilities she might become a great actress.

RUTH NEIL, Paris, Ky.

UN-STARRED ARTISTS

May I say a word in behalf of the non-featured players, whose names are sometimes omitted from the cast, yet who invariably turn out finished performances?


G. T. TARBOX, Hollis, N. Y. C.

And, secondly, has anyone noticed her modesty? In three magazines I counted fourteen pictures of her, and in every single one she was wearing high neck and long sleeves. I am so tired of backless evening gowns, backless bathing suits, and bare legs.

May this refreshing modesty set a new fashion!

Three cheers for this delightful girl with the bony, lanky body, big mouth, high cheek bones, gorgeous eyes and exquisite brow.

DOROTHEA CRANE, Pittsburgh, Penna.
To Learn What the Public Thinks

STAR-STRUCK POET

If I had the glamour of Garbo
And Connie Bennett's poise,
If I could dress like Shearer
(Would I have my pick of the boys?)
If my legs were just like Dietrich's
And Joan Crawford would lend me her charm,
If I were as winsome as Gaynor
(Could I do a bit of harm?)
If Mae West would give me her "come on"
And Lupe would give me her pep,
If I were seductive like Myrna
Could I be making a rep?  

I'd go to Hollywood surely,
A producer would sign me for life—But
I better start cooking the dinner
For I'm only a movie-struck wife.

Mrs. H. E. Muldoon, Philadelphia, Penna.

CHARMING MR. ARLIS

Can anyone touch the performances of George Arliss for sheer artistry? In "The Working Man" he gave us a portrayal so deft and delightful that the audience was enraptured.

Three cheers for "The Working Man!" Not the chap who's getting the "new deal"—we mean George Arliss in the picture of that name. The country's going Arliss, with kind words for Bette, also. So here are the two favorites, as they appear in a scene of the picture.

What things people are saying about Katharine Hepburn. They're always discovering something new. This month it's her modesty in clothes, high neck and all. Of course, you have noticed

The story also was charming, and the strong-Mrs. Hepburn had in some time. Bette Davis is at her best. And who is this Theodore Newton? He is a real find.

Paul Endicott, Westfield, N. J.

O.K. HE'S VERY PARTICULAR

I wish someone would help me understand these movie people. I was reading an article in Photoplay about Mr. George Arliss. In his picture "The Working Man," (the article said) he wouldn't allow Bette Davis to wear pajamas but ordered them to make her a nightgown. Also, the article said, a costly painting was discarded by Mr. Arliss and another painting used. But a few days later when I saw the picture in question, Bette Davis was so entirely covered that no one could tell whether she wore nightgown or pajamas, and we didn't get more than a sideways glance at the painting, and couldn't possibly see what it looked like. So what?

Mrs. C. E. Conger, Tulsa, Okla.

SONG O' ERIN

Three dozen Irish orchids to Marion Davies for her superb portrayal of the colleen in "Peg O' My Heart!"

But the most charming bit in the picture, in my opinion, is the village scene in which there is a real Irish breakaway dance and the lad with the accordion sings his Irish song. It was for this that I saw the picture twice.

Mariee Martin, Henderson, Ky.

MOVIES THAT CURE

What a changing world we live in! Ten years ago when I was first appointed a member of the hospital staff, two young nurses were dismissed for sneaking off to a picture one evening on their monthly "day off." For ten years I saw no movies.

But this morning when I came on duty I found a note on my desk, left by the doctor in charge. It said: "Nurse, in view of the fact that patients in rooms twelve, fourteen and twenty are recuperating nicely, you may take those who care to go to a motion picture uptown at about three o'clock. Car is at your disposal."

Did I pinch myself? We went, my three charges and I, and we have all survived.

Alison W. Free, Regina, Canada.

PAPA SPANK

We are playing a new film game in our family. The game has been temporarily titled: "Stalling Junior." I wish to set forth the general proceedings:

Junior: Dad, what's it mean when Mae West says, "Y'know, you can be bad"?

Dad: Ahem—well—er—that is—well, it just means that she would like to have the gentleman call on her sometime.

Junior: Well, what's a 'sugardaddy'?

Dad: Oh, she just wants things, that's all.

Junior: Say, dad, you aren't a 'sugardaddy,' are you?

Dad: Now you run along and ask your mother about that.

It's a great game all right, but it takes patience, tact and plenty of stalling.

Eugene Farrar, Los Angeles, Calif.

[Please turn to page 16]
What the Audience Thinks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Just Around the Corner

Unemployed? Funds low? Spirits lower? Go to the movies. If you're a man, get an eyeful of the "gals"; if a woman, the star's gowns and boy friends. Worse luck than yours makes tame movie plays. Put your ingrown grump on the spot. Go to the movies!

MABEL WINTER, New Cumberland, Penn.

EIGHT HOUR MOVIE!

I went to see Clark Gable and Helen Hayes in "The White Sister" yesterday afternoon at three o'clock and stayed until eleven. I didn't realize how late it had grown, but when Giovanni was just escaping from the German prisons (for the third time), a hand was laid on my arm and my mother whispered, "It's eleven o'clock." I certainly knew then why my stomach had been bothering me. Mother had almost called the police to hunt for me!

MARVEL DAVIS, Muskegon, Mich.

SECRET SORROWS

I knew that Fredric March is married, Clark Gable has "big ears," and Leslie Howard's physique is nothing to write a song about. I see that Bing Crosby looks "slouchy fat," and William Gargan hasn't enough mouth, and Robert Montgomery's "gone Hollywood." I've been told that Joel McCrea courts the married ladies, Jack LaRue has no background, and Gloria Swanson's broke. I've read that Joan Crawford is fishing for publicity, and Lea Helburne strives for "effect," and Janet Gaynor has temperament. That Lupe Velez has been misunderstood and Clara Bow will reform.

But does all that spoil my "illusions"? I don't even care that they've given sex-appeal to Mickey Mouse and Schnozzle Durante! I'll go see pictures and read movie magazines till Mae West's ideas grow old.

MRS. BILLIE MCBRIDE, Lamar, S. C.

A Cure for Lover Spats

A young married couple of our acquaintance accompanied us to a show the other night. They'd had a family tiff and were not on speaking terms.

The picture, fortunately for them, was Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong." Long before that picture had reached Mae's final hippity wisecrack that young couple were not only laughing at Mae but laughing at and talking to each other.

Mae West's comeback and witticisms wiped out that family tiff in one brief hour.

JASPER B. SINCLAIR, San Francisco, Calif.

The First Year Is Hardest

Have you ever tried the movies as a cure for bad temper? Some time ago my husband and I had one of those misunderstandings which so often occur between two people terribly in love with each other, but who are just beginning to adjust their lives together during the first year of marriage. There were high words between us and almost a fatcal rupture.

But in a lucid moment I collected myself and rushed out.

I went to the neighborhood show. For two hours I was moved by the emotional tragedies and the tender, exquisite moments of love in the movies. By the time the picture was over, only love for my husband remained in my heart. In a chastened mood, I wended my way home to be met at the door with a sweet kiss by my husband. He, too, had gone to see "The First Year!"

MRS. S. SCHRIN, New York, N. Y.

Stars That Dimmed

Each month when I receive my copy of Photoplay, I turn to that department called "Screen Memories From Photoplay," and travel once more down memory's lane to a bygone era. Always there lurks a little ache in my heart for those "forgotten faces."

When "Street Scene" played at our theater a year or so ago, I caught a fleeting glimpse of Ella Hall, once a famous star, playing an extra in a mob scene. Recently, in "Gabriel Over the White House," I recognized Gladden James who, fifteen years ago, was a popular leading man, cast in a bit part with one line of dialogue. A few days ago, in Buck Jones' "McKenna of the Mounted," I saw the man who unforgettably portrayed old Senator Strongbow in Griffith's masterpiece, "The Birth of a Nation," playing an insignificant role.

I hold, then, my little grief for those forgotten stars of yesteryear, for to a loyal follower who has known and loved them, their reclusion to the rank and file brings a lump to the throat and a smarting to the eyes—but I left the theater with the feeling that I had seen the familiar faces of old friends—still beloved.

MRS. W. P. JACKSON, Columbia, Tenn.

The Pleasure Is Ours

I have attended all the leading motion pictures. I know every plot. I have an intimate acquaintance with the actors and actresses.

Am I a millionaire? I should say not. I doubt if I could raise the price to go to a single show, even if I had the chance.

All has been done in my mind. You see, living in a town not affording movies at present, I revel from cover to cover in Photoplay, which a good Samaritan friend gives me.

I want you to know how much your magazine puts into one's life in a case like mine. It gives me the biggest thrill and pep. I get in the way of amusement. And as I said in the beginning, I honestly do visualize the motion pictures of the day so vividly presented to me in Photoplay.

MRS. A. L. STRAIT, Umatilla, Fla.

Cheap Skates?

I receive the Photoplay Magazine every month, and I pay particular notice to the letters sent in by the audience.

I wouldn't be afraid to bet that half of the ones who make nasty remarks about the stars get into the shows on passes or crash the gates.

I at one time worked as usher here at the Orpheum Theater, and I remember the people I let in free always made the biggest howl.

RAYMOND DOUGLAS, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Friendly Enemies

It maddens me to find another film couple approaching the Great Divide every time I pick up the newspaper. If they must divorce each other, let them. But please, Mr. Actor and Mrs. Actress, don't proclaim to a weary-of-the-subject-public that you intend to be "the best of friends."

MARGARET M. DOUCHERTY, Wilmington, Del.
I'M SAVING LOTS OF MONEY ON CLOTHES WASHING THEM THE "SCRUBLESS" WAY AND LOOK—THEY'RE AT LEAST 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

JIM, MY HOUSEHOLD LINENS LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO

I'VE NOTICED MY SHIRTS DON'T GET FRAYED THE WAY THEY USED TO

IT'S BECAUSE I NEVER USE A WASHBOARD ANY MORE! WITH RINSO, DIRT IS SOAKED OUT INSTEAD OF BEING SCRUBBED OUT

THAT SOUNDS EASY —

IT IS MUCH EASIER, JIM! I DON'T NEED TO SCRUB OR BOIL... YET MY WASH LOOKS WHITER THAN EVER! RINSO MAKES DISHWASHING EASY, TOO

YOU'RE SMART, DARLING!

These "no work" washdays save clothes—save you—save your hands

WHY SLAVE over a washboard, when you can get clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter just by soaking?

Save work, save your hands — change to Rinso! Dirt floats out in Rinso's lively suds and all you need to do is rinse. Clothes come so white — so sweet and clean — they don't even need to be boiled.

The makers of 40 famous washers—the home-making experts of 516 leading newspapers — recommend Rinso. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—even in hard water. One box lasts and lasts. Use Rinso for dishes and all cleaning. Get it at your grocer's now.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP
Often a Bridesmaid . . . at last a Bride

Myrtle—of all women—was going to be married. The townspeople simply couldn't believe it. Seeing one man after another slip through her hands, they had come to look upon her as a sort of premature old maid, who every year came out of obscurity to act as bridesmaid for some of her girl friends. And now she had won a man for herself—not only an attractive man but a successful one. Myrtle's friends were very happy about it all. "Well, Myrtle finally woke up to herself," they said. "She could have been married years ago if she had even suspected her trouble."

How's your breath today?
PLAY SAFE . . . USE LISTERINE

How is your breath today? Agreeable, you hope, but you do not know for sure. That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). The victim never does know. Moreover, the risk is constantly present.

Halitosis, records prove, affects everyone at some time or other. That is because it springs from conditions generally prevalent in the mouth . . . Tiny bits of fermenting food, a decaying tooth, a leaky filling, minor infections of the mouth, and excesses of eating and drinking.

Why take the chance of making a nuisance of yourself with a disagreeable breath, when by simply using Listerine you can instantly make it wholesome and agreeable?

Listerine cleanses and freshens the mouth. Halts fermentation. Checks decay, and resists infection—all a cause of odors. Then gets rid of the odors themselves.

Don't take chances on too powerful, wishy-washy, or bargain price mouth washes of doubtful deodorant power. Tests have shown that such mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours odors that Listerine conquers instantly.

Be fastidious: Keep Listerine, and Listerine only handy in home and office. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before meeting others. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

LISTERINE makes it agreeable
RICHARD BARTHELMESS has furnished lady movie-goers with heart-throbs for many years now, but he still plays the rôle of young adventurer and plays it well. Dick loves to travel and is particularly fascinated by the Orient. So he is anxiously looking forward to the Oriental atmosphere of "Shanghai Orchid"
VICTOR JORY, handsome and six-feet-two, dug ditches, worked in lumber camps and was a professional wrestler before he found his way to a stock company stage. From there it was but a short step to Hollywood. Film success was assured when all who saw "State Fair" remembered the Barker with the ring game—a small rôle artfully played
WYNNE GIBSON is one of those girls who aims to be as versatile as her ideal man. Remember when Wynne said her perfect lover must be able to fight, swim, fly, command, demand, and be tender in love-making? Maybe that's why Wynne has gone from curls to an exotic headdress, to prove you can be many personalities. "Her Bodyguard" is next
HELEN HAYES always looks like a very good little girl—even in a black, backless gown. But as an actress her mature poise and broad knowledge of her art are unsurpassed. Her next picture is the screen version of "Another Language," in which she plays opposite Robert Montgomery as a misunderstood daughter-in-law.
COTY GIVES YOU A WORRY-FREE FACE

That one keen glance into the hall mirror—as you leave your own home or arrive at that of a friend—that glance flashes this cheerful news:

"When you use Coty Powder, it's on your face—not on your mind. You don't have to worry about it!"

Coty doesn't talk so much about this fine Face Powder taking away "shiny" face, for any powder does that—with more or less satisfaction. No! Coty believes that clever women expect more uncommon things of their Face Powder. They seek subtle flattery—a perfection of tone, a caress in texture, a delicacy of perfume. They want the Face Powder that makes them prettier and more natural looking. Coty gives you these qualities!

You can apply your own Coty Face Powder—and forget it, after it's on. Choose Coty for a "worry-free" face.

* * *

Whether or not you are keenly interested in the details of Coty Face Powder perfection—its accurate skin tones; its fresh fragrances; its silk-sifted texture; its acknowledged purity—we don't know.

We do know that a great many exquisitely lovely women find Coty Face Powder the best flattery they can buy for their faces. Quality governs its every process and ingredient. That is why Coty Powder can be advertised so consistently to the smart readers of this magazine.
The bright stars of movieland are typical of all American women in their love for clean, beautiful homes. That's why Estelle Taylor uses Old Dutch Cleanser exclusively. She knows that it protects lovely surfaces because it doesn't scratch, that it cleans quicker and cleans more things, and that it goes further and does more actual cleaning per penny of cost.

Old Dutch is different from anything else because it is the only cleanser made of pure "seismotite," scientifically recognized as the safest and most economical cleaning material. Old Dutch contains none of the harsh, destructive grit found in ordinary cleansers. Its particles are flaky and flat-shaped, and remove all the dirt quickly and easily, without scratching. It doesn't injure the hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors. There is no substitute for Old Dutch quality and economy.
MARY PICKFORD is still a great personality. When the news of her separation from Douglas Fairbanks broke, the press of the nation devoted more space to the story than would have been accorded to any other couple on the screen. And it was Mary that chiefly made this big news.

The reason is simple. No history of motion pictures could be written without allotting considerable space to Miss Pickford’s career. And, conversely, her biography would be a history of the evolution of the art of motion pictures.

FOR twenty-four years she has appeared almost continuously before screen audiences. Her curls and petite innocence made her a tremendous favorite with the public, and a fortune for herself.

She was the first star. Her fame and prestige and popularity at the time she married Fairbanks in 1920 have never been equalled. No other picture star has ever achieved her eminence. She possessed the love of the world as well as received its adulation.

Instead of her divorce from Owen Moore and her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks ruining her career, as intimate friends feared at the time, the world chose to regard the new matrimonial alliance as a great romance of the screen, and amiably recognized the new husband as a consort royal sitting beside the throne of Queen Mary. And the couple became the social arbiters of the world of the motion picture.

BUT as a star Doug began to overshadow Mary. Such magnificent pictures as “Robin Hood,” “The Thief of Bagdad,” “The Black Pirate” rewarded him greatly in reputation and in money.

The joint popularity of this couple was irresistible. In their stately home, Pickfair, they lavishly entertained earls and counts and even princes of the royal blood.

THOSE who know this couple intimately maintain that it was this social position that eventually undermined their marital happiness. Mary, they assert, kept the cool and steady head. She realized that their joint eminence had been constructed on the work of a lifetime. And only by continuing that work with unflagging energy could that eminence endure.

Doug preferred to relax, to play and to see the world. In a nutshell, as one friend puts it, “Wealth and fame shattered this romance.” And the trend of the argument seems to be, let Doug shoulder the blame.

HOWEVER that may be, the separation has come, and Pickfair—symbol of a departed glory—is for sale.

Doug, at this moment, is scouring foreign lands. Mary, brave trouper since she was four years old, is reported concentrating her mind and her energies upon new picture production plans.

And whether we have seen the climax in the personal lives of these two famous people remains yet to be revealed.

FOR some time Mary’s screen future has been uncertain. Perhaps she has adhered too rigidly to the tradition of “America’s Sweetheart.”

A mature woman, it is only five years since she was shorn of her famous curls. She selected more “grown-up” roles, but still she seemed to play them with something of the naïveté that charmed earlier and less sophisticated audiences.

“Taming of the Shrew” tested the box-office drawing power of Doug as well as Mary, for, as you will recall, both starred in that picture. The crowds came, but were not quite satisfied.

If Mary and Doug had appeared thus jointly on the screen two years earlier, it would have created a tremendous sensation. The garbled screen version of Shakespeare’s play suddenly assumed the importance of a test of the co-stars’ popularity—something that had not been anticipated. Mary was neither her old, sweet, ingenious self, nor the shrewed Katherine. And Doug fell short of the super-hero of “Robin Hood” or “The Thief of Bagdad.”

MARY, performing in “Coquette” a few months before, is said to have made the biggest box-office success of any of her pictures.

That fact is significant. Instead of wandering afield in such dubious ventures as “Secrets,” perhaps Mary
could well consider some such rôle as that of Norma Besant in "Coquette." The curious fact is that "Coquette" was not really a very important picture. It was Mary's personality and acting that carried it. I believe that if she will forget, on the one hand, her earlier rôles and, on the other, will cease experimenting, it is quite possible she may re-establish herself as one of the foremost actresses of the screen.

In any event, the whole world wishes Mary the very best of luck.

The year after Doug and Mary were united in wedlock witnessed the spectacular fall of another star. Fatty Arbuckle was involved, in 1921, in that terrible scandal that destroyed his picture career.

After nearly twelve years of retirement from the screen, a more tolerant public permitted him to try to make a comeback. The removal of the ban permitted him only a glimpse of a new screen future. Fate played its trump card—death.

I believe that, through his disappointments and sufferings, Fatty's score was wiped clean years ago. But death removes all further argument. Arbuckle, before his downfall, had lightened the hearts of millions by his clownings on the silver screen. May he be dealt with kindly beyond the Great Divide.

There's something reminiscent of the old days of the motion picture business, before sound and bankers and other bugaboos laid cold hands upon it, in Buster Keaton making that picture in Florida.

And Mickey Neilan in directing him!
And Sally O'Neil in being a member of the company!
Right away one thinks of Mabel Normand, Norman Kerry, Blanche Sweet, Roscoe Arbuckle, Lew Cody, Mack Sennett, Charlie Chaplin, Mildred Harris, the three Moores, Hoffman's, the Alexandria Hotel.

Maybe Southern California has all the facilities for making pictures, including the climate, but with such a nucleus as Neilan, Keaton and O'Neil, what fun for Florida!

Overheard in an ice cream parlor on the boulevard, one warm evening.

Two couples, all dressed up and on their way, trying to decide on the movie.

"Well," said wife No. 1, "shall we see 'King Kong' or George Arliss?"

"Oh," said the other lady, "let's see Arliss, by all means. There's no comparison!"

"Furrinners" certainly make life complicated for American producers! They had to cut out all the parts of "Cavalcade" which might be resented by the Irish—such as Queen Victoria's funeral procession—before the movie could be released in Dublin.

Then for London audiences Al Jolson's picture had to have its name changed to "Hallelujah, I'm a Tramp," because "bum" is a naughty word in England.

Vince Barnett, professional ribber, can't take it!

Barnett, playing a rôle in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," was sicked onto D. Phillips, hairdressing expert at Fox Studios, by some co-workers for a little first class ribbing.

He walked into Phillips' department where that young man was making up Mary McCormic, the opera star.

"Stop working on that girl!" Barnett ordered.

"Get out!" said Phillips.

"Stop working on that dame and make my hair up!" Barnett insisted. "The director wants you to fix my hair up with little curls."

Barnett removed his hat. (He hasn't a hair on his head.)

"Get out!" roared Phillips.

"Make my hair up now or you'll get fired," warned Barnett, and Phillips, in a rage, not having the least idea who he was, threw Barnett out of the office.

Now Barnett is being ribbed so mercilessly that he keeps out of sight. He simply can't take it.

The drop of the dollar abroad has been a splendid thing for all American motion picture companies. It is a queer little magician called Foreign Exchange that has done the trick.

As the American dollar in Europe slid the bannisters other currencies went up in ratio. And American picture producers turned those currencies into American dollars and made a nice profit, beyond their expectations.

Thelma Todd and Sally Eilers, coming over from their picture-making in England, have a story to tell about that. Thelma's contract was in pounds. Sally's was in dollars. Thelma profited by the stipulation, Sally lost.

Will Rogers is superstitious and will not participate in the first scene of any picture. Bad luck, Will thinks. Director John Ford was all ready to shoot the opening sequence of "Doctor Bull," with Will.

"Let's go," said Ford, "knock 'em over."

"Just a minute," said Will shyly. "Isn't this the very first shot?"

"Right," said Ford.

"Then count me out," grinned Will.

So Director Ford sent out an S. O. S. and a new opening was written. Kathryn Dougherty.
YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check that up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!

Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay—to Help them in their Daily Beauty Contests

She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women...
So Comes the End of the

THE story of the Fairbanks-Pickford smash-up is, I think, not that it happened. Friends had been predicting this would occur ever since Doug had his first taste of hob-nobbing with Kings and Counts.

The real story is Mary Pickford's love for Douglas Fairbanks. And, in a sense, is an epic. For it is a real life drama; the rise to the heights of international fame and tremendous wealth of a little Cinderella girl who once thought such things belonged only in Grimms' Fairy Tales.

Mary has worked and fought all her life for what she's wanted. Today, she has everything life can offer—except happiness.

The story cuts back to those days of the early flickers when Mary first entered pictures. Those early days, even with the struggle and the poverty, Mary said recently, were some of the happiest she has ever known. There were dreams, yet unfulfilled, dreams which took plenty of courage to make come true. Long, hard, terrifying days in the studio under blazing studio lights, days of fear that she wouldn't make good, and then she'd be thrown back into the despair from which she was gradually emerging.

Mary had married Owen Moore during those first studio days. Together they worked, Mary sending her money to her mother who became her business advisor and manager later.

And life seemed sweet to her as she plodded along, rolling up her box-office score and with it a commensurate number of hard-earned dollars.

By the time the war burst upon us in 1917, Mary was, by far, the most popular motion picture actress. Norma Talmadge and Gloria Swanson were in the limelight, too. And other stars many of us wouldn't even know today, had their names in lights.
RAINBOW TRAIL!

By Agnes Foster

But Mary had already been christened "Sweetheart of America" by Sid Grauman, who thought up the phrase to use in his San Francisco movie house when one of Mary's pictures was shown there.

Douglas Fairbanks, once reported engaged to Geraldine Farrar, the opera star, when Doug was a struggling actor on the New York stage, came at this time into Mary Pickford's life. It was one of those rare attractions which sometimes happen—out of the nowhere the spark for each other had been kindled—and it flamed itself into a romance on which Mary's entire future hung because of pre-war public resentment against the stigma of divorce.

She met Doug, contrary to other stories, at a first night showing at a New York theater. That was in 1916. Douglas had done some picture work. But he was by no means in the star spot Mary had earned for herself.

When they returned to Hollywood, they began to see each other more and more frequently. And how could they help it? For Doug began to make his pictures on the old Lasky lot—over at the extreme northwest corner, he established his offices and dressing-rooms. Mary had long been "queen" of the lot—her famous bungalow dressing-room was located at the extreme northeast corner.

Mary's home was then at the corner of Sunset and Western, opposite the spot where the Fox studio now stands. Doug lived in the house upon the Boulevard that was later purchased by Norma Talmadge.

The tremendous attraction between these two, so much
Mary was to progress on to New York—Doug was to go to Baltimore. But he insisted on having the schedule changed to include him.

The celebration, the day they arrived in the metropolis, was one of the greatest in history. A mass of humanity surged about the old Sub-Treasury Building, to get even a fleeting glimpse of "America's Sweetheart." That celebration verified her right to the title as nothing else ever had.

And that night the story broke in all the New York papers.

It happened that Beth Sully Fairbanks was living in New York with her young son, Douglas Junior. She sent word to Doug that she wanted him to come to her apartment that evening to talk things over. He refused. Mrs. Fairbanks went to the hotel where Fairbanks was staying. Doug refused to see her.

All the papers were full of it—and were very nice to both Doug and Mary. This was the first time their names were even linked outside of unsupported rumors. Mary was, as well as Douglas, now determined to go through with it, whether it ruined them or not.

Frances Marion, Mary's best friend, tried her best to

In 1918, Mary and Doug threw themselves wholeheartedly into the Liberty Loan Campaign. Her appearance in New York City during the drive aroused tremendous enthusiasm. Her romance with Fairbanks added, of course, to the sensation. And below is Mary Pickford as she lives in the memories of millions—"America's Sweetheart"

in the public eye, could not be kept a secret very long. Gossip flew. In order to allay the talk, a great many publicity pictures of Mary and her husband, Owen Moore, were taken at her home. But outside of rumors, there was no definite story until April, 1918.

The break came during the great Liberty Loan Campaign. Mary and Doug and Charlie Chaplin went to Washington on the same train. Mary's mother accompanied them, but all Hollywood was agog at the idea of their leaving together, but nothing had yet appeared in print.

In the preliminary stages, they often discussed their romance with close friends—the effect it would have on their respective careers.

Then they reached the point where they decided no matter what happened, as private individuals, they had a right to happiness. But their advisors insisted they did not have that right.

Mary's mother was most insistent of all. She had visions of the great name Mary had built, all she stood for, crumbling to dust in the breath of scandal. She did not like Fairbanks.

In Washington, they stayed at the New Willard Hotel, in adjoining suites. All concerned were terribly perturbed. They envisioned the end of Mary's career.

But little Mary, terribly in love for the first time—her marriage to Owen Moore had taken place when she was little more than a child—was too happy to listen. Appearances meant nothing, if she could but be with Douglas.
A WISTFUL beauty in the old-fashioned garden of her new Hollywood home, is Janet Gaynor. A perfect setting for her schoolgirl beauty. This lovely arbor spells butterflies, cool shadows and romance. Tea-time hour draws near and Janet, looking very pretty in a flowered setting, awaits her guests.
The Barnstorming

When Lionel, John and the queenly Ethel traveled in a wagon and made one-night stands

By Ruth Rankin

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DODIAS

ONE midsummer evening in July, quite a few years ago, a family group sat around the supper table in a large, homely farmhouse in Westchester County, New York. They were the Barrymores, the Drews and the Davenports; it was a gathering of the clan, at Mother Davenport’s farmhouse. There was serious business afoot—mighty serious business. One large family they actually were, for Lionel Barrymore and Sidney Drew and Harry Davenport had married the three Rankin sisters.

To be exact, the group was discussing a subject which is even more popular now than it was then. Already illustrious names in the theater, the Barrymores, the Drews and the Davenports were broke. Their winter salaries, with the season just over, were already providently scattered to the winds, and being broke, they were animatedly discussing ways and means to keep on eating until Broadway grew bright with theater lights again.

It was as bad as that for the Barrymores, the Drews and the Davenports.

Incidentally, they were about to add an intensely colorful page to theatrical history, especially insofar as that history concerned themselves, but of course they didn’t know that then. Few people, very few people indeed, knew it even now, for it is a page which has never been printed anywhere. This particular page was not included even in John Barrymore’s own recently published memoirs.

The wolf had to be kept from before the door somehow, but how? Suggestions were made and shoulders were shrugged. And finally it was Lionel—Lionel, so far the least distinguished of them all, the hard luck guy of the family—who offered the immediate solution.

“Let’s go barnstorming,” he suggested. “Let’s tour the small towns in a play of our own, and fool the wolf by taking the door right away from in front of his nose. We’re supposed to be actors, aren’t we—then, let’s act!”

Thus it was, one bright morning a few weeks later, that an old fringe-top surrey, drawn by a team of dejected-looking plough horses, creaked down the lane from the Davenport farm. There was nothing remarkable about that, of course—except that the surrey, one of the anciently high-boxed, three-seated variety antiquated even at the time, groaned beneath quite a remarkable load. For, in addition to the Barrymores—Ethel, Lionel and Jack—there were Sidney Drew and his wife, Harry Davenport and his wife, the two Davenport children, Arthur and Katie, and young S. Rankin Drew, the fast-named destined to be the first American actor killed in the War. In addition to all this human freight, the women sitting on the men’s laps and the children on their laps, there were loaded upon the little shay several heavy, cumbersome theatrical trunks and a healthy stack of home-made scenery.

How they ever got that load into one surrey was little short of a miracle; how it ever stayed there was a greater miracle. As the heavy-hooved old plough horses plodded along, pulling
BARRYMORES

Ethel had already become well-known in the theater, and John, flitting from the stage to journalism and back again, was beginning to twinkle a bit with that spectacular, scintillant personality of his. Lionel—well, Lionel, the plugger, was plugging away as best he could but apparently getting nowhere. So they started out, and their avowed goal was all the towns, hamlets and villages between Westchester and Atlantic City—Atlantic City, no less. In those days such a pilgrimage was unheard of for a barnstorming troupe. But then, the Barrymores have done quite unheard of things since, too. Quite unheard of things, to say the least.

Lionel was the manager of the troupe, the handy man and charioteer. He was the guy who drove and looked after the horses, sold tickets and paid the bills, and saw to all the details in general. In the play he had the smallest part—so far, he was not supposed to rank with either his sister or his brother as an actor. They were the stars of the show, with Lionel merely filling in.

So Lionel drove, while John, characteristically, wedged himself in between the scenery and went to sleep. The squire's first stop was at the home of the nearest neighbor, whom they assured that during their absence the "hired man" would deliver his milk. The neighbor, by the way, was a great friend of all the troupe and a young man whose name has since been long and loud in literary circles—Richard Harding Davis.

The barnstorming tour went through as scheduled. There were days and nights of high adventure, days when even the three Barrymores all in one cast and flanked by the Davenports and the Drews, scarcely knew where the next meal or the next bed was coming from. In the main it was a huge success, however, with the most famous cast on record holding the customers breathless with homemade melodrama at which any of them would certainly elevate most supercilious noses now. From town to town they went, stopping at every village and hamlet where a barn was available for their efforts. Perhaps you can imagine the regal John and the orchid-showered Ethel sweeping off their own makeshift stages and

At the farm the family faced the problem of a summer with no money. Ethel is seated at the extreme left. The three other women are the Rankin sisters. Lionel, standing, suggests the barnstorming trip. John listens, sword in hand. Sidney Drew is in the right foreground... It was John who most often used the Barrymore code message, "Help, Cassius, or I sink," a cry for aid... But the family's loyalty and ingenuity were never better tested than through the days of playing nightly in old barns to farm audiences their creaking, jammed-in, tied-down load that lovely morning, the troupe had with them the result of weeks of intensive toil, the equal of which could never have been even approached, much less obtained, by any impresario in the world. They had put their heads together and written a play. Strangely enough it was Lionel, then the least of these, who did the stage directing and rehearsed the others in their lines. Between rehearsals the women sewed feverishly on the costumes and the men knocked together and painted the scenery, and even the kids were cast as "chatter" and "offstage noises." At last all was ready, and thus the Davenports, the Drews and the Three Great Barrymores started out on their one and only barnstorming tour. Also, this was the only time when all three played together until their joint appearance, at tremendous expense and with many fanfares of trumpets, in "Rasputin and the Empress."

But in those days they weren't yet the Three Great Barrymores. True,
The Barrymores, the Drews and the Davenports all called her "Nimmy." She was a grandmother of the kids and Lionel's mother-in-law.

Instead of going back to New York with the others, Lionel decided that he wanted to become an artist, and not an actor. Lionel had played small parts in McKee Rankin's stock company and other minor roles in various cities and towns; but now he felt his true medium was to be found. A meeting of the tribe was called and, since success had come early to Ethel and Jack and they were always flush in winter, just as they were always broke in summer, it was decided to send Lionel and his wife to Paris to study.

LIONEL seized the opportunity avidly, and together with his wife sailed for France. There the two of them lived in one room of a cheap pension and permitted themselves only the barest necessities. Doris did her own washing in a washtub set on a trunk; she was careful, however, not to injure the clothes, which were often called the most exquisite hands on the continent.

Lionel, his artist soul awakened by their beauty, loved to draw those hands. They stayed in Paris for two years — years during which feast, as always with the Barrymore clan, alternated with famine. But clever as he was at the easel — his sketches are famous in the film colony and elsewhere now — an artist's career was not for Lionel. Summer succeeded the second winter, and with the rest of the tribe broke and back on the farm, he had to give it up.

He and his wife returned to the United States and to a long period of difficulty and discouragement. He went from one small part to another, bread and eggs being a heart-breaking interval between, and then, like a straw being whirled about in a stream and having no idea where he was headed, he went to Hollywood.

IN those days Lionel Barrymore — and he was the first of the clan to appear in a picture — was a veritable mountain of a man. He was huge in breadth and height without being tall; at that time he weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds. Hollywood was pretty obvious in those days, and for Lionel Barrymore the obvious role was that of the roly-poly comedian.

The scripts in those times were sketchy, consisting in Lionel's case mostly of bumps and falls. It was considered funny to have him thrown out of a door and land jack-knifed in a garbage can, and undoubtedly it was funny because he was so fat. He made faces, extricated himself by the seat of his pants, and that sort of thing. Yes, indeed — Lionel Barrymore!

With roly-poly comedians he alternated the serio-comic villains which you all remember
It Wasn’t the Baby’s FAULT!

Poor Slim Summerville! He has been pestered without let-up since he adopted Elliott

By Jack Jamison

“Maybe if I tell one magazine they will quit hounding me,” says Slim Summerville—and he chooses Photoplay.—Editor.

DO YOU remember, a while back, it seemed just about every star in Hollywood was adopting a baby? They all got their names in the papers. And there it ended—for them.

About the same time, Slim Summerville adopted a baby boy. That Slim did not do it for publicity’s sake is proved by the fact that no pictures, no stories about his baby appeared anywhere at any time with his sanction. He kept the adoption absolutely secret.

Only four people in all Hollywood knew about it, and those four were personal friends.

But there it has not ended, for Slim! From the very day he took the boy, he has been subjected to endless, cruel, bitter and senseless persecution.

One of the four personal friends asked Slim, at the time, why he was doing it.

“Well, why would anyone adopt a baby?” replied Slim. “Because Mrs. Summerville and I want one, that’s all. We’ve been married about ten years, and we haven’t had a baby of our own.

“I never felt, before now, that I was financially able to adopt a child, or I wouldn’t have waited this long. Don’t think I’m saying I’m rich. You know I’m not. But it isn’t fair to a child to adopt him unless you can take care of his future a little—have enough to give him an education, and things like that.

Now I’ve got some money saved up, so my wife and I talked it over, and we agreed now’s the time to do it, that’s all.”

Anybody who knows Slim well, knows he was telling the truth when he said that. Slim couldn’t tell a lie to his worst enemy—or, if he could, and did, he’d stay awake every night for a year worrying about it. It would certainly seem, so far as any decent-minded person is concerned, that Slim’s adopting little Elliott from the orphanage was a matter strictly between himself, his conscience, and God. If a man has fine, honest, generous reasons for doing a thing, we let him alone.

Slim has not been given a moment’s peace since the day he did it! He has been hounded, ridiculed, insulted, imposed upon, and even threatened.

It began with a piece of thoughtlessness on the part of a newspaper writer. So zealous was Slim to keep any news of the adoption from getting out that he made it a point to ask everyone who came to his house—friends, acquaintances, and business associates alike—to promise, word of honor, not to tell that they had seen the baby in his house. The newspaper writer promised, word of honor, not to tell. And broke the promise instantly by revealing the whole thing in a newspaper announcement!

That started it. Because, immediately, the three hundred other newspaper and magazine writers in Hollywood began to deluge Slim with phone calls—sore because they had been scooped. “Why did you tell one person and not the rest of us?” “Didn’t I do you a favor once, Slim?” “What’s the idea of leaving me out?” “Next time [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]
"I Know Women"

Says Cecil B. De Mille, in this strikingly unusual interpretation of women’s souls

By Hilary Lynn

Never were eyes richer in expression than Greta Garbo’s. They account for her great fascination.

The drooping lids of Marlene Dietrich suggest vast emotional experience. Irresistible to men.

The shrewd, kindly Marie Dressler looks upon the world for which she has nothing but good will.

What an eagerness for life in these eyes! Joan Crawford can take good or bad without whining.

Helen Hayes’ expression is the epitome of womanly tenderness that the poets sing about.

The woman who is in love, yet wishes to conceal her emotion, dare not permit the man she loves to search her eyes. She knows but too well they will reveal her inmost feelings. Blushing may be a lost art, but even the sophisticated woman of the world had better wear smoked glasses if she wishes, for any reason, to conceal her tenderness for a man.

Cecil B. De Mille goes so far as to pick screen actresses through what might be called “the eye test,” because he believes it reveals her true nature and the quality of her intelligence.

Her quality of round-eyed innocence won for Judith Allen the leading rôle in De Mille’s forthcoming film of modern youth, “This Day and Age.” Scores of other lovely girls prayerfully tried for the part, but apparently there was that behind their gaze which De Mille considered alien to the character of the girl in his story.

“Judith’s eyes,” he says, “suggest innocence mostly, although in them also is a touch of sophistication and slumbering passion. They are blue, clear and unafraid, thus fulfilling the ‘Diana’ requirements for my new picture. By her alert expression, I judged this girl in our first interview as having intelligence and mental equipment. Her eyes are round, the quality I desired above all others for the heroine in my production—for she must have a virginal appearance. Their clear coloring suggests frankness, eagerness and curiosity—all attributes of the modern generation.”

As a contrast to the wide-open, tremulously young and naïve eyes of Judith Allen are the eyes of Garbo and Dietrich. Eyes of sophistication.

They are long and full. Their heavy lids seem weighted down by the fullness of their experiences. They seem to say: “Do not search too avidly. For we, like the sphinx, will never tell our secret. We have lived, we have known, we have suffered much that’s buried deep in our souls.”

Of Greta, De Mille says: “Her eyes reveal unfathomable wells of feeling, a great capacity for suffering, and an unswerving loyalty to her emotions.”

Of Marlene: “The essence of winsome womanhood, sure of her charm and appeal is revealed in her well-
posed gaze; hers are the eyes of a woman who has learned from experience."

If the word "winsome" were but changed to "seductive!"

Of Joan Crawford: "The clear-sighted, wise eyes of our modern girl—the girl who is sure of herself and eager for life, ready to take the knocks and abide by and profit by her mistakes, without whining."

Eyes like these are too direct and searching in their gaze ever to have successfully suggested poor,world-weary, hounded Sadie Thompson. These long, full, wide-stretched eyes, consciously searching, consciously desiring tempestuous living, seem to swim in a burning liquid that increases their lustre and clarity. And that very brightness seems to accentuate that "eager for life" look which is also an expression of passion and intensity.

As for that grand old lady who once nearly stole a picture from Garbo, and, like the wind and the sun, has seen so many come and go—De Mille breaks into something very like eulogy when he speaks of her: "Marie Dressler has the intelligent eyes of one who has sympathy with and knowledge of human suffering—not hers alone, but that of all humanity. There is intelligence and understanding in every expression of those eyes which have seen and understood much."

Deep-set and overhung by horizontal brows, Tugboat Annie's eyes seem to burn with a bright flame, very penetrating, very steady—illuminating everything it sees! They are reflective eyes, too—and tolerant eyes.

Of Helen Hayes: "Delicacy, charm, constancy and sentiment are seen in these eyes, whose technique is so deft and facile that she shows refinement of feeling and emotion in every shade of expression."

I told Mr. De Mille I saw something even more in

Starry, innocent eyes. Yet Claudette Colbert played the wicked empress in "Sign of the Cross"

Miriam Hopkins has many moods and her gaze is not an easy one to interpret because of that

Innocent, scarce as yet touched by life, Judith Allen's eyes suggest deep slumbering passion

those highly expressive and wonderfully warm eyes. Beyond the constancy and the delicacy, there was the courage for a great renunciation and the strength to bear anguish for the sake of an ideal.

What do you see behind Norma Shearer's sparkling glance? De Mille translates it simply as bespeaking "Sophistication, clear thinking, good judgment and balance."

Yes, that's correct! Recall what careful thinking, what conscious planning, what power of will Norma Shearer employed to get where she is today, and to make a supreme success of living. So few unusual natural physical advantages to begin with! No, ma Shearer did it all with her mind.

Again, in his analysis of Ann Harding, De Mille lit the mark.

"In the eyes of Ann Harding, you will find the independence of the intelligent young woman who looks life straight in the eye and acts accordingly. She is very honest, and she is too level-" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]
"Smilin' Through"

The PHOTOPLAY Magazine Gold Medal as the best picture of the year 1932

AGAIN the public has spoken—and with a landslide vote it has named Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Smilin' Through" as 1932's best picture.

So the thirteenth annual award of the supreme distinction in cinemaland—the Tiffany designed Gold Medal given by Photoplay Magazine each year in accordance with public vote—goes to this poignant tale of love triumphant through suffering.

No choice could have been happier. Only one film in scores manages to attain a touch of completely absorbing appeal, the kind that gets right down to the heart roots. "Smilin' Through" was brimming over with it, and deserved to win on that one count alone.

But its right to this honor does not rest on this, important though that quality may be. "Smilin' Through" was notable for superb casting, and inspired performances by everyone concerned, while Sidney Franklin's direction was splendid in its fine taste, its excellent tempo, and its complete absorption in the spirit of the story. "Smilin' Through" was, in short, perfect on every count by which excellence in the cinema is tested; and its selection is ample vindication for all who have faith that the American public has discerning taste and fine judgment when it comes to recognizing merit in films.

The leading acting honors go naturally to Norma Shearer, because she had the central spot in the story.

What bitter-sweet beauty in Norma Shearer's scenes as the bride-to-be of 1868—and Fredric March's hopeless love! Small wonder "Smilin' Through" won!
Wins!

—first as Moonshine Clare, fiancée of Leslie Howard, shot on her wedding day by a jealous lover, then as Leslie’s niece Kathleen, hopelessly in love with the son of the slayer. Other notable performances of the rôle have been seen—first by Jane Cowl in the stage play, which held the boards in New York, from December 30, 1919, to May 28, 1920, and later by Norma Talmadge in the silent film version; but it must be said that Miss Shearer’s performance yielded nothing to either of these.

Equally good in their rôles were her two co-leads, Fredric March and Leslie Howard. The March artistry and charming good taste never showed to better advantage than here, first as the jealous murderer, and second as the boy whose life happiness promises to be ruined when embittered Leslie refuses to countenance the match. And anyone knowing Leslie Howard’s work

Another magnificent feat—Norma Shearer and Fredric March convincing as modern lovers, after playing 1868 ones! It was such achievements, added to plot merit, that made this film so fine

need not be told that his portrayal of John Carteret would be masterly.

Discussion of the cast cannot fairly be closed without a tribute to the supporting players. O. P. Heggie, as Carteret’s doctor friend and advisor, achieved a rarely fine piece of character drawing, while Ralph Forbes as Norma’s suitor, Beryl Mercer as Mrs. Crouch, David Torrence as the gardener, Margaret Seldon as Ellen, and Forrester Harvey as the orderly, acquitted themselves excellently. Now for the "people behind the play"—the writers and technicians whom we do not see, but whose efforts contribute so much! Heading the staff was, as we have said, Director Sidney Franklin, and the basic material was the original stage play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murin. From this the screen play was prepared by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West, with dialogue by Donald Ogden Stewart and James Bernard Fagan. Lee Garmes presided at the camera, while Margaret Booth was film editor.

THE PhotoPLAY Medal, which will go to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Inc., for producing "Smilin’ Through," is in thorough keeping with the distinction it conveys. It is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two-and-one-half inches in diameter. It was designed and executed by Tiffany and Company of New York.

So "Smilin’ Through" joins its distinguished predecessors of the PhotoPLAY Gold Medal family. And what a distinguished list that is, commencing with "Humoresque" in 1920! Then come "To'able David," "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Big Parade," " Beau Geste," "7th Heaven," "Four Sons," "Disraeli," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "Cimarron!" Truly American taste picks well, when it chooses. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]
Mama Loves Papa—

"For about four weeks," mourns Charlie Ruggles. "Then I'm back to comic relief!"

By Hilary Lynn

"No what?" he exploded sharply, pushing the club sandwich and coffee away, and half starting from his chair. There was a hunted look in his round, blue eyes. It was terribly embarrassing. But I had my professional duties to perform—even though they were making me feel somewhat like a Peeping Tom.

"I mean," I continued, with downcast eyes, "is there no mama to love papa? You know, like the title of your last picture?"

"Oh, it's that, is it?" he said, blowing his nose vigorously and wiping away a tear. "Well, since you've practically extracted my secret from me already—I may as well tell all."

"This love business works out for me in a very funny way. In my pictures, especially the ones in which I've been teaming lately with Mary Boland—mama loves papa too much. She can't leave him alone. After him from morning till night—with talk, talk, talk, and nag, nag, nag!"

"You remember how she kept after him in 'If I Had A Million'? Always trying to improve him—making his life practically unbearable? In my screen life, there's too much mama for papa!"

"In my private life—well, that's another matter. Mama never loves papa enough. Or if she loves him enough—she never loves him long enough! They love me and leave me—usually after four weeks!"

Charlie sat lost in morose thought, and I thought, 'twas ever thus! The comic

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]
LILIAN HARVEY is a very entrancing young lady, and she looks particularly glamorous gowned in starry spangles. The English girl who twinkled so brightly on the German screen is in love with Willy Fritsch, German star. "My Weakness" nothing to do with Willy—is Lilian's latest
JANET GAYNOR and Warner Baxter, co-stars of "Paddy, the Next Best Thing." No wonder they smile. Any man would like to play the rôle of a rich adventurer, and Janet always clicks as the poor little girl who patiently awaits her lover's return. The setting is romantic, too: an old Irish fishing village.

MADGE EVANS twinkled very brightly years ago as a child star, and with her grown-up return to the movie firmament her sparkle hasn't dimmed a bit. Madge has the formula which guarantees fine acting in either screen or stage career. Her forthcoming feature is screen version of "Dinner at Eight"
KATHARINE HEPBURN and her director, Lowell Sherman, pause between scenes of "The Morning Glory" to talk things over. No, it isn't a hobo picture. Those clothes the star is wearing are the renowned Hepburn ramment. There are rumors that Hepburn plans to return to the stage when she finishes "Little Women."

CAROLE LOMBARD decided to be an actress when she was chosen Queen of the May in grammar school. She's been going steadily upward ever since: from lanky tomboy of school days, to Sennett bathing beauty who really could swim, to leading lady of Hollywood's latest real divorce scenario.
MIMI JORDAN was called “cold,” “distant” by Hollywood. The girl who had lived in a glass cage was beautiful but inhuman, they said. So she changed her name from Miriam to Mimi, bobbed her hair, and proceeded to show Hollywood just how very “human” an English girl can be.
She Lived In A

GLASS

CAGE

Those who were curious paid a shilling to stare at beautiful Mimi Jordan

By James Marion

A

TRIM blonde girl hurries through the thick London fog, late for work. Close behind her a man follows, noting her trim ankles, the firm lines of her figure, her soft yellow hair.

Inside her purse is a registration card. She is Miriam Jordan (the card asserts). She is a secretary; she earns three pounds (about thirteen dollars) weekly. She is single; five feet, four inches; a natural blonde with green eyes. She has seven sisters and one brother.

Furthermore, if you must know the truth, she is blamed tired of her job. Her tailor-made suit is quite shiny towards the South-rear. She has no other suit; she must save two pounds at the rate of one-quarter-sterling per week before she may purchase another.

But look! The man stops her. The nerve of him!

"Pardon me, ma'am (polite, the matcher!). Are you interested in competing in a beauty contest for the title Miss England?"

"What must I do?" (This girl is no fool!)

The man gives her a card. "Visit this address tomorrow," he says. "Miss England will be chosen at ten o'clock."

"Maybe," Miriam answers.

She walks on. The man stares after her.

He swallows—perhaps it was his heart. Never mind him; follow the girl. Good Lord! She has disappeared! Somewhere in the London fog; but where?

Well, she is lost to us, therefore she must relate the balance of her story:

"I went to the address next morning, principally because I wanted a day off from typing," Miss Jordan continued the tale. "Scores of beautiful girls were there. I stared at them and wondered why I was called.

"A group of men began looking us over. After what seemed to be years they reached me. In spite of my short dress that hardly covered my knees, they ordered, 'Lift your skirt.' I was as self-conscious as a movie ingenue pulling on her first pair of long pants, but I 'lifted.' The men said, 'Come back this afternoon.'"

"On my return I found only twenty-five girls. Fifteen were soon eliminated; I was among the ten who remained. We were offered jobs. 'Five pounds a week,' said the men. For that sum we were to be exhibited to the public as typical beauties. I signed a contract and immediately felt like Sarah Bernhardt.

"We girls were given titles, such as Helen of Troy, Cleopatra and Wife of Henry Eighth. I was Miss England of 1926. The theater was a huge, barn-like building without chairs. The girls were seated in glass cages arranged in a circle. People paid a shilling (twenty-five cents) to enter and peer at us.

"I felt like a cross between a monkey and a gold fish, and a bit donkeyish, too.

[Please turn to page 99]
MARY PICKFORD still loves Douglas but she has had no illusions about him for a long time. She probably realized they eventually must part when they divided their community property eight years ago.

At that time Douglas assumed sole ownership and maintenance of Pickfair.

Since then he has spent $250,000 in remodeling the place. The remodeling, by the way, has gone on for years. So many changes have been made that the house and grounds bear scarcely any resemblance to the original.

In addition the upkeep of the place has averaged $100,000 a year for the past three years. For several years prior to that period the cost was very little less.

Douglas has wanted to sell Pickfair for several years. It has never been publicly offered for sale, but various real estate agents have had it on their lists.

THE one thing that finally forced Mary to her decision was a cablegram received early in July.

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The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

Janet can toss a mean medicine ball when in the mood — just like she tosses off those appealing pictures with a sure fire ring at the box-office. Since her divorce from Lydell Peck, La Gaynor comes out to play.

Mozelle Brittone was once casting girl at Columbia studio — so she cast herself as Alan Dinehart's bride and signed the contract for life, living happily ever after as they do in movies. A close-up of the wedded couple.

Wan, beeg kiss for Johnny was Lupe's greeting the day she arrived, from New York with baby niece Joan. The Velas tamale ragged Weissmuller for stepping around Hollywood with this star and that one while she worked.

She received one that morning from Douglas in which he told her how much he loved her. At the same time, another cablegram was received by one of his business associates which Mary also read. It was described as "positively brutal."

Its full contents have not been revealed, but in a part of it Fairbanks is reported to have declared that if Mary wanted to continue to reside at Pickfair she would have to pay for its upkeep.

Mary is going right ahead with her plans for a picture and at the same time is trying to organize another unit for United Artists.

If her plans carry through, the new unit will be composed of Frances Marion, the scenarist, George Hill, the director, perhaps Richard Barthelmess and some others.

GOOD news for Muni fans! Paul Muni has returned to Warners to work on "The World Changes," which is described as an "American Cavalcade."
Hoot Gibson's fame as a horseman in pictures may be just a memory if predictions about his condition come true.

Hoot was badly injured when his plane crashed during the National Air Races at Los Angeles, suffering three broken ribs and injuries to his spine.

And it is feared he may never be able to ride 'em like he used to.

The accident occurred almost simultaneously with the return of his wife, Sally Eilers, from Europe where she and Thelma Todd had gone for a vacation.

Fatty Arbuckle is gone. Gone West.

But not to Hollywood as he had planned. He died in New York of a heart attack and his remains were cremated. For twelve years he sought a comeback in pictures, after the accidental death of Virginia Rappe during a gay house party which Arbuckle gave for some of his friends.

And then, on the very eve of his new deal, with eight options for future Arbuckle pictures, Fatty quietly lay down and passed away, Adgie McPhail, his bride of a year, sitting by his side.

Fatty must have died happy for he had at last proved to himself that he was still Fatty Arbuckle, the comedian who ranked next to Chaplin only a brief twelve years ago. Warners gave him a chance, after what seemed an endless search for just an opportunity, after the public turned against him twelve years ago.

Fatty worked forty-seven out of fifty-two weeks last year in vaudeville to convince producers that he could still make 'em laugh. Then came his new deal in pictures. He was a sensation in these Vitaphone shorts and Sam Sax, production chief at the Brooklyn studio, felt certain Arbuckle would reclaim his appeal in a big way.

He must have died happy; it's given to so few fallen stars ever to know they could come back, if only Fate had let them live.

Lupe Velez had her little adopted daughter on the M-G-M lot for a visit and introduced her to a friend. The little girl reached out her hand and suddenly Lupe let her have a mild kick. "For Gossake, hold in your stomach when you say, 'How do you do.' Like a lady," Lupe corrected.

When Carole Lombard and Bill Powell, after two years of marriage, separated for good, Carole gave up her role in "The Worst Woman in Paris," and went to Reno to establish residence.
Back in 1922, Adolphe Menjou and the beloved Wally Reid acted thus together in "Clarence," before Menjou became the suave lover of "A Woman of Paris." Wally was then internationally famous, but Adolphe, the bright young man from Pittsburgh, Penna., had still the heights to climb. And how that lad did go aloft.

Carole's closest friend, Arline Judge, has this to say:

"I have never heard a cross word passed between Bill and Carole and I never saw two people try so hard to conceal their unhappiness from everyone.

"Carole never once mentioned their troubles, but somehow we knew it was inevitable. They simply didn't have the same ideas about things and that's all there was to it."

So another Hollywood romance and marriage hits the rocks.

"It sounds incredible, but if either Rowland Brown or Peggy Hopkins Joyce had not told it, no one could have imagined it.

"I mean the other night when Rowland took Peggy for a drive and they had an argument and Peggy walked home. That is—she walked to the nearest telephone and summoned a cab.

THAT perennial fight between Constance Bennett and Lil Tashman has broken out again.

Asked to name the ten best-dressed women in the world, Constance put Lil's name on her list.

But Lil, unable to forget an incident of five years ago, not only omitted Constance's name from her selection but pointedly refused to include it.

Here's Lilian Harvey making a tempting pass with her lips at Henry Garat in German flickers. Not at all like the smooth mannered lover in "Adorable." Henry seems more amused at Lil than inspired, but this may have been poor direction. They've both gone far since

"The jools, the jools," she gasps. Honestly, this is Marlene Dietrich emoting pantingly in German films before the Von Sternberg discovery. Our villain is Harry Piel, of the German stage.

AND don't you be surprised if Charles Feldman, the attorney, and Raquel Torres, whose engagement was announced so long ago that some have forgotten it, break out with the news of a very quiet wedding.

IS it Marlene Dietrich's artistry as an actress or Rouben Mamoulian's ability as a director Greta Garbo is interested in?

Having visited Paramount Studios one day in order to see the rushes of Dietrich's "The Song of Songs," Greta also attended a sneak preview of the more or less finished production at a Pasadena theater.

She entered the darkened house after the picture had started and left just before the finish.

Apparently none of the other spectators was aware of the great Garbo's furtive interest.

GARBO is more than interested in movies these days. She spends days visiting the new stages that have been built in her absence and inspecting the new equipment. Many an electrician has had the thrill of explaining the mechanism of new lights, etc., to an interested Garbo.

Two whole stages are being set aside for her new film and Garbo herself spends many hours wandering about them.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]
Lori Bara found the animals responsive to kindness, she says. They treat you just as you treat them—that's how she made so many friends, including a pet monkey.

"Native girls are more carefully guarded than in civilized countries," says Miss Bara. "They flee in terror at the sight of a man and must be coaxed gently to come near."

White Woman in the Jungle

Where reptiles are pets and instinct is the love code

By Virginia Maxwell

"The far-off, haunting beat of tom toms; the pungent aroma of wild tropical verdure wafting down to the rhythmic sea—that was my first impression of Pulau Kusu, the jungle island in the Malay Straits where my husband and I were to make our home for many months."

Lori Bara speaking. She is the author of the picture "Samarang." Ward Wing, her husband, was its director. They were assigned by B. F. Zeidman, producer, to this little island to make the picture with native talent.

I wondered how any white woman, gently reared, accustomed to the niceties of life, set down suddenly in the midst of this primitive environment, would feel in a similar position. How would she make a home? How would she protect herself from the savages? How would she survive the ordeal of being thrown into the new world where reptiles were said to be house pets and instinct the surviving code of love?"
"The day a native boy rescued us from poison snakes, our hunt was not in vain. We captured this baby elephant to pose in a close-up, and he didn’t like it one bit. When we were finished we let him go—to run back into his native haunt.

"It meant so much to both of us," Lori Bara told me, "that we simply had to make good. No obstacle could be too great for us. There could be no such word as failure.

"So we polished up our courage and started out. The island loomed before us late one sultry afternoon just as the orange, tropical sun was setting; a primitive, terrifying jungle infested with wild animals and natives who’d never seen a movie camera before.

"Far off, we could hear the beat of those drums when we came ashore. I’d always believed it a forerunner of trouble, the natives’ way of announcing danger ahead.

"‘Mem! Mem!’ a native boy yelled, as we made our way toward a little place we located through our Captain, until we should begin our jaunt into the jungle. 

"‘Mem’, we discovered, was the signal to other natives that a white woman was coming... ‘Mem’ being Malay for ‘white woman.’

"We awakened early next morning in a sizzling, tropical heat. The air was heavy with moisture. Ward had spoken the night before to the interpreter we engaged on the beach, explaining that we’d come to make a motion picture and asking him to round up for us some of the native talent. We expected to find our quarters literally swamped with ambitious actors and actresses. We were used to that in Hollywood. But here, where life was very simple and any sort of work was just so much pleasure wasted, no one showed up. The interpreter shook his head dolefully and explained, in broken English, that people did not care to work here. They had food and huts, so why bother with money? A veritable paradise for loafering. But not so good for our venture."

After a few days when word had been passed around that this small group from Hollywood wanted people to do things before a camera, Ward Wing realized he would have to scout around himself and dig up his talent. He started out one morning to visit every native hut in the place in the hope of finding a “star.”

"It was strange to see the timidity of the women of this island,” Lori Bara continued. "The huts were very crude, with bamboo covered windows and no doors. Sometimes the hut had only one wall, a sort of shield from the sun behind which a whole family lived, quietly and contentedly.

"First, the older man would come out and look at us carefully. We could see the women fleeing to the rear of the hut, terrified to be seen by strangers. When the grandfather had looked us over, the young husband would come out. If we convinced him, he would bring out the grandmother, then the mother might appear. And finally, after very much explaining and infinite patience, the young daughter would be brought out by her father. She would keep her eyes cast down, and look at her father before answering any question our interpreter put to her.

"I found out that day there is one international passport to any country and to any race of people. It is a smile. A pleasant, natural, good-natured smile. Natives understand this friendliness and they are quick to respond to any of the lighter emotions.

Ward Wing, director (left), and his author wife, Lori Bara (sister of Theda Bara), pose with Ahmang, pearl diver, and Sai-Yu, the girl they discovered. As the picture progressed Ahmang and Sai-Yu became fast friends. She was a child of the jungle, unaccustomed to any sort of artificiality.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]"
$1,500,000 in Prizes

HERE'S the third and last set of "Movie Muddles" in Photoplay's big prize contest that began in the July issue. So now you can complete your entries, and have a try at your share of those $1,500 prizes.

If you haven't started, it's not too late. Use the "Muddles" in the July and August numbers of Photoplay, in addition to this set. The rules, on the opposite page, are simple and easy to understand. So if you haven't started, you can begin right now. $1,500 prize money is worth sharing in, especially with a first prize of $500! Besides, it's grand fun!

What "Movie Muddles" Are

Across the tops of these two pages you will find sixteen strips, each divided into four parts; and each part shows a portion of a face. You are to weave eight of these strips together until you have one complete face, every part matching; then to do the same with the remaining eight strips.

But when you have completed the weaving, two of the parts on each strip will be hidden; and the strips can be re-woven so these hidden parts form another face. So altogether this month's "Muddle" will yield four complete pictures, when all the solutions have been found. Another "Muddle" printed last month in our August issue, and the first, printed in July, complete the three "Muddles" in the contest.

Do not send in solutions until you have finished all three sets. Be sure to read contest rules on opposite page before you begin work.

How You Compete for a Prize

To compete for a share in the $1,500 prizes, you first find all four of the pictures which can be obtained from each "Muddle," and identify each person shown. Then assemble each "Muddle" to show two of the four faces. Then beneath each picture you name the person shown, and a picture in which that person has appeared. You also name the two other persons whose pictures could have been made with that "Muddle," and motion pictures in which they have appeared. Then send your completed entry, mounted on paper or cardboard, to Picture Puzzle Editors, Photoplay Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., in time to reach them by midnight of September 20, 1933.

That's simple, isn't it, as well as good fun? While neatness of arrangement will be considered in selecting the winners, elaborate presentations will have no better chance than plain, simple ones.

Hints for Working "Movie Muddles"

Herewith we give two sketches to suggest how you work out a "Muddle." For instance, if you think the eyes on strips A and B in Fig. 1 belong in one face, cross the strips as shown. Then, if you think the part of a nose on strip C belongs with the two eyes, place it as shown; and continue weaving in other strips, matching the features, until you have a completed picture, such as shown in Fig. 2. (But take note: While the strips in Fig. 2 are shown somewhat apart, so you can see the "weave," in your entry they should fit neatly and correctly together. And these sketches, of course, are just suggestions as to how to proceed.) Start now to play this new, fascinating game!
Eighty-four $500.00 Correct solving

for Movie Muddles

1. Eighty-four cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:

First Prize ................................  $500.00
Second Prize ................................  250.00
Third Prize ..................................  100.00
Fourth Prize ................................  50.00
Forty Prizes of $10 each .................  400.00
Forty Prizes of $5 each ..................  200.00

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) Photoplay Magazine is publishing "Movie Muddles," of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four pictures, each divided into sixteen parts, with the parts arranged upon sixteen strips, will appear in each issue; and the strips will constitute the "Muddle" for that issue.

3. The parts will be so arranged that eight strips, properly selected and properly interwoven, will present a picture of one actor or actress, while the remaining eight, properly interwoven, will present a picture of another actor or actress; but it will also be possible by a different interweaving, to obtain the pictures of two other actors, actresses, or of an actor and actress, as the case may be, with the sixteen strips.

4. Correct solution of the "Muddle" presented in each issue consists of two correctly interwoven pictures, together with the correct names of the two persons shown, the correct names of the two other persons whose pictures could have been obtained by a different interweaving, and, with each of the four names of persons, the correct name of a motion picture in which that person has appeared.

5. Each of the three "Muddles," or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the required names written, lettered, or typewritten below the two pictures obtained from assembling each month's "Muddle."

6. $1,500 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly arranged solutions of the three "Muddles" presented during the contest.

7. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Muddle" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Muddles," accompanied by the required names and information, as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, Photoplay Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on, or attached to, your entry, and that it carries sufficient postage.

8. Aside from accuracy in solving the "Muddles" and giving the required names, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired.

9. You need not be a subscriber or reader of Photoplay Magazine to compete. You may copy or trace the strips from the originals in Photoplay Magazine and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of Photoplay Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

10. The judges will be a committee of members selected by Photoplay. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

11. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

12. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions should be in by that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with Photoplay Magazine. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1934, issue of Photoplay.
They Conquered

How great stars fought down the doubts that would have ruined all chances for a career

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

"I snapped out of it when I had to earn my own living," says Robert Montgomery. Once shy and sensitive, he developed his nerve and poise by laughing at himself.

YOU go to Hollywood determined to succeed—to begin where you can and work to the top. You ask for a start—tell them you're good. "Oh, yeah?" says Hollywood. "We've heard that before. You show us."

"That's just what I want—a chance to show you."

"A chance? Well, that's your problem, not ours. You find a chance—then maybe we'll talk."

Not exactly a place for a modest violet, would you say, at that point?

Or perhaps you have a stage reputation, a chance already provided. Then you face the chance of being given roles about as suited to you as Palm Beach suits would be in an Arctic explorer's wardrobe; the likelihood that something may happen to make your appearance a first-class fizzle through no fault of your own. Again your spot is not one calling for shrinking modesty, a retiring disposition, inability or unwillingness to speak up for yourself.

No, after you have everything it takes in personality and ability to wow them on the screen, you've got to have one thing more. You've got to know you're right, and be willing to say so. Self-confidence, in other

As a child Sylvia Sidney suffered the tortures of timidity. She says her shyness left her when she first openly rebelled and refused to eat buttered bread at boarding school.

To see Claudette Colbert conversing gaily with hubby, Norman Foster, one would never guess that she was once awkward and self-conscious in the presence of men. But it is true
words—and in great big chunks, at that.

Yet many of today's greatest stars had a modesty, an unwillingness to push themselves forward, that would have done credit to monastery or nunnery, when they started. How they overcome it—and they did, or we wouldn't be seeing them today—is worth the telling.

PAGE Claudette Colbert for the first testimony.

"It was when I began going to grown-up parties that I had my terrible time," Claudette explains. "I had been brought up according to the French idea. Always chaperoned, I had had very few contacts with boys my own age. Then suddenly I found myself in the hail-fellow-well-met society of New York City.

"I watched other girls being casual and gay and natural with the boys and wished with all my heart that I could be like them. And I suffered—with that blind young suffering we've all experienced at one time or another—because I was different, because I was inadequate."

If I hadn't heard all of this from Claudette herself I wouldn't be inclined to believe it. For I know no one more popular with men than Claudette, no one who possesses a nicer spirit of gaiety.

But to get back to Claudette's lack of self-confidence and the way she overcame it.

Fredric March, once the unhappy victim of an inferiority complex but now the possessor of unshakable poise, enjoys a rapid-fire conversation with Charlie Ruggles and Brian Aherne

Clark Gable developed stage fright after he was made a star. Was terribly shy about meeting people. Then he bolstered up his ego by perfecting his game of golf. It's sound psychology

"I stood it as long as I could," Claudette told me with sympathy in her voice for the "unhappy sixteen" she had been. "Then I decided that same way, somehow I was going to change. I determined, I, too, would be popular and gay.

"Thank goodness, I had enough sense to realize exactly where my difficulty lay and not to increase it by growing careless and indifferent about my appearance. To have done this would have been to indulge in social suicide.

"Even when we were poorest I was always well dressed. My mother had a magic with materials and a needle. But it was up to me to see that my dresses were fresh and pressed, that my hair was brushed and smooth and evenly parted, that my heels weren't run down, that my stocking seams were straight, and that my nails were well-kept.

"My real problem, of course, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]
Select Your Pictures and You Won't

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

★ LADY FOR A DAY—Columbia

A STORY about an old apple seller's love for the daughter who believes her a society dowager.

May Robson as Apple Annie gives an unforgettable performance. Her drunk scene with the social chattering is an all-time classic; Warren William, Guy Kibbee, Ned Sparks and Glenda Farrell as the smart cracking lowlives who play fairy godmother are grand. Joan Parker is the romantic interest.

Highbrows may call this hokey but it's the kind of hoke that makes the movies and the world go round. You'll scream with delight when all the riffraff prepare to impersonate quality folks at the reception, you'll thrill with suspense when the real guests arrive, and you'll breathe the breath of living drama with Annie in her final triumph.

★ BERKELEY SQUARE—Fox

A COSTUME picture, but it's a criss-cross between eighteenth century London and up-to-the-minute modern life. Leslie Howard, through the agency of an old diary, finds himself in Berkeley Square, London. But his ideas do not go back with him. His modern sophisticated questions amaze the good folk of that bygone day. Only one person understands him. And the part is played exquisitely by Heather Angel, as Leslie Howard discharges his difficult rôle. Heather sympathizes, loves, and finally sends Leslie back to our own times. In "Berkeley Square" you will find beauty, laughter, romance and tragedy, all delicately interwoven.

Irene Browne, Valerie Taylor and Alan Mowbray are in the cast. A film as subtly haunting as "Smilin' Through."

★ VOLTAIRE—Warner's

It ranks right up beside "Disraeli," this last Arliss picture under the Warner banner.

George Arliss is at his best in this colorful characterization of Voltaire, the great poet-philosopher of France, who so clearly sensed a revolution fermenting among downtrodden people. We see him, sometimes a petulant exasperating old man, sometimes a meddler in the affairs of his country and the confidante of Madame Pompadour, the "boudoir-ruler" of France—and always we are conscious of Voltaire, the inspired patriot, who loved France more than he loved life.

The picture centers around an episode which preceded and indirectly fired the country to revolt. Arliss, unable to make the misguided Louis XIV realize the error of his ways, writes and presents a play based on an injustice of the King. Disregarding the pleas of Pompadour, Louis heed his evil advisor, Count de Sarnac (Alan Mowbray) and is about to fling Voltaire in the Bastille—when a clever ruse of Voltaire saves him and brings about de Sarnac's downfall.

Doris Kenyon is an exquisite Pompadour, and Reginald Owen offers a superb interpretation of a weak and vain King. Entire cast up to the Arliss standard, but most of the film footage goes to the star.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

**VOLTAIRE**
**LADY FOR A DAY**
**MAMA LOVES PAPA**
**DOUBLE HARNESS**
**BERKELEY SQUARE**
**STORM AT DAYBREAK**

HOLD YOUR MAN

The Best Performances of the Month

- George Arliss in "Voltaire"
- Reginald Owen in "Voltaire"
- Ann Harding in "Double Harness"
- William Powell in "Double Harness"
- May Robson in "Lady for a Day"
- Heather Angel in "Berkeley Square"
- Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square"
- Charles Ruggles in "Mama Loves Papa"
- Walter Huston in "Storm at Daybreak"
- Jean Harlow in "Hold Your Man"
- Spencer Tracy in "The Power and the Glory"
- Richard Dix in "No Marriage Ties"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 118

★ **DOUBLE HARNESS—RKO-Radio**

If this isn't the best current picture released, it will do handsomely until the best one comes along!

A brand-new team, Ann Harding and William Powell, get together. And how they troupe in this grand story, superbly directed!

Ann (with a voice like temple gongs) is the oldest and unmarried daughter, who sees her younger, selfish, capricious sister getting all that's worth while in life. Ann calmly decides that marriage is woman's business, to be treated as such. So Bill Powell, polo player and expert at dodging ties, is deliberately selected as the victim—and he's snared, in a moment of desperation, by a subterfuge.

The loss to polo is a big gain to business, with Ann at the helm; but the marriage is a "name only," slated for divorce, until Bill realizes that no matter how she got him, the result is what counts. And there's no need to tell you how well two such players as Ann Harding and Bill Powell can put over material like that.

Dialogue, situations and performances are so deft and expert that it looks like a new plot—and who cares if it isn't! Lucille Browne is irritatingly convincing as the spoiled sister; Reginald Owen does a classic butler, Lilian Bond an attractively determined "other woman." The dinner party is a riot.

★ **MAMA LOVES PAPA—Paramount**

As gay a little number as ever tickled your funny bone. Simple in theme and unpretentious in production, this homey little slice of entertainment creeps right into your heart and stays there.

Charlie Ruggles, as a furniture salesman who suddenly finds himself park commissioner, has never been better. Mary Boland, his wife, is simply grand, while Lilyan Tashman, the tipsy society dame, is a panic. George Barbier, as Charlie's boss, is terrifying, to say the least, and Morgan Wallace, as Lil's jealous husband, adds to the hilarity.

Norman McLoud is to be praised for his splendid direction from beginning to end. For here is a first class blues-chaser that will have you chuckling for days. It's not stupendous, but it's grand fun.

★ **STORM AT DAYBREAK—M-G-M**

Into the quiet life of the genial and beloved mayor (Walter Huston) of a little country town in Serbia, and Kay Francis, his adored wife, comes the great tragedy of the "bomb of Sarajevo." Nils Asther, as the Hungarian officer and life-long friend of Huston, and Kay find themselves falling deeper and deeper in love. And the mayor tries to take it like a man of the world.

Archduke Ferdinand comes to town, is assassinated—and then the World War! (But there are no trench scenes.) It's gloriously done all around—with Phillips Holmes, Eugene Pallette, Jean Parker, and others, lending powerfully effective support.

A colorful story, providing first class dramatic entertainment.
CLARK GABLE, dodging the law, comes upon Jean Harlow in her bath—and the rough stuff starts. So much so that Clark bungles a badger game, baited with Jean—and down swoops the law! Then vo—-and a "clean" end! It's a hand-tailored "starring vehicle," and not sound drama—but Jean is great and Clark's good enough. Stu Erwin, Dorothy Burgess, Muriel Kirkland and George Reed fine in support.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY—
Fox

RALPH MORGAN telling the life story of his old friend, the railroad president—played magnificently by Spencer Tracy. As garrulous old friends will, Ralph wanders about a bit in time, starting off with the news that his friend has committed suicide. Then he "goes back," for reasons, to the day when Spencer was starting, inspired by love for his wife, Colleen Moore. (A different, deeper-natured Cellene, too.)

GOODBYE AGAIN—
Warner

GOOD bedroom farce material, entrusted to players who, while not master farceurs, bring the laughs. Warren William writes "purple passion" tales with his tongue in his cheek, aided by secretary Joan Blondell. Old flame Genevieve Tobin, now married, appears, attaches herself as "inspiration." Then the farce starts, abetted by dumb husband Hugh Herbert, Helen Chandler, Wallace Ford. Good fun.

SOME college graduates may see red as they watch this movie notion of college life; but the rest of us will enjoy it. Jack Oakie is the boob who comes to college, falls in love with Mary Kornman, helps fraternity brother Dick Arlen through his troubles, and in the last minute of play, wins the football game. Standard college hey-hey—but a good evening's fun. Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen.

RICHARD DIX at his best—which is quite enough. Fired from his newspaper for drinking, he turns his flair for bumptious claims to advertising—and is a wow! Then, enters women trouble! Homeless waif Elizabeth Allan attaches herself to his train, as does cosmetician Doris Kenyon. Richard brags, makes good, plays both ends against the middle—and crashes. It's excellent Dix stuff.

A DELICATE subject of sex knowledge to youth, well handled. Jean Parker plays the wronged girl with Willard Mack, author of the story, playing the family physician. Ignorance of facts is its theme with carefully drawn dialogue. Yet it gets nowhere, for its climax leaves unsolved the great American problem of youthful morals. Rather than for adults, as advertised, it seems more fitting for youth.
A GREAT deal of unnecessary commotion about a life size nude statue of peasant lass Marlene Dietrich. She is jilted by the sculptor (Brian Aherne) who uses her as a model, marries a blustering old baron on the rebound, only to hit the downward path and be brought back by her sculptor lover. The statue is starred, with Dietrich, Aherne, Alison Skipworth, Hardie Albright and Lionel Atwill in support.

NOT much of a screen come-back for Buddy Rogers, though he registers enthusiasm and his music adds fun. Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn, proprietor of a beer garden, fought before prohibition, fought through prohibition, and fought after the return of beer. While Frank's son, Buddy Rogers, falls in love with Marian Nixon, Cawthorn's daughter. Frank Morgan's humor saves this picture from mediocrity.

THE title means that Thursday is another day—which young Parisian dancer Elissa Landi tries to think when Victor Jory told her he was married. "Thursday"—with Warner Baxter as the man—lasts five years, while fame and riches come. Then all meet, including Victor's wife, Miriam Jordan; and Elissa isn't so sure. Sparklingly done; but more attention to character drawing would have improved the drama.

WYNNIE GIBSON, as a showgirl, has to hire a bodyguard to keep her producer and her "angel" from pestering her. The bodyguard is Edmund Lowe. You can guess the rest—but it's all in fun, with a lot of the typical Lowe wisecracking and show numbers hauled in to doll it up a bit. Johnny Hines comes through with a grand performance as the press-agent.

Kay Francis, a level-headed young doctor, and Lyle Talbot, a fellow physician, begin practice together. Then Lyle marries the daughter of a politician and goes crooked. Later, Kay and Lyle find they love each other and Kay goes to Europe to have a child. It dies on the way home and Kay and Lyle are united in their trouble. Kay and Lyle are splendid in rather weak material. Thelma Todd has a bit.

A BRILLIANT performance by Lionel Barrymore makes this worth seeing. As the hardy and cagery old Grandfather Storr, full of homely wit, he is grand. His city granddaughter, Miriam Hopkins, returns to the farm. Grandpa plays insane to sound out his other sponging relatives. Franchot Tone does well as the farmer who falls for Miriam.
When Doug fell ill, memories of happier days like this must have flashed before the eyes of both

Joan’s Heart Still Beats

As Joan Crawford stepped out of a dramatic scene from “Dancing Lady,” a telegram was thrust in her hand. For a moment she bit her lower lip. Her hands trembled as she fumbled with the envelope. Slowly she read the contents, while the company waited in respectful silence. Turning, she walked over to her portable bungalow and closed the door.

A gentle tapping announced the presence of her director, Robert Leonard. “Anything wrong, Joanie?” he almost whispered. For the first time he was direct with this star, even though they had known each other for years. The affectionate “Joanie” was the result of but two days of working in harmony.

“It’s Douglas—he’s worse,” Joan’s tearful voice came back. “This telegram from his mother says that they expect the crisis soon.” Director Leonard returned to the sound stage door. “I have to leave the set for about half an hour, boys,” he said. “Let Miss Crawford rest and line up for the next shot.”

This was on Saturday afternoon. On the Friday night previous, Joan had returned home about eight in the evening. It had been a hard day, dance rehearsals and difficult scenes in a gymnasium.

Before she had time to remove her make-up and slip her feet into comfortable mules, the phone rang. “It’s Mr. Levee,” announced the Crawford butter. “He says it’s very important.” Then from the manager of Douglas I’m right here and will do anything I can to help him. Keep me posted and call me regardless of the time.”

There was little sleep for Joan that night. When the telegram arrived on Saturday, she had been hard at work all day. No one knew of her great worry, until the papers broke the story. There had been telegrams every three hours with detailed reports. A huge basket of flowers with a message from Joan was the first to reach the hospital-rooms of the patient.

That night Joan talked to Douglas’ mother again. And every other night. In between phone calls were telegrams of cheer, flowers and gifts.

But when questioned about a reported reconciliation, Joan emphatically replied: “Nothing has changed. Things are exactly as we planned them and will continue to remain this way. We were two people in love. Then something happened to our love and we separated.”

Read what she did when she learned he was ill with pneumonia in a hospital

By Fred Arnold

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]
Lily Antashman wears a chic costume with some new fashion pointers. The gray wool dress has a hip-length belt—a hint that Hollywood may go long-waisted soon. Her neck piece is a blue fox stole—newer than a scarf.

Bright raffia makes these amusing bracelets that may be worn with any of your daytime costumes. Blue, yellow, green, Hollywood wears them in a gay array on the arm.

Saw this interesting bag while lunching at the Brown Derby the other day. Yellow perforated leather in a casual pouch shape with handle and small ornament in metal. Can't you imagine how smart the bamboo is?

Hollywood's newest fad is a crystal or crystal ring with a monogram showing through from under side. Very swank with the monogram in color.

Here is the new fall walking shoe that was inspired by Marlene Dietrich's classic tailored suits. Black calf with higher cut, metal eyelets and perforated detail.
Fur Now
A Trend
In Dress
Sleeves

— Seymour

HOLLYWOOD
FASHIONS
here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY
Magazine and worn by famous
stars in latest motion pictures,
now may be secured for your
own wardrobe from leading
department and ready-to-wear
stores in many localities. . . .
Faithful copies of these smartly
styled and moderately-priced
garments, of which those shown
in this issue of PHOTOPLAY
are typical, are on display this
month in the stores of those
representative merchants whose
firm names are conveniently listed
for you on Page 123.

THERE'S a wealth of fall fashion
news in this costume that Helen
Vinson wears in "Midnight Club."
First the mink sleeves—daring and
decidedly a new thought for the
woolen street costume. And also,
Travis Banton has given you one of
the best versions of the tunic which is
being revived this fall. A metal ring
holds the scarf collar high about the
throat and a duplicate ring fastens the
belt. Helen's brown beret is an
added chic detail. Note that shell-
like epaulets give a widened shoulder
effect—these in the woolen fabric
EMERALD GREEN

with red fox — doesn't it sound like fall? And here it is in a swagger sheer woolen ensemble worn by Carole Lombard in "Brief Moment." Kalloch has topped a simple dress with a swagger coat that looks new because of its square back yoke and box pleats. Smart wool hat.

"THREE CORNERED MOON" is the romantic title for Claudette Colbert's new picture in which you will see her wearing this charming frock. Sheer woolen with ruffling in white to give accent to the bodice and sleeves. It's a perfect first fall woolen for college or business girl—smart for anyone, in fact. Travis Banton designed it and you will enjoy wearing it on fall days.
CAROLE LOMBARD has an innate flair for smart clothes—and no one knows better how to design them for her than Travis Banton. This stunning evening gown which Carole wears in "Brief Moment," is particularly interesting for its use of fringe and for the hipline belt. Dramatic, isn't it? White crepe and long fringe to animate both skirt and shawl-like scarf, the latter being so cleverly attached to the narrow shoulder straps. Worn in a gay night club sequence
SO simple—yet how much real chic is sewed into this pale pink satin gown which Carole wears in "Brief Moment." Travis Banton thought up that flattering square neckline and amusing tails in back made by wide straps

LILIAN HARVEY brought her own designer, Strassner, with her from Europe and you will see his first creations in "My Lips Betray." This is one, a black velvet evening wrap with the startling contrast of white ermine sleeves—fluted velvet epaulets.
T's not too "schoolgirl" to be smart, yet it is just young enough to be a perfect school outfit. Strassner designed it for Lilian Harvey to wear in "My Lips Betray." The starched Eton collar in linen and the brief cape are grand toppers for the simple checked tweed frock. Slim, straight lines in skirt. This has been copied with long sleeves making it ideal for chilly days.

AND another grand school number—this trim suit with a tie silk printed blouse. Bengaline, an old favorite that is being revived this fall, is the fabric. Sharon Lynne took this from her personal wardrobe so that you might have a copy of it for yours! Wide lapels and a novel double breasted closing for the jacket. Blouse collar and cuffs are worn outside the jacket.
A MID tropical orchids and the eerie call of wild jungle birds—that will be the exotic setting of Dolores Del Rio's next picture, "Green Mansions." After her glamorous island scenes in "Bird of Paradise" with Joel McCrea, RKO-Radio discovered a new screen team and the Latin star was scheduled for a South American picture. "Muchas gracias, Senora," say we all.

Ernest Bachrach
WE'LL give you three guesses—and bet our last sou you won't guess right, even at that. Believe it or not, this gentle man of the beard is—Jack Holt! Chivalrous, baccaneering, he-man Holt who never says die. In Columbia's "The Wrecker," Holt lives up to title, being a wrecked, human derelict who becomes the creature above. Genevieve Tobin is Jack's feminine lead.
Poor "Maedchen"!

Lonely and homesick, thousands of miles away from those she loves, Dorothea Wieck will not return to Germany where she is hailed as a great star and is the wife of a prominent man. Why?

By Reginald Taviner
ONE Sunday afternoon I was lolling around at home trying to get a little rest when the telephone rang. I recognized the voice at the other end of the wire as Paul Bern's.

"Listen, Sylvia," he said, "I want you to do a favor for me. I know a very sweet little girl and I'd like you to take her for a few treatments. You'll love her."

I told Paul how busy I was, and that I didn't see how I could possibly squeeze in another patient. But he begged me to do it and I couldn't refuse, for there never was such a kindly and lovely person as Paul Bern. I asked him the name of the girl, and he told me it was Jean Harlow.

"Will she cooperate with me and do what I tell her?" I asked, for even in Hollywood I was independent. I talked to the stars just as straight as I talk to you. I've said it before and I'm going to say it again: You girls who won't do what I tell you had better not read my articles. I know what my system can do—it can work wonders—but I've got to have cooperation. So that's how I was brought into the picture, when everyone was concerned with building up Jean Harlow as "the platinum blonde."

Well, the appointment was made for two o'clock. Fifteen minutes past two she arrived with her mother, her dog, and her mother's knitting. I was angry because she was late.

"Listen, baby," I told her, "when I say two o'clock I mean two o'clock and if you can't be on time, you needn't come."

But Jean had a cute answer for me:

Here's the Jean Harlow who came to Hollywood from Kansas City in 1929, seeking a career. She had beauty and distinctive hair; but was far from being the Harlow we now know. (Inset—Sylvia)

T HIS revealing story of what America's most famous masseuse and beauty culturist did for a star whose success started with a striking personal type of beauty, shows what expert help you now can have—thanks to Sylvia's new offer.

Through Photoplay Magazine, she'll give you her own personal advice on your problems—the advice that practically all movie-dom has eagerly sought and followed. On page 84 you see some of her answers, and you can read just how easily you may get her help on similar matters that may trouble you.

Here we see Jean much nearer to what she is today, except in one particular. This was from her picture, "Goldie," done in 1931; and it's plain that a bit of whittling down near the waistline was in order. Sylvia helped Harlow on that item.
Jean Harlow's Success

See Sylvia's answers to other girls on page 84, and read how you may obtain help.

Nothing could show better what care and expert advice can do for girls, than comparing this picture of the Jean Harlow of today with Jean when she began. Madame Sylvia tells just how it was accomplished.

"I've heard about what rough treatments you give," she said, "so I thought I'd just take off fifteen minutes from the first one."

Now let's size up what this "platinum blonde" business required of Jean—how many of the required attributes she had, and what needed to be done.

Platinum is a royal metal, so any girl wanting to use that effect must have something of a royal air. She can have vivid beauty, but if she does it must be dignified. It can't be wistfully appealing, like Janet Gaynor's, or effervescent and playful, like Clara Bow's. And like royalty's dress and appearance on formal occasions, everything must be perfect, in a sort of impressive way.

Jean was almost made to order for that, I could see. She has a beautiful body—I've seldom seen one more so. She had just one flaw—her hips were too large. But I knew that in one month's time I could take off the excess fat.

If you analyze Jean's face feature by feature, you'll find there are lots of girls more beautiful than Jean. But in this case that didn't matter. Her features are of the type that can be made impossibly beautiful in pictures. There was nothing I had to do there. And there was nothing I had to do about the hair itself—nature and Jean had taken care of that.

So aside from her hips, it came down to the one thing that's most important of all, when anyone goes in for that kind of effect. To succeed with platinum hair, or white hair, a girl must have a perfect complexion. Jean's skin was lovely, but she knew mighty well it would have to stay that way, and I knew we'd have to safeguard her on that.

That's how it looked to me.
Will somebody please bring in a few more chairs? It's pretty close quarters on a hot night for Bayard Veiller, playwright, Helen Twelvetrees, Ernst Lubitsch, director, and Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles). The foursome are enjoying the kind hospitality of Emanuel Cohen, at one of his celebrated Sunday night parties where prominent members of the Hollywood film colony gather.

"There's many a slip . . ." sings John Boles as Lilian Harvey presents him with a silver cup intricately engraved. At a party given at the Coconut Grove for the cast of "My Lips Betray," Miss Harvey presented each player with a similar cup.

Here's a new slant on Gary Cooper. And the girl is Judith Allen, who came to Hollywood recently and has been going around with Gary ever since. They are sitting out a dance at Wesley Ruggles' party held at the lovely Beverly Hills Athletic Club.
Good Times

The gay glamour of Flicker-ville is at its height in summer

Staff Photos by William Phillips

Lionel Barrymore and his wife seldom step out, and when they do it's a signal for the cameramen. Neither Lionel nor the seldom photographed Mrs. Barrymore could escape all the camera clicks at the Schulberg party.

Lilyan Tashman and husband Eddie Lowe make their smiling entrance at the party given by Mrs. Al Schulberg after the opening of the stage play, "Twentieth Century." A fashion item is inevitable when La Tashman is in the picture: note the lei of gardenias, worn with her satin crepe gown, and Lilyan's famous coiffure.

Joan Bennett looks as pretty as a flower garden and the silvery-blonde Glenda Farrell is stunning in black and white. The happy gentleman between them is Frank Morgan, the philandering husband in "When Ladies Meet." The three made a gay and charming trio at the theater party which Mrs. Schulberg gave.
"Don't Live With Your Mother-in-law" says Irene Dunne

to Virginia Maxwell

"The average wife is so efficient," says Irene, "that her mother-in-law can't find any real faults, so she harps on little things"

Irene Dunne is so typically modern in her ideas, so super-1933 in her reactions to life, that she was the one perfect type to portray the modern, independent young wife in "The Silver Cord."

Most of us know by now that the theme of the picture dealt with a mother-in-law. Not a very sympathetic character in the film, to be sure. But Irene was so perfect a young wife, so typical of millions of other young wives forced, by the recent depression, to live with their mothers-in-law, that I asked her whether in real life this could be done successfully.

"No!" Irene answered. "It cannot be done successfully. It's against all laws of nature."

"But young married couples are doing it every day," we ventured. "They've got to live with the girl's folks or the man's people if they want to get by financially."

"That may be all right for a while, but as soon as the honeymoon is over, when couples begin to get right down to the rock bottom of life, trouble is bound to start. And I think it's by far preferable for young married couples to start their lives together in a furnished room if necessary than to plan to live with their in-laws for years until the young husband can earn enough to support his wife in her accustomed style."

Irene was lolling back on a long couch in her New York hotel suite; a little apartment she keeps in readiness as her permanent home whenever she has an opportunity to come East and join her husband. Hers is a sort of part-time marriage arrangement, Dr. Francis Griffin having to spend most of his time with his dental practice and Irene spending her days in Hollywood at the RKO-Radio studios. Her husband lives with her brother Joe at a New York men's club while Irene is away.

"I think the average young wife is so efficient, so well trained from going to business, that she's pretty nearly perfect. And her mother-in-law simply can't find anything real to find fault about, so she harps on little things.

"Then what happens? If the girl is spirited, as most independent young women are today, there is a clash. She resents the injustice of being made the goat for every little thing that goes wrong in the home—having made her to look cheap in the eyes of her young husband whose love and respect she values above everything else. So the young wife and the mother-in-law hit a snag. And either the youngsters pull out for themselves and are willing to sacrifice a few of the nicer things in order to have each other in comfort and tranquility, or the situation develops into one of those irritating triangles which break all three of them in time."

"I know there are modern mothers-in-law, too. Charming women who consider the happiness and comfort of their sons' wives as carefully as if they were in the young wives' place. But these women are exceptions to the rule; the exceptions which make them conspicuous by contrast."

"What about the young wife contributing to the happiness of such an arrangement?"
PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

THIS perfect summer coiffure is worn by Madge Evans in "Dinner at Eight." Its utter simplicity makes it appropriate for sports frock or dinner gown.

BROAD swirls and softly up-turned ends lend interest to the back. An ideal design for permanent, finger wave or your own curls. Very easy to keep in order.

MADGE EVANS' long bob employs deep waves ending in a flat roll at the neck to create this charming, youthful arrangement. This style is universally becoming, adaptable, and easy to achieve. It is called "Athletic Bob."
PATRICIA ELLIS always keeps one yard of maline in her dressing table. It prevents hair disorder when changing gowns. Also, a grand way to keep curls in order while you sleep.

SHIRLEY GREY introduces a simple, little device that will prevent untold lipstick damage to your frocks. It is made of waxed paper, will not smear lipstick, and is held in the teeth by a tiny tab.

HERE is our little friend, Mitzi Green, rapidly growing into a young lady. Mitzi's nice hair, with its deep bang and soft waves, suggests a lovely arrangement for the younger girl. Mitzi uses some very new, junior-size bob pins to keep the sides neatly in place.
AN interesting study of Joan Crawford's eyes, showing her natural eyebrows. Gone are the fine lines of yesterday that generally robbed faces of interest and individuality. Try your natural brows.

FOR natural and pleasing effect, Elizabeth Young suggests rouging the true lines of the mouth for day. Save the shaping for evening. Elizabeth's new lipstick does wonders for lip beauty in tone and texture. Match lipstick and nail enamel, if you like.

THE prize gadget for the month is Helen Twelve-trees' mascara compact, no larger than a lipstick, complete in every detail. Cunning and small enough for your handbag. Metal, it cannot soil or crush when traveling.
The secrets of perfect powdering are exposed by Maureen O'Sullivan. Over a sparse application of foundation cream or lotion, gently press an abundance of powder evenly over the face.

Here is Maureen's trick that really tells — that powder brush with which all excess powder is softly removed from the skin. A baby's brush will also do. Now marvel at your beauty!

The camera caught Adrienne Ames in one of her sweetest moments, in a wealth of rare fragrances. Notice that separate atomizing device. It may be used in any bottle. A grand gift idea.

Shirley Grey, ready for a plunge in the ocean, first applies a new cream that permits her to tan evenly without burn or skin injury. Also excellent for cleaning, nourishing and make-up base.

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 86)
Keep your clothes new looking the way Elissa Landi does —

"I always insist on LUX"

"Lux protects colors and fabrics so marvelously, makes everything look so delightfully fresh and new, that I insist on it for all my washable frocks and blouses. I find that stockings washed in Lux every night wear much longer, fit far more gracefully. I have my maid wash my lingerie with Lux after every wearing, too."

Elissa Landi
Fox Films' star

THOSE fascinating new weaves — wools like silk, silk like wools, cottons like anything but cotton, gay silks, soft sweaters, stockings and lingerie — keep them like new! Follow the easy method this fastidious star uses — insist on safe Lux!

There is no harmful alkali in Lux (as there often is in ordinary soaps) and none of the cake-soap rubbing that's so hard on your nice things. Lux is especially made to protect colors and fabrics. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

OFFICIAL in all the big Hollywood studios

"All the washable costumes on the lot are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says Rita Kaufman of the Fox Studio. "It protects the colors and the materials, and keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have Lux if it cost five times as much."

Hollywood says —
Don't trust to luck
TRUST TO LUX
Scientist tells WHY this aid in keeping skin

YOUTHFUL SKIN...what a world of happiness those two words mean to a woman! Yet too often—and too soon—women see their lovely youthful complexions grow dull, rough, old-looking. WHY?

The Secret of Youthful Skin

Because, science now tells you, skin gradually loses the precious elements nature herself puts in skin to keep it young-looking...

and it's these precious elements that skin must have to be youthfully attractive.

But here's good news...scientists now explain you can check the loss of those precious elements. Lux Toilet Soap actually contains such precious elements...and is completely free from harshness, readily soluble. That is why this soap is such a wonderful aid in keeping skin young-looking, softly smooth, they declare.

Do you wonder that 686 out of the 694 important Hollywood actresses are so enthusiastic for EVERY Type of Skin... dry
soap is such a wonderful YOUTHFUL

about this fragrant, white soap... have used it for years? And that it's been made the official soap in all the big film studios?

A Lovelier You

Millions of women (and men, too) have confirmed Hollywood's experience.

You, too, can have a softer, smoother, younger-looking skin with this scientific care. Get Lux Toilet Soap today—and prove it to your own satisfaction.

...oily..."in-between"

begin today!
Ask The Answer Man

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopsis of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 59th St., New York City.

whose hobby is collecting stamps. If so, he, too, would like to know about it. Hey, Fan Clubs, let’s get together on this and have a hobby spree!

R. E. H., DETROIT, MICH.—Sorry I cannot furnish you with the titles of the pieces played in “No Man of Her Own” and “Pick Up.” It was just incidental music supplied by the studio orchestra and is not published. This is the case in a great many pictures where the background music is supplied by studio orchestras.

MRS. E. G. VENGEUX, ST. JOSEPH, MO.—It was back in 1917 that “The Secret of the Storm Country,” sequel to “Tess of the Storm Country,” was made. Norma Talmadge and Nick Rich played the leads. Charles Miller was the director and Joseph M. Schenck, the producer.

PHILIS JOAN, NEW YORK CITY—Bebe Daniels and John Boles played the leads in “Río Rita.” John is of Scotch-Irish descent. Who gets the orchid?

NANCY DUANE, TRENTO, N. J.—What do you mean by saying that Ruth Chatterton ought to get wise to herself and go in for more specialized pictures? Don’t you like her shady lady roles? Ruth’s next picture is titled “Female.”

STEWARD JOHNSON, PALMIRA, Mo.—Kenneth Howell was the chap who slid out of the airplane when it was doing a loop-the-loop in “The Eagle and the Hawk.” Johnny Scopes was his character name in the picture.

NADINE GERERIN, PERU, Ind.—Yes, suh! Little Cna Merkel is a Southern belle. She comes from Covington, Ky. Is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 110 and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Is married to Ronald Burla, engineer. Tyrell Davis was the giggling Hero in “Peg O’My Heart.” Godfrey Gill is the lad who sang “Sweetheart, Darlin’” in that picture.

L. BRADBELL, WINNIPEG, MAN., Can.—Margaret Lindsay is the young lady you have mistaken for Ruth Hall. Elisia Landis is about 26 years old. Am I right, “Lissi?”

GLEASON ROMONS, UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIF.—Ann Ross is a real Cherokee Indian, born in Sallisaw, Okla. She has black hair and brown eyes. Is 5 feet, 11 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her mother was an Indian school teacher and her father a chief’s son. Ann was a stenographer before she started in pictures. When not appearing before the camera she studies elocution, music and dancing. She also lectures in schools about the tribal customs of her people.

“Here’s looking at you!” says Helen Mack and her pet dog. Helen’s new contract means better roles for her and bigger bones for the puppy.

Helen Harris, Denbridge, Va.—Actors who marry actresses usually call each other by their screen names. You see many of them have had their professional names made legal.

S. Dippenthal, New Orleans, La.—Still, I’m glad to be able to help you. Ed Brooks, a friend of mine and a stamp enthusiast, says that Tom Brown and Jean Hersholt are great stamp collectors. Jean having written a book or two on the subject. Ed, like yourself, is wondering if some of the Fan Clubs have stars.

SONGS BY REQUEST

In response to numerous letters the Answer Man is listing popular songs from current pictures—

“Adorable”
My Heart’s Desire
Adorable
My First Love to Last

“Gold Diggers of 1933”
Shadow Waltz
I’ve Gotta Sing a Torch Song
Remember My Forgotten Man
Petit in the Park

“Melody Cruise”
Isn’t This a Night for Love
He’s Not the Marrying Kind
This is the Hour

“College Humor”
Learn to Croon
Moonstruck
Down the Old OX-road
My Alma Mater
Play Ball

82
What color nails at Newport? ALL SHADES!

Natural goes with all costumes, but best with bright colors—red, green, purple, orange.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, Subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues. ... Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black, dark brown. Smart also with deeper colors if not too intense.

Cardinal contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pastel shades. Good with gray or beige ... the new blue.

Garnet, a rich wine red, smart with the new twosy shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, gray or burnt orange.

Ruby (new) is such a real red red you can wear it with anything when you want to be gay.

If Newport Girls were alluring in the gay '30's, when they just kept their finger nails nice and clean, today they’re Loreleis, positively Loreleis.

Whether it’s backgammon on the beach, or tennis at the Casino, or a moonlight stroll on Hanging Rock, they’re busy ensnaring everybody with their brilliantly tinted finger nails. All shades!

And just as easy for you as for these young 400's. You start out with the ten finger nails you were born with (toe nails, too, if you’ve been careful to keep them nice). Then apply the tint that best accents whatever color frock you’re wearing. See if variety in finger nails doesn’t make your summer more adventurous, my dears!

And do be practical. Good colors are very, very hard to find, so choose Cutex.

It comes in 7 fascinating shades perfected by the World’s Manicure Authority. And every shade goes on smoothly, evenly, stays on as long as you want it (but don’t forget the whole point is not to be boring with one shade all the time), and never, never blotches.

You can try others, but it’s a pure waste of your time. So run fast to the nearest shop and pick out all the smart Cutex colors. They’ll last you easily a whole season and more.

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.


MISS KATHRINA MCGORMICK in a bright orange suit with Natural nails ... MISS MARY TAYLOR in blue sheaks and white turle neck—with deep Ruby nails on fingers and toes ... MISS LUCILE HOKAN in brown and white and a mermaid wrap-around—with Coral nails. Beach clothes from Cats-Fifth Avenue.

Cutex Liquid Polish—only 35¢

New Cutex Color Wheel giving correct shade of polish for every gown—and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish—only 10¢.

Northam Warren, Dept. 309 191 Hudson Street • New York, N. Y.
(Canada, address P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ for the new Cutex Color Wheel and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish in the shade I have checked: Rose Coral Natural Ruby
How Sylvia Insured Jean Harlow's Success

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

when I first sized up Jean Harlow, and with that we went to work. Her mother sat down in a chair and began to knit, and I made Jean walk back and forth across the floor a couple of times. I saw that she had an exaggerated Mac West walk.

"You may think that's solicitous," I said, "but it'll look normal and get less farther in pictures if you learn to walk with real grace, holding up your shoulders and your head."

Jean's mother looked up from her knitting and nodded her head approvingly. "That's right, Sylvia," she said. "You make Jean do what you say."

THEN we got to the hips. I began with my old faithful digging-in movement. I've told you before how that's done. With your fingers dig in under the fat and squeeze the fat cells until they're smashed down. But I gave Jean another type of treatment which works wonders with the hips and waistline, and you can do it, too, if you get a girl friend, or your mother, to help you.

Here's how it's done: Lie on a bed and relax with your arms above your head. Then have your helper put one hand under your right arm and one hand on your right thigh and stretch the trunk as much as possible without moving the position of the hands.

See how this works? It's as if your friend were trying to pull you in two, and as she does it you can just feel all those fatty tissues being broken down. Do the same thing on the other side of the body. It not only reduces you, but it puts so much pep in you that you feel like going out and licking the world.

After this I put a bath towel over Jean and with the palms of my hands slapped her good and hard to tighten up and flatten the muscles.

Jean was good and didn't squawk once.

The next day she and her mother and the dog and her mother's knitting were there on time, and I said to myself: "Aha, I put the fear of Sylvia into her."

But the joke was on me. The next day she didn't show up at all. Instead, the telephone rang about eight times, and right different boys were asking for Jean.

I'm not going to tell you what I said to her the next day when she did come. But by now you know me, so maybe you can guess.

The rest of it was instructing her nothing could hurt the marvelous complexion that has to go with platinum hair. As I said, Jean's skin was lovely; but we both knew mighty well she had to keep it that way, so I gave her my most potent complexion diet. I've never given this diet before in an article, but I'll promise every one of you girls, if you do it, it is a sure way to keep up your complexion and have a beautiful, clear complexion.

Once a month, for five days, do this: Take a quart box of raspberries or cherries and boil them, without rimming them, in cold water over a very slow fire, with just enough water to cover them, for about an hour. Spread a double layer of cheese-cloth in a sieve and let the juice strain through this over night. Drink a glass of this juice the first thing in the morning. If you don't want to waste the berries or cherries you can make an excellent jam, out of what's left.

Two hours after you've taken the juice drink a glass of skimmed milk. Drink a glass of skimmed milk every two hours until you've had six or seven glasses. The last thing at night before you go to bed, drink a glass of grapefruit juice. When raspberries or cherries aren't in season use tomato juice instead.

I've had the most wonderful results with this complexion diet, but remember you're to do this just five days out of every month. The rest of the time start the day with half a lemon squeezed in a glass of water, avoid heavy, greasy meats, drink plenty of tomato juice, buttermilk, fruit juice, not too much tea or coffee, eat lots of raw tomatoes, watercress, endive, lettuce, celery, raw carrots, raw cabbage and raw fruit.

Try this for a couple of months, and when you look at yourself in the mirror you won't know yourself. Your skin will be as lovely as Jean Harlow's and, believe me, that's plenty lovely!

Of course, when I had Jean, it was before she was married to Paul Bern. You know the terrible tragedy she went through when he committed suicide. When she was coming to me she was one of the most seductive girls in town. I'm afraid the other girls resented her, because they thought she was dangerous so far as their men were concerned. Jean was always gay and full of pep, and she loved to attract attention. She did, too, with that marvelous figure, her platinum hair, and her beautiful complexion!

I've never seen anything like her devotion to her mother. Those two were more like sisters, although her mother always called her "Baby." It was hard for me to get Jean to take her exercises, so I used to appeal to Mrs. Bern. When I asked Jean to do anything, Jean did it. As a matter of fact, the exercises I gave her were easy. I just had her stand straight with her hands on her hips and sway her body from side to side to get her hips flexible so that I could pound off and stretch off the extra weight.

So there you are girls. Start those hip-stretching exercises right away, and don't forget that grand complexion diet.

Answers by Sylvia

FOR THE "RAW-BONED" GIRL

Dear Sylvia:

I'm so big and raw-boned that clothes don't look smart on me. I wish I could do something to change my frame. What would you suggest?

B. B., Dallas, Texas

First of all I'd suggest that you look at Garbo. She has a big frame, but look what she's done with herself. She dresses right for that frame—in loose sports clothes in the daytime and simple evening dresses with long lines at night.

You can do anything you want to with your flesh—take it off or put it on—but you can't change your bones. If you're too thin and your bones stick out, put on weight; but if you're in right proportion use a little common sense, acquire a graceful walk, and make the most of yourself. It seems to me that you big, raw-boned girls would get all the courage you need from another heavy-limbed woman, Garbo.

WRINKLED HANDS

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I'm a young girl and yet my hands are wrinkled. Could you tell me something to do for them?

M. K. T., Seattle, Wash.

You bet I can! You should treat your hands as carefully as you treat your face. First of all, make the skin firm with massage, and that's to tomato juice very much and have been drinking for five small glasses a day. Do you think that's too much?

S. V., Portland, Ore.

That's fine. Keep right on drinking your grapefruit and tea. I've never asked questions. They just did what I said.

But since you're so curious I'll tell you what the dancing does. It practically exercises, it makes you pliable so you can stand the strenuous routine to come. It also actually reduces the hips slightly, makes you lithie, dandyish and not so stuffy. Besides, it's fun. Now come on, try it and see!
THE HUNT'S KEEN

on . . . "la cigarette Spud"

At the hunting season, a smartly cosmopolitan crowd gathers in the châteaux of Middle Europe . . . where feudal luxury is enhanced by modern divertissements. More and more in vogue now among these connoisseurs of pleasure is "la cigarette Spud" . . . that mouth-cool, throat-smooth round of tobacco enjoyment, now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe.

SPUD MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTE

20 FOR 15c
(25c in Canada)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
Timely Tips for Late Summer Loveliness
By Carolyn Van Wyck

Long hair possesses an allure all its own. Dorothy Wilson's sophisticated waves charmingly contradict that demure twist.

According to one of the Hollywood studio make-up departments, there are exactly thirty-eight different shades in skin tones. One of our well-known cosmetic makers, more conservatively estimates that there are eight distinct skin tones among American women, each needing a special color accent in matching rouge and lipstick.

Unquestionably, one great beauty advantage of the Hollywood stars today is that they consider this matter of color harmony very important. The right colors do so much for a face; the wrong ones are impossible.

Take a valuable lesson from the stars today and coordinate your make-up. The biggest error of all, I think, is lack of harmony between cheek rouge and lipstick. These two should always be of the same family in tone, yet we often see a warm-toned lipstick used with a bluish rouge. Almost all sales girls are schooled by the manufacturers they represent to know color and to be able to combine it successfully. Whenever you are in doubt, consult your salesgirl. It will often save you errors in make-up and wasted make-up that you may not want to use because the tone on your skin is not what it appeared to be in the container.

And in this same line of thought, one very popular brand of nail enamel is now going forth on the market with a little color chart on the package, showing you exactly the tone the polish will take on your nails. The bottle of enamel remover that is sold with it is twice the size of the polish bottle. You know how the remover always goes before the polish and you have to run out and repurchase it to make a home manicure possible. This double size bottle will save both time and money.

I have had many letters from readers recently asking me how movie stars hide their freckles. Both Joan Crawford and Kay Francis have freckles, our readers tell me, as indeed they have. How do they cover them? For pictures, of course the heavy screen make-up covers them. But here is a trick for almost every freckled girl, especially if her skin is not very light. Use a foundation cream sparingly, and over that apply a slightly darker powder than is generally used. This is Miss Francis' formula, and how it works: The freckles hardly peep through. And when you have added the touch of a vivid lipstick, no one will guess that you even know what a freckle is. The vivid color does a lot to detract from them.

When you are using this general scheme in make-up, apply little or no rouge. The even, warm-toned skin and bright lips are quite enough, although you need to do something to accent the eyes, unless they are very large and colorful.

For this, we resort to a shadow. I think lipstick and shadow have done more to improve the face than any other cosmetic developments. Shadow will not only accent the color of the eyes, but it gives them a dewy freshness, depth and expressiveness that many eyes normally lack. There are a wide range of colors, but if you want a tip from one of Hollywood's best known make-up experts, the browns and blue-grays are the safest bets. These tones most nearly match natural shadows, are never too obvious, and have remarkable softening and beautifying possibilities. Use the tone that most nearly matches any natural shadow.

There are still many warm days ahead of us when the problem of looking and feeling fresh and sweet is indeed a big one. Offices, shopping, dancing, traveling, call upon the ingenuity of the smartest girl to offset that hot, fatigue, and disheartened look.

Three timely suggestions are the abundant use of an Eau de Cologne or toilet water and clouds of dusting powder after the bath. This lowers body heat considerably and enables you to look, feel, and smell alluringly sweet for hours after their use. The modern deodorant and non-perishant compacts and sticks do wonders for complete immaturity at all times.

They are so small and dainty that you may carry them in your purse. Take but a moment to apply, and save your confidence and clothes under the most trying conditions.

Good atomizers have multi-uses, thinks Nell O'Day. Use them for perfume, toilet water, body, hair and face lotions.

Hardly anyone returns from vacation without hair and skin needing simple attentions to make then lovely again. We have worked out easy, inexpensive and effective treatments to make you your loveliest. There are also some grand new lipsticks you should know about. Please send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Broad, flat waves and a low figure eight knot at the neck create this gracious coiffure worn by Gail Patrick. Earrings add chic...
Jean Harlow co-starring with
Clark Gable
in M-G-M's
"Hold Your Man"
Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively

Is
Make-Up in Color Harmony
Jean Harlow's
Secret of Attraction?

Florence Vondelle Interviews
Jean Harlow

In Hollywood, make-up plays an important part in the lives of the stars, and Jean Harlow is one who has captured its magic. Whether the occasion is a big scene in her picture "Hold Your Man," an evening at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove, or a shopping tour, her make-up appears faultless, always. As we all know, color is the life and appeal of beauty...and the accent of color by the art of make-up is the secret of emphasizing the attraction of beauty. "But color in make-up must mean color harmony," says Jean Harlow. "And, of course, Max Factor, who creates all the make-up used by stars and studios, has the perfect answer in powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized in color for each type."

Max Factor's Make-Up
Cosmetics of the Stars ★★Hollywood
Face Powder...Rouge...Lipstick...in Color Harmony

Max Factor's Society Make-Up

Mail for Color Harmony
Make-Up Chart

Jean Harlow

Photoplay Magazine for September, 1933

87
This is the story of a rat. The scene happened to be a close-up of a rat in a cage.

"I want him peering out of the cage with plenty of malice in his eyes," Cecil De Mille ordered. The camera was moved, the rat peering out with great interest.

"All right, turn them over," ordered De Mille and immediately the rat became bored with the whole business and decided that what he wanted was a good bath.

For thirty minutes, the rat calmly and deliberately bathed himself while De Mille fumed and raged and the overhead mounted.

And there's that startling announcement sent out by a publicity department. It read, "She Had To Say Yes" coming to Broadway."

Well, if she'd stayed at home where she belonged she wouldn't find herself in such a predicament. Broadway always was a gay place.

Design For Living" has become desire for living, for young Fairbanks, Jr. After a gallant fight to quickly regain his health, he was notified by the Paramount Studios they could not possibly wait for him to bring his favorite author and friend's (Noel Coward) role to the screen.

So Doug proceeded to take things easily and rearrange his plans. As soon as he was strong enough he sailed to join his father in Switzerland.

October will find him back in Hollywood facing the cameras.

Richard Arlen is leaving Paramount! After ten years on the same lot—a record in Hollywood—Dick's contract is up on the fifteenth of August, and he will not renew it?

Other plans are in the air—and what do you bet they concern the new Twentieth Century Company.

Interesting, the fact that Joan Crawford went to all the trouble to officially explain that Franchot Tone really was not with some other girl at his own birthday party; that she had been invited but, at the last moment, had to respond to a call to the studio.

Just to show you how utterly mad movies are," Helen Hayes laughed, "they spent hours designing a cloth coat for me in 'Another Language,' that would look like a raincoat.

"Naturally I was soaked through in twenty minutes and no one knew what to do.

"Finally I asked just why I couldn't wear a real raincoat and everyone was bowled over with the idea.

"They simply hadn't even thought of a real raincoat.

"So I'm wearing a real one now and keeping dry."

Incidentally, Helen is delighted with the chance to play in the movie "Another Language" as she turned down the stage play and was sorry she had when it turned out to be such a hit.

Marjorie Graves is pulling a Paulette Goddard—driving to her work as an extra in a $15,000 automobile.

Jimmy Durante returned from his success in the "Strike Me Pink" girl show just in time to see the casting office interviewing two hundred scantily-clad girls for dancing parts.

"Boy, oh boy," cried Schnozzle, "What a lot of new faces in Hollywood this year!"

Buddy Rogers is the busiest man in Chicago—he broadcasts, leads his orchestra, and autographs, all at one and the same time. He has signed cards, albums, collars, hats, petticoats, everything the autograph-hunters present—by the million, it seems to him. The Indian group at the Fair has made him a member of its tribe—he was christened "Chief Silver-Note."

Now that so much of her money is tied up in the oil ventures of her husband, Serge Miñani, whom she sued for a divorce, Mary McCormick, grand opera singer, is turning to the movies.

She is going to play a rôle in Janet Gaynor’s next picture. It seems Harry Lachman, the director, "Knew Mary when"—they both were protégés of Mary Garden.
Forget your Old Ideas
of NAIL POLISH... Glazo has 6 radical changes that almost force you to change your brand

LET'S admit very frankly that Glazo has always been a high-priced polish... designed to appeal to the most fastidious women. And so great is its vogue that for many years it has far outsold any other polish of its price. So it's sensational manicure news that the famous Glazo now costs even less than ordinary polishes.

But even more sensational — that Glazo presents new improvements beyond your fondest dreams of what a perfect polish should be.

A new-type lacquer, developed by Glazo, gives higher lustre... gives 50% longer wear.

Six color-perfect shades... to suit your whims and your occasions. And the Authentic Glazo Color Chart on the package presents the one sure way to select the exact shades you wish.

The new metal-shaft brush... just can't come loose... allows shorter flattened bristles that make application far, far easier.

We have even put Glazo Polish Remover in an extra-size bottle... ample to last as long as your Polish.

The new Glazo, in its striking new package, will please you as no other polish can. Glazo Polish and the Polish Remover are now only 25c each... the twin kit, containing both the Polish and Remover, is but 40c.

The New
Glazo Preparations

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Choice of six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Cranberry Red, and Colorless. 25c each.

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. Easily removes even deepest shades of polish. Extra-size bottle, 25c.


GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-93
191 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)
I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred)...

[Checkboxes for Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium]
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

Garbo is slowly but surely shedding the chrysalis and coming right out in public. Her two close friends, Mercedes D'Acosta and Mrs. Viertel, are handling all her business affairs. She is no longer under the management of Harry Edington.

The brother-sister fad continues in Hollywood. Joan Blondell's sister, Gloria, was screen-tested and signed by RKO-Radio, and Bill Cagney, brother of Jimmy, was also okayed for a contract by Radio.

Charlie Ruggles tells about a friend of his, a theater owner, who wanted to order three "Mickey Mouse" comedies for his theater. After he got to the phone he couldn't decide whether to ask for three "Mickey Mouse" or three "Mickey Mice." He stumbled around over the order and finally ended up by shouting "Oh, rats!" and hung up.

A nice little item for that new fall suit, girls, is the initial buckle Joan Crawford wears on the belt of her smart tweed coat in "Dancing Lady." It's made like the initial "J" and covered in leather to match the long, elbow-length leather gloves. And is it smart?

Romantic rumors: Chevalier is being attentive to Jacqueline Francelle, the little French girl who came to Hollywood to play in the foreign versions of Maurice's films. . . . Joel McCrea has been going places with pretty Frances Dee. . . .

Wedding bells have rung for:—Jim Tully and Myrtle Brady . . . Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard (still a ? mark) . . . Alexander P. Gray, Jr., and Peggy McCray, seventeen year old Oklahoma oil heiress.

Favorite continues to kick George Raft's career around.

Because Jack LaRue was too tall, George got his first important motion picture role—Paul Muni's lieutenant in "Scarface."

Because Clark Gable's legs have folded under him, George gets a role in "The Bowery" for which he seems to be better-perfect.

In fact, George was the producer's first nomination for the part but Paramount would not let him go.

Gable was secured instead. But, now Clark has gone to Alaska, hoping the sea voyage will afford some rest for his weary legs and Paramount has relented.

Raft can play the part.

The four Marx Brothers were in a conference over their new picture, "Duck Soup," when the phone rang.

Groucho answered it.

"No," he said. "No!" Pause.

"Positively not!" Pause. "No!"

"No!" "No!" "No!" "No!" "No!" "No!"

He hung up.

"That was Cecil B. De Mille," he explained.

Because he nonchalantly flew across the United States in an airplane, Bruce Cabot gets a new contract at RKO-Radio.

RKO executives were aghast. The production was not half finished! Suppose their young leading man had gone into a tail spin or something?

Digging Cabot's contract out of the files, they promptly had it rewritten so that now he may fly only in airplanes of established air lines and then only between pictures.

As a further precaution, the company lawyers inserted a clause prohibiting Cabot from driving his automobile faster than legal limits.

And, when he is walking in traffic he may cross street intersections only when the signals say "go."

[M PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]
"If our weight goes up... our salary comes down"
say CAROLE LOMBARD and GENE RAYMOND

Everyone takes pride in keeping slim and trim... but screen celebrities have an extra reason. They fight excess fat because movie contracts set a limit to the pounds a star can gain.

So Hollywood favorites have become experts at selecting foods that build energy—provide nourishment—without increasing that vital waistline.

No heavy lunches!

And when lunch time rolls around, very few stars eat heavy, fattening lunches. They need energy—of course—and many of them get it in a light, nourishing lunch—the "Hollywood Lunch."

For example, here are Carole Lombard and Gene Raymond getting the energy they need, without fear of fat—enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch"—a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit!

If you want to keep fit—forget the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever tasted—Borden's Malted Milk!

Borden's is better!

Borden's is a finer malted milk. Richer in energy-building nourishment. Richer in vitamins A, B, and G. And every attendant serving Borden's is trained to mix the best malted milk!

Make tomorrow's lunch a "Hollywood Lunch!" And don't forget—for home use, Borden's Malted Milk also comes in handy glass jars.

Go to the fountain that displays the Borden diamond.
THEY were raving about the splendid work of Baby LeRoy in "A Bedtime Story." He was so cross one afternoon we had to use a stand-in," the director said. "But most of the time he was as good as gold."

"I see," said the listener, "just another man off the gold standard."

FRANCIS LEDERER, who kisses the hands of stars and script clerks with the same degree of grace at RKO-Radio studios, had just finished bowing over the hand of a stenographer when a friend said:

"We had another hand-kisser on this lot, Francis. He was Ivan Lebedeff. But he did it with heel-clicking formality and the air of an aristocrat."

"But I," replied Lederer, "came from the poorest family in Czecho-Slovakia."

M-G-M is still searching (desperately) for a youngster to play Jimmy Durante when a baby.

Latest reports have it that they have hired the Richfield Scout car by the month, and subsidized six orphanages.

A SCENE in "Dancing Lady" was rehearsed over and over until everyone was weary.

Finally it was shot and then, horror of horrors, they discovered Joan Crawford had on her bedroom slippers with a traveling dress. She'd simply forgotten she had them on. Nothing to it but it must be done all over.

And speaking of "Dancing Lady," Franchot Tone wears a beret in one scene. And do they razz him?

"All ready, Fran-sis," the director calls with the accent on the "sis" and Franchot takes it all in good fun, even though he does grow red behind the ears.

ANOTHER of those thoughtful little acts of Marie Dressler is being told. Madge Evans and Marie were enacting a scene for "Dinner At Eight." The script called for a close-up of Marie. "Here, this won't do," she said. "This scene is as much Madge's as mine. Let's rearrange this bit of business so Madge can share the close-up, too." So they sat and waited while the director arranged the scene so Madge could share in the close-up.

They've been two-someing together for quite a time now and the romantic rumors continue while Anita Louise is working at one studio and Tom Brown works on "The Forgotten Boy" on another lot. But when the day's work is done—they're together again.

WHEN Alan Dinehart went to marry Mozelle Brittone he didn't take any chances that a former Follies girl, who is pouting, would interfere.

While guests assembled in the living room of the Dinehart home, Alan, Mozelle, the preacher and two or three others disappeared.

A few minutes later they reappeared, shouting, "Surprise! Surprise!"

They had slipped away and been married in the garden, they announced.

But the ceremony actually took place in a rear bedroom. It was the buffet luncheon that was held in the garden.

JUDITH ALLEX (formerly Mari Colman until the great C. B. operated on her name) moved from her apartment the other day—and moved in state. Nothing less than Gary Cooper's big black Lincoln sedan (but you didn't know he had one) transported the lady's effects to her new establishment—and Gary's driver was also the moving man.

THE Bing Crosbys have been so busy having their new lady they haven't even looked over the architect's plans for their new Toluca Lake house.

The other day a friend who had stopped in to look over the place, which is well under way, remarked to Dixie what a grand idea it was to have a diet kitchen upstairs next to the lady's nursery.

Imagine her astonishment when Dixie said, "Oh, is there one? That will be nice."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]
In Pittsburgh . . . Hollywood Fashions Are Sold Exclusively by

Joseph Horne Company

Look to stores famous for Fashion when you seek true reproductions of Hollywood costumes . . . exact copies of the smartest styles worn by the most fashionable stars (See Page 123) . . . "Hollywood Fashions" for September . . . selected by Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and illustrated and described in PHOTOPLAY'S fashion section (Pages 61-66) are on display in many principal cities.

YOU’LL BE THRILLED!

Claudette’s Clever Frock in fine Bengo Crepe with Mousseline de Soie trim and matching fabric belt. Green; Brown; Red; Blue; Wood Smoke or Black. 11 to 17.

The secret’s out! It’s early fall in its smartest mode, and popular Claudette Colbert wears it in the new Paramount picture, "Three Cornered Moon!" You’ll be thrilled with this unusual street costume of crepe and mousseline de soie; Claudette’s frocks are always in such admirable fashion!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

In Association With WAKEFIELD & O’CONNOR, Inc.

If "Hollywood Fashions" are not sold in your community, send Photoplay Magazine your name and address and mention department store from which you buy ready-to-wear.
Why isn't this pretty girl dancing?

She's pretty. She's a good dancer. She's lively company. She wears stunning clothes.

Yet there she is, alone. Why?

The answer is not hard to find. Because she does not understand that soap and water alone cannot protect her from the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration, she is cut off from so much pleasure.

What a pity it is! And so needless. For it's so easy to have complete protection, just by using Mum!

A light fingertipful of this snowy deodorant cream smoothed under each arm when you dress—and you're safe for the whole day or evening.

Mum is no trouble to use—takes only half a minute. And you can use it any time, even after you're dressed.

For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—even a sensitive skin. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Another thing women use Mum for—to remove strong, stubborn odors, such as onion and fish, from their hands. Keep a jar in the kitchen for this.

Remember, Mum simply prevents the unpleasant odor of perspiration, and not the perspiration itself. Get the habit of using it daily. You can get Mum at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. The Mum Mfg. Co., 75 West St., New York.

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins is a guarantee of freedom from odor. You need no longer worry about this old, old feminine problem.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

THANK goodness, Jackie Cooper is at last making a picture. Seems ages since we have seen him on the screen. He is playing Alice Brady's son in "The March of Time." And by the way, didn't you just love Alice in "When Ladies Meet"? Looks as if she will be with us for a while now, as M-G-M keeps thinking up parts for her to play.

And we do hear that Garbo will have the most sumptuously gorgeous clothes of her entire career in the new "Queen Christina." One gown alone required a hundred yards of material, and ten women worked for eight weeks completing the seed-pearl embroidery on it.

With Clark Gable and Cary Grant laid up, the industry is seriously hampered. No decision has been made as to Joan Crawford's leading man for her next picture, "Dancing Lady." Bob Montgomery is in the midst of another opus, which eliminates him as a candidate.


You've heard of the tourist who came to Hollywood to witness one of its famous premières. He waited around for weeks but nothing happened. Finally, one night while driving around, he was attracted by search lights sweeping the skies and blue lamps throwing out a festive atmosphere. Stepping on the gas, he drove like mad to the spot. When he got there he discovered it was the home of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay—"lit up"—for the evening.

James Cagney is one actor who refuses to lend himself to any fake publicity. If the studio asks Mr. Cagney to pose for golf pictures, and Cagney doesn't play golf, it's no go. "It's a fake," Jimmy says, "and I don't do it." But, with anything that Jimmy honestly likes to do, or can do, he's the first to co-operate. There's no false veneer or small talk about Cagney. To every interviewer he'll truthfully unload his honest opinions. And, when it's over, he'll look up with a sheepish grin and remark:

"Guess I talked too much, didn't I?"

But, at least, it's honest talk, Jimmy.

William Gargan and Bruce Cabot engaged in a wild game of ping pong at a party one night and Bill lost a wad of money.

"What's the matter, Bill?" someone asked him. "How come you lost?"

"Well, I don't understand that game so well," Gargan sighed. "I'm always pinging when I should be ponging."
BOB MONTGOMERY has gone Hollywood for something—you name it. He has a solid gold plate as big as a telephone book on the dashboard of his new chariot, with his full name, studio address and home address and telephone number inscribed thereon. Why Bob! Going Tom Mix on us?

THE four months old E. G. Robinson, Jr., is starting out right. Jack Dempsey has presented him with a tiny pair of autographed boxing gloves which his papa Robinson, Sr. is teaching him to use. And, so far he's been given two pipes.

RICHARD DIX makes the assertion that not one cent of his salary is spent for household expenses. His home, he insists, is self-supporting.

Proceeds from the sale of turkeys, ducks, chickens and eggs, produced on his ranch, pay all the bills, he says.

LARRY GRAY (remember him?) is back in town, now that musicals are in again, and up for several singing parts. His new heart is Pauline Sears, a Junior Leaguer. Larry is up to his old tricks again . . . he always gave the picture girls the go-by in favor of Sassiey, with a large S.

CLAUDIA MORGAN learned to smoke because Prince, her dog, loved to bark at cigarette smoke. A friend visited the Morgans some time ago and taught Prince to jump at the smoke rings. When she left, Prince was so disconsolate that Claudia learned to smoke for his benefit.

CORA SUE COLLINS takes a sunbath every day on the roof of her apartment house.

"Do you wear a bathing suit, Cora Sue?" asked a friend.

"Bathing suit nothing!" scorned the five-year-old. "I wear a handkerchief!"

GARBO'S new dressing-room has a private stairway and separate gate. At one time it was occupied by Julia Faye, during the De Mille regime on the M-G-M lot. John Barrymore was the latest occupant, but graciously bowed out (at the request of the great Swede). Adrian, close friend of Garbo and designer of her clothes, has redecorated her suite. Dove grey and vermilion red are the colors selected by Adrian for the "resting" place of the elusive one!

IF your hair is golden, take a tip from Lillian Harvey who has started something brand new in the way of corsets. Lillian appeared at the Coconut Grove the other night in a simple white satin gown with a single, full blown yellow tulip at the high waist line. The effect was simply stunning, as the tulip blended in with her golden hair.

BETTER not speak to Charlie Chaplin's girl. He doesn't like it.

The other evening out at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, Charlie was table-hopping all over the place, leaving Paulette Goddard alone most of the time. A news photographer who happened to be there shooting some pictures strolled over to Paulette's table just to ask if he could take a picture, and chatted for a moment . . . but only a moment. Charlie came flying back and put a stop to that in practically no time at all.

HAVE YOU BEEN ASLEEP about lingerie soaps?

Something happened not long ago in the soap world. Did you sleep through it? Or have you been awake—one of the early ones to find out about the new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics, IVORY SNOW?

IVORY SNOW is entirely different from old-fashioned hard, flat flakes. It is not flaked at all, but BLOWN. Its tiny, suds-rich round bits dissolve the way snow melts—quick as a wink, completely, and in LUKEWARM WATER!

No wonder Ivory Snow is kinder to silks and woolens . . . saves colors . . . and is ideal for all the new quilted, crinkly and satiny weaves! There are four good reasons . . .

1. No danger of too-hot suds—because you don't need hot water at all to dissolve Ivory Snow.

2. No danger of soap spots—because Ivory Snow has no flat pieces to cling flat to fabrics and fail to rinse out. It dissolves completely.

3. No excuse for rubbing—(which is ruination to wools, rayons and satins!)—because Ivory Snow's rich suds gently coax out dirt and leave no soap spots to be rubbed out.

4. No harshness—because Ivory Snow is PURE. It is made from pure Ivory Soap, which doctors approve even for wee babies' tender skins.

You couldn't be kinder to your hands than to use Ivory Snow for dishes, too. Extravagant? — NO! A BIG package costs only 15c.
How a bride learned the secret of lovely hands

Her hands were softly young, white as lilies, on the day of her wedding. "How endearingly fragile and feminine they are," her proud husband thought. But soon those lovely hands...

PRETTY accurate sign of better times, when a star throws a big party on the set.

When Helen Vinson finished in "Midnight Club" with George Raft, she tossed a big beer-and-prettel party for the cast and entire crew. Just like the old days.

OLD LaROQUE is on his way back to Hollywood, after thirteen months in the frozen wastes of Greenland making "S. O. S. Iceberg." His wife Vilma Banky is returning with him.

THAT Eddie Sutherland-Audrey Henderson marriage, which started to cool some months ago with Eddie's long stay in New York, seems to have reached the point where the chains will fall right off. Audrey is off to Honolulu for a protracted visit, and that seems to be that.

LORENA LAYSON, one of the youngest and prettiest of the thirteen Warner Junior Starlets, was selected by Al Green to play a sixty year old maiden aunt of Genevieve Tobin in "Red Meat." Maybe you can think of an answer to that.

HOLLYWOOD is checking over the telegram received in Hollywood from the mother of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. "The autograph fans simply walked away from Will Rogers and Lee Tracy, leaving them flat," she wired. "Douglas is the only one they want."


JACK OAKIE has a new one. Seems there was a gag campaign to "Keep Poison Oakie Out of Toluca Lake." So Oakie happened to go swimming out there the other day, and now he says he wants a new campaign to read, "Keep Toluca Lake Out of Jack Oakie."

JUNE KNIGHT is playing in Universal's next, a big musical extravaganza... and June wears so little that she says her name ought to be changed from June Knight to September Morn... .

INTERESTING to note that Loretta Young's mother, Mrs. Belzer, always calls her daughter "Gretchen"—which is her real name. Also that Loretta, who has been in pictures so long she seems a lot older, had to go to court to have her new contract with Twentieth Century Films validated—she won't be twenty-one until January sixth.

IN Jimmie Dunn's last picture, "Hold Me Tight," a crowd of extras were working and Jimmie ordered that one of them started to leave, telling a friend that he was too ill to stick it out, though he needed the pay-check badly.

Jimmie sent the boy to his dressing-room and told him to rest, while he got into the overcoat and took his place in the crowd.

The director didn't notice Jimmie in the extra ranks until he saw him taking his overcoat off and the audience probably won't notice him at all, but the extra will never forget him, or the kindness that prompted Jimmie to do this for him.

LATEST chapter in the "Life and Loves of Estelle." She and Rowland Brown, the bulky writer and director, are seen together constantly.

And this, confides Miss Taylor, is the first real romance that has come to her since the divorce from Jack Dempsey.

ZASU PITTS is not going to get married. She vociferously denies her rumored engagement. Says "romance hits but once"—and she had hers. Zasu is taking her first vacation in years—out on a boat cruising around Santa Cruz.

No one in town has more right to a vacation than Zasu, who worked in thirty-five pictures last year.

BABY LEROY is now three months older than when he worked in "A Bedtime Story," but he has lost none of his baby cuteness. The day after his new contract was signed, photographers went to his home to make photographs—and immediately feared that M'sieu Babee had developed temperament when they were declined admission. Then it developed that LeRoy had the measles. When the seige was over, he visited the studio, looking like a miniature Dietrich—in dark glasses and a pair of pants!

MAE WEST is keeping up with her literary work between scenes. It is going to be a book, we hear, entitled "How to Misbehave." The finer points analyzed, no doubt, until all the old misbehavers will be revealed as mere rank amateurs.

UNA MERKEL complains that she cannot hold her man. An admiring follower wrote to her and told of his extensive study of a correspondence school course on "How To Be A Great Detective" in the usual ten easy lessons. He vowed protection to Una for the rest of her life.

The following week a letter came retraction the promise.

He had shot himself in the arm practicing the first lesson.

ADVICE to ambitious starlets—Gloria Stuart states that she is awfully glad she married before she was a screen star, and that marriage has been her salvation... So it has for a lot of other picture ladies, only very few of them admit it.

FLORENCE DESMOND, who has amused all London by impersonating American film favorites behind their backs, is now imitating them to their faces. Come to Hollywood, Miss Desmond has been cast in "There's Always Tomorrow" and will have a chance to do her choice impersonations of Janet Gaynor and Greta Garbo in that picture.
DID you know by any chance that:

George Raft was a professional baseball player in the Eastern league for a year.

And became a bantam weight boxer at the age of 16?

Mae West looks smaller off the screen than on? Weighs 119 pounds and is proud of her figure? And writes all her own scripts?

Charlie Ruggles likes to buy things in a drug store because he used to work in one?

Fredric March’s favorite dessert is deep dish apple pie?

Sylvia Sidney hates bread and butter because in boarding school the teacher forced her to eat it? And piled up on her plate all the bread and butter she left from the meals before?

And that she has the smallest waist in Hollywood? It’s 21½ inches.

Maurice Chevalier has never seen a baseball game and doesn’t care for football?

A CERTAIN interviewer had looked forward for weeks to his interview with the glamorous Peggy Hopkins Joyce. He was all ready and primed for the glorious Peggy and then the day arrived. And Peggy, the enchanting, spent the entire time talking about her “tummy ache.”

How easily glamour is shattered?

ONE of the most expensive items in filming Janet Gaynor’s “Paddy, the Next Best Thing” is fish. The company built the Irish lighthouse set up the coast from San Francisco and forgot that the waters were filled with seals. When the filming took place, the inquisitive seals flopped right up barking and flapping in noisy applause. Studio engineers had to keep them hauled away from the set by throwing tons of fish into nearby waters.

“DID you hear that Lionel Barrymore ‘burb’ in ‘Rasputin’?” a friend said to another.

“Yes,” the friend replied, “Lionel is rapidly becoming ‘the burp of a nation.’”

HOLLYWOOD’s as bad as a college campus when it comes to nicknames. Sylvia Sidney answers to “Sissy” or “Brat.” George Raft has been dubbed “Blacksnake.” It has something to do with his eyes. Marie Dressler is called “Duchess,” and Alison Skipworth is “Skippy.” Jack Oakie’s nickname is “Bucket.” Jack named Bing Crosby “Spook,” because he haunts the ether. Gracie Allen is called “Googy” by everybody but George Burns—and that’s censored.

ANDY CLYDE ate so many doughnuts while making “Dora’s Dunking Donuts” he had to go on a diet. In one scene he ate four. The scene was shot from four angles and retakes had to be made. Add ‘em up yourself!

ZASU PITTS played in a recent comedy in which a forlorn bedraggled puss figured.

Well, Tabby appeared in an early sequence just as stringy and unhappy looking as the script demanded. But Zasu felt so sorry for her sister-actress that she fed her and petted her and slished her up so that on her next appearance near the end of the film about ten days later pussy was so smug and fat and sassy that she didn’t live up to her part and her scenes had to be shot again with her stand-in taking the role.

Hollywood babies please note and stick to that diet.

DO YOU KNOW WHY YOUR TEETH ARE NEVER CLEAN? YOU NEVER GET ALL THE STAINS OFF?

GIRL—You’re very rude, toothbrush—telling me my teeth aren’t clean.

TOOTHBRUSH—It’s about time somebody told you. Those teeth of yours have lost you enough dates.

GIRL—Don’t be common.

TOOTHBRUSH—Don’t be childish! You do want to know why they aren’t clean—don’t you?

GIRL—Go ahead—he disagreeable.

TOOTHBRUSH—You’ll thank me some day. Now answer me this—how would you get pie-juice off a pie-plate?

GIRL—I’d scour it off.

TOOTHBRUSH—Exactly! And how would you get gravy off a gravy-boat?

GIRL—I’d wash it off.

TOOTHBRUSH—That’s two different cleansing actions. But the dental cream you’re using has only one.

GIRL—What’s that got to do with it?

TOOTHBRUSH—Good heavens, everything! The things you eat and drink put seven different kinds of stains on those lovely teeth of yours.

GIRL—Why doesn’t my dentifrice get them all off?

TOOTHBRUSH—Because it has only one cleansing action—and all stains won’t yield to any one action. It takes two! So your teeth get duller and duller. It’s gradual discoloration.

GIRL—Can anything be done about it?

TOOTHBRUSH—Of course it can. Get Colgate’s.

GIRL—Has Colgate’s two cleansing actions?

TOOTHBRUSH—You bet it has. An emollient action that dissolves some stains and washes them away—and a fine polishing action that gets rid of the rest of them.

GIRL—Will I notice any difference if I use Colgate’s regularly?

TOOTHBRUSH—Honestly, I think you’ll discover a lustre and beauty you never knew your teeth had.

GIRL—That settles it! I’ll buy a tube of Colgate’s today.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group No. 5—Minerals, Group No. 6—Fruits, Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.

25¢
JOAN CRAWFORD has one grand ideal. "When I get older, I want to be exactly like Louise Closer Hale," Joan says. "She's the grandest person I know."

Joan and Miss Hale became friends during the making of "Possessed," and Joan has found her famous quips and unfailing good humor a welcome relief to the blues.

Few movie devotees know Miss Hale is a brilliant writer, having many novels to her credit.

There is probably no young lady anywhere who is more rigidly chaperoned than little Jean Parker, in spite of the fact that she is a full-fledged picture actress. Jean is a protege of Ida Koverman, secretary to Louis B. Mayer, who keeps a vigilant eye on her young hopeful. There is no doubt in the mind of anyone who has seen Jean's work on the screen that she has infinite promise. And Mrs. Koverman is sparing no expense or time in seeing that Jean will be excellently equipped for a starring career. Her education includes music (vocal and piano), dancing, gymnastics—and that means she has a lesson every day.

SYLVIA SIDNEY is practically the only star in Hollywood who has never gone in for pets. Sylvia has held out, resolutely, against being the slave of a puppy or even a pair of gold-fish.

One of Sylvia's admirers deplored this lack, and sent her a pair of love-birds. And now the laugh is on the sender, because the birds turned out to be sworn enemies.

They put in all their time quarreling noisily, so Sylvia has named them "Jiggs" and "Maggie."

DIID you know . . .

Sylvia Sidney always wears an ancient Roman coin as a locket?

Fredric March was an extra or "supe" in the stage company "Deburau" when Lionel Atwill was the star?

Cary Grant is a professional trapeze artist and high stilt walker?

That Richard Dix refuses to make a picture unless Joe Hermano, deaf and dumb boy, has a bit in it somewhere?

That Dolores Del Rio is taking swimming lessons from Johnny Weissmuller? And Hollywood hopes Lupe, who is anything but an intimate of the Mexican star, will never find out.

SUNSHINE means fun to a lot of kids but a cloudy day in Hollywood means a picnic to the orphans.

A news motion picture company is called on location and cloudy weather prevents them from going, the rather elaborate box lunches prepared for the trip are given to the orphans' home.

And you should see those kids fly to the window each morning to watch for a cloud in the sky.

And, oh boy, when the sun fails to shine are they happy?

BUSTER CRABBE isn't afraid to put in a good of alligators and he's willing to wrestle a caged panther, but he's scared to death of horses. When told that he had to ride a horse in "Man of the Forest," Buster objected. "Why, one of the nags might toss me right off and I'd break an arm or something, I'd rather stick to lions!"

[Please turn to page 124]

Not until the night
HER LIPS
looked natural!

A SWEET GIRL, of course, He knew that. But he lost interest when he looked at her lips. Unappealing, conspicuous with paint . . . Then one night he couldn't resist. Her lips were so kissable, so naturally colorful! And she'll tell you herself . . . that was the night she tried her new lipstick, which colors the lips without painting them!

Easy To Have Alluring Lips

Use Tangee. You'll see your lips satin-smooth, alive with natural color . . . free forever of that painted look! Because Tangee isn't paint. It's a scientific formula made to match the natural color hidden in your own lips.

On your lips, Tangee changes to the one shade of rose best for your complexion. Sounds unbelievable. And yet you can see, it's ORANGE in the stick and ROSE on your lips.

Tangee costs no more than ordinary lipsticks . . . and lasts longer. Ask for Tangee at your drug store or favorite cosmetic counter.

The New Tangee Powder
Brings Soft Underglow

Try the new Tangee Face Powder, which produces a soft underglow that makes your skin look younger, fresher, more natural! Because Tangee Powder now contains the same magic color principle as Tangee Lipstick . . . therefore blends with your natural skin tones!

New!
SMALL SIZE
TANGEE LIPSTICK

Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use!

\* SPECIAL 10c OFFER! \* 19

The George W. Luft Co., Inc. (Enclose 10c) 417 Fifth Ave., New York Stamps or coin Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing minia-

ture Tangee Lipstick, Rouge and Powder.

Check [ ] Flesh [ ] Rachel [ ] Light Rachel

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City __________________ State ________

No, this isn't a doctor listening to heart beats: it's Frances Dee giving William Gargan a little petting in "Headline Shooters." Dear, dear, the poor boy must have gone to sleep on her shoulder. Maybe it's been a hard day at the office.

This is the "headlock" or catch-as-catch-can—quite a new technique in love-making, children. Well, if it isn't that, what would you call this new hold that William Powell tries in a scene with Ann Harding from "Double Harness"?
"Ask for the New
Equalizer KOTEX
(Patent No. 1,865,333)
It gives you 20 to 30% greater service in your sanitary protection

NEWS! The Patented* Equalizer... it adds 20 to 30% greater protection. An intimate explanation of its function is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Read it to learn how the Equalizer gives greater protection with less bulk. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness.

Ends must be phantomized

Mere rounded ends are not enough. They must be flattened, embossed so that the phantom effect is certain. Kotex—and Kotex only—offers this special shaping.

And all the former advantages of Kotex are retained; softness, absorbency, disposability, phantomized ends, the fact that it can be worn on either side with equal protection—these are features you need and want. And you get them, in Kotex, today, at a lower price than ever before.

For extra safety

During certain hours—in some cases even for two days—extra precautions are necessary. At such times, use Kotex Super Size. Have a box of both on your shelf.

You will want to try the Kotex narrow adjustable belt... the final perfection in sanitary comfort. It was designed as carefully as Kotex, itself—with woman's health and comfort in mind.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer... and this is why:

1—It took two and one-half years to perfect.
2—a board of three hundred women tested it.
3—Medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
4—WAND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,865,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

*Patented.

Illustrations and text copy, 1933, Kotex Co.
Guard your DRESSES
Spare your FRIENDS
Perspiration can Cost You Both

New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you can afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don’t risk offending your friends with perspiration’s odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

Oodorono Protects your Charm and Saves your Dresses

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This Oodorono—a doctor’s prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture must be prevented if you want to save both your dresses and your friends. With Oodorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Oodorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Oodorono (colorless) now have the original Oodorono sanitary applicator.

reason with Mary—to make her see a great career was at stake.

There was much comment at the time that Mary’s friends deeply resented Fairbanks’ silence. They said he could have lied like a gentleman—he could have made vehement denials to protect Mary. He was silent. Mary was forced to carry the brunt of the whole thing.

FAIRBANKS obtained a divorce from his wife and settled half a million dollars on her. She then married a Pittsburgh broker named Evans. Most of her money was lost, through nobody’s fault, as many a fortune has been, and she took her son, young Douglas, to Hollywood, and entered him in motion pictures.

Mary obtained a divorce from Owen Moore in Minden, Nevada. Moore happened to be there at the same time, so the divorce was granted without delay. The subject of collusion was brought up but later dismissed after a lot of publicity.

The marriage caused an estrangement between Mary and her mother that lasted for some time. Mrs. Pickford was of the opinion that Doug had an eye on the future. Mary was a greater star than he—but little Mary was purely in love, and nothing else on earth mattered.

Mary consulted Doug about everything. He and his brother John Fairbanks, his business manager, were given the say-so of all her business affairs. She was never the independent business woman with her husband—always deferred to his judgment, consulted him, and abided by his decisions. And she worshipped him as if he were a god.

During their romance, Doug was intensely jealous of Mary. And strangely enough, most jealous of the man who later married her best friend.

MARY went down to San Diego where she was made honorary colonel of the 143rd Field Artillery. The chaplain of the regiment was a handsome young man named Fred Thomson.

One of the ceremonies was a football game between the 143rd and 144th regiments—and looking at me. Often I found myself wondering if caged monkeys do not laugh at human beings.”

Miss Jordan decided that her lowly showgirl experience should not be in vain. She visited a London producer and pointed out to him the value of her publicity as Miss England. He gave her a job. This led to more important things, and she was invited to New York to take part in the stage play “Cynara.”

Miriam was too beautiful to have escaped the attention of studio scouts. She soon left Broadway for Hollywood and is now under long term contract to the Fox Film Company. Her latest picture is “I Loved You Wednesday.”

But her name is no longer Miriam. It’s been changed to Mimi.

In Hollywood she lives quietly in a modest apartment, and has a spaniel for companionship. She rides to and from work on street cars and doesn’t own an automobile. But that’s because she can’t get used to the American fashion of right-hand traffic, and the only time she ever tried to drive a car in this country she tore the corner off a studio stage!
Fred Thomson had his leg broken in a scrimmage.

Mary and her mother went to the hospital to see him. When they returned to Hollywood, Mary sent many flowers to him. Doug was furious.

He did not understand the true situation. Mary was so happy herself that she wanted to see her best friend, Frances Marion, have a romance, too.

The regiment came to Hollywood the following Memorial Day to parade. Mary led the procession in her little colonel's uniform.

When it was over, she found Fred Thomson and introduced him to Frances Marion. They were immediately interested. When Thomson went away to war, it was with Mary's assistance and intervention in important channels, that Frances landed an important job in the A. E. F.—and was the first American woman who went into Germany during the war.

The friendship of Frances Marion and Mary has been more closely knit since those days when both were in love and making sacrifices, helping each other, to be near the men they loved. For although Frances feared Mary was endangering her career, she wanted most of all to see her happy.

Frances Marion wrote the stories for fourteen of Mary's pictures in succession.

Mary Pickford dared more than any of us will ever realize—her pinnacle in the hearts of America was imperiled—her career, the love of tried and true friends—even her mother—to be with and marry the man she loved.

She has valiantly faced the curious world these many months—curious about Doug's prolonged absences abroad. Curious because she was not with him. And no one ever heard a murmur of protest or excuse from her.

But the breaking point came—and Mary was forced to reveal her broken heart and broken home.

Mary Pickford is indeed the poor little rich girl in real life, for she has fame and millions—but with that wealth she is lonely. That was why she adopted Lottie's baby. That is why gossip may link her name with that of Buddy Rogers who has been a consoling friend during her darkest hours and who knows himself how it feels when one's world comes tumbling down around him.

But no sorrow has ever made Mary quit, and she will not, according to her intimates, give up her career now.

Instead, they declare, she is much more apt to plunge anew into production activities, to hide the ache in her heart in work as she has always done.

Heart Throb

To the average person motion pictures are an escape from the sordid and everyday happenings of life. To me they not only provide an escape from life, but they give life.

An accident in childhood left me in such a scarred condition that adventure and romance have passed me by. By going to picture shows and living through the scenes with the heroine, imagining myself in her place, I get a chance at living that life in reality and fate have denied me.

I am sure that there are thousands in the world who are in my condition and in their behalf I wish also to say, "Thank you, motion picture industry."

Dorothy Hardy, Birmingham, Ala.

The one soap
whose color is your promise of skin loveliness
for it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

Olive Oil is the reason

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive.

Monsieur A. Varady of Cleveland is one of 20,000 beauty experts who endorse Palmolive, for this reason.

The greatest boon to beauty throughout the ages... Olive Oil—the one priceless standby of beauty specialists everywhere! Never has its equal been found—to care for and keep the lovely, delicate texture of soft, smooth skin. And there's your reason for Palmolive's worldwide success.

Olive oil makes Palmolive green. That refreshing olive-green color is your assurance—your guarantee of olive oil's beauty benefits. Its clean, wholesome odor tells you—here is freedom from heavy perfumes. Here also is freedom from artificial coloring—freedom from bleaching agents. So profit by the beauty wisdom of centuries—use Palmolive—the world's finest beauty soap now at the lowest price in history.
The Shadow Stage
The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(Reprinted U. S. Pat. Off.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

The HEADLINE SHOOTER—RKO-Radio

At last, the newsreel boys come in for their share of glory. William Gargan, a newsreel reporter who bravely faces death to get his pictures, falls in love with Frances Dee, a newspaper columnist. Rescuing her from kidnappers, he wins her heart and the two go merrily on chasing scoops. Brand-new idea and packed with interest, Ralph Bellamy, Wallace Ford and Jack LaRue are splendid.

THE WOMAN I STOLE—Columbia

Jack Holt, hard-boiled central figure of the Hergesheimer novel "Tampico," wants wife sheerest isn't, any day. Remember, you, the citizen and interested, with an idea that bandit chief Noah Beery starts cutting up, women must stand aside while men step forward to save the oil. Done in Algierian instead of Mexican locale. Pleasing, though somewhat slow.

CAPTURED!—Warners

THREE simply grand performances by Miss Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Paul Lukas, as fellow prisoners and commandant, respectively in a German prison camp. For the rest it's hard to believe, what with the lovely wife of one prisoner being the mistress of the other, the escape returned by his own nation, the wholesale escape in the stolen squadron of bombers, and so on. Both the love interest and that pseudo-Cockney comedy get nowhere.

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal

A MILD little opus about a lad who can't stay away from the hooches, and a girl who can't stay away from the police, they're both the same, they help each other. Lew Ayres works in his dad's plumbing shop, but his heart isn't in it. Figures out winning race combinations, decides he can't lose—and doesn't do it. Almost loses Ginger Rogers when she discovers they plan a honeymoon in Saratoga, because it's a race town. However, all comes out right in the end.

MAN OF THE FOREST—Paramount

The usual Zane Grey type of Western, done with less than average audience appeal, even for open space audiences. This time the plot concerns the efforts of Noah Beery, as the very heavy villain, to cop the water rights and the girl (Verna Hillie) from Irish Randolph Scott. Randy's pet mountain lion is extremely active, and it's all pretty much mixed up.

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION—Columbia

Faw Wray takes off time enough from apes, octopi, and such-like, to do a pleasing, modern Portia, with Gene Raymond as chief aid and abettor. It seems they're married, in love, but while Gene gets nowhere as an architect, Fay is a wow in the law courts. So disgruntled Gene sells his talents for big money as a night-club crooner, there's a bust-up in the family, Fay loses her scandal—and Fay defends Gene. Excellently performed.

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox

But it isn't, really, for even the nuttiest squirrels will take to the tallest timber at this one. Shereesh nonsense without the spice of animation. Story? Well, only one man is left alive in a world of women, and he has to be Raul Koulen, the new South American importation who is much too much for any camera. Herbert Mundin and Edna May Oliver are grand.

DISGRACED—Paramount

NOT a new idea in a carload of this type of picture. Little mannikin Helen Twelve-trees falls for rich scamp Bruce Cabot, who promises marriage, only to wed society girl Adrienne Ames. Of course Helen's fiancé, the friendly William Harrigan, a stern police officer, shoots Bruce, and Helen tries to take the blame, only to be tricked into confessing. Ken Murray, as the nice boy friend, is good.

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia

The high spot of this one is when the old engineer (Chic Sale), who is about to relieved of his throttle forever, opens it wide to chase crooks in a high-powered car. For the rest it's what the kids used to see Saturday afternoons done all at once as a feature. For conforms buohesters and Chic Sale followers exclusively.

THEFIDDLIN' BUCKAROO—Universal

You can call all the shots in this Western—and not one of 'em hits Ken Maynard. But Ken always gets his man. Villainy is kicked over the clifh and virtue reigns triumphant. Ken, the 'Fiddlin' Buckaroo,' cleans up the bad, bad gang and saves the girl. His horse, Tarzan, steals the picture. All right for the kiddies, but mama and papa may be bored.

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox

Properly cooked and seasoned, trip is a delectable dish—if you like tripe. But this portion lacks certain fundamental elements; so a good cast, with Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, Herbert Mundin, Sammy Cohen and Merna Kennedy, is squandered on an old "cheating the cheaters" chrome. You may get a laugh out of Sammy. Better luck next time, Jimmie and Joan.

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.

A VILLAGE tenor (Richard Tauber) rises to Berlin opera fame and makes his debut in "Martha." There is a feeling of anxiety to hurry along the story so one may once again hear Tauber sing. Which, after all, is the main reason—and a good one—for seeing this film. Lucie English plays the sweet-hearted left behind. English captures.

POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD)—Pathé-Natan

The tragic story of a lonely, misunderstood child who eventually attempts to hang himself in the barn. Robert Lynen, the nick-named red head, gives an exquisite performance as the boy, and the picture is interspersed with fine characterizations and excellent photography. Dialogue in French with English titles.

THE SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM—Universal

A MYSTERY chamber has been sealed tight for twenty years and the youngest of three suitors for Gloria Stuart's hand (William Janney) offers to stay over—
night to prove his bravery. He disappears.
The next night the next suitor (Onslow Stevens) is shot to death. The third night the third suitor (Paul Lukas) clears up the mystery. Suspense well sustained.

THE LONE AVENGER—World Wide

KEN MAYNARD does his stuff when a bunch of Arizona bandits burglarize the local bank. That he wins the girl in the end, through the paying teller's window, is to be expected. But Ken shows a few more stunts with Tarzan, his horse pal, and the youngsters won't be disappointed.

THE RETURN OF CASEY JONES—Monogram

A BORING, disjointed story of railroad work in which the plot rambles around like eggs in a basket, and finally scrambles itself into what promises to be a wreck thrill. But the wreck doesn't materialize, due to the young engineer's courage in tightening an engine bolt.

"Smilin' Through" Wins!

[continued from page 39]

to honor such pictures as these! But none of these deserve the honor more than the newcomer in the list.

And PHOTOPLAY—acting on behalf of thousands of picture-goers throughout the land—sulates Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and all who had anything to do with giving us "Smilin' Through"—and takes great pleasure in hailing it as the chosen best picture of 1932.

Wallace Beery is a tough old sea captain in "Turboat Annie" but he meets his match when he docks 'long side the queen of the water-front. No mistake was made when they co-starred Wallace with Marie Dressler in this brawly legend of the sea.

PAY ME! says Film

this tooth is my price

Your safety rests in how you remove that film

"MY dentist has told me film is a dangerous enemy of teeth—the chief cause of decay, part cause of many other dental ills. But, what is film? Is it on my teeth in spite of daily brushing?"

Yes, very probably, if you brush with ordinary methods. Film forms on all teeth—after every meal. Film is that slippery, sticky coating formed by the mucin in saliva.

How Film leads to Pyorrhea!

1. A tooth on which film (A) has begun to form along the gum line. (B) is jawbone. Tooth firmly seated in socket.

2. The bacteria in film, and irritation from tartar have resulted in a pyorrhea pocket. Bone has started to break down.

3. The pyorrhea pocket grows. Teeth are very loose.

4. Pyorrhea is spreading to other teeth. Teeth are lost.

You can feel it with your tongue. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. But that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

Some of these germs are rod-shaped, grouped in clusters. These are decay germs. As they live, they give off enzymes that produce lactic acid. This lactic acid dissolves tooth enamel just as other acids eat holes in cloth. Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"—others, still, with pyorrhea.

"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material—not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. That means extra safety. The safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent.

Free—10-Day Supply

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 119, 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name________________________
Address______________________
City__________________________

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste
Sunday Morning Breakfast—Luncheon

Round about eleven, any Sunday morning, you might find gathered in his sunny patio a little group eager for the tasty meal Andy Devine has planned for them. Simple dishes, but always there is that unusual touch. Strawberries, served English style, provide a most delicious forerunner to the main dish.

On Sunday morning at the hour your family or your guests have planned to assemble, why not surprise them with "Devine" scrambled eggs? Sounds simple enough, and so it is.

But Andy has a way with eggs. He uses baking powder and cooks them in a double boiler!

For half a dozen eggs, use one-half teaspoon of baking powder and one-quarter cupful of cream. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Beat well until they are thick and creamy, then turn into a double boiler in which a little butter has been melted. Have flame low, cook slowly, stir constantly. This eliminates that outside crust and raw-in-the-middle effect often encountered in this dish.

Ideal as a starter for the breakfast-luncheon are large, luscious strawberries served with stems on, placed in circle on a glass plate with mound of powdered sugar in center. A novel arrangement and certainly an aid in hurrying along the meal.

For those who must have cream, serve very heavy whipping cream, unwhipped, in individual receptacles.

With the scrambled eggs, Andy serves little pig sausages, fried or grilled, and crisp bacon. Of course you prefer it not to crisp, retaining more of the real bacon flavor. Before frying the bacon, dip each slice in sugar and sprinkle paprika over it. When treated in this way the bacon has to be turned constantly, as the sugar causes it to burn very easily.

If you are sure your guests like onions, you might try Andy's favorite egg dish. Chop or cut half a pound of bacon into small bits. Fry, and remove onto brown paper to drain. Chop an onion or two and fry in bacon fat. Drain off all excess fat, and add eggs, well beaten and seasoned. Cook, stirring constantly. When done, stir in the bacon. Serve on toast spread with a little anchovy paste.

English crumpets, toasted and served very hot with lots of butter are very appropriate for just such a meal. If your baker does not have them, English muffins, split and toasted, will do quite as well.

And if, a day before your breakfast party, you have the time and the inclination, you might bake

Virginia Beaten Biscuit

4 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
3/4 cup sweet milk

Sift together dry ingredients, work butter in thoroughly. Add milk, and knead to smooth dough. Turn onto board and beat with wooden mallet or potato masher until dough blisters. When cold and well, fold together and beat again. Repeat folding and beating until all dough is thoroughly beaten. Roll dough out to one-quarter inch thickness and cut biscuit. Bake in moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes. It is really well worth a little time and effort to have this delectable addition to your meal.

There is always on the Devine breakfast table a cheese board containing Andy's favorite, Camembert, as well as a variety of others. Cheese on the biscuits or muffins provides a tasty snack. Some, however, prefer the usual—muffins with jelly or marmalade.

Without delicious, rich coffee, made in a glass dripper, no breakfast would be quite complete.
with the breaking heart. Tragedy lurking gaunt and stark behind a grimacing mask. At the thought, I gulped back a tear. He was obviously suffering, thanks to some thought I'd started.

"But that's not the only irony." He was pacing the softly carpeted floor of his luxurious hotel drawing-room. Overwrought, frustrated, driven by loneliness to this confession, he spoke rapidly, feverishly. "There's always the other woman in my pictures. Such luscious morsels of femininity as Lil Tashman, Kay Francis, Lili Damita. They make a man evermore desirous!"

"Well, those other women live in Hollywood the same as you do," I suggested encouragingly.

"QUITE true, they do. But that only heightens the tragedy—turns the knife in the wound. Think of it—living in Hollywood, where pretty women grow in clusters like strawberries—no, that can't be right! Like (excuse me while I consult my farming manual)—ah, like gooseberries! Yes, that's it—gooseberries.

"But what happens when I think, 'Ah! Here at last! Here is one whom I shall win for my own'?

"I pay my addresses—make my court—and my lady giggles.

"I get more intense—for I can be very intense when I'm serious—and she laughs. 'Oh, Charlie, you're such a scream! Do go on—it's delicious!'" I paused to let that one sink in.

"Now, I ask you, how can a man keep his mind on making love when his girl gets a laughing jag?"

"It certainly was a poser, that question—especially when backed with such a pathetic 'please help me' look from those round eyes—blue as the sea at Malibu—above that pert little moustache. Suddenly, it all seemed just too, too pathetic. When I thought of his tipsy scenes with Roland Young—and thought of his heartbreak now—I could have wept like the walrus of "Alice-in-Wonderland."

Which reminded me that Charlie was scheduled to play the Mad Hatter in the forthcoming production of that picture. And this reminded me of another question I wanted to ask—

"Mr. Ruggles," I began—when the doorbell rang. He leaped to answer and ushered in—another journalist. A lady and a rival.

Like a flash all trace of suffering was erased from his smooth, sleekly-smiling face. That's that, I reflected grimly, drawing on my gloves. On the verge of another stark, uncensored revelation—and bingo, he changes his mood to suit the situation! Just my luck... I rose to go.

But something my rival was saying stayed my disappointed exit. "Do you like giblets in your gravy, Mr. Ruggles?" I heard her ask in a molasses-y voice.

For a fraction of a second he looked at her, as if he hadn't heard aught. Then his eyes grew dreamy again, like the Pacific at twilight.

"The mood, the precious mood again!" I breathed exultantly to myself—and sat down once more.

"GIBLETS in my gravy," whispered Charlie, half to himself. In his voice was a soft caress. "That reminds me of my first love..."

"We were having Thanksgiving dinner in a Chinese joint in Yakima, Washington. The dinner was terrible—but she was lovely. Oh, so lovely! She was a minister's daughter, and she said she loved me..."

"You see, she had ambitions to become a second Amy MacPherson. I was doing one night vaudeville and one-horse stock stands at the time—and afterward I sometimes thought she might have wanted to learn the show business from me for her future calling. You know.

---

**Keep going with PEP!**

---

**Treat an active appetite**

A FELLOW RIDES. Runs. Works. Plays. He's on the go all the time. And always he has more energy to keep going. Kellogg's PEP is his dish.

Youngsters—and grown-ups too—enjoy PEP for its flavor. Each creamy flake has the goodness of toasted wheat. Every bowlful—with milk or cream—adds health and energy.

**Triple Value**

1. Kellogg's PEP brings you the finest wheat flakes.
2. Plus extra bran—enough to be mildly laxative.
3. Economical—10 full ounces to the package.

Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.
STA-RITE Wave Set
STA-RITE Hair Pins
---end hair dress problems

You'll be delighted with STA-RITE Wave Set. It's easy to use—dries quickly. Delicately fragrant, colorless and pure, it leaves your hair soft, lovely and "natural." Use it freely without fear of "wave set dandruff," it will not flake or scale. Obtainable in 15, 25 and 50 cent sizes.

New hair fashions require modern hair pins—common old fashioned pins just won't do. STA-RITE'S individualized selection offers you three styles, each created to meet a definite hair dressing need. Trust them to keep your wave in place just as you arrange it and comfort yourself with the knowledge that STA-RITE won't fall out. At all stores or send 25 cents for complete dressing table assortment. Please state color desired.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO., SHELBYVILLE, ILLINOIS
Sua-Bite Pin Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Canada

PAR-O-GEN
 Immediate and positive germ protection.
 Odorless, stainless, greaseless. Requires no water or other accessories. Convenient, form. Ask your druggist or send $1 for a tube of twelve tablets mailed in plain wrapper. Money back if not satisfied.

FEMININE HYGIENE
American Drug & Chemical Co.
420 S. 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
I enclose $1 for one dozen PAR-O-GEN tablets with instructions, in plain wrapper.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________

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STA-RITE Wave Set

HAIR

"Good. State. And Here, enclose."

It's STA-RITE no immediate water be delighted. Ask of St... 29x565

"natural." in hair 8C chemical dressing offers complete "Sta-Rites RITE'S positive pins with tablets Co., a dozen your wave PAR-I-O-GFN the common leaves 25 cents. Your desired. just need. it place shunt. "Y"ES, after much the room and relieve? 'irrevocable I had taken it for granted that the young wife would be so terribly in love with her husband she'd be willing to go more than half way to keep him happy in his mother's home. But, there again, that depends so much on the individual.

"YES, I think the fast disappearing, clinging-vine type of girl, the girl who's never had to think for herself or carve out her own destiny, might well live happily ever after with her mother-in-law. She may never really care about a home of her own if she's comfortable with her in-laws. For she would be the type to give in readily rather than stand on her own opinion about anything. She's probably a very comfortable sort of wife for a man to have around, but she's rarely interesting to him after marriage has become humdrum.

"But don't misunderstand what I mean about depression wives. I know there have been many marriages during the past two years begun on this all-living-in-together arrangement. That's fine. It's far preferable to putting off the marriage for years. I think people should marry young and plan their lives together. It's so much more thrilling, and practical, too.

"To live with a mother-in-law for a year is how to be dramatic and sway your audience's like a windstorm.

"But, alas, for such dreams! Romance faded when they brought on the dessert. Blueberry pie. Imagine blueberry pie on Thanksgiving... "Quite properly, she gave it one withering look with those luminous orbs and said, 'What, no pumpkin or mince? . . . Here, Charlie, you eat it. I can never manage blueberry pie. It always drips down my front!"

Once again he sighed heavily, immersed in his rich memories of the past.

"I ate her portion, too. Of course, it dripped down my front... And the sight of me, all blue-berryish, made her roll with laughter. 'Oh, you funny piggy-wiggy, booby Charlie!' she shrieked. 'Is there such a comic relief?'

"After that," Charlie continued, "our show jumped to Butte, Montana. And my little evangelical baby jumped with it. . . . Maybe 'she really did know?"

"Our romance lasted four weeks to the day. They always do. I run on record schedule."

"Then she left me. . . . And it wasn't until two years ago that I heard she'd drifted back to Yackimaw, married a fat salesman, and presented him with four progeny."

SILENTLY, for a moment, he mourned the irrevocable past. Then, turning to me, he said darkly: "Look, you seem to be a smart girl. What's the meaning of this expression, 'comic relief'? That's what I'm always called. By the women whom I desire. By the studio directors who say they desire me. 'Good old Charlie, he's such rare comic relief!' they shout.

"They put me in the picture—and then, when the picture's filmed, they send it to the cutting room and refile it of its 'comic relief!'

So I've come to the conclusion that this thing called 'comic relief' is what they get rid of when the scene is finished—when the fun's over. Tell me, you're looking back the dry, rasping sobs, 'am I right?' I was too overcome to answer the poor fellow. Instead, I grabbed my gloves and purse, and fled.

"Don't Live With Your Mother-in-law"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

asked. "Don't you think much of the success of the plan might lie with her attitude also?"

"Yes, indeed. I had taken it for granted that the young wife would be so terribly in love with her husband she'd be willing to go more than half way to keep him happy in his mother's home. But, there again, that depends so much on the individual.

It is NOT Too Late to Enter Photoplay's $1,500 MOVIE MUDDLES CONTEST

See page 53 for full particulars regarding Contest)

So that our readers need not miss a single issue of Photoplay during this contest we are making a special six month rate of $1.25.

This special offer is made to avoid disappointment in case the news-stands sell out and may be unable to supply back copies. Take advantage of our Special Contest rate for six months, fill out the coupon below, send $1.25 (Canada and Foreign $1.75), and we will send you July and August issues of Photoplay showing the first two sets of Movie Muddles and enter your subscription for 4 months, starting with the October issue.

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If you want a baby's smooth, clear skin, use the baby's own pure soap

When men, who come to see you, stay to make a fuss over your baby sister—it's time to get busy!

Help yourself to a cake of the baby's Ivory Soap and start taking Ivory beauty treatments.

What better soap could you use than this pure gentle Ivory that keeps a baby's tender skin so petal-smooth? Ivory is pure. It contains no strong dyes or cheap perfumes. And so doctors say it is the safest soap even for tiny babies.

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Watch your complexion grow lovely and youthful again after your daily Ivory cleansing. Feel its silken-smooth texture. And then say to yourself, "It's Ivory for me from now on!" Ivory beauty treatments cost so little and do so much!

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Name
Street
City_________ State_________
German dishes; she strove from the first to thrust all that aside.

She bought a little car, and learned to drive it. Two hours every day she gave over to her English teacher—she now speaks five languages—besides the innumerable hours she studied by herself. She missed the gay crowds and the colorful cafés of her native land; more, much more, than she would at first admit. But she would not seek the imitation cafés here; instead, she went to the museums and art galleries, wandering around by herself.

"Every day," she says, "I sit down and write a letter to my husband, one to my father, another to my brother. For that time I am at home, back there with them, pouring out all the things I see and hear, all my thoughts, pouring out everything to them as I write that they are here with me, and that I am talking with them."

Thus she battles—and thus, unless I am all wrong—she will win through, to the time when she can feel that her husband is dead. But meantime, what a trial it is—and what a price it is to pay for devotion to her art!

It Wasn't the Baby's Fault!  
[continued from page 35]

you want me to write anything about you, Slim, just don't bother to ask!"  "Playing favorites, are you?"

Slim, in his fumbling, clumsy way, tried to explain to all of them that he had not wanted the story to get out, that he had tried his best to keep it from getting out, that he had not released it to anybody, and that the writer in question had got the story by breaking a promise.  "Well, now that it's out you'll give the rest of us the lowdown, won't you? " he was asked. (Interest in stars adopting babies was running high, at the time, and every editor wanted a story.)  "We'll be right out with our cameramen," added the reporters.  "You've got to give us the dope, now."

And Slim told them, quietly, "No."

It took a lot of courage to say that "no."

If writers get sore at a player, and refuse to mention him ever in print, it doesn't take the public long to forget him.

More than one star has been quietly shoved off the screen that way.

Slim knew quite well that he stood a chance to make an enemy of every writer in Hollywood, and he said "no" just the same, without a moment's hesitation.

"Please, fellows," he begged the reporters, "think of the kid. Give him a chance to grow up thinking Mrs. Summerville and I are his real mother and father. Why, it may break his heart, some day, if he finds out he isn't. Think of him!"

"Nuts!" said one reporter.  "You're just trying to pull a Garbo, Slim. You think you'll get more publicity if you pretend you don't want any."

But Slim was not lying. He was not trying to get any publicity. He was doing exactly what he said he was doing—thinking of little Elliott's future, and the heart-break it might bring, some day, to discover that he was not the Summervilles' real son. And nobody believed Slim. No. Hollywood is a little too sure that nobody ever does things for the reason they say. Sometimes cynicism makes you a little sick.

You might think Slim's making hundreds of enemies in Hollywood was moronic. But as a matter of fact that was only the beginning. Things didn't really begin to happen until those writers' stories—oh, yes, they printed them—got into the papers.

The news was read all over the country, of course. And then it started! Letters! Letters, letters, letters!

They are still coming in. To date Slim has received about five hundred. Three hundred odd have been requests for money. The other two hundred are from cranks. Only about three, to date, have been nice. For example, the one from an orphan asylum down South that reads, "We note by the papers that you have adopted a child. Evidently you love children. The depression is causing us great difficulty here at the— Orphanage. We want you to help care to pay off our $17,000 mortgage, which falls due next month."

Slim wrote a polite, kindly answer to that one. He has been very glad to pay off any mortgage, if he could afford it—but a few $17,000 mortgages, here and there, wouldn't leave much to eat on the Summerville table! He tried to explain that.

But that letter is a rare exception. Most of them run about like the one from the Arkansas woman who demands that Slim buy her an electric range and a new car. Three hundred of those, so far! Here is a sample, to show you:

Mr. Slim Summerville.
Universal City, Calif.

Slim—
Six years ago you and your wife and some friends was driving through Connecticut. You stopped at my auto camp for the night, and in the morning you told me you was broke. I was decent enough to leave you go away without paying, and you promised to send me the money and never sent a penny. I've been waiting for the money. Here you are a big movie actor and you ain't paid me. I just want to tell you I think you are a ——

The rest of the letter is a list of insulting words. Slim could put the man who wrote it in Federal prison for sending profanity through the mails, but he isn't doing it. Incidentally, Slim has never been in Connecticut in his life, nor has he ever stayed overnight at an auto camp.

Why in the name of heaven, you ask, should people by the hundreds ask Slim for money just because they read he had adopted a child? After all, he did only do that to pay off those mortgages, but he isn't doing it. Incidentally, Slim has never been in Connecticut in his life, nor has he ever stayed overnight at an auto camp.

The other two hundred letters, so far, are mainly from cranks. Busy-body's telling Slim how to bring up the baby. Diet faddists. Fresh air fiends. Exercise fiends. Cigarette
and liquor fanatics. Here's just one sample. They all read about alike.

Mr. Slim Summerville,
Universal Pictures Co.,
Universal City, Calif.

I will never go to see any more of your pictures, and I wish I was free of law so I could put you in jail where you belong. The idea of you murdering this innocent baby to bring it up. Everybody knows actors are the scum of the earth. I hope you are struck dead by lightning. I suppose you will feed the baby whiskey in its nursing bottle.

Bad enough? You haven't heard anything! It isn't over by any means, this persecution is still going on.

Letters are still flooding in—and the latest thing is that Slim's appearance in court, to sign the formation papers, was turned into an attempt to trap the baby for newspaper pictures. In California you adopt children on trial. The courts watch their treatment of them for months before they sign final papers. Slim kept the date of his court appearance secret—though he did, anyhow. He went to court with the baby, Mrs. Summerville, and two investigators from the orphanage.

"Have you thoroughly investigated Mr. Summerville's home life?" asked the judge of the investigators, from the bench.

"We have," they said.

"Is the home he is providing for the little boy satisfactory in every respect?"

"Satisfactory? It's wonderful, Your Honor!" (These investigators were mighty sweet,) says Slim.

"If you had a child of your own," the judge put a final question, considering gravely, would you entrust it to Mr. Summerville? We would," choosed both investigators.

A nd then a door banged open, and in from an ante-room poured a host of grinning reporters and cameramen, making straight for the baby! They had trapped Slim. They were going to get pictures no matter what he said! How they found out the date is a mystery.

Mrs. Summerville had to snatch up little Elliot and run to the elevator, dodging cameramen as she would a pack of hounds, while dodging, lanky Slim dashed down eight flights of stairs to the street to throw them off the scent. It has been going on like this, now, since the very day Slim took the baby into his home. It is still going on, one fight after another! Slim did a fine thing, a tender thing, and a beautiful thing. He has been hunted and harried since the day he did it.

What is Hollywood going to do about it?

White Woman In The Jungle

[continued from page 51]

"Weeks of this searching went on. Then, one evening, a native boy appeared at our hut and told our interpreter to come. A mile far out in the wilderness beyond the heavens, he explained. We asked him to bring this girl to us next day.

"Invited of the girl, her father came. He was a tall, dignified native, straight as an arrow and with an apparent culture despite his primitive existence. Ward talked with him through an interpreter. Then he went away, saying he would think it over. Time meant nothing to these people. Next year is as good as next week. They've lived quietly for centuries. There was never need for haste.

"Days later, he returned. We would have journeyed out to find him before that if our

How Mary Ellen Won the
$5,000 Beauty Contest

Say, dear, why don't you enter the beauty contest at Pine Crest?

Grace Clark cleared up her skin with some marvelous new kind of pasteurized yeast why not see her?

What! With my skin like it's been lately! Nothing seems to clear it up!

Do you think that new yeast will really help me, Grace?

It did wonders for me.

Are yeast foam tablets hard to take, Mr. Jackson?

You'll like them, I'm sure, they're not like ordinary yeast. They don't ferment and can't cause gas.

6 Weeks Later

These yeast tablets are wonderful—my skin and complexion are just perfect now!

Hurrah for Mary Ellen!

The judges vote to award the $5,000 grand prize to Mary Ellen White

Grace Clark cleared up her skin with some marvelous new kind of pasteurized yeast—why not see her?

Get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. Remember, this yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research. Get a bottle today. Then watch the improvement in the way you look and feel!

Thankful for clear skin again: "I certainly am pleased at the results Yeast Foam Tablets have given me. Before I started taking them my face boiled terrible. Now it is beautifully clear. I can't thank you enough for the relief your yeast has afforded me."

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The natives take a very possessive attitude toward their women on this Malay island. They consider them as personal property and guard them accordingly. Ahmang and Sai-Yu seemed perfectly mated and their friendship grew as their work together on "Samarang" progressed.
the taste. And not until she, too, took a pill, would he accept the medicine over which he prayed diligently before he put it into his mouth.

Perhaps her experience at the Malay wedding ceremony was more interesting than some other adventures. But we'll let her tell it in her own way:

"The bride must register no emotion of any kind—else she is branded a bad woman and the ceremony is off. So, in order to give her a sort of emotional third degree, her friends and relatives torment her with insults for twelve hours before she is married. She keeps her eyes cast down. And if she were to dare to show any signs of temper, she becomes an outcast. After the insults, her relatives become derisive. They call her names. They tell her funny stories, conjure up the silliest imaginings to break her down and make her laugh. Finally, if she comes out of this ordeal, with no display of emotion whatever, she is considered a good girl and worthy of her groom."

We asked Lori Bara what kind of foods they ate, what they lived on for these many months while working on that jungle island.

"NATIVE fruits, vegetables, coconuts and many eggs. Natives eat eggs hard-boiled, set in a cup of water and cooked over bonfires. I managed to concoct some tasty dishes from the foods we could get. There is a 'saffron' rice, used by the natives only on very special occasions for it is less abundant than brown rice. It is an appetizing yellow color and cooks up fluffy. We mixed it with coconut meat and solidified it with whipped eggs and found the most delicious sort of omelet I've ever tasted.

"Then, of course, there are bananas, fresh fish and tropical fruits, all free for the taking. One can manage a delicious fruit salad out of these fruits. And the natives have a myriad of ways for preparing bananas. At the wedding ceremony they had arranged a huge offering, the repent after the wedding, to be partaken of by the guests.

"It was mounted on flattened banana leaves and rose majestically into the air, a mound of boiled saffron rice, row on row alternating with native fruits. At the top of this wedding cake, rows of colored eggs (like the kind children color at Easter time) in vivid scarlet, purple, pink and yellow. Each egg was pierced by a tiny gold wire, spun by native fingers into the most fantastic earring. And when these wires raked in the strong sunlight, they looked like darting sunbeams.

"One of the native women brought me a gift when we became friends. I had taught her how to curl the ends of her hair and she was eternally grateful. I think she taught every girl on the island how to turn up her ends—no beauty experts required.

"But the gift! I was shocked to find a reptile coiled around in the box she had so carefully brought me. To her, it was as pretty a token as a kitten or a Pekinese puppy would be to us.

"Then I learned that these reptiles were pets down there. One trained them like a pet dog. They actually did stunts if you had enough patience to teach them. They were good friends, too, if you treated them right. I found, strangely enough, that all these things were true. And reptiles no longer appear to be the awesome creatures I once believed. I rather like them now, believe it or not. They are friendly and so helpless, they appreciate every little kindness you show them."

It was Lori Bara's experience on the jungle island—a white woman, facing the dangers of this dreaded primitive place. And coming back with a host of native friends—so friendly, that she is writing another story about them and hopes to return there soon for more of the Malay hospitality. And, by the way, did you know that Lori Bara is the sister of the once famous movie vamp, Theda Bara?
Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Ronce Kerns
Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
Baby Le Roy
Carole Lombard
Bartley MacLane
Fredric March
Sam Hargrave
Herbert Marshall
Fred Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lya Roberts
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sid Gay Standing
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Helen Twelvetrees
Max Wel
Dorothy Weick
Toby Wing
Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Vicor Jory
Howard Lally
Elina Land
Alice Livingston
Boots Mallory
Philip Merivale
Jose Musica
Karl Morgan
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Will Rogers
Paul Robeson
Sara Berner
Harley Stephens
Spectre Tracy
Claire Trevor
June Vlack
Roger Imhoff
Miriam Jordan

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Katharine Hepburn
Dorothy Jordan
Aline Judge
Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Eric Linden
Helen Mack
Joel McCrea
Gregory Ratoff
Ginger Rogers
Einar Riebl
Dorothy Wilson
Harold Wilson
Robert Weitou

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Al Jolson
Marie Pickford
Gloria Swanson

Columbia Studios, 1433 Gower St.

Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph
Dorothy Tree
Fay Wray

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Eliza Allen
Sidney Arter
Ellen Barnerr
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Walter Bergey
Alice Brady
Charles Bartowsker
Mary Carlisle
Ruth Channing
Mae Clarke
Jackie Coope
Jean Coastman
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Dicky
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
William Haines
Louise Haverill
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Philips Holmes

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Vince Barnett
Tom Brown
Andy Devine
Hugh Herbert
Buck Jones
George J. Lewis
John Loder
June Knight
Fay Wray
Mabel Marden
Ken Maynard

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews
Robert Barrat
Richard Barthelmess
George Blackwood
Joan Blondell
George Brent
J. E. Brown
Lynne Brough
James Cagney
Maxine Carruth
Ruth Chatterton
Curt D'Arcy
Tom Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Gay Francis
Geta Jared
Hugh Herbert
Arthur Hiller
Eleanor Holm
Ann Hewes
Leila Howard
Patricia Hitchcock
Alice Johns

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6307 La Miranda Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lydia Call, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6600 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9005 Rowewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1833 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6600 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, $25, Los Feliz Blvd.

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Lillian Moore
Bailly Nelson
Our Gang
Thelma Todd
Oliver Wakefield

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For a rich, uniform sun tan, apply the cream lightly; renewally skin becomes warm.

No Tanning...

Apply generously and frequently if you do not choose to tan.

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Suites from $8

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER, 1933...
They Conquered Self-Consciousness

[continued from page 55]

was to correct my manner, which was the direct result of my foreign training. And it was then, as a matter of fact, that I did my first acting. I used to watch the popular girls and notice how they gave importance and animation to trifling things they said by a challenging toss of their head and their carefree laughter.

I absorbed the clever dialogue I read in books and heard in the theater. I don't mean I became a parrot. It was the tempo and feeling of this sort of thing that I tried to absorb and capture. Besides, I did whatever I could to develop my sense of humor so that I could laugh at myself. And, before my mirror, with the door of my room safely closed, I used to practice being casual and gay instead of French and formal.

"Most important of all, however, before going to a party I wouldn't let myself speculate as to whether or not I was going to have a good time. I wouldn't visualize myself as a little misfit. Instead I would think of myself having a grand time.

"Then, when I arrived at the party, before that miserable feeling of inferiority had time to put lead into my joints and crush my spirit, I'd throw myself into the feeling of that party.

"Appearing in amateur theatricals, any one of us would battle stage fright and its feeling of insecurity with every bit of courage and determination we possessed in order that we might give the best possible performance. Well, making personal appearances in our home, at the office, at parties, we certainly should do the same thing. If you have an unreasonable timidity, you can't afford to sit back and let it get you. You must exercise courage and initiative. You must plunge!"

Claudette's timidity came, you will notice, from the fact that she didn't know how to be gay and informal and meet boys half-way; that she wasn't like the other girls. Psychoanalysis tells us that such timidities always spring from an inability or an imagined inability to fit into the approved pattern. From a lack of money, family background, popularity, education, or physical attractiveness. Or the imagined or exaggerated lack of these things.

Most such troubles, incidentally, have begun by the time we are six years old. Mothers, with the best intentions in the world, often plant the seeds of the troubles which burden their children all their lives. "Mary has a frightful posture," "John isn't as bright as his brother," "Your father and I have always been poor," . . . simple, apparently unimportant remarks like these can cause untold trouble and in later years bear very bitter fruit.

It depends upon later events and the extent to which we take ourselves in hand because much they develop. However, the girl who is sensitive about being small for her age when she is five, will always have potential worries about her size, and if she grows tall will be prone to develop a feeling of inferiority on this score. "As a man thinketh," you know, "so is he." Which is why Claudette's plan never to visualize herself as out of things but always to think of herself in the very center of the gayest group was such an excellent scheme.

It's difficult, I know, to realize that anyone with the assurance and poise of Fredie March could ever have had any feeling of inferiority. But Fred insists that he has.

"Confidence," he says, "assurance and a belief in yourself are mighty difficult things to acquire, but they're worth fighting for. And once you get them you've got your troubles pretty well licked.

"When I was getting my start in the thea-

---

BILLY SAVES THE FAMILY REPUTATION

MY SON, BOBBY, AND LITTLE BILLY ARE GREAT CHUMS, AND I'D LOVE TO BE MORE FRIENDLY WITH BILLY'S MOTHER, ONLY . . . .

ONLY SHE'S NOT AS CAREFUL AS SHE SHOULD BE, SOMETIMES. POOR THING, THAT ONE FAULT KEEPS PEOPLE FROM . . .

LATER . . .

THERE'S A PIECE OF CAKE IN THE PANTRY FOR EACH OF YOU. BUT FIRST YOU MUST WASH THOSE DIRTY HANDS

MOM, CAN WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?

GEE, BOBBY, THIS IS SWELL SOAP. JUST LOOK AT ALL THE LATHER AND IT SMELLS SO CLEAN

IT'S LIFEBOUY. ME AND DAD AND MOM ALWAYS USE IT. IF YOU AND YOUR MOM USE IT YOU WON'T EVER HAVE ANY "B.O."

MUMMY, BOBBY SAYS IF WE USE LIFEBOUY SOAP WE WON'T HAVE ANY "B.O." CAN'T YOU GET SOME? IT MAKES SWELL LATHER

I'LL GET SOME TODAY! YOU AND I DON'T WANT TO HAVE "B.O." DO WE?

"B.O." GONE - everybody friends!

BILLY JUST ABOUT LIVES HERE, HE COMES OVER SO OFTEN. AND I'M AFRAID I DO, TOO

YOU CAN'T RUN IN TOO OFTEN TO SUIT ME, AND WHAT GOOD TIMES WE HAVE GOING PLACES TOGETHER!

AND MY COMPLEXION THRIVES ON LIFEBOUY

MADAM, the millions of Lifebuoy users know that it agrees with the skin. Lifebuoy lather is creamy, gentle - yet it penetrates pores. It washes out every speck of dirt - leaves your skin fresh, clear, glowing with health.

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---

FOR instance, if you allow it to make you exclusive because you are afraid to meet people and go places and to put yourself to any test, if you let it turn you cross and grouchy, or make you a bluffed and a booster, then, most certainly it menaces both your present and future happiness and well-being.

Speaking of the unfortunate reactions to this feeling of timidity reminds me of a girl who started off neck-and-neck with Clara Bow, after each had won recognition in a series of contests. But immediately this girl found herself important; she tried to impress everyone with the fact that her family was one of the first and finest in America; that while Papa didn’t have as much money as he had had, she never wanted for anything; that she had entered the contest solely as a lark.

However, because she wasn’t what she pretended to be and because she lived in constant fear of being found out, this girl’s inner worry—the force which had driven her to take such a stupid pose in the first place—increased by leaps and bounds. She became suspicious of everybody and all questions that were asked her. She was supercilious. And she took to bitting others, as if the less she made them the greater she would become. Needless to say, she got exactly nowhere.

Clara Bow, on the other hand, never pretended to be wealthy or a blue blood. She had no time or energy to waste trying to be something she wasn’t. She was too busy making the most of her one chance to escape the poverty and obscurity she had known all her life, to get somewhere and be somebody.

To scent your feeling of humility and get out to prove to yourself and everybody else that you really aren’t inferior is to turn your trouble to profit. It is, you see, the feeling of timidity in itself that runs your life. But your reaction to it.

There’s Bob Montgomery. He’s another star who, believe it or not, has experienced the demoralizing feeling of inferiority.

“Even as a child,” Bob says, “I suffered tortures. Then in spite of the many advantages I enjoyed I constantly found myself standing on the sidelines of activity, watching others play the game.”

“It was when my father died and I had to get out and earn my own living that I finally snapped out of it. Ejected from the sidelines, forced to get out in the middle of things, I adopted a mask of easy slippant and apparent indifference that I might hide how greatly things mattered to me, how anxious I was to do the right thing and be esteemed.

“Gradually that mask became part of me. Acting slippant, I became slippant. Pretending to be indifferent, I really began to turn things less seriously . . . and, this is important, to take myself less seriously.”

AGAIN we find the old proverb “As a man thinketh” proving itself.

However, the fact that Bob Montgomery had to fight for a living was also a help, without a doubt. This didn’t leave him any too much time to think about himself. And the less time persons were an open book, the less of bashfulness have to think about themselves the better for them.

Clark Gable had his worst time when he became a star. He was very much afraid he
wouldn't seem the successful star, that he wouldn't look the part or act the part, that people meeting him would say, "Good heavens, isn't he disappointing!"

For years, you see, he had been so occupied making his way, that he hadn't had any too much time for anything else.

"Even meeting people I was miserable for a time," Clark says, "but I've overcome that now. I fortify myself with the comforting knowledge that I'm correct as possible, that I'm properly dressed for an occasion, that I'm doing whatever I'm doing to the best of my ability.

"Besides I've improved my golf game, about which I was particularly self-conscious. I went out alone and practiced and practiced until I could face a veteran foursome with confidence."

AGAIN overcoming a sense of bashfulness and self-doubt means getting out and doing something about it . . . doing whatever lies in your power to remedy your fault or lack and then proceeding to forget about it.

Sylvia Sidney and Gary Cooper both insist they gained the upper hand as far as their feeling of humility was concerned, by open rebellion.

As a child, Sylvia was overwhelmed by shyness and timidity. She had difficulty mixing with children her own age. Sent away to a girls' school, she was miserable. But it wasn't until a strict school-mistress insisted that Sylvia eat bread and butter which she loathed and which she never had eaten at home that rebellion broke out. She refused to remain in that school under any circumstances and convinced her parents that the only thing to do was to bring her home.

Gary Cooper broke loose only a year or two ago. One night, dining with friends about to hunt big game in Africa, Gary joked about going with them. He had no idea that he would do anything of the kind. He was simply talking, the way we all do sometimes. However, the very afternoon the boat on which his friends were sailing was to depart, Gary made up his mind to chuck everything and go along.

It wasn't until the ship was out of New York harbor that he realized those who were affected by his sudden departure.

Sylvia and Gary explain that these rebellions gave them a sense of power and that this sense of power was instrumental in each case in subduing timel'arities that had been getting entirely too active.

Open rebellions, of course, aren't always advisable. But it is almost always possible for us to do something that will, to use the vernacular, make us feel out oats, that will instill within us a sense of our individual power and give us confidence, these things being the very things we need.

"You can't talk yourself out of a feeling of inferiority," Norma Shearer insists. "But you can jerk yourself out of one. I know. With each new accomplishment, no matter how small, you feel a new inner strength and a greater confidence in your own ability. And as this feeling builds, inevitably your feeling of inferiority will lessen."

WHICH is much the advice we get from an old Persian proverb, "Do little things now; so big things shall come to thee by and by as king to be done.

"So?" To jump from a Persian proverb to ourselves . . . Do you return home from parties to reflect painfully upon the mistakes and blunders you have made or that you are afraid you've made? Are you likely to feel that uncomplimentary and unkind remarks are aimed at you? Do you find yourself antagonistic towards people without real cause? Are you prone to belittle others? Are you dated more often than you like to admit?

If so, what these stars have done to wear down similar feelings in themselves may be of help to you.

ANYONE can begin the summer looking like a fresh-plucked water lily! But when August arrives what have you? A skin that crackles with dryness like an ancient parchment? Or a texture that's still adorably fresh, soft, and smooth?

Unless the oil glands are kept highly active, August will find the loveliest complexion—brunette or blonde—coarse, rough, dry! It all depends upon choosing the right way to help Nature resist the sun!

For this, Woodbury's excellent Cold Cream now offers more than the aid of a mere beauty cream! Woodbury scientists have recently injected into this Cold Cream a new Element, 576, which definitely and actively combats dryness.

Element 576, never before incorporated in any face cream, is similar in essence to the vitamin principle in foods which bring the body energy, vitality. Now, Woodbury's Cold Cream with the new Element 576, arouses the skin to greater activity. And so, the little oil glands that lie just beneath the skin, secrete more actively the oil that alone keeps the surface fresh and supple, secure against the harmful thieving of the sun!

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream this summer. Your skin will go through June, July and August fresh, supple, adorably soft and smooth. The cream is 50c in jars, 25c in tubes.

FREE SAMPLE! Send coupon for tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Grand 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming Loveliness Kit, containing samples of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Cream, new Facial Powder and Facial Soap.


Name

S. r.

City

State

1933, John H. Woodbury, Inc.
Movie Fan Clubs Have Association

MOVIE fans everywhere will be interested in the announcement of the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, an association fostering the development of legitimate fan clubs and one that will encourage the healthy growth of those already existing which measure up to the requirements for membership in the association. For the fan desiring to join a club the association will provide a dependable source of information making it possible to become a member of a strictly legitimate fan club.

To the true blue movie fan, a club of this sort is most interesting. Here you can interchange opinions on films and stars, have a cozy club of friends with one thought in common where you can give vent to your feelings, collecting photos of your favorites—these are but a few of the actual delights of a movie fan club.

Thousands of fans hold membership in clubs today, clubs which are not operated for profit.

The group behind the club is more interested in the progress of their favorite star. In many cities the clubs hold monthly meetings and take group trips regularly to the movies, especially when a star makes a personal appearance at the local theater. Officers are elected and the meetings conducted much the same as in any other club, but with a spirit found only in movie fan clubs.

Through the cooperation of the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs the first annual Movie Fan Clubs convention was recently held in Chicago. During the convention delegates visited the Palmolive Building, home of the famous Lindbergh Beacon and the spacious offices of Photoplay; the N. B. C. Studios and A Century of Progress, with a luncheon at Ye Old Town Tavern, and a theater party at the RKO-Palace where Jack Pepper, Dan Russo and Adelaide Hall dedicated their respective programs to the conventionists.

The fan clubs represented at the convention were:

- John Boles Club
- Clara Bow Club
- Sue Carol Club
- Jackie Cooper Club
- Joan Crawford Club
- Dolores Del Rio Club
- Fifi Dorsay Club
- Billie Dove Club
- Johnny Downs Club
- Jean Harlow Club
- Jackie Halle Club
- Ivan Lebedeff Club
- Joel McCrea Club
- Movie Fans Friendship Club
- Ruth Roland Club
- Peggy Shannon Club
- Norma Shearer Club
- Barbara Stanwyck Club
- The Boosters Club

Since the formation of the association charters have been issued to many clubs and many other clubs have applications pending. Those to whom charters have been given follow:

- The Joan Crawford Fan Club, Marian L. Dommer, President, 917 W. 54th St., Chicago, Ill.
- The Movie Fans Friendship Club, Chaw Malk, President, 226 E. Mill Street, Staunton, Illinois.
- The Foto Fans, Ethelene Thornburg, President, 816—15th Avenue, So., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Jackie Cooper, Anna Glance, President, 7856 Bennett Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
- Elissa Landi, Blanche Inscho, President, 214 Clinton Street, Findlay, Ohio.
- The Norma Shearer Club, Hans Flanagan, President, 1947 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
- Barbara Stanwyck Buddies, Bonnie Bergstrom, President, 6801 South Artesian Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
- Joel McCrea Fan Club, Helen Holtz, President, Route No. 3, Sheboygan, Wisconsin.
- Gaynor Farrel-Gable, Ruth Fiifer, President, 5300 Pensacola Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
- The Johnny Downs Fan Club, Ruth E. Keast, President, 4111 South Artesian Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
- The Legion, Mrs. Eva White, 602 South Main Street, Bangor, Pennsylvania.
- The Screen Fans Club, Albert S. Kirk, President, 66 Milwaukee Avenue, Bethel, Conn.
- The Jean Harlow Club, Dorothy Suter, Secretary, 2404 Ohio Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio.
- Nils Asther Club, Marion L. Hesse, President, 104 Elm Street, Elizabeth, N. J.
- The Minna Gombell Fan Club, Helen L. Burkett, Secy.-Treas., 405 Center Street, Boswell, Penna.
- Joan Crawford Fan Club, Gertrude B. Perkel, Pres.-Treas., 973 Fox Street, Bronx, New York.
- Dorothy Jordan Fan Club, Carl E. Leiler, President, 819 West Center Street, Decatur, Ill.
- The Booster Club, Pat Ide, Secretary, 811 Burke Avenue, Harvey, III.
- The Clara Bow Club (Canada), Mr. Arthur Hill, Treasurer, 3520 Esplanade Avenue, Montreal, Que., Canada.

Photoplay in sponsoring the association, feels that these clubs are performing a worthwhile task. Watch for new members of the Association next month.
Joan's Heart Still Beats For Doug

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

"The inevitable result of separation is divorce, naturally. We are still the finest of friends and Douglas is one of the sweetest persons I have ever known. There is nothing I wouldn't do to help him. If he needs me I'll go to him. Nothing could keep me away if I knew my presence would mean his recovery. Our friendship is much too fine and understanding for either of us to ever risk a chance of losing it."

On the third day of his sickness, Douglas' mother wired the crisis was expected that night. It was extreme. It was that Joan put in on the set. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately for her, the scenes were light and the dialogue humorous. She was forced to keep up a gay exterior, in spite of her inner feelings. At nine-thirty that night, the call came in from New York. The crisis had passed. Though weak and still seriously ill, Douglas was out of danger.

THE minute Douglas was able to send a message, his first thought was of Joan. It was a struggle for the nurse to keep him from calling her direct. They finally allowed him to write his own message, which his mother read over the phone.

"No matter how sick I am, please do not delay your picture and come to me," were his words. "I know how important your work is and how necessary it is for your picture to be finished on time. Much as I would love to see you, I could not bear to have you do this for me."

"When Douglas returns, I'll always be within phone reach if he needs me," says Joan. "We're going to continue our beautiful friendship and I shall do everything in my power to see that he takes good care of himself and that this illness is not repeated."

In blase Hollywood, it's rather nice to know that sincere understanding and genuine loyalty can replace a lost love.

DON'T BE SKINNY!

Posed by professional model

Read how thousands are gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron.

NOW fill out that skinny, unattractive figure so quick you'll be amazed! Everybody knows that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast — regain health, and in addition put on pounds of good solid flesh — and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also a radiant, clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times — made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, droopy, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiant clear skin, new health — you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with "ION" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package — or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 59, Atlanta, Ga.
Quickly Rids You of Corns

Don't experiment! The modern, medically safe way to treat corns and sore toes is to use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These cushioned, soothing, healing, protective pads end pain in ONE MINUTE—stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent blisters and keep your rid of corns. Used with the separate Medicated Disks, included at no extra cost, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly remove corns and callouses. At all drug, dept. and shoe stores.

Dr. Scholl's Zino Pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

_The Town House_ Los Angeles

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**Casts of Current Photoplays**

**Compete for every picture reviewed in this issue.**

**COLUMBIA**

_ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION_—Columbia. From the story by Robert Riske. Directed by Edith Bartzell. The cast: Ann Carver, Rebecca (Leslie Caron), Wray, Bill Graham, Gene Raymond, Carrie Rogers, Claire Dodd, Ken, Arthur Peterson, Judy Francher, Claire Gillimeter, Jim Thompson, Frank Albertson, Baker, Frank Cooney; Tetsi, Jessie Ralph; Simmons, Robert Barret; Harrison, Edward Keen; Diane, Irene Denn.

_ARDOR TO BROADWAY_—Fox. From the screen play by William Conselman and Henry Johnson. Directed by James Tinsley. The cast: Hilly, James Mason, Schuyler, Herbert Mandin; Morris, Sammy Cohen; Wayne, Theodore Von Eltz; Mona, Lorna Gray, A. Earl Fox; Ambrose, David Wengren; Tommy, Carroll Cook; Max Wagner; Nate Flynn; Walter Cacetti; Jimmy Danser; Jerry Lester.

_BERKELEY SQUARE_—Fox. From the story by John L. Balderston. Screen play by Sons Levien and John L. Balderston. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: Peter Standy; Leslie Howard; Helen Petrie; Ray Milland; Julia Warvyn; David Niven; Kobuin; Harry Fortenberry; Howard Mayo; Ruth Hart; Alan Napier; Edna Harvey; James Cagney; Russell Hardin; Adele Moultrie; Mimi Keene; John Macy; Quinby Adams; Samuel Hinds; Sir Joshua Reynolds; Old Hacket; Lord Stanwyck; David Torrence.

_BEST OF ENEMIES_—Fox. From the story by Sam Mintz. Directed by Rian James. The cast: Jannette Hatfield, Barbara Lott, Cary Grant, Marlon Nixon; William H. Harrigan, Frank Morgan; Cas Schulze, Durward Keeney; Miss Holmes, Miss Dye, Marlon Nixon; Emil, Arno Frey; August, William Lawrence; Professor Herman, Andre Von Haden.

_CAPTURED_—Warner. From the novel _Yellow Princess_. Directed by Edward Chodorov. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Allen, Louis Howard, Hobie, Dorothy Banker; Fairbanks; Jr; Monta, Margaret Lindsay; Havens; Philip Faversham; Abril, Paul Lukas; Comstock, Robert Barrat; More, Robert McAdoo; Alford, Frank Reicher; Cosby, Arthur Hohl; Elma; Joyce Cordell, Elma's love; Reginald Durg; Nobby; John Bluer; Guarand, J. Carrol Najin; Sigi, Major; Squeezes; Orderly, Harry Cordin; Hands, John. (Continued on page 110)

_COLLEGE HUMOR_—Paramount. From the story by Dean Francis. Screen play by Claude Binyon and Frank Butler. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Frederick Pruner, Hug Crocker; Barsel; Buckie; Jack Oxie; Monrad; Richard Allen; Barbara Stanwyck; Carlisle; Gall; Germaine Earls; George Burns; Grace Allen, Grace Allen; Ted Quilip, Tom; Quilip, Tom; Gogar, Lona Anderson; Maudel, Jimmy Conn; Crownell; Duster; James Burke; Marcus Leifin; James Doman; College President, Lumsden Hare; Sibbod; Chuck Russell; Joe, Robert Quirk; Police Captain; Jack Kennedy; Football Team; Coach; Henry; Hunt; Eugene; Eddy; Nate; Timed Freshman, Gaye Sutton.

_DANGEROUS CROSSROADS_—Columbia. From the story by Horace McCoy. Screen play by Lew Levenson. Directed by Lambert Bilyer. The cast: Rola, Chic Sale; Jackie, Jackie Scott; Lois; Diane Susan; James; Jayne; Jimmy; John; John; Preston; Preston Foster; Carter; Niles Welch; Iber Jackson; Eddie; Jeff; Tom Forman; Pet; Jack Long; Oke; Jack Walters.


_DISGRACE_—Paramount. From the screen play by Manly Hyde, Russell Lord and Howard Rogers. Directed by Edward Keane. The cast: Gay Halloway; Helen Twelvetrees; Kirk Underwood, Jr.; Bruce Cabot; Julia Thorndyke, Adrienne Ames, Catharine Roscoe, William Harrigan; Jim McGrove, Ken Murray; Dittrick; Adair; Attorney, Edward Keane; Herman; Adair; D'Ambois; Miss Peck, Ara Haskell; Flynn, Dorothy Bay.

_DO NOT BET ON LOVE_—Universal. From the story by Gordon L./Getty and Robert M. Roth and Howard Rogers. Directed by Howard Rogers. The cast: Bill McGee; Harvey, Les Acres; Molly, Ginger Rogers; Jane, Margaret Dougherty; Goldie, Shirley Grey; Molly's Mother; Lucile Gleason; Scotty, Tom; Digger, Robert Emmett O'Connor; Rob, Mera Kennedy.

DOUBLE HARNESS—KRO-Radio. From the play by Edward Poor Montgomery. Screen play by Jane Murfin. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: Joan Calby, Ann Harding; John Fletcher, Mr. Poor, Orlando; Lilyan Tashman, Miss Poor; Henry Stephenson; Monica Page, Lilian Bond, Deveni; George Meeker; Freeman, Reginald Owen; Eleanor Henson; Kay Hammond; Leonard Wilf, Mr. Fein; Daisy Drake, Hugh. Hutchison; Postmaster General, Waltis Clark; Arno, Frederic Santicy.

_FIDELIN' BUCKAROO, THE_—Universal. From the story by Sue Sargent. Directed by John Maynard. The cast: Fidell, Ken Maynard; Valli, Josephine Crow; Billings, Frank Rice; Sheriff, Jack Rockwell; Buck, Jack Mower; Deputy Jailer, Robert McKenzie; Kerrison, Joseph Gietzler; Farsen, Tarzan.

_GOODBYE AGAIN_—Warner. From the play by Howard W. Garst and William Van; Joan Blondell; Julia, Genevieve Tobie; Arthur, Wallace France; Elizabeth, Helen Chandler; Harry Wilson, Hugh Herbert.

_HEADLINE SHOOTER, THE_—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston and Allen Rikvin. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: Bill Allen, William Garson; Jane Mallory, Frances Dee; Hal Caldwell, Ralph Bellamy; Big Jack, Johnny Mack; Milton; Mike Wallace Ford; Radio announcer, Robert Benchley; Handy, Buddy Runyon; Patty Farnum; Harry; Robert Cavanaugh; Betty Kavanagh; Bob; Frank Banker; Ganger J. Moli; Dorothy Burdette; June; Forbes; John Irish; Adam; George Irish; Ben; George Irish; Helen; Edward Walsh; William Beatty; John B. Waithal; Murdock; Mary Mclauren.

_HER BODYGUARD_—Paramount. From the story by Corey Ford. Screen play by Ralph Nefzger and Walter Ireland. Directed by Edwin Beaudine. The cast: Casey McCarthy, Edmund Lamur, Barbara Kent, Billy Gibbons; Otis Brier, Edward Arnold; Bullhoy, Johnny; Lina, Marjorie White; Leiter Cunningham, Alan Dalehart; Fugue, John G. Howard; Maria, George Blake; Margot's Maid, Louise Beavers; Drank, Arthur Howard.

_HOLD YOUR MAN_—M-G-M. From the story by Austin Strong. Screen play by Edmund Joseph Halley, Howard Emmet Rogers. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Ruby, Joan Harlow; Eddie, Clark Gable; Anna, Smart; Orwin; Gwyn, Dorothy Burgess; Ethel, Muriel Kirkland; Slim, Garry Owen; Sadie, Barbara Barondes; Audrey Mitchell, Paul Hart, Miss Tullie, Elizabeth Patterson; Lily M. Crippen, Theresa Davis; Mr. King, Harry; Mr. Burke, Leo; Miss McCaffrey, Joan; Miss McCaffrey, George Reed; Miss Davis, Helen Freeman.

_I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY_—Fox. From the story by Melby Ricardell and William Don Bu. Screen play by Philip Klein and Horace Jackson. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: Caro Martin, Raoul Roulien; Dorothy Willow, Gloria Stuart; Dr. Goodsell, Edna May, Miss Martin, Robert Dumas, Tom; Joan Marsh, Al Morgan, Dorothy Burgess; Mist, Wilie, Emma Don, Dr. Ilue, Edward Van Sloan; Perkins, Robert Greig.

_LADY FOR A DAY_—Columbia. From the story _Madame La Guip_ by Damon Runyon. Screen play by Robert Riske. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: Warren William, Patio; Apple Annie, May Robson; Millionair, Martin; Clifton, Edgar Kennedy; Gay Kilday, J. Rosco; Nyk Svard, Louise, Jean Parker; Count Remor, Franklin Roosevelt; Carlos, Barry Norton; Shakespeare, Nat Pendleton.

_LOVE AVENGER, THE_—World Wide. From the story by Forrest Sheehan and Betty Bun- benough. Directed by Alan James. The cast: Carl Wof Sheehan, Gray; Hayden, Robert Ris; Joel Winters, James Marcus; Bail Adams, Al Bridge; Mrs, Fletcher, Frank Craven; Kell, Joel; Captain Navy; Bluf, Ed Brady, Chuck; Charles King; Sheriff, Jack Rockwell; Doctor, Clarence Geidt.

_MAMA LOVES PAPA_—Paramount. From the story by Kerne Thompson and Douglas MacLeay. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: Jessie Matthews, Greta Nissen; Mrs, Midlich, Lilyan Tashman; Tom Walker, Walter.
BATHERS: Be Sure Arm and Leg Hair Won't Show*

USE MARCHAND'S

[**REMEMBER, EXCESS HAIR LOOKS BLACKER WHEN WET**]

WET YOUR ARM. See how the fuzzy hair seems to grow blacker. And leg hair when wet shows up even heavier and uglier!

Men look at your legs and arms. How can they fail to see excess hair—made darker than ever, when you go in bathing? For the sake of appearance, daintiness—keep arms and legs attractive.

Make excess hair noticeable with Marchand's—quickly, easily. Then you won't mind how wet arms get! Remember, shaving will make hair grow back bristlier than ever.

WEARING SLEEVELESS DRESSES, sheer stockings, or going barelegged—take the same precaution—because excess hair may be quite noticeable, even when dry.

BEAUTY AID OF BLONDES

Thousands of attractive blonde women use Marchand's—to impart youthful color and beauty to faded hair—to make drab hair lustrous and lovely. It is used at home, safely and successfully.

Beware of imitations and substitutes. Be sure you get the genuine. Ask for "Marchand's"—see that the label spells

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL—

Name ........................................
Address ..................................
City ................................... State ..................................
The Barnstorming Barrowmes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

so well in those famous Griffith chases with Lillian and Dorothy Gish. As a lunatic he was cut—Arbuckle, and as a villain he buckled on his gun over his elephantine paunch and twirled a mustache. Also, between pictures, he alternated with the stage in roles of much the same sort.

But these roles became irksome to him, and Lionel, casting his longing eyes upon leads and character parts, determined to do the impossible—which was to rid himself of exactly one hundred pounds. Paul Whitman did the same thing not so long since, and a nation held its breath.

He took off that hundred pounds in exactly one year. And the beginning of the career which since has been climaxcd with directorial achievements such as "Madame X" and histrionic highlights such as "A Free Soul," actually occurred from that time. Lionel always had the urge to encompass such things, always known that he could do them if given the chance, but the eyes of the theatrical world, until he made them fasten upon him, were focused upon the glittering Ethel and John.

Before he lifted himself, as it were, by his own histrionic bootstraps, Lionel Barrymore did one other outstanding thing for which he was seldom, if ever, given his due.

He discovered one of the greatest character actors the screen has ever known—Louis Wolheim.

It was during one of his periodical transitions from screen to stage, as far back as 1913, that Lionel, then playing in a Pearl White serial, found himself in Ithaca, New York, Ithaca, as everybody knows, is a lovely little college town, built around Cornell University. Wolheim, who lived at the Ithaca Hotel, and his wife were staying, was a study coach who made his living crammimg students with knowledge to pass examinations. Lionel and Wolheim, vastly alike, were drawn to each other and became fast friends. Wolheim, who looked like a battered lug and spoke four languages, loved a good argument or a poker game, and so did Lionel. Wolheim's English, though perhaps not so academic, was nevertheless just as appreciative of the finer things. Wolheim was a proficient student of books and literature. Both men scorned all artificialities. The two of them would go for dinner to the old Dutch Grill, get started on some discussion or other, and still be sitting there when the lights went out.

The time came when Lionel's picture was finished and he had to leave. The last night, as they sat together, Wolheim said to him:

"You should be an actor, Wolly, and go to New York."

"What?" gasped the other, "with this face?"

Lionel argued—and prevailed. The two went to New York together. Soon afterwards Wolheim played in "The Jest" with both Lionel and John, and from then on his name appeared in the cast of every Barn- more play.

And that, at last, is how Louis Wolheim came from the little college town of Ithaca to the glaring cinema city of Hollywood.

Until his death in 1931, he and Lionel Barrymore were the motion picture colony's most devoted friends.

A last, too, a richly deserved success has accrued to Lionel Barrymore. With it all, with the honors and adulation now accorded him, Lionel Barrymore is a lonely man. He is lonely for "Wolly" and a friendship of which he deserves credit.

So he putsters around second-hand bookshops and art galleries, often dines alone in secluded restaurants with a book propped in front of him. But perhaps his eyes are not on the book so much as his memory is upon the kaleidoscope of his own life; from the blathatesses of those rolly-polly comedians to the line signatures of Stephen A. Kringlestein, and the mad monk.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount. Carole Lombard attempted a spooky "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (July)

★ SWEEPINGS—RKO Radio. A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pastict and becoming a merciful prince—only to have no good children spoil all. (May)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible. Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (Aug.)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount. Rich yachtman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but drama a bit incredible. (June)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough. English actors attempting French farce. (May)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod. Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolution against Diaz. bristling photography and scenery. (Aug.)

★ TODAY WE LIVE—M-G-M. Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Cary Cooper. Stirring war scene Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO Radio. Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot, Vivienne Osborne. (July)

★ TOPAZE—RKO Radio. John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outslicks life and the slickers. Superb. (A pr)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox. Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount. A fine, breezy Western with C. R. DeWitt. (May)

★ WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE—Fox. For. Broad satire about the Amazon's of old—women warriors, led by Queen Marjorie Rambeau and Elissa Landi. But Ernest Truex, by a trick, lets the Greeks win—always the Amazon's like what happens them. Excellent fun. (July)

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram. An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaysia. (A pr)

WHAT NO BEER?—M-G-M. And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (A pr)

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable. Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (May)

★ WHEN LADIES MEET—M-G-M. Uneccitng, but brilliantly acted. Ann Harding as wife, Myrna Loy as menace, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (Aug.)


★ WHITE SISTER, THE—M-G-M. Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (May)

WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount. Cooperative authorship achieves a jumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (A pr)

★ WORKING MAN, THE—Warners. George Arliss at his delightfully mawkish best as a pepperpots old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Lette Davis is the girl. (June)

WORLD GONE MAD, THE—Majestic Pictures. A jumbled thriller, about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't click. (July)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox. Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (June)

Protect your hands with LAVA SOAP
It contains soothing glycerine

Use Lava for cleaning pots and pans, linoleum, bathtubs and washbasins

It doesn't take long for harsh soaps and gritty powder's to ruin your hands. Change to Lava Soap today. It contains glycerine—used in most expensive hand-lotions—which soothes and protects the skin. Lava brings a shining lustre to bathtubs and washbasins — leaves no gritty film to be washed away. Cuts burnt-on grease quickly from pots and pans. Cleans linoleum without a scratch. And Lava is made specially for extra-dirty hands. Its fine, powdery pumice gets all kinds of hand-stains quickly and safely.

FREE—a full-sized cake of Lava. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 298, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio. Be sure to give your full name and address.

MOVIE SWEETHEART Bracelets

SOLID BRONZE IN TWO-TONED GOLD EFFECT

WITH PORTRAITS OF SIX PROMINENT HOLLYWOOD STARS

Only 35 cents each

Every movie fan will want one of these attractive bracelets. They are the wide band type with photographs of prominent Hollywood Stars. Start the fad in your town or locality by being the first one to possess one of these beautiful bracelets.

Don't judge them by the low price we are asking for them—they are really very attractive as well as serviceable bracelets, and they are lacquered to maintain that beautiful gold-like finish.

Just fill out the coupon with your name and address, and enclose 35c in coin, stamps or money order. Your bracelet will be sent you by return mail.

WALT PRODUCTS

155 E. Walton Place
CHICAGO, ILL.

WALT PRODUCTS, 155 E. Walton Place, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:
Enclosed find 35c in for one of your solid bronze movie star bracelets in two-toned gold effect with portraits of six movie stars.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________________

PHOTO-9-33
**Screen Memories From Photoplay**

### 15 Years Ago

As one might expect, the World War brought to a close one great period of motion picture history—the formative period of split-headers, slapstick comedies, made for nickel and dime houses—and ushered in a period of more pretentious shows. Amid all the war material in our issue of September, 1918, the change could be seen coming.

Already we were honoring Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin as veterans of the movie's infancy, hardly dreaming that their best days were yet to come. Other pioneer favorites were passing, and a new generation was coming in—a generation which was largely to pass, in its turn, before our day. Some members, however, still are with us—Conrad Nagel, for one. We told how he had been selected from the stage to do "Laurie in "Little Women." It wasn't done; but Conrad stayed.

The big "catch of the month" from the stage was Fred Stone; and we made much of Taylor Holmes. (The family picture showed a young-sternminded Phillips Holmes in one corner.) The "stage child," Madge Evans, was just registering strong interest. Fred Moore and Anna Q. Nilsson were being accorded the accolade of star-dom. Lila Lee had had a big year; and work, after successful children's roles on the stage.

Among established favorites whom we pictorially told about were Norma Talmadge, Marie Prevost, Eugene O'Brien, Geraldine Farrar, Margaret Snow, Bessie Love, and Betty Blythe. The film of the month was George M. Cohan's "Hit-The-Trail-Holiday," about a bartender who reformed his customers. We had an article explaining the efforts to get propaganda into film. We wanted the world to know of the adventurous efforts of a Secret Service agent to frustrate German plots in the U.S. Cover honors went to Lila Lee.

### 10 Years Ago

Perhaps inspired by the wave of exposures which had swept the industry some months before, we did a little exposing of our own in the September, 1923 issue. Remember "Little Farina," the laugh-provoking young colored lady of "Our Gang?" We told at some length about her—then revealed that "she" was Allen Clayton Hoskins, son of a cement contractor!

In keeping with the glittering "jazz" spirit which had swept movies, we went at some length into current movie salaries. Top-notch earners, making a million a year or better, were Harold Lloyd, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Charlie Chaplin, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Mary Pickford, and Charles Ray. But they had to meet expenses of their pictures.

Among salaried workers, Mabel Normand drew $70,000 a picture, while those rating $5,000 a week included Tom Meighan, Dorothy Dalton, and Alice Brady. Elsie Ferguson and William Farnum drew twice that when working; but it seems that even the "golden jazz age" could not stand that overhead. Jackie Coogan had just been handed an advance of half a million dollars on his new three-year contract.

The "super-picture" movement, foretold in our war issues of five years before, was in full blast. The big "super," in making being Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments." Mrs. Wallace Reid's "Human Wreckage," setting forth the horrors of narcotics addiction, had just been released and we pronounced it excellent. Other films were "Peter the Great," featuring Emil Jannings, and Von Stroheim's "Merry-Go-Round."

We had an interesting page showing Dolores Costello (now Mrs. John Barrymore) with her father Maurice. You may remember him as one of the giants of the screen in pre-war days. On the cover—Eleanor Boardman.

### 5 Years Ago

News of the month, in September, 1928, was the "inside story" of Mary Pickford's bob. The cutest style of the summer had appeared earlier in the year, but now we told why it had been so long deferred. Mary had kept the curls as long as her mother lived.

Less important, undoubtedly, was the fact that this was our second issue dealing with sound pictures. Four were reviewed—the pioneer Fox effort, "The Family Picnic," the noted interview given by George Bancroft, "The Street of Shame," and "The Lion and the Mouse," and "The Lights of New York," with a cast that included Wheeler Oakman and Helene Costello.

Coupled with the advent of "talkies," was recognition of a star whose career had run almost side by side with them. It was a biography entitled "The Story of a Dancing Girl"—and told about Joan Crawford. A news note elsewhere said that Doug, Jr., was annoyed immensely by rumors of various attachments. His statement was, "I am all wrapped up in my wife and I want the world to know." "Billie," of course, being Billie Cassin—Joan, under her girlhood name.

Bebe Daniels had a heroine, too—one less than Bebe Daniels. Comparing notes with football hero Bill Hyland about injuries, she revealed that in her years of stunting since 1914, she had suffered ten broken bones, including a number of fractures and lacerations, and had gone through two brain concussions, had her lip bitten by a dog.

A girl we said could be a star, if she got a chance, was Myrna Loy. This was the season when prominent athletes were being screened—yet one after another, they had failed to pull: Gertrude Ederle, Red Grange, Duke Kahanamoku. Babe Ruth took $80,000—and wisely hid back to baseball. The cover—Gloria Swanson.
Hollywood Fashions
by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 61 to 66) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ARKANSAS—
Pollock's, Fort Smith.

ILLINOIS—

INDIANA—

IOWA—

MARYLAND—
Hochschild, Kohn & Company, Baltimore.

MICHIGAN—
The J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit. Wurzburg's, Grand Rapids. The Style Shop, Lansing.

MINNESOTA—

NEW JERSEY—
Quackenbush Company, Paterson.

NEW YORK—

NORTH CAROLINA—
J. B. Ivey & Company, Charlotte.

OHIO—

PENNSYLVANIA—

TEXAS—

WEST VIRGINIA—
Coyle & Richardson, Inc., Charleston.

WISCONSIN—
Henderson-Hoyt Company, Oshkosh.

DOMINION OF CANADA—

"HAIR MAGIC" MILLIONS CALL IT!
You may share this priceless secret!
Imagine a discovery that transforms dull, lifeless hair into lovely, radiant hair such as only a few lucky girls are born with! Yet so subtle is this new loveliness that it seems only to accent the natural sheen of your hair!

Magic? Yes, the magic of just one Golden Glint shampoo! For Golden Glint is far more than a cleansing, film-removing shampoo! It imparts just the least touch of a tint —ever so little—but how exquisitely it accents the natural beauty of your hair! No other shampoo—anywhere like it! 25c at your dealers', or send coupon with 10c for sample.

J. W. Koby Co.
630 Rainier Ave., Dept. J, Seattle, Wash.
I enclose 10c for sample of Golden Glint Shampoo.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________________
Color of my hair: __________________________

FOR YOUR SKIN TRY LABLAQUE Face Powder
You will love its delicacy; its clinging-ness; its perfume. In Flesh, Creme, White and the New "MARGIE" (all complexions) shades. Sold Everywhere. Send for FREE sample to Ben Levy Co., 125 King St., Boston, Mass.

"CHRISTMAS CARDS PAY BIG MONEY TAKE TIME"

(All Sales Through December 25th)

SCHMIDER — Old Reliable Hardware—Deer, Vt., Westminster, Mass.
ONE of the staunchest supporters of the anti-vivisection movement in this country is George Arliss. He contributes substantially to the fund, and campaigns insofar as he can, in behalf of the bill. . . .

At the same time, Arliss owes his life to animal experimentation. Were it not for the priceless insulin, so imperative to the treatment of diabetes, he would not be alive today—according to doctors who know the case. Insulin, itself, is derived from animals, and its value was discovered through experimenting on them. And untold lives have been saved through its use.

FRANCHOT TONE, Miriam Hopkins and Stuart Erwin were taken out to a farm for location scenes in their picture, "Stranger's Return." And the farmer who rented out the farm can be "consarned" if he knows what's the matter with the durned animals, now the company has gone. He reckons the blasted hogs couldn't be movie struck and yet they're actin' mighty funny. All droopy like! "Won't eat their grub!" he complains. "Jes turn their snoots up at it."

But the movie stars could enlighten the farmer. They (the animals) simply grew accustomed to richer food the three weeks the company stayed there. For every day, instead of eating the box lunches the studio sent out, they fed them to the farm animals and raced to the village inn for fried chicken. As a result, the geese and chickens and pigs lived on a diet of pie and cake for three weeks and cultivated a decided taste for Swiss cheese sandwiches.

Stuart Erwin says, though, that the climax was reached when he fed his doughnut to a duck and the thing promptly sank to the bottom and never did come up. The whole business surely has that farmer puzzled, however.

GIRLS, if that handsome lad you've had your eye on for some time just passes you right by every time, don't be discouraged. For when Robert Young was a handsome high school lad he couldn't see little Betty Henderson at all. "Thought she was silly," Bob said. "She had too much vitality and energy. And talked too much. It wore me out. Couldn't see her at all." But just the same little Betty never let it discourage her. And with all the blonde beauties of the movies to choose from, Bob went back and married little Betty.

So remember, don't be down-hearted if the "big moment" can't see you. Next year he'll probably come right back after you.

ONE certainly sees strange sights inside the motion picture studio gates. But one of the strangest was a filthy workman, in faded blue denim and dilapidated cap, riding on the purple upholstery of a gorgeous limousine driven by a chauffeur in plum colored livery.

Several visiting ladies nearly collapsed at the sight. But when the car came to a stop and out stepped the workman, they were even more surprised. For it was none other than Wally Beery coming in from the "Tugboat Annie" set to lunch.

HELEN HAYES escorted the celebrated French hairdresser, Antoine, all over the M-G-M lot on a visiting tour. Antoine was minus his famous glass coffin, in which he is rumored to sleep—but he wore a pair of glass heels.

RABBITS and radishes!

That's what Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton are raising out on their ranch. And Ann did a nip-up when they gathered the first radish bunch and served them for dinner. They also have a cow and a calf—and spend their spare time raising a promising little group of ideas to be big stories and things. Leslie is writing a lot for British publications. Ann is composing music—and both are turning their adaptable minds toward moving picture stories. And both play the piano. Sounds like a full and happy life, with never a dull moment at the Fenton ranch.

RAMON NOVARRO's concert tour of Europe is so successful that he may prolong his stay throughout the summer. And by postal card and telegram he keeps up a steady correspondence with Myrna Loy. In fact, if she can possibly get a vacation from her motion picture work, Myrna may make a trip to Europe while Ramon is there.

WHILE making "Berkeley Square," one of Heather Angel's nine petticoats disappeared. After much searching, Director Frank Lloyd discovered a scrubwoman mopping the floor with it. The cleaning woman alluded, "Why I never saw a lady wear anything like that! I didn't think it was any good."

And Heather immodestly went on the set with only eight petticoats.

Once in UFA Pictures in Germany; then the idol of New York's stage; thence to Hollywood. You'll soon see Francis Lederer, young Czech, in "Romance in Manhattan" and Fred Astaire, internationally famed dancer, is being launched as a motion picture star. From late honors in the Broadway stage success "Gay Divorce," Fred moves his make-up box to a Hollywood dressing-room—so watch out for him soon—Astaire is on his way to the top.
Charles Farrell & Ginger Rogers
in a Mobiloil Movie...

“Made for Speed”

1. Ginger: "That's swell news! Got to get there in a hurry? We can use my car—she'll do seventy. You come right over now."

2. Charlie: "It's a big order. If we can get there in time, the Boss said it would mean a nice piece of money for me. We'd be all set to get married."

3. Charlie: "She's steaming! Didn't you have water put in when you got oil yesterday? We'd better pull into a filling station and find out what's up."

4. Dealer: "Your oil's almost all gone. That's the way with these cheap oils. They break down and use up fast. You ought to use Mobiloil."

5. Charlie: "So we just missed a repair bill! Well, it's Mobiloil from now on. What's 30¢ for Mobiloil compared to a bugged-up engine?"

6. Charlie: "We made it, honey! And what an order! It's wedding bells for us. But say—if we elope—be sure and have Mobiloil in that car!"

Today's speeds give oil double the beating it took 3 years ago. That's why you need Mobiloil. Ordinary oils break down. If you are using ordinary oil the chances are 10 to 1 you are paying more for oil per year than you would with Mobiloil at 30¢ a quart. In addition you risk expensive repairs and shortened car life.

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION
The “New Deal” in Girls
Because it fits so gracefully and so gaily into the scheme of good living, BUDWEISER is recognized as the King of Bottled Beer. Millions who welcomed beer back, are finding there is only one BUDWEISER—brewed and fully aged in the world's largest brewery.
"But even people My Age get 'Pink Tooth Brush,' Dad!"

KAY: Dad, you're just being perverse! It isn't because you're 48 that your teeth look sort of foggy. It's because you've had "pink tooth brush" for perfect ages.

MR. HUNT: I say it's old age. My gums are getting ready to retire from service.

KAY: Fiddlesticks. Even people my age get "pink tooth brush." Not that I'll ever have it, of course.

MR. HUNT: You immune or something?

KAY: Now, Dad, you listen. People today don't eat tough meats or crunchy foods. Our gums don't get enough exercise. Naturally they get soi, then tender. And sometimes they bleed.

MR. HUNT: I follow you perfectly.

KAY: But if you massaged your gums every day—with Ipana Tooth Paste—your gums wouldn't get so lazy and tender. Why, I've been massaging Ipana into my gums ever since I was knee-high to a duck! Dr. Grant told me about it years ago!

MR. HUNT: You do have nice teeth.

KAY: You see, Dad, Ipana has something called "ziratol" in it, and Dr. Grant said that was what toned up the gums. Now you begin massaging Ipana into your gums, like a good boy. And you won't have "pink tooth brush."

MR. HUNT: O.K. You've sold me. Bring me home some Ipana, will you?

* * *

You can't afford to ignore "pink tooth brush." Neglected, it may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Your gums will become firmer, your teeth brighter. And you can forget "pink tooth brush."

Start with Ipana today!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
Move your feet?

"NO!" says MAE WEST, speaking of the "Midway," the dance she does in her newest picture, "I'M NO ANGEL." "It's not a dance of the hands and feet, but a dance of the Midway. I throw discretion to the winds and my hips go North, South, East and West." Come up and see me, "I'M NO ANGEL."

He Pets!

GARY COOPER says it with pets instead of with flowers, for his pet gifts amount to a very large sum annually. In "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON," he says it with something else in his slow caressing voice as he thrills FRANCES FULLER in a way that will thrill you.

"A Good Number!

..... I should say, 'numbers'..... the best I have ever sung," says BING CROSBY, Paramount's latest star, of the songs he sings in "TOO MUCH HARMONY" in which he appears with Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen and Harry Green. If you thought him fascinating in "College Humor"..... just listen to him in "TOO MUCH HARMONY."

"Boy, She's Stacked!"

The exclamation came from a visiting college youth as his eyes took in CLAUDETTE COLBERT on the "TORCH SINGER" set at the PARAMOUNT Studio. When you see "TORCH SINGER" you'll see what he meant... a stunning figure gorgeously gowned.

Watch for I'M NO ANGEL, TOO MUCH HARMONY, TORCH SINGER, ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, all Paramount Pictures at your theatre soon.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN
High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots
Two Queens were Born in Sweden
"What's Wrecking Hollywood Marriage?"
The "New Deal" in Girls
Let's Gather 'Round the Goldfish Bowl
Social High-Lights
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood
"There are 7 Kinds of Love"
The Virgin Queen
How Sylvia Tamed "Jumpy Nerves" for Gloria Swanson
Seymour—Photoplay's Style Authority
Famous Film Flops

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
The Shadow Stage

Personalities

The Last of the Veteran Showmen
He Started Life on a Door-Step
It's a Woozy World says Woolsey
How Many Lives Has Del Rio?
She Abhors Being "Beautiful"
"If I Could Start Over Again"
"Now I Help You," says Garbo to Gilbert
If One Cagney's Good, Two Should be Better
"It's a Grand Adventure," says Norma Shearer

On the cover—Ruby Keeler—Painted by Earl Christy
THE AUDIENCE TALKS BACK

THE $25 LETTER

I am a doctor practicing psychiatry. As many of you know, obscure troubles of the nervous system are baffling, and physicians too often send these mental cases at once to the asylum or mental hospital. I have another scheme. I send 'em to the movies.

Here's a sample of successful prescriptions:
For melancholia—Laurel and Hardy in anything.
Dementia praecox—The Four Marx Brothers in "Cracked Ice," "Cracked Nuts," or anything else that is cracked.
Nervous prostration—"A Bedtime Story." Religious mania—"She Done Him Wrong." Intermittent amnesia—"Gold Diggers" or "42nd Street."
Morbidity—"Peg O' My Heart." Paranoia—"King Kong" or "Tarzan." Restlessness and Boredom—"Rome Express."

The jitters—Anything with Marie Dressler. Complicated jitters—A. V. Wallace Beery to Marie.

I seriously believe that the motion pictures have been a great factor in preserving the world's sanity during the past four years.
J. W. CAMERON, M. D., Regina, Canada

THE $10 LETTER

Whenever I read a criticism of some minor detail in a film, it occurs to me that the public has become spoiled.

Twenty-five years ago, picture theaters were store-rooms with wooden chairs, all on the same level. A piano player whanged away in one corner. The main picture was generally about a French count who wooed a peasant girl, grew tired of her, and pushed her off a cliff to end the romance. And people thought the movies were wonderful.

Want to cure the double jitters? See any picture featuring Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler. Or so the psychiatrist says. Jitters or no jitters, everybody will welcome the pair in the salt-tanged story of Seattle's waterfront, "Tugboat Annie."

You'll laugh and relax.

SEEMS like everybody's been concerned with the bloom of youth, music in the air, and that man Tony! More and more girls are getting lyric over Franchot. We'll bet his picture is the masculine touch on lots of feminine dressing tables.

Half the ladies in the land who have stopped counting birthdays wrote heated letters bawling out the lad who suggested that Mary Pickford retire from the screen 'cause she's no longer a member of the younger generation. Mary's star of glory has not dimmed.

And say! The producers made no mistake when they accidentally made a musical out of "42nd Street." It was supposed to be a straight talkie, you know. But with loads of talent and a big stage, the director decided to toss in a couple of song'n'dance numbers. Result: "42nd Street" was hailed as a musical and the public hollered for more.

Well, everybody ought to be happy: more musicals are in production, Franchot's wearing grease paint, and there are rumors of big things on the Pickford lot.

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer these prizes for the best letters of the month: $25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Nowadays people go to wonderful picture palaces, sit in luxurious seats, hear fine orchestras, and see and hear great films. Then many of them go home and write to magazines criticizing the feature, because the hero had on the kind of suspenders that hadn't been invented at supposed date of the story.

RODERICK DUN, Chicago, Ill.

THE $5 LETTER

Mom and Pop and Sis and I have our own movies "Who's Who," but we have some heated discussions nominating the favorites. It runs like this:

"But he's so suave and charming. And always romantic! Now take 'Animal Kingdom' . . ." That's Mom, talking about Leslie Howard.

"She's an excellent actress—and good to look at. Humph! Deserves more recognition!" That's Pop, who never misses Aline MacMahon.

"But he's a master of his art—and handsome! Why he has everything!" That's Sis. She's that way about Fredric March.

But we all agree that Garbo and Mickey Mouse are chief favorites.

Also we want to thank you for PHOTOPLAY. It means so much to our family. A movie gives us seventy-two minutes of pleasure. PHOTOPLAY has given us years of enjoyment.

RAOUL R. MOORE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A HAPPY EVENING WITH GOLD Diggers

Oh! What an enjoyable evening's entertainment one receives in "Gold Diggers of 1933." In times like these we need something humorous. Will we see more of these depression chasers in the future? I laughed until my sides ached! Even the next day at work I would find myself laughing at Aline MacMahon's chiseling.

MARTY HILL, Sunbury, Pa.

BOYS IN UNIFORM

A friend of mine is a cook in a reformatory. It is like Mr. Thompson's in "The Mayor of Hell." Doubtless many others are like that. Too. I wish all state officials and reformatory heads would see this interesting picture. It might make them realize the crying need for self-government and other reforms in these schools.

D. X., Olympia, Wash.

"FOOTLIGHT PARADE" IS COMING

Bring on your pretty girls and dancing feet. Let's have more "42nd Street." No babies being born. No baths being taken.

It was a darn good show:

G. S. HUMPHREYS, Logan, Kansas

ADVERTISING PAYS

The advertisers may not know it, but many of their slogans remind me of favorite screen personalities. For instance—

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]
I LOVED A WOMAN ... SO DID MANY MEN!

Together...the mighty Robinson and the divine Francis...because at last the screen has found a story big enough for both—a heart drama that hits like the shock of worlds colliding! Everything you’d expect to happen when the screen’s woman of fire wraps her arms around the screen’s man of thunder!

The story of an all-consuming passion...crashing all barriers!...Defying all conventions!...Sweeping a man and woman on to the desperate destiny of those who play against the rules!

EDW.G. ROBINSON
surpassing even his great triumphs of the past in

"I Loved a Woman"

A First National Picture with a cast of stars including

KAY FRANCIS

Genevieve Tobin...J. Farrell MacDonald...Henry Kolker...Robert Barrat...George Blackwood...Directed by Alfred E. Green
ADOREABLE—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful puff-ball about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat the officer—and he’s a hit! Don’t miss it. (Aug.)

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughtily English musical that doesn’t achieve proper farce tempo. (June)

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia.—Evelyn Knapp’s wife-photograph with a very covering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (Apr)

ALMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A hastily buttedy attempt to show up the alimony racket. (July)

ANN CARVER’S PROFESSION—Columbia.—Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (Sept.)

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about digging the slickers. (Sept.)

THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a “murder,” then tries to join it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mary Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (Apr)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M.—If starred for romance, the Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined “Shiek” and “Graustark” with Myrna Loy. (June)

BED OF ROSES—RKO Radio.—Ex-reform school belle (Joan Blondell) and Bert Kelton out to beat life. Not for kiddies. (Aug.)

BEDTIME STORY—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Dashiell Manville, Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BEHIND JURY DOORS—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Keiller and cast lend some life to the old tale of murder, who clears his sweetheart’s father of murder. (Apr)

BELOW THE SEA—Columbia.—A Fay Wray thriller, caught in a diving bell on a deep-sea expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underwater shots and good fun. (Aug.)

BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaumont British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jon Pertwee, the Polish opera star. (Apr)

BERKELEY SQUARE—Fox.—A sadie done as “Smolin Through”; Leslie Howard threnos back among his 16th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (Sept.)

BEST OF ENEMIES—Fox.—No great comeback for Buddy Rogers; he and Marian Nixon reconcile quarrelling parsons Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (Sept.)


BIG CAGE, THE—Universal.—Clade Bently in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some shots in hot taste. (May)

BIG DRIVE, THE—First Division.—Horribly grimy, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (Apr)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (Apr)

BONDAGE—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a “misguided girl” ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafaela Ottiano, matron of the so-called “reform” institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (July)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (May)

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Fox Prod.—This one has the theme, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (Aug.)

CAPTURED!—Warner.—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (Sept.)

COCKTAIL HOUR—Columbia.—Bebe Daniels, scoring “steady” Randolph Scott best, tries Europe and a flog at “free” life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (Aug.)

COHENS AND KELLY’S IN TROUBLE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George S. Keynes try to escape Jehova Howland and Maurie Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (May)

COLLEGE HUMOR—Paramount.—Regulation movie college life. Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen; Richard Arlen. Mary Kornman, good enough. (Sept.)

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE—World Wide.—Clair Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (Aug.)

CORRUPTION—Warner.—Martha Proctor—Harry Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evelyn Keyes, good. (July)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow.—Life as the official pitchman catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (Aug.)


CROSS FIRE—RKO Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Brown goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Snow. (June)

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia.—Chic Sale does the life of an engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Chic Sale’s followers. (Sept.)

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox.—Thin as a crust cake, but Miriam Jordan, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (Apr)

DARING DAUGHTERS—Tower Prod.—The greatest daring was in reviving such a mummy. (Apr)

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL, THE GOLDEN GOAL—Allied Tontlin Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embuezze. Max Paleyberg’s performance excellent. English captions. (June)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tontlin Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embuezze. Max Paleyberg’s performance excellent. English captions. (June)

DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)—CLark Zwischmayer Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embuezze. Max Paleyberg’s performance excellent. English captions. (June)

DESTINATION UNKNOWN—Universal.—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing rain-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O’Brien, Allyn Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

DEVIL’S BROTHER, THE—Hal Roach.—(2.4-x-M.)—The Roarin’-Good time light opera, “Fra Diavolo,” with Demiue Kings for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

DINNER AT EIGHT—M-G-M.—Another “all star” affair; they’re invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Nipstered comic comes clean. (Aug.)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (Apr)

BEAUTY! To whom is flawless beauty so important as the star who must appear, day after day, before the searching eye of the camera? Here PHOTOPLAY serves you—by discovering and describing the newest beauty hints developed in this never-ending battle for perfect appearance. To know the latest and best in the art of being beautiful, read

Carolyn Van Wyck’s Hollywood Beauty Shop in this and all issues of PHOTOPLAY

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National.—When Sally Elbers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Bartelme takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (June)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures.—A would-be murderer, mystery and sex; it’s neither, Thelma Todd. (Aug.)

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—RKO Radio.—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (May)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE—Columbia.—Sloth Adolphe Menjou solves the murder of trapeze performer Gretta Nissen. Grand circus; a woe pitiful. (July)

CLEAR ALL WIRES—M-G-M.—A woman about a newspaper correspondent (Le Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his love, and the world. (Apr)

DESTINATION UNKNOWN—Universal.—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing rain-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O’Brien, Allyn Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

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"YOU CAN'T JUDGE HIM BY ORDINARY STANDARDS . . . .  
HE WAS TOO BIG"

AND THIS PICTURE IS TOO BIG TO JUDGE BY ORDINARY STANDARDS

That's why an entirely new method of screen production had to be devised to tell it. Drama so amazingly unusual, so powerful that present day methods were inadequate to bring it to the screen. Presented in NARRATAGE—talking pictures' newest wonder—forever revolutionizing screen entertainment. Marking the biggest step forward since the introduction of sound and another great triumph for FOX FILM. Watch for your theatre's announcement of this sensational picture.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

SPENCER TRACY • COLLEEN MOORE
RALPH MORGAN • HELEN VINSON

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION
Directed by William K. Howard
Story by Preston Sturges
The Public Determines Today

Here's the answer to a lot of prayers. And we aren't referring especially to Jimmy Cagney—but to more musicals. These beautiful girls are hard at work on "Footlight Parade," with Ruby Keeler and Mr. Cagney, ex-hoofer.

TRY AND PLEASE 'EM

Here is a true-life "talkie" entitled: "Why Movie Producers Go Mad."
Mama (after seeing "She Done Him Wrong")—What a raw picture, papa! Have they forgotten how to make wholesome pictures that delight instead of shock?
Papa: That's what I'd like to know, mama!
All the pictures nowadays are alike. No fancy. No beauty. What I wouldn't give to see a good old-fashioned fairy tale on the screen!
A week later the same couple, after seeing Janet Gaynor in "Adorable."
Mama: Ho hum. Did you ever see anything so silly, papa! No action—no plot—why I almost fell asleep.
Papa: You said it, mama! Those little fairy stories are okay for the children. They seemed to enjoy it, but we're not kids! There's one thing I like in my picture—and that's realism.
Marie D. Meyer, Detroit, Mich.

THE OTHER WOMAN

The American girl, with her new freedom, has lost respect for the American man. The movies such as "When Ladies Meet" will teach the bachelor maidens that it is wisest to leave the married man alone—no lesson no preaching, no sermon, no wife's tears, could teach.

MRS. VANCE VERCELL, Torrington, Conn.

A PERFECT FORTY

A dunce-cap for the schoolboy who says America's Sweetheart is old! The years have taken nothing from Mary Pickford. Each passing season has added something, enriching her face, unselfish personality, making beautiful a face that in youth was merely pretty and charming.

I've followed with loving interest her growth from a cute youngster to a charming woman, from a clever comedienne to a fine actress. She is perfect now!

R. B. S., Boise, Idaho

Recently you printed a letter from a young man that I would like to spank. He must be very young, because he thinks Mary Pickford is too old to play in the movies. And only an adolescent would fail to realize that at forty a woman can magically combine the beauty and spirit of youth with the poise and understanding of maturity.

I've loved Mary since the early days of Pickford curls and childish antics. Even more I appreciate the grown-up Mary we saw and loved in "Secrets."

The greatest actresses the world has known—Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Duse—were at their best after forty.

Pickford says, "Life Begins at Forty." Well, I'm glad of that!

It inspires us more Pickford films. And besides, I'm forty myself!

Mrs. E. B. W., St. Paul, Minn.

[continued from page 6]
The Pictures of Tomorrow!

Believe it or not, most of the Howard-be-praised letters come from ladies with a Mrs. in front of their names. And they always say things about "poetic soul," "spiritually romantic," etc. Well, they should enjoy "Berkeley Square"

Mr. Tone has all the younger girls agog! He takes the part of a handsome young farmer in "Stranger's Return." Lionel Barrymore is the old man, warning Franchot against city slickers. And Miriam Hopkins is why Franchot gets romantic

HE'S COMING BACK

Just read in Photoplay that my favorite actor has gone home! Is Leslie Howard coming back, or am I going to have to go to England?

MRS. J. C. WHITE, Knoxville, Tenn.

WELL, SCREEN LOVE IS BETTER THAN LIFE!

I am only thirty, but already of the harried appearance that marks the young husband who begins to suspect that the better part of his life was his bachelorhood. My dark, ready-made clothes, my twice-soled shoes, and my hair, which is too long for a neat and businesslike aspect, are symptoms of necessary economy. More and more of late I am turning to the phantom world. Always we turn from those actualities to live for a delightful hour in that land where our most impossible dreams come true.

What is the difference between watching a love adventure on the screen and having one? The difference is: A love adventure in story form is guaranteed to be complete in itself. To be over when it is finished. And to leave behind it nothing but a pleasant memory.

A. P. G., Detroit, Mich.

THOSE GOOD OLD NEWSREELS

Perhaps when the buggies announce the newsreel, I may feel impatient with it, but by the time the newsreel has ended I have always had a hearty laugh. I am usually badly bored watching the Duchess of Hain drachin a cruiser, or the changing of the guards at London Castle, but all the yawns leave when I get to watch a seventh son of a seventh son filling water with a forked stick from a prune tree.

The newsreels are also to be highly commended for the splendid way in which they bring us the truly dramatic events of today and help us to see more vividly behind the news.

STUART JOHNSON, Palmyra, Mo.

HER HARMONY

I have always been rather cool and calm about movie heroes (infelicitous, to you). But—this Tone lad has completely captured me. If I had a bit of a chance competing with Joan, I'd spend my summer vacation camping on Franchot's doorstep.

More Tone will be music to my ears.

RUTH E. MIDDLEBURG, Charleston, W. Va.

WE'RE HAPPY, TOO

I am a young mother with two babies who require a large share of my time. I am unable to afford a servant, and because the ladies are too young to take many places I am forced to stay at home.

Can you imagine then the joy I receive in reading of Hollywood's magic splendor and beauty? Through the pages of Photoplay I am carried to the city that is unlike any other. I read of men and of women whose occupations are widely different from mine, but whose problems are often similar. I feel a kinship with them.

Isee very few pictures, but I feel the loss less because I have the reviews in Photoplay to read. These are so well written that it makes one feel as though he had viewed the picture in an abbreviated form. Can you wonder then that I look forward to each issue? And then when I have avidly read each line, I pass the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]
What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

Everybody's begging for more laughs! Well, "Too Much Harmony" will shoo the blues away—with Bing Crosby and Oakie, chief shoters, aided by Judith Allen, Skeets Gallagher and Harry Green

magazine on to someone who awaits it as eagerly as I.

MRS. E. J. HARRIS, Atlanta, Ga.

MEN OF THE FOREST

Being in the Civilian Conservation Corps, we don't get many chances to get to a movie. Here in the forests we are at least ten miles away from the nearest movie house. We can't get to a movie during the week, but on Saturday nights the gang collects and we start walking.

With the anticipation of a good picture, we don't mind the twenty-mile walk there and back. Without this weekly visit to a movie, I imagine camp life would be pretty dull.

The cinema world has some loyal supporters in us Forest Workers.


SICK OF SLAPSTICK

I'm not what they call an ardent movie follower, but I can say I certainly enjoy pictures such as "Be Mine Tonight," "The Little Giant," with laugh's galore, "The White Sister," and delightful extravaganzas such as "Gold Diggers of 1933."

But somehow these are a bit spoiled when you've got to sit through one of those comedies in which the "comedians" still throw pies and get tangled up in macaroni. Are there moviegoers who laugh at and enjoy these? I'd really like to know.

R. M. STANTON, Corona, Calif.

MOVIES AND REPEAL

A slap at prohibition, and an urge to remember the part the movies played in the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, wins first prize in your reader's department.

I, for one, deplore the part the movies have played in the prohibition question, especially in the minds of our younger generation.

While I know that prohibition isn't what it should be, we will discover upon its repeal that it had its good points too. Its check, slight as many claim it is, is far better than no check at all. And when the wet tide sweeps over this country, remember then that the movies helped to remove the barriers prohibition had erected to check the flow of alcohol.

No, I cannot feel proud of the part the screen has played in helping to bring back liquor.


HILL BILLIES, TOO

In my state, there are many isolated towns and villages in the mountains. For the people in these places, the finest writers, famous artists and experienced actors tell. Beauty and talent and fashion are brought to their doors, however remote. Through the movies. All honor to the industry that brings such happiness to those who, without it, would find life so much harder to endure.

BESSIE ARMSTRONG, Louisville, Ky.

REFORMING MOTHER

Last night I took my mother to a motion picture. I practically had to use forceful measures to get her there. My mother is one of those people who thinks spending money (thirty cents! to see a show is outrageous, when you might use it for something needful. Well, a good show is what she needed.

The picture was "No Man of Her Own," with Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. It was a fine movie with plenty of laughs, and it converted my mother to the movies. She thoroughly enjoyed it and said to me later, "I want to go again!"

MILDRED CARR, Merced, Calif.

SAID-BUT LOGICAL

After having seen "Stranger's Return," I couldn't refrain from writing my praise of this excellent movie. I liked, in particular, the ending of the picture, where the two lovers bravely part, each on a separate journey. It is true that there is a bit of heart-ache, but it is a dramatic, logical ending as sincere and true as life itself. Why do the producers so often feed the public with obstacle-avoiding, automatic endings, which are so unconvincing, so wrong that we fairly ache to see a story which conforms to truth and real art?

MAX TENENBAUM, Chicago, Ill.

CLARK AND JEAN

Clark Gable and Jean Harlow make a great pair. Here's to them! "Hold Your Man" is an exceptional picture. A vivid, colorful romance, and a relief from the humdrum of every day life.

JANE GEEY, Salt Lake City, Utah

TEN PENNY PEEP SHOW

"Hold Your Man" belongs to the old-fashioned, ten-cent peep shows. Like those shows, which promised so much before you looked, it is dull, common and vicious. The reformatory is false in every note and the Head crowned with thorns, in the chapel scene, will be resented. With this picture, the industry which has shown such vast improvement in the past year, has lost much that it gained.

MAUDE BRAMSHI, Harrisburg, Penna.

GOOD MANNERS

Thank heaven for "The Warrior's Husband!" Just when the country needed a laugh, this picture tickled the funny bones of a teary nation. And how that Manners boy can pull your heart-strings!

MARGARET CHASE, Beverly Hills, Calif.

PEACEMAKER

The only thing to regret after seeing such a marvelous picture as "The Eagle and the Hawk," is that it wasn't shown before the Geneva Conference.

MARGARET RICHARDSON, Kansas City, Kansas.
I must say that’s the whitest wash I’ve seen in a long time.

I’m sure you’ll find whichever one you select satisfactory, madam.

There must be some reason why this wash looks so dingy. I know it can’t be the washer . . . it works fine.

There’s the reason you don’t get a snowy wash! Try Rinso. It gives real thick suds, nice and soapy.

They all look wonderful . . . I don’t know which one to take.

...and the suds are so thin and watery.

Use Rinso,” say makers of these 40 famous washers

A B C
American Beauty
Apex
Automatic
Barron
Bee-Vac
Blackstone
Boss
Cinderella
Conlon
Decker
Fairday
Faultless
Fedeleo
Galmay
Haag
Horiton
Laundry Queen
Magnetic
Meadors
Mengel
National
“1900”
Norge
One Minute
Prima
Princess
Rotarce
Roto-Verso
Savage
Speed Queen
Sunnysuds
Thor
Universal
Voss
Westinghouse
Whirlody
Woodrow
Zenith

Rinso is wonderful for tub washing, too. It snags out dirt—saves scrubbing and boiling. Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water. Makes all cleaning easier. Get the big box today.

The biggest-selling package soap in America.
**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Reviewer</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FRIEDRIEH</td>
<td>Pesci Prod.</td>
<td>An episode in the life of the famous chef, Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music.</td>
<td>May</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**HERTHA'S AWAKENING—UFA.** A country tax and a city boy who forgot. Captured and taken uncerely. German with English subtitles. | June |

**HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.** An auto racing driver taken to be yellow. Don’t bother. | Jul |

**HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.** Another Jimmy Dunn-Sally Ellis opus, poor box boiling the villain, they live happily. | Aug |

**HOLD YOUR MAN—M-G-M.** Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; both crooked to start, both genuine for love. Not another “Red Dust” but good enough. | Sept |

**HUMILITY—Fox.** Ralph Morgan as a mole-souled old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn’t so good. Fair entertainment. | Oct |

**I WILL NOT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.** A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. | May |

**I COVER THE WATERFRONT—** United Artists. The late Ernest Torrence, a farmer who smuggles Cinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest’s daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. | July |

**HERE MAJESTAAT DIE LIEBE, HER MAJESTY LOVED—Fox.** First German, then English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Friedrich Lederer) marrying beneath itself! (Karin von Nagy). | Apr |

**I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—** Fox. Life and loves of dancer Elia Livad. Victor Jory throws her. Pleasant, not gripping. | Sept |

**I LOVE THAT MAN—** Paramount. Nancy Carroll sticks to com-man Eddie Lowe, and all reforms when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. | July |

**INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio.** Richard Haines gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We’re doubtful. | Jul |

**INFERNAL MACHINE—** Fox. Doll shipboard melodrama; over-sexy. | May |

**INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—** Paramount. A riot of guns, put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Ken Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. | Jul |

**IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—** Fox. Perhaps squelches who see this will think so; most audiences won’t. Herbert Mundin, Edna May Oliver help some. | Sept |

**JENNE GERHARDT—** Paramount. Sylvia Sedlner’s grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. | Aug |

**JUNGLE BRIDE—** Monogram. After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain lousy. | Apr |

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**Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue**

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Reviewer</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Another Language—M-G-M.</td>
<td>57</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Big Executive—Paramount</td>
<td>58</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blind Adventure—RKO Radio</td>
<td>59</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devil’s In Love, The—Fox</td>
<td>58</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devil’s Mate—Monogram</td>
<td>59</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Grosse Attraktion—Toho-Taschner-Emelka Prod.</td>
<td>104</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fighting Parson, The—Allied-First Division</td>
<td>104</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. 1—Fox-Gaumont British-UFA</td>
<td>104</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hell’s Holiday—Superb Pictures</td>
<td>104</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her First Mate—Universal</td>
<td>58</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>His Private Secretary—Showmens Pictures</th>
<th>59</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Last Train, The—Fox</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Life in the Raw—Fox</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Man Who Dared, The—Fox</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Midnight Club—Paramount</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Morning Glory, The—RKO Radio</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page</td>
<td>One Year Later—Allied</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Racket Man—RKO Radio</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Savage Gold—Harold Auten Prod</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Sing Sinner Sing—Majestic Pictures</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Page**

| Skyway—Monogram | 103 |
| Sleepless Nights—Remington Pictures | 102 |
| Strange Case of Tom Mooney, The—First Division | 102 |
| This Day and Age—Paramount | 56 |
| This Is America—Frederick Ullman, Jr. Prod | 102 |
| Three-Cornered Moon—Paramount | 57 |
| Trail Drive, The—Universal | 103 |
| Tugboat Annie—M-G-M. | 58 |
| Wrecker, The—Columbia | 59 |
A NEW PICTURE TAKES ITS PLACE AMONG THE GREATEST...

LADY FOR A DAY

4 STARS AWARDED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE

"It will be a wow when it hits Broadway!"


"Only one word can describe this picture... It's swell!"

adds Screen Play and gives "AAAA"

"It's grand entertainment!"

says Screenland Magazine.

"You will scream with delight!"

echoes Photoplay.

See this great story of love and romance—of gaiety and tears at your favorite theatre.

WARREN WILLIAM

MAY ROBSON

GUY KIBBE

GLENDA FARRELL

WALTER CONNOLLY

NED SPARKS

JEAN PARKER

BARRY NORTON

Screen play by ROBERT RISKIN

From the story by DAMON RUNYON

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16 ]

**MARY STEVENS, M.D.**— Warners. Show trial of two doctors (KayFrancis, Lyle Talbot) who lose, have a lover, but don't marry. (Sept.)

**MANQUERADER**— Goldwyn-Film Artists. Ronald Colman does upately in the double role of English gentleman and dissolute count, whose identity he assumes. (May)

**MAYOR OF HELL, THE**— Warners. Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Franklin Darrow, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (Aug.)

**MELODY CRUISE**— RKO-Radio. Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (Aug.)

**MEN MUST FIGHT**— M.G.M. Paciﬁm vs. patriotism, championed by Deanna Durbin and Louis Calhern, in a straight-for-their-son, superably acted. (Apr.Pl)

**MIDNIGHT MARY—The**— M.G.M.-Loew. Loretta Young does a better than usual gun moll; she shoots bigshot Henry O'Neill to save lawyer Franchot Tone for the plot. (Aug.)

**MIDNIGHT WARNING**— Mayfair Pictures. A poorly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

**MIND READER, THE**— First National. William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

**MORGENROT** (Dawn)— UPA. An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (Aug.)

**MURDERS IN THE ZOO**— Paramount. Lionel Atwill kills with a serpent, feasts with Katharine Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

**MUSULOLI Speaks**— Columbia. While Il Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

**NARROW CORNER, THE**— Warners. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a hodgepodge of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (Aug.)

**NIGHT AND DAY**— Gaumont-British. Mixed music and melodrama, done in kitsy-British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (Aug.)

**NO MARRIAGE TIES**— RKO-Radio. Richard Dix as a brilliant man who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (Sept.)

**NOISE AND SILENCE, THE**— M.G.M. (Reviewed under the title "Never Give a Sucker A Break."). See Tracy at his best as a shrewd lawyer and ambulance chaser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice, until Madge Evans trips them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July)

**OBEY THE LAW**— Columbia. Lee Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

**OLIVER TWIST**— Monogram. A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens flavor. (May)

**OUR BETTERS**— RKO-Radio. (Sophisticated and raw) sexy doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (May)

**OUT ALL NIGHT**— Universal. Can't you imagine a group of antiques (Vivien Leigh, Anna Neagle and ZaSu Pitts) honeymooning with mammy along? (May)

**OVER THE SEVEN SEAS**— William K. Vanderbilt. Frank Morgan travels without his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (Aug.)

**PAROLE GIRL**— Columbia. An antique "revenge" 30's, with Mae Clarke. (May)

**PEG O'MY HEART**— M-G-M. The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (July)

**PERIL CODE, THE**— Warner Bros. An ex-convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this melodramatic plot. (May)

**PERFECT UNDERSTANDING**—United Artists. This talky talk goes too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his misdeeds. (May)

**PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE**— Monogram. Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadowy voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (June)

**PICK UP—Paramount. Taxicab-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict fiancé. Humanly done; good comedy. (June)

**PICTURE SNATCHER**— Warners. Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who'd sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (June)

**PILGRIMAGE**— Fox. Henrietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, unusually done. (June)

**PLEASURE CRUISE**— Fox. Jean Harlow Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (June)

**POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD)**— Patho-Nathan. Redhead Robert Lynren splendid as the long-suffering woman tries to hang himself. English captions. (Sept.)

**POWER AND THE GLORY, THE**— Fox. Ralph Morgan relates the life story of his friend the railroad president (Spencer Tracy). Colleen Moore "comes back in" this. Unusual and good. (Sept.)

**PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62—Warners. Note-worthy thriller with Bill Powell, who was told to frame Margaret Lindsay but married her. (June)

**PRIVATE JONES**— Universal. Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (July)

**PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART**— RKO-Radio. Ginger Rogers in a perfectly done but funny stuff about a radio "purity girl" who's hot-cha at heart. Fine comic support. (Aug.)

**REBEL, THE**— Universal. Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) leads a revolt. Great scenery. Vittorio Gassmann. Worth seeing. (June)

**RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE**— Monogram. A disappointed railroad melodrama. (Sept.)

**REUNION IN VIENNA**— M-G-M. John Barrymore, as the exiled Archduke Rudolf, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard, brilliantly gay and naughty; it should delight everyone. (Aug.)

**ROKE EXPRESS**—Gaumont British-Universal. An excellently done train ride, with M-G-M melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (April)

**SAILOR'S LUCK**— Fox. Rita-Jontou "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

**SAMARANG**— Zelzian-United Artists. A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (July)


**SECRETS**— United Artists. Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford losses her New England home for the Dieters who love her. Worth seeing. (April)

**SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE**— Invincible. An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (April)

**SHE HAD TO SAY YES**— First National. Loretta Young, clean-assed model, must be agreeable to out-of-town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (Aug.)

**SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT**— Allied. In fact plenty of shrinks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot, A well-done, small-time thriller. (July)

**SILK EXPRESS, THE**— Warners. Good melodrama; crooks try to stop a silk shipment from Japan, Niel Hamilton; fine support. (Aug.)

**SILVER GORD, THE**— RKO-Radio. Laura Hope Crews is a poor, forsaken wife of an old retired husband, wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancé of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparking but "talky." (July)

**SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures. Endless reads about a girl who tries to rise by being "lit up." (April)

**SOLDIERS OF THE STORM**— Columbia. Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol agent and liquor smugglers. Weak story; comedy makes it distinctly good entertainment. (Aug.)

**SOMEBODY IN SONORA**— Warners. Love-ly scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho hum. (April)

**SONG OF SONGS, THE**— Paramount. A over-thrilling classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist Brian Aherne, and married to blustering Baron Lionel Atwill. Charming; not stirring. (Sept.)

**SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount. A house old baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (July)

**SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)**—Yamada-Dole. Production fifty; European photography; a grand Oriental spell, slow, but great atmosphere. (April)

**SPHINX, THE**— Monogram. Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill as chief chiller, Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni. (Aug.)

**STATE FAIR**— Fox. A loneliness tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Luana Dever), their children Patric Knowles and Norman Foster, their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (Sept.)
STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an old war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evelyn Knapp. (May)

* STORM AT DAYBREAK—M-G-M.—Kay Francis and Nile Astor two unwilling points of a triangle, with Serbian mayor Walter Huston in the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (Sept.)

STORY OF TEMPLE Drake, THE—Paramount.—Life of an exotic Southern girl [Miriam Hopkins], confronted by a gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid, repellent. (July)

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this reheas of old horror films worthy. (June)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE—M-G-M.—The folks secretly destitute rich, crochety farmer Lionel Barrymore—all except city granddaughter Miriam Hopkins. Good boys! Grand "back to the farm" feeling; superb acting. (Sept.)

STRICTLY PERSONAL—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff; Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as Sherlock Holmes, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (Aug.)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done expose of fake mediums. (July)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—A Western that is one—fine, act, fine, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (Aug.)

SUPER NATURAL—Paramount.—Carole Lombard attempted a spooky "transmogrification of souls' thriller in this one. (July)

SWEEPINGS—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pushcart and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no good children spoil all. (Aug.)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (Aug.)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachtsman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and doodge prison. Strong cast, but as a drama a bit incredible. (June)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gaumont.—English actors attempting French farce. (May)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sel Lesser Prod.—Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolt against Diaz; breathtaking photography and scenery. (Aug.)

TODAY WE LIVE—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged by Robert Young in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO-Radio.—Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on the war to. Vivianos Osborne. (July)

TOPAZE—RKO-Radio.—John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outfaces life and the stickiers. Superb. (April)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jittery; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Stu Erwin. (May)

VOLTAIRE—Warner.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as Louis XV. (Sept.)

WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE—Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazon of old—women warriors engaged by Robert Young in love with Gary Landi. But Ernest Truex, by a trick; lets the Greeks win, and how the Amazons like what happens then! Excellent fun. (July)

“Constance Cummings
knows my secret for
STAYING SLIM!”

Says

Sylvia of Hollywood...famous beauty authority who taught the stars how to have and keep their lovely figures.

Listen to Sylvia on NBC Red Network Coast to Coast, Tuesdays, 10:30 p.m. E.S.T.

A Typical Dinner
from Constance Cummings’
Stay-Slim Diet

Fruit Cup
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
with mineral oil and lemon juice
Double Lamb Chop
Rye-Krisp Gelsin "Doni-Taste"

Constance Cummings—glamorous star of Walter Winchell's BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE
A 20th Century production soon to be released by United Artists

"YOU know what I've done for the movie stars—how I've bossed their diets, massaged, slapped and pounded them to make their lovely figures perfect—but do you know how I advise these stars, to KEEP their figures slim and youthful?

"Well—I simply say 'Eat Rye-Krisp Whole Rye Wafers with every meal.' You see, I know that with Rye-Krisp, appetites are satisfied and figures are soft—for these crisp wafers that taste so good are actually filling but not fattening.

"If YOU honestly want to improve your own appearance—take the advice I gave the movie stars. Do these things for me today. Begin to eat Rye-Krisp, and send for my free consultation Chart."

"You'll really enjoy eating Rye-Krisp Wafers. There's something about their true, whole rye flavor that makes them so surprisingly different, so completely tantalizing! Toasted to a golden brown, they're irresistible at breakfast—perfect with cool salads, steaming soups or other foods at lunch or dinner. With savory spreads or pungent cheese, they make exciting tid-bits. And remember—Rye-Krisp Wafers help to keep you fit—and satisfy your appetite, so you don't want starchy, fattening foods!

Your grocer has red and white checkerboard packages of Rye-Krisp. Get some today—and do save the package top.*

HEAR SYLVIA ON THE AIR! Find the answer to your own beauty problem as Sylvia tells her own real-life stories of the stars and their beauty secrets—how she helped build up the ones who were underweight—and reduced those who were too plump—corrected flabby faces and necks, large hips, thick ankles and a thousand other figure faults.

#SYLVIA'S CONSULTATION CHART—FREE! USE THIS COUPON

Madam Sylvia, Ralston Purina Company, 620 Checkerboard Square, Saint Louis, Mo.
I am interested in _____ reducing _____ building up. I enclose one box top from a package of Rye-Krisp. Please send me your Consultation Chart, on which I can give you the information you need to help me solve my beauty problem. (Offer good only in U.S. and Canada)
Name
Address

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]
HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY

You can't be popular if your breath is not agreeable.

How is your breath today? Is it agreeable — or an offense to others?

The truth is, you do not know. You only hope it's normal — but the chances are that it is otherwise. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) may be caused by so many conditions, which exist even in normal mouths, that no one is immune from it.

Common causes are fermenting food particles on the teeth or gums, decaying teeth, leaky fillings, unwise eating and drinking, and infections of the mouth, nose, and throat. But 90% of all cases are caused by food fermentation.

Why take the risk of needlessly offending others when by the use of Listerine, you can instantly make your breath wholesome and agreeable? Simply rinse the mouth with it.

Listerine halts fermentation, decay, and infection, the primary causes of odors, and then gets rid of the odors themselves. The mouth feels clean, refreshed, and invigorated.

Don't expect Listerine's quick, pleasant deodorant effect from ordinary, bargain mouth washes which are too weak to be effective or so harsh they may be dangerous. Repeated tests have shown that Listerine instantly overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours. When you want to be sure, use Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.
As sedately as a minuet, with all the romance and glamour of the period, Heather Angel and Leslie Howard move through the strange love story of "Berkeley Square," Miss Angel's second American movie. The English star makes a lovely leading lady for Leslie in a beautiful setting of cashmere gowns, powdered wigs, and soft music.
BABY LEROY toddled right up to the big bear and sat down. He wasn't scared at all. He isn't seeing much of Maurice these days. Busy vamping the cast of his next picture. The Baby LeRoy you'll see with Richard Arlen in "Captain Jericho" won't be the same bay-bee you saw in "A Bedtime Story." He's sprouted two teeth and increased his vocabulary...
INSTEAD of resting in the cool quiet of his dressing-room after a hard scene, Spencer Tracy pulls up a chair off-set and watches proceedings with an anxious, critical eye. Spencer is working on “Shanghai Madness.” The man who plays jailbird rôles on the screen started out to be a surgeon, but couldn’t bear dissecting! He admits that he is scared of women, too.
LYDA ROBERTI has plenty of the "hot-cha" which is considered native to the U. S. A. But Lyda was the daughter of a European clown, born in Warsaw, brought up in a circus train. She first intrigued Americans on the stage in "You Said It," singing American jazz mostly in Polish and dancing with an abandon that took her to Hollywood.
AUDETTE COLBERT, whose exquisite hands are so alluring.

NEW! Hinds Cleansing Cream, by makers of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, delicate, liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! . . . 40c, 65c.
EDWARD G. ROBINSON deserts gangster roughstuff to play opposite Kay Francis in "I Loved a Woman." And Miss Francis packs away her tailored clothes and looks highly decorative in feminine frills and furbelows. The tale has to do with a man's amazing struggle for success and is the life story of a prominent American meat packer.
Close-Ups and Long-Shots

The propensity for divorce in Hollywood was, perhaps, formerly exaggerated by the press. Today that is scarcely the case. The demand for freedom from the partner of the moment, that has swept over Hollywood like an epidemic, renders even those who wish to keep apart from it all scarcely safe. Rumor attacks them like a fever, resulting often in a feeling of strange insecurity.

The Neil Hamiltons felt obliged to quash insistent whispers of a separation with this statement in a Hollywood newspaper: “Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton wish to announce that they have been happily married for eleven years, and that in spite of the many rumors appearing in this and other public prints and heard wherever all true gossips foregather, they intend to remain so for many times eleven more.”

Once it was only necessary to announce that a couple had been married. Now, apparently, it is necessary to tell the world that a couple has no intention of getting a divorce.

The necessity for doing this is one of the most astounding of the phenomena called Hollywood. It shows the extraordinary psychological attitude of that community.

But we can no longer soothe ourselves regarding Hollywood as a bewildering fantasmasgoria to be spoken of with either wonder or disdain. Though few, if any, seem conscious of the fact, Hollywood is America’s sociological laboratory where experiments are unwittingly made that have a tremendous influence upon our private lives.

For the emotions and acts of Hollywood today are the emotions and acts of the people of the United States tomorrow. The styles of Hollywood, beauty standards and ideas are conveyed to us subtly through the motion picture. This we have been told again and again. Repetition does not inerease the truth of that statement.

If the trend in Hollywood is more and more toward divorce, we may confidently look forward to the same trend in Kansas, Georgia or Connecticut.

Unfortunately, that beacon of righteousness, Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton, with her thousands of faithful followers gathered about her in Angelus Temple, is not herself immune from the curse of divorce. And if Aimee cannot check this devastating epidemic, who can?

An expert in such matters, Dr. Paul Popenoe, Chief of the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations, presents, through an interview, in this issue of Photoplay, some very striking theories of the fundamental causes of divorce in the picture colony.

I believe this to be a viewpoint never before published and more than worthy of very serious attention. Dr. Popenoe states that—contrary to general belief—conditions that lead to divorce in the film colony are no different from those found elsewhere. For that reason this article is of vital interest to everyone.

In vivid contrast with the lack of permanency in Hollywood domestic life, is the remarkable case of Irving Thalberg and his wife, Norma Shearer.

If a “brain trust” were to be formed in Hollywood, Mr. Thalberg’s name would be among the first on the list. He was but twenty-five years old when he became production chief for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The list of notable productions for which he was responsible is impressive. Many of them have been brilliant successes, not only from the standpoint of the box-office, but because of their artistry and dramatic merit as well.

At the age of thirty-four, he has just returned from a well-earned vacation in Europe to renewed activities that will give him even greater opportunities.

Since their marriage six years ago, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg have shared a remarkable career. Their joint partnership in business has been pursued with a balance unsurpassed except for the happiness of their domestic life.

Such a partnership, particularly in hectic Hollywood, is unique.

Both knew what they wanted in life and worked unceasingly to attain it.

Both knew when they had found what they wanted.

Both had the remarkable good sense and character to cherish and preserve that which they realized could alone maintain their happiness.
The successful outcome of this marriage is not an accident. It is the result only of unswerving fidelity to ideals.

Una Merkel tells this one on herself. She received a letter requesting her picture. The letter was carelessly scribbled on a piece of scrap paper and Una took plenty of time deciphering it. But the next day she received another scribbled message from the same person.

"Do not send picture. Am moving and decided I don't want it."

Una answered her ardent fan as follows:

"Picture is sent. You'll take it and like it." He evidently did, for Una heard no more.

Now that Pickfair, the home of Mary and Doug, is for sale, it can be told how it came by its name. Mary and Doug's press-agent suggested it first. But neither Mary nor Doug cared for it. "It's out," they both told him.

But the p.a. felt pretty sure the name was a winner, so the next time the reporters dropped in and asked about the house, he very casually mentioned that "Pickfair" had been suggested as a name by a screen admirer, but that nothing had been done about it.

The reporters eagerly scooped it up, plastered it all over the papers and to Mary and Doug's utter surprise, they found the house generally known as Pickfair.

From then on, they liked it. But the clever press-agent never let on how he had slipped over a fast one on the newspaper boys—or, rather, on his clients.

Jimmy Starr, local Hollywood columnist, was a guest master of ceremonies at a downtown theater. "Romeo," Eskimo juvenile actor brought from the Arctic by Director W. S. Van Dyke, appeared wearing long fur pants.

"Where did you get those pants?" asked Jimmy, right out in public. "Did Dietrich give them to you?"

"No, Dietrich, no. My fadder he shoot dem."

The ranks of aging troupers are thinning. Gallant Louise Closser Hale is the latest to be called by death. She was stricken by a stroke of apoplexy at the age of sixty-one. For thirty-five years she followed an actress' career. She had long been a close friend of Marie Dressler and May Robson. Her forte had been the rôle of an old woman, and her services were always in big demand at the studios.

A sincere, kindly woman, both in her stage and her motion picture days, she was always generous with advice and her help to young, inexperienced actors or actresses. The screen has lost not only a woman of great talent, but of rare character.

You remember George K. Arthur in those Dane-Arthur comedies M-G-M made. When talkies came, Karl Dane couldn't control his accent. It broke up the team; but it takes more than that to break the spirit of the indomitable little George K.

George has opened a repertory theater—with all the talent in Hollywood to select from. At his openings a list of patrons turn out that seldom attend any other Hollywood premiere: Ann Harding, Lubitsch, Chaplin, JanetGaynor, Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, C. B. De Mille, Maurice Chevalier and Clive Brook are just a few. They are all subscribers, who occupy the same seats every opening night.

And not only do they attend the fine productions—they all want to play in them.

Ernst Lubitsch arrived in Hollywood by airplane from New York.

"I'm worried sick," he confessed to a friend, "I can't hear. The roar of the motors must have deafened me."

An hour went by. He grew panicky.

"I'm finished," he moaned. "Boys, I'm stone deaf. It's all over. Call a doctor."

A friend looked more closely at Ernst's ears. "I think," he said, "if you took the cotton wads out of your ears you might be all right."

And the friend was right.

Charlie Chaplin is out of luck. He should have had a new picture running in the theaters when the news broke that certain disgruntled patriots of the Far Eastern Empire had marked him for assassination.

If Charlie had been put on the spot about a year ago, in the hope of plunging the United States into war with Japan, as a Japanese lieutenant testified was planned, it would have been an international tragedy. Probably conflict would not have followed, especially as the great comedian is a British subject. But the potentialities of Chaplin's merry-making are by no means exhausted.

Great comedians, they say, have much pathos in their private lives. And if sadness is the spark that gives impetus to such genius, then Charlie has it in him to create a dozen more comedies as great as "Shoulder Arms" or "The Gold Rush."

Some idea of the tremendous interest shown in Mae West may be gleaned from this small incident.

In one issue of one of the Los Angeles daily papers, Paramount announced a "nicknaming contest" for Mae West. No prizes or reward whatsoever were offered. Paramount found itself completely swamped with replies.

And this from Los Angeles only. You can imagine what a national contest on Mae would mean to Hollywood mailmen.
Here we are in the Corset Shop of Bonwit Teller, New York, with the department head. She says, “Ivory Flakes is the soap we advise.” Yes, it keeps silk and elastic strong because Ivory’s purity won’t dry out even a baby’s skin!

To fashionable Bonwit Teller’s comes every kind of figure—even slim ones! And the head of the famous Corset Shop says, “Whether a customer buys a foundation that costs $5.95 or $225, we say, ‘Wash it often with Ivory Flakes. We’ve found that a stronger soap is actually almost as hard on elastic and silk as perspiration itself.’”

“Frequent tubbing with Ivory Flakes makes foundations keep their snug fit and last much longer,” she adds, “If women once realized this, I’m sure they’d never be careless.”

Try Bonwit Teller’s tested method: Lukewarm water—very important. Ivory Flakes most important, because they are made from pure Ivory Soap. See how quickly these curly flakes go into rich Ivory suds (no flat flakes to stick to the fabric and cause soap spots!). Squeeze Ivory suds through garment. Use soft brush on soiled edges. Rinse in several lukewarm waters. Squeeze. Wrap in Turkish towel. Squeeze again. Hang away from heat (not on radiator, please!). Before garment dries completely, limber it with hands.

You get bigger boxes and more Ivory Flakes for your money than of any other fine fabrics soap. CURLY, INSTANT-DISSOLVING • 99 4/100 % PURE
Two
Queens
were
Born
in
Sweden

And the parallel between the lives of Greta and the Christina she interprets is truly remarkable.
time she was very particular about the clothes she did wear, and she steered totally clear of anything that remotely resembled a feminine frill or ruffle. She wore as near to man's attire as was possible in those days... “flat shoes with small black heels, a plain gray jacket, a black mariner's tie, a velvet cavalier cap which she put on and off like a man, and her hair plainly braided.” A short gray skirt and shirt usually took the place of the long, flowing robes in fashion then.

HOWEVER, you will notice that the queen dedicated herself a little further to the masculine mode than does Garbo. She "put her hat on and off like a man.” Garbo refrains from tipping her beret to friends.

Christina's hands were beautiful and white, but strong and virile; her eyes might have belonged to either sex, and they were extremely intelligent; her voice was clear, deep and emotional. It would be difficult to find a more exact description of Garbo.

Although one of her historians called her "a fiery genius with an insatiable lust for life and knowledge,” the queen did close the door of her mind to one subject, and that subject was marriage. In spite of the fact that her ministers of state, her philosophers, and her advisers became almost rabid about it (with an heir to the throne in mind, of course), she refused to discuss it except on rare occasions when she was driven beyond her patience, and then her remarks were harsh and very much to the point.

"I would rather die than be married," she said once. "I could never allow anyone to treat me as a peasant does his field.” Another time: "My ambition and my pride are incapable of submitting to anyone.”

Could not those very well be Garbo's sentiments?

Christina much preferred the company of men to women. She despised the usual feminine inanities and small talk heard at court in those days. Her greatest pleasure was to engage in some deep and weighty discussion with one of the many philosophers who swarmed about her. It was for conversational reasons alone that she persuaded the great Descartes to attach himself to her court. She wished to hear him propound his philosophy. But when he arrived she found that the only hour of her time not taken up with studies and affairs of state was at five o'clock in the morning. So at that uncomfortable hour (when she took her daily canter) she met Descartes each morning, and as they galloped furiously through the forests, the unfortunate man had to shout out to her his philosopohic theories.

EVENTUALLY, Descartes died while at her court, and all Europe blamed Christina for wearing the poor fellow out! Christina had a life-long struggle against criticism. Garbo, for the eight years she has been in Hollywood, has been the subject of more criticism and ridicule, along with praise, than any other actress.

Christina was born December 8, 1626, and was crowned Queen of Sweden on her eighteenth birthday. It was a magnificent occasion. She sat on a silver [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]
NEVER before in the history of Hollywood's motion picture colony has there been such an avalanche of startling divorce actions.

For the past few months headlines have screamed a new, sensational divorce almost every day. Couples, via court proceedings, have told just why they could no longer live together as man and wife.

Has something suddenly gone wrong in Hollywood? Always, there have been divorces from time to time. But now, there is a veritable epidemic of them. What is the cause?

We sought out the most noteworthy authority on the subject, a man who heads the Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles—Dr. Paul Popenoe, whose trained ear has been close to more than 7,000 domestic difficulties since his office was organized in 1930.

His is an authoritative civic bureau, organized to help forestall the increasing divorce statistics of Los Angeles County.

His territory takes in Hollywood. And his keen, analytical mind cleaves to the root of the new Hollywood divorce epidemic with astonishing clarity. Here are some of his startling revelations:

"Human nature does not vary much," says Dr. Popenoe, "even though many every-day people fondly imagine picture stars' marriages differ vastly from their own. Hollywood marriage is comparable with all marriage—only the circumstances are exaggerated to the extreme limit. There is too much money, too much sex, too much of the glare of publicity. Everything is high-lighted."

"Also, there is no even balance between the emotions and the intellect. Emotion is the driving force, intellect the restraint. Our emotions tell us to go ahead and do a certain thing—but the intellect applies the brakes."

"The emotional life of Hollywood has the upper hand. People there have not adjusted their emotions to life in the real world, of which marriage is an integral part. They forget their marriages are conducted at home—not in the studios. But they bring home the unreal emotions and try to apply them to the domestic institution, and it won't work."

WE asked Dr. Popenoe if he had treated any cases of unhappy marriage among moving picture actresses and actors. He looked at us in amused surprise.

"Of course not. They do not want their differences straightened out. They want to change. They regard changes as stepping stones to a bigger career. This is because very few motion picture stars have grown up, emotionally."

"They do not consider remote objectives."

"Offer a youngsters choice between a piece of candy now, or a quarter next Christmas. Which will he take? Naturally, he considers the immediate recourse, because the infant lives entirely in the present. In his life, there is no past or future."

"The emotionally adult person keeps an even balance between past, present and future."

"This type will not rush into the divorce court the moment some present grievance arrives. He will consider the past—the wife who shared his struggling years. He will give her the credit due for his present achievement. He will think of her future as well as his own... a lonely, unshared old age, perhaps, to be faced by one or both of them."

"Next in importance to living entirely in the present, Hollywood marriages fall because of superficial judgments. Hollywood is governed by flash—and this carries right on into marriage. Too much importance is placed on vivacity and face value, at the expense of substantial qualities. The vivacious, pretty girl 'dresses her window' artfully, and is apt to get a better husband than she deserves. The same applies to the men."

"The emotional life of the baby is centered on his own
wants. He values the people with whom he comes in contact largely by the extent to which they gratify his desires. There are few greater stimulants to the male ego than a beautiful wife. But that built-up ego can be just as rapidly diminished if she turns out to be hyper-critical, nagging and fault-finding. Or if she is overly flirtatious and her vanity demands constant admiration from other men.

"The main ambition of the baby, or emotional infant, is to have his own way—and if he discovers that can be obtained through a tantrum, then he adopts that as his method for dominating everyone around him."

"From all I can understand, the so-called temperament of many stars is nothing more or less than plain 'tantrums'—and a happy marriage has no room for them.

"If the emotional development of an individual progresses no further, he is arrested at that level. Obviously, such an outlook on life is not compatible with the team-work, the give-and-take, which is the fundamental part of a successful marriage.

"The infantile outlook in regard to sex is similar. It is merely a matter of self-gratification. In the early stages of transition to self-consciousness, any member of the opposite sex is fascinating and thrilling. As development proceeds, this interest gradually is confined to an exclusive and continued preference for one person. This marks the adult level of mating.

"Apparently, many actors and actresses have never grown anywhere near that far. Their adult life represents, emotionally, the normal level of early high school years, combined with a strong influence of nursery attitudes.

"Emotionally, they are of course not old enough to marry successfully, being totally unable to narrow their easily scattered interest to one mate.

"If all the emotional concern that one Hollywood actor diffuses over a variety of women were concentrated on his wife—divorce would be unheard-of!"

Dr. Popeneoe paused to let that sink in.

"When a person goes through certain patterns of behavior all day long, he cannot easily turn them off at night, as one turns off an electric light, and blot them out completely. They are likely to influence him during the rest of the time. When these patterns, thus played on the stage or on location, are really of actions not compatible with sound family life—or with any kind of wholesome, happy, and useful life, so far as that goes—the individual's success in switching to a different type of behavior when he goes home is likely to be impaired. Thus it may be difficult for a girl to play 'vamp' roles six days a week and not unconsciously keep up the part on Sundays!

"The lack of children in motion picture marriages is another important factor. The majority of divorces everywhere are among childless couples. In Hollywood, this is especially true. Statistically, every child cuts the danger of divorce in half.

"Another thing wrong with Hollywood marriage," Dr. Popeneoe continued, "is the frequent separations caused by the work. It requires unusually strong character in both man and wife to hold up under prolonged and repeated absences. Successful marriage depends largely on a sharing of experiences. When a husband and wife have few significant experiences in common, they naturally lack the mutual interests that would hold them together.

"Finally, there is in some cases more frequent in Hollywood than elsewhere, I presume—a deliberate attempt to break up a marriage by outsiders who want to gain influence or promote their interests in some way. Few persons are immune to flattery, cajolment, lavish entertainment and sex-appeal.

"The childish, self-centered personality found in some picture stars is particularly susceptible. Subjected to such an attack, it is no wonder many a romance collapses.

"For instance, a girl in a small role is playing opposite an important male star with a glamorous name and salary. He is married. This presents merely a temporary obstacle to the ambitious girl."
Bronce may glitter just as brightly, but Cecil B. De Mille still demands gold

By Sara Hamilton

When Hollywood was really "Follywood"; when Fatty Arbuckle's bright green car, with the ice box built in, reached from Vine Street to Ivar; when Tom Mix dressed up in a blue velvet tuxedo (yes, he did!) and white cowboy hat; when ZaSu Pitts waltzed with her best beau, Tom Gallery, at the old Hollywood Hotel; while notorious blondes ran screaming in and out of the low windows with notorious directors screaming right after them; while Valentino looked on from the outside with yearning eyes; while Wally Reid kept open house; while Norma Talmadge was in full bloom and Garbo was a little girl in Sweden—Cecil B. De Mille was the "God of Hollywood."

He, it was, who jerked the strings while puppets danced, who flashed his jewels and clicked his gold coins and wore his puttees (heaven help us), and his cap on backwards. Who stormed and raged and draped pearls—yards of, them—in Swanson's hair and on Betty Blythe's bare bosom.

De Mille, the symbol of an era, with the era long since gone, leaving only Cecil behind. Unchanged, undimmed and head unbowed. Gone is Fatty with his black-limousine. Gone is Norma with her black eyes melting. Gone is Wally, his house closed forever. Gone is Valentino, who bloomed so dark and scarlet and faded so quickly. Gone the pearls from Swanson's and even Griffith with his-round-and-round-the mulberry-bush Lillian. Yes, all the carefree life, the light-hearted laughter, the glamour, the romance of old Hollywood is gone. All of it. Except Cecil.

In its place big business, Warner Bros., mergers, talkies, stage stars, heartaches, efficiency, and yes,
Veteran Showmen

culture, have crept in. Like a tired old lady in her rocking chair, the old Hollywood Hotel still rests on its corner, basking in the sunshine and living in its memories. Drooping, forlorn and forgotten. Forgotten, along with the others. "Except Cecil. Who goes marching on. In puttees. Linking the glamour of yesterday with the cold business of today. Never changing.
The coins in his pocket still clink out their melody of moods. Lightly they jingle when all is well and the star sits romantically in her bath-tub. Furiously they jingle when the star slips on the soap, the hero refuses to remain virile, and two extras, three miles away in the last row of the mob scene, fail to register "temptation rebuffed."
The story of that pocket full of gold is typically De Millish. He began by cherishing the first silver dollar he ever earned. And then, bless his heart, he got it mixed with another silver dollar and couldn't tell which was which. But nothing daunts Cecil for long. He found the two coins made quite an attractive jingle in his pocket. And gradually he added more and more. All gold, this time. Now the $102 rest contentedly, if not a little heavily,

With kingly authority, De Mille strides about the lot, using extravagant gestures and dramatic speeches as he directs, and followed by a large retinue of personal aides in the pocket of one of his fifty pair of riding breeches. His undershirt, his shirt, and even his shorts match the jewel that gleams on his little finger. Green shorts and things mean an emerald. White things mean a diamond. And so on. The puttees, he claims, are not puttees but riding boots made especially for him while directing. Which adds infinitely to the confusion, if you ask me. Especially as he is not going riding.
Four (count them) assistant directors flutter nervously about him. Let them fail to flutter nervously, and they're dismissed. Each assistant (yes men, as they are technically called) has his own particular job. Only they never quite find out what it is. Neither does Cecil know.
Nevertheless, they must keep busy on it. Instructing this group of extras. And that group.
Each individual on a De Mille set, from the highest star to the lowest extra, must have his own particular bit of business to perform. His own lines to speak. During each scene. And heaven help everyone if...
THERE'S to be a new deal now in the way of girls, along with other codes which have come to mean so much in industry. The "NRA" functioning to pull America out of the rut has swung its force in the direction of femininity. And the national recovery of those good, old-fashioned virtues, which have been so casually dissipated in the hectic turmoil of post-war years, is well on its way. The jazz era is over. We've had enough of sirens and flappers and we're ready now for the sedative qualities of sobriety.

Hollywood picture producers awakened one morning to this startling fact and set out in search of a new roster of girls. These men have their ears trained to the pulse of American demand. And they knew, for a certainty, that America was asking for the new deal in girls, the buoyantly radiant beauty which comes from within, touched lightly by the art of the make-up box.

They wanted girls who radiated vitality, stamina, sincerity; the clean-cut, clear-eyed girls of this new era who typify the backbone of our nation and who emulate the sturdiness of our pioneer women; those women who, in the original history-making days of our country, struggled against all physical odds that an ideal might be preserved.

Vitaliy lovely Jean Parker, for example, whom M-G-M first spotted in an Olympic Games float, was one of these new deal girls to be signed for pictures.

Redheads, brunettes, or platinum blondes-complexions don't matter. What is important is that each of these Junior players chosen by Warner Bros. is brimful of vim, vigor and vitality. Their beauty is youthful, wholesome, natural rather than artificial. Their charm is radiant health, not glamour. That is the cry of another day.

She's typical of the sweet girl graduate, yet there's a forcefulness behind those gentle eyes and a determination of purpose even in the soft curves of her pretty mouth. She's the "best biscuit and fudge" type of beauty against the cloying seductiveness of a caviar queen.

And June Vlasak, an American girl, despite her foreign name, who bails from Minnesota. June has that live, wholesome force which is magnetic. She's the outdoor type, the "rough towel and shower" beauty who doesn't fritter away her time with nonsense. You have only to chat with her a few brief moments to know that behind her life is a definite plan, a plan of action she formulated herself and by which she hopes to attain the heights of stardom. A prairie beauty of the sort who must have descended from stalwart, pioneer ancestors.

WHEN Judith Allen first arrived in Hollywood, a director immediately spotted her in the sort of new deal girl that was going to be in vogue before long. She was "Mari Coleman" then. They said her name aloud, over and over again. It lacked force. It wasn't vital. In other words, it didn't give you the feeling that here was a girl whose standards were those of the new feminine code. So they changed "Mari Coleman" to "Judith Allen." If you say this name aloud to yourself, you'll note the difference.
in GIRLS

Eyes alight with robust health is the new ideal—and the hunt for them is on

By Virginia Maxwell

The screen star that shines brightly in the future will be sparkling with energy and as buoyantly peppy as we see Lyda Roberti to be.

Vitality and the unsophisticated beauty of carefree youth make Jean Parker irresistible. She's climbing rapidly up the ladder.

Dewy eyes and a fresh, flower-like beauty combined with vital alertness won Judith Allen a coveted rôle and a good contract.

Gone are the days of languorous eyes and exotic make-up! The demand is for natural, healthy beauty like Betty Furness'.

June Vlasek, promising little Fox starlet, is refreshingly vigorous. Her allure is the result of healthful activity, rigorously pursued.

In the Gacy's Ladies' Book of another generation you might find a type like Judith Allen. Yet this modern version of gentility which she expresses is fired with the strength of a new sort of vital alertness typical of the new girl. She's the type who radiates a sense of loyalty.

The sort of girl who doesn't need orchids and square-cut emeralds to make her happy; who could enjoy the world from the sanctum of home, no matter how humble it might be.

And that brings us to another side of this new deal girl. Along with the physical attractiveness of these girls who have been chosen to represent the new standard of American girlhood, their stories are being chosen to meet modernized situations. So that we shall be seeing a gradual turn-about of plots if Hollywood predictions come true.

Haven't you noticed some of the recent pictures playing up the idealistic girl? We don't mean the high-hat, intellectual beauty, but rather the average girl who places a high value on her affections.

Promiscuous petting and casual love are fast being relegated to the debris heap of outmoded customs. Hipflasks and "hey hey" mannerisms are as passé as last year's hat.

LorettA YouNg first showed the new type of girl in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan" when she played that delightful idealistic character of the rural district, the type of girl who fits the new role like a glove.

It was Loretta who set the boy friend on the right track about life, gave him a spiritual boost and brought out the finer qualities of his character. This attitude, you may recall, is in direct contrast to the flapper dolls who but a few years back were dragging out their savage lure to woo the unwitty male.

Right out of an exclusive boarding school into Hollywood, is the...
Let's Gather 'Round
The Goldfish Bowl

And see what the actors eat and whom and how they love

By Carl Vonnell

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIES

There's a printable stanza or two or three from "Songs of Hollywood," an amusing anthology which has never been published, for sufficient reasons—

They go like this:

If I'm gonna take a hubby,
Or divorce the one I've got;
If I'm gonna have a baby
(In how long, it matters not)—
Why, the whole world knows it,
Though I haven't told a soul.
'Cause there aren't any secrets
In this GOLD FISH BOWL . . . ?

By the way, you know that gag about "Hollywood is the place where a husband reads the paper to find out whether his wife's divorcing him today or not," don't you? Well, in Hollywood they don't think that's funny, any more. It's too true. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., for instance; and Bill Powell, whom Carole Lombard is suing for divorce. . . .

But let's get on with the singing:

What I eat for lunch, for breakfast;
What I read, and what I wear;
How I look when taking sunbaths;
How I get my titian hair—

Why, it's all wide-open knowledge
To the public as a whole.
'Cause there aren't any secrets
In this GOLD FISH BOWL . . . ?

And that reminds me of the star whose pretty face is still red
because she discovered all Hollywood was giggling at the knowledge that her lovely figure is really due to the inventive genius of her hubby, who created a—let’s call it a “handcuff”—of rubber, fillable with water to compensate in any desired degree for any inadequacy, upper-thoraxically located, in Dame Nature’s gifts.  Well, anyway, there’s another stanza—

Just how I lead my love-life;
If I’m “hot” or if I’m “dead”;
My tactics when in public, and
My manners when in bed.

Why, in most elaborate detail,
It’s like a public scroll;
‘Cause there aren’t ANY secrets
In this GOLD FISH BOWL . . . !

Why, for a movie star, not even a honeymoon is private! One of them returned from hers and discovered that a sweet little bedchamber idea of hers was no secret at all, but a matter of more or less general knowledge. I mean that she’d surprised her new hubby, on the marital night, with a nightgown on which had been embroidered, right over her heart, two little hearts pierced by a Cupid’s arrow. And in one heart was her initial, and in the other, her husband’s.

CERTAINLY, it’s a pretty little gesture, but even so, no bride wants anybody but herself and her hubby to know about things like that.

But after all, there are people who have to wash the nighties, and to wash them, they have to see them, and they’ve got tongues and—well, you know how it is.

And you can also see, can’t you, that it’s no wonder Hollywood town is sometimes called “The Goldfish Bowl” because of its inmates’ utter sacrifice of any vestige of privacy, in exchange for their position, fame and fat salaries.

Every now and then, some star—some beautiful lady or some one of your favorite he-actors—netted by endurance by some interviewer’s ultra-personal questions, breaks into a rage and shrieks: “My private life is my own, and it’s none of your so-and-so business.”

But even while they say it, they know it isn’t so.

They know but too well that, regardless of whether or not it should be, their private life is not their own, by a long shot! As a matter of fact, there isn’t any such thing as a movie star’s private life . . . ! Privacy would mean lack of public interest—and lack of public interest means—retirement from the screen.

AND the next time you get tired of being just plain YOU, and begin to wish you were Joan Crawford, stop a moment and put yourself into her place. For a day, say, she wakes up. Beautiful room, yes—but it just as well might have plate glass walls. It’s been pictured, described, written about, endlessly times. (And as I write this, I recall that only yesterday, a man came to fix the screens on the sunporch of my home, “Nice place you got here,” he condescended, “but I was out to Joan Crawford’s house yesterday [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104].

They can’t get out of the goldfish bowl, because wherever they go they’re recognized! Utter strangers know all the intimate details of their lives. They belong to the public and they can’t even enjoy a honeymoon in private.
When Stephen Ames came to the Coast recently to visit his wife, Adrienne, they enjoyed all the night spots together, then announced that they had made plans for a temporary separation. No divorce, they say. Just separate paths for a while.

Jack Gilbert and Virginia Bruce were caught by the camera while talking to the English actor, George K. Arthur, at the theater. This picture was taken before the blessed event. For the Gilberts number three now, you know. The baby is a girl.

Maybe Evalyn Knapp doesn't like tall stories—or maybe she does like ermine wraps. Anyhow, she's turned from Jack Pearl to smile at Louis Shurr, who, they say, always lends his date an ermine cloak. As for Jack—don't worry. He's not lonesome.
High-Lights

After dark Hollywood's stars and social lights come out, to dance and dine and be entertained

Staff Photos by William Phillips

Oh, it's strictly business—an actress and producer discussing their movie plans. The gentleman is Larry Fox, New York stock broker, who has gone to Hollywood to produce a picture. The lady is Wera Engels, who will star in the movie Larry plans to produce.

That's a proud and adoring glance Mary Brian is bestowing upon Terry Dantzer. And not a crooner in Hollywood will object! Terry, young orchestra leader at the Roosevelt Roof, is Mary's brother. Miss Brian's escort for the evening is Russell Gleason.

Sue Carol and Ken Murray are keeping an eye on each other. They are dining at the Miramar Hotel. Looks like Sue's heart wounds are healing. Nick Stuart, from whom she is separated, isn't pouting, either. He's been going places with Bobbe Arnst.
He Started Life On A Door-Step

Wallace Ford was abandoned on the steps of a foundling home. His childhood was a nightmare of temporary adoptions and return trips to the orphanage. A hard climb from the rile of runaway orphan to that of a successful screen star. Right, Ford with Anita Page in "The Big Cage"

H e was left on the door-step of a Home for Girls. A doctor took him to a Home for Boys.

As he was none too clean, he was stripped and taken to what had once been a swimming pool, now empty. A hose was turned upon him. Knocked down by the force of the water, he sprawled pitifully on the slippery cement.

After guessing his age, he was given the name of Sammy Jones. Like most orphans, he wanted to run away.

The years passed. Life soon became for him, one adoption after another.

He went through the process seven times. The first adoption might have been all right. The woman who adopted him was elderly and kind. Her home was beautiful. The forlorn youngsters began to see life through a more brightly colored lens.

His adopted mother died.

In his grief, the boy stole into the room of death and slept upon her coffin. He fought the undertaker when she was taken away. The grief of an orphan is never long considered. He was soon returned to the Home.

His purgatory was now far worse than before. He had tasted of heaven.

Five other adoptions followed. Then came the last.

After a fight with another boy, in which a jack-knife was used, the boys were separated, and Sammy Jones, his clothes saturated with blood, was thrown into a padded cell.

All of this happened in Canada.

The superintendent of the Home, according to Sammy Jones, the future Wallace Ford, looked like King George—except that his eyes were much harder. He brought to Sammy’s cell, an aged woman and her middle-aged son. They wanted to adopt a boy.

T he superintendent with the hard eyes, showed them Sammy Jones, and said, "He is the worst boy we have in the Home. He is always in a fight."

The old lady’s son said, "I guess if I had him on the farm I’d take that out of him mighty quick."

Soon the boy was on a far journey across immense Canada, clear to Manitoba, and beyond to a small village which consisted of a grain elevator, a box car, a telegraph office, and the small railroad station.

The farm, to which the weird old lady, her son, and the vagabond boy drove, was twenty-four miles from the village. The trip was made in silence.

The boy was made to work like [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]
AFTER miraculously escaping the clutches of monstrous apes, the screen's greatest scream artist turns to calmer things. Fay Wray, on the set of "Shanghai Madness," looks very lady-like and not at all in danger. She also has a non-horror rôle in "The Bowery." Fay says that narrow escapes and screams do get on your nerves after a while.
HERE'S how one of the best figures in Hollywood keeps in shape. Dolores Del Rio enjoys tennis after a hard day's work at the studio on "Dance of Desire." Dolores looks gorgeous in that abbreviated tennis costume—but it must be difficult for her partner to keep his eye on the ball.

JUST dishing up a lot of dirt! It's part of Robert Young's home work. After playing around at the studio all day, Bob comes down to earth when he gets home and goes to work in the family garden. The new Mrs. Young is very proud of her flower garden and it keeps Bob busy shoveling and hoeing.
GINGER is all set for a high-dive off the boat and a swim in the briny deep. The little Rogers girl was a guest on Charlie Farrell's yachting party. But the voyage was short. Ginger was due at the studio for work on "Broadway Through a Keyhole."

WHEN David Manners decided he wanted an adobe house built in the middle of the desert, he studied the old Mexican-Indian art of brick laying and went to work. David is hauling a wheelbarrow full of desert-mud mortar to bind the adoblar bricks.
“WELL, here’s looking at you,” says little Barrie Gargan. “Milk in your eye!” and he clinks glasses (of milk) with his father, William Gargan. Barrie has all kinds of ideas about what to do with his father’s spare time. A new heir was recently born into the Gargan family. And is Barrie proud of his little brother! Another playmate!
It's A Woozy World says Woolsey

By Hilary Lynn

American's champion cigar twister chewed pensively on his bombshell - the twenty-ninth he'd had that day - and those owlish eyes behind the tortoise shell specs grew thoughtfuler and thoughtfuller.

"So you want a few pungent remarks on world travel? Ah ha!" He eyed me dubiously. "Well, how's this for a beginning? Travel makes the heart grow fonder - hold on a minute; don't put it down yet - for America!"

All of a sudden and all of a piece, strong-armed Woolsey sprang out of his chair and approached me menacingly. I shrank back, but he fixed me with those compelling lenses, and his voice sank to a hoarse whisper. "Can you stand the truth, girlie?" he snarled. "Well, whether you can or not, you're going to get it!" And the plastered-down hair on both sides of the famous Woolsey part stood up.

"Speaking for myself - it's impossible to speak for that guy, Wheeler - I'd say that this round-the-world business is plain torture. Believe me, the Orient's no place for a comic! Showing a funny man to an Asiatic is like showing a chunky side of beef to a jolly old lion! They just gobble you up. Maybe it's because they haven't any screaming comedies of their own there. As far as I could make out, a good play in Japan is just a sitting contest. The actors come out, make a bow and squat. Maybe they talk and maybe they don't. But the fellow that outshines the others is the winner.

"And that's not the only funny thing about the Orient. Can you feature living in a country where kissing is strictly prohibited? That's Japan for you. Not a kiss in a carload! "It's funny, too, how ideas of decency change with geography. In China, a woman can show as much of her legs as she wants above her stumpy feet (the stumplier, the more beautiful they are to Chinese men). But to show a square inch of neck is considered as indecent as appearing nude on Broadway. Between you and me and the door-post, I bet Márlene couldn't get a glimmer from Peking to Hong Kong!"

Woolsey, that masculine mass of muscles, shook his head dolorously. "Don't ever let anyone tell you, honey, that when in the Orient you should do as the Orientals do. What a mistake we made!

"You see, the Japanese have invented the neat idea of making their women walk four paces in back of them on the street. Now, that sounded like an excellent idea to Bert and me. Bert even suggested it would be good practice for my wife. Like a chump, I accepted his weak-brained suggestion, and we made her walk behind us, all through Japan and China. Sometimes we didn't even answer her when she spoke to us, just to show her, once and for all, who was ruling the roost. But would you believe it - that woman didn't even appreciate the idea! It just made her mad! And her treatment of me all the way to Singapore [please turn to page 98]"
The skipper and the first mate are called out on deck to face the camera. Charlie Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, treat their Hollywood friends to some smooth sailing aboard the Farrell yacht, "Flying Cloud." Aye, aye, Captain! No rocks ahead, and the seas are calm—so ho for a fine trip!

A CUSTOMER of a certain Hollywood beauty parlor drew back the curtain of a certain booth by mistake and stood there, rooted to the spot by what she saw.

For there sat Connie Bennett and a little manicurist, each eating half a ham sandwich and taking turns with one spoon, eating cole slaw out of a paper carton.

MEMBERS of the "Dancing Lady" company were in the projection room, running rushes. There was a scene where Joan Crawford, as a cheap burlesque girl, is brought to her rich boy friend's home for the first time. And just as the scene started and Joan, on the screen, registered a sickly, miserable grin, Joan, sitting looking at it, remarked:

"You know, that's exactly the way I felt the first time I went up to Pickfair."

MAE WEST, who wears tights in her new picture, "I'm No Angel," has a reason.

After "She Done Him Wrong" was shown throughout the country, letters poured in to ask if Mae wore those long dresses because she liked them or because she—er—limbs needed covering.

It burned Mae up. Rushing into a producer's office she yanked up her skirt and said, "Give a look! Have I legs or not? Well, I'll show 'em I have, in the next one."

And so came the tights, little children.

IMAGINE your surprise to find out that the Best-Dressed Man on the Screen hasn't paid for a suit of clothes in ten years!

All was revealed when twenty-five suits of Adolphe Menjou's personal wardrobe were delivered to the Fox Studio, to be used in "The Worst Woman in Paris."

Menjou was asked to place a value on them—and replied that he hadn't the faintest idea what they were worth!

"But what if something should happen to them," was the alarmed answer. "In that case, I have fifty more at home," replied Menjou.

And the reason he didn't know the value of the suits was because tailors in all parts of the world make his clothes and present them to him.

All he has to do is wear them!
Mary Pickford packed her troubles in an old kit bag and left the bag behind her while she went to the Coconut Grove to enjoy a gay evening with old friends. The gentleman with Mary is Adolph Zukor, veteran movie producer, who knew her long before the days of Pickfair and love that is past evening to convince the Swedish actress that Tala was also a dear friend, and not merely a casual acquaintance who just happened to drop in.

When she had convinced her Garbo lowered her hands and let Tala see her face.

**THE marriage of Thelma Todd and Pat di Cicco, son of New York's broccoli king, is under the fire of rumor.**

A friend of Thelma's describes her as denying that a separation impends.

"Why, I wrote him a lot of letters while I was in Europe," Thelma is quoted as saying. "Three."

And three letters in three months—well, what do you think?

**THE first extra announcing the separation of William Powell and Carole Lombard, had scarcely hit the gutter before they were saying in Hollywood that the next Mrs. Powell would be chosen from the extra ranks.**

"YOU know," a very close friend of Joan Crawford remarked recently, "I don't think Joan will ever allow herself to fall deeply in love again. Joan is too intense about everything. A thing that concerns her vitally, takes all her interest, all her time, and all her thoughts.

"And Joan is so anxious to keep ahead in her work, she knows falling in love would be fatal to her career."

All of which must be no end of depressing news for one Franchot Tone, who doesn't even try to hide his feelings for Joan.
There's work to do on the set

If Roscoe Karns would remove the hat, maybe Jack LaRue and Shirley Grey would take him seriously. There's no privacy in Hollywood, anyhow! Even Oscar the burro had to come butting in on the party. But Oscar says he will be very glad to kick in on the check.

Paulette Goddard, who heretofore has declined to make any comment on reports she and Charlie Chaplin are secretly married, has finally thought up an answer.

"What do you think?" she replied to all inquiries.

The countess Zanardi-Landi certainly can cook! She's Elissa's mother, you know, and descended directly from the imperial Austrian family.

When Elissa entertains, the Countess rises at six a.m. and prepares the epicurean delicacies with her own hands. Her luncheons start at one and are still going strong at five. One of her choicest dishes is cold breast of chicken served with a specially made paprika sauce that defies description—even in Hollywood!

Seen on a theater marquee:

"It's Great To Be Alive
With Edna May Oliver."

Well, maybe you're right!

Here's a sign Hollywood always takes seriously: When the "little woman" starts redecorating her dressing room, Joan Crawford has just put the finishing touches on Franchot Tone's.

The pressing problem bothering Una Merkel these days is just this: If she has her tonsils out, will she lose her Southern accent?

It sounds fantastic but there seems to be just enough foundation to the yarn to make it interesting, and that is, when her next picture is completed, Greta Garbo will marry Rouben Mamoulian, the director of the piece.

The cabled dispatch from England, hinting at a romance between Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Gertrude Lawrence, stage star, gave Hollywood quite a chuckle.

Douglas will not be free to marry for almost a year, his divorce from Joan Crawford lacking many months of being final, and with his sculpting and his poetry and his play acting, he probably will have changed his mind a dozen times before the wedding day rolls around.

Ruth Chatterton seems to be the only casualty of the strike in the Hollywood studios.

The first day the men walked out at Warner Bros.-First National, Ruth got hit on the head by a microphone but—it was almost entirely

East meets West—and many will tell you that blonde Mary McCormick is a yellow peril, too! The opera star, who is making her movie début in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," found the little Chinese youngster wandering about the set and took him for a ride in an old American rickshaw.
But between scenes they can play

her own fault, according to her version of the story. Maybe the new men handling the mike were a bit inexperienced but, in an event, they were a little slow in clearing it out of the way.

Ruth, who had been sitting down for the scene, got up, bumping her head against the heavy instrument.

She was able to resume work the next day.

RUMORS that Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were going to kiss and make up died a quick death when Lew threw a big birthday party for Ginger Rogers and gave her a beautiful leather bag complete with carved coral fittings.

A LOT of actors who have been making pictures for yeahs and yeahs — and some of whom have saved their dough, too, are somewhat baffled. They wonder how Jack LaRue, a comparative newcomer, can afford to throw dice with big-shot executives, at a hundred smacks a throw. Gosh, he can't always win.

SEPARATION Department: Gloria Stuart and her husband, Blair Gordon Newell, sculptor, have taken up residence in different houses. They say no divorce—just a trial separation to see how it works out.

Jackie Cooper doesn't believe in wasting his valuable time. He's practicing ventriloquism between scenes of "Show World." His playmate, who is so much amused at Jackie's efforts, is Romeo, the Eskimo youngster brought down to Hollywood from the Arctic

Divorces: Kathryn Carver and Adolphe Menjou; Judith Allen and Gus Sonnenberg, wrestler (pending).

Marriages: Jack Dempsey and Hannah Williams. Benita Hume and Jack Dunlee might be married by transatlantic telephone ‘cause they can't wait.

Babies: Skeets Gallagher—a girl.

Romantic rumors continue to float around about M. Chevalier and Jacqueline Francelle, who closely resembles Chevalier's ex.

SOUND motors were turning; cameras began to grind, when Una Merkel, in the glare of the Klieg lights, felt something slip.

"Well," said Una afterwards, "at least nobody can say I lost 'em in the stock market!"

NILS ASTHER rode his own personal horse in "Storm at Daybreak," a magnificent big black animal, "Chief," which he has owned for seven years.

He says "Chief" is so responsive to the tone of his master's voice that he never has to use the reins at all.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]
There are 7 Kinds

CAROLE says that the most conceited thing anyone can do is to try to define or describe love. Every great one from Solomon down has attempted to do it. But none has succeeded.

And so, said Carole, in spite of all this failure, she would nevertheless give her version of love.

There are, claims Carole, seven kinds of love, not one. And she should know, because she has personally experienced all seven, and love, she says, you can know only from intimate experience.

"To begin with, there is Child Love, and let no one say that a child cannot be in love. I mean, in love. No one could tell me differently, because I was in love when I was eight years old. The Very Impossible He was eleven, and he was named Ralph Pop. You may gauge the extent of my passion by the fact that at an age when the names of Percival and Ronald and Curtis and so on were romantic names to me, I was able to idealize the name of Pop."

Carole was, she explained, as madly in love with what-a-man Pop as ever she has been since with any man! It was a completely adult passion in every one of its manifestations. She wrote him ardent love notes, rather smudgy, but none the less burning and intense. She waited in agonies of alternating hope and fear for the answers that never came. She suffered, then, the torments of unrequited love. She knew sleepless nights and feelings of faintness and the desire for death. She fought tooth and nail, actually and physically fought off other girls who seemed to hover 'round him. She dreamed of the day when she would be Mrs. Pop and they would live together in a cottage by the sea, and there would be lots of babies tumbling about.

"If you I was in love with Ralph Pop," said, "and even now, after all these years, I can't really laugh at it, or about it. I felt all the pain, all the actual intense emotion, all the hurt pride and baffled hope of a woman for a man. Don't ever laugh at a child in love. Really, don't. It hurts.

"Then there is Emotional Love. The love that is nothing but emotion. I suppose it would be called, baldly, physical love, because that is all there is to it. I had that experience, too, when I was in my 'teens. I was so crazy about a boy named Clove that I could think of nothing but making opportunities to be alone with him. I didn't care about anything but being alone with him, because all I wanted from him were his kisses, his love-making.

"I didn't want to talk to him. I had nothing to say to him and he had nothing to say to me, nothing I was interested in hearing. We hadn't one taste in common. We didn't think alike. I didn't want to do things with him, go places, or play games, or read books or anything like that.

"The whole point was that I loved him, but I did not like him. If the quality of emotion had been subtracted from the little affair, there would have been nothing left. So many girls marry that kind of a love. Their senses fool their brains. It's too bad, because the instant the emotion, the passion dies away, there is nothing left. And two strangers find themselves living together and, usually, two enemies.

"Then there is the Love Ideal. That is, an ideal built up by yourself, out of your own mind, created by something you have read or dreamed about or imagined.

"You build this ideal in your own mind and heart, and then you attach it to the first presentable male who happens to come along. You build your ideal to the proportions of a god, and then attach it to the boy next door, or some casual caller, or some man you

Carole thought her marriage with William Powell would last because theirs was a love of give and take, a romance of opposites
of LOVE
says
Carole Lombard
to Gladys Hall

How many kinds have you had? The seventh, which she thought ideal, proved otherwise.

have seen somewhere and who seems to fit the self-made picture.

"Nine times out of ten, the ideal doesn't fit the person in any respect. He wears your ideal of him as a man wears a hat several sizes too large or too small.

"I had that experience, too. It is the love that always leaves a faint, sad fragrance, like the breath of lavender, in your memory. Perhaps because it was so perfect, being an illusion.

At any rate, I had created my own image of the ideal man. I'd read a lot of poetry and things. I was at that age. I planned out the kind of things this ideal man would do, the flowers he would send to commemorate, sentimentally, certain shared and lovely hours. I dreamed of the gallanties he would exhibit, the songs he would sing, the lyrical names he would call me, the poetic things he would want to do with me. And when my ideal was all built and ready-to-wear, I met a stolid, commonplace lad and forthwith pinned my ideal to his rather prosaic chest.

"I waited—on tip-toe—and nothing happened. For weeks and even months, I made myself read into his babbitty words things he had never meant to say. I answered him with flights of imagery that left him dumb—and a little crock. I interpreted his rather unimaginative actions into the shining deeds of my own mind. I worked over that love as I never have over any other.

"And then, at last, I had to realize that the poor boy's feet were clay, wingless clay. So much so, that they had trampled my ideal right under them. It took me a long time to learn that lesson because, of all loves, the love you create yourself is the hardest to kill, takes the longest time to die.

"There is," Carole continued, cataloging the love classifications on the tips of her pointed fingers, "the Love-on-the-Rebound. Which usually follows some such disappointment as the death of the Love-Ideal. It did with me. You feel so lonely after you have lived with an ideal of your own making for a long while, and then find yourself bereft of it. It must be like giving birth to a fairy child and losing him.

"At any rate, after my Love-Ideal was gone I turned to the nearest boy at hand. He was a lad I'd known for years and had never even thought of falling in love with. But then I discovered that my Ideal Love was nothing more nor less than a dream I had dreamed. I thought that love would never come to me. I was afraid of being lonely. I was slightly and very dramatically bitter. I talked a great deal about disillusionment and the lamed heart of the world. I was in that phase. The boy listened to all of my young, self-conscious grief and world-weariness. He did all the things I had wanted my ideal to do. He sent flowers on certain days and sang sweet, sad songs to me, and remembered places we had gone together and what I had worn the first time we danced together, and all sorts of things like that.

"I tried to believe that I was in love with him. I told myself that he was real. But I had gotten over fooling myself after that last experience. He had a funny nose, and I couldn't make it straight. He had a funny curly mouth, and I couldn't make it into the mouth of a Galahad. He talked all the time and said funny things, and I couldn't recreate him into the stern and silent type.

Carole says she was seriously in love at the age of eight and since then has experienced all the loves in her catalog of seven.
The Virgin Queen

By Meyer Levin

Illustrated by Frank Dobias

One day George A.
Strolled in on Mae.

Said George:

"Dear Miss West, please accept this abrupt introduction.
"For I hope you'll consider a dual production."

Said Mae:

"So at last you come to see muh, huh?
"I kinda thought yuh wouldn't stay away."

Said George:

"May I thank you? You truly are gracious;
"I am heartened to mention a project audacious.
"Each producer, each author, each studio office.
"Is demanding some films by Mae West and George Arliss."

Cooed Mae:

"That'd be some team. . . .
Yuh know what I mean . . . !"

Said George:

"Ah, indeed, yes! But let me get on with my duty,
"Though it make me appear to be slighting great beauty,
"From the glorious pages of Albion's history,
"We have chosen a tale of romance and of mystery——"

At that the Diamond Gal got curious,
Queried in cooing tones luxurious,

"Come on, big boy, spill it! The gag?"

Cried George:

"Ah, Miss West, in our co-starring tale you'll be seen,
"As Elizabeth, England's superb Virgin Queen!"

"What, me!" cried Mae, in agitation,
"Do that, and ruin my reputation——"

Soothed George:

"You truly are gracious. I am heartened to mention a project audacious"
"Please do not be alarmed. This just needs elucidation; " 'Virgin Queen' is a term that requires interpretation—"

"Oho!" said Mae. "Why, then okay; "That's just the dish for me to play—"

Said George:

"You accept, my dear lady! My word, that is charming! "There remains one condition, all critics disarming. "Since Elizabeth held so supreme a position, "We felt sure you would welcome some help with your diction."

With that he handed her his present, 
A book as huge as he could carry.
Mae took one look, then shrieked;
The volume was a dictionary!

"Big boy, I like you nerve!" she cried; 
I've never had my pride so tried.
"Just know that I don't need that stuff; 
I can make my meanin' plain enough.
"When I set out to have my say, 
"You bet your hat I gotta way, 
"Which every man can understand!"

She let her hips sway, 
While George cried in dismay,
"My dear lady, I just thought I should bring this, 
"And also say I would gladly impart the King's English!"

"Oh, yeah?" said she. "Well, I'm no fool; 
"I'm wise to what they call 'old school'—"

In a fit of most furious rage 
She started ripping the book page by page, 
He could merely emit hums and haws 
Till a startling new notion brought pause—

"I say!" she mused. "It might be so— 
"Put on your act! Let's go!"

"Well, you see," he replied, "it's in the inflection. 
"Both the lips must be moved in the proper direction."

"Oho!" said Mae. "Please demonstrate; 
"This has a chance to turn out great—"

So he pursed both his lips and he said, "Please discern, 
"That to each little sound you must give the right turn—"

"I know," said Mae, "but I can't see 
"When you're so far away from me. 
"Come near—yes, nearer yet; 
"There's somethun there I gotta get—"

And then their lips met. 
* * *
There was a sizzling, burning sound, 
Then as Old English to the ground 
Did slump, and fall, into his eyes 
Came mingled joy and great surprise.

"Ah, dear me!" he did murmur. "It is perfect, divine— "Dear Miss West, your inflection is better than mine!"

And as his soul passed slowly away 
Our Mae only smiled and let her hips sway... .
How Sylvia Tamed “Jumpy Nerves”
for Gloria Swanson

Sadie Thompson, the character Gloria played when Sylvia first met her. And Gloria herself, like Sadie, proved to be taut as a violin string.

I adore Laura Hope Crews. She’s a grand woman and I wanted to do everything I could for her; but when she told me one day that Gloria Swanson was her best friend and she wanted me to take her I said, “Nothing doing!”

I’d already heard about Gloria. There aren’t any secrets in Hollywood, and I knew that she had a habit of keeping people waiting. Well, I was too busy to wait on stars, no matter how important they were.

That’s what I told Laura, but every morning when I treated her all I heard was, “Poor Gloria, she’s so fatigued. Poor Gloria, she’s so run down.” And finally one morning she said, “Sylvia, I’m going to stop begging you to take poor Gloria. You’ve just got to take her—that’s all.”

My first appointment with La Swanson was for nine P.M., but at seven I got a call from the studio saying she would be an hour late. That was nothing new for Hollywood, so I drove up to Gloria’s mansion at ten o’clock.

A very solemn butler let me in and told me to walk up the big stairs with the mulberry carpets. There a very chic French maid showed me into a little den, the walls of which were decorated with sketches that the Marquis had done (Gloria was married to Hank then), and a lot of amusing French books.

Pretty soon the butler came in with a tray of tiny sandwiches and a long chilled glass. After that I must have dozed off, for the next thing I heard was Laura’s voice calling, “Yoo hoo, Sylvia, here we are.” It was half past eleven, so the first time I took Gloria I had to wait! Gosh, I knew it!

I had to wait some more while Gloria took her perfumed bath and then I began to work on her. She wanted to reduce her tummy and her waistline, but I saw that what she really needed was nerve treatment, for she was as nervous and as sensitive as a race-horse. And no wonder Laura kept calling her “poor Gloria!” She was worn out. As I began to treat her she looked up at me and murmured, “My, Sylvia, that feels good.”

When I left her she was sound asleep. But I wasn’t. It was three A.M., too. I got home at sunrise.

The next day a man called and asked me if I would like to be put under contract by Miss Swanson.

“Right now,” I told him, “there’s a star wealthy enough to have me exclusively.”

“Maybe not a star—but a studio,” he said. And then he told me he was Joseph Kennedy, at that time the head of Pathe Studios, so although I went to Pathe to treat all the stars, Gloria was one of my main charges.
For years Sylvia, America’s foremost physical culturist and masseuse, has been Hollywood’s court of last resort for problems in her field. Now she tells every month in Photoplay how she helped some well-known star conquer a problem of health or appearance, threatening her career.

Sylvia also tells how these wonder-working treatments may be applied by anyone right in the home—and better then that, she has agreed to answer all personal queries on such matters. On page 92 you’ll find many of her answers and how to obtain her help. Turn there now!

It’s easy to understand why she was considered the queen of that lot. Glamour is written all over her and besides she is one of the most charming stars I know, but she certainly led me a merry chase.

Once I waited six hours for her, but she was such a kid when she was in a playful mood that you had to forgive her anything. When we were late for the studio we used to race down Washington Boulevard, go through all the stop signals as Sylvia—with her hair flying—waved and yelled at the astonished cops.

One night she asked me to stay all night so I could treat her first thing in the morning. I told her I didn’t have a toothbrush.

“Look,” she said and took a dozen new ones out of the cabinet in the bathroom. I said I didn’t have any pajamas. She opened up a drawer and showed me a hundred night-gowns, each one more beautiful and sheer than the other. So what can you do with a person like that? I stayed.

But just as I was dropping off to sleep in one of the twin beds in Sylvia’s room, I felt something like a cake of ice on my stomach. It was Sylvia’s ice cold toe. She thought that was a big joke, but I didn’t think it was amusing. So I sneaked out of the house at six A.M. and wouldn’t answer my telephone until ten.

One of the reasons that Gloria is so nervous is that she puts her heart and soul in everything she does. I’ve seen her playing hide-and-seek in her garden with some friends, and she does that as energetically as she works. She works like a fiend.

Naturally, when a person is nervous, it shows in the face. And a star has to have a beautiful face. But you nervous girls just look at yourselves in the mirror. You’ll see plenty of lines and drawn muscles. And if you want to be lovely you’ve got to work those away—just as I did for Gloria.

Twice every day that I was with her I gave her a facial. That was to soothe the nerves as well as take off her double chin, which was beginning to show. Gloria’s studio paid me lots of money for those facials, which you can do yourself.

Listen—you must never, never pull the skin of the face. I believe in being plenty vigorous when you’re working on a lump of fat on the body; but the face is different. Yet if wrinkles are to come off and muscles to be relaxed, every bit of the face has to be treated.

With a thick coating of cold cream work with the fingers in a gentle rotating movement. And slowly, slowly you’ll [please turn to page 92]
Followers of Katharine Hepburn should find this a complete evening of what they like. It's Katharine at her superb best—and not much else—from beginning to end.

The story has to do with a naive but ambitious girl from Vermont who's determined to get ahead on the New York stage. Right at the start comes something that nobody but Hepburn could handle—an immensely long monologue, in which she talks the arm off everybody she meets. But thanks to Hepburn art, she makes you like it.

The rest of it is carried in pretty much the same way, with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., giving one of his best performances, as the young playwright willing to cast her, and Adolphe Menjou as a producer of mixed motives and morals. Mary Duncan good, too—but it's Katharine's show.

When Cecil B. De Mille is in the directorial chair, we expect plenty of color, drama, and skilled use of mob hysteria. In this one he comes up to all expectations and then some—with a story that is bound to arouse controversy all over the land, both as to theme and performance.

The story is a shrewd and bitter hit at the seeming inability of public authority to cope with gangsters, built up to a powerful and hair-raising climax. Charles Bickford is the gangster who, failing to exact tribute from a kindly, mild-mannered neighborhood tailor, slays him. Then the authorities go through their futile legal hocus-pocus, and Bickford stands vindicated by acquittal.

This so enrages high school boys who were fond of the tailor, that they take up the job the authorities have muffed. Led by Richard Cromwell, Eddie Nugent and Ben Alexander, who turn in marvelous performances, they go after the evidence, while their girl companion, Judith Allen, becomes enmeshed with one of Bickford's gunmen.

Murder of one of the boys, horrible torture of Bickford, and a grand mob scene featuring the boys triumphant, are the resulting high points in this bill of fare of extremely strong meat.

When it ends, you'll have all sorts of questions about the propriety of it all—but no doubt whatever that you've seen one of the season's strongest films.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

This Day and Age
The Morning Glory
Three-Cornered Moon
Tugboat Annie

The Man Who Dared
Rafter Romance
Another Language
Her First Mate

The Best Performances of the Month

Richard Cromwell in "This Day and Age"
Charles Bickford in "This Day and Age"
Katharine Hepburn in "The Morning Glory"
Mary Boland in "Three-Cornered Moon"
Helen Hayes in "Another Language"
John Beal in "Another Language"
Marie Dressler in "Tugboat Annie"
Wallace Beery in "Tugboat Annie"
Victor Jory in "The Devil's in Love"

Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122

☆ THREE-CORNERED MOON—Paramount

A LAUGH from the first moment to the end. Vague and incompetent mama Mary Boland has invested and lost all the family money; then proceeds to move through what follows in a befuddled state of mind and an ostrich-trimmed negligée. The result should be a tragedy. Instead, it's a laugh riot. The grown children, Claudette Colbert, Wally Ford, Tom Brown and Billy Bakewell go out getting jobs, while Claudette's boy friend (Hardie Albright), a dreamy and poverty-stricken author, moves in with the family.

Dr. Stevens (Richard Arlen) also helps out by renting a room in the house and falls in love with Claudette. Thereby making the mix-up worse than ever—and helping you laugh off your own troubles. And that's something!

☆ THE MAN WHO DARED—Fox

HERE'S the life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from his start as an immigrant coal mine boy to his end at the hand of an assassin, while accompanying President-elect Roosevelt through Miami. And lest you wonder whether this will be entertaining, let us say right away that if you count a gripping portrayal of American life and political ways good entertainment, you'll have plenty here.

After Jay Ward has done the boy Jon Noyak (Jon is, of course, Cermak), Preston Foster takes over the rôle, while the film paints the old rough-and-tough, braving, lusty Chicago of early days, as far back as the great Chicago fire of 1871. From there Preston and Chicago move forward together, with Preston battling his way upward and giving an excellent characterization all the way, as well as an authentic picture of Chicago politics, good and bad.

Aiding Preston are Zita Johann, his wife, Leon Waycoff and Irene Biller, his immigrant parents, while Frank Sheridan adds an excellent unsavory politician. The picture owes much of its balance to them.

There, then, you have what this film offers, and you can see that its appeal lies, not in dramatic "situations" or emotional appeal, but in its interesting record of an American public career, as these are so often lived. As such, it can be called a fine job, well done.

☆ ANOTHER LANGUAGE—M-G-M

TWO things lend this remake of a stage success its value. One is the homely, everyday theme—a narrow, opinionated family making life unbearable for a bride brought into it by a husband who's under a dominating mother's thumb.

The other is the superb, subtle character drawing achieved by a grand cast, headed by Helen Hayes as the bride.

For most, these two advantages will redeem the woefully slow development, up to the wife's final rebellion. Helen, as you would expect, is perfect, while the late Louise Cromwell Hale does the mother wonderfully. Henry Travers adds one of his delightful helpless fathers, and John Beal is great as the nephew smitten with puppy love. The one slight disappointment might be Bob Montgomery in a slow rôle.
MARIE DRESSLER plies the Seattle waterfront with her decrepit tugboat Narcissus. Hubby Wally Beery's tipping brings ruin and enrages their son, Bob Young, captain of a smart steamer—until Bob's steamer gets in trouble, and the Narcissus appears. This rescue climax may sound old, but just wait till you see how it's done! Movies rarely have offered a better thrill! Finely acted; Maureen O'Sullivan pleasing.

FLOATING PLATFORM ONE is built in mid-ocean as a landing field for transatlantic air service. Building it and preserving it from unscrupulous attacks first unites and then breaks up the triumvirate of aviator, played by Conrad Veidt, inventor, Leslie Fenton, and the English girl, Jill Esmond. Interesting photography, Veidt's virile acting, Fenton's adequacy, and plot suspense make this novel idea a thriller.

WARMED-over Foreign Legion ideas, built into fair entertainment. Victor Jory, army surgeon at a French post in Morocco, is falsely accused of murdering the brutal commander. His pal, David Manners, helps him escape. Across the border he meets Loretta Young—to find later that she is allied to his pal. All okay in the end, of course. Colorful atmosphere helps the fine cast put the time-worn story over.

SLIM SUMMERVILLE sells peanuts on the night boat to Albany, but ZaSu Pitts thinks he's first mate. Still, knowing his yen to be a captain, ZaSu takes the family savings of five thousand dollars and buys him a ferry-boat that promptly blows up. Una Merkel, his pain-in-the-neck sister, thickens the plot, which gets hilariously funny, with dumber and dumber tricks all around. You'll love it.

IMPROBABLE in spots and lacking the vim and zest of a good crook picture, this story of a detective who plays crook to catch crooks, still remains fairly amusing entertainment. George Raft seems a bit miscast as the detective who falls in love with Helen Vinson, a thief, while Olave Brook is a bit too suave a villain. Sir Guy Standing, Alison Skipworth and Alan Mowbray adequate.

ANOTHER of those stock market things. It gets pretty boggled before the end, and turns out to be a character study of an erratic financial mogul, played by Richard Bennett. Ricardo Cortez, as the big executive, seems embarrassed by the whole thing, and you never do find out if he shot his superfluous wife on purpose. A lot of handsome production and Elizabeth Young as heroine, with a weak story.
HE-MAN Jack Holt, boss of a house-wrecking gang, develops fondness for George Stone, a Jewish junk man, and for Sidney Blackmer, his employee. All prosper; then Sidney turns home-wrecker and steals Jack's wife, Genevieve Tobin. It's pretty sentimental so far—but after the earthquake traps Genevieve and Sidney in a shoddy school building Sidney built, Jack gets he-man again. Average entertainment.

SAVAGE GOLD—Harold Auten Prod.

A HAIR-RAISING travel film, showing Commander G. M. Dyott and companions seeking a lost prospector among the Jivaro Indians of the Upper Amazon. Their danger was having their heads cut off and shrunk to the size of oranges (the film shows this being done, by the way, to several heads). If you can stand strong stuff, and like travel pictures, you couldn't ask better than this.

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showmen's Pictures

EVALYN KNAPP is a sweet young minister's daughter who wins rich playboy John Wayne in marriage—only to have John's crusty papa refuse to see or acknowledge her. Thereupon Evalyn launches a neat flank attack that saves the day. More intelligently written and directed than many of Evalyn's pieces. Good small-time entertainment, well enough acted throughout. Better than a lot of current offerings.

DEVIL'S MATE—Monogram

THIS starts out with a murderer himself being murdered in the death chamber just as he is going to the electric chair. Although there is no other situation in the film which can compare with that one, still this mystery thriller will stand up with the run of them. Preston Foster, as the detective, and Peggy Shannon as the newspaper sob-sister who solves the murder mystery, both give creditable performances.

LIFE IN THE RAW—Fox

LINGERIE blowing about in a desert windstorm, and a bucking bronc' on the dance floor of a night club, add novelty to this Western. Attractive Claire Trevor, as the tenderfoot sister of a young rancher, gets George O'Brien into plenty of trouble trying to save her erring brother. But George's fast riding and quick wit get all three into the clear. Western addicts won't be sorry they've seen it.

BLIND ADVENTURE—RKO-Radio

MYSTERY, comedy and romance all in a London fog—and the plot's pretty much befogged, as well as the characters. It's a case of Bob Armstrong, an adventuring young American, involved with a gang of crooks, a pretty girl (Helen Mack) and a congenial burglar (Roland Young). They speed from one exciting episode to another.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 102]
How Many Lives Has Del Rio?

A CAT is commonly supposed to have nine lives. It's the only member of the animal kingdom allowed such a weird and unusual privilege.

In Hollywood there is one person—and one only—who seems to be allowed a cinematic exception parallel to that of the felines, from the rules that control the professional lives of most film folk.

It seems that—with the one exception—an almost certain retirement from the screen arises from any of the following:

A succession of productions that do not pay out.

A reputation as a "million dollar star"—that is, as one whose power to "pack them in" in the box-office depends upon being surrounded with sumptuously mounted and lavishly cast stories on the grand scale.

A long absence from the screen. Successful "comebacks" have been known—but they have been so rare as hardly to warrant gambling upon any star's ability to stage one.

"But"—you may object, "I can name several who break all these rules all the time, and are still with us. Charlie Chaplin, for one—and Harold Lloyd—and—"

Hold on, though! These people—and Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.—do not come under the rules. They finance their own productions; they take their own chances "Laws" do not apply to them, because they make their own laws governing their productions. We are talking about stars for whom some producing company puts up the money.

And among them, the one "nine-life" exception to the rule, the one person who has gone counter to each of these rules (except the succession of failures), yet survived, is—Dolores Del Rio.

She has never invested a cent of her own money in a Del Rio production. She has spent months, more than a year at a time, between pictures.

Her pictures have all been "million dollar" productions.

Yet since "Bird of Paradise" was released in 1932, she has received more than one hundred offers. And more amazing than that—until she received an offer carrying with it the most sure "passport to oblivion"—any ordinary star could have, she said "no" to every proposition. Just as though she were waiting for a chance to flirt with certain screen death!

"Okay, you can be your own boss," Merian Cooper of RKO-Radio said to her at last. "You can okay your own stories."

Now, with most stars, that would be like handing them the cup of hemlock Socrates was given to drink. Witness Ruth Chatterton. But Dolores—who does not claim to know more than producers, directors and other technicians about

Time and again, the rules had her "out."
Now she tackles the worst taboo of all—and expects to win!

By Ruth Biery
SMART accessory notes sponsored by Elizabeth Young at recent Hollywood gatherings. A black suede bag with mirror ornament, chiffon hankie with lace trimming and hand drawn work—and white kid gloves with a wrist watch opening and bow trimming.

SKETCH of pin and bracelet worn by Claire Trevor. Part of ensemble of black galalith and gold. She alternates matching necklace and earrings.

Raquel Torres at luncheon, wearing stunning new gloves of beige kid with draped cuffs. Faille stitching and silver cuff button balls are unusual trimming detail. Raquel’s beret is trimmed with similar silver balls.

Ginger Rogers wears a gay printed velvet scarf with her fall suits, in Ascot fashion or in this fly-away manner.

Still another day, Ginger is seen lunching at Sardi’s, wearing a simple black dress topped by a wide satin collar reminiscent of Puritan styles. Large crystal buttons trim the collar and the matching cuffs.

Claire Trevor brightens her frocks with this red and black Lyolene belt. It’s tubular and braided with silver clasp.
HEATHER ANGEL plays a schoolgirl in "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case," and Royer has created this perfect, youthful fall ensemble for her to wear while traveling. It's a four-piece affair with a satin blouse, a diagonal woolen vest with leather frog fasteners, a wool crepe skirt, and topped by a three-quarter length woolen coat.
DOROTHY TREE has graciously let us copy one of her own favorite costumes. It is this attractive satin suit that she is wearing to smart Hollywood events these early fall days. Her dress has a high collarless neckline with amusing buttons. Her fingertip length jacket is trimmed with candy striped satin.
Hollywood Wears A New Evening Gown This Fall

This charming black crepe dinner dress from Gloria Stuart's personal wardrobe is studded all over with tiny rhinestones. The fabric elaboration is allowed to carry the interest of the dress with a belt buckle of chromium rondels adding a glittering note. The high neckline is very chic, and a favorite Hollywood note for fall.

The sketch of this Claudette Colbert costume, from "Torch Singer," was snatched practically from Travis Banton's hands so that you could have a preview of it! It is pale blue satin with garlands of pink roses about the arms. Long streamers from the sash form a train. Notice the jeweled shoulder straps and the cowl neckline.
HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. ... Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 119.

— Seymour

VERA has designed this exciting costume for Gloria Stuart to wear in "The Secret of the Blue Room." The short gray crepe bolero is given a striking accent in deep gauntlet cuffs and scarf of blue corduroy velvet. The gauntlets pull down over the hand and are detachable. The slim skirt of the gown has a slight train and is slit up on the left side.
SATIN is used for smart accessory accent to this green suit of Claire Trevor. Claire wears this traveling in her new picture "The Last Trail." Royer not only designed the costume but the brown satin gauntlet gloves, the sailor hat and blouse. The jacket is short, fashioned by leopard buttons—the leopard collar is sailor-effect at the back. Claire's hatband and very demure blouse collar are white mousseline.

AND here's another good looking Royer costume worn by Claire Trevor in "The Last Trail." Fabric contrast being an important fall fashion note, it is used here by combining a dark green wool with a green, brown and beige plaid. The back of the frock has a yoke of the plaid, the plain green wool forming a jacket effect. The pleated epaulets give width to the shoulders. Note nice matching hat detail.
HELEN CHANDLER is gowned in black satin and white ruffles for the movie, "Goodbye Again." Helen may look fragile, but she's a seasoned trouper. She was an acclaimed actress when, at the age of eight, she played in a Shakespearean play on Broadway. Since the stage was her first love, it is hard to keep her in Hollywood. She keeps darting back to Broadway to win laurels in another play.
A NEW way to dance was used successfully in "Only Yesterday." You may see Margaret Sullavan and John Boles using the method in a ballroom scene. Margaret and John stood in a dolly, which moved about with the cameras. With a little shoulder swaying on their part and a little jiggling of the dolly, a convincing dance scene was produced.
By Reginald Taviner

MARGARET SULLAVAN accepted a screen career upon condition that she didn't have to be made beautiful.

She came to Hollywood with one of the most unique contracts ever drawn. Among other things, it contained the clause that she should not be "made over" a la Hollywood, and that, if she didn't like the screen colony or anything about it after she had been here ten days, she wouldn't have to stay and make any pictures.

She says she doesn't like it or anything about it—but she's still here, just the same. Actually, she does like the fundamentals— the picture-making—but she doesn't go for the frills.

But about that being-made-beautiful thing.

When John Stahl saw Margaret playing in the "Dinner At Eight" company in New York, he thought he had come to the end of the trail in his search for a girl. He had been searching for months, fruitlessly and at the finish hopelessly, for the lead in "Only Yesterday," now being made at Universal and co-starring John Boles. He had tested virtually every actress in Hollywood and a great many in New York, and still he hadn't found his mental image for the part.

He was about to give up the picture altogether when he saw Margaret Sullavan. And after he first talked with her, he almost gave it up anyway.

It is a big picture—one of the biggest Universal has made since "All Quiet On The Western Front." Margaret is getting quite the biggest break that any cinematographically unknown player has had since Janet Gaynor was cast in "7th Heaven," or Lew Ayres in "All Quiet." Yet, when Stahl told her all these things and offered her co-stardom in a film of this magnitude, Margaret wasn't the least bit interested.

"I loved the theater and I wanted to stay there," she explained, talking about it. "I didn't think I'd like Hollywood, didn't think I'd like pictures, didn't want to come."

At the time Margaret, though well-known on the stage, wasn't a star. Born in Norfolk, Virginia, twenty-two years ago, she went to the University Theater in Cape Cod after majoring in art, Latin, English and dramatics (how's that for versatility?) at private Virginia schools. She played on the road in "Strictly Dishonorable" and the title role in "The Modern Virgin" in New York for a year. Then, after other pieces, she landed in "Dinner At Eight."

With that as a background, she disdained movie offers and made no bones whatever about saying so.

Stahl, having found what he considered the ideal personality for his picture, persevered. At first he got blank refusal. Finally, after he had told her what the picture meant to him, Margaret gave in. But before she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]
"I determined to meet people and to stop worrying about what they thought of me. I was miserably self-conscious," says poised Sally Eilers of today.

"If I had my life to live over again, I wouldn't run from anything."

Joan Crawford looked up from the little lawn table before which she was kneeling, and emphasized each word with a jerk of her head.

"I mean that while I would, no doubt, follow the exact path I did blaze for myself, I would do a great many things differently. I don't think I would let myself out of certain things as easily as I did. Instead, I'd face them squarely. By living and learning, I have discovered that the most bitter lessons are the most profitable ones. A person cannot possibly mold his character by running away from things.

"I don't mean that I have done this of late, but when I was younger and not used to the responsibility of life, I did not realize the importance of facing experience.

"If I were seventeen again I would make it a rule to hold to my plans. I would force myself to study languages, music, singing and art. I wanted to do those things then, but abandoned them because I thought there were more important things I should learn, things that would help me more. Those other things were important, too, but I should not have given up my own desires. I realize now that lost time can never be brought back, and that every moment should be made into a paying one—as to duties first, then desires.

Joan wishes that when she was seventeen she had made a rule never to waste a single hour. In those wasted hours, says Joan, she might have learned many things which would have helped her no end in achieving her screen career.

"It broke me up," says May Robson, "to have had to make a choice between the theater and the young man I loved."

What the famous picture stars would do if they were seventeen

By William F. French
"If I could re-live my life, I would learn to be a sketch artist. Today I have many ideas for costumes I would like to wear in my pictures. I can describe the designs, but often it is difficult to paint a word picture.

"When I made 'Possessed,' I had to sing a song in three different languages and accompany myself on the piano. It took me weeks to memorize this number. Ordinarily I need only run over a thing two or three times, and I never forget it. If I had been able to read the music, it would have been so much simpler for me.

"Of late I have learned that the hours I wasted as a girl of sixteen and seventeen and the problems I faced to face out in full, demand interest payment almost every day of my life. If I could live over these last six years I would crowd them mercilessly; improving myself in every manner, shape and form."

THUS this girl who has climbed to the very top of her profession regrets the hours she wasted while in her teens, and this star who is known for her courage in facing the problems that come her way feels she should have stood her ground even more indomitably than she did.

"Face it!" said Joan, setting her jaw—"That's my religion."

Marie Dressler, caught in an off moment at her work, answered the question in her usual, brisk, direct manner.

"If I were starting all over again, I'd hope to learn quickly what I've learned through sad experience, and that is—to take it.

"I'd learn to take what Fate passed out and make the most of it. The quicker a girl learns that, the better she'll get along in this world.

"I'd do the job at hand, whatever it might be, as best I know how. That's what I did then—and now I know it's the only thing to do.

"I saw I would have to earn my own living and get my own education—one way or another. Nobody else was going to do either for me.

"So I took every job that was offered to me whether it seemed menial or not, and tried to stuff complaints into a dark closet. And I read everything I could get my hands on, which, more often than not, proved to be discarded newspapers.

"The only work I could get was in the chorus in shows playing all over the country. It was very hard work and bitterly disappointing. But I learned then that no job in the world is beneath you until..."
As a critical movie follower, you know a successful picture when you see one. But do you also know a flop when one scrambles across the screen? I do not mean just a mediocre film, or a poor show, but a great, big, colossal studio-shaking failure.

What is the dividing line between success and failure in the gamble of making movies to please the public? You have heard all about how the big successes of the screen are made; you have heard the story of their creation from script to net profits. You know who made these big hits, and how and why.

But there are just as many dramatic stories about the failures of the screen. You do not always hear who makes the failures, and you never are told the how and the why of their debacle.

Every big success of the screen creates a new star or a new director, and sometimes both. On the other side of the story, every flop destroys a reputation and blights a career; or, even if the reputation is big enough and well enough established to withstand the blow, then the person involved suffers a setback, a financial loss and a severe shock to the pride.

Until that moment, the public had flocked to see Charles Ray. But when "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which took his life's savings, failed, it was his swan song.

Famous Film Flops

History has been made, careers blasted and fortunes lost, when pictures failed

By Fred James

Nazimova believed the American public had an artistic soul. To prove it, she produced the exotically beautiful "Salome"—and lost.
The parade of film flops is a panorama of the motion picture business, just as significant as a list of the successes.

For instance, the first great screen failure followed the first great success. One man—D. W. Griffith—was responsible for both productions. Ater "The Birth of a Nation," made history, Griffith launched "Intolerance." It cost $850,000—big money in those days and big money in these days, too. It was an adventure in technique, since it had three different periods of the world's history interwoven into its loose story.

In spite of the spectacle, in spite of its tremendous scenes, the public mind refused to jump from Babylon to Huguenot France to present day America. In baseball language, "Intolerance" lost out on a triple play.

The strange part of the history of flops is that these pictures are nearly always made by people who ought to know better. Apparently it takes brains and money and experience to turn out a first class bloomer. Amateurs and beginners cannot go wrong on a big scale. So, one is tempted to jump to the conclusion, that personal vanity, too much ambition and financial recklessness are the reasons back of the failures.

Of course, the producer of a failure always has the alibi that the film is too artistic and "over the heads of the public." Sometimes, as in the case of "Broken Blossoms," or Cecil De Mille's "The Whispering Chorus," the alibi holds good. In other instances, the public, not the producer or the star, is right.

Let us consider a film called "The Courtship of Miles Standish." This picture, by dying the death of a dog, made screen history. It just about blighted the career of Charles Ray, until then one of the most popular of stars. What was still harder for Ray, the picture took all his savings—about $600,000. The money had been earned by Ray when he was the wage slave of the late Thomas H. Ince. Ray put his all into "The Courtship of Miles Standish." And he lost. The film was tepid, prosy and had no appeal whatever for the public—a public that until that moment had loved Ray's pretty brown eyes.

Alla Nazimova also wrote her own one-way ticket out of pictures with an expensive and exotic filming of Oscar Wilde's "Salome." Nazimova wanted to prove to the commercial producers that the screen was capable of absorbing Art and plenty of it. But the picture absorbed the star's money and plenty of it, and the public, as the saying goes, stayed away in droves.

If you want to be mean—and not strictly just—you can blame all such endeavors on personal vanity, a desire for a star to shine in his or her own way. But this charge is not exactly true.

For one thing, do not forget, a great many persons are concerned in the making of a movie. While the stars and players and directors are directly blamed for a flop and made to suffer for it, too, a failure, like a success, really belongs at the door of an entire organization.

Most of the persons engaged in making a picture are confident of its success with the public. If there weren't this spirit in a studio, movies would be pretty dull affairs. Now when the film is a success, everyone is entitled to say, "I told you so."

This state of mass hypnotism also permeates the studio where a failure is being concocted. There may be moments of doubt and hesitation, but most
“Now I Help You,” says Garbo to Gilbert in one of the most amazing “turnabouts” of picture history

The Swedish girl had done well in “The Torrent” and in her next, “The Temptress.” Gilbert was popular enough to “carry” anyone, however little her name might mean. Why not use her in his new “Flesh and the Devil”? Not an unusual decision in movie casting—but what Gilbert did was unusual. Most “kings” would have pouted—if indeed they didn’t roar to high heaven—over being given “untrained” support. Gilbert made his supporting lady feel welcome and appreciated as a fellow artist. Garbo speaks of it yet.

More than that: Garbo could have as much publicity as her work might command. No trying to grab it all for himself. No need to tell you the result—how everyone woke almost overnight to hail a new queen of the cinema. Garbo’s star shot up to the heights. The acid test of the talkies only made it twinkle the brighter.

Meanwhile, poor Jack! Faced with talkies, he incautiously thought all he needed to do was talk. The result, with a voice that sounded a bit creaky, practically laughed him off the screen.

Five years pass—years that Gilbert played in roles which meant less and less—unable to live down that unfortunate talkie debut. Then Garbo’s trip to Sweden—her return to play Queen Christina. The world rejoiced—and nobody thought of Jack. Nobody, that is, except Garbo.

Arrived in Hollywood, she went over the studio’s plans for her film, pronounced everything satisfactory. But—She’d prefer Jack Gilbert in the romantic male lead. And Jack will do the lead, in place of the man previously selected. So now who will say that royalty knows no gratitude—or that Garbo lacks warm human feeling?

Who says that royalty knows no gratitude—or that Garbo is an aloof, mysterious embodiment of perfect screen art, without inner warmth of human feeling? Listen.

Eight years ago last July, a scared, none-too-well-dressed Swedish girl landed in New York, in tow of the great Swedish director, Mauritz Stiller. Brought because Stiller insisted she must come if he did—and ignored as merely part of the price for getting him.

The studio, not much interested, used her in “The Torrent.” But no prairies were set afire; the lonely visitor, at whose English people smiled, knew discouragement to its bitter full.

Meanwhile a comparatively new star—an amazingly bright one—was blazing in the movieland firmament. Jack Gilbert, no less, movie idol of nearly every woman throughout our fair land.

Now the studio got a bright idea.
ANYONE reading anything about Hollywood last spring could hardly have missed the news about the visit Jimmy Cagney was receiving from his brother Bill, the advertising man from New York. It was just too good—and also funny.

Autograph fans traipsing up to Jimmy, requesting his signature—and getting it. Interviewers turned loose on him, and told all they wanted to know—and then some. People talking to him here, there, and everywhere, and writing home to boast about it. When all the time it was brother Bill, spicing his vacation by “playing Jimmy,” and being near enough to the real thing to get away with it.

Yes, it was a good joke—good enough so folks here, there, and everywhere began thinking, “Wouldn’t they make a grand picture team! Why doesn’t some studio hire them?” An idea which, of course, wasn’t too wide of being good business not to have occurred to the studios themselves. So now it’s happened, though they’re not teamed up together. While going through tryouts—and being selected—by one studio, Bill said “Yes” to the contract another studio, RKO-Radio, thrust before him; and now Hollywood has two Cagneys, almost alike as two peas, though not, as so many movie-goers had hoped, with the same company.

All of which throws a great, illuminating light on much that has been said, and on some things that haven’t been thoroughly turned inside out, about James Cagney, Esquire, in the last few years. About his luck, for instance, of business ability. Point out a neater way to land a brother on the right road to movie fame, and you’ll be eligible for fancy fees as a promoter of stars—

If One Cagney’s Good, Two Should Be Better!

By Ruth Rankin

Bill, Mrs. James Cagney and Jimmy get a lot of attention when they lunch together at the Brown Derby. According to Jimmy, Bill is an instinctive actor Hollywood will have plenty of use for your brains. And if Jimmy is a bit of a mark for slick talkers—well, doesn’t John D., Sr., give away dimes right and left?

There’s the answer to one of the commonest yarns told about Jimmy. One of the less familiar sides to his gingery personality also stands out strong. It’s Jimmy’s immense loyalty to all whom he likes, or to whom he feels bound—as, of course, he does to any of the brood of five that Pa and Ma Cagney raised on the lower East Side of New York City.

Jimmy and younger brother Bill (there’s one between and one older than Jimmy, who are both doctors) have been like that always, since they started life in that rough, tough neighborhood. Let’s hearken to Jimmy on that:

“When I was nine and he was a little bit of a fellow, I had a street fight with a boy. Bill was an interested audience. Then, when it was all over and I was on my way home, I looked around and there was Bill” [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]
"It's A Grand Adventure,"

says Norma Shearer

To Virginia Maxwell

She's speaking of modern marriage and her own life furnishes proof

Norma Shearer is a very modern woman, but she has some old-fashioned ideas on love and marriage. Perhaps that is why nothing is more important to her than being a success as a wife and mother over and I had my passport to the portals of that luxurious suite on the thirtieth floor which housed the Thalbergs, Irving, and Norma Shearer, and Irving, Jr., just back from their European jaunt. I made my way up there fearfully and very cautiously.

A secretary let me in. Another secretary led me to an ante-room off the main drawing-room which spread in a vista beyond. A white frocked nurse—baby Junior's monitor—came and went noiselessly. A black frocked maid came to the door, looked in and disappeared. A valet went back and forth with masculine attire over his arm.

I picked up a newspaper and began scanning the items. Then, suddenly I heard a musical voice say casually: "Hello—I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long?"

I looked up quickly and saw a little girl, dressed simply in a linen frock of navy blue with white horseshoe figures all over it. At the neckline there was a huge linen bow. Above that collar, a slender throat, an exquisite pink and white complexion, two clear blue eyes, chestnut hair, simply arranged in one softly polished dip with snug curls at the back.

It was, of course, Norma Shearer! I'd never met her before, but you couldn't mistake that profile with its tiny tilt to her nose, her clear, lovely eyes, her long, pointed brows, her voice like a Christmas bell across a wintry countryside.

We shook hands. And suddenly, she looked around her at the masculine disorder of Irving's bedroom—yes, that's where we were, for the drawing-room beyond was filled with business executives in conference. "Dear me," said Norma, in that typical sense of orderliness with which she's always planned her entire life, "let's get out of here. . . ."

We went then to her sister Athole's suite. Athole, who's been every step of the way with Norma since those first days, ten years ago, when the two Canadian unknown girls came to New York to begin the adventure of making good in show business. Athole is now Mrs. Howard Hawks, you know.

And under the mellow spell of amber and rose lamps in this smaller but cozier suite, Norma began to tell me about her vacation with Irving, the jaunt through Europe they had taken together and from which Irving Thalberg returned a renewed man after his long siege of ailing. [Please turn to page 123]
A CUNNING new idea in mascara is illustrated by June Vlasek. Small, match-like sticks, the ends of which are dampened and brushed on the lashes. Somewhat reminiscent of the old burnt match method but far better. Convenient

THIS lovely portrait of Dolores Del Rio is a perfect lesson in make-up. Brows are slightly emphasized with a black pencil. The pencil, smudged to softness, darkens upper lid slightly above lash-line. A line along the under lid meets the upper line. Shadow extends to the brows. Lashes are accented

AFTER a busy day, or whenever her eyes are tired, Elizabeth Allan applies these eye packs of soothing balsam, wonderful for eye beauty and health. Also excellent for that puffy condition

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month
THIS lovely study of Mimi Jordan illustrates eloquently what a change in coiffure can do. Here is Mimi, completely transformed by soft, gracious curls. Compare this with the severe one at the right. Don't you all agree that Mimi did herself a good turn?

WHILE shopping in New York, Mimi Jordan bought this attractive beauty kit containing nine essentials for skin care and make-up. This kit comes in a bright red or black with checked lining to match, and in combinations for a dry, or an oily or normal skin

HERE is how Mimi Jordan looked before she bobbed her golden hair. Her conventional coiffure was too definitely for pictures, and so she changed. Almost every girl can benefit by a decided change now and then.
Timely New Things For Autumn

Another interesting purchase by Mimi was this bath oil fragrantly scented in three odeurs. Its use in the bath perfumes the whole body and makes the water carressingly soft and soothing. A charming prelude to evening.

This fragrant Eau de Cologne has so many uses that Mimi would not be without it. Splashed or sprayed over the body after a bath it makes a marvelous refreshant and rub-down. It is also an effective lotion for curling the ends of the hair. Very beautifully bottled.

Mimi always applies a lotion to her hands before going out. This very new lotion is gorgeously scented, and is particularly good for restoring suppleness to skin dried and burned by summer suns and winds. Applied before powdering, it is a beneficial base.
The classical lines of Shirley Grey's coiffure are wholly Grecian, yet ultra-modern in achievement. A good forehead and hairline are necessary, plus the adroit fingers of a good hairdresser. Wide waves and a mass of flat curls create a simple front view, while the back is a poem in ringlets. Blonde hair, like Shirley's, lends itself perfectly to this modern echo of the beauty that once enthralled ancient Greece.

(for more beauty tips turn to page 94)
Jean Harlow keeps her stockings lovely looking this way

Official in all the big studios...

Wardrobe director of the M. G. M. Studio, Joe Rapf (shown making a personal check of Luxable costumes), says: "We have found a way to save on the costumes! By using Lux on all washable garments—heavy and sheer fabrics alike—the color is protected. Besides being safe, economical and quick, Lux restores the costume to its original state of newness and beauty."

"Yes, indeed, you can tell my girl 'fans' that I'm a fan for Lux," says this M. G. M. star now appearing in the glamorous all-star production, "Dinner at Eight."

Why don't you follow her easy Lux method?

"I'm awfully fussy about the way my stockings fit," says fascinating Jean Harlow. "That's why my maid has explicit instructions to wash them—and my underthings, too—with Lux. Never rub, never use ordinary soap or hot water. Stockings do look so much lovelier washed the Lux way—and they keep their beautiful fit."

YOUR STOCKINGS can fit flatteringingly, too, like Jean Harlow's, if you care for them the Hollywood way—with Lux! It's especially made to preserve the elasticity in stockings—that's the quality new stockings have that lets them stretch—then spring right back into shape. When elastic, they can stand sudden strains, too—aren't apt to break into runs so often.

With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing, no harmful alkali such as ordinary soaps often have to weaken elasticity, fade color. As everybody knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

TRUST TO LUX
"This soap brings

says HELEN TWELVETREES

"Every screen star knows that lovely skin is irresistibly alluring! We must have skin of flawless beauty—that's why so many of us use Lux Toilet Soap faithfully. It keeps skin soft, smooth, infinitely appealing. Any woman who wants to be more attractive would do well to use this same complexion care—for it truly brings greater loveliness!"

Youthful skin! This heart's desire of every woman is every woman's birthright! To keep complexions lovely screen stars for years have used a simple inexpensive beauty care—fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap.

"I wish every girl could know what this soap did for me," says Marie Stevens of Louisville, Ky.

"I was so discouraged with my skin," says Marie Stevens of Louisville, Kentucky. "So dull and unattractive, it robbed me of the fun all girls should have. Then I learned how the screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely."
greater loveliness_-

Scientists tell WHY-

Read WHY this soap is such a wonderful aid to complexion beauty. Scientists say: "Tests show Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Skin gradually loses these elements—grows old-looking. This soap checks the loss of these elements from the skin. Readily soluble, completely free from harshness, it is a remarkable aid to complexion beauty."

- "I began using the Beauty Soap of the Stars at once! Gradually my skin took on a new loveliness and clearness and won for me all sorts of nice compliments. Now I'm really proud of it—and so happy."

- For every type of skin, dry, oily, "in-between." 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars are devoted to this fragrant, white soap! Why don't you try it for softer, lovelier skin? Start today!

NOW IS THE TIME FOR EVERYONE TO STAND BEHIND THE PRESIDENT "WE DO OUR PART"
POOR Clara Bow is having her troubles getting down to the required weight for her next picture. What Hollywood doesn't know is, that a glandular disturbance causes Clara to gain weight faster than she can lose it. Exercise only increases, instead of decreasing, her weight. After two days of swimming, large muscular pads appear on her arms and shoulders.

Diet helps only a little. So there is just one way to get off the overweight. And that's by rubbing. A masseuse calls daily at her home. First, epsom salts is rubbed over her body. As her skin is very dry, the salts tend to burn. Then with her knuckles, the masseuse kneads off the excess fat while Clara lies and screams so loudly people passing in the street can hear her cries.

No wonder Clara would rather remain off the screen. Who wouldn't?

LITTLE Arliss Parrish picked up his crutches and deserted his hospital cot for a movie set. A fine looking crippled child was needed for a part in Ann Harding's next picture, "Beautiful." Studio scouts discovered Arliss at the Orthopedic Hospital, where seven of his right years had been spent in treatments for infantile paralysis.

The youngster who remained game and cheerful through the years of suffering will have an important rôle in the movie.

THE Von Sternberg-Lubitsch breach was patched up with a bowl of hot soup. They had a quarrel, you remember, over "The Song of Songs."

Lubitsch was sitting in a restaurant the other day when Von Sternberg came in. Lubitsch thought Joe was headed toward his table and uncertain of what would follow, started to get up. Maybe he was nervous. Anyhow, he upset a bowl of soup, right into his lap.

Von Sternberg began to grin. So Lubitsch grinned, too. They both laughed and hard feelings were soon forgotten.

THERE must be something in this Sue Carol-Ken Murray romance. They had been up in Yosemite chaperoned by Al and Ena Rogell. And Yosemite is a swell spot for the romantically inclined. Lois Moran and Douglass Montgomery were among the other romancers there.

A LOCAL electric refrigerator dealer was about to donate one of his products from the stage to a contest winner. He approached Joan Blondell and asked her if she would present the ice-box. "No, thank you," said the little Blondell.

"Why not?"

"Because I've tried to lift one of those things before," answered Joan.

THOSE motion picture followers who remember Corinne Griffith in the silent days are to have an opportunity of seeing her in real life this fall. She has gone East to play the leading rôle in a stock company production.

"WOULD you marry for money?" a little blonde on the set asked Ginger Rogers. "Why of course not," answered Ginger indignantly. "But I would want my husband to be good-natured and naturally he couldn't have a nice disposition if he didn't have money; now could he?"

FOR seven long years Hobart Bosworth's screen career was interrupted while he fought tuberculosis. Now, well and hardly again, he recently made a personal appearance tour, visiting tuberculosis sanitariums, giving hope to thousands of sufferers who had lost hope. And his mail-bag is full of thank-you letters from these invalids to whom he gave a new lease on life.

THE reason Anita Louise asked for a release from her RKO-Radio contract, some would have you believe, is because of a series of tiffs with Constance Bennett.

MARY BRIAN's kid brother, Terry Dantzer, has stepped out as the leader of a band that is making people Roosevelt Hotel conscious these hot summer nights. The Roosevelt Roof, with its smiling maître d' hotel, Joe Mann, is one of Hollywood's most popular spots. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]
LOVE IS NOT BLIND

Or would an ugly shiny nose mar both your beauty and romance?

You need no longer be embarrassed, for Pompeian has created a new powder that clings for hours. Half-Hour Nose is a thing of the past. You no longer have to powder every time you turn around. At all times, in all circumstances, you can always be sure of looking your romantic best if you use Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pompeian not only clings for hours, but it gives the skin the smooth naturalness that only a soft, fine powder can give. The ingredients are as skillfully blended and as high in quality as any powder sold. It comes in tones to flatter every shade of skin. Its subtle fragrance is of the finest French perfume. The purity of the ingredients assures you a powder free from grit and sarsch, one that will not enlarge the pores, nor irritate the skin in any way. The famous Pompeian creams and rouges are equally high in quality and moderate in price. Regular sizes are available at all department and drug stores, and convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and-10-cent stores.

Could Your COMPLEXION STAND THIS TEST?

Margaret Sullavan and John Boles in a scene from John M. Stahl's production "Only Yesterday," a Universal picture.
INTIMATE friends of Adolphe Menjou and his wife Kathryn Carver give the reason for the break as Kathryn's desire to go places and spend money, in opposition to Adolphe's thrift. Wonder how he feels about that demand for all the community property? Ouch! Says he'll fight and we bet he will!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has the highest priced manicure on record.

Claudette has always gone to Dolly, popular manicurist. When she recently had to have her nails manicured for a scene in a picture, she wanted Dolly for the job.

But Dolly is camera shy. Just to get out of appearing in a picture, she liked her price up and up. And when she got it so high that she just couldn't make it any higher, the studio said okay.

So Dolly had to do it and the studio paid the bill. And Claudette got the manicure the way she wanted it.

DON'T pinch Jack Pearl's ear! He's super-stitious about it. Has to pinch back, or else—. Frank Fay did it once, back stage. Then ran. Jack left the show that and didn't come back till he found Fay.

Abe Lyman didn't believe it either. He pinched, and Pearl chased him all over the Cocomut Grove till he cornered Lyman's ear and broke the jinx.

IT looks as though the house of Fairbanks is giving America the go-by. True, they will return to Hollywood to make an occasional picture, but the two Dougs had just taken a ninety-nine year lease on a London house and say they intend to make it their permanent home.

The English influence, it seems, has got 'em. Or maybe they have dukes and princes in the real estate business over there.

HARPO MARX was in a strange city with nothing to do, so he dropped into a local movie to see his picture "Animal Crackers."

Everything went all right until it came to the scene where Harpo eats the telephone. A big, burly fellow sitting next, snorted in disgust and, turning to Harpo, said, "Know what I think? I think that guy is nuts."

"I do, too," Harpo replied and hurried out of the theater.

GREGA GARBO has broken a habit of years by making a screen test in advance of beginning actual work in a picture.

Because "Queen Christina" is a costume picture, she consented to put on the gowns for a test before the cameras.

EVERYBODY thought William Gargan would be grand opposite Joan Crawford in "The Dancing Lady." That is, everybody but Joan thought so.

She said if Gargan were cast in the role, she would walk out!

The studio was stunned with this outburst until someone explained that when they were making "Rain," Gargan had candidly remarked that he thought Miss Crawford was not so much as an actress.

DAVE HUTTON, the rotund husband of Aimee Semple McPherson, has literary aspirations.

But, imagine everyone's surprise, when the evangelist's husband tried to sell Paramount a screen story for Mae West.

"What a subject for a choir leader," Mae snorted. "I think I will go right on writing my own stuff."

AND Sally Blane writes from England that she finds most of the nobility over there "oldish and dullish."

But maybe she has made that discovery only after the rather sudden marriage of her boy friend, the Earl of Warwick.

POWIE! Bam! Sock! The director mopped his brow when the fight between June Knight, Sally O'Neil, Mary Carlisle and Dorothy Burgess in "Ladies Must Love" was over.

"Whew!" said the director. "Tom Santschi and Bill Farnum were just patting each other with cream puffs in "The Spoilers." The female is more deadly than the male!"

O. MCINTYRE, through his widely read column, recently pinned the medal of his personal approval upon Myrna Loy's taste in screen frocks. Seymour, checking hastily, finds that the fair Loy has had a place in his sheaf of selected Hollywood styles most consistently in the past issues of PHOTOPLAY in fashions from "Thirteen Women," "Animal Kingdom," "Topaze," and "The Barbarian."

Gentlemen agree, Myrna.

SUE CAROL told Ken Murray she was about to break down and paint her sun porch—would he like to bring a can of paint and join the party?

"Sure," said Ken, "I'll get some gift paint, and we'll look gilty in no time!"

A RECENT preview of "Berkeley Square" in Long Beach wasn't so good for Uncle Sam's Navy.

A chief petty officer, with nineteen years of service, wrote the producer as follows:

"Your picture is going to cost me a pension and a life I had dedicated to the Navy. After seeing it I decided there was something beautiful in romance and I'm going to quit the Navy to marry the girl I've known fifteen years."

LOUISE FAZENDA is back playing her first picture since a long time before her baby arrived. It's a Universal comedy titled "Nature in the Rough."

And Louise says she needs no rehearsals for a picture like that!

T at a press party on a Warner Bros. set the other day, Ann Dvorak and husband Leslie Fenton, appeared hand in hand.

And something in Ann's face kept drawing every eye. She fairly gleamed with happiness and is much lovelier than when she left over a year ago.

We'll be seeing Ann soon in a Warner Bros. picture.

AND now it's Northwestern University, Illinois, that takes a bow.

Lucille Lund, Northwestern's campus beauty, has been signed by Universal as a result of a contest to discover the "All American Girl." She gets a role in the forthcoming football film, "Saturday's Millions," which will feature Johnny Mack Brown.

ANYBODY who walks on the big "Footlight Parade" set over at Warners, takes his life in his hands. There is an immense swimming pool where the chorus girls are doing fancy aquatics—and they can see no reason why everybody else shouldn't be all wet, too.

Joe E. Brown, who hadn't been warned, was showing his friend, Lieut. Falconi, the Italian flyer, around the lot.

He strolled into the forbidden territory, and lured on by the girls, found himself—now suit, wrist watch and all—doing a totally unexpected dive.

Falconi was protected by his uniform—you know how girls are about uniforms.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]
Every woman's had these hosiery troubles

-but they're over now!

No, ma'am!... No stocking has any right to gag the thighs. Drift around on the knees. Fall short of meeting the garters. Or roll up in spare tires around the top. But many of them do—or did—as nine out of ten women can tell you!

Now—Phoenix has fixed all that! No matter what kind of legs you have—perfect or—you can get a perfect fit. Phoenix' Custom-Fit Top stretches both ways. It fits you as though it had been tailored for you—and you alone. And it can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs.

In Hollywood, Phoenix Custom-Fit Top is a smart favorite. And all women love the Phoenix "long-mileage" foot. Remember, too, that all Phoenix Hosiery is made of Certified Silk. Priced from $1 to $1.95.

PHOENIX "GIBSON GIRL" COLORS
For wear with the lovely off-shades of the early 1900's which have been revived for our Fall costumes—Phoenix has created "Gibson Girl"" Hosiery colors. Tally-ho, Tandem, Brownstone—and many others! See them in your favorite shop, and consult the free Phoenix Customers' Individual Fashion Service found on the counter.

HER SUIT—a custom model by VERA of Hollywood.
HER HOSE—PHOENIX with CUSTOM-FIT TOP.
JUNE KNIGHT, (above) Universal's dainty star, wears this costume in the motion picture, "Ladies Must Live."

PHOENIX HOSIERY with CUSTOM-FIT TOP
HE currency rubs their eyes and stared. Yes sir, there he sat. Jack La Rue on a merry-go-round.

All by himself and riding like mad.

"For heaven's sake," his friends asked, "what are you doing all alone on a merry-go-round?"

"I'm learning to ride a horse for my next picture, 'To The Last Man.' I've never been on a horse before so I thought I'd get a little practice on this kind first."

And off he rode. Grabbing the brass rings and giving himself a big time.

**WELL, what do you know about this!**

"Frankenstein" is on his way back—but that isn't the half of it. Sex has reared its ugly head—and how ugly—Dear old "Frank" is to have a monster-mate after all.

Universal is busy on the "Return of Frankenstein" with Boris Karloff in his original role—and Colin Clive, whom you will remember was the scientist who constructed the monster out of whole cloth, as it were, is building up a better-half for him. In other words, when better monsters are made, Colin Clive will make them!

**HEDDA HOPPER** has been taking her big son, a six-footer, about the studio, seeing the sights. And the lad proved to be the biggest sight of all for Hedda's friends. They simply can't believe their eyes. When Ed Wynn found the lad was exactly two inches taller than his own boy, he sulked all day.

"Honest, Hedda," Alice Brady told her, "I'd pretend he had glandular trouble and grew out of proportion to his years. And I'd carry about a lot of medicine to prove it."

But Hedda doesn't mind their joshing. You should see the proud look in that swanky lady's eyes.

"WHERE'S your brother Wally?" a friend asked Betty Reid, young daughter of Mrs. Wallace Reid.

"Oh, he's working his way up under the Ford!" explained Betty.

**WELL! Well!** Joel McCrea is in a huddle with two architects and a flock of plans for a new house up on his ranch acreage above Chatsworth. And folks that know, say without any doubt, it's a honeymoon house ... unless Frances Dee changes her mind, which seems unlikely.

**WHISPER.** Irene Dunne's husband came to town, making one of those Garbo visits of his. "G.G.," because no one ever knows a thing about it until long after he's gone. Just happens we know a doctor who knows the doctor who is Irene's husband! That's how.

**KATHARINE HEPBURN** is all laced up in corsets and frilled out in hoop-skirts these "Little Women" days. The other afternoon, she saw someone across the lot, gave a couple of typical Hepburn whoops and was after them in a cloud of crinoline. When she returned, her director remarked "don't you realize that a lady in that get-up should be calm and collected?" Hepburn, still panting, smoothed her stays and answered. "I may not be calm, but I certainly am collected!"

**A GREAT deal is said about Lupe Velez' boy friends, but little is said about her mother.** Lupe provides an apartment for her mother in Hollywood. "and why do I?" Lupe screams. "She won't stay in it. Gad, gad, gad all day!" Driving home from San Francisco, Lupe's car was knocked off the road. Lupe phoned her mother in Hollywood.

"Mother," she said, "I'm all right."

Her mother, knowing nothing of the accident, could only answer "What?"

"I'm all right," Lupe repeated.

"And you call me up in the middle of the night to tell me that? Humph, I knew it all the time."

And her mother hung up.

**IF you were decorating Mae West's dressing-room, what colors would you choose as suit- ing her best.** Cerise and orange or purple and scarlet? Well, just recently, "curious Mae" personally supervised the redecorating of her dressing-room apartment at the Paramount Studio. And here's what she chose.

Light grey walls and carpet of the same color, contrasted by salmon pink moire striped draperies, plain satin furniture of the same shade of pink, and salmon white chiffon curtains.

Can you picture Mae in that pink and white setting? Neither can we.
ROMANCE BEGINS

with that schoolgirl complexion

A lovely skin

invites Romance

YOU must take the first steps toward romance alone. Yet those steps are made easier ... if you let beauty light the way. Luckily, a lovely skin will help you most.

Nature's own beauty aids

Won't you let Palmolive—the soap of youth—help to bring out your hidden beauty? Palmolive's precious blend of olive and palm oils casts a veil of loveliness over your skin. It is soothing, tender, infinitely kind. It cleanses gently but with a thoroughness that is necessary and wholesome. Palmolive's mild lather penetrates the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily ... leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Pure, safe, natural

Palmolive is nature's own green in color. No artificial color—no strong perfume. A pure soap, safe for the most sensitive skin.

Buy three cakes today. Caress that bland lather into your skin. Rinse it off with warm water, followed by cold. Rejoice in a young skin—in the romance that is every woman's right!

Palmolive... the Soap of Youth
WHILE indispensable as a beginning at the dinner party, hors d’oeuvres also play an important rôle in the success of cocktail festivities. Which latter may begin and finish, too, with the same delectable novelties. There should be a goodly quantity, and a variety to satisfy all tastes.

Dress up your simple dinner by serving a colorful assortment of these piquant little appetizers, as June Knight makes them. Your imagination and ingenuity can have full play. They must be made of foods that have a distinct appetite-encouraging quality. The idea is, of course, to tease the appetite, but not satisfy it. The ideal hors d’oeuvre is a racy and interesting morsel which provokes thirst and hunger by unusual combinations of savory substances.

In preference to crackers as a foundation for the various mixtures, Miss Knight uses toast. The bread should be a few days old, cut in thin slices, and shaped with a cutter in circles, diamond shapes, strips and ovals. These may be sautéed in just enough butter to keep them from burning, or toasted a delicate, golden brown.

ONE of June’s favorites—and one of the easiest to prepare—is made by rolling a stuffed green olive in a strip of bacon and anchoring it with a toothpick. Place in broiler until bacon is a bit crisp.

Cut boiled frankfurters in inch length sections and place a toothpick in each. With these, serve a bowl of grated horseradish or a hot Spanish sauce in which the frankfurters may be dipped.

Anchovy Canapes are made as follows: Season two tablespoons anchovy paste with two tablespoons lemon juice and one tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese. Spread on small squares of toast. Split anchovies lengthwise and lay diagonally across canape. Rice two hard-boiled eggs and place a pyramid of riced egg at point where the anchovies cross. Petal shaped pieces of egg white may radiate from this center decoration. Amounts used serve six.

Caviar with egg! Cut slices of hard-boiled egg, take out the yolk, place the white circle on a slice of buttered toast. Fill the circle with caviar, place the yolk, riced, around the edge, and sprinkle with grated onion.

Sardine Appetizers: Mix sardines, hard-boiled egg and capers, all finely minced. Add a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Spread on buttered toast, decorated on the edge with a little fluting of sardine paste.

Chicken Liver Paste: Cook the livers in hot chicken fat, slowly, for five minutes. Drain and force through sieve. Saute fresh or dried mushrooms, chop very fine. Mix with liver paste, add lemon and onion juice, salt and pepper to taste. Spread on buttered toast, add strip of pimento. (Calves liver may be used instead of chicken liver.)

As a time-saver, you may prefer to use one of the many crackers on the market in place of toast. This, of course, is simply a matter of choice.

Be certain to have plenty of hors d’oeuvres for your party, for you’ll need them.
CHIC HOLLANDERS
appreciate diamonds
... and Spuds

At Amsterdam, city of diamond-cutters... at The Hague, where one of the few remaining courts of Europe calls forth jeweled orders and hand-kissing... one finds the international set buying jewels. Here, too, one finds Spuds in the crested cigarette-cases. For this throat-smooth, mouth-cool round of tobacco enjoyment is now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe... quite at home among royalty.

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 15c
(25c in CANADA)
How Sylvia Tamed "Jumpy Nerves" for Gloria Swanson

feel the blood coming to the face. That's just the reaction that. Doesn't it feel wonderful? You bet it does!

There are three spots on the face that are sort of nerve centers and they've got to be relaxed. They are the eyes, the side of the head just above the cheek bone, and the cheeks just under the cheek bone. Press these two last named places as hard as you can and make your fingers vibrate, as you do it, but be sure to keep the rest of the face relaxed.

Then gently rotate the finger tips just at the corner of the eyes. That will keep those wrinkles away. And slowly stroke the eye-lids, too, as well as tap them ever so gently.

To take down the double chin you've got to use more vigorous methods. Use both hands on this, rubbing down with the palm of one hand and up with the back of the other. And don't forget about using plenty of cold cream. But as you do this be sure to get your hand well under the chin right to the neck.

It won't do a bit of good if you just pull the chin muscles down. Dig in under your chin.

That's the stuff! And last, with the back of both hands give your chin, underneath, a good sound slapping for five minutes.

That's the type of facial I gave Sylvia Swan-son twice every day, and it worked wonders. For it got the double chin down. It got rid of it even when you've conquered nerves, that face remains drawn and wrinkled. So all you girls who have the jitters get busy on the face.

And it won't do you plaid girls a bit of harm, either.

Then at night, just before you go to sleep, press those bones of the head just back of the ears and also press the bone which the eyebrows cover, too. That will relax your nerves and make you drop right off to sleep.

Also, I give Sylvia every sort of soothing treatment—which you can do for yourself—gently massaging the body all over and then working good and hard on the spine to get the circulation up. As for her stomach and waist-line I had to be rougher. I squeezed off the fat around the waistline. The stomach exercise you already know. If you don't, you haven't been reading my articles as carefully as you should, and ought to be ashamed of yourself!

HERE is the diet I gave Gloria:

The first thing every morning she had a glass of water into which a lemon had been squeezed. After she took her bath and gave herself a brisk rub with a good stiff brush, she had her breakfast—berries in season with thin coffee cream, two slices of thick broiled calves liver, two slices of melba toast with a little butter and jam, and tea.

For lunch she had three vegetables, a fresh green salad, and fruit in season. Remember that a nervous person should not eat too much meat. I have the rule she was to have a glass of orange juice to pep her up, and at seven she had her dinner. For this she could have a fruit cup, clear soup, roast or broiled meat, two vegetables and a baked potato salad and some small dessert like a little bit of cup custard with caramel sauce, fruit gelatine, water ice or ice cream.

Gloria had to be constantly made to think of her nerves, because when she does a thing she strains her nerves to the limit and she doesn't care. No amount of lecturing will make her mend her ways. When she works—oh boy, how she works! She's a marvelous mother, too, and makes absolutely no difference between her own two girls and her adopted boy. Joseph. I've already told you how vigorously she plays.

So, to counteract all that expending of energy, I had to be with her constantly to quiet those nerves.

But you nervous girls can't have me all the time. You've just got to pull yourselves together. Take it easy. Don't worry. Laugh it off. Nothing in your life is so bad that some body hasn't worse breaks. Make yourself sleep by doing the things for yourself that I did for Gloria. And above all, while you're quieting your nerves, don't forget to give your face a chance. You'll regret it in a couple of years if you don't!


Answers by Sylvia

SLUMPED-OVER SHOULDERs

Dear Sylvia:

I've tried and tried to hold my shoulders up by doing everything you said, but honestly it seems to be a hopeless task and I always find myself slumping. Isn't there anything I can do?

M. D. E., Providence, R. I.

You bet there's something you can do. You can get enough will power to keep those should- ers up. And that's something I can't do for you. If, as you say, you've done everything I've said, then you know how it should be done. The trouble with you is you won't do it. And that is up to you. I've got no patience with girls who haven't any will power.

BONY, RED HANDS

Dear Madame Sylvia:

My hands are so big and bony and they're red most of the time. Besides, they have large veins in them. I know that the bone formation can't be changed but I thought something could be done for the redness.

L. L., Lexington, Ky.

Thank heaven you're smart enough to real- ize that bones can't be changed. I'm grateful for women like you. Now you'll just have to give a lot of time and thought to your hands. Here's your recipe. Every night before you go to bed massage your hands with a good cold cream and massage each finger, too, with a movement as if you were pulling on a very tight glove. Then put gobs of cold cream on your hands and sleep with loose kid gloves on.

Every morning wash your hands in lukewarm water and use plenty of hand lotion on them; then a dozen times during the day rub down your hand and fingers with that same glove movement. Just before you meet some- body upon whom you want to make a big im- pression, hold your hands above your head (in private, of course), they'll think you're crazy

TROUBLES, bothers, worries — what a joy it is, girls, to be able to help! You see here the kind of help- ful advice Aunt Sylvia gives others.

If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, en-closing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

My Dear Sylvia:

I had a marvelous sunburn and thought it would turn into a good tan. But now the skin is peeling off and I look too terrible. What do you suppose is the trouble?

Mrs. M. J., Fort Worth, Texas

I think that you had too much sunshine at once. Do you know that the stars spend weeks working on their tan? The first day you should lie in the sun just five minutes on each side. The next day lie for ten minutes, and then lie for ten minutes for three or four days.

Don't take the sun too quickly. That causes bad sunburn and the peeling you complain of. Some skins can take more sun than others but until you know how you react, take it slowly, lady, take it slowly. Maybe next summer you'll know better.

TOO MUCH SUNBURN

My Dear Sylvia:

I just want to thank you. I had an incipient case of anemia, but, according to your instruc-
tion. I drank gallons of turnip greens juice and did all the rest of the things you recommended for anemia. The other day I had a doctor's examination and there's not the slightest trace of anemia now.


Three cheers and a couple of big whoops. That is wonderful. I'd rather get a letter like that than a big check. Thanks a million for writing me.

SQUEEZING OFF FAT

Dear Sylvia:

In squeezing off fat is it possible to squeeze too hard? My husband tells me that I might injure myself.

Mrs. R. T. W., Milwaukee, Wis.

Personally, I don't believe that you'll squeeze too hard because you won't take the punish- ment when you're giving it to yourself. When I was treating the stars I used to make them yel so loud that I had to keep my radio going the whole time to drown out the noise. I thought maybe the police would think I was tossing off a murder.

You mustn't squeeze too hard on the stomach and, of course, you must not squeeze the breast muscles. Put in the middle of the afternoon and slap off lumps of fat anywhere else as hard as you like. Ten minutes a day of squeezing is enough, however. Do the rest by exercise. You can't take off large areas of fat with exer- cise. It's just those persistent lumps that need real pressure.

AVOCADOS FOR WEIGHT

My dear Sylvia:

Are avocados fattening?

F. L., Pasadena, Calif.

Yes, indeed they are. They'll put weight on fast.

I always give them in my diet for thin girls.
VIVACIOUS SCREEN BEAUTY

poses in her pert
Red Cross Cobbies

She's lovely to look at—Isn't she? But it's hard to imagine this buoyant, bubbling Miss Windsor sitting still. Yet there she is, poised peacefully on the fence with her always-on-the-go feet trimly clothed in Red Cross Cobbies.

These trig, new, outdoorish Cobbies have caught the fancy of youthful women from Maribu to Montauk. There's a dash and a go about them—there's a swank and a verve you can't resist. And they do invite going, for they are true Red Cross Shoes—made to fit all four of your feet. They dress your "sitting" feet and your "walking" feet in beauty, yet they never pinch or rub. Why, do you know Red Cross Shoes never even need "breaking-in?"

Go to the nearest Red Cross Shoe dealer's. See these breezy Cobbies—and all the other smart models for Fall. You'll love everything about them, including the very modest price. The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio.

It's a Cobbie

THE BUCCANEER...A Spectator sports oxford, with tassel and laces. In brown or black bexth, with calf underlay and slashed pinking. Also in brown scuffed caracul.

RED CROSS SHOES

FIT ALL FOUR OF YOUR FEET

$6 AND $6.50

$6.50 DENVER WEST
Finding Your Type in the Stars

By Carolyn Van Wyck

The whole purpose of this department, ever since its beginning, has been to bring to our readers true information about all the beauty, glamour and charm that is Hollywood; to try to show, in turn, how it may be accomplished by any girl who is truly interested in herself.

But the reader is, none the less, left with a serious problem—that of finding her true star type. It is very hard to know what we actually look like. We grow accustomed to that same image in the mirror, and, then, perhaps, no one else sees exactly the same picture in the same person.

The matter of personal coloring is not important in trying to pick your type, except as it applies to make-up.

The important points to follow, however, are the actual formations of your face—the shape of it, your nose, mouth, eyes—and then, yourself, the real you. If you possess that spirit of world-old sophistication, graphically portrayed by Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, the tricks of Janet Gaynor and Nancy Carroll, the embodiments of youthful loveliness, will not apply, any more than will the ways of poised Ann Harding and Kay Francis fit the Jean Parker or Betty Furness type of girl.

And so—if you are really interested in any special star, first study yourself carefully to be sure that your mentor is the right one for you. Then if you really want to make the most of yourself, so far as your appearance is concerned, watch her. You will get splendid ideas from her, particularly when you see her on the screen. There you have a real opportunity to study her, from every angle, to decide if the back or side view is really as lovely as the front. Watch her figure; the way she walks, rises, sits down. If you apply yourself sincerely to this—and of course I mean when the star is in the character of a person you would wish to emulate—she can supply a sort of finishing school for you. We can all learn much, not only for travel

SHIRLEY GREY exhibits a beauty kit that is a marvel of efficiency. Aside from its useful contents of cleansing cream, tissue cream, skin lotion, astringent and powder, in combinations for oily or dry skins, it is rubber lined. A slide fastener assures safety. The covering is a modernistic green silk. Very nice for travel

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

the benefit of our appearance, but much in the way of the little niceties of life, the fine points that always pave the way for any girl.

Then when you see your own star in these pages, try her make-up tricks, her method of caring for her skin or arrangement of her hair. These things may not always be right for you, but often they will. And the difference that a well rouged mouth or well made-up eyes can make in anyone is tremendous.

Sit right down at your dressing-table and try. Experiment. See if it would be becoming. You need not, of course, cut your hair for this, but simply pull it over the forehead in this manner. Take your hand mirror and study the effect carefully, and then ask a few friends. Or take a black or brown eyebrow crayon and see if a tiny, light extension of the brow does something for you; or try blending your rouge lightly and high up, almost to the eyelid.

I do not think there are any standard, set rules for make-up. Every face is a new canvas. All of us, however, are not artists enough to know the correct application of color, line and depth of tone. This is how your star can help you, if you choose a type that is truly yours. She, as a rule, is a finished artist in the art of make-up and hair. It is her business to be. If she is not, studio artists teach her the tricks, so you can hardly make a mistake.

If your star has not been shown recently in this department or if you would like to see more of her, please write to me, and tell me just what phase of her appearance interests you. Then I will try to show her.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is always happy to help you personally with your beauty problems, no matter what their nature. Her interesting new offerings on hair, skin, make-up, perfumes, and personal daintiness are available on request. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your letter—no post cards, please—to her at Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

LINA MERKEL'S advice on rouging lips. Begin at center and draw to the end of the lip, then fill in. Now bring the upper lip down over the lower for a perfect outline

AGLANCE behind the scenes. Here is Jean Parker being made up by Mel Berns for her part as Beth in "Little Women." The most perfect face requires make-up—and plenty—for screen
JOAN CRAWFORD
M-G-M Star
in
"Dancing Lady"
Max Factor's Make-Up
used exclusively

HOW
Joan Crawford

gives her Beauty
dramatic appeal!

Florence Vandelle Interviews Joan Crawford

HOLLYWOOD is a world of personalities. The personality of Joan Crawford reflects this modern age. She believes that one must be at one's best, at all times, to harvest the greatest rewards.

"Life itself is colorful," says Joan Crawford, "but even a colorful personality can stand added charm... That is where make-up comes in. That is the double reason for color harmony make-up. Max Factor's idea in creating color harmony make-up is to accentuate beauty... This means to bring out your own personality with the correct color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick for your type. You can give beauty the same dramatic appeal an artist might give his canvas, by emphasizing your more attractive features with color harmony make-up."

Correspondence

FLORENCE VONDELLE INTERVIEWS JOAN CRAWFORD

Joan Crawford is very particular about her beauty. She is always well-groomed and well-dressed. She believes that one must be at one's best, at all times, to harvest the greatest rewards.

"Life itself is colorful," says Joan Crawford, "but even a colorful personality can stand added charm... That is where make-up comes in. That is the double reason for color harmony make-up. Max Factor's idea in creating color harmony make-up is to accentuate beauty... This means to bring out your own personality with the correct color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick for your type. You can give beauty the same dramatic appeal an artist might give his canvas, by emphasizing your more attractive features with color harmony make-up."

Discover The Difference Hollywood's magic make-up will make in your own beauty. Share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius. Now featured by leading stores at nominal prices...

Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Mail coupon for personal make-up advice, and copy of valuable make-up instruction book.

* 96% OF ALL MAKE-UP used by Hollywood's Stars and Studios is MAX FACTOR'S... Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics.
Ask The Answer Man

WALTER MILLAN, SCRANTON, PENNA.—Having no desire to have anyone "bury me out on the prairie," I didn't master the words of the ditty by that name. However, I think if you write to Ken Maynard at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif., he will give you the words to that song as well as the others you asked about. Walt has quite a collection of cowboy songs.

M.M.B., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The cute little trick who answers the name of Mary Carlisle, is a Bostonian. She was 21 years old on the 3rd of February this year. Mary is just 5 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 100 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. A Wamps Baby Star of 1932. Her latest picture is "College Humor." What did you want to know about Clara and Joan?

BERTHA MILDRED, CHARLESTON, S. C.—Bertha, you haven't been following your movies very closely, or perhaps the pictures do not reach your town very early, for Phillips Holmes has certainly been turning out some grand work. His most recent pictures are "Men Must Fight," "Looking Forward," "The Big Brain," "Storm at Daybreak" and "Dinner at Eight." Watch for them. Now for your second question—the tiny tot in "Second Hand Wife" really did play the violin. Her name is Karol Kay and she is considered quite an accomplished violinist.


GEORGIANA, GLENWOOD, I.A.—I haven't the space here to give you the complete cast as you requested. If you will send me a stamped return envelope I will send you the cast.

SALLY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Jan Kiepura, who sang so delightfully in "Be Mine Tonight," is under contract to Universal. His name is pronounced Kee-poo-rah.

THE CRAZY FOUR, MONTGOMERY, ALA.—And it's Dick Powell you are crazy about! Dick sounded his first "alb" in Mountain View, Ark., one November day in 1904. The 14th if you really want to know. He is 6 feet tall; weighs 177 pounds and has auburn hair and blue eyes. For two years he was a featured tenor in an orchestra. Following that he was Master of Ceremonies in a picture house for four and a half years. Then came picture offers, his first being "Blessed Event." Watch for him in "Footlight Parade" with Ruby Keeler.

D. M. OF NEW YORK.—Here are a few particulars about Kent Taylor who is rapidly becoming a favorite. Kent first saw light on a ranch near Nashua, N. H. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 140 pounds; has auburn hair and brown eyes. You will see him soon in the new Mae West picture "I'm No Angel."

JANE AND JUNE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Jeanette MacDonald would be pleased if she heard all the nice things you said about her. She has recently returned to the film capital, from Europe. Her next picture will be "The Cat and the Fiddle." And who do you suppose is her leading man? None other than Ramon Novarro. What think you of that combination?

WALTER SCHMIDT, NAPERVILLE, ILL.—You're a real friend, Walt, saying such nice things. Now I'll tell you about Sally Blanc. Her real name is Betty Jane Young, sister of Loretta Young. She was born in Salida, Colo., on July 11, 1910. Her latest picture is "Trick for Trick." Sally is a free-lance player.

MICHAEL F. SCHNEE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Mike, if you will look elsewhere in this issue you will find the addresses of the stars. Each month in the back of the book we print the casts of the pictures being reviewed. Many of our readers paste these casts in scrap books and always have them when they want to check up on their favorite stars and pictures. Why don't you start a book now? Then you'll always be up to date.

ALICE COLTON, HARTFORD, CONN.—Gene Raymond's real name is Raymond Guion. He was born in New York City on August 13, 1908. Anything more you'd like to know about him?
So you've been looking for a better NAIL POLISH?

**Here it is! Right Now!**

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**50% LONGER WEAR**

NEW LACQUERS OF RICHER LUSTRE

6 SHADES...COLOR CHART ON EACH

PACKAGE...NEW METAL-SHAFT BRUSH...EXTRA-SIZE POLISH REMOVER...LARGER BOTTLES

AND A NEW LOW PRICE...

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**25¢**

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The Smart MANICURE

Only 25¢

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So many discriminating women are devoted to Glazo's superior quality that for years it has far outsold any other polish of its price.

Today, this famous Glazo costs you even less than ordinary polishes. But more... the polish itself has been perfected far beyond anything you've ever hoped for of your manicure!

A new formula gives Glazo a starrier lustre and 50% longer wear. Six authentic and perfect colors — and the Color Chart package makes it so easy to choose just the ones you wish.

The new metal-shaft brush with its shorter, flatterend bristles, is certainly easier to use. The Polish bottle is larger than before. And the Remover is extra-size — enough to last as long as your polish.

You'll have the loveliest, and easiest manicures you've ever known. And the price is so low you save money.

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I enclose 10¢ for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover (Check the shade of Polish preferred).

[Checkboxes: Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium]
THE NEW MASCARA THAT IS ACTUALLY NON-SMARTING TEAR-PROOF AND ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

While we were lunching, a bus-load of autograph hunters was unloaded outside. The Universal commissary is the only one open to the public, and has a sign outside inviting the rubbernecks to "eat with the stars." The visitors swarmed into the cafe. This day Paul Lukas was seated at one table, John Boles at another, Gloria Stuart at a third and Margaret herself at a fourth.

Seeing Margaret in make-up, and not having the faintest idea who she was—they couldn't have had because she hasn't yet made a single picture—the signature shooters came swarming over.

Margaret scribbled obligingly on their cards and in their books. But what she scribbled was: "Farina." You'll remember Farina as the little colored star of Our Gang several years ago.

"They couldn't possibly know the difference," Margaret explained, "and I'm sure they'd prefer Farina's autograph to mine."

FOR that first ten days in Hollywood Margaret's life was just one mad whirl. Tests—tests; tests; but, reversing the usual procedure of ten or twenty girls before one camera—should have been reported to the S.P.C.A.

"Nope, I've learned a thing or two from that costly trip. I've learned that every country has its styles in women just like it has its styles in clothes.

"And I've learned that it's sometimes worse to be too popular than not to be popular at all!"

"Imagine if you can," he continued dramatically, "living chased up and down Asia for three solid months—from Batavia to Singapore, from Mandalay to Calcutta, from Cairo to Cairo to Bagdad. Chased for styles by frenzied followers who grabbed for my cigar or my specs, and if they couldn't get away with those, they'd snatch the buttons off my coat, or take a scrap of my trousers as a memento.

"Gosh, it was ten times worse than being chased through an African jungle by that lunatic, Wheeler.

"By the time we reached Singapore I was feeling pretty shaky. What with having the clothes torn off my back, and my wife in a state because of the way we'd treated her in China and Japan, I was what you'd call slightly the worse for wear.

"To make matters more desperate, we hadn't any money. What I hadn't spent on cigars, we'd lost in the exchange. Remember that ghastly week when the dollar kept sinking and sinking?

"Well, it hit the low on our second day in Singapore.

"That memorable morning I held my coin purse up to Wheeler's car. 'Hear that,' I said, giving it a violent shake.

"'All we stole—and the faint jingle of two lonely Japanese yen. 'That,' said I, 'is the death rattle.'

"So we had to borrow enough money from a man who wanted our autographs to cable for cash to move on. Jumping Jupiter, a fugitive from an autograph-hunting gang has got to keep moving! Just to escape his own gags!"

MARTY Woolsey shuddered. "Yes ma'am, and I guess my weirdest autograph experience was a written request from someone in Scotland, which read: 'Please sir, send me an old shoe-string or something with your name on it!'

"It took me a week of powerful concentrating to figure out how I'd get my name on a shoe string without embroidering it for the man to see which of them registered best, in Margaret's case Universal tried out over a dozen of Hollywood's crack cameramen to see which of them could photograph her best. Then there were wardrobe fittings, hairdressers, everything that a studio throws behind a girl they want to make a star of Margaret stood it—and stood it.

"I hate Hollywood!" she stormed. "I hate the movies! I hate the whole place and everything in it!"

THE picture began. Drive, drive, Stahl, always a thorough, painstaking director, made each scene over and over, until it seemed to Margaret, innumerable times. She was in almost every shot. She was hungry, hot and tired—so tired.

"I hate Hollywood!" she said again at luncheon. "I hate the movies! I hate it all! I wish I hadn't stayed!"

She sighed.

"But she added a moment later, "perhaps if I could have just three days rest I'd probably love it all!"

And that's how Hollywood and a screen career affects the girl who won't be beautified.

YES, WE KNOW—you've read many claims advertising eyelash darkeners—only to have an evening ruined because a tear smudged your mascara and the resultant smearing spoiled your make-up—one of life's little tragedies! But it need never happen! It can't happen when you use our NEW improved MAYBELLINE mascara. Quickly and easily applied, it instantly makes your lashes appear longer, darker and more luxuriant—and it keeps them soft and silky, too! MAYBELLINE gives that much-to-be-desired natural appearance of eye beauty—the color, depth, and expression of the eyes is intensified by the soft, dark fringe of lustrous lashes. These are the reasons that millions of women are using the NEW MAYBELLINE regularly with most gratifying results. Try it today, you'll be delighted!

Black or Brown
75c at all toilet goods counters
Maybelline

Eyelash Darkener

The Perfect Mascara

Maybelline Co., Chicago

It's a WOozy World, says Woolsey

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45)

Photoplay Magazine for October, 1933

The guy. But Bob Woolsey never fails his public."

"The man who never fails his public pirouetted around the room and displayed a few invisible muscles. "Vanities! I look at you, look at me now," he said sadly. The man who once had won the Igoe Prize squeezed the place where those muscles might once have been. Tears blurred the lenses of his glasses.

"Believe it or not, I was forced to eat my way around the world! Me—esthetic Bob Woolsey, with a stomach so delicate that the missus' lie-awake nights trying to concoct menus to tempt my peckish appetite—me, forced to surrender himself to those native banquets.

"Oh, the horror of those snakes au gratin—the nightmare of those tender sharks' fins en casseroles—the deluge of those birds' nest soups—and the grimness of those bête pot!"

"That wasn't the worst of it, either. If we were allowed to stop eating—it was only to take time off to drink to someone's health. I drank so many healths, I ruined my own for life.

"By the time we arrived in Ireland, where we were to be entertained by President De Valera, I'd drunk so many healths, I'd run smack out of toasts.

"And I had a terrible premonition that I wasn't going to stand up under this health disease at all.

"Well, I was right. We arrived in Dublin. Our car was stopped in the main street, and the crowd roared for ten minutes. Thinking we'd have acknowledged such much, we tried to step out of the car. But the strain of those three months had been too great. I couldn't stand up under it. I missed the curb, and fell flat on my schnozzle. And would you believe it—they thought I was being funny on purpose. And cheered for another half hour!

"When we were finally presented to President De Valera, I took it upon myself to tell him how much we appreciated every little thing that had been done for us. Says I, "You've made a couple of little Americans very happy, sir. Indeed, I'm glad to hear that, Mr. Woolsey," he answered. 'But be warned, you amaze me. You're the first American I've ever met who referred to himself as little.'

"And I should say," concluded the world-weary diplomat, "that remark wasn't half bad for an amateur."
It's utterly NEW!

Equalizer KOTEX
(Patent No. 1,863,333)
gives 20 to 30% greater protection — gives new comfort and safety

KOTEX, with the New Patented Equalizer, brings 20 to 30% greater protection in its downy cellulose filler. Protection is more adequate but less bulky. It has Phanomized ends, concealing completely all presence of protection. Mere rounded ends are not enough, they must be flattened and tapered.

An intimate explanation of the new Equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

Old advantages remain

You wonder: will this give the same softness, the same absorbency as the Kotex I already trust and like so well? Yes! And the same disposability. It can be worn on either side with equal protection. And your get these features, in Kotex, today, at a lower price than ever before.

For extra safety

During certain hours — in some cases even for two days — extra precautions are necessary. At such times, use Kotex Super Size. Have a box of both on your shelf.

You will want to try the Kotex narrow adjustable belt . . . the final perfection in sanitary comfort . . . designed to give wearing ease such as has never before been possible.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"?

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imperfections can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer and this is why:

1 — it took two and one-half years to perfect.
2 — a board of three hundred women tested it.
3 — medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
4 — AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,353 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.
NEW YORK HOME OF Hollywood Stars

WHEN you visit New York enjoy the comforts of an ideal home and still be in the heart of the Motion Picture Art Centre.

Parlor Bedroom and Bath $5.00 PER DAY FOR ONE OR TWO $125.00 per month. Less than the cost of most single rooms.

3 room suites in proportion.

Largest single room in New York $3.50 per day.

All rooms equipped with combination tub and shower...running ice water.

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ENJOY NEW YORK'S COCOANUT GROVE ROOF

If One Cagney's Good, Two Should Be Better

Wading right into him. Thought I'd let him off easy. He was only four, but he sure put up a swell battle. Bill, however, can match memories of boyish admiration.

Jimmy used to be the best catcher on the neighborhood baseball team—so I lived for the day when I could be a good catcher, too. After each game, Jim always treated to sodas. That was a real treat in those days, and Jim had to work like a horse to get the dough. But he never let us down. He was the boss of the neighborhood.

"I think I would call our love—Junior's and mine—the Healthy Love. The Counter-balancing Love. Most of all, the Healthy Love. It is not the love of two people who are alike. It is the love of two people who are diametrically different.

I BELIEVE that like marrying like is as great a fallacy as love at first sight. Neither one of these pretty notions works. Our love is the love that gives and takes. It is the perfect see-saw love.

"When Junior is up I am down, and when Junior is down I am up, and so neither one of us is either too far down or too fantastically far up—but balanced.

"There are all the elements. I write Junior ardent little notes such as I once wrote to Ralph Pop. There is the element of Emotional Love. There is also the counter-balancing element of the Companionship Love. He fits enough of my Love Ideal so that he never lets me down. If he has feet of clay they are winged feet, too.

"The Love-on-the-Rebound element is there too, because, of course, I have rebounded from all these others.

"And there is enough of the maternal quality for me to want to cheer Junior when he is despondent, help him when he is tired, amused him when he is bored.

"There is only one 'accident' that can happen to this Healthy Love and that is, if one person outgrows the other. That is why I believe in divorce because out-growing does happen sometimes."

BUT even this seventh kind of love did not prevent the break between Carole and Bill. At this time she is seeking a divorce in Reno. There, however, must be an eighth kind of love. What is it?

"What's Wrecking Hollywood Marriage?"

[continued from page 31]

We then asked Dr. Popenoe about the ever-present Hollywood problem of marriage versus career. He answered that few women had the energy and vitality to handle two full-time jobs.

They put the most in the job that presents the greatest competition—so one or the other is bound to be slighted—and it is too often the home.

He added that statistics had proved a woman's career can be conducted successfully along with her home—if she does not make more money and have greater success than her husband.

It takes an almost superhuman male to forgive that damage to his ego, according to Dr. Popenoe.

A line which is very pertinent, we thought, is Dr. Popenoe's "all but the most intelligent and astute young females suffer with a chronic inability to realize when they are well off! They too often feel that any change would be for the better, even when as a matter of fact, one man is very like another. So much is up to the woman to make him a good husband. An actress with a career hasn't the time to concentrate on it.

"Marriage is the most free relationship in the world. There are no rules. We make our own.

"It is only when the two people concerned take unfair advantage of that freedom that the structure collapses!"

If One Cagney's Good, Two Should Be Better

[continued from page 75]

So it was quite natural, once Jimmy had landed in Hollywood, that he should want to see better Bill there, too. Not that Bill needed a job. Jimmy will hasten to set you right on that:

"The kid was good. He had a bankroll when he was twenty-one. Swell business head. Handled the Strind Theater publicity and other accounts, and liked it.

He stuck with advertising even when the business was at its lowest ebb—and he was making money. Not important dough, but enough to get by on."
No, it was a case with Jimmy of seeing that while advertising might be good, with the set-up they could achieve, movies would be better. So Cagney went to work, along lines that would do credit to the quietest diplomat of the old school. As he tells it:

"Bill was in bad physical condition."

(Trust a Cagney, whose fists have been his passport from cradle days, to feel worried about that!)

"I persuaded him to come out here, take a six months' lay-off, and get into shape. And see what would turn up.

"He started right out playing handball, wrestling, and boxing. He worked at it. The kid sticks with things. Took off thirty-two pounds—went from 196 to 164—and now he's in top shape."

THAT was, between bouts, Jimmy "showed the younger brother the town" and (whisper it) also showed the town the younger brother—with the publicity people fairly eating it up, making Bill famous, and keeping a grand prospective treat before the public.

There was one thing he might have had to watch, had Bill been like so many others; but Bill being what he was, Jimmy had no bother.

He'll tell you about that, too.

"He was out here four months before he even had a date," the elder Cagney will confide. "He's very cagy about it. Figured it was an easy town to go hay-wire in, so he started out very cautiously, and got the habit. He's hard to get, that one."

Which, by the way, sounds a good deal like Jimmy himself, the kid who never smokes, unless the script demands it, might take a drink about once in two months, and get the razz from his family when he does, for putting on a "bad man" act. The same Jimmy, who, being asked by a not-over-discerning interviewer, about his love life, snapped, "I'm married!" and shut off that topic for keeps.

So now Cagney the Younger has landed for his chance—and the natural question is, what will come of it? Jimmy and Bill both have ideas on that—sound ones. Says Jimmy:

"He's better equipped physically than I am. Taller, good carriage, and he has a grand natural assurance that I had to cultivate. He's an instinctive actor."

"The kid's a much more agreeable guy than I am. Laughs more easily. He hasn't a nerve in his body. Sits in a chair and relaxes as if he'd been born in it. Me, now, I'm jumpy, poised to spring.

"Any business involving speed and action would be Bill's choice. If it happens to be a Cagney role, and he gives it the works, that's okay with me. But he's fitted for more romantic stuff than I am. Better looking," adds Jimmy, not at all conscious of modesty.

THAT'S Jimmy on the subject of which Hollywood has seen so much—family rivalry, most of it unpleasant.

But Bill cherishes no ideas of beating brother Jim at his own game.

"It would lead to inevitable comparisons—and there's only one Jimmy. I couldn't equal him, and nobody else can. He's the best there is. I'm afraid I'd crash that field!"

That's Bill's idea—and that's where matters stand right now, while the situation is being warmed up for the screen introduction of Bill. Meanwhile Bill, with a contract tucked away, has rented a house, and is bringing his mother and sis to live with him. "Sis" is just fourteen, and determined to be a doctor, like two of their grown-up brothers.

And sitting on the side-lines, and knowing what the movies can do, when they take the notion, we'd say it won't be long before, somehow, the two Cagneys are put together. And since Bill, for all that the brothers say about each other, at bottom still is a Cagney, there ought to be plenty of fun for all of us, when that happens. At any event, it looks more like a "natural" than anything we've noticed in many a moon!

---

Pepsodent Antiseptic assures a pure, sweet breath at 1/3 the cost!

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

IN almost every family—certainly in every group of friends—there is someone who is being fooled by ineffectual mouth antiseptics. It's a friendly act to tell them about Pepsodent...how Pepsodent is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics—how, by adding water, you make it go three times as far and thus get three times as much for your money plus greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Two kinds of antiseptics

Remember, there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still kill germs in less than 10 seconds.

Don't fool yourself by diluting old-type antiseptics. The result is too important—whether fighting colds or unpleasant breath. Choose the antiseptic that kills germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent. Be sure! Be safe! Save money!

---

Pepsodent Antiseptic
Importance of Bulletins For Movie Fan Clubs

DURING the past month many interesting and attractive bulletins from movie fan clubs have been received by the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs. These point definitely toward the fact that some of the Fan Clubs are actually building an organization which will not only keep its present members interested but will serve to attract prospective members.

Clubs which have not found it possible to publish some sort of paper or organ can look forward to that experience with the assurance that it will create a closer feeling between members and bring about a feeling of accomplishment.

It is not necessary to spend a large amount of money for the bulletin, especially at first, for its newness will offset any doubt as to its appearance which members might feel. Then, if it is found to be successful, you will have plenty of time in which to dress it up.

Nearly every club publication had a chanceable start and its success is due to the united efforts of the entire club membership. You'll find many of your members will be able to contribute worthwhile suggestions, and in some instances furnish articles for the paper.

Interest, of course, is the requisite for a successful club paper, and a variation of the contents is necessary if you want to please everyone. Much of the content can be about the star you sponsor, but there should also be items concerning other stars and movie fan clubs.

You'll find it possible to exchange your bulletin with other clubs and in doing this you will broaden your experience and be able to pick up many good suggestions to work into your own paper.


The Association will be glad to give you any information or possible help in regard to Club bulletins if you will just drop a line to the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, III.

CHARTERS have been issued by the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs to these additional clubs:

The John Boles Music Club, Lillian Musgrave, President, 2700 Vincent Avenue North, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Bing Crosby Club, Fay E. Zinn, President, 109 Orchard Road, Maplewood, N. J.

The Ruth Roland Club, Lillian Conrad, President, 4822 Meade Avenue, Chicago, III.

The name of the Gaynor-Farrell-Gable Club, of which Ruth Fifer, 5300 Pensacola Avenue, is president, has been changed to the Clark Gable Fan Club.

Anna Glance, president of the Jackie Cooper Club, advises that her address now is 7954 Merrill Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

The Shadow Stage
The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(See U. S. Pat. Off.)
[continued from page 99]

THIS IS AMERICA—Frederick Ullman, Jr., Prod.

A VIVID demonstration that newsreels can be made to tell history. By careful selecting newsreel material since April, 1917, Gilbert Stolles has woven together a gripping and authentic story, in terms of real folk, great and little, who shaped America’s story through war, the jazz age, boom and collapse. Spiced with clever film effects, it is genuinely entertaining for adults, splendidly educational for children.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS—Remington Pictures

A RATHER better than usual British attempt at musical farce, turned on the old twist of a man and a girl supposed to be married, and being continually thrust into bedrooms, etc. It happens when newshawk Stanley Lupino is sent to investigate some crooked maneuvers aimed at Folly Walker, daughter of an American millionaire. The rest is stock farce, with songs and dances, but not too heavily British.

THE LAST TRAIL—Fox

THIS time it’s the racketeers instead of the rustlers who muscle in on George O’Brien’s ancestral ranch. Also, speedy cops instead of cowboys come to the rescue. The story otherwise is strictly Zane Grey, and it is rather regrettable that it did not remain an out-and-out Western. Comedy is predominant, with Edgar Bronf a at least sharing honors with the star.

THE STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY—First Division

A COMPIILATION of newsreel and photographic material, rather artlessly (and therefore, the more effectively) reviewing this noted case. Theodore Dreiser makes the opening speech, and Mooney himself, a broken, aged man, closes, from the door of the San Francisco jail. A moving presentation, from Mooney’s viewpoint, of his claims that his con-
viction was “framed,” with prejudice making it stick.

THE TRAIL DRIVE—Universal

A

AN acceptable offering for all who must have their weekly Western, and for others who can take average entertainment for an evening. Honest John turns out to be a crook who steals all the steers in Texas with a gang based on the late depression, and Ken Maynard restores prosperity in the good old Maynard way. Lots of stunt riding and shooting and a rousing fight.

ONE YEAR LATER—Allied

GETS away to a slow start, but achieves a bang-up finish. Russell Hopton, a dying reporter, sacrifices his life by taking the place of Donald Dillaway who, as Mary Brian’s newlywed husband, is on his way to the electric chair. Not too logical, but it’s good enough drama in spite of that. Especially if all the obtrusive gags shown at the preview are eliminated before you see it.

SKYWAY—Monogram

AS an airplane pilot in “Skyway,” Ray Walker, a newcomer to motion pictures from the New York stage, goes about popping people a little too frequently. His ever-ready hat gets him into several jams as well as an introduction to the banker’s daughter. Suspected of theft, he flies out to sea just in time to snatch the real criminal off a liner, and save the money, the girl and the story.

THE FIGHTING PARSON—Allied-First Division

HOOT GIBSON injects comedy into the Western, by donning, while hungry, a minister’s garments found in the desert. Reeling Red Dog, he’s snared into performing a christening. Pat Arizona saves him with an old trick. Of course there’s a tangle with crooks, and virtue triumphs in the end, thanks to Hoot. Not enough riding, and there’s no shooting; so, since Hoot’s not exactly a comic riot, the film runs thin.

HELL’S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures

A PICTORIAL narrative of events in the World War, taken from official material. It is, of course, silent. but has vocal explanation. Being authentic, the photography is fine, but there are some excellent shots of sinking ships. As seems to be the fashion with such offerings, anti-war propaganda is rubbed in. It seems they just can’t let these pictures tell their own story of cruel horror!

SING SINNER SING—Majestic Pictures

IT’S the old story of a wife trying to reform a wayward husband. Leila Hyams tries it on Don Dillaway and it ends in tragedy. As a torch singer on a gambling ship, Leila escapes from her lover, Paul Lukas, after a shooting scrape and marries Don, a wealthy ne’er do well. Ruth Donnelly and George Stone also in the cast. A story that had possibilities before it got mishandled.

DIE GROSSE ATRAKTION (THE BIG ATTRACTION)—Tobis-Tauber—Emelka Prod.

RICHARD TAUBER, as headline of a vaudeville troupe called “The Big Attraction,” is pursued by an American dancer who is determined to win her way into his act—and his heart—and does both! The story is just fair and moves a bit too slowly, but Tauber’s grand singing makes up for all of that. English subtitles aid those not thoroughly familiar with German.

“Gee, honey—I get such a kick out of watching Mildred over there with her new flame”...

“Yes, Dave—it’s thrilling—he’s so obviously fallen. You helped in that, Dave.”

“Why?”...

“Well, you know—the time you got brutal. And showed Milly that ad about the seven stains”...

“Oh, that! Well, maybe you’re right. She sure has those teeth men-love-to-see—now!”

Don’t let the 7 stains

dim the beauty of your teeth!

THE loveliest teeth in the world can lose their dazzle at the dinner table. Can...and do!

For everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on teeth...7 different kinds of stains, all told.

Some are tell-tale. Like blueberries. Others become visible only over a period of time. Yet ALL are a threat to beauty.

Though you be next as a Dutch girl—though you conscientiously clean your teeth three times a day—those stains still may linger.

Why? Because all 7 stains will not surrender to the single cleansing action of many toothpastes. It takes TWO actions to rout them all—the TWO actions that Colgate’s gives.

First, an emollient action that loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, a gentle polishing action, that safely rubs away other and more stubborn stains.

Isn’t it worth 19 cents to have lovelier teeth—a more attractive smile? That’s what a tube of Colgate’s Ribbon Dental Cream costs. Buy it. Try it—for 10 days. And let your mirror prove the difference it can make.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate’s after every meal. See your dentist regularly.
Now you can get genuine Sta-Rite Deluxe (ball-rolled) Bob Pins—the kind beauty experts recommend—together with a lovely photo-miniature of your favorite star for your movie album or dressing table.

Select Your Favorite
Twelve popular stars to choose from. You'll want to collect the whole series.

Sheilah Gibb
Neil Hamilton
Jack Holt
Genevieve Tobin
Ralph Forbes
Wynne Gibson
Dorothy Lamour
André photons
Edmund Lowe
Ginger Rogers
Dorothy Mackaill
Ralph Bellamy
Tom Brown

At Leading Stores and Beauty Shops
Now: Similar cards, with "idol's" size bob pins, featuring members of Hal Roach's "Our Gang" are available for little misses.

Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co.,
In Canada, 49 Wellington St.,
Toronto.

STA-RITE
For soft, lovely, natural waves
use Sta-Rite Wave Set

The "New Deal" in Girls
[continued from page 35]

meteoric rise of Betty Furness. Why? Because Betty's picture was spotted by a movie executive one day while flipping the pages of a class book. The era of the new girl was just beginning to dawn and with the mad scramble to sign up the vigorous, healthy youngsters, Betty found herself in demand. She was as much surprised as was her Park Avenue father.

And with parental objections overcome, Betty was on her way to RKO-Radio film fame before you could say Merian Cooper. I asked Betty what she thought she had to offer in the way of screen talent and she didn't hesitate a moment to reply:

"Gosh, I don't know. I don't seem like a siren and I certainly am not a glamorous type. I've often wondered myself what they saw in me."

The secret is herewith offered, Miss Furness. It was exactly that, and nothing else, which gave you that picture contract. Your un-sophisticated, natural, wholesome slant on life, and the fact that you look exactly like what you represent.

Lyda Roberti is another of the "new deal" girls—one hundred pounds of vim and vigor I could go on at great lengths mentioning names of new starlets; girls who have been conforming to feminine standards of this new era which our country is heading into. The new deal in girls is to be reflected through the mirror of national trends—the motion picture screen.

But you will be seeing these starlets in future pictures and you can tell best, on your own judgment, whether these girls are representatives of what the "new deal" girls should be like. For it is the public who has created this new standard of beauty. And it is for them to say whether her requirements have truly been fulfilled.

Let's Gather Round the Goldfish Bowl
[continued from page 37]

At the tea table with the interviewer. More questions, more plying into intimate secrets. A waiter steps up. "Miss Crawford, there is a telephone call for you."

She steps over to the phone. It's out in the open, not a booth. "NEIL, hello Franchot," the room hears her say. And there's a hiss of whispering and then a swelling hum of under-tone talk, and she knows everyone that heard. The interviewer is an utter stranger. But asks, nevertheless, the most intimate questions about her life with Doug, Jr. and why she divorced him. The interviewer asks things that not even the divorce court judge would ask, and wonders why Joan evades answering.

Then to the portrait gallery, where a new set of publicity pictures is to be taken. Then, say, she's got an engagement at the Ambassador Hotel at tea-time, with another interviewer. She gets there early, steps into the fashionable gown shop in the hotel lobby, and takes over some new clothes. Forthwith, the shop suddenly swarms with other hotel guests who finger a veil, look at a hat, ask a salesgirl about a dress—but who have no intention whatever of buying. They merely jin in to see Joan Crawford.

And Joan steps across the lobby and into the café—and as she walks between the tables to her favorite booth, the hum of the room ceases and heads turn and there’s a barrage of eyes. EYES, EYES, EYES. And whispers: "Betty's it's Joan Crawford ... is there's Crawford ... it's Joan ... wonder who she's gonna meet ... and so on. Joan sees them, hears them—but she's got to ignore them. Imagine doing that, if you think it's easy!"

HOME, and there's time for a half-hour's talk. Joan and Doug are in the private garden, sunbathing nude—and wonders if ever will happen to her what happened to Garbo. Garbo, sunbathing in her own private garden one afternoon, heard a voice calling "Oh, Miss Garbo ... !?" She looked up startled, and into a camera lens, and there was a click. And a man's face grinning behind the camera. So Joan had the house down she took Garbo, and telephoned. And the studio functioned, and eventually located a man who'd come to Hollywood from the East with the determination he'd show Hollywood reporters that Garbo's picture could be had! The picture was never published, but it was taken. M-G-M saw to it that the negative was destroyed.

"Oh, Miss Garbo, why do you see me?" It's a lawyer. Joan dresses hurriedly, sees the lawyer.
It's about the matter of the disgruntled freeland writer, who, in revenge because Joan hadn't "tipped him off" in advance about her separation from Doug, had threatened to blast wide open to the world some dreadful secrets about a years-ago hospitalization Joan had undergone.

"We had to dig into years and years of hospital records to get the details on that case—actually, I had my trousers out," said Joan, "and what the man threatened to broadcast was something entirely different!"

DRESSING again, and a car pulls up and Franchot Tone comes to take her to dinner and dancing. Joan knows, as she goes out, that the columnist will have it all next day, with cracks about "thataway" and "romance" and "Doug's successor." But she's used to it—as used, that is, as one can get to that sort of unprivacy.

As they draw up before the Beverly-Wilshire and the car door opens, PVQ goes a camera flash, and Joan and Tone have been photographed by a candid camera. Another one pops as they step into the hotel. Joan knows that when the picture comes out—unposed, unretouched—that she'll look exactly like one always looks on a picture of that kind, and wonders how long the public will continue to believe she's beautiful and glamorous, with pictures like that being taken by the dozen.

Well—dinner and dancing. And eventually, home.

And maybe, an hour after she drops off to fitful sleep, the ultra--ultra-private telephone by her bedside rings. This is not the private phone to her house, but a secondary private phone, the number of which is supposed to be very, very secret. Joan, knowing that only two or three most intimate friends have that number, wakes and answers.

And it's a newspaperman! With a question about a rumor that she and Doug are reconciling and leaving for China, or something equally silly! "How did you get this number?" asks Joan, half bewildered, half angry. "Oh, we have ways," says the newspaperman, and Joan knows that tomorrow for the eleven millionth time, it seems, she'll have to have the phone company change all her numbers again, so she'll have two or three days of freedom from impertinent telephonings!

And so to sleep, if any.

And if you think that's one bit exaggerated, you're wrong. If anything, it's mild, compared to one of Joan's days. And it's not Joan alone—I just picked Joan because she's one of several.

There's not a movie star in Hollywood who doesn't, day in and day out, have the same routine of unprivacy! "Go away from it," you suggest? First, they can't. They have to stay in Hollywood and work.

When they're not working, they can go away, of course—but not from it. Their faces are their fortunes, but at the same time they're their doom when it comes to privacy-seeking. No matter where they go, they're bound to be recognized—and unprivacy away from Hollywood is even more determined than in cinemaland! I could tell you a thousand tales . . .

On a train, to New York, in the dead of night. A small-town stop. A rapping on the window of her compartment, and Joan raises the shade.

And there on the platform is half the population of the town calling to her. They'd been tipped off that she was on board, and the grinning porter had pointed out her compartment window. So she got up, stepped out on the platform in negligée, shook hands, signed books. On the same trip she stepped into a New York store, bought a five hundred-dollar feather box. By the time she came out, word had spread. The sidewalk was crowded. Joan had to literally fight her way to her car at the curb. By the time she got there, the box had been plucked like a chicken for...
roasting! And scores of fans had feathers from Joan's box as souvenirs.

Oh, I could fill this whole magazine with stories—
—about the girl who called Nils Asther at three A.M. to tell him she'd read an item that he had a cold and if he'd spread hot camphor oil on it, it'd help. Or the matron of Beverly Hills who called up his press-agent and ordered Nils, in evening dress, for a dinner at her home at eight, and how much it would cost—of how stars can't shop in person, but send agents because (1) they are mobbed and (2) unscrupulous shop proprietors boost prices for them!

—of how stars automobiles, recognized by unusual color jobs, or monograms or license cards, are half stripped by souvenir hunters—of how, on the day after the papers printed news of Robert Montgomery's baby being born at the Cedars of Lebanon hospital, that hospital's visiting crowd suddenly tripled or more, and every one of them asked to be shown the Montgomery baby—of how some of the finest physicians are paid to tip certain columnists off to when a star or star's wife expects a blessed event!

—of how ex-servants, ex-friends, babble to reporters the most inviolable secrets of a star's personal life—of how Clark Gable's ex-wife, a Hollywood voice coach, talked about her life as Mrs. Gable—of how certain of Garbo's ex-admirers told intimate things about her—of how honeymoons become personal appearance tours, marriages become publicity expeditions!

—of a million and one other unprivacies of the stars.

I could tell of how John Barrymore, ill in bed, listened to an argument under his sickroom window between his gardener and two insistent women who'd crashed his gates and intruded on his place, until his nerves cracked and he leaped half-naked to the bedroom balcony and screamed at them until they fled in terror. Or of how John Gilbert was hounded from one night cafe to another one night when he and a girl friend wanted a bit of privacy, and how they couldn't find it anywhere but in Gilbert's own home at last, at four A.M. And then Gilbert, having found privacy, got so bored by not having other people around, that he called up a press-agent at that ungodly hour to come over and keep them company! (But that's another story)—and even of how a photographer actually took pictures of Marlene Dietrich's underwear to settle the question of what she wore under her man's suits, masculine beeevedees or feminine tripperies!

Oh—I could tell you stories and scores of such things. But they would be repetitious. And probably you'd get sick and tired of reading about them and say:

"Well, what of it? These stars get thousands of dollars a week, don't they? It's because they are so famous that we want to know all about them! So why should they kick...? And maybe you're right. And maybe not.

But who wants to be a goldfish?

---

**WINX**

"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such power. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 50c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 4-K, 335 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

**GRAY FADED HAIR**

Men, women, and with gray, faded, worn-out hair. Shampoo and color your hair as the same time with new French discovery "Shampoo Kolor." Takes only a few moments, leaves hair soft, smooth, natural. Does not rub off. Free booklet. Mention L. P. Valliogna, Dept. 13, 23 W. 36th St., N. Y.
The Last of the Veteran Showmen

[continued from page 33]

they have spoken it not. Every stand-in must learn all the lines and do all the bits of business. Which sends them screaming into the front office for more money. If they’re going to act, they want pay for it.

Every extra becomes a bit player, to say nothing of a raving maniac, before it’s over. For instance, if Fredric March said to Claudette Colbert in a scene from “The Sign of the Cross,” “I will not succumb to your charms, and tell that to your leopards,” why at least ten blocks away in the last row of the mob, one extra must say to another, “Thinketh thee not the Empress is a two-timing mama, or Roman olive vendor in the market place?” Or words to that effect. And with gestures, mind you. Always with gestures.

“When I was with Mansfield” is a favorite line with Cecil. Production is halted twenty-seven times a day with executives prancing up and down the studio hallways and New York bankers tearing out their rapidly greying hair while Cecil “is with Mansfield.” Just to show how innocent little incidents work, that little matter of Cecil once being with Mansfield has already cost Paramount $250,000 in delayed production. And if they could find out who this Mansfield guy is and where, they’d see him instantly.

DURING the making of “This Day and Age,” he yelled at the astounded mob of high school boys, “When I was with Mansfield, we acted. Really acted. If Mansfield said, “The mob muttereth;” we immediately muttered ‘rumba, rumba, rumba, rumba.’”

“Yes, Mr. De Mille;” piped out a lad in the front row, “but I never learned the rumba.”

Like a flash, the four assistants sprang to the tottering director’s side while the coins rattled viciously.

It is very difficult to distinguish a director from the rest of the people about on an ordinary set. “Whose the director?” one invariably has to ask. They dress as ordinary business men. Their voices are low, their manners mild, their instructions more casual than deliberate. Their one and only assistant is never obvious. There are no flashing jewels to match colored underwear, no clattering of gold pieces, no megaphones, no loud speakers, no caps on backwards. They are scarcely aware of visitors.

But not so Cecil. No one ever need ask just who is the director. No one could possibly mistake him for anything but the master supreme of all he surveys. As on a pedestal he standeth and looketh on his work and seeth that it is good. Or rotten. As the case may be.

About him flatter his assistants. His light dauber, his megaphone carrier, his “finder” carrier and his microphone toter. All Cecil’s own inventions with patents applied for.

THE light dauber stands at this angle and that angle. Watching for the slightest object that may do a bit of gleaming out of turn. For instance, if he thinks a door knob may glisten a bit too brightly in the reflection of an arc light, he immediately runs forward, never walks or strolls, mind you, but runs and daubs the door knob with paint. If this still doesn’t help, he’s liable to daub the arc light. And has even been known, when occasion demanded, to daub the extras.

Then there’s the megaphone carrier. This instrument passed out of movies with the coming of Al Jolson in “The Singing Fool,” but not with Cecil. Strapped firmly to the wrist of an efficient young woman is the megaphone. And there she sits or stands or lies practically prone. Every time De Mille sits or stands or...
Hidden
Gold
in your hair too!

Discover it tonight in one
shampooing!

A treasure hunt—in your hair! Hidden
there is something precious! Loveliness un-
dreamed of; a sparkling radiance that is
YOUTH—key to popularity, romance,
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much—hardly perceptible. But what a dif-
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availing to the delicate tissues. Odorless, stainless, greas-
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for October, 1933
lies practically prone. There is no telling from
what position he may wish to scramble through
the microphone at an extra on the ten yard
line. And no one can say she isn't right there
when the master feels a lift of yelling coming, of
course.

Directly on the other side, the microphone
carrier, a sturdy lad, sits or stands or lies
prone. In case Mr. De Mille wishes to hurl
blanket throws at one of his assistants, he
may strike extra on the sixty yard line, the "mike"
will be on an exact level with his mouth.
Waiting and set.

The three being there together (and the lion
shall lie down with the lamb) on the set, sur-
velling a scene from the ground, is one of the
slights to which they should really run ex-
cursions. For no other part of the globe can
such a crazy and intimate little group be found.
Cecil, his megaphone carrier and his "mike"
carrier. Flat on their stomachs and a hey
nanny, nommy.

The "finder," a little instrument which looks
like an opera glass and is used to spot out
extras who are not emoting according to Mans-
field, is carried in a leather case propped above
the shoulder of the script girl. The only mem-
ber of the entire De Mille assembly who is
called upon to perform two duties at once.
"Scripting" and "finder carrying."

L E T a visitor enter your stage door where
Cecil works and the first assistant director
groans. The groan is relayed to the second
assistant director, to the third. It is then
sent on to the fourth.

They know that once more production is to
be halted as soon as Cecil gets his baby blue
peppers on the awe-struck visitors. For Cecil
invariably puts on a show that fairly stuns
them with its fury.

He'll center out one person, usually a flea-
bitten, down-trodden extra in the background,
for his vitriolic attack. He is going to show
these visitors from Pittsburgh that the old
maestro is still maestroing.

He'll set the extra adrift with words, shrivel
him with burning sarcasm and wither him
with frosty, hoary epigrams.

"Get off my set," he'll scream in $5,000
worth of fury, "Just move out. Get out."

"Get off this lot. Never let me see your
face again."

Shamed, and practically bleeding from his
crucifixion, the extra will rise to his feet and
start off.

"Here, here," De Mille will shout, "where
are you going? Sit down."

He hadn't even seen the extra as an indi-
vidual. He was merely putting on a De Mille
production for the benefit of the guests. If
the extra only knew, it he had been singled out
for a grand part.

He'll look at the extra, his brows drawn to-
gether in bewilderment. "What's the matter
with that guy?" he'll mutter. Started to go
off the set. He's an extra. What's he want
to do, hold up production?"

DURING the making of "The Sign of the
Cross," the press were invited to witness
the Christians being devoured by lions. Mr. De
Mille was notified of the visit and all had been
going well. Several Christians had been torn
to bleeding shreds and Cecil was happy. Sudden-
ly, the story of the Christians had become less
even than before. Mr. De Mille had been
asked to scotch the story.

"And who," he dramatically demanded, "are
these people?"

As if he didn't already know.

"The press, Mr. De Mille," he was told.

"Oh," he exclaimed. "It's the historians!"

That was all that was needed. He had the
audience he loved. For two hours not one
scene was shot. He screamed at Freddy March.

"What the hell is the matter with you?"

He screamed at Jobyna Ralston. "What the
hell is the matter with you?"

"Get these people out of here," he said.

"Two contests of rage they left the place and had to be
coaxed back. He stormed. He raged. He did every-
thing but act on the trap and ride a horse
back in pink tights.

The other companies and directors got wind
of it and called off production to witness the
performance. For miles around people heard
of it and came running. He was marvelous,
was Cecil. Even Mansfield himself would have
envied him that performance.

And then the climax was reached.

Far on the last tier of the arena, he spied,
with the wailing of sirens in his ear, his little
girl whispering to another while he was giving
instructions. Ah, hah! Here was his meat.

"So," he screamed in his nasal, high-pitched
voice, "De Mille's phonograph case is in his
pocket. Well, we'll just discontinue our little
movie while you two girls finish your talk. Or
no better yet, we'd all like to hear what you have
just said."

H IS words fairly dripped with sarcasm.

"Come here, to the center of the arena," he
urged and tell us all the very interesting
thing you were saying."

The extra quivered and turned white.

"Either come forward," Cecil demanded, "or
get off this lot. And stay off it."

In fear and trembling, the poor wretched
girl crept forward.

"All right now, here's the microphone. Tell
us all that you were saying. We're all inter-
ested, I'm sure."

"It's too embarrassing." The girl hung her
head in shame.

"Speak the truth or leave," De Mille tor-
tured his victim.

Slowly the girl lifted her lips to the loud
speaker. "I just said I believed.

When that bald-headed— was going to let us go
to finish our little scene."

For a moment there was a deadly silence.

Suddenly De Mille threw back his head.

And answered. He loved it."

In fear and trembling, the poor wretched
girl crept forward.

It was a moment's thing about this tyrant
De Mille is his ability to take it as well as dish
it out. He loves all sorts of criticism. And
cherishes every bit of fun that is poked at
him. He repeats it to all his friends. He'll
cut every line and every drawing that de-
picts the ridiculous in this old master of
the movies.

O N E night the company all sat in the pro-
jection room viewing the day's rushes.

"Who shot that scene?" Cecil screamed,
leaping to his feet.

"I did, sir," a cameraman said.

"Leave this room," he stormed. "Never
let me see your face again. You've shot
that whole scene from the wrong angle. You're
fired. Get out."

The cameraman rose and departed. Into
the land of Canna, no doubt.

"Too bad about the cameraman being fired
that way," someone said on the set the
next day.

"Oh, he wasn't really fired," an assistant
director said. "There's he is over there at work.

Why, De Mille's been firing that guy every
night for ten years, but he's never lost a day's
work yet."

And there's his habit of changing people's
names. At the drop of the hat, he'll change
him from the leading lady down to the merest
extra.

"Say," someone said jestingly one day, "let's
get J. Pierpoint Morgan to play the big 'busi-
ness man' in De Mille's picture.

"Naw," was the reply, "De Mille would
only want to change his name." And De
Mille went about telling the story on himself
for all his tantrums and didos his co-workers
chugging to him. Giving them undying loyal-
ity. No matter how heavily they nag grumble
over his tremendous ego.

They are always willing and even anxious
to go back to him.

Yes, through the years from yesterday, he
has come. And survived. From an age when
directors were gods on their Olympus, hurling
defiance at producers and mortals. He still
stands on his peak, commanding his slaves
below. The only real survival from the days.
of the glamorous old Hollywood. The last of the Great Showmen. Still directing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with Fau going to heaven with the Christians and the bloodhounds skipping over the Red Sea.

Perhaps the best story ever told on De Mille is a true one. Cecil and his prop men and assistants had gone to look over a location. He stood on the shore and looked at the sea. Dramatically he surveyed it while two bums lay on the beach and watched him with interest.

Turning his back to the sea he surveyed the barren stretch of land. "Here," he said, with a sweeping gesture, "I want a city. Behind it I want towering mountains."

"Let's get out of here," one bum said to the other, with eyes wide.

"No, wait," said the other. "I want to see him walk on the water."

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**He Started Life On a Door-Step**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

a man. From early in the morning until late at night, his labor was unceasing.

He built the fire before dawn, did the chores, and at seven he was at labor in the field. And all this at an age when other children were crying for their parents. He was eleven years old.

His newly adopted mother weighed three hundred pounds, and suffered from dropsy. The disease irritated her, and as a consequence she followed the ancient instinct — in doubt, whip a homeless child.

When the heavy lady became angry, which was often, the future Wallace Ford was forced to go to the arms of nature and cut his own switch.

Once, in the middle of a very successful thrashing, the switch broke.

Oliver Twist, asking for more porridge, caused no more consternation.

The dropical lady's massive dignity crumbled. The broken whip fell from her trembling hand. She wept.

That night, when her son came home, the weeping mother told him what had happened.

To save the family honor, the son was forced to cut a much larger and stronger switch with which to whip the boy.

His body turned black and blue, and became so tender that wearing his few clothes caused him pain.

Tom, the son, and the whipper, was almost as large as his mother.

The orphan boy's suffering under the whip touched him so, that he, Tom, and not the boy, went to a revival meeting and got religion.

The boy often thought that Tom was insane. But that was of no importance in a sparsely settled country, except to the boy.

The superintendent in charge of the Home, traveled yearly over Canada to see how "his boys" were getting along.

He asked Sammy Jones if he was happy, and Sammy, properly coached by his adopted relatives, and in fear of a whipping, told the superintendent that he was very, very happy, and that he went to school every day, instead of working like a slave.

"I just love Mrs. Newton and Tom," he added.

Thus, again, the angels in heaven smiled in pride at the lives of an orphan boy.

These people, I blush to say it, were Irish. They taught Sammy Jones to hate the King of England, and to pray for Ireland.

As it made no difference to either the King, Ireland or Sammy, the boy, feeling that to avoid a whipping was much the better part of valor, did as he was told.

---

**What color nails at the Casino? ALL SHADES!**

At the Central Park Casino in New York: MISS KATHARINE MOSS, in white crinkled cape with smart accents of brown mink and Coral nails, MISS FLORENCE ROOME, in black crépe satin and deep Ruby nails — very elegant. MRS. MARSHALL MacLEOD — exquisite in candy pink satin, soft blue fox and delicate Rose nails.

In the smarter midnight-to-dawn clubs, just try to find a really smart evening frock without its accent of tinted finger nails.

No modern girl needs to be told twice that Variety in Finger Nails simply multiplies allure. What you can do with it is wicked — delightfully wicked — that's what it is!

Take Cardinal nails with a black-as-midnight gown, and any minute you may find all the attractive young men getting positively serious. And just try to get off the dance floor, in case you have one of those new green frocks made extra-appealing with Coral nails.

In fact, there's an utterly devastating shade of nail polish for any color or shade of gown you're wearing, day or night. But be sure you get Cutex.

Cutex owes its 7 grand shades to the World's Authority on the Manicure. And it goes on smoothly, never cracks or peels. Now, don't get caught out at a house party or anywhere this fall — without the complete range of Cutex colors. At all stores.

**For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hard Cream.**

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Relief from pain is yours in one minute with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and the corn or callous quickly removed! The cause is also ended preventing corns, sore toes, blisters or other discomforts from new or tight shoes. These thin, cushioning, protective pads soothe and heal like magic. You get double value now in every box at no extra cost. Ask for this safe, sure relief at your drug, department or shoe store today!

Quickly removes Corns

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Inexpensive certainly . . . not cheap

Ace Combs with their smooth, rounded, even teeth are best for those who know the importance of being well groomed.

Ace Combs

American Hard Rubber Company, New York

Brushes Away Gray Hair

Keeps Permanent Wave

Now you can really look your younger. With an ordinary small brush you can fluff these streaks or patches of gray back to your natural shade—whether blonde, brown or black. It is an easy to-do-at-home with Homeamone, then grow your own!” harmless. After coloring, the gray again is purely natural. Does not ruin the natural pigmentation of the hair. Defies detection. No bilateral flax “dyed” look. Cannot affect waving of hair. No need to rinse. Cut a lock of hair from your head and apply this famous ton. If Homeamone does not give you an increase, straighten, curl or tint hair in natural shade, youth and luster, your money back. Only 6c. All drugstores.

Photoplay Magazine for October, 1933

In two years came the boy's first challenge to life. He was thirteen years old. The old lady became more ill than usual. Her son went many miles for a doctor in the middle of a raging blizzard. It lasted two days.

The monotony of the howling wind drove the woman frantic. To pass the time, she ordered Sammy to go hunting. It was in no mood for such trilies. He refused.

"When my son comes home you'll get it," the woman screamed.

Sammy still remembered the last whipping. He ran away. As he reached the railroad station he saw, through the whirling blizzard, Tom and the doctor driving toward the home of Mrs. Newton.

He trudged on to the railroad station in silence.

It was locked until a few minutes before the train arrived. With half frozen feet and numb body, the boy waited outside.

When the train reached its destination, he told the conductor of his plight. He wanted to go to Winnipeg.

The conductor, and may the Eternal Bookkeeper with his pennant of the Golden Pins put him on the engine. He pushed coal down the tender for the fireman.

Engineer and fireman shared their lunch with the running engine. That night, in a in a night, supreme kindness was shown to the lad who had been abandoned on the door-step, of all places—a Home for Girls.

When the train reached its destination, the engine took the orphan boy to his home. The next day another phase of life opened for him.

There was a strike nearby. The strike-breakers needed some one to run errands for them, so they engaged the innocent Sammy Jones.

He worked for a few weeks, when the conductor, who had not forgotten him, secured for him a job as callboy. His duties were to go to the homes of different trainmen and tell them when they were to report for duty.

After six months of this work he was eligible for a pass to Winnipeg.

His money soon gave out in Winnipeg. He worked at odd jobs; a soda fountain clerk, a pane boy in a hotel. He was too small to be a bell boy.

Later, he met the night watchman of a theater. The boy asked the work. It was the night watchman's job to pick up the discarded programs. Soon the boy did that, and other work for him.

Relieved of different duties, the watchman managed to punch the clock each night, between drinks in the green-room with old cronies. The boy was allowed to sleep in a dressing room.

A stock company played at the theater. Its director was later to become famous in the films as Theodore Roberts. If this were so, the president, I might write that Roberts took an interest in the boy. Alas, I cannot.

Sammy Jones believed another boy as usher two nights a week. He thus earned fifty cents.

Roberts moved on to fame and glory in Hollywood, and was succeeded by Wilson Hummel. In the meantime, Sammy Jones became a regular usher.

The curse of a tardy ambition seized him. He dreamed of becoming an actor.

After much pleading, when "Under Two Flags" was put on, the director allowed the boy to walk to the stage in the part of a soldier—as atmosphere.

As a soldier, he was supposed to look perspired and dirty. Instead, he came on the stage, clean as George Arliss in the part of an ancient noble.

The boy’s cleanliness so impressed the director that he was given a permanent place in the theater—as usher.

Relucted to mutiny when he so much wanted to be ham—he was broken.

When he was fourteen, he placed a Bishop in the local critic’s seat, and lost his job as usher.

He is next heard of as sleeping on a pool table at night, and learning to be a barber in Molter's Barber College by day. He quit the college before graduating. Wisely deciding that life was more varied as hobo than barber, he wandered the country.

At a water tank eighty miles from Winnipeg, he met a vagabond who had two ambitions—to avoid work, and return to America to see his mother. She lived in an Iowa town.

He joined forces with the vagabond and changed the course of his life.

Many hoboing experiences followed. The man was killed before half the journey was over.

Sammy Jones took a last look at his dead comrade, and went on to tell the mother of the orphan who had helped him when he was twelve.

The dead vagabond’s name had been Wallace Ford. It was all he had left in the world. Sammy Jones took it.

War had reached the town he found that the mother had died at approximately the same time as her son.

He remained, living as best he could, a hobo, in a restaurant, a banger-on at the local theater.

When times became too hard, he joined the navy, for the duration of the World War. Looking about him after his enlistment, he naively asked where his ship was. Upon learning that it was still far out at sea, that he had lost over a hundred officers and men in the ocean, and that he might not be called before the war ended, he took a job as short order cook in a restaurant. He immediately cooked a meal for the town. Being promptly fired, he again hung about the theater.

Back and forth between jobs as dishwasher, bus-boy and other menial work, he shifted, while all the time he was absorbing the technique of acting.

Tiring of restaurant work, he secured an old guitar and played and sang for all who would listen.

At last, he gave up all desire for fortune which did not pertain to acting.

He bought a batea, and in many stock companies over the land, he learned more of his chosen work. This company would fail, that company would replace it, and still another would be founded. A leading man became temperamental. Ford took the role, made good, and quietly deman-ded a contract which called for the same salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a week, which the temperamental leading man had received.

The curtain was about to go up. The contract was refused. Ford played the first act. Still the contract was refused. He played the second act, and then emphatically refused to finish the third act without the contract.

It was given.

Now over the hurdle, years of success followed. His salary went to four hundred dollars a week.

When he first came to play a leading part in "Bad Girl," in Los Angeles, if he would cut his salary in half.

Feeling that there might be an opening in film if he made good, he took the chance.

There was.

Clarence Brown, the director, saw him in the role. He was given a part in films. He made good at once.

He has since appeared in more than twenty-five feature pictures.

His salary is now two thousand dollars a week.

Even in a tale of fiction, it would be a far journey from a cashtaw baby on a door-step to a manson in Beverly Hills.

But all this happened—and strangely enough, the lad who made the journey is still unchanged.

That, in Hollywood, is the great miracle.
"If I Could Start Over Again"

[continued from page 71]

you can work up to something better. I also learned that the more bitter the pill you have to swallow, the stronger your throat is after you've swallowed it.

"Then the next pill won't be quite so hard to get down.

"That same lesson I'd hope to learn all over again, if I were seventeen.

"I had to learn to take what Fate passed out—and I was fortunate to learn the lesson early in life.

"If I had a daughter or a young friend, I'd tell her to do what came her way to do, the best she could, and get the benefit of having gone through the ordeal."

IRENE DUNNE leaned forward in her chair, and spoke slowly, searching words to express this double-jointed thought of hers; "I would do two things, prepare for the future and against the future.

"I'd prepare for the future by equipping myself for the endurance test this profession invariably develops into, and against the future by turning to a profession that assures a reward that can never be taken from its followers.

"Only," and she smiled, "I'd make my decision long before I was seventeen. Then I'd stick to it.

"In preparing for the future I would go in for swimming—all kinds of swimming. I'd love to be a marvelous swimmer, and then I would have the physical stamina needed for this endurance test we call life—and for the strenuous grind of my profession.

"It doesn't take one long to learn that Hollywood's craze for athletics is really a matter of keeping fit and of offsetting the wear and tear of hard weeks at the studios. So I would do a great deal of swimming.

"Then I would adopt an intensive program of study—to prepare mentally for the future. I would establish firmly in my mind the conviction that a little intelligent thought and study in my teens would save me a lot of hard work and disappointment later.

"The time to guarantee your future success is between the ages of fourteen and twenty, I firmly believe.

"Certainly it is if you are coming into our profession.

"And now, about preparing against the future.

"Surely the last three years have proved to all of us that we can lose anything material that we accumulate—no matter what our worldly goods may be.

"Not only in this profession, but in every other profession, trade and business, people have lost their positions, their savings and even their personal belongings. I wouldn't dare say how many of my friends have been robbed of fame, position and wealth in the last few years.

"I WOULD prepare against the future by turning to something that would pay me in satisfaction and pleasure, as well as in money. I would stick to my music and work to be a great pianist.

"Then, as an artist, most of my reward would be in accomplishment—in things that could never be taken from me.

"I know musicians who so love their profession that their worldly possessions mean little to them.

"Although the world paid them well for their art, they put little stock in their income or their accumulation of worldly goods.

"They worked for the love of their work, not for the financial returns it would bring. Naturally, they were glad to have the money.

Countless people are now cleaning their teeth in a new way. And modern dentists all over America are urging other people to join them.

The old ways proved inefficient. As millions know, they failed to prevent tooth troubles. Despite the tooth brush, tartar, decay, and pyorrhea constantly became more common.

Some years ago the reason was discovered. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which constantly forms on teeth.

That film gets into crevices, hardens, and stays. It resists the tooth brush, and most tooth troubles are now known to be due to it.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. It combines with other substances to harden into tartar. It holds food particles which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are among the chief causes of pyorrhea.

After years of research, a way has been found to combat it. Able authorities have proved this fact by adequate clinical tests.

For general use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we supply a special tube to all who ask, so the millions may quickly know it.

Let It Convince You

The Pepsodent results are quickly apparent. After a few days' use you will never forget them.

The basis is a special cleansing and polishing material. Its object is to remove film, then to retard its accumulation.

Some cleansing materials remove film but scratch enamel. Others are safe but too soft to be effective. That is what made the development of the ideal material seem impossible.

But, after 13 years, the ideal material was developed. It is accepted as one of the truly great discoveries of the day. This new material is unique in film-removing power. But it is twice as soft as those commonly used in tooth pastes. Thus it is ABSOLUTELY safe.

Safe for both children and adults. It is this discovery that makes Pepsodent entirely different in both formula and result.

Years have been spent by dentists in proving the value of this product. Now we urge all people to prove it by a home test.

Please send the coupon below for a special tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. Act now.

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THE EPSODENT CO.
Dept. 1110, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to
Name
Address
City
When in Los Angeles
Dance
With the stars at the
World Famous "Cocoanut Grove"
of
The Ambassador Hotel
"Where the world meets Hollywood and Hollywood meets the world . . ."
The center of smart movie and social life of Southern California.
Every outdoor sport available at this great hotel. Rates lowest in years.
B. L. Frank
Manager

Miss Blonde . . . Want to be Mrs.?
Of course you do! Then don't let dull, faded blonde hair spoil your chances. Use Blondex, the
special blonde hair shampoo, that safely brings back all natural gleaming
beauty. Prevents darkening, too. Contains no dyes — no injurious chemicals.
Gives new life to scalp. A million delighted users. Now Blondex comes in the
new, inexpensive 25¢ size. At all drug and department stores.

Fifth Avenue's
Newest Sensation
Changette

It's New and Different! Your hair so beautifully tinted with the same
sensational brassy gold that is lighting up the nation's hairdressing! 

MTNL RAIN CIETY

Mental Happiness
Do You Seek It?
Have happiness in your home, make new
friends — change the aspects of your life. Use
the unknown creative powers of your mind.
Let the Resurrection send you a FREE COPY
of "The Wisdom of the Sages." It tells how
you may learn to MENTALLY DOMINATE your
conditions. Address Friar K. W. W.,
Rosicrucian Brotherhood,
San Jose, Cal.

Lots of excitement at the Chicago World's Fair. That famous stutterer, 
Roscoe Ates, and his charming daughter Dorothy, created a great stir by
autographing thousands of copies of Photoplay Magazine. Roscoe's
inimitable vocal hesitation was broadcast through amplifiers over the Fair
grounds. If you were at A Century of Progress and you did not get your
copy of Photoplay autographed by Roscoe, as did Director Jack Sulli-
avan, extreme left, and Director George Jeske, just back of Dorothy,
or see these four busy making a motion picture, then you were gyped
AND now comes that portion of the queen’s life, which Garbo will delight to play. After the abdication, Christina left her palace on horseback, disguised as a man. She rode for Denmark, her gun slung over her shoulder, a red scarf worn in the Spanish manner, and her pistols at her side.

The Queen of Denmark, curious to meet Christina (who did not like her and who had refused to see her) disguised herself also, but as a servant, and waited on her at a country inn. All through the meal, Christina talked of nothing but the stupidity and wickedness of the Danish queen.

“It serves her right,” was her only remark when told of the identity of the “waitress,” but there are strong suspicions that she knew it all the time.

Another prank Christina played would have had serious results had it been discovered. Disguised as a young cavalier, with a black wig, big hat and high boots, she visited a Jesuit monastery, a place no woman had ever set foot in, chatted all afternoon with the monks, and departed greatly pleased with herself.

She was Christina—unique and unassailable. And Garbo, unique and unassailable, will play her. Can you imagine anyone else in the role?

“She had a magnetic charm,” writes Mackenzie about Christina, “which she could exert to the destruction of all criticism, and her sense of the stage never failed her. Sometimes she could not resist making grimaces at the crowd, and a favorite trick was to make a lightning change of clothes in her coach, queen to cavalier and vice versa.”

She amused herself every day at a certain hour by gathering her entourage about her and listening eagerly to the latest bits of gossip about herself; the more exaggerated they were, the more she enjoyed them. Garbo reads avidly everything that is written about her.

THERE are, however, two great differences between Garbo and Christina. Christina was short, a trifle dumpy, and quite dowdy. Her skirts never quite met her skirts, and her wigs were always awry. And she loved people around her, the more the better.

Garbo is tall, slim, and always well dressed. And her dislike of people about her amounts almost to a phobia.

There was a tremendous uproar at Christina’s abdication. A great surge of sorrow caught the country. “Keep your crown on your head!” the people of Sweden implored.

And now that rumor has it that “Queen Christina” will be Garbo’s last gesture as Queen of the Screen, so do we cry, “Keep your crown on your head, Garbo.”

The Queen is dead! Long live the Queen!
Six Beautiful Color Portraits of Popular Film Stars

Six—for only 15 cents

Not ordinary pictures, but attractive reproductions made from the original color pastels by Earl Christy.

We have selected the six poses illustrated above and have reproduced them in color on good quality stock. Sheet size of each picture 5 7/8" x 3 7/8". They will be supplied unmounted suitable for framing or mounting in your collection book.

This choice selection includes the following stars

GRETA GARBO
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NORMA SHEARER
JANET GAYNOR
JOAN BENNETT

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WALT PRODUCTS,
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Gentlemen:
Enclosed please find 15 cents for which send me the six portraits of movie stars printed in color, as per your advertisement.

Name

Address

City State

PH-10-33

How Many Lives Has Del Rio?

[Continued from Page 60]

their crafts, who does not even claim to be a judge of well-written scripts—took the offer. And is sure she will make good. For a simple reason that can be written in one word.

Clothes.

Yes, sir, that's it—clothes, the one thing she claims to know right down to the ground, or the skin, or wherever it is that clothes have their foundation. Also the one thing she never has been allowed to exploit on the screen.

In private life, she has been at various times the best-dressed woman of Mexico City, the court of Spain, the cities of Paris and Hollywood.

When she was sixteen, Patou designed a creation of emerald velvet and named it the "Dolores." That was in Paris.

"And on the screen, I have worn nothing that cost over thirty-five cents a yard and never much more than a yard at that. In 'Bird of Paradise' it was half a yard. How can woman look beautiful for thirty-five cents?" she demanded.

One of those strange anomalies of pictures. By far the majority of our feminine headliners came from homes and were reared upon experiences where thirty-five cents was a high price for dress materials. Few of our so-called best-dressed women knew anything about clothes until studio designers trained them. But Dolores, the one who has known from childhood, has been covered with rags and ballyhooed as one who could best wear thirty-five-cent cotton.

When Edwin Carewe first brought her to Hollywood, she pleaded with him, in her few imperfect words of our language, to be allowed to take publicity pictures in her own imported wardrobe. Her press-agent, Harry Wilson, added his plea. But Director Carewe shook his head. To show her as she was might spoil the illusion of the naguafin child he intended to make her.

Since "Ramona" netted four million profit and "Resurrection" almost as much, Eddie Carewe may have been wise. He was protecting, perhaps, his half of those profits—as well as United Artists'.

When she went with Joseph Schenck, she pleaded to do "Masa Hari" or some other sophisticated production in which she could show the world herself as she is—a woman of beauty, figure and the ability to enhance both by proper grooming.

"But that is not your type!" Mr. Schenck exclaimed. "You must be poor; wear cotton..." That terrible picture, "The Bad One," resulted.

She pleaded with David Selznick at RKO-Radio. His words paralleled Mr. Schenck's in meaning. "Bird of Paradise" resulted.

Fortunately, "Bird of Paradise" was successful at the box-office at a time when box-office successes were a rarity.

Dolores' popularity in Spanish speaking countries is stupendous, and "Paradise" told a story through pictures. Natives did not need to understand the dialogue to understand the pictures.

Her success in that production brought more than a hundred offers. In each one she would have been a native girl in cotton! But for once, Dolores stood firm. "No picture in which I cannot choose my own story!"

After eight months, Merian Cooper asked her why. He undoubtedly reminded her of what had happened to other women who had been likewise insistent. Then she told him her story.

"For seven years I haven't been able to con-
Can Hair Loveliness be This Simple?

**At Home...** instead of the wet messiness of ordinary shampoos, try the ease and simplicity of Eden's Wave, the glorious liquid dry shampoo that dries cleans your hair and scalp. With Eden's Wave you don't wash away your permanent... you preserve and deepen it.

**At the Office...** where neatness and dispatch are indispensable. With Eden's Wave handy, the "neatness" is assured... because it is a perfect hair groom. For "dispatch" Eden's Wave is just the thing... it's as easy to use as powdering your nose, and darn near as quick.

**For that Exciting Date...** when you need that "right from the hairdresser" look to make a big impression, use Eden's Wave. It enhances the loveliness of your hair and gives you a perfectly groomed appearance. It makes last month's permanent look like yesterday's. And there's no wet messiness, no colds for fall and winter.

**For the Autumn Week-End...** when golf and tennis and riding whip your looks into a good imitation of Medusa, use Eden's Wave as a hair groom. Pat it on sparingly and run a comb through your hair. Eden's Wave will keep your wave in place so well that even your horse might say: how can she be so boisterous and yet so neat?

Eden's Wave is unique. It is the only "four-way" hair preparation for sale in the smart shops. Primarily, Eden's Wave is a liquid dry shampoo. It cleans the hair and scalp thoroughly... yet simply and quickly. It is a tonic... it conditions the hair and scalp, makes and keeps it healthy. It actually deepens and preserves a natural or permanent wave. As a hair groom made especially for women of discrimination, it uncovers and emphasizes the hair's natural beauty. But above all, Eden's Wave has one priceless virtue... when you use it, you know your hair is and looks its loveliest.

---

What's new in Hollywood Styles? Seymour tells you on pages 61-66

HOUSE OF EDEN, Inc.,
551 Fifth Ave., New York
Kindly send me your booklet on Eden's Wave, the glorious dry shampoo.

Name ____________________________________________
Address __________________________________________

EDEN'S WAVE
AT YOUR FAVORITE DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE
THE war was at its climax when our issue of October, 1918, went to press, and how it stalked through our pages! Anita Stewart doing war gardening on her estate—several pages of pictures showing screen personalities in the service—Dorothy Dalton and others "adopting" companies and regiments! And we told that war-time coal shortage had forced producers to complete the transfer of all filmmaking from New Jersey to Hollywood.

In our wanderings over what films would be like after the war, we worried particularly about comedy. We thought the possibilities in slapstick and custard pies exhausted, and said the comedy of the future would use possible though funny situations of real life. Within the month, Charlie Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms" was to enlarge our notions of comedy; but now we said the best future comedians would be like Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

The outstanding marriage we chronicled was that of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne. While there was no selection of "best" films in those days, we waxed enthusiastic over Harry Morey and Betty Blythe in "All Man," Mildred Harris and Lew Cody in "For Husband Only," Kathlyn Williams in "We Can't Have Everything," Olive Thomas in "Toton," and Elks Ferguson in "The Danger Mark." On the cover, Marguerite Clayton.

Our current history of the movies told how an exceptionally cloudy winter, back in 1909-10, had forced producers to California.


Six months before, unthought-of—now "sound pictures" and their results were all over our issue of October, 1928!

Among those whose "next" were to be "talkie" were John Barrymore, Harold Lloyd, Pauline Frederick. Lupe Velez was to get a real start in Griffith's directed "The Love Song," with an Irving Berlin ditty written for her.

Casualties, too—stars being dimmed: Norma Talmadge. In triumph next was to be a "sound picture," but not a "talkie."—a distinction much heard then. What it meant was, an accompaniment of sound effects, but no speech. Emil could not learn English—no cre long we saw him no more.

Another casualty with a different end to the story. Nils Asther, we reported, was "tired of mass production methods."—longed for the intimacy of Swedish production. We know better now since Nils, master of English, made his great comeback not quite two years ago. An interesting footnote to it all—we told that the chance to sing had swung the decision with Ramon Novarro. He would not forsake movies for the priesthood.

Judge Ben Lindsay explained Hollywood divorces as a case of being too highly emotional folks. Gloria Swanson, for instance, in "Bluebird's Eighth Wife"; Francis McDonald and Andree Lafayette in "Trilogy." Alla Nazimova on the cover.

This was the season when Janet Gaynor's "Seventh Heaven" and "Street Angel" were sweeping the country. Best (silent) films: Marion Davies, "The Cardboard Lover"; Dolores Costello, George O'Brien, "Noah's Ark"; Dolores Del Rio, "Revenge"; Thomas Meighan, "The Katrina Call"; Billie Dove, Paul Lukas, "The Night Watch"; Fred Thomson, "Kit Carson." In sound, Al Jolson, "The Singing Fool." Cover: Evelyn Brent.
 Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Walter Abel
Nina Allen
Lena Archer
Robert Aldrich
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Marlene Dietrich
Patricia Dane
W. C. Fields
Frances Foster
Gary Grant
Shirley Grey
William Harrigan
Verna Hillie
Mitzi Hopkins

Roscoe Karns
Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Barton MacLane
Freddie March
Herbert Marshall
Four Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Sailor Patrol
George Raft
Leila Roberti
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Selma Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Kent Taylor
Helen Twelvetrees
Evelyn Venable
Maxwell
Dorothy Wick
Toby Wing
Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Vera Allen
Heather Angel
Lew Ayres
Warren Baxter
Irene Benedict
John Boles
Blanche Boyd
Bob Broderick
Hedwige Croman
Florence Desmond
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Esther Foster
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Lillian Harvey

Roger Imhoff
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Herbert Lyle
William Lawrence
Philip Merivale
Jose Molina
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Bill Rogers
Rudolph Valentino
Sid Silvertooth
Harry Stephenson
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
June Vlasek

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Robert Benchley
Glenda Belloni
Bill Boyd
June Byrnew
Bruce Cabot
William Cagney
Chic Campbell
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Betty Furness
William Garson
Wyne Gibson
Eve Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katina Hrabara

Bea Hume
Dorothy Jordan
Artie Judge
Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Helen Mack
Joel McCrea
Gregory Ratoff
Ginger Rogers
Betty Whiteley
Howard Wilson
Robert Woolsey

Universal Studios

William Banks
Vince Barnett
Tom Brown
Andy Devine
Hugh Endicott
Sterling Holloway
Leila Hyams
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
June Knight
Paul Lukas
Mabel McVay

Universal Studios

Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Charlie Murray
Zasu Pitts
Claude Rains
George Sidney
Oxide Nelson
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Slim Summerville
Luis Trenker

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews
Robert Barrat
Richard Barthelmess
George Blackwood
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Brougham
James Cagney
Maxine Cavanagh
Ruth Chatterton
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Glennda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Kay Francis
Greta Garbo
Hugh Herbert
Arthur Hohl
Annette Hoven
Leila Howard
Alice Joyce
Allen Jenkins
Mabel John
Ruby Keeler

Guy Kibbee
Lorena Loyola
Margaret Lindsay
Margaret Lyell
Alene MacMann
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Adolphe Menjou
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Pat O'Brien
Edwyn Philips
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward C. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Jane Shadow
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
Juliette Warner
Gordon Westcott
Renée Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing

Mrs. Jim: "Oh, Mabel, that's the song Jim sang to me so many after we were married. He was so proud of my hands! But he doesn't sing it now—I don't blame him. Dishwashing has certainly ruined my hands—rough, red old things!"

Mabel: "Why, you poor lamb! Don't you know Lux in the dishpan will keep them soft and white? Ordinary soaps too often irritate your skin, hands get red and rough. Gentle Lux will give your hands a beauty bath three times a day!"

Mrs. Jim: "Look at those beautiful hands! What have you been doing to them?"

Mrs. Jim: "A kitchen beauty treatment, Jimmie! I'm using Lux for dishes now and it keeps my hands white and soft!"

For Dishes costs less than Eady!"
MOVIE SWEETHEART
BRACELETS
THE VERY LATEST
FILM FAN AD

SOLID BRONZE ETCHED IN
TWO-TONED GOLD EFFECT

WITH PORTRAITS OF SIX
PROMINENT HOLLYWOOD STARS

Every movie fan will want one of these only 35 cents each attractive bracelets.
They are the wide band type with photographs of prominent Hollywood Stars etched right into the metal. Start the fad in your town or locality by being the first one to possess one of these beautiful bracelets.

Don't judge them by the low price we are asking for them—they are really very attractive as well as serviceable bracelets, and they are lacquered to maintain that beautiful gold-like finish.

Just fill out the coupon with your name and address, and enclose 35c in coin, stamps or money order. Your bracelet will be sent you by return mail.

PIX PRODUCTS
155 E. Walton Place
CHICAGO, ILL.

Pix Products,
155 E. Walton Place,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:
Enclosed please find 35c in ___________, for one of your solid bronze movie star bracelets etched in two-toned gold effect with portraits of six movie stars. Send to:

Name __________________________________________
Address _________________________________________
City __________________________ State ____________

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaya. (Apr)

WHAT IS NO BEER?—M-G-M—And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (Apr)

WHAT PRICE DEFICENCY?—Equitable—Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (May)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?—Columbia—Parents Minna Gombell, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Jean Parker the truth about sex, as advised by doctor Willard Mack; tragedy follows. A powerful sermon. (Sept)


★ WHITE SISTER, THE—M-G-M—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (May)

★ WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount—Co-operative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Gary Grant. (Apr)


★ WORKING MAN, THE—Warners—George Arlis at his delightfully snappy best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (June)

★ WORLD GONE MAD, THE—Majestic Pictures—A scrum of thugs, about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't click. (July)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (June)

NAMES

Here is the complete list of thirty-four names that can be made from the letter chart appearing on page 106.

Brook Page
March Stone
Raft Chase
Baxter Hardy
Boles Brown
Nixon Fox
Tracy Mix
Dix Lukas
Oliver Pitts
Dove Dee
Chaplin Brent
Cantor Francis
Fairbanks Lyon
Daniels Marx
Garbo Wray
Huston Avres
Loy Woolsey
Hollywood Fashions
by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 61 to 66) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ARKANSAS—
Pollock's,
Fort Smith.

DELAWARE—
Arthur's Apparel Shop, Inc.,
Wilmington.

FLORIDA—
Rutland Bros.,
St. Petersburg.

ILLINOIS—
Marshall Field & Company,
Chicago.
Clarke & Company,
Pekin.
Owens, Incorporated,
Rockford.
S. A. Barker Company,
Springfield.

INDIANA—
Wolf & Dessauer,
Fort Wayne.
L. S. Ayres & Company, Inc.,
Indianapolis.
Robertson Bros. Dept. Store, Inc.,
South Bend.

IOWA—
M. L. Parker Company,
Davenport.
Younker Brothers, Inc.,
Des Moines.

MARYLAND—
Hochschild, Kohn & Company,
Baltimore.

MICHIGAN—
The J. L. Hudson Company,
Detroit.
Wurzburg's,
Grand Rapids.
The Style Shop,
Lansing.

MINNESOTA—
The Dayton Company,
Minneapolis.
The Fandel Company,
St. Cloud.

NEBRASKA—
Rudge & Guenzel Co.,
Lincoln.

NEW JERSEY—
Quackenbush Company,
Paterson.

NEW YORK—
The Morton Company,
Binghamton.
Abraham & Straus,
Brooklyn.
J. N. Adam & Company,
Buffalo.

The Gorton Company,
Elmira.

Bloomington's,
New York City.

NORTH CAROLINA—
J. R. Ivey & Company,
Charlotte.

OHIO—
The A. Polsky Company,
Akron.
The Stern & Mann Company,
Canton.
The John Shillito Company,
Cincinnati.
The Lindner Company,
Cleveland.
The Morehouse-Martens Co.,
Columbus.
The Rike-Kumler Company,
Dayton.
The Strauss-Hirschberg Co.,
Youngstown.

PENNSYLVANIA—
Bowman & Company,
Harrisburg.

Watt & Shand,
Lancaster.

Gimmel Brothers,
Philadelphia.

Joseph Horne Company,
Pittsburgh.

Penn Traffic Company,
Johnstown.

TEXAS—
Levy Bros. Dry Goods Co.,
Houston.
The Wolff & Marx Co.,
San Antonio.

WEST VIRGINIA—
Coyle & Richardson, Inc.,
Charleston.

DOMINION OF CANADA—
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd.,
Calgary.
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd.,
Edmonton.
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd.,
Halifax.
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd.,
Hamilton.
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd.,
Montreal.
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd.,
Saskatoon.
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd.,
Toronto.
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd.,
Winnipeg.

There's a Whispering Campaign about her

"WHO is she? Introduce me."

An eager greeting, one dance—and the brief thrill is over.

Too bad, that she cannot hear the whispered conversations that would tell her the reason for her failure to "click"—underarm perspiration odor.

How inexorable it is when it is so easy to keep the underarms free from all odor. With Mum! Half a minute is all you need to apply Mum. Use it any time, when dressing or afterwards.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to skin. You can even use it right after shaving the underarms. Remember, Mum simply prevents unpleasant odor—not perspiration itself.

Don't risk your popularity. Be safe with Mum! 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.
Famous Film Flops

of the players, technicians and producers of pictures feel sure that the public is going to like their creation.

In short, even when a film is obviously a dud, it is only rarely that anyone, in the course of its filming, has courage or authority enough to stop the slaughter and proclaim the whole enterprise just a basket of overripe tomatoes. In most cases, the movie producers do not know whether they have a success or failure until you—the public—tell them.

Sometimes two master minds get together and produce a failure. Mary Pickford and Ernst Lubitsch would like to forget "Rosita." After the success of "Passion," a foreign-made sensation starring Pola Negri, Mary decided that Lubitsch must be brought to this country to help Mary gain a little sophistication.

"Passion" was the first great German movie to come to these shores and, after its successful showing, sophistication was in high demand. Mary, who is a clever girl, had a little mental lapse when she figured that a director who could do right by the smoldering Pola was just the person to bring out the hidden allure in America's Sweetheart. Lubitsch, too, had similar illusions, and "Rosita" was made with all the best intentions in the world. Heralded as a new era in Mary Pickfordism, it soon flickered into oblivion.

But Mary and Ernst, being stout-hearted trouper, went marching on.

Nearly every director or star, no matter how successful, has some picture that started out with the hopes of winning Photoplay's Gold Medal and ended up in the red, with dirty looks from the company's auditors. Even that miracle man, Mr. Charlie Chaplin, once made a picture that never earned its celluloid.

And yet that picture, "A Woman of Paris," is numbered among the great of the screen. Charlie, you may remember, wanted to be a director, and so he concocted a Parisian romance about the figures of Edna Purviance and the then unknown Adolphe Menjou. The film was born too soon; the public wouldn't face the fact that illegal love has its lighter moments.

So Mr. Chaplin lost money; but the obscure but charming Mr. Menjou was skyrocketed to fame and gold. The public, while condemning the morals of the episode, just adored the nonchalant way in which Mr. Menjou went to Edna Purviance's bureau and, with the familiarity of custom, extracted a handkerchief.

A DIRECTOR like Cecil B. De Mille has to go out of his way to produce a failure, but his prestige as a box-office expert received a setback when "The Godless Girl" went down for a loss. The film, purporting to show the abuses of reformatories, was too brutal, too harsh for public taste; especially for a public expecting only perfumed messages from Mr. De Mille. If the picture injured De Mille, it was still more harmful to Lina Basquette, since her hopes for stardom depended on her work in the title role.

De Mille, by the way, was started along the path of perfumed messages by the biggest flop of his career, "Joan the Woman!" This filming of the life and death of Joan of Arc failed completely—but it sent its star, Geraldine Farrar, on to bigger film popularity, launched...
Wally Reid as a box-office idol and vastly aided the De Mille career. Failures are as eccentric as lightning in their tricks.

In the case of Eric Von Stroheim, you get another side of the story. Mr. Von Stroheim produces either great, flaming money-makers like "The Merry Widow," or enormous, stupendous, hideous flops like "Greed" and "The Wedding March."

It is all a matter of indifference to Mr. Von Stroheim, and he captains a sinking ship with the same bravery that he guides a record breaker.

"Great," for instance, with its powerful, repellant story, represented just about everything that the public did not want to see at the moment. It was the sort of film that only a Von Stroheim—and a Viennese Von Stroheim—could love. Yet a benign Providence and a still more merciful studio allowed Eric to complete every one of its sixty-seven reels, in the vain hope that the public might give it a break.

First National's "Kismet" came near being one of those three-quarter of a million failures. If there is one thing to which the American public seems splendidly indifferent it is Oriental splendor. Indeed, the astute Doug Fairbanks skated along the edge of a colossal flop with his ornate spectacle of the East, "The Thief of Bagdad." Years later, radio and Walter Winchell were able to do more for the magic carpet than the redoubtable Doug with all his expenditures and camera tricks! Having turned out one of the great films of all time, "The Covered Wagon," James Cruze, the director, tripped with a crash when he tried his hand at whimsy in making "Beggar on Horseback" in 1925.

In fact, "Beggar on Horseback" brought a glittering directorial career to a momentary halt.

Emmett Flynn was riding the directorial skies when he tackled the romantic film, "In the Palace of the King." When he quit, over half a million had been spent, the screen had another super-dop, and Flynn's career was wrecked for the time being.

Paramount ran into one of those large expansive failures when it pictured the biblical career of the Prodigal Son in "The Wanderer." It cost a lot of money and did no one any good, least of all its principals, Greta Nissen and Rex Ingram, Jr.

Rex Ingram washed himself up as a director of importance in 1926 when he filmed Ibanez's "Maire Nostrum," at his French studios. It was too decadent for popular consumption.

In 1927, the statuesque Maria Corda was imported to play the lady whose face launched a thousand ships, Helen of Troy. Alexander Korda spent $600,000 on a picture spectacle around Helen, but the film was just another noteworthy failure. The producers ended up with a wooden horse and a bad taste—and later Miss Corda went home disappointed.

When a director such as King Vidor makes two "artistic failures," he has to possess a lot of come-back power to retain his place in pictures. "Haliljah!" still is looked upon by many as one of America's finest films. But America, unfortunately for Mr. Vidor, did not give a damn about his study of the every-day negro life in the South. "The Crowd" was a conscientious, calculated close-up of big city mediocrity. But it didn't got to first base as box-office entertainment. Vidor won praise with both of these films but he had to make a "Street Scene" to prove he still had the box-office punch.

"Wet Parade," bordered upon the edge of being a classic flop. It made the mistake of straddling the prohibition question at the very moment that America had made up her mind to be wet.

And, of all things, it had a prohibition agent as a hero. So you can see what a fine chance it had for success.

The Magic of Lovely Light Hair

There is something magical in lovely light hair. It fascinates men. Long ago the golden-haired beauty of the Lorelei enchanted the sailors of the Rhine. Today the blonde draws men to her side—with irresistible power it seems!

How magical—yet how real is the lure of light hair! Make it yours! Be one of the girls who enjoys good times, marries well and stays young looking. MARCHAND'S WILL HELP!

If your blonde hair has darkened, bring back youthful color. Marchand's makes the change skillfully and evenly—like nature at work again, giving back your birthright of light pretty hair.

If hair has always been dark and drab—let Marchand's modern magic beautify it. Marchand's will impart a shade you'll like, one just suited to your beauty. Many shades of blonde, chestnut or auburn are possible.

Some people may wonder at your new-found loveliness—but the secret will be yours! No need to go to hairdressers. Easy to do yourself. Complete directions on bottle for successful results.

Make Dark Hair on Arms and Legs Invisible—with Marchand's. The quick, inexpensive way to make limbs look attractive.

IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations. See that the label spells—

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

If your druggist can't supply you—get by mail

For a regular-sized bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City.
"It's A Grand Adventure," says Norma Shearer

[continued from page 70]

"You see," she said, after we'd chatted about the health baths at Bad Nauheim, and Scottish golf courses and Nazi doings in Germany, "I'm the sort of person who doesn't approve of separations. Oh, I know, it may sound Victorian and passé, but Irving and I believe in taking our vacations together, enjoying the same things, going the same places. You see, we have never been separated—with the exception of two business trips Irving had to take to New York when I was in the middle of a picture."

"My motto is, if we must separate, why not get together? I don't like to give him the chance to leave me all alone without me. On the other hand, he says he wouldn't trust me as far as you can throw a piano—which is rather flattering, don't you think?"

The subject of Hollywood divorces followed on this.

"There are so many glamorous personalities in Hollywood and they are all thrown into such sudden personal contact with each other in the course of picture making, that it is very easy sometimes in that highly charged atmosphere of sex, romance, sophistication and excitement, to fall in local tangents. In fact, you would not be quite human if you did not have to guard against it."

"But unless one is fancy-free, it is dangerous and stupid and can hurt so many other people. Those who don't guard against it, usually make a mess of their lives. I think this is one of the causes of divorce in Hollywood, but goodness knows it is the type of hectic, fascinating world of make believe."

"Personally, I feel if one has something precious in one's life, one should fight to guard it. I certainly don't want to do anything that will be deliberately that will destroy it or even take off a little of the bloom."

"Forgive me for getting on that soap-box—you see, I have my fingers crossed."

One couldn't quite reconcile this old-fashioned formula for marital happiness with one so attractively modern as Norma Shearer. She is the typical 1933 type—gracious, charming, knowing how to order her servants without being obvious, spending many hours of her personal and precious time in the nursery when her 19-months-old son, Jack, is at his command. And if she didn't find love, they say, 'Sorry, dear, let's not try to compromise. This is wrong—let's try again.' Consequently, the people who do stay married do so for no other reason than that they like each other better than anyone else in the world.

"Now, marriage is the beginning of a grand and glorious adventure. It's the beginning of romance instead of the end of it. Haven't you noticed how many recent pictures are built on this premise?"

"I love doing married stories on the screen. They have for the most part been successful. 'The Divorcée,' for all its sophistication and risqué flavor, was a beautiful love story of two married people first losing and then finding each other again. It touched so many people's lives, especially the losing part—so many people wanted to write me when that picture was playing: 'This is just the story of my life only without the happy ending.' Poor dear."

Norma Shearer has everything to make life smooth and comfortable for her. She could so easily fall into the routine of easy living, rising only when she was thoroughly rested, dining when she wished, going places and doing things on inspiration alone with never a thought to studio schedule. Yet she claims she is not the type for this. She has an abundance of vitality and she is so orderly you can almost visualize her as the super-efficient secretary if life had not been so kind to give her that first chance in pictures; the chance showing of her face and her figure on a short reel back in the silent days— the chance which brought her to the attention of the major studio officials who had faith in this quiet girl as a 'name.'

Everything that Norma Shearer does is done with quiet precision. When you ask her a question, she looks directly at you with her large lovely brown eyes, and then she espouses a feeling for a moment before replying. It is as if she wanted to be sure of her statements before recording them. Yet there is a genuineness about her which makes you believe every opinion she gives is as honest one; her personal beliefs, uncolored by the slightest ulterior motive."

As this is being written, her plans for the future are indefinite. Rumors of bigger and better things in store for her; rumors of a new contract for both Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg— these are all true. For Norma insists that Irving's interests shall be her interests and vice versa."

She wants to do, from now on, human interest dramas, with people, with situations to face and problems to solve. "They are the most interesting stories to work out on the screen," she says, "and I believe the sort of stories most people like to see."

Norma has returned from her restful, European vacation, a new girl; rejuvenated in body and mind and imagination. And Irving Thalberg has again accomplished what he went to do—regaining his health. There will be more stories like "The Divorcée," "Let Us Be Gay" and "Smile Through," for these hold the problems of average people. And Norma, despite the luxury which Fate has so abundantly poured into her lap, insists upon being—just herself."
My goodness! None other than cagewy Bill Cagney is rushing the lady we had thought right along was all dated up by Gary Cooper—Judith Allen is the name. Oh well, pardon us if we can’t keep up. These things develop faster than the measles, but they don’t show up so plainly.

Thelma Todd had parked too long. Up strode the cop.

She looked at the cop helplessly and explained that really she just couldn’t move because she must pick up a friend who was shopping in the store before which she was parked. And would the kind policeman please tell the friend that Miss Todd was waiting?

Which, hat in hand, he did.

In “This Day and Age,” you will see the sons of five one-time famous actors, stepping out on their own.

Wally Reid’s son, Bryant Washburn’s son, and the sons of Fred Kohler, Carlyle Blackwell and Eric Von Stroheim. They are not far apart in years and each has a small but important part to play.

An interesting angle is in the fact that director C. B. DeMille’s early successes were all with Wallace Reid.

Mrs. Oakie’s proudest possession these days is a telegram of congratulation from Marie Dressler—Mrs. Oakie is playing son Jack’s mother in “Too Much Harmony,” and she is doing it without a rehearsal, since the lady has been in practice for just such a part for some thirty odd years now.

When the Marx Brothers arrived from the East recently, a man from the publicity department went to the train. A negro chauffeur was polishing an expensive new car of foreign extraction.

“Gee,” he said in admiration, “who are you going to meet with that?”

“Mr. Zeppo Marx,” the chauffeur said.

“Why, I’ve got a car here for Mr. Marx,” the publicist said, pointing to a studio limousine.

The chauffeur looked it over disdainfully.

“Humph,” he snuffed, “you can’t carry his suitcase back in that, if you all want to.”

There’s the one Chester Morris tells of a visit he and Dick Arlen paid to an insane asylum in Oregon.

One of the inmates approached the superintendent and said:

“You are the crazy one. You’ve got the keys to get out of here and still you stay.”

It was an elegant café in “My Weakness,” Lilian Harvey’s new picture.

Hundreds of beautiful young women, charmingly gownéd, with their gentlemen escorts, all smooth and handsome, were sitting about at tables. Then a young man with a megaphone started shouting orders.

“All right, girls on that stairway. Don’t move so fast this time. Everybody ready.”

Then, remembering something, he picked up his megaphone and shouted, “And say, you society dames, no gum-chewing in this scene.”

Mae West is reported to have given a hastily gathered and nondescript camera crew on the first day of the studio strike, the reverse English of her famous “Come up and see me sometime!"

“I’d like to get that in the microphone,” one of the crew retorted as they folded up.

They’re married! They’ve busted up! They’re never going to marry! They were married months ago! Close your eyes and put your finger down without looking. Your guess is as good as ours. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard have everybody guessing. But she will star in his next film.
In Brooklyn...

Hollywood Fashions
Are Sold Exclusively by ABRAHAM & STRAUS, Inc.

The new Abraham & Straus "Hollywood Shop," recently opened in the East Building, Third Floor; here "Hollywood Fashions," exclusive with the big Brooklyn store, are shown at moderate prices.

It Is a Far Cry from the great, expansive institution of Abraham & Straus, in the heart of Brooklyn, to the progressive store of the M. L. Parker Company in Davenport, Iowa ... yet each is known for its style leadership ... each sells "Hollywood Fashions!" And in many other confidence-commanding stores in many principal cities (see Page 119) you will find exact reproductions of these clever motion picture costumes ... selected by Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, published each month in PHOTOPLAY'S fashion section (see Pages 61-66) and worn by the most fashionable stars in smartest picture plays!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

In Association With WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, Inc.

If "Hollywood Fashions" are not sold in your community, send Photoplay Magazine your name and address and mention department store from which you buy ready-to-wear.
Before her marriage to the famous yachtsman whose "Ace" in the star class won the Bacardi cup in Cuba again this year, Mrs. Adrian Iselin, II was Madeleine L'Engle. She grew up in New Orleans and the warmth and graciousness of the South is a definite part of her charm. She has an endless fund of enthusiasm and can always manage time to work in her garden at East Williston, Long Island, or make a flying trip to her seaside place on the Massachusetts coast. Her interest in painting is keen and she is an ardent collector of first editions. Her wit makes her a delightful hostess and her Southern spoon bread is famous. She always serves Camel cigarettes.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

"I started smoking Camels fourteen years ago—and I like them just as much today as I did then," says Mrs. Iselin with conviction. "There must be better tobacco in Camels because they are mild without being flat and I never get tired of their smooth, rich flavor. The way a carton of Camels gets smoked up over a weekend is amazing—practically everyone who stops in seems to prefer them."

Because their costlier tobaccos give an even, steady pleasure, people don't get tired of Camels. They are always mild and cool and never get on the nerves, no matter how many you smoke.

Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to $1.00—but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.
The Man all Hollywood Fears
Chew Tempters!

It's a Hollywood Habit

(If you should doubt it, look at the cast of "Too Much Harmony," a Paramount Production)

Look at those smiles! Look at those teeth! The luscious ladies in "Too Much Harmony" are wild about Tempters, the new chewing gum sensation that became Hollywood's habit over night. Why so popular? Because they're new and different. Absolutely fresh flavor is sealed in and kept fresh by a crisp delicious candy coating. No other flavor can compare with the quick tasteful rush of savor when you bite into a Tempter. And what a flavor assortment... peppermint, spearmint, licorice, cinnamon, tutti-frutti. Select your favorite or try them all. Four Tempters in a Sylphrap pack. Three packs for 5c. What a nickel's worth!

What! Bing Crosby not crooning? How unusual! Judging by the smile, guess he just took time out to have a Tempter.

Ready! Action! Camera! Shooting scenes from trick angles is all in the day's work to Cameraman Sparkuhl. But it takes steady nerves, and it helps to chew Tempters. What flavor? Any one! He likes all five.

5 FLAVORS
3 FOR 5 CENTS

A BETTER FLAVOR FOR EVERY TASTE

5 STARS SELECT THEIR FAVORITE TEMPTERS

RED Cinnamon

* For Judith Allen—Cinnamon Tempters—she likes that tangy flavor you can chew out.

PINK Tutti-frutti

* Try to find Kitty Kelly without a cute little bundle of Tempters—Pink Tutti-frutti for her.

WHITE Peppermint

* What else but real Peppermint would suit happy Jack Oakie?

ORANGE Licorice

* And for Skeets Gallagher—good old Licorice. A he-man flavor for a he-man actor.

GREEN Spearmint

* Oh yes, Toby Wing, here's yours. Delicious Spearmint—the best of all, many say.
**What a FOOL She is!**

TABLE MUST BE PERFECT...BUT HER TEETH ARE DINGY...HER GUMS TENDER...AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

In this last final look she discovers one fleck of lint on a glass, one fork misplaced, one napkin that isn't snowy-white—the maid will hear about it, never fear!

Yet, foolish lady, the moment she smiles, some observant guest is going to notice how dull and dingy her teeth look.

She neglects her teeth and she takes no care of her gums. Daily she finds that warning "pink" upon her tooth brush.

"Pink tooth brush" indicates a tender, unhealthy condition of the gums. Neglected, it may lead to such serious gum troubles as Vincent's disease, to gingivitis, and even, though rarely, to pyorrhcea. And it may even endanger perfectly sound teeth.

**IPANA AND MASSAGE DEFEAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

Like this lovely lady, you eat soft foods—foods that fail to stimulate your gums. And inactive gums become tender gums.

To avoid "pink tooth brush," clean your teeth with Ipana. Each time, put a little more Ipana on your brush or finger-tip, and gently rub it into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana acts directly on the gums, and with the massage helps tone them back to firmness.

Before you have finished using one full-size tube of Ipana, your teeth will be cleaner. They'll be whiter. Your gums will improve, and you needn't worry about "pink tooth brush."

---

**THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING... 9:00 P.M., E.S.T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N.B.C. STATIONS**

**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I 113
73 West Street, New York, N.Y.

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

Name

Street

City... State
WHO CARES IF EAST IS EAST AS LONG AS WEST IS WEST

"Yes", says MAE WEST, "When I'm good I'm very very good but when I'm bad, I'm better... so my next PARAMOUNT picture will be 'I'M NO ANGEL', I wrote the story myself and it's all about a girl who lost her reputation but never missed it. Come up and see it some time."

LAUGHING SOUP

That's DUCK SOUP, the Four Marx Brothers' new PARAMOUNT picture. From Laughing Soup, a delightful concoction of music and merriment, girls and gags, to Nuts, the Four Mad Marxes, it is one long feast of fun.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT

and that word is "Polyandry"; which describes the situation existing between MIRIAM HOPKINS, FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER in PARAMOUNT'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING"; when Miriam finds that she has a "yen" for both of them. "DESIGN FOR LIVING", is directed by ERNST LUBITSCH from NOEL COWARD'S sensational play.

ask when these PARAMOUNT PICTURES are coming to your favorite theatre
High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots
The Man All Hollywood Fears
"These are My Plans," says Doug, Sr.
Why American Men Make the Greatest Lovers
"The Siliest Question I Was Ever Asked"
"I'd Rather Know Joan Than Anybody Else"
Star News from London
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood
Thirty "Husbands" Have Taught Her How to Love!
How Sylvia Put Grace into Ann Harding's Walk
Seymour—Photoplay's Style Authority
Oh, Worry, Worry, Worry!
Is the Jinx of "Trigger" Still On?
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
The Shadow Stage

Personalities

Harvey Stephens
Reunion in the Palace
He's a Baer!
At Knows Better Now!
The Big Hollywood Robbery
Benita Hume and Monta Bell
They're Clara's Twins
A Little Blonde from England
Came Ottolie and Prunes
Kay Francis
The Imp They Call Janet

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

1920 "HUMORESQUE"
1921 "TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922 "ROBIN HOOD"
1923 "THE COVERED WAGON"
1924 "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925 "THE BIG PARADE"
1926 "BEAU GESTE"
1927 "7th HEAVEN"
1928 "FOUR SONS"
1929 "DISRAELI"
1930 "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931 "CIMARRON"
1932 "SMILIN' THROUGH"

Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets
Questions and Answers
Hollywood Menus
Addresses of the Stars
Costs of Current Photoplays

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The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month. $25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

THE $25 LETTER

I would say she is about twenty-three. She wears a red knitted tam that is too big for her, and a short fur coat with a moth-eaten fur collar. Her eyes are dull behind thick glasses. Her body is awkward and clumsy. She is always alone.

Yes, she is ugly. When she was a child, boys pulled her hair and girls laughed at their teasing. Now they never notice her.

She enters the theater and eagerly comes to my aisle. I take her to a seat "near the front, please." And she sits down, alone, childishly excited in anticipation of the picture she is going to see.

As I usher people past her I can see her smiling. She is no longer Mary Jones. She is no longer alone. She is not shy, silent, now. She is on the screen. Now she has a chance to love and be loved. To laugh, to sing. A chance to live.

MILTON WHITE, Springfield, Mass.

THE $10 LETTER

Much is said about moving pictures, the acting, the scenes, but little is said about the folks who attend. Shouldn't something be done to teach people how to act when they go to the movies?

Look at what we have to stand—
There's the toe-stopper.
There's the seat hog. He'd never, never budge! There's the popcorn-bag master, with his constant crackling, crumpling, munching and swishing. There's the gum-chewer whose mastication strikes the ear as maddeningly as the drip-drip of Inquisition times.

There's the giggler—who must laugh at the death-scenes.

There's the chatterbox.

ANYBODY want an argument? Just a little ten-cent argument, or a great big dollar-fifty argument? We have plenty!

Whew! Several debate teams could have been organized among the contributors of this month's letters! Everybody was in an argumentative mood!

Well, not quite everybody. There were a few calm, heart-warming letters about "Another Language" and how it kept husband and wife under the same roof. Experiences like that always set us up! Wish we'd hear more of them.

But just now we're sitting right in our swivel chair and holding our seats as King Torce letter casts a bomb among the Gable followers!

And, that's all right. The more fights the merrier. We like to referee!

You can always take the children to see Joe E. Brown. One of his chief charms lies in the fact that everybody—from baby to grandmothercan enjoy his pictures. Joe himself is very much interested in his three-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Ann and finds time to play with her.

PAPA NEED NOT SPANK

Why doesn't mother and father of the letter titled "Papa Spank" in the September issue choose the pictures for their Junior to see? Then papa wouldn't have to spank.

That is one reason why PHOTOPLAY has gone to the trouble to give us previews of current pictures. Before I take any child to the movies I study PHOTOPLAY. Then I choose pictures like "Adorable" or "Petrol and Sam."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]
CLIMAXING WARNER BROS.' GLITTERING PARADE OF MUSICALS!

Glorious "42nd Street"—magnificent "Gold Diggers"—actually surpassed by the master makers of musical films! ... In this new show packed with surprising novelties! ... Jimmy Cagney singing and dancing for the first time on the screen! Stupendous dance spectacles with hundreds of glorified beauties, staged UNDER WATER! New laughs and song-hits from Gold Diggers' famous stars ... All directed and staged by the internationally famous creators of "42nd Street", Lloyd Bacon and Busby Berkeley. CAN YOU EVEN THINK OF MISSING IT?

"FOOTLIGHT PARADE"

JAMES CAGNEY • RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL • JOAN BLONDELL

GU Y KIBBEE • RUTH DONNELLY • FRANK MCGU HUGH • HUGH HERBERT
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

See the Films You Know You'll Like!

You'll find every new picture reviewed at length—and a summary of all reviews for six months back—in every issue of Photoplay.

Whenever a picture reaches your theater—consult Photoplay and let America's most skilled reviewers help you decide whether you want to see it!

CHRISTOPHER STRONG — RKO-Radio—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crisis rather than continue an illicit love affair. (May)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE — Columbia—South Adolpho Minjon solves the murder of trapese performer Gracia Nissen. Grand circus; a warm finish. (July)

COCKTAIL HOUR — Columbia—Hebe Daniels, scoring "steady" Randolph Scott, tries Europe and a flight at "free" life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (July)

COHENS AND KELLY'S IN TROUBLE — Universal—Charlie Murray and George Sydney, try to escape Jolyon Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (May)

COLLEGE HUMOR — Paramount—Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero; Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen; Richard Arlen, Mary Korman, good enough. (Sept)

CONSULT THIS PICTURE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

BROADWAY BAD—Fox—Jean Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (Map)

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.—This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (Ag)

CAPTURED!—Warners—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison command Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (Sept)

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National—When Sally Elters marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Rathlefkes takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (June)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures—A worldwide murder mystery and sex; neither Trema Todd. (Sept)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox—Jean Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (Map)

CONSULT YOUR FRIENDS AT HOME AS YOU CHOOSE YOUR MOVIE OF THE MONTH

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE — World Wide—Claire Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (May)

CORRUPTION — Wm. Berke Prod.—Preston Foster as a boy mayor, leads into the houses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evalyn Knapp. (July)

COURIER, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow Prod.—Life as the official pantomime catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (Aug)

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio—Four, old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to Mexico leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia—Cue Sale does the investigative engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Cue Sale's followers. (Sept)

DAS LOCKENGEBIET (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tolitton Prod.—Richard Tauber, as village clear singer who attains grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (Sept)

DER BRAVE SÜNDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tolitton Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embalmer. Max Pallenberg's performance is excellent. English captions. (Sept)

DESTINATION UNKNOWN — Universal—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing run-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE—Hal Roach—M-G-M—The Robin-Hoodish light open, "Pra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE—Fox—A shopown Foreign Legion story; but Victor Jory, Lorreta Young, Donald Woods, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (Oct)

DEVIL'S MATES—(Also released under title "He Knew Too Much")—Monogram—A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (Oct)

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION (THE BIG ATTRACTION)—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka Prod.—Richard Tauber is the greatest star of this German film. English subtitles. (Oct)

DINNER AT EIGHT—M-G-M—Another "all star" affair; they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (Aug)

DIPLOMANATS—RKO-Radio—Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavin girl display. (July)

DISGRACED—Paramount—Not a new idea in a called up of this sort of stuff. Mannikin Helen Twelvetrees; rich scamp Bruce Cabot, enough said. (Sept)

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal—So-so; Lew Ayres wild about race-horses; sweetieheart Ginger Rogers; she turns to the other side. Ends well, after some race stuff. (Sept)

DOUBLE HARNESS—RKO-Radio—Sci-fi, cinematic sophistication, with Jimmie Durante winning rich older Bill Powell into marriage, and making him lose it. (Sept)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]
LILIAN HARVEY  LEW AYRES
in
MY WEAKNESS

A sparkling romance of melody, beauty and fun

with
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
HARRY LANGDON · SID SILVERS
IRENE BENTLEY

and everybody's weakness
GIRLS — GIRLS — GIRLS

B. G. DESYLVIA Production

Directed by David Butler

Music and Lyrics by B. G. DeSylva, Leo Robin and Richard Whiting, Story and dialogue by B. G. DeSylva
YOU ARE INVITED to Leo's Birthday Party—

It's the Tenth Birthday of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! What a celebration it's going to be. All the past glorious history of this leading motion picture company will be surpassed by the entertainment delights of the new season 1933-1934. Watch the bright stars of M-G-M...there have never been so many at Leo's studio before! They're coming to you in their happiest hits...because it's Leo's Tenth Championship Year!
ALL THE HAPPY M-G-M STARS WILL BE THERE!

JOHN BARRYMORE
LIONEL BARRYMORE
WALLACE BEERY
JOAN CRAWFORD
MARION DAVIES
MARIE DRESSLER
JIMMY DURANTE
CLARK GABLE
GRETA GARBO
JEAN HARLOW
HELEN HAYES
JEANETTE MACDONALD
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
RAMON NOVARRO
JACK PEARL
NORMA SHEarer
LEE TRACY
ED WYNN
Stan LAUREL-Oliver HARDY

And these other M-G-M personalities

Elizabeth Allan
Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
C. Henry Gordon
Margaret Hamilton
Russell Hordie
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard
Walter Huston
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Willard Mack
Margaret McConnell
Una Merkel
Frank Morgan
Koren Marley
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Watch for GRETA GARBO's triumphant return in "Queen Christina" reunited with JOHN GILBERT.

NIGHT FLIGHT starring Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, John & Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy.

JOAN *** CLARK CRAWFORD in "Dancing Lady" with Franchot Tone

BROADWAY to HOLLYWOOD starring Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Jimmy Durante, Jackie Cooper, Madge Evans, and many others.

From the novel by Peter Freuchen. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

DINNER at 8

From the Sam H. Harris stage play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by George Cukor.
AND NOW THEY ARE MAKING "LITTLE WOMEN" AND "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."
I like these pictures too, so I haven't lost any of my time when I take a youngster to see one. In fact, it helps me keep my mind young and fresh.

KATE JENKINS, Birmingham, Ala.

GREAT-GRAMMOTHER LIKES JOE

There are four generations in our family, and I happen to be the oldest. You see, what I say doesn't usually count, that's why I'm writing to you.

I've been going to the pictures much longer than most of you, and I want to say that I think the finest thing that's happened to pictures is Joe E. Brown! Let me tell you why. I can take the whole family, even the baby, to see his pictures, because they're good and clean.

I think I've guessed the secret of his success. He wouldn't make a picture that wasn't fit for his own youngster to see.

MRS. SARA PETTSON, San Francisco, Calif.

WHAT CHILDREN WANT

The gang in our neighborhood thinks that too much mushy stuff is being put on the screen and wish you would oblige by giving us more pirate and cowboy stories with good action and a few gangsters mixed in.

PAT SYLVESTER, San Francisco, Calif.

AY TANK SHE'S NO ANGEL.

Oh, the hapless undulations of our Greta neath and slim intrigue me and allure me, for I want to keep in trim.

But now there is another with the most alluring way And she's making curves and billows quite all the rage today.

So I've bought myself a corset, with a wasp-waist just too cute, And bulgy hips and bosom that will fit my new fall suit.

But still I'm in a quandary, for I can't make up my mind Whether to be voluptuous or the sleek and slinking kind.

So Ay tank Ay go home and practice on my very newest line: "Hello, there, dark and handsome. Whyan't ya come up some time?"

JEAN M. LIEBELER, Minneapolis, Minn.

A HUSBAND'S REFORM

Recently I saw "Another Language." It was one of the best pictures I have seen this year. And, being a misunderstood daughter-in-law myself, I especially appreciated it.

I am actually forced to believe that a Mr. Walter Winchell peeked through our key-hole, then told what he saw to a playwright. For "Another Language" was our story! But it isn't us any longer! That is all past now.

My husband learned a good lesson from that picture! I want to sincerely thank everyone connected with "Another Language" for saving our marriage from going on the rocks.

MRS. B. S., Stamford, Conn.

A FIANCE'S REFORM!

One night last week I saw "Another Language." It happens that my fiance's family is just as unreasonable as the Hallam family.
On my next date I persuaded my fiance to see "Another Language" and with such a splendid example before him, I'm sure he won't hesitate to speak "my language" regardless of family disapproval.

H. B., Chicago, Ill.

HE FINDS "USHERING" PLEASANT

Up until today I have seen "Tugboat Annie" thirty-five times. And I still think it is wonderful. No, I'm not Baron Munchausen. I'm an usher. It is one picture I never grew tired of watching.

AT ROSE, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Again she weaves her Magic Spell!

KATHARINE HEPBURN in "LITTLE WOMEN"
by LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

The radiant star of "Morning Glory" marches still deeper into your heart as the best-loved heroine ever born in a book... See her... living... the immortal "Jo"... in this glorious romance of four girls in love... The story the world has hugged to its breast for three generations!

Twenty million have read the book... Fifty million will love the picture!
brief reviews of current pictures

[gabriel over the white house—m-g-m. what an inspired president would do to depression, splendidly played by walter huston. karen morley, franciot tone in fine support. (june)]

gambling ship—paramount—a good idea gone bad. cary grant, in a badly worked out gangster piece. (aug.)

guest train, the—gainsborough—a special train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror breaks badly. (may)

girl in 49, the—paramount—sex and adventure in a hospital, when gangsters william harrigan and jack la bor try to silence gloria stuart, patient of head surgeon jimmy dunn. fast-stepping; well done. (july)

girl missing—warners—you can be, without missing much. glenda farrell, mary brian, ben lyon, in a palm beach mystery. (aug.)

gold diggers of 1933—warners—another and even better "22nd street," with rudy keeler, dick powell, joan baldwin, in charge of the fun. a wow musical. (aug.)
goodbye again—warners—good, if not bowing, farce. author warren william pursued by ex-wives genevieve tobin; he's for joan baldwin, (sept.)

the knew too much—monogram.—also released as "devil's mate." see review under that title. (oct.)

headline shooter—rko-radio.—newsreel man william garson rescue reporter frank dee, in an acceptable thriller with a new twist. (sept.)

hell below—m-g-m.—this one rocks the theatre. tone submarine war scene. corking comedy, too. walter huston, robert montgomery, madge evans, jimmy durante. don't miss it. (june)

hello sister—fox—jimmie dunn and roots malory in a formula plot—scandal makers cause trouble, the truth comes out, etc. zasu pitts helps a lot. (july)

hell's holiday—superb pictures.—another assemblage of official war films—with the usual anti-war conversation added. otherwise, acceptable and interesting. (oct.)

photoplays reviewed in the shadow stage this issue

save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. make this your reference list.
HER BODYGUARD—Paramount.—Slowgirl Wynne Gibson's so petted, she hires Eddie Lowe as bodyguard. Good enough fun from there on. (Sept.)

HER FIRST MATE—Universal.—ZizSu Pitts tries to make a big time mariner out of Slim Summerville who's supposed to be first mate, but who is really selling peanuts, on the Albany night boat. Una Merkel helps scramble up the hilariously funny plot. (Oct.)

HEROES FOR SALE—First National.—Boo hoo! It's just too awful—all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Barthelmess! (Aug.)

HERITAGE'S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forget. Candid sex done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (June)

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.—An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (July)

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showman Pictures.—An Evelyn Knapp romance with John Wayne. Distinctly better than most films in which Evelyn has appeared. (Oct.)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.—Another Joanie Don-Sally Eders open, poor boy beating the villain, they live happily, etc. (Aug.)

HOLD YOUR MAN—M-G-M.—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; both crooked to start, both go straight for love. Not another "Red Dust," but good enough. (Sept.)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose doxy son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (June)

ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE) —Interworld Prod.—A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. (May)

I'LL COVER THE WATERFRONT—United Artists.—The late Ernest Tokeran, a fisherman who smugly Chinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest's daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. (July)

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll sticks to ex-man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (July)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—Fox.—Life and loves of dancer Elissa Landi. Victor Jory throws her over, Warner Baxter loves her. Pleasant, not gripping. (Sept.)

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio.—Richard Halliburton gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We're doubtful. (July)

INFERNAL MACHINE—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (May)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—Paramount.—A riot of gags, put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Sta Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (July)

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox.—Perhaps squirrels who see this will think so; most audiences won't. Herbert Mundin, Edna May Oliver help some. (Sept.)

JENNIE GERHARDT—Paramount.—Sylvia Sidney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. (Aug.)

KEYHOLE, THE—Warner.—Kay Francis and George Brent in love romance to a blackmalling mystery. (May)

KING KONG—RKO-Radio.—A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (May)

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal.—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (Aug.)

KING OF THE JUNGLE—Paramount.—Buster Crabbe's debut as the "Lion Man," named by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (May)

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE—Universal.—Paul Lukas murders a faithless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (May)

Photoplay Magazine for November, 1933

You can see this faucet Waste Water

But...you can't see a poor lamp waste current

IF YOU could see what goes on inside a poorly made lamp as plainly as you see the drip, drip of a leaky faucet, you would never take a chance with "bargain" lamps.

You buy lamps to get light. A faulty lamp consumes as much current as a good one, but it may give far less light, blacken quickly or burn out prematurely.

Edison Mazda Lamps possess the many refinements General Electric has contributed to lamp manufacture over a period of more than forty years. They do what inferior lamps can't—they give you all the light you pay for.

The banner shown at the right will guide you to a store that sells Edison Mazda Lamps, the lamps that are kind to your eyes...and your pocketbook.

General Electric manufactures lamps for all lighting purposes...Lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Sunlight lamps, too... General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

To get your money's worth of light—buy lamps where you see this banner

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC
**NEW YORK HOME OF**

**Hollywood Stars...**

**WHEN you visit New York enjoy the comforts of an ideal home and still be in the heart of the Motion Picture Art Centre.**

★ Parlor Bedroom and Bath

$5.00 PER DAY FOR ONE OR TWO

$125.00 per month. Less than the cost of most single rooms.

3 room suites in proportion.

Largest single room in New York $3.50 per day.

All rooms equipped with combination tub and shower...running ice water.

★ Swimming Pool, Gymnasium

Solariums free to guests.

Write for details. Telegraph reservations (Collect)

ENJOY NEW YORK'S

**COCONUT GROVE ROOF**

**The ParkCentral**

56th St. at 7th Ave.
New York City

**Lady for a Day**—Columbia.—Apple-with-playboy Robin played a society dame by her daughter; a stage crowd throws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (Sept.)

★ **Lady's Profession**—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you'll laugh a lot and much to mind. Alison Skipworth and Rodland Young as titled Britons unwittingly running a speakeasy. (May)

★ **Last Trail, The**—Fox.—A Zane Grey Western with rack-teers instead of rustlers, and spiced up with a tale about soldier of fortune Victor McLaglen raising Cain in a banana republic. (Aug.)

★ **Life in the Raw**—Fox.—George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (Oct.)

★ **Life of Jimmy Dolan, The**—Warner.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Lorette Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a mixed prize-fighter. (May)

★ **Lilly Turner**—First National.—Inexorable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (July)

★ **Little Giant, The**—Warner.—Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (June)

★ **Lonely Avenger, The**—World Wide.—The big bank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. You youngsters won't be disappointed. (Sept.)

★ **Looking Forward**—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business fort by depression. (June)

★ **Love in Morocco**—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (June)

★ **Lucy Dog**—Universal.—Canine actor Buster turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chic Sale (cost as a young man). (July)

★ **M.I.**—Nord-Olm.—Based on the Dusseldorf child murders, and not a melodrama. Not for children or emotional adults; English subtitles. (June)

★ **Made on Broadway**—M-G-M.—Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Pallette in a dull one over a Bowery girl. (June)

★ **Mama Loves Papa**—Paramount.—Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made part commissioner involved with tipsy society dame Elyan Tashman, Great bowing. (Sept.)

★ **Man from Monterey, The**—Warner.—John Wayne in a historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in 49. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (July)

★ **Man of the Forest**—Paramount.—Far from being a tomtom Western. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery, Good work done by a mountain lion. (Sept.)

★ **Man Who Dared, The**—Fox.—Life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from an immigrant boy coal polisher to his assassination at the side of President Roosevelt. Fine cast. Preston Foster in the lead. (Oct.)

★ **Man Who Won, The**—British International.—A phony molder man drunk through terrors seems as depression farmer. (May)

★ **Mary Stevens, M.D.**—Warner.—Slow tale of two doctors (Kay Francis, Yale Talbot) who love, have a baby, but won't marry. (Sept.)

★ **Masquerader, The**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman does superbly in the double role of English sub-man and dissolve counsellor, whose identity he assumes. (May)

★ **Mayor of Hell, The**—Warner.—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Frankie Duro, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (Aug.)

★ **Melody Cruise**—RKO Radio.—Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (Aug.)

**Midnight Club**—Paramount.—George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook Clive Brook, but falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (Nov.)

**Midnight Mary**—M-G-M.—Loretta Young does a lovely but unusual gun moll; she shoots big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Franchon Tence for the plot. (Aug.)

**Midnight Warning**—Mavfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

**Mind Reader, The**—First National.—Warner.—William and Allen Reynolds work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

**Morgenrot (Dawn)**—U.P.A.—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (Aug.)

**Morning Glory, The**—RKO Radio.—Katharine Hепburn at her superb best in a story of a country girl determined to make good on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan. (Nov.)

**Murders in the Zoo**—Paramount.—Lionel Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wife Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

**Mussolini Speaks**—Columbia.—While Il Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partism, but interesting. (June)

**Night and Day**—Gaumont-British.—Mixed music and melodrama, done in leisurely British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (Aug.)

**No Marriage Tie**—RKO Radio.—Richard Dix as a brilliant set who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (Sept.)

**Nuisance, The**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break," Lee Tracy at his best as a shyster lawyer and ambulance chaser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent comic actor accomplice, until Madeleine Carroll trips them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July)

**Obey the Law**—Columbia.—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

**Oliver Twist**—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (May)

**One Year Later**—Allied.—Melodrama that turns a shower start into a picture finish. Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway. (Oct.)

**Our Betters**—RKO Radio.—Sophisticated (and raw) sex doing in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (July)

**Out All Night**—Universal.—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts honeymooning, with mama along! (May)

**Over the Seven Seas**—William K. Vanderbilt.—Mr. Vanderbilt's filmed his journeys around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (Aug.)

**Parole Girl, The**—Columbia.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mac Clarke. (May)

**Peg O' My Heart**—M-G-M.—The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (July)

**Penal Code, The**—Fleurer Film.—A convicts' problem case center on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (July)

**Perfect Understanding**—United Artists.—Talks to two minds. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his misdeeds. (June)

**Phantom Broadcast, The**—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (June)

**Pick-Up**—Paramount.—Taxi-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Humorously done; good comedy. (June)
"I KNEW YOU' D LIKE KOOL"

MILDLY MENTHOLATED AND CORK-TIPPED

—just a hint of menthol to cool your throat and prevent the usual mouth dryness of ordinary cigarettes. But just a hint—the fine tobacco flavor is all there. And, Kools are cork-tipped, too.

BRIDGE CARDS—FREE. There's a coupon with each pack of KOOLs. Save 50 and get a FREE deck of initialed Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards. Other valuable premiums, too.

Browning & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.
"YOUR HAT MAY BE SMART BUT:

How's your Breath today?"

No one cares how well-dressed, attractive, and charming you are if you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). It is the unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing is that you yourself never know when you have it—and your best friend won't tell you.

What is more, you are very likely to have it. Halitosis is caused by a number of conditions existing every day, in even normal mouths.

Why guess about your breath? Why risk offending? Put your breath beyond suspicion by rinsing the mouth with Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Do it every morning, every night, and in between times before meeting others.

Listerine instantly halts the fermentation of tiny food particles that even careful tooth-brushing fails to remove. Such fermentation, say dental authorities, causes 90% of unpleasant breath. Smoking is also a major cause; the smoke precipitates in the mouth certain chemicals having evil odors. Decaying teeth, minor infections of the oral tract, and excesses of eating and drinking also are responsible for halitosis.

To be sure that your breath will not offend, use only Listerine. Tests show that Listerine immediately conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes sold primarily on a bargain appeal cannot hide in twelve hours. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

USE
LISTERINE
BEFORE ALL SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS

Hilda recoiled. Never in all her life had such a question been put to her—and by a comparative stranger, a steamer acquaintance. Even if he was an oral surgeon, even if he said it in a half joking manner, that did not excuse his impertinence.

Back on the sun deck she tried to interest herself in a book but his dreadful question persisted. Had there been times when her breath was not what it should be? Of course not! ... She was so fastidious ... Still there was a possibility ... Fred's growing indifference ... the fact that she had had fewer dates lately ... and the girls hadn't asked her to the last bridge fight ... Was it for that reason? ... Why hadn't it occurred to her before? ...
VIRGINIA CHERRILL, tall and blonde and statuesque, is one of the quietest ladies in Hollywood—and one of the most beautiful. Reared in the strict routine of an exclusive school, Virginia ran off to Chicago to become a coat model, and rose to sudden movie fame several years ago when Chaplin chose her for his lead in "City Lights." "Ladies Must Love" is the name of her next
SARI MARITZA always looks secretly amused. Maybe she is still chuckling over the hoax she pulled when she came to Hollywood—an inexperienced English girl who posed as a great Hungarian star—and got away with it. Sari doesn’t have to pretend any more. She has proved she is good. Her latest rôle is with Ann Harding in "Beautiful"
CLAUDETTE COLBERT didn't intend to be an actress. She wanted to be an artist. Then, quite by chance, she got a small part in a Broadway play—and the theater wouldn't let her go. The movies have Claudette tied down now! She's slated to play the lead in at least half a dozen future features. Her latest picture is "Torch Singer"
UNTIL recently Loretta Young was recognized as one of Hollywood's prettier youngsters. But she's growing up. The schoolgirl simplicity is being replaced by feminine allure and the pretty girl has become a beautiful woman. After considering many of the stars, and screen-testing most of the promising ingenues, the studio gave Loretta the coveted feminine lead in "A Man's Castle".

Hurrell
HEARTS OF FLOWERS... SNATCHES OF SONG...

Moods caught en passant...

THOSE are what Perfume is! Not an ounce or ten ounces of jade or gold or translucent amber essence, crystal-clad ... but the soul of a flower—like La Rose Jacqueminot; or the warmth of June sun—like L'Aimant; or delicate, high-hearted Spring loveliness—like Paris.

With Coty, perfume blending is more than chemistry—it's superb Art. Each Coty fragrance is faithful to its inspiration long after it is released from its crystal flacon and patted on to your satiny skin . . . or your silky lingerie.

The clever woman knows that Coty fragrances bring refreshment and radiance to their users—contributing that lift to the heart, that lift to the spirit, which communicates itself to her associates.

A man may think that he is indifferent to such things, but a woman knows better! She realizes that Coty has created Perfumes among the most lovely and famous in all the world—and rightly she prefers their enchantment to heighten her own glamour.

Most Coty odeurs are obtainable in small smart purse-size flacons, from $1.10. Glorious cut-crystal containers, in cases of rich leather, to $55. Hint now, in time for this Christmas!
WHEN THERE'S NO SMOKING...LIFE SAVERS ARE REALLY LIFE SAVERS

Three feet from Aunt Matilda
...is a thousand miles from a Smoke

Don't let an Aunt Matilda...or any other "No Smoking" sign...fill your life with jumps and jitters. Instead, pop a Life Saver into your mouth when puffing would start people huffing. Life Savers are cool and tangy. They ease the nerves. Appease smoke hunger. Please the taste. More than that...when smoking is in order, Life Savers between smokes put a new thrill in the next one...keep the taste buds at their best clear up to the last smoke of the day.

Life Savers Mints are made in many delightful flavors...Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-Ove, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon and Vi-O-let. There's Cryst-O-mint, too...and the newest taste thrill of all, Spear-O-mint Life Savers...Life Savers Fruit Drops are made in LEMON, ORANGE and LIME flavors.

ALL CANDY PRODUCTS HAVING THE DISTINCTIVE SHAPE OF LIFE SAVERS ARE MANUFACTURED BY LIFE SAVERS, INC.
AFTER all the talk about Great Britain's seizing Hollywood's film crown—by capturing Hollywood stars and imitating Hollywood production methods—this comment by Jack Buchanan, of the New York and London musical comedy stage and American and British films, has some significance.

Buchanan, who has just finished a film in England, in which he triples as producer, director and star, says in an interview with Photoplay's London correspondent: "Speaking from an actor's viewpoint, I say Hollywood is the one place in the world where perfection in picture-making is most nearly attained." And he attributes this to "Hollywood directors as a whole."

"IT'S all very well to say it's the star who draws 'em in," he goes on. "In Hollywood it's the director who makes the star. If anybody doubts it, let him reflect on what has happened to the American stars who have come over here to work in British pictures.

"Almost without a single exception, these American stars have been shockingly bad, their performances in the chief role enough in itself to account for the failure of the picture. Yet those same stars—in Hollywood—with capable direction—make 'comebacks' that regain them their lost popularity in England."

JUST one man's opinion, but it is strikingly like that expressed by other motion picture actors.

Buchanan believes that the greatest weakness of English films—indefinite direction—will eventually be remedied. But meanwhile Hollywood continues its world domination.

THE best army will lose a battle with an incompetent general. Eleven star football players are helpless without a good coach. Comparisons like that apparently clinch Jack Buchanan's argument.

But what becomes of the tradition that occasionally an actor makes a director?

JEAN HARLOW is an amazing young woman. Introduced to the screen world four years ago as the epitome of sex; exploited because of her crowning platinum glory; dragged through a terrible personal tragedy; regarded lightly by the critics as an actress, and by the public largely with curiosity, she emerges from this labyrinth as an actress of distinction.

Only twenty-two years old, she finds herself entirely at home in the company of as distinguished a cast as either Hollywood movies or the American speaking stage has ever assembled. If you want to see a most promising star in ascendancy, you must not miss Harlow as Kitty Packard in "Dinner At Eight."

Ability is not enough to succeed in this world. It must be attended by character and fortitude. I believe that Harlow has these attributes and that a great career lies before her. May her recent marriage to photographer Harold G. Rosson remove from her life the last trace of tragedy.

GET ready, Paris! Mae West is on her way. As soon as Mae finishes her personal appearance tour, she starts for gay Paree where they've simply gone Mae West mad. Not since Gaby Deslys has any one person taken such a hold on the Parisian fancy.

Her costumes from "She Done Him Wrong" have taken the fashionable capital by storm, where Mae West parties are the rage of the hour. Her influence will be felt in every little frock and gown that comes out of the fashionable dress shops.

"I always did want a duke or something," Mae winks, "so I thought I'd kinda look the place over. I've never been abroad before."

CHICAGO is out of the red. "A Century of Progress" did it. In one hundred days the Fair brought over fourteen million visitors. Not a single picture theater is "dark." Mortgages have been lifted, fear of bankruptcy vanished, and showmen are tossing their surplus money into the banks. Double queues in line for admission twist themselves around the block.

What every city, town and hamlet in the United States apparently needs is a Fair the year round.

TALK about your choozy stars—about your trick contracts! Not even Garbo, Colman or Ann Harding can compete with Primo Carnera, the "Vast Venetian" heavyweight champion who is making his screen début along with Max Baer in "The Prize-fighter and the Lady."
Cagy Carrera, who found himself in a peculiar spot when called upon to fight before the cameras a man whom he would probably have to battle in earnest a little later, with his ring crown at stake, didn't want any asparagus cast at his dignity and punching prestige.

HERE'S what he insisted on—and got:

No knockout by Baer (they even had to change the script for this); no wisecracks or fun-poking with Primo as the target, about his size, tonnage or nationality; equal billing with Max Baer; no public for background scenes; no admittance of the press; no "ribbing" or practical jokes on the set; no tricks on the part of the impetuous Max, who, it was feared, might take a serious punch and injure Primo's prestige as a publicity move.

Temperament is not, after all, the sole prerogative of weak womanhood.

A STUDIO called Lucille Gleason to play "a fat woman in a bathtub."

In spite of her wounded pride, Lucille rallied and reported. But the director looked her over regretfully.

"Sorry, but you aren't fat enough," he apologized.

"Thanks!" literally shouted Lucille.

But when she returned to her husband Jimmy with what she thought was glorious news, he gave her the famous Gleason scowl.

"See what you get for dieting," admonished Jimmy; "you lose your big chance."

MARY PICKFORD is perennially young—young in appearance, young in spirit and ideas. The other day she said to me: "I am intensely interested in the future. My ambitions are all ahead."

And then she added quaintly, "The noise the clock makes means no time to me."

A very shrewd philosopher Mary shows herself to be by that remark.

When well past sixty, Sarah Bernhardt was at the height of her career. And Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at seventy, added lustre, this past month, to the New York stage play, "A Party."

The incomparable May Robson has been before the public now this half century. And look at the performance she gave us as the old apple woman in "Lady for a Day."

It's a good motto for everybody: "The noise the clock makes means no time to me." That's the spirit of youth, and youth is always immortal.

HERE'S another reminder that every phase of our manner of living from love to cottages—is shaped by motion pictures.

A set—a background—was honored in the mail received at the studio after the showing of the picture, "When Ladies Meet."

There were plenty of letters to the actors, of course.

But that delightful converted farmhouse where the wife and girl friend get stranded in the storm—where everybody, in fact, gets together—that was one of the stars of the piece.

LETTERS from all over, Canada included, have flooded the office of Cedric Gibbons, who designed the cottage and its furnishings. They ask for plans, photographs, descriptions, drawings.

One influential gentleman in the East even wired his Western representative to get in touch with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and obtain photographs because he wanted some of the furnishings copied!

THAT charmingly rotund personality, Charles Laughton, has amazed all Hollywood. He announces he is going to leave pictures for a while to play on the English stage.

Laughton, who up to a few years ago was a hotel clerk in London, was hailed by the critics and the public as a great actor in his first screen appearance. "Why then," asked puzzled Hollywoodians, "should he retire from his present honors and income to make a new start later on? Other men who have never known the feel of a stage plank have been big film successes."

On the other hand, Laughton doubtless believes that stage experience is more likely to give an actor a sure and finished technique.

There is a distinguished roster of such men, and women too, in Hollywood. Lionel and John Barrymore, Lewis Stone, Herbert Marshall, Ann Harding, Katharine Hepburn, Marie Dressler, Mae West, Joan Bennett, Mary Pickford, Helen Hayes, Ruth Chatterton are a few of the names one can recall offhand, who have a stage background.

Contrariwise, there have been scores of capable stage players that have flopped in pictures. Perhaps it is entirely a matter of the individual.

There is another angle to this Laughton decision. He has recently completed the film, "The Private Life of King Henry the VIII," and Charles wants to try out a Shakespearean rôle on the stage. In that he is following excellent precedent. Laughton is really a great comedian, and comedians seem to have an irresistible longing to play Hamlet.

SILENT pictures were noisier by far than sound movies, according to Anna Q. Nilsson. Asked about the principal difference she noticed between the picture, "The World Changes," in which she is now working and the old silents, she replied, "The quiet."

When a silent picture was in the process of making, carpenters might be hammering together a set right over the actors' heads, and the first one to complain was a sissy. It was considered the height of temperament to protest against the noise.

It's different nowadays when a dropped pin sounds like an explosion.  

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY
"ATT A BOY! That's a jump!" That's what Harvey Stephens says to his dog—but we might say it of this newcomer from the Broadway stage. One appearance in "The Cheat" led to his contract and a good rôle in Janet Gaynor's "Paddy, the Next Best Thing." Next one—"The Worst Woman in Paris"
The Man all Hollywood FEARS

He has made more stars unhappy than can all the studio executives

By Kirtley Baskette

He has Hollywood—all of Hollywood—scared half to death!

He causes more bad dreams than Boris Karloff; more headaches than Will Hays. In a caste-ridden town he topples sacred cows right and left. Moguls and minions alike are his targets. He says "No" to yes-men and "Yes" to no-men. He goes out of his way to plunge the greatest stars, directors, executives, celebrities, and the Lord only knows who else, into quivering confusion.

He is the scourge of filmland. Yet he looks quite as harmless as a June bug. A short, roly-poly little man with a shining bald head, wind wing ears, and an absurd mustache perched over a tremendous rubber-elastic Hapsburg lip.

"If you met him on the street, you would probably politely turn your head to snicker, as you do when you see him on the screen. And if you met him at a party, as you probably would in Hollywood, you would count him the last person possible in the room to hand you an inferiority complex—but that's his specialty.

Vince Barnett is Hollywood's champion "ribber," a professional offender of insults (rates on request). He has been getting in Hollywood's hair for five years now, ever since he first tested producer Jack Warner's nonchalance by telling him he should learn the fundamentals of making pictures.

During that time, he has made life miserable for everyone you have ever heard of, and miraculously escaped death or serious injury. For three years, he devoted all of his energies to dishing out insults at parties, banquets and special occasions, at so much the insult, and made quite a good thing out of it until "Scarface" came along and made him one of your favorite comedians, and one of the busiest actors on the screen.

His list of victims is bound by the cover of Hollywood's blue book.

Mary Pickford was one of the first. At a beach party, Vince, who is as Irish as Paddy's pig, was introduced as a German exhibitor. It was right after a German orchestra had played "The Star Spangled Banner," after a private showing of one of Mary's pictures.

In broken English, Vince congratulated her on her publicity sense. Mary didn't understand.

"Didn't you pay der orchestra?" asked Vince.

Then he proceeded to insult all her guests. He told Elsie Janis she had gone to war as a publicity stunt. Mary thought he needed conversion to altruism. She asked him outside to talk it over.

"I nefer leave a party mit a married woman," huffed Vince, indignantly—and then Douglas Fairbanks mercifully exposed the joke.

Raoul Walsh, the director, brought him to a party where four hundred of filmdom's elite were assembled. Vince made the rounds as "head waiter," accused everyone of stealing the silver, snatched plates from under their noses, and generally made a mess of the party. He bawled out Charlie Chaplin for trying to attract attention, and when Winston Churchill, a distinguished guest, placed his arm on a chair in which a young lady sat, Vince batted it off reproachfully.

"We have rooms upstairs for that," he admonished. Tom Mix blushed crimson with the same accusation when his arm was lifted unceremoniously from Lupe Velez' chair. Only Tom, more impetuous, set about choking the insulter, and forced Walsh to give the joke away to save Vince's good health.

INCREDIBLY enough, Barnett "ribbed" Mix successfully four different times. He had already accomplished the feat thrice in various poses, when he mentioned the fact one day to Carl Laemmle, Jr. The producer scoffed, there was a bet, and just then Tom arrived. He had been to the sheriff's office and he remarked that there were more men in the Los Angeles jail than in a certain small South American republic.

"You're a liar," said Vince calmly.

"What!" thundered Tom, turning pale.

"You're a liar," repeated Vince. "It's not true."

"In my country," grunted Mix, doubling his fists, "we don't take that."

"Then why don't you go back to your country?" countered Vince, "whatever it is."

Mix choked, "I'm an American, you—"

"I nefer leave a party mit a married woman," huffed Vince. Thus Mary Pickford was indignantly admonished.

"In my country we don't take that," grunted Tom Mix, showing his fists to the man who had called him a liar.

Jones' drive rolled to edge of the green. The "Terror" sniffed, "Sarazen would have gotten on!!"
"I don't believe it. Prove it!"
This to Tom Mix, who had served in three wars, was too much. As he saw red, the joke was tactfully disclosed and Barnett collected.
Maurice Chevalier took his "ribbing" at a cocktail party which Marion Davies gave with Vince in the role of butler.

Serving the cocktails, butler Barnett hovered around the polite Parisian with his hors d'oeuvres and tinkling glasses, purposely missing him. When Maurice, still mannerly but longing for a drink, would reach for a glass, Vince would draw away the tray until the nervous Gaul was fit to be tied. And he never got a cocktail, although Barnett openly upbraided him for being greedy when all the glasses were empty.

Clark Gable is the only star who actually lost control of himself and went into action upon the irritating ribber. Usually posing as a foreign executive, or important exhibitor, Vince was frequently saved from bodily harm, because even stars hesitated to commit mayhem on one who bought their pictures. Gable didn't let that stop him.

It was at one of Joan Crawford's parties. Vince was talking to Doug, Jr. and Heather Thatcher. Clark, alone at the other end of the mantel, passed by. Vince grabbed him.

"What do you mean," he demanded angrily, "walking away when I'm talking to you?"

Gable was nonplussed, but protested.

"You weren't talking to me, my man."

"Your man," sneered Vince. "I'm not your man—and just because you're the Great Gable—"

"Don't call me 'the Great Gable'—"

And so it flamed until Clark set his jaw and turned to the rest of the guests.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize in advance for this," he said, and then swung one from the floor.

Luckily Vince ducked.

Norma Shearer called out the servant reserves and had them give Vince the bum's rush when he badgered her at one of her parties. She ventured an opinion on a business matter to the pseudo-Eastern executive Barnett, who promptly told her to mind her own business.

"House wives," he insisted, "shouldn't discuss business. If you paid attention to your house it wouldn't look so lousy."

Norma rang the bell and the door slammed from the inside.

And Mae West won't ask Vince Barnett to "come up sometime" after the one he pulled on her on a trip to New York when she was playing in "Diamond Lil."

Posing as a member of the vice [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]
"These Are My Plans,"

says Doug, Sr.

to Kathryn Hayden

hopes to bring Ronald Colman and Maurice Chevalier into the plan.

"The only reason," he says, "why English films haven't equaled American films has been their lack of sufficient money. We have plenty of money, and we mean to produce on a Hollywood scale. Also, like Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and others, we can recoup our production cost from a market much greater than Great Britain alone."

You will recall that he, together with Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, formed United Artists. Doug harks back to that now, with, if anything, greater enthusiasm than when he launched into that venture.

"Never," he says, "since I persuaded my fellow stars to establish United Artists have I been so enthusiastic. By doing that we gave machine methods a beating. Now I am certain I can give the picture lovers of the world a greater novelty—because of gorgeous unfamiliar backgrounds, British and European—than they have seen since the earliest days of Westerns. This is possible only by using London as the taking-off place."

That is Douglas Fairbanks' own statement of what he intends to do—what he believes he can do. That he should have had such a project in mind when he upped and gave Hollywood the go-by, after a period of evermore extensive globe-trotting, is not exactly a surprise to those who have kept track of his feelings during the past several years. It was plain to them that ever-increasing boredom sooner or later would drive Doug into such a move.

"I got a tremendous thrill as a youngster," he says, "when I became a stage star with Tom Wise in 'The Gentleman from Mississippi,' and with William H. Crane, and on my own.

"Then I saw 'The Birth of a Nation,'" and decided that films were my meat. Seeing earnings mount from a few hundred dollars a week to many hundreds daily has helped me keep enthusiastic. But eventually the whole thing palled.

"Forming United Artists, and also the establishment of Pickfair, intrigued me for several years. But aside from the momentary thrill I got when talkies came in, ennui got me again, and so I took to traveling the world, in an aimless endeavor to find a new interest in life.

"I was on my way to China when I chanced to see the London premiere of 'The Private Life of King Henry VIII,' starring Charles Laughton. The direction given that film hit me like a sledgehammer. I said to myself, 'Give me that director, and we'll clean up.'"

"So I met Alexander Korda—and then abruptly ended my travels eastward.

"Another thing hit me too at this time. My son's future is of tremendous interest to me."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]
Reunion in the Palace

The queen's favor brings a dethroned monarch back into his own, after exile

By Ruth Rankin

I am happier today than I have been at any other time in my life.

"It is a fresh start—the beginning of a new career. The slate is wiped clean of the past. What has happened has gone by."

“For the first time in five years, I have a part I feel I can play. It is a great opportunity. And I owe to Miss Greta Garbo a far greater debt of gratitude than I can ever hope to repay.

“I have been miserable for a long time. It was terrifying to discover that overnight I had plunged from the height of popularity to almost oblivion. Now, quite as suddenly as that happened, comes this amazing reversal. It is an astonishing experience.

“It is a profound delight to play again on the screen with Miss Garbo. She is a great artist and a great woman. It is no secret that it was she who was responsible for my playing this part. She believed I was the victim of a terrible wrong. She simply wanted to set it right, if she could. My own hope and concern now is that I might justify the faith placed in me.”

—Jack Gilbert.

This is colossal!” said Jack.

And that broke the ice.

The scene was the office of an M-G-M executive. Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert had met there—for the first time in several years.

For Garbo, defying all opposition, bringing every ounce of her vastly influential pressure to bear—had at last succeeded in breaking M-G-M officials down to the point of signing Jack Gilbert to be her leading man.

They met—Jack self-conscious, nervous, bewildered at his sudden unprecedented state of good fortune . . . Garbo—who knows how Garbo felt or what she was thinking?

And then the old devil-may-care Jack came to the rescue. “This is colossal!” he beamed. And Garbo permitted herself the ghost of a smile to hear his favorite expression of old, “colossal.”

From the time Jack married Ina Claire until they met to sign that momentous contract Garbo and Gilbert had never spoken to or seen each other.

All these years between, they have been under contract to the same studio—working on the same lot. Garbo going up the ladder to unprecedented fame—Gilbert's star reeling until it was almost invisible.

There are those who say that when Garbo and Gilbert set the whole movie world agog with the power of their love scenes, "Flesh and the Devil," "Love," and "A Woman of Affairs," it was a case of their own love being enacted for the world to see.

Certain it was that at this period, for the first and only time in her life, Garbo went out in public. She was sociable, even gregarious. Her long legs went flying about playing tennis at Jack's house. (Interesting to note [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]
Why American Men Make

Foreign stars' comparisons of their native men with our own

MEN are the best judges of men, and women of women. Unless you are talking about motion picture actresses. For the latter are shrewd appraisers of members of the opposite sex. And when these actresses are foreign born, if they make a comparison between their native men and our own, what they say is well worth listening to. They know. Here is a symposium of a dozen representatives of born-abroad screen actresses.

We will start off with the little girl from across the border, Lupe Velez.

Possibly Lupe may be a little prejudiced in favor of our boys because of that stalwart young American, Johnny Weissmuller. But still little Lupe has seen lots of American men at close range, and she has good eye-sight!

Lupe says, "The American woman doesn't have to do anything and still the husband is satisfied! The American man is simply marvelous to his wife. And boy, is it gorgeous to see how proud he is of her. He even says proudly to a charming dinner partner, 'Don't you think my wife is brilliant?' Now most foreign men want women to be beautiful but dumb. Believe me, darling, Americans are good men!"

Or take the opinion of Benita Hume, an English girl who went "home" planning to marry one of her own countrymen. Benita says, "The most amazing thing about the American man is that he actually will get up in the morning and make his own coffee rather than disturb his wife! Now an Englishman simply wouldn't do such a thing. And if he found himself in that position, his loud storms of protest would arouse the entire household.

"Of course," she adds critically, "the American is less meticulous about his clothes than the Englishman. But he makes up for that detail with his tremendous thoughtfulness. He is less egotistical than the European, too. He seems young and fresh in comparison with the blase, self satisfied man from the other shore."

But the picture of Mr. United States getting up and fixing his own breakfast coffee doesn't surprise Diana Wynyard. It's exactly what she would expect of him—and she isn't at all sure she likes it.

Diana complains, "The American man still puts woman on a pedestal! He doesn't treat her as a partner. In England there is a closer camaraderie between the sexes. The desire of the American man apparently is to protect and shelter women rather than to meet them on an equal ground. For this reason he prefers gaiety and charm in a woman rather than intelligence."

Elissa Landi is inclined to agree with Miss Wynyard. Elissa says, "Your American husband is
inclined to give too much to his wife and not share enough with her. This is particularly true in times of anxiety and tribulations. He is too much concerned with sparing his wife any family worry.

"The Englishman in times of stress will frankly put the entire matter up to his wife. He will probably say, 'Old girl, we've got to share this misfortune together.' And women of fine caliber want to share it. What's the use of being a wife if you can't enjoy success and misfortune alike with your husband?

"Then there is one quality I believe American men lack, which Englishmen have in abundant degree," continues Miss Landi. "It is blau—a sort of reckless enthusiasm, the ability to regard business and sports as high adventure." Well, blau must be nice. But on the other hand, "high adventurers" aren't always good bread-winners, and many a European woman has envied the business ability of American men. Mona Maris, the petite little South American beauty, whom you may recall as one of Leslie Howard's "affairs" in "Secrets," is particularly impressed by the Yankee's skill in collecting shekels.

Says Mona, "The American man can always be depended upon to make money for himself and his family. He is a model husband for all men. And he well should be. There aren't many men who are as generous to their families. Neither does he rob a woman of her independence nor annoy her by showering her with too much attention. I used to think that only the polished European was worth while. I now find the American even more attractive in his attention to women because he has the sense not to overdo it. And his gifts are beautifully, generously chosen."

Sari Maritza agrees in part. "The American man is great for business, yes!" says Sari. "But he is lacking in the smaller graces. He is the most active person alive, he is forever doing something or going some place. His motto is 'Action.' That's all right if you're equal to it. But we Europeans are slower."

Greta Nissen, too, once believed that "Europeans are slower." She said to me, several years ago, "I will never marry an American man. The European woman's training and temperament are at too wide a variance with the American's."

But Greta did marry an American—Weldon Heyburn. According to Greta he is "one hundred per cent American in his speed, restlessness and impetuosity." Greta says, "I adore the loyalty and friendship of the American man. He is the best 'pal' a woman can have."

Before her marriage to a "one hundred per cent American," when her opinion was more analytical because it was impersonal, Greta said, "The American man is unparalleled in his enormous sentimentality. He listens to a throbbing, seductive, yet often foolish song on the radio, and jumps in his car and proposes marriage to a girl. He is too
Y ES, he's at it this Max Baer chap. Having knocked Schmeling for a loop and for fistic oblivion, Max is training for a finish fight with a game in which only two men of his background ever lasted more than a round or two. The game of trying to make an athletics star into a screen star.

With just one chance for avoiding what usually is a certain knock-out. He promises to have what put over these two exceptions to the rule.

How important that becomes plain when you look at the men, good men, tried and true, who tackled the same game and took the count.

There was Jim Jeffries of the gorilla arms, still dizzy from the socking he took from Jack Johnson at Reno. Nobody thought Jim would be good for more than an appearance or two—and he wasn't. Nor was Corbett, for all that "Gentleman Jim" knew about entertaining from successful appearances in vaudeville.

Jack Dempsey even had his nose rebuilt for his whirl at it—no go. "Gorgeous George" Carpentier had a better chance, one might think, from the way women plugged for him—in the ring. But in the ring only. His box office performance sent him back to Paris after one appearance.

Gene Tunney—seemingly another possibility, was really a wash-out. Bill Tilden likewise. Babe Ruth—a sad strike-out in the studios. Red Grange scored one screen touchdown in "One Minute to Play," and was thrown for a huge loss in his next. Charlie Paddock, Jim Thorpe, Gertrude Ederle—but why go on? We'll understand Max Baer's chances better if we look at the two who made the grade.

Number One—Fred Thomson, former Princeton track star, winner of the American and Inter-Alled Games all-around athletic title. Until his death, in 1928, Fred went high, wide and handsome in adventurous stuff. "The Eagle's Talons," "Thundering Hoofs," "Silver Comes Thru," "Jesse James"

are some of the titles. And what did he have that the others lacked?

He was romantic, dashing. He had spirituality, too—son of a minister, Fred had preached in his time. He had what it takes, apart from his athletics—and could have got there had he never breathed a tape on a college track. His athletic prowess simply earned him his chance to display his cinematic wares.

Number Two—Johnny Weissmuller, of "Tarzan" fame, and before that, of an aquatic fame that literally cluttered the swimming annals with broken records. But was it the sight of his lithe body flashing through the water that turned the trick for him? Well, he did swim in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," but is that what sent the women home "oh-ing" and "ah-ing," or that brought on an outbreak of "Tarzanitis," evidenced by broken arms and legs, among the youngsters of the land?

The question answer themselves. Johnny, like Fred, had what it takes—and would have made good if the only water that ever touched his hide had been the water in his bathtub.

Which brings us to what Max Baer may or may not have that will help him become the third lad to break the rule that "athletes flop in the movies."

One thing he has in plenty: Sex-appeal, with a big S.

The shrill shouts that applauded him throughout the Schmeling fight, and the feminine mobs that besieged him after he had won, indicated that. Sacks and sacks of amorous mail have deluged him ever since. Mash notes, marriage proposals, heart-beats from all over the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]
"The Silliest Question I Was Ever Asked"

By Hilary Lynn

EVER since I heard a certain gushing lady scribe—known for her untiring efforts to dig up the neatly-buried "private lives" of the stars—put a certain question to Bert Wheeler, a burning desire has grown within me to come to the rescue of these long-suffering luminaries.

Fun is fun, and comedians can stand a lot of punishment. The more they stand, the more they earn. But enough is enough. What would you do if a beaming lady fixed you with her ferret-like eyes, as she did Bert, and queried: "How do you sleep in bed?"

Would you have invited her, as did the irrepressible Bert, to "come up and see me sometime?" Or would you have blushed—and indicated the direction of the front door?

Clark Gable, while vacationing recently in a small town had, of course, the representatives of all the local news sheets hot on his trail. There was one question, maybe a minor cause of his recent illness, which Clark says gave him stitches. The interviewer was a gangling dyspeptic youth, out to glean some information for himself, as well as for his paper.

"What would be your advice, Mr. Gable," he asked, nervously, "on the most effective way to make women fall in love with you?"

Still, that was tact personified compared with the question posed by a fluttering writer at the end of an interview in Diana Wynyard's dressing-room.

"Now, Miss Wynyard, just between you and me, tell me whom you consider to be the most ardent lover—an American or an Englishman?"

We'll give you three chances to outstrip this one. As Warner Baxter says, "Perhaps it wasn't the silliest question ever asked me, but it certainly was the most embarrassing. A very shy young lady who seemed to be having difficulty in interviewing me—maybe I'm just hard to talk to—demanded the terrible following: 'Have you ever known what it feels like,' she said, 'to have a baby?'"

From the profundity of these staggering queries, let's slide to the ridiculous.

Says Janet Gaynor: "A very important newspaper interviewer asked me: 'How many times a day do you look at your watch or the clock?' And then I asked him, 'Do you think the cuckoo and cuckoo-clocks should abide by the NRA?'

"That's nothing, Janet," said Lilian Harvey, who happened to be on the Fox set while I was talking with Janet. "A bright young thing once asked me if I cut lettuce with a knife or with a fork?"
"And," chimed in Heather Angel—she made the third of the three graces to be watching the shooting of "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," "one lady interviewer asked me, with a portentous note in her voice, if I had ever stopped a man's face?"

We think, though, that the most illuminating example of stoicism since the Golden Age in Greece was the behavior of Joel McCrea when a sweet morsel of scatter-brained girlhood was doing a "wardrobe story" on that azure-eyed bachelor for the motion picture column of her school paper.

Joel stood up nobly under a persistent barrage of inquiries concerning his wearing apparel for sundry occasions.

"And now, Mr. McCrea," said the girl, concluding the interview, "what do you wear when you take sun-baths?"

"A camel's-hair overcoat," wearily replied our hero.

Another ingenious lady reporter once caused John Boles to choke on his coffee at a little tête-à-tête luncheon. With an angelic expression, she asked him whether he believed his voice was influenced by the shade of clothes he wore.

Which question seemed to be up the same alley with one that another inquiring reporter propounded to Victor Jory:

"She asked me," said Victor, "what shade of underwear I preferred—and whether I had that shade on at the time. Well, believe it or not, I didn't have any on."

List this one to Mae West. It may not exactly be a question, but it's a wow!

An interviewer, sent from a New England paper, was waiting breathlessly for Queen Mae in her dressing room at the studio. Miss West apologized for the delay, ordered tea, and then asked the girl reporter what the subject of the interview was to be.

But the woman just sat there, looking at Mae with such a mournful expression on her face, her mouth half open. Finally she spoke: "You've ruined my story, You speak grammatically. Everyone says you talk off-stage exactly as you do on the screen. I haven't anything to ask you. You've ruined my story with culture!" And the poor girl staggered out, sobbing.

A timid young lady asked Chevalier, "Do you have to practice your French accent much, Mr. Chevalier? Do you think it sounds convincing to the people in France?"

Gary Cooper received a list of written questions—"to be answered truthfully"—from an out-of-town writer. Among others was this shining gem:

"Will the person you marry be a blonde, a redhead, or a brunette?"

To which Gary replied, with a flourish of his grandfather's goose quill, "The person I marry will be a girl."

Then there is that famous in-the-annals-of-Hollywood retort courteously by none other than our little Ginger Rogers. An ambitious young cub, eager to try his wings, was to extract information from that fire-crested ingénue. His hopes were punctured by his first question:

"Are you Will Rogers' wife?" he burred.

"No!" Nor Buddy Rogers' mother!" Ginger squeaked.

But, take off your hats to El Brendel and Boris Karloff for possessing the sweetest, most forgiving natures this side of Paradise!

To El Brendel came this suave flattery in question form:

"What do you put on your face to make you look so much like a monkey?"

And to Boris Karloff: "You really enjoy playing mean parts, don't you, Mr. Karloff? Doesn't that prove you're a mean man at heart?" Scratch. Scratch.

If there's a kinder, milder mannered human being now walking terra firma, I've yet to meet him!

Did Gracie Allen say this—or didn't she? Spencer Tracy insists it was a gentle little journalist, but I have my suspicions.

"Mr. Tracy, do you believe that playing polo has a tendency to improve your mental state?"

That's almost as paralyzing as the innocent little query put to Max Baer during his first day of work on "The Prizefighter and the Lady":

"Does it hurt when the other man hits you in a fight?"

"No, lady," responded the redboundable Max, "if we give more than love taps, we're penalized!" and she said, "Thank you!"

Bette Davis nearly had apoplexy when someone asked her: "Have you ever paid money to see an embalmed whale?" Then, when she'd finally managed to stave off an attack, the same interviewer, full of those quaint ideas, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]
Al Knows Better Now!

Can Al Jolson, once king of entertainers, come back? For months that has been one of the most insistent speculations in Hollywood. Even Al's sudden burst into the spotlight by way of a right swing to Walter Winchell's neck, a bevy of wild statements and a dash by air to New York, have not in the least changed the odds in the betting as to Al's ability to cause the movie-going public to forget his last few pictures and recognize him as the master entertainer of old.

As to the exact "Why" of Jolson's steady toboggan since making such outstanding hits as "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool," public opinions are few and private opinions many. That Jolson has fallen far from his pinnacle of five years ago is evidenced in many ways other than his recent extremely "conservative" contract with Warners. Jolson's famous "banana bag" contract with Joseph Schenck, originally written on a brown paper bag at Palm Springs and calling for two million dollars in two years at the rate of twenty-five thousand dollars a week for forty weeks each year, as compared to his reported thousand a week deal with Warners, is, many claim, merely in keeping with other features of his downward plunge.

Yet, according to many others, all this doesn't mean a thing. Jolson is still Jolson, and once back on the old lot, he...
"I'd Rather Know Joan"

says

Franchot Tone
to Jack Jamison

Here, for the first time, the man whom everyone is wondering about expresses, in words, his admiration for Joan Crawford.

EVERYBODY knows that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are dining and dancing together at all the smart places.

What everybody wants to know is: What lies behind it? Here is the answer, from Franchot Tone himself.

"What lies behind it is quite simple," he says. "It's that I'd rather know Joan Crawford than anybody else I know. And I have any number of reasons.

"In the first place, Joan is more intelligent than most people. Joan has what the French call "intelligence de cœur," or intelligence of the heart.

"It is a human and sympathetic intelligence, the power of learning by putting herself in the other person's place.

"But it is more than that, too. It is the power of giving meaning to every new experience by relating it to a past experience. When Joan comes in contact with something new, she instantly coordinates it with the rest of her knowledge. Therefore, Joan is intelligent in a deep and understanding way.

"She is receptive to every new idea. There are some people who make a pose of being receptive and brag about being 'open-minded.' Not so with Joan. She never accepts anything just because it is new, or because she wants to prove she is broad-minded. But she examines everything with an open mind, then chooses that which she considers worthwhile. And she has an instinctive mental judgment which helps her pick the wheat from the chaff.

"For example, Joan honestly believes that she knows nothing about acting, and is just beginning to learn. And yet, when we talk about the stage, when I tell her things that happened to me when I was on the New York stage, little tricks of technique that I saw actors use there—she can pick the good ones from the bad ones instantly. She knows at once what would be right for pictures and what would be wrong.

"Then there is Joan Crawford's beauty. I hardly need mention that. But a fascinating thing about her beauty—and a thing you don't realize until you know her personally—is that she is beautiful in two distinct and different ways.

"On the screen her beauty is formal. It gives you the impression of a classic statue. It might be sculptured, that head of hers.

"But you don't really appreciate her beauty until you see her without her make-up. Sometimes when you're traveling in a foreign country you suddenly come across a woman who literally makes you catch your breath. If you're in Bavaria.
you find yourself saying, 'Here is the perfect type of Bavarian beauty.' Well, seeing Joan as she really is, so fresh-looking, with that clean-scrubbed look of hers, you say: 'Here is the perfect type of American beauty.' And her freckles are a part of it.

'I think the first time I became aware of her great beauty was once when I had been asked to her house for lunch. She was in the back yard taking a sun bath. She came in, her hair rumpled, and oil all over her face and arms. And she was beautiful! Beauty like hers is a real thing. You can't mistake it.'

'And then, of course, there's her sense of humor. You can always tell if a person really has a sense of humor by his willingness to let himself seem ridiculous. Joan loves to be caught looking 'silly,' so that people will laugh.

'Sometimes at the end of a scene, while the cameras are still turning, she makes a face or lets her mouth hang open. Then when she goes into the projection room to see the rushes, she too laughs at the foolish picture of herself. It isn't loud, insincere laughter—the kind of laughter so many people use to cover a situation which embarrasses them. Nor is it the kind of laughter that seems to say, 'See what a good sport I am.' It's more a snicker, like a youngster's, but very real. She honestly loves to kid herself.'

'SHE loves to kid other people, too, but never cruelly—always gently. Once when we were making a picture together, I was supposed to do a swimming scene. Joan went to the director and asked anxiously, 'The tank isn't deep, is it?'

'Sure! Ten feet or so,' the director replied. 'Why?'

'Mr. Tone can't swim.'

'Can't he swim at all?'

'Well,' she said, 'he can do the breast-stroke a little.'

'She had them nearly crazy, explaining that I'd look silly if I couldn't do a crawl stroke, wondering if they could get a shallow tank so I could just wade, arranging for me to stay up all night and learn strokes. Then after they were all wild, she broke down and told them that I really could swim, after all.'

'But there is something even more important than a sense of humor—especially in a woman. And that is good taste. Joan's taste is exquisite. Like her intelligence, it is instinctive. While William Haines gets the credit for decorating her beautiful home, Joan, as a matter of fact, did a great deal of the actual choosing.'

'And her taste is as creative as it is discriminating. I've even heard her make suggestions to Adrian when he was planning clothes for her. They must have been good suggestions, because Adrian followed them.'

'Incidentally, Joan's wardrobe is stunning because she has good taste and not because she spends large sums of money on clothes. Undoubtedly one of the best-dressed girls in pictures, she spends far less for clothes than many another feminine star. Recently, when complimented on a lovely new outfit, Joan wrinkled and said, 'Last year's suit. New scarf and new hat, that's all.'

'But while men consider it important for a woman to choose her clothes well, Franchot says, "Most important is her taste in people."

'I have never, and there is not a single exception, found a soul she liked whom I didn't like, too. In choosing her friends, accomplishment—what they've done—means nothing to her. She's interested in what they are. If what they are helped them to do something, that is another matter. But popular acclaim, fame, popularity—they mean nothing to her. The two qualities Joan looks for in a person are sincerity and self-reliance.'

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]
Star News from London


As for Fairbanks, Jr.—that young man is equally determined not to be annoyed by people of the press. For all that he is appearing in "Z"—the new title for the revised version of "The Mark of Zorro" which is to be one of the new Fairbanks films—he seems to share his father's distaste for publicity.

He is in hiding in London—in a service flat in Hyde Park Place. So far as I have been able to ascertain, I am the only journalist in London who knows the exact address. Also, I have his private telephone number in my note book. Doubtless the London executives of United Artists (the organization which is to release the Fairbanks films in the United States) have this information. But you couldn't drag it out of them no matter how you tried. Every newspaper in London has tried—unsuccessfully.

Tom Geraghty who for years has been devoted to Fairbanks, is now serving young Douglas in a similar capacity. Geraghty divides his time between the country estate and the flat, his chief job being to balk would-be interviewers. And he is succeeding famously. In fact, he has discouraged Fleet Street (London's newspaper center) to such an extent as to lead the newspapers to decide that they can get along very nicely without so much as a mention of the Fairbanks name in their columns.

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At the studios at Elstree, life is leisurely. At least, that's the way it impresses me after the general thunder of American picture making in Hollywood, from whence I

have just returned to the homeland. Without any governmental Codes and without any attempt to ameliorate the unemployment situation, your Englishman is chronically addicted to the habit of living leisurely. The five-day week is an old story here. Ten o'clock in the morning is an outrageously early hour to start the day's work. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

By Kathryn Hayden
Photoplay's London Correspondent
THE little Irish girl looks quite dazzling in rhinestone tights, and it's a bet that no one will object if she never goes back to tiger skins or gingham aprons! Maureen O'Sullivan is the dancing daughter of the stage-struck parent in the forthcoming film, "Stage Mother." Title role by Alice Brady, who made a grand comeback in "When Ladies Meet."
Fred Shows
JOAN
some new
Dance Steps

WHAT the well-dressed Bavarian bride will wear. And—page Walter Winchell—the handsomely garbed bridegroom is Mr. Astaire. But the ceremony, like the costumes, is part of the movie. And Joan surely makes a charming peasant ingénue

A THREE point two-step—danced to the tuneful clinking of glasses of foaming beer. Joan Crawford, who started her acting career in the ballet of a Broadway chorus, and Fred Astaire, famous hoofer, in a scene from the movie, "Dancing Lady"
FRED gave Joan the run-around. But she asked for it! For years Fred Astaire and his sister thrilled audiences with an intricate dance, known as "the run-around." Fred would never teach it to anybody else. But that Crawford lady has a way about her! So Fred told her his dance secret and Joan was taught the steps of the famous number...
DRESSED in tawdry finery, a woman with a beautiful face and a gallant spirit, Nana is one of the most intriguing figures in literature. The search for an actress to play the rôle on the screen ended when the Russian star, Anna Sten, was discovered. Miss Sten has been in Hollywood over a year, preparing for the star part in Zola’s “Nana”
The Big Hollywood Robbery

Jean Harlow plays the lead rôle in a daring hold-up

By Curtis Burton

HOLLYWOOD is still gasping over the most notorious theft in the history of the movies. And Jean Harlow is the culprit. I am not referring to her "theft" of photographer Harold G. Rosson, with whom she eloped to Yuma, and married. No, another matter.

Jean stole first honors. From the Barrymores and Lee Tracy, from Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, from Edmund Lowe, Billie Burke, Madge Evans and a dozen other notable players, the little platinum blonde stole "Dinner At Eight."

It wasn't that they were weak. Far from it! Each had his big moment and the advantage of excellent, intelligent direction. Each played his part with customary true artistic perfection. This made Jean's success the greater.

Hollywood has never been particularly interested in seeing Jean Harlow succeed. She knew that if she ever got to the top, it would be through her own efforts.

She was untrained, without the advantage of a stage career. She got into the movies in a way that always antagonizes Hollywood: she was given a break with the feminine lead in "Hell's Angels." Then, in picture after picture, she was given repellent, sexy roles, which offered her no opportunity really to act, and brought jeers from the critics, adverse comments from the public. In the midst of this came the mysterious death of her husband and she had to bear scathing publicity, plus the burden of her great sorrow.

But she held on and fought and slaved and studied. But that alone didn't get her to the top. Courage and hard work aren't enough to make critics, who had panned her mercilessly, "right [Please turn to page 103]"
This is no game of peek-a-boo. It's Katharine Hepburn hiding from the camera. And those are genuine men's pants. The cameraman isn't at all discouraged. He keeps on trailing her. Some say one day she'll bump into a fire hydrant and then he'll get a real smash-hit picture of Katie Twins might be expensive for their parents, but Hollywood saves money on them! Infants must not work more than two hours a day. This holds up production—and it costs the studio plenty! But Pat and Jack Bowen are twins—and they look alike. So Pat works two hours, then Jack relieves him. They are playing now with Sally Eilers in "Walls of Gold."

THE only person on the Metro lot to see Garbo work since her return (except the director and people engaged on the picture) is none other than—Max Baer, prizefighter! Max strolled over one day after lunch. The guardian cop who recognized him has a weakness for prizefighters. "Could I take a look around?" asked Max. No one had returned from luncheon yet. So Max roamed in. The company returned. The cop forgot all about him. Max, standing back of a bit of scenery, watched Garbo do a whole scene.

When he arrived two hours late on his own set and they demanded to know how he got that way, Max replied casually:

"I've been up getting some pointers from Garbo."

IT seems to take a divorce to bring a couple together these mixed-up marital days.

Now Carole Lombard and Bill Powell, after having secured freedom via the divorce route only recently, are being seen everywhere together, and apparently very much enamoured of each other. They greeted each other with fervid embraces at a "Rube" party given by Kay Francis.

CONNIE BENNETT is going to play one of those woman spies that break down statesmen and make 'em tell all.

The name of the picture is "Without Glory"—and Gilbert Roland has the leading male role.

AND since new names for her are in order (De Mille started it when he changed it from Mari Coleman) Judith Allen is known to
They're all wet!—even the puppy. Alice White and John Warburton have just enjoyed a swim in the pool that Alice had built in her back yard. Warburton, young English actor, and Alice have been going places together. Ah ha! Miss White is pretty busy at the studio these days. She's been working on "Dangerous to Women," her forthcoming picture. That barber had better watch his scissors! Tarzan couldn't wear a short bob. Johnny Weissmuller is getting a jungle hair-cut for his new ape-chasing rôle in "Tarzan and His Mate." Johnny looks mighty grim about this hair-cutting job, and the barber takes it very seriously, too.

DOROTHEA WIECK who isn't German at all—she was born in Davos, Switzerland, but speaks German like a native—gave her first Hollywood party a while ago. Not a single (or married) Hollywood actor was invited!

CLARA BOW is back. That is, back to her exact weight. In her hey-day as the red-headed "It" girl, Clara tipped the well-known beam at 110. Then she inhaled slightly until the beam refused to tip at any notch near that.

So it was real cause for rejoicing when Clara "weighed in" after her period of training for "Hoophh" and the lever balanced right on the old mark at 110.

JEAN ALBERT JORY, aged two-and-a-half years, thinks that next to Mickey Mouse, her papa, Victor Jory, is the best actor on the screen. "Because," she argues, "I watched Daddy playing hooth to the hooly on the thet, and he’th tho pith. He alwaith rewardeth them with a kith?"
Director Lowell Sherman says he tries to keep his casts happy. Texas Guinan, night club hostess, is helping him, between scenes of “Broadway Thru A Keyhole.” On the set Sherman always wears shorts and a sweat shirt. Texas, however, dolls up, as do the little girls in the tall silk hats.

And just to make all those old meanies who had been whispering things feel disappointed or something, Hank, the Marquis, Constance Bennett’s husband, went to lunch with Gilbert Roland the first day he arrived back in Hollywood from six weeks in Bali.

And because of Director Mervyn LeRoy’s pint-sized build, his friends are calling him “Baby LeRoy”!

The secret of just why Henry Garat, French actor who made “Adorable” with Janet Gaynor, wasn’t any too popular toward the end of his stay, is now being told. Henry, who began by being so anxious and agreeable, became very “hoity-toity” toward the end of the picture.

His attitude toward little Gaynor was anything but pleasant. After the scene was called and Janet was waiting, he’d saunter over to his make-up kit and nonchalantly powder his face, causing Janet, the star, no little embarrassment as she stood there, patiently waiting for him. It’s hoped Henry will have recovered from his sudden attack of importance before he returns again to Hollywood. Temperament went out with the talkies, you know.

Wallace Ford had just finished a picture with Helen Twelvetrees when Columbia put him in another opposite Dorothy Tree.

“Eleven down and one to go,” sighed Wally.

Jack Pearl’s very first day’s work consisted of sitting on a block of ice with ZaSu Pitts. Poor Pearl kept getting bluer and bluer with the cold—but ZaSu looked quite healthy. He wanted to know how she did it. ZaSu had put on her rubber pants like a good girl—and Pearl didn’t even know what his were for, when he saw them in his dressing-room!

It was a barnyard party, and the Countess di Frasso took it literally and came dressed in Rhode Island Red feathers. Charlie Farrell looks very model-farmerish in that cambric shirt and wide-brimmed felt hat. The rural party was given for members of the movie colony by Kay Francis.

Sheed a tear for poor, dear Gary Cooper, who is taking an unmerciful ribbing these warm days. Gary got much interested—that is, for Gary—in Judith Allen, De Mille’s new “find.” She was such a “sweet, helpless little thing, who needed a strong man,” Gary broke down to an intimate friend... and then, all of a sudden, it was revealed that Judith has been...
Charlie Chaplin was clowning for a few of his friends, and Paulette Goddard complicated the act by tickling his feet. The friends, aboard Joseph Schenck's schooner, are, left to right: Mrs. Harry Green, Harry Green, Grace Poggi, Mr. Schenck, Margaret La Marr, and Charlie and Paulette as soon as she hangs up. And the latest is that she can't go around places all alone, so Lynn Riggs, who writes plays, is helping out.

WARNER BAXTER ran into the widow of an actor who was a good friend of his. She began telling him of her business troubles, winding up with this classic remark, "You know, Warner, I'm having so much difficulty getting my insurance, sometimes I'm almost sorry my husband died!"

THE Eddie Goulding-Gloria Swanson feud is still on, after all these years. Goulding, if you can remember that far back, directed Gloria in "The Trespasser."

When it was finished, Gloria wasn't speaking. Still isn't.

They were both at the Vendome, the evening it opened formally (well, let it go at that, anyway—in spite of all the informal behavior).

Eddie, inspired by the moment and all the kindred souls around, took the floor and tore off an elaborate operatic number to the tune of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," (but Eddie—those things date you so. Why not use "Stormy Weather"? Everybody else does?)

So, thinking he might have softened her mood—he approached in Swanson and asked her to sing her "Trespasser" song. But Gloria doesn't relinquish her hold on a feud as easily as that—she turned her back, with promptness and decision—and that was that-a!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]
"YOU see, Benita, it's this way. When you marry Adolphe Menjou in England—oh no, I don't mean that. He's not your romance. I'll try again. Now, Benita, when Jack Dunfree and Kathryn Carver—oh, goodness, no, that isn't right, either! And don't look at me like that, Benita. I know that Jack is your heart. But with all these divorces and romances around, I can't keep them and the story apart in my mind. Now, dry your eyes, and let's have another look at the script."

If that isn't exactly the way it went for Director Monta Bell while filming "The Worst Woman in Paris," it's a wonder. Although he looks happy here, Mr. Bell had on his hands more triangles than a juggler could manage!

Benita Hume, once married but freed by divorce, was wanting the picture to be finished so she could rush off to England and become Mrs. Jack Dunfree. Adolphe Menjou, her male lead, was going through a parting of the ways with Kathryn Carver. And Director Bell himself was scarcely more than a year married to Betty Lawford, after his divorce. Then, the story itself had two triangles to be kept in mind. So who could blame him if occasionally he happened to get the real life facts and the story mixed?
They're Clara's Twins

Lillian and Johnny from Flatbush are making life very lively for La Bow

By Roger Kirkwood

"A! UNT C-L-A-R-A—" Two little words, piped in a childish treble duet just as the sun pokes its way through the matutinal mists of Benedict Canyon, out Beverly Hills way, are making a new woman out of your old friend and playgirl, Clara Bow.

They're making her see the sunrise again. Not the red-rimmed sunrise she used to see through eyes circled from all-night whoopee, not the reproving sunrise which on the way home reflected its disturbing rays on the glittering sequins of her evening gown; but a thoroughly respectable, domestic sunrise which Clara now views after long hours of pre-midnight sleep—welcome sleep.

All because Lillian and Johnny Bow, Clara's ten-year-old twin cousins, who belong to Uncle Bill Bow back in Flatbush, Brooklyn,

They look quiet enough here, these two visiting cousins—but ask Clara what racket they can make at six in the morning! "Well," philosophizes Clara (right) as her rifle brings down another chicken hawk, "this early rising makes for a keen eye and steady hand. Besides it's no end fun!"

have come, like little Orphan Annie, to her house to stay.

It all started when Clara and Rex came back from Europe and stopped by Brooklyn for the Bow family reunion, which takes place whenever Clara passes through the old home town. From far and near the Bow clan, who are legion, rallied.

Among them was Uncle Bill, bringing the twins along for a look at their famous cousin.


"Gosh, I'd rather be a cowboy than a fireman when I grow up," declared Johnny.

Clara's heart melted. She looked at Rex. That great big house in Beverly with its swimming pool, playgrounds, fresh air and sunshine! That endless acted ranch in Nevada.

These two kids hemmed in by Brooklyn's crowded, stuffy streets.
Thirty "HUSBANDS" Have

but he makes love in such a breath-taking, irresistible way.

"Spencer is the most direct screen-lover of them all, and he makes love the least like an actor. Why, he's so spontaneously natural about it that you forget he's acting at all!"

Quite in contrast with the intense impetuosity of Mr. Tracy is the disinterested lover, Joel McCrea.

"Joel McCrea evinced nothing more than strictly courteous, professional interest," said Miss Wray. "As soon as we finished shooting a scene and the stage doors swung open, Joel would dash outside and take a sun bath—between scenes! He is far more interested in his tan than in his leading lady. He's the most indifferent lover on the screen."

Fay's screen hero is Gary Cooper. Not because of the way he makes love, though Miss Wray does say his love-making is refreshingly sincere and honest, and all the more charming because of Gary's boyish reticence. Fay admires Gary particularly because he saved her from drowning. They were making "The First Kiss." The scene

Fay Wray is the biggest bigamist in movieland! The titian-haired beauty knows more about love-making techniques than do most women of twice her age

Can you imagine a girl of twenty-six who has been married over thirty times?

A girl who has had most of the screen world's fascinating men make love to her and who knows, by heart, the love-making technique of types as different as Eric Von Stroheim and Ronald Colman?

Fay Wray has, and does.

Still in the bloom of youth, Fay probably knows as much about the various ways of being wooed and won as any other woman alive. She has been Hollywood's "best girl" for six years and during that time has been in the arms of almost every current rave.

It's well worth listening to Fay; she knows.

The perfect screen lover, according to Fay, is Ronald Colman.

Of Colman, she says, "Of all the men with whom I have played, Ronald is the most romantic. He is a perfect lover, tenderness itself, considerate of everyone else, a gentleman in every sense of the word at all times.

"He is perhaps the only player in Hollywood whom I have never heard raise his voice above its low, conversational level for anything. And that is remarkable because Mr. Colman is one of our biggest stars, and could get away with being temperamental if he chose. But I have never seen him ruffled for any cause.

"However, the most devastating lover on the screen is Spencer Tracy. No, he isn't as romantic as Ronald,
Taught Her How to LOVE!

Since "The Wedding March," Fay Wray has had one grand parade to the altar

By Reginald Taviner

was aboard a tiny skiff in Chesapeake Bay. In stepping from the skiff into another boat, Fay fell into the sea. Gary, without waiting a single second, dived in and pulled her from the water.

However, the most interesting screen lover that Fay has had is Wallace Beery. He may not be as great a lover as some of the others, but Wallace has a highly original manner of playing his scenes.

"To begin with," Fay explained, "he never learns his lines. He looks at his part for a minute or two, gets the sense out of the part—then he plays it as nobody else can. He ad lib his lines as he goes. He is difficult to follow for this reason. One never knows what he will say, and it is hard to get your cues. But it is interesting.

"In making 'The Bowery,' Wally was tremendously sorry that his ad libbed lines were difficult for me to follow. But it is the only way he can act. Maybe it is this technique which makes him the most human actor I've ever known."

I asked Miss Wray if any of the actors with whom she had played were inexperienced lovers.

"Yes, one was inexperienced," she admitted. "It was George E. Stone. The picture was 'The Big Brain.' George had never played a romantic role before. And naturally, he wasn't too expert at love making. He was a bit nervous. And he didn't know whether he was going too far or not far enough. And that," laughed Fay, "is quite a spot for any young man to be in!"

Compared with the nervous love-making of Mr. Stone, is the suave, continental technique of Eric Von Stroheim. Fay played opposite him in her first leading role, in "The Wedding March."

Von Stroheim is the possessive lover.

Clive Brook is an example of the repressed type of lover, aloof, restrained. Fay knows, for she and Clive played together in "Four Feathers."

Emil Jannings is the stern and powerful type of screen lover, according to Miss Wray who played in "The Street of Sin" with Jannings.

Fay played with Jack Holt in "Dirigible" and described him as one of the most masculine lovers on the screen
LITTLE publicity woman and I were walking across the lot when we heard a bright, animated laugh coming from the dressing-room balcony.

We looked up and the press-agent said to me, "There's our newest star—girl named Ann Harding—from the stage. Isn't she beautiful?"

Yes, there was Ann Harding in conversation with her leading man in "Paris Bound."

Well, you know me. I'm always frank. And when somebody asks me a question I answer.

"No," I said, "I don't think she's beautiful, but I'll bet she photographs well when she has make-up on. The

trouble with her is she should wear the proper street make-up. She's too blonde to impress unless there's some color in her face. Why, look at her! She's all one color—light eyebrows, eyelashes and hair—ash blonde hair. Why doesn't she use some make-up?"

And it was this very thing that I kept trying to drive home to Ann all the time I treated her.

A couple of days later she and Harry Bannister came to my studio on the lot. They were always together in those days—always laughing and happy.

"I guess I need some treatments," Ann said. "My hips should be taken down."

I looked her over. "Your hips should be taken down—and I'm the girl who can do it—but there's something else you need. You've got a bad walk that must be corrected."

"A bad walk?" she repeated.

"I know you've been on the stage," I said. "And I know you think I've got a nerve to tell you a thing like that. But I've never given anybody soft soap in my life. I'm telling you, you've got a bad walk."

At that time Ann Harding had a careless carriage—sort of coming down flat on the balls of her feet without any spring, and swinging from her hips, going down too far on her knees. She just didn't think about herself, and a great artiste like Ann Harding has a responsibility to her public.

The public wants glamour. It's a sin for an actress to appear when she is not at her best. And it's a sin for any woman to neglect herself in any way. That goes for you, too, you girls away from Hollywood. It goes for girls in offices and shops and homes.

You may not have the duty to your public that an Ann Harding has, but you have a duty to yourself.

BUT to get back to Ann. When she was away from the camera she never thought of how she looked. She used to stroll across the lot with no make-up on at all. I remember one occasion at the Embassy Club. I saw Ann Harding and Joan Crawford having lunch together. I waved across the room to Ann and then happened to glance down and see under her chair in that smart club an ordinary shopping bag bulging with bundles. I know no other star in Hollywood who would carry a shopping bag to the Embassy Club. But that's Ann Harding for you!

So her walk typifies her character. And I knew that besides squeezing off the lumps on her hips (and if you girls don't know how to do that for yourselves by this time, you've not been reading my articles as carefully as you should), I had to change that walk.

I knew I had to strengthen her back muscles before I could
Ann Harding's Walk

do anything about it. So here's what I did, and every one of you can do it for yourself. I'll guarantee that if you follow my instructions you won't have that tired feeling in the back after a hard day's work.

Place the eight finger tips at the base of the spine with the thumbs outwards on the hips. Now, with the fingers, perform a rotary movement on the spine as hard as you can. Slowly walk upwards with the rotary movement to the waist—keeping the hands in the same position—fingers on spine, thumbs out. Get that? Work only from the base of the spine to the waistline and dig in as hard as you can. It's a great exercise and, oh boy! how it sends the blood tingling. It stimulates and revivifies and if you'll do that in a sitting or standing position for ten minutes every night before you go to bed, you'll sleep like a log and wake up the next morning ready to kick the office building down! My—will you have pep! When you're doing that you can't help but have a springy, peppy walk!

When I'd been working on Ann's back for a few treatments I started her on a corrective exercise. I told her to walk before the mirror, with stiffened knees—to do an exaggerated "goose step." This gets the muscles used to pulling up and it gives general springiness, which is what makes a walk attractive.

I TOLD her to carry her head high (she has so much lovely hair that it becomes a heavy burden). Also, I told her to spring on the balls of her feet. There you are, girls. Try that walking exercise, if you've gotten into bad walking habits. Besides, it's a wonderful all 'round exercise, too.

Ann used to be quite tired when she first came to me. And she was one of the few people who was willing to wait while I treated others. Most of them wanted to have me treat them first, and they'd be good and mad if I didn't. But Ann would come in, curl up on the couch, and say, "Take So-and-So first. I'll wait."

This was partly because of Ann's generosity and partly because of her lack of energy. I saw that she needed proper foods, and put her on an energy diet.

Energy building foods are rice, barley, meat (if you can digest it, but not pork), turnip tops, celery (leaves and all), lettuce, green peas, green lima beans, string beans, okra, figs and dates (although they are prone to be fattening in preserved or dried form), etc., etc. The entire list is too long to give here—but these are some of them.

For breakfast I let Ann have a small glass of orange juice followed by a glass of water, one boiled egg, rice or melba toast with butter and honey, coffee or tea.

And then twice a week I made her eat this marvelous luncheon. It will not put on weight and it builds up [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100].

No screen artist has more glorious presence than Ann Harding—but none cared less about appearances off-stage. Read what Sylvia did about it

Another of Sylvia's noted "Help Yourself" stories, based on her work for scores of famous stars

Turn to page 100 for Sylvia's helpful answers to questions
PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING—Fox

This film will delight all Janet Gaynor admirers. It's a featherweight story about a big-hearted, improvident Irish squire who wants to marry his eldest daughter (Margaret Lindsay) to wealthy Warner Baxter. But it's superb for Ja Gaynor who, as the lovable pet of the family (they named her Paddy, as the next best thing to the boy that had been wanted), is determined sister shall marry Harvey Stephens, whom she loves.

You can anticipate pretty well what happens then—but you can't anticipate the whimsicality and charm that Janet brings to her portrayal of Paddy. You'll enjoy, too, the heart-tug that Walter Connolly achieves in his rôle as the father, the satisfying performance given by Warner Baxter and the good work of the others in the cast.

TOO MUCH HARMONY—Paramount

Another musical, with a back-stage story—but don't let yourself miss it from any notion that you'll be bored. This one moves, with dialogue so good that if you miss one line, there'll be another so quickly that you won't have time for regrets—and with plot, fine music, and dance numbers that are all anyone could ask.

Juliet Allen is the girl from the sticks who makes good in big time, while Jack Oakie is the boy who helps her—and who scatters plenty of fun along the way, too. Just see his act with Skeets Gallagher! Harry Green does the producer, while Lil Tashman portrays herself. Then there's Bing Crosby, in fine form, and Kitty Kelly, with a torch voice.

It's not new plot material, but what of it, in a musical? It's what they do that counts—and this one measures up!

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY—RKO-Radio

It's the familiar story of the country doctor who's too busy caring for his flock to win any material wealth for himself—but as played by Lionel Barrymore, it has enough tug at the heart-strings to suit anybody.

Doctor Barrymore gets away to a bad start through losing his first patient, wife of ne'er-do-well David Landau, in childbirth. Dave, heartbroken and wrathful, orders Lionel and the baby out of the house; and for some years Lionel gets only those cases which pay in potatoes and turnips. But with the help of his loyal housekeeper, May Robson, he hangs on—and at last his great work in a smallpox epidemic wins him the love of the entire community.

From then on it's a tug-of-war between chances to go to the city and become the specialist he always has wanted to be, and calls to tend patients he can't be away from. Meanwhile his own motherless son, Joel McCrea, is studying to be a doctor; David Landau's orphan child has grown into a lovely young woman (played by Dorothy Jordan), whose unfortunate love affair chains Doctor Barrymore once more to his post; and under these circumstances he grows old, still nothing but a "country plug."

There's little that's exciting, and next to nothing for romance addicts; but for a nice story, finely told, about a grand character, you couldn't ask better than this one. See it; it will renew your faith in human nature.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY
TURN BACK THE CLOCK
PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING
TOO MUCH HARMONY
MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS
BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD
NIGHT FLIGHT
PENTHOUSE
I LOVED A WOMAN

The Best Performances of the Month

Lionel Barrymore in "One Man's Journey"
May Robson in "One Man's Journey"
Lee Tracy in "Turn Back the Clock"
Jack Oakie in "Too Much Harmony"
Frank Morgan in "Broadway to Hollywood"
Alice Brady in "Broadway to Hollywood"
Warner Baxter in "Penthouse"
Helen Hayes in "Night Flight"
John Barrymore in "Night Flight"
Clark Gable in "Night Flight"
Edward G. Robinson in "I Loved a Woman"
Mary Boland in "The Solitaire Man"

Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 124

☆ TURN BACK THE CLOCK—M-G-M

HAVE you ever wondered what might have happened if you'd married the other girl—or boy—instead of the one you picked?

Well, Lee Tracy, plugging along happily in a little cigar-store, with wife Mae Clarke helping, has occasion to ask himself this when his boyhood friend, Otto Kruger, shows up. Otto had married the other girl (Peggy Shannon), and is rich—also expansive. He offers to take Lee's savings and triple them—a proposition that, to Lee's disgust, Mae Clarke can't see.

So Lee gets himself a bun which is one of the finest bits of acting the screen ever has seen, colllides with an automobile—and lo and behold, he gets his wish! Time turns back—he's a boy once more in the old home town, and free to live his life over, which this time means marrying Peggy instead of Mae. And the exquisite part of it is, while he's thrown back in time, he retains his knowledge of what will happen, right down to the time the automobile hits him; so he's well equipped to become disgustingly rich.

What riches do to him is another matter—you'll have to see the film to learn that. But you can take our word for it; what happens is all good, rapid-fire, punchy Lee Tracy stuff, with a fine cast helping out—C. Henry Gordon and George Barbier as well as those already mentioned. List this one in your memorandum book as excellent entertainment.

☆ BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD—M-G-M

THIS is the poignant life story of a vaudeville hookers team—Frank Morgan and Alice Brady, who are a riot on all circuits in the decade of 1880. Frank, of course, has an eye for the girls; Alice gets tough when necessary, but loves Frank just the same. And above and beyond all that, they both love their son, played as a boy by Jackie Cooper, and as a grown-up, married to Madge Evans, by Russell Hardie.

Drink gets the better of sonny, and advancing age does for Frank and Alice—but meanwhile grandson (Eddie Quillan) gets into the movies. Then comes the sunset of life for the two old trouper—and if you can sit dry-eyed through the last scene, you're a wonder. But that's just the touch of sadness which will make you love the film. It's a tenderly done a life story as you've seen in many a day.

☆ MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS—Universal

A MUSICAL, and it keeps as close to "42nd Street" as it can. But you won't mind that a bit, because it's fun, put over by an excellent cast from stage and screen.

Leo Carrillo heads the screen contingent, as a big-hearted, simple gambler who's always ready to save the show, but loses it to villain Herbert Rawlinson. Mary Brian is the small-town girl who does not make good—a refreshing change—but she's rather swamped by the hotcha work of Lillian Miles. Roger Pryor as the hero, and Bobby Watson, who does a "sweet cookie" dance director with rich humor and perfect taste, round out the stage's contribution of principals.

The dance numbers and music are all that could be asked. A show well worth anybody's time.

57
Here's a melodrama that is a melodrama. In spite of inevitable old elements, the plot has suspense and swift action. There is a conflict in Warner Baxter's heart between the society girl, Martha Sleeper, and the gangster's moll, Myrna Loy. An unusual murder rounds out the story. Mae Clarke and Phillips Holmes do good work. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, and George E. Stone add fireworks. See it.

I loved a woman
First National

Anyone who complains about "Hollywood hooey" should see this, for it has realism and fidelity to life to an extent that you rarely see in films. Edward G. Robinson, of a famous meat-packing family, loves two women, Kay Francis and Genevieve Tobin. Their battles for him, his fight to win through to peace with himself—a fight that brings him, in his old age, to refuge in Greece—make a film you'll remember.

Charlie Chan's greatest case
Fox

Warner Oland gives us another priceless Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, with his amusing Oriental philosophies and deliberation. Charlie solves two baffling murders, and assists a love-affair, without raising his voice. He has, however, raised an immense family, which we see for the first time. Heather Angel is very attractive, and the whole cast splendid. The mystery is satisfactorily confusing.

Beauty for sale
M-G-M

This only goes to show what happens to pretty girls who work in a smart beauty shop operated by Hedda Hopper. One, Una Merkel, gets disillusioned—and also gets a trip to Europe. Florence McKimney falls for Hedda's son and that's too bad. Madge Evans gets herself all tangled up with Alice Brady's husband, but Alice fixes things in her own hilariously inimitable manner. She's grand. An amusing picture.
A COMPLICATED but touching story of an unmarried mother who becomes a sizzling torch singer, and then of all things, becomes "Aunt Jennie" on a bed-time radio hour. Claudette Colbert contributes some fine acting, and her throbbing, throaty songs are surprisingly good. You'll shed a tear when she finds her lost child. Ricardo Cortez and David Manners have little to do. Baby LeRoy is charming.

THINGS happen in this one. Pat O'Brien is a hard-boiled detective in the Bureau of Missing Persons, with Lewis Stone as the level-headed boss who feels he must jolt Pat out of slugging methods—learned in gangster-hunting—and get him to use headwork instead. But the way to a man's head is through his heart, and Bette Davis is the girl who follows that rule with Pat. Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins.

WILL ROGERS is a small-town doctor, compelled to fight against the bigotry of the small community. Between times he attends to his light practice. Vera Allen, Louise Dresser, Rochelle Hudson and Andy Devine contribute good performances. Lack of plot and love interest suggest the picture will be only mildly interesting to audiences, save those who think lovable Will Rogers is enough to make any show.

IT has more than its brief moments, this story of a millionaire's playboy son, Gene Raymond, who married a night club singer, Carole Lombard. Carole bravely attempts to make a self-respecting man out of good-time hubby, and succeeds after many heart-breaking disappointments. It steps along with life and vigor. Arthur Hohl, Monroe Owsley, Donald Cook lend splendid aid. You'll like it.

ZASU PITTS and Slim Summerville take a long time to get started, but when they do they are simply paralyzing. Slim is a shyster lawyer this time; he frames ZaSu's sugar daddy and then sues him in court. But alas, the tables turn, and Slim is put on his defense as a perjurer! Slim walks away with this one, due to a much better part, but ZaSu's followers will like her anyway.

FOUR Park Avenue gold diggers agree to split the sucker profits. But Neil Hamilton spoils everything when June Knight really falls for him. Of course, the merger contract appears, and it looks as though June has lost Neil until—well, you know how life can turn. Pretty thin stuff, but funny in spots. June's warm ditties are the high spots.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 107]
A Little Blonde
From England

LITTLE Ida Lupino, recently arrived from England to play in pictures, flashed her pretty blue eyes and raised her right eyebrow a little when someone remarked that she reminded her of Alice White or a blonde Clara Bow.

At first glance Ida Lupino, daughter of the famous English comedian, Stanley Lupino, looks like a soft little baby doll. She has that fluffy blonde hair and a complexion like peaches and cream. A little turned-up nose, reminiscent of Helen Twelvetrees; deep blue eyes with sweeping lashes, and a mouth like a rosebud.

And here's the amazing thing about this seventeen-year-old child actress, she has an astonishing mind.

When you hear her discussing studio executive problems and modern trends of thought in England as compared with ancient philosophies, you are intrigued and a little amazed that inside so exquisite and tiny a person such profound thoughts can generate.

We asked Ida Lupino how, with such fair coloring, she came to have a Latin name, and she explained:

"My great grandfather was an exile from Italy. He was of royal blood. But because he had opinions of his own which didn't coincide with the thought of the day, he was banished from his country. He came to England, and our family tree developed from that original Lupino."

"Who is Connie?" someone queried, as Ida Lupino went into the detail of Connie's confidence in her as an actress.

"Oh, that's mom," she smiled. "We always call each other by our first names." Mrs. Lupino is Ida's manager.

Ida has been signed by Paramount on a long term contract. She is as charming as she is clever, and is slated to go far along the movie road to success.

Came Ottolie
And Prunes

OTTOLIE must have fresh prunes! She's fed up with the dried variety. So Mr. Otto Kruger, anxious father of the six-year-old Ottolie, signed the movie contract and got a house in Hollywood with a prune tree in the back yard.

The studios had been shoving contracts under Mr. Kruger's dressing room door for a dozen years. And Mr. Kruger always shoved them back—unsigned. He had reached the pinnacle of success on the legitimate stage after a long, hard struggle. And he wasn't willing to climb down and go to Hollywood!

There were years of arduous work in stock before he finally reached Broadway in 1914. And there followed the inevitable heartbreak years of small parts, empty theaters, failures, the futile, tiring rounds of producing offices. Then reward; his name on billboards. Otto Kruger in "Alias Jimmy Valentine"—Otto Kruger with Helen Hayes in "To the Lovers"—Otto Kruger in "The Royal Family"—Otto Kruger in "Counselor-at-Law." There were lots of other hits. Otto and his wife, Sue, would never stay far from Broadway again!

But along came Ottolie—and prunes. And Papa Kruger is an adoring father, a devoted husband. Go West, young man! The command was insistent. Think of your child—California sunshine, warm winters. The next time the contract came sliding under the dressing-room door, the stage star picked it up and, grimly determined, signed it with a firm hand.

Kruger scored a big success in his first movie, "Turn Back the Clock." And predictions are that the Kruger family will remain in the shade of the prune tree.

She says that when Ottolie said her prayers their first night in Hollywood, she tacked on an extra line, "Please God bless M-G-M." But Ottolie should have mentioned Columbia, too, for her daddy is under contract with both studios.
ACCESSORIES, as seen about Hollywood these days, are exciting. The sketches above show interesting new gadgets worn by Dorothy Tree and Dorothy Wilson.

Dorothy Tree wears matching hat and gloves with a gay wool scarf. The hat is a sheer wool turban with grosgrain ribbon trim placed high. Dorothy's gloves have detachable cuffs of ribbed wool or velvet which button onto the kid hands. Designed by Patou of Paris. The scarf is a rabbit's hair jacquard wool in various color combinations.

Dorothy Wilson wears a new looking collar on her woolen street dress. It's a ripply sheer fabric with wide yoke and tiny over collar with tie. Her bag is black calf in a rather unusual shape with metal rim. The belt matches the bag and has a tricky buckle.

Note: All accessories pictured on this page may be bought at the same stores which are listed for Hollywood Fashions on Page 90.
FINS! What an amusing idea for as sedate and charming a satin dress as this one which Irene Bentley wears in "My Weakness." The fins which are stitched and stiffened flare out over the armholes and above the shoulders. Note the double breasted buttoning and square neckline. Designed by Rita Kaufman. A smart satin turban
HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. ... Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 90.

- Seymour

In "Design for Living," Miriam Hopkins wears this youthful jacket frock. The dress, topped by a matching jacket, is extremely simple in design having a high schoolgirl looking collar and buttons for the sole trimming on the bodice. The entire ensemble is in a new gray silk.

Suits are an indispensable part of every star's wardrobe—and yours, too! Royer designed this one which Sally Eilers wears in "Walls of Gold." In two tones of gray wool with shirt-like silk blouse that has a tiny starched wing collar—a very amusing conceit.
THE smartest evening gowns seen at Hollywood affairs are those with high necklines and deep back decolletage. Claire Dodd in "My Woman" wears a Kalloch designed dress in velvet with high neckline and deep back. Ruffles cover the shoulders and edge the entire hem and train of the gown. Stunning!

ALSO in "My Woman" Helen Twelvetrees wears a striking satin gown that has sable edging the high bateau neck and following around to the back where it edges a deep "V" decolletage. Again Kalloch stresses the covered shoulder line and gives the interesting, sheath-like look to the silhouette.
It is nice to see taffeta dresses of the bouffant style in revival. Billie Burke in "Only Yesterday" wears a delightful one in black gros de Londres designed by Vera. Stiffened bows decorate the shoulders. The skirt is slim through the hips flaring out below to extreme width beneath the pleated ruffling. Jeweled clips add a sparkling note to the belt.
THE two-piece dress, so beloved a few years back, is coming into its own again. Adrian gives it a boost with this youthful diagonal wool dress worn by Maureen O'Sullivan in "Stage Mother." Cording is adroitly used to give a dropped shoulder line—note how it rises in front to fasten the collar.

AND another smart two-piece frock is worn by Maureen in the same picture. This one is in a blue angora wool with a high collar and scarf. Fins from shoulder to wrist on the sleeves are interesting as are the loosely fastened epaulets. Note the three buckles on the belt. The little turban is angora.
YOUTHFUL and sophisticated—both the girl and the gown. The girl is Jean Parker, talented young actress who will play Beth in "Little Women." The gown is of dull satin, smoothly fitted and simply cut. The low, square neck and sleeve line give the desired wide-shoulder effect. Jean is wearing her flowers in a charming and novel way. She chose gardenias and fastened them diagonally across the wide bow that trims the bodice.
THE other ladies at the party were very grand in lace-trimmed satin and velvet gowns, but none was so winsome as Jo March, clad in a simple dress of black alpaca. Laurie thought so, too. And Jo never lacked a dancing partner. It was Laurie, the wealthy boy next door, who gave the March girls (poor as church mice!) a glimpse of "high society." The rôle of Jo is played by Katharine Hepburn.
THE Baron Munchausen and his pal, Sharley, walked through the M-G-M lot and looked around.

"Vell, Sharley, here ve are. In der mooies, by golly, and it's vunderful, ain'd it? In de goot ole mooies."

"Yes, Baron, it's nice. A little different from radio, but still very nice. By the way, now that you're here, what do you expect to make first?"

"Vell, Sharley, I don't vant to begin too big. I mean I don't vant I should knock de fans out too quick vit my personalidy. You see vot I mean, Sharley. I vant I should sneak up on dem in a smaller part and get dem used to me before I blaze out too quick and maybe blind dem. I don't vant I should overcome dem vit my new deal in sex too soon."

"Oh, I see. You're going to play a small part in a mere program picture. Not a super special colossal mammoth production."

"Vas you saying someding, Sharley?"

"I say you're not going to begin too big at first."

"Yes, von of dem fellows vat sits on a thorn."

"On a thorn? Why no one could sit on a thorn, Baron. They jagg."

"Vell, dat's all right, Sharley. Dis kink has a jagg on all trough de picture."

"Well, you'll rise up pretty fast, Baron."

"Dat part's all right, Sharley. Der's an uprising all over de kingdom. But I'm worred."

"Why Baron, what is there to worry about?"

"Vell, Sharley, you know I vas at a party last night. Dey vus talking, all of dem, about... "
Isn't it easy to see why Kay Francis can put tenderness and nobility into the sirenic roles she plays with Edward G. Robinson in "I Loved a Woman"? She has what it takes to be naughty and saintly at one and the same time! We'll see her next in memories of the Floradora Sextette in "The House on 56th Street"
The IMP They Call Janet

A remarkable word picture of the happy sprite of "7th Heaven" and the recent "Paddy"

By Sara Hamilton

JANET GAYNOR has a dimple in her chin, a twinkle in her eye and a habit of picking up bent nails, wherever she is. For good luck. On her way from her dressing-room bungalow to the sound stage she's constantly hunting for nails—bent ones. Until she practically can't straighten up with backache. She calls it her "bent nail backache."

Her hair is copper red, like an autumn sunset, and grows in a widow's peak on her forehead. She likes the widow's peak business, and usually ties her hair back with a ribbon so it will show more.

It takes one hairdresser on the Fox lot constantly brushing the curl out of her hair. While other actresses sit about submitting to curling tongs, Janet must have the kink brushed out. In one scene for her latest picture, "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," she was called upon to fall in the river. For three days straight she fell in the river. And after each fall her hair grew curlier and curlier. At the end of the third day, she had a mop of tight ringlets. She went about pointing to her head and making funny little noises in her throat. She was that distressed.

Her eyebrows are plucked but slightly. She wears little make-up, and doesn't in the least mind her freckles showing. In fact, she's rather pleased when people notice them.

SHE has a tremendous appetite and, with three huge meals a day, never gains an ounce. She weighs practically nothing, being a mere five feet tall. Chinese food, she adores. Her greatest delight is hunting up a new Chinese restaurant, and eating everything on the menu, till even the Chinamen are amazed.

She drinks a glass of buttermilk every night before going to bed. She loves blue and white bathing suits. Through the day she never wears anything but slacks, with double breasted coats, especially made for her by a Hollywood sports shop. She says she hasn't much taste in clothes, and won't be bothered. So her mother has huge boxes of frocks sent out from the shops for Janet to choose. She wears size twelve of the plainest of soft knit underwear. She'll loaf all day in pajamas, but always sleeps in a nightgown. Somewhere on all her sports things, her initials, "J. G.," are embroidered.

She's the least known star in Hollywood, except Garbo, for Janet is just as adverse to publicity. Only Janet doesn't make a point of hers, or fuss if she's recognized. It's always in the little out.
Is the Jinx of "Trigger" Still On?

What effect had that rôle on the parts Jack LaRue is now playing?

By Virginia Maxwell

ALL Hollywood is speculating right now on the outcome of the greatest gamble of Jack LaRue's career—the long chance he took in playing Trigger in "The Story of Temple Drake."

You may recall it was this ruthless seducer rôle which George Raft, originally scheduled to do the part, completely and flatly turned down. In fact, Raft walked out on the studio. Then LaRue, ready to gamble his entire picture future on the turn of this one card, readily accepted the rôle. The public would understand that this wasn't really Jack LaRue. Entirely different from the priest of "A Farewell to Arms" or the Latin lover in "Christopher Strong" which had won him a very appreciable popularity among the ladies LaRue stacked his chips and piled them before the wheel of destiny when he walked into the front office that day and told them he'd take his chances with that character.

"The Story of Temple Drake" was a box-office picture. But those ladies who have illusions about their favorite screen lovers fled home in horror to try to forget what they'd witnessed their precious Jack LaRue doing with Miriam Hopkins.

So that right now, even after playing in "Gambling Ship" and "Headline Shooter" to take the curse off that Trigger rôle, LaRue stands at the crossroads of his career, wondering whether he has won or lost in the greatest gamble of his life. Only the public can decide. It will be their personal response to his silent plea which will contain the answer to whether he shall go on and be the star women have adored or whether he has shattered their illusions by having played the rôle of the vilest creature all women detest.

No matter what happens, this is certain: Jack LaRue won't be beaten down without a fight. He had to fight his way to the top every step of the slippery ladder. From licking kids who called him "sheik" when that was a neighborhood stigma among hoodlums, to antidoting the poison of Hollywood gossip when he first began his ascent to the heights.

Not long ago I chatted with Jack LaRue's mother—a Madonnas-eyed Italian woman who has carried to this country the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]
PHOTOPLAY'S
Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

HERE are four good hair tricks to make you more charming, interesting and "different." Claire Trevor, at left, has combed out her curls and slipped a bandeau over her head. Above, her curls are smoothly rolled and caught with a brilliant clasp. At lower left, she has brushed her hair sleekly back, the ends forming a soft fluff. For a slightly bizarre effect, below, hair is parted, brought insouciantly over one eye. The same curl lends itself to four adaptations, according to your mood.
HELEN TWELVETREES can powder perfectly from this large compact which contains generous mirror, powder well and dry rouge. The compact is made of wood, beautifully polished, a chic accent for your autumn costumes. Always pat your powder on gently.

FROM her rainbow vanity, Betty Furness adds a telling touch of powder and rouge before leaving for the set to make scenes for "Midshipman Jack," in which she is playing.
TOBY WING is using something very new in dusting powders—a powder in true skin tones, white, naturelle or rachel. A dusting powder leaves you fresh and fragrant for hours, makes your clothes go on much easier. And how do you like Toby's blonde hair?

WHEN you want to look radiant after a trying day, follow Elizabeth Allan's example and use a mild beauty mask. Her strawberry cream mask leaves her skin satiny.

A NEW technique in rouging lips, illustrated by Elizabeth Young. Her lipstick has a permanent point for better shaping and a tapering end for smoothing the color.
A Graphic Lesson In The Magic Of Make-Up

Judith Allen exhibits her favorite perfume in a most unusual bottle. The top and base are carved from tropical wood, the head representing a tropical god. The perfume, itself, is a very exotic, enchanting odeur.

Muriel Kirkland was grand to pose for these before and after make-up pictures. Left shows Muriel without benefit of any accents. Above, Muriel has lengthened eyebrows, applied mascara, rouged her lips well and rearranged her hair.

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 91)
Mrs. Powell Cabot is as versatile as she is charming. She dances beautifully and has been asked to appear with professionals; she reads omnivorously; her collection of etchings that hangs on the walls of her living room on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston is remarkably fine. She loves the out-of-doors, especially the sea; and at her wedding in Nahant, where she summers, the guests followed to the yacht scattering the waters with clouds of rose petals. She entertains exquisitely and, her husband being an excellent shot, during the season wild duck is a familiar delicacy. She always serves Camel cigarettes. She loves flowers and keeps her home filled with them.

"Flavor is just as important in tobacco as in food, don't you think?" says Mrs. Cabot, "I like Camels best because they are smooth and rich and still mild. I don't enjoy a flat cigarette. I never get tired of the taste of Camels and they don't make me nervous."

When you have once tasted the cool mildness of Camel's choicer tobaccos, you keep right on smoking them. For you don't get tired of the taste and, no matter how many you smoke, Camels never make your nerves "jumpy." The costlier tobaccos in Camels are smoother and milder. Women appreciate that—try a Camel and see for yourself.

Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to $1.00—but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.
Every Day More Girls Use
This Soap—Camay—to Help in Their
Beauty Contests

HOW often you sense that people are looking at you, judging your beauty! Whether they glance at you guardedly, or turn to search your face quite openly, you feel instinctively that you are in a never-ending Beauty Contest.

In the flicker of an eyelid, a man—another woman—will appraise your looks. And your complexion, whether it is clear and softly youthful or tragically dull and drab, plays a vital part in the impression that you make.

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It is the soap that yields profuse, luxuriant, creamy-rich lather and is—at the same time—mild enough for the delicate feminine skin. The very first cake you try can definitely improve your skin.

THE “GOOD TASTE TREND” IS ALL TO CAMAY

In 1933 thousands and thousands of women changed to Camay. You, yourself, have probably noticed how Camay is fast displacing the former favorites among beauty soaps.

Yes—Camay looks, feels, and smells high-priced. And the amazing thing is that it actually costs you less than the soap you have been using! Get your supply of Camay today!

Camay is creamy-white, pure, and as delicate as a fine beauty soap should be. See Camay in its green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane. An ideal complexion soap—fragrant and quick-lathering in the bath.

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women...
HEATHER ANGEL, that cute little British importation, has captured the movie-goers' interest this month.

Heather Angel is her real name. She was born in Oxford, England, February 9, 1909. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall; weighs 105 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. Her favorite sports are swimming, riding, tennis, skating and fencing.

At sixteen, Heather decided she wanted a theatrical career and entered a dramatic school in London where she remained for one year. At the end of that time she made her stage début in a Shakespearean production, "King John." Her only duty was to carry the King's sword. Later she played the rôle of Stephano, the boy martyr, in "The Sign of the Cross." In this she toured the British Isles for nearly a year.

When she returned to London, she joined a repertory company and played in various cities in India, Ceylon, Malaya, China, Burma and Egypt. In 1930 she returned to the London stage and appeared with Frank Lawton (the younger son in "Cavalcade") in "London Walsc."

Her first film rôle was that of an Italian girl in the "City of Song," a British picture. The girl chosen for the part refused to dye her blonde tresses and so Heather got the job. From then on her work in pictures attracted much attention and early this year Fox brought her to Hollywood.

Heather's latest picture is "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case," and her next will be "He Knew His Women" in which she appears with Warner Baxter.

LILLIAN MUELLER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—So you couldn't find Charles Laughton in "If I Had a Million." Well, Charles was the chap, who, when he received his check, walked up several flights of stairs to give his boss the razzberry. Remember?

M. STEVENS, DETROIT, MICH.—Many other movie lovers are commenting on the nice work done by John Beal, as the nephew, in "Another Language." John really doesn't care whether he makes good in pictures or not. He prefers the stage. He is just twenty-four years old. Graduated from the University of Pennsylvania three years ago, and began his stage career the day after he received his diploma. Among his stage appearances were "That's Gratitude," "Give Me Yesterday," "Wild Waves," and "Another Language," in which he played the same rôle he brought to the screen.

BETTY, PERD, ILL.—Lowell Sherman seems to prefer spending his time behind the camera instead of in front of it. The last picture in which he appeared was "What Price Hollywood?" Since then he has directed Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong"; Katharine Hepburn and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in "Morning Glory," and "Broadway Through a Keyhole."

EVELYN FEIST, NEW YORK, N. Y.—No, Nancy Carroll and Sue Carol are not sisters. Nancy's real name is LaHiff and Sue's is Evelyn Ledezra.

JUDGING from the acclaim Heather Angel has received in American films, her globe-trotting days are over. Fox has planned a bright future for her. 

BETTY EVANS, BRENTWOOD, PENN.—Betty, you and your friend are both wrong. Neither Joan nor Constance Bennett appeared in "Week-End Marriage." Loretta Young was the leading lady in that picture and Norman Foster and George Brent appeared opposite her. I guess the picture you are fussing about is "Week Ends Only" in which Joan Bennett appeared with Ben Lyon. Richard Bennett did not appear in either of these pictures. 
Spaghetti Dinner

Jack LaRue is said to be the most expert spaghetti chef in the motion picture colony. Here you see him intent on having his specialty turn out "just so"—as it always does.

Let's plan a real Italian dinner party, using the recipes of spaghetti maestro LaRue. Most important is the sauce which is equally good with spaghetti, polenta (white corn meal), or risotto (an Italian rice).

Tomato Sauce—Place a cupful of olive oil in an iron saucepan. When heated, add three onions, finely minced. Fry, stirring constantly, until brown. Add one pound of ground round steak and one pound of ground fresh pork. Fry this in the olive oil, then add one tin of concentrated tomato paste, and the same tin rinsed out with water. Cook for three minutes, and add a tin of tomatoes. When this has cooked together about five minutes, add a handful of dried mushrooms. Season with salt, pepper, marjoram, and fresh sage.

Leaves on stove until it thickens and turns a sort of antique magenta. Then lower flame and simmer thirty minutes. Add a bit of water from time to time, to thin mixture. Keep agitating every few minutes. Just one little stick-to-the-pan, and you must start anew.

For main part of dish, place two pounds of spaghetti, broken once, in large container of actively boiling salted water. Boil for twenty minutes, being careful not to let it stick to pan. Drain in colander, dash with cold water to remove excess starch. Place in original cooker, mix butter and half the sauce through it. Put remainder of sauce on top when served, and sprinkle liberally with grated Parmesan cheese.

Risotto is less frequently encountered than spaghetti. If you want to enliven the menu of your party, try this:

Heat two tablespoons chicken fat (or butter) in top of double boiler. Add two tablespoons chopped onion, one teaspoon chopped parsley, a quarter pound chicken livers, diced. Place utensil over flame and allow to fry gently until well browned. Add one cup washed rice, let fry until light yellow, and add three cups hot chicken soup or bouillon. Let it all boil well for five minutes, and add pinch of Spanish saffron, which you have dissolved in a little of the hot soup, and strained. Stir well, cover, place over hot water, cook about thirty minutes. Serve with sauce and grated cheese.

Polenta is simply ground white corn meal boiled to a mush, and served with tomato sauce and cheese.

With any of these dishes, a green salad is most appropriate. Crisp lettuce leaves, watercress, raw spinach, and romaine, is a grand combination. With olive oil and tarragon vinegar dressing. Add salt, pepper, paprika, a little mustard and a pinch of sugar to dressing. This is Jack LaRue's favorite salad.

Jack has a novel way of preparing bread. He uses long loaves of French bread. Cuts loaf nearly through in slices, places butter between each slice, rubs crust with garlic. Then puts loaf in hot oven for five minutes.

The best dessert for this meal, is a bowl of raw fruit. As for beverages—spaghetti and "red ink" have always gone hand in hand. And beer is equally appropriate.

For atmosphere, use checked tablecloths or red bandannas sewed together. Put loaves of bread right on tablecloth. On the casual informality of this occasion, depends its success.
"Official in all
the big studios...

"We're washing almost every fabric here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies," says N'Was McKenzie (right) of Warner Brothers-First National. "Lux keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. It cuts down cleaning bills, too. It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box."

"The new fashions you see on the screen are smart and so practical—really thrifty, if you follow our Hollywood way of keeping everything new looking with Lux," says Joan Blondell, smart young star appearing in "Footlight Parade."

"My maid always uses Lux for my stockings, gloves and lingerie, of course. But since saving has been the fashion at the studio I've learned how many of my frocks and blouses can also be kept like new at home with Lux."

"YOU, TOO, can keep smart fashions crisp and fresh with Lux at absurdly little cost. Rubbing with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali is expensive because too often colors fade and delicate textures are spoiled. Of course, with Lux there's no rubbing, no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux."

"Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

TRUST TO LUX"
All over Hollywood

Screen Stars learn facts about their

SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN

"This soap contains precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it YOUTHFUL!"

"IT'S MIGHTY INTERESTING, BUT NOT SURPRISING! I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN THERE WAS SOMETHING WONDERFUL ABOUT LUX TOILET SOAP..."

NOW IS THE TIME FOR EVERYONE TO STAND BEHIND THE PRESIDENT — "WE DO OUR PART"
it's NEWS

amazing Scientific Beauty Soap

"WHAT GRAND NEWS! THIS SOAP CHECKS THE LOSS OF ELEMENTS MY SKIN NEEDS TO STAY YOUTHFUL—AND LOVELY SKIN IS SO IMPORTANT TO A WOMAN."

Scientists say:
"Lux Toilet Soap checks the loss of precious elements from the skin. Absolutely free from harshness, readily soluble, it is indeed a wonderful aid to complexion beauty." 9 out of 10 screen stars use it.

"I FOUND OUT LONG AGO LUX TOILET SOAP WORKS WONDERS. IT'S AMAZING TO KNOW THE REASON."

FRANCES DEE
RKO-Radio Star

GLORIA STUART
Universal Star
Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

November, 1918, the month the war ended—although not even Pershing suspected that would happen, when this issue went to press! So we told how the whole film industry, rather than face another coal-less winter in its old haunts of Fort Lee, New Jersey, and Long Island, New York, was moving to Hollywood. One company, having coal, stayed behind with its child star, Madge Evans.

We chuckled considerably over the way Fred Stone, then making his first picture for Lasky, turned the tables on the cowboys. They had figured him as a “stage cowboy,” and tried to give him the works. To their astonishment, he beat them all at roping, then rode every vicious horse they produced! And getting Fred, by the way, was quite a triumph; the stage was still a bit high-hat toward the movies. The Dolly sisters were another acquisition from the footlights, just then getting under way in the films.

Among the out-and-out movie players, we told of that promising youngster, Rod La Rocque. Just nineteen at the time, he had already played leads with Mae Marsh and Mabel Normand. And Beltie Dupin being seventeen years old, was finishing her third year in films.

John M. Nickolaus, director of productions for Universal, allowed himself what seemed a bold prophecy. He said, “The day will come when sunlight will never be used except for outdoor scenes.” Little did he dream of what sound would do—with even outdoor scenes often being filmed inside a soundproof studio!

Rotogravure pictures featured Gloria Hope, Alla Nazimova, Bryant Washburn, Bessie Bar riscale, Nell Shipman, Madge Kennedy, Dorothy Dalton, Jackie Saunders. The cover—Edith Storey.

10 Years Ago

By far the most brilliant reading in our issue of November, 1925, was Ben Turpin’s ideas on “How to Cultivate Sex Attraction.” As part of it, we told the real story of the famous crossed eyes. Ben wasn’t born that way. He used to cross them deliberately, while playing Happy Hooligan in vaudeville. One day they didn’t unink—and Ben was made.

Time was passing with the movies, as evidenced by the death of a pioneer producer, Sigmund Lubin. Even before his death, the advent of big pictures had proved too much for him. He had been driven back to the practical business from which he had entered films.

Pola Negri was the reigning queen of passion, and in this issue told frankly of her loves. It seems that her marriage with Count Dombiski had come when she was arrested at the Polish border for trying to take jewels into Germany—and Dombiski was the officer in command of the district.

Director Fred Niblo analyzed the sex appeal of other “queens” — among them, Barbara LaMarr, Mae Busch, Nita Naldi, Lila Lee, Marguerite de la Motte, and Leatrice Joy. Barbara LaMarr added to this with her opinions of her various screen loves. Four were playing with her at the time in “The Eternal City”—Lionel Barrymore, Montagu Love, Richard Bennett, and Bert Lytell.


5 Years Ago

Everyone was very much excited according to our issue of November, 1928, over something much more important than the new sound pictures. Greta Garbo had trimmed her fluffy hair into a severe bob, for "A Woman of Affairs." Yes, sir, that was news!

Meanwhile, the sound picture was making its devastating way into Hollywood, even though we said that everything offered with sound that month was just—sound. One result, already apparent, was that Conrad Nagel was going to grow up from being a reliable supporting man into a real star. His voice was magnificent in the sound films.

We chronicled Al Johnson’s marriage to Ruby Keeler, and had a lot to say about Gloria Swanson’s new portrait. The vogue of gangster pictures had been started by the success of “Underworld,” and Ruth Elder, woman flier who had been rescued in mid-Atlantic, was ending her brief adventure in films.

This issue contained the installment of John Monk Saunders’s life story, in which she told how Harry Rapf brought her from a New York chorus to Hollywood to dance and double for Norma Shearer, at the end of 1925. Joan wound up the installment by announcing that she was engaged to Douglas Fairbanks. The one picture reviewed—Eric Von Stroheim and Fay Wray in "The Wedding March"—was oddly prophetic in title. When finished, Fay married John Monk Saunders, the writer and director.

The gangster-picture influence was easily discernible in this month’s films. Here are a few: "Me, Gangster" (Don Terry), "The Docks of New York" (George Bancroft and Betty Compson), "Waterfront" (Jack Mulhall), "Dry Martini" (Albert Gran, Matt Moore). Cover: Corinne Griffith.

Lux for dishes

"We do our part"

Charming except for her red dishpan hands

What a pity she doesn’t know our inexpensive beauty treatment"
LOVE IS NOT BLIND

Or would you be conscious of an ugly shiny nose?

Now, at last, you can banish that Half Hour Nose so destructive to beauty and romance.

No longer need you powder every other minute, and worry the rest of the time about your looks. Now you can be sure of your loveliness always ... for Pompeian has developed a powder that goes on evenly and clings for hours.

Soft and fine, it gives your skin a smooth and natural perfection. Its ingredients are as skilfully blended and as high in quality as any powder sold. The shades are especially designed to flatter every tone of skin. The subtle perfume is imported from France. The purity of the ingredients assures you a powder free from grit and starch, one that will not enlarge the pores nor irritate the skin in any way. Pompeian creams and gosses are equally dependable aids to beauty. Regular sizes are available at all drug and department stores, convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and-

Could you stand this searching gaze?

June Knight and Neil Hamilton in a Universal Production, "Four Wise Girls"
Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Walter Abel  
Brian Aherne  
Judith Allen  
Lena Andrea  
Richard Arlen  
George Arliss  
Mary Boland  
Gracie Fields  
Kathleen Burke  
Burns and Allen  
Maurice Chevalier  
Clau dette Colbert  
Gary Cooper  
Ricardo Cortez  
Buster Crabbe  
Bing Crosby  
Maureen O'Hara  
James Cagney  
Bette Davis  
Robert Donat  
Joan Fontaine  
Loretta Young  
Chaplin  
Maureen Ohara  
Gary Cooper  
Zita Johann  
Joan Crawford  
Montgomery Clift  
Stanley Donen  
Katharine Hepburn  
Humphrey Bogart  
Jane Russell  
Jack Benny  
Spencer Tracy  
Sidney Skouras  
Samuel Goldwyn  
Sidney Harman  
Clara Bow  
John Barrymore  
Douglas Fairbanks Sr.  
Harry Cohn  
Douglas Fairbanks Jr.  
Walter Huston  
Oliver Hardy  
Patsy Kelly  
Jean Laforge  
Dorothy Layton

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander  
Elizabeth Allan  
John Barrymore  
Lon Chaney  
Wallace Beery  
Alice Brady  
Charles Rutterworth  
Mary Carlisle  
Ruth Chatterton  
Mae Clarke  
Jack Cooley  
Joan Crawford  
Mary Davies  
Marie Dressler  
Jimmy Durante  
Nelson Eddy  
Stuart Erwin  
Madge Evans  
Merkel Evans  
Clark Gable  
Greta Garbo  
C. Henry Gordon  
Lawrence Grant  
Russell Hardesty  
Jean Harlow  
Helen Hayes  
Ted Healy  
Jean Hersholt  
Irene Hervey  
Phillips Holmes  
Jean Howard

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel  
Lew Ayres  
Warner Baxter  
Irene Benedict  
John Boles  
Chara Bow  
El Brendel  
Henrietta Crosman  
Florence Desmond  
James Dunn  
Sally Eilers  
Norman Foster  
Prentis Foster  
Dixie Frances  
Henry Guest  
Janet Gaynor  
Lilian Harvey  
Rochelle Hudson  
Roger Imhof

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire  
Robert Benchley  
Constance Bennett  
Gloria Blondell  
June Brewster  
Clive Brook  
Bruce Cabot  
William Cagney  
Chick Chandler  
Doberes Del Rio  
Richard Dix  
Irene Dunne  
Charles Farrell  
Betty Fawcett  
Skelly Gallabber  
William Gargan  
Wynne Gibson  
Ann Harding  
Katharine Hepburn  
Dorothy Jordan  
Arline Judge  
Pett Kelton  
Edgar Kennedy  
Francisco Lederer  
Dorothee Lee  
Eric Linden  
Helen Mack  
Sail Marita  
Joel McCrea  
Ginger Rogers  
Bette River  
Thelma White  
Howard Wilson  
Robert Wooley

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor  
Charles Chaplin  
Ronald Colman  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Al Jolson  
Mary Pickford  
Gloria Swanson  
Edgar Kennedy  
Francisco Lederer  
Dorothee Lee  
Eric Linden  
Helen Mack  
Sail Marita  
Joel McCrea  
Ginger Rogers  
Bette River  
Thelma White  
Howard Wilson  
Robert Wooley  
Dorothy Coogan  
Bette Davis  
Claire Dodd  
Ruth Donnelly  
Ann Dvorak  
Patricia Ellis  
Glennda Farrell  
Philip Everstham  
Helen Foster  
Kay Francis  
Germaine Garde  
Hugh Herbert  
Arthur Hohl  
Ann Hovey  
Leola Howard  
Alice Jane  
Allen Jenkins  
Al Jolson  
Ruby Keeler

Universal Studios

Vilma Banky  
Vince Barnett  
Tom Brown  
Andy Devine  
Hugh Enfield  
Louise Fazenda  
Sterling Holloway  
Leila Hyams  
Buck Jones  
Ricci Karff  
June Knight  
Paul Muni  
Mabel Marden

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase  
Billy Gilbert  
Oliver Hardy  
Patsy Kelly  
Jean Laforge  
Dorothy Layton

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander  
Elizabeth Allan  
John Barrymore  
Lon Chaney  
Wallace Beery  
Alice Brady  
Charles Rutterworth  
Mary Carlisle  
Ruth Chatterton  
Mae Clarke  
Jack Cooley  
Joan Crawford  
Mary Davies  
Marie Dressler  
Jimmy Durante  
Nelson Eddy  
Stuart Erwin  
Madge Evans  
Merkel Evans  
Clark Gable  
Greta Garbo  
C. Henry Gordon  
Lawrence Grant  
Russell Hardesty  
Jean Harlow  
Helen Hayes  
Ted Healy  
Jean Hersholt  
Irene Hervey  
Phillips Holmes  
Jean Howard

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews  
Robert Barrat  
Richard Barthelmess  
George Blackwood  
Jean Blendell  
George Brent  
Joe E. Brown  
Lynn Boring  
James Cagney  
Maxine Cawthay  
Ruth Chatterton  
Dorothy Coogan  
Betty Davis  
Claire Dodd  
Ruth Donnelly  
Ann Dvorak  
Patricia Ellis  
Glennda Farrell  
Philip Everstham  
Helen Foster  
Kay Francis  
Germaine Garde  
Hugh Herbert  
Arthur Hohl  
Ann Hovey  
Leola Howard  
Alice Jane  
Allen Jenkins  
Al Jolson  
Ruby Keeler

Universe City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Vilma Banky  
Vince Barnett  
Tom Brown  
Andy Devine  
Hugh Enfield  
Louise Fazenda  
Sterling Holloway  
Leila Hyams  
Buck Jones  
Ricci Karff  
June Knight  
Paul Muni  
Mabel Marden

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews  
Robert Barrat  
Richard Barthelmess  
George Blackwood  
Jean Blendell  
George Brent  
Joe E. Brown  
Lynn Boring  
James Cagney  
Maxine Cawthay  
Ruth Chatterton  
Dorothy Coogan  
Betty Davis  
Claire Dodd  
Ruth Donnelly  
Ann Dvorak  
Patricia Ellis  
Glennda Farrell  
Philip Everstham  
Helen Foster  
Kay Francis  
Germaine Garde  
Hugh Herbert  
Arthur Hohl  
Ann Hovey  
Leola Howard  
Alice Jane  
Allen Jenkins  
Al Jolson  
Ruby Keeler

Join Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J. Please send me a FREE Sample of Kalms.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.
TOO BAD

the Hedonists didn’t know about Spuds

In ancient Greece, the Hedonists held that pleasure was the chief end of life. In modern Greece, their descendants enjoy Spuds, and the smart-world-on-cruise replenishes its cigarette-cases at Athens. For, Spuds are now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe, kindled at jeweled lighters wherever the connoisseurs of pleasure take their ease.

SPUD
MENTHOL-COoled CIGARETTES

20 FOR 15c

(25c IN CANADA)
Jack Conway threw a party to celebrate two important events—the Thalberg's return to Hollywood and Mr. and Mrs. Wood's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Among those present were (left to right) Louis B. Mayer, Sam and Mrs. Wood, Norma Shearer, Mrs. Conway, and Mr. Thalberg.

Do you know a young man named Frank James Cooper?
No? Well, you won't ever have a chance now. Because he asked the courts to change it, all legal and proper, to Gary Cooper, being as he is pretty well known by that moniker, anyway.

Realizing, no doubt, that her next picture, the first in one America in about three years, must be a good one, Gloria Swanson is proceeding slowly.

The production is not much past the conversation stage as yet, and it may be another month before the real work is on.

The picture will be filmed on the old Pathé lot, scene of the “Queen Kelly” debacle and “The Trespasser” triumph.

That romance between Kathryn Carver, who recently obtained a divorce from Adolph Menjou, and Carmen Pantages' brother Loyd, isn't growing a bit colder.

There are others, however, who claim Randy Scott has the inside track with Kathryn.

John Boles' neighbors lost their pet dog and John's little girl was all excited.

"Daddy," she said rushing into the house, "the neighbor's dog has been stolen. Dognappers took it."

They say this is the true story of how Jack Oakie's mother got the opportunity to play the part of "Jack Oakie's mother" in "Too Much Harmony."

Casting Director Daeig happened to mention to his wife that he was having a difficult time finding someone to play the part of Oakie's mother.

"Jack already has a mother," spoke up little son Datig. "I don't see why you have to have somebody to play Jack's mother when he's already got a mother."

And so the idea was born.

Connie Bennett's marquis husband came back to her from Bali fourteen pounds lighter, and telling the most amazing story of the strange island where he had gone to film a picture.

There were wild howling dogs all night, and the skies were dark with giant bats. Lizards screamed on the walls of the huts, and he even saw a wholesale cremation of sixty Balinese where heads rolled out of the fire and were scraped and tossed back by the tenders.

When Bob Woolsey heard the tales, he sniffed.

"Sounds like delirium tremens to me," ventured Dr. Woolsey.

Oscar, the colored Paramount bootblack, is the idol of Central Avenue, the colored district of Los Angeles. Oscar played a small bit in "Gambling Ship." When the picture opened on Central Avenue it was billed like this:

"Sensational star in 'Gambling Ship' Oscar supported by Cary Grant, Jack La Rue and Benita Hume."

And on the outside of the theater, nothing but pictures of Oscar appeared.

With Paramount out $100,000 dollars, Sylvia Sidney calmly sailed the ocean blue for Europe, leaving the Chevalier picture flat.

Sylvia announced from New York that she was unable to continue as she was in need of another operation. However, the operation was never performed.

And Paramount has had the case before the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for consideration.

It's the first time any rebel has cost the motion picture company the sum of $100,000.

"I wasn't going to stand there singing 'Baby Shoes' while George got beat up," is the way Joan Blondell explains that little traffic jam, in which she is said to have mauled the driver of the other car.

"It was dark and I was standing there on the pavement and when I saw this man hit my husband with his fist I just dropped my coat and my books and sailed in.

"He says I hit him with my shoe. My shoe? My eye! That was my fist!"

[Please turn to page 94]
BABY'S skin is so unbelievably soft and fine. You wouldn't dare let any but the mildest, gentlest soap touch it. So, when doctor says: "Olive oil in soap is best," you choose your own precious Palmolive, with its secret blend of olive and palm oils.

It is these gentle oils that make Palmolive soothing, kind. Yet it cleanses thoroughly. It is pure. It is safe. There's no artificial coloring, no strong perfume, no harsh alkali in this natural, wholesome beauty soap. Palmolive's mild lather penetrates the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily... leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Truly, Palmolive is the soap of youth.

Buy three cakes, today. Tonight, start this 2-minute treatment for baby and yourself, both. Massage a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water into those tiny pores. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Why, really, there can be two schoolgirl complexions in your home... both kept clear and radiant by this soap with its secret blend of gentle olive and palm oils.

Remember, in each cake of Palmolive Soap you get an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

Palmolive... the soap of Youth
Hollywood Fashions
by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 61 to 66 can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ARKANSAS—
Pollock's,
FORT SMITH.
THE M. M. COIN COMPANY,
LITTLE ROCK.
CALIFORNIA—
J. W. ROBINSON COMPANY.
LOS ANGELES.
DELAWARE—
Arthur's Apparel Shop, Inc.,
WILMINGTON.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—
LANSBURG & BROTHER,
WASHINGTON.
FLORIDA—
Rutland Bros.,
ST. PETERSBURG.
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CHICAGO.
CLARKE & COMPANY,
PEORIA.
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S. A. BARKER COMPANY,
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DES MOINES.
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MARYLAND—
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ST. LOUIS.
NEBRASKA—
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LINCOLN.
NEW JERSEY—
HAINES & COMPANY,
NEWARK.
QUAKERBRUSH COMPANY,
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NEW YORK—
KALIT'S,
AUBURN.
THE MORTON COMPANY,
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ABRAHAM & STRAUSS,
BROOKLYN.
J. N. ADAM & COMPANY,
BUFFALO.
THE GORTON COMPANY,
ELIZABETH.
THE PARISHAN, INC.,
ITHACA.
BLOOMINGDALE'S,
NEW YORK CITY.
H. S. BARNEY COMPANY,
Schenectady.
FLAIR & COMPANY,
SYRACUSE.
D. PRICE & COMPANY,
UTICA.
NORTH CAROLINA—
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CHARLOTTE.
OHIO—
THE A. POLSKY COMPANY,
AKRON.
THE STERN & MAX COMPANY,
CANTON.
THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY,
CINCINNATI.
THE LINN COMPANY,
CLEVELAND.
THE MOREHOUSE-MARTENS COMPANY,
COLUMBUS.
THE RIE-KUNLER COMPANY,
DAYTON.
THE STEVENS-HIRSCHBERG COMPANY,
YOUNGSTOWN.

PENNSYLVANIA—
ERIE DRY GOODS COMPANY,
ERIE.
BOWMAN & COMPANY,
HARRISBURG.
WATT & SHAND,
LANCASTER.
GIMBEL BROTHERS,
PHILADELPHIA.
JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY,
PITTSBURGH.
PENNSYLVANIA TRAFFIC COMPANY,
JOHNSTOWN.
WORTHS, INC.,
YORK.

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HOUSTON.
THE WOLFF & MARX COMPANY,
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WEST VIRGINIA—
COYLE & RICHARDSON, INC.,
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TORONTO.
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WINNIPEG.
A Mobil oil Movie with LAUREL & HARDY

"OIL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"

1 HARDY: "Our antique conveyance gives signs of protest against going further, my dear Laurel."
LAUREL: "Since you patronized that barrel of Cheapo Oil, I have sensed a paucity of power."

2 LAUREL: "You thought to economize, eh? Observe me now—prostrate!"
HARDY: "Indeed, I erred. But maybe a promise of Mobil oil at the next filling station will hearten our steed."

3 HARDY: "Let the crankcase be flushed of its evil contents."
LAUREL: "Never more shall our bank-roll be threatened by loud clamors for repairs. From now on—it's Mobil oil for us!"

Why Mobil oil costs less than ordinary oil

Your car may not be old enough to act in a comedy—but don't let it act in the tragedy of high oil bills and shortened car life! Mobil oil for a year will actually cost you less, because it is double-range. It stands up at all speeds—fast or slow. You use less oil. And because you get full protection at all speeds, your car lasts longer! Change today to the world's largest-selling oil!

Mobil oil SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION
One Hour Packed Full Of Beauty

By Carolyn Van Wyck

A NITA LOUISE finds lemon juice a most effective hand whitener. Rub the lemon over the cleansed hands, let juice dry and remain on a while. Rinse off, massage in a rich, emollient cream for white, lovely hands.

W OULD you like to know how Hollywood’s famous beauties invariably arrive at evening parties looking divinely groomed, rested and glowed, even thought they have been working at a gruelling pace all day before the cameras, harder work, perhaps, than any business girl encounters in an office?

Carole Lombard gives us her recipe that changes her within an hour from a tired working girl to a gay, scintillating hostess or guest. It is a very simple recipe that any of us should be able to follow. The beauty of it is that it takes just one hour and virtually remakes you. Be sure, however, to let no engagements make the time shorter, or both your appearance and disposition will suffer.

The moment Carole arrives home, she dons a dressing robe and before her mirror revives her wave with well placed combs, warm water and a lot of invisible hair pins. Some of you without a permanent or slightly curley hair may want to use one of those light, quick drying wave set lotions. Never wet the hair too much or it will not dry in time.

Now cleanse your face and neck with cream while your tub is filling with warm water. Carole melts two generous handfuls of pine bath salts in her tub and then places on a tray that fits across it all the essentials for a quick facial.

While she rests in the warm, soothing water, Carole applies to her face muscle oil, nourishing cream, stimulating cream and a tonic and astringent. With a towel, she protects her hair from the devasting effects of steam. After the tub, Carole gives herself a brisk rubdown with eau de Cologne. It is very refreshing and the friction revives tired nerves. All this requires just about thirty minutes.

Now Carole relaxes on her bed for fifteen minutes. During her rest she places cotton saturated with eye tonic over each eye. This makes her eyes brilliant, fresh and sparkling for the evening.

Fifteen minutes go for the application of eye shadow, mascara, lip rouge and powder, and for the donning of her lingerie, footwear and frock.

Carole’s hair is little trouble, the waves and ringlets having dried in place during her dressing routine.

Do try Carole’s method the next time you have a big date. The resultant charm and beauty will probably bring you bigger dates.

L O N A ANDRE is a pretty, vivacious, cunning little person. She offers two little beauty tricks that might help many girls. Lona’s skin is as soft and smooth as satin. She has a novel way of using soap and water. She applies the gentle suds with a man’s shaving brush. The brush is soft, but provides a mild friction and cleanses the pores perfectly.

Since many men use the more modern cream shave method, there are probably many discarded shaving brushes about that could be turned into a practical means for skin beauty.

Try Lona’s way.

L O N A insists that she has a double chin, which is quite amusing at her tender age of eighteen. The truth is that her face is youthful and rounded. But to keep her little chin from wandering, after every face bath she applies ice under her chin, rubbing it over the surface for several minutes.

The older woman may well follow her example, after first stroking or patting in with the backs of the fingers a rich nourishing cream. Muscle oil is also helpful. After the use of one of these, remove and apply the ice. This is also a wise precaution for the girl who thinks she may some day have a double chin.

L D A LUPINO, a new British arrival for Paramount, whom you will soon be seeing, is a symphony in pastels. Her hair is flaxen, her eyes a vivid blue with high, narrow, arched, black brows, and a pink and white skin. I hope to have some of her English beauty secrets for you soon.

A HOLLYWOOD tip. If your nose is too prominent, powder it last and sparingly. If it is too small, powder it first and generously. Powder high-lights and accents the feature to which it is applied most lavishly.
THREE

PARAMOUNT STARS TELL

HOLLYWOOD'S

Make-Up Secret

When you marvel at the beauty, the charm, the personality of Claudette Colbert, of Carole Lombard, of Adrienne Ames...remember, that make-up is something different in Hollywood. The secret is color harmony. Make-up harmonized color tones in face powder, rouge, lipstick created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, who for twenty-odd years has created make-up for the stars and studios of filmland. * Learn how you may enhance the charm of your beauty as famous screen stars do.

Claudette Colbert, Featured in Paramount's "Torch Singer" Using Max Factor's Face Powder

POWDER... A color harmony tone in face powder that blends beauty with complexion colorings...that clings for hours...that actually creates a satin-smooth make-up...that is soft and fine in texture. The color harmony shade for Claudette Colbert is black hair...black eyes and olive skin...is Max Factor's Olive Powder. And to complete the color harmony make-up...Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in Crimson.

Carole Lombard, Featured in Paramount's "White Woman" Using Max Factor's Rouge

ROUGE... A rouge in color to harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. Creamy-smooth, as fine as finest skin texture, it blends and clings just as you would want it to. The color harmony shade for Carole Lombard...light blonde, fair skin and blue eyes is Max Factor's Blondev Rouge. And, Max Factor's Rachelle Powder and Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick complete her color harmony make-up.

Adrienne Ames, Featured in Paramount's "A Bedtime Story" Using Max Factor's Lipstick

LIPSTICK... Lip make-up to accent alluring beauty must be in color harmony...and to keep lips lovely, must be permanent and uniform in color... smooth in texture and moisture-proof. For Adrienne Ames to harmonize with her brown hair, medium skin and blue eyes, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in Carmine is correct. And, Max Factor's Brunette Powder and Carmine Rouge complete the color harmony make-up.

Like the Screen Stars...you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. * Do you know your color harmony in make-up? Mail coupon for personal make-up advice and copy of valuable make-up instruction book.

Max Factor * Hollywood

Society Make-Up...Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[Continued from page 88]

Barton MacLane—better get to know him now for he's a new bad man in movies. Recruited from the New York stage where he played "Hangman's Whip," MacLane is now with Paramount. Ricardo Cortez picked him for a role in "Big Executive"

babies and the crew. And the only person in Hollywood who even heard from him, as far as we can discover, was Clarence Locan, in the M-G-M publicity department. Jack wrote him a postal card and asked that his mail be sent to Juneau, Alaska.

Lupe Velez is showing everyone the ring Johnny Weissmuller gave her—with gestures. It's the darnedest thing! A plain band in which different and tiny stones are set. Lupe wears it on her ring finger. "You know what I mean?" she asks everyone. Of course they don't—so Lupe explains, as she points out the different jewels, revolving the ring.

"Diamonds—" "Emeralds—" "Amethysts—" "Rubies—" "Emeralds—" "Sapphires—" "Topazes—"

"Spell it down yourself. You're right—D-E-A-R-E-S-T!"

"Johnnee thought it up all by himself," declares Lupe, proudly.

SEEN on the marquee of a Hollywood picture house:

"M. Mouse and C. Bennett"

That's fame!

Since the newshounds are again buying at Greta Garbo's heels to find out if she really is going to marry Rouben Mamoulian, Greta has had her dressing-room at M-G-M worked over so that a second door could be cut in a side wall. The door provides an exit into an alley, through which the Garbo automobile may glide, unnoticed.

One of the sights radio-listeners never saw, is Ed Wynn in a long flannel nightie, sitting on the edge of an old iron bed, playing a violin... You'll see this extraordinary sight in "The Fire Chief."

After having her name linked with most of Hollywood's male eligibles, Lilian Harvey is romancing with Gary Cooper again. Lilian's big white foreign car and Gary's big yellow phaeton are two of the most showy wagons in Hollywood, and it's pretty hard to keep it a secret when they go out.

It was rumored around the Paramount lot that Mae West was due for a surprise party on her birthday. "Imagine," scoffed Jack Oakie, "anyone surprising Mae West!"

Whooppee! Hang out the banners. Clark has put six pounds since his appendectomy (technical for having your appendix extracted). And right in the hospital, too. Gable went home one week after the operation, and will be working with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady"—held up these many weeks on account of Clark's tonsils and appendix.

Marlene Dietrich is returning to Hollywood without even once setting foot in her beloved Germany. And those who talked to Marlene before she left, and read the yearning for her Fatherland in her eyes, and the homesickness in her voice, will realize just what this means to her. Marlene has been spending her time in France and Austria with her husband and little girl.

So Marlene is coming back. The yearning still in her eyes. And the hunger for her native country still unsatisfied.

[Please turn to page 128]
PRESENTING
A GORGEOUS
NEW PATTERN
Marquise

Today's trend in silverware is away from severely simple lines to more elegant, more decorative design. And this welcome transition is reflected in Marquise—newest pattern in 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate!

Crafted in the manner of old English silver—yet completely up-to-date with its Viande* Knives and Forks. With a rich beauty suggestive of sterling, Marquise is a pattern that cannot be imitated in cheap silverplate. None but the highest craftsmanship could achieve such exquisite detail, such smooth perfection of finish between the tines of forks and on the bowls of spoons—a finish that will retain its lustrous beauty for a lifetime.

Marquise meets the need of the careful hostess for more than one set of silverware—a set for use on "best" occasions. Here indeed is a pattern you'll be proud to display with your "party" linen and china!

ACCESSORY PIECES AT GREAT SAVINGS ON THE CERTIFIED COUPON PLAN

Think of having a complete silverware service that includes all accessory flatware pieces, such as salad forks, oyster forks, and serving pieces. If you purchase a 26, 34, or 50 piece set of Marquise, or any other 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern now, you receive a Certified Coupon Book entitling you to a 25% saving on all accessory pieces you buy within eighteen months.

Starting service of 26 pieces in Prevent Tarnish Case, $31.25; tea spoons, set of 6, $3.25.

Write Ann Adams, Dept. L-27, International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn., for details of this Certified Coupon Plan, and for booklet "So You're Going To Give A Buffet Party!"

1847 ROGERS BROS.
Silverplate
A PRODUCT OF THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

The mark of the International Silver Company—this quality mark appears on each piece of Marquise
HELEN TWELVETREES' hands are exquisitely soft and alluring. Victor Jory admires them, too, in Columbia's film "My Woman."

NEW! Try Hinds Cleansing Cream for your face... by maker Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Liquefies, floats out dirt... 40c.

DO YOUR HANDS INVITE HIS CARESS?

Hands always play a leading role—clasp, the first emphasis. This is why screen stars keep their hands so soft and smooth... why you should, too, if you want your share of romance. And it's so simple! After exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth on Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hinds isn't a gummy, quick-drying lotion that merely "varnishes" the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form that penetrates, to heal, soften, and protect. And Hinds costs so little!
of the way place that you'll find Gaynor. You see, she's been talking to one of her friends. She never makes a grand entrance, or noise, or any obvious gestures that she wants privacy. It's just real and natural for Janet not to want the limelight or any part of it.

And Hollywood will never be able to understand it—or her. She is in Hollywood, but not of it.

She could easily be your very best girl chum that lives next door.

"Are you disillusioned, Miss Gaynor?" a stupid interviewer once asked her. "Oh, no," she replied. "Who could be with money, happiness and success?" You see, she's honest and can't lie. When she tries to avoid a direct answer with an evasion, her friends all know it.

A tiny blue vein, which runs down her forehead between her eyes, begins to swell and throb pitifully, until finally she gives up, and turns away to hide her embarrassment.

She gives the illusion of a helpless, wistful little elf. She isn't. She's a shrewd little modern and has a mind of her own. And that mind works like a trigger. "If you are in doubt, don't ask Paddy," said Miss Winne." She's the President of Fox, told her publicity agent when he left town, "just ask Janet. She's never made a mistake yet."

She makes very few close friends. But when she met Margaret Lindsay, on the "Paddy" picture, they clicked instantly. Both are now the closest friends. In fact, their clowning and joshing almost finished the "Paddy" picture forever.

And Janet's and Margaret's version of "Edie Was A Lady" practically threw the crew into hysterics.

They'd practice snappy repartee together in order to dumbfound the entire set the next day with their wit. Did you know I had three brothers, Janet?" Margaret would ask. "Don't you tell me," Janet would answer; "boys or girls?"

And the next day, Janet would take the lead. "I passed your house last night, Margaret," she'd say.

"Why didn't you stop?" was Margaret's comeback. "Well, I didn't know where you lived, Janet was all."

And the two would howl at their own nonsense. Like two normal, everyday girls having themselves fun at work.

Her wit is keen and brilliant. "Might as well give up, Lindsay," she'd say, "you can't top me." And those brown eyes would dance a mischievous challenge.

They'd clown right up to the time a scene was shot. And begin again the minute the director said, "Cut."

It was the gayest her crew had ever seen her. And everyone hopes it's the beginning of more fun for little Janet. "If people in Hollywood only knew her as I do," Margaret goes about me, "people would love her."

People never will know her well, for it's only once in a blue moon such a friendship happens to little Gaynor.

She loves Hawaiian music. One evening, she astonished a native player into first class spasm by strumming his guitar, and singing the tongue-fluttering Hawaiian hula. She loves the poetry of Edna St. Vincen Millay. She reads every biography written. She never leaves a bookshop without buying a book of fairy tales. She reads them by the hour and believes them. Especially does she believe the ones about the handsome prince who one day came riding by.

She has no illusions about herself. She knows she isn't a Garbo. Or a Crawford. "Can you imagine what I would look like asking for, say, a little favor from Garbo?" she asks her friends. She's still as enthusiastic about her movie crashes as any high school girl. When her friend, Frances Dee, sat behind a Fox publicity desk and plucked the stairs, fly down the hall, fling open the door and stand there, starry-eyed and breathless. "Frances," she gasped, "I met Bob Montgomery last night."

Somehow it never has gotten through to her consciousness that she, herself, could be the cause of breathless admiration. She wouldn't believe it on a million dollars, or even know what you were talking about.

She's a born coquette—the kind great grandmothers with little white dresses and helpless little ways . . . the most devastating kind in the world. And she knows it. In a world of worldly moderns, she stands out like a bright flash.

She knows that, too, the imp!

Her French is understandable. She plays golf; tennis; and she likes to lie about on warm sands. The warm sand business is her favorite sport. She also loves lying in bed all day. She goes to few parties. Those she does attend are not the headline variety. She's a grand little hostess, but flirters and fusses around before the party until people are nearly wild. Then when it's really getting to be an important person about.

Most of her friends are not in pictures. Janet and her mother are close friends. She adores her mother, who is more like a sister than a mother, has raised her, as her daughter—even to Chinese food and Hawaiian music. Between them is a beautiful bond of understanding. They even think and talk alike. It's her mother who writes about her business affairs and takes care of her mail. Janet has a tender consideration for her mother, that is touching. If she is going out for an evening, she sits down to write to her mother. "Are you going to be alone, mother?" she'll ask. "Let's find something for you to do, too, this evening," she'll suggest.

She shies away from her other relations. A prop boy, carelessly pulling a cable on the set, allowed the metal end to strike Janet on the temple. It was a terrific blow. Janet moaned and caught her head. And then she spat the boy's stricken face. "Oh, it was nothing," she pretended. And her eyes smiled through a mist of tears which she successfully fought back for his sake.

She loathes interviews and seldom grants them, simply because she can't think what to say, or why they should want her to say anything in the first place. She shrinks, too, in horror if anyone rudely inquires into her heart and marriage, which ended so sadly. She's been through it too many times. But she fairly shrivels at an uncouth, vulgar story. "You know," she'll say in that little girl voice, "that was so unworthy of you. And the same to you, too."

She has lost the thinness of her voice is not so pronounced off the screen. It seems stouter, stronger, in everyday conversation.

She refuses to make gag pictures of any kind or description. A famous writer once asked for a Gaynor gag picture for her newspaper. Janet refused. The next week she asked for no photo for another paper carrying an armful of bundles. Again she refused. The writer was furious and scathed the publicity agent who in, turned phoned Janet. "She's down on us right," he said. "On you or me?" Janet asked. "On me," he confessed. "In that case I'll make the pictures," she said. And spent the next day carrying bundles for the gag pictures she lathed. And just to save a friend from embarrassment.

To make pictures for us at the beach," the publicity man timidly asked her one day, "in a bathing suit?" To his utter surprise, she consented. I began as a bathing beauty—she said. If I can do that, I can do the only thing I owned. I used to sit at the telephone and pray for a call from a studio that wanted a girl with a bathing suit.

Never but once did Janet on a hat. It was shortly after her success in "7th Heaven." Janet was invited to Pickfair and went tearing about, like a puppy, showing everyone the invitation. She was that thrilled. "You're a big sensation, yourself," someone told her; "why should you be excited about Mary Pickford?"

"Why, indeed?" thought Janet. And appeared at the party an hour and a half late. Very stiff. Very proper. Very Gaynor. Alone in her corner all evening and suffered. Home again, she thoughtfully removed the high hat, and has never worn it since. Today she is about it.

No one, in her pictures, is permitted to say to her, "You are beautiful." Because she doesn't think she is. They may say she is cute or clever; but never beautiful. She never insists upon any certain director. Then if the picture is good, he gets the credit. If it's bad he gets the entire blame. Is she smart.

Her fan mail is astonishing. She receives letters from supreme court judges, from naval officers, from men who walk high in life. At least one of them has written to her about the little actress of a girls' reform school. Her appeal is that wide. She is one person in a glamorous, abnormal city who has caught the real meaning of true happiness—the value of simple things. Earning one of the largest salaries, she has always remained simple in tastes and ideas, as well as in ideals. Only recently has she owned a home of her own—a simple little English bungalow, in an unfashionable part of Hollywood. It has no swimming pools, or whoopie-cushion, scented patios. But there she lives quietly and sanely with her mother, her maid and her chauffeur.

With money to travel luxuriously the world over, she chose a little cabin in a Wisconsin wood for her vacation. Just a little three room shack with no running water or bathroom or anything. No one recognized her. And there she was happy—she and her mother. She is channish and takes care of her own. Somehow, it doesn't occur to her that others might be helped.

Even to those who know her well, for a madcap minx or earnest, industrious hard worker, there is always a time when the fire in her comes a feeling of that strange, wistful appeal that is felt so strongly on the screen.

One day recently, she phoned a friend to invite her to inspect a nude given by an art sprite, in her inevitable sports slacks, and red curls flying, she danced and capered about the rug. Fascinated, the friend watched as Janet washed her hands. Any minute, it seemed, was the illusion, the friend expected the rug to rise gracefully from the floor and sweep through the window and be borne aloft. But it never happened. It had been at all surprised or amazed if it had.

And there you have Janet—a little, wistful, appealing elf, riding away on a magic carpet, doing the hula.
Glazo, we suppose, has been regarded as a high-priced polish—by all except the many smart women who are devoted to it. And its fame is so far-reaching that for years Glazo has surpassed in preference every other polish of its price.

So it's cause for rejoicing that Glazo now costs you even less than ordinary polishes. And all your hopes for a better nail polish are fulfilled in the unique improvements Glazo brings you.

New lacquers of higher lustre give 50% longer wear! Authentic colors... six to choose from... and the Glazo Color Chart is right in the package.

A new metal-shaft brush, with bristles that can't come loose, makes application far easier. The new Glazo Polish Remover in an extra-size bottle, now lasts as long as your polish.

It's a finer polish than you ever have known... at a lower price, probably than you have ever paid.

**GLAZO**

The Smart MANICURE

Only 25¢

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**Why American Men Make the Greatest Lovers**

(Continued from page 33)

Impetuous in saying, "I love you. Be mine." He simply cannot be sincere. Yes, I would be afraid to marry an American for this reason."

But since her marriage, her harshest comment in my hearing has been, "It is a waste of time to prepare a lovely dinner for the average American man. He would just as soon eat in a drug store. Dining is a charming ceremony for a European. Here it is just a quick business."

**MARLENE DIETRICH,** too, is amazed at the careless way in which young Americans toss around the "I-love-you-be-mine" phrase.

"In Germany a man says, 'I love you' just once to a girl. That is when he offers marriage," says Marlene. "Marriage is too hasty in America. Perhaps that is why there are so many divorces over here. In Germany the basics of marriage are published months in advance, and a couple must be engaged at least one year."

Perhaps it is true that marriage is taken less seriously here.

Yet, in discussing men, it is the gentleness of the American father that most impresses Lili Damita.

"I most admire the American father. Recently I saw a husband and wife and their little girl in a hotel dining-room. The father was feeding the child while the mother enjoyed her dinner.

"To me that is a remarkable demonstration of woman's position in America and the American man's kindness and liberal, generous attitude.

"Such a thing would never happen in Europe. The father would be ashamed to appear in such an intimate role with his child."

So, the European man is supposed to guard his dignity, just as the European girl is expected to prize her virtue.

And, as Lili Damita says with a sigh, "The laws of France are made for the men. The laws of America are made for women.

"The freedom and companionship between men and women in America is something very lovely. In France it never could be," Lili continued.

"A girl would endanger herself there accepting a man's friendship as casually as the American girl does in this country.

"If a French girl entered an innocent flirtation with a man, she would have a hard time hiding herself if he chose to become persistent. And the police would certainly not be on her side!"

Apparently in Ireland laws are made for men, too. Maureen O'Sullivan, singing the praises of the American male, says, "In my country when a girl marries she expects to receive and fulfill orders which her husband gives out. He is head of the house. There is no mistake about that. The European does not spoil his wife as the charming, boyish, good-natured American does. I think the American is quite an ideal type as a friend and husband. And no man could possibly be as generous as he."

**LILIAN HARVEY** finds the American man "charming and intriguing."

"It is true," the German star says, "that the European man does a lot of hand-kissing. But that doesn't mean a thing."

"I think it speaks well for American men that most of them are married. In Europe there are more bachelors."

It was Pola Negri who summed up the dif-
**take a BEAUTY TIP from BABY**

If you want a baby's smooth clear skin, use the baby's own pure soap

Just because you're grown-up, there's no reason for forgetting the first beauty lesson you ever had.

When you were a baby, your sensitive baby skin was tenderly cared for. Your doctor chose your soap then. He insisted on a pure soap—and your complexion was lovely!

Think for a moment why doctors say:

“No perfumed or medicated or colored soaps for a baby's skin. Use Pure Ivory Soap.”

It's because a baby's skin is so sensitive. But isn't your skin-sensitive too? Why then should you be satisfied with a soap less pure than Ivory?

Don't waste another day... Cleanse your face gently with pure Ivory tonight. And slip into an Ivory bath... And when you come out—notice how baby-smooth your skin feels. That's because Ivory is so pure. No color in Ivory. No strong perfume. Nothing to irritate your skin or dry out delicate skin lubricants. So take a hint for beauty from a baby—use Ivory to keep your skin young and fine and smooth.
MOLLY WINS HER MATCH

How Sylvia Put Grace Into Ann Harding's Walk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

terrific energy. Here's the energy building luncheon: Unpolished, steamed, brown rice with brown sugar (you have to have sugar for energy), a glass of sweet milk and a dish of gelatine. Have that luncheon twice a week and see how fine you'll feel!

At mid-afternoon Ann had a large glass of tomato juice or, in season, two or three ripe figs.

For dinner she began with all the celery she could eat (leaves and all) with ripe olives. She had this instead of soup. Then she had any sort of broiled or baked meat—except pork—a small baked potato, green peas, turnip tops and a green salad. The vegetables were steamed, with butter put on cold afterwards, and celery salt was used instead of real salt—not cooked with the vegetables but put on afterwards, too.

Then she had a cup custard or fresh fruit and a demi-tasse.

I used to beg Ann to wear make-up on the street, for she needed it. And she used to say, "It isn't necessary." But don't any of you be kidded by that. It's necessary for every woman to make herself attractive.

One day she came into my studio with eyebrows penciled— with lipstick and rouge. She stood in front of me and laughed. "Well, Your Royal Highness, does this suit you?"

Certainly she did look lovely—as lovely as she looks on the screen.

Her mother—a very smart looking woman and a fine sketch artist—was always on my side about the make-up question. I used to talk to Ann about mother getting Ann to wear street make-up. I told Ann that her mother agreed.

"She would," Ann laughed.

But Ann was always fine about taking advice. I wish you girls would be half as fine about it. Remember what I've told you about Ann Harding and get it into your heads that it's your duty to look and walk your best at all times!

Answers by Sylvia

Troubles, bothers, worries—what's it to you, girls, to be able to help! You see here the kind of helpful advice Aunt Sylvia gives others. If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

SYLVIA

Reducing Questions

Dear Sylvia:

How can I reduce my bust? My entire body is too plump, but the bust especially. Please tell me what to do.

L. R., Los Angeles, Calif.

This answers about a hundred thousand letters of the same type. I'll give you my famous buttermilk diet. For three days in succession drink only buttermilk—a glass every two hours. For three days eat normally (but don't overeat). Repeat this until the bust is as you want it. Always wear a good brassiere—one that will hold the bust up. Never massage the bust.

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I have broad shoulders. I wish you could tell me how to reduce them.

J. R. T., Butte, Mont.

Silly girl—what do you think I am? Broad shoulders are bone formations. Do you think I can shave off bone? And another thing—be thankful for those broad shoulders. They're very smart now, and chic clothes are all made for girls with broad shoulders. If they were narrow you'd have something to complain about.

My dear Sylvia:

I have always been nice and thin and so I'm terrified to discover that my baby daughter—aged five—is much too fat for a child her age and getting fatter all the time. Can I cut down on her food? What can I do?

Mrs. T. McD., St. Louis, Mo.

It is probably some slight glandular trouble. I certainly wouldn't start cutting down on a child's food until I had consulted a doctor. He might possibly work on the glands and remove the trouble.

Holding the Head Straight

Dear Sylvia:

I try very hard to hold my head up when I walk, but somehow it always keeps bobbing forward and makes me look ungainly. Have you an exercise to correct this?

B. W., Memphis, Tenn.

In the first place you've got to try harder to keep the head up. Also read this month's article carefully and do all the things I did for Ann Harding. But the muscles of the neck may be too tense. If so, press the back of the neck with your two hands, then massage the back of the neck as far down the spine as you can reach. Dig in hard under the neck muscles. And think, think, think all the time about keeping your head held straight.

Wrinkled Forehead

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I'm quite young—only twenty-two—but I have wrinkles in my forehead. I like to wear my hair as Garbo wears hers but I hate to have the wrinkles show.


I'll bet one reason you have wrinkles is because you "talk with your face." Women comedians on the screen always have lines in their faces because they do what we call "mugging." So don't mug! Practice talking in front of the mirror without raising your eyebrows or frowning. Then every time you catch yourself frowning with the fingers smeared with a good cold cream massage the forehead up and down having the fingers alternate—the right hand up with the left hand down. Do this very gently.
They're Clara's Twins

So there were tickets West for four.

Of course, Clara had thought she would raise Johnny and Lillian. She had no idea they would really raise her—literally raise her—right at the crack of dawn, and keep her wide awake all day long until the sandman brought sweet surcease and welcome peace.

Our scene is the Bow-Bell menage—deep in the arms of Morpheus. It's six o'clock (yes, in the morning).

"Aunt C-la-ra—"
Down the hall, racing for the lead, clatter two human alarm clocks to hammer on the door behind which a very domestically tired, red-headed movie star is completing her ten hours of recuperation.

"Kin we come in?" pleads Johnny.

"Please—kin we?" coaxes Lillian.

By now the damage is already done, so "Okay!" breathes Clara drowsily, and the door flies open. Lillian gets her kiss, and then Johnny comes up for his. The kiss is sugar coating, and the pill quickly follows. Clara bounces out of bed and guides the pair to the shower. Enrages vigorous neck and ear scrubbing, accompanied by equally vigorous howls.

But there's a reward for cleanliness. Johnny can have some watermelon after breakfast, if he eats all of his cereal. Johnny doesn't care about the cereal; he wants the watermelon now. Lillian wants to go swimming before breakfast. Aunt Clara says "no." So Lillian won't drink her milk.

"And that," sighs Clara, "is how the day starts."

Breakfast half-eaten, Lillian and Johnny

Has the real beauty of your teeth been hidden by seven stains?

You may have lovely teeth, without the world ever knowing it. Yes, without even you yourself ever knowing it.

Many a woman has regretfully resigned herself to dull teeth—as a matter of Fate. When, hidden under the dullness, may be teeth that would flatter a girl on a magazine cover.

For Fate doesn't dull your teeth. Breakfasts, dinners and suppers do! Everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on teeth . . . seven different kinds of stains, all told.

But you can take them off—completely—with Colgate's.

Many toothpastes have only one action, fail to thoroughly remove all stains. But Colgate's has the TWO actions necessary. An emulsive action that washes away most of the stains. And a gentle polishing action that safely rubs away others.

That's why Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans teeth right down to the sparkling enamel. That's why Colgate's can give you beauty of teeth, after other toothpastes have failed.

For a limited time only, you can get the large 25-cent tube of Colgate's for only 19 cents. Buy it today.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.
One drop, or

2000 FRAGRANT ATOMS ?

Dauing, authorities agree, isn’t the thing any more. Perfumers are now definitely recommending that perfume be sprayed—because they appreciate that this modern method of application brings out the fullest fragrance. A DeVilbiss Atomizer takes a single drop of perfume and transforms it into 2000 tiny particles . . . To you, spraying has other very decided advantages. Atomization of perfume removes all danger of stain to delicate fabric . . . And from the standpoint of economy, you will be interested in the DeVilbiss closure device which guards your costly perfumes against evaporation . . . DeVilbiss Perfume Atomizers start at $1; others, with closure device, at $3.50. The DeVilbiss Company, Toledo, Ohio.

DeVilbiss
Perfume Atomizers

Ed Wynn pays his respects to a lady. And it seems that any lady could be warned by that fact! "The Fire Chief says that velvet lapels with cat fur collar and cuffs is the latest thing for the fall, if worn with a straw hat"
all kids love watermelon. Even though tummy ache sometimes follows.

But tummy aches are far less painful than heart aches, and when Lillian and Johnny got homesick recently, Aunt Clara realized how much these troublesome tads meant in her life.

Aunt Clara, long-faced foursome waited, silent, at the Los Angeles depot for the train which was to bear Lillian and Johnny back to Flatbush. Of the quartet it would be difficult to say which was the most dreary—Aunt Clara, Uncle Rex, Lillian or Johnny.

THE engine rumbled up, the glistening porter called, “A-I-I-I absolutely”—a dreary requirement for the happy, hectic days in Benedict Canyon. Tears streamed down noses.

Johnny couldn’t stand it.

“Aw, gee, Aunt Clara, I don’t wanna go home!”

“Me neither,” sobbed Lillian, “but somebody has to go see Pop ‘n’ Mom ‘n’ the kids. I guess I better.”

So Lillian has gone home to Flatbush for a visit, but she’s coming back to join Johnny at her Aunt Clara’s in Hollywood, where it’s more fun to hop out of bed when the sun comes up and run like the dickens to call her a “sleepy head” at six o’clock in the morning.

Strangely enough, Aunt Clara thinks it’s fun, too.

And here’s a P.S. to this true story.

Clara was doing a carnival scene in “Hoopla,” and Johnny came along to watch the fun. He took a ride on the merry-go-round and, unknown to the youngster, the cameras were taking it all in. So it looks as though he’s going to be in a picture—just like that! Clara isn’t so happy about it, but she’ll let him go through with this one picture. She wants Johnny to go to a public school.

The Big Hollywood Robbery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

about face” and admit that of “Dinner At Eight’s” galaxy of stars, Jean shone the brightest.

She had to have talent: a natural genius for the thing she was doing.

Possibly the struggle and sorrow and hard work crystallized and refined that talent, making it clear and true.

But the ability was there.

The first time Jean Harlow was featured on the screen—uninitiated, inexperienced—she did a fine and convincing piece of acting.

Few saw it. It lasted so short a while.

Almost immediately it was shadowed and lost in a show of sex.

SEX is usually good box-office. The producers were taking no chances. So there followed that series of rather repellent, thankless roles in which Harlow’s feminine allure had to carry the picture.

She did good work in “Red-Headed Woman.” Later, in “Red Dust” and “Hold Your Man” her sexiness was scantily clothed in brief but charming comedy touches and moments of real acting. But Harlow’s role in “Dinner At Eight” was her first real chance. And she made the most of it. Harlow’s figure didn’t have to create interest that the script lacked. The other roles were brilliantly filled. Harlow’s sex-appeal did not need to fill any gaps.

A role that might have been played with vulgar abandon, she played convincingly with technical perfection and subtle human touches. She brought a natural talent for comedy to scenes that could have been merely noisily funny.

She stole one of Hollywood’s biggest pictures from the largest group of picture stealers that have ever been assembled in one cast.

Hosiery troubles common to most women—banished!

Surprising how common these troubles are. And how annoying! Stocking tops that chafe. Stocking tops that drift. Tops that are crampingly short or clumsily long. . . . Now—and you can believe every word of it—the perfect stocking top! It’s Custom-Fit Top, exclusive with Phoenix. Stretches both ways so that it fits you as though it were made for you, and you alone! And it can be garnered to any length without fear of garter runs. . . . Millions of women are gleeful over this new Custom-Fit Top. Fashionable Hollywood insists upon it. Women like Phoenix “long-mileage” foot, too. Every pair of Phoenix Hosiery is made of Certified Silk. Priced from $1 to $1.95.

PHOENIX “GIBSON GIRL” COLORS

For wear with the lovely off-shades of the early 1900’s which have been revived for our Fall costumes—Phoenix has created “Gibson Girl” Hosiery—Taffy- pink, Tandem—Brownstone—and many others! See them in your favorite shop, and consult the free Phoenix Customers’ Individual Fashion Service found on the counter.

HER FROCK—a custom model by VERA, noted Hollywood designer. . . . HER HOSIERY—PHOENIX with CUSTOM-FIT TOP . . . GLORIA STUART, beautiful Universal star, wears this costume in “Secret of the Blue Room” (right)

PHOENIX HOSIERY with CUSTOM-FIT TOP

PHOENIX HOSIERY with CUSTOM-FIT TOP
How Movie Fan Clubs Are Started

NOW that the many enjoyable activities of movie fan clubs are becoming known, a considerable number of young people are asking for more information concerning these clubs. How can one go about organizing a movie fan club in his home town? Are there different kinds of fan clubs? Where can the rules and regulations regarding such a club be secured? These are some of the questions being asked.

There are three distinct types of fan clubs recognized by the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, and eligible to membership under the Association's rules. They are:

First, the club which sponsors one movie star; Second, the club which sponsors two or more stars; Third, the club which sponsors no particular star, but follows all of them, in a general way, in their screen appearances.

THE minimum number of members with which to start a fan club is five. Officers must be selected from the members in good standing. All club constitutions, by-laws, dues, meetings and other club matters are determined by the members themselves.

In forming a fan club coming under the First and Second type, it is necessary to secure the approval and sanction of the star or stars selected to sponsor. In forming a general fan club this is not necessary. If you are planning to organize a club sponsoring a star you will, no doubt, find it much easier to establish a chapter of some club which is already active and has the permission of the star to operate under his or her name. The Association will be glad to advise you of the names of the clubs already affiliated with the organization so that you may communicate direct with the officers regarding local chapters.

APPROXIMATELY 100 members of various fan clubs in the United States have visited "Hollywood," at A Century of Progress, as guests of the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs. The affair took the form of a camera party, as everyone present brought a camera. "Shooting" snaps here and there was the order of the afternoon.

The guests also watched the making of movies and screen tests, and were permitted to take photos of a scene, and of some of the players and extras. The treat of the World's Fair visit came when Miss Irene Rich, of screen fame, posed with the members for photographs. She autographed many books and photos for the fans.

THE Tri-C Club of Syracuse, also known as the Herald Cinema Critics Club, sent in a bulletin which calls attention to their first meeting for the year, and which also mentions plans for the presentation of three full length plays and a number of short skits during the year. They have also installed a new library. J. H. Bloss is president of this fast moving club.

In the "Crawford Chatter," issued by Gertrude B. Perkel, president of the Joan Crawford Fan Club, mention is made that Miss Crawford presented the club with a mimeograph for producing their club bulletin.

"I'd Rather Know Joan Than Anybody Else---"

[continued from page 39]

handling people, she could go far in politics. With her sympathy and intelligent understanding for other people's troubles, she would be ideal for social service. Every child she meets falls in love with her—she ought to be a wonderful teacher. That girl could do anything!

"Intelligence, beauty, humor, taste, talent—she has everything.

"I've known some fascinating people. My mother was one of the most fascinating personalities I've ever known. Then, as I think them over, the faces of several of my professors at Cornell come to me—some of the people I knew in New York—the directors of the Group Theatre—

"Then I come back to the thing I said first, "I'd rather know Joan Crawford than anybody else I know!"

The Man All Hollywood Fears

[continued from page 29]

commission, Inspector Barnett arrived back stage, to inform Mae that unless she cut out some of the lines he was going to close the show.

Mae was willing to cooperate.

"What do you want me to take out?" she asked.

"Take out the whole play," suggested Vince, "and burn it—then take a train out of town!"

Bob Jones bit hard when he made his movie debut. Vince was enlisted as his caddy in an exhibition match. He proceeded to give unsolicited advice to the king of the links, Leo Diegel, who had been Barnett-baptized
before, was in cahoots. Diegel asked Bobby what to use on a particular shot.

"A three iron," said Jones.

"Too long," scoffed Vince. "Use a five."

Jones frowned. "You carry the clubs, son," he cautioned.

"Say, smart guy, I've been caddying for a long time, and I ought to know," Jones replied.

On the nineteenth hole, Bobby blasted a long shot (he afterwards told Vince, he was imagining the ball was his head when he hit it). The crowd gasped with astonishment as the great drive rolled to the edge of the green.

In the silence, Barnett sniffed.

"Saracen would have gotten on," he observed.

Few stars have escaped unscathed from a meeting with this unparalleled menace to composure.

Helen Hayes started when she heard Vince remark that he "sympathized with the poor wife of Charles MacArthur, who is a no good bum."

He pretended to be oblivious to the fact that she was the "poor wife."

Wera Engels, who prides herself on her trim figure, couldn't believe her ears when she heard him, posing as a compatriot, berate her for "letting herself go" in Paris and getting fat and sloppy.

Kay Francis, Gary Cooper, Jack Gilbert, Marion Davies, Spencer Tracy, George Raft, Buddy Rogers, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Lew Cody, Norma Talmadge—all have "burned" with flaring faces in uncomfortable moments with an insult-striking stranger afterwards identified as Vince Barnett. For every "rib" takes place in the presence of many others. Somebody has a good time.

Dick Barthelmess heard "Dr. Hoffman," a "foreign sound expert," advise him to retire or else take voice lessons from Texas Guinan.

Jack Dempsey discovered his blood-pressure rising when one of his "waiters," at his own Italian Hotel opening, sniffed a cigar from between his teeth and ground it on the floor, angrily shouting, "no smoking!"

Dorothy Del Rio learned from a "big German producer" that she was a "flop in Europe, where audiences demand acting."

As a matter of fact, every star in Hollywood has at one time or another suffered or been in on a Barnett "rib-roast."

Even Garbo freezes as she floats by a grinning individual who has the audacity to greet her with "Good morning, Miss Hepburn!"

Vince Barnett has a sort of ethics to his insulting. He never picks on weaknesses, because weaknesses exposed or revealed result in hurts—and he has found that you can get a "goat" just as readily by attacking strengths or points of pride.

If his victims get mad, he is delighted—but if they get hurt, he is sad, and hurries to apologize. Really "ribbing" with him is an inherited talent. (His father did it for thirty years in Pittsburgh.)

So far he has only one rival in Hollywood—George Bernard Shaw—and it's the regret of his life that he wasn't on hand to match insults with the tuppenny Irish sage who left a trail of tears and ruffled feelings after his visit last spring.

Just the mere mention of it makes him sad.

"What a chance," he murmurs wistfully.

"What a grand chance!"

Make $1 equal $3 in fighting colds

The average cold lasted 5 days. Pepsodent cut that time in half. And remember, $1 worth of Pepsodent equals $3 worth of other leading mouth antiseptics.

"Yes," you say, "Pepsodent Antiseptic is 3 times more powerful in killing germs. But what does that mean in fighting colds?" Here is the striking answer based on 500 human tests.

3 noteworthy results

For 5 months last winter one group of people gargled twice a day with Pepsodent Antiseptic mixed with water. Other groups gargled with other leading mouth washes or just plain salt and water. Here is the result:

1. 50% more of those who gargled with Pepsodent had no colds all winter.
2. Colds lasted only half the time among Pepsodent users.
3. Pepsodent users caught fewer colds.

Those are the facts. Intelligent people will be quick to benefit by what they teach. Here is clear-cut proof of the extra protection Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you in winter time.

Only 2 kinds of antiseptics

There are two kinds of leading mouth antiseptics. One kind cannot kill germs when mixed with water. The other kind—Pepsodent Antiseptic—does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when mixed with 2 parts of water.

Makes $1 equal $3

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes $1 do the work of $3. Don't gamble with health. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic, and none other. Safeguard your health, and save your money.
Stop a COOL the First Day!

Put This 4-Way Remedy to Work at Once!

A COLD is nothing to fool around with! It may end seriously. Treat a cold promptly and treat it for what it is—an internal infection.

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It knocks a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

**The 4 Things Necessary**

First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that groggy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and may be taken freely with perfect safety. It is, and has been for years, the world's leading cold and grippe tablet.

**Now—20% More for Your Money**

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine now comes in two sizes—3c and 5c. Buy the 5c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters LBQ stamped on every tablet. Before a substance as an attempt to impose on you.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

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**Star News From London**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

Two hours for luncheon is rushing things abnormally.

The lowest extra would walk off the set if a slave-driving director curtailed the tea interval to less than thirty minutes.

And, of course, production must stop not later than five o'clock—to make possible one's attending to the really serious business of the day—golf and tennis!

Thus in the past have British films been made.

So they are being made today. So they will continue to be made.

LESLIE HOWARD, with whom I had a chat the other day, put it as nearly as one could wish—discussing the difference between Elstree and Hollywood.

He said:

"Here, most of the time, you have to get behind the cart and help push; in Hollywood you ride in the cart."

Like others in England, Leslie Howard is convinced that one day British film producers will turn out pictures that will compare favorably with Hollywood's best.

But that day hasn't arrived yet," he added. "The trouble, as I see it, is that our producers are too parochial. They make pictures primarily for this tight little isle."

"And are tremendously elated when—as is the case at present—British exhibitors throughout the country buy these home-made films to a greater extent than the Quota Act obliges them to do."

"Of course, their elation is not without reason."

There was a time, not so long ago, when the British picture-goer needed only to see a British film announced as the attraction at his favorite cinema—to shun the place. Today British films are attracting bigger crowds—in Great Britain—than most Hollywood pictures are here.

"Undoubtedly it will come as a surprise to American producers to learn that red ink is an unknown quantity in British studios today. Elstree is turning out pictures that are consistent profit-makers. Unhappily, there is a tendency here on the part of the producers to be smugly complacent over this situation."

"Meanwhile Hollywood goes on making pictures for the whole world."

"Profits may have dwindled to the vanished point, but the high quality of the product has not suffered."

"And Hollywood has only to beckon to get the world's greatest artists."

FROM the actor's standpoint it is not only the matter of huge salaries that makes Hollywood his Mecca.

"It is not the gorgeous climate that enchants him, and makes him content to remain there forever."

It is the rich satisfaction of knowing that he is part of a perfectly functioning machine—that the very best that is in him will be brought to light by experts—from directors to electricians.

"That is why I look forward so eagerly to my return to Hollywood."

As soon as he finishes "The Lady Is Willing," a sophisticated light comedy, Howard will leave Elstree in favor of a West End theater where he will star in a costume play based on the life of William Shakespeare, entitled "This Side Idolatry."

Whatever its fate in London—success or flop—Howard plans to appear in this play in New York sometime during the present season.

Thereafter he will cross the continent to begin work in Hollywood under the Warner Bros. banner.

(Perhaps he will again be late—if and when the Garbo invites him a second time to come and meet her! He assures me his earlier failure to arrive on time—which caused Greta to go to her bedroom in a huff and remain there until the unpunctual guest had departed—was not his fault.

But he is not at all sure that it might not happen again! A malignant fate, he says, forever fixes things so that he must be habitually remiss in the matter of keeping social engagements.)

Kathryn Hayden, PHOTOPLAY's London correspondent, gets an interview and a light from Leslie Howard, on the set of his new film, "The Lady Is Willing," the picture Mr. Howard is now making in England. Though English born and reared, he says he prefers to work in Hollywood.
THE SOLITAIRE MAN—M-G-M

Tracking down a smooth, lone crook, with satisfaction darting back and forth among his characters, is the theme of this interesting story. It's unique, in that most of the action takes place within a traveling airplane. Herbert Marshall, himself a crook, traps the real villain, Lionel Atwill, and escapes detection. Elizabeth Allan, May Robson do splendid work. Mary Boland is a riot as the boisterous American.

DELUGE—RKO-Radio

Thrills and spectacle with the world going to pot via earthquakes and tidal waves right before your very eyes. Peggy Shannon, Sidney Blackmer, Lois Wilson, Fred Kohler and Matt Moore survive to carry on the somewhat complicated and faltering story. The really amazing catastrophe scenes dwarf the satisfactory performances of the principals.

MYRT AND MARGE—Universal

If you have followed the experiences of Myrt and Marge over the radio, you will want to see them on the screen. Myrt is trying to run a musical show that seems perpetually about to fold up. Eddie Foy, Jr., is the very funny comic; Ted Healy is Ted Healy and there wasn't enough of him. Myrt and Marge have good picture personalities. Amusing little musical.

BITTER SWEET—United Artists

Anna Neagle, as an old and celebrated musician, tells the story of her life and lost love—how she married Bernad Graeven, how he was killed defending her honor against the attention of Austrian army officer (Miles Mander), and her bitter sweet rise to fame. But its British producers failed to turn Noel Coward's stage play into a truly first class movie.

SHANGHAI MADNESS—Fox

Spencer Tracy, an American naval officer discharged from the navy, falls in love with a persistent American girl, Fay Wray, accepts the humble position of gunner on a Chinese river boat, rescues Fay from Chinese communists and, for bravery under fire, is reinstated in the navy. The Chinese scenes are beautifully photographed but at all times Tracy's performance is stronger than the story material. Eugene Pallette is splendid.

THE BLARNEY KISS—British and Dominions

The London adventures of an Irishman who, having kissed the Blarney Stone, is endowed with a wonderful gift of gab. It is a pleasant, romantic story and could have been exciting if customary British restraint had not been exercised in its direction. The rich, Irish dialect of the hero, Tom Walls, is charming. And Anne Grey, as Lady Anne Cranston, is a lovely heroine.

WAFFLES—Helen Mitchell Prod.

A mediocre picture, in which Sari Maritza tries to change her English accent to a Southern dialect, with tragic results. Sari runs a waffle shop and tries to reform Buster Collier, who goes on binges, and finally elopes.

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Every woman will greet this news gladly. Kotex—your favorite sanitary protection—now gives far greater service because of the Patented Equalizer—a specially-processed center. Read just what it does. An intimate explanation is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness; how the pad is now able to give you greater protection with less bulk.

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Examine this new Equalizer. It may look simple, but that processed center took 21/2 years to develop. Imitations can be made. They will be made. But they cannot be the same—and this is why: this pad took months and months of research to develop; a board of three hundred women tested it; medical authority of high repute checked their findings; AND the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 for the use of Kotex, exclusively.

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Rounded ends serve a purpose; but they must also be flattened and tapered, so that the “phantom” effect is certain. In Kotex this is done.

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You will want to try the Kotex narrow adjustable belt... the final perfection in sanitary comfort... designed to give wearing ease never before possible.

Pay no more than 25c for either size of Kotex

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USE SUPER-KOTEX

There are two or three days when you need more protection; no one size of pad can serve you perfectly at all times. Use SUPER-KOTEX for those days. It costs no more, now, than the regular size.

NOW SAME PRICE AS REGULAR KOTEX
When the bounce goes out of a boy of three

When the house is strangely still... when the little monarch of the nursery barely picks at his dinner... you, mother, know that there is something wrong!

Childhood's commonest ailment

Often the trouble is constipation. True... a child's habits may seem regular, but that may not mean that his little system is cleared each day of accumulations which, through intestinal absorption, may be poisoning him.

Diet not always effective

Even though you follow the best advice on scientific feeding, your child may be suffering from constipation brought on by his being too "busy" to spare the time from his play. If he is pale, listless, has no appetite... he needs a good laxative.

But... some laxatives may do him more harm than good. Laxatives intended for adult use are often too strong for children, even in reduced doses.

Give him Fletcher's Castoria!

Fletcher's Castoria is a simple vegetable preparation which is absolutely safe and sure. It settles delicate stomachs. It does not gripe. And children love the taste of it... they are not afraid to take it.

Your physician will tell you that Fletcher's Castoria contains no harmful drugs... no narcotics. It is a highly ethical remedy for constipation in children from baby age to eleven years old. Purchase a bottle of Castoria at your druggist's today. The family size is the economical way to buy it. And be sure to look for the signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the carton.

with the wrong girl—but not too far to be retrieved. Buster and Alan Mowbray do what they can.

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal

Buster Crabbe goes after Johnny Weissmuller's honors on the latter's own ground—playing one of the Tarzan tales. The story is as disjointed and inane as Tarzan stuff usually is, but Buster is decorative, as well as sure-fire when it comes to fighting lions, crocodiles, and the African natives. The kiddies may go for it.

POLICE CALL—Showmen's Pictures

The story of a young pugilist who flies from the police and joins a geological expedition in Guatemala where he stumbles into lions, heroically fights the natives, and falls in love. A poor story with mediocre acting by Nick Stuart, Merna Kennedy and others. The only happy thing about it is the ending—if you stay that long.

SYAMA—Carson Prod.

Many of the preview audience walked out on this one, and no wonder. The elephant material in this offering might make an interesting one or possibly two reel short. Offered as a featured travelogue, it is enrossingly stereotyped and dull. The so-called novel effects are a hindrance rather than a help, especially those very gaggy gags for which one is continually brought back from Stam.

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures

Two admirable English stars, Edna Best and Herbert Marshall, in a sentimental story about a wronged woman and the man she loved. It reaches a slow climax when Herbert Marshall, on the eve of his engagement to a wealthy English beauty, meets a poor young girl, Edna Best, and learns that she is his illegitimate child. An intelligent cast did its best with a pokey, moth-eaten story.

I HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield

When a warm-hearted playwright rescues a girl from a life of shame, puts her in his play, and she goes over big—what do you suppose is likely to happen at the end? Well, it happens that way in this one—but Alan Dinehart, Anita Page and others do good enough work to keep you somewhat interested while waiting for the happy fade-out.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE SEVEN HILLS—Faith Pictures

A FINELY done camera visit to the Vatican. Several scenes show Pope Pius XI, and the accompanying musical score includes some superb devotional numbers.

Al Knows Better Now!

[continued from page 37]

will spring a bigger surprise on the box-office than he sprang on Walter Winchell.

"Al has the same old punch—-in more ways than one," his friends boast. "And don't think he hasn't learned his lesson."

What was that lesson? To answer that we must go back to the why of his toeboggan. Here are a few expert opinions on that—privately expressed.

The producer says: "Al let romance bite him and he decided to become the Romeo of the screen. He wanted to play the heavy lover instead of strutting his stuff."

A director says: "In spite of Jolson's effort to buy back his contract when 'The Jazz Singer'
was half made, he is not a difficult man to
handle.

"He can add a great deal to a picture in the
way of suggestions and lines.

"Unfortunately he lost touch with his audi-
ence after his first pictures. They were the
story of his life—and he lived them over again.
But when he tried sailing in strange waters he
was lost because he couldn't chart his course by
the response of his audience.

"No artist ever worked with his audience
better than Jolson, and he was the master of
gold and lib entertainers. He was sensitive to
the slightest pulse beat of his public, and once
out of touch with them, he was lost. A mike
and a camera make an unresponsive audience,
and Al needed the color and warmth and enthu-
siasm of a flesh and blood audience.

"Cast properly, Jolson has a lot to give the
moving picture public. If not—it will be too
bad again."

A national distributor says: "It was Jolson's
hard luck that the millions of small town movie
devotees didn't know how good he was—and
that he couldn't get chummy with them to
prove it. The exhibitors complain that he
hadn't been giving them what they bought—
Jolson. Personally, I'd be willing to take a
chance and contract for Jolson in a Jolson
picture, but not in a Chevalier, Gaule or
Novarro role. In his own line Jolson is supreme
—a million dollars' worth of entertainment—but
as a scintillating sheik I'd prefer Jimmy
Durante or Mickey Mouse.

"My own bet is that once Al gets his feet on
the ground and some burnt cork on his face,
he'll make a picture really worth seeing."

Al who has known Jolson for years says:
"Al is out of his element in pictures. 'The
Jazz Singer' and 'The Singing Fool' were nat-
urals for him. He was introducing to the
amazed and delighted public a new kind of
entertainment.

"But music and singing is an old story to
movie-goers now—and Jolson can't come down
close to them and get chummy. If I were
Jolson I'd let Ruby do the screen entertaining
for the family."

"What do you think? Probably your guess is
as good as the next. Only, it's doubtful if you
would back yours with big productions, as Jack
Warner figures on doing. This producer thinks
Al is going to wow the public again, and others 'in the know' at
Warners agree with him.

"And they are betting on more than the
Jolson reputation, too. They are betting on
the change in the man.

"Al has learned that he cannot play any part
in any picture. He knows his limitations now,
and is willing to forget his romantic aspirations
and be himself again."

JOLSON'S attitude on his arrival at the
Warner studios in July can best express the
change in the man. He stuck his head into
Jack Warner's office and announced, with a
grim from ear to ear:

"This is Ruby Keeler's husband—and he
wants his job back."

"Just kill me as Ruby Keeler's husband," he
challenged later. "I'd love it. Visit all his
old friends about the lot, many of them the
men who had helped make his first pictures, he
would keep repeating. "I'm sure glad to be
back. We understand each other—and we'll show 'em."

There is not one whiff of jealousy in Jolson
for the success of his wife's film. Just pride.

"Just Ruby's husband," he burst out at a
luncheon. "I love that. Everybody inter-
views me about Ruby—but that's all right
with me. Now I have to make a picture she'll
be proud of."

Friends say this is not just a pose on Al's part
—that he is thrilled by his wife's success, and
as proud of her as his boasts indicate.

"Al isn't press-agentry or putting on an
act," they vow. "He's as proud of Ruby as a
kid is of a new toy. One of the reasons he's
back on the lot, eager to give the best there is
An Exceptional Offer
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Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT
package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage)
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Swish half a package or more of LINIT in your bath
water and then enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich,
cream-like bath. You will be pleasantly surprised how
nice and soft your skin feels afterwards. A LINIT Beauty
Bath produces immediate results in the texture of your
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checked below. I enclose $... and... LINIT package tops

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- [ ] Brown
- [ ] Red
- [ ] Blue
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Be the Girl with ENTRANCING EYES!

When men find a glance enchanting... here's the secret! Silken, curly lashes... dark and heavy... make your eyes seem the largest, deepest in the world.

This fascinating beauty can belong to any girl who knows... and uses... Winx, the NFW-type mascara. It transforms pale, skimpy little lashes into veils of luxurious loveliness. And leaves no hint of artificial make-up... just matchless natural charm.

Winx is made with a special French formula. It can't smudge, smear or flake off. Won't smart. Never stings into sharp points or corner, ugly beads as ordinary mascaras do.

Try... Two forms... Liquid Winx, waterproof... Cake Winx, in a smart compact.

And... to make your eyes doubly seductive, use Winx Eye Shadow. It is not greasy, and comes in 5 subtle shades.

WINX

Blonde Hair
Must have special care to keep it always golden

HOW quickly blonde hair darkens unless given special care! That's why millions of wise blondes use Blondex—the special shampoo for blonde and light brown hair. Prevents darkening. Brings back golden beauty to even the dullest hair. Safe—no dyes or harsh, injurious chemicals. Two sizes—25c and $1.00. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

in him, is because he wants Ruby to be as proud of him as he is of her. When she married him she told the world he was the greatest entertainer of them all—and he says he's not going to make a liar out of her."

For a long time Al kept Ruby out of films. Not intentionally—but just by keeping her so busy going places and doing things, she had no time to try her hand at the flickers.

A time one it was suggested Ruby play a part in the picture, "Mammy," which Jolson was about to start—but, although the producers thought she was seriously considering it, she later admitted that she never thought it wise or possible, because Al was such a bundle of nerves that she did not think it fair to take on anything that would cause him additional worry.

But all this is past now—and since Ruby has been climbing to stardom in the films, Al has visited the studio many times. Always he has let her live her own career, and has never attempted to direct or advise her. While she was still green at the game he left her almost entirely alone, forbidding his friends to offer suggestions or in any way interfere in the tight that must, in the end, be won by herself, and herself alone.

Al has unlimited confidence in Ruby—just as she has in him. According to Ruby, Al's next picture will be one hundred per cent Jolson, and consequently one hundred per cent entertainment.

However, the question still remains: Can Jolson overcome the handicap of the cold mike and the unsympathetic camera; can he bring that intangible Jolson personality into the celluloid? As he has seemed to make it a part of the very atmosphere of the theaters in which he played? Has Al really learned his lesson, and will his next picture bring back the real Jolson?

Anyone who has seen the old Jolson in action can see him rushing up and down the aisles, stopping to tell intimate little jokes to members of the audience—sitting on the piano or squatted down on front of the footlights. Can he not forget the personality of the man? But can that be registered in cold film?

Jolson has always worked according to the responsiveness of his audience. Years ago he told the writer how he timed his jokes, pitched the tone of his entertainment and steered the course of his play, according to the mood of his audience.

JOLSON never worked according to book, never considered the routine of the show, never knew how long he would be on the stage. Sometimes he would keep the show running half an hour, an hour, or even an hour and a half overtime. No one could ever tell when a Jolson show would "break," and the audience never knew whether he would follow the lines or go off in some silly old librigomarle of his own. They never knew when he went on the stage for a five-minute let before he would be there five minutes, ten minutes or half an hour.

Long before talking pictures were attempted Jolson told me, "I'll take a sleeping powder before I'd do one of those motion pictures. I've been asked, but I can still say 'no,' plenty of times."

"I can't work to a dumb camera, with a guy behind a megaphone telling me what to do. I must feel my audience. I must locate some one man and hear down on him before I can really get warmed up."

"You know every night it's a battle between me and some hard-boiled wise guy out in the audience. He comes to the show, pays his four dollars, and then sits back with that show in front of him. He can almost hear him say, 'That guy Jolson is supposed to be good. All right, let him make me laugh.'"

"Then my night's work is cut out for me. I forget everybody else in the theater and go after him. I do everything to make him laugh—from telling jokes to falling on my car, and by the time I've finally cracked the veneer on his face, the audience has had a good time."

"Fighting sour pans" was how Jolson de-
scribed his night's work at the theater—and it was the battle against the dyspeptic individual and the hard-boiled Broadway audience that gave Al the inspiration for his best entertainment.

Many claim that without such opposition, without that to fight against, he can't give the best he has. Others say he has plenty to fight now, and that he'll put on a show before the camera in his next picture that will make his old antics before an obstinate sour pan look like a Chinese salute.

Besides—who knows?—perhaps Jack Warner will hire a professional hard-boiled audience to sit back and make him show them while he's doing his stuff before the camera.

ONE thing is certain. Right down in his heart Al believes being back on the old lot will bring him good luck, believes that the men who made 'The Jazz Singer' and 'The Singing Fool' with him, will help him give the camera and the public the best he has in him.

It's ancient history now, how Jolson spoke the first line ever uttered in talking pictures, when, more than five years ago, after having sung a song into a crude microphone, he turned from the piano to the camera and asked:

"Did you like that, mamma?"

Warner's sound expert actually had to battle all seventy-two Warner brothers to have that line stay in—and then it brought down the house in New York.

As we say, that's history—but it is mightily close to Jolson, and somehow he bases his faith in a big picture on that incident. He believes he belongs in talking pictures, and is willing to work to build a place for himself there.

And what does Jack Warner, who is responsible for this new plunge with Jolson, say regarding Al's chances? When interviewed he issued this solemn statement:

"Al Jolson is one of the great entertainers of all time. We intend to capitalize his amazing personality now as we did in our first talking pictures. He will be featured in several of our productions as one of an all star cast. The first of these will be 'Wonder Bar.'"

As for Jolson—he simply sticks out his lower jaw and says: "We'll show 'em!"

He's a Baer!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

world piled up until he jumped at the postman's whistle. (He is married, it happens, to Dorothy Dunbar, who used to act on the screen.)

Immediately he arrived in Hollywood for his first effort, "The Prizefighter and the Lady," M-G-M's femininity started the pursuit. While sitting at the table in the studio commissary, three notes were handed him by the waitress.

M-G-M recognized this woman appeal professionally. His first screen test was in a boudoir scene!

Is he sincere—another "something" that it takes? Max has gone about the business of learning a few camera tricks quite seriously. He insists that he earnestly wants to make good, permanently, on the screen. And he puts himself into it—plenty.

Ask that poor extra who was put in against him to rehearse some fisticuffs business. Max didn't want to hurt anybody—but he didn't want to turn in a dub screening. So after one wallop, the extra was carted off, feet first—and poor only seasoned pro are put against him in his screen workouts.

Has he any acting promise?

His voice on the radio led to his contract. It is pleasant and well modulated. Howard Hawks, the director, says he reads lines like a veteran. Max says he won't try to act. He has a theory.

"It's easy for me to be natural; I'm natural.

How to wash a sweater

1. Lay sweater on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.

2. Then, make a generous lukewarm Ivory suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make rich, big, fluffy suds because Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap and won't hurt colors any more than pure water.

3. Don't rub. A big fluffy Ivory Snow suds saves rubbing. Cup the sweater in your hands and squeeze suds through. Two sudsings are better than one.

4. Rinse in lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your Snow suds. Lukewarm, mind you, not warm. Ivory Snow suds rinse out easily. Roll sweater in a towel for 5 minutes.

5. Lay sweater on your paper pattern and pull back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.

You'll thank Ivory Snow for being so pure, so quick-dissolving, so easy to rinse, when you see your CLEAN, LOVELY, FLUFFY SWEATER!
A matter of fact, Max Baer is practically nerveless.

Golf is one of his big interests, and following the Schmeling win, Grantland Rice asked him to his club for a round on the links. Teamed with the sports writer, Max found himself in the tight spot of having to sink a twenty-five foot putt on the final green to win the match.

A large and curiously pressing crowd had gathered when the word got around that the new heavyweight menace was to be seen on the course, and a gallery of gasping ladies circled the last green. Smiling, Max stepped up with all the championship composure of Bobby Jones and tapped a crisp, straight putt to the cup.

The biggest hurdle which looms in Max Baer’s path to a screen career is his burning desire to become heavyweight champion of the world before he is twenty-five. It is only reasonable to suspect that, despite his assurances of a real film ambition, he would ditch everything Hollywood had to offer for a crack at that title. You can tell when he says hopefully:

“I’ll be the youngest champ in history!”

Possibly he is capable of realizing two such conflicting ambitions.

It is a large order.

Because he will have to have what Fred Thomson had, what Johnny Weissmuller had. He will need, in addition to his skill and coolness, as a champion, plenty of that mysterious something which will lift him completely out of the class of muscle artists.

That’s an even larger order.

And it’s just Baer-ly possible that Max Baer will fill it.

---

**Oh, Worry, Worry, Worry!**

[Continued from page 69]

---

Mr. William Philo Vance Powell is explaining how the victim was murdered, by whom and why. And he has the detailed models to prove he’s right! Mystery lovers will welcome a return to the screen of Philo Vance in a movie made from S. S. Van Dine’s “The Kennel Murder Case.”
AND then one day when he was about fourteen, he was getting himself a haircut when the man in the next chair said to him, "They tell me around here you're a swell actor."

Jack just grinned. He thought he was being kidded.

"Come around to the theater tomorrow and see me," the man said. "I need a young actor."

And carefully, the two barbers carried the swooning Jack out into the air. It was pretty near too much for him.

Anyway, he went around and read the young juvenile's lines in a voice that stopped traffic all over the East Side.

Finally they persuaded him to be just natural, and reluctantly he said goodbye to his grand deep voice.

And if he'd only known it, it was goodbye forever, too. For the next night the German comedian quit and Pearl, who could imitate any dialect he'd ever heard, was shoved on in his place.

And so began Pearl's career as a German comedian in the ten, twenty, thirty burlesque.

They practically had to blast him out of it.

"Listen, Pearl!" his friends would argue, "you're due for Broadway. You'd be a riot in big time."

Pearl would ring his hands, shake his head and beg to be let alone. He wouldn't be any good.

"You hear," he'd yell, "I wouldn't be any good!"

When finally he joined the Ziegfeld shows, he vowed 'em out of their seats.

But after each scene, amidst the deafening roar of laughter, he'd go to his dressing-room and put his head in his hands, he'd moan:

"Mama, I knew I wouldn't be any good."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk," she'd say. "Why couldn't they let us be? This is awful."

And after the tenth curtain call, he'd go back, for some more first class worrying.

Dear me, what a sad world for the Pearls. And then came the radio. And they had to do more high pressure work to get him on the air.

"I'll be terrible," he yelled at them until the very last minute. And even after the whole country went about asking, "Vass you dere, Sharley?" he still worried.

With from seven hundred to one thousand people packed into the old Ziegfeld Roof theater to witness the broadcast and howl with mirth, and a good million listening and howling on the outside, what a sad life for poor Baron Munchhausen.

It's interesting to know how the Baron, with his whooping lies, came to life. At first they had decided upon a negro dialect for Jack, but fearing it was too much like Amos and Andy, they switched over to the Baron. Three times a week, Jack Pearl, Cliff Hall, who is really "Sharley," Billy K. Wells, his gag builder, and eight members of the company

he'll say, "I wouldn't be good doing anything else."

And his wife will agree. It's better to let Jack alone.

He wouldn't be good in the "Follies" or the radio, or whatever it is.

They'll shake their heads, these Pearls, and look sad and say, "Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! This is awful, just awful," when people insist on Jack's going ahead.

And he always wanted to be an actor. When he was just a kid running about the sidewalks of New York, he wanted to be an actor. A dramatic one, mind, with a deep voice, a pair of tights and everything. Melville sideburns, even. Who could tell? But the deep, mellow voice was what he intended featuring. He practiced all day and all night till people in the neighborhood would shake their heads and say:

"If that 'Follies' boy don't quit his deep mutton, someone will pick him off some night for a buffalo or something."

GERMS slip through the tightest weave of linen or cotton handkerchief as through a sieve, contaminating everything you touch.

As long as that cold hangs on, use sanitary disposable Kleenex only! Kleenex, far closer in texture than any handkerchief, stops germs, holds them fast, keeps fingers non-infectious.

Why add to cold misery?

And it's damp, rough handkerchiefs that add so much to the misery of a cold, by constant irritation. Kleenex is the softest, yet strongest of tissues. It is always clean and dry. You use each tissue once, then destroy it. The Kleenex patented pull-out cartoon assures economy. Hands cannot mess up other sheets in the package, or take out more than required.

Try Kleenex for removing face creams, too. Kleenex is so absorbent that it blots all impurities from the pores.

Pay no more than 25 cents

Kleenex now comes in regular-size packages, in rolls, at 25c; also in extra-size tissues—now in, in the handy new Pocket Packet at 2 for 5 cents. Also 'Kerts, smartly-bordered handkerchiefs of Kleenex. . . . Sold at all drug, dry goods, and department stores.

Pay no more than 25c for Kleenex
For that
Starry-eyed Look

Let us introduce you to a gadget that you'll bless all the rest of your life. It's to curl your lashes. Slip them through the bow (the lashes), squeeze the handle, and the lashes bend to an enchanting curl. As simple as that. No heat. No cosmetics. And it's so gentle that the lashes, far from being harmed, seem more lustrous; the eyes larger and more lovely. At toilet-goods counters everywhere. $1.

KURLASH

Would you like our booklet on lovely eyes, how to have them? Write to us for it. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York.

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up for you. Mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Mrs. Martin G. Johnson
Face Creme

The makers of this creme, after years of experiment, have finally perfected the most priceless ointment. It will clear skin eruptions and banish freckles, blemishes and acne. Thousands of satisfied users find it preferable to anything else. We have managed to make the price within reach of everyone. 51 cts. or $1 for the economy jar, Postpaid. Send money order or currency, name, and address plainly printed here.

Mrs. Martin G. Johnson, P.O. Box 602, West Branch, Los Angeles, Calif.

Mae West as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

which sponsors his program, meet to discuss and write the next week's program.

"What will I be next week," Pearl will ask, "What about a deep sea diver or an Eskimo," someone will suggest. And whatever it is, there stands Jack before the mike the next week completely dressed in character. It's exactly one hundred and two in the shade, and Jack is supposed to be an Eskimo, bonyly, he's an Eskimo, fur suit and all.

If he's an African game hunter and it's zero outside, no matter, he wears shorts and a sun tan. And there he'll stand, dressed in character, tense, quivering, silently pleading for that first electric contact between himself and the audience that is the very life fluid that courses in the veins of his "Baron Munchausen." Without that certain spark, that invisible, indefinable contact, he couldn't go on. The Baron couldn't come to life.

YOU feel he's grooping for it even in ordinary conversation. He'll flambé around. Pinch at his collar. Fuss with his hands. Wipe his brow.

Until suddenly, with a quick little thrill, you find yourself in harmonious tune with this nervous, self-conscious little man.

And from then on, it's more fun than you can imagine.

After the broadcast he'll hurry home. To worry.

How or why he ever got into it, is beyond him.

And so, they shoved him on to the movies. And here he is, working in two pictures at once. "The Hollywood Party" and "Meet the Baron."

He's easily hurt. A dynamic little bundle of sensitiveness.

If you slap him on the back and yell, "Hello, Jack," on Monday, and on Tuesday just yell, "Hello, Jack," without the slap on the back, it practically has him in bed.

"What did I ever do to that guy?" he'll wonder. "He didn't seem too cordial. Oh Gosh, this is terrible." And he'll worry himself into a rash.

"Listen," he says (and without a trace of dialect, you notice), "I'm a hypochondriac, I swear it. If you tell me this minute there's something wrong with your liver, I'd have the X-Ray pictures taken before you could get home.

"I've had more X-Ray pictures taken for other people's troubles than you could shake a stick at."

Every doctor in New York knows him. "Quick, lock the doors and disconnect the phones," the office nurses will shriek. "Jack Pearl thinks he has something wrong with him again."

He refuses to sleep without a light burning because in the dark he can't tell whether he's been stricken blind or not. At every slight cough, he's sure he's having a hemorrhage, and has Mrs. Pearl ringing phones and doorbells and heating water bottles.

Of course, he's never had a hemorrhage or knows of any reason why he should have one, but then as he says, that's no sign he couldn't have one.

HE arrived in Hollywood on a warm summer day looking fit as a fiddle. A distinguished delegation from M-G-M studios went down to the station to meet him.

"How are you, Jack Pearl?" they cried.

"What's the name of a good doctor?" he asked.

Instantly their faces sobered.

"Why, what's the matter?" they said.

"You feel ill, Jack?"

"Well, no," he reluctantly admitted, "but I might some day. It's best to be prepared."

The first week after he arrived he was invited to a formal party with all its swank and formality.

Leaving the room a few minutes, the hostess returned to find Jack and Eddie Cantor in the middle of the room with their dress coats, vests and shirts off and their undershirts rolled up under their chins.

THERE was a mean gleam in Jack's eye.

Eddie's "banjo" eyes were blazing.

The hostess was horrified. Her hand fluttered to her throat in fear.

"Are you two quarreling?" she gasped.

"No," said Jack. "But Eddie here tried to tell me he had more nervous rash on his back than I had."

No, the funniest Jack Pearl isn't the blustering German comedian of the New York stage. Nor the lying Baron Munchausen of the radio. Or the comic comedian of the Hollywood movies.

The funniest and grandest of all is just Jack Pearl himself.

In person.

I know, because I "vas dere, Sharley."
Reunion in the Palace

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

that since her return, she has again taken up tennis. She even went to parties with Gilbert. Then a break. Some say Jack married Ina on the rebound. Both continued to work—but while Garbo went up and up in world acclaim, the talkies, and the unfortunate registry of his untrained voice, broke Jack.

He still had a contract—an iron-bound, impenetrable bit of paper, drawn up by that Titan of con-men, Harry Edington, who became Garbo's manager, also. M-G-M, however reluctantly, had to pay him a handsome salary every single week. Then they tried to play him the hard-boiled character—with tragic results. They finally gave up making pictures with him almost entirely.

During this long, unhappy interval of collecting a huge sum of money for doing practically nothing, Jack came on the lot as infrequently as possible. He shunk on, walking swiftly past his old friends—hoping they wouldn't see him. When the contract was over, he went off the lot like a whipped man.

He was whipped. The one thing he wanted more than anything else in the world—to be, again, a big-name in pictures—was denied him. He went over to Fox (where he made "The Count of Monte Cristo," years ago) and asked if he could just sit on the set, without a salary, during the making of a picture. He aspired to become a director. And he wanted to familiarize himself with technique from behind the camera—where he had directed once in the early silent days.

The old fire—the magnificent arrogance—that was Jack Gilbert, had died a lingering, gasping death. In its place, a meekness, a humility. It did not—and does not—fit him. Jack Gilbert should never be humble. The man with the wild black eyes, who stood for dash and daring to a million women—women who dragged their husbands and sweethearts to all his pictures, hoping fervently the men would learn something—that man should never become resigned to any fate. A thousand never!

He could meet any violent, tragic end—let a thunderbolt strike him in the midst of a passionate elopement with a beautiful woman, with a husband in hot pursuit—let anything desperate and glamorous happen to him—but never let him become resigned!

LADIES, the illusion is still yours.

A woman named Garbo gives it back to you.

A great woman, who once loved him. And more than that, a woman great enough to value his pride, no matter what had gone before. A little soul might have gloried in his plight, no matter if the ashes of victory turned litter—because the sages tell us there is nothing so bitter as revenge. And there can be no doubt that there was an struggle between them, however inconceivable, or professional supremacy is their chosen field.

This woman must have felt that hurt in her heart which we suffer on seeing a wild thing trapped in a great spirit vanquished. Only it was no abstract hurt, to her. She could do something about it—and she did!

"Queen Christina" is her pet story. The story of a Swede, quite as living in the seventeenth century, whom Garbo herself resembles so strikingly that she might well have been a linear descendant.

Not one of the many objection to Jack as her leading man, on the part of the powers—thate—but there was a well-founded suspicion that the part was written for him because studio pressure. Garbo and her friend, Mrs. Berthold Viertel, worked on

WHETHER one is a football player or a co-ed, pey does not indicate

how strong teeth are. Science now finds that often the weaker teeth have far harder

and stronger teeth than her adoring suitor, the two hundred pound full-back.

That is explained by the fact that teeth and muscle require different foods. What teeth need are the minerals, calcium and phosphorus. They also need the mysterious substance known as vitamin D which is found in sunshine and cod liver oil. But what you eat is most important before teeth come through the gums. When teeth have erupted, the enamel becomes a dead, unchanging substance. It cannot be made harder in order to resist decay.

The best tooth protection known to modern dental science is to keep teeth free of film, or bacterial plaque. Film is that slippery, sticky substance that forms on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. The germs that cause decay-producing acid have a friend in film. It glues them to the teeth, provides a warm shelter, and even feeds them.

Thus removing film from teeth has become an important problem for dental science. A notable discovery was made recently in the laboratories of The Pepsodent Company. A new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. Herein lies the difference between the best tooth paste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so

hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel and cause decay. They do not contain the active principle which removes the film from teeth.

Scientific tests have proved that Pepsodent paste is the most effective cleansing agent for teeth and gums. But of even greater importance is the fact that Pepsodent cleans and protects the teeth against decay.

Try Pepsodent Paste and see the difference.
Be As Beautiful As Your Favorite Star!

The Secret: A Skillful Make-up

Picture yourself so charming—so beautiful—so popular and so lovely—nothing can do wonders for you—Hollywood Stars require expensive equipment and correct illumination to secure a faultless make-up, yet you can enjoy these Hollywood facilities in your own home, at little cost, with the new MAKE-UP MIRRORS. A modern beauty aid, Appeals to all. Has powerful electric bulb to illuminate face—no glare—no shadows. Large mirror with optical magnifying mirror attached by hinge. (Swings out of sight when not in use) for true line work—eye shadow—eyebrow plucking, and removing facial blemishes. Size 5x5", Compact and portable. Depokus finish. Colors: Black, Silver Striped, Sea Green and Beige. Complete with bulb and cord. Only $2.50. Makes a wonderful gift. If your dealer is stocked, order direct, giving dealer's name.

AMERICAN AUTOMATIC DEVICES CO., 940 North Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me... Hollywood Make-up Mirrors. Enclosed is... Black, Silver, Sea Green, Beige. Name... Address... Town... Dealer's Name...

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Now be like thousands of other women who keep the secret of looking lovely and sunny on the coldest days. Wear Inera Figurfit (Coldproof) Fur Slips. Made by special process, these slips can be worn beneath the most lacy frocks without bunching, creasing or any inconvenience. They are smooth, snug and are really warm. STAY-UP shoulder traps really stay up. Invest upon Inera Figurfit and protect your health on being days. Highest quality and lowest price. Your choice of cotton, wool mixtures, rayon and wool. 100% wool worsted, silk and wool. Ships for Women, Men and Children. Write for FREE descriptive style catalog No. 40.

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"NALFA"—The latest, most scientific preparation in the world. Undetectable; produces natural shade; leaves hair soft, silky, beautiful. Easy to apply oneself. Orders filled. Free Booklet.

"NALFA" Single Set (2 Bots.)... $3.00 postpaid
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"NALFA" Single Set (8 Bottles).... None better at any price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. State shade desired.

CLEMENT, Inc., 64 West 54th St. N. E. New York

Heart Throb

My father is serving a prison sentence. My mother's whereabouts are unknown. I am left with two young sisters to rear and educate. My friends have forsaken me because I am a convict's daughter. All new acquaintances drop me when they learn about my parents. Is it any wonder then that I have turned to the movies for my friendships and recreation? A Dad and I. Hours twice weekly, I have such a wonderful time. I dine and dance with Joel McCrea, swim with Bette Davis, play tennis with Joan Crawford. My movie friends always treat me with respect and I enjoy life with and through them. D. M., Birmingham, Ala.
would not be able to play the part? What if they would be forced to go on with another lead? The picture was in production, after many delays already, and they could not afford to wait very long.

It would have been the end of Jack Gilbert on the screen. There isn't a shadow of doubt of that. And the blow might have actually killed him.

But he is back. He is playing the part as he has never played any other.

He and Garbo have taken up their (professional) lives where they left off—and the most dramatic picture in Hollywood's experience is in the making!

Is the Jinx of "Trigger" Still On?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

gentle traditions of her motherland. She thinks the world of her only son—her fine

man-child and her first born in the country of

future promise.

She is a grand, old-fashioned mother, the proud head of her family which includes Jack's father and their five daughters.

Their family name is not generally known. For the first time it may be revealed here.

Meet then, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Biondolillo, parents of the Latin lover, Jack LaRue, of New York and Hollywood.

It was his mother's maiden name Jack took when he went on the stage. That name was "La Bue," but a booking agent, hurriedly scrapping it on a card spelled it "La Rue" and it has remained so, through error, ever since the memorable moment a few years back when Mae West looked him over and said, "You'll do," for "Diamond Lil"—a Broadway production.

That was the beginning of LaRue's real rise to the heights, although years before D. W. Griffith had spotted him as potential talent and had given him really his first chance on the New York stage.

A WIDE-EYED, fourteen-year-old young-

ster, some years back, accompanying his

father on a trip to Astoria to tune pianos,
gazed into the fascinating interior of Para-

mount's studio there. What he saw registered a lasting impression in the boy's mind. For he knew then what he wanted to do, and no family persuasion could make him the piano tuner they'd hoped he'd be.

LaRue went back to studio every day.

And those were times filled with the heart-

break and despair every motion picture extra has experienced. They told him to come back next morning, raved over his "type," and he

thought he was made. But next morning no one remembered him, the director who had raved about his appeal scarcely recalled him. It was simply the swift rise of the studio, the first taste of the bitter gall of a long series of disappointments and disillusionments to follow.

It stiffened his spine and put that grit into his jaw line.

It did things to his character no Harvard

diploma could ever have accomplished. And when, years later, Paul Muni looked at him the first day LaRue arrived in Hollywood and saw he was taller than himself, LaRue had already steeld himself for the inevitable turn-
down which was to follow.

This, at the end of a three thousand mile jaunt to the coast for the job. After the night after night acclaim of sophisticated Broadway when he played in such hits as "Shanghai Gesture" and "The Last Mile" and "Crime" and "Midnight."

That's why LaRue's future success in pic-
tures is not so doubtful as some pessimists might have one believe. He's overcome every obstacle thus far. And he's not the sort to turn back, even though he's now playing in

MOVIE stars are just like other people," Sylvia says. "Until they come to me for treatment, they think dieting means starving—or eating foods that no one likes. But I soon put a stop to that. I've been helping celebrities improve their appearance for years—women and men, too, whose good looks suffer because they're under weight or overweight, nervous, overworked or just plain lazy. And I've told them all just what I'm telling you now. Diet-
ing to improve or keep your figure need be no hardship—if you'll remember just one simple thing! Eat Ry-Krisp regularly.

"You'll be glad to eat Ry-Krisp with every meal—because it tastes so good. But more impor-
tant—it's good for you—healthful, 'regulating' and perfectly safe—because these crisp, deli-
cious wafers are filling but not fattening.

Improve YOUR Appearance
— the Hollywood Way

"IF YOU are seriously interested in having and keeping a lovely figure, get the advice I gave the movie stars. Send for my FREE Consultation Chart and begin to eat Ry-Krisp today."

Ry-Krisp Whole Rye Wafers are not a 'special food'—they're simply tempting, crunchy wafers that the whole family will enjoy with every meal. Made of whole rye, salt and water, they're a wholesome flavor that makes them popular at breakfast, lunch or dinner—a versatility that lends equal interest to a glass of milk or a midnight beverage! Keep a package handy where you, and the children, too, can reach them between meals. Munch a wafer when you're hungry, and you'll have no wish for starchy, fattening foods!

Your grocer has Ry-Krisp. Whole Rye Wafers in red and white checkerboard packages. Order today, don't forget to save the package top."

Sylvia's Consultation Chart—FREE! Use this coupon.

Malam Sylvia, Ralston Purina Company,
614 Checkerboard Square, Saint Louis, Mo.
I enclose one box top from a package of Ry-Krisp. Please send me your Consultation Chart from which I can get the information I need to help me solve my own beauty problems. (Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.)

Name.

Address.
Photoplay special inch continued $2.30. Assured a once corset Dr. ‘The Nick back 4d.”

Jannings, was played in New York harbor and looked longingly at the Statue of Liberty holding high her torch of freedom. They dreamed then of fine things for the children who would be born here. Their first born—a boy—has been an ever amazing wonder to their simple hearts. And that is why Jack LaRue can’t slide backwards. He’s got to go right on proving himself. He’s built up an idol for his folks.

They could temporarily hypnose themselves into believing the man himself anything like the character he chanced in playing Trigger in “The Story of Temple Drake’—his greatest gamble. Only the future will tell whether LaRue has won or lost.

Thirty ”Husbands” Have Taught Her How to Love!

“Is he,” said Fay, “ruthless but at the same time sensitive. While his technique is perfect, his manner intense, one feels that his love-making is transitory, as though one woman, more or less, doesn’t matter.”

Fay admitted that her most dangerous love was—King Kong.

“His fingers were made of rubber,” Fay explained. “And after being clamped for a certain length of time they would start to relax. Then, unless the crease was mighty careful, I was in danger of falling. Working with Kong was quite an experience—and it was something new in the way of screen lovers.”

And Fay can describe lots of others: Emil Jannings, her stern, powerful lover of “The Street of Sin”; Clive Brook, with whom she played in “Four Feathers” and whom she describes as “the repressed lover”; Jack Holt, of “Dirigible,” who Fay says is one of the most masculine lovers on the screen; Dick Barthel- mess, of “The Finger Points,” the dependable lover; Buddy Rogers, described by Miss Wray as charmingly adolescent; Phillips Holmes, the impractical dreamer, her lover in “Pointed Heels”;

Neil Hamilton, with whom Miss Wray played recently in “One Sunday Afternoon” who is, according to her, one of the most understanding lovers on the screen.

And there are more than a dozen others!

While Fay Wray is a very “bigamistic” lady on the screen, she is a one-man woman in real life. She is happily married to John Monk Saunders, the writer.

And while the Romantic Ronald or Speedy Spencer might give him a pointer or two— as a steady well-balanced matrimonial diet, Fay will stick to John.

For the most honest and sincere lover, Fay Wray chooses Gary Cooper.

They made a most charming team in “The Legion of the Condemned”
Too late, Bob! We got you first. Robert Montgomery was so busy examining his own camera and properly adjusting the lens that he didn't see the cameraman sneak up. That's a nice serious picture of Robert, anyhow.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smugglers; Regis Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (Aug.)

SONG OF SONGS, THE—Paramount.—A once-turinating classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist Brian Aherne, and married to blustering baron Lionel Atwill. Charming; not stirring. (Sept.)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount.—An lon-est old beer baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gun- mers; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Accept- able. (July)

SPHINX, THE—Monogram.—Excellent melo- drama, with Lionel Atwill as Chief cliff-giver; Theod- ore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni. (Aug.)

STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (May)

*STORM AT DAYBREAK—M-G-M.—Kay Francis and Nils Asther two unwilling points of a triangle, with Serbian mayor Walter Huston as the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (May)

*STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue, Sordid, repellent. (July)

*STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY THE—First Division.—Newswreel material showing Mooney's side of this noted case. Effectively done. (Oct.)

A QUARREL AVERTED

HONEY, WHY DO YOU WEAR THAT OLD KIMONO TO BREAKFAST? YOU USED TO BE SO DAINTY, LATELY YOU’VE EVEN... EVEN...

LET’S NOT QUARREL, DON. I FELT TIRED—OUT TOO LATE LAST NIGHT—BUT I’LL GO DRESS

"B.O."—PERHAPS I... COULD THAT BE WHAT DON STARTED TO TELL ME? I’LL GET SOME LIFEBUOY RIGHT AWAY

B.O." GONE... "lived happily ever after"

HURRY, DON, YOU’LL BE LATE FOR WORK

GOSH, HONEY, YOU’RE SO SWEET I HATE TO LEAVE YOU

LATER

CELIA, YOU LOOK CHARMING—SO FRESH AND SPRUCE! I’D NEVER DREAM YOU’D BEEN DANCING ALL NIGHT, TOO

THAT’S BECAUSE I’VE JUST HAD A LIFEBUOY BATH. IT’S SO REFRESH-ING! AND IT PREVENTS "B.O."—KEEPS ONE TRULY DAINTY

LIFEBUOY’S MARVELOUS NEVER IN MY BORN DAYS HAVE I SEEN SUCH SMOOTH, CREAMY LATERN. NO WONDER IT ENDS "B.O." IT’S FRESHENED MY COMPLEXION, TOO

WERE INDOORS SO MUCH NOW WE MUST BE EXTRA CAREFUL ABOUT "B.O."

The minute we step indoors "B.O." (body odor) becomes twice as easy to detect. Play safe—bath regularly with Lifebuoy, the purifying toilet soap with the fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent. Its creamy, deep-cleaning lather deodorizes pores—stops "B.O."

A real complexion aid Complexions thrive on Lifebuoy's gentle, pore-purifi- ing care. It soon clears and freshens a cloudy skin—gives it a healthy radiance.
NO GUMMY FILM

KID GLOVES SLIP ON EASILY

Besides keeping skin soft, smooth and white, Hess Witch Hazel Cream leaves no gummy film or greasy oil on the surface. You can slip kid gloves on shortly after using. A few drops at a time keeps skin free of chap, dryness and roughness. Secret formula unlike any other lotion.

Try Hess Witch Hazel Cream on your skin, Money back if it's not the best you have ever used. Sold in all Drug and Dept. Stores, 150c — 25c — 50c. Write for sample today.

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WITHOUT SMOKE-BREATH, STAINED TEETH OR FINGERS

No more cigarette breath or unpleasant aftertaste, if you smoke with a Hollywood Holder. Attractive, hand-made, all glass.

Absorbs the nicotine that discolors teeth and fingers. Gives you the full flavor and satisfaction of your cigarette, without the irritation that contributes to morning cough, jumpy nerves and tobacco heart.

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1472 W. Hancock, Detroit, Michigan

Mail 50c, coin or stamps; your Hollywood Cigarette Holder will reach you promptly, postage paid.

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rebuff of old horror worth filming. (June)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE.—M-G-M.—The folks secretly detect rich, crooked farmer Lionel Barrymore—all except city granddaughters Miriam Hopkins and Gloria Stuart, back to the farm feeling superbly acting. (Sept.)

STRICTLY PERSONAL—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A.—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as Sherlock Holmes, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (Aug.)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done expose of fake mediums. (July)

SUNSET PASS.—Paramount.—A Western that is one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (Aug.)

SUPERNATURAL.—Paramount.—Carol Lombard attempted a spooky "transmission of souls" thriller in this one. (July)

Sweepings—RKO Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of a businessman with a pulse and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no-good children spoil all. (May)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (Aug.)

TELETYPE OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod.—Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolt against Diaz; breathtaking photography and scenery. (Aug.)

TODAY WE LIVE—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO Radio.—Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on the trot: Vivienne Osborne. (July)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE—Universal.—An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (Oct.)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Marren in a mystery that gives thrills without jitter; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

TUGBOAT ANNE—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun running their tugboat about Seattle. Not exactly a "Min and Bill," but splendid entertainment. (Oct.)

UNDER THE TONTI RIM.—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Sta Erwin. (Dec.)

VOLTAIRE—Warner.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher interrogating at court. Reginald Owen superb as Louis Xv. (Sept.)

WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE.—Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazon's of old—women warriors, led by Queen Mariette Rambeau and Elissa Landi. But Ernest Torrence, by a trick, loses the tricks; and how the Amazons like what happens then! Excellent fun. (July)
WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable.—Don't bother, and keep the kiddies away. (May)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?—Columbia.—Parents Minna Gombell, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Joan Parker the truth about sex, as advised by doctor Willard Mack, tragedy follows. A powerful sermon. (Aug.)

★ WHEN LADIES MEET—M-G-M.—Uncer- tainty, but brilliantly acted, Ann Harding as wife, Myrna Loy as mother. Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. - (Aug.)


★ WHITE SISTER, THE—M-G.-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her older lover is dead, becomes a nun. (May)

WOMAN I STOLE, THE—Columbia.—Her- gensheimer's "Tarzan" done in Algeria. Big oil man Jack Holt after Donald Cook's wife, Fay Wray; Fair. (Aug.)

★ WORKING MAN, THE—Warner.—George Arliss at his delightfully savage best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (Aug.)

WORLD GONE MAD, THE—Majestic Pictures. — A scrambled thriller; about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't click. (July)

WRECKER, THE—Columbia. — So-so story about he-man Jack Holt, in the house-wrecking busi- ness, who loves his wife (Katharine Hawks) to home- wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a perambulator. (Oct.)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymend and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils, splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (June)

Music in the air—wherever she goes. Patricia Ellis started a fad in fad-loving Hollywood for bicycle radios. Now the radio shops are busy attaching the tiny sets to handlebars. Just nothing like having your jazz on wheels.

"I recommend them,

says LILYAN TASHMAN

"I advise women everywhere to secure soft, flowing permanent waves with Frederics Vita-Tonic Process," says Lilyan Tashman... but to avoid harmful imitations and substitutes... ask to see the Frederics Vita Tonic Compound... also ask your hairdresser about the new Vitron (Croquignole) Permanent Wave... it's cooler... more beautiful... more comfortable... a longer lasting permanent wave.

Send the coupon below for your FREE 10c package of non-acid Vita Luster Hair Rinse—an interesting booklet on the care of your hair and a list of the Frederics Permanent Waves in your neighborhood.

★ Look for this Vita Tonic Wrapper when having your per- manent wave. See that no harmful imitations are used.

Bert Longworth

F. FREDERICS, INC., 235-247 East 45th Street, New York City. Dept. 391

Please send me FREE your Frederics Vita Luster Hair Rinse—booklet —and list of the Frederics Permanent Waves in my neighborhood.

Name. ____________________ Address. ____________________

City ____________________ State ____________________ Color of your Hair ____________________
Known, in Detroit, for its fashion leadership is the resourceful store of The J. L. Hudson Company... prized for their romantic origin, their clever styling, their fascinating associations are "Hollywood Fashions!" Look for these faithful copies of authentic motion picture costumes (see Pages 61-67) in representative stores of equal distinction in many other principal cities... (see Page 90).

A wardrobe to be envied by Young Moderns has Maureen O'Sullivan in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "Stage Mother"... and a costume that will thrill hundreds of her youthful contemporaries is this clever two-piece frock of angora wool! It's only one of several charming "Hollywood Fashions" for November, selected by Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and on display in the Junior Misses Shop on the Sixth Floor of the J. L. HUDSON STORE!
The Silliest Question I Was Ever Asked

CONTINUED

And we also continue to wonder whether it was the same important metropolitan newspaper man who made a special trip to Hollywood to ask Robert Montgomery, "Do you wear night shirts or pajamas?" who asked Joan Blondell, "Do you sleep in a double bed?"

It's more intelligent, at any rate, than the one which gave Ricardo Cortez the staggers: "Do you sleep with your make-up on?"

Then there was that spinsterish, spare, and oh-so-dignified lady reporter who, with a yearning look in her eyes, asked Franchot Tone in all seriousness, "What caused the greatest emotional thrill of your life?" And be a spic and span young bachelor! Tut, tut!

Of course, the love-romance-marriage questions go on and on forever.

For instance, Jean Parker, one of the most promising newcomers, got this in one of her very first interviews:

"Would you rather marry a millionaire or work for your living?" That's no question at all. Answer's obvious.

NOW for the denouement: It was in a busy corridor in the executive building of the Paramount studios. Both of them were on the run.

Meaning that charming, and slightly bewildered German actress, Dorothea Wieck, who's trying so hard to learn what it's all about over here, and a fat little girl who had to fill her gossip column that day with spicy "dope."

Said the latter, with pencil poised, "Just a moment, Miss Wieck. Do you write to your husband?"

"Why, yes," responded the patient tragedienne.

"Every day?"

"I wrote him a forty-page letter last night," answered Dorothea, trying to be helpful.

"What did you say?" demanded the prize reporter, sternly . . . Curtain.

MOVIE MUDLES WINNERS:

Thousands of solutions in this new, fascinating Photoplay contest are being carefully checked by the contest judges to determine the eighty-four winners of the $1,500 in cash prizes which will be announced

IN THE JANUARY, 1934, ISSUE OF PHOTOPLAY

Society sanctions the smart mode of Metal Mesh

In this light, flexible, softly draping lustrous fabric, high fashion has discovered a source of almost magical costume effects. To new gowns and frocks Metal Mesh adds highlights of surprising smartness, style touches impossible with fabric alone. And, as miraculously, the Metal Mesh ensemble restores to older costumes the allure of Fashion's newest. To the woman of imagination, the ensemble of Metal Mesh is but the beginning. She sees in it the source of a veritable galaxy of individual costume effects . . . varying combinations in which jacket, belt, mesh bag, hat or shoes of Metal Mesh dominate daringly, and at which Fashion nods approvingly.

Complete new ensembles of Whiting & Davis Metal Mesh are now displayed by leading retailers. You will find much of interest in these unusual costume mesh bags and accessories.

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY

Plainville (Norfolk County) Mass.

SH-H-H--! A SECRET!

Gloria Stuart
POPULAR STAR

Not a soul will know just what you have made your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty — such delightful lustre — such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed — a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just see Golden Gilt Shampoo® will show you the way! 25c at your dealers', or send coupon with 10c for sample and letter of advice.

"Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely clean. Golden Gilt Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tin-foil" — a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!"

J. W. KOBI CO.

630 Rainier Ave., Dept. L, Seattle, Wash.
I enclose 10c for sample of Golden Gilt Shampoo.

Name
City
State

Color of my hair

DONACAP
form fitting

WAVE PROTECTOR

Your heart's desire

Don't cap it off because it's expensive. Cap it off beautifully, and have the most charming, most feminine of all mod cons.

BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD—M-G-M.—From the novel by the late Charles L. Fuller. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: Lucille Ball, Edward Woods, Jean Parker, Joyce Compton, Louis Calhern, William Tabbert, Edna May Oliver, Sigrid Holmquist, Doris Lloyd, Betsy King, Booth Colman, Helen Westcott, et al.

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—Fox.—From the novel by Margaret A. Whitney. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: Alan Ladd, Rosemary DeCamp, Bruce Bennett, John Litel, Alphonzo E. Bell, Jr., Richard Ney, William Tabbert, et al.


 "I HAVE LIVED"—Columbia.—From the story by the late Jerome Weidman. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: Lana Turner, Alan Dinehart, Michael Flanders, Jeanne Crain, Michael Pate, Carole Landis, Charles Belden, Gusti Wiedemeyer, Dorothy Motil, et al.


PATTERSON, Paramount.—From the story by John Galsworthy. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: Claire McDonald, Myrna Loy, Myrna Loy, Fredric March, et al.


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PATTERSON, Paramount.—From the story by John Galsworthy. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: Claire McDonald, Myrna Loy, Myrna Loy, Fredric March, et al.

"PENTHOUSE"—M.G.M.—From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Philip Dunne. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Jackson Duran, Warner Baxter, Jean Arthur, Patsy Kelly, Lloyd Lucan, Charles Butterworth, Mimi Monteagle, Mae Clarke; Tom Siddall, Phillips Holmes; Jim Cagney, C. Henry Gordon, Thomas Meighan, Martin Sheen; Tony Collison, Nat Pendleton; Marjorie; George C. Stone; Stevens; Robert; Bette Davis; Raymond Hatton; Bodgamy, Arthur Balsaco.

"POLICE CALL"—Showmen's Pictures.—From the story by Norman Koen. Directed by Philip H. Whiting. The cast: Danny, Nick Smart, Evelyn Merna Kennedy; Nora, Roberta Gale; Maker, Mary Carr; Professor Gordon, Walter McRae; Sammy, Warner Richmond; Crow; Robert Ellis, Hymie; Eddie Phillips; Sonora, Harry Meyers, Elizabeth, Ralph Trevel, Bandit Leader, Charles Stevens.

"SHANGHAI MADNESS"—Fox.—From the story by Frederick Haggitt Brennan. Adapted by Austin Parker and Gordon Wrae Wellber. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: Pat Jackson Tracy; Wildsie Christie; Fox Vray; Li Po Chang, Ralph Morgan; Lobo長郎; Eugene Fallet; First Officer Larsen; Herbert Mundin; Hillson Christie, Regina Mason; Lou Young, Arthur Hoyt, Reid; Albert Conti; Mrs. Glines, Mande Eburne; Fox Ulbricht, William von Brincken.


"SOLITAIRE MAN, THE"—M.G.M.—From the play by Bella and Samuel Crockett. Screen play by James C. McGuinness. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Elizabeth, O'Brien; Mary Bowling, Walton; Lionel Atwill; Mrs. Veal, May Robson; Helen, Elizabeth Allan; Busson, Ralph Forbes; Mrs. Proctor, Lucille Gleason; Mr. Poole, Robert McWade.

"SUE ME!"—Universal.—From the play "Oh, Promise Me!" by Bertram Robinson and Howard Lindsay. Screen play by Norman Koen and Alfred B. Burtz. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: Mark Reed, Slim Summerville; Course, Zita Johann; Flo, Lucille Gleason; Elsie, Verree Teasdale; Luther, Frank McHugh; Bert, Harry Taylor; Abel, Frank Lackteen; High Priest, Mischa Auer.

"TOO MUCH HARMONY"—Paramount.—From the story by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Dialogue by Harry Kohnstamm. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: Eddie Brown, Bing Crosby; Benny Day, Jack Oakie; Johnny Deuce, Sween Gallahar; Bill beans, Judith Allen; Max Merlin, Harry Green; Lucille Watson, Lilyan Tashman; Lew ltay, Neil Sparks, Patry Dew, Kitty Kelly; Vera Lewis, Grace Bradley; Mrs. Day, Mrs. Evelyn Oakie; Mr. Grillo, Anna Demetro; Gallant, Henry Armetta; Lilyan, Shirley Gray; Theatre Manager, Dell Henderson; Sally, Beulah Bondi; Director, Cyril Ring; Dance Director, Sammy Cohen; chorus Girl, Lena Andre; chorus Girl, Vera Hillie.

"TONGUE SINGER"—Paramount.—From the story by George Perkins. Screen play by Lenore Coffee and Lynn Starling. Directed by Alexander Hall and Albert Hakke. The cast: Sally Dean, Claudette Colbert; Mimi Benson, Claudette Colbert; Tony Martin, Franchot Tone; Michael Gordon, David Manners; Dora, Lydia Roberts; Bobbie (Dora's Baby), Baby LeRoy; Mother Angelica, Florence Roberts; Sally, Mary Chrisome; Sally, Sally, Cora Sue Collins; Martha Aladdin, Ethel Griffield; Miss Johnson, Jean-Eddy Burey; Cissy, Maud, Mildred Washington; Mr. Judson, Charlie Grapewin; Mrs. Judson, Virginia Hammond; Corti, Albert Conti, Susie, Girl, Kathleen Burke; The Blonde, Robbie Arnett; Dance Director, Pauline Chase; Doctor, J. Leslie, Barnet, William B. Davidson.

"TURN BACK THE CLOCK"—M.G.M.—From the screen play by Edgar Selwyn and Ben Hecht. Directed by Edward Farrow. The cast: Joe, Lee Tracy; Mary, Mae Clark; Ted, Otto Kruger; Euro, George Barbier; Eline, Peggy Shannon; Mr. Hamer, C. Henry Gordon; Mrs. Mother, Clara Blandick.

"WAFFLES"—Helen Mitchell Press.—From the story by Helen Mitchell. Directed by Warren Millar. The cast: Wafle, Sara Martin; Johnny Norton, Buster Crolli; Nils Norton, Alow Mowbray; Bud, Don Simpson; Miss, Grace Callah; Mr., Barbara Lubins, Farmer, Mena Lindale, Singer, an2ury, Mrs. Armand; Dean of Men, Johny Hines; Dean of Women, Leila Schlynter; campus Bad Boy, Barry Thompson.

New "scrubless" washday saves work—saves clothes gives you whiter washers, too!

Clever women don't let their hands betray them. For the wash, for the dishes, for all cleaning—they use the soap that saves hard work.

On washday Rinso saves hours of drudgery—gets clothes the whitest you ever saw by soaking out the dirt. No scrubbing or boiling. Clothes last longer! Hands don't get red and coarse-looking.

Makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend Rinso for safety and whiter washes. It gives lively, lasting suds—eases hardest water! Twice as much suds, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Get the BIG box of Rinso today. Use it for the week's wash, for dishes, for all cleaning.

Try Rinso Free

If you don't use Rinso and want to try it, send a clipping of this paragraph with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 7211, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized package will be sent you without cost. (This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.)

The biggest-selling package soap in America
Reliable, Skillful, Beautiful RESULTS

with MARCHAND’S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

"Success!" the user of Marchand’s exclaims to herself joyfully, when she sees the results. Hair looks lovely—put the right shade—brought about in just the right way. For hundreds of girls this success with Marchand’s has led to other successes—in friendships, love and marriage.

If your blonde hair has darkened, bring back youthful color. Marchand’s makes the change skillfully, and evenly—like nature at work again, giving back your birthright of light, pretty hair. Results are careful, refined—pleasing to refined girls.

If hair has always been dark and dre—let Marchand’s modern magic beautify it.

Marchand’s will impart a shade you’ll like, one just suited to your face and complexion. Many chic shades of blonde, chestnut or auburn are possible.

No need to go to hairdressers. Easy to do yourself. Complete directions on bottle for successful results.

Make Dark Hair on Arms and Legs Invisible!
—With Marchand’s. The quick, inexpensive way to make limbs look attractive, IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations.

IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN’T SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL

For a regular-sized bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City.

Your Name ____________________________
Address ______________________________
City ___________ State ____________________

Druggist's name ________________________
Address ______________________________

Brickbats & Bouquets
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

A HEBBURN MISTAKE?

Why in the world did Katharine Hepburn have to get "little girlish" and play a role like hers in "The Morning Glory"? And I suppose she'll have to go ingénue again for the part of Jo March in "Little Women"!

Hepburn should stick to grown-up roles and sophisticated manners. She should be smartly gowned. Otherwise, I predict a quick fadeout for Hepburn.

H. C. WEBER, Louisville, Ky.

HEBBURN'S HANDS

I am scarcely aware of Katharine Hepburn's facial characteristics. I'm always so busy watching her hands.

Most of the time they are quietly expressive. In an emotional scene their restrained stillness is dramatic. But a slight movement of them can be more eloquent than a paragraph of spoken words.

She does not use her hands much, because she knows that great artists practice economy. If she tossed them about extravagantly—however beautifully—the gestures would become meaningless and their dramatic power would be lost.

No. Every movement of her hands is purposeful, and has a meaning. There are no wasted motions.

Few have used this powerful dramatic technique.

Bernhardt did, and long after her face was old, her body crippled and her voice thin, Bernhardt's beautiful hands retained their eloquence and kept her great. Garbo uses it, for she is a true artist. And Hepburn, fortunately, knows the secret too.

M. H. Gray, St. Louis, Mo.

ABSENT MINDED AUTHOR

A friend of mine is a writer; his office is in his living room with the radio, the cat, and the baby.

Last evening he attended a movie. It was full of wisecracks and my friend wanted diversion of this kind. But he could hear only faintly—could not catch a single line.

He looked around. Others seemed interested in the picture.

He stormed the usher and demanded to see the manager.

The manager listened to his sarcastic comments and then opened the door leading into the hall. The voices of the actors boomed. He looked closer at the crazed author, then he reached over and removed a pair of ear plugs.

FRANK RIGLER, Denton, Texas

HURRAH, FOR THE MOVIES!

The "Blessed Event" was at hand. I was nearly distracted. The doctors ordered me out of the hospital, for they didn't want a crazy man on their hands.

Across the street blazed the title "Elmer The Great." I knew I wouldn't see the picture, but at least in the theater I would be in the dark, out of the way of curious eyes.

How wrong I was! I enjoyed that picture. And when I came out, I was the father of a six pound boy. Maybe he will be a baseball star some day!

Don't let anyone knock the movies to me. They helped me through the worst three hours of my life!

A. N. BLACKMAN, Wilson, N. C.

KING TONE

Clark Gable can climb right down off the throne! We're crowning a new king of the
screen—and his name is Franchot Tone. Compared with Franchot, I think all others resemble a manufactured product!

Mary Wilson, Minneapolis, Minn.

THANKS FOR THE TIP

A little less about Garbo's privacy; Dietrich's pants, Hepburn's oddities, Connie's Marquis. A little more about newcomers such as Nelson Eddy, Francis Lederer, Lilian Harvey. And a longer "Audience Talks Back." This would improve your magazine. Don't you other readers agree?

R. King, Cranford, N. J.

NO FOREIGN STARS

Why do they keep bringing over foreign stars? We can get along without them! Our own American girls are just as beautiful—and they can speak the language.

Mrs. J. T. Smyth, Des Moines, Iowa.

AND WE EAT SPANISH PEANUTS

Why should we wax philosophic about foreign stars in Talkies? That attitude doesn't mirror true Americanism.

We all sip Ceylon tea, nibble Italian olives, admire French fashions, treasure souvenirs made in Germany and Japan.

Our own American stars are loved and admired abroad for their beauty and talent.

Let's practice the golden rule, even as critics.

Barbara Circle, Chicago, Ill.

HOMELY HEROES?

To Mae West, I believe, goes the credit for the statement that homely men have more appeal than handsome ones.

She is right! That is why we want heroines of attractiveness and charm, rather than exotic and stupefying beauty, and heroes who have magnetic personalities rather than handsome faces.

Carol Nunn, Pomona, Calif.

CLUB FAVORITES

Our club believes that Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery are a team which can't be beat. No other star can wear clothes as well as Joan Crawford.

Helen Hayes is the greatest emotional actress on the screen.

And every girl would like to have Gary Cooper as her boy friend.

Do you agree with us?

Anna Krawec, Rochester, N. Y.

THE VETERANS' VOTE

Here in the veterans' hospital, we see movies twice a week, and in the course of a year we see over one hundred leading films. You may be interested in the straw vote we took of the best pictures witnessed during the year.

Our five favorite pictures were: "Abraham Lincoln," "The Kid From Spain," "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," "Topaze" and "Secrets". Incidentally, Mickey Mouse finds favor here, and the favorite male actor is James Cagney, while Marie Dressler and Mae West tied for ladies' honors.

What do you think of our judgment?

Francis Melanson, Bedford, Mass.

MAIDENLY BLUSHES

If the producers were to invite the public to a meal they wouldn't serve over-seasoned, highly spiced food which would appeal only a few of their guests. Yet, they insist on serving the public highly spiced pictures.

Why, a self-respecting girl with any modesty is afraid to go to the movies with a boy friend for fear of embarrassment!


MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

Made with Genuine Olive Oil—It's

NON-DRYING

(Leaves the Beauty-Giving Natural Oil in Scalp)

NON-SNARLING

(Leaves Hair Soft, Lustrous, Easy to Comb)

You've got it Coming to You. A superior new Castile Shampoo bearing new beauty and health to your scalp and hair. There's too much alkali in ordinary soaps and inferior shampoos. They dry out the scalp—resulting in unhealthy dandruff and lice-looking hair.

MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

1. Contains rich, life-giving olive oil, nourishing to the scalp.

2. Leaves hair soft, lustrous, easy to comb.

3. Conditions hair for waving and dressing.

4. Best for children's tender scalps and hair.

5. Will not lighten the hair or otherwise change its color.

6. Low enough price to make use of ordinary soap unnecessary.

YOUR DRUGGIST MAY NOT HAVE MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO ON HAND BECAUSE IT IS A NEW PRODUCT

SEND US 35c FOR A REGULAR SIZED BOTTLE. Fill out coupon. Also give your dealer's name and address. Send with 35c (covers all charges) 20 coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 501 West 19th St., New York City.
Listen carefully, because this is a good one. Lionel Barrymore, crack story teller on the M-G-M lot, spins a yarn or two for Marie Dressler and Director Sam Wood between scenes of “The Late Christopher Bean.” Marie looks dubious, as if not quite sure that she will believe this one.

Permit you never realized it, but this Bing Crosby person has sort of sneaked right into stardom. Paramount executives consider Bing’s rocketing rise in popularity the most sensational since that of Mae West.

Mr. Timony is looking at houses in Beverly Hills for his client, Mae West. Mae has the own-your-own-home fever—doesn’t take long to catch it in California.

Florence Desmond, who created a sensation with her perfect imitations of movie stars on a phonograph record, “The Hollywood Party”, is in Hollywood to make movies. It was Miss Desmond’s imitation of Lupe that intrigued Gary Cooper. He listened entranced. After she’d completed all her imitations, Gary walked up and thanked her. “Do Lupe over again for me, will you please?” he asked. So what?

We couldn’t resist peeking at the script—and now we can’t resist telling one of the gags in the next Marx epic.

Groucho goes to war, and somewhat bewildered by it all, asks what to shoot. The general answer “shoot at will.”

And poor, dear Groucho goes through the whole war without firing a shot—because he can’t find anyone named Will.

Marriages: Eleanor Holm and Art Jarrett. Stephen Sanford and Mary Duncan. Dorothy Lee and Marshall Dufield. (It was the third time to the altar for Dorothy—and she’s still in her early twenties!) Elsie Ferguson, Jr. (the famous Elsie’s niece) and a young Mr. Tuthill—a secret wedding.

Don’t be surprised if at any time now you read of Natalie Talmadge Keaton’s marriage to Larry Kent.

Their friendship goes back years and years. Larry and Buster Keaton were together a great deal of the time, for both of them love boats, but this companionship was broken up when Buster and Natalie separated. For the past year Natalie and Larry have been together much of the time.

Rachel Smith, teacher at Paramount, has two pupils. One is baby LeRoy, who checks in for a physical examination and a few simple lessons in deportment, daily. The other is Toby Wing, prettiest chorus girl what is—seventeen years old—who does a little plain and fancy algebra. Baby LeRoy arrives in a perambulator, and Toby skids up in her new Cord roadster.

Lee Tracy tells one on Max Baer, the heavyweight ring threat turned movie actor for “The Prizefighter and the Lady.” Max was puzzled about this socking business for the camera. He didn’t want to hurt anyone, but still he didn’t know just how to go about it. So he asked Lee.

“Why,” said Lee, “just pull your punches, that’s all. Make ’em easy.”

“I know,” countered Box-fighter Baer, “but how do you get that sound into it? I mean, that sound you always hear when somebody gets socked. How do you hit ’em for sound?”

“Imagine,” adds Lee, “getting socked for sound by Max Baer!”

And a recent visitor from Washington, D.C., tells us that the favorite star of all the Capital’s debutantes—is none other than Eddie Lowe! He can pack a Washington playhouse before any other male star in pictures. . . the lady who told us added, very innocently, that perhaps it was because “he looked so unlike a Congressman!”

Boris Karloff’s picture, “The Ghoul,” which he recently made in England, is working ’em over there. His new contract with Universal permits him to make pictures for other companies, and he will shortly begin production on “Lost Patrol,” for KKO-Radio. In this he plays a religious fanatic who goes mad. And there will be no women in the picture. This experiment has been tried only once before—in “Men Without Women.”
**What color nails at the Races?**

Among the racing folk who are following their favorites out to Belmont and Huntington and down to Maryland and Kentucky, there may be some romantic young things who are true forever and ever to one stable’s colors.

But when it comes to color in finger nails, they’re all devotees of variety.

All shades in finger nails are “up”!

With Rose finger nails, Miss Frederica Vanderbilt Webb looks feminine even in black riding clothes. Miss Rose O’Neil Winslow makes a wonderful showing in Coral nails and emerald green. And Miss Mimi Richardson gives a dashing performance in Ruby nails and a golden-colored English tailored wool suit and cap.

To get the right color for each frock you can follow your hunches, if you like, but if you stick to the system above, you can't lose.

And now — everybody — here’s a red-hot tip — for variety in finger nails, don’t give yourself the handicap of an inferior polish. Choose Cutex! Cutex never cracks, peels or blotches. Goes on with amazing smoothness and evenness and stays on until you’re ready to whisk off one shade and make your entry with the next.

Cutex comes in 7 smart, lovely shades, perfected by the World’s Manicure Authority. Every shade’s a thoroughbred. Run fleetly to your favorite store and lead home all the winning Cutex colors!

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.


**New Cutex Color Wheel**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Shade</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rose</td>
<td>with black, white, pastel, gray, beige, blue and brown.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coral</td>
<td>with black, white, gray, beige, blue and brown.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cardinal</td>
<td>with black, white, gray, and brown.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruby</td>
<td>with black, white, gray, orange and brown.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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Cutex Liquid Polish — only 35¢

Northam Warren, Dept. 3011
191 Hudson Street — New York, N. Y.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Shade</th>
<th>Order Code</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rose</td>
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<td>Cutex</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ruby</td>
<td>Cutex</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Enclose 10¢ for the new Cutex Color Wheel and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish in the shade I have checked.

☐ Rose  ☐ Coral  ☐ Cardinal  ☐ Ruby
It's easy to see why Old Dutch costs less to use and Doesn't Scratch

The microscope makes it clear that Old Dutch particles are flaky and flat-shaped...that you get many of them in place of one chunky, gritty particle. Obviously, the flat particles—spread out—will cover much more surface. And because you get so many more cleaning units in a package of Old Dutch it does more square yards of cleaning per penny of cost.

Old Dutch is safe to use on any surface on which water may be used because its particles are flat-shaped. Unlike grit, they have no hard, sharp points to scratch the surface, but simply remove all the dirt with a smooth, clean sweep, bringing perfect Healthful Cleanliness.

Old Dutch cleans more things and cleans quicker. It's ideal for everything from kitchen utensils and floors to porcelain bathroom fixtures and metal work. It doesn't clog drains, doesn't harm the hands, is odorless and removes odors. The only cleanser you need in your home.

This photomicrograph shows 18 Old Dutch particles piled up. The one below shows the same particles spread out. Because they are flaky and flat-shaped, they cover more surface and clean without scratching.

This photomicrograph shows the chunky, irregular shape of a gritty particle. It contacts the surface with sharp, hard points which scratch and leave hiding places for dirt. Avoid destructive, gritty cleansers—use only Old Dutch.

This is the Old Dutch Rubber Cleaning Sponge

Convenient and practical. A little Old Dutch and this sponge do a quick, thorough cleaning job. An attractive bathroom accessory. Mail 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch label for each sponge.

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PHOTOPLAY
DECEMBER

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ANN HARDING

Science Analyzes Mae West
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Budweiser
KING OF BOTTLED BEER

BUDWEISER is naturally the choice of those who live life at its best. Today, as in the past, it firmly holds its traditional reputation for being beer at its best. In each sip of BUDWEISER you'll detect the matchless flavor and elusive personality which set it brilliantly apart from less distinguished beers. Full strength and fully aged in the largest brewery in the world.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH - ST. LOUIS
Use Ipana, Jean... and you won't have "Pink Tooth Brush"!

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Where's your common sense, girl? Last spring you said your gums were so tender that they bled a little every morning. I told you then you'd better massage your gums with Ipana, to harden them up. But you insisted that you had "pink tooth brush" because your tooth brush was new and a bit stiff.

JEAN: I do think that stiff tooth brush had a lot to do with it. Still...

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Listen. The reason you have "pink tooth brush" is because modern soft foods don't exercise the gums. Your gums become flabby and unhealthy and begin to bleed a little because the tissues aren't firm.

JEAN: The reason I'm worried about it is because Mary Benton went to Dr. Cox about her gums, and she found out she had gingivitis.

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Stands to reason that bleeding gums are likely to pick up an infection of some sort. You're lucky if your teeth don't become affected! You start massaging some of my Ipana into your gums after you clean your teeth with it.

JEAN: But George—how can a tooth paste help your gums?

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Ipana has something in it called "ziratol." That does the trick—with the daily massage. It tones up the gums. Never see a sign of "pink" on my tooth brush. And my teeth are a darned sight brighter than yours are, too, old girl!

* * *

The excellent habit of massaging Ipana into the gums after cleaning the teeth with Ipana is becoming more and more wide-spread among intelligent people. This helps the gums to become firm in spite of today's soft foods. Start today with Ipana—and you won't need to worry about "pink tooth brush."

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING—9:00 P. M., E. S. T., WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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

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A FAMOUS CARICATURIST'S CONCEPTION OF
METRO GOLDWYN MAYER'S
New Comedy Team

MAY ROBSON
POLLY MORAN

Their first comedy "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN" is all fun. Don't miss it! The cast also includes Charles (Chic) Sale, Una Merkel, Russell Hardie, Jean Parker.

Charles F. Riesner
Director

Harry Rapf
Associate Producer

* The reproduction above of an original painting of May Robson and Polly Moran by William Cotton is one of a series of caricatures of M-G-M stars by famous artists.
High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots ........................................ Kathryn Dougherty 27
A Tornado? No! Lupe & Jimmy ......................................... Sara Hamilton 30
They’re All Queening It ............................................ Ruth Rankin 34
It’s the Caveman Within Us Calling for Mae ................. Virginia Maxwell 38
Sylvia Gave ZaSu Pitts Renewed Beauty ...................... Sylvia 40
Star News from London .............................................. Kathryn Hayden 42
War Clouds in the West? ............................................. Kenneth Baker 47
Cal York’s Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood ......... 48
Hollywood Good Fun ................................................. Sara Hamilton 54
Seymour—Photoplay’s Style Authority ................. 63
Photoplay’s Hollywood Beauty Shop .................. Carolyn Van Wyck 73

Photoplay’s Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures ........................................... 8
The Shadow Stage .......................................................... 58

Personalities

Who Are These Men? .................................................... 6
Clara Bow .................................................................. 32
The New Charles Farrell .................................................. Kirtley Baskette 33
She Plays Garbo Herself .................................................. 37
What 7,000 Girls Wanted .................................................. 37
Three Was a Crowd! .......................................................... 32
Sally Eilers .................................................................. 33
Lone Cowboy ................................................................. Frances Kellem 36
They Call Him “Perfect” .................................................. Kirtley Baskette 62
When Conie Was Down and Out ..................................... Rosalind Keating 71
Ladies Love Villains ....................................................... Ruth Rankin 72

On the Cover—Ann Harding—Painted by Earl Christy
Who Are These MEN?

Do you recognize these actors? Every one is famous

The real man here is dark-eyed, handsome, and in the prime of life. Does that help? Well, then, here's the pay-off. It's Paul Muni, playing Orin Nordholm, Jr., in "The World Changes"

Above is Rosen, the art dealer, in "The Late Christopher Bean." He looks the part to the life, but who's behind the make-up? Why, our old friend, Jean Hersholt

At left, a fine elderly gentleman you'll see in "The Lady Is Willing," and he looks of good old Yankee stock. But he's not. This is our cultured friend, Leslie Howard

To right, meet The Professor, manager of Max Baer in the prize-fight film, "The Prize-fighter and the Lady." He looks as mean as the cigar he wears. It's Walter Huston

This man has a passion for playing kings and emperors. He's a despot in the African jungle now, for "White Woman," after ruling Rome and England. That tells it — Charles Laughton!
No wonder they call Warner Bros. “The Star Company”... Week after week in hit after hit, Warners bring you more famous favorites than any other studio! Now it’s masterful Paul Muni—great star of “I Am A Fugitive”—soaring to unexampled heights in an impassioned, storm-charged drama of a world reborn! For its savage pageantry, for its courageous theme, for its amazing exploration of the human heart, we recommend “The World Changes” to every moviegoer in the land as the one picture that must be seen this month!

Paul Muni

“The World Changes”

ALINE MACMAHON • MARY ASTOR • DONALD COOK
And Thousands of Others—Directed by Mervyn LeRoy — A First National Picture
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Lucky Winners of Movie Muddles
$1500 Prizes
will be announced in January issue of Photoplay.
Your or your friend's name may be on the winning list.

The January Photoplay—
on sale at all newsstands December 1st

BLIND ADVENTURE — RKO-Radio. — Adventurous Bob Armstrong tangled with Helen Mack, creeps, and a jovial burglar, Roland Young, in a London fox. But the plot is as badly befogged as the characters. (Oct.)

BONDAGE — Fox. — Dorothy Jordan superb as a "misguided girl" ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafaela Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (July)

BRIEF MOMENT — Columbia. — Night club singer Carole Lombard marries playback Gene Raymonds to reform him. It has snap and speed. (Nov.)

BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD — M-G-M. — Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, others, in a fire-and-dive life story of two vaudeville hoofers. No thrills, but superior artistry. (Sept.)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS — First. — Fast,圣经 detective work by hard-boiled Pat O'Brien, directed by chief Lewis Stone. Bette Davis. (Nov.)

CIRCU'S QUEEN MURDER, THE — Columbia. — Scottish Madge Menefee solves the murder of tragedian performer Greta Nissen. Grand circus; a wow finish. (July)

COCKTAIL HOUR — Columbia. — Bebe Daniels, scowling "aesthete" Randolph Scott, titans Europe and a flag at "free" life. Entertaining, but not outstanding. (Aug.)

COLLEGE HUMOR — Paramount. — Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero, Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Kornman, good enough. (Sept.)

CORRUPTION — Wm. Berke Prod. — Preston Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evelyn Knapp good. (July)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER — Sidney Seow Prod. — Life as the official panther killer for the State of California; good animal stuff. (Aug.)

CROSS FIRE — RKO-Radio. — Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS — Columbia. — Chic Sale does the locomotive engineer in a railroadogue type of story. Done with Kirk Alyn and Chic Sale's followers. (Sept.)

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL) — Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod. — Richard Tauber, as village choir singer, who wins grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (Sept.)

DELUGE — RKO-Radio. — Earthquakes, tidal waves, the end of the world provide the thrill here. Good and story alike dwarfed by the catastrophes. (Nov.)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER) — Allianz Tonfilm Prod. — A somewhat inane story about an embezzler. Max Paleenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (June)

DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE — Hal Roach. — M-G-M. — The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Flashy Diavoletto," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE — Fox. — A shopworn Mexican legend story; but Victor Jory, Lorena Young, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (Oct.)

DEVIL'S MATE — Also released under title "He Knew Too Much." — Monogram. — A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (Oct.)

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION ("THE BIG ATTRACTION") — Tobis-Tauber-Emekla Prod. — Richard Tauber's singing lends interest to this German film. English subtitles. (Oct.)

DINNER AT EIGHT — M-G-M. — Another "all-star" affair: they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (Aug.)

DIPLOMANNIACS — RKO-Radio. — Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavish girl display. (July)

ADORABLE — Fox. — Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful girl-talk about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat is the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (Aug.)

AFTER THE BALL — Gaumont British-Fox. — Basil Sydney and Edith Kalton in a naughtily English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce temps. (June)

ALIMONY MADNESS — Mavlish Pictures. — A badly balanced attempt to up the alimony racket. (July)

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION — Columbia. — Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (Sept.)

ANOTHER LANGUAGE — M-G-M. — A slow-moving but superbly acted story of a bride (Helen Hayes) misunderstood by the family of hubby Bob Montgomery. The late Louise Crane Hale plays the dominating mother. (Oct.)

AZRIZONA TO BROADWAY — Fox. — Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about sticking the Company. (Sept.)

BARBARIAN. THE — M-G-M. — If starred for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined "Shirik" and "Arabian" with Myrna Loy. (June)

BEAUTY FOR SALE — M-G-M. — An amusing tale about the troubles of girls who work in a beauty shop. Una Merkel, Alex Bratly, Madge Evans, Hedda Hopper, others. (Nov.)


BEDTIME STORY — Paramount. — Baby Leo, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier, Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BELOW THE SEA — Columbia. — A Fay Wray thriller in which Fay is caught in a diving bell on a deep sea expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underwater shots and good fun. (Aug.)

BERKELEY SQUARE — Fox. — As suitably done as "Smilin' Through"; Leslie Howard thrown back among his 18th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (Sept.)

BEST OF ENEMIES — Fox. — No great comeback for Hilda Rogers, he and Marian Nixon reconcile quartering papas Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (Sept.)


BIG EXECUTIVE — Paramount. — Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, wasted in another of these stock market tales. Weak story. (Sept.)

BITTER SWEET — United Artists. — A British musical about a woman musician who lives on after her husband was killed defending her honor. It could have been stronger. (Nov.)

BLARNEY KISS, THE — British & Dominions. — British restraint takes zip from this tale of an Irishman who leaves the Blarney Stone to have great adventures in London. Well acted. (Nov.)

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS — Bryan Fox Prod. — This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (Aug.)

CAPTURED! — Warners—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (Sept.)

CENTRAL AIRPORT — First National. — When Sally Elders marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Bushnell comes to reckless laminarflowing. So-so. (June)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE — Fox. — Warner Oland in another delightful tale about the Fat Chinese detective, and a double murder. Heather Angel. (Nov.)

CHEATING BLONDES — Equitable Pictures. — A would-be murder mystery and screw; it's notter. Thelma Todd. (Aug.)

DINNER AT EIGHT — M-G-M. — Another "all-star" affair: they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (Aug.)
CRITICS OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS WROTE EVERY WORD OF THIS AD

"ROMANCE
FRAGRANT AND LOVELY"
— N. Y. Herald-Tribune

“A sensitive and haunting love story that fulfills everyone's wish.” (N. Y. Eve. Sun.) “Wrought with rare skill—truly fascinating—you are strongly urged to see it.”—N.Y World-Telegram

JESSE L. LASKY'S
Production of

BERKELEY SQUARE

LESLEIE HOWARD • HEATHER ANGEL

“You will never see a more dazzling performance.”
— N. Y. American

“Plays delightfully and skilfully.”
— N. Y. Herald-Tribune

UNANIMOUS!
Never before has a picture received such unanimous critical acclaim as this!
“★★★★ Four Stars.”—Daily News
“In a class by itself.”—N. Y. Times
“An exciting experience you can't afford to miss.”—N. Y. Mirror

RECORD-BREAKING CROWDS
saw “Berkeley Square” at the Gaiety, N. Y. at $1.65 admission. You see it at popular prices. Ask your Theatre Manager for the date.

VALERIE TAYLOR
IRENE BROWNE
BERYL MERCER

Directed by FRANK LLOYD
who directed "Cavalcade"
From the play by John L. Balderston

Every critic, without exception, raved! And you will too!
The Audience Talks Back

THE $25 LETTER

Africa speaks ... but I've discovered it speaks another language. Several weeks ago, relatives from Africa came to visit us. I had expected to find them rather uncivilized. But the laugh was on me. These so-called savages proved further advanced than their belittling cousin.

It was my intention (in puffed cheek fashion, I admit) to point out the seven wonders of America. So, as usual, I began with Hollywood. "Have you seen any of our movies?" I asked. That question set fire to their tongues. And how they talked! These Bralpan Africans knew more about our stars than yours truly. In fact, our films alone prepared them for their American trip. They taught us our customs, fashions and, above all, our mode of living.

Life in Africa is very slow, and of course very different. Thanks to our movies, they declared, they were well acquainted with our country. And, rather than being bewildered and staggered by our rapid pace, they joined right into step with us. Which is a wonderful way of gaining geographical knowledge.

Gee Kayl, Dorchester, Mass.

THE $10 LETTER

I've seen all the movies that ever were made. And Mickey Mouse puts them all in the shade. He's quaint and he's comic, and sleek as a glove. I'll tell you a secret; with him I'm in love.

The way that he slithers is really a scream. A bouquet I hand him, of cheeses and cream, Gardinia and orchid, a very red rose. For helping to banish our sorrows and woes.

In every strange country he stirs a great fuss, For Mickey I'd drawn every mouse—eating pass, I'd hide all the poison and burn all the traps. And I'd let him sleep in my bed—well, perhaps! Eileen H. Cooper, Vancouver, B. C.

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best essays of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPHARY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

THE $2 LETTER

I was sitting in a local theater watching the showing of De Mille's "This Day and Age." Charles Bickford, the bold gangster, had just shot the little Jewish tailor—plunked him right through a pail of water.

A sweet young thing next to me uttered a cry: "It's terrible," she whispered to her escort.

O KAY, Cecil B. De Mille! The writer of this month's $5 letter, after some investigation, has discovered that what one man termed a technical error in "This Day and Age" proved quite all right, after all.

An innovation for housewives! While working about—especially on a task you do not particularly fancy—run over in your mind the film you saw the previous night, or try to recall the names of films in which one of your favorites has appeared. A good game.

Much discussion about the reign of Garbo. And her likeness to Queen Christina of Sweden. Well—we shall see what we shall see upon the release of "Queen Christina," in which Greta is now working with her screen love of old, John Gilbert.

And, whom do you nominate as "Hollywood's Ideal Couple" now that Mary and Doug have vacated the throne?

"Buck up," he whispered back. "It's fake! You can't shoot anything through a pail of water!"

Next day I went to the office of our county sheriff, who knows his automatics. He got out an abandoned scrub pan, we went to a garage and in the rear of the jail, filled the pail with water and set it up on a bench directly in front of a thick plank. He stepped back about ten paces and fired his 32-calibre automatic.

Water shot from the hole in front of the pail—just as in "This Day and Age." Water was also shooting from the back. We found the bullet imbedded about one inch in the plank behind the pail.

You can shoot a guy through a pail of water. Rats! Another film safe for posterity!


MOST READERS THINK OTHERWISE

Sara Hamilton has a very peculiar. To say the least. Way of writing. She just places fulteps promiscuously. Wherever she pleases. Whether it makes sense. Or not. Mostly not. She does not care. A rap about her readers. Just try recalling her articles. Out loud to your friends. Or family. You will be jeered. And told to stop. Perhaps someone will give you a punch. Over the left eye. On your pet freckle. And make your hair. Fly about hysterically. Why does not PHOTOPHARY tell her to . . . Study a book on writing. Or to quit altogether. One thing or the other. For the present we shall skip her articles. With a shrug of the shoulders. And a stamp of the hobnails. Which will make them clink. Or something.

Jo Otten, Milan, Italy.

WILL GARBO REIGN?

I enjoyed the article by Helen Dale, in October's PHOTOPHARY, about Greta Garbo—except the ending.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]
She signs a new code!

MIRIAM HOPKINS sets up a new code for women in her latest PARAMOUNT picture. In this new screen play her heart is large enough to give employment to two lovers instead of one...The play—NOEL COWARD'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING". Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH. The lovers—FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER.

Paramount waited 12 years for this girl!

Twelve years ago, "CRADLE SONG" was produced by Eva LeGallienne. The play was so moving and brilliant that it was at once purchased for the screen. Many great actresses were considered for the leading role but none seemed suitable until "Maedchen In Uniform" brought lovely DOROTHEA WIECK to the screen. You will know why 10 million women have raved about DOROTHEA WIECK. When you see her in "CRADLE SONG" a Paramount Picture directed by Mitchell Leisen.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.
The ash barrel shows you the waste from poor coal

But you can't see a poor lamp waste current

When the ash barrel is full of clinkers, you know that poor coal made you pay for heat you did not get.

Poor lamps are full of "clinkers" too. Some, like early blackening and burn-outs, you can see. The biggest waste—less light than the lamp should give for the current it consumes—you can’t detect, and this waste may account for a third of the light you pay for!

The loss of light from a poor lamp affects more than your pocketbook. Severe eye strain may result from constant reading or studying without adequate light.

Remember, better light means better sight!

Play safe! Look for the mark on the bulb of every lamp. The General Electric monogram is a symbol of more than forty years of research and development. It is your assurance of good light at low cost.

For good light at low cost

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL & ELECTRIC

IMPORTANT . . . Don’t mar the beauty of your Christmas tree, your outdoor decorations or other festive spots with lamps that may burn out at the time you need them most. Lighting will add to your holiday happiness if you make sure that every lamp you use is of General Electric manufacture. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.
Treat Colds in the First Stage!

Colds go thru 3 Stages and they're far Easier Relieved in the Second than in the Second or Third!...

IT PAYS to know something about colds! They are a great cause of prolonged sickness and financial loss. A cold ordinarily progresses through three stages. The first—the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second—the Watery Secretory stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third—the Mucous Secretory stage. The time to "nail" a cold is in the first or Dry stage. It is twice as easily relieved then.

The Wise Measure

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.
First, It opens the bowels, gently, but effectually, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that gritty feeling. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and may be freely taken with perfect safety. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine now comes in two sizes—8c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. It pays to buy the 50c-size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L & Q stamped on every tablet. Look for an alternae color when a substitute is offered.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

- Lady for a Day—Columbia. Applewoman Mary Robson thought a society dame by her daughter, a stage crowd throws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (Sept.)
- Last Trail, The—Fox. A Zane Grey Western with the same title instead of rust and speed rode in place of cowboys. The changes don't help it. (Oct.)
- Laughing at Life—Mascot Pictures. A well-done Richard Harding Davis type of tale about soldier of fortune John Aglen raising Cain in a banana republic. (Aug.)
- Life in the Raw—Fox. George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (Oct.)
- Litty Turner—First National. Inexorable series of 1933. With Ruth Putnam, boy is forced into a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (July)
- Little Giant, The—Warner. Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson, some grand situations. You'll like this, too. (Nov.)
- Lone Avenger, The—World Wide. The big bank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. Youngsters won't be disappointed. (Sept.)
- Looking Forward—M-G-M. This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore star in an old British business hit by depression. (Aug.)
- Love, Honor and Oil, Baby!—Universal. (Reviewed under the title "Sue Me.")Shown as a lawyer. Stars Genna Rowland, Arthur Lake, sugar-daddy. Ridiculously funny, after a slow start. (Nov.)
- Love in Morocco—Gaumont-British. Rex Ingram got into North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (June)
- Lucky Dog—Universal. Canine actor Buster Keaton turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chic Sale (cast as a young man). (July)
- M—Nerofilm. Based on the Duesseldorf child murders, and not the Thumbermann. For children or emotional adults. English subtitles. (June)
- Made on Broadway—M-G-M. Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Palette in a dull one. Over a Bowery girl. (June)
- Mama Loves Papa—Paramount. Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made park commissioner, involved with tiny society dame Lilyan Tashman. Great clowning. (Sept.)
- Man from Monterey, The—Warners. Join Wayne in a historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in '49. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (July)
- Man of the Forest—Paramount. Far from being a top-notch Western. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Berry. Good work done by a mountain lion. (Sept.)
- Man Who Dared, The—Fox. Life story about the late Mayor Lemke of Chicago, from the time of an immigrant boy in a coal mine to his assassination at the sole of President Roosevelt. Fine cast, Preston Foster in the lead. (Oct.)
- Mary Stevens, M.D.—Warner. Slow tale of two doctors (Kay Francis, Lyde Talford) who love a baby, but won't marry. (Sept.)
- Mayor of Hell, The—Warner. Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of boy, uses his cruelty, makes things hum, Madge Evans. (Aug.)
- Melody Cruise—RKO Radio. Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (Aug.)
- Midnight Club—Paramount. George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook Clive Brook, but falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (Oct.)
- Midnight Mary—M-G-M. Loretta Young does a better than metal gum roll; she shoots big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Frances TAY for the plot. (Sept.)
- Moonlight and Pretzels—Universal. Leo Carrillo, Lilian Miles, Roger Pryor, Mary Brian, in a musical. Familiar tune but excellent numbers. (Nov.)
- Mussolini Speaks—Columbia. While Il Duce makes an address to the Italian nation, he mentions, Partisan, but interesting. (June)
- Myrt and Marge—Universal. Two popular radio stars do their stuff for the movies, an amusing little musical. (Nov.)
- Night Flight—M-G-M. All star cast, with Henry Fonda, Claire Trevor, Edna May Oliver, Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, others. Not much plot, but gripping tension and great acting, as night flying starts in the Argentine. (Nov.)
- No Marriage Ties—RKO Radio. Richard Dix is a brilliant star, redding a genuine Need in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clamping to him. Good Dix stuff. (Sept.)
- Nuisance, The—M-G-M. (Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break.") Lee Tracy at his best as a shyster lawyer and ambushing organizer. But it would have made a more logical drunken doctor accomplish, until Midge Evans tripped them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July)
- Obey the Law—Columbia. Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)
- One Man's Journey—RKO Radio. Lionel Barrymore turns in a masterpiece of acting and a universal esteem as a self-sacrificing, conscientious country doctor. May Robson, David Landau, Joel McCrea, others, in support. (Nov.)
- One Sunday Afternoon—Paramount. Denton Gay Cooper suddenly finds his life-long enemy in his dental chair, at his mercy, and thinks he could have done better with cast and story. (Nov.)
- One Year Later—Allied. Melodrama that turns a slow start into a good finish. Mary Brian and Donald Bessie. (Aug.)
- Over the Seven Seas—William K. Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt's film of his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (Aug.)
- Paddy, the Next Best Thing—Fox. Janet Gaynor in a whimsical, delightful story of an Irish madcap, who doesn't want to be bad. Margaret Lindsay forced to marry rich planter Warner Baxter. (Nov.)
- Peg O' My Heart—M-G-M. The old Scottish tale of a boy who has a Scottish mother, a Scotchman, and a Scotchman, in their own style. (August)
- Phantom Broadcast, The—Monogram. Made for the lost generation, with Richard Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't hold. (June)
- Pick Up—Paramount. Taxi-driver George Raft plays to his strength, as a quack who finds in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convicted husband. Himnamly done; good comedy. (June)
- Picture Snatcher—Warner. Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale, Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who sends him up, and then does the same thing. (Dec.)
- Prolific Image—Fox. Hermitia Cronson as a woman who loves a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Cold Star narrator. Piquant, excellently done. (July)
- Pleasure Cruise—Fox. Jr.—Jeanne Roland and Victor Varconi have an eye on the Gene- eric Toy. And things happen! (Dec.)
"TRUTH" — 
A DANGEROUS GAME

COME ON EVERYBODY WE'RE GOING TO PLAY "TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES"
THE ONE WHO'S "IT" ASKS YOU A QUESTION. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO ANSWER TRUTHFULLY, YOU PAY A FORFEIT — BUT NO FAKE FIBBING!

SOUNDS DANGEROUS.
HOW DO YOU PLAY IT?

I'LL BE "IT" FIRST AND I'M GOING TO ASK YOU WHY YOU HAVEN'T DANCED WITH ME ALL EVENING
WHY...WHY I HAVE, YOU JUST DON'T REMEMBER

LATER — she overhears

DID I HOLD MY BREATH WHEN SHE ASKED BEN THAT?
MEN REALLY WOULD LIKE HER IF SHE WEREN'T SO CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."
GOT OUT OF IT RATHER NEATLY, DIDN'T HE?

I WAS JOKING — NEVER DREAMT BEN HAD A REASON. AND "B.O." OF ALL THINGS! I'LL CHANGE TO LIFEBUOY AT ONCE

"B.O." GONE —
Ben fights for dances now!

RUN ALONG, BEN,
THIS IS MY DANCE
NOTHING DOING, IT'S MINE

Freshest complexities, too
LIFEBUOY has improved women's complexities — it will do the same for your! Its gentle, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities. Leaves your skin so fresh and clean — it's bound to please the most critical eye.

To women in love
They, especially, can't afford to risk "B.O." (body odor). Barbe often with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy lather deters—stops 'B.O.'

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 17 ]
The Smart Gift!

INEXPENSIVE—YET IT HAS "LUXURY APPEAL"
IN GIVING

PHOTOPLAY
GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS

YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE CHOSEN THE BEST MONEY CAN BUY

Not only at Christmas—but all the year long PHOTOPLAY will remind your friends of holiday thoughts.

They’ll enjoy every issue, for PHOTOPLAY is chock full of those bits of news, life sketches and photos that add to the glamour of moving pictures.

PHOTOPLAY is an economical gift—yet its worth to the recipient is far greater than its cost—a PHOTOPLAY gift subscription is never reckoned in dollars and cents.

Single subscriptions $2.50 per year.

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You may send as many as you like—There’s no limit.

2 One-Year or one two-year subscription to PHOTOPLAY $4.00

Send $2.00 for each additional gift subscription.

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Use regular stationery to list additional subscriptions.
SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smuggler; Regina Treece makes it distinctly good entertainment. (Aug.)


SONG OF SONGS, THE—Paramount.—A one-thrilling classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist. Your face once killed by blustering baron Lionel Atwill. Charming: not stirring. (Sep.)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount.—An honest old mountain man (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters, his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (July)

SPHINX, THE—Monogram.—Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill as chief cilgiller; Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni. (Aug.)

★ STORM AT DAYBREAK—M-G-M.—Kay Francis and Nina Astor two unwilling points of a triangle, with Syrian mayor Walter Huston as the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (Sept.)

STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid, repellant. (July)

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY, THE—First Division.—Newsworthy material showing Mooney's side of this noted case. Effectively done. (Aug.)

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rehash of old horrors worth filming. (June)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE—M-G-M.—The folks secretly detest rich, crotchety farmer Lionel Barrymore, all exclaim on his granddaughter's beauty Hopkins. Grand "back to the farm" feeling; superb acting. (Sept.)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as Sherlock Holmes, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (Aug.)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A misera-
ibly done expose of fake mediums. (July)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—A Western that is one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (Aug.)

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount.—Carole Lombard attempted a "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (July)

SYAMA—Carson Prod.—The elephant doings here might have made a one-reel short; otherwise, there's nothing. (Nov.)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another rev-olution of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (Aug.)

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal.—Buster Crabbe doing Johnny Weismuller stuff in a disjointed Tarzan tale. Indifferent film fare. (Nov.)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachts- man wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but as a drama a bit in-
credible. (June)

★ THIS DAY AND AGE—Paramount.—Cecil B. DeMille produces a grim but gripping story of boys who clean up on a monster when the police fail. A challenging picture that everyone will talk about. (Oct.)

THIS IS AMERICA—U.—W. S. Ullman, Jr., Prod.—Newsworthy material, brilliantly selected, and assembled by Gilbert Selby, tells the story of America from 1917 to the present. Well worth seeing. (Oct.)

★ THREE-CORNERED MOON—Paramount.—Nicely done comedy about an impractical, happy family. Mary Boland the impractical mamma; Claude Gillingham the doting dad; Claudette Colbert the daughter, in love with would-be author Harold Abbe. But Doctor Dick Arlen moves in and spoils things. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]
Indoor Workers:

Fight colds and stay on the job... gargo with Listerine twice a day

Most of the absences among indoor workers are traceable to the common cold. Because of their sedentary habits, stenographers, teachers, clerks, accountants, etc., are the most frequent victims of serious cold attacks. Such attacks undermine health and often lead to serious illnesses. They are expensive. And because they enforce frequent absence from work, colds often cause the victim the loss of a job.

Stay on the Job

Jobs are still scarce, so we say to you: If you have one, hold onto it. Keep well; fight colds as never before. Use Listerine morning and night as a precautionary measure.

Our many experiments, conducted under medical supervision, indicate that full strength Listerine possesses marked value in guarding against common colds and their sequel, sore throat.

Fewer Colds for Garglers

These experiments reveal that men, women, and children who gargled with Listerine twice a day caught only one-third as many colds as those who did not gargle with it.

When Listerine users did contract colds, their colds were very mild and of short duration as compared with those of non-users.

With such results before you, isn't the twice-a-day gargle with Listerine worth trying? Think how much better you would feel if you had no colds this winter—how much money you would save.

Why Listerine is Better

In oral hygiene it is highly important to choose a mouth wash that is fatal to germs yet harmless to the delicate tissues of the mouth and throat.

These vital requirements are fully met by Listerine. For more than half a century it has been the choice of noted doctors and health authorities.

Listerine enjoys the distinction of being absolutely safe no matter how frequently it is used. It is therefore preferred to harsh, inferior mouth washes whose sole appeal is the bargain appeal.

Reduces Mouth Germs 99%

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks bacteria associated with colds. The number of germs on mouth surfaces is reduced as much as 99% within 5 minutes after the use of Listerine. At the end of four hours, a reduction of as high as 64% may be still apparent.

For your own protection and that of your children, use Listerine when an oral antiseptic is needed. Behind it lie fifty years of use in the hands of the medical profession and the public. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

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DOWN GO
LISTERINE PRICES

Buy now at substantial savings
HER work certainly has provided variety for charming Fay Wray, since she said "goodbye" to screaming roles some time ago! Now she's a lovely society girl who provides inspiration for "he-man" steel-maker Jack Holt in his new "Master of Men." Of course, gentleman Jack wouldn't really call on Fay in those clothes. They're just having a chat on the set.
Perhaps it's a case of Carole Lombard and Kent Taylor hearkening to the call of the wild that we have here. Or it might be, they see that big bully, Charles Laughton, coming. There's no telling what he'll do next to them in the new film, "White Woman," they are all busy making right now. It's all about life in wildest Africa, and Charlie gives everybody plenty of reason for wearing worried looks before they all get together and put an end to his unceasing deviltry.
Can you guess right off who this is? She has many elusive changes of expression, does this splendid artist—but probably you haven't seen the one shown here before. We present you with Karen Morley in a double role: wife of Director Charles Vidor, and mother of son Michael Karoly Vidor. “Karoly”—isn't that a quaint name for the son of Karen Morley? For some time, Karen hasn't thought much of pictures; her family is her one care.
WHO should be peering at us so winsomely but Rochelle Hudson! And do you notice that gleam of excited happiness in her eyes? There's good reason for it. Rochelle has been told that her excellent performance in support of Will Rogers in his latest film, "Doctor Bull," has earned her the rôle of the daughter in Will's next production, "Mr. Skitch"
A Sparkling Choice for Scintillant Folk

For those smart bath-rooms—Coty creates new Bath Ensembles in lovely water-lily boxes. Dusting Powder with Toilet Water—$2.75; Toilet Water with Talc (in dainty metal container) — $2.25. Cool blue tones, with leaf traceries. (Below)

BRIGHT people recognize brightness in their friends. And they send the sort of gifts that they’d be glad themselves to receive—exquisite Perfumes, Compacts, Purse Ensembles, Soaps, Manicure Sets, Toilet Water—signed with the name that means quality. Nothing more lovely has ever been created than Coty’s gold-and-ivory-toned gift boxes. In selecting them you honor yourself and friends!

Perfumes make perfect gifts—especially Coty Perfumes, where even the small sizes look luxurious. One ounce, $4.15; half-ounce, $2.20; quarter-ounce, $1.10. Fernery at Twilight—Coty’s newest odeur, $10. L’Amant—glamorous, sunny, $14.30. (Above)


Fragrance carries through the Coty Gift Box above, with frosted bottle of Talc, de luxe box of Face Powder, flacon of Toilet Water and gilt-capped, crystal bottle of Perfume—$10. Travel Manicure Kit, $3.50. Other complete Manicure Sets, $3, $4, $5.

In her hand, Coty’s “Diodème”—5 deoars—$10
FLORINE McKinney, the little girl with the questioning eyes and answering lips came bounding into Hollywood in a rattling flivver in search of movie fame. And those "ole moom pitchers" know a good thing from Texas when they see it. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has gobbled her up and you'll be seeing her very soon in "Dancing Lady"
How Marvelous!

THESE CERTIFIED COUPONS WILL
SAVE YOU 25% ON ACCESSORY
FLATWARE PIECES

Now you can have the complete silverware service you’ve always wanted... and at a saving of 1/4 on all the "accessory" pieces.

And so easy! You start with a 26 or 34 piece set of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. Any pattern, at regular price. With your set you’ll receive a Certified Coupon Book. Actually a savings book, entitling you to a 25% discount on all "accessory" flatware pieces, such as salad forks, oyster forks, and servers.

You can add these pieces month after month for eighteen months from the date of your original purchase. But this offer is for a short time only. So see your dealer today.

As a careful hostess you owe it to yourself to have another set of silverware— one for "best" occasions. And proud you’ll be if your "best" is 1847 Rogers Bros. For in this brand there is a smooth perfection of finish that can be achieved only by the finest craftsmanship... a finish that will retain its lustrous beauty for a lifetime.

Think what a glorious Christmas present to give yourself—or others!

Starting service of 26 pieces. Prevent Tarnish Case, $31.25.
Write Ann Adams, Dept. M-27, International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn., for details of this Certified Coupon Plan, and for free book "So You’re Going To Give a Buffet Party!"

1847 ROGERS BROS.
Silverplate

A PRODUCT OF THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.
The mark of the International Silver Company— this quality mark appears on each piece of Marquise.
The Literary Society Nearly Exploded
... but it wasn't from laughter

There's no doubt about it... the Literary Society liked its food about as well as its Shakespeare. And after those get-together banquets, the members were more in need of a two-mile walk than a two-hour speech.

What agony could have been averted... what fidgeting, squirming and groaning could have been banished... had Life Savers been passed around after the meal!

It's really amazing how Life Savers aid digestion. Deflate that overstuffed feeling. Refuse to let your over-indulgences plague you. Snap you back to normal even after a dining marathon.

Acquire the Life Savers habit. Carry these intriguing mints with you always. And don't limit their use to after meals.

Life Savers are so all-fired good, so downright delicious... they provide stellar entertainment for your palate any old time!

AFTER EATING . . . LIFE SAVERS ARE REALLY LIFE SAVERS
After shrewd husband. ...husband, Norma, Constance and Natalie, but practically the whole film colony as well. She was one of those rare beings who know how to aid their children in shaping their destinies. In the early days of her daughters’ professional struggles, her kindly, shrewd counsel helped them over many a rough spot.

Though she had been ill for three years, the end came rather abruptly. The speeding of her three daughters to her bedside were dramatic episodes. Coming by airplane, Norma battled through a terrific storm. Again and again the plane was forced down. Constance (Mrs. Townsend Neteler), though ill in Chicago with a severe case of whooping cough, rushed to her mother. Natalie, in bed with the 'flu, drove to the hospital and was put to bed there. All three daughters remained with their mother until the end.

Although separated for several years from her husband, Joseph Schenck, Norma and he attended the funeral in the same automobile. Mrs. Talmadge and Joe Schenck were always close friends in spite of the break-up between Norma and her husband.

Never was there more perfect accord between mother and daughters, and the grief of the latter was very touching.

The little girl who, in 1925, leaped into fame in “The Big Parade,” by chewing gum with Jack Gilbert, and who more than once seemingly had stars in her eyes, has passed away. Renee Adoree, through her checkered Hollywood career and long battle with adverse circumstances and ill health, was game until the last. In 1928 she made “The Cosmopolitans” with Jack Gilbert, and in 1930, “Redemption.” During this time she kept within herself the secret that she was desperately ill. After collapsing on the set, she spent two years in Arizona trying to regain her strength.

At the outbreak of the war she was a bare-back rider, dancer and acrobat in a French circus then touring Belgium. Eventually she found her way to America and Hollywood. She was always kind to others and declared that others were kind to her. So steps out of the picture another brave little troupener.

In the appointment of Ray Long as editorial executive of Columbia Pictures, that company has obtained an unsurpassed judge of story values. For seven years Mr. Long was editor of Red Book Magazine, and for thirteen years of Cosmopolitan.

Much brilliant fiction written during the twenty years of his editorship appeared in these publications. He not only bought names, he made them. His ability to discern what the public wanted to read led him, at times, to print stories rejected by almost every other magazine.

Mr. Long once printed a piece of fiction on which the author, in submitting the manuscript, had thus commented:

“This story has been rejected by practically every other magazine in the United States.”

As usual Mr. Long’s literary judgment was vindicated. Hundreds of letters were received expressing approval of the story.

Part of Mr. Long’s success was undoubtedly due to his extensive acquaintance with writers. Not only is the number of his friendships with leading writers in this country and abroad most impressive, but he has made personal contact everywhere with those showing literary promise.

Mr. Long has a keen sense of dramatic values, and President Harry Cohn of Columbia made a shrewd move when he signed the contract with him.

Fan mail, as well as industrial and commercial reports, tells the story of the retiring depression. One of the studios reports that star mail is fast approaching the normal of better times. During the depression, it fell off thirty-five per cent. Now that people have more money, they are spending some of it attending motion picture theaters and buying motion picture magazines.

It may be the public’s demand for new faces or, more probably, the public’s growing artistic sense which seeks the actor whose finished technique has already...
charmed Broadway audiences. In any event, a flood of footlight talent is still submerging Hollywood.

A census shows that there are now 315 players under contract with the several leading studios. One hundred and ninety-seven of these have come from the stage, none of them longer than three years ago. The remaining 118 are hold-overs from the old days—and a number of these had stage training.

It has been argued that stage actors have a greater versatility, a greater resourcefulness, because of the special demands of the speaking stage. Charlie Ruggles came from before the footlights, as did Will Rogers, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, Marion Davies, Walter Huston, Lee Tracy, Robert Montgomery, Charlie Chaplin, Clark Gable, Boris Karloff, George Arliss, Al Jolson, Adolphe Menjou, Lewis Stone and John and Lionel Barrymore. These are all hold-overs beyond the three year period.

Unless the present trend is stemmed, it looks as though the Garbos, Norma Shearers and Constance Bennetts of the future will come from Broadway.

DICK ARLEN claims to have discovered a female Jack Oakie in Hollywood.

Dick barged into the studio to be hailed by a rangy Texas lady, who had, until that moment, been in violent altercation with the man at the desk, who lets people in—or doesn’t, more often. She had just finished stating, “If ever a guy needed a hoss it’s Dick Arlen,” And then Dick stepped in.

“Well, it’s like this,” said Dick. “I just finished a picture, and I’m tired.”

“Yes, Dick,” interrupted the lady. “You see, I’ve been in the water two days, and I shrunk a little,” explained Dick, patiently.

“Okay. Anyways, I gotta hoss for you.”

“I don’t want a —”

“That’s what you think,” interrupted the lady. “Come on out here and I’ll show you your hoss.”

She grabbed his arm and led him out through a rapidly collecting crowd—and whoa nuf, there was the hoss, all caged up in a little trailer. She led him out of his trailer, and put him through his paces. He was a smart horse. Dick says he could do everything but scratch his left ear with his right hind foot.

“A bargain—only five thousand dollars,” said she.

And Dick is still going.

THE Academy, in its relatively brief four years existence, has had a checkered career. Serious strife within the ranks resulted last year in the resignation of Conrad Nagel, who had been its president since the beginning. Eddie Cantor has been elected president of the new organization, with Adolphe Menjou and Fredric March first and second vice-presidents, respectively. Ann Harding, Groucho Marx and Lucille Gleason are also on the board of officers. More than five hundred film players are members of the new Guild. What effect this secession will have upon the Academy remains to be seen. The producers and other executives, together with screen directors, cameramen, technicians and some of the actors, have so far retained their affiliation with the old organization.

To the reasonably sophisticated person, the outcry of the moralists against certain screen stories and characters is slightly amusing. The parade of gangsters, gigolos, crooks and women of indubitably loose living night, offhand, seem ominous, but often a naiveté—probably unconscious—or calculated satire removes most, if not all, traces of the sinister.

Our gold-diggers are shown as good-fun girls with hearts really as pure as the precious metal they crave. The gangster story, which probably came closer to stark reality than nearly anything else screened, finally wearied the public. It had become too uncomfortably close to life to entertain longer.

THE influence of pictures upon the rising generation is still a moot question. Any aspect of life, whether encountered on the street or on the screen, must necessarily leave its impression.

Moralists have attempted to prove, not very convincingly, that motion picture scenes and situations frequently undermine character. These moralists forget that pictures do not create viewpoints of living: they reflect them. The young are quick to discover inconsistencies in conduct that are not habitual to them and if the public, whether young or adult, crowd theaters to see certain pictures, it is because these pictures reveal what experience has taught to be true.

A few years ago divorce was taboo on the screen. A pair of lovers, kept apart by a previous marriage of one or the other, had to wait until the unwanted partner had been disposed of.

A convenient automobile accident, or suicide, was often called upon by the scenarist to satisfy both the lovers and the audience.

Today it would be absurd to keep divorce off the screen. It is a matter of common knowledge, even to the youngest child.

Kathryn Dougherty
BLACK with WHITE variations... so practical thanks to IVORY FLAKES

When you’re planning your Fall clothes, see how many you can buy that are Ivory-washable. Their upkeep will be next to nil, thanks to the low cost of pure Ivory. And your clothes will keep that sparkling freshness—that counts, oh, how it counts!

Salesgirls will be glad to advise you. They’ll perk up with interest when you ask, “Will this wash with Ivory?” For they’ll know that the silk, the wool or the color that won’t be refreshed by gentle, pure Ivory just won’t satisfy you.

These salespeople have heard sad stories about clothes that weren’t washed with Ivory—they know about those flat flakes that stick so easily to crepey weaves and knitted fabrics—causing ruinous soap spots.

But Ivory Flakes aren’t flat flakes. They are snowy little curls of Ivory Soap. They’re made for girls who can’t wait a single minute for suds. They curl and melt up into rich suds instantly in lukewarm water. Do “baby” your nice things with Ivory Flakes. Don’t trust to luck, depend upon Ivory’s purity. It won’t even cost you more to use Ivory Flakes... it actually costs less! And there’s 2⅛ ounces more of pure soap in that fat Ivory Flakes box!

CURLY... QUICK-DISSOLVING... 99 4¼/100% PURE
"STRIKE me pink" if it didn't start three thousand miles away, and when the two of them met in Hollywood it began again exactly where it left off. And that was slightly beyond the tack-sticking, stiletto-stabbing, schnozzle-pulling stage.

Lupe and Jimmy! Are they a pair of "boids?" A Mexican tamale and an Eyetalian lover. Hot cha cha—cha cha—cha cha—cha cha—cha cha—

When Lupe and Jimmy, a pair of good eggs and swell pals, met on a New York stage for the show, "Strike Me Pink," strong men took to the Maine woods to battle bare handed with the elements and never to return. They were a riot, these two. A downright revolution. Nature in the raw couldn't have been wilder.

Nobody was sure where it would end. Not even Jimmy or Lupe. Each night, the riot squad stood outside the stage door, waiting and tense. Chewing their nails and wishing they were somewhere in darkest Africa with a few stray cannibals and a couple of nice, playful little leopards thrown in. Why, it brought on, this Lupe and Jimmy business, a heat wave that fried the entire nation into a sizzling blister.

It even brought on inflation, increased the navy and drove men by hundreds to reforestation. It eventually brought Aimee home from Paris.

Nightly these two bonfires blazed and burned on an innocent little stage that had never been blazed on before.

They threw audiences into panics. Full grown, adult, over-ripe panics. And threw each other into the orchestra pit.

"See, we get one of 'em encores," Jimmy says, "and I say, 'Loop, we can't go on. Gee, we don't know nothin' to do.'"

"'Don' worry, beeg boy," Loop answers. "We'll do sometheng. We always do."

"So we went on, see, an' foist I couldn' tink o' anythin', so while I'm stallin' for time, I ups to Loop and threw her into the orchestra pit, through the bass drum. And that starts it. "Loop wants to play. 'Stead o' workin' she wants to play. You know how she is, always wantin' to play games. So she ups and throws me in. My schnozzle caught in the piccolo and by that time, the bass drummer was on the stage hoppin' mad 'bout his busted drum, so we both threw him through the bass vid, one of 'em tings you know dat looks like a violin with eleplantitis or funny glands dat didn' work, or somepin and— well, anyway, pretty soon everybody wanted to play and, after we'd threw four bald-headed men from the front row through de trap drums, why, the manager come on, see, and me and Loop grabs him and tosses him into a fat woman's lap, who was sittin' in de eighth row, and he clutches like a drownin' man and pulls off de lady's false front. And well, anyway, de

That Durante is such a cut-up! But when he tries tricks on Velez—

By Sara Hamilton
audience likes de little number so much we keep it in for every show. It wasn’ much, but if dey likes it, why it was okay wit Loop an’ me.”

And then Jimmy would forget his lines and, out of the corner of his mouth, he’d whisper to Lupe, “Slip me de lines, quick. I’m stuck. What’s de next line, baby?”

And Lupe would scream and point at Jimmy. “Look,” she’d tell the audience, “Jeemy don’ know his lines. Look at heem. Don’ he look foony standin’ there. Ah, hah, Jeemy don’ know what to say next.” And that was enough. The riot was on once more, in full swing. In two minutes by daylight saving time, the bass drum completely encircles either Jimmy’s or Lupe’s neck. It got so that after the first show, the bass drummer wept from the time the curtain went up until it went down. Huge, crocodile tears poured down his cheeks because he knew, alas too well, what would happen to his drum before the first act was over, and he’d have to sit and ring cowbells through the rest of the show. There wasn’t a whole drum left within two blocks of Broadway.

And then they came to Hollywood to make the picture.

“Hollywood Party,” for M-G-M.

And exactly where it left off, it started again.

“We’ve got to have stills of you two,” the studio told them.

“All right,” Lupe said, “have Jeemy come over to my house. We’ll make them there.”

“So I goes over, see,” says Jimmy, “an’ I looks over Loop’s palateral place an’ I says, ‘So dat’s it, eh? Want to imprint your ol’ frien’ wid all your grandure, huh? Puttin’ on de Plaza.’

‘De wot?’ Loop says. An’ I says, ‘You know wot—de Plaza.’

“You mean the Ritz, don’ you Jeemy?” Loop says, an’ starts rollin’ an’ screamin’ aroun’ an’ I lets on dat it boined me up, see, but I knew all de time I was in de wrong hotel by de sou’n of it. So wot, see? Anyway I goes through de parlor filled wit furniture she got from a guy called Louey on Sixteenth street. She called it Louey Sixteenth which is just Mexican gettin’ mixed up.

“Anyway, upstairs dere’s a big bull head, or ape head, or somepin’ hanging from de wall an’ I says, ‘Don’ tell me dey stuffed Johnny Weissmuller while we was away.’ An’ dat was enough. Loop picks up one o’ dem iron axes from one of dem armor guys dat’s hollow inside (no insides or diagrams or nothin’, you know) an’ I knew it was time to get gain’ by de nearest exit wit no time lef for prayin’ for mercy, or nothin’. So I raced to a window, wit’ Loop screamin’ right in back and wavin’ de axe, and down below I sees a swimmin’ pool. So I makes one [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]
GET out the asbestos screens and the fire extinguishers—Clara Bow's with us again, more sizzling than ever after all her ranch life! She'll have a sizzling story, too—a hot tale of carnival life, called "Hoopla." It's from that old and stirring favorite, "The Barker"
The New Charles Farrell

By Kirtley Baskette

What Charlie and Janet think of each other now

Says Janet: "I want to work with Charlie again. He understood me. We had a depth of harmony which few people could realize; there was always an exquisite sense of understanding each other."

Says Charlie: "Hasn't Janet been great lately? You don't know how fierce that makes me feel. She's making good on her own. She's bigger than ever, and better, too. When I make good on my own—after we've both made good on our own—"

CHARLIE FARRELL has just ended a vacation which cost him a cool $100,000. A tenth of a million dollars invested in his own re-creation.

He says it's the best investment he ever made, in spite of the fact that at the time he decided to make it, the whole world whistled softly, and Hollywood privately decided the boy was certainly touched by the sun.

You know the story about how Charlie voluntarily tore up an ironclad contract with Fox for around $3,000 a week, and relinquished his security as a star, because he was tired of being a perennial Pollyanna--saccharine sweetheart. You will recall that it occurred at the very nadir of the Depression, at a time when it looked very much as if there might be no jobs for anyone, least of all for a top-salaried screen star, and it seemed that the entire industry might be going straight to pot.

It was certainly no time for speculation. But Charlie did not consider that he was speculating. He was doing something he must do, regardless, and he felt sure he was right.

Criticism rained on his curly head from all quarters of the globe. Scores of offers came from other studios to play parts such as those which had caused him to end his Fox contract. But he shook his head, and waited. And eight months—thirty-three weeks—passed by without a single part being offered to vindicate his action.

Ordinarily eight idle months would be disastrous to a star. Ordinarily Hollywood knows best.

Now Charlie Farrell is back—and it begins to look as if he knew what he was doing. He no longer is the indifferent, listless, purely screen-personality Charlie who walked in and out of pictures without having anything to do. This time he is a dynamic, self-appraising, ambitious actor who thinks for himself. Enthusiastic, confident—yes, and cocky!

Those eight idle months have made a new man of him. They have stiffened his spine, cleared his vision. They have built up his physical strength and lifted his mental outlook.

While he polished off a diller with an appetite suited to one of his polo ponies, Charlie eagerly discussed the past, the present and his plans for the future. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]
They’re All

As the beautiful and tragic Marie Antoinette, Norma Shearer will grace the throne of France and rule over a people. Movies may be “make-believe,” but would not any star enjoy the power of absolute command and the glory of a queen’s crown?

Four of Hollywood’s greatest picture stars are about to become queens. Katharine Hepburn, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and Norma Shearer. Queens, real queens, with all their regal trappings; with all the adulation, worship and power before whom humble commoners must bend the knee and with rapt, upturned faces, murmur, “Hail, the Queen!”

And don’t you suppose they know it, and revel in it—these four movie queens gone royal? Don’t you suppose they feel the thrill, the glory, the exciting intoxication of real power? Oh, yes. It’s much, much more than a mere costume picture these women are mak-
And each will thrill to the power that was once a monarch’s

By Ruth Rankin

Paintings Reproduced Courtesy
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

than Catherine had rubles, more diamonds than Marie Antoinette had gold. And yet, with wealth and fame at her feet, perhaps the star may yearn for the regal pomp and circumstance that went with being a queen. Perhaps she still desires the breathless admiration, the genuflections that were bestowed only upon royalty.

At any rate, these four famous stars are preparing to surround themselves with the glory that was once a queen’s, and appear before a wide-eyed public on jewelled thrones.

Garbo will wear the crown of Queen Christina of Sweden. Marlene Dietrich will ascend the throne of Catherine the Great of Russia. Norma Shearer will take command as the lovely Marie Antoinette. And Hepburn will rule as England’s Queen Elizabeth.

Katharine Hepburn should be happy as the imperious Queen Elizabeth whose power was absolute. Independent and unafraid, Elizabeth’s domination was complete and her people adored her. Almost any modern woman would enjoy the rôle.

Many times Garbo has been called “queen.” In choosing for herself the rôle of Queen Christina, did Garbo want to make her title less figurative?

The queen whose crown she will wear was one of her own countrywomen, and Garbo is Queen Christina’s counterpart to an astonishing degree.

Between the other stars and their queens we do not find the close character resemblance that exists between Christina and Garbo.

But perhaps Dietrich remembers that she, like Catherine, was once a fair-haired German girl who went into a strange land.
When Dietrich ascends the throne of Catherine the Great she may remember that she, too, was a young German girl, alone in a strange land but ambitious to wear a crown with a grim determination to conquer.

Catherine of Russia was born an obscure German princess. At fifteen she went, alone, to a country where she did not even know a word of the language, to marry the degenerate heir to the Russian throne.

Catherine set out to conquer this new world. And her burning ambition was to wear the crown.

Like Dietrich, she was blonde, blue-eyed, a beautiful, healthy, large-boned woman with exquisite skin.

Plunged while still a child in the midst of the most grossly sensual court life in all Europe, Catherine became the center of intrigue.

Peter, her husband, was a weak and cowardly creature who thought his position entitled him to disregard all decency. His brutality often imperiled her life. Whether or not she murdered him is a debated question. Upon Catherine's ascent to the throne began one of the most dramatic and colorful reigns in history.

A clever diplomat and a woman of tremendous personality, she charmed the crown heads of Europe. And, being a liberal ruler, her wise reforms endeared her to the masses.

Thus, though rumor numbered her lovers as high as three hundred, and gossip about the Queen encircled the globe, Catherine commanded the respect and admiration of her European neighbors and the love and worship of her subjects.

Catherine considered herself superior to such female "affectations" as modesty or womanliness. She left such qualities of femininity and civilization to the lesser women who had not her superb arrogance and ego.

She was sufficient unto herself, and made her own personal laws.

Thus we see a queen, magnificent, powerful. Dietrich may have to give us a sugar-coated Catherine on the screen. But, in any case, it will be a splendid setting for the German star and she will be identifying herself with one of the most magnificent and colorful rulers the world has known. Dietrich has "queened it" on the Paramount lot for several years. She plays off-stage the remote and dramatic lady of her characterizations. It will be interesting now to see her wear Catherine's crown.

Elizabeth, the dominating, imperious Queen of England, has been chosen by Katharine Hepburn for her royal rôle.

Elizabeth—a strong-minded woman who swept aside all obstacles with an indomitable ambition, and thought with the mind of a man; a woman with a tragic

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]
She Plays Garbo Herself

CORA SUE COLLINS has reached the zenith of her career. She is not only playing with Garbo in "Queen Christina"—she is playing Garbo herself! Imagine that! During her two years in Hollywood, Cora Sue has played daughter, or the star herself as a little girl, with Bebe Daniels, Sylvia Sidney, Claudette Colbert, Wynne Gibson, Norma Shearer and Zita Johann. Now she’s playing Garbo as a child. Not bad for a young lady whose family brought her to Hollywood looking for a chance not so long ago—and not in a Pullman, at that!

The two actresses have been quite friendly, too. Between scenes they’ve sat, side by side, chin in hand, gazing off into space, with never a word, but enjoying each other’s company. Might that be the Garbo influence at work in Sue?

Cora Sue’s start was as rapid as her career. The first day she appeared at Universal, answering a call for children Cora Sue’s age, supervisor Stanley Bergerman chose her for a film with ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville. Her next was with Pat O’Brien and Wynne Gibson—and the O’Briens have been her devoted friends since. Many of the lovely little dresses she wears are presents from them.

It might seem odd that brunette Cora Sue was picked to play the blonde child Garbo—but anyone thinking that reckons without the resourcefulness of the make-up department. They even gave Cora Sue a two-tooth plate to replace two that had gone the way a youngster’s teeth will at that age. She can do tricks with the plate. She even made Garbo giggle, once!

Cora Sue has a message for her public. When she’s crowned, and hesitates in her speech, it is because the director wanted her to. She can read lines perfectly, she’ll have you know!

What 7,000 Girls Wanted

The telephone rang early in the morning, and little Charlotte Henry tumbled out of bed, instantly awake, to answer.

She didn’t ask who was calling. She started right out, as she had for weeks, with “Did I get it?”

The agent at the other end of the wire answered, “Hold on to something, and don’t get hysterical, Charlotte. Yes, you got it!”

Charlotte dropped the telephone and cried for fifteen minutes. There were seven thousand applicants for the role of Alice in "Alice in Wonderland." The search went on so long that director Norman McLeod, in despair, says he was ready to put on a pinafore and play it himself. But now he’s delighted.

Charlotte is five feet tall, and instead of usual “young girl” beauty—she isn’t a record-breaker for that—she has just the mane of tumbling, light-brown hair, the pointed face, and the big, sparkling blue eyes, that are required to make her a living replica of the Tenniel drawings that are as much Alice as anything Lewis Carroll wrote.

Charlotte is nineteen, and attended a convent and public schools in New York. She is the intelligent type of youngster that is becoming more and more favored by directors. Her favorite study is history, and she hasn’t any “boy friend.” Neither does she go to parties.

Her experience includes some stage rôles and parts in several pictures. She has read and reread "Alice in Wonderland" since childhood, because it always has been one of her favorites. She will put all this love of the story into her work.

She has a new superstition, too. Her screen test was made on the thirteenth—so "thirteen" is her lucky number now!
It's the Caveman Within

By Virginia Maxwell

That's how an eminent psychologist explains the amazing popularity of our Diamond Lil

We have the explanation does science offer, to account for the strange spell that Mae West casts over millions of normal, everyday people? There can be no question that she does cast a spell; for her first picture, "She Done Him Wrong," has broken all box-office records and has taken the movie-going public by storm.

It is a matter of official record that 742 theaters throughout the country played return engagements of Mae West's picture. One hundred four theaters ran the picture three different times; twenty-six gave it four engagements, and six had to show it the fifth time before their audiences were satisfied.

But how does she do it? What light can science throw on the question?

Let's take the answer from a man whom, I believe, is as well qualified as anybody in the United States to give it—William J. Fielding.

William J. Fielding has written a number of books on the subject of human emotions. Among them are "The Caveman Within Us," and "Love and the Sex Emotions," which are used as guides in modern psychology classes. His opinions are quoted time and again by such distinguished professors as Dr. William A. White, the noted psychiatrist, and M. M. Willey of Dartmouth College.

So he should be able, if anyone can, to reveal the secret of Mae West's charm.

"Yes," said Mr. Fielding, when asked, "there is an answer to that question, and an extremely definite one. But to understand it, we shall have to realize something about ourselves—the fact that each one of us has, buried deep down in our characters, a sort of 'caveman.'

"This 'cave creature' in our characters is not intellectual or moral. He is vital, a perfectly untamed savage, interested in the most elemental facts of life, and he would be perfectly ruthless about satisfying his desires at anybody's expense, if given a chance.

"Of course, he doesn't get a chance. We are civilized, sane, moral people—and when these 'caveman' impulses come up in us, we stamp them down. But that doesn't get rid of them. They're still smoldering, inside of us, waiting their chance to break loose. That's where Mae West's personality comes in.

"When we see her in 'She Done Him Wrong,' we see a natural, unrestrained person, acting exactly as the 'caveman' within each one of us would like to act—and he responds to the sight just as a moth is drawn to flame. Here is life as he would like to live it! He revels in every nuance of Mae's actions, every glance of her eyes, every gesture, every note of her voice. That's why she draws the crowds. She is the most successful person on the screen today, when it comes to pleasing the inner 'caveman.'

"That is not hard to understand—especially when we remember the audience's glee during the scene when Mae swung her seductive hips at Cary Grant, and murmured the line which has since become a byword: "Why'n cha come up some time?"

But this 'caveman' business—

Mae West, look what you've done! You've brought out that old "caveman" in us. And how!
Us CALLING for MAE

measurable harm in the past. Over-repression, even as to these substitute outlets, has been injurious. It has caused many neurotic ailments. Neurotic traits become the outlet, instead of harmless diversions. You can put it, if you like, that Mae West helps to prevent many a nervous breakdown."

So it's "good medicine" as well as good fun, that the audience is absorbing when it chuckles over the scenes with Gilbert Roland playing the gigolo and Mae proving just about two miles ahead of him in every move he makes! Most of us never will know in real life the things which seem instinctive to Lil—so, if we accept Mr. Fielding's view, it is little wonder that audiences eat up these scenes.

But there is another interesting side to this success of Mae West's —the strange way that it seemed to burst upon the scene at exactly the right moment to win maximum acclaim. But to Mr. Fielding, there is no mystery about this. "Emotional reactions, like picture stories, run in cycles. When we go to extremes, there is usually a return to conservatism. And vice versa. After an ultra-conservative period, taste suddenly swings back to the primitive—and that is just what happened when Mae West appeared with her screen version of 'Diamond Lil.' We'd been having sophisticated heroines, the Garbo figure — everyone was ready, whether knowing it or not, for a complete change.

That seemed obvious when 'Diamond Lil' was playing on Broadway. I went to see it one evening with some other psycholo-

"I'm No Angel," Mae cries in her new picture. And we don't object. Since "She Done Him Wrong" came hip-swinging along we like our Mae a bit, well—naughty, and never an angel...
Sylvia gave ZaSu

Again Sylvia, America's foremost physical culturalist and masseuse, tells how she aided a star to regain appearance and health — and shows how anyone can use the same treatments right at home.

Better than that, Photograph Magazine has arranged to have Sylvia answer all personal questions asked, without charge. On page 84 you'll find many of her answers and how to obtain her assistance. Turn there now to see what valuable help you can have — and read Sylvia's articles every month to know how various troubles may be overcome and one may always be at her best.

The maid opened the door and silently pointed up the stairs to a bedroom. When I knocked ZaSu called, "Come in." In I went, and received one of the greatest shocks of my life.

I would have thought that ZaSu Pitts would have a severe, plain bedroom. Well, not on your life! Such taffeta ruffles, such big taffeta pillows, such lacy chiffon longies, such frills and furbelows, I've never seen. The bedrooms of Gloria Swanson, Connie Bennett, and Alice White, all rolled into one, had nothing on ZaSu's.

I ploughed my way through all the taffeta and tried to find some place to put my coat and beret. But every chair was full of little boy's clothes. ZaSu apparently had just been buying out the stores for the boy.

In the middle of the big bed was ZaSu herself, waving those beautiful hands in a helpless gesture. She looked about as big as a minute in that huge bed. Her face was troubled. "Oh, dear," she said in a plaintive tone, "I don't know where you're to put your things."

"Listen, baby, don't worry," I said as I threw my coat and hat on the floor. "Don't worry about anything!" For I just needed one look at her to see she was the world's champion worrier. And that, I knew, was what kept her so thin.

I made her get out of bed then and walk up and down the floor in front of me. Right away she started clowning, stumbling over the pillows and imitating a vampish walk.

"Listen," I said to her, "save those laughs. I can pay for them.

Another of Sylvia's "Help Yourself" stories, based on her work for famous stars

And don't miss Sylvia's personal answers to girls, on page 84!

Who could fail to see what ZaSu does to herself when she gets to worrying? That's why she was worn to a shadow when she called on Sylvia for help. (Inset, Sylvia)
Pitts Renewed Beauty

when I see you on the screen. Anyhow, I know why you're clowning. You don't think you're as good looking as some of the stars I treat. You're embarrassed. Well, get that out of your head.

"You're okay and some of those babies I slap around aren't a bit better looking than you without their war paint. Get that old inferiority complex right out of your head. Make the most of your assets. Stop making yourself ridiculous except when you're paid to do it!"

And that advice goes for all of you girls who think you're plain and not so pretty as other girls you know. Beauty is a state of mind. You're beautiful if you think you are, and if you'll work hard to be beautiful. And don't ever forget it.

ZASU was quite thin. She needed to put on weight on her chest, arms, face and neck. But she needed to take weight off her abdomen. Like a lot of thin girls she had a little pouch right in front and that, I saw the minute she walked, was because the stomach muscles were weak. She was very run down, too, and simply couldn't hold her shoulders up until she had more strength.

I treated her and got her nerves all relaxed, when suddenly Tom Gallery burst into the room and said, "There's a bunch of fighters downstairs and I don't want to see them." Then he ran into the other room.

Tom at the time was promoting fights. Without a word ZaSu rang for the maid, jumped into her clothes, and told the girl to bring the fighters up.

"You can't do this, ZaSu," I said. "You'll get yourself all nervous again."

"I've got to," she answered, just as the door opened and I found myself knee-deep in cauliflower ears. All those fighters were mad, too, about something; but I've never seen anyone manage a situation as well as ZaSu did that. She

knows a lot about psychology and in about two minutes they were calmed down and she had persuaded Tom to see them and everything was okay. But in doing this she had used up all her energy and had undone all the things I had done for her.

"I promise you," she said when they had left, "that this won't happen again."

So she got undressed once more and I gave her some soothing exercises. But that stuff about its not happening again was a fib. An hour later I left her. She was looking like a rosy baby and all relaxed and wonderful. But just as I got down to the living-room there were a lot of people who had dropped in to see the new house and were all for going up to see ZaSu and have some fun.

"Nothing doing," I said. "She's going to sleep now."

But while I was saying it, ZaSu was already out of bed and on her way down.

I gave her a dirty look and she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]
E

VERY hair of your London correspondent's head is standing straight on end! Inwardly I'm quaking faster than ever I did in a Hollywood temblor!

Did I say something last month about the sweet serenity, and the peaceful quiet of my dear old London? I take it back! The place is a bedlam! A hurricane has hit this ancient city. A volcano is erupting fiercely.

In other words, Charles Bickford is in our midst!

I've known his tousled brick-red hair ever since he first appeared in Hollywood, and he's never failed to shock me with his violent diatribes against everything and everybody connected with motion pictures. But nothing he ever said to me—nothing that he ever did—faintly compares with the interview which I've just had with him.

I repeat, I'm still all a-tremble!

For Charlie Bickford swears he put Cecil B. DeMille in his place!

I'm amazed—after that—that there is a Hollywood. How could such a thing have happened without the heavens falling?

"De Mille got me into the picture," he began, "by telling me he had a part made to order for me. And De Mille's enthusiasm fooled me. Made me almost enthusiastic over this part in 'This Day and Age.'"

"All right. I agree to play the part—and I give it all I've got. I battle him plenty—naturally. And I get my own way once or twice. But in spite of all that, I figure the picture won't do me any harm. In spite of everything, I'm satisfied the part is fat enough for me to score in it."

"Then comes the preview of 'This Day and Age!' When I see it, I see red! What De Mille had done to me was murder! He'd just cut me right out of the picture, that's all!"

"I told him he could take his part in 'Four Frightened People' and do what he liked with it. I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole."

When he finishes with his visit to Russia (where he hopes to make a film) Bickford plans to return to Hollywood and tie up with Irving Thalberg under a personal contract. This will take him back to the M-G-M lot where he worked the first few years he was in Hollywood—only to quit after a rip snorting fight with his bosses.

But is Hollywood big enough to hold this lambaster of lions—and C. B. De Mille?

INCIDENTALLY, Bickford's coming here to play the lead in "The Red Wagon," a British International picture, adds another name to the long list of Hollywood players who have worked in English studios during the past year.

Since Gloria Swanson and Esther Ralston headed the march just over a year ago, more than twenty American actors and actresses have worked in film studios in England. And present indications are that the trek from Hollywood will continue indefinitely.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., while working on his new Russian court film, is very much in evidence these nights at all the smart gathering places, and continually is the attentive escort of Gertrude Lawrence who, several years ago, was the stage partner of Beatrice Lillie in vaudeville.

I saw them together the other night at the opening of Jack Buchanan's new film, "That's A Good Girl." (Buchanan is not only the star and director of this musical comedy picture, but he is also the owner of the Leicester Square theater where it is being shown.) As they chatted together before the lights were lowered, it was abundantly evident that they're that way about each other.
WHAT do you suppose it is that’s drawing such a fascinated stare from Joe E. Brown, perched so un-nautically on a ladder? Maybe it's Thelma Todd, high-jinxing on the set. She’s helping in the fun-making for Joe’s new one, “Son of a Sailor.” Or perhaps Joe is working up a mood for a high time ashore, when the director calls him
WHEN an intense personality and an earnest young man feel a touch of the divine fire, you may expect to see the confession made as above. Gary Cooper and Miriam Hopkins are telling how they feel in "Design for Living," with Miriam taut in every fiber and Gary taking it seriously.

COMPLEX personalities and a complex emotion. Ann Harding and Nils Asther are very much in love, in this scene from "Right to Romance." But a haunting sadness permeates their love—something that keeps them from letting elemental fires blaze high. No other two actors on the silver screen today could show such a state of mixed feelings to more charming advantage.

No doubt about the fire in the souls of these two at the left! The whole world has been interested in Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone—and here they are, in a scene from "Dancing Lady" that's a marvelous study in what fiery passion will do to highly sensitive, highly intelligent, highly attractive people. We can expect the screens to sizzle when these two get into action.
OLD, OLD STORY

WELL, well! Here's torridity for you, from "Bombshell"—and it's being provided by a couple who can turn it on like a light! None of us need to be told how Jean Harlow can flame with love when she wants to—and as for Lee Tracy, we know his whirlwind personality, too.

DIRECT and simple, with no camouflage—that's the way Maurice Chevalier acts! "A leetle kiss, now"—and the ladies find it mighty hard to resist the request, when backed by the winning Chevalier smile. Certainly Ann Dvorak's not going to, in the scene above from "The Way to Love." But she's going to try one artful trick. A little teasing, you know—"get it if you can!"

NOW, to end on a truly artistic note, we have the supremely artistic, the Continental style of revealing the grand passion. It's Gilbert Roland, using every tender nuance known to the European gentleman, while Connie Bennett—well, one would say she knew every detail of the art, too. Of course, that's her job in this film of war intrigue; it's "After Tonight"
"THE calm before the storm!" Chester Morris, Helen Twelvetrees, John Miljan, at the back, and director Kurt Neumann with the script, are friendly enough here—but there'll be plenty of excitement in a moment. This is the last "talk it over" session before they all go to it in a big scene for the prizefight film, "King for a Night"
Is another civil war brewing in Hollywood?
Will Mae West and Marlene Dietrich square off for a bitter battle of the "sexies" to determine just who is queen at Paramount? Will one of Hollywood's lots again prove too small to house two outstanding stars—this time the curvaceous Mae and the orchidaceous Marlene? Will the classic conflict of Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri, Hollywood's most famous intramural struggle, which rocked Paramount to its very foundations a decade ago, be re-enacted with Mae and Marlene opposed in the up-to-date warrior roles?

Questions, questions, questions! Conjecture, speculation, consternation! How the tongues do wag as the instinct for gossip, in the world's most gossipy town, scents as thrilling a topic as this!

What started all the buzz-buzz and excitement? Just six little words, that's all.
But what pithy words, in a statement attributed to Marlene—and maintained by her to be a misquotation—which were printed in New York newspapers and flashed all over the world, when the exotic Dietrich arrived back in the United States from her vacation in Europe. Probably you read them:
"I never heard of Mae West!"
She denied saying it. But, of course, it was too much of a "natural" for a gossip to overlook. Who else had threatened, and indeed usurped, Dietrich's supremacy at Paramount but Mae West? Who had more reason to be cattily jealous of Mae than Marlene Dietrich?

"I never heard of Mae West!"—in those six little words Hollywood was sure it heard the tocsins of a coming Hollywood war, started, as many wars are started, by a loosened pebble gaining speed until it becomes an inexorable avalanche!

The pebble Hollywood identified as the natural rivalry of Marlene and Mae for the queen-star's throne at Paramount. And the avalanche—
Here's the situation, as Hollywood adds it up, at this writing:
Marlene denied the quotation in New York, but she waited until her arrival in Hollywood to explain it fully. During that touchy time, Mae scoffed at the whole matter. Said she:
"Miss Dietrich is too intelligent to show any jealousy toward me, even if she felt it—and I know she doesn't. We aren't at all alike on the screen.
"She used to come into my dressing-room and tell me how she and her daughter, Maria, played my songs at home. She said it for publicity? Nonsense—to show jealousy of an actress on the same lot would not be good publicity!" Mae dismissed the thought. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]
When Kate says "no" she usually means it, but this time she changed her "no" to "yes" because the big bad wolf of a sleuthing photographer snapped her picture. Then Hepburn decided she'd better pose for a few shots while watching tennis matches!

IT has been observed by so many that there must be some foundation for it—the cooling off between Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. Whether the arrival of Judith Wood (or Helen Johnson, as she is also known) Franchot's former heartthrob, from New York, has anything to do with it, we are not sure at the moment. But one thing is absolutely certain—Joan would never go shares with any other girl alive, and you can bet your last dollar on that!

FLASHES of temperament:
Dorothy Wick fought with her hairdresser—haidresser walked out on her.
Anna Sten quarreled with Betty Hill, her script girl.
Sally Eilers walked out on her part in "Sally and Jimmy" with the result that her salary was suspended.
Chara Bow requested that the cast not working in scene with her in "Hoopla" leave the set while she emoted in a dramatic scene.
Judith Allen squabbled with Paramount because she was cast for a Western.
And Jetta Goudal comes back.

It was during a discussion of the best places to get away from it all that Neil Hamilton came out with the shockingly honest remark.
"The only place I know," said Neil, "where I can really get away from it all is in the bathroom!"

IS Max Baer doing a Step'n Fetchit? You will remember the famous colored boy who made an overnight hit in the movies and spent a fortune on automobiles and then went the way of all (Hollywood) flesh.
Anyway, Max has invested $17,000 of the money he made from his picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady," in a magnificent automobile and his wife has sued him for divorce. Meantime, Max is the bright candle in the lives of Hollywood's feminine moths.

A COUPLE of the boys over in the library at M-G-M have a most interesting time watching Garbo. She emerges from her very closed set, and strides up and down in a restricted area where there is little or no traffic, and studies her lines. A technician happened to walk into this hallowed territory, and was so startled he stepped in his tracks and stared. Garbo halted long enough to deliver a few timely remarks about 'rudeness,' then fled. She reported it to the head office, we understand. Hence her two daily observers are very cautious. One remarks, "She's the best looking thing in pants I ever saw. If all the girls who tried to wear 'em looked half that well, I'd vote for 'em!"

Do you suppose Douglas planned to come back, when he left Pickfair? Or does he have so many clothes he just doesn't need all
The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

Polly wants a wise-cracker; and who pops up but that goofy Ed Wynn to supply the laughs for Madame Moran. With her giggle and his gags the Beverly Wilshire was panicked at their opening party to other night.

AND one of the secrets of Mac Murray's perpetually youthful figure, we hear through our "underground channels," is the fact that she takes her morning and evening dip with large chunks of ice in the bath-tub. Can she take it?

SKIRTS may be long these days but the trend of the screen seems to be to legs. Maybe the musicals are responsible for it. At any rate, Joan Crawford appears in daringly scanty attire in "Dancing Lady" and the advance shots from Clara Bow's "Hoopla" show her entire figure alluringly revealed. And it looks as though Sally Rand, famous fan dancer, may still have more rivals in Hollywood.

Norma knows her fashions as well as her drama, as you can see. She wore this smart outfit to the Pacific Southwest tennis matches. Florence Eldridge (Freddie March's wife) sat directly behind Miss Shearer, keeping close account of each point scored.

YOU can't down Marie Dressler. After her collapse at a banquet in New York, she quickly rallied after a few days of rest, wholly able to face more dinners and more speech-making. When she made "The Late Christopher Bean," she had just recovered from a trip to the hospital and surprised all by the vitality she showed on the set.

Apparently the making of motion pictures is a terrific strain. Many a stage actor goes into his sixties hale and hearty, while Hollywood takes much out of the most rugged physiques.

WHEN these lines come under your eye, Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller should have been honeymooning for many a day. In October they took out a license to wed at Las Vegas, Nevada. The license was issued at 4:45 in the morning. Evidently Johnny and Lupe believe in getting an early start.

Incidentally, this impetuosity was equalled by Jean Harlow and hubby Hal Rosson, when they were married at Yuma, Arizona, at 4:00 A.M. But, then, the sun rises early in the Southwest.

WALLY BEERY and a crony were discussing a local prize-fighter. "He has a face," described Wally, "that only a mother, or a vegetarian, could love."
MAE WEST is going in for black velvet in a large way. Wears practically nothing else, and at the studio—not in a scene, just a-visitin’ around—she was something in a closely-moulded black velvet gown with large white faille bow, and a black velvet picture hat.

HARVEY STEPHENS, the new leading man out at Fox, had lots of stage experience, but the ways of pictures were new and amazing to him. He went home and regaled his wife with this one.

"Why, do you know dear, out here they are so considerate of their stars they even have step-ins for them!"

And you can imagine Mrs. Stephens' bewilderment, until she discovered that he meant stand-ins.

REMEMBER when Connie Bennett's $30,000 a week stipend caused all the gasps of amazement? Well, John Barrymore is said to equal her record with no less than $60,000 for his part in "Counsellor-at-Law," which he is making at Universal on loan out from M-G-M. John draws the check for fourteen days' work, which is $40,000 a week, and around $4,300 a day.

LOUIS B. MAYER is very popular with at least one young couple in Hollywood at the moment. He gave the new Mrs. Hal Rosson and her husband a honeymoon trip to Honolulu for a wedding present, and sent another photographer down in Mexico to shoot "Viva Villa," so that Jean and Hal could be together. But Jean spent her "holiday" in the hospital instead, with an operation for appendicitis.

PICKEAR is a quiet, lonely place these days. The play-room, which Mary had built for Doug shortly before their separation, is dim and cold, in spite of the warm-looking little pot-bellied stove, resurrected from some old gold-mining-town barroom, standing in the corner.

The old authentic mahogany bar, which was found after several months' search through the old gold-mining deserted villages, stands deserted again—with the neatly piled polished glasses all in a row, quite empty of cheer. The gaming table, from Phil May's famous Reno place, stands ready—with no takers. The game-room was so completely Doug's that it now seems almost out of place in the beautiful middle-Empire house.

Doug's former room, upstairs, has been rearranged as a sitting-room and study for Gwynne, Mary's adopted daughter, with a beautiful new grand piano in one corner. Gwynne is an accomplished pianist.

A fact which you may not know, is that Mary is an ardent student of the piano, practices at least an hour each day, and plays beautifully.
in the attire of the two except that Marlene's hair was noticeably shorter than Von's.

And Josef, for the first time, makes the astonishing (for him) admission that there is a positive charm in making pictures. Is it possible that the Rouben Mamoulian interlude has had some slight change on Von's attitude?

An emerald cut solitaire on Frances Dee's left hand at last! Joel McCrea, gave it to her just before she left on location for West Virginia. So, at last, Hollywood's youngest and most desirable bachelor has surrendered. Perhaps Joel learned some of the fine points of courting while squiring Constance Bennett around.

The cash luncheon customers at the M-G-M commissary were treated to the strange sight of a kicking, squirming Jimmy Durante being lifted bodily out of his seat and carried high in the air over Max Baer's head, for an ignominious bum's rush.

"Sticking his nose into the prize-fighting business," Max explained, grinning.

On the day Judith Allen went down to her lawyer's office to draw up final divorce papers from her wrestling husband, Gus Sonnenberg, she came home to find her house robbed—completely cleaned of all personal possessions, clothes, jewelry—everything she owned. The only dress left was the one she was wearing.

"I didn't mind losing a husband so much today," wailed Judith, "but I didn't count on losing all my clothes, too."

[Please turn to page 86]

Hoop-la! Over they go for honors as high jumpers as well as movie stars. Just one of the ways those Hollywood heroes keep their waistlines down; Lew Ayres leading, with Johnny Mack Brown and Billy Bakewell in close pursuit on the tennis court at Low's place.

If these set casualties keep on, every star in Hollywood will be limping around on crutches. First Clara Bow ran into a mob fight and took one on the jaw for a clean knockout in "Hoopla"; then Gloria Stuart, wearing a hoop skirt in "Beloved," sat down too fast and suffered a bloody nose from an ascending hoop; and then Andy Devine, playing a Western comedy role in "Horse Play," dropped his sixgun and broke his toe!

Despite the trunk loads of magnificent feminine attire Dietrich brought back from Europe, she seems to be unable to resist the lure of pants. Dining with Director Josef Von Sternberg recently, there was little difference

Five "babies" call on Judge McComb to have under-age contracts signed: Lona Andre, Ida Lupino, Toby Wing, Grace Bradley and Baby LeRoy
DON'T blame it on King Kong! The fault is Adrienne Ames!
How do I know? Bruce Cabot told me so! And take it from your favorite key hole expert, the facts are plenty amazing!
Up to three months ago, the theme song of Bruce Cabot's very existence was a bold, carefree life. Now, however, he seems to have gone as meek and mild as Mary's Little Powell; demure like a boarding school girl of the nineties! No more does he flatten guys in the street when he objects to the tone of their voices!
Boy, oh boy! What a lamb! Fleece and all.
The pay-off came a little while ago. He dropped into my apart-

Three WAS A Crowd!

Just as folks thought, Adrienne Ames couldn't go places with Bruce Cabot and hubby too for the change. The gentleman I had in mind being Kong, the gorilla; the lady, Adrienne Ames. Perhaps, I reflected, through proximity to the gigantic Kong, Bruce somehow achieved a certain insight into the smallness of the human race, and as a result began to yearn for the big things in life, and to go philosophical on us.
But Bruce scoffed at the idea. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]
ISN'T life being grand these days to Sally Eilers, with a trip to Europe, a vacation in Yosemite National Park, and a nice new husband! Now she's working with George O'Brien in "Heir to the Hoorah." See what fun it's been, judging from Sally's golf at Yosemite.
Hollywood Good Fun

If you're thinking of coming to Hollywood (and don't tell me with that impulsive nature you aren't at least thinking of it), there's one thing you must learn right off the bat.

And that's how not to behave. In no place else in all the world (I looked it up in Flossy Big Star's three book library) is etiquette as quaint and colorful and slightly on the exotic side as in Hollywood. One can travel in almost any part of the globe and behave according to Emily Post and get by. But in Hollywood! I'm "leffing." Here, etiquette is based entirely on Emily Post-Mortems and nothing has ever equaled it since the Rise and Fall of De Mille's Roman Empire. With leopards.

First, let's take the parties. And don't worry. You'll take them. And even after the second black eye, you'll like them in a confused sort of way.

To begin with, Hollywood parties should be divided into three classes. As a matter of fact, they should be divided into small pieces and buried under a spreading chestnut tree somewhere. But, of course, with the way things are all over the country, they probably won't be. So let's get down to our classifications. There are, as I said, three kinds of parties in Hollywood.

a. Those that usually end in rows. (Rhymed with cows.)
b. Those that sometimes end in hospitals.
c. Those that certainly end in a cute and cozy combination of Miss "A" and Miss "B" plus jails.

The latter are much the most popular type of formal entertainment in Hollywood today. Knowing saves a lot of bickering about where to go after the party. Knowing very definitely where he's headed, the guest can settle down to his fantastic misbehavior with a terribly free mind.

The only drawback, however, to that ending type of entertainment was the matter of bail—and who was to furnish it. The guest or the host. However, the matter has been completely ironed out by merely having beautifully engraved (they do things right, mind you) announcements sent out before each party which read, "Bail Furnished" or "We furnish the bail, you furnish the bail."

Sometimes it's the host who ends happily in the hoosegow, as witness the famous star, whom we shan't name for the same reason Garbo won't kiss—because now he has a wife and kiddies—who, tiring of his own party, rode lickety-split to the local pen and demanded either he or his guests go to jail. He won. And two days later stole back to the party, still going on, mind you, to discover no one knew he'd even been gone, as they'd had only a vague idea he'd been there in the first place. (Mama, that man's here again.)

In normal places, it's the guests who always, sooner or later, leave the party. In Hollywood, as often as not, it's the host who, tiring of it all, walks out on the sounds of revelry by night. For instance, there's that well-known comedian who, upon tiring of his own festivities, forgot he was the host, and after telling one and all it was the loudest party he'd ever attended in all his befuddled life, calmly walked out his own front door on his way home.

"Go way, go way," he motioned. "I should never have started on this voyage in the first place."
You don’t have to believe all you read here, but you’ll get a laugh, anyway

By Sara Hamilton

And there’s that lovely, luscious hostess who, upon discovering several of her men guests had left the party for the prize-fights, simply walked off to bed after telling the remainder of the guests that of all the parties she had ever attended in her life, this was the worst. Naturally, the guests were conscience-stricken and promised the hostess they would do nobler things towards contributing to the hostess’ enjoyment the next time she gave a party.

But first, perhaps, I should warn you of a remarkable little custom prevalent among Hollywoodians. I could, of course, warn you of several little Hollywood customs that would send you screaming up and down fire escapes, but this one concerns our little parties. It’s the matter of invitations. In certain parts of America, it’s the custom, I think, to send invitations to those whom one wishes to attend one’s party. But in Hollywood, it’s different. Invitations are sent only to those whom the host and hostess hope to heaven will not attend. The others come anyhow. In droves, usually. And

(Please turn to page 92)
The call of the wild and of his youth has Gary now. High hats, fancy drawing-rooms, are "out" as he revels, every off moment, in ranch life.
Lone Cowboy

They tried to ride herd on Gary Cooper.
And they failed.
For more than a year and a half the Hollywood socialites thought they had him thrown, tied—and branded "society man." Big chief on the colony's stag line.
Then, quietly, gently, he slipped the ropes.
Maybe it was that accidental detour that did it. Gary was driving his car, the "Yellow Peril," and he turned off on the wrong street, a funny little side street with devious twists, as far removed from fashionable filmdom as a back alley. But over one of the shops he spied a sign. The cut-out of a horse's head with the single word written across it—"Saddlery." Abruptly he pulled up the "Peril." It had been years since Gary had seen such a place.
Inside, a lanky fellow two inches taller than himself was stretching leather. You could fairly feel the tang of the wide open ranges in that shop of Jeff Davis'. He had six teeth in his head, did Jeff, and he was chewing a cigar. Now he looked up and spat judiciously. Hello, Gary. Sit yourself.
No introductions needed. No effusive welcome. Just the simple friendly manner of the West. And suddenly Gary was at home.
He stayed two hours that first visit. Sometimes they didn't bother to talk. And an old dream of the Montana lad's began to take definite shape. The next day he was back. "I've been thinking, Jeff, I ought to have a saddle.
I drew a design of one last night."
What he didn't tell the old cow-hand was that he'd been thinking that same thing since he was eight. Never had had a saddle of his own. The one in his mind's eye was carved—so—and had silver studs along the pommel quarter-strap.
"Where's Coop hiding out these days?" "What has become of Gary?"
The Cocoanut Grove might have developed into a wilted forest for all of him. The maitre d'hôtel at the Vendome waited in vain. There was no Cooper party to escort to a prominent table. The gentleman from the plains had disappeared.

No one, you see, knew about that back street where he turned in night after night. "How's it going, Jeff? Think we ought to slope it more here?" There was a surprising look in his eyes. The eager, anticipatory gleam of a twelve-year-old. He picked up bits of leather. Began to work with them as he'd been taught to do around long dead camp fires. While Jeff made the saddle, Gary wove strips of soft leather through the thicker pieces. Under those long intent fingers a case for his field glasses evolved—and a watch case.
Something that had been stifled in him was released. It was as if he had found the prairie again after protracted drawing-room sessions.
And then, one blantly brilliant afternoon, Jeff called him at the studio. Gary is always the most tender conversationalist over the telephone. He goes in for all those nice, lingering vowel sounds like "ha" and [please turn to page 105].

By Frances Kellum

While Hollywood hostesses moan, Gary and Winnie, the mare, are all for the open. Henry, the cook, is passing Gary a 'handout'.
Select Your Pictures and You Won’t

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII—London Film—United Artists

If you’ve acquired the notion that England just can’t produce good pictures, forget it right now. Here is a true masterpiece, directed by Alexander Korda with rare skill and with superb photography. Wait till you see the royal kitchen, the banquets, and the hawking episode!

And then, Charles Laughton as Henry! He is, as the real Henry was; blustering, cruel, sensual; but Laughton works in his own inimitable humor in a way that’s positively delicious. Compared with the sunburst of this performance, his Nero, in “The Sign of the Cross,” was just candelight.

Henry’s love affairs being what they were, there is no breathless romance, and history would hardly recognize the Henry portrayed—but these are not to be taken as objections. It is a great, strong picture.

I’M NO ANGEL—Paramount

Those who like Mae West will have their fill here! She’s all over the picture, with curves, wisecracks, and some of the most daring action yet filmed.

This time Mae West is Fire, the carnival dancer and lion-tamer who gets into the big show and the hearts of Park Avenue millionaires with equal ease. Cary Grant is the particular victim, who turns out to be not such a victim, after all—for if Mae gets him, he gets her too, and how! The cast is good throughout, but you’ll be watching Mae.

Unlike “She Done Him Wrong,” where delightful flashes of naughtiness peeped from the story, this has flashes of story peeping from the naughtiness. That doesn’t make it so good as drama; but who cares about that in a Mae West show?

BOMBSHELL—M-G-M

Boys and girls, grand-daddies, everybody—here is the picture about Hollywood you have been waiting for all your lives! It seems an understatement to say that this is one of the fastest and funniest Hollywood pictures ever made. It’s really something to run a temperature over.

Jean Harlow gets the break she deserves—and does she give it the works! She plays a movie star, a really nice person, who is ballyhooed into the “It, Has, and Whereas” girl, the “Bombshell” by no less a fast worker than Lee Tracy—and he gives the role everything he has, which is plenty.

The story itself is a “natural,” because in addition to all his press-agenting stunts, Lee is all for Jean herself. You can imagine what tangles result from that—especially when a marquis enters the situation! Lee uses the marquis to produce headlines; then has his troubles holding his own with Jean. So if you’ll take our word that Jean gets every last shred of comedy out of these situations that Lee creates you’ll understand why the hard-boiled preview audience was screaming.

Frank Morgan and Ted Healy, as papa and “Junior,” Franchot Tone as a phony Boston “high hat,” and Pat O’Brien are great and the lines are gorgeous. And the least Jean Harlow could do for Hal Rosson was to marry him, after that superb photography.
The Best Pictures of the Month

BOMBSHELL
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII
I'M NO ANGEL
MY WEAKNESS
FOOTLIGHT PARADE
THE WORLD CHANGES

The Best Performances of the Month

Jean Harlow in "Bombshell"
Lee Tracy in "Bombshell"
Wallace Beery in "The Bowery"
George Raft in "The Bowery"
Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry VIII"
Mac West in "I'm No Angel"
James Cagney in "Footlight Parade"
Charles Butterworth in "My Weakness"
Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness"
Irene Dunne in "Ann Vickers"
Paul Muni in "The World Changes"
Aline MacMahon in "The World Changes"
Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones"
Alice Brady in "Stage Mother"

Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 111

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

THE BOWERY—20th Century-United Artists

Here it is—the peer of all the "Gay Nineties"—Bowery pictures! Fairly reeking with authentic rowdy, hurdy-gurdy atmosphere, and crammed with historic incident to polish off a plot crammed with suspense, robust humor and touching pathos. A grand evening of fun for anybody.

Wallace Beery as Chuck Conners and George Raft as Steve Brodie, who couldn't refuse a dare, battle for the control of the Bowery, the affections of Fay Wray, and the loyalty of waif Jackie Cooper. And how they battle!

The glamorous past of the Bowery is woven in with John L. Sullivan's supremacy in the ring, Carrie Nation's hatchet temperance campaign, and the story is climaxed with Steve Brodie's storied leap from Brooklyn Bridge.

The colorful costumes, music and slang of the era are faithfully presented.

Wally is superb, and George Raft has by far his best part yet as the reckless daredevil and woman-killer. Jackie Cooper, a little grown-up since "The Champ," nevertheless will play on your heart-strings. Fay Wray is lovely, and Pert Kelton handles her burlesque soubrette role with plenty of sparkle and "it." Clear down on the line, every character, every bit, rings true.

Its almost epic quality and its frequent high spots will make this one talked about for a long, long time. If you miss it, you'll be sorry!

FOOTLIGHT PARADE—Warner

Wrap all the stars and color of previous Warner musicals together—and you have the recipe for this one. Jimmy's a producer of movie stage prologues, turning them out wholesale for the country. Some time is lost on plot complications and "backstage" atmosphere at the start—but be patient! It gets going, and when it does, the specialty numbers will take your breath. Some will call the water scene the most gorgeous they've seen in films.

You'll miss the heart appeal of the earlier Warner musicals, since Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell just pop in and out of the story; but with Joan Blondell, Frank McHugh, and Gay Kibbee in top form, there's plenty of interest. You'll be delighted with Jimmy. The lad's a real hoofer.

MY WEAKNESS—Fox

Introducing the petite English star, Lilian Harvey, and how—with the aid of Charles Butterworth, whose riotous comedy gives Lilian exactly the setting she needs!

The story is fantastically done, as though fairy-story people were telling it, and Harry Langdon, the oddest Cupid you ever saw, acting as master of ceremonies. It seems that crusty uncle Henry Travers cuts off the income of playboy Lew Ayres, and Lew, while trying to argue uncle out of a romance, says he could palm off any hillbilly girl on a rich man, he knows women's wiles so well.

Uncle says it's a bet—and to use Lilian, a Cinderella-like maid in a hotel. From then on the show's a barrel of fun, with uncle's sappy son (Charles Butterworth) the center of the fireworks.
HERE Irene Dunne is a social worker who loves but doesn’t care about marriage; so her life is one trouble after another. Bruce Cabot starts the irregularities, and Walter Huston, as a corrupt judge sent to prison, ends them on a happy note. In between, Irene, as Ann Vickers, has many ups and downs, including loss of her job when her conduct becomes known. The acting is a delight; but it’s slow.

THE WAY TO LOVE—Paramount

YOU’LL see a different Chevalier here! He’s the happy-go-lucky assistant to Edward Everett Horton, who straightens out “heart problems,” and he wants to be a Paris guide. When he rescues gypsy Ann Dvorak from a carnival and installs her in his roof-top home, the fun begins—and there’s plenty of it. It’s a thoroughly enjoyable show, in spite of some technical defects; and Mutt, the dog, is fine.

THE EMPEROR JONES—United Artists

THE great Negro singer, Paul Robeson, repeats his famous stage performance about a hot-tempered Pullman porter who’s out to make good for himself, and does so as emperor of a Negro country. There’s no romance—just the story of an over-cocky man who meets his death in the jungle at last, haunted by creepy voodoo drums—but it’s a delight to all lovers of superb acting. Almost an all-Negro cast that’s good.

THE WORLD CHANGES—First National

ATYPICAL American life story, superbly done by Paul Muni, from a beginning in the Dakota wheat fields, to a tragic finale in a Wall Street market crash. In addition to Paul’s great work, fine performances are contributed by Aline MacMahon as his mother, and Mary Astor as his wife. The others are good, too, and it’s a gripping, true-to-life story throughout.

ESKIMO—M-G-M

W.S.VAN DYKE spent more than a year in the Arctic getting this saga of Eskimo life, and the result proves well worth the effort. Native actors, speaking Eskimo, enact a stirring tale of conflict with the white man’s law, enforced by the mounted police. The hunting scenes and a chase through an ice field alone are worth an evening of time. English captions translate the Eskimo speech.

MAN’S CASTLE—Columbia

"BUNDLE STIFF" Spencer Tracy gives stranded Loretta Young shelter in a vagabond’s shack under Brooklyn Bridge—and then finds himself torn between love of the road and love of Loretta. Frank Borzage’s deft direction gets both delightful humor and stirring pathos from this situation, which ends happily with a "blessed event." Marjorie Rambeau, Glenda Farrell, Walter Connolly and Arthur Hohl are fine, too.
A GRANDLY done and exciting story about two brothers and wheat. Farmer Dick Arlen grows it; brother Chester Morris gets rich as Chicago Board of Trade broker. The crisis comes when Dick calls a strike, and Chester, rather than break the strike, bucks the market and goes broke himself. The trading scenes in the pit are new and thrilling, and the whole story is rich in human appeal.

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—RKO-Radio

CHARLIE FARRELL returns after his self-inflicted screen vacation in this first-rate comedy drama. It’s all about tough lady Wynne Gibson’s method of transforming up-state mama’s boy Charlie into a tough mug, and reversing the process on pugnacious Bill Gargan. Good situations in which Wynne, Charlie and Bill do themselves proud. ZaSu Pitts is also in top form. You’ll laugh and like it.

CHANCE AT HEAVEN—RKO-Radio

SUCH intrigue and counter intrigue! It just goes to prove that you can’t trust anyone when there’s a war around. Connie Bennett is at her best as the little Russian spy whose heart gives her away. It looks like Austrian officer Gilbert Roland is going to have to execute his sweetheart—but then—oh, it’s all too exciting to give away! If you aren’t strongly against war pictures, here’s a good one.

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—20th Century—United Artists

WALTER WINCHELL’S much-heralded screen peep behind Broadway’s bright lights provides an entertaining eyeful, even if the story drags a little. Racketeer Paul Kelly and crooner Russ Columbo both love Constance Cummings. Broadway night club entertainer. Yes, the crooner wins. But the biggest corsage of Mr. Winchell’s orchids goes to the dance numbers and the ditties sung by Russ and Frances Williams.

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Warners

IT’S a case of gas-station operator Joel McCrea overlooking the virtues of poor girl Ginger Rogers, who adores him, for the smiles of rich girl Marian Nixon (who never looked so pretty in her life). This sounds pretty much like formula; but the human quality of the Vina Delmar story, and appealing acting, make it a “virtue triumphant” story that you’ll love. Yes, virtue does triumph; Ginger gets Joel.

CRAKKING good mystery about the murder of a black-mailing playboy. George Brent, Eugene Pallette and Detective Headquarters suspect Margaret Lindsay, Dorothy Burgess, Robert Barrat, and practically everyone else, in a whirl involving Oriental rugs, rare firearms, butlers and brothers. It maintains bullet-like speed and suspense right to the end.

ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 90]
More than anyone else he deserves to be called Hollywood's perfect actor.

That does not exclude the other aces of the screen—the Barrymores, Huston, Laughton, Garbo, Harding, Shearer, Crawford or Hayes.

For years—eighteen, to be exact—he has maintained his perfection while traveling with the fastest acting company the screen has had to offer.

Not once has he missed. Not once has he failed to give not only a perfect, but a pluperfect, performance. Not once has anyone even faintly breathed the word "ham," or hinted the accusation of overacting.

No other screen artist approaches his record. None ever will. He has too much of a head start, and he doesn't fancy waiting for the crowd to catch up.

You know him; you acknowledge him—Hollywood's perennially perfect acting machine. The man who can do no wrong. The star who is not a star.

Lewis Stone.

Of him says Clarence Brown, who has directed practically every great star for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer: "To me, Lewis Stone is one hundred per cent."

Brown is a taciturn man, wary of rash statements. His compliments can safely be multiplied by ten. That's why his enthusiasm over the ability of Lewis Stone is all the more a professional tribute to one whom he knows, if anyone does, professionally.

The director continues, "He is the master motion picture technician today, as he was in the silent days. He can get more out of a glance, or a twist of his head, than many actors can with a whole bag full of dramatic gestures.

"He is always letting the audience know what he is thinking about. That is genuine art. Yet he retains his restraint better than any actor I have ever known. He is one player whom I would not hesitate to place with his back to the camera, because he can frequently get more out of a scene from the back of his neck than some actors can from a full face shot.

"As a director, I'll ask for nothing better than Lewis Stone." And that (to repeat) from Mr. Brown is certain to be no overstatement.

Eighteen years ago, Lewis Stone played his first part before the camera in "Honor's Altar" with Bessie Barris-

They Call Him "Perfect"

Here's the man behind more than 250 perfectly played screen roles. Lewis Stone has yet to "miss" in any film
cale. He was as competent then as he is today. Since that time, in over 250 outstanding screen roles, he constantly turned in what critics term a "flawless performance." Since that time, he has continually kept Hollywood's current stars off the historicite toes, by walking away with scenes and, frequently, whole pictures.

And yet, in all that time, Lewis Stone has never set about deliberately to "steal" a picture, or even a scene. He has simply made a serious business of his acting career, and gone about turning in his usual perfect job. He has planned every performance with the precision of an architect drafting a building plan, and has constructed his characters to millimetric accuracy.

There have never been any "upstage" tricks to Lewis Stone's performances. Can you remember Theodore Roberts' tilted cigar, George Raft's cocking eye and shuffling feet, Raymond Hatton's swaying stance and pulled-down mouth, Tully Marshall's squinting glance or Theodore Kosloff's flicking handkerchief? These were deliberate scene-stealing maneuvers.

Lewis Stone has none. He has never needed them. Possessing a "stage presence" consciously and deliberately developed to grace the features God gave him, he has always dominated through the sincerity and genuineness of his characterization, through the perfection of his acting technique—not showmanship.

Call him the "key" Stone of a picture instead of a star, and you will approximate Lewis Stone's importance to every drama in which he plays.

"Grand Hotel" tossed the critics into a sustained squabbleable about the relative superiority of Garbo and Crawford; they differed about Barrymore's Kringelein; but about Lewis Stone all chorused in essence, "his characterization left nothing to be desired."

All Hollywood hails Lewis Stone as the most finished artist there is in pictures

By Kirtley Baskette

In this star-studded film, he had less than 200 feet of acting, and not over forty lines of dialogue. Yet he traveled through the picture fairly bumping into dramatic incidents; and he crystallized the theme of the play at the start and at the finish with his plain, "nothing ever happens in the Grand Hotel."

Going back to "The Trial of Mary Dugan," [please turn to page 95]
Hollywood Jottings

Wide black chiffon evening scarf tied in new way by Carole Lombard

*Mae West revives the picture hat and huge muff

*June Knight in silk scarf of Chinese colorings and Molinaire's suede belt with trick metal buckle

*June, again in rhinestone tongue clip and new shell earring

Two winter resort forecasts —

Carole Lombard with knotted white silk kerchief about neck

— Joan Crawford in short pajamas of blue linen with top and striped belt

*Chinese influence in plaid taffeta collar born by June Knight appearing in "Take a Chance"

*Sold by "Hollywood Fashion Stores"
IT'S a new idea in sleeve detail that Gwen Wakeling suggests for an ensemble worn by Constance Cummings in "Broadway Thru A Keyhole." On the coat, golden brown dyed mole epaulets have the puff at the top caught under, and the sleeves on the striped wool dress beneath have the same treatment. A small mole collar is the only other coat trimming—the dress has a trick belt.

SUEDE with wool is one of the nicest combinations this season. Royer has designed this charming outfit for Claire Trevor to wear in "The Mad Game." The dress is a hairy plaid wool in green and beige with collar and cuffs of green suede edged with ruffles of the wool. The trim sleeveless suede jacket fastens with brass buttons. A smart Tyrolean-like suede topper is a new head note.
Designers Put Clever Ideas Into Newest Screen Styles

-Seymour

Kalloe gives
the tunic dress a
stunning send-off in
this model de-
signed for Fay Wray
to wear in "Mas-
ter of Men." A
wide ruffled collar
of white bengaline
circles the neckline
and follows the
diagonal closing.
Wide belt of black
suede with jeweled
buckle of onyx and
crystal. The sleeve
fullness comes be-
low the shoulder.

You'll need
help to button
yourself into the
duplicate of this
green woolen
dress worn by
Dorothy Tree, for it
buttons down the
back! That's an
Ascot tie of leop-
ard with the collar
points pulled out
over it. Dorothy
wears it in "East of
Fifth Avenue."
Her hat has the
popular visor brim
with draped crown.
DOROTHY TREE has this perfect five 'til midnight frock in her personal wardrobe. At cocktail hour she wears it like a formal suit with the velvet jacket topping the dress. The white yoke of the jacket is also of velvet with clever tucks at the shoulders. Then later in the evening Dorothy removes the jacket and her small velvet hat—and lo, she is formally gowned! Note reversed sailor collar of satin with silver and black braid.

AT tea hour at home, in "Walls of Gold," Sally Eilers wears this garnet velvet gown with deep dolman sleeves in metallic fabric. It is a stunning costume design by Royer—the sleeves have a medieval look and the boyish collar of metal cloth is an amusing idea.
EMBROIDERED satin makes a youthful evening gown for Dorothy Tree to wear to an anniversary party in "East of Fifth Avenue." The high neckline in front dips to a deep "U" at the back. Soft bows of the satin make effective shoulder detailing. The bodice is cut high and the skirt fullness is concentrated smartly at back.

TRAVIS BANTON has brought a daytime fashion into the evening picture in this dress worn by Claudette Colbert in "Torch Singer." He uses a shirtwaist detail for the top, high in back with deep front decolletage. The whole gown and wide belt is in silver sequins, although we have copied it for you in metal striped crepe.
GAY, youthful clothes have been designed for Miriam Hopkins' role of Gilda in that sparkling comedy, "Design for Living." Travis Banton is responsible for the knowing details of this sheer gray-blue woolen. The collar is linen and the linen lacing passes through unusual square eyelets of silver. Three tiers of the fabric give a widened shoulder line. Very smart

STILL another Banton design for Miriam Hopkins in "Design for Living," is this trim daytime dress of beige wool. Aren't the collar and cuffs of starched linen a flattering detail? The wooden buttons are fastened to the dress but pull through the collar and are tied with soutache braid. The button detail is repeated on the belt, too.
WONDER what Richard Arlen is telling his dog Pete, that has Pete peering so intently from his perch on that waterside pile? Perhaps Dick's saying what a pleasure it is to rescue Judith Allen in the film we'll all be seeing soon—"Hell and High Water." Of course, if there's any big rescuing to be done, Pete is all attention
She wears orchids, this dainty miss from Iowa, but she played a mighty line Irish rose in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing." That's been Margaret Lindsay's way, though, during her year and a half in pictures, and they're keeping her exceedingly busy these days. We'll be seeing her soon in "The World Changes," and in several other stories, too.
When Connie was Down and Out

The strange story of the heartbreak that established Constance Cummings in pictures

By Rosalind Keating

It's the sort of thing one would never expect to happen, if we take the people concerned at the superficial appraisal Hollywood places on them. Here are the main characters in the episode:

Constance Cummings—the girl who flashed brilliantly to film fame while working with Walter Huston in "Criminal Code," and with Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy"—the girl who, after a session in British films and being married in London last summer, is expected to do fine things for the new Twentieth Century company.

Ronald Colman—the aloof, finished actor, who declines completely to "go Hollywood," but who exercises magic at the box-office. Colman, the quiet, reserved gentleman, who is the despair of gossip hounds; who walked out of Hollywood last spring, simply because he was fed up—and who may come back this winter.

Now hearken back to the buzz-buzz that went around Hollywood, about two weeks after Constance made her first attempt in pictures—playing opposite Ronald in "The Devil to Pay," a show which, in production, certainly lived up to its name.

Irving Cummings, the director, resigned. Parts were changed. Sam Goldwyn went into an earthquake each night when the rushes were shown. There was tension on all sides, though Colman was unvaryingly kind and pleasant to Miss Cummings, starting off with sending a large basket of flowers to her dressing-room the day the picture began.

Constance's clothes were wrong. They had been selected by the wife of a company executive, and they were not for her type.

Though no word of criticism had been spoken, Constance realized that things were not going well. Then, one day, when she was to rehearse her lines with David Torrence, she never got the call to come to the studio. When she went to inquire, the axe fell. She was out. She came home in a daze. She had failed.

And what a buzz!

"Ronald Colman was simply a devil. No leading lady could ever get along with him. " Vilma Banky had fought with him continually. " Lili Damita had had such an unpleasant time [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]"
Ladies LOVE Villains

So we present the smoothest of them all
—C. Henry Gordon

By Ruth Rankin

"Because he knows how to be mysterious, that's why. You would never catch that man telling a woman about any of his former flames!" She favored her husband, on the other side of me, with an enigmatic wifely glance. He promptly withered.

There was a handsome young leading man in that picture—there always is—but you couldn't help noticing how Gordon dominated every scene in which the two appeared.

You've probably noticed it frequently. C. Henry is the most consistent hard-working heavy in Hollywood. But I have yet to hear anyone, man or woman, say "Oh dear. That man again." He always leaves you wanting to see just a little bit more. And that, my friends, takes Art.

I did some more polite probing in the direction of my Pasadena companion. . . . "Well, if you must know," said she, with a dim, remote dream before her eyes, "he looks just like the first man I ever loved—the so-and-so!" she added, affectionately.

AND that is one of the explanations of C. Henry. Several other girls have, very surprisingly, confessed the very same thing. It would appear that Henry Gordon resembles the universal First Man—so-and-so's, every one of 'em, a fact always added with affection. He's the man they can't forget—and he's the man who always forgets!

Henry (strange how he can even make that homely name seem a trifle sinister) says, "Villains should be mysterious."

So the C. in front of his name is part of the mystery. He tells you so in a velvety, caressing baritone that is enough, alone, to make any girl curl all up inside—tingling, anticipating defeat—like an anchovy on a cracker.

Next time you see him on the screen, listen closely to that voice. He plays with it, experimenting on your emotions. It has identically the same quality as Jack Barrymore's, pitched a little lower. Henry knows all the possibilities of that voice—he has made it his slave. Just as he has the piano, which he plays divinely.

C. Henry has had a grand life. Never a dull moment. All you have to do is look at him to know that. What you might not sense immediately is a fabulous sense of humor, restrained and grand. It applies the finishing touch to his enchantment.

The real name is Henry Racke, the ancestry Bavarian. His grandfather was a violinist, his uncle, Charles (could that be where the "C." is derived?) Meyer was one of the first of the fine wig-makers in this country. His father was a wine merchant, who officially introduced a famous champagne to New York.

The young Henry went

[Please turn to page 100]
PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck

Gloria Stuart, in costume from "Roman Scandals," is shown with a flacon of that precious perfume about which Eddie Cantor and chorus sing "Keep Young and Beautiful." A perfume romantic, mysterious, unforgettable.

A Lipstick in three gorgeous shades, designed especially for evening and electric lights, pictured by Toby Wing. Evening lights have a definite effect on make-up, so study carefully evening shades of powder, rouge, lipstick.

Lona Andre, while on location for "Take a Chance," paused long enough to show us a few beauty tricks. Lona blends a light shade of cream rouge from that third finger almost to the eyelids and outward toward temples.

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month.
Presenting Eight Ideas On Lovely

**Here** is the surprise. Miss Teasdale says her coiffure goes north, east, south and west. And indeed it does, in a most charming and interesting manner. That lateral sweep is quite original and very smart.

**This** is the new “Teasdale Bob,” created by Verree Teasdale. The front view is very chic and gracious and the back is a big surprise. From a side part the hair is swept smoothly across the head and banked in soft curled rolls. A style that tends to slenderize the face and add height, and that flatters.

An attractive evening coiffure that will add at least an inch to the height of the small girl is illustrated by Mary Carlisle. Mary will wear this in “East of Fifth Avenue.”

Lyda Roberti shows you the way Hollywood stars use brilliantine to give their hair a glorious sheen and to accent its color. Always spray it on for rich lustre.
A STUDY in contrast. Dorothy Wilson, with her recently bobbed hair, looks quite different from the long-haired Dorothy at right. Perhaps a change in make-up plays a part, too. Which do you prefer?

JEAN PARKER is ready to immerse her hair for a thorough cleansing with a new soapless shampoo, fragrant with pine. It leaves hair clean, lustrous, soft, and rinses out easily.

LONA ANDRE shows the technique of beauty brushing. Separate hair into strands, brush up and away from scalp. Lona's new brush is designed to touch each single hair.

CHARMINGLY serious, intently alert, Dorothy Wilson presents an interesting character study in this pose. These two pictures are worth consideration from the girl confronted with the problem of to bob or not to bob. As a rule, long hair is more attractive on the young girl than on the older woman.
"I was cheating myself of loveliness till I learned about Sally Eilers' beauty soap" says Cynthia Wills, of New York

Now I'm using Lux Toilet Soap every single day and now my skin looks positively radiant.

Now, I've proved what a difference a nice complexion makes! I get compliments on my lovely skin all the time. Parties, telephone calls, dates galore! No more blues—now that I've found this wonderful complexion care!

"Nobody will ever know how I wanted to have beaux the way my sister did. So often I just sat home alone! Yet I knew my features were good."

9 out of 10 screen stars use this fragrant, white soap. You see a few of them here. Left to right: the popular Fox star, Sally Eilers; lovely Lola Lane; Leila Hyams, Universal star; Minna Gombell.

Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, actually contains such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin. For every type of skin... dry, oily, "in-between."
"Then one night I was in the movies, alone. A close-up of Sally Eilers came on the screen. How very lovely she was! It's really her exquisite skin that makes her so enchanting, so irresistible, I realized all of a sudden."

"Think how delighted I was to discover in a newspaper the secret of Sally Eilers' lovely skin! She uses Lux Toilet Soap regularly, I learned."

Screen Stars depend on this soap for greater loveliness . . .

Now Scientists tell you WHY

SKIN GROWS OLD-LOOKING THROUGH THE GRADUAL LOSS OF CERTAIN ELEMENTS NATURE PUTS IN SKIN TO KEEP IT YOUTHFUL. GENTLE LUX TOILET SOAP, SO READILY SOLUBLE, ACTUALLY CONTAINS SUCH PRECIOUS ELEMENTS—CHECKS THEIR LOSS FROM THE SKIN.
Ask The Answer Man

RICHARD CROMWELL’S grand acting in “This Day and Age” has brought him into the limelight this month. Readers are asking why they haven’t seen more of this lad in recent months. Well, they won’t be disappointed in the future, because they’ll be seeing him in “Above the Clouds” with Dorothy Wilson, and in “Hoorap” with Clara Bow.

Dick, whose real name is Roy Radabaugh, is one of sunny California’s own sons. He was born in Los Angeles, January 8, 1910. After graduating from high school he started out as an artist. He opened a small art shop in Los Angeles and made personality masks of many of Hollywood’s famous actors and actresses. When Columbia was casting for a lad to play the lead in the talkie version of “Tol’able David,” Dick applied for the job. And got it. He had no previous stage or screen experience.

After his success in that picture he appeared in “Fifty Fathoms Deep,” “Maker of Men,” “Emma,” “Tom Brown of Culver,” “That’s My Boy” and others.

Dick is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 148 pounds and has light brown hair and grayish-blue eyes. He is fond of tennis, swimming and painting. He did some of the murals in the Pantages Theater in Hollywood. Doesn’t care for clothes and seldom wears a hat or tie. He has two sisters and one brother. Lives in a cute white house which he helped design and build.

ARTHUR OKMANN, ST. PAUL, MINN.—You win, Art, old fellow. It was Wally Beery who played the role of Bitch in “The Big House.” And his name is spelled Beery, not Berry.

L. HALE, CINCINNATI, O.—The birthdates of the members of the royal house of Barrymore are—Lionel, April 28, 1878; Ethel, August 15, 1879, and John, February 15, 1883.

YOLA FRANKOWSKA, LODZ, POLAND.—Don’t worry about your English and your handwriting, Yola, they are both very excellent. In fact, I know many a lad and lassie who would like to own such interesting handwriting. Your compatriot, Jan Kiepura, is not yet thirty and has been on the concert and operatic stage for seven years. He speaks and sings fluently in German, English, French, Italian and Polish. His first public appearance was in Warsaw, where he sang the title role in “Faust.” Maurice Chevalier’s latest picture is “Love Me Tonight.”

RUTH BRENT, CHICAGO, ILL.—The feminine winners of the Motion Picture Academy Awards prior to Helen Hayes and Marie Dressler were Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor.

THE WOODEN SOLDIER, FORT KINZY, ME.—’Tention, soldier! Your friend Chester Morris has been turning out pictures aplenty. His most recent are “Blonde Johnson,” “The Invincible Machine” and “Tomorrow at Seven.” Watch for him in his coming new pictures “Kid Gloves,” and “Golden Harvest.”

MARION LAMBERT, SEQUIM, WASH.—Walt Disney is the creator of little Mickey Mouse. You can reach him at the Disney Studios, 2719 Hyperion Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

ELIZA CURREY, BETHESDA, MD.—Ralph and Frank Morgan are brothers. Ralph’s most recent pictures are “Kasparin and the Emperor,” “The Power and the Glory,” “Shanghai Madness” and “Doctor Bull.” Brian Aherne deserted Hollywood after his first picture “The Song of Songs.” Brian was born in Kings Norton, Worcestershire, England, on May 2, 1902. He stands 6 feet, 2½ inches in height; weighs 174 and has fair hair and blue eyes. He was on the stage and appeared in British pictures before he made his Hollywood bow. The other fellow you described answers to the name of Luis Alberni.

HELEN HICKS, FORT WORTH, TEN.—Always glad to be of assistance to music lovers, Helen. The name of the song that Joan Crawford rendered in “Possessed” was “How Long Will It Last?”

HELEN DETERS, NEW YORK CITY.—The picture in which John Barrymore appeared as a school master, is “Topaz.” Sally Blane’s real name is Betty Jane Young. She was born in Salida, Colo. Sister Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Joan Crawford’s real name is Lucille LeSueur. Blanche Frederici played the role of Mrs. Home in “The Barbarian.”

R. S., TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Toby Wing was the cute little eyeful you saw in “42nd Street.” She is considered Hollywood’s most perfect chorus girl. She is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall, weighs 118 pounds. Has blue eyes and blonde hair. She was born on her grandmother’s plantation, “Right Oaks,” Richmond, Va., July 14, 1915, and christened Martha Vera Wing. Toby won part in “The Kid From Spain!” This was followed by parts in “42nd Street,” “College Humor,” “This Day and Age” and “Torch Singer.” Her favorite recreations are tennis and swimming. In high school she was tennis champion.

MARIE DORBAS, CALENCO, CALIF.—No, Marie, Cary Grant did not play in “So Big” with Barbara Stanwyck. George Brent played the role of Rolf and Hardie Albright played Dirk.

V. L. HUSTON, KANSAS CITY, MO.—The cute pup by the name of Michael, that appeared with Marion Davies in “Peg O’ My Heart,” is, I believe, a Sealyham, and a fine actor, too.

SONDRA STRONG, CLEVELAND, O.—If you read my page regularly you would have found Robert Montgomery’s history long before this. Since you do not know the particulars concerning his life, here they are. Bob first saw light in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. In 1928 he was married to Elizabeth Allen. They have one daughter, born last March. Bob spent five years on the stage prior to his movie debut in 1929. His latest pictures are “When Ladies Meet,” “Another Language” and “Night Flight.” Don’t miss any of them, if you’re a real Montgomery fan.
Now smile ... we dare you!

Are the 7 stains marring your beauty?

Your hair looks lovely . . . Above your eyes those delicate brows are arched to perfection . . . And that final touch of lipstick—it couldn’t be better!

Now, part those lips! Smile—and dare the final test of beauty . . . Is there a flash of teeth that gleam and sparkle?

No? Nature, you say, has been unkind to you? She has given you naturally dull teeth, lacking in lustre? . . . Nonsense!

Stains spoil teeth’s beauty

Your teeth are stained—discolored by things you eat and drink and smoke. Seven different stains are left on your teeth.

And all your faithful brushing cannot free your teeth of these discolorations, unless you call to your aid a toothpaste with two cleansing actions.

Most toothpastes, you see, have only one action—and to this one action, alone, the seven stains will not yield.

Colgate’s Dental Cream has two actions. First, gently and safely, it dissolves and washes away some of the stubborn discolorations. Second, safely and thoroughly, it polishes away the stains that are left.

No more “dull” teeth

You can do something about it. To your waves and manicures—to your powders and lotions—add one final beauty aid. Buy a tube of Colgate’s Dental Cream.

Use it for 10 days. Smile and see the difference!

For a limited time, you can get the large 25-cent tube of Colgate’s for only 19 cents. Buy it—today.

SALLY EILERS wears this charmingly refreshing coiffure in "Walls of Gold." Soft curls are piled high at the back of her head, and the front is parted, flatly waved.

For a long time we have discussed make-up only in terms of tone and how to apply it. Now it is high time we paused to consider the dozen and one little gadgets and aids that work wonders in the actual application.

The two most important of all aids are cleansing tissues and absorbent cotton. I don't believe anyone can get along without these. Although it may be a great temptation to grab Mother's best linen towel to remove cream and make-up, I don't believe it ever works half so well as two or three tissues. Aside from their cream-removal use, tissues are perfect for blotting up excess face lotion or foundation, for smoothing or removing cream rouge and also for lip paste. And when you have a cold, what handkerchief is so comforting as a good soft tissue that you may immediately discard?

Absorbent cotton is perfect for applying any liquid to the face, liquid cleansing lotion, thin or creamy, all lotions and astringents, and liquid powder. Absorbent cotton steeped in your favorite eye lotion or even water will refresh the eyes, and when skin is very sensitive and you wish to use soap and water, a pad of cotton is softer for washing than any cloth or your fingers.

I know how we all adore powder puffs. Sometimes they become old friends—too old. However, if we can discard the puffs, especially in our purses, and substitute fresh cotton daily, we find it not only powders much better, softer, more thoroughly, but is a splendid hygienic means of keeping pores unclogged and skin uncontaminated. Cotton that comes already cut in small pads is especially convenient for this and, indeed, all cotton purposes. It is splendid, also, for applying deodorants that are not equipped with a sponge, and a small pad with a drop of perfume tucked in your hat band permeates the hair with fragrance.

Above, you will see Texas Guinan having her lips rouged with a Chinese brush. You can buy such a brush in any art shop, and it is a good way of applying soft lip paste, because it permits you to get a perfectly even line.

The small eyebrow brushes that may be bought in the five-and-ten-cent stores do wonders for brows and lashes. If both brows and lashes are good without any accent, this brush will free them of powder, smooth them into an even line. Or if you wish to encourage growth, smooth on a bit of grower or vaseline, and then brush. If you do not need pencil or mascara, you will find that a touch of grower or vaseline brushed through brows and lashes is a perfect day or evening touch. It will accent the color slightly, give them a slight lustre, and meanwhile improve their growth.

Betty Furness is shown above with a magnifying mirror. No girl should be without one. It is the most perfect means of discovering the true condition of your skin. In other words, it turns the eye of truth directly upon you. It will tell whether the pores of your skin are small and perfectly clean; it will show any tiny flaking of skin that may bespeak dryness; it will show where little lines are beginning to form. In the matter of make-up, your magnifying mirror is perfect. Any blurred line, any unevenness of color, immediately screams at you. If you shape your own eyebrows, this type of mirror permits you to see every little vagrant hair.

Aside from perfume uses, an extra inexpensive atomizer or two will serve many purposes most effectively and economically. They are perfect for applying face and hair lotions.

ALREADY we feel sure many brows are wrinkled in the matter of Christmas giving. We have compiled a list of small things that make adorable gifts, for yourself or others. It is yours on request, as well as information on all beauty. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 921 West 57th Street, New York City.
LOVE IS not BLIND

EVERY CLOSE-UP IS A COMPLEXION TEST!

When the perfect moment comes, will a shiny, oily nose mar your beauty and your romance? You need worry no longer! Gone at last is the embarrassment and the heartbreak caused by Half-Hour Nose. Pompeian has created a new powder that really clings. You can powder once and enjoy yourself all evening, confident of your lasting loveliness.

Pompeian is far more than a clinging powder. Smooth and fine, it gives the skin a soft, new beauty with that youthful, natural unpowdered look. Its ingredients are as high in quality and as intricate of blend as any powder sold. It has an intriguing fragrance of fine French perfume. The purity of the ingredients assures you a powder free from grit and starch, that will not enlarge the pores nor irritate the skin in any way. The Pompeian creams and rouges, famous aids to lovely complexions, are equally high in quality and just as reasonable in price. Regular large sizes are available at all drug and department stores at only 65c. Convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and-10-cent stores.


Robert Young and Leila Hyams featured in "Saturday's Millions," a Universal Picture
Palatable Holiday Dishes

Besides the Christmas turkey and the other accepted holiday dishes, it is nice to serve an additional something that is a bit out of the ordinary. Though we may not have a large dinner party, I believe we all feel that the occasion demands special attention to the menu.

For just a little extra work we may have a dish that is delicious and an asset to our table decoration.

Vegetable Aspic Salad

2 tablespoons gelatin
1/2 cup cold water
1/2 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon onion juice
1/2 teaspoon celery seed
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Pepper and paprika

Into this gelatin aspic, place whatever cooked vegetables you prefer—peas, string beans, beets and asparagus is a good mixture. Mark the serving divisions with strips of pimento. Place in a ring mold to harden. Turn out on a large round plate, and fill the center with a cole-slaw mixed with thin mayonnaise. Decorate with green watercress and ripe olives.

This is a colorful departure from the usual Christmas salad.

Sweet Potatoes, Southern style, is a nice variation from mashed potatoes. Lilian’s cook prepares them in this manner: Partially boil sweet potatoes, remove the skins, and place in a casserole to bake. Pour over a syrup made from molasses, sugar and water. Dot the top with butter, and sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake in covered casserole for fifteen minutes.

Plum Pudding a la Harvey is a masterpiece. She prefers it to mince pie. The recipe looks rather elaborate, but is really quite simple:

Soak 1/2 pound of stale bread crumbs in 1 cup scalded milk. When cool, add 1/4 pound of sugar, beaten yolks of 4 eggs, and stir. Then add 1/2 pound of seeded raisins, cut in pieces and floured. Also, 1/4 pound of currants, 1/2 pound of finely chopped figs, and 2 ounces of chopped citron. Chop 1/2 pound of suet and cream by using the hand.

Combine these mixtures, and add 1/4 cup of wine, 1/2 grated nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/4 teaspoon clove, 1/4 teaspoon mace, and 1/2 teaspoons salt.

Beat whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth, and stir in this mixture. Turn into a buttered mold and steam for six hours. Serve hot with hard sauce.

Hard Sauce

1/4 cup butter
1 cup powdered sugar
2 tablespoons brandy
2 eggs
1/4 cup heavy cream
Cream butter, add sugar gradually, then brandy, very slowly. Then when well-beaten yolks and the cream. Cook over hot water till thick, and beat in the egg whites.

Perhaps you would like to serve as a starter on Christmas morning Jack Holt’s concoction—

Dixie Egg nog

Separate whites from yolks of 12 eggs. Beat yolks until very light, adding gradually 16 tablespoon sugar. When mixed, pour in 1/2 pint brandy and 1/2 pint Baciardi Rum. Bourbon may be substituted if brandy and Bacardi are not available.

When liquor has been added, fold in whites of eggs beaten to stiff froth. Lastly, pour in a pint of cream and a quart of rich milk. Two helpings of this, and you’re sure to have a Merry Christmas!
Invite Romance
by keeping that schoolgirl complexion

This is the approved way, with Palmolive's precious blend of olive and palm oils

Birthdays may be forgotten when skin retains the radiant bloom of youth. And daily care with Palmolive—the soap of youth—helps to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Palmolive is made from a blend of youth-giving oils, the oils of olive and palm. That blend accounts for Palmolive's supremacy in keeping skin young and lovely.

To beautify, use beauty oils
Palmolive's mild lather is made rich and velvety by olive oil. That soothing lather penetrates the tiny pores, freeing them of impurities, leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Olive oil gives that soft, rich green color, too—a color that assures you of natural purity and safety.

Use this beauty treatment
Buy three cakes today. Then, start this 2-minute beauty treatment: twice daily, massage a rich lather of Palmolive into the skin with your hands; rinse with warm water, then with cold. And, after a month, your mirror will give you the confidence of youth—youth that is charming, lovely—youth that invites romance.

Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

PALMOLIVE . . . the soap of Youth
Sylvia gave ZuSu Pitts Renewed Beauty

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

whispered, "Oh, Sylvia, please don't mind. I'm having fun now and when these people come all the way out here to see me I couldn't turn them away without making them sand-"..."" 

ZuSu is one of the best hearted girls in Holly-...""

Now my problem with ZuSu was to build her up, relax her nerves, and take down that abdomen. But as the nerves were relaxing, the spine had to be stimulated.

Here's how I did that—and any girl can do the same.

In the morning step under a lukewarm shower (hot baths are absolutely out), and with a good stiff, soapy brush start rubbing your spine. Go at it as hard as you can. Rub and rub with the brush up and down the spine. Don't tell me you can't reach. You thin girls can! Do this for at least five minutes, or until you feel the blood surging to your spine. Then let the water get colder and finally dry your-...""

This is very important! Don't fail to do it if you want extra weight!

Now the reason your stomach sticks out like that is because you don't walk properly! When your spine is stimulated and the blood running through your body correctly you will have the energy to walk properly. Walk for twenty minutes a day with your shoulders up and your stomach in. Make an effort to hold that stomach in. By so doing you strengthen the muscles until pretty soon you do it without thinking. You thin girls with big stomaches haven't got fat stomaches. Nothing has to come off. You just have no control of the stomach walls. And that you've got to get. You get that by walking, walking, walking with your stomach held in! Get nine hours' sleep a night. In the morn-...""

My, you girls are flooding me with letters—but the more there are, the happier Aunt Sylv...""

M, you girls are flooding me with letters—but the more there are, the happier Aunt Sylvia is. I know, you girls, these treatments will do—and the more you girls ask me what to do, the more happy, attrac-...""

You have to build yourself up generally. I'll bet that if your legs are thin so are your arms. It won't hurt you a bit to put on a few extra pounds and if you build yourself up with my diets and exercises the extra weight will go where you need it most. If you get a few fat spots while you're building up, you can squeeze and pound these off.

This treatment worked

Dear Sylvia: I just want to tell you that I've been using your exercise for taking off that "desk chair spread" for three weeks and I've reduced two inches already. Isn't that wonderful? B. W., New York City

Sure, it's wonderful. But I'm not surprised. It absolutely works if you'll take the trouble to stick at it, and I hope that every girl sees this letter and knows what can be done if one does it. Good for you, keep at it. Or is two inches enough?

Answers by Sylvia

DON'T HEED FOOLISH FRIENDS

Dear Sylvia: Perhaps this problem is too personal, but it worries me and you say that we're not to worry. My friends all say that now that I'm a wife and mother I'm a fool to try to diet and keep nice and slim and dress up. They laugh at me for trying to be nice. I don't know how to cope with them.

Mrs. R. H., Salt Lake City, Utah

Oh, boy, would I like to give those friends of yours a two hour lecture! Listen, they're just jealous of you, that's all, and because they've lost their ambition and don't want to make the most of themselves they want you to be as bad as they.

Don't listen to them. Laugh right back at them. Tell them you're thankful you still have the courage to keep slender. I don't care if you're the mother of a hundred children, it is still your duty for your children and for your husband to look well. You're right and they're wrong.

Hold your head up, keep your chin out and your stomach in, and don't let those stupid friends ever get your goat. And your friends will respect you for it.

REDUCING A FAT STOMACH

My dear Madame Sylvia: I am quite thin but I have a large stomach. Is there anything I can do about it?

M. T., Mobile, Ala.

Well, I guess I'm psychic, that's all. I'm glad your question came this month. Do...""
Loretta Young * RALPH FORBES
RALPH BELLAMY

in a Mobiloil Movie. . . "TOWING NELLIE HOME"

* Loretta Young, now starring in Twentieth Century's "Born to Be Bad"

LORETTA: "Tonight? Too bad! Ralph Bellamy has dated me up. Do come as a stag anyway!"

FORBES: "What a swell evening this has been—our sixth dance together—even if Bellamy did bring you."

FORBES: "Car won't start? Better let me tow you down to the Mobiloil filling station."

LORETTA: "You always seem to know just what to do, with balky cars . . . and rivals, too!"

Only Double-Range Gas and Oil are WINTERPROOF! Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas with climatic control are both double-range . . . You get a quick start . . . When your engine warms up, Mobiloil Arctic gives you full engine protection . . . Mobilgas, with climatic control, gives you full mileage . . . Change today to the world's favorite winter oil and gasoline.

Mobiloil Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

Hoot takes June Gale to the theater and whom do you suppose he spots in the crowd? Why, Sally Eilers—Mr. Gibson's ex-wife—and Sally's with her new husband, Harry Joe Brown. But they're all good friends at that.

THE one and only marquis of Hollywood, just before sailing for his periodical visit to France, expressed much joy over a loving telegram he received from Connie.

The Marquis Henri le Bailly de la Falaise de la Courraye also confessed he wasn't very fond of Hollywood's nickname for him, "Hank."

IF a top notch star breaks down and sobs on seeing a picture, wouldn't you say it was great? That's what Katherine Hepburn did. Oh, incidentally, the film was "Little Women," and Katharine is starring in that, you know.

Looks as though there will be a big sale of ladies' handkerchiefs when this picture is screened at your theater.

KEEN-EARED newspaper man Harrison Carroll picked up this one: Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper discovered themselves in adjacent ringside seats at the prize fights. They turned their backs to each other. Groucho Marx, a row behind, leaned over and said to Lupe: "Pardon me, but have you met Mr. Cooper?"

PANCHOS VILLA is with us again. Do you remember the rip-snorting days of 1916 when the Mexican revolutionist, bandit, or outlaw, as he was variously called, terrified the New Mexico border with his raids and President Wilson sent an army into Mexico to try to capture him?

Well, Pancho is now in the movies. This is not the same Pancho, of course, but his son. The lad will play his father as a youth in "Viva Villa," under Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's banner. The film will be shot in Mexico under Howard Hawks' direction. Wally Beery will play the grown-up role of Villa. The money the lad earns from this film will be spent on his education.

THEY'RE calling Charles Laughton "Curly" over at Paramount now. Charlie had his tresses frizzed for his "Nero" role, and ever since then has managed somehow to snag a role where he could keep up the wave length. You'd never know him with the mass of ringlets and minus about fifteen pounds of avoidance.

CROSSING the Atlantic to play in the New York stage production, "A Trip To Pressburg," Pola Negri emphatically denies that she is going to marry Harold F. McCormick, the multi-millionaire harvester and reaper manufacturer of Chicago.

THAT persistent rumor that Greta Garbo may actually desert our shores is given substance by the fact that she has purchased a large estate not far from Stockholm. Furthermore, she has already made arrangements with an architect to build a house on the premises.

BABY GARBO, as they're calling little Cora Sue Collins, because she plays Garbo as a child in "Queen Christina," has a mind of her own. Her mother and some of her friends were discussing hospitals.

"I've been in the hospital twice!" piped Cora Sue.

"Why," reproved her mother, "you're only been there once—when you broke your arm."

"But I was born there," insisted Cora.

IT'S dangerous to trifle with the affections of Primo Carnera, the heavyweight fighting fellow. Primo has one feminine ideal in this life—Norma Shearer. He asked an M-G-M studio official to get him an autographed portrait of his secret screen passion.

Norma obligingly autographed two pictures.

The famous red-head is back on the set again—with all her pep and the old portable phonograph. Clara Bow entertains Richard Cromwell between scenes of "Hoopla." Clara's latest movie is the screen version of the famous stage play, "The Barker." Dick plays in the picture, too.
and sent them to the gigantic Italian. The messenger returned, panting.

"He darn near killed me," he confided to Norma. "When he saw the pictures, he threw his arms around me and gave me a hug. I think there's some ribs busted."

WE couldn't help comparing the maids' severely simple white uniforms—like a nurse's—at Pickfair, with the regalia they doll up picture maids in—usually a little black satin number, just reaching the knees, and looking very much as if the girl would have to be blasted out of it. The two we saw are healthy, rosy-cheeked girls, with an accent that sounded Swiss, but it may have been Austrian.

Albert, the same butler who has been with Mary for many years, still holds the fort.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S "Scarlet Pimpernel," from the story of Catharine the Great of Russia, will be the most important and lavish production on the Paramount schedule. All of the costumes have been authentically copied from photographs and portraits, and everything has been made in duplicate, even the sables. (Now Marlene, after all—we'll bet even Katie the Great never miskilled her sables!)

CHICK CHANDLER ran across this sign on the California-Nevada state line. The height of public insult, says Chick.

"You are now leaving California," and "Thanks!"

WE understand that Patsy Ruth Miller will stage a picture comeback, after her Budapest divorce from Director Tay Garnett.

THE Fox still photographer made a trip to Malibu to make some studies of Norman Foster in his home. But he soon discovered that it was impossible to shoot Norman without publicizing Claudette Colbert as well—because every wall space, table and chest in the place is decorated with a likeness of Claudette, and so she's in every shot!

WHO are the real male menaces of Hollywood? Cameramen! Figure it out for yourself. Joan Blondell succumbed to the lens charm of George Barnes, and now Jean Harlow is sure of proper lighting after espousing Hal Rosson. George has photographed Joan in her last four pictures, by the way, and Hal has worked on Jean a couple of times himself.

Heart Throb

After thirty-eight years of happy married life, my wife died two months ago. The only avenue of escape from my grief and loneliness is the movies, which enable me, for an hour or so at a time, to make believe I live in a world of make-believe where lives often end happily. In romantic scenes she lives again in my memory of those beautiful years.

Formerly, pictures held little attraction for me. But I have now developed a genuine liking for the better type entertainment offered by our most capable players.

M. D. Gass, Washington, D. C.

Something to get excited about!
This So-Much-Better NAIL POLISH!

For years and years smart women have gladly paid Glazo's higher price, because its superior quality is worth it. And, quite naturally, Glazo has always been the largest-selling polish of its price.

So it's welcome news indeed that Glazo now costs even less than ordinary polishes. But more important still are Glazo's unique improvements which will change your whole conception of lovely, well-groomed nails.

Glazo's new lacquers are richer, startier in lustre, and wear 50% longer.

The six authentic shades are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. And you select the ones you wish right from the Color Chart package.

An exclusive metal-shaft brush, far easier to control, with bristles that can't come loose. And Polish Remover in an extra-size bottle that lasts as long as your polish.

Surely you've been hoping for a finer nail polisher like this; and surely you'll be glad for the money you save.

GLAZO—for Lovely Nails

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Choice of six authentic shades, Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mountain Red and Colorless. 25c. each. In Canada, 30c.


GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame. 40c. In Canada, 50c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-12-3, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

□ Natural □ Shell □ Flame □ Geranium

GLAZO
The Smart MANICURE

Only 25¢
YOU can hardly go into a house for rent in Beverly Hills, that the agent doesn’t pop out with, “This was once the home of Greta Garbo—and here is the bed she slept in!” Surprising how often it works and how many persons are sleeping serenely in beds they fondly imagine were once occupied by the Great One.

IT happened on the set of “King for a Night,” where Chester Morris, as a box-fighter, was supposed to sock Alice White in the jaw. Chester was gallant. “Is there any particular spot you would like punched?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Alice, seriously, “Jimmy Cagney smashed in the right side in ‘Picture Snatcher.’ Why don’t you take a crack at the left to even up my face?”

“BOOGIE” is dead.

Mae West’s pet monkey and favorite companion expired with indignation just on the eve of his triumph.

“Boogie,” you know, made his screen début in “I’m No Angel.”

His demise so upset Mae that she was forced to remain at home from the long-awaited preview of her picture at Paramount studios. He was buried in the pet cemetery near Los Angeles.

The Countess di Frasso’s fourteen year old dog, which died about the same time as “Boogie,” was buried in this cemetery, also. The canine rated a white casket.

MY word! Twentieth Century is making so many pictures they have to spread out, already. They have leased space out at Pathe, in Culver City, practically next door to M-G-M.

IF you think Gary Evan Crosby (Bing’s new heir) doesn’t rate in the Crosby family, hearken to the new Crosby plantation house in Toluka Lake. The Mansion of Marse Crosby is built around a nursery suite, which is the main feature of the place. There’s a bed room, with a miniature replica of Bing’s four poster, canopied bed, and tiny furniture, a playroom, a diet kitchen, and a tiny bath—all exclusively for the use of Gary Evan, and everything in proportion to his size.

SOMEONE slapped comedian Clark, the zany of Clark and McCullough, on the back in the RKO-Radio commissary.

“Coward!” sneered Clark. “Strike me with my glasses on—eh?”

They’re painted on him, you know.

MAY ROBSON celebrated her fiftieth anniversary on the stage and screen while she was in production with Polly Moran, in a picture titled “Comin’ Round the Mountain.” This was slated to be a Marie Dressler-Polly Moran, until Marie’s health forbade her doing another picture for some time.

EVERYBODY out at M-G-M who works with her, goes into a rave at the mere mention of Jean Harlow’s name. Even when

Constance Cummings talks it over with her husband Benn Levy at their Brentwood home. Benn’s given Connie some good advice and she’s slated for new stellar honors in this country after her work in London filmy
she was married to a producer, it never went to her head—which is something to be carefully considered.

The other day, a member of the publicity department took some guests out to her set—to find it absolutely closed to all visitors. They wanted so much to see her. "Well, that's easy," said Jean, "I'll go outside and see them!"

Which she promptly did. And were they thrilled!

THE Norma Shearer-Irving Thalberg Santa Monica beach home was the scene of festive doings.

A big electric train, all shining, stood ready to delight the eyes of Irving, Jr. Christmas? Birthday? Nothing of the sort. That afternoon had witnessed the successful crossing of the swimming pool, and Papa Irving had promised a reward for the aquatic feat.

GINGER ROGERS appeared on the "Flying Down to Rio" set, all done up in a golden flying suit.

"Just a bird in a gilded cage," cracked it! Ginger.

THAT'S Hollywood Department:

On an RKO-Radio set reposed a chair, on the back of which faded letters announced importantly:

"Douglas Fairbanks, Jr."

In it lolled a fat negro, chauffeur to some star busy before the cameras. Fast asleep completely oblivious of the throne he had usurped.

DID you ever wonder how Ann Harding developed that miraculous speaking voice? You can do it yourself, if you happen to have a dictaphone in the family. When Ann was a business woman, working in an insurance office, she had to do a lot of dictating into a dictaphone. When she saw her words typed, there were so many mistakes, that she began to wonder how come. Then she went to work, pronouncing every word slowly and clearly, and listening carefully to her voice as she did so. Ann says you don't need lessons in dictation, if you will only listen to your own words and voice carefully, and correct your own mistakes.

W. S. VAN DYKE can be sure his swimming party to dedicate his new pool won't be forgotten for some time. (Sure we swim in the winter time in Hollywood.)

It was literally just "too ducky!" Everyone was soaked.

Writer Edgar Allan Woolf was called a "sissy" when he ran home to keep from being ducked, but he had a good alibi.

"I've got a $500 check in my pocket," he called back, "and I don't want to get it wet!"

PHOENIX "GIBSON GIRL" COLORS

For wear with the lovely off-shades of the early 1900's which have been revived for our Fall costumes—Phoenix has created "Gibson Girl" Hosiery colors. Tolly-ho, Tandem, Brownstone—and many others! See them in your favorite shop, and consult the free Phoenix Customers' Individual Fashion Service found on the counter.

HER FROCK—a custom model by Kallach, Columbia Pictures' clever designer.

HER HOSE—PHOENIX with CUSTOM-FIT TOP.

LILLIAN BOND (above) wears this costume in "When Strangers Marry."
Mother, never give children a grown-up's laxative

The welfare of your children is your first thought at waking. It is your last thought at night.

And yet, you may be doing them harm by giving them laxatives intended for adult use... laxatives often too strong for children.

Constipation affects 90% of all children. No child is immune from constipation, for one of the causes of constipation, mother, is beyond your control—the tendency to neglect nature's urgings for extra minutes of play.

The tell-tale symptoms

When your child is sallow, finicky—probably his elimination is not thorough. Give him a safe laxative—Fletcher's Castoria.

Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria is a simple vegetable preparation made especially for children... Contains no harmful drugs—no narcotics. It is gentle. It does not grip. Children love the taste of it! Purchase a bottle at your druggist's. And be sure that the signature Chas. H. Fletcher is on the carton.

Hear ALBERT SPALDING—eminent violinist, Don Voorhees and his Orchestra, Conrad Thibault, baritone, supported by a mixed octet.

Fletcher's Castoria presents these radio artists every Wednesday evening, Columbia network—8:30 to 9:00 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

and wanting more spectacular fame than she had found. What could be more splendid and awe-inspiring than royal robes and the throne of a queen?

AND then comes exquisite little Marie Antoinette, brought to France as the child bride of boorish Louis XVI.

Plunged into the extravagant corruption of the French court, extremely young and beautiful, she became pleasure-mad, a vain little queen living for gaiety and flattery—until the birth of her son, the unhappy "Lost Dauphin."

And when she woke up, at last, to the magnitude of her offense, then it was she rose to meet the situation and really become a queen worthy of the name. But it was too late.

All through her last terrible days before the march to the guillotine, her bearing was dignified and marvelously courageous. She commanded the respect of even her bitterest enemies in those last days. And as she rode to her fate in a tumbril, her head high, she was every inch a queen.

Though Shearer is, in certain respects, the antithesis of the tragic Antoinette, she must still feel a kind of glory in becoming the beautiful French queen who was famous for her loyalty to her family, and her courage in the face of death.

Of yes, they will all enjoy ascending the throne, these stars who have earned the glorification of the multitudes. And the queenly roles they have chosen will provide the ceremony of coronation.

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures (REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

THE CHIEF—M-G-M

GANGWAY—here comes Ed Wynn! He's the whole show, however, as the story is pretty slim. "The Perfect Fool" falls into a Bowery hero's shoes, gets mixed up with crooked politicians, and winds up as a dim-wit alderman in love with a burlesque queen. Plenty of screaming scenes, and some not so good.

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M

JACK PEARL, Jimmy Durante, ZaSu Pitts and Edna May Oliver introduce Jack's radio nonsense to the screen. Pearl and Durante, servants of Baron Montcouver, explorer, are deserted in the jungle. When found Pearl is mistaken for the Baron, and the two impostors stage some hilarious adventures in New York. But Ted Healy and his stooges are the hit of the show.

S. O. S. ICEBERG—Universal

A POLAR expedition trapped on a moving iceberg slowly drifts into open sea, while the glacier cranks up behind. If you have never seen an iceberg born, here's your chance. The radio and miraculous flying by Ernst Udet, bearing rescue, but we hand the palm to Sepp Rist, who swam the icy waters for help. A remarkable picture of human fortitude in the face of incredible hardship.

STAGE MOTHER—M-G-M

A HYBRID backstage and mother-known best picture notable chiefly for the splendid performance of Alice Brady. She is a mother who repeatedly upsets Maureen O'Sullivan's love affairs in order to make Maureen a grea...
THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS—
Fox

THIS is the old story about the wicked woman (Benita Hume) whose reputation is worse than she is. Leaving Paris for America, she meets Professor Harvey Stephens in a train wreck. Convalescing in his home, she falls in love, but sacrifices herself for her impoverished lover, Adolphe Menjou. There's far too little of Menjou's subtle acting.

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE—
Warner

HURRAH! No more baffling, unsolved murders! Philo Vance is back on the job. Bill Powell is his suave best as the gentleman detective of this well-done tale, while Helen Vinson and Mary Astor are lovely suspects. If you like mysteries, don't miss this.

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio

AGAIN Annapolis provides a colorful setting, with martial music, flags, and flashing drills, for a formula story of a careless cadet's regeneration. Bruce Cabot, the careless one, loves Betty Furness, the commandant's daughter; but it looks rather hopeless until another's mistake snaps Bruce out of it. Frank Albertson is great, Florence and Arthur Lake screaming.

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal

If you're cur-razy over horses, don't miss this Western. If not, you will be after seeing this. They really didn't need the actors. The fight between the wild "strawberry roan" and Ken Maynard's "Tarzan" is something, as is the stampede. Ruth Hall is a refreshing heroine, who actually knows her way around horses. Ken sings and rides. An exceptionally stirring Western.

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—Universal

BRIGHT fast-moving story of football hero Robert Young, who believes the game a racket. He learns that it isn't, when he loses the big game and finds he is still a hero. Grant Mitchell does a grand job as Bobb's "old grad" father; Leila Hyams is pretty, and Andy Devine and Mary Carlisle win laughs.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—
First National

FRANKIE DARRO, Edwin Phillips and Dorothy Coonan join up with other youthful "depression outcasts" to roam the country. Frankie is arrested and accused of a robbery, the big climax comes in the trial, where his plea wins acquittal and a job. A strong and timely drama, excellently acted.

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount

A HEALTHY portion of strong drama and an epic quality lift this Zane Grey story out of the ordinary Western class. Two Kentucky feuding families carry their arguments West and fight it out until only Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston survive for the merger. Top-notch acting, with Jack LaRue, Buster Crabbe and Noah Beery.

GOODBYE LOVE—RKO-Radio

POOR Charlie Ruggles—what have they done to our quaint, droll Charlie? Charlie is a gentleman's-gentleman to Sidney Blackmer; both are inAlien trouble. And it's all a very messy business about divorces and alimony rackets and ladies getting pifflicated unbecomingly, without enough laughs to redeem it.

JUDITH ALLEN'S hands are always lovely. With Richard Arlen in Paramount's "Hell and High Water." TRY THIS! Hinds Cleansing Cream, by the same makers. Delicate and light, liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! . . . 40c, 65c.
BROKEN DREAMS—Monogram
A SLIGHTLY hokey picture of how a little child (Buster Phelps) shall lead them. Buster patches up the marital troubles of Martha Sleeper and Randolph Scott and, incidentally, walks off with the film.

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British
A DULL, druggy story retards the delightful musical score of this picture operetta. The humor is outmoded and what is supposed to be fun resembles a burlesque on Jack Dalton. Evelyn Laye looks pretty and sings well.

THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI—Monogram
A DULL story of co-ed college life. Buster Crabbe's athletic body helps out, as does Mary Treen’s blonde prettiness. Ted Fio-Rito and his orchestra supply snappy music, but all too seldom. A grand boat race with camera shots from airplane and shore.

PICTURE BRIDES—Alied
If you like tropical atmosphere and scenery, you’ll find plenty here. But the story is improbable, and the acting is poor. Dorothy Mackall and four other scarlet sisters take jobs as brides to tropical diamond miners, thereby starting all kinds of trouble. Regis Toomey and Alan Hale struggle through all the confusion. Only fair entertainment.

THE AVENGER—Monogram
SO poorly constructed is this story that it seems a pity to waste such fine talent as Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes on its hopeless plot. It’s a crook story that drags in everything, but simply cannot click. Adrienne Ames looks pretty but proves dull as the heroine.

THE GOOD COMPANIONS—Fox-Gaumont-British
A MILDLY pleasing tale, done from J. B. Priestley’s novel about an English troupe of barnstormers playing small towns. The troupe’s star (Jessie Matthews) and the young composer and piano player (John Gielgud) finally make good in London. It has some pleasing music; but only the unusually good work of Jessie Matthews saves it from being dull and druggy.

Hollywood Good Fun
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

brings everyone and anyone who happens to be passing by at the moment.

That the host hasn’t the least idea who these extra people are makes no difference. They haven’t the least idea who they are themselves. So everything is comfy. So, don’t be at all bashful about attending any Hollywood function, classification “a,” “b” or “c,” without an invitation. Be more skeptical if one arrives. The chances are ten to one you’ll never get in. Or once in, you’ll never get out. Or the Marx Brothers, usually Chico and Harpo, will chase you up and down until you’re so tired of the whole scheme of things you’ll wish you were dead instead of just half starved. And where and why you got the black eye will be one of those things you’ll never figure out.

Never.

So beware, especially if you’re a wide-eyed blonde, of formal Hollywood invitations and the Marx Brothers. Fortunately, little good comes from either.

Hosts and hostesses in Pittsburgh or Boston, say, usually go fuming about for days after a party wondering if the affair had really been the success they suspected it wasn’t. They’re never quite sure. In Hollywood they’re always sure. The success of any party is measured whether it was worth the trouble of getting Gertie Tailspin falls flat on her face. Let Gertie (Gert to her friends) fall flat on her face three times during the course of the evening and the party’s a washout. A knockout. “Oh, it was simply divine,” people go about saying for days. “Heifetz played and Gertie fell flat on her face three times.” If Gertie falls but once, it’s still a nice friendly little evening. Of course, if Gertie merely slumps sideways (and there’s one thing Hollywood hostesses can always count on: Gertie will never remain upright), the party was more or less of a bust. So there’s always Gertie, the face-faller-on, to gauge the success of any local affair. Which makes it easy for any host or hostess to know exactly how his party went over. Or under. As the case may be.

Cocktail parties, or teas as some put it, are something else again. They begin anywhere
from five o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, say in November, and end at 7 A.M. or P.M. the following February. From 5 to 7 may mean from 5 to 7 in the afternoon of the same day to the hostess, but it may mean anywhere from five to seven hours, the fifth to the seventh month in summer from five to seven years to the guests. None of whom she knows. And try putting them out. So always have your little overnight bag packed and waiting and all arrangements made to have the old trunk sent out a moment’s notice. There’s no telling when a cocktail party will turn up.

A NOther startling contrast in “parties Hollywood” and parties elsewhere is that instead of the guests eating the food provided by the host, the host eats the food prepared by the guests and likes it. For instance, at a rather formal gathering, classification “b,” the butler (hired by the hour) came haughtily into the drawing room with a tray of delectable sandwiches. “What?” screams a famous screen lover, pawing over the sandwiches, “no peanut butter?” And, whamming the butler over the head with the tray, repaired to the kitchen where he made thousands of peanut butter sandwiches which everyone ate. Including the butler. Cracked skull, regardless.

There’s that impromptu surprise thing that happens nowhere else but Hollywood. Couldn’t possibly, in fact. For example, a famous hostess from the Continent threw what she believed would be an eye-opener to the local Hollywood yokel. A famous, but constantly bewildered star, used to the slender streamline figures of movie queens, spotted his rather large hostess standing majestically at port, as it were, and was immediately seized with the fixed idea that he was there for the sole purpose of christening a battleship and nothing could stop him. Seizing a bottle of something very rare and special, he banged it over the hostess’ head and very solemnly said, “I hereby christen thee Crusader.” And made for the window under the delusion he was now sailing the high seas and was appallingly ill in the petunia bed under the window.

And there he stood. Refusing to budge or be budged. “Go away, go away,” he motioned feebly. “I should never have started on this voyage in the first place.” He grew greener and greener as he thought the waves dashed higher. Outside, the lawn spray was at that moment turned on full blast and nothing would make the boy believe he wasn’t in the midst of the Atlantic, for there was the spray to prove it.

“THe Crusader” by this time had been led screaming from the room. This only added to the boy’s belief that the ship was sinking and women and children were screaming for help. Finally one bright director conceived the brilliant idea of phoning the sound and prop departments of the studio and having a ship’s whistle and a gang plank sent over. With the aid of the ship’s whistle they pretended the ship was about to dock, and rolling the gang plank up to the window they managed to get the lad ashore. And just in time at that. For “The Crusader” had come to sufficiently to be good and peace and such a storm as he threatened to blow through would have no doubt ended in the boy leaping into the hotly deep of the spray and drowning himself by breaking his neck.

You see, it’s situations like that, that Hollywood expected and is constantly prepared to cope with. Elsewhere, without the marvelous facilities of a movie studio, the situation would be hopeless.

The little matter of formal announcements is another point of contrast between the customs of far-flung Hollywood and the more stable habits of Eastern civilization. In some one instance, the announcement of a baby’s coming (if it must be announced at all) follows immediately after the baby’s arrival. Or so I’m told, but in Hollywood we go very beyond that point. There’s the announcement, you remember, of that certain actress (marrie i am actor), who announced one fine day that

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Make $1 do the work of $3 when fighting colds

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

**Claims are easy to make until they have to be proved.** That’s why scientists spent last winter in making one of the largest experiments of its kind ever conducted. They wanted proof of what Pepsodent Antiseptic was worth in fighting colds.

Five hundred people were divided into several groups. Some fought colds by gargling with plain salt and water—some with other leading mouth antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent.

Those who used Pepsodent had 50% fewer colds than any other group.

What’s more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time.

What convincing evidence—what remarkable testimony.

Here is a clear-cut example of the protection Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.

**Know this about antiseptics**

Take note! When mixed with water many leading mouth antiseptics cannot kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.

That’s why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes $1 do the work of $3. Don’t gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic—Safeguard health—and save your hard-earned money.
in three years she would become a mother. Not two years, mind you, or four. But in three years and some odd days, she intended (not hoped, either, but intended) becoming a mother. I mean you couldn't do better than that. Or could you?

A LITTLE item to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So are planning a divorce could appear in almost any paper in the country. Except Hollywood. Here, the local trade paper recently carried the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star are not planning a divorce. Which is news, even if neither of them ever bit a dog in their lives.

The matter of removing one's clothes and donning bathing suits before plunging into swimming pools is an old established custom in saner parts of the world, I'm also told. In Hollywood, not only do famous stars plunge into strange pools ("Whose pool is this anyway?" they go about screaming) clad in satin evening gowns, but some hostesses even go so far as to provide lovely little minc coat outfits with bag, hat, gloves and gablettes, solely for pool plunging.

In other cities people are wont to arrive late at the theater and trample everyone silly getting into their seats. But in Hollywood, people get to the theater on time and do their trampling afterwards. Several stars, in fact, have been known to trample as high as six people three hours after the show was over. Which only goes to show how trampling customs differ in different climates. In Hollywood, you always do your best trampling the last thing.

Recently in the East I was amazed to discover young men sent their lady fairs an orchid. One orchid. Or, at the most, two. The sight of that one orchid, lone and serene in its tissueed box, is one of the sights never to be forgotten. For in Hollywood, especially if it's Marion Davies' birthday, the moving van calmly backs up to the front door of the florist shop and off goes a load of roses and astounded maiden fern to Marion's.

The gardenia craze has grown beyond all limits. The Hollywood male (and there's a story in itself) sends his lady not a box of gardenias, mind you. Or even some gardenias. He sends garlands, chains, tons of gardenias put up in fantastic shapes like "The Spirit of the N. R. A." or "Washington at Valley Forge." All made of gardenias. Often as not he'll phone the florist to send over six yards of gardenias to Flossy King. "No, wait," he'll add, "put a few more inches to it. Flossy's put on some weight."

The climax was reached recently when a popular star ordered a huge mufl made entirely of gardenias for his lady to carry to a premiere. A certain executive was furious that he hadn't thought of it first. And thought and thought how to go one better. Finally he conceived a bright (bright, for him) idea. "It's new," he screamed at the florist; "it'll knock 'em cold. Get a load of this. Daffodil step-ins. How's that? Ain't that something?"

"My Gawd," moaned the florist, "she won't wear daffodil step-ins. She couldn't sit down."

"Why not?" asked the producer. "You can lie in a bed of roses, can't you?"

"Yeah, but you can't sit down in daffodil step-ins. Besides, hardly anyone would see them. It's a waste of money, pretty near."

So they compromised on an entire gardenia wrap. With scarf and bag to match. Hollywood, Hollywood. Where all is so insanely and gorgeously different. The land, indeed, of strange misbehaviors. In any normal, sane place, the waiters pour soup down the customer's neck, and the customer in turn, tips the waiter. In Hollywood, the customer solemnly arises and pours the soup over the waiter's head. Who, in turn, tips the cus- tomar. Two dollars not to come back for a week. Ten dollars never to come back.

Did someone tell you when in Hollywood, do as the Hollywoodians do? Well, go on. And see where it gets you for the first time in your life. Maybe.

---

Night and Day Swank Sets the Style

Will Rogers may not "know nuthin' only what he reads in the 'papers," but he's mighty interested in this game. "Dr. Bull" is his latest release, and "Mr. Skitch" is nearing completion — neither is related to Mr. Zilch!
Star News from London

[Continued from page 42]

Whether it comes under the heading of American diplomacy or English humor, I'll leave it for you to decide—but young Fairbanks' side-stepping two leading questions put to him while he was broadcasting for the benefit of British listeners made me smile, anyhow.

"Who, in your opinion," asked the interviewer for all to hear, "is the world's greatest star?"

You could almost see Fairbanks' face go red, and you could hear him stammer while he was fishing for an answer.

Then, haltingly:

"Why, er, er, er, why—Mickey Mouse!"

And he selected as the world's greatest director—Walt Disney!

And that—as they say in Mayfair—is that!

**HILDA VAUGHN** has just turned up in London, direct from Hollywood. She isn't looking for a job, and doesn't expect to work while she's on this side. Just a holiday. After five weeks here she is going on for a tour of the Continent.

A darned nice woman is Hilda Vaughn—and a swell actress.

**COMING** back to that Fairbanks broadcast, I was at a party in Chelsea that night. Among the guests were Raquel Torres and Greta Nissen, who are working with Dick Ford in "The Red Wagon." When Joan's Ex pulled that Mickey Mouse line black-haired Raquel let out a yell.

"Whoops, my dear!" she ejaculated.

Our host's very English butler stepped quickly to Raquel's side, and looked down at her with anxiety registered in his expression.

"Are you quite all right, miss?" he asked earnestly.

Of course, that made the little Mexican laugh more than ever. And the rest of us had to laugh, too.

They Call Him "Perfect"

[Continued from page 62]

playing one of his rare "heavy" roles with Norma Shearer, remember how you were called upon to like him until the final climactic scene when he had to make you hate him? In "Madame X" where his dramatic struggle was every bit as impressive as that of Ruth Chatterton. In "Letty Lynton" where he never arrived until the last reel, but in spite of all that had gone before, dominated the final sequence. In "The Son-Daughter" where his terrific effort for the happiness of Helen Hayes and Ramon Novarro supplied the heart of the drama.

Perhaps all this explains why he is not a star.

Someone has to play these "backbone roles."

They have always gone to Lewis Stone when he has been available.

Consider his art in "The White Sister." He was sent to his death early in the plot, but so forcible an impression did he make as the old Italian aristocrat that his screen ghost, as it were, hung over all the rest of the picture, influencing every later action of Helen Hayes and Clark Gable.

After "Looking Forward" the world realized gain the power of Lewis Stone when by per-tact acting he placed an inferior part even with "the star."

**NO DRY THROATS NOW**

To prove how KOOLs soothe your throat, try them sometime when a head-cold has parched your mouth, or when overheated rooms in winter make your throat dry. Note how the mild menthol refreshes you and cools your throat. The smoke actually IS cooler (KOOLs are a better cigarette for you any time) but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. **FREE Bridge coupon in each pack. 50 bring an initialed deck of Congress Quality U.S. Playing Cards...other premiums. Offer good in U.S.A. only.**

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. Louisville, Ky.
In "The Patriot," and thereby forfeited a big share of the acting honors. Ramon Novarro, with typical Latin gallantry, calls it a privilege to lose occasionally at the master's hands, and picks for Stone at the start of every picture. Garbo has insisted that he play with her from time immemorial.

When "Queen Christina" was cast recently, she had but two requests—Lewis Stone and John Gilbert.

At one time not long ago no less than four top-notch stars at M-G-M besieged the casting office for this man, whom they knew would probably dominate every scene he walked into!

Why? Because although Lewis Stone exacts his due in the inevitable tributes to his acting, he is certain to enrich the starring role with his complementary excellence.

That's the professional reason.

The other is that Lewis Stone has carved a lasting niche in the hearts of every person with whom he has played. He is one of the best loved, and certainly the most respected actor in Hollywood, and while the stars faintly fear him—they know he's good for them!

To understand the why and wherefore of this flawlessly acting, it is necessary to know the actual character of Lewis Stone himself.

He is undoubtedly the most self-disciplined man in Hollywood.

A military friend of his puts it pitifully when he says, "Lewis Stone is always ready to stand inspection!"

ARMY trained (he was an officer in the Spanish-American and World Wars, instructed at Plattsburg, and today holds a major's commission in the Officers' Reserve Corps), he thinks directly, accurately and seriously. He is smart with a military sharpness, poised with an army polish, dignified with the authority of command. He has that something about him which makes his audiences "snap to attention"—and hold it.

Acting is his business. He sees to it that every character he portrays is thoroughly and cooly analyzed. He maps out his part in a picture, as he would plan a campaign. He knows what to do about it and he does it.

His directors agree that there is no waste motion when Lewis Stone plays a part.

He believes in preparedness to the nth degree. He has lived and traveled. He has done many things and known many people. From the wealth of his experience, education and culture, he draws his characters. If he does not know all about what he is to represent on the screen, he finds out. When he is not actually acting, he is devoting himself to study in his library at home, to riding, hunting, fencing, keeping himself in the best of physical as well as mental trim.

He is meticulous about his appearance, on the screen and off. In all his years as a contract player at M-G-M, he has used their great wardrobe facilities but once or twice.

Lewis Stone maintains his own wardrobe of accurate, correct clothes.

"I would rather buy my own clothes," he has explained, "and have them belong to me." That "belong" does not express acquisitiveness, but accuracy.

When he arrives on the set, he arrives on time, for he believes that punctuality is the virtue of kings. If the call is for six o'clock, he is there not ten, five or two minutes past six, but at six sharp, impeccable, cool and ready to work.

He is "Mr. Stone" always—even to many of his close friends. You will hear "Hello, Clark," and "Hi, Jean" frequently when Gable or Harlow arrive for work, but it's always "Good morning, Mr. Stone," from actors, technicians, directors. No one would dream of addressing him as "Lew." It simply is not done. An innate, aristocratic dignity forbids it.

Such is the man whose presence, precise dramatic excellence and definite magnetism command your attention and admiration on the screen—and have commanded them for, these many years. And Ramon Novarro exclaims well what Hollywood thinks of Lewis Stone when he says, "Lewis Stone is not only a great actor and artist. He is the greatest friend and the most beloved gentleman in Hollywood."
"Here's My Way to keep a Lovely Figure Perfect"

said Sylvia
to Helen Twelvetrees

Mrs. Harry Brown to him—but Sally Eilers to her host of screen admirers. Snapped at dinner Ben Lyon gave the bride and groom at the Lyon's home

The New Charles Farrell

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

He was late because he had just come from a long, hard day on the set of "The Shake-down." Only a few days before, he had finished "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," his first role since the self-inflicted panic.

He was tired, but not even fatigue could dull his enthusiasm about his new lease on life, about the vindication of his action.

"Was it worth it?" he repeated the question.

"Why, it's the best thing I ever did in my life! Do I think I've changed? Of course I have! I've almost felt myself change. I'm really more like my old self than in years. You know, when I first came out to Hollywood, I was a pretty cocky youngster. Assistant directors were always having to put me in my place.

"But I lost it. I played so many sweet boy lover parts that I actually discovered myself becoming more juvenile, naive and downright dumb every day! I stopped thinking for myself, battling for myself. Life just ambled along serenely. I was a perfect vegetable." He held up a beet to illustrate.

"Do you know, not long before I made the break I wasn't interested in seeing myself on the screen. I quit looking at the rushes. They hurt my digestion. I just didn't care. I took on weight—got up to around 185—I was dreadfully dull."

It was pretty hard to imagine this entertaining host, fairly flashing wit, charming, personable and electric, ever having been a bore about anything. But—

"I don't think it was entirely my fault, except that I didn't do something about it long before I did. But there's no use reviewing all that. Let me tell you about those eight months when I was 'out of a job.'"

While he paused for some necessary nourishment, there was occasion to get in a quick once-over of a trim 172-pounder, who certainly didn't resemble the Charlie Farrell of some months ago, and to reflect hastily that those eight months "out of a job" must have had their headaches as well as their rejuvenating effects.

"The third month was the hardest," continued Charlie. "The first two were purely vacation. Spent on the boat and loafing around. But the third was tedious futility all the way through.

Sylvia of Hollywood

World's foremost authority on the care of the feminine figure

"NOT all the movie stars need to reduce," says Sylvia. "Many of them come to me for help in keeping their lovely figures youthful. Then I tell them that my rule for staying slim is simply this:—

Choose Food Carefully, Exercise Faithfully, and Eat Ry-Krisp With Every Meal. In fact, I call Ry-Krisp my Stay Slim Secret, for I know that these crisp wafers which tempt your appetite also protect your figure. They're filling but not fattening—they satisfy your hunger safely and keep you from wanting starchy, fattening foods.

I'll Help You Get Slim; or Stay Slim!

I promise that you can make yourself lovelier—if you'll follow the advice I give you in my personal Consultation Chart. It includes exactly the same diets and exercises I've given the stars in Hollywood—and you can have it FREE!"

Ry-Krisp Whole Rye Wafers taste so good—you'd never suspect them of being good for you! Because they're made simply of flaked whole rye, salt and water—they're a "different" flavor that's equally interesting with morning coffee—or tinkling midnight beverages. Children love them—husbands find excuses to munch them—and you'll find them irresistible with soups and salads. If you're eating Ry-Krisp to grow lovelier, Sylvia's way, you'll better order one package for yourself—another for the family.

Your grocer has Ry-Krisp in red and white checkerboard packages. And don't forget to save the valuable package top!*

*Sylvia's Consultation Chart—FREE! Use this coupon

Madam Sylvia, Ralph Purina Company, 622 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo. I enclose one box top from a package of Ry-Krisp. Please send me your Consultation Chart from which I can get the information I need to help me solve my own beauty problems. (Offer good only in U.S.A. and Can.)

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ENTICING EYES win Love!

● Eyes hold mystery and glamour only when they are set off by rich, dark, long-looking lashes. Such lashes are enticing to men. Now any girl can have such lashes. For Winx—the NEW type mascara—transforms even pale, slumpy lashes into veils of luxurious loveliness. Winx is made with a special French formula. Therefore it cannot smudge or flake as ordinary mascaras so often do. Never stiffness into coarse, ugly beads. Always looks completely natural.

Two forms—Liquid Winx, waterproof—Coke Winx, tear-proof. And...to make your eyes doubly seductive, use the new Winx Eye Shadow. It is not grubby.

A Tornado? No! Lupe and Jimmy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

dive, see, an' lands flat on my indignation. Sink to the bottom with my snooze pro-trudin' up above. Just den, see, dis Jap gardener fella she has messin' around, comes along an' gives one yell.

"RUN!" he yells, "de war, she come. Dere's a submarine in de swimming pool wid its periscope comein' up."

"How mortifyin'? Was I booin' at de activity of it alla?"

"Anyway, de nex' day when me an' Loop hears dat dis still cameron goes back to de studio, see, an' says, 'No guy livin' could take a still of two jumpin' jacks,' why we was both bosed, see. All starts again. Us won' rep our an' everythin' our serenity on every occasion. De agnosticy of such a crack! Anyhow, we finds out he'd lef' for China. Geeze, he been so impounded.

"We wuz only goin' trow him off de top of de water tower."

"Rehearsin' our dance steps for dis picture, Loop keeps trampin' on me dogs. 'Keep off me feet!' yells at her, an' she only keeps trampin' 'em more, so. I fix her, I put a tack through me hip pocket wit de point stickin' out, see, and over-hot chas Loop, hits de point and, for tree weeks, dey hides me in Clark Gable's dressing room, see, an' slips things through de window to me at night."

"De four't week, all about it, so it's safe to come out. 'Allo, beeg boy!' she cries when she sees me, givin' me snowball a twit. 'Where you been, darlin'? Loopy miss her Jimmy."

"Dat's what I like about her. She don't harbor no grudges. In a couple years it's all over wit' Loop. Wotta gal!"

After weeks of nerve-racking screaming, yelling, chasin' in and out of the publicity department, through the commissary, hopping from table to table, in and out the dressing-rooms, with Jimmy hollering for help with Lupe after him, or Lupe squelching with Jimmy after her, the studio at last breathed a sigh of relief. Actual shooting had started on their picture now and everyone said, throwing their aspirin bottles and other sponges out the window, all would be calm on the old movie front. Jimmy and Lupe would have no more time for their constant threats of schmooze pinching, tack sticking and downright murder. No more practical jokes with a sigh of relief. Now they'd have to get down to business. The nervous wreck cases were brought back from the hospitals and put back at their jobs. Sweetness and even light prevailed. A full after a storm. A stillness after a volcanic terror.

Nine o'clock of a Monday morning, Lupe and Jimmy reported for work on sound stage number nine. And Lupe took one look at Jimmy, who stood there in brown overalls, green socks, red garters, a tiger skin breech-cloth and a ten cent cigar.

"My Got," screamed Lupe. "What is it? What are you going to be, Jimmy?"

"TIM TARZAN, baby," Jimmy strutted, slapping himself on the chest and nearly knocking himself out. "How do you like the vivaciousness of me curves, baby? Some class, eh? Some physical specimen, eh what?"

There was a moment of tense silence. Even Jimmy felt the deadly potency of that stillness. Slowly, Lupe walked over to her pal. With hands on hips, she surveyed him.

"What you say you going to be in this mess, Jimmy?" she lashed between clenched teeth.
"Why, I'm Tarzan," Jimmy said in surprise. "Can't you see by my constitutional atributs? What's eatin' ya, baby?"

"So. You would take my Johnny's place, eh? You would be Tarzan, you ape? My Johnny is the only Tarzan, you hear. I'll tear off that tiger skin do-funny, you—"

But Jimmy was gone. The chase was on. Cameramen, extras, script girl ran screaming for their lives. Down the studio lot tore Jimmy with Lupe after him.

"What's the matter?" a friend called to Jimmy as he tore past.

"She's gonna tear off this leopard skin diaper," Jimmy moaned. "I've gotta keep goin'."

"I'll keep hem, sure," Lupe panted. "He wants to take my Johnny's place."

"Wait, I'll help you," the friend grinned, grabbing the tail end of Jimmy as he whizzed past.

"Hey, you," Lupe whirled about, "take your hands off my Jeemy! I'll pull out your hair, you hear, or you touch hem, you bum. Don't you touch my fren!" And like a whirlwind, she was at the poor, bewildered friend. Scratching, biting, kicking, while Jimmy, completely worn out, staggered over to a step and sat down. When it was over, Lupe staggered over and sat down beside him.

"Well, we sure did run, didn't we, Jeemy?"

"Yea, and when I get me breath, I'm goin' some more."

And like a shot the two were at it again.

Up the dressing-room steps Jimmy tore. With Lupe after him. Down he raced. With Lupe still after him. As the commotion grew louder, a door at the end of dressing-room row opened. A tall Swede stepped out and gazed at the sight of a man in brown oxford, green socks, red garters and most amazing of all, a leopard skin breechclout. A cigar still clenched in his teeth and a wild woman in full pursuit.

Garbo stood calmly by the railing and gazed. Fascinated.

"Vot iss dis?" she muttered to herself. Doors were opened all along the line. Out popped Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler and Madge Evans. Lee Tracy came racing up, waving his hands. Yelling instructions to Jimmy, to take to the roof. Gable came leaping over with a fire extinguisher in one hand and a bath towel for Jimmy in the other. In case worse came to worse.

"Vot game iss dis?" Garbo kept muttering as the entire studio took up the chase that now centered on the roof of Marion Davies' bungalow.

Somewhere in the distance a fire engine was racing, its siren blaring, hunting the riot.

From the roof of the bungalow, Jimmy made one Tarzan-like leap that would have brought a blush of envy to Johnny Weissmuller's tan—to the huge coconut palm he swung, and back to the ladies' dressing-room row. Alice Brady stood in the doorway, her blonde wig in hand. Like a shot, Jimmy had it on her head.

A executive, alarmed at the commotion, thrust his head out of a window and caught one look at Jimmy and the wig. "Mein Gott," he screamed, "Is Flora Finch back in the movies?"

And then at the bottom of the steps, Lupe was waiting for him.

"Jeemy, darling," she cried, "look, Lupe has a beey idea. Come down, heeg boy. It's all right. Lupe won't tear off the leopard skin. Leesen, you can be Tarzan, see, and I'll be the monkey that pushes you in the water. Jeemy, it's wonderful."

And arm in arm, the two pals stole back to the sound stage while an entire studio lay prostrate. All but Greta. Who still stood on the dressing-room balcony looking with bewildered, puzzled eyes, at the departing Jimmy and Lupe, arm in arm.

"Gott, such craziness!" she murmured to herself. "Such craziness!"

---

Mrs. John Nixon

HAS A EUGENE WINTER WAVE

SAYS MRS. NIXON, socially prominent in New York and Atlanta: "There is no scarf for permanent waves, abroad. I have frequently noticed that English and Continental Society women keep their hair permanently waved in winter, as well as summer, by the Eugene Method. For, obviously, one's hair should be even more perfect in the formal social season than in care-free summer!"
With Connie Was Down and Out

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

with him.” “And now this poor kid, tossed out, without even a chance to show what she could do.”

That was the story, as told by people who knew nothing about it. Now for the real story—not of why Constance was out, for with clothes not designed as they should have been to make her broad shoulders look well opposite the dapper Colman, that was inevitable—but of how much of a "devil" Colman proved to be.

Best let Constance’s mother tell it—she knows the facts well.

"There was almost no money, for in New York Constance had been supporting me and her sick younger brother, and her salary was pitifully small. Now we had to decide at once whether to go back to New York or whether we would gamble on Constance’s chances in Hollywood.

"In my heart, I knew Constance would come through this, the biggest disappointment of her life, but for the time being she seemed stunned. I couldn’t reach through to her.

"Then Ronald Colman called on the phone. He asked her to his house to tea, to talk things over. When she came back after a long talk with him, things seemed different. She had found herself, she had made up her mind. We stayed in Hollywood. I’ll never forget what Ronald Colman’s help and encouragement did to us both that day.”

Colman had all the answers ready. He got a friend on the telephone at once, a man who was deeply obligated to him. He secured an agent for Miss Cummings at once. Then he arranged for her to get whatever was necessary. Being well dressed—and knowing it—is half the battle in restoring self-confidence to a girl in Hollywood, or any place else in the world, for that matter. The sun shone again.

Very shortly came the chance to play "Criminal Code." Constance could not believe that the part would really be hers. The agent was to call at ten A.M., and at four P.M. Constance was still sitting beside the phone, waiting for the call that never seemed to come. At five, it came. The part was all set.

Relieved of worry, and backed by the never flagging encouragement and kindness of Ron-
ald Colman, Constance did a fine job of acting.

She got a contract with Columbia. Through the rush and push of work in an independent studio, with nerves at hairtrigger tension, with the sharp jockeying for advantage that an actress encounters on such lots, Colman continued to advise and encourage her. When the picture was finished and Constance Cummings, arrived, could walk forth free to better things, Colman staged a hilarious celebration party for her, inviting his friends and their wives.

While it is something Constance does not speak of, a check for five hundred dollars went to the Motion Picture Relief Fund, with her name Colman, just out of gratitude for the start Ronald Colman had so unselfishly given her in pictures.

That’s the kind of girl Constance Cummings is. I believe this story indicates, also, the kind of man that “aloof sphinx,” Ronald Colman, is.

Ladies Love Villains

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

to Germany with his father on a buying expedi-
tion, and was placed in school there. Later, he went to school in Switzerland, completing his education in the United States.

He became an accomplished linguist, speak-
ing French and German as fluently as a native.

He considered the career of an interpreter.

And then, says Gordon, with a wry smile, “I discovered you could get an interpreter who speaks twenty-one languages for Aberdeen’s left cheek is a souvain of Kid McCoy’s.

It seems a little argument arose between the friend with Henry and another person, who wasn’t invited to the party at all. “And where were you during the scrimmage?” I wanted to know.

"For a few brief moments,” smiled Gordon, "I was with my friend. The next person I was with was an awfully pretty nurse in a hospital.”

IN 1913, C. Henry’s career officially began.

He played his first part on Broadway—
thanks to a chambermaid!

It happened this way. After a long day doing the rounds of the agencies—he was tired of the road—Henry went up to his hotel room. The bed was unmade. He was disgusted. Muttering, “Life is just an unmade bed,” he hanged the door and went over to the Lamb’s Club.

A manager named Reginald Barlow (he is now an actor in Hollywood) was casting a New York play, “Experience.”

Most of the casting in those halcyon days was done around the Lamb’s Club bar.

"And,” amplifies Henry, “I gave them plenty of opportunity to cast me!”

Gordon got the part—and his Broadway career was assured from then on. He sup-
ported Ina Claire, Walter Huston, Florence

By the day, month or year
AT THE
SHERRY-
NETHERLAND
on Central Park... New York
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street
 Reed, Fredric March, Mary Duncan, and many others in a number of very successful plays.

Gordon drifted around Hollywood for three years before he had a break.

His first real part was with Warner Baxter in "Renegades."

But the biggest thrill was the part in "Mata Hari," with Garbo. Henry was the spy who sent her to her death.

"What a woman she is," the mystery man pays homage to the mystery woman of all time.

"When she strikes onto the set with that long crouching pace of hers—your head swins. And when she looks at you with that slow, measured, indifferent look—good godfrey, no other woman alive can look at a man like that—my knees turn to water. There's a woman a man could spend his life speculating about—what she does, and what she thinks."

SO. Another mystery revealed. That's how he feels about Garbo.

C. Henry has been married four times. "I served three apprenticeships—the last marriage is always the best, and mine is ideal. I make the money. Veronica runs the house. She has never been on the stage or in pictures, knows nothing of either. We have been married two years."

So there's one mystery cleared.

Gordon's mother is visiting him at the present time. She is eighty-three years old, in spite of which Henry says:

"I can't keep her home. She's always going places."

Gordon is a man of vigorous physical energy. He spends his leisure time playing golf or galloping along the less frequented bridle paths.

He wears faultless tweeds with great distinction. His dog is a Scottie.

There must be a reason why ladies love villains.

C. Henry Gordon is one of the very best reasons we have ever encountered.

Illustration and text over. 100, Kleenex Co.

One hand takes the cream, the other takes

KLEENEX!

Kleenex's patented pull-out carton feeds tissues as you need them, convenient—economical

ONE of the things you will like about Kleenex tissues is the unique patented box they come in.

Kleenex tissues are fed out, one double sheet at a time! You do not have to hold the box with one hand while taking tissues with the other.

And your hand cannot contaminate or mess up the other sheets. It cannot accidentally take more than is needed. The Kleenex carton saves you money.

Kleenex—the one safe way

Kleenex cleanses by absorption. It soaks up cleansing cream like a sponge in water—leaving pores clean, healthy, rid of the load that enlarges and coarsens them. Kleenex, downy soft and silky, will not scratch or irritate. Kleenex tissues, dainty, disposable, used but once and then thrown away, are far more sanitary than other methods.

Kleenex for handkerchiefs

Especially recommended for use with cosmetics is large-size Kleenex, three times the regular size; also useful as a sanitary guest towel, for dusting, etc.

Regular-size Kleenex should be used for handkerchiefs to prevent the spread of colds and self-infection. It saves washing dirty handkerchiefs—costs less than having handkerchiefs laundered.

Kleenex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES
Consider your Lashes

It's a conceded beauty fact that curling lashes make the eyes seem larger and infinitely enticing. Did you know that with no trouble at all you can make your lashes curl? The secret lies in a gadget that looks innocent enough. You slip your lashes in it. Squeeze the handles, and presto, they curl divinely! No heat. No cosmetics. And the effect is as ravishing as any you've ever wished for! At toilet goods counters everywhere. $1.

KURLASH

Would you like our booklet on lovely eyes, and how to have them? Write for it. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York.

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FOR A GOOD XMAS GIFT SUGGESTION SEE PAGE 16

It's the Caveman Within Us Calling for Mae

[Continued from page 39]

As Mr. Fielding puts it, the Mae West picture fits in exactly with what some of us are pleased to call the "wild youth" phase of life since the World War. There is nothing particularly "wild," to his mind, about "wild youth."

The present generation of youngsters, he believes, will mature and grow old normally, and in due course will be lecturing its grandchildren about the evils of their ways, just as grandma has been telling the world today how the young folks are going to the dogs.

What really has happened is a breaking through of the taboo which lay upon the half-world of sex in the 1890's.

We have it in the open now, and are not ashamed to enjoy shows about it. And this, says Mr. Fielding, is a much better way of dealing with our "inner caveman" than trying to repress him altogether.

"If we allow him to dominate us," is his view, "he will plunge us into a vicious or criminal existence. If we attempt to suppress him altogether, he will rebel with all his primitive might and throw us into physical or mental illness, thus adding another victim to the neurotic hosts."

"But when reasonably disciplined, he can be kept healthily in place by catering to his love of amusement and fun, of adventure, and of diversions that conform to the social proprieties."

"The problem of making this adjustment is the most serious one in every individual's life. It decides his fate and happiness. This dual nature within all of us has been sensed from remote antiquity."

It is a constant theme of folklore—the good little fairy versus the bad.

"The group of healthy emotional outlets coming under the head of diversions, that gratify the primitive side of our personality in a socially approved manner, includes amusements of all kinds—of which motion pictures are, in present-day life, by far the greatest single factor—sports, play, games, travel, adventure, humor, jokes, etc."

"Every one of these forms of diversion is an emotional outlet for primitive energy and offers the cultured personality wholesome relief from the rigorous restrictions, repressions and inhibitions that are part and parcel of our highly organized civilized life. Those who fail to obtain this desirable relaxation from concentrated effort are apt to obtain 'relief' in an abnormal manner, when the 'caveman' breaks loose in the form of a nervous breakdown or other harmful condition."

"That is why a screen character who stimulates the audience to let down its repressions is bound to be popular, especially in this age of highly systematized social organization."

So that's the secret of why we like Mae West. Most of us didn't know we housed this bold, bad, wicked cave creature within us. But now that we've been enlightened, we know why he calls aloud for her. Let's hope that when our curious Mae steps forth in her newest, "I'm No Angel," she won't be an angel—because our "caveman" wouldn't like her at all if she were.

And remember, we've got to please our "caveman" now and then if we're going to remain normal.
Three Was a Crowd!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

"I should be affected by a mechanical ape!" he snorted. "I'll admit I've been reading philosophical works. But if I've changed in any way, if I've calmed down as you say, it comes from the influence of Adrienne Ames."

In order to appreciate the change, one must know something of Bruce's past achievements.

His career started back in Carlsbad, New Mexico, where he soon gave indications of developing into a hard-hitting, hard-playing, hard-working he-man, handy with his dukes, quick on the trigger and death to the ladies. As a child he was entered in New Mexico Military Institute. He managed to stay three weeks; then ran away to a ranch, and at the ripe age of fifteen, he gave up ranching in favor of becoming second to a prizefighter, whom he inadvertently knocked out. This made it expedient to seek other employment.

From then he skyrocketed through prep schools and colleges, drove a bone wagon (teaching the broken bones of cattle to perished on the plains), worked for the State Highway Commission swinging a sledge hammer, did odd jobs with surveying parties and the oil fields, and tried his hand at the wholesale paper business, as well as in printing, real estate and cotton.

He served in the National Guard and was all but murdered while working his way to France on a tramp steamer. In France he wrecked a hotel because one of the guests objected to the way his pol, "Duke" Estey, recited Shakespeare. Returning to New Mexico, he immediately fell in love with a Chicago girl, followed her home and married her: the newspapers hailing the event as of "almost international importance."

As a wedding gift he received fifty thousand ducats, which he proceeded to lose in the wheat pit, to his wife's displeasure. "I thought I was another Jesse Livermore," says Bruce. "But my wife didn't. So we quarreled and separated." After considering the matter, he wrote a twenty page letter of apology and, regrettably enough, forgot to mail it. Hence his divorce.

After deciding to conquer New York as a broker, he came within an ace of conquering the Sixth Avenue Elevated by crashing into it with a brand-new car. He left the car for junk and took a screen test from Bernie Fine, film executive. "The test was puck," Bruce admits. "So I went to Hollywood and caught a job as bouncer in a café." While in Hollywood he also rented houses, and promoted anything he could, including the Embassy Night Club Roof.

Eventually he met David Selznick, was given another screen test, and won a contract at RKO-Radio. No doubt you remember him in "King Kong." As a result of his performance in this picture his screen success seems assured. But, as I say, up until three months or so ago he still was our favorite wild man from New Mexico; a lad who had been dubbed TNT while working in the oil fields.

Then slowly, insidiously, the change came about. He began leading a quiet life—and reading! And the blame he, rests on the shoulders of Adrienne Ames.

It seems inevitable that sooner or later Bruce and Adrienne should have become friends. On the one hand we have Adrienne's glamorous beauty and poise. Many consider her the most fascinating woman in Hollywood. While Bruce is the sort of chap who seems to charm nine-tenths of the women with whom he comes in contact. Tall, dark, husky, handsome and impetuous: an unbeatable formula.

Up to this time Bruce had roamed the world vainly seeking some niche in which he fitted.
Photoplay magazine for December, 1933

In spite of her success, her dissatisfaction with life seemed to have left him bewildered. He tried a woman like that, each batch of the finer points of living, to curb the restless tendencies induced by his super-sensitive nature.

And it so happens Adrienne Ames is the type who derives joy from doing just that. Furthermore, her loneliness had developed to a point where she was on the verge of giving up her career. "Business keeps my husband in New York," she pointed out. "My career keeps me out here. As a result I see him but two or three times a year. And you've no idea how the lonely Ames feels when not seeing Bob, Ralph, Neil, Jack, Dorothy, MacKay, Ralph Bellamy, Tom Brown.

Select Your Favorite

Twelve popular stars to choose from. You'll want to collect the whole series.

Claudette Colbert
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Genevieve Tobin
Ralph Forbes
Wynne Gibson
Constance Cummings
Edmund Lowe
Ginger Rogers
Dorothy Mackaill
Ralph Bellamy
Tom Brown

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Notes: Similar cards with "hollored" size bob pins, featuring members of Hal Roach's "Our Gang" are available at misses.

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At which point I inquired if Adrienne and her husband Stephen Ames, wealthy New Yorkers, were planning a divorce.

"I don't know," he said. "I honestly don't know. If I did I'd tell you. There'd be no point in holding it back. Stephen is out East. But insofar as I know he just came out to spend a week or so with his wife. The three of us go around together occasionally and have a swell time of it. Stephen's a grand fellow. I like him a lot."
“sh.” And do the ladies love it? But when he heard the nasal twang, he uttered a sharp “Mmm.” You knew things were happening. They were. The saddle was finished.

It occurred to Mr. Cooper that he needed a horse to go with it. “I get a day off tomorrow, don’t I?” he demanded of Ernst Lubitsch, that past master of the art of sparkling innuendo. Lubitsch shrugged. “You do.”

STARTLING to see all the sophistication Gary had assumed for “Design for Living” drop from him like a cloak. The wicked, worldly little devil in his eye had bled; the gay banter was gone. He was a Westerner looking for a horse.

“Here’s the thoroughbred Arab mount, Mr. Cooper. He’s a beauty.” Gary nodded, and drove on to another stable. There he discovered what he wanted: a four-year-old gray mare. Not a blue ribbon winner perhaps, but... she was pretty similar to that other gray mare he had had. The one he had ridden at the ranch when he was a kid. Do everything but talk, that horse. Knew his footsteps a mile away and start whitening. She had broken loose and a train had caught her. Gary found her an hour later, and had been forced to shoot her to end her agony.

He didn’t say anything. Cooper wouldn’t. He just sort of went off by himself. But twenty years later he bought a horse that looked as much like her as possible.

“She’s kinda used to the name of Winnie,” the stableman remarked apologetically. “Better keep callin’ her that.” Gary protested. “That’s a terrible handle for a nag. Winnie!” The mare gave an answering neigh and pawed violently. “Oh, well,” said Gary feebly, “maybe I’d better.”

That afternoon he built a corral for her out at the “place.” A six-acre “ranch” in the vicinity of Van Nys that’s as hard to locate as a millionaire without a Wall Street grudge. It’s where civilization meets the sage-sprinkled mesa—pleasant large house with adjoining swimming pool, and at night the deer come down from the hills and drink.

The Beverly Hills mansion with all its elaborate trimmings that Gary took for a year was merely a “prop” so far as he was concerned. A lady, the wife of a friend of his, had practically saved his life over in Europe. He had a debt to pay. He paid it in the only way he thought she'd enjoy—lavish entertainment. And when it was over he moved to the “ranch.”

That corral looked lonely to Gary. So the very next morning he bought a mate for “Winnie.” Then he took Biff Grimes out to pass official inspection.

Queried about Biff, he’s probably the homeliest pit bull-dog that ever existed. Both ears are chewed off and he’s scared from nose to tail. But he has a way of wheeling into your affections and staying there. He and Gary got together rather dramatically.

It happened one night when Coop stopped at a gas station on his way home. There was plenty of traffic on the road and a crazy dog was staggering around in the middle of it. “That fool pup is going to get killed in a minute,” he told Jack Moss, his pal and manager, who was on the seat beside him. The two of them got out. Gary whisked. Seventy pounds of mud-stained, bloody pit bull lumbered in their direction. “He’s been in a fight. He’s punch drunk.” There was no tag on him. Nothing. They put him in the car and headed for the “ranch.”

AND now Biff runs it. Right from the start Coop called him after the character he played in “One Sunday Afternoon.” Dog and master are a lot alike in a good many ways. Biff doesn’t bark as Gary doesn’t talk. Not in the ordinary manner. But when they do give utterance, it means something!

If you dropped in at a quiet evening you’d hear a strange duet in progress, an obligato of short yelps accompanying a pleasant baritone voice. What you might call close harmony on “Buried Me on a Lone Prairie,” followed up with some song like “Crooning Low.”

Yes, Biff takes his singing with Gary very seriously. Almost as seriously as he does snake hunting.

He wasn’t taught to do it. It’s just one of those duties a fellow assumes when he takes over a place like the “ranch.” He sniffed out a rattler the first day he was there. A number of them were in the habit of rambling down from those hills. They knew better now. Biff calmly

It’s a love match! Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are here attending the annual matches held at the Los Angeles Tennis Club, just before their trip to Las Vegas, Nevada, where they obtained a marriage license

“l’m proud of my VITa-Tonic wave... says MARIAN MARSH

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Other parents taking dolls and trains and new clothes to their children... your boy and girl wondering why they are passed by... not understanding that the Blue Eagle can't help every one.

Long lists of needy families... looking to The Salvation Army... 686,946 Christmas Dinners last year... 319,283 children made happy with gifts...

People don't intend to be thoughtless... they just forget... and Christmas passes.

MAIL YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TODAY TO:*  

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Screen Memories From Photoplay

**15 Years Ago**

Our issue of December, 1918, showed plainly that the movies, which had entered the war period not far ahead of their nickelodeon standards, were coming out "grown up." We told about the new "super theaters" now appearing in many cities, and how they were taking business from the stage.

Increased care was being taken, too, with costuming. We told about Sam Levy, a tailor, who went Hollywood filled with actors who dressed like rubes at a circus for their name. He taught them how to dress. To do this, he had to work out the art of getting fabrics and colors that would photograph well.

Among new stars, the stage had yielded comedians Fred Stone and Will Rogers—and we said that their first films gave Will a far better start and indicated that he would go farther and last longer. Sylvia Breamer was the outstanding new woman, having achieved stardom in "Missing," following a year of experience with Bill Hart. We said, however, that the new ingenue, Lila Lee, had a bright future.

Griffith, now acknowledged peer of directors, told how he picked leading women. "It isn’t what you do with your face and hands. It’s the light within," was his idea. To prove it, he discussed Mary Pickford, the Gliederas, the Talmidges, Seena Owen, Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet and Miriam Cooper.

Leading articles told about Ernest Trues," the boy who wouldn’t grow up," Tom Moore, and Alice Lake, brunette Mack Sennett beauty; and we told the story of Norma Talmadge’s "The Forbidden City." No "best films" were named then, but we waxed enthusiastic over Maurice Tourneur’s direction of the melodrama, "Sporting Life," and Frank Keenan’s work in "The Bell’s." On the cover: Sylvia Breamer.

**10 Years Ago**

In our issue of December, 1923, unwittingly we were reviewing the close of an epoch in motion pictures—the eventful post-war years which saw the art of modern picture-making come into full flower.

We told how that colorful hero, Rudolph Valentino, was setting his home town in Italy wild with excitement by his visit. Dorothy Davenport Reid was touring the country with her anti-narcotics film, "Human Wreckage," following the tragic death of her husband, Wally Reid. Three pages of pictures showed the splendors of Barbara La Marr and her "Madam Put, Sevanter.

Among the newer players, great excitement was caused by Conrad Nagel, cast as Paul in "Three Weeks," and not at all like at all by Elmo Glyn, for the role. Director Eric Von Stroheim had his company in the desert, making "Greed," and Ernst Lubitsch was finishing his first year in Hollywood. One novelty in pictures reviewed for the month was "Columbus," the first one in an intended series of thirty being made by Yale University Press to depict American history.

The police dog Rin-Tin-Tin covered himself with glory by rescuing a child trapped in a quagmire. While Gloria Swanson was said to be giving up her gorgeous Western mansion before returning to New York, Pola Negri was busy buying real estate in Hollywood for investment. Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen were planning a comeback in "The Man Who Knew Too Much." The six best pictures of the month: "Scaramouche," with Ramon Novarro; Charlie Chaplin’s "A Woman of Paris," which made Adolphe Menjou; "The Spanish Dancer," with Pola Negri; Gloria Swanson’s "Zaza"; "The Bad Man," with Holbrook Blinn; and "Cameo Kirby." The cover—Constance Talmadge.

**5 Years Ago**

Hollywood had a sensation five years ago, according to our issue of December, 1928! A British fleet had arrived in California waters, with Prince George of England. The Prince had been invited to Pickford—but after this day appeared on the anniversary of her marriage to Will Rogers. Perhaps this was lucky for Hollywood. It diverted talk from that eternal subject—"what the talkies were doing to the movies."

By December, this new menace started in August, was moving down old-time favorites north and south. Jack Gil bert was having contract trouble, and Nils Asther was being groomed to replace Jack—only to be set aside for several years, until he accepted English that would register into the microphone. And as though the talkie trouble were not enough, we told that death had taken two old-time favorites—Louise Dresser and Theda Bara, beloved to his im-

poverty stricken for several years, now that "custard pie" comedies were "out."

Ruth Chatterton led the contingent of stage actors being drawn in for talkies. Her work in Emil Jannings’s "Sins of the Fathers" was a popular success. Helen Twelvetrees was signed, and Lupe Velez and Madge Bellamy, each just finishing her first year in Hollywood, were among the lucky ones doing well before the microphone.

Janet Gaynor’s "4th Heaven" with Charlie Francis announced winner of the Photoplay Gold Medal for the year.

Then came the corrected version of the Manhattan repertorial confusion. It seems that Marlene, slim, in trim curveless feminine attire, was queried regarding the effect of Mae West fashions on Paris.

"I never heard of Mae West fashions," quoth Dietrich blandly, according to the later version—and Marlene must have swallowed that last word, because none of the reporters caught it.

That explanation please Mae? Well—not exactly, to judge from Le West's somewhat testy printed rejoinder. Where the first report had failed to get a "rise" out of her, the second drew return fire.

"WHAT, she never heard of Mae West fashions? Why, she wore them herself in her last picture, 'Song of Songs'! I even heard that she wore my corset so she could show the Mae West curves. But, of course, you'd have to verify that from the wardrobe department."

So the newspaper gossip ran, dragging the issue into the "retor courtoise" stage, which as everyone knows, just precedes the "quip quarrelsome"—and that's right next door to open hostility!

Paramount's wardrobe department scoffs at the far-fetched idea of Dietrich's making use of one of West's binders, explaining that Mary did wear a corset in pleasant scenes of "Song of Songs," but that it was especially made for her slim figure.

The studio itself has taken a "much ado about nothing" attitude toward the white rumpus, but Hollywood is sitting back, wondering if there might not be just a little fire behind those tiny puffs of smoke, just a little fire which might eventually warm up the Paramount lot as it has not been heated since those torrid days some ten or so years ago when Gloria Swanson, then the undisputed queen of the studio, found her throne challenged by a foreign invader, known as Pola Negri.

You see, Hollywood still vividly recalls the battle of the titans which plunged Paramount into almost factional warfare for three years, which practically divided it into two armed camps, which provided Hollywood history with some of its most amazing and amusing anecdotes of big time star struggles, jealousies and counter jealousies—all within the walls of the same Paramount Studio which Mae West and Marlene Dietrich now call their professional home.

It all was built up from just as inconsequential a source, and in many other ways it paralleled the present West-Dietrich set-up. Pola Negri came from Germany, as did Dietrich, although she followed Swanson, where Mae West, the present domestic star, has followed Marlene, to Hollywood.

Both were then querulously and self-determined persons, as indeed are both Dietrich and West. Both represented different types of sex appeal; both possessed different and clashing temperaments.

It was in the hey-day of Swanson, when she was the undisputed feminine dictator of the Paramount set—when, believe it or not, she was more in the news than is Garbo today, because she did more.

Into the Swanson domain, with an unprecedented fanfare of cinema trumpets, came Pola, queen of foreign films, after her German-made "Passion" had swept this nation as well as Europe. From then on things began to happen and kept happening—how they kept happening!

Gloria Swanson dressed in an elaborate bungalow at the far north end of the studio lot; so
Must I "Put Up" With Such Hands? Rough...Ageing...Stained

No Longer...Thanks to NEW TYPE LOTION

IT'S a shame for you to endure unlovely, suffering hands, when this radically different lotion can make them soft, white and comfortable so quickly you'll be amazed. Called Chamberlain's Lotion, it is far more effective than ordinary preparations. It contains 13 different, imported oils, each for a specific purpose. One clears and whitens red, discolored hands—removes even nicotine stains. Another, antiseptic, brings quick, soothing relief from chapped, soreness, windburn, skin irritations. Still another refines coarse, revives dried-out skin, and so softens skin texture even callouses disappear. The most abused hands become velvety-smooth and years younger-looking. Tests prove Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds! No bother; some massage of gummy lotions that must be rubbed in. Try it. Prove in 37 seconds you can gain soft, white hands and skin—or money back. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.

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Chamberlain's Lotion
SORE TOES
Quickly Relieved—Prevented

Also for CALLOUS BUNIONS CORNS
SORE HEELS
SORE INSTEP

Makes New or Tight Shoes Comfortable!

No more pain or discomfort as you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, protective pads take off pressure on the sore spot, rapidly heal an irritation; prevent blisters; cushion and relieve bunions; and quickly and safely remove corns and callouses when used with the separate Medicated Discs included in every box. Double value now at no extra cost. Get a box today at your drug, department or shoe store.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Pola Negri must have one equally as ornate at the south end.

From each bungalow a clear view down wide "Peacock Alley" was afforded of the other, and this very fact resulted in a dramatic incident.

The studio, entertaining a convention of its salesmen and representatives with a mammoth banquet on one of the stages, had requested the presence of both its queens to top the ultimate Hollywood program of orchestras, dancing girls and endless course dinner. Both had agreed to come.

EIGHT o'clock, the appointed hour, passed; neither has shown up. Nine o'clock. Ten. The guests fidgeted; messengers were dispatched, but to no avail. Neither was "quite ready." Eleven o'clock; still no Swanson, no Negri.

Finally in walked Gloria. Then, and only then, did Pola regally make the Grand Entrance!

Old timers at Paramount still chuckle about the famous "skirmish of the cats." The old Paramount lot, which had grown out of a barn was at one time infested with mice which threatened to eat up the wardrobe, the commissary and even the stars; so a horde of alley cats had been assembled to eat the rats. For years, these cats had gathered daily for food near the commissary in an e-owing mob, and often Gloria, who was fond of them, had paused in her real work to pet them. The cats were a time-honored tradition.

Pol a arrived, glimpsed the cats, shuddered. She couldn't stand cats! She wouldn't work with cats on the lot! But the cats remained. Gloria returned to Hollywood from her triumphant tour of Europe sporting a brand new husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Cou-dray, and a brand new title (when titles in Hollywood were very, very scarce) of "Mar- quise."

By a curious coincidence Pola went out and married Sergeant Mdivani, and garnered the impressive title of "Princess."

Paramount itself inadvertently fanned the flame of rivalry when, by one of those inexplicable production plans, it placed Pola in a picture with almost identically the same plot and character as that of Swanson's "The Humming Bird." Both stars portrayed apaches in a Parisian setting, and the pictures were released not too far apart and at a time when Gloria was becoming dissatisfied with her Paramount status, and anxious to produce her own pictures.

Such were the incidents that peppered the history of the Swanson-Negri episode for three feverish years—and it is just such a "battle of the queens" that gossip insists is in the making now.

If there actually exists an undercurrent of hostility engendered by the West-Dietrich complications, and it develops into something of the sort, it could easily be "colossal."

Admittedly "no angel," Mae's caustic wit if directed at Marlene could certainly "do her wrong." On the other hand, that stubborn Teutonic will of Marlene's, revealed more than once during the recent criticism of her masculine attire would prove formidable defense.

What a clash of temperaments could be stirred up—what a battle royal! And what a Roman holiday it would make for Hollywood!

But what a headache for poor Paramount—to face another civil war, another exhausting battle of stars with Mae and Marlene—its two queens—clashing again! Yes, yes, Hollywood gossip has promised itself a merry winter!

Winners of the $1,500 in Cash Prizes in the MOVIE MUDGLES CONTEST IN THE JANUARY PHOToplay

Come to LOS ANGELES AND DANCE WITH THE STARS at the WORLD FAMOUS "Coconut Grove" of The AMBASSADOR HOTEL

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A Symbol

THE Yule log—symbol of Christmas through the ages. On the great holiday the lord of the manor threw wide the doors, and misery and squalor were forgotten in the cheer of the boar's head and Wassail.

Customs change, but the Christmas spirit is ageless. Today millions express it by the purchase of Christmas Seals—the penny stickers that fight tuberculosis—still the greatest public health problem. Your pennies will help pay for free clinics, nursing service, Preventoria, tuberculin testing, X-rays, rehabilitation and other important work such as medical and social research.

The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

Alviené SCHOLL'S THEATRE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER, 1933

THE Yule log—symbol of Christmas through the ages. On the great holiday the lord of the manor threw wide the doors, and misery and squalor were forgotten in the cheer of the boar's head and Wassail.

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The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

Alviené SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE

The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

Alviené SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE

The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS
CASTS OF CURRENT PHOTPLAYS

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue


"CHIEF, THE"—M-G-M. — From the play by W. R. Burnett. Directed by John Farrow. With Errol Flynn, Agnes Moorehead, June Duprez, Donald Crisp, Sydney Greenstreet, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy, and others.


"EVER IN MY HEART"—WARNERS. — From the play by Austin Strong. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. With Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Joan Fontaine, and others.

"FOOTLIGHT PARADE"—RKO-RADIO. — From the story by Imogene Holst. Directed by Busby Berkeley. With Bert Lahr, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, and others.

"GOLDEN HARVEST"—PARAMOUNT. — From the novel by John Galsworthy. Directed by Michael Curtiz. With John Gielgud, Dame May Whitty, and others.

"GOODBYE LOVE"—RKO-RADIO. — From the story by Nina Polk. Directed by Henry King. With John Hodiak, Evelyn Keyes, and others.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY"—M-G-M. — From the story by Muriel Maxwell. Directed by Sam Wood. With Janet Gaynor, Fred MacMurray, and others.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MISS JONES"—STEIN. — From the story by William Saroyan. Directed by John Ford. With Richard Widmark, Rosemary DeCamp, and others.


"HAPPY TOGETHER"—TOipop. — From the story by S. N. Behrman. Directed by George Cukor. With Robert Montgomery, Greer Garson, and others.

"HEARTS LIKE PINEAPPLES"—RKO-RADIO. — From the story by Fred Niblo. Directed by S. N. Behrman. With Spencer Tracy, Miriam Hopkins, and others.

"HEIR TO THE SUN"—M-G-M. — From the play by S. N. Behrman. Directed by Sam Wood. With Katharine Hepburn, Fredric March, and others.


"I'M NOT TAKING CHANCES"—RKO-RADIO. — From the story by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Henry King. With Elizabeth Allan, Joel McCrea, and others.

"I'M SCARED"—M-G-M. — From the play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Directed by John Ford. With Elizabeth Taylor, Spencer Tracy, and others.

"I'M IN LOVE WITH A BEAUTY"—RKO-RADIO. — From the story by John Balderston. Directed by S. N. Behrman. With Robert Montgomery, Virginia Mayo, and others.


"I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE"—RKO-RADIO. — From the story by John Balderston. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. With John Wayne, Virginia Mayo, and others.


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"I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE"—RKO-RADIO. — From the story by John Balderston. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. With John Wayne, Virginia Mayo, and others.
I'm NO ANGEL"—Paramount—from the screen play by F. A. Young. The cast: Luella von Ziegen, Jack Clancy, Hank Byers, William Davidson, John McAllister, David Hart, Regis Toomey, Mary Ellen, Donald Craven, Will Ahern, Dr. Roger, Harvey Clark, David, Mary Kornman, Flo, Esther Molt, Lorna, Gladys Albrecht, Forsie, Frank Mahon, Caro, Max Busch, Lena, Viva Tavarelli, Steve, Delores, Pete, Michael Viardot, Joe, Brook Bennett, Bill, Franklin Parker, Tom, Larry McMahon, Shipher, Jimmy Aubrey.

"PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE"—Lancaster, Fair United Artists—from the story by Lajos Biro and Arthur Wimperis. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: Henry VIII, Charles Laughton; Culpeper, Robert Donat; Henry's Old Nurse, Lady Trot; Katherine Howard, Binnie Barnes; Ann of Cleves, Elsa Lanchester; Anne Boleyn, Marie Doro; Cromwell, Frank Craven; Wolsey, Miles Mander; Jane Seymour, Wendy Barrie; Cornelius, Claud Allister; Thomas Young, John Lockett; Katherine Parr, Eveyng Greer; Cranmer, Laurence Harries; Duke of Cleve, William Austin, Holbein, John Turnbull; Duke of Norfolk, Frederick Cully; French Executioner, Gibb McLaughlin; English Executioner, Sam Livesey.

"SATURDAY'S MILLIONS"—Universal—from the story by Lucien Cary, Screen play by Dale Van Every. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: Jim Foster, Robert Young; Joan Chandler, Leila Hyams; Alan, Johnny Mack Brown; Andy, Andy Devine; Lila Foster, Grant Mitchell; Thelma, Mary Carlisle; Coach, Joseph Sayers; Marie, Mary Dyan: Fella, Paul Forrester; Society Reporter, Lucille Lund; Mr. Chandler, Richard Tucker; Trainer, Harry Winurt; Baldy, Herbert Corbett; Sam, William Kent.

"S. O. S. ICEBERG"—Universal—from the story by Dr. Arnold Fanck. Screen play by Tom Reed and Edwin H. Kéro. Directed by Roy Cohn. The cast: Dr. Carl Lawrence, Red La Rocque; Ellen Lawrence, Leni Riefenstahl; Dr. Johannes Brandl; Sepp Ritt; John Drago, Gibson Gowland; Dr. Joe Matheson; Dr. Max Hulbeck; Fritz Krmmer; Walter Rimb; Ernst Udet; Max Ernst Udet; Vabili, Nakakuma.

"STAGE MOTHER"—M-G-M—from the story by Arthur Lismer. Screen play by John Nesbitt. Directed by Taylor Cohn. The cast: Harry Holm; Nay S. Macgregor; Willard narcisse; Dickie, Merle Oberon; Misses Jenkins, Florence Orchards; Emma, Jean Rogers; Misses Maynard, Louise Varnum; Misses Morgan, Dorothy Adams; Misses Adams, Dorothy Adams; Misses Adams, Dorothy Adams.

results!

Results You'll Like—Lovely Blonde Shades—Skillfully Imparted—Marchand's Means Sure Success!

Happy results mean so much—unhappy results are so disappointing. Be doubly sure your hair will come out beautiful—exactly as you want it. Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to lighten your hair—to make it lovely and lustrous. It's NOT a dye. Results are careful, conservative—pleasing to refined girls. Endorsed by hair specialists used by thousands of discriminating women. If your blonde hair has darkened, bring back youthful color. Marchand's makes the change, skillfully and easily, bringing back the light pretty hair of girlhood. If hair has always been dark let Marchand's impart a lighter, lovelier shade. Complete directions on bottle make it easy to do yourself.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash also makes dark unstightly hair on arms and legs unnoticeable!

If Your Dragstrip Can't Supply

For a regular-size bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 4c (coin, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 96th St., New York City.

An Inexpensive Xmas Remembrance—MOVIE SWEETHEART BRACELETS

SOLID BRONZE IN TWO-TONED GOLD EFFECT
WITH PORTRAITS OF SIX PROMINENT HOLLYWOOD STARS

Only 35 cents each

Every movie fan will want one of these attractive bracelets. They are the wide band type with photographs of prominent Hollywood Stars. Start the fire in your town or locality by being the first one to possess one of these beautiful bracelets.

Don't judge them by the low price we are asking for them—they are really very attractive as well as serviceable bracelets, and they are lacquered to maintain that beautiful gold-like finish.

Just fill out coupon and mail

WALT PRODUCTS, P. H. 12-22
155 E. Walton Place, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find 35c in for one of your solid bronze movie star bracelets in two-toned gold effect with portraits of six movie stars.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________


THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod. —Russian genius series Eisenstein’s idea of Mexico’s revolt against Diaz; breath-taking photography and scenery. (Aug.)

TODAY WE LIVE—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young. They love each other, but he marries Joan Bennett. Stirring scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO Radio.—Agnes Moorehead, with Chester Morris, uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot; Vivienne Osborne. (July)

TOO MUCH HARMONY—Paramount.—A lighthearted musical, tuneful and wittily presented. King Crosby, many other A-1 laugh-getters. A riot of fun. (Nov.)

TORN TO SING—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert in an unmarred mystery as a singer. Her songs are fine; Ruby Keeler. (Nov.)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE—Universal.—An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (Oct.)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without sitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

TUGBOAT ANNIE—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun furnishing their tugboat thoughts about Seattle, Min and Bill, but splendid entertainment. (Oct.)

TURN BACK THE CLOCK—M-G-M.—Lee Tracy does a bang-up job as a man given a chance to live his life over again. Mae Clarke, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger, others; a fast-moving, gripping story. (Nov.)

VOLTAIRE—Warners.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as Louis XV. (Sept.)

WASHINGTON, THE—Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazons of old. John Barrymore, Myrna Loy as menace, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (Aug.)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY.—Columbia.—A dull tale, offering nothing new, about why white men’s wives go wrong in the tropics. Jack Holt, Lilian Bond. (Aug.)

WOMAN I STOLE, THE.—Columbia.—Hurrell’s femme fatale; Tampico’s done in Algeria. Big oil man Jack Holt after Donald Cook’s wife, Fay Wray. Fair. (Sept.)

WORKING MAN, THE.—Warners.—George Arliss at his delightful suave best as a peppery old ogre who saves his dead rival’s children from themselves. Betty Davis is the girl. (June)

WORLD GONE MAD, THE.—Major Pictures.—A scrambled thriller, about crooked bankers who lure gangsters to avoid exposure; down to the bitter end. (Nov.)

WRECKER, THE.—Columbia.—So-so story about a man-Jack Holt, in the house-breaking business, who loses his wife (Genevieve Tobin) to home-wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a junkman. (Oct.)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Sylvia Field’s birthday party involves a splendid animal show and beautiful photography. (June)
Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 63 to 68) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ARKANSAS—
Pollock's, fayetteville.
Pollock's, fort smith.
The M. M. Cohn Company, little rock.

CALIFORNIA—
J. W. Robinson Company, los angeles.
Hale Brothers, inc., sacramento.
The Emporium, san francisco.

COLORADO—
The Denver Dry Goods Company, Denver.

CONNECTICUT—
The Manhattan Shop, hartford.

DELWARE—
Arthur's Apparel Shop, Inc., wilmington.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—
Lansburgh & Brother, washington.

FLORIDA—
Rutland Brothers, st. petersburg.

ILLINOIS—
Clarke & Company, peoria.
S. A. Barker Company, springfield.

INDIANA—

IOWA—
M. L. Parker Company, davenport.
Youker Brothers, Inc., des moines.
J. F. Stamper Company, dubuque.

MAINE—
B. Peck Company, Lewiston.

MARYLAND—
Hochschild, Kohn & Company, baltimore.

MASSACHUSETTS—
Jordan Marsh Company, boston.

MICHIGAN—
Wm. Goodyear & Company, ann arbor.
Seaman's, Inc., battle creek.
The J. L. Hudson Company, detroit.
Wurzburg's, grand rapids.
Gilmore Brothers, kalamazoo.
The Style Shop, lansing.

MINNESOTA—
The Dayton Company, Minneapolis.

MISSOURI—
The S. A. Brue & Fuller Company, saint louis.

NEBRASKA—
Onek Brothers, lincoln.

NEW JERSEY—
Hains & Company, newark.

NEW YORK—
Kalet's, auburn.
Abraham & Straus, brooklyn.
J. N. Adam & Company, buffalo.
The Parisian, Inc., ithaca.
Bloomfield's, new york city.
H. S. Barney Company, schenectady.
Fahm & Company, syracuse.
D. Peck & Company, utica.

NORTH CAROLINA—
J. B. Ivy & Company, charlotte.

OHIO—
The A. Polsky Company, akron.
The John Shillito Company, cincinnati.
The Higbie Company, cleveland.
The Moorehouse-Martens Company, columbus.
The Rike-Kumler Co., dayton.
The Strouss-Hirschberg Company, youngstown.

OKLAHOMA—
Pollock's, enid.

PENNSYLVANIA—
Erie Dry Goods Company, erie.
Bowman & Company, harrisburg.
Gimbels Brothers, philadelphia.
Joseph Horne Company, pittsburgh.
Worthington, Inc., york.

TEXAS—
Levy Brothers Dry Goods Company, houston.
The Wolff & Marx Company, san antonio.

UTAH—
Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, salt lake city.

WEST VIRGINIA—
Coyle & Richardson, Inc., charleston.

REDUCES 20 LBS.
NEVER A HUNGRY MOMENT

Photo by Charmante Studio

A trim, slender figure, new energy, glorious health, youthful activity, clear skin, bright eyes—freedom from indigestion, gas, acidity, headaches, fatigue and shortness of breath so often caused by excess fat—all these splendid results come while losing surplus fat with a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts first thing in the morning in a glass of hot water—the SAFE way to reduce.

One jar lasts 4 weeks and costs but a trifle at any drugstore the world over. But protect your health—make sure you get Kruschen—prescribed by physicians and the one method we know to be safe and effective.

Freida Parks of New Haven, Ct., writes: "At the end of the second bottle of Kruschen I'm happy to say I'm minus my superfluous 20 lbs. I never had a hungry moment and I felt better all the time I was taking it—much more pep and I lost that loggy, sluggish feeling in the morning."

FREE: Write E. Griffiths Hughes, Inc., Dept. PM, Rochester, N. Y., for complete details of Kruschen Treatment—also precious little aids to youth and beauty.
Busjy Season Ahead For
Fan Clubs

MOVIE fan clubs are growing in number and popularity. Groups of movie-minded young people in every locality are busy organizing clubs to sponsor their favorite screen stars, or general fan clubs to increase their knowledge and enjoyment of the movies.

So many requests for information telling how to start one of these clubs have been received by the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs in that the September issue rules and regulations for forming three different types were given.

Letters from those wishing to join clubs already established have been forwarded to the proper clubs. Word regarding membership in these will come direct from the officers of each organization.

The Association is happy to welcome four new members this month. Charters for the following clubs have been issued:

James Feller Fan Club, Lorraine Mason, Pres., 112 N. 6th Street, Vineland, N. J.

Buddy Rogers Club, Jacqueline Lee, Pres., 53 Park Blvd., Malverne, N. Y.


Gloria Stuart Fan Club, Estelle Nowak, Pres., 3223 No. Central Park Ave., Chicago, III.

The approaching winter has brought increased activity to practically all clubs. Club bulletins are being received in greater number. Each month brings many new contributions. These newsy little publications of the various clubs are sincere proof of the enthusiastic work and growth of such memberships. Every bulletin shows that its editor and the club members are spending considerable time and effort in preparing something worth while.

ANY questions concerning movie fan clubs and their activities may be addressed to the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

CLUB NOTES

The Joan Crawford Club, Gertrude Perkel, President, has just issued an extra edition of the "Crawfater." It is an interesting edition, full of late news.

Etheline Thorsburg, president of the Photo-Fans, advises that her new address is 809 East 15th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

An interesting bulletin was received from the Norma Shearer Club. Hans Faxdahl is president. With every issue of the bulletin the members receive two photographs.

From Lillian Russell, president of the John Boles Music Club, we learn that Mr. Boles was recently visited by a sixty-year-old fan who had corresponded with him since his first film days. Mrs. A. F. Magner of South Norwalk, Conn., wrote Mr. Boles that she was coming to California and wondered if he would be gracious enough to see her. The answer was that Mrs. Magner was the guest of her favorite and his wife for several days.

Here's interesting news for every club. There is a certain club which is following a very ambitious and well-planned course; a good example for other clubs to follow. It is the Herald Cinema Critics Club, Syracuse, N. Y. The president is J. H. Bliss.

The Tri-C Club, as it is known, was founded in 1927 by Chester B. Bahn to provide a common meeting place for motion picture enthusiasts.

With the advent of the talkies and radio programs, they added dramatic and radio work to their activities.

Their first accomplishment was the production of a picture in 1928, shooting 1,200 scenes of a hard film in a day and a half, which at that time was supposed to have eclipsed all other amateur production records. The film was shown at one of the local theaters.

The second picture was produced and contained 4,000 feet of film. This played for a week in one of the prominent theaters and later was booked in second run and suburban houses.

At one of their stunt parties, pictures were shot of the gathering, rushed to a laboratory, developed, printed, titled and rushed back to the club and shown to the guests before the evening closed.

A partial list of the film celebrities who have made personal appearances before the club are: Leatrice Joy, Charlie King, Olsen and Johnson, Esther Ralston, Belle Baker, Viola Dana, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, Irene Rich and Conrad Nagel.

Well, clubs, that's quite a record, isn't it? It shows what setting a mark, and working hard, will do for an enthusiastic club.

Ethel Neil address of Ruth Keast, President of the Johnny Downs Fan Club, is 3506 West 64th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Mrs. Keast has just returned from a vacation in the East, where she was the guest of her favorite and his partners, in New York. Mrs. Keast has mapped out a very busy winter for the club, and has plans for issuing a new club journal.

When the honorary president of a club visits a town, there is plenty of excitement. The "H. P.," you know, is the favorite, in person.

It meant two full days of enjoyment for Lillian Conrad, president of the Ruth Arby Fan Club, when Miss Roland stopped over in Chicago recently. Miss Roland was returning from a four months personal appearance tour in Europe.

Speaking of fan clubs, an inquiry was received a few days ago asking if the recent debut of "fan dancers" in Chicago had caused such an interest in "fan" clubs throughout the country. What a joke!

Club members are welcomed to send in any notes that are of general interest. They will be used as far as space permits.

The Joan Crawford Club, of which Miss Gertrude Perkel is president, will be known hereafter as the "official" club sponsoring this star. A note from Miss Crawford to this effect has been received.

Several requests for samples of fan club bulletins have been received by the Photoplay Association. No preference was stated and inquiry is made as to whether any club cares to send simples to prospective members.

The names will be forwarded to those clubs desiring to render this service.
Brickbats and Bouquets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

The idea of saying this is the end of Garbo, after she plays Queen Christina of Sweden! A couple poohs, bah! 'n scorns! We don't have to say, "Keep your crown on your head, Garbo."

Just leave it to her—she will!

SARAH OWEN, Montgomery, Ala.

QUEEN CHRISTINA

Helen Dale writes in October Photoplay that Greta Garbo might easily be the reincarnation of Queen Christina of Sweden, so closely related, emotionally, intellectually, and spiritually are the two women. She says, "No one can read the history of the great Queen's life and not be struck. She says, "No one can read the history of the great Queen's life and not be struck. She says, "No one can read the history of the great Queen's life and not be struck.

I enjoy Garbo's pictures, and do not believe Garbo resembles this character that she is to portray any more than Fredric March resembled Mr. Hyde.

No one expects a star to assume the characteristics of the person she portrays. Movies would prove more beneficial if press-agents would not try to make the actresses over into a living example of the role. I personally do not think Greta Garbo is anything like Queen Christina.

AMY C. HARRIS, Russell, Ky.

AND HOW!

Haven't you heard certain movie-going ladies gush in undertones... "Jean Harlow? Oh, she's too obvious about filling eyes with her sex. Her hair isn't really a natural shade—too pronounced. And her rhythm when she walks—rather lionish for a woman, don't you think?

These same critics dash home after ogling one of Jean's pictures, flip their locks in a coloring preparation... and grunt when hair isn't Jean's shade.

Have you seen them wear clothes more off than on, and desperately try to imitate Jean's walk?

ANTOINETTE DE CARA, Cicero, Ill.

TRY IT SOMETIME!

Of the many household duties I have to perform, washing dishes is the most tiresome to me. (How about it, housewives?) Once I tried the radio to enliven this time of my day, but changing to suitable programs meant too much time wasted.

One day a bright idea—and for the past four years I have been thankful for it. While my hands are moving, I make my mind work, too, going over the picture I saw last night or a week ago.

If I see an actor whose ability I admire, I try to remember all the films in which I have seen him.

EDNA VINLET, New Orleans, La.

CAST YOUR VOTE

Who will inherit Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks' title as Hollywood's "ideal couple?" Let's have someone who has children this time, and let's make it a couple who will hold the title for a lifetime.

Whom do you nominate?

WALTER E. JOHNSON, Chicago, Ill.

FOR MANY A DAY

I have recently seen May Robson in "Lady For a Day."

My eyes are still drying with tears of happiness for Apple Annie, and her lovely daughter (Jean Parker). The devotion Annie displayed for her daughter was too wonderful to describe. It is the most gripping film I have ever seen.

I can remember but one other picture that made my hard-boiled husband sob. That was "Sorrell and Son." When you make my husband laugh and cry in one film, you've really achieved something, for he is a most severe critic.

MRS. FRED HODGSON, Memphis, Tenn.

WILD OVER WILL

This week Will Rogers is gracing our screens in "Doctor Bull." And never have I seen such loyalty. Believe me when I say these Oklahoma homans certainly love their fellow man. Yes sir! They go wild over Will in this wild and woolly Western town!

MAE F. GLOSS, Tulsa, Okla.

STEP UP, OAKIE

Music, dancing and good jokes—that's what we like. Just saw "Too Much Harmony." Amusing story, with Bing Crosby's voice as enjoyable as ever. But boy! Is that peppy kid, Jack Oakie, a wow! He was the whole show.

MRS. K. L. PARKER, Glendora, Calif. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

MOTHER GOOSE a la HOLLYWOOD

Hey Diddle Diddle
These four are a riddle
Of them we are all very fond;

This quartet of wags
Keeps Groucho in gags
While Harpo runs 'way with a blonde

Be As Beautiful As Your Favorite Star!

The Secret: A Skilful Makeup

Picture yourself so charming—so beautiful—so popular. A skilful make-up will do wonders for you. Hollywood Stars require expensive equipment and correct illumination to secure a faultless make-up, yet you can enjoy these Hollywood facilities in your own home, at little cost, with the new

HOLLYWOOD
Makeup Mirror

A modern beauty aid. Appeals to all. Has powerful electric bulb to illuminate face—no glare—no shadows. Large mirror with optical magnifying mirror attached by hinge (saves light from your face). Made of finest steel. Size 1½"x3½". Compact and portable. Locks finish. Colors: Black (Silver Striped), Sea Green and Beige. Complete with bulb and cord. Only $2.50. Makes a wonderful gift. If your dealer is not stocked, order direct, giving dealer's name.

DON A-CAP
FORM FITTING WAVE PROTECTOR
A fresh wave for every occasion

Keep your wave lovely for days longer with the original, superior DON-A-CAP Wave-Protector. Medium and large sizes in pastel colors. Also brown and black. If not found at Beauty Shop or Store, use coupon.

FOR NIGHT WEAR
This studly fitting cap fits comfortably under the hat. Simply shaped to give utmost protection to your wave. Order No. 509.

DON-A-CAP MANUFACTURING COMPANY
San Diego, Calif.

FOR DAY WEAR
A smart wave-protecting turban for home wear or at sports and dancing. Order No. 510.

DON-A-CAP MANUFACTURING COMPANY
San Diego, Calif.

WINNERS OF THE $1,500 IN CASH PRIZES IN THE MOVIE MUDDLES CONTEST IN THE JANUARY PHOTOPLAY

Congratulations to the winners of the $1,500 in Cash Prizes in the January Photoplay Movie Muddles Contest. Good luck to all participants in the next contest!
AN INVALID'S THEATER

Photoplay has brought many hours of enjoyment to one of my friends who is an invalid. A while ago I took her a copy of the magazine. Now she can hardly wait for the next issue. She does not get a chance to go to the movies, as she is compelled by her illness to stay in bed all of the time. Now she says she doesn’t have to go to keep up with them. She calls Photoplay “her theater,” and she is as up-to-date on Hollywood news as I, and I seldom miss a picture.

MORRIS COX, Winter Haven, Fla.

PRO AND CON

Whoever is responsible for casting Edward G. Robinson in “I Loved a Woman” certainly ought to be strung up by the heels. Hitherto the name, Edward G. Robinson, has been our guarantee of an evening of real enjoyment. Why put him in “soup and fish” when he belongs in a shadily suit. Leave the sentimental roles to Colman, Gable and Howard.

Please give us back our fisherman of “Tiger Shark” and our gangster of “Little Giant.”

J. H. SWENSON, Rowe, Mass.

A word of praise for that grand actor Edward G. Robinson. I just saw him in “I Loved a Woman” and his performance was fine and sincere. He certainly is the biggest little man in pictures.

MRS. CHARLES TOLES, Colorado Springs, Colo.

GUESS THEY MEAN “TONE”!

Where, oh where, did they find this man Tone?

Last night I attended a bridge party—four tables of young business girls—and this is how the conversation ran:


More power to Franchot!—Beatrice, Nebr.

KEEP FIT, AND SMILE

My place in a large Dallas food store is just the bakery girl. But even a bakery girl must wear that million dollar smile.

I have a great imagination, and after I’ve seen a sweet picture like Janet Gaynor plays in, I feel I am the same lovable character myself.

Customers ask how I keep such a sweet smile, and so happy. It really isn’t hard, with movies as my inspiration.

CHRISTAL NEWMAN, Dallas, Texas

MODERN INSTRUCTION

I had occasion to see Walt Disney’s “Three Little Pigs,” in the early summer. For some reason it remained in my mind for days and without knowing it, I would find myself humming the lilting air, “Who’s Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf,” which accompanied the picture.

Now the film has made a big hit in New York and this same lilting accompaniment has been featured on the air at least four times in one week by leading radio artists. Needless to say, I was enthused all over again. This led me to tell the story exactly as seen in the picture to my kindergarten class of school children.

They howled in glee and I have never seen such enjoyment expressed over the “Three Little Pigs” before.

FLORENCE CAMARA, Trenton, N. J.

THE NAÏVE GANGSTER

After seeing “Penthouse” with Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter, I found myself with conflicting emotions. First, I enjoyed it; secondly, I condemned it for many reasons. Does it seem the clever thing to carry on the very necessary propaganda against gangsters, racketeers, and the like, and yet in a film such as this make Tony, one of the gangsters, a likable, humorous chap? The thought of having someone “rubbed out” does not appeal to the majority of us, yet when this nice (?) gangster suggests it, we laugh at his naïve way. Behind all his joking, he is as cruel and ruthless as his enemy, Gellman.

I also wonder don’t it seem like a wonderful fairy tale for young girls to see Myrna Loy supposedly going straight, but with such a background of ease and luxury? With very questionable members of society as her friends?

CATHERINE WHITTAKER, Oakland, Calif.

WE MODERNS

“Where are the yokels of yesteryear?” Ah, they are no more!

If only these head-ducking, tongue-tied youths of thirty years ago had been able to witness on the screen a John Barrymore bow, or listen for an hour to the cultured accents of a Leslie Howard, what a priceless boon it would have been for them.

The movies are polishing modern youth.

IRMA NICHOLS, Grand Rapids, Mich.
At Minnesota, smartly dressed coeds look first to "Dayton’s" for sportswear... for only "Dayton’s" sell Hollywood Fashions! Exact copies of the new sportsuit worn by Claire Trevor in the Fox picture, "The Mad Game," are on display in stores known for their style leadership in many other cities (see Page 115)... Claire’s clever suit is only one of PHOTOPLAY’S new Hollywood Fashions for November (Pages 63-68); costumes styled for stars!

PHOTOPLAY Magazine
919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago
In Association with WAKEFIELD & O’CONNOR, Inc.

If Hollywood Fashions are not sold in your city, write Photoplay Magazine
"I DO ENJOY
SMOKING A CAMEL"

MRS. HAMILTON FISH, JR.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

"My débutante daughter really taught me to smoke—and I do thoroughly enjoy smoking a Camel with her," Mrs. Fish says. "The flavor is so smooth and rich and they are very mild without being flat. I don't tire of their taste. When my two younger children grow up and start to smoke, Camels will probably be their cigarette, too."

The choicer tobaccos in Camels do give you that milder, cooler smoke people enjoy so. And even if you smoke a great deal, Camels never get on your nerves. Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to $1.00—but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr. is as popular in New York as in Washington. For generations the Fish family have had their beautiful estates at Garrison, New York. In Washington, while Congress is in session, her lovely house, with its ancestral portraits, is full of brilliant and astute conversation. Dinner at her table, with its exquisite Early American amber glass, her asparagus with eggs Hollandaise, lives in the memory of many a foreign diplomat. Camels are always served. In the summer she goes to Murray Bay, Canada and plays golf.